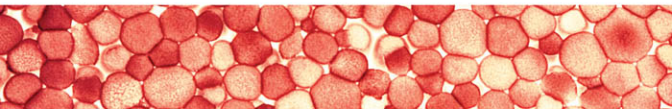


Rudyard Kipling
The Jungle Books

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THE JUNGLE BOOKS

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–1936) was born in Bombay in December 1865. He returned to India from England in the autumn of 1882, shortly before his seventeenth birthday, to work as a journalist first on the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, then on the *Pioneer* at Allahabad. The poems and stories he wrote over the next seven years laid the foundation of his literary reputation, and soon after his return to London in 1889 he found himself world-famous. Throughout his life his works enjoyed great acclaim and popularity, but he came to seem increasingly controversial because of his political opinions, and it has been difficult to reach literary judgements unclouded by partisan feeling. The Oxford World's Classics series provides the opportunity for reconsidering his remarkable achievement.

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RUDYARD KIPLING

The Jungle Books



Edited with an Introduction and Notes by

W. W. ROBSON

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GENERAL PREFACE

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–1936) was for the last decade of the nineteenth century and at least the first two decades of the twentieth the most popular writer in English, in both verse and prose, throughout the English-speaking world. Widely regarded as the greatest living English poet and story-teller, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, recipient of honorary degrees from the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Durham, McGill, Strasbourg, and the Sorbonne, he also enjoyed popular acclaim that extended far beyond academic and literary circles.

He stood, it can be argued, in a special relation to the age in which he lived. He was primarily an artist, with his individual vision and techniques, but his was also a profoundly representative consciousness. He seems to give expression to a whole phase of national experience, symbolizing in appropriate forms (as Lascelles Abercrombie said the epic poet must do) the 'sense of the significance of life he [felt] acting as the unconscious metaphysic of the time'.¹ He is in important ways a spokesman for his age, with its sense of imperial destiny, its fascinated contemplation of the unfamiliar world of soldiering, its confidence in engineering and technology, its respect for craftsmanship, and its dedication to Carlyle's gospel of work. That age is one about which many Britons—and to a lesser extent Americans and West Europeans—now feel an exaggerated sense of guilt; and insofar as Kipling was its spokesman, he has become our scapegoat. Hence, in part at least, the tendency in recent decades to dismiss him so contemptuously, so unthinkingly, and so mistakenly. Whereas if we approach him more historically, less hysterically, we shall find in this very relation to his age a cultural phenomenon of absorbing interest.

¹ Cited in E. M. W. Tillyard, *The Epic Strain in the English Novel*, London, 1958, p. 15.

Here, after all, we have the last English author to appeal to readers of all social classes and all cultural groups, from lowbrow to highbrow; and the last poet to command a mass audience. He was an author who could speak directly to the man in the street, or for that matter in the barrack-room or factory, more effectively than any left-wing writer of the thirties or the present day, but who spoke just as directly and effectively to literary men like Edmund Gosse and Andrew Lang; to academics like David Masson, George Saintsbury, and Charles Eliot Norton; to the professional and service classes (officers and other ranks alike) who took him to their hearts; and to creative writers of the stature of Henry James, who had some important reservations to record, but who declared in 1892 that 'Kipling strikes me personally as the most complete man of genius (as distinct from fine intelligence) that I have ever known', and who wrote an enthusiastic introduction to *Mine Own People* in which he stressed Kipling's remarkable appeal to the sophisticated critic as well as to the common reader.²

An innovator and a virtuoso in the art of the short story, Kipling does more than any of his predecessors to establish it as a major genre. But within it he moves confidently between the poles of sophisticated simplicity (in his earliest tales) and the complex, closely organized, elliptical and symbolic mode of his later works which reveal him as an unexpected contributor to modernism.

He is a writer who extends the range of English literature in both subject-matter and technique. He plunges readers into new realms of imaginative experience which then become part of our shared inheritance. His anthropological but warmly human interest in mankind in all its varieties produces, for example, sensitive, sympathetic vignettes of Indian life and character which culminate in *Kim*. His sociolinguistic experiments with proletarian

² See *Kipling: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Roger Lancelyn Green, London, 1971, pp. 159-60. *Mine Own People*, published in New York in 1891, was a collection of stories nearly all of which were to be subsumed in *Life's Handicap* later that year.

speech as an artistic medium in *Barrack-Room Ballads* and his rendering of the life of private soldiers in all their unregenerate humanity gave a new dimension to war literature. His portrayal of Anglo-Indian life ranges from cynical triviality in some of the *Plain Tales from the Hills* to the stoical nobility of the best things in *Life's Handicap* and *The Day's Work*. Indeed Mrs Hauksbee's Simla, Mulvaney's barrack-rooms, Dravot and Carnehan's search for a kingdom in Kafiristan, Holden's illicit, star-crossed love, Stalky's apprenticeship, Kim's Grand Trunk Road, 'William's' famine relief expedition, and the Maltese Cat's game at Umballa, establish the vanished world of Empire for us (as they established the unknown world of Empire for an earlier generation), in all its pettiness and grandeur, its variety and energy, its miseries, its hardships, and its heroism.

In a completely different vein Kipling's genius for the animal fable as a means of inculcating human truths opens up a whole new world of joyous imagining in the two *Jungle Books*. In another vein again are the stories in which he records his delighted discovery of the English countryside, its people and traditions, after he had settled at Bateman's in Sussex: 'England,' he told Rider Haggard in 1902, 'is the most wonderful foreign land I have ever been in';³ and he made it peculiarly his own. Its past gripped his imagination as strongly as its present, and the two books of Puck stories show what Eliot describes as 'the development of the imperial . . . into the historical imagination'.⁴

In another vein again he figures as the bard of engineering and technology. From the standpoint of world history, two of Britain's most important areas of activity in the nineteenth century were those of industrialism and imperialism, both of which had been neglected by literature prior to Kipling's advent. There is a substantial body of work on the Condition of England Question and the socio-economic effects of the Industrial Revolution; but there is

³ *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard*, ed. Morton Cohen, London, 1965, p. 51.

⁴ T. S. Eliot, *On Poetry and Poets*, London, 1957, p. 247.

comparatively little imaginative response in literature (as opposed to painting) to the extraordinary inventive energy, the dynamic creative power, which manifests itself in (say) the work of engineers like Telford, Rennie, Brunel, and the brothers Stephenson—men who revolutionized communications within Britain by their road, rail and harbour systems, producing in the process masterpieces of industrial art, and who went on to revolutionize ocean travel as well. Such achievements are acknowledged on a sub-literary level by Samuel Smiles in his best-selling *Lives of the Engineers* (1861–2). They are acknowledged also by Carlyle, who celebrates the positive as well as denouncing the malign aspects of the transition from the feudal to the industrial world, insisting as he does that the true modern epic must be technological, not military: ‘For we are to bethink us that the Epic verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*,—an infinitely wider kind of Epic.’⁵ That epic has never been written in its entirety, but Kipling came nearest to achieving its aims in verses like ‘McAndrew’s Hymn’ (*The Seven Seas*) and stories like ‘The Ship that Found Herself’ and ‘Bread upon the Waters’ (*The Day’s Work*) in which he shows imaginative sympathy with the machines themselves as well as sympathy with the men who serve them. He comes nearer, indeed, than any other author to fulfilling Wordsworth’s prophecy that

If the labours of men of Science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the Man of Science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the Science itself.⁶

This is one aspect of Kipling’s commitment to the world of work, which, as C. S. Lewis observes, ‘imaginative

⁵ *Past and Present* (1843), Book iv, ch. 1. cf. *ibid.*, Book iii, ch. 5.

