N.º 1 junio 2016

POÉTICAS

Revista de Estudios Literarios

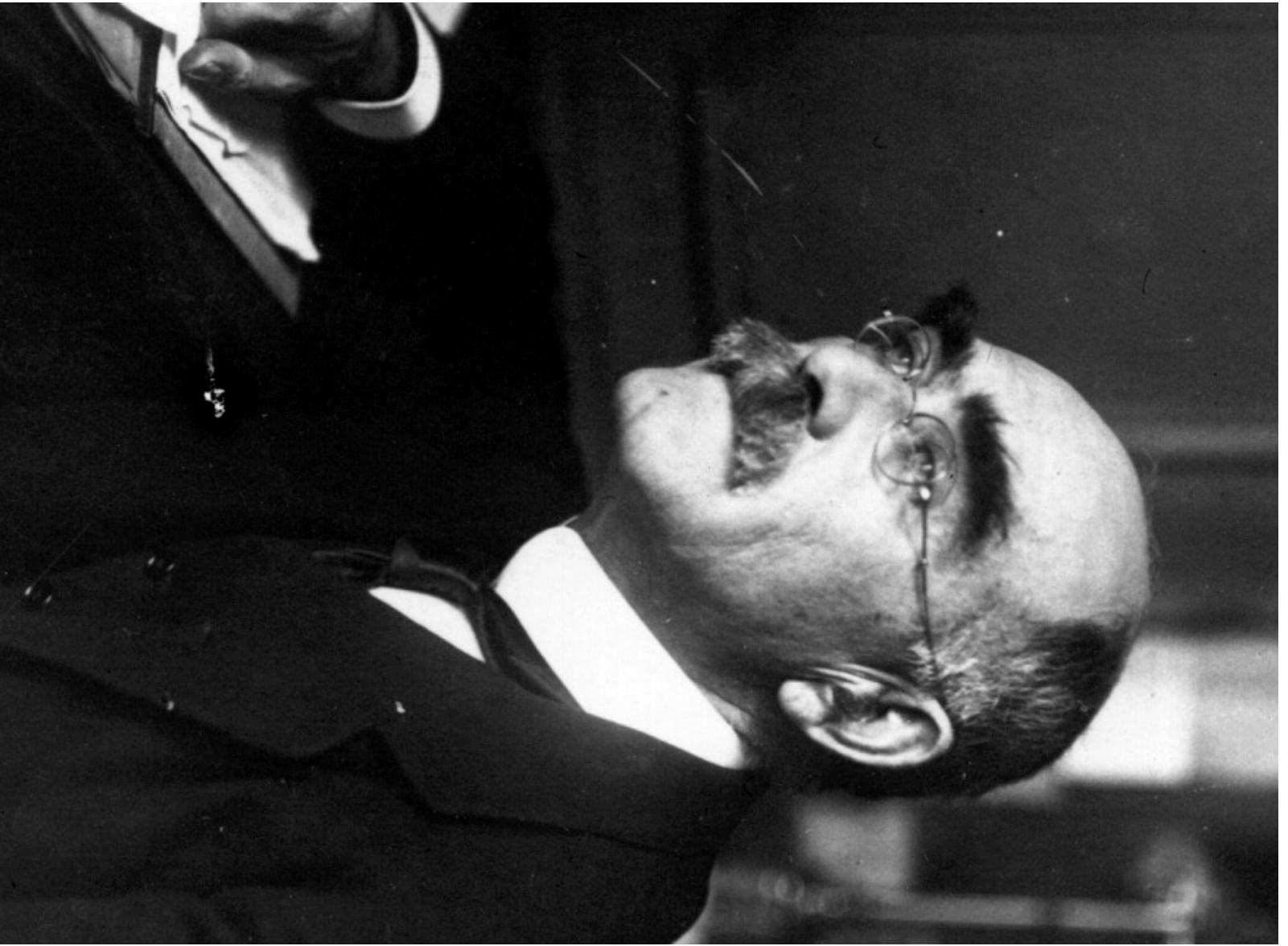
POÉTICAS

Revista de Estudios Literarios

ÍNDICE

Págs.

Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936



VICTORIAN KIPLING: PROBLEMS OF BIOGRAPHY

—

KIPLING VICTORIANO: PROBLEMAS DE UNA BIOGRAFÍA

—

John Batchelor

Oxford University

ABSTRACT

KEYWORDS { Rudyard Kipling, english poetry, Victorian Literature, Kim }

Kipling is an enigma, a writer who moved with such speed and such instant responsiveness to immediate circumstance that a central identity, or core, for this figure remains elusive. All biographies of Kipling struggle with his multiple identities. Born in India, the son of an art teacher descended from Yorkshire Methodists, he also had close links to the Pre-Raphaelites (through his uncle Edward Burne-Jones). He was feted in literary London (from 1890) for short stories and demotic verse which were seen as daring, masculine, fresh and exotic. His celebration of Victoria's empire made him an unofficial laureate, the most widely read Victorian poet to follow Tennyson's death in 1892.

The abruptness of his decisions and transitions (sudden marriage, precipitous retreat from his home in Vermont, irrational quarrels and violent outbursts with political opponents) argue an unstable temperament. His well-documented bullying at the hands of a guardian between the ages of 5 and 11 had probably destabilized him for life. This essay explores how a quest for self-knowledge and a chameleon evasiveness characterize much of his personal history and proposes that *Kim* is both the greatest full-length achievement of his career and the work in which his personal conflicts appear temporarily resolved.

Fecha de recepción: 3/3/2016 Fecha de aceptación: 22/4/2016

RESUMEN

PALABRAS CLAVE { Rudyard Kipling, poesía inglesa, Literatura victoriana, Kim }

Kipling es un enigma, un escritor que se movió con tal velocidad y tal capacidad de respuesta a las circunstancias inmediatas, que la idea de una identidad central o nuclear para esta figura permanece esquiva. Todas las biografías de Kipling batallan con sus múltiples identidades. Nacido en la India, hijo de un profesor de Arte y descendiente de los Metodistas de Yorkshire tenía también estrechos vínculos con los Prerafaelistas (a través de su tío Edward Burne-Jones). Kipling fue festejado en el Londres literario (a partir de 1890), a propósito de sus cuentos y versos demóticos, considerados arriesgados, masculinos, frescos y exóticos. Su celebración del imperio de Victoria lo convirtió en el poeta laureado no oficial; el poeta victoriano más leído luego de la muerte de Tennyson en 1892.

