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‘He hath sold his heart to the old Black Art’: Kipling and his early Journalism[1]

When Kipling, a young writer recently graduated from his ‘Seven Years’ Hard’ apprenticeship on Indian newspapers, started out on his career in London as a late Victorian man of letters, he wrote his verses and stories ‘with a daily paper under my right elbow’ as a kind of talisman.[2] This acknowledged debt of gratitude to his newspaper training, made in his memoir *Something of Myself,* is an unusual one for a writer to make in the mid-1930s. By this time, literature and journalism, once two branches of the same tree of letters, were now diverging rapidly, journalism being seen by interwar writers and intellectuals as a degraded discourse.[3] Kipling had little regard for the outlook and values of ‘highbrow’ Bloomsbury, seeing them, as David Sergeant puts it, as ‘a cosseted bunch of androgynous introspectives’ but by 1936 unease about the ownership, ethics and unaccountable power of the mainstream newspaper press was widespread.[4] This separation of literary and journalistic endeavours had only recently begun. Eighteenth and nineteenth century writers, from Coleridge and Swift, to Dickens, George Eliot, and, closer to Kipling’s time, J. M. Barrie, Jerome K Jerome and Arnold Bennett, had begun their literary careers on newspapers, journalism being seen as ‘the first rung of literature’.[5] Victorian newspapers were much more literary than they are today, regularly publishing short stories, serial fiction and poems on topical matters. A famous poet’s new poem, illness, mysterious disappearance, or row with a fellow artist was a news event, published with great fanfare on the first news page of a newspaper in the way that stories about pop stars, younger Royals and Premier League footballers are today.[6] In the early 1880s, writers of verse and fiction still saw newspapers as a worthy apprenticeship. The birth of the popular daily newspaper press, from the launch of the *Daily Mail* in 1896 began a steady process of separation as more literary writers viewed the demotic prose of the popular press with distaste and anxiety. Even as early as 1904, an unnamed writer in the upmarket *Atlantic Monthly* was disparaging Kipling’s newspaper apprenticeship: ‘[Kipling is] the most

conspicuous modern instance of the reporting journalist turned story writer…Mr Kipling will eventually rank with a class of writers separated by a whole limbo from the greatest creative spirits.'[7]

But Kipling owed much to his years on the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* (*CMG*) and the Allahabad *Pioneer*. His early days, particularly, on the *Civil and Military Gazette* helped him develop his distinctive concise prose style, the cramped newspaper spaces forcing every word he wrote to 'tell, carry, weigh, taste and, if need were, smell'.[8] It is this ruthless weighing of words which enabled Kipling to get more layers of meaning, more subtlety and complexity into one of his short stories than another novelist could in a whole book.[9] Andrew Hagiioannu also suggests this concision developed as Kipling's response to his seeing himself as a vital cog in the Anglo-Indian government machinery, his precise style mirroring that of a civil servant taking minutes.[10] Certainly, as we will see, apparently simple 'colour' pieces of journalism he wrote, as early as spring 1884, are more than mere description, but become profound meditations on the status of the European in India and the complex, unwritten rules by which he must live to maintain that status. The newspapers also, crucially for a writer, provided him with a ready platform for his work. While stories, always 'flying through [his] head like a railway train' were constantly forming in his mind, Kipling, never an 'art for art's sake' writer, needed an audience.[11] Kipling's second editor, E. K. Robinson sums up how both Kipling's access to a public platform, and that platform's distance from the asphyxiating world of London journalism worked its magic in the young writer:

> Out of sight of the English press, Kipling had worked, like a grub of genius in a remote corner of the Indian Empire, spinning a golden web out of which only stray strands floated ownerless now and then into the side columns of the English papers[12]

The word ‘grub’ suggests there will be a metamorphosis into something altogether more exotic. The ‘grub’s’ early journalism however contains literary brilliance and craftsmanship that stands comparison with his fiction-writing. Kipling’s position as a youthful member of a small, tightly knit and insecure community of Anglo-Indians, rather than on the impersonal columns of burgeoning late-Victorian Fleet Street also enabled him to craft a unique newspaper persona. The fashion for the Victorian newspaper correspondent was to portray himself as an all-seeing, ubiquitous ‘intellectual observer-hero’, risking all to bring news from all corners of the Empire to his readers.[13] Kipling’s newspaper persona, although sober and detached when needed, was also at times unreliable, openly inadequate and at times guilty of ‘massive ignorance’ on some subjects as ‘Esau Mull’ admits in ‘A Week in Lahore’ 9 December 1884.[14] More than this: within his very early newspaper work it is possible to discern embryonic ideas on themes and narrative technique that would flower in his early *Plain Tales*.

