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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 14 February 1996 at 5.30 to 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Albemarle Street, London W1), **Mr Peter Merry** (Chairman of the Society's Council), on Kipling's famous Boer War poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar".

Saturday 2 March, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., at South Bank University (in their Abbey Suite, London Rd, near Elephant & Castle) a **Kipling Conference** on "Kipling and Other Books", organised jointly by the Kipling Society and the Open University, and open to members of both. Participants will include Craig Raine, Sandra Kemp, Peter Keating and Richard Allen. Application forms are enclosed with this issue for our individual U.K. members. Others interested should phone Lisa Lewis (01491 838046). Early booking is recommended.

Wednesday 17 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, [speaker and subject to be announced]

Wednesday 1 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m., at the Royal Over-Seas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1), the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest Speaker will be **Mr Terry Waite, C.B.E.** Admission by ticket. For members resident in the U.K., application forms will be enclosed with this issue of the *Journal*.



A sketch by C. Fouquieray for a French edition of *Kim* (Delagrave, Paris, 1933) translated by L. Fabulet and C. Fountaine-Walker. The Babu is exultant that Kim has successfully brought back vital papers taken from the foreign spies.

"C'est bien! C'est très bien! Mister O'Hara! Vous avez – ah! ah! – ramassé toute la boutique – fond, arrière-fond, cave et grenier." [In the original: "This is fine! This is finest! Mister O'Hara! You have – ha! ha! – swiped the whole bag of tricks – locks, stocks and barrels."]

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Another of Fouquieray's sketches for the same volume, at the end of chapter XII. The Lama, having expressed confidence in the outcome of his quest, "set his ivory-yellow face, serene and untroubled, towards the beckoning Hills." [In the French, "Il tourna son visage d'ivoire jauni, aux traits sereins et calmes, vers les Montagnes qui semblaient lui faire signe d'approcher."]

EDITORIAL

At page 8 of our last issue we re-published a grotesque cartoon, purportedly depicting Kipling but actually not resembling him at all – showing a clean-shaven, tousle-headed, foppishly dressed person of unengagingly decadent appearance, standing pen-in-hand, cigarette-in-mouth, amid a litter of papers marked MSS, and sacks marked £.s.d. I invited the comments of any reader (I hoped there might be several) who knew more about its provenance than I did, which was not much.

My appeal bore no fruit, so here is all I know. My source is the December 1898 issue of an American literary journal, the *Bookman*, which in an unsigned article at page 301 reproduced the cartoon, saying it was from the November issue of the *Critic*, where it had evidently been described as a self-caricature by Kipling himself. This, said the *Bookman*, it was not (and I believe that): it was by an unnamed Cambridge undergraduate, provoked by Kipling's alleged refusal to contribute an article to a Cambridge periodical, the *Cantab* – albeit Kipling had typically couched his refusal in "humorous rhyme à la Mr. Gilbert".

It would be pleasant to unearth that humorous rhyme, if it could be traced; and possibly interesting to find out who the cartoonist was – if only because anyone who in the 1890s had so little idea of what Kipling looked like was unusually ill-informed. But I suspect that both the rhyme and the name will elude us.

*

To turn to something less trivial, it was very striking to note how frequently Kipling's name came up last August, at the time of the 'VJ' commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the end of the war in the far east. In the tremendous televised parade and pageant that marked the culmination of the occasion, Kipling was named and quoted at some length at least four times.

Not surprisingly, given the military tone of the event, and its strong Burma resonances, there were readings from "Tommy" and "Mandalay" [*Barrack-Room Ballads*]. Less predictably, there was a recitation by schoolchildren of "The Children's Song" [*Puck of Pook's Hill*] – beginning,

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race .. .

Even less familiar these days – though nonetheless entirely fitting for the occasion – was a reading from "Non Nobis Domine!", an austere prayer in fine verse that Kipling wrote for the 1934 'Pageant of Parliament'. The second of its three stanzas is:

And we confess our blame –
 How all too high we hold
That noise which men call Fame,
 That dross which men call Gold.
For these we undergo
 Our hot and godless days,
But in our hearts we know
 Not unto us the Praise.

This was 'Kipling *redivivus*' indeed: the uncrowned laureate of a former era returned to centre stage. For an hour on that hot August evening it was tempting to imagine that he might effect a popular comeback – tempting but of course illusory if "come-back" means a return to anything like the towering status he enjoyed at home and abroad a century ago. The world has changed; the generations to whom he spoke so compellingly have gone. I sense that even members of the Kipling Society, albeit respecters of many values to which he gave expression, now see him rather as a literary figure, a vivid spokesman of a bygone age, than as an enduring popular influence.

*

So I rationalised it to myself then, and so I still suppose. But Kipling retains a power to surprise us, and he showed it in October, when his "If –" romped home an easy winner in a competition for the nation's favourite poem. (See pages 55-6 for a reader's letter on this, and some newspaper commentaries.)

It is easy to play down this remarkable result. Philip Howard, Guest of Honour at our last Annual Luncheon and a balanced admirer of Kipling, whom he has called "possibly the greatest short story writer, and a good though erratic poet", played it down in *The Times* of 13 October. He declared that a "favourite poem" was a "nonsense concept"; that such a poll was flawed by the fact that "those who phone hotlines are by definition eccentric, opinionated, idle or mad, probably all four at once"; and that "one man's favourite poem is another woman's jejune gibberish."

"If –", he continued, was "not a bad poem": it was "thoroughly English . . . hearty, tum-te-tum, loyal, and so familiar . . . that it passes

through the mind without creating a ripple"; but it was "by no means [Kipling's] best poem".

I do not take issue with Philip Howard's general thesis. Nor am I particularly prejudiced in favour of "If –", which is undeniably too familiar for its own good (though, as a friend reminded me the other day, in defence of the poem, "anything of outstanding quality risks becoming hackneyed, like Beethoven's Fifth"). Myself, if obliged to name my favourite poem, I should go through the motions of protest, and then probably opt for Shelley's "Ozymandias", or the Clown's song, "O mistress mine", from *Twelfth Night*; and if it had to be by Kipling, not "If–" but "Cities and Thrones and Powers".

Kipling himself was modest about "If–", and surprised by the way it had "escaped" from the book it was written for (*Rewards and Fairies*), and "run about the world", translated into twenty-seven languages and "anthologised to weariness". The poem, he said, was drawn from the character of Dr Jameson, but "contained counsels of perfection most easy to give".

Not easy to write, though – unless, like Kipling, the writer had a touch of genius. It is a *tour de force* in terms of sheer technical versification – especially for what Charles Carrington in a detailed study of "If–" in our issue of December 1982 called "its fluid rhythm and intricate rhyme-scheme". Add to that a cogent moral theme, free from political bias, and you have a highly accomplished product, which deserves the sort of scrutiny T.S. Eliot advocated in 1941, advising us in general "to approach Kipling's verse with a fresh mind, and to regard it in a new light, and to read it as if for the first time".

The poem's strength stems from its verbal simplicity. Carrington noted that of its 291 words almost all were of Anglo-Saxon origin or were so long naturalised that their Romance root could be forgotten; that the only long word was the highly effective "unforgiving"; and that only 17 words had as many as two syllables – of which very few were "of Classical origin: *Triumph*, *Disaster* and *impostor* in the third quatrain, *minute* and *seconds* in the eighth – occurring at the two climaxes of the poem". Carrington also had much to say about the poem's internal rhymes and other technicalities.

But if the architecture of "If —" gives it structural virtuosity, the universal moral message is what makes it most memorable. Most of us have heard of (and I have actually met) people whose lives have been changed by that message. Even if Kipling would have treated this triumph as an impostor, we can still be pleased by it, seeing in the verdict of National Poetry Day a gratifying instance of poetic justice. •

THE TIBETAN WHEEL OF LIFE VERSUS THE GREAT GAME IN KIPLING'S *KIM*

by BRUCE SHAW

[Dr Bruce Shaw, whose first appearance in the *Kipling Journal* this is, lives in Bridgewater, South Australia, and is a social anthropologist and oral/social historian of some note. In the last fifteen years he has written half a dozen books in the field of Australian Aboriginal studies; and he has substantial experience of both academic research and teaching. He is a man of very diverse interests and qualifications, ranging from English Literature to Buddhism, and from the contemporary problems of multi-cultural communities to the traditional Japanese system of self-defence known as Aikido.

While engaged in 1993 in a part-time Humanities Diploma course in English at Flinders University, South Australia, a programme on "India in Literature and Film" brought to his attention Kipling's treatment in *Kim* of the Tibetan Buddhist 'Wheel of Life'. After reading the subject up in some detail, Dr Shaw felt that an article on it might interest readers of the *Journal*; he duly submitted this more than a year ago, and I am glad to be able to publish it now.—Ed.]

In the novel *Kim*¹, the dramatic tension is maintained by an interplay between two quests: the worldly life of intrigue and espionage called the Great Game, and the otherworldly life of the individual's search for Enlightenment.

The Great Game draws upon the traditions of British Imperialism, which by the time Kipling wrote had been fine-tuned by more than a century of application. The search for Enlightenment is expressed for the most part in Tibetan Buddhist terms. I argue that the pains Kipling took with it – though he was not always accurate in his facts – are a reflection of his great respect for South Asian culture, notwithstanding his being so frequently tarred with the brush of Imperialism.

Like much in Tibetan iconography, the Wheel of Life is a *mandata*, in this case a large circle divided into six parts, in which are depicted the *lokas* or realms of being². Following Weber³, taken clockwise and beginning from the top or '12 o'clock' panel, we have *devas*, *asuras*, beasts, hells, *pretas* and humankind.

The *devas* enjoy sensual pleasures, when not engaged in warfare with the adjoining world of *asuras* or combative demons. The animal realm that follows is characterised by ignorance. Below appear the hell worlds,

and, continuing around the Wheel, on the bottom left the realm of *pretas* or hungry ghosts, depicted with huge abdomens and narrow necks, symbolising their gross cravings.

The sixth and last world, usually on the upper left, is the human world. The art work in this panel represents workaday activities, home life and spiritual teachings. Monks in a monastery are often shown in an upper section of this panel. This is an auspicious world in which to be born, because one may hear the teachings of the Buddha. The other five worlds of the Wheel are also represented in the human world as sensuousness, strife, ignorance, suffering and greed.

It is clearly what the Lama taught his *chela*:

When the shadows shortened and the lama leaned more heavily upon Kim, there was always the Wheel of Life to draw forth, to hold flat under wiped stones, and with a long straw to expound cycle by cycle. Here sat the Gods on high – and they were dreams of dreams. Here was our heaven and the world of the demi-Gods – horsemen fighting among the hills. Here were the agonies done upon the beasts, souls ascending or descending the ladder and therefore not to be interfered with. Here were the Hells, hot and cold, and the abodes of tormented ghosts . . . but when they came to the Human World, busy and profitless, that is just above the Hells, [Kim's] mind was distracted; for by the roadside trundled the very Wheel itself, eating, drinking, trading, marrying, and quarrelling – all warmly alive.⁴

This scheme [reproduced at page 15] appears as an illustration in *The Buddhism of Tibet, or Lamaism* by L. Austine Waddell (1895), that was republished unabridged 77 years later under the title, *Tibetan Buddhism* [see Note 2]. The volume contains eight plates and more than 174 illustrations.

Depictions of the Wheel by other authors present the panels in different orders (e.g. Lama Anagorika Govinda⁵, Sir Charles Bell⁶, Elaine Brook⁷, Peter Gold⁸ or Dzongsar Khyentse Rinpoche⁹), but there remains nonetheless a constant internal logic to the *mandala*, a traditional and relatively consistent convention that allows for some internal variation.

For example, Kipling's Lama is described as tracing

the Great Wheel with its six spokes, whose centre is the conjoined Hog, Snake, and Dove (Ignorance, Anger and Lust), and whose compartments are all the heavens and hells, and all the chances of human life.¹⁰

In the Wheel's hub the Hog, Snake and Dove do indeed appear as

Kipling says. In the Waddell drawing, the Dove, symbolising lust, issues from the Hog (ignorance/stupidity); and in turn the Snake (hatred/anger) issues from the beak of the Dove.

Illustrated in narrow panels on the outer periphery of the Wheel are, as Weber notes, twelve " 'links' in the chain of 'dependent arising' ". Kipling inaccurately calls them Houses¹¹, perhaps with the Western horoscope in mind.

