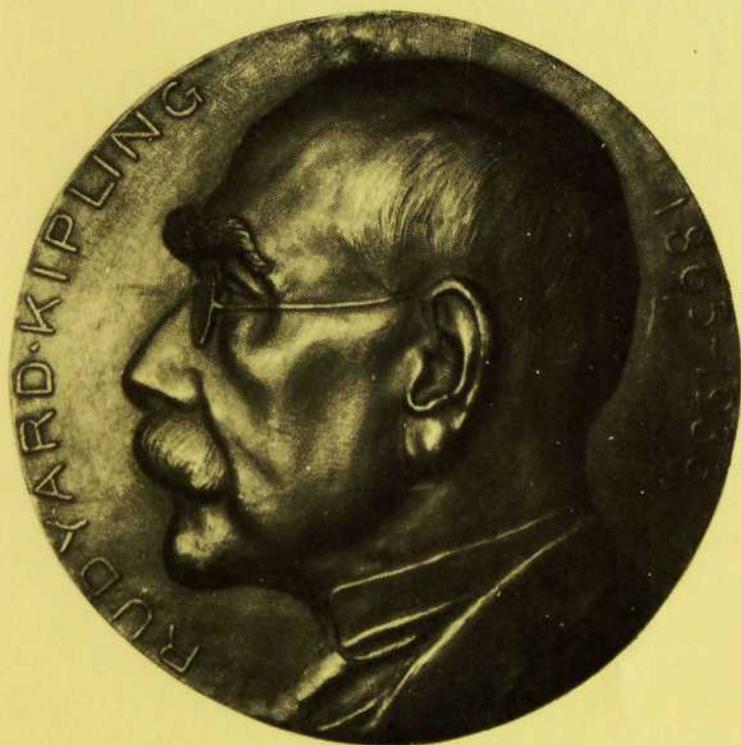


THE
KIPLING JOURNAL



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MARCH 1981

No 217

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FORTHCOMING DISCUSSION MEETINGS

All are on the first floor of 'The Clarence', 53 Whitehall, London SW1, at 5.30 for 6 p.m. This is near Charing Cross Tube Station on the Bakerloo, Northern and Jubilee Lines.

Wednesday 8 July 1981 Trevor Daintith on *Rudyard Kipling and Robert Surtees at Table*

Wednesday 9 September 1981 The Revd Dr Arthur K. Ankers on *They Came to Bateman's, or Something of his Friends*

Wednesday 11 November 1981 Mrs L. A. F. Lewis on *"The Enemies to Each Other" and other stories from Debits and Credits*

ANNUAL VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

By courtesy of the National Trust and Mr R. C. Taylor, the newly-appointed Administrator, members will be welcome to a private visit to Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, during the afternoon of **Friday 5 June 1981**. Lunch, snacks and drinks at 'The Bear' are recommended to members who like to forgather there. Tea will be available at Bateman's.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

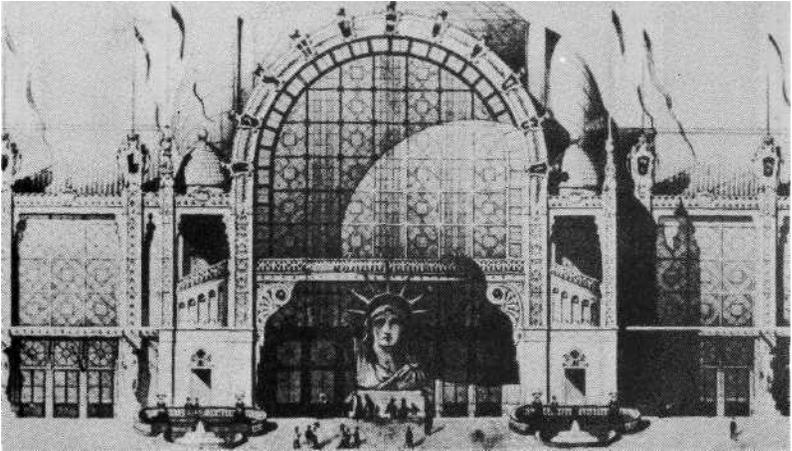
The Annual Luncheon will be on **Thursday 5 November 1981** at 12.15 for 1 p.m. at the Caledonian Suite, 6 Hanover St, London W1R9HH (near Oxford Circus, off Regent St). The Guest of Honour will be Lord Ferrier, who will propose the traditional Toast. Booking forms will be enclosed with the *Journal*.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will also be on **5 November**, following the Annual Luncheon, at a place to be announced soon.

March 1981

JOHN SHEARMAN



OF FRANCE, IF NOT OF LIBERTY

[The head of Bartholdi's *Liberty*, now overlooking New York Harbour, displayed in Paris, 1878. (Lithograph from the Musée Bartholdi, Colmar.) Behind is the Paris Exposition, "a huge metal-and-glass construction typical of International Fairs since London's Crystal Palace" (see *The Statue of Liberty* by Professor M. Trachtenberg (Allen Lane, 1974; Viking, U.S.A., 1976) for the absorbing and chequered saga of this monstrous but splendid symbol).

Kipling, in *Souvenirs of France*, 1933, described the profound effect on him of Paris in the spring of 1878. His father was "in charge of the Indian Section of Arts and Manufactures" at the Exposition. Here was to be seen

the head of Bartholdi's Statue ... One ascended by a staircase (5 c.) to the dome of the skull and looked out through the vacant eye-balls at a bright-coloured world beneath. I climbed up there often, and once an elderly Frenchman said to me, "Now, you young Englisher, you can say you have looked through the eyes of Liberty Herself. He spoke less than the truth. It was through the eyes of France that I began to see. [p6]

In *Journal No 215* ["*The Eyes of Liberty*", p 45] a correspondent, noting that present-day visitors look through the *crown*, not the *eyes*, of the Statue, asked if this was a lapse of memory, or if the construction had been altered since 1878.

Though Kipling might be pardoned for an error of detail after 55 years, the vicissitudes of *Liberty's* design were numerous, so I consulted Professor Trachtenberg. He says the eyes were always solid, and the lookout point was always the diadem; but adds that it is not easy for visitors to the head to judge exactly where they are. As his book explains, they mostly "neglect its appearance in their eagerness to see the view ... the sensation intensified by the consciousness that—like the Lilliputians atop Gulliver's head—one is looking out from the vantage-point of a giant (thus for a glorious moment *becoming* the colossus)"—*Ed.*]

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES

PRESIDENCY OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY James Cameron, C.B.E.

To our sincere regret, James Cameron felt obliged on grounds of health to give up our Presidency at the end of 1980. We extend to him our warm thanks for his interest in the Society, and our good wishes for the future. He succeeded the late Lord Cobham as President in 1977: there was a biographical note in *Journal* No 204. There will be an announcement about a new President in our June 1981 issue.

PINK HUSSARS ON BROADWAY

In December 1980 a very interesting theatre production of *The Story of the Gadsbys* came on in New York. It was an enterprising short-term "off-off-Broadway" presentation by Gryphon Theatricals Inc., directed by William J. Lentsch and Maryellen Flynn.

The text had been adapted for the American stage, but without impairing the *flavour* and *flavour* of the original. Mr Lentsch had come across *The Story of the Gadsbys* by chance, had recognised its potential with enthusiasm, and had transmitted this zest into the production. He has now joined the Kipling Society.

Joe Dunlap (U.S.A. Secretary) and I saw the performance, were introduced to the cast, and dined with the producers. Our next issue will contain an account of the play, with a photograph, and an assessment of how the very young Kipling's precocious *tour de force* stands up, ninety years on. The theatre programme, a press review, and the adapted text kindly presented by Mr Lentsch, are in the Library.

IF IN DOUBT

The taxi drivers of New York are no ordinary men. Widely well informed, fiercely sceptical, diverse in origin, pungent in speech, they provide unfailing edification. I am glad to record that they now include a member of the Kipling Society.

He had come from Latvia, where he had taught literature in a university. One of those minority intellectuals who are sometimes, not without tribulation and persecution, permitted to emigrate, he had come recently to the U.S.A. As we jolted and ground through rush-hour Manhattan we talked of tyranny and of the curious contrast between his past and present existence. He spoke of English authors, and among others enthused on Kipling—whose "imperialist" label he thought misleading and inadequate, given his sympathy for India and his insight into the human condition.

Later he asked, "Do you know *Yesli*?"

"Who is *Yesli*?"

"No, it is a work, by Kipling."

"I doubt if it is Kipling", I said.

"But it is. Even in the Soviet Union it is known."

"*Yesli*, did you say? A short story?"

"No, a poem. Some of Kipling's are in Russian. This one is important for me. It gave me courage in a time of doubt."

"Then what does *yesli* mean?"

"I do not know the English title: *yesli just* means *if*."

"VROD,VROD, VROD NA REKE KABUL"

Effective Russian translations of Kipling certainly exist. I was reminded of this by an article by the poet Evgeni Dolmatovsky in *Soviet Literature* for February 1980. "Kipling is one of the English writers who is well known in the USSR and who has influenced Soviet poetry." Dolmatovsky, who himself long ago rendered some of Kipling's verse into Russian, quotes his own translation on "Shillin' a Day" and "Ford o' Kabul River". His critical theme is to compare Kipling with the Russian realist painter Vereshchagin, an interesting parallel to which I may return in a later issue.

Some of his comments on Kipling are perceptive, though excessively ideological and sometimes inaccurate. They do not lack irony. When a Russian states in 1980 that "the notoriety of the town of Kabul... belongs to its conquerors ... before us is not simply a battle scene but a sober recognition of the high price paid in capturing new lands", we can afford to fall silent, and to appreciate how aptly the translation catches the lament in "Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river", how aptly comes back across the years this echo from the Second Afghan War.

EXTRA HANDS

I have a clipping from the *Daily Telegraph* [7.9.1979] describing how six monkeys nearly succeeded in abducting two small boys from the porch of a house in Durban. Hearing screams, the mother ran to find her children "being dragged by a monkey on each arm ... the monkeys were chattering among themselves ... two of them were prancing around in delight". Durban, the report went on, was "plagued by hoards [*sic*] of monkeys, and police felt it would be difficult to find the six involved".

The impulse to abduct may evidently relate to the urge to acquire substitutes for lost young. The kidnapping of Mowgli [*The Jungle Book*, "Kaa's Hunting"], though differently motivated, comes to mind—"The next thing he remembered was feeling hands on his legs and arms—hard, strong, little hands and then a swash of branches in his face, and then he was staring down through the swaying boughs." Though the flung festoons of monkey chatter in "Road-Song of the *Bandar-Log*"

Don't you envy our pranceful bands?

Don't you wish you had extra hands?—

amuse the child in us. the dread and excitement of abduction stir fainter deeper impulses that may stem from the atavistic roots of memory. In "The Fifth Voyage of Sindbad" [*The Arabian Nights*] monkeys terrorise a city. Sir Richard Burton's characteristic footnote says that "in parts of West Africa and especially in Gorilla-land there are many stories of women and children being carried off by apes, and all believe that the former bear issue to them".