⁶ *Lyrical Ballads*, ed. R. L. Brett and A. R. Jones, London, 1963, pp. 253–4.

literature in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had [with a few exceptions] quietly omitted, or at least thrust into the background', though it occupies most of the waking hours of most men:

And this did not merely mean that certain technical aspects of life were unrepresented. A whole range of strong sentiments and emotions—for many men, the strongest of all—went with them . . . It was Kipling who first reclaimed for literature this enormous territory.⁷

He repudiates the unspoken assumption of most novelists that the really interesting part of life takes place outside working hours: men at work or talking about their work are among his favourite subjects. The qualities men show in their work, and the achievements that result from it (bridges built, ships salvaged, pictures painted, famines relieved) are the very stuff of much of Kipling's fiction. Yet there also runs through his *œuvre*, like a figure in the carpet, a darker, more pessimistic vision of the impermanence, the transience—but not the worthlessness—of all achievement. This underlies his delighted engagement with contemporary reality and gives a deeper resonance to his finest work, in which human endeavour is celebrated none the less because it must ultimately yield to death and mutability.

ANDREW RUTHERFORD

⁷ 'Kipling's World', *Literature and Life: Addresses to the English Association*, London, 1948, pp. 59–60.

INTRODUCTION

The Jungle Books, the most popular of Kipling's prose works, were written in the eighteen-nineties, the second phase of his literary career. Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was a young English journalist who had enjoyed a spectacular success as fiction-writer and poet, first in India and then in London, in the previous decade. Now began what literary historians have called his American period. It was a happy time in his life, when, fresh from his Indian and British triumphs, he seemed to be on the verge of making a settled home in the United States with his American wife. Ahead still lay the much publicized vendetta with his eccentric brother-in-law Beatty Balestier, the flight from the United States in dismay and anger, the near-fatal illness, the death of his young daughter Josephine (the much loved 'Taffimai'), the embitterment over the South African War which embroiled Kipling in a mutually hostile relationship with the English liberal intelligentsia that to this day has never quite been resolved. All this was to make the last years of the century the worst period of his literary life. But none of it is foreshadowed in *The Jungle Books*, which still retain traces of that idyllic atmosphere of the early nineties that was never to return to Kipling's work.

The Jungle Books (1894-5), like two other great English books, Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* (1865) and Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* (1908), can be regarded as stories told by an adult to children. Kipling's younger daughter Elsie (Mrs George Bambridge) described to Dr A. W. Yeats in 1955 how Kipling recited the tales to the children with the lights out in a semi-dark room, and 'the cold narratives of *The Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories* in book form left so much to be desired that she could not bear to read them or hear them read'. (See an article by D. H. Stewart in *The Journal of Narrative Technique*, vol. 15, no. 1, Winter 1985). But a

father's rigmarole for children is only part of the composition of *The Jungle Books*. They constitute a complex work of literary art in which the whole of Kipling's philosophy of life is expressed in miniature. Many influences, some reasonably certain, others at most probable, have been at work on the narrative, and it would require a substantial book to take the road to Xanadu. Kipling discusses the book in his autobiography, *Something of Myself* (1937), but, as usual in that work, makes no attempt to analyse or explain. It must be remembered that he believed his writing to proceed from a source which was not under conscious control, which he called his Daemon (i.e. his genius or inspiration), and so he was as suspicious of talk about his or any other writer's intentions as any disciple of Wimsatt and Beardsley. However, he did leave on record two interesting pieces of inside information. The first reveals what C. S. Lewis has called Kipling's preoccupation with the Inner Ring. '... somehow or other I came across a tale about a lion-hunter in South Africa who fell among lions who were all Freemasons, and with them entered into a confederacy against some wicked baboons. I think that . . . lay dormant until *The Jungle Books* began to be born.'¹ The second takes us to Kipling's first home in Vermont where many of the stories were written. 'My workroom in the Bliss Cottage was seven feet by eight, and from December to April the snow lay level with its window-sill. It chanced that I had written a tale about Indian Forestry which included a boy who had been brought up by wolves. In the stillness, and suspense, of the winter of '92, some memory of the Masonic Lions of my childhood's magazine, and a phrase in Haggard's *Nada the Lily*, combined with the echo of this tale. After blocking out the main idea in my head, the pen took charge, and I watched it begin to write stories about Mowgli and animals, which later grew into *The Jungle Books* . . . Two tales, I remember, I threw away and was better pleased with the remainder.'²

¹ *Something of Myself* (London, 1937), p. 8.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 113-14.

It is possible to gloss and expand Kipling's own account a little, but only a little. One point to bear in mind is that, like most people, he thinks of *The Jungle Books* as stories about Mowgli. But in fact, like many of his other books, they are collections of miscellaneous short stories. The Mowgli stories form a coherent sequence, telling the story of Mowgli's childhood and youth, from his adoption by the wolves in 'Mowgli's Brothers' to his departure from the Jungle in 'The Spring Running'. But in the first *Jungle Book* only the first three stories are about Mowgli; the other four deal with different characters and settings, and they do not form a sequence, while in the second the first four stories about Mowgli are alternated with non-Mowgli stories, the volume closing with the last Mowgli story, 'The Spring Running'. Nor is it the case that only the Mowgli stories are good, the rest being inferior. One or two of the Mowgli stories would be agreed by most readers not to be as good as the best of the other stories. Nevertheless, *The Jungle Books* are rightly remembered for the Mowgli motif, which is the most original thing in them.

The next matter requiring comment is the question of which was the first Mowgli story (i.e. the first to be written, not the first in the fictional life of the wolf boy). As we have seen, Kipling says that he had written a tale about 'Indian Forestry', including Mowgli, before 'the pen took charge' and wrote *The Jungle Books*. Kipling is here referring to the story called 'In the Rukh', which appeared in *Many Inventions* (1893)—in this edition it is reprinted at the end of the second *Jungle Book*. All this seems clear enough, though many readers, without necessarily being able to articulate their reasons, must find it difficult to believe that 'In the Rukh' and 'Mowgli's Brothers' and its successors really belong to the same imaginative or daemonic impulse. The Mowgli of 'In the Rukh' is not only fully grown-up and (rather unromantically) a forest ranger in government service, he seems somehow different in conception from the character in *The Jungle Books*. C. E. Carrington put it well when he called 'In the Rukh'

'realistic and pseudo-rational . . . not quite successful, not vintage Kipling. You don't really believe it, in spite of its verisimilitude, while "Mowgli's Brothers" is a masterpiece. It shows genius and forces a complete suspension of disbelief, so that mere verisimilitude is irrelevant.' Carrington was allowed access to Kipling's diaries of the period, and they convinced him that the first motion towards 'Mowgli's Brothers' was a landmark, something new in his career. 'I suspect that "In the Rukh" and "Mowgli's Brothers" were two alternative experiments in a new mode, very likely taken up and dropped, in turn, "Mowgli's Brothers" proved to be by far the better to follow, but "In the Rukh" was too good for the waste-paper basket . . . Publication dates mean very little. Either or both of the stories might have lain by him in typescript for years.'³

Study of the sources of the Mowgli stories must always be accompanied by the recognition that they are works of imagination, fancy, fantasy, fiction, not credible anecdotes of jungle life. It is symbolically of some significance that Kipling transferred the setting of the stories from forests of Northern India which he knew well, and which are depicted in 'In the Rukh', to the Seoni district of Central India where he may never have set foot. The stories were written in the study, not in the jungle. Their chief literary sources are undoubtedly the anecdotes of Rudyard's father, Lockwood Kipling, in his *Beast and Man in India* (1891), full of Indian village- and jungle-lore (and these surely will have been coloured and enriched by Lockwood's table-talk), together with *Mammalia of India* (1884) and other books by Robert Armitage Sterndale. Here, for instance, we learn of the 'red dog of the Deccan' with hair between its toes. Sterndale also alludes to wolf-child stories, e.g. that of Romulus, and thinks them not impossible. (On this matter Carrington's opinion, based on expert advice, seems plausible; there could in real life be an individual, X, who was suckled as a baby by a

³ C. E. Carrington, in *The Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Works*, ed. R. E. Harbord, vol. 7 (Bournemouth, 1972), pp. 3025-6.

wolf, and there could be an individual, Y, who was a wild man of the woods, but X and Y could not be the same person.) Another source that may be mentioned, perhaps as much of value to Kipling as their conversation, was probably the photographs of the Seoni district (now in the Carpenter Collection in Washington, DC) which his friends Professor and Mrs Hill took during their vacations there in the late eighteen-eighties.