A previous study of the relationship between Kipling’s early journalism and his fiction, *Kipling in India* by Louis Cornell (1966) was accomplished more than 10 years before the discovery of the ‘Sussex Scrapbooks’ containing hundreds of items of journalism not previously attributed to Kipling. Some 56 of these items – a fraction of the total number – are now collected in Thomas Pinney’s *Kipling’s India* (1986). Cornell only had access to a handful of pieces Kipling wrote for the *Civil and Military Gazette*, few of them particularly good examples of his journalism.[15] While more recent studies reference Kipling’s early journalism and stress its important role in shaping the young writer’s evolution, none closely analyse the very early journalism to identify specific textual links between Kipling’s early *CMG* work and his early short stories, particularly the *Plain Tales* that were to launch his reputation as a writer.[16] This essay examines in three early pieces of journalism: The ‘Viceroy at Patiala’ series (March 1884), ‘A Mofussil Exhibition’ (January 1885), ‘Typhoid

at Home' (February 1885), along with other pieces, to establish how important the early journalism was in crafting some of Kipling's most distinctive narrative techniques as well as themes in his stories. All these pieces appeared before the Kipling geyser was uncapped in late 1886, but they show his ideas had been quietly bubbling away in the years before the 'Daemon' was released. This may be one reason why he was able to embark on such an astonishingly creative period, producing, for example in November – December 1886, eight *Plain Tales* in the space of 26 days.

Being 'fifty percent of the editorial staff' of the *CMG* – and the other fifty per cent suffering from regular bouts of fever that kept him away from the office – the paper became, after two cautious years of learning his trade, Kipling's public sketch book. Here he experimented, in his journalism, with ideas on narrative voice, story structure and theme.[17] Journalism unstoppered him. It is no coincidence that the first two short stories Kipling published in the *CMG*, 'The Tragedy of Crusoe C. S.' and 'The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows' appeared in the paper after his editor Stephen Wheeler had finally released him from Lahore and sent him out to do some descriptive reporting, starting with the Viceroy's visit to Patiala in the spring of 1884.[18]

'The Viceroy at Patiala'

This descriptive piece reveals, even at his very young age, a *delight* in observing, reporting and describing events and people and using the power of simile, metaphor and description to bring the world to life for his readers:[19]

> I might write till the end of the chapter on elephants with silver *havedahs* and trappings of gold without giving your readers any idea of the thirty-three gorgeous beasts drawn up to receive the Viceroy yesterday evening…As they swung to and fro like ships at anchor, the sunlight lit up gold stiffened *jhools* and bejewelled earrings till the roadside

> seemed to be ablaze with all the treasures of the Arabian Nights and the elephants themselves shone like glorified fireflies[20]

The alchemy of the eighteen-year-old Kipling's language has transformed these giant, earthy beasts, first into almost weightless boats bobbing on the sea and then into airborne fireflies, glowing with inner light. They have achieved this physics-defying feat alone through the imagination and pen of this young reporter, who was clearly thrilled to have been given his first assignment as a correspondent. Although Kipling would later strip out much of this kind of ornament from his phrases, we see here how, through observing and noting in minute detail, the young Kipling is inspired to think imaginatively.

