

## Wolf Children and Automata: Bestiality and Boredom at Home and Abroad

*Most of life is so dull that there is nothing to be said about it. . . . though we continue to exclaim, "I do enjoy myself" or "I am horrified," we are insincere. "As far as I feel anything, it is enjoyment, horror"—it's not more than that really, and a perfectly adjusted organism would be silent.*

—E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India*<sup>1</sup>

### Bestial Boredom

IN THE FIN-DE-SIÈCLE HORROR STORIES *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, the protagonists start out bored. The lawyer Mr. Utterson, who observes the strange behavior of his friend Dr. Jekyll and serves as quasi-detective in the mystery that unfolds, is a “man of rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile”; he is “undemonstrative at the best,” and takes frequent silent walks with a friend wherein they both look “singularly dull.”<sup>2</sup> Edward Prendick, the first-person narrator who is shipwrecked on Dr. Moreau’s experimental island station, has taken to the study of natural history as “a relief from the dulness of [his] comfortable independence.”<sup>3</sup> In both stories, the shocking events that follow are presented, in the logic of the narratives, as a kind of antidote to ennui: the pain of enlightened—that is, educated, wealthy, unemployed—consciousness is alleviated by a fascination available only through prurient investigation into gruesome events.

Of course, the most obvious similarity between the two novels is not the boredom of their protagonists, but the strange animalism of their subjects. Both the Beast Folk of Moreau’s island and the apelike Mr. Hyde are terrifying because they transgress the boundary between animal and human. This coincidence of animalism and boredom is persistent not only in tales of the supernatural but also in novels of colonialist adventure. The protagonist of H. Rider Haggard’s *She*, for example, is markedly Hyde-like in appearance: in the words of the “editor” who presents the

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ABSTRACT This essay explores the coincidence of boredom, animalism, and trance states in several late-Victorian and early modernist texts. Through analyses of colonialist novels, mid-Victorian writings on the automaton debate, and case studies of Indian “wolf children,” it demonstrates how attempts to escape dehumanizing boredom have paradoxical results, leading to confrontations with other emblems of the bestial and uniting the animal and the automaton, human and machine. / REPRESENTATIONS 96, Fall 2006 © 2006 The Regents of the University of California. ISSN 0734–6018, electronic ISSN 1533–855X, pages 21–47. All rights reserved. Direct requests for permission to photocopy or reproduce article content to the University of California Press at [www.ucpress.edu/journals/rights.htm](http://www.ucpress.edu/journals/rights.htm).

tale, Ludwig Horace Holly is “shortish, rather bow-legged, very deep-chested, and with unusually long arms. . . . Altogether he reminded [one] forcibly of a gorilla.”<sup>4</sup> Holly’s own self-description begins by echoing these words almost exactly, and then extends the animalism even further: “Women hated the sight of me. Only a week before I had heard one call me a ‘monster’ when she thought I was out of hearing, and say that I had converted her to the monkey theory” (7–8). Holly’s bestial appearance is particularly striking given its setting: the cloistered atmosphere of a Cambridge don’s rooms, redolent of a cozy domesticity and fireside comfort of which he speaks longingly throughout his adventure in Africa. It is an ambivalent longing, however; upon their return to the long-desired “old room,” Holly and his nephew immediately decide to escape it again by setting out for “Central Asia” on a voyage of spiritual discovery meant to shed light on (and perhaps blot out) the horrifying experiences they have just undergone (316, 4).

This intriguing hint of a mystical quest—which appears in the editor’s introduction, and is not mentioned again in Holly’s own manuscript—aligns *She* with other imperialist novels, such as Rudyard Kipling’s *Kim*, Wilkie Collins’s *Moonstone*, and E. M. Forster’s *Passage to India*, that engage tropes of “Eastern” occultism in varying degrees, from defining narrative event to explanatory plot device. The mystical experience is nearly always rendered as a trance or trancelike state that overcomes the subject, temporarily stripping him or her of the defining human characteristics of consciousness, reason, memory, and self-awareness—a state not only bestial but also strikingly similar to contemporary descriptions of boredom and ennui. The trance that Ayesha’s companions in *She* experience while standing before the pillar of fire has its analogue in Franklin Blake’s opium-induced somnambulism in *The Moonstone*, the altered states of consciousness experienced by the eponymous hero of *Kim*, and the hypnotic lapse Adela Quested undergoes in the Marabar caves in *A Passage to India*.<sup>5</sup> While these trancelike modes are by no means the same in every case—and indeed are called by different names by different characters and authors—the striking similarity remains. They are states of altered consciousness, which temporarily negate the very attributes that constitute the Victorian notion of humanity, experienced by white Europeans who have sought out “exotic” imperial locales or influences in an attempt to escape their ennui.<sup>6</sup>

This convergence of boredom, bestiality, mysticism, and adventure is strikingly persistent in the late-Victorian and early-modernist novel. In this essay I will consider this confluence in several contexts; my suggestion is that the allure of both colonialist adventure and supernatural investigation as potential “cures” for boredom has paradoxical (and unintended) results in the novels I will discuss. Boredom is a painful side effect of consciousness; the bored protagonists in these texts seek adventure and the supernatural as a way to feed their rapacious attention, to quiet the internal monster of cognizance. Gabriel Betteredge, the servant-narrator of *The Moonstone*, thus speaks directly to the figure of the bored gentleman: “You have got

nothing to think of in your poor empty head, and nothing to do with your poor idle hands.”<sup>7</sup> The only recourse, according to Betteredge, is some messy, noxious domestic pursuit like painting in oils or dissecting animals: “Gentlefolks in general have a very awkward rock ahead in life—the rock ahead of their own idleness. Their lives being, for the most part, passed in looking about them for something to do, it is curious to see . . . how often they drift blindfold into some nasty pursuit” (49). The structural irony in *The Moonstone* is that this hypertrophied domesticity is invaded by the decidedly exotic: the enchanted gem, its Brahmin guardians, and the foreign-grown opium that literally entrances Franklin Blake into “stealing” the stone. What the adventurers and investigators in these novels consistently find are reminders of the tenuousness of the very quality they want to circumvent: the porosity of the boundary between animal and human (as well as feminine and masculine); the terrifying experience of trancelike states; the breakdown of rationality projected upon the brutish native other. While the surprising “discovery” of these categorical breakdowns was a commonplace even for the Victorians, what has not been so legible is the mechanism of this discovery: the confluence of animalism, exoticism, and ennui. Over and over again in these texts, the desired escape from dehumanizing boredom leads to confrontations with other emblems of the bestial: the cure is also the disease.

In order to understand the power of these interrelated constructs, we must consider the problem of boredom in its cultural context. I will first examine the trope of boredom in several late-Victorian and early-modernist texts, focusing particular attention on the horror tales *The Island of Dr. Moreau* and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and will then discuss the etiology of the problem of consciousness in the midcentury psychological theories of T. H. Huxley and Herbert Spencer. The mid-nineteenth century witnessed the birth of psychology as a discipline, and borderline cases such as beast-people and human automata were crucial to the development of modern definitions of mind, consciousness, and free will. In the final section of the essay, I will trace the influence of several more literal accounts of animal-human hybridity. The animal-men of Stevenson’s and Wells’s novels were preceded in the public consciousness by real-life examples of Indian wolf-children, accounts of whom were published in journals throughout the nineteenth century and later popularized by the Mowgli stories in Rudyard Kipling’s *Jungle Books*. The fascination of Victorians with both real-life cases of feral humans and their literary exemplars is testimony to the definitional and explanatory power of the animal-human hybrid. In the borderland between animal and human we can also glimpse other anxiety-provoking challenges to the imperium of rationality: boredom, trance, and fear.

One year after the appearance of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in 1886, Robert Louis Stevenson published the verse collection *Underwoods*, which included a poem entitled “The Celestial Surgeon”:

If I have faltered more or less  
 In my great task of happiness;  
 If I have moved among my race  
 And shown no glorious morning face;  
 If beams from happy human eyes  
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
 Books, and my food, and summer rain  
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—  
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take  
 And stab my spirit broad awake;  
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
 Choose thou, before that spirit die,  
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
 And to my dead heart run them in!<sup>8</sup>

This poem, as invocation, is a charm against boredom: if I become too world-weary, Lord, too jaded and sullen and corrupted by apathy, then please just stab me. A piercing pain, or even a killing sin, is preferable to the depredations of ennui. Of course, by the time of this poem's composition the bored cosmopolite was a familiar figure; as Patricia Meyers Spacks has written in her study of the literary history of boredom, the explicit connection between decadence and boredom is at least as old as Byron, while the Decadents of the fin-de-siècle insisted upon the inevitability of ennui for the sensitive soul and the discerning mind.<sup>9</sup>

Stevenson's poem is thus courting cliché in its depiction of the world-weary poet longing for sensation.<sup>10</sup> However, I would like to look more closely at Stevenson's poetic plea, since it will shed some light both on his preoccupations in *Jekyll and Hyde* and on the trope of the animal-human hybrid in late-Victorian culture. According to the poem, here is the list of things that should, by rights, avert boredom—and yet somehow do not: happy human eyes, morning skies, books, my food, and summer rain. Most of these blessings invoke familiar sentimental and Romantic images of familial love, intellectual endeavor, and appreciation of nature. And yet, there is also—incongruously and somewhat vaguely—"my food." This brutish spondee, occurring right in the middle of Stevenson's list of possible distractions, is strikingly primitive by comparison: the stark phrasing seems to reduce the pleasures of gastronomy to a ration, or a feeding. The list of imagined objects of interest is not only remarkably vague; it is invaded by the base and material.

