

MOWGLI AND HIS STORIES VERSIONS OF PASTORAL

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THE *Jungle Books*, W. W. Robson observes regretfully in his introduction to the Oxford Classics edition, are “not much read now,” though they were “once very popular.” The reason for their current neglect, he adds, is Kipling’s politics, which, like his willingness to associate them with Baden-Powell and the Boy Scout movement, has made it difficult to see the Mowgli stories as “the profound works of literature which they really are.” Robson appreciates that profundity, but he attributes the books’ loss of popularity not just to Kipling’s politics but to the politics expressed in them. He endorses, for example, Shamsul Islam’s discussion of the Mowgli stories as expositions of imperial law, and he quotes with evident approval Norman McClure’s statement that collectively the stories compose “a fable of imperial education and rule” that shows “Mowgli behaving towards the beasts as the British do to the Indians.” All in all, Robson admits, the purpose of the Mowgli stories “is educational,” and their message “is political”—a view recently endorsed in Andrew Lycett’s *Rudyard Kipling* (1999), which characterizes the tales as meditations on the rule of law “in the fictional laboratory of a tropical jungle.” Despite the observation, in Harry Ricketts’s *Rudyard Kipling: A Life* (1999), that the later Mowgli stories recall the mythical aspect and structures of “older heroic narratives,” the reading that regards the Mowgli stories as political allegories has retained its dominance. That Mowgli’s readers have continued to diminish is hardly surprising.

The political reading, however, has serious difficulties. Historically it ignores two facts: first, that the Kipling who wrote *The Jungle Books*, despite his obvious Toryism, had not yet become obsessed with imperial politics; and, second, that he

told the Mowgli stories to his children at night, with the nursery lights out—an unlikely setting for recounting didactic fables of imperial rule. Furthermore the reading assumes that Kipling, undeterred by the difficulties of developing an unprecedented Anglo-Indian literary voice in his early twenties, devoted his primary creative energies to devising a system of successful colonialism. But, most important, the reading fails to realize that, in writing the Mowgli tales, Kipling was finding his way in a genre which, though he respected it deeply, he had not previously attempted. That genre was children's literature, and a study of his gradual mastery of its complex demands reveals a writer very different from the Kipling the current reading of *The Jungle Books* supposes him to have been.

In his autobiography, *Something of Myself* (1937), Kipling has this to say about the genesis of *The Jungle Books*:

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 work 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*.

Once launched there seemed no particular reason to stop, but I had learned to distinguish between the peremptory motions of my Daemon, and the "carry-over" or induced electricity, which comes of what you might call mere "frictional" writing. Two tales, I remember, I threw away and was better pleased with the remainder.

This passage is usually cited as proof that Kipling's "stories about Mowgli and animals" began with a burst of inspiration;

but the oddly phrased admission in the second paragraph deserves more attention than it has received. It suggests that Kipling remembered the episode clearly because learning to distinguish truly inspired children's literature from the "induced electricity" of his previous writing for adults had been extremely difficult. Ample evidence supports his memory.

Historically *The Jungle Books* owed their beginning not to demonic inspiration in a snow-filled Vermont landscape but to a business letter in which Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas Magazine*, asked Kipling, newly arrived in New York, for a children's story. Kipling replied with delight on 21 February 1892, but he added: "If I thought for a minute that it was a Wee Willie Winkie audience I'd wave a slick pen in the air and address it at once; but I know it's a People a good deal more important and discriminating—a peculiar People with the strongest views on what they like and dislike and I shall probably have to make three or four false starts before I can even get the key I hope to start on."

The mention of "Wee Willie Winkie" should remind us that Kipling had already experimented with the "child story" whose vogue had catapulted *Heidi*, *Treasure Island*, *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to the top of best-seller lists of 1884–86. Fauntleroy, in fact, was the inspiration for the charming, socially concerned hero of Kipling's first lengthy Anglo-Indian child story, "Tods' Amendment," which had appeared in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888) with the earlier "Muhammad Din," an Anglo-Indian variation on the ever popular Victorian theme of child death. Another early collection, *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Child Stories* (1888), contained not just the Dickensian "Baa Baa, Black Sheep," but a title story influenced by Juliana H. G. Ewing's popular *Jackanapes* (1883) and *The Story of a Short Life* (1884).

