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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.

The annual subscription for 1991 is £40 — but for members of the Kipling Society a special rate, £36. Enquiries and remittances to *The AQ & DJ*, 1 West Street, Tavistock PL19 8DS, Devon, England.

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

FORTHCOMING EVENTS, 1992

Wednesday 22 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1), **Mr Donald Mackenzie** on *Kipling and Northernness*. Mr Mackenzie is editor of the forthcoming World's Classics edition of the 'Puck' books.

Wednesday 6 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 **Mr Christopher Morris**. [Members in Britain will have received further information, and an application form, enclosed with the *Kipling Journal*.]

Wednesday 3 June, the Society's **visit to Bateman's**. [For members in Britain, booking form enclosed.]

Wednesday 22 July at Brown's Hotel:- *first*, at 4 p.m., the Society's **Annual General Meeting** [also **tea** – a booking form enclosed for members in Britain]; *second*, at 5.30 for 6 p.m., **Professor Enamul Karim** (our Secretary for North America) on *Archetypes in Kipling's "Kim"*.

Wednesday 23 September at **6.45 p.m.**, a **Pre-Raphaelite Evening** at the Victoria and Albert Museum. [For members in Britain, particulars and booking form will follow: enquiries to Mrs Lewis, tel. (0491) 38046.]



A LITTLE KIPLING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

NEWSPAPER URCHIN: Paiper, sir? Early speshal! All the winners!
(*The homeward-bound footballer takes no notice.*)

URCHIN: Yah! "Muddied oaf!" Like as not yer cawn't even read!

This cartoon, in the *Windsor Magazine* of April 1902, reflects the indignant reaction to Kipling's polemical poem "The Islanders" (January 1902). He had been fiercely reproachful about British military unpreparedness for the South African War (then in its final phase), had forecast a much more serious European conflict, and had criticised Britain's frivolous obsession with sport. One line in particular, about "the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goals", rrankled in public awareness.

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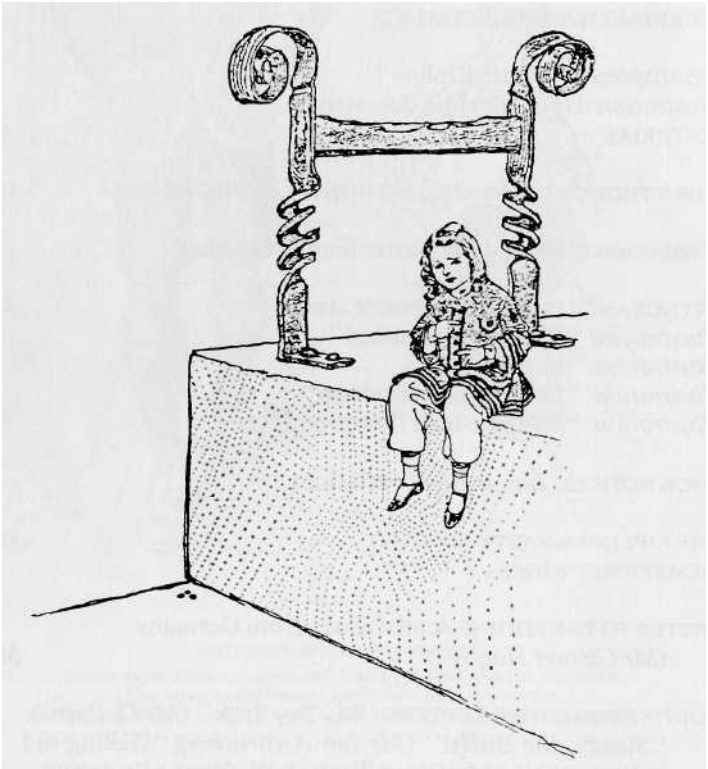
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UPON GIGANTIC DOORSTEPS

An illustration by an American artist, Orson Lowell, for a book-sized edition of "The Brushwood Boy" (usually collected in *The Day's Work*), published by Doubleday & McClure in 1899. Here is six-year-old Georgie Cottar in one of the dream-sequences that characterize the story, as "he sat miserably upon gigantic doorsteps trying to sing the multiplication table up to four times six". [See a related picture at page 34.]

EDITORIAL

KIPLING IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Though Kipling did go to Czechoslovakia in 1935, and took the cure at Marienbad (without success), I am not here referring to that visit but to something a little surprising that I gleaned about him last summer, when I was myself in Prague.

Perhaps I should not have been surprised. After all, the impact of his writings on readers in communist countries is well enough attested. In our issue of June 1991 the Armenian playwright Aleksandr Shaginyan recalled how Moscow University students used to risk punishment to circulate Kipling's poems clandestinely. Visiting London last November, Nursultan Nazarbayev, President of Kazakhstan, in a speech at Chatham House quoted from "The Ballad of East and West" by "that great writer Rudyard Kipling". A Hungarian lady writing in our September 1991 issue had felt *Stalky & Co.* to be "an affirmation of freedom".

In an editorial back in March 1981 I myself described meeting a Latvian in New York, to whom "If —" had given the courage he needed under persecution in the U.S.S.R. — a sufficient reminder, I think, that those verses, even if for some of us hackneyed through over-quotation, embody truths powerfully expressed. (Without further digression, I should add that a rewardingly perceptive account of "If —", by Charles Carrington, can be found in our issue of December 1982.)

So I ought not to have been surprised, to find in a Wenceslas Square bookshop a special edition of "If —" in Czech. It was a handsome pamphlet, taking the form of a fine reproduction of an artist's calligraphy, on tinted paper. It was entitled *Píseň Mužů — Když. . . [A Song for Men: "If —"]*. A supplementary note described the poem as "a gem", published now "to commemorate the 17th of November 1989 and honour the brave people who resurrected democracy in our Republic".

By way of endorsement of these sentiments there were printed, in facsimile, the signatures of twenty-two notable people, mostly associated with past opposition to communism in Czechoslovakia. The list was headed by President Vaclav Havel, and also contained his Foreign Minister; the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague; the Rectors of Charles University (Prague) and Masaryk University (Brno); the

Premier of the Slovak Republic; the Conductor of the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; and miscellaneous other names — some of them eminent — representative of art, the theatre, theology, government, journalism and student politics.

An accompanying leaflet set out the thoughts of Ladislav Korařík, the calligrapher who produced the manuscript. Here in a shortened version, freely translated for me through the kindness of a Czech friend, is what he said: —

In these momentous days of change and of hope, it is incumbent on us to pay tribute to those who by restoring democracy have delivered the will of this nation back into the hands of its people. We thank them for their courage and ready self-sacrifice.

The founder of our democracy, T.G. Masaryk, kept on the desk in his spartan study a framed version of Kipling's "Song for Men". This jewel of the world's poetry celebrates the qualities of true manliness: it has therefore never commended itself to regimes that tyrannise over the people's will.

In 1942 I made this calligraphic setting, distributing as many copies as I could among my friends. I now offer it again, in tribute to fellow-citizens known and unknown, and in gratitude for their brave stand in the battle for this country's happier future. I believe that those who take to heart Kipling's impressive message will find in it a source of courage, which will sustain them in implementing our transformation to full democracy.

The poem touches a high point of artistry: it both inspires and teaches, and should be accessible to educators and students alike. Its importance in this edition is confirmed by signatures of leading people. As a work of art, with that endorsement, it should lend itself to formal presentation on significant occasions, and will surely be appreciated by its recipients.

This is resounding, but evidently not excessive, praise. It is a case of *experto crede*: Mr Korařík, who has lived under tyranny, is entitled to make affirmations which we, who have not, should respect. Moreover, for us, over-familiarity may erode our enjoyment of fine style, and this, for all its great technical virtuosity, has come to apply to "If —". Yet, as T.S. Eliot put it fifty years ago, it pays "to approach Kipling's verse with a fresh mind . . . and to read it as if for the first time". Carrington's article, to which I alluded above, had a commendable title: "If you can bring fresh eyes to read these verses".

MORE THOUGHTS ON "MRS. BATHURST"

by PHILIP MASON

[It is always a privilege to publish a new item by Philip Mason, one of our Vice-Presidents, whose name is familiar to all involved in 'Kipling studies'. For background, see our issue of June 1988 where, having been Guest of Honour at our Annual Luncheon, he features prominently; of December 1988 where he looks at two "puzzles" including "Mrs. Bathurst"; of September 1990, with an outline of his career, mentioning his book on Kipling; of March and June 1991 – one with an analysis of "The Dog Hervey", the other with a review of Nora Crook's book — to which he now reverts, with more to say on "Mrs. Bathurst".

"Mrs. Bathurst" (*Traffics and Discoveries*, 1904) won't lie down. A theme that could justify a novel is crammed into a short story; its mystery stems from calculated omissions, obscuring facts and motives; but its artistry and importance are sufficiently proved by the ingenious persistence with which serious critics endlessly search for keys to fuller understanding of the plot. Even now I have in hand another piece by another commentator with another slant to offer – but that must await another issue. — *Ed.*

It is with some diffidence that I submit more thoughts on "Mrs. Bathurst" to the Kipling Society. But since I last wrote about this mysterious and difficult story, I have read two books I had not seen before, each of which gives it a whole chapter, and they have made me think again. There is further something to which a reasonable man must pay attention, the fact that so many people take a different view from mine.

I have thought so much lately about "Mrs. Bathurst" that I am inclined to suppose everyone must know the story by heart. But of course they don't, so I must remind you as briefly as I can of the salient facts.

