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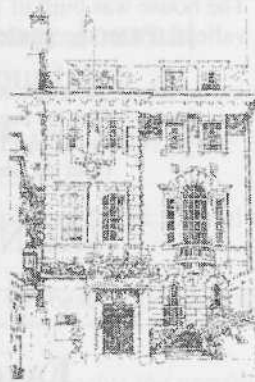
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THE SOCIETY'S ADDRESS

Postal: 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, England

Web-site: www.kipling.org.uk

Honorary Auditor: Professor G.M. Selim, M.Com., Ph.D., **F.I.L.A.**

THE SOCIETY'S NORTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

David Alan Richards, 18 Forest Lane, Scarsdale,

New York, NY 10583, U.S.A.

Tel: (212) 906-2305. Fax: (212) 906-2021. E-mail: drichard@sidley.com

AUSTRALIAN BRANCH

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS: SEE ALSO THE
'SOCIETY NOTICES' ON PAGES 42-43

Wednesday 16 February 2000 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1, **Professor Yoshiaki Kuwano** on "Kipling in Japan".

Wednesday 12 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m., a meeting (details to be announced).

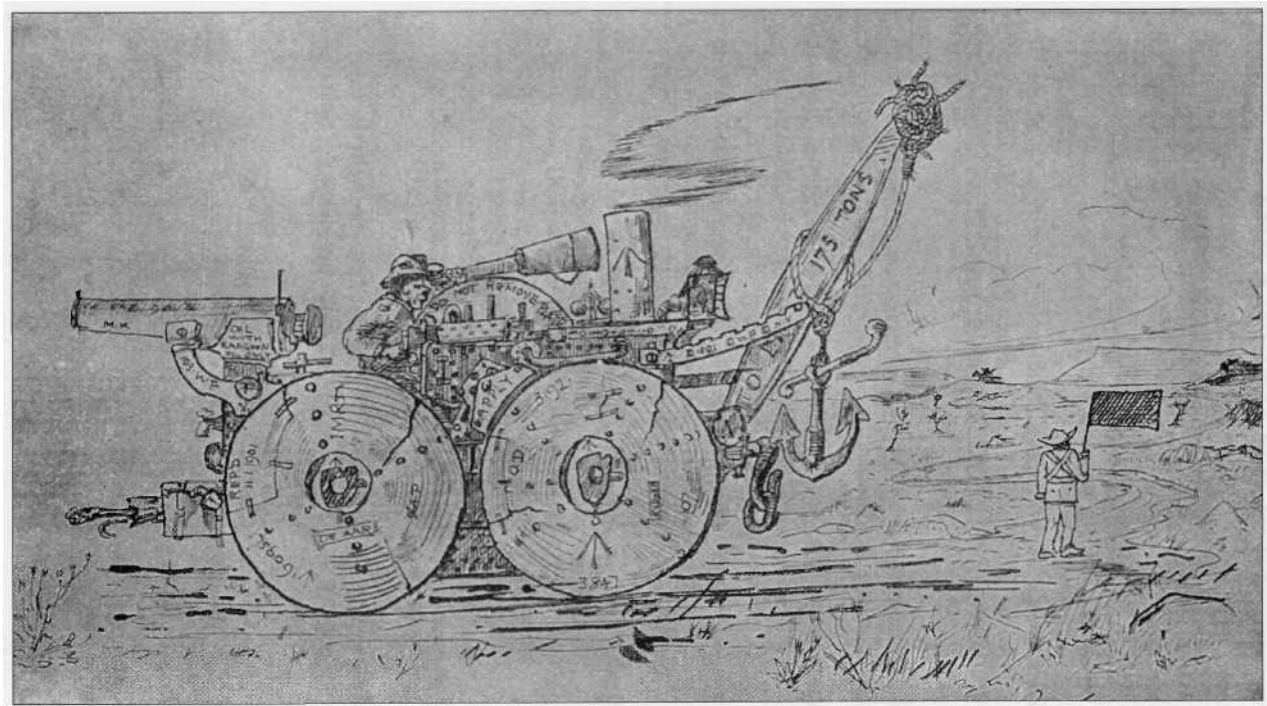
Wednesday 3 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. Guest of Honour: **The Hon. Austin Asche, A.C., Q.C.**, a Kipling enthusiast and until recently the Administrator, Northern Territory, Australia. Admission to this event by ticket. See the 'flyer' enclosed with this issue.

Wednesday 12 July at 4.15 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual General Meeting**. Tea will be served in the Wrench Room at 3.30 p.m. for those who order in advance (this will avoid the congestion previously experienced). Drinks after the A.G.M. and before the evening meeting at 6 p.m. A booking form will be enclosed with the March 2000 *Journal*.

Wednesday 13 September, a meeting to be held in the Society's Library at City University. Details to be announced later.

Tuesday/Wednesday 26/27 September, tour to the battlefield at Loos. See the detailed Notice on page 43.

Wednesday 15 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, a meeting (details to be announced).



HOT PURSUIT. (For explanatory comments on this picture, see page 8.)

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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A NOTE ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATION AT PAGE 6

This drawing by Kipling is on page 224 of Volume 1 of a massive, lavishly illustrated contemporary account, in two volumes, of the protracted later stages of the Boer War, *After Pretoria: The Guerilla War* by H.W. Wilson (Amalgamated Press, London, 1902). That was the sequel to an equally monumental two-volume book, also by Wilson, *With the Flag to Pretoria* (Harmsworth, London, 1900, 1901).

Wilson described the drawing as Kipling's "allegorical view of the chase of de Wet. The unwieldy engine – bound by antiquated ordinance not to travel above a walking-pace, and heralded by the time-honoured red flag warning everyone of its approach – seeking in vain to overtake... the flying horseman in the distance, aptly typifies the methods by which the British attempted to catch the Boer general."

The capture of Pretoria in June 1900 had led not to an overall surrender by the Boers but to two years of stubborn guerilla warfare, in which those led by Christiaan de Wet played a conspicuous, albeit elusive, part. In general, lightly equipped irregular Boer forces would usually display greater mobility than their more ponderous British opponents, who were trying to pin them down (and who eventually succeeded, after creating a vast and elaborate protective system of block-houses and barbed wire).

EDITORIAL

ANOTHER NEW BIOGRAPHY OF KIPLING, REVIEWED

Andrew Lycett's *Rudyard Kipling* (Weidenfeld, £25) came out just in time for brief mention in our last issue; and a 'flyer' offered our readers a discounted purchase price. Then on 15 September, in a talk to the Society, Lycett described how he had set about writing the book. It was a fascinating account, and it will appear in our March 2000 issue.

His book is a smoothly coherent narrative, which threads its way confidently through a maze of detail, and is supported by interesting photographs, a helpful chart of the Kipling and Macdonald families, and a formidable yet unobtrusive tally of references. Lycett has an impressive mastery of the social, political and literary/critical 'background' to Kipling's life, but presents it without over-loading. The result is first-rate, scholarly and, for all its bulk (xi + 659 pages), digestible.

Last March, reviewing another recent study of Kipling, Harry Ricketts's *The Unforgiving Minute*, and noting that there were other biographies of Kipling impending, I wondered, rhetorically, if the territory was getting over-worked. I concluded that we had not yet reached that stage, and that *The Unforgiving Minute* was a welcome addition to the canon. I can now confidently say the same of Lycett's book, which contains many new insights.

In *The Times* last month, Peter Ackroyd, reviewing a new biography of Shakespeare by Anthony Holden, said that "Every biography of Shakespeare creates a different writer and a different man," adding that "somewhere in the world a new book on the dramatist is published every day." If that really is so, I see two reasons. First, Shakespeare's greatest plays are by common consent in a class of their own, addressing in sublime language themes that relate to the whole human condition. Second, little is known about Shakespeare the man: the paucity of information leaves the way open to all sorts of speculation about him, from the plausible to the ludicrous. A book a day is no more than a reflection of Shakespeare's world-wide standing, and of the mystery at the heart of the phenomenon. Matthew Arnold, addressing him in verse, declared: "Others abide our question. Thou art free. / We ask and ask. Thou smilest and art still..."

While I would not belittle the breadth and durability of Kipling's appeal (and I agree with André Maurois that he had "permanent natural contact with the oldest and deepest layers of human consciousness"), Kipling cannot match Shakespeare's universality. It is enough that he was a brilliant short story writer and versifier, whose flair and originality propelled him in his twenties from a niche in the Indian journalism which had formed his audacious talents, to a position

without parallel, as the most popular literary voice in the English-speaking world, and the bard of the British Empire at its zenith.

As for Kipling the man, in contrast with the shortage of facts about Shakespeare, a daunting mass of detailed information exists about Kipling, which is still growing, as the publication of volume after volume of his *Letters* continues – not to mention the *Journal*. Some of the comment is questionable or biased, for he was a complex character, whose political stance irked many contemporary writers, and remains an impediment to dispassionate criticism. The task his biographers face is to sift their material, selectively yet impartially, from the plethora of data available, and from his writings, and with its help to explain convincingly the nature of the man. Lycett has done this, very effectively.

If Shakespeare is a conundrum, tempting aspiring biographers to guesswork in a factual vacuum, Kipling presents a contrasting challenge. He sets his biographers a Herculean task, to unravel a massive tangle of evidence, and to explain the known contradictions that characterise the writer. These are many – for instance the impulse that led such an ardently committed British patriot to consider permanent residence in the U.S.A.; the quirk that made him both an emphatic advocate of the rule of law and an admirer of subversive 'Stalkyism'; the touchiness that caused him, albeit himself a lifelong reporter, to rage against any journalistic intrusion into his own life; or the inconsistency that enabled him both to create the marvellous figure of the Lama, and yet, at times, to seem to share the unreflecting and condescending racial assumptions typical of the Europe of his day.

The reason why Kipling's biographer needs to master the factual background is because to a remarkable degree Kipling's writings were prompted by current 'events' – things that he saw happen, or read in the papers – and by his personal encounters with people, and by his reactions to the views of his generation which (ever a journalist) he explicitly claimed to "serve". Even as a poet, he never dwelt in an ivory tower, but always derived his inspiration from the busy world around him.

Lycett convincingly re-creates the prevailing atmosphere of that world. His scene-setting, whether at Westward Ho! or Lahore, at Brattleboro or Cape Town, is deft but authoritative. His touch is light, but he does not gloss uncomfortable facts, for instance that Kipling, though generally likeable, could on occasion be offensively rude and intolerant, Lycett is specially revealing in his frank account of certain chronic tensions within the family. Yet Kipling is a great enough figure to stand this treatment undiminished. Not the least of Lycett's achievements is to show how the genius of his subject survived the stresses of a life which had more than a normal share of triumph and disaster.

REPETITION-WORK AND RICHNESS

A FEATURE OF KIPLING'S STYLE

by DANNY KARLIN

PART II

[Part I of this article by Professor Karlin was published on pages 54-62 of our last issue (September 1999). It laid stress on the intricate and sophisticated way in which Kipling, in his prose narratives, selected appropriate words to express his meaning – words that often, by dint of the mutual interplay of subtle repetitious verbal echoes within a text, contrived to convey, tacitly and often subliminally, more suggestive implications than they could have carried on their own.

As a reflection of the mechanics of Kipling's style, this is very interesting; and for all its seeming elaboration it does not over-step the bounds of likelihood, given what we know about Kipling's sensitive care in the deployment of his tremendous vocabulary. As it happens, there is an item in this issue, at page 53, in which the late Viscount Davidson is revealingly quoted on the subject of his friend Kipling's habitually painstaking choice of the right word – a practice that certainly gave him time for the calculated fine-tuning of individual words and phrases – a corollary of his process of composition as analysed by Professor Karlin.

