



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950), Lt-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district

The Subscription is : Home Members, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/-; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/-; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, W.C.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — HOLborn 7597 — as the day is not always the same.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 18th August, 1965, immediately after the Annual General Meeting, which will take place at 2.30.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

July 14th, 1965, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

"The Devil and the Deep Sea" and "Bread upon the Waters" ('The Day's Work') will be considered, followed by discussion. (It is hoped to arrange for the attendance of an expert on ship-construction and marine engineering.)

September 15th. Same time and place.

Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Bagwell Purefoy will lead a discussion on "The Dog Hervey" ('A Diversity of Creatures'), "The House Surgeon" ('Actions and Reactions') and "They" ('Traffics and Discoveries')•

CENTENARY LUNCHEON

The Centenary Luncheon will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Wednesday, 27th October, 1965. The toast to 'The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling' will be proposed by Nevill Coghill, Merton Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford.

Application forms will go out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

THE RETURN TO PARNASSUS

'Slowly, but with increasing momentum, Rudyard Kipling is being restored to his rightful position as one of the great writers of the modern age,' wrote J. Donald Adams in *The New York Times Book Review* of 28 June, 1964. 'For more than a generation his reputation has unjustly suffered because his political point of view was offensive to so many whose political attitudes were cast in a more liberal mold . . . Thus we are once more witnessing one of those inevitable swings of the pendulum, so constant in literary history, to which even Shakespeare was subject, and which few important writers have escaped: recognition whether immediate or belated, followed first by rejection, and then succeeded by renewed recognition.'

On 15 March 1965 Mr. Peter Porter, the Australian poet, gave an hour's talk on the B.B.C. Third Programme, illustrated by readings mainly from the Verse, and acclaimed Kipling in terms which have scarcely been applied to him since David Masson rushed into his class at Edinburgh University in 1890 waving *The National Observer* that contained "Danny Deever", crying: 'Here's literature at last!'

Mr. Porter described Kipling as 'the first true laureate of the machine age,' which he illustrated with a lengthy reading from 'M'-Andrew's Hymn', dealt with the charge of 'vulgarity' (taking 'The Ford of the Kabul River' as his example), concluding that 'even Kipling's vulgarity is in a class by itself — a vulgarity of genius' and going on to give high praise to both *Barrack Room Ballads* and *Departmental Ditties*. The readings from verse volumes consisted of "Danny Deever", "A Frontier Station", "That Day" and "Pagett M.P."; and in defence and explanation of 'the imperial theme' the poems chosen were "After the American Revolution", "Cleared" and a section of "The Islanders". Kipling's sympathy and understanding for the natives of India, even of the Bengalee, was excellently demonstrated by a reading of Hurree Chunder Mookerjee's advice to Kim, and the charges of delighting in cruelty were strenuously denied, Mr. Porter pointing out that to describe cruelty is not to enjoy or to condone it, and that even in his lesser works Kipling touched the theme with delicacy and restraint: 'Bertran and Bimi' was read as an example.

Finally Mr. Porter felt that Kipling suffered more than the loss of his son in the First World War — 'Kipling lost England in the trenches'. He quoted two "Epitaphs of the War", "My Mother's Son" and "Gertrude's Prayer", and further to exemplify England's loss of

herself, "The Storm Cone" with its warning that the post-war negation of faith and endeavour was leading straight to another war and to the threat of national suicide.

It was altogether a most stimulating talk and, for those of us who have heard and read so many diatribes against Kipling, rather a moving experience.

OLD BOOKS IN NEW JACKETS

In honour of Kipling's Centenary his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., have dressed their latest reprint of the Library Edition (previously 'Uniform Edition') in pleasant new jackets labelled 'Centenary Edition'. The binding varies a little from the old style, being of a lighter red, and with the elephant's head on the front in blind instead of gold. There are twenty-three volumes listed in the Centenary Edition, consisting of all the usual volumes of stories, but omitting *Land and Sea Tales*. It also includes *Something of Myself*, but no others of the 'non-fiction' volumes originally there — *From Sea to Sea*, *Letters of Travel* and *A Book of Words* have not reappeared, nor has Macmillan's only verse volume, *Songs from Books*. It is pleasant to see *Life's Handicap* back again in this form (it has for some time been available only in the pocket and paperbound editions), and it is to be hoped that *Land and Sea Tales* at least will soon be added to the Centenary Edition.

It is also a pity that *The Complete Stalky & Co.* has been out of print for so long. This is not simply a matter of a volume missing from one edition but available in another: for not only does this collection assemble the four Stalky stories included in other volumes to accompany the original collection, but includes 'The Satisfaction of a Gentleman' which is available in no other volume.

'YE NEED NOT STOP WORK TO INFORM US'

How far should 'interpretation' of an author go? At the one extreme we have the *Reader's Guide* telling us the meaning of obscure or obsolete words, elucidating contemporary references, identifying concealed quotations; at the other the narcissic analyst who produces a full-scale autobiographic allegory out of so simple and external a tale as 'Teem: a Treasure Hunter'.

This is not to suggest for a moment that such excursions into surmise, such sleuthwork into the subconscious may not be fascinating exercises, and that the results may make not merely entertaining reading but sometimes help towards a deeper understanding of the story in question and of the workings of its author's mind. The greatest danger is that which Dunsterville described so amusingly in his analysis of Beresford's *Schooldays with Kipling*: 'Amongst other things, he sets forth what Kipling thought in those early days, but what he really gives us is what Beresford thinks Kipling would have thought if he had thought as Beresford thought.'

Interpreters of Kipling's thought nearly always repay reading, for it is a Tupperism that different readers see different things in his works, and that what seems obvious to many of us may come as a revelation to others — and may be disbelieved by some. Thus the American periodical

The Explicator, No. XXIII, pp. 15-16, March 1965, quotes Arthur Mizener on 'The Gardener' as saying that the story 'asserts the power of feeling to create a significant reality. The purity and intensity of Helen Turrell's feeling for the boy, who is, in objective reality, her nephew, has made him, in the higher reality of Kipling's story, her son. The man she supposes — wrongly, as we know — to be a mere gardener, calls Michael her son — and we feel confident that when Mrs. Scarsworth reached the cemetery, he called the man she was seeking her husband.'

This suggests that Michael was not in physical fact Helen's son : whether Mrs. Scarsworth's 'lover' was so in the old or the new interpretation of the word need not effect the parallel — though the suggestion that Michael is only Helen's son by spiritual adoption seems to postulate a purely spiritual union for Mrs. Scarsworth.

But surely it is obvious, and Kipling intends it to be plain for all readers to see, that Michael is Helen's son born both of the body and of the spirit ; and we may presume (but the story does not state or demand it) that the Gardener, had he referred to Mrs. Scarsworth's husband would have done so with theological accuracy on the doctrine 'ye are one flesh.'

The quotation from Arthur Mizener stands as the text for a dissertation by Benjamin Sankay who disagrees with him : 'It seems to me that a different interpretation of the story is possible. The "gardener" who says "Come with me and I will show you where your son lies," may not be referring to a "higher reality" but to the literal truth . . . The "gardener", who apparently represents Christ, may be referring, as Professor Mizener suggests, to a "higher reality". But it would seem just as likely that he is clearing away the elaborate and carefully rehearsed lie that would prevent Helen from honestly visiting the grave of her "son".'

But such discussions can only be of interest to any reader who has not already realised that Michael is Helen's son and that the Gardener 'represents', or more probably, *is*, Christ.