The story emerges from the conversation of four men – the Narrator, who previously knew nothing about it; Hooper, a railway inspector; Pyecroft, a second-class petty officer in the Navy; and Pritchard, a sergeant of Marines. The four have met, apparently by chance, but in part owing to an unexplained decision of the Admiral commanding the Simonstown station, who twice in this story plays the part of an unseen Fate or Providence.

The conversation of these four turns on the unaccountable way in which grown men – even long-serving sailors in the Navy – will be struck by a strange folly, that makes them desert their duty. Both Pritchard and Pycroft were once court-martialled and punished for being absent without leave, in a case that had become "a legend of the Fleet"; they had been listening to one Boy Niven (Boy is a rank, not a nickname), who had "been readin' books" and who "did it to . . . have himself talked of", who had persuaded them they would each be given a farm in Western Canada; and, "lovin' an' trustful to a degree", they had followed him. He had led them in a fatuous circle round an uninhabited island, and they had been blamed – this was what rankled – for misleading *him!*

The conversation runs on easily to others who had deserted, and then to someone both Pycroft and Pritchard know, 'Click' Vickery, a warrant officer who has recently gone absent without leave. He is called 'Click' because of his ill-fitting false teeth. They do not seem to expect him back, though he has only eighteen months to go for his pension.

This is a story in which the horror grows with successive readings. Hooper had put his hand to his waistcoat-pocket and was about to show the Narrator a "curiosity" when Pycroft and Pritchard appeared. Several times during the conversation his hand strays to that pocket again, but it is not till the last page that we are told that what he has there is 'Click' Vickery's false teeth, by which he has identified his corpse. On the second reading, when we know what is coming, this adds to the horror, but personally I feel it is a defect in the story that the reader doesn't know sooner.

It is with the mention of Vickery that the introduction ends and the story proper begins.

"Why did Vickery run?" asks the Narrator, but seeing Pycroft's smile he changes his question to "Who was she?"

"She kep' a little hotel at Hauraki – near Auckland," Pycroft begins, and Pritchard breaks in, fiercely proclaiming his faith in Mrs Bathurst and her goodness. Everyone knew her little bar, reserved for warrant officers and NCOs; everyone knew of her generosity and readiness to trust her customers; everyone thought she had a soft corner in her heart for *him* — but everyone respected her virtue. She had 'It' — the undefinable quality that attracts every man she meets – and she might drive a man crazy. She was a woman who "never scrupled to feed a lame duck or set 'er foot on a scorpion".

Pycroft goes on to tell how Vickery had last Christmas invited him to the exceptional luxury of the shilling seats at Phyllis's Circus, then performing nightly in Cape Town, where for the first time he had seen

the cinematograph. (The happenings of the story can be dated fairly precisely to the spring of 1903.) This very early flickering film showed the Plymouth express coming into Paddington, and many of the sailors recognised Mrs Bathurst, who came off the train and walked towards the camera, then "melted out of the picture – like – like a shadow jumpin' over a candle". The cinema was new to them all.

It was to see her that Vickery had come – but not for pleasure. Pycroft saw his face, and it was "white an' crumply", like "things in bottles . . . previous to birth as you might say". When Mrs Bathurst had disappeared from the screen, Vickery dragged Pycroft away. He looked at his watch, and remarked that it would be "four-and-twenty hours less four minutes" before he saw her again. Then for three and a half hours he led Pycroft in a fatuous circle round Cape Town, walking very fast but stopping to drink at every pub. Five nights running this ritual was repeated. Only once did Pycroft venture on comment or question. Mrs Bathurst, he said, seemed to be "lookin' for somebody".

"She's lookin' for me," said Vickery, and went on "very softly" to tell Pycroft to confine his remarks to the drinks set before him, or there would be murder. Pycroft replied that in that case the chances were equal of Vickery being killed or himself. Vickery said that made it a temptation.

After five days the circus moved on. During those days, Vickery must be presumed to have carried out his normal duties – counting the hours – but when the circus went, Pycroft was concerned that Vickery, "bein' deprived of 'is stimulant. . . might react on me," and was interested to learn that he had asked to see the Captain, and spent an hour with him. The Captain came out wearing his "court-martial face", went ashore to see the Admiral, and came back looking normal: from his angle, the crisis was past. Vickery was ordered to go up the line to Bloemfontein by himself, and there take charge of some naval ammunition left behind from the South African War, which he was to dispatch to Simonstown.

We are at the moment dealing with what is undisputed, and we do not know what Vickery had said to the Captain, nor the Captain to him. But it is not hard to guess, and most people who have written about this story are broadly agreed. Vickery must have confessed to the Captain something of what was driving him crazy — remorse or grief or fear. He must have said he did not think he could hold out much longer, and was afraid he would attack a comrade or commit suicide. The Captain was naturally concerned that nothing of the kind should happen in his ship and affect the men under his command. He went to consult the Admiral, who remembered the ammunition at Bloemfontein, and Vickery was sent to fetch it – with a nod and a

wink suggesting that if he deserted from hundreds of miles away it would matter less than from Cape Town.

Vickery asked Pycroft to walk with him to the railway station. He paused, at the Admiral's front gate, to say that tomorrow he would be at Worcester, on the way north, where Phyllis's Circus was performing. "So I shall see 'er yet once again." He went on – just by the Admiral's garden-gate – "Remember . . . that I am *not* a murderer, because my lawful wife died in childbed six weeks after I came out. That much at least I am clear of."

Here again I must comment. This heavily packed sentence tells us that Vickery is now free to marry again, and also that he had kept up marital relations with his lawful wife after whatever passed between him and Mrs Bathurst in New Zealand. And it surely implies that he had at one time thought of murdering his lawful wife; that he had an unlawful wife – Mrs Bathurst; and that towards her he was guilty of something not far short of murder. He did not expect to see her again except once, on the screen.

"Then what have you done?" Pycroft asked. "What's the rest of it?"

"The rest is silence," said Vickery; and he went "clickin' into Simonstown station". I should add that in those days theatrical touring companies acted Shakespeare at such places as Portsmouth and Plymouth, and Vickery would know that these were Hamlet's last words.

Here Pycroft concludes his evidence; Vickery had reported in Bloemfontein, taken charge of the ammunition, despatched it, and then disappeared.

Hooper now takes up the trail. He had lately gone up the line from Bulawayo, which runs for miles through thick teak forest (now a game reserve). He had been told there were two tramps up there – someone had given them food and quinine. He found them by the side of the line, blackened, struck by lightning, turned to charcoal. One was standing up, the other squatting and looking up at him. The standing figure was easily identifiable as Vickery by the false teeth and tattoo marks, which showed up white on the charcoal. They fell to pieces when touched, but he buried them.

Pritchard is horrified, but re-affirms his faith in Mrs Bathurst's essential goodness.

A picnic party on the beach passes the four men, singing a sentimental song about a maiden sitting in a bower "with the one she loves the best".

And Pycroft, remembering Vickery's face during those five

dreadful nights at the cinema, suggests they should finish the beer "an' thank Gawd he's dead".

* * *

Now for discussion. When I last wrote about this story I was confident about what had happened. Vickery had deceived Mrs Bathurst in New Zealand, letting her think he was not married; she had come to England looking for him, and found not only that he was married but that his wife was pregnant. There must have been a quarrel, and perhaps he had blurted out that he had thought of murdering his wife, and at that Mrs Bathurst had 'set her foot on him like a scorpion' – cut him out of her life.

That sentence about the scorpion is undoubtedly important, because in *Something of Myself* Kipling said he had heard someone use it, and the whole story had "slid into my mind".

When Vickery saw Mrs Bathurst on the cinema, it brought back the shame and misery of that scene when she had set her foot on him, and he eventually deserted from the Navy in order to seek death. It seemed to me quite out of the question that the second tramp could be Mrs Bathurst – and that for two sets of reasons.

In the first place, how did she get to Wankies, in the north of Matabeleland, on the way to Victoria Falls? Why did she suppose she would find Vickery at Bulawayo? He was clearly not expecting to see her again – except once on the cinema – when he left Simonstown. How did she know the Admiral had sent him for the ammunition? But even if those prosaic and material difficulties are solved, if she had met him in Bulawayo and forgiven him, he was now a free man – so why go off into the bush as a pair of tramps? They could have married, and he could have enjoyed his pension. It simply does not make sense in any kind of way.

On top of all that, Hooper speaks of the pair of tramps as though they were both men, as was to be expected at that time and place; and it is surely inconceivable that he could have buried her without knowing she was a woman, or that he would not have said so if she were. He had been moved by the story. On the other hand, Pritchard probably – though not certainly – thought the second tramp *was* Mrs Bathurst. As for the song about the maiden in the bower, it is clearly an ironic comment on the whole story – and it is even more grimly inappropriate if the second tramp was encountered by chance.

This is what I thought at that stage. But two things worried me. She had set her foot on a scorpion. But however stinging her dismissal, was that enough to put Vickery into such an extremity of horror and

remorse? Now he was free, would he not have nourished some hope of being forgiven?

The other worry was the invincible obstinacy of those who, in face of all my rational arguments, still think that Mrs Bathurst must have been present in the flesh at Vickery's death. Clearly some of these people have given the matter no thought, and not even considered the question – overwhelming to me – of why, if she *did* pursue Vickery to Bulawayo, she didn't take him to a registry office instead of becoming a homeless tramp. But there are people who have thought carefully and – unaccountably to me – are convinced the second tramp was a woman. Perhaps they have minds whose emphasis is on intuition rather than logical reasoning – and they are not to be despised for that.

