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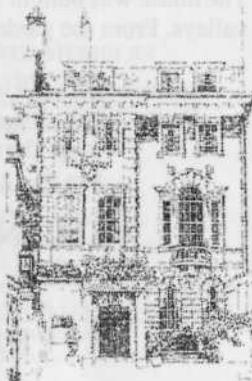
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 8 April 2009, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Wendy Morgan and Robin Hard** on "'Uncle Rud' and the Stanley family, the inside story of an important friendship over four generations from Bermuda to the *Trenora*." (The speakers are grandchildren of the Stanleys.)

Wednesday 6 May 2009, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, **The Society's Annual Luncheon. Guest Speaker: Professor Richard Holmes, C.B.E., T.D., J.P.** on "Kipling's Soldiers". For details and advanced booking, see December flyer.

Wednesday 20 May 2009, 12 to 3 p.m. A special event at Sheffield University in the Humanities Research Institute, **Professor Daniel Karlin** and other speakers on "*Actions and Reactions: Kipling's Edwardian Summer*". Lunch will be available.

Saturday 20 June 2008, the National Trust will hold its "Kipling Day" at Bateman's.

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.), **Professor Bart Moore-Gilbert**, of Goldsmith's College on "Kipling's Afterlives: Responses to Kipling's Work in Indian Literature".

September 2009: We have just heard that unfortunately the proposed **University of Cape Town Conference** has had to be **Postponed Indefinitely**.

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CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS, ETC.	3
SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS	4
EDITORIAL	6-7, 28, 57
'ACROSS OUR FATHERS' GRAVES': KIPLING AND FIELD MARSHALL EARL ROBERTS by Rodney Atwood	8-28
"THE CHURCH THAT WAS AT ANTIOCH": A READING by David Sergeant	29-42
'TRANSCENDING THE SELF'? APPROPRIATION OF EASTERN MYSTICAL THOUGHT IN KIPLING'S WORK, WITH THE FOCUS ON <i>KIM</i> by Muhammad Safer Awan	43-57
THE STORY BEHIND "THE SCHOLARS" by Robin Richards	58-61
BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTES by The Editor	
<i>BEING KIPLING</i> by William B. Dillingham	62-63
THE COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY	63 64
<i>THE ADVENTURES OF DUNSTERFORCE</i> by Major-General L.C. Dunsterville	64
<i>THE MARCH TO KANDAHAR: Roberts in Afghanistan</i> by Rodney Atwood	64 & 67
<i>NOTES ON A CELLAR-BOOK</i> by George Saintsbury, ed. Thomas Pinney	67
MEMBERSHIP NOTES by John Lambert	65
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	66-67
ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY	68

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EDITORIAL

LEONARD RAVEN-HILL

Over the years there have been several reproductions in the *Journal* of Raven-Hill's illustrations for Kipling's works and from his 1903 *Indian Sketchbook*. Roger Ayers admirably summarised these in *Journal* No.302, (June 2002, p.5), with the most recent illustration being reproduced in the December 2008 issue on page 10. However, I cannot find that we have ever shown an illustration of the artist himself.

In the October 1906 issue of the *Strand Magazine* there is an article "'Punch'-Makers of To-Day. Depicted by Each Other". In it, each of the eleven *Punch* cartoonists who joined Mr Owen Seaman, the Editor, at the "Mahogany Tree" each week has had his image immortalised by one of his colleagues.



Mr L. RAVEN-HILL REPELLING THE GERMANS

Drawn by E.T. Reed

The text from the *Strand* article which relates to Raven-Hill is as follows:

There will be few to find fault with the opinion that the most notable addition to *Punch* of the last few years has been Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill. This artist, in whom the talent for comedy is so conspicuous, was formerly connected with rival journals, but was so obviously marked out for a seat at the *Punch* Table that none were surprised when this honour was accorded to him. As a draughtsman he has founded himself on the late Charles Keene, but he has since superimposed a style of his own. Mr. Raven-Hill lives in the country, "the chief peak of a range of charming little Hills," but generally comes up to town on Wednesday for the conclave of artists and writers in Bouverie Street.

"Years ago," declares a chaffing familiar, "Hill sported a black beard, of which he was inordinately proud. It was a nice beard for people who like beards. Personally, I thought he made rather a fetish of that black beard. I had often seen finer, and, to tell the truth, I for one could not understand why he went to the trouble of wearing it. One day he came up to town—shaved. I might say that his action in shaving off the beard created a sensation. That would be polite—but it would not be just. It created a panic. It flashed across us why our friend had so long worn that black beard. While we regretted what we continue to regard as an indiscretion, yet we cannot but be grateful for his long forbearance. But perhaps patriotism lies at the bottom of Raven-Hill's conduct. He is an enthusiastic Volunteer, and naturally regards it as his duty to do anything which will tend to embarrass the enemy."

It is interesting that the same issue of the *Strand* carries the first publication of Kipling's "The Treasure and the Law" from *Puck of Pook's Hill* with illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson, R.I. immediately after the *Punch* article.

A SUPPLEMENTARY ISSUE OF THE JOURNAL

Once again, a few weeks after receiving this March issue of the *Journal*, there will be an additional issue with an April cover date. This will contain a monograph written by Mrs Margaret Muir, describing the friendship that developed between Kipling and the Maitland Park family, based largely upon previously unpublished letters which she has inherited. These are all transcribed as part of the monograph together with other letters held by the University of Cape Town; Magdalen College, Oxford; and Dalhousie University.

Continued on page 28.



ILLUSTRATION FROM THE *SPHERE*, 8 JANUARY 1908 by F. MATANIA

"Thanks to the splendid efforts of "The Daily Telegraph" the banquet commemorating the immortal services of the Indian Mutiny veterans of 1857 proved a great and dignified success which deeply impressed everybody who had the privilege of being present in the Albert Hall on December 23.

The veterans were first paraded outside the Albert Memorial, after which a banquet was served in the hall. The feature of the occasion was the splendid oration of Lord Curzon in proposing the toast of the survivors of the Indian Mutiny. He was followed by Lord Roberts (seen standing with Lord Curzon on his right), but perhaps the most affecting scene of all was the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," a moving moment which has been captured by Mr. Matania in his picture. Miss Muriel Foster and Mr. Ben Davies (seen standing together) led, and the old men joined in."

'ACROSS OUR FATHERS' GRAVES'
KIPLING AND FIELD MARSHAL
EARL ROBERTS

By RODNEY ATWOOD

[Dr Atwood gave this paper to members in London on 13 February 2008. He is working on a biography of Field Marshal Earl Roberts. His book *The March to Kandahar: Roberts in Afghanistan* covering part of his hero's life was published in November, 2008 by Pen & Sword. A brief overall sketch, "So single minded a man and so noble-hearted a soldier: Field Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Waterford and Pretoria" appeared in the Society for Army Historical Research's special publication of 2007 edited by Professor Ian Beckett, *Victorians at War: New Perspectives*. He is now working on the South African War. He has been reading Kipling since the age of six, and greatly values his Society membership. – Ed.]

To-day, across our fathers' graves,
The astonished years reveal
The remnant of that desperate host
That cleansed our East with steel.

Hail and farewell! We greet you here,
With tears that none will scorn—
Oh Keepers of the House of old,
Or ever we were born!

The words are Kipling's, the year is 1907, the fiftieth anniversary of the Sepoy Mutiny, and the instigator was Kipling's friend Field Marshal Lord Roberts. Roberts a veteran of the Mutiny hoped that a commemorative medal would be issued by the government to those still alive. There was trouble in the sub-continent in 1907 even before the anniversary, and in May the Government of India issued emergency measures in the Punjab, Eastern Bengal and Assam to put down unrest. As Roberts told his former A.D.C., now Viceroy of India Lord Minto, the King approved of a medal like that for Crimean War veterans, 'but Morley [Secretary of State for India] is a little nervous as to whether any reference to the Mutiny is advisable, considering the disloyal feeling in Bengal and other parts of India.' Morley was indeed nervous, there was to be no medal, and the veterans' dinner at the Royal Albert Hall on 23 December given by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, for which Kipling wrote the poem quoted, was for the old field marshal a consolation. Nonetheless, at Kensington the veterans made the most of it. Paraphrasing *The Times* report the next day:

At the Albert memorial the commemoration began with a review by Lord Roberts, witnessed by a large gathering of the public. The band of the 1st Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the old 32nd Foot, the defenders of Lucknow played a selection of music.

In the hall Roberts presided at a long table with many distinguished guests, Lord Curzon, General Sir Dighton Probyn, a Mutiny V.C. and A.D.C. to the King, Mr Rudyard Kipling, General Sir Hugh Gough, another Mutiny V.C. and commander of the cavalry brigade at Roberts's famed march to Kandahar.

The old soldiers were enthusiastically cheered as they took their places. All wore their medals conspicuously displayed. Many who were lame were tenderly helped by Guardsmen or their friends, but the majority were upright, well-preserved men who bore their years bravely. The last piece of music before the speeches was "The Campbells are Coming" by Piper Angus Gibson of the Black Watch, the only surviving piper of those who took part in the Mutiny. It was this Scottish tune which came to the ears of the defenders of Lucknow half a century before as Colin Campbell's relief force fought its way through the surrounding palaces and gardens guided by two Irishmen, Henry Kavanagh, one of very few civilians to win the Victoria Cross, and Roberts himself.

Curzon made the chief speech and finished to loud cheers with a toast to the surviving veterans among them 'the hero who was still their hero in 1907, endeared to the nation by half a century of service and sacrifice not one whit less glorious than that of his youth.' That hero a moment later was on his feet to reply, greeted by prolonged cheers. Modestly he pointed out that those present were mere boys at the time and they must all feel that this commemoration was an honour not paid to them but to the memory of those by whose skill and courage 'that great epoch' in our Indian history was brought to a successful close. Some, perhaps the greatest of them, died during the Mutiny, and Roberts specially remembered Sir Henry Lawrence the defender of Lucknow and John Nicholson the hero of Delhi. Of all the men he had ever served under none had impressed him as much as Nicholson.

The occasion closed impressively with the playing of "The Last Post", the singing of Kipling's "Recessional", the reciting of his commemorative poem, and finally "Auld Lang Syne".

What memories came flooding back to the old men who stood there proudly? And Roberts? For he saw it all, from the first news of outbreak in the Punjab, the suppression of potential mutiny there, the hanging of the Subadar-Major of the 51st Bengal Native Infantry on the

parade square at Peshawar, the blowing of forty other mutineers from the mouths of cannon, the siege of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow.

Roberts had discovered by speaking to every veteran on parade – a typical touch – that many of them were living in the workhouse in bitter poverty. Within a fortnight he obtained the King's patronage for an appeal, which raised £38,000. Over 800 were taken from poorhouses and ended their lives in modest comfort. *Punch* ran a cartoon in support; the "Fair Stranger" whom the aged veteran takes for "Charity" replies, 'No, I am gratitude, come to pay my debt.'¹

Recent historians like William Dalrymple have emphasised the brutality of the British in the Mutiny. To the Victorian and Edwardian public, the heroism of the soldiers fighting against great odds was remembered and admired, and this view was reflected in the 50th anniversary. Both Kipling and Roberts were inseparably associated with India where they met. Both would have agreed with Disraeli that England 'is really more an Asiatic power than a European' and with Curzon: 'As long as we rule India, we are the greatest power in the world. If we lose it we shall drop straightaway to a third-rate power.' They were together in South Africa during the Boer War; united in the cause of compulsory military service before 1914 and against Home Rule for Ireland. Both lost their sons in war. My story begins in India, goes on to events leading up to the Boer War and the War itself, the years before 1914; the deaths of Roberts and John Kipling; and a conclusion.

Roberts was renowned throughout his life for luck. His first good fortune was being the son of a general in the Army of the East India Company who could advance his career. Against this must be set physical handicaps. Born in 1832 at Cawnpore to Abraham Roberts and his second English wife Isabella, Frederick Roberts remained small all his life. He nearly died of brain-fever as a child and lost the sight of an eye. On both his mother's and father's side there was mixed blood, as the late Victorians would have called it, including a half brother who manufactured gun carriages which may have been used against the British in the Mutiny. Roberts said nothing of these in his famous autobiography. In the snobby, race-obsessed late Victorian empire, such a background could damn a man's career. Poor health and diminutive stature did not prevent him being commissioned into the Bengal Artillery in 1851 and serving as his father's A.D.C. at Peshawar before being employed on the North-West Frontier. He was there when news arrived of the outbreak of the Mutiny.³

The famed Roberts luck really began then. A half dozen times he was within inches of death. At Lucknow as the 93rd Highlanders advanced into a park swarming with the enemy, Roberts galloped to

their front to reconnoitre. An enemy masked battery opened fire from behind the Dilkusha Palace. One shot struck Roberts's charger just behind him, cutting the horse in two, horse and rider falling in a confused heap. A gasp went up from the Highlanders. 'Plucky wee Bobs is done for.' Roberts, unwounded, got clear of his mount, struggled to his feet amidst the rousing cheers of the 93rd, found another horse and was soon in action again, bringing forward artillery. The shot that had killed his horse ricocheted at almost a right angle, and took off the top of the skull of a young Highlander Kenneth Mackenzie, killing him instantly.⁴

Roberts was mentioned seven times in despatches and won the Victoria Cross in hand-to-hand combat. It was the start of a successful career. There followed a happy and long-lived marriage and the birth of six children, three sadly dying in infancy. He remained on the staff, at his father's urging, and in the 1860s and 1870s was at the centre of affairs, in the eyes of men who counted.

His moment for fame came with the arrival of Disraeli's new viceroy Lord Lytton in 1876 and the outbreak of the 2nd Afghan War two years later. Lytton gave Roberts his chance, promoting him over the heads of senior men to command one of three invading columns. He won a series of striking victories, culminating in his famous three-hundred-mile twenty-three-day march from Kabul to Kandahar in August 1880 and victory over the Afghan leader Ayub Khan. This avenged an Anglo-Indian defeat at Maiwand and made Roberts's reputation. Roberts's use of the press was astute. On the march he took three correspondents: Howard Hensman of the *Pioneer*, who had earlier defended him for shooting hostages in reprisal for attacks on isolated patrols; and two from *The Times*. Roberts became a hero to stand beside 'our only general' Sir Garnet Wolseley. The late Victorian army was marked by the famous rivalry between Roberts and 'the Indians' and Wolseley and 'the Africans' or 'Ashanti ring'.

Roberts's part in the war was not without controversy: his sacking of a war correspondent Macpherson who criticised his methods, his removal of his cavalry brigadier, Massy, who had friends in high places in England, and above all, the hangings at Kabul. In 1879 Roberts occupied Kabul and was instructed by the Viceroy Lytton to find and punish the Afghans responsible for the massacre of a British envoy and his escort. Evidence was hard to find, and indiscriminate convictions and hangings followed. The Official History recorded the trial of 163 and execution of eighty-seven on the two tall gallows which Roberts erected outside Kabul, but others were shot arbitrarily for resisting.⁵ In November 1879, English newspapers in India began to protest. The *Friend of India*, a prominent Calcutta journal, ended an article, 'We

fear that General Roberts has done us a serious national injury, by lowering our reputation for justice in the eyes of Europe.¹⁶

The repercussions spread to England. Liberal politicians were among those who thought Roberts had gone too far. The news of the defeat at Maiwand and Roberts's march and victory rescued his reputation in the nick of time. The experiences of British soldiers in Afghan campaigns lay behind Kipling's later stories and poems, "Ford o' Kabul River", "The Young British Soldier", "The Drums of the Fore and Aft".

Rudyard Kipling, over thirty years younger than Roberts, returned aged almost seventeen to India as a young reporter in October 1882 to work on the *Civil & Military Gazette* at Lahore and then the *Pioneer* at Allahabad. He began writing the verse and short stories which made his reputation. He befriended men of the Northumberland Fusiliers, 'the fighting Fifth' in their barracks at Mian Mir, the cantonment outside Lahore, and created his "Soldiers Three", Privates Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney. Judging by Kipling's writing, Tommy Atkins in India thought Roberts more than a match for Garnet Wolseley. Here is Private Mulvaney in "The Taking of Lungtungpen" (which is in Burma, where Roberts also served):

'Wolseley be shot! Betune you an' me an' that butterfly net, he's a ramblin', incoherent sort av a divil, wid wan oi on the Quane an' the Coort, an' the other on his blessed silf—. . . Now Bobs is a sensible little man. Wid Bobs an' a few three-year-olds, I'd swape any army av the earth into a towel, an' throw it away afterwards. Faith, I'm not jokin'!!'

