# THE
# KIPLING JOURNAL

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 95 MARCH 2021 No 385

ISSN 0023–1738

The *Kipling Journal* is the quarterly magazine of the Kipling Society, a charity whose object is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Journal is open to submissions of any length between 500 and 5000 words from students, scholars, professional academics, and Kipling enthusiasts. All articles are peer reviewed.

The opinions expressed by contributors are their own, and do not necessarily correspond to those of the Editor or the Council of the Kipling Society.

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Registered Charity No.278885

## PRESIDENT

To be elected

## PAST PRESIDENTS

Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, G.C.B., C.B.E., D.L.
Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.

## VICE-PRESIDENTS

David Alan Richards
Mrs Rosalind Kennedy
Professor Thomas Pinney
Professor Daniel Karlin
Andrew Lycett
Professor Harry Ricketts
Professor Harish Trivedi

## COUNCIL: HONORARY OFFICERS

Prof Janet Montefiore (*Chairman and Journal Editor*)
36 St Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, CT2 8BZ. jem1@kent.ac.uk
Dr Angela Eyre (*Deputy Chairman*)
Mike Kipling (*Secretary and Treasurer*)
Bay Tree House, Doomsday Garden, Horsham, RH13 6LB. michaelrkipling@gmail.com
Dr Fiona Renshaw (*Membership Secretary*)
Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex TN19 7HP. ksmemsec@outlook.com
Dr Alex Bubb (*Meetings Secretary*)
John Radcliffe (*On-Line Editor & Publicity*) johnrad@btinternet.com
David Forsyth (*Bateman's Liaison Officer*)
John Walker (*Librarian*)

## COUNCIL: OTHER MEMBERS

Richard Howell
Dr Kaori Nagai
Captain Christopher Morrison, R.N.
Cdr. Alastair Wilson, R.N.
Dr Mary Hamer

Harry Waterson (*Independent Financial Examiner)*

## THE SOCIETY'S ADDRESS

Bay Tree House, Doomsday Garden, Horsham, West Sussex, RH13 6LB, U.K
e-mail: michaelrkipling@gmail.com Website: www.kiplingsociety.co.uk

## THE SOCIETY'S NORTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

David Richards, 77 Havemeyer Lane, Unit 412, Stamford, Connecticut 06902 U.S.A.
Tel: (203) 569 3437 Fax: (212) 506 3950; e-mail: darichards322@gmail.com

## THE RUDYARD KIPLING SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA

David Watts, Box 4068 Wyongah, NSW 2259, Australia

Tel: 02 43927180. Fax: 02 43511109. e-mail: drsawatts@gmail.com

BATEMAN'S

Rudyard Kipling's home from 1902 until his death in 1936. The rooms, including his study, are left as they were in his lifetime, and contain much that is of great interest.

The house was built in 1634 in one of the Weald's most beautiful valleys. From the garden there are fine views to 'Pook's Hill'.

*Location:* half a mile south of Burwash in East Sussex, on the A265.

*Open:* From 15 February until 1 November 11am until 5 pm
Last admission to house 30 mins. before closing.
See www.nationaltrust.org.uk/batemans for further details

THE NATIONAL TRUST

**VERANDAH BOOKS**

**Rudyard Kipling**
**All stock searchable online at**
**www.verandahbooks.co.uk**
**Printed lists on request**
**e-mail mail@verandahbooks.co.uk**

**STONEGARTH, THE AVENUE, SHERBORNE, DORSET DT9 3AH TEL & FAX: 01935 815900**

EBSCO

The *Kipling Journal* is now made available to subscribers to the EBSCO Literary Database on the internet. Contributors are advised that this does not affect their individual copyright.

# FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

**We are not yet certain how our meetings through 2021 will take place, but for the next three months they will certainly be on Zoom. Once our 'live' meetings resume, we shall stream them online and record them for members who can't come to London.**

**Wednesday 21 April 2021** at 6 pm GMT: **Professor Tricia Lootens**, University of Georgia, USA, speaking on 'Opening *Kim*: Kipling, Twain, Dutt.'

**Monday 7 June 2021 6.30 for 7 pm** at the headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company, City Road, London EC1Y 2BQ: **Professor Ian Beckett** speaking on 'Kipling's Army Revisited' followed by dinner at 8 pm. (To be confirmed. If, as we hope, this event goes ahead, an application form will be distributed in the May Newsletter.)

**Wednesday 30 June 2021**, 4.30 for 5 pm GMT: Annual General Meeting, followed at 6pm by **Adrian Munsey** and **Vance Goodwin** speaking on their TV documentary *Rudyard Kipling: A Secret Life* (illustrated with clips). To be confirmed.

March 2021 Alex Bubb
(Meetings Secretary

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

*published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society*
*(c/o Bay Tree House, Doomsday Garden, Horsham, West Sussez, RH13 6LB,*
*email mike@kipling.me.com)*
*and sent free to all members worldwide*

Volume 95 **March 2021** Number 385

## CONTENTS

EDITORIAL AND NEWS 5

KIPLING AND THE SWASTIKA by David Alan Richards 6

*THE LIGHT THAT FAILED* AND 'BEAUTY AND THE BEAST' by Janice Lingley 22

MEMBERSHIP NOTES 36

'THE YOUNG KIPLING' by Edmonia Hill edited by Philip Holberton 37

UNCOLLECTED JOURNALISM OF RUDYARD KIPLING, PART 11 edited by Thomas Pinney 52

BOOK REVIEW by the Editor 64

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR by John Walker and David Alan Richards 66

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY 68

Rudyard Kipling Copyright by The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty.

Cover Image with Acknowledgements to Macmillan & Co Ltd

*All rights are reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise, without prior permission in writing from the Kipling Society, London.*

# EDITORIAL AND NEWS

There are four substantial articles in this March 2021 issue of the *Kipling Journal*: three about Kipling, one by him, together covering almost a century of history. David Richards begins this issue with a fascinating account of how and why Kipling in the 1880s took the Indian good-luck swastika as his signature logo, together with the Ganesh elephant head and lotus, until in 1933 he abandoned the swastika because the Nazis had taken it for the German flag (though the *Kipling Journal* stubbornly retained its swastikas until Kipling's death in 1936). Then comes Janice Lingley's illuminating reading of Kipling's first novel *The Light That Failed* (1891) as a 'slantways' rewriting of the fable 'Beauty and the Beast', in which the chilly beauty Maisie and her would-be lover Dick, 'unkept (*sic*) in body and savage in mind', play out parodies of the lead roles to an unhappy ending.

These critical articles are followed by Edmonia Hill's *Atlantic* 1936 article 'The Young Kipling', transcribed by Philip Holberton. Like Trix's two-part memoir in *Chamber's Magazine* (1939), reprinted in KJ 380-1, this has often been quoted by Kipling's biographers but was till now unavailable to the public. A close friend of Kipling, Edmonia Hill gives a fresh and vivid account of the young genius on the cusp of public recognition, with intriguing insights into the composition of 'The Man Who Would be King' and 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep.' Finally, in the latest instalment of 'Kipling's Uncollected Journalism' edited by Thomas Pinney, Kipling gets to grips with the archive of the correspondence of Lord Lawrence, Governor of the Punjab, during the 'Mutiny' 1857, giving a fascinating close-up of the minutiae of the struggle and of Lawrence's dealings with his subordinates: masterful or high-handed, depending on your perspective. We close with review by the Editor of a new novel by our French member Pierre Assouline, and two *Letters to the Editor* from John Walker and David Alan Richards.

### PHILIP HOLBERTON

I am sad to announce that our member Philip Holberton, who edited Edmonia Hill's memoir for this number as well as contributing extensively to the *New Reader's Guide*, died in Canberra on 21 December 2020 An obituary of Philip will appear in the June *Kipling Journal.*

# KIPLING'S SWASTIKA: "DEFILED BEYOND RECOGNITION"

By **DAVID ALAN RICHARDS**

[David Alan Richards, Vice-President of the Kipling Society, is the author of the definitive *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography* (2010). His most recent article for the *Kipling Journal* is 'Kipling and the Roosevelts' (No. 384, Dec 2020. *Ed.*]

A new collector of Kipling's books searching for treasures on the online auction site eBay is sometimes startled to find in the description "includes Swastika". What is Kipling doing using a Nazi symbol? The answer, of course, is that Kipling was not; he was using one of the oldest of mankind's symbols of good fortune – a symbol which had the misfortune to become "ineradicably linked with Hitler" with the result that, as the editor of the *Kipling Journal* noted sadly in 1984, "the assumption that Kipling approved of Nazi Germany will probably linger on, at a thoughtless or superficial level."[1] It emphatically should *not*; Kipling was among the first to warn against the rise of the Nazi party, and to abandon the use of the swastika. The backstory of Kipling's use of the symbol on the covers of his books, and his abandonment of it, is a long one, and the subject of this article.

The swastika is an ancient Hindu symbol of good luck. As an Austrian schoolboy, Hitler would have constantly viewed the Swastika up on the walls of his school, as well as in his choir school at Lambach Abbey.[2] When he later chose the hooked cross[3] – the *Hakenkreuz*, black on a white circle on a red background – as the emblem for of his new political party, he did so as German intellectuals of that era believed the early Aryans of India to be the prototypical white invaders and the cultural ancestors of the German people. "What Hitler did was to add the swastika symbol (of a conquering 'race') to the colors of Bismarck's flag, and Germany was rebranded as a nation whose central mission was conquest and colonization."[4]

Kipling came upon the swastika in earlier and different contexts, largely Indian and probably mediated through this father's interest in Indian arts and crafts, though he would at times offer his own guidance and theories. The pronunciation of the word itself needed explanation to his first English-speaking, American audiences. According to Kipling, in a letter of instruction sent in 1904 to Edward Bok, publisher of the *Just-So Stories* in the Philadelphia-based magazine the *Ladies Home Journal*, it was to be pronounced to rhyme with "car's ticker."[5] Earlier, in 1897, in a letter of thanks to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Samuel P. Langley, for receipt of a copy of Thomas Wilson's *The Swastika* (1896)[6], he had offered a sort of Just-So Story for the symbol itself: "It is a matter in which I take a good deal of interest and after reading it I have sent it on to my father. My own heretical view is that the Swastika was almost the first pattern invented by primitive man on the first occasion on which he stepped on two twigs crossed in the mud and the buds at each end indicated the turn-over of the ends [drawing of twigs in swastika pattern] something like this."[7]

What the word meant was also subject to debate. Sir George Birdwood, who had been an administrator in India and the Keeper of the Indian Museum in London, in his swastika-adorned book of essays, *SVA* (London, 1915), described the word as "Sanskrit, and composed of the words *svasti*, 'well-faring,' and *tiku*, 'ticket,' 'mark'… *svasti* being composed of the Sanskrit equivalent of the Latin *esto*, 'be thou,' 'let him be,' and *su*, 'good'…"[8] More concisely, the word means "good to be."

John Lockwood Kipling's illustrations, though, seem key to Rudyard's use of the swastika. Early in his career as a published author, Kipling decorated the covers of his books with the work of his artist father, who often used Indian iconography in his drawings. First in India, through his publisher A. H. Wheeler, and then, as his fame grew, with his British and American publishing houses, Kipling used three Indian symbols in particular as ornaments on the covers, the elephant head, the lotus blossom, and the swastika, often in combination, and all drawn by his father. This informal practice would later be copyrighted.

A Ganesh-and-lotus-in-trunk design was first used, as a complement to the main illustration for the particular book, on the lithographed front wrappers of Kipling's Indian Railway Library (first appearing in 1888–1889, with many reprintings to follow). These paperbacks were priced at one rupee each and sold at railway newsstands all over India, from *Soldiers Three* through *Wee Willie Winkie*.[9] Ganesh or Ganesha was a popular figure in southern India during the Chola kingdom (985–1200 A.D.) Ganesh is the son of Shiva, one of the main deities of Hinduism, and his image became popular because he was the first god invoked at the beginning of worship or of a new enterprise – such as the sale of the first collections of Rudyard's short stories.

In 1894, Lockwood was asked to illustrate Flora Annie Steel's *Tales of the Punjab: Told by the People*. His full-page drawing for "The Tale of Two Brothers" depicted that story's temple elephant making obeisance to a successor, as tradition required on the death of a monarch: its head is covered by a large rug, bearing a thick-armed swastika.[10] In his own book, *Beast and Man in India*, published three years before in 1891, Lockwood had written that the "auspicious image" of the "wise and humorous god" (Ganésa, Ganésha, Ganésh, or Ganpati) is also placed "on the first page of Hindu ledgers and day books" – so that the future economic year might be "good to be."[11] Describing it as the mystic sign of Ganesh, Lockwood linked "the *svastika"* with "the cross fylfot of our Western heraldry and the hermetic cross of Freemasonry, traceable from Troy town to China." (The fylfot is the English symbol equivalent to the swastika, left-facing, except for the modern version found in modern heraldry texts, but with truncated limbs; the word's etymology is that it was used to *fill* empty space at the *foot* of stained glass windows in medieval churches.)[12] In early Hindu texts, the swastika is a wheel with four spokes, to the ends of which burning torches are attached. When the wheel is rotated in a clockwise sense, in accord with the clockwise movement of the cosmos, the flames stream out so as to form the "Good Swastika." If the wheel is rotated in an anti-clockwise sense, against the universal movement, the flames stream out so as to form the "Bad Swastika."[13] In *Beast and Man in India* in 1891, Lockwood Kipling sketched the Good Swastika.[14]

Five years later Frank N. Doubleday, then working for Charles Scribners' Sons, persuaded Rudyard to agree to the first clearly authorized collected edition of Kipling's works to appear in either England or the United States.[15] Rudyard, always alert to what today is called "branding," then suggested to Doubleday that his father develop a "conventional totem – perhaps a lotus or my old trademark the elephant's head with a lotus in the trunk"[16] for what was to be styled the "Outward Bound Edition," ultimately published in thirty-six volumes and ending only in 1937 with Rudyard's posthumous autobiography, *Something of Myself.*

Lockwood's letter of 30 October 1896 to Doubleday (echoing in part the language of *Beast and Man in India*) survives: "I…beg to forward a clay sketch of the elephant head which [Rudyard] wishes to have engraved on a small scale as a kind of totem on the title pages of all the vols…In actual fact it is a 'Ganesha' – a version of the 'svastika'…sign for the elephant-headed god of auspicious beginnings, which in some form or other is over most Hindu doorways & at the beginning of all Hindu tradesmen's books."[17] The Scribner's prospectus pronounced that "The set will represent the very highest quality of the printer's and binder's art".[18] Such an enterprise required distinguished ornamentation, and Lockwood's design was reproduced as a raised ivory medallion on the front cover depicting an elephant's head bearing a lotus in its trunk with a floating swastika at its eye level, bordered by two concentric gold circles. Sitting finely against the edition's reddish-brown cloth, it was the center of attention on the salesman's dummies with text excerpts carried for the next three decades by Doubleday's agents to show prospective subscribers.[19]

From 1899, this same medallion, with a swastika in the upper left quadrant, appeared in gold on the red cloth covers of the Macmillan trade ("Uniform") editions of Kipling's books[20], and as well on Macmillan's red leather English Pocket Edition titles (twice, on the front cover and again on the spine between the title and the author's name).[21] These, along with the American Pocket (Manuscript) Edition, are the volumes of Kipling still ubiquitous in used book stores and eBay. In 1988, at Christie's in New York, Mrs. Cary W. Bok auctioned her husband's circular terracotta relief plaque of Lockwood's Ganesha lotus-bearing device, a gift from Rudyard, with its free-standing swastika, together in a lot with a lace tablecloth from the Boks' home, featuring the word "Swastika" in the name panel in its center.[22]

Because Kipling had no copyright protection for his early works published before the United States Congress passed the Chase Act on 1 July 1891, he was plagued by "pirate" publishers who, without payment of royalties to the author, could publish *Departmental Ditties*, *Plain Tales from the Hills*,, and the Indian Railway Library series of titles, all appearing before the legislation's effective date, under their own imprints.[23] To combat this, and even though it would compete with the simultaneously-published Outward Bound Edition, Kipling agreed that Doubleday & McClure could publish their own cheap edition of his collected works in 1899--at $15 per set for 15 volumes, with 20,000 sets printed--the authenticity of which was attested by its spine legend "Authorized Edition" (a phrase not used in the text block). In the publisher's advertising copy, Kipling wrote in the third person that he had "arranged for the issue of an inexpensive copyrighted 15 vol. edition of his works" with the hope "that it will be accepted by the public in the face of the many cheap and inaccurate collections which have been issued without Mr. Kipling's knowledge or permission." The cover ornament for this series was Kipling's signature in monogram within a circle enclosing his signature and a swastika, blind-stamped on the front cover, giving the edition its name, the "Swastika Edition."[24]

However many copies of the Swastika Edition may have been purchased by those impressed by Kipling's authorization (he complained to his copyright attorney Augustus Gurlitz in June 1901 that his "American sales have dropped from 50% to 75% during the past two years"[25]), the enterprise backfired in another way. Kipling had brought a suit against a competitor, G. P. Putnam's "Brushwood Edition," claiming copyright infringement: the justices in Kipling's appeal of the lower court's adverse decision also decided against the indignant Brit, noting that in bringing out the Swastika Edition through Doubleday, Kipling was guilty of just such unfair competition against his own Outward Bound Edition as he had alleged against Putnam.[26]

Shortly thereafter, by application filed on 17 December 1900 by his New York lawyer Gurlitz, who had brought the case against Putnam, Kipling sought and received a trademark for the use of the Ganesh from the United States Patent Office, registered as Trade Mark No. 35,770 on 15 January 1901. As Kipling explained in his application, accompanied by facsimiles of Lockwood's drawings, the elephant appeared

> with different expressions and in different positions. I have sometimes used it, as shown, accompanied by a reproduction of my autograph and having a lotus flower held by the trunk and also inclosed [*sic*] in a circular design and with a representation of a Svastika; but the style and surroundings and accompaniments is unimportant, and these may all be omitted or changed at pleasure without materially affecting the character of my trade-mark, the essential feature of which is the representation or picture of an elephant's head.[27]

His use of the swastika went beyond trademarks: in 1902, in his full-page drawing for "The Crab That Played With The Sea" in *Just-So Stories*,[28] his only self-illustrated book, Rudyard pictured a "stone under the Man's foot" bearing "a magic mark," a swastika.[29] Later editions of the stories blotted out the mark on the stone, but left the text description unaltered, puzzling readers.