It was at this point that I read Nora Crook's *Kipling's Myths of Love and Death* [Macmillan, 1989], which sent me to C.A. Bodelsen's *Aspects of Kipling's Art* [Manchester U.P., 1964]. Bodelsen I had missed before; he is most rewarding in many ways, particularly about Mirth, and those stories I had labelled farces and ceased to like.

But here we must keep to "Mrs. Bathurst", and in particular to Bodelsen's belief that she was dead by the time Vickery and Pycroft saw her on the cinema. I was at first inclined to reject this idea, feeling there was insufficient evidence, and that Mrs Bathurst was too positive and robust a character to commit suicide or 'die of love'. But on further readings I have come to believe that Bodelsen is right: she was dead, and Vickery was torn, not only by grief for what he had lost but by remorse for having caused her death, even if indirectly.

As they piece the story together, the four men are asking "What had Vickery *done*?" If Bodelsen was right, my first worry about my own reading disappeared; there was quite enough on Vickery's conscience to drive him crazy. I no longer ruled out the possibility of suicide: she was a passionate and generous woman. But about the manner of her death we simply don't know, though Vickery clearly thought he was responsible. Of course, the idea that Mrs Bathurst was dead makes more acute the question of why we are not told more clearly what happened.

As to the two corpses, Bodelsen was as much impressed as I am by the absurdity — as it seems to me – of supposing that Mrs Bathurst could have been the second tramp. It seems quite out of her character that she should abjectly have started off to find him when she learned that his wife was dead. All the same he feels, as many people do, that she *ought* to have been present at Vickery's death. He was at one time inclined to think that her spirit pursued him as a kind of avenging Fury, but then preferred to think she forgave him, and he speaks of

her 'ghost' entering the body of the tramp. I can feel no sympathy for this idea.

Nora Crook's book I have reviewed elsewhere, and my review was reprinted in the *Kipling Journal* of June 1991. She has given a whole chapter to "Mrs. Bathurst", and I accept her point that the story is as much about what the four men *think* happened as about what *did* happen. But her imagination is very fertile, and I think she is inclined to take as clues to what happened associations that were present in the writer's mind but are not pointers to action in the plot.

For an example of the distinction, Vickery's statement, "I am *not* a murderer", takes place outside the Admiral's garden-gate – and this is stressed by repetition. We are told so twice. I think we are meant to notice this, and remember the Gates of Paradise and Adam's exclusion from the Garden because of what he had done. That is association. But it is not a clue to action. There is no need to expect a serpent or even a tempter.

Nora Crook has convinced me that at the time when this story was written Kipling knew of the case of Hector Macdonald [1853-1903], a military hero admired by both Roberts and Kitchener, a gallant soldier who had committed suicide rather than face a court martial on a charge of indecency. His former batman's name was Pritchard; Macdonald had once been sent to fetch ammunition from Bloemfontein. I agree that the case was in Kipling's mind; the dates fit.

But I do not understand why that should make Mrs Crook think that at the last moment before his death Vickery should have committed sodomy with the second tramp or supposed him to be Mrs Bathurst. Nor do I understand why she believes the second tramp is Niven, the Boy Niven who had led Pyecroft and Pritchard astray in Western Canada years before. I see absolutely nothing in favour of that idea.

But I am grateful to her for many stimulating thoughts. And it is only fair to add that her suggestions are made tentatively, with emphasis on the point – with which I agree – that what is important is what the four men think happened – more precisely, what the Narrator thinks they think happened – and that we are not meant to know for certain what *did* happen.

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I come now to conclusions. The story is of course an experiment in technique. Kipling was bound to be interested in the first experimental

steps in motion pictures. It is purely my guess that he was impressed by the illusion of motion created by a series of stills, and he realised that a story could be told the same way, and often was; the watcher or reader creates for himself what happens between the stills, and two readers may reach different conclusions. Again, the moving picture can create the appearance of a dead person – something like a ghost – and show it to someone thousands of miles away, but the apparition fades as it comes closer.

All this is relevant to the story, also that it was published in the same collection as "They" and "Wireless", both concerned with thought transference. I suggest it should also be thought of in connection with "'Love-o'-Women'" [*Many Inventions*], an early story, and "A Madonna of the Trenches" [*Debits and Credits*] – a late one – both concerned with passionate and all-consuming love leading to suicide.

Also, Pycroft's ship is the *Hierophant* – a strange name for a warship. It means an expounder of sacred mysteries. We are meant to puzzle over the story, as Pycroft did: "I've made my 'ead ache in that direction many a long night," he said. We are meant to see it, as the four men did, with gaps that we must fill by guesswork. That after all is how we generally do see other people's lives. "I used to think seein' and hearin' was the only regulation aids to ascertainin' facts" is another of Pycroft's pregnant remarks, which may mean no more than that we have to do some guessing, but may also hint that there is something such as thought transference and what is generally called the supernatural.

We are not meant then to know everything. Perhaps we are deliberately led to reach different conclusions according to whether our minds are more intuitive or cerebral, as I think Pycroft and Pritchard did. But I am now persuaded that at the cinema Vickery thought he was seeing the ghost of the woman he had wronged and for whose death he felt responsible. He was driven almost crazy, but he reported to Bloemfontein, performed his last duty and deserted, seeking death.

Just as he had needed Pycroft's company, he picked up another tramp, a casual piece of flotsam from the war that had only lately finished. He stood up in the storm to attract the lightning – and it is quite possible that in the final moment of death Vickery supposed that Mrs Bathurst was with him and forgave him. But we do not know. Hamlet may have seen Ophelia at the moment of death – but the audience don't. As Hamlet said, the rest is silence.

There is however a postscript. Everyone who has thought about Kipling at all knows that many of his stories are enclosed in a 'frame', in which the narrator or narrators are presented and usually recount

the story. There is also the somewhat similar practice of printing a story with a poem before or after it, or a fragment from, say, an imaginary ballad or play as an epigraph.

Sometimes these frames or epigraphs have a close bearing on the main story; sometimes they provide a comment, though not a clue to action; but sometimes it is hard to see any connection. In "'Love-o'-Women'" [*Many Inventions*, 1893] for instance, the superb opening paragraph introduces a frame which parallels the main story. "The Wish House" [*Debits and Credits*, 1926] is preceded by a poem, "Late came the God", which summarises the story poetically. In "Fairy-Kist" [*Limits and Renewals*, 1932], the frame is simply a device for introducing the main story on which it has no bearing. It is therefore unsafe to make any very definite deduction from frame or epigraph as to what happens in the main story.

"Mrs. Bathurst" has an epigraph, an extract from a pastiche of an Elizabethan play ["Lyden's *Irenius*"], about a groom who is hanged on the word of a high-born woman. "She that damned him to death knew not that she did it, or would have died ere she had done it. For she loved him." This has a clear relevance to the story and to Pritchard's certainty that Mrs Bathurst was basically a good person. But she had unwittingly damned Vickery.

In the 'frame', the opening conversation, the relevance of the Boy Niven episode is more shadowy. Two of the men telling the main story were involved – but they can't say why they were led astray from the path of duty and common sense. Deliberate deception, day-dreams, a desire for notoriety – all came into it, but it was unaccountable. They were blown off course. It was *like* possession by Aphrodite, but personally I can see no trace of anything erotic about it, as Nora Crook does, though the victims of Niven's strange deception were whirled round in fatuous circles like Paolo and Francesca. It is an almost comic comment on the unaccountability of human behaviour. It is not irrelevant to the main story, but the connection is not central.

It may be argued that the message of the Boy Niven episode is that folly may be so complete as to defy reason entirely, in which case all my discussion falls to the ground. But that would be so far contrary to Kipling's belief that man's main task is to keep chaos at bay that I reject it.

Kipling was always of the opinion that the reader's imagination should be left to fill in the gaps, and that a story scraped to the bone was "like a fire that has been poked". But he never again carried the practice quite so far as in "Mrs. Bathurst"; presumably he thought that here he had taken it too far. As a way of telling a story, I think he was right: he had gone too far. But, as with *Hamlet*, the question-

marks add a fascination to the story for some later readers, and I think we were meant to be uncertain.

The more I think of "Mrs. Bathurst", the more my mind turns back to the epigraph to one of the very early stories ["In the House of Suddhoo", *Plain Tales from the Hills*] –

A stone's-throw out on either hand
From that well-ordered road we tread,
And all the world is wild and strange . . .



"HE AND HIS MASTER HUNTED TOGETHER"

One of many illustrations by Zdeněk Burian in *Knihy džunglí* (Albatros, Prague, 1965) – *The Jungle Books* rendered in Czech by Aloys and Hana Skoumalovi. Here the boy Kotuko and his "savage, long-haired, narrow-eyed, white-fanged, yellow brute" of a dog are hunting seals. The dog would locate the breathing-hole by scent, the boy would wait, spear and running-line in hand, till a seal came up.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE", SAITH THE WRITER

A STUDY OF KIPLING'S TREATMENT OF REVENGE

by AUSTIN ASCHE

[This article is derived from the text of an address delivered several years ago to the Kipling Society's admirably active branch in Melbourne, by one of its members, the Hon. Mr Justice Asche. He is a learned and distinguished Australian who has earned a very high reputation in several fields – the Bar, the Bench, social studies and educational administration — and he was at that time Senior Judge of the Family Court of Australia in Victoria. He is now the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Northern Territory.

From Darwin he has written to me in light vein. "The Territory would, I think, appeal to Kipling – a vast undeveloped area with much arid country but considerable potential. Darwin already has a cosmopolitan air. Its proximity to South East Asia gives it an added importance. With 'instant' television and radio, and daily flights to and from all quarters of the globe, it is hardly the remote outpost that Kipling would appreciate; but it is still sufficiently far from the big cities of Australia to develop independence and a special type of eccentricity . . ."