Variants and offshoots of ape legend, with or without a sexual ingredient, from Hanuman the Monkey God to Kong, run through the world's mythology. Is there a hint of monkey in the medieval concept of the *Wild Man*—hirsute, unclothed, the drop-out whose values were at once baser and more liberated than society could condone? Romulus, Caliban, Wolf-Boys, the Noble Savage, *The Wind in the Willows*—muted but insistent the call of the wild survives. If Kipling had written nothing but the *Jungle Books* he would have a place in the world's literature, and Mowgli in its myth.

I have been sent an article from *Soviet Analyst* [17.12.1980], which discusses racial antagonism in Yakutian Siberia, between indigenous and allegedly inferior Yakuts and the Russians who are apt to call them "dirty monkeys". In a remote settlement called Nyurba an observer saw graffiti on this theme, including one that read "Yakuts are bitches, Mowglis!"

In the first Mowgli story [*Many Inventions*. "In the Rukh", which has him grown up, but antedated the *Jungle Books*] old Muller's wise comment puts in perspective both the fear behind the graffiti and the romantic appeal behind the legend—"Dis man haf lived, and he is an anachronism, for he is before der Iron Age, and der Stone Age. Look here, he is at der beginnings of der history of man."

KIPLING JOURNAL APPEAL

We gratefully acknowledge further generous donations—from *Mr J. Cunningham*, *Mr Wilfred Thesiger*, *Mr F. A. Underwood* and the Bournemouth (Westminster) Branch of the *National Westminster Bank*. Gifts from individual members now amount to a sum that exceeds the printing cost of our March 1980 *Journal* (first in our enlarged series). Our resources are slender: this addition to them is welcome and perhaps crucial.

We have also received a substantial donation from *Macmillan Ltd*, London. We have long enjoyed a friendly association with Macmillans, and it is heartening to receive a kind subvention from that quarter now.

Ocean Transport and Trading Ltd (per the Philip Holt Trust) have paid us a second year's instalment of their generous endowment in support of the *Journal*, and we would like to express again our strong sense of gratitude.

Though the *Journal* represents only a part of the Kipling Society's activities, it is its most visible product, and the costliest item in its budget. By enlarging the *Journal* at a time of recession we took a calculated gamble. It may have begun paying off, but the financial risk is still real and we stand in need of further donations, individual or corporate. There are no doubt firms in Britain and North America which would give us a grant if they knew of us, and of the Kipling Society's registered Charitable Status. Members who have connections with such firms are asked to bear us in mind.

All donations to the *Journal Appeal* should be sent to the Editor, either at his temporary U.S. address (4702 Langdrum Lane, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20015) or via the Society's London office. Cheques to the *Kipling Society (Journal Account)*.

APPRECIATION Joseph R. Dunlap, D.L.S.

Our U.S.A. Branch Secretary Joe Dunlap, author of an obituary note and a book review in this issue, does vital but inconspicuous work handling U.S. subscriptions, answering enquiries, and mailing individual *Journals* sent to him in bulk. It is ten years since he took over from the late Carl T. Naumburg, and though he avoids limelight I am flashing a brief shaft at him to mark our appreciation.

He lives with wife and children in strenuous Manhattan retirement, but has not always been there. He was born in China where his parents were missionaries; he graduated at the College of Wooster, Ohio; he was with the wartime U.S. Army in France and Germany. But his further degrees were from Columbia, and until retirement he was Associate Librarian at the City College, City University, New York.

His great speciality is William Morris. As a speaker, and contributor of learned articles (to other publications) on Morris and his world, he is well-known; also as the author of *The Book that Never Was*; and as the Morris Society's luminary in the U.S.A.; and as the leading authority on the bibliography and manuscripts of the subject. Though Morris's artistic circle was an essential part of the background of Kipling's formative years, and the two men's views of craftsmanship were certainly related, Joe Dunlap's enthusiasm for Kipling is not something to be assumed among Morris experts, and the Kipling Society is fortunate to have his services.

DR HOWARD C. RICE, JR

by JOSEPH R DUNLAP

[Dr Howard Rice died suddenly in Brattleboro, Vermont, on 15 November 1980, aged seventy-six: the last *Journal* carried a brief obituary notice. Dr Rice's academic career had led *via* a BA at Dartmouth and a doctorate at Paris to diverse teaching appointments in France and the U.S.A. (and wartime Information work with the U.S. Army in France). English, French and history were his field. He was a noted authority on 18th century French involvement in America: his *Thomas Jefferson's Paris* (1976) was highly praised. For twenty-two years he held senior positions in Princeton University Library. His Princeton obituary while indicating his breadth of scholarship did not mention one of his sidelines—as the expert on Kipling's initially happy, always productive, but finally disastrous Vermont years.

The following personal note on Dr Rice is from Joe Dunlap, our U.S.A. Secretary (on whom a word of appreciation appears in my News & Notes in this issue).—*Ed. J*

Howard Rice was a most rewarding person to know. He placed his ample scholarship, especially in literature, history and bibliography, at the service of inquirers, and his replies were full and circumstantial. It was typical of his warm personality that he enjoyed both the pursuit and the sharing of knowledge. When one visited the Special Collections Room at the Princeton University Library he could be sure of obtaining whatever he needed together with Howard's helpful comments.

Howard's knowledge of Kipling and his works, and of the critical writings about them, was extensive. His special interest, however, was in the years 1892–96 which the Kiplings spent in the United States—most appropriate for a person who grew up in, and retired to, Brattleboro, Vermont. Visiting the Kiplings' home, Naulakha, and seeing Bliss Cottage and the Beatty Balestier home with Howard as our guide, was a memorable experience. In the last year of his life he was at work on *Kipling's Vermont Period*, a "documentary chronicle" as distinct from his earlier book, *Rudyard Kipling in New England*. As befitted a bookman, he had an excellent Kipling collection with particular depth for the period in which he specialised.

I shall miss Howard's cheerful assistance on points beyond my competence, as well as the occasions on which I could repay his kindness by seeking non-Kipling references for him in one of New York's immense libraries. But most of all, I shall miss a friend whose conversation and letters were enjoyable and illuminating, whose scholarship was helpful and extensive, and with whom it was a pleasure to share enthusiasms.

THE RIVER OF THE ARROW

by ENAMUL KARIM

[Dr Enamul Karim, who has lived in the U.S.A. since 1966 and become an American citizen, is Professor of English at Rockford College, Illinois. He is an enthusiastic member of the Kipling Society. Letters and articles from him, on literary and historical aspects of old Lahore, on Lockwood and Rudyard Kipling, on Buddhism, and on Freemasonry in India, have appeared frequently in the *Journal* since 1972. On wider literary topics—Shakespeare, Donne, Wilfred Scawen Blunt, George Eliot, as well as Kipling—his contributions to academic periodicals are too numerous to list here.

Born in Bengal in 1935 and educated at St Xavier's, Calcutta, and later at school and university in Dacca, Dr Karim continued his education in the U.S.A., with fellowships from the Rockefeller, Fulbright and other foundations. His Ph.D. thesis for the University of Wisconsin was on *Kipling's Changing Vision of India*, a subject arising naturally from lifelong interest in Kipling which began in childhood with *Just So Stories*—a book which incidentally, he finds, retains in its qualities of myth and evocation a capacity to arouse surprised delight in undergraduate classes today. — Ed.]

THE QUEST

Kim is Kipling's most profound synthesis of his personal experiences, perceptions, and vision of India. In it the author has created an extraordinary trinity: Kim, the Lama and the River of the Arrow. The Lama's search for the River of the Arrow is the principal quest *motif*—with which is interwoven Kim's search for his father's regiment, and later for his self-identity, and the larger political quest of the Secret Service in India.

Structurally, the Lama's quest for the River of the Arrow, and his relationship with Kim, provide the basic framework of the book. The fifteen chapters could be divided into three equal sections. The *first section*, chapters I to V, depicts the Lama's arrival at Lahore in search of the River, his encounter with Kim, and their travels together to find the River; the *second section*, chapters VI to X, deals with the unhappy period of separation between the Lama and Kim, and the consequent three-year suspension of the Lama's search for the River; the *third section*, chapters XI to XV, describes the final reunion of the

two, their travels together, and the Lama's ultimate discovery of the River of the Arrow.

Though the *thematic* unity of the book is provided by Kim's adventures, experiences, increasing self-awareness and inner growth, the *symbolic* unity lies in the River of the Arrow—like the enigmatic Marabar Caves in Forster's *A Passage to India*. The Lama's external search for it, and its eventual internal discovery, mark the beginning and end of the book, and impart a sense of the completion of the circle. The nameless Lama is a symbolic catalyst, whose contact causes deep moral awareness in others, particularly in Kim, the Maharanee and Mahbub Ali.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE RIVER

Central to our understanding of *Kim* is the meaning of the River of the Arrow. In doctrinal Buddhism¹ there is no miraculous River of the Arrow, nor has the Hinduistic belief in spiritual self-purification through washing in a sacred river any religious significance. In Roman mythology Cupid's arrow is associated with human love, and in the Indian folk-tradition the arrow also signifies the dart of love. Could it be that the River of the Arrow symbolises the essential humanistic ideals of brotherhood, love, goodwill and charity transcending man's racial and religious distinctions, ideals that were closely associated with Indian Freemasonry of the time?² Kipling was a profound humanist, and he found in the Masonic philosophy a reflection of his deeply personal views and values towards mankind. He was also very actively involved with his Mother-Lodge in Lahore—Lodge Hope and Perseverance, referred to in *Kim*.³

The River of the Arrow, then, is the metaphor of inherent, humanistic feeling common to all mankind. If the River is properly realised and harnessed, it could generate humane and humanistic feelings and attitudes towards fellow-men, and unify and elevate mankind above its racial, religious and social differences. The story of *Kim* is, in essence, a gradual progression towards self-realisation through the intimate reciprocal relationship of two persons widely different in age, race, religion and culture—the old Tibetan-Buddhist Lama and the Christian European boy. At the point of their maximum self-awareness, the Lama renounces his personal spiritual salvation for the sake of his deep love of Kim; and Kim on his part gains new insight into life, based on a synthesis of practical and spiritual values that are complementary rather than contradictory. The inner humanistic growth of the Lama and Kim is mirrored in the three sections of the book.