This is a materialism to which the bourgeois is particularly subject. In "The Day After To-morrow," an 1887 essay he wrote on the dangers of socialism, Stevenson warns that feeding everyone will lead to a crushing, society-wide boredom:

Our race has not been strained for all these ages through that sieve of dangers that we call Natural Selection, to sit down with patience in the tedium of safety; the voices of its fathers call it forth. Already in our society as it exists, the bourgeois is too much cottoned about for any zest in living; he sits in his parlour out of reach of any danger, often out of reach of any vicissitudes but one of health; and there he yawns.<sup>11</sup>

The paradoxical result of over-civilization is a kind of atavistic regression to a dumb and primitive state, one in which the comforts of domesticity and the fireside render human subjects almost animal-like.

The idea of boredom and ennui as particularly civilized—and hence particularly European—diseases was something of a commonplace. Before embarking on his voyage to Africa in *Heart of Darkness*, for example, Marlow must pay an obligatory visit to the decadent “whited sepulchre” of Brussels, where bankrupt European lassitude is reified in the “sommambulist” women knitting endlessly in the Company’s offices: they are “uncanny and fateful . . . guarding the door of Darkness, knitting black wool as for a warm pall, one introducing, introducing continuously to the unknown, the other scrutinizing the cheery and foolish faces with unconcerned old eyes.”<sup>12</sup> In *Kim*, the hero associates Englishness, and its “long grey vista of barracks, schools, and barracks again” with crushing boredom and idleness: “It passed the heavy time till dinner. . . . The indifference of native crowds he was used to; but this strong loneliness among white men preyed on him.”<sup>13</sup> His one friend among the British regiment, Father Victor, associates Kim’s preference for tramping about the Indian countryside with an uncivilized animalism—“It must be hard—very hard on a wild animal” (151)—when in fact Kim is never so animal-like as in the scenes where he is forced to sit captive and idle in the English barracks, waiting to be fed. In both texts, the paradox persists: the supposedly civilizing influence of Europe renders the bored subject strangely unconscious, a “sommambulist” or a “wild animal.” Stevenson makes the ironic connection between civilizing influence and bestial regression even more explicit in his waggish essay “The Character of Dogs”: “The dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his nature. Once he ceased hunting and became man’s plate-licker, the Rubicon was crossed. Thenceforth he was a gentleman of leisure; and except the few whom we keep working, the whole race grew more and more self-conscious, mannered and affected.”<sup>14</sup>

Yet the Stevenson poem with which I began is addressed to “The Celestial Surgeon,” not the Celestial Veterinarian—or even the Celestial Vivisectionist. In both *Jekyll and Hyde* and *Moreau*, of course, it is a medical man who “cures” the boredom of the protagonist by giving him something to investigate and thus be repelled by, yet we might safely say that these two texts are a bit ambivalent about the social and personal costs of their respective remedies. Like the Celestial Surgeon, both Dr. Moreau and Dr. Jekyll initially take a “pointed pleasure” in the changes they effect in their subjects (the Beast Folk and the doctor himself, respectively), and yet in both cases the sadistic pleasure turns to horror. For all the doubling that these texts enact, the most insistent is the uncanny enfolding of repulsion and desire.

It is, in fact, the appearance of the uncanny that initially sparks the interest of both our bored heroes. (As well as marking the entrance to the Heart of Darkness, as we have seen, in the form of the knitting women in the Company’s offices.) While most readers remember the insistence with which Stevenson describes the uncanny

appearance of Mr. Hyde, it bears noting that Prendick's first sighting of the Beast Folk is eerily (uncannily) similar to the earlier text in its depiction of nagging familiarity. Here is Enfield's initial description of Mr. Hyde: "There is something wrong with his appearance; something displeasing, something downright detestable. I never saw a man I so disliked, and yet I scarce know why. He must be deformed somewhere; he gives a strong feeling of deformity, although I couldn't specify the point."<sup>15</sup> And here is Prendick's description of M'Ling, the first vivisected animal-man he encounters:

In some indefinable way the black face thus flashed upon me shocked me profoundly. It was a singularly deformed one. The facial part projected, forming something dimly suggestive of a muzzle, and the huge half-open mouth showed as big white teeth as I had ever seen in a human mouth. His eyes were bloodshot at the edges, with scarcely a rim of white round the hazel pupils. . . . I had never beheld such a repulsive and extraordinary face before, and yet—if the contradiction is credible—I experienced at the same time an odd feeling that in some way I *had* already encountered exactly the features and gestures that now amazed me. (8, first emphasis added)

Of course the contradiction is credible: it is one of the hallmarks of the uncanny. While Enfield, along with the other characters in *Jekyll and Hyde*, repeatedly claims that Hyde is somehow deformed yet he cannot say quite why, Prendick has no trouble giving an exhaustive anatomical account of exactly what is grotesque about the face of M'Ling.<sup>16</sup> The blank poverty of description and the comprehensive cataloging of deformities are flip sides of the same coin: wordless horror and obsessive repetition are both components of the Freudian uncanny.

I do not want to dwell too much on these texts' uncanny elements per se, since they are readily legible.<sup>17</sup> But I would like to return briefly to Freud's essay in order to help untangle the connections between boredom and bestiality in these texts. "The Uncanny" begins with Freud's famous meditation on the etymology of the German word for uncanny, *unheimlich*, and his insight that *heimlich* can mean both homelike or familiar and secret or occult, and thus *unheimlich* and *heimlich* paradoxically mean the same thing. In order to support his point, he quotes the definition of *heimlich* in Sanders's dictionary of the German language. Under its first denotation—homelike, familiar, intimate, friendly, and so on—the first nonobsolete meaning of *heimlich* is as follows: "Of animals: tame, companionable to man. As opposed to wild, e.g., 'Animals which are neither wild nor *heimlich*,' etc."<sup>18</sup> The second denotation of *heimlich*, the one that is more familiar to us and the one that Freud privileges, is concealed, kept from sight, or withheld from others, which of course leads Freud to develop his characterization of the uncanny as that which is both familiar and strange: for Freud, the uncanny frightens through its similarity with that which was once familiar but is now repressed.

But how strange: the first meaning of *heimlich* in Freud's source dictionary is "tame," and the first example usage is "Animals which are neither wild nor *heimlich*." Why would a lexicographer draft a sample usage that negates rather than

defines? This phrase offers little help to the reader who does not already know the definition of the term. More importantly: what is an animal that is neither wild nor tame? This is not a category that admits degrees: if a creature is a little bit wild, then it is wild. Unless of course, it is a strange hybrid, a wolf child, Beast Folk, a bestial “Mr.” Hyde. Not only do the experiments of Moreau and Jekyll qualify as the very definition of “hidden, secret, and concealed from others,” but the products of those experiments are uniquely wild-yet-*heimlich*. Built into the very definition of the uncanny is the primary—yet repressed—transgression of the boundary between animal and human.

It might, however, be more accurate to say that there is no real boundary to transgress. For Stevenson, the radical experiment of Jekyll merely underscores—in fact, is only enabled by—the preexisting, fundamental duality of human nature. In the “Full Statement of the Case” that closes the novella, Henry Jekyll explains the motivation for his experiment; he immediately insists upon the “provinces of good and ill which divide and compound man’s dual nature” (55). This universal dual nature is given the authorial imprimatur through the logic of the tale itself, yet the boundary of the duality is not coterminous with the distinction between good and evil. “Man’s dual nature” is merely compounded and divided by the “provinces of good and ill,” so the duality itself must consist in something else: instinct versus reason, impulse versus will, or animal versus human. For Wells, the duality is even more stark:

In civilized man we have (1) an inherited factor, the natural man, who is the product of natural selection, the culminating ape, and a type of animal more obstinately unchangeable than any other living creature; and (2) an acquired factor, the artificial man, the highly plastic creature of tradition, suggestion, and reasoned thought. . . . what we call morality becomes the padding of suggested emotional habits necessary to keep the Round Paleolithic savage in the square hole of the civilized state.<sup>19</sup>

One of the central insights of these two texts is not only the dreamlike fluidity of the animal-human boundary—which, as I have noted, was so commonplace as to be cliché—but also the way the crossing of this line is symptomatic and symbolic of other transgressions. Just as the uncanny is both *heimlich* and *un-*, is the product of the repression of both individual and collective histories, is both atavistic and marked by a sophisticated literary sensibility, so the animal-humans in *Moreau* and *Jekyll and Hyde* move spectrally across barriers that seem impermeable to us in our conscious states. As Stephen Arata has pointed out in his analysis of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the eeriness of the story is compounded by the fact that Hyde starts mimicking the behavior of his “host” personality even as Jekyll starts degenerating into a permanent Hyde-like state: “This is in fact a prime source of horror in the tale: not that the professional man is transformed into an atavistic criminal, but that the atavist learns to pass as a gentleman.”<sup>20</sup> Prendick is similarly confounded by a kind of teleological misreading: one of the reasons he is so terrified of the Beast Folk in

the beginning of the novel, after he has figured out that Moreau is engaging in horrifying and illegal experiments, is that he mistakenly believes that the scientist has transformed humans into beasts through vivisection (rather than the other way around) and is afraid he will become the next victim.