In this article he looks in general terms at a common critical theme — that Kipling took unusually pronounced satisfaction in the *motif* of vengeance. He finds (of course) something in it, but thinks it deserves qualification: "If Kipling was a good hater he was also a good lover." He takes one of the late stories in particular to show how Kipling's perceptions could shift and develop beyond revenge "into pity and a greater wisdom".
—Ed.)

It would be remarkable if a writer of Kipling's extraordinary breadth of interest in the human caravanserai had not at some time touched on the theme of revenge. The thought, if not the act, of revenge remains a key human passion even in the mildest and most self-effacing of citizens.

The fitting of action to the thought is normally repressed. The religious would say that this is because it is forbidden by the Word of

God: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord" [*Romans*, xii, 19]. The humanist would say that revenge offends the natural moral law. The Freudian would say that in most people the Superego controls the Id. The cynic (who would call himself a realist) would maintain that want of means, and risk of detection, are your only true discouragement of the poniard, the pistol or the poison.

Sophisticated and in many ways more drastic revenges can still be achieved these days: the destruction of a reputation may lie buried under the neutral tones of company minute-books, or the reports of proceedings in Academia or, rather more robustly, in Hansard or the Law Reports. Nonetheless your ordinary man or woman does not *act*; but shows intense interest in stories of those who do. Of the continual popularity of the revenge theme there is no doubt. Much great literature is devoted to it.

Hamlet is the revenge theme *par excellence*. In *Paradise Lost* Satan is revenging himself on God through Man. Dickens is chock-full of characters who in the last chapter of a novel take drastic revenge on those who have slighted or ill-treated them in earlier chapters: even the dilatory but splendidly virtuous Wilkins Micawber becomes the agent for the downfall of Uriah Heep. Browning was fascinated by the theme and returned to it again and again, as in "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister", "Clive" and, in great detail, "The Ring and the Book".

One could pile on details. I would merely conclude with a modern writer, to prove the obvious, that the theme is as vital today as ever. *The Autumn of the Patriarch* by Gabriel Garcia Marquez [1975] contains some of the most detailed and nasty revenges ever taken by a tyrant on subjects whom he suspects, with good cause, of not being totally faithful to him.

I find Kipling's treatment of vengeance of particular interest, because it shows professional mastery of a high degree – but sometimes a glimpse of "something nasty in the woodshed".

Now, I am a fanatical admirer of Kipling, both his prose and his poetry. Stylistically he was a genius, and the greatest writer of short stories in the English language. His themes deal with the most vital of human emotions, and stir the heart by the way he deals with them. Most of his revenge stories are totally satisfying, probably because – putting it in its simplest terms – we still like to see good triumph over evil. What Kipling does is show us something which he persuades us is *good* (or at least innocently enjoyable) triumphing in an especially exciting and marvellously appropriate way over something which is *bad* (or at least blameworthy to a severe degree).

In examining how he achieves this, I wish to trace a 'first period' of boyhood exuberance; a 'middle period' of intensity, sometimes bordering upon and sometimes crossing the borders of sheer hatred; and a 'final period' of revenge softened by redemption. In that middle period I think that for a while Kipling overbalanced, and I think I can see why.

Here I fear I openly commit the sin against Kipling's ghost, for we all know that [in "The Appeal"] he laid upon us the injunction:-

Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.

But with all respect – and as has been pointed out by his biographers – this is not an injunction which *can* be obeyed. Every great man necessarily puts, as we lawyers say, his character in issue. That is to say, the very fact of his greatness entails an investigation of what makes him so, what obstacles he overcomes, how his personality governs his acts. Even the discovery of some trace elements of clay in the nether limbs becomes an assurance of humanness and, in its own way, a tribute to the intense interest which has made him worthy of study above ordinary mortals.

Let me turn therefore to what I regard as the first period of boyhood exuberance. I can describe the various episodes in *Stalky & Co.* with no other word than "delight" – a series of stories in which the pompous, the self-righteous and the humourless are put down so fittingly and with such uproarious pleasure that we can only turn to read again to savour the exquisite jollification.

There is a pleasant literary pastime which seeks to find the most successful opening paragraph ever written. Perhaps some future television spectacular will be dedicated to the resolution of this debate. Flashing that artificial smile, trademark of compères of such events, the popular star condemned to open the envelopes will announce the contenders, and each will have enthusiastic supporters.

Most of us would expect Jane Austen's entry from *Pride and Prejudice*: "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife." (Loud applause from all – including Kipling who was a Janeite and wrote a story to prove it.) The Dickens entry would be *A Tale of Two Cities*: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times ..." (Great clapping from Carlyle and his circle, because Dickens took the theme and something of the style from him.) An outsider from Australia would be Joseph Furphy's *Such is Life*, with the splendid opening:

"Unemployed at last..." (Nationalistic cheers from Henry Lawson and Banjo Paterson.)

But when our *compère* finally shrieks "The Winnah!", I have no doubt. It must be that opening paragraph of "In Ambush" – one which must have delighted late-Victorian schoolboys (except the "'Yes, sir,' an' 'Oh, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'Please, sir'" band, as Stalky viewed them), and horrified their parents:-

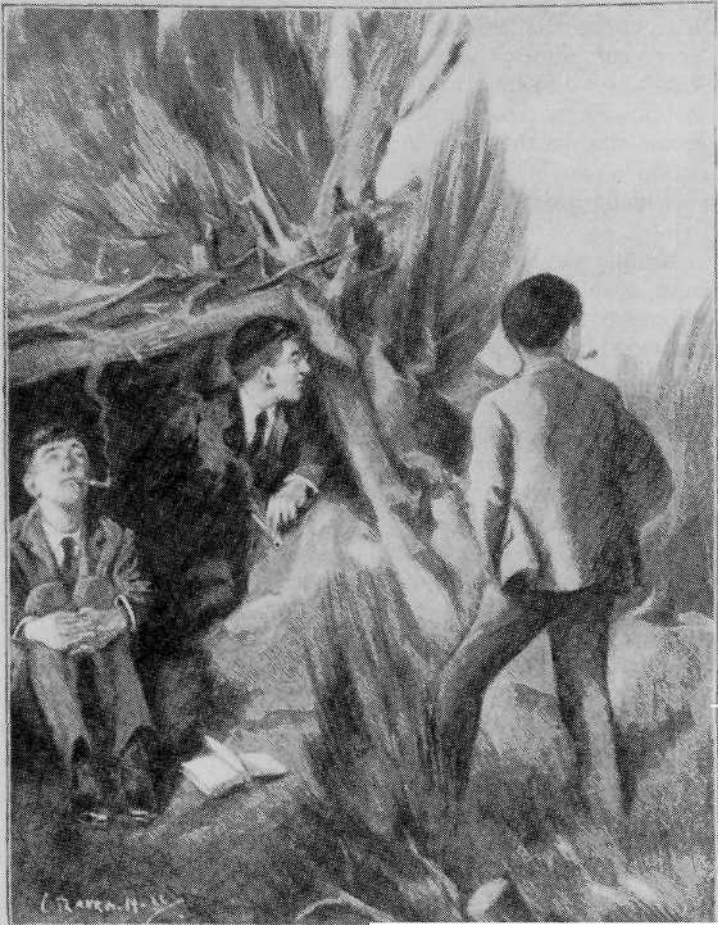
In summer all right-minded boys built huts in the furze-hill behind the College – little lairs whittled out of the heart of the prickly bushes, full of stumps, odd root-ends, and spikes, but, since they were strictly forbidden, palaces of delight. And for the fifth summer in succession, Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle (this was before they reached the dignity of a study) had built, like beavers, a palace of retreat and meditation, where they smoked.

The splendid theme of this story, as in most Stalky stories, is the biter bit. Prout and King, searching for proof of trespass, find themselves accused of just that, by the wonderfully wrathful Colonel Dabney. Although the Headmaster sees the game, and "perpetrates a howling injustice" for which he is immediately admired and forgiven, the final revenge is exquisitely described in the last few paragraphs, when the boys, "careful, as only boys can be when there is a hurt to be inflicted", waited "through one suffocating week" before revealing in their own fashion that, unknown to their masters, they were present at the scene of their masters' discomfiture – and had memorised every word of it.

There is "An Unsavory Interlude" too, when King's sarcasm in suggesting that Prout's House don't wash is met by the insertion of a dead cat into the floor-joists under King's dormitory; the subsequent stench leading Beetle joyfully to use King's language to reproach King's House with "the cynical immorality with which you revel in your abhorrent aromas".

Or there is "The Last Term", when Stalky persuades a village girl to kiss the prefect Tulke; and waits until – at the behest of the priggish Tulke – Stalky and Co. are called to a prefects' meeting to be lectured on their disrespect for authority; and Beetle turns the tables by revealing what he refers to as "Tulke's amours" and inquiring, "How do we know . . . how many of the Sixth are mixed up in this abominable affair?"