A few other possible minor sources or allusions in the Mowgli stories will be touched on in the Explanatory Notes. But one requires special mention here, since it is the only stimulus Kipling himself acknowledged. This is *Nada the Lily* (1892), a novel by his friend Sir Henry Rider Haggard (1856–1925). Kipling wrote to Haggard that it was a ‘chance sentence’ in that book—well worth reading for its own sake, a powerful study of Chaka, a sort of Zulu Napoleon—that ‘started me off on a track that ended in my writing a lot of wolf stories. You remember in your tale [i.e. on p. 103] where the wolves leaped up at the feet of a dead man sitting on a rock. Somewhere on that page I got the notion.’⁴ For fuller discussion of this, and many other elements in the concoction of *The Jungle Books*, the reader is referred to chapter 6 of that excellent book *Kipling and the Children* (1965), by Roger Lancelyn Green.

But no study of sources, known or hypothetical, can be of more than peripheral importance when we are dealing with so distinguished an artist as Kipling at his best, and discussion of *The Jungle Books* should be made to centre not on their origins, of which we can know little, but on their meaning. This is something, of course, that readers will find out for themselves. It will be one thing if and when the reader is a child discovering the stories for the first time; another thing if the reader is an adult in that situation; yet another thing if the adult re-reads them, remembering his childhood reading. And of course one child, or one adult, or one adult remembering childhood,

⁴ H. Rider Haggard, *The Days of My Life* (London, 1926), vol. 2, p. 17.

is very different from another. All the same, those readers who have reported on their readings—the critics—do seem very often to converge in their interpretations and judgments, and (whether this was their purpose or not) concur in one observation at least: *The Jungle Books* are very *odd* works, not really quite like anything else by Kipling, or any other writer. A little conjecture why this is so may perhaps be permitted.

Even when they are read only as fairytales, it is clear that the Mowgli stories are the expression of a powerful myth. They tell the story of how the baby abandoned in the jungle by his parents when the tiger attacks them is brought up by animals: (he is adopted by the wolves, a mighty people, and secures strong protectors, the head wolf Akela, the bear Baloo and the black panther Bagheera), and through a combination of what they have to teach him about the Jungle with his own innate capacities as a human being he becomes Master of the Jungle. The boy reader identifies with Mowgli and enjoys the transformation into joyful fantasy of the impulse to dominate. But at the same time the stories are carrying a message to him, which is only partly explicit. The explicit message is educational. Elliot L. Gilbert in *The Good Kipling* (1972) points out that the Mowgli stories are what he calls a *Bildungsroman*. In realistic fiction this genre is concerned with the struggle of a young man or woman to discover his or her 'identity', to discover as far as may be possible the truth about themselves. Gilbert shows how this kind of story is told in *The Jungle Books* in a fairytale, fabulous form. Mowgli spends his whole life among animals. But as he approaches manhood he begins to find that he is not like the animals. A central symbol for this is Mowgli's eyes. They are the source of his power over the beasts, who cannot meet his gaze. From the beginning they have been the sign that he is not one of the beasts: '... the look in [Mowgli's] eyes was always gentle. Even when he fought, his eyes never blazed as Bagheera's did. They only grew more and more interested and excited.' Mowgli has passed through a preliminary training which in many

ways is like that suitable to animals. But a time comes when he must move beyond his animal 'brothers', and realize the truth about himself, and accept the responsibility of being a man, and the recognition that it sets him apart.

This theme of growing up, of becoming a new self, runs through much of *The Jungle Books*. Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose, washed away from his parents by a summer flood, the White Seal discovering how to release his people from the threat of death, and finding himself at the end occupying on the new beach the position his father had held on the old, Purun Bhagat leaving the life of a Westernized statesman to take up the totally different existence of an ascetic hermit—all these stories, so different in setting and circumstances, are all exploring the theme of self-discovery and the realization that a new life has begun.

Much of Kipling's fiction for children and young people can be described as educational. The didacticism of *Just So Stories* (1902), meant for little ones, is only playful, a parody of Victorian 'instructional' pabulum, but the pedagogic element in *Captains Courageous* (1896-7) and the *Puck* books (*Puck of Pook's Hill*, 1906, and *Rewards and Fairies*, 1910) is meant seriously and is part of the meaning of those books. Obviously Baloo, Bagheera etc. are schoolmasters in animal costume, and a good deal of the subject is the acculturation of a late-Victorian child, put into symbolic form. But in other ways the Mowgli stories are not really like the educational books, but belong with another area of Kipling's fiction that came from deeper down in him, something more personal, and with more potent 'unconscious' or latent content; belong, in short, with 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' (in *Wee Willie Winkie*, 1888), known to be based on the terrible experiences of Rudyard's own childhood, and, above all, with *Kim* (1900-1), the novel-poem which was the supreme imaginative correlate of all that India had meant to him. In other words, Mowgli belongs with PUNCH of 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' and with *Kim*, as a study of the Waif. He

belongs with Kim, and not with Punch, in so far as he is a waif who finds helpers and an environment which is co-operative with him and which he can eventually control. In this respect—the achievement of domination—Mowgli differs from another famous waif of late nineteenth-century literature, Mark Twain's Huck Finn. Both boys feel the lure of the uncivilized, the freedom from the restraints of the man-made world, but while Huck 'lights out for the Territory' Mowgli ends in the government service, like Kim.

It cannot be denied, then, that the message of the Mowgli stories is political. In much of his fiction of the eighties Kipling had studied various casualties of the imperial system in India. He had projected an unfavourable view of the activities at the top of the Indian government, in the summer capital of Simla. He had written stories showing the weakness of the imported 'sahibs', some of whom became too remote, in their clubs and other British dominated institutions, from the life of the people they were trying to govern. He had also seen the opposite weakness, the ruler who identifies too much with the subject people and 'goes native', like McIntosh Jellaludin in *Plain Tales from the Hills*. In the nineties Kipling was putting forward a positive project for the salvation of the Indian Empire through the improvement of its administration. The key figures would be people with a similar background to Kipling's own, the English born in India, who knew both worlds, and could pass from one to another, and back again, without being compromised.

We can see something of these ideas at the back of the Mowgli stories. As John A. McClure points out (in *Kipling and Conrad*, 1981), they can be read as an allegory of imperialism. Mowgli is learning the art of a colonial ruler, and the animals represent the natives, the subject people. He enforces his domination by what in the political jargon of the time was called Orientalism. He moves freely among the people, they are his 'brothers', yet at the same time he is not of them. Similarly Kim is the

'Little Friend of all the World', but in the last resort he uses the inside knowledge he has gained from living with the Indians to serve the imperial government. The problem for the reader about this consciously dual role played by the hero, slipping back and forwards across the border, is partly one of political (and moral) judgment. 'Fraternalism' (as it may be called) can be, and is, made very attractive by Kipling's literary art in the mutual happiness of Mowgli and the animals, Kim and the Indians. But it clearly begs the question of why the country-born figure has to dominate at all, or why, if he has to, he should not be in truth fully one of his own people, 'Jungle-dwellers' or 'Indians', according to which symbolism is being used. And we may wonder whether 'fraternity' in the end can really mean very much apart from the 'liberty' and 'equality' with which the slogan of French republicanism associates it. There is also the imaginative difficulty that in practice fraternalism seems to amount to the hero's behaving like a spy (which is what Kim, in the Great Game, actually becomes). McClure, writing as an American very consciously in the post-Vietnam-war perspective, is very severe on this aspect of the Mowgli stories, and it is not necessary to take such a harsh view of Kipling's politics to feel rather uncomfortable in those scenes between Mowgli and Bagheera in which the human hero asserts his superiority over the panther who is the 'natural' king of the Jungle. The appeal to fraternalism ('We be of one blood, ye and I') which is the key to Mowgli's success, looks a bit strained when it is juxtaposed with the naked assertion of power, as in this passage from 'Letting in the Jungle':

... Once more Mowgli stared, as he had stared at the rebellious cubs, full into the beryl-green eyes [of Bagheera] till the red glare behind their green went out like the lighthouse shut off twenty miles across the sea; till the eyes dropped, and the big head with them—dropped lower and lower, and the red rasp of a tongue grated on Mowgli's instep.