The problem, as Kipling saw immediately, was to move from the child story to the children's story, a transition he predicted would require "three or four false starts"—and, by extension, some time. At first, however, that time was denied

him. A month after promising Dodge a story, Kipling set forth with his bride upon a wedding trip around the world; but the collapse in June 1892 of the bank in which all his savings were deposited forced the couple, now expecting a child, to "retreat" to the hired man's house on her mother's Vermont property. In retrospect his situation was hardly desperate, but no doubt it seemed so at the time. While he was getting settled in Vermont, Kipling assured Dodge he had an idea for a story. Unfortunately he enclosed a ballad by an amateur poet friend for her perusal, adding "the author wishes to be unknown"—a request that led Dodge to accept it as a Kipling original. Her displeasure on learning the true authorship was such that Kipling felt obliged to placate her by promising, on October 8th, to send her his promised story by the 15th—the deadline for the January issue—on condition that she return it quickly if it needed revision: "it is a most important audience; and I can't afford to mess my pitch before them."

Thus compelled by circumstances "to wave a slick pen," Kipling finished the story in a week and sent it to Dodge with a note about the terms: \$100 per thousand words, and the book rights were his. The price was high (*St. Nicholas* had paid Frances Burnett only \$25 per thousand words for *Fauntleroy*), but Dodge accepted both the terms and the tale. Not surprisingly, given the speed with which it was produced, the tale, "The Potted Princess," is unmistakably a "carry-over" from Kipling's child stories. The serviceable *Arabian Nights* fairy tale at its heart is framed as a story told by an Indian ayah to Punch and Judy, the two children of "Baa Baa, Black Sheep." The result, while containing interesting images of female imprisonment, is everything a children's story should not be. Punch and Judy, so convincingly portrayed in the earlier tale, are at best intrusive, at worst unbearably cute, and the narrator looks constantly over their heads. Fortunately Kipling was aware enough of its limitations to try another genre. Within a month he sent *St. Nicholas* a story about Indian monkeys: "Collar-Wallah and the Poison Stick." It was, as Dodge remarked in her notes, "decidedly better, and more Kipling-y" than the princess, but it was still "frictional";

its autobiographical narrative (emphasized by the portrait of Kipling in Reginald Birch's illustrations) and general tone were carried over from the travel sketches Kipling had published in the Indian *Pioneer* in 1887-88.

Better things were coming (including a "tale of the Thibetan lama and Kim o' the Rishti," mentioned twice to Dodge in October), but not immediately, and not easily. The difficulty was no longer hurried writing necessitated by financial pressure; by November Kipling's royalties on the newly published *The Naulahka* and *Barrack-Room Ballads* had reached \$4,298, and he had received an additional \$660 from Dodge. The trouble was finding a voice suitable to the new genre. On Thanksgiving 1892 Kipling sent Dodge "Toomai of the Elephants," with a note admitting that it had not "come out in verse. At least I lathered away at it ballad fashion and it carried me out ever so far beyond child's depth." But he was learning: this time he had thrown out the attempt to draw on the induced electricity of his earlier adult work and rewritten the story in prose, finally abandoning the "Kipling-y" narrative strategies that had resulted in the self-consciously "grownup" voice of the first two children's stories.

The result was a success, and Kipling promised more stories in the same vein. One of these was "Tiger-Tiger"—a "true tale" of "the man eater who was ignominiously squelched in his lair by the charge of the village buffaloes under the command of the little boy herd." Coming also, "deo volente," was "Mowgli's Brothers," a tale about "a wolf boy (we have them in India)" who, "being caught early was civilized"—but whose wolf brothers followed him "from village to village till at last Mowgli's too faithful retainers became a nuisance," and he, with the help of a holy man, convinced them to leave him. It is easy, in retrospect, to see *The Jungle Book* here, but, at the time, the collection Kipling proposed was provisionally entitled *Noah's Ark Tales*; it was to contain "The Potted Princess" and five animal tales of the same nature as "Toomai." Of these the envisioned "Mowgli's Brothers" was totally different from the *Jungle Book* story, and the little herd boy who killed a tiger was not yet associated with Mowgli. Between

this proposal and *The Jungle Book* lay the breakthrough described in *Something of Myself*, but, like the finished draft of "Toomai," it came only after many weeks of frustration and failure.

The length of that frustration has long been disguised by the note in Mrs. Kipling's journals that records the completion of "Mowgli's Brothers" on 29 November 1892. The completed story, however, was almost certainly not the *Jungle Book* story, but was the tale outlined in the Thanksgiving letter—only to become the second tale that Kipling later remembered discarding. Had the breakthrough occurred in late November, Kipling would hardly have spent December negotiating with Dodge about the publication date of *Noah's Ark Tales* without saying that the book had taken new direction. Nor would Susan Bishop, who attended Mrs. Kipling at Josephine's birth on 29 December 1892, and for some weeks after it, have recalled that Kipling was working on "Mowgli's Brothers" while she was there. All the evidence suggests that Mowgli was "born" after Josephine Kipling. On January 11, Josephine's happy father told Dodge he had finished a beast tale ("but it doesn't look very nice and I have to do it again from the beginning"); on January 29 he wrote that he had "done Mowgli's Brothers in the rough."