These transgressions—of class boundaries and ethical strictures—are only two of many that are evoked by, and interarticulated with, animal-human border crossings. The distinction between beast and human functions as a metaphor for other boundaries whose porosity demands that they be rigorously policed: sexual, racial, and psychological categories and distinctions. While the literal question of the distinction between animal and human—both its tenability and its form—was of course of paramount interest in the years following the publication of Charles Darwin's *Descent of Man*, the metaphorical burden of the distinction increased at the same time.

### **Are We Not Automata?**

The boundary between the brute and the human can function, both in the novel and in Victorian psychological theory, as an analogue for the difference between a bored subject and an interested one—or, to put it another way, between consciousness and automatism. The reason boredom is so threatening is that it uncomfortably reminds the bored subject of his own bestiality, a traumatic recognition that is repressed through the abjection of animals, “lower” races, and deviant sexuality.<sup>21</sup> In order for this rejection to function psychically, the opposite process must be viable: attention, and consciousness, must be readily available to the white, civilized subject. Both Stevenson and Wells are expressly interested in the alchemical process by which the bored man becomes interested. In “The Celestial Surgeon” poem, Stevenson imagines this transformation as a kind of torturous vivisection; in this schema, the experiments of Moreau would be just as humanitarian—and humanizing—as the renegade scientist wants to believe. The persona of the poem is strangely passive; while most people seem to experience boredom as a signal to redoubled activity, to a proactive search for an object of interest, Stevenson’s prospectively bored subject simply waits for his god to slap him awake, as it were.

The boredom of the poetic persona is thus closer to that of the child; as the psychoanalyst Adam Phillips has noted in his essay “On Being Bored,” children experience boredom as a state of waiting for desire. This waiting state is rhetorically marked, in Phillips’s essay, by a series of antitheses that echo the negations of the uncanny: “the bored child quickly becomes preoccupied by his lack of preoccupation”; “the bored child is absorbed by his lack of absorption”; in boredom there are “two impossible options: there is something I desire, and there is nothing I desire.”<sup>22</sup> We might even say that the bored state is familiar-yet-strange. Perhaps we are most ready to apprehend the uncanny when we are bored? One of the most striking

characteristics of Freud's essay "The Uncanny" is his insistence on the rarity and difficulty of this phenomenon he describes. Perhaps the bored subject, due to his painful state of suspended animation, is uniquely open to the paradoxes of the uncanny. Here again, becoming bored is described as a process wherein the higher mental functions associated with humanity—and adulthood—undergo a figurative regression into a more "primitive" psychological state: bestiality, infancy, fear.

As I have already suggested, both Prendick and Montgomery embrace the uncanny as an attempted (and paradoxical) remedy for their boredom. Immediately after he hears of the incident wherein Hyde tramples a young girl in the streets, accompanied by the details of the brutish man's eerie physical appearance, Utterson returns home to his study, where he is accustomed to "sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighboring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed" (*J&H*, 11). On this night, however, he drew from his safe a strange document, pondered it for a while, then "blew out his candle, put on a great coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house" (11–12). Tickled by the appearance of the uncanny, Utterson sets out in search of a cure for boredom, one that will indeed come from the direction of "Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine."

The description of Prendick's burgeoning inquisitiveness is even more striking: as he idly chats with Montgomery on the ship bound for Moreau's island, the bored amateur naturalist starts pondering the circumstances of his rescue:

I gossiped as well as I could of this and that. All the time the strangeness of him was shaping itself in my mind, and as I talked I peered at his odd pallid face in the dim light. . . . This man it seemed to me, had come out of Immensity merely to save my life. Tomorrow he would drop over the side and vanish again out of my existence. Even had it been under commonplace circumstances it should have made me a trifle thoughtful. . . . I found myself repeating the captain's question: What did he want with the beasts? . . . Then again, in his personal attendant there was a bizarre quality that had impressed me profoundly. These circumstances threw a haze of mystery round the man. They laid hold of my imagination. (12)

We can actually trace, in this passage, the transformation of a bored subject into an interested one; this process seems to be sparked equally by the grotesquerie of Montgomery's servant and the strangeness of the man himself, whose association with the sublime "Immensity" renders him equally uncanny in Prendick's eyes.

This transformation—from boredom to attention—whether effected by a punishing god, an interesting case, or an adventurous expedition, was a process of great interest to Victorian psychology. The question of attention, so closely allied to the nature of consciousness, was a conundrum that scientific writers grappled with throughout the century. As Rick Rylance discusses in his admirable study *Victorian Psychology*, the "automaton" debate continued to rage up to, and beyond, the publication of William James's *Principles of Psychology* in 1890.<sup>23</sup> Essentially, the discussion

was divided between advocates of iatromechanism, the theory that all psychological processes, including the will, follow more or less mechanically from biological processes (and hence from anatomy); and adherents of vitalism, the theory that a super-added “spark” of indeterminate, even quasi-mystical, origin distinguishes animate from inanimate matter—or human from animal. The first theory was often decried as soulless “automatism,” the second as naive and unverifiable idealism.<sup>24</sup>

One of the strongest proponents of the mechanistic theory was also the great popularizer of Darwin’s discoveries, T. H. Huxley. In his essay “On the Physical Basis of Life,” he states his position quite clearly: “Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties . . . are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body.”<sup>25</sup> Huxley tried valiantly, in this essay and throughout his biological and psychological writings, to stave off the charge of “crass materialism” (“Physical,” 189) that he rightly predicted would follow from his claims. In his remarkable essay “On the Hypothesis that Animals Are Automata,” he attempts this feat through rather counterintuitive means. He begins by tracing contemporary physiological discoveries—and in particular, the mechanistic hypothesis—back to René Descartes, and then goes on to consider Descartes’s famous claim that animals are no more than automata, without consciousness or the capacity to feel pain. Huxley painstakingly describes recent experiments with frogs—involving the severing of various nerves and removal of various parts of the brain—and points out that they empirically support claims that Descartes reached merely through a thought experiment. But Huxley then begins to get into slightly more dangerous territory. He describes the case of a sergeant of the French army who had received a brain injury that caused him to fall periodically into automatonlike states, where for periods of fifteen to thirty hours, he acted much like a frog with the anterior division of its brain removed. He performed all functions utterly mechanically, without memory or seeming consciousness, and without feeling any pain or bodily discomfort, even when shocked or stuck with pins. Huxley’s initial conclusion seems the obvious one: “And would Descartes not have been justified in asking why we need deny that animals are machines, when men, in a state of unconsciousness, perform, mechanically, actions as complicated and as seemingly rational as those of any animals?”<sup>26</sup>

However, Huxley immediately retreats from this conclusion: “I am not disposed to accept it. The doctrine of continuity is too well established for it to be permissible for me to suppose that any complex natural phenomenon comes into existence suddenly. . . . very strong arguments would be needed to prove that such complex phenomena, as those of consciousness, first make their appearance in man” (“Hypothesis,” 239–40). Let us retrace the logic of this essay: Descartes believes that animals are automata because there is no evidence for their consciousness; recent experiments prove that frogs can perform many actions utterly mechanically that would have seemed to demand consciousness; even human beings in an

unconscious state can mimic consciousness to observers; *a fortiori*, there is no reason to assume that animals are conscious; yet this conclusion is untenable because the continuity between humans and animals is too strong. In other words, our initial conclusion that the division between animal and human is untenable (since both can mechanically perform actions which seem to require consciousness) must be rejected because the division between animal and human is untenable (since the law of continuity demands there be lower forms that have consciousness). No matter which way he turns, Huxley cannot escape the philosophical conclusion that there is no bright line between animal and human.<sup>27</sup>

Nor does he seem to want to. In his 1863 work *Man's Place in Nature*, particularly in the chapter entitled "On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals," Huxley is at great pains to demonstrate and support the same "doctrine of continuity" he defends in the later animal-automatism article. Indeed, he goes one step further in the earlier work: "No absolute structural line of demarcation . . . can be drawn between the animal world and ourselves; and I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a physical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect begin to germinate in lower forms of life."<sup>28</sup> Either we are all automata, or none of us is. In fact, the most obvious conclusion to Huxley's line of argument is that, in fact, human beings and animals alike are automata: "It seems to me that in men, as in brutes, there is no proof that any state of consciousness is the cause of change in the motion of the matter of the organism. . . . We are conscious automata, endowed with free will in the only intelligible sense of that much-abused term—inasmuch as in many respects we are able to do as we like" ("Hypothesis," 246–47). Thus the theoretical hinge between boredom and bestiality: the kind of automatism that is characteristic of instinctual action, trance, and lassitude constitutes the commonality of human and animal.

Huxley was remarkably contemptuous of the desire of many of his contemporaries to cling to an imagined ideal difference between matter and spirit, animal and human:

And as surely as every future grows out of the past and the present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, and with feeling, and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. ("Physical," 190)

The "savage," while perhaps not literally the missing link in human evolution, is certainly figured here as the missing link between consciousness and automatism. It is a series of short metonymic steps from the fear-blinded Victorian idealist to the awestruck savage to the human automaton.