Lo abrupto de sus decisiones y transiciones (el matrimonio repentino, el precipitado retiro de su casa en Vermont, la peleas irracionales y explosiones violentas con sus adversarios políticos) sustentan que se trataba de un temperamento inestable. El hecho comprobado de haber sufrido abuso infantil a manos de un tutor entre los 5 y los once años probablemente lo desestabilizó de por vida. Este ensayo explora cómo la búsqueda del autoconocimiento, así como la evasión camaleónica caracterizan mucho de su historia personal. Sostiene además que su libro *Kim* es, a un mismo tiempo, el más grande logro entre los textos de largo aliento de su carrera, y aquel en el cual los conflictos personales aparecen temporalmente resueltos.

> *An admiration for Kipling should by now require no apology; [there is] no longer any need to claim you like only Kim and the children's stories. Indeed, the last thirty years have seen a marked resurgence of interest in him and his work. […] Kipling's literary reputation it seems is starting to conform to an almost archetypal pattern: early fame; subsequent neglect; gradual rehabilitation (Ricketts,* IX)

Ricketts refers here interestingly to the 'lost' Kipling, 'the Kipling who wrote with great originality and insight about literature, about the sources of inspiration, about the nature of his own art.' 'Proofs of Holy Writ', published in *The Strand Magazine* in April 1934 and reproduced as the final in *Ricketts' Kipling's Lost World* (1989)

brings out vividly Kipling's interest in what he called the *daemon,* the source or drive in a writer which gives him his individual voice. Shakespeare has been invited to help the translators into English of the King James Bible and the story turns on the notion that Isaiah, 60, verses 1-3 and 19-20, are Shakespeare's text. In argument with Ben Jonson over this translation Kipling is at pains to bring out the difference between the educated man, the learned university playwright, and the working actor-manager who writes his plays quickly and follows his *daemon* to create immortal poetry without bothering with knowledge of the rhetorical figures and metrical rules that he uses with innate virtuosity: 'Ben was regarding him with a scholar's cold pity. […] 'Will, has thou *ever* troubled to master *any* shape or sort of prosody – the mere names of the measures and pulses of strung words?' (125).

Kipling then convincingly gives the action of Shakespeare's mind as possessed by a rapid, convulsively punctuated monologue in which he engages in a double rhythmic action, beating out the final state of the text and simultaneously thumping Ben Jonson on the shoulder in triumph. This myth of Shakespeare as a man of action who did not need to work at his craft plays into a role that Kipling liked to create for himself. In reality Kipling's art was as intensively worked as that of Conrad or Henry James, but he liked to present himself as a man of action speaking to other men of action: district officers, soldiers, construction engineers and so forth.

His father, John Lockwood Kipling, was a gifted and enlightened artist and teacher. His work was wholly in line with the Victorian social conscience as expressed by Ruskin, William Morris and the Arts and Crafts movement. The purpose of his post in Bombay was "to foster the decaying arts and crafts of India." He looked like William Morris, he was short and heavily bearded, and he was democratic in outlook, hands-on, genial, sociable, hard-working and always willing to learn. He was well-liked and his talents were recognized. He went out to India in 1864 to work in the School of Art in Bombay. Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay the following year, 1865. Both Kipling's parents came from Methodist backgrounds; both his grandparents were Methodist ministers. John Lockwood Kipling, was an artist and

sculptor from a Yorkshire Methodist family while his mother, Alice MacDonald, was from a large family, originally Scottish, but settled in the 19th century in Birmingham and the West Midlands.

In 1875 John Lockwood Kipling was appointed Principal of a well-funded new college, the New Mayo School of Art in Lahore, and Curator of the Museum in Lahore (outside which stood an 18th century cannon, known as Zam Zammah, a major feature of the setting for the start of *Kim*). In Anglo-Indian society the Kiplings were far from grand. Senior soldiers and administrators set the style in the white man's club. John Lockwood Kipling, came low in the social scale as an art teacher and (later) curator of a museum. As the son of this family the young Rudyard Kipling was socially unplaced in India: he had not been to one of the major public schools, nor to a university. Looking for cheap education, his father had sent him to the newly established United Services College (Devon, setting and source for *Stalky and Co*).

Kipling's patriotic militarism and his imperialism have stirred such strong feelings in some of his readers to the extent that the focus of some commentary has been not on his talent but on his supposed offensiveness (offensiveness about, for example, Educated Indians, Dutch South Africans, Jews, Germans, Americans and literary London in the 1890s). There is a challenge here, which is both to recognize the offensiveness and to acknowledge that we are dealing with a major writer. He won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907 when he was 42, he commanded a mass audience, and his currency among readers lasted long after his critical reputation had gone into decline.

Some of his writing presents an easy target:

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

On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget – lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law –
Lord God of Hosts , be with us yet,
Lest we forget – lest we forget! (*The Five Nations* 201)

In this famous poem, 'Recessional', the line about 'The lesser breeds' has provoked a storm of comment. The stock defence for it is that Kipling was not referring to people of other races, but rather to the powers whose imperial ambitions were now competing with Britain's own: thus especially, the Germans. Nevertheless, the line feels horrible. 'Gunga Din' presents a similar difficulty. This is a poem about a real person, an Indian water-carrier called Juma who served a British regiment during the siege of Delhi in July 1857 (the violent uprising experienced by the English as 'The Indian Mutiny'). He sacrifices his own life in the act of bringing water to a wounded English soldier. The soldier's words for his heroism are:

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
(*Departmental Ditties* 163)

Danny Karlin says of these lines that the working-class soldier is giving the 'finest tribute the speaker can imagine', using 'white' in the sense of 'courageous, honourable, manly, upright.'

'We have every reason to the think that Kipling endorses the speaker's racial pride; yet he also takes pride in the same speaker's

undermining of his own prejudice, so that 'white' becomes truly and simply a metaphor' (Karlin, 672). So it may, but there is still a difficulty with the choice of those particular words.

Kipling spent the first 5 years of life in India. There he was a little prince, loved by the servants, speaking their language. He and his little sister, Alice ('Trix'), thought in Hindi. When taken in to see their parents they were reminded to 'speak English to mama and papa'. But as most British in India did, Kipling's parents thought it essential that their children should have an English upbringing and education. So from the enchanted world of India he was transplanted, without explanation, to a harsh, bullying, lower-middle class English household in Southsea, near Portsmouth. The children were left with a Mrs Sarah Holloway and her husband, Pryse Agar Holloway. At first it was not too bad because Mrs Holloway's elderly husband was kind to the little boy, but after the children's second year in the house the old man died. Thereafter Kipling was systematically bullied. He wrote in *Something of Myself* (1937) that the Southsea experience 'drained me of any capacity for real, personal hate' but a quotation from "Baa, Baa Black Sheep," based on the same experience, gives the lie to that: 'when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge.' And the story's most stark expression of how the child Kipling felt when his parents left him in Southsea is simple. A mature man's despair at being abandoned "is generally supposed to be impressive."

