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THE EMPIRE IN THE WRITINGS OF KIPLING, FORSTER AND ORWELL

by

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VOLUME I

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PREFACE

Once imperialism was a source of inspiration to men of action and [was] a great determining force in how one nation should treat another. Now it is a slogan of condemnation and indictment which releases energies and aspirations for freedom. We are living in a troubled and divided world and we cannot afford to release more and more hatred. We need more than ever wisdom and guidance if we are to safeguard our future and the future of civilization. Through the understanding of our failures and limitations we can deepen our knowledge of human nature, and I believe that it is this knowledge that we shall need in the future more than anything else. Therefore I value any attempt in the direction of acquiring this understanding of human situations and nature. And it is from this point of view that I look upon my own humble attempt to explore in literature the treatment of human situations which resulted from imperialism. The aim is not to indict or resent because these are negative in nature, but to understand why the British failed as they did in India. The British could with their resources redeem their Empire. Their failure was mainly in the field of human relationships and it is this aspect which is the concern of literature.

Kipling saw the British busy in the life of 'telegrams and anger' and active in administering the country. Orwell thought that it was a mere pose and that the British were doing nothing very useful. Here we have the two sides of the debate, if we are interested in a debate but good art has nothing to do with debates. The question whether the British were useful or not is not now very important. They can help the Commonwealth countries if they want to even now,

and in certain areas they are, one must admit, lending a helping hand. The important question is whether the British in India succeeded as human beings in their relations with the Indians. This is a more universal situation and question, and this is to be explored in order to be able to find how successful can we be in our attempts to understand others, because I believe our future and the future of our civilization depends on our ability to understand others. And it is because of this point of view that I have been inevitably driven to the conclusion that a study of E.M. Forster's A Passage to India will provide insight and wisdom that we need.

Because the fiction I am concerned with in this study deals with British India before partition in 1947, I have used 'India' in that context and meaning throughout this thesis. It means the whole sub-Continent, and not the present Republic of India. Most of Kipling's Indian tales are located in areas now forming part of Pakistan. I have also used the word 'Anglo-Indian' in its old meaning of the British residing in India.

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S.A. Shah.

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I owe my gratitude to the late Professor John Butt for giving me admission as a Ph.D. student, and also to the University of Edinburgh. My thanks are also due to the University of Peshawar for a long study leave and the Ministry of Education, Government of Pakistan for the studentship which took care of the financial side.

ABSTRACT

This study explores certain attitudes and tendencies arising out of the imperial situation in India and Burma, and which influenced the writings of Kipling, Forster and Orwell. It is divided into three sections, each dealing with a separate author. The introduction stands by itself because it mainly deals with the social, political and philosophical trends in the nineteenth century which are imperial in nature.

The introduction starts with exploring the emergence of imperialism as a political force in British Society, as a powerful political slogan setting up definite emotional attitudes. It also looks at the contribution made by both social and political reforms to the growth of the imperial sentiments. These sentiments, which are best expressed in the ideas and ideals of the imperialists are also discussed. The nature of imperialism is very complex and its different aspects - social, political, economic, mystic or religious - are variously emphasised by the different interpretations and definitions which I have briefly mentioned. The different racial theories and concepts were also very active in the conduct and attitudes of the imperialists. It was natural that imperialism should emerge as a new trend or influence in English literature.

While dealing with Kipling I have restricted myself to his Indian tales, of which I have selected those which illustrate best the actual attitudes of the British in India, where these were imperial in nature in a different way, and determined their relationship with India and the Indians. There are two aspects of the imperial context in which Kipling may be considered. One is the abstract socio-

political and philosophical aspect which looks at the relationship of ideas and literature. The other aspect is the context of human relationships which concentrates on those situations in the lives of people - including both the rulers and the ruled - which are given rise to by the conduct and administration of the Empire. It will be seen that I have explored this latter aspect of the imperial context. Kipling's approach is limited by the Anglo-Indian attitudes and he creates a nightmare vision of India, which is very selective and didactic in nature.

Forster explores in A Passage to India personal relationships, especially between the British and the Indians, in the imperial context, but he also looks beyond and universalises the situations from the humanistic point of view. He satirizes the very qualities of the Anglo-Indians which Kipling admires. He does not see them as heroes in a nightmare world. He regards the Anglo-Indians as people who failed to realize the possibilities of their opportunities and situation in India for a new civilization - a synthesis of East and West, resulting in a more balanced and harmonious civilization. In his vision of India the nightmare of the panic and emptiness in the Caves which frightens both Mrs. Moore and Adela results from the failures and limitations of these two which they bring to India. Kipling externalises evil in India, Forster internalises it.

The last section of the study is concerned with the destructive sense of guilt over the misdeeds of the imperial conduct and administration. Orwell in Burmese Days does not see anything heroic and selfless in the work of the Anglo-Indians and he sees them as mainly oppressors and exploiters of the natives. Apart from this

general indictment of the British in Burma, the misdeeds that he attributes to them are the ordinary human failings which he magnifies by dehumanising his characters. After all, Orwell's Anglo-Indians only resent being on equal social footing with the natives; but this is not peculiar to them. In any society, whether imperial or not, we find people who distinguish themselves as superior to the rest. Orwell creates a barren and arid world out of his personal hatred, despair and his sense of failure. He is obsessed with his condemnation of injustices which renders him unjust to his fellow human beings.

While Kipling mainly idealises his Anglo-Indians, Orwell dehumanises them; consequently there is no balance in their treatment of them. They also fail to treat the natives as human beings in their own right. There is lack of sympathy and imagination here. Forster satirises the Anglo-Indians, but he does something more than that. Had he confined himself merely to his satire of Anglo-India, his novel would have been severely limited in its appeal. Those who look upon it from that angle alone naturally find him very unsympathetic and unkind to the Anglo-Indians. Fortunately he treats his Indian characters with sympathy and understanding as human beings accompanied by an understanding of their cultures and the result is a subtle balance in the novel as a whole. I find A Passage to India a very subtle treatment of human relationships in the imperial context and its study very rewarding because it does not generate resentment and hatred in the readers who read it as a work of art and not as mere propaganda.

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

The Victorian period was one of political and educational reform. It witnessed the extension of the suffrage in 1867 and 1884 which gave the working classes great political powers. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the imperial idea had found its way down to the lower classes and from that time on, to get popular support for the empire and its affairs became a political necessity. The new experiment in democracy had led the political leaders to a greater dependence on the working classes. The politicians began to show more concern for them and their problems and offered promises of prosperity and uninterrupted employment. They began to convince them that the expansion of the Empire was the only solution of their problems. England needed to maintain and extend markets for her products; and not only that, they must be secured against the growing German and American competition. The Empire was in their own interest, they were told; and as they were interested in their own immediate welfare and as they were mostly unreflective, they believed in imperialism.

> "Perhaps the most remarkable feature of late Victorian imperialism was its popularity with the lower classes. The political leaders of the movement never tired of pointing out the advantages of expansion for the working man."[1]

Chamberlain said in a speech in 1894:

> "Give me the demand for more goods and then I will undertake to give plenty of employment in making the goods ... if the working men of this country understand, as I believe they do ... their own interests, they will never lend any countenance to the doctrines of those politicians who never lose an opportunity of pouring contempt and abuse upon the

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1. W.L. Langer: The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890-1902 Vol. 1. (New York and London, 1935) P.80.

> brave Englishmen, who, even at this moment, in all parts of the world are carving out new dominions for Britain, are opening up fresh markets for British commerce, and laying out fresh fields for British labour."[2]

And again in 1895:

> "You must remember, that speaking generally, the great cure for this difficulty of want of employment is to find new markets."[3]

Cecil Rhodes, a great imperialist and an enthusiastic expansionist put it more bluntly when he said:

> "The mechanic has woken up to the fact that unless he keeps the markets of the world he will be starved. The 'three acres and a cow' idea has been found to be humbug, and the working man has found out that he must keep the world and the trade of the world if he is to live, and that if the world is shut to him he is done."[4]

Expansion was looked upon as a political necessity because of the condition of the national economy, growth of population and unemployment and stated thus bluntly it was not felt necessary to look beyond to moral and religious justifications: the principle is challenged by Mr. Robertson:

> "Shortly put, the imperialist's case is that expansion of 'the Empire' is necessary -
> (1) to provide openings for the emigration of our superfluous population; and
> (2) to 'open up fresh markets'.
> When answered that we need not own our markets, and that trade normally goes on between different states, he answers,
> (3) That 'trade follows the flag'"[5]

The liberal-minded politicians had hoped that the working classes would use their political power to support social reform and so improve the conditions of their life. Instead they supported the conservatives and put all their pressure behind

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2. Joseph Chamberlain: Foreign and Colonial Speeches (London, 1897) pp.131-133.
3. See W.L. Langer: The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890-1902 Vol.1. (London and New York, 1935) P.80.
4. Speech of April 21, 1898 (Vindex: Cecil Rhodes, pp.701-2).
5. J.M. Robertson: Patriotism and Empire, London, 1899, pp.173-74.

imperialism. Such was the fascination of the imperial idea that it took away attention from realities at home. The life of the half-literate slum-dweller appears to have been divided between work, drunkenness and sleep. It was this new type of town-dweller, half-literate, possessed with, and conscious of, constitutional power that became imperialist. His imperialism was, however, not inspired by any noble sentiment. It was bellicose, violent and mean. It took the most virulent form of jingoism when Britain was engaged in civilizing missions - by force, of course - against reluctant 'lower breeds'. The last decade of the nineteenth century was crowded with military campaigns in Egypt, the Sudan, South Africa and the North West Frontier of India and beyond into Afghanistan.

Contrary to the expectations of the liberal element in the British Society, the political emancipation of the proletariat did not check imperialism. An anonymous writer reviews the situation thus:

> "The artisans and the peasantry, endowed with and conscious of constitutional power, have in no respect impeded, but on the contrary have facilitated the prosecution of a most complex and arduous imperial understanding, necessarily protracted over many years. No limited electorate, not even aristocracy, could have compacted itself in such a fashion as to create few hindrances to an enterprise such as that which we have been considering [Egypt]. Nor could any other system of government than a popular one have afforded to those in command of the nation's resources the support and encouragement derived from the well-grounded conviction that the nation itself was at their back ... The tone of the empire is to be heard everywhere now, strong, clear, and unmistakable, and it has grown and spread and obtained its mastery during the reign of household suffrage."[6]

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6. Anon: "Democracy and Foreign Affairs" (Quarterly Review, January, 1899, pp.241-65), pp.247, 249-50.

THE INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSAL EDUCATION AND THE POPULAR PRESS

A century before in the friendly atmosphere of the villages and small towns the gulf between the poor and the well-to-do was not wide enough, not consciously at least, to create tension. The scattered population was drawn into the manufacturing cities and towns. Individuals became units or rather members of factory communities reduced to a herd life, "the human cattle". The political reforms gave many the power to vote. How was this new responsibility discharged before the effects of the education reforms began to appear?

> "But what was the vote to men who could not even read ...? They were driven in herds to the poll by those who were most lavish in "nursing" constituencies. From the community as a whole they received little except a bare subsistence and the patronage of charity; and in return they contributed little except the labour of their hands ... so far as citizenship and morality were concerned, they were as much outside the real life of the nation as the Helots were outside the community of Sparta."[7]

From 1870 on the working classes began to be educated and within a generation or two they could read and write and were opened to the influence of the written word. The effects of universal education began to appear in the form of vast numbers of semi-literate workers in urban slums on the one hand and the rise of the popular press, journalism and sensational and cheap literature on the other.

> "It was in 1894 that [Alfred] Harmsworth bought the Evening News and in May 1896 that he began the publication of the Daily Mail, the first half-penny morning paper to attain large success. He was convinced that the general public had no interest in the long and forbidding columns of parliamentary debates and court reports that were so characteristic of the older papers. His idea was to let

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7. R.A. Scott-James: The Influence of the Press (London, n.d.) P.178.

> people decide what they wanted and then give them just that, attractively presented in bold headlines and striking type."[8]

The Daily Mail was a great success. Its circulation rose rapidly to an "unheard of figure, 1,000,000" by 1901. Luckily for the paper and as already mentioned it found plenty of sensational material in the reports about the various campaigns of the last decade of the nineteenth century. Its large circulation is evidence enough of the popular support imperialism was getting at the time. It was an imperialist paper, owned by an imperialist and a great admirer of Chamberlain, Alfred Harmsworth. An announcement made by him at the time when the paper was founded declared that it would stand for:

> "the power, the supremacy and the greatness of the British Empire ... 'The Daily Mail is the embodiment and mouthpiece of the imperial idea. Those who launched this journal had one definite aim in view ... to be the articulate voice of British Progress and domination. We believe in England. We know that the advance of the Union Jack means protection for weaker races, justice for the oppressed, liberty for the down-trodden. Our Empire has not exhausted itself."[9]

The announcement is a manifesto of jingoism in spite of the imperialist ideals mentioned at the end of it. The Daily Mail was the first popular paper. It deliberately addressed itself to the crowd in a very unconventional language requiring very little mental effort from the readers. The working classes had acquired an organic life, self-conscious and feverish, stretching out and seeking expression in some violent form of collective action. It was this psychological development which the politicians directed

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8. W.L. Langer: The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890-1902. Vol. I. (New York and London, 1935) P.84.

9. R. Macnair Wilson: Lord Northcliffe (London, 1927) P.120.

into channels in realization of their expansionist policies.

> "As it happened, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Kipling, and the Daily Mail, plumped for war - for the most sensational, the most diverting, and at the same time a supreme national topic. Men and women, boys and girls, who had sought distraction in sentimental tales of murder, suicide, arson and divorce were to find their attention riveted on a vaster sensation which involved the social, political, racial, national and dynastic interests of the British Empire."[10]

The literary hack also stepped in to shower his literary effusions on this new, unexacting and misinformed reading public in the form of the "penny dreadful". It was vulgar, cheap and excitingly sensational literature drugging the sensibilities of the younger readers. They did not have the protection of materially and morally better homes or traditions against this sinister but potent influence. The healthy influence of universal education, as expected by the reformers, was negatived by the speculator who offered cheap literature, requiring no mental effort. The new type of city dweller was acquiring his own mental characteristics. His capacity for comprehension was dim and cloudy and he wanted to read not to understand but to get a kick out of it. He demanded fiercer excitement.

There was another potent influence directed at the people at this time. It was that of the music-hall. It was more powerful than all the other influences to which the people were open because of its direct bearing on emotions.

> "Into the 'lighter self' of the city populace the artiste conveys by song or recitation crude notions upon morals and politics, appealing by coarse humour or exaggerated pathos to the animal lusts of an audience stimulated by alcohol into appreciative hilarity,"[11]

writes J.A. Hobson rather prigishly but not altogether unjustly.

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10. R.A. Scott-James: The Influence of the Press (London, n.d.) P.195.

11. J.A. Hobson: The Psychology of Jingoism (London, 1903) P.3.

The uncultured and unreflecting urban proletariat, living in congested and ugly slums of the industrial towns were caught between the popular press and sensational literature on the one hand and the music-hall and the 'pub' on the other. The individual mind was submerged in the collective. It was the passion of the crowd that swayed them and under its influence they were irresistibly carried along.

Many forces were interacting to create the spirit of the imperial era, and like the spirit of any age, this is revealed in its literature. It called forth literature of action, of adventure and of violence and found its best mouthpiece in Rudyard Kipling, a poet and a story-teller and according to some admirers, a genius. His vision of past and future was determined by the assumptions of his own times. He did not question these assumptions. This task was to be carried out by the more searching mind of Joseph Conrad.

It is also remarkable that in the last decade of the nineteenth century, a distinctive kind of literature was produced which, though not fiction, was avidly read - the exploits and accomplishments of British soldiers and administrators.[12]

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12. Alfred Milner: England in Egypt (1892): Sir Alfred Lyall; Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India (1894): Lord Roberts: Forty-one Years in India (1897): William W. Hunter; A History of British India (1899): George Younghusband; The Relief of Chitral (1895): Sir George Robertson; Chitral, The Story of a Minor Siege (1898): Father Ohrwalder; Ten Years Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp (1892), this book ran into ten editions in one year which proves the popular interest in imperial matters: Slatin Pasha; Fire and Sword in the Sudan (1896): George W. Steevens; With Kitchener to Khartoum (1898), Thirteen editions in a few months: Winston Churchill; The River War (1899): R.S.S. Baden-Powell; The Matabele Campaign (1897): Edmund Garrett; Story of an African Crisis (1897) and J.P. Fitz-Patrick; The Transvaal from Within (1899).

EMPIRE MAKING AND IMPERIALISM

The expansion of Western civilization beyond local geographical limits and even beyond Europe is a constantly recurring phenomenon in its history. Colonization is one of the agencies in the spreading of civilization. Early Greeks established city colonies round the Mediterranean. They were in the form of Greek cities founded by sailors along the coastal areas mainly for commerce. Alexander's colonization was one of military conquest, as was also the Roman expansion.

It is perhaps the one distinguishing mark of the late nineteenth century expansion that the government and peoples of European countries had become deeply involved in empire making. Subjectively they began to invent reasons and justifications for doing so. This was the beginning of modern imperialism. It was one of the forces which shaped the modern world and has not yet spent itself completely. It still determines people's thoughts, actions and sentiments though in a different way.

Imperialism is now commonly looked upon as a disease corrupting the body politic and international relations. R. Koebner and H. Schmidt in their excellent book Imperialism apply the semantic technique to the 'historical consciousness' and the 'political beliefs' of the British nation. They call it 'biography of a political word and its rise to world power status'. According to them it has changed its meanings no less than twelve times. They follow this political word from the early Victorian period through its many changes of meanings and the story ends in 1960 "when imperialism as an alarm cry and partisan slogan carries

a deeper significance. It has become an expression of a fundamental global problem of world order and limited sovereignty; it often expresses paradoxical attitudes. On the surface of politics three camps have seized it today. It serves in the main as a battle-cry in the cold war, chiefly in the political warfare of the communists, but also in anti-communist utterances voiced in the West; it plays an important part in the struggle for political emancipation which is being waged by the peoples of Asia and Africa; thirdly, it is used in attacks against Anglo-American power in Latin America, and was popular in that connection among Europeans a short time ago."[13]

British imperialism, as many believe, was principally the product of the nineteenth century. Certain forces were at work in Europe which were to change the fabric of the European societies completely. The French revolution violently shook and started the disintegration of the autocratic political framework. Nationalism emerged as a powerful force and movement in the conduct of human affairs. The Industrial Revolution turned agrarian societies and communities scattered over the countryside into industrial ones concentrated in towns and cities round factories and mines. The industrialized societies were dependent societies. They depended on a complex system of foreign trade. The wealthy, as distinct from the noble, or aristocratic, began to gain more and more political power. It was a period in which the bourgeoisie ascended to a position of strength and were politically emancipated from the aristocracy.

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13. Richard Koebner and Helmut Dan Schmidt: Imperialism: The Story and Significance of a Political Word 1840-1960 (Cambridge, 1964) Introduction, P.XXV.

Monarchy and the rule of the aristocracy were replaced by the democracy of the middle class. It was a period of transition, a period characterized by an intense activity on the economic level; a period of pre-occupation with material well-being; material prosperity became an ideal accompanied by the doctrines of liberty and equality.

The rise of the middle class to power was spectacular and it was soon to face a very grave situation. It emerged in the form of growing competition from the Germans and Americans for markets. The policy of laissez faire had to be abandoned in favour of state controlled monopoly and the extension of this policy to the possessions and colonies overseas. This is the predominant feature of late nineteenth century imperialism. The colonies were places where raw materials were grown and mined and where markets were opened for finished goods. It was a period of joint stock companies, bankers, big business and of great swindles too. It was, I think, this feature of imperialism which led Lenin to declare that 'imperialism is the monopoly stage of capitalism.'[14]

> "British imperialism of this time was the attempt of the middle class to prevent its decline. This attempt, inspired by growing German and American Competition, was supported by doctrines of racial supremacy, formulated by Houston Chamberlain and others, by a theory of state supremacy, expounded by Bernard Bosanquet, and by Darwin's ideas of fitness."[15]

Patriotism was another plant to flower in the nineteenth century environment. It was nourished by nationalism and offered

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14. E. Varga, L. Mendelsohn, Edited by; New Data for V.I. Lenin's "Imperialism, The Highest Stage of Capitalism", (London, 1939) P.192.

15. W.Y. Tindall: Forces in Modern British Literature, New York, 1947, P.63.

at the altar of the state - an object of worship and reverence. The Empire was the extension of the State beyond the national boundaries, a bigger State and a greater god; this tendency found expression in patriotic poetry and jingoism. The traders were joined by patriots in the 'scramble' for territorial acquisitions and sanctioned expansion for expansion's sake. Territorial expansion became one of the central political ideas of the new imperialism. The expansionist sentiment was beautifully expressed by Cecil Rhodes when he said that expansion was everything; "these stars ... these vast worlds which we can never reach. I would annex the planets if I could."[16]

THE BIRTH OF IMPERIALISM

A scientific treatment of the origins of a complex phenomenon like imperialism leads to controversial positions, depending on which features are given prominence and importance.

There is the economic aspect of imperialism which received considerable attention at one time.

> "Imperialism had been subjected to a scientific study first by John A. Hobson, Rudolf Hilfending and Rosa Luxemburg. They all considered it an aspect of mature capitalism ... explaining imperialism with reference to cycles of over-production, the concentration of finance capital, or a struggle for markets or outlets for investment ..."[17]

Schumpeter was not satisfied with these explanations and widened the perspective by introducing "historical and sociological depth." His historical analysis of imperialisms leads him to the

16. See S. Gertrude Millin: Rhodes (London, 1933), P.138.

17. Bert Hoselitz, in his Introduction to J. Schumpeter's Imperialism and Social Classes, New York, 1960, PP.vi, vii.

conclusion that imperialism is always spearheaded by an imperialistic elite - an aristocracy characterized chiefly by aggressive tendencies. His definition of imperialism is as abstract and precise as Lenin's:

> "This, then, is our definition: imperialism is the objectless disposition on the part of a State to unlimited forcible expansion."[18]

Schumpeter did not go beyond history and sociology into psychology and politics to find out whether this 'objectless disposition' is 'conscious' or 'unconscious' or to be more precise what embodies it, ideas or emotions. The inquiry branches out into two directions; one branch, still keeping to the collective aspect, finds it embodied in political thought, which in turn leads to political philosophy; the other finds it embodied in 'emotional beliefs' and searching for the ultimates in the individual himself, is led to mysticism. Sir Lewis Namier discredited the role of 'conscious political thought' in human affairs by observing:

> "It is impossible to attach to conscious political thought the importance which was ascribed to it a hundred, or even fifty, years ago ... what matters most is the underlying emotions, the music to which ideas are a mere libretto, often of a very inferior quality."[19]

Human actions spring from deeper forces than the conscious ideas which float on the surface and can only incompletely reflect them. These ideas do not stand, especially in a crisis, close examination. I think Gordon was hinting at this when he said:

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18. J.Schumpeter: Imperialism amd Social Classes, New York, 1960, P.6.

19. Sir Lewis Namier: Personalities and Powers, (London, 1955) Pp.4-5.

> "What holes do I put myself into! And for what? So mixed are my ideas. I believe ambition put me here in this ruin."[20]

Ordinarily they tide us over moments of examination and explanation as they are enough justification of our actions. For "the conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much."[21]

Historically the origins of British imperialism are traceable back to the spirit of adventure of the 16th Century. Kipling sees this spirit as rooted in the very antiquity of the British people. He gives them in 'The First Sailor' what Hannah Arendt has called a 'foundation legend' of the British Empire. The first sailor won the help of the three elements, Water, Wind and Sun by inventing the ship. And by doing so he acquired the Four Gifts which made him the master of the seas and the world. Kipling says:

> "You'll win the world, without anyone caring how you did it: You'll keep the world without anyone knowing how you did it: You'll carry the world on your backs without anyone seeing how you did it. But neither you nor your sons will get anything out of that little job except Four Gifts - one for the sea, one for the wind, one for the sun and one for the ship that carries you ... For, winning the world, and keeping the world, and carrying the world on their backs - on land, or on sea, or in the air - your sons will always have the Four Gifts. Long-headed and slow-spoken and heavy - damned heavy - in the hand, will they be; and always a little bit to wind-ward of every enemy - that they may be a safe-guard to all who pass on the seas on their lawful occasions."[22]

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20. Quoted by Eric Stokes in The Political Ideas and Ideals of English Imperialism, an inaugural Lecture given in the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (London, 1960) P.6.
21. Joseph Conrad: Heart of Darkness (Dent's Collected Edition, London, 1961, Reprint of the 1946 Edition) PP.50-51.
22. R. Kipling: 'The First Sailor': A Book of Words; (Sussex edition, Vol. 25, London, 1938) PP.162-163.

This is, then, the legendary foundation of the British Empire - the possession of the Four Gifts. In his Prospero and Caliban, O.Mannoni finds the sources of colonization in the unconscious complexes formed in infancy. They remain repressed because of the social pressure.

> "Social life in Europe exerts a certain pressure on the individual, and that pressure keeps the personality in a given shape; once it is removed, however, the outlines of the personality change and swell, thus revealing the existence of internal pressures which had up to then passed unnoticed."[23]

Long before colonial situations became possible, great writers, presumably repressing their complexes,

> "projected them on to imaginary characters placed in situations which, though imaginary, are typically colonial. The material they drew directly from their own unconscious desires. This is proof enough that the complexes exist even before the colonial situation is experienced."[24]

Mannoni applies the psycho-analytical method to Defoe's Robinson Crusoe and Shakespeare's Tempest and finds the colonial situation portrayed in both. He observes:

> "The same unconscious tendency has impelled thousands of Europeans to seek out oceanic islands inhabited only by Fridays or, alternatively, to go and entrench themselves in isolated outposts in hostile countries where they could repulse by force of arms those same terrifying creatures whose image was formed in their own unconscious."[25]

This tendency which seeks release in action or behaviour possible under colonial situations or in the case of writers, in imaginary characters put in imaginary colonial situations, is caused by a sense of guilt or 'wrong-doing, deliberate or otherwise'. (Crusoe has disobeyed his father, and Prospero has neglected his duties as a duke). Mannoni finds himself led to

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23. O.Mannoni: Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of colonization: translated by Pamela Powesland, New York, 1964, P.97.
24. Ibid, P.98.
25. Ibid, p.104.

this conclusion by his analysis of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe:

> "It would, of course, be possible to put forward all sorts of historical reasons to explain the success of colonization, and there is no denying of the phenomena of economic expansion. But these causes were brought to bear on minds psychologically prepared, and if my analysis is correct no one becomes a real colonial who is not impelled by infantile complexes which were not properly resolved in adolescence. The gap between the dependent personality of the native and the independent personality of the European affords these complexes an opportunity of becoming manifest; it invites the projection of unconscious images and encourages behaviour which is not warranted by the objective situation, but is ultimately explainable in terms of the most infantile subjectivity. Colonial countries are still the nearest approach possible to the archetype of the socius and the enemy, Friday and the cannibals. So, then, colonial life is simply a substitute to those who are still obscurely drawn to a world without men - to those, that is, who have failed to make the effort necessary to adapt infantile images to adult reality."[26]

According to the conclusion, then, colonization and by implication imperialism are substitutes for failure "to make the effort necessary to adapt infantile images to adult reality." It is difficult to accept this in face of certain facts. It ignores the individual's responsibility and his ability and freedom to choose a course of action according to certain moral assumptions. Prospero, of course had no choice; he was forced into exile and cast upon an island. Similarly Crusoe, too, had no choice; he was shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. They are treated as individuals in complete isolation and are not affected by the society to which they belonged, least of all by its political institutions. Both are exceptional individuals with great resourcefulness; men of genius if we are to accept the view that Crusoe was Defoe and Prospero Shakespeare. They were unlike the majority of the colonists whose situation can be better described

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26. Ibid, PP.104-5.

thus:

> "The superfluous men, 'the Bohemians of the four continents' who came rushing down to the Cape, still had much in common with the old adventurers. They too felt 'Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,/Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst.' The difference was not their morality or immorality, but rather that the decision to join this crowd 'of all nations and colours' was no longer up to them; that they had not stepped out of society but had been spat out by it; that they were not enterprising beyond the permitted limits of civilization but simply victims without use and function ... they were nothing of their own making, they were like living symbols of what had happened to them, living abstractions and witnesses of the absurdity of human institutions. They were not individuals like the old adventurers, they were the shadows of events with which they had nothing to do."[27]

What Hannah Arendt describes here might be appropriate to the colonial world, of Orwell or even Forster, but is not entirely adequate to describe that of Kipling, nor of Crusoe and Prospero. Prospero and Crusoe are individuals and certainly not 'shadows of events with which they had nothing to do'. Crusoe is in full command of the situation after the shipwreck and creates a new life for himself. Prospero rules the island with his magic and is in control of the winds, storms and spirits. Mannoni ignores the role played by a deliberately chosen course of action, or a sense of responsibility and duty in colonization and imperialist activity. For these reasons his theory does not fit, say, Kitchener, who "believed in the reality of the white man's burden. He considered that a reluctance to shoulder it would have constituted a cowardly betrayal of a missionary duty which God, or providence, had imposed upon the British race."[28]

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27. Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.189.
28. Philip Magnus: Kitchener: Portrait of an Imperialist. (London 1958) P.24.

THE IMPERIAL IDEAL

British imperialism is often distinguished from all the continental brands because of its idealistic aspect.

In Italy imperialism emerged as a cult of revivalism. It was influenced by "the memory of the Roman Empire of Augustus and his successors."[29] In 1932 Mussolini published an article on 'The Doctrine of Fascism' in which he defined this particular brand of imperialism.

> "The Fascist State is a will to power and to imperium. The Roman tradition is here an idea of force ... For Fascism the tendency to empire - that is to say, to the expansion of nations - is a manifestation of vitality: its contrary ... is a sign of decadence: peoples that rise or re-arise are imperialist, peoples that die are peoples that resign ... Empire demands discipline, co-ordination of forces, duty and sacrifice."[30]

Mussolini introduces here besides "expansion" the concept of the will to power - which indicates Nietzche's influence - and the "demands" of 'discipline, co-ordination of forces, duty and sacrifice'. These are the qualities which stamp the imperialist character and were the aim of the public school education in the imperialist era.

French imperialism was, on the other hand, an attempt to reconcile the ideals of liberty, fraternity and equality with overseas colonization and subjugation of dark races by trying 'in recent times to combine ius with imperium and to build an empire in the old Roman sense'.[31] They tried to evolve an imperial political structure which would allow the subjects in the colonies to be treated as "brothers in the fraternity of a common French civilization, and subjects in that they are disciples

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29. Ernest Barker: The Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire (Cambridge, 1951) P.3.
30. Ibid, P.3. (As quoted by Ernest Barker)
31. Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.129.

of French light and followers of French leading."[32] The French aim was that of the assimilation of subjects into French culture and civilization.

> "The aim is to assimilate colonial peoples to the French people, or, where this is not possible in more primitive communities, to 'associate' them, so that more and more the difference between La France Metropole and La France d'outremer shall be a geographical difference and not a fundamental one."[33]

The ascendancy of Germany as a military power gave the French imperial policy a different twist. Imperialism was tied to national defence and the colonies were looked upon as breeding grounds for black soldiers to defend France and its people. Historically the result was ruthless exploitation of the colonies and severe tension and intense nationalism in place of assimilation ending in the violent and bloody breaking away of the colonies from France.

The English have often been accused of hypocrisy in trying to rationalize their imperial misdeeds and to justify them on the basis of ideals. William L. Langer[34] finds a classic analysis in a passage in A Man of Destiny by G.B. Shaw:

> "Every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently till there comes into his head, no one knows how, the burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. Like the aristocrat he does what pleases him and grabs what he wants; like the shopkeeper he pursues his purpose with the industry and steadfastness

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32. Ernest Barker: Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire (Cambridge, 1941) P.4.

33. The French Colonial Empire (in Information Department Papers No.25, published by The Royal Institute of International Affairs, London, 1941, PP. 94.)

34. W.L. Langer: The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890-1902 (New York and London, 1935) P.91.

> that come from strong religious conviction and deep sense of moral responsibility. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and independence, he conquers half the world and calls it colonization. When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary; he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it, conquers for it; and takes the market as a reward from heaven ... There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principles. He fights you on patriotic principles, he robs you on business principles, he enslaves you on imperialistic principles, he bullies you on many principles, he supports his king on loyal principles, he cuts off his king's head on republican principles. His watchword is always duty; and he never forgets that the nation which lets its duty get on the opposite side of its interest is lost."[35]

And E.M. Forster in his "Notes on the English Character" in Abinger Harvest says:

> "Lack of imagination, hypocrisy. These qualities characterize the middle classes in every country, but in England they are national characteristics also, because only in England have the middle classes been in power for one hundred and fifty years."[36]

During this time, especially after they had gained political ascendancy, the middle classes were deeply "connected with the rise and organization of the British Empire."[37]

In spite of these views by liberals and foreigners there was a definite and clearly conceived imperial credo which found expression in the utterances of the leading imperialists. Their faith and ideals can best be expressed in their own words.

Lord Milner looked upon imperialism as a development of nationalism and as "the law of human progress, that the competition

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35. G.B. Shaw: 'The Man of Destiny' The Complete Plays, (London, 1931) P.171.
36. E.M. Forster: Abinger Harvest (London, 1940) P.3.
37. Ibid, P.3.

between nations, each seeking its maximum development, is the Divine order of the World, the Law of life and progress."[38] The sanctity of Evolution and the struggle for survival is a characteristic of some of the imperialists. "If I am an imperialist, it is because the destiny of the English race, owing to its insular position and long supremacy at sea, has been to strike fresh roots in distant parts of the world. My patriotism knows no geographical but only racial limits. I am an Imperialist and not a little Englander, because I am a British Race Patriot."[39]

Here Milner introduces his belief in the destiny of the English race and the idea of racial patriotism. He believed that the British were the only race who could deal effectively and justly with the difficult problems of the world: "Alike by the nature of our interests, by the nature of our power, and by certain special qualities in our national character, we seem marked out for the discharge of this particular duty."[40] The 'particular duty' in this case was Egypt; and notice the idea of "certain special qualities in our national character."

Chamberlain believed in the British being alone endowed with the ability to govern and rule. The following extracts from his speeches will give us some idea of his imperial faith: 'I believe that the British race is the greatest of governing races that the world has ever seen' (November 11, 1895).

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38. "Credo, Lord Milner's Faith", reprinted from The Times of July 27, 1925, P.2.
39. Ibid, P.2.
40. Alfred Milner: England in Egypt, London, 1892, pp.435-6.

"I admit that we have made mistakes. I have no doubt that we are answerable for sins of commission as well as for sins of omission; but, after all is said, this remains - that we alone among the nations of the earth have been able to establish and maintain colonies under different conditions in all parts of the world, that we have maintained them to their own advantage and to ours, and that we have secured, not only the loyal attachment of all British subjects, but the general good will of the races, whether they be native or whether they be European, that have thus come under the British flag." (January 21, 1896).

"We, in our colonial policy, as fast as we acquire new territory and develop it, develop it as trustees of civilization for the commerce of the world ... In that policy we stand alone, because all other nations, as fast as they acquire new territory ... seek at once to secure the monopoly for their own products by preferential and artificial methods ... It is interesting to notice that we alone have been successful, astonishingly successful, in making these acquisitions profitable." (November 13, 1896).

"Let the Little Englanders say what they like, we are a great governing race, predestined by our defects, as well as by our virtues, to spread over the habitable globe, and to enter into relations with all the countries of the earth." (January 30, 1897).

"I do not say that our success has been perfect in every case, I do not say that all our methods have been beyond reproach; but I do say that in almost every instance in which the rule of the Queen has been established and the great Pax Britannica has been enforced, there has come with it greater security to life and property, and a material improvement in the condition of the bulk of the population. It is a gigantic task that we have undertaken when we have determined to wield the sceptre of empire. Great is the task, great is the responsibility, but great is the honour." (March 31, 1897).[41]

From Chamberlain we might turn to Lord Curzon:

"Empire can only be achieved with satisfaction, or maintained with advantage, provided it has a moral basis. To the people of the mother state it must be a discipline, an inspiration, and a faith ..... in the heart of British endeavour there has burned this spark of heavenly flame that providence has hitherto so richly blessed our undertakings. If it is extinguished or allowed to die our Empire will have no more life than a corpse from which the spirit has lately fled, and like a corpse will moulder ... Count it not shame to acknowledge our Imperial mission, but, on the contrary, the greatest disgrace to be untrue to it, and even if God no longer thunders from

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41. Joseph Chamberlain: Foreign and Colonial Speeches (London, 1897) PP. 89, 93, 144-145, 235, 244 - 246.

> Sinai, and His oracles are sometimes reported dumb, cling humbly but fervently to the belief that so long as we are worthy we may still remain one of the instruments through whom He chooses to speak to mankind."[42]

Here is an invitation to the British to look upon their 'imperial mission' as God appointed and divine. He had already proposed the British as a divine instrument of good rule in the world in the dedication of his book on the Far Eastern problems:

> "To those who believe that the British Empire is under providence the greatest instrument of good that the world has seen, and who hold, with the writer, that its work in the Far East is not yet accomplished."[43]

The Earl of Roseberry in his rectorial address at Glasgow University wondered at this unique phenomenon, the British Empire, behind which he saw "the finger of the Divine". In a mood of exultation he uttered his imperial ecstacy in these words:

> "How marvellous it all is! Built not by saint and angels, but the work of men's hands; cemented with men's honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past; not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human, for the most heedless and the most cynical must see the finger of the Divine ... Do we not hail in this less the energy and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty? Shall we not, while we adore the blessing, acknowledge the responsibility? ... We will rather pray that strength may be given us, adequate and abundant, to shrink from no sacrifice in the fulfilment of our mission; That we may be true to the high tradition of our forefathers; and that we may transmit their bequest to our children, aye, and please God, to their remote descendents enriched and undefiled, this blessed and splendid dominion."[44]

The British Empire was fulfilling a divine purpose by ensuring peace and justice and helping those in distress. Lord Roseberry

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42. Lord Curzon of Kedleston: Speech at Birmingham (11 December, 1907). See The Concept of Empire: Burke to Attlee, edited by George Bennett, London, 1953, PP.356-7.

43. Lord George Curzon: Problems of the Far East (London, 1894) Note of Dedication.

44. Earl of Roseberry: Rectorial Address at Glasgow University (16 November, 1900) See The Concept of Empire: Burke to Attlee, edited by George Bennett, London, 1953, PP.326-327.

declared:

> "The Empire that is sacred to me is sacred for this reason, that I believe it to be the noblest example yet known to mankind of free adaptable just government ... when a community is in distress or under oppression it always looks first to Great Britain; while in cases which are quite unsuspected, I think, by Great Britain at large, and which are, as a rule, only known to Ministers, they constantly express the wish in some form or other to be united to our country, and to enjoy our government."[45]

This idea of the divine mission of the British laid upon them a certain duty and responsibility which they must rise to fulfil. Imperialism became the eleventh commandment of the political ethics of the British people.

> "Why are we Imperialists? As well ask the owner of an estate why he is a landlord. We have inherited Empire and intend to do our duty by the many peoples included in it ... We are Imperialists in response to the compelling influences of our destiny. We are not grouped with nations 'vacant of our glorious gains'. We are the heirs of the ages, with all the great prerogatives and solemn obligations which attach to this high privilege. We are, and shall be, Imperialists because we cannot help it."[46]

This was a prevailing conviction, shared by all, like their Christianity. The destiny of the British Empire was divinely appointed, and according to some was revealed in the scriptures. An anonymous pamphlet was published in London in 1865 under the title "Destiny of the British Empire as Revealed in the Scriptures." Here are a few short extracts from it to give an idea of its tone:

> "The future history of the nations of the earth is indissolubly associated with the gospel revealed to mankind for salvation, and he who intelligently believes the gospel understands the destiny that awaits Britain and the other nations of the world."[47]

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45. See William L. Langer: The Diplomacy of Imperialism, 1890-1902. Vol. 1. (New York and London, 1935) P.93. Original source is not given by Langer.

46. J. Lawson Watson: "Imperialism" (Contemporary Review, March, 1899, pp.305-10) P.307.

47. Anonymous. Destiny of the British Empire as Revealed in the Scriptures (London, 1865) P.7.

> "The British possessions in India constitute the territory spoken of by the prophets as Sheba, Dedan, Tarshish, and therefore Britain is the power referred to in their prophecies." ... "In order that the purposes of Jehovah may be accomplished, the possessions of Britain in the East must be extended beyond their present limits."[48] The church lent divine inspiration to imperialism.