'Brother—Brother—Brother!' the boy whispered, stroking steadily and lightly from the neck along the heaving back ...

This tableau of the mighty panther licking the feet of the boy who calls him 'Brother' is psychologically convincing, but the ethical and political implications—if we take it as of symbolic significance—are problematic. That at least must be conceded to McClure's view.

Those who would prefer a more inclusive, less tendentious reading of the stories, one that does more justice to the magical atmosphere, the moralized fantasy, characteristic of *The Jungle Books*, should concentrate less on their function as sweetening the pill for the indoctrination of a Victorian imperialist, and more on the manifest theme of the stories, one central to Kipling's philosophy. This word does not seem entirely inappropriate, though it must be kept in mind that his philosophy was largely intuitive and not worked out on a systematic logical basis. We have come here, of course, to 'The Law', and what it meant to Kipling. McClure sees it merely as a formulation of Social Darwinism. But a more sympathetic, profounder and perhaps truer view of this concept is taken by Shamsul Islam in his book *Kipling's 'Law'* (1975). He shows the reiterated emphasis, and the religious seriousness and solemnity, with which Kipling invests it.

'Listen, Man-cub,' said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. 'I have taught thee all the Law of the Jungle for all the peoples of the Jungle—except the Monkey-Folk who live in the trees. They have no Law. They are outcasts.'

In the words of Kipling's most notorious line of verse (from 'Recessional', 1897) they are 'lesser breeds without the Law'. But what does this *mean*? Whatever it means exactly, it permeates *The Jungle Books*, and not only the Mowgli stories. Purun Bhagat, going about with his begging bowl, passes through a busy Simla street and is stopped by a Muslim policeman for obstructing the traffic, and 'Purun Bhagat salaamed reverently to the Law, because he knew the value of it, and was seeking for a Law of his own'. We think of *Kim* (for which the story of Purun Bhagat is in some ways a 'trailer'), in which the Lama says

'I follow the Law—the Most Excellent Law.' In the animal stories we constantly 'hear the call—Good hunting all/That keep the Jungle Law!' ('Night-song in the Jungle'.) It is said to be 'the oldest law in the world . . . arranged for almost every kind of accident that may befall the Jungle People, till now its code is as perfect as time and custom can make it'. Baloo told Mowgli that the Law was like the Giant Creeper, because it dropped across everyone's back and no one could escape. On the day of the Water Truce, Hathi the elephant tells the story of 'How Fear Came', a Jungle parallel to the story of the Fall of Man in the Garden in *Genesis*. 'The first of your masters has brought Death into the Jungle, and the second Shame. Now it is time there was a Law, and a Law that ye must not break.'

All this makes it sound as if the Law were a matter of the arbitrary commands of a god. But it is not. Nor is it simply a collection of prudential or 'utility' principles. It has something in it of both the prescriptive and the descriptive, but it is not fully reducible to either. In an extended discussion Dr Islam identifies the essential elements of the Law. The most important of these is that it is rational, the antithesis of *dewanee* (Urdu for 'madness', 'irrationality'). All the Jungle People fear this, 'the most disgraceful thing that can overtake a wild creature'. The rational basis of the Law is shown, for instance in the reason why the Law of the Jungle forbids the killing of Man:

The Law of the Jungle, which never orders anything without a reason, forbids every beast to eat Man . . . The real reason for this is that man-killing means, sooner or later, the arrival of white men on elephants with guns, and hundreds of brown men with gongs and rockets and torches. Then everybody in the Jungle suffers.

The Law of the Jungle is geared to the attainment of the common good. 'The strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.' ('But every wolf has full right under the Law to fight', as cross Mowgli once forgot when he tried to stop two young ones fighting.) In

case of danger to the community the Law prescribes immediate offensive action to protect society from disintegration. In 'Kaa's Hunting' the lawless monkeys intrude into the Jungle, and the followers of the Law take immediate action against them. In 'Red Dog' the Pack decides, on the advice of Mowgli and Akela, to fight rather than surrender to the enemy. Similarly Rikki undertakes grave dangers in fighting against the cobras, symbols of lawlessness, to restore the peace and harmony of the whole community of the bungalow and its garden. The Law enjoins ethical values: moderation; respect for elders; kindness to both young and old; fortitude; the value of keeping one's word; the danger of pride and the need for humility. 'Hold thy peace above the kill', Bagheera advises Mowgli. Finally, devotion to duty and work are advocated.

In personal relationships, Mowgli and his friends go beyond the explicit code of the Seeonee Wolf Pack. Much is made of the love between Mowgli and the animals; the risks Baloo and Bagheera and Kaa take to rescue him from the Bandar-log; the willingness of the wolf brothers to sacrifice their lives for his sake; Mowgli's decision to stay with the pack when the red dogs attack. Love is shown in the emotion of grief at loss, as when the animals lament at Mowgli's departure from the Jungle. The scene is charged with emotion. 'It is hard to cast the skin,' says Kaa, as Mowgli sobbed and sobbed, with his head on the blind bear's side and his arms round his neck, while Baloo tried feebly to lick his feet.

Mowgli also goes beyond the code in his idea of justice. He hears the word from Messua's husband and he says, 'I do not know what justice is, but—come thou back next rains and see what is left.' Mowgli's concept of justice is close to revenge in 'Letting in the Jungle'. McClure comments on the savagery of this story, and suggests that it arises from Kipling's own hysterical vindictiveness, deriving from his days of impotent suffering in the House of Desolation. But we must also remember that this is a primitive society.

The thoughtful reader of the stories is reminded from time to time that not all the Law is natural law, the eternal law ordained by God. Some of it is positive law, and therefore requires law making, authority and promulgation. This aspect of the Law is shown by the proviso that the leader of the Pack can make new rules for a situation not already dealt with. 'The word of the Head Wolf is Law.' Finally, there is a good deal in the stories about the importance of custom and tradition. As Noel Annan has said, Kipling in much of his work is preoccupied with what holds society together.⁵ In *The Jungle Books* it is clear that religion and custom, convention and morality, and laws, are forces of social control. The individual breaks these rules at his peril.

All this is communicated to the youthful reader in language which he can understand, and in terms of a morality which is second nature to him, a morality of 'just deserts' and 'just reward'. Yet it is conveyed by way of a masterpiece of story-telling, which can be enjoyed without a thought of the didactic content. Imaginative, aesthetic, and sensuous, the Jungle is 'there' as a complex evocative symbol, of which the full significance cannot be paraphrased.

The Jungle Books were once very popular, but are perhaps not much read now. This may be due to reasons for some of which Kipling was responsible, and for some of which he was not. One of the latter was the appropriation of the Mowgli theme by the American writer Edgar Rice Burroughs (1875-1950), with his series of stories, beginning with *Tarzan of the Apes* (1914), about the son of an English aristocrat abandoned in the jungle as a baby and reared by apes. (Kipling read *Tarzan* and remarks that the author had 'jazzed' the motif of *The Jungle Books* 'and, I imagine, had thoroughly enjoyed himself'.)⁶ A later misfortune, also not Kipling's fault, was the Disney cartoon of *The Jungle Book*, harmless entertainment and

⁵ See 'Kipling's Place in the History of Ideas', *Kipling's Mind and Art*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (Edinburgh and London, 1964), pp. 101-2.