A child, in similar circumstances: "cannot very well curse God and die. It howls till its nose is red, its eyes are sore, and its head aches." Kipling himself saw the "House of Desolation" in Southsea as equipping him for the role of writer as investigator, spy and secret agent: it had "demanded constant wariness, the habit of observation, and attendance on moods and tempers; the noting of discrepancies between speech and action; a certain reserve of demeanour; and automatic suspicion of sudden favours" (16).

After five years of Southsea, Kipling's parents had him back in England for a summer holiday and then sent him to the United

Services College, Westward Ho, where he again developed a mask. He became friendly with an Irish boy, George Beresford, and with Lionel Dunsterville; the adult Dunsterville would become a major general with the British army. The beginnings of *Stalky & Co* were established in 1880 when these boys shared a study. Beresford became 'McTurk' in the stories, and Dunsterville became 'Stalky'. 'Stalky' was an adjective, it was the quality of a scout, or a 'stalker', who can reconnoiter without leaving trace of his movements.

Kipling had a chameleon desire to fit in with the values of these boys. He was in fact culturally well-connected: one of his aunts was married to Edward Poynter, R.A., and another to the celebrated painter (and friend of William Morris) Edward Burne-Jones. It was consistent with his two-sidedness that he never mentioned these grand connections to his schoolfriends. He stood out from the other boys, though, as precociously literary and cultivated. The English teacher at the school threw a volume of Browning at him and told him to read 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' because Kipling himself was like 'Gigadibs, the literary man'. This plus Kipling's short sight (he had to wear spectacles from an early age) gave him the nickname of Giggers, and in the 'Stalky' stories he became Beetle. He was published while still a schoolboy: back in India his parents published *Schoolboy Lyrics* (without his authority) when he was sixteen. Very shortly after this the precocity continued into Kipling's first job: he was out in Lahore as acting editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* shortly before his 17th birthday.

An important aspect of the story of the growth of Kipling is also an important aspect of the narratives that he wrote, and the way in which those narratives grew into each other. The stories are often the stories of 'lost' children who develop without normal parental guidance. In the *Jungle Books* (1894 and 1895) the orphaned Mowgli learns manhood from the talking animals who are his foster parents; in *Captains Courageous* (1897), where the cast of characters is American and almost exclusively male, an accident at sea separates the boy Harvey Cheyne from his rich American parents and he grows to manhood by working with rough New England fishermen; the orphaned Irish boy in *Kim* (1901) learns

manhood from male mentors of three nationalities, Mahmoud Ali, Creighton and, most centrally, his Buddhist Tibetan Lama.

The stories of Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd (the bedrock of *Soldiers Three,* 1896) explored imaginatively the nature of manhood. He penetrates the emotional level of his soldiers' friendships in "The Madness of Private Ortheris". Ortheris is wildly homesick for London and wants to desert the army. Mulvaney persuades the narrator (Kipling taking notes, lightly disguised) to change clothes with Ortheris and then leave him alone and lost in a wild place wearing the wrong clothes. Loneliness and fear kick in, and Ortheris "complained that he was in civilian kit, and wanted to tear my clothes off his body". To be back in his own uniform brings him back to himself and he accepts the rebukes of his devoted friend Mulvaney; then he takes off his belt and hands it Mulvaney, inviting him to beat him as punishment. The narrator turns his back on the scene: "I left, and on my way home thought a good deal over Ortheris in particular, and my friend Private Thomas Atkins whom I love, in general" (54). The prose Kipling who wrote *Soldiers Three* and subsequently the school stories, *Stalky & Co*, was writing effectively in dialect; specialist diction for closed (male) communities. Other writers like to make their art show. In the case of Kipling, serious artist that he was, the 'art' aspect of his writing was worked on until it became inaudible and invisible.

The soldier stories that began to appear in 1888 are part of the prelude to Kipling's sudden explosion in fame and London a couple of years later. His breakthrough came on 25 March 1890 *The Times* gave a whole leading article to Kipling and his work. Also W. E. Henley, the one legged editor of the *Scots Observer,* took him up in this year, and published the vernacular ballad 'Danny Deever'[1]. This prompted the David Masson, Regius Professor of literature at Edinburgh University, to dance round his lecture theatre brandishing the publication shouting 'Here is literature! Literature at last!'.

1. First published in the first number of W.E. Henley's weekly Scots Observer (later to become the National Observer) on 22 February 1890 followed by publication in the Allahabad The Week's News and the New York Tribune, 23 March 1890.

In this ballad Danny himself is the only figure given a name. 'Files-on-Parade' is a collective personality (the assembled soldiers) and the Colour-Sergeant is what his rank describes. The stark pattern created by the ballad form and the military titles is subverted and ruptured by the emotions seething among the young men forced to witness Danny's punishment:

> "What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.
> "To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.
> "What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.
> "I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.
> For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,
> The Regiment's in 'ollow square – they're hangin' 'im today;
> They've taken of 'is buttons off an' cut 'is stripes away,
> An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the morning.

The ballad forces the reader's attention to the reality of death by hanging and then startlingly follows this with a supernatural event. There is no shift of tone or metre, just another plain answer to the final question asked by 'Files-on-Parade':

> "What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.
> "It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.
> "What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.
> "It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.
> For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quick-step play,
> The Regiment's in column, and they're marchin' us away;
> Ho! The young recruits are shakin', and they'll want their beer today,
> After hangin' Danny Deever in the morning'![2]
> (*Departmental Ditties* 174)

2. First published in the first number of W.E. Henley's weekly Scots Observer (later to become the National Observer) on 22 February 1890 followed by publication in the Allahabad The Week's News and the New York Tribune, 23 March 1890.

Henley was an important force in Kipling's work, 'a Tory of the new Imperialist school' who embraced Kipling's writing enthusiastically. It was the *Scots Observer* that first published 'Tommy', 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy', 'Loot', 'The Widow at Windsor', 'Gunga Din' and 'Mandalay'.