As a 'three-year-man' was one on a short-service enlistment, looked down on by hardened veterans like Mulvaney, this was an accolade indeed for Roberts.

In the very strictly hierarchical Anglo-Indian society, the Kiplings were well down the order, until the Viceroy Lord Dufferin's son fell for Rudyard's pretty sister Trix. By this time Roberts, having commanded the Madras army five years, was established as Indian Army Commander-in-Chief. He was known for his influence with Dufferin, his popularity with soldiers both British and Indian, and his concern for their welfare. So it is no surprise that the first Kipling-Roberts meeting was about soldiers' welfare. Kipling wrote in *Something of Myself*, '. . . the proudest moment of my young life was when I rode up Simla Mall beside him . . . while he asked me what the men thought about their accommodation, entertainment-rooms and the like. I told him, and he thanked me as gravely as though I had been a full Colonel.'¹⁷ Kipling

was then a still relatively unknown correspondent, considered a 'cad' by many officers and their ladies for his stories, and Roberts was famous. What appealed to Kipling about Roberts, as well as his fighting prowess, was his care for Tommy Atkins. The stories and the poems in *Barrack-Room Ballads* however are mostly about hardship and disaster, not the triumph of Kandahar. *Something of Myself* written years later was coloured by subsequent experience and a desire to conceal. Young Ruddy was not going to admire anyone uncritically, not even the hero of Kandahar, who was part of the snobby round of tea parties, balls, amateur theatricals and paperwork at which he sometimes looked askance. It was also the work of the press to sniff out wrongdoing. His first newspaper publication on Roberts, "A Job Lot" on 1 September 1888, came the day after the newspaper's attack on favouritism or jobbery: 'The present Commander-in-Chief in India is a fine soldier, who has earned the national gratitude by his public services . . . But among the penalties of Sir Frederick Roberts' exalted position is the control of a vast patronage, and this . . . is not always so disposed as to disarm unfriendly criticism, and to secure for his bestowals that unflinching respect which is so desirable'. The poem is headed, "Not to be sung at Snowdon theatre" a witty and obvious reference to Roberts's house where amateur theatricals were performed, Kipling sometimes taking part.

They really were most merciful
 They praised his winning ways
 His little feet that merrily
 Trip on from baize to bays.
 They glorified the new canteen.
 They called him "Tommy's Pride",
 But O they said his patronage was sometimes misapplied.



Perpend, retreat, refrain, reform
 O man of Kandahar,
 For even pocket-Wellingtons
 May carry things too far.
 We cannot judge the influence.
 The face alone we see.
 And if the *P*—*r* is wrath,
 Oh Lord what *must* you be.

(Chorus)

We've heard it before, but we'll drink once more,
While the Army sniffs and sobs
For Bobs its pride, who has lately died,
And is now succeeded by Jobs.*

The charge and the alternative nickname remained with Roberts throughout his career, to the War Office in 1901. He was after all building up the "Roberts ring" as a counter-weight to Wolseley's "Ashanti ring".

An accurate view of Roberts, not unfavourable, but not rose-tinted, is in Kipling's controversial poem "One Viceroy Resigns" late in the same year imagining Dufferin giving advice to his successor about his council:

. . . Look to one—
I work with him—the smallest of them all,
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging horse
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
And dreams of tilting Wolseley from the throne,
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;
He has his Reputation—wants the Lords
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
He values very much the hand that falls
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—
Hates cats and knows his business. . .

The third line is a reference to Roberts's renowned horsemanship, which Simla would have understood. 'Dreams . . . we cannot buy' referred to his plans for extra forts, railways and troops on the North-west Frontier, plans which were frequently rejected or reduced on grounds of cost. 'Wants the Lords', hinting at his ambition, would also raise wry smiles among Indian Army men who had nicknamed the march to Kandahar 'the race for the peerage'. Roberts was known to hate cats, and at one moment at Kabul in 1879 there was nearly a moment of high farce as the British paraded impressively and Roberts prepared to read a proclamation. A cat appeared, and he went white as a sheet. Fortunately two of his staff shooed it away.⁹

The poem resembles a verse in the later " 'Bobs'" of 1892 congratulating him as 'the pocket Wellington' for his peerage. Once again, perhaps, the words of Tommy, not of Kipling:

There's a little red-faced man,
Which is Bobs,

Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can—
Our Bobs.
 If it bucks or kicks or rears,
 'E can sit for twenty years
 With a smile round both 'is ears—
 Can't yer, Bobs?

It is worth having "One Viceroy Resigns" in front of us when we consider another verse:

Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise,
 'E's terror for 'is size,
 An'— 'e—*does—not—advertise—*
 Do yer, Bobs?

This hit at Roberts's rival Wolseley was unfortunately untrue, but Kipling knew it and may have written ironically. If ever there was a media general who like Montgomery some fifty years later cultivated his image and the press, it was Roberts, who gave future Generals and Field Marshals their start by attaching them to his staff or military family and using their talents. Among these able young men was Ian Hamilton, later defeated at Gallipoli, who had literary aspirations, wrote some good books and some execrable poetry, sent Kipling's work to Andrew Lang and was a pall bearer at his funeral. An A.D.C., Neville Chamberlain, the inventor of snooker, no relation of the Prime Minister but nephew of the commander of the Moveable Column in the Indian Mutiny, did much of Roberts's writing for him. It was Chamberlain who adapted *Lucia di Lammermoor* for a staging at Roberts's home Snowdon at Simla, with a prologue written by Kipling, to raise money for Lady Roberts's "Homes in the Hills", convalescent homes doubling as bases for nurses.

Lady Roberts in effect founded Indian Army nursing. Roberts's wife was accused (not to her face) of "petticoat government". In 1888 from Simla George White, an admirer and later Roberts's successor as Indian Army commander-in-chief, wrote to his wife, 'The Chief and Lady Roberts have been kindness itself. Sir Fred the most attentive host I have ever stayed with and Lady R. is most kind. The party consists of Sir F. Lady R their son Freddy . . . Miss Roberts looks about 17, and a younger girl . . . It is the nicest family party possible. The children are on the nicest terms with their father and mother.' Later he wrote, '[Lady R.] is a prejudiced woman & nothing is too bad for those she does not like but I think she is a warm friend. One thing is very certain, that she takes too much part in Sir Fred's business and that it is

generally known."¹⁰ There is however no Lady Roberts story in *Plain Tales from the Hills*: Kipling knew where to draw the line.

Roberts' and Kipling's paths separated in the early 1890s, Kipling married the American Carrie Balestier and went to Vermont, Roberts retired from India, denied employment for two years, and then in 1895 took over the Irish command, a backwater in which to end his career. The War Office and the plum jobs in England were dominated by Wolseley's 'Africans'. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, of 17 August 1893 published a letter from 'One who knows' complaining of distribution of top jobs in the army, 'The net result is little short of a scandal. Lord Wolseley remains amply provided for; two of his best pupils, Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Evelyn Wood, reign at the War Office as Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. The Duke of Connaught, junior by service to them all, obtains Aldershot. The only officer who is left in the cold is the general who has performed the greatest feat of arms of any living Englishman. . . !'

Roberts was not idle. In January 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, with impeccable timing, he published his best-selling autobiography — *Forty-One Years in India: From Subaltern to Commander-in-Chief* was a runaway best-seller. Five days after the book's appearance one reviewer commented, 'There has been only one thing to do in London this week – to go to India with Lord Roberts. No autobiography has been so run after for years, and novel reading is in abeyance.' Roberts sent Kipling a copy with the following letter:

Dear Mr Kipling, You who take and have made others take such a keen interest in our soldiers, and have brought India so near to the people of Great Britain by your jungle stories and vivid word pictures, may, perhaps, come to read the narrative of a soldier's life in India. At all events the book will serve to assure you that you are most kindly remembered by, Yours very truly, Roberts."

This suggests the two men were not very close, although in 1894 Kipling had sat next to Roberts at a London dinner and proposed a toast to him. Kipling told his former editor at Lahore Stephen Wheeler, "'Bobs" has sent me a copy of his *Forty One Years in India*, which I am amazed at the things he does *not* say. . . !'. The hangings at Kabul are the obvious omission, and Kipling as a correspondent for the *Civil & Military Gazette* had an intimate knowledge of Afghan affairs and in March 1885 attended the Rawalpindi conference between the Amir Abdur Rahman and Dufferin.¹² To Roberts however he wrote, 'never did living leader of men have so many passionate worshippers among his rank and file.' He also recognized the extraordinary skill with which

Roberts made it a platform for his views on imperial policy, the north-west frontier and British rule in India.

'Not till I read it in full . . . ,' said Kipling, 'did I understand the wonderful skill of it, from an artistic point of view. In its utter simplicity and directness it reads like the detached account of some interested by-stander who chanced to have been present at the world's history, and even I, who know, I think, every step of your career, was amazed by it. The papers have been so taken up with the *matter* of the book that, so far as I have seen, they had not in the least done justice to the perfection of *technique* . . . '

This was praise indeed; and he told Roberts that the gift and the accompanying letters were 'a source of pride and gratification' to him. The poet was as proud as the General of Britain's rule in India.¹³

The two men's roles in Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Celebrations are revealing: Roberts was properly part of them, leading the colonial contingents in the procession on his grey 'Vonolel', the only horse to be awarded the 'Roberts star' campaign medal for the march to Kandahar. Kipling, by now world famous and back in England, celebrated quietly in Sussex, watching the lighting of bonfires and beacons at Beachy Head; he had refused all honours and offers to become poet laureate on Tennyson's death. He would not write to order, but everyone was waiting for him to speak on the Jubilee. Almost a month after the celebration his "Recessional" appeared in *The Times* reminding the imperial people they should never lose a sense of obligation to God's Law and to duty which alone justifies the will to power:¹⁴

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Kipling's reminder of the fleeting nature of power and the need to answer the call to a higher law was meant to counter the worship of

power to which the hoop-la of the Jubilee might lead. On "Recessional" 's message I quote George Orwell, whose view of the British Empire was almost diametrically opposed to that of Roberts and Kipling

"Lesser breeds without the Law" – This line is always good for a snigger in pansy-left circles. It is assumed as a matter of course that the 'lesser breeds' are 'natives', and a mental picture is called up of some pukka sahib in a pith helmet kicking a coolie. In its context the sense of the line is almost the exact opposite of this. The phrase 'lesser breeds' refers almost certainly to the Germans, and especially the pan-German writers, who are 'without the Law' in the sense of being lawless, not in the sense of being powerless. The whole poem, conventionally thought of as an orgy of boasting, is a denunciation of power politics, British as well as German.

Meanwhile war threatened in South Africa. Roberts wrote to his friend, the former viceroy Lord Lansdowne, now secretary of state at the War Office, offering his services, even prepared to come down in rank.¹⁵ General Redvers Buller however was ear-marked for South African command. Meanwhile Freddie Roberts the field marshal's son failed his staff college exam. Father had to plead with the adjutant general Evelyn Wood, a Wolseleyite, to admit Freddie. In late Victorian England a famous name opened doors. Wood replied to Roberts on 11 October, 1899. 'I am happy to inform you that your son, Lieutenant the Hon. F. Roberts, has been selected by the Commander-in-Chief for a nomination for the Staff College. Lord Wolseley has desired me to add that it has given him much gratification to be able to meet your wishes.' Wolseley wrote two days later in reply to a Roberts thank-you, 'If your son was not to have a nomination for the S.C. who should have one? Besides he has a very good reputation of his own as a soldier.' He did indeed. Like his father he was mentioned several times in dispatches for service on the North-West Frontier.

Earlier that year, in March in New York, Kipling's beloved daughter Josephine had died; in the next months he continued to see her in every corner of his life. Kipling's poem "The Old Issue" attacking President Kruger of the Transvaal appeared in *The Times* on 28 September 1899. In October Kruger presented his ultimatum to the British and shortly afterwards fast moving Boer commandos invaded Natal and Cape Colony. Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith were besieged. Kipling welcomed the opportunity to throw himself into the war effort to escape his grief over Josephine. That month, October, he wrote "The Absent-Minded Beggar"; after British defeats of Black

Week he noted that 'the simple minded and pastoral Boer seems to be having us on toast', and in February 1900 he reached Cape Town.

Buller had already sailed for South Africa, deeply pessimistic. Roberts was still in Ireland, thirsting for action. Freddie volunteered and found himself in December a 'galloper' under Buller. When Buller's attack at Colenso broke down, he thought his two batteries of guns under Colonel Long were about to be lost. He called for volunteers. Seven gunners of the Royal Artillery came forward, and were joined by Captains Congreve and Schofield and Lieutenant Freddie Roberts, comrades of the 60th Rifles. The group hitched up the limbers and rode forward into a storm of fire. Congreve said he had 'never seen bullets thicker even at play or field firing'. His horse was hit twice, threw him off and he crawled into a small nullah or gully where 'another bullet went into the welt of my boot & came out at end of toe cap but did not scratch me'. Roberts was hit three times, first, fatally in the stomach, then in the leg and arm. He fell in the open. The bullets and shells whistled overhead. When the fire slackened Congreve, a doctor and a gunner got him into cover, dressed the wounds, '& then lay in a blazing sun & without a breath of wind till 5 p.m. when the Boers surrounded us & took us prisoners.'¹⁶ In the late afternoon Freddie Roberts and the other wounded were sent back in the care of the ambulance men and placed on a hospital train. A friend in the 60th, Captain Henry Warre, visited him next morning. 'I found him on the train in a terrible state & I am afraid in pain. . . His pluck was extraordinary & he said Good bye warrior we'll meet again soon. I must say I thought he was dying at the time, it was terrible. I cld'nt take his hand but just caught hold of his elbow & I think he moved it as an acknowledgment as he cldn't speak at the moment.' The future field marshal Major William Birdwood was sure he would not live. 'I am very sorry: he is such a dear good fellow and so absolutely unspoilt, and loved by every one. . .'¹⁷

Buller's defeat at Colenso, the third of the infamous 'Black Week', was followed by defeatist telegrams and his supersession by Roberts. The Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, insisted that the forty-nine-year-old Kitchener accompany the sixty-seven-year-old Roberts as chief of staff.

As Roberts accepted the command the news of Freddie's death reached him. Freddie was not just the much loved only son in a close-knit family; his father was rolling out the red carpet for him, just as Abraham Roberts had done for his son. The loss devastated the family. The military correspondent Spenser Wilkinson called on them in London: 'It was a sad group that received me, for the Chief, Lady Roberts and their two daughters were in tears.'¹⁸ They dealt with grief

as did families in those days, holding it back in public, letting go their emotions in private. Once in South Africa Roberts visited hospitals to see their preparedness. At a convalescent home at Cape Town he went to the room of Captain Congreve. When Congreve gave him eyewitness details of his son's heroism and fatal wound, he broke down. 'It was a most dreadful interview,' wrote Congreve in his diary. '[Lord Roberts] sat on my bed & sobbed as tho' his heart was broken & I could do nothing for him except tell him of Freddy's bravery.'¹⁹

Queen Victoria herself intervened to insist on young Roberts being posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

In South Africa 'Bobs and K' struggled to overcome serious British shortcomings in staff work, maps, intelligence and mounted troops. They could not remake the army overnight, but Roberts issued new tactical instructions, added 3,000 Mounted Infantry to his force, formed a large intelligence department and reorganised transport. Roberts proposed to march 500 miles to seize Bloemfontein and Pretoria and on to the furthest borders of the Transvaal. On 10 February he summoned senior cavalry officers to the Modder River and spoke to them: 'I am going to give you some very hard work to do, but at the same time you are to get the greatest chance cavalry has ever had. I am certain you will do well. . .'²⁰

The cavalry did extremely well in trying conditions of heat, dust and thirst. The relief of Kimberley and the capture of General Cronje and over 4,000 Boers on the Modder River at Paardeberg on Majuba Day, 27 February marked the first major British victories, the turning point of the war. The press exulted. Kipling's friend 'Taffy' Gwynne, chief correspondent of Reuters, wrote, 'Now the man for me, parexcellence [sic], is Bobs, gallant Bobs, plucky Bobs, magnificent Bobs. How splendidly he has managed the whole thing and what tremendous risks he has been willing to run.'²¹

After a pause the advance continued. Bloemfontein capital of the Orange Free State was occupied on 13 March. Buller was able to advance in Natal. The strategic initiative had passed to the British, nine weeks after Roberts's arrival and four weeks after the start of his offensive.²² He renewed his advance in May, into the Transvaal, and occupied Johannesburg and Pretoria and annexed the two Boer states. After a final battle at Diamond Hill, the Boer forces dispersed. Komati Poort, on the border with Mozambique, was occupied. In nine months Roberts had advanced 500 miles, defeated the main Boer armies, and occupied their capitals.