In this, his first long out-of-the-office reportage (Patiala is 200 miles from Lahore), the persona of the 'unreliable' reporter, an ubiquitous presence in his short-story writing, also emerges. The *CMG* correspondent makes it clear that from his vantage point, he cannot see everything that is happening at Patiala. 'It is a little difficult to decide exactly what regiment any particular man belongs to,' the reporter confesses, because the 'Patiala mob' partially obscures his view. A little later, the reporter gives another reason for the patchiness of his information: sentries have been placed at random and it is only possible to find out each regiment by examining, close up, their buttons, 'So you see, it is difficult at first sight to assign each man to his proper regiment,' the reporter admits, a surprising and brave admission from a professional journalist out to prove himself to his editor on his first assignment. This initial experimentation is followed later in 1884 by Esau Mull's bold admission to 'massive ignorance' on the subject of music and musical criticism quoted above. To help him finish his article, 'Mull' brings 'a correspondent who really knows a little about both subjects', an early example of the distancing technique Kipling uses in his short stories to add a note of caution, or unsettle the reader. Kipling develops this unusual journalistic persona in further pieces of reportage, for example in 'A Popular Picnic' (*CMG* 30 March

1886), when describing the size of the crowd in the Shalimar Gardens at the 'festival of lamps': 'My friend the *chaprassi* said that there were fewer people at the *mela* than last year; but that a lakh at least must be present. He speaks the truth generally but I don't think he understands figures.'[21] It is hard to read these admissions of half-guessed and possibly inaccurate information without thinking of some of the admissions of the narrators of *Plain Tales from the Hills*: 'No man will ever know the exact truth of this story…I don't know how far we rode… ('False Dawn').[22]

Another despatch from Patiala, this one in the Pinney collection, shows how the strict confines of a newspaper story are not enough to limit the 'special correspondent's' imaginative powers. The article, published on 23 March 1884, starts off workmanlike enough. It is full of exact measurements of time and quantity, the reporter on official duties faithfully recording the ordered, efficient metronomic activities of the Anglo-Indian ruling classes: 'This morning at six o'clock, Lord Ripon and staff went shooting to Bunnarhair, some six miles away. The party returned about noon, having killed plenty of hare and teetur; a black buck was also sighted but escaped.'[23] The report reads like a civil servant's minutely detailed account of a meeting – even noting the 'black buck' that was sighted but not caught - the minutes of which are faithfully recorded and deposited in buff, indexed folders in an ordered filing system.

Then something odd happens. The reporter, having some time to kill before the evening's festivities, strays away from the Anglo-Indian party and into the spell-binding world of the Maharaja's Palace and native India. He takes off first on a flight of descriptive fantasy, inviting the reader to go with him on a journey of wonder:

> Imagine a room seventy yards long and thirty yards wide literally crammed with chandeliers and crystal fountains of white, red and green glass; throw in acres of

> mirrors, scores of alabaster statues, Persian rugs, a gold kincob carpet five yards square and two massive silver-gilt chairs of state, and it is possible to obtain some faint idea of the Chamber. Three of the big glass chandeliers alone are said to have cost two and a half lakhs of rupees. They stand thirty feet high and hold about two thousand lights each.

The description disintegrates through the passage. It starts, rather like the hunting party scene, with precise measurements: 'seventy yards long and thirty yards wide…five yards square…' But then the reporter succumbs to the measureless treasures which now 'seemed as unreal as Alladin's [sic] Cave,' the simile invoking ancient tales of dark magic. Now spellbound, the reporter heads deeper into the mysterious realm of the Palace, leaving the order and work of the Europeans behind him. Kipling takes the reader through room upon room, listing the priceless objects, the gold mounted rifles, silver-mounted revolvers, purple and gold velvet cushions, penknives that the Maharaja, an obsessive collector amassed throughout his life. The lists, as Jan Montefiore remarks, 'that keep their punch-lines to the end' is another Kipling technique used in such stories as 'William the Conqueror' and 'Without Benefit of Clergy' but we can see here it first surfaced in a his earliest journalism.[24] Now the transfixed reporter is in danger of losing himself in this world. He comes across a fabulous silver carriage, made entirely by native craftsmen in Patiala. The only European item is 'a tawdry' Brussels carpet at the bottom of the carriage. While he notes the 'purple velvet and gold' cushions and the 'ivory and silver gilt' riding whip, he does not even bother to describe the carpet, clearly only used to cushion the Maharaja's feet. The story here brings to mind one of Kipling's earliest short stories, 'The House of Suddhoo' wherein the European outsider, brought into the exotic native world of magic and superstition, nearly falls under its spell, but who, at the last minute, pulls himself back into the world of reason. As the description reaches its climax, Kipling sees the Maharaja's fabulous silver dressing cases, costing 'half a