'FOLLOW THE BUTTERFLIES'

Professor C. A. Bodelsen holds, figuratively speaking, a chair in a more ethereal university than Professors Mizener and Sankay—though opinions differ as to whether it is in Olympus or Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. Having been presented with Mrs. Bathurst's ghost duly struck by lightning and transformed into solid and three-dimensional charcoal, we may legitimately expect to behold wonders. But his latest interpretation, that of 'Wireless' and its attendant poem 'Kaspar's Song', on pp. 249-56 of *English Studies*, Zandvoort Number, January 1965, is simpler and more mundane. His thesis is that ' "Wireless" has a much more systematic structure than might appear from a cursory reading, that the same symbolism runs through the story and the accompanying poem, and that the whole thing is, in fact, another early example of Kipling's "later manner" — perhaps even more so than "Mrs. Bathurst" and "They".'

The most interesting part of this stimulating and informative paper

concerns the poem, afterwards collected as ' Butterflies ', which accompanies the story in *Traffics and Discoveries* under the title ' Kaspar's Song in *Varda*. (From the Swedish of Stagnelius).' Professor Bodelsen demonstrates that E.J. Stagnelius (1793-1823), while he 'often made use of Psyche and the butterfly as an emblem of the soul liberated from the trammels of bodily existence ', wrote no poem remotely resembling Kipling's ' translation '— and quotes the nearest he can find as an example. He also points out that there is no work called *Varda*, but that it may have been a mistake from *Valda Skrifter* which means "Selected Writings"— ' a common Swedish book title.' But he doesn't explain how Kipling came to know anything about Stagnelius or his poems, and in 1904, when *Traffics and Discoveries* was published, he had not visited Sweden (he went to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize in 1907).

The general symbolism of Psyche—the soul in ancient Greek—and the butterfly was by no means peculiar to the Swedish poet. Kipling is certain to have read the reprint of the Elizabethan translation of Apuleius's *Cupid and Psyche* published in 1887 with an introductory dissertation on the legend by Andrew Lang together with poems written specially for this edition by Lang, Mackail, May Kendall, Frederick Locker-Lampson and W. H. Pollock.

Lang, for example, begins his poem :

' O Butterfly of Fable, flown
From what strange chrysalis unknown,
Across the empires overthrown,

Thou flittest with thy fairy wings
Above the strifes of creeds and kings,
Above the wrecks of mortal things . . . '

And Locker-Lampson ends his :

' My six-years-old — a child of grace,
Is off across the beds to chase
A butterfly : Anon
The imp will catch it by its wing,
And so you see this kind of thing
Is always going on ! '

But Professor Bodelsen contents himself with Stagnelius, and goes on to an interesting parallel between Kipling's poem and the story ' Wireless.' ' That the "particles" in Shaynor's mind which his private "coherer" enables him to transmute into Art are quite everyday experiences that anybody might have is emphasized throughout the narrative . . . ' he maintains. ' The way in which Kipling so insistently underlines this idea almost forces one to conclude that he meant it to be the central second-level theme of the tale. What Kipling is doing is this : he shows an example of a finished work of art (cf. the butterfly of the accompanying poem) and demonstrates how it has sprung from ordinary

earthly material (cf. the grubs on the cabbage leaf in the poem). And he does this by a procedure that for the reader—who must know Keats's poem in order to understand the story—is like playing a film reel backwards beginning with the butterfly and then showing what went into making it.'

'SWALLOWED WITHOUT REFLECTION'

Unlike the Adjutant Bird in 'The Undertakers', we are inclined to reflect for a long time and then not swallow all Professor Bodelsen's interpretations. Mr. Philip Chadwick Foster Smith in a fascinating article 'Concentrated Wenom' in *The Yankee*, Vol. 29, No. 1, pp. 44-5 and 76-9, for January 1965 (published at Dublin, New Hampshire, U.S.A.) deals with a simpler and more factual form of scholarship, and only, in fact, mentions Kipling towards the conclusion of his essay—since he has begun his film reel from the right end.

We may begin at Kipling's end by remembering the Adjutant's amusing description of the piece of 'white stuff' which he was once so incautious as to swallow which immediately inflicted on his system 'an excessive cold', only to discover after much suffering 'that there was nothing at all in my crop when I had finished my lamentings', and Kipling's comment: 'The Adjutant had done his very best to describe his feelings after swallowing a seven-pound lump of Wenham Lake ice, off an American ice-ship, in the days before Calcutta made her ice by machinery.'

'It is a little-known fact nowadays,' begins Mr. Foster Smith's interesting illustrated article, 'that during the mid-19th century there existed a trade so extraordinary that even the most incredulous of persons raised astonished eyebrows at the thought of it. Six miles due north of Salem, Massachusetts, well inland and sheltered by a ring of low hills, is Wenham Lake. Although small and insignificant on a map, it was thought by many Englishmen to be one of the largest bodies of water in North America, for from its seemingly limitless surface came ton upon ton of crystalline ice blocks, as clear and pure as spring water. By 1845, no dinner party in London, England, of social consequence, was considered complete without ice shipped 3,000 miles from Wenham Lake. Although American ice had been sent to remote corners of the globe since Frederick Tudor of Boston had originated the trade in 1806, it was the ice from Wenham Lake which stamped an indelible impression on the minds of men from England to far away India . . . The Wenham Lake Ice Company continued operations in London into the present century. There are still fishmongers in that great city who remember Wenham ice but have no idea of its original connection with America.

'In India ice was even more popular and was admitted duty-free, ranking high on the list following Bullion and Coin and precious stones and pearls. Rudyard Kipling has immortalized Wenham Lake ice in India through the character of the Adjutant Bird . . .'

(All members of the Kipling Society will be grateful to Mrs. George Allen Mason of Kenilworth, Illinois, for sending us a copy of this interesting article which supplies the answer to a Kipling Crypticism which would probably have stumped nearly every reader.)

NEW-CUT ASHLARS

The American periodical *Masonic Papers* (published by Walter F. Meier Lodge of Research, No. 281, F. & A. M. Seattle, Washington) has devoted a whole number (Vol. III, No. 20, Dec: 1964) to *The Centenary of Masonry's Cherished Verbalist, Rudyard Kipling: A Paper by Harry C. Bauer*. After a short biography covering Kipling's Masonic activities and affiliations, it maps rather more fully the ground explored by the late Basil M. Bazley whose article 'Freemasonry in Kipling' was reprinted in *Journal* No. 140, Dec: 1961, using extensive quotations of Masonic passages. These are drawn not only from the obvious sources such as the stories of 'the splendid imaginary Lodge of Instruction known as *Faith and Works 5837 E.C.* Any Mason who wishes to "sit in Lodge" with the highly esteemed author of "Recessional", "Mandalay" and "Gentleman-Rankers" needs only to read the six fables that emanated eventually from the mythical Lodge and the wish will come true.' Interesting references are pointed out in stories such as 'On the Great Wall', 'The Bold Prentice', 'The Last of the Stories' and *Captains Courageous* besides factual items from *Letters to the Family* and *From Sea to Sea*; and there is a special section on 'The Great Masonic Poems' — not only "The Mother Lodge", "Banquet Night" and "The Palace", but also "L'Envoi (Prayer of the Mark Master Mason)" and "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted".