Kipling gave expression to the thought in verse in his famous poem "The White Man's Burden" published in 1899. To the following generation it became the symbolic embodiment of the imperialist creed so variously expressed by priests, intellectuals, teachers, politicians and soldiers.

> "To us - to us, and not to others, - a certain definite duty has been assigned. To carry light and civilization into the dark places of the world, to touch the mind of Asia and Africa with the ethical ideas of Europe; to give to thronging millions, who would otherwise never know peace or security, these first conditions of human advance."[49]

The enthusiasm and optimism of some churchmen were boundless. They hoped that Britain would become the kingdom of God upon earth and their sermons are turned to imperial sentiments.

> "Our England will be the England of Christ, showing forth in her policy, the mind of Christ. All nations will come into her, not because of her health, but because of the Lord her God; because she is a nation fearing God and working righteousness."[50]

Imperialism strengthened itself from all sides and sources, material as well as spiritual.

The discovery of the dark continent of Africa by the Victorians gave a new impetus to imperialism. Here was a new

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48. Ibid, PP.8-10.
49. H.F. Wyatt: "The Ethics of Empire" (The Nineteenth Century, April, 1897, PP.516-30) P.529.
50. The Rev. LL. Ivens: Sermons for Empire Day (London, n.d.) P.9.

source of inspiration, essentially moral. I think Kipling had in mind this sense of moral obligation more than any other idea or sentiment when writing 'The White Man's Burden'.

The official European attitude to Africa is embodied in the articles of the famous Berlin Conference in 1885. All the leading states of Europe and the United States of America from across the Atlantic were represented at this Conference, to discuss "the development of trade and colonization in Africa".[51] The result was the Berlin Act signed by the representatives "in the Name of the Almighty God"[52] binding themselves "in a spirit of good and mutual accord, to regulate the conditions most favourable to the development of trade and civilization in certain regions of Africa; ... to assure to all nations the advantages of free navigation; ... to obviate the misunderstandings and disputes which might in future arise from new acts of occupation on the coast of Africa."[53]

So Africa becomes the joint moral responsibility of the West. The first two paragraphs of Article VI of the Act are a statement of this obligation:

> "All the powers exercising Sovereign rights or influence in the aforesaid territories bind themselves to watch over the preservation of the native tribes, and to care for the improvement of the conditions of their moral and material well-being, and to help in suppressing slavery, and especially the slave trade.
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> "They shall without distinction of creed or nation protect and favour all religious, scientific, or charitable institutions and undertakings created and organized for the above ends, or which aim at instructing the natives and bringing home to them the blessings of civilization."[54]

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51. See Leonard Woolf: Imperialism and Civilization, (London, 1933) P.77.
52. Ibid, P.77.
53. Ibid, P.77.
54. Ibid, P.78.

A detailed study of the official attitude of the Victorians has recently been done by Ronald Robinson and John Gallagher under the title Africa and the Victorians: the Official Mind of Imperialism (London, 1961). The African Empire had been reluctantly acquired as there was no systematic and planned policy of extension. The popular interest was due more to the reports about the interior of Africa brought back by travellers, explorers, traders and missionaries. The appeal was very romantic in nature and the realisation of an obligation or responsibility was of a moral romantic character rather than Christian. Suddenly the Europeans were brought face to face with the realities of Africa, which, because they were new and outside the normal European experience, had a romantic and irresistible appeal. The savage tribes, their strange and weird customs, almost incomprehensible in any European terms, the vast spaces, the impenetrable jungles, the muddy rivers with their hippos and crocodiles and the beasts of the jungle, all these were new. The lure of Africa was strong and irresistible, drawing alike adventurers and pioneers, missionaries and fortune seekers.

Oh! Africa, mysterious Land
Surrounded by a lot of sand
And full of grass and trees,
And elephants and Afrikanders,
And politics and Salamanders.
. . . . . .
And Serpents, seven yards long at least
And lions, that retain
Their vigour, appetites and rage
Intact to an extreme old age,
And never lose their mane.
Far land of Ophir! Mined for gold
By lordly Solomon of old,
Who sailing northward to Perim
Took all the gold away with him,
And left a lot of holes;
. . . . . .

Vast continent! Whose cumbrous shape
Runs from Bizerta to the Cape
. . . . . .
To thee, dear goal, so long deferred
Like old Aeneas - in a word
To Africa we came ..,
And as we touched the Strand ...
I thought the earth in terror shook
To feel its Conquerors land.[55]

It was these romantic associations and nuances that Belloc makes fun of here which gave imperialism the new strength and push on its way up to its zenith. It began to captivate and inspire the imagination as the imperial idea had acquired romantic overtones and sentiments. It was through the influence of imagination that imperialism became acceptable to the millions of people at home and

> "(held) fast the allegiance of the millions by the propagation of peculiar myths - one among which was the figure of Queen Victoria herself, who became depersonalized, as an idea: the idea of the Great White Queen. While encouraging and making profit from the spirit of adventure, it was nevertheless to promote the interests of peace and commerce. While it was to gain its greatest trophies in war, it was to find its main task in serving the ends of justice, law and order. It was an idea that moved, an idea that expanded, an idea that had to continue to move and expand in order to retain its vitality and its virtue."[56]

Imaginative discoveries do not follow quick upon physical discoveries. Kipling discovered India imaginatively long after it had been discovered by the navigators and traders. India, the Far East and Africa became the source of romantic inspiration which, when fused with the imperial idea, flowered into the literature of imperialism.

Africa was exploited more by the traders in search for new

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55. Hilaire Belloc. The Modern Traveller (London, 1923) Part V. PP.35-38.
56. Thornton, A.P. The Imperial Idea and its Enemies. (London, 1963) Introduction P.X.

markets than by the missionaries and agents of civilization; and whatever benefits Africa got from the West were incidental to this or due to the few sincere and selfless individuals with a sense of mission. The economic and industrial forces were working out their own destinies in Africa. Ironically the ideas of obligation, duty and service to the natives gave the economic exploitation countenance and pretensions to cover it. Even David Livingstone "the great pioneering missionary" had to acknowledge the greater role of the economic forces in the Empire and beyond as against the moral sentiments and missionaries.

> "You are fulfilling the prophecy which in a few years hence will probably be realized much more plainly. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Emigration must take place from England sooner or later by millions. The subject will probably be the question of the day. If the immense capital which can scarcely find means of investment takes the turn of promoting emigration, the world will teem with the Anglo-Saxon race. Capitalists are not likely to find a more certain return for the prodigious sums of money they now sink in railways than in the emigration schemes now being formed. If He in whose hand are the silver & the gold only turns the tide that way, the enlightenment of the world will not be the work of missionaries."[57]

Later he could see how it was economic forces that were shaping the world as we know it today, rather than moral ideals and missionary work.

> "The tendency and spirit of the age are more and more towards the undertaking of industrial enterprises of such magnitude and skill as to require capital of the world for their support and execution ..... The extension and use of rail roads, steamships, telegraphs will break down nationalities and bring people geographically remote into close connection

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57. J. Schapera, (Ed.) David Livingstone: Family Letters: 1841 - 1856, With an Introduction (London, 1959) Vol. II, P.93.

commercially and politically. They make the world one, and capital, like water tends to a common level."[58]

One trip up the Congo river revealed to a man of vision and genius, Joseph Conrad, the brutal and inhuman aspect of empire-building in the heart of Africa and gave to the world the masterpiece of the empire in English fiction in his Heart of Darkness.

RACE AND IMPERIALISM

The idea of imperialism grew complex, as many influences had been at work in its evolution. Ernest Seilliere[59] a French writer, believed that the sources of inspiration of political imperialism lay in mysticism. Among the four kinds of mysticism which he traces in contemporary literature, one is racial mysticism, which he also calls national mysticism. Individuals as well as nations have found the idea of divine or supernatural help in conquest a source of courage and moral strength. Many tribes and peoples have claimed for themselves divine beginnings. The Aryans in ancient India gave the aborigines the lowest and inferior most position in the hierarchy of caste-system with the Brahmins on the top rung claiming for themselves a divine origin. The Phoenicians believed that they were the chosen of Maloch,

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58. H. Waller (Ed.) Last Journals of David Livingstone, (London, 1874), Vol. II, P.215.

59. Cargill Sprietsma: We Imperialists: Notes on Ernest Seillieres Philosophy of Imperialism. (New York, 1931) See PP.61-128 for 'Mystic Sources of Contemporary Imperialism.'

the Dorians of Apollo, the Athenians of Pallas Athena, the Jews of Jehovah.

Historically modern race-thinking arose in France in the eighteenth century. It was preceded by an unprecedented interest and enthusiasm in peoples, customs and cultures of distant lands like China and Persia. The French culture was thrown into a new perspective by the Chinese and the Persian. A new technique of criticism of manners and customs was discovered. This was not happening in France alone. In England Oliver Goldsmith was doing more or less the same thing in The Citizen of the World series.[60] These ideas also underly Swift's Gulliver's Travels. But it was in France that conditions prepared the way for the association of the French culture exclusively with the aristocracy. The aristocracy, looking for separate origins, reinterpreted French history in the light of these new ideas. The Comte de Boulainvilliers wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century that the history of France was a history of two nations; one,

60. Oliver Goldsmith's choice of a Chinese as his mouth-piece for his criticism of English manners and customs was not completely without the influence of the French traditions.
"Probably equally important in Goldsmith's decision in favour of a Chinese was the fact that he would need information about China he found readily available in Louis Le Comte's Nouveaux memoires sur l'etat present de la chine, which he consulted in the third edition, published in Paris in 1697, and in J.B. Du Halde's large collection, which he used in the English translation entitled A Description of the Empire of China, published by Edward Cave in two folio volumes in 1738 and 1741. Possibly the decisive factor was that from the time he began the series Goldsmith was acquainted with the Marquis d'Argens's Letters Chinoises, and from this work, whenever inspiration failed him, he was able to draw a sentence, a paragraph, or even an entire letter"
[Collected Works of Oliver Goldsmith: Arthur Friedman (ed.) Vol. II. The Citizen of the World, Oxford, 1966, Introduction, P.X.]

Germanic in origin, conquered the Gauls, dispossessed them of their lands and settled as the ruling class. The aristocracy based their rights upon the right of conquest and the "necessity of obedience always due to the strongest."[61] Boulainvilliers' ideas were ready to hand as a kind of ideology when the aristocracy's political rights and privileges were challenged by the revolutionaries. His ideas were considerably influenced by the right-might doctrines of the preceding century, though might was changed to conquest. The division of the French into two nations, one superior to the other, is not based on any physical differences, but on a historical deed of conquest which was interpreted as a judgement, once and for all, on the natural qualities and the relative rights and privileges of nations.

In Germany race-thinking developed side by side with nationalism. It was accompanied by the struggle to unite the many German States. The Germans were surrounded by powerful countries; their condition was desperate and a strong national sentiment grew requiring the union of all German speaking people. Race-thinking was a weapon in the hands of nationalists based on the common origin of all Germans. So race-thinking grew out of political and historical events in France and Germany along different lines.

> "If, in the early form of French aristocracy, race-thinking had been invented as an instrument of internal division and had turned out to be a weapon for civil war, this early form of German race-doctrine was invented as a weapon of internal

61. Quoted by Hannah Arendt in The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.162. From 'Comte de Boulainvilliers' Histoire de l'Ancien Gouvernement de la France, 1727, Tome 1, P.33'

> national unity and turned out to be a weapon for national wars. As the decline of the French nobility as an important class in the French nation would have made this weapon useless if the foes of the Third Republic had not revived it, so upon the accomplishment of German national unity the organic doctrine of history would have lost its meaning had not modern imperialistic schemes wanted to revive it, in order to appeal to the people and to hide their hideous faces under the respectable cover of nationalism."[62]

A French diplomat, Count Arthur de Gobineau published his Essai sur l'Inegalites des Races Humaines in 1853. Gobineau's theory of race is mystical in character. His one desire was to find out why civilizations rise and fall. History had been moved up to the stage of conceptual interpretation. His mood was pessimistic and he lamented that the world was no longer ruled by a pure race, a pure and superior branch of the Aryans, the Germanic. He was more concerned with finding out why civilizations decay and fall. In the fall of the French nobility he saw the fall of France and the fall of France was the doom of Western Civilization. He claimed for himself a genealogy going back to Odin. He explained the decline of civilizations as caused by the degeneration and decay of race due to intermixture of blood. This was the basic idea which, according to him, could be instrumental in the interpretation of history. He used his race concept for political ends, the definition, and ultimately the creation, of an 'elite' to take the place of the ousted aristocracy. His interpretation of history could not be accommodated with the assumption of the existence of "pure" breeds. Yet he considered it possible to belong to a race-elite, despite an inferior social

62. Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.167.

position; that physical superiority could be created and evolved and that men with exceptional qualities were the 'sons of kings.'

> "Thanks to race, an 'elite' would be formed which could lay claim to the old prerogatives of feudal families, and this only by asserting that they felt like noblemen; the acceptance of the race ideology as such would become conclusive proof that an individual was "well-bred" that "blue-blood" ran through his veins and that a superior origin implied superior rights."[63]

Gobineau did not live to see the application of his ideas. Neither was he an educationist, to suggest methods of application. But English public school education of the imperial era, with its emphasis on physical culture, and the cultivation of patriotism, courage and independence almost succeeded in creating such an aristocracy - an aristocracy which Kipling admired and loved for administering the Empire. His Stalky & Co. are members of such an aristocracy in the making and The United Services College just such a place to create them. German education in Nazi Germany was a very sinister application of Gobineau's ideas and it almost destroyed Western civilization instead of arresting its decay. It was natural for Gobineau, as well as Kipling, to distrust and dislike democracy as it interferes with the rights and privileges of the 'natural aristocracy.'[64]

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63. Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.173.

64. This may be a coincidence as there is no evidence of the influence of Gobineau's thought on Kipling. But in view of the fact that Gobineau's ideas had a wide-spread appeal to intellectuals we cannot rule out the possibility of an indirect influence.
"The specific amalgamation of the race and "elite" concepts equipped the international intelligentsia with new and exciting psychological toys to play with on the great playground of history. Gobineau's "fils des rois" were close relatives of the romantic heroes, saints, geniuses and supermen of the late nineteenth century, all of whom can hardly hide their German romantic origin. The inherent irresponsibility of romantic opinions received a new stimulant from Gobineau's mixture of

England was neither threatened from within by revolution like France nor by attack from outside like Germany, yet the political and historical events which gave birth to English nationalism cast the seeds of race-thinking as well. England also felt the need of a theory of unity among all the English speaking people who were scattered in the colonies overseas. Enthusiasts of English national unity like Dilke interpreted the American War of Independence as a civil war between two parties and not between two nations. The social reformers and radicals thought England needed the colonies to breed there a new stock of sturdy peasant population to prevent the degeneration of the nation.

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64. (Contd.)
races, because this mixture showed a historical event of the past which could be traced in the depths of one's own self. This meant that inner experiences could be given historical significance, that one's own self had become the battlefield of history.
"Since I read the Essai, every time some conflict stirred up the hidden sources of my being, I have felt that a relentless battle went on in my soul, the battle between the black, the yellow, the Semite and the Aryans."* Significant as this and similar confessions may be of the state of mind of modern intellectuals, who are true heirs of romanticism whatever opinion they happen to hold, they nevertheless indicate the essential harmlessness and political innocence of people who probably would have been forced into line by each and every ideology".(Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) PP.174-75. *The details of the quotation in footnote No.41 on page 175 of The Burden of our Time are: "This surprising gentleman is none other than the well known writer and historian Elie Faure, "Gobineau et le Probleme de Races," in Europe, 1923") The current of thought stirred by Gobineau would be likely to influence Kipling. Surely, though, more direct influences would have been Carlyle and Froude, and perhaps such fiction as Charles Kingsley's Westward Ho! and popular boy's reading like the Works of George Henty.

> "Because English colonists had spread all over the earth, it happened that the most dangerous concept of nationalism, the idea of "national mission", was especially strong in England. Although national mission as such developed for a long while untinged by racial influences in all countries where peoples aspired to nationhood, it proved finally to have a peculiarly close affinity to race-thinking."[65]

Race-thinking rose out of political realities at home. It was imaginative in character and was a romantic response to political changes. In England the social reformers like Carlyle and his disciple Froude wanted the colonies for romantic reasons because they would make it "possible to reproduce in them a simpler state of society and a nobler way of life than were possible in Industrial England."[66] The Elizabethan dream of a utopia could come true at last. Race-thinking was at the root of the irresponsible opinions of "the men of brilliant and facile conceptions."[67] When these opinions fell into the hands of the imperialists, specially of those who were building empires in Africa, they were developed into racial theories of the most destructive and brutal kind. 'Exterminate the brutes!' is sheer madness in face of the incomprehensible.

> "Imperialism would have necessitated the invention of racism as the only possible "explanation" and excuse for its deeds, even if no race-thinking had ever existed in the civilized world ... Since, however, race-thinking did exist, it proved to be a powerful help to racism. The very existence of an opinion which could boast of a certain

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65. Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.182.
66. C.A. Bodelsen; Studies in Mid-Victorian Imperialism, (Kjobenhaven and London, 1924) P.199.
67. Hannah Arendt: The Burden of our Time (London, 1951) P.183.

> tradition served to hide the destructive forces of the new doctrine - which, without this appearance of national respectability or the seeming sanction of tradition, might have disclosed its utter incompatibility with all Western political and moral standards of the past, even before it was allowed to destroy the comity of European nations."[68]

But it was the scientific and pseudo-scientific theories of race which deeply influenced the thought, especially the political thought, of the nineteenth century and furnished the imperialists with ideological weapons in pursuit of their policies.

> "The historical truth of the matter is that race-thinking, with its roots deep in the eighteenth century, emerged simultaneously in all Western countries during the nineteenth century. Racism has been the powerful ideology of imperialistic policies since the turn of our century. It certainly has absorbed and revived all the old patterns of race opinions which, however, by themselves would hardly have been able to create or, for that matter, to degenerate into racism as a Weltanschauung or an ideology ... Not until the end of the century were dignity and importance accorded race-thinking as though it had been one of the major spiritual contributions of the Western World."[69]

The influence of Darwin was at its peak in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Historians, social scientists, political thinkers, moral philosophers, poets and novelists began to manipulate evolutionary theories for their own purposes. Social and political phenomena and history were explained racially as a struggle between different races. The expansion of Europe into Asia and Africa had brought the white races and the dark, brown and the yellow races into a very close and peculiar contact. The physical differences were so obvious that they could not escape notice, specially in the case of the Negro:

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68. Ibid, PP.183-184.

69. Ibid, P.158.

> "Look at the negro, ... need I describe him? Is he shaped like any white person? Is the anatomy of his frame, of his muscles or organs like ours? Does he walk like us, think like us, act like us? Not in the least. ... Can the black races become civilized? I should say not.
> ... but he differs in everything as much as in colour. He is no more a white man than an ass is a horse or a zebra ... I feel disposed that there must be a physical and, consequently, a psychological inferiority in the dark races generally."[70]

Simply to point out these differences was not enough. They must be explained scientifically. Once the process of pointing out differences and explaining them had started it became more and more delicate until the white man himself was divided into several races with different habits, languages and temperaments, strengthening nationalism and the pan-movements on the continent. In Britain the urge for the unity of the English speaking peoples emerged in the founding of the Imperial Federation League - a kind of Pan-Saxonism struggling for constitutional rather than national union.

It was only natural that the imperialists should borrow the race theories. There was some talk about race struggle in Canada between the French and the British and in South Africa the Boer-War focussed the struggle between the Dutch and the British. But the main division remained between the white race on the one hand, and the brown, black and yellow races all grouped together on the other. The latter were all loosely called "niggers."

Dispensation of justice to the Queen's subjects in the colonies was the main concern of the politicians and administrators. Subject races were as minor wards who were incapable of guarding their own interests and but for the white man they would have known no peace.

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70. Robert Knox: The Races of Man (London, 1850) PP.243-244, 245.

and law. This is the attitude of most of the characters in Kipling's stories and E.M. Forster's civil servants in A Passage to India.

At the turn of the nineteenth century, when imperialism was at its peak, race-thinking among British and other scientists was uniform to the extent of recognizing the fact that races were different. But when it came to explanations of these differences, race-thinking fell into different schools of thought according to the moral, political and historical views held by the thinkers.

> "The most familiar of these may be called the teleological view of race difference. In summary, the position was this: God created Men unequal. Their inequality had a purpose. Whites were made more intelligent so that they could wisely direct the labour of others. Other races (and usually this meant the Africans) were given strong backs, weak minds, and a placid disposition so that they could labour more effectively under European direction."[71]

This theory was very popular in Britain in the later half of the nineteenth century. In the United States of America it was the main defence of slavery in the last century and still lingers on in South Africa as the basis of apartheid. Carlyle's "Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question" (Precursor to Latter-Day Pamphlets; first printed in Frazer's Magazine, December 1849; reprinted as a separate Pamphlet, London, 1853) is a classic example. Here are two extracts from it to illustrate the teleological theory of race.

> "In fact, it will behove us of this English nation to overhaul our West-Indian procedure from top to bottom, and ascertain a little better what it is that Fact and Nature demand of us, and what only Exeter Hall Wedded to the Dismal Science demands. To the former set of demands we will

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71. Philip D.Curtin "The Origins of the 'White Man's Burden'" in The Listener, September 21, 1961 (PP.412-15) P.414.

endeavour, at our peril, - and worse peril than our purse's, at our soul's peril, - to give all obedience. To the latter we will frequently demur, and try if we cannot stop short where they contradict the former, - and especially before arriving at the black throat of ruins whither they appear to be leading us. Alas, in many other provinces besides the West Indian, that unhappy Wedlock of philanthropic Liberalism and the Dismal Science has engendered such all-enveloping delusions, of the moon-calf sort, and wrought huge woe for us, and for the poor civilized world, in these days! And sore will be the battle with said moon-calves; and terrible the struggle to return out of our delusions, floating rapidly on which, not the West Indies alone, but Europe generally, is nearing the Niagara Falls - ... That no black man who will not work according to what ability the Gods have given him for working, has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkin, however plentiful such land may be; but has an undisputable and perpetual right to be compelled, by the real proprietors of said land, to do competent work for his living ... An idle white gentleman is not pleasant to me; though I confess the real work for him is not easy to find, in these our epochs; and perhaps he is seeking, poor soul, and may find at last. But what say you to an idle Black gentleman, with his rum-bottle in his hand ... and the fruit-fullest region of earth going back to jungle round him? ...

"If precisely the Wisest Man were at the top of society, and the next-wisest next, and so on till we reached the Demerera Nigger (from whom downwards, through the horses &c., there is no question hitherto), then were this a perfect world, the extreme maximum of wisdom produced in it. That is how you might produce your maximum, would some god assist. And I can tell you also how the minimum were producible. Let no man in particular be put at the top; but all men be accounted equally wise and worthy, and the notion get abroad that anybody or nobody will do well enough at the top; that money (to which may be added success in stamp-oratory) is the real symbol of wisdom, and supply-and-demand the all-sufficient substitute for command and obedience among two-legged animals of the unfeathered class: accomplish all those remarkable convictions in your thinking department; and then in your political, as is fit, decide by count of heads, the vote of a Demerera nigger equal and no more to that of a chancellor Bacon; this, I perceive, will (so soon as it is fairly underway, and all abstractions left behind) give the minimum wisdom in your proceedings."[72]

Notice Carlyle believes in an hierarchy of races with the Nigger at the bottom just above the intelligent animals. The basis of the hierarchy is the amount of ability and intelligence

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72. Thomas Carlyle: 'The Nigger Question' in Latter-Day Pamphlets (London, 1858) PP.5-11.

possessed and he believes in a kind of universal order or law according to which the more intelligent should govern the less intelligent.

The belief in the inherent superiority of the Western free world institutions and civilization can be at its worst as much a racist and imperial idea as was the nineteenth century belief in the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon peoples and their civilization.

> "... The 'Imperial Idea' of the latter nineteenth century which saw the idealized British Empire as the finest achievement of men so far was itself a racist idea, even though its racism might be expressed in divergent policies. The fall of pseudo-scientific racism from intellectual respectability has not ended racism within the British Empire any more than it has ended it in the United States, but it has made this difference: the individual expressions of Xenophobia no longer have the support of 'scientific' truth."[73]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FORCE AND IMPERIALISM

One consequence of racial theories was the idea that conflict between races must be the law of nature working out the elimination of 'the lower breeds' and the emergence of one dominant superior race. Ideas like these were quite common in the late nineteenth century and were often attributed to the influence of Charles Darwin though he "himself made no effort to apply the principles of organic evolution to the study of the social structure, and that many of the ideas supposedly taken from his writings were ideas for which he could not justly be held responsible."[74]

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73. Philip D. Curtin, "The Origin of the 'White Man's Burden'" TheListener, September 21, 1961, (PP.412-15) P.415.

74. W.L. Langer: The Diplomacy of Imperialism: (New York and London, 1935) Vol. 1. P.85.

These ideas tended to lend respectability and inevitability to violence as a law of nature, led to the idealization of the soldier's life and character, obtained admiration and honour for heroes and supermen and for athletic and sporting life. These ideas sprouted like mushrooms and emerged simultaneously in many European countries in the last two decades of the nineteenth century.

> "The tone of realism, not to say ruthlessness and brutality, that was so striking a characteristic of imperialism was due in a measure to the general cast of socio-logical thought prevailing at that time ... The phrases struggle for existence and survival of the fittest carried everything before them in the nineties."[75]

Walter Bagehot and Herbert Spencer were among the first social evolutionists. Walter Bagehot conceived the idea of society evolving on organic principles and through natural selection in competition with other societies. In his book Physics and Politics (London, 1872) he laid down three laws: the law of strength, the law of character, and the law of intensification. The following is the full statement of these laws:

> "Three laws, or approximate laws, may, I think, be laid down, with only one of which I can deal in this paper, but all three of which it will be best to state, that it may be seen what I am aiming at.
>
> First. In every particular state of the world, those nations which are strongest tend to prevail over the others; and in certain marked peculiarities the strongest tend to be the best.
>
> Secondly. Within every particular nation the type or types of character then and there most attractive tend to prevail; and the most attractive, though with exceptions, is what we call the best character.
>
> Thirdly. Neither of these competitions is in most historic conditions intensified by extrinsic forces, but in some conditions, such as those now prevailing in the most influential part of the world, both are so intensified."[76]

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75. Ibid, P.85.

76. Walter Bagehot: Physics and Politics (London, 1872) P.43.

According to him "intellectual gain" is made in war. In the conquest of the weaker by the strong is the key to all progress and the preservation of the best virtues. The conquered gain as much as the conquerors. Since his interpretation of history is evolutionary he divides it into ages or stages each characterized by different conditions. The earliest ages are of war and conquest in which the weaker and therefore, the worst according to his first law, are either eliminated or subdued and assimilated and thus the succeeding ages can afford "an exquisite sense of beauty, a love of meditation, a tendency to cultivate the force of the mind at the expense of the force of the body," which he calls the "virtues of other ages."[77]

A preoccupation with the philosophy of force is a principle feature of the 'nineties and early twentieth century. Its vogue was very widespread and existed and thrived side by side with the literature of action and violence and the newspaper reports of the imperial wars and campaigns. Here are a few passages from books on the philosophy of force:

> "The philosophy of force is the theory of society which is based on the belief in the effectiveness and inevitability of the use of force in human relationships to advance those ends, economic, social, and moral, for which men live and strive. In international relations its modern name is militarism. The philosophy of force claims to find its scientific foundation in the application of Darwin's theory of natural selection and the struggle for existence to human society."[78]

> "The theory of selection teaches that in human life, as in animal and plant life, everywhere and at all times, only a small and chosen minority can exist and flourish, while the enormous majority starve and perish miserably and more or

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77. Ibid, P.217.

78. G. Nasmyth: Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory (New York, 1916), PP. 5-6.

less prematurely ... The cruel and merciless struggle for existence which rages throughout living nature and in the course of nature must rage, this unceasing and inexorable competition of all living creatures is an incontestable fact; only the picked minority of the qualified fittest is in a position to resist it successfully, while the great majority of the competitors must necessarily perish miserably. We may profoundly lament this tragical state of things, but we can neither controvert nor alter it. 'Many are called, but few are chosen' ... This principle of selection is nothing less than democratic; on the contrary it is aristocratic in the strictest sense of the word."[79]

"As carried on throughout the animate world at large, the struggle for existence has been an indispensable means to evolution. Not simply do we see that, in the competition among individuals of the same kind, survival of the fittest has from the beginning furthered the production of a higher type; but we see that to the unceasing warfare between species is mainly due both growth and organization. Without universal conflict there would have been no development of the active powers .... Similarly with social organisms. We must recognise the truth that the struggles for existence between societies has been instrumental to their evolution. Neither the consolidation and re-consolidation of small groups into large ones; nor the organization of such compound and doubly compound groups; nor the concomitant developments of those aids to a higher life which civilization has brought; would have been possible without inter-tribal and inter-national conflicts. Social co-operation is initiated by joint defence and offence; and from the co-operation thus initiated all kinds of co-operations have arisen. Inconceivable as have been the horrors caused by the universal antagonism which, beginning with the chronic hostilities of small hordes tens of thousands of years ago, has ended in the occasional vast battles of immense nations, we must nevertheless admit that without it the world would still have been inhabited only by men of feeble types sheltering in caves and living on wild food."[80]

"What takes place in war? The combatants of the two armies come together. They commence to kill each other with swords, rifles and cannons. A battle is a series of homicides, accomplished in the same way and at the same time; therefore a collective assassination. The fact that the two adversaries may have equal chances and attack each other openly does not make any change in the essential nature of the action. In an individual duel the struggle may be

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79. Ernst Haeckel: Freedom in Science and Teaching (London, 1879) Pp.92-93.

80. Herbert Spencer: Principles of Sociology (London, 1882) PP.240-241. Vol. ii, Part 5, "Political Institutions".

accomplished also, not only with complete fairness, but even with a great display of courtesy. This does not change the fact that when one adversary or both of them lose their lives the duel is only, in fact, a homicide. In war incidentally, it is not at all believed that one is obliged to fight fairly. Surprises and ruses are practised continuously."[81]

"History shows me one way, and one way only, in which a state of civilization has been produced, namely, the struggle of race with race, and the survival of the physically and mentally fitter race.....

"This dependence of progress on the survival of the fitter race, terribly black as it may seem to you, gives the struggle for existence its redeeming features; it is the fiery crucible out of which comes the finer metal. You may hope for a time when the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, when American and German and English traders shall no longer compete in the markets of the world for raw materials, for their food supply, when the white man and the dark shall share the soil between them, and each till it as he lists. But, believe me, when that day comes mankind will no longer progress; there will be nothing to check the fertility of inferior stock; the relentless law of heredity will not be controlled and guided by natural selection. Man will stagnate..... The path of progress is strewn with the wreck of nations; traces are everywhere to be seen of the hecatombs of inferior races, and of victims who found not the narrow way to the greater perfection. Yet these dead peoples are, in very truth, the stepping stones on which mankind has arisen to the higher intellectual and deeper emotional life of today."[82]

"The formation of the states did not result from the play of free interests as did the formation of the horde, of tribes, of parties, and of associations in general; no, it arose from antagonistic interests and as a consequence it is a coercive organization ...

All evolution is the result of competition, but in the case of the state, violence itself is the agent which has created it. Since this violence follows the path of social necessity, since it acts in the direction of true natural interests, this is the criterion by which we can judge that the state realizes its mission in the social life. Every time we disregard this fundamental conception of the State, every time we admit the opinion that the state could proceed as a simple effect of civilization, of a pacific

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81. Y.A. Novikov: La Critique Du Darwinisme Social (Paris, 1910) P;4. Quoted from the original by G. Nasmyth: Social Progress and Darwinian Theory (New York, 1916) P.9.

82. Karl Pearson: National Life from the Standpoint of Science (Second Edition, London, 1905) PP.21, 26-27, 64.

union, or of any other combinations of this nature, we enter into contradiction with the teaching of sociology and we prepare the way for political experiences which terminate in a most lamentable fashion."[83]

"Just as organic evolution began with the metazoic stage, so social evolution began with the metasocial stage. So, too, as the metazoic stage was brought about through the union of several or many uni-cellular organisms in a multi-cellular organism, so the metasocial stage was brought about by the union of two or more simple hordes or clans into a compound group of amalgamated hordes or clans ... Two groups thus brought into proximity may be, and usually are, utterly unknown to each other. The mutual encroachment is certain to produce hostilities. War is the result, and one of the two groups is almost certain to prove the superior warrior and to conquer the other. The first step in the whole process is the conquest of one race by another..... The greater part of the conquered race is enslaved and the institution of slavery begins here. The slaves are compelled to work, and labour in the economic sense begins here. The enslavement of the producers and the compelling them to work was the only way in which mankind could have been taught to labour, and therefore the whole industrial system of society begins here."[84]

These intellectual efforts suited the imperial era in that they glorified struggle and war and gave no consideration to moral principles in history and international affairs. Empire building was sanctioned and supported by science and admired as a larger and stronger social organization than the national state. It guaranteed future existence and survival. The future was for great empires, therefore they must be built.

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83. G. Ratzenhofer: Die Sociologische Erkantniss (Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1898) PP.233-34.
Quoted from the original by G. Nasmyth: Social Progress and Darwinian Theory (New York, 1916) P.10.

84. Prof. Lester F. Ward: American Journal of Sociology, March, 1905, P.594.
Quoted from the original by G. Nasmyth: Social Progress and Darwinian Theory (New York, 1916) P.11.
The title of the article is not given.

CHAPTER II

RUDYARD KIPLING

INDIA - THE WHITE MAN'S NIGHTMARE

He will realize nothing, but he will shrink from nothing.

G.L. Dickinson.

Kipling has been indissolubly associated with the British Empire in the minds of all readers and most critics for a long time and it has become impossible to dissociate him from the idea of imperialism. Both the concrete and the abstract socio-political aspects of this very complex and controversial political and historical entity are reflected in his prose and verse. It is, however, interesting to note that Kipling's prose, especially his short stories about the Anglo-Indians and India reveal to us the Empire in its concrete aspect, especially its administrative aspect, and also the life of those who administered it. His imperialism, or the empire as a moral idea, is best reflected and expressed in his poetry.

In this study of Kipling the position taken is to be stated in order to limit its scope and purpose. Most studies of Kipling since the 'nineties fall into two clearly distinguishable categories, on the basis of his political and social views. One group attacks and the other defends. The battle over him still goes on, though recently some of the defenders have tried to shift the ground. Recent years have seen several attempts to re-establish Kipling's reputation, stemming from T.S. Eliot's introductory essay to A Choice of Kipling's Verse (London, 1941) and characterised by Tompkins' The Art of Rudyard Kipling (London, 1959) and Bodelsen's Aspects of Kipling's Art (Manchester, 1964) both of whom avoid the embarrassment of the imperial theme by concentrating on the 'art' of Kipling, particularly on his later tales not set in India. Whether these critics are right to pay so much attention to these late stories is not my concern here; and whether they will

succeed in their attempts to establish Kipling as a major artist and distract the readers from his imperialism is yet to be seen. Meanwhile his Indian stories will be read and re-read by people who will be fascinated by his surface magic.

Kipling does have a magic of his own and its power over some readers is often strong enough to atrophy their critical and moral judgements. This has been admitted by many and the stories which hold them spell bound are often his Indian tales. For Arthur Conan Doyle "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" (Wee Willie Winkie, 1895), "The Man who would be King" (Wee Willie Winkie, 1895), and "The Man who was" (Life's Handicap, 1891) opened magic casements, yet the language he uses to describe Kipling indicates an inability, even an unwillingness to make the effort of critical judgement:

> "They are stories which invite criticism and yet defy it. The great batsman at cricket is the man who can play an orthodox game, take every liberty which is denied to inferior players, and yet succeed brilliantly in the face of his disregard of law. So it is here. I should think the model of these stories is the most dangerous that any young writer could follow. There is digression, that most deadly fault in the short narrative; there is incoherence, there is want of proportion which makes the story stand still for pages and bound forward in a few sentences. But genius overrides all that, just as the great cricketer hooks the off ball and glides the straight one to leg. There is a dash, an exuberance, a full-blooded, confident mastery which carries everything before it. Yes, no team of immortals would be complete which did not contain at least two representatives of Kipling."[1]

It could, however, be argued that this 'magic' is no more than the expertise of a man with a sharp eye. Kipling knew India at first-hand, first as a child and then as a very young man, a boy almost. His observation of the surface details of

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1. Arthur Conan Doyle: Through the Magic Door (London, 1907), PP.118-119.

things, places and men was very accurate. He saw the Indian Empire administered by the Anglo-Indians, he observed their social life in India and saw them at work; and within the limits imposed on him by the necessity of belonging to a ruling community, he wrote about the natives. He saw India as a kaleidoscope of man, beast and nature and thanked Allah for the infinite diversity of his creatures. His range was very wide and he produced a vast body of work. Soldiers, sailors, bridge-builders, fakirs, fishermen, journalists, machines, engines and beasts all came his way. His vitality and zest for life were inexhaustible and his curiosity insatiable. He is the very symbol of the energy and activity of an imperial nation. Work, action, self-assertion, restlessness, these were some of the qualities he admired. Yet even his lama, a restless and single-minded searcher, ignores, like his creator, whole areas of experience. In his prose Kipling, strictly speaking, gives a realistic treatment to what he observed of the administrators and soldiers; and to what he saw, from a limited viewpoint, of the Indian way of life. It is this aspect of his work which I intend to explore in order to see something of the impact made by the Indian Empire on English literature. I shall restrict myself to the Indian fiction, whether written in India or elsewhere.

Kipling made his debut in English literature with the six volumes of the Indian Railway Library, all published in India in 1888.[2] In order to account for the immediate success of these

2. (a) Soldiers Three, first Indian edition, 1888; (b) The Story of the Gadsbys, first Indian edition, 1888; (c) In Black and White, first Indian edition, 1888; (d) Under the Deodars, first Indian edition, 1888; (e) The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales, 1888; (f) Wee Willie Winkie and other Child Stories, 1888. (contd.)

books with the reading public, reviewers began to look for certain qualities in his art which could distinguish it from contemporary fiction. In the early reviews there is a note of surprise. No one in Britain, especially in the literary circles of London, expected an obscure Anglo-Indian journalist to produce imaginative writing. India was shrouded in a halo of romance and mystery and generations of Anglo-Indians had lived in India without seriously considering the possibilities of Indian material for literature. Now, Kipling romanticised the soldiers and administrators in India who were the very people for whom he wrote these stories. Mr. Andrew Lang's enthusiasm is typical of those who were thrilled by the stories from India. At last India was revealed with all her colour and variety, her mystery and romance:

> "At last there comes an Englishman with eyes, with a pen extraordinarily deft, an observation marvellously rapid and keen; and, by good luck, this Englishman has no official duties: he is neither a soldier, nor a judge; he is merely a man of letters. He has leisure to look around him, he has the power of making us see what he sees, and, when we have lost India, when some new power is ruling where we ruled, when our empire has followed that of the Moguls, future generations will learn from Mr. Kipling's works what India was under English sway ..... But Mr. Kipling's volumes no sooner reached England than the people into whose hands they fell were certain that here were the beginnings of a new literary force. The books had the strangeness, the colour, the variety, the perfume of the East ..... Mr. Kipling, on the other hand, makes us regard the continent which was a bore an enchanted land, full of marvels and magic which are real. There has, indeed, arisen a taste for exotic literature: people have become alive to the strangeness and fascination of the world beyond the bounds of Europe and the United States ..... Can we be too grateful to an author who has extended, as Mr. Kipling in his military sketches has extended, the frontiers of our knowledge and sympathy ... In brief Mr. Kipling has conquered worlds, of which, as it were, we knew not the existence."[3]

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2 (Contd.) The first edition of Plain Tales from the Hills was also published in India in 1888 at Calcutta, but not in the Railway Library Series.