⁶ *Something of Myself*, p. 219

nothing to do with Kipling, but marred even as that by Disney's awful cuteness. More responsibility on Kipling's part may be assigned to the use made of Mowgli and his friends by Baden-Powell in the Boy Scout movement. Kipling was a friend of Baden-Powell and he had no objection to this, but the activities of those dear little boys called Wolf Cubs make it more difficult to see *The Jungle Books* as the profound works of literature which they really are. But above all it is Kipling's 'views' (which W. H. Auden said time would pardon)⁷ that probably do most to turn readers away in the late twentieth century. Nor is it easy to separate the views from the art, nor what is distasteful from what is permanently valid in the views themselves. All that need be said of this here is that it would surely be a pity if any consideration of 'views' should prevent any reader, old or young, from flying through the air with Mowgli and the Bandar-log, or joining Mowgli in the 'armchair' of the aged python's coils, or savouring the tremendous scene in 'Red Dog' when the Bee People swarm among the ancient rocks.

Of the Mowgli stories in the first *Jungle Book*, 'Mowgli's Brothers' is in a class by itself. It creates the whole world of the Jungle, and by implication suggests essentially everything that is to follow in the other stories about him. From the moment when Father Wolf carries the 'naked brown baby' in his mouth to Mother Wolf in the cave we know that we are in the company of a great story-teller, like Aesop. The stories seem always to have existed. We do not think of anyone as making them up. Yet the Kipling ideology is slyly present. The baby already reveals his membership of the Master Race as he looks up into Father Wolf's face and laughs when the wolf was checked in

⁷ See the stanza subsequently cut from 'In Memory of W. B. Yeats':
Time that with this strange excuse
Pardoned Kipling and his views,
And will pardon Paul Claudel,
Pardons him for writing well.

midspring, and when he is 'pushing his way between the cubs' to get to Mother Wolf's teats. Later,

Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the Jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant just as much to him as the work of his office does to a business man.

He is a citizen of two worlds by now, called 'Mowgli the Frog' (it has been suggested) because the frog is an amphibian. The simplicity of the writing, appropriate to the child reader, can take on a Swift-like mordancy when for a moment an adult reader is envisaged:

The Lame Wolf had led them for a year now. He had fallen twice into a wolf-trap in his youth, and once had been beaten and left for dead; so he knew the manners and customs of men.

'Mowgli's Brothers' has many fine things. But it has the inevitable defects of a pioneer work; the construction is a little jerky, compared with such masterpieces of flowing narration as 'Kaa's Hunting' or 'Red Dog'.

'Kaa's Hunting' is the rival of 'Red Dog' for the title of the best Mowgli story. The humour of Mowgli and his bear and panther schoolmasters, the humour of their relations with Kaa, will not be lost on the child reader, while the adult can relish how cleverly it is done. The imaginative symbols of the story are two, the Bandar-log and Kaa. It is fairly plain what the monkeys represent, though this is not a simple allegory: the Bandar-log may be a glance at the bad side of American democracy (we remember that the Seonee Pack are pointedly called 'the Free People'); they may also remind us of London (or any other) literary circles. But essentially they are a standing metaphor, available for application according to the relevant experience of the reader. The symbolism of Kaa goes deeper. What do Kaa and his coils represent? Snakiness, coldness, the physical and moral strength of a power emancipated from passion; age, memory. . . . Soon it

becomes clear that the symbol is polyvalent, cannot be exhausted in a formula. The young reader, gripped by the story and the humour, is insensibly learning about new possibilities in *human* life (not really about pythons). With the Cold Lairs we have an imaginative extension that goes beyond the simple moral tale of the naughty boy who played with the monkeys. And in the powerful scene when Kaa hypnotises the Bandar-log, while Baloo and Bagheera too fall under the spell, and uncomprehending little Mowgli looks on untouched, the theme of *The Jungle Book*, in so far as it turns on Mowgli, is neatly dramatized.

'Tiger! Tiger!' is a disappointment. The showdown between Mowgli and Shere Khan has been long awaited; it is crucial to the saga. But the adult reader may be almost as puzzled as the child reader as to just how Shere Khan was killed. And it is a minor mystery why Kipling, having conceived Shere Khan as the second-rate, nasty character he is, should have reminded us in the title of Blake's Tyger, 'burning bright'. Perhaps there is an intentionally ironic effect here. Perhaps, also, the fact that (as in 'Red Dog') Mowgli gets others to do his killing for him, has something to do with the hidden unromantic theme: that getting things done in the real world is less a matter of personal heroics than of ingenuity and the capacity for collective organization. But none of this, even if it is meant to be there, makes the story very good. It is chiefly interesting for Mowgli's relations with the Man Pack. These (apart from the mysterious English at Khanhiwara) are portrayed unfavourably. The life of the village is one of mud walls, narrowness, superstition, prejudice. The exception is Messua. Here warm human feeling comes in, indicated with great tact and delicacy. Messua is clearly in love with 'Nathoo': is he with her? 'Nathoo', as Messua sees him, is someone who might well have grown up to be the Mowgli we meet in 'In the Rukh'. But this Mowgli is a more complex figure, with his ambiguous position between the Jungle and the human worlds, that is to be beautifully worked out in 'The Spring Running'.

'The White Seal' has probably been much less read than

the Mowgli stories. In a book by Edith Nesbit, a disciple of Kipling, it is remarked as an oddity that one of the characters knows it. 'The White Seal' has been underrated: it is superior to its counterpart, 'Quiquern', in the second *Jungle Book*, for although in both stories Kipling has mugged up a lot of information, it is worn more lightly in the earlier story. Kotick, the White Seal, is an anomaly, like Mowgli, and like Mowgli he saves his people. There is some delightful descriptive writing, and the humour of Sea Cow as an old gentleman is lively, though gentle; there is a flavour of Lewis Carroll's Mock Turtle about him. There is also a flavour in the whole story of Charles Kingsley's *The Water Babies* (1863), a work which Kipling knew well: a blend of sensuous realism with fantasy similar to Kingsley's water world. 'The White Seal' may also be called, on its smaller scale, a *Bildungsroman*. It is a charming story (the accompanying poetry has more charm than the verse in *The Jungle Books* usually has) and the work of a master writer, but we do not feel the Daemon as conspicuously present.

In contrast, 'Rikki-tikki-tavi' seems to be a story that was born, not made. The adults and children who enjoy it together are enjoying the same things. Also the story may be more obviously attractive than the Mowgli stories, though they are deeper and more powerful. Rikki has the moral virtues Kipling wants us to admire, but he is less part of the official machinery than Mowgli. There are no bears, etc. lecturing on civics; and the Law is only present by implication. The mongoose has his own law, he is an empiricist. The story beautifully creates the world of the Indian bungalow and the garden. The sinister Nag and his wife Nagaina render the Kipling aphorism: 'the female of the species is more deadly than the male.' There is humour in Darzee and his wife. The balance of sympathies is well held, the fallacies of Darzee, the realism of his wife, the timidity of Chuchundra versus the bravery of Rikki, the evil Nag, and Nagaina even more savage but more sympathetic, trying to save her children.

'Toomai of the Elephants' may have been the first *Jungle Book* story to be written. It is more in the tradition of the Ernest Thompson Seton animals stories: none of the elephants speak, and even Little Toomai cannot converse with Kala Nag. Toomai himself is pleasantly sketched, but he is a slight character. The story was made into a British film, *Elephant Boy* (London Films, 1937). Apart from the co-director, Zoltan Korda, and the Indian actor Sabu, there were intelligent people connected with it, the director Robert Flaherty and the actor Walter Huston, but it deserved Graham Greene's scathing review (reprinted in *The Pleasure Dome*, 1972). Greene says that 'Kala Nag's attack on the camp should have been the first great climax of the picture'. But the 'scene is thrown away'. The elephants do not dance as Kipling described them. Greene notes something crude and cruel in Kipling's mind. 'We are expected to feel satisfaction at the thought of the wild dancers driven into the stockade to be tamed.' Yet it is only when Kipling speaks, in his own dialogue, when Machua Appa apostrophizes Toomai, that 'the ear is caught and the attention held'.

