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This authoritative publication, established in 1829, runs to some 140 pages per issue, including illustrations. It carries many informative articles, reviews and notes, contributed by well known writers, on wide-ranging military and defence topics — British and international, current and historical, technical and general.

There is much to interest members of the Kipling Society, and there are not infrequently items directly related to Kipling’s writings. We have recently published an article by George Webb on The Irish Guards in the Great War; another by Peter Lewis on The War in the Mountains, Kipling’s evocative impression of the Italian front in 1917; and two reviews of new collections of Kipling. We have further items of this sort in mind.

The annual subscription for 1992 is £44 — but for members of the Kipling Society there is a special rate, £39.50. Enquiries and remittances to the AQ & DI, 1 West Street, Tavistock PL19 8DS, Devon, England.

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 14 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, Sandra Kemp, D.Phil., Lecturer in English at the University of Glasgow (and author of Kipling's Hidden Narratives, 1988), on "The Necessary Word": Kipling on the Art of Writing.

Wednesday 5 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m., at the Royal Overseas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1), the Society's Annual Luncheon. The Guest of Honour will be Professor John Bayley. [Members in Britain will receive further information, and an application form, with this Journal, as with the last.]

Saturday 29 May, at Rottingdean, Sussex, a Kipling Programme from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. [See a Letter to the Editor, in this issue.]

Wednesday 14 July at Brown's Hotel:- first, at 4 p.m., the Society's Annual General Meeting [also tea – a booking form will be sent in due course to members in Britain]; second, at 5.30 for 6 p.m., Mrs Margaret Newsom (formerly our Honorary Librarian) on "The Dog Hervey" [collected in A Diversity of Creatures].

Wednesday 15 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel — programme to be announced.
George Cottar, bantering with his mother after breakfast on the day of his crucial revelation to Miriam Lacy, in "The Brushwood Boy" [The Day's Work]. This is one of the many rather striking drawings by Orson Lowell in a separate book edition of the story, published by Doubleday & McClure, New York, in 1895.
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Illustration: What 'Maisie' thought 37

[see over]
This cheeky cartoon by Nick Newman was in the Spectator on 23 January 1993; it is copied here by kind permission of the Editor. It takes off the best-known line in Kipling’s “The Betrothed”, And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke. That 52-line poem was written in 1888 when Kipling was twenty-two. As a hymn to tobacco (or a riposte to a girl who warns her fiancé to choose between it and her) it may have given as much irritation as pleasure. As a polished piece of light verse, it is worth reading.
EDITORIAL

1993, as we in Britain have been reminded by a special issue of commemorative stamps, is the 300th anniversary of the birth of John Harrison, inventor of the marine chronometer. That was a clock of such phenomenal accuracy that it enabled sailors on distant voyages to calculate their longitude dependably. It gave Captain Cook the capability of charting the New Zealand coast with a precision that still seems remarkable.

The invention was the culmination of decades of infinitely painstaking experimentation by Harrison. It was a technological revolution, a breakthrough that steeply reduced the hazards of navigation – the former history of which was strewn with losses of ships whose captains, though they might gauge their latitude by the angle of the Pole Star above the horizon, could not reliably ascertain their longitude, and thus their position.

For to fix longitude by the stars it is necessary to know the exact time at a base point like Greenwich: such exactness was not feasible until a mechanism of unprecedented precision was created, a precision unaffected by the motion of a ship in heavy seas, or by any expansion of its own parts in high temperatures, and able to ensure accuracy within a second or so a day for months on end.

Harrison's chronometer met those standards. He was a genius, but he had a long and lonely struggle to complete his work and to convince the authorities of its reliability. The whole epic is now being celebrated at Greenwich Observatory, where a series of his marvellous time-keepers is on display.

In the 1920s, the leading expert on Harrison's clocks was a retired Royal Navy officer, Commander Gould. He was himself of a technical, ingenious, idiosyncratic cast of mind, and was to become well known in the 1930s as "Star Gazer" in the B.B.C.'s 'Children's Hour', and in the 1940s as a member of its 'Brains Trust'. In 1923 he wrote the first of his many books, *The Marine Chronometer: its History and Development* – and he was inspired to send a copy to Rudyard Kipling, whom he thought it would interest.

Kipling's delighted response was given in two letters, of 9 and 10 June 1923, which are copied and annotated on the following pages. His usual untidy typing shows up vividly in these letters, but so do his courtesy, enthusiasm and sense of history.

The letters are now the property of the British Horological Institute, and we are indebted to its Secretary, Mr W.M.G. Evans, for permission to publish them. I am grateful, too, to my City University colleague, Mr Michael O'Hara, for drawing my attention to their existence, in this tercentennial year.
June 9/23

Dear Commander Gould,

I am extremely grateful to you for your kindness in sending me your fascinating book of the History of the Chronometer. I have already stolen half an hour out of my working-time to skim over it; and I see that it tells me all the things that I wanted to know of the early days of blind navigation. (By the way, I picked up an old Bible the other day, in which one of the very few survivors of Admiral Shovel's disaster, had briefly recorded the fact.)

My Lords of the Admiralty were a little more sympathetic over time-keepers at sea than they were about the first proposals for the introduction of Steam into the Navy. I have some commendation of the year 1828 which are very comic.

With renewed thanks, believe me,

Most sincerely,

Rudyard Kipling
June 10/23

Dear Commander Gould,

I ought not to worry you with a second letter, but common gratitude forces me to say that I have now spent a most delightful evening with "The Marine Chronometer. All of John Harrison's life, except his fight with the Admiralty, was new to me; and so, of course, were all the Continental makers, and the reprobateewold machines.

I can testify that, in the Middle Nineties, the chronometer was no part of the equipment of the "bombers" that sailed out of Gloucester after cod; and a lot of the Boston-Bermuda fruit-boats had nothing at all except, perhaps, a sextant. I want to know how the junks that one comes across off the Barrier Reef and in the middle of the Indian Ocean, nose their way about the sea. The Dhow, working with the monsoons, can understand better, but the "heathen Chinee" is, to me, a wonder.
I have heard a great many arguments in the Service on the passing of the Chronometer, and some foretold a time near at hand, when you would get to your porton a given W/Tearing and a continuous "buzzer" in the bowels of the ship, just as a loco slides along rails. But I observed that the sailor-man had a leaning towards some implement aboard which he personally could control and handle. As one Admiral observed, "What if the blighters on the beach took it into their heads to strike?" You, I see, did not employ that argument on your last page.

Very gratefully yours, C.

Rudyard Kipling
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Notes


2. Admiral Sir Clowdisley Shovel (1659-1707) commanded a homeward-bound fleet which lost four ships (including his flagship) in heavy weather in October 1707, mainly through inability to calculate their hazardous position off the Scillies. (Shovel himself managed to swim ashore but was murdered on the beach by a local woman, for a large emerald ring on his finger.)

3. Though by 1828 the Royal Navy had one steam warship, H.M.S. Lightning, as late as 1847 Sir John Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty, was ridiculing the idea of a fleet of "iron steam vessels" as "altogether useless".


5. Wireless telegraphy: a relatively early reference to the potential of automated navigation on instruments and fixed radio beam.
T.S. ELIOT AND KIPLING

by LISA A.F. LEWIS

[No one does more than Lisa Lewis to support the Kipling Society and sustain its standards. As a former Chairman of Council, and as our present Meetings Secretary, she has played a high-profile part; less visibly, she has helped many enquirers and writers with their research into Kipling's life and works; her name is a not unfamiliar one among authors' prefatory acknowledgments.

She has attained to a particular mastery of the tangled intricacies of Kipling's MSS, but is no mere narrow specialist; her general knowledge of the whole corpus of Kipling, his subject-matter, and his biographers and critics, is substantial. It led to her selection by Oxford University Press to edit and annotate their World's Classics volume, Mrs Bathurst and Other Stories (1991). Other such commitments are, predictably, in prospect.

What else might I relevantly add, to thicken the biographical broth? That she hails from Ulster, was educated at Benenden, had her early career in the Foreign Service, and is the wife of Peter Lewis, our Treasurer? Or is it enough to say that most of us are already aware of her as an enthusiastic fellow-member and as an occasional contributor to the Journal? (Indeed, something else of hers is in this very issue, at page 21.)

As for her interesting article on Eliot and Kipling, she submitted it two or three years ago; that it has not appeared sooner is sufficient evidence of the continuing pressure on our space. – Ed.]

In March 1961 a major literary figure joined the Kipling Society's list of officers in the Journal: among our Vice-Presidents there appeared the entry "T.S. Eliot, O.M.". By that time Eliot had regained the admiration for Kipling he had once felt as a boy – although as he grew up, and his own poetic voice first broke and then steadied to its full music, this had turned to rejection.