But it is intriguing to note that even in these tales of innocent enjoyment there is sometimes – just sometimes – an overkill. Does King really deserve to have his study so completely wrecked in "Slaves of the Lamp, Part I" – the Rabbits-Eggs episode? Kipling, we know,



"WHERE THEY SMOKED LIKE RED INDIANS"

The phrase "like Red Indians", later removed, comes from the original magazine version of "In Ambush" (*Stalky & Co.*) as published in *McClure's Magazine* (New York) in August 1898, with illustrations by the British artist Leonard Raven-Hill. Here is his conception of the Stalky trio's "palace of delight", hidden in the "wuzzy", up behind the school.

had some sympathy for King, who had that trait which Kipling always admired, of dedication and scholarship. Furthermore, he loved books. So we can admire the ingenuity with which Stalky and Co. revenge themselves on King for turning them out of their study – by getting Rabbits-Eggs to wreck King's study, or making it seem so. But it seems strange that we are apparently expected to admire Beetle's action in scarring "a complete set of 'Gibbon' . . . all along the back" – which is just a little indication of what is to come in later stories.

Kipling was a good hater. One has only to read "Gehazi", which I have always considered the most vitriolic poem in the English language, to understand that. He seems to have sometimes overreacted in life, as he does in some of the stories I am about to mention.

His American interlude is curious: particularly curious for the patriotic Englishman which Kipling was, and fervent lover of English soil – and especially of Sussex, which he came to worship. But all indications are that there was a time when he and his wife had every intention of settling permanently in Vermont. All the probabilities point to the fact that it was not the call of England which cut short the Vermont residence, but rather the traumatic events arising out of Kipling's quarrelling with his brother-in-law, and finally charging him with threatening murder (of which charge he was acquitted, while Kipling was made to look rather petty).

Kipling does not say anything of this in *Something of Myself*. What he says is that he felt that "the atmosphere was to some extent hostile"; and that "'Naulakha', desirable as it was, meant only 'a house' and not 'The House' of our dreams" – which looks like a very obvious attempt to blot out the real reason for leaving America. But it was a lucky outcome for us, because it produced those superb stories which prove that –

God gave all men all earth to love.
But, since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all . . .

See also an instance of his great love of English countryside and English country ways in "An Habitation Enforced" [*Actions and Reactions*]. But the point I make is that Kipling could nurture great hatreds, and during this middle period his nature was not necessarily Christian and forgiving. This comes out in the revenge tales.

The greatest of these, and the most entertaining, is "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" [*A Diversity of Creatures*]. This is



"I ZEE 'UN!' ROARED RABBITS-EGGS"

A drawing by L. Raven-Hill for "Slaves of the Lamp, Part I" in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* (Macmillan, 1929). It is a tale of effective revenge. One night, under the influence of liquor, the local carrier, "an outcrop of the early Devonian formation", is tricked by Stalky into hurling stones, and colourful abuse, up through the gas-lit window of Mr King's study. There, through Beetle's contrivance, a serious mess is created and regrettable damage is done.

really a masterpiece: one returns again and again to savour the gorgeousness of the revenge. The story is simple enough. Kipling was a great lover of the early motor car, and many of his stories, including that wonderful mystic story, "They" [*Traffics and Discoveries*], depend on his touring the countryside. In "The Village that Voted" Kipling and several companions are hauled up for speeding, by an officious constable acting under the directions of an even more officious and pompous local magistrate. They appear in court and are fined, to the accompaniment of much witticism by this gentleman at their expense. They plan a superb revenge, which involves making the whole village of Huckley and its Squire (the magistrate) look ridiculous.

I need only remind you of some of the details. The luring of the villagers, by free and generous intoxication, into voting that the earth is flat; the enormous publicity that results; the wonderful song and equally wonderful dance which are created; the subtle suggestion that the Squire's herd of cattle are suffering from disease; the entrapment of the Squire into a charge of assault; the dropping of that charge in circumstances that leave a question-mark over his sanity; and the uproarious finale in the House of Commons.

I like best the incident of the church font. Though it has been discarded by the unfortunate Squire, one of the characters in the story establishes that it is a 14th-century font of great value. He buys it and gives it to the Victoria and Albert Museum. He does not trumpet this to the world, but breaks ground in "a ponderous architectural weekly" which demonstrates the Squire's philistinism and leads the Museum to avow that "it would see the earth still flatter before it returned the treasure to purblind Huckley".

It is indeed a story to be savoured as a "soverayne specific" against melancholy. Yet there is a strain of almost hysterical vengeance at the end. Allowing that the Squire was a pompous, self-righteous and most unpleasant ass of a man, does he really deserve the final dénouement when, white-faced, he goes "to a private interview with his Chief Whip" – to lose his place in Parliament, his reputation and his authority, to be left broken, with the slur of insanity? It seems too dire a punishment for a fool, even a nasty fool.

Then we can look at "Little Foxes" [*Actions and Reactions*]. Kipling, a dyed-in-the-wool conservative, detested political liberals who interfered with the lawful authority of those who ran the Empire. His view was quite clear: Empire-builders knew what they were doing; they were the experts, the professionals, and should not be interfered with by amateurs. No doubt he had good cause for much of his complaints; no doubt his name was blessed by every hard-working

administrator in outreaches of the Empire, who had to grapple with impractical orders invented by some Whitehall bureaucrat who knew nothing of local conditions.

But the well-meaning liberal politician, who comes to 'Ethiopia' [Sudan] and is spun a tale of hilarious mendacity, based on what appears to be a practice of the British of physically beating the natives, really doesn't deserve what he gets. No one tells him that the beating is purely symbolic, a prized ritual accepted by both the local population and the administrators as a valid recognition of individual land-rights.

Horrified, he makes a passionate speech – and Kipling cheats a bit here by maliciously referring to "the long-drawn gurgle of the practised public speaker". He assures the locals that he will release them from their bondage; and in the process uses a native word which he has been assured has a particular and respectable meaning but which in fact is very vulgar – "the short adhesive word which, by itself, surprises even unblushing Ethiopia".

This sends the villagers into paroxysms of laughter, and causes the politician, in frustration, to beat his native guide and appear totally despicable. Again, a little hard on the cause of those who were genuinely – however wrong-headedly – concerned with ensuring that British rule did not mean British tyranny.

But these two examples pale into insignificance when one reads "Sea Constables" [*A Diversity of Creatures*] and "Mary Postgate" [*Debits and Credits*].

In the first of these, certain British naval officers thwart the endeavour of a neutral. The word "Neutral", or "Newt", is used in terms of opprobrium throughout. This is 1915, Britain is in great danger, and Kipling is clearly of the view that those who are not with us are against us. The neutral ship's captain is running oil and coal, no doubt for great profit, to some port where Germans can buy it. It is fair to say that such an activity would ultimately be responsible for British deaths, so the portrayal of the captain as an unlovely man is understandable – particularly when he relies on all the legal rights of a neutral to further his nefarious purpose.

But his insistence on the strict letter of the Hague Conventions causes his downfall; for his papers are false; and the naval officer politely insists on preventing him from travelling other than in the direction of his declared destination, which of course is not where he wants to go. Some excellent harrying goes on, all within the strict letter of the law. So far so good; but at the end the "Newt" becomes seriously ill with pneumonia; and the officer, again applying the strict letter of the law, ensures that he does not get a doctor. So he dies.



"HE HOISTED HIMSELF UP ON ONE ELBOW"

An illustration by Fortunino Matania for "Sea Constables" (later collected in *Debits and Credits*), as initially published in *Nash's Magazine* in October 1915. The neutral captain, frustrated in his attempts to deliver oil to the Germans, and now dying of pneumonia, calls Sir Francis Maddingham a murderer.

Then there is the really ugly tale of Mary Postgate (1915). This is in the depths of the war, and tells of a dull woman whose only joy and loyalty in life was the young boy whose for whose guardian she worked. He, in the flower of manhood, joins the Forces and is killed. Shortly thereafter a German airman, badly wounded, falls into the garden of the house where Mary lives. Her reaction is to refuse to help him; and to let him die.

If Kipling is doing no more than portraying a character insanely embittered by the loss of the only person she has ever loved, this would be legitimate. But the nastiness of the story is that one gets the distinct impression that Kipling approves of what she does.

I appreciate it is very hard for us, over seventy years on, to realise the intensity of the anti-German feeling which swept England during the Great War. Even in Australia, one need only travel to the Barossa Valley to find many places whose names during that period were changed from German to English. But the story still leaves a nasty taste: the young German was as much an innocent victim of the war as the young Englishman. Kipling, as I have said, was a good hater. In 1915 his only son went missing on a battlefield in France; his body was never found; so there was some cause to hate. Later the hysterical bitterness of "Mary Postgate" is balanced by the sad and lovely lament for "My Boy Jack" (1916), in the poem of that title.

But if these stories show a hard, bitter streak, nurtured perhaps by private frustrations and by the grief and hatred of the war years, there is a later story in which Kipling comes splendidly out into the light, grows into the full man, and redeems all. This is "Dayspring Mishandled" [*Limits and Renewals*].

It is a very difficult story to comprehend, and I am not sure I have yet comprehended it thoroughly. Kipling was always a 'spare' writer; he would write a draft, cut it savagely, and later cut it again. In his later years he sometimes carried this to excess; or perhaps he just made greater demands on his readers, giving them in return the greater reward. As when, after several readings, an apparently insignificant sentence suddenly falls into place, giving the key to an incident many pages on – rather like a puzzle-picture where various figures lie hidden, but after long perusal suddenly leap to the eye, and you wonder why you didn't see them before.

One instance is "'Ha! Ha!' said the duck, laughing." This phrase occurs at the beginning of "The Brushwood Boy" [*The Day's Work*], and I suppose I read it twenty times before I noticed a reference towards the end of the story, which gave light to it.

"Dayspring Mishandled" is about a very complicated revenge, planned in painstaking and meticulous detail: we can only understand

how thorough the plan is by reading very carefully, seizing on hints by the way.