'Her Majesty's Servants' is even more minor. It is enjoyable, but slight. The world of the pack-animals, with the human narrator hearing everything, lacks the secrecy and magic of the Jungle. The story is memorable only for the finale, which in its context amounts to a mighty peroration on Kipling's great theme of obedience—without which you cannot run an empire, conduct an orchestra, control the traffic, perform a surgical operation, etc., etc. Politics apart, this is the verbal music to which the reader, coming to it as the epilogue of the first *Jungle Book*, cannot but thrill.

'... Mule, horse, elephant, or bullock, he obeys his driver, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his lieutenant, and the lieutenant his captain, and the captain his major, and the major his colonel, and the colonel his brigadier commanding three regiments, and the brigadier his general, who obeys the Viceroy, who is the servant of the Empress. Thus it is done.'

'Would it were so in Afghanistan!' said the chief; 'for there we obey only our own wills.'

'And for that reason,' said the native officer, twirling his moustache, 'your Amir whom you do not obey must come here and take orders from our Viceroy.'

The Second Jungle Book is superior to the first. Three at least of the Mowgli stories are first-rate, and there is at least one other story ('The Miracle of Purun Bhagat') which is unsurpassed in Kipling's work generally. 'How Fear Came' is chiefly valuable for deepening the myth of the Jungle, giving it the suggestion of a scripture and a theology. The horrors of drought are hinted at, without disturbing the atmosphere of a bedtime story—suitable for a bath night: '. . . Mowgli, lying on his elbows in the warm water, laughed aloud, and beat up the scum with his feet.' But Mowgli himself plays only a subordinate part in the story. And the suggestion that the Jungle is 'fallen' is not altogether in harmony with other stories, in which it is innocent and Eden-like in contrast with the greater corruptions—and greater opportunities—of human civilization.

In 'Letting in the Jungle' Mowgli plays the main part, but it is not one of the best of the stories. The dialogue between Mowgli and Hathi is impressive. But the process of arranging Mowgli's revenge seems to take a long time, and perhaps it drags a little. Again, as in 'Tiger! Tiger!', the human world comes off poorly; apart from the hostility of the villagers, the grown-ups lack magic, as in one of Edith Nesbit's stories; the fairytale fades into the light of common day. Once again Mowgli is not permitted to shed human blood: he gets others to wreak his revenge for him. There is no doubt that his conduct is savage and cruel, and this is an aspect of Kipling that admirers have to face. He wrote a number of revenge stories. But they come to an end with 'Dayspring Mishandled' (1928), one of Kipling's best stories, in which the avenger gives up his revenge. For the young Kipling, however, revenge was still sweet.

'The King's Ankus' needs no apologia, and no explanation. At least one critic has called it the best of the Mowgli

stories. Two considerations could be urged against that view. First, it is less rich in atmosphere than 'Kaa's Hunting', or 'Red Dog'. The easy way in which the Jungle 'properties' are handled in the early pages suggests that if Kipling had decided to turn these stories into a series 'The King's Ankus' might have been the prototype. Secondly, Mowgli's role is somewhat marginal. He learns something—something very terrible—about human greed and wickedness, but we learn nothing new about him. The story, which is very well told, is a traditional one, and the analogy with 'The Pardoner's Tale' of Chaucer, about the men who went in search of Death, is apt. But, although Kipling greatly admired Chaucer, the two stories seem quite independent. The moral is equally forceful in both of them.

'Red Dog' is surely the masterpiece of the Mowgli stories in this book. Kaa is again impressive. He is *seen* wonderfully here:

For a long time Mowgli lay back among the coils, while Kaa, his head motionless on the ground, thought of all that he had seen and known since the day he came from the egg. The light seemed to go out of his eyes and leave them like stale opals, and now and again he made little stiff passes with his head, right and left, as though he were hunting in his sleep.

Kipling's poetic genius is kindled, as in 'The Mother Hive' (1908), by the opportunity to evoke the world of bees.

For centuries the Little People had hived and swarmed from cleft to cleft, and swarmed again, staining the white marble with stale honey, and made their combs tall and deep in the dark of the inner caves, where neither man nor beast nor fire nor water had ever touched them. The length of the gorge on both sides was hung as it were with black shimmery velvet curtains, and Mowgli sank as he looked, for those were the clotted millions of the sleeping bees. . . . As he listened he heard more than once the rustle and slide of a honey-loaded comb turning over or falling away somewhere in the dark galleries; then a booming of angry wings, and the sullen drip, drip, drip, of the wasted honey,

guttering along till it lipped over some ledge in the open air and sluggishly trickled down on the twigs.

The story is the most 'epic' in quality in the Mowgli series. J. M. S. Tompkins compares it to scenes in Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. A precedent may be found in Macaulay's 'Horatius': the *Lays of Ancient Rome* are an earlier example of the use of legendary, mythic material in the education of the young Victorian imperialist. But the use of the beast-fable perhaps limits the power and scope of the story, whereas Macaulay's use of Livy and 'the brave days of old' enhances them. Roger Sale has complained that the destruction of the *dhole* by the wild bees is anti-climactic,⁸ and perhaps Mowgli's craft and cunning a little eclipse his warriorhood. Otherwise the story is replete with the traditional motifs of heroic fable: the Lone Wolf, the death of Akela. Finally, it represents the climax of the Mowgli *Bildungsroman*: his victory over the red dogs makes him Master of the Jungle.

'The Spring Running' makes a better epilogue than the too 'arty' 'In the Rukh'. It may have too little 'story', perhaps, to attract the young reader. Yet it may be that he will sense dimly what it is about and respond to it without knowing why. The cold word 'puberty' is here replaced by this marvellous and delicate evocation of the upsurge of a new kind of life. As often in Kipling, it is through the use of *sound* that much of the effect is created.

There is one day when all things are tired, and the very smells, as they drift on the heavy air, are old and used. One cannot explain this, but it feels so. Then there is another day—to the eye nothing whatever has changed—when all the smells are new and delightful, and the whiskers of the Jungle People quiver to their roots, and the winter hair comes away from their sides in long, dragged locks. Then, perhaps, a little rain falls, and all the trees and the bushes and the bamboos and the mosses and the juicy-leaved plants wake with a noise of growing that you can almost hear, and under this noise runs, day and night, a deep hum. *That* is the noise of the spring—a vibrating boom which is neither

⁸ *Fairy Tales and After* (Cambridge, Mass., 1878), p. 207.

bees, nor falling water, nor the wind in tree-tops, but the purring of the warm, happy world.

Of the non-Mowgli stories in this book the best is 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat'. Possibly it is not really in place in *The Jungle Books*. It has the Indian setting of the Mowgli stories, and the animals, but they are part of the furniture, not protagonists. This may have led to the tendency of critics to forget about it when they are considering Kipling's claim to be the greatest short-story writer in English. At any rate, it is a very fine story. The theme resembles the Lama motif in *Kim*. The life-history of the Bhagat is the three 'Lives' of *Piers Plowman* in miniature: Do-Well, Do-Better, Do-Best. The Bhagat turns from the Active life of an Indian statesman to the Contemplative life of a hermit, and at the crisis of the story illustrates the Unitive life, when he emerges from his mystic solitude to save his people. Kipling's distinction comes out in his ability to grasp why men have turned to contemplation, though he himself is committed to the life of action. Yet, fine story though it is, 'The Miracle' does not rank with the greatest things in short fiction, such as Tolstoy's 'The Death of Ivan Illich', or Melville's 'Billy Budd'. Though it is not a fairytale, there is something of the distanced, frozen quality of a fairytale about it. The art with which nature is depicted suggests the art of Kipling's uncle-in-law, Burne-Jones. It is lovely, but somehow lacking the quality of major creation. Perhaps Kipling could only resolve the East/West opposition by giving it this distanced, 'framed' kind of setting? But the essential point of the story is its insight into the heart of Purun Dass:

Even when he was being lionised in London he had held before him his dream of peace and quiet—the long, white, dusty Indian road, printed all over with bare feet, the incessant, slow-moving traffic, and the sharp-smelling wood-smoke curling up under the fig-trees in the twilight, where the wayfarers sit at their evening meal.