As speaker at our 1958 Annual Luncheon¹ he spoke of his early discovery of Barrack-Room Ballads and Plain Tales from the Hills. He went on to acknowledge a Kipling echo in the title of his early poem, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", which, he said, derived from "The Love Song of Har Dyal".²

But his critical writings as a young man make clear that when he wrote "Prufrock", in 1911,³ his conscious self was reacting against this early enthusiasm. As a graduate student at Harvard in 1909, Eliot had taken a course in English composition under C.T. Copeland. Some extracts from an essay on "The Defects of Kipling" written at
this time have been reprinted in a biography of Copeland. In it Eliot apparently suggested that Kipling's "unique charm" was due not to "his emphatic and vigorous style", nor to "his unquestioned technical merits", but to "the unfamiliarity and picturesqueness of his background". Once its novelty had been exhausted this was a taste to be outgrown, for:

After all there is one fatal weakness penetrating and marring almost everything to which Kipling sets his hand; accounting for several of the minor blemishes; it is his restless and straining immaturity.4

Copeland apparently commented on this essay: "As usual you lean to the unduly harsh . . ."

At the beginning of the First World War, Eliot came to live in England. He was still inclined to be harsh towards Kipling; in 1919, reviewing The Years Between for the Athenaeum, he asserted that:

The arrival of a new book of his verse is not likely to stir the slightest ripple on the surface of our conversational intelligentsia.5

Yet he felt that the oeuvre as a whole still deserved attention, since Kipling was "very nearly a great writer". He praised Plain Tales from the Hills as:

the one perfect picture of a society of English, narrow, snobbish, spiteful, ignorant and vulgar, set down absurdly in a continent of which they are unconscious.

But he scoffed at its author as "naive" and populist, as well as (once again) "immature".

In the following year Kipling published a collection of travel articles under the title, Letters of Travel 1892-1913. It was reviewed by E.M. Forster6 and by Virginia Woolf,7 both of whom stressed Kipling's alleged immaturity: they may have got the word from Eliot's article, or have discussed the matter with him. He had first encountered Bloomsbury en masse at a meeting of the Omega Club in 1917, finding them "a curious zoo of people".8 Soon afterwards they befriended him: first Leonard Woolf offered to publish his poems, later Virginia and Lady Ottoline Morrell tried to set up a Friendship Fund which they hoped would provide him with an income, so allowing him to write full-time. But he would never really become a member of the group.
It seems that \textit{(pace Eliot)} Kipling did stir occasional ripples on conversations in Bloomsbury. His politics, of course, were anathema. Artistically, Virginia Woolf lumped him with Galsworthy to exemplify writers who use "only the male side of their brains", and who therefore "lack suggestive power".\textsuperscript{10} They also seem to have taken Kipling as an example when discussing literary styles. Virginia Woolf's review of \textit{Letters of Travel} attacks his methods of description; and when his posthumous autobiography, \textit{Something of Myself}, came out in 1937, she wrote in her diary that she had enjoyed debating the book with Desmond MacCarthy, because it reminded her of old days with Lytton Strachey, "talking shop about Kipling's style".\textsuperscript{11}

Not all the group's comments were condemnatory. MacCarthy's subsequent review\textsuperscript{12} claims to have respected (rather than liked) a writer who was "one of \textit{us}, a matchless reporter, a journalist in verse and prose" – as opposed to "dwellers in ivory towers". Leonard Woolf was fond of the story "Bertran and Bimi" \textit{[Life's Handicap]}\textsuperscript{13} Clive Bell, in the section on Roger Fry in \textit{Old Friends} (1956),\textsuperscript{14} suggests that

the mere aesthete is for ever being bowled over by facts: the facts that upset him being as a rule works of art which according to current doctrine ought not to come off but somehow or other do (e.g. the Houses of Parliament or the works of Kipling).

Back in 1926 MacCarthy had reviewed \textit{Debits and Credits} under his pseudonym, "Affable Hawk".\textsuperscript{15}

When I asked myself if he were a great poet, I could not find anything in his works to put beside the finest poetry. So that question was answered; but struck me at the same time as a stupid question to ask about him. It left me feeling that I was no nearer estimating work the value of which was not only high, but likely to increase with time. How many different kinds of emotions had found expression in it! Compared with Kipling how small a part of man's experience contemporary poets had attempted to express. There is a feeling abroad that it was time the Muse ceased repeating her ancient divinations and dealt with contemporary things, everyday emotions, common not rare, exalted thoughts. Well, in that case, who else had made anything like so passionate an effort to do so?

A few years later, a Kipling text would help Eliot turn an emotional experience into poetry. He apparently acknowledged in a letter\textsuperscript{16} that
"Burnt Norton", the first of his *Four Quartets*, was partly inspired by "'They'" [*Trafics and Discoveries*]. In this story, a man driving across Sussex in a car blunders into the grounds of an old house, owned by a blind woman and haunted by mysterious children –

I listened, but the wood was so full of the noises of summer (though the birds had mated) that I could not at first distinguish these from the tread of small cautious feet stealing across the dead leaves.

As the owner of the house and the visitor begin to confide in each other –

there was a murmur behind us of lowered voices broken by the sudden squeaking giggles of childhood.

On a third visit to the house, the man learns that one of the children is his own dead daughter; they meet at last, only to part for ever. The death of six-year-old Josephine Kipling is usually seen as inspiring this story.

Eliot had visited Burnt Norton*¹⁷* (another such garden as Kipling describes) a year or so before he wrote the poem, with his old love from the New England days; they enjoyed walking there together and remembering their shared youth. But he was still trapped in the jangled emotions caused by his first wife's madness and the break-up of their marriage. "'They'" and "Burnt Norton" share an elegiac tone, expressed in many of the same images: birds, trees, flowers, fountains, box hedges. Unseen presences in the poem are "Moving without pressure, over the dead leaves". Here too, the happy moment cannot last:

Go, said the bird, for the leaves were full of children,
Hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go, said the bird: human kind
Cannot bear very much reality.

In similar mood, Kipling's narrator is made to recognise that "You . . . must never come here again!"

A few years later, in 1941, as a director of Faber & Faber, Eliot selected and edited *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*; it has been suggested that in doing so he restored Kipling to the literary scene. In his introductory essay he denies that this is a second-rate writer:
We know that he is not dull, because we have all, at one time or another, by one poem or another, been thrilled; we know that he is not ephemeral, because we remember so much of what we have read.

During most of this essay Eliot debates with himself as to why that should be. While writing it he was also working on the last three Quartets, of which the last, "Little Gidding", includes these lines:

... And every phrase
And sentence that is right (where every word is at home,
Taking its place to support the others,
The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,
An easy commerce of the old and the new,
The common word exact without vulgarity,
The formal word precise but not pedantic,
The complete consort dancing together)
Every phrase and every sentence is an end and a beginning,
Every poem an epitaph . . .

If this seems to describe what Eliot was doing in his own poetry, it also suggests what he liked about Kipling pieces such as "Danny Deever", "If – ", and "Epitaphs of the War".

The second Quartet, "East Coker", refers to the Eliot family's English roots. This has been connected with Kipling's Puck stories; and a high proportion of the verse from Puck of Pook's Hill found its way into Eliot's Choice.

But the poem that he was principally working at while he wrote his introduction was the third, "The Dry Salvages". There are echoes of Kipling's work in this poem too, as well as of that work's sources – moments when Eliot looks behind the reading experience, as it were, to find the meaning.

The "strong brown god" and the "builder of bridges" recall both a short story in The Day's Work, "The Bridge-Builders" (in which an English engineer, under the influence of danger and of opium, has a vision of the Hindu gods), and the ancient Bhagavadgita (which Eliot had read at Harvard). The "gear of foreign dead men", and the fisherwives mourning their dead husbands, suggest that Eliot is thinking of incidents in Captains Courageous, Kipling's story of New England fishermen – as well as of his own acquaintance with such men, and experience of sailing in those waters.

Eliot used many of Kipling's sea-ballads in his Choice. In the introduction he suggests that all Kipling's verse should be approached
as ballad – even those items that are not ballads at all. This, he explains, is not meant as derogatory.

It would be a mistake, also, and a supercilious kind of mistake, to suppose that the audience for balladry consists of factory workers, mill hands, miners and agricultural labourers. It does contain people from these categories, but the composition of this audience has, I suspect, no relation to any social and economic stratification of society. The audience for the more highly developed, even for the more esoteric kinds of poetry is recruited from every level: often the uneducated find them easier to accept than do the half-educated. On the other hand, the audience for the ballad includes many who are, according to the rules, highly educated; it includes many of the powerful, the learned, the highly specialised, the inheritors of prosperity.