The young Kipling's emotional life was turbulent; his emotional maturity did not keep pace with his formidable talent. From his adolescence he cherished a relationship with a young artist, Flo Garrard. Flo's real preference was for other women, but she and Kipling were fond of each other, and it is fair to say that both parties were mightily confused about their feelings in this relationship. Kipling and Flo appear as Heldar and Maisie in his first full length novel, *The Light that Failed* (1891) where the central figure is a gifted artist who is blinded and finally deliberately seeks death in armed conflict. Maisie in this text is so clearly in bondage to her female companion (the 'red-haired girl') that Heldar's supposed sexual attraction to her is completely implausible, and the novel was a flop: contemporary reviews were disappointed by its 'weaknesses of taste, of construction and of style'./ The full book state of this text is 15 chapters. It was first published in only 12 chapters, with a 'happy' ending, as the first and longest item (but only 93 pages long) in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for January 1891 ('price 1 shilling'), proudly heralded on the paper cover as *The Light that Failed: A Complete Novel by Rudyard Kipling.*

A frontispiece of Kipling, looking much older and more benevolent than he looked in photographs of that date, reminds us that the young Kipling was newly famous at this date and indeed seemed to be carrying the whole of the literary world before him. The novel starts with a direct recall of the Mrs Holloway and Kipling's misery at Southsea. In the first chapter 'Dick Heldar', boarded out with an unsympathetic stranger as Kipling had been, recorded the experience of 'Mrs Jennett' as a guardian: ' where he had looked for love, she gave him first aversion and then hate'. Because of the particular kind of religious indoctrination with which she justified the beatings that she delivered, Dick 'learned to loathe his God as earnestly as he loathed Mrs Jennett'. A much

smaller child, Maisie, comes as another boarder in the house, and the two children have an adventure on the beach – a very dangerous one – with a cheap pistol loaded with live ammunition. The little girl accidently fires it and almost kills Dick (a prolepsis of the later injury which will blind him).

The adult Dick, blinded, despairs and wants to die. This Dick seems younger, more vulnerable and more continuous with the bullied child of the first chapter than the Dick of the longer text: Torpenhow hears him weeping over his blindness, an 'intolerable wailing' in the night and cries of despair over his lost vocation as an officer: 'Oh, my men! My beautiful men!' This is the story's real love relationship. 'Torpenhow's arms were round him, and Torpenhow's chin was on his shoulder.' Torpenhow 'kissed him lightly on the forehead, as men do sometimes kiss a wounded comrade in the hour of death to ease his departure' (301). The relationship is then denied by the conclusion of the novel, which gives a wholly factitious and tacked-on reconciliation between Dick and Maisie.

Another prose work was connected with Kipling's relationship with the American, Carrie Balestier, who became his wife. During a long visit to the USA Kipling was introduced to the Balestiers by Henry James, and he was dazzled by Carrie's younger brother, Wolcott. Wolcott was a literary agent and an ambitious young writer; Kipling agreed to collaborate with him in the joint writing of a novel. This was wholly out of character; he was normally an exact and fastidious stylist, intent on complete control over his own work. The collaboration (on a novel eventually published as *The Naulahka*), was interrupted by a breakdown in Kipling's health in 1891. He took a long sea voyage (as far as New Zealand) where he toured the North Island, finishing at Auckland which he thought the best of all his experiences on this voyage: last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart'. During his return voyage he visited old haunts and old friends in India and there received a telegram from Carrie to say that Wolcott had died of typhoid. Carrie's telegram was in the imperative mood and clearly couched in terms which indicated that

she already regarded Kipling as her property: "WOLCOTT DEAD: COME BACK TO ME".

The next stage in this disconcertingly rapid drama was that Kipling docked back in England on January 10 1892 and married Carrie by special license on the 18th. Henry James gave away the bride, but he was mystified by the whole affair. Carrie in his view was "a hard devoted little person whom I don't in the least understand him marrying". After Kipling's death his surviving child, his daughter Elsie, said that her mother has exhausted him with her "difficult temperament" and her "possessive and anxious nature" (Carrington 592).

Kipling lived in the USA from 1892 to 1896, but in 1894 he spent part of the year back in England. He and Carrie visited his parents in Wiltshire. It was not a successful visit. Kipling was troubled by his strong feelings for England competing with his homesickness for his American life in Vermont, and he had to mediate between his wife, Carrie, and his mother, Alice Kipling, who disliked each other. Both were efficient managing women, and both were possessive of Kipling. His mother's MacDonald ancestry is behind 'McAndrew's Hymn', first published in 1894 (and collected in *The Seven Seas,* 1896). This remarkable piece is about work, efficiency and social class, couched in magnificently stern Christian (Presbyterian) discourse. I take this dramatic monologue as a mark of Kipling's continuing uncertainty about where he belonged or who he was: English, American? Or perhaps Scottish? Kipling would read 'McAndrew's Hymn' in a marked Scottish accent. McAndrew, the engineer working on a powerful new steam ship, despises the both the obsolete romance of sail (he is the opposite of Conrad in that respect) and the ignorance of his upper-class patrons who know nothing about the ship's mechanics. And beneath his craggily intelligent scepticism he displays deep love for the ship itself:

> Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
> Printed and bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?

> I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns – the loves an' doves they dream –
> Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' steam!
> To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime
> Whaurto – uplifted like the Just – the tail-rods mark the time.
> […]
> They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes
> Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.
> Interpendence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
> To work, Ye'll note, at ony tilt an' every rate o' speed.
> Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
> An' singing like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
> While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
> 'Not unto us the praise, or man – not unto us the praise!'
> Now, a'together, hear them lift their lesson – theirs n' mine:
> 'Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'
> (*Rudyard Kipling's Verse* 122)

The first *Jungle Book*, also published in this year, 1894, was a work deplored by Henry James as 'almost exclusively preoccupied with fighting.' James should have read more carefully: in the two *Jungle Books* (the second appeared in 1895) Kipling is creating a myth illustrating the nature of childhood, adolescence, and identity, all against a background given with a virtuosity and certainty of touch which are unparalleled. The two books were illustrated by Lockwood Kipling. The best stories in the two *Jungle Books* are about an orphan finding a family and then losing it. In the last story of the sequence, 'The Spring Running' Mowgli has tried to intervene between two young wolves from the pack but they have ignored him; he no longer belongs. The wolf pack was his adopted family, but now that he has killed Shere Khan and frightened the villagers who think him a sorcerer he belongs neither with animals nor with man. This little scene with the two young wolves confirms his isolation:

> The fight [between the two young wolves] went on till one wolf ran away, and Mowgli was left alone on the torn and bloody ground, looking now at his knife, and now at his legs and arms, while the feeling of unhappiness he had never know before covered him as water covers a log. (*The Second Jungle Book* 149)

Kipling settled in the United States between 1892 and 1896. His sudden marriage to Carrie Balestier let him to believe that he could make a life for himself in the country; they built themselves a house on an ambitious scale, and two of their children were born in the country. A violent quarrel with his brother in law, which led to humiliating publicity in the local press, turned Kipling – and his wife – against their setting in Vermont which had seemed so ideal, and he came back to England in 1896. He made another disastrous voyage to the United States in 1999. It was the winter, harsh weather, and he and his little daughter Josephine developed pneumonia. Kipling was so seriously ill in A New York hotel that there were bulletins in the world press. When he had recovered he learnt that Josephine, for whom he had written the *Just so Stories* (1902), was dead.