A DICHOTOMY OF ASPIRATIONS

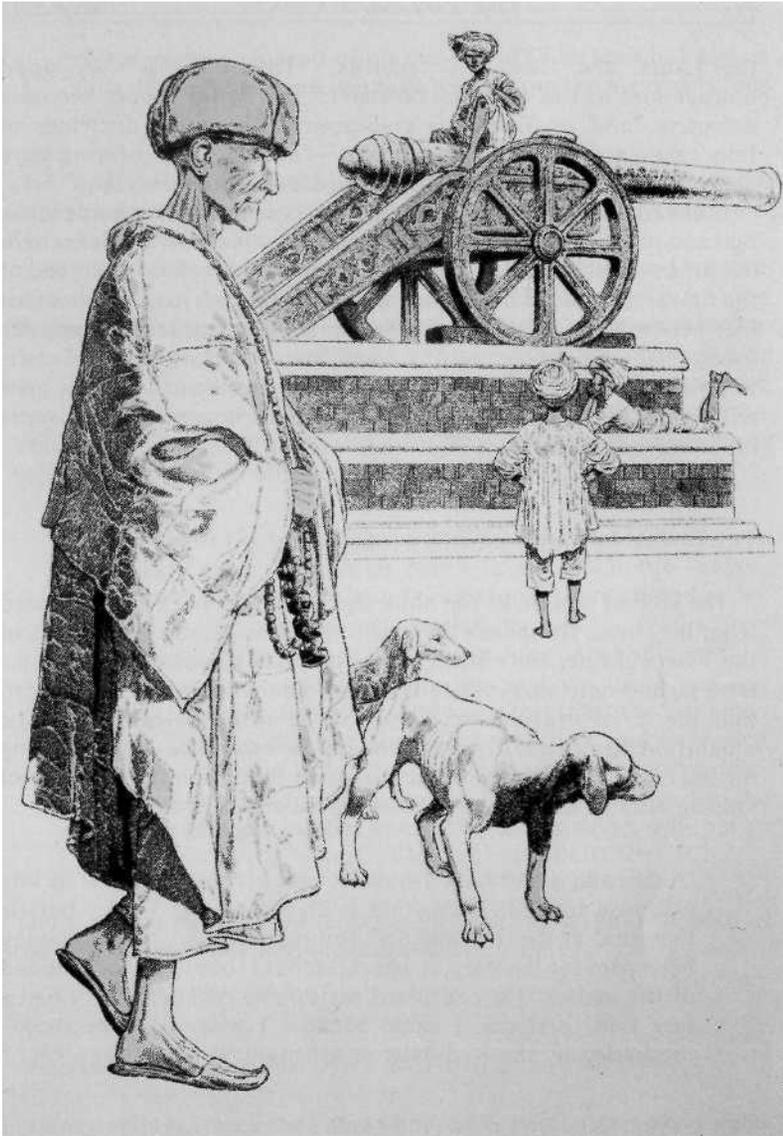
From the very beginning, the Lama reveals a consistent duality between his conscious conformity to the Buddhistic doctrines of the Mahayana School, and his instinctive love and affection towards the boy Kim. The Lama believes in *Maya*, or the Doctrine of Impermanence; the *Wheel of Things* typifying the cycle of births and rebirths from which one should seek freedom and salvation through *Nirvana*; and the *Law of Cause and Effect*, which stresses the ideal of Non-Attachment to man and matter, because attachments breed desires and keep one bound to the *Wheel*.

In spite of the Lama's deep faith in these doctrines, he feels a spontaneous flow of love towards Kim—contrary to the *Law of Cause and Effect* and the *Wheel of Things*. He is not only the Abbot of the Lamassery of Such-zen but also an artist, a scholar and a deeply sensitive, humane being, unlike the dehumanised spiritualist, the "silver-faced hairless ascetic", who "meditated, as always, alone among the images" in the Tirthankars' Temple at Benares.⁴ He is quite critical of his religion of Lamaism—

'it was in my mind that the Old Law was not well followed; being overlaid, as thou knowest, with devildom, charms and idolatry ... The books of my lamassery I read, and they were dried pith; and the later ritual with which we of the Reformed Law have cumbered ourselves—that, too, had no worth to these old eyes.'⁵

He undertakes a pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Buddhism in India. However his primary purpose in journeying to India was inspired by a dream, in which he was told he could gain salvation by washing himself in the River of the Arrow. The Lama's dream-inspired quest for the River is a non-doctrinal, non-Buddhistic path of salvation through humanistic ideals.

As soon as the Lama sees Kim for the first time, he feels intuitively that the boy has been sent by the divine, to guide him to the discovery of the River. Throughout the book this association of Kim with the discovery of the River is present in the Lama's consciousness. When Kim offers to accompany the Lama in his quest, the Lama feels that "By this I know that I shall find a certain River for which I seek".⁶ While the Lama regards Kim as his *chela* or spiritual disciple on the conscious plane, his intimate personal contact with Kim generates and reveals his deep emotional attachment and fatherly feelings. When the sight of a baby produces a spontaneous overflow of love in



'WHO IS THAT?' SAID KIM TO HIS COMPANIONS

"As he drummed his heels against Zam-Zammah... there shuffled round the corner, from the roaring Motee Bazar, such a man as Kim, who thought he knew all castes, had never seen ... dressed in fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing." [*Kim*, pp 5-6]

[see p 25 for our full acknowledgment of kind permission to reproduce this picture]

the Lama, the Ressaldar remarks, "There was a very good householder lost in thee, my brother".⁷ The Lama at once becomes defensive, and reaffirms his conscious faith in the doctrines of Impermanence and Non-Attachment—"marriage and bearing were darkeners of the true light, stumbling-blocks along the Way".⁸

In the first section of the book, Kim acts as the Lama's guide in the real and practical world, and the Lama's love for his *chela* deepens in the process. When forced to be separated from his *chela* at the end of the first section of the book, the Lama faces the first major crisis of his life, between the spiritual and the human. He realises not only his transgression of the laws of *Maya* and Non-Attachment, but also the impossibility of finding his River without his *chela*. As Kim goes reluctantly to his father's regiment, the Lama laments, "my River is far from me".⁹

THE QUEST DEFERRED AND RESUMED

The second section of the book shows the lonely Lama, separated from his *chela*. He spends his time in meditation, drawing charts of the Wheel of Life, and visiting sacred places of Buddhism. He dreams for a second time, and in that dream is told that he will not be able to find the River without his *chela*. So he suspends his quest. The separation from Kim distresses the Lama, and his love and longing for the *chela* intensify as he tries to justify to himself the necessity of visiting Kim at his school, by seeking assurance from others—

'A day and a half have I waited—not because I was led by any affection towards thee—that is no part of the Way,—but, as they said at the Tirthankars' Temple, because, money having been paid for learning, it was right that I should oversee the end of the matter. They resolved my doubts most clearly. I had a fear that, perhaps, I came because I wished to see thee—misguided by the Red Mist of affection. It is not so .. .'¹⁰

This statement to Kim shows the Lama's increasing consciousness of his conflict between the human and the religious—the love and longing for Kim and his beliefs in doctrinal Buddhism.

When Kim returns to the Lama in the third section of the book after three years at his school, the Lama realises for the first time that the River of the Arrow has no physical location,⁴³ but he feels confident of finding it with the help of his *chela*—

"What matters, Friend of all the World? The search, I say, is sure. If need be, the River will break from the ground before us."

The Lama's reunion with Kim revitalises his sentiments and attachments to the world, and he feels drawn instinctively to the Mountains where he was born and bred.

This journey to the Mountains marks the Lama's farthest deviation from the path of doctrinal Buddhism, as well as from the River of the Arrow. Full of renewed vigour and strength, the Lama's march is a type of womb-regression, where he no longer meditates on the Wheel of Life nor depends on Kim to guide him. However, the symbolic Russian incident provides the moment of realisation of the extent to which he has deviated from the Middle Way. As stated by the Lama, a vengeful emotion of violence had swelled up in him—

"The blow was but a shadow upon a shadow. Evil in itself—my legs weary apace these latter days!—it met evil in me—anger, rage, and a lust to return evil. These wrought in my blood, woke tumult in my stomach, and dazzled my ears ... Had I been passionless, the evil blow would have done only bodily evil—a scar, or a bruise—which is illusion. But my mind was *not* abstracted, for rushed in straightway a lust to let the Spiti men kill. In fighting that lust, my soul was torn and wrenched beyond a thousand blows. Not till I had repeated the Blessings' (he meant the Buddhist Beatitudes)'did I achieve calm. But the evil planted in me by that moment's carelessness works out to its end. Just is the Wheel, swerving not a hair!"¹²

The Lama heals his spiritual crisis through the Buddhistic path of self-denial, discipline and meditation.

BEYOND THE ILLUSION OF TIME AND SPACE

Spiritually purified, the Lama finally achieves the state of *Nirvana*, beautifully described—

'Upon the second night—so great was my reward—the wise Soul loosed itself from the silly Body and went free ... Yea, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws

to water, so my Soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things ... I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own Painted Rocks at Such-zen ... By this I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things. By this I knew that I was free.¹³

To a spiritualist, this sense of oneness with the Great Soul is the supreme moment of his life, the moment of his salvation. But the Lama knowingly renounces this state of spiritual salvation for his greater love of Kim, an act of great personal sacrifice comparable to that of Purun Bhagat.⁴⁴

Elliot Gilbert overlooks the Lama's renunciation, and his conflict between his human love and spiritual aspirations: "The only reality is the oneness which the Lama has achieved and of which his love for the boy is the symbol."¹⁴ However, the Lama says that in his state of *Nirvana* he heard a voice from within crying:

' "What shall come to the boy if thou art dead?" and I was shaken back and forth in myself with pity for thee; and I said: "I will return to my *chela*, lest he miss the way." Upon this my Soul, which is the Soul of Teshoo Lama, withdrew itself from the Great Soul with strivings and yearnings and retchings not to be told.'¹⁵

As the Lama renounces *Nirvana* and returns to the world for his deep concern for Kim, the River of the Arrow springs up at his feet. He cleanses himself of his "sin" of selfish spiritual pursuit, and emerges as a pure and perfect symbol of man's unselfish love of humanity.

The Lama's rejection of *Nirvana* and simultaneous discovery of the River imply the triumph of humanism over spiritualism. The Lama's final salvation lies in his unselfish love of humanity, and he seeks similar deliverance for Kim. In his last statement to Kim, he says with confidence and sincerity:

'Son of my Soul, I have wrenched my Soul back from the Threshold of Freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free and sinless! ... Certain is our deliverance!'¹⁶

At the very end of the book, Kipling portrays the Lama as the symbol of a new Buddha of Humanity, with the traditional posture:

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won salvation for himself and his beloved.¹⁷

On a symbolic plane, the Lama has finally realised within himself the humanistic values represented by the River of the Arrow.

LITTLE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD

Kim inherited from his father three papers—one his *ne varietur*, another his father's 'clearance certificate', and the third, Kim's own birth-certificate. His father had told him these papers

belonged to a great piece of magic—such magic as men practised over yonder behind the Museum, in the big blue-and-white Jadoo-Gher—the Magic House, as we name the Masonic Lodge.

The Masonic Lodge located in Anarkali behind the Lahore Museum is Lodge Hope and Perseverance, Kipling's Mother-Lodge. Kim's father had made two prophecies for his son—"Nine hundred first-class devils, whose God was a Red Bull on a green field, would attend to Kim"; also he would develop Masonic values, and it would "all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars—monstrous pillars—of beauty and strength".²⁰ The pillars represent the Masonic Temple. These magical papers "would yet make little Kimball a man", his father used to say.²¹ In fact the inner development of Kim through the three sections of the book is precisely in the direction of humanistic self-awareness, maturing into a "man" who can synthesize the practical and spiritual sides of life.