Distinguishing between "poetry" and "verse", Eliot decides that what Kipling wrote was verse that occasionally becomes poetry. Like MacCarthy in the 1926 review quoted above, he finds it necessary to suggest that Kipling works on a "lower plane" than the greatest poets. But having begun by rebuking critics (including presumably his younger self) for using "poetic criteria which do not apply" to Kipling, he goes on to conclude:

I can think of a number of poets who have written great poetry, only of a very few whom I should call great verse writers. And unless I am mistaken, Kipling's position in this class is not only high, but unique.

If Bloomsbury had earlier borrowed his epithet, "immature", to describe Kipling's work, he now seems to be borrowing from one of them; possibly some of their arguments had helped him examine his own attitude to Kipling.

Towards the end of his life, Eliot married for the second time. Mrs Valerie Eliot remembers her husband reading old favourite books aloud to her in the evening: and the first in her list of these is Kim.20 It was in the year after their wedding that he proposed the toast at the Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon, saying as he opened his address:

I have come to have a feeling, almost a superstition, that it is a kind of obligation laid upon me to testify for Rudyard Kipling whenever the opportunity presents itself.
During the same speech he called Kipling "the amazing man of genius, every single piece of writing of whom, taken in isolation, can look like a brilliant tour de force"; and he pronounced as a final judgment:

He seems to me the greatest English man of letters of his generation.

REFERENCES


2. From "Beyond the Pale'" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*).


4. *Copey of Harvard: a Biography of Charles Townsend Copeland* by J. Donald Adams (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1960), pp. 159-60. This and other T.S. Eliot quotations are by kind permission of Mrs Valerie Eliot and Faber & Faber, Ltd.


7. *Athenaeum*, 16 July 1920; collected as "Mr. Kipling's Notebook" in *Books and Portraits*.


15. *New Statesman*, 16 October 1926.
"JUNGLE TOWN"

reviewed by LISA A.F. LEWIS

[Our issue of September 1992, at page 46, reported an adaptation of Kipling's *Jungle Book*, to be performed in November by Oxford University's Wonderland Productions, with a 20-strong cast and a 9-piece jazz band. I invited reviews, and was pleased to receive this. Purists may have reservations about a jazzed-up spin-off from a classic book: I doubt if Kipling would have shared them. *The Jungle Book* is superlative myth, from which various by-products such as the Disney film, many strip cartoons, and now this, will continue to flow. – *Ed.*]

The *Oxford Times* has called this zestful production one of the city's theatrical highlights in 1992 (not, they thought, a vintage year). It crossed *The Jungle Book* with *West Side Story*, 1930s-style jazz and various gangster movies; the result delighted one Kipling fanatic and two classical music-lovers. A student guest criticised the ensemble dancing, but was intrigued by the use of film as moving backdrops. Her verdict was: "Really great. And I want a hat like Shere Khan's" – here played as a lame, ageing Godfather.

We all enjoyed Arike Ashukoya's slinky, gun-toting Bagheera – with a dash of Mother Wolf; also Penny Shaw, sinuous as Kaa, singer and dancer at Shere Khan's speakeasy. Alex Walker as Baloo cleverly combined teacher, clown, blues-singer and would-be lover of Bagheera, whom he addressed as "Aw, Baggie!" His presence dominated the final battle with Shere Khan's ghost over the soul of Mowgli.

Would the young man be a humane leader like his murdered father, or had he been seduced by the tiger's offer of power, expressed with quotations from "If – "? He pointed a gun at Baloo, but somehow (it was not clear how) the gun backfired and it was the ghost that fell. The "fat ol' bear" retained authority – but for how long? This scene, though slightly confusing, seemed to one watcher to have a truly Kiplingian ambiguity, recalling the end of *Kim*. •
KIPLING, CONRAD AND THE DARK HEART

by DAVID H. STEWART

[Professor Stewart is an erudite and distinguished American academic, now living a life of active retirement in Montana. He is an occasional contributor to the *Kipling Journal*: in our issue of June 1983 he produced a novel approach to the style in *Kim*, emphasising an aspect to which he has given particular scrutiny, the calculated image of Kipling’s prose on the reader’s mental ear.

Born in Indiana, he saw wartime service with the U.S. Navy, and was later briefly in the Merchant Marine. After graduating with an array of degrees in Literature (Russian as well as English) from Michigan and Columbia, he embarked on a career which led him through teaching appointments in six North American universities, ending with fourteen years as Professor of English at Texas A & M.

His versatility reached beyond teaching – both into the administrative world of associations of college teachers, where he was once prominent, and into writing. In three books and numerous articles and reviews he has written on topics as diverse as Tolstoy, Thackeray, Turgenev, Dickens, Sholokhov, Hemingway, Forster, Faulkner, C.S. Lewis, Kipling, and the interplay of science and the humanities. He is a keen though not uncritical admirer of Kipling: I would like to think his essays on this subject will be published as a book; his robust views are not less readable for being a shade unfashionable – at least where fashion equates to so-called "political correctness" (a cult on which Kipling might have had things to say).

In the following article he compares Kipling’s well known short story, “The Man who would be King” [collected in standard editions in *Wee Willie Winkie, & Other Stories*] with Conrad’s equally famous ’long’ short story, "Heart of Darkness" [collected in some editions in *Youth, & Two Other Stories*]. Conrad’s story has for internal narrator and commentator one Marlow, who tells a party of friends what he saw and experienced on a journey up the Congo River, with particular focus on the fate of the enigmatic trader, Kurtz, corrupted, demoralised, eventually destroyed by the oppressive isolation of a remote post and by an irresistible temptation to impose brutal authority over primitive tribes. There are, of course, both parallels and contrasts with "The Man who would be King".

A version of this article, similar but not identical, appeared in 1987 in a journal of Conrad studies, produced at Texas Tech University. I referred to it in the *Kipling Journal* of March 1989, and said I hoped we might one day copy it, or parts of it. I now duly express acknowledgment to *Conradiana*, 19 (1987), pp. 195-205, and thank its General Editor for permission to use it. I likewise thank Professor Stewart himself, for providing a revised text, and for kindly allowing me to modify it further by a little shortening and editing. — *Ed.*]
"The Man who would be King" and "Heart of Darkness" come so close to telling the same story that one is at a loss to explain why critics have minimised the similarity – though, to be sure, they have paired Kipling and Conrad from the moment the latter first appeared in print in 1895 with *Almayer's Folly*.

The "Critical Heritage" volumes on both authors testify amply to this. Conrad was called the "Kipling of the Malay Archipelago"; both wrote about sea-faring; both were expositors of empire.

Books on imperialism that use literary works as evidence juxtapose the two – for example *The Wheel of Empire* (Alan Sandison, 1967); *The Mythology of Imperialism* (Jonah Raskin, 1971); *Fiction and the Colonial Experience* (Jeffrey Meyers, 1973); and *Rule of Darkness: British Literature and Imperialism, 1830-1914* (Patrick Brantlinger, 1988).

One entire volume, John A. McClure's *Kipling and Conrad: The Colonial Fiction* (1981), focuses on the comparison; and Benita Parry in *Conrad and Imperialism: Ideological Boundaries and Visionary Frontiers* (1983) draws attention to it; yet the link between the two tales seems to have received more than cursory notice only from Bruce Johnson in *Conrad's Models of Mind* (1971). Indeed, in *Conrad in the Nineteenth Century* (1979), Ian Watt finds similarities between Kipling and Conrad insignificant.

From a later twentieth century perspective, we can examine those features of the stories that make them both similar and antithetical, and thus reach new insights. Indeed the juxtaposition can serve as an apologue for our time.

Many readers rank the two stories at or near the top of each author's canon. "Heart of Darkness" has stimulated a record amount of commentary (at least three "casebooks", an entire monograph, plus numerous articles and passages in books), a sign of its greater popularity among critics. Both stories led to interesting films: John Huston's rendition of Kipling (1975), and Francis Ford Coppola's adaptation of "Heart of Darkness" entitled *Apocalypse Now* (1979). Although "The Man who would be King" is less than a third as long as "Heart of Darkness", most of the key details in the one turn up in the other.

Both focus on that moment in the colonising process before consolidation and permanent settlement are secure. An echo of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 recurs in Kipling's story, and might have in Conrad's. They describe the furthest "outposts of progress", virgin lands invaded by strong men intending to skim wealth quickly: gold
and turquoise from Kafiristan, ivory from the Congo. As a result, the "wilderness" threatens.