This interesting paper closes with briefer references such as the use of the Masonic words 'unhoodwinked', 'cabletow' and "we lived on the square", while Mr. Bauer adds, tantalizingly: 'The Mason who likes to hunt for needles in haystacks might also sharpen his eyes on the poems "The Totem", "The Press", "The Men that Fought at Minden" and "Alnaschar and the Oxen"; and if he is extremely eager he can delve into *The Light that Failed* and 'The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.', but the search will reveal very little . . . We have Kipling's word that Masonry opened "another world" which he needed. His interest seemingly never flagged, but a man as widely travelled and pre-occupied as himself could not conceivably attend Lodge meetings regularly nor grace the Chairs. But he could write and think of Masons and Masonry; and he did — much to the satisfaction of Masons of all time.'

In the nature of a 'Stop Press' item must be mentioned Professor Syed Sajjad Husain's *Kipling and India* (181 pp. East Pakistan: University of Dacca, 21s.) briefly reviewed in *The Times Literary Supplement* of 18 March 1965. If a copy is available for review in time, an additional note will be added at the end of this number of the *Journal*; otherwise we must be content with the TLS note that the author 'is concerned less with the literary merits of Kipling's Indian stories than with the attitude of mind which Kipling reveals in them, and, in particular, with his opinions about the Indian people . . . His vision remained fettered by the limitations traditional in the community in which his time in India was spent.'

The new book for young readers mentioned in the last number of the *Journal* is reviewed on page 23 of this number by Mr. Carl T. Naumburg, the Honorary Secretary of the Kipling Society in the

U.S.A. This, *Rudyard Kipling: Creative Adventurer*, by Seon Manley (The Vanguard Press, New York, price \$4.95) seems to have had a mixed reception. Professor Morton N. Cohen, for example, reviewing it in *The New York Times Book Review* of 7 February sums up: 'The facts of Kipling's life are tailor-made for the storyteller and Mrs. Manley seeks to provoke additional interest by inventing conversations and imaginary scenes. Her historical backdrop, if one overlooks some inaccuracies, lends the work an appearance of solidity. She has written a mature book for young adults, but the magic of the story slips through her fingers . . .'

As no copy has been received by the Editor for review, it is only possible at the moment to go on second-hand opinion. The correspondent quoted in the last *Journal* noted many glaring mistakes of elementary facts that even a cursory reading of Carrington would have put right but Mr. Naumburg writes of the book as revealing 'that Mrs. Manley had accomplished an exceptional piece of research' . . . We can only suspend judgement.

It would also be interesting to compare Mrs. Manley's book with a similar attempt at presenting Kipling to young readers, *Son of Empire* by Nella Braddy (published in the United States in 1942, but in England apparently not until 1949). This was reviewed most enthusiastically by Mr. W. G. B. Maitland in *Kipling Journal* No. 91 (Oct: 1949), and seems to have been as satisfactory a book of its kind as could possibly be written before the publication of the additional material supplied by Carrington in the authorized biography of 1955.

'TEMPEST-A-BREWING'

Some readers may have missed an interesting correspondence in *The Times* which arose from a 'Fourth Leader' on 18 March headed 'Seaman Shakespeare' discussing Professor Falconer's theory that Shakespeare must have been a sailor (and may have fought against the Armada) to have achieved such accuracy in his nautical language, notably in *The Tempest*. Duff Cooper suggested, years ago, that Shakespeare must have been a soldier; and Mr. Curtis in a letter on 20 March pointed out that, by the same reasoning, he must have been a schoolmaster. Naturally Mr. Martin Pares, President of the Francis Bacon Society, used these suggestions in support of 'this rancid Baconian rot', which still finds occasional supporters, that the author of *The Essays* also wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare (which, you remember 'did not strike Beetle as any improvement. He had "done" the Essays last term,') But Mr. Clement Ingleby wrote, in the same issue:—

'Will you kindly allow me a little space in which to challenge the conclusion of Professor Alexander Falconer, referred to in your leader of March 18? Perhaps he has not taken into consideration that genius is unaccountable. *Captains Courageous* is an example of genius. The technique of the sea, and, much more difficult, of the Fisher Fleet, cannot be faulted. Yet Kipling had not even seen that fleet . . .'

This gave an obvious opening for me to follow up the parallel by referring (24 March) to Kipling's letter to *The Spectator* of 2 July

1898 suggesting how Shakespeare may have obtained his 'copy' for *The Tempest* (from nothing more promising, in fact, than 'the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre,') and his poem 'The Coiner' (1932) on the same theme, and comparing Kipling's statement in *Something of Myself* on how he had obtained 'copy' for *Captains Courageous* at 'queer meals in sailors' eating-houses' at Boston Harbour and Gloucester Mass.

Meanwhile Mr. H. W. Guest (23 March) had weighed in with Kipling's usual small mistakes: 'I am very sorry to disagree with Mr. Clement Ingleby when he says that the technique of the sea in my favourite story *Captains Courageous* cannot be faulted. I have long felt that the book showed signs of genius mugging up technical details, and naturally going a little off the mark at times. For instance (Chap. III) Long Jack goes into detail with Harvey over the reefing of the foresail, but forgets the topping lifts. More important, in Chap. VI, we have a "big lumbering old cattle boat" which "lay and lolloped helplessly on the water while Disko ran the *We're Here* under her lee" so close that the master on the bridge "tossed a bundle of newspapers into the schooner." The *We're Here* would have been completely blanketed, and ten to one the breeze and swell would have brought the steamer down on top of her. No skipper would have taken such a risk. But it is a wonderful book.'

After this the correspondence confined itself exclusively to Shakespeare.

' THE VERY OWN HOUSE '

An article in *The Times* of 27 March called 'Something of Themselves', after mentioning the many houses of famous people to which pilgrimage can be made, concludes: 'It is bold to put Bateman's first, and I cannot hope to carry everyone with me by doing so. My plea is that Kipling lovers who know his fragment of autobiography, *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* will, on seeing Bateman's for the first time, murmur happily to themselves: "We have been here before". The house, rather gloomy and dark, calls for young people to make it warm and happy and that, as we know, it had — and, happily, still has. The stream and the mill and the tumbled meadows on which sheep graze today were the microcosm of England from which Kipling re-created our island history. He has painted the scene with such exact and loving detail in his books that to stroll in the garden of Bateman's and to look out across the surrounding countryside is to feel oneself present while Dan and Una are being told a story.

' Indoors, the study looks as though Kipling might come in at any moment to settle himself at the large, workmanlike desk. His books are on their shelves — the working library of a man of letters with many interests. To roam from section to section, assembled in order but not with the stiff formality of a collection meant for show rather than everyday use, is to be reminded of the gloriously wide range of his interests.

' The original of the book plate pasted into many volumes is framed in another room, showing how well Kipling's father entered into the

spirit of his son's work . . . It is pleasant to see that this aptly designed plate may be found in a sumptuous edition of Horace (with Kipling's manuscript notes enlivening the Latin), in sets of learned Records or in the owner's much loved Surtees. As a reader he was catholic in taste. Thanks to Mrs. Bambridge, her father's publishers, Macmillans, and others, Bateman's has now on display an exhibition of some of his treasures, including the citation for the Nobel Literature Prize awarded to him in 1907.

' " Sooner or later," Kipling wrote, " all sorts of men cast up at our house." This is as true today of Bateman's as it was when he wrote it.'

Bateman's is so well known and so deeply loved by members of the Kipling Society that all we need is some special excuse to visit it yet again for the tenth or twentieth time. Not only is this the most appropriate year to do so, but the fascinating and unique Exhibition on show there until the end of October, makes a visit in 1965 a duty as well as a pleasure. And the first pilgrim from the Society has been our President, Mr. R. E. Harbord, who writes from Bateman's itself on 26 March :

' Mrs. Bambridge attended the Preliminary Viewing of this wonderful exhibition at " Bateman's " today. Lord Euston representing the National Trust and between forty and fifty other ladies and gentlemen were the guests at tea of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Sutherland, the tenants of the house.