The elephant's head, then, might always have been said to be the main symbol, in Rudyard's mind. Certainly, the details of the swastika's representation seem not particularly to have concerned him. In a letter of 15 July 1930 to Maurice Baring, pasted into his copy of *Stalky & Co.* (now in the Colt Kipling Collection, Library of Congress), Kipling noted that the swastika "is auspicious (if properly drawn) for trade, good-fortune, and such like," as he had learned in India from his father. The "properly drawn" swastika is the *gammadion* or "right-turning" version, most correctly labeled the *crux gamatta dextrovorsa.* But Kipling also used the sauvastika, "left-turning swastika," or *crux gammata sinistovorsa.* Both versions are imprinted on the first edition of *Stalky & Co.* (1896).[30] Moreover, he had told Bok in the letter of 1904, "I believe there are two sorts of Swastikas…one is bad, the other is good, but *which is which I know not for sure*" (emphasis added).[31] In a letter of 28 December 1935, he wrote to a fellow Freemason (recollect that Lockwood had identified the symbol as, among other things, the "hermetic cross of Freemasonry"): "As to the Swastika I've always known it as a sign of good luck which Indian traders put at the front of their ledgers every New Year. So I took it for my registered trademark. I don't think it makes much odds which way the horns of it turn. I chucked the design when it was used by foreigners."[32] In Japan, the conventional sign for temples, as in maps and guide books, is the *Manji* or anti-clockwise swastika. Rudyard must have observed these when, arriving in Japan in 1889 from India, he wrote about being struck by echoes of the older Indian religion that he came upon in Buddhist temples.[33] The author's publishers seem also not to have known (or particularly cared about) the difference, even for the sake of consistency. Many volumes of Macmillan's Uniform Edition exhibit the Bad Swastika together with the Ganesh head on the front board, and the Good Swastika together with a reproduction of Kipling's signature on an introductory page.[34]

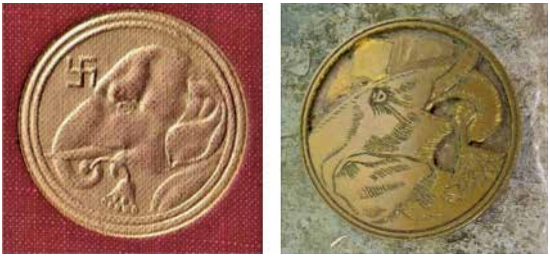
Kipling was, by contrast, very concerned about the rise of the Nazi Party to power in Germany, being among the first to warn of the dangers.[35] His hostility to German power from the beginning of the First World War onwards was intensified by the loss of his son John at the Battle of Loos, and he believed all reports of German atrocities (some of which were true, of course). Writing to Frank Doubleday on 21 August 1918, he suggests that Germans should always be referred to by the pronoun "it" in the Doubleday firm's books.[36] Like his fervent admirer Winston Churchill, he observed Adolf Hitler's steady ascent with growing alarm. Published in *The Morning Post* for 23 May 1932, Kipling's poem "The Storm Cone" warning of the coming threat ("This is the tempest long foretold- | Slow to make head but strong to hold") appeared two months before the Nazi Party gained 230 seats in the Reichstag. In that London paper's edition of 13 November 1933, his poem "Bonfires on the Ice" appeared on the very same page as the article headlined "Germany Says 'Yes" – Overwhelming Victory for Herr Hitler," reporting the plebiscite which supported Hitler's decision to withdraw from the League of Nations.[37]

Keenly aware of the Nazis' formal adoption in 1920 of a symbol he had used since before the twentieth century began, Kipling had – well before these verses – seemingly become increasingly dismayed with the implications of books' employment of the swastika by 1930. The *Trade Mark Journal* for 17 December that year, published by the British Patent Office, contained his three applications for registration of the Elephant's Head in three styles in Class 39, which covers books and bookbinding. Filing on 1 October 1930 from Bateman's Burwash, Sussex, the applicant Mr. Kipling is self-described as "Author." The three designs, which were printed as current news in the April 1931 *Kipling Journal*,[38] were two which replicated his father's no-swastika Ganesha heads from the Indian Railway Library series from back in 1888–1889, and one which comprised the design created by his father for Doubleday's Outward Bound collected set covers in 1896, but now *without* the swastika.

And so on 29 May 1933, between publishing his Nazi Germany-inflected poems "The Storm Cone" and "Bonfires on the Ice," Kipling's literary agent A. S. Watt, at the author's instructions, wrote to his English publisher Macmillan (with a similar letter to his American publisher Doubleday on 1 June), asking that the swastika be removed from all of Kipling's books in both countries. Remarkably, the little printing block from Macmillan has survived, its swastika effaced, its surface brighter than the remainder of the stamp.[39]

The author is said to have refused to explain to the press this removal of the swastika,[40] although if he had explained the reason would not necessarily have made good sense to the Great British (or American) Public in 1933. At that date, Hitler's Chancellorship was still brand-new: while as early as 1930 Winston Churchill was convinced of the German's malign military intentions, he was himself out of office "in the wilderness" from January 1931 until October 1933. Even his stark warning in the BBC broadcast of November 1934 entitled "The Causes of War", is said, by his biographer Andrew Roberts to have "had little or no effect on a nation that did not want to listen, or contemplate the consequences of his being right."[41] Still in the future were the photographic images of Berlin swathed in swastika banners for the XIth modern Olympiad of 1936 – Hitler's Olympics.[42]

Yet, as Kipling informed a correspondent on 28 December 1935, and as he must have felt when taking his decision about it over two years earlier, his trademark was now "defiled beyond recognition."[43] *Limits and Renewals*, his final book of collected tales, previously published in April 1932, was the last of the Macmillan trade editions to appear with a swastika; on the next two, the old circular medallion centered on the front boards of *Souvenirs of France*, appearing in July 1933,[44] and of Kipling's posthumously-published autobiography, *Something of Myself* (1937), still featured the elephant head holding a lotus flower in its trunk, but the swastika was gone.



***Left***: *Cover of Limits and Renewal,* ***Right***: *Logo block with swastika erased. From the Richards Kipling Collection at the Beinecke Library, Yale University*

In his autobiography, Kipling did not mention his commercial use of the swastika, or his decision to abandon it, but he took one final shot at Herr Hitler, noting sarcastically that "At the present time (autumn '35) I have also read with interest the apology offered by an American Secretary of State for unfavourable comments on that land by a New York Police Court Judge." Anti-Nazi dock workers had torn down the swastika banner from the transatlantic ocean liner *SS Bremen* in New York harbor on 26 July 1935, throwing it into the Hudson River. The judge on the case had compared the swastika to "the black flag of piracy." Hitler had been outraged, blaming "the insulting of the German Flag" on "Jewish elements". Hitler's fury at the incident made him impulsively proclaim the swastika banner as the sole German Flag.[45]

The Kipling Society, formed in February 1927 by enthusiasts who, to the author's discomfiture, wanted to celebrate his works,[46] took longer to act in the matter of the swastika than the author they so admired. The first issue of its quarterly magazine, the *Kipling Journal*, had appeared in March 1927 in red card covers liberally decorated with swastikas – 84 of them, forming a thick, four-sided frame rule around the cover text. The membership card featured twin images of Lockwood's swastika-bearing Ganesh, facing each other from opposite sides of the red and blue card[47]; by January 1928, the Society was selling an official badge, at two shillings, obtainable in three styles, "as a pendant, a brooch, or a button for the lapel of one's coat,"[48] depicting a large swastika across the pages of an open book.

Rudyard Kipling died on 18 January 1936, and in the society's quarterly journal for March 1936, the frame rule of swastikas which had adorned its cover since the initial issue of exactly eight years before was replaced with a thick black border, enclosing the legend "In Memoriam | Rudyard Kipling | 1865 – 1936." Kipling after his personal decision on use of the symbol had apparently never pressed the society on modification of its symbolism – he had chosen from its founding, like his *Just-So Stories* cat that walked by itself, to keep a safe distance from both its meetings and its policies – but his death seems to have effected the change.

In the month of the journal's next issue, on which that mourning border was replaced by a simple, thin frame rule, it is reported that at the society's Sixth Meeting of the 1935–36 Session, a "Mrs. Featherstonehaugh raised the question of the desirability of continuing the Swastika in the Badge of the Society," a question which "after considerable discussion" concluded with referral of the question to be discussed and decided by its Council at the next meeting. Remarks of speakers at the society's Tenth Annual Luncheon the following day are revelatory of members' opinions. Dunsterville, in the chair as the society's president, declaimed in roundabout reference to an unnamed Adolf Hitler:

> Then, this swastika business: somebody seems to think they have a sort of option on this. Yet we all know that the latest date is 2,500 years ago, and that fellow certainly pinched it from somebody else; so we should not get excited when somebody else uses our trademark. But there is a lot of feeling because a gentleman on the other side of the Channel has decided to put this on his various documents. I personally cannot work up any excitement. I am trying to, but it does not matter to me in the very least bit. Somebody told me a swastika story the other day: A member of our Society went to Germany with his Kipling badge in his buttonhole and was at once greeted with "Heil, Hitler!" Then there is this story of a lady member of this Society who was walking down Unter den Linden in Berlin and she met a gentleman coming towards her, and he was covered with swastikas. She was not up in politics and went up to him and said: "Hi! Do you belong to the Kipling Society?" He said: "No, I don't." So she said: "Then it is not your business to wear that badge. Take it off!"[49]

One of the society's vice-presidents, Lt. Gen. Sir George MacMunn, also addressed his fellow members on this subject at the same gathering, striking a different note of defiance and directly naming the German dictator:

> One point: I would like to strike rather a different note in the discussion of the swastika for which Herr Hitler, as well as Mr. Kipling and ourselves has delved far into time for our time for our emblem. It has been suggested that we should change the emblem. I think the best answer to that is a little story of Mr. Kipling. A good many years ago, on that occasion when he was very ill in the United States [in 1899], the Kaiser sent a telegram of sympathy and good wishes for his recovery. His wife took it to him. Mr. Kipling said, or is said to have said: "Damn his impudence!" I think that really settles the emblem question![50]

The question continued to roil members' discussions for two more years. A new badge, without the swastika on the open book, was advertised in the *Kipling Journal* for March 1938, and in the October quarterly issue, the society secretary reported that it "met with much approval" (although the swastika was then still to be found on the society's official stationery).[51] The cover of the magazine was redesigned with the issue of December 1939, the brick-red cover of the previous October's issue (with the special, one time legend "First War Number") now replaced by paper of pale green with a portrait plaque of Kipling at the top, and the image of the new badge, featuring in place of the swastika the society's founding year "MCMXXVII". The editor celebrated the change by printing a letter from a pleased member: "We disclaim any interest in politics, but recent history has taught us to dislike the color red, and to mistrust the swastika as a badge. Our new cover eliminates both of these signs of ill omen."[52] Six and one-half years after Kipling himself, the Kipling Society bid a final farewell to the swastika.

Rudyard Kipling and the Kipling Society had much company in their fondness for the swastika prior to the 1930's. In the United States, Coca-Cola used it, the Boy Scouts adopted it, and the Girls' Club of America called their magazine "Swastika." To the north, Nova Scotia fielded a hockey team called the Windsor Swastikas, and in Ontario, Canada, there is (still) a town named "Swastika." In Denmark, Carlsberg employed it on their beer bottles, and the symbol can be seen today at the Elefantporten, the Elephant Gate to the company's Copenhagen brewery, a grand arched portal flanked with four life-size statues of Ganesh bearing large swastikas on their blankets (along with the initials of the four children of the company founder, who commissioned the statues).

The same shape can still be viewed as well in London, on the Royal Academy of Arts building at Burlington House and on the Foreign and Commonwealth Office on King Charles Street, and in Washington, D.C., on the window iconography of the Federal Reserve Board Building, completed in 1937.[53] A decade earlier, it was painted inside the nosecone of Charles Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, long before the famed aviator's January 1941 Congressional testimony urging a treaty of neutrality with Hitler's Germany. During the First World War, the symbol was used by American Army's 45th Infantry Division, in tribute to the large Native American population in the southwestern United States, and also by the Lafayette Escadrille, with an official squadron insignia showing a Native American wearing a swastika-adorned headdress. It could be seen on Great Britain's Royal Air Force planes as late as 1939.[54] And western visitors to the Raj Ghat memorial dedicated to India's Mahatma Gandhi in Delhi, built on the site of his cremation after his assassination in 1948, are startled to see lining the security fence a decorative pattern of swastikas, standing at a 45 degree angle on one leg (although tilted backward, not forward like the Nazis').[55]

With Hitler's appropriation of the ancient image, the swastika became in the western world *the* symbol of fear, of suppression, and of extermination. On 29th February, 1940 the *New York Times* reported:

> In a solemn ceremony, representatives of four Arizona Indian tribes, resentful at Nazi "sets of oppression," forswore use of the swastika design….The Indians placed a blanket, a basket, and some hand-decorated clothing, all bearing swastikas, sprinkled them with colored sand and set them afire.

Rudyard Kipling, compelled to abandon a long-used, cherished symbol, was not singular in his outrage. And in 2010, the Anti-Defamation League *downgraded* the swastika from its status as an anti-Jewish hate symbol, saying "We know that the swastika has, for some, lost its meaning as the primary symbol of Nazism and instead become a more generalized symbol of hate."[56]

## NOTES

1 George Webb, note to 'Letter to the Editor' *Kipling Journal*, 231September 1984, p. 37. Webb's note does not address Kipling's attitude toward the Germans, except briefly during Hitler's rise in the early 1930's (but see Bazley, Basil, "Kipling's Opinion of the Germans," *Kipling Journal*, 76, July 1945, pp. 3–4, and Underwood, F. A. , "The Hun at the Gate: Kipling's Obsession With the German Threat," *Kipling Journal* 308, December 2003, pp. 23–29). Nor does it address a completely separate question, whether Kipling was anti-Semitic (but see Raine, Craig, "Kipling: Controversial Questions," *Kipling Journal*, September 2002, pp. 10–29, which in an author-described "audited account of Kipling's racism," reviews Rudyard's attitudes toward both Jews and Germans at pp. 25–29). See also Michael Smith's online essay 'Kipling and the Swastika, which contains several colored illustrations useful in understanding this article .This, and all other *Kipling Journal* articles cited herein, with their illustrations, are accessible at www.kiplingsociety.co.uk.

2 The symbol is chiseled into the Abbey's monastery portal and again on the wall above the spring grotto in the courtyard. Grossruck, Johann, *Lambach Benedictine Abbey in the Third Reich in 1938-A monastery in the focus of Hitler's myth and swastika legend* (Linz: WagnerVerlag, 2011), www.wagnerverlag.at/content/benediktinerstift-lambach. Hitler's fascination with the symbol and its association with anti-semitism was nurtured by a racist periodical magazine called *Ostara* which he read as a young adult: see Kershaw, Ian, *Hitler 1889–1936: Hubris* (New York and London: W. W. Norton and Company, 1999), endnote 61, p. 648 (hereafter, Kershaw 1).

3 Quoted in "History of the Swastika," *Holocaust Encyclopedia*, United States Holocaust Museum, https://usmm.org/wlc/en/article.php?Moduleld=10007453 . On his unmentioned appropriation of the design from a rich supporter, a dentist who left the party in 1921, see Kershaw 1, pp. 49–51.

4 Dr. Malcom Quinn, University of Arts London, quoted in "Walls, floors and rocks: England and its swastikas," BBC News, 14 March 2014, https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-england-26369329.

5 Kipling to Edward Bok, 29 September 1904, ALS, Syracuse University, in Bok's *The Americanization of Edward Bok* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920), p. 214. In spoken Sanskrit, the "a" has a bit of an "r" sound at its close.

6 Wilson, Thomas, *Swastika: The Earliest Known Symbol and its Migrations* (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institute, 1894).

7 Kipling to Samuel P. Langley, 8 March 1897, in Thomas Pinney, ed., *Letters Vol. 2: 1890–99*, pp. 289–290.

8 Editor's note, *Kipling Journal* 215, September 1980, p. 41.

9 Richards, David, *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography* (New Castle, DE and London: Oak Knoll Press and The British Library, 2010), A14-A19, pp. 23–22 (hereinafter, *Bibliography*), these six covers reproduced in facsimile in gray-scale images at p. A14, also to be found in color as Figs. 14.29 through 14.34 in Bryant, Julius and Susan Weber, eds., *John Lockwood Kipling: Arts & Crafts in the Punjab and London* (New York, New Haven and London: Bard Graduate Center Gallery and Yale University Press, 2017), pp. 416–417 (hereinafter, *Lockwood Kipling*). Proofs of these covers are now in the Kipling papers at the University of Sussex, that of *Wee Willie Winkie* reproduced as Fig. 13.10 in *Lockwood Kipling*, p. 365.

10 *Lockwood Kipling*, Fig, 13.26, p. 375, also reproduced in the *Kipling Journal*, December 1984, p. 55.

11 Rudyard contributed two poems and verse headings for nine of the chapters, making this a first edition for the Kipling collector. See Richards, *Bibliography*, B4, pp. 357–358

12 The established word for this symbol in British English, "fylfot," as defined in the Oxford English Dictionary (3rd ed.), Oxford University Press, http://oed.com/searchType=dictionary&q=fylfot. One may be found in the porch of the parish church of Great Canfield, Essex, England, and its stained glass window use can be seen in Cambridge, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre's baptismal window, and in Edinburgh at the Scottish National War Memorial: see generally, Taylor, Stephen, *The Fylfot File: Studies in the origin and significance of the Fylfot-Cross and allied symbolism within the British Isles* (Cambridge: Perfect Publishers, 2006).

13 See images (1) and (2) in Editor's Note, *Kipling Journal* 206, March 1980, p. 42.

14 Letter from John Shearman to *Kipling Journal* 206 March 1980, pp. 41–42.

15 *Bibliography*, D5, pp. 572–574. Kipling wrote that, "I handed over the American side of my business to him. Whereby I escaped many distractions for the rest of my life." *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), p. 74.

16 Kipling to Frank N. Doubleday, 28 August 1896, in Thomas Pinney, ed., *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, *Vol. 1: 1890–1899* (Iowa City, IA: University of Iowa Press, 1990), p. 248.

17 J. L. Kipling to F. N. Doubleday, 30 October 1896, Frank N. Doubleday and Nelson Doubleday Collection, box 12, folder 3/36, Princeton University Library, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton, NJ, quoted in *Lockwood Kipling*, p. 398, n. 84.

18 Quoted in *Lockwood Kipling*, p. 381.

19 The Richards Collection at Yale University's Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library holds four such salesman's dummies, dated respectively 1897, 1900, 1904, 1910, and 1922, the first dated of which is the first printing/edition of Kipling's Preface and Introduction to the projected series, as originally identified by James

McG. Stewart, *Rudyard Kipling, A Bibliographical Catalogue* (Toronto: Dalhousie University Press and University of Toronto Press, 1959), item 23, p. 38, and confirmed in *Bibliography*, A96, p. 98.

20 *Bibliography*, D11, pp. 579–589, photograph of *Kim* (1901) as image A174a in Grayscale Images and in color on the CD-ROM, and image also reproduced in *Kipling Journal, March 1980, p. 43.*

21 *Bibliography*, D12, pp. 580–581.

22 Christies' New York, May 20, 1988, *Printed Books and Manuscripts, Including Modern Literature and Science*, lot 322, photograph in catalogue. In his cover letter of presentation, Kipling had written Bok (as quoted in Brown, Edgar, "The Swastika," *Kipling Journal*, 10, July 1929, pp. 4–5): "I am sending…for your acceptance, as some little memory of my father to whom you were so kind, the original of one of the plaques that he used to make for me. I thought it being the Swastika would be appropriate for *your* [house, which was named] Swastika. May it bring you even more good fortune."

23 Richards, David, "Kipling and the Pirates," *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, vol. 96:1, March 2002, pp. 59–109.

24 *Bibliography*, D10, p. 579.