In his 1860 essay "Bain on the Emotions and the Will," Herbert Spencer makes

even more explicit use of the “savage” trope. He criticizes Alexander Bain’s recently published treatise *The Emotions and the Will* for focusing its evidence too narrowly on adult, “civilized” human behavior and emotions. He claims that a “natural history” of psychological phenomena is not possible without analyzing lower animals, children, and the “differences between the lower and the higher human races.”<sup>29</sup> In fact, we may *a priori* “regard as earlier and simpler those feelings which are common to both, and as later and more compound those which are characteristic of the most civilized” (310)—thereby, of course, thoroughly begging the question of “civilization.” Spencer then goes on to indulge in the most embarrassing variety of Victorian anthropological racism: “The lowest savages have not even the ideas of justice or mercy: they have neither words for them nor can they be made to conceive them”; and “savages delight in giving pain rather than pleasure—are almost devoid of sympathy” (312, 313).

Spencer’s characterization is a particularly bald version of an idea that is prevalent, in rather more subtle and ratiocinated forms, throughout the Victorian novel: that “higher” feelings such as rational thought are unique to white Europeans, while irrational, including trancelike, states tend to be the province of the “lower races.”<sup>30</sup> For all its sympathetic treatment of its Asian characters, Kipling’s *Kim* is guilty of an attenuated version of this racist ideology. The young protagonist experiences several disabling trancelike crises of identity in the novel, which are always occasioned by a sudden confrontation with his own “hybridity,” the fact that he is not fully European and not fully Indian: “A very few white people, but many more Asiatics, can throw themselves into a mazement as it were by repeating their own names over and over again to themselves, letting the mind go free upon speculation as to what is called personal identity. . . . ‘Who is Kim—Kim—Kim?’” (*Kim*, 233). Yet it is never a question that Kim is, at bottom, a “Sahib.” When the magician Lurgan Sahib attempts to induce a hypnotic trance in Kim, it is the latter’s ineluctable whiteness—symbolized by his recitation of the multiplication tables in English—that enables him to resist the mesmeric suggestion that a broken water pitcher is in fact whole:

Lurgan Sahib laid one hand gently on the nape of his neck, stroked it twice or thrice, and whispered: “Look! It shall come to life again, piece by piece. . . .”

To save his life, Kim could not have turned his head. The light touch held him as in a vice, and his blood tingled pleasantly through him. There was one large piece of the jar where there had been three, and above them the shadowy outline of the entire vessel. He could see the veranda through it, but it was thickening and darkening with each beat of his pulse. Yet the jar—how slowly the thoughts came!—the jar had been smashed before his eyes. Another wave of prickling fire raced down his neck, as Lurgan Sahib moved his hand. . . .

So far Kim had been thinking in Hindi, but a tremor came on him, and with an effort like that of a swimmer before sharks, who hurls himself half out of the water, his mind leaped up from a darkness that was swallowing it and took refuge in—the multiplication table in English! . . .

“But it is smashed—smashed,” he gasped—Lurgan Sahib had been muttering softly for the last half-minute. . . .

“It is there as it was there,” said Lurgan, watching Kim closely while the boy rubbed his neck. “But you are the first of many who has ever seen it so.” (201–2)

Just as in the crisis-of-identity scene, Kim falls into a trance not merely through the operations of mysterious Eastern magic, but explicitly when confronted with emblems or reminders of racial crossings; Lurgan Sahib is another white man living as an Indian, and he has mastered the occult and exotic art of mesmerism.<sup>31</sup> Yet while it is Kim’s Indianness (his long residence in India) that makes him subject to the trance, it is his whiteness that allows him ultimately to resist it: the English language, and the multiplication tables he has just learned at St. Xavier’s school, drive out all memory of Hindi, and the spell is broken.<sup>32</sup> It is not the thinking or speaking in English alone that effects this rationality, for the linguistic charm does not work for Kim’s Indian mentor Hurree Babu; while the latter speaks “English to reassure himself” in the face of superstitious dread, the narrator also lets us know that the language is ineffectual in his case: “It is an awful thing to dread the magic that you contemptuously investigate—to collect folk-lore for the Royal Society with a lively belief in the Powers of Darkness” (228).

The exoticism of the water-pitcher scene is further complicated by its eroticism. Lurgan’s connection to and identification with Kim is markedly sexual: when referring to this failed attempt to hypnotize Kim later in the novel, Lurgan declaims, “I should have used him long ago. . . . The younger the better. That is why I always have my really valuable jewels watched by a child” (220). While Kim passes his “test” through a robust assertion of his inherent Englishness, he also reconstitutes his masculinity by rejecting the feminizing (and infantilizing) strokes and murmurs of the magician.

A similar association between “the Orient,” loss of consciousness, and sexual temptation occurs in Forster’s *A Passage to India*. While Adela Quested’s thoughts are not fully articulated by the narratorial voice, we are privy to her impressions immediately before the strange incident in which she bolts from the cave, fantasizing that Aziz has sexually molested her. She undergoes a sort of hypnotic lapse after questioning Aziz inappropriately about his wife:

The discovery had come so suddenly that she felt like a mountaineer whose rope had broken. Not to love the man one’s going to marry! Not to find it out till this moment! Not even to have asked oneself the question until now! Something else to think about. Vexed rather than appalled, she stood still, her eyes on the sparkling rock. There was esteem and animal contact at dusk, but the emotion that links them was absent. (*Passage*, 168)

The misleading suggestion here is that Adela has experienced an epiphany that breaks a long, unconscious period of “animalism” in which she unthinkingly had gone forward with her marriage plans, yet of course it is just the opposite: she is actually about to undergo a long and puzzling period of false memory—beginning

with an entranced gaze at “sparkling rock”—which is only broken under the pressure of cross-examination during an English trial.<sup>33</sup>

Of course the commonplace reading of Adela’s lapse is that she becomes sexually attracted to Aziz, and undergoes a hysterical projection of these feelings onto the man himself. Yet the mysterious force in the Marabar caves that causes Adela’s “trance” is markedly overdetermined. It is described most insistently as an existential horror: the dwelling-place of “something very old and very small . . . the undying worm itself” (231). Yet the novel also insists upon the *telepathic* power of the caves. During her attempt, under cross-examination, to recount the events of the expedition, Adela “didn’t think what had happened or even remember in the ordinary way of memory, but she returned to the Marabar Hills, and spoke from them across a sort of darkness to Mr. McBryde” (253). The telepathy-inducing power of the caves is most conspicuous in the case of Mrs. Moore. Adela herself suggests, during one of her posttrial postmortems with Fielding, that Mrs. Moore had become capable of telepathy (293). While they immediately drop the suggestion in embarrassment, it recurs throughout the novel: the Indian protestors at the trial had already suggested the absent (and, indeed, dead) woman’s telepathic powers through their “magic” chant “Esmiss Esmoor,” and years later Aziz continues to countenance the possibility of her “telepathic appeal” (250, 326). Most strikingly, perhaps, is the mind-altering effect that the caves have on the eminently rational Fielding: “he lost his usual sane view of human intercourse, and felt that we exist not in ourselves, but in terms of each others’ minds—a notion . . . which had attacked him only once before, the evening after the catastrophe, when from the verandah of the club he saw the fists and fingers of the Marabar swell until they included the whole night sky” (277–78).

In the case of both *Kim* and *A Passage to India*, residence in India—and intimate friendship with Indians—seems to bring about strange spells that break down rational awareness and a sense of continuous self-identity. While both characters find Anglo-India crushingly boring—Miss Quested and Mrs. Moore are “disappointed at the dullness of their new life” (*Passage*, 23)—Kim manages to rekindle his interest on the road, in native disguise, while Forster’s characters find even the sublime Marabar caves uninteresting.<sup>34</sup> The twenty years that separate the two novels have seen erosion not only of English idealism about empire but also of the concomitant fascination of Indian exoticism and the boredom-averting possibilities thereof.<sup>35</sup>

In both novels, as well as in *The Moonstone*, the boredom that ultimately leads to trance (by sparking an exploratory or investigatory impulse that leads straight to Indian mysticism) is marked by an animalism that is confirmed, rather than cured, by the trance. We have already seen how Kim is rendered brutelike by English army life. In *The Moonstone*, the mysterious Indian jewel is associated with bestiality from its first mention in the novel: the disgraced English Colonel who acquires it in India is described as “a mixture of bull-dog and game-cock, with a dash of the savage,” who in his later years eschews all human company in favor of

“dogs, cats, and birds” and leaves a portion of his estate to the care and support of his animals (30, 36). *A Passage to India* teems with animals and animal metaphors, most of which are associated with the bored Adela and her sexual awakening. Most significantly, in the confusion that follows the car accident, which the passengers imagine was caused by a ghostly hyena or some other wild animal, Adela “knelt and swept her skirts about, until it was she if anyone who appeared to have attacked the car.”<sup>36</sup> She repeatedly thinks of herself as a bird or an animal, particularly under the pressure of her decision to marry Ronnie; it is her primary metaphor of helplessness and “namelessness” (90–91, 101). In all three novels, boredom and trance are associated with dehumanization and bestiality.