This was a remarkable achievement for a sixty-seven year old. It lost nothing in the telling, thanks to Roberts's management of the press and his ability to write exciting and readable despatches and release them

before the correspondents got theirs off. He made full use of Kipling, who arrived in South Africa just before his attack and was given *carte blanche* to roam and report. Roberts launched a newspaper offensive, closing down pro-Boer newspapers at Bloemfontein and establishing the *Friend*, inviting Kipling and Dr Arthur Conan Doyle among others to write. The *Friend* welcomed Kipling on to the staff with a leading article praising him for having 'contributed more than anyone perhaps towards the consolidation of the British Empire' and for his unique ability 'to translate to the world the true inwardness of the Tommy's character'. Gwynne noted in January, 1900 that Kipling was 'delightful and as full of energy as ever. Enthusiastic to a degree.' And in April, 'What marvellous work for the empire he [Kipling] is doing.'¹²³

On 28th March at a formal dinner, attended by Roberts, Sir Alfred Milner, Kipling, and war correspondents, Roberts praised the last, 'May I call you comrades?'¹²⁴

Roberts and Kipling shared a concern for soldiers' health. When Roberts's wife and daughters joined him at Bloemfontein Lady Roberts once again stirred up the hospitals, brought out more nurses and improved care in a war in which medical incompetence was rife, as noted by Kipling. He likewise paid almost daily visits to Cape Town hospitals and was much moved by the affection of the soldiers, but full of caustic remarks about the officers. Julian Ralph, a fellow journalist, heard the men say as Kipling left an army hospital, 'God bless him; he's the soldier's friend.'¹²⁵

In South Africa both Roberts and Kipling saw the failure of complacent British leadership at company, battalion, brigade and divisional level. In two short stories, "The Way That He Took" and "The Outsider" Kipling described the incompetence of a colonel who refused to accept a warning of a Boer ambush and of a snobbish subaltern of the 'Royal Rutlandshires' unfit to command; both stories were published in the *Daily Express*. Roberts told Lansdowne of the shortcomings, but he took action: in eleven months he removed five generals of division, six cavalry brigadiers, eleven of seventeen cavalry COs, half a dozen infantry colonels. A new verb came into the language: 'to Stellenbosch', from the unfortunate Major Gough who was felt to be competent only to man the cavalry remount depot at that South African town. Major Ivor Maxse of the Coldstream Guards wrote to his wife, 'I think most of the Stellenboschers deserve their fate. The cruelty and wickedness in such matters lies at the door of the War Office, which frequently insists on appointing men to command who are *notoriously* unsuited.'¹²⁶

What Roberts failed to do was to end the war, which continued for a further seventeen months. The farm burning, hostages, concentration

camps – the 'Methods of Barbarism' denounced by Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader – were started by him and then introduced full-scale by Kitchener, who succeeded Roberts and finally ended the war in May, 1902.²⁷

Roberts's successes enabled the Unionists to win the Khaki Election. It was now impossible for the Boers to triumph. Britain would not become war-weary as the Americans did in Vietnam. Kipling returned to England in the summer of 1900 to finish *Kim* published early the next year; he repeatedly went back to South Africa. Roberts returned at the end of 1900 to claim his rewards: the Garter, £100,000, and the top job he had coveted, Commander-in-Chief of the British army in succession to his rival, Wolseley. Installed in the War Office he wrote encouragingly to Kitchener, and finally sent out Ian Hamilton as chief of staff. Dispatched to co-ordinate operations in the western Transvaal Hamilton was able to pull off a victory on the stony hillside at Rooiwal which helped convince Boer leaders to seek peace.

The Boer War gave a shock to British complacency – 'no end of a lesson'. It brought Roberts and Kipling closer together fearing that the empire would decline if their countrymen did not make changes. They sought to jolt them out of their comfortable ways, to learn the lessons of this 'first-class dress parade for Armageddon'.²⁸ Roberts asked Kipling to write a poem that would spur them on. While "The Islanders" castigated the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goals, Roberts and his supporters at the War Office introduced the new Lee-Enfield rifle for service. The accurate shooting which Roberts and Ian Hamilton had taught the Indian Army was extended. Everyone knows that the BEF shot so well at Mons that the Germans thought machine guns were firing. Kipling set up a village shooting club and wrote to Roberts for surplus Lee-Enfields.²⁹ There was an eighteen-pounder field gun for the artillery, and improved education for officers as well as new Field Service Manuals. Henry Rawlinson and Henry Wilson, two of Roberts's proteges, proved outstanding commandants of the Staff College, which began to turn out trained staff in goodly numbers. Roberts's reforms were cut short when he was ejected from the War Office by Viscount Esher's reform committee in 1904. His efforts to awaken his countrymen continued when he became President of the National Service League in November 1905.

The National Service League had been formed in 1902 by George Shee to demand compulsory national service for home defence, but not abroad. The League's message was defensive, never advocating aggressive or pre-emptive war. Although it included famous names, Kipling and C. F. Moberly Bell of *The Times*, by 1905 it still had only

2,000 members and little influence. Boy Scouting, founded in these years and supported by both Kipling and Roberts, was a parallel movement, but not a substitute.

Roberts's prestige and energy transformed the National Service League's campaign. It became to press and public 'Lord Roberts's crusade', and he became the idol of those who shared his fears and the object of hatred of those who opposed the idea of compulsory service as anti-democratic, militaristic, un-English. He was aided by a series of books about invasion. He encouraged William Le Queux to write *The Invasion of 1910*, serialised in the *Daily Mail*; a front page map showed the relentless German advance from their northern landings south on London. He caused a sensation with his speech at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester on 22 October 1912 by his comments on Germany and because the first Balkan War being fought simultaneously added weight to his words. '*Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck*. That is the time-honoured policy relentlessly pursued by Bismarck and Moltke in 1866 and 1870. It has been her policy decade by decade since that date. It is her policy at the present hour. It is an excellent policy. It is or should be the policy of every nation prepared to play a great part in history.' The radical press attacked him, claiming that his real wish for a pre-emptive strike on Germany was unmasked. The *Daily Mail* replied, 'Our politicians must give a clear lead. . . Not one of them but feels in his heart that Lord Roberts speaks the truth.'¹³⁰ In that year even the reluctant *Times* came to his support, and by 1913 the case for compulsion seemed to be enjoying greater success than ever before, including most senior soldiers. However neither political party would support the campaign.

Was there any substance to Roberts's invasion claims? Count Schlieffen's plan was for an invasion of Belgium and France, not Britain, and assumed Britain's 'contemptible little army' would play a minor role or none at all. What Roberts's scheme could have done was to provide the British Expeditionary Force with a vast reserve of trained men who, mobilised and thrown into the scales in 1914, might have inflicted such a severe defeat on the German invaders as to end the war quickly. As it was, Britain's effort on land 1914-18 was a prodigious feat of improvisation.

Another thread common to Roberts and Kipling in these years was their sense of history, a view which strengthened their patriotism and their conservatism. Kipling wrote his account of English history for children *Puck of Pook's Hill* in 1906. 'Well,' said Puck to the children, 'what did you think of it? Weland gave the Sword! The Sword gave the Treasure, and the Treasure gave the Law. It's as natural as an oak growing.' Roberts to the House of Lords declared his sense of the

past: 'We are links in a living chain pledged to transmit to posterity the glorious heritage we have received by those who have gone before us.' This shared vision led Roberts to side with the die-hards in the House of Lords crisis of 1910-1911, and his view of empire and his Irish background made him a figurehead for Ulster resistance to Home Rule. He, Kipling, and Edward Elgar among others supported the British Covenant. The ferocity of Kipling's language showed that he and Roberts could not believe what was happening: in the former's words, 'A province and a people of Great Britain are to be sold to their and our enemies.'³¹ Roberts wrote to the Prime Minister begging him not to use the army to shoot down fellow countrymen while defending those who never missed 'an opportunity of slandering and vilifying the army in the grossest manner'. In an agony of soul, sure that his beloved army would be torn apart, he went to the King to plead royal intervention; the King's efforts were in vain.³² In the summer of 1914 war appeared imminent: war in Ireland as both the Ulster Volunteers and the Irish Republican Brotherhood began arming and Winston Churchill and Jack Seely, First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary of State for War respectively, made bellicose speeches promising what would happen if Ulster resisted. Into this came news of the Archduke's assassination and the European crisis. The day of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, Colonel Henry Wilson and his wife arrived for a weekend at Englemere, the Robertses' home at Ascot, Wilson saying the news was far more serious than expected. On 4 August Carrie Kipling at Bateman's wrote in her diary that she had a terrible cold. Rudyard added underneath, 'Incidentally, Armageddon begins: England declares war on Germany.' This brings us back to 1907. Kipling's Mutiny anniversary poem included a third verse:

One service more we dare to ask—
Pray for us, heroes, pray,
That when Fate lays on us our task
We do not shame the Day!

The day had come with Germany's invasion of Belgium. We all know sadly what, for that generation, not shaming the day meant. Roberts's last favour to his friend, a commission for John Kipling in the Irish Guards, had fatal results. John was killed six weeks after his eighteenth birthday, on 27 September 1915 at the battle of Loos.

In August 1914 Kitchener, Roberts's former comrade-in-arms in South Africa and now Secretary of State for War, appointed him Colonel-in-Chief of overseas forces in England, in fact a sinecure. In

November Roberts decided to visit the Indian soldiers in France. Accompanied by Aileen his elder daughter, he travelled there, in great spirits, like a schoolboy on his holiday. The journalist Leo Amery wrote in his diary: 'I doubt if [Roberts] ever enjoyed two days more... Meeting the Indians was a special delight to him and he insisted on stopping his car and talking to every turbaned soldier he met, and visited them in their hospitals. Old Pertab Singh [Maharajah of Jodhpur] was here to tea the day he came to us, and it was great to see the devotion in the old Indian warrior's eyes and his joy when Bobs addressed him as "dear old friend".'³³

On 13 November, a wet, cold and windy day, Roberts caught a chill climbing to the top of the Scherpenberg near Messines for a distant view of the trenches. It quickly turned to pneumonia, and after a brief rally he died at 8 p.m. the next day.³⁴ The Sunday night edition of *The Times* of 15 November headed its front page 'Sudden Death of Lord Roberts'. 'A profound shock of sorrow will be felt by the nation at the announcement of the death of Field Marshal Lord Roberts. . . One of the most famous and best beloved of British soldiers passes away in an hour of national trial, to prepare for which he had exerted himself with unsparing devotion.' His family received numberless tributes. His younger daughter Edwina replied on her mother's behalf to an old friend: 'You are so kind & I know you loved Father; there was no one like him and it is impossible to believe he is not there to tell all one's troubles & joys to. But he was so happy in France and his leaving was very perfect. No pain & so near the Army he loved.'³⁵

Kipling and Roberts: one a contradictory writer of genius, the other a soldier in the second rank of Britain's famous generals. Both small men who struggled to overcome handicaps, both world-famous symbols of empire. The *Strand Magazine* of December 1911 answered the question 'Who are the Ten Greatest Men Now Alive?' by placing Kipling second and Roberts seventh.³⁶ Both had strong-willed wives with an important part in their careers, and loving daughters who guarded the flame after father's death and ordered the destruction of revealing private papers. Both men loved India – with the British of course firmly in control. Some of the descriptive pages of *Forty-One Years* parallel *Kim*, without its supreme mastery. In his astute wooing of the press, Roberts strikes a modern note. Kipling might once have had reservations about this. His unsung heroes were the men of the I.C.S., the engineers who built the great dams and bridges, and officers like Bobby Wick, hero of his short story "Only a Subaltern" who gives his life for his men, dying of cholera he contracted nursing them in an epidemic. Roberts going out to retrieve the situation in South Africa after his son's death was for Kipling and the empire a consummate

example of sacrifice and service, and the old field marshal's dying in the field in 1914 was yet further proof.

Roberts had in the eyes of the empire and its greatest poet achieved an imperial apotheosis. Kipling wrote his third Roberts poem in tribute.

He passed in the very battle-smoke
Of the war that he had descried.
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke
When the Master-Gunner died.

NOTES

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3. The standard biography, now dated, is David James, *Lord Roberts* (London, 1954); the information about his family's mix of races comes from Geoffrey Moorhouse, *India Britannica* (London, 1983), p.184; Ram Babu Saksena, *European & Indo-European Poets of Urdu & Persian* (Lucknow, 1941) pp.128-132; and William Dalrymple, *The Last Mughal: the Fall of a Dynasty, Delhi, 1857* (London, 2006), pp.291-2.
4. W. Forbes-Mitchell, *The Relief of Lucknow* (London, 1962, orig. publ. 1893), pp.36-7.
5. Col. H. Hanna, *The Second Afghan War* (3 volumes. London, 1899-1910), vol.iii, pp. 140-8; B. Robson, *The Road to Kabul: the Second Afghan War 1878-1881*, pp. 142-3; H. Hensman, *The Afghan War*, (London, 1881) pp.49, 165 *et seq.*, & 277.
6. Hanna, *Second Afghan War*, vol.iii, pp. 149-150.
7. R. Kipling, *Something of Myself* (London, 1937) pp.56-7.
8. Sussex University Library kindly sent me a copy of this poem, which is not usually in Kipling's published works.
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13. Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling*, p. 176.
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15. British Library, uncatalogued Lansdowne papers, R to L, 27 Mar 1896.
16. Royal Greenjackets Museum, Winchester, Congreve diary, 15 Dec 1899.
17. Field Marshal Lord Carver, *The National Army Museum Book of the Boer War* (London, 1999) p.43; National Army Museum, Birdwood papers 6707-2-254, 16 Dec 1899.
18. Henry Spenser Wilkinson, *Thirty-Five Years 1874-1909* (London, 1933) p.242.

19. Royal Greenjackets Museum, Winchester, Hants, Congreve diary, 12 Jan 1900.
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23. Bodleian Library, Oxford Ms Gwynn dep. 29, 6 Apr & 3 Jan 1900.
24. S. Badsey in J. Gooch, ed., *The Boer War: Direction, Experience and Image*. (London, 2000) p.298.
25. Quoted in D. Gilmour, *The Long Recessional* (London, 2002) p.149.
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32. I.F.W. Beckett, *The Army and the Curragh Incident 1914* (London, 1986) pp.38,42, 55-6 and 127.
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34. C.E. Callwell, *Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson: His Life and Diaries*. 2 vols. (London, 1927) vol.1, pp.187-8; Bobs 7101-23-205, Lady [Aileen] Roberts's account.
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EDITORIAL – continued from page 7.

WIKIPEDIA AND KIPLING

Members who use the internet will undoubtedly know of the benefits, and of the problems that are associated with the use of the Wikipedia website. The NRG project team have been keeping the entry for "Rudyard Kipling" under review for some time and have made corrections to factual mistakes whenever these have been noticed. As a matter of policy however, we have not commented on matters of opinion – there are enough march hares racing around the internet without starting more.

The entry specifically for "John Kipling" is virtually non-existent, relying on David Haig's play as the source. That for "Lockwood Kipling" is rather better, and whilst short, does draw on recognised sources.

Continued on page 57.

"THE CHURCH THAT WAS AT ANTIOCH": A READING

By DAVID SERGEANT

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My favourite story is "The Church that was at Antioch" – so Paul Theroux reported Jorge Luis Borges, the great Argentinean writer and Kipling admirer, as saying. "What a marvellous story that is." Most critics and readers would, it seems, endorse this last statement: the story has garnered little but plaudits. However, despite this commendation, it has not received much extended attention: appreciations of "The Church that was at Antioch" have tended towards summary rather than explication.² For a writer like Kipling, in whose fiction the simple arrangement of plot does so much work, to such complex effect, this is understandable: however, in this essay I will be attempting a more comprehensive fathoming of the story, tracing it through from beginning to end in an attempt to find out, in more detail, just what makes it so 'marvellous'. This linear reading is necessary because the story relies, in typical Kipling fashion, on a cumulative development of its various dimensions, and to focus on these out of order would obscure its total operation.