25 Kipling to Augustus Gurlitz, 13 June 1901, in Pinney, ed., *Letters*, *Vol. 3: 1900–10*, p. 57. In *Something of Myself* (1937,), he still applauded that effort--"Frank Doubleday chased the pirates up with cheaper and cheaper editions" – but complained in the same paragraph that "[b]y and large I should say that American pirates have made say half as many dollars out of my stuff as I am occasionally charged with having 'made' out of the legitimate market in that country." Thomas Pinney ed. *Something of Myself and other autobiographical writings*, Cambridge, Cambrudge University Press (1990), p. 75.

26 *Federal Reporter*, vol. 120, p. 637. Attorney Gurlitz's copyright case archive for the Putnam litigation is in the Richards Kipling Collection at Yale's Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library, which collection also holds a copy of the "Transcript of Record" before the United States Second Circuit Court of Appeals in the Putnam case, the 337 pages of which include both Kipling's deposition for the original trial on 22 December 1899 and a further deposition made on 5 October 1900, at pp. 80–122 and 143–50, respectively (as well as a letter from Frank Doubleday's secretary to Gurlitz dated 17 May 1901, inquiring plaintively "Don't you think the case can in some way be pushed through this month, for if it is not it will very seriously inconvenience Mr. Doubleday's summer plans").

27 Watt Archive, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, NC, 452.51. The appropriation of his signature in facsimile by pirate publishers particularly annoyed Kipling, as he noted to his American copyright lawyer Augustus Gurlitz: "This seems to me even more important than the elephant's head, from one point of view. For thus my own signature can be used to give the public the idea that it authorizes a grossly inaccurate biography of myself." Kipling to Gurlitz, 29 June 1901, Pinney, ed., *Letters, Vol .3: 1900–10*, p. 59.

28 *Bibliography*, A81, pp. 158–160, and C728, p. 549. The story was first published in the United States in *Collier's Weekly*, as "The Crab That Made the Tides," in the issue of 2 August 1902, with pictures by F. M. Drummond, and under the same title in the United Kingdom in *Pearson's Magazine* for August 1902, where the illustrations were not by Kipling but by Lawson Wood. On illustrations for the *Just-So*

*Stories* in both their original magazine formats and then as imagined by the author, see Alderson, Brian, "Just-So Pictures: Illustrated Versions of Just-So Stories for Children," in *Children's Literature Volume 20 Annual of The Modern Language Association Division on Children's Literature Association* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1992), pp. 147–174, discussing this tale at pp. 153, 172; Alderson makes no comment on the swastika image. Kipling's daughter Elsie was to write: "The illustrating of the stories gave their author immense pleasure, and he worked at them (mostly in India ink) with meticulous care and was delighted when we approved of the results" (in Carrington, Charles, *The Life of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Doubleday, 1955), p. 396.

29 Remarkably, the swastika in question is the "bad" left-leaning swastika, but perhaps Kipling's image was reversed by the printer. Story text and image available in Wikipedia's "Just So Stories/The Crab that Played with the Sea," indexed (with the same page numbers as the first edition book text) as [174] and [175], https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Just_So_Stories/The_Crab_that_Played_with_the_Sea.

30 *Bibliography*, A144 and A145, pp. 133–135.

31 Kipling to Edward Bok, 29 September 1904, quoted in Bok's *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, p. 214. The book's plates include a photograph of the clay bas-relief made by Lockwood Kipling (facing p. 214), and, in mutual acknowledgment of its copyrighted status, Kipling had given Bok explicit permission to reproduce it in his third-person autobiography (Kipling to Bok, 24 January 1920, Pinney, ed., *Letters, Vol. 5: 1920–30*, pp. 8–9.

32 Rudyard Kipling to Harold E. White, 28 December 1935, Pinney, ed., *Letters*, *Vol. 6*: *1931–1936*, p. 423.

33 Editor's note in *Kipling Journal*, March 1985, p. 34.

34 See images (4) and (5) in *Kipling Journal*, March 1980, at p. 43.

35 See Bazley, Basil M., "Kipling's Opinion of the Germans," *Kipling Journal*, July 1945, pp. 3–4, and Raine, Craig, "Kipling: Controversial Questions, *Kipling Journal*, September 2002, p. 10, at pp. 28–29.

36 Pinney, ed., *Letters, Vol. 4: 1911–1920*, p. 507.

37 *Bibliography*, A404 and A418, pp. 309, 317, and *Morning Post* copy in Richards Kipling Collection at Yale's Beinecke Library.

38 At p. 23.

39 Mary Bartlett, a craft bookbinder working near Dartington Hall, bought the original of the Macmillan block from a dealer at a Society of Bookbinders conference. For the record of that acquisition, see Michael Smith's essay on Kipling and the Swastika www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/facts_swastika.htm, which does not identify Mary Bartlett except by her profession. The altered block is now in the Richards Kipling Collection at Yale's Beinecke Library.

[The term 'printing blocks' may need explaining. In the era of mechanical typesetting, each illustration was engraved on a separate block, which would then be inserted into the text and 'locked up' with it before being inked. *Ed.*]

40 Underwood, F. A., "The Hun At the Gate: Kipling's Obsession With the German Threat," *Kipling Journal*, December 2003, at p. 27.

41 Roberts, Andrew, *Churchill: Walking With Destiny* (New York: Viking, 2018), pp. 345, 351, 382.

42 Kershaw, Ian, *Hitler 1936–1945: Nemesis* (New York and London: W. W. Norton and Co., 2000), p. 6 (hereinafter, Kershaw 2)

43 Rudyard Kipling to Harold White, Kipling Collection, Syracuse University, quoted in Gilmore, David, *The Long Recessional: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2002), p. 304.

44 *Bibliography*, A414, pp. 314–315.

45 Kipling, *Something of Myself* (1990), p. 73. Endnote 40 on p. 246, gives details of the case, reported in the *New York Times* for 7 September 1935, which newspaper duly reported eight days later that, following a formal German protest, Secretary of State Cordell Hull had "expressed his regret." At the time, there was a dual flag law, by which both the black-white-red horizontal tricolor (previously the flag of the German Empire) and the swastika flag were simultaneously official flags of Germany, allowing American authorities initially to claim that no symbol of Germany had been harmed in the Bremen affair. On 15 September 1935, Germany changed its flag law, discarding the imperial German flag (which the Nazis on coming to power had swapped for the black-red-gold flag of the Weimar Republic, thereby leaving only the swastika flag as the country's official one). On Hitler's personal response, see Bankier, David, *The Germans and the Final Solution* (Oxford and Cambridge, MA: Oxford University Press, 1992), p. 45, and *Kershaw 2*, p. 569 and endnote 214 at pp. 759–760 citing additional German language historical scholarship. See also the first-person account in Chapter XIV, "Ripping the Swastika off the Bremen," in the memoir of Irish-American labor activist Bill Bailey, *The Kid from Hoboken: Book Two* (San Francisco: Circus Lithographic Prepress, 1993), https://www.larkspring.com/Kid/Book2/2–14.html, accessed 1 September 2020, which makes it clear that the evening attack on the *Bremen*'s flagstaff was itself a privately-organized reprisal mission by leftist/ Communist merchant seamen in retaliation for the German storm troopers' treatment of American sailor Lawrence Simpson, who worked on the United States Lines' passenger ship *Manhattan* which ran from New York to Hamburg. Simpson used his employment as cover for secretly transporting anti-Nazi literature to a resistance cell operating around the Hamburg waterfront. Probably betrayed by pro-Hitler German stewards on the American liner, he was seized and beaten while docking at Cuxhaven at the mouth of the Elbe, and then abducted and held in solitary confinement in Hamburg, all as reported by the *New York Times*, and was facing at least ten years in prison, while the U.S. State Department was taking a wait-and-see posture. Armed with razor blades to cut loose the swastika, and carrying in their pockets prayer beads and crucifixes so they could claim to be Catholics demonstrating against the Fuhrer's suppression of German Catholics and other religious groups, while hundreds of demonstrators on the dock below carried banners and placards reading "Free Lawrence Simpson. Down with Anti-Semitism. Unite Against War and Fascism," a small band of sailors assaulted the swastika-bearing jackstaff, lit from all sides by the *Bremen*'s floodlights, when at 9:30 p.m. the departure whistle blew for non-passengers to disembark. Adding to the confusion, a Jewish detective named Solomon, attached to the Police Department's "anti-Red squad" and in hot pursuit of sailor Bill Bailey and his mates, was mistaken by the German crew for one of the demonstrators, and beaten until he was unconscious: he could not in his bloodied state identify the Communist seamen – soon the "*Bremen* Six"-- who had done the deed. Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, raised Episcopalian but with a Jewish mother (née Coen, born like Hitler in the Austro-Hungarian empire), was infuriated by Goebbels' pronouncement that "a thing like this could only happen in an American

city where they had a Jew for mayor," and when the Germans increased the political tension by claiming that their consulate was not properly safeguarded, he assigned ten of New York City's Jewish detectives and policemen to provide that service. Then came (Jewish) magistrate Lewis Brodsky's decision about the "pirate ship."

46 Lycett, Andrew, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999) pp. 542–543. Writing to his former prep school roommate Lionel Dunsterville ("Stalky" of *Stalky & Co.*), within weeks of its founding, Kipling called it "your dam [*sic*] society." Kipling to Dunsterville, 20 November 1927, Sussex University.

47 *Kipling Journal* 1 March 1927, p. 25, with facsimile.

48 *Kipling Journal* 7, January 1928, p. 1, with facsimile.

49 *Kipling Journal* 38, June 1936, p. 62.

50 *Kipling Journal* 38, June 1936, p. 69. MacMunn had already written one book about Kipling (*Kipling's Women*, 1933), and was to write another (*Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman*, 1937). The Kaiser's surprising but consoling cable to Carrie Kipling sent during Rudyard's illness ("God grant that he may be spared to you..." is quoted in Lycett, p. 313.

51 *Kipling Journal* 47, October 1938, p. 103.

52 *Kipling Journal* 53, April 1940, p. 10.

53 While there have been calls for the removal of the swastika motifs carved into the headquarters building of the Great Britain's Essex County Council, these other and more famous structures, with less prominent displays of the symbol bordering distant windows or located high above street levels on the crowns of pillars (although the pillar friezes at the Royal Academy are only a few feet above visitor's heads – see the picture in the article by Cawley in endnote 10 above), seem not to have attracted as much public controversy.

54 Campion, Mukti Jain, "How the world loved the swastika – until Hitler stole it," *BBC News Magazine*, 23 October 1914 (https://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-29644591. See generally, graphic designer Steven Heller's *The Swastika: Symbol Beyond Redemption?* (New York: Allworth Press, 2000). https://books.google.com/?id+V8rU4B1ourwc.

55 Pictured in Rabbi Joshua Hammerman's article "The Good Swastika" in *Religion News Service*, 26 January 2018, https://religionnews.com/2018/01/26/the-good-swastika/. The Indian nationalist Subhas Chandra Bose met with Hitler and Himmler when residing in Berlin in 1942–1943 to organize the Indian Legion (the Azad Hind), a German-trained and -commanded invasion intended to overthrow the Raj, but its symbol was a leaping tiger, not a swastika.

56 Dicker, Adam, Steve Liman and Nigel Savage, "ADL Downgrades Swastika As Jewish Hate Symbol," *Jewish Week*, 1 June 2010, http://jewishweek.timesofisrael.com/adl-downgrades-swastika-as-jewish-hate-symbol. Perhaps recognizing this, Finland's Air Force Command in January 2017 quietly dropped use of the swastika on its fuselages, present since the force was founded in 1918, shortly after the country became an independent nation and long before Nazism devastated Europe. https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-53249645.

# *THE LIGHT THAT FAILED* AND 'BEAUTY AND THE BEAST': A REAPPRAISAL

By **JANICE LINGLEY**

[Janice Lingley is an independent scholar who has written many articles on Rudyard Kipling for the *Kipling Journal*, and elsewhere on Arthur Ransome, Richard Jefferies and other writers. Her book *The Loughton Idyll: Rudyard Kipling and Stanley Baldwin at Goldings Farm, 1877*, appeared in 2020. *Ed.*]

In his masterly introduction to *The Light That Failed,* Geoffrey Annis begins by remarking on the 'substantial body of negative, even hostile, criticism' occasioned by Kipling's 1891 novella, variously described as 'sentimental, unstructured, melodramatic, chauvinistic and implausible.'[1] In the wake of the novella's publication in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*,[2] a contemporary reviewer, writing anonymously in the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 8 January 1891, provides some insight into why Kipling's first attempt at an extended work in prose should have evoked a negative response. Though fully persuaded of Kipling's genius, and referring to the novella as 'a remarkable piece of work', he cannot understand why 'such abounding talent has not produced a quite commensurate artistic effect … Mr. Kipling tells a romantic story nervously, dramatically, with vivid, intense and personal literary art; but he does not succeed in making us live the lives of his characters; their experience does not become part of ours; we think of them as cunningly-devised and entertaining puppets rather than human beings.' In the novella's first chapter, which is crucial to the reader's understanding of the whole, Kipling is accused of resorting to a 'trick of humorous narrative which destroys all reality of effect … we do not want to know what the goat observed, or what the sea-poppy thought; it is not evidence; it lets the whole thing down to the level of a fable or a fairy tale.'[3]

Thus the novella's distinguishing features are regarded as characteristic of its faults. Yet these overt elements of fantasy, in combination with the comparatively mundane realism of two children playing with a loaded revolver on a south coast beach, are of the essence. The *Pall Mall* critic did not, of course, have the benefit of Kipling's own illuminating comment on the novella in his autobiography, *Something of Myself, For My Friends Known and Unknown* (1937), where it is described as 'a sort of inverted metagrobolised phantasmagoria'.[4]

Contemporary critics could likewise not have been aware that the work is an adaptation of autobiography. Though the short story 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' (1888)[5] and the novella are quite distinct works, the latter represents, as it were, an 'update' on the former. Both draw on Kipling's own very unhappy experience as an Anglo-Indian child in an English foster-home, and the novella is based on its equally unhappy aftermath, an emotional attachment to an attractive but unsuitable young female, Flo Garrard, whom Kipling met when re-visiting the property as an adolescent schoolboy. However, the critics of those early days might have noted that 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' and the opening chapter of *The Light That Failed* are both set in a seaside town in a desolate coastal area of mudflats, sand dunes and heath, and feature vulnerable children subjected to the tyranny of an intemperate religiosity. The child Punch's thoughts and feelings, engaging the reader's sympathy, dominate the short story, but at its conclusion the narrator comes to the fore and pointedly diverges from the child's confident belief that his mother's renewed presence cannot be other than wholly restorative: 'Not altogether, O Punch, for when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge; though it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light and teach Faith where no Faith was.'[6] Thus is the way paved for the emergence, in the novella, of Dick Heldar 'unkept in body and savage in soul' (5), whose career as a consummate artist is curtailed by blindness and premature death.

The nominal association of the child in 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' with an anarchic character in a burlesque seaside puppet theatre is developed in the excesses of Heldar's lifestyle as an adult. In a decadent Port Said, 'that sand-bordered hell' (31), he lodges in riotous quarters and sketches a grotesque scene of frenzied dance in a brothel; below decks on a steamer he conjures with ship's paint a mural of sea-devils and sea-angels contending for a woman's soul, while at the same time indulging in an illicit liaison. Both Mrs. Jennett and the failed artist Binat assure Dick that he is hell-bound, and Heldar himself asserts he is damned, as a punning figure of speech, following the meeting with Maisie by London's river. The first syllable of his surname, on which the accent falls in pronunciation, may also pun on this notion. This exploration of an individual excluded from redemption in a Christian context (which Kipling would take up later in his short story 'The Tree of Justice')[7] also contributes to another important theme in *The Light That Failed*: the notion of enslavement. Maisie's companion, identified only as 'the red-haired girl', produces a study of Dick, during one of his visits to Maisie's studio, showing 'the hopeless enslavement of the man' (81), making his idolatry of her plain.

In his autobiography, Kipling mentions two literary sources, both French: *Histoire du chevalier Des Grieux et de Manon Lescaut* (1731) by Abbé Prévost (1697–1763), a tragic romance, and *Le Roman comique*

(1651–57) by Paul Scarron (1610–1660).[8] Modern commentators have noted that there are others: Geoffrey Annis's analysis of the novella[9] includes discussion of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's (1806–1861) *Aurora Leigh* (1856), as does John Lyon's introduction to the Penguin Classics edition.[10] In addition, there are the works cited in the text, notably Edgar Allen Poe's (1809–1849) *Annabel Lee* (1849) and James Thomson's (1834–82) *The City of Dreadful Night* (1874)*,* which made a great impression on the adolescent Kipling, and serves as the title of one of his classic short stories.[11] Thomson's poem contributes largely to the discussion of artistic endeavour and the role of the artist. The novella's chapter epigraphs from a variety of sources, quoted or improvised by the author, provide valuable commentary on the narrative.

Apart from these complexities, an aspect of the novella that makes considerable demands on both critic and reader is its allusiveness. Geoffrey Annis remarks upon 'the quantity and scope of Kipling's cross-referential detail and his allusions, historical, military, artistic, geographical, literary and Biblical …How skilfully they are woven into the text, and how they define his style,' he observes. 'These alone reveal a sophisticated creative mind, as well as the consummate craftsman we know him to be.'[12] This multiplicity of connotation not only demands a high level of alertness on the reader's part, it also risks the possibility of the reader misunderstanding the interaction of ideas, and under-estimating or over-interpreting individual words or details.

Nomenclature is a case in point. In the opening chapter, there would seem to be no particular reason why Mrs. Jennett is named for a small horse or donkey. The appellation could simply have been selected to establish, and prepare the reader for the plethora of animal names that inform the novella's characters as a whole. However, the word appears with mock-heroic effect in Sir Walter Scott's (1771–1832) *Ivanhoe* (1819), where it is endowed with romantic connotations which the philistine and puritanical Mrs. Jennett, we can feel reasonably assured, would have regarded with hostility.[13] The word's literary ambience allows Kipling to imply a comparison of his dysfunctional heroine with Scott's beautiful raven-haired Jewess, Rebecca, a young woman of courage and resource. The hymn Rebecca sings in *Ivanhoe* (Ch. 39) on the theme of release from slavery and bondage ('When Israel of the Lord beloved/ Out of the land of bondage came') is quoted in the novella's concluding chapter (285).

Perhaps the most important point to be made, however, concerning the novella's critical reception, is that hitherto commentators have failed to gauge the novella's reliance upon the fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast*. The story provides Kipling with both a sub-text and a structure, and he parodies its motifs and themes with considerable ingenuity.

The fairy story has analogues from ancient to modern times in most countries of the world;[14] classically, in the tale of Cupid and Psyche. It was a subject repeatedly painted by Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), and it also interested William Morris (1834–1896), who included 'The Story of Cupid and Psyche' in his verse collection *The Earthly Paradise* (1868–1870).[15] The fairy story features in an early 1863 design for some decorative tiles by Burne-Jones for William Morris' crafts and design firm, Marshall, Faulkner & Co. A set of these tiles was given to John Lockwood and Alice Kipling as a wedding-present, so Kipling is likely to have been familiar with the tale from his earliest years.[16]

The version of *Beauty and the Beast* that became current in Western Europe originated in the 1740 novella by the French writer Gabrielle-Suzanne Barbot de Villeneuve (1685–1755), intended for adult readers.[17] It is the particular features of the de Villeneuve narrative that appear to have energised Kipling, rather than the better known abridged version by Jeanne-Marie Leprince de Beaumont (1711–1780), which appeared in 1756. In de Villeneuve, the story does not end with the restoration of the Prince to his human form. The omniscient narrator who has brought the story of the wooing and winning of Beauty thus far gives way to two retrospective first-person narratives: the first by the Prince, who recounts the circumstances of his childhood and his metamorphosis through the agency of a lasciviously evil fairy, and the second by the virtuous and beneficent fairy who undertakes to remedy the situation and tells the story of Beauty's origins. She is not in fact the daughter of a merchant, but a changeling child of royal birth, half-human and half-fairy. In Kipling's much darker tale, the verse epigraphs from his invented 'Sir Hoggie and the Fairies' (Chapters 5 and 6),[18] mimicking traditional ballads on the potentially fatal effects on those humans who come into contact with the world of Faery, provide comment on the relationship between the male and female protagonists, while developing the fantasy elements of the opening chapter. 'The [Faery] Queen can do no wrong,' Dick tells himself repeatedly.[19]

Maisie's pet goat Amomma, who is said to regard the children as his 'property' (p.12), appears to function as a symbolic representation of the 'spell' afflicting the children, rather in the manner of the prince's dire enchantment in the fairy tale. The goat has traditional associations with lechery and the Devil, and hell and damnation are favourite topics of Mrs. Jennett with whom, like the children, he is lodged. The idea of disobedient wrongdoing and retribution (corporal punishment for Dick, imprisonment for Maisie) is established in the novella's opening dialogue between the children, and it is as if they are unable to transcend the effects of this deplorable religiosity in their adult lives. Dick's talents as an artist are developed in a war arena, and Maisie's within the confines of a small house in an urban environment. The terms in which Dick's wounding is described in Chapter 2 are unmistakably linked to the incident in Chapter 1 when the child Maisie accidentally fires the revolver she is holding, and the smoke of the discharge temporarily blinds Dick. Maisie's collapse into helpless weeping when confronted with Dick's loss of vision in adult reality (216) develops her whimpering response to the childhood incident when she fears at first that she has killed him. This childhood episode, the Sudan wounding and the meeting with the adult Maisie are all connected by the same motif: the sun as 'a wrathful red disc' reflected in a coastal mudflat puddle (11) links with the 'savage red disk' of the desert sun (27–8) and the 'blood-red wafer' reflected on the Thames (56). The latter are attended by similar background voices: 'Ah, get away you brute' (28); 'Ah, get away you beast.' (56), linking with the children shooing away the goat in Chapter 1, because having swallowed two cartridges, the animal is considered to be potentially explosive.

Just before the meeting by the Thames, Dick is temporarily blinded by the black smoke of a river steamer. Although in Burne-Jones's design the Beast has the appearance of a splendidly furry grizzly bear looking quite docile, in de Villeneuve's story, the Beast is indeed monstrous, though only partly visualised. He has an elephantine trunk; there is the suggestion of scales, and he is burdened with a body of enormous weight. He also makes a fearfully noisome clanking approach and has a voice that roars, all of which suggests an allegorical hint of mechanisation consistent with the steam engine, whose early eighteenth-century development took the form of a large pump for use in coal mining.[20]

Maisie is sufficiently attractive to take on the role of Beauty, but there the resemblance ends. The failure of the adult relationship between herself and Dick has its origins in their unfortunate childhood. In the fairy tale, only the prince has been bewitched by an evil fairy, but in Kipling's novella both the fatally flawed hero and the dysfunctional heroine have been subject to the distortion and repression of their emotions by the regime imposed by Mrs. Jennett. The fairy tale heroine has only to be as virtuous as she is beautiful to win happiness, and Beauty is not without family. Maisie, however, is subject to the 'care' of 'lawyer-peoples' (3) and a coldly religious woman who threatens her with Hell. Dick has a natural warmth of feeling, intelligence, and a capacity for life which Maisie apparently lacks, but repeated canings and Mrs. Jennett's humiliating exploitation of the income which is properly his maintenance, have made him not only unkempt in appearance (4) but wild in temperament.

In de Villeneuve's fairy tale, Beauty is entertained within the confines of the Prince's enchanted palace by parrots which can converse and sing the finest operatic airs, and she is waited upon by genii taking the form of monkeys in court dress. Thus the forest in which the Prince's magical palace is located has a tropical ambience, as well as being magically deluged with the snow associated with northern climes. In Kipling's 'phantasmagoria', the narrative is insistently patterned with the names of fauna of both hemispheres in association with the characters, creating the effect of a diverse menagerie. Bessie Broke, who enters the novella prostrate and in a state of collapse, is called by Dick 'a funny little opossum' (257), a creature notorious for its ability to 'play dead'. The French art tutor Kami looks rather like 'an old grey cicala in a black alpaca coat' (207). Maisie's associations are judiciously chosen. After their second meeting, in which Dick has made plain his feelings for her, the unresponsive Maisie takes her departure 'like a little grey mouse' (71). When together they visit the south coast, the scene of their childhood and ocean-going steamers, Dick wraps her in a 'great grey kangaroo cloak lined with glossy black marten' (88), purchased specially for the purpose. To little avail, for his attempt to woo her with exotic descriptions of paradisal islands, and a deserted Indian city harbouring the ornate tombs of forty kings, can make little impression, seemingly, on a mentality so introverted and self-absorbed.

Deer, and their like, seem especially significant since Dick Heldar's closest friends are linked to them. Torpenhow's middle name is 'Belling' which coincidentally refers to the cry of deer in the rutting season, and perhaps explains why he refers to himself previously as a 'royal body' (15). It was the privilege of the deer to be hunted in the royal forests of the Norman kings, and subsequently. Torpenhow also possesses 'foot coverings' of the skin of a sambhur (123), a large deer native to India; Dick at one point in the narrative decides he will wear them. He has too 'a large and hairy paw' (188), which he proffers to aid the blind Dick in his despair. Torpenhow's fellow journalist is never called anything other than 'Nilghai', or 'the Nilghai', after a large Asian antelope, a species related to deer. It has pleased Dick to draw cartoons of him in which his spirit has transmigrated into the bodies of whales, elephants and toucans (126). War correspondents are said to require, among other redoubtable qualities, 'the constitution of a bullock' and 'the digestion of an ostrich' (21–22).

Though Kipling may well have taken his cue from the fairy story, his father John Lockwood (1837–1911) was surely also an influence. In 1890, when Kipling was writing *The Light That Failed*, John Lockwood and Alice Kipling were also in London, having journeyed from India at their son's specific request, because he felt in need of their support.[21] Kipling, in his meteoric rise to literary fame, and with the emotional disruption of again coming into contact with Maisie's non-fictional counterpart, had suffered a breakdown and was advised by doctors not to work.[22] During this period in England, John Lockwood was working on the completion of his book *Beast and Man in India*, subtitled 'A Popular Sketch of Indian Animals in Their Relations with the People', to be published by Macmillan in 1891. Rudyard contributed several verse epigraphs on animal themes to his father's book, including one on the goat of Leviticus, burdened with sin.[23]

In making his child characters the 'property' (10) of the goat which accompanies them in the opening chapter, Kipling was also making them outlaws of the forest. Hyde Park, which Heldar crosses on his way to see Maisie, was once a deer park where Henry VIII hunted. In the forest law established by the Norman kings the goat was not allowed within the forest because it was considered to taint the pastures on which the deer grazed.[24] It seems that Kipling came to know Epping Forest (also a former royal hunting preserve) well as a child,[25] and the autobiographical epigraph of the opening chapter provides a link to this period (1). This appears to allude both to the Kipling children's sojourn in Southsea ('the storm') at the age of five (Rudyard) and three (Trix), and its much happier aftermath, an extended holiday with their mother at a little farm in Epping Forest where on rainy days, young Ruddy would entertain his sister with storytelling inside the farm barn; the epigraph is nominally ascribed to '*Big Barn Stories'*.[26] In his book, *Beast and Man in India*, John Lockwood describes the devastating effect of the eating habits of the goat on young forest trees.[27]

In the fairy tale, there is a ritual series of meetings between Beauty and the Beast, in which the Beast repeatedly asks Beauty to marry him and is refused. Dick's recurrent Sunday visits to Maisie's studio, ostensibly to help and advise her with her artwork, observe a similar pattern, because Dick hopes that in this way that Maisie will eventually be persuaded to accept him. Beauty discovers in various explorations that she is living in a palace of the arts. A picture gallery, a saloon full of musical instruments (she is herself a musician), a huge library, the theatre, the opera, and the concert hall, a puppet theatre and needle-craft, form the delights provided for her amusement; she is also free to wander the palace's beautiful gardens. It may be relevant that in 1851 Hyde Park was the scene of the first world fair, whose exhibits, representing science, industry and the arts, were accommodated in an enormous specially constructed glasshouse known as the Crystal Palace (later disassembled and reconstructed at Sydenham). It was attending the Great Exhibition as a teenager and seeing the Indian arts and crafts there exhibited that decided Kipling's father, John Lockwood, on a career in the arts.[28] Many of the 1851 exhibits subsequently formed the basis of the museum established in South Kensington, now the V&A,

which the Kipling children frequently visited, when they stayed in London in 1877–78 with their mother after leaving Epping Forest.[29] Before going to India, John Lockwood had worked at the Museum as an architectural sculptor. It is, of course, a well-established fact that John Lockwood mentored his son's work.[30]

Beauty is brought reluctantly, but submissively, to the Beast's great palace by her mercantile father as the price he must pay for a rose he took without permission from the palace garden to give to his daughter. In medieval literature, a rose within a *hortus conclusus* symbolises Courtly Love, and appears to function with this sense in the fairy tale. Kipling's version substitutes for the rose the seaside Yellow Horned Poppy, 'nodding' when Dick declares his love for Maisie (8). However, a garden of roses wilting in the summer heat is marked out for particular attention during the scene when Maisie looks down upon from her bedroom window while visiting France to see her art tutor Kami (206–9). The symbolism of the rose is also explored in the verse epigraph to Chapter 7, 'Blue Roses' (95).

The splendid display of fireworks which greets Beauty's arrival at the Castle includes the entwined initials (*BB*) of her name 'La Belle Beauty'. But in the novella, 'flaming commas and Catherine wheels' (171) which later become 'volcanoes of many-coloured fire' (186) signal the disruption in Heldar's head as he loses his sight. The alliterative name of the prostitute *B*essie *B*roke (my italics) similarly represents a dismal adaptation of the fairy tale. Beauty's final consent to marriage with the Beast is motivated by her sense of gratitude, but Bessie Broke, whom Torpenhow has rescued from destitution, is an ingrate whose dalliance with the blind Heldar is motivated by self-interest.

In the de Villeneuve narrative, the mystery of the Prince's palace, and his identity, turns on a portrait of a handsome young man who appears repeatedly to Beauty in dreams. The gallery in which the portrait is hung is closely linked to a similar gallery which houses the palace's immense library, which pleases Beauty because, besides being musical, she also has an aptitude for study. Kipling's adaptation of the idea of portraiture linked to literature points the dilemma of the mimetic artist in a world becoming increasingly dominated by the power of the written word, and the corresponding rise of science. Heldar arrives at Maisie's studio for what is to be the last time, exasperated to find that she has disregarded his artistic advice and has become distracted by the idea of illustrating a word-portrait by the poet James Thomson of Albrecht Dürer's (1471–1528) engraving 'Melencolia 1' (1514), which, in contrast to Dürer's sea-coast, Thomson locates in a nihilistic cityscape. This studio visit and the ensuing discussion of Thomson's poem, 'The City of Dreadful Night', results in the separate involvement of both artists in a project to reproduce a modern nineteenth-century 'take' on the engraving and Thomson's poetic description.

Dürer portrays an allegorical figure after the manner of the classics. She is winged, suggesting a divinity analogous to an angel. Though dressed as a female, her height and size, rather casual posture, and robustness of figure, suggest a certain masculinity. This apparently now earth-bound hermaphrodite figure, together with the dog-headed reptilian creature backgrounded in mid-air represents an inversion, compromising the observer's gaze towards the brilliance of light and the suggestion of colour in the sea- and skyscape beyond. The banner lettered 'Melencolia I' held aloft by this sinister creature begs the questions in what sense is it prescriptive, what precisely is or are its referents, and what is its import. There has been a consensus among scholarly commentators that the allegorical figure is an embodiment of Melancholy, but at least one modern-day scholar[31] suggests that the reptilian creature is in the process of leaving the scene, taking his dismal banner with him. He is some distance from the hermaphrodite goddess, who muses apparently oblivious of the airborne figure, and is surrounded by the instrumentation of precise and accurate mimesis disciplining the work of the creative imagination. The intensity of her speculative and forward-looking gaze suggests that, though constrained by the techniques, conventions and thinking of her day, she is at the same time capable of seeing beyond them. 'The grave and solid infant perched beside, With open winglets that might bear a dove', to quote Thomson's text,[32] is an emblem of potentiality. It is axiomatic that Kipling's two artists cynically and satirically envisage their portraits of 'Melancolia' as the game played out, or at a dead end, and the divinity finally laughing at it all (176). Though Bessie Broke acts as Heldar's model, the features of his Melancolia are partly Maisie's. Prophetically, Heldar, struggling with his failing vision, subconsciously paints into the portrait the work's potential apotheosis in the form of an ignominious obliteration, also destined to involve the death of the artist. For Torpenhow, viewing the portrait, though not foreseeing the vicious revenge Bessie Broke is to inflict upon the work, nevertheless does perceive its 'murderous viperine quality' (183).

When, on the completion of his painting, Dick becomes totally blind from the after-effects of the sword wound he received in the Sudan, Maisie is away in France. Following Torpenhow's intercession, Maisie returns to London, but on visiting Dick, feels only a great sorrow for his plight. In an uncanny enactment of her original conception of how her portrait of Melancolia would be developed, Maisie, on seeing Dick's ruined canvas, flees his studio lest 'the laughter than is worse than tears' should 'kill her' (222). Thus is he abandoned. Maisie's own portrait is given a similar dismissal by her impressionist companion even before it is attempted: 'The red-haired girl rose up and left the room, laughing'(150) where perhaps there is a pun on the word 'rose', and an allusion to the achievements of the French impressionists working *en plein aire*.

As is usual in fairy tales, the conclusion of *Beauty and the Beast* is one of foreclosure and the happy union of the male and female protagonists. Missing her family, Beauty asks if she may visit them. The Beast agrees on the condition that she returns within a certain time; but she delays, and the Beast is likely to die as a result. Beauty returns to lovingly revive him and agree to their marriage, whereupon the spell is broken and the prince resumes his true shape. In contrast, Dick's love for Maisie having now irrevocably acquired the status of the unrequited, the way is now clear for him to proceed towards his nemesis on a battlefield in the Sudan, where ironically he is conceded the *'crowning* mercy' (my italics) of a fatal bullet to the head. The final image is that of Dick's body in the arms of Torpenhow. A mere wounding, or a delay in finding his friend, or an inopportune ceasefire, could have led to scenes in which Dick was no martyr to either Love, Art, or War, but merely an embarrassing encumbrance. As it is, the contrivance brings the novel's procedure to an appropriate conclusion, making fully apparent the artifice of the whole.

Why does Kipling finally take his artist back to a war-torn Sudan and reunion with Torpenhow? Could it reside in the fact that this character was witness to the masterpiece that Dick Heldar achieved, and became aware of what it cost him to produce it? Torpenhow also knows the circumstances of its wanton obliteration. It is as if Dick intends in the last moments of his life to make the achievement of his art in some way Torpenhow's legacy, for this war correspondent has been previously described in Chapter 2 as an accomplished journalist capable of producing 'an excellent descriptive article' (22). The first campaign in the Sudan (1884–85) to relieve General Charles Gordon (1833–1885), vividly described in the novella's second chapter, is based on historical fact. The second campaign is a fiction, declared by the 'Nilghai' to be the work of the first needing to be done again (194). The purpose of the original military expedition was to rescue a leader who had been dedicated to the elimination of slavery. In both campaigns, civilised values are to be upheld by the dissemination of information via a free press aided by the resources of art. The second campaign is to be re-enacted in a landscape which, as both Dick the artist and Torpenhow the journalist have previously had occasion to appreciate (47), is emboldened with colour and light.

Even though instead of living happily ever after, Kipling's 'Beauty' is unkind and his 'Beast' must die, inherent in the novella's concluding focus on Torpenhow (an interesting character with a name to match)[33] is the promise of validation and continuance. Thus the novella marks, surely, an important stage in Kipling's career as a writer. His dark tale of exotic warfare, a degraded cityscape, blindness and unrequited love may not have the more positive appeal and charm of, for example, *Kim*, but the narrative skill and acumen that have gone into its making are comparable, and ahead of the young author lay the achievement of the fully developed anthropomorphic tales of the Vermont and Rottingdean periods – the two *Jungle Books* (1894 and 1895), the beautifully illustrated *Just So Stories* (1902), and the stories of mechanised anthropomorphism in *The Day's Work* (1898), 'The Ship That Found Herself' and '.007'. As John Lyon expresses the matter, '*The Light That Failed* deserves to be blessed with a better reputation.'[34]

*Acknowledgements:* I am indebted both to my anonymous referee for pertinent criticism and encouragement, and to Jan Montefiore for her valuable editorial comments.

## NOTES

1 Hostile criticism: see Geoffrey Annis' Introduction to *The Light That Failed* in the *New Readers Guide to the Works of Rudyard Kipling,* on the website of The Kipling Society (www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/ Main Works / *The Light That Failed* / Introduction.

2 *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* version: This serialised the shorter version of *The Light That Failed* in January 1891. In this version, consisting of only twelve chapters, the story ends with the engagement of Dick Heldar and Maisie. This discussion concentrates on the longer version, for which Kipling provided the following Preface: 'This is the story of *The Light That Failed* as it was originally conceived by the writer.'

3 Anonymous review: *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, Thursday 8 January 1891, Issue 1891, 1.

4 'A sort of inverted metagrobolised phantasmagoria': Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings* (1937), edited by Thomas Pinney (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013), 132 and 264n.

5 Rudyard Kipling's 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep': First published in *The Week's News* on 21 December 1888, and collected in *Wee Willie Winkie* (London: Macmillan 1890).

6 Quotation: *Wee Willie Winkie, ibid.,*298.

7 Denial of redemption in a Christian context: In 'The Tree of Justice', the concluding tale of *Rewards and Fairies* (1910), a Latin quotation from Horace provides a conjuration in relation to the revenant figure of the defeated Saxon King Harold. The Saxon nobleman Hugh reads the conjuration out loud: 'When once thou art dead, and Minos which is a heathen judge) has doomed thee, neither cunning, nor speechcraft, nor good works will restore thee!', and comments, 'A terrible thing. It denies any mercy to a man's soul!'. The de Villeneuve narrative also touches upon the theme that there is 'no evil but death without remedy'.

8 Kipling, *Something of Myself, op. cit.,* 132.

9 Geoffrey Annis' analysis: see the Kipling Society's website: New Readers Guide / Main Works / *The Light That Failed /* Introduction.

10 Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*: : John Lyon's introduction to *The Light That Failed* (1891) (London: Penguin Classics, 1988), xi-xii.

11 James Thomson's poem 'The City of Dreadful Night': Kipling tells us in his autobiography that reading the poem 'shook me to my unformed core.'; *Something of Myself,* 22. He subsequently used the title for a short story describing the city of Lahore on a moonlit night of torrid heat; first published in the *Civil & Military Gazette* on 10 September, 1885, and collected in *Life's Handicap* (1891).

12 Geoffrey Annis' comments: see the Kipling Society's website: New Readers Guide / Main Works / *The Light That Failed /* 'A Note from the Editor' (www.kipling society.co.uk , accessed 7 Dec 2020).

13 The name Jennett and *Ivanhoe*: The beautiful Rebecca has been accused of witchcraft and is the prisoner of the Knights Templars. Ivanhoe is obliged to ride to her rescue on the Prior of St. Botolph's 'ambling jennet', named Malkin, a mount evidently not formed for the role of a knightly charger, but the only horse available at the time (Chapter 40).

14 *Beauty and the Beast,* sources and analogues: See *Beauty and the Beast: Classic Tales about Animal Brides and Grooms from Around the World*, edited by Maria Tatar (London: Penguin Classics, 2017).

15 William Morris: 'The Story of Cupid and Psyche', in *The Earthly Paradise, A Poem* (London: F.S. Ellis, 1868), 347–437.

16 The *Beauty and the Beast* tiles: William Morris's firm was renamed Morris & Co. in 1875. 'A set of these charming tiles, painted by Lucy Faulkner, the sister of Charles, a partner in Morris's original firm, was presented to Kipling's parents as a wedding present by Lucy.': Barbara Bryant, 'Alice Kipling: Pre-Raphaelite Sister of the Raj', 329–359, in *John Lockwood Kipling, Arts and Crafts in the Punjab and London*, edited by Julius Bryant and Susan Weber (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2017), 329–359. A picture of the 'Beauty and the Beast' tiles is reproduced on page 334. See also Richard and Hilary Myers, *William Morris Tiles: the Tile Designs of Morris and his Fellow Workers* (Shepton Beauchamp, Somerset: Richard Dennis, 1996), 48 ff, and A.W. Baldwin, Third Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, *The Macdonald Sisters* (London: Peter Davies, 1960), 83–92.

17 *Beauty and the Beast*: An English translation of de Villeneuve's text by the dramatist, antiquary and officer-of-arms, James Robinson Planché (1796–1880), appeared in 1858. It is collected in *Beauty and the Beast: All Four Versions,* published by Enhanced Media Publishing, Los Angeles (2017); this includes the LePrince de Beaumont version, and the retelling by Andrew Lang (1844–1912) in his *Blue Fairy Book* of 1889. A Brothers Grimm adaptation, titled 'The Singing, Springing Lark', is also collected.

18 The verse epigraphs to Chapters 5 and 6, attributed to '*Sir Hoggie and the Fairies'*:

'I have a thousand men,' said he,
 'To wait upon my will,
And towers nine upon the Tyne,
 And three upon the Till.'

'And you may lead a thousand men,
 Nor ever draw the rein,
But ere ye lead the Faery Queen
 'Twill burst your heart in twain.'

'And what care I for your men,' said she,
'Or towers from Tyne to Till,
'Sith you must go with me,' she said,
'To wait upon my will?' (61)

He has slipped his foot from the stirrup-bar.
The bridle from his hand,
And he is bound by hand and foot
To the Queen o' Faery-land. (77)

19 The notion of the Faery Queen's exemption from error is repeated five times in connection with Maisie, in Chapters 5, 6, 9, 11, and 13: 'the queen can do no wrong' (70); 'the queen can do no wrong' (76); 'his queen who could do no wrong' (148); 'the queen could do no wrong' (189); 'The Queen could do no wrong' (223). The Faery Queen is presumably the speaker in the epigraph to Chapter 5 and is identified in the sequel epigraph of Chapter 6.

20 The initial development of steam: The steam pump developed c. 1712 by the English inventor Thomas Newcomen (1664–1729) was operating in many British mines and on the Continent by 1733; source Wikipedia. The 18th century saw the change from organic to fossil fuels, and was to result in the enslavement of many men, women and children underground.

21 Kipling's parents in London: In the concluding chapter of his book, John Lockwood notes that: 'At this moment a wild wood pigeon, shyest of birds, is nesting unnoticed by the thousands who pass her in Kensington Gardens'; John Lockwood Kipling, *Beast and Man in India* (London: Macmillan, 1891), 356.

22 Kipling in London: Detailed accounts of Kipling's months in London, following his arrival from India in 1889, are given in the biographies by Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999), 251 ff., and Harry Ricketts*, The Unforgiving Minute, the Life of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1999), 145 ff. Kipling's parents arrived in London in May 1890; Lycett, *ibid.,* 283–6. Concerning the relationship with Flo Garrard, on which Maisie was based, see Ricketts, *ibid.,* 37–40, 50–57, 165–168, and more recently Mike Kipling's article titled 'Who Really Was Flo Garrard?', in *Kipling Journal* No. 371, December 2017, 46–61.

23 Kipling's poem 'Of Goats and Sheep': see the epigraph to Chapter 5 of John Lockwood Kipling's book, *Beast and Man, op. cit*., 86.

24 English forest law and goats: William R. Fisher, *The Forest of Essex: Its History, Laws, Administration and Ancient Customs* (London: Butterworths, 1887), 298.

25 Kipling's experience of Epping Forest: 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling' by Mrs. A.M. Fleming, edited and annotated by Janice Lingley, in *Kipling Journal*, No. 380, December 2019, 32 and 34.

26 'A little farm in Epping Forest': see Fleming, 'Some Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling', *ibid.,* 31–35.

27 The goat and Indian forest: John Lockwood observes that the goat is 'one of the plagues of the Forest Department of the [Indian] Government. It is the poor man's animal and is supposed to cost nothing to keep. Every green shoot is nibbled off as soon as it peeps above the ground, and young trees are promptly destroyed by creatures which spend half their time on their hind legs and have an effective reach up to the height of a man's head. Thus large tracts which nature is ready to clothe with vegetation are kept barren, and new forests carefully nursed by the provident state are devastated.' John Lockwood Kipling, *Beast and Man*, 93–94.

28 John Lockwood and the1861 Great Exhibition: see Julius Bryant, 'The Careers and Character of "J.L.K."', in Bryant and Weber, *John Lockwood Kipling: Arts and Crafts in the Punjab and London*, *op. cit.,* 38.

29 The Kipling children's visits to the old South Kensington Museum, now the V&A: see pages 17–20 of 'More Childhood Memories of Rudyard Kipling by Mrs. A.M. Fleming, edited and annotated by Janice Lingley, in *Kipling Journal*, No. 381, March 2020, 10–25. See also Kipling, *Something of Myself*, 13–14.

30 John Lockwood Kipling as mentor: see Kipling, *Something of Myself,* 43, 82–4, 109–110.

31 Dürer's *Melencolia I*: See the Wikipedia article on the engraving, summarising the history of the its interpretation; also the article 'The Triumph of Melancholy: 500 Years of Dürer's Enigmatic Print' by the scientific historian Karl Galle, in *The Guardian* newspaper on 16 May 2014.

32 Quotation: James Thomson, *The City of Dreadful Night and Other Poems* (London: Reeves & Turner, 1880), 52.

33 Torpenhow: A Cumbrian place-name, whose village church has interesting artefacts linking with the novella; see the New Reader's Guide / Main Works / *The Light That Failed* / Chapter 2: the Note to page 19.

34 Quotation: John Lyon's introduction to Kipling's *The Light That Failed*, London, Penguin Classics (1992), xxvi.

# MEMBERSHIP NOTES

March 2021

**NEW MEMBERS**

It is my great pleasure to publicly welcome and introduce the following members who have joined or rejoined the Kipling Society in recent months:

Mrs. Cora Bone *(Jølster, Norway)*
M. Pierre-Antoine Boulat *(London, UK)*
Sr. José Maria Cavalcante Filho *(Ceará, Brazil)*
Mr. Tyler Daswick *(Pennsylvania, USA)*
Dr. Josu de la Fuente *(Hertfordshire, UK)*
Mrs. Susan Durrant *(Devon, UK)*
Mr. Colin Hughes *(Essex, UK)*
Prof. Darrell Long *(California, USA)*
Mr. Rodney McCaslin *(Maryland, USA)*
Mr. Hugh Montgomerie *(Surrey, UK)*
Mr. Andy Smith *(Surrey, UK)*
Mr. Robert Wulff *(Massachusetts, USA)*

**NEW £10 STUDENT RATE**

Do you know a student of any age studying anywhere in the world who would be interested in becoming a member of the Kipling Society? We now have a special student rate of £10 per annum, offering all the benefits of full membership and online access to (rather than a hard copy of) *The Kipling Journal*. Please contact me for more details.

**GIFT MEMBERSHIP**

Are you struggling to think of a suitable present for a hard-to-buy-for family member or friend? What about a gift subscription to the Kipling Society? Please contact me if you're interested and I can help you set it up.

Fiona Renshaw
Membership Secretary

# THE YOUNG KIPLING

By **EDMONIA HILL**
TRANSCRIBED AND EDITED BY **PHILIP HOLBERTON**

*Atlantic Monthly* Vol clvii April 1936

[*Rudyard Kipling met Alex and Edmonia Hill in November 1887 when he moved from the Civil and Military Gazette in Lahore to its senior paper the Pioneer in Allahabad. Alex ('Alec') Hill (1852–1890) was an Ulsterman and a meteorologist, appointed to fill the Chair of Physical Sciences at Muir Central College, Allahabad University. Edmonia ("Ted") was American, daughter of the Methodist R.J. Taylor, President of the Beaver College for Women, Beaver, North Pennsylvania. She soon became Kipling's chief confidante, to such an extent that when he got some leave he spent the first week with the Hills in Mussoorie before joining his mother and sister in Simla. In July 1888. Kipling was invited by the Hills to lodge in their house 'Belvedere', and he stayed with them whenever he was in Allahabad until January 1889. In gratitude for the Hills' kindness to him, at Christmas 1888 Kipling wrote the affectionate uncollected poem 'To These People' for and about the couple.*[1]

*By this time Kipling was determined to leave India before the next Hot Weather and make his name as a writer in London. In January 1889, Edmonia became seriously ill. When she recovered enough to travel, the Hills decided to make a leisurely journey to her home by way of Burma, Singapore, Hong Kong and Japan, and they invited Kipling to join them.*

*They travelled together to her home in Pennsylvania (where Kipling briefly became engaged to her sister Carrie) and on across the Atlantic to England and London. They parted in October when the Hills sailed from Tilbury to return to India.* P.H.]

In the latter part of the nineteenth century an American girl married an Englishman who had been appointed by Lord Salisbury to fill the chair of Science at the Muir Central College, Allahabad University, at Allahabad, India. The following are extracts from her diary and from letters written to her home people.

Dear C. – I've met an unusually interesting man with the uncommon name of Rudyard Kipling. It happened this way. We were invited to dine with the Allens, who are neighbors. Mr. Allen, the proprietor of the *Pioneer* of Allahabad and of the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, is always on the lookout for the best material for his papers. Some very interesting articles have been appearing in the *Pioneer* entitled 'Letters of Marque,' which were unsigned, and we were all inquiring as to the author, who had supposedly come from the Punjab.

When we were seated at table, and conversation was in full swing, my partner called my attention to a short dark-haired man of uncertain age, with a heavy moustache and wearing very thick glasses, who sat opposite, saying: 'That is Rudyard Kipling, who has just come from Lahore to be on the staff of the *Pi*. He is writing those charming sketches of the native states, "Letters of Marque," which the *Pi* is publishing.' Of course I was interested at once, for I had been fascinated by these unusual articles so cleverly written. The author has struck a new vein, and everyone was talking about the information he displayed.

Mr. Kipling looks about forty, as he is beginning to be bald, but he is in reality just twenty-two. He was animation itself, telling his stories admirably, so that those about him were kept in gales of laughter. He fairly scintillated, but when more sober topics were discussed he was posted along all lines.

After dinner, when the men joined the ladies in the drawing-room, evidently the rising young author had marked me for an American, and, seeking copy perhaps, he came to the fireplace where I was standing and began questioning me about my homeland. I am surprised at his knowledge of people and places. He is certainly worth knowing, and we shall ask him to dinner soon.

Life in an Indian Station is varied, and one great pleasure is the opportunity of meeting delightful people. I must explain that the *Pioneer* is the leading newspaper of India. It is a sheet of abounding interest to all Government servants, because it publishes a list of promotions, sailings, and everything that is important for the Anglo-Indian exile to know. There are Reuter telegrams covering the news of the world, English letters by noted correspondents, local items, which, with its dignified literary style, combine to make its daily appearance an event.

*January* 1888
Dear People: We give a garden party to-morrow. I never saw more perfect turf. About twenty old women have been squatting down picking out each stray weed and bottling it, while Umar the head gardener looks on. There are two fine tennis courts and six badminton courts where we can accommodate six or eight players at each. A badminton court is smaller than a tennis court, the net being narrower and higher. The game is played with racquet and feathered cork and is a very merry one with good players who keep the shuttlecock over the net with many rallies. The place will look very festive with the daintily gowned women, the sporting subalterns, the serious civilians, the bountifully spread tables, and the attentive servants in their picturesque uniforms and white turbans.

We sent a note to Rudyard Kipling inviting him to come to the garden party. He replied in a characteristic note saying that the tongue of Pennsylvania was the one language he long and ardently had desired to learn. He would be late, as he had to help put a paper to bed. He does not play tennis, but is quite good at badminton. He said he was pleased to come, and if life here was to be tempered with Allahabadminton he would begin to take comfort. He has told us much of his early life at school.

*March 2*
Dear J. – I had a lovely surprise this afternoon. A messenger from the *Pioneer* office appeared bringing me a book from the young man I told you of meeting at the Allens. We have become quite well acquainted and we both enjoy his cleverness. The title of Kipling's collection of stories, which first came out in the *Civil and Military Gazette*, is *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and it has this amusing inscription: –

Between the gum pot and the shears,
The weapons of my grimy trade,
In divers moods and various years
These forty foolish yams were made.

And some were writ to fill a page
And some – but these are not so many –
To soothe a finely moral rage
And all to turn an honest penny.

And some I gathered from my friends
And some I looted from my foes,
And some – all's fish that Heaven sends –
Are histories of private woes.

And some are Truth, and some are Lie,
And some exactly half and half,
I've heard some made a woman cry –
I *know* some made a woman laugh.

I do not view them with delight
And, since I know that you may read 'em,
I'd like to thoroughly rewrite,
Remould, rebuild, retouch, reword 'em.

Would they were worthier. That's too late –
Cracked pictures stand no further stippling.
Forgive the faults.
*March '88*
To Mrs Hill
From Rudyard Kipling

Our acquaintance with Mr. Kipling is progressing. His parents are quite noted people who now live at Lahore, in the Punjab. The father, John Lockwood Kipling, an architect and designer, was sent to Bombay by the English Government to take charge of the art school, and while there he designed the markets and several of the noted buildings. Young Kipling's mother is very talented. She is the oldest daughter of a Wesleyan Methodist minister, the Reverend George D. Macdonald. When the Kiplings were married they spent their honeymoon beside a little lake in England called Rudyard, and so when, on December 30, 1865, a son was born to them they called him by the name of the place where they had been so enchantingly happy.

Rudyard was educated at the United Services College, the famous school Westward Ho! in Devon, where he remained four years.

His great sorrow was that he could not enter the army, owing to his poor eyesight, and it was particularly hard for him to associate constantly with those who were preparing for the Service. Here at Allahabad I have met two young subalterns who were at Westward Ho! at the same time. They say he was so brilliant and cynical that he was most cordially hated by his fellow students. He was a leading member of the literary and debating societies, and editor of the school newspaper. He says that he earned his first money for a sonnet written for the London World, for which he received a guinea, and never since has he had any money which has given him such joy. He fairly thrilled when he spoke of it.

It seems that after his school days he went to London and stayed with his aunt and uncle. They felt that he was seeing too much of life about town,[2] so it was arranged with the proprietor of the *Pioneer* and *Civil and Military Gazette* that he should come out to India to work on the latter paper. In response to the message, 'Kipling will do,' he, at sixteen, started out on his journalistic career. He tells amid roars of laughter how he pretended to be years older, and so had a rare time coming to India. In Lahore he was with his own people, for the Kiplings had been transferred from Bombay to the Punjab, and J. Lockwood Kipling was in charge of the art school of Lahore and curator of the museum.

Young Kipling is certainly all things to all people. He talks equally well to High Court Judge or to a scientist, and I hear he can make first-class love to the latest belle in Simla.

He soon became known from one end of India to the other by his 'turnovers'. The first page of the *C. and M.* is filled with advertisements up to the last column, and for this column Kipling wrote a story, a poem, a clever political skit, or whatever struck his fancy, so that he made quite a reputation. These articles were called 'turnovers' because they were continued to the first column of the second page, after which came the editorial.

Dear C. – I am the proud possessor of Rudyard Kipling's *Early Verses*, a small book bound in deep maroon, with back and corners of black striped with gold, about one half inch thick, 41/2 by 6, published by Shamus Din, Bookbinder, Mouch Gate, Mahala Sahdman Lahore, with a small 3/4-inch blue sticker in corner of cover. The inscription is 'January 1889: from Rudyard Kipling, these the first of his ventures into print.' One of the rhymes is the tale of his experiences coming out to India when he was about sixteen. He had grown a dark beard and for mischief was posing as a man of the world, making love to all and sundry aboard ship, which experience he portrays in 'Amour de Voyage.'

Mr. Kipling's characters as a rule have some foundation in real life. Mrs. Hauksbee is a charming personality who is well known in India. She is in appearance exactly the opposite to his description. She is wonderfully clever and a great wire-puller. She presented him with a Bible early in his Indian career with the advice to study it carefully and follow its literary style. No one is more apt than he with appropriate Biblical quotations, as all can see.

It is so interesting to us to learn the background of some of R. K.'s poems and stories. 'My Rival' in *Departmental Ditties* has much truth in it, as the two characters are his beautiful sister Trix and a delightful woman I knew at Simla who really merited all the praise that was given her, as she was so youthful and attractive. The latter is also the heroine of the 'Venus Annodomini' in the *Plain Tales*, and that is a very truthful picture too.

In 'Three and an Extra', the incident happened at Allahabad to a lady who has become one of my dear friends. I think R. K. gives his best description of Mrs. Hauksbee in this story.

*April* 1888

I shall never forget the glee in which R. K. came in one afternoon saying, 'What do you suppose I just came across in reading the proof of this week's English letter? Andrew Lang says, "Who is Mr. Rudyard Kipling?"' He was so pleased that they really had heard of him in England, for in all modesty he intends to make his mark in the world.

He has his trials in the office, as his articles and poems must be cut to fit. The foreman used to say, 'Your po'try good sir, just coming proper length today.'

One of Rudyard's stories, 'The Recrudescence of Imray,'[3] had its origin in an incident at our home. There was a strange odor in the dining room, and by luncheon time it had become stronger and later was unbearable. As the ceilings are made of cloth to give an air chamber to cool the room, the thatch man was called, and upon investigation he discovered that a wee squirrel had died under the roof. R. studied a while and then exclaimed, 'I have it,' and the result was that terrible story of the sudden disappearance of Imray, whose body sagged on the ceiling cloth and finally tumbled down on the table. His own servant had killed him because he had called his child handsome, thus casting the evil eye on him. After I came to India one of the first things I learned was to say to a mother, in order to warn off the evil eye, 'What an ugly child you have,' no matter how winning the infant.

*April* 16

Dear M. – Rudyard was called from Allahabad to Lahore to edit the *C. & M. Gazette,* so he sent us a letter expressing the great joy he has at being among his own people once more, but with sadness at the many changes. He tells of being gummed into an office chair from eight in the morning till six at night, and how he has to work after dinner with nothing in the wide world to show for it except an indigestible paper which most people throw down with the genial remark, 'Oh, nothing in the *Civil and Military* as usual.'

How Kipling does love those wild men of the North! He calls them his own folk. They are savage, boastful, arrogant, and hot-headed, and these vagrant loafers, snaky-lipped and vulture-eyed, come to pay their respects to him.

His description of the Indian pressroom on a hot-weather night is great. He says that it is lit by flickering dips with a hurricane lamp, here and there. The half-naked men who turn the presses look picturesque in the uncertain light as they loll against the black walls and wait for their call, the presses look mysterious and ghastly, and from the far end comes the tick-tick of the type being set up by white-sheeted yawners. They carry candles, and if they tilt them too much the grease gutters on to the type so printing is impossible. He makes the scene quite Indian-like by telling of some little boys who have not the least business there who have curled up on one of the big tables and gone to sleep.

How I do wish you might meet this interesting man!

The outcome of his being with these Ishmaelites in North India is his tale 'Dray Wara Yow Dee' and he says the incident of the killing is bodily cribbed from a frontier murder case deposition.

I am quite flattered. R. K. writes that he spent the afternoon alternately browsing over a pipe and trying to hack out a *causerie intime* between two girls at Simla. Because he finds it is very difficult to get the hang of conversation between girls, he asks me on some idle afternoon to look over and check the thing, as he hasn't a single sympathetic soul there to discuss things with and he is choked up with a half-dozen plans and outlines of stories. The proof came with a very wide margin for my corrections. I was gullible enough to criticize what he had written. To-day he replies that he has laughed a great deal at my verdict. I do not approve of much that he writes and I'm not backward in saying so – but he goes on just the same, maligning us. He calls the story 'Poor Dear Mamma' and it is about two girls discussing a dance. One of them is in love with a man who is devoting himself to her mother. The conversation is very amusing.

Why Mr. Kipling is the recipient of many a confession I never can see, as he makes use of every item for his work that he can glean. This was clearly shown once when he was at the Lahore Club. A friend came in bubbling over with newly found love. R. sat at a table idly playing with a pencil. In reality he was taking down word for word what this gallant captain was saying – thoroughly enjoying his subtlety, for he intended to use every expression and he did that very thing, first as a story for the *Week's News* and then combined with other tales which made up *The Story of the Gadsbys*.

MUSSOORIE, *May*

Rudyard Kipling has arrived to stay at the Charleville Hotel for a few days. He feels that he is condescending, as this is not a fashionable place and his heart is at Simla, the seat of Government, where he meets worth-while people, grist for his writing. However, he can go nowhere in the Himalaya Mountains where he will get a better view of the snows. He is the most susceptible person I ever knew. As he came up the winding road he glimpsed a girl's head in a window, 'a golden-haired beauty,' and he has been talking about her ever since. I think I know her, so I hope they can meet at a dance. Otherwise I don't see how we shall entertain him. He is full of notions and plans for his *Soldier Stories*. Learoyd with his Yorkshire dialect is beyond me, though he tries to explain.

*June*

Rudyard is called back to the *Pioneer*, and we are discussing whether we should generously offer to take him in to our house for a little while rather than to let him go to the Club in this desolate season. He has his own trap – the 'Pig and Whistle,' as he calls the turnout – and his own servant, so he would not be much trouble and might prove a pleasant companion.

I don't know how we shall like it to have our home life invaded by him, but it will be impossible for him to stay at the bungalow, for the compound is dug up preparatory to making the new lawn and it is too unhealthy for anyone to live there during the rains in this age-old country. We can give him the Blue Room for his study and the guestroom with the big four-poster mahogany bed. Did I ever tell you that this bed was brought to India in the time of the East India Company? Things which came out in the old days are passed on from one to another. A friend said when she first called that she admired a certain chair and decided to buy it when I left India.

To continue, R. can have the dressing room, bath, and east verandah, so he can be very comfortable. He can write at night to his heart's content when a story takes possession of him and 'the child must be born.' These Indian bathrooms are very different from ours at home. The floor is of hard *chunam* (plaster), with a high partition for the tub, which is filled as needed by the *bhisti* from his goatskin, which is suspended from his shoulder. The Blue Room has every convenience and is quite private, with its own verandah and entrance from the hall. Kadir Baksh can take complete charge of his master and his part of the house. His man is quite a character. He is tall and commanding in appearance and is wholly dependable, which is well, as Rudyard, who lives in the clouds, needs some earthly care.

*July*

The *Pioneer* publishes a weekly paper containing, stories, poems, and sketches, a kind of supplement called the *Week's News*, for which the youthful editor was expected to write a story filling several columns. His first notification of this was in seeing, as he came from the north into Allahabad, a huge advertisement in the railway stations saying that 'Rudyard Kipling, author of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, will write a series of stories for the *Week's News* beginning with the next number'! This did not disturb the young man, whose only difficulty was in getting time from his routine work to write out the tales with which his brain was teeming. There was no extra payment for these stories.

ALLAHABAD

Dear J. – When 'The Man Who Would Be King' was germinating in R. K.'s mind he was lunching with us. Suddenly he demanded names for his characters. A. promptly said, 'Well, the queerest name I ever heard was that of a missionary I met in the Himalayas when we were both tramping "Peachey Taliaferro Wilson."' Of course Rudyard seized that at once. I could think of no name to give, so R. said, 'Well, who was the most prominent man in your home town?' Of course you know that I replied 'Mr. Dravo' and sure enough he used these very names, adding a *t* to Dravo.

Later he was sitting at a desk busily writing. A. was in a big chair and I was nearby. His custom was to push off a sheet from the pad as fast as he had filled it with his tiny fine writing, letting it fall to the floor. A. picked up the sheets, read and passed them to me, our one complaint being that we could read this thrilling story faster than the author furnished it.

Speaking of 'His Majesty the King,' R. K. said he had a very tender corner in his heart for little children, but there was not often an opportunity for showing it.

I never saw anyone more devoted to children, and alas there are so few in this station; all old enough have been sent to England, but Dr. and Mrs. J. Murray Irwin have a darling little girl who is my godchild. When she comes to the house there is nothing that R. will not do to amuse her. He plays bear, crawling over the floor, and he will endure every sort of teasing. On her birthday he wrote to accompany my small gift a gay little verse beginning: –

Imperious wool-booted sage
    Tho' your years as men reckon are three,
You are wiser than ten times your age
    And your faithfullest servants are we.

At last R. K. is coming into his own, for he is permitted to collect the stories he has written for the *Week's News* into a more permanent form to be published by Wheeler, in the Railway Edition. The covers are to be a grayish blue and the pater is designing them.

The first one, of *Soldiers Three*, came for inspection and has been severely criticized by Ruddy. Mulvaney is not smart enough in the way he stands, and the barracks are not just right. I shall keep the pencil sketch, as it will be interesting to compare.

What a life he leads, all among the babblings of the Chamber of Commerce and the unsavory detail of the days among the dockets, departmental orders, and the queer expositions of human frailty, vanity, greed, and malice that a newspaper offers. With it all he watches for suggestive ideas for his tales. For instance: –

'The Judgment of Dungara' had its origin in a statement that A. made at the dinner table concerning the Nilgiri nettle, which has most persistent stinging qualities. R. made use of every item of information he could gain, and in a few days the story of the great God Dungara appeared in the *Week's News*. It has a vivid description of the loneliness of a mission station in the interior. 'Isolation that weighs upon the waking eyelids and drives you by force headlong into the labors of the day.' The missionary, besides giving his flock the Bread of Life, had taught them to weave white cloth from the glossy fibres of a plant that grew nearby. The Civil Service official was due, and the converts, usually naked, were to appear for the first time clothed in their new garments, made, alas, from this terrible nettle. It was woven fire that ran through their limbs and gnawed into their bones. Needless to say, they broke ranks and rushed to the river, 'writhing, stamping, twisting and shedding garments, pursued by the thunder of the trumpet of the God Dungara.'[4]

The need in India for hospitals for native women is very great. Dr. Bielby, the Kiplings' physician at Lahore, was going home to England, so she was asked to present to Queen Victoria the dire necessity for some help for the secluded *zenana* women. She did so, and as a result the Lady Dufferin Fund for a chain of hospitals throughout India was raised by means of everyone giving a day's pay, from the richest rajah down to the humblest *ryot* – from the Viceroy to Tommy Atkins. This stirred the soul of Rudyard, so he wrote for the *Pioneer* 'The Song of the Women' – prefacing the poem with the address of the women of Uttarpara to Lady Dufferin which had been published in the *Pioneer*. 'Our feelings in this matter are shared by thousands of our sisters throughout the land and of this we are assured by many signs not likely to come under the observation of the outside world.'

Kipling brought the first copy of the paper just fresh from the press to us and, tossing it over, said, 'What do you think of that?' He is rather cynical about the whole matter, for the giving of money is not voluntary, but practically compulsory.

Kipling's friends felt that it was unfair to him to keep writing stories for the two papers without any extra remuneration, so he was persuaded to discontinue them. He wound up with 'The Last of the Stories.' He pictures a visit of his old friend, the Devil of Discontent, who lives at the bottom of the inkpot, but emerges half a day after each story has been printed with a host of useless suggestions for its betterment. This Devil of Discontent is the proprietor of the largest hell in existence, the Limbo of Lost Endeavor, where the souls of all the characters go. He takes the author below, where his characters are passed in review before him – till his heart turns sick. 'The Last of the Stories' closes, 'Now the proof that this is absolutely true lies in the fact that there will be no other to follow it,' and there were no more for the *Week's News* – a great loss to the Indian public. He was not permitted to sign any of his work.

We invited Rud to stay at our house while we are away, as he is at the N. W. P. Club and he could have more room and also enjoy Bhoj's cooking. He has written of his good times and of his trials. It seems that the ayah thought this was her opportunity for a *tamasha*, so she celebrated by having guests in the compound. That meant noisy *ekkas* jingling down the avenue and the night, vocal with much tinkling of anklets to the accompaniment of the *sitar*. Rud says he had no notion that forty poor rupees could create such a devilment for so long.

Evidently he is not idling, as he says Mulvaney 'came' with a rush on the blue couch in the Blue Room, and if he walked one mile up and down as he was hacking it out, he walked three. Old 'Pig and Whistle' is getting lame, so R. is pattering about in the dust, to his infinite weariness and discontent.

*September*

Dear Ones: You know we live in a famous old bungalow which has been standing since the Mutiny days of 1857, when nearly every house was destroyed. R. K. so appreciated the privilege of staying in our lovely home while we were away that he wrote a clever sketch for us which tells of our daily life, our occupations, and our servants. He pictures the attractive verandah where we live most of the time, the long avenue of thick-leaved shisham trees leading to the house, and he gives many amusing incidents. He calls this 'Celebrities at Home,' borrowing the title from a series of articles now coming out in an English paper. Some day maybe I'll send you the manuscript, which is at first in his fine handwriting, but toward the last is hurriedly scribbled.

*December*

The *Week's News* demanded a Christmas story which would fill a whole sheet of the paper. R. K. brooded over this awhile; the result was 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,' which is a true story of his early life when he was sent with his little sister to England to be educated. It is next to impossible to bring up English children in India, not because they could not have literary advantages here, but on account of the bad influence the close contact with the native servant has on the child. He is a slave to every whim, so Sonny Baba grows too domineering to suit the fancy of an English parent. No self-reliance can be learned while under the pampering care of bearer or ayah. Also, once a *chi chi* accent – as English contaminated by a native tongue is termed – is acquired, it is rarely lost even after years of later life in England, and pure speech is an essential, according to an Englishman. 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' recounts Kipling's experiences at the hands of Aunty Rosa, the stern Englishwoman who made her living by taking in the little waifs from Anglo-India who must be separated from their parents. The hardest choice a woman must make in India is to decide whether it is best to go home with her children or to stay with her husband.

A friend took Ruddy and Trix from Bombay on the long sea voyage,[5] and saw them established in the 'home,' where little Trix was adored and petted but Ruddy was accused of storytelling. There was great jealousy of his brightness in contrast to that of the son of Aunty Rosa. He learned to escape punishment by deceit, and there was no one to teach him the difference between right and wrong. He, poor child, at six was left in the house with a servant while Trix was taken off on a holiday with the mother and her son. Ruddy read and read from the boxful of books that his father had sent him, reading from daylight to dark, till he had devoured them all; then, forlorn indeed, having strained his eyes and being utterly alone, he entertained himself by measuring the whole house hand over hand.

It was pitiful to see Kipling living over the experience, pouring out his soul in the story, as the drab life was worse than he could possibly describe it. His eyesight was permanently impaired, and, as he had heretofore only known love and tenderness, his faith in people was sorely tried. When he was writing this he was a sorry guest, as he was in a towering rage at the recollection of those days. His summing up in the closing words shows the influence on his whole life.

' "We are just as much Mother's as if we had never gone." Not altogether, for when young lives have drunk deep of the bitter waters of hate, suspicion, and despair, all the love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge, although it may turn darkened eyes for a while to the light and teach faith where no faith was.'[6]

Rudyard was planning to go direct to England, when suddenly the idea occurred to him that he would like to see something of the world first, and as he had helped us look up routes he begged to be allowed to accompany us. Then Mr. Allen asked him to write letters on the trip for the *Pi*, which would pay his expenses. We agreed to have him join us, so he writes that he will arrive 'an awful grimy dirty unshaven bricklayer and the great – will perchance come down to the station and blandly tumble over me and then go home and tell his friends that my journey is solely undertaken in the interests of the *Pioneer* and I shall loaf down the platform with an unclean pipe in my mouth and then I'll be fairly embarked on the way to the high seas.'

CALCUTTA, *March* 9, 1889

Here we are, ready to start on our long journey to climes unknown. Rud has loaded us up with a delightful array of books, and he proudly exhibits two black leather manifold books in which he plans to write his 'Sea to Sea' letters for the *Pioneer* with an occasional 'turnover' for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore, his first love.

He has just received *Wee Willie Winkie*, with its attractive cover designed by his father. This is the inscription for my presentation copy:–

I cannot write, I cannot think,
I only eat and sleep and drink.
They say I was an author once,
I know I am a happy dunce,
Who snores along the deck and waits
To catch the rattle of the plates,
Who drowns ambition in a sea
Of Lager and of Tivoli.
I cannot write, I cannot sing,
I long to hear the meal bell ring;
I cannot sing, I cannot write,
I am a walking Appetite.

But you insist and I obey –
Here goes!
On Steamer Madura,
Now rolling through a tepid sea,
March 10th
to Mrs. Hill
from me,
A journalist unkempt and inky
With all regards,
*Wee Willie Winkie.*

The covers were torn off from the whole six of the Wheeler edition on account of some postal law, and the letter press sent on to England to Andrew Lang, so that Ruddy may be already introduced when he arrives in London.

The Babu at the Meteorological office at Allahabad will collect the ‘Sea to Sea’ letters as they appear in the *Pioneer* and bind them, so we can have a record of our trip without keeping a diary, though all India will be looking on.

*March 16*

I was present at the inception of Ruddy’s *Barrack Room Ballads*. We were on the British India steamer *Africa* sailing toward Singapore, standing by the rail, when he suddenly began to hum, ‘Rum-ti-tum-tra-la’ – shaking the ashes from his pipe overboard. I was used to this, knowing something was stirring in his brain. Humming in a musical tone, he exclaimed, ‘I have it. I’ll write some Tommy Atkins Ballads,’ and this idea kept simmering for months, with an occasional outbreak in soldier-like language. While we were at Moulmein lunching by a graceful pagoda hung with tinkling brass ornaments at the slender top and with a very broad base, he put forth the opinion that the Burmans had simply copied nature in their building, pointing to a near-by toddy palm tree, and certainly the shape was identical, while the tinkling resembled the rustling of the leaves.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, *May* 11

We are sailing to-day for America. When Ruddy went to the shop to buy books for our Pacific trip he found an American pirated edition of his own tales. He was so furious that he stalked out of the shop and bought us nothing, to our great dismay. He declared that he would pronounce a curse on the American people in his very next letter, and for one thing it should be on the slovenly way in which Americans speak, – just like servants, – for the English are so particular about pure speech. I think it is because their lower classes drop the *h* or use dialect, as we do not. When R. met a girl on the steamer who spoke with a very Southern accent he said his curse was working, though we noticed that he was very devoted to this same sweet maiden from South Carolina.

BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA

Mr. Kipling has arrived after his Western tour, where he had many experiences, novel and trying. He seems very happy to be once more with his Anglo-Indian friends, for he has been lonely without letters from his home people. He is settled in the rooms at the College, where he has a living room with open fireplace, a spacious bedroom and bath. There is a couch, where I think he spends most of his time, smoking, reading, and meditating, but not doing much writing. He is absorbing the experiences which are so different in Pennsylvania surroundings from his Lahore days.

A. has a dark room rigged up at the College and the negatives made on that wonderful trip are being transformed into memory books for Rudyard, ourselves, and others.[7]

BEAVER, *August* 1889

I've been painting a set of dessert plates with a design of our wild flowers to take back to India. One day Mr. Kipling, who has seemed unusually preoccupied, demanded china and paint. We wondered what project was being evolved in that fertile brain and now we know, for he has put upon six fruit plates some clever verses, about ten lines each, which he painted directly on the china without any notes.

His subjects are Plums, Peach, Berries, Watermelon, Apples, Grapes.

I'll copy the verses soon. They are rather badly painted in dark blue, as he was not accustomed to china paints and did not know how to use the turpentine. We tried to help, but he was too speedy for us.[8]

The time has arrived for another parting, as A.'s leave is nearly up. R. K. will meet us in New York, to sail with us on the *City of Berlin*. We shall leave him in London to achieve his world-wide fame, as he is sure to do. In his visits to Washington, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Boston he has made many friends; he has gained new material for his writing, and he feels that his American experiences have been well worth while. He behaved quite decently while at Beaver, for when he felt grumpy he kept it to himself. The servants were puzzled by him, especially when he demanded that the barber shave him in bed. He swapped stories with our Senator and townsfolk, arousing interest wherever he went.

Now we are off for our five years of exile.[9]

## NOTES

1 See David Page's notes to *From Sea to Sea* and Philip Holberton's Notes for 'To These People' the *New Reader's Guide* (www.kiplingsociety.co.uk, accessed 10 Dec 2020), For more information on the Hills and Allahabad in 1888, see pp 61–4 of Neelum Saran Gour 'Kipling and Allahabad' in Harish Trivedi and Janet Montefiore eds. *Kipling in India: India in Kipling*, Routledge, NY and Delhi, 2020, 61–74.

2 Rudyard Kipling left for India on 18 September 1882 after his last school holiday (Allen, 113). His Aunt Georgie Burne-Jones had told Alice Kipling that Rudyard was 'seeing too much of life in town' during his school holidays in London Lycett *Rudyard Kipling*, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, London 1999, 105).

3 Edmonia Hill is using the story's US title. The English title is 'The Return of Imray', first published *Life's Handicap* 1891.

4 See Kipling 'The Judgment of Dungara', *Soldiers Three*, 253–5, slightly misquoted. The original has 'the trumpet of Dungara'.

5 'A friend took Ruddy and Trix from Bombay on the long sea voyage'. The children were in fact taken to England by their parents.

6 'Baa Baa, Black Sheep' (1888), collected in *Wee Willie Winkie* 1895, 298, slightly misquoted. The original has 'as if she had never gone', not 'we', and EH omits 'O Punch', after 'Not altogether.'

7 Alex Hill, a keen photographer, took many photographs on their tour of Japan, Burma and China, as frequently mentioned in the text of *From Sea to Sea*. These were intended to appear in an illustrated version of Kipling's reports, but the project proved to be too costly and was abandoned. Mrs Hill's album of 48 prints from their journey remains in the Library of Congress, Carpenter Collection. (Information from *New Reader's Guide*, www.kiplingsociety.co.uk , 10 Dec 2020).

8 Kipling's six 'Verses for Fruit Plates' are printed in Thomas Pinney (ed.) *The Cambridge Edition of the Poems of Rudyard Kipling* (2013) 1955–7. The set of six china plates is now in the Library of Congress: Pinney, 2269)

9 Sadly, Edmonia Hill's announcement that she and Alex would live 'five years' in Allahabad from August 1889 proved over-optimistic. Her husband was to die of typhoid fever on 23 September 1890.

# UNCOLLECTED JOURNALISM OF RUDYARD KIPLING

Edited By THOMAS PINNEY

## PART 11: 'IN THE YEAR '57'

*Civil and Military Gazette*, 14 and 23 May 1887

[*This two-part article is RK's first attempt to deal with the most serious challenge to British rule in the 19th century, the so-called Indian Mutiny of 1857–58. Beginning as a rebellion of sepoys (native soldiers under British command) at Meerut on 10 May 1857, it quickly spread, though it was largely confined to northern India. The rebellion, put down at great cost and difficulty, marked a decisive turn in the history of British India: the rule of the British East India Company came to an end, replaced by the British Raj, an administration under the direct control of the Crown. That change, together with the introduction in 1856 of competitive examination for entrance into the Indian Civil Service, created the British India that RK knew.*

*Sir John Lawrence (1811–79) was Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, 1853–57, and one of the British heroes of the Mutiny: he was afterwards Viceroy of India, 1863–9, and was created Baron Lawrence in 1869. RK presents him in vaguely Carlylean form: a silent, strong man, known only by his repeated initials, commanding a desperate situation by mere force of character.*

*When RK was asked in 1895 by Robert Underwood Johnson, the editor of the American Century Magazine, to try writing "a novel on the Sepoy Rebellion," he replied:*

> *What you propose is an exceeding big job and one altogether beyond my scope. I made a try at the same thing years ago in India and in turning over documents came across one file of John Lawrence's ordinary office letters for the months of June [i.e. July] 1857. That cured me. Besides '57 is the year we don't talk about and I know I can't. Again you overlook the little fact that it is much more difficult to catch the spirit, the hundred little shades, of society 40 years ago than of society in the middle ages or of the Neolithic age for that matter. But it would be a great thing to have it properly done." (Letters, II, 219).*

*RK did make two more visits to the subject. "The Lost Legion" (Many Inventions) takes its point of departure from the story of the 55th Native Cavalry and repeats certain details of "In the Year '57." "The Little House at Arrah" (Pioneer, 24 February 1888: uncollected), describes how a small band of Englishmen successfully defended their "little house" against a large force of mutineers. And there is a brief reference to the massacres during the Mutiny, first of the English and then the subsequent reprisals against Indians, in "The Undertakers" (Second Jungle Book).*

*The occasion of the article was no doubt the thirtieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Mutiny in May, 1857. It may be assumed that all of the names and places mentioned in this article have to do with men and events of the Mutiny.* T.P.]

* * *

The file was nearly a foot thick, and as fresh in appearance as if it had just been put into the record- room.

"All that is worth keeping of the Mutiny papers," said the Babu. "Proceedings of the Government of the Punjab – July '57 – selected." There was obviously no sentiment about the Babu. As he slapped the file down on the table, there showed, on the rim of a fat white docket, the initials "J. L." Nothing written by John Lawrence's strong hand should ever fade, and it seemed quite natural, therefore, that the rugged characters should be black and fresh as ever. The ink he used must have been better than the ink-powders of a degenerate to-day. As much of the inscription as was visible, attested that "J.L." approved of something in July 1857. Nay, he found it "highly expedient," and wrote as much to a "Colonel Sydney Co" – the tape hid the rest.

The file opened slowly and fell apart into more than a hundred and fifty letters – blue, white and yellow – stacked in any order, and all bearing date of the month of July. It was impossible to observe method in dealing with the mass. One was forced to dip as into a lucky-bag.

But here we must think. "J. L." wrote illegibly, but he had his hands full just then. Indeed, since the 10th of May, when certain lamentable news flashed up from Meerut, he had been forced to forego his sick-leave to Murree, and to fly back to head-quarters, there to see what could be done to save the Province. Two days after receipt of that telegram in Lahore, "J. L." being somewhere the wrong side of Pindi, one Robert Montgomery, Judicial Commissioner, drove out along the Mian Mir road to take council with Brigadier General Corbett; and between the two of them, when the Ball on the night of the 12th had been danced out, they disarmed four native regiments, and set a guard on Lahore Fort.

"J.L." came back as fast as he could, after talking to a Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Edwardes at Pindi; and found that "R. M." – a very scratchy scrawly "R.M." it was – had kept the city quiet. What "J.L." said to "R.M." is not on the file. He must have thanked him, but the file only deals with July – that is to say after Nicholson[1] had driven the 55th Regiment of Native Infantry from Nowshera to Murdan and from Murdan to the hills of Swat, where Nature and man turned against and slew them – after the Mutiny had broken out at Jullundar, Ludhiana, and elsewhere, and after the mutineers held possession of Delhi. So we come upon "J.L." in the thick of his office-work as it were, not knowing that he was making history, but only grimly certain that the "prevalent mania," as one of his subordinates quaintly calls it, must be cured.

Take a docket marked with the rough hard handwriting – all the a's like o's – and see what "J.L." is doing early in July. "Money being already scarce in the Punjab, it is necessary" – let the Paymasters of the

Lahore, Pindi, and Jullundur Circles look to it – "that expenditure be watched and restricted as far as possible. Unless this be done we shall probably find ourselves entirely without funds."

Wherefore, all native regiments are gradually to be brought into arrears of pay for three months, and no advances are to be made. But pay the Goorkhas and Punjab Irregular Force for a time. "J.L." dates his dockets very carelessly; but, as he is saving a Province, he may perhaps be forgiven. No wonder he wishes to economize. Here is Sydney Cotton in Peshawur – he signs himself with the clearness of a writing-master – recommending the storage of fifteen days' provisions for European troops in Peshawur Fort – as *per* memo appended, and going into the homeliest bazar details – at a cost of thirteen thousand rupees; and all the Districts are indenting on Lahore for help of some kind. Now it is written, in the history of the Mutiny that, on the 24th of July, "J.L.," who had been arguing with Edwardes and Cotton against the retention of Peshawur, wrote to the Governor General of India saying: – "The Punjab will prove short work to the Mutineers when the Delhi army is destroyed." It was the retention of Delhi *not* Peshawur, we are told, that "J.L." set his heart on, in spite of Edwardes' pleading.[2]

Yet, on the 27th of July – three days after he had sent his letter to the Governor General – "J.L." scrawls on the back of Cotton's demand "Sanctioned, and say that I consider the measure highly expedient and further I suggest" – here the outlines of an arrangement to be made with the *bunnias*[3] of the Sudder Bazar, and, after a blot – "purchase sufficient for at least two months' supplies, and store it in the Fort." He wrote "J.L." with a vile pen. Had he changed his mind as to the retention of Peshawur in three days? It does not matter now; for the grain and the sage and the lime-juice were not needed, and Sydney Cotton's fears that the supplies would be cut off were groundless.

What a hopeless muddle it all is – this long ridge of papers that show, without the gloss of print, the very bed-rock and base of the storm-tossed administration.

The dockets crack dolefully as they are spread out. What comes next at hazard? Indents for forage and ammunition, and yet more ammunition. Lieutenant Medley – J.G. Medley of the Royal Engineers – employed on Canal works by the Indus, has paid so much in advances to Bhagat and Bhaggoo, two of his sepoys. Lieutenant J.G. Medley has to explain his reasons in writing. One would feel sorry for him, if one did not know that two months hence – in September – he will drop Canal Work, come down to Delhi and be all but blown up in a professional attempt to see how big is the breach in the Water Bastion. Then an honoured career will be his and, in the end, his sons in the Army to bear his name honourably. But now he has certainly made a mistake in those advances to Bhagat and Bhaggoo. Perhaps he should have brought them "gradually into arrears of pay."

Meantime a single sheet has fluttered out of the letter and on to the floor. The Mutiny men have no notion of filing, or are their successors at fault?

The single sheet deals with levies. So many levies of loyal men, that "J.L." seems confused. Colonel Macpherson proposes to appoint more officers to the Ludhianah and Ferozepore levies, "What levies are these?" asks "J.L." He grows ungrammatical. "Captain Nicholson and two other officers nominated by Major Lake, *was* to raise and manage the Ludhianah Regiment. That at Ferozepore was to be raised by Marsden. He has got Lieutenant Currie to help him, but probably Marsden has not time for this. Enquire if this be the case, and if so, arrange for a Commandant and a Second in Command; Currie being Adjutant. I would not have more officers. They would only do harm. Let the battalion be 10 companies of 60 men. Native officers as in the Punjab Force. 10 companies, *viz*, 4 Sikhs; 2 – on second thoughts 4 – Mahommedans; and 2 Hill men. Kangra Hill and not Golab Singh's." Then up one side of the page: – "Keep room in it for the men now fighting so bravely Van Cortlandt." Then, diagonally and blotted in haste, to someone in the background: – "See how many new corps this will make."

Van Cortlandt is out and away to the northwest of Delhi, teaching men what a thing it is to rebel against the British Government. He has been at this work since May, and will be at it till September; but on the 24th of July "J.L." thinks kindly of Van Cortlandt.

Curious that "J.L." should hesitate about sending more officers to Ludhianah[4]. They are rather in need of them. Six weeks ago, Ricketts, the Deputy Commissioner there, used up all the ammunition of "one small gun" at the Ludhianah ferry when the Jullundur mutineers swept by on their way to Delhi. He could not do more, even with the 4th Sikhs to help him. He could not stay the sack of the Ludhiana Cantonments, when Johnstone of Jullundur refused to send help. But Ricketts is a hard man, and has been hunting mutineers across the Doab. He, like everyone else, wants troops and officers.

Who in the world is the officer with the painfully illegible signature who writes to the great "J.L." as "My dear Lawrence?" Major Lake – the man who has nominated the officers to the Ludianah Regiment. He wants recruits – more recruits for his levies. "J.L." disposes of him in a dozen lines. "Miller" – who is Miller? – "must recruit for Lake. Miller has got all his own men." Some one evidently has dissented from this, for in pencil below is written: – "Write as above please." "J.L." is not going to waste time over frivolous objections from underlings.

To this docket succeeds a letter from Colonel Sandeman, commanding the 33rd Native Infantry at Jullundur. Such a pitiful command and such a pitiful letter! Some clerk has copied it, but the appeal of the gallant soldier – the human voice under this official form – cries out,

Nicholson – a meteor in the Province – has disarmed the 33rd – has taken away all but their bayonets – and has dropped them at Jullundur while he hurries north to catch the Sialkote mutineers hastening on Gurdaspore, and to slay them by hundreds at Triminoo Ghat on the banks of the Ravee. On the 6th of July – having then been disarmed for nearly a fortnight, Colonel Sandeman writes to "J.L." It is easy to see that the heart of the Commandant of the 33rd is sick within him. "I think" says he, "no officer could have pursued the system of unvarying trust in the men further than I could have done, and to its exhibition I attribute, in no small degree, the preservation of my corps from the prevalent mania." Unvarying trust! That groundless trust sent unarmed officers down to the parade ground to be slaughtered by their "children," as the officers of Peshawar called them. How far the 33rd are tainted with the "prevalent mania" may be judged from the fact that "Nicholson has *disarmed* my regiment merely as a measure of precaution," and the men are "quiet and subordinate in all respects, but depressed of course, from the recent disarming, the execution of deserters and the state of affairs generally." "Here we are then" – at Jullundur – "awaiting orders, with much carriage to pay, trusting our men." How that man loved his regiment! He will continue to trust. There are some bad characters in every regiment – there must be – but he will continue to trust – and his officers will sleep in camp as usual – not among the men, for that might hurt the men's feelings.

Now comes the pith of the whole letter. The Colonel has heard something about the army being brought into arrears of pay. Whatever happens, pay must be given to all or none. If the men must be unpaid, put the officers in arrears also. The latter will undergo any personal inconvenience sooner than take pay while their men are unpaid,.

"The worst men in the corps, and I doubt not that there are some bad" will foment discontent over this "invidious distinction." Nicholson was right, the Colonel thinks, in the partial disarming of the 33rd. "Powerful and inexplicable influences" are at work all over the country. Even his trusted men may give way with the rest, and he prays, therefore, that matters may not be made too hard for them. Poor Colonel Sandeman! "J.L." has no time for sentiment. He writes on the 16th July: – "Since this, men, officers and all, have been brought under the same rules." It is a matter of necessity. So the brooding, semi-disarmed 33rd waiting for

Nicholson's return, and perhaps their muskets if they behave themselves, are disposed of.

The last paragraph of Colonel Sandeman's letter contains an allusion to the "new cartridge and the new rifle." New rifle! The Enfield[5] – mother of the Snider, grand-mother of the Martini soon to give place to the Shuloff or Lee Burton. Never did a rifle bring greater bloodshed than the old Enfield – bad at four hundred yards. Twenty copies of a pamphlet printed at Lahore have found their way into that infected camp at Jullundur, and have had a good effect on the men's minds "as regards the new cartridge and the new rifle." "J.L." takes no notice of this piece of news. If the men are favourably impressed, well and good. If not, they have only their bayonets, and are fairly safe at Jullundur.[6]

Here tumble out two letters from George Henry Ricketts, D.C. of Ludhianah. Ricketts has stepped out of his province as a Civilian, and apologizes for it; but when a man's district is threatened by Mutineers, what can one do? He has done his best to stop the rush of the Jullundur men before noted, and on the 17th July, writes to bring to notice the conduct of Lieutenant Williams; who, with three companies of the 4th Sikhs, helped him to fight a good fight on the Sutlej bank, and to keep Ludhianah from open rebellion. "Lieutenant Williams was the only military man present, and as he would never allude to his conduct, it devolves on me to bring all the circumstances to your notice." Lieutenant Williams has, *inter alia*, attacked the rebels at night, and made them exceedingly uncomfortable, though *one hundred* men out of his poor three companies were recruits who were forbidden to fire. Lieutenant Williams has done many other notable things, and has received a bullet in his side into the bargain. Neville Chamberlain writes some complimentary remarks on both Ricketts and Williams, and the whole goes up to "J.L.," who merely says "send copy to Government in continuation of former" – that is to say, Ricketts's first account of the trouble at Ludhianha.

The second letter from that District Commissioner is by no means so genial. The Jullundur mutineers, during their uninvited stay with him, released the prisoners in the Ludhianha Gaol, and the Gaol-Guard behaved infamously. No one can explain anything. Perhaps they were gawbry[7] [*sic*]. George Henry Ricketts is furiously angry: – "It is impossible in my opinion to conceive a more glaring instance of thorough cowardice, even if there was no treachery." What is to be done with or to the Gaol-Guard? Macpherson, the Military Secretary, says: – "Dismiss the whole of them." "J.L." says: – "Keep in arrest pending orders." That is all. What orders were passed? Did Ricketts deal with the Gaol-Guard after the manner of the times, or were the sinners released when the trouble blew over? The docket gives no reply, but the broad, dashed signature bears witness after thirty years that Ricketts D.C. was very wrath.

"Any use keeping a copy of the roll?" is the legend on a fat blue envelope more worn than the rest. Who was the man who wanted to get rid of the unpleasant memento of the "late" 10th Irregular Cavalry, who started the mutiny at Nowshera, on June the 21st and [who], some of them at least, shared the awful fate Nicholson prepared for the 55th? The roll is very neatly written, and has been conned many times. Rajput, Pathan, Syed, Mogul, Brahmin, Sikh – they have all been false to their salt – saving two men – and the estates of the native commissioned and non-commissioned officers are now to be confiscated. Lieutenant Griffiths sends in the roll, and signs himself, for the last time "Adjutant Late 10th I.C." He must have been disgusted, this Englishman. "Jemmadar Jellary Khan and Duffadar Ahmed Khan" – let Cotton's testimony in their favour be set down now, "should not have their estates confiscated. I have deemed it expedient," says the great head of the Peshawur Division, "to save them from the ruin in which their regiment was involved." Does Jemmadar Jellary Khan – he would only be sixty six years old – live still near Shahjehanpore in the Bareilly district?

After that blue envelope, come scores of little letters – Indents for forage, ammunition, recruits, – always more recruits – sago, shot, rupees – estimates for the cost of native regiments to supply the place of the old ones – and Lieutenant Williams' demand for a wound gratuity for the bullet in his side – if ever man deserves one Williams does for, now that he is on the sick list, he is recruiting, and "J.L." seems pleased with his work. A Lieutenant Sam Black – will he, in time, come to great honour, and after teaching grown men how to fight, teach little chieflets how to rule? – sends in some papers connected with Lieutenant Williams. Sandwiched between these papers are copies of telegrams from Delhi. The rebels attacked here, were repulsed there, taking off Lieutenant Jones's leg. There has been no attack for two days – Lieutenant Jones is worse – *will* somebody send someone to examine the arms taken from the mutinous regiments before reissue to new corps? And so on, and so on, and so on – every docket and dirty little slip of paper to the address of "J.L." or referred to him for orders.

The levies are giving trouble. A Captain Salmon thinks that the middle of a mutiny is the proper time to quarrel with the quality of his recruits. He writes, the day after he commenced to form the Ferozepore Punjab battalion, begging to observe that out of three hundred men "certainly not more than 150 are fitted for a corps of the line, from their being old and undersized: many being under 5ft. 6in, and ill formed. The few lads there are weakly and will, I fear, soon break down." Captain

Salmon is not a wise man. Hereon "J.L." grimly: – "I think it will have a very bad effect discharging men for the reasons given by Captain Salmon. I would tell him not to do so, and point out that this is not the time for disgusting men. My opinion is that an officer who thinks and writes in this fashion will not answer for us. Tell him so in a polite way. He can pick pretty men if he likes when they first come, but it is too bad to discharge ugly and short men." Decidedly this is "one" for Captain Salmon, even if the Military Secretary softens it down in the re-writing. Do we not know many cold-blooded fish like this Salmon to-day? Men who would stickle for the due sizing of a front-rank, if the next moment were to be their last? How little do the generations change.

[End of 14 May instalment]

After Captain Salmon's frivolous complaint to "J.L." comes another sorrow of the same kind – a neatly-written letter enfolding two very clever water-colour sketches of two ruffians, who appear to be cross-bred between Pathan and Zouave. One of them, marked "Private," in case anyone should mistake him for a thief, wears ankle-boots, yellow stockings – or, perhaps, the artist means the wash for skin – baggy blue breeks, loose Zouave jacket, and a sumptuous turban. The other – marked "Officer" – though he looks more like an Albanian dacoit – is dressed in brown leather knee-boots, baggy breeks, Zouave dolman with gold arabesques, turban and long loose cloak, which reaches down to his ankles, and hangs gracefully from two bed-tassels knotted round his throat. He also wears a turban twisted round a red skull-cap – not the stiff pointed cap of the Border. Who was the daring man that fancied "J.L." would like to look at water-colour pictures in the middle of his office-work? Someone who wrote a femininely delicate hand, and had much to say. Raverty is his name – Lieutenant H.G. Raverty of the 3rd Bombay Native Infantry.[8] What right has a Bombay man to thrust his oar into our troubled waters of the North? Two years hence Mr. H.G. Raverty will get his step, and will publish, by subscription, a sumptuous quarto *Dictionary of the Pushtoo language*, which everyone will say is Immensely Valuable; but which few people will care to read. Lieutenant Francis Norman will take a copy of it. Why does not Lieutenant Raverty go on with his book and refrain from pestering "J.L.?" He begins his letter from Multan, whereof he is Assistant Commissioner, in an unpromising sort of way: – "At this present crisis it behoveth every officer to do his utmost, &c." Did "J.L." read any further before he wrote on the back: – "Inform this officer that I do not consider it expedient to record his proposals to Government?" So much for water-colour sketches of Brigands and seven sheets of neat writing. People shall judge whether "J.L." is right in disposing of them so summarily.

"The trustworthiness of the Afghan soldier" says Lieutenant Raverty, "is conspicuous at the present time, and shows that implicit faith may be placed in him – particularly when opposed to others than his own countrymen." He has a temperament like the Irishman or the Scotch Highlander, must be led, not driven, and addressed "in his own rough and manly tongue." Lieutenant Raverty has studied him for nine years, and really knows something of this tongue. Lieutenant refers incidentally to his big Dictionary, which is now in the press, and hopes he "will not be considered presumptuous" if he offers his services to raise a levy of Afghans exclusively from our "northern and western frontiers." Here he enlarges on the political advantages of such a step; would flatter the Border chiefs by allowing them to pick recruits and send them down. He would enlist: – "Eusufzis, Bajaueers, Khulils, Khattacks, Sherinis, and Suliman Khails", "men of gigantic stature and great strength." He would have companies by clans, and would officer, as far as possible, from the relatives and connections of the chiefs. "The dress and arms (a rough idea of which I enclose) to be something similar to the Algerian Zouaves." The English Officers should be put through a compulsory examination in Pushtoo, and the books and records of the Regiment should be kept in Pushtoo. What an enthusiast he is! "A few days would be sufficient for me translate into Pushtoo the first part of the *Field Exercises and Evolutions* including Company Drill, and Rifle, and Manual Exercises."

"From my knowledge of the Afghan character, and from the confidence I have already gained over the numbers I have met, I feel sanguine of success, if the sanction of the Government should be accorded; and that I could bring together, in a few months, a body of men which, for size, strength and efficiency would be unsurpassable by any others on the continent of Asia, and each of whom would be equal to at least ten Hindustanis." Lieutenant Raverty is a Lieutenant of at least eight years' standing, but he is almost *too* sanguine.

Only give him leave, and within six weeks he will ride into Multan at the head of 1,500 – or 2,000 horse and foot or even more – all good men and true, and all anxious to take part in the sack of Delhi. "J.L." evidently does not like the wholesale enrolment of Pathans, or perhaps the water-colour sketches prejudiced him. But we have lived to see some little portion of Laverty's notion carried out. If the record-room shelves could speak, what strange tales they could tell of pigeon-holed recommendations, schemes strangled at birth, or rising from the grave in after-years, when the original father was dead and a stranger reaped the credit!

Here follows a stately letter of much greater interest. "The Lord William Hay," as the Babu calls him – "Deputy Commissioner of

Simla," – has been quarrelling with authorities of the State. In plain English, the Lord William Hay is "huffy." Mutineers have been looting Kalka and Pinjore, and that flustered and aristocratical D.C. has been sending a detachment of the 1st Fusiliers flying up and down the Hills. First he ordered them down to Kalka. Then the people of Simla were afraid of being left alone, and they were ordered up again. Next, Barnes, the Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States, who in May had raised a six per cent. loan from the Native States, and needed men as chronically as he needed money, sent up an urgent request for some English troops, and those Fusiliers were hurried down to Umballa. How they must have sworn tramping through the early July dust! Evidently the Lord William has been told not to bucket Her Majesty's troops about. He wraps himself in his virtue, and, though always "your obedient servant," is "quite at a loss to conceive" how he has done wrong. The burden of his letter, like all the rest, is "more troops." "J.L." dismisses that appeal in stony silence. What is the use of arguing with a Deputy Commissioner on a hill-top? Simla is safe enough; for the Goorkhas at Jutogh are good little men, and will not, as the ladies of Simla devoutly believe, march in to massacre.

Here, pitch-forked among the rest, turns up a hasty genial letter from Van Cortlandt, on the war-path at some illegible camp. Order reigns where Van Cortlandt has been. He says: – "There is no fear of anything going wrong in the Sirsa District, if Oliver does not draw the strings too tight." H'm! Evidently Van Cortlandt mistrusts Oliver, and would recommend conciliation. "Oliver is a *subberdust*[9] fellow, he requires to be kept in hand a little." This is naked truth with a vengeance; but Barnes, the Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States, is not likely to be hard on that *subberdust* Oliver for a little heavy-handedness. The revenue must be collected, that the people may know that the great Indian Government still sits at the receipt of custom.

Now, what in the world does Van Cortlandt mean by this? "Mrs. Van Cortlandt does not understand these things, or she would not have asked you for a pass for Hira Nand." Hira Nand is a Tehsildar[10] in the Hissar District, but what has happened? Has Mrs. Van Cortlandt been putting her fingers into the very mixed political pie of the period? Who can answer? The letter is incomplete.

Everything is incomplete, fragmentary, jumbled, leading nowhere.

But, after a while, as one turns the letters over the sense of the distance that separates the affable, eloquent, impartial, educated Present, from the hard-pressed, brutal and sternly practical Past, dies away.

At first, all seems like the disorderly procession of a dream – a rush of shadows from the dark to the dark. Here a soldier in the foreground fighting for the dear life; there another who has sheathed sword a moment and wipes his forehead. Behind him, a herd of frightened women and helpless invalids against a gloomy sky. Then a voice – the voice of the very strong man Nicholson – calling cheerily out of a dust-storm that "Her Majesty's 52nd Regiment is like a big mastiff trying to catch half a dozen jackals." Next, rushes of armed men, north, south, east and west, and a pause. Then the tale of the slain read out by a voice that seems to have no concern with living or dead – the voice of the official statement – the Chorus of the Tragedy – "of one council with the Gods."

Follows a glimpse of a city in the South, ringed with fire and crumbling to rubbish under the blows of a sun-smitten, sickness-stricken army. To this succeeds a city in the extreme North, very quiet and very strong, a buttress of defence guarded by clear-eyed men who speak slowly, and whose words carry far across the din between north and south.

But, above the clamour of command and counter-command, the bustle of alarums and excursions, through the smoke and the dust, runs a steel link of purpose and dominance – the will and the hand and the power of John Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of the Punjab.

It is no longer the rush of an evil dream we are looking at, but a length of great living frieze, where the figures are fixed for the moment, as they slide by, in strenuous, labouring attitudes – strong, hopeful, despairing, agonized, or coldly and bitterly masterful, as Fate had laid their burdens upon them.

One face recurs and recurs; and on that face there is no outward sign of trouble, nothing but determination and sleepless vigilance. In the end peace will come back, and then, and not till then, those lips will frame the question: – "Will you be governed by the Pen or by the Sword?"[11]

## NOTES

1 General John Nicholson (1821–57), one of the British heroes of the Mutiny. Early in the course of the mutiny he scattered the rebel 55th Regiment of native cavalry and drove it into Afghanistan, where, leaderless and without support, it was gradually annihilated by the Afghans. RK described the process at the beginning of "The Lost Legion": "It was hunted for the sake of its arms and accoutrements from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand – this officerless, rebel regiment."

2 Lawrence's plan to turn over Peshawur to Dost Mohammed of Afghanistan in order to free the troops there for other assignments was not carried out; he is given credit for contributing to the recapture of Delhi.

3 *bunnias*: merchants or moneylenders.

4 Ludhianah (now Ludiana) City in Malwa state, central Punjab, on the Grand Trunk Road between Amritsar and Delhi.

5 Enfield: the rifle-musket (muzzle-loading) introduced in India in 1856. There were many later Enfield models adopted by the army.

6 The pamphlet must have dealt with the new cartridges, greased with beef suet (offensive to the Hindus) or lard (offensive to both Hindus and Muslims), that are said to have helped precipitate the rebellion.

7 gawbry: not in *Hobson-Jobson*, though the word occurs also in "The Three Musketeers" ('That *Sahib's* nigh *gawbry* with funk!'). May derive from the Hindi घबरा (ghabraa), meaning "nervous, ajitter", or गड़बड़ (garbar) meaning "a muddle". [A.B.]

8 As Major H.G. Raverty he published *Notes on Afghanistan and Baluchistan,* 1880, a book alluded to in "The Man Who Would Be King."

9 *subberdust* (Urdu): high-handed. Also used by Kipling in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" ('Good chap, but too subberdusty and went bokhar four days out of seven').

10 *tehsildar*: tax officer

11 The inscription on the statue of Lawrence that formerly stood before the High Court in Lahore: "by the sword or the pen?"

# REVIEW

**Pierre Assouline *Tu seras un homme, mon fils* (*You'll be a man, my son*), Paris, Gallimard, 2020, ISBN 9 78207279168, Kindle £11.35, paperback, 283 pp, £16.35**

In this longish novel the refugee ex-schoolmaster Louis Lambert, former pupil of the poet Stéphane Mallarmé and lifelong admirer of Kipling's poem *If-,* relates to his grown-up son the history of Rudyard and John Kipling, and of his own relationships with both. As the Lamberts *père et fils* wander round Westminster Abbey in December 1941, young John/Jean Lambert (John to his father, Jean to his mother), now a soldier with the Free French and due to leave that evening on a secret mission to France, listens to his father telling in great detail how he first met his admired Kipling at Vernet-les-Bains in 1914, was invited to tutor John Kipling in French, and was given permission by the writer to translate his most famous poem. Louis describes John Kipling's army service and death and Rudyard Kipling's grief and guilt, his service to the Imperial War Graves Commission, and his post-War writings. He lets fall very little about himself, other than his estrangement from his own reactionary father, the traumatic war service which he describes to Kipling, and his own struggle for more than twenty years to produce an adequate French translation of *If-*.

As in Sudhir Kakar's novel *The Kipling File* (2018), this novel's narrating 'I' offers a psychological analysis of Kipling, for which the author has clearly done a lot of critical reading (listed in the novel's 10-page bibliography). Its portrayal of the writer comes close in conception, if not execution, to David Haig's in *My Boy Jack*. As in the play, John Kipling is portrayed as a pleasant but characterless youth destroyed by loyalty to his father's conventional ideals, which he's too weak to live up to and too conformist to reject. Assouline's version of Rudyard Kipling the man is less smug and more guilt-ridden than Haig's, but equally unattractive. Except when inspired to write by his Daemon, his Kipling is a neurotic reactionary given to hobnobbing with Press barons and similar grandees, an exacting employer whose servants can't stand him and Carrie for long, and a jingo racist whose colonial 'hierarchy of respect' puts white Englishmen at the top, then 'half-castes', then lice, then fleas, and lowest of all, 'natives'. He also hates Jews and thanks to 'son irlandophobia' (*sic*), all Irish. This is clearly *not* the creator of Muhammad Din, Little Tobrah, Purun Dass, Private Mulvaney, Kadmiel ('The Treasure and the Law'), Lalun and Wali Dad ('On the City Wall'), Ameera ('Without Benefit of Clergy'), Hurree Babu, Mahbub Ali or Teshoo Lama (*Kim*). Although Lambert's commentary on Kipling's poems shows that he's learned from Mallarmé to be a good close reader, he appears ignorant of Kipling's pre-1914 work beyond *If-* and the Mowgli stories in the *Jungle Books*. He hasn't heard of the story 'They' (1904) till Carrie tells him about it. He relates how after losing two of their children, the Kiplings were haunted by the question that faces every bereaved parent, 'Qu'est-ce qu' on a mal fait ?' ('What did [we] do wrong?'), but if he has read the tales in *Rewards and Fairies* as well as his beloved *If-*, he never noticed the question put by the storytellers: 'What else could I have done ?'

It's not clear whether the author is himself aware just how one-sided Lambert's account of Kipling is. Yet intentionally or not, the narrator's ignorance of the greater part of his favourite writer's *oeuvre* actually strengthens this narrative. What makes *Tu seras un homme* a more intriguing novel than *The Kipling File* is, precisely, Lambert's unreliability as a centre of consciousness. He not only fails for two decades and more to translate the verses which he considers the pinnacle of English poetry (rather like the clerk Joseph Grand in Camus' *La Pèste* who gets no further with his intended masterpiece than rewriting its opening sentence year after year), he also suffers from a curious lack of self-awareness. Lambert is a rebellious son who prefers keeping a date with the elderly Kipling to attending his own father's deathbed, calls his own son after John Kipling and is about to send the boy off with his blessing on a mortally dangerous mission to France, yet his lengthy account of Rudyard Kipling's unconsciously destructive relationship with John living and John dead is untouched by any hint of awareness that his own twin obsessions with Kipling's life and with *If-* may be leading him to repeat his favourite writer's errors. This blind spot becomes glaring (as it were) when Lambert reveals at the end of the novel something he never admitted to Kipling, that he and his family are Jewish. That means his own son's mission to Vichy France is doubly dangerous for the young man, perhaps as lethal as Army service was for the short-sighted John Kipling. The climax of the novel, Louis' recitation of his own French version of *If-* to Kipling's memorial in Poets' Corner in the presence of John, 'tout aussi ému que moi' ('just as moved as myself'), is thus ironic as well as poignant. The proud patriot knows he has indeed begotten a Man. What Mme Lambert thinks (if she's still alive), and whether John/Jean Lambert survives, we are not told.

*Janet Montefiore*

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## ROGER AYERS AND THE KIPLING SOCIETY

*From John Walker*

At the end of March, 2014, I received a warning that City University in London would be 'repurposing' the top floor of its building in Northampton Square, and that the Society would need to find a new home for its collection, by the beginning of June.

In the ensuing move, I received help from many sources, especially Robin Mitchell (a member of Council), Sir John Chapple, the staff of City University Library, and of course Toby Parker and the Master of Haileybury College.. In many ways, however, the advice and support of our President, Lt Col Roger Ayers, was the most important to me personally.

Roger, and his wife Lesley, have always been models of the way in which a Society can be led, by example and sometimes by precept (but never by blow!). Roger has been involved in so much of the daily work of the Society, and has shown frequently that he appreciates the demands on voluntary officers. He has steered us where necessary, and offered practical help in numerous ways. I do hope that he, and Lesley, will be part of our activities for many years to come.

*John Walker,*
*Honorary Librarian,*
*Headcorn, Kent, UK*

## KAY ROBINSON AND KIPLING

*From David Alan Richards*

Further to Philip Holberton's transcription of E. Kay Robinson's article "Kipling in India" for *McLure's Magazine* in 1896, readers of the *Kipling Journal* may be interested in a long-ago letter of protest by Lockwood Kipling, to Robert S. McClure of S.S. McClure and Co., which I have in my collection. Writing on 8 April 1896, presumably in response to reading a proof of the article prior to its publication in July, Lockwood complains that although he does not see "any noticeable mistakes of statement or of Fact," he objects to "unnecessary allusions to 'Lahore sores' and the 'Delhi boil'" as heightening "an already overcharged picture of grotesquerie,". He also complains of Robinson mentioning the younger Kipling's "extraordinary hairy chest,"' a reference which "would be found almost indecent in America." He notes that "my son was not in the habit of going to and from the office displaying an expanse of hairy chest." After a further complaint about Robinson's reference to "the smell of the Pathan, Mahumb (*sic*) Ali," he comes to his primary point: "I am sorry to seem to find fault, for tho' I very cordially detest all this kind of yarning about a young man, holding that the public has no business with more than his books; – I am bound to admit that there is much judicious and even generous appreciation & discrimination in K.R.'s paper ...

"I can't help thinking that an impression will be conveyed of the boy toiling miserably at an uncongenial occupation & having a hard life of it. Nothing could be further from the truth. There never was a creature who more thoroughly and heartily went in for his work, or who got more out of life during that delightful time when we were all together."

Lockwood's objections had some small effect, as no mentions of "Lahore sores" or "Delhi boil" are to be found, and if Robinson had employed the word "hairy," it disappeared (although the implication remained). But in *Pearson's Magazine* the description of the young journalist's exposed chest and of the odor of Kipling's friend the Pathan Mahumb Ali survived.

*David Alan Richards,*
*Stamford, CT, USA*

# 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 and membership forms are available on the Society's web-site, or from the **Membership Secretary Fiona Renshaw, Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex, TN19 7HP, email ksmemsec@outlook.com.** 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 the **Haileybury, Hertfordshire, and Special Collection, Sussex University**
- 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, following 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, 56, Chaplin Drive, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9TN, England,** or **email to jwawalker@gmail.com.**

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, talks by invited speakers, and articles on all aspects of Kipling and his work. She is happy to receive submissions from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment and articles between 500 and 5000 words are especially welcome. Email **jem1@kent.ac.uk,** or write to **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 36 St Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, Kent, CT2 8BZ, U.K.**

## MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTION RATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| UK (payment by Standing Order) | £27 | Joint £37 |
| UK (payment by cheque) | £29 | Joint £39 |

(Joint – two members, same address, one *Journal*.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| UK Young Members (under 23) | £14 | |
| Europe, airmail | £31 | €43 |
| Rest of the World, surface mail | £31 | US$48 |
| Rest of the World, airmail | £35 | US$54 |

Universities and libraries are £2 (or the currency equivalent) more than the corresponding individual rate.

Cheques are accepted made out to the Kipling Society and drawn on British banks in pounds, on US banks in dollars or on European banks in Euros. For other currencies please use either a Bank Draft or a Bank Transfer in pounds sterling. Transfers should be made to the Kipling Society account at Lloyds TSB, Old Bond Street, London, using our International Bank Account Number (IBAN) **GB18LOYD30962400114978** and the Bank Identity Code (BIC) **LOYDGB21014**.

Members who pay their subscriptions from UK taxed income may increase the value of their subscription to the Society by completing a Gift Aid Declaration, available from the Membership Secretary. This enables the Society to reclaim from H.M. Revenue and Customs the tax paid on subscriptions.

**Fiona Renshaw, Membership Secretary,** can be contacted at **Keylands, Burwash, East Sussex TN19 7NP, U.K.**

or by e-mail: ksmemsec@outlook.com

Printed by 4word Ltd, Bristol