Thus the breakthrough recalled in *Something of Myself* occurred some two months after the Thanksgiving letter—and nearly a year after Kipling had first agreed to write for children. It was a supremely important turning point, for it launched not just *The Jungle Books* but Kipling's career as a major children's author. Forty-four years later he still recalled its literary catalysts, and, by acknowledging them, he offered insight into the genre crossing that enabled him to find his voice.

Foremost among these catalysts was the memory of "Masonic Lions," a reference to James Greenwood's *King Lion*, serialized in the *Boy's Own Magazine* from January to December 1864. That story begins as Linton Maberly, an Englishman adventuring in Africa, meets a menacing lion; sure that his last moment has come, he makes the sign of the Freemasons—

and, behold, the lion makes a countersign. The Masonic Lion is the son of King Lion; as the serial progresses, he introduces Maberly to the sophisticated royal court of Liondens, a legal system in which lion law is meticulously argued and administered, and a parliament in a carefully described rocky "city." Action is provided by a series of unrelated episodes, among them a war between the lions and some treacherous baboons; an aged boa constrictor's demonstration (memorably illustrated) of the way it "fascinates" its prey; a story, told by a wise old lion, of a revolt of the tigers that threatened to put a usurper on King Lion's throne; and the danger of a buffalo stampede designed to trample the lions.

Clearly the *Pandosto* of the Mowgli stories, Greenwood's serial provided not just plot motifs but a model that enabled Kipling to move Mowgli and his wolf brothers out of the realm of "realistic" tales about nonspeaking animals, descended from works of natural history, the *Physiologus*, and the bestiary, into the realm of symbolic tales about speaking animals, descended from myths, folk tales, and beast fables. The word *descended* is all-important here; saying that the Mowgli stories are related to Aesop's fables and the Buddhist *Jataka* tales is like saying a parrot is related to a pterodactyl. In the centuries following the creation of the great early tales, animal story types crossbred, developing new strains; in the late eighteenth century they emerged in children's literature, their mixed lineage strikingly evident, in Mrs. Trimmer's *Fabulous Histories* (1786), which portrayed "speaking" robins in an English garden, observed by two convincingly portrayed children. During the ensuing century the animal story developed many conventions of its own. Greenwood's lions were the contemporaries of the fantastic animals in *Alice in Wonderland* and in Charles Kingsley's *Water Babies* (1865), and also of the realistic, socially concerned animal narrators in a subgenre whose most famous member is the comparatively late *Black Beauty* (1877). The beast fable still existed; Joel Chandler Harris's *Uncle Remus* books (1881-92) demonstrated its continuing power in a way that Kipling, like his contemporaries Kenneth Grahame and Beatrix Potter, ad-

mired immensely. But by the late nineteenth century authors who wrote about speaking animals had many other models at their disposal.

That said, to write about speaking animals is to write about characters—and thus, inevitably, to transfer to animals assumptions about and reflections upon human psychology and politics. By performing that transfer, writers enter a realm in which they can imply more than they can say—a situation that allows wonderful authorial freedom but also poses major authorial problems; for, in a genre that works by implication, one can imply not just more than one can say, but more than one can control. As Kipling followed Greenwood into a jungle society, he discovered that each note he touched resonated with centuries of acquired meaning; the powerful, unpredictable overtones made playing a simple tune impossible.

Kipling's first reaction to this situation was to assert control of the resonances by accentuating the human aspects of his animal characters. His efforts are easily visible in the "first copy" of the postbreakthrough story "Mowgli's Brothers," which he gave to Susan Bishop in February 1893 out of gratitude for her services as a nurse.* In the opening passage Father Wolf complains about hunting alone, and Mother Wolf says the children are too little to leave—an obvious glance at Victorian domesticity. The wolves' language is self-consciously said to be "very much the same" as "the language the men about them talk," and their social assumptions are similarly derivative: "The wolves in India," says the narrator, "look down upon the jackal because he has no more caste than a barber or a musician." Later we are told that Mother Wolf comes from "an honest hunting family." The wolves privately consider Shere Khan to be "a boaster," but in recognition of his high caste, Father Wolf calls him "my lord" and

* The manuscript is now in the Carpenter Collection at the Library of Congress. All the other manuscripts of *The Jungle Books* are in the British Library, but they cannot, by terms of their bequest, be copied in any form. As R. L. Green, who surely examined them, forebore even to quote them, I have done the same, but the Carpenter manuscript is under no restriction. The analysis above is based not on the manuscript itself, but on a photocopy in the Howard C. Rice Jr. Collection at Marlboro College, Box 8, Folder 4. I am grateful to the Marlboro College librarians for helping me examine this valuable collection.