Conrad's jungle is "an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention", and it undermines both physical and mental health. Kipling moves his heroes from an Indian hot season when "the thermometer walks inch by inch up to the top of the glass", to the snowy fastness of the Hindu Kush where singing or whistling risked "bringing down the tremenjus [sic] avalanches". Climate and geography exceed the worst expectations of men from more temperate zones.

Both authors implicate Europe in the scandalous activities of her emissaries. "All Europe contributed to [Kurtz's] making." Conrad emphasises the European connections of Marlow also, and provides multi-national origins for the white "pilgrims" at the Central Station up the river. Kipling's pair, though discharged from the Army, remain soldiers of the Queen; and their exploit of gaining crowns by conquest is magnified by comparison with events in Europe, where "a King or a courtier or courtesan or a Community was going to die or get a new Constitution, or do something that was important on the other side of the world."

The source of the heroes' power is the firearms that they bring with them, although in both stories they equip themselves to impersonate traders: "rubbishy cotton, beads and brass wire" for the Congolese, children's paper whirligigs and a crate of mud toys for the Kafirs. If the commercial imposture fails, controlling the natives by firing rifles "into the brown of 'em" serves as well.

Power also derives from a subtler source. Differentiated from the local population by arms, colour, self-discipline and cunning, Dravot and Kurtz discover that they can become not only kings, judges and priests, but veritable gods. Both authors unleash the strange human or sub-human instinct for a Führer-prinzip that leads to apotheosis or diabolism.

So potent is this impulse that even whites are awed by the deified man. Mad he may be, but somehow he converts sceptics into apostles who evangelise in his name. People of common sense say, "Mistah Kurtz – he dead." That ends it. But men with imaginations (the harlequin Russian, Marlow, Conrad, Carnehan and Kipling) immortalise his story for the amazed ears that hear it. Kipling, in his first paragraph, announces that "my King is dead," but the story resurrects him.

En route to exaltation, the heroes purvey conventional values. "Fidelity", Conrad's favourite virtue, is a mainspring for all of them.
Kipling's begin as loafers and scallywags, but they come to admire duty and good workmanship, and quickly become frugal and abstemious. They teach good husbandry, improve transportation, and understand that "a man who knows how to drill men can always be a King" – a truth that leaders from Moses to Mao have always understood.

Drill is efficiency, martial or commercial. Dravot, Victorian buccaneer that he is, knows that once his empire is incorporated, "we want cleverer men than us" to run things – what Conrad called the "gang of virtue", the consolidators. Kurtz was to have been an example; but the dream of independence, of out-kinging Leopold, possessed him. He went out of bounds and reverted to pillaging, as Dravot would if given a second chance. Both discover that the burden of omnipotence is oppressive, and this deranges them.

Women play minor roles in the stories; but both raise the spectre of miscegenation, and make the prospect of union between white heroes and native women ominous. From early reports by explorers of the Kailash Valley, Kipling imagined occasional fair-complexioned, blue-eyed Kafirs who looked "English", so that you could "boil 'em once or twice in hot water, and they'll come out like chicken and ham". But Dravot's betrothed betrays him at their first meeting; while Kurtz's dark concubine, "savage and superb" – like his white "Intended" who is "surrounded by an ashy halo" – is a shadowy stereotype.

Although Kipling's trademark was a succinct style by contrast with Conrad's prolixity, there are similarities in their management of material and language. Both use the "double frame" as a narrative device. Kipling's recorder and his central narrator play more active roles in their story than Conrad's do, but the result of doubling the perspective is comparable.

An odd compulsiveness animates both narrators. Readers must question the reliability or intention of Kipling's journalistic recorder and crazy Carnehan, just as they do of Conrad's mute recorder and windy Marlow. In 1917, recollecting his purpose in "Heart of Darkness", Conrad wrote that the "sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that, I hoped, would hang in the air and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck".1

Conrad's remark calls attention to his prose rhythms, especially in the story's final sentences; but it applies with equal pertinence to Kipling's conclusion. Kipling's terminal one-sentence paragraph ("And there the matter rests.") is elegantly final after such an explosive tale; but the "continued vibration" that "dwells on the ear" is Carnehan's hymn,
The Son of God goes forth to war,
   A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!
   Who follows in his train?²

Kipling was especially attentive to the acoustics of his first-person narrative; but both authors took pains with narrative framing.

One major source for both stories was the white Rajahs of Sarawak, three generations of the Brooke family who ruled north-west Borneo for over a century. In Kipling's story Dravot says, "Rajah Brooke will be a suckling to us," and he claims that Kafiristan is the "one place now in the world that two strong men can Sar-a-whack". Conrad acknowledged his familiarity with the Brooke saga in a letter of 1920 to Ranees Margaret Brooke, widow of the second white Rajah.³ The Brookes' influence on his Lord Jim and The Rescue is well documented; its presence behind "Heart of Darkness" is less obvious only because Conrad's personal experience in the Congo takes precedence.

One suspects that the heads on stakes facing Kurtz's house may have been borrowed from Sarawak, where the Dyaks commonly exhibited heads; but of course decapitation was common in the Belgian Congo.⁴ In any case, both Kurtz and Dravot are failed imitations of James Brooke. Kipling had access to other models, as Charles Allen has noted:⁵ and scholars have identified several prototypes for Conrad's hero.⁶

Similarities notwithstanding, many readers may feel a growing impulse to exclaim that "The Man who would be King" and "Heart of Darkness" do not tell the same story at all!

Kipling was twenty-two when he wrote his tale for a tough-minded Anglo-Indian audience: Conrad was thirty-three when he went up the Congo, forty-one when he wrote "The Heart of Darkness" (he dropped the initial article after 1899) for Blackwood's Magazine. One writer acquiesced in, if he did not wholly condone, colonialism; the other provided one of its most damaging exposés, if not repudiations. Kipling's heroes flout the British code of duty and service, but gradually recognise the responsibilities that success brings – which redeems their apostasy. Kurtz tergiversates to the end, so Marlow's attempt to rehabilitate him in the name of grand deeds and a great, albeit corrupted, vision seems dubious.

Kipling works an easy, perhaps unwarranted vindication: Conrad
consigns his hero to tragic failure, perhaps damnation. To move beyond Kipling's bald account of events, the reader must follow faint, perhaps inadvertent hints: Conrad probed the psychic and social causes of action so extensively that actual events seem muted. Style for Kipling meant radical excision ("Higher Editing", he called it) that left only essential details: Conrad believed that literalness and explicitness were "fatal to the glamour of all artistic work, robbing it of all suggestiveness, destroying all illusion". Kipling's influence in the twentieth century has receded: Conrad is a precursor of the great stylists, Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Faulkner and other practitioners of copiousness and conspicuous 'ambiguation' that academic literary study has canonised in our time.

Acknowledging these obvious and basic differences invites us into more revealing contrasts. One special problem in "Heart of Darkness" is lying. Marlow makes an issue of it: "I hate, detest, and can't bear a lie . . ." Then he lies to Kurtz's Intended, to protect her innocence. There are other misrepresentations: he claims that "there was nothing behind me", denying his influential connections in Europe. He assures the Russian that "Mr. Kurtz's reputation is safe with me," but "Heart of Darkness" is a sustained divulgence of that reputation.

One need not accept Marvin Mudrick's judgment that the story is "a jumble of melodramatic tricks" to recognise the risks of the hyperbolic style that Conrad exploited. It protests too much. Compulsive disclosure makes readers suspect concealment, and there is no doubt that Conrad suppressed unserviceable experiences that he had had in the Congo. We know that he had been impressed by missionaries whom he had met on his journey; but they do not appear in the story. We know that he had met responsible white men – for example Roger Casement, whose report on the Congo to Parliament is a model of accuracy, and Captain Otto Lutkens, who testified that he had "met one or two 'Kurtzs' in my time in Africa," but that Kurtz "must not be accepted as the common type". Except for the foreman, no responsible whites appear in "Heart of Darkness".

These omissions are, of course, perfectly legitimate as part of Conrad's calculated effect. More to the point, his (or Marlow's) hyperbolic style misrepresents by exaggeration. The jungle's "fecundity", white men's incompetence, black men's passivity and suffering, the unalleviated blackness of the human heart, finally become stereotyped and incredible if not absurd – unless one chooses to remain spellbound by Marlow's incantatory rhetoric.

Kipling did not. He once explained Conrad's characters as having "an emotional temperature higher by a few degrees than is normal for
the English," and said that when reading Conrad, "I always have the feeling that I am reading a good translation of a foreign writer."\(^{10}\) Kipling spoke from first-hand experience: the "high-temperature" prose of his Indian fiction comes directly from translating Hindi or Urdu into English.

