



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

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

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

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

The temporary address of the Society is Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley, Surrey (01-660 8711).

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

Wednesday, 20th September, 1967, after A.G.M. at 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, 20th December, 1967, 2.30 p.m.

Addresses for these meetings not yet known.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

September 13th, 1967, at The Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Mr. T. F. Evans regrets his inability to appear as announced, but Mr. J. H. McGivering will open a discussion on "Some of Kipling's Numbers (.007 to 267)".

November 15th, 1967. Same time and place. Mr. R. L. Green will speak on "'The Man from Nowhere'—London 1889."

Annual Luncheon. The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Wednesday, 25th October, 1967. The Guest of Honour will be the Rt. Hon. the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, author of "The MacDonald Sisters".

Application forms will be sent out this month.

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NEWS AND NOTES

' LITTLE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD '

As *Kim's* place among the Great Novels becomes more assured it is natural that writers of all kinds should turn their attention to it. In the last *Journal* appeared a study by the American scholar and critic Dr. Elliot L. Gilbert; in this number Professor Carrington questions a number of his assertions. Quite independently, a long article on *Kim* by a German student aged 17 has been sent to the Editor by Mr. Edward McLean Munro, whose opinion is that 'for one so young it is certainly remarkable' — of which readers may judge for themselves. It is indeed pleasant to be able to publish so mature a study by one of the generation that should now be discovering Kipling's literary greatness: 'Out of the mouths of—No—no! Not that by any odds,' as Colonel Dabney put it.

THE GREAT GAME

Whether the Secret Service is of major or minor importance in *Kim*, 'originals' or parallels of characters concerned with it are claimed from time to time. *The Times* of 19 April 1967, for example, wrote in the obituary notice of Lt. Col. Frederick Marsham Bailey, C.I.E. that: 'In its diversity of adventure his career as soldier, explorer, linguist, secret agent and diplomatist can be compared with that of Sir Richard Burton and it included not a few incidents reminiscent of Kipling's *Kim*; Sarat Chandra Das, who examined young Bailey for his proficiency in Tibetan, was in fact the Bengali secret explorer who appears in *Kim* under the name Hurry Chunder Mookerjee. Participants in the "great game" of obtaining information for the Government of India which would enable frontiers to be defined continually risked death from assassination, disease, starvation and the accidents of avalanches and sudden floods, and it was by unusual resourcefulness, toughness, diplomatic tact, linguistic ability and luck, all in good measure, that Bailey survived so many hazards to reach the age of 85.'

Our President, Mr. R. E. Harbord, remembers going hawking with Bailey on the Mohmand Border near Shabkader and the Michui Canal, on the North West Frontier in 1916. He writes:—

'Colonel Bailey's work was at times much like that described as being carried out by Colonel Creighton in *Kim*; he was not, however, in the Army or any service until after the book was written. As far as the character Creighton was based on any one man, that one was Lt. Colonel A. H. Mason, C.B., D.S.O., R.E., who died in 1896 aged 40.'

The Times obituary goes on to describe how Bailey won the Royal

Geographical Society's Gold Medal by tracing the course of 'the Dihang river up into the Tangpo' in company with Captain H. T. Morshead and by so doing risked official displeasure and came near to losing their lives.

'Curiously enough, Bailey, for ail his explorations and secret service work in Central Asia, is likely to be remembered for his incidental discovery of the now celebrated Tibetan blue poppy named *Meconopsis betonicifolia baileyi*'

KIM'S READING

This brings to mind another naturalist, mentioned in *Kim* where the two Russian spies listen to the Lama expounding the Most Excellent Way : 'The strangers leaned on their alpenstocks and listened. Kim, squatting humbly, watched the red sunlight on their faces, and the blend and parting of their long shadows. They wore un-English leggings and curious girt-in belts that reminded him hazily of the pictures in a book at St. Xavier's library : ' *The Adventures of a Young Naturalist in Mexico* was its name. Yes, they looked very like the wonderful M. Sumichrast of that tale . . . '

Once again Kipling's memory has taken him back to book which he probably read in his childhood : *Adventures of a Young Naturalist* by Lucien Biart (1869) ; edited and adapted by Parker Gillmore, and published in 1870, with 'one hundred and seventeen illustrations.' The adventures do indeed take place in Mexico, though it is not mentioned in the title, and the little party of explorers — the author, his young son Lucien, and their native servant l'Encuerado — is indeed led by the remarkable ' Françoise Sumichrast, a Swiss *savant*, well known for his discoveries in natural history . . . He was a distinguished ornithologist, and was never so much at home as in the midst of the forests ; in fact he often regretted that he had not been born an Indian.'

This character appears to be a real person, since a Francis E. Sumichrast was author of *Note sur les Moeurs de Quelques Reptiles du Mexique* (1864) and a book on *The Geographical Distribution of the Native Birds of the Department of Vera Cruz* translated into English in 1869.

Adventures of a Young Naturalist seems indeed to be the account of an actual expedition told in story form, and packed with information about Natural History to educate the young reader painlessly in the course of an adventurous yarn.

The illustrations which remained so vividly in Kipling's mind (and Kim's) are by the French artist Léon Benett who illustrated several of Jules Verne's romances. The costumes are certainly picturesque though it is surprising that they made such an impression in these rather dark wood cuts — but perhaps the descriptions in the text lent colour to Kipling's recollections : the boy Lucien in his 'jacket and breeches of blue cloth, with his Mexican cloak over them; he carried in his belt a sword sharpened to cut his way through the creeping plants, while over his shoulder was passed the strap of a game-pouch, containing a knife, a cup and a change of underclothing. The broad-brimmed hat, or sombrero, on his head, gave him a most determined air.' Or the Indian 'clad in a leathern jacket and breeches . . . On his

back he fastened a basket containing our main stock of provisions.'

The belts are certainly picturesque, being wide sashes stuck full of curved knives and hung with water-bottles; but the leggings below rather baggy breeches are hardly visible. However M. Sumichrast is described as looking like Fenimore Cooper's 'Leatherstocking'—which again would have conjured up a mental picture more vivid than the illustrations themselves.

GRAVES AND EPITAPHS

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the War Graves Commission Mr. Philip Longworth has produced a volume of 253 pages entitled *The Unending Vigil* (published by Constable at Two Guineas). This contains also an Introduction by Professor Edmund Blunden, who succeeded to Kipling's place on the Commission in 1936—not only as poet and man of letters, but as one who served in the War from 1914 to 1918 and wrote one of the greatest books of the kind about his experiences, *Undertones of War*.

The review in *The Times Literary Supplement* notes that 'the leading spirit of the War Graves Commission was Sir Fabian Ware . . . The dignified even noble war graves now scattered over the world in 5,000 burial grounds are his memorial though not his alone; among his staunchest helpers was Rudyard Kipling who lost a son at Loos, and the work of architects such as Blomfield, Lutyens and Baker will remind future generations that this country was not lacking in imagination when remembering the fallen.'

The first book on the subject, *War Graves of the Empire*, reprinted from the Special Number of *The Times* of 10 November 1928, contains many signed contributions, though none by Kipling; but nearly half the volume is anonymous, and much of this is thought to be from his pen—though he only admitted to the authorship of the chapter called 'The Silent World', and the Epitaph which opens the book:

'We, giving all, gained all. Neither lament nor praise.

Only in all things recall it is Fear—not Death—that slays.'