' This, by far the most important of all the Centenary Exhibitions, is described in the special leaflet. Visitors to the house during the next seven months will also find available an interesting Descriptive Catalogue of the Exhibition, running to twenty pages.'

R.L.G.

CENTENARY EXHIBITIONS

1. **Bateman's, Burwash.** Till 31st October, also at Christmas. Daily except Fridays. Many exhibits, including a large number lent by Mrs. Bambridge. Further details from Mrs. B. Sutherland, Bateman's (Burwash 302).

2. **Windsor Guildhall.** Daily till October, 1-6 p.m. Details from Mr. F. M. Underhill, 32 Eton Road, Datchet, Slough (Slough 41885).

3. **Stratford-upon-Avon.** Under the auspices of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, at The Shakespeare Centre. No further details received so far.

NEW MEMBERS

We are delighted to welcome the following new members :

U.K.: Baroness de Vivenot; Miss V. Spencer-Hess; Major J. A. Board; Messrs. L. Gobey, D. C. Wallis.

MOROCCO: Mrs. B. J. M. Nairn.

PAKISTAN: W. J. Craig.

SOUTH AFRICA: Mrs. J. Farquharson.

U.S.A.: Mmes. A. Cox, D. K. Strong; Messrs. H. Lefferts, L. D. Mahon, D. K. Strong, California University Library, Davis Davis.

VICTORIA, B.C.: Miss C. Richardson.

Have you recruited YOUR Centenary New Member yet ?

GOLIGHTLY'S MISTAKE

by Elliot L. Gilbert

PERHAPS inspired by the approach of the Centenary, literary critics all over the world have recently been turning their attention to Rudyard Kipling, and especially to the study and analysis of some of his more complex and obscure late stories. This is plainly a matter for rejoicing, yet it would be too bad if these same welcome investigations into the structural sophistication and mature artistry of the last books were to confirm some readers in the belief that pieces in such an early work as *Plain Tales from the Hills* are little more than journalistic exercises, superficial anecdotes thoughtlessly dashed off as newspaper filler. The fact is that there is never really as much disparity between an author's early efforts and his late work as may appear on the surface, and indeed, what is so striking about many of Kipling's first stories is the way in which they mark him out from the start as a serious artist, one quite capable of growing into the author of the mature tales.

'The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly' is as good a piece as any with which to make this point. It is hardly a profound story, and it is certainly not the most memorable of the forty vignettes which Kipling, at the age of twenty-three, collected under the title *Plain Tales from the Hills*. It has never had any critical consideration, as some of the other stories in that book have, nor is there anything particularly surprising about this neglect. The episode in which Lieutenant Golightly figures seems little more than a 'slight anecdote,' as Professor Carrington has called it, a farcical interlude, a joke; perhaps even a rather bad joke, according to some readers, who see in the elaborately detailed misery of the lieutenant an example of that sadism of Kipling's, that delight in the discomfort of others, which mars so many of the author's tales.

Yet for all its slightness, 'The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly' is a wonderfully artful piece of work. Analysis of it shows that Kipling had early found not only the subject matter of his later fiction, but also the major themes; and that even at the beginning of his career he was already a quite conscious artist, enormously skillful at embodying an idea in action without sacrificing any of that action's ability to entertain. If that analysis sometimes seems to grow more solemn than the slenderness of the story warrants, we might, in partial extenuation, consider the fact that every good joke makes somewhere a point that is not wholly funny, and that, in any case, constructing a joke is quite as serious a business as creating any other work of art.

The plot of the little tale is not difficult to summarise. Lieutenant Golightly, a young British officer and dandy serving in India, sets out on horseback from Dalhousie, a hill station where he has been on leave, to return to his duty assignment in the plain. Along the way he runs into a torrential rain which ruins his clothes and so alters his appearance that he is mistaken for a runaway enlisted man and suffers extravagantly before the matter is straightened out. There is nothing

more to the story than that. Yet in the process of telling this anecdote, Kipling manages to include, if only by oblique reference, nearly every aspect of life in India which he was later to expand into full-length stories. The brief tale is, of course, first of all about a young British officer in India, a favourite subject. In passing, however, it also touches on leave at hill stations, life on the road, native officials, unreliable native servants, Indian railroads and railroad stations, the British enlisted man, the congenial, tradition-ridden, gossipy officers' mess, and even that character who appears mistily in the background of so much Kipling fiction, Kipling himself.

In addition to being a compilation of favourite Kipling subjects, the story also deals with a number of the themes which were to be extensively developed in the author's later works. Golightly's trouble, for example, is a familiar one to readers of Kipling. It is simply that he sees and deals with the world superficially. His ticket name, of course, suggests as much, and we are not surprised to learn that the young officer is proud of his ability to get through life in 'light marching-order'. His preoccupation with clothes is the most immediate indication of his character. Traditionally in literature, an obsession with personal appearance and especially with clothing is the mark of a superficial man, usually of a man who must be taught a lesson. Kipling is obviously writing in this tradition, and he reinforces our impression of Golightly by introducing him at once as a man who is proud — that word appears often in the story — of 'looking like " an officer and a gentleman ". Of *looking* like an officer and a gentleman, notice. Appearances would seem to be quite enough for Golightly, at least at first. By the end of the story we will find him, foolish and unaware as ever, taking exactly the opposite stand without at all knowing what he is doing.

This superficiality of Golightly's, symbolised by his passion for clothes, is further dramatised by the trip from Dalhousie to the railway station at Pathankote. Golightly's notions about how the universe works seem to be as light-headed as his ideas about clothes making the man. The lieutenant prides himself on his 'faculty of organisation' but the plans he makes require for their success a sweetly reasonable and orderly world, more than anxious to be subdued. And such a world, Kipling would have us understand, does not exist; anyone, he says, who fails to see that the universe is a chaotic, irrational place, hostile to man, and who fails to come to terms with that universe, is certain to suffer. And no one more certain than Lieutenant Golightly, whose whole style of life, like the helmet that he wears, is made for sunny days and collapses grotesquely in the rain.

Golightly, ready to start on his trip, makes plans for the superficial world of his own invention, plans designed to save him trouble and to help him travel in light marching-order. But no sooner has he set out on his journey than the-world-as-it-really-is begins to encroach on these plans. Almost at once, and quite unreasonably, clouds appear and begin to produce a 'good, tepid, monsoonish downpour.' Golightly has not, of course, included an umbrella in his plans, but he consoles himself with the thought of the fresh clothes and the supply of money he has cleverly sent on ahead with his servant. Unfortunately, the charming

perversity of that servant is also no part of Golightly's plan. ' He did not know . . . that his *khitmatgar* would stop by the roadside to get drunk, and would come on the next day saying that he had sprained his ankle.' Thus the universe is quick to punish Golightly for his presumption, and to punish him in a most appropriate way. Item by item it destroys the clothes of which he is so inordinately and foolishly fond and in the act of destroying them, reveals their shoddiness.