lakh' each and containing bottles and cases of solid silver. The description builds to an awed crescendo but then ends abruptly: 'Unfortunately the Maharajah died before the dressing-cases reached him from England – for which he is a good deal to be pitied.' And now the spell is broken. Like the narrator of 'The House of Suddhoo' he detects the fraud behind the mesmerising veneer. He notices that, 'in common with all the other things' the dressing cases are sadly neglected, and 'one is so warped that the lock is hampered and will not open.' Having previously been under some kind of spell, the reporter is now uncomfortably aware of his presence as an intruder in this strange place: '…not a soul was visible, though, all round the square, (it was the third I had entered) I could hear steps and the sounds of far off voices, and now and then, the noise of suppressed laughter…all noises are stifled or dulled by the masses of brick and masonry, and any deed of violence committed in one of the thousand winding passages would run but little risk of being detected.' The narrow miss the reporter experiences – he nearly, accidentally, strays into the forbidden women's quarters – suggests he came close to being another such victim.

The report from Patiala shares themes with Kipling's short stories which deal with native characters. Some of these tales are what David Sergeant describes as 'complex': exposing the 'troubling contradictions of the Anglo-Indian position', rather than the more numerous 'authoritarian' ones, which establish a set of rules by which Anglo-Indian society must live in order to thrive.[25] The 'complex' tales include 'Beyond the Pale', 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' and, described by Sergeant as a 'transitional' text, 'The House of Suddhoo.'[26] To this list we can also add Kipling's earliest short story published in the *CMG*, 'The Tragedy of Crusoe, C. S.', which appeared a fortnight before 'The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows' and which contains a nightmarish vision of an inexperienced Anglo-Indian civil servant unable to deal with his native 'Man Friday' while his wife is away. The theme of this story: how frighteningly thin and how arbitrarily respected is the veneer that separates the

small quantity of rulers from the masses of the ruled shares similar themes with the better known 'Strange Ride.' While in the Patiala report, the danger is only hinted at rather than real, it is clear the reporter has come perilously close to trespassing into a world he does not understand and is not welcome in. Here his status as a European means nothing. When he comes too near the women's quarters he is unceremoniously 'shoo[ed]' out by a group of natives, 'as one might 'shoo' a stray fowl.' In 'Beyond the Pale' too, the Anglo-Indian Trejago 'stepped beyond the safe limits of decent everyday society' (ie European society) and into the world of the natives for which he and 'little Bisesa', his native lover, pay a terrible price.[27]

Kipling was justly proud of his efforts at Patiala and wrote to Edith Macdonald about his trip, not only telling her that the paper's proprietors had sent their congratulations, but, how in true swashbuckling foreign correspondent style, he had scooped the other journalists on the story by riding sixteen miles to the nearest railway station, taking the train to Lahore, delivering his despatch, taking the train back and then riding the sixteen miles back to Patiala. According to the letter, his journalist's desire to be first with the news involved swapping his tired horse for a sleeping lancer's fresh one.[28] Kipling is consciously placing himself in the pantheon of dashing Victorian foreign correspondents like William Howard Russell, H. M. Stanley and George Augustus Sala who were the swashbuckling *Boys Own Paper* pin ups of the day. Engaged in newspaper journalism since his school days, Kipling would certainly have known of these adventurers who became national celebrities, particularly during the Sudan campaign in the early 1880s.[29] Kipling, then, sees his journalism as a way of helping him become a famous writer.