I will not go too deeply into the details, but Manallace and Castorley meet as rather impoverished young men writing for a kind of literary agent. Both in their way love the same woman, but she marries neither. Castorley obtains an inheritance and prospers, but does nothing to help the woman when her husband leaves her penniless and she falls ill of a wasting paralytic illness. Manallace, who has also gradually prospered, looks after her devotedly until she dies.

Castorley, described as "a mannered, bellied person", is selfish, spiteful, ambitious and a social climber, but he has real talent. He sets out to make himself the acknowledged expert on Chaucer throughout the English-speaking world. He succeeds, and marries well; fame and riches come to him; he looks forward to the inevitable knighthood. But once, in conversation with Manallace, he had said something spiteful about the woman they had both courted. We do not learn what it was, but are told that "from that hour . . . Manallace's real life-work and interest began".

We are then given a series of apparently disconnected incidents in Manallace's life. He acquires an ancient stone quern – a hand corn-grinder. He buys an old Bible of 1485, "patched up the back with bits of legal parchments". He copies monkish handwriting from old manuscripts. We are given a picture of him "boiling a brew of slimy barks which were, if mixed with oak-galls, vitriol and wine, to become an ink-powder". Always he keeps friendly with Castorley, despite Castorley's appalling condescension, and continual boasting of his complete knowledge of Chaucer, and of how he could exactly recognise the handwriting of those scribes first employed to write down Chaucer's poetry.

Then Castorley makes his great find, which will finally establish him as the greatest of the Chaucerians. Tucked in as part of the stiffening of an old Bible had been a page of parchment with 107 new lines of Chaucer. Castorley identifies it with absolute confidence; the parchment and ink are of Chaucer's period; he positively authenticates the handwriting and spelling as that of one of Chaucer's scribes; the style of the poem itself is plainly Chaucer's.

By now we have enough clues to see that for years Manallace has been preparing the trap. It only remains for Manallace to choose his time to proclaim to the world that the so-called expert has been taken in. Castorley's reputation will be shattered: Manallace's revenge will be complete.

But this is not what happens, and the story takes a different turn.

Castorley falls ill, and it becomes plain to all but him that his illness will be fatal. Castorley's wife, meanwhile, has seen through Manallace, somehow sensing that his constant attendance on Castorley is a sign not of admiration but of something sinister. But she does not denounce him. She herself is carrying on an adulterous relationship with Castorley's doctor, and is anxious to marry her lover. She knows that Manallace's revelations will cause her husband's death, and she begins dropping hints to Manallace that he should get on with it. Far from encouraging Manallace, this gives him pause.

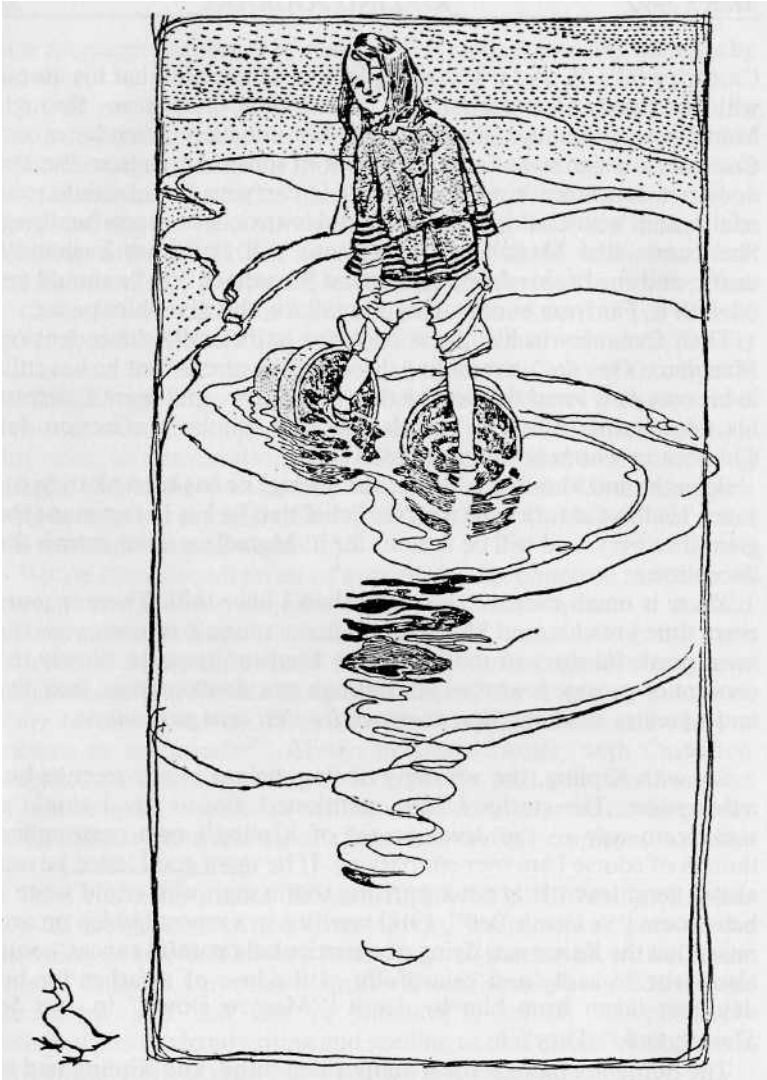
Then Castorley in his illness becomes pathetically dependent on Manallace. One day, in rambling discourse, he reveals that he has still, in his own way, loved the woman they both knew. And overall, despite his unpleasant traits, he reveals the true scholar's affection for Chaucer, to whom he has devoted his life.

So in the end Manallace forgoes the revenge he has been plotting for years. He lets Castorley die with the belief that he has in fact made the great discovery, and will be famous for it. Manallace never reveals the deception.

There is much more to this story than I have told. There is more every time I read it, and I have read it many times: it is in my view the most powerful story of redemption in English literature. Slowly the concept of revenge is worked out through new developments, into pity and a greater wisdom. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.*

So, with Kipling, the whirligig of time brings in not revenge but redemption. The stories I have mentioned plot – in, I think, a significant way – the development of Kipling's own personality, though of course I am over-simplifying. If he was a good hater, he was also a good lover. It is not surprising that a man who could write a hate-poem ["A Death-Bed", 1918] revelling in a report (which proved false) that the Kaiser was dying of a particularly painful cancer, could also write so sadly and beautifully of the love of a father for his daughter taken from him by death ["Morrow Down" in *Just So Stories*; and "'They'"].

The human personality is a many-sided thing, and Kipling had in great measure a diversity of the traits of humanity. Only thus could he so profoundly explore the depths and the heights.



A TWELVE-INCH FLOWER-POT ON EACH FOOT

Another drawing by Orson Lowell (see page 8) from an American edition of "The Brushwood Boy". Here, after his dream-friend 'Annieanlouise', who is on the beach, utters "some kind of spell" ("*Ha! Ha!* said the duck, laughing"), the child Georgie is saved from drowning, "for it raised the bottom of the deep, and he waded out with a twelve-inch flower-pot on each foot". Being in real life not allowed to play with flower-pots, he felt "triumphantly wicked". [See also page 31.]

BOOK NOTICES

THE JUNGLE BOOKS by Rudyard Kipling, ed. W.W. Robson (World's Classics, Oxford University Press, 1992); xlii + 373 pp including introduction, bibliography, chronology, appendices and notes; ISBN 0-19-282901-7; paperback £3.99.

This modestly priced one-volume edition of *The Jungle Book* and *The Second Jungle Book* combined, together with "In the Rukh" (from *Many Inventions*) as an appendix, is in effect a reprint of the 1987 two-volume edition in the same series.

It is worth having, for the judicious quality of Professor Masson's excellent 22-page introduction, and helpful notes. The stories, whether about Mowgli or not, include some masterpieces of myth and imagination; as millions of readers long ago discovered, they can be enjoyed without an *apparatus criticus*', still, the explanatory knowledge that a good one imparts does enhance that enjoyment.

DAS DSCHUNGELBUCH by Rudyard Kipling, translated by Gisbert Haefs, illustrated by Erika Dietzsch-Capelle (Ueberreuter, Vienna); ISBN 3-8000-2035-6; 238 pp; hardback; n.p.

This German version of *The Jungle Book* (minus "Her Majesty's Servants") represents a dual interpretation – words by Gisbert Haefs, pictures by Erika Dietzsch-Capelle. Haefs is a tireless performer on a grand scale (reviews of his renditions of Kipling are in our issues of September 1989 and December 1990; see also his article, "A Translator's Delights", in December 1990, and his letter in the present issue).

The artist is new to us; her work is striking and the book displays some 85 of her paintings. They are beautifully soft in colour; vivacious, often humorous, in design. The depiction of animals and human beings alike leans to jolliness rather than realism; a toy-like, almost cartoon-like quality is apparent throughout – conceivably influenced by Walt Disney. This is legitimate, and interesting: experiments of this sort (we noted another in our last issue) may bring readers, including young readers, back to Kipling's assemblage of superlative fantasy – once extraordinarily popular, now much less so.