"my king." Politics too—here as in *King Lion*—has clearly human overtones: at the "looking-over" of wolf cubs (at which neither Bagheera nor Baloo appears), Akela realizes that Mowgli's cunning will support his leadership, so he wins over the pack with a parliamentary oration. Typifying the deadening effect of Kipling's struggle with control is the greeting Father Wolf gives Shere Khan: not the famous "good hunting," but "good sport."

These efforts at control stop altogether on page seven, the bottom third of which is torn off at the end of the paragraph that describes Mowgli's acceptance into the pack. After going astray for who knows how long, Kipling began the new page with a ten-year jump in time; subsequently the prose becomes more and more familiar, until finally Bagheera tells Mowgli that Shere Khan is turning the pack against him because "in a little time thou wilt be a man." Mowgli replies: "And what is a man that he should not run with his brothers? . . . I was born in the Jungle. I have obeyed the Law of the Jungle, and there is not one of the pack from whose pads I have not plucked a thorn. Surely they are my brothers." The passage is only minimally set up by the earlier part of the story; but its resonance is immense: "*Who is my brother?*" "*Am I my brother's keeper?*" Mowgli's question sets off sympathetic vibrations about rivalry, power, mutual protection, love, identity—and this time, instead of trying to control the resonance, Kipling lets it lead him on. The process is visible, for in Kipling's words "the pen took charge." The usually clear hand becomes first smaller, then, as ideas come faster, almost unreadable. Yet the reader who struggles on finds that the words scrawled across the page are nearly identical to those of the printed tale. "Once launched" by resonance, the story simply appeared.

The work thus completed was not, of course, a "finished" tale: it had to be revised so that the beginning set up the end. But the importance of the manuscript is that it demonstrates the way resonance can create a story *independent of authorial control*. As a model of process this is one of surrender, as Kipling was well aware: "When your Daemon is in charge, do not

try to think consciously. Drift, wait and obey." This is very different from the model by which an allegorist, having an idea in mind, decides what stands for what and constructs his characters so that they will create the resonance he wants. Kipling was perfectly capable of using the second model; in "The Walking Delegate" he portrayed horses as agitators, radicals, and working men. In "Mowgli's Brothers" he proceeded differently, and the result was not allegory but a crossed genre whose potential richness he explored as one Mowgli story led to another.

Describing this cross, Kipling said that the memory of *King Lion* "combined with an echo" of a tale he had already written about Indian forestry—"In the Rukh," first published in *Many Inventions* (1893). It concerns an encounter between Gisborne, a young English forester in an Indian rukh (forest), and a casteless man named Mowgli, who has been raised by wolves and still has four wolves at his command. This Mowgli and his wolves are not the ones familiar to *Jungle Books* readers. When Gisborne first sees them together, Mowgli is "crowned with flowers, playing upon a rude bamboo flute, to whose music four huge wolves [dance] solemnly on their hind legs." Earlier Gisborne reflects that Mowgli looks like "the illustrations from the Classical Dictionary"; and Gisborne's German superior calls him "Faunus," a pagan figure older than "Adam in der Garden." The original Mowgli was Pan, with the important difference that the "bestial" side of his nature was represented not by the traditional goat-legged sexuality of the satyr, but by wolves who danced to his piping.

As a story that mixes Indian forestry with the Western myth of a wood god, "In the Rukh" is one of Kipling's least successful attempts to adapt English literary fashion to an Indian setting, but the attempt is unsurprising. Pan was to the 1890s what the unicorn was to the 1970s—a symbol of art, nature, and imagination that wished to dissociate itself from philistine culture without associating itself with any particular program. Portraying the evocative figure was practically an artistic necessity; the list of Kipling's contemporaries who did so in-

cludes Stevenson, Saki, Forster, Le Gallienne, Beardsley, Barrie, Grahame, and, the most unlikely, Frances Hodgson Burnett.