In the first section of the book, Kim is portrayed as shrewd, artful and practical, acting as guide to the Lama on the worldly plane. He misses no chance to benefit himself. Uninterested in the Lama's teachings, he takes pride in telling others that he is the *chela* of a saint; thereby he impresses others, who offer money and meals to them. At every opportunity he cashes in on the Lama's piety—

'... he *is* a holy man ... In truth, and in talk and in act, holy. He is not like the others. I have never seen such a one.'²²

When the Lama gives him money to purchase their railway tickets,

Kim buys one ticket for a nearer station, and pockets the remaining amount without any moral scruples. His shrewd nature is revealed in his dealings with the Amritsar girl, the Ressaldar, the priest at Umballa, Mahbub Ali and the Maharanee. While he cares sincerely for the Lama's comfort and necessities, he is thrilled by active participation in the Great Game with its adventures, intrigues and codes. As the Lama and Kim travel from place to place, Kim is increasingly impressed by the Lama's simplicity, benevolence and trust. When the Lama gives him the bag full of money, he feels guilty for his earlier profit on the ticket. The Lama's brotherly treatment of the cobra touches Kim profoundly, and he whispers, "Never have I seen such a man as thou art".²³ By the end of the first section, Kim's attachment to the Lama, though sincere, is not as deep as the Lama's towards him, and the sadness of his separation from the Lama is temporarily forgotten.

I HAVE NO FRIEND SA VE THEE

The second section of the book reveals Kim's increasing emotional attachment to the Lama as a result of his bitter experiences at the regimental barracks, and the English school at Lucknow. Depressed by distrust, and by suspicions of the people around him, a sense of "strong loneliness among white men preyed on him".²⁴ In a very touching scene outside the school gate, Kim, "clutching at the robe, all forgetful that he was a Sahib", expresses to the Lama his utter loneliness—

I am all alone in the land; I know not where I go nor what shall befall me ... I have no friend save thee,. Holy One. Do not altogether go away.'

Father Victor's attempts to convince Kim that as a white man and a Catholic he is superior to the Indians, are futile. He gladly accepts training as a chain-man in the Secret Service, to escape the imprisonment of school and possibly be reunited with the Lama—

'... in three years the Colonel will take me out of the *madrissah* and let me go upon the Road with Mahbub hunting for horses' pedigrees, or maybe I shall go by myself; or maybe I shall find the Lama and go with him. Yes, that is best. To walk again as a *chela* with my Lama when he comes back to Benares.'²⁶



'SEVENTY-NINE, EIGHTY, EIGHTY-ONE,'
THE MAN COUNTED TO HIMSELF

" 'He is come,' said the boy, in a voice little louder than a sigh, and vanished. Kim felt sure that the boy had been posted to guide him from the first, but, putting a bold face on it, parted the curtain. A black-bearded man, with a green shade over his eyes, sat at a table, and, one by one, with short, white hands, picked up globules of light from a tray before him, threaded them on a glancing silken string, and hummed to himself the while. Kim was conscious that beyond the circle of light the room was full of things that smelt like all the temples of all the East ...

'Seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one,' the man counted to himself, stringing pearl after pearl so quickly that Kim could scarcely follow his fingers. He slid off the green shade and looked fixedly at Kim for a full half-minute ..."

[see p 25 for our full acknowledgment of kind permission to reproduce this picture]

Kim still enjoys the adventures and excitement of the Great Game, and performs his part with remarkable dexterity. But St Xavier's does not influence Kim as an Anglo-Indian, either racially or culturally, except by the education received there—paid for by the Lama. The first night Kim is out of school after three years there, "he dreamed in Hindustani, with never an English word".²⁷ During those years he has matured intellectually, morally and humanistically, and though well trained in the arts and skills of the Great Game he remains a lover of India, its people, its food and its way of life.

AND IT IS ALL TOO LATE'

Kim returns directly to the Lama in the third section of the book; and the first thing he does on reaching the Jain temple is to cure the sick child, from pure sympathy and compassion. Kipling observes that

Three years ago he would have made prompt profit on the situation and gone his way without a thought²⁸

but now his sense of humanity is much deeper than before. Reunited with the Lama as his loving *chela*, Kim begins participating for the first time in the Buddhistic rituals as practised by the Lama (a participation overlooked by Elliot Gilbert²⁹)—

Each long, perfect day rose behind Kim for a barrier to cut him off from his race and his mother-tongue. He slipped back to thinking and dreaming in the vernacular, and mechanically followed the Lama's ceremonial observances at eating, drinking, and the like.³⁰

However, what starts as Kim's mechanical participation with the Lama soon develops into his deeper involvement, as he too abstains

as the Rule demands, from evil words, covetous desires; not over-eating, not lying on high beds, nor wearing rich clothes.³¹

Along with the Lama, Kim too

meditated often on the Wheel of Life—the more so since, as the Lama said, they were freed from its visible temptations.³²

Kim's participation in the rituals influences him spiritually, and when the Lama tells him that perhaps he cannot be his real *chela* because of his white blood, Kim affirms his spiritual kinship with the Lama over his white race—

'Thou hast said there is neither black nor white. Why plague me with this talk, Holy One? ... It vexes me. I am *not* a Sahib. I am thy *chela*, and my head is heavy on my shoulders.'³³

Kim now realises that his involvement in the Great Game had distracted him from his full devotion to the Lama, and he repents over his earlier days of immaturity. Coming to the Lama and kissing his feet, he tells him in a choking voice:

'Holy One, my heart is very heavy for my many carelessnesses towards thee.' A hysterical catch rose in his throat... 'I have—I have... *Hai Mai!* But I love thee... and it is all too late... I was a child ... Oh, why was I not a man?'³⁴

An emotional breakdown follows this realisation, and he acknowledges to the Lama his spiritual dependence on him:

'Thou leanest on me in the body, Holy One, but I lean on thee for some other things.'³⁵

When Kim recovers from his sickness in the Maharanee's house, he goes through an inexplicable spiritual experience, a prelude to a *Nirvana*-like state when he feels that his soul has left his body and is out of tune with the environment—

Then he looked upon the trees and the broad fields, with the thatched huts hidden among crops—looked with strange eyes unable to take up the size and proportion and use of things—stared for a full half-hour. All that while he felt, though he could not put it into words, that his soul was out of gear with its surroundings—a cog-wheel unconnected with any machinery, just like the idle cog-wheel of a cheap Behea sugar-crusher laid by in a corner. The breezes fanned over him, the parrots shrieked at him, the noises of the populated house behind—squabbles, orders, and reproofs—hit on dead ears.³⁶

Kim himself is ignorant of the nature of his spiritual experience, but his sincere participation in the Buddhistic rituals prepares him for this, in the same way as, in Forster's *A Passage to India*, Mrs Moore experiences the mystical Marabar Caves without comprehension. While Mrs Moore *loses* her sense of personal identity as the 'bourn' sound spreads through her consciousness, Kim undergoes a *heightened* sense of identity crisis, like a man caught in a marginal world between the physical and the spiritual:

'I am Kim. I am Kim. And what is Kim?' His soul repeated it again and again.³⁷

However the practical side of Kim's nature reasserts itself, and he perceives the real world around him. Critics have overlooked Kim's spiritual experience, which is indicative of his profound inner changes, reflected in the later pages of the book. He no longer cares for the Great Game, and the secret Russian papers are a great burden on his mind—

If someone duly authorised would only take delivery of them the Great Game might play itself for aught he then cared.³⁸

When Hurree Babu suggests that the papers could if necessary have been "stolen" from the Maharanee's house by Mahbub Ali, Kim expresses shock: 'Mahbub Ali to rob the Sahiba's house? Thou art mad, Babu.'³⁹ Kim now disapproves of the immoral ways of the Great Game followed by the Babu, forgetting his earlier personal involvement—

'He robbed them', thought Kim, forgetting his own share in the game. 'He tricked them. He Hed to them ...'^{40 & 45}

'SEPARATE SIDES TO MY HEAD'

Kim's moral consciousness is unmistakably more intense in the third section of the book than before. In the final stage of his inner development Kim becomes a profound humanist, who has gained deep awareness of life, and ultimately fulfils his father's Masonic prophecy and becomes "a man". This new awareness removes his earlier selfishness, provides a more humane and moral perspective, and synthesises—into a richer and mellower vision of life—values that



'BEHOLD AFFLICTION SITTING AT THE GATE!'

" 'Do not forget the child,' cried the importunate Jat.. 'O Holy One—O disciple of the Holy One—O Gods above all the Worlds—behold affliction sitting at the gate!' That cry is so common in Benares that the passers never turned their heads ...

Hardly had the tall figure shown in the doorway than the Jat ran before him, and, lifting up the child, cried: 'Look upon this, Holy One; and if the Gods will, he lives—he lives!' " [*Kim*, pp 268 9]

[This drawing, like those on pp 15 and 21, is by the noted British illustrator Robin Jacques, from a beautiful edition of *Kim*, with an Introduction by Charles Carrington, produced in 1962 by the Heritage Club, publishers of fine books, of 47 Richards Avenue, Norwalk, Connecticut 06857. U.S.A. We gratefully acknowledge the permission of the Heritage Club to reproduce these pictures.]

are pragmatic and spiritual. Whether Kim, as Carrington suggests, ultimately emerges as "a man of the western technocratic world"⁴¹ by making a conscious choice "between contemplation and action",⁴² or joins the Lama, is perhaps less important than his new awareness of moral values. Kim's vision of life has now deepened to fuse what is good in both the spiritual/humanistic and the pragmatic/practical sides of life, best expressed in the verse-heading to chapter VIII, the middle chapter of *Kim*:

Something I owe to the soil that grew—
 More to the life that fed—
 But most to Allah who gave me two
 Separate sides to my head.

I would go without shirts or shoes,
 Friends, tobacco or bread
 Sooner than for an instant lose
 Either side of my head.

Kim develops a new vision of the Middle Way, different from the Buddhistic doctrine: it is the *Masonic* Middle Way, that urges people of different races and religions to cultivate the humanistic values common to all mankind, without renouncing their social, cultural and racial traditions.