The tale begins with the origins of its young protagonist:

His mother, a devout and well-born Roman widow, decided that he was doing himself no good in an Eastern Legion so near to free-thinking Constantinople, and got him seconded for civil duty in Antioch, where his uncle, Lucius Sergius, was head of the urban Police. Valens obeyed as a son and as a young man keen to see life, and, presently, cast up at his uncle's door. (87)³

There seems little to note here – but note it we will, in any case, as Kipling's better stories often rely on that word 'seems' opening like a trapdoor to reveal commodious spaces within. So: there is a minor tension established between piety ('devout') and the world ('free-thinking Constantinople') which is, perhaps, reconciled in Valens' obedience of his mother's order, which satisfies both his duty ('as a son') and his worldly desire ('young man keen to see life'). His mother's order, then, which is somewhat simplistically pious, finds the potential for greater meaning in her son's expectant performance of it. We receive much of

this detail before we receive Valens' name: before that he is only present as the disembodied pronoun ('his', 'he', 'him') dependent on others.⁴ How different might the passage have been if it had started with the name of its principal subject, Valens? The lack of the name transfers our focus onto origins, particularly those of family, and leaves that pronoun, for a short but potent space, as a signifier whose identity we do not know but which, the familiarity of it implies, we might be expected to know. This briefly numinous identity of Valens, and the subtly expansive range of his actions, will prove key to the story's operation.

We then move on to an opening conversation between Valens and his uncle:

'That sister-in-law of mine,' said the elder, 'never remembers me till she wants something. What have you been doing?'

'Nothing, Uncle.'

'Meaning, everything?'

'That's what mother thinks. But I haven't.'

'We shall see. Your quarters are across the inner courtyard. Your—er—baggage is there already. . . . Oh, I shan't interfere with your private arrangements! I'm not the uncle with the rough tongue. Get your bath. We'll talk at supper.' (87)

That short nothing/everything exchange is, of course, a playfully economical characterisation of the two men. However, it also provides us with an early precedent for one thing (what Valens has been 'doing') containing the potential for being two paradoxical things (nothing, everything). In typical Kipling fashion, profoundly suggestive concepts are being smuggled into the story under cover of that which seems unremarkably plain. The exchange also implies that someone might be capable of 'doing' something without their own awareness of doing it: Serga's knowing 'we shall see' despite Valens' protestation of innocence. Of course, to place such weight on the exchange, so early in the story, is slightly artificial – but only slightly. The reader might not be consciously unpacking the prose like this as they read, but this consistent early muddling of the fictional parameters does register at some tonal level – and in retrospect the passage is a seed-bed capable of flowering into greater life.

The term 'baggage' provides a more homely example of the floral potential of the nothing/everything exchange. We might wonder, briefly, at Serga's hesitation over word-choice, and might even divine from his subsequent comments that 'baggage' is a witty blending of the word's customary and idiomatic meanings – as the 'baggage' is,

indeed, the girl Valens has brought with him. Even if we do guess this, however, full confirmation will only arrive once we have encountered her later in the story: only then will the statement take on, literally, a greater life. The planting of the 'baggage' allusion is completed by the practical details about the bath and supper, which reassure us, after the hesitation, that we need not be bothered with it: and so it is naturalised into the incidental surface of the tale.

We then learn that Valens is exceptionally competent and dutiful, having 'marched overland from Constantinople in charge of a treasure-convoy' which he'd delivered in spite of its being ambushed, causing Serga to comment: 'Gods! You *are* like your father' (88). So: Valens' family tree expands a little, though again, this 'father' remains unidentified. This is in contrast to Serga, who is widely known, in his role of Prefect of Police, as 'Father Serga' (and later remarks: 'I've been on this frontier as far back as anyone remembers—that's why they call me the Father of Syria . . .', 90). Just as there were, in a sense, two Valens (the pronoun and the figure who took possession of that pronoun) and two baggages (luggage and the girl) so we now have two fathers: a homely and very earthly one in Serga, and an absent one whose only attribute we know of is that he shares or imparted Valens' virtues.

The talk between Valens and his uncle is worldly and competent: even when it turns to the Mithraism which is the cause of Valens' mother's concerns. The two observe that the new Christian sect has 'stolen' all their ceremonies and symbols from Mithraism:

' . . . Even these Christians are divided now. You see—one part of their worship is to eat together.'

'Another theft! The Supper is the essential Symbol with us,' Valens interrupted.

'With *us*, it's the essential symbol of trouble for your uncle, my dear. . . .' (89)

Another doubling: the practical ('symbol of trouble') and the conceptual ('essential Symbol': note the telling capitalisation). The portrayal of Christianity as a derivative or double of Mithraism also serves to defamiliarise what is perhaps the most famous story on the planet. The religion of Jesus comes to seem like the recurrence of a pattern that was already in existence, already patterning; furthermore, Mithraism stands in relation to orthodox Roman worship of 'Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva' – what Valens' anachronistically terms 'the strict Latin Trinity' (88) – as later forms of the esoteric, such as freemasonry, would stand to mainstream Christianity. It is a typically condensed Kipling complication: the past is recurring in the story's present, but is

itself formulated in a way that derives its meaning from the (Christian story's) future. Other details will contribute to chipping away the story from its chronological moorings. The use of the place name 'Constantinople' is a deliberate mistake, the city then being known as Byzantium, as Kipling seems to have been aware, judging from Valens' later reference to it as 'Byzant.' The squabbles of the Christian factions over food will recall the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, with its charges about the use of pig and cow's fat to grease cartridges.⁵ Serga's plaintive question on Valens' death – "'But what am I to write his mother?'" (109) – was precisely that which numerous commanding officers had to ask in the First World War. Kipling's careful detailing nails the story into a particular time and place, but he is also concerned to make it an eternal story in the most forceful sense: one that is somehow taking place in all times and all places.

The story progresses to more demonstrations of Valens' worldly competence with his work on Market-inspection duty, in which he saves Gaius Julius Paulus, who is being hunted by the 'Synagogue Jews' (91). Valens thus saves Paulus in a worldly, physical sense, as he was earlier saved spiritually – in the Bible, but not in this story – by the intervention of God on the road to Damascus: another doubling. Shortly after this, Valens calms an attempt to disrupt a Christian 'love-feast', for which Serga compliments him, saying 'I think you've saved their Church for the Christians this time' (95). So, Valens is a worldly saviour once again.

Upon returning to the city Paulus and Petrus report to Serga, and Paulus questions Valens about Mithraism, finding in it similarities to Christianity, the new religion which Paulus intends to take beyond the Jews 'to change the whole world by it' (99). Again, we are given the strange sense of a familiar story – that of Christianity as we know it –

being unsettled from its overfamiliar position of religious and ontological pre-eminence: we watch it ramifying out from its Biblical location. Petrus is made to finish a tale describing how he converted a centurion and thereby saw 'there is nothing under heaven that we dare call unclean.'

Paulus turned on him like a flash and cried:

'You admit it! Out of your own mouth it is evident.' Petrus shook like a leaf and his right hand almost lifted.

'Do *you* too twit me with my accent?' he began, but his face worked and he choked. (99)

This being a reference to the moment when Peter denied Christ after his arrest, was then recognised by his accent as a Galilean, and denied

Christ for a third time. The lifting of the palsied hand refers to the tradition 'that he held up his right hand to emphasise his denial, whereupon the hand immediately became useless'.⁶ Petrus almost-denial of his allegiance to the ending of divisions in the early Church is thus equated with his denial of his allegiance to Christ, giving another sense that the familiar Biblical story is here being replayed or continued.

The argument continues between Petrus and Paulus:

'One says more than one means when one is carried away,' Petrus answered, and his face worked again.

'This time you will say precisely what is meant,' Paulus spoke between his teeth. 'We will keep the Churches *one*—in and through the Lord. You dare not deny this?'

'I dare nothing—the God knows! But I have denied Him. . . . I denied Him. . . . And He said—He said I was the Rock on which His Church should stand.'

'I will see that it stands, and yet not I——' Paulus' voice dropped again. 'To-morrow you will speak to the one Church of the one Table the world over.' (102)

Paulus here seems to be the one espousing unity, the transcendence of boundaries, inclusion – those familiar themes of the questing Kipling imagination. And yet he usurps Petrus' position, appointed by Christ, as the Rock on which the Church will stand – despite his self-effacing correction (repeated several times in the story, and based on scriptural precedents).⁷ Is it possible that Paulus is struggling with a corrupting and self-serving vanity? This is actually the second suggestion that this might be the case: earlier in the story Paulus had referred to Valens as 'my son' (97), which could now, perhaps, be re-read as revealingly precipitous and inappropriate, given the significance of f/Fathers in the tale.

At the end of the meeting Paulus falls ill and Valens tends to him, giving him his 'heavy travelling-fur', fetched by 'his girl, whom he had bought in Constantinople a few months before' (103) – the baggage unpacked. After Paulus has left Valens discusses Petrus with the girl, and tells her of his denials of the God who, he believed, died for him:

'Does he? *My* God bought me from the dealers like a horse. Too much, too, he paid. Didn't he? 'Fess, thou?'

'No, thee!' emphatically.

'But I wouldn't deny *my* God—living or dead! . . . Oh—but *not* dead! My God's going to live—for me. Live—live Thou, my heart's blood, for ever!' (104)

And so once again the familiar Christian story, with its characteristic language and ideas, tremors and reshapes itself: becoming for this brief moment a paradigm of the earthly love between a man and a woman, the presentiment of tragedy both familiar (because we know the story of Jesus) and strange (because this is an earthly relationship, and Valens should not have to die).

When Valens next goes on duty he sees the Christian congregation leaving their meeting, satisfied, with Petrus having spoken 'like one inspired', and Paulus seeming not 'to have taken much part in the debate'; and he and his men shepherd the orderly crowd away. He meets Paulus and:

Petrus joined up like a weary ox. Valens greeted him, but he did not answer.

'Leave him alone,' Paulus whispered. 'The virtue has gone out of me—him—for the while.' His own face looked pale and drawn. (107)

Which echoes a passage in *Mark* (5:30), describing Jesus after he had healed a woman, and so implies that the actions of Christ were not unique to him – Petrus has the ability to be 'inspired' in such a way. There is also the clearest implication thus far that some kind of zealous egotism latent in Paulus has almost slipped to the surface: the telling hesitation over where this 'virtue' came forth. This leads into their walk home, during which a young boy appears and distracts the lictors, who act in the story as Valens' bodyguards:

The lictors turned back a few paces, and shook a torch at the brat, but he retreated and drew them on. Then they heard Paulus shout, and when they hurried back, found Valens prostrate and coughing—his blood on the fringe of the kneeling Paul's robe. Petrus stooped, waving a helpless hand above them.

'Someone ran out from behind that well-head. He stabbed him as he ran, and ran on. Listen!' said Paulus.

But there was not even the echo of a footfall for clue, and the Jew boy had vanished like a bat. Said Valens from the ground:

'Home! Quick! I have it!' (108)

It is curious how this passage is constructed. One would have thought that Kipling is trying to make us suspect Paulus, in this moment, of the crime – his shout alerts the lictors (and us) to the deed, there is blood on his robe, and, above all, there is no sound of footsteps when Paulus asks us (them) to listen. Rationally, of course, we know this is not the

case. Valens' later testimony makes it clear that it was his earlier assailant who was responsible, and of course, all of the above could be otherwise accounted for: the blood on the robe comes from Paulus kneeling beside Valens; we might presume that the assailant ran very quietly away. But this still does not quite explain that curious fictive breach between Paulus' command to listen for footfalls, and silence. The moment is akin to the suggestive non-rational parallels that Kipling uses elsewhere: as in "On Greenhow Hill" (1891), when Learoyd comes in with a bullet-torn jacket after we have previously seen Ortheris shooting, and although we *know* Ortheris did not cause the tear, there is an implication that on another level of the story Learoyd and Ortheris are constitutionally opposed, and that this detail might refer subliminally to that. Is Valens' murder then a veiled allusion to the point emphasised by the end poem, that

*Many swords shall pierce Him,
Mingling blood with gall;
But His Own Disciple
Shall wound Him worst of all!* (111)

Although Paulus did not actually stab Valens, who will shortly be revealed as a Christ figure, on some greater ontological level his doctrinal fervour – implicated in his latent self-regard – will '*wound Him worst of all.*'

There also remains to be explained Valens' puzzling words: 'Home! Quick! I have it!' What does he have, and why the urgency? One answer must be, simply, that he knows the identity of his killer. This fits, but for me it is not an entirely comfortable fit, the urgency seeming redundant in regard to this question, and 'have' implying a sense of revelation that the killer's identity seems too obvious to justify. Could 'I have it!' then refer to some greater moment of self-revelation? And 'Home!' to the heavenly home to which he is shortly to make his way? Could the shout of revelation even be an anticipation of what the reader might themselves be crying out at this moment – a truly vertiginous projection of the story's borders, until we seem to be inside the story's effect as much as outside it, observing?

Valens is carried back to his uncle's house. The rug which covered Paulus the night before, when he recovered, is brought by the girl to cover Valens, who will die: as Tompkins suggests, this reweaving of themes is almost musical in its poise and pacing.⁸ Serga declares that he will destroy the fledgling church, but Valens raises his hand to save it: so, raises his hand to justly deny a charge where the hand of

Petrus was raised in the Gospels to deny Christ. At this point the girl breaks in:

'What has *she* [his mother] to do with him?' the slave-girl cried. 'He is mine—mine! I testify before all Gods that he bought me! I am his. He is mine.' (109)

Which, of course, recalls Christ, who paid for mankind's sins upon the cross: the one story, the one matrix of actions, ramifies out, is repeated and recapitulated. One of the lictors defers to Petrus 'for some reason' – another impudently effective invitation to skip across a logical gap – when asking what to do next. Petrus says to give him a drink and wait, as he has 'seen such a wound' (109). Another reference to Christ, of course: as is, perhaps, the giving of drink (*John* 19:30). Valens then motions to Serga and asks him to forgive the Cilician and his friends – 'they don't know what they are doing' – but Serga says he cannot, it being 'the Law' rather than a personal matter. Valens replies:

"No odds. You're Father's brother Men make laws—not Gods. . . . Promise! . . . It's finished with me.'

Valens' head eased back on its yearning pillow.

Petrus stood like one in a trance. The tremor left his face as he repeated:

'"Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Heard you *that*, Paulus? He a heathen and an idolator, said it!'

'I heard. What hinders now that we should baptize him?' Paulus answered promptly.

Petrus stared at him as though he had come up out of the sea.

'Yes,' he said at last. 'It is the little maker of tents. . . . And what does he *now*—command?'

Paulus repeated the suggestion. (110)

Valens' 'Father' has now become capitalised (like all the other 'divine' words in the story), whereas Serga's mentions of Valens father at the beginning of the story was *not* capitalised. The implication being not only that Valens' father is God – a familiar Christian usage – but that Serga is this God's worldly 'brother': that the divine fatherhood equates on earth, in its temporal manifestation, with the law and its overseers. The two strands are embodied in Valens himself. Earlier in the story his competence and professionalism physically saved both Paulus and the Church; now he is revealed as a type of Christ, a spiritual saviour. 'Caesar must be served', Paulus had remarked earlier in the story; 'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto

God the things that are God's', said Jesus in the Gospel of *Matthew* (22:21). And as Valens says, 'Men make laws—not Gods' (109): an exact echo of his Mithraic observation upon the Christian feast practices earlier in the story. This being significant in two ways: the injunction places the spirit of the Law ('we are all his children') above its practical manifestation; and at this moment of Christian transformation (Valens echoes Christ) he also remains faithful to Mithraism.