3. Andrew Lang: Essays in Little (London, 1891) PP.198-204.

Though the criticism of these enthusiasts seems on the surface very objective and judicious, on second thoughts one begins to suspect that they, too, were idealizing and romanticizing the writer from India with his magical tales. This criticism, in the first place, is general in character and does not depend on close analysis of the stories. There is one distinguishing feature of this early enthusiastic and mainly eulogistic criticism, that it is free from explicit political considerations. Attention had not yet been drawn to Kipling's imperial attitudes. Certain qualities were attributed to Kipling's art which it is my purpose to examine here in order to see whether they can be really found in his stories and if they are there, whether they are of any artistic value. While he was in New York in 1889 on his way to London, his Indian stories were extensively and favourably reviewed in a number of British periodicals. These reviews are of a eulogistic nature and do not show any considered reflection on Kipling. I reproduce below a few extracts, quoted by Charles Carrington in his biography of Kipling:

> "No more promising work has recently appeared in the English tongue [said the St. James's Gazette] than the Anglo-Indian stories of Mr. Kipling.
>
> "A more readable or amusing book we have seldom come across [said Vanity Fair].
>
> "Mr. Kipling does not write with rose-water [said the World]. The story called 'His Majesty the King' is moreover somewhat maudlin at the best and 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' is too grim and unlovely to be associated with the playfulness of childhood. But 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft' is a fine tale, full of rough life and spirit and touched with just the right proportion of pathos to redeem its coarseness."
>
> "The worst of recommending these publications [said a writer in The Saturday Review], which we do very heartily, is that apparently they are difficult to procure. They appear in paper-covered little vols., but these vols. are not found on English Railway book-stalls. Very little that is

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> new and so good can be discovered on those shrines of fugitive literature. Mr. K. is a new writer, new to the English as distinct from the Anglo-Indian public. He is clever, so fresh, and so cynical, that he must be young."[4]

The critics are subject to the same influences as the writer and the readers. When this happens it is very difficult for the critics to question the writers' basic values and attitudes. They are involved in the same way as the writers and their criticism necessarily becomes eulogistic and general, because they see in the writer an interpreter of their own views. This is what happened in the early criticism of Kipling. The Anglo-Indians in India and the prophets of Empire at home, were grateful to him for having projected imaginatively the problems and hardships of the imperialist. He gave them a kind of creed, a philosophy of life of which they were proud. We can trace this attitude in an early analytical essay by Sir William Hunter, who had been a member of Lord Dufferin's Council. His essay is a tribute of thanks-giving to Kipling for having revealed to the world abroad the 'noble' Anglo-Indians and their work.

> "Some day a writer will arise (he wrote] - perhaps this young poet is the destined man - who will make that nobler Anglo-Indian world known as it really is. It will then be seen by what a hard discipline of endurance our countrymen and countrywomen in India are trained to do England's greatest work on the earth ... of this realistic side of Anglo-Indian life Mr. Kipling ... gives glimpses. His serious poems seem to me the ones most full of promise. Taken as a whole his book gives hope of a new literary star of no mean magnitude rising in the east."[5]

Ironically the prophecy of Sir William Hunter that Kipling,

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4. Charles Carrington: Rudyard Kipling (London, 1955), P.131.

5. Quoted from unprinted sources, The Kipling Papers, by Charles Carrington: Rudyard Kipling (London, 1955) P.131. These papers are the property of Mrs. George Bambridge. 'They include his press-cutting books, Mrs. Kipling's diaries, and many portfolios of Correspondence'. (Ibid, P.522). The quotation reproduced above has been taken from 'reviews from press-cutting book.'

the young poet, was, perhaps, destined to reveal the truth about the Anglo-Indians, has been fulfilled. It is from Kipling's works that one now gathers their views and attitudes, their snobbery, their arrogance and their imperial postures. All these were very solid and real things influencing their work and their life, but they failed to see, as Kipling did, the underlying weaknesses. Kipling's vision worked only within the framework of the Empire. The tendency to idealize Kipling as a writer about India is part of the imperial attitude and philosophy. Kipling idealized the soldiers and the administrators and similarly disposed critics idealized him. He was honoured by a full length article in The Times on 25th March, 1890. It is similar in approach to the samples already quoted, though more detailed. Extracts are produced here as quoted by Charles Carrington in his biography of Kipling, though he does not question the article's arguments in any way. The tendency to romanticise Kipling's works has even now not entirely been given up, though much more pains are taken now in explaining his qualities which have followed two different directions.

> "India has given us an abundance of soldiers and administrators, but she has seldom given us a writer. There is no question, however, that she has done this in the person of the author of the numerous short stories and verses of which we give the titles below. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has the merit of having tapped a new vein, and of having worked it out with real originality. He is even now a very young man, in spite of his seven or eight small volumes; in fact, we believe he is not yet twenty-five.
> Mr. Kipling found himself famous in Indian society as the writer of sketches which were generally accepted as representing, with a fair amount of truth and a great amount of pungency, scenes of a very diverse kind ... He is at home at Simla, and in the life of 'the Station.' He deals also with that unfortunate result of our settlement in India, the

> Eurasian, and some of the most brilliant of his tales have this seldom successful growth for their topic ... He may be almost called the discoverer, as far as India is concerned, of 'Tommy Atkins' as a hero of realistic romance ... Some of the best and most penetrating of the Plain Tales deal with various aspects of native life, and in this department Mr. Kipling's curious and seemingly almost instinctive knowledge is not less evident than in his stories of European life ... That very grim story 'In the House of Suddhoo', the tragedy called 'Beyond the Pale', and one or two of the 'Black and White' series seem to be almost the best of Mr. Kipling's writings, perhaps because they appear to lift the veil from a state of society so immeasurably different from our own ...
>
> In nothing is Mr. Kipling more successful than in his truly lurid descriptions and indications of what Indian heat can be, and what its effect on the minds and bodies of the Europeans who have to suffer it ...
>
> Plain Tales from the Hills is the longest of the volumes, and, as its title implies, it deals mostly with Simla life. The picture that Mr. Kipling gives is not altogether a pleasant one; but then he does not pretend to be an optimist or to represent society as all varnish and veneer ... If it fails of being a first rate picture, it is because Mr. Kipling though an admirably direct writer, is comparatively wanting in style. People have compared him with Guy de Maupassant, not, let it be observed, that he shows any disposition to emulate the French writer in his choice of subjects (which would be, indeed, even now, an impossibility for an Englishman) but because of his incisive power of drawing vignette portraits and of representing in half a dozen pages a complete action ... Guy de Maupassant, is, however, a stylist of the first order, and this Mr. Kipling is not, yet, whatever he may come to be ... He may go very much further than he has yet gone. Many of the stories which he has lately published in the English magazines ... show a distinct advance in artistic power ... and the volume called Departmental Ditties is in no respect on the same level with certain verses which have appeared with and without his name during the present year ...
>
> But, as yet, he has not attempted the 'long-distance race,' and the question in which the rapidly-growing number of his readers are now most interested is whether he possesses staying power ... It is to be hoped he will not write himself out. Modern magazines and their eager editors are a dangerous snare in the way of a bright, clever, and versatile writer, who knows that he has caught the public taste."[6]

The writer of this article enumerates the same qualities of Kipling's originality, vividness and ability to depict both Anglo-

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6. Charles Carrington: Rudyard Kipling (London, 1955)PP.147-148.

Indian and native life; but what does he mean by Indian society? Obviously the Anglo-Indians who formed a very tiny part of Indian society in general; but the Indians themselves appeared not often to matter, though surrounding the Anglo-Indian communities like a sea. Kipling's selection of certain dubious areas of native life was in itself limited and a consequence of his imperial posture as I shall try to show. And is there any sense in making native life mysterious and secretive? Was it so in the eyes of the natives? Some of the stories mentioned in the article as examples of Kipling's ability to penetrate various aspects of native life will be analysed in detail to see whether, in fact, Kipling really offers insights to his reader. It was part of this imperial attitude to build an impassable barrier between the ruler and the ruled; and even if we admit that Kipling had lifted a veil from native life, to reveal magic, treachery, vengeance, passion and mystery, were these things not already reported to be there? Why did Kipling rarely give us those accurate and sympathetic pictures of the Indians, their culture and their life that E.M. Forster was to paint? Is there any mystery lurking in the native quarters of Chandrapore? Is anything mysterious happening behind the purdah? Are there any mysterious and unspeakable rites in the birth of Krishna ceremony? The imperial posture could not have been so easily maintained if native life and natives had not been mystified. It would then have been difficult to maintain that they were 'not like us' and consequently not quite human. To relegate them to a primitive position and condition of life was, therefore, dictated by the imperial attitude. Even when a native was Europeanized,

his dark mysterious nature was only superficially hidden behind a civilized facade. His original nature could assert and dominate him in face of temptation. There were whole areas of Indian life, cultures, religions, customs and education which Kipling completely ignored. At this point it must be said that the literary artist may sometimes select his material and work with stereotypes, as for example Conrad does at times, in order to lead the reader to an exceptional vision of things. My complaint against Kipling is that there is often only a romantic imperialist vision behind his mysterious veil. I agree that Kipling could evoke very intensely the physical sensation of the oppressive Indian heat; but his powers of description were put to the service of the Empire. His intention was to show that the strength of the English character could endure this heat and carry on the work of the Empire. The work was demoralizing and sometimes the strain was too much to bear, as in 'At the End of the Passage'; but it was part of his outlook that he could sacrifice a few of his less hardy sahibs to increase the horror of life in India. Why were the Eurasians the "unfortunate result of our settlement in India?" Who regarded them as unfortunate? The very people who were responsible for them. When, at times they are favourably presented, Kipling puts them in situations in which they bring credit to the drop of white blood in them. The treatment of the Eurasians by George Orwell in Burmese Days is rather different. He not only satirizes the Eurasians, but the system which produced them as well. Kipling gives a satirical treatment to certain aspects of Anglo-Indian life for a special

reason. He was not satirizing weaknesses in human nature, because he did not believe in such a thing as a universal human nature, he believed in the Anglo-Saxon character, and in its superiority. He satirized certain aberrations or weaknesses in the Anglo-Saxon character because they were a hindrance in the discharge of the imperial role; and these weaknesses were not so clearly judged against any moral or religious code as supposed by some critics. Commendable qualities were satirized not because they were morally worthy of censure but because they were outside the imperial code, as we shall see in later examples.

It was significant that 'Tommy Atkins' should have been discovered in India. At home Tommy Atkins was nobody; often he would not have been served a drink in a public-house, nor given a seat in a theatre. But out there in India, he was somebody; he had a role to play and Kipling had him play it very loud and vigorously. It was the most thumping and stamping form of the imperial assertion. But it must be noticed that it was the music and the noise of the London music-halls which gave Kipling the idea to write about the British soldier, rather than India where he had known him so intimately:

> "Those monologues I could never hope to rival, but the smoke, the roar, and the good-fellowship of relaxed humanity at Gatti's 'set' the scheme for a certain sort of song. The Private Soldier in India I thought I knew fairly well. His English brother (in the Guards mostly) sat and sang at my elbow any night I chose; and, for Greek chorus, I had the comments of my barmaid - deeply and dispassionately versed in all knowledge of evil as she had watched it across the zinc she was always swabbing off. (Hence, some years later verses called 'Mary, pity Women,' based on what she told me about 'a friend o' mine 'oo was mistook in 'er man'.) The outcome was the first of some verses called Barrack-Room Ballads."[7]

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7. Something of Myself (London, 1964) P.81.

The Barrack Room Ballads (1892) were an immediate success; because of them Kipling became the literary lion of London and "for a while one of the happy company who used to gather in a little restaurant off Leiscester Square and regulate all literature till all hours of the morning."[8] Kipling had already introduced the private soldier in his Soldiers Three to the reading public, which did not question the soldier's behaviour in spite of its brutality and irresponsibility,[9] because it was approved of in the imperial context. The question why the soldier should

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8. Ibid, P.82.

9. In 'The God From the Machine' (Soldiers Three) Kipling makes Mulvaney recount how he once prevented the Colonel's daughter from eloping with a Captain. This he considered enough justification for his brutal attack on Jungi who was to drive the girl in his carriage to the station. The story opens with a maxim of Private Mulvaney 'Hit a man an' help a woman, an' ye can't be far wrong anyways.' In 'Private Learoyd's Story' the three soldiers conspire to deceive a Eurasian woman, Mrs. De Sussa who has taken a fancy to the Colonel's dog Rip. They steal the 'Canteen Sargent's' bad-tempered dog, and Ortheris works on him with hair-dyes and reproduces on him the markings on Rip. They deliver the dog in a basket at the station, when Mrs. De Sussa is about to leave for a hill-station, in return for three hundred rupees. Kipling tells the story in a way that he seems to justify the irresponsible behaviour of the three soldiers. In Plain Tales from the Hills, 1888, 'The Three Musketeers' is another good example of the way in which the three soldiers, Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd take upon themselves the responsibility of teaching a lesson to Lord Benira Trig, a visiting Peer, who is collecting material for his book. They conspire with a hekka driver to drive him into the Padsahi Jhil (a small shallow lake) outside the city. Another native Buldoo is hired to act as a dacoit. The three soldiers then appear as rescuers. 'The Taking of Lungtungpen' (Plain Tales), 'The Big Drunk Draf' (Soldiers Three, 1888), 'With the Main Guard' (Soldiers Three) 'The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney' (Life's Handicap, 1891) all these illustrate either the brutality or the irresponsible behaviour of the soldiers in India.

suddenly appeal to the imagination of a people who had hitherto completely ignored him was never gone into. The causes were more complex than that Kipling knew the soldier well in India and he thought it was time he should make him known at home. In spite of his admiration for his soldiers in the stories one is always aware of the social barrier between the soldiers and Kipling as narrator. Chesterton had put the blame for the cruel and brutal strain in Kipling's imagination on India:

> "Mr. Rudyard Kipling, a man of real though decadent genius threw a theoretic glamour over them [the Colonial supermen] which is already fading ... he has imagination, of an oriental and cruel kind, but he has it, not because he grew up in a new country but precisely because he grew up in the oldest country upon earth. He is rooted in a past - an Asiatic past. He might never have written "Kabul River" if he had been born in Melbourne."[10]

It is a curious twist in Imperialist thinking, to blame the brutalities of Imperialism upon the degenerate orientals who are 'infecting' their rulers.

It is interesting to note that the Indian stories were very enthusiastically received by readers and critics; but this unreflective enthusiasm for Kipling might have deeper social causes which I will consider in brief after I have given some further examples of this unqualified and rapturous criticism. Andrew Lang wrote in Essays in Little:

> "It is one of the surprises of literature that these tiny masterpieces in prose and verse were poured 'as rich men give that care not for their gifts', into the columns of Anglo-Indian Journals. There they were thought clever and ephemeral - part of the chatter of the week. The subjects, no doubt, seemed so familiar, that the strength of the handling, the brilliance of the colour, were scarcely recognized."[11]

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10. G.K. Chesterton: What's Wrong with the World (London, 1910) P.84.
11. Andrew Lang: Essays in Little (London, 1891) P.199.

There is one interesting point here that what was considered "the chatter of the week" in India became a new literary force in England. This requires consideration as it will help us to explain certain features of British life at a later stage in the argument. Notice also the tendency to romanticize the East as part of the Western attitude which is still very much alive. Henry James went even further in his enthusiasm for Kipling's stories. In a letter written to R.L. Stevenson he writes:

> "That little black demon of a Kipling will have perhaps leaped upon your silver strand by the time this reaches you - he publicly left England to embrace you many weeks ago - carrying literary genius out of the country with him in his pocket. As you will quarrel with him at an early day, for yourself, it is therefore not needful I should say more of him than that nature languishes since his departure and art grunts and turns in her sleep ..... I mean never to write another novel; I mean I have solemnly dedicated myself to a masterly brevity. I have come back to it, as to an early love. "La premiere politesse de l'erivain" says lately the exquisite Anatole France, "n'est-ce point d'etre bref? La nouvelle suffit a tous. On peut y renfermer beaucoup de sens en peu de mots. Une nouvelle bien faite est le regal des connaisseurs et le contentement des difficiles. C'est l'elixir et la quintessence. C'est l'onguent precieux." I quote him because il dit si bien. But you can ask Kipling. Excuse me for seeming to imply that one who has distilled the ointment as you have needs to ask anyone."[12]

Even those critics who discovered the objectionable in his tales, especially when it was attributed to English Society, refused to consider the conditions that produced it and blamed

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12. Leon Edel (Ed.) Selected Letters of Henry James (London, 1956) PP.175-176.
Translation of the quotation from Anatole France:
"Is not brevity the prime courtesy a writer owes his readers? The nouvelle (tale) is long enough for anybody. It allows one to say a great deal in few words. A well composed nouvelle (tale) delights the connoisseurs and satisfies the fastidious. It is the elixir and the quintessence. It is the precious ointment."

Kipling for his ignorance of the life of Society in London. They were very ready to accept without question his presentation of the Indian scene and society because if there was anything objectionable it did not concern them nor were they responsible for it. On the other hand they challenged Kipling's treatment of certain aspects of London life which had shocked them as unrealistic.

> "Since Mr. Kipling has come back from India he has written about Society "of sorts" in England. Is there not perhaps in him something of Pagett, M.P., turned inside out? As a delineator of English life, at all events, he is not yet thoroughly master of his craft. Everything he writes has vigour and picturesqueness. But the 'Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood' is the sort of thing that any extremely brilliant Burman, whose English, if slightly odd, was nevertheless unimpeachable, might write of English ladies and gentlemen, having never been in England. The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot was in every way better, more truly observed, more credible, more artistic, but yet a little too cynical and brutal to come straight from life. And last of all there is the novel of The Light that Failed, with its much discussed two endings, its oases of admirable detail in a desert of the undesireables, with its extremely disagreeable woman, and its far more brutal and detestable man, presented to us, the precious pair of them, as typical specimens of English society. I confess that it is The Light that Failed that has awakened me to the fact that there are limits to this dazzling new talent, that eclat of which had almost lifted us off our critical feet."[13]

Some possible explanation for his immediate success with readers and critics in Britain and the U.S.A. can be found in the circumstances obtaining in these countries at the time of his literary debut. Edmund Gosse found that there were two new trends in fiction. With the increasing interest in psychology, some writers were concerned to produce more subtle and involved characters, more refined and sensitive impressions. At the other end of the scale were extravagant fantasies, including the

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13. Edmund Gosse: Questions at Issue (London, 1893) PP.278-279.

scientific ones, and 'superhuman romances.' Gosse thought Kipling had come at the right time to fill a void between the two extremes:

> "The fiction of the Anglo-Saxon world, in its more intellectual provinces, had become curiously feminised. The novel writers who cared to produce subtle impressions upon their readers, in England and America, had become extremely refined in taste and discreet in judgement. People who were not content to pursue the soul of their next-door neighbour through all the burrows of self-consciousness had no choice but to take ship with Mr. Rider Haggard for the Mountains of the Moon. Between excess of psychological analysis and excess of superhuman romance there was a great void in the world of Anglo-Saxon fiction. It is this void which Mr. Kipling, with something less than one hundred short stories, one novel, and a few poems, has filled by his exotic realism and his vigorous rendering of unhackneyed experience. His temperament is eminently masculine, and yet his imagination is strictly bound by existing laws."[14]

Edmund Gosse may be right in his explanation of the immediate and widespread success of Kipling; but this phenomenon in itself is not a proof of Kipling's greatness as a writer. We might question whether the English Society that enthused over Kipling was sound in its intellectual, political, social and literary values. The forces at work in the last decade of the nineteenth century were many, diverse and conflicting. In literature it was a period of Decadence, Dandyism, Aesthetism and Art for Art's sake with Oscar Wilde and Beardsley as chief representatives. It coincided abroad with expansion and aggression in many parts of the Empire. Men had found in the imperial idea the source of a new inspiration. In the working of the British Empire was seen the realization of a divine purpose. Imperialism was then a faith, a moral obligation on the part of the

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14. Ibid, PP.255-256.

civilized West to look after those who were supposed to be unable to do so, though it was never asked who looked after them before the onslaught of the nineteenth century expansion of Europe into Asia and Africa. It was part of the imperial attitude to represent the people of the colonies as 'children' who needed protection; although the question against whom were they protected was rarely asked. Ironically they often needed protection from the economic exploitation to which they were ruthlessly subjected. Certain myths were created to captivate the imagination of the British people and inspire allegiance. Kipling helped in the creation of a mythical sahib who worked himself even to unhonoured death in India. Economic prosperity at home had created new social problems; the wealth from the colonies was in the hands of the capitalists and the conscience of the nation asserted itself in the form of the new socialism headed by the Webbs to redress the evils of the unequal distribution of wealth. The expansionist aspirations were not without their prophets - Froude and Carlyle did their share in earlier days but the chief prophet was found in Cecil Rhodes, a man who inspired Kipling as well. Rhodes looked upon territorial expansion as the central principle of imperialism, and it became his mania.[15]

Imperialism had released new energies, which found expression in all activities of life; in literature the demand for the exotic, the rare and the new cannot be completely dissociated from the general social flux. Art and politics had found their common ground in socialism at home, so that very many creative

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15. See Introduction P. 11.

writers who had strong political views were socialists. In India the imperial administration was given a different kind of conscience, an image of itself as an effective instrument holding an impossible country together and saving it from the ravages of famine and epidemics. Kipling had inevitably acquired the imperial outlook and the social prejudices of the Anglo-Indians. He achieved identification with the heroes he admired and idealized by writing about them. Through his art Kipling became involved in the imperial problems and so he could not achieve that degree of detachment which is essential for creative ideas of a permanent and lasting nature. His involvement in the immediate problems was like that of Orwell. They could not put their writings in a sufficiently broad context, such as that of Forster. The Empire that Kipling had admired and idealized all his life has vanished and all those ideas which were relevant to it are now a matter of history only. As we have seen, recent criticism of Kipling, if it tends to be favourable to him, takes the form of an attempt to dissociate him from his imperial context and put him in a new one. Dr. Tompkins and Professor Bodelsen concentrate on the 'art' of the later tales; while, on the other hand, Professor Dobree and others[16] look at Kipling's social and

16. See Professor Dobree's "Rudyard Kipling" in The Lamp and the Lute (Oxford, 1929) PP.45-65, and Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist (London, 1967), especially chapters II and III on 'Philosophy for Living' and 'The Framework of Living'. Also see Noel Anan's "Kipling's Place in the History of Ideas," George Shepperson's "The World of Rudyard Kipling" and Alan Sandison's "Kipling: The Artist and the Empire." The last three Essays have been collected by Prof. Andrew Rutherford in Kipling's Mind and Art (Edinburgh and London, 1964).

philosophical ideas, but again in a non-imperial context.

In Anglo-Indian fiction Kipling struck a new note. He brought to it a very keen observation, a receptive mind to record impressions and a retentive memory. Conditions had been settling down by the time he arrived in India after leaving school; except for the occasional border clashes on the North-West Frontier, British India had enjoyed at least two decades of uninterrupted peace after the tragic events of 1857. His predecessors had written in an unsettled India where they had come in the spirit of adventure and when fancy and imagination could get out of hand. The stories and novels about that India were highly coloured romances and represented a totally different India than was observed by Kipling. He had no interest in the past of India and his writings reflect the contemporary India as understood and lived in by the Anglo-Indians. Kipling's distinguishing qualities as a writer have been enumerated in the citation of the Nobel prize for literature in 1907, which was awarded to him "in consideration of the power of observation, originality of imagination, and also the manly strength in the art of perception and delineation that characterize the writings of this world-renowned author." He was the first writer about India among the Anglo-Indians who used new but contemporary material drawn from his personal contact with India, and from his observation of the life of those who administered and guarded it; but it was not a detached observation, because he observed and recorded like a sahib. Conrad invented Marlow to be able to exercise detachment but Kipling is always involved himself in the stories. His

dramatic monologues are narrated by approved characters; his soldier stories are recounted to him by his soldier friends. He did not venture like his predecessors into Indian history in search of romance, though he touched here and there on its legends, and his total exclusion of historical romance from his Indian tales was a great step forward to modern imperial fiction; but it is a very significant exclusion, because Kipling, through identification with the sahibs who did things, wanted to play the imperial role in contemporary India, with which as a journalist he was in very close touch. His imagination was not, otherwise, averse to the treatment of historical material. In Puck of Pook's Hill (1906) and Rewards and Fairies (1910) he used historical material, and his intention was to give Britain a continuous and uninterrupted life evolving out of antiquity and reaching its culmination in the Anglo-Saxon hegemony. It was to give, as it were, the British Empire its historical and evolutionary context.

> "He wants England to 'make plain the meaning of all (her) thousand years' and attempts to be her spokesman to this end in such evocations of her Roman past as Puck of Pook's Hill, and on such suggestions of her Saxon past as "Young Man at the Manor," "The Recall" and "The Way Through the Wood." Ruskin and Rhodes and Kipling himself of course, believed that only one race approached God's ideal type, namely, the Anglo-Saxon. The French believed as firmly in their Mediterranean culture and "neo-latinisme." Both were to bring about the best possible fulfilment of the great "mission" in the African colonies of each nation. Each was divinely appointed to and providentially the best equipped to spread civilization, peace, and justice in Africa. Each considered that "Rome La Grande" played an important part in this equipment."17

Even there historical romance is excluded, and he gave his material a scientific and evolutionary treatment. These books,

17. Susaane Howe: Novels of Empire (New York, 1949) P.100.

though written for children, are his vision of the destiny of Britain which was imperial and which he identified with the realization of a divine purpose. E.M. Forster's Howards End (1910) is also, though from an entirely different angle, about the destiny of Britain and a comparative study of both would be very rewarding. Kipling was working in these two books towards a fictional 'story of the nation'. Past events and people are re-created for Dan and Una who thus see the panorama of England's past, as a pageant of the land and the country which have remained unchanged.[18]

His attitude to the romantic treatment of the life of the Anglo-Indians in Calcutta around and in the time of Warren Hastings is made clear in 'The Dream of Duncan Parrenness' in Life's

18. Kipling prepared very carefully for these stories, to avoid historical inaccuracy. "He tells us that when he talked over the plan of Puck of Pook's Hill with his father, Lockwood Kipling warned him that he would have to be careful, and years later, in 'The Propagation of Knowledge,' he tells us why, when Stalky rebukes Beetle because he is 'so damn inaccurate'. Kipling was, I believe, as careful as it was in his creative nature to be; it is obvious that a great deal of investigation has gone to provide him with the detail that makes his stories stand up so solidly." (J.M.S. Tompkins: The Art of Rudyard Kipling, Methuen University Paperback edition, 1965, P.76). Earlier Charles Carrington has observed: 'The first stories, Puck of Pook's Hill (1906), came rapidly off his pen. Then came a pause in publication while he made a number of experiments. He tried and rejected a story of Dr. Johnson, a story of Defoe, a story of King Arthur, but at last elaborated and approved the eleven stories which were issued as Rewards and Fairies in 1910. Much of the writing was done at the 'Wool Sack,' and much of the research in the admirable South African Public Library at Cape Town. In the summers, the stories were often taken down to Tisbury to be 'smoked over' by Lockwood Kipling. (Charles Carrington: Rudyard Kipling; his Life and Work (London, 1955) P.278).

Handicap (1891). It is one of the earliest stories of Kipling and was first published in The Civil and Military Gazette on 25 December 1884. It depicts the life of one Duncan Parrenness who is employed as a writer by the East India Company. He has arrived in Calcutta from London expecting wonderful things to happen to him, but he has soon discovered that it is a 'God forgotten' place. The romance and glamour he had imagined about his life in India is not there. Every year when the summer comes round a large number of his countrymen are carried off by sickness in the pestilential city. He has just returned from the Governor-General's great dance, where he has got roaring drunk. He cannot sleep as memories of the past loves disturb him and remind him of the uselessness and futility of his life. His mother's memory fills him with remorse and penitence which is followed by a return of courage which might have enabled him to become 'Nabob, Prince, ay, even the Great Mogul himself, by the mere wishing of it.' (Vol. IV, P.443).[19] In the rest of his dream he is confronted with his own self - the self that he has created for himself out of selfishness, greed, drunkenness, and the evil and unrestrained life in India - a self when embodied and seen and confronted outside is most terrible to face; because it is the face of a very old man, marked and lined and stamped by disease and evil living. Kipling was here parodying some earlier literary pictures

19. All quotations from Kipling's fiction texts will henceforth be indicated at the end of each citation by page and volume numbers of the Sussex Edition of The Works of Rudyard Kipling. This edition represents his final revised text and was published after Kipling's death by Macmillan and Company Ltd. over a period of two years, 1937-39. It is in thirty-five volumes, two of which, Vols. 29-30, contain prose works collected for the first time.

of life in India in which it was considered possible to become rich and live a life of comfort.[20] This kind of India had died long ago. Parrenness has lost to his self all that he had once held of value in his life; his "trust in men", his "faith in women", and his "boy's soul and conscience" in return for which he has received "a little piece of dry bread"; this almost Jacobean image was invested by Kipling with powerful symbolic meaning as a comment on one kind of glamourizing and romanticizing of India by his predecessors of the early nineteenth century. Then India was not imperial; it was administered by the East India Company, a commercial concern. By Kipling's time India had become imperial, the purpose of the administration was ostensibly the efficient discharge of a moral responsibility and he had to observe the Anglo-Indians within this framework. He was living among a community stationed at Lahore in the North-Western India, now in Pakistan. He revealed this community in photographic yet imaginative glimpses. His best work will always include selections from his Indian stories, though, as I have said, for reasons more political than literary, recent critical endeavour seeks to redeem the reputation of Kipling by drawing attention to his 'late manner' and his more complex stories. These Indian tales were originally written for the British community in India and were published in The Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore

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20. It would be difficult to say what particular works Kipling had in mind, but I think he was parodying the highly imaginative treatment of life in India, such as presented in the historical romances of the early 19th century and of the period before 1857.
W.B. Hockley's. Tales of the Zenana (1827)
Sir Walter Scott's. The Surgeon's Daughter (1827)
Meadows Taylor's. Tipoo Sultan (1840)

and The Pioneer of Allahabad. In the school of practical journalism he learnt the value of brevity, of the economy of words and above all the rendering of the actual and the real.

> "Ce que Kipling apprit aussi, C'est que les faits valent mieux que les theories, que les paroles valent mieux que les intentions. 'Procurez-vous vos faits, disait-il, et ensuite deformez-les tant que vous voulez.' Dans une litterature tout encombree de theses, de doctrines et d'analyses psychologiques, cela lui a permis de faire passer un souffle puissant de Verite concrete. Il est a remarquer que Kipling prete rarement a la critique tant qu'il decrit ou qu'il raconte. Il ne devient discutable que lorsqu'il veut jouer les philosophes et les penseurs."[21]

But in real life the distinctions between fact and theory, word and idea are not so clear cut as Kipling seems to make out. It was part of his cocksureness to be able to divide life into clear cut categories and label men so easily. Why was intellect a weakness in India as he seems to make out in 'In the Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin' in Plain Tales from The Hills? Here is a brilliant civilian, McGoggin who instead of learning the vernaculars, which should have helped him to discharge his duties more efficiently, (which is what Kipling wants him to do), reads books by Comte and Spencer. The trouble is that Kipling sees this as a choice of exclusive alternatives - either you are a man

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21. Robert Escarpit: Rudyard Kipling: Servitudes Et Grandeurs Imperiales (Paris, 1955), P.56.
Translation:
"Kipling also learnt that facts are worth more than theories and words are worth more than intentions. 'Get hold of your facts, he would say, then distort them as much as you like.' Thus he managed to introduce a powerful breath of concrete truth into a literature that was cluttered with theses, doctrines and psychological analyses. It should be noted that Kipling rarely invites criticism so long as he is describing or narrating. He becomes questionable only when he tries to act the philosopher and the thinker."

of action or you read Comte and Spencer. Notice the provincial attitude in his phrases "A man called Comte ..... and a man called Spencer," (Vol. 1, P.153), very characteristic of the Anglo-Indian mentality which is ridiculed by both Orwell and Forster; here Kipling is praising this attitude; because these thinkers "deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs." (Vol. 1. P.153). He preferred men of action, however shallow, to intellectuals; because the intellectual asked awkward questions, something which the Anglo-Indian community could not stomach. McGoggin is ridiculed by Kipling because he comes to India with a 'rarefied religion over and above his work.' (Vol. 1. P.153). He is not Kipling's ideal sahib; his work should have been his religion. He is an individualist who does not fit into the imperial framework or hierarchy. Kipling wants him to surrender his reason and intuition in India to the experience of those who have been in the country for some years longer. Kipling echoes the Anglo-Indian's sense of inferiority in mocking the intellectual culture of Metropolitan Societies when he says that there is 'no one higher than himself [McGoggin], and that the Metropolitan Board of Works made Everything.' (Vol. I, P.154).

Kipling was reflecting in this story the imperial creed that the British Empire was divinely appointed and the British were working out an act of Providence or being instrumental in carrying out the Divine Will. The imperial administrative system worked on this basis: it required men who could be of value as good and efficient instruments in the imperial services. This belief made Kipling cynically disposed to those who showed any aberrations,

moral and intellectual. The over-enthusiastic, the liberal-minded, the proud and the vain were soon brought to their senses. Kipling had no doubts about the imperial role of the British in India and as a writer "he does not display the workings of his mind, his doubts, his gropings. He drives his thought to a conclusion; and it is only when it has reached to force of an intuition, of an assent in Newman's meaning of the word, that he clothes it in appropriate symbols."[22]

It was not India which demanded the conversion of Aurelian McGoggin but the narrow, rigid, conventionalized Anglo-Indian Society which could not tolerate individualism. India had known 'higher things', 'rarified religions' and 'First Causes' long before Europeans had ever come there. It was the Anglo-Indians' own fault and ignorance if they did not see anything in India except 'raw, brown, naked humanity - with nothing between it and the blazing sky' (Vol. 1, P.154) but the Administration; and it reflected their own limitations and their inability to see the complexity of life if they relied on simple theories. Reason, intuition and imagination were to be taboo if the Law was to be established with the help of an hierarchical system of administration depending on blind obedience and unreflective action taking no account of the complexity of consequences.

> "The Deputy is above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner, and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State, who is responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible to her maker - if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to - the entire system of our administration must be wrong; which is manifestly wrong." (Vol. I, P.154)

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22. Bonamy Dobree: The Lamp and the Lute (London, 1964) P.38.

It is far easier to fall into the error of approving Kipling's interpretation if the stereotyped Anglo-Indian attitude to India is accepted without question. If it is accepted that India is a country of the cultivator, the ryot the raw and the naked and nothing else then it becomes a much more acceptable position to sneer at intellectual idealism. To do so would be to accept an illusion which was an Anglo-Indian variety of the egocentric illusion of the West which looked, and still looks upon the complex variety of civilization, and cultures of the world in terms of its own materialistic civilization. This is what Alan Sandison does when he says:

> "Whether or not there is a Maker, whether or not there is a morality based on responsibility to Him, there is an Administration with its clear justification in the succouring of India's mass of 'raw, brown, naked humanity.' In the light of their crying need, First Causes are luxury commodities which can well be done without. Kipling was thoroughly utilitarian and pragmatic: the standard by which the morality of an idea was to be judged was the practical result which the idea would have when applied in action. Indeed, William James's own definition of pragmatism represents accurately Kipling's attitude: 'For the pragmatist ... all discarnate truth is static, impotent, and relatively spectral, full truth being the truth that energises and does battle'."[23]

I don't agree that James's definition of pragmatism represents Kipling's attitude. The Anglo-Indian fear of intellectualism was due to a different cause. If you were interested in First Causes then you were sure to discover at the bottom of the imperial system neither God nor Morality but naked economic exploitation. Aurelian McGoggin would be likely to find this if he had not been converted to the Anglo-Indian point of view. This is what Flory, hero of Orwell's Burmese Days discovers and he becomes a social outcast.

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23. Alan Sandison: The Wheel of Empire (London, 1967) P.70.

This is what Oakfield[24] discovers when he joins the Administration.

> "The story makes depressing reading. Oakfield lands at Calcutta full of enthusiasm and the desire to serve, but he gets no pleasure out of India, except from the initial thrill of the tropical scenery. He works hard at languages and 'passes' in Hindustani and Persian, but gains no understanding of native life, which he regards with a sort of respectful despair. 'All talk as to the magnificent work of civilizing Asia through British influence in India is humbug,' he concludes, 'and it has grieved many generous hearts before now to find it so.' Until the point of divergence between Eastern and Western mentality has been discovered, co-operation is impossible ..... Oakfield is honourable, intelligent, and critical - a typical Arnold combination - and he does not shrink from remarking 'The Manchester folks want cotton and when cotton is wanted England is ready to begin and consider its duty to India."[25]

Ideas and theories have meaning and value in relation to society and its institutions. What was relevant and operative in the Metropolitan intellectual environment was not so in India, because there was a definite code of morality and conventions which the Anglo-Indians had established. Any ideas and theories that threatened or challenged the established code were firmly rejected as irrelevant. The British in India, as elsewhere in the Empire where they lived as small compact communities and societies in which each man had a determined position in the hierarchy of

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24. Oakfield is the hero of Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East, a novel by William Delafield Arnold, brother of Mathew Arnold. It was published under the pseudonym Punjabee in two volumes in London in 1853. It reveals more the attitude and the mind of the author rather than India. The sensitive and cultured author was revolted by the Anglo-Indians, especially by their moral slackness. The novel is a sensitive judgement of Victorian morality and conscience on Anglo-India. For a sensitive judgement on the novel see E.M. Forster's "William Arnold" in Two Cheers for Democracy (London, 1951) PP.202-206.

25. E.M. Forster. Two Cheers for Democracy (London, 1951) PP.202-203.

authority, strictly practised the 'imperial aloofness,'[26] and were very particular about their social and cultural identity. Actions and behaviour which were merely conventional to groups and classes in Britain became strictly ritual in India, in spite of the discomfort caused by them. Dressing for dinner was a ritual, which no one could ignore without running the risk of losing respectability. This often happened when you were isolated from the group.

> "One peril of solitary life is going to seed in details of living. As our numbers at the Club shrank between April and mid-September, men grew careless, till at last our conscience-stricken Secretary, himself an offender, would fetch us up with a jerk, and forbid us dining in little more than singlet and riding-breeches."[27]

The climate of India demanded that the rigid conventions of dressing like a European should be relaxed for personal comfort; a solitary man often did what was wise and useful, but it was looked upon as going to seed by the group. The secretary at the Club would not allow the Sahibs to lose prestige and respectability by dressing like the slack native; the imperial posture would be seriously damaged.[28] And this, Kipling tried to uphold in his writings.

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26. The expression is used by Philip Mason in his book Prospero's Magic. He draws a parallel between class consciousness and 'imperial aloofness', an attitude adopted by all whites living among the natives. "It seems to me that in India white racial arrogance was at its worst from about 1880 to about 1920. I would put the same period to be the worst of snobbishness in Britain; Jim Crow in America was critically at his worst during this period." (Philip Mason: Prospero's Magic (London, 1962) P.29). Notice that Kipling's period of stay in India as a journalist falls into the one mentioned by Mason.

27. R. Kipling, Something of Myself, London, 1964, P.63.

28. In the Empire, the Club was a sacred institution, and was held in more jealous respect than the church. It was the stronghold of certain British customs which were repeated as Gilbert says below for reasons 'far more ceremonial than rational'; and 'the almost mystical pleasure and comfort.' These Clubs were exclusively British and no native, however high in position,

(contd.)