Could this be a projection of Kipling's personal attitude? In this, his last book on India, Kipling is perhaps expressing his personal vision of the Masonic Middle Way—a synthesis of his humanist attitude developed from childhood in India, and his later pragmatic experiences as an English journalist there. India had offered Kipling experience of both the spiritual and practical aspects of life. In *Kim* he transformed his realisation of the validity of both into one coherent vision, represented by the River of the Arrow.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

J. A. Montgomery, *Religions of the Past and Present* (London. 1918). chapter on Buddhism; also E. J. Thomas, *History of Buddhist Thought* (London. 1933). In *Buddhism: A Religion of Infinite Compassion* (New York. 1952. p 172) C. H. Hamilton points out that Lamaism "is a fusion of a late form of Indian Buddhism which entered Tibet in the Eighth century A.D. with an original shamanistic nature worship of the land characterized by magic, sorcery and animism". In *The Path of the Buddha* (New York. 1956, p 237) K. W. Morgan refers to the earlier conflict

between Bonism "characterized by the worship of heaven and the spirit of mountains, rivers, trees and other aspects of nature", and Buddhism. Bon practices were "incorporated into Tibetan Buddhism in order to preserve the ancient culture".

2. W. K. Firminger, *Freemasonry in Bengal and the Punjab* (Calcutta, 1906, p lxxviii).
3. Article in *KJ*, March 1974, *Rudyard Kipling and Lodge Hope and Perseverance*. by Enamul Karim.
4. *Kim*, p 279 (all page references are to the *Uniform Pocket Edition*, Macmillan).
5. *ibid.* pp 12 13. 6. *ibid.* p 22. 7. *ibid.* p 79.
8. *ibid.* p 79. 9. *ibid.* p 131. 10. *ibid.* p 173.
11. *ibid.* pp 275 6. 12. *ibid.* p 360. 13. *ibid.* p 411.
14. Article in *KJ*, June 1967. "*Kim*"—*Novel or Propaganda*' by Dr Elliot L. Gilbert.
15. *Kim*. pp 411 12. 16. *ibid.* p 413. 17. *ibid.* p 413.
18. *ibid.* p 2. 19. as for Note 3 above. 20. *Kim*, pp 2 3.
21. *ibid.* p 2. 22. *ibid.* p 72. 23. *ibid.* pp 61 62.
24. *ibid.* p 146. 25. *ibid.* p 173. 26. *ibid.* p 195.
27. *ibid.* p 276. 28. *ibid.* pp 267 8. 29. as for Note 14 above.
30. *Kim*. p 304. 31. *ibid.* p 305. 32. *ibid.* p 332.
33. *ibid.* p 386. 34. *ibid.* pp 387 8. 35. *ibid.* p 389.
36. *ibid.* p 403. 37. *ibid.* p 403. 38. *ibid.* p 387.
39. *ibid.* p 401. 40. *ibid.* p 402.
41. Article in *KJ*. December 1965. *An Introduction to "Kim"*, by C. E. Carrington.
42. *Rudyard Kipling* by C. E. Carrington (Macmillan, 3rd edn, 1978), p 427.

EDITOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTES

43. [See p. 16] In *Kim*. pp 10–17, Lama and Curator (Lockwood Kipling) discuss the location of the Holy Places of Buddhism, and the early pilgrimages of two Chinese, Fu-Hiuen and Hwen-Tsiang. The Curator's map shows the Buddha's birthplace, Kapilavastu in Nepal, but he does not know where the River of the Arrow is.

Modern archaeological reassessment now with increasing confidence sites Kapilavastu not at Tilaurakot, as the Curator's map would show, but at Piprahwa a few miles south. Here, recent excavations have exposed relics of great importance, including charred bones which could well be those of the Buddha. (See "Kapilavastu Rediscovered", by K. M. Srivastava, *Illustrated London News*, July 1980.)

The travel records of Fa-hien (399 A.D.) and Hiuen Tsang (629) remain important, but tantalising because so many Buddhist sites were obliterated after Buddhism was extinguished in India in the 12th century. Hiuen Tsang certainly visited Sarakupa (Arrow Well), where the spring was attributed to the Buddha's miraculous bowshot from Kapilavastu. His visit is part of the evidence used in locating the city. But the spring itself is still unidentified.

44. [See p 18] "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" (*The Second Jungle Book*).
45. [See p 24] I am reluctant to disagree with Dr Karim, but I cannot think Kim was lastingly disillusioned with the Great Game. On the march, his anxiety to shed the papers was due to exhaustion (Note 38 above); later, his reaction to the fantasy of stealing them back was exasperation at its pointlessness (Note 39); his view of the Babu's resilient guile over the Russian incident, however, was *admiring*—"I must get into the world again" (Note 40).

SOMETHING OF HIMSELF

A third instalment by C. L. NICHOLSON

[The last two issues of the *Journal* have contained some reminiscences kindly provided by Miss Cecily Nicholson, Rudyard Kipling's last Private Secretary: for a biographical note on her see No 216, p 38. Here is a further excerpt from a talk on Kipling Miss Nicholson delivered in 1979, to an unspecialised audience, in support of a local church restoration appeal.—*Ed*]

There was an enormous correspondence. People wrote to Mr Kipling from all over the world, on every conceivable subject. Countless people asked for his autograph. These he used to sign by the hundred at a sitting, to go out when requested—provided return postage had been paid.

Some of the requests were very strange. One asked him to re-write the Psalms, which he did not feel qualified to do. One compared him to Shakespeare, to the detriment of Shakespeare, with which he did not agree. One even asked him to write two additional verses for "The Red Flag": this he did not undertake.

Almost all his letters were answered, though sometimes I signed replies on his behalf. One of my mementoes is a letter I received asking for some information about one of Mr Kipling's books. The letter was addressed to "Mr Charles Nicholson" and bore a postscript saying "Your name, Mr Nicholson, I obtained from a book called *Famous Secretaries*, published in Philadelphia in 1934". I refrained with some difficulty from pointing out the mistake. When I showed it to Mr Kipling he said, "Infamous, I should say".

He never dictated to me, but always wrote his replies across the head of the incoming letter. His handwriting was neat and usually easy to read, but occasionally I was defeated. With my other employers I had been able to make up something to fit the context when faced with such a conundrum, but I dared not do that with Mr Kipling, for his vocabulary was so immense that he might well use a word I had never heard. On one occasion I had to leave a blank, and Mr Kipling came round to my office to ask why. I explained that I had not been able to read his writing, to which he replied, "That sounds a very good reason".

MUDDIED OAFS

by R. A. MAIDMENT

[Mr Maidment, himself a schoolmaster, has submitted an article on Kipling's schooldays, with particular reference to the career of W. C. Crofts ("King" in *Stalky & Co.*). We hope to publish it in a later issue, and when we do we shall more fully introduce the author. Meanwhile, here is a fragment of it which can logically and suitably be detached from the rest.—*Ed.*]

KIPLING AS FOOTBALL CORRESPONDENT

If there is one thing worse than compulsory games, it is being a compulsory spectator. This was an experience the myopic Rudyard frequently had to endure at school. The famous lines about muddied oafs—

Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented your souls
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at
the goals¹—

were written in a context of high politics, but it is not difficult to imagine that they had their origin in damp November afternoons spent on the touchline at the United Services College.²

Rugby, however, was a big thing at the U.S.C., and a good journalist knows how to give his readers what they want. At the end of the autumn term in 1881 the bespectacled Editor of the *U.S.C. Chronicle* penned a lengthy article on the strengths and weaknesses of the performance of various school football teams.³ He paid particular attention to an alarming lack of sporting feeling in certain quarters—

We cannot help commenting on the lack of public spirit shown this term by the House with the yellow stripes ... We appeal to them by the memory of those who in former years have won them glory, to reflect that we are a Public School, and that if they seize every opportunity to avoid compliance with the rules and customs of the rest ... they are simply sapping the foundation of that excellence in games, which we may without presumption claim as having been established, thanks to the patriotism and good feeling of those before us.

The "House with the yellow stripes" was run by that fiery traditionalist and exponent of the public school spirit, William Crofts⁴, and had in fact been Cock House for several years previously. Unfortunately we have no record of "Mr King's" reaction to this excellent advice from the scurrilous journalist "Beetle".

Kipling's display of football expertise was not unanimously well received. His critique on the performance of the First XV had included undeniably personal allusions—

Wilson must learn not to pick up the ball in a scrimmage, and try for greater command of temper.

Years later, a College contemporary was to comment laconically that Kipling's

scathing remarks on the members of the First XV made it too warm for him, and he afterwards dropped this part of his work.⁵

NOTES

1. "The Islanders" (January 1902).
2. See *Schooldays with Kipling* by G. C. Beresford (Gollancz. 1936). pp 54 55: "This was an even more chilly occupation than the struggle in the slime; but at least it saved him the trouble of changing into and out of football kit. and also of being covered with mud and kicked on the shins."
3. *U.S.C. Chronicle* No 7, 5 December 1881.
4. Crofts has recently been the subject of an article (*Journal* 215). and a letter and an illustration (*Journal* 216).
5. Cyril Harrison, *Pearson's Weekly*. 5 December 1896. p 325.



"THE OPPRESSED HERD OF CLOWNS"

This drawing by G. C. Beresford ("M'Turk") is reproduced from his *Schooldays with Kipling* (Gollancz, 1936), with grateful acknowledgment to the publishers. It is enlarged from a small sketch in the book, entitled "A Sportsman at Football". The main spectator is Kipling. The long building behind is the United Services College. The date is about 1881.

Beresford's sprightly account of his schooldays appeared after Kipling's death, was challenged in some respects by General Dunsterville ("Stalky"), but is highly readable. Kipling the football-watcher, excused physical participation because of poor sight, is amusingly described by Beresford, as the following extracts convey.

"His short sight and his giglamps provided him with a free pass by means of which he could always escape the chilly stricken field. It was merely his duty to take his place on the touch-line ... to witness the contest and to encourage our efforts, looking the picture of discouragement himself, standing on the muddy grass ... with a background of the mist and the sea, his coat collar turned up ... condescendingly interested in the pastimes of those juveniles and their healthy (no doubt) but trivial efforts to propel or carry a large leather ball to one side of a field or to another ...

His presence certainly gave tone to the scrambles and scrimmages, lent countenance to the smearing of mud that eventually covered the more conspicuous performers as with a garment ... At the conclusion of the futilities, Gigger was free to wander away on his occasions, whatever they were, while the oppressed herd of clowns had to waste precious time washing plenteously, and changing itself into more seemly habiliments."

THE ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1980

The Annual Luncheon was held on Thursday 30 October 1980 at the Caledonian Suite, 6 Hanover Street, London. Thanks are again due to John Shearman for organising this successful function. Our Guest of Honour, Mrs Betty Sutherland, till recently the National Trust's Administrator at Bateman's, after a gracious speech proposed *The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling*—that resounding Toast which, starting as the theme for an address by General Dunsterville ("Stalky") at our Annual Luncheon of 1936, the first after Kipling's death, became thereafter traditional.