The association of white Europeans with the higher mental processes and the “lower” races (and animals) with irrational states is a perdurable one. However, when we return to Herbert Spencer’s anthropological analysis, we notice that this association inaugurates a logical paradox. How, according to Spencer, are the “later” feelings that are “characteristic of the most civilized”—and thus the most human—to be compounded out of emotions that also exist amongst the “lower races”? Apparently, by habit:

May we not infer that the more or less distinct emotions which characterize civilized races, are the organized results of certain daily-repeated combinations of mental states which social life involves? Must we not say that habits not only modify emotions in the individual, and not only beget tendencies to like habits and accompanying emotions in descendants, but that when the conditions of the race make the habits persistent, this progressive modification may go on to the extent of producing emotions so far distinct as to seem new? (“Bain,” 314)

Habit, for Spencer, is thus a kind of centripetal psychological force binding together the raw material of more primitive feelings into higher emotional states. This is perfectly of a piece with his Lamarckianism: habit and repetition are in themselves part of the evolutionary process.

For Wells, the question of habit is a bit more complicated. We are back in the realm of boredom and automatism:

Habits are once-voluntary and deliberated actions becoming mechanical. . . . An excessive concentration of the attention upon one thing leads to absent-mindedness. . . . Seeing that in our own case consciousness does not enter into our commonest and most necessary actions, we might infer that nature was economical in its use, and in the case of such an animal as the Rabbit, which follows a very limited routine, and in which scarcely any versatility in emergencies is evident, it must be relatively inconsiderable. Perhaps, after all, pain is not scattered so needlessly and lavishly throughout the world as the enemies of the vivisectionist would have us believe.<sup>37</sup>

An “excessive concentration of the attention”—what we would think of as the absolute antithesis of boredom—leads directly to absent-mindedness, a state of unconsciousness or automatism. Yet we have already seen how for Wells, just as for Spen-

cer, habit also has a civilizing influence: “What we call morality becomes the padding of suggested emotional habits necessary to keep the Round Paleolithic savage in the square hole of the civilized state” (“Human,” 232). Yet for Spencer as for Wells, there is no guarantee of the ontological humanity of the creatures thus conditioned into civilization—at least none based on a firm distinction between volition and automatism: “We are quite aware that it is impossible to draw any absolute line of demarcation between automatic actions and those which are not automatic” (“Bain,” 319). For Huxley as well, unconscious human behavior (habit) and the purely mechanistic actions of animals are indistinguishable. We have already seen how for Stevenson the mechanistic habits of the bourgeois render him a kind of bestial automaton. The two ends of the pole form an impossible circle: to be civilized through habit is to be bored, to be bored is to be bestial, to be bestial is to be “savage.” As Huxley acknowledges, “‘Les extrêmes se touchent,’ the shibboleth of the materialists that ‘thought is a secretion of the brain,’ is the Fichtean doctrine that ‘the phenomenal universe is the creation of the Ego,’ expressed in other language” (“Hypothesis,” 216–17). “Les extrêmes se touchent”: the shibboleth of the idealists that civilization is a sign of humanity is the Wellsian doctrine that without habit we are all savages, expressed in other language.

### The Descent of Wolf

The thought experiments of Descartes, Huxley, and Spencer, which sought to tease out the particular characteristics that separate humans from animals, found an instructive supplement in several inadvertent “experiments” conducted on real children in the mid-nineteenth century. In his memoir *Journey Through the Kingdom of Oude, in 1849–1850*, Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman describes the problem of animal predation he encounters during his sojourn in India. According to Sleeman, the local people tolerate, and perhaps even encourage, the proliferation of wolves in their neighborhood: “But it is remarkable, that they very seldom catch wolves, though they know all their dens, and could easily dig them out as they dig out other animals. This is supposed to arise from the profit which they make by the gold and silver bracelets, necklaces and other ornaments worn by the children whom the wolves carry to their dens and devour, and are left at the entrance of their dens.”<sup>38</sup> This is a rather discomfiting introduction, not to a screed denouncing the immorality of the local people, but to a quite lengthy discussion of first- and secondhand accounts of children raised by wolves. The referential ambiguity in the last clause of the quotation (are the ornaments or the devoured children’s remains left outside the wolves’ dens?) betrays an aversion even deeper than that toward putative native avarice: in the logic of Sleeman’s account, it is a worse fate to be raised by wolves than to be devoured by one. In the many cases he goes

on to describe, the children raised by wolves and then returned to human civilization are familiar figures of horror: animal-human hybrids, unable to be socialized into the culture from which they were taken.<sup>39</sup>

Sleeman describes six different wolf-child cases, all of which occurred in the 1840s. The cases are remarkably similar to one another, and several familiar themes recur throughout the various accounts. First, Sleeman focuses on the strikingly animalistic qualities of the returned children. In each case the child fails to learn human language, shows no affection for other human beings, hates to wear clothing, prefers to walk on all fours, bites or growls at his human “captors,” prefers raw meat to cooked, laps up water like an animal, continues to “smell offensively” (*Journey*, 213), and so on. In fact, the attempts of the children’s guardians to resocialize them—which often included beatings and other negative reinforcement—sound remarkably similar to the ineffectual litany of Wells’s “Beast Folk”: “Not to go on all-fours,” “Not to suck up Drink,” “Not to eat Flesh or Fish,” “Not to claw Bark of Trees,” “Not to chase other Men.”<sup>40</sup> While Doctor Moreau’s array of punitive inducements includes torturous vivisection in the “House of Pain,” the English custodians of the wolf children have recourse to constant physical restraint and a “good deal of beating” (*Journey*, 218) in their attempts to rehumanize their charges. The fact that the children remain intractably animal confirms them, in the logic of Sleeman’s account, as exemplary colonial subjects. As Homi Bhabha points out, colonial fantasy, on the one hand, “proposes a teleology—under certain conditions of colonial domination and control the native is progressively reformable. On the other, however, it effectively displays the ‘separation,’ makes it more visible. It is the visibility of this separation which . . . lends authority to the official version and mission of colonial power” (*Location*, 118).

In addition to (perhaps predictable) observations about the wolf children’s animalism, Sleeman’s accounts feature other, more subtle, recurring themes. While the children’s behavior seems at first glance to mark them as utterly other, the reliability of the various sign systems invoked in Sleeman’s descriptions is constantly in question. The problem of recognition is one to which Sleeman repeatedly refers. First is the problem of recognizing the returned children as the offspring of particular parents—not an easy task, given the fact that in most cases many years have gone by since the infants were lost. One of the accounts features a mother who goes to great lengths to recover—and recognize—her lost child:

The poor cultivator’s widow . . . asked him to describe the boy more minutely, when she found that the boy had the mark of a scald on the left knee, and three marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. The widow told him that her boy when taken off had lately recovered from a scald on the left knee, and was seized by the loins when the wolf took him off, and that the boy he had seen must be her lost child.

She went off forthwith to the Koelee bazaar, and in addition to the two marks above described, discovered a third mark on his thigh, with which her child was born. She took him home to her village, where he was recognised by all her neighbours. (*Journey*, 213)

This painstaking description of the recognition process is remarkable for several reasons. First, it is by far the most elaborate among the cases that Sleeman relates. In most of the other wolf-child accounts, he is content with the most cursory and vague descriptions of this process: “The parents recognised the boy when he was first found, Captain Nicholetts believes”; “but was at last recognised by his parents, and taken off”; “when he was claimed and taken off by his father” (210–11, 215, 216). In these versions, the parents are wont to “take off” their children just as wolves do: there is evident frustration at this untoward theft of the interesting subjects from under the anthropological eye of the English officer.

This detailed account is notable for several other reasons that warrant fuller discussion. Sleeman seems to have trouble maintaining a consistent linguistic register in this passage: the boy has the “marks of the teeth of an animal” on his body—suggesting that he is other than animal himself—but those marks are on his “loins,” a word that connotes not only the boy’s bestiality but also his edibility. Sleeman also insists on the complicated process of recognition the boy undergoes. The marks on the boy’s body come from three sources. First, there is a birthmark, a symbol that ties the child ineluctably to the mother who can claim the baby from its birth—a putatively undeniable symbol of kinship, and yet, strangely, the last to be invoked. Second, there is the scald on the knee, a permanent mark made by (inadvertent) human intervention. The mark is from a trauma, but a civilized trauma, an accidental by-product of cooking. The fact that the scar is a burn mark brings the child, once again, uncomfortably close to the status of food; in this sense, the mark is a mistake: he is not meat, was not intended to be eaten. Third is the mark on the child’s “loins” left by the wolf: a more definitive mark of his edibility, and this time unmistakable. It is this third mark that renders the boy bestial: it is on his “loins,” it signifies his edibility (as prey, as raw), and it simultaneously serves as a reminder that he was for some reason rejected as food and instead raised by the wolves as one of their own.

This elaborate recognition scene (or scenes) has a striking parallel in another of the wolf-child accounts. Here, a boy has been returned to civilization after having been with wolves for five or six years. He is living with Janoo, the servant of a local merchant, and is tied up under a tree to sleep at night:

One night while the boy was lying under the tree, near Janoo, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at the boy. They then touched him, and he got up; instead of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him. . . . The night after three wolves came, and the boy and they played together. A few nights after four wolves came, but at no time did more than four come. They came four or five times, and Janoo had no longer any fear of them; and he thinks that the first two that came must have been the two cubs with which the boy was first found, and that they were prevented from seizing him by recognising the smell. They licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads. (218–19)

The wolves certainly seem to have a great deal less trouble recognizing their “kin” than do the children’s parents. This is a highly romanticized description, emphasizing the naturalness of the wolves’ process of recognition, as opposed to the difficulties experienced by the children’s biological mothers. The passage itself takes on the structure and charming archaisms of a fairy tale: the first night two wolves come, the next night three, the next night four. They magically succeed in rendering the bewitched servant Janoo fearless, and everyone gambols together under the light of the moon.