KIPLING SOCIETY
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
 YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1990

	1990	1989
	£	£
INCOME		
Subscriptions	6,873	6,365
Contributions from Overseas Branches	1,583	1,740
Donations	115	399
Advertising	827	500
Investment Income & Bank Account Interest	580	530
Sale of <i>Journals</i>	202	0
Other Income	259	417
	<u>10,439</u>	<u>9,951</u>
EXPENDITURE		
Print & despatch of <i>Journal</i>	5,852	5,704
Office – Rent & Insurance	2,918	1,819
– Other overheads	1,638	1,772
Depreciation	1,341	1,605
Honorarium	120	120
Lectures & Meetings	455	493
	<u>12,324</u>	<u>11,513</u>
Surplus/(Deficit) for year	(1,885)	(1,562)
Exceptional Income (Gift Aid)	4,133	0
Increase/(Decrease) in value of Investments	(1,859)	1,769
Surplus/(Deficit) for year	<u>389</u>	<u>207</u>

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

1. *Income & Expenditure* are accounted for on an accruals basis, with the exception of subscriptions, which are accounted for on a cash received basis.
2. *Investments* are stated at the quoted value on 31 December 1990.
3. The *Library* valuation is that at 6 May 1986, and excludes the Wolff Collection (valued at £21,809) which has been returned to its owner.
4. *Office equipment* is depreciated in equal instalments over five years.
5. *Donations* of £4,133 gross (£3,100 net) were made under the Gift Aid Scheme (U.K.).

KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET

31 DECEMBER 1990

	1990		1989	
	£	£	£	£
FIXED ASSETS				
Library		14,334		36,143
Office equipment – cost	6,948		6,948	
– depreciation	<u>(5,289)</u>	1,659	<u>(3,948)</u>	3,209
		15,993		39,352
INVESTMENTS				
Listed Securities		6,609		8,468
CURRENT ASSETS				
Bank Balance	4,567		5,674	
Debtors & Prepayments	<u>3,086</u>		<u>1,872</u>	
	7,653		7,546	
CURRENT LIABILITIES				
Creditors	<u>(1,583)</u>		<u>(5,274)</u>	
NET CURRENT ASSETS		6,070		2,272
		<u>28,672</u>		<u>50,092</u>
RESERVES				
Balance at 1 January		50,092		29,343
Surplus/(Deficit) for year		389		207
Revaluation of Library		(8,941)		20,542
Return of Wolff Collection		(12,868)		0
BALANCE AS AT 31 DECEMBER		<u>28,672</u>		<u>50,092</u>

AUDITOR'S REPORT

I have audited the financial statements above in accordance with approved auditing standards. In my opinion the financial statements give a true and fair view of the Society's affairs at 31 December 1990.

signed *Georges Selim* (Hon. Auditor)

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new members:

Dr Clair Bowen (*Tours, France*); Mr Clement S. Brineman (*Virginia, U.S.A.*); Mr C.C. Cooper (*Hampshire*); Mr James Macmanus (*London*); Mr W. Rowntree (*Surrey*); Miss M.J. Saunders (*London*).

OBITUARY NOTICE

We record with profound regret the death in December 1991 of Mr David Wallace, Treasurer of our Melbourne Branch. His enthusiastic support of the Society was invaluable, and his loss will be sadly felt. Our condolence goes to his family.

LETTER 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 MISCELLANY FROM GERMANY

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

Dear Editor,

It has long been on my mind to let you know how much I enjoy reading the *Journal*, and how very helpful the wealth of information and insights has been to me in compiling notes for the (unfinished) German language edition of Kipling's works.

To name but a few contributions of outstanding interest:- C.E. Moorhouse's engineering sketches (March 1987) made me understand what "The Devil and the Deep Sea" [*The Day's Work*] is about; Ann Parry's analysis of "The Bridge-Builders" [*Ibid.*] in March and June 1986 was a new and thoroughly convincing interpretation of that story; the same is true for Evelyne Hanquart's reading (June 1985) of Dante in "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie

Jukes" [*Wee Willie Winkie*], where I had not suspected any such allusions; or take L.A. Crozier's marvellous researching of the topography of "Mandalay" (September 1981). And Kipling's anti-American curse, reprinted in the June 1982 issue – which I wish the editors of *Kipling's Japan* had included in that book where it belongs, as it is not rude at all (not any longer, anyway) but wholly delightful!

Unfortunately, the *Journal* cannot do everything that should be done. We have had many highly welcome publications during the past few years (such as *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling* edited by Andrew Rutherford; or Thomas Pinney's editions of *Kipling's India* and of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*; or some of the annotated Penguin volumes; or the marvellous French Pléiade edition); but why did not Macmillan's start reprinting the final revisions of Kipling's work, the Sussex Edition, when the copyright ended on 1 January 1987 – including all the uncollected material which cannot be found elsewhere? Someone must have blundered there, or dozed.

There may be last will injunctions against using the Sussex texts in normal trade volumes; but then Kipling would not have wanted his letters to the children [*"O Beloved Kids"*] published, and who cares now? The American Burwash Edition was reprinted in 1970 by AMS Press, but it is no longer available and was sold as an expensive set only – not in individual volumes.

A Kipling collector's *desiderata* apart, it would be more than merely helpful – at least to those of us who are trying to re-edit or translate Kipling – if we had his final versions available; not to mention the wealth of material that lies buried in the most secret of arcana, *The Readers' Guide* [privately published in a limited edition in 8 volumes, 1961-72]. So please allow me to use the *Journal's* space to beg of your readers (and antiquarian booksellers) to let me know if or when they hear of any stray Burwash set, or a *Readers' Guide*.

Yours sincerely
GISBERT HAEFS

[Gisbert Haefs is an eminent translator of Kipling: for further comment on him and some cross-referencing, see under "Book Notices" (page 35). His compliments are appreciated. I hope his quest for rare books may have a happy ending.

Since writing this letter he has sent me a curious item of Kiplingiana – an expended but still fragrant bottle of 'Kipling' after-shave, product of Parfums Weil (Paris). Regarding its scent, Gisbert Haefs remarks: "An elderly gentleman I know was reminded of a Circassian brothel – but it also might be the rich perfume of the Kashmir Serai." By any other name, of course, it would smell as sweet, but as a marketing choice the name is interesting. – *Ed.*]

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

A RECORDING OF "MY BOY JACK"

From Mr D. Irvine, 56 Jessel House, Judd Street, London WC1H 9NU

Mr Irvine writes to recommend an excellent re-issued recording which he found by chance, of Kipling's Great War poem, "Have you news of my boy Jack?" With it are also a complete "Tipperary" and "Roses of Picardy".

It is obtainable from retailers in three forms:- LP record (GEMM 303), cassette (GEMM 7355), or compact disc (CD 9355). Its overall title is "The Great War", under the "Pearl" label. The specifications for "My Boy Jack" are:- [Edward] German/[Rudyard] Kipling, Louise Kirkby-Lunn (contralto), with orchestra (1917).

It can also be obtained direct from its suppliers, Pavilion Records Ltd, Sparrows Green, Wadhurst, Sussex, tel. (0892) 783591.

"STEADY, THE BUFFS!"

From Mr Ian Anstruther, Barlavington Estate, Petworth, Sussex GU28 0LG

Ian Anstruther [the writer; biographer of Oscar Browning and H.M. Stanley; author of *Coventry Patmore's Angel*, just published] has asked about the origin of the expression, "Steady, the Buffs!" He knew it appeared in Kipling [*The Story of the Gadsbys*, also *Abaft the Funnel*] but suspected an earlier attribution.

A check in Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* revealed it as "a catch-phrase of adjuration or of self-admonition", of mid-19th-century "anecdotal origin".

Since "The Buffs" was the title accorded, owing to the colour of its uniform facings, to the 3rd Foot (from 1881 the Royal East Kent Regiment; from 1961, on merger with the Royal West Kents, the Queen's Own Buffs; later the Queen's), I consulted the National Army Museum.

Mr David Smurthwaite, of the Museum staff, replied with an interesting extract from the *Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research* (Vol. I, 1921-22). It stated that after the Crimean war the Buffs and the Royal North British Fusiliers were sharing barracks in Malta. The Buffs' Adjutant was an ex-Fusilier Sergeant-major, and on Adjutant's Parades was very aware of the Fusiliers, who paraded at different times, looking on critically. Being anxious that the Buffs' standard of drill should not be judged inferior to that of his former regiment, he was in the habit of calling out, "Steady, the Buffs! The Fusiliers are watching you."

"TELLING OLD BATTLES OVER"

From Mr Rae Killen, 4 Kent Road, Newlands, Cape Province 7700, South Africa

Mr Killen (former South African Ambassador in London) has sent a cutting from page 53 of the *Financial Mail* of 6 December 1991. It reports an eloquent speech given in Johannesburg at the National Museum of Military History by the British Consul-General, Mr J.F. Doble, at the opening of an exhibition of paintings of South African battlefields by the artist Gail van Lingen.

The speaker, addressing the theme of reconciliation between races, quoted briefly from Kipling's commemorative poem, "General Joubert", written in tribute to Piet Joubert, Commandant-General of the Transvaal Army, who had died on 27 March 1900. [Kipling was generous in his praise for an unlucky opponent, uncontaminated by politics – one who, "subtle, strong and stubborn, gave his life/To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain". The poem appeared in the *Friend*, Bloemfontein, on 30 March while Kipling was editing that commandeered newspaper; and in the British and American press in early April.]

"The hatreds", said Mr Doble, "that must have existed between Briton and Boer, and between Zulu and Briton, were far greater than any such hatreds today. If those hatreds could be overcome as quickly today as they were then, building a new country would be much easier. To summarise my feelings, I cannot improve on what Rudyard Kipling wrote in 1900 regarding Boer and Briton, but which now applies equally to all races:

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
 Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one;
 Telling old battles over without hate . . ."

THE LATE PROFESSOR A.W. YEATS

From Professor Sarah Matheny, Dept. of Professional Pedagogy, College of Education & Human Development, Lamar University, Box 10034, Beaumont, Texas 77710, U.S.A.