From the point of view of *The Jungle Books* the importance of "In the Rukh" is not the Pan figure per se, which Kipling wisely abandoned, but the way "the echo" of that figure led him from the semiutopian adventure fiction of Greenwood and Haggard to the closely related but more resonant pastoral romance, the result of Sir Philip Sidney's inspired cross of pastoral poetry with chivalric romance in *The Arcadia*. Over the centuries the genre had developed many variations, but its essential plot endured: a hero wanders into an Arcadian world; by associating with simple folk, absorbing the wisdom of an old shepherd, and falling in love with a shepherdess (or some combination of the three), he discovers the timeless values of the Golden Age; at the end he returns to the fallen world with a deeper understanding of what it is to be a man. This slender plot-line is the basis for *The Winter's Tale*, *The Tempest*, and the sixth book of *The Faerie Queene*. In the contrast lies the beauty of the genre: its flexibility. As pastoral it allows elegiac passages of reflection upon innocence, art, or nature; as romance it supports tales of love, coming-of-age, adventure, or heroic conflict.

The pastoral romance structure is readily visible when one considers the Mowgli stories as a whole. Mowgli is rescued from Shere Khan by Mother and Father Wolf and is raised in the jungle as a member of the pack ("Mowgli's Brothers"). He is instructed in the Law of the Jungle by the wise old Baloo; he is taught the values of the jungle by the wolves, Bagheera, and Kaa ("Kaa's Hunting"). This pastoral upbringing makes him immune to the unnatural accretions of civilization—specifically to greed and treachery ("The King's Ankus"), and to hypocrisy and superstition ("Tiger! Tiger!" and "Letting in the Jungle"). Mowgli learns the Golden Age history of the jungle in "How Fear Came," and later, in the epic battle of "Red Dog," he helps protect the jungle against the invading dholes. But finally Mowgli, like all the heroes of

his kind, leaves Arcadia of his own volition; his adult longings force him into the world of men.

Summarizing the pastoral aspects of the Mowgli stories, however, greatly simplifies the complexities that result from their cross with the animal story. For Kipling didn't just cross genres; he crossed the globe. He pulled the pastoral romance out of western European fields and set it down in an Indian jungle, and in the role of wise old shepherds he placed the very predators that had hitherto threatened Arcadian peace. Finally, he brought the fallen world of man into the story, and he portrayed its effect on his Arcadian characters. The resulting cross is filled with animal-story resonances of power and fear, harmonized but also amplified by Arcadian echoes.

These unusual resonances lead critics to read the Mowgli stories as allegories or fables, but the tales cannot sustain a convincing allegorical reading. Once Kipling began writing about a boy seeking identity in an Arcadian society opposed to his own, he had to abandon an allegorical jungle peopled with "honest hunting families," Brahmin tigers, and parliamentary wolves, for its glances at human society undercut the fundamental opposition that shaped that quest. The stories do, however, permit a pastoral reading, for unlike fable and allegory, which work by saying one thing in terms of another, the pastoral works by juxtaposing opposites: the Golden Age and the Iron Age, *otium* and *negotium*, nature and art. While the things compared are of some symbolic importance, it is their juxtaposition that gives the work meaning. The pastoral allows a writer to do with themes what a painter does with colors: present them side by side, so the presence of each affects the other. The green of nature in Arcadia seems lovely in juxtaposition with the artificial gold of the court; but juxtaposed with the delicate colors of art, it seems bright and crude. The pastoral seems to deal with absolutes, but it does not; each element defines itself only in opposition to the other. For a writer with Kipling's deep interest in the divided self, it was the perfect literary structure.

"Mowgli's Brothers" and "Tiger! Tiger!", originally con-

ceived as a pair, juxtapose the jungle and the world of man in what initially seems a standard pastoral way. The Arcadian jungle people are in tune with the nature around them, but the villagers have no understanding of the jungle at all. The animals live by the Law of the Jungle, with its carefully thought out rules of mutual survival; they are thus infinitely more civilized than the greedy, superstitious villagers, who are willing to kill Mowgli and burn his village "mother." Tempering this pastoral scheme of things, however, is the jungle's threat to mankind. Mowgli's admission to the wolf pack is paid for by the slaughter of "the Bull that bought me"—an emblem which, among other things, demonstrates the vulnerability of village livelihood to an Arcadia peopled with carnivores. Furthermore the carnivorous jungle folk are physically capable (as is said several times) of killing any man, including Mowgli, with a touch of a foot. The power of the jungle and the fear that power inspires in man makes the villagers put thorn bushes in front of their gates at night and concoct stories that demonize the jungle's inhabitants.

But as man fears the jungle and its people, so do the jungle people fear man. The Law of the Jungle forbids killing man not out of compassion or sportsmanship, but because "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." The most powerful animals in the jungle are those who understand "the manners and customs of men": Akela has been trapped, beaten, and left for dead, and Bagheera is "more terrible than anyone in the Jungle" because he has been raised in captivity. But neither of these powerful, experienced animals can deal with the human threat to their Arcadian world.