In fact, this same wolf-child account includes a frustrated attempt on the part of the boy’s mother to recover him: “About two months after the boy had gone, a woman, of the weaver caste, came with a letter. . . . She said that her boy had two marks upon him, one on the chest of a boil, and one of something else on his forehead; and as these marks corresponded precisely with those found upon the boy, neither she nor they had any doubt that he was her lost son” (219). Once again, a series of marks, this time forestalled and ineffectual (“of a something else on his forehead”). Sleeman’s language here is almost comically stilted and formal—“neither she nor they had any doubt that he was her lost son”—compared to the ecstatic, prelinguistic reunion of the boy and his wolf siblings that had taken place earlier. (The mother remained at Lucknow for four months, but never found her lost child.)

Between these markedly opposed types of scenes, we have a silent third: the undescribed scenes of recognition that haunt Sleeman’s account are those where the wolves “recognize” the seized children as candidates for their nurture. On the one hand, this rejection/recognition seems to confirm the humanity of the stolen children—they are not meat. On the other hand, it simultaneously affirms their animalism (their “wolfishness”)—they are not prey. The painstaking descriptions of the bestial qualities of the wolf-children who have been returned to civilization are a traumatic projection for the implied inherent bestiality of the children even before they were seized: they are always-already wolves. They can be recognized as such forever.

The instability of the distinction between prey and kin is complicated, in Sleeman’s account, by accompanying categorical breakdowns: between animal and human of course, between raw and cooked, between excrement and food.<sup>41</sup> As I hope is becoming clear, these oppositions are in turn projections for the overarching category distinction structuring the entire series of accounts: that between Indian and European. The anxiety that the wolf-children provoke is both simplified by, and complicated by, the fact that they are Indian. Simplified, because the two categories of abjection—racial difference and bestiality—conveniently overlap, and thus do not trouble the dispassionate tone of Sleeman’s quasi-anthropological account.<sup>42</sup> (Imagine how different his description would be if it were discovered that wolves were snatching white English children and raising them in their dens.) However, the fact that the children are Indian also increases the difficulty of category differ-

entiation. The Indian wolf-children, in their very Indianness, constitute a discomfiting link between animal and human.<sup>43</sup> They may be abjected, but they also imply a disturbing continuity with that which is expelled. They are, in other words, uncanny.<sup>44</sup>

Running throughout Sleeman's account are marked hints about the barbarism, bordering on bestiality, of the local Indian residents. The Indian mothers, as opposed to the wolves themselves, not only recognize their children with enormous difficulty but also are described repeatedly as worse nurturers—as less maternal—than the animals. While Sleeman is at pains to describe the bestiality of the returned children, he is equally concerned with the failure of their culture to help or even accept them: he dwells not only on the children's inability to feel affection or attachment but also on the failure of their parents to take any interest in them once they are returned. One boy's parents try to accept their returned son, "but when they found him to be so stupid and insensible, they left him to subsist upon charity" (211). Another mother seems, in Sleeman's vocabulary, to be reduced to the uncaring savagery of her feral child: "He followed his mother for what he could get to eat, but showed no particular affection for her; and she could never bring herself to feel much for him"; eventually, "finding him of no use to her, and despairing of even making anything of him, she left him to the common charity of the village" (213). In the other cases where parents reclaim their children, no account is given of the success of the reunion; as I have already noted, these children are "taken off" just as they had been by wolves—in one case "the father was obliged to drag [his child] away" (216)—and their fate is unrecorded. The one scene that appears impossibly outside Sleeman's purview is a tableau of familial tenderness, or even basic nurture, between Indian child and parent.

The local residents, as we have already seen, are assumed to be complicit in the devouring of those children who are not accepted for the wolves' nurture: "This is supposed to arise from the profit which they make by the gold and silver bracelets, necklaces and other ornaments worn by the children whom the wolves carry to their dens and devour, and are left at the entrance of their dens" (207). Sleeman begins with scenes of devouring, not with scenes of lupine "recognition" and nurture. But this devouring is made possible only by the Indians' silence; in this schema it is the Indians who devour their own children: "One of the officers asked them why they did not bring wolves to camp, to be hunted down the same way [as hyenas], since officers would give more for brutes that ate children, than for such as fed only on dogs or carrion. They dared not deny, though they were afraid or ashamed to acknowledge, that it was" (207). This negative scene of confession, marked by the local residents' projected fear and shame, is the narrative aporia around which Sleeman's account is structured. That account is a cannibalistic fantasy: the supposedly complicit Indian witnesses are silent before the English questioner, their mouths stopped up with the bodies of snatched children. The excremental gold expelled by the wolves—and left by the anuslike openings of their

dens—is in turn rendered yet more abject by its contiguity to native bodies: “the injunctions of the civil authorities are unavailing against this desire to see their young children decked out in gold and silver ornaments.”<sup>45</sup> The local residents accept and treasure what even the wolves reject, whereas the wolves accept and treasure what the Indians reject—the feral children. The category confusion is complete.

As Jane Hotchkiss has pointed out in her article on Kipling’s *Jungle Books* and the Indian wolf children, many of the scenes between Mowgli and his wolf brothers are taken directly from Sleeman’s accounts. She argues that the “divided loyalty and confusion of identity” that Mowgli suffers is eventually “resolved by imperialistic domination,” when Mowgli participates in the destruction of his birth village in the story “Letting in the Jungle.”<sup>46</sup> John McBratney reaches a similar conclusion about the eventual triumph of imperial mores over the dream narrative of human-animal cooperation: “As much as we are meant to believe that he [Mowgli] can withdraw to the glade to be a brother to his wolf friends, the Raj’s insistence on hierarchy foils this dream.”<sup>47</sup> McBratney supports his claim of rigid imperial hierarchy with evidence drawn from racist ethnographies in Victorian India: “If the gap between the Brahmin and the Dravidian was wide, then the distance dividing the Englishman from the Brahmin was equally great” (281). And I would add, the gap between the Dravidian and the animal: in both cases, the anxious policing of the boundary is testament to its psychological fragility.

Yet this fragility is never really in question for Sleeman (or Wells, for that matter). As I have already noted, the breakdown of the animal-human distinction is enough of a commonplace by the later decades of the nineteenth century that it forms the philosophical premise of numerous supernatural tales—it is only one of the complex of issues I have tried to illuminate here. What is more interesting and surprising is the persistent conflation, in the texts I have analyzed, of boredom and bestiality: surprising because of the protagonists’ inability to escape the dehumanization, in the form of ennui, which sparked the initial impulse of their narratives.

In this context, the Mowgli tales are both anomalous and instructive. What is most striking about these stories, when read alongside Sleeman’s accounts, is their absolute rejection of the source material. Despite Kipling’s soothing fantasy of a human-language-speaking, upright-walking, strikingly handsome wolf-boy, there is no humanizing cure for the wolf children in Sleeman’s narratives. The real-life Indian wolf children are a terrifying boundary case, made doubly frightening in the context of Lamarckianism. (In this logic, wolf children could begin to pass on their animalistic traits to their offspring, and create a real race of Wellsian “Beast Folk.”) Mowgli, in his effortless—and impossible—Indian-wolf boundary crossing, is of course an analogue for Kim in his English-Indian crossing. While Kim is supposedly about to take his place in the English “Great Game” at the end of the novel, it is telling that this purported triumph of imperial values forms the horizon of

narratability: the paradox of the supposedly exciting spy's life is that the identification it demands from Kim—whiteness and Englishness—is consistently associated throughout the novel with debilitating states of lassitude and ennui.<sup>48</sup> And no one reads *The Jungle Books* hoping for more descriptions of Mowgli's life among the humans.

While there is no real cure for wolfishness—just as there is no real cure for Englishness—what is attractive about Kipling's tales, as well as the other novels of adventure I have analyzed, is their promised antidote to boredom. The cure for boredom, as well as for bestiality of all kinds, is a heroic (and anxious) masculinity that takes the form of an exploratory or investigative impulse. As George Orwell insightfully wrote of Rudyard Kipling, "some streak in him that may have been partly neurotic led him to prefer the active man to the sensitive man. The nineteenth-century Anglo-Indians . . . were at any rate people who did things."<sup>49</sup> The paradox of over-civilized and effete ennui is that its cure is homeopathic. The medicine is a potion that shakes "the very fortress of identity" (*J&H*, 57), and the hospital is in India, in the jungle, in a cave. The paradox redoubles when we realize that the condition of boredom unites the animal and the automaton, man and machine. The attempted escape from reminders of the fragility of humanness leads our bored adventurers straight back to the heart of their own bestiality.