The relentless grounding of Kipling's divinities in a social vision – whereby every law has both spiritual and earthly existence, every lama his Kim and every Leo his song to sing⁹ - makes for an enlightening contrast with D. H. Lawrence. For instance, "The Escaped Cock" is a story about Jesus in which he is, like many of Lawrence's characters, grounded in the phenomenal world, whilst also reaching out to some irrational and inherently unsocial realm of archetypal existence.¹⁰ This accounts for the recurring presence of words or images in Lawrence which build into motifs - plants, animals, the sun, moon - that act like symbolic trapdoors allowing an escape from the corridor of reason; or, as Michael Black has put it:

. . . a system of correspondences which constantly drop below ground or move into the upper air, to avoid the (so to speak) telegraph-wire of a thin linear communication of socially agreed meanings, taken in at the eye and ear and understood in the head.¹¹

Kipling's system of correspondences are more systematic and reciprocal, in that the 'other' levels feed into the apparent level of the narrative: they deepen and renew the 'socially agreed meanings' rather than avoiding them. In another superb late story, "The Eye of Allah" (1926), the cellular pattern that is seen through the microscope by the various characters ramifies outwards and inwards: into John's paintings, into the narrator's description of 'three English counties laid out in evening sunshine around them; church upon church, monastery upon monastery, cell after cell . . .' (310)¹² - an aerial view which recalls those of the Lama and Purun Bhagat in its combination of separateness and recognition. If Lawrence's system of correspondences are dislocating heavens, then Kipling's are adjoining rooms:

'It was shown to me,' the Abbot was speaking to himself, 'in Cairo, that man stands ever between two Infinities—of greatness and littleness. Therefore, there is no end—either to life—or—' (310)

Such a duality of vision is characteristic of Kipling's two-sidedness, sending the reader backwards and forwards between two poles or

perspectives which are both separate and indivisible. One of the reasons *Kim* can be said to be Kipling's masterwork – both in the sense of 'masterpiece' and 'master key' – is that Kim and the lama joyously embody this duality with explicit reference to worldly work and transcendent spirituality. In another late story, "The Manner of Men" (1932), the apostle Paul's¹³ view of a sea voyage is recounted in parallel with a sailor's view of the same, and we are not offered a definitive answer as to which one of them – or whether both of them – are right: a tension which, if contemplated, can lead to a questioning of what exactly 'right' might mean. Paul tells one of the characters: "Serve Caesar. You are not canvas I can cut to advantage at present. But if you serve Caesar you will be obeying at least some sort of law." (236) Which adds the concept of timing to that of acting and understanding – something that is also crucial in "The Eye of Allah", where the several characters – artist, doctor, scientist, 'Mother Church' – interpret the view of germs through a microscope in their different ways, only for the Abbot Stephen to recognise that *all* of their perspectives must be subdued to the fact that their timing is wrong:

'. . . Hast *thou* dreamed, Thomas? I also—with fuller knowledge. But this birth, my sons, is untimely. It will be but the mother of more death, more torture, more division, and greater darkness in this dark age. Therefore I, who know both my world and the Church, take this Choice on my conscience. Go! It is finished.' (314)

The capitalisation of 'Choice' is telling. If Lawrence's master words – man, woman, life, death and so on – carry an overt mythical charge and open into an inexplicable other realm, then Kipling's are common words whose capitalisation signifies their opening into a more socially embedded archetype: one that is timeless and yet embedded in time, like the Work of "Children of the Zodiac", or the separate stories of the *Puck* books, or the story of Jesus. The Abbot's 'choice' is a choice such as we all make, all the time: but it is a 'Choice' in that it signifies a movement between the 'two Infinities', the transcendence of the realm of the usual that nevertheless remains comprehensibly *of* the usual. Kipling's use of Capitalisation is thus a microcosmic expression of the two-planed geography of his fictional universe: another way – like his use of symbol, fable, myth and allegory – of penetrating to a timeless dimension, whilst remaining recognisably grounded in the here and now. To say, as does the one essay devoted to Kipling's capitals, that they are a 'choice and idiosyncratic feature' of an 'armature' he deploys to keep doubt and uncertainty at bay, is to do him a typical injustice.¹⁴

In "The Church that was at Antioch" Paulus is denied such double-ness of vision. As Petrus recognises Valens he loses his disabilities, incurred upon his earlier denial of Christ, but Paulus remains as he has been throughout the story, a brilliant but flawed doctrinist. Kipling renders the moment brilliantly. The suggestion of baptism is, of course, ludicrously mismatched, but it is that 'promptly' which gives the snapshot of a political being able to operate only within the parameters of their catechism. The detail about Petrus staring at him 'as though he had come up out of the sea' estranges the two brilliantly, and the gloss on Paulus' name – 'the little maker of tents' – both evokes a secular being, skilled in intricacies but also mechanical and petty, while contrasting with Petrus' name ('the Living Rock'), with its intimations of a barely human firmness and simplicity, as it was evoked twice earlier in the story. The sense of recognition – the 'at last' which implies the realisation being so great it has taken time to sink in; the 'it is' which implies a belated certainty of its disappointing Tightness – also raises again all those intimations of Pauline inadequacy that have been planted through the text. It is as if Petrus suddenly recognises these too: the italicised 'now' an ironic reference to Paulus' previous orders, and the pause before 'command' an ironic gloss on the secular inappropriateness – almost profanity – of that word (the commands of the spirit, as Valens has just established, overriding those of any worldly concern). And all Paulus can do is fall back on his legalistic answer. Kipling does not even bother to quote it, simply paraphrasing instead, as if Paulus' words are no longer important in the story. At this point, perhaps, we recall the tale's epigraph:

'But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed.' – *St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, ii. II.* (87)

Commentators have noted the obvious: that this quote sets and places the scene for us historically and theologically.¹⁵ No-one has noted that Kipling's treatment of Paulus in the story also casts the quote in an ironic light by taking it out of Paulus' hands. The striking thing about the epigraph, surely, is that it is so emphatically (egotistically?) from Paulus' viewpoint: and we should remember how Kipling makes a point of reproducing those Pauline Biblical hesitations ('And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord , , , ' , 1 *Corinthians* 7:10) in such a way that the hesitation is explicitly made a vestigial trace of egotism (note how Petrus' ironic reference to Paulus' next 'command' recalls the Corinthian's quote). "The Church that was at Antioch" both draws our attention to the glorifying of the Pauline 'I' in the epigraph,

and its rather unchristian (from this Kipling viewpoint) blaming of Peter, and retells the incident from a more 'objective' non-Pauline perspective. The entire story uses the Gospels as an intertextual dimension from which it gains both depth and a provocative complexity, but in such a way that the Gospel story is itself also rewired and renewed. It would be too much to say that the story constitutes a sustained criticism of Paulus: it is more subtle than that. He is obviously an impressive figure in the world, but the story hints at the shortcomings of this worldliness, and because the hint is so underplayed it makes it compassionate rather than condemnatory (much in the spirit of Christ, indeed). In the light of the 'Church at Antioch' the epigraph truly becomes that of a 'little maker of tents': skilled in his own way but also limited by that skill; brilliant but ultimately petty.¹⁶

The story goes on:

Painfully, that other raised the palsied hand that he had once held up in a hall to deny a charge.

'Quiet!' said he. 'Think you that one who has spoken Those Words needs such as *we* are to certify him to any God?'

Paulus cowered before the unknown colleague, vast and commanding, revealed after all these years.

'As you please—as you please,' he stammered, overlooking the blasphemy. 'Moreover there is the concubine.' (110)

Petrus raises his hand, cancelling his previous denial of Christ in his recognition of Valens' Christ-likeness, cancelling the direction and import of the epigraph (he withstands Paulus to his face because he is to be blamed) and commits his 'blasphemy': the mention of 'any God' rather than the one monotheistic God. At this conclusion of many revelations Petrus thus makes explicit the sense which the story has been accumulating: that there are more ways than one of approaching God; that different religions might be correspondences and reflections of one another, rather than mutually exclusive; that there is a difference between the doctrine and the life, the letter and the spirit; that the world and the spirit are interfused and complementary.

The utter diminution of Paulus in the face of Petrus' 'vast and commanding' ascendancy – 'cowered' does this superbly – is also emphasised: 'after all these years' also implying that Paulus, too, is finally fulfilled as 'the Rock' here, after having lain in a palsied suspension since his initial denial of Christ. 'Overlooking the blasphemy' thus takes on a typically sly and Kipling-esque transcendent meaning: that Petrus mentions 'Gods' and not 'God', yes, but it also directs us to the far more 'blasphemous' intimation that Valens somehow becomes

Christ at the end here. The story concludes with the 'concubine':

The girl did not heed, for the brow beneath her lips was chilling,
even as she called on her God who had bought her at a price that he
should not die but live. (110)

Another blending of Valens with Christ, in such a way that one of the story's central themes is revealed within it: the equation of the profane (in this case, sexual love) with the divine. The chilling brow is a typically beautiful touch: such a finely understated way to intimate the death to us, with its horribly past tense of 'bought', and one that elides the story's focus from the death of Christ/Valens onto that which the death will redeem (the girl/mankind) at the story's other level.

The final part of this sentence is also provocatively hard to decipher: and surprisingly so. I take its most obvious sense as being: '. . . called on her God who had bought her at a price *so* that he should not die but live.' This is remarkable enough: this figure, like Christ, will rise again, having redeemed mankind. But why the condensing? The sentence retains the meaning I have reconstructed, but perhaps also gestures, using the weight of worked language, towards the sense: called on her God who had bought her at a price *which was* that he should not die but live.' We thus receive an intimation of the sacrifice of the divinity. The price this figure pays is, as Yeats put it, 'to live it all again / And then again' ("A Dialogue of Self and Soul").¹⁷ The story, as we have seen, recurs in all times and all places: and this figure is thereby endlessly living, and so also endlessly dying. A more obvious doubleness is gained by having Valens again ascend into that pronoun ('he') in which He began the story; with the explicit labelling of 'God' finally appearing, though with the 'her' before 'God' muting it enough to still be comprehensible in a non-divine sense. The retention of the double perspective at the conclusion is typical of Kipling's two-sidedness, which was key to both his genius and, frequently, to the formal organisation of his narratives: as "The Church that was at Antioch", that marvellous story, shows so well.

NOTES

1. Paul Theroux, *The Old Patagonian Express* (London, 1979), p.391.
2. Angus Wilson, J.M.S. Tompkins and Roger Lancelyn Green have all provided brief but insightful commentary on the story. Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Macmillan, 1977), pp.337-340; J.M.S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Methuen, 1959), pp.254-256; Roger Lancelyn Green, "Reports on Discussion Meetings", *Kipling Journal* No.157 (March 1966), pp.14-18.
3. Page references are to the story in the Sussex edition of *Limits and Renewals*.

4. One might compare the opening of *Kim*, another work with a liminal, unifying central character.
5. Lancelyn Green, "Reports on Discussion Meetings", *Kipling Journal* No.157 (March 1966), p.16.
6. http://www.kipling.org.uk/rg_antioch_notes.htm. Accessed: 3 January 2008.
7. 1 *Corinthians* 7:10; 1 *Corinthians* 15:10.
8. Tompkins (1959), p.255.
9. See "The Children of the Zodiac" (1893).
10. Published in 1929; published as 'The Man Who Died' – a title never approved by Lawrence – in 1931.
11. Michael Black, *D H Lawrence: The Early Fiction* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1986) p.12.
12. Page references are to the story in the Sussex edition of *Debits and Credits*.
13. Not 'Paulus' – although based on the same historical figure, they are different characters in the two Kipling stories.
14. Adrian Poole, "Kipling's Upper Case" in Phillip Mallett ed., *Kipling Considered* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1989), p. 158.
15. e.g. Sandra Kemp, *Kipling's Hidden Narratives* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1988), p.97.
16. cf. Kipling's projected plot of a story about The Wandering Jew, written for and to Haggard, includes episodes featuring a 'Jew, a wandering disputatious little chap of the name of Paul', who is warned that 'he has brought his new faith [i.e. Christianity] to a market where it will be bought up by the vested interests attached to the service of the Old Gods. Paul don't see' (1923). Also: 'Now I know (I've just been doing my Sunday reading) that of all the lies that Paul told, his statement (or implication) that he suffered 'em gladly was the biggest. He didn't – by a dam sight. It soured the little man badly.' (1925). Morton Cohen, ed., *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard* (London, 1965), pp.127, 136.
17. I have, of course, wrenched the lines from their context: the poem reads, 'I am content to live it all again . . .'.

'TRANSCENDING THE SELF'?
APPROPRIATION OF EASTERN MYSTICAL
THOUGHT IN KIPLING'S WORK, WITH
THE FOCUS ON *KIM*

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'Human perfection is achieved only in social life and this in turn is achieved only through moral virtue: thus it is necessary that humans be good, although it is not necessary that they know the truth'

Averroes (1126-1198)

ABSTRACT

Mystical concepts like Pantheism (the doctrine that nature and the physical universe are constituents of the essence of God), an equivalent of the Hindu doctrine of *Wahdat-ul-Wajud*, as against *Wahdat-ul-Shahud* in Islam, have long fascinated Western thinkers and writers. My concern in this article is to trace out the influence of these and other mystical doctrines on Kipling. I have also drawn a brief comparison between *Kim* and Herman Hesse's 1922 novel, *Siddhartha*. Both Kipling and Hesse lived in India and are known to have imbibed Eastern religious/mystical/philosophical thought. At the same time, one should admit that both of them have somewhat qualified this influence by their Western Christianity and its doctrine of action. This, to my understanding, is similar to the Islamic emphasis on *amal* (action) and *khidmat* (service) for the good of humanity at large. Unlike Buddhist and Hindu mystical ideas and practices, both Islam and Christianity do not entirely reject the worldly reality, marked by the limitations of space and time. The sufi, for example, only transcends earthly space and time, but does not wholly renounce humanity and creation at large. That is why Islam forbids its followers to malign 'Time' "since Time is God".¹ It will emerge from this paper that the Islamic social as well as mystical doctrines are based on pragmatism and Kipling was fascinated by them. The scope of such readings is

immense and open, as Dr Shamsul Islam, Vasant A. Shahane, and Clara Claiborne Park have argued. As Mrs Park says, "Kipling has made metaphysical and religious questions integral to the relationship between Kim and Teshoo Lama, and he treats these questions with full seriousness." My aim is to investigate the scope and depth of Kipling's seriousness in dealing with metaphysical and religious questions with focus on *Kim* and a short story, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat".

EASTERN MYSTICISM AND WESTERN THOUGHT

The tradition of Western writers imbibing Eastern mystical and philosophical thought has a long history. Such inter-textual relations began during European Renaissance, expanded at the height of eighteenth century Enlightenment, deepened during 19th century colonialism, and have survived well into the Postmodern European thought. Evidence of a significant engagement with the Oriental philosophical/religious ideas are traceable in the works of thinkers/writers as diverse as Montaigne, Leibniz, Voltaire, Adam Smith, Herder, Goethe, Schilling, Hegel, Schlegel, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Nietzsche, Emerson, Jung, Pound, Eliot, Santayana, Herman Hesse and others. Even whole movements were inspired by Oriental thought: Theosophists, Renaissance, Romanticism, the Beat movement, and the hippies; it also contributed to the making and shaping of such philosophical/mystical concepts as agnosticism, pluralism, and pantheism in the West. They helped European thinkers in settling numerous issues pertaining to the nature of existence and self, reason and faith, truth and progress.³

Kipling's work is often read within the monologic of imperialism. This, to my mind, is a great injustice to a writer of immense complexity as many of his stories are loaded with mystical meaning. Few Kipling critics have paid attention to the influence which his Indian upbringing and exposure to a multicultural, multi-lingual, pluralistic atmosphere of India, during the most impressionable years of his life, must have exerted on his thought and art, particularly about his inclination towards mystical tradition in Islam, Buddhism and Hinduism.

The most potent theme in *Kim*, written in Kipling's 'Eastern sunlight' is the search for the meaning of life, truth, and self-hood, whether of Kim or of the lama: both go together on a spiritual quest, an experience which can be rendered in terms of mystical comprehension, and a phenomenon which Shahane calls the process of 'Becoming'.⁵ The journey from Being to Becoming is a spiritual coming of age for both the *Murshid* (or the spiritual mentor, the lama) and the *Chela* (the follower, Kim). *Kim* is often read piecemeal, and interpreted as episodic, therefore, lacking in a unifying structure. In fact, it is written

in tradition with the ancient oral conventions of story-telling in the East, particularly in India where this tradition thrived for centuries.⁶

In spite of a picaresque structure, the three great symbols of the novel – the River, the Road, and the Wheel – apart from providing a mystical motif for the great search, also contribute in the structural unity of the novel. Kim's road of "wonderful spectacle" and the lama's great search are suggestive of Kipling's belief in the unity of human experience – "in which body and the soul, real and ideal, the here and hereafter are delicately synthesized, the integrated image of the Road and the Way is the novelist's means of achieving this synthesis. Thus the elements of abstractions and those of concretions are seen in a continual process of harmonization in *Kim*".⁷ The failure of many Western critics of Kipling's *Kim* is mainly due to the fact that they do not recognize that Kipling wrote this tale within a different paradigm which is Eastern, intuitive, and mystical, or what at least one critic concedes as Kipling's 'Fourth Dimension'.⁸ Let us explore the possibilities of this process in the structural progress of the novel and the spiritual development of its young protagonist.