The Epitaph, with thirty-four others, is included in *The Years Between* as finally augmented in *The Sussex Edition*, Vol. XXXIII. But Kipling had already tried his hand as a writer of Epitaphs in verse during the Boer War, and in Vol. XXXV may be found one dedicated to G. W. Stevens who died at Ladysmith (p. 215), and the official one on the Memorial at Kimberley designed by Sir Herbert Baker (p. 218)—to whom Kipling also sent the lines on Cecil Rhodes when his Memorial was under discussion in 1905 (p. 223).

Professor H. J. Chapman, Dean of Students at Rhodes University, reminds us that Kipling also wrote, and signed, the lines which appear on the Memorial at Grahamstown which was unveiled in March 1906:—

'They came of that same stubborn stock that stood
At Runnymede for Freedom without fear;
Wherefore they gave the treasure of their blood
To 'stablish Freedom here.'

This, writes Professor Chapman, was specially written by Kipling for the Memorial which commemorates the 146 men of Grahamstown

and district who lost their lives in the Basutoland War (1880-1881), the Gaika Gcaleka War (1887-88), the Bechuanaland Campaign (1896-97) and the South African War (1899-1902).'

KIPLING'S CLUBS

One of our American Vice-Presidents, Mr. Charles Lesley Ames, sends the following note on Kipling's membership of the famous Century Club of New York of which he was 'the youngest Member ever admitted':

"RUDYARD KIPLING—Admitted to Century Club 1895.

Apparently he had paid his dues for 1936 before his death in 1935 because his membership is listed among "Former Members" 1895-1936.

Age : 29½ years.

Proposed : June 28, 1895

Elected : November 2, 1895

Period of Membership :

Proposer : Lockwood de Forest 1879-1932

Seconder : Richard Watson Gilder 1882-1909

Poet & Editor in Chief of Scribner's
and the Century magazines

Signers of Proposal Book :

Augustus St. Gaudens	1886-1907	Famous American sculptor.
Henry Rutgers Marshall	1891-1927	Architect & philosophical writer.
John Kendrick Bangs	1892-1922	Writer & Humorist (Houseboat on the Styx, etc.).
Frank Dempster Sherman	1892-1916	Poet, Educator, & Professor of Graphics.
Edmund Clarence Stedman	1864-1908	A famous war correspondent of the New York World & a poet, biographer.
John Hay	- 1871-1905	U.S. Diplomat, Secretary of State, & co-author of the famous biography of Lincoln.

Some of these may have written letters also."

With this should be compared the page from the Candidates Book of the Savile Club, London, reproduced on page 4 of *Journal* No. 96 (Dec. 1950). This shows that Kipling was proposed on 25 Oct : 1890 and elected on 30 Jan : 1891, his Proposer being Andrew Lang, in whose hand Kipling's name, works and address are written. The signatures of his 'seconders' fill every available inch of the page which, wrote Carrington in his Biography 'looked like a roll of English men of letters.'

Commenting on these two club entries, Professor Carrington wonders how it was that 'in London he wasn't elected to the Savile till the end of his visit, Nov : 1891 ; in New York he was elected to the Century only at the end of his American visit, Nov : 1895,' and comes to the conclusion that Kipling 'was never, really, a clubman.'

This may be true, but the evidence supplied by these two entries does not prove it.

The membership of the Savile Club was limited strictly to 500, and at the time of Kipling's first introduction to it in Oct : 1889 there was a considerable waiting-list. He could not be entered officially as a candidate for election until a vacancy was known to be imminent : he frequented the Club during the year before his election — but as the guest of Lang, Anstey or others of his early London friends. It is even possible that a year's probation was necessary — in which case the date '25 Oct : 1890' may be significant — i.e. Lang first introduced him on 25 Oct : 1889. But there must be early members of the Savile Club still living who could settle this point.

Similarly, if Kipling was the youngest member ever elected to the Century Club, in 1895, it was presumably impossible to elect him earlier — and tradition was stretched then so as to elect him before he left America. But he must have been a frequent visitor as the guest of his subsequent Proposer and probably of several of his seconders.

Kipling still belonged to several London Clubs towards the end of his life, and attended them, even if only occasionally—as John Buchan and J. M. Barrie have testified.

But the whole subject needs much more research than has yet been given to it.

KIPLING AND FREEMASONRY

On Friday 19th May the President attended a ceremony at the Sussex Masonic Temple, Brighton, at which a new Lodge was consecrated by the Provincial Grand Master of Sussex, to be known as the RUDYARD KIPLING LODGE No. 8169 in the English Constitution.

It will meet at Uckfield but is intended mainly for the Burwash District of Sussex. Mr. Harbord reports :—

" One hundred and seventy five Freemasons attended the ceremony of whom 135 stayed for dinner. The corn used in the Consecration was grown and given to the Lodge by the present tenant of a farm at Burwash, which land belonged to the Kipling Estate for nearly 40 years.

" During the evening the verses ' Banquet Night ' were sung to the music of Paul Davis who specially set the poem for the new Lodge. It is thought this was the first time it was sung in public. It may well be that this was the first time it has been set to music. T was presented with a copy of the Song which I will hand to Miss Punch for recording with the rest of our sheet music which she has listed so carefully.

" This is an appropriate time to remind readers of the late Mr. Basil M. Bazley's article in Kipling Journal No. 140 of December 1961 which notes nearly all the main Masonic references in Kipling's works ; also I must refer to Kipling's own notes on the subject in *Something of Myself* (pp. 52-3).

" I particularly draw attention to the five great stories in *Debits and Credits* and *Limits and Renewals* :

In the Interests of the Brethren

A Madonna of the Trenches

A Friend of the Family

The Janeites

Fairy Kist.

" In the first four the Lodge is referred to as FAITH AND

WORKS No. 5837 EC. Except in the case of the last of the stories where, apparently a mistake, the number is given as No. 5836 EC.

"It seems likely that when Kipling began these stories he gave 'his' Lodge of Instruction the number 5837 in 1918 or earlier, when the highest numbered Lodge under the Grand Lodge of England was less than half of his figure. However in 1941 two Middlesex lodges were consecrated with the numbers 5836 and 5837 and at some time a Lodge in Wolverhampton was given the name FAITH AND WORKS — not necessarily because Kipling used the name, but I will write and find out about this if any member would like to know.

"One of the officers of the new lodge is Mr. Henry Wemyss Feilden, a great nephew of that Colonel Wemyss Feilden, Kipling's great friend so warmly referred to on pages 193-196 of *Something of Myself*."

A CORRECTION

In Dr. Bojarski's article on Kipling and Conrad in *Journal* 162 (page 12) it is stated that 'Bateman's' was "later renamed Welcoming House." This is not true in fact—though among some of Kipling's friends it may have been given this nickname.