In the Waddell publication their sequence, clockwise, is:

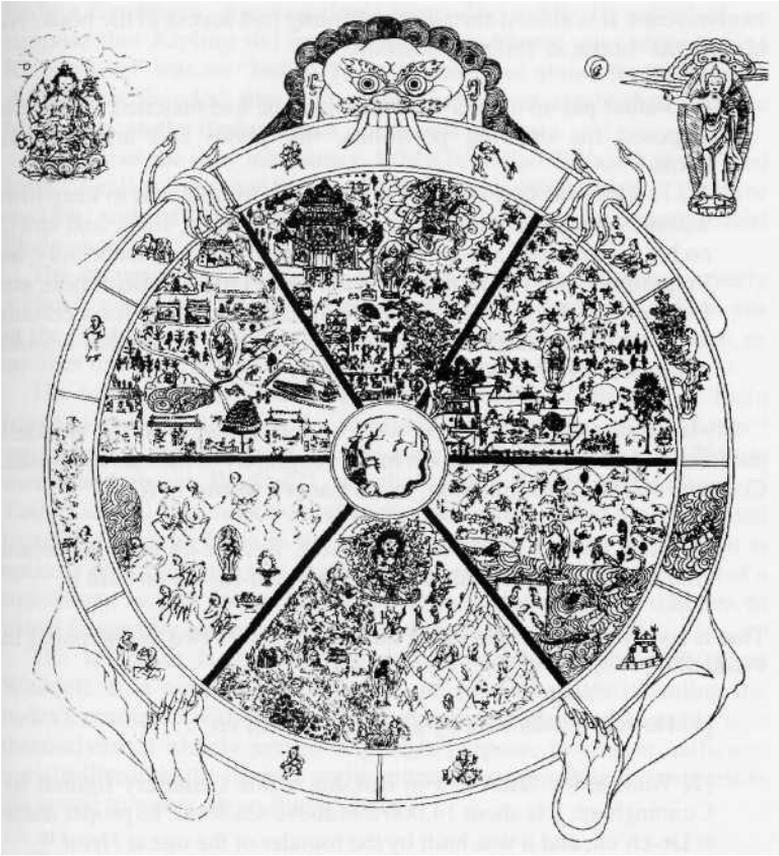
1. ignorance or self-delusion, symbolised by the figure of an old blind woman;
2. karmic form-energies or 'compositional actions' (a potter);
3. rebirth-consciousness (a restless monkey);
4. name and form (a man rowing a boat);
5. sense organs with their six bases (an empty house with five windows);
6. contact or sense impressions (a man and a woman embracing);
7. feeling or sensations (a man struck in the eye by an arrow);
8. craving (a drinker of alcohol);
9. clinging or grasping (a monkey reaching for fruit);
10. coming into existence (a pregnant woman);
11. birth (a woman giving birth); and finally
12. decay or ageing and death (a man carrying a corpse).

After the fracas between Kipling's Lama and the Russian and French spies, during which the precious drawing of the Wheel is torn almost in two by the Russian, the Lama remarks ruefully that what remains of the span of his life is represented by that part not yet torn, "no more than the breadth of my fingernail"¹² –

From left to right diagonally the rent ran – from the Eleventh House where Desire gives birth to the Child (as it is drawn by Tibetans) – across the human and animal worlds, to the Fifth House – the empty House of the Senses.¹³

The eleventh stage of the Chain of Dependent Arising is indeed illustrated by a woman giving birth to a child; the "empty House of the Senses" is indeed stage five, the five-windowed dwelling; and a diagonal line from the one to the other does indeed cross the two worlds of humankind and animals as depicted in the Waddell Wheel (but not in the other versions).

The original publication date of 1895 for Waddell's study is very suggestive. *Kim* was first published in 1901, when Kipling was thirty-five, and (apart from one short visit) had been away from India for



THE TIBETAN WHEEL OF LIFE

This depiction of Buddhist cosmic theory is from L.A. Waddell's *Tibetan Buddhism* (1972, a reissue of the 1895 edition from which, as Dr Shaw argues in the accompanying article, Kipling derived his knowledge of the Wheel). Waddell's illustration was much reduced from an original; and the copy above is much reduced again; so a steep diminution of the artist's vivid detail is unavoidable.

twelve years. It is almost certain that Kipling had access to the book. At his parents' house in Tisbury, Wiltshire,

the Father put up a tin tabernacle which he had thatched, and there disposed his drawing portfolios, big photo and architectural books...

. . . Kim took care of himself. The only trouble was to keep him within bounds. Between us, we knew every step, sight, and smell on his casual road, as well as all the persons he met. Once only, as I remember, did I have to bother the India Office, where there are four acres of books and documents in the basements, for a certain work on Indian magic which I always sincerely regret that I could not steal. They fuss about receipts there.¹⁴

My inference that that "certain work on Indian magic" is the Waddell publication has additional support in the geography of the Lama's world. Compare Kipling's formulation, in the Lama's words, in *Kim*:

"Beyond, where the hills lie thickest, lies De-ch'en" (he meant Han-lé), "the great Monastery. s'Tag-stan-ras-ch'en built it.. ."¹⁵

That is a very close paraphrase of information from two facing pages in Waddell:

[1] He-mi. .. was built by s'Tag-stan-ras-ch'en . . .

[2] Wam-le (or "Han-le") in Rukshu, a fine Lamasery figured by Cunningham. It is about 14,000 feet above sea-level. Its proper name is De-ch'en, and it was built by the founder of the one at *Hemi*.¹⁶

These examples demonstrate a high degree of sought-after accuracy in Kipling's presentation of the world in which Kim and the Lama move; but elsewhere he seems to take liberties by choosing exotic place-names and individual titles at the cost of accuracy. Early in the novel, the Lama says to the curator of the Ajaib-Gher, the Wonder House:

"When I return, having found the River, I will bring thee a written picture of the Padma Samthora – such as I used to make on silk at the lamasery .. ."¹⁷

Alan Sandison¹⁸ cites the perplexity felt by Brigadier Mason¹⁹ over the name Padma Samthora, which Mason said a Tibetan scholar had described as "linguistically impossible" and perhaps a misprint for

Padma Sambhava, meaning lotus-born. The riddle is solved if we suppose that Kipling did mean Padma Sambhava, who according to Richardson²⁰ was an "Indian Tantric master" of about the 8th century A.D., who founded the Nyingmapa order and established Sam-ye Monastery on the Brahmaputra, south-east of Lhasa.

This is not the only inaccuracy. When he called Teshoo Lama a "red lama", Kipling may have had in mind his membership of one of the three 'red hat' sects of Tibetan Buddhism²¹. The Nyingmapa appears the most likely choice.

The monastery of Such-zen, of which Teshoo Lama was formerly Abbot²², could be Kipling's rendering of Sam-ye, described as Sam-yas in the Waddell volume²³ – though it could just as easily be fictional, or another monastery that I am unable to find on the map.

The name Teshoo Lama itself sound like a fictionalisation of Tashi Lama – an alternative title for the Panchen Lama who, as Goldstein²⁴ says, was a spiritual head second only to the Dalai Lama. (This is mentioned also in Waddell²⁵, together with a sketch of the 'Tomb of Tashi Lama'.) It is unlikely that such a personage would have travelled incognito through India in the way that Kipling's Lama does; but it is entirely possible that a less exalted figure, such as the former Abbot of a monastery, would do so. It was not unusual for religious scholars to travel frequently between the Tibetan kingdoms and India²⁶.

The inference is that Kipling drew somewhat haphazardly from Waddell. It is a relatively large volume (of 598 pages including the index), crammed with minute detail in which readers might easily lose themselves. It clearly served Kipling's purpose, to impart sufficient verisimilitude to the novel's socio-cultural setting, while it was outside his scope to worry about finer details.

The relationship between the spiritual world of the Wheel, everyday life, and the Great Game is symbolised in the characterisation of Kim and the Lama. While he appears initially confused and childlike, the Lama is instead a complex character, very nearly an Enlightened man, a Bodhisattva.²⁷ He perceives Kim as a novice monk²⁸, and treats him accordingly by passing on teachings and subsidising his education; so that in the end Kim acknowledges, "Do not forget he made me that I am .. ." ²⁹ More importantly, Kim is actively taught racial tolerance. In other words, the Lama's teachings offer an alternative to the Great Game.

Like the Lama, Kim also is not what he seems. Critics puzzle over the question whether in the end he turns to the Great Game, to a religious commitment, or to neither. (See Seymour-Smith³⁰ and Jamiluddin³¹.) Edward Said claims that

As the novel ends Kim returns to the Great Game, and in effect enters the British colonial service full time.³²

The opposing interpretation, that Kim forsakes the Great Game and joins the Lama, has a strong supporter in Kinkead-Weekes³³. The third note, inconclusiveness, has also a strong following.³⁴

While it is true that the anti-empire theme is muted, Kipling does refute some of the racist underpinnings in British colonialism, though it is done gently and with subtlety. He wrote the book without re-visiting the country; and so he was drawing upon memories of "a happy India" – forgetting, as Philip Mason³⁵ remarks, the squalor, heat and sickness he had endured there as a young man. Many clues in the text point to what Kinkead-Weekes³⁶ identifies as "unmistakably *anti-racialist*" – for example Kim's attitude towards the English at St Xavier's.³⁷

A number of commentators suggest that Kipling was writing out of character, and that this novel was his greatest triumph because he transcended himself. Kinkead-Weekes's regretful comment is very important, and deserves quotation in full:

Kim is the answer to nine-tenths of the charges levelled against Kipling, and the refutation of most of the generalisations about him. Yet it is not the result of a change in his personality or his thought, and it is by no means permanent. It is the product of a peculiar tension between different ways of seeing . . . the triumphant achievement of an anti-self so powerful that it becomes a touchstone for everything else – the creation of the Lama. This involved imagining a point of view and a personality almost at the furthest possible remove from Kipling himself; yet it is explored so lovingly that it could not but act as a catalyst towards some deeper synthesis. Out of this particular challenge . . . came the new vision of *Kim*, more inclusive, complex, humanised and mature than that of any other work. The sad thing is that we cannot equate this version with 'Kipling' either. It is an artistic triumph that occurs only by virtue of its own conditions, and it never happened again.³⁸

The novel *is* written lovingly. Kipling brought great enthusiasm and humour to the task, and clearly enjoyed the process immensely; and the strong attachment between father and son (symbolised in the novel by teacher and *chela*) underlies the work. As Kipling acknowledged,

There was a good deal of beauty in [*Kim*], and not a little wisdom; the best in both sorts being owed to my Father.³⁹

By the last chapter, Kim's disaffection with the Great Game is tangible. His revelatory experience comes at the point of sickness where, for reasons unknown to himself, he wishes desperately to cast off the trappings (the word is used advisedly) that connect him to the Great Game. He can scarcely wait to hand over to Hurree Babu not only the documents but also his revolver. By this act he seems to be eschewing the intrigue and violence at the root of espionage. Edward Said's claim⁴⁰ that Kim is "relatively unscarred" by the experience is patently incorrect. On the contrary, Kim is almost overwhelmed by fatigue and a sense of danger.

Granted that Kim has intimate experience of the road, is a master of disguise, moves easily in and out of the world of women prostitutes, etc, he nevertheless has the habit of breaking into Muslim colloquialisms under inappropriate circumstances, such as when surrounded by Hindus. At one stage he is warned about it. In short, he is not really cut out to be a spy; and if he were to continue following the quest of the Great Game his life would be increasingly at risk.

He has in one sense 'failed' by becoming disillusioned (*disillusioned*) with the Great Game. On the other hand, he is better cut out to be a holy man, or at least a holy man's disciple – witness the evocative, well known monologue on the theme of his name.⁴¹ The novel does not close with Kim reunited with Mahbub Ali or any of the other players in the Great Game; it ends with Kim and the Lama together, sharing an implicit understanding.

The Enlightenment experiences of Kim and the Lama, separate and intensely personal⁴², are triggered by the same events – the violent attack on the Lama, and the subsequent physical and mental exhaustion sustained during the trek from the Hills – and are in that sense shared. Though Said claims that "this is not a driven world of hastening disaster, as in Flaubert or Zola",⁴³ is nor the novel 'driven' by the two themes of the Great Game and the quest for Enlightenment, with its spiritual 'map' of the Wheel of Life? And does it not almost end in disaster?