BEING AND BECOMING

In Vedantic philosophy, the Ultimate Reality is limitless, timeless, spaceless, immutable, underlying the phenomenon of movement and flux. Even this change is merely a mirage or maya. In other words, if we see only the myriad forms but are unable to perceive the Ultimate Reality underlying them, we are, as Fritjof Capra said, "under the spell of maya".⁹ Maya in this sense is a state of 'becoming'. Conversely, one can say that 'becoming' is unreal like maya. As against this, Ultimate Reality is in a perpetual state of being. Thus 'being' is real and 'becoming' is a mere shadow of the real. Against this Vedantic thought, Chinese thought envisages a perpetual state of 'becoming' as the Tao or Ultimate Reality itself. This state of 'becoming', according to / *Ching* or the "book of change" is marked by the interplay of "Yin" and "Yang", or the active and passive principle, resulting in a ceaseless transformation of all things. This marked difference between the Vedantic and Chinese conception is important to note for a proper placement of these ideas in Kipling's and Hesse's adaptation of Eastern thought systems. It is also significant to note that earlier Greek thought is more akin to the Chinese concept of Tao because it postulated the existence of eternal change as the very core of existence. Both Heraclites and Empedocles upheld the idea of change. Eric Chaisson is of the view that perhaps Plato described Heraclites best when he said that Heraclites "taught that nothing is 'being'; everything is 'becoming'"¹⁰ Hesse's Siddhartha and Kipling's Kim, the lama, and Purun

Bhagat, during their respective journeys of the soul, travel from the state of being to that of becoming. Nevertheless, they realize that the difference in both these spiritual states is a mere illusion.

Greek thought demonstrated both the trends. The earlier philosophers known as Atomists were preoccupied with the incessant change in the universe; the Pythagoreans, on the other hand, developed a teleological viewpoint which postulated the existence of a Grand Designer behind all the apparent flux and change. In this regard, Aristotle "envisioned a spaceless, changeless, perfect, and eternal God who had ordained the laws of nature, but not one who intervened once the process had begun".¹¹

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Kim's divided sensibility – between the World of lama, marked by contemplation and a mystical engagement with the universe, and the world of Mahbub Ali, mixed by the action of the Great Game, of the Grand Trunk Road and the pleasures of native life in Lahore – is marked by these two antithetical sets of apparently conflicting values which pull him in opposite directions, and gives rise to an acute spiritual and identity crisis.

As Arnold Kettle remarks:

Kim is a man in the world of men, neither more nor less. It is a real world not an illusion. . . . Kim has escaped from the false antithesis, the choice between action on the one hand and truth on the other, between an amoral materialism and an unworldly idealism. The new materialism to which he advances, and of which the emblem is his sense of identity with the earth and its processes, no longer excludes the human values encompassed in his relationships with the lama.¹²

In bhaktiyoga the three stages of spiritual evolution are realized: "dualism, in which the Self is identified with the body and therefore differentiated from God; qualified dualism, in which the Self is regarded as a being which is part of the Universal Life; and non-dualism, in which the Self is seen as a spirit beyond time and space and therefore identical with God."¹³

In the final scene of the novel, the lama is on the verge of achieving such non-duality, the ecstatic experience of being one with the Divine Spirit. However, Kipling deviates from the Buddhist ideal of achieving personal salvation, beyond the constraints of Time and Space: the lama refuses to leave his *chela* behind, on the road and in

the muddle of earthly existence all alone. Rather he realizes that such an act would not be in conformity with the true spirit of a 'bodhisattva'. Therefore he achieves salvation for himself and his beloved *chela* by wrenching his soul away from what many have regarded, variously, as Brahma, Transcendental Oversoul, Immanence, Intellectual Beauty, Life Force, etc.

HESSÉ'S *SIDDHARTHA* AND *KIM*:

At this point, a comparison with Herman Hesse's *Siddhartha* would help one understand this conflict which may be foreign to most modern readers' sensibility. Siddhartha leaves the worldly comforts and sets on a search for Nirvana in the company of his friend Govinda. Both go through various stages of self-denial through abnegation and asceticism, until they meet Buddha. At this point Govinda feels that he has found his Way as Buddha is the One he was looking for. However, Siddhartha is not wholly satisfied with Buddha's teachings and methods and finds a crucial lacunae and a paradox in his philosophy. As he does not get a satisfactory answer to his queries,¹⁴ Siddhartha's soul remains in the same limbo in which he has been wandering for years. He, thus, leaves Buddha and Govinda and continues his search alone. In a strange twist, Hesse introduces the character of Kamala, the incarnation of carnality. With her Siddhartha experiences sensual love, worldly success, and family life. But he remains rudderless spiritually, until he meets a ferryman and learns the wisdom from the River, which is the central unifying symbol in *Siddhartha*, just as it is in *Kim*. Both the protagonists in *Kim* and *Siddhartha*, get a sense of salvation only after finding the River. Symbolically, it stands for Oneness and Homogeneity; it teaches them to be at peace with the whole of existence in all its forms. It is not total rejection and renunciation of the world. Iqbal, for example, also rejects over-intellectualism and pantheism as they stunt human capacity for action; the world is not to be renounced; self-abnegation should neither be a means nor a goal; instead he argues that only by self-affirmation, self-expression, and self-development an individual can attain true freedom and happiness. Explaining this point with reference to Iqbal's great poem *Asrar-i-Khudi*, (or Secrets of the Self) Professor Nicholson writes: "All life is individual; there is no such thing as universal life. God himself is individual." He also quotes Iqbal in this regard: "Obviously this view of man and the universe is opposed to that of the English Neo-Hegelians as well as to all forms of pantheistic Suffism which regard absorption in a universal life or soul as the final aim and salvation of man. The moral and religious ideal of man is not self-negation but self-affirmation and he attains to this ideal by becoming more and more

individual, more and more unique. The Prophet said, 'Takhallaqu bi-akhlaq Allah', 'Create in your selves the attributes of God'.¹³

This explains Kipling's liking for Islam among the Indian religions; its basic ethos is action, not mere contemplation for the sake of contemplation. In this regard, an example from the life of a Muslim saint of India, Khawaja Moenuddin Chishti, the founder of Chishtia Order, is very relevant here. The story goes that once a Hindu devotee visited him and, as a token of his love and devotion, brought the Saint a glass of milk. The Kawaja was fasting, as Sufis often do. The Hindu devotee offered him milk as he did not know the implications of fasting in Islam. The Khawaja broke his fast to entertain his visitor. An ordinary follower of Sharia law, who goes by the book, may condemn this act as a great sin. However, for the saint, it was not essential to observe a formal ritual than to give happiness to his visitor. This act of selflessness impressed the visitor so much that he became a follower of the great Saint. Kipling's Purun Bhagat in "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" is another such example. The Bhagat, once Purun Dass the Prime Minister of an important Indian Princely state, and a great administrator, leaves his worldly status, after the fashion of Hindu mystics, for a life of contemplation in the Himalayas, as his faith demands to leave the worldly comforts and duties at the age of sixty. He wanders into the jungles and deserts, and finally settles down in a remote Himalayan valley. He gains spiritual calm and lives in utter peace even with the beasts of the jungle. People from a nearby village often bring their offerings. One night while he is asleep under the trees, a wild animal comes and wakes him up. He feels the Earth moving and shaking; the animals in the jungle are also restless. Realizing at once what is going to happen, he runs towards the village located at the foot of the valley; he warns them of the lurking danger of a landslide. The villagers, with their belongings, move to the opposite side of the mountain and are thus saved. Purun Dass's sacrifice makes him Purun Bhagat. His decision to relinquish a selfish love of personal salvation through mere contemplation is replaced with action and love for fellow human beings. His return to the 'world' is comparable to that of the lama and Siddhartha.

In this kind of mystical sensibility, the Road and the River, the worldly action and the otherworldly contemplation are only two sides of the same coin or two aspects of the same indivisible reality. This is true transcendence. In *Kim*, Kipling too has transcended the stereotypes and reaches out to the 'other' side in love and true affection. Commenting on the lama's return for the sake of his *Chela*, Philip Mason says: "I suspect that this is more Christian than Buddhist. But that does not matter. The lama is a man whose holiness shines through him, and such men may be of any faith. His creator was in touch with something very far from hatred."¹⁶

The false dichotomy and illusion of duality ends as both the lama and Kim, through an epiphany, realize that the world is not to be renounced, and that salvation means spiritual transcendence, not physical renunciation. Like Robert Frost's swinger of birches, and like Keats who yearns to be part of the world of the Nightingale, away from the fury and the fret of existence, the lama too comes to an unexpected realization: that 'Earth's the right place for love:/I don't know where it's likely to go better'.¹⁷ In Hesse's *Siddhartha*, it is the River that stands as a symbol of eternal unity of all existence, the all-encompassing flood of reality; it teaches Siddhartha the wisdom he has been seeking for years from his father, the samanas, Gotama Buddha, and Vesudeva the ferryman. Thus he tells his friend Govinda

'Never is a man or a deed wholly a Sansara or wholly Nirvana; never a man wholly a saint or a sinner. This only seems so because we suffer the illusion that time is something real. Time is not real, Govinda. I have realized it repeatedly. And if time is not real, then the dividing line that seems to lie between this world and eternity, between suffering and bliss, between good and evil, is also an illusion'

'How is that?' asked Govinda, puzzled.

'Listen my friend! I am a sinner and you are a sinner, but some day the sinner will be Brahma again, will some day attain Nirvana, will some day become a Buddha. Now this "some day" is illusion; it is only a comparison. The sinner is not on the way to a Buddha-like state; he is not evolving, although our thinking cannot conceive things otherwise.'¹⁸

In this sort of mystical sensibility, the mechanical or clock time is considered as a great illusion; the reality of actual time is much more complex, fluid, and eternal, as Henry Bergson's concept of time and William James's Stream of Consciousness theory may also help us understand the indivisible nature of time. In mysticism as well as in philosophy, Time is considered as a great "force", an agency. During Kim's process of 'becoming', he develops into a sahib through Western education, training with Lurgan and Mahbub Ali; in the invisible dimensions of time and space, he acquires what the lama calls 'merit', matures spiritually, and expresses his desire to be the beloved chela for ever. In fact, in the lama's doctrine of action and spiritualism, there is no dichotomy between the two: the material and the spiritual sides of being are one, since they are mutually complementing. The spiritual/moral side of being is strengthened due to service to humanity; it is like understanding and reaching the Creator through creation. As Mrs

Park remarks, "What Kim – and we – learn from the lama is the possibility of an alternative, valid, and wholly other way of being".¹⁹

The dialectic between this-worldly and other-worldly, between action and contemplation, and between supernatural and social is expressed in terms of the iconography of the Great Wheel. There is evidence that Kipling was introduced to this iconography and many other aspects of Buddhism during his school days through Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia* (1879). According to Buddhist philosophy, the ascent or descent on the Great Wheel of existence is the compulsory journey which every being has to go through; its rise or fall on the wheel depends on the nature of its actions or life. But everything is bound. Thus a cobra blocking Kim's way is also bound on the Wheel. The lama tells Kim to spare its life since "he is upon the Wheel as we are—a life ascending or descending. . ."²⁰ In a similar vein, Siddhartha tells Govinda, "this is a stone, and within a certain length of time it will perhaps be soil and from the soil it will become plant, animal or man... this stone is stone; it is also animal, God and Buddha".²¹ Such benevolence to all forms of existence is the prototype of pantheistic thought. Though Muslim Sufis in general do not conform to such pantheism, Jalaluddin Rumi, however, has displayed a tendency to it, though in the context of evolution of life on Earth. In Book III of *Mathnawi*, Rumi writes:

I died to the inorganic state and became endowed with growth, and
(then) I died to (vegetable) growth and attained to the animal.

I died from animality and became Adam (man): why, then, should
I fear? When have I become less by dying?

At the next remove I shall die to man, that I may soar and lift up my
head amongst the angels;

And I must escape even from (the state of) the angel: everything is
perishing except His Face.²²

'Everything is perishing except His Face' means that Rumi distinguishes the Creator from the Creation, as the latter is the manifestation of the former; this is the essence of *wahdat-ul-shahud*, a variation/extension of *wahdat-ul-wajud* or pantheism, which holds that the creation is a manifestation of the Creator and not the Creator Himself. Kipling seems to conform to the Islamic ethos of *wahdat-ul-shahud*, since in his texts, duality of existence is accepted as a given. The Creation cannot be God Himself. That is the essential difference: where

Hindu and Buddhist philosophy explains the cosmic phenomena in terms of the Oneness of existence, Islamic mysticism underscores the inherent difference in terms of the Creator and the Creation; anyone, with great leap of mystical experience can achieve as many godly attributes as possible but cannot be God in any circumstance since we are Earth bound. However, as the lama is at the centre of the whole plot, Kipling depicts him as drawing pictures from the Wheel to explain the cycle of life and death to the spiritual apprentice Kim. Sandra Kemp remarks, "in the Wheel of Life Kipling found a metaphysic and an aesthetic that would acknowledge the reality of Love and Hate and the reality of their coexistence".²³

A 'triadic movement' is visible in *Bhagavad-Gita*, *Siddhartha*, and *Kim*: it leads the protagonists from innocence to worldly knowledge or action to wisdom. But in *Kim* the movement is not as clear as in *Siddhartha*, since Kipling constantly endeavours to keep the balance between the search on the Road with that of the River of Arrow. In *Siddhartha*, worldly attachment is renounced from beginning to the end, only to be achieved in a broader human setting at the end when Siddhartha becomes a ferryman and a servant of the people. In *Kim*, on the other hand, the bond of love between the lama and Kim is strengthened every step of the way, until it acquires the intensity of a spiritual bond between a true chela and his *murshid*, and a universal love that embraces all.

Kipling's doctrine of action is at the heart of *Kim* as it is in "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat". In Buddhist/Hindu philosophy, there are three types of actions: karmayoga, samkhyayoga, and bhaktiyoga. It is the last one which is characterized by adoration, devotion, purification, and wisdom; Kim achieves it after a long, agonizing quest. By the end of the novel, he truly becomes "little friend of all the world"; by loving his *murshid*, he loves all. His spiritual baptism comes through an epiphany: tears flow from his eyes with ease and a deep sense of happiness, which comes with service to others, overwhelms him. The lama starts his spiritual quest with the desire to seek freedom from the Wheel of life and transcend physical desire; it is true to the teachings of Buddha. Just as Siddhartha deviates from the Buddha's path and becomes independent by refusing to admit any dichotomy between the Self and the world, or the Atman and the Brahman/Oversoul, Kim too refuses to see any essential dichotomy. It is the triumph of Kipling's art as well as his western sensibility, qualified of course by Eastern thought systems that ultimately he conforms to a vision of the simultaneity and homogeneity of existence.

The desire and attempt to overcome the Self and thus achieve salvation for the Self is an extreme self-centrism which is not the ideal for

a 'bothisattva'; Siddhartha, Kim, the lama, Purun Bhagat, Moeen-ud-Din Chishti, and scores of others – fictional or real Sufis – come to such an enlightened realization. In an act of utter selflessness, all of them refuse to enter Nirvana or the state of bliss alone.

When the lama, towards the end of the novel, refuses to part with his 'Chela' in order to become part of this state of bliss or Nirvana, he, too, from this point on refuses to accept a selfish love of life and personal salvation. This selflessness expressed by the lama in the closing scene is the height of philosophical and mystical contemplation and apprehension.