R T C

ELLIOT GILBERT ON 'KIM'

By Charles Carrington

Students of Kipling are so much indebted to Dr. Elliot Gilbert that it seems ungracious to take issue with him. His essay on *Kim*, 'Novel or Propaganda' seems to me to call for a rejoinder, since it purports to replace one erroneous view by another. Dr. Gilbert speaks with authority, but with authority based on hindsight; and he reveals a subtle incomprehension of what British India was really like, frequently to be noticed in even the most sophisticated Americans. Was *Kim* a novel, or was it a *piece of justificatif* about the British Empire? Well! read it, and you will see at once that it was neither. But who ever suggested that it was one of these two? What serious critic expected Kipling to write a novel, at as late a date as 1901? What serious critic denigrated the book on the grounds that it was a bad novel? My impression is that *Kim* was lightly reviewed; it was regarded at first as a book for boys, a follow-up after *Stalky*; and the two were damned together, by Arnold Bennett in the withering phrase: 'Stalky cooled me, and *Kim* chilled me.' He would have been surprised to learn that these two books have outlived all his own. I suspect that the reputation of *Kim* grew with the international Boy Scout movement, passed by way of boys who grew up into the adult world, and finally came into the ken of the literary critics. I rather think I may have had a hand in this when, in 1948, I reviewed Mr. Croft-Cooke's book, in which he discussed *Kim* — as a novel; and so started a discussion in the *Times Literary Supplement*.

But, in 1901, Kipling was at the height of his reputation, and the British Empire was on the crest of an imperialist wave. The elections of 1900 had first swept imperialist administrations into office, in Britain, and in the U.S.A.; and Kipling was the close friend of Chamberlain,

Rhodes, and Milner, as he was of Theodore Roosevelt and of John Hay, the American Minister in London. His own comments on Empire, as in *Recessional*, as even in the *White Man's Burden*, had all been judicious words of warning; and the book he now produced on a boy's life in British India, did not contain a single sentence of imperial propaganda. That was not what it was about. Imperialists might have complained that he missed an opportunity.

Dr. Gilbert is far too perceptive to suppose — as do some of the critics he quotes — that *Kim* is a book about a 'black boy who discovers he is white . . . and becomes a member of the white man's oppressive secret service.' But he gives his position away by the sentence.

"The hero-worship of such men as 'Creighton and 'Lurgan', which would perhaps be ugly in Kipling himself, is perfectly understandable in 'Kim'."
(Because he is only a boy).

On this I make three comments : first, Kim very decidedly does not worship these two men as heroes. Both are minor characters, and 'Kim', even as a boy, accepts their help with gratitude, while absolutely refusing to become subservient to them. Secondly, they are not two of a kind. 'Creighton' is a *sahib* and, incidentally one of the only two Englishmen in the book whom Kipling does not treat with contempt, while 'Lurgan' is a nondescript half-caste who would never have got inside the Simla Club. Thirdly, why would it be 'ugly' in an adult to admire Creighton? Has Dr. Gilbert slipped into anti-colonial prejudice?

'Kim' is, emphatically, not a member of the British governing class. The Secret Service, in which he acquires a humble place, as junior assistant to the *babu*, 'Hurree Chunder', is not concerned with 'putting down attempts' by Indians to become their own masters, but with combating Russian infiltration. The principal characters of the book, the *babu* (and let me assure Dr. Gilbert that *babu* was, and is, a title of honour in Bengal), the *pathan*, the *sahiba*, the 'Woman of Shamlegh', and, above all, the Tibetan *Lama*, are all Asians, who reveal notable virtues as 'Kim' learns to know them better. This is Kipling's maturer comment on what had been his first word to the world :

There is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men together stand, though they come from the
ends of the earth.'

If we are to search for race-prejudice in *Kim*, we shall perhaps find it in reverse. No Asian character is dismissed with the contumely which Kipling heaps upon the English chaplain; and in 'Kim's' progress through low-life, he meets no other character as despicable as the English drummer-boy. This is a picaresque book about India written with love for India; and it must make difficult reading for one who opens it looking for something else.

"THE RUN OF HIS LIBRARY"

So many books wholly or partly about Kipling have appeared recently, that it has proved impossible to secure full-scale reviews of them for the *Journal*. If any Members feel moved to submit long or short

criticisms or comments about them, their contributions will be welcomed. Meanwhile, to keep up to date, short notes must suffice to introduce the latest books to their many potential readers in the Society.

Pride of place must be given to the long-awaited volume by one of our Vice-Presidents :— *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist*, by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford University Press, 30s.), which was published in May. This is an absorbing volume, beautifully written and packed with a life-time's appreciation and criticism of Kipling's works. Among its many virtues the sensible and realistic treatment of Kipling's political views considered in their just relation to his literary achievement makes an outstanding addition to Kipling studies, nor should the section on 'The Story Teller', divided between 'The Realist' and 'The Fabulist' be overlooked while, as we expected, the detailed study of Kipling's Poetry and Verse ranks with Dr. Tompkins's study of the prose works and at last fills the gap which she had left.

An interesting Appendix deals with a number of 'Rare or Invented Words Used by Kipling' which as will be seen from the contribution on p. 10 of this *Journal* has already inspired a follower. Curiously, not one of the words listed by Professor Dobrée was included in W. Leeb-Lundberg's *Word-Formation in Kipling* (1909), apparently the only earlier study of Kipling's vocabulary.

The Wheel of Empire: A Study of the Imperial Idea in Some Late Nineteenth and Early Twentieth-Century Fiction, by Alan Sandison (Macmillan, 30s.), devotes its largest and best section to Kipling. The other writers considered are Haggard, Conrad and Buchan, and Mr. Sandison has laboured hard and tortuously to find places for this odd combination among the spokes of his wheel. Imperialism is given, as Janet Adam Smith put it in her *Sunday Telegraph* review, 'a philosophical rather than a historical significance. It becomes an exploration of man's struggle for consciousness in a hostile environment.' Although he falls into the usual trap of crediting his authors with their characters' views (most glaringly in the case of Buchan), Mr. Sandison's section on Kipling treats the man and the author from a new and sometimes startlingly perceptive angle. This section should certainly be read by all Kipling students, though most of them will find the book as a whole rather disappointing and obscure — peppered, moreover with critical jargon that even the Shorter Oxford Dictionary cannot elucidate : what, for example, is the meaning of "nada" — not to be confused with Haggard's heroine of that name — in the following passage from page 108 which seems to get as near the heart of the matter as such an amateur anatomist as the present reviewer can come ? —

'The attainment of selfhood and, for this end, the preservation of illusions in the face of nada, provided him [Kipling] with an all-absorbing concern. From this there came, on the one hand, his acute awareness of man's dilemma, his sympathy for struggling humanity and his conception of the role of the artist : and on the other, his fundamentally selfish view of society with all that implies for those who failed to recognise where their responsibilities lay. What those early Indian stories reveal, in fact, is a man desperately working to establish an economy of the self which will preserve a balance between the psychotic perils of total alienation

and the demands and inroads made on the integrity of the self in a "healthy" commitment to society.'

Rudyard Kipling's India, by K. Bhaskara Rao (University of Oklahoma Press, 47s.) is at present no more than a title, since no copy has turned up for review. (N.B. This should not be confused with S. Sajjad Hussain's *Kipling and India*, published by the University of Dacca in 1964—a not-very-illuminating doctoral thesis presented in 1952 and published unrevised twelve years later.)

Essays and Studies 1967, collected for The English Association, by Martin Holmes (John Murray, 18s.), is noteworthy here for an excellent essay by J. C. Trewin on 'Kipling and the Theatre'. This deals not only with the plays that Kipling wrote, tried to write or thought of writing, but with references to the theatre in his stories such as 'The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat', and the dramatisations of *The Light that Failed* and 'The Man Who Was' by others. Mr. Trewin also dwells lovingly on 'Proofs of Holy Writ' in which 'Kipling reveals his own craftsman's mind as surely as Shakespeare's'—but in his case the craftsmanship of a dramatist who could not write plays.

R.L.G.