The mutual, well-founded fear of man and beast makes Mowgli a pastoral hero in an Arcadia that is afraid of what he is, thus greatly complicating (both psychologically and thematically) his return to the world to which he naturally belongs. When the wolf pack, corrupted by Shere Khan, drives him to his "brothers" in the village, Mowgli, the boy of two worlds, gets revenge upon Shere Khan by coordinating the

power of village buffaloes and jungle wolves. But ironically, though the victory demonstrates the human cunning that has led the wise shepherd figures in the jungle to predict it, it causes him to be stoned out of the village as a demon. Thus the original pair of Mowgli stories ends not with the pastoral hero's leaving Arcadia, but with his returning to it after the sojourn in his "natural" society proves that, socially speaking, he has no brothers. He can triumph over Shere Khan, and he can share that triumph with the animals whose brotherhood is that of love. But his song of victory is the song of a boy with no identity.

Waters of the Waingunga, the Man-Pack have cast me
out.

I did them no harm, but they were afraid of me. Why?
Wolf-Pack, ye have cast me out too. The jungle is shut to
me and the village gates are shut. Why?

As Mang flies between the beasts and the birds, so fly I
between the village and the jungle. Why? . . .

I am two Mowglis. . . .

Ahae! My heart is heavy with the things that I do not
understand.

The resonances of the tension and sorrow poignantly expressed here are chiefly psychological, but, insofar as they are political, they hardly advocate Indian education of English imperial rulers. Mowgli, ostensibly a member of two societies, has no place in either; he is vulnerable not only to the dangers within each society but to those resulting from their opposition. A bleaker commentary on the position of those seeking personal identity and collective brotherhood in two worlds dominated by fear, power, and self-interest can hardly be imagined.

Kipling expected Mowgli's career as a children's character to end with "Tiger! Tiger!". The story's closing passage assures the reader that Mowgli did not always hunt alone with his wolf brothers, but "became a man and married," then adds: "But that is a story for grown-ups." The last sentence,

originally merely an allusion to "In the Rukh," soon developed a deep resonance of its own, for after writing "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," Kipling returned to the rich themes Mowgli had allowed him to explore. The developmental process of that exploration resulted in a series of tales whose confused chronology has led John Goldthwaite to suggest it is a "failed novel" and to remark disparagingly that "Kipling wrote the tales in haste and hurried them into print." Pastoral romance, however, is not notable for chronological sequence, and, though Kipling was certainly constrained by the publishing pressures that affected every professional writer of his generation, he did not write the Mowgli stories in haste; he finished the first in 1892 and the last of the eight in June 1895. During those years his wide reading opened him to influences beyond the catalysts for the early stories.

In 1893 as Kipling was finishing the first Mowgli tales, a series of child stories began to appear in the *National Observer*, the London periodical whose flamboyant editor, W. E. Henley, had "discovered" and promoted not only Kipling but also Yeats, Barrie, and other writers of their generation. The author of the new child stories was a banker whose previous literary output, despite Henley's constant encouragement, had been slender and mostly unsigned. His name was Kenneth Grahame, and in 1895 when his completed series was published as *The Golden Age* it revolutionized children's literature by freeing the child story from the sentimentality that had marred *Fauntleroy* and the other works that had influenced Kipling's early tales. Deeply versed in the romantics, but also influenced by Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881), Richard Jeffries's *Bevis: the Story of a Boy* (1882), and Twain's *Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *Huckleberry Finn* (1884), Grahame portrays childhood not as an era of artless innocence but as an Arcadia to which the adult imagination, if carefully attuned, can temporarily return.

Grahame's stories are vignettes describing the lives of five orphaned children who live with relatives in a pastoral English setting. The children's adventures are portrayed from a child's point of view while maintaining adult perspective—a

narrative tour de force that allows reflections vastly different from those of earlier child stories. The children, honorable but far from innocent, are presented as primitives controlled, "as in the parallel case of Caliban upon Setebos," by "Olympians"—adults who, as deities unpredictable, unimaginative, and unfair, "command no respect" and who are children's betters "by a trick of chance." But though Grahame's children are helpless in the face of Olympians, they have their own Arcadia, an imaginative world in which they are heroes in their own adventures and masters of "the kindly beasts" who share their "natural existence in the sun." In Grahame's stories Olympian adulthood is not an achievement but a permanent loss of the imagination, honor, and justice of this golden age. The first story ends with an epitaph: *Et in Arcadia ego*.