Kipling's ferocious quarrel with his American brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, was a disastrous mistake. Beatty was a good looking, hard drinking, prodigal and generous-spirited man who was unable to cope with money. To help him, Carrie arranged for him to be in effect the project manager for the new house, Naulakha. But the relationship between the Kiplings and Balestier soon ran into trouble. Carrie kept her brother on a short rein financially and he disliked being financially dependent, in part, on Kipling. There was an iconic difference between the two men: Beatty the big handsome American hero and Kipling the small weedy European intellectual. Things came to a head in 1896 when Beatty, who had been drinking, encountered Kipling out in a country lane and threatened him with violence. The sturdy independence of Americans – a quality which Kipling normally admired – was strongly in evidence here. Big handsome Beatty got down from his wagon and frighted the life out of little Kipling, who was riding his bicycle. The

small Englishman on a bicycle and the strong American on the wagon appealed to the American neighbours. They liked Beatty and his wildness, and they somewhat resented the Kiplings with their money and their tight, cautious European manners.

Technically, Kipling won his case against Beatty, but the publicity and the mockery that followed this episode effectively hounded him out of Vermont. The glare of exposure, and the cold realisation that everyone he knew in Vermont was taking Beatty's side and regarded his own behaviour as absurd, were too much for Kipling. He and Carrie left the grand house they had built and went back to England. 'The Naulakha' was difficult to sell, and they finally disposed of it to Mary Cabot at a fraction of the cost they had incurred building it.

By the time he published *Stalky and Co* in 1899 the initial amazed admiration for the young Kipling was giving way to doubt. Henry James disliked the Stalky stories, referring to them as 'the misguided, the unfortunate Stalky' and Robert Buchanan, who had earlier stigmatised Rossetti and Swinburne as creating the 'fleshly' school of poetry, published an attack on *Stalky and Co* called 'The Voice of the Hooligan':

> The vulgarity, the brutality, the savagery, reeks on every page. It may be noted as a minor peculiarity that everything, according to our young Hooligans [Stalky, McTurk and Beetle] is 'beastly', or 'giddy', or 'blooming'; adjectives of this sort cropping up everywhere in their conversation, as in that of the savages of the London slums. And the moral of the book – for, of course, like all such banalities, it professes to have a moral – is that out of materials like these is fashioned the humanity which is to ennoble and preserve our Anglo-Saxon empire! (Buchanan 775).

It is true that the Stalky stories, based on Kipling's experience at the United Services college, display control and retributive justice among a group of schoolboys. But this is not *Lord of the Flies*. Kipling's real subject here is time-bound and historically deter-

mined: it is the training of the officer class for management of the Empire, particularly in India. It is true that the methods can be brutal. In 'The Moral Reformers' the three friends, Stalky, McTurk and Beetle, correct the behaviour of two older bullies (Sefton and Cambell) who have been ill-treating a small boy called Clewer. They do this with the tacit encouragement of the school chaplain, who has got wind of the bullying. The details of the punishment meted out to the bullies are shrouded in schoolboy slang; nevertheless, Kipling's engagement with the violence feels too close for comfort:

> Did you give Clewer the Key?'
> 'No; we didn't. I swear we didn't!' from Campbell, rolling in agony.
> 'Then we'll give it to you, so you can see what it would be like if you had.'
> The torture of the Key – which has no key at all – hurts excessively. They endured several minutes of it, and their language necessitated the gag.
> 'Did you give Clewer Corkscrews?'
> 'Yes. Oh curse your silly souls! Let us alone, you cads.'
> They were corkscrewed, and the torture of the Corkscrew – this has nothing to do with corkscrews – is keener than the torture of the Key.
> […] Then came tears – scalding tears; appeals for mercy and abject promises of peace. Let them cease the tortures and Campbell would never lift hand against them. (*Stalky and Co* 147)

The point here, obviously, is that while the three friends see themselves as in some sense independent of the system, the adults in charge of them see them as characteristic, and outstanding, products of the system. And, even more obviously, the adult Kipling fully endorses it.

Kim, which had been in composition since 1892 and was published in serial form in 1899-1900 and in book form 1901, met a quite different response. The first stirrings of the story of *Kim* itself were conceived ten years before it was published, when Kipling was newly married, awaiting the birth of the first child, and settling in Vermont. It was 'a long leisurely Asiatic yarn,' as Kipling himself said, 'in which

there are hardly any Englishmen. It has been a labour of great love which I think is a bit more temperate and wise than much of my stuff.'

Kipling had written about a Lama in an earlier story, 'The Miracle of Purun Baghat', in which a former English-speaking prime minister of a native state renounces all authority and walked from India to Tibet. Kim's Lama makes a similar journey. The story is one of a double quest: the Lama's quest for his river is introduced early, while Kim's quest for a red bull on a green field is myth or fairy tale until the sharply dramatized éclaircissement in chapter 5, in which the Mavericks, the regiment of Kim's Irish father, Kimball O'Hara, pitch camp in a wood where Kim and the lama are taking refuge. Kim recognizes that his myth has become reality. The two chaplains of the regiment seek to reclaim him for the British: the Anglican chaplain, Bennett, is rule-bound and unimaginative, while the Catholic, Father Victor, has a deep sense of what Kim means to the Lama, and also of the Lama's goodness (however, the saving humanity of the two priests overrides their respective creeds; both are treated with respect in the text). In this crucial scene Kipling develops feelings which are as strong, and as understated, as in the poignant moment from Dickens's *Great Expectations* in which Joe, the blacksmith, becomes aware that he will lose his beloved Pip because Pip has come into the 'great expectations' of the title.

The fact that Kim is British (Irish), the son of a member of the Regiment and thus from the Indian racial perspective a Sahib, is a source of immediate and intense pain to the Lama. And the Lama masters his feelings. Kim's private report to the Lama – unintelligible to the two English speaking priests – gives pathos and comedy to the scene simultaneously. Kim's obvious power over the Lama in all practical matters is reflected and amplified in the scene in which he, Kim, holds all the power over the three adult since he acts as their interpreter. This scene could have been played for high farce, but instead Kipling releases depths of feeling with it:

> 'Holy One, the thin fool who looks like a camel [Bennett, the Anglican] says that I am the son of a Sahib.' [...]
> 'Oh, it is true. I knew it since my birth.'