Mr Richard O'Hagan was in the chair. Others present were:-

Mrs D. M. Alexander; Mr W. H. Alexander; Revd A. R. Ankers; Miss A. M. Ashley; Lt-Col & Mrs A. E. Bagwell-Purefoy; Miss R. Bailey; Mrs K. M. Bissett; Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt; Mrs L. V. E. Bowden; Mr H. Brogan; Mr C. E. Carrington; Mrs R. Charlish; Mr T. L. A. Daintith; Mr B. C. Diamond; Mrs B. Casely Dickson; Lord Ferrier; Miss S. J. Frazer; Mr & Mrs W. N. Greenwood; Dr & Mrs F. M. Hall; Revd Fr E. Histon; Miss C. D. Hobhouse; Mr & Mrs T. Hoy; Mr J. M. Huntington-Whiteley; Mrs Kerrigan; Miss A. Kilburn; Mr R. W. King; Miss C. Kipling; Mr R. Kipling; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Gp-Captain P. Lewis; Mrs A. Lister; Mr J. H. McGivering; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Prof & Mrs T. Pinney; Mr R. Ratcliff; Mr J. Shearman; Dr G. J. S. Simpson; Mr & Mrs F. W. G. Small; Brig & Mrs F. E. Stafford; Lady Sarah Stuart; Mr & Mrs S. O. D. Wade; Major B. M. Ward; Miss H. M. Webb.

Annual Luncheons have been held since the foundation of the Kipling Society in 1927—though they were not possible during the War, nor practical during the austerity period that followed. (In June 1940 the event had to be regretfully "cancelled owing to the wartime situation". The modest function of 1948, attended by our then President, Earl Wavell, was not a luncheon but a tea. It was some years before the Annual Luncheon resumed its former place as the central social occasion in the Society's calendar—as it is today.)

The 1980 Luncheon drew an attendance of 56, a figure high enough to avoid outright financial loss but slightly lower than in 1979 and palpably lower than we had hoped for. We would very much like future Annual Luncheons to attract more members and their guests. The occasion, whether those who attend choose to view it as a gastronomic experience at very moderate cost, or an interesting sociological study of some congenial if idiosyncratic fellow-creatures, or a literary event of some distinction, is not unrewarding for anyone able to beat a path at noontime to the purlieus of Hanover Street, W1.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GUEST OF HONOUR'S ADDRESS

[Mrs Sutherland spoke with great affection of Bateman's, a house still deeply imbued with the atmosphere Kipling and his family had created. Residence there had brought her the friendship of Kipling's daughter Elsie Bambridge, whom she engagingly described, and enabled her to meet many with direct memories of Kipling's attractive personality, flair with young people, and interest in his estate. These excerpts catch her flavour: her text is in the Society's Library.—*Ed.*]

Bateman's is where the "unfading genius" of Rudyard Kipling will always be recognised—so long as the house, garden and surrounding countryside, now under the protection of the National Trust, are allowed to stand still in time, unaltered, remaining as far as humanly possible exactly as everything was when the far-sighted Carrie Kipling left it to the nation in 1939. My seventeen years at Bateman's have proved to me that so long as Carrie's wishes are honoured, the genius and spirit of her husband will remain alive, and his home will never become merely a museum.

I was very dissatisfied by the way I found the house when we moved in, and wrote to Elsie Bambridge as the only surviving Kipling, to ask for help. She came back to Bateman's for lunch with me on a day in March when it was snowing hard. Not knowing how she would react to children, I told mine and their friends to stay hidden up in their attic rooms. Elsie and I seemed to understand each other from the start, and that day was the beginning of a friendship I shall treasure for ever. After lunch, I suggested that she might like to see over the whole house. The surprise on the faces of the children when we reached the attic rooms will never be forgotten, although from then on Elsie was lost to me. and for the rest of her visit she joined the children.

A few days later the farm van from her house at Wimpole Hall brought pieces of furniture and many treasures which Elsie was returning to her parents' home. Soon after, she came to stay with me, to arrange these things in their proper places.

The stern full-length portrait of her father on the main staircase, which I told her I felt I ought to salute every time I went upstairs, was ordered up to the attic rooms to keep the children in order—"but then", Elsie added, "my father could never be strict with us". On her next visit she arrived carrying under her arm, wrapped in brown

paper, the more mellow portrait of her father by John Collier.

The children loved her, and she encouraged them in all forms of mischief, often to my dismay. Later, one of the servants at Wimpole Hall told me they wondered what she always took in a paper carrier-bag when she left for Bateman's, and I was able to say, "her goloshes". She put them on to help my younger son Malcolm in the garden, and I dreaded what they might do together, for they both delighted in making bonfires. A monkey-puzzle tree near the limes, planted by a previous tenant, was doomed by Elsie to Malcolm's axe, and together they burnt the tumbledown old summerhouse where her father used to sit writing in the warmth of the Quarry Garden.

The only memorial unconnected with her famous father to which she would have given her consent, would be to "Una" in the Quarry Garden at Bateman's—a shelter or summerhouse for visitors to rest in, and where the children can recite poems and act plays, as she, her brother and cousins did, many years ago, in that same sheltered corner. The Una Memorial is already well in hand.

That Kipling was dearly loved by his cousin Stanley Baldwin's large family, and many other friends' children, has been revealed to me by wonderful stories concerning his kindness, understanding, encouragement of the young, and sense of humour, told to me by many of these friends and relations now grown old, who have found great happiness in revisiting Bateman's and recalling happy childhood days with "Uncle Ruddy".

In our early days there, one of Burne-Jones's grandchildren took Malcolm to find the children's tree house, hidden by bushes at the bottom of the garden. They were both thrilled to discover it. Malcolm and his friends played in it until the mill-race was cleared, when the Mill was restored by local volunteers.

I have marvelled over the years at Kipling's ingenious ways of utilising wells and streams to provide constant running water where it was needed, and especially to keep the children's pond clean; the way he laid paths of the correct material, and in such a way that in all weathers they drained well, and the children could play dry-footed in the garden; the wide "quarterdeck" laid outside the South Garden, where they could play and not annoy their mother by bringing mud indoors. In all these practical spheres our modern methods have brought no improvements on his ideas, and in many cases have led to less efficiency.

WALK HER DOWN TO MOTHER CAREY!

Kipling sung by PETER BELLAMY

Well, ah, fare you well; we can stay no more with you, my love—
Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee

[At a meeting on 12 November 1980, Mr Peter Bellamy produced a Kipling Concert, with slides. Mr J. H. McGivering was in the chair. Others present included Revd A. R. Ankers; Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt; Miss R. Carthy; Mr D. S. Cottrell; Mr T. L. A. Daintith; Mr K. Daly; Mr F. L. Derrett; Mr B. C. Diamond; Lord Ferrier; Miss S. J. Frazer; Mr J. R. Gambling; Mr H. R. Harlow; Mr G. Hermges; Mrs J. Hicks; Mr D. T. Irvine; Miss C. Jennings; Mrs A. M. Kilburn; Mrs L. A. F. Lewis; Gp-Captain P. Lewis; Miss C. Mundy; Prof & Mrs T. Pinney; Mr J. Shearman; Mr R. W. R. Ward.

Born in Bournemouth in 1944, Peter Bellamy's immediate background was agricultural yet far-flung: his father, before returning to England, had been in cotton-farming in the South Seas and cattle in Australia. After grammar school in Norfolk, and a period at an Art School, Peter Bellamy found his vocation in singing, and has been fully professional since 1965. He is married, and lives in Norwich, but his career as a performer of traditional songs, specialising in the folk song of England, has taken him on extensive tours of Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. as well as Britain, and has earned him a high reputation.

His is an exacting profession, requiring qualities of memory, ear and voice, skill on an accompanying instrument, and the talent to project a one-man theatre. In Kipling, he has a fast-growing repertoire, now numbering a hundred songs, which he presents with airs mainly of his own composition, sometimes to the critical and illustrative accompaniment of spoken comment and slides.

He had previously entertained us at our Annual Luncheon in 1978 and at a Discussion Meeting in 1979. Those who have seen and heard him will agree that his performance is a *tour de force*, hard to describe yet impossible to forget. He has gone deep to the earthy roots of traditional English song, and has recognised in Kipling a master in this genre. For those of us who had mainly regarded Kipling's verses as something flat on the printed page, Peter Bellamy's projection of memory-smoothed lines into a third dimension of fresh vitality, with unrefined vigour where the context requires it, startlingly opens new doors of understanding.

The following account of Peter Bellamy's November 1980 concert is based on a report kindly supplied by John McGivering. All the poems referred to may be found in *The Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1940, frequently reprinted).—*Ed.*]

This was a welcome return by an old friend and member. Mr Bellamy is a singer and speaker who provides a well-balanced programme of songs—both *a cappella* and self-accompanied on guitar or concertina—interspersed with remarks on Kipling's approach to folk song, and his skill in capturing the very voice of the people.

Appropriately enough, as this had been the first number that set the singer on the trail of Kipling's music, the proceedings opened with "Frankie's Trade"—

I learned him his trade o' winter nights
 'Twixt Mardyck Fort and Dunkirk lights,
 On a five-knot tide with the forts a-firing.
 (*All round the Sands!*)

Then "Tommy" led to the music-hall in general and Gatti's in particular, opposite the chambers in Villiers Street (now Kipling House) past which Mr Bellamy had walked just before his performance. Next came "The Young British Soldier", "Gunga Din" and "The Widow at Windsor"—

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require
 A speedy return to their 'ome.
 (Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)

The spine-chilling "Danny Deever" followed—

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their
 beer today
 After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!—

and then the amusing "Bill 'Awkins"—

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?"
 "Now what in the devil would I care?"
 " 'E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-grinder's monkey,
 With a pound of grease in 'is 'air—
 Gawd—bless—'im!
 An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

Leaving the soldiers for a moment, Mr Bellamy then gave us "The Wet Litany"—

When our brittle townships press,
Impotent, on emptiness;
Hear the Channel Fleet at sea:
Libera nos Domine!

After that, back to the Army again with the tragic "Gethsemane"—

The Garden called Gethsemane,
It held a pretty lass,
But all the time she talked to me
I prayed my cup might pass.

Mr Bellamy ended the first part of his performance with the spirited and evocative lilt of the capstan in "Anchor Song"—

Well, ah, fare you well, and it's Ushant slams the door on us,
Whirling like a windmill through the dirty scud to lee,
Till the last, last flicker goes
From the tumbling water-rows.
And we're off to Mother Carey
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks
at sea!

* * *

After a short interval, the singer told us that he usually explained to his audience how Kipling had lived at Rottingdean, and must have heard some of the local songs of the well-known Copper family (the present generation of whom are still singing); since he was preaching to the converted he need not dwell on this now, nor on associations of Bateman's and the Puck stones; and he pressed on, with "Sir Richard's Song", "Poor Honest Men", and "A Tree Song"—

But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He will take no wrong when he lieth along
'Neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn!