'Yea, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own Painted Rocks at Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we have ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they were within the Soul. By this I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things. By this I knew that I was free. I saw thee lying in thy cot, and I saw thee falling downhill under the idolater—at one time, in one place, in my Soul, which, as I say, had touched the Great Soul. Also I saw the stupid body of Teshoo Lama lying down, and the *hakim* from Dacca kneeled beside, shouting in its ear. Then my Soul was all alone, and I saw nothing, for I was all things, having reached the Great Soul. And I meditated a thousand thousand years, passionless, well aware of the Causes of all Things. Then a voice cried: "What shall come to the boy if thou art dead?" and I was shaken back and forth in myself with pity for thee; and I said: "I will return to my *chela*, lest he miss the Way." Upon this my Soul, which is the soul of Teshoo Lama, withdrew itself from the Great Soul with strivings and yearnings and retchings and agonies not to be told. As the egg from the fish, as the fish from the water, as the water from the cloud, as the cloud from the thick air; so put forth, so leaped out, so drew away, so fumed up the soul of Teshoo Lama from the Great Soul. Then a voice cried: "The River! Take heed to the River!" and I looked down upon all the world, which was as I had seen it before—one in time, one in place—and I saw plainly the River of the Arrow at my feet. At that hour my Soul was hampered by some evil or other whereof I was not wholly cleansed, and it lay upon my arms and coiled round my waist; but I put it aside, and I cast forth as an eagle in my flight for the very place of the River. I pushed aside world

upon world for thy sake. I saw the River below me—the River of the Arrow—and, descending, the waters of it closed over me; and behold I was again in the body of Teshoo Lama, but free from sin, and the *hakim* from Dacca bore up my head in the waters of the River. It is here! It is behind the mango-tope here—even here!²⁴

In this climactic scene, the lama rises above himself: personal salvation is not enough for him. He, like Siddhartha and Purun Bhagat, refuses to be one with the Great Soul, though the temptation is great. On the contrary, this same inspiration or a sort of revelation failed to convince the Western mind and even an Eastern mind if its cognition is developed by exposure to Western schema. The case in point is Edward Said about whose understanding of this final crucial scene Clara Claiborne Park writes,

Edward Said types with Western fingers when he writes that 'of course,' 'there is some mumbo-jumbo' in the lama's final vision of the soul's escape 'beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things.' It is a vision that Kipling, having two sides to his head, both understands and honours; his presentation of its dimensions is in turn respected by such Indian critics as Iyengar, Shahane, Chaudhuri, and Bhaskar Rao.²⁵

Such understanding is rare among the western critics of Kipling. In fact, as Vasant A. Shahane argues in his book *Rudyard Kipling: Activist and Artist* Kipling made a determined effort to "fuse into a totality the religious and the temporal aspects of life".²⁶ Our difficulty is that Kipling, since he disliked intellectualizing, reached for this fusion intuitively.

The paradoxical nature of Kim's quest – poised between the assertion of identity and the questioning of that identity – gives the novel an element of ambiguity which is in tune with the fluctuating nature of Kim's self-awareness. "I am Kim. And what is Kim?" By using 'what' instead of 'who' Kipling underscores that ambiguity.²⁷

THE FINAL SYNTHESIS

Finally, the 'false anti-thesis' is resolved into synthesis and all conflict vanishes. The agonizing, mystical question 'what is Kim?' is answered:

He did not want to cry,—had never felt less like crying in his life,—but of a sudden easy, stupid tears trickled down his nose, and with an almost audible click he felt the wheels of his being lock up

anew on the world without. Things that rode meaningless on the eyeball an instant before slid into proper proportion. Roads were meant to be walked upon, houses to be lived in, cattle to be driven, fields to be tilled, and men and women to be talked to. They were all real and true—solidly planted upon the feet—perfectly comprehensible—clay of his clay, neither more nor less.²⁸

Clara Claiborne Park's comments would suffice:

We may see it as a conflict between Eastern quietism and Western activism, but that is too easy. Though Kipling invites such a reading, he pushes us beyond such ready dichotomies. The West has its contemplatives, and not all of them are saints; . . . And Kim's India is full of men of action (we need only consider Kim's alternative father figure, Mahbub Ali) all of them, in the lama's terms, deeply engrossed in the world, cheerfully and energetically bound on the wheel.²⁹

In a similar fashion, Siddhartha in his final conversation with Govinda tries to enumerate the insights he has gleaned after a long "journey of the soul". These include the idea that for each truth the opposite is equally true; that excessive search – as practiced by Govinda – is self-defeating; and that to "find" is paradoxically, "to be free, to be open, to have no goal", and, like Kim, "Quite frankly, I do not attach great importance to thoughts either. I attach more importance to things".³⁰ One must simply love and enjoy the world in all its aspects, with all its imperfections. Only because this world is imperfect, one should not 'pine for what is not'.

The kind of "return" that the lama, Kim, Siddhartha, and Purun Bhagat experience and achieve, I believe, is more akin to Islamic mystical/spiritual ethos. In the *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* (1934) Dr Sir Muhammad Iqbal, the great revolutionary philosopher-poet of the Subcontinent (1877-1938) has expounded the difference between the mystical and the prophetic experiences, which makes a relevant point here:

'Muhammad of Arabia ascended the highest Heaven and returned. I swear by God that if I had reached that point, I should never have returned.' These are the words of a great Muslim saint, Abdul Quddus Gangoh. In the whole range of sufi literature it will be probably difficult to find words which, in a single sentence, disclose such an acute perception of the psychological difference between the prophetic and the mystic types of consciousness. The mystic

does not wish to return from the repose of 'unitary experience'; and even when he does return, as he must, his return does not mean much for mankind at large. The prophet's return is creative.³¹

Kipling's lama and Bhagat return too, though not in the prophetic sense. But they refuse to live in escapism or enjoy personal ecstasy in a world free of weariness, cares and tears. The conflict between the world of action and of contemplation is the point of tension, an objective correlative; the Road and the River are like two parallel lines, and Kipling, working from a Western sensibility's standpoint, made these parallel lines to meet and merge into the world of action, since, as the lama learns, mere life of contemplation for the sake of contemplation serves no purpose. This realization is implied in the text and it does not imply at all that Kim would return to the action of the Game. He may remain the beloved Chela /devotee of the lama, and the lama in turn may keep seeking salvation for people at large. To this extent there is no ambivalence in the ending of *Kim*. Both Kim and the Lama suffer breakdowns – Kim of uncertainty about his identity, and the lama about his nirvana; he has to come back, from the brink of achieving nirvana, to his Chela and to the world at large. There is no rupture. As Irving Howe remarks "For all that *Kim* can be seen (not very profitably, I think) to strike a contrast between East and West, Buddhism and Christianity, it is far more harmonious and accepting, far more "organic", than *Huckleberry Finn*"?³²

Those who do not believe in the existence of a meta-reality, a supra-reality, for want of words for the extra-sensory experience, fail to appreciate the lama's Middle path, a point of balance between sheer contemplation and mere action. To my mind, they too may not be blamed for such failures in understanding *Kim* for they do not, or cannot, associate themselves with a mystical apprehension. Citing the famous lines (quoted above) from *Kim* (Roads were meant to be walked on...), Charles Carrington suggests that Kim rejects both Mahbub Ali's material patronage and the lama's spiritual mentoring in favour of a "western technocratic world."³³ This observation, I believe, is not due to any deliberate distortion of the final meaning of *Kim* by an otherwise great Kipling scholar but a misreading, springing 'naturally' from a 'western' lack of understanding of *Kim*, a work produced in the so-called 'fourth dimension'. Kim's transcendence is comparable to Tolstoy's Pierre in *War and Peace*. Like him, Kim also learns at the end "to see the great, the eternal, the infinite in everything, and therefore, in order to enjoy his comprehension of it, he naturally discarded the telescope through which he had been gazing over the heads of men, and joyfully surveyed the ever-changing, eternally great, unfathomable, and infinite life around

him".³⁴ In Kipling's India, perhaps, it was possible more than at any other place, that while living among the brown, raw humanity, one would transcend it but not relinquish it altogether.

NOTES

1. Renowned Urdu and Persian poet Dr Sir Muhammad Iqbal says in his *Asrar-i-Khnidi (The Secrets of the Self)* 'Zindagi uz daher wa daher uz zindagi ust' 'La tasubbu-ud-daher' firmaan-i-Nabi ust' i.e. 'Life is of Time, and Time is of Life: "Do not abuse Time!" was the command of the Prophet'. For a detailed account of Iqbal's philosophical notions about Time, Space and Selfhood, please see *Asrar-i-Khudi* (1915) translated as *The Secrets of the Self* by R.A. Nicholson (Lahore: Sh. Muhammad Ashraf Publishers, 2001) pp. 134-40; and his *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* (1934) (Lahore: Institute of Islamic Culture, 1999).
2. Clara Claiborne Park. "The River and the Road: Fashions in Forgiveness". (*American Scholar*, Winter 1997, Vol.66, No.1, pp.43-62) p.56.
3. For an elaborate account see Alexander Lyon Macfie's *Eastern Influence on Western Philosophy* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2003) p.lff.
4. Rudyard Kipling. *Something of Myself* edited by Thomas Pinney (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1990) p.83.
5. Vasant A. Shahane. "The Process of Becoming" in Harold Bloom (ed) *Rudyard Kipling's Kim* (New York: Chelsea House, 1987) pp.9-24.
6. In his Preface to *Life's Handicap* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1987), Kipling reveals how he has used this tradition of story-telling as the source of many of his stories. He may have heard them at places where all the stories of the world intersect – The Chubára of Dhuni Bhagat – where the one-eyed Gobind told him that "'All the earth is full of tales to him who listens and does not drive away the poor from his door. The poor are the best of tale-tellers; for they must lay their ear to the ground every night.'" Kipling collected these tales from "all places, and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubára, from Ala Yar the carver, Jiwun Singh the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains . . ." Obviously, Kipling was rooted in this oral culture.
7. Shahane, *ibid.*, p.18.
8. Norman Mackenzie. "The Implications of Kipling's Fourth Dimension and his Work Ethic". *Kipling Journal* (No.167, September 1968) pp.9-14.
9. Fritjof Capra. *The Tao of Physics*. (Fontana/Collins, 1976) p.134.
10. Eric Chaisson. *The Life Era*. (The Atlantic Monthly Press, New York, 1987) p.54.
11. *ibid.*, p.62.
12. Arnold Kettle. "What is Kim?" in D.W. Jefferson (ed.) *The Mortality of Art: Essays presented to G. Wilson Knight* (London: Routledge, n.d. 1969) pp.219-20.
13. Eugene F. Timpe. "Hesse's Siddhartha and the Bhagavad Gita". (*Comparative Literature*, Vol. 22, No.4 (Autumn, 1970), pp.346-357) p.352.
14. For the crucial dialogue between Buddha and Siddhartha, see Hesse's *Siddhartha* (1922) (New Delhi: Rupa & Co, 2003) pp.26-28.
15. Dr Sir Muhammad Iqbal. *Asrar-i-Khudi* (1915) translated as *The Secrets of the Self* by R.A. Nicholson (Lahore: Sh. Muhammad Ashraf Publishers, 2001) pp.xvii-xviii.
16. Philip Mason. "Kim: Life as He Would Have It" in Harold Bloom (ed.) *Rudyard Kipling's Kim* (New York: Chelsea House, 1987) p.30.
17. Robert Frost. *New England Anthology of Robert Frost's Poems*. Louis Untermeyer

- (ed.) (New York: WSP, 1971) p.90.
18. Herman Hesse. *Siddhartha* (1922) (New Delhi: Rupa & Co, 2003) p.114.
 19. Park, *ibid.*, p.56.
 20. Rudyard Kipling. *Kim*. (1901) (London: Everyman's Library, 1995 reprint.) p.47.
 21. Hesse, *ibid.*, pp.115-16.
 22. Jalaluddin Rumi. *The Mathnawi*, vol.III. Translated by R.A. Nicholson (Lahore: Islamic Book Service, 1989) pp.218-19.
 23. Sandra Kemp. *Kipling's Hidden Narratives* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1988) p.28.
 24. Kipling, *Kim*, *ibid.*, p.305
 25. Park, *ibid.*, p.53.
 26. Vasant A. Shahane. *Rudyard Kipling: Activist and Artist*. (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1973) p.26.
 27. Shahane. 'The Process of Becoming' in Harold Bloom (ed) *Rudyard Kipling's Kim* (New York: Chelsea House, 1987) p.11.
 28. Kipling, *Kim*, *ibid.*, p.299.
 29. Park, *ibid.*, p.55.
 30. Hesse, *ibid.*, p.117.
 31. Iqbal. *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* (1934) (Lahore: Institute of Islamic Culture, 1999).
 32. Irving Howe. "The Pleasures of *Kim*" in Harold Bloom (ed.) *Kipling's Kim*. (New York: Chelsea House, 1987) p.40.
 33. Charles Carrington. *Kipling Journal* (No.156, December 1965) p.29.
 34. Quoted by Azar Nafisi in the "Introduction" to Leo Tolstoy's *Hadji Murád*. (Modern Library paperback edition, 2003) p.vii.

EDITORIAL – *continued from page 28.*

DRAFT NOTES FOR THE READERS' GUIDE SECOND VOLUME OF VERSE

Most members may not be aware that R.E. Harbord's *Readers' Guide* should have consisted of nine volumes – a final volume for the verse was planned but never published, and John Walker, our Hon. Librarian, has been searching for clues to its existence for several years without success.

At the beginning of last December, Brendan Daintith, the son of Trevor Daintith (*see Journal* no.315, Sep. 2005, p.55) who had worked on the ORG, contacted our Hon. Secretary, Jane Keskar, to offer his father's Kipling material for our Library. Amidst the various cuttings and letters John Walker found two battered envelopes which contained a fair proportion of Harbord's original notes for the unpublished Verse volume. Some are brief, in rather difficult long hand, often with little more than glued-in extracts from R. Durand's *A Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling*, but there are cross-references to the information in the Prose notes, and they promise to be of considerable use for the NRG project.

We are extremely grateful to Mr Daintith for this generous gift.

THE STORY BEHIND "THE SCHOLARS"

By ROBIN RICHARDS

[The publication here of this piece of family history by Mr Richards arose from a conversation with Sir Derek Oulton at the 2008 Oxford and Cambridge Society Boat Race Dinner in Cape Town. Sir Derek encouraged him to send it to me, and I am very grateful to both of them for ensuring that this information is now recorded in the *Journal*. Members might also care to look at Cdr Alastair Wilson's notes to the poem for the New Readers' Guide on our website. — *Ed.*]

By way of introduction to this poem which was written in 1919, Kipling wrote "*Some hundreds of the younger naval officers whose education was interrupted by the War are now to be sent to various colleges at Cambridge to continue their studies. The experiment will be watched with great interest.*"—**DAILY PAPERS.**

My father, Commander R.J. Richards R.N., was one of those young naval officers and it might interest readers of the *Kipling Journal* if I briefly discuss his friendship with Kipling and the events described in the poem.

My father passed out of Dartmouth with the other members of the Hawk Term when war was declared in August 1914. They had just written their final examination but they did not actually see the results until after the war! After a brief appointment as a Midshipman to one of the elderly pre-Dreadnought battleships of the Channel fleet, he joined the very recently commissioned battleship H.M.S. *Erin*. *Erin* was one of the two ships which had been ordered by Turkey and which had been sequestered by Winston Churchill in his capacity as First Lord of the Admiralty on the outbreak of the war (this was one of the factors which brought Turkey into the war on the German side, but that is another story as Kipling would have said).

My father's term-mate and closest friend who had also been appointed to the gunroom of H.M.S. *Erin* was a Canadian named Douglas Prentice. Douglas Prentice's parents were apparently quite close friends of the Kiplings who they must have met during the Kiplings' sojourn in North America. Anyway, Rudyard Kipling apparently issued Douglas Prentice, whose parents were living in Canada, with an open invitation to come and stay whenever he was granted leave from *Erin* which, by that time, had joined the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow. Kipling, very hospitably, invited Douglas Prentice to bring a friend with him and he chose my father. My father was in a somewhat similar position because his father was then the Chief Justice of the United Provinces in India based in Allahabad.

Their first opportunity to come down to London from Scapa Flow was in 1915, shortly after the battle of Loos where Kipling's son, John, had been posted missing. Douglas Prentice took my father with him to stay with the Kiplings at Brown's Hotel which Kipling was using as his London base.

I think Kipling must have felt an immediate affinity for my father. He was distraught by the tragic loss of his son and he, of course, had spent two years working on the *Pioneer* in Allahabad. Anyway he extended an open invitation to my father to come and stay with him both at Brown's Hotel and at Bateman's whenever my father found himself at a loose end.