## Notes

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1. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India* (1924; reprint, New York, 1952), 146.
2. Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Other Tales of Terror*, ed. Robert Mighall (New York, 2002), 5, 5, 6 (hereafter cited as *J&H*).
3. H. G. Wells, *The Island of Doctor Moreau: A Variorum Text*, ed. Robert M. Philmus (Athens, Ga., 1993), 7. All quotations from the novel are from this edition unless otherwise noted.
4. H. Rider Haggard, *She*, ed. Daniel Karlin (1887; reprint, Oxford, 1991), 2.
5. I discuss these moments in more detail in the second section of this essay.
6. I confine my analysis here to trances occasioned by European contact with emblems of "exotic" mysticism, superstition, and magic; what interests me is English attitudes toward "primitive" spiritual beliefs and certain commonalities in those attitudes. In this regard I follow many of the Victorians themselves (see, e.g., the anonymous article "Trance," *Mind* 2, no. 8 [1877]: 568–71). There has been much excellent recent work done on the late-Victorian obsession with trance, hypnosis, and mesmerism; I am deeply indebted to these studies, and rely implicitly on their insights, although space does not permit me to retrace their nuances here. See for example Ian Hacking, "Automatisme Ambulatoire: Fugue, Hysteria, and Gender at the Turn of the Century," *Mod-*

- ernism/Modernity* 3 (1996): 31–43; Roger Luckhurst, *The Invention of Telepathy, 1870–1901* (Oxford, 2002); Roger Luckhurst, “Trance-Gothic, 1882–97,” in *Victorian Gothic: Literary and Cultural Manifestations in the Nineteenth Century*, ed. Ruth Robbins and Julian Wolfreys (New York, 2000), 148–67; and Pamela Thurschwell, *Literature, Technology, and Magical Thinking, 1880–1920* (Cambridge, 2001).
7. Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone*, ed. John Sutherland (1868; reprint, New York, 1999), 50.
  8. Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Collected Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson*, ed. Roger C. Lewis (Edinburgh, 2003), 88.
  9. Patricia Meyer Spacks, *Boredom: The Literary History of a State of Mind* (Chicago, 1995), 191–92. Jeff Nunokawa discusses the trope of decadent boredom in his brilliant essay “The Importance of Being Bored: The Dividends of Ennui in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*,” *Studies in the Novel* 28 (1996): 357–71.
  10. In a wide-ranging recent study, Elizabeth S. Goodstein explores the rhetoric of boredom in modernity. She argues for a definition of boredom both more restrictive and more inclusive than previous critics have posited. On the one hand, she claims that although “boredom’s illustrious predecessors, melancholy and acedia, resonated with traditions extending into antiquity, the emergent language built upon a new, secular vision of a body constituted by fluctuations of abstract force, ‘nervous energy.’” On the other, she takes other scholars, particularly Reinhard Kuhn, to task for depending “on an assumption that genuine reflection upon the meaning of human existence is the province of the leisured few for whom the ‘encounter with nothingness’ is a philosophical one.” Goodstein, *Experience Without Qualities: Boredom and Modernity* (Stanford, 2005), 21–22, 55. While I agree with the general parameters of her analysis, in this essay I am more concerned with several specific literary representations of boredom and ennui. Thus, I note that Stevenson’s bored poetic persona is courting cliché, yet do not make any claim about the transhistorical universality of ennui. Similarly, later in this essay I note that “natives” are depicted in the novels I discuss as strangely incapable of boredom; again, I recognize the ubiquity of the representation without averring that people under states of colonial rule “really” did or did not experience the same kind of boredom as their European occupiers.
  11. Robert Louis Stevenson, “The Day After To-morrow,” in *The Novels and Tales of Robert Louis Stevenson* (New York, 1898), vol. 22, *Letters and Miscellanies of Robert Louis Stevenson: Sketches, Criticisms, Etc.*, 298.
  12. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness and Selected Short Fiction*, ed. A. Michael Matin (New York, 2003), 54, 55, 55. Of course, Marlow does not escape the clutches of lassitude and boredom when he gets to Africa: the early parts of the novella are dominated by descriptions of laziness, ineptitude, and endless waiting. Yet in Conrad’s logic, it is European influence that corrupts the people and landscape of Africa into a kind of benighted ennui. The energy of Marlow’s wild, untamed African landscape—alive with the sound of drums—is perverted by the inefficiency and corruption of the colonial stations. The rusted railway-truck at the first station scars the hillside, and the African laborers dying slowly in the grove are doomed because of the cruelty and pointlessness of forced labor. Christopher Lane, in his fascinating article on Conrad’s *Almayer’s Folly*, also acknowledges that “factors like boredom and purposelessness play a central role” in Conrad’s writing, which depicts the West as “proffer[ing] a set of lost and pitiable subjects, susceptible to failure.” Christopher Lane, “Almayer’s Defeat: The Trauma of Colonialism in Conrad’s Early Work,” *Novel: A Forum on Fiction* 32 (1999): 404.
  13. Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*, ed. Edward Said (New York, 1987), 157, 151.

14. Robert Louis Stevenson, "The Character of Dogs," in *Novels and Tales*, vol. 13, *The Travels and Essays of Robert Louis Stevenson: Virginibus Puerisque, Memories and Portraits*, 296. In a recent essay, Stephen Arata discusses Stevenson's valorization of idleness and "stupidity" in his travelogue *An Inland Voyage* ("On Not Paying Attention," *Victorian Studies* 46 [2004]: 193–205). While Arata's essay is compelling and thought-provoking, I respectfully disagree with its conclusion; as I hope to demonstrate, Stevenson's attitude toward gentlemanly idleness is rather more conflicted than Arata allows. As Stevenson himself is at pains to claim, there is an important difference between leisure and mental dullness: "There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. . . . they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold mill. . . . If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open" ("An Apology for Idlers," in *Novels and Tales*, 13:73–74). Stevenson's "golden" state of inattention in *An Inland Voyage* is a far cry from the "coma" or "trance" of the money-grubbing bourgeois when not at labor.
15. Stevenson, *J&H*, 10. Guy Davidson analyzes this scene in the context of Hyde's "degeneracy" and putative homosexuality. Guy Davidson, "Sexuality and the Degenerate Body in Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*," *Australasian Victorian Studies Annual* 1 (1995): 31–40.
16. Of course, the "blackness" of M'Ling's face is of central importance. I will return to the question of race and animalism.
17. For a helpful discussion of the uncanny in both texts, see Marion Shaw, "To Tell the Truth of Sex: Confession and Abjection in Late-Victorian Writing," in *Rewriting the Victorians: Theory, History, and the Politics of Gender*, ed. Linda M. Shires (New York, 1992), 87–100.
18. Sigmund Freud, "The Uncanny," in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, trans. James Strachey (London, 1953–74), 17: 219–56.
19. H. G. Wells, "Human Evolution: An Artificial Process" (1896), reprinted in *The Island of Doctor Moreau: A Critical Text of the 1896 London First Edition*, ed. Leon Stover (Jefferson, N.C., 1996), 225–35 (hereafter cited as "Human").
20. Stephen Arata, "The Sedulous Ape: Atavism, Professionalism, and Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde*," *Criticism* 37 (1995): 240.
21. Much excellent work has been done on the figure of deviant sexuality in both *Jekyll and Hyde* and *Moreau*. See, for example, Andrew M. Butler, "Proto-S/f, Proto-Queer: The Strange Cases of Dr Frankenstein and Mr Hyde," *Foundation* 86 (Autumn 2002): 7–16; and Elaine Showalter, "Dr. Jekyll's Closet," in *The Haunted Mind: The Supernatural in Victorian Literature*, ed. Elton E. Smith (Lanham, Md., 1999), 67–88.
22. Adam Phillips, "On Being Bored," in *On Kissing, Tickling, and Being Bored: Psychoanalytic Essays on the Unexamined Life* (Cambridge, Mass., 1993), 69, 72, 76.
23. Rick Rylance, *Victorian Psychology and British Culture, 1850–1880* (Oxford, 2000), 101–3.
24. *Ibid.*, 85–96.
25. Thomas Henry Huxley, "On the Physical Basis of Life" (1868), reprinted in *The Major Prose of Thomas Henry Huxley*, ed. Alan P. Barr (Athens, Ga., 1997), 176 (hereafter cited as "Physical").
26. Thomas Henry Huxley, "On the Hypothesis that Animals Are Automata, and Its History," in *Science and Culture, and Other Essays* (New York, 1882), 239 (hereafter cited as "Hypothesis").
27. It is worth noting here that the very first example of the uncanny that Freud gives in his essay is "the impression made by wax-work figures, ingeniously constructed dolls,