Rules

If 'The Viceroy at Patiala' lays the groundwork for some of the themes in Kipling's 'complex' stories, then other early pieces of journalism both build on these, and provide ideas for his more numerous 'authoritarian' ones. The article 'Typhoid at Home' (*CMG* 14 February 1885) also portrays the European straying deep into native territory, but the article ventures further than 'Patiala' in that it provides a solution for the problems this journey throws up. Unlike the unwary ramblings in Patiala, here the reporter has a defined objective: to assess and expose the unsanitary conditions of Lahore cow-byres which provide milk for Europeans as well as locals. It is a piece of investigative journalism. Like 'Patiala' the reporter starts out with very precise measurements of the size of the byres ('twelve paces long by four broad, six cows and seven buffaloes').[30] Like Patiala, the further the reporter penetrates into the maze of narrow stinking gullies, the less able he is either to count the beasts or measure the stalls: 'an apparently unlimited number of calves and goats were found here'.[31] But the reporter in 'Typhoid' has a job to do and is provoked out of his confusion when he, finally, comes to the byre full of cows 'intended solely for the use of the *sahib logue'*.[32] Seeing that conditions in this byre are even worse than those in the previous ones ('The blue, rotten compost lay deeper here than in any other byre'), the reporter suggests a list of remedies for immediate action. These include the removal of cows producing milk for Europeans to a location where 'it is possible to exercise efficient and intelligent control over it', that Europeans stir themselves into making the government more accountable for milk production and an encouragement to those who can, to keep their own cows. We see here in an article written nearly a year after 'Patiala' that Kipling has transitioned from the innocent new boy to a mature servant of his community contributing to its continuance and well-being. 'Typhoid at Home' was also written at about the same time as Kipling's first sexual encounters in the Shadhera Gardens which would later lead to fears he had contracted venereal disease.[33] Surely it can be no coincidence that just days after a secret assignation

with a ‘thoroughly satisfactory conclusion’ Kipling is writing about venturing down a ‘high walled cleft’ ending in a cul de sac. The apparently sexual references in this piece are echoed in the *Plain Tale* ‘Beyond the Pale’ about a European who meets his native lover in a narrow gully near a cow byre. In ‘Beyond the Pale’ Trejago disobeyed rules imposed both by Indian, and European society and both he, and his lover suffer the consequences, particularly little Bisesa who has her hands cut off. The set of rules the reporter comes up with in ‘Typoid’ then, is not just about cow sanitation. It is a metaphor for the deep dangers facing the European community and the urgent need for a code of rules that will protect it both from itself and from beguiling charms of native life. This idea: that when events and emotions threaten to run out of control then the application of a set of rules – sometimes through force or legal action – restores order, is a recurring theme in the *Plain Tales*. In ‘Three and – an Extra’ and ‘The Rescue of Pluffles’ danger is averted through the enforcement of a code. In ‘Three and – an Extra’ Mrs Bremmil pulls herself together in order to keep her husband who has been scandalously dallying with Mrs Hauksbee since the death of the Bremmil baby. In ‘The Rescue of Pluffles’ Pluffles is sent Home because he cannot apply the discipline needed to survive in India. Origins for this frame are clearly rooted in Kipling’s early journalism.

Work and Technology

Two more early pieces of journalism, both on the subject of the native agricultural fair, reveal the evolution of two common Kipling themes: the fascination with technology and the idea of work as a centrally important virtue. The first iteration is Kipling’s coverage of the Amritsar Fair (*CMG* 23 October 1884). The reporter dutifully lists the many agricultural exhibits he sees at the fair:

> …ploughs, sickles, pruning knives and the like, from a Calcutta firm; carpets and cottons, and a hundred and one other articles which might appeal to the country

> cousin's soul…A quantity of the largest size of brass garden syringes were at first regarded with suspicion[34]

At Amritsar, the native farmers admire objects they are familiar with and laugh at, misuse, or are suspicious of, more technically advanced machinery, a fairly clichéd and unimaginative response from Kipling. Two months later 'A Mofussil Exhibition' in the municipality of Jullundur, a virtually identical exhibition, is treated very differently. A fantastic contraption, a mechanical braiding machine fascinates bystanders: 'it had a handle like a barrel organ, and in some parts resembled a knife-cleaner, secondly it was painted yellow with miniature portholes at the side…thirdly it ran on wheels and emitted most unearthly noises'.[35] Kipling suggests that its maker has added all these 'gimcracks' to an otherwise quite simple machine to lure unsuspecting textile workers into thinking it is more sophisticated than it really is. Further, the maker, Ali Akhbar of Ludhiana, has made other strange automota, that beguile native farmers:

> …a well-stuffed little humming bird perched on some unpleasant artificial roses and disgorging jerky music at intervals. This last waste of power and good workmanship was sold, I believe, to a native gentleman and Ali Akhbar of Ludhiana will be led to make another like to it – thereby throwing away his time and talents for several months

Instead of making useful technical items, Ali Akhbar turns out bizarre automata that entrance and thus leads a life of wasted unfulfilment, as well as harming those who buy his contraptions. Ali Akhbar sounds very much like the model for the sinister 'man who says he gets his living by seal cutting' in the short story 'In the House of Sudhoo' published three months after the Mofussil article. [36] Like Ali Akhbar, instead of using his skills to make useful technical items, the 'man who pretended to cut seals' uses his skills to make fake magic in order to rob the naïve Suddhoo. Following this little moral fable of the man whose

work suffers from ‘misapplied ingenuity’ Kipling cites another example in the same newspaper article, this time of the man who is too stubborn and lazy to fulfil his talents. He tells this tale as a piece of fiction, dispensing with any pretence of being a reporter:

> A certain artist, one Mahammed Sharif, possesses the secrets of all the colours and glazes of the old Mughal tilework as it exists to perfection on the Nakodar tombs…[37]

But Sharif, though with his skill could make himself a fortune, won’t make the tiles and won’t employ assistants to help him in what could be a successful business. Instead he wastes his talents on turning out simple domestic pottery, ‘a lamentable and most inglorious transition.’ Mahammed Sharif suggests the Camel of the *Just So Stories* ‘who lived in the middle of a howling desert because he did not want to work’, destined to eat ‘sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles’, an idea recorded in a letter Kipling wrote in 1892.[38]

Plundering the journalism

As well as using his journalism to explore early themes and ideas, Kipling lifted phrases and images wholesale from his newspaper articles and placed them in his fiction. The polo ball the little boy so covets in ‘The Story of Muhammad Din’ first appears as a stolen cricket ball in a court case Kipling reports on 11 January 1886.[39] Muhammed Din’s childish diction can be found in Kipling’s report ‘A Popular Picnic’ (‘Talaam Tahib’) on 30 March 1886. The bridge in ‘The Bridge Builders’ is modelled on the Sutlej Bridge about which Kipling wrote an article for the *CMJ* in March 1887.[40] The colloquial speech of soldiers and other ordinary men, a feature of many *Plain Tales* can be found in parts of the ‘To Meet the Ameer Series’ March – April 1885: ‘We’re making some of us three hundred a month overtime. An’ there’s two hundred and eighty tracks still a waitin’ in Jhelun yard’.[41]

The chapter 'Her Majesty's Servants' in the first *Jungle Book* is lifted from that lengthy and rain-soaked trip to Rawalpindi:

> It had been raining heavily for one whole month – raining on a camp of thirty thousand men, thousands of camels, elephants, horses, bullocks and mules all gathered together at a place called Rawal Pindi, to be reviewed by the viceroy of India[42]

The 'wild picturesque men on wild horses' who accompanied the ceremonial train of the Ameer of Afghanistan in the newspaper article become 'the wild king of a very wild country' and 'savage men and savage horses' in *The Jungle Book* – Kipling the writer of fiction dispensing with the caution and diplomatic necessity of Kipling the reporter. Another technique – the casually dropped piece of information that suggests hidden depths to stories – appears both in his early fiction and journalism. In 'The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows' Gabral Misquitta lets slip: '…I had a wife of sorts. But she's dead now. People said that I killed her…' but does not elaborate; in 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' Gunga Dass has a 'crescent-shaped scar on the left cheek – the result of an accident for which I was responsible,' but like Misquitta, Jukes makes no further reference to this earlier incident.[43] In a piece of journalism published after 'The Gate' but before 'Morrowbie Jukes', 'Hudson's Surprise Party', Kipling makes an obscure reference to 'the painful reminiscences' connected to the musical impresario Hudson's last visit to the station. A casually inserted fact about Hudson's being the victim of a burglary and the loss of 14,000 Rupees adds mystery and criminality to an otherwise workaday piece about a musical evening.[44] The lines that are supposed to delineate firmly the boundary between journalism and fiction, thus become, on close scrutiny, very blurred.