As for lying, Kipling included a cryptic remark in his autobiography, based on harrowing childhood experiences which "made me give attention to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell: and this, I presume, is the foundation of literary effort."\(^{11}\) This seems to be a conventional writer's declaration of independence, that he repeatedly qualified by noting his readers' intolerance (often brutal) when he made mistakes of fact or judgment.

Another shrewd reader who refused to be spellbound is Chinua Achebe, who called Conrad a "bloody racist",\(^{12}\) which seems unfair until we remember that in "Heart of Darkness" he presents blacks as pathetic and stupid. They worship a white adventurer, a semi-intellectual European blundering about the upper Congo and having an "identity crisis" as he loots and kills. This may have been exciting for readers of Blackwood's: it is not likely to appeal to Africans.

By contrast, Kipling portrays the Kafirs as gullible, but quite capable of devising a test to learn whether their white King-God is genuine. When he proves to be a fake, they dispose of him and send his head and his crippled partner back to the white world as a warning. Little wonder that many Indian readers find much to admire in Kipling.

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One explanation for the difficulty in reaching agreement about the ambivalences in "Heart of Darkness" can be found in Marlow's theory of meaning. He believed that "the meaning of an episode was not inside like a kernel but outside, enveloping the tale which brought it out only as a glow brings out a haze." This is confusing because "episode" and "tale" are equated. The meaning of an episode is certainly outside itself in the language, the tale – which surrounds, defines, interprets and no doubt distorts it. The tale is the "haze" that tries to define the light.

We read Conrad's hazy tale in order to reach the heart of darkness – which is inside the tale, and also inside Africa, and inside Kurtz and Marlow. But sometimes the haze defeats itself. "There was nothing either above or below [Kurtz] and I knew it. He had kicked himself loose from the earth . . . he had kicked the very earth to pieces." How then is Kurtz buried in a muddy grave?
Likewise, "Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world . . . We could not understand because we were too far, and could not remember because we were travelling in the night of the first ages, of those ages that are gone, leaving hardly a sign – and no memories." This is self-parody: Marlow is remembering, is recording a multitude of "signs".

Conrad's copiousness is both a virtue and a bane. His highly nuanced language can fix key episodes in our memory brilliantly: the grove of moribund blacks, the piles of rivets in the wrong place, the stakes surmounted with human heads, the cannibals' rotten hippo (or human) meat. But his moment-by-moment illuminations are often like flashbulbs that leave you blind. The flow of language stupefies and befuddles. Indeed, he may have intended it to, in order to create the "glamour" and "illusion" that he liked.

As Conrad's (or Marlow's) uncertainties and equivocations breed scepticism in the reader, so Kipling's self-assured narrative may raise suspicions that he is merely concocting an adventure yarn. But Kipling suspends our disbelief by creating a half-mad narrator and by establishing a bond between Freemasons – both of which suggest veracity. His story is a self-validating fiction, without pretensions to the historical or spiritual verisimilitude that Marlow's sermonising evokes. With his sparser style, Kipling does not exaggerate his heroes' imperialist crime, and their punishment seems more than commensurate.

By hyperbolising Kurtz's crime (indeed by almost glamorising it), Conrad makes atonement impossible, and must place undue weight on mere bad conscience – Kurtz's admission that he is a monster. In fact however, he turns out to be a man without the resources to cope with a trying environment, a narcissistic, sensitive young man with a Napoleon complex – a stock hero of late- and post-imperialist literature.

A second major difference between the two stories (and one that perhaps explains Conrad's laboured style by contrast with Kipling's economy) has to do with humour. However shocking Kipling's story is – about exploitation of natives, or their vengeance against their oppressors – he and we remain amused. His loafers' ambition to conquer a kingdom is so bizarre that we respond to them as comic figures who deserve the punishment they invite. Carnehan's mispronounced vernacular sustains the humour. But Conrad keeps things sombre or allows, at best, a "lugubrious drollery". There is plenty of sarcastic wit, but none of Kipling's merriment over the incongruities of empire-building.
By age and temperament, Conrad's narrator neutralised the youthful energy, talent and high spirits that poured out of Europe during four hundred years of expansion. He caught the fin-de-siècle mood that has tarnished and contaminated Europe's memory of her past for a century. The 1890s were, in William Gaunt's phrase, "the Age of Spite".\textsuperscript{13}

Kipling's narrator, albeit a scamp, shares Marlow's morality but without the corrosive gloom: he cherishes his independence and is proud of his modest code that insists on loyalty to a friend, abiding by contracts, performing assigned duties efficiently, protecting his private sense of honour, and being dedicated to a high calling. He is the secret sharer of a greater man, whose transgressions cripple him unto death, rather than leaving him with Marlow's sickness and an inner wound. He bears witness to the glory and joy of conquest, and pays its penalties; hence he owes no guilt. Broken in mind and body, Carnehan may snivel; but he is more entitled than Kurtz to the claims that "this man suffered too much", or that "the wilderness . . . had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion."

That is why the effect of Carnehan's tale, like the Ancient Mariner's, is morally enabling, not disabling. If it is true that Conrad's narrative anticipates the paralysis of Kafka and Beckett, Kipling's reincarnates the affirming legends of Western history.

But my intention is not to belittle one author in order to boost another. This has been done repeatedly on behalf of both Kipling and Conrad. Each mastered the art that he chose. Re-juxtaposition today can be justified because the end of the twentieth century provides perspectives hitherto unavailable.

Since the period when Kipling and Conrad experienced European colonialism first-hand, we have read its chapter in world history, and also the following chapter on the disintegration of bourgeois empires. We are now reading the first paragraphs of a new chapter on post-imperialism. They tell a bloodier, darker story than the previous two: the extermination of entire classes, the domestication of terror, the substitution of indoctrination for education, the rise of a worldwide quasi-intellectual élite that carries red-printed "brotherhood" posters in one hand and a bomb in the other.

If we have a quarrel with Conrad, it is because he was too typically modern, an early Displaced Person who adopted the peculiarly modern instrumental view of society. His psychological, interiorising tendency agreed perfectly with the scientific reductionism of the
twentieth century, that provides individuals with a spurious freedom by treating them as random atoms cogitating in a void. Kipling, by contrast, adhered to an older vision of society in which isolated individuals do not forget their dependence on the society and civilisation that produced them.

Conrad belittles the web of society by highlighting its weak or broken strands (the "pilgrims", the bureaucrats and women in Europe); yet it is these agents of the social structure, including Marlow, who trace and rescue Kurtz, even though he chose isolation. Kipling's Dravot, on the other hand, however self-reliant and Olympian he tries to be, recognises his need for reinforcements (twelve English sergeants, plus twenty thousand Snider rifles per year — "and we'd be an Empire"), and he longs for honours from Queen Victoria.

The fierce vitality and laughter of Kipling, often denigrated as "schoolboyish", carried him beyond the faddish nostalgie de la boue, the longing for abjection, that has afflicted Europe since the 1890s. Now that all alternatives to the bad imperialism of his and Conrad's time have failed, their devotion to fidelity, duty and sacrifice becomes a beacon. We can plot a course that tries to avoid the abominations and atrocities that vexed Conrad.

In a talk he gave in October 1929 to the junior school at King's School, Canterbury, Kipling observed that

> too much fussing over abstract justice leads to standing up for your rights and dwelling on what you owe to yourself. That is a temptation of the Devil. Any debt that a man thinks he owes himself can wait over till all the others are paid; and, besides that, standing up for one's rights, and not being put upon, and all the rest of it, often ends in one becoming a man with a grievance; which is the same as being a leper.¹⁴

Such deviltry and leprosy are instances of the dark heart in Kipling; and Conrad incorporated them within his more complex vision.

REFERENCES

2. [See Kipling Journal, March 1989, p. 49, for Professor Stewart's more extensive annotation on this point, which he sees as exemplifying Kipling's highly developed concern for the sound of what he wrote. – Ed.] It was a well-known hymn, usually sung to music familiar as the "St Anne" tune of "O God our help in ages past". Kipling could count on many readers' knowledge that the question in verse 1 was answered in verse 2: - "Who best can drink his cup of woe, / Triumphant over pain, / Who patient bears his cross below, / He follows in his train."


14. Rudyard Kipling, "School Experiences", speech of 5 October 1929, collected in the expanded version of A Book of Words that was published in the posthumous Sussex and Burwash editions of his works.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve — unless expressly told otherwise — the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". – Ed.]