I suspect that there was also another reason. Kipling had been commissioned by the Admiralty to write a series of articles about the Fleet and I think I am right in saying that he was also a Naval Correspondent for *The Times*. Just as he made it his business to find out about current talk and opinions in the barrack rooms of India, so he wanted to sound out the views of the subordinate officers stationed up at Scapa Flow in the Grand Fleet.

My father was one of the young naval officers who was sent up to Cambridge for about two terms at the end of the war, the subject of the poem. Douglas Prentice and he shared rooms at Caius College. I believe that most of the officers undertook a course in physics and it is interesting to note that one of those young men was Patrick, later Lord Blackett. He evidently enjoyed his course so much that he decided to resign from the Navy and take a degree at Cambridge. He became one of the most distinguished scientists of his generation.

The poem describes the many theatres of war in which those young men had participated. After Jutland my father was appointed to H.M.S. *Snowdrop*, a flower class sloop based on Queenstown in the South of Ireland. He was later First Lieutenant of the Flotilla Leader H.M.S. *Spencer* based on Harwich. He also spent a short time in an armed trawler helping to guard convoys in the North Sea. The third verse thus relates quite closely to my father's activities.

Oddly enough my father did not know the poem and I only learned about it by accident. I was staying with Sir William Wade who was then Master of Caius College, Cambridge and I happened to mention that my father had been a member of the college for a brief period after the First World War. Sir William asked me if I knew the poem and when I said that I did not, he immediately took me down to the Caius library and showed it to me. I was able to read it to my father not long before he died.

Shortly after the war my father was a victim of the last Geddes axe¹ and emigrated to South Africa. He evidently kept up with the Kiplings because when my father and mother travelled over to England for the

Silver Jubilee in 1935 they visited the Kiplings at Bateman's. My mother said that Kipling was absolutely charming to her and that he had taken her up to visit Chanctonbury Ring on the Sussex downs which has a reputation for being haunted. She said it had been a most moving experience to listen to Kipling talking about "the little people" in that environment. Unfortunately I do not have any correspondence between my father and Kipling because all my parents' possessions were lost in a warehouse fire shortly before the Second World War. My father had remained on the emergency list and served in the Royal Navy from 1939 to 1945, eventually retiring as a Commander.

I think Douglas Prentice must have also fallen to the Geddes axe. At any rate he at some stage transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy. He had a very distinguished career in the Second World War in the course of which he was awarded a D.S.O. and two D.S.C.s for his part in various actions against U-boats. In September 1941, while commanding the Canadian corvette H.M.C.S. *Chambly*, he took part in the very spirited action against the German submarine *U-501* which is well described in Hugh Montefiore's *Enigma*. They just missed recovering the U-boat's enigma machine and codebooks. Had they succeeded it would have made a considerable difference to the war effort. Kipling would have been so interested had he lived to hear the tale.

NOTE

1. The Geddes axe was named for Sir Eric Campbell Geddes (1875-1937), a politician and businessman who had been First Lord of the Admiralty in the First World War. In August 1921 he was the chairman of the government committee on national expenditure, the objective of which was to cut back on spending. This was achieved by heavy cuts in the armed forces, in education, as well as other public services.

THE SCHOLARS

"OH, SHOW me how a rose can shut and be a bud again!"

Nay, watch my Lords of the Admiralty, for they have the work in train.
They have taken the men that were careless lads at Dartmouth in 'Fourteen
And entered them at the landward schools as though no war had been.
They have piped the children off all the seas from the Falklands to the Bight,
And quartered them on the Colleges to learn to read and write!

Their books were rain and sleet and fog—the dry gale and the snow,
Their teachers were the horned mines and the hump-backed Death below.
Their schools were walled by the walking mist and roofed by the waiting skies,
When they conned their task in a new-sown field with the Moonlight Sacrifice.
They were not rated too young to teach, nor reckoned unfit to guide
When they formed their class on Helles' beach at the bows of the "River Clyde."

Their eyes are sunk by endless watch, their faces roughed by the spray,
 Their feet are drawn by the wet sea-boots they changed not night or day
 When they guarded the six-knot convoy's flank on the road to Norrway.
 Their ears are stuffed with the week-long roar of the West-Atlantic gale
 When the sloops were watching the Irish Shore from Galway to Kinsale.
 Their hands are scored where the life-lines cut or the dripping funnel-stays
 When they followed their leader at thirty knot between the Skaw and the Naze.
 Their mouths are filled with the magic words they learned at the collier's hatch
 When they coaled in the foul December dawns and sailed in the forenoon-
 watch;

Or measured the weight of a Pentland tide and the wind off Ronaldshay,
 Till the target mastered the breathless tug and the hawser carried away.

They know the price to be paid for a fault—for a gauge-clock wrongly read,
 Or a picket-boat to the gangway brought bows-on and full-ahead,
 Or the drowsy second's lack of thought that costs a dozen dead.
 They have touched a knowledge outreaching speech—as when the cutters were
 sent

To harvest the dreadful mile of beach after the *Vanguard* went.
 They have learned great faith and little fear and a high heart in distress,
 And how to suffer each sodden year of heaped-up weariness.
 They have borne the bridle upon their lips and the yoke upon their neck,
 Since they went down to the sea in ships to save the world from wreck—
 Since the chests were slung down the College stair at Dartmouth in 'Fourteen,
 And now they are quit of the sea-affair as though no war had been.
 Far have they steamed and much have they known, and most would they fain
 forget;

But now they are come to their joyous own with all the world in their debt.

Soft—blow soft on them, little East Wind! Be smooth for them, mighty stream!
 Though the cams they use are not of your kind, and they bump, for choice, by
 steam.

Lightly dance with them, Newnham maid—but none too lightly believe.
 They are hot from the fifty-month blockade, and they carry their hearts on their
 sleeve.

Tenderly, Proctor, let them down, if they do not walk as they should:
 For, by God, if they owe you half a crown, you owe 'em your four years' food!

Hallowed River, most gracious Trees, Chapel beyond compare,
 Here be gentlemen sick of the seas—take them into your care.
 Far have they come, much have they braved. Give them their hour of play,
 While the hidden things their hands have saved work for them day by day:
 Till the grateful Past their youth redeemed return them their youth once more,
 And the Soul of the Child at last lets fall the unjust load that it bore!

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES

By THE EDITOR

BEING KIPLING by William B. Dillingham, published by Palgrave Macmillan, October 2008 (ISBN: 978-0-230-60911-2, hardback, \$79.95 or £42.50 less 20% to members using the flyer enclosed with the December 2008 *Journal*), xiii + 238 pages including Notes and Index.

Prof Dillingham has taken one of Rudyard Kipling's most neglected collections of stories and demonstrated that *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides* is not just a pot-pourri of leftover articles thrown together at the request of Robert Baden-Powell for the Scouting Movement, but is a careful selection of works in which each item contains a principle of living that Kipling has distilled from his own experiences. He shows that the *Tales* are in effect a 'hidden autobiography' from which Kipling seeks to teach (but not to preach at) his intended readers.

At the time when the selection of material for the *Tales* was made, and "His Gift" written, Kipling had recently undergone exploratory surgery for abdominal pains; he was proof-reading *The Irish Guards in the Great War*; and he was smarting from his betrayal by Clare Sheridan, the daughter of neighbours and friends who tricked Kipling into commenting on America in order to further her newspaper career. Thus to take on yet another task shows that it was something special for him; that it would enable him to 'instruct others . . . ; to use his own experience in doing so; and to hide that autobiography in fictionalized universals.'

There is a freshness and clarity in Prof Dillingham's very convincing exposition for each item, from the Prefatory poem to the concluding "A Counting-Out Song". He uses his own detailed knowledge of the Kipling canon to incorporate relevant information from Kipling's acknowledged autobiography, from his other works, from his letters, and from many other sources into his explications. *Being Kipling* is not a literary critique of the stories but an exploration of their relationships to Kipling's experiences and the lessons that he learned thereby. Dillingham shows that the selections in the *Tales* are all about the personal discoveries which lead to the making of a man and, in Kipling's case, an author.

The layout of the book, with the chapters matching those in the *Tales*, but not reprising the titles, works very well. They indicate Prof Dillingham's conclusion about Kipling's experience and the meaning behind each work, and also act as bait to capture the reader's attention.

Then Dillingham's analysis is presented to the reader in such a way, and with such supporting evidence, that the reader can only accept his conclusion as being correct.

He makes it very clear that Kipling did not "write down" to his readers. The technical sophistication of "The Junk and the Dhow", for example, is described to great effect as are its similarities to "The First Sailor". There are parallels between "The Burning of the *Sarah Sands*" and Kipling's *History of the Irish Guards*; of Kipling's apprenticeship to Stephen Wheeler on the *CMG* and that of young Otley to Olaf Swanson in "The Bold 'Prentice" wherein you will find an extremely interesting description of Wheeler's strengths and of Kipling's lifelong gratitude to him; and in "His Gift" there are the links between William Glasse Sawyer, Punch in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep", and Kipling in Portsmouth. These hints should be sufficient to give an appreciation of the breadth of the analysis without spoiling the enjoyment of this book

Prof Dillingham demonstrates that there is a consistent and coherent message running through the *Tales*. As with his other work it is a pleasure to read *Being Kipling* – in Kipling's own words, the *Tales* are 'For boys and girls, men, women, nations, races—'; and this can also be said of *Being Kipling*.

THE COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY, a series of classic books by CRW Publishing, www.crw-publishing.co.uk, available from all good booksellers.

From Kipling's works, CRW have so far published an edition of *Just So Stories* (2004, £7.99) and *The Man who would be King and other stories* (2005, £7.99, 11 stories in total). They plan to publish *The Jungle Book* in September 2009.

This is not a review of the contents of the books since they are all drawn from Kipling's known works, but of the physical entities – the books themselves. These are nicely bound hardbacks with dust jackets, printed on fine paper with gilt edges and a ribbon marker, and are about 3/4 inch shorter and a 1/2 inch narrower overall than the Macmillan Pocket Edition. The type size is smaller than that of the Pocket Edition and in *Just So Stories* the illustrations using Kipling's originals are noticeably reduced. Nevertheless, the typography follows Macmillan very closely, with all the apostrophes that I looked at being the right way round. The only consistent difference that I noticed is the use of "space en-dash space – " instead of the "em-dash—".

The stories are not annotated but the two volumes both carry (different) short essays about Kipling and his works. Looking for example at the "Advertisements" in "With the Night Mail", one notices the care that has been taken to reproduce them with the original typeface. In

short, this is a very attractively produced edition of some of Kipling's works, and of other classics, my only regret being that the paper used is of such low opacity that where there is white space, one is rather aware of the printing on the reverse. These books are of a very convenient size and robustness, can be slipped into the pocket, and make a very pleasant change from the paperback format.

THE ADVENTURES OF DUNSTERFORCE by Major-General L.C. Dunsterville, a facsimile edition published by The Naval & Military Press Ltd, 2007 (ISBN: 1-847347-29-0, paperback, £14.50), xi+323 pages including maps, illustrations, and index.

I came by chance across this relatively new facsimile edition of our first President's adventures between Baghdad and Baku in 1918, although I have been trying to obtain a copy of the work for several years. For those who know Major-General Dunsterville's autobiographical works, *Stalky's Reminiscences* and "*Stalky*" *Settles Down*, this is yet another delightful display of sheer "Stalkyiness" with Dunsterville and his force preferring to use the tongue rather than the sword to achieve their objectives whenever possible.

This is just as much a traveller's tale as it is a military history and can be enjoyed on many levels. "Stalky" describes the persuasion of a fleet of 40 Ford cars and vans over assorted passes blocked by snow, and of travelling on mainly unmetalled roads which turn to mud at every opportunity as Dunsterforce goes from Baghdad to the Caspian Sea. They win acceptance from the local populace by their efforts at famine relief. They contend with the uncertain support of the post-revolutionary Russian army which habitually forms a committee every time that a decision is needed. And, with the aid of a few aeroplanes they battle against the Turks at Baku before Dunsterforce successfully withdraws.

THE MARCH TO KANDAHAR: Roberts in Afghanistan by Rodney Atwood, published by Pen & Sword Books Ltd, November 2008, (ISBN: 978-1-84415-848-5, hardback, £19.99), x + 214 pages including Maps, Notes, Select Bibliography, and Index. Also 14 b/w illustrations.

This is not a Kipling-oriented book, but nevertheless I think that members will enjoy it. Dr Atwood is a "Roberts" enthusiast as can be seen from his article in the current issue of the *Journal*, though not blind to Roberts's faults. Whilst concentrating on Afghanistan, he gives excellent descriptions of the events in London and Simla that are associated in particular with the 2nd Afghan War, together with the attitudes of the Viceroy Lytton and Ripon, and of the various senior military men.

Continued on page 67.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

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Members are asked to consider taking advantage of paying subscriptions by Standing Order. Will all members paying by standing order please review the amount paid and that it is in line with current subscription rates.

NEW MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Members are reminded of the new membership secretary;

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

e-mail: john.lambertl@btinternet.com

John Lambert, Hon. Membership Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

'THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN'

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

Dear Sir,

I was very interested in Patrick Brantlinger's article on "The White Man's Burden" in the September number of the *Journal* (No.328) and the ripostes to which the poem gave rise. It brought to my mind a problem which has puzzled me for years, to wit, why is there no mention in any of his stories of the natives of South Africa?

Considering that for about eight years he spent a winter holiday in South Africa, acted as war correspondent during the Boer War and was intensely interested in the country's relationship with the British Empire, one would expect him to be very conscious of the native inhabitants. But his stories portray South Africa as a vast empty country where bands of Boers and Britons fought one another. There is no mention of the thousands of natives who worked for the Boers nor of the others who fought for the British.

It is true that his contact with the natives would have been mainly with servants, but how often Indian servants appear in his earlier stories – mostly loyal, respected men like Bukta in "The Tomb of his Ancestors", occasionally a dishonest one like Abdul Gafur in "In the Rukh", but always portrayed as rounded human characters. Did none of the African natives appear to him as people with their own troubles and sorrows and achievements? Did no little child touch his sensitiveness and pity like Little Tobrah?

Yours sincerely
JOSEPHINE LEEPER

'SCUMFISH'

From: Prof Thomas Pinney, 890 E. Harrison Avenue, #32, Pomona, California CA 91767, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I cannot settle the question of what Kipling meant by 'scumfish', but I can add a little information to the discussion. In the Carpenter Collection, Library of Congress, is a corrected galley proof of Kipling's "To the Address of W.W.H.", an uncollected poem that appeared in the *Pioneer* on 1 June 1888, and that has been reprinted by Andrew Rutherford in *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling*, (Oxford, 1986). "W.W.H." was Sir William Wilson Hunter, who had been a

member of the Supreme Council of India and was now living in retirement in England. At line 81 in the galley (first line of stanza 11) Kipling has written: 'You scumfished on the outskirts of the show' and has changed 'scumfished' to 'skirmished'. The altered version is what appears in the *Pioneer* and in Rutherford. "To the Address of W.W.H." is a sustained effort to ridicule Hunter, whose politics had offended Kipling, and it is interesting to know that his first impulse was to make Hunter 'scumfish' rather than 'skirmish'.

Yours faithfully,
THOMAS PINNEY

BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES – *continued from page 64.*

From reading of other works, one tends to have the impression that the Afghans were a group of undisciplined tribesmen armed with ancient weapons. Dr Atwood makes it very clear that this was not the case and that in addition to modern rifles, they also had modern artillery pieces which they were able to use very effectively. The *Sirdar* Ayub Khan, who planned to become the Amir, proved to be a formidable opponent to the British, but in the end lost to Abdur Rahman who supported Roberts's march, and helped to ensure that the British were able to obtain supplies and fodder en route to Kandahar.

The maps of Afghanistan and the various battle sites are very useful, and not just when reading this book. I also realised that several of the participants would later interact with Kipling when he returned to India. Dr Atwood has clearly researched in great detail, and his book is to be thoroughly recommended.

NOTES ON A CELLAR-BOOK by George Saintsbury, ed. Thomas Pinney, published by the University of California Press, October 2008 (ISBN: 978-0520253520, hardback, \$29.95), 348 pages.

Prof Pinney has advised me that his annotated edition of Saintsbury's classic work has just been published. He assures me that there are a number of references to Kipling in it.

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