The thematic use which Kipling makes of this episode may help to explain why he lavished such care on his description of Golightly's undoing, why every detail of the disintegration is so lovingly presented. The plot of the story requires, of course, a complete alteration in Golightly's appearance, and so Kipling must do his best to make the later confusion of identities plausible by describing elaborately the effects of the monsoon on the lieutenant's clothes. But more important, it is the gross inadequacy of Golightly's style of life, and certainly not any sadistic penchant on Kipling's part for making people uncomfortable, which produces the young officer's very special and picturesque disaster. The author obviously relishes the scene, but the description throughout is good-natured and the final phrase quite charming. ' The effect,' Kipling writes, of the mingling of purple and green dyes on the lieutenant's face and neck, ' was amazing.'

The transformation of the proud, handsome young officer of Dalhousie into the filthy, nearly naked apparition who struggles on foot into Pathankote is only the first of many ironic reversals which Kipling presents in the course of his story. Golightly has not been in town long, for example, when he is mistaken for a runaway army private, is arrested, in the act of arranging for a railway ticket, by the Station-Master and four constables, and begins to receive some unpleasant instruction in the old adage about what happens to men who live by the sword. For the Station-Master and the constables are, like the young officer, also men who believe in the importance of appearances, and the one thing they are absolutely certain of is ' " that no lieutenant could look such a ruffian as did Golightly ".' Golightly begins to shout at his captors but only succeeds in confirming their suspicions. ' " Without doubt this is the soldier-Englishman we required ",' says the Station-Master. ' " Listen to the abuse ! " '.

The lieutenant is ignominiously bundled off and placed in the custody of a military search party whose members have been out looking for one Private John Binkie, deserter, and who now imagine that they've found him. And here the story takes an even more amusing turn. For as long as Golightly tries to maintain the artificial dignity of the officer he really is, the corporal and the two privates are disgusted. ' " This is a very absurd mistake, my men ",' Golightly begins priggishly, but his explanation is quickly interrupted. ' " You a orficer ",' says the corporal. ' " It's the like o' you as brings disgrace on the likes of us. Bloomin' fine orficer you are ! " ' Which, in its convoluted way, is a not wholly unreasonable thing to say about the young lieutenant.

The moment, however, that Golightly, in his frustration, begins to shout and swear ' like a trooper,' he wins his captors over completely, all the while, of course, convincing them even further that he is the runaway private they have been looking for. ' I've heard a few beggars

in the clink blind, stiff and crack on a bit ; but I've never 'eard anyone to touch this 'ere " orficer," ' says one of the men. " They were not angry with him. They rather admired him. They had some beer at the refreshment room, and offered Golightly some too, because he had " swore wonderful." '. The irony of all this, of course, is that at last, and quite by chance, the reader has gotten down to something in Golightly that is real, that isn't a matter of illusion or appearance. For at bottom, it seems, Golightly is neither an officer nor a gentlemen, despite his elaborate efforts to look the part. What he really is becomes clear in this small crisis, and instantly the reality is recognized and the young lieutenant is gathered into the honest fellowship of the privates and the corporal. It is at this point, of course, that the mistaken identity is most outrageous, but, paradoxically, it is also at this point that Golightly is most truly and most appealingly himself.

Not that he knows it. Golightly is extraordinarily ignorant of the reasons for his own behaviour. We have seen that when he acts, it is never on any sort of intelligent principle but only out of a concern for personal convenience. Thus his travel plans have nothing whatever to do with the realities of life on the road, but are designed solely to permit him to hurry along beautifully dressed and in unburdened comfort. Nor is his dandyism based on any strong conviction about the importance of appearances in life. Even worldliness can be elevated to the level of principle, but Golightly is a dandy only because dressing well is the most pleasant and least uncomfortable way he has found of demonstrating that he is an officer and a gentleman. This fact is plain from the way he handles himself in his crisis. Anyone powerfully committed to dandyism would, in Golightly's disreputable condition, have crept into town in an agony of self-consciousness, imagining, no doubt, that natives of the lowest caste were cutting him dead in the street.

Not so Golightly. No sooner does he arrive in Pathankote than he begins to go about his business as if nothing had happened to him. He looks for his servant, he orders a drink, he negotiates with the Station-Master for a ticket to Khasa, and a first-class ticket at that. This dandy, for whom, only a few hours before, appearances had been everything, now behaves as if he were wholly unaware of his own villainous appearance and, what's more, as if everyone else were unaware of it too. This is the cream of Kipling's jest. Golightly, under the pressure of circumstances, has shifted his ground. He has conveniently forgotten about the importance of *looking* like an officer and a gentleman and now takes the position that there is such a thing as a pure essence of gentlemanliness, which he clearly possesses and which ought to be asserting itself in spite of his unpromising appearance. So firmly does he maintain this position that in the end he passes the greater part of the summer ' trying to get the corporal and the two soldiers tried by court-martial for arresting an " officer and a gentleman." '

Superbly unconscious throughout his adventure, Golightly is funny because he so determinedly fails to learn the truth either about himself or about the way the world works. The truth about Golightly we have already seen. The truth about the world is, even in this slight anecdote, extremely complex, but Kipling gives us a clue to his vision of it in the story itself. When Golightly first arrives in Pathankote, he buys a drink

and pays eight annas for it. 'This revealed to him that he had only six annas more in his pocket — *or in the world as he stood at that hour.*' (Italics mine). The phrase is a significant one. 'The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly' is crowded with accidents and mistakes, with illustrations, as it were, of the randomness and irrationality of the universe. In such a universe, of course, it is axiomatic that any sort of elaborate planning will be useless. True, Golightly's plans are foolish because they are unsuitable, but we might easily imagine, under the same circumstances, a man on horseback loaded down with monsoon equipment and changes of clothing looking quite foolish. When we see people carrying umbrellas on sunny days, our first thought is not that they are wise and provident planners but rather that they look ridiculous. Yet their only mistake has been to guess wrong about the weather, and they might just as easily have guessed right.

Kipling is obviously not opposed to planning in itself, though in such stories as 'A Germ Destroyer' he humorously warns against a mere proliferation of policy, which may make a man inflexible in the face of new challenges. His real point, however, is that the universe, in its fortuitousness, is always able to come up with some unexpected challenge for which no amount of planning could have prepared, and that in such an hour, all a man has in the world is what, figuratively speaking, he has in his pockets. And what he ought to have in his pockets for such a time is precisely what Lieutenant Golightly does not have, and for the lack of which he is 'arrested' in mid-career, a consciousness of the truth about himself—the only universally useful tool in an uncertain world.

Again, so much analysis of so slender a story must seem to require apology. But the very fact that it does so is a compliment to Kipling. It shows that he was able to write, early in his career, stories so entertaining and so apparently simple that they disarm criticism by seeming to be 'all there' on the surface. It is perhaps for this reason that modern critics have not dealt more seriously with his early work. Novelists like Joyce and Henry James, poets like Eliot and Pound cry out for elucidation. The early Kipling does not. In the words of J. M. S. Tompkins, many of the tales seem to require no analysis but 'need only to be displayed.' Yet as we have seen, even so slight an anecdote as 'The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly' proves to be far richer and more meaningfully composed than might have been guessed from a cursory reading.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Scarce Journals. We are very short of the following numbers : 3, 5, 7, 24, 60, 62, 67, 70, 73, 86.

If anybody can spare us any of these we shall be very grateful, as they will increase the number of complete sets available. Kindly send them to 323 High Holborn.

On the Birthday, II. With regard to the notice under this heading in the *March Journal*, the Dean of Westminster is proving most cooperative and there is every hope of our being able to hold a short Commemoration in Poets' Corner at Noon on Thursday, 30th December.

Watch the September Journal for further details.

A.E.B.P.