It was also part of this attitude to create a mystique of India, a picture of it in which the dark and the mysterious, by their nature evil and harmful, lurked just outside the little pockets of

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28. (Contd.) could be admitted as a member, while the church was open to the native converts who were almost all of the very lowest position. In George Orwell's Burmese Days the question of opening the Club to the natives raises a storm among the small British community. "There are many such British customs and rituals described in detail in 'Without Benefit of Clergy.' Most of them centre around the Club, that little bit of home which the English contrive to set up in each of their Indian compounds. In these clubs the rules are quite elaborate and are very strictly enforced, the more so for being, sometimes, ludicrously inappropriate. When Holden returns to his station, for example, after two weeks of duty in the field, the very last thing in the world he wants to do is to visit the club. Having left Ameera two weeks before when she was on the point of giving birth - a precarious business at best in those days and in that place - he now longs to hurry to his house in the city. Yet his very first act, on returning to the compound, is to spend two hours eating dinner at the club. He is miserable, he chafes at the restriction, but apparently it never occurs to him to skip this ritual meal altogether. He knows that so shocking and enormous a breach of protocol would inevitably endanger the secret of his life with Ameera. Indeed, the very secrecy of that life further testifies to the power of convention. The British, who stand ready at any hour to give their lives for the Indian people, nevertheless baulk at accepting them as equals, and drive men like Holden into the desperate subterfuges of a double life. (Elliot L. Gilbert (ed.) Kipling and the Critics, London, 1966, See his own study of "Without Benefit of Clergy" (PP.163-183) P.167).
Consider also the effect on Marlow on seeing a well-dressed European in the station on the river Congo in Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness.'
"When near the buildings I met a white man, in such an unexpected elegance of get-up that in the first moment I took him for a sort of vision. I saw a high starched collar, white cuffs, a light alpaca jacket, snowy trousers, a clean necktie, and varnished boots. No hat. Hair parted, brushed, oiled, under a green-lined parasol held in a big white hand. He was amazing, and had a penholder behind his ear."
Marlow "shook hands with this miracle," who was "the Company's Chief Accountant." He confesses, "I respected the fellow. Yes; I respected his collars, his vast cuffs, his brushed hair. His appearance was certainly that of a hair-dresser's dummy; but in the great demoralization of the land he kept his appearance. That's backbone. His starched collars and get-up shirt-front were achievement of character." (Joseph Conrad: Youth, Heart of Darkness, The End of the Tether: Three Stories, Dent's collected edition of the Works of Joseph Conrad, London, 1961 (reprinted from the 1946 edition) PP.67-68.

civilization created by them in the midst of it. The reader might see in this a resemblance to Conrad's Heart of Darkness. But in Conrad's novel, the darkness is not merely outer, but a reflection of the inner darkness of soul of the empire-builders themselves. Instead of opposing European 'light' to African 'darkness', Conrad relates these states of darkness and light to all men in all societies, finding in this relationship a common quality of human existence. If you remained with the group you were sure of sanity and self-respect; if you ventured outside, or showed curiosity about this mysterious India harm must come to you as a warning to the others. This is what Kipling does in some of his short stories in Plain Tales from the Hills (1890). A condition of fear was necessary to keep the group together. Intellectualism was disapproved of because of its attendant scepticism. Aurelian McGoggin refuses to accept orders without examining them and so is made to suffer in a way which seems to have been contrived by the social group. An element of mystery has to be introduced so, "Men do not get 'beany' in India. The climate and the work are against playing bricks with words." (Vol. I, P.154) But why not? From the Anglo-Indian point of view McGoggin is condemned as an individualist. He "worked brilliantly; but he could not accept any order without trying to better it. That was the fault of his creed. It made men too responsible and left too much to their honour ... he took more trouble over his cases than any of the men of his year. He may have fancied that thirty-page judgements on fifty-rupee cases - both sides perjured to the fullest - advanced the cause of

Humanity." (Vol. I, PP.155-156). Brilliance, over-enthusiasm and idealism were out of place because of the inherent limitations of the Anglo-Indian outlook. The imperial system was static in nature and did not approve of changes. Orders were to be obeyed and not improved upon in the light of reason and intellect, and the blame for philistinism and vulgarity and narrow-mindedness was easily cast on the mysterious forces of India. When McGoggin is struck dumb, the doctor diagnoses it as a case of total aphasia caused by over-strain, a perfectly rational explanation. But because it happens during a thunderstorm, an irrational element is introduced. McGoggin cannot understand the mysterious way in which he has lost control of his mind and memory. The doctor says, "I can't help it ... there are a good many things you can't understand; and by the time you have put in my length of service, you'll know exactly how much a man dare call his own in this world." (Vol. 1. PP.158-159) Kipling comments that the incident gave McGoggin "a wholesome feeling of mistrust" (Vol. I, P.159). Yet the impression we gain is that it is the Anglo-Indians who most need this experience of self-doubt, and that in McGoggin's case, all that has happened is that he has lost the ability to question, is ready to identify himself with Anglo-Indian society and so has lost his individuality.

This point brings us to an important question, that of the relation of the individual to society. It will here be discussed in the imperial context, but let me analyse some of the stories in which individuals who pursue their own aptitudes and interests with any amount of enthusiasm are held up for ridicule. Pine Coffin,

an enthusiast about live-stock and agriculture, in 'Pig' (Plain Tales) is ruthlessly persecuted by another civilian Nafferton. Pine Coffin sells a bad-tempered horse to Nafferton, who does not like the idea and contemplates a fitting revenge. Dr. Tompkins has interpreted this tale as one of revenge, though not vindictive and passionate. What makes this ingenious form of revenge possible is the interest Coffin has shown as a civilian in live-stock and his experimentation in agriculture. This interest is not part of his day's work as a civilian. Kipling did not seem to realise that if men like Pine Coffin had succeeded in developing agriculture in India they could have done really useful work. The 6-line verse heading ascribed to 'the Old Shikari' explains the theme and is a significant comment on Kipling's social philosophy.

> Go, stalk the red deer o'er the heather,
> Ride, follow the fox if you can!
> But, for pleasure and profit together,
> Allow me the hunting of Man, -
> The chase of the Human, the search for the soul
> To its ruin - the hunting of Man. (Vol. 1. P.295)

'The search for the soul to its ruin' is a significant comment on the outlook of the Anglo-Indian society; by it is meant that part of a man's personality which he cannot share with society and which he possesses for himself. Its characteristics differ from individual to individual. McGoggin's private soul is that part of his personality which is interested in Comte and Spencer and which he is willing to share with others within certain limits. Pine Coffin is interested in practical matters of breeding live-stock and the effect of burnt rubbish on used up soil. This interest is seized upon by Nafferton and he is

involved in a lengthy and useless correspondence about Pig. Pine Coffin falls into the trap and is delighted on being consulted and "being a civilian and wishing to do things thoroughly, began with an essay on the Primitive Pig, the Mythology of the Pig and the Dravidian Pig." (Vol. 1. P.298) Once baited Pine Coffin goes on supplying information about Pig, and, at last 'he was too far involved in the hideous tangle to retreat' and the point of breaking strain is reached. He is cured of his enthusiasm and he tries to put an end to the matter by answering "insanely that he had written everything that could be written about Pig, and that some furlough was due to him." (Vol. 1, P.302) The final blow comes when a copy of the last letter is sent along "with the essay on the Dravidian Pig, to a down country paper which printed both in full," (Vol. 1. P.302) with the Editor's sardonic remark "about the nebulous discursiveness and blatant self-sufficiency of the modern competition-wallah, and his utter inability to grasp the practical issues of a practical question." (Vol. 1. P.302).

"Wressley of the Foreign Office" (Plain Tales) is another civilian suffering from the "delusion as to the ultra-importance of (his) own particular employments." (Vol. 1. P.405). In this tale, however, Kipling shows very much more sympathy with the subject of the story, Wressley, in his effort of the imagination; and it is the idiocy of the Anglo-Indian girl Miss Venner which seems even more to be the target of the satire. Kipling appears to suggest not that Wressley's pre-occupation with Indian history is itself futile, but that this pre-occupation will never mean anything if directed towards an Anglo-Indian audience of the type of Miss Venner. Wressley's failure, perhaps, is not to realise

that his self-imposed task does not need the reward of Miss Venner's approval. He is one of those men in the imperial administration, who "do their work, and grow to think that there is nothing but their work, and nothing like their work, and that they are the real pivots on which the Administration turns." (Vol. 1. P.405). He is an established authority on the Central Indian States and has "grown middle-aged in the Department, and was commonly said by irreverent juniors, to be able to repeat Aitchison's Treaties and Sunnuds backwards in his sleep." (Vol. 1. P.406). Suddenly, to the amusement of a wondering Simla he falls in love with Miss Tillie Venner, a foolish "frivolous, golden-haired girl who used to tear about Simla Mall on a high rough Waler, with a blue velvet jockey-cap crammed over her eyes." (Vol. 1. P.408). Wressley thinks she is intelligent and wants to woo and win her by putting "reverently at (her) feet the best work of (his) career," as he holds "peculiar notions as to the wooing of girls." (Vol. 1. P.408) He thinks of writing a book on Native Rule in Central India, and works like mad "in the land he was writing of." (Vol. 1. P.409) Kipling's satire on Indian history is another example of the narrow and prejudiced views the Anglo-Indians held. They saw in it nothing except gathering facts and legends about the Rajahs and their fictional mysterious lives.

> "He caught his Rajahs, analysed his Rajahs, and traced them up into the mists of time and beyond, with their queens and their concubines. He dated and cross-dated, pedigreed and triple-pedigreed, compared, noted, connoted, wove, strung, sorted, selected, inferred, calendared and counter-calendared for ten hours a day. And, because this sudden and new light of love was upon him, he turned those dry bones of history and dirty records of misdeeds into things to weep or to laugh over as he pleased. His heart and soul were at the end of his pen, and they got into the ink. He was

> dowered with sympathy, insight, humour, and style for two hundred and thirty days and nights; and his book was a Book. He had his vast special knowledge with him, so to speak; but the spirit, the woven-in human Touch, the poetry and the power of the output, were beyond all special knowledge." (Vol. 1. PP.409-410)

He takes his book to Simla and "blushing and stammering, presented it to Miss Venner." (Vol. 1. P.410) Her remark about it is - "Oh, your book? It's all about those howwid Wajahs. I didn't understand it." (Vol. 1. P.410) After this Wressley takes refuge in his work in the Foreign Office "a compiling, gazetteering, report-writing hack." (Vol. 1. P.411).

The peculiar circumstances of their life prevented the Anglo-Indians from the pursuit of culture and literature. An artist or a writer needs an audience. Wressley had written for the stupid girl in Simla who does not have any cultural interest. If he had had a different audience in mind his labour would have been rewarded. But the Anglo-Indians as a rule did not have any cultural centre, no theatres, no universities, no time or inclination for serious reading, no interest in the civilization of the people they ruled; and the education they had received in England prepared them principally for the task of administration by instilling in them an unquestioning confidence in their right and duty to rule. The centralized authority functioned through a kind of collective will and not through individual initiative, and the experience of the individual was absorbed into and modified by a collective consciousness. The conditions of work both physical and administrative were the same all over India in spite of the complexity of problems and people. The Anglo-Indians maintained a static picture of India in their mind and refused to

recognize the consequences of their Government in India. They introduced British education in India but gave no importance to the educated.

The stories in Plain Tales are brief and simple anecdotes illustrating very plainly the Anglo-Indian point of view. Interspersed in them are authorial comments and judgements which if put together give a fair idea of this point of view. The stories then seem clever inventions of an over-confident young journalist who has not yet learned that life is complex and that it is not very often easy to divide the black from the white. The very first story 'Lispeth' is about a native girl brought up in a mission. Kipling makes fun of the way in which Lispeth's parents become Converts to Christianity. She is brought up in the Mission as civilized according to the Anglo-Indian standards. She is beautiful, though unsophisticated. She finds one day an Englishman, unconscious in the hills, brings him to the Mission and tenderly nurses him. She falls in love with this man and does not make any secret of it. But her love is not taken seriously either by the man or the missionaries. She loses her simple faith and reverts to her own pagan people and their life. The story seems to illustrate this view:

> "It takes a great deal of Christianity to wipe out uncivilized Eastern instincts, such as falling in love at first sight." (Vol. 1. P.5)

The head-line verses also have that intention behind it.

> Look you have cast out Love! What Gods are these
> You bid me please?
> The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!
> To my own Gods I go.
> It may be they shall give me greater ease
> Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities. (Vol.1.P.3)

Kipling's tone is ironical here, and he is clearly sympathetic towards the girl. Yet he must also make the point, as required by the imperial posture, that East is East and West is West and the gap between the two cannot be bridged; we notice, too, Kipling's ironic treatment of the missionaries, another subject of the disapproval of Anglo-India - remember the lady in A Passage to India who is in favour of chaplains (i.e. under military or administrative discipline) but not of missionaries.

> "'As a matter of fact I have thought what you were saying about heaven, and that is why I am against Missionaries," said the lady who had been a nurse. "I am all for chaplains, but all against Missionaries.'"[29]

So Lispeth, disenchanted with a civilization that fails to overcome the barrier of race, puts on her rags, and marries a woodcutter. Things are, Kipling implies, after all as they should be.

The didactic element along with the Anglo-Indian views taken for granted by Kipling could not be concealed in the story called 'Thrown Away'. The moral is a simple one and is stated in the opening paragraph:

> "To rear a boy under what parents call the 'sheltered life system' is, if the boy must go into the world and fend for himself, not wise. Unless he be one in a thousand he has certainly to pass through many unnecessary troubles; and may, possibly, come to extreme grief simply from ignorance of proper proportions of things." (Vol. 1. P.21)

When this story was first published in Plain Tales in 1888, Kipling was twenty-three but he could claim to have learnt the proper proportion of things with confidence and this reflects on the general level of the culture of Anglo-India and their provincial self-assurance. The stock judgements about India are embodied

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29. E.M. Forster: A Passage to India, Edward Arnold Pocket edition (London, 1947) reprinted 1961, PP.29-30.

in the following passage.

> "Now India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously - the mid-day sun always excepted. Too much work and too much energy kill a man just as effectively as too much assorted vice or too much drink. Flirtation does not matter, because every one is being transferred, and either you or she leave the station and never return. Good work does not matter, because a man is judged by his worst output, and another man takes all the credit of his best as a rule. Bad work does not matter, because other men do worse, and incompetents hang on longer in India than anywhere else. Amusements do not matter, because you must repeat them as soon as you have accomplished them once, and most amusements only mean trying to win another person's money. Sickness does not matter, because it's all in the day's work, and if you die, another man takes your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial. Nothing matters except Home-furlough and acting allowances, and these only because they are scarce. It is a slack country, where all men work with imperfect instruments; and the wisest thing is to escape as soon as ever you can to some place where amusement is amusement and a reputation worth the having." (Vol. 1. PP.22-23)

Nothing has ever been so explicitly stated about the callous and insensitive indifference in attitude and thought to India. The passage states quite explicitly that Kipling disapproves of Anglo-Indian attitudes, but knowing what he claims to know in this account of the Anglo-Indians, he still sees their life as a heroic battle against 'corrupting' India. This passage is, however, curiously uncharacteristic in its attack on Anglo-India; at the same time, we might recognise that it is a very generalised attack almost an indulgence in imperialist melancholia and in a sense making the position of the hard-working administrator seem all the more tragic. Kipling did not follow up this passing disapproval by questioning the attitudes of Anglo-India as was done by E.M. Forster and George Orwell. Nothing mattered except the administration to which Kipling gave a mystical character, and which demanded the total submission to its will of the individual.

Moral slackness, flirtations, fornication, adultery, drunkenness all these were tolerated by the Anglo-Indian society provided the code of the sahibs was upheld rigidly. Play the role, maintain the prestige of the Raj and the imperial posture, and it did not matter if one was incompetent and worthless.

The Boy is fresh from Sandhurst, unaware of the collective wisdom of Anglo-India, and deprived of the parental protection, he takes a remark made by a woman seriously, goes away to a Canal Engineer's bungalow and shoots himself there. The manner in which this story is told reveals an important aspect not only of Kipling's Indian stories but of the Anglo-Indian attitude to life, and especially to human personality. They had no idea of its complexity and depth and the manner in which they treated it shows how little they knew about it; they regarded character and personality as things that could be easily described, categorised and pigeon-holed as was done in the official and confidential reports. Human action was predictable and that is what Kipling argues here. Step by step the story leads to the final tragedy and there is no doubt as to what must happen. There are frequent comparisons between the inexperienced Boy and an inexperienced puppy which clearly illustrates the author's unawareness of the complex nature of man. One trait of his character is frequently mentioned, sensitiveness, and this is made responsible for his inability to meet the challenges of life in India. But Kipling does not begin to examine why India should not suit the sensitive. Orwell's Flory, the hero of Burmese Days is a failure in Burma because of his sensitiveness which makes it difficult for him to

tolerate the insensitive philistinism of the Anglo-Indians. William Arnold's Oakfield is another sensitive young man exasperated by the indifference and the moral slackness of the English in India. Kipling did not explore why India bred pessimism; had he done so, he might have discovered its causes, not in the climate and the people of India but in the very structure of Anglo-Indian society. It was easier to blame India, and to do so, it was found necessary to mystify and inhabit it with dangers, magic, the anger of gods, and beasts lurking in wait for the unwary. With what self-confidence is Kipling able to explain why the boy of the 'Thrown Away' shot himself! But there is no psychological subtlety in the motivation.

> "This unbridled license in amusements not worth the trouble of breaking line for, much less rioting over, endured for six months - all through our cold weather - and then we thought that the heat and the knowledge of having lost his money and health and lamed his horses would sober The Boy down, and he would stand steady. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this would have happened. You can see the principle working in any Indian station. But this particular case fell through because The Boy was sensitive and took things seriously - as I may have said some seven times before. Of course, we could not tell how his excesses struck him personally. They were nothing very heartbreaking or above the average. He might be crippled for life financially, and want a little nursing. Still the memory of his performances would wither away in our hot weather, and the bankers would help him tide over the money-troubles. But he must have taken another view altogether, and have believed himself ruined beyond redemption. His Colonel talked to him severely when the cold weather ended. That made him more wretched than ever; and it was only an ordinary 'Colonel's wigging!'" (Vol. 1, PP.24-25)

Just as there was a collective wisdom, accumulated over the years by generations of Anglo-India, a kind of quintessence of their experiences, to be accepted without question and scepticism by the newcomers, so there was a collective responsibility as well.

The Society was held together by it. "What follows is a curious instance of the fashion in which we are all linked together and made responsible for one another." (Vol. 1. P.25) 'We are all linked together,' of course, refers only to the Anglo-Indians, yet there is no irony intended here. The collective responsibility in this particular case takes the form of the Major and the narrator making up a story that the Boy has died of cholera. This is again a significant revelation about the Anglo-Indian conscience. What is responsible for the tragedy is the peculiar structure of this society; but it would not have been in its interest to probe, so the easy course is taken to blame India and its cholera. And Anglo-India and the Boy's parents accept the hoax. Orwell in Burmese Days ruthlessly exposes the structure of the Kyauktada community and does not hesitate to apportion blame to it for the tragedy of Flory. There is a deliberate obscurity on the part of E.M. Forster about the incident in the caves in A Passage to India, which helps to bring out theAnglo-Indian attitude. They jump to the conclusion that Aziz is guilty of criminal assault on Adela. Ronny has already remarked to Fielding that he is a bounder. It is very easy for MacBryde to accept Aziz's guilt as conclusively proved already and that it only requires the formality of a court-judgement to punish him. He has a theory that all Indians are criminal by disposition. Only Fielding keeps his mind open and from what he knows of Aziz, is confident of his innocence. All the same he turns to Godbole for assurance, Godbole who believes in the collective responsibility of all humanity for evil.[30]

30. See Chapters XVII - XIX of A Passage to India, especially Chapter XIX about Godbole's philosophy of good and evil.

Now as to the question why sensitive Anglo-Indians, like the Boy, Flory, Oakfield and Fielding are pessimistic in India. The Boy is entirely different because of the attitude of the writer. He is inexperienced and has not yet acquired the collective wisdom. Flory and Oakfield find the society of Anglo-India dull and boring. Fielding's pessimism is more general and mild and hard to tie down to any specific cause, but sadness steals upon him when he looks towards the Marabar Hills in the evening's fading light. The lack of any cultural depth, and the narrow-mindedness of the Anglo-Indian society, its lack of imagination, sympathy and understanding and its authoritativeness were some of the characteristics which stifled individualism and bred pessimism, as Arnold, Forster and Orwell, but apparently not Kipling, all know. A recent study of Kipling refers us to yet another literary figure who also knew:

> "One of the few men with the credentials to judge the intellectual climate of British India left no doubt of his opinion. In 1856, just after his arrival in Calcutta, Alfred Comyn Lyall wrote to his family: 'I have no talents that would be of use out here, where a man of business gets on best, and where, as a very clever man told me a few days ago, any acquaintance with books is not the slightest use.'[a] Fortunately for his career - and for India - Lyall had a wider range of talents than he was willing to admit; he rose to a position near the summit of the administrative hierarchy and retired full of honours. But unlike his fellow bureaucrats he also pursued a literary career: besides a distinguished history of the British Conquest of India, he was the author of one of the better volumes of Anglo-Indian verse and was called upon to contribute a study of Tennyson to the 'English Men of Letters' series. In spite of his many successes, however, Lyall never changed the opinion he had formed on his arrival. 'No situation,' he wrote in 1899, 'more unfavourable to the development of imagination could be found than that of a few thousand Europeans isolated, far from home, among millions of Asiatics entirely different from them in race, manners, and language.' 'Cut off from the culture which is essential to the growth of art and letters', he explained, few of the overworked civilians 'have either leisure or inclination for that picturesque side of things which lies at the source of most poetry and romance'.[b] We need not accept Lyall's old-fashioned

> emphasis on the picturesque in order to admit the force of his indictment: that for the most part the Anglo-Indians were highly competent philistines, too busy running the affairs of a continent to give much thought to the life of the mind."[31]

Oscar Wilde has commented on certain characteristics of Kipling's stories, especially those about the Anglo-Indians, in his article on 'The True Function and Value of Criticism,' published in The Nineteenth Century in September 1891. He distinguishes Kipling's stories as fiction with 'an entirely new background,' from those which 'reveal to us the soul of man in its innermost workings.' This points to an important distinction. Kipling's Anglo-Indians lack psychological depth; they are too simple, and too obviously manipulated. Oscar Wilde remarks upon the vulgarity of Kipling's Anglo-Indians, whom he regards as 'jaded second-rate and in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings. The mere lack of style in the story-teller gives an odd journalistic realism to what he tells us. From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life, he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than any one has ever known it ... He is our first authority on the second-rate and has seen marvellous things through key-holes and his backgrounds are real works of art.' In answer to a letter of complaint by an Anglo-Indian to The Times, Oscar Wilde explained in the same paper (25th September 1891) that he had never met a

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31. Louis L. Cornell: Kipling in India (New York, 1966) PP.78-79. Quotations within the passage are:
    (a) 'Quoted in Sir Mortimor Durand, Life of the Right Hon. Sir Alfred Comyn Lyall (Edinburgh, 1913), P.33.'
    (b) 'The Anglo-Indian Novelist,' in his Studies in Literature and History (London, 1915), P.121.'

vulgar Anglo-Indian and that he knew many as

> "scholars, men interested in art and thought and men of cultivation ... What I did say - was that vulgarity is the distinguishing note of those Anglo-Indians whom Mr. Rudyard Kipling loves to write about, and writes about so cleverly. This is quite true, and there is no reason why Mr. Rudyard Kipling should not select vulgarity as his subject-matter, or as part of it. For a realistic artist, certainly, vulgarity is a most admirable subject. How far Mr. Kipling's stories really mirror Anglo-Indian society I have no idea at all, nor, indeed, am I ever much interested in any correspondence between art and nature. It seems to me a matter of entirely secondary importance. I do not wish, however, that it should be supposed that I was passing a harsh and saugrenu judgement on an important and in many ways distinguished class, when I was merely pointing out the characteristic qualities of some puppets in a prose-play."

The story of'Miss Youghal's Sais' in Plain Tales is headed by a native proverb: 'When Man and Woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do.' (Vol. 1. P.35) and there is more in it than a simple illustration. Here Kipling introduces a police officer, who appears in several stories. He is one of those who do unconventional things from the Anglo-Indian point of view; they all say they do not understand him. Kipling does not find any great fault with this point of view nor does he examine it; rather he is strengthening it by writing this story. Instead he blames Strickland for being cold-shouldered by the community. However there is admiration for him too. But the trouble is that Kipling's admiration for Strickland depends on a purely romantic view of relationships with native Indians. Strickland's object, which is called extraordinary, is to know the natives intimately. There is a notion circulating about the stations that a sahib can acquire a kind of supernatural personality among the natives by mixing with them provided he is prepared to pay the price of

losing his respectability. Strickland is expert at disguise and can mix easily with the fakirs and the Sadhus. Kipling throws a romantic halo round this man who is supposed to know the mysterious Indian bazaars. Among the natives he is believed to possess a supernatural power to control them.

> "He is feared and respected by the natives from the Ghor Katri to the Jamma Masjid; and he is supposed to have the gift of invisibility and executive control over many Devils." (Vol. 1. P.35)

But this power over the natives does him no good in the eyes of the Government. His knowledge is not of a healthy and useful kind and is not directed towards an understanding of the natives. The natives fear him because he knows about them, and uses this knowledge to investigate crime. It is part of the attitude of the Anglo-Indian to represent India as a mysterious land of dark happenings. I do not even believe that such a world as Strickland explores ever existed, nor does Kipling often represent the real India or the real people; background of colour and scenery is the main element which one can regard as real. Some of Strickland's adventures make him look comic and theatrical:

> "Strickland was foolish enough to take that man for his model; and, following out his absurd theory, dabbled in unsavoury places no respectable man would think of exploring - all among the native riff-raff. He educated himself in this peculiar way for seven years, and people could not appreciate it. He was perpetually 'going Fantee' among natives, which, of course, no man with any senses believes in. He was initiated into the Sat Bhai at Allahabad once, when he was on leave; he knew the Lizzard-Song of the Sansis, and the Halli-Hukk dance, which is a religious can-can of a startling kind. When a man knows who dance the Halli-Hukk, and how, and when, and where, he knows something to be proud of. He has gone deeper than skin. But Strickland was not proud, though he had helped once at Jagadhri, at the Painting of the Death Bull, which no Englishman must even look upon; had mastered the thieves'-patter of the Changars: had taken a Eusufzai horse-thief alone near Attock; and had stood under the sounding-board of a Border mosque and conducted service in the manner of a Sunni Mullah." (Vol. 1. PP.35-36).

Kipling's India is here being filtered through the eyes of Anglo-Indian sensationalists. Indeed, it might be possible to see in Strickland one of the ancestors of our more recent superman, James Bond. The writing has the same kind of slick knowingness and exotic in-group complacency.

Imagination went wrong in India and it is no wonder the English failed to understand India. Kipling had opened the story with a characteristic invocation of Eastern romance: "Some people say that there is no romance in India. Those people are wrong. Our lives hold quite as much romance as is good for us. Sometimes more." (Vol. 1. P.35) Strickland falls in love with Miss Youghal but her father objects to Strickland visiting her because of his dubious character. Strickland finally marries her on condition that he gives up his adventures into the native underworld, which he does.

> "Strickland was far too fond of his wife, just then, to break his word, but it was a sore trial to him; for the streets and the bazars, and the sound in them, were full of meaning to Strickland, and these called to him to come back and take up his wanderings and his discoveries." (Vol. 1. P.42)

Professor Bonamy Dobree fell for the romantic halo when he tacitly agreed that Strickland's knowledge is astonishing and that it is the end of him to have married Miss Youghal on such conditions. He discusses the story in the context of "the eternal mystery of personality." But there seems no good reason to go out of ones way to mystify further the human personality which is mysterious enough in itself. Why not try to understand it? Kipling like Conrad's Marlow believes that man saves himself by his work, and that this gives his character individuality.

> "His individuals had to have an integrity proud and secure in its own fortress - even an integrity of which others might be proud; they had to be people of action of some kind (women differently from men) because it is through action alone that people reveal what they are, and arrive at a sense of themselves. "'I am Kim. And what is Kim?' His soul repeated it again and again."[a] He discovered the answer only by integrating himself with purposeful action: and for Kipling this can be done solely by men who handle the raw material. We see this when he writes of the English men in India "who live down in the plains and do things other than writing futile reports";[b] and we note that it was the end of Strickland when he married and gave up the work at which he excelled through his astonishing knowledge and understanding of the native: "But he fills in his Departmental returns beautifully."[c]"[32]

But I do not see that Strickland in this story emerges as a man with any depth of personality, because the mystery here depends simply on the theatrical roles that he assumes. One cannot take Strickland as seriously as does Professor Dobree.

Kim utters the words in the passage as quoted by Professor Dobree at a moment of soul searching. He has handed over to the Bengali Babu the papers wrested from the Russian spies in the Himalayas. He has just been thinking about the lama, and the world that surrounds him. With the papers gone he has suddenly felt without a purpose in life. But does he know the significance of those papers? For him and for the others, Hurree Babu and Mahbub Ali, they have a mystical nature; they are a kind of symbol of the mystique of the Raj. From his brief attack of self-doubt and scepticism he returns to the real world in which he feels at home. Again Kipling is not seen to venture far into the inner life of his characters.

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32. Bonamy Dobree: Rudyard Kipling, Realist and Fabulist: (London, 1967) PP.6-7.
Quotations within the passage are:
(a) Kim, Chapter XV and not XIV as indicated in the original on page 6 of the above.
(b) 'A District at Play' in 'The Smith Administration.' From Sea to Sea. II.
(c) 'Miss Youghal's Sais'

The second quotation occurs in a newspaper report about a mela or fair held at Dhariwal near a mill. It was a provincial town and the English men Kipling met there were talking of practical things about agriculture. They spoke with confidence and authority and impressed Kipling. But Professor Dobree might have sensed that Kipling was simply overdoing his admiration;

> "It was a revelation to listen to men who talk of Things and the People - crops and ploughs and water-supplies, and the best means of using all three for the benefit of a district."[33]

They talked shop not in their own interest but in that of the peasants. The natives were stupid, slow and did not know their land and their crops. This I am not prepared to accept. I have yet to meet a peasant, however stupid, who does not know his work and is to be taught the 'expediency of cutting his wheat a little earlier than his wont.' Kipling comes out with his platitude at the end of the passage, which is a digression from the account of the fair, about the Englishmen who did things:

> "Everyone knows that India is a country filled with English men, who live down in the plains and do things other than writing futile reports, but it is wholesome to meet them in the flesh."[34]

Strickland regains his respectability by becoming a settled, staid Anglo-Indian. McIntosh Jellaludin ("To be Filed for Reference" Plain Tales From the Hills) has gone thoroughly native and has become an out-caste, and the narrator runs the risk of Anglo-Indian disapproval by visiting him. The visits are very secretive. The narrator makes Jellaludin's acquaintance in the Serai. McIntosh is drunk and stumbles on a camel-colt. He

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33. 'A District at Play' in 'The Smith Administration' From Sea to Sea, Part III. The Works of Rudyard Kipling, Edition de Luxe (London, 1900) Vol. XVII, P.323.

34. Ibid, P.323.

sings 'The Song of the Bower' and thus reveals his identity. He would not have been recognized otherwise. He is an Oxford scholar corrupted and ruined by consorting with the natives, as it is the intention of the writer to illustrate. The moral is quite obvious. He is living with a native woman in the Sultan Serai in extreme squalor and poverty and has lost all decency and respectability. The narrator becomes his friend out of curiosity because to investigate the circumstances of the life of a sahib gone native must be interesting. McIntosh has written a book on native life. He has paid his price for it and it is worth knowing like black magic.

> "This," he said, 'is my work - the Book of McIntosh Jellaludin, showing what he saw and how he lived, and what befell him and others; being also an account of the life and sins and death of Mother Maturin. What Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book is to all other books on native life, will my work be to Mirza Ali Beg's." (Vol. I. P.431)

For this he has to pay a heavy price.

> "On the Soul which I have lost and on the Conscience which I have killed, I tell you that I cannot feel! I am as the Gods, knowing good and evil, but unmatched by either. Is this enviable or is it not?" (Vol. I. P.429)

The poem that heads the story is from the unpublished papers which McIntosh gives to the narrator before he dies; it is a statement of the doctrines of pre-destination, and seems to be influenced by "The Rubayat of Omar Khayam."

> By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed
> From the Cliff where she lay in the Sun,
> Fell the stone
> To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
> So she fell from the light of the Sun,
> And alone.
> Now the fall was ordained from the first,
> With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn
> But the stone
> Knows only Her life is accursed,

As she sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
And alone.
Oh, Thou who hast builded the world!
Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun!
Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn!
Judge Thou
The Sin of the Stone that was hurled
By the Goat from the light of the sun,
As she sinks in the mire of the Tarn,
Even now - even now - even now! (Vol. 1. P.423)

The effect of the story is spoiled by the authorial judgements and comments and they are invariably the views and opinions of Anglo-Indians. There is no originality about them; they are the stereotyped opinions circulating all over India.

> "When a man begins to sink in India, and is not sent Home by his friends as soon as may be, he falls very low from a respectable point of view. By the time that he changes his creed, as did McIntosh, he is past redemption." (Vol.1.P.425)

It was not unusual to hear about the Sahibs gone native at the club, but by doing so they became elusive and secretive and they were all invariably supposed to possess forbidden knowledge. McIntosh claims that he 'had his hand on the pulse of native life' and calls Strickland 'ignorant West and East.' Now the last bit of the sentence is interesting, because it shows that to possess greater and more intimate knowledge of the native life, one has to go completely native and even change one's religion like McIntosh, and not occasionally venture into it like Strickland; when the papers of the former are sorted out with the help of the latter, he is surprised at Jellaludin's knowledge and remarks that he is either a liar or a most wonderful man.

Kipling's McIntosh and Conrad's Kurtz are both scholars and intellectuals whose curiosity leads them into realms beyond the limits recognized by European morality, standards and sense of

respectability. McIntosh and Kurtz have similar circumstances. Both live among natives and have gone native. Both have supposedly lost their souls in return for what they have learnt of things beyond the reach of Europeans in general. McIntosh accepts Islam and becomes a Muslim faquir or mendicant and adopts the way of such a life. Kurtz has witnessed unspeakable rites and rituals in the African Jungles. When McIntosh is dying he is heard to say 'Not guilty, my Lord!' Kurtz is heard muttering 'The horror - the horror' before he dies. Beyond these points of similarity in circumstances there is little in Kipling's story to measure up to the imaginative depth and vision of Conrad. Kipling's tale remains essentially a moral warning against 'going native'; Conrad's is concerned with the subtle interrelationships in all mankind between the civilised surfaces and the saving illusions of work on one hand, and the dark hinterlands of man's nature and destiny on the other.

This fear of losing one's respectability and dignity by mixing with the natives was a very strong and common Anglo-Indian prejudice and Kipling by accepting this prejudice severely crippled his art. It must, however, be remembered that he wrote his stories primarily for the Anglo-Indians and could not risk going against public opinions. He was very young at the time, and his junior position in a newspaper office did not carry with it much respect in that hierarchical society. He was regarded as a mere boy at the Club. He was one evening hissed at when he entered the Club because his paper had changed sides on an unpopular bill introduced to reform the judiciary. It was called the Ilbert Bill which extended the

jurisdiction of Native Judges to try white women. It annoyed the whole European community up and down the country and as was natural the provincial newspaper at which Kipling worked started off by opposing this bill. One evening Kipling was surprised to see the leader changing sides on the issue asked his Chief what it meant and was bluntly told it was "none of his damn business." What happened at the Club that evening opened his eyes to his position in the community. He had learned his lesson that Anglo-India was not tolerant of liberal opinions, a thing which Kipling did not seem to have resented as strongly as did George Orwell. In fact, in this case Kipling was not himself responsible for the liberal tone of the leader; he had protested against it to his Chief and was sternly rebuked for it.

Much has been made of Kipling's knowledge of India, and there is always a strong tendency to surround it with a romantic halo, especially his knowledge of native life and his night-wanderings in the Walled City of Lahore. The inherent limitations are never explored to lead us to a more balanced evaluation of the vision that he projects in his stories. The India that he creates in his stories is a projection or an interpretation of its image as it existed in the minds of the Anglo-Indians. Colour, variety and mystery are the chief characteristics of this image. And the element of mystery has always evil overtones. What he makes of Lahore was accepted without any question because the critics, most of them, if not all, shared the limitations with the writer. Lahore has always been a cultural centre, before and after the British occupation of India. The Mogul Emperors loved it and made it a city of gardens and palaces, forts and exquisite mosques.

Indeed one of the greatest of these Emperors, Jehangir, chose it as his last resting place, and his tomb is a priceless piece of Islamic mosaic work, exquisite and beautiful, with its fountains and long tanks and gardens. It is a city that projects an image of glory and grandeur such as Aziz laments has vanished from India. It is also a great cultural centre for the Muslims of northern and western Pakistan, with its colleges both oriental and occidental. When we think of it we do so in terms of its cultural associations, not of its surface modernity but that was exactly the aspect of the city which Kipling was blind to. The fine Muslim architecture of this city was not even considered as architecture though Kipling must have been aware of his father's interest in it. Instead one of the most beautiful mosques in that part of the world, the Mosque of Wazin Khan, is associated in "The Gates of the Hundred Sorrows" [Plain Tales from the Hills] with a row and a murder. The evil in the city is felt everywhere; one gets the impression of dark and narrow alleys, with their dens of opium-smokers and intrigues and murders and thefts and secret love affairs. Kipling evokes a dreadful and nightmarish vision of the city in 'The City of Dreadful Night.' [Life's Handicap, 1891] The vision reveals the sickness in his imagination. It is distortion beyond any semblance of reality, though one would have given credibility to it if it had been an image or dream. And sometimes it becomes difficult for us who know our country and our cities to decide what to make of the account. Kipling is not to blame here; he was reacting to a country and a city in the way any inexperienced European might have done; only he pursues and drives and overemphasizes certain things

which would pass unnoticed or be regarded as irrelevant or immaterial from a more informed point of view. And I am not surprised at Kipling's vision of Lahore as I chanced upon a programme on BBC Television last week about the Khyber Pass and Peshawar. I did not see the programme, but I read what was written about it; and in spite of information available, it was highly romantic. It failed to take note of what we have achieved ourselves and how we look at our city; only one thing was noticed in the whole city, an old crumbling mission hospital, to give the impression that it was not only the only hospital in the city but in the whole area; it was given a romantic halo as an hospital benefited from by generations of Pathan tribesmen who came to get their eyes treated to be able to sight their enemies more clearly. When I read such accounts in the sixties of the twentieth century I begin to suspect that something must be terribly wrong with the European attitude. Why can they not take advantage of our eyes, to help add to what they themselves see, or to correct the romantic distortion which does not see? How is one to measure this distortion? Kipling keeps piling images of death, sleep and silence upon one another: 'Yellow-skinned white-toothed pariahs are not to be trusted within reach of brown bodies,' (Vol. IV, P.409) or 'It is a compound of all evil savours, animal and vegetable, that a walled city can brew in a day and a night,' (Vol. IV, P.409) or 'from obscure side gullies fetid breezes eddy that ought to poison a buffalo.' (Vol. IV. PP.409-410) or 'A rat dashes out of his turban at the sound of approaching footsteps.' (Vol. IV, P.411) It is not that Kipling did not notice things; he noticed too much,

only in this case he had started with an idea suggested by "The City of Dreadful Night" and he was ramming it home. His insistence suggests a landscape less of India than of his own mind, yet this is clearly not the aim of the tale. This explicit insistence on the repetition of images is like an obsession. A little less than a year before this story, another one similar in its nightmarish quality 'The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows' [Plain Tales from the Hills] had been published on 26 September 1884. It is a monologue recorded by the writer as he heard it from Gabral Misquitta, a Portuguese half-caste, at night. The location of the Gate is vague, in a dreamlike city that might vanish if the dream breaks. The City of Lahore looms vaguely behind as the narrative proceeds on an even tone from start to finish like a spell that held Kipling speechless and motionless as the Ancient Mariner's eye did the guest. It reflects the romantic fascination that the East had for him. The image of the city of Lahore as projected into the narrative of the opium-addict half-caste is Kipling's own early vague awareness of it; it was intriguing and fascinating to venture into a city that one did not know yet. It is the age-old mysteriousness attributed to oriental cities.

> "It lies between the Coppersmith's Gully and the pipe-stem sellers' quarter, within a hundred yards, too, as the crow flies, of the Mosque of Wazir Khan. I don't mind telling any one this much, but I defy him to find the Gate, however well he may think he knows the city. You might even go through the very gully it stands in a hundred times, and be none the wiser. We used to call the gully, 'The Gully of the Black Smoke,' but its native name is altogether different, of course. A loaded donkey couldn't pass between the walls: and, at one point, just before you reach the Gate, a bulged house-front makes people go along all sideways." (Vol.1, P.361)

The 'Gate' is owned by an old Chinese, Fung-Tching whose past life is muffled in rumours and the narrator maintains an indifferent

attitude to it; the whole narrative creates the impression of apathy and indifference, qualities which characterize opium smokers. But there are certain elements which show that Misquitta does care about certain things. He has his sense of respectability which is upheld by the knowledge that he frequents a 'pukka, respectable opium-house'; the room which the best customers use is always kept clean. We hear about the other customers, past and present who come to buy oblivion at the Gate. The place loses its respectability when the old Chinese dies leaving it to his nephew; but then it does not matter as the indifference bred by the smoke can put up with any degradation. Misquitta's attitude is indifferent even to his own death, which he knows will come just as he sees others dying with the pipe stems in their mouths; but in spite of this he does care to die on a clean mat:

> "I should like to die like the bazar-woman - on a clean, cool mat with a pipe of good stuff between my lips. When I feel I'm going, I shall ask Tsin-ling for them, and he can draw my sixty rupees a month, fresh and fresh, as long as he pleases. Then I shall lie back, quiet and comfortable, and watch the black and red dragons have their last big fight together; and then ... " (Vol. 1. PP.368-369)

The preceding two stories are visions of a mind oppressed by heat and consciousness of death which always seemed so near in India. In summer Kipling's parents would often go up into the hills and leave him alone, which would cause bouts of extreme depression and a sense of loneliness. The climate had a devastating effect on the English which Kipling interpreted in the imperial context as suffering endured for the sake of the Indians. It is to be noted here that tempers were fragile and could easily

burst into unrestrained anger in summer; George Orwell in Burmese Days deals with this aspect in some scenes: also E.M. Forster's climax of panic and hysteria let lose after the Marabar excursion coincides with the coming of the hot season. Kipling had experienced the effect of heat on the mind and some of his stories acquire their sinister and nightmarish qualities because of this suffering. Life became unbearable and tempers grew easily irritable in the oppressive heat before the rains came bringing coolness and relief.

> "Sudden causeless hates flared up between friends and died down like straw fires; the complaint-book bristled with accusations and inventions. All of which came to nothing when the first Rains fell, and after a three days' siege of creeping and crawling things, whose bodies stopped our billiards and almost put out the lamps they sizzled in, life picked up in the blessed cool."[35]

Kipling endured four hot seasons when he felt that he 'had come to the edge of all endurance."[36] Only 'the pressure of work, a capacity for being able to read, and the pleasure of writing what (his) head was filled with'[37] kept him going. He began to suffer long spells of depression and the "horror of a great darkness,"[38] which were enhanced by the empty house to which he would return after his day's work. This depression had another element in it; he had wanted to go to London after leaving school and settle there as a writer; his Indian writings and their success in the provincial Anglo-Indian community spurred his

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35. Something of Myself: [First published in February, 1937] London, 1964, P.64.
36. Ibid, P.65.
37. Ibid, PP.64-65.
38. Ibid, P.65.

dormant desire and made him more depressed and lonely.

> "I came through that darkness alive, but how I do not know. Late at night I picked up a book by Walter Besant which was called All in a Garden Fair. It dealt with a young man who desired to write; who came to realize the possibilities of common things seen, and who eventually succeeded in his desire ... I do know that that book was my salvation in some personal need, and with the reading and re-reading it became to me a revelation, a hope and strength. I was certainly, I argued, as well equipped as the hero and - and - after all, there was no need for me to stay here for ever. I could go away and measure myself against the doorsills of London."[39]

He had a feeling that it was a strange life in which sudden death chilled all sensibility, and increased the sense that one was subjected to unendurable sufferings and unknown, sinister and evil forces. If Kipling had only relied on creating in his art this feeling and sense without putting it in the Anglo-Indian and imperial context he would have done his art and stories a great service. Depression was a natural consequence of life in India for the sensitive.

> "But it was a strange life. Once, suddenly, in the Club ante-room a man asked a neighbour to pass him the newspaper. 'Get it yourself,' was the hot-weather answer. The man rose but on his way to the table dropped and writhed in the first grip of cholera. He was carried to his quarters, the Doctor came, and for three days he went through all the stages of the disease even to the characteristic baring of discoloured gums. Then he returned to life and, on being condoled with, said: 'I remember getting up to get the paper, but after that, give you my word, I don't remember a thing till I heard Lawrie say that I was coming out of it.' I have heard since that oblivion is sometimes vouchsafed."[40]

Moreover all sorts of people dropped into his office with tales of their misery and success which enhanced Kipling's feeling that he was living in a queer, strange and unpredictable world in which men suffered and endured. People came who appeared to tell their

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39. Ibid, P.65.
40. Ibid, P.64.

tales and then just as mysteriously vanish, never to be heard of or seen again. Some, he would hear later, had risen to great heights in their careers.

> "All the queer outside world would drop into our workshop sooner or later - say a Captain just cashiered for horrible drunkenness, who reported his fall with a wry, appealing face, and then - disappeared. Or a man old enough to be my father, on the edge of tears because he had been overpassed for Honours in the Gazette. Or three troopers of the Ninth Lancers, one of whom was an old school mate of mine who became a General with an expedition of his own in West Africa in the Great War. The other two also were gentlemen-rankers who rose to high commands. One met men going up and down the ladder in every shape of misery and success."[41]

And sometimes people behaved in a strange and foreboding manner and those who were experienced enough could read what was in the mind.

> "There was a night at the Club when some silly idiot found a half-dead viper and brought it to dinner in a pickle-bottle. One man of the company kept messing about with the furious little beast on the table-cloth till he had to be warned to take his hands away. A few weeks after, some of us realized it would have been better had he accomplished what had been in his foreboding mind that night."[42]

The morbid overtones of some of his early stories, such as 'The City of Dreadful Night' might have also been due to the troubled dreams and hallucinations he had when given opium to by his bearer to relieve him of his gastric pains. Coupled with this was his habit of night-wandering which gave even his later stories a nightmarish quality. The night would get into his head at such moments and he would wander with an increased awareness of things as if under the influence of drugs. Whether Kipling at such moments was fully awake is hard to guess, but we cannot totally

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41. Ibid, PP.66-67.
42. Ibid, P.67.

discredit some abnormal elements in the experience. His first attack came soon after he was released from the House of Desolation though the connection between the two incidents has not been established. It may have been a mere coincidence. It happened when the Kiplings were living in a lodging-house in Brompton Road, semi-rural in those days.

> "Here, for the first time, it happened that the night got into my head. I rose up and wandered about that still house till daybreak, when I slipped-out into the little brick-walled garden and saw the dawn break ... The ex-butler could not understand why I stayed awake all night. I did not know then that such night-wakings would be laid upon me through my life; or that my fortunate hour would be on the turn of sunrise, with a sou'west breeze afoot."[43]

These night wanderings became more habitual in Lahore and critics have made much of it though they failed to allow for a degree of abnormality of the angle of vision and interpreted his native stories as realistic rendering of an aspect of India which Europeans of a more regular way of life could not see. The problem seems to be, that Kipling's talent was the discovery of symbolic landscapes of the state of his own mind; but his tales lead the reader to see these landscapes and visions of India as factual; and Kipling himself followed the Anglo-Indian way of blaming his own guilts and fears on India and shifting responsibilities in a manner that was bound to limit him as an artist.

His knowledge of the Lahore underworld has been accepted as authentic without contextualizing it in the complex life of the city. In this distorted view, the city becomes a vision of hell.

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43. Ibid, PP.18-19.

> "Often the night got into my head as it had done in the boarding-house in the Brompton Road, and I would wander till dawn in all manner of odd places - liquor-shops, gambling - and opium-dens, which are not a bit mysterious, wayside entertainments, such as puppet-shows, native dances; or in and about the narrow gullies under the Mosque of Wazir Khan for the sheer sake of looking. Sometimes, the police would challenge, but I knew most of their officers, and many folk in some quarters knew me for the son of my Father, which in the East more than anywhere else is useful. Otherwise, the word 'Newspaper' sufficed; though I did not supply my paper with many accounts of these prowls. One would come home, just as the light broke, in some night-hawk of a hired carriage which stank of hookah-fumes, jasmine flowers, and sandalwood; and if the driver were moved to talk, he told one a good deal. Much of real Indian life goes on in the hot-weather nights. That is why the native staff of the offices are not much use next morning. All native offices aestivate from May at least till September. Files and correspondence are then as a matter of course pitched unopened into corners, to be written up or faked when the weather gets cooler. But the English who go Home on leave, having imposed the set hours of a northern working day upon the children of children, are surprised that India does not work as they do. This is one of the reasons why autonomous India will be interesting."[44]

The over-simplification of this description of a city at night is often overlooked. The reader is asked to see the city as actual and symbolic at the same time, yet in order to become symbolic, the actual has to be distorted. So Kipling is admired as a Dante exploring the circles of Infernos that are the city of Lahore. But if the offices were idle in summer it was because the Sahibs had all retreated into the hill-stations leaving their offices to their Indian subordinates who worked as hard as ever. It was an imperial misconception that the country was held together by the British and that it would collapse if they left. Such an argument is based on ignoring the history of the sub-continent before the British occupation. Who administered and ruled it before they came? In fact the British administrative system gradually took over the Mogul administration. The revenue system was taken over intact and entirely from their

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44. Ibid, PP.53-54.

imperial predecessors and it continues to be the same to this day in the sub-continent. It has stood the test of centuries and works efficiently.

The nearness of death, too, has been exaggerated by both Kipling and his critics. Earlier in his account of his life at Lahore he lamented the total poverty of the cultural life of the Anglo-Indians, a thing which all sensitive arrivals in India notice and which drives them into pessimism. The native culture they despised and in each station they wished to reproduce a replica of Home culture. And it was in this context that Kipling mentioned the nearness of Death;

> "Death was always our near companion. Where there was an outbreak of eleven cases of typhoid in our white community of seventy, and professional nurses had not been invented, the men sat up with the men and the women with the women. We lost four of our invalids and thought we had done well. Otherwise, men and women dropped where they stood. Hence our custom of looking up any one who did not appear at our daily gatherings."[45]

But he exaggerated his own situation when he imagined the dead were all about him and it was not difficult for his imagination to go a step further and imagine all the sleeping people of Lahore as corpses in 'The City of Dreadful Night': the following passage from Something of Myself is similar in its description of the Muslim cemetery to the opening paragraph of the 'City of Dreadful Night':

> "The dead of all times were about us - in the vast forgotten Muslim cemeteries round the Station, where one's horse's hoof of a morning might break through to the corpse below; skulls and bones tumbled out of our mud garden walls, and were turned up among the flowers by the Rains; and at every point were tombs of the dead. Our chief picnic rendezvous and some of

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45. Ibid, P.42.

> our public offices had been memorials to desired dead women; and Fort Lahore, where Runjit Singh's wives lay, was a mausoleum of ghosts."[46]

Seen as a vision of universal death, it has a Dantesque power; but it is also intended as a factual statement about life in India, and between these two readings a strain is set up. Death was an essential element in his vision as projected in his early tales, which critics have accepted without questioning the relationship of Kipling's subject to his art. Death was an obsession with him and the life of an Anglo-Indian was somehow made more heroic and his work more valuable in the face of all the nameless risks and dangers that he met in India. Kipling reinforced the self-sacrifice of his heroes by projecting them against the nightmare background of death, cholera and famine. No such vision haunts the Anglo-Indians of Chandrapore in A Passage to India nor those of Kyauktada in Burmese Days. Perhaps the death rate among them was higher in Kipling's days. It is a recurrent theme in Kipling's Indian stories and is often painted in lurid colours. I will deal with such stories later in the chapter.

One serious limitation of Kipling's contact with India was social and was brought about by the general Anglo-Indian unwillingness to enter into personal relations and friendship with natives. The very word native when used in this context has contemptuous undertones. Kipling knew the servants and the menials in the house and the office; but apart from these, with the good, sane and decent elements in Indian society he had almost no contact or if there was such a contact has not been revealed in

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46. Ibid, P.42.

his work. Like most Anglo-Indians he sees the mass of Indians, with the exception of a few princes and landlords, as living in the bazaars in a mysterious and incomprehensible world. The Lama and the Babu in Kim (1901), Purun Bhagat of "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" [in The Second Jungle Book 1895] and Wali Dad in "On The City Wall" (see below p. 137) are rare examples of native Indian figures treated with sympathy and understanding. Kipling's sympathetic treatment of the first three and of India in retrospect was made easier, perhaps, because his vision and imagination were released from the snobbery and caste prejudices of the Anglo-Indians when he was not in India. While writing these, there was less to remind him that he was a sahib in a sahib's world and must not dissociate himself from the imperial stance. Moreover both the Lama and the Bhagat are men of meditation, both know the value of the Law and are not concerned in any way with the world of action. Wali Dad is resigned to his subordinate position, and the Babu has accepted the authority of the Raj: neither poses any threat to the British administration. The Bhagat in spite of his brilliant and active career has become a mendicant and just before he goes into the hills he salaams reverently to a police constable as a gesture of his respect for the Law. The Lama is concerned about his search and has given a kind of protection to Kim in the Great Game. But Kipling could not conceal his contempt for the educated Indian, and treated them as vain and laughable. Hurree Chunder Mookerjee is very proud of his M.A. degree of Calcutta University, speaks his quaint babu English to show off and wishes to become an F.R.S. Ironically Kipling while ridiculing the educated Indians shows

great foresight in his observations about British Education in India and exposes its weaknesses though he does it in a casual way. He knew the products of the Indian Universities "hitherto entirely unknown in the Indian sociology. These men had studied the windy periods of Burke; they had read Hobbes and Mill and Locke; they had marked with some interest the career of the Chartists, and the history of that curious "freedom" ferment which convulsed all Europe in the later 'forties. They were at first a little ludicrous."[47] It is in this ludicrous light that Kipling primarily sees them. The very idea of teaching English literature, especially poetry, to the natives was fantastically ludicrous. The heroine of "William the Conqueror" [The Day's Work, 1899] has no regard for men who teach Wordsworth's poetry to natives.

> "'I like men who do things' she had confided to a man in the Educational Department, who was teaching the sons of cloth merchants and dyers the beauty of Wordsworth's 'Excursion' in annotated cram-books." (Vol. VI. P.195)

Ignoring the contempt for the sons of the cloth merchants and dyers one could take it as a fair comment of the weaknesses of British Education in India. Kipling could only be contented at perceiving the ludicrousness of the situation without going beyond to search for the causes in the social and cultural complex of what he observed. He did not see them as people who had been estranged from their own cultures. Kipling did not show any concern about Indian cultures and civilizations, though he must have known about them through his father, John Lockwood Kipling, who was interested in Indian Art and Architecture. Some idea about Kipling's knowledge

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47. Hilton Brown: Rudyard Kipling, London, 1945, P.48.

of Indian architecture can be gathered from his Letters of Marque (1891). Though the British introduced their own language and literature in India they could not conceal their surprise at seeing Indians who spoke and wrote good English. Here are Sir W.R. Lawrence's reactions to his first arrival in India:

> "At last we reached Bombay; it is beautiful, and the curious fact is that nothing surprised me, and I seemed to have seen it before. The palms: the splendid blue of the sea and sky: the colours of the shops, the dress of the people, and the very smells, all based on Turmeric, seemed familiar. Even the Indian porters, with nothing on them but a slight crupper, gave me no pause. But what did surprise me when I landed was to be greeted by a well-dressed Indian, who spoke perfect English."[48]

Kipling, like most Anglo-Indians, was hostile to the idea of proselytizing in culture. 'Lispeth' [Plain Tales from the Hills, 1888] and 'The Judgment of Dungara' [Soldiers Three, 1895] show his attitude to religious proselytization. He discussed as futile the missionary activities in India in these two stories. His hostility to the introduction of political institutions was even greater. Even on the Municipal level he did not think the Indians could manage their own affairs. He criticised the experiment with local self-government at Calcutta as a complete failure.

> "And in spite of that stink, they allow, they even encourage, natives to look after the place! The damp, drainage-soaked soil is sick with the teeming life of a hundred years, and the Municipal Board list is choked with the names of natives - men of the breed born in and raised off this surfeited muckheap!"[49]

Distrust of the abilities of the Indians was a common thing and the English actually did not want the Indians to acquire Western culture.

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48. Sir W.R. Lawrence: The India We Served, London, 1928, P.15.

49. 'A Real Live City' 2 March 1888 in 'The City of Dreadful Night' in From Sea to Sea Part III, The Works of Rudyard Kipling, Edition de Luxe (London, 1900) Vol. XVII, P.87.

> "There was hardly one Englishman in India who liked, or even as a matter of policy thought it desirable, that we should write English or absorb Western culture. They had a feeling that by being imitated by us their traditions would be polluted, and even so generous an Englishman as Bethune advised a Bengali who had written in English to go over to Bengali."[50]

I would not worry about that as much as Mr. Chaudhuri does; but then the Bengalis have always prided themselves on their English and their ability in writing it. Tagore a friend of Yeats, translated his own Gitanjali into English which made him known to English writers and critics; and yet Yeats said to another Indian, Professor Bose, that Tagore should cast off English.[51]

Even when Kipling allows talents and abilities to his educated native characters he takes away from them all other qualities, especially manly ones, and puts them in situations with which they cannot cope. Grish Chunder De, M.A., in 'The Head of the District' [Life's Handicap, 1891] was one of this type. Even when Kipling is enumerating his qualities, his tone is mocking.

> "There was a gentleman and a member of the Bengal Civil Service who had won his place and a university degree to boot in fair and open competition with the sons of the English. He was cultured, of the world, and, if report spoke truly, had wisely, and, above all, sympathetically ruled a crowded district of South-Eastern Bengal. He had been to England and charmed many drawing-rooms there. His name, if the Viceroy recollected aright, was Mr. Grish Chunder De, M.A. In short, did anybody see any objection to the appointment, always on principle, of a man of the people to rule the people? The district in South-Eastern Bengal might with advantage, he apprehended, pass over to a younger civilian of Mr. G.C.De's nationality (who had written a memorably clever pamphlet on the political value of sympathy in administration); Mr. G.C. De could be transferred northward to Kot-Kumharsen ... As regarded the mere question of race, Mr. Grish Chunder De was more English than the English, and yet possessed of that

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50. Nirad C. Chaudhuri. The Continent of Circe, London, 1965, P.127.

51. See Joseph Hone: W.B. Yeats, 1865-1939, London, 1962, PP.458-59.

> peculiar sympathy and insight which the best among the best Service in the world could only win to at the end of their service." (Vol. IV. P.131)

Consequently he is appointed as head of the turbulent and difficult frontier district of Kot-Kumharsen.

> "It lay cut lengthways by the Indus under the line of the Khusni hills - ramparts of useless earth and tumbled stone. It was seventy miles long by fifty broad, maintained a population of something less than two hundred thousand, and paid taxes to the extent of forty thousand pounds a year on an area that was rather more than half sheer, hopeless waste. The cultivators were not gentle people, the miners for salt were less gentle still, and the cattle-breeders least gentle of all. A police-post in the top right-hand corner and a tiny mud fort in the top left-hand corner prevented as much salt-smuggling and cattle-lifting as the influence of the civilians could not put down; and in the bottom right-hand corner lay Jumala, the district headquarters - a pitiful knot of lime-washed barns facetiously rented as houses, reeking with frontier fever, leaking in the rain, and ovens in the summer." (Vol. IV, P.140)

Mr. De is a Bengali and therefore Kipling makes him a strange sight to the frontier folk who "crowded to see him, pointing at him, and diversely comparing him to a gravid milch-buffalo, or a broken-down horse, as their limited range of metaphor prompted. They laughed at his police-guard, and wished to know how long the burly Sikhs were going to lead Bengali apes. They inquired whether he had brought his women with him, and advised him explicitly not to tamper with theirs. It remained for a wrinkled hag by the roadside to slap her lean breasts as he passed, crying, 'I have suckled six that could have eaten six thousand of him." (Vol. IV. PP.140-141)

The story begins with a scene on the banks of the river Indus in flood; a sick Deputy Commissioner, Yardley-Orde is in a litter carried by six fighting-men of the frontier who have been won over by him; he is also accompanied by his assistant, Tallantire.

The flood prevents their crossing at night and they put up camp for the night, lit fires and begin to cook their food. On the far side of the river they can see the fires of another camp, where Yardley-Orde's wife is waiting for her husband. His condition is serious and his assistant and the carriers all fear he may not live till morning. Khoda Dad Khan who is later to make deliberate trouble for Chunder De has respect and affection for the dying Englishman and to make him warm takes off his heavy sheepskin coat and adds it to the pile.

The conversation that takes place between Yardley-Orde and Tallantire brings out the usual picture of selfless and devoted men of action who endure hardships and difficulties to look after "children", and who either die during their service or retire without money and honour. He is worried about his wife's future as he has not been able to save any money and does not like the idea that money should be raised for her passage home. Yardley-Orde remembers all those who died during their service and through it a procession of selfless, devoted, and hard-working people who carry their burden with dignity passes before our eyes.

> "It's not nice to think of sending round the hat; but, good Lord! how many men I lie here and remember that had to do it: Morton's dead - he was of my year. Shaughnessy is dead, and he had children; I remember he used to read us their school-letters; what a bore we thought him: Evans is dead - Kot-Kumharsen killed him: Ricketts of Myndonie is dead - and I'm going too. "Man that is born of a woman is small potatoes and few in the hill."" (Vol. IV. P.127)

He is still worried about his District and wonders who is going to succeed him as he does not want a weak or an inefficient man in his place. This is to make the appointment of Chander De look ridiculous and highly inadvisable. Mr. De is far from his

thoughts. He comes as a great surprise to all in the District. Kipling gives his ideal men a very clear vision of their work and of their knowledge that they are looking after men who are all children. This is the basic logic involved here and it is never questioned by critics who justify Kipling's attitudes and views although it would appear from closer look at the situation that it is self-contradictory. If the Khusru-Kheyl are children who are to be looked after in their interest, why can't Mr. Chunder De do the same thing? The Khusru-Kheyl are depicted as men difficult to control in his case, while in the case of Yardley-Orde they are very affectionate and obedient children; in fact the way Kipling organises the story, the Khusru-Kheyl are Yardley-Orde's children. Tallantire is given instructions how to look after the District till Yardley-Orde's successor takes over.

> "That reminds me, Dick; the four Khusru-Kheyl villages in our border want a one-third remittance this Spring. That's fair; their crops are bad. See that they get it, and speak to Ferris about the canal. I should like to have lived till that was finished; it means so much for the North-Indus villages - but Ferris is an idle beggar - wake him up. You'll have charge of the district till my successor comes. I wish they would appoint you permanently; you know the folk. I suppose it will be Bullows, though. Good man, but too weak for frontier work; and he doesn't understand the priests. The blind priest at Jagai will bear watching. You'll find it in my papers, - in the uniform case, I think." (Vol. IV.pp.125-126)

The instructions about remittance in revenues and the progress of the canal are of a nature that could be looked after by any man with any sense of responsibility and we are given no good reason why Mr. De should not do it just as efficiently as Tallantire. But to justify the British in India the author must reinforce the myth that they were needed; that without them everything would collapse. The relation between Yardley-Orde and the Khusru-Kheyl

is important, because it is a mystical relationship corresponding to the blood relationship between father and children. Kipling makes this relationship play an important role in the Frontier District. The children-men of the tribal region require father figures as heads of their districts and not graduates of Calcutta University who write articles on the role of sympathy in administration. The relationship is projected in a scene, which may seem touching to some, but is actually sentimental and aims at the glorification of Yardley-Orde. As a human situation it could be treated as touching, but Kipling is not dealing with it as such but as an idea, or a stereotype rather. He is looking at the situation from the imperial standpoint or more exactly from the point of view of the Anglo-Indians, who had to gain much from creating a mystique round their work in India. Even the visiting Pargett, M.P. had no knowledge of its nature. It was a mystical knowledge acquired by actual work and long experience.

The last public audience of Yardley-Orde has biblical overtones:

> "'Men, I'm dying! said Orde quickly, in the vernacular; 'and soon there will be no more Orde Sahib to twist your tails and prevent you from raiding cattle.'
> 'God forbid this thing!' broke out the deep bass chorus. 'The Sahib is not going to die.'
> 'Yes, he is; and then he will know whether Mohammed speaks truth, or Moses. But you must be good men when I am not here. Such of you as live in our borders must pay your taxes quietly as before. I have spoken of the villages to be gently treated this year. Such of you as live in the hills must refrain from cattle-lifting, and burn no more thatch, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of their priests, who, not knowing the strength of the Government, would lead you into foolish wars, wherein you will surely die and your crops be eaten by strangers. And you must not sack any caravans, and must leave your arms at the police-post when you come in; as has been your custom and my order. And Tallantire Sahib will be with you, but I do not know who takes my place. I speak now true talk, for I am as it were already dead, my children - for though ye be strong men, ye are children.

'And thou art our father and mother,' broke in Khoda Dad Khan with an oath. 'What shall we do, now there is no one to speak for us, or to teach us to go wisely?'
'There remains Tallantire Sahib. Go to him; he knows your talk and your heart. Keep the young men quiet, listen to the old men, and obey. Khoda Dad Khan, take my ring. The watch and chain go to thy brother. Keep those things for my sake, and I will speak to whatever God I may encounter and tell him that the Khusru Kheyl are good men. Ye have my leave to go.'" (Vol. IV. PP.128-129)

Notice the prophetic role given to Orde with suitable language. He leaves behind him his imperial commandments, with clear categories of right and wrong, and a successor who understands the talk and the heart of the people; also his ring and watch as sacred objects with their potent influence. As if this is not enough, Orde must recommend the Khusru Kheyl as good men to God. The priest is to be watched carefully. Kipling gives him a sinister character in the story. But Kipling is factually wrong here as there are no priests in Islam. Men of learning are respected for their knowledge and wisdom but they do not have any spiritual advantage or privileges. Moreover the British in India usually refused to see anything more than religious fanaticism in the uprisings and resistance offered to them by the tribesmen on the Frontier. Consequently, Kipling is so convinced of the moral rightness of British Imperial policy that any resistance must be attributed to evil and sinister motives. The death of Orde and the appointment of Chunder De cause an uproar among the Khusru Kheyl. They would not be ruled by a 'Bengali of Bengal - an eater of fish from the South.' The uprising is complicated by the rivalry between Khoda Dad Khan and the blind Mullah who are competing for the tribal headship. Chunder De has been projected as a man unlikely to handle the situation and run the district efficiently

in the conversation between Tallantire and Bullows. Orde becomes a potent influence holding Tallantire to his charge even when he can see trouble coming. He makes it his own responsibility to see Chunder De settled in peace.

> "'For Orde's. I can't say that I care twopence personally.'
> "Don't be an ass. It's grievous enough, God knows, and the Government will know later on; but that's no reason for your sulking. You must try to run the district; you must stand between him and as much insult as possible; you must show him the ropes; you must pacify the Khusrú Kheyl, and just warn Curbar of the Police to look out for trouble by the way. I'm always at the end of a telegraph-wire, and willing to peril my reputation to hold the district together. You'll lose yours, of course. If you keep things straight, and he isn't actually beaten with a stick when he's on tour he'll get all the credit. If anything goes wrong, you'll be told that you didn't support him loyally.'" (Vol. IV. P.134)

The confrontation of Khoda Dad Khan with Chunder De is completely to the latter's humiliation and disadvantage. He cannot look Khoda Dad Khan straight in the eye. He is mistaken for a clerk and gets nothing but contempt and derision when he tells Khoda Dad Khan he is the new Deputy Commissioner.

> "You can even stare down a graduate of an Oxford College if the latter has been born in a hothouse, of a stock bred in a hothouse, and fearing physical pain as some men fear sin; especially if your opponent's mother has frightened him to sleep in his youth with horrible stories of devils inhabiting Afghanistan, and dismal legends of the black North. The eyes behind the gold spectacles sought the floor. Khoda Dad Khan chuckled, and swung out to find Tallantire hard by. 'Here,' said he roughly, thrusting the coins before him, 'touch and remit. That answers for my good behaviour. But, O Sahib, has the Government gone mad to send a black Bengali dog to us? And am I to pay service to such an one? And are you to work under him? What does it mean?' 'It is an order,' said Tallantire. He had expected something of this kind. 'He is a very clever S-Sahib. 'He a Sahib! He's a kala admi - a black man - unfit to run at the tail of a porter's donkey. All the peoples of the earth have harried Bengal. It is written. Thou knowest when we of the North wanted women or plunder whither went we? To Bengal - where else? What child's talk is this of Sahibdom - after Orde Sahib too!" (Vol. IV. PP.137-138)

People laugh at Chunder De when he says 'It is my order.' When Curbar, the District Superintendent of Police rides in with bad news of the lawless activities of Khursu Kheyl he ignores Chunder De completely and consults Tallantire instead as what action to take. Kipling is deliberately exposing the weaknesses of Chunder De in order to glorify his men of action. Chunder De's only weakness is that he is an educated and presumably in view of his appointment, talented man whom Kipling puts in an awkward position. Soon there is trouble and unrest in the district and things look gloomy for the unfortunate head of the district whose fault it is implied lies in his education and the colour of his skin. The Khursu Kheyl tribesmen led by the Mullah raid the lowland villages and pillage and plunder. Things are complicated by the Mullah's shrewd and crafty rival Khoda Dad Khan, who becomes chief of his tribe after having disposed of the Mullah and surrenders to Tallantire promising peace on the border. Tallantire replies, "'Get hence to the hills - go, and wait there starving, till it shall please the Government to call thy people out for punishment - children and fools that ye be! Count your dead and be still. Rest assured that the Government will send you a man!'"

> "'Ay', returned Khoda Dad Khan, 'for we also be men.' As he looked Tallantire between the eyes, he added, 'And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man.'" (Vol. IV. P.154)

I do not deny the existence of men like Orde, Tallantire and Khoda Dad Khan, and the latter has considerable truth of characterization in him, but we may question why Kipling should glorify these men at the cost of Chunder De, a man of culture and personal suavity, qualities which Kipling persistently undervalues. The second

question is why the super-men should invariably come of Anglo-Saxon stock, and the child-men like Khoda Dad Khan from the tribal society of the Pathans in this story, the Bhils in 'The Tomb of His Ancestors,' and the Buria Kol in 'The Judgment of Dungara.' Kipling has a curious hierarchy of men; the children of the Anglo-Indians are a variety of adult like Tods of 'Tods' Amendment' (Plain Tales), Wee Willie Winkie, and His Majesty the King (Wee Willie Winkie, 1888). They are children but they are men as well. Professor Dobree fails to see the glorification of the Anglo-Indian children. He accepts Tods as he is presented by Kipling and does not question the implications or probability of the story. He defends Kipling's dislike of men who intrude with their intellects and with their theories into the world which is designed for men of action. But the very design of this world is of Kipling's own making, deliberately created for the glorification of Ordes and Tallantires. I know that after independence the same turbulent tribal region is now administered by the civil servants, almost all university graduates, including even Bengalis, and the grand-children of Khoda Dad Khan have never given any trouble. I agree that sometimes there was unnecessary and unadvisable interference from the higher regions of the Government of India who because of their ignorance took a wrong step; but it is not often as simple as that. The Indian administration was becoming rigid as time went on and men who dreamt of freedom of action and personal initiative as in the days of Clive and Warren Hastings were often disappointed with the Government of India, and especially its liberal policies and principles. It was a conflict between policy and individual

freedom of action. Now freedom of action was not really possible in a society as class-ridden and steeped in stereotypes of conduct as was the Anglo-Indian. But because of these stereotypes, the society was inclined to honour the appearances of freedom of action, which would best be represented by such figures - in fact as stereotyped as any Anglo-Indian administrator - of men of action controlling the lives of simple, savage men-children. Kipling sided naturally with the men he was in contact with who by preference liked to work among these child-men who worshipped them like gods.

> "But chiefly he disliked them [the bureaucrats] for their ignorance of the life of the people they were supposed to administer, a point beautifully brought out in 'Tod's Amendment,' where the child of six years old, who chatters to the people in the bazaar as his ayah takes him round, tells the senior members of a committee about to issue new laws on land tenure exactly where they are wrong. The Legal Member 'Did not know that no man can tell what natives think unless he mixes with them with the varnish off.'"[52]

What is not being considered is the almost mystical influence Tods holds over the native population of Simla. 'It never entered his head that any living human being could disobey his orders; and he was the buffer between the servants and his Mamma's wrath.' (Vol. 1. P.266) He knows Urdu, which in the case of the adult Anglo-Indians is limited to shouting orders to servants and it would be incredible for a small child to be able to say very much to adult speakers of Urdu, even if he were fluent in the language, which seems unlikely, a language which incidentally is the repository of the culture of the Muslims of the Indo-Pak sub-continent. He is said to know many dialects and, though six years old, has

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52. Bonamy Dobree: Rudyard Kipling, Realist and Fabulist, London 1967, P.72.

acquired a solemn knowledge of the natives' wisdom as embodied in their aphorisms. His mother is worried by Tods' growing insight into native life and is thinking of sending him Home to school to be drained off and refilled with more respectable European knowledge. Kipling allows children to be intimate with the natives, though grown-ups like Strickland run the risk of incurring the community's censure. Now to come back to Tods' advice to the Supreme Legislature. This consists of members who are out of touch with the natives because they are exalted like gods and it is beneath them to show any interest in and knowledge of the natives. The Bill that Tods amends through his knowledge is to safeguard "the interests of the tenant." There is a native member of the council, but he fails to represent these interests, being a member of the monied native class. Thus all is left to the six year old Tods, the sole representative of native interests - a barely credible situation, but if given any credence at all, surely a total condemnation of the British administration itself:

> "He [the Legal Member] left early, thinking over what Tods had said. Now, it was obviously impossible for the Legal Member to play with a bunnia's monkey, by way of getting understanding; but he did better. He made enquiries, always bearing in mind the fact that the real native - not the hybrid, university-trained mule - is as timid as a colt, and, little by little, he coaxed some of the men whom the measure concerned most intimately to give in their views, which squared very closely with Tods' evidence." (Vol. 1. PP.271-272)

The story is not motivated by a concern for the native but by the need to glorify a sahib's child who may one day return to India after his education and be given the position of a fully-fledged god like John Chinn in 'The Tomb of His Ancesters,' [The Day's Work, 1898] to be discussed later:

> "Till he went Home, Tods ranked some few degrees before the Viceroy in popular estimation. But for the little life of him Tods could not understand why." (Vol. 1. P.272)

Wee Willie Winkie, [Wee Willie Winkie, 1888] another child of six years, the son of a Colonel, is disciplined like a soldier. That is how his father manages him. Kipling makes him a child 'a very particular child' with embarrassing 'peculiarities.' He takes a fancy to a subaltern on sight and becomes his friend. The desire to talk and behave like men is very strong in these children. The Colonel's son is idolised by the whole regiment and Kipling sees to it that he fulfills his role as an idol beautifully. Brandis, the Subaltern with medals on his breast becomes the ideal of Willie Winkie, and when he sees him kissing his Miss Allardyce he is disappointed in him. He, however, acts promptly to prevent the sais from seeing the kissing, for which Brandis is grateful as he wants to keep his engagement secret. Wee Willie Winkie can be depended upon for his idea of truth. The cantonment is bounded on the north by a river - across which is the forbidden land of the tribes. Wee Willie Winkie is not allowed to go there, but one morning he sees Miss Allardyce go across it. He thinks of her as a princess going into the land of the Goblins. He remembers a story about the Goblins and the Princess and one Curdie who defeated the Goblins. He follows Miss Allardyce whom he overtakes because her horse blunders and she hurts herself. Kipling treats the child as the future Colonel of the 195th, his father's regiment. Soon some tribesmen appear from behind the rocks who speak Pushto which reassures Winkie that they are natives and not Goblins. "Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the

Dominant Race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly and emphatically, 'jao!'." (Vol. III, P.309) The men laugh at him which he does not like. Like Tods, Wee Willie Winkie knows three different dialects; an unlikely feat for a child of six years, but then Kipling is not treating his Anglo-Indian children as children but as a variety of gods. He is creating for the world he designed a race of people whose children can stand up single-handed and challenge twenty fierce-looking tribesmen and order them to go and inform his father of their plight. A debate ensues among the Pathans; some are in favour of holding the girl and Winkie to ransom, while others advise more reasonable behaviour. Din Mohammed, a dismissed groom, warns them that if they do anything so stupid, the regiment will be out in no time and play havoc with them and their villages. The regiment comes out soon to hunt for their idol and he is found with Miss Allardyce unharmed; the Pathans silently withdraw into the hills on hearing the first warning shot. Wee Willie is acclaimed the pukka hero, regards himself as grown up and does not like to be called Wee any longer. Victory is for the white child in a shamelessly jingoistic tale depending for its credibility on the myth of the dominant race whose children are men. His Majesty the King, in 'His Majesty the King' (Wee Willie Winkie, 1888) another six year old Anglo-Indian boy, brings about a reconciliation between his father and mother through his moral uprightness. A little after his birth, his mother discovers a letter in his father's papers which betrays his infidelity to her. The relation remains strained between the two after that and His Majesty the King somehow feels the lack of

affection and love in the atmosphere. He envies the Commissioner's daughter Patsie for the love she gets from her parents. The world beyond his nursery door is mysterious to him and he does not share in the life of his parents, as the two are living like strangers under the same roof. One day a man comes and delivers a packet for his mother. No one is in at the moment. The packet is tied with a red tape which he wants to play with. He opens the packet, inside which he discovers a bright, shining star which he takes to his nursery as his crown. But the event weighs heavy on his conscience and it becomes heavier and heavier until he gets fever and to relieve himself of his burden he confesses his sin. The diamond star is found among his toys with a note from a man who loves his mother and who requests her to wear it on a particular day and he will know her intentions. The date is passed and His Majesty the King brings the drifting parents back together. The atmosphere of the house changes and he shares the affection and the love which pervades it.

Kipling wants us to admire these Anglo-Indian children. On the other hand little Mohammed Din in 'The Story of Muhammad Din' (Plain Tales) is treated in a way that our reaction is one of pity and sympathy. The story is originally written for Anglo-Indians to read and Kipling thinks he will be doing a sympathetic and humane thing to persuade the gods who ruled India to take pity on a little boy who wants to play with a polo-ball. The sahib's room is a wonder house where the child is found wandering with his thumbs in his mouth and staring at the pictures. Wee Willie Winkie is not frightened of the fierce and blood-thirsty tribesmen but

Muhammed Din is frightened of the Sahib.

> 'I stepped into the room and startled him nearly into a fit. He sat down on the ground with a gasp. His eyes opened, and his mouth followed suit. I knew what was coming, and fled, followed by a long, dry howl which reached the servant's quarters far more quickly than any command of mine had ever done.' (Vol. 1. P.388)

The boy had done something terrible by entering the sacred precincts of a sahib and his father must apologize for his criminal behaviour. He will surely go to jail one day, because he is a native child. The sahib is however merciful and he forgives the boy but he does it with the consciousness of a god forgiving a sinner. "'Tell the baby,' said I, 'that the Sahib is not angry, and take him away.'" (Vol. 1. P.388) The little boy learns his lesson and never dares to desecrate the holy ground and pays his respects to the sahib on the 'neutral ground' of the garden. He says, 'Talaam, Tahib,' and the sahib replies 'Salaam Muhammad Din.' It is a kind of ritual repeated every day. Kipling wishes us to see it as a relationship, but it is essentially condescending and serves to remind us of the relative position of the boy and the sahib.

> "Daily on my return from office, the little white shirt and the fat little body used to rise from the shade of the creeper-covered trellis where they had been hid; and daily I checked my horse there, that my salutation might not be slurred over or given unseemly." (Vol. 1. P.389)

The child has no companions and plays by himself in the bushes. And the god stumbles one day in a remote part of the garden on some rough plan of the child.

> "He had half buried the polo-ball in dust, and stuck six shrivelled old marigold flowers in a circle round it. Outside that circle again was a rude square, traced out in bits of red brick alternating with fragments of broken china; the whole bounded by a little bank of dust." (Vol. 1. P.389)

While the god is contemplating this strange meaningless creation, the waterman, thinking he is displeased with the boy, pleads that it is only a child's play and is not meant to disfigure his garden. The god has no intention of touching the child's work, but while strolling in the evening he tramples it unconsciously and Muhammad Din is told that the god is angry with him, and removes every trace of it. His world is darkened until his father brings him the good tidings that the god has been pleased to allow him to play in the garden. Not only that the god shows great favour by dropping a 'gaily-spotted' sea-shell close to where the child is at work on a new plan of building. The god is amused to see signs of great excitement and jubilation, and the child lays the ground-plan of a wonderous palace. But the palace is never completed. Muhammad Din falls ill and within a few days dies and is seen, for the last time by the god who has shown great favours to him, carried as a small bundle wrapped in white.

Critics have made much of this story as an example of Kipling's sympathetic treatment of native children. Put in the Anglo-Indian context it becomes a very sinister expression of the imperial myths. I see it as a story which emphasises the special relationship between the sahib and the child and I have deliberately used the word god for sahib to throw light on Kipling's intentions. Professor Tompkins calls it a "delicately-touched, pitifully short history of little Muhammad Din, the Khitmatgar's son."[53]

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53. Professor Tompkins, J.M.S.: The Art of Rudyard Kipling, University Paperbacks, London, 1965, P.165.

She has obviously fallen into the trap of Kipling's devising. It was not to be expected of an imperialist to show sympathy and understanding; but how well he keeps himself at a distance from the child's world. The child is not allowed to forget that his happiness depends on the sahib and on his favour. The sahib is shown as a more merciful god than those of India who send malaria to carry off the child. The subtle implications are ignored by such critical analyses as those which read Kipling favourably. Carrington quotes it as an illustration of Kipling's ability to understand a child's mind with love and affection.

> "'The Story of Muhammad Din', revealed that love and understanding of little children was already a dominant in Rudyard Kipling's character."[54]

He, too, misses the imperial implications and treats it as a universal and humanistic treatment of childhood. Louis L. Cornell finds many more things in this story.

> "'The Story of Muhammad Din (8 September 1886) is pathetic rather than sinister or comic, but like 'Suddhoo' and 'Naboth' it deals with frustration. In trying to make friends with his houseboy's son, the reporter attempts to approach and understand native India, for Kipling seems to make the child a representative of the Indian peoples. Not only is Muhammad Din precociously ceremonious in his manners, but his chief amusement is to project and construct elaborate palaces out of stale flowers, pebbles, bits of glass, and feathers, palaces that are as easily destroyed as they have been painstakingly built. When the child catches malaria, the reporter tries to save him with medical care, but he dies: 'They have no stamina, these brats', says the doctor callously. The reporter is left conscious of the futility of his good intentions; he becomes symbolic of England's helplessness in the face of India's frailty, her triple curse of poverty, starvation, and disease."[55]

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54. Charles Carrington: Rudyard Kipling, 1955, P.93.

55. Louis L. Cornell: Kipling in India, New York, 1966, P.114.

This is a more subtle reading of the tale but it still neglects the element of condescension which I find very distinctly marked.

From the Anglo-Indian man-child through a native child, a frail waif worthy of passing pity, we come to the child men of India. In 'The Head of the District' (Life's Handicap, 1891) the Khusru Kheyl are treated as children by Orde, and Tallantire. In 'The Judgment of Dungara' (In Black and White, 1888), we have the Buria Kol tribe - "the naked good-tempered, timid, shameless, lazy Buria Kol." (Vol. II, P.256) From the Administrator's point of view the mission's chapel and school are looked upon as signs of trouble. They change things and that is what Kipling's men of action do not want. This is a common interest which Athone Daze, High Priest of the Shrine and Warden of the Red Elephant Tusk shares with Gallio, the Assistant Collector. The Great God Dungara is the God of Things as they are. The priest looks with suspicion on the activities of the Tubingen Mission. Gallio, the Assistant Collector is interested in his own power over the tribes, which will remain unchallenged so long as things remain as they are. He has no respect for the spiritual ideals of the Reverend Justus Krenk.

> "[Gallio] had been long in the District, and the Buria Kol loved him and brought him offerings of speared fish, orchids from the dim moist heart of the forests, and as much game as he could eat. In return, he gave them quinine, and with Athone Daze, the High Priest, controlled their simple policies." (Vol. II. P.258)

Kipling obviously admires this understanding between the native priest and the administrator for the souls and the bodies of the Buria Kol, though it might also be seen as a conspiracy of two individuals to keep the tribe in barbaric condition because both

lost power

love power; but the power of the white man is greater than that of Athone Daze. And the things that Gallio does for the Buria Kol are not so terribly difficult that the Buria Kol could not have done them for themselves.

> "Gallio departed to risk his life in mending the rotten bamboo bridges of his people, in killing a too persistent tiger here or there, in sleeping out in the reeking jungle, or in tracking the Suria Kol raiders who had taken a few heads from their brethren of the Buria clan. He was a knock-kneed, shambling young man, naturally devoid of creed or reverence, with a longing for absolute power which his undesirable District gratified." (Vol. II, PP.259-260)

That is what he wants, absolute power and because he can exercise it without any interference from his seniors he likes his District. He does not want his power to be challenged by the changing conditions which must come if the mission succeeds in educating the savage folk. If they remain children his power over them is assured, otherwise not. Yet all this is clearly approved by Kipling as strong-mindedness.

> "'No one wants my post,' he used to say grimly, 'and my Collector only pokes his nose in when he's quite certain that there is no fever. I'm monarch of all I survey, and Athone Daze is my viceroy.'" (Vol. II, P.260)

Orde and Tallantire cannot claim absolute power over the Khusru Kheyl because of the rivalry of the blind Mullah of Jagai, who does not join the conspiracy to keep the Khusru Kheyl in their tribal condition as cultivators and cattle breeders. The Mullah is fighting for freedom, a thing which neither Kipling nor his contemporary Anglo-Indians recognized. Such were religious fanatics and were associated with sinister and reactionary forces working against the British Empire. It alone represented the idea of progress but Kipling refuses to show the actual working

out of that progress except as railroads and bridges which only the British could construct and build. When the mission to Buria Kol begins to show signs of progress, the priest also begins to worry about his dwindling power and tributes:

> "How the little gathering grew, to the huge disgust of Athone Daze; how the Priest of the God of Things as They Are argued subtilely with the Priest of the God of Things as They Should Be, and was worsted; how the dues of the Temple of Dungara fell away in fowls and fish and honey-comb." (Vol. II, P.261)

Gallio at this point remains in the background. The Priest thinks of revenge and induces some of the mission converts who have been taught weaving, to use the silky fibres of a plant. They are thus able to produce a white and smooth cloth, and they make dresses from it to be put on on the day of the visit of the Collector and his wife to open the new chapel. It is a clever scheme of Athone Daze, because the fibre produces burning and itching on the skin, and when the Collector arrives to the great joy and triumph of the Reverend Krenk and his wife, the congregation starts itching and burning. The priest has already threatened the Judgment of Dungara. The converts take fright accompanied by the 'dry and anguished blare' on the Red Elephant Tusk. They all fling away their garments, rush for the Berbulda river and throw themselves into the cooling water. The mission fails and the Reverend Justus Krenk and his wife Lotte return home. The chapel and the school are reclaimed by the jungle and the God of Things As They Are takes over from The God of Things as They Should Be; Gallio retains his absolute power over his men-children and Athone Daze remains his viceroy. I do not see any reason why Professor Tompkins should consider this story

as "a straight forward comic anecdote" with "malicious and farcical counterstrokes"[56] in it. I see it as a tragic failure of two sincere but simple-minded enthusiasts, who do good work though with a limited purpose in view. They fail because of the interests of two men who depend on no change and no improvement of conditions. I do not think it is very funny to make Krenk speak a literal translation of the German language. The situation is funny from the narrow Anglo-Indian point of view, which Professor Tompkins seems to accept without any question. Moreover it is convenient to treat it as comic because then the serious implications can be avoided.

'The Tomb of His Ancestors' [The Day's Work, 1899] is a long story, one of the last of the Anglo-Indian series. It deals with how the Chinns of Devonshire acquire hereditary influence over the Bhils of the Satpura hills in Central India. One of the family, called John Chinn, the first goes to India in 1834 as an administrator in the Bhil country and proves very successful in conquering the minds of the elusive but savage Bhils. He dies during his service and is buried in the Satpura hills overlooking the country where he becomes a legend and a god. The Bhils believe that each Chinn subsequently is a reincarnation of John Chinn and that he rides on a tiger at night whenever trouble is coming to his people. His son Lionel Chinn arrives in India about the time of the Mutiny and rises to the command of a regiment of the small, wild hill folk who knew his father. He inherits his father's influence over the tribe. When he retires

56. Tompkins, J.MS.: The Art of Rudyard Kipling, University Paperbacks, London, 1965, PP.97 and 121.

and is passing through the canal, his son, John Chinn the second is going out to India in a troopship to his duty in India. He has all the gestures and bearing of his father and among the Bhils he is made welcome as their god by Bukta who remembers his little Jan-baba; he has come back after fifteen years and is very happy. John Chinn kills his first tiger on foot, in the manner of his ancestors, and when bathing in a pool Bukta sees the family birth mark on his shoulder. All signs confirm that he is a pukka Chinn, The Bhils gather for a celebration after the tiger hunt and the return of their god is attended with all their wild jubilation and rituals.

> "That night, after a little talk with his subjects, he [Bukta] devoted to an orgie; and a Bhil orgie is a thing not to be safely written about. Chinn, flushed with triumph, was in the thick of it, but the meaning of the mysteries was hidden. Wild folk came and pressed about his knees with offerings. He gave his flask to the elders of the village. They grew eloquent, and wreathed him about with flowers. Gifts and loans, not all seemly, were thrust upon him, and infernal music rolled and maddened round red fires, while singers sang songs of ancient times, and danced peculiar dances." (Vol. VI. PP.124-125)

The ceremonies and rituals are incomprehensible but they confirm the potent influence of Chinn; Bukta cleverly drugs the potent aboriginal liquors and when Chinn falls asleep his shoulder is bared for all to see with their own eyes the family birth mark. When he wakes up Bukta is ready to inform him of the allegiance of his people.

> "My people were very pleased to see the Sahib. They will never forget. When next the Sahib goes out recruiting, he will go to my people, and they will give him as many men as we need." (Vol. VI. P.125)

Chinn becomes their adviser, law-giver, judge and everything. His

power over them is supreme and unchallenged by priest or missionary. Bukta tells him, "Give them a large and loud order and they will abide by it. Thou art their Law." (Vol. VI. P.126) Neither Chinn nor Bukta know the nature of the influence the former exercises over the Bhils. It is mystical in nature and better left unexplained. His spoken words become the unquestionable law of the tribe; the white man has become the unquestionable god of the savage Bhils. The Bhils are all children, savage and barbaric, difficult to manage and they love their freedom and their hunting. They are held from mischief by that mystical influence. Trouble comes when a small-pox vaccinator is sent among them. They are frightened, arrest the Hindoo vaccinator and rumours of war and raids on the villages in the plains come to Chinn's regiment. Rumours also tell of his grand-father riding on his tiger which is among the Bhils a sign of trouble. Chinn is disturbed by these rumours and asks Bukta about them, who replies,

> "'Why should I tell what is well known? Yes, the Clouded Tiger is out in the Satpura country.'
> 'What do the Wild Bhils think that it means?'
> 'They do not know. They wait. Sahib, what is coming? Say only one little word, and we will be content?'"
> (Vol. VI, P.129)

Chinn asks his Colonel for hunting-leave and goes with Bukta in the hills among the Bhils. He spends a lonely night by the grave of his grandfather and the following day he asks Bukta to assemble his people. His influence holds good at the moment of crisis. He orders them to produce the vaccinator and starts vaccinating the people. Soon the affair turns into a sport, the vaccinated ones chasing the reluctant ones and dragging them forward

to be charmed against small-pox. The ghostly-tiger of his grandfather turns out to be a real tiger, because he leaves tracks. He receives gifts of two cows a week from the Bhils and lives in idleness in a cave nearby. Chinn tracks the tiger to its cave and shoots it to put an end to the fears of the Bhils. He returns in triumph to his regiment and reports to his colonel who asks him, 'How did you manage to get a Bhil vaccinated?'

> "'Well, sir,' said Chinn, 'I've been thinking it over, and, as far as I can make out, I've got a sort of hereditary influence over 'em.'
> 'So, I know, or I wouldn't have sent you; but what, exactly?'
> 'It's rather rummy. It seems, from what I can make out, that I'm my own grandfather reincarnated, and I've been disturbing the peace of the country by riding a pad-tiger of nights. If I hadn't done that, I don't think they'd have objected to the vaccination; but the two together were more than they could stand. And so, sir, I've vaccinated 'em, and shot my tiger-horse as a sort o' proof of good faith.'
> . . . . . the official version of the Bhils' anti-vaccination stampede said nothing about Lieutenant John Chinn, his godship. But Bukta knew, and the corps knew, and every Bhil in the Satpura hills knew." (Vol. VI. P.152)

The story illustrates more than any other the lengths to which Kipling goes in his imperial myth-making. The sahib can become a god with absolute powers of life and death among the primitive tribes of India and that is why Kipling's administrators like such people, who can be treated as children. So Kipling glorifies the Englishmen.

The educated Indian he normally ridicules, but Wali Dad in 'On the City Wall [In Black and White, 1888] is one of a few exceptions. He is an educated Muslim, whom Kipling has drawn with affection and imaginative sympathy and he has been able to let his art and creative urge get the better of his Anglo-Indian attitude. Through Wali Dad Kipling projects the conflict of cultures, between

his Muslim faith and culture and his Western education. He is aware of what is happening to him and other young men of his country. His frustration and despair spring from the imperial situation and he tells the narrator one or two bitter things about his nation and his country:

> "'India has gossiped for centuries - always standing in the bazaars until the soldiers go by. Therefore - you are here to-day instead of starving in your own country, and I am not a Mohammedan - I am a Product - a Demnition Product. That also I owe to you and yours: that I cannot make an end to my sentence without quoting from your authors.' He pulled at the hookah and mourned, half feelingly, half in earnest, for the shattered hopes of his youth. Wali Dad was always mourning over something or other - the country of which he despaired, or the creed in which he had lost faith, or the life of the English which he could by no means understand." (Vol. II. P.350)

Wali Dad has remarkable insight and knows what is going to happen to the youth of his country. He describes Khem Singh, a remnant of the Sikh power in the Punjab, as "an Interesting Survival" who returns from exile in Burma to a changed and incomprehensible "'country now full of educational and political reform, but, as the Pearl says, there are many who remember him. He was once a great man in India. They will all, when they are boys, go whoring after strange gods, and they will become citizens - "fellow-citizens" - "illustrious fellow-citizens." What is it that the native papers call them?'" (Vol. II. PP.353-354) He realizes the irony of his situation and lives in a world of his dreams because he has been alienated from his own culture and he is also deprived of the field of action by the white men. He frequents the Salon of Lalun in whose praise he writes poetry and songs which are sung all over the city.

There is even a touch of sincere friendship between Wali Dad

and the narrator and the former thinks it a curious thing that they can only meet in the Salon of Lalun. They belong to a kind of fraternity, a closed society like the Masonic Lodge where Kipling met people of all creeds and colours. This friendship, however, does not extend to the other spheres of life. Wali Dad asks, "'Are your womenfolk also fools?'"

> "'Wali Dad,' I said, 'you never speak to us about your women folk and we never speak about ours to you. That is the bar between us.'
> 'Yes' said Wali Dad, 'it is curious to think that our common meeting-place should be here, in the house of a common - how do you call her?' He pointed with the pipe-mouth to Lalun. 'Lalun is nothing but Lalun,' I said, and that was perfectly true. 'But if you took your place in the world, Wali Dad, and gave up dreaming dreams -'" (Vol. II, P.359)

But Wali Dad knows very clearly what kind of a place he can take in the world - a world which is designed for imperial purposes and run by Ordes and Tallantires, Turtons and Burtons. He can only take a subordinate position in that world; he cannot change it, and he cannot enter it with a personal responsibility; he can only become attached as a pleader to the courts established by the Indian Government and acquire influence in his own community and even be received in the commissioner's parties. He mocks such a position and with a clear note of irony in his voice replies to the narrator:

> "'I might wear an English coat and trousers. I might be a leading Mohammedan pleader. I might be received even at the Commissioner's tennis-parties where the English stand on one side and the natives on the other, in order to promote social intercourse throughout the Empire. Heart's Heart,' said he to Lalun quickly, 'the sahib says that I ought to quit you.'" (Vol. II. P.359)

The trouble with Wali Dad is his inability to take action. He is suffering from his education of the 'English variety.' His

father has sent him to a mission school and being intelligent he has learned more than either his father or his teachers intended him to learn. Scepticism and doubts send him experimenting with the different religions and he reads books but finds them useless. Then he makes 'an unsuccessful attempt to enter the Roman Catholic Church and the Presbyterian fold at the same time.' (Vol. II. P.344)

At last he discovers Lalun and idles away his time in her salon where he can get cultured company, watches from her window the panorama of the city and composes songs about her. Wali Dad's is a genuine human situation and Kipling's insight into the nature of 'the English variety of education' is remarkably true. In Wali Dad he has projected an intelligent and educated young man who has been denied a healthy exercise of his talents. When he sings his songs 'his eyes glow like hot coals, and Lalun leans back among the cushions and throws bunches of jasmine-buds at Wali Dad.' (Vol. II, P.345) But at this very moment Kipling breaks off his story to return to the mysteries of the Empire and do some necessary explaining. The long passage limits the story and its appeal.

> "But first it is necessary to explain something about the Supreme Government which is above all and below all and behind all. Gentlemen come from England, spend a few weeks in India, walk round this great Sphinx of the Plains, and write books upon its ways and its works, denouncing or praising it as their own ignorance prompts. Consequently all the world knows how the Supreme Government conducts itself. But on one, not even the Supreme Government, knows everything about the administration of the Empire. Year by year England sends out fresh drafts for the first-line, which is officially called the Indian Civil Service.. These die, or kill themselves by overwork, or are worried to death, or broken in health and hope in order that the land may be protected from death and sickness, famine and war, and may eventually become capable of standing alone. It will never stand alone, but the idea is a pretty one, and

> men are willing to die for it, and yearly the work of pushing and coaxing and scolding and petting the country into good living goes forward. If an advance be made all credit is given to the native, while the English men stand back and wipe their foreheads. If a failure occurs the Englishmen step forward and take the blame. Overmuch tenderness of this kind has bred a strong belief among many natives that the native is capable of administering the country, and many devout Englishmen believe this also, because the theory is stated in beautiful English with all the latest political colours." (Vol. II. PP. 345-346)

That India will always stand in need of such selfless and devoted Englishmen to run the country is in brief the creed of Kipling. Wali Dad is incapable of action and that disqualifies him for any role in the administration of the country except as a subordinate or as a pleader hovering round the courts. Kipling also remembers people like Khem Singh in the millions of India who also dream of administering the country. They are people who wish to bring back the days of pre-British India and establish the rule of the sword. But the power of the Supreme Government is great and such people are taken care of, because such "may cause trouble and even break the great idol called Pax Britannica, which, as the newspapers say, lives between Peshawer and Cape Comorin." (Vol. II. P.246) But Wali Dad has no effective role to play in British India in spite of his intelligence and education. The real drama is played between the Government and Khem Singh who represents dreams and visions which have no value for Kipling. The kind of world that Khem Singh, a warrior, belongs to is evoked in the songs of Lalun, songs about war in the south, and about angry old men, also songs about Passes filled with armed men.

> "So she took her sitar and sat in the window-seat, and sang a song of old days that had been sung by a girl of her profession in an armed camp on the eve of a great battle -

> the day before the Fords of the Jumna ran red and Sivaji fled fifty miles to Delhi with a Toorkh stallion at his horse's tail and another Lalun on his saddle-bow. It was what men call a Mahratta laonee, and it said:-
>
> 'Their warrior forces Chimnajee
> Before the Peishwa led,
> The children of the Sun and Fire
> Behind him turned and fled.
>
> And the chorus said:-
>
> With them there fought who rides so free
> With sword and turban red,
> The warrior-youth who earns his fee
> At peril of his head." (Vol. II. PP.351-352)

Wali Dad is not interested in those days of fighting. He thanks the Government for the security that he enjoys and hopes that his education may one day enable him to enter the All-powerful Government.

> "Thanks to your Government, all our heads are protected, and with the educational facilities at my command' - his eyes twinkled wickedly - 'I might be a distinguished member of the local administration. Perhaps, in time, I might even be a member of a Legislative Council." (Col. II. P.352)

But the song brings Khem Singh to the ramparts of Fort Amara, where he is confined after his return from exile in Burma, to spend his last years in the country of his birth. He is an old man but the fire is still flickering in him, and thinks of bringing back the old heroic days. He gets his chance to escape from the Fort in Mohurram when the city is plunged in communal riots. But he finds everything changed so completely that the new generations do not understand his talk. The country needs a new type of leadership. Khem Singh returns to the comfort of the Fort, surrenders himself and enjoys the hospitality of the Government. The incidents of the night of the rioting show us a different Wali Dad altogether. He has been watching the Mohurram procession, and is seen as reverting back from his European training, to 'typical' Muslim behaviour. Yet at this point, instead of a stereotyped response to the reversion, Kipling manages to express something very like

compassion. Here is the final ambivalent view of Wali Dad:

> "On returning to Lalun's door I stumbled over a man at the threshold. He was sobbing hysterically and his arms flapped like the wings of a goose. It was Wali Dad, Agnostic and Unbeliever, shoeless and turbanless, and frothing at the mouth, the flesh on his chest bruised and bleeding from the vehemence with which he had smitten himself. A broken torch-handle lay by his side, and his quivering lips murmured, 'Ya Hassan! Ya Hussain!' as I stooped over him." (Vol. II, P.371)

Here is an educated native[57] who is treated not with the usual ridicule but with understanding and penetration of his situation. In him Kipling has nearly come to create a character truly representative of people in his situation and who are later to be so artistically represented by E.M. Forster in his Dr. Aziz.

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57. Wali Dad with 'a head that English artists at home would rave over and paint amid impossible surroundings' might have been suggested by an Afghan fellow-traveller encountered in a journey from Ajmer, and, who, 'had the head of a Rabbi, such as men put in paintings.' This man was introduced as Sindbad in an article 'East and West' contributed to the Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, in 1885. He was a very cultured person and had very clear and definite ideas about his own culture. He said to Kipling, "And look what you do. You come and judge us by your own standard of morality - that morality which is the outcome of your climate and your education and your tradition. You are, of course, too hard on us ... Who are we to have your morals, or you to have ours? ... And yet you think we are to be judged by your morals. It is a mistake.' My friend Sindbad and I agreed cordially on this point. God made us - East and West - widely different. We could not adopt each other's clothes or customs. Why insist upon uniformity in morals?'" When they were parting Sindbad said, "'I am sorry. You have talked with me and smoked with me and eaten with me like a man. Shall I say as a compliment that you are almost worthy to be an Afghan?' 'And you Sindbad to be an Englishman, but,' - 'Ah, yes my friend. It is true. But God has made us different for always. Is it not so?' And ... methought that Sindbad had stumbled upon a great truth."

Kipling was capable of such treatment whenever his imagination and vision got the better of his pose as a sahib and when he did not measure his characters by the moral standards and values of his own Anglo-Indian caste. But it was not always possible to do so and the range of his contact with Indians and their life remained limited by the boundaries of a Sahib's respectability and imperial aloofness. To venture beyond them was to run the risk of losing one's soul and killing one's conscience like McIntosh Jellaludin, or like Trejago in 'Beyond the Pale' [Plain Tales] who "wilfully stepped beyond the safe limits of decent everyday society, and paid for it heavily." (Vol. 1. P.235) It was this fear of going 'beyond the pale' which made Kipling utter in his knowing and irritatingly cocksure manner his Anglo-Indian wisdom that:

> "A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black. Then, whatever trouble falls is in the ordinary course of things - neither sudden, alien, nor unexpected." (Vol. 1. P.235)

Trejago ventures beyond the pale and explores native India and takes "too deep an interest in native life; but he will never do so again." (Vol. 1. P.235) While exploring native life in the mysterious and forbidden places he wanders into a blind-alley and comes to a dead end below the grated window of Bisesa, a very young Hindu widow. It is the beginning of a romantic and forbidden love-affair with all the passion and secrecy associated with such affairs in the orient, and "of many strange things, and of a double life so wild that Trejago to-day sometimes wonders if it were not all a dream." (Vol. 1. P.238) He is living in two different worlds alternately with no normal relationship or channel of

communication between the two. This double life is forced on him by the conventions of his own society.

> "In the day-time, Trejago drove through his routine of office-work, or put on his calling-clothes and called on the ladies of the station, wondering how long they would know him if they knew of poor little Bisesa. At night, when all the city was still, came the walk under the evil-smelling boorka, the patrol through Jita Megji's bustee, the quick turn into Amir Nath's Gully between the sleeping cattle and the dead walls, and then, last of all Bisesa, and the deep, even breathing of the old woman who slept outside the door of the bare little room that Durga Charan allotted to his sister's daughter." (Vol. 1. PP. 238-239)

In the end it is Bisesa who suffers terribly by losing "her roseleaf hands." Bisesa is described as "good to look upon ... as ignorant as a bird ... her little feet, light as marigold flowers, that could lie in the palm of a man's one hand," (Vol. 1. PP. 239, 240) but she is capable of very strong passions. Oriental women are often depicted as very passionate and ignorant of the world and Kipling has relied on this concept and has not treated her as an individual. Trejago is allowed by Kipling to escape only with a "cut into one of the muscles of the groin." (Vol. 1. P.241) but he retains his decency and good name in his own society which never finds out about his romantic escapade. He has learnt his lesson which Kipling wanted every careless and venturesome Anglo-Indian to learn. "There is nothing peculiar about him, except a slight stiffness, caused by a riding-strain, in the right leg." (Vol. 1. P.242)

Things were rather different in Upper Burma where the moral standards of the community could not be applied because it was yet unsettled. It was a 'time for strong men,' who lived with their soldiery in stockaded camps and who sometimes "turned out and dressed down dacoits; for the country was still smouldering

and would blaze when least expected." (Vol. IV, P.420) Civilization, decency, propriety, respectability and public opinion, all these come when the ground has been prepared for them by men like 'Georgie Porgie' (Life's Handicap, 1891) and while these preparations are going ahead, such men may be allowed a certain aberration from their normal and approved conduct. Kipling gives this elaborate explanation to safeguard Georgie Porgie against losing his decency, which, according to Kipling, the white man often runs the risk of by entering into a liaison with native women. Georgina, the daughter of a Burmese village headman, brings a great change in Georgie's life and gets things straight and comfortably arranged in the camps in the jungle. When subalterns on the warpath stumble their way through the teak forests, they find her at table as a "hostess to be deferential to" (Vol. IV, P.422) and when they replunge into the jungle they carry with them memories of "the nice little dinner and the pretty face." (Vol.IV, P.422) But all these virtues, love, devotion, the domestic comfort she provides in the jungle, and her good housekeeping cannot give Georgina the position of a wife as it is denied to her by the customs of the ruling class. This happy union may not be allowed long. Georgina is treated as a contented episode in the adventurous life of Georgie Porgie, who, having tasted the comforts and delights of life with a woman, goes home to get properly and decently married. Georgina goes out of his life completely, but it is otherwise with her; she cannot forget him. She wanders in search of him and tracks him down to Sutrain, and there she discovers the truth. But the happy world of Georgie

Porgie is spared him by Kipling. It is safe within the charmed circle of imperial aloofness and must not be disturbed by the passion and anguish of the broken heart of a Burmese woman. Human passions are not to touch the world of gods.

> "'What are you going to do?' said Gillis, who held Georgina by the wrist, in case of any unexpected rush into the lamp-light. 'Will you go in and tell that English woman that you lived with her husband?'
> "'No,' said Georgina faintly. 'Let me go. I am going away. I swear that I am going away.' She twisted herself free and ran off into the dark." (Vol. IV P.429)

Even this gesture of sacrifice does not earn her the slightest show of admiration, only a sentimentalised element of pity:

> "'Poor little beast!' said Gillis, dropping on to the main road. 'I'd ha' given her something to get back to Burma with.[58] What a narrow shave though! And that angel would never have forgiven it."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "'What is that noise down there?' said the Bride.
> Both listened.
> "'Oh,' said Georgie Porgie, 'I suppose some brute of a hillman has been beating his wife.'
> 'Beating - his - wife! How ghastly!' said the Bride.
> 'Fancy your beating me!' She slipped an arm round her husband's waist, and, leaning her head against his shoulder, looked out across the valley in deep content and security.
> But it was Georgina crying, all by herself, down the hillside, among the stones of the water course where the washermen wash the clothes." (Vol. IV PP.429-430)

The pity of the white man is her only reward and to treat them as pitiable objects is the only way Kipling knows of dealing with native women in such of his stories.

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58. The Anglo-Indians thought that money could compensate any grievance or sorrow of the natives.
"Sahib, why do you ask that? My clothes are fouled because of the dust on the road. My eyes are sad because of the glare of the sun. My feet are swollen because I have washed them in bitter water, and my cheeks are hollow because the food here is bad. Fire burn your money! What do I want with it? I am rich. I thought you were my friend. But you are like the others - a sahib. Is a man sad? Give him money, say the sahibs. Is he dishonoured? Give him money, say the sahibs. Hath he wrong upon his head? Give him money, say the sahibs. Such are the sahibs, and such art thou - even thou." 'Dray Warn you De' in <u>In Black and White</u> (Vol. II. P.241)

Dunmaya, a hill-girl, is properly married by Phil Garron in 'Yoked with an Unbeliever.' [Plain Tales From the Hills] Phil, who is working on a tea plantation in India is not of an imperial cast. He is one of those idle, shiftless and slack good-for-nothing young men who lie loose on friends' hands and 'naturally (fall) in love.' The empire is a dumping-place for such people who are shipped there to posts and jobs through influential uncles. Phil 'was very nice; but he was not strong enough in his views and opinions and principles, and though he never came to actual grief, his friends were thankful when he said good-bye, "and went out to this mysterious 'tea' business near Darjiling," (Vol. 1. PP.55-56) leaving behind Agnes Laiter with the promise of marriage in future. Because he is not like Kipling's men of action and is an idle weakling he is yoked with an unbeliever. He marries Dunmaya, a hill-girl. But it is the ending of the story which is interesting in revealing Kipling's attitude.

> "Now the particular sin and shame of the whole business is that Phil, who really is not worth thinking of twice, was and is loved by Dunmaya, and more than loved by Agnes, the whole of whose life he seems to have spoilt.
> Worst of all, Dunmaya is making a decent man of him; and he will ultimately be saved from perditionthrough her training. Which is manifestly unfair. (Vol. 1. P.60)

The irony is a little heavy here and it seems at first that Kipling acknowledges Dunmaya's talents. But even so, this is done with an element of ironic condescension. The Indian girl may be a good wife to a waster, but this is seen as a slightly comical 'twist' to the tale. Their marriage cannot be taken seriously, or explored by Kipling as a relationship.

The theme of intermarriage is treated in greater detail in

'Without Benefit of Clergy,' [Life's Handicap, 1891] a tragic story of the love of Ameera and John Holden. Ameera is bought by William Holden from her mother who would have sold her "to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient." (Vol. IV P.158) Ameera knows her position to be insecure as she is a slave but when expecting a baby she is filled with great hopes and assurances and thinks the coming of a child will make the otherwise sordid and unstable bond indissoluble. She is sure it is going to be a boy as she has sent gifts to the shrine of Sheikh Badl.

> "'Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?' 'Since the beginning - till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?
> 'Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother.'
> 'And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dower! I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child.'
> 'Art thou sorry for the sale?'
> 'I have sorrowed; but to-day I am glad. Thou wilt never cease to love me now? - answer, my king.'
> 'Never - never. No.'
> 'Not even though the mem-log - the white women of they own blood - love thee? And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair.'" (Vol. IV. PP. 158-158)

Kipling's language becomes pseudo-biblical when he is dealing with a relationship between a sahib and a native. He treats it as a special relationship, very conventional and ceremonial, and the language itself prevents it from becoming an ordinary human relationship. Critics, who consider the story in isolation from its Anglo-Indian and imperial contexts often misread this formalized treatment. Some think it is removed from reality and is a very literary and conventionalized love idyll.

> "Ameera has something of the beauty, the strangeness, the mystery, the elusiveness of the fairies of the Celtic other-world, and like the amorous adventures of Guingamor, of

> Guinemar, or Tyolet in the lais of Marie de France, her story is removed from reality and the judgments of reality."[59]

The essential point is entirely missed here. Kipling is dealing with a forbidden relationship between a sahib and a native girl, a fact which must not be ignored as it not only determines the style but the structure and the vision of the story. E.L. Gilbert has tried to put an existentialist interpretation on the story and has very elaborately analysed the story as Kipling's vision of the irrationality of the universe. I will come to that point later in this discussion when I have given my own analysis.

Ameera is stationed with her mother and old Pir Khan, the watchman, in a 'little house over-looking the great red-walled city.' (Vol. IV. P.158) Here within the house is happiness, loveliness and joy. Everything is made perfect and idyllic by the birth of the baby as it dispells whatever doubts and misgivings Ameera has about Holden's constancy. These doubts and misgivings are betrayed in her confidences with her old mother who is not very sure of the relationship.

> "The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at best an inconstant affair, but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. 'And then,' Ameera would always say, 'then he will never care for the white mem-log. I hate them all - I hate them all.'"
> 'He will go back to his own people in time,' said the mother; 'but by the blessing of God that time is yet afar off."
> (Vol. IV. P.159)

But this happy and idyllic world in the little house is

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59. Walter M. Hart, Kipling the Story-Writer, Berkley, 1918 P.7. Quoted by E.L. Gilbert (ed.) Kipling and the Critics, London, 1966, PP.176-177, in his study of 'Without Benefit of Clergy.'

threatened by death and annihilation. Ameera is fearful that her happiness might not last long; she seeks the protection of rituals and superstition to avert the Evil Eye from the little house. Holden has forebodings of the death of Ameera.

> "Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph-form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done, and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral Holden went away by the night mail to his exile. Every hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera." (Vol. IV. P.160)

This happens before the birth of the child. As expected the child brings more happiness into this secret life of Holden. It has nothing to do with the world where he is a sahib and is administering the country in face of heavy odds. That world is of the hard-working and devoted sahibs whose ranks are rapidly and unexpectedly showing gaps which are to be filled by more men from England. The sahibs are pitched against the Powers of India. This is the background against which the forbidden idyll of Holden and Ameera is shown.

> "The Powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty, wherein men fed well and the crops were certain, and the birth-rate rose year by year; the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand to the square mile of the overburdened earth; and the Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat, talked largely of the Benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty picked words, the blossom of the blood-red dhak-tree that had flowered untimely for a sign of what was coming, they smiled more than ever." (Vol. IV. P.178)

The tone of this passage might be thought thoroughly unpleaaant, particularly the smiles of the administrators, who appear more

concerned about feeling superior to the ignorant visitor (and keeping him in ignorance) than about the approaching disasters predicted by the flowering tree. Kipling labours so hard to establish their superiority here that it becomes offensive.

The talk at the Club is about cholera and famine and the special problems of administering different areas and districts. The Deputy Commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen has to deal with swarms of locusts, besides sporadic cholera in his district. Another joins in the conversation by saying he has come to persuade the Government to give priority to his scheme for a canal on the 'list of famine relief' work. They talk with personal detachment of relief work and are not worried by the risk they run themselves. Their women folk and children they send to the hills for safety. Holden is, however, worried. He has lost his son, "a small gold-coloured little god and unquestioned despot of the small house over-looking the city." (Vol. IV. P.179) The rumours of cholera, naturally, once again fill his mind with fears and forebodings as before the birth of his son. He has failed in his attempts to persuade Ameera to go into the Himalayas. She does not like the custom of the mem-log who leave their husbands grilling in the plains and themselves go to the hill-stations for the summer. He expects Ameera's death every hour of the day.

> "There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera, and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded - so certain, that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud. 'And?' said he, - 'When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, Heaven-born. It is the black cholera?'" (Vol. IV. P.183)

E.L. Gilbert in his analysis of this story gives a new inter-

pretation to it. He says:

> "Kipling's theme is nothing less than the enormous hostility of the universe, the uselessness of man's poor shifts to avoid his fate, and finally, the one painful victory that may sometimes be wrung from life when victory is least expected.
> The universe pictured in "Without Benefit of Clergy" is blundering, directionless and very nearly incapable of supporting human life. If it operates at all on any rational principles, these principles are concealed from man, who, in his remote corner of the cosmos, sees only meaningless, random violence and the constant threat of accidental annihilation."[60]

There are certain points which Mr. Gilbert does not make clear. Once taken out of its imperial context, it then becomes very easy to universalise Kipling's vision. The limitations of this vision can then be safely ignored. In fact, however, it operates within the imperial framework. The irrationality of the universe extends to the four walls of the little house only, because it stands for a forbidden, though an idyllic, relationship between a sahib and a native girl. The central and important elements in this vision are the love of Ameera and Holden and the 'contract entered into with a light heart.' (Vol. IV. P.158) The universe is irrational because the relationship is irrational from the Anglo-Indian point of view; it is against 'every rule and law." Ameera 'was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise, for he was an Englishman, and she a Mussulman's daughter bought two years before from her mother.' (Vol. IV. P.158) Ameera is worried by doubts and forebodings that the beautiful

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60. E.L. Gilbert: "Without Benefit of Clergy": A Farewell to Ritual. Reproduced in Kipling and the Critics edited with an Introduction by E.L. Gilbert himself. London, 1966, (PP.163-183) PP.164-165.

world within the little house would not last and she tries to avert all evil by ritual and superstition. Holden is certain that Ameera's death would be demanded. Is it not what the collective or social conscience of the Anglo-Indians demand? If it is the hostile universe as Mr. Gilbert wants us to believe, that demands a death, why is it not hostile, irrational and blundering when Mrs. Gadsby lies in delirium in her bungalow in the plains, in "The Valley of the Shadow" [The Story of The Gadsbys, 1888]? Even the ayah has intelligence enough to do the right thing at the right moment and Mrs. Gadsby is saved.

> "Doctor (knocked out of professional gravity, tramping across flower-beds and shaking G's hands). It's - it's - it's - ! Gadsby, there's a fair chance - a dashed fair chance! The flicker, y'know. The sweat, y'know! I saw how it would be. The punkah, y'know. Deuced clever woman that ayah of yours. Stopped the punkah just at the right time. A dashed good chance! No - you don't go in. We'll pull her through yet, I promise on my reputation - under providence. Send a man with this note to Bingle. Two heads better than one. 'Specially the ayah! We'll pull her round. (Retreats hastily to house.) (Vol. II. P.216)

The hostility of the universe is pitched against the little house on the city wall for some reasons which are very clear if the story is considered in its socio-political context. Ameera loses her son, a symbol of the bond between her and Holden, and then she is carried off violently by cholera, which refuses to touch either her old mother or Pir Khan, the watchman. It is Ameera who is to sacrifice everything to the Powers, because she has loved and been loved by a sahib and no sacrifice is great for that honour. Just before she dies she makes the supreme sacrifice of renouncing her faith by calling Holden a God.

> "'I bear witness - I bear witness' - the lips were forming the words on his ear - 'that there is no God but - thee, beloved!'" (Vol. IV. P.184)

Death and desolation descend upon the house with incredible speed; within three days it has fallen to pieces and there remains nothing of it. The furniture is taken away by Ameera's mother; Pir Khan goes away because his 'monkey-face would be a reminder of that which has been.' (Vol. IV. P.186) He takes away with him the red-lacquered bed, which Holden wanted to keep, saying it would be to Holden as 'a knife turning in a green wound.' (Vol. IV. P.186) And Durga Dass, the landlord, refuses to allow Holden to keep the house and says, 'I will have it pulled down - the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the Municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning-ghat to the city wall, so that no man may say where this house stood.' (Vol. IV. P.188) The irrational universe is completely wiped out of existence. The sahib is spared every painful memory as there remains nothing of the things that have been. His normal life, the life of telegrams and anger is resumed; he goes forth like St. George to fight the dragons of famine, fever and cholera. Like Trejago, Holden's double life ceases and with it ceases the hostility of the universe because his idyllic and romantic adventure and escapade into native life has come to an end.

The story is invariably treated by critics as Kipling's best and most sympathetic treatment of native life. First Edmund Wilson, who says:

> "And one of the most sympathetic of these early stories - the once famous "Without Benefit of Clergy" - is a picture of an Anglo-Indian union: an English official who lives with a Mahomedan girl. Though Kipling deals rarely in fortunate lovers, these lovers enjoy their happiness for a time. To their joy, the mother gives birth to a son, who turns into "a small gold-coloured little god," and they like to sit on the roof and eat almonds and watch the kites. But then the baby dies of the fever, and the young wife dies of the cholera; and the husband is called away to fight the famine and the epidemic. Even the house where they have lived is destroyed, and the husband is glad that no one else will ever be able to live there. This idyll, unhallowed and fleeting, is something that the artist in Kipling has felt, and put down for its sweetness and pathos."[61]

Mr. Wilson has praised the story for the irrelevant elements in it. It is sentimental rather than sympathetic and the sentimentalism is motivated by the desire to glorify the sahib and his work. What the sahib claims to do in India as his imperial duty is taken for granted and accepted. He has also failed to see that Kipling the artist is most often dominated by Kipling the sahib ("Kupeleen Sahib").

Dr. Tompkins does not treat the story with summary praise of its art and sympathy, as does Mr. Wilson, but she stops short of carrying the issues raised by her to their logical conclusions. Her analysis is better and embodies modern trends of criticism, but it is lop-sided as it ignores the socio-political implications:

> "'Without Benefit of Clergy' covers some three years, during which the Mohammedan girl, whom John Holden has bought and now loves as his wife, bears him a son in the little house over the city, loses the child and finally dies of cholera. The narrative moves smoothly from scene to scene, making unhurried use of dialogue and joining the incidents with explicit narration and occasional comment. The scene lies

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61. Edmund Wilson: "The Kipling that Nobody Read," in Kipling's Mind and Art, edited by Andrew Rutherford, Oliver and Boyd Paperback (Edinburgh and London, 1965) P.26.

> before us, as it were, in concentric circles. At the centre is the native house; all the pictorial details, the colours, the little homely sounds belong to this centre; here we listen to the language of love and grief. Outside, continuously indicated but never described, is John Holden's official life, the Club, the Office, the 'unlovely' bungalow, open to any visitor, the unsparing short phrases of order and criticism, edged with irony by the unseen facts of the native house. It is in this circle that we get the sarcasm - 'cheap' sarcasm, since it is what any man's mind and tongue will produce under the pressure of circumstances and the infection of sympathy. Here, too, we get an unwished, though not quite irrelevant, appearance of the obsessive Member for Lower Tooting. Enclosing everything is India of swarming life and terrifying epidemics, generating the menace and finally the certainty of separation. The ties that penetrate all three circles meet in Ameera's room. Most of the scenes in the little house are night-pieces. This is natural, and it emphasizes the dichotomy of Holden's life; it also shows up the radiant beauty of Ameera as Juliet's is shown when she 'hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel.' It is only at the end, when the hostility of nature has broken into the house, that we see its desolation in the daylight. The tragic forces in the tale are impersonal; no malice or even callousness is involved, though John Holden, in his anguish, calls himself a brute. The brief and beleagured tenure of human happiness is made more apparent by the difference between the lovers, and the secrecy and irony that arise from it. They themselves are only sufficiently developed for the purposes of lyrical emotion, which requires figures and attitudes rather than characters ..."[62]

First the image of concentric circles does not apply, because the society and the official world to which Holden belongs in his recognised and active role is not related to the world of Ameera. It does not recognize her existence or the existence of the little house. The 'unlovely bungalow' where he lives as a bachelor is included in that circle. This is an important social aspect of the story which is not to be ignored. Dr. Tompkins recognizes that the appearance of Member for Lower Tooting is 'unwished, though not quite irrelevant.' Is it not worth asking

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62. J.M.S. Tompkins: The Art of Rudyard Kipling, University Paperbacks, London, 1965, PP.115-116.

why is it unwished? Does it not reflect on the reactionary attitude of the Anglo-Indian? And why should the traditional image of India as of 'swarming life and terrifying epidemics' be accepted? Is it a true image? Does it represent the whole of it? Is there nothing else in India? Why should these 'generate the menace and finally the certainty of separation?' And why should it be considered 'natural' that most of 'the scenes are night-pieces?' Why does Kipling not investigate the 'dichotomy of Holden's life?' These are the questions which are not considered in the analysis.

When Dr. Tompkins does recognize imperfections in the structure of the story she associates them not with the socio-political context but with Kipling's 'insatiable appetite for fact.' She considers the flaws can be ignored. I think they are so serious that they cannot:

> "There are imperfections in this tale. Kipling's insatiable appetite for fact and strong excitement makes him divert our gaze too long towards the cholera-stricken multitudes, with a blurring of focus; and some readers may find the 'ordinary' quality of the sarcasm disturbing, as if Romeo, instead of 'Then I defy you, stars,' had said 'Just what would happen.' But flawlessness is not what we can expect from the strongly creative writer in his copious youth, but that he shall convey his vision memorably. This Kipling does, and the flaws are no obstruction to our perception of beauty, death, and the hard necessities of daily work."[63]

I consider 'Without Benefit of Clergy' a striking indication of Kipling's limitations as a writer, the limitations imposed by his imperial and Anglo-Indian situation on his vision and imagination.

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63. Ibid, P.116.

There are two aspects of the life of the sahib in India which Kipling treats to glorify him. One deals with his work, his ability to act and what he does; the other deals with what he has to endure and suffer. He finds himself in all sorts of situations and circumstances. In the course of dealing with the latter aspect of the sahib's life Kipling projects a nightmare vision of India in some of his stories. Sometimes the strain on the sahib breaks him completely and Kipling tries to create a sense of horror, which is not simply physical horror but is something more; dark, mysterious powers and demons lurk in unexpected places for the sahib. The classic example of this aspect is 'At the End of the Passage.' [Life's Handicap, 1891] The two aspects of a sahib's life are presented side by side in this story but the sufferings and the horrors of the heat of India are magnified to suggest what the four men in this story endure. The heat corrodes their personalities, joined by loneliness. The four men are living in Hell, as is suggested by the verses of the heading:

> The sky is lead and our faces are red,
> And the gates of Hell are opened and riven,
> And the winds of Hell are loosened and driven,
> And the dust flies up in the face of Heaven,
> And the clouds come down in a fiery sheet,
> Heavy to raise and hard to be borne.
> And the soul of man is turned from his meat,
> Turned from the trifles for which he has striven
> Sick in his body, and heavy hearted,
> And his soul flies up like the dust in the street
> Breaks from his flesh and is gone and departed
> Like the blasts that they blow on the cholera-horn
> (Vol. IV. P.191)

Life is made unbearable for four Englishmen by loneliness and boredom. They are Mottram of the Survey Department, Lowndes

of the Civil Service, Spurstow, the doctor and Hummil, the Assistant Engineer. They are posted to their work in lonely places. They get together at Hummil's 'squat four-roomed bungalow' for week-ends to break the self-imposed loneliness. Kipling does not question their limitations which arise from the very fact that they are sahibs and they must behave according to the conventions of their imperial society. There is no intercourse with the Indians and in consequence they suffer, which Kipling tries to glorify in order to disprove the very valid point of some liberal member of Parliament that the Empire is maintained in the sole interest of the upper and middle classes of Britain. The story is designed for this political purpose and is intended to show what hardships and horrors are endured by men who maintain and run the Empire. Consequently the vision is narrowed and is focussed on four men and a lonely bungalow in some desert. It neglects to consider the privileges, and the facilities that the sahib enjoys in India. The heat of India is not meant for him alone. What about the millions of India? They also endure it and they are as human as the sahib. Why then make such a fuss about four men who might have made life a little more tolerable had they been willing to forget that they were sahibs? They travel long distances to meet their own kind while the millions of India are ignored. Mottram comes from his lonely post in the desert, riding thirty miles and travelling one hundred by train. Hummil is living in his bungalow all by himself in a lonely place by a railway line under construction. The doctor comes in from a cholera-infested camp - cholera is always there in the background

as a menacing demon. Lowndes comes from his noble work of persuading the ruler of a state to be gentle to his subjects. Their chief amusement and pastime is playing cards; but the heat is inescapable and their attempts to break the monotony of their lives are futile. Kipling tries to win the sympathies of his readers for these four men whom he deliberately lowers into a Hell designed by himself as his vision of India; four men who see themselves entitled to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' (Vol. IV. P.191) Why should they alone be entitled to these fundamental rights of man among the millions of Indians whom we almost totally ignore? They are treated as gods suffering and grilling in the plains for India, while luckier gods pursue happiness in the cool of Simla and the other hill stations of the Himalayas. Their sufferings are not due to physical hardships alone; there is evil in the country as well which manifests itself in many sinister ways. One also suspects that these four men are meant to carry religious implications as well. They are playing the role of Christ who suffered for the sins of mankind, and they are following in his footsteps by suffering for the lesser breeds and their weaknesses. Kipling creates his Hell very effectively because he is undeniably a skilful artist at evoking the visual and the sensory aspect of India.

> "The thermometer marked - for them - one hundred and one degrees of heat. The room was darkened till it was only just possible to distinguish the pips of the cards and the very white faces of the players. A tattered, rotten punkah of white-washed calico was puddling the hot air and whining dolefully at each stroke. Outside lay gloom of a November day in London. There was neither sky, sun nor horizon, - nothing but a brown purple haze of heat. It was as though the earth were dying of apoplexy.

> "From time to time clouds of tawny dust rose from the ground without wind or warning, flung themselves table cloth-wise among the tops of the parched trees, and came down again. Then a-whirling dust-devil would scutter across the plain for a couple of miles, break, and fall outward, though there was nothing to check its flight save a long low line of piled railway-sleepers white with the dust, a cluster of huts made of mud, condemned rails, and canvas, and the one squat four-roomed bungalow that belonged to the assistant engineer in charge of a section of the Gaudhari State line then under construction." (Vol. IV. P.192)

Into this Hell are lowered the men that Kipling admires to test the qualities of their mind and body and their willingness to suffer for the sake of others. The process of deterioration is slow and agonizing, the strain on the mind is great and the limits of sanity and normal behaviour are often reached by Englishmen in the situation of these four. They are aware that they are desperately in need of each other's company, a need which is intensified by the unnatural way of life the sahibs have imposed upon themselves.

> "The players were not conscious of any special regard for each other. They squabbled whenever they met; but they ardently desired to meet, as men without water desire to drink. They were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness. They were all under thirty years of age, - which is too soon for any man to possess that knowledge." (Vol. IV. P.193)

Who is responsible for the loneliness of these men? They are not out-casts; they are not rejected by society. They are the victims of imperialism. Perhaps they are not to blame entirely. They are helpless as they have been chosen as instruments for running the Empire. Perhaps a sense of adventure or a sincere desire to serve India has brought them there. The reasons may be complex but this complexity is not suggested by Kipling. They are all of them dissatisfied with the conditions of their work and

complain of what they endure in the discharge of their imperial duties. They complain about the ordinary things of life which they miss because they are difficult to get in such a far off place, beer, soda and ice. They go over the possessions of Hummil in search for anything that might kill their boredom and loneliness. Hummil shows them a cutting from a home newspaper sent by his father. It is a speech of an M.P. made in his constituency about the Indian Civil Service which they find very funny and amusing to read.

> "And I assert unhesitatingly that the Civil Service in India is the preserve - the pet preserve - of the aristocracy of England. What does the democracy - what do the masses - get from that country, which we have step by step fraudulently annexed? I answer, nothing whatever. It is farmed with a single eye to their own interests by the scions of the aristocracy. They take good care to maintain their lavish scale of incomes, to avoid or stifle any inquiries into the nature and conduct of their administration, while they themselves force the unhappy peasant to pay with the sweat of his brow for all the luxuries in which they are lapped."
> (Vol. IV. P.194)

In order to refute the argument of the M.P. each man then begins to catalogue his special problems and difficulties. Lowndes recounts how he has to manage the extravagances of an old ruler and prevent him from ruining his state. His problems are complicated by court intrigues in which he takes no part but runs the risk of being poisoned. He also has to resist temptations offered to bribe him. This is Kipling's pet formula about how the princes and rulers deal with the political representatives of the Government of India. They are tempted with gifts of beautiful girls or poisoned in an ingenious way. The doctor complains of his desperate struggle against cholera. Mottram's complaint is

that he has to 'spit on the sextant to keep it cool' (Vol. IV. P.197), frequently wash his eyes against ophthalmia and teach his sub-surveyor the value of exact measurement. If one considers them carefully they are just petty complaints, the sort that any man can find in his work. They all thus avoid the central problem in the M.P's speech which deals with an important aspect of imperialism. The middle-classes of England built the British Empire and they were deriving benefits from it. The existence of the British Empire cannot be justified by what these four do and suffer. So long as they treat themselves as sahibs they will never see the truth. Kipling, by taking openly the side of the sahibs, has limited his vision and is holding up for ridicule a speech which, had he opened his mind, he might have seen to contain some important truths. But the truths do not hold good with Anglo-India, and are neutralised by the myth making vision of India, a vision which magnifies the work and the suffering of the sahibs. The three other sahibs in this story consider Hummil a lucky man because he has a roof over his head, is on the railway line and can get supplies of beer, soda and ice regularly. He possesses a few books and pictures and also the society of the sub-contractor Jevins. The things for which he is considered lucky are very insignificant but they can make a great difference in India. Jevins commits suicide - he is driven to it by the heat and the loneliness. Hummil remarks to his three friends that Jevins was lucky to get this relief. According to Hummil, the only privilege they enjoy in India is that they can die. Suicide is never mentioned and so the stiff upper lip becomes another sacrifice made to India. India drives lonely sahibs to suicide but other sahibs always make it look

like an accident. The tone of both character and author are self-approving. Hummil explains:

> "'No direct proof. A man hasn't many privileges in this country, but he might at least be allowed to mishandle his own rifle. Besides, some day I may need a man to smother up an accident to myself. Live and let live. Die and let die." (Vol. IV. P.199)

Hummil soon begins to show signs of breaking under the strain. The doctor suspects the dark thoughts in Hummil's mind and he stays behind with Hummil as it would be dangerous to leave him alone. Mottram and Lowndes ride off to their stations and before they part on their separate ways Lowndes says, 'Good thing Spurstow's with him to-night.' (Vol. IV. P.204) That night happens to be very hot and Kipling, with an evocative description, gives us a vivid feeling of it.

> "The men flung themselves down, ordering the punkah-coolies by all the powers of Hell to pull. Every door and window was shut, for the outside air was that of an oven. The atmosphere within was only 104°, as the thermometer bore witness, and heavy with the foul smell of badly-trimmed kerosene lamps; and this stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick, and dried earth, sends the heart of many a strong man down to his boots, for it is the smell of the Great Indian Empire when she turns herself for six months into a house of torment. Spurstow packed his pillows craftily so that he reclined rather than lay, his head at a safe elevation above his feet. It is not good to sleep on a low pillow in the hot weather if you happen to be of thick-necked build, for you may pass with lively snores and gugglings from natural sleep into the deep slumber of heat-apoplexy. ..... a tomtom in the coolie-lines began to beat with the steady throb of a swollen artery inside some brain-fevered skull. Spurstow turned on his side and swore gently. There was no movement on Hummil's part. The man had composed himself as rigidly as a corpse, his hands clinched at his sides. The respiration was too hurried for any suspicion of sleep. Spurstow looked at the set face. The jaws were clinched, and there was a pucker round the quivering eyelids." (Vol. IV. PP.205-206)

Hummil's trouble is that he cannot get sleep. This is the first sign when a sahib begins to disintegrate. It is driving

him mad and he requests the doctor to give him something to put him to sleep. He can't stand it any longer and the doctor pities him.

> "'That's no use. Give me something to make me sleep. I tell you I'm nearly mad. I don't know what I say half my time. For three weeks I've had to think and spell out every word that has come through my lips before I dared say it. Isn't that enough to drive a man mad? I can't see things correctly now, and I've lost my sense of touch. My skin aches - my skin aches! Make me sleep. Oh, Spurstow, for the love of God make me sleep sound. It isn't enough merely to let me dream. Let me sleep!'" (Vol.IV. P.207)

The doctor gives him a squirt of morphia and then looks in the saddle-room for his weapons, as Hummil is not in a condition to be trusted with them. He removes some of their parts to make them useless, in case Hummil breaks down completely. The morphia has failed to take effect on Hummil's mind and body and he surprises the doctor in the act of removing the vital parts from his guns. He laughs and tells the doctor his precaution won't be necessary as he has no intention of killing himself. Hummil has terrible nightmares - he is pursued down corridors by a blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes. It is the fear of these nightmares that keeps him awake. He cannot go to sleep and he cannot endure sleeplessness. The doctor is helpless. His knowledge does not include any remedy against the evil powers that afflict the sahibs in India. The doctor decides that Hummil should go on leave and have a spell of rest. The doctor is not sceptical because he is in India and the image of India can easily accommodate intangible things which are beyond the realm of science. Hummil refuses to go on leave. He is a Kipling sahib and his self-sacrifice and devotion to duty are things that weigh more than his

health and life. Kipling would not let him accept the good advice as that would be incongruous with the imperial character of his Anglo-Indians. They must endure the nameless horrors of India and Hummil's is not even a simple case of nemesis as he is not 'conscious of having done anything wrong.' (Vol. IV. P.210) He says 'No' to the doctor.

> "'Why not? You want it.'
> 'Yes, but I can hold on till the weather's a little cooler.'
> 'Why should you, if you can get relieved on the spot?'
> 'Burkett is the only man who could be sent; and he's a born fool.'
> 'Oh, never mind about the line. You aren't so important as all that. Wire for leave, if necessary.'
> Hummil looked very uncomfortable.
> 'I can hold on till the Rains,' he said evasively.
> 'You can't. Wire to headquarters for Burkett.'
> 'I won't. If you want to know why, particularly, Burkett is married, and his wife's just had a kid, and she's up at Simla, in the cool, and Burkett has a very nice billet that takes him into Simla from Saturday to Monday. That little woman isn't at all well. If Burkett was transferred she'd try to follow him. If she left the baby behind she'd fret herself to death. If she came, - and Burkett's one of those selfish little beasts who are always talking about a wife's place being with her husband, - she'd die. It's murder to bring a woman here just now. Burkett hasn't the physique of a rat. If he came here he'd go out; and I know she hasn't any money, and I'm pretty sure she'd go out too. I'm salted in a sort of way, and I'm not married. Wait till the Rains, and then Burkett can get thin down here. It'll do him heaps of good.'
> 'Do you mean to say that you intend to face - what you have faced, till the Rains break?'
> 'Oh, it won't be so bad, now you've shown me a way out of it. I can always wire to you. Besides, now I've once got into the way of sleeping, it'll be all right. Anyhow, I shan't put in for leave. That's the long and short of it.'"
> (Vol. IV. PP.211-212)

The doctor leaves him to face his doom. He faces a desolate bungalow, the fate of many a sahib in India. They face this terrible and frightening loneliness rather than associate with Indians even though their sanity depends upon it. Hummil is faced with hallucinations. The first thing that he sees is 'the

figure of himself.' (Vol. IV. P.213) He remembers having seen it once before when suffering from overwork and the strain of hot weather. Later when he comes in to dinner he sees the apparition, this time sitting at the table. It leaves hastily at his approach. All this while the servants are kept strictly in the background. Hummil is suffering alone. The servants will not understand his trouble, so why bring them in? After a week the friends come round to the bungalow for their usual weekend meeting. All are concerned about Hummil, but he chooses to have 'departed this life at least three hours.'

> "The body lay on its back, hands clinched by the side, as Spurstow had seen it lying seven nights previously. In the staring eyes was written terror beyond the impression of any pen." (Vol. IV. P.214)

This terror in the eye is photographed by the doctor who is unable to find any medical explanation for it. He destroys the film as it is far too ghastly to see. It is something impossible, something irrational. The irrational and dark forces are suggested in the conversation after the burial. The sahibs try to maintain their rationalism.

> "Mottram laughed uneasily. 'Spurstow's right,' he said. 'We're all in such a state now that we'd believe anything. For pity's sake let's try to be rational.'" (Vol. IV. P.218)

The sahibs try to be rational but what has driven Hummil to his death is uttered by one of the servants. Previously only in the background, these are now allowed to swarm into the room and round the body to give evidence about the demon powers of their country.

> "The personal servant peeped at the body.
> 'What do you think Chuma?' said Spurstow, catching the look on the dark face.

'Heaven-born, in my poor opinion, this that was my master has descended into the Dark Places, and there has been caught because he was not able to escape with sufficient speed. We have the spur for evidence that he fought with Fear. Thus have I seen men of my race do with thorns when a spell was laid upon them to overtake them in their sleeping hours and they dared not sleep.'
'Chuma, you're a mud-head. Go out and prepare seals to be set on the sahib's property.'
'God has made the Heaven-born. God has made me. Who are we, to inquire into the dispensations of God? I will bid the other servants hold aloof while you are reckoning the tale of the sahib's property.'" (Vol. IV. P.215)

The doctor seems to be sceptical of any supernatural cause but his manner is very suggestive of it. Like experienced sahibs he leaves his mind open. Among the possible causes of death which are recognised by the sahibs' medical science are 'stoppage of the heart's action, heat-apoplexy' but it also includes the very suggestive 'or some other visitation.' (Vol.IV. P.215)

Kipling has made his case more impressive by allowing one of his sahibs to be haunted by the irrational gods and demons of India to show how completely wrong is the foolish member of Parliament, who has drawn the attention of his constituency to the imperial fraud. Here in this story Kipling seems to suggest that the sahibs in India have to endure more than physical agonies and tortures. As far as the creation of the atmosphere through description is concerned, the story is admirable. But it is the selective nature of Kipling's vision which spoils the tale, in which things are seen and felt according to a pre-conceived idea. It is this arbitrary treatment of realism towards the materialization of an idea or a prejudice which frequently destroys effects which are otherwise undoubtedly powerful. The point is well made by

Hilton Brown:

> "It was so with his picture of India in which every object and every person was made to assume a little plus or extra. His Simla with the breeze of a thousand infidelities whispering through the deodars; his soldiers in barracks or guard-room enduring agonies probably quite beyond any contemporary soldier's comprehension; his tortured exiles at "The End of the Passage" - who have very little to complain of; all are magnified and coloured beyond reality. He betrayed, in fact, his own gospel: he painted not the Thing as he saw It, but the Thing as he Thought It should Have Been."[64]

Dr. Tompkins finds some excuse for the 'tortured exiles ... who had very little to complain of,' when she accepts the suggestion of the supernatural:

> "It will be noted that I have not assumed that what brought Hummil to the end of his passage were hallucinations. The tale could have been written like that, and it would have been a better, because a more single-minded tale; but I do not think it was so written. The invention, by which the dead man's retina preserves the image of the horrors that forced him out of life long enough to be recorded by a camera, is said to be without sufficient foundation for even a temporary suspension of disbelief; nevertheless, it was intended to substantiate the suggestion that seeps into the tale like foul smoke through the cracks of a building; and I take the occasion of what I consider a miscarried tale to maintain that the supernatural in Kipling's tales is never completely reducible to the illusory."[65]

Whether or not Mr. Hilton Brown is wrong in failing to see the supernatural element in the story, he is quite right about Kipling's determination to show what the sahibs endured in India. Dr. Tompkins fails to consider the story in its imperial context, treats it as merely about the supernatural and finds it wanting in artistic qualities. But it seems clear that the intention of Kipling was to show to the people at home, especially to 'one

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64. Hilton Brown: Rudyard Kipling, London, 1945, P.66.

65. J.M.S. Tompkins: The Art of Rudyard Kipling, University Paperback, London, 1965, PP.201-202.

of those vestry men that call 'emselves M.P.'s' (Vol.IV. P.194) what the Anglo-Indian sahibs endured besides the tortures of the climate. Nor is Hummil conscious of having done anything wrong so that even if we accept the supernatural interpretation it is not punishment for sins or nemesis that Kipling wants to convey. It is an irrational, unprovoked, uncalled-for and vicious persecution by a Demon. Hummil is the victim, but it could be any one of the four. However, since Kipling very cleverly puts the suggestion of the supernatural into the servant's mouth, his idea seems to be that we can take it or leave it.

There is more direct and clearly stated evidence of Kipling's intentions in 'The Mark of the Beast'[Life's Handicap, 1891]. It was published in the same year (1890) as the previous story, and like it, projects a vision of India in which the sahibs suffer. The heading of this tale is a native proverb translated thus: 'Your Gods and my Gods - do you or I know which are the stronger?' (Vol. IV. P.249), and the tale itself begins with a statement:

> "East of Suez, some hold, the direct control of Providence ceases; Man being there handed over to the power of the Gods and Devils of Asia, and the Church of England Providence only exercising an occasional and modified supervision in the case of Englishmen.
> This theory accounts for some of the more unnecessary horrors of life in India: it may be stretched to explain my story." (Vol. IV. P.249)

This is, of course, relevant to Mrs. Moore's experience in India, especially to the climax of that experience which is reached in the caves. But there is a great difference; while Mrs. Moore finds her Christian faith less and less adequate and dependable, she is merely realising, though she is revolted by it in the very process of realisation, the need for something more universal.

Her spiritual consciousness deepens and widens and because of this widening vision her faith is shattered and Christianity becomes unsatisfactory. Kipling is, on the other hand, drawing a line to divide good from evil and white from black. India falls into the evil category and Englishmen in India run the risk of falling into the power of the Gods and Devils of Asia. This leads to 'the unnecessary horrors of life' which can be avoided if the sahibs will listen to the more experienced of their countrymen or perhaps to the wisdom of an all-knowing 'Kupeleen sahib.' Perhaps this is the moral of the story for which Kipling cleverly avoids responsibility. In this story Kipling, the narrator, and the omnipresent Strickland of the Indian Police join their efforts to save Fleete, a careless sahib, from an impossible and horrible transformation into a beast. Fleete's fault is that he is ignorant of the ways of the natives. It is a paradoxical situation we have seen before. Among the Anglo-Indians contact and social intercourse with the natives, excepting always the few princes and the big land-holders, was taboo. It was not respectable. How could one then obtain knowledge about them? Obviously a few adventurous men like Strickland were needed to explore the dangerous and mysterious life of the natives. It was risky but it was rewarding as such men became heroes if they were not lost completely to the native way of life like Jellaludin McIntosh.

Fleete gets drunk on New Year's Eve at the big celebration to which Anglo-India from the four-quarters of the North-West India has come. It is more than the conventional New Year's celebration.

It is the annual glorification of the Empire. The Empire is their very life and Kipling in one paragraph unrolls the panorama of the imperial activities with a sense of pride.

> "On New Year's Eve there was a big dinner at the Club, and the night was excusably wet. When men foregather from the uttermost ends of the Empire they have a right to be riotous. The Frontier had sent down a contingent of Catch-'em-Alive-O's who had not seen twenty white faces for a year, and were used to ride fifteen miles to dinner at the next Fort at the risk of a Khyberee bullet where their drinks should lie. They profited by their new security, for they tried to play pool with a curled-up hedgehog found in the garden, and one of them carried the marker round the room in his teeth. Half-a-dozen planters had come in from the south and were talking 'horse' to the Biggest Liar in Asia, who was trying to cap all their stories at once. Everybody was there, and there was a general closing up of ranks and taking stock of our losses in dead or disabled that had fallen during the past year. It was a very wet night, and I remember that we sang 'Auld Lang Syne' with our feet in the Polo Championship Cup, and our heads among the stars, and swore that we were all dear friends. Then some of us went away and annexed Burma, and some tried to open up the Sudan and were opened up by Fuzzies in that cruel scrub outside Suakin, and some found stars and medals, and some were married, which was bad, and some did other things which were worse, and the others of us stayed in our chains and strove to make money on insufficient experiences." (Vol.IV. PP.249-250)

Fleete gets drunk in this illustrious gathering of Empire-builders, he frightens his horse which breaks away and so Strickland and the narrator have to accompany him home through the bazaars. They pass by a little way-side temple of Hanuman the Monkey-god. Fleete dashes into the dimly lit interior of the temple and grinds his cigar ashes into the forehead of the stone god. This open, unexpected and unprovoked desecration of the god soon fills the temple with angry priests and devotees. Fleete is, however, safe because he is under the protection of Strickland, who, "by virtue of his official position, long residence in the country, and weakness for going among the natives, was known to the priests." (Vol. IV. P.251) Then a sudden and unexpected thing happens: a leper,

naked, white with disease and his face half-eaten by it, comes out of a recess from behind Hanuman catches hold of Fleete in his arms and drops his head on Fleete's chest, all the time mewing. In the meanwhile the temple fills with people who seem to be coming out of the ground. All doors are blocked, but the leper's action pacifies the anger of the priests and the devotees, and Strickland and the narrator are allowed to drag Fleete away. It is the beginning of something unbelievably horrible, the transformation of Fleete into a beast. He begins to smell blood but his friends do not suspect anything wrong yet as he is drunk. The next day he demands underdone chops and a black mark appears 'just over his left breast.' (Vol. IV. P.254) The horses become extremely restless at his approach, even his own mare. Strickland begins to suspect something mysterious is happening but he dares not utter his thoughts and requests the narrator to come and stay with him and watch Fleete and his actions.

> "'I can't tell you what I think now,' said he, 'because you would call me a madman; but you must stay with me for the next few days, if you can. I want you to watch Fleete, but don't tell me what you think till I have made up my mind.'" (Vol. IV. P.256)

By evening Fleete's behaviour has become peculiarly animal. He is seen on all fours in the garden; he is afraid of lights and speaks of a long walk all night after the manner of the beasts of jungle. From his room is heard a long-drawn howl, like that of a wolf, and Fleete's howl is answered by a wolf across the fields. His friends rush into his room just in time to prevent Fleete from escaping through the window.

> "I don't quite remember what followed, but I think that Strickland must have stunned him with the long boot-jack,

> or else I should never have been able to sit on his chest. Fleete could not speak, he could only snarl, and his snarls were those of a wolf, not of a man. The human spirit must have been giving way all day and have died out with the twilight. We were dealing with a beast that had once been Fleete." (Vol. IV. P.259)

Fleete is bound with leather thongs and Dumoise, the doctor is sent for, though Strickland says it is not any doctor's job. The doctor arrives and his medical science tells him it is a case of 'heart-rending hydrophobia,' about which nothing can be done. There is no hope for Fleete. He will die. The doctor offers to stay but Strickland for reasons of his own wants him out of his way and suggests before he leaves that he should not make the real cause of Fleete's death public. Strickland knows that Fleete has fallen into the power of the gods and devils of India, a thing which Dumoise's medical science and the sahib's rationalism do not recognise. Even Strickland dares not utter his thoughts openly but by dropping hints the narrator begins to understand his intentions. The leper visits the house at night, for he is heard mewing as he goes round the house. Strickland and the narrator catch him and subject him to the most horrible physical torture which is only suggested by hints but not actually described. He is ultimately compelled to take away the evil spirit from Fleete. Fleete's human soul is restored to him and he does not even remember anything of it, nor do his friends tell him. As a matter of fact Strickland and the narrator suffer more agony than Fleete by witnessing the horror. The sahib is saved this time by other sahibs, especially by Strickland whose knowledge proves more useful than the medical science of Dumoise, who finds Fleete's recovery unbelievable.

> "Dumoise was dumb. Strickland led him out and explained that there must have been a mistake in the diagnosis. Dumoise remained dumb and left the house hastily. He considered that his professional reputation had been injured, and was inclined to make a personal matter of the recovery." (Vol. IV. P.265)

Though the incident is neither accepted by Dumoise's medical science nor by the narrator's rationalism, nevertheless, it is suggested that anything can happen in mysterious India.

> "'What do you think?' said Strickland. I said, 'There are more things .....' But Strickland hates that quotation. He says that I have worn it threadbare." (Vol. IV. PP.265-266)

All the same, Kipling is very careful not to annoy his rational compatriots and 'right-minded' men by making them believe in such an 'unpleasant story.'

> "Some years later, when Strickland had married and was a church-going member of society for his wife's sake, we reviewed the incident dispassionately, and Strickland suggested that I should put it before the public.
> I cannot myself see that this step is likely to clear up the mystery; because, in the first place, no one will believe a rather unpleasant story, and, in the second, it is well known to every right-minded man that the gods of the heathen are stone and brass, and any attempt to deal with them otherwise is justly condemned." (Vol. IV. P.266)

The concluding tone can be taken as ironical, since there is no doubt that we are meant by the narrator to accept the tale as true. The story was first published in 1890 and was collected in Life's Handicap, 1891, but there seems to be an earlier version of this story (1888, probably). It was sent from India while Kipling was there by a friend to publishers in England but was rejected as incredible.

> "Sir Ian Hamilton has recently told us how he took it on himself to send "The Mark of the Beast"(then another title) to his brother for submission to Andrew Lang and William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod"); Lang found it "poisonous stuff" and Sharp, calling it a "detestable piece of work", prophesied that its author would die mad before thirty."[66]

66. Hilton Brown: Rudyard Kipling, London, 1945, P.34.

Professor Dobree reads a moral in the story which I do not think was intended by Kipling.

> "Even the worship of Hanuman must be respected, and in the horrifying story 'The Mark of the Beast,' which he himself describes with significant understatement, as "a rather unpleasant story," the moral is "Don't trifle with the beliefs of other people." "[67]

But the basic purpose of projecting the nightmare vision of India is still very much evident. This aspect of the story does not receive sufficient attention when it is summarily dismissed as a horrific story. It sets out with the clear intention of proving the theory stated by the author in the opening paragraph that man in India has been "handed over to the Gods and Devils of Asia," and that the Church of England Providence only exercises "an occasional and modified supervision in the case of Englishmen."

The sahib's life in India is beset with dangers and revenges. His kindness and friendliness may be mistaken. 'The Return of Imray' [Life's Handicap, 1891] is another story about the supernatural but intended to magnify the dangers of sahibdom. All things impossible to nineteenth century rationalism can happen in India. Strickland appears again to unravel the mystery.

> "'This,' said Strickland, very calmly, as he climbed into bed, 'is called the nineteenth century. Did you hear what that man said?'
> 'I heard,' I answered. 'Imray made a mistake.'
> 'Simply and solely through not knowing the nature of the Oriental, and the coincidence of a little seasoned fever. Bahadur Khan had been with him for four years.'" (Vol. IV. P. 284)

Imray's mistake is something kind and innocent. He has patted Bahadur Khan's child on the head, saying he is handsome. The

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67. Bonamy Dobree: Rudyard Kipling, Realist and Fabulist, London, 1967, P.20.

child dies and Bahadur Khan kills Imray because he thinks he has cast an evil eye upon the boy. He conceals Imray's body in the roof-beams above the ceiling-cloth. There are hauntings, though these do not affect the narrative directly. Strickland takes the bungalow and the narrator joins him there. After several disturbed nights and strange movements in the rooms, one evening after dinner they chance to see the tails of two brown snakes hanging from the ceiling-cloth. While hunting for these snakes in the ceiling Strickland discovers the body of Imray concealed between the beams behind the ceiling-cloth. Bahadur Khan, one of the servants, confesses his crime but does not want to be hanged. Before he is taken away to the police station he gets himself bitten by the wriggling and dying snake which has fallen with the body and whose back is broken by a blow with a rod. So much for the mysterious working of the Oriental mind, the superstitious nature of which interpreted Imray's affection to the child as evil.

'In the Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes,' [The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales, 1888] Morrowbie Jukes is exposed to another nightmare vision of India throwing up yet another horror lying in wait for the unwary sahib. Morrowbie Jukes is a civil engineer camping in a sandy desolate land somewhere between Pakpattan and Mubarakpur. One December night, when he is feverish, the dogs near his tent are very loud in baying at the full moon; he cannot sleep for the continuous howling and barking and is irritated, particularly, by "one huge black-and-white beast who had been foremost in song and first in flight throughout the evening." (Vol. III, P.184) He rides after this brute on his pony to run him

down with a hog-spear as he misses him with his shot gun. The pony has been resting for a couple of days and in the crisp, chilly air of the desert gallops over the soft sand for sheer pleasure. The dog is soon left behind and they gain the banks of the Sutlej river. The pony stumbles and both he and the rider roll down the shifting slope of sand into a horse-shoe shaped pit. It is the pit of the living dead.

> "Imagine then, as I have said before, a horse-shoe-shaped crater of sand with steeply-graded sand walls about thirty-five feet high. (The slope, I fancy, must have been about 65°.) This crater encloses a level piece of ground about fifty yards long by thirty at its broadest part, with a rude well in the centre. Round the bottom of the crater, about three feet from the level of the ground proper, ran a series of eighty-three semi-circular, ovoid, square, and multi-lateral holes, all about three feet at the mouth. Each hole on inspection showed that it was carefully shored internally with drift-wood and bamboos, and over the mouth a wooden chip-board projected, like the peak of a jockey's cap, for two feet. No sign of life was visible in these tunnels, but a most sickening stench pervaded the entire amphi-theatre - a stench fouler than any which my wanderings in Indian villages have introduced me to." (Vol. III.PP.186-187)

It is the hell of the living dead and there is no escape out of this horrible place. The slopes are steep and the sands slide down if an attempt to climb out is made. The river blocks the other side, and waiting there in a boat, anchored midstream, are men with rifles to prevent escape. Morrowbie Jukes, being a sahib, and a 'respectable gentleman' resents being trapped with what looks like 'a band of loathsome fakirs.' His self-respect receives a shock when he perceives that the loathsome and evil smelling people do not show him the usual respect and regard. Instead they jeer and laugh at him. They cackle, they yell, whistle, and howl as the sahib walks into their midst trying desperately to

maintain his dignity. He loses his temper and strikes out wildly at the crowd. The panic has begun. His civilization falls from him into pieces. Among the crowd he discovers Gunga Dass, an acquaintance, a Hindu Government employee once in the telegraph office but now one of the damned in life. Gunga Dass has a wonderful capacity for making bad puns in English. From Gunga Dass he learns with horror his terrible predicament. He is forced to live an inhuman and miserable life. But what shatters his self-possession and his sense of prestige is the idea of being trapped with no hope of escape.

> "Here was a Sahib, a representative of the dominant race, helpless as a child and completely at the mercy of his native neighbours. In a deliberate, lazy way he (Gunga Dass) set himself to torture me as a schoolboy would devote a rapturous half-hour to watching the agonies of an impaled beetle, or as a ferret in a blind burrow might glue himself comfortably to the neck of a rabbit. The burden of his conversation was that there was no escape 'of no kind whatever,' and that I should stay here till I died and was 'thrown on to the sand.' If it were possible to forejudge the conversation of the Damned on the advent of a new soul in their abode, I should say that they would speak as Gunga Dass did to me throughout that long afternoon. I was powerless to protest or answer; all my energies being devoted to a struggle against the inexplicable terror that threatened to overwhelm me again and again. I can compare the feeling to nothing except the struggles of a man against the overpowering nausea of the Charnel passage - only my agony was of the spirit and infinitely more terrible." (Vol. III. PP.196-196)

This is a horrific story and there is no supernatural element in it. Gunga Dass says, "once I was Brahmin and proud man, and now I eat crows." (Vol. III. P.192) This degradation is accompanied, however, by a shift in the social scale. The sahib is not treated as a superior. Gunga Dass drops his reverential manner in addressing the sahib which is more frightening than the feeling of being trapped; "and, to my intense astonishment, gave vent to a long,

low chuckle of derision - the laughter, be it understood, of a superior or at least of an equal." (Vol. III. P.192) The way the sahib is completely ignored even when he makes an exhibition of himself is more shattering to his sanity and respectability. He is driven to panic and terror when Gunga Dass in a very cool and indifferent way informs him that there is no escape, though he can try.

> "The sensation of nameless terror which I had in vain attempted to strive against overmastered me completely. My long fast - it was now close upon ten o'clock, and I had eaten nothing since tiffin on the previous day - combined with the violent agitation of the ride had exhausted me, and I verily believe that, for a few minutes, I acted as one mad. I hurled myself against the sand-slope. I ran round the base of the crater, blaspheming and praying by turns. I crawled out among the sedges of the river-front, only to be driven back each time in an agony of nervous dread by the rifle-bullets which cut up the sand round me - for I dared not face the death of a mad dog among that hideous crowd - and so fell, spent and raving, at the curb of the well. No one had taken the slightest notice of an exhibition which makes me blush hotly even when I think of it now." (Vol. III, P.193)

He lies exhausted near the well and no one takes any notice of him; a few even tread on him as they come to draw water from the well. Gunga Dass throws a little water over his head but he is obviously enjoying the helplessness of the sahib who begins to realize the reversal of his social position and regards him as his protector. His appeals to the values of the outside world do not help him. He offers Gunga Dass some money, though he realizes the futility of doing so. Gunga Dass has retained his greed for money, asks for all the money the sahib has and threatens to call for help and kill him. So the last prop of the sahib's social position among the natives is also gone, the power to give bakshish to natives.

After considering his situation without panic he makes up his

mind that as a sahib he must re-build his authority and prestige while he still has his strength. He is worried by the superiority assumed by Gunga Dass but he has obtained his help and co-operation for the time-being with his money. He argues that as he is now living with beasts in a den he must forget about his being a civilized sahib and so he threatens murder to intimidate Gunga Dass. This change in him he excuses in an argument which is in fact a justification of imperialism and a denial of human relationships and responsibilities:

> "At the time it did not strike me as at all strange that I, a Civil Engineer, a man of thirteen years' standing in the Service, and, I trust, an average Englishman, should thus calmly threaten murder and violence against the man who had, for a consideration it is true, taken me under his wing. I had left the world, it seemed, for centuries. I was as certain then, as I am now of my own existence, that in the accursed settlement there was no law save that of the strongest; that the living dead men had thrown behind them every canon of the world which had cast them out; and that I had to depend for my own life on my strength and vigilance alone. The crew of the ill-fated Mignonette are the only men who would understand my frame of mind. 'At present,' I argued to myself, 'I am strong and a match for six of these wretches. It is imperatively necessary that I should, for my own sake, keep both health and strength until the hour of my release comes - if it ever does." (Vol. III, P.200)

Kipling's sympathies are entirely with the sahib and there is not even the faintest sign of sympathy, compassion or pity for the others who are condemned to this abominable life as long as they live. His purpose is not to expose inhuman customs. The idea that a sahib might share equality with the natives frightens him into a nightmare. When Jukes's horse is killed for meat, Gunga Dass comes to explain his new political maxim which is, ironically enough, the utilitarian maxim of the sahibs themselves.

> "Gunga Dass explained that horse was better than crow, and 'greatest good of greatest number is political maxim. We

> are now Republic, Mister Jukes, and you are entitled to a fair share of the beast. If you like, we will pass a vote of thanks. Shall I propose?'
> Yes, we were a Republic indeed! A Republic of wild beasts penned at the bottom of a pit, to eat and fight and sleep till we died. I attempted no protest of any kind, but sat down and stared at the hideous sight in front of me."
> (Vol. III. PP.203-204)

The sahib would not accept equality with loathsome fakirs and soon asserts his superiority by striking out violently at Gunga Dass who becomes at once very submissive. He tells of another sahib who had died of a gun-shot wound and was buried in the sand. Jukes forces Dass to dig him up and on examining the clothes still upon him he discovers a notebook in one of the pockets. It contains a plan for getting out which the murdered sahib had worked out inch by inch at night for a long time. Dass confesses he murdered him with his own shot-gun for fear he would escape alone. The note-book excites Dass very much and the prospect of escape thrills Jukes. Dass digs up the gun barrels and they start measuring according to the instructions. The note-book falls from Jukes's hand and when he bends down to pick it up Dass hits him on the back of his head. Jukes becomes unconscious and when he recovers Dass is gone. The hope of escape is shattered and in a fit of frenzy and dazed he attacks once again the slopes. He hears someone calling to him 'Sahib! Sahib!' from the rim of the crater. It is Dunnoo, one of his servants who has followed the tracks of his horse to the village of the Dead. He brings help and hauls Jukes up with ropes pulled by another pony. He has endured considerable torture and agony, the price of being a sahib, but he escapes from the republic.

This story is often treated by critics as merely a horror story

and the political and social implications are consequently ignored. It does reveal, however, Kipling's attitudes to certain social and political aspects of the life of a sahib in India. It can be treated as a socio-political fable. As an example of a critical view which is limited by simply accepting Kipling's treatment of the sahib, I quote what J.I.M. Stewart says about this story.

> "'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes,' the second of the two very early stories of which he approved, deals with horror rather than with the supernatural. Jukes, a civil engineer, rides off in a fever and tumbles into a trap: a horse-shoe enclosure in sandy cliffs fronting a river. It is a place to which are relegated Hindus who have revived after being consigned in some ritual way to the burning ghat and who ought therefore to be dead. They live in little caves in extreme destitution, unable to escape since they are hemmed in on the river side by quicksand. Jukes recognizes an old decayed Deccanee Brahmin, once in charge of a branch telegraph-office, who explains things and tries to bully him until Jukes bullies back. He finds the body of another Englishman, who had nearly worked out an escape route and had been killed by the Brahmin. The Brahmin tries to double-cross Jukes, who is then rescued by a servant who has traced him. The climax is muffed and flat, but the description of the terrifying place is effective - and we may reflect that all these stories had to pass with literal-minded readers who knew their setting. This story, again, may afford a comparison with the early H.G. Wells - and elsewhere the two writers share a fascination with violence."[68]

This story approaches the edge of a powerful and terrifying vision of man's vulnerability, but draws back, characteristically, to view more comforting vistas of sahibdom and white strength. Something very similar happens in the next tale. In 'Bubbling Well Road' [Life's Handicap, 1891] a sahib, while pig-hunting enters a patch of the plumed jungle-grass near the village of Chachuran. The gosain or priest of Arti-goth lives in a hut somewhere in this patch. The Sahib and his terrier, Mr. Wardle

68. J.I.M. Stewart: Eight Modern Writers, Oxford, 1963, PP.239-240.

are soon lost in the grass. It is hot and the grass is so thick that movement through it is a laborious job. Their search brings them to a narrow foot-path and they begin to move along it in the hope of coming to the open. The dog disappears and the sahib calls to it. In reply he hears the echo of his own voice.

> "At that I ceased calling and listened very attentively, because I thought I heard a man laughing in a peculiarly offensive manner. The heat made me sweat, but the laughter made me shake. There is no earthly need for laughter in high grass. It is indecent, as well as impolite. The chuckling stopped, and I took courage and continued to call till I thought that I had located the echo somewhere behind and below the tussock into which I was preparing to back just before I lost Mr. Wardle. I drove my rifle up to the triggers between the grass-stems in a downward and forward direction. Then I waggled it to and fro, but it did not seem to touch ground on the far side of the tussock as it should have done. Every time that I grunted with the exertion of driving a heavy rifle through thick grass, the grunt was faithfully repeated from below, and when I stopped to wipe my face the sound of low laughter was distinct beyond doubting." (Vol. IV. P.401)

It is this laughter, incomprehensible in that jungle grass, which is unnerving to the sahib. Laughter uncomprehended is a basic and universal nightmare situation. The sahib knows that somewhere in the jungle of grass is the hut of the priest of Arti-goth who is not on good terms with the villagers because they stone him back into the grass if he makes his appearance. The priest

> "is a one-eyed man and carries, burnt between his brows, the impress of two copper coins. Some say that he was tortured by a native prince in the old days; for he is so old that he must have been capable of mischief in the days of Runjit Singh. His most pressing need at present is a halter, and the care of the British Government." (Vol. IV. P.399)

The place is associated in the Sahib's mind with evil and his reactions to the unnerving laughter are influenced by it. Beyond a tussock of grass is located a well, deep and dark, with living things crawling and swimming about in the scum on the water. Down

one side of the well is a spring, from which a trickle of water drips into the well making that chuckling and laughing noise. If only Kipling could allow his sahibs to face such situations with their humanity only discovering in them their own vulnerability, forgetting about their official or imperial capacity and the Government of India and the Empire, the experience could have universal validity. Then the story could pin down the sensation of being alien quite brilliantly in a powerful and physical way like Mrs. Moore's despair and fright in the Marabar Caves. I have dealt with this point in the next chapter. But here the sahib asserts himself in the face of it. He creeps round the well very carefully and finds the path on the other side. All the paths converge on the well which is a trap for the unwary. The sahib finds his way to the hut of the one-eyed priest who is terrified at the sight of a white face. He does not expect any one to escape from falling into the well. The white sahib has done the impossible. The sahib rests for a while and recovers his nerve and then at the point of his rifle forces the priest to lead him out of the grass:

> "He walked very slowly down a narrow little path from his hut. That path crossed three paths, such as the one I had come by in the first instance, and every one of the three headed towards the Bubbling Well. Once when we stopped to draw breath, I heard the Well laughing to itself alone in the thick grass, and only my need for his services prevented my firing both barrels into the priest's back." (Vol. IV. P.403)

When they come into the open the sahib is relieved because it is pleasant to see the horizon all round and the ground as well. The villagers are equally surprised to see the white man walk out of the patch of grass unharmed, as 'the patch of grass was full of

devils and ghosts, all in the service of the priest, and ... men and women and children had entered it and never returned.' (Vol. IV. P.403) So what might have been a powerful image of terror is reduced by the tale to a bit of a fright, easily dealt with by any sahib who can point a gun at a native or take a firm line.

Fleete and Morrowbie Jukes and the Sahib in 'Bubbling Well Road,' all three escape the evils of India. The incidents in the first two tales are highly improbable; in so far as the fright at the uncomprehended laughter is concerned it is a plausible incident but as presented by Kipling in the context of the evil intentions of the priest the story seems less probable. Kipling relied on the common attitude of his fellow Anglo-Indians for the suspension of disbelief. This is supported by the testimony of one of them who had no doubts that the highly improbable 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' was true. After his discussion of the tale he says:

> "'Thus and thus it was' - says the author and you believe him, thoroughly - you cannot help yourself."[69]

The Anglo-Indian image of India accommodated much that is improbable and made Kipling's task of story-writing easier. Kipling knew the nature and temper of his audience and what they would accept. The Readers in England accepted his tales because of their romantic appeal and anyway, India was far away from their daily experience, so the irrational could be accepted. It is the traditional image of India which Forster shatters in A Passage to India. There is no supernatural or magic in it. The Indians

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69. G.F. Monkshood: Rudyard Kipling, An Attempt at Appreciation. London, 1902, P.139.

are very human and there is nothing sinister about them. There is no suggestion whatever of the supernatural or evil powers in Forster's description of the religious ceremonies, and the mysterious events of the Marabar Caves have as much to do with the minds of the European who enter them as they have with India. There are enough marvels and mysteries in India in the ordinary things of life, in its people and creeds and animals without recourse to the supernatural. Forster's treatment of the Marabar Caves is a superb example of creating a sense of mystery in human life without the help of the supernatural. Indeed, the effect is so overpowering for this very reason. Conrad in his preface to 'The Shadow-Line' explains that the supernatural is only a 'manufactured article' and not a creative one. It is the imaginative treatment of the inexplicable in life which creates a sense of the unseen.

> "This story, which I admit to be in its brevity a fairly complex piece of work, was not intended to touch on the supernatural. Yet more than one critic has been inclined to take it in that way, seeing in it an attempt on my part to give the fullest scope to my imagination by taking it beyond the confines of the world of the living, suffering humanity. But as a matter of fact my imagination is not made of stuff so elastic as all that. I believe that if I attempted to put the strain of the supernatural on it it would fail deplorably and exhibit an unlovely gap. But I could never have attempted such a thing, because all my moral and intellectual being is penetrated by an invincible conviction that whatever falls under the dominion of our senses must be in nature and, however exceptional, cannot differ in its essence from all the other effects of the visible and tangible world of which we are a self-conscious part. The world of the living contains enough marvels and mysteries as it is; marvels and mysteries acting upon our emotions and intelligence in ways so inexplicable that it would almost justify the conception of life as an enchanted state. No, I am too firm in my consciousness of the marvellous to be ever fascinated by the mere supernatural, which (take it any way you like) is but a manufactured article,

> the fabrication of minds insensitive to the intimate delicacies of our relation to the dead and to the living, in their countless multitudes; a desecration of our tenderest memories; and outrage on our dignity."[70]

The earliest of Kipling's supernatural stories is 'The Phantom Rickshaw' a straightforward ghost-story told in such a manner that the ghost can be rationally explained as an hallucination. It was written in 1885 and was published in the same year along with 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' in Quartette,[71] and later collected in The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales, 1888. In these two, Kipling has Pansay and Jukes tell their own stories. Pansay tells his story in high fever, using 'the blood-and-thunder Magazine diction' (Vol. III. P.137); thus Kipling provides for any inadequacy of expression in relating a ghost-story. The doctor's explanation of the malady of Pansay as nervous breakdown through exhaustion and overwork leading to hallucinations and delusions safeguards against the skeptical readers. But there is more than that in the story which the tortured Pansay tries to suggest to the reader. He tries to wear down resistance to belief with his vehement sentimentalism:

> "Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop-bolts are drawn, my story, wild and hideously improbable as it may appear, demands at least attention. That it will ever receive credence I utterly disbelieve. Two months ago

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70. Joseph Conrad: 'The Shadow-Line' see The Shadow-Line, Within The Tides, Tales in Dent's Collected Edition of The Works of Joseph Conrad, London, 1950, PP.v-vi.

71. "Quartette was the Christmas Annual for 1885 of the Civil and Military Gazette, the newspaper by which young Kipling was first employed. The entire contents were written by the Kipling family, which included Kipling himself, his father, his mother, and his sister Alice." [J.M. Stewart: Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical catalogue, Toronto, 1959, P.16]

> I should have scouted as mad or drunk the man who had dared tell me the like. Two months ago I was the happiest man in India. To-day, from Peshawar to the sea, there is no one more wretched. My doctor and I are the only two who know this. His explanation is, that my brain, digestion, and eye-sight are all slightly affected; giving rise to my frequent and persistent 'delusions'. Delusions, indeed! I call him a fool; but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same neatly-trimmed red whiskers, till I begin to suspect that I am an ungrateful, evil-tempered invalid. But you shall judge for yourselves." (Vol. III. P.138)

Kipling gives rather a curious explanation of how this story was written. It delivered itself automatically during a visitation of his 'Personal Daemon'. It was his first experience of this kind.

> "Let us now consider the Personal Daemon of Aristotle and others, of whom it has been truthfully written, though not published:-
>
> This is the doom of the Makers - their Daemon lives in their pen.
> If he be absent or sleeping, they are even as other men.
> But if he be utterly present, and they swerve not from his behest,
> The word that he gives shall continue, whether in earnest or jest.
>
> Most men, and some most unlikely, keep him under an alias which varies with their literary or scientific attainments. Mine came to me early when I sat bewildered among other notions, and said: 'Take this and no other.' I obeyed, and was rewarded. It was a tale in the little Christmas magazine Quartette which we four wrote together, and it was called 'The Phantom 'Rickshaw.' Some of it was weak, much was bad and out of key; but it was my first serious attempt to think in another man's skin."[72]

The story is very simple in structure. Pansay and Mrs. Wessington have met on a Bombay-bound P & O Steamer and have had a love affair. It is mechanical and monotonous, born of boredom, the sort the Anglo-Indians are depicted by Kipling as

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72. Something of Myself, London, 1964, PP.208-209.
Note. E.M. Forster speaks of similar experience. In the Introduction to Collected Short Stories (1948) he tells us: "The opening item, 'The Story of a Panic,' is the first story I ever wrote and the attendant circumstances remain with me (contd.)

falling into. It does not last long and is abruptly terminated by Pansay who bluntly tells Mrs. Wessington he is tired of her. He gets engaged to Miss Kitty Mannering and rides about Simla with her in care-free happiness and with no sense of guilt. He breaks off abruptly his last chance meeting with Mrs. Wessington a week before she dies, and it is then that he feels, "but only for a moment or two, that (he) had been an utterably mean fool." The scene stays with him:

> "The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory. The rain-swept sky (we were at the end of the wet weather), the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road, and the black powder-riven cliffs formed a gloomy background against which the black-and-white liveries of the jhampanis, the yellow-panelled 'rickshaw, and Mrs. Wessington's down-bowed golden head stood out clearly. She was holding her handkerchief in her left hand and was leaning back exhausted against the 'rickshaw cushions." (Vol. III. PP. 141-142)

It is this scene which haunts him as a ghost or as an hallucination. The ambiguity is deliberate as it is made more explicit in the introductory pages added when it was reprinted in 1888. The doctor's theory, as I have said, is hallucinations caused by overwork and the hot weather. It seems very plausible but the commentator on Pansay's narration suggests the supernatural;

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72. (Contd.)
vividly. After I came down from Cambridge - the Cambridge to which I have just returned - I travelled abroad for a year, and I think it was in the May of 1902 that I took a walk near Ravello. I sat down in a valley, a few miles above the town, and suddenly the first chapter of the story rushed into my mind as if it had waited for me there. I received it as an entity and wrote it out as soon as I returned to the hotel. But it seemed unfinished and a few days later I added some more until it was three times as long; as now printed. Of these two processes, the first - that of sitting down on the theme as if it were an anthill - has been rare. I did it again next year in Greece, where the whole of 'The Road from Colonus' hung ready for me in a hollow tree not far from Olympia."

he reports that the doctor "has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansay's head and a little bit of the Dark World came through and pressed him to death." (Vol. III. P.136) The commentator tries to make his theory plausible by claiming intimate knowledge of both the doctor and Pansay. He introduces the peculiar circumstances of the Anglo-Indians in India which make such knowledge possible. But these circumstances also limit the vision and the artistic value of such a vision because it does not relate to the common circumstances of human nature. Kipling outlines the situation in this way:

> "One of the few advantages that India has over England is a great Knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with the two or three hundred civilians in his Province, all the Messes of ten or twelve Regiments and Batteries, and some fifteen hundred other people of the non-official caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of twenty he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the Empire, and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel-bills.
> Globe-trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, blunted this open-heartedness, but none the less to-day, if you belong to the Inner Circle and are neither a Bear nor a Black Sheep, all houses are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful." (Vol. III. P.135)

It is his insistence on belonging to this Inner Circle which limits Kipling's vision. The knowledge which Kipling claims and which is derived from this Inner Circle is never challenged by the outside world and is never confronted with it. The doctor, the narrator and Pansay all belong to Anglo-India; within their own scale of values they know one another thoroughly; that is at least their claim. But they don't know India as they also claim; they only know the vision or image they have created themselves

for their purposes and their needs. They don't know the unseen, and their excursions into either India or the unseen are to reinforce their own opinions, mechanical, pre-conceived excursions. Pansay is mechanically driven to his doom by the apparition of the woman whom he has rejected. Mrs. Wessington is turned into a silent and passive ghost, a kind of torturing device. She is part of the whole apparition which includes besides her her 'rickshaw and her jhampanis who are providentially killed by an epidemic to become instrumental in torturing poor Pansay for an ordinary P & O flirtation.

The ambiguity in the tale is again very mechanical; the reader is as it were suspended between the credulity of the narrator and the rationalism of the doctor. It is too obvious. Pansay has no doubts, and the doctor too is very positive about his explanation, while the commentator is also very clear and decisive in his choice, to side with Pansay;[73] the reader is expected to swing to the side

73. Because of their attitude to India, the Anglo-Indians would go to the extent of claiming objectivity of vision for very plausible hallucinations; this was probably due to their habit of giving India a mysterious character. Sir W.R. Lawrence records a very strange experience in his book 'The India We Served'; an hallucination, very clearly, but used as a device to romanticise India:

"One day I experienced a curious illusion. It was in the break of the rains, and I went out in the evening by myself to shoot. The ground was familiar to me, but it was all changed. There was a large lake where I had formerly walked, and on the lake was a punt with a paddle. I got in and paddled by the high bank of the lake to a little green promontory. On it, by the edge of the lake, sat a most lovely girl. I asked her what the name of the lake was, and where her village was. But she laughed and shook her head and said nothing. I paddled on, landed on the opposite bank and walked home. I was quite well, and had no fever. I could remember every detail of the place, the dress and the face of the girl, and a few days later I went back to the lake. But there was no lake or a punt in the neighbourhood. Hallucination? I do not think so. I have seen so much in India of what we in England would call the supernatural, that I have an open mind, and I think that if we

(contd.)

of Pansay and the commentator. The result is that the ambiguity is not a real ambiguity of the kind that Forster creates about Adela's experiences in the cave. She does not know herself what really happens; and all attempts at rational explanations end against a dead wall. We remain at the end conscious that there is a residuum of human experience which cannot be explained. Kipling's explanations are on the other hand very mechanically precise and mutually exclusive.

Later Kipling sometimes suggested or brought in the supernatural through a native, always a servant. The earliest story of this kind is 'By Word of Mouth' collected in Plain Tales From the Hills. The intention of the supernatural is obvious, but responsibility is doubly disclaimed: first by the device of making the ghost of Mrs. Dumoise appear to the native servant, Ram Dass; secondly by explicit statement intending to convey the narrator's personal conviction which has for its authority knowledge and experience of India.

> "This tale may be explained by those who know how souls are made, and where the bounds of the Possible are put down. I have lived long enough in India to know that it is best to know nothing, and can only write the story as it happened." (Vol. 1. P.415)

In order to make it plausible that Dumoise should expect contact with his dead wife and believe without question what Ram Dass tells him, Kipling makes him a man of peculiar habits. The doctor is 'a round little, sleepy little man,' and he is made to marry a girl 'as round and as sleepy looking as himself.' They withdraw themselves

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73. (Contd.) lived with the Hindus, apart from the influence of our own people, we should soon find that in that land of enchantment there is indeed more than is dreamt of in our philosophy. [Sir W.R. Lawrence: The India We Served, London, 1928, P.42]

from their Anglo-Indian world after their marriage.

> "India is a delightful country for married folk who are wrapped up in one another. They can live absolutely alone and without interruption - just as the Dormice did. Those two little people retired from the world after their marriage, and were very happy. They were forced, of course, to give occasional dinners, but they made no friends thereby, and the Station went its own way and forgot them; only saying, occasionally, That Dormouse was the best of good fellows though dull." (Vol. I. PP.415-416)

Typhoid kills Mrs. Dumoise and the doctor takes it to heart. He is in such a frame of mind that he accepts later events as supernatural. His friends advise leave and rest in the Hills, the refuge and consolation of Anglo-India; it is interesting to note that the ghosts of Kipling haunt the beautiful hill stations, their heaven. Mrs. Weesington haunts Simla and Mrs. Dumoise chooses to appear to Ram Dass at another beauty-spot.[74]

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74. This may not be a mere coincidence. Kipling himself loved the Himalayan hill stations and the beautiful scenery. He was once "sent off for rest along the Himalayan-Tibet road in company of an invalid officer and his wife." (Something of Myself, London, 1964, P.58). This happened when he was working at Lahore and had been ill with dysentry for some time. He had known the Himalayas Terai from Simla to Dalhousie, but he had never gone higher and beyond the edge. He discovered new worlds there. "They were to me a revelation of 'all might, majesty, dominion, and power, henceforth and for ever,' in colour, form and substance indescribable. A little of what I realised then came back to me in Kim." (Something of Myself P.59) It is this road which the Bhagat of 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat' takes after leaving Simla. In Kim Kipling re-created from memory the Himalaya scenery he had seen earlier, superb descriptive sketches. They occur in Chapter XIII and occupy a prominent position in that panoramic view of India with all its variety of colour, sights and scenes. The scenery overawes Kim and he says, "Surely the Gods live here." Yes, the lesser gods of India, the Anglo-Indians, appropriated the hills as a place for idleness, pleasure, flirtation, holidays and all that made up their idea of a happy life. No wonder that the ghosts choose to go to this Elysium instead of grilling on the plains.

> "On his way back from Chini, Dumoise turned aside to Bagi, through the Forest Reserve which is on the spur of Mount Huttoo. Some men who have travelled more than a little say that the march from Kotgarh to Bagi is one of the finest in creation." (Vol. I. P.417)

A ghost is often accompanied by wind, rain and thunder and there is plenty of wind at Bagi because "Bagi dak-buntalow, is open to all the winds and is bitterly cold. Few people go to Bagi." (Vol. I. PP. 417-418) So Dumoise chooses a suitable place for the ghost of his wife to appear. Ram Dass sees his Memsahib when he is on the way to the nearby village to engage coolies. He returns in great haste and fear and gurgles:-

> "'I have seen the Memsahib! I have seen the Memsahib!' 'Where?' said Dumoise. 'Down there, walking on the road to the village. She was in a blue dress, and she lifted the veil of her bonnet and said - "Ram Dass, give my salaams to the Sahib, and tell him that I shall meet him next month, at Nuddea." Then I ran away, because I was afraid.'" (Vol. L. P.418)

Nuddea is far in Eastern India, but an epidemic breaks out and Demoise receives orders the very day of his return from the hills to go to Nuddea. He goes there and becomes himself the victim of cholera, to join his wife in Elysium. In India natives, typhoid, cholera, famine, Hanuman the mokey-god, so many handy things are available that a plausible sounding supernatural tale can very easily be devised. And the preoccupation is a comment on Anglo-India itself.

In Plain Tales From the Hills, 'The Bisara of Pooree' is about a talisman or fetish which has magical powers. It is a love-charm but in order to produce the desirable result it must be stolen from its owner. If it is obtained in any other way it brings disaster. This is its description.

> "In shape it is a tiny square box of silver, studded outside with eight small balas-rubies. Inside the box, which opens

> with a spring, is a little eyeless fish, carved from some sort of dark, shiny nut and wrapped in a shred of faded gold cloth." (Vol. I. P.341)

Kipling tries to avoid any responsibility for the stories about the charm. First the thing is given an Indian origin making it possible or easier for the incredulous to entertain the story.

> "All kinds of magic are out of date and done away with, except in India, where nothing changes in spite of the shiny, top-scum stuff that people call 'civilization'." (Vol. I. P.342)

The burden of proof or explaining is thrown on others. "It is the only regularly working, trustworthy love-charm in the country, with one exception ... This can be depended upon for a fact. Someone else may explain it." (Vol. I. P.342) The story is a kind of biography of the talisman beginning from its making which is muffled in hearsay and rumours to defy scientific inquiry. The different stories about its coming into India as given by the natives are discredited. Here Kipling is cleverly encouraging the common Anglo-Indian prejudice that all natives are liars. The reader will thus have the satisfaction of a prejudice confirmed and at the same time a frisson of excitement that perhaps occasionally, the stories might be true. These stories are given in the opening paragraph and there is no indication that they are going to be discredited until we come to the beginning of the next paragraph:

> "Some natives say that it came from the other side of Kulu, where the eleven-inch Temple Saphire is. Others that it was made at the Devil-Shrine of Ao-Chung in Thibet, was stolen by a Kafir, from him by a Gurkha, from him again by a Lahouli, from him by a khitmatgar, and by this latter sold to an Englishman, so all its virtue was lost; because, to work properly, the Bisara of Pooree must be stolen - with blood-shed if possible, but, at any rate, stolen.

> "These stories of the coming into India are all false. It was made at Pooree ages since - the manner of its making would fill a small book - was stolen by one of the Temple dancing-girls there, for her own purposes, and then passed on from hand to hand, steadily northward, till it reached Hanle: always bearing the same name - the Bisara of Pooree." (Vol. I. P.341)

It is a very sudden transition which on one hand discredits the native tales, yet on the other asks credence for the account of the narrator, who nevertheless gives no authority for its authenticity. At the moment of telling his story the Bisara is safely out of reach and there is no possibility of its being tested.

> "At the present the Bisara is safe on a hack-pony's neck, inside the blue bead-necklace that keeps off the Evil Eye. If the pony-driver ever finds it, and wears it, or gives it to his wife, I am sorry for him." (Vol. 1. P.342)

The talisman lands among the collection of Indian curiosities of a civilian, Churton by name, who does not know anything about its powers. Another Englishman, different from others because he knows much about India, sees it and recognises it. He is called The Man Who Knew. Churton complains to him about his many misfortunes, so the Man Who Knew tells him about the Bisara and advises him to throw it down the hillside. They are overheard by 'Grubby' Pack, 'a nasty little man who must have crawled into the Army by mistake.' It is this undesirable man who is desperately in love and therefore is ready to believe in the powers of the charm. Kipling takes precaution against any Anglo-Indian criticism. The sahibs must normally be above such things. Churton, by contrast, treats the story as 'only an interesting bit of folklore' though he is worried and should be ready to believe in anything that might stop the onslaught of misfortunes. He acts rationally.

But it is the worthless and hopeless, little sahib who steals the Bisara to incline Miss Hollis in his favour. Stealing is ungentlemanly and Kipling drives his despicable Englishman beyond reason to do it:

> "It is a curious thing that, when a man hates or loves beyond reason, he is ready to go beyond reason to gratify his feelings; which he would not do for money or power merely ... The facts of the case are these: Pack called on Churton next day when Churton was out, left his card, and stole the Bisara of Pooree from its place under the clock on the mantlepiece! Stole it like the thief he was by nature! Three days later all Simla was electrified by the news that Miss Hollis had accepted Pack - the shrivelled rat, Pack! Do you desire clearer proof than this? The Bisara of Pooree had been stolen, and it worked as it had always done when won by foul means." (Vol. I. PP. 344-345)

Kipling realises that the story is rather too sensational to be swallowed by his readers, and covers himself in the final paragraph:

> "You will say that all this story is made up. Very well. If ever you come across a little, silver, ruby-studded box, seven-eights of an inch long by three-quarters wide, with a dark brown wooden fish, wrapped in gold cloth, inside it, keep it. Keep it for three years, and then you will discover for yourself whether my story is true or false.
> Better still, steal it as Pack did, and you will be sorry that you had not killed yourself in the beginning." (Vol. I. P.347)

The weakness here lies in a kind of humourously bullying manner taken up by the narrator, in which he justifies a belief in anything at all by saying 'You wait, and you will find out.' There is no evidence or reason why the narrator should be trusted. But the tone is characteristic of the complacent air adopted by the Anglo-Indian about his special 'knowledge.'

'The Bridge-Builders' [The Day's Work, 1898] deals with another view of 'mysterious India.' Earlier, apart from stories like 'In the House of Sudhoo' [Plain Tales From the Hills], where

magic is seen to be mere trickery, the mysterious powers of India are meant to be taken seriously enough. 'The Bridge-Builders' gives the Sahib's answer to these powers, yet in its own way, it is much more dismissive than the other 'mysterious India' tales.

'The Bridge-Builders' is an interesting example of Kipling's attitudes. By this time Kipling had added a new dimension to his vision of the Empire. The Empire needed to be run with efficiency, obedience and power. These were qualities which he found in the machines and engines, the achievements of the West and a manifestation of their energy. In his earlier stories about the Anglo-Indians in their role of administering and guarding the Empire he had realised the possibilities and dangers of their failures in doing so as human beings. Hence the tendency to idealise their qualities and his cynicism in the treatment of their weaknesses and aberrations. His treatment of the Anglo-Indian women as idle and empty-headed is satirical because they interfere with the work of the Empire and divert men from their duties. Human beings fail the test of efficiency sometimes and there is often lack of complete surrender in their obedience. But machines are different. Their obedience is absolute. They function more efficiently and you can measure very exactly the stress and the strain they can endure. Their behaviour and their power is measurable. There is, however, no measuring of the endurance of man. In the 'Hymn of Breaking Strain,' written in 1935 he says,

> The careful text-books measure
> (Let all who build beware!)
> The load, the shock, the pressure
> Material can bear . . .
> But, in our daily dealing
> With stone and steel, we find

The Gods have no such feeling
  Of justice toward mankind.
To no set gauge they make us, -
  For no laid course prepare -
And presently o'er take us
  With loads we cannot bear:
Too merciless to bear.[75]

In McAndrew's Hymn he wrote the song of steam and steam engines. It is the expression of a new faith, and a new religion has come into being. Kipling in his vision is investing with sanctity the work of man - the steam engine because it does its work more efficiently and without any touch of pride or vanity. The various parts of the machine are interdependent and they co-operate and co-ordinate their functions towards a single, pre-determined and pre-destined goal.

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced
  an' stayed,
An' singin' 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 an' mine:
"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.[76]

And he saw great hopes in the perfectibility of the machines.

Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man - the Artifix!
That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an'
  slip,
An' by that light - now, mark my word - we'll build the Perfect
  Ship.[77]

In The Day's Work period Kipling was pre-occupied with such

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75. The Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse, London, 1960, (reprinted) P.384. First published in 1940.

76. Ibid, P.126.

77. Ibid, P.127.

subjects. In 'The Ship that Found Herself' and '·007' we have all the details of 'Interdependence absolute, foreseen, and ordained, decreed,' worked out with great technical knowingness. Steam ships and railways shorten distances and have made possible a new civilization, very aggressive in its aims and determinations. Transportation becomes civilization in 'With the Night Mail' [Actions and Reactions], published in 1905. The whole planet is controlled by the A.B.C., the Aerial Board of Control, a 'semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons of both sexes'; their motto is 'Transportation is civilization.' Railways need bridges over rivers, even when they are sacred, like the Ganges. In 'The Bridge-Builders' the Kashi Bridge on the Ganges in Northern India stands as a symbol of this new technico-political civilization. The flood is the anger of Mother Gunga to free herself because the bridge-builders have "bitted and bridled her. She is not like the sea, that can beat against a soft beach. She is Mother Gunga - in irons." (Vol. VI. P.12) This is Peroo's theory; he is a native and therefore it is shown as superstitious. Findlayson and his assistant Hitchcock, the two engineers in charge of the bridge stand out, as two devoted and efficient men against their work which is in progress. Kipling describes with great technical details the work of building. It is done with his usual gusto. Besides their technical work, these two have to struggle against red-tapism, inefficiency, difficulties in obtaining materials, cholera among the coolies and labourers and against the superstitions of the natives as well. Findlayson learns from the work, 'power and responsibility,' while his assistant acquires useful

experience from it.

> "Indeed, the burden of the work had fallen altogether on Findlayson and his assistant, the young man whom he had chosen because of his rawness to break to his own needs. There were labour-contractors by the half-hundred - fitters and riveters, European, borrowed from the railway workshops, with perhaps twenty white and half-caste subordinates to direct, under direction, the bevies of workmen - but none knew better than these two, who trusted each other, how the underlings were not to be trusted. They had been tried many times in sudden crises - by slipping of booms, by breaking of tackle, failure of cranes, and the wrath of the river - but no stress had brought to light any man among them whom Findlayson and Hitchcock would have honoured by working as remorselessly as they worked themselves." (Vol. VI. P.6)

Peroo is the only native who has responsibility of a sort and is trusted by both the engineers. They have fought for the bridge against all obstacles and delays but the anger of Mother Gunga remains to be encountered. The flood comes at last and Findlayson and Peroo are swept down-stream in a stone-boat and cast upon a mid-stream island. Both are drugged by opium and they witness on the island the Punchayat of the Gods of India. The bridge has stood the anger of Mother Gunga and she is pleading to the Gods for help:

> "'The flood lessens even now, hour by hour the water falls, and their bridge still stands! . . . They have made it too strong for me. In all this night I have only torn away a handful of planks. The walls stand! The towers stand! They have chained my flood, and my river is not free any more. Heavenly ones, take this yoke away! Give me clean water between bank and bank! It is I, Mother Gunga, that speak. The Justice of the Gods! Deal me the Justice of the Gods!'" (Vol. VI, P.29)

Kipling is here looking at the bridge in a new dimension. The Gods are divided in their opinion. The Great ones are not concerned at all because in their time-scale which is geological, the bridge will endure but for a single day. The Buck says,

> "'Does Mother Gunga die, then, in a year, that she is so anxious to see vengeance now? The deep sea was where she runs but yesterday, and to-morrow the sea shall cover her again as the Gods count that which men call time. Can any say that this their bridge endures till to-morrow?'" (Vol. VI. P.31)

Ganesh dismisses the complaint of the Mugger with a sneer and says that the bridge-building is "but the shifting of a little dirt. Let the dirt dig in the dirt if it pleases the dirt." (Vol. VI. P.32)

Others like the bridge, Hanuman, the monkey-god says, "'It pleases me well to watch these men, remembering that I also builded no small bridge in the world's youth.'" (Vol. VI. P.31) Ganesh thinks it would profit the mahajuns and the money-lenders who worship him and who draw his image at the head of the account-books. Bhairon thinks it would help in making pilgrimage easy and quicker and the fire-carriages would bring more pilgrims in less time from the remote parts of the country. The Assembly is then joined by Krishna 'the well-beloved', who has come to know the purpose of the Assembly. The parrot says to him, "Gunga has prayed for a vengeance on the bridge-builders, and Kali is with her." (Vol. VI. P.36) Krishna, because of his contact with men knows their nature and their intentions and he speaks of men and their work, as well as their determination. He tells the Gods,

> "To-morrow sees them at work. Ay, if ye swept the bridge out from end to end and they would begin anew ... Ye know, Heavenly ones, that I alone of us all walk upon the earth continually, and have no pleasure in our heavens so long as a green blade springs here, or there are two voices at twilight in the standing crops." (Vol. VI. PP.38-39)

Krishna reminds the Gods of their remoteness from the world of men and he shatters their self-complacency and unconcernedness.

> "Wise are ye, but ye live far off, forgetting whence ye came. So do I not forget. And the fire-carriage feeds your shrines, ye say? And the fire-carriages bring a thousand pilgrimages where but ten came in the old years? True. That is true to-day." (Vol. VI. P.39)

He informs them of the great changes in India brought about by men from across the sea. The authority of the Gods is in danger because men are tired of them. It is the creeping scepticism that is spreading all over India because of the Western civilization. These are Kipling's cliches, or rather Anglo-Indian cliches which Krishna speaks in pseudo-Biblical language. But they are not transformed thus by being uttered by Krishna. He says,

> "A new word creeping from mouth to mouth among the Common Folk - a word that neither man nor God can lay hold of - an evil word - a little lazy word among the Common Folk, saying (and none know who set that word afoot) that they weary of ye, Heavenly ones ... And to cover that weariness they, my people, will bring to thee, Shiv, and to thee Ganesh, at first greater offerings and a louder noise of worship. But the word has gone abroad, and, after, they will pay fewer dues to your fat Brahmins. Next they will forget your altars, but so slowly that no man can say how his forgetfulness began ... ye should have slain at the beginning, when the men from across the water had taught our folk nothing. Now my people see their work, and go away thinking. They do not think of the Heavenly ones altogether. They think of the Fire carriage and other things that the bridge-builders have done ... That is the beginning, among one or two, or five or ten - for I, moving among my people, know what is in their hearts ... The end shall be as it was in the beginning, O slothful son of Shiv! The flame shall die upon the altars and the prayer upon the tongue till ye become little Gods again - Gods of the Jungle - names that the hunters of rats and noosers of dogs whisper in the thicket and among the caves - rag-Gods, pot Godlings of the tree, and the village-mark, as ye were at the beginning. That is the end, Ganesh, for thee, and for Bhairon - Bhairon of the Common people." (Vol. VI. PP. 39-40)

The Gods are dismayed. Bhairon of the Common people says that the time is yet far away and that it is a lie. Hanuman says that Christianity was changed and coloured by Hinduism in India. Krishna reminds them that it is not a question of their Gods; it is the

people of India who will change. They all console themselves with the thought that only their names will be changed. Mankind will worship them. Krishna is the God of love and he does not fear change as men and women will need to love whatever their conditions and religions. The Gods of India are uneasy because of Findlaysons and Hitchcocks, Tallantires and Ordes, the Turtons and the Burtons and are consoled by the Buck;

> "'Ye know the Riddle of the Gods. When Brahm ceases to dream the Heavens and the Hells and Earth disappear. Be content, Brahm dreams still. The dreams come and go, and the nature of the dreams changes, but still Brahm dreams. Krishna has walked too long upon earth, and yet I love him the more for the tale he has told. The Gods change, beloved - all save one! . . . Go, my children! Brahm dreams - and till He wakes the Gods die not.'" (Vol. VI. PP. 42-43)

All things, the Gods of India and every other thing, exist in the dreams of Brahm. Findlayson and Peroo see them, too, in their opium-induced dreams. The vision depends on opium; it is a dream and it is clearly marked out from the reality of their daily work, the bridge. On waking Findlayson does not remember anything of it and he says: 'Peroo, I have forgotten much. I was under the guard-tower watching the river; and then - Did the flood sweep us away?" (Vol. VI. P.43) Only Peroo remembers the vision, 'Has the Sahib forgotten; or do we black men only see the Gods?'" (Vol. VI. P.44) Findlayson's reply opens the eyes of Peroo; he begins to see the meaning of the riddle of the Gods.

> "'There was a fever upon me'. Findlayson was still looking uneasily across the water. 'It seemed that the island was full of beasts and men talking, but I do not remember. A boat could live in this water now, I think.' 'Oho! Then it is true. "When Brahm ceases to dream, the Gods die." Now I know, indeed, what he meant. Once, too, the guru said as much to me; but then I did not understand. Now I am wise.'" (Vol. VI. P.44)

The riddles are no longer riddles. The white man's indifference to the Unseen and his complete involvement in his work open his eyes. The Gods live in dreams only. He must stop dreaming and the Gods will cease to exist, as they ceased to exist for Findlayson as soon as the effect of opium wore away. But the division between the real and the unseen is not as clear cut as Kipling has made it out in this story. The division is artificial. Peroo says that when he comes to the village he will beat the guru for talking to him in riddles. The work of the bridge-builders endures, and involvement in action and work, is the new faith of Peroo.

My aim has been not to deal with all the tales, which would compel me to write a kind of catalogue, but to choose those which best illustrate the sahib's attitudes. These attitudes will be explored further in the next two sections.

It will have been noticed that Kipling's major tale of the sahibs in India, Kim, has hardly been mentioned so far. This is because its scale seems to fit it for a direct comparison with the novels - A Passage to India and Burmese Days. So a little of Kim will be found in the final section, where I bring it together with these two novels.