MORE RARE OR INVENTED WORDS

Many members of the Society will have read Professor Dobrée's new book with interest, and doubtless it will be discussed in the *Journal*. In addition to the pleasure of seeing half-formed ideas of my own so clearly expressed in *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* I found it fascinating to look through the appendix on rare or invented words used by Kipling. In my opinion few of the words listed are actual inventions, although Kipling certainly did invent some words and combinations of words, even if we omit the excesses of Leeb-Lundberg. Someone with a knowledge of Sussex dialect, or access to a dialect dictionary, could fill some of the gaps, and in this connection reference should be made to the glossary by J. DeLancey Ferguson in the *Journal* Nos. 17-21. If the list does not provoke too much correspondence of elucidation and addition may I suggest a few meanings which are not supplied by Professor Dobrée?

Beasled : R. Thurston Hopkins in *The Kipling Country* (1924) reports this as a Sussex word for "tired out", as used in 'A Priest in Spite of Himself.' With a slightly altered meaning it can be "to worry" or to "tease" according to Hopkins, and this is the sense in 'Simple Simon' and, incidentally, in 'Friendly Brook.'

Brish : in 'A Priest in Spite of Himself' is thought by Professor Dobrée to be a variant of "brush". It is worth noting that J. C. Egerton gives this as the Sussex pronunciation in *Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways*.

Gash : in 'On One Side Only' (*Letters of Travel*) is a Scots word meaning "dismal" according to the *Readers' Guide*. Possibly it is from the French *gauche* with a slight alteration of meaning like others of its kind, but quite apart from that Kipling's use of the word is puzzling for I do not think that his MacDonald descent influenced his vocabulary in that way.

Griff : in 'The Serai Cabal' (*From Sea to Sea*) is short for "griffin" which seems to have been used by Kipling and his Anglo-Indian contemporaries to mean tenderfoot or greenhorn new to India. According to Professor Cornell's *Kipling in India* it is an eighteenth century word, and so presumably survived from earlier days of the East India Company. It occurs in 'Estunt the Griff' in *Echoes* and, I fancy, elsewhere.

Gydon : in '*Love-o'-Women*' is a mistaken or unusual spelling of "guidon". "Pennant narrowing to point at free end (used as standard of dragoons)" C.O.D.

Kelk : is probably the very common weed Fool's Parsley (*Aethusa Cynapium*), which is called "keck" in Leicestershire. This would make much more sense than "kelp" in 'An Habitation Enforced'.

REPORT ON DISCUSSION MEETING

12th April 1967 at the Royal Society of St. George

It is always something of a red-letter day when Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins opens a discussion and, seeing the daunting nature of her subject, the success of this evening's proceedings may be regarded as overwhelming. Even the most dispassionate and sanely critical of Kipling's admirers are by now conditioned to a sense of embarrassment when the verses entitled "If—" are mentioned and these were the subject at which Doctor Tompkins was to take a fresh look, alongside other "wisdom" (or gnomic) poetry.

The speaker opened her discourse by quoting from *Something of Myself* (p. 191) in which the author referred to "If—", "which escaped from the book" (*Rewards and Fairies*) "and for a time ran about the world." The verses contained "counsels of perfection most easy to give" and were drawn from the character of Doctor Jameson of the famous raid. The "suffering young" on whom they were inflicted by schoolmasters and others professed to find no merit in them or their author. From this, she said, we may suspect the weariness of the artist not allowed to put aside the work he has finished with, and a perception that they had suffered from their popularity, although widely acclaimed when new. The speaker's "first literary man" quoted them at her first dinner party, but by 1935, when *Something of Myself* was written, their edge had lost its keenness and their impact had been lessened by over-familiarity.

They were written to go with "Brother Square-toes" in *Rewards and Fairies*. Professor Carrington, for whose help the speaker offered a warm tribute of thanks, had told her, inter alia, that the author was working on the verses for that book between October 1909 and March 1910 and that they went to press on April 15th 1910. Their literary derivation was from the figure of George Washington as described by Pharaoh Lee, refusing in the face of advice and public opinion to go to war with England (*Rewards and Fairies*, pp. 170-1) which is the key to the opening lines of the poem, and the point of the tale. However, in their personal context, as the author says, they derive from Doctor Jameson, of whom the author had seen a great deal both in "triumph and disaster" and noted how he maintained his steady, quiet stance

in both favourable and adverse circumstances. But Professor Carrington says that the character suits Washington better than Jameson.

Wisdom poetry, sometimes called gnomic, which is the type to which "If —" belongs, is very old and widespread. It indicates what to follow, what to avoid, or simply what *is* (the general nature of man and condition of life). It seems to have a close relationship to proverbs, the condensed and portable wisdom of a race, which may be stern or facetious, noble or cynical, or just practical. Wisdom poetry, like proverbs, has for substance a *general* truth, whether shallow or profound. As examples the speaker quoted from *Proverbs* xxiv. The proverb pattern is frequently found in Kipling's works; he had a strong bent for this kind of verse statement of general truth throughout his range. His titles, themes and phrases abound in *Proverbs* and *Ecclesiastes*, e.g. *Many Inventions* (*Eccles.* vii), "A Servant when He Reigneth" (*Proverbs* xxx), "The Thousandth Man" (*Eccles.* vii), and we find interesting similarities of attitude, style and arrangement with a rhythmical balance of parallels and opposites on which he builds up stanzas and poems, vide "Neighbours" ("Beauty Spots"),

In this he is not in the least peculiar, since examples of wisdom poetry abound in the work of his predecessors such as Tennyson, Arnold and Swinburne (in whose work is plenty of Old Testament language). Swinburne and Kipling share with Solomon a zestful censoriousness, enjoying the delivery of rebuke and judgement. India provided a plethora of proverbs which he used liberally, sometimes pointing out how close they were to Solomon's. Such similarities pleased him. He found great sympathy with the wisdom poetry of Kabir, the 15th century weaver and mystic, still heard on the lips of the people. Kabir, born at Benares of Muslim parents, was neither Muslim nor Hindu;¹ he attacked the rites and institutions of both creeds. God, he said, was neither in temple nor mosque, but everywhere. His proverbs and couplets are known still by illiterate people in villages, as are his lyrical and meditative poems, which often conclude with a concentrated line of advice or deduction beginning "Kabir says" (See "A Song of Kabir" accompanying "The Miracle of Purun Baghat" and also the heading of Chapter XIV of *Kim*). My friend K. K. Singh, said Doctor Tompkins, thinks that the influence of Kabir on Kim's lama is stronger than that of Buddhism.

Wisdom poetry, then, she continued, makes unqualified assertions; it says what things *are*; do this and —; avoid this or —; presenting itself not as one man's view of the world, but as a definition of the nature of that world, universal in operation. It may have a personal introduction or ending, but its substance purports to be as impersonal as a theorem, as conclusively proved as a demonstration, e.g.

As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,

I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market Place.

Peering through reverent fingers I watch them flourish and fall,

And the Gods of the Copybook Headings, I notice, outlast them all.