REPORTS ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

March 24, 1965, in the Ulster Room, Overseas House

This evening Mrs. G. H. Newsom, with a modest diffidence which proved to be quite unjustified by her performance, opened the discussion by giving us, in a series of conversations with the chairman, the results of her researches in depth on the origins and background of *The Light That Failed*, which she has undertaken over the past two years for *The Reader's Guide*. She reminded us at the outset of Professor Carrington's careful study of the work, about which he has written in his *Life of Kipling* besides having talked to us on the subject, so that members might well wonder whether there is anything more to be said. But Kipling's stories go very deep, and there are in *The Light That Failed* the episodes in Egypt and the Sudan which so far have not had much detailed attention from any commentators, and this is the particular gap which this evening's talk was designed to fill.

The chairman's foreword referred to some of the more trenchant criticisms that this book has received over the years. Captain Cyril Falls (in 1915) said that it had merited some of the abuse it had received, being raw, uncomely and "unpleasant" in that hardly any character is sympathetic — an extraordinary collection of unpleasant people: a vile guardian; Maisie cowardly and selfish; Dick himself brutal and savage, though brave and loyal and a dreamer of fine dreams. The "red-haired girl" is the only character left unscathed. Hilton Brown, thirty years later, champions Kipling's women, who when described as unreal are being libelled, but says that Maisie is not quite credible, being out of key with her time and because Kipling never quite wholly saw her. She was an unpopular heroine therefore because her creator was for once years ahead of his time. But she was a live woman, by no means the only one in Kipling's gallery. Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins brings criticism up to date in *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (1959). She says that it was not the complete success that he hoped for, or the novel he hoped to write. It is not particularly condensed in utterance. It is allowed, encouraged, to flow, the writing never running to waste, but explicit and fully expressive. The handling of some of the scenes has a lack of emotional reserve that brings up the question of Kipling's sentimentality, but, says Doctor Tompkins, the emotion in *The Light That Failed* is heady but it is not factitious; it is genuinely a part of the subject. The friendship of the men, the craving of the lover, the passion of the artist, the pathos of his blindness are not slipshod conventions. The very defiance, amounting at times to blatancy, with which they are projected is the measure of the writer's conviction.

The Light That Failed is an emphatic work. Image, assertion, eloquence, irony are all means, direct or indirect in action, of raising the content to its highest emotional and imaginative power. It is essentially a young man's book. Doctor Tompkins says that the badness of the happy ending is quite shocking, but Kipling was well aware of what he was doing, and it was exactly what Helder had done with 'His Last

Shot ' and executed with the same cold-blooded insolence. " Four fifths of everybody's work must be bad " says Dick to Maisie. No doubt the recurrent pendulum-swing of humility made it easier to fudge the deplorable alternative ending, but only about one fifth of the book is bad. In it a young man, already a considerable writer, explored a wrong turning; the novel was not for him. What it lacks is composure and the distancing that all his best work has. (This account is necessarily condensed and readers are referred to the book for this masterly appreciation in full).

Mrs. Newsom then proceeded to explain the historical background of Chapters II and XV, referring to the ill-fated mission of General Gordon, who had previously distinguished himself in China by his suppression of the Tai-pings — whereby he became " Chinese " Gordon — and as Governor-general of the Sudan. In 1881 the religious revolt in the Sudan began, inspired by Mohammed Ahmed, who falsely represented himself to be the Mahdi, the guide, the last in succession of the twelve holy Imams. His successes were such that the British Government in 1883 ordered Egypt to abandon the Sudan. Gordon, then in England, was requested in January 1884 by the Government to proceed at once to Suakin, investigate the situation, and report on the means of withdrawing the thousands of Egyptian soldiers, civilian employees and families. But having arrived in Egypt, he went to Cairo and saw the Khedive who gave him instructions to effect the evacuation of the Egyptian garrisons and employees from the whole Sudan. The British Government also agreed to General Gordon doing this, but it did not intend that he should ignore its original instructions to him. There are differing accounts of the instructions he received both from the home and the Egyptian governments, but while he was in Cairo, he also saw the British Consul-general, Sir Evelyn Baring (later Lord Cromer), who acquiesced in a plan for Gordon to go to Khartoum instead of to Suakin. He set off for Khartoum but the British Government did not know of the change of plan until he was crossing the desert on his way there. That is how General Gordon came to be in Khartoum and was besieged there by the Mahdi's forces, being in time cut off from communication with the outer world. Nothing was heard of him for over three months. Then towards the end of July 1884 a message, a month old, arrived. It showed that Gordon was alive and still at Khartoum. The British government, influenced to some extent by popular clamour, mounted an expeditionary force — with commendable speed once the delay in making the decision was overcome — for the relief of Gordon and the troops and civilians beleaguered in Khartoum.

It is this expeditionary force, known as the Nile Expedition, which is the subject of Chapter II. Eight hundred " whale boats " were specially constructed for the passage of troops and stores up the Nile. They proceeded in procession up the river, piloted by Canadian *voyageurs*, accompanied on shore by the mounted forces. With the aid of maps, Mrs. Newsom gave a lively account of the vicissitudes of this campaign throughout its course up the Nile to Khartoum, including the desperate fight for the wells at Abu Klea by the desert column. In her own words : in November 1884, Lord Wolseley received a message, while at Dongola, from General Gordon. Its main request was to " come

quickly " and " do not leave Berber in your rear ". Wolseley's original intention was that the expedition should keep to the Nile all the way to Khartoum, but when he received this message he decided to send a flying column from Korti across the Bayuda desert towards Metemma, that being the more direct way. This column consisted of four camel regiments, some cavalry and infantry, about 2,000 men. It went via Jakdul (which is mentioned in Chapter II). Before it reached the Nile, after another fight at Abu Kru, a detachment proceeded in two steamers which Gordon had sent down to meet them, but on arriving before Khartoum they realized that the Mahdi had taken the town. His men had entered it two days before, on 26th January 1885, and General Gordon had been killed. The boats turned back.

Meanwhile, the River Column had been struggling up the Fourth Cataract and the very difficult rapids of the Monasir country. When Wolseley, at Korti, learnt that Khartoum had fallen, and Gordon most probably killed, he ordered the River Column to halt. The first day was spent by the soldiers washing, and mending their clothes which had become worn by the hard work of hauling the boats up the cataracts. It was the only day during the campaign that the River Column during its advance had the chance of doing this. And so we arrive at the opening scene of Chapter II of *The Light That Failed*.

This scene of the soldiers bathing reminded Kipling of Michael-angelo's picture of a battle which took place more than 500 years earlier—the battle of Corscina at which soldiers were surprised while bathing. He introduces this incident although no such thing happened during the Nile campaign. Kipling appears to make the battle of Abu Klea follow immediately afterwards, but in fact this battle took place many miles away in the desert, and nearly three weeks before the River Column halted.

As the Nile Expedition was withdrawn shortly after the fall of Khartoum, and the events of Chapter XV, the final episode in the book, took place by inference a year or a little more later, their place in actual history is difficult to identify, except for the clue given in the reference to the armoured train on the Suakin-Berber line. Two months after Gordon's death, General Graham was placed in command of another expeditionary force assembled at Suakin with orders to break the power of Osman Digna, the Amir of Eastern Sudan under the Mahdi, and to press on with the construction of the railway to Berber. After a considerable amount of sporadic fighting, including a successful operation from Suakin and Otao on May 6th, a position of stalemate prevailed and, a cloud having arisen on the frontiers of Afghanistan, the withdrawal of the troops was ordered in May and in June the Mahdi died. The friendly tribes thus deprived of support were forced to make terms with Osman Digna. It would seem then that the chronology of Chapter XV is wrong, unless the author is describing one of the many operations against Mahdism that took place during the years after the end of the Nile Expedition and the withdrawal from the Sudan. The Suakin-Berber railway was never completed. The Fuzzies were never in the habit of shooting at the train while British forces were at Suakin. There was however a similar train which used to go out to the front lines during the engagement which followed the bombardment of Alexandria

in 1882 and which the Egyptians constantly shelled. Melton Prior, the well-known war artist of *The Illustrated London News*, once went as a passenger in it. It is probable that Kipling partly modelled Dick Helder on Melton Prior.