- and automata” (Freud, “Uncanny,” 226). We might read Huxley’s strange and sudden reversal of opinion as the kind of disavowal Freud discusses in relation to the uncanny.
28. Thomas Henry Huxley, *Man’s Place in Nature*, in *The Major Prose of Thomas Henry Huxley*, ed. Alan P. Barr (Athens, Ga., 1997), 106.
  29. Herbert Spencer, “Bain on the Emotions and the Will,” in *Illustrations of Universal Progress: A Series of Discussions* (New York, 1872), 310 (hereafter cited as “Bain”).
  30. In his recent study *The Invention of Telepathy*, Roger Luckhurst discusses the relationship between imperial images of exoticism and commonly held beliefs about paranormal states such as trance and telepathy. He notes that European mediums were often controlled by “exotic” and “Oriental” spirits: “Spirit controls of a more Eastern cast resonated with the promise of an ancient Oriental wisdom. Forgotten ‘supernatural’ powers of a now degenerate Egypt or Indian subcontinent hinted at a lost plenitude with a nostalgic allure” (156). Patrick Brantlinger’s earlier study also investigates the connections between the imperialist novel of adventure and the occult; Brantlinger suggests that two of the main themes of the genre he terms “Imperial Gothic” are “individual regression or going native” and “an invasion of civilization by the forces of barbarism or demonism.” Patrick Brantlinger, *Rule of Darkness: British Literature and Imperialism, 1830–1914* (Ithaca, 1988), 230.
  31. He also carries his own emblem of bestiality: his name is an anagram of “langur,” a species of monkey native to India that features prominently in both Kipling’s story “The Miracle of Purun Bhagat” and his father’s treatise *Beast and Man in India*. John L. Kipling, *Beast and Man in India* (New Delhi, 1904).
  32. Kim also associates those multiplication tables with crushing, “English” boredom. After taking to the open road during his school holiday, he revels in his escape: “thinking of the neat white cots of St Xavier’s all arow under the punkah gave him joy as keen as the repetition of the multiplication tables in English” (Kipling, *Kim*, 185). We can thus add Kim to the list of adventurers confronted with the paradox of boredom: while they imagine the antidote to English ennui is the exploration of exotic events and locales, the “cure” leads straight back to the disease. Peter Morey has traced the ambivalent status of the supernatural in Kipling’s early tales. According to his analysis, the gothic elements “contribute to a critique of the ideology the tales apparently convey,” by gesturing toward a world that cannot be naturalized by imperialist, “rational” discourse. While I agree with his reading of the early tales, I contend that in *Kim* in general, and this scene in particular, the potentially disruptive potential of the supernatural is firmly contained. Peter Morey, “Gothic and Supernatural: Allegories at Work and Play in Kipling’s Indian Fiction,” in Robbins and Wolfreys, *Victorian Gothic*, 205.
  33. Aziz himself is associated with altered states of consciousness from our very first glimpse of him in the novel: at his friend Hamidullah’s house, he draws deeply on his host’s hookah and then “lay in a trance, sensuous but healthy” as he listens to his friends’ conversation about impossible friendship between Indians and Englishmen (Forster, *Passage*, 6).
  34. It is impossible to overstate the vehemence with which Forster describes India in general, and the Marabar Caves in particular, as boring: regular visitors to the Marabar often find it dull (*ibid.*, 137); Fielding is “bored” by caves (139); Adela “could not get excited over Aziz and his arrangements” (147); the expedition itself is “tedious” (166), “dull,” marked by “malaise,” and soporific (150); the caves are a “profound disappointment” (151); the scene has “little colour in it, and no vitality” (154); the visitors “did not feel that it was an attractive place or quite worth visiting” (156); Adela thinks to herself, “sightseeing bores me” (169); and on and on. Indians, however, are remarkably

- “exempt from boredom” (325): once again, ennui is a disease to which only the “enlightened” and “civilized” are subject.
35. Another possible explanation for the difference between the two novels is suggested by Roger Luckhurst’s fascinating work on trance states in Gothic fiction. Luckhurst proposes that the third wave of Gothic in the 1890s “has more modalities than horror, [and] can, in fact . . . point the way towards a modern, dynamic subjectivity which breaks down the determinist claims of Victorian materialism” (Luckhurst, “Trance-Gothic,” 150). Perhaps the intractable boredom of India in Forster’s novel can be attributed to its modernism: the already alienated “modern subjectivity” is less easily fascinated by vertiginous signs of difference than its Victorian counterpart.
  36. Forster, *Passage*, 96. It would be impossible to catalog the numerous instances in which Forster associates “degraded” characters, including Indians and the sexually confused Adela, with animals. He even forwards an opinion regarding the difference between English and Indian animals: “It matters so little to that majority of living beings what the minority, that calls itself human, desires or decides. Most of the inhabitants of India do not mind how India is governed. Nor are the lower animals of England concerned about England, but in the tropics the indifference is more prominent, the inarticulate world is closer at hand and readier to resume control as soon as men are tired” (123).
  37. H. G. Wells, *Text-Book of Biology*, quoted in *Island*, ed. Stover, 220.
  38. Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman, *Journey Through the Kingdom of Oude, in 1849–1850* (1858; reprint, Lucknow, India, 1989), 1:209. These accounts were reprinted separately as *An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens* (Plymouth, 1852).
  39. It is tempting here to invoke the term “hybridity,” first used by Homi Bhabha, which has become such an important concept in postcolonial studies. I think it would be misleading to use the term to refer specifically to the wolf children, however (as opposed, for example, to scenes of colonial interrogation, which I will examine shortly); Bhabha’s usage, and the term’s subsequent iterations, refer to sites of contact—and resistance—between colonial power and its subjects. Homi Bhabha, *The Location of Culture* (New York, 1994). See also Steven G. Yao, “Taxonomizing Hybridity,” *Textual Practice* 72 (2003): 357–78.
  40. Wells, *Island*, 38. In fact, Wells was familiar with the cases of wolf children in India. In the 1896 essay “Human Evolution,” he opines: “The cases of Wolf-Boys that have arisen show with sufficient clearness, at any rate, that the greater part of the difference [between civilised man and the Stone Age savage] is not inherited” (Wells, “Human,” 231). There was a resurgence of interest in the Indian wolf-child cases in the 1880s: see Wells, *Island*, 195 n. 6. The wolf-children accounts—taken directly from Sleeman’s *Journey*—were published as a series of journal articles throughout the nineteenth century. See “Wolf-Children,” *Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal* 18 (1852): 33–36; “Wolf Nurses in India,” *Fraser’s Magazine* 49 (1854): 587–90; and “Wolf-Children,” *Chambers’s Journal* 59 (1882): 597–99.
  41. John Barrell discusses this same colonialist confusion between food and excrement on the part of English writer Harriet Martineau, who toured Egypt in the 1840s. John Barrell, “Death on the Nile: Fantasy and the Literature of Tourism, 1840–60,” in *Cultures of Empire: A Reader*, ed. Catherine Hall (New York, 2000), 188.
  42. For an interesting discussion of abjection (in the sense used by Julia Kristeva), and its relationship to the uncanny in late-Victorian texts, see Shaw, “To Tell the Truth of Sex.”
  43. Of course the trope of the colonial “other” as animal is perhaps the most perdurable racist stereotype, and it has been analyzed and discussed extensively. See, for example, Christine Bolt, *Victorian Attitudes to Race* (London, 1971); and Nancy Stepan, *The Idea*

- of *Race in Science: Great Britain, 1800–1960* (London, 1982). For an emblematic literary example, we need look no further than Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, where Marlow uses language strikingly similar to the descriptions of Moreau's Beast Folk to describe a group of Africans dying slowly in a grove in the jungle: "While I stood horror-struck, one of these creatures rose to his hands and knees, and went off on all-fours towards the river to drink. He lapped out of his hand, then sat up in the sunlight, crossing his shins in front of him, and after a time let his woolly head fall on his breastbone" (64). Sanjay Krishnan suggests, in a compelling recent article on Conrad's *Lord Jim*, that the trope of the animal resonates beyond its usual racist equation with the native, and "runs alongside and undermines the narrative belief in subjective interiority as the sole marker of historical being"—subjective interiority, of course, being the purview of the European. Sanjay Krishnan, "Colonial Space and Movement in Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*," *Novel: A Forum on Fiction* 37 (2004): 326–51.
44. For a fascinating discussion of the "colonial uncanny," see Andrew McCann, "The Savage Metropolis." McCann points out that in the logic of Freud's essay, the uncanny is a "culturally specific experience belonging to the subjective-aesthetic domain of a highly differentiated modern society." Andrew McCann, "The Savage Metropolis: Animism, Aesthetics, and the Pleasures of a Vanished Race," *Textual Practice* 72 (2003): 328.
  45. Sleeman, *Journey*, 208. Of course Freud insists upon the connection between "discovered" treasure and excrement: "We also know about the superstition which connects the finding of treasure with defaecation." (Sigmund Freud, "Character and Anal Eroticism," *Standard Edition*, 9:174.) Sleeman's narrative seems like a rather perverse literalization of Freud's metaphorical discussion. The image of the wolves' dens—which, it bears emphasizing, is entirely a fantasy projection of Sleeman's—is extraordinarily evocative: the dens are digestive tracts, factories, and gold mines. Unfortunately, space does not permit a fuller discussion here, but I will note in passing that the wolves' dens are suggestive of other English colonialist fantasies of Indian barbarism, such as the Marabar caves in *A Passage to India*. While Sleeman's repugnance for the wolves' dens is caused at least in part by their gold-emitting qualities, the sublimity and horror of the Marabar caves stem from a very different source: "Nothing is inside them, they were sealed up before the creation of pestilence or treasure; if mankind grew curious and excavated, nothing, nothing, would be added to the sum of good or evil" (Forster, *Passage*, 138).
  46. Jane Hotchkiss, "The Jungle of Eden: Kipling, Wolf Boys, and the Colonial Imagination," *Victorian Literature and Culture* 29 (2001): 443.
  47. John McBratney, "Imperial Subjects, Imperial Space in Kipling's *Jungle Book*," *Victorian Studies* 35 (1992): 290.
  48. While his undercover assignments demand that Kim appear in various states of "native" disguise, he is also carefully coached to think of these moments *only* as disguise, and to cultivate and preserve a rigid boundary between himself and his Indian companions.
  49. George Orwell, "Rudyard Kipling," in *The Collected Essays, Journalism, and Letters of George Orwell*, ed. Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus (New York, 1968), vol. 2, *My Country Right or Left, 1940–1943*, 187.