A SHIP AND A SCREW

From Mr Gisbert Haefs, Petersbergstrasse 4, Bad Godesberg, 5300 Bonn 2, Germany

Dear Editor,

A while ago, a German publisher asked me to identify for him a short thing by Kipling, as he wanted to include it in an anthology: something about a ship and a screw.

I said, "Of course; send it to me." I thought it must be something from "The Ship that Found Herself" [The Day's Work]. Then it came, and I sat there, staring.

I wonder if anyone can identify a source, or state with some certainty that it is not by Kipling. As the piece was in German, I can only give you a bad translation, as follows.

Yours sincerely
GISBERT HAEFS

In a giant ship, there once was a very tiny screw. Along with many other screws and rivets just as tiny as herself, she held together two large plates of steel. One day, when the ship was right in the middle of the Indian Ocean, the screw started to loosen somewhat, and was about to slip out altogether.

The neighbouring screws told her, "If you go, so will we." And the rivets and nails down in the ship's hull said, "It's getting tight here as well: let's slacken up a bit." When the big iron ribs heard of this they cried, "For God's sake, stay where you are! If you let go, we're done for!" And through all parts of the giant ship the rumour of the tiny screw's intentions spread like wildfire. The whole vessel moaned and shivered.

Then all the ribs and plates and screws, and even the smallest rivets, decided to send a joint message to the tiny screw, begging her to stay; for otherwise the whole ship would break apart, and none of them would ever get home again.

The tiny screw was flattered in her pride, to see such immense importance attached to her tiny self; and she let them know she would sit fast. •
A DAY IN ROTTINGDEAN

From Mr J.W.M. Smith, Tree Cottage, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton, East Sussex BN2 6LB. (Telephone: 0273-303719)

Dear Sir

The Rottingdean Whiteway Centre, in collaboration with the Kipling Society, are to present "Rottingdean, Kipling and the Family Circle" from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. on Saturday 29 May. Speakers will include Peter Merry, Lorraine Price and other members of the Society; also, to speak Kipling's words, the actor Richard Leech.

Tickets cost £12 each: this price covers morning coffee, lunch with wine, and afternoon tea. They may be reserved by writing to me or telephoning me on the number shown above.

The programme document (which consists of the 'ticket') includes notes on the speakers; and directions for finding the Centre.

Yours sincerely

MICHAEL SMITH

[Mr Smith is Deputy Chairman of the Society's Council. He is an authority on the Kipling connection with Rottingdean, and has organised events such as this before: they are always to be warmly recommended. — Ed.]

COPIES OF "IF –"

From Lt-Colonel L.H. Landon, Swakeleys, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight PO41 ORX

Dear Sir

The response to my letter in your December 1992 number, when I asked about individual copies of "If – " , was quite overwhelming: so many kind people wrote with suggestions, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking them.

As a result of their suggestions I have got exactly what I want, and I shall be sending a copy of "If –" as an Easter Card to each of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Yours sincerely

LIONEL LANDON

[I am glad to hear of this outcome. I also was told, by two readers, where the poem is obtainable – i.e. the National Trust Shop at Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex TN19 7DS; and Mockfords, 88 High Street, Rottingdean, Sussex BN2 7HF. Mockfords retail "If –" at 65p, "The Glory of the Garden" at 50p. – Ed.]
POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

KIPLING AND JOSHUA

From Mr M.J. Moynihan, 5 The Green, Wimbledon Common, London SW19 5AZ

Mr Moynihan draws attention to an unattributed quotation used by Kipling in a letter that was cited by Dr Sheehan in her article on "Kipling and Gardening", at page 15 in our issue of December 1992.

Writing to an American friend, Kipling had opened a paragraph with the phrase, "As for 'me and my house' . . ." He might as well have written " 'As for me and my house' . . ." (says Mr Moynihan), since those six words constitute the quotation he was employing, which is from the Book of Joshua, chapter 24, verse 15 :- " . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

ARNOLD BENNETT ON KIPLING AGAIN

From Mr M. Jones, Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, London W1 A 4SW

Mr Jones, who recently sent us some comments by Arnold Bennett (made in a letter of December 1897 to H.G. Wells) on Kipling's alleged lack of artistry [see our last issue, page 53], has now sent us some more, culled from Bennett's Journal, 1896-1910 (Viking, New York, 1932). The entry from 13 January 1898 reads: –

Lever Tillotson, of Tillotson and Sons, the literary agents, called to offer me some serials for Woman. He gave me some interesting details of the current "prices per thousand". Thomas Hardy is being outstripped by some of the younger men. He stands now only equal with H.G. Wells, at 12 guineas per thousand, which is also the price of the blood-and-thunder William Le Queux. Stanley Weyman, because of his large following in America, can only be bought at 16 to 18 guineas per thousand. Kipling stands solitary and terrible, at £50 per thousand, £200 being his minimum for his shortest short story. What surprised me most was a statement that W.W. Jacobs (quite a new man, who has published only two small books of a quietly humorous nature) recently refused an offer of £500 for six short stories.

Bennett's entry for 22 October 1898 shows another aspect:-

This is my idea of fame:
At an entertainment on board H.M.S. Majestic, Rudyard Kipling, one of the guests, read Soldier and Sailor Too, and was encored. He then read The Flag of England. At the
conclusion a body of subalterns swept him off the stage and chaired him round the quarterdeck, while "For he's a jolly good fellow’ was played by the massed bands of the Fleet and sung by 200 officers assembled.

MISS GARRARD AND "MAISIE"

From Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, Meetings Secretary, The Kipling Society

Mrs Lewis, having heard from Mr J. Cunningham, one of our members, has forwarded (with his permission) an interesting photocopy which we are reproducing opposite, of the inscription on the flyleaf of a copy of The Light that Failed in his possession.

To make this item more readily comprehensible, the background needs explaining at five points. (1) The writer of the inscription was Florence (also known as Violet) Garrard, Kipling’s boyhood sweetheart, to some extent depicted as Maisie in The Light that Failed. (2) The same volume was also inscribed "From V. to F." – i.e. Violet Garrard to Francis Egerton. (3) The book was sold at Sotheby's, London, in December 1968, and was noted in the Kipling Journal of March 1969 at page 23, in a letter from Charles Carrington. (4) As an insight into the Florence/Maisie connection (and the autobiographical aspect of The Light that Failed) the inscription was briefly mentioned in the new Appendix 2 of the 1978 edition of Carrington's Rudyard Kipling. (5) Kipling's poem, "Blue Roses", of which "Maisie" here quotes the last verse, heads chapter VII in The Light that Failed.

KIPLING’S SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

From Professor Thomas Pinney, 228 West Harrison Avenue, Claremont, California 91711, U.S.A.

Professor Pinney has sent a cutting from the Book World section of the Washington Post of 27 December 1992. It is a highly favourable review of two new collections of Kipling’s stories: Kipling’s Science Fiction and Kipling’s Fantasy Stories, edited and informatively introduced by John Brunner, and published by Tor at US $17.95 each.

The reviewer comments that though seldom popularly associated with Science Fiction, Kipling is "the equal of Wells and the superior of Verne in the shorter forms". The collection includes "A Matter of
If you happen to read this singular, somewhat mucky little story, you are very likely to rather wonder if real people could be quite so stupid and objectionable, as this Crowd.

Of course it's difficult to see oneself as others see you, still m'thinks there's something somewhat distorted about it all, and that the story does not run throughout its whole length on lines quite parallel with Truth. It looks to me rather like its image reflected in a Distorting Mirror appearing all distorted, and.

Grotesque.

For instance in the case of the Blue Rose-
(I didn't refuse any other colour) but as a matter of fact, Dick, with his obliquity of vision failed to observe that I was not exacting them of him, but he of me.

A trifle obvious enough, but somehow overlooked.

In fact the only time I ever seemed to see eye to eye with him "Then he said "It may be beyond the grave."

"She shall find what she would have."

"Oh! not but an idle quest."

"Roses while and red are best!"

Maisie.
Fact" [Many Inventions], described as "journalistically"realist"; "With the Night Mail" [Actions and Reactions], "remarkably prescient"; two "early tales of artificial intelligence", namely ".007" and "The Ship that Found Herself" [The Day's Work]; "As Easy as A.B.C." [A Diversity of Creatures], on "population control in an overcrowded future"; "In the Same Boat" [A Diversity of Creatures] — "a terrifying tale of abnormal psychology"; and "Unprofessional" [Limits and Renewals], about "the future of medicine".