Then we turn to the nature of Gods—hard practical conclusions of human history which have not altered since the Carboniferous Epoch, as he extravagantly says, and are valid now. He did not believe that the important conditions and relations of life altered, and was always

delighted to find or to make parallels from different epochs. He thus begins "A Departure" :

Since first the White Horse Banner blew free,
By Hengist's horde unfurled,
Nothing has changed on land or sea
Of the things that steer the world.

and the refrain is "Woe to the weaker — woe!" This belief is behind the fun of his excursions into the prehistoric, when he transfers the relation of a poet and his public, or a poet and his competitors, to what he calls Neolithic times — seeming to mean Paleolithic but scansion will not permit. It lies behind such parallels as the "Birds of Prey March" and "Rimini" (Troops embarking for foreign service sing "An you'll never see your soldiers any more!" Roman soldiers marching to Britain by the Via Aurelia sing "But his shield was picked up in the heather, And he never saw Rome any more!").

I have reached, the speaker continued, a distinction in modern literary taste. While ready enough to accept the soldiers' similar human reactions in similar conditions in widely separate places and times, it is quite unable to accept ethical abstractions, let alone the metaphysical ones. It is repelled by the shocking sureness of the modern poet in an utterly insecure world. The wisdom poet claims to know what has been, is, and will be. That is his offence. In a world where laws of nature have diminished to high probabilities; where all moral law is seen as relative to particular cultures and the particular economic and psychological needs of different classes; where the I — the knower — dissolves into a fluctuant and abysmal mystery, as chaotic as the supposed knowledge, the wisdom poet asserts, defines, concludes and generalizes his conclusion. In a poet of the past these assertions have at least historic interest; in a poet of today they are found intolerable. We may add to this the modern distaste for conceptual language in poetry — for statement, intellectual definition, argument, and the summary and enforcement with which wisdom poems often end. This, however, is not a universal condition. Wisdom poems may be written in metaphor, or in brief dramatic utterances and then I think, they are more acceptable. (Here the speaker quoted from "Natural Theology"). I also think the cynical and frivolous statements are swallowed far more easily than the serious ones. There is no rhyme or reason in this. The last of "Certain Maxims of Hafiz" (*Departmental Ditties*) may be noted :

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy knees in my pain,
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day or one hour —
refrain.

Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou cravest another man's
chain?

This is an exaggeration of a warning frequent in *Proverbs* and *Ecclesiastes*. But if the world is as chaotic as we are told, it is no safer a generalization than the action of the Gods of the Copybooks, or the fate of those who do not keep dykes in repair. It is, however, an easier mouthful. It goes down with a laugh and one can at least claim that it is within the scope of observation.

I have put the case against wisdom poetry much more strongly and simply than I think is tenable. What is really objected to is (a) certainty

in certain spheres, (b) the manner and tone of certainty — the cavalier assurance, and (c) the over-explicit summary and reinforcement — to us unnecessary. Of course, the manner of exposition makes a difference. " Cities and Thrones and Powers " is as certain in its assurance of wisdom as " The Female of the Species ", " The Rabbi's Song " and " Untimely " as " Natural Theology " and " The Gods of the Copybook Headings ". If I add " The Pro-Consuls ", " The Supports ", " The Winners " and " Prophets at Home ", we get something of the range of certainty in Kipling's wisdom poetry, and they are all quite different in mode and manner. They are, however, all unfashionably explicit : there is no doubt about what is being said. (I could in fact find one or two enigmatic ones — " They burnt a corpse upon the sand " and " Seven Watchmen sitting in a Tower " — but they are rare). All imply fixed values, fixed conditions and behaviour, and consequences that are certain.

This brings me back, said Doctor Tompkins, to " If — ". It may be regarded as an enumeration of the qualities of a highly-developed and rare type of man fitted to do the onerous and responsible work of the world, seen in relation to an implied background of public life and important affairs. (He may come to walk with kings.) A lonely man — all other men in these verses are adversaries, or knaves, or fools, or unreliable friends ; even if they are loving their love can be dangerous ; he cannot come off guard. He is not seen in relation to his private life, but is a man with a mind " like a tautened bow ", always directed towards his goal. The minute to him is " unforgiving " ; it must be filled by " sixty seconds' worth of distance run ". (We may contrast examples of the same ancient type of poem — Wordsworth's " Happy Warrior " and Campion's " Man of Life Upright ").

Many of the qualities mentioned are aspects of fortitude. I include in fortitude accepting the imperfect nature of man (keeping your head — trusting yourself — waiting — enduring lies and hatred — bearing the perversion of your truths and the failure of your plans — accepting big risks — starting again after failure — holding out to extremes of effort and strain). There is also a sort of Aristotelean prudence and moderation. All men count with him but none too much. He dreams but is not mastered by dreams. The faculty for thought and dream give stature and complexity to the figure.

The whole poem is built out of different kinds of antitheses. We have the antithesis that comes so often in *Proverbs* — the wise man against the fool, the evil-speaker, the false friend ; kings and crowds, foes and friends, Triumph and Disaster ; also the inner antitheses — dreams and their mastery, speculation kept linked to practical results. He *is* presented as wise ; we are never dealing with mere expediency. He has *truth* to tell — which others twist. He has virtue to keep when he talks with crowds. The " common touch " is not a trick of popularity, it is an understanding fellowship. He even understands why people doubt him. Crowds are not just his tools.

These antitheses are built into one long sentence, covering four eight-line verses — 32 lines. Thirty lines contain protasis — in this case a series of suppositions — a condition ; the last two contain the apodosis — the consequence. There are twelve " ifs ", but many more clauses of

condition, since they are reinforced by *or*, *nor*, and, *but*, *yet*. I think there are 26 conditions, but the tally might vary : sometimes there are two to a line; sometimes one extends over two or four lines.

The author has employed a very tight construction, closely packed. The metre, too, is close ; an exactly regular quatrain, with alternate double and single rhymes. All lines except four are end-stopped, which gives emphasis but limits variety.

Yet it is remarkable how much variety he gets. He gets it (a) in the shifting of the pause within the line, and in varying the strength of the pause, (b) in the relation of what is said to the space in which it is said, a sort of controlled contraction and expansion, e.g. some lines contain two conditions, in other cases one condition is spread over four, and (c) in vocabulary — which controls tone, or tries to. Tone, the speaking voice of the poet in his relation with his audience is an important concept, also an unsafe one. It is at its safest when we consider contemporary or nearly contemporary poems. Farther back we become involved in the instability (or flux) of the language; changes of meaning are easy to define, but changes of connotation less so. What formerly was appropriate becomes inadequate — or offensive ; what was fresh becomes stale; what was moving becomes embarrassing. If we try to define the exact tone of Chaucer or Catullus, we are talking about our own sensibilities, which is quite legitimate if recognized. I, said the speaker, will talk about mine.

Tone and vocabulary fluctuate throughout "If — ". It begins informally, largely monosyllabically, and colloquially (blaming it *on* you). Concentration of statement lifts the tone a little, though concentration is not usually a feature of the informal, but the two abbreviations " don't " preserve the talking voice, and the last line of the first stanza drops to the almost slangy (And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise). The second stanza rises fairly steeply in tone, and in lines 3 and 4 (If you can meet . . .) reaches a concentrated and suggested metaphor with considerable stateliness, culminating in " impostors ". The outcome of a man's qualities and efforts — Triumph and Disaster — is no true standard of judgement of their value; it is often an imposture. Perhaps, too, apparent failure and success may be themselves disguises. " Impostors " is a fine and sonorous word, like a rich chord in music. Then comes a slow descent towards the colloquial. In the last line he writes " build 'em up ", with the accent of talk, not elocution.

In stanza 3 there is a slow rise from ' pitch-and-toss " to four lines which describe ultimate endurance, while the eighth line stretches itself to the last " Hold on " like a prolonged and urgent effort.