While Grahame's tales could not differ more in tone, style, and setting from the Mowgli stories, their portrait of children who are simultaneously victims of forces larger than themselves and all-powerful rulers in imaginary kingdoms had a substantial, though indirect, effect on the progress of the later Mowgli stories. The two series appeared in periodicals at the same time (Grahame's beginning a little earlier because of Dodge's six-month postponement of Mowgli's debut), and the two writers, who, for all their differences, shared connections with Henley's literary group, began to affect each other as their works appeared as books. Grahame's first reference to Kipling appears in "Sawdust and Sin," published four months after the first *Jungle Book* appeared in May 1894; here the unnamed hero asks his labrador retriever to play the part of a black panther in a smiling reference to the newly popular adventure story. Kipling, who had received the *National Observer* regularly in Vermont and who corresponded with Henley, may have been prompted to consider Grahame's stories seriously during his English visit, for among the new works Henley was promoting at that time was Grahame's collection *Pagan Papers*, published in October 1893 with a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley, whose work Kipling greatly admired. The book contained the first seven of Grahame's child stories, which critics rightly recognized for their originality; it also

contained "The Rural Pan" and "The Lost Centaur," both of which, like Kipling's recently published "In the Rukh," linked the bestial side of the deity with nature, mythology, and the pastoral.

The effect of Grahame's influence on the Mowgli stories is most easily seen in the contrast between "Kaa's Hunting," written in late 1893, and the more complex Mowgli stories written thereafter. The first, though it contains wonderful descriptive passages, illustrates the difficulties to which the attempt to control a demon can lead, for in its attempt to organize resonance, it loses its way. Originally it seems to have been intended to develop Mowgli's search for identity by portraying his attraction to a jungle group inhabiting a Darwinian limbo between the opposing societies described in the first two tales. The Bandar-log, neither man nor beast but resembling both, capture Mowgli and take him to the Cold Lairs, a deserted city overgrown by the jungle that both men and beasts declare uninhabitable. The three wise "shepherds" (Baloo, Bagheera, Kaa), knowing that the Bandar-log's habits desecrate the ideals of both the city and the jungle, rescue Mowgli from this limbo, but though they return safely to the "real" jungle, the powerful scene in which the great python hypnotizes the Bandar-log, Baloo, and Bagheera dramatizes the boy's separation not only from false compromise but also from the brothers who have risked their lives to save him.

Thematically the story works as a pastoral idyll, but it does not *read* as pastoral. Bagheera's and Baloo's role as teachers makes them, like the animals Kipling "wrote out" of the first draft of "Mowgli's Brothers," recognizably human; as a result, when the Bandar-log appear, the reader, now reading allegorically, assumes them to be human too. Thus their role as a false bridge between cultural dualities is lost; the tale becomes a fable in which a boy learns that there are some people you don't play with—and that education involves learning that some classes and societies are beneath contempt.

The beatings Mowgli undergoes in "Kaa's Hunting" are the recognizable product of the Kipling that C. S. Lewis called "poet of work"—the writer who routinely presents the attain-

ment of maturity from a disciplinary adult male point of view, likening it to breaking horses or reforming "raw cubs." The treatment of youth in the five Mowgli tales written after "Kaa's Hunting," however, is entirely different—arrestingly so, when one realizes the cubs and broken horses referred to above appear in "The Bridge Builders" and "The Walking Delegate," both written during the same years. Influenced by Grahame, Kipling allowed the demon of children's literature to lead him into the child's world of the romantics. Like the early tales the late ones reflect on Bagheera's observation that "in a little time thou shalt be a man," but now, in addition to opposing the Arcadian world of beast with the Iron Age world of man, they play on the dual implications of "man," thus juxtaposing the Arcadian freedom of childhood with the Iron Age burden of adulthood. As these oppositions coalesce, Kipling's pastoral accentuates the *temporary* nature of Mowgli's position as master of the jungle and the inevitability of his leaving the jungle when he matures.

Mowgli's pastoral development is worked out against the background established in "How Fear Came," a creation story which, by making the appearance of fear (man) both the result of and the punishment for the jungle's loss of Golden Age innocence, clarifies Mowgli's position as a pastoral hero in a fallen Arcadia. The fear which he embodies even as a man-cub is part of an unalterable scheme of things determined eons before his birth; as a "remedy" for the Iron Age duality that confronts him, his coming revenge upon Shere Khan will be as ineffective as the first tiger's killing of a man. The Golden Age is inaccessible, though, during the drought that compels the jungle dwellers to lie down together at the Peace Rock, it can be temporarily re-created.

This tale, written before Kipling's journey to England, reflects on Mowgli's dual identity far more evocatively than "Kaa's Hunting," but like that story it deals with events before Mowgli's departure for the village. Kipling considered the effect of the unalterable opposition of village and jungle on Mowgli's later life first in "Letting in the Jungle," written in England. In this tale Mowgli wreaks revenge on the vil-

lagers who, not content with casting him out, have abused Messua, his village "mother." Appalled at this barbarity, Mowgli furiously tries to replace the village with the jungle; but the demolition of the village asserts his affinity with man even while he seeks to deny it, and the animals know it. "There is more in the Jungle now than Jungle Law," says Bagheera to Baloo, and after the excitement of the night has driven the great panther into a catlike frenzy and Mowgli has asserted superiority with his eyes, he tells Mowgli, "Thou art of the Jungle and *not* of the Jungle. . . . And I am only a black panther. But I love thee, Little Brother." Mowgli ignores the expression of fraternal love; the emotion he is concerned with now is feeling for Messua, who, "so far as he [knows] anything about love," he loves. That half-acknowledged, still childish love foretells his coming manhood as surely as the way he reeks of civilization, the way he has learned to use a knife, the way he has learned to use the jungle people for his own ends. The village has "changed the look on his face"; he can destroy the village but not the look.

Initially that look makes him master of the jungle, but his mastership, unlike the ancient Hathi's, is associated with the pastoral independence that comes from his position as an alien power, not with responsibility for maintaining the law. Like Grahame's Arcadian children, Mowgli has immeasurable power but no responsibilities. He is not even, as the wolves and Kaa assure him when the dholes approach in "Red Dog," responsible for the jungle's defense. He could leave the fighting to the wolves if he wished; he leads the pack to victory only out of honor and love of adventure. And even as the wolves win the epic battle, the dying Akela tells Mowgli to go back to his own people. Mowgli weeps, passionately identifying himself with all that is noble and heroic in the jungle: "Nay, nay, I am a wolf. . . . It is no will of mine that I am a man." But Akela replies that "Mowgli will drive Mowgli" back to his own world, just as the rains follow the summer and spring follows the rains.

Mowgli does leave, significantly during the "time of new talk," the jungle mating season. His jungle brothers love him

deeply, but not even Bagheera or Gray Brother will come when he calls—a fact that underlines the association of mastership with his lack of maturity. In the Iron Age the jungle and the world of man are permanently alienated from each other, and Mowgli's jungle life is only a pastoral idyll made possible by his youth. As a boy he is a man-cub; as an adolescent he is master of the jungle; but when he becomes a man, he must put away childish things. For all the splendors of the jungle—described in heartbreaking detail in “The Spring Running”—Mowgli returns to his own people, even though his stories have proved again and again that “his people” are unnatural, corrupt, and weak. *Et in Arcadia ego. But that is a story for grownups.*

By following Grahame's lead into the romantic view of childhood, Kipling made the Mowgli stories the “profound works of literature” that Robson recognizes. Ironically, in view of the use to which Kipling later allowed them to be put, their profundity permitted their author to retreat from their political resonances. Instead of dealing with the dilemma of a boy who is an outsider in both of the cultures he belongs to, Kipling followed the pastoral away from the Iron Age political world that created such divided selves and instead explored universal themes. Thus the enviable power, flexibility, and freedom of Mowgli—and later of Kim—is not a proposal for native training of imperial rulers but a celebration of a state possible only in the Golden Age of youth. Like Kim, who, near the conclusion of his story, walks along the Great Trunk Road with tears streaming down his face, Mowgli cries only when confronted with the necessity of leaving the jungle. And inevitably the two boys' stories, having brought them from the excitements of childhood to the sorrowful choices and limitations of adulthood, simply stop. Kipling's demon, unable to propose a resolution to the *lachrymae rerum* so movingly portrayed, can go no further.

In developing Mowgli's pastoral universality, Kipling became one of the classic children's writers who found in the genre a way to plumb depths far beyond the grasp of children. The man who in October 1892 wrote to Dodge, “I would

sooner make a fair book of stories *for* children than a new religion or a completely revised framework of our social and political life," got his wish. The pastoral romance of Mowgli became the pastoral of *Kim*, and the romance of *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906) and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910). Far from serving as an opportunity to address political themes, writing for children gave Kipling access to the "other side of his head"—and that side saw deeply into the psychological impossibilities of imperialism, the sorrows of the past, and the dreadful choices that maturity thrust upon people whose souls still had access, at fleeting moments, to the Golden Age.



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