'The Undertakers' has perhaps been too much ignored. The critics who have mentioned it, such as Roger Lancelyn Green, do not much like it, and it is not oriented towards the young reader. It is a rather slight story, told in an unusual way, largely through flashbacks, in the conversation of the three predators, the Mugger, the Jackal, and the Adjutant. They are all unpleasant characters, but there are some telling ironies, and the whole story can be relished for its sardonic, Ben Jonson-like comedy. There is also a possible complexity of feeling about 'progress', when the Mugger says: 'Since the railway bridge was built my people at my village have ceased to love me; and that is breaking my heart.' But in its context this has no pathos, because we cannot sympathize with the evil crocodile.

'Quiquern' is no one's favourite. The amassing of detail is both laborious and obvious, and the story must be a candidate for the weakest story in both *Jungle Books* (it is inferior to its charming opposite number in the first book, 'The White Seal'). That said, the anecdote on which the story turns is unusual and attractive. But it may be too slight for so much treatment. Indeed 'Quiquern' is almost all 'treatment'. One way to enjoy it is to see it as a story about story-telling. There were no limits to the sophistication and artifice with which Kipling could practise, and reflect on, the ancient art which he had mastered. At the end of 'Quiquern' he plays with the whole notion of 'fiction', and gently and humorously touches on the strangeness, and the chanciness, of it all.

... Kotuko ... scratched pictures of all these adventures on a long, flat piece of ivory with a hole at one end. When he and the girl went north ... he left the picture-story with Kadlu, who lost it in the shingle when his dog-sleigh broke down one summer on the beach of Lake Netilling at Nikosiring ... a Lake Inuit found it next spring and sold it to a man at Imigen ... he sold it to Hans Olsen, who was afterward a quartermaster on a big steamer ... [which stopped] at Ceylon, and there Olsen sold the ivory to a Cingalese jeweller ... I found it under some rubbish in a house at Colombo, and have translated it from one end to the other.

SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE standard bibliography is J. McG. Stewart's *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue*, ed. A. W. Yeats (1959). Reference may also be made to two earlier works: Flora V. Livingston's *Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling* (1927) with its *Supplement* (1938), and Lloyd H. Chandler's *Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling, Including Items ascribed to Him* (1930). We still await a bibliography which will take account of the findings of modern scholarship over the last quarter-century.

The official biography, authorized by Kipling's daughter Elsie, is Charles Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work* (1955; 3rd edn., revised 1978). Other full-scale biographies are Lord Birkenhead's *Rudyard Kipling* (1978) and Angus Wilson's *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling* (1977). Briefer, copiously illustrated surveys are provided by Martin Fido's *Rudyard Kipling* (1974) and Kingsley Amis's *Rudyard Kipling and his World* (1975), which combine biography and criticism, as do the contributions to *Rudyard Kipling: the man, his work and his world* (also illustrated), ed. John Gross (1972). Information on particular periods of his life is also to be found in such works as A. W. Baldwin, *The Macdonald Sisters* (1960); Alice Macdonald Fleming (*née* Kipling), 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling' and 'More Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling', *Chambers Journal*, 8th series, vol. 8 (1939); L. C. Dunsterville, *Stalky's Reminiscences* (1928); G. C. Beresford, *Schooldays with Kipling* (1936); E. Kay Robinson, 'Kipling in India', *McClure's Magazine*, vol. 7 (1896); Edmonia Hill, 'The Young Kipling', *Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 157 (1936); *Kipling's Japan*, ed. Hugh Cartazzi and George Webb (1988); H. C. Rice, *Rudyard Kipling in New England* (1936); Frederic Van de Water, *Rudyard Kipling's Vermont Feud* (1937); Julian Ralph, *War's Brighter Side* (1901); Angela Thirkell, *Three Houses* (1931); *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard: The Record of a Friendship*, ed. Morton Cohen (1965); and 'O Beloved Kids': *Rudyard Kipling's Letters to his Children*, ed. Elliot L. Gilbert (1983). Useful background on the India he knew is provided by 'Philip Woodruff' (Philip Mason) in *The Men Who Ruled India*

Simla: A Hill Station in British India (1978). Kipling's own autobiography, *Something of Myself* (1937), is idiosyncratic but indispensable.

The early reception of Kipling's work is usefully documented in *Kipling: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Roger Lancelyn Green (1971). Richard Le Gallienne's *Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism* (1900), Cyril Falls's *Rudyard Kipling: A Critical Study* (1915), André Chevrillon's *Three Studies in English Literature* (1923) and *Rudyard Kipling* (1936), Edward Shanks's *Rudyard Kipling: A Study in Literature and Political Ideas* (1940), and Hilton Brown's *Rudyard Kipling: A New Appreciation* (1945) were all serious attempts at reassessment; while Ann M. Weygandt's study of *Kipling's Reading and Its Influence on His Poetry* (1939), and (in more old-fashioned vein) Ralph Durand's *Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling* (1914) remain useful pieces of scholarship.

T. S. Eliot's introduction to *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (1941; see *On Poetry and Poets*, 1957) began a period of more sophisticated reappraisal. There are influential essays by Edmund Wilson (1941; see *The Wound and the Bow*), George Orwell (1942; see his *Critical Essays*, 1946), Lionel Trilling (1943; see *The Liberal Imagination*, 1951), W. H. Auden (1943; see *New Republic*, vol. 109), and C. S. Lewis (1948; see *They Asked for a Paper*, 1962). These were followed by a series of important book-length studies which include J. M. S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (1959); C. A. Bodelsen, *Aspects of Kipling's Art* (1964); Roger Lancelyn Green, *Kipling and the Children* (1965); Louis L. Cornell, *Kipling in India* (1966); and Bonamy Dobrée, *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* (1967), which follows on from his earlier studies in *The Lamp and the Lute* (1929) and *Rudyard Kipling* (1951). There were also two major collections of critical essays: *Kipling's Mind and Art*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (1964), with essays by W. L. Renwick, Edmund Wilson, George Orwell, Lionel Trilling, Noel Annan, George Shepperson, Alan Sandison, the editor himself, Mark Kinkead-Weekes, J. H. Fenwick, and W. W. Robson; and *Kipling and the Critics*, ed. Elliot L. Gilbert (1965), with essays, parodies, etc. by Andrew Lang, Oscar Wilde, Henry James, Robert Buchanan, Max Beerbohm, Bonamy Dobrée, Boris Ford, George Orwell, Lionel Trilling, C. S. Lewis, T. S. Eliot, J. M. S. Tompkins, Randall Jarrell, Steven Marcus, and the editor himself. Nirad C.