He continued the Puck theme with "An Astrologer's Song"—

*What chariots, what horses
Against us shall bide
While the Stars in their courses
Do fight on our side?*

After that came "A Smuggler's Song"—

*Trusty's here, and Pincher's here, and see how dumb they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!*

This was followed by the haunting "Harp Song of the Dane Women"—

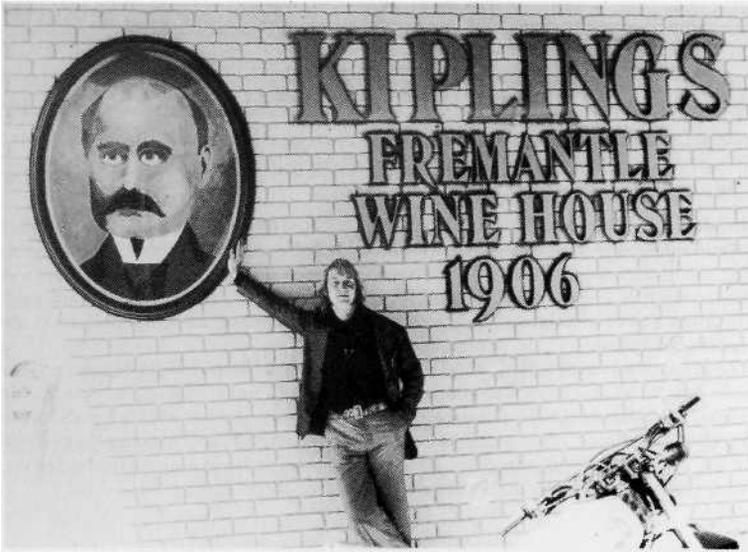
Then you drive out where the storm-clouds swallow,
And the sound of your oar-blades, falling hollow,
Is all we have left through the months to follow—

and then "The Dutch in the Medway"—

Mere powder, guns, and bullets,
We scarce can get at all;
Their price was spent in merriment
And revel at Whitehall.

The last items in the evening's diverse selection were "A St. Helena Lullaby", "The Ballad of Minepit Shaw", and "The Looking Glass—A Country Dance", with a macabre slide of Queen Elizabeth I, reluctant to face her mirror, with a skull peering over her shoulder—

The Queen was in her chamber, and she was middling old.
Her petticoat was satin, and her stomacher was gold.
Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass.
The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As comely or as kindly or as young as what she was!



"THIS IS THE MOUTH-FILLING SONG ..."

This mildly comical snapshot of the Medium and the Message shows Mr Peter Bellamy, the well-known performer of traditional songs, on tour in Australia.

In the best tradition of inn signs, the portrait conveys strong period flavour, but a rather unconvincing resemblance to Kipling: it might rather be an artist's impression of the defendant in unsavoury *fin de siècle* proceedings in a French criminal court. However we are pleased to hear of this Fremantle establishment and (it being an area where a man can raise a thirst) we trust it will long flourish. Can an Australian member tell us if a history attaches to the name?

The motor-bicycle is not an intended prop. Nor did Mr Bellamy travel on it. It was simply too hard to shift for the photograph: which can also be said of a parking meter on the left, barely visible.

In early spring last year, August and September, Mr Bellamy made an extensive Australian tour, evoking in its scope and speed "the race that was run by a Boomer... only event of its kind", in *Just So Stories* (see "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo" from which the caption above is taken). In five weeks he made thirty-one professional appearances from sea to sea—Perth to Sydney, Darwin to Tasmania, also Alice Springs and Mount Isa in the middle. With his repertoire of traditional English folk song he included settings of Kipling's poems: at a university in Perth he gave a gratifyingly well-attended concert of exclusively Kipling material. For the Australian Broadcasting Corporation he recorded four one-hour programmes of Kipling, including fifty settings of poems, with readings from Kipling's works and comments on his life.

When in England, Mr Bellamy can be reached at 11 Victoria Street, Norwich NR1 3QX telephone 0603 60411. Anyone interested in booking him, to present a Kipling evening settings of Kipling's work illustrated by slides—should get in touch.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND MIRIAM SMITH

An Exchange of Letters

[In May 1897, Diamond Jubilee Year, Kipling visited Oxford as a celebrity. He dined in Balliol (and later wrote to his American friend Dr Conland, "The boys cheered me so that the Master couldn't say grace"). A senior don at Balliol (and future Master) was the historian A. L. Smith. One of Smith's seven daughters, a young girl, Miriam, gave her father a note to hand to Kipling. She received an immediate reply. Both texts are reproduced below.

I am indebted to Sir Angus Wilson for this. He received copies of the letters last year from Mr R. Hodgkin of Falmouth, who has family links with A. L. Smith. Mr Hodgkin had found the texts, copied in pencil many years ago but wholly legible, in the 'commonplace book' of an aunt. The copy below is taken direct from this manuscript by me. The originals may of course have differed in minutiae of punctuation or layout, but there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the following texts.—*Ed.*]

Dear Mr Rudyard Kipling,

I want to ask you to write another Jungle Book. Please, please do, for we like them so. Father has read us all the stories in the First and Second 3 times over, & now we want some new ones.

Mother told me just now that you were dining in Balliol Hall tonight & so I write to you. I can't think how you were able to think of such a lot of stories. Maggie likes the White Seal too. I think the two sad ones are The Spring Running & Red Dog. I simply love Mowgli's Brothers & Tiger, Tiger very much indeed. What is yr favourite story? I must stop now, ever your affectionate reader

Miriam Smith.

May 23/97

Dear Miss Miriam,

Thank you very much for your kind little note which I received this afternoon. I am sending the answer by your father tonight. I'm glad you like the Jungle Books but I *can't* write another one because I feel as if I had said everything about Mowgli that I can think of. Of course he had heaps more adventures but I don't feel so sure about them as I did about the other ones. That is a way that writing people have. They do a thing for a time & then they stop. The one I like best myself I think is the Miracal [Miracle] of Puran [Purun] Bhagat—but I sometimes think I like Rikki tikki tavi more than that. Stories are like games. You get fondest of the one you play easiest. However, I hope before long to write some *really* fairy-tales with a new kind of

fairy in them—rather a junglified fairy. Now I must stop because I have to go out to dinner & give this note to your father to give you tomorrow morning, I am sorry I haven't seen you because then I could have told you a lot of things easier than writing.

Very sincerely yours

Rudyard Kipling.

BOOK REVIEWS

KIPLING, AUDEN & CO. (Essays and Reviews 1935-1964) by Randall Jarrell (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1980, \$17.95)

Since the death in 1965 of Randall Jarrell, poet, essayist, critic, anthologist, two volumes of his essays and reviews have been published. The second of these is entitled *Kipling, Auden & Co.* Reviews of books of poetry predominate in this collection, though Jarrell discusses novels, plays, music, critics, love and cars as well. He examines everything and everyone that comes to his attention with a clear, exacting gaze that leads him to assess the good and the poor qualities in each, regardless of his final opinion. Such treatment is accorded to Kipling and Auden, as the title shows, as well as to many others of varying literary powers.

Jarrell's delight in reading Kipling's stories shines through his prefaces to three collections of them which he compiled. (Five had been planned but two were not completed.) "On Preparing to Read Kipling" had been the introduction to his selection of fifty pieces under the title *The Best Short Stories of Rudyard Kipling (1961)*. Jarrell describes Kipling as a literary "world figure" as Byron and Hemingway were in their day. Such writers are over-praised, then undervalued, then their "account is settled". "Kipling ... was a great genius; and a great neurotic; and a great professional, one of the most skilful writers who have ever existed—one of the writers who have used English best ... After you have read Kipling's fifty or seventy-five best stories you realise that few men have written this many stories of this much merit."

After an appreciation of Kipling's choice and use of words, and his ability to write in many vernaculars, Jarrell declares; "Kipling was... possessed by both the Daemon he tells you about, who writes some of the stories for him, and the demons he doesn't tell you about, who write some others." Jarrell explores Kipling's early life in relation to

the latter stories. The hell of Southsea remembered, his "seven years hard" and what he learned and felt of subsurface human nature and its actions, both east and west of Suez, helped make him a "passionate moralist", with a one-sided morality "desperately protective, sometimes vindictive ... of someone who has been for some time the occupant of one of God's concentration camps and has had to spend the rest of his life justifying or explaining out of existence what he cannot forget". The sudden irruption of Hell in 1914 demonstrated to Victorian-Edwardian minds the truth of what Kipling had been telling them. "Kipling tries so hard to celebrate and justify true authority, the work and habit and wisdom of the world, because he feels so bitterly the abyss of pain and insanity that they overlie."

Randall Jarrell's other two Kipling anthologies, of which the titles explain the basis of selection—*In the Vernacular: The English in India* (1963), and *The English in England* (1963)—contain fewer tales. In his Introduction to the former, here reprinted as an essay in *Kipling*, Auden & Co., Jarrell quotes extensively from *Something of Myself* to set the stage before he comments on the stories he has chosen. The comments are favourable for the most part, as might be expected, but he does not hesitate to point out where Kipling disappoints him—as when he asserts that "The Man who would be King" [*Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories*] is closer to Talbot Mundy than to top-flight Kipling. He closes with a tribute to Kipling's powers of observation, empathy and invention which, together with his temperament, give his stories their originality.

Jarrell's other anthology (to which his Introduction is likewise reprinted here), except for the early "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" [*Wee Willie Winkie*], contains stories selected from Kipling's later work, showing his "easy and decisive mastery that was a result of a lifetime of imaginative realization." Jarrell points out that Kipling's stories, dazzling in their verisimilitude, "are never mere slices of life", but are "more notable for their imagination than their realism". He spots the weaknesses in "My Son's Wife" [*A Diversity of Creatures*] and "An Habitation Enforced" [*Actions and Reactions*]. In the former the city intellectuals are straw figures; in the latter the Americans are "blank sticks". His favourites appear to be the "naturally beautiful" "They" [*Traffics and Discoveries*] and the "harshly and uncannily colorful" "Wireless" [*Traffics and Discoveries*]. He closes by saying: "as long as readers enjoy style and skill, originality and imagination—in a word, genius—they will take delight in Kipling's stories."

CENAS BRASILEIRAS by Rudyard Kipling (Editora Record, Distribuidora Record de Servicos de Imprensa S.A., Rue Argentina 171, 20921 Rio de Janeiro, Brasil)

The Society has received a copy of this handsome book—a translation into Brazilian Portuguese of *Brazilian Sketches*. The translators are Pinheiro de Lemos (*prose*) and Geir Campos (*poems*). There is an informative Preface by R. Magalhaes, Jr, of the Academia Brasileira de Letras, and a number of fascinating photographs, splendidly chosen and reproduced, of Brazilian scenes and landmarks in the 1920s, when Kipling visited the country. This is a most interesting addition to our Library.

February 1981

JOHN SHEARMAN

[*Brazilian Sketches* first appeared in Britain serialised in the *Morning Post* (1927), and in U.S.A. in *Liberty* (1927–28). There were seven prose accounts of Kipling's visit, each accompanied by verses. Though the verses are all to be found in the *Definitive Edition*, the prose is not so easily come by. However the whole collection was posthumously placed in the rare and splendid *Sussex Edition* as a supplement to *Letters of Travel* (Vol xxix), likewise in the American *Burwash Edition* (Vol xix); and there was also a separate American edition (Doubleday, New York) in 1940. *Ed.*]

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE CARELESS ANGELS KNOW!"

