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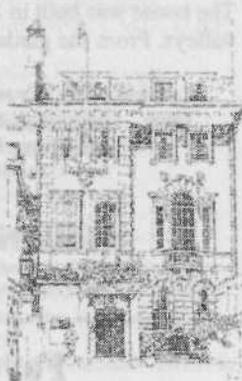
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Tuesday 21 June 2005, Members are invited to Bateman's as part of a Kipling week when Society members will be contributing readings. Volunteers welcome! Please contact the Secretary.

Wednesday 6 July 2005, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's A.G.M. A cash bar will serve drinks from 5.30 p.m., before "**Parody, Plagiarism and Pastiche**". Members are invited to bring their own choice to read or have it read for them. Tea will be available before the meeting for those who book in advance. Details to follow.

Tuesday 19 July 2005, the Society's visit to the University of Sussex Special Collection, hosted by **Dorothy Sheridan**, Head of the Special Collections. See opposite for further details.

Wednesday 21 September 2005, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Clara Claiborne Park** on "Wiser and More Temperate: Lockwood Kipling and his Son".

Wednesday 16 November 2005, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Tom Paulin**. Details to follow.

SOCIETY VISIT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX 19 JULY 2005

We are privileged to be able to make a Society visit to the University of Sussex on 19 July. In addition to viewing the attractive campus, worth a visit in itself, we are invited to view the Kipling Papers in the University's Library Special Collection, courtesy of Dorothy Sheridan, the Head of Special Collections and a Council Member. The Librarian, Debby Shorley, also hopes to meet us.

There will be refreshments provided and a light lunch. We plan to include a short visit to Rottingdean where Michael Smith maintains the Kipling Room and of course the Kiplings stayed near the 'beloved aunt'. To cover this and any incidentals the proposed charge is £10 a head. The programme should start at 10:30 a.m. and finish at 4 p.m. There may be some flexibility to allow a longer stay in Rottingdean for tea. Those who come by car should park on campus on the morning and take, as far as possible, those who have come by train to and from Rottingdean. Any not so accommodated will be carried by taxis.

The Meetings Secretary, Dr Lewins, needs to know numbers by 1 July – numbers will be limited and places made available in order of application. If you wish to come, please write to him at Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 0AG with your name and address (and email address if applicable) together with a cheque made out to the Kipling Society at £10 a head. Also please indicate whether you are coming by car or train, and if by car, how many you can transport to and from Rottingdean. Detailed information will be mailed to you about the arrangements. For a general guide to the University you may wish to log on to their web site:

www.sussex.ac.uk/about/howtofindus

JEFFERY LEWINS



ALL SOULS CHURCH, LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON W1

(Copied from an undated postcard in the Church archive –
see Editorial for more information.)

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

THE KIPLINGS AND LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON W1

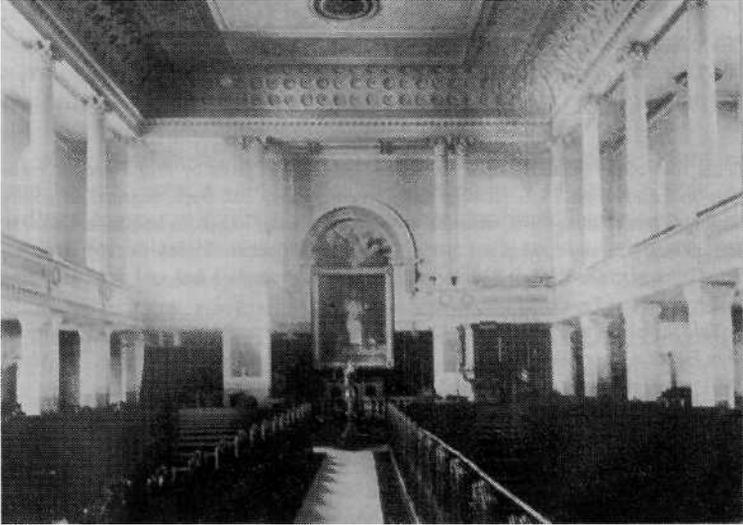
Over the years there have been many mentions of the marriage of the Kiplings on 18 January 1892 in All Souls Church, Langham Place – in chapter V of *Something of Myself*, in the biographies; and a few times in the *Journal*, principally No.7, p.14 and No.227, p.8 – however, I have not seen (as yet) any illustrations of the associated venues printed in the *Journal*. Thanks to the very kind assistance of the staff of All Souls Church, I was able to look at the small archive that they still have, and to copy two postcards which are reproduced as the *Frontispiece* and over the page. Neither postcard is dated, but that of the exterior with its solitary hansom cab was clearly taken in the days before the automobile was invented.

The church, at the junction of Regent Street and Portland Place, was designed by John Nash, and was completed in December 1823. Nowadays it is overshadowed by other buildings but in 1892 it must have looked much as it does on the postcard. When first built, the interior was furnished with painted high-backed pews to seat 1,200 but in 1876 these were replaced by mahogany ones with doors and dividers. The postcard of the interior must have been taken after this date, but I am not sure from the picture whether the pew doors were still there. They must have been there in 1892 since Harry Ricketts (*The Unforgiving Minute*, p.186) records the marriage as being in the presence of 'the clergyman, the clerk, and the pew opener' together with to Ambo Poynter, Henry James, the Gosse family and William Heinemann.

The Rector for the period 1887-1893 was William Hay Chapman, but I have not found out whether or not he officiated. Since the marriage was authorised by Special Licence at eight days' notice, and that ". . . the residence of the parties was shown to be at the Rectory of the Church of All Souls . . ." (*Kipling Journal*, No.7, October 1928, p.14) it does seem probable.

In December 1940, a landmine blasted the roof of the Church, spreading debris throughout the building which had to be closed until after the war. It was re-opened in April 1951, and has since undergone several major restoration projects. The old fixed pews have been removed, replaced by chairs, new bronzed aluminium chancel furniture, and the whole building now exudes a feeling of light and airiness. A history can be found at <http://www.allsouls.org/ascm/allsouls/stat-ic/about/history/history.html>.

(Continued on p.22)



INTERIOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH
(from an undated postcard)



LANGHAM HOTEL
(recent photograph)

SOME REFLECTIONS ON KIPLING'S LETTERS

By PROFESSOR THOMAS PINNEY

[This, the second Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture, was given by Prof Pinney to members in London on 15 September 2004. Tom Pinney has been engaged in editing Kipling's letters since 1979, when he wrote to the Society to ask for help in this task. He started in a typically modest manner – 'I am writing because I think that my work will be of interest to the Kipling Society and, even more, because I feel sure that the Kipling Society can be of essential help to me.'

This initial contact with the Society is described in *Journal* No.213, pp.43–44 by the then Editor, George Webb, and can be read on-line in the Society's website. The March 1991 issue of the *Journal* (No.257, p.46) records the acceptance by Prof Pinney of a Vice-Presidency of the Society, followed up in June 1991 (No.258, p.54) by a short *curriculum vitae* which describes the breadth of his interests, both literary and oenological.

His work on Kipling is not restricted to the six volumes of *Letters*. Over the years he has, in addition, edited and commented upon *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings* (see the on-line NRG for part of these), *Kipling and His First Publisher* (with Dave Alan Richards), *Kipling Down Under* (with Rosalind Kennedy), *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches 1884-1888*, *The Jungle Play*, and several other works; then there are his speeches to the Society, at Magdelene College, to the Kim Conference and his several articles published in the *Journal*. There is not one amongst us who has not benefited from Tom Pinney's labours, together with many others who are not members of the Society. I am sure that Kipling too could only have applauded the work and dedication that Prof Pinney has brought to this task. – *Ed.*]

I

The last time that I had the privilege of addressing the Kipling Society was almost twenty years ago, at the Annual Luncheon in 1985.

The place was the Royal Over-Seas League, as it is today, and all of the stalwarts of the Kipling Society were there: the late John Shearman, who was then the Secretary, Lisa Lewis, George Webb, Angus Wilson, then the President of the Society, and the great pioneer biographer of Kipling, Charles Carrington. Carrington was sitting front row centre, in my line of sight, and I could see that he seemed to be paying close attention to my talk. When it was over he came up to me, looked at me hard, and then declared, with emphasis: "I didn't hear a word you said."

I hope I succeed better on this second try. Much of what I said then will, I think, bear repeating, for I was talking then, as I am now, not about Kipling in general but Kipling and his letters. The first thing I had to say then and may repeat now is to stress how horrified Kipling would

be at the idea of publishing his letters. No one guarded his privacy more jealously than Kipling or resented intrusions upon it more fiercely. This is well-known in a general way, but perhaps I can make the intensity of his feeling a little more clear through some evidence I have found in the process of editing the letters.

Kipling deliberately destroyed most of the letters written to him by men of any note, so that when the biographers of such people as William James, or William's brother Henry, or Mark Twain applied to Kipling for letters he was able to tell them, with substantial truth, that he had none. He did so because he hated the idea that something intended to be private, no matter how innocent, should be made public. Kipling read Aldous Huxley's edition of the letters of D.H. Lawrence when they appeared in 1932. Reading them, he said, "made one sorry" for Lawrence. "I suppose people *must* write letters, but it is not fair to have 'em collected." The fact that Lawrence's letters are now regarded as among his best work would not, I think, have made any difference to Kipling's response (27 December [1932]: to Alexander Frere-Reeves).

His determination to keep private matters private extended well beyond his own letters. In 1930 an old family friend told Kipling about some letters in which Kipling's mother was mentioned and offered to send them to him. He accepted the offer, saying that "one hates to have private letters of older generations going adrift." When the letters arrived he apparently burned them without reading them. "Many thanks for the letters," he wrote, "with which I have dealt without reading. One don't care to go into ancestral matters of close on eighty years ago." (*Letters*, Vol.5, p.573). How many of us, I wonder, would have acted thus? "Ancestral matters" are exactly what most of us would find fascinating — but not Kipling. Then there was the trouble created by Angela Thirkell, the daughter of Kipling's cousin Margaret Mackail. Her recollections of Kipling and his family published in her *Three Houses* (1931) were flagrant examples of what Kipling called the "higher cannibalism": the practice of serving up one's relatives "filleted, or spiced, or 'high' " (Vol.6, p.134). When she published a selection of family letters in the *National Review* in 1934, Kipling cautioned his daughter, Mrs Bambridge, to be careful: "Give her the widest of wide berths, me dear. She is all things that are dangerous, and hard-up for money to boot" (Vol.6, p.267). The offending article contained no scandal, and only a single mention of Kipling's mother's name. It was nevertheless, so Kipling held, an unforgivable flaunting of private matters in a public place.

I think, then, that we may take Kipling's unwillingness to have his letters published as something more than a mere matter of taste; the

idea was deeply, powerfully repugnant to him, and I have sometimes – not often, but sometimes — had to struggle with feelings of guilt as I worked on the letters. I may remark, incidentally, that he also deplored the creation of the Kipling Society. As he wrote to his old friend Dunsterville, "All 'poet' societies make the wretched godfather of 'em more ridiculous than he would be even naturally" (Vol.5, p.133). And, again to Dunsterville, about the meetings of the Kipling Society, "How would you like to be turned into an anatomical specimen, before you were dead, and shown up on a table once a quarter?" (Vol.5, p.393). And finally, to Doubleday, his publisher: "There is a dam' organization called 'The Kipling Society' which makes me feel more absurd and ridiculous than—Allah knows!—I really *am*. And that is saying something" (Vol.5, p.396). All of you members of the Kipling Society now present here may share a little guilt with me.

Twenty years ago, what were my excuses for carrying out a work known to be offensive to the subject of that work? Mainly, the simple fact that all of the principals were dead. A few descendants of some of the main figures concerned – especially members of the family of Stanley Baldwin – were still living, but they had shown themselves to be not particularly reticent about making family history public. Furthermore, there was no hint of scandal in the letters, so far as I knew them: and that has not changed in the years since. More positively, there is the clear fact that people, rightly or wrongly, want to know about the lives of distinguished persons. The apparently insatiable demand for literary biography is evidence of that. And letters are among the most intimate forms of biography, only less intimate, I suppose, than a journal or diary. Finally, the fact that Kipling's letters have been preserved in their thousands makes an overwhelming argument for their publication. It is a contradiction to think that they were saved in order to keep them secret; it only makes sense to think that they were saved so that they might be published. And so they have been.

II

It was obvious even twenty years ago that some large and important sections of Kipling's correspondence were not available, and probably never would be. First among these gaps are the letters to his parents, to whom he wrote regularly from the time he was left in England in 1872 to the time of his parents' deaths, almost forty years later. Only six items from this correspondence are known to survive. The rest probably were burned by the hands of Kipling himself early in 1911, after the death of his father. His parents' house, he wrote then, had been "emptied of papers." (Vol.4, p.11) Other correspondences likely to be of the

highest interest are missing. He must have written to Florence Garrard, his first love, but no letter to her has yet been found. Only one letter, and that a mere matter of business form, has been found to Wolcott Balestier, perhaps the closest friend that Kipling ever had. Of the many letters that he must have written to his wife, both before and after their marriage, only a handful survive; they were written during the World War when he was touring the French and Italian fronts, and are rather a set of notes for articles than personal letters. The only surviving correspondence that might be called "intimate" are the letters he wrote in India to Mrs Hill, and they escaped destruction only by a little disingenuous practice. Mrs Kipling, after her husband's death, learned of the existence of the Hill letters and arranged to buy them. Once they were in her hands she destroyed the letters, not knowing that copies had been made and kept in the United States. Later, the copies came into the possession of Kipling's daughter, Mrs Bambridge, who rebelled against the practice of her parents and, instead of destroying her father's letters, actively sought them out in order to preserve them. It is to Mrs Bambridge that we owe the great collection of documents now the property of the National Trust and deposited at the University of Sussex as the Kipling Papers.

Her work in preserving what Kipling wrote was not carried on alone but was assisted by a growing number of collectors, especially in Canada and the United States. Ellis Ames Ballard, a Philadelphia lawyer, formed a great collection of Kipling material, including letters, between 1897 and 1938. The collection was dispersed by sale in 1942 but not before it had been recorded in an expensive privately-printed catalogue. Ballard's rival among American collectors was a Chicago businessman named William Carpenter, whose collection, after his death, went as a gift to the Library of Congress. James McGregor Stewart, a lawyer in Halifax, Nova Scotia, was quietly collecting Kipling at the same time that Ballard and Carpenter were at work and succeeded in building a collection that I think surpassed them all in scope and detail. It is now at Dalhousie University in Halifax. There were many other collectors only a little less acquisitive at the same time as the three I have named, and there have been a good many since then too. Many of their collections have found their way – usually as gifts – into institutional libraries; so now we have the Paterson collection at Cornell University, the Norton and James collections at Harvard, the Tyler and Richards collections at Yale, the Doubleday collection at Princeton, the Rice collection at Marlboro College, the Yeats collection at Texas A&M. The resources of the Library of Congress, already substantial through the Carpenter gift, were greatly enriched by the gift of the collection formed by H. Dunscombe Colt. There are nameless but

nevertheless valuable collections at many other libraries, including the University of California at Berkeley, the Huntington Library, the University of Texas, Syracuse University, the Berg Collection in the New York Public Library, and Columbia, to keep this to a short list. There are also some highly useful special collections, such as the archives of Kipling's literary agent, the firm of A.P. Watt and Co., now in the library of the University of North Carolina.

Of course British libraries, apart from the indispensable University of Sussex, are of the first importance. The British Library has the most extensive collection of Kipling's manuscripts anywhere; it also has the papers of Kipling's publisher, Macmillan, from which the history of his publications can be traced in detail. The Bodleian has the Milner Papers. But I will exhaust your patience if I go on with this list. According to my unscientific count, I have found letters in 145 libraries scattered over four continents. The role of libraries in such a work as editing Kipling's letters is valuable beyond calculation. And they are now stuffed with materials about Kipling that we are only beginning to mine. How many of you know, for example, that Kipling's own collection of his works, in editions from around the world, is now an intact collection in the British Library? Or that there are significant and interesting collections of Kipling material in such libraries as those of the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, or the Africana Museum in Johannesburg or at the Huntington Library, just down the road from my home in southern California?

But as one depends on libraries, so also one depends on the contribution of individuals, whether private collectors or simply good friends of the enterprise. I have record of letters received from 41 private collectors, almost all of them volunteered or else discovered for me by friends – for there is no way to organize a search into private collections: not yet, anyway. The other sorts of contributions that come from one's friends are endless: odd references to Kipling in out-of-the-way places, tips about obscure libraries, esoteric bibliographical information, reports about Kipling events in far-flung places – everything, in short, that one needs to know but would never find out by oneself. I think especially of Lisa Lewis, who has helped me out at every stage of the work since I began it twenty-five years ago and who I think of as godmother to the work as a whole; of George Webb, who kept the *Kipling Journal* at the highest level of interest and value in the many years of his editorship and made it an inexhaustible source of information; and the late Andrew Rutherford, whose exemplary edition of Kipling's early verse showed how much needed to be done and how to do it. But there are a host of others: the late Tilly Tyler, whose great collection is now at Yale; Jeffery Lewins, Margaret Newsom, Gillian

Sheehan, Andrew Lycett, Harry Ricketts, David Page, David Alan Richards, Elizabeth Inglis.

Like any editor, I have been helped by happy strokes of luck – serendipities, they may rightly be called. One that I particularly remember went like this. You know the story of the diaries that Mrs Kipling kept from the day of her marriage to the day of her husband's death, from 1892 to 1936: they filled, it is said, some forty volumes. They passed into the keeping of her daughter, Mrs Bambridge, who left instructions that they were to be destroyed on her death. And, it is reported, so they were (though I have found no witness to their destruction). Charles Carrington read the diaries when he was at work on his biography of Kipling fifty years ago and made extensive extracts from and summaries of their entries. Copies of these extracts are at Sussex and have been of great service to Kipling scholars.

Now, for the serendipity: for many years my wife worked as the assistant to the American secretary of the Rhodes Scholarships. When Anthony Kenny, now Sir Anthony, took over as head of Rhodes House in Oxford she got to know him in the course of business and, after a time, Sir Anthony, who is among many other things a good literary scholar, learned from her about my work on Kipling's letters. Not long after, his mother moved into a retirement home in Oxford and soon discovered that one of her neighbours, a Mrs Rees, had in her possession an extensive selection from the diaries of Mrs Rudyard Kipling. It turned out that her late husband had been a research assistant to Lord Birkenhead when he was at work on the biography of Kipling that had been commissioned by Kipling's daughter, Mrs Bambridge, late in the 1930s and had been rejected by her when it was completed. One of Rees's research tasks had been to go through Mrs Kipling's diaries, then still intact, in order to produce *aprécis* of them. A copy of this was still in his widow's hands and was now reposing in an Oxford retirement home ("old folks" does one say?: what is English idiom?) Mrs Kenny happened one day to mention this curious fact to her son, Sir Anthony, who at once saw its usefulness to me and told me about it. Not only that, he obtained a copy for my use, and smoothed the way for me to explain to the widow why I wanted it and how I would make use of it. The Rees extracts, as I call them, proved not merely to overlap those made by Carrington but to have a considerable amount of material that Carrington had passed over. So an important and wholly unexpected aid to my work was simply dropped into my lap through a series of happy and quite unpredictable coincidences.

The opposite experience — being denied access to materials that I knew to exist — has been very rare in my experience, far more rare than I had any right to expect. I will give only one instance, and that an

entirely good-natured one. A few years ago one of Stanley Baldwin's living descendants invited me to call on him because he was curious about my work. He told me how he had helped Baldwin in his old age to destroy great quantities of personal papers and added that he had much information about Kipling and Baldwin but that I would never be allowed to see it. He was interested in the edition of Kipling's letters and looked forward to the final volumes, but he would make no contribution to them. This, as I have said, was a rare sort of encounter. Almost always I have been met by generosity and cooperation.

That fact is perhaps all the more remarkable because as an American seeking to present an English writer I am bound to seem something of an interloper. I know that I have made a great many blunders by moving in what Kipling called the fourth dimension, the region of an alien culture. I know only that I do not really understand such things as the organization of English schools, or the language of schoolboys, or the shades of political character within parties, or the special character of old social conflicts, or the whole body of rules governing the relations of employers and servants, or the precise class standing and political character of the daily papers. All these are matters that one has to grow up with in order to know and to respond to appropriately.

So I have certainly blundered in the fourth dimension, though perhaps not so flagrantly as Wilton Sargent, Kipling's uncouth American from the "unkempt banks" of the Hudson, the hero, if that is the right word, of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension." To set against this handicap, I have had the great advantage of working on a subject that may still be known from living memory. All the principals who figure in Kipling's life story are now dead, but there are still a good many people living who knew Kipling and those around him and whose memories are still vivid. I have been fortunate to meet a number of them and through them to encounter Kipling not as someone in a book but, so to speak, as a living presence at one remove. Miss Cecily Nicholson was the first of these privileged intermediaries. You perhaps know that she came as secretary to the Kiplings in 1932 and remained at Bateman's until 1940, after Mrs Kipling's death. I met her in 1980, two years before her own death. She had some sharp things to say about Kipling's biographers and some interesting asides -- when Mrs Kipling's diaries were destroyed, she told me, so were the diaries kept by the daughter, Elsie, Mrs Bambridge: "Elsie's," Miss Nicholson said, "would have been the one to read." And she settled the much-disputed question whether there was a telephone at Bateman's. There wasn't; if there was any telephoning to be done Miss Nicholson walked into the village to do it.

In the same year that I met Miss Nicholson I was lucky enough to meet one of Mrs Kipling's nieces, Josephine Dunham, of Boston. Miss Dunham and her family travelled to England in 1926 and saw the Kiplings on several occasions both in London and at Bateman's. She recalled one trivial episode that I have always thought must have been highly characteristic. At Bateman's, Kipling's Aberdeen terrier called "Wop" had done something bad. Carrie said to Kipling: "Kick him," whereupon Kipling gently nudged the dog with the tip of his shoe and said: "consider yourself kicked." He also told Miss Dunham that he read "two lines at a time" and that he went through two books in an evening – the more one learns about the history of Kipling as a reader the more plausible such feats become. On a later visit, in 1931, Miss Dunham stayed at Bateman's and had the pleasure of hearing Kipling read one of his yet-unpublished stories to her, "Beauty Spots," while he sat in an easy chair with his slippered feet up against the side of the mantel piece. Other people still living who have put me in touch with Kipling through their memories include Bonar Sykes and Jane and Ursula Stanley; they were all entertained by Kipling as children and received a good many letters from him as well. Occasionally, one encounters a different sort of memory among the intermediaries. I once met a woman on a cruise ship who told me that her father had pastured sheep in the winter at Bateman's in Kipling's day. She was still a child at the time. One day her father took her along with him to Bateman's where he was to inspect his sheep, and while she sat in the car waiting for his return, a man she later learned was Kipling came up to her, asked her sternly who she was and what she was doing there, and so thoroughly frightened her. That was *her* one encounter with the great man. I won't go on with this catalogue, but I am grateful for the many vivid and illuminating moments the people on it have provided.

III

I begin the preface to the sixth and last volume of the Kipling letters with this brash statement: "Now that I have reached the end of my work on this edition I would like nothing better than to start all over again. I have a much better idea of how to do it."

That proposition is true up to a point, but only up to a point. It is true that I have a better idea of how to do it, and I would be delighted to have the chance to correct my mistakes and to fill in the many gaps. But the edition of Kipling's letters in six bound volumes of conventional print is a species of dinosaur. If and when the letters are edited again, they will be treated in a radically different form. The new, improved edition of Kipling's letters will have to be an electronic data

base. That is, I am pretty sure, a better way to do it, but I am not the one to do it.

There are at least three good reasons for adopting the new form. The first is that the technology exists. More and more literary and historical material is being translated into electronic form and made available by one channel or another, and it will not be long, I think, before this becomes the standard form for editorial and reference projects. Old-fashioned books won't disappear – at least I don't think that they will, though I am no prophet. But they will not be seen as the appropriate form for such enterprises as the Kipling letters.

The second reason is that an electronic archive can handle any quantity of material. Nothing is too big for it; it never runs out of room; and it is always open for more. Consider for a moment the fact that my edition of Kipling's letters runs to six volumes but contains fewer than 2,000 letters – 1,888, to be precise. But I have in my files the texts of more than 7,000 letters from Kipling, and hardly a week goes by without that number being added to, as letters turn up in the sales rooms, in dealers' catalogues, and in domestic attics. What is to be done with all these? The answer will be, I think, to put them into an electronic archive. Perhaps the Kipling Society will take on the work as a natural extension of its heroic labour on a new Readers' Guide, and before it goes on to construct a proper edition of Kipling's complete works, a thing much to be desired and a thing that will never, I am sure, be undertaken in the regular way of commercial publishing. The Society has much to look forward to in the way of collecting, compiling, and editing. John Radcliffe and his fellow workers in the great on-line Kipling project had better pray for some special gifts of energy and determination.

Another advantage of the electronic archive is that it can contain not only an unlimited extent of text; it can also happily accept all sorts of related materials: manuscripts, illustrations, photographs, as well as printed materials of diverse origins: directories, school lists, newspaper pages – the whole range of documentary forms.

A third good reason to prefer electronic form is that, once a text has been entered, it may be analysed and interrogated in many different ways. I am uninstructed in these matters, but I think that if the work is performed properly there is hardly any limit to the kind of analysis that is possible. If, for a rather trivial example, someone should wish to know how many times Kipling uses American rather than English spelling, the answer can be provided. And as the interests of Kipling scholarship change and develop, there will be questions of burning interest to later generations that are wholly concealed from us. The answers may lie ready to their hands if they have the archive to interrogate.

IV

All that is for the future. What about now? What particular good does it do to have six volumes of Kipling's letters neatly printed and annotated? Do they alter our understanding of Kipling? Do they show him as better or worse than we thought? And do they make a useful difference to the way in which we read and judge his work? Frankly, I don't know. I would make one strong disclaimer, however. The letters tell us a great deal about the circumstances of Kipling's work: where and when such and such a poem or story was written, what he had in mind, who he had been talking to at the time or what he might have been reading, and so on. But such information, though interesting, may often be irrelevant or misleading. What one of my old professors called "the genetic fallacy" is in question. The meaning and value of what a writer writes can not be reduced to its origins. It is interesting to know that Kipling had Dr Jameson in mind when he wrote "If—", but does that mean that the poem is an endorsement of Jameson's politics? I think not. It seems to me that the effort to discover the "originals" of Mulvaney or of the characters in *Kim*, though perhaps natural enough, is beside the point, for it is Kipling's fiction that gives them whatever interest they may have and not the other way around.

And there may well have been no "original" at all. My favourite illustration of this truth in Kipling's work is the genesis of the *Jungle Books*. Kipling never visited the Indian jungle, and he wrote the books in a Vermont winter with four feet of snow piled up under his windows. So what relation do the *Jungle Books* have to his experience? He got all the material out of books and out his own head — or, as he would have said, from his "daemon." Consider that Kipling never went up in an aeroplane, but he nevertheless wrote "With the Night Mail."

And consider the contrary case, what happens when he *does* have a good deal of direct experience with a subject. The letters show very clearly and in detail how eagerly he was involved in the politics of South Africa during and after the Boer War and how passionately committed he was to Lord Milner's plan for the country. For eight consecutive years Kipling regularly spent his winters in South Africa and was acquainted with a wide range of people there. He immersed himself in blue books and official reports, as well as in the history and literature of the place. In short, he knew a good deal about South Africa and cared about it intensely. But he never wrote a wholly successful story about it, unless we call "Mrs Bathurst" a South African story — and there are doubts about its "success" too.

I would make another, related disclaimer. Kipling has always suffered from judgments based on simple-minded connections between

biographical fact and literary work. It is known that he was an imperialist; therefore all that he wrote touching upon other races and nations is imperialist. It is known that he hated the Huns; therefore anything he might write about Germans is saturated in hatred. And so on: you will all know instances of this sort of argument. Well, the letters certainly supply material in abundance for this kind of thinking; many of them confirm the imperialist idea; many of them express a passionate hostility to what the Germans did in the war. There is much violence of expression in the letters about Jews and Irishmen and Americans and English Liberals and others, and I have often been uncomfortably aware in editing such letters that I was aiding and abetting Kipling's enemies. But to the judicious these expressions will seem all the more remarkable because they do not correspond to anything in Kipling's fiction. What they show, instead, is how little we know of the relations between private feeling and imaginative expression. Does the fact that Kipling hated the Huns provide the meaning of "Mary Postgate"? Some readers have thought so, but I do not think that they are the best readers. Once again, we must beware the genetic fallacy, and resist the impulse to move from what is known of the author to conclusions about the work. For this reason, much of the material in the letters is dangerous stuff when applied to critical judgment.

But it is, I think, interesting stuff too, and, when used with the cautions I have just made it throws much light on Kipling's various careers. We now have set forth in authentic detail not available before, just what were the conditions of his life in India – the grinding work at the *Civil and Military Gazette* in heat-stricken Lahore, the social life in Simla, the more expansive days on *The Pioneer* in Allahabad. Then comes the return to England, and the sensation of his early success, followed by the American episode and its long, troubled aftermath. The South African years, the Sussex years, the War years are all written out at length, and so on to the end.

Then there are all the special topics that are recorded in the letters. These may sometimes be rather unexpected, as, for example, Kipling the sportsman: how many of you know that he swam, played badminton, tennis, golf, and polo, and did some shooting as well as fishing? Probably he didn't do much of these things, and didn't do them well, but the record contradicts the familiar idea that he was entirely indifferent to sport. And did you know that Kipling particularly admired the beaver among the North American animals and seriously thought about keeping them on his Vermont property. Then there are Kipling as world traveller, Kipling and the medical profession, Kipling as husband (not much of that in the letters, except indirectly) and as father (quite a lot of that); Kipling as man of business, especially in his

struggles with the literary pirates, Kipling as reader and critic. Under this last heading the letters show, among other things, how widely read Kipling was in American literature, and especially in what he called the "lesser lights" – Will Carleton, E. C. Stedman, John Hay, Hamlin Garland, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman as well as Emerson, Poe, and Whitman. They also reveal how shrewd a critic he was: on principle, he never published any of his judgments on his contemporaries, but the occasional remarks that he makes in his letters show that he had a sure perception of the good and the bad. How many other Kiplings appear in the letters, and how many will be discovered by later readers who bring new interests and experience to them, no one can say. But I am sure that there are and will be many.

*

When I began work on the letters some twenty five years ago one of my main purposes was to set an example to other scholars; if, so I argued to myself, I can devote a quarter of a century to the work and produce something substantial, the mere force of example should help to persuade other scholars that Kipling is well worth the time and effort. It is the fact, I think, that, rightly or wrongly, we take a writer more seriously when the regulation scholarly monuments are built around him. And Kipling, despite his fame and his large readership, had been almost unprovided with such monuments. There was a good bibliography, indeed, but that, as later research has shown, was seriously incomplete. And there was hardly anything else. There was no edition of the letters, which, of course, gave me my opportunity. There was no complete edition of his prose, nor is there yet. For years, no one had bothered to investigate the question of the canon: what did he write? We are still in the process of finding out. The text of the poems had never been studied. The "Definitive Edition" of his poems was anything but "definitive," yet it was then and remains today the accepted version. So it was high time that some of those scholarly monuments should be built. Twenty five years later the situation is visibly changing. There is now an edition of the letters, limited and imperfect, but at least a something where before there had been only a nothing; Andrew Rutherford's fine edition of Kipling's early verse came out in 1986 and greatly advanced the scholarly study of Kipling; a new, comprehensive, detailed, and magisterial bibliography by David Alan Richards is now nearing completion and should appear within the next two years. We can hope that yet more monuments will be built.

A final argument for publishing Kipling's letters is so obvious that it is easy to overlook. If you go to the Kipling Society Library and con-

suit the catalogue, you will find that John Slater, the Society's highly efficient librarian, has classified Kipling's letters in the category of "Secondary and Critical Literature." This is to give me entirely too much credit, as though my editorial contributions were the main thing; and it overlooks the simple fact that I did not write the letters: Kipling did. The letters of Rudyard Kipling are properly a part of his collected works: they constitute a new book by him, and though it may not be among his major works, it is certainly a characteristic and frequently an entertaining work, full of good things that any lover of Kipling will recognize as having his stamp. What better reason could there be than that for publishing the letters?

Let me say in conclusion that I am deeply grateful for having had the opportunity to spend so long and so intimate a time with Kipling and his works: I began the work with a high estimate of both; now, after twenty-five years, I think even more highly of both. His achievement as an artist is much richer than I had originally supposed; and in some ways I think that Kipling's life was genuinely heroic, not unlike the idea of the heroic that is developed in his work. I am also grateful that I have, through this work, been privileged to know many of the friends and admirers of Kipling both in the Kipling Society and out of it. I really would like to do it over again; it has, no doubt, made me a bore about Kipling to my wife and to my friends, but the work has been always instructive, always gratifying – and great fun.

THE KIPLINGS AND LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON W1 – *continued from p.8*

The third illustration is of The Langham Hotel, just across the street from All Souls church. It was here that Rudyard Kipling spent his last night as a bachelor on 17 January 1892, and where he wrote at least two very happy letters announcing his impending nuptials to Louisa Baldwin and Cormell Price (Pinney, *Letters*, Vol.2, pp.44-45).

The Langham opened in 1865 and has had many other eminent guests including Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), H.W. Longfellow and the Emperor Louis Napoleon III. It suffered the vicissitudes that might be expected in the course of two world wars, several different owners, and competition from newer and more modern hotels such as The Ritz, Savoy and Dorchester. It was used as offices by the B.B.C. for about 40 years, and it reverted to hotel ownership in 1986. It was completely renovated, opening in 1991 as a five-star hotel, with the style adopted for the interior being late 19th century in keeping with its origins. There is a reasonably full history of the hotel, with some photographs, on http://www.cosmopolis.ch/travel/the_langham_london.htm – *Ed.*

HORACE, FAUNUS, AND KIPLING

AN ADDRESS GIVEN TO THE HORATIAN SOCIETY

By PROFESSOR T.P. WISEMAN

What follows is part of an address given to the Horatian Society in July 2004, and the emphasis naturally reflects the occasion; however, Kipling does come in eventually! I have added minimal annotation.

The point of departure is Horace *Odes*, 1.34, '*Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens . . .*', which seems to report a religious conversion; yet Horace claimed to be a follower of Epicurus, who taught that the gods took no notice of human affairs. As a recent translator observes, 'commentators are baffled'. – *T.P.W.*

[This paper was first published in *The Horatian Society Addresses 2004*. I am very grateful to the Editor, Mr J.S.C. Eidinow, for permission to reprint it, and to our President, Sir George Engle, for bringing it to my attention. – *Ed.*]

No stranger to bafflement myself, I can offer you only a simple fact. Seven times in the *Odes* Horace represents himself as sacrificing to a divinity.

The most famous occasion is at 3.13, where the kid with his first horns bulging on his brow stains with red blood the cold waters of the *fons Bandusiae*. The sacrifice is not of course to a nymph – the nymphs of Bandusia are the *loquaces lymphae* in the final stanza – but to a male god, Fons, the son of Janus and Juturna, for his festival, the Fontinalia, on October 13. And there's another annual ritual at 3.22, this time for the birthday on August 13 of Diana the huntress, *montium custos nemorumque virgo*, when the blood of a young boar is shed below the pine trees overhanging Horace's Sabine villa.

Sometimes the ritual date might be misleading. Learned Maecenas may be puzzled to find Horace sacrificing on March 1, the Matronalia. That's at 3.8: *Martiis caelebs quid agam Kalendis?* Yes, it's another annual celebration, but one with a purely private significance, as the poet kills a white goat to Liber, god of the wild, for having saved him on that date from a falling tree. The altar, he tells us, is made of fresh-cut turves, *caespite vivo*. The detail seems to matter, for the same phrase occurs at 1.19, where Horace sacrifices to Venus, implying that that sacrifice too takes place at the Sabine villa. This time, however, it isn't a recurring ritual but a one-off occasion: the poet urgently needs to pacify the *mater saeva Cupidinum*. Of course he likes love – didn't his biographer describe him as *ad res Venerias intemperantior?* – but he likes it on his terms, not as a Catullan grand passion. When he's killed a victim for her, perhaps Venus will come more gently: *mactata veniet lenior hostia*.

Fons, Diana, Liber, Venus – running water and wild country, freedom and sex, and all of them honoured at the beloved Sabine estate. That tells us something, I think. But there are still three sacrifices more to report, and they are all to a single god. Who was it? I'm sure you know, but I'll hold back his name just for a moment. Clearly he must have mattered to Horace — but he doesn't loom very large in dictionaries of classical mythology, because he's a *Roman* god.

For over a century now, ever since Georg Wissowa brought out his book on Roman religion and cult in 1902,¹ it has been a truth universally acknowledged that *the Romans had no mythology*. Some scholars have even compounded that absurdity with the notion that the Romans had *once* had myths of their own, but then deliberately did away with them in a conscious act of demythologisation. The technical term is German, of course – *Entmythologisierung* – but it's a barmy idea in any language, and I trust that these fantasies will not survive the publication this autumn of a book entitled *The Myths of Rome*, of which modesty forbids me to identify the author.

Anyway, the god who receives three sacrifices in the *Odes* also features in the late work of a poet whom Horace probably thought of as 'that bright young whipper-snapper Publius Naso – what's his family name again, never can remember, something Paelignian I think'. Ovid – for it is he – introduces the god in his calendar-poem, under the date February 13:²

*Idibus agrestis fumant altaria Fauni
hic, ubi discretas insula rumpit aquas.*

'Rustic Faunus' has his shrine on the Tiber island, since he doesn't belong in the city itself. His festival comes six days after the beginning of the Roman spring – when the mild west wind they called Favonius began to blow on February 7 – and on the first day of the Romans' annual period of honouring the dead, the *parentatio* from February 13 to 21.

I go into that detail because it explains the notorious juxtaposition of springtime and death in *Odes* 1.4, *Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni*. Harsh winter loosens its grip in the welcome change to spring and Favonius; then we get, in quick succession, Venus dancing with the nymphs and Graces, and *pallida Mors* kicking impartially at the door of rich and poor alike. Between those two vivid scenes, at lines 11-12, we must make our sacrifice of a lamb or a kid:³

*nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.*

No doubt there was a vestigial grove on the Tiber island, but the shady woods Horace has in mind here are surely on his Sabine land – which is indeed under Faunus' protection, as he tells us in 1.17, inviting Tyndaris for an enjoyably relaxed week-end.

The other two sacrifices in the *Odes* are a lamb to Faunus at 2.17, in thanks for escaping the falling tree, and a kid for Faunus at 3.18, at his rustic festival in December. I think Horace and his slaves and tenant farmers were like the country-dwellers in Lucretius, convinced that the divinities of the wild were close at hand, and audible:⁴

*haec loca capripedes satyri nymphaeque tenere
finitimi fingunt etfaunos esse loquuntur
quorum noctivago strepitu ludoque iocanti
adfirmant vulgo taciturna silentia rumpi.*

Here's CH. Sisson's translation of the passage:

These are places the nymphs and satyrs inhabit
Or so the inhabitants say, and they speak of fauns
Whose noises in the night and boisterous play
Break up, so they say, the most silent nights.

Fauns, plural, because Faunus could be thought of either as an individual god or as the eponym of a race of supernatural creatures, *fauni*.

But it's not just Horace the country gent who sees Faunus as his particular guardian deity. It's also Horace the poet, who remarks in *Epistles* 1.19 that poets and Fauns alike are in the following of Father Liber. That in turn brings in Horace the wine buff; for Faunus too was fond of good wine, as we know from the myth of his capture by good king Numa (see Ovid again, in *Fasti* 3). And let's not forget the nymphs. *Faune, nympharum fugientum amator*, says Horace at 3.18 – where I think a too censorious political correctness would be out of place. These are the *faciles nymphae* of Virgil's *Eclogues*; they are fleeing not in terror, but in a traditional choreography of pursuit and flight which even our humourless age might admit to be 'consensual'. Faunus' relationship with the nymphs is much like that of Horace with Tyndaris, and Leuconoe, and Lydia, and Glycera, and Lalage, and Chloe, and Lycus, and that's only the score in book 1.

There's a famous Faun in the Capitoline Museum in Rome – one that in the eighteen-fifties caught the attention of a novelist escaping from Puritan New England. 'The whole statue,' wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne,⁵

- unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble – conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature,

easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Delicately put. It was only a few years later that Stéphane Mallarmé created *his* Faun, erotically dreaming in the afternoon, with a prelude by Debussy in 1892 and a staging by the Ballet Russe in 1912.

The English were no less enthusiastic. Stephen Braxton, for instance, a novelist invented by Max Beerbohm, published *A Faun on the Cotswolds* in 1895. As his creator commented,⁶

from the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the outbreak of the war, current literature did not suffer from any lack of fauns. But when Braxton's first book appeared fauns still had an air of novelty about them. We had not yet tired of them and their hoofs and their slanting eyes and their way of coming suddenly out of woods to wean quiet English villages from respectability. We did tire later.

Now, I wonder if those slanting eyes remind you of anything. Here is the sudden appearance of the chief character in a famous story first published in 1906:

The bushes parted. In the very spot where Dan had stood . . . they saw a small, brown, broad-shouldered, pointy-eared person with a snub nose, slanting blue eyes, and a grin that ran right across his freckled face.

(We also discover that he has a deep voice and hairy feet.) *Blue* eyes are a surprise, but they do slant, and the pointed ears are a dead giveaway. He calls himself Puck, as in Shakespeare – but the Roman centurion he brings in later in the book has got him sussed all right. He's a Faun.

This is, of course, *Puck of Pook's Hill*. The medieval characters in Kipling's tale call him Robin, none other than 'that shrewd and knavish sprite | Called Robin Goodfellow', whose identification as a Faun goes back at least to Shakespeare's time. Thomas Nashe certainly took it for granted in his essay on 'the terrors of the night' in 1594:

The Robbin-good-fellowes, Elfes, Fairies, Hobgoblins of our latter age, which idolatrous former daies . . . ycleaped *Fawnes*, *Satyres*, *Dryades*, & *Hamadryades*, did most of their merry pranks in the night.

That's very reminiscent of *quorum noctivago strepitu ludoque iocanti* in the Lucretius passage – and I think it's worth noticing that since 'Faunus' is derived from *favere*, Robin Goodfellow's name is practically a translation of it. Not only that, but the standard account of his doings, printed in 1628 as *Robin Good-Fellow, His Mad Prankes, and merry lests*, portrays him on the title-page as horned, goat-legged and phallic.⁷ Naturally, he doesn't appear like that to the children in Kipling's book – but that's because he's a shape-shifter, and we needn't suppose that *all* his time is devoted to dramatising the history of England for Dan and Una.

Puck of Pook's Hill was inspired by Bateman's, the house near the village of Burwash in the deep east-Sussex countryside, which Kipling had bought just four years earlier. The alders from which Puck appears grew in profusion along the bank of the little river Dudwell, the mill-stream that ran past the bottom of the lawn; and Puck points out his hill beyond the stream, a fern-covered slope with a dark wood beyond it. 'You walk up to the porch,' wrote Kipling,⁸

over a stone-paved path laid down in the turf and the cart road runs within fifty yards of the front door. The rest is all fields and farms and to the southwards one glorious sweep of woods. We coveted the place for two and a half or three years, and have loved it ever since our first sight of it.

He bought it when he was thirty-six.

Horace was probably thirty-two when he took possession of his Sabine estate, and what he says in *Satires* 2.6 is remarkably similar:⁹

*Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
hortus ubi et tecto vicinus iugis aquae fons
et paulum silvae super his foret.*

Each of these beloved places is defined by woods. Woods are where the Country Mouse runs back to in the fable (*me silva cavusque ... solabitur*), and woods are where the Fauns belong, as Horace insists in the *Ars poetica*.¹⁰

We seem to have strayed a long way from the sparing and infrequent worshipper of *Odes* 1.34, and that scholarly bafflement at the Epicurean who asserts the power of the gods. But we may have come to the right place for an answer, just as in 1.17 Faunus comes from Arcadia to lovely Lucretilis, a Sabine hill with the name of an Epicurean poet. It was there, and for *that* god, that short, tubby Quintus Flaccus made his turf altar and offered his sacrifice. Because there, not in Rome, was where it mattered.

NOTES

1. Georg Wissowa, *Religion und Kultus der Römer* (Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft 5.4, Munich 1902).
2. Ovid, *Fasti* 2.193-4: 'On the Ides the altars of rustic Faunus smoke, here where the island breaks the parted waters.'
3. 'Now too it is right to sacrifice to Faunus in the shady woods, with a lamb if he asks for that, or a kid if he prefers.'
4. Lucretius, *De rerum natura* 4.580-3.
5. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *The Marble Faun* (1859), ch. 1.
6. Max Beerbohm, *Seven Men* (London 1919), p.53.
7. Illustrated in Peter Holland (ed), *The Oxford Shakespeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Oxford 1994), 37; *ibid.* 35 for the Nashe reference.
8. Quoted in Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (London 1978), p.239.
9. Lines 1-3 : 'This is what I prayed for – a piece of land not too big, where there'd be a garden, a spring of running water near the house, and a bit of woodland above.'
10. Horace, *Satires* 2.6.116-7, *Ars poetica* 244.

THE JUNGLE BOOK

Birmingham Stage Company's new production of *The Jungle Book* has had a hugely successful season in Birmingham and started a major UK tour in February before opening at the Bloomsbury Theatre at the end of the year.

B.S.C. commissioned the well-known children's playwright, Stuart Paterson to adapt Kipling's classic tale for the stage. The production is directed by Graeme Messer, designed by Jackie Trousdale with lighting by Jason Taylor and special music composed by BB Cooper with lyrics by Barb Jungr. The musical supervisor is Chris Walker. Dates from the beginning of June, with relevant Box Office telephone numbers are:

01 - 04 June	Theatre Royal, Norwich	01603 630000
07 - 11 June	Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury	01227 787787
14 - 18 June	Swan Theatre, High Wycombe	01494 512000
28 June - 2 July	Mercury Theatre, Colchester	01206 573948
05 - 09 July	Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield	0114 249 6000
12 - 16 July	Theatre Royal, Newcastle	0870 9055060
19 - 23 July	Grand Opera House, York	0870 6063595
26 - 30 July	Milton Keynes, Theatre	01908 606090
23 - 27 August	Kings Theatre, Glasgow	0141 287 5511
30 Aug - 3 Sept	Lowry Centre, Salford	0870 111 2000
06 - 10 Sept	Grand Opera House Belfast	028 9024 1919
13 - 17 Sept	Theatre Royal, Brighton	01273 328488
20 - 24 Sept	Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells	01892 530613
27 Sept - 1 Oct	Empire Theatre Liverpool	0870 606 3556
04 - 08 Oct	Regent Theatre, Stoke on Trent	01782 213800
11 - 15 Oct	Richmond Theatre, Surrey	0208 940 0088
18 - 22 Oct	New Theatre, Hull	01482 226655

"FORD O' KABUL RIVER"

By JOHN CROOKSHANK

[John Crookshank has a particular interest in this disaster, in that it was repeated at the same ford in January 1880. Although this had no bearing on Kipling's poem, on this second occasion John's old regiment, the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, were the ones to suffer. A comment that John made in a covering letter is 'The sad reality is that the native cavalry were better suited to the conditions on the frontier and, as you would expect, there was considerable rivalry between British and Indian cavalry regiments – often resolved on the polo ground!'

John came across a description of the 1879 events in *The Road to Kabul* by Brian Robson, (Arms and Armour Press, 1986, ISBN 0853687196) and has abstracted his information from the relevant pages and notes in that book. Members will also find a very detailed description of the events in the *Journal*, No.233, Mar 1985, pp.62-66, written by George Webb when he was Editor of the *Journal*. This includes a sketch map of the ford and the complete Kipling poem. – *Ed.*]

A cavalry column which had left camp at Jalalabad at 2130 hrs on 31 March 1879 under the command of Major E.A. Woods of the 10th Royal Hussars had to cross the fast running Kabul River by a ford two miles east of the camp, to take part in a three pronged attack on hostile and heavily armed tribesmen, under the overall command of General Sam Browne, during rather a critical phase of the 2nd Afghan War. The Kabul River is about three quarters of a mile wide at the ford and is divided by an island. The trestle bridges which normally spanned the river at this point had been removed because the river was unusually high due to the snow melt from the surrounding mountains and darkness was falling as Woods column approached the crossing point. A squadron of the 11th Bengal Lancers who were leading the column, successfully crossed both arms of the river but the 10th Royal Hussar squadron following up and formed up in close column of threes, missed the ford and were swept away in the foaming river. Of the 75 officers and men in the squadron, 47 were drowned and only 19 bodies were recovered. Only 13 horses were lost.

The British cavalry were in full marching order with swords slung and carbines on their shoulders, whereas the Indian lancers carried less equipment and their lances were less cumbersome and could be more easily jettisoned if necessary. The line of the ford had not been marked and this was probably the critical mistake. As Surgeon-Major T.H. Ewatt, who was part of the column wrote later, 'A man so accoutred simply had no chance against the swollen water'.

Wood was reinforced by a second squadron from the 11th Bengal Lancers and reached his planned location with his force only to find

that the tribesmen had dispersed – as they so often did in this fluid, fast moving war.

Such are the bald facts of a small but tragic episode in a war in which British arms were not always covered in glory despite a successful outcome, much bravery and Robert's heart-stirring march from Kabul to Kandahar. The British employed 95 infantry battalions, 35 cavalry regiments, 45 gunner batteries and 19 sapper and miner companies during the war but were still outnumbered in nearly every engagement. The six verses of "Ford o' Kabul River" must be amongst the most evocative of Kipling's military poems and capture the cold drama of this little story of a military fiasco as only he can do it. He uses repetition with his customary felicity and in each verse brings the reader back to the grim reality with the echoing lines :

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Kipling picked up the failure to mark the crossing point in his internally rhyming lines in the second verse:

Keep the crossing stakes beside you, an' they will surely guide you
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

100 YEARS OF *THE DICKENSIAN* AN EXHIBITION

To celebrate the centenary of *The Dickensian*, their house magazine, the Dickens Fellowship is mounting an exhibition from 5 May – 31 October 2005 at the Charles Dickens Museum, 48 Doughty Street, London WC1N 2LX.

The exhibition, besides offering an array of pages from the magazine, and a history of its evolution, will focus on its editors and principal contributors, and will salute other journals, both popular and academic, which can be regarded as its friends and competitors.

Of particular interest will be a "browsing station" where visitors can look at scores of other "little" magazines produced by the many literary societies which flourish in England today. The Kipling Society is one of those which have been invited to supply copies of our *Journal*, and this has of course been done.

The Exhibition is open from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Monday to Saturday, and from 11a.m. to 4.30 p.m. on Sunday. Admission is £5. There is a website for the Museum at www.dickensmuseum.com and there you will find attractive photographs and details of the facilities available in what is now the sole surviving London home of Dickens.

– Ed.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED
AND
'CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS'
STUDIES IN ENDURANCE

By GEOFFREY ANNIS, B.A.

[In the September 2003 issue of the *Journal* (No.307), Geoffrey Annis gave us a perceptive exposition of Kipling as poet in "Rudyard Kipling: Poet or Verse Writer?". Now he has turned his attention to Kipling as novelist, concentrating on the first two of the three novels that Kipling completed on his own. Having made a quick analysis of the *Journal* Index, there are 23 references to *The Light that Failed*, 21 to '*Captains Courageous*', compared to 69 for *Kim* so an article such as this is definitely overdue. Just to complete the analysis, *The Naulahka* has only 3 references. – Ed.]

Since their publication, these novels have rarely enjoyed the popularity or literary reputation of *Kim* (1903), the Kipling novel about which there is virtually unanimous critical agreement. One would-be humorist even dubbed *The Light that Failed*, on its publication, as "The Book That Failed!" when it was published in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1890. '*Captains Courageous*' was first published in *McClure's Magazine* in November 1896, and *Pearson's Magazine* in December 1896. Lord Birkenhead, in his 1978 Kipling biography writes of '*Captains Courageous*':

The book failed for exactly the same reasons as *The Light that Failed* ... the characters are mere ciphers who might, with little loss to the reader, be called X,Y and Z.¹

This is criticism by assertion, which denies the possibility of insight, richness of detail, or characterisation of some dimension.

Not only are the novels integrated thematically and structurally, they are linked by marked similarities. Both draw on the horrors of Kipling's childhood sufferings at 'The House of Desolation', Lorne Lodge, Southsea; explicitly in *The Light that Failed* and subtextually in '*Captains Courageous*'. They share a strong leavening of adventure narrative, at war and sea respectively. Most significantly, both protagonists – flawed heroes though they are – endure bitter hardships, and grow in stature. *The Light that Failed* is also coloured emotionally by Kipling's own lifelong eyesight troubles, stemming from his hours of secret reading in darkness at Lorne Lodge, but giving him such an acute sense awareness as a writer.

In 1878, at the Paris Exhibition the 13 year-old Kipling was much affected by a picture of the death of Manon Lescaut, writing that '*The*

Light that Failed was a sort of inverted, metaglobalised phantasmagoria based on *Manon*.² Kipling's novel is structured in a varied pattern of inspirational sources. The faithless *demi-mondaine* of Abbé Prévost's 18th C. novel is clearly a model for Maisie, as is Florence Garrard, whom Kipling met at Lorne Lodge, and his first, unrequited love – a love which lasted into young manhood. It is a noteworthy coincidence that both *Manon* and Dick Helder meet their ends in the desert, which is always Dick's spiritual home.

Dick is a successful artist, through his Sudan war illustrations for London papers. Returning to London, he re-encounters his childhood playmate Maisie, and falls in love with her. Maisie, with artistic ambitions of her own, cannot return his love. Dick becomes incurably blind from the delayed effects of a Sudan war wound. In the Sudan, Dick forms the book's one lasting relationship, with Torpenhow, the representative of the Central Southern Syndicate, who is instrumental in spreading Dick's reputation. Maisie abandons Dick to privation, loneliness, and sudden death in the Sudan, in Torpenhow's arms.

The full 'sad ending' version, eventually published by Macmillan, is far more credible in its exploration of the hero's physical and mental disintegration than the 'happy ending' version, published in *Lippincott's*, which had Maisie marrying Dick to care for him. Kipling, always the master of compression, sums up Dick's loss, just before the final bullet:

'What luck! What stupendous and imperial luck!' said Dick. 'It's "just before the battle, mother." Oh, God has been most good to me! Only'—the agony of the thought made him screw up his eyes for an instant— 'Maisie . . .'

This poignantly echoes the lines from the opening epigraph poem:

I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Dick's sufferings begin in childhood. We quickly learn that their lives would be 'unendurable' without the secret pistol-practice games, which foreshadow Dick's death. Kipling describes the 'burdensome' six years under the cruelty and hatred of Mrs Jennett, the fictional Mrs Holloway of Lorne Lodge. Her treatment is a 'bondage', turning Dick into a natural liar, 'but a self-contained one', teaching him the 'power of living alone', which lasts throughout his life. He becomes 'unkempt in body and savage in soul, as the smaller boys of the school learned to know . . .'

This bullying tendency is strikingly reprised in Chapter III, when Dick verbally humiliates the man from the Syndicate, claiming ownership of Dick's portraits. Kipling carefully reminds us that Dick has endured 'vagrant years lived out in loneliness and strife and unsatisfied desires' and is in no mood for exploitation:

' . . . and this grey beast dares to be a thief! I have seen an Esneh camel-driver have the black hide taken off his body in strips for stealing half a pound of wet dates, and *he* was as tough as a whipcord. This thing's soft all over—like a woman.'

Both the violence and particularity of detail are typical of Kipling.

There is dramatic irony in the presentation of the childhood Maisie. Dick, unlike the reader, fails to detect the signs of her self-regard and inability to return his feelings. She defies Mrs Jennett in a 'passionless voice'; the word 'passionless' fixes her exactly. She twice accuses Dick of selfishness for not providing a grass collar for her pet goat, as promptly as she would like. She casually parades her greater wealth over Dick, which is 'why Mrs Jennett is kinder to me than she is to you.' The idea of them belonging for ever is merely 'very nice', and she fails to respond to Dick's ardent declaration of love. Given that this is childspeech, it, nevertheless, forms the basis of their tortured adult relationship.

Dick and Torpenhow confront the terror of battle, which stays with them; a binding experience in their relationship:

No civilised troop in the world could have endured the hell through which they came, the living leaping high to avoid the dying who clutched at their heels . . . a torrent black as the sliding water above a mill dam—

The 'mill dam' simile brilliantly pictures the huge army rushing towards death, and the clutching image, repeated in the same sequence, as the wounded grab at their enemies' feet, is one of stark pathos. Out of such experiences, Dick's art is forged. Kipling's handling of Dick's artistic and emotional burdens becomes increasingly complex.

An early warning note is struck when his drunken friend in Port Said, M. Binat tells him " 'Monsieur is an artist, as I have been. In the end, Monsieur will descend alive into Hell, as I have descended.' " His words prove all too prophetic, when the hell of war becomes a private one.

Dick's success brings out his arrogance and priggishness. Torpenhow bemoans his 'mass of blathering vanity,' and his apparent slavery to artistic fashion and the lure of the good life: " 'I like the power; I like the fun; I like the fuss; and above all I like the money.' "

Torpenhow's criticisms carry Faustian overtones, "I don't care to profit by the price of a man's soul'... Dick's soul is in the bank." The top war correspondent, the Nilghai, endorses this, vowing, to 'smite' Dick's commercialism in print. But Kipling pointedly redresses the balance, when Dick launches a swingeing self-defence, to which the Nilghai can make no response:

'You're sent out when a war begins, to minister to the blind, brutal, British public's bestial thirst for blood. . . And you presume to lecture me about my work!'

We are rarely allowed to forget, however, that Dick is a true artist at heart. This is shown early in the novel, when he describes having to clean up a graphically realistic portrait of a Sudanese rifleman called "His Last Shot", to appeal to his subscribers' taste. "That is Art" he sarcastically declares of the finished product. Dick's inner tensions, therefore, reflect a compromised sense of vocation.

Kipling's portrayal of Maisie avoids all the pitfalls which would have romantically conventionalised the relationship. She is neither scheming, promiscuous, nor naive. She openly admits to her incapacity for sexual love for Dick, and despises herself for it. She becomes a sort of catalyst for all Dick's yearnings for experience. The relationship is complicated by her own self-containing loneliness. This exacerbates Dick's thwarted longings, forcing him into the dual role of lover and teacher, which, themselves produce further conflict. He coaches her in line, form and colour, but his desire to help her and his own increasing artistic dedication widen the gulf even more. He is often brutally, if penetratingly honest about her work, " 'and sometimes there's power in it, but there's no special reason why it should be done at all.' " Love is even defined in artistic terms when Dick says "'Because love's like line-work: you must go forward or backward; you can't stand still.'"

The longing for Maisie, and love of his Art, become entwined into an illusory love, inconceivable outside their artistic relationship, and thus doomed to failure.

Despite everything Dick strives to keep his artist's credo intact; a credo based on endurance:

'you must sacrifice yourself, and live under orders, and never think for yourself, and never have real satisfaction in your work except just at the beginning, when you're reaching out after a notion.'

Kipling sharpens the focus on Dick by the contrasting use of other 'supporting' characters. There is Maisie's unsettling red-haired friend; silent initially, watchful, resentful. The Nilghai is Dick's sternest critic



MISS MARGARET HALSTON AS THE RED-HAIRED GIRL
(From *Play-Pictorial*, Vol.2, No.IX, 1903)

This article on the production of *The Light that Failed* from 7 February 1903 was described extensively in *Journal* No.267, September 1993, pp.25-32. What was not mentioned is that Miss Halstan had a further connection with the Society, described in *Journal* No.6, July 1928, p.3, when, following a paper on *Schoolboy Lyrics* read by G.C. Beresford, she gave two short recitals of Kipling's poems selected from her repertoire. – *Ed.*

but devoted to his well-being. Bessie, his artist's model, is also a model of patience and loyalty, experiencing humiliation at Dick's hands, although he is generous and understanding towards her, at the last. The major figure in Dick's life, apart from Maisie, is Torpenhow, whose steadfastness is at the opposite pole to Dick's volatility; a kind of endurance in itself:

Torpenhow . . . looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together and are yoked by custom and use and the intimacies of toil. This is a good love, and, since it allows, and even encourages strife, recrimination, and the most brutal sincerity, does not die, but increases, and is proof against any absence and evil conduct.

This is finely, movingly done; the very essence of their relationship. One would be hard put to find a better description of the true nature of friendship itself. It elevates them to the company of other notable Kipling partnerships: Dravot and Carnehan; Una and Dan; Learoyd, Ortheris and Mulvaney; Kim and the Lama.

Dick's work is born of inspiration and real, suffered experience; the sources of which are precise and detailed, reflecting Kipling's characteristic fascination with process and techniques. His account of the origins of the painting on the cargo-ship bound from Lima to Auckland, is a fitting instance. Dick's faculties are heightened by the fear of fire and the sea itself, and his model is the only other passenger, "'a sort of Negroid-Jewess-Cuban; with morals to match.'" The only paints available are brown, green and black ship's paint. But the limited, rough colour range, proves ideal for creating an elemental quality, and stimulates recall of Poe's "Annabel Lee":

'Neither the angels in Heaven above nor the demons down
under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul of the beautiful
Annabel Lee.

The word 'demon' (with minor spelling modification) would surely have had special resonance for Kipling, and the metre is not unlike his own. The resultant painting is, like all Dick's work, conflict-driven; a metaphor for his own internal struggles:

'I drew that fight, fought out in green water over the naked, choking soul, and the woman served as model for the devil and angels both—'

The incident reminds us of Dick's sardonic description of the uncorrupted version of "His Last Shot":

'It was brutal and coarse and violent,—man being naturally gentle when he's fighting for his life.'

There is literary inspiration, too, for Dick's last picture "Melancholia", ominously undertaken in competition with Maisie's version of the same poem, James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night", and also reflecting his profound depression. The poem is a Dante-esque vision of a living hell, like Dick's, empty of Faith, Hope or Love.

In the final third of the book, Dick's blindness and suffering begin to assume tragic dimensions. Kipling frequently shows he is capable of moving beyond pathos: "The Wish House", "Without Benefit of Clergy" and "The Gardener" come readily to mind. I think he achieves it here. The moment when the light fails is handled with restraint and compassion. In the midst of the near-blindness light images of 'the crackling volcanoes of many coloured fire. . . when something cracked inside his temples like an overstrained bowstring, the glittering dome broke inward, and he was alone in the thick night.' The bowstring simile is close to the description of the giant wave, which Charlie Mears in "'The Finest Story in the World'" likens to '. . . a banjo-string drawn tight, and it seemed to stay there for years . . .' ³ In both comparisons, unbearable tension is given a physical reality.

There is also an interesting anticipation of one of Kipling's greatest short stories "Dayspring Mishandled" when Dick, planning his final journey to Port Said, decides to stay with Madame Binat 'for old sake's sake.' The phrase is taken from a poem in Charles Kingsley's *The Water Babies* about a re-discovered doll, now 'terribly changed.. . The prettiest doll in the world.' This is used twice in the later story, ⁴ and is clearly an image of lost love and childhood innocence. It is another example of how Kipling invests the tiniest detail with significance.

Kipling unsparingly traces his artist-hero's inexorable slide into despair and helplessness. Yet at times, Dick achieves an almost stoic acceptance and self-control:

. . . Dick knew in his heart of hearts that only a lingering sense of humour and no special virtue had kept him alive. Suicide, he had persuaded himself, would be a ludicrous insult to the gravity of the situation as well as weak-kneed confession of fear.

The final encounter with Maisie is deeply painful. She has been asked

to visit Dick by Torpenhow, unaware of his blindness. Kipling effectively contrasts their emotional states., as 'the fountains of the great deep are broken up'; a subtle and touchingly appropriate sea image. Their first childhood scene together and their adult reunion are on the same stretch of beach. And after she leaves him for ever, '. . . there poured into Dick's soul tide on tide of overwhelming, purposeless fear. . . ' But in their weeping they are still apart. Maisie is filled with shame that she can only feel 'immensely and unfeignedly sorry for him. . . a pity most startlingly distinct from love.' Dick, however, remains tormented by his unassuaged passion. When he offers her the gift of his "Melancholia", it is too much for her and she runs off without a parting word. Kipling's attitude to her is, perhaps, summed up in the terse 'And that is the end of Maisie.' This also implies that her departure is soon to be the end of Dick.

Kipling tempers his compassion, with frank acknowledgement of Dick's sometimes intolerable behaviour towards others. For example, when Bessie, his model visits him, she is shocked at his appearance but wounded by his humiliation of her, and is secretly rather glad he has been 'brought low'. She has even been provoked into defacing "Melancholia", although he forgives her. Despite this, the intentionally foreground impression Kipling leaves us with is the sight of Dick, dropping food down his coat front, mouth drooping, his beard 'ragged, ill-grown', prematurely aged. Torpenhow's very last image of Dick is the face of an old man.

Dick returns to the Sudan, in a futile but brave gesture to experience the thrill of battle, one final time. The unexpected bullet is a merciful release, but in a sense, it is not his ultimate tragedy. In classical tragedy, the protagonist must learn harsh lessons if he is to attain heroic stature. Dick, as artist and man, has learned, in his loss, that:

It is better to remain alone and suffer only the misery of being alone, so long as it is possible to find distraction in daily work. When that resource goes the man is to be pitied and left alone.

There is an instructive comparison to be made between *The Light that Failed*, and W. Somerset's Maugham's 1919 novel *The Moon and Sixpence*. Both Dick and Maugham's Charles Strickland, are obsessional artists, and both go blind. Strickland's character and life, are based closely on Paul Gauguin, and Maugham may well, as a knowledgeable and discerning admirer of Kipling's gift of 'narrating incident in a surprising and dramatic fashion,'⁵ have been influenced by *The Light that Failed*. Maugham uses his familiar device of the observer-raconteur narrating events second-hand, which is certainly readable, and credible

at one level. But his frequent self-confessed limitations ('I can give no description of the arduous steps by which he [Strickland] reached such mastery over his art as he ever acquired,⁶ etc.) are patently Maugham's own, allowing him to gloss over literary challenges that a greater writer would meet. The result is that we are cheated out of directly experiencing Strickland's inner life, and emergence as a great painter.

It is here that Kipling comes into his own, as, at least, whatever the flawed perspectives, we get Dick Heldar first-hand, and a sustained insight into the anguish he suffers as he struggles to keep his artistic conscience intact in the face of insuperable odds.

J.M.S. Tompkins, felt that an artist cannot 'cope with all he knows' and that Dick's character, an expression of Kipling's whole experience, is 'blurred in consequence'. This is partly a result of the author's extremes of 'exaltation' and 'chastisement', in the presentation of Dick, and because there is less involvement in Maisie. As a less complex character, she emerges as 'defined and whole'.⁷ This may be a valid point from a great Kipling interpreter, but it would surely be a heartless reader who is unable to feel at least a modicum of sympathy for what Dick endures.



(Title from *Pearson's Magazine*, December 1896 by F.T. Jane. – Ed.)

'*Captains Courageous*' has always been the more popular of the two novels. One reason is the sea setting and emphasis on action and adventure; the other relates to what we might call Kipling's moral imperative, observable at two distinct levels. The appeal of a spoilt brat getting his comeuppance and learning discipline is perennial; as much nowadays as in Kipling's day, if not more so! At a deeper level, the novel enshrines Kipling's belief:

that there are in life such things as special knowledge, training, obedience, order, discipline, and views that extend beyond the eyes of the seer. . . ⁸

He is concerned, here, with both the workaday world, and notions of a supranormal understanding and experience. All these things Harvey Cheyne, the young hero, learns the hard way.

The story came out of Kipling's American years, and like *The Light that Failed* it is inspirational in the strictest sense, the source being Dr James Conland, the family doctor, who showed the author:

... the shore front, and the old T-wharf of Boston Harbour . . . Old tales, too, he dug up, and the lists of dead and gone schooners whom he had loved, and I revelled in the profligate abundance of detail—not necessarily for publication, but for the joy of it.⁹

Unsurprisingly, such detail finds its way, in 'profligate abundance', into '*Captains Courageous*'.

The bulk of the action occurs on a Gloucester, Massachusetts cod-fishing boat, the *We're Here*, under the mastership of Captain Disko Troop. Harvey Cheyne, the spoiled son of a San Diego rail and shipping magnate, has been rescued after being washed overboard from a luxury liner, having fainted from an excess of cigar smoke. Refused permission to return to port, Harvey becomes a crew member, and through backbreaking labour, discipline and enforced adaptability, is transformed – if rather too perfectly – from immature boyhood, to mature, self-reliant young manhood by the time he is re-united with his parents. Here, the Lorne Lodge influence lingers in the idea of Harvey being thrust into a frightening alien world, separated from his parents, and forced into premature self-reliance.

The novel expresses Kipling's ambivalent attitude towards Americans. He finds them 'vulgar' with a 'massive vulgarity', and 'cocksure' and 'bleeding raw at the edges' though they are, he loves them 'beyond all other people'.¹⁰

Andrew Lycett sees this attitude:

... in the contrast between the ruthless efficiency of the railroads that bring ..Harvey Cheyne senior from San Diego [to be reunited with his son] and the old-fashioned camaraderie of the fishermen . . .¹¹

Indeed, Kipling pays detailed attention to the minutiae of the railway organisation: the telegrams, the timetable, geographical data along the way, and the length of the journey across America, to the nearest half-hour.

The character of Harvey is problematic for many readers and critics. Throughout the *We're Here* voyage, he often comes across as passive observer, rather than active protagonist, and there is minimal internalis-

ing of his thoughts and feelings. It is at the beginning and end of the novel that he is more clearly placed in the foreground. However, we are always aware of the effects of his sea-trials. On the luxury liner, his immaturity is neatly established, 'a mixture of irresolution, bravado and very cheap smartness.' He dangles a cigarette from his lips, attempts to get into a card school, and behaves in a generally precocious manner; a "too fresh" young American. But Kipling provides enough background to render his behaviour credible. We learn that he has been dragged from one hotel to another by his mother who can't manage him, and has never known a father's love or discipline. One passenger, however, presciently remarks that 'He'll find out his error a few years from now. Pity, because there's a heap of good in the boy if you could get at it.'

His initiation into the adult world after rescue, is swift, and painful. His nose is bloodied by Captain Troop, when he demands a return to New York. Subsequently he is lacerated, buffeted, sea-sick, lashed by storms and endures boils caused by his oilskins. He is forced to carry out the most menial tasks, strenuously acquiring a real knowledge of fishing and sailing. He also learns the inadvisability of laying down the law, and to 'ask questions humbly.' In a strikingly short time, he also learns to love his new life and take pride in his achievements.

The rapid success of this baptism of fire, is – like that into military life – convincing enough, but leaves us with a sense that Kipling has somehow peaked early in terms of Harvey's character development. Kipling himself may have been aware of this. After first believing that '*Captains Courageous*' was a major achievement, he changed his mind and wrote:

There ain't two cents worth of plot in the blessed novel—it's all business—cod-fishing in the banks and no love at all.¹²

The view was shared by Oscar Wilde, a qualified admirer of Kipling's work, who wrote in characteristic mode:

It seems very odd to me that a man should write a whole novel about cod-fishing—but I suppose that is because I do not like cod.

Kipling's self-criticism, endorsed by his famous contemporary, does him credit, but I think he manages to show, albeit indirectly, that Harvey's transformation goes beyond trial-by-ordeal, into a broader awareness of comradeship and the realities of grief and death. He forms a close, lasting bond with Dan, Troop's son, who becomes both mentor and brother. He experiences death at close quarters when a rogue trawler – a sort of manned "Flying Dutchman" – is suddenly swallowed

whole by the "pitiless" seas. The extremity of loss is brought home to him by the tragic predicament of old Penn, a Moravian preacher called Jacob Boiler, whose wife and children were engulfed by a dam burst. He has lost his mind and memory, and been compassionately taken on board by Troop and Dan's Uncle Salter. Dan and Harvey, and Penn and Salter, are two more unique Kipling fictional partnerships.

An affecting incident occurs when the captain of a ship – Jason Olley – whose vessel has been sunk by a liner is rescued; his son presumed lost. Harvey witnesses the captain's grief turn to joy when the boy is found alive. Kipling implies that the similarities of Penn's and the captain's real names have somehow prompted the shock return of Penn's memory. In a wonderfully ironic touch, the relationship between Penn and Salter must begin again. These events resonate with Harvey's own loss and separation, whilst anticipating the new beginning he will also have to make. Such experiences, Kipling suggests, are cumulatively sensitising the maturing young deck-hand.

His imaginative horizons are widened by Disko's tales of sea-lore and superstition, 'wonderful tales and all true. . .' There is one terrifying incident when the enshrouded body of a dead French fisherman, from whom Dan has previously taken a knife, suddenly bobs up, erect and faceless, by the side of their small fishing-boat. Most of the crew believe that the corpse has returned to claim the knife, and that only Harvey's status as a mascot will 'destroy any bad luck . . .'

Another crucial influence on Harvey is Disko Troop himself, hero-worshipped by the boy as a 'great' and 'mighty just man.' He is the substitute parent; a tough disciplinarian who exerts his authority with the 'rope's end', but gradually respects Harvey and treats him as an adult crew member. There are several references to his almost mystic ability to detect the whereabouts of a potential haul, describing him at one point as a 'master artist who knew the Banks blindfold.' Shades of *The Light that Failed*, perhaps! He is not without compassion, but instinctively expresses it in nautical terms, as when discussing the rescue of Captain Boiler:

'Well, consolin', Jason there held him up a piece, same's shorin' up a boat. Then, bein' weak, them props slipped an' slipped, an' he slid down the ways, an' naow he's water-borne agin. That's haow I sense it.'

Harvey's developing adult perceptions are reinforced by his intermingling with different races and creeds, not least his shipmates, like Manuel, the Portuguese who first rescues him, or Long Jack the

Irishman. The ship itself, like Melville's *Pequod* is a microcosm of human society. Rowing his boat one morning he hears, in the distance:

Every dialect from Labrador to Long Island, with Portuguese, Neapolitan, Lingua Franca, French, and Gaelic, with songs and shoutings and new oaths, rattled around him, and he seemed to be the butt of it all.

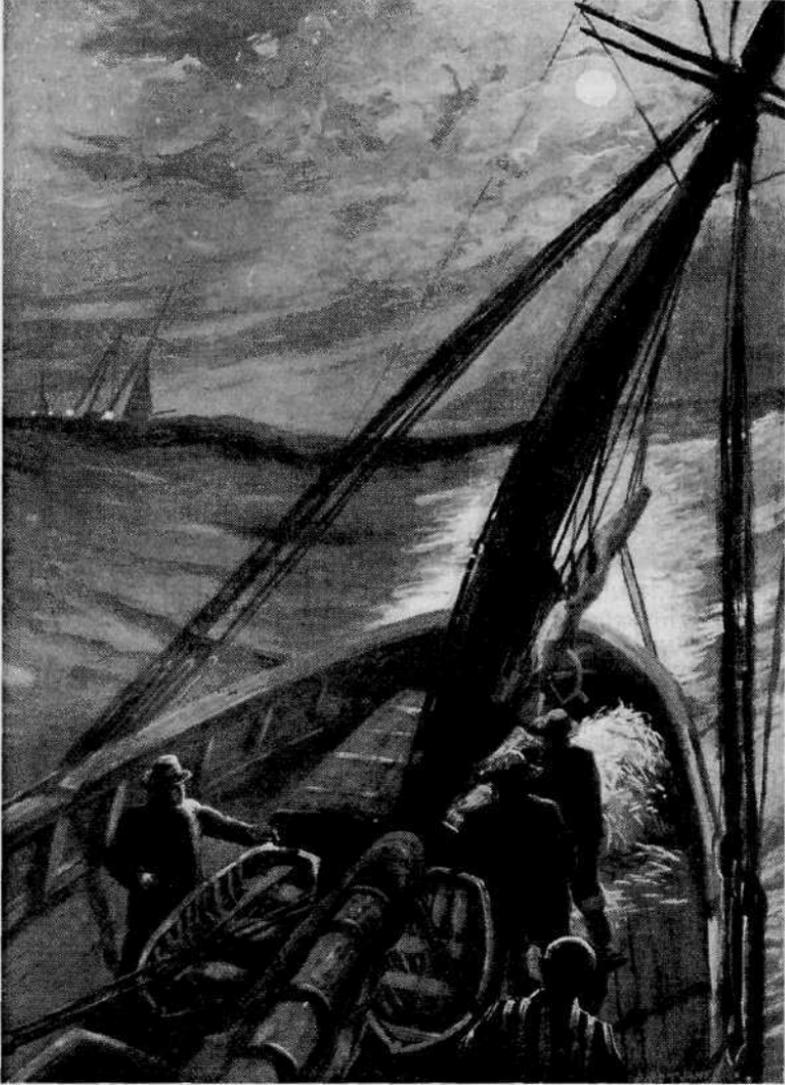
A notable feature of '*Captains Courageous*' is the way this theme expands outwards to a deeper sense of community and brotherhood, reflecting Kipling's own involvement in Freemasonry, to which the novel makes several references. Mr and Mrs Cheyne, walking the Gloucester streets, contemplate the rich humanity before them:

. . . women in light summer dresses, . . . straw-hatted men fresh from Boston desks; . . . clear-eyed Nova Scotians, . . . French, Italians, Swedes, and Danes, . . . ministers of many creeds— . . . captains of tugs and water-boats, riggers, fitters, lumpers, Salters, . . . all the mixed population of the waterfront.

The theme is movingly dramatised in the Memorial Day service, when the community gather to remember their men and ships lost at sea, and based on a real-life occasion such as Kipling himself had witnessed. As the tragic litany is read out, punctuated by the sobs and cries of the bereaved, Harvey is overwhelmed by emotion, 'his stomach reminded him of the day when he fell from the liner.' The sentence cyclically completing his journey of self-discovery.

But Harvey is not the only character to suffer and learn. Mrs Cheyne is 'broken down' and 'half mad' with anguish at the supposed loss of her son. Mr Cheyne is worried 'beyond endurance' by her emotional state. He does not know what 'enduring harm' Harvey has come to, and realises that he has never properly known his son. He faces up to his neglect, and to the depth of his submerged paternal love.

He is presented as an American symbol; a man after Kipling's own heart. From being a 'kinless boy', he has 'through a hundred changes and chops of life' and by a blend of enterprise and relentless hard work, built a great commercial empire. Kipling praises his 'courage and resourcefulness . . . his knowledge of men and things' that have arisen from the 'ragged edges of despair.' He is, in a way, "If—" personified. Ironically Harvey's education will start afresh when his father, proud of what Harvey has become, insists he get a college education if he is to inherit the shipping side of the business.



'The pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver'
(From *Pearson's Magazine*, December 1896 by F.T. Jane. – Ed.)

In the midst of joyous reunion, Kipling sounds a bell-note of pathos, and dark reminder, in the brief cameo appearance of Mrs

Troop, when Cheyne senior offers her son Dan a mate's apprenticeship aboard one of his fleet. She, also, has endured and suffered:

'We lose one hundred a year from Gloucester . . . one hundred boys an' men; and I've come so's to hate the sea as if 'twuz alive an' listenin'. God never made it fer humans to anchor on.'

The novel contains some of Kipling's finest descriptive writing. The poet Craig Raine has written of how Kipling 'extends the literary franchise to the inarticulate. The mute are given a say in things . . .' ¹³ This special kind of personification is well illustrated in the account of the *We 're Here* bucking stormy waters:

Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buck-shot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass . . .

The vessel is alive, in sight and sound, before us, the phrase 'ere the divided waters' giving an almost Biblical eloquence to the conflict.

And his word-genius has never been better demonstrated than this poetic evocation of a sea-scape, beheld through Harvey's eyes. Conventional lexis is creatively re-fashioned into original and varied imagery, rendering afresh a beautiful and changeless scene:

. . . the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; . . . the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, . . .

Unobtrusively alliterative, this passage, too, portrays its inanimate motion in entirely human terms, without a jarring note, the image 'the kiss of rain' eloquently suggesting the possibility of renewed life in the midst of death.

Critics have also responded unfavourably to the novel's episodic structure. This seems to me misplaced. The picaresque tradition is the foundation of Western European fiction, and within it, Kipling

achieves unity through the continuity of on-board relationships, action, and setting. In addition, he provides us with narrative resolution, a varied character gallery, and authentically re-creates the excitement of life at sea.

Without over-straining parallels, I think one can make valid, basic, comparisons with *The Jungle Books*. Harvey, like Mowgli, is a child uprooted into an alien environment. As Mowgli has to learn the complex Laws of the Jungle, with 'Obey' as its moral centre, so Harvey must adapt to the Laws of the sea. The Mowgli *Jungle Book* stories explore the growth of a boy into approaching manhood. Troop, Dan and Harvey's fishermen comrades, as his new family, in their wisdom and knowledge fulfil an educative purpose as confluents of Kaa, Baloo, and Bagheera. There is nothing of the sexual awakening in '*Captains Courageous*' that we find subtly layered into the Mowgli story "Spring Running", but both tales end with their heroes on the threshold of new life and experience.

*

A qualitative comparison between the two books is difficult. One could, for example, offset the greater emotional intensity of *The Light that Failed* with the broader scope of '*Captains Courageous*'. Let it be enough to say that, critical indifference notwithstanding, they are both still in print, and still indispensable to any comprehensive study of Kipling's work and achievement. I can only hope I have gone some way to counterbalance the tendency to underrate them.

NOTES

1. Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1978.
2. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*, Ch.8, Penguin edition.
3. "The Finest Story in the World" (*Many Inventions*) 1893.
4. "Dayspring Mishandled" (*Limits & Renewals*) 1932.
5. "The Short Story", Vol.25 of *Essays*, Royal Society of Literature, 1950.
6. W. Somerset Maugham, *The Moon & Sixpence*, Heinemann edition, 1955.
7. J.M.S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, Methuen & Co, 1959.
8. Letter from The Kipling Papers, quoted in Lord Birkenhead's biography.
9. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*, Ch.5, Penguin edition.
10. *Rudyard Kipling in New England*, revised edition, Book Cellar, Brattleboro, U.S.A., 1951.
11. Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, Phoenix/Orion Books, 1999.
12. Letter from The Kipling Papers, quoted in Lord Birkenhead's biography.
13. Craig Raine, *A Choice of Kipling's Prose*, Faber & Faber, 1987.

The quotations from *The Light That Failed* and '*Captains Courageous*' are taken from the Macmillan Centenary editions, 1982.

There is no acknowledged source for the Oscar Wilde quotation.

"archy experiences a seizure" AND "THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS"

By Dr JANET MONTEFIORE

[DrMontefiore is a Reader in English Literature at the University of Kent. She has published widely on twentieth century poetry and fiction, women's writing and feminist theory, the latter inspired by her long connection with the Kent M.A. in Women's Studies. She has lived in Moscow in the mid-80s, and also in Washington, D.C., where she was Visiting Scholar in English and in Women's Studies at Georgetown University (1992-1994). Her book *Rudyard Kipling* (Northcote House, *Writers and their Work* series) will appear later this year. – Ed.]

Harry Ricketts' essay on Kipling and parody (*Kipling Journal* No.305, March 2003, pp.41-54) mentions several parodists of Kipling's style, notably Kipling's contemporaries Guy Wetmore Carryl and Max Beerbohm. He might also have mentioned an enchanting pastiche which appeared (just) in Kipling's lifetime by the journalist Don Marquis [1878-1937], creator of Archy the cockroach, biographer of Mehitabel the cat and wry commentator on life 'from the under side' in *vers libre* poems¹ written by butting his head on the typewriter keys (all lower-case and unpunctuated because Archy couldn't reach the shift key to write capitals or punctuation marks). In the 1935 poem "archy experiences a seizure" the cockroach poet, inebriated by eating 'kiplings earlier poetry'² produces a magnificent nonsense ballad about 'a fight between a cockroach and a lot of other things'. Rather than paraphrase the poem and its accompanying dialogue between the cockroach poet and his editor, I reproduce the whole thing here.³

Archy may have been nibbling at several early ballads. The cockroach's defiance of his enemies when he 'loose[s] his bridle rein' seems to owe something to the "Ballad of East and West", where the horse-racing hero 'lightly' tells his enemy to go ahead and murder him if he likes, so long as the other is prepared for a costly vengeance: " 'But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup, / The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up! ' " – much as the dauntless cockroach invites his enemies to come and get him if they can: "begod he said if they want my head it is here on the top of my chine"⁴. But the main source of Archy's inspiration is surely Kipling's "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" whose (1890) swinging seven-foot metre and internal rhymes, exotic diction, literary gore and threats of vengeance he imitates with such splendid gusto. This poem – rather baffling if you don't know its real subject, which is a literary row – is ostensibly about a fight that doesn't quite happen.

The hero, an English skipper of a small brig, has been robbed by a 'Yankee pirate' and thirsts for revenge. If he had his way, " 'I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in the rocking dark, / I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his brother shark;' " (cf. Archy's 'across the dark the afghan shark is whining for his head'), but he has no power to carry out these threats. When he asks three powerful admirals to help him, they refuse on the grounds that the 'pirate' is not governed by English law and has never hurt *them*. The furious skipper departs to sea in the hope of growing strong enough to take on the pirate himself. Then his vengeance will be gory – he will dismember his enemy and come " 'Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft of Admiralty, / Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign that we keep the sea.' " (cf. Archy's line 'we will bash his mug with his own raw lug new stripped from off his dome': Marquis p.41). Meanwhile " 'The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling and the Orange-Laut / How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be robbed in a Christian port;' " ⁵ (cf. Archy's 'the punjab gull shall have his skull ere he goes to the burning ghaut': Marquis, *ibid.*)

The inconclusive fight in "The Rhyme of the Three Captains", (whose unsatisfactory ending in empty threats is echoed in Archy's refusal to end his poem when he is asked to) is, as Kipling's biographers have explained, an allegory prompted by Kipling's resentment of the American publisher Harper who in 1890 brought out an unauthorised edition of his Indian stories, sending him an insultingly small £10 honorarium, which he returned. When Kipling denounced Harper's sharp practice in the *Athenaeum*, London's most prestigious review, the established English writers Walter Bezant, William Black and Thomas Hardy wrote to the magazine siding cautiously with Harper; so Kipling hit back at Harper and his seniors by publishing "The Rhyme of the Three Captains", also in the *Athenaeum*.⁶

Whether or not Kipling ever read Don Marquis' parody, either in *archy's life of mehitable* (1935) in which Archy's 'poem in the kipling manner' appeared or the earlier version "The Hero Cockroach" published in 1921, I don't know. If he did he would surely as a brilliant parodist have been delighted by Don Marquis' affectionate tribute. And given his complicated love-hate relationship with the U.S.A., his love of American humour shown in his tributes to Leland's *The Breitmann Ballads* and Joel Chandler's *Uncle Remus* and his resentment of (as he saw it) American lawlessness, it is pleasing to know that his allegorical broadside against a 'Yankee pirate' should have sparked off this tribute of inspired nonsense from an American wit.

NOTES

1. Archy's poems are not in fact exclusively *vers libre*; he also wrote *rondeaux* and *ballades*, both difficult forms.
2. Don Marquis, *archy's life of mehitable* (1935, Faber reprint 1961) pp.39–4. An earlier version of this poem entitled "The Hero Cockroach" had already appeared in Don Marquis' *Noah an 'Jonah an 'Cap 'n John Smith* (New York, D.Appleton, 1921). This earlier version uses normal punctuation and capitals, italicises its refrains, and has a slightly different ending in which the cockroach scornfully dismisses his enemies: 'Begod (says he) it is easy to see who rules this bloody bight – / Come ye again, my merry men, whenever ye thirst for fight!' after which the author sums up: *Half seas over ! Stop ! She is queasy! The Cockroach has dropped in the stew ! Honestly, fellows, this stuff is easy / The trouble's to tell when you 're through.* ' (p. 10)-. This is more critical of its original, but not so funny or skilful as the later more affectionate version, where the poem remains unfinished because the 'peevied' bard resents the well-meaning editor's criticisms.
- 3 Our best attempts to locate the copyright holder have been unsuccessful – *Ed*.
- 4 Rudyard Kipling, "The Ballad of East and West", *The Works of Rudyard Kipling*, (Wordsworth 1994), p.236; Marquis *archy's life of mehitable* p.43. The earlier version "The Hero Cockroach" (1921) also contains a clear echo of "Tomlinson": compare 'I have tickled ye, I have pickled ye, I have scotched your mizzen brace' (Marquis, *Noah an 'Jonah an 'Cap 'n John Smith*, p. 10) with " 'We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have seared him to the bone,' " (Kipling, "Tomlinson", *Works* p.364).
- 5 Rudyard Kipling, "The Rhyme of the Three Captains", *The Works of Rudyard Kipling* (Wordsworth, 1994) pp.332-336.
- 6 Harry Ricketts *The Unforgiving Minute: A Life of Rudyard Kipling* (Chatto and Windus 1999) pp.175-6.

archy experiences a seizure

By DON MARQUIS

"Where have you been so long? And what on earth do you mean by coming in here soused?" we asked Archy as he zigzagged from the door to the desk.

He climbed onto the typewriter keys and replied indignantly:

soused yourself i havent had a drink
and yet i am elevated i admit it i have
been down to a second hand book
store eating a lot of kiplings earlier
poetry it always excites me if i eat
a dozen stanzas of it i get all lit up
and i try to imitate it get out of my

way now i feel a poem in the kipling
manner taking me

And before we could stop him he began to butt on the keys:

the cockroach stood by the mickle
wood in the flush of the astral dawn

We interrupted. "Don't you mean Austral instead of astral?"
Archy became angered and wrote peevisly:

i wrote astral and i meant astral
you let me be now i want to get this
poem off my chest you are jealous if
you were any kind of a sport at all
you would fix this machine so i could
write it in capitals it is a poem about
a fight between a cockroach and a
lot of other things get out of my way
im off

the cockroach stood by the mickle
wood in the flush of the astral dawn
and he sniffed the air from the hidden
lair where the khyber swordfish spawn
and the bilge and belch of the glutton
welsh as they smelted their warlock cheese
surged to and fro where the grinding
floe wrenched at the headlands knees
half seas over under up again
and the barnacles white in the moon
the pole stars chasing its tail like a pup again
and the dish ran away with the spoon

the waterspout came bellowing out of
the red horizons rim
and the grey typhoon and the black
monsoon surged forth to the
fight with him
with three fold might they surged to
the fight for they hated the great
bull roach
and they cried begod as they lashed

the sod and here is an egg to
 poach
 we will bash his mug with his own raw
 lug new stripped from off his
 dome
 for there is no law but teeth and claw
 to the nor nor east of nome
 the punjab gull shall have his skull
 ere he goes to the burning ghaut
 for there is no time for aught but crime
 where the jungle lore is taught
 across the dark the afghan shark is
 whining for his head
 there shall be no rule but death and
 dule till the deep red maws are
 fed
 half seas under up and down
 again
 and her keel was blown off in a
 squall
 girls we misdoubt that we 11 ever
 see town again
 haul boys haul boys haul.

"Archy," we interrupted, "that haul, boys, is all right to the eye, but the ear will surely make it hall boys. Better change it."

you are jealous you let me alone im off again

the cockroach spat and he tilted his
 hat and he grinned through the
 lowering mirk
 the cockroach felt in his rangoon belt
 for his good bengali dirk
 he reefed his mast against the blast
 and he bent his mizzen free
 and he pointed the cleats of his bin
 nacle sheets at the teeth of the
 yesty sea
 he opened his mouth and he sluiced
 his drouth with his last good
 can of swipes
 begod he cried they come in pride but

they shall go home with the
gripes

begod he said if they want my head it
is here on top of my chine
it shall never be said that i doffed my
head for the boast of a heathen
line
and he scorned to wait but he dared
his fate and loosed his bridle rein
and leapt to close with his red fanged
foes in the trough of the
screaming main
from hell to nome the blow went home
and split the firmament
from hell to nome the yellow foam
blew wide to veil the rent
and the roaring ships they came to
grips in the gloom of a dripping
mist

"Archy," we interrupted again, "is there very much more of it? It seems that you might tell in a very few words now who won the fight, and let it go at that. Who did win the fight, Archy?"

But Archy was peeved, and went sadly away, after writing:

of course you wont let me finish i never saw as
jealous a person as you are

[From: *archy's life of mehitable* by Don Marquis, (1935, Faber reprint 1961) pp.39-44]

AN ETONIAN PASTICHE OF "IF—"

A few months ago, one of our members, Mr N.S. Harrison, sent me copies of some cuttings from a scrapbook. Although some items were familiar, I was particularly intrigued by an undated pastiche of "If—" that was attributed to *The Eton Chronicle*. The Eton College Archivist, Mrs P. Hatfield, was soon able to track it down, although the author still remains a mystery.

It was printed in the *Chronicle* of 23 September 1915, accompanied by a letter to the Editor from someone signing himself only as "2nd Lieut." As Mrs Hatfield commented, 'there must have been a good many Old Etonian 2nd Lieutenants around in 1915.' — *Ed.*

Dear Sir,—It may be that you will be able to find a spare corner of the *Chronicle* in which to insert this advice to future officers from one who has gained it in the hard ways of experience. I should feel honoured if you would do so.

Yours sincerely,
2ND LIEUT.

IF—

(*With apologies to R.K.*)

If you can learn to tell a silly story,
 And never say you "think you'll do it soon,"
 And cultivate a language terse and gory,
 And know the Christian names of your platoon;
 If you can walk and not be tired of walking,
 If you can learn to order and obey,
 If you can stand still while the C.O.'s talking,
 Forgetting there was once a time for play;
 If you can smoke and weary not of smoking,
 If you can weep and yet make others laugh,
 If you can drink and not indulge in soaking,
 And if you never do a thing by half;
 If you can form your fours and change direction,
 And make resolve to remedy your past,
 Efficiency which never needs correction
 Will bring you to your second star at last.

BOOK REVIEW

By LISA LEWIS

THE GAME by Laurie R. King, published by Random House 2004, ISBN 0-553-80194-5.

Laurie R. King is a bestselling writer of thrillers and detective novels. According to her blurbs, she is an American married to an Anglo-Indian professor at Oxford. One of her most successful series features an older Sherlock Holmes in the years after World War I. He marries the narrator, a much younger woman, postgraduate of an Oxford college and an ardent feminist. Together they undertake his cases. This allows King to display both formidable erudition and a wicked sense of humour, taking the series far beyond the usual irritating Holmes imitations. In a previous book there was a cameo appearance of that other famous fictional detective, Lord Peter Wimsey, but in *The Game* she has taken her borrowing very much farther.

The Holmeses are sent by his brother Mycroft to the Indian frontier to search for Kim, who has gone missing after a long and successful career in intelligence. King's Indian connections give her a different angle to Kipling's on the country and its people, but so far as I can tell it is no less valid in its own way. The situation here is similar to the original, with a frontier maharajah and intrigues with the Russians in the aftermath of Lenin's death.

Several of King's novels display an appreciation of the visual arts. While her description of travellers on the Grand Trunk Road is a mere list, her maharajah's palace has some word-pictures almost as vivid as Kipling's. There are a number of splendid minor characters. I am not sure she has read Kim himself correctly, but her reading is essential to her plot. I find his situation at the end irresistible.

The author acknowledges in a postscript:

The Game may be read as a humble and profoundly felt homage to Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, one of the great novels of the English language. If you, the reader, do not know the book, please do not delay that acquaintance. If you read it in childhood and remember it as a juvenile adventure, may I suggest another read? *Kim* is a book for any age.

In the opening paragraph of chapter 4, the narrator re-reads it, 'rediscovering the pleasures of a classic tale with unexpected depths. The story sparkled as I remembered it. . .' One knows the feeling.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

Mr Graham Smetham (*St. Neots, Cambridgeshire*)

Ms Inna Lindgrén (*Åbo, Finland*)

Mr John Wills (*Umbilo, South Africa*)

Major H.G. Jenks (*Lambourn, Berkshire*)

Mr Kenneth Timoner (*Edina, Minnesota, U.S.A.*)

Mr John R. Andrews (*Exeter, Devon*)

SUBSCRIPTION – INCREASE IN US DOLLAR RATES

It is regretted that the U.S. dollar subscription rates for both surface and airmail delivery of the *Kipling Journal* must be increased to compensate for the change in the dollar/pound exchange rate, which was \$1.60 to £1 when we last set the rate six years ago and is now over \$1.90 to £1 at the time of writing (March).

We have held to the old rate as long as possible but we are now forced to increase the subscriptions, to take effect from 1 July 2005, to US\$ 44 for surface mail delivery and \$ 54 for airmail delivery. These increases are shown on the Subscription Reminder, which appears on the back of the *Journal* address label of this issue for those members who are due to renew between 1 July and 30 September. They will also apply to all subsequent subscriptions for existing and new members. Subscriptions paid before 1 July at the old rates will be honoured until the next subscription falls due.

SUBSCRIPTION REMINDERS

The Membership Secretary is grateful to those members who pay by Bank Standing Order or who pay promptly when reminded that their subscription is due.

Members who send their subscriptions annually are asked to check the front of the *Kipling Journal* address carrier and, should their subscription be due, pay it **before the month** in which the next *Journal* comes out, thus ensuring the despatch of the *Journal* and obviating the need for further reminders.

Subscription rates and acceptable methods of payment are shown on the reverse of the address carrier, which should be returned with the subscription.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE SONS OF MARTHA"

From: Dr Philip Holberton, 1645 Hickeys Creek Road, Willawarrin, NSW 2440, Australia.

Dear Sir,

In the apocryphal "Gospel of Thomas" I came across the verse: "Jesus says, 'lift the stone and there you will find me: cleave the wood and I am there.' "

That reminded me of the couplet in Kipling's poem "The Sons of Martha":

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path more fair or flat—

Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha spilled for that!

Fragments of the "Gospel of Thomas" were found in the Oxyrhynchus papyri between 1897 and 1903; an English translation was published in 1904. "The Sons of Martha" is dated 1907. I think this is evidence that Kipling's extensive knowledge of the Bible extended to apocryphal sources.

"The Sons of Martha" is Kipling's commentary on the biblical story of Martha and Mary (St. Luke 10.38), and is one of my favourites amongst his poems.

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP HOLBERTON

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS - A NEW RECORDING

From: Mr Brian Mattinson, 6 Herisson Close, Pickering North Yorkshire YO18 7HB

Dear Sir,

February saw the release of a CD of Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* performed by Ralph Meanley (baritone) and David Mackie (piano). Readers may remember Meanley's letter in the March 1996 issue of the *Journal* (No.277, pp.55-6). I have been in touch with him occasionally since October 2002, when I bought a copy of his tape *Shipmates o' Mine* which includes five of the Barrack-Room Ballads.

The new CD is apparently the first complete recording of all twenty Barrack-Room Ballads set by the English composer Gerard F. Cobb (1838-1904), eighteen from the first series and two from the second; it

does not include Cobb's later settings of three Service Songs . It is an interesting set, professionally presented and well recorded. Meanley has a pleasing voice which, sympathetically accompanied, gives the words the clear presentation they deserve; characterisation is, not surprisingly, mild compared with Peter Bellamy's earthy renderings. In our concert in February 2004 (*Journal* No.310, June 2004, p.51), our story began in 1890 with the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and our first example was Cobb's harrowing "Danny Deever", included in this CD.

The excellent booklet with the CD discusses faithfulness to Kipling's words and the omission of verses, choruses, even sections of music, which certainly delivers a well-packed seventy three minutes. Cobb's setting of "Gunga Din" (1897) itself omits verse five, which Meanley properly includes; presumably the fame of the last line was still to come (a footnote in Cobb's music does refer to 'a fifth verse')! Incidentally, Mackie's notes reveal that our 'composite Mandalay' in the 2004 concert was not as original as we thought; Dawson devised a similar scheme using the same four composers and recorded it with the London Symphony Orchestra in 1955!

The CD can be obtained from Ralph T. Meanley, 18 Cleveland Park Crescent, London E17 7BT (£13 incl. p&p).

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN J.H. MATTINSON

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

"... TO THE TUNE OF FOUR POINT SEVEN"

From: Mr John McGivering, 32 Cheltenham Place, Brighton BN1 4AB

Some months ago, John McGivering wrote to draw my attention to a report in *Navy News* (November 2004, p.12) concerning the unveiling of a memorial site at H.M.S. *Excellent* in Portsmouth to honour the hundreds of sailors who crewed the field guns at the Royal Tournament.

The 'field gun run' commemorated the transfer and modification of naval 12-pounders from H.M. Ships *Powerful* and *Terrible* by Capt. Percy Scott of H.M.S. *Terrible* to enable them to be moved from Durban to Ladysmith for its relief from the Boers in 1900.

The main point of interest for us is that *Navy News* credited Rudyard Kipling with the phrase that the sailors 'trundled their way to heaven to the tune of four point seven.' Neither John nor I (nor *Navy News*) have been able to identify the source of this quotation, and so will any astute member who can pin it down please write to me? – Ed.

A MAN MAY BE MEASURED BY HIS LIBRARY

By JOHN WALKER

THE KIPLING SOCIETY LIBRARY AND THE WEBBS

Most members will not yet be aware of the latest contribution to the Society that has been made by George Webb and his family. George, Editor of the *Journal* from 1980 to 2000 and driving force for its expanded pagination, instigator of the New Readers' Guide project, and co-author of *Kipling's Japan* has, on moving to smaller premises, donated the contents of his library to the Society.

The generosity of this gift came home to me with more than enjoyable weight when I began helping the Society's Honorary Librarian, John Slater, to sort and shelve the books given to us by George. The Kipling Library at City University is well established, and has benefited from many bequests in the past. That George's books should prove so valuable to us is certainly a measure of his knowledge, skill and stamina as a collector. A complete extra shelving unit has been purchased, and John has been very busy cataloguing the new material. We have also been able to replace some of the existing stock with earlier editions, and establish separate sections for Militaria, and for bound copies of magazines (containing first publication of verse or prose).

Sufficient new volumes have been added that we could usefully make this the time to check the catalogue and rethink some of the categories. John is also concerned that the best use possible is made of the many boxes of ephemera. Perhaps the team that we would have liked to have made available to the Trust may yet be assembled. [See below – *Ed.*]

George and Jo Webb, and their family, have made a truly significant addition to our resources. We are very grateful for their generosity, and will record the gift both as bookplates in the individual volumes and with a suitable plaque in the Library.

THE BATEMAN'S KIPLING LIBRARY

Late in 2001, I took two Ph.D. students from Canterbury down to Bateman's. One was completing a study of "Kipling's Soldiers", and the other had a general interest in Post-Colonial Studies. Both were drawn, immediately, to Kipling's own library, and did their best to gather information by leaning over the ropes. Having found that no listing of the volumes at Bateman's was available to the general public, indeed that no cataloguing had been completed beyond a housekeeper's index, I wrote to Mark Purcell.

Since September 1999, Mark had been Libraries Adviser to the National Trust, and I knew of his work through such material as a prize-winning essay on the Allestree Library. (The title of this piece comes from a review of that entry). At the time, and in ensuing correspondence, I offered to help in organising a first catalogue of the material at Bateman's, both from the study and the "entrance hall", using the voluntary expertise of the Society. In friendly but firm terms, Mark declined the offer, as he felt that the Trust should undertake such a task itself.

I understand from Mark Purcell, who is now Libraries Curator to the Trust, that cataloguing of books at Bateman's may be included among funding proposals for next year. Unfortunately I missed Mark's talk at the Oxford Bibliographical Society in January which was titled: "Surveying the National Trust's Libraries, or, Five Years Around the Houses."

There are also at least 1200 volumes in Elsie's Library at Wimpole Hall, many of which came from Bateman's . . .

REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES FOR 2004

The Kipling Society whose postal address is 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS, was founded in 1927. The Society is registered with the Charity Commissioners (No. 278885) and is constituted under rules approved in July 1999.

As stated in the Rules, the object of the Society is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling.

The Society is administered by a Council comprising Honorary Executive Officers and elected ordinary members. Those serving during the year under review are listed below:

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Chairman	Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.
Deputy Chairman	Mr J. Radcliffe
Secretary	Mrs J. Keskar
Treasurer	Mr R.A. Bissolotti
Journal Editor	Mr D. Page
Membership Secretary	Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.
Meetings Secretary	Dr J.D. Lewins
Librarian	Mr J.F. Slater
Assistant Librarian	Mr J. Walker (from July 2004)
On Line Editor	Mr J. Radcliffe
Publicity Officer	Mr D. Fellows

ORDINARY MEMBERS

Ms Anne Harcombe	2001-2004 (retired July 2004)
Mr John Walker	2001-2004 (retired July 2004)
Mr David Page	2002-2005
Mr Geoffrey Siphthorp	2003-2006 (resigned July 2004)
Ms Judith Flanders	2003-2006

Ms Dorothy Sheridan	2003-2006
Mr Robin Mitchell	2004-2007 (from July 2004)
Mr Sharad Keskar	2004-2007 (from July 2004)
Mr Bryan Diamond	2004-2007 (from September 2004)

In furtherance of its object, and on an ongoing basis, the Society:

1. Publishes the quarterly *Kipling Journal* that is distributed to all individual members and subscribing 'Journal-only' institutions, dealing with matters of interest to readers and students of Rudyard Kipling.
2. Promotes and holds meetings, film shows, visits, discussions and readings in order to stimulate and encourage the study of Rudyard Kipling's works.
3. Maintains in City University, London, an extensive library of books, ephemera and reference material available to members and literary researchers.
4. Maintains a Kipling Room at The Grange Museum, in Rottingdean, Sussex.
5. Maintains a world-wide-web site (www.kipling.org.uk) containing information and pictorial material about the Society, about Kipling's prose and poetry and about his life and times, including the Society's expanding "New Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Works" (see below). There is also the catalogue of the Society's library and a comprehensive Index to the *Kipling Journal* from its inception in 1927. The web-site attracts requests for information from both members and non-members and is a good source for recruitment of new members from all over the world.

State of the Society and Specific activities in 2004

Four issues of the *Kipling Journal* were published during the year.

The web-site continues to attract considerable interest from both members and the general public.

During the year there were five meetings, inclusive of the Annual General Meeting, at each of which there was a lecture given by a guest speaker. Highlights of the year were a Stalky Symposium on 7 April to launch the first publication of "Scylla and Charybdis" in the *Journal*, the Annual Luncheon on 5 May when the Guest of Honour and Speaker was Sir Christopher Bland, the Chairman of BT, and participation in the National Trust's "Kipling Day" on 16 June at Bateman's, with appropriate readings from Kipling's prose and verse.

The revision and updating of the 1950s 8-volume *Readers' Guide to the Works of Rudyard Kipling* is well under way, incorporating much new work. The responsible sub-committee have made good progress in the second year and are on target to complete it within the five years anticipated. When completed, each revised section is added to the body of work displayed on the Society's web site. In addition to the *Journal* Index, the texts of the early *Kipling Journals* from 1927 to December 1979 are now also displayed on the web-site, both with an appropriate search engine.

At the end of 2004 the Society had 510 individual, 8 life and 4 honorary members, 522 in all, and 102 'Journal-only' subscribing universities and libraries in 22 countries. In addition, 8 *Journals* were provided free of charge to educational institutions at home and abroad.

Financially the results of the year 2004 show a surplus of income over expenditure of £5,512 compared with a surplus of £4,794 for the previous year. The continued savings made by the reduction in Journal production costs, generous individual donations (included in subscriptions), and British income tax recovered through the Gift Aid Scheme on subscriptions and donations have contributed to this surplus. Most of it has been used in 2005 to house George Webb's generous gift of his extensive Kipling collection to the Society's library.

[Signed] R.C. Ayers (Chairman)

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2004

1. Chairman's Opening Remarks

Lt-Col Roger Ayers welcomed Members to the 77th Annual General Meeting of the Society, held on 14 July 2003, Royal Over-Seas League, London.

2. Apologies for Absence

Geoffrey Siphthorp, Michael Smith and John McGivering.

3. Minutes of the 76th A.G.M. and 4. Matters Arising.

The minutes (summarised in the *Kipling Journal* No.310, June 2004) were taken as read, approved, and signed. There were no matters arising.

5. Election of Council Members

Roger Ayers explained that as the Council had just received and accepted Geoffrey Siphthorp's resignation, he did not have a nomination to replace him. He asked if any member willing to serve on the Council could give their name to the Secretary after the meeting. Sharad Keskar and Robin Mitchell were elected to replace Anne Harcombe and John Walker.

6. Election of Officers (who serve as ex-officio Members of the Council)

Honorary Membership Secretary	Lt-Col R.C. Ayers
Honorary Treasurer	Mr Rudolph Bissoletti
Honorary Secretary	Mrs Jane Keskar
Honorary Editor	Mr David Page
Honorary Meetings Secretary	Dr Jeffery Lewins
Honorary On Line Editor	Mr John Radcliffe
Honorary Librarian	Mr John Slater
Honorary Assistant Librarian	Mr John Walker

7. Approval of Independent Financial Examiner and Legal Advisor

The Council approved the re-appointment of Sir G.M. Selim as Hon. Independent Financial Examiner and Sir Derek Oulton as Hon. Legal Adviser.

8. Honorary Officer's Reports

a) Secretary

Jane Keskar reported that the Society had had a busy and fruitful year, one of the highlights of which had been the Stalky Conference in April attended by over 70 delegates. The Conference and the accompanying press attention had attracted a number of new members and Kipling continued to be parodied and oft quoted, from "Arithmetic on the Frontier" relating to the trials of American soldiers in today's Afghanistan, to sports reports where "flannelled fools" had slipped into the language and was used without quotation marks.

In May, 92 guests at the Annual Luncheon had enjoyed a delicious luncheon and Sir Christopher Bland's warm-hearted talk on "Kipling's Children". In June the National Trust held a Kipling Day at Bateman's, on which Jeffery Lewins would report in more detail. Jane hoped to inform the Society very soon about our next Luncheon Speaker.

Jane continued that the web site attracts many new members and that The Westward Ho! Community History Group had joined us recently. The Group, with the help of a Local Heritage Initiative Grant, had held an exhibition of old photographs and produced leaflets on the College, the area, and of course Kipling and were currently preparing a leaflet on Kipling's schooldays with the help of Journal articles.

Jane paid tribute to her colleagues who worked tirelessly to promote Kipling and make available the vast resources within past journals.

Regrettably she had to announce that in February we had heard that a great Kipling

performer, Bob Copper had died. He was one of the original voices in Marghanita Laski's five-part "English History", first broadcast in 1973. He had also performed "Eddi's Service" and "Chant Pagan". And in late March, Richard Leech, the actor had died. Richard Leech had performed for the Society on a number of occasions and his magical recital of "The Elephants Child" a few years ago, at our A.G.M., was an event which had drawn Jane to the Society. She continued that she and Sharad had attended the funeral of Ken Frazer the previous Wednesday (7 July) and had been touched by this couplet from the "Dedication to Barrack-Room Ballads", which so aptly paid tribute to Ken.

*E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.*

Afternote: The Archbishop of Canterbury had been unable to accept our invitation to address the Annual Luncheon in 2005 but John Raisman, Chairman of the Friends of the British Empire Museum has agreed to be our Guest Speaker.

b) Treasurer

Rudolph Bissolotti reported that the accounts published in the June Journal showed an overall surplus of £4,500, which was very satisfactory for the Society. Income this year was down by about £1,000 as the donation element varied from year to year. Rudi felt that his replacement should ideally have treasurer's and bookkeeping skills. If, however, such a person was not available, it would be acceptable to have a treasurer who would sign cheques and manage the account, while the actual bookkeeping, balance sheets etc could be done by a paid firm.

Bryan Diamond asked if the *Journal* could contain more pages and David Page explained that the postage costs would increase if the *Journal* went above 68 pages.

c) Meetings Secretary

Jeffery Lewins told members that the usual pattern of quarterly meetings had been followed with lectures or talks at the Royal Over-Seas League premises in St James's for which we were grateful. At last year's A.G.M. David Gilmour had come down from Edinburgh to speak, followed in September by Boyd Tonkin with an apposite address on Kipling and Afghanistan. Our former President Dr Michael Brock had been a welcome guest in November 2003.

He continued that 2005 had begun in February for the Society, with a musical evening arranged by Brian Mattinson and his family. The occasion warranted the larger St Andrew's Hall and we had been delighted to be able to invite members of the League to join us in what was both a scholarly and musically delightful performance of - alas - only some of the many settings of Kipling's verse.

April had again seen the venue in the St Andrew's Hall; for the half-day conference that celebrated the publication, for the first time and in the Society's *Journal*, of the recently discovered "Stalky" story "Scylla and Charybdis". This well attended meeting had heard the story transcribed by Lisa Lewis and Jeffery Lewins together with an account of the provenance of the manuscript at Haileybury given by their Archivist, Andrew Hambling. The story had also been set in its relation to other school-boy stories from three further distinguished speakers. Jeffery thanked everyone for the success of this unusual event, not least Ms L. Shaughnessy of A.P. Watt, literary agents for the National Trust, and Haileybury for access to the manuscript.

The Society's members supported the special Kipling Day at Bateman's on 16 June with a series of readings that seemed to give pleasure to many, both members and non-members, on a lovely summer's day. Jeffery had received a letter of appreciation from the National Trust who hoped we would take part in similar forthcoming events. He continued that the sequence would close that day when, appropriately enough, Max Rives would speak on Kipling and France. It was an extra pleasure to welcome Madame Rives.

Jeffery explained that next year's programme up to the end of 2005 was full. A highlight would undoubtedly be Prof Tom Pinney's talk on the conclusion of his massive publishing project, six volumes of Kipling's letters. He would speak under the auspices of the second Stammers-Smith memorial Lecture and the Society would look forward to this and the rest of the coming lecture programme. John Julius, Viscount Norwich, would undoubtedly be a 'draw', speaking on the 'Browning' verse. An evening was also planned when members, with advanced notice to me, Dr Lewins, if possible please, would contribute items under the headings of "Pastiche, Plagiarism and Parody".

As Meetings Secretary Jeffery thanked all those who had spoken and even more his colleagues and the staff of the Royal Overseas League who had made it all possible.

d) Membership Secretary

Roger Ayers reported that members might be unaware of it, but for those who paid by cheque, draft or bank transfer he had refined and thus tightened up, the system of bank transfers. He explained that starting with the March 2004 issue of the *Kipling Journal*, members whose renewal was due before the next issue of the *Journal* received a reminder to this effect on the front of the address carrier sheet – in red – and details of how to pay it on the reverse. The subscription should be paid in the month before in order to receive the following issue of the *Journal*. For those who may forget one further reminder would be sent. Roger said that the response to the new system had been good and had been welcomed by many members. As a result we had just 32 members who now had until the end of August to pay and qualify for the September *Journal* and no members in arrears.

At the time of the A.G.M. membership figures were: 101 subscribing universities and libraries of which 90 were overseas and 510 subscribing members, 8 life members and 4 honorary/ex-officio members – 522 in all. Roger explained that of the 510 subscribing, 329 paid by Standing Order, 64.5%. Of the 181 who sent their subscriptions each year, 99 live and bank in other countries, so the numbers paying by Standing Order were pleasingly high. However, Roger said that if any members present were in a position to improve on this figure they would find the appropriate mandates at the back of the room.

Roger was concerned that only 107 members had signed a Gift Aid Declaration which, for UK tax payers, results in us being able to recover the tax paid on the subscriptions and donations at no cost to the member. Last year this had brought in £540, a figure which could well be improved upon. Roger directed members to Gift Aid Forms at the back of the room, if anyone was in a position to help the Society achieve this.

In reply to Judith Flanders' query about paying on-line Roger explained that the Society did not have enough turnover to afford it.

e) Librarian

John Slater gave members a list of newly acquired items for the Library. He hoped to continue cataloguing minor items during the summer when the students were not in the Library. John had asked the publishers to publicise the volumes of Kipling's letters at Tom Pinney's talk in September and hoped that they might be willing to reduce the price for members. Ideally, John said that he would like a computer with online access at the Library.

f) Editor

David Page reported on his year as Editor:

1. There was very little to report, since everything was going smoothly.
2. The September 2004 issue had been sent to Arrowsmith, with whom we had a very good relationship.
3. Articles continued to flow in. The December 2004 issue was fully committed with material in hand for March and part of June and more promised.

g) On Line EditorNew Readers' Guide 04

John Radcliffe reported:

1. As can be seen on the Society's web-site at www.kipling.org.uk, the New Readers' Guide Group were steadily adding new entries to the New Readers' Guide. In 18 months they were well on the way to completing the task within 5 years. In the past nine months they had published John McGivering's notes on *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and Leonee Ormond's notes on *'Captains Courageous'*. Tom Pinney's on *Something of Myself* were now up on the site, as were Sharad Keskar's notes on *Kim*. They had now covered fourteen of the fifteen published 'Stalky' stories, including "Scylla and Charybdis", the 'forgotten' story recently published in the *Journal*. With the completion other notes on "A Friend of the Family", Lisa Lewis had covered eleven of the fourteen stories in *Debits and Credits*, and John McGivering nine of the twelve in *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories*.
2. So far 39 of the poems had been annotated. Roger Ayers was continuing his work on *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and Roberta Baldi on *Departmental Ditties*. Peter Keating had now annotated six of the poems, which form part of the *School History of England*. By courtesy of the National Trust the Group had included the text of over 150 of the poems on the site.
3. John continued that John Walker had been working on a massive index of the verse, published and unpublished. The Group had recently published new six column versions of this, by **Titles**, and by **First Lines**. This was still a working document, and the Group would be most grateful for any comments or suggestions from Members. There would soon be a fuller Index available, either on line for downloading from the web as an Excel spreadsheet, or off-line on CD-ROM.
4. John told the A.G.M. of Gillian Sheehan's substantial article on *Kipling and Medicine*. There was a thread of medical and health issues running through Kipling's work, which could provide the basis of a book. Brian Martinson's table on "The Musical Setting's of Kipling's verse", regularly updated, is into its 34th edition, covered over 700 songs. They had recently published an article by Fred Lerner on "Kipling as a Science Fiction Writer". Michael Smith was now working on the 'Bateman's' section of his article on "Kipling and Sussex".
5. To support the entries in the Guide, the Group were developing a booklist, which was regularly updated to take account of books cited in new entries as they are published. John McGivering's *A Kipling Dictionary* was also being brought up to date. They were currently considering what form a 'Kipling Chronology' for the Guide should take and had also started work on a plan for making all the back-numbers of the *Kipling Journal* available in electronic form, on the internet as part of the web-site, and on CD-ROM. They hoped to complete this project in a year, giving free access to all, or producing hard copy at 5p per page for those who wanted it.
6. John said that for the future, they had secured permission from Oxford University Press to draw on Donald Mackenzie's notes on the 'Puck' stories, and Lisa Lewis's notes on the *Just So Stories*. They were in discussion with Penguin over the use of Daniel Karlin's notes on *The Jungle Books*. Peter Havholm was working on *Life's Handicap*, and Lisa Lewis aimed to complete *Debits and Credits* this year, and to make any necessary revisions to her notes on the *Just So Stories*. Alastair Wilson had started to annotate *The Day's Work*, and George Engle was working on "Proofs of Holy Writ". Hugh Brogan would be working on an article on "Kipling's view of English history" later in the year, and would – he hopes – be going on to annotate *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*. Harry Ricketts would work on *From Sea to Sea*.
7. John asked that if Members of the Society would like more information about the New Readers' Guide, or had comments or suggestions on the Group's plans, or on

the contributions which they had already published, the group would be very glad to hear from you. Please write to 106 Richmond Avenue, London N1 0LS, or email to johnradcliffe@blueyonder.co.uk

The Society's web-site

John Radcliffe reported:

1. Over the past year use of the Society's web-site had continued to increase at a modest rate. During the year up to the end of June 2004 we had had 103,951 visitors, an increase of just over 1% on the previous year. There had been over 400,000 visitors since launch in February 1999, an average of some 200 visitors a day. Rather more than a third of our visitors had used the Readers' Guide pages. Over the past year 97 potential members had asked for membership registration forms via the web-site. There had been a steady flow of questions and other messages from readers, mainly abroad, who had happened on the site.
2. John explained that the content of the web-site had very much followed the pattern of previous years. Details of forthcoming meetings and new books on Kipling's life and work were regularly included, together with information on other forthcoming events of interest to our members. Each week we had put up three quotations for readers to identify, together with a new quotation and poem for the home page of the site. Members are able to join up for the Kipling Mailbase discussion-group via the site, and there are now some 110 members of this group, on which there have been frequent lively discussions.
3. The most important development for the web-site, however, has been the steady flow of entries for the New Readers' Guide.

h) Publicity Officer's Report

There was no report from David Fellows, who was absent.

9. Any other business.

Bryan Diamond asked how publicity was dealt with by the Society. John Radcliffe referred to the publicity for the Stalky Conference in April that year when mail shots and press releases had been used.

Roger Ayers commented that he was spurring other Universities to take the *Journal*.

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2004

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

	2004		2003	
	£	£	£	£
INCOME	15,680		14,054	
Bank Interest	2,752		2,128	
Other Income (2)	1,381		272	
		19,813		16,454
EXPENDITURE				
Print and despatch of <i>Journal</i>	8,258		7,244	
Lectures and meetings	2,882		1,084	
Library/Publicity	-		104	
Administration (3)	1,782		1,318	
Website / On-line	852		959	
Readers' Guide	28		500	
Bank Charges	132		95	
Depreciation (4)	367		356	
		14,301		11,660
Surplus for year		£5,512		£4,794

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

1. These accounts are prepared on an accruals basis.
2. Includes miscellaneous sums from advertising, sale of journals, and copying, etc.
3. The Society employs no paid staff and has no permanent office. All overheads, professional fees and running expenses are allocated to the heading 'Administration'.
4. Fixed assets are depreciated over 5 years at 20% per annum pro rata, except the library bookcases which are depreciated at 10% pro rata.
5. Payments including reimbursement of expenses were made during the year to Trustees: R. Bissolotti £ 28; D. Fellows £ - ; Mrs J.M. Keskar £ 517; D. Page £ 184; J. Ratcliffe £107; R.C. Ayers £401.

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2004

BALANCE SHEET

	2004		2003	
	£	£	£	£
FIXED ASSETS				
Library, including additions		14,591		14,562
Office Equipment – cost (including additions)	11,805		9,361	
Depreciation	(8,486)	3,319	(8,119)	1,242
		<u>17,910</u>		<u>15,804</u>
CURRENT ASSETS				
Cash at Bank	68,324		69,132	
Debtors	2,128		500	
	<u>70,452</u>		<u>69,632</u>	
CURRENT LIABILITIES				
Creditors	(1,089)		(3,675)	
NET CURRENT ASSETS				
		<u>69,363</u>		<u>65,957</u>
Net Assets		<u>£87,273</u>		<u>£81,761</u>
RESERVES				
Balance at 1 January		53,373		48,579
Legacy at 1 January		28,388		28,388
Surplus for year		5,512		4,794
Balance at 31 December		<u>£87,273</u>		<u>£81,761</u>

SIGNATORIES

Note: The signatories were *R.A. Bissolotti* (Honorary Treasurer) and *Mrs J.M. Keskar* (Honorary Secretary).

INDEPENDENT FINANCIAL EXAMINATION

These accounts have not yet been scrutinised by the Society's Independent Financial Examiner.

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in City University, London,
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- running the web-site at **www.kipling.org.uk** for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- and publishing the *Kipling Journal*, every quarter.

The *Journal* of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 13 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DF, England**.

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000 – 4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 OAB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