In the Fantasy volume, surprising omissions are noted: no "Phantom Rickshaw", no "Mark of the Beast". But it is still "a heady collection", including "By Word of Mouth" [Plain Tales]; "The Finances of the Gods" [Life's Handicap]; "The Finest Story in the World' " [Many Inventions]; "The House Surgeon" [Actions and Reactions]; and "The Gardener" [Debits and Credits], "which must be counted among the most moving stories in the English language".

In conclusion, the reviewer pays tribute to the author's "extraordinary talent", enabling his fiction to be "every bit as fresh and entertaining today as it was nearly a century ago, when these stories were first published".

KIPLING AND THE TRELOAR HOSPITAL

*From Mr Norman Entract, Secretary, The Kipling Society*

Mr Entract has passed to me some letters and papers received from Mr William Rowntree of Farnham, Surrey, with whom he has recently been in correspondence. Mr Rowntree had earlier been making enquiries in various likely directions, regarding the connection between Kipling and the Lord Mayor Treloar Hospital at Alton, Hampshire.

Those enquiries had resulted in replies from the hospital, from the County Museums Service in Winchester and Alton, and from the Daily Mail office in London. I have drawn on them to produce the following summary.

The central fact that emerges is that the hospital at Alton owed its inception during the South African War to its endowment from proceeds of the nation-wide "Absent-Minded Beggar Fund". This was the fund raised for soldiers' charities by Kipling through the Daily Mail, from that paper's sales of his poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar", written in 1899 on the outbreak of war.
Memory of the Kipling connection has faded, and there is no plaque to Kipling at the hospital; but there may still be a few local people who remember when it was familiarly called the "A.M.B. Hospital", after the verses which financed it.

It was intended as a military hospital, originally to cater for the wounded of the Boer War. Having been visited in 1903 by H.R.H. Princess Louise (daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of the 9th Duke of Argyll), it was formally designated the Princess Louise Hospital. However, in 1908, through the efforts of Sir William Treloar (Lord Mayor of London, 1906-07), it was converted to civilian use to treat children suffering from tuberculosis of the bone, and was re-named.

The Daily Mail answered Mr Rowntree's enquiries by sending him a copy of an interesting article by John Crouch in the February 1976 issue of the Journal of the Victorian Military Society, entitled "The Absent-Minded Beggar: Founder of the Welfare State". With grateful acknowledgments, I will draw on that article – but very selectively since it ranges widely, taking as its theme the enhancement of social welfare conscience as a result of the war.

"The Absent-Minded Beggar", first published on 31 October 1899 by the Daily Mail, had been sent to that paper by Kipling with the request that any proceeds should go to a soldiers' and reservists' charity. The Daily Mail exploited the verses, received £135,000 from the public and itself donated £40,000 to the fund. (The verses earned approximately £165,000 more for other funds, making some £340,000 in all – well over £10,000,000 in present values. "The Absent-Minded Beggar" was, in Mr Crouch's view, "the greatest single fund raiser and morale booster of the war".)

The £175,000 handled by the Daily Mail was divided into three parts, amounting to £65,000 for the "Absent-Minded Beggar" fund, £70,000 for the A.M.B. Hospital at Alton, and £40,000 for other appeals. Mr Crouch's article specifies in great detail the clothing and comforts handed out, the free meals and accommodation supplied, the telegrams, letters and parcels mailed, the medical supplies issued, the grants paid out and the pipes, cigarettes and tobacco presented. (Kipling's own comments on the expenditure on tobacco – including a chewable cake called Hignett's True Affection – are amusingly set out in chapter VI of Something of Myself.)

To end where we began, "The Fund", writes Mr Crouch, "was terminated with the presentation to the Government of 66 acres of land at Alton, Hants, upon which the Daily Mail had erected a model hospital of 300 beds." •
A LOST STORY

From Mr J.H. McGivering, 32 Cheltenham Place, Brighton, Sussex BN1 4AB

Mr McGivering has sent us a photocopy of an interesting and rather surprising passage from All the Best People: The Pick of Peterborough, 1929-1945 (a selection from the well known and often well informed "Peterborough" column in the Daily Telegraph, chosen by Alex Faulkner and Tom Hartman, published by Allen & Unwin in 1981).

The passage in question, dating from 7 March 1930 and sub-headed "A 'Sound' Theory", relates to a Kipling story which was never published (but which, Mr McGivering suggests, may have been destroyed by Mrs Kipling, with other unpublished work, after her husband's death). It may be thought to contain a faint echo of another medical story, "Unprofessional" [Limits and Renewals], which appeared in magazine form in October 1930. Anyway, here it is.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, I hear, has written some new stories. One among them has been inspired by a very novel theory – the curing of disease by sound.

This story is based, if not on actual facts, at least on a belief held by a living doctor. Each element and metal, he holds, has somewhere in the range of sound its friendly and its hostile note. To the former it responds, while the latter shatters it by its vibrations, just as a certain note of an organ will break a window.

As an instance of what might happen in practice, it is suggested that cancer increases the lead content of the body.

Its presence would be diagnosed from its reply to the friendly note of lead, after which it would be dispersed by the application of the hostile note. A fantastic enough theory.

The story, as Mr. Kipling has written it, deals, I am told, with the illness of an eminent politician. A doctor is called in, and prescribes a somewhat unusual treatment. The treatment appears to be a failure, and the patient's life is despaired of, but a sudden and miraculous recovery follows.

The doctor is sought, to be congratulated, but is found dead by his own hand, and the secret of his treatment remains a mystery.

A QUOTATION FROM PEPYS?

From Dr J.D. Lewins, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 OAG

Dr Lewins refers to a passage from Kipling's early journalism, in the collection edited by Professor Pinney as Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches, 1884-88 (Macmillan, 1986). It is at page 94 of that book, and is the concluding sentence of a despatch from Rawalpindi dated
31 March 1885, concerning the visit of the Amir of Afghanistan. It reads as follows: –

'So home' as Mr Pepys said 'which pleased me mightily to change my filthy raiment, and thank heaven that the king comes not thus everie daye.'

Dr Lewins notes that this is in Pepysian form, but asks (and has simultaneously asked the Pepys Society) whether it is a genuine quotation, or an altered or invented one.

HENRY WEMYSS FEILDEN

From Miss Margaret Deacon, Honorary Research Fellow, Department of Oceanography, The University, Southampton SO9 5NH

Miss Deacon has written (at my suggestion) to draw our attention to some biographical information on a close friend and Burwash neighbour of Kipling's, Colonel H.W. Feilden, C.B., 1838-1921. Feilden, our readers may recall, is described at some length in chapter VII of *Something of Myself*, coming over strongly as a man of diverse attainments and attractive personality – "in soul and spirit Colonel Newcome". (He also features, predictably, in *Who was Who*.)

The item sent by Miss Deacon, which will be deposited in the Society's Library, is an article by T.H. Levere, of the Institute for the History and Philosophy of Science and Technology, Victoria College, Toronto University. It was published in 1988 in the *Polar Record* 24, (151), at pages 307-312, and is entitled "Henry Wemyss Feilden, naturalist on HMS Alert, 1875-1876". Though it alludes to his earlier military career in the British Army – and, as a volunteer, with the Confederates in the American Civil War – it concentrates on his very substantial achievements as one of the two naturalists attached to the British Expedition of 1875-76 which wintered off northern Ellesmere Island, up on the north-east edge of the Canadian high Arctic, where a peninsula now bears his name.

Levere, in his summing up, concludes that Feilden was "a most competent ornithologist, an intelligent and widely read amateur naturalist, physically tough, eminently reliable, and a genial companion"; adding that though he had been regarded as a surprise appointment when the Royal Society selection committee had chosen him to go on the expedition, he "repaid their prescience well".
KIPLING AND GEORGE WYNDHAM

From Mr Bernard Berry, The Cottage, Wet Lane, Mere, Warminster, Wiltshire BA12 6BA

Mr Berry, who has been reading The Life and Letters of George Wyndham by J.W. Mackail and Guy Wyndham (2 volumes, Hutchinson, n.d.), has collated some excerpts which bear on the Wyndham family's links with Kipling.

Carrington in his Rudyard Kipling referred to the "three great country houses where old English hospitality was practised on the most lavish scale" in the 1890s, in the neighbourhood of Tisbury in Wiltshire where Kipling's parents had settled after India. Lockwood Kipling was "taken up" by the Arundells at Wardour Castle, the Morrisons at Fonthill, and the Wyndhams at Clouds.