In his pain the Lama reacts at first by stating the obvious from his viewpoint, unconscious of the adamant brutality of the system with which he is now dealing:

> 'But tell them that thou art my *chela*. Tell them how thou didst come to me when I was faint and bewildered. Tell them of our Search, and they will surely let thee go now.'
> 'I have already told them. They laugh, and talk of the police.'

The Lama, who is from a wealthy monastery back in his native Tibet, defeats the Anglican (and silences the Catholic) with his next move, which is his astonishing offer to pay for Kim to attend St Xavier's in Partibus at Lucknow.

> 'He wants to know how much?' said Kim placidly.
> 'Two or three hundred rupees a year.' Father Victor was long past any sense of amazement. Bennett, impatient, did not understand.
> 'He says: "Write that name and the money upon a paper and give it to him". And he says you must write your name below, because is he going to write a letter in some days to you. He says you are a good man. He says the other man is a fool. He is going away.' (*Kim,* 96)

And with that the little scene, the central emotional pain of which is completely hidden from the two priests, is closed.

The reaction to this new work reflected the confidence with which Kipling had written it. Henry James now felt able to welcome him back into the literary fold. James particularly admired: "The way you make the general picture live and sound and shine, all by a myriad touches that are like the thing itself pricking through with a little snap". The writer of *Kim* was moving back in time, recovering in his inner consciousness the state of mind that he was in at an earlier, happier, much less indoctrinated phase of his life. In terms of his feelings he was reaching right back into his infancy in India, the period that was recovered in mythical form in *The Jungle Book* and *The Just so Stories*. This is especially true of

his handling of settings. Take this paragraph, in which Kim and the Lama have reached a resting place for the night:

> By this time the sun was driving broad golden spokes through the lower branches of the mango-trees; the parakeets and doves were coming home in their hundreds; the chattering, grey-backed Seven Sisters [brown, starling-like birds, common in India], talking over the day's adventures, walked back and forth in twos and threes almost under the feet of the travellers; and shufflings and scufflings in the branches showed that the bats were ready to go out on the night-picket. Swiftly the light gathered itself together, painted for an instant the faces and the car-wheels and the bullocks' horns as red as blood. Then the night fell, changing the touch of the air, drawing a low, even haze, like a gossamer veil of blue, across the face of the country and bringing out, keen and distinct, the smell of wood-smoke and cattle and the good scent of wheaten cakes cooked on ashes. The evening patrol hurried out of the police-station with important coughings and reiterated orders; and a live charcoal ball in the cup of a wayside carter's hookah glowed red while Kim's eye mechanically watched the last flicker of the sun on the brass tweezers (157).

Kim is a love story on many different levels. Kipling's love for his father, and the passionate memories of India with which his feeling for his father is so inextricably bound, is the first and most declarative and clear of these loves; and from the first chapter of the novel it is bound up with the figure of the Lama. The Lama comes to the museum, managed by the curator (very directly based on Kipling's father) with whom he immediately forms a bond. As a Buddhist the Lama seeks the river formed where the arrow of Siddhartha fell. Siddhartha, later the Buddha, shot his arrow in a contest of love, interestingly. He was competing in an archery contest with other young men for the girl he wished to marry: "he chose the bow that no one else could bend, but the flight of his arrow was lost to sight". The Lama goes on his quest for his River: the curator greatly respects him, gives him specta-

cles and good paper as a mark of the common ground: "We be craftsmen together, thou and I". And in exchange the Lama gives him his pen case, an object that the curator has coveted from the moment that he saw it: "of ancient design, Chinese, of an iron that is not smelted these days; and the collector's heart in the curator's bosom had gone out to it from the first. For no persuasion would the Lama resume his gift".

The love that the Lama feels for Kim is very specifically Buddhist; as the Lama meditates so he seeks enlightenment, he seeks to acquire merit, and wishes strongly for the well-being of the boy, his *chela*. For the child Kim the Lama is a source of wonder. This is felt early in the narrative in the scene in which the Lama is oblivious to the deadliness of a snake (the ubiquitous and fatal threat of snakebite is brilliantly realized in Kipling's short story about a mongoose, 'Rikki-tikki-tavi'). A big cobra emerges from the bank to drink. Kim's impulse is to kill it immediately, the Lama's is to cherish and consult it:

> The coiled thing hissed and half opened its hood. 'May thy release come soon, brother […] Has *thou* knowledge, by chance, of my River?'
> 'Never have I seen such a man as thou art,' Kim whispered, overwhelmed. 'Do the very snakes understand thy talk?'
> 'Who knows?' He passed within a foot of the cobra's poised head. It flattened itself among the dusty coils.
> 'Come, thou!' he called over his shoulder.
> 'Not I,' said Kim, 'I go round.'
> 'Come. He does no hurt.'
> […] He obeyed and bounded across the rivulet, and the snake, indeed, made no sign (158).

'Indeed' is a pivot of meaning in this beautifully crafted little scene. The Lama has certainly risked Kim's life; equally, Kim has learnt to trust the Lama's authority. Without this scene the power balance between the two, man and boy, would seem over weighted in the boy's favour; it is Kim who befriends the Maharani, a 'strong-tongued, iron-

willed old lady', whom they encounter on the road, and Kim who secures food and shelter by profiting by this and other chance meeting as they journey towards the mountains. Kim's mastering of the Maharani is conveyed in progressive small dramatic touches:

> Nay, what is it?' he said, dropping into his most caressing and confidential tone – the one, he knew, that few could resist. 'Is – is there any need of a son in thy family? Speak freely […] (159).

The Lama's physical being is completely attuned to the road's daily distances, and his natural tiredness at the end of one such day is expressed in a perfect simile: "The Lama slackened off, joint by joint, like a slow camel".

It is often asked why Kipling gives Buddhism such a prominent place in the novel when Buddhism was actually rare in contemporary India. In strict Buddhism attachment is 'delusion', therefore the feeling between Kim and the Lama is a compromise with Buddhist teaching. And other adults seek Kim's loyalty and affection – Mahbub Ali's love for him is generous, open, secular, and filled with the recognition that the Lama's spiritual claim has to be given precedence. Nevertheless in chapter 8 Mahbub Ali proclaims, with complete naturalness, his strong human feeling for Kim: "Thou art beyond question an unbeliever, and therefore thou wilt be damned. So says my Law – or I think it does. But thou art also my Little Friend of all the World, and I love thee. So says my heart".