The title of this two-part article is taken from a late short story by Kipling, "The Woman in His Life", in which the main character, John Marden, is suffering from an acute psychiatric disorder, caused by traumatic memories of dreadful wartime experiences on the Western Front, where he served with Engineers engaged in hazardous and prolonged tunnelling under the German front line (producing, most notably, the mind-blowing eruption beneath the Messines Ridge in June 1917). The claustrophobia of that mining work (which is powerfully described in a recent novel by Sebastian Faulks, *Birdsong*) has brought Marden to the brink of madness, until he is redeemed by a fortunate misadventure with his dog, Dinah. – *Ed.*]

In the very first example I gave, I said that there were two ways in which the repetitions worked; and the same has been true of all the subsequent passages I have cited. I have been concentrating on what may be called local effects – proper to each particular story, and rooted in the context of that story. But there is another effect which is common to all of them. Repetition is a form of wordplay – some of the repetitions I have cited are close to puns – and wordplay invariably draws attention to itself. It is reflexive: it says 'look at me' in the same breath as it says 'look at that'. These are moments in which Kipling's style presents itself to us *as* style, in which his language intentionally divides our interest between what is being said and how he, Kipling, is saying it.

Repetition, I am suggesting, is one of the weapons of reflexiveness in the armoury of one of the most self-conscious writers who ever lived. Some writers give the impression of hurrying past their own words, but Kipling dwells in language, and dwells with delight on what it can do. Given his love of craftsmanship, his fascination with the way things are made, his pleasure in detailing how they work (or how they don't), it would be surprising if he were not both pleasurably absorbed by the technical resources of language and eager to share his absorption with us. He is the opposite of his own narrator in "My Sunday at Home" [*The Day's Work*]: he is "deeply interested" in the sense of being involved, implicated in the stories he tells, whose style does not simply exhibit certain characteristics, but is itself, in a sense, a leading character.

Repetition, then – but not sameness. The examples I have started with are all ones in which words or phrases are repeated, but with variations and in some cases distortion. Indeed, they are part of a much larger group to which we could give the name *distorted parallels*. Throughout his career Kipling compulsively repeats himself while striving never to say the same thing twice. It is a difficult task, as Ben Jonson remarks to Shakespeare in "Proofs of Holy Writ" [1934, included in Kipling's *Stories and Poems*, ed. R.L. Green, 1970, Dent, Everyman's Library]:

The two verses are in the same mode, changing a hand's breadth in the second. By so much, therefore, the more difficult.

Jonson, you will recall, is advising Shakespeare on the translation of a passage from the Bible intended for the Authorised Version. There is no higher tribunal of English style, and it is clear that Kipling desired to be judged by it. Now, the Bible is full of parallelism, which as C. S. Lewis long ago pointed out in *Reflections on the Psalms*, is one of the main rhetorical devices of Hebrew poetry. Take these three verses from the Psalms:

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. [Psalm 2]

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him? [Psalm 8]

With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright. [Psalm 18]

In these examples the first and second phrases are, as Ben Jonson puts it, "in the same mode": the syntax is virtually identical, and they say the same kind of thing, they balance and reinforce each other. However, Kipling's use of this technique is not straightforward. His variations, as I have suggested, set up a play between the literal meaning of words and the effect of their nearness in sound or written appearance. Art, not etymology, sees the link between 'rest' and 'interested'; 'rolls' and 'controls'; 'tired' and 'retired'. Even where there is an etymological connection, the second occurrence of the word may represent a completely different meaning, or reflect back on the first and show it in a different light. Another example, from *Plain Tales from the Hills*:

... he would never take any gifts, not even when the cold weather came, and took hold of the poor thin chest under the poor thin alpaca coat. ["To be Filed for Reference"]

In the first phrase, "poor" is an expression of sympathy – "I feel sorry for him, poor fellow," – but in the second, a material description – the coat is of poor quality, a poor man's coat.

Again, from "In the Pride of his Youth" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*], in which Dicky Hatt suffers from "the knowledge of his boy's death, which touched the boy more, perhaps, than it would have touched a man". In some editions, "his boy's death" is replaced by "his son's death" – an inept clarification: in this story where the terms "boy" and "man" are constantly juxtaposed, it is a poignant irony that the boy should be father to a boy, that the young man should bear his loss like a child.

Our consciousness, as readers, of the artist's performance or self-display is vital to the effect of such passages. Kipling is a profoundly emotive, but also a profoundly disciplined writer. For better or worse, he never lets go. Compassion for Dicky Hatt's predicament is circumscribed and held in place by a rigorous intellectual grasp of it. The writer's craft – visible, palpable, intrusive even – tells us not to lose ourselves in the process of reading. It is notable, I think, how many serious, even tragic moments in Kipling's stories are conveyed in and through wordplay.

Two examples, both involving the suffering of blind people: the first from *The Light that Failed*:

The intervals between the paroxysms were filled with intolerable waiting and the weight of intolerable darkness.

The word "waiting", which concerns duration, lends its meaning to

"weight", as though the physical and mental pressure of blindness were also a matter of waiting – waiting for light which never comes. At the same time the word "weight" reflects back on "waiting", so that time itself becomes a substance, a weight to be borne.

The second example comes from "They" [*Traffics and Discoveries*]:

She stretched out her arms to the shadows and the shadows within the shadow.

Kipling is unafraid to express the pathos of the blind woman's yearning by means of an extravagant gesture – one which could so easily topple into melodrama – because he has confidence both in his semantic power and in the precision of his grammar. The variation in meaning, between the literal 'shadows' around the hearth and the 'shadows' or ghosts of the children, is followed by the variation between these plural shadows and the singular 'shadow' of death. It is a calculating sentence, but only in the sense that the trajectory of a shell is calculated. And the knowledge which this sentence delivers does not belong to the blind woman but to the artist, to the narrator, and to us. In the spectacle of Kipling's art is the distance, necessary and tragic, between the woman who is wholly absorbed and lost in her boundless and hopeless love, which is itself a kind of death, and the artist who leaves, and lives, to tell the tale.

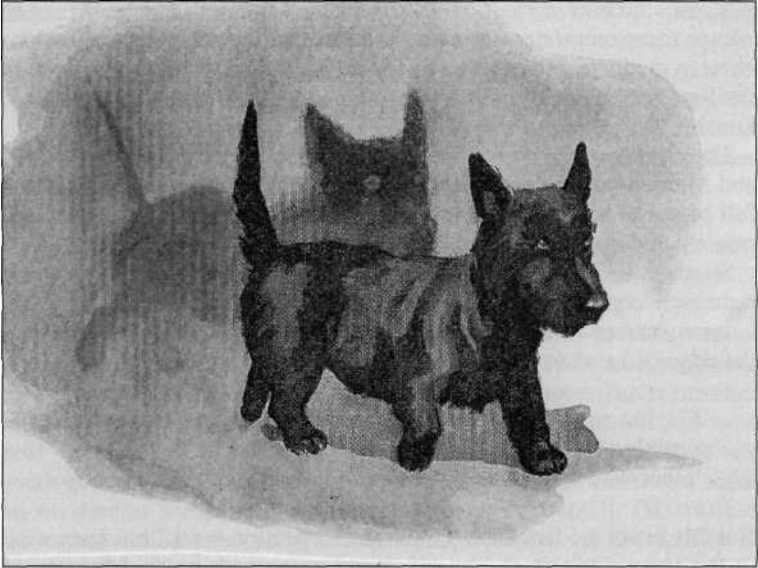
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I want now to return, as I promised [September 1999, page 54], to the phrase from "The Woman in His Life" [*Limits and Renewals*] which gave me the title for this talk. Let me recapitulate its context in more detail.

The 'he' of "The Woman in His Life" is John Marden, who comes back from the War and starts a small engineering firm. His partner, Burnea, dies; and Marden carries on the business by himself.

Incidentally, in this respect, Marden resembles Dickens's Scrooge, another businessman with a deceased partner. Like Scrooge, Marden has terrible hallucinations, which begin in his partner's office. Like Scrooge, Marden has to confront and conquer the fear of his own death. The outcome of the story, like that of *A Christmas Carol*, is to re-connect Marden to the human race – though oddly enough by making him care more about what happens to his money.

Marden has nothing to occupy his mind, apart from the business, which is so successful that it "surpassed his dreams of avarice". At this point he begins to break down. He suffers from terrible memories of the



HALLUCINATION

A drawing by G.L. Stampa for "The Woman in His Life" when it was re-published in Kipling's *Collected Dog Stories* (London, Macmillan, 1934). John Marden's mental stability has been gravely undermined by horrific experiences in the Great War, and he is having hallucinations which threaten his sanity.

Here is a picture of the real dog, Dinah, who will become the 'woman in his life' and whose companionship will be the saving of him. But on this her first encounter with him, she is followed by a ghost dog, a figment of Marden's disordered brain.

Kipling was interested in the terrifying tricks the human mind can play. In "At the End of the Passage" (*Life's Handicap*), the sick Hummil is confronted by an apparition of himself, which he tries to rationalise. "If the thing slides away from me all in one piece, like a ghost, I shall know it is only my eyes and stomach that are out of order. If it walks – my head is going." Later, the apparition walks. A few days afterwards, Hummil is found dead in bed, with his eyes open, and we are told that "In the staring eyes was written terror beyond the expression of any pen." Though "The Woman in His Life", by contrast, has a happy ending, it is reached only after Marden has endured similar terrors. – *Ed.*

War, in which he served as a sapper and engineer; and he drinks to escape these memories. Drinking induces hallucinations that bring him close to madness. He is saved by his ex-batman, now his manservant in civilian life, who introduces the "woman in his life", a dog called Dinah.

The climax of the story comes when Dinah gets trapped in a burrow, and Marden has to dig her out. Crawling underground brings back the full horror of his wartime experiences, but he overcomes his terror and trauma, and emerges healed and whole.

So much for the outline of the story. The phrase "repetition-work and richness" comes in the diagnosis which Corporal Shingle, the ex-batman, makes of Marden's condition. He sees Marden approaching the edge of breakdown, and says:

'E's fed up with repetition-work and richness. I've watched it comin'on. It's the same as we used to 'ave it in the War – but t'other way round.

But this is not the first time the phrase "repetition-work" has been used in the story. Shingle is himself repeating something said by one of Marden's employees, Jerry Floyd, another ex- soldier who protests at the boredom of his post-War life:

"What's the matter with your job, Jerry?" John asked.

" 'Tain't a job – that's all. My machines do everything for me except strike. *I've* got to do that," said Jerry with reproach.

"Soft job. Stick to it," John counselled.

"Stick to bloomin' what? Turnin' two taps and fiddlin' three levers? Repetition-work! I'm fed up!"

"Take ten days' leave, you fool," said John; which Jerry did, and was arrested for exceeding the speed-limit through angry gipsies at Brough horse-fair.

Because the machine will not break down, the man must: Jerry feels superfluous, or unmanned ("Get a girl to do it for you" – but then the whole point of the story is about getting a girl); war was hard and dangerous, but more rewarding than the 'soft job' he presumably longed for when he was in the trenches. Marden's solution is to give Jerry leave, as though from the front, so that he can break out, break bounds instead of breaking down. It works, it satisfies Jerry's need; by exceeding the speed-limit in one machine he will be content to go back to regulating the movements of another.

But Marden has the same problem as Jerry, in a more intractable

form. His anguish itself is made up of repetition, the fear of something happening again:

the horror, the blackness, the loss of the meaning of things, the collapses at the end, the recovery and retraversing of the circle of that night's Inferno . . . it had waked up a certain secret dread which he had held off him since demobilisation.

Driving too fast doesn't help him, nor do other distractions – theatre, cards, golf. He turns to drink because it "soften[s] the outlines of things, if not at once, then after a little repetition-work."

The only way in which Marden can be healed is by breaking out of the cycle of repetition itself. He has to move forward in time, not round and round; he has to escape from the loop of memory. The recurrence of his wartime trauma is, it seems, triggered by the 'repetition-work and richness' of his civilian life: the two kinds of repetition are analogous even though they are opposites, as Shingle realises ("same as we used to 'ave it in the War – but t'other way round"). The softness of undemanding prosperity and the intrinsic boredom and futility of mechanical labour are driving Marden to a breakdown which is itself a return, a repetition, of experiences in themselves utterly different.

*

At this point, however, we might reflect that there is something very odd going on here. To begin with, Marden's job is not like Jerry Floyd's, a matter of turning taps and fiddling levers. The engineering firm founded by him and his partner Burnea is the exact opposite of an anonymous, mass-market, standardised business. On the contrary, it specialises in finding ingenious and economical solutions to specific problems thrown up by work in exotic locations: the firm's first customers are mines in South Africa and South America, an "Orinoco dredging concern" and a "wild-cat proposition on a New Guinea beach". Every order represents a fresh design and manufacturing challenge; not much danger of deadening routine there, you would think.

But even if the routine were deadening, even if Marden had gone into business mass-producing nuts and bolts, should not that have been sufficient to save him? After all, to complain of the efficiency and functional perfection of a machine is a most un-Kipling-like thing to do. In "McAndrew's Hymn", the 'repetition-work' of machinery is an aspect of the sublime, indeed an attribute of God Himself, bearing the burden of McAndrew's, and Kipling's, passionate 'lesson': "Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!" Such values are

instilled by repetition, and articulated in repetitious forms – army drill, for example. If practice makes perfect, it does so by means of repetition, until an action or series of actions becomes second nature. Learning something by heart depends on repetition, which is apt, because the heart is a repetitive organ. It might be said that when we stop repeating ourselves we die.

Since nothing is single-natured, our view of repetition may vary from blissful stability to unbearable monotony. The cycle of the seasons may comfort us, but Dante's *Inferno* – and John Marden's – is circular. In many poems and stories Kipling implies that things never change, that the same problems have occurred, and the same mistakes been made, since time began. After complaining about the misreading of one of his works in *Something of Myself* he imagines his readers asking, "Why inflict on us legends of your Middle Ages?" "Because", he answers, "in life as in literature, its sole enduring record, is no age. Men and Things come round again, eternal as the seasons."

Repetition, in this sense, is part of Kipling's conservatism, his scepticism about progress, and his belief in immutable and recurring laws, whether of nature, art, human psychology or social behaviour. The Gods of the Copybook Headings are powerful because they represent precisely these monotonous truths of existence, which must nevertheless be recognised and copied, again and again, because no matter how often they are repeated they do not cease to be true.

In the narrow sphere of art, the same rule applies. When " 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre", plagiarism was already an established literary practice. The "conundrum of the workshops" began with the Devil's whisper in Eden ("It's pretty, but is it Art?"), and continues to this day. If I were to stretch my argument to its fullest extent, I would say it was no wonder that Kipling practically never wrote blank verse, and that he was especially fond of verse-forms with recurring patterns and refrains. Repetition is not just a formal or rhetorical method in his art, but constitutive and principled.

Yet it remains the case that 'repetition-work and richness' can drive you mad, that repetition without meaning is death-in-life. And meaning implies difference, implies variation. Wordsworth, in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, argues that the pleasure we get from poetry depends on our perception of "similitude in dissimilitude, and dissimilitude in similitude" – or, as Corporal Shingle more pithily puts it, "the same, but t'other way round". Wordsworth goes on to argue that "this principle is the great spring of the activity of our minds, and their chief feeder." In other words, it is not simply art, but the life from which art comes, and to which it makes its appeal, which is nourished by repetition, but only if what is repeated is not the same.

Repetition in this sense is linked to another aesthetic principle, that of imitation, of copying from life. In *Something of Myself* Kipling claims Fra Lippo Lippi as a not-too-remote ancestor. The early Renaissance painter in Browning's poem passionately defends the practice of art as imitation, as the truthful representation of

The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades . . .

The fact that you can't "reproduce" nature – that is, repeat God's creative act, is not the point –

For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love
 First when we see them painted, things we have passed
 Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
 And so they are better, painted – better to us,
 Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
 God uses us to help each other so,
 Lending our minds out.

Here again is repetition with variation: in this case the objective 'truth' of things is repeated in the artist's medium – but this medium is infused with the artist's subjectivity, his way of seeing.

I come back to the characteristic feature which I pointed out in Kipling's use of repetition, the *distorted parallelism* by which, in the words he gives to Ben Jonson, a "hand's breadth" of change may make all the difference. These repetitions which undo themselves mark Kipling's divided allegiance: on the one hand, to an objective order of things based on recurrence; on the other, to subjectivity and the creation of new meanings. Although the repetitions I have been looking at are matters of style, they take their place, I believe, in this larger pattern of thought and response, where aesthetics, philosophy and politics are aspects of each other, and belong to a complex way of seeing and experiencing the world.

If what I am saying about Kipling's divided notion of repetition is true, we should expect to find evidence of it on the large as well as the small scale – in the shape of his career as well as in the shape of particular sentences. And I think we do find such evidence. Kipling worried about repeating himself. In chapter VII of *Something of Myself* he remembers his anxiety when he began a sequel to *Puck of Pook's Hill*:

I embarked on *Rewards and Fairies* – the second book – in two minds. Stories a plenty I had to tell, but how many would be authentic and how many due to 'induction'? There was moreover

the old Law: 'As soon as you find you can do anything, do something you can't.'

Later on, in chapter VIII, he refers to both books as the 'Puck books'; and in the same paragraph to 'the *Jungle Books*' – and not to '*The Jungle Book*' and '*The Second Jungle Book*'; and he is careful to emphasise that his Daemon had, so to speak, given him permission to repeat himself. For as he says, "One of the clauses in our contract was that I should never follow up 'a success,' for by this sin fell Napoleon and a few others."

In fact, Kipling need not have worried. *The Second Jungle Book* and *Rewards and Fairies* are 'distorted parallels' of *The Jungle Book* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* – repetitions certainly, but with variations which bear the mark of Kipling's artistic self-awareness.

This is especially true of *Rewards and Fairies*, which is much more designed and plotted as a volume than *Puck of Pook's Hill*. In *Something of Myself* Kipling draws attention to the phrase, "What else could I have done?", which appears in the first story of *Rewards and Fairies*, "Cold Iron"; and which he says gave him "the plinth of all structures"; the phrase is repeated in different forms in each story, and binds them together as variations on a common theme.

However, the fact that *Rewards and Fairies* is a more deliberate work than *Puck of Pook's Hill* is only part of the difference between the two collections. Whereas the stories in the first volume are concerned with the making of England, with revelations about history and the way in which a national identity is formed, the second volume is about moments of moral choice which happen to be set against vivid historical backgrounds, but which could just as easily have taken place in other settings.

In other words, though Puck, Dan and Una are the same figures, they serve a quite different purpose; certainly what the children learn from their encounters takes them in a different direction. One protagonist from the earlier volume, Sir Richard Dalyngridge, turns up in the later volume; he tells the final story in *Rewards and Fairies*, "The Tree of Justice"; and although this story apparently repeats the theme of relations between Saxons and Normans which was the subject of several of the stories in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, Sir Richard is not giving a history lesson but telling a dark and enigmatic fable.

Let me return once more, and finally, to "The Woman in His Life". What happens to John Marden is that he gets 'repetition-work and richness' in a way he had not bargained for. His terror was that what he

had experienced during the War would return, that the "certain secret dread which he had held off him since demobilisation" would be 'waked up'. But in order to escape from the terror returning to *him*, he must return to *it*. To get rid of what he has undergone, he must undergo it again – literally, in that he has to go underground, to re-live the sensations of body and mind which he associates with the War.

What then is the difference, the variation, which will make this repetition a means of healing, rather than a descent into the circle of Hell? Well, it is indeed a descent into Hell, but it is made in order to search for something lost, and to bring it back – the woman in his life – for Marden crawling into a burrow to rescue his dog is also Orpheus going down into the underworld to rescue Eurydice.

*

Now is the time to confess that I am not a dog-lover, and not a lover of Kipling's dog-stories. My late and much loved stepfather had two of the most bloody-minded Jack Russells you could ever hope to avoid meeting; and he was always sallying forth at night to dig them out of rabbit-holes and badger setts; and I remember my devout prayers on each occasion, that he would come home without them.

Be that as it may, Kipling uses the analogy between dog and woman to brilliant, if repellent, effect. Dinah, the dog, has brought love – erotic love, let's be clear about it – back into Marden's life. It is love which conquers death, and which enables Marden to go through his ordeal again.

But the last repetition in the story falls outside its frame. Dinah, as the cow-man's wife sourly remarks, has "started a fire that someone else'll warm at some fine day". In other words, Marden is now liberated from one kind of 'repetition-work' and free to engage in another. He will fall in love again – this time with a woman, not a dog. Dinah will be supplanted, as another cycle of repetition and variation begins. And I must say, however unpopular it makes me, *Serves her right*.

KIPLING AND GLOUCESTER

THE INSPIRATION FOR *CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS*

by DAVID McAVEENEY

[David C. McAveeny is the author of a well researched and lavishly illustrated book, *Kipling in Gloucester: The Writing of 'Captains Courageous'* (1996), published by the Curious Traveler Press (32 Blackburn Center, Gloucester, Massachusetts, MA 01930, U.S.A.), paperback, iv + 99 pages, \$14.95. It was reviewed and commended at pages 10-11 in our issue of December 1996.

In November 1998, when the author visited England, he addressed a meeting of the Society, on "Kipling in Gloucester, Massachusetts", and had a very appreciative audience. Here is his text. – *Ed.*]

My subject tonight is Rudyard Kipling's time in the United States, and, in particular, the writing of his only American novel, *Captains Courageous*. Now, I don't think *Captains Courageous* is nearly as popular here in England as it is in the United States. It is certainly not as popular as it is in my home town, Gloucester, Massachusetts, the *locale* of much of the story. In Gloucester, this is the book we have our children read, to help them understand their heritage. What prompted me to write my book was the realisation that the man who had written the defining story of what it was like, to fish out of Gloucester in its heyday, was an Englishman, born in India, who never really sailed aboard a fishing schooner, and who only visited Gloucester for a few days. He was a total stranger to the fishing industry.

Legend had it in Gloucester that Kipling had lived for a substantial time in the city, while researching his subject and sailing aboard the Gloucester schooners. Certainly the accuracy of the details in his writing would lead one to believe that. My enquiries, however, revealed something very different. He had done his research, and written the story, while he was living in the hills of Vermont, far from the ocean. His genius for remembering detail, for recording dialogue, and for creatively weaving it all together made this an exciting and informative tale.

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The story is set mostly out on the Grand Banks, the once great cod-fishing grounds in the North Atlantic. It is the story of Harvey Cheyne, the spoilt fifteen-year-old son of a super-wealthy American railroad magnate. On a cruise to Europe in a great luxury ocean liner with his mother, he was showing off to some older passengers by smoking a

cigar. The smoke made him ill, and when he went to the rail of the ship for fresh air, he accidentally fell overboard. No one on the ship had seen what happened. Fortunately, the liner was passing through the fishing-grounds at the time, and Harvey was plucked from the sea by a Portuguese fisherman named Manuel. In those days fishermen worked from 'dories' – twelve- to fourteen-foot rowboats. They baited long fishing-lines with hundreds of hooks. At the end of the day they would haul their lines back into the dory, and then row to the schooner, where the fish would be gutted, salted and packed in the hold. When Manuel had hauled in Harvey he rowed the half-conscious boy back to his schooner, the *We're Here*, and pitched him aboard with the codfish.

When Harvey came to, he immediately started telling how rich he was, and how the captain must bring him ashore at once. Of course, the captain and the rest of the crew thought him a bit 'daffy', and were not at all convinced by his story. But as luck would have it, one of the schooner's crew had fallen overboard a few days before, and been lost at sea, so there was a vacant berth. The captain offered this berth to Harvey, with a promise of food and an appropriate share in the schooner's profits from the trip.

Harvey was bemused by the smallness of the pay, but was smart enough to realise that he had no choice, and that his usual 'rich boy' antics would get him nowhere. So he accepted the offer, and determined to make a sincere effort to be a useful member of the schooner's crew. In fact he made a total character-change, and was befriended by the captain's son – another fifteen-year-old – as well as by Manuel and the rest of the crew.

Most of the story takes place at sea, where Harvey learns to live intimately with men he would never have associated with in his past life. He and the rest of the crew experience danger, drudgery, hard work – and pride in a job well done. Harvey learns the skills of the fishermen, which Kipling describes with great accuracy. He experiences the kindness – and the meanness – of the other crew members, all of whom are vividly characterised in the story. When, towards the end of the book, they all return to Gloucester, Harvey has gained their respect.

Now the question to be answered is, how and why Kipling happened to write this particular story, which was so far removed from his own experience. How did he come to know the minute details of work aboard a Gloucester fishing-schooner? And how could he give such an accurate portrayal of the various characters of her crew?

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First, it is important to review how Kipling came to live in the United States.

Shortly after his return to England from India in 1889, he was already being hailed as a great literary force, and was sought after by much of the literary establishment, including an American publisher's representative, Wolcott Balestier, who became Kipling's dearest friend, and collaborated with him in writing a novel, *The Naulakha [sic]*. When, in December 1891, Wolcott died suddenly of typhoid fever, Kipling was revisiting India; but he quickly returned to England and very shortly thereafter, in January 1892, married Wolcott's sister, Caroline. They embarked on a honeymoon trip that took them to the Balestier family home near Brattleboro, in Vermont, U.S.A.

Wolcott's brother, Beatty, met them at the train station in a sleigh, for it was mid-winter; and he transported them across the deep snow to the family farm. Kipling was enchanted by the moonlit ride, and by the winter beauty of the snow-covered hills of Vermont. He quickly purchased some land from his new brother-in-law, with the idea of building a house there. Meanwhile, he and his wife proceeded westward on their extended honeymoon trip, and went as far as Japan (where they suffered a financial crisis, due to the failure of their London bank).

Returning accordingly from Japan to Vermont, they moved into a small house, Bliss Cottage, while Kipling commenced building *Naulakha [sic]*, the only house he ever built for himself, right near to his in-laws. He was twenty-six when he came back to Vermont, and thirty when he finally left *Naulakha* for England. It was in Vermont that, among much else, he wrote the *Jungle Books*.

In his third year there, he decided to write a uniquely American story. He first thought of portraying the lumber industry, which he had observed in Vermont and in his travels through the United States and Canada. It was Dr James Conland who apparently convinced him that he ought to write about the fishermen.

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Kipling said it was the birth of his first daughter, Josephine, at Bliss Cottage, that brought him into contact with Conland, "the best friend I made in New England". He credited Conland with being the inspiration for the story of *Captains Courageous*. As a young man he had been a fisherman aboard a New England fishing-schooner – though not out of Gloucester, but out of Cape Cod. He apparently had a way of telling a story, and in Kipling he had an avid listener. Even before he went to Gloucester, Kipling was delighting in the doctor's fish stories.

Kipling visited Gloucester four times while he was living in Vermont. His first visit lasted two and a half days, when he stayed at a small inn

on the shore, not far from Gloucester Harbor. He and his wife were returning from a visit to England. At the little Fairview Inn he met up with his mother-in-law, two sisters-in-law and presumably his daughter, Josephine, who had spent most of the summer at the inn. The following summer, en route to England, Kipling stayed overnight when leaving off his daughter with her grandmother again.

When Kipling visited Gloucester, the port was in its heyday and was famous the world over. Hundreds of ships, mostly fishing-schooners, were landing in the harbour. The tourist industry was very active. All round the harbour, fish were drying on racks. The fish smell was everywhere: it must have left a strong impression on him.

Many of the fishing-schooners were beautiful boats. Their enormous mainsails, racing through big seas, made a spectacular display. They were not only beautiful: they were fast and able. 'Fast and able' is the description we hear again and again of the boats of Kipling's time. Any vessel that could survive the fishing-grounds of the North Atlantic in winter had to be able; and the men who worked these vessels were a special breed. And they did race their boats back to port as Kipling described; for the first to market got the best prices for their catch. These were the legends of the fishing fleet.

Fishing was hard, dangerous work. The dories went out in good weather and bad. Few fishermen knew how to swim; and the North Atlantic was too cold anyway. Often the fog would roll in, and the dories could not find their schooner. One famous story that would have been circulating when Kipling was in Gloucester was that of Harold Blackburn. He and his dory mate were separated from their schooner in a February snowstorm. His dory mate died from exposure; but Blackburn, his hands frozen to the oars, rowed for three days and nights, and reached the shore in Newfoundland. He lost both his hands, but survived.

Even in his first visits to Gloucester, Kipling must have heard stories of the tragedies of the fishing fleet. One Gloucester reporter who attempted to interview Kipling reported being interviewed *by* Kipling. He had interviewed families of the victims of the famous Portland Gale, when two dozen schooners and more than two hundred fishermen were lost in a single day just a few years before, and Kipling wanted to know all about it.

In his autobiography [*Something of Myself* chapter V], Kipling mentioned having attended a memorial service for the fishermen lost at sea. This is a touching ceremony that goes on even to this day. The names of the men are read out as flowers are cast into the outgoing tide. The ceremonies were well reported during the years when Kipling was in Vermont, but he himself must have been at a lesser event, because he

was not in Gloucester when the official ceremonies took place.

*

There has long been speculation in Gloucester concerning who were the models for the characters in *Captains Courageous*. In this regard one must remember that Kipling was writing an *American* story, not a *Gloucester* story. The characters are *American* characters, based on people whom Kipling observed in the United States – not necessarily in Gloucester.

Lucile Russell Carpenter, an American biographer of Kipling [author of *Rudyard Kipling: A Friendly Profile* (1942), Argus Books, Chicago] believed that Dr Conland and his son were the models for Captain Troop and his son. Certainly the characters are affectionately drawn; and in one case she indicated a little mannerism of speech that she thought Kipling was using to tease his good friend.

Kipling used other people he had met and observed for the other characters in the book. According to one of Kipling's Vermont acquaintances, the baggage-master at the Brattleboro railroad station, "He had the darndest mind. He wanted to know about everything, and he never forgot what he learned."

If a third person entered the baggage-room, Kipling fell silent. Others might lay this to shyness. It did not fool the baggage-master. "He would sit and listen and never say a word. I knew what he was after. He was on the look-out for queer turns of speech he could use. I never saw a man so hungry for information."

Another anecdote, giving further evidence of Kipling's uncanny ability to remember and reproduce dialogue, comes from a report of his visit to the Fairview Inn in Gloucester.

"A gentleman who saw Rudyard Kipling at a little hotel in Gloucester, Massachusetts, last summer says that the distinguished writer is not disagreeable in his manners, as has been asserted. He read some unpublished jungle stories to the guests, and not only entertained but gave himself up agreeably to entertainment. He is said to have been especially pleased by the performance in Negro dialect of a southern girl. One song, in almost incommunicable jargon, he got her to repeat, and the next day, when everyone else had forgotten the episode, he surprised the company by singing the ditty from beginning to end with a twinkle of the eye and the drollest imitation."

Harvey, the spoilt boy, according to Mrs Carpenter, is based on a young passenger, Albert, whom Kipling had observed on the boat

between Singapore and Hong Kong in 1889. Both were ubiquitous, pert and annoying. In letter No. VI of *From Sea to Sea* Kipling says, "Albert is, I presume, but the ordinary American child; and in *Captains Courageous* one of the steamer passengers (Schaefer, the "white-haired German") says of Harvey, "I know der breed. America is full of dot kind. I dell you you should imbort ropes' ends free under your dariff." When he comes to working out the Harvey Cheyne story, Kipling uses almost the same dialogue he reported hearing aboard that boat several years before. Kipling had said of Albert, "Some day a schoolmaster will get hold of it and try to educate it, and I should dearly like to see at which end he will begin."

One fisherman on the schooner is also based on a person Kipling met far from Gloucester. Lucile Carpenter wrote:

"One of the outstanding characters in the tale is 'Penn' and he was the direct reproduction of a man whom Kipling met in "Musquash on the Monongahela", which was Beaver on the Ohio, where Kipling spent part of the summer of 1889 (as recounted in Letter No. XXXVI in *From Sea to Sea*). That was not long after the Johnstown flood, [an event in Pennsylvania that was well known in the United States, because on 31 May 1889 a whole city had been destroyed].

Kipling wrote of:

boating in the blazing sun on the river that but a little time before had cast at the feet of the horrified village the corpses of the Johnstown tragedy. I saw one, only one, remnant of that terrible wreck. He had been a minister. House, church, congregation, wife, and children had been swept away from him in one night of terror. He had no employment; he could have employed himself at nothing. But God had been very good to him. He sat in the sun and smiled a little weakly. It was in his poor blurred mind that something had happened – he was not sure what it was . . . One could only pray that the light would never return."

A member of the Taylor family whom Kipling was then visiting [Mrs Edmonia Hill, in whose company, with her husband, Kipling had travelled from India to America, had been a Taylor before marriage] has said:

"Yes, R.K. got his knowledge of the character in *Captains Courageous* from a poor, almost demented man who had drifted to

Beaver and applied to my father for help while R.K. was with us. He had lost his family, home and everything in the Johnstown flood."

Even the black cook aboard the *We're Here*, who strangely enough is the only character with no name, was based upon a real character. When the story was first published in *McClure's Magazine* [serialised monthly from November 1896], there were protests to the effect that there did not exist any Gaelic-speaking blacks from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia; but several letters to the Editor of *McClure's* concluded otherwise. Here is one example, signed 'D.F.':

The *New York Marine Journal*, in a criticism of Kipling's *Captains Courageous* now running in your valued magazine, claims that the author [is in] error when he represents the cook of the *We're Here* as a Cape Breton Negro, the descendant of southern slaves. In some respects at least, no mistake has been committed. There are at least two Negro families living in Inverness County, Cape Breton, who are in all probability the descendants of fugitive slaves. These Negroes, living in a community of Highland Scotchmen or their descendants, soon acquired the language of the Gael. I remember meeting one of these colored people a few years ago. He was the cook on a trading schooner, and was as black as any southern Negro. He not only spoke Gaelic, but could write in that language as well, and I had in possession for some time verses of a Gaelic song written by this colored cook. From what I knew of him, he was the cook so faithfully portrayed by the master hand of Kipling."

Where Kipling or Conland encountered this man we can only speculate. But wherever it was, Kipling's power to observe and remember cannot be questioned.

So all the characters in the story were based on people Kipling had observed elsewhere. He had the creative genius to put them all together on a fishing-schooner. He may well have realised that this is what a Gloucester fishing captain did years ago, and still does today: he puts together a crew of family, friends and strangers, getting them wherever he can. Kipling's crew aboard the *We're Here* is as real as the crew of any fishing-schooner.

Incidentally, there appears to be no record of how Kipling chose the name of the boat, *We're Here*. However, there was a small fishing-schooner called the *I Am Here*, working in Gloucester waters when he visited Gloucester, and he may well have slightly changed that name for the story.

As for the title of the book, he took it from a favourite English ballad: "When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt, / Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt, [Ghent] / They mustered their soldiers by two and by three, / And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree."

Again, starting from no knowledge of the Gloucester fishing industry, how did Kipling amass such accurate technical detail? The setting of the story is a long way from his experience in India and elsewhere. The answer is that he was very resourceful, and he did intensive research. He depended not only on Dr Conland but also on extensive network of acquaintances to supply him with information.

One of the episodes in the book involves a high-speed train trip from California on the west coast to Massachusetts on the east, because as soon as Harvey gets back to Gloucester he wires his father of his whereabouts; and his father, as the owner of railroads, is able to put on a special train in which, with the boy's mother, he races across the country to find his son in Gloucester. In order to describe the trip accurately, Kipling wrote to a railroad magnate he had met in Canada (F.N. Finney of Soo Line), and asked him how to do it. Finney not only replied with a detailed description, but later actually took the trip to prove that it could be done.

Kipling also had a friend who worked for the U.S. Department of Commerce. He wrote to him, asking for charts and documents relevant to the U.S. Fisheries. He duly received what he needed. Lucile Carpenter's book quotes [at page 55] a "young cousin" who was with Kipling when he was correcting the proofs of *Captains Courageous*, and who said: "He showed me a pile of Blue Books which he had gone through in order to assimilate facts about the cod-fisheries of Newfoundland."

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However, Kipling had been in the middle of writing the book when the upsetting event occurred, that most of his neighbours in Vermont believed caused him to leave his home in Brattleboro for good. This was his dispute with his brother-in-law.

When Kipling came to Gloucester for that third visit in May 1896, seeking local colour for the story, he had just gone through the well-publicised trial of his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier. When Kipling first came to Vermont, he and Beatty had been good friends. Their families shared Christmas together. Their children played together.

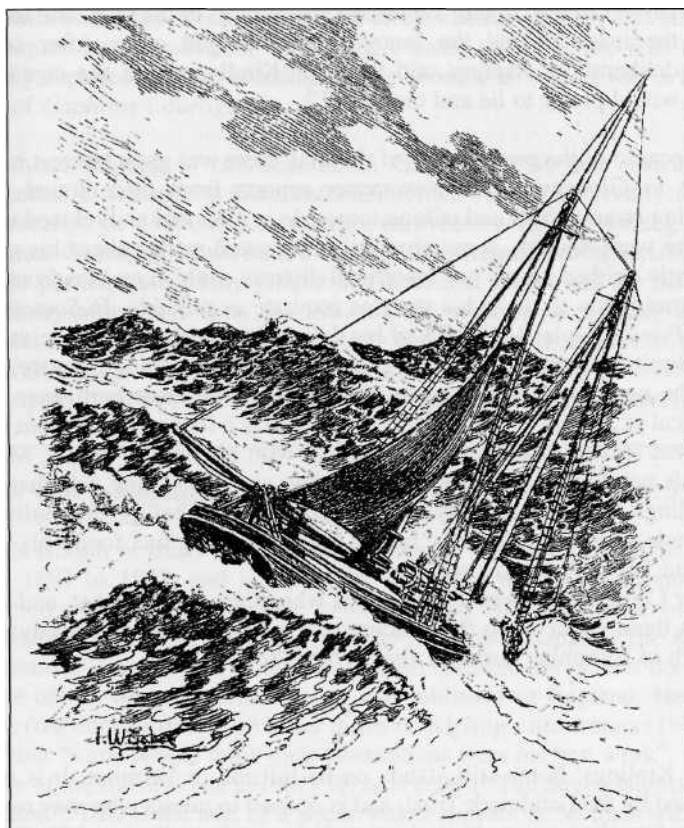
Beatty managed much of the building of the Kiplings' house, Naulakha.

But Beatty was in severe financial difficulty: he was almost broke, and he depended in some part on the Kiplings for his income. At some time Kipling apparently told a friend at the local pub that he was "holding Beatty up by the seat of his breeches". Beatty had suffered some other insults (in his mind, anyway) from the Kiplings; but on hearing of this one he flew into a rage. On 6 May 1896 Beatty, driving his horse-drawn wagon, confronted Kipling riding his bicycle. The encounter caused Kipling to fall off his bicycle into a ditch. Beatty began shouting at Kipling, and among other things threatened to kill him. Shortly after this, Kipling filed charges against Beatty, who was arrested on 9 May. On 12 May the case came to court, and was reported in newspapers. Now Kipling was an extremely private man, who refused virtually all requests for interviews from the press. This would be the first time the newspapermen would get to observe him at first hand; and a large number of them came to Brattleboro to witness the trial. Kipling was the only witness called; and he was kept on the stand for a long time; and was asked many questions about his personal affairs. He was extremely embarrassed by the exposure. The trial was held over for several months; and before it was to reconvene the Kiplings had left the country [on 1 September], so nothing happened to Beatty.

Kipling had been upset by the case to the point of illness. On 13 May his wife had written in her diary: "Rud a total wreck. Sleeps all the time. Dull, listless and weary. These are dark days for us." And on 14 May, "Rud very miserable and I most anxious."

Five days later [on 19 May] Kipling and Dr Conland left for Boston, and thence to Gloucester, where he sought local colour for *Captains Courageous*. On this visit he arrived in Gloucester aboard a Gloucester fishing-schooner. Both local reports and his own autobiography [chapter V of *Something of Myself*] indicate that he was extremely seasick on the several hours' journey from Boston. Here is a local account of the trip:

"It was a slow passage with little wind and a long rolling swell. The vessel was worked down the coast, and eventually the lookout sighted a large school of mackerel, but Kipling had disappeared. The skipper sent one of the crew to tell him that the seine boat was about to be manned and he was welcome to go along. Kipling was found in the captain's cabin, stretched out on one of the bunks. It was apparent. . . that the unsteady footing and the unaccustomed odors aboard the vessel. . . had proved too much for him . . . His



THE WE'RE HERE

Perhaps the finest and most evocative of the numerous drawings by I.W. Taber which illustrate the first American edition of *Captains Courageous* (New York, The Century Co., 1897). It underlines the contrast between Harvey's cushioned life in an ocean liner and the tough realities to which he had suddenly to adapt, in a little schooner matched with the immensity of the sea.

answer to the captain's message was typical of the man, and to say the least, tickled the fancy of that rugged crew. After some deliberation, Kipling said weakly, 'Kindly inform the captain I would prefer to lie and meditate.'

Because of the press stories of the trial, there was great interest in his visit to Gloucester. The newspaper reports from there found him poking around town and talking to people in a normal and relaxed way. There were, though, some obviously fabricated stories about his visit. Clearly neither illness nor emotional distress could keep him from his determination to make his story as accurate as possible. In *Something of Myself*, chapter V, he tells of his delight ["we delighted ourselves to the limit of delight"] in learning the details of the fishing industry.

The newspaper stories about the trial, for the most part, were not critical of Kipling at all, but there was clearly a feeling in Vermont that he was leaving because of the incident with his brother-in-law. Many of his neighbours petitioned him to stay; and the feeling was that the Kiplings were forced away by the loud-mouthed, belligerent, bullying attitude of Beatty Balestier. In one family, Kipling had found his best friend, his wife and his worst enemy.

Dr Conland was with the Kiplings when they left Vermont, and was with them again when they endured their final American tragedy: the death of Josephine during a visit to New York in 1899.

*

The Kiplings' home still stands on its hillside in Vermont. It is now owned by the Landmark Trust, and is opened to guests who may rent it for a few days or weeks and enjoy Vermont from Rudyard Kipling's perspective. It is beautifully restored, and is as fresh and bright as it was in Kipling's time.

The little inn in Gloucester where Kipling stayed with his wife and daughter still stands too, but it is in sad shape. Part of it is closed up, and the rest has seen better days. It is no longer surrounded by apple orchards and fields, but rather housing developments that block its view to the shore.

The fishing industry has changed a great deal from Kipling's time, and Gloucester's economy is no longer dependent on it. The fishermen are mostly of Italian origin now. The 200-mile limit means that the Grand Banks belong mostly to Canada, and are off-limits to American fishermen. The fishing-boats use diesel engines, and drag huge nets, rather than put out long trawl-lines. (This dragging of nets across the bottom destroys part of the fish habitat, and may well contribute to the

depletion of the fish stocks.) They use electronic fish-finders and other techniques not dreamed of in Kipling's time, but now the fish are heavily depleted, and the industry is but a shadow of what it was in the time of *Captains Courageous*.

Rudyard Kipling is still revered in Gloucester. No one else has succeeded in telling the Gloucester fishermen's story so vividly and realistically. In 1996, the hundredth anniversary of the writing of *Captains Courageous*, we held a Kipling celebration, and hundreds of people participated. Many people in Gloucester have read the book, and many more have seen the 1937 movie, with Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew. It is shown over and over again as part of our cultural history – a part illuminated for us by a man who never participated in it but who lived it far away in the hills of Vermont. •

[N.B. This is a continuation of the Librarian's report on page 57.]

This edition of thirty-six elegantly produced volumes was published from 1897 to 1937, and is the major American edition of Kipling's collected works. It is notable for containing fifty-eight *bas relief* illustrations, including the ten in *Kim*, by Lockwood Kipling. The *Kim* illustrations were, of course, used in English editions, but most if not all of the others were for some reason not published in England. Helen Webb (our editor's daughter) in her thesis on Kipling's illustrators (1981) says that "some people think these illustrations were his best work".

One of the illustrations in *Early Verse* is called "The Seven Nights of Creation". This is the title of a poem which appears as 36 lines with a prose introduction by Kipling in this volume, and also in *Schoolboy Lyrics*, printed privately by Rudyard's parents in India in 1881. Harbord's *Reader's Guide* gives a longer version (144 lines) which appeared in the *Calcutta Review* in 1886, and states that Lockwood used 25 of the extra lines, with alterations, in his *Beast and Man in India* (1891).

Other recent acquisitions are a Portuguese translation of "The Eye of Allah" (*Debts and Credits*) by Ms Ana Saldhana de Brito, a member of the Society and a lecturer at Glasgow University; a yearbook from the Sir J.J. Institute of Applied Art in Mumbai; and a typescript list of North American theses with a Kipling interest, from Bell & Howell.

Some people have found that jssaki@aol.com works better than my official e-mail address (jssaki@aol.co.uk). My postal address remains 13 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DF, but my phone number will shortly change to 0207 359 2404.

THEATRE REVIEW

A COUPLE FOR KIPLING

reviewed by JOSIAS CUNNINGHAM

[*A Couple for Kipling*, a play written by one of our members, was announced and described at page 47 in the *Journal* for December 1998. In the following spring another member, Josias Cunningham, saw it in Northern Ireland, and kindly submitted a review which, through no fault of his own, has had to await publication until now. Here is his account of an interesting and decidedly unusual production. – Ed.]

This play, written by Harry Barton and produced by Roma Tomelty of Centre Stage, is based on the relationship, stormy at times, between a couple of young actors, Melissa and Strickland, and its development while they are working on a play (very loosely defined) based on Kipling's works. It can therefore use extracts from those works, and Kipling himself as a sort of *deus ex machina* – whether as spirit, figment or whatever, is immaterial – to show that the many and complex facets of his personality and work interact, to form a cohesive whole, which helps them to define their own relationship with each other.

Should a reviewer adopt the view of a Kipling Society member who is familiar with the pieces used in its building, or try to see it as a normal reasonably well-read individual who is aware of some of Kipling's work but perhaps is at best a bit 'rusty'? It is tempting to look *through* the necessarily very short or truncated 'sketches' (for want of a better word) and set them in the wider context of the rest of each story, the period in Kipling's career in which it was written, and the characters who have unavoidably been omitted.

Yet this is unfair, because the Kipling pieces are used, not as an end in themselves, but to aid and illustrate the progress of the love affair between the two characters, Strickland and Melissa. Initial antagonism, due to their different approach to an impending war (the Balkans gives it a topical air – shades of the Nilghai in *The Light that Failed!*), gives way to Melissa's scorn at Strickland's 'District Commissioner' approach to life; with a final rapprochement after a separation. Kipling's "Appeal" ends the play ["If I have given you delight . . ."] spoken from a pose which echoes the Burne-Jones portrait. So Kipling's work – "the books he left behind" – has helped a young couple to sort out their different approaches to life; and his "two sides

to his head" make their conflicts seem very small beer.

The first great puzzle was why the name Strickland was used for the character. In the play it is used as a 'first' name; and when Kipling's Strickland *is* involved, in "The Mark of the Beast" (*Life's Handicap*), Melissa actually says that *he* happens to be called Strickland too (making it quite clear that he is indeed a separate character). But it is a bit confusing to someone who is familiar with Kipling's Strickland.

The actors take the action at an effective pace, convincing both in their primary roles and in the various extracts they present. Julie Kinsella and James Duran make a convincing young couple; and Gordon Fulton is a very satisfactory Kipling even without thick glasses! Colin Carnegie has directed an enjoyable show which moves extremely smoothly, with only simple props and costume changes (which take place on stage). For instance, white 'boiler suits' (as used by the police for forensic sterility) are slipped on by the 2065 A.D. characters in the "As Easy as ABC" (*A Diversity of Creatures*) episode; and are as easily slipped off after it.

Two pieces in the first act could be shortened. To attempt to deal with "The Brushwood Boy" (*The Day's Work*) as a whole, is asking too much. Omitting as it does the childhood encounter of George Cottar and Miriam Lacy in Oxford, it unnecessarily stretches our credulity. Remembering the way Kipling himself weeded his work of surplus material (*Something of Myself* chapter VIII), it is difficult to further shorten it without making it either incomprehensible or trite. "William the Conqueror" (*The Day's Work*) is a long story, indeed *two* stories; and attempting it in full makes it laboured. A brief extract could illustrate the contrast between Strickland's ideal of a 'District Commissioner' approach to his work, and Melissa's voluntary and humanitarian motives. A good dose of Indian ink, "blacking out where requisite", would tighten up this part. In a way, the short opening scene from "The Church that was at Antioch" (*Limits and Renewals*) lightly played compared to the general theme of the whole story, makes its point as forcefully in a fraction of the time.

To get rid of the rest of my criticisms, it is a pity that in the very effective portrayal of "The Gardener" (*Debts and Credits*) the game is given away at the start by Kipling (the narrator) explaining that Michael Turrell is in fact Helen Turrell's illegitimate son. It would have been more effective if the word 'son' had been first used by the Gardener himself at the climax. The background could have been given

in the oblique way used in the original; and if the truth was not picked up by the audience then, surely the climax would have made all clear?

Those pieces of verse which have been set to music are great fun, I shall always have "Galway Bay" and "If-" intertwined in my head; and "The Puzzler" (which begins, "The Celt in all his variants . . .") goes splendidly to "The Garden where the Praties grow". Try it and see!

When Kipling talks of the 'two sides' of his head, what is the plane of cleavage? Is it one of colour or race – Anglo-Indian and native? Here it is more the kind and gentle, set against the vengeful sadist, twisted by his own bitter experiences, and glorying in killing. Yet the use of the 'frame' of the story "On Greenhow Hill" (*Life's Handicap*), to illustrate this last, seems to me hardly fair; but perhaps that is because I cannot help thinking of Private Ortheris in the much broader setting of the other stories as well. In truth, Kipling was such a complex character that *several* contrasting 'sides to his head' could be portrayed; but this play is *using* Kipling rather than illustrating his own life and the development of his character.

This production deserves a wider exposure than it is likely to get in Ulster, where so many are blinkered by the limits of the school curriculum. It is specialist, yes, in some ways; but just as Kipling's works have retained popular appeal, so this piece could stimulate newcomers to dig deeper. And it is a novel and effective way to work out the clash of personalities and ideals of its Strickland and Melissa.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed by our Membership Secretary, Roger Ayers, on 24 October 1999:-

Mr Pietro Bulla (*Cagliari, Italy*); Professor Richard B. Carter (*Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.*); Mr Sydney Elliott (*Brixham, Devon*); Professor C. Gordon-Craig (*Edmonton, Alberta, Canada*); Mr Brian G. Kappler (*Lachine, Quebec, Canada*); Mr J. Lang-Brown (*Bruton, Somerset*); Professor Kenneth S. Lynn (*Washington D.C., U.S.A.*); Mr David C. McAweeney (*Gloucester, Massachusetts, U.S.A.*); Mr K.G. Moon (*Ashford, Kent*); Mr Stephen Piper (*Ruislip, Middlesex*); Mr Alistair Quarterman (*London W6*); Dr Joseph Richardson (*Lucan, Co. Dublin, Ireland*); Mr Ian Watson (*London SW18*); Ms Susan-Anne Williams (*London NI*); Mr Andrew Willman (*London W6*); and, as an Honorary Member, Ms Jan Wallwork-Wright (*Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex*).

BOOK REVIEW

by IAN CRITCHETT

Short Lines: a Collection of Classic American Railroad Stories, edited by Rob Johnson, published in 1999 by the St Martin's Press, New York, xi + 244 pages, with 10 pen-and-ink drawings by Don Hazlitt, \$23.95.

[Sir Ian Critchett, one of our members, who knows more than a little about railways, kindly agreed to review this book, which was recently acquired by the Society's Library. It is agreeable, but hardly surprising, to learn from his review that Kipling's peculiar but vigorous story, ".007", is still held in exceptionally high esteem by *aficionados* of American railroad literature. – *Ed.*]

Covering the period from 1897 to 1941, these fourteen stories, as the Editor points out in his Introduction, typify a distinct, popular *genre* which flourished in those years and "remains timeless reading for those interested in the heyday of rail travel and the development of the American West". In general, they are vividly, and often amusingly, written; and it is not necessary to be an American railroad enthusiast to enjoy them (though that would help).

Authorship ranges from the well-known (O. Henry, Jack London, Kipling) to the four who worked on the railways themselves; but all were popular writers in their day, and they have the gift of conveying both atmosphere and action – some of it bizarre.

Kipling's ".007", written during his time in Brattleboro, Vermont, and here transplanted from *The Day's Work*, stands up well in this company. Indeed, in his 'Notes On The Authors' the Editor states that "many railroad buffs consider [it] the best railroad story ever written." Anthropomorphic in its approach, it demonstrates once again Kipling's ability to dig beneath the hot steel skin of a technical subject, and bring the inanimate to life.

All in all, this book can be commended for its interest and entertainment value – not least because of the delightful parody of the *genre* which forms the last story.

MUSIC REVIEW

A MUSICAL SETTING FOR KIPLING'S "IF – "

reviewed by B.J.H. MATTINSON

[Brian Mattinson, an occasional and valued contributor to the *Kipling Journal*, kindly serves as our Music Correspondent. When John Slater, the Society's Librarian, received from one of our members, Sir John Chapple, a CD of a recent concert in the Albert Hall, ending with a striking new setting of Kipling's "If – ", we agreed that the latter called for a review in the *Journal*, and that Brian Mattinson, with his valuable sensitivity to nuances whether in words or in music, should be invited to supply it. Here is what he wrote for us. – Ed.]

On 23 March 1999, in the Royal Albert Hall, London, what are known as 'Thomas's London Day Schools' presented *A Celebration of Childhood*, to launch the Thomas's Schools Foundation. (This registered charity aims to widen the intake of the Schools, and to support activities for young people in local communities.) The programme was: —

<i>All God's Creatures</i>	Choir & Orchestra	Howard Blake
<i>The Bells</i>	Choir & Orchestra	Howard Blake
<i>Nepali Sangalo</i>	Band	Captain E.H. Keeley
<i>Highland Cathedral</i>	Band & Bagpipes	Traditional
<i>Kipling's "If-"</i>	Choir, Orchestra & Band	Howard Blake

The Schools' Choir was conducted by Howard Blake, and accompanied by the English Chamber Orchestra (Leader, Stephanie Gonley), and by the Band of the Brigade of Gurkhas (Director of Music, Captain E.H. Keeley). The performance was recorded live on CD (BHSS 0422 CD), a copy of which was kindly given to the Society by one of our members, himself an eminent Gurkha officer, Field Marshal Sir John Chapple.

Listening to the music and its enthusiastic reception by the audience, I was glad to feel some of the excitement of massed children's voices. They revelled in Blake's colourful evocation of variety in the animal kingdom: for me, there was even a hint of the opening of Koechlin's *Jungle Book* [see the *Journal*, December 1994, page 36] as the gong announced *Tyger* by the composer's namesake. Blake also produced some very expressive singing in Poe's *Bells* and, if some of the words

are not too clear, it was after all a live performance in the Albert Hall. The very different band pieces were a strange interlude before the item of particular interest to readers – the world première of Blake's setting of "If –", commissioned for this performance and scored for massed chorus, orchestra and band.

Howard Blake has a special affinity with choral music. His popularity with children is perhaps best exemplified by his famous song, "Walking in the Air", composed for Raymond Briggs's innovative animated film, *The Snowman*. The imperial introduction to "If –" came as a surprise to me, but the tone of the first verse is appropriately subdued, and repetition of the theme at progressively higher pitch is effective. The music is attractive and accessible, well suited to the iambic pattern of the poem, and colourfully orchestrated. My second surprise, however, was the explosive insertion of the *final* punch-lines at the end of *the first* verse. This seemed to me to interrupt the powerful gradual development of this "ideal of masculine character" [see *Rudyard Kipling* by Lord Birkenhead, page 245] and to weaken its consummation.

The tempo quickens, perhaps too soon for the sense, in the musically similar second verse, which ends in the same intrusive way. The slowest tempo in the third verse masks the gambler's excitement at its start, but accentuates the desperate repeated "Hold on!" which concludes it. The last verse is taken, perhaps appropriately, at a run; and its first statement of the punch-lines in their correct position is very sensitively handled. Indeed, "The final couplet rings true, if recognised as an actual dedication, by a father to his son." [Charles Cartington, see the *Journal*, December 1982, page 27.] This is the real climax: I can almost forgive the triumphal repetition at the end; and the audience loved it.

However, if only the children had communicated their commitment to the words, as they did in the first part of the concert! Of course, the concepts are different. "Some day, when the sneers of the silly-clever, who suppose that what has become a truism is no longer true, have died away, these verses will renew their influence; and it will be noticed that their fluid rhythm and intricate rhyme-scheme make them a technical masterpiece." [*Rudyard Kipling* by Charles Carrington, 1955, page 447]. Words need room to speak, e.g. "lied", "hated", "Triumph and Disaster", "twisted", "lose", "Will", "Kings". So do poignant *caesuras* like "watch the things you gave your life to, // broken"; "lose, // and start again"; and "all men count with you, // but none too much".

When I was Choirmaster in our parish church, I was responsible for reforming a traditional four-part choir with boy trebles aged seven and upwards. When we had difficulties, especially in Psalms, we concentrated on the words and what they meant to each boy; the music, always well chosen to enrich the words, then went right. The children in the Albert Hall understood about tigers, rats, crocodiles and bells; did they understand about trust, lies, will, impostors, and the things you give your life to? The phrasing, the tempi within the verses, the dynamics and colour in the voices, leave me in doubt – except for the final scream of triumph.

I have referred to the masculine character, and have just read the letter from Sir George Engle ["Equal Opportunities and 'If -'", *Journal*, December 1999, page 72]. Kipling was asked to rewrite the poem to deal with women [*Rudyard Kipling* by Charles Carrington, page 481], but he had chosen his words carefully: that is why the poem is so powerful, and no doubt why Blake was moved to set it to music. Sir George's alternatives do not have the same meaning or impact; and we know the circumstances in which the poem was written. Can we expect a congregation to sing, with conviction, "Onward, Christian pilgrims", to the martial tune always associated with the great hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers"?

It is, of course, a tribute to a poet, that a composer chooses to use his or her poem. In my small way, I know that I was only able to create some music because I was moved to set "Eddi's Service", also from *Rewards and Fairies* [see the *Journal*, March 1996, page 54].

Of course, the poet may not welcome such liberties, especially if not satisfied by the interpretation or if, perhaps, the tune is better remembered than the poem [see the *Journal*, September 1991, page 60]. But Blake's setting of "If-" is an interesting interpretation of the poem, has involved a lot of children, and has given much pleasure: the Society welcomes the gift of the CD. And there is little danger of the poem being forgotten.

'WAKE THE VAULTED ECHOES'

A CELEBRATION OF THE LATE PETER BELLAMY

reviewed by BOB COPPER

[Prefatory Note by Michael Smith. Peter Bellamy, who won renown for his adaptations of Kipling's ballads (and because of them was made a Vice-President of the Kipling Society), has now had his life's work collected in a new three-disc set, published by Free Reed Music, The Cedars, Belper, Derby DE56 1DD (telephone 01773 824157). Members wishing to obtain the set should contact Neil Wayne at that address.

The production has a lengthy CD-ROM section on its third CD, with much extra audio, visual and archive material; and there is a companion Peter Bellamy Archive Website accessible at <http://www.welcome.to/folkmusic>, with sound clips and articles and Internet links about Peter's work on Kipling material. Copies may be ordered via this Website, or by post from Free Reed Music, at a special Kipling Society price of £19.99 (recommended retail price £24.99), post free.

The compilation, which includes all the Kipling songs, is here reviewed by Bob Copper, who not only has an international reputation in the Folk Music world but is also a best-selling author of books about his beloved Sussex.]

One of the most important developments in the history of popular music was the rediscovery in the early 1950s of our national singing traditions, which had been killed off around the turn of the century. Up until that time entertainment – like good bread and beer – had been home-made. The old songs, some of them going back hundreds of years, even to the time of the Crusades, could be heard in the taprooms of village inns, and around cottage hearths all over the country.

As the various means of artificially reproduced music became available over the years, the old songs withered on the vine. Local songsters faded into obscurity in the brilliant glare of the professionals – from Caruso to Crosby, from Mendelssohn to the Mills Brothers. First came the phonograph, then radio and talkie-films, each driving another nail into the coffin of do-it-yourself entertainment.

In the early 1950s, wise men at the BBC woke up to the fact that something important in our culture was missing, and that the opportunity to prevent it from entirely slipping through our fingers was to hand: the portable tape-recorder. They sent collectors into the field, to record the very last generation who remembered the old songs, and they built up an extensive library of traditional music. From time to

time they gave these recordings air-time, and in this way the great folk song revival began to roll. The memories of older folk were stirred; and younger people, too, liked what they heard, and also discovered the pleasures of audience participation, and of joining in singing a song, instead of being merely a passive listener.

Among the most prominent of the younger generation to contribute to the revival was Peter Bellamy. His genuine love of the old songs, his enthusiasm for their preservation, and his rapport both with the old singers and the audiences of his contemporaries, played a most important part in its success.

A significant step in his career was when he wedded his ability in musical composition and adaptation to his life-long love of the works of Rudyard Kipling by putting music to Kipling's poems. This not only won the approval of the Kipling establishment, but also brought the poems to the notice of a new generation of enthusiasts.

These three CDs (57 tracks in all) give a comprehensive look into the musical world of Peter Bellamy, and will find favour among a wide variety of tastes in the listening public. His musical ability, his exuberance, and his unforgettably stylistic singing have made lasting impressions upon wide audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is fitting that this celebration of his talent should at last be issued.

SOCIETY NOTICES

FROM THE SECRETARY, MICHAEL SMITH

'FACES OF THE CENTURY'

The National Portrait Gallery, London, is mounting an exhibition of photographs, with this title, from 22 October 1999 till 30 January 2000. It includes a picture of Kipling with King George V, and the Society was asked for help in dating it. We stated that it was taken on 11 May 1922 at the Military Cemetery at Vlamertinghe in Belgium. It is a clipped version of a photograph in our own archives, which also shows Field Marshal Earl Haig standing to one side. (The same photograph was published, with our permission, in Angus Wilson's *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, although it was there wrongly dated as May 1918.) It was for this visit to the War Graves in 1922 that Kipling wrote words for the King to speak, including, "In the course of my pilgrimage I have many times asked myself whether there can be any more potent advocates of peace on earth than this massed multitude of witnesses to the desolation of war."

PROPOSED TOUR OF THE LOOS BATTLEFIELD

Members will have seen a preliminary note in the September *Journal*, at page 69, that Tonie and Valmai Holt are prepared to lead a party to visit the battlefield on which John Kipling lost his young life. I can now give more information about the tour.

It will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday 26 and 27 September 2000, the eighty-fifth anniversary of John's death. The cost, £136 (with a 'single supplement' of £15), will include transport by luxury coach (which can be boarded either at 8.45 a.m. at the Victoria Coach Station, London, or at 10.45 a.m. at the Eastern Docks, Dover), the cross-Channel ferry, and overnight accommodation at the Hotel Novotel, Henin-Douai. A three-course dinner, with wine, will be taken at the hotel, as will a buffet breakfast on the following morning.

On 26 September we depart from Dover on a P & O ferry, before driving direct to the battlefield, viewing a video en route. We then follow the path of the reserves to the 'start line' before returning to the hotel. After dinner the Holts will brief the party. The next morning, after breakfast, we take the route over which John led his Irish Guards across the Loos battlefield to Chalk Pit Wood, where he received his fatal wound. We then visit his attributed grave in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's Cemetery on the site of the St Mary's Advanced Dressing Station; and the Dud Corner Loos Memorial.

We have a lunch break in Arras before departing to catch the return ferry. Before sailing we shall have an opportunity for some Duty Paid shopping. The ferry leaves at 5 p.m., and we arrive back at Victoria at about 8.30 p.m.

A 'tour folder' with maps and background information will be provided. The luxury coach has a drinks facility, video-viewing and a lavatory, and is fully air-conditioned. It is a non-smoking coach.

This is the first time in many years that the Society has mounted a Kipling-related tour, and it is an opportunity not to be missed. Major and Mrs Holt have earned a high reputation for their tours of battlefields in many theatres of war; and we are grateful to them for their readiness to conduct our tour. As you know, they have given a lecture to the Society on the Battle of Loos and the fate of John Kipling, and have published a very well regarded book, *My Boy Jack? The Search for Kipling's Only Son* – reviewed in the *Journal*, December 1998, pages 40-41.

For further details and a booking-form, please contact me (Michael Smith) by letter, phone, fax or e-mail. (For address details see page 4.) I would be glad to hear, as early as possible, if you consider joining the group.

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". My address is given on the penultimate page of this issue. – *Ed.*]

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES AND "IF – "

From Mr K.M.L. Frazer, 3 Roseacres, Sawbridgeworth, Herts CM21 0BU

Dear Sir,

Sir George Engle invites improvements to his new, no longer gender-specific, version of "If- " (December 1999, pages 72-73).

Might the following be considered as alternatives?

First verse, line 3 : For: "all men", substitute "all folk".

Last verse, lines 1-4 :-

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Royals – nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all folk count with you, but none too much . . .

Less acceptably, that verse might end:-

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
By running hard the whole of sixty secs.,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And – what a bore – "If – " now is Unisex!

Yours sincerely

KEN FRAZER

KIPLING'S VERSE

*From Mrs J. Harding, Willow Cottage, Moorside, Sturminster Newton,
Dorset DT10 1HQ*

Dear Editor,

Though I am not able to be a good participating member of the Kipling Society, I always enjoy the quarterly arrival of my *Journal*. It

reminds me to pick up my tome of Kipling's verse, which has something for every experience and occasion – what a gift and wealth of words . . .

I cannot compete with your contributors' knowledge; but could we not sometimes have a favourite piece of verse, to relax the flow of erudition?

Whenever we hear of 'porkies' from politicians, I am tempted to send the House of Commons a reminder from Kipling's "Norman and Saxon: AD. 1100" – advice from a dying Norman Baron to his son.

"You can horsewhip your Gascony archers, or torture
 your Picardy spears;
 But don't try that game on the Saxon; you'll have the whole
 brood round your ears.
 From the richest old Thane in the county to the poorest chained
 serf in the field
 They'll be at you and on you like hornets, and, if you are wise,
 you will yield . . .

. . . Don't hang them or cut off their fingers. That's wasteful as
 well as unkind,
 For a hard-bitten, South-country poacher makes the best man-
 at-arms you can find . . .

Say 'we', 'us' and 'ours' when you're talking, instead of
 'You fellows' and T.
 Don't ride over seeds; keep your temper; and *never you tell*
'em a lie! "

Then, on human frailty, I am reminded of one of my father's
 favourites, "The 'Mary Gloster' " –

For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand –
 Or the sort that say they can see it they aren't the marrying brand . . .

(a good argument for lots of legal Cynthia Paynes, and for removing
 hypocrisy over this issue – but see where the author's words have had
 me wander!)

And when the media go to town on aberrations, real or imagined, in
 authors' lives, Kipling supplies a gentle reminder in "The Appeal":

If I have given you delight
 By aught that I have done,

Let me lie quiet in that night
Which shall be yours anon;

And for the little, little span
The dead are borne in mind,
Seek not to question other than
The books I leave behind.

Yours sincerely
JANET HARDING

KIPLING'S IMAGE TODAY

From Mr B. C. Diamond, Flat 2, 80 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London NW3 5LS

Dear Sir,

I would like to raise two queries.

The first relates to the Royal Academy 1999 Summer Exhibition, which included a screen-printed collage by Peter Blake, R.A., entitled *Party*. It was composed of a reproduction of the 'Mona Lisa', and below it seven other faces, including Sir William Nicholson's well-known 1897 woodcut of Kipling. Can anyone explain this concatenation? What is the current significance of Kipling's 'image'? (I have written to the artist to enquire, but have had no reply.)

My second query relates to the On-Line Catalogue in the Manuscripts Reading Room at the new British Library Building. This is considerably more comprehensive than the old card-indexes; and under "Kipling" there are over fifty entries, including significant documents such as autograph drafts and correspondence with Macmillans, and minor finds such as a dinner menu and photographs. (There may be scope for fresh research in this material.) It is intriguing, to find that the file of instructions for use of this catalogue uses Kipling as the example. I wonder how this choice was made.

Yours sincerely
BRYAN DIAMOND

ON "THE BRUSHWOOD BOY"

From Professor Hugh Brogan, 14 Park Road, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9NB

Sir,

"Brilliant and thrilling and fatally flawed . . ." It is a pleasure to find an article in the *Kipling Journal* [September 1999, pages 26-41] which can use such language and yet is not about that dreadful bore, "Mrs. Bathurst". No-one can accuse you or Austin Asche of lack of enthusiasm for "The Brushwood Boy"; and no-one can convincingly deny that, in the last analysis and by the highest standards, the story is a failure. But it is a failure more fascinating and, in Kipling's *oeuvre*, more important than many a success. Mr Asche's reading is thorough and, up to a point, convincing; but it leaves out so much which a reader ought to consider that I hope I am justified in throwing in a few extra thoughts, since heaven knows when the topic will come up again.

First, context. As J.M.S. Tompkins pointed out long ago [in *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, Methuen, 1959, at pages 197-8], "The Brushwood Boy", which comes at the end of *The Day's Work*, is the exact counterpart of "The Bridge-Builders", which comes at the beginning. In "The Brushwood Boy" the dreams come first, then the account of Cottar's day's work: in "The Bridge-Builders" the work comes before the opium-induced vision. In between these two come ten other stories which, with the possible exception of "My Sunday at Home", are all variations on the theme announced by the collection's title. Cottar, as a young officer, may seem too good to be true or even interesting, but it is clear that through him Kipling is trying to realise his vision of the ideal officer in India – just as he tries to realise the civil engineer in "The Bridge-Builders", and the empire-builder in "The Tomb of His Ancestors". In this sense, *pace* Mr Asche, Cottar is an immensely 'Kipling character'. He must be discussed ideologically, so to say, as well as in terms of character-drawing.

Second, the tale is – or ought to be – central in any account of Kipling's literary development. Mr Asche mentions *Stalky & Co.*, but does not remark that 'the Coll.' makes its first fictional appearance in "The Brushwood Boy". (Angus Wilson states that there was much more about it in the first publication of the story in a magazine.) Even 'the Head' flickers into view for a moment. It is possible that Kipling decided, on thinking things over, that whether or not Georgie Cottar is a prig, or too good to be true, or a convincing portrayal of a modern

Imperial knight, he is *not* credible as a product of Westward Ho!, or, at any rate, is not the type to be used to convey what Kipling actually got out of his schooling, and what he really thought was its value. For that he needed Beetle, Stalky and M'Turk; and although Cottaresque subalterns, *in esse* or in the making, do appear in *Stalky*, they are firmly subordinated to the central characters. (Incidentally, one of them, Crandall, though appearing only briefly [in "A Little Prep."], is much more convincing, in Mr Asche's sense, than George Cottar.) If we compare "An English School" (1893), "The Brushwood Boy", *Stalky & Co.*, and the later Stalky stories, we can learn a lot about how Kipling explored a theme, deepened and sharpened his handling of it, and through it, finally discovered yet fresher ideas (for it can hardly be argued that, say, "The Propagation of Knowledge" has much to tell us about empire and education, though it says a lot about education and literature).

Finally, there is the symbolic and psychological aspect of "The Brushwood Boy". I am surprised that certain readers make so much heavy weather about Kipling's failure (*and* his success) here; for it seems to me so evident that he had simply bitten off more than he could chew. The dreams, all agree, are triumphantly conceived and executed; but they seem to have a significance which goes far beyond the fictional dreamer. As the careful references to Oxford and to *Alice in Wonderland* should make plain (Kipling was always scrupulous in acknowledging such debts) "The Brushwood Boy" is his experiment in the style of Lewis Carroll; but it is spoiled by his attempts to rationalise it (as *Wonderland* itself is almost spoiled). If surreal imagery must be mixed up with boy-meets-girl, John Lennon does it much more successfully in "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds". Kipling is struggling, as he was to do throughout his life, to convey the nature and greatness of normal young love, but fails, as I think he always did. (Is there anything worse in his work than his dialogue between Georgie and Miriam, except possibly – sorry, Mr Asche! – that between Scott and 'William' in "William the Conqueror"?)

He was also trying to say something about the 'separate sides' of a man's head; but he cannot convince the reader that there is any authentic identity between the dreamer of the night and commonplace young Cottar (the dreamer is always referred to as 'Georgie'). The sickening sentimentality of his portrayal of Cottar family life, including the blush-making way in which 'the mother' satisfies herself that her boy is still a virgin (at which, we are told, her husband "laughed profane and incredulous laughs" – and so may we), is a frightful lapse

in taste, but may be explained, if not excused, by the extreme difficulty of the task which Kipling had set himself – basically, re-establishing Georgie in England and marrying him off to the Brushwood Girl, all in less than twenty pages. Incidentally, I find it impossible to believe that a girl like Miriam could possibly be happy as a *memsahib*.

The story might have been much better if, through her, Kipling had confronted his hero with a decisive choice between the dream world and his regiment. But that would have been to overthrow the whole design of the story.

Even if Kipling saw the problem in this way (and I doubt that he did), it was better to let the thing go, since there was so much of value in it, and try to do better next time. Nearly thirty years later he triumphantly mastered one of the difficulties that had defeated him in "The Brushwood Boy", when he wrote "The Wish House" [*Debits and Credits*].

Yours sincerely
HUGH BROGAN

"THE KIPLING MODE"

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

Dear Sir,

With reference to "The Brushwood Boy" (*The Day's Work*) and Austin Asche's interesting article on it (*Journal*, September 1999, pages 26-41), I first read that story in the 1930s and, as far as I remember, thought it a ripping yarn – which it mainly still seems to be, even if a bit far-fetched. J.I.M. Stewart put his finger on it in his *Rudyard Kipling* (1966), where he says at page 103:

. . . and so on – until, before this remorseless exhibition of a Kipling-type paragon, the nerve of the reader is ready to break.

But as to "The Brushwood Boy" being, as Austin Asche asserts, a strange variant or anomaly, out of 'the Kipling mode', I do not believe there is such a thing. Or if there is, there are almost as many modes as there are stories, with a further set for the verse. To put it in less prosaic language, Kipling's infinite variety scintillates like the facets of a diamond.

Yours faithfully
JOHN MCGIVERING

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

BILLING AS A KIPLING

From Mr Shamus Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3 7SE

Mr Wade has written to say he has found some references to Kipling, in the 'billing' of London music-hall artistes in the period from the first World War to the late 1950s. His source is an excellent book called *Grace, Beauty and Banjos*, by Michael Kilgariff, (London, Oberon Books, 1998), which deals with the 'billing' or 'bill matter' which became attached familiarly to the names of well-known performers, in posters, etc.

For instance, the hugely popular singer-cum-"monologist" Albert Chevalier (1861-1923) – not to be confused with Maurice Chevalier (1888-1972) – was known variously as "The Coster Laureate", "The Refined Coster" and "The Kipling of the Halls". In this book he is cited as a rare instance of "an established actor forsaking the theatre and making good on the Halls", where his Coster characterisations were in essence "an outsider's sentimentalized view of Cockneydom". It is suggested that Kipling, although "a poet of the people", was unlikely to feel flattered by this appropriation of his name and reputation.

But Albert Chevalier was not the only performer to be billed as a Kipling of the Halls: the same term was attached to Leo Dryden (1863-1939), a Londoner famous for his stirring rendering of songs such as "God Bless and Keep Victoria". Also the American vaudeville star Owen Kildare (1864-1911) evidently styled himself "The Bowery Kipling" – the Bowery being a run-down area of Lower Manhattan, in New York City.

PARALLEL SCARS

[Among 'Letters to the Editor' in September 1999, was an enquiry from Mr Philip Holberton, in Australia, regarding "The Man Who Was" (*Life's Handicap*). In that story, the body of Austin Limmason, a British officer who had endured years of maltreatment as a prisoner of the Russians, was described as "seamed with dry black scars". Kipling had commented that there was "only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat". Mr Holberton asked what this 'weapon' was, and his question has prompted more replies than I can find space for – though they mostly agree that the

reference is to the knout. I am grateful to all who wrote, and I append some slightly edited extracts from half a dozen of their letters. – *Ed.*]

I

From Mr John McGivering, in Brighton

As Limmason was in Russian hands, I have always assumed that the weapon in question was the knout, a bundle of thongs and wires capable of inflicting terrible wounds, and death.

II

From Mr Ron Rosner, in New York

The weapon is the knout, defined in the *Random House Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language* as "a whip having a lash of leather thongs, formerly used in Russia for flogging criminals".

III

From Mr Eric J. Thompson, in London

A note in the World's Classics edition of *Life's Handicap* explains it as the Russian knout; and in the context of the story that must surely be what Kipling meant. However, searching the Internet suggests that Kipling was less well-informed than he implied. Cat and cane cuts *could* also be parallel; and what would have identified knout wounds would have been their vertical *orientation* (compared with diagonal and horizontal marks for the cat and the cane respectively). Indeed one mid-19th century source describes the knout itself as a multi-tailed cat braided with wire (as distinct from a single-tailed whip), used for driving prisoners, rather than for formal punishment. As Limmason only disappeared in 1854 and the use of the knout was supposed to have been abolished in 1845, there may be an anachronism there too.

IV

*From Mr Michael Clibborn-Dyer, in Thailand, in correspondence with his father,
Mr Ron Clibborn-Dyer in Hong Kong*

Perhaps [he writes] some readers have taken the phrase "parallel scars" too literally. A cane and a cat, or lash, are capable of producing parallel lines if used 'properly', and why else would they be mentioned in this context? In any case I would suggest that the weapon referred to is undoubtedly the knout – used often, albeit illegally, in contemporary Russia as a means of punishment. Consider the opening paragraph of "The Man Who Was" –

Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person until he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of western peoples instead of the most westerly of easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

As Kipling there implies, the 'civilised' Russian could be unexpectedly barbaric at times to the 'refined' Englishman. At the time of the Crimean War, Russian estates still depended totally on serfdom, with resulting atrocities much akin to those recognised during the period of black slavery in America. Knouting was a common practice at that time – similar to the lash, only far worse – but it was a practice which in particular caused much outrage in Europe.

Bearing in mind that most of Kipling's contemporaries would presumably be familiar with this, it seems obvious that this outrageous punishment was the one inflicted on poor Limmason, sent to Siberia for the 'crime' of insulting a Russian colonel.

Dirkovitch's indifferent attitude therefore reflects the premise made in the opening paragraph of the story. Note that when "Dirkovitch saw the marks" of the knout, "the pupils of his eyes dilated. Also his face changed..."

Incidentally, a knout is a huge whip, over twelve feet in length; