



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).

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.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, SW1, at 2 p.m.

Wednesday, 18th June, 1975.

Wednesday, 17th September, 1975, after the AGM at 2 p.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday, 17th September, 1975, at 2 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, SW1, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Wednesday, 16th July, 1975. Dr. M. E. Karim, Associate Professor in English at Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois, will open a Discussion on "Rudyard Kipling's Changing Vision in India."

Wednesday, September 17th, 1975. Mr T. F. Evans of the University of London, formerly editor of "The Shavian", will open a discussion on "The Age of Bernard Shaw".

Wednesday, 19th November, 1975. Mr. C. E. Carrington will open a Discussion on "Second Thoughts about Kipling".

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London, W2, on Wednesday, October 8th 1975. The Guests of Honour will be Professor and Mrs Charles Carrington.

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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Vol. XLII No. 194

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NEWS AND NOTES

IN SIGHT OF MONADNOCK

Kipling's memory is still green in Vermont; Naulakha still rides like a ship at anchor in its sea of trees, and even its furnishings have changed but little since he left it in 1898. There cannot be many still living at Brattleboro who remember him as "Neighbour Rudyard Kipling", but the whole tale of his adventures and mis-adventures is still being retold in more and more detail—of which we are kept informed by our good friend and fellow member, Mr. Howard C. Rice, of Chestnut Hill, Brattleboro.

Last December, for example, a 'Community Exhibition' of Toys was assembled at the Louise E. Thorne Memorial Art Gallery at Keene, New Hampshire and a local paper, *The Reformer* announced on 27 Nov: 1974 that "Child's Play", a community exhibition of toys, opens Sunday, Dec: 1 . . . At 4.30 p.m. Sunday, Howard C. Rice, Jr. of Brattleboro will give a gallery talk on "Kipling and the Just-So Stories." Rice, an expert on Kipling, points out that these tales began as bedtime stories Kipling told his daughter, Josephine, at Naulakha, the family's home near Brattleboro; and it reproduces a delightful photograph of Josephine with her nurse taken at Naulakha about 1895, lent by Mr. Rice. And the Exhibition folder reminds us of the first Just-So Story—it should not be surprising that the whale when he opened his mouth to let out one ship-wrecked Yankee mariner, should say: "Change here for Winchester, Ashuelot, Nashua, Keene, and stations on the *Fitch-burg* road !"

(Why was he a Yankee mariner? According to Kipling he was "a Hiber-ni-an", and his "natal-shore" was beside "the white-cliffs-of-Albion". The only possible reason seems to be that his braces are referred to throughout as "suspenders"—which has puzzled many an English child, particularly those brought up on the 1913 edition with the superb coloured illustrations by Joseph M. Gleeson showing Mr. Henry Albert Bivvens, A.B. wearing braces as "blue and bracing" as those of Christopher Robin which over-excited Piglet so much!)

One of the fullest accounts of Kipling at Brattleboro—and particularly of his quarrel with Beatty Balestier appeared as 'The Outsider', by Elizabeth F. Chittenden in a magazine called *Yankee* (Vol. 37, No. 5) published in Dublin, New Hampshire in May 1973. Though it may not contain anything new, this article is worth reading for the vivid picture it gives of the Kiplings while at Brattleboro, and still more of Beatty Balestier who seems much more of a real person than in many accounts of the quarrel.

'Beatty, a brilliant and charming scapegrace, was proud of being the black sheep of the Balestier family. And Kipling could overlook his

faults. Although Rudyard knew Beatty was a spendthrift, always in debt, he admired Beatty's quick turn of tongue . . . Kipling relished the legends of Beatty. One winter night Beatty challenged a cory to a sleigh ride across the frozen Connecticut with a case of champagne as prize. He couldn't drive a horse without cracking the whip. He seldom spoke without the use of the Almighty's name. Brattleboro understood and loved Beatty. He had a recklessness the self-contained Vermonters condemned but half envied. One said of him, "No matter what scrape he was in, he was real amusin' 'baout it".

'His sister Caroline did not share her husband's and the natives' tolerance of Beatty. From childhood the brother and sister had been antagonistic . . . To her Beatty was a millstone. Beatty, indifferent to what others thought of him, contemptuous of pretension and hypocrisy, despised Carrie's exaggerated English manner, speech, customs.'

After reading this article one suddenly realises that Wolcott, consciously or unconsciously, put a great deal of his brother into the character of Nicholas Tarvin in *The Naulahka*.

KIPLING AND INFLATION

After Shakespeare and the Bible, Kipling is one of the best sources for apposite quotations. But Inflation seems an unexpected subject for which to turn to him. However Dr. Enamul Karim has achieved the impossible! In *The San Juan Star* of 5 January 1975 he is quoted as having pointed out that Kipling had written a whole poem on the subject—an "uncollected" poem called "Exchange" which appeared in *The Civil and Military Gazette* for 17 December 1885, beginning:

"I am a man of culture small
With seven mouths to fill,
And I do not understand at all
Why money can't keep still :
Bi-metallism is to me
A grim unfathomed mystery.

Years back—ere Mrs. Smith was fat
Or I an ardent lover,
The fraudulent Rupee stood at
Two "bob" and something over,
I led her to the altar—then
It altered too, to one and ten . . ."

and so on for another six stanzas, finishing with the Rupee at one shilling and five pence.

Kipling did not reprint the entire poem, but four lines from it appear in *The Kipling Birthday Book* (1896) as part of the entry for 13 June. Martindell and Ballard include the complete poem in their privately printed volume *Rudyard Kipling's Uncollected Verse: Inclusive Edition 1881-1922* (page 29), and see also pages 5095-6 of the *Readers Guide*.

In view of the fact that Dr. Karim has contributed to the *Journal* and will be opening the Discussion Meeting on 16 July, it is of interest to quote further from the same article: 'Karim said, "Many years ago

when I was a schoolboy in Calcutta, I was fascinated by *The Jungle Book*". He said that the more of Kipling he read, the "more it fascinated my imagination." He is now a recognised Kipling scholar and has been invited to be the main speaker at a meeting of the Kipling Society of England next July. An associate professor of English at Rockford College, Karim was educated in Calcutta, Dacca, and the University of Wisconsin.'

'THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING'

Definite information about this film is still not forthcoming, but a Member, Mrs. G. H. Webb, sends a cutting from *The Evening News* of 17 March 1975 which carries us a little further. The film is being shot in Morocco (not Bangla Desh), and the female star is Shakira Baksh. 'She had just finished her big scene in the palace courtyard and in front of 2,000 extras under the broiling Moroccan sun', when she was interviewed by William Hall ("the man the big stars talk to"). 'She said: "That's the last time—I'm not going to act any more." What the 27-year-old beauty meant was that there's only room for one star in the family—and that is her husband Michael Caine. The former Miss Guyana, who came third in a Miss World contest before becoming the second Mrs. Caine, is the only female star in a rugged epic called 'The Man Who Would Be King', a £3 million adventure based on a story by Kipling and directed by John Huston . . . Caine, 41 and Sean Connery play a pair of penniless adventurers who set out to conquer a kingdom in Northern India in the mid nineteenth century. Shakira Caine is the name you'll see on the credits—for her one-word rôle as Roxanne, a tribal princess who marries Connery when he is declared a "god" by the primitive villagers . . .'

R.L.G.

Retrospect of THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

By C. E. Carrington

Twenty years ago when I wrote my biography of Kipling, the only period of his life which presented serious chronological difficulty was his career in London from October 1889 to August 1891. The first winter is covered by the journal-letters which he wrote to his friend, Mrs Hill in India and to her sister, Caroline Taylor, with whom he conducted a rather tepid love-affair by correspondence. All this came to a sudden end in February 1890, when his sister Trix (Mrs John Fleming) arrived in London to find him in deep distress. Kipling had met his childhood sweetheart, Flo Garrard, by chance in the street and had been swept by a gust of real passion that blew away his affection for Caroline. One result was the cessation of his correspondence with Mrs Hill and since, about the same time, his parents came to London for a prolonged stay, Rudyard wrote few home-letters. For the rest of the year, Kipling letters are scarce and often undated.

The same month, February 1890, saw a climax in his public life. His immense output of new and old verse and prose was a literary sensation that reached a high point just then with the first *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and which won acknowledgment in the celebrated *Times* article of 25th March.

Until recently, our sole sources of information on his love-affair, if it may be so-called, with Miss Violet Garrard, whom he called Flo, were the reminiscences of Trix, the fullest version being in the Kipling family papers; and the supposedly autobiographical passages in *The Light that Failed* (hereafter LF). I had little else to go upon, when I wrote my biography. LF is not, in my opinion, a great novel, not even 'vintage' Kipling, but it is full of good things, 'a mixed cargo of notions', as he wrote in *Something of Myself*. It is eminently readable, never out of print; everyone knows it; it has been translated into many languages, filmed, dramatised; and it exists in two quite different versions with many variants. In addition, it is a first novel by a very young man and, like most such books, frequently lapses into passages of autobiography. It was known, when Kipling arrived in London, that he had been at work upon a novel, which was never published and which has not been seen by anyone now living, the *Book of Mother Maturin*, and I have a hunch—no more—that the low life scenes at Port Said in LF are based upon borrowings from *Mother Maturin*, with India transposed to Egypt. There is one other section of LF that may have come out of what Kipling called his 'notion-books', the prologue which describes the boy-and-girl affair between 'Dick' and 'Maisie' at Southsea, plainly a flash-back to his own boyhood and, in my opinion, the most convincing of the three accounts Kipling wrote of that period. It could have been drafted two years earlier as a sequel to *Baa Baa Black Sheep* (1888), and adapted to fit into LF.

After the prologue at Southsea, LF is constructed on Kipling's usual picture-and-frame plan. The frame is provided by warfare and savagery in the Soudan, against which is contrasted a different picture, a love-affair in London between the two young persons in the Bohemian world of painters and writers. We know, which critics in the 1890s could not know, that the love-affair is based upon the real life of Rudyard and Flo, and that the contrast is between his adventurous life in India and her quiet life in London. The disguise, a change from India to Egypt, was not difficult though it obliged Kipling to turn to literary sources*; the change from writer to painter was still easier, for Kipling had been brought up in painters' studios.

It is strange that none of the critics noticed the debt of Kipling to *Aurora Leigh*, Mrs Browning's verse-novel which we know Kipling to have read when a schoolboy. Immensely popular in its day and wildly over-praised, it is, perhaps now under-rated. The structure of LF, the arrangement of the 'mixed cargo', closely resembles that of *Aurora Leigh*, and the following sentences, with a few nominal changes might be written about the central theme of either book.

Two orphans were brought up almost as brother and sister by a strict guardian. Romney Leigh ('Dick') won early success with charm and talent, but cared only for the love of Aurora ('Maisie') who enjoyed none of these advantages. She was consumed by a burning faith in the liberated New Woman of the nineteenth century and was prepared to sacrifice love for a career. She went abroad with a companion to write a great book (paint a great picture), with no success. The climax of the

*The literary sources of the Desert Warfare chapters of LF have been closely studied by Mrs G. H. Newsom (see the "Readers' Guide" by R. E. Harbord Section V. pp 2159-2186).

verse-novel comes in the 8th Canto which also gave Kipling the title of his book. Aurora sits looking over Florence in the sunset, musing over her failure as the light fails. She becomes aware that Romney is standing beside her telling her that he too has failed; his life work has been destroyed by a worthless woman ('Bessie') whom he had befriended, and worse news is to come. Aurora realises that he is blind, after an accident that 'destroyed his visual nerve'. His light has failed. (The words, 'light' and 'failed' chime through the 8th Canto like a bell). The poem ends with an unconvincing surrender by Aurora, who abandons her career to become the nurse and housekeeper of a blind man. Let some psychologist explain why Victorian writers were obsessed with blindness as a symbol for failure in love. The *motif* occurs in *Jane Eyre*, *Aurora Leigh*, *Westward Ho*, Du Maurier's *Martian*, and the forgotten best-seller, Florence Barclay's *The Rosary*.

The early London chapters of LF are merely descriptions of Kipling's life in Embankment Chambers with many incidents that may be found in my biography, somewhat heightened in colour. The scene changes with the appearance of 'Maisie' and, at this point, we can consider new evidence about her which was not available when my book was written. In 1958 Mrs J. H. Robertson* wrote to me to say that she had known Violet Garrard at Oxford in the 1920s and 1930s and had often heard from her and from Mabel Price, undoubtedly the original of the un-named 'red-haired girl'. Young Kipling had visited them at their Paris studio in the Avenue d'Jena near to the Etoile, in May 1890. Little as we know of Kipling's movements about that time, there are a few blank days about 5th May when this visit might be fitted in. After that date we have no hint or suggestion that Rudyard and Flo met again. 'That was the end of Maisie'. The process of the abortive love-affair was from February to May, and LF was then written in a few weeks, coming red-hot off his pen, lived and recorded at the same time. On 15th August, wise old Lockwood Kipling wrote from his house in Earl's Court Road that Rudyard had finished a draft of his novel and was physically and mentally exhausted.

Mrs Robertson's letter led to a further enquiry among those who had known Violet Garrard and Mabel Price. I was much helped by Dr G. Kitson Clark of Trinity College, Cambridge, who introduced me to several members of their circle of friends. It was well known that they accepted the identification of 'Dick' and 'Maisie' with Rudyard and Flo, but indignantly repudiated the reality of the motives attributed to them in the novel. Mabel Price had certainly not made advances to 'Rudyard-Dick' on her own account. In 1969 a parcel of letters (described in the *Kipling Journal*, No. 169 March 1969) was sold at Sotheby's, one of them by Violet Garrard commenting on the verses, at the head of Chapter VII, in which a woman makes an unreasonable demand upon her lover for 'blue roses'. " 'Dick', with his usual obliquity of vision," she wrote, "failed to notice that I wasn't exacting blue roses of him, but he of me." She had never intended to renounce her career for marriage.

We must now face the central problem, the dual publication of LF, in

*For a full discussion of new information about the origins of LF up to 1959, the reader is referred to "Kipling Journal" No. 125, March 1958. Some necessary alteration arising from this were incorporated in the 2nd (paperback) edition of "Life and Works of Kipling", CEC.

a shorter version as a conventional novelette with a 'happy ending', and a longer version as a bleak tragedy in which the lovers part and the hero devotes himself to death. Why the two versions and what did Kipling mean by his Author's Note that the longer version was the book 'as originally conceived'? He deepens the darkness by throwing in a clue when his hero, 'Dick', paints a picture in two styles, one sentimental and one realistic, and is properly rebuked by his friends for doing so.

The process of publication is well established: a draft (but what draft?) was completed by August 1890. Publication was arranged by Kipling's new friend Wolcott Balestier, an American literary agent who invented a plan to forestall pirate publishers, against whom Kipling was conducting a campaign that autumn. He got the book into proof during October and deposited an early specimen with the authorities at Washington on 2nd November. Another early copy was deposited in London on 27th November with the British authorities. Thus copyright was secured in both countries before general publication. We have it on the authority of Stewart and Yeats, the bibliographers, that Washington copyrighted the shorter and London the longer version. Both then must have been set up in type at the same time. In December the shorter version appeared in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* as a complete *novelette* which scored an instant success, five times reprinted; but before the serious reviewers had covered it, their pens were stopped by the announcement of a forthcoming longer version, which went to press on 16th February 1891 and was published in book form by Macmillan's in March. It proved to be a new book, almost an anti-feminist tract.

Who but Wolcott Balestier could ever have persuaded so fiercely independent an author as Kipling to affront his own literary conscience by turning a tragedy into a comedy as a catchpenny device? But is the dilemma as simple as this? We now suggest that there had always been alternative ways of treating this subject in the author's imagination.

The other clue is in Kipling's borrowing from French Literature which he had read voraciously under his learned father's eye at Lahore.*

"At the Paris Exhibition of 1878", wrote Kipling in *Something of Myself*, "I saw (aged twelve), and never forgot, a portrait of the death of Manon Lescaut . . . I read that amazing book . . . in alternate slabs with Scarron's *Roman Comique*, when I was about eighteen (1884), and it brought up the picture . . . LF was a sort of inverted, metagrobolised phantasmagoria based upon *Manon*."

Taking Kipling at his word, Mrs Newsom read *Le Roman Comique*, which not many people in England or, I suspect, in France, read for pleasure, and she asked for my help in finding the portrait of Manon Lescaut. After a long search in England and France, only a photograph of the picture was found. The original painting eludes us.

Manon Lescaut, by Dagnan-Bouveret, an academic painter now long forgotten, was shown at the Salon in 1878. In dramatic style it represents the lover, Des Grieux in a desert landscape, wild-eyed, looking at the

*London critics who compared young Kipling with Maupassant did not often pursue the subject. They did not notice that the 'cold lairs' and the 'bandar-log' in the "Jungle Book" are borrowed from Maupassant's Indian story, "Chali" or that "Captains Courageous" is closely modelled upon Pierre Loti's "Pêcheurs d'Islande", though both French exemplars, as "The Times" leader-writer put it, have sexual implications that 'would have been an impossibility for an Englishman'.

sky, stripped to his shirt, and kneeling before the dead body of Manon, which he must now bury.¹

Indeed, no 'metagrobolised' Manon could have a happy ending, and the inversion consisted in ending not with the death of 'Manon' but with that of her forlorn lover. The destroying passion that burns up these lovers may be found in both books, but the glimmering enchantment that attracts 'Des Grieux' to 'Manon' is not to be found in the withdrawn character of prim, little, 'Maisie'; for that we must turn to the *Roman Comique*² It makes no difference in this search that the Third Part of the *Roman* is usually described as a spurious addition by another hand than Scarron's.³

It is this Part which contains the detached story of 'La Capricieuse Amante', another tale of the pursuit of an elusive woman by an adventurous young man, with every inducement to accept his offer, she ignores him, slights him, and is not impressed by his martial exploits. It is only out of pity, when he presents himself to her, a wretched invalid with a sword-wound in his head, that she relents (like *Aurora Leigh*), consenting to become his wife and nurse, '*au grand contentement des parents, et beaucoup plus des mariés*'. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that 'la capricieuse' lives at Vitré, and that Flo Garrard's studio in LF is transferred from Paris to Vitry-sur-Marne.

Here, at least, we have models for the two versions of LF, first as he pictured it when a child, secondly in optimistic youth, and finally as the harsh facts of 1890 gave it reality.

An unexplained feature of the longer version of LF is the interpolation of the new Chapter VIII, an elaboration of the Fleet Street life with a number of new characters. Why insert it at all? The only reason I can suggest is that the London publisher thought the shorter version too short for a full-scale novel, and asked for more. Much of the chapter is mere padding, with some of the worst verses that Kipling ever wrote; but it includes 'Dick's' story of a love-affair with a creole woman while he painted pictures in the hold of a tramp-steamer. We can say with some assurance that Rudyard Kipling had no such erotic adventure in his own life. Why invent it? Perhaps to imply that 'Dick Helder' needed stiffening, not such a laggard in love as he seemed to be in London.

By the winter of 1890-1, Kipling had already put LF behind him, and was reaching forward to his next endeavour, *The Naulahka*, an inferior book even in the chapters which we can ascribe to his pen. Curiously it goes over much of the same psychological ground; another adventurous young man has difficulty in persuading his sweetheart to abandon her career for marriage. The most significant parts of *Naulahka* are the chapter-headings in verse which relate scarcely if at all to the plot of the book, and relate closely to the Rudyard-Wolcott-Carrie triangle which now occupied his mind. But that is another story.

REFERENCES

1. Mrs. Newsom will present a translation into English of parts of Scarron's tale, and say more about the picture, in an article which I hope will follow mine.
2. French novel by Paul Scarron (1610-1660), the first husband of Mme de Maintenon.
3. I acknowledge much help from Professor E. Léaud of the University of Touraine, a good Kiplingite.

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE YOUNG KIPLING

by Margaret Feeley

Kipling's earliest work is often unduly neglected. Thus, it was good to read Dr. D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke's argument—in "Colonial Neurosis: The Young Kipling" (*The Kipling Journal*, June 1974)—that the writer's first three stories were very important to his development. However, some of Dr. Goonetilleke's assertions show a misunderstanding of Kipling's growth as an artist. His thesis is that Kipling progressed from the "nightmarish experience" of the early tales to the "ordinary world of Anglo-India" in his mature stories (5). This thesis implies that the young Kipling used marginal characters and situations that he later exchanged for more typical ones. In addition, he argues, the early work is important for illustrating "the kind of unevenness despite consistent care which . . . is one feature of Kipling's work at any period of his career" (5). Dr. Goonetilleke attributes this "unevenness" to Kipling's "economy" which he believes detracts from "The Dream of Duncan Parrenness" (Dec. 1884) but enhances "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" (Sept. 1884) as well as "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" which Kipling worked on in the early months of 1885.

In the first place, the idea that Kipling awakened from nightmare to mundane light of day in his Indian work is somewhat misleading. While some of his stories do deal with ordinary everyday occurrences, most of them use the unusual or abnormal case to make a comment on general human values. And I see no pattern of progression here; "typical" tales are interspersed with "atypical" ones. For instance, in 1887, Kipling was describing the manners of ordinary Anglo-Indian society in "Tods' Amendment", "Kidnapped", and "Miss Youghal's Sais"; in the same year he wrote "The Man Who Would be King", a story that featured such unusual events as madness and crucifixion in order to deepen the mystery of man's urge for omnipotence. And Kipling wrote about casual liaisons between stereotyped colonists and native women about the same time he wrote "Without Benefit of Clergy", in which a very special Moslem girl and her changing perception of the meaning of life fatally alter her English lover. The setting of this story is perhaps one of Kipling's most nightmarish as the characters try to live normal lives in a plague-ridden city. However, the ever-present facts of disease and death are not just "atmosphere" but metaphors for the accidents of fortune that shake the myths and rituals that support life, and that finally take away life itself.

Therefore the first stories do not represent an early interest in the macabre that the young Kipling had to get out of his system before dealing with the "ordinary world of Anglo-India". In particular, "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" sets out for the first time the attitudes and themes that would preoccupy him for the next fifteen years at least. And in regard to its immediate continuity, "Jukes" is the first of several stories to follow a year later, in 1886, that concern a complacent civil servant thrust into a situation he cannot direct or control. For these reasons it seems to me that "Jukes" cannot simply be lumped together with "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows". It also stands apart because of its superior technique and the greater significance of its theme.

Like "The Gate" and "The Dream", "Jukes" is a dramatic monologue narrated by a Sahib, but the likeness ends there. In Kipling's first two stories he simply created vivid and believable characters and settings, a limited if reasonable goal for a novice fiction writer. In "Jukes", however, Kipling went beyond the murky plotlessness of his earlier tales to build a fully developed short story around a single moral centre. In "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows", the half-caste drug addict, Misquitta, begins low and can hardly sink much lower, so his account of his deterioration is lacking in dramatic interest. Also, his degradation has taught him nothing; he is arrogant about his white blood and calls the natives, "niggers" (305). Jukes, on the other hand, starts out as a respected civil engineer, "a representative of the dominant race", and ends up "helpless as a child and completely at the mercy of his native neighbors" (230). If his nightmare experience does not radically change him, it does at least, however temporarily, bring him in touch with some basic human emotions he has denied in himself: fear, hatred, and compassion.

Kipling carries the technique of the disingenuous narrator much further in "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" than in "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows". The structure of the story is subtle, flowing from Jukes's shifting point of view as he describes events but does not comprehend their implications. "Personally I am not of an imaginative temperament—very few engineers are . . ." (236), he asserts, however his experience is "half fantasy" as Dr. Goonetilleke suggests (7). Because he denies his imagination, thinking himself a great rationalist, he is easily victimized by feelings he doesn't know he has. In a delirious fever, he accidentally rides his horse into an immense sand-pit which serves as a prison for carriers of cholera, and there he quickly loses all the tokens of the privileged status that separates him from the natives: his sense of racial superiority, his moral authority, his material benefits. The engineer is a pompous stuffed shirt who takes himself very seriously and naturally expects everybody else to do so too. At first he waits for the sand-pit dwellers to acknowledge him as a superior ("Even in these days, when local self-government has destroyed the greater part of a native's respect for a Sahib . . ."), but when they merely laugh and jeer at him he loses his temper and blindly beats the emaciated people (221). In *Echoes*, Kipling's first book of poems, (1884), he had presented violence towards natives as a general outlet for the frustrations of whites, and it seemed gratuitous; here the violence is aesthetically and thematically justified as the force underlying the pretensions of the English who like to think of themselves as the fathers of the people. Jukes, however, does not share this irony with the reader. He is merely ashamed of losing his self-control. The reader also understands that Jukes' fits of panic are as much related to his crumbling sense of identity as to the claustrophobic atmosphere of the pit. Again, Jukes merely blushes to think he has made an "exhibition" of himself in giving way to terror and flinging himself raving against the slopes of the pit (226). Hysteria, experienced for the first time, engenders another new emotion for Jukes: compassion.

As the Englishman's self-importance begins to dwindle, he makes some discoveries. At first, he thinks of the other pit-dwellers as "wild beasts" or "lower than any beasts" (228). Later, he sees them as fellow

suffering human beings (233, 234). When he notices that they converse "in low equable tones, curiously in contrast to the strident babble with which natives are accustomed to make day hideous," he is not recording a change in the way natives talk but a growing sympathy for them, though he seems barely aware of his changing perception. Then he sees that just like himself one or another of the desperate men and women would rise up as if possessed and beat the slopes of the pit with his or her body. However, Jukes's new empathy with the people is soon lost in considerations of expediency as he plots his solitary escape: "I was as certain then, as I am now of my own existence, that in the accursed settlement there was no law save that of the strongest . . . and that I had to depend for my own life on my strength and vigilance alone" (235).

Jukes's lack of self-knowledge is underlined by his failure to recognize his double. Jukes and the society he stands for are parodied by Gunga Dass, a Hindu Brahmin whom Jukes used to know as a telegraph-office clerk and who is now recognizable only by a scar on his cheek that the engineer was mysteriously responsible for. In the pit, the assumptions of the outer world are inverted; Jukes begins to offer Gunga Dass four annas to be his servant, but here the Hindu claims the privileges of imperialism and announces that Jukes shall serve him. Jukes eventually asserts his will over Gunga Dass because of his physical strength, just as, perhaps, the English hold India more because of their superior military and technological power than their subjects' love and respect for them. Gunga Dass's cringing and fawning barely disguises his hatred. "Protector of the Poor", he flatters his boss while he secretly plans to kill him just as he killed the first Englishman who stumbled into the pit. Jukes's discovery of this corpse provides another opportunity for parody; civil servant to the end, he painstakingly lists and describes all the dead man's effects: "1, Bowl of a briar-wood pipe, serrated at the edge; much worn and blackened; bound with string at the screw" . . . (243). Kipling uses Gunga Dass to draw disturbing parallels between civilization and this land of the living dead: the Hindu compares the pit to the English heaven where there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage" (230). And when he and some others kill Jukes's horse for meat, he explains, "we are now Republic . . . greatest good of greatest number is political maxim" (239). But Gunga Dass is particularly Jukes's vulgar shadow in his own racial pride. As a Brahmin, only he has the right to escape if a way can be found, a sentiment that echoes Jukes's law of self-interest. Gunga Dass is aware of similarities Jukes would prefer to ignore and refers to himself and Jukes both as dead men.

"The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" may indeed be a story about the racial and cultural fear of the alien as Dr. Goonetilleke argues, but it is much more than that. It is also a devastating view of the efficient, rationalistic Empire Builder that Kipling is so famous for eulogizing. This satirical view, echoed in subsequent stories, especially "In the House of Suddhoo", should certainly qualify the charge of Kipling's jingoism. Therefore, it is untrue that Kipling "developed" from the bizarre stories of his youth to the balanced work of his maturity. Though strange enough in its setting, plot and characters, this story, written when Kipling was only twenty, presents through a

very sophisticated choice of point of view a theme as universal, important, and timeless as any story he wrote at sixty.

However, there is some truth to the charge that Kipling is an uneven writer. But this "unevenness" is not, I believe, a function of "economy" that grew out of "journalistic exigence" as Dr. Goonetilleke suggests (5). Certainly many of the later tales, such as "Mrs. Bathurst" and "Dayspring Mishandled", understated and elliptical as they are, comprise some of Kipling's best work. And "journalistic exigence" was never a factor in their creation. The subject of Kipling's "unevenness" requires a much more thorough treatment of his works than is possible here, but it still might be useful to suggest an approach. In *Something of Myself*, Kipling distinguishes works he wrote under the influence of his personal "Daemon" from his uninspired works (200-202). The "Daemon" seems to be the power of his imagination, an irresistible force to which he surrendered his consciousness: "When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously; Drift, wait, and obey" (202). The presence of conscious intention, therefore, signifies the absence of inspiration in Kipling's work. Guided by his Daemon, he wrote stories and books in which theme, plot and characters meld together into one expressive unity. But conscious aims such as propaganda, for instance, as in the case of "His Chance in Life" and "The Head of the District" tend to dominate and override the other aspects of the story. The "conscious" stories try to make up for their imaginative poverty with a sprinkling of aphorisms, while the "unconscious" stories like "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes", are in themselves aphorisms or moral fables. When Kipling lost himself, he—and we—gained the most.

NOTE

All my page references to Kipling's works are to the "Outward Bound" Editions: "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" in Volume I, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, (New York, 1899), pp.297-306, "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" in Volume V, *The Phantom Rickshaw* (New York, 1899), pp.214-250, and Volume XXXVI, *Something of Myself* (New York, 1937).

DISCUSSION "WHY WAS KIPLING HATED?"

Mr Shamus O. D. Wade opened the Discussion Meeting at St. George's Club, Wilton Mews on 19th February 1975 with an enthusiastic speech that is, unfortunately almost impossible to reproduce in cold print: as he does not speak from a script, the following is transcribed from a tape and the notes that the speaker was good enough to lend to your reporter.

Mr Wade began by telling the company that his first sight of the *Journal* filled him with awe at its erudition and the odd items of Kiplingiana that emerged from it. He once met a television producer who shuddered at the very mention of the name of our author and did not really know why; unless it was the thought of Wolf Cubs in draughty church halls! After some thought, it emerged that he had been, as it were conditioned by a group of people to whom the very name of Kipling was anathema. It was not clear whether this gentleman had actually read any of the works or not—he just disliked the author because others did!

The speaker then explained how Tennyson, Longfellow, Ruskin, Conrad and others had been guilty of objectionable passages about one thing and another, but nobody seemed to hold it against them. Kipling, on the other hand, has several quite innocent quotations taken out of context, possibly slightly distorted, and then used in evidence against him for years.

Making his position clear, Mr Wade then took the view that if a person held certain views on race, religion or whatever from birth, he is entitled to them, even if they are prejudiced: it is what he was brought up to believe, and it is no discredit to him: on the other hand, however, if a person deliberately sets out to introduce prejudices and hatreds into a community that were not there before, that person is evil. Here the speaker referred to G. K. Chesterton's verses on Jews, and what he called a 'certain absent-minded anti-Semitism' that prevailed in this country—it did not prevent Disraeli from becoming Prime Minister, or the Schombergs from producing a long line of distinguished Naval officers. Nobody ever refers to Chesterton as an anti-Semite, and the pro-Nazi activities of Ezra Pound are dismissed with 'during the war he broadcast for the Axis on economic matters.'

So, many authors are forgiven for the nasty things they said about various people and things, Kipling is not forgiven for the fairly innocuous things he did say, but is also accused of saying many things that he did not. He is not forgiven for those, either.

The speaker found that Kipling is hated because he was an imperialist, although oddly enough the Russians like him because he was a reactionary, a fascist (although Orwell maintains he was not) and an establishment poet, despite his refusals of the Laureateship and such verses as "The Song of the Old Guard" and "Mesopotamia . . ."

But the men who left them thriftily to die in their own dung,
Shall they come with years and honour to the grave?

Some said, and with justice, that Kipling was an unpaid public relations man for Cecil Rhodes, which has its advantages over doing the same for Stalin!

Now come two completely different but intertwining reasons why Kipling is hated—intellectual literary gentlemen, who are supposed to talk to each other, were not permitted to enter into discussions with him—in fact he despised them, and showed it

But I consort with long-haired things
In velvet collar-rolls
Who talk about the Aims of Art . . .
"In Partibus"

Abaft the Funnel, p. 193

but despite all the snide little verses

"When the Rudyards cease from Kipling" . . . and general unpleasantness, the fact remains that when the Speaker investigated the copies of Kipling's books in his local library at Shepherd's Bush, he found that those on the shelf were no sooner in than they were out again: Kipling had no sins, scarlet or otherwise (so far as we know), but his books certainly are read!

He was a success from his early days, and still is, which displeases his enemies more and more, adding fuel to the flames of a feud which also aggravates that running sore—Kipling is a racist. Before elabora-

ting on this, Mr Wade put forward three premises: —

- 1 a professional does a job because he has to, in order to earn his living
- 2 if a professional has a message that many people get wrong, it is the fault of the professional and not his audience
- 3 it can often happen that a writer, or other creative artist can get something wrong himself, without quite knowing what it is.

So, people mistook the "Ballad of the 'Clampherdown'" for a serious poem instead of the joke it is, and Kipling's first thought on finishing "Recessional" was to put it into the waste-paper basket. It would have saved a lot of wordage on 'lesser breeds' if he had done just that or if he had told us if 'without' meant 'outside' or 'not possessing'. Mr Wade cited several well-known Jewish personalities who are also good Kiplingites, taking the view that although he is hated, it is not because he is a racist, but because he nails phonies and villains for all time. Somebody should do for Kipling what he did for Bunyan in "The Holy War" Several other unlikely public figures were also mentioned as students of our author, and the speaker ended with the hope that he had opened a few doors for his listeners, however short-sightedly he might have peered through them.

After a pause for reflection, Col. Purefoy quoted C. S. Lewis, and Miss Punch observed that she had come across an 'average man' who did not like the "By Jingo!" song that Kipling did not write! Miss Higgins informed us her school song was "Land of our Birth". Mr Buffin suggested that some people are inclined to make a witch-hunt by searching Kipling's works for what they consider to be an objectionable phrase and then flogging him with it.

Mr Winnill told us how a lot of Kipling's work was written when he was 17 or so—he heard older men talking in the Club or elsewhere, remembered what he heard, and made stories out of it.

Mr Alexander saw Kipling on a political platform in about 1910 in Ashton-under-Lyne.

After some further discussion the meeting broke into informal groups, still considering Mr Wade's stimulating address. J.H.McG.

LETTER BAG

RECESSIONAL

Dr Goonetilleke obscures the point he is trying to make (that Kipling, in his Indian verse, "was apt to surrender to the imperial wave") by some of the examples he uses. "A Song of the White Men" is of course a poem written to hail the outbreak of the Great Boer War, and has nothing to do with India. Never did I expect to find a critic from the Third World taking issue with anti-Boer verses on such grounds (though I think that as literature they are atrocious). Equally, "The White Man's Burden" was written to celebrate America's conquest of the Philippines. It certainly contains elements that must affront any liberal; but if Dr Goonetilleke will read it again, he will find in it also (I allude to the last two verses) some very shrewd hits at the American national character, which go a little way towards explaining the disastrous failure of the United States in the Far East. I would find no difficulty whatever in quoting

"The silent, sullen peoples / Shall weigh your Gods and you" to a Cambodian or Vietnamese.

Dr Goonetilleke's strangest error concerns *Recessional*. I have given elsewhere my reasons for thinking that by "the Gentiles" Kipling may well have meant the Americans; "lesser breeds" may mean the Germans, or merely any other human family which goes in for wild boasting. Because the whole poem is about the responsibility of rulers, I think it most unlikely that Kipling had the subject peoples in mind. What is clear, anyway, is that the word "breeds" has no such overtones of animal husbandry as Dr Goonetilleke discovers. There is one line in English poetry which uses the word that is even better known than Kipling's; I would not be surprised to learn that he had it at the back of his mind when composing "Recessional"—

This happy breed of men, this little world

This precious stone, set in the silver sea . . .

A word sanctioned by Shakespeare to describe the English people may surely be employed safely enough to describe other nations; though of course nobody likes to be called "lesser". But in this case at least Dr Goonetilleke need not take offence, for he is not an imperialist rival of Queen Victoria.

HUGH BROGAN

I do not agree with Mr. Goonetilleke's assessment of Kipling's "Recessional". Though it is not the first time I've heard a similar criticism, and always wondered at its lack of logic.

This is a penitential psalm. A far-sighted counter-blast to the swollen headedness often found in the "Times" and other places in 1897. The poem may be snobbish but it is not racist.

The people who might be "drunk with sight of power"—this could well refer directly to those wonderful Jubilee Processions—are Englishmen. The "wild tongues" are the tongues of Englishmen in a notoriously sceptical age (and this Kipling bitterly regretted). And so on to "the Gentiles". Kipling was a mason. His reverence for builders who built seriously is a recurring theme. Though no Zionist he honoured the Temple building Jews who built SERIOUSLY as against the Gentiles (probably Greeks in the Temple reference) who built for leisure, beauty and playtime. Just as in Empire building reference he elsewhere pours the same scorn on "flannelled fools at the wicket, muddled oafs at the goal" as against those who could "shoot and ride". Q.E.D. Mr. Goonetilleke's "the British are the norm of a people within the Law" is an illogical distortion. Again and again Kipling feared, really feared, that the norm of the British people was that same oaf or batsman. So he issued warning after warning.

But Gentiles in this particular poem I'm sure were arm-chair politicians (oh how he hated them!). "The Law" again has Masonic overtones, it is not exclusively English political Law. Mr. G. himself recognises this, negatively, but not affirmatively. It is the inner law by which a man lives. As to "Indians" (Mr. G's note) again and again he points out, Hindu, Gurkha, Sikh, have an inner law by which they live and die, which puts even some of Kipling's best Englishmen to shame.

The whole poem is one piece. The Empire will disintegrate from within. An Englishman never uses the noun or verb "breed" when he means race. But as in so much of 18th, 19th century literature, he uses

it every five minutes when he means class, caste, education or the lack of it. Summed up in that marvellous story of a cavalry colonel's confidential report "personally I would not breed from this officer."

Then there is K's other poem . . . "poor little street-bred people, that vapour and fume and brag, they came lifting their heads in the stillness, to yelp at the English flag". Those streets are not in Berlin, Cairo or Turin, they are in Manchester, Leeds and Hoxton.

Such street-bred men (Heaven knows Kipling recognised plenty of exceptions) were useless in holding the Empire together, because they wouldn't recognise "The white man's burden" if they saw it, though their own skins were greenish white, any more than would a money-spinning Easterner from U.S.A., or a German Colonist, because in 9 cases out of 10 the only reward for the white man's burden was "a lonely grave under a lonely pine by a dank Hill station, or a desert's edge". These lonely graves appear again and again in Kipling.

Kipling, a master of the contemptuous phrase, reserved his pearls for his own countryman. The word 'Recessional' means 'the hymn sung as clergy or choir leave the chancel'. Kipling was visualising that triumphant service of Thanksgiving in St. Paul's and hoping—desperately—to tone down too great a sense of triumph.

Kipling knew that it would be, not foreigners, not Indians (who were never foreigners to him) but his own people who would tarnish the ideal. His sense of service, and his humility and his feeling for the Old Testament builders is seen in another poem—

For so the Ark be borne to Zion, who
Heeds how they perished, or were paid, who bore it
For so the shrine abide, what balm, what pride?
If we, its priests, were crowned, or slain before it."

There is nothing personal, in this opinion, which disagrees with Dr Goonetilleke's version but I expect we both speak with unconscious ideological overtones.

DIANA M. WAKELY

A QUERY

I wonder if any member of the Kipling Society could help me trace 'Blake, Conductor-Sergeant Our Master twice was 'e', mentioned in "The Mother Lodge"! I have a strong feeling that he might be Lieutenant George Blake who was Barrack Master in Rawalpindi in 1877 and was a founder member of The Money Chapter No. 76 Rose Croix.

I would be most grateful for any help you might be able to give.

General Sir A. DRUMMOND

'A DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC

I trust that, as a new member, I am in order but I should like to draw your members' attention to a matter which occurred while writing a book called "Japanese Art Collectors Guide" when I drew the reader's attention to a story called "A Disturber of Traffic" where the unpaid assistant keeper of a screw pile light in the Flores Straits was described as a "Kling" and he seemed to me to be identical with a "Shojo", well-known in Japan as a semi-mythical being. My critics were sceptical but they were not Kipling fans and I should welcome expert advice. The

book was published a few years ago and is I fear out of print though it can be obtained from free libraries. The publishers were George Bell and Sons. It was also published in U.S.A. but also out of print. I could probably lend a copy to the librarian. Also I would ask whether the Runes on the ivory tusk in *Just So Stories* have been transliterated because I did so I think in 1922 using "tables of frequency". R.K. gave the impression that it was an easy matter, it took me an afternoon.

ALEX R. NEWMAN

"A RECANTATION"

I have believed for many years that "A Recantation" was addressed to Marie Lloyd, someone questioned this the other day saying that Marie Lloyd was not on the halls in the 1914-18 War and I found I had no facts to back up my belief. Could you enlighten me?

(MRS.) EDITH DOBSON

RUDYARD KIPLING'S EARLY INTEREST IN BUDDHISM

G. C. Beresford, Kipling's intimate school-friend in whose "daily company" (Charles Carrington: *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work*, Penguin, p.59) Kipling had spent his early years at Westward Ho!, mentions in his *Schooldays With Kipling* (New York, 1936) about Kipling's early interest in Buddhism. "Gigger was the apostle of Buddha or Arnold [The Light of Asia] for a span at Westward Ho! and used to declaim very finely certain portions about 'om mani padmi Hum' or words to that effect, and rather wished there was more of crackjaw stuff in the book as reciting it would have a fine effect and impress outsiders." (pp.247-48). He adds that Kipling had made a little shrine in his room from "a gas-stove rigged up with a long India rubber tube from the fish-tail gas-burner which led directly to the life-giving sacrament of the cocoa cups", (p.247). Kipling, according to Beresford, used to preach reincarnation, (p.249). All these were boyish attempts to be a devotee of Buddhism at the age of fourteen. However, later in life, his two visits to Japan in 1889 and 1892, his perceptive descriptions of Buddhist pagodas, his beautiful poem 'Buddha at Kamakura' composed in 1892 and his creation of the unforgettable character of the Lama in *Kim* indicate his deepening and sustained interest in Buddhism till the turn of the century.

DR. M. ENAMUL KARIM

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