Kipling was by no means the only writer to do this. Graham Greene, for example, lifted whole passages from his journalism in Indo-China and placed them in his novel *The Quiet*

American (1955). In an article for *Paris Match* published in July 1952 Greene describes a canal full of dead bodies: '…here and there the canal was filled with a thick gruel, heads floating above the accumulation of bodies below.'[45]In *The Quiet American*, the scene becomes:

> The canal was full of bodies: I am reminded now of an Irish stew containing too much meat. The bodies overlapped: one head, seal grey, and anonymous as a convict with a shaven scalp, stuck up out of the water like a buoy[46]

For Kipling and Greene, both journalists-turned-novelists, being a journalist allowed them access to people and places and images often barred to more desk-bound writers. Journalism allowed Kipling to 'move at will in the fourth dimension' to explore, experiment and see, perfectly smelting imagination with fact.[47] Kipling wrote on the last page of his memoir that he preferred to write in ink because 'with a lead pencil I ceased to express – probably because I had to use a pencil in reporting' but this is not a fair summary of what his being reporter endowed his writing.[48] Kipling had sold his heart to the 'old Black Art/We call the daily press' way back in the early 1880s and its benefits to his evolution as a writer are there in black and white in many of his subsequent imaginative pieces of prose.

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[1] From the poem 'The Press' in *A Diversity of Creatures* London: Macmillan, 1917 pp. 214 – 215

[2] Kipling, Rudyard, *Something of Myself* (1936). Ware: Wordsworth Editions, 2008 p. 42. Hereafter referred to as *SM*.

[3] See for example Carey, John *The Intellectuals and the Masses* (1992), Collier, Patrick *Modernism on Fleet Street* (2006), Lonsdale, Sarah *The Journalist in British Fiction and Film*, London: Bloomsbury Academic, (2016)

[4] Sergeant, David, *Kipling's Art of Fiction 1884 – 1901*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013; Kipling is famously known to have helped his cousin Stanley Baldwin out during the early 1930s when press barons Beaverbrook and Rothermere challenged the then Conservative Prime Minister with their United Empire Party. Baldwin's Kipling-authored speech on 'Power without Responsibility' being 'the Prerogative of the Harlot'