Jeffrey Meyers, *Fiction and the Colonial Experience* (1972); Shamsul Islam, *Kipling's 'Law'* (1975); J. S. Bratton, *The Victorian Popular Ballad* (1975); Philip Mason, *Kipling: The Glass, The Shadow and The Fire* (1975); John Bayley, *The Uses of Division* (1976); M. Van Wyk Smith, *Drummer Hodge: The Poetry of the Anglo-Boer War 1899-1902* (1978); Stephen Prickett, *Victorian Fantasy* (1979); Martin Green, *Dreams of Adventure, Deeds of Empire* (1980); J. A. McClure, *Kipling and Conrad* (1981); R. F. Moss, *Rudyard Kipling and the Fiction of Adolescence* (1982); S. S. Azfar Husain, *The Indianness of Rudyard Kipling: A Study in Stylistics* (1983); Norman Page, *A Kipling Companion* (1984); B. J. Moore-Gilbert, *Kipling and 'Orientalism'* (1986); Sandra Kemp, *Kipling's Hidden Narratives* (1988); Norah Crook, *Kipling's Myths of Love and Death* (1989); and Ann Parry, *The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling* (1992); while further collections of essays include *Rudyard Kipling*, ed. Harold Bloom (1987); *Kipling Considered*, ed. Phillip Mallet (1989); and *Critical Essays on Rudyard Kipling*, ed. Harold Orel (1989). Among the most important recent studies are Edward Said, *Culture and Imperialism* (1991); Sara Suleri, *The Rhetoric of English India* (1992); Zohrah T. Sullivan, *Narratives of Empire: The Fictions of Rudyard Kipling* (1993); and Peter Keating, *Kipling the Poet* (1994).

Two important additions to the available corpus of Kipling's writings are *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches*, ed. Thomas Pinney (1986); and *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879-89: Unpublished, Uncollected and Rarely Collected Poems*, ed. Andrew Rutherford (1986). Indispensable is Pinney's edition of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, of which Vols. I and II appeared in 1990, Vol. III in 1995, and Vol. IV in 1998.

A CHRONOLOGY OF KIPLING'S LIFE AND WORKS

THE dates given here for Kipling's works are those of first authorized publication in volume form, whether this was in India, America, or England. (The dates of subsequent editions are not listed.) It should be noted that individual poems and stories collected in these volumes had in many cases appeared in newspapers or magazines of earlier dates. For full details see James McG. Stewart, *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue*, ed. A. W. Yeats, Toronto, 1959; but see also the editors' notes in this World's Classics series.

- 1865 Rudyard Kipling born at Bombay on 30 December, son of John Lockwood Kipling and Alice Kipling (*née* Macdonald).
- 1871 In December Rudyard and his sister Alice Macdonald Kipling ('Trix'), who was born in 1868, are left in the charge of Captain and Mrs Holloway at Lorne Lodge, Southsea ('The House of Desolation'), while their parents return to India.
- 1877 Alice Kipling returns from India in March/April and removes the children from Lorne Lodge, though Trix returns there subsequently.
- 1878 Kipling is admitted in January to the United Services College at Westward Ho! in Devon. First visit to France with his father that summer. (Many visits later in his life.)
- 1880 Meets and falls in love with Florence Garrard, a fellow-boarder of Trix's at Southsea and prototype of Maisie in *The Light that Failed*.
- 1881 Appointed editor of the *United Services College Chronicle*. *Schoolboy Lyrics* privately printed by his parents in Lahore, for limited circulation.
- 1882 Leaves school at end of summer term. Sails for India on 20 September; arrives Bombay on 18 October. Takes up post as assistant-editor of the *Civil and Military*

Gazette in Lahore in the Punjab, where his father is now Principal of the Mayo College of Art and Curator of the Lahore Museum. Annual leaves from 1883 to 1888 are spent at Simla, except in 1884 when the family goes to Dalhousie.

- 1884 *Echoes* (by Rudyard and Trix, who has now rejoined the family in Lahore).
- 1885 *Quartette* (a Christmas Annual by Rudyard, Trix, and their parents).
- 1886 *Departmental Ditties*.
- 1887 Transferred in the autumn to the staff of the *Pioneer*, the *Civil and Military Gazette's* sister-paper, in Allahabad in the North-West Provinces. As special correspondent in Rajputana he writes the articles later collected as 'Letters of Marque' in *From Sea to Sea*. Becomes friendly with Professor and Mrs Hill, and shares their bungalow.
- 1888 *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Takes on the additional responsibility of writing for the *Week's News*, a new publication sponsored by the *Pioneer*.
- 1888-9 *Soldiers Three; The Story of the Gadsbys; In Black and White; Under the Deodars; The Phantom Rickshaw; Wee Willie Winkie*.
- 1889 Leaves India on 9 March; travels to San Francisco with Professor and Mrs Hill via Rangoon, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Japan. Crosses the United States on his own, writing the articles later collected in *From Sea to Sea*. Falls in love with Mrs Hill's sister Caroline Taylor. Reaches Liverpool in October, and makes his début in the London literary world.
- 1890 Enjoys literary success, but suffers breakdown. Visits Italy. *The Light that Failed*.
- 1891 Visits South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and (for the last time) India. Returns to England on hearing of the death of his American friend Wolcott Balestier. *Life's Handicap*.
- 1892 Marries Wolcott's sister Caroline Starr Balestier ('Carrie') in January. (The bride is given away by

Henry James.) Their world tour is cut short by the loss of his savings in the collapse of the Oriental Banking Company. They establish their home at Brattleboro in Vermont, on the Balestier family estate. Daughter Josephine born in December. *The Naulahka* (written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier). *Barrack-Room Ballads*.

- 1893 *Many Inventions*.
- 1894 *The Jungle Book*.
- 1895 *The Second Jungle Book*.
- 1896 Second daughter Elsie born in February. Quarrel with brother-in-law Beatty Balestier and subsequent court case end their stay in Brattleboro. Return to England (Torquay). *The Seven Seas*.
- 1897 Settles at Rottingdean in Sussex. Son John born in August. *Captains Courageous*.
- 1898 The first of many winters at Cape Town. Meets Sir Alfred Milner and Cecil Rhodes who becomes a close friend. Visits Rhodesia. *The Day's Work*.
- 1899 Disastrous visit to the United States. Nearly dies of pneumonia in New York. Death of Josephine. Never returns to USA. *Stalky and Co.*; *From Sea to Sea*.
- 1900 Helps for a time with army newspaper *The Friend* in South Africa during Boer War. Observes minor action at Karee Siding.
- 1901 *Kim*.
- 1902 Settles at 'Bateman's' at Burwash in Sussex. *Just So Stories*.
- 1903 *The Five Nations*.
- 1904 *Traffics and Discoveries*.
- 1906 *Puck of Pook's Hill*.
- 1907 Nobel Prize for Literature. Visit to Canada. *Collected Verse*.
- 1909 *Actions and Reactions*; *Abaft the Funnel*.
- 1910 *Rewards and Fairies*. Death of Kipling's mother.

- 1911 Death of Kipling's father.
- 1913 Visit to Egypt. *Songs from Books*.
- 1914-18 Visits to the Front and to the Fleet. *The New Army in Training, France at War, Sea Warfare*, and other war pamphlets.
- 1915 John Kipling reported missing on his first day in action with the Irish Guards in the Battle of Loos on 2 October. His body was never found.
- 1917 *A Diversity of Creatures*. Kipling becomes a member of the Imperial War Graves Commission.
- 1919 *The Years Between; Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Inclusive Edition*.
- 1920 *Letters of Travel*.
- 1923 *The Irish Guards in the Great War; Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*.
- 1924 Daughter Elsie marries Captain George Bambridge, MC.
- 1926 *Debits and Credits*.
- 1927 Voyage to Brazil.
- 1928 *A Book of Words*.
- 1930 *Thy Servant a Dog*. Visit to the West Indies.
- 1932 *Limits and Renewals*.
- 1933 *Souvenirs of France*.
- 1936 Kipling's death, 18 January.
- 1937 *Something of Myself For My Friends Known and Unknown*.
- 1937-9 *The Complete Works of Rudyard Kipling, Sussex Edition*. Prepared by Kipling in the last years of his life, this edition contains some previously uncollected items; but in spite of its title it does not include all his works.
- 1939 Death of Mrs Kipling.
- 1940 *The Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse*. This is the last of the series of 'Inclusive Editions' of his verse published in 1919, 1921, 1927, and 1933. In spite

of its title the edition is far from definitive in terms of its inclusiveness or textual authority.

- 1948 Death of Kipling's sister Trix (Mrs John Fleming).
1976 Death of Kipling's daughter Elsie (Mrs George Bambridge).

The Jungle Book