Stanza 4 is a little above talking pitch — " nor lose " could perhaps have been " and keep " — but only a little. The rhyme virtue/hurt you is of a kind associated with light poetry. But " unforgiving " embodies another concentrated meaning.

Then we slide down in a hurry towards the end with a very characteristic Kipling manoeuvre — an expansive and vague hyperbole — followed by a semi-jocular, slightly embarrassing, wholly familiar last line, which you can read with emotional emphasis or as a throw-away dismissal and end of the pi-jaw.

I am not infrequently disappointed by Kipling's endings. Not

always (not, for example, in "Hyaenas" or "Heriot's Ford"). It is very difficult to define this dissatisfaction. It is not that they are irrelevant, not empty, not discontinuous. Sometimes he seems to have gone on too long, to be eking out material, especially in poems of large repetitive pattern, unrolled like cloth from a bolt.

Here he has aroused an expectation which he cannot satisfy in two lines. His virtuoso sustained protasis of thirty lines ought to conclude in an apodosis of undeniable weight. Does it? It does conclude with something of a wrench. Most readers would take "you" all through for the indefinite pronoun "one"; but in the last two lines we suddenly have a scene—an older man talking to a specific younger one.

Now, I can defend this ending, but I cannot convince myself. I can say that the return to the colloquial balances the colloquial beginning and this is quite deliberate. The last line is broken by three pauses and *cannot* accommodate a sonorous climax. Note the abbreviations "that's" and "you'll". I could say that the whole thing is dramatic; that the speaker begins informally, warms to his work, achieves fully expressive language, recoils at once from it in the English way, and laughs off his embarrassment without belying his serious conviction. The last words are like a clap on the shoulder and a right-about.

Or I could question whether there *is* this run-down. Is "my son" colloquial and informal, or can it be patriarchal and august? *Proverbs* and *Ecclesiastes* are full of addresses to "my son". "My son, hear the words of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Could this be a verbal link with the ancient and oriental sage and son? I doubt it.

On analysis, the difficulty seems to resolve into (a) vocabulary, and (b) meaning, (a) being the slighter; "You'll be a Man" (with the emphasis given by the capital). Phrases like "play the man", "be a man", "a manly boy", etc, are now rather blown upon and discredited. They presume an ideal of behaviour credited to man. We understand what it is—we may approve it—but in more than half a century since "If—men have played the man so variously—through the whole scale from splendid to deplorable—that the phrase sounds hollow, inviting the question "What's that?" It is a mere matter of history: the word may recover its status, as words do.

Regarding (b), meaning. What does the penultimate line mean? What *is* the consequence of the complex of qualities and discipline suspended on the long unbroken string of ifs? It is not enough to say—what comes to the reader's mind—"You're a very rare bird." The loose expansive phrase cannot mean that you will be a great success in affairs—because Triumph and Disaster have been shewn as impostors, and failure has loomed again and again in the verse. You may succeed; or not. It makes no difference to your quality. I think it can only mean "You are a free man. You can 'take' the world as it is. Nothing can enslave or embitter you." But, if this is so, then the last line is a tautology and a bit of a muddle. If your freedom and discipline have made you a master of circumstance you don't need to be told that you are a man; nor can I see how to be a man is *more* than to shew this extremely manly supremacy. It may mean, however, "You are what a man should be"—you fulfil the Platonic idea.

It is *just* not good enough. He really needed another stanza and

to think out what really were the consequences of such qualities. Those he had watched were already expressed in the "if" clauses. But he wanted the original and exacting shape—the long-drawn suspense, through modulations, and the final descent on to the chord of the key-note. He sacrificed too much to form, and pays for it.

It is, then, concluded Doctor Tompkins, like so much of his work, admirable material, slightly flawed; close-wrought workmanship, slightly overdone in the intoxication of virtuosity. But neither flaw has prevented it from travelling and passing current. It is genuine metal.

* * *

The exigencies of space and your reporter's failing memory preclude a report at length on the enthusiastic debate which followed, clearly shewing that Doctor Tompkins's able exegesis had unloosed some inhibitions. Professor Carrington, however, might be said to have summed-up when he said that he came to a meeting expecting an intellectual treat and had not been disappointed. He suggested that "If—" was the most *effective* poem written in our day. A whole generation had been influenced by it, and the embarrassment it sometimes gave was evidence of its impact. Was it Kipling's intention as in other poems—even in "The Way Through the Woods"—to bring the fascinated reader back to earth in the last line? It should be remembered, he said with reference to the considerable discussion on the meaning of the last couplet, that Kipling actually intended the poem for his son.

So, with a vote of thanks to Doctor Tompkins followed by prolonged and well-deserved applause, ended one of our most satisfying discussions within memory.

P.W.I.

"KIM"

By Helga Welzel

(A German student aged seventeen)

Kim—this book by Rudyard Kipling is leading us into a very different world, into a world which seems so mysterious to us, into this country called India. We cannot compare our mentality with the mentality of this nation and so it is not easy to understand its life and traditions. Kipling now tries to bring this world nearer to ours, he tries to explain the peculiarities of this country and why there is such a great difference between the European and Asiatic life. Kipling himself combines these two contrasts in his nature and he shows not only the conflict of these two worlds how it is in reality, but he also shows this conflict in himself by identifying himself with his main character of his book. Therefore, I think, it is necessary to get to know a bit of his life and development, because it is undeniable that public and private events left their mark on his work.

Rudyard Kipling was born 1865 at Bombay of English parents and so it appears that up to the age of six Kipling talked, thought, and dreamt in Hindustani and could hardly speak English correctly. This relation to Indian life might have been the basis for his work, but also

his career as a journalist had great influence on his writing. Kipling was a journalist, that meant: "He had acquired the art of selecting details and using them to the utmost advantage. So he brought to history not the erudition of the trained worker among documents, but the journalist's gift of seizing upon significant detail and the experienced journalist's knowledge of men and affairs." But also the political situation at his time left its mark on Kipling. The response to the name "Kipling" among most British and American readers today illustrates the suffix "imperialist" or "prophet of British imperialism." Kipling had his own ideas of the British Empire as well as he had his own opinion about law and order. "If the British Empire is really founded on self-discipline, the fear of God, the code of 'noblesse oblige', if it really involves a moral system, then we are justified in identifying it with the 'law'." This most fundamental of Kipling's beliefs — necessity of obedience to the Law — is reiterated in different keys all over Kipling's work and this strong conviction partly caused his early literary death. He didn't want to realise that the time of the British Empire had passed, that there was no longer room for an aggressive imperialism as he represented it. He had been inspired too much by the traditions of the ruling race he belonged to, but he didn't realise that this race already began to lose its power. When he came back to England he was as ignorant of the literary circles, their ways, their manners, their intellectual habits and intentions as they were of his. Filled with resignation he retired from the literary life and he belongs now irrevocably to our past. He has become the symbol of the imperialistic epoch which was at his time passing so rapidly, the symbol of a man who had, like Kim, elected as his lifework the defence of the British Empire.