Beginning the discussion of the remaining parts of the book, an explanation was given of the legal aspect of the famous row in Chapter III with the representative of the Central Southern Syndicate, who bought Dick's war pictures for reproduction in their periodicals. At that time copyright in an artist's work, by the Fine Arts Copyright Act of 1862, belonged to the artist for his life and seven years after, but he lost the protection of the Act if in selling the original *he failed to obtain a written reservation of copyright from the purchaser*. It will be seen that Helder in all innocence had failed to secure the reservation of his copyright and therefore the Syndicate in strict law was entitled to retain the drawings. Kipling, having been a sufferer, was keenly interested in all questions of copyright, and doubtless invented this episode with a full sense of its value as propaganda. Today the question would not arise. By the Copyright Acts of 1911 and later, the author or creator of every original literary, dramatic, musical or artistic work is the first owner of copyright in his work, and has the sole right to produce or reproduce his work or a substantial part of it in any material form whatsoever. Copyright is now secured by the act of creation and no formality is required.

Passing to Chapters IV, V and VI it was observed that the author had clearly been inspired by his association with his artistic relatives, the Burne-Joneses and the Poynters. His insistence on the importance of line and draughtsmanship brought forth some pungent remarks on modern so-called art, which seemed to be generally approved by those present. The references throughout the book to the *Melancholia* and to Durer showed his admiration for the work of that master draughtsman, whose *Melencolia* (as he spelled it), one of the three most famous of his works in copper-engraving, has been said to be "one of the masterpieces of the greatest mind which ever expressed itself in this form of art". A book on Dürer's work containing a reproduction of the masterpiece was made available for inspection by the company. Verestchagin, it will be noted, is referred to more than once here and in his other works and this gives support to the previously expressed opinion that Kipling aspired to be the Verestchagin of literature.

Mrs. Newsom then dealt sympathetically with the quasi-idyllic Chapter VII, suggesting incidentally that Flo Garrard, another waif in "the house of desolation", was the original of Maisie, and that the book may have been inspired by Poe's *Annabel Lee*, a name which Kipling distorted for his own purposes to "lovely Mehitabel Lee" in *Departmental Ditties*. But now time was running out and the discussion was allowed to become more general and diffuse, displaying the enthusiastic interest the subject had evoked. There was no time for Mrs. Newsom to give a resumé of her conclusions which, however, are here included to round off this report :

The book, on first reading, does not seem to hang together, and the first questions we should ask ourselves are : What is the book about? — Is it a novel? Is it a love story? Is it just a wonderful mirror of

public reaction to life and events in the 1880s? Is it *au fond* a story about journalists and journalism, with Kipling's own word on the subject? Is it just a disguised autobiography? It is of course all these things, which may be the reason why it has not been a complete success in the accepted sense. Personally, I think it is the most interesting and fascinating novel ever written.

To the comment that it is raw, I reply that it reflects life, and for the same reason it appears uncomely and unpleasant, and some of the characters are "unsympathetic". On close study it will be found again and again that Dick Helder's brutality and savagery are only reflections of what people were thinking and doing at that time. Maisie perhaps does appear unreal and "out of key" with the heroines of her time, but in fact this character is *drawn from life* and there is no doubt that it portrays Kipling's first love, Flo Garrard.

I do not know what Kipling hoped for from this novel. It was in fact an instant and "roaring" success, and I think that the only reason that it has fallen out of favour is because people no longer live in and understand the world in which it was written. A study of those times is a great help in the understanding and enjoyment of the book.

That there were two endings to *The Light That Failed* raises the inevitable question. What did Kipling mean by the statement at the beginning of the longer and sadder version that it was the story "as it was originally conceived by the writer"? In my view there can be only one explanation. It is that Kipling had begun to write his story with the sad ending *before* meeting Flo Garrard in London. It was only after meeting her, in exactly the same way as Dick met Maisie again, that he decided to weave her into his story, and only then devised the so-called happy ending.

At the conclusion the chairman asked the audience to share his appreciation of the research and labour Mrs. Newsom had devoted to the subject for our entertainment. The invitation was hardly needed, to judge from the prolonged applause and cordial expressions of thanks.

P.W.I.

20 January 1965

As a result of numerous requests, we were treated to another of Mr. P. W. Inwood's fine readings of the Verse — on this occasion to a second instalment of BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS, including those from THE SEVEN SEAS, and the Service Songs from THE FIVE NATIONS. He began with "Screw-Guns", this title being an admirably terse description of "guns that are built in two bits". These were the 3.7 in. howitzers of the Pack, or Mountain Artillery, and many a Gunner Mess has heard "Screw-Guns" shouted into the night to the tune, of course, of the Eton Boating Song.

"Gunga Din" followed, and the discussion included a shuddering recall of the MGM film of that name. Kipling had no illusions whatever about Camels, and "Oonts" is merely a less concentrated version of "Can't, Don't, Shan't, Won't!" at the end of *The Jungle Book*. "Snarleyow" led to some fairly ignorant remarks regarding "case-shot" and "canister", while "Belts" (a true story, by the way)

brought criticism of the line "O buckle an' tongue was the song that we sung," in that the end should be either "was sung " or " we sang ". The reader's identification with each poem was so skilful that several, particularly " The Young British Soldier ", might have come straight from the mouth of Private Ortheris.

Several other favourites were included, which we have not space to mention, and a very enjoyable evening was brought to an end by a fine rendering of " Recessional ".

A.E.B.P.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND ANIMALS

'I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.'

Walt Whitman

The President of the Kipling Society, Mr. R. E. Harbord, amazed, in a day gone by, to find himself with an uncharted hour, occupied it by compiling a list of animals in the Jungle Books, which, while he does not claim it to be complete, totals more than 200 names. (Journals 58 and 59.)

The Honorary Editor, Mr. R. L. Green, in his book 'Teller of Tales' (Edward Ward, 1946), states that the Jungle Book and its sequel are above criticism, and 'set Rudyard Kipling among the great writers of all time.'

While the Honorary Secretary, Colonel Bagwell Purefoy — in a wider field — assigns to an animal, a little dog, the felicity of being 'the first living creature to see risen Christ.' (B.B.C., 'Thought for the week,' July 1st, 1963.)

It may, therefore, be satisfying to discover the nature of the relentless code to which Kipling's animals subject themselves, so that we may discern therefrom a way of life compatible with Kipling's adopted estimate of a man's life well managed, which has echoed down 500 years of our history :—

'That thee is sent receive in buxomnesse
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall.
Here is no home — here is but wilderness :
Forth Pilgrime — forth beast from out thy stall !
Look up on high and thanke the God of all.
Weive thy lusts and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.'

"The whole thing," says Kipling, 'absolutely covers the few things in life that really count.'