marked the beginning of the end of the press barons' challenge to democratic politics (See for example Margach, James, *The Abuse of Power*, London, W H Allen and Co., 1979).
[5] King and Chapman, Key Readings in Journalism, Routledge p. 5
[6] Montefiore, Jan, *Rudyard Kipling* Tavistock: Northcote, 2007p. 125; Lonsdale (2016) pp.
[7] Quoted in Nelson, Dale. W *Gin Before Breakfast: the Dilemma of the Poet in the Newsroom*, Syracuse University Press, 2007 p. 43.
[8] Kipling, Rudyard, *SM* p. 110
[9] Although dozens of journalists have tried their hand at fiction, few, particularly after the seismic changes in the newspaper industry begun in 1896, achieved literary success. Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh and Michael Frayn began their careers on newspapers and George Orwell wrote journalism and fiction all his life. Latterly James Meek, formerly a *Guardian* reporter has become a distinguished novelist. For more on this see Lonsdale, Sarah, *The Journalist in British Fiction and Film: Guarding the Guardians from 1900 to the present*. London. Bloomsbury (2016)
[10] Hagiioannu, Andrew, *The Man Who Would be Kipling: The Colonial Fiction and the Frontiers of Exile*, Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003 p. 8
[11] Letter to Mrs John Tavenor Perry, 22 May 1882 in *Letters of Rudyard Kipling* (ed. Thomas Pinney) (Vol 1) 1872-1889. London: Macmillan 1990 p. 20
[12] Robinson, E. K. 'Kipling in India: Reminiscences by the editor of the newspaper on which Kipling served at Lahore' *McClures Magazine*, July 1896 pp. 99 - 109 (Kipling Society Archive)
[13] Kaarsholm, Preben 'Imperialism and New Journalism circa 1900' in Breitinger, E., and R. Sanders (eds), *Studies in Commonwealth Literature*, Gunter Narr Verlag: Tubingen, 1983 p. 183; see also Startt, James, *Journalists for Empire: the Imperial Debate in the Edwardian Stately Press 1903 – 1913*, New York: Greenwood Press, 1991.
[14] This essay makes use both of articles collected in Kipling, Rudyard (ed. Thomas Pinney) *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches 1884-88*, London: PAPERMAC, 1987 (Hereafter referred to as *KI*) and also uncollected articles. This article is uncollected and appeared on page 6.
[15] Cornell, Louis, *Kipling in India*, London: Macmillan, 1966. Cornell's chapter 'Something more than Ordinary Journalistic Prose' particularly pp. 90 – 100 addresses this scarcity of reliable attributions
[16] Some recent studies that reference Kipling's CMG journalism include Charles Allen's *Kipling Sahib*: *India and the Making of Rudyard Kipling* (2007), London: Abacus (2009); Andrew Hagiioannu's *The Man Who Would be Kipling* and David Sergeant's *Kipling's Art of Fiction*.
[17] *SM* p. 22
[18] *KI* p. 45
[19] Kipling had written a few 'sketches' before this piece, most notably a very early one of the Dasera Festival (9 October 1882). But it is so unlike Kipling that Cornell writes: 'without the testimony of the Crofts Collection one would not identify it as Kipling's' (p. 100).
[20] Dated 18 March 1884; uncollected, *CMG* 21 March 1884 p. 2
[21] *KI* p. 149
[22] The *Plain Tales from the Hills* were first published in a collected edition in 1888. All references in this essay are from the Macmillan Pocket Edition (1928), hereafter *PT*. 'False Dawn' p. 42
[23] *KI* pp. 26-27
[24] 'William the Conqueror' was first published 1895-6; collected in *The Day's Work* (1898); 'Without Benefit of Clergy' first published in 1890; collected in *The Courting of Dinah Shadd and Other Stories* (1890); Jan Montefiore discusses lists in Kipling's short stories in *Rudyard Kipling* pp. 20 – 21.
[25] Sergeant, David, *Kipling's Art of Fiction* p. 15
[26] 'The Strange Ride' is of course not in the *Plain Tales*, but was first published in *Quartette*, a *CMG* supplement, in December 1885.
[27] PT pp. 171-2
[28] Dated 4 April 1884, In *Letters* Vol I p. 59
[29] See Griffiths, Andrew, *The New Journalism, the New Imperialism and the Fiction of Empire 1870-1900*, Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan (2015) p. 22
[30] *KI* p. 70
[31] *KI* p. 73
[32] *KI* p. 75
[33] Charles Allen writes extensively on Kipling's romantic assignations which resulted in the fear he had contracted venereal disease in February 1885 in *Kipling Sahib* p. 194).
[34] *KI* p. 60
[35] Uncollected; *CMG* 7 January 1885 p. 3
[36] *PT* pp. 144-154

[37] This admiration of native craftwork is clearly inspired Lockwood Kipling who was a great champion of Indian arts and Crafts (Allen, *Kipling Sahib* p. 176)
[38] *Letters of Rudyard Kipling* (ed. Thomas Pinney) (Vol II 1890-99), London: Macmillan 1990 p. 71
[39] *PT* pp. 297-301
[40] 'The Bridge Builders' was written in 1893 and collected in *The Day's Work* (1898)
[41] Uncollected; *CMG* 26 March 1885 p. 3
[42] *Jungle Book* (1894); London: Macmillan, 1922 p. 249
[43] *PT* p. 281; my version of 'The Strange Ride' is collected in *The Man who would be King and Other Stories*, Oxford: OPU (2008) p. 8
[44] Uncollected; *CMG* 21 February 1885 p. 6
[45] Greene, Graham, 'Indo-China: France's Crown of Thorns' in *Paris Match* 12 July 1952. Collected in *Reflections* London: Penguin, 1990.
[46] Greene, Graham, *The Quiet American* (1955). London: Vintage, 2004.
[47] *SM* p. 30
[48] *SM* p. 122