I suggest that Kipling achieves a high degree of verisimilitude by combining a Tibetan Buddhist artistic representation with strong characterisation, and linking it to the universal human themes of self-discovery and the quest for spiritual knowledge. This includes a subtle anti-racism. Moreover, by and large Kipling 'got it right' in his depiction of Buddhism, and may be forgiven for the factual errors. Sadly, the novel *Kim* appears unique for these very reasons, because in one view Kipling never wrote so well again. •

REFERENCES AND NOTES

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3. A. Weber & Tharpa Publications, poster, *The Wheel of Life* (London, Tharpa, 1989).
4. *Kim* [see Note 1 above], p 211 (chapter XII).
5. Lama Anagarika Govinda, *Foundations of Tibetan Mysticism: According to the Esoteric Teachings of the Great Mantra OMMANIPADME HUM* (London, Rider & Co, 1959), p 237.
6. Sir Charles Bell, *The People of Tibet* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1928), facing p 300.
7. Elaine Brook, *Land of the Snow Lion* (London, Jonathan Cape, 1987), p 228.
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9. Dzongsar Khyentse Rinpoche, *Living and Dying Consciously* (Pamphlet, Kyogle, Vajradhara Gonpa, Courses, Spring 1990).
10. *Kim*, p 192 (ch XI).
11. *Ibid.*, p 262 (ch XIV).
12. *Ibid.*, p 261 (ch XIV).
13. *Ibid.*, p 262 (ch XIV).
14. *Something of Myself* (Macmillan, 1937), pp 138, 140 (ch V).
15. *Kim*, p 258 (ch XIV).
16. Waddell, *op. cit.* (1972), pp 282, 283.
17. *Kim*, p 12 (ch I).
18. In an endnote to *Kim*, pp 293-4.
19. Brigadier A. Mason edited the *Kim* section of the *Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work* (privately printed by the Kipling Society from 1961 in 8 volumes). *Kim* is covered at pp 119-260 of vol I, and this reference is to pp 143-4. Mason calls Padma Sambhava a saint, and "the founder of Lamaism".
20. Hugh E. Richardson, *Tibet and Its History* (Boston, Shambhala, 1984), p 31.
21. The Nyingmapa or 'ancient' tradition, the Kagyupa or tradition of 'oral transmission', and the Sakyapa or 'Grey Earth' tradition – as opposed to the 'yellow hats', the Gulukpa or 'virtuous' sect. See Robert Strauss, *Tibet: a travel survival kit*

- (Hawthorn, Lonely Planet, 1992), pp 34-6.
22. *Kim*, p 244 (ch XIII).
 23. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p 267.
 24. Melvyn C. Goldstein, *English-Tibetan Dictionary of Modern Tibetan* (Dharamsala, Library of Tibetan Works & Archives, 1984), p 435.
 25. Waddell, *op. cit.*, p 271.
 26. Buddhism itself was introduced to Tibet in the 7th century A.D. by Indian scholars, often at the invitation of Tibetan monasteries and rulers. See Strauss, *op. cit.*, p 33.
 27. The term *Bodhisat* refers to the historical Buddha, depicted often seated or standing upon a lotus (and standing outside the Wheel of Life because he is no longer part of it). Hence the concept of the *bodhisattva* or enlightened being, who returns to the worlds of the Wheel to further disseminate the Buddha's *dharma* (teachings) and bring all sentient beings to spiritual Liberation.
 28. *Kim*, p 191 (ch XI).
 29. *Ibid.*, p 177 (ch X).
 30. Martin Seymour-Smith, *Rudyard Kipling* (London, Queen Anne Press, 1989), p 302.
 31. K. Jamiluddin, *The Tropic Sun: Rudyard Kipling & the Raj* (Lucknow University, Dept of English and Modern European Languages, 1974), p 149.
 32. Edward Said, *Culture and Imperialism* (London, Chatto & Windus, 1993), pp 164-5.
 33. Mark Kinkead-Weekes, "Vision in Kipling's Novels", in *Kipling's Mind and Art*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (Edinburgh & London, Oliver & Boyd, 1964), pp 230-1.
 34. Seymour-Smith, *op. cit.*, p 301.
 35. P. Mason, *Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire* (Cape, 1975), p 183.
 36. Kinkead-Weekes, *op. cit.*, p 221 ; his emphasis.
 37. *Kim*, pp 123 ff, (ch VII).
 38. Kinkead-Weekes, *op. cit.*, pp 233-4.
 39. *Something of Myself*, p 142 (ch V).
 40. Said, *op. cit.*, p 192. Said misreads *Kim* in ways too numerous to mention here, though some of my following points address the issue a little. I suggest that he is so preoccupied with presenting Kipling as an imperialist that elements in the novel which do not support his thesis are ignored.
 41. *Kim*, pp 185-6 (ch XI).
 42. Cf. *satori* in Zen Buddhism.
 43. Said, *op. cit.*, p 193.

KIPLING AND MEDICINE

by GILLIAN SHEEHAN

[Dr Gillian Sheehan, M.B., B.Ch., B.A.O., is a general practitioner living in the far south-west of Ireland. Despite the distance to be travelled, she often attends Kipling Society functions in London, and she has served on our Council. She has also more than once addressed our meetings; in our issue of December 1992 we published her talk on "Kipling and Gardening".

On 19 July 1995 Dr Sheehan was due to address us again, this time on "Kipling's Medicine", but in the event she was prevented from making the journey on account of the grave illness of a close relative. However, she sent a text; and it was read out for her by the Meetings Secretary, Lisa Lewis. It is that text which – slightly edited with her permission, mainly to adapt a spoken into a printed presentation — is now set out below. — *Ed*]

In August 1880, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, suffering from the fever and sore throat that accompany an attack of quinsy, wrote feelingly of his ordeal:

His drink it is Saline Pyretic,
 He longs, but he shall not eat,
 His soul is convulsed with emetic,
 His stomach is empty of meat.

His bowels are stirred by blind motions,
 His form in the flannel is bound,
 He has gargles, and powders, and potions,
 And walks as not feeling the ground.

For the doctor has harrowed his being,
 And of medicine wondrous the might is;
 He suffers in agony, seeing
 He is prey to acute tonsillitis.¹

That was probably Kipling's first recorded account of an encounter with the medical profession, unless we include the occasion when, as an unhappy little boy in the 'House of Desolation' at Southsea, his near-blindness was diagnosed by an amicable doctor.²

Years later, he came to know disease and death in India. In 1888, in "New Brooms" [collected in *Abaft the Funnel*] he wrote:

The wonder was not that men died like sheep, but that they did not die like flies; for their lives and their surroundings, their deaths, were part of a huge conspiracy against cleanliness. And the people loved to have it so. They huddled together in frowsty clusters, while Death mowed his way through them till the scythe blunted against the unresisting flesh, and he had to get a new one. They died by fever, tens of thousands in a month; they died by cholera a thousand in a week; they died of smallpox, scores in the mohulla³, and by dysentery by tens in a house; and when all other deaths failed they laid them down and died because their hands were too weak to hold on to life . . .⁴

One really filthy job Kipling had to do for the *Civil & Military Gazette* was to inspect and write about the cow-byres in Lahore. The first "and comparatively the cleanest" of the byres that he inspected was approached by a narrow passage, and

down the centre of it struggled a stream of bluish ooze, gay atop with the rain-bow hues of putrescence. Here and there, side drains from the neighbouring houses added to the sluggish currents . . .⁵

In the byre itself, six cows and seven buffaloes were standing, jammed side-by-side;

Their hind feet were immersed in the blue stream above referred to; their fore feet were buried almost to the knee in accumulations of filth . . . Add to this picture some calves and a collection of pariah dogs disporting themselves after the manner of dogs all the world over; a knot of natives in the gully for their morning toilet; throw in a few strong smells, and there you have the first byre complete . . . the cleanest byre of any in the division . . . Other byres, as will be seen later on, were not so satisfactory . . .

Immediately adjacent to the byre was "a *hulwaie's* [confectioner's] shop, and the proprietor thereof. . . waiting the morning supply of milk which the *gowalla* [cowherd] was even then drawing". Kipling's enquiries established beyond doubt that the milk supply for the European community in Lahore came from identical sources – though

it never for a moment seemed to cross the *Gowallas'* minds that a

Sahib had called to see how inconceivably foul – were their surroundings; and in justice to them, it must be said, that they were uniformly kind and courteous . . .

But I am surprised that Kipling was ever able to take milk in his tea again!

*

After 1870, the Government of India effectively washed its hands of public health, devolving its responsibilities in that department to provincial and municipal administrations, which were often financially ill-equipped to deal with the demands placed on them.⁶ In "Municipal" [1887, collected in *Departmental Ditties*], we meet a sewage-conscious administrator –

"Why is my District death-rate low?"
Said Binks of Hezabad.
"Well, drains, and sewage-outfalls are
My own peculiar fad.
I learnt a lesson once. It ran
Thus," quoth that most veracious man:-

whereupon Binks relates how the traumatic experience of having to take refuge in a blocked sewer to escape a mad elephant had brought the problem of sanitation home to him –

Then I sought the City Elders, and my words were very plain.
They flushed that four-foot drain-head and – it never choked again!

Among his white associates, Kipling came to know "boys, but a few years older than I, who . . . died from typhoid mostly at the regulation age of twenty-two."⁷ Typhoid, he wrote, "seemed to have something to do with water, but we were not sure . . ." while cholera "was manifestly a breath of the devil that could kill all on one side of a barrack-room and spare the others."

"A Germ-Destroyer" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*] is the delightful tale of a crackpot, E.S. Mellish (the story hinges on a confusion with an E. Mellishe). Mellish, "one of these crazy people with only a single idea", had lived for fifteen years in Lower Bengal, studying cholera, which he held was "a germ that propagated itself as it flew through a muggy atmosphere; and stuck in the branches of trees like a wool-flake." However, he also held that it could be sterilised by " 'Mellish's Own

Invincible Fumigatory' – a heavy violet-black powder – 'the result of fifteen years' scientific investigation, Sir!' "

Cholera is also mentioned in "At the End of the Passage" [*Life's Handicap*], a tale concerning the men building the Gaudhari State railway line. Spurstow, the doctor, "had left a cholera-stricken camp of coolies to look after itself for forty-eight hours". He described the standard progress of the disease:

"Chlorodyne, opium pill, chlorodyne, collapse, nitre, bricks to the feet, and then – the burning-ghaut. The last seems to be the only thing that stops the trouble ..."

However, he occasionally had a success –

"My last attempt was empirical, but it pulled an old man through. He was brought to me apparently past hope, and I gave him gin and Worcester sauce with cayenne. It cured him; but I don't recommend it."

In "The Tomb of his Ancestors" [*The Day's Work*], young John Chinn, thought by the Bhil tribesmen to be the incarnation of his grandfather, was "fever-proof."

A night's sitting out over a tethered goat in a damp valley, that would have filled the Major with a month's malaria, had no effect on him. He was, as they said, 'salted before he was born'.

The Times of 22 April 1995 had an interesting article touching on this:

Some people inherit genes that give them protection against malaria. The genes are those involved in the determination of tissue type – the form of matching used to work out the compatibility of transplanted organs. People with the tissue type HLA-B53 have a 40% lower chance of developing the more severe forms of malaria. Only 1 % of Europeans possess it, explaining why malaria was such a problem to the Empire-builders.

The other interesting part of "The Tomb of his Ancestors" relates to smallpox:

The Satpura Bhils... were, to put it mildly, uneasy because a paternal Government had sent up against them a Mahratta State-educated vaccinator, with lancets, lymph, and an officially registered calf. In

the language of State, they had 'manifested a strong objection to all prophylactic measures,' had 'forcibly detained the vaccinator,' and 'were on the point of neglecting or evading their tribal obligations.'

However, John Chinn persuaded them to be vaccinated, telling them:

"There will be no more pitted faces among the Satpuras, and so ye can ask many cows for each maid to be wed."

*

In 1894 and 1895 Kipling produced two stories, set in England – attempting, I believe, to show a few differences between English and American doctors. "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" [*The Day's Work*] describes a wealthy American, Wilton Sargent, son of a railroad magnate. An "Anglomaniac", he "had set out to be just a little more English than the English"; but one day he made the serious cultural mistake of flagging down the 'Induna' express, pride of the Great Buchonian Railway, so that he could get up to London to collect a scarab and bring it home before dinner. His consequential correspondence with the railway company (who were unaware that he "owned controlling interests in several thousand miles of track" in the U.S.A.) was protracted. They thought they were dealing with a lunatic – a belief strengthened by every letter he wrote them.

Eventually the company sent two men to talk to him: one a lawyer, the other obviously a psychiatrist. The latter erroneously decided that the Narrator (who was present at the meeting) was a doctor looking after Wilton Sargent, and that Sargent was suffering from clinical delusions – mainly a persistent delusion of enormous wealth. He accordingly spoke to the Narrator as to a colleague:

"By the way, it is curious, is it not, to note the absolute conviction in the voice of those who are similarly afflicted, – heart-rending, I might say . . . What a marvellous world he must move in – and will before the curtain falls. So young, too – so very young!"

The psychiatrist seems to have thought Sargent was suffering from delusions of grandeur, sometimes seen in patients in the late stages of syphilis: that would explain his surprise that he was so young.

The extreme slowness with which the Great Buchonian and their

psychiatrist proceed is in marked contrast to the actions of the New Yorker, Dr Julian B. Emory, in "My Sunday at Home" [*The Day's Work*]. Emory, on his first visit to England, was going to Plymouth to assist in a consultation upon a fellow-countryman suffering from nervous dyspepsia. The train in which he and the chance-met Narrator were travelling stopped suddenly at a little Wiltshire station in the middle of nowhere. Then the guard walked along the platform, a telegram in his hand, asking at each door of the train:

"Has any gentleman here a bottle of medicine? A gentleman has taken a bottle of poison (laudanum) by mistake."

The American thought from this that someone on the train had *drunk* a bottle of poison.

After the manner of his countrymen, he had risen to the situation, jerked his bag down from the overhead rack, opened it, and I heard the click of bottles. "Find out where the man is," he said briefly. "I've got something here that will fix him – if he can swallow still."

Confusion was now compounded: a very large and inebriated navy had got off the train in a disorderly condition. The doctor assumed it was he who had 'taken' the poison; so made him drink from "a blue and brimming glass from the lavatory compartment". The train went on, leaving Emory and his patient, and the Narrator, on the platform. Only then did the Narrator, who had ascertained the facts of the case, explain them to Emory. Predictably, the navy soon began to feel unwell; attributing the sensation to the doctor's dose, he literally collared him. The Narrator recorded the doctor's reaction:

I saw his hand travel backwards to his right hip, clutch at something, and come away empty.

The doctor had left his gun at home. Next, the navy went to sleep, still with a firm hold on the doctor's collar, which he retained even after the emetic had taken very full effect. Then, at the doctor's request, the Narrator opened the doctor's bag, and from it cautiously extracted first, "such a knife as they use for cutting collops off legs", and then, "a most diabolical pair of cock-nosed shears, capable of vandyking the interiors of elephants". With these, the doctor was cut free from the sleeping navy's embrace. (I must say that Dr Emory, though only going to see someone with nervous dyspepsia, was equipped to deal with any emergency.)

At the end of that story, after the navy had run amok, leaving a visible

litter of destruction, another train came in, and "heads were out all alone the carriages." A young Englishman asked what the trouble was: "Man drunk?" To this the Narrator replied, unhelpfully, that "the symptoms ... more resemble those of Asiatic cholera than anything else."

The Englishman sprang from the train: "Can I be of any service? I'm a doctor." At that, the navy's weary voice was upraised: "Another bloomin' doctor!"

*

Concerning the Boer War, Kipling wrote in *Something of Myself* that

Our own utter carelessness, officialdom and ignorance were responsible for much of the death-rate ... and the organisation and siting of latrines seemed to be considered 'nigger-work' ... To typhoid was added dysentery, the smell of which is even more depressing than the stench of human carrion. One could wind the dysentery tents a mile off. And remember that, till we planted disease, the vast sun-baked land was antiseptic and sterilised – so much so that a clean abdominal Mauser-wound often entailed no more than a week of abstention from solid food. I found this out on a hospital-train, where I had to head off a mob of angry 'abdominals' from regular rations.

"With Number Three" (published in the *Daily Mail*, 21-25 April 1900; collected in the "Uncollected Prose" volumes of the Sussex and Burwash Editions) was Kipling's account of his trip on the No 3 Hospital Train that ran 600 miles northward from Cape Town on a single 3ft 6in line.

For three months she had jackalled behind the army ... and in that time had carried over thirteen hundred sick and wounded ...

As permanent staff, she carried two doctors, two nursing sisters and nineteen orderlies; a doctor and a nurse were responsible for half a train apiece. The wounded were moved in wagons from the hospital tents to the train. A fractured femur would be put in a bunk with the injured leg on the outside, where it could be got at easily.

"Special," said the orderly. Here was a clean stomach-wound. He could eat milk and slops in a bunk marked to that effect, and the gentlemanly Mauser bullet would suffer him to live. Down the car he went, thinking nobly of his soul, and in no way approving of milk-diet.

Entered one amputation below the right elbow – very cheery. Full diet for this amputation; but no full diet for yonder lung-shot, who cannot lie down without pain . . .

"Please, sir, me bandages are pinchin' me horrid."

It isn't the bandages, but the doctor doesn't say so. He exhibits the merciful squirt [of morphine], and the bandages miraculously loosen themselves.

Now . . . they must have food – thick soup for choice, if they will only stay awake to drink it; and milk and brandy for the stomach and lung people.

Theoretically, six hundred miles of rail should be bad for wounded men. Practically it does them all the good in the world . . .

. . . thirty-one officers and sixty-six men . . . A good train-load; no one will be lost, and that little end car for once need not do duty as a mortuary . . .

Mary Kingsley was nursing Boer prisoners at the Palace Barracks Hospital in Simonstown. The Kiplings, who held her in high regard, entertained her to dinner in Cape Town on 10 April 1900. Next day they sailed for England; but she continued at the hospital and, as she herself put it, "turned a mortuary into a sanatorium." However, she there contracted typhoid, and died in early June, aged thirty-seven. Kipling mourned her in his "Dirge of Dead Sisters" (1902), as "Her that fell in Simon's Town in service on our foes."

*

I believe it was Sir William Osier (1849-1919), a Canadian who became Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, who was responsible for Kipling's interest in medical history, and in old herbal remedies, and in Nicholas Culpeper (1616-54) – whom, in "A Doctor of Medicine" [*Rewards and Fairies*] Kipling called the great "physician-astrologer".⁸

Another tale in that book, "Brother Square-Toes", illustrates the amount of research Kipling did for many of his stories. The principal character is Apothecary Tobias Hirte, "the famous Seneca Oil man, that lived half of every year among the Indians" – who made the oil for him. "They'd never sell to anyone else, and he doctored 'em with von Swieten pills, which they valued more than their own oil." According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, Seneca Oil was "skimmed from the surface of water near Lake Seneca", and "used for rheumatism, coughs, burns, sprains, etc"; whereas according to the *Universal Encyclopaedia*, Seneca is "a native perennial shrub of North America", of which "the root-stock, powdered or infused, or a tincture prepared from it, affords an

expectorant and diuretic ... [and] an emetic."

"Brother Square-Toes" is set partly in Philadelphia in 1793 – a year in which there really was a bad outbreak of yellow fever there. In the story, Tobias Hirte "went down to the City and bled 'em well again in heaps". Benjamin Rush (c. 1745-1813) appears to have been the real Tobias Hirte. When the yellow fever epidemic struck Philadelphia in 1793, Rush stayed on and ministered to the sick. Despite the therapeutic carnage his treatment entailed, he became a popular hero. On one occasion, his carriage was stopped by a crowd of hundreds, who begged him to visit their homes and care for their sick. Rush stood up in his curricule and addressed the throng:

"I treat my patients successfully by bloodletting, and copious purging with calomel and jalop; and I advise you, my good friends, to use the same remedies."⁹

*

Another of Kipling's medical friends was Professor Dr Alfred Fröhlich (1871-1953), who was associated with the Neurological Institute at Vienna University: the Kiplings had met him at Engelberg in 1908. Fröhlich wrote an interesting article on his relationship with them in the *Kipling Journal* of June 1937. It included the comment that whenever, at Engelberg, a member of the Kipling family

felt a bit poorly, they did not send for the resident Swiss doctor, but for me who at that time was a young pharmacologist of considerable perception though but very little experience in the treatment of human ailments. But to me as to all pharmacologists the prospect of experimenting on two-legged rabbits was uncommonly alluring ...

In a letter to Fröhlich, dated 14 February 1910, Kipling said that his wife had on Fröhlich's advice been for a consultation with the leading Zurich physician, Professor Eichhorst, who had pronounced her "full of arthritis, gout and rheumatism", and had "recommended baths – such as Vernet les Bains".

"Only she has made me promise that I will also take baths. I prefer to be dirty and happy. She is really *much better* . . . and now that Eichhorst has pronounced that she is not suffering from six deadly diseases she is very gay . . . Here at Engelberg we are *respectable*. I am the most respectable of all. That is why I am sorry you are not here. We could support each other. Please let me know how many

people you will kill by your new discoveries ..."

In another letter to Fröhlich, dated 26 July 1911, Kipling wrote:

"I hope you will be wise. Most work is unnecessary and the rest was invented by the devil. I except here your work and mine which, as dealing with psychology, is useful, but we should both take great care not to do too much. Have you seriously considered the wisdom of becoming a naturalized Russian? I believe the Muscovite has 316 saint-days in the year, and he observes them all..."

Fröhlich quoted from another letter, though without citing its date [1913?]:

"I haven't written to you because you said that with luck you expected to be at the medical conference in London this year – in which case you *promised* to come to Bateman's. Well, all the savants and cranks and bacteriologists and osteopaths and faith-healers and miracle-workers assembled and inflicted their theories on us, and fought with each other but – Devil a sign of you!"

*

Yet another medical friend, ten years older than Kipling, was Sir John Bland-Sutton (1855-1936), the great surgeon/pathologist of the Middlesex Hospital. His main interest was anatomy; and for years he carried out post-mortem examinations on the animals that died in the London Zoo. His autobiography, *The Story of a Surgeon* [Methuen, 1930], which has a 'Preamble' by Kipling, shows Bland-Sutton's many interests; but tells even less about him than *Something of Myself* tells about Kipling.

Incidentally, the two books give conflicting accounts of Bland-Sutton's attempt to listen to the clicking of stones in the gizzards of Kipling's hens. On Boxing Day 1917, Bland-Sutton was lunching at Bateman's, and the question of gizzards arose. According to Bland-Sutton:

I reminded him that the noise made by the grinding movements of stones in a gizzard were [*sic*] audible when the ear was applied to the sides of the fowl. He was keen for a demonstration. After lunch we visited the hen-roost and caught a complacent cockerel, and auscultated the chest. My friend was not only satisfied but interested; he suggested that the movement of the stones in the gizzard ought to be visible with the aid of X-rays.

(A few days later, at the Middlesex, with the cooperation of a hired fowl, Bland-Sutton proved Kipling's theory about the movement being visible on X-ray.)

Kipling's account, however, is very different. According to him it was Bland-Sutton who was keen on a demonstration, and dragged Kipling away from the fireside and down to the hen-shed, opposite the gardener's cottage. There, Kipling was uncomfortably aware of

an eye at the corner of the drawn-down Boxing Day blind, and knew that my character for sobriety would be blasted all over the farms before night-fall...

After they had listened to one "outraged pullet", Kipling had wanted to go back, but Bland-Sutton had insisted on catching a cock, which had involved "a loud and long chase". Certainly, when captured, the bird had "clicked like a solitaire-board"; but, as Kipling ruefully recalled,

I went home, my ears alive with parasites, so wrapped up in my own indignation that the fun of it escaped me. It had not been *my* verification, you see ...

Bland-Sutton's autobiography also relates a story told to him by Kipling, who

related it during lunch and wrote it afterwards on a slip of paper in my room. The slip I have preserved, and include [it as] a capital example of note-taking which deserves to be studied, and imitated, by Clinical Clerks and Dressers when recording 'cases' in the Wards.

At Bateman's – a Grass Snake – the first seen in that garden, swallowed a frog, was killed by the gardener; the frog forming a perceptible bulge in the middle of the snake. Snake's head cut off by the gardener, and with a little help, the frog slid out head first. Marks of two fangs one on each side of the haunch, and body plentifully lubricated with saliva. Otherwise no damage. Frog emitted a low croak and was returned to his proper home among the lilies in the pond.

Next day comes Grass-Snake's mate and was duly killed by the gardener who had prophesied his/her coming. These were the only snakes seen at Bateman's in the whole of 22 years. [9 March 1925.]

Kipling drew on Bland-Sutton for the character of Sir James Belton, nicknamed 'Howlieglass', Head of St Peggotty's Hospital¹⁰ in "The Tender Achilles" [*Limits and Renewals*]. This story concerns the troubles of one Wilkett, a brilliant bacteriologist who during the Great War had worked as a surgeon under dreadful conditions in a Casualty Clearing Station. A methodical man, the strain had affected his mind. As a G.P. colleague said of him:

"He hadn't the time he needed to think things out; and he was afraid of injuring his own reputation (God knows he was no surgeon!) by doing the wrong thing. But *I* think what really coopered him, was being in charge of an S.I.W. show just before Armistice."

In charge of a hospital for self-inflicted wounds, Wilkett

"had to look after a crowd who had blown off their big toes, and so on, and were due for court-martial as soon as they could stand ..."

Then his own foot had been injured when a bomb fell on a hospital outbuilding, and "a bit of tin or something" penetrated his boot; he himself had removed the metal and cleaned the wound, which healed.

However, after the War he had suffered terrible feelings of guilt – that he hadn't done his best at the Clearing Station, and was responsible for some deaths there. Then his foot wound broke out and discharged; and his mother, uncomprehendingly aware that he was having a breakdown, and "afraid neighbours might think he was insane . . . hid him in the country and suppressed all letters."

Meanwhile Belton wanted Wilkett to manage the new Bacteriology Department ("bug-run", they called it) at St Peggotty's; and Keede, the G.P., managed to locate him with the help of "a woman who had kept her eye on" his whereabouts; and he went to persuade him to come back to work. But he found Wilkett crippled by his guilty conscience – and by his foot wound, which was "in a filthy state" and "had formed a sinus". Eventually Wilkett was brought back to St Peggotty's as a patient. He was next persuaded that his foot was tuberculous – a dubious diagnosis that was achieved by getting his female admirer to muddle up the specimen slides. The outcome was drastic surgery by the senior surgeon, Sir Thomas Horringe, who carried out on Wilkett a Syme operation, similar to many that Wilkett had performed at the S.I.W. hospital.

A week later, they told Wilkett that there had been a mistake, and that his foot had not been tuberculous. Keede, the G.P., took full responsibility, whereupon Wilkett was enraged:

"How could even *you* make such a ghastly blunder? You had all the *time* there was. You had whatever *judgment* you possess under your control. You weren't *hurried*..."

Horringe and Belton, playing a part, expressed anger with Keede, until Wilkett's sense of proportion was restored; and eventually, in Keede's words, they had Wilkett

"apologising at last for owning a foot at all, and hoping he hadn't given too much trouble".

Then Belton adopted a magisterial manner towards Wilkett:

"If you had been at your post here after the War . . . instead of relaxing your mind in rest-cures, this lit-tle af-fair . . . would never have ta-ken place."

In due course, the stabilised Wilkett took charge of the Bacteriology Department, which had been the object of the exercise all along. The Narrator, who has been told the story by Keede and Horringe, asks some pertinent questions.

"Did it cure him?" I asked . . .

"Ab-so-bally-lutely," said Keede . . .

"And was the foot tuberculous?" I persisted.

"Anything with a sinus of long-standing may turn into anything. It's always best to be on the safe side," was the response. "We were playing for the man's reason, not his carcass."

"The Tender Achilles" repeatedly shows Kipling's expert knowledge of what various branches of the medical profession think of themselves and each other. The lowest of the low is the G.P.: Belton provocatively called him the "Galenical Physician"; while Horringe, a surgeon,

said that the darkness of the surgeon was as electric light beside the mediaeval murk of the "medicine-man," or General Practitioner...

However, Keede, the G.P., told the narrator that

all surgeon-specialists look on every case as a surgical – "that is to say, a carpenter's" – job, whereas the G.P., "who represents the Galenical integrity of medicine – before these dam' barbers wriggled into it" – considers each patient as a human being.

"In other words," he concluded, "medicine and surgery is the difference between the Priest and the pew-opener."

Keede, Horrings and Belton all respected Wilkett's intellect; but apart from that didn't think much of him – especially as he had never noticed the lady who had helped to re-establish him at St Peggotty's.

Kipling also got some accurate medical history into the story. James Syme (1799-1870) gave his name to Syme's Amputation, an operation consisting of amputation through the ankle joint, and removal of the ends of the tibia and fibula – obtaining a comfortable stump by making a flap from the sole of the foot and the thick tissues of the heel. He reported this operation in 1844, and used a small amputating-knife of his own design, which became known as 'Syme's knife'. Before this operation came into use, cases of disease or injury to the foot often resulted in amputation below the knee.¹¹

Kipling's vivid description of a Casualty Clearing Station comes, I believe, either from Alfred (later Lord) Webb-Johnson (1880-1958) or from the American Harvey Cushing (1869-1939) – both doctors of great distinction. Webb-Johnson served during the War in the Royal Army Medical Corps, was awarded the D.S.O. in 1916 and was Consulting Surgeon to the British Expeditionary Force. He dined at Bateman's at least once (in September 1933), and was at Kipling's bedside when he died in the Middlesex Hospital in 1936.

Cushing, a neurosurgeon, was a friend (and biographer) of Sir William Osier; and it is possible that Osier introduced him to Kipling. He wrote of his war experiences in *A Surgeon's Journal, 1915-1918*. His entry for 17 August 1917, which could well have coloured the accounts of intensive surgical work at Casualty Clearing Stations in "The Tender Achilles", reads as follows:

We beat our record today with 8 cases – all serious ones. A prompt start at 9 a.m. with 2 cases always in waiting – notes made, X-rays taken and heads shaved. It's amusing to think that at home I used to regard a single major cranial operation as a day's work. These 8 averaged 2 hours apiece – one or two very interesting ones.

Cushing also mentions self-inflicted wounds:

The men, when questioned, explain that the top of the trench gets shot away by the enemy's fire, and that they have to push the earth and sandbags back with their left hands. Powder-stains, of course, would tell; but they have learned to interpose something – formerly a piece of wood, until the splinters found in the palm were recognised as a telltale. It is not always possible to be sure ...

*

Another story in *Limits and Renewals*, "Beauty Spots", shows Kipling's knowledge of how the medical profession cope when suddenly faced by something they've never seen before – such as the "one thousand and thirty-seven cases up to date" of an affliction called "Bloody Measles ... a sort of ten-days' rash – greenish-copper blotches on the face and body" (actually caused by exposure to the gases diffused by Walter Gravell in his soil-improvement experiments).

Dr Frole, the local G.P., examined the two children from the White Hart.

He had never before seen orange and greenish-copper blotches on the healthy young. But, as these faded entirely in a week or so, he wrote it down [to] "errors of diet", and said there was no need to close the schools.

In his situation, I think I'd have said the same. But a "practitioner in Bermondsey" wrote to the press about "an interesting variety of summer rash": I suspect he was trying to make a name for himself and increase his practice. As for Sir Herbert Buskitt, obviously at the top of the ladder in his branch of medicine, he said it was "due to atonic glands" – which sounds so high-powered that I don't think anyone would have argued with him. Meanwhile the British Medical Association recommended "treating Bloody Measles with *chawal-muggra* oil" – an oil formerly used in the treatment of leprosy!¹²

*

Yet another story in *Limits and Renewals*, "Unprofessional", written I believe for doctors, suggests that external influences may cause "tides" in the tissues of the human body.

Harries, the millionaire, with an interest in astronomy and some physiological "notions" that he wants to test, employs Loftie, a pathologist, and Vaughan, a surgeon, to that end – which involves "keeping one's eyes open and – logging the exact time that things happen". As Harries explains:

"This is my gamble. We can't tell on what system this dam' dynamo of our universe is wound, but we know we're in the middle of every sort of wave, as we call 'em. They used to be 'influences' ... I want you merely to watch some of your cell-growths all round the clock. Don't think! *Watch*. . ."

Harries is almost a reincarnation of Nicholas Culpeper, anxious to prove his ideas of planetary influences. Between them, his team find that there *are* tides in the tissues – apparently caused by influences external to the body. They experiment on mice, one of which suffers a crisis at the "dead-ebb" of a "tide", and contrives to kill itself. As Frost, the ex-Navy laboratory assistant, remarks:

"It looks like two tides meeting. That always sets up a race, and a race is worst at ebb. She must have been caught on her ebb – an' knocked over! Pity! There ought to be some way of pulling 'em through it."

With the help of their discoveries they save the life of one of their human patients.

When Kipling wrote "Unprofessional" it was almost science fiction. Since then Circadian Rhythms have been discovered. We wake and sleep according to the sun's cycle; and research is showing that celestial rhythms still control many other areas of our life.¹³

The main point of the story is that necessary research is being held up, because, as Harries says:

"Imagination *is* what we want. This rigid 'thinking' game is hanging up research ... [It is] becoming all technique and no advance."

Marie Curie, in her notes of 1921¹⁴, wrote:

Humanity certainly needs practical men, who get the most out of their work, and without forgetting the general goal safeguard their own interests. But humanity also needs the dreamers, for whom the disinterested development of an enterprise is so captivating that it becomes impossible to devote their care to their own material profits.

In November 1928, two years before "Unprofessional" was first published in magazine form, Kipling spoke at the Annual Dinner of the Royal Society of Medicine.¹⁵ In the conclusion of his speech he asked if it was arguable that

we may still mistake secondary causes for primary ones, and attribute to instant and visible agents of disease unconditioned activities which, in truth, depend on some breath drawn from the motion of the universe – of the entire universe, revolving as one body (or dynamo if you choose) through infinite but occupied

space? The idea is wildly absurd? Quite true. But what does that matter if any fraction of any idea helps towards mastering even one combination in the great time-locks of Life and Death?

Suppose then, at some future time when the bacteriologist and the physicist are for the moment at a standstill, wouldn't it be interesting if they took their problem to the astronomer, and – in modern scientific language, of course – put to him Nicholas Culpeper's curious question: "What was the aspect of the Heavens when such-and-such phenomena were observed?"?

*

Finally, Kipling's own prescription for depression marks him out, in my opinion, as one of the best and most understanding 'real' doctors of any time. It comes in his speech to the students of McGill University, Montreal, in October 1907.¹⁶

There is a certain darkness into which the soul of the young man sometimes descends – a horror of desolation, abandonment, and realised worthlessness, which is one of the most real of the hells in which we are compelled to walk.

I know of what I speak. This is due to a variety of causes, the chief of which is the egotism of the human animal itself. But I can tell you for your comfort that the best cure for it is to interest yourself, to lose yourself, in some issue not personal to yourself – in another man's trouble, or, preferably, another man's joy. But if the dark hour does not vanish, as sometimes it doesn't; if the black cloud will not lift, as sometimes it will not – let me tell you again for your comfort that there are many liars in the world, but there are no liars like our own sensations. The despair and horror mean nothing, because there is nothing irremediable, nothing ineffaceable, nothing irrevocable in anything you may have said or thought or done. If, for any reason, you cannot believe or have not been taught to believe in the infinite mercy of Heaven which has made us all, and will take care we do not go far astray, at least believe that you are not yet sufficiently important to be taken too seriously by the Powers above us or beneath us. In other words, take anything and everything seriously except yourselves.

REFERENCES AND NOTES

1. "The Song of the Sufferer" [or "Follicular Tonsillitis"], collected by Andrew

- Rutherford in *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1986), pp 52-3.
2. Described as 'Inverarity Sahib' in "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" (collected in *Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories*). "I ushered you into this wicked world, young man, and a nice use you seem to have made of your time."
 3. The meaning of *mohulla* is in some doubt. Explanations welcomed. – *Ed*.
 4. First published by the *Civil & Military Gazette* in August 1888; a pungent satire on the inadequacy of the Government of India's bureaucracy, in coping with the problem of public health.
 5. From "Typhoid at Home", published in the *Civil & Military Gazette* in February 1885; collected in *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches, 1884-1888* (ed Thomas Pinney, Macmillan, 1986), pp 69-77.
 6. See *Public Health in British India: Anglo-Indian Preventive Medicine, 1859-1914* by Mark Harrison (Cambridge University Press, 1994).
 7. *Something of Myself*, chapter III.
 8. See an excellent article by Dr Alex Sakula (*Kipling Journal*, June 1983), "Rudyard Kipling, Sir William Osier, and the History of Medicine".
 9. *The Illustrated Treasury of Medical Curiosa* by A. Newman (McGraw Hill, 1988), p 169.
 10. St Peggotty's is spelt with a double 't' in "The Tender Achilles", but with a single 't' in "Unprofessional", in the same volume.
 11. *Notable Names in Medicine and Surgery* by Hamilton Bailey and W.J. Bishop (London, H.K. Lewis, 1944), p 64.
 12. *Martindale's Extra Pharmacopoeia: incorporating Squire's Companion*, ed R.G. Todd (London, Pharmaceutical Press, 25th edn, 1967), p 494.
 13. See *Supersense* by J. Downer (BBC Books, 1988), p 119.
 14. See *Medicine: An Illustrated History* by A.S. Lyons & R.J. Petrucelli (New York, Abradale Press / H.N. Abrams, Inc, 1987), p 575.
 15. His address, "Healing by the Stars", can be found in *A Book of Words* (not, however, in the standard Macmillan edition of 1928, but in the enlarged posthumous collection of speeches under the same title, in the Sussex and Burwash editions).
 16. This address, "Values in Life", was collected in *A Book of Words* (1928).

"MUMMY", OR "MOTHERS' DAY BLUES"

AN ANONYMOUS PARODY OF KIPLING'S "TOMMY"

[Kipling's verse, particularly the better-known items, has often been parodied, but seldom with success. Not only is his idiosyncratic word-style difficult to imitate, but his prosodic virtuosity, the nimble adroitness of his rhythm and rhyme, often his sheer pace, can set a standard beyond the capacity of most parodists to follow. In general the *Kipling Journal* has paid rather little attention to parodies, because they are mostly not good enough.

There are exceptions, and we are indebted to John McGivering, one of our Vice-Presidents, for spotting one in the March/April 1995 issue of the *North Laine Runner*, a small local 'community newspaper' which is distributed free to residents and shopkeepers in the North Laine area of Brighton. He brought it to my attention, and I have obtained the kind permission of the *Runner's* Newsletter coordinator, Ms Jackie Fuller, to reprint it.

"Mothers ' Day Blues" – or "Mummy" – is a neat piece of versification, closely modelled on Kipling's famous Barrack-Room Ballad, "Tommy" (I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer...). It adopts a similar rhythm and comparable rhyme-pattern; and has the same number of stanzas. More impressively, it is pitched at a social and vernacular level not far from that of "Tommy", and conveys a similar tone of heartfelt complaint, with authentic echoes – neither facetious nor over-stated – of the poem parodied. – *Ed.*]

I went into the kitchen, to get a cup o' tea,
 The boys they stopped their talking, and their eyes all said to me,
 "Look, can't you see we've friends in?" and they 'eaved a pointed
 sigh.
 I climbed the staircase back to bed, an' to myself sez I:
 Oh it's Mummy this, an' Mummy that, an' "Mummy, do you
 mind!"
 But it's "Mummy, can you help me?" when your boots are hard
 to find.
 "I've left my football kit at home, so could you bring it round?"
 "Oh thanks, that's grand – and by the way – you haven't got a
 pound... ?"

When kids start on their schooling, those darn teachers know it all –
 "Could try harder... Must write neater... keep your eye upon the
 ball."

If you should try and teach your kids – "That's not the way it's done."
 But you bet they'll blame his background if the boy goes on the run.

Oh it's "Mums keep out!" and "Mums don't fuss!" from
teachers that *we 've* paid,
But it's "Thank you, Mrs Atkins," when they want the
lemonade,
The biscuits and the costumes for the fourth form pantomime.
They're dead keen on us mothers when they want *our* overtime.

We're Mums, so we're the cleaners too, the washers and the cooks;
And they think that's all we're good for once we've lost our dolly
looks.

My 'usband doesn't mind to say I'm just a silly moo,

But he sees it all quite different when he wants my wages too.

Oh it's "Mum's too slow," and "Mum's too fat," and "Mum's a
bleeding fool,"

But it's "Mum could make some money," once the kids are off
to school.

They want us scrubbing saucepans, and they think that's all we
do,

But they call us "Superwoman" when they want our wages too.

We ain't no superwomen, nor we ain't no numbskulls too,

But common thinking people, most remarkable like you;

And if sometimes our tempers isn't all your fancy paints,

Well, women stuck with 'ousework don't grow into plaster saints.

The "Mum, come 'ere!" and "Mum, get lost!" would make you
go beserk,

But it's "Motherhood is precious," when it's men that want the
work.

It's washing, and it's ironing, and it's food to feed their gobs,

But it's "sacred task of Motherhood" when men want all the
jobs.

You talk o' better terms for us, playgroups an' nursery schools,

And think such things will settle it; you must think we're all fools.

It's a job without a let-up, an' just when we think we're through

We find that we're expected to "mother" Uncle too.

Oh it's Mummy this, and Mummy that, and Mummy up and
down,

But sailors all call "Mother" when they know they're goin' to
drown.

We love our kids and lump it, but all we get for pay

Is the thin red bunch o' roses that you bring on Mothers' Day!

ROMANCE, THE SEA AND THE OPEN ROAD

AN EXCERPT FROM A THESIS ON THE SUBJECT OF KIPLING'S POETRY

by the late FRED CHERRY (1923-1990)

[It was Sir Derek Oulton who first drew to the Kipling Society's attention the existence of an interesting and valuable thesis by Fred Cherry, entitled "The Concept of the Law in Rudyard Kipling's Verse" – referring to it more than once in his own article on "Kipling's Commitment to the Law", published in our issue of March 1990. He was in touch with Cherry himself, and, after Cherry's death, with members of his family. They, the family, knew that Cherry had thought of presenting a bound text of the thesis to the Society's Library; and Sir Derek encouraged this idea.

The upshot is that the thesis, handsomely printed and bound, has been passed to me, for forwarding to our Librarian; and I have gratefully accepted it on the Society's behalf. This has brought me into touch with Fred Cherry's son Christopher (Kit), who has outlined for me his father's career: after wartime service as a Fleet Air Arm navigator, he had trained as a teacher, and had thereafter been variously a schoolmaster in Hull, a member of the Colonial Education Service in Sierra Leone, a college lecturer in English at Leeds, and an inspector of schools in Birkenhead – where he finally became Deputy Director of Education. Kit Cherry has also written on the family's behalf a note about his father's interest in Kipling, from which I quote below:

"The thesis was submitted to Hull University in 1959 as part of his M.A. degree course in English Literature. His introduction to Kipling had come at an early age, through his father – a member of the generation for whom Kipling was the most popular writer. My grandfather was an enthusiast for Kipling's work, which greatly influenced his philosophy of life. When told of my father's engagement to be married, he quoted from "The Winners" –

*Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,
He travels the fastest who travels alone . . .*

My father grew to share my grandfather's enjoyment of Kipling; which certainly stimulated his later interest in moral, political and social issues. It also gave him an insight into the beauty of poetry. He loved all literature, but his greatest love was poetry, and he had a prodigious memory for it. He wrote poems himself, and recorded one piece on the flyleaf of a volume of Kipling's verse –

*Many fine songs did our fathers sing –
Spenser, Marlowe and John Suckling ...*

*Many wise things did our fathers say—
Lydgate, Shakespeare, Milton and Gray...
Many bold verses our fathers did make—
Scott and Byron, Tennyson, Blake ...
Yet for range and depth and craftsman's ease
Kipling ranks with each of these.*

"It would have given him great pleasure to know that his small contribution to the work of Rudyard Kipling was to be placed in the Society's Library."

Fred Cherry's thesis is a substantial item, 140 pages including preliminaries and appendices. It is very readable – and no one well versed in Kipling will be misled by the inclusion of the term, "The Law", in the title. For Kipling, that term meant something not formally regulatory but related to intuition, inspiration and philosophy. It reflected the attitudes of an artist rather than a logician, and it amounted, in Cherry's words, to "a general concept which provides the key to much of Kipling's work- his 'curious religion', as Bonamy Dobrée calls it..."

Cherry rightly detects two contradictory impulses in Kipling – "the one associating romance, freedom and lawlessness as qualities proper to the spirit of man; the other the feeling that man must nevertheless be disciplined, that he is in some sense destined, and that he should be of service." In this and a subsequent issue of the *Kipling Journal*, we shall be presenting excerpts from Cherry's thesis, touching on firstly the romantic and secondly the disciplinary aspects of this code of Kipling's. Though inconclusive in themselves, these excerpts will at least convey the flavour of the thoughtful study from which they are culled. Here is the first. – *Ed.]*

. . . The sense of romance which, as was noted in the previous chapter, Kipling associated with the mystery, excitement, freedom and lawlessness of life, he transferred from India to the sea. It was still essential to the spirit of man, and throughout this period Kipling gives expression to it through the sheer zest of living. "The Long Trail", written probably in 1891 but not included in *The Seven Seas* [1896], expresses this well. There is a touch of the nostalgia of "Mandalay", and the whole poem is alive with the love of freedom which travel brings:

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done." . . .

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;

And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
 Of a black Bilbao tramp,
 With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
 And a drunken Dago crew,
 And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail
 From Cadiz south on the Long Trail – the trail that is always new ...

The "Anchor Song" [1893] has the same gusto:

Well, ah, fare you well, for the Channel wind's took hold of us,
 Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free.
 And it's blowing up for night,
 And she's dropping light on light,
 And she's snorting as she's snatching for a breath of open sea!

That remarkable 'tour de force', "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" [1896], presents the wanderlust again in a quieter mood: ,

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.
 Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,
 For something in my 'ead upset it all,
 Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
 An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
 An' met my mate – the wind that tramps the world!

The wind again is used to symbolise the free-ranging spirit as in "Mandalay". The "jolly, jolly mariners" in "The Last Chantey" [1892] see a restriction of the spirit in the lack of wind:

"Must we sing for evermore
 On the windless, glassy floor?
 Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!"

and in the last stanza the images of the spindrift and the fulmar are used to symbolise freedom:

*Sun, Wind, and Cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
 Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;
 And the ships shall go abroad
 To the Glory of the Lord
 Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea!*

It must be stressed, however, that this attitude to nature was not peculiar

to Kipling. It was an attitude which, if not typical of the late nineteenth century, was at least shared by a number of poets contemporary with Kipling; and is one of the threads which go to make up the complex pattern of the period. The beauty and appeal of nature have at various periods been the proper stuff of poetry, but tone and attitude have varied considerably. There is, for example, a lucid simplicity and freshness about early English lyrics, quite distinct from the formalism of the eighteenth century; and the romantic attitude to nature found in Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, although in one way perpetuated into the second half of the century, nevertheless has its own special character.

The earlier poets are predominantly contemplative; the later ones can be placed by their delight in the physical contact with nature and the adventure it offers – particularly the excitement engendered by the thought of the open road, the wide sea, the mystery of what lies beyond the horizon. This feeling, which Kipling had strongly, is common to a group of writers who, although individually bearing no close similarity to Kipling, might in this aspect of their work be classed together, particularly as their attitude to nature has become very widespread in this century: the exhilaration and sense of liberation in the open-air, roving life.

Thus, despite differences in style, the wild wayfaring spirit which is revealed in some of Stevenson's best-known verses is very close to Kipling. In "The Vagabond", Stevenson writes:

Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river –
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life for ever .. .

Kipling has more exuberance, as in "The Feet of the Young Men" [1897]:

Do you know the blackened timber – do you know that racing stream
 With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
 And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
 To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
 It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
 To a silent, smoky Indian that we know –
 To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the star-light on our faces,
 For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

But the sense of freedom is the same:

And we go-go- go away from here!

On the other side the world we 're overdue!

*'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er
you,*

And the Red Gods call for you!

Or again from Stevenson [from "Songs of Travel, XI"]:

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Stevenson is probably the most notable of the company. W. Bliss Carman [1861-1929] does not enjoy the same reputation, but he sounds the same note in "The Joys of the Road":

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;

A vagrant's morning, wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks too . . .

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying sun.

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the wind, a light-o'-dream.

The echo is heard again in "On the Road" by C.G.D. Roberts [1860-1943], the writer of animal stories:

I've tramped too long not to know there is truth in it still,
That lure at the turn of the road, or the crest of the hill.
So I breast me the rise with full hope, well assured I shall see
Some new prospect of joy, some brave venture a-tip-toe for me.

And, slightly later, in "Wander-Thirst" by Gerald Gould [1885-1936]:

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West, the wander-thirst that will not let me be;

It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say goodbye;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky.

Kipling's enthusiasm for the sea is shared. In Stevenson ["New Poems, XC"]:

The wind blew shrill and smart,
And the wind awoke my heart
Again to go a-sailing o'er the sea,
To hear the cordage moan
And the straining timbers groan,
And to see the flying pennon lie a-lee .. .

and in Bliss Carman:

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay . . .

while in 1902 appeared Masfield's *Salt Water Ballads* with the celebrated "Sea Fever", and "A Wanderer's Song":

A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I'm tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon-wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand ...

Verse of this kind is still extremely popular – as E.V. Lucas's anthology, *The Open Road*, first published in 1899 and containing several of the poems mentioned in this section, bears witness. It expresses a peculiarly modern sentiment – perhaps a reaction against a highly organised and mechanised society, resulting in such artificial adventures as the 'Kon-Tiki' expedition; and it is all very like the Kipling of "The Long Trail" and "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" (both quoted above), or of "The Gipsy Trail" [1892] –

Both to the road again, again!
Out on a clean sea-track –
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail
Over the world and back!

This feeling then, that Kipling had – that life should be exciting,

something of a search, a journey worthwhile for itself and not for its end, which man should undertake joyously and with a sense of fine freedom – was quite widely shared, an aspect of the outward-looking, the expansionism of the period.

Kipling, however, did not find it sufficient in itself; he felt that somehow it should be bound in service of the Law. Nor had he resolved the sneaking regard he felt for romantic lawlessness, which seemed a part of the same thing. In "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" [1892] he specifically faces the issue of romantic lawlessness; and follows in "McAndrew's Hymn" [1893] with the harnessing of the spirit of romance in useful service ...

BOOK REVIEW

[On 8 November 1995, Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C. (a former First Parliamentary Counsel, and a member of the Kipling Society's Council), addressed a London meeting of the Society with a much appreciated talk on "The Ilberts and the Ilbert Bill".

That Bill, a measure of some significance in the history of British India, is not unfamiliar to students of Kipling. In *Something of Myself*, chapter III, Kipling referred disparagingly to the Bill, because its enactment would lead to "Native Judges" trying white women; and Native in this case meant overwhelmingly Hindu; and the Hindu's idea of women is not lofty..." Expatriate opinion had been much excited, and when the *Civil & Military Gazette* failed to oppose the Bill, Kipling, entering the dining-room of his Club, was hissed by fellow members. As a result of this unpleasantness, as he later wrote, he "had seen a great light... I was a hireling, paid to do what I was paid to do, and –I did not relish the idea."

Sir George spoke without a formal text; but at my invitation he had already written a review of the book which had prompted the idea of his talk; and we agreed that the review, printed below, could serve in the *Journal* as a brief substitute for any longer text. – *Ed.*]

THE ILBERTS IN INDIA, 1882-1886, by Mary Bennett (London, BACSA, 1995); xii + 204 pages; illustrations & map; ISBN 0 907799 54X. Obtainable either from bookshops or direct from BACSA (The British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia) at 76/4 Chartfield Avenue, London SW15 6HQ, for £9 plus postage £1.

Subtitled *An Indian Miniature*, this fascinating short book based on

unpublished letters written home from India by the author's grandfather, Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert (of the much-maligned 'Ilbert Bill') gives a vivid inside picture of political and family life in Calcutta and Simla during Ilbert's four years as Legal Member of the Viceroy's Council – a position in which, "absurd as it may seem", as he told his parents, "I am a kind of Lord Chancellor, Attorney-General and [Parliamentary Counsel] rolled into one."

On the political side, there is a full account of the genesis and progress of the Ilbert Bill (designed to modify the restriction preventing a European British subject on a criminal charge from being tried by an Indian judge, however senior); which shows that Kipling's account in *Something of Myself* ("Just then, it was a matter of principle that Native Judges should try white women", etc) is wholly partisan; and that Ilbert was in no sense "imported to father and god-father the Bill".

There are full accounts, from Ilbert's point of view, of the mounting Anglo-Russian tension over Afghanistan (which pervades *Kim*), and of the events leading up to the annexation of Upper Burma in 1885 (recalled in the ballad "Mandalay"), as well as Ilbert's private thoughts (some confided to a locked notebook) concerning the two Viceroys (Lords Ripon and Dufferin) under whom he served.

Kipling, aged nearly seventeen, joined his parents in Lahore six months after Ilbert's arrival in India. Their overlap of three and a half years adds interest to the book's blow-by-blow account of daily life in Ilbert's family (his wife Jessie and four small daughters, plus a governess, a nurse, a lady's-maid, visiting relatives and, at 'Chapslee', their very English house in Simla, no fewer than 57 Indian servants) culled from their letters home. For part of each year, the parents were twelve hundred miles away in Calcutta, leaving relatives to look after the children.

In 1884 the Ilberts gave a party in Simla for "some charming Punjab people who are up here for a fortnight", the Kiplings. "They have a talented son and daughter who write poetry", wrote Ilbert's sister. "Mr K. has given Jessie a book of their productions, chiefly parodies, some very clever."

In 1886, the year in which *Departmental Ditties* were collected and published, Rudyard and Trix, on visits to the Ilberts' country house outside Simla, "could always be counted on to desert the grown-ups for make-believe games and story-telling sessions in the children's corner of the verandah." The two oldest children, the author's mother and aunt, remembered later that they liked Trix's stories best.

I can confidently recommend the book to anyone interested in Kipling's India.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve – unless expressly told otherwise – the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". – Ed.]

KIPLING AND AUDEN

*From Mr F. Lerner, D.L.S., 5 Worcester Avenue, White River Junction,
Vermont 05001, U.S.A.*

Dear Sir,

An anecdote relating to W.H. Auden was recalled to my mind by the quotation from Auden's poem "In Memory of W.B. Yeats" [Time that with this strange excuse / Pardoned Kipling and his views . . .], mentioned by Andrew Sinclair in his article, "Kipling and Me", in the September 1995 issue of the *Kipling Journal*, at page 28.

I was always puzzled by that stanza in Auden's elegy, and I wondered specifically *whom* Time was pardoning – Kipling, Paul Claudel, or Yeats? When I chanced to meet Auden at a meeting of the Tolkien Society in New York some time during the latter half of the 1960s, I put the question to him.

He replied that he wasn't sure himself, and that he had in fact deleted that stanza from the definitive version of the poem. Sure enough, recent printings of "In Memory of W.B. Yeats" contain only five of the nine original stanzas in that second part.

When I reported this incident to the late John Myers Myers (the author of that wonderful romance *Silverlock*, and of course a Kipling fan himself) his comment was, "Auden's poem on Yeats has already shrunk from nine quatrains to five, sponsoring the optimism that if we hold our breaths a little longer, it will go away entirely."

Yours faithfully
FRED LERNER

[Those are very entertaining comments on what I (and obviously many others) had already noted as an oddity, namely that in Part III of Auden's poem, three key quatrains about the "pardoning" effect of Time, which appear in his *Collected Shorter Poems* (1950), are not in his *Collected Poems* (1976). The twelve lines in question, including the swipe at Kipling, are at page 31 of our September 1995 issue. – Ed.]

KIPLING'S EYESIGHT

*From The Revd John Sarkies [I.M.S., ret'd], M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.O.M.S.,
2 Westminster Terrace, Douglas IM1 4ED, Isle of Man*

Dear Sir,

I am writing with reference to the letter from Philip Mason (June 1995, pages 54-5) in which he invited comments on Kipling's eyesight as a factor in his personality.

It is very noticeable in all sketches of Kipling, that he is always shown wearing thick glasses; some of them are clear enough to see that they had concave lenses. This means he was very short-sighted or myopic.

That would account for his inability to play rough games, and his being called "blind as a bat". He would have been able to distinguish light from dark, but anything more than a very few inches from his nose must have been very blurred. In *Stalky & Co.*, when Beetle/Kipling was about fourteen, he refers frequently to his 'giglamps'.

I am sure his story "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" [collected in *Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories*] was autobiographical. When the friend of the Kiplings, in that story, saw him for the first time he immediately noticed this semi-blindness. In fact he had been myopic from birth. "Aunty Rosa", his sadistic 'minder', had never had his eyes tested, and he had no glasses at that time. He was removed from the home where he and his sister were boarded, and given glasses.

These he would have to have worn at all times; at school he was excused all rough games, as without them he could not see a ball, and they would certainly have got broken if he had tried to use them for games. His myopia can be established as having been from birth. This would not necessarily be noticed before he was sent to England: he probably didn't try to read at that time.

One of the characteristics of myopic people is that they tend to become introverted: they feel on the fringe of things. Their character is influenced by this handicap: they become introspective, and spend a great deal of time reading.

Another characteristic of myopes is that they are often very good scholars; this is something which is not hindered by well-fitting glasses. In later life their myopia decreases. Very moderate myopes can sometimes read better without glasses – or think they can – and take their glasses off to read. Some less affected myopes can at some stage of their lives discard their glasses altogether, though this didn't happen to Kipling.

Yours sincerely
JOHN SARKIES

THE PRICE OF TIME

From Sir George Engle, K.C.B., Q.C., 32 Wood Lane, Highgate, London N6 5UB

Dear Sir,

The fourth stanza of the 'Horatian' ode entitled "A Translation (Horace, Book V, Ode 3)", which follows the Stalky story "Regulus" in *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917), and which expresses lack of enthusiasm for science, reads:

Me, much incurious if the hour
 Present, or to be paid for, brings
 Me to Brundisium by the power
 Of wheels or wings;

Can anyone make sense of the words "or to be paid for"?

In Kipling's and Charles Graves's spoof *Fifth Book of Horace's Odes*, published in 1920 by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, this stanza of the corresponding Latin ode is translated (probably by Professor A.D. Godley):

incurioso non mediocriter,
 et nunc et horis damna trahentibus
 alaene me vectent an axes
 Brundisium...

of which a literal translation is: ". . . in no moderate degree indifferent, both now and at times that bring losses, whether wings or axles carry me to Brindisi. . ."

Speaking for myself, this gloss sheds no light. What contrast is intended between the present and times involving losses (and so "to be paid for")? And what connection is there between this and indifference to one's means of transport?

There is, of course, a meaningful contrast between a present (in the sense of a gift) and something that has to be paid for; but in the context of the stanza, "present" must be a temporal adjective. A textual critic might be tempted to amend "present" to "pleasant", producing a meaningful contrast; but this won't wash in face of Kipling's involvement in the reissue of the original text in 1920.

If anyone can solve this little puzzle, I would be most grateful.

Yours faithfully
 GEORGE ENGLE

[I await learned comment. At least three questions stem from Sir George's letter. (1) What was the philosophical significance to the Roman mind of time having to be "paid for"? (2) Incidentally, isn't it rather odd that whereas Kipling in 1917 specified an imaginary Ode 3 which his verses purported to translate, when the spoof *Fifth Book* was published in 1920 the concocted Latin equivalent of the same verses appeared as Ode 1? (3) What about the alternative rendering given in the Appendix to the *Fifth Book*? There the same stanza of the same Ode is translated quite differently, thus:

Me, moraturum nihil, imputandus
 vel dies praesens ad amoena rura
 Brundusi penna potiore fretum
 ducat, an orbe ...

- Ed.]

WHO WAS JOBSON?

From Mrs Nora Crook, 20 Defreville Avenue, Cambridge CB4 1HS

Dear Sir,

At page 47 in the September 1995 issue, Major Foster asks about the identity of Jobson in Kipling's "Jobson's Amen" – which is a wonderful poem, definitely among his best.

I see it as characteristic of Kipling not to have just one reason for fixing on a name. So here are two possible sources, which seem to me equally defensible. Both assume that the name is generic and representative, like Plugson in Carlyle's *Past and Present*. A real Jobson may well turn up but in the meantime there are other fruitful lines of enquiry.

(1) Jobson, as in *Hobson-Jobson*, the well known 'Glossary of Anglo-Indian Colloquial Words and Phrases' compiled by Yule and Burnell (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1968; first published in 1886). [The phrase 'Hobson-Jobson' is there attributed to "highly assimilated . . . Anglo-Indian *argot*... peculiar to the British soldier... with whom it probably originated . . . in fact an Anglo-Saxon version of the wailings of Mahommedans as they beat their breast in the procession of the *Moharram* – 'Ya Hasan! Ya Hosain!' "] Jobson is a hybrid being, both 'white man' and 'heathen' – with 'separate sides to his head'. He undercuts his own "Amen" with his "But...". His lips are English, but his soul is Indian.

(2) Job's son: the speaker listens to judgmental harangues with patience (more what Job was proverbial for than what he actually is in the Bible), but stubbornly refuses to agree, and is moved to protest. The

liberal distributor of blessings and cursings in the poem may be thought of as Jobson's wife – Job's wife being famous for telling her husband [in *Job*, 2,9] to 'Curse God and die.' Job seems to have been an important figure to Kipling from a very early age: see his poem "Job's Wife" [1880, collected in Andrew Rutherford's *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling* (Oxford, 1986, page 49), signed 'Nickson'; it begins, "Curse now thy God and die, for all is done."].

I think that Kipling's names ending in *son*, and those beginning in *Mac*, would be worth closer study. There is often some hint that the person concerned is the 'epigone' or type of some more primal or powerful archetype or mythic 'father'. It starts, I think, as early as his adolescent pose of being a devil, and his use of the pseudonym 'Nickson'.

Yours sincerely
NORA CROOK

[Major Foster's letter about Jobson's identity prompted several other responses (though two of them came too late for mention in this issue). For instance:

(a) **Mr John McGivering**, of Brighton, (prefacing his letter with the deprecatory comment that "every other crank in the Society will be writing to you with a candidate for Jobson, so here is mine . . ."), suggests the historical traveller and writer Richard Jobson, who according to the *Dictionary of National Biography* is best known for an exploratory journey to the Gambia in 1620-1. However, he readily concedes that evidence for Asian travels by this Jobson is lacking.

(b) **Mrs Josephine Leeper**, of Esher, who like Mr McGivering recognises that her theory is wholly speculative, but who rightly notes that "Kipling was like a magpie in the way he picked up odd names and bits of information", suggests that he may have derived the unusual name from a character in Coffey's farce, *The Devil to Pay* – a play in which, according to Claire Tomalin's *Mrs Jordan's Profession* (which cites William Oxberry's *Dramatic Biography and Histrionic Anecdotes*, 1835, volume I), 'Jobson' and 'Nell' – the latter played by the famous actress and royal mistress, Dorothea Jordan – shared in a noteworthy scene.

(c) On a different subject, and much solidier ground, **Mr M. Jones**, writing from Brown's Hotel, had noted the potentially awkward rhythm of Kipling's line,

"But Himalaya heavenward-heading, sheer and vast, sheer and vast,"

and wondered whether Kipling, like most of us, pronounced Himalaya with the stress on the syllable *lay* (which would encumber the rhythm of this line), or whether he put the stress, as purists do, on the *ma*. He found the answer in volume IX (*A Diversity of Creatures*) of the posthumous Burwash Edition of Kipling (the U.S. equivalent of the Sussex Edition), where "Jobson's Amen" accompanies the story "In the Presence". In this intently definitive version, Himalaya is deliberately re-spelt, and specifically accented, *Himàlya*. — Ed.]

"IF –" AND NATIONAL POETRY DAY

From Mr Tim Connell, 32 Southwood Gardens, Hinckley Wood, Esher, Surrey KT10 ODE

Dear Sir,

In case you have not seen it, I enclose a cutting from the *Independent* of 13 October, about Kipling's "If—" being voted favourite poem of the year in a poll for National Poetry Day. But what a wonderful collection of winners (the next seven after "If—" were poems by Tennyson, de la Mare, Stevie Smith, Wordsworth, Keats, Yeats and Wilfred Owen): not a populist or scribbler of verses among them.

Personally I have no doubt as to Kipling's power as a poet, even though some of his poetry – like the poems written as an 'envoi' after the stories in for example *Rewards and Fairies*, *Debits and Credits* and *Many Inventions* – smacks of the sixpence-per-line that dogs Byron's lesser writings. But I have always felt that Kipling has never been celebrated as the poet laureate of the working man: how curious that the Russians never spotted that!

Yours sincerely

TIM CONNELL

[The item from the *Independent* included a commentary ("British Voters Keep Their Heads") by that paper's Arts Reporter, Marianne Macdonald, who said that about 1000 poems, written by about 200 poets, had received votes – from some 7500 telephone-voters; and that "If—" had had more than twice as much support as its nearest rival. Its victory, she thought, had been a relief to the BBC TV staff who had commissioned the leading Shakespearean actor Sir Ian McKellen to recite the winning poem, and who would have been sorry if something frivolous or facetious had headed the poll.

One of the oddities of the vote, she said, was that Shakespeare had failed to gain a high place, though his Sonnet 18 ["Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day? / Thou art more lovely and more temperate . . ."] had been backed at two to one to win, by a leading firm of bookmakers. Actually none of the poems chosen by the bookmakers – e.g. Blake's "Tiger", Donne's "Holy Sonnet", E.B. Browning's "Sonnet from the Portuguese" – had even made the top ten.

Mr Connell later sent us another cutting, a trenchant piece by Geoffrey Wheatcroft in the *Daily Mail* of 14 October, which deserves to be quoted more fully than we have space for. Headed "What this politically incorrect poem tells us about today's age", it deals with the decline of popular poetry; and here (with due acknowledgment) is some of what it says about the recent poll for Britain's most popular poem.

Wheatcroft starts by being much more cynical than Marianne Macdonald about the BBC and its allegedly radical/highbrow tendencies. "How they must have groaned and

grimaced down at the BBC," he exclaims. They must have hoped for "anything but 'If-'. But 'If-' it was ..."; something "widely regarded" as "stiff-upper-lipped" and "patriotic" and "the sort of poem Lady Thatcher might admire – indeed, as she disclosed ... in this paper yesterday, she does."

In fact, continues Wheatcroft, it was an excellent choice, a great poem, and Kipling was "a wonderful writer, immensely subtle, sometimes mysterious". The poem in question had not achieved its worldwide popularity by trite expressions of banalities; its theme was, if anything, "rather unpopular nowadays, in the age of counselling and the 'culture of complaint' "; its message was "that you should master yourself, not give in, not feel sorry for yourself in adversity." What elevated "If –" into a great piece of writing was that in it Kipling expressed important and timeless truths with "poetic genius ... a uniquely memorable gift for language".

Wheatcroft suspects that "to his detractors, Kipling's real sin" is that "he is so readable [and] easily memorable." The vote for "If –" was essentially a protest by "middle-class, middle-brow Middle England", asking "Where has poetry gone which we can read and love and understand?" A good question, in Wheatcroft's view. For why is it that the production of "genuinely popular, memorable poetry" has been displaced by "esoteric" work, treating "minority concerns" and "composed with almost wilful obscurity"? To ask such a question in "arty circles" is to be "damned as a philistine"; but this does not alter the fact that "for most of history, great art was also popular art" – of which Wheatcroft goes on to cite numerous persuasive examples.

His examples range from literature to music and painting, but "it is the plight of literature which is the saddest for us, since English literature is our greatest gift to the world, and lyric poetry in particular." He feels that no one now writes "poetry which can be caught and held in the mind"; and notes that apart from one by Stevie Smith [1902-1971] no item in the first ten had been written in the last seventy years, "because nothing written later, frankly, does anything for us." Finally, Wheatcroft is "glad that Kipling won, but sad that he had no competition from today".

The vote for "If-" is also discussed in the Editorial of this issue. – *Ed.*

IN ERROR

From Mr K.M.L. Frazer, 3 Roseacres, Sawbridgeworth, Hertfordshire

Dear Sir,

The dust-wrapper of Selina Hastings's 1994 biography of Evelyn Waugh, which I have just borrowed from the library, states that she "has uncovered a wealth of new material".

As early as page 6, I was amazed by her revelation that "Unfortunately

Balestier, married by then to Kipling's sister, died suddenly of typhoid at the end of 1891."

Instead of going on to plunder more of her wealth of new material, I thought that the Kipling Society should be told of this novel discovery.

Incidentally, I have always wondered where Marghanita Laski got her information that Henry James was Kipling's best man, as recorded in *From Palm to Pine: Rudyard Kipling Abroad and At Home* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 1987) at page 96. Perhaps they shared the same sources.

Yours faithfully
K.M.L. FRAZER

A RECORD RAILROAD RIDE

From Mr Henry S. Streeter, c/o Ropes & Gray, One International Place, Boston, Massachusetts 02110-2624, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

With the centennial of *Captains Courageous* [published serially in magazines, 1896-7] near to hand, I recalled Danny Karlin's article "*Captains Courageous* and American Empire", in the September 1989 *Journal*. It almost inspired me to write a note then, and at long last I have done so.

This concerns the source of Kipling's description of Cheyne's record ride from California east to Massachusetts. The ride that Kipling wove into his narrative, however, was not to meet a son returned from the dead, but to say goodbye to a dying father.

Benjamin Pierce Cheney (1815-95) was a railroad, express and banking magnate, and the largest individual stockholder in the Atcheson, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad, one of the Chicago-to-the-Coast transcontinental lines. He was born in Hillsborough, New Hampshire, and at the time under discussion had a summer estate in Peterborough, New Hampshire – both towns on the opposite side of Monadnock from Kipling's Vermont home.

Cheney's oldest son and heir, Benjamin Pierce Cheney, Jr, was in California when his father became seriously ill; and his ride home was as Cheyne's ride is described in chapter IX of *Captains Courageous*. The record set did not last long, but received considerable publicity at the time. The timing is right for this ride to be the inspiration of Kipling's account.

How did Kipling learn of it? The legend is that as a guest at 'East Hill', the home in Peterborough of Cheney's younger son, Charles Paine

Cheney, he was told it by Charles's wife. (There remains in 'East Hill' to this day the 'Kipling Room', where he stayed on his visit.) However, Kipling may have heard it elsewhere, as Benjamin Pierce Cheney was well known in that part of New England. What I have reported is the version my grandmother, then Mrs Charles P. Cheney, told me years ago.

The similarity of the names, Cheney and Cheyne, is interesting. I have been told by other Kipling scholars that on various occasions he used slightly altered names of real persons in his works.

Sincerely

HENRY S. STREETER

"MANDALAY" HAMMED, AND YET ...

From Mr J. Jones, 6 Rectory Road, Old Swinford, Stourbridge, West Midlands DY8 2HA

Dear Editor,

To add to the spate of letters earlier this year about "Mandalay", with particular reference to Mr T.J. Connell's, headed " 'Mandalay' Hammed", in the March 1995 number, at page 62.

May I persuade Mr Connell that the 'guying' of the song by Ken Dodd (perhaps he has not seen something similar performed by Spike Milligan) in no way denigrates the work?

I have enjoyed both versions, and have mentioned them in a paper I have given, making a broad literary and historical appreciation of the poem. I have equated the parody with another familiar one – that in which some comic takes up a skull, and soliloquises with Hamlet, "Alas ! poor Yorick." Shakespeare needs no champion. It is set-piece humour. If the wit is there, the audience places it immediately in its context, and settles back to enjoy it. No harm is done.

We reserve the right to parody the things we hold dear: there is always time and occasion not to take ourselves too seriously. Such may be one of the more pleasing characteristics of the English – a sophistication which others at times have difficulty fully understanding. Long may it continue: while it remains there is hope for us yet.

Yours sincerely

JOS. JONES

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

"TURKEY'S LAW"

From Mr M.S. Allcock, Travellers Club, 106 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5EP

Mr Allcock has sent us a cutting from page 47 of the *Spectator* of 12 August 1995: an article by Simon Barnes commenting on the recent retirement from ice-dancing of the world-famous duo, Torvill and Dean. It draws heavily and amusingly on Kipling.

Simon Barnes begins by expressing doubts about ice-dancing – hardly a sport, hardly an art, and its discipline is "one of the world's strangest vehicles for excellence". To the question whether art can be conjured out of such ingredients, Barnes claims that

Ruskin would say yes – at least, according to M'Turk in that gloriously subversive work, *Stalky & Co.* As the trio from Study Five considered the hellish success of their home-made idol, Turkey explained: "Dead easy! If you do anything with your whole heart, Ruskin says, you always pull off something dam'-fine."

Following this principle, which he calls "Turkey's Law", Barnes asserts that Torvill and Dean transmuted the dross of ice-dancing into refined gold, a feat of alchemy paralleled perhaps by the similar virtuosity of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in the past.

Barnes admits that ice-dancing at the high competitive level is, if not spoilt,

haunted by what *Stalky & Co.*'s most persistent opponent, Mr King, calls "lust for mere marks", also, as Turkey quotes, "crass an' materialised brutality of the middle classes – readin' solely for marks".

However, to the question whether the career of Torvill and Dean was, objectively speaking, 'worth it', Barnes quotes *Stalky* himself, in resounding terms: "*Heap-plenty-bong-assez*"

[Simon Barnes, a sports writer of distinction, has called Kipling in aid before: I recall an article in *The Times*, in which he said that he had learnt all he knew that was of value about polo from "The Maltese Cat" [*The Day's Work*].

In this *Spectator* article, when he refers to *Stalky & Co.* he means not the original book

of 1899 but *The Complete Stalky & Co.* (1929). The quotation about Ruskin comes from a late story, "The United Idolaters" which was collected first in *Debits and Credits* (1926). As for the "home-made idol" which had such a "hellish success", that was Tar Baby (inspired by Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus*), a repulsive apparition created by the combined ingenuity of Study Five. Beetle, with a touch of awe, described it as "pretty average indecent"; Stalky as "the filthiest thing I've ever seen in my life"; but M'Turk was firm: "Tar Baby's Art." – *Ed.*

DEUX SORTES D'HOMMES

From Mr R. Samuelson, Dell Cottage, 43 Victoria Road, Fleet, Hants GUI3 8DW

Mr Samuelson writes on behalf of a nephew who teaches English on a French-speaking island in the South Pacific. The nephew is translating into English a French book which includes what seems to be a quotation from Kipling, but in French. It reads:

"Tout bien considéré, il n'y a que deux sortes d'hommes dans ce monde: ceux qui restent chez eux et les autres." (R. Kipling)

This may be translated as: "All things considered, there are only two kinds of men in this world – those who stay at home, and the rest." What Mr Samuelson and his nephew would like to know is, what and where is the original English?

KIPLING AND THE HISTORIANS

From Dr B.J. Moore-Gilbert, 37 Dorothy Road, London SW11 2JJ

Dr Moore-Gilbert was a speaker at the Anglo-American Conference of Historians, which was held in London in June 1995 and reported by Mrs Lisa Lewis in our September number, pages 43-45. However, Mrs Lewis missed his presentation, so could not describe it.

Dr Moore-Gilbert has since been in touch with us – in fact, has joined the Society – and has kindly provided the transcript of his presentation at the conference. It contains some highly interesting comments on the implications of Kipling's story, "Beyond the Pale" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*]. We shall be publishing it in our next issue. – *Ed.*

GENERAL MENEZES AND THE BALLADS

*From Mr John Whitehead, The Coach House, Munslow, near Craven Arms,
Shropshire SY7 9ET*

Mr Whitehead is the editor of the new edition of Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*, reviewed in our March 1995 issue, pages 9-10. He has now sent us a copy of a review of the same book, in the Autumn 1995 issue of *Chowkidar* (the newsletter of the British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia). That review had been written by the Indian General Menezes (whose own excellent history of the Indian Army was reviewed in our September 1995 issue, pages 39-42).

General Menezes had welcomed Whitehead's "truly splendid edition – an inspired publication, revivifying the potent magic of these Ballads". However, in Menezes's incidental view it was a pity "that Kipling did not portray Indian troops as well, in some of his memorable ballads" – though admittedly the *bhisti* in "Gunga Din" had been "based on a real *bhisti* called Jurna, who was with The Guides on the Delhi Ridge in 1857".

DISNEY'S JUNGLE BOOK

From Mr Alan Wolfe, 11005 Picasso Lane, Potomac, Maryland MD 20854-1713, U.S.A.

Mr Wolfe, who I hope will soon be writing a piece for us about Kipling on film, has in the meanwhile written a letter in which he mentions Walt Disney's new version of *The Jungle Book*. "Bad as you and I might find it," he says, "I have this summer watched two sets of grandchildren – two boys and three girls – absolutely enthralled by it. Billed as 'Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book*', it is a travesty; but less specifically titled, it can be seen as a rousing and entertaining adventure-film, aimed at a current audience with different tastes than ours."

THE LATE MR RONALD KING

From Mr David King, 14 Michaelson Road, Kendal, Cumbria LA9 5JQ

We have heard the sad news from Mr Ronald King's son, David, that his father has recently died, in his 91st year; the Society's sympathy has been conveyed to the family. Mr Ronald King, as an enthusiastic and

knowledgeable veteran volunteer guide at Bateman's, made very many friends, and was the subject of a warm tribute from a Danish member in our issue of September 1994 (page 51). His own lively verses on Bateman's were published in our March 1995 issue (page 59).

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed in late November 1995:

Mrs E.S. Anderson (*Sussex*); Mrs L.M. Anderson (*Sussex*); Dr I.E. Asmon (*Budapest, Hungary*); Mr J.W.F. Benton (*Surrey*); Mrs G. Brooks Herrington (*Sussex*); Mr T.L. Chandler (*San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.*); Mr J.J. Claringbull (*London*); Mr C.D. Guerin (*Rondebosch, South Africa*); Mr J.A. Hancock, O.B.E. (*Hampshire*); Mr R.J. Hardy Smith, O.B.E. (*Sussex*); Mr H.S.G. Mather (*London*); Dr B.J. Moore-Gilbert (*London*); Dr S.A. Nusseibeh (*London*); Mr M.P. Walters (*Hertfordshire*); Mrs Pamela Wood (*Forest Lodge, New South Wales, Australia*).

THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

The Society's Research Library contains some 1300 items – books by Kipling, books and articles relating to his life and works, collections of press cuttings, photographs, relevant memorabilia, and a complete run of the *Kipling Journal*. It is located at City University, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB, where, by kind permission, it is housed in the Special Collections Room of the University Library on the 7th floor. Members of the University's Graduate Centre for Journalism are allowed access to it.

So, of course, are members of the Kipling Society, if they obtain a Reader's Ticket from the Honorary Librarian, Mrs Trixie Schreiber, at 16 High Green, Norwich NR1 4AP [tel. 01603 701630, or (at her London address) 0171 708 0647], who is glad to answer enquiries about the Library by post or telephone. If Mrs Schreiber is away, enquiries should be channelled through the Society's Secretary – see page 4 for the address and telephone number.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's*, wealth of data, soon to be re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces often have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to **The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.**

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Moreover, being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a descriptive note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit making literary organisation, run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity (No. 278885) in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is also an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. **Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, P.O. Box 68, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2YR, England** (or, for those living in North America, to the address at the foot of page 4).

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: some members very helpfully contribute more.