Kim is a kind of summit, but the strength of this great achievement has never obscured the extraordinary sophistication of some of the short stories that Kipling was writing almost concurrently with the work on *Kim*. 'Mrs Bathurst' is Jamesian in its indirection and narrative complexity. Kipling's brief visit to Auckland before his marriage yielded a memory of a landlady (or barmaid) who became the model for Mrs Bathurst. Vickery, a warrant officer in the goes absent without leave from his ship (in Cape Town). The reason for his absence slowly becomes known. He has been visiting a cinema, obsessively, in order to watch a newsreel in which a wom-

an filmed leaving a train on Paddington Station is Mrs Bathurst, the woman from Auckland. Vickery has known her in some unspecified way, and may have had a romantic involvement with her and then ill-treated her. Later two people who have been struck by lightning and turned to black carbon a found near a railway line near Bulawayo. One of them has what appeared to Vickery's false teeth. The other is never identified but can be assumed to be Mrs Bathurst. A radically experimental modernist story is given further point by using the most modern of media – film – for its central plot device.

Had Kipling published nothing but poetry, his poems of the Great War would be as famous as those of Sassoon, Wilfred Owen and Isaac Rosenberg. The most piercing of these poems, his painful and moving 'My Boy Jack'[3], was ostensibly by a mother about her sailor son but was actually about his son John. He also wrote a series of brief 'epitaphs' from the Great War; these are the most poignant of his war poems. They are spoken by the dead themselves, in some cases with a third party perspective to give context to each tiny tragic vignette. This is true of 'The Beginner', an utter innocent killed within an hour of seeing action:

> On the first hour of my first day
> In the front trench I fell.
> (Children in boxes at a play
> Stand up to watch it well.) (*The Years Between,* 101)

In another, equally painful, a young soldier who has been convicted of cowardice by a court-martial is led away, blindfolded, to be shot. This pathetic boy 'meets death' with the same dignity as those killed in action. One strong motivation behind Kipling's war poems was to help the English to convince themselves that the deaths of these men had not been pointless. In the last two years of the war Kipling

3. The poem was first published with its title "My Boy Jack" in *Twenty Poems* from Rudyard Kipling (London: Methuen, May 1918; Toronto: Macmillan, 1918); and again with its title in *The Years Between* (London: Methuen, 1919; New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., April 1919).

expressed disillusionment and anger; in this respect Kipling was at one with Sassoon and Wilfred Owen. The war was being prolonged unnecessarily; the main thing at stake was the vanity of the politicians and generals, and an epitaph from this later period gives the collective voice of the young soldiers who have died:

> If any question why we died,
> Tell them, because our fathers lied (102).

The Great War also yielded some of Kipling's short stories, and a shift of theme, from stories about men to stories about women. Two of the best are 'Mary Postgate' (first published 1915, collected in *A Diversity of Creatures,* 1917) and 'The Gardener.' (*Debits and Credits,* 1926). Mary Postgate is the middle-aged, plain, emotionally repressed pain companion of a polite lady, a Miss Fowler, in a genteel Sussex village. She seems devoid of emotions and utterly discreet. The saying 'between you and me and the gatepost' must have suggested to Kipling this memorable surname, just as the phrase 'the author is' generated the name of the Cockney Ortheris, one of Kipling's three 'musketeers' in the *Soldiers Three* sequence. An environment as female and settled as Cranford is disrupted first by a rowdy little boy, Miss Fowler's orphaned nephew, Wyndham Fowler, and then by the violence of the Great War. Wyndham Fowler is now an adult and an airman. For the child Wyndham in "Mary Postgate" the central figure "stood to share of the business of education".

> She checked printed clothes-lists, and unitemised bills of extras; wrote to Head and House masters, matrons, nurses and doctors, and grieved or rejoiced over half-term reports. Young Wyndham Fowler repaid her in his holidays by calling her 'Gatepost,' 'Postey,' or 'Packthread,' by thumping her between her narrow shoulders, or by chasing her bleating, round the garden, her large mouth open, her large nose high in air, at stiff-necked shamble very like a camel's. […as a young adult, later in the story, Wyndham Fowler] filled the house with clamour, argument, and harangues as to his personal needs, likes and dislikes,

> and the limitations of you women, reducing Mary to tears of physical fatigue, or, when he chose to be humorous, of helpless laughter (420).

She grows to love him, as the narrative quietly makes clear. Miss Fowler, her employer, suddenly seeks to know about Mary's personal life. Mary has been with her eleven years:

> What do you ever think of, Mary?' she demanded, suddenly […].'You've never told me anything that matters in all that while. […] 'Mary, aren't you *anything* except a companion? Would you *ever* have been anything except a companion?' (424).

Mary dodges the cruelty of this obtuse question by remaining firmly in character:

> Mary hung up the garden hat on its proper peg. 'No,' she said after consideration. 'I don't imagine I ever should. But I've no imagination, I'm afraid.'(425).

The reality, obviously, is that her love for Wyndham has become the centre of her life. Soon after this blocked attempt at personal communication between them the two women learn that 'Lieutenant W. Fowler had been killed during a trial flight. Death was instantaneous'. The bleak misery of this is plain on the page, and none of the customary palliatives are available to the women. Miss Fowler says, inadequately: 'I'm sorry it happened before he had done anything'.

> The room was whirling round Mary Postgate, but she found herself quite steady in the midst of it. 'Yes,' she said. 'It is a great pity he didn't die in action after he had killed somebody' (426).

Miss Fowler gives Mary the task of burning all Wyndham's surviving possessions. The prose of the tale opens at this point to access in a shocking moment the depth of Mary's grief: 'The shrubbery was filling with twilight by the time she had completed her ar-

rangements and sprinkled the sacrificial oil. As she lit the match that would burn her heart to ashes' (few readers can remain immune to the piercing grief of this) 'she heard a groan or a grunt behind the dense Portugal laurels'.

A horribly injured German pilot has had to bail out, after dropping a bomb (probably, we are never certain) which has just killed a child in Mary's village. The zigzag of emotions in the text here gives the reader no escape. Mary has kept Wyndham's pistol – 'a memento not included in the burning' – and she collects it from the house in order to threaten the German with it. In such German words as she can muster Mary makes it clear to the man that she will not help him: 'Ich haben der todt Kinder gesehen'. As the German airman struggles for breath so Mary listens for his death rattle with a pleasure which most readers of the story have recognized as orgasmic, probably the first such event of Mary's life. She has been stirring the embers of Wynn's burnt possessions in a brazier (a 'destructor' as Miss Fowler calls it):

> She leant on the poker and waited, while an increasing rapture laid hold on her. She ceased to think. She gave herself up to feel. Her long pleasure was broken by a sound that she had waited for […]. Mary Postgate drew her breath short between her teeth and shivered from head to foot (390).