Professor Matheny has written to report the sad news of the death on 12 January 1992, at the age of 81, of a distinguished Kipling collector and textual authority, Professor A.W. Yeats.

His name is familiar to serious students of Kipling's works, as editor of *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue* (Dalhousie & Toronto University Presses, Toronto, 1959), which is the indispensable guide in all attempts to explore the complicated tangle of Kipling's massive bibliography. The book was basically a compilation by James McG. Stewart, but after Stewart's death in 1955 it fell to Yeats to edit and organise it into the compendious format that we know.

From Professor Matheny's letter, and an obituary article which she enclosed from the Lamar *University Press*, we learn that Yeats had been with the English Faculty at Lamar from 1961 till his retirement in 1980; after retirement he had continued to live beside the campus, and been involved in university activities until his death. His literary speciality was the works of Kipling, but he had other enthusiasms, including pipe-organ construction, in which he was expert. Indeed he had recently re-constructed the organ of the Beaumont church in which his funeral was held.

KIPLING AND BARON ARMSTRONG OF CRAGSIDE

From Miss Tiffany Hunt, Regional Director, National Trust (Northumbria Region), Scots' Gap, Morpeth, Northumberland NE61 4EG

Miss Hunt asks if any connection is known between Kipling and Cragside – that unusual and splendid National Trust house near Rothbury in Northumberland. It was the residence of William George Armstrong, Baron Armstrong of Cragside (1810-1900), a formidably talented engineer, inventor, industrialist and local benefactor. In the field of armaments, his innovations included important developments in submarine mines and breech-loading guns.

On display in the house is a framed illustration of one of Kipling's soldier verses, presented (the story goes) by Kipling to Armstrong's butler, Andrew Crozier. Miss Hunt would be glad if this story could be confirmed and amplified. [*Any comments to me, please. – Ed.*]

AN EQUIVOCAL RESUSCITATION

From Mr C.G. Webb, 30 Primrose Court, Hydethorpe Road, London SW12 0JQ

Mr Charles Webb draws our attention to an article on page 11 in the *Independent* of 21 December 1991, by a New Delhi correspondent, T. McGirk. It reports the re-printing in a long-established Indian newspaper, the *Pioneer* (in Kipling's day at Allahabad, now newly installed in New Delhi), of a number of verses and articles by Kipling, reflecting his assistant editorship from late 1887 till his departure from India in early 1889.

To judge from McGirk's account, what is of interest is not so much the exhuming of long-disregarded pieces by Kipling (itself an imaginative idea), but the prejudice and ignorance displayed by some observers of this revival – including McGirk, who says that Kipling at the *Pioneer* was "nothing but an ink-spattered flop".

The *Pioneer's* present editor, a Mr V. Mehta, can hardly have consulted his own files if he is correctly quoted, that Kipling "was lazy . . . hardly ever wrote anything . . . spent most of his time running round the streets of Lucknow [*sic*]". (This of a phenomenally hyper-active writer who, editorial work apart, produced for his paper some 240 articles and stories and 150 poems in his six and a half years in India – in 1888 alone about 140 and 20.)

A "Professor of Literature" in New Delhi comments that Kipling's works are seldom studied in India, since they are "not high literature; and we still have this view of Kipling as a colonial imperialist".

A Mr Nandy, "psychologist and Kipling expert", finds Kipling "rather pathetic"; and because "his first language was Hindi . . . probably a bastard, caught between British and Indian cultures" – Kim being a self-portrait of "a wild Anglo-Indian boy". (There are confused ideas here; terms like psychologist, expert, bastard and Anglo-Indian are not immune from gradations of meaning; but any suggestion of illegitimacy or mixed racial origin is mistaken. Kipling's parents married in England nine months before his birth, and before sailing to India for the first time.)

"Imperialism" is of course the key to the prejudice. Happily, Mr Nandy concedes, "I know plenty of Indian parents who are hostile to Kipling's jingoism, but they still read *The Jungle Book* to their children at night."

RAISING MONEY FOR BANDS

Several members drew our attention to an article in the "On This Day" series of re-printed items, in *The Times* of 28 January 1992. Headed "Music of War", it was an abbreviated report, dated 28 January 1915, of a fund-raising speech made by Kipling at the Mansion House on the previous day. The event was promoted by the Recruiting Bands Committee and chaired by the Lord Mayor of London – its object being to raise bands in the London area as a stimulus to recruitment for the Army, and as an aid to morale for the 'New Armies' undergoing training – often with very limited equipment.

Kipling's speech was good; unfortunately it is uncollected in his works, but it is in *Great Speeches of the War* (Hazell, Watson & Viney, London, 1915). He dealt lightly but movingly with the impact of martial music on tired troops: –

You will remember a beautiful poem by Sir Henry Newbolt describing how a squadron of "weary big dragoons" were led on to renewed effort by the strains of a penny whistle and a child's drum taken from a toyshop of a wrecked French town. And I remember in a cholera camp in India, where the men were suffering very badly, the Band of the 10th Lincolns started a regimental sing-song one night with that queer defiant tune, "The Lincolnshire Poacher". You know the words. It was merely their regimental march, which the men had heard a thousand times. There was nothing in it except – except all England – all the East Coast – all the fun and daring and horseplay of young men bucketing about the big pastures by moonlight. But, as it was given, very softly, at that bad time in that terrible camp of death, it was the one thing in the world which could have restored – as it did – shaken men to pride, humour and self-control. . .

Also present was Sir Frederick Bridge (1844-1924), Organist of Westminster Abbey and Professor of Music at London University. According to *The Times* article, he had "said that what was needed was a band that would play good rousing march tunes such as he remembered in Rochester when the 18th Royal Irish were setting out for the Crimean War, after badly damaging six policemen the night before. [Laughter.] "

[Footnote. One member also commented that she was convinced that the "queer defiant tune" referred to was the tune Kipling had in mind when writing "Tommy" — the fit being perfect. Another asked when and where Kipling saw a cholera camp. – Ed.]

ARUNDELL HOUSE

From Mr G.B. Berry, The Cottage, Wet Lane, Mere, Wiltshire BA126BA

Mr Berry kindly sends news of a house briefly occupied more than once by Rudyard Kipling and his wife – Arundell House, Tisbury, Wiltshire. It was sold in November 1991, through Humberts, Chartered Surveyors of Shaftesbury, Dorset. We do not know the eventual price, but a cutting from the *Property Journal*, dated 7 November, quoted an expectation of £180,000.

The house (see the estate agents' photograph, next page) was "typically Victorian in style and proportion", with "six bedrooms, four reception rooms, a study and two bathrooms"; and outbuildings "converted into a separate cottage". The property was described, in estate market jargon, as having "much scope for improvement"; but with "planning permission to run a business" from it.

Arundell House was mentioned by a local historian, the late Ralph Jackson, in an article, "The Lockwood Kiplings at Tisbury", in the *Hatcher Review* of Autumn 1983. (Mr Berry has supplied a copy for the Society's Library.) The article is largely about Kipling's parents, at The Gables; but states that in the summer of 1894 Kipling, over from Vermont, "rented Arundell House, situated at the top, eastern side of Tisbury's hilly High Street and a little over half-a-mile south of The Gables"; also that he joined the Tisbury Cricket Club. "A copy of his letter accompanying his entrance fee of five shillings still exists."

Indeed, Mrs Kipling's diary shows that she and her husband reached Tisbury on 25 April 1894; her mother-in-law had rented Arundel [*sic*] House for them for three months. It was "charming", with a "fine view". They moved in on 30 April, staying till early August when they returned to the U.S.A.

In 1895 they were back in Tisbury, much more briefly: one surviving letter seems from its text to be from The Gables, but another, surprisingly, is headed "Arundel House", so it seems that they stayed there, if only for a few days. [See Kipling's *Letters*, ed. T. Pinney, Macmillan, 1990, vol. 2, pp. 195-6. Light on this point, and on any further tenancy by the Kiplings, would be worth having.]

During his first visit, in May 1894, Kipling was interviewed at Arundell House by a journalist, whose account was published in the *Pall Mall Budget* of 7 June. "From this account," to quote Ralph Jackson in the *Hatcher Review* article referred to above, "it is clear that Kipling had already studied the topography of the area and was interesting himself also in the local history. The article is illustrated by a drawing entitled 'Mr Rudyard Kipling in his Study'. The room can

be identified in Arundell House."

The house agents in 1991 predictably made what they could of the connection. The *Property Journal* said Arundell House was "used by Rudyard Kipling around the turn of the century as a summer residence" and was "where he worked on both [the] *Jungle Book* and *Kim*". [This is partly true: he was writing parts of *The Second Jungle Book* at Tisbury, but work on *Kim* with "the Pater" was principally at The Gables, years later.]



ARUNDELL HOUSE, TISBURY, WILTSHIRE

Acknowledgments to Humberts, Chartered Surveyors, from whose sales brochure this picture is taken. We learn (from a reader's letter — see page 45) that the house was recently sold. Kipling rented it in 1894; while living there he worked at *The Second Jungle Book*; also "My Sunday at Home" and "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" (*The Day's Work*); and, among poems, "The Miracles" and "The Song of the Banjo".

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 austere 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 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; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical 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, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.**

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When it was founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with 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. 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 receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a note on the previous page).

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation, run by volunteers to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its activities are controlled by its Council, but routine management is in the hands of the Secretary. 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, and an Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common leaders' 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 – for both individual and corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: many members very helpfully contribute more.