Kim, the son of Irish parents has grown up as an orphan in India, immersed in and assimilated to the native life. One day he meets a Lama, a clergyman from Tibet, who is looking for the "River of the Arrow", the water of which has the power to release him from what the Buddhists call the "Wheel of Things". Kim, too, had had a prophecy and now — "if one may go out for the small matter of a river, it seems to me, that I too must go a-travelling." So he decides to join the Lama on his search as his disciple, he wants to protect this old man and beg for him. Before they leave Lahore the "Little Friend of all the World" as Kim is called by his native friends, is ordered by Mahbub Ali, a horse-trader, to deliver a message for him, a message which already makes him acquainted with the "great Game"—the British Secret Service. As soon as possible Kim gets rid of this message and then they continue their way till they reach the "big Road". This road is the backbone of all Hind, such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world, a road where all castes and kinds of men move along. You cannot reproduce the atmosphere and the marvellous description of this stream of life as Kipling did. This "great Road" brings for Kim a decision. Kim who has slipped into the costume of a Hindu, who copes with ticket-sellers, plays the prophet in villages, is returned to his countrymen and his father's regiment. The consequence is, that he is sent to school where he "will become a man", and in vain Kim tries to escape this fate with the help of Mahbub Ali. Mahbub Ali

and Colonel Creighton, both members of the British Secret Service, have realised that the boy turned out to be so bright and so adept at acting the role of a native, that the authorities decided to train him for their game. So he is sent to an English school, but he doesn't willingly submit to the English system. Every vacation he dresses as a native and disappears into the sea of native life. He either accompanies Mahbub Ali on his dangerous journeys, or once, he is sent to Lurgan, another member of the "great Game", who tries to hypnotize him but who also teaches him the artistic skill of disguise; but most of his holidays he spends with the Lama. The Lama himself persuaded him to join school to learn to speak English and to learn writing, to become a Sahib, and he even pays for his education through all the three years. With him Kim passes his most wonderful time although the Lama mostly strides through the world with eyes downcast in meditation. It is also about this time when Kim is puzzled for the first time about his own identity, when he realises the presence of another nature in him and it is the Lama who unknowingly helps him to obtain his own "Self" at the end. Finally the three years are over and Kim can leave school. Now it is Hurree Babu who watches over Kim as a spy of the "great Game" and as Kim is allowed to join the Lama on his search for the first six months Hurree follows them on their way. During this time Kim has the opportunity to stand his test, once as he helps a persecuted member by changing his look and the second time by taking away all sketches of two Russian spies. The search of the Lama, connected with the persecution of the two Russians, who dared to beat the Lama, leads us through whole India, from the plain to the Himalaya and back, from this part which contains the vital power for Kim, to the mountains which gave back the vital power to the Lama. The end of their long journey is in the house of a lady, whom they had met on the "big Road" at the beginning of their travels. Here Kim recovers from his exhaustion he caught from the exertion in the mountains and here the Lama finds his "River of the Arrow" and he obtains deliverance.

"So thus the Search is ended."

It is not possible to describe the picture of India in the summary as Kipling painted it. to reproduce its characters and their lives and it would also be too full-length to quote every detail which however has a certain importance for the interpretation. Therefore the following comment will be an interpretation of Kipling's book and not of the summary. I gave, to introduce the reader to the subject of the book and to simplify to understand the comment.

Kipling's book *Kim* is often said to be his only successful long story and his best one. *Kim* starts from a fresh and delighted response to a real world, but the fascination is heightened by the immeasurably richer variety of India. The eye is caught by a whole kaleidoscope to race, caste, custom, and creed, and all seen with a warm affection that is almost unique in Kipling. This attitude involves objectivity which demands not merely social, but religious and racial tolerance. *Kim* is a limpid eye through which he looks back on the "great and beautiful land of Hind", back to that Hindu other self of his childhood. It is not a book of fabulous jewels, it is a romance which deals with the

lives of small landowners, horse-dealers, peasants, shopkeepers and clerks.

The book falls into three parts. The first five chapters lift the Irish-born, Indian-bred boy out of his setting in the slums of Lahore, acquaint him with one of the directive forces of his life, the Tibetan Lama, acquaint him also with the "Great Game" and return him to his father's regiment. The middle five are devoted to his training and the last five to the testing of the sixteen year old boy, now at last entered for "the Game" on the threshold of adult life. From the start Kim moves between the opposed worlds of Mahub Ali and the Tibetan Lama. It is on the same day when Kim learns of the Lama's search for the "River of the Arrow" and perceives that the message given to him by Mahub Ali for Colonel Creighton is a matter of life and death. Henceforth the Search and the Game exercise a double attraction for him, and he goes through the book with the Lama on one hand and Mahub Ali, to whom are soon associated Colonel Creighton, Lurgan and Hurree Babu, on the other. He understands the Game more readily than the search, but the Lama's gentle, selfless wisdom is more compulsive on him than the fascination of having a price on his head and a number instead of a name. But these two worlds complete each other, for the part of Kim, and so also of Kipling, that the Lama does not satisfy, gets its satisfaction in his activity in the Game. There is, however, no point at which a choice between the two ways of life is forced upon him and at his age he would hardly have reached such a point. Kim himself is not credited with any political opinions at all. The Game to him is a 'good service', satisfying his curiosity, his adventurousness and his sense of importance, and putting into play his unique qualifications. He has the more-than-chameleon ability to change, not only his clothes, but his voice and mannerism, his whole identity, he is able to become many different kinds of human beings and see with many different eyes. He is completely at home in this rich and varied world, he is playing with all the boys of the bazaar with the 'perfect equality' and he seems to have forgotten that he belongs to the white race. It seems so. In the beginning he is playing with two native boys on an old gun which has been the first prize of grown up war. But it is only a game and with the irony about Kim deserving to be on top because he is a member of the master race, Kipling points to the difference between game and reality. Kim however has no built-in reactions because he has no parents who could have influenced him, his development is influenced by the whole population of Lahore which has brought him up. This background creates a certain experience and an oddly adult consciousness within that child. His stealthy commissions on the house-tops involve danger, intrigue and worldly knowledge, but it is uncertain whether he knows and realises all that evil. Indeed, the world is strangely disinfected as it passes through Kim's eye. Nevertheless he does have experience of many kinds of intrigue and dishonesty and he is capable of looking after himself in an adult way. But for all the childishness, it is clear that Kim's tolerance cannot be put down to 'innocence.' He is warned never to let his tolerance become 'ignorance,' and although he is a sahib he must never condemn the black men. "Ignorance gets you killed, knowledge makes the successful spy." But

not only this is necessary for a career as a spy, but also the quality of observation. And Kim has got this talent. He is however better at observing people than things and he is trained in this talent by Lurgan. He teaches technique and its object is not human understanding but secrecy and power. This is not the ideal of the 'little friend of all the world'. He wants to observe people for their own sake, he wants to analyse a man's character. So, for Kim the conflict between the two worlds is neither understood nor resolved — indeed, the self-questioning and loss of identity is far more acute as the train takes him from one world into the other one. This is a fact which really marks Kipling's work: the quality of inner questioning, a questioning not of values but of identity. Three times, at turning points in his life, Kim, repeating his name — "I am Kim; I am Kim. And what is Kim?" — questions his identity. The time of his questioning shows his gradual consciousness that he is really a sahib, and what perhaps is more important: his gradual consciousness that he is a human being. A human being that is going to decide his life by himself, and that he is not going to be an instrument of others, or a chain-man in the great game. So we become aware of a certain contrast between his role and his behaviour. In the great Game he is the 'Friend of the Stars'. The cards are dealt him, as Kipling says of his own hand, and he has but to play them. His role however is different, because he does not submit to this Game-system and at the end of the book, at first sight, it could even be dubious whether Kim returns to the Game or not. This conflict partly causes his early maturity, but already in the beginning we become aware of certain adult perspectives behind our amusement at his resourcefulness. At first it is Mahbub Ali who seems to draw him towards manhood by sending him into the world of the Game which demands, to thread one's way through it, self possession, courage and resourcefulness. Here the Lama seems helpless and out-of-place.

[To be Concluded]

LETTER BAG

'MY FRIEND CAPTAIN BAGLEY'

The *Journal* No. 147 of September 1963 noted that when Kipling wrote, in *Something of Myself*, that in 1897 'I went off on Navy Manœuvres with my friend Captain Bagley' he was in fact referring to Captain E. H. Bayly, Royal Navy.

Though we must still decide for ourselves why Kipling thought it proper to conceal — somewhat thinly — the name of an honoured friend who had been dead for thirty odd years, a likely source of the particular disguise adopted has now been suggested.

On the second and third voyages of discovery undertaken by Captain James Cook, R.N., nearly two-hundred years ago, the expedition included an astronomer whose name was Bayly (with alternative spellings of Bayley, Baily, and Bailey, often in the same volume). In a somewhat inaccurate chapter on 18th century exploration contributed by Sir Clements Markham to Sir William Laird Clowes's seven-

volume history, *The Royal Navy* we find, however, that this astronomer appears as Mr. Bagley.

Amongst evidence that Kipling sometimes consulted this work is his reference (on page 127 of *Letters to the Family*) to 'one James Cook, master of H.M.S. *Mercury*, making beautiful and delicate charts of the St. Lawrence River.'

This was another error of Markham's, for the Master of the *Mercury* was another James Cook and the ship did not take part in operations on the river: the great James Cook was Master of the *Pembroke*, which did.

Study of Kipling's obscure allusions often shows that what might appear to be many inventions are really little private jokes.

P. W. BROCK

KIPLING AND HOOD: AN ACKNOWLEDGED SOURCE

Mr. John McKay Shaw, donor and curator of The Childhood in Poetry Collection, Strozier Library, Florida State University, recently showed to me an interesting and informative Kipling item which sheds new light on the source for the poem, "My Rival."

On page 124 of a first edition of *Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads and Other Verses* (New York, 1890) there is a marginal note in Kipling's hand beside "My Rival"; it reads: "This poem is after Thos. Hood. See 'Number One,' 'Verses from the prose of a young lady.' 'Red Line Edition, my, library, p. 196. Not a well-known poem of Hood's, therefore no credit given here."

The similarity of the poems is striking. In the Hood lyric the speaker is a young lady who lives at Number One on the square and knows of the lovers who appear at houses Two to Nine. The pun on Number One refers not only to the house but to the young lady's own high opinion of herself. The poem concludes with the awareness that "There is nae luck about the house, I know, at Number One."

Kipling's lyric presents a seventeen-year-old maiden who voices envy for a woman of forty-nine who attracts the attention and flattery of the young men. For the younger woman the "one ray of priceless hope" is her awareness that her "rival" will be "eighty-one/When I am forty-nine."

This is one of those rare examples of a creative artist making known the principal source for his completed artifact.

PROFESSOR F. L. STANDLEY,

(Florida University)

FOOTNOTE TO KIPLING ON CONRAD

Your readers will be grateful for Dr. Bojarski's thoughtful essay on Kipling and Conrad. Kipling's criticisms of his contemporaries are so rare that this discussion of Conrad's style is most revealing.

It prompts me to look up my records and to enlarge upon the footnote on p. 337 of my *Life of Kipling*.

On 30 August 1904, two years after the removal to 'Bateman's', Mrs. Kipling wrote in her diary: "Mr. Conrad, author of *Lord Jim*, comes to call. A large Pole seaman, full of amusing stories."

CHARLES CARRINGTON

FILM OF " HIS APOLOGIES "

I recently received a letter from a non-member, Mr. D. W. Young of Whitstable, in which he mentioned that he had once seen a film of Kipling's dog poem "His Apologies" (1932) which had made him "blubber like a kid." Being unable to find any mention anywhere of such a film I asked for details, and Mr. Young has replied as follows :

" I saw the film about 1934, and I think it was a ' short '. The action was silent, but the words of the poem were spoken on the sound-track, the entire action being started by the puppy being lifted out of a basket on to a rug, and falling over his feet ; then a pair of hands came into the picture and lifted him up.

" Each verse was acted by the dog in accordance with the poem, the humans being merely props. It seemed to be the whole lifetime of the dog to the end, where you saw the master's hand take a revolver from a drawer, and the old, old dog stumbling on his last walk.

" You saw the gun-smoke (with no sound), and the film ended showing a small grave, with spring flowers on it.

" I don't know who made the film, but I do know it was shown throughout the country."

Does anyone else remember this film? Some of us would give something to see it now.

A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Branch News, We have had the usual enthusiastic annual letters from our Melbourne and Victoria Branches, both of which held their full quota of meetings during the past year. Melbourne built a highly successful evening round the Westminster Abbey recording of December 30th, 1965, while Victoria — as readers of the *Journal* already know — played a part in the recent British Columbia centennial. Our U.S.A. Branch, too, has kept us well posted, and in the past year has recruited over a dozen new members.

Hearty congratulations to all three.

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS

We are very pleased to welcome the following new members :
U.K.: Mrs. D. P. Bennedik, F. C. Middleton, A. Milne. *U.S.A.:* Hon. P. K. Crowe, P. Wolfe, Illinois University Library, Chicago.

We also extend a belated, though hearty, welcome to the following U.S. Institutions, news of their membership having been delayed in reaching us : The Library of Congress, City College Library, New York, and the Crabbe Library, East Kentucky University.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1966

1965	£	£	1965	£	£
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT :			CASH AND BANK BALANCES		
495	Balance at 31st December, 1965	503	2	Cash in Hand	5
93	Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year	30	260	Bank Balances —	154
402		473	100	Current Account	100
TRANSFER FROM SPECIAL DONATION ACCOUNT			51	DEBTORS AND PREPAYMENTS	—
101		—	15	STOCK OF JOURNALS AND STATIONERY	15
503		473	INVESTMENT		
SPECIAL DONATIONS FROM LIFE MEMBERS FOR ENLARGING JOURNAL			260	£500 3½% War Loan Stock at cost less £253 written off	260
90	Balance at 31st December, 1965	65	(Market Value at 31st December, 1966, £259)		
25	Allocated to 1966 Journals	25	A. E. BAGWELL PUREFOY, Hon. Secretary		
65		40	M. R. LAWRANCE, Hon. Treasurer		
120	CREDITORS AND ACCRUED EXPENSES	21			
£688		£534	£688		£534

- NOTE (1) The realisable value of Library books, etc. cannot be estimated, but should be considerable. There is also a small amount of furniture not valued.
- (2) The Society holds the Wolff Collection and may retain it so long as the Society is in existence.
- (3) Library books, the Bust of Kipling and the Wolff Collection are insured for loss against fire with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Co. for £3,000.

REPORT OF THE HONORARY AUDITORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

We have examined the above Balance Sheet at 31st December, 1966, and Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st December, 1966, with the books and vouchers of the Kipling Society, and certify that they agree therewith.

5, Albemarle Street,
Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Date:

MILNE, GREGG & TURNBULL,
Chartered Accountants

The Kipling Society

Founded in 1927 by J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

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R. E. Harbord, Esq.

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