Closely linked in theme and tone to this story is 'The Gardener,' the famously brief and poignant tale of a woman looking for the grave of her nephew among the war graves in France. 'Every one in the village knew that Helen Turrell did her duty by all her world, and by none more honorable than by her only brother's unfortunate child'. (*Debits*, 154) The opening sentence, with its strong echo of Jane Austen's 'It is a truth that is universally acknowledged', ought immediately to put us on our guard. The sentence is a polite fiction securing social comfort within a small community, and the real truth, known (we can assume) to almost 'every one in the village', is that the child, Michael, is her own child. The alert reader might guess this immediately; the

clues are there on the first page. Helen has lived away from the village in the south of France 'for lung trouble'. Her brother 'had entangled himself with the daughter of a retired non-commissioned officer' and then died of a fall from a horse. His death is a coincidence which suits Helen's dissimulation, while the 'lung trouble' and the 'entanglement' are her fictions to cover her pregnancy. An earlier unmarried Helen, Helen Wilcox in Forster's *Howards End* of 1910, disappears from her family in order to conceal the fact of her pregnancy; it is possible that Kipling chose this name as another clue. Helen brought the baby back from France 'to her Hampshire home' and made all these details 'public property, for Helen was as open as the day, and held that scandals are only increased by hushing them up'.

There is no escape for Helen from the pain caused by her situation: Michael likes to call her 'Mummy' at bed time. Helen unwisely lets her friends know this. The child is upset: 'Why did you tell? *Why* did you tell?' 'Because it's always best to tell the truth,' Helen answered, her arm round him as he shook in his cot. In his tantrum the child threatens to hurt her, with the dreadful proleptic line: 'when I'm dead I'll hurt you worse!' The story grants Helen happiness as the boy grows up: 'The terms at his public school and the wonderful Christmas, Easter and Summer holidays followed each other, variegated and glorious as jewels on a string' (155). And he determines to enlist to fight in the war when it breaks out in 1914. Part of his reasoning, agonisingly, is when he was a schoolboy some of the other boys worked out that he is illegitimate, and has read up about illegitimate men who made good soldiers: 'William the Conqueror to begin with, and – oh, heaps more, and they all got on first-rate'. The pain deepens:

> 'He was to have gone up to Oxford, with a scholarship, in October. At the end of August, he was on the edge of joining the first holocaust of public-school boys who threw themselves into the Line; but the captain of his O.T.C., where he had been a sergeant for nearly a year, headed him off and steered him directly to a commission in a battalion so new that half of it still wore the old Army red, and the other half as breeding meningitis through living overcrowdedly in damp tents' (156).

Michael is killed and after months of waiting she learns where his grave is: she visits the war cemetery and has to endure the revelations of a vulgar woman in the same situation as herself (looking for an illegitimate son). And finally when she reaches the cemetery she cannot find Michael's grave:

> She went forward, moved to the left and the right hopelessly, wondering by what guidance she should ever come to her own. […] A man knelt behind a line of headstones – evidently a gardener, for he was firming a young plant in the soft earth. […] He rose at her approach and without prelude or salutation asked: 'Who are you looking for?' 'Lieutenant Michael Turrell – my nephew – said Helen slowly and word for word, as she had many thousands of times in her life' (158).

The man looks at her 'with infinite compassion' and says 'Come with me […] and I will show you where your son lies'. When she leaves the cemetary Helen looks back: 'she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away, supposing him to be the gardener'. (The quotation is from St Mary Magdalen, seeing Christ in the garden)

What was Kipling's inner philosophy? Did he have one? He had broken away from European belief systems, but he retained strong structures in his outlook which were originally based on those systems. Joseph Conrad was similar in outlook; Conrad was born a Roman Catholic (of Polish parentage) but was a nihilist. He believed that the universe was without order or coherence, and that an urgent task for mankind was to create communities and human structures - like the crew of a ship at sea - which could give the illusion of meaning to human lives. Illusion is the important word here: Conrad never lost sight of the chaos underlying the apparent order. I think Kipling was also fundamentally a nihilist. He did not adhere consistently to a given world view. He regularly expressed political opinions, but they are usually fairly brisk - and sometimes ill advised - responses to immediate world events.

The problems of biography, as I see them in the case of Kipling, are in the end the problems of finding a center, or spine, for the

story of this mercurial figure. There is a pattern in his life story of impulsive flight alternating with impulsive commitment. His behavior looks so headlong as to be inexplicable. What was the root cause, what was the underlying driver, can we trace it all back to the desperate unhappiness of the Southsea years? I suspect that we can, but Kipling covered his tracks so carefully that it is difficult to do more than hazard a guess. With Kipling, then, we have, in an acute form, some not uncommon 'problems' of biography.

WORKS CITED

Birkenhead, Lord. *Rudyard Kipling*. London: Random House, 1978.

Buchanan, Robert. 'The Voice of the Hooligan.' *Contemporary Review*. 76, December (1999): 774-789.

Carrington, Charles. *Kipling*. London: Macmillan, 1955.

Gilbert, Elliot L. *The Good Kipling: Studies in the Short Story*. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1972.

Gilmour, David. *The Long Recessional: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling*. London: John Murray, 2002.

Karlin, Daniel, ed. *Rudyard Kipling: A critical edition of the Major works*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999.

Keating, Peter. Kipling the Poet. London: Secker & Warburg, 1994.

Kipling, Ruyard. *The Light that Failed*. London and New York, Macmillan,1891.

—. *The Second Jungle Book*, London: House of Stratus 1895.

—. *Stalky & Co Kipling*. London: Macmillan and Co, 1899.

—. *Kim*. Leicester, Eng: Charnwood, 1901,

—. *The Five Nations*. London: Methuen, 1915

—. *A Diversity of Creatures*. London: Macmillan, 1917.

—. *The Years Between*. London: Methuen, 1919

—. *Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads Garden*. City New York: Doubleday, Page & Company pages, 1919.

—. *Debits and Credits*. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Page, 1926.

—. *Something of myself*. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company, 1937

—. *The definitive edition of Rudyard Kipling's verse*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1940.

Lancelyn Green, Roger, ed. *Kipling, The Critical Heritage*. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971.

Lycett, Andrew. *Rudyard Kipling*. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999.

Mallett, Philip. *Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Life*. Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2003.

Montefiore, Jan. *Rudyard Kipling*. Tavistock: Northcote, 2007

Pinney, Thomas, ed. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, 6 vols. Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1990-2004.

Pinney, Thomas, ed. *Rudyard Kipling, Something of Myself*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990.

Ricketts, Harry. *Kipling's Lost World*. Padstow: Tabb Books, 1989.