From Lt-Colonel W. P. Kenyon, 34 Lydbury North, Shropshire

Dear Sir,

I would be very grateful if you could tell me where I can find an explanation of Kipling's poem "To the True Romance" (1893).

Yours truly,

W. P. KENYON

4 January 1980

[This letter was originally addressed to John Shearman, who replied in necessarily tentative terms, hinting at Biblical, Masonic and Arthurian echoes and citing Dr Tompkins (*The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, p 209), though she says of this poem, "The glittering spume of rhyme and assonance obscures the argument".

Mannered and oblique it is, yet powerful and poignant. It is in the *Definitive Edition of Verse*; also in *Many Inventions*, to which it served as preface. Readers are invited to send me their interpretations of its enigmatic meaning.—*Ed.*]

MRS BATHURST ON THE 'BIOGRAPH'

From Mr J. Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DJ

Dear Sir,

The reproduction on p 35 of *Journal* No 216 of George Gibb's illustration of the crucial scene in "Mrs. Bathurst" made me wonder why the illustrator had depicted the screen image as framed, or *vignetted*, in a circle. In 1904 there was nothing technically impossible about this, the visual device was often used in Magic-Lantern slides, but in motion pictures it was rare. Film-makers wanted the space afforded by the rectangular frame in which people could be shown moving about, and this is what Kipling describes. The maker of the film "Home and Friends for a Tickey" could not have known that the appearance of Mrs Bathurst would have particular significance for a Cape Town naval audience, and so had no reason for using the vignetting device at this particular moment in the film scene.

I suggest that the illustrator, George Gibb, with such means as were at his disposal, was doing his best to invent the cinematic *Close-up*. Several film-makers began to do this at roughly the same time, and the idea came to fruition under D. W. Griffith in "The Birth of a Nation" (1914) and "Intolerance" (1916). It achieved its full strength under the Russian post-Revolutionary film-makers Lev Kuleshov, V. I. Pudovkin and S. M. Eisenstein, who were among the first to write a coherent theory of the art of the cinema.

George Gibb did not quite know how to achieve the cinematic Close-Up, so he vignettted a circle round the scene and thus achieved a powerful *Medium-Shot*. With an artist's intuitive sense he chose the exact moment—"Christ! there's Mrs. B.!"

Yours faithfully,

JOHN SHEARMAN

(Member of the British Academy
of Film & Television Arts)

10 February 1981

KIPLING AND "MRS. BATHURST"

From Mr T. L. A. Daintith, 46 Marchmont Road, Wallington, Surrey

Dear Sir,

I am happy to see that Mrs Bathurst is still going strong. But surely, the greatest mystery is this:- The story was published in 1904, more than thirty years before Kipling's death : in all that time did *no one* ask

him to explain any of the various points that have been so happily argued over ever since?

Kipling was very properly reticent about his *personal* affairs, but I cannot believe that he would have refused to answer a reasonable *literary* query. In one way, of course, it would be disappointing if there should exist a long letter from him clarifying every ambiguity, but at the same time it would be a relief.

Yours faithfully,

T. L. A. DAINTITH

11 December 1980

[This is a valid question—no less so if the tale was deliberately made insoluble, in pursuance of the idea that in life evidence is commonly incomplete and inconsequential (themes that recur in this inquiry). Mr F. A. Underwood long ago suggested (*Journal*, December 1964) that "Kipling was writing something very advanced for its time, in trying to convey the incomplete nature of stones heard in real life".

But it is a tribute to the story that its sense of mystery should for many readers, especially those familiar with Kipling's allusive techniques, be so pervasive. Unlike Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston* or Dickens's *Drood*, "Mrs. Bathurst" has an ending, but one which heightens its inherent air of tragic incompleteness. The allure of the incomplete is subtly described in G. K. Chesterton's *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* (Dent, London; Dutton, New York; 1911)—"For a finished tale may give a man immortality in the light and literary sense; but an unfinished tale suggests another immortality, more essential and more strange..."—*Ed.*]

"FINISHED KILLING KRUGER WITH YOUR MOUTH"

From Mr F. A. Underwood, The Coplow, Station Road, Winterbourne Down, Bristol

Dear Sir,

You expressed an interest in political ditties of the Boer War period sung by children [*see* footnote 1 of "A Fourth Soldier", *Journal* No 216, p 33]. I doubt if you will want to print what I can remember of an aunt's memories (born 1894, I think), but this is a genuine sample—

Rule, Britannia! Two tanners make a bob!
Kruger never, never, never shaved his nob!

Kruger was pronounced 'Krewjer', and Rhodes probably said 'Krewjer'—possibly on the same principle as Churchill's pronunciation of 'Nazi', etc.

Yours sincerely,

ALAN UNDERWOOD

6 March 1981

COLLECTED INDEXES TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

A Note by the Secretary

The Kipling Society has been publishing the *Kipling Journal* four times a year since 1927—Nos 1-216 at the time of writing. The first Index covered *Journals* 1-24 [March 1927 to December 1932]. Thereafter Indexes were published annually, in thirty-two pamphlets, covering *Journals* 25-152 [March 1933 to December 1964]. Then there was a bit of a gap. Then three Indexes, covering *Journals* 153-212 [March 1965 to December 1979] filled this gap and brought us up to date—thanks to Mrs Lisa Lewis.

So now we have a complete set of Indexes to *Journals* 1-212: layouts vary but the information is there. Thanks to Mrs G. H. Newsom we also have in the Library a complete set of bound volumes of the *Journal*, Nos 1-212, each containing the appropriate Indexes. But a researcher looking for all *Journal* articles on any given subject still has to do a great deal of graft.

To make things easier I have had all the Indexes covering *Journals* 1-212 photocopied and bound in a convenient format. It consists of 64 sheets, spiral-bound, 15 x 10 in (381 x 254 mm), photocopied on one side only. It is not ideal, because it is rather large, and because it only indexes the *Journal* period-by-period or year-by-year, but I have already found it useful. (Using it, I found nineteen *Journal* references to *film matters* in just over an hour. I could have done it in less time but for making notes on other subjects—"Mrs. Bathurst", Cars, Mark Twain, Lady Houston, R. K.'s "worst slip", Surtees, H.M.S. *Kipling*, Engineers, Musical Settings, Freemasonry, the Theatre, Broadcasting and Television. I am in correspondence with our members on most of these subjects.) So I think members may like to know this collection exists.

Collected Indexes to the Kipling Journal, Nos 1-212 [March 1927 to December 1979 inclusive] costs £8.65, including packing and postage within the U.K. (It weighs about 1¼ lbs [540 gms] unwrapped, so £1.35 should be added to this charge if despatch abroad by surface mail is required.) Cheques are payable to the Kipling Society. If you would like a copy please let me know.

January 1981

JOHN SHEARMAN

[This much-to-be-commended collection ends with my predecessor's last issue, of December 1979. The series under my editorship will also in due course be indexed, probably two-yearly when eight *Journals* can be conveniently bound. —Ed.]

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We take great pleasure in welcoming Mrs C. L. Ames (*St Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A.*); Dr B. J. Ammerman (*Potomac, Maryland, U.S.A.*); Mr M. R. Ankers (*Yorkshire*); Mrs A. Boyes (*London*); Mr F. H. Brightman (*London*); Mr J. F. Cogan, Jr (*Lexington, Massachusetts, U.S.A.*); Mr K. M. Deutscher (*Beaumaris, Victoria, Australia*); Mrs J. Edwards (*Toorak, Victoria, Australia*); Mr Byron Farwell (*Hillsboro, Virginia, U.S.A.*); Mr P. Fleming (*Ottawa, Canada*); Mr D. D. Gries (*Washington DC, U.S.A.*); Miss J. C. Gunner (*London*); Mr A. Harrison (*Co. Kildare, Eire*); Miss P. J. G. Hooper (*London*); Mr W. J. Lentsch (*New York, U.S.A.*); Captain W. T. Marin (*Arlington, Virginia, U.S.A.*); Marshall Street Historical Society (*Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.*); Mr J. Merkher (*New York, U.S.A.*); Mr C. C. Ringstad (*Sydney, Australia*); Mr D. E. Smith (*Surrey*); Mr D. R. Thibault (*McLean, Virginia, U.S.A.*); Mrs G. Webster (*Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A.*); Mr J. B. Wright (*Sussex*).

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Recruitment in early 1981 was not quite at 1980's galloping pace, but 23 new members bring our worldwide strength above 900. The Society still has some inherent handicaps of small size. Printing the *Journal* would be more economic on a larger scale; potential advertisers, however impressed by the quality of our membership, would prefer us to be thicker on the ground; the Society's general finances will be precarious till we enlist more support. We urge readers to help by interesting others in the Society's activities. Some have found the subscription an attractive present to give: recipients who live abroad or seldom visit London will always get the *Journal*.

The Society's subscription rates begin to look unrealistically low. The Council is holding them down again in 1981, through a strong desire to retain old members and entice new ones. Readers will commend our stand against inflation, but how long and how low our rates can be kept down will ultimately depend on factors which we cannot control—postal charges, printing costs, general administrative expense. However the expansion of our membership and the promptitude with which members' dues are paid should have an appreciable effect when subscription rates have next to be reviewed.

Our Membership Secretary has felt obliged by the pressure of other work to resign; we regret this, and thank her for valuable help since 1979, at a time of expansion and reorganisation.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	<i>Britain</i>	<i>Overseas</i>
Individual Member	£4	£5 or us \$10
Junior Member (under 18)	£2	£2 or us \$5
Corporate Member	£8	£10 or US\$20

It is helpful if members pay automatically each year by Banker's Order. We ask those who do not do so to be kind enough to renew their subscriptions on or before the due date. *They should not await a reminder*, which costs us money and time which unfortunately we cannot well afford.

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

This is a literary society, for those interested in Rudyard Kipling's prose and verse, life and times. A non-profit-making cultural organisation run by volunteers, it has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and main activities are in England, but there are branches in Canada, Australia and the U.S.A. A third of its members, including many colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, John Shearman. He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer inquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library.

The *Kipling Journal* is sent free to members. In this issue, notably on pages 4, 5 and 47, can be found some general information about the Society. More may be obtained from John Shearman or Branch Secretaries. Applications for membership, corporate or individual, are welcome: the Society and its *Journal* depend on such support.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal* is essentially the Kipling Society's publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he must always allot space to the Society's business, including some at least of the addresses delivered at the Society's meetings.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one specialising in this subject.

We have now for some time had rather more material on hand than can be fitted in, and have deferred with regret some items of interest. Still, this is healthy. We hope and need to receive more. Wider choice makes possible a better-balanced selection of higher quality.

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but should remind contributors of a factor which will influence selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal **right to shorten**. *Book Reviews*, usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 225 to **850** words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant **and** reproducible *illustrations, news cuttings, book excerpts, catalogue data* and other *miscellanea* which might enhance the *Journal's* interest. Since Kipling touched **the** literary and practical world at many points our terms of reference are broad.

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