Although, by comparison, the Jungle Laws — as old and as true as the sky — afford immense variety, their summing up results in a creed simple enough :—

' Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty
are they,
But the head and the hoof of the Law, and the haunch and
the hump is OBEY '

Kipling writes about animals with superb descriptive power, and it is in the face of his undisputed authenticity — his animals carry their credentials with them — ' that the work of all others who have spoken of birds and beasts, or made birds and beasts speak — Aesop, La Fontaine, Grimm — pale their ineffectual fires to Kipling.' (Arthur Lynch)

Lorenz, the outstanding Naturalist, has said that Kipling, in his *Jungle Books*, ' presents his animals in a way far diverged from scientific truth. He daringly lets them speak like human beings, and ascribes human motives to their actions, yet conveys a true impression of what wild animals are like. One feels that a wise black panther would say the same things as does Kipling's Bagheera. (' King Solomon's Ring,' Lorenz, Methuen & Co.)

Reflection, therefore, for a space on some of the actions and words of Kipling's animals might reveal how the great game of Life is played by the best people.

In the pronouncements by the Grey Cat (Below the Mill Dam), called alternatively Mewsalina or Pussalina by the laughing Waters, we receive our briefing :—

' That it is good to sit by right in the heart of things, that atmosphere is life, that it is the influence under which we live that counts in the long run, that a purely mercantile life debases and brutalises and that nine tenths of the trouble in this world comes from lack of detachment.'

In another tale (' The Conversion of St. Wilfred ') Padda, ' good old Padda ', a great grey-muzzled old dog-seal, forced from Eddi of Manhood End, who claimed that his business was ' to save souls, and not to enter into fellowships with accursed beasts ', the admission that one could ' learn obedience at least, from that creature '.

Rikki Tikki Tavi, in a story of that name (*Jungle Book*), a domesticated mongoose, when in great peril closed his jaws tighter and tighter on the head of Nag, the black Cobra, ' preferring for the honour of his family to be found with his teeth locked '.

Kotick, the little white seal, ' child of the open sea ', journeyed one Autumn alone to find a quiet island for seals to live on, where men could not get at them. For five seasons he explored. In despair, he met an old, old seal, who was dying. The old seal said ' Try once more ' (There was a story on the beaches that some day a white seal would come out of the North, and lead the seal-people to a quieter place.)

' Try once more ' . . . and he did.

Kipling accompanies the story (from the *Jungle Book*) by what he calls a very sad Seal National Anthem — ' The beaches of Lukannon shall see their sons no more.'

And Erastiasus, tom-cat and grandfather in chief of the ' Whangoa ' — tough old Erastiasus — a tailless Japanese cat, ' the abruptness of whose termination gave him a specially brusque appearance', what of him? Well, he saved the ' Whangoa ' with a full cargo, and you can read

about his enterprise in a story named after him from 'Abaft the Funnel' — and rejoice.

These are but a few of the names that throng the memory and it seems well, since Life is best lived on an even keel, to close on a gentle note — Kaa, the Rock Python's advice to Mowgli :—

'A brave heart and a courteous tongue,' said he. 'They shall carry thee through the jungle.'

Nevertheless, Mewsalina shall have the last word; she shall sum up:—

'Yes! Life' she says, 'its surprisals, escapes, encounters, and dizzying leaps — its full-throated choruses in honour of the morning star, and its melting reveries beneath the sun-warmed wall.'

And who can envisage a more full-blooded existence than that.

A. M. PUNCH

BOOK REVIEWS

Roger Lancelyn Green's new version of *Tellers of Tales* (Edmund Ward, 25s.) makes fascinating reading—not just as an encyclopaedic reference for children's books and their authors from 1800-1964, but because it gives a comprehensive and enthralling account of How and Why many of one's own childhood's favourite stories were conceived and written. I loved his chapter on "Lewis Carroll", and how *Alice in Wonderland* came to be told and then written, and I would indeed have found it "exciting to have been a little girl round about 1880, and to have met 'Lewis Carroll' on a train" (p. 59).

His frequent references to "one of the greatest writers of the last 100 years" will delight readers of our *Journal*, besides giving us an insight into the store of knowledge the author has acquired. The study and research he has put into this book must well repay him by the enjoyment it will certainly give to his readers. The illustrations he has reproduced are well chosen. The indexes are most helpful and comprehensive. And I feel that any lover of children's books will find something new in Mr. Green's work; once begun, it is exceedingly hard to put down.

I found myself wanting to re-read many of my old favourite stories, and feel sure I shall enjoy them more than ever, knowing now how they came to be written. I would have liked a few more quotations from my favourites, but doubtless that would have made the book too cumbersome, and perhaps have defeated its object.

Any parent or grandparent wanting to give a book to the children could do no better than read "Tellers of Tales" before making a final selection, as Mr. Green confines himself almost entirely to authors whose books are still read and enjoyed by children of all ages.

MARGARET BAGWELL PUREFOY

Rudyard Kipling, Creative Adventurer by Mrs. Seon Manley, a book written primarily for the teen-age reader, may be shared with much enjoyment and appreciation by adults. It is an excellent biography which gives every evidence of careful and extensive study and research in its preparation.

The sequence is constructive and the citations, illustrations and quotations are apt and add to the text.

A Kipling biography addressed to the coming generation, in this reviewer's opinion, fills a long-felt want and it is hoped that it will successfully stimulate interest, appreciation and a wider reading of Kipling's prose and poetry among the group for which it was primarily written. The book itself, published by Vanguard Press, is attractive in appearance and typography. Its emergence in the year of the Kipling Centennial seems particularly appropriate.

CARL T. NAUMBURG

LETTER BAG

THE END OF 'TIGER ! TIGER !'

In answer to your query concerning " Tiger-Tiger " in *The Jungle Book* (p. 4 of the current issue of the *Journal*), the point you raise can be cleared up as follows.

Both the Livingston Bibliography and the Stewart-Yeats *Catalogue* are quite correct. I collate the text from *The Jungle Book*, New York : The Century Company, 1894, which is the first American edition in book form. Page 128, line 3 ends in these words : ". . . and the huge claws dangling at the end of the empty, dangling feet." Then follows a sentence in the American edition which reads :

" . . . It was then that Mowgli made up a song without any rimes, a song that came up into his throat all by itself, and he shouted it aloud, leaping up and down on the rattling skin, and beating time with his heels till he had no more breath left, while Gray Brother and Akela howled between the verses."

verses.

The English edition (London : Macmillan & Co., 1894) does not contain this sentence. The story then concludes in both editions with the remaining (22 lines) of prose and Mowgli's Song at the Council Rock.

It may be of additional interest to you that the English edition contains nine lines not found in the American edition. This passage begins on the fourth line of page 72 of the English edition, and it concludes with the words " comfort and god " nine lines later.

I hope that these comments clear up whatever dilemma has been raised. I know of no American editions save those described in Mr. Stewart's and my work.

A. W. YEATS

[This solves one problem — but raises another. The first English edition, as Mr. Yeats says, does not contain these lines — and *does* contain the nine lines on p. 72. But the English uniform, pocket and all other editions follow the American first (including the lines near the end and omitting those about angering the god) : when did this change take place? Our inability to find the lines arose from the fact that the bibliographers say ' at the end ' when in fact the lines come ' near the end '. I had already noted the cut of nine lines from p. 72 in *Kipling Journal* No. 121, April 1957, when commenting on the original use of ' Sahi ' for ' Ikki ' and ' Rann ' for ' Chil '. Obviously there is scope for careful collation of *Jungle Book* texts ! — *Editor*.]

1865

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1965

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