George Wyndham (1863-1913), of Clouds, had been an Army officer before becoming a politician: he was M.P. for Dover for many years, and was Chief Secretary for Ireland from 1900-1905. In Who's Who he listed his recreations as "fox-hunting, shooting, cycling", but he also had strongly literary interests, and Mr Berry considers that it was Wyndham's admittance in 1892 to W.E. Henley's 'circle' of young men with literary ambitions which led to his friendship with Rudyard Kipling, and then with the Kipling parents. It would have been no coincidence that the Lockwood Kiplings decided to settle at Tisbury, and that Lockwood was engaged as drawing master for the Wyndham children at their mansion nearby.

Though Mr Berry found that The Life and Letters contains disappointingly little about the Lockwood Kipling connection ("bearing in mind that Lockwood Kipling died at Clouds"), he did note several of George Wyndham's letters which refer interestingly to Rudyard Kipling, as the following excerpts demonstrate: –

1. To his mother, Madeline Wyndham, dated 10 January 1898.
   
   . . . Arthur J.B. is going to give my dear friend Henley a pension from the Royal Bounty. This delights me and I had a good letter from Rudyard Kipling about it; said he 'had been cheering all round the garden'. . .

Note. A.J. Balfour (whose Private Secretary Wyndham had formerly been) was at this time First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons. Kipling was now living at Rottingdean, but on 8 January had sailed for South Africa, with his father.
2. To a distant cousin, Mrs Drew, dated 7 October 1902.

    ... I too have been longing for Kipling – Walter Scott made Scotland . . .

Note. The inference is that Kipling spoke for England.

3. To Rudyard Kipling, dated 5 October 1906.

    ... Last night, on finishing 'Puck of Pook's Hill' – with sharp regret, because I shall never read it again for the first time, and huge delight because so many will have that joy – I felt that I must say 'Thank you'.

    This morning, out cub-hunting, I felt that I was a cub for presuming to distinguish myself from the dear many who never say 'Thank you'. But, remembering some talks at Rottingdean, and your father, and your uncle, I will say 'Thank you'.

    I thank you for every page of it. I thank you, specially, for De Aquila, Maximus, and 'one man's work'. I thank you, above all, for Maximus. I read my Gibbon again this afternoon, and measured the amount of your creation. It is stupendous. Knowing Maximus intimately, as I do – since yesterday – I may say that he will not thank you when you meet him in the Elysian fields.

    But I thank you most for him. I am not unmindful of the Wall, and the snake along the Wall; nor ungrateful to you for declaring – better than it has been shown before – how that the sun really rose, every day, at the usual hour, in the 4th, and 11th, centuries just as he does in the 20th century. And he knows how to rise. Such is his Conservatism.

    I always knew that and, also, that men and women and children, who lived from one to ten thousand years ago, were as like men and women and children of to-day as any million peas, or two suns. But you can show this, and we can't. That is much – genius and so forth. The two officers in charge of the Wall, and Maximus, and the Rescue, are more.

    That parable tells the men and women and children what they have got to do in the everlasting sunlight, and, even, why they have got to do it. They may now understand that the world rots in everlasting sunlight; and that they must delay the rot, year in and year out, on the chance that, once in 100 years, a saviour, and once in 500 years, a creator, may – or may not – appear. That is their glory. Your glory is that you have told them so . . .

Note. Letters 3 and 4 were written from another country house of Wyndham's, Saighton Grange, near Chester.
4. *To his sister, Pamela, dated 5 October 1906.*

... I got back to Saighton late last night after a month's racket, more or less, and am alone in my tower; and alone in many ways. When one is alone, all the other lonely people begin to talk. The Psalmist, shouting out against his enemies in the night, becomes a pal. And everything that has been said well becomes a masonic grip of secret fraternity. I read 'Puck of Pook's Hill' yesterday, and I will be bound to say that nobody has enjoyed it, or will ever enjoy it, more than I did. It will — I daresay — strike you from the children, governess, tea-time, fairy-tale point of view. And, quite possibly, you will feel that, from that point of view, you know a great deal more than Rudyard Kipling. But anyway that is only the envelope of his letter. His letter — what he meant — was written to me. Because I am alone in my Tower. So I thanked him.

5. *To Mrs Drew, undated (October 1906?).*

... I hear that you 'reneged' at Puck of Pook's Hill and were, more or less, converted by Sibell's report of my enthusiasm ... I broke out and wrote to Rudyard Kipling. I backed 'De Aquila' but I plumped for 'Maximus' and 'The Wall'. So I was pleased when R.K. wrote back a 'Thank you very much for your letter and especially for what you say about Maximus, which makes me proud as well as pleased.'

'Yes – Gibbon was the fat heifer I ploughed with: but all those 'decline-and-fall' officers are so amazingly modern that as soon as I got him started I went on as easily as Mr. Wegg did: they being mellowing to the organ. I swear I didn't mean to write parables — much — but when situations are so ludicrously, or terribly, parallel, what can one do?'

That raises a question. What Rudyard Kipling does is to wrap up two perfect peep-shows into the past — and *therefore* — into all time, in a machinery of children in Sussex and Puck and the rest of it. . .

Note. Kipling's allusion is to Silas Wegg in Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend*, saying: "Meaty jelly, too, especially when a little salt, which is the case when there's ham, is mellowing to the organ."

**MAISIE AND DICK ON THE STAGE**

Several people responded to my request for information on the provenance of the frontispiece photograph in our last issue; but none
could supply it conclusively. However, Miss Vann of Bexhill and Mr Pollard of Ledbury most helpfully drew my attention to the Play-Pictorial, vol. 2, no. IX, of 1903, an illustrated magazine which in that issue gave extensive coverage to the dramatisation of The Light that Failed, with numerous posed photographs of the actors and a summary of the "happy ending" version of the story, as adapted for the stage by George Flemming. I hope to use some of that material in a future issue. – Ed.

"THE WEARING OF THE GREEN"

_From Mr. J. Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3 5DJ_

Mr John Shearman, the Society's former Secretary, was prompted by a letter on page 51 of our last issue to remind us that "The Wearing of the Green", albeit in distorted guise, is an important feature in the Himalayan story "Namgay Doola" [Life's Handicap]. It is first heard when the narrator listens to Namgay Doola

singing to himself softly among the pines. The words were unintelligible to me, but the tune, like his liquid insinuating speech, seemed the ghost of something strangely familiar.

Dir hané mard-i-yemen dir
To weeree ala gee,

sang Namgay Doola again and again, and I racked my brain for that lost tune . . .

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MEMBERSHIP NEWS

OBITUARY: CHRISTOPHER MORRIS, 1906-1993

Sadly, we have to report the death on 17 February of Christopher Morris, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge for over sixty years, a distinguished historian, an authority on Kipling, and a good friend of this Society. He was our Guest of Honour at last year's Annual Luncheon, when he delivered a memorably robust and deeply
appreciated speech, which we published in June 1992. Our issues of December 1990 and September 1991 also contained thoughtful pieces by him — the former on Kipling's science fiction, the latter on "The Gardener" — and he had further contributions in mind.

Christopher Morris was an attractive personality, with a most engaging manner. He had the incisiveness and acuity of an outstanding scholar (Charles Carrington, who had taught him at Haileybury in the 1920s, always thought him his most gifted pupil), but in style and temperament he was an all-rounder, devoid of intellectual pretentiousness, and endowed with a humorous and generous interest in people. He was the author of several books which will last, and which do not smell of the lamp.

At his College and University he will of course be missed: though his demeanour was modest his standing was high. In the narrower purlieus of the Kipling Society, too, particularly for those of us who knew him personally, his passing leaves a gap. We extend our warm sympathy to his widow, and family.

THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

As mentioned in our last issue, we shall be periodically finding room in the Journal to note at least some of our Library's new acquisitions. It is a valuable and useful Library, which owes much to the generosity of individual members who have kindly donated many of the books and other items in it. We are always grateful for additions to our holdings of relevant books, photographs, magazine articles, etc. Any enquiries should be made through the Honorary Librarian, Mrs B.G. Schreiber, 44 The Green, Ewell, Surrey KT17 3JJ (telephone 081-393 4459).

Recent acquisitions have included the following:


Q. HORATI FLACCI Carminum Liber Quintus by Rudyard Kipling & Charles Graves (Blackwell, Oxford, 1920); vi + 34 pp; hardback, out of print. Donated by Mr D. Irvine. The well known spoof, in Latin & English, of Horace's Odes, "Book 5".
THE KIPLING JOURNAL
AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data, soon to be re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austerely academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliars photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces often have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.
THE KIPLING SOCIETY
AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Moreover, being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English Literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit-making literary organisation run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is also an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its Journal. New members are made welcome. Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, 2nd floor, Schomberg House, 80/82 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5HF (or, for those living in North America, to the address at the foot of page 4).

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: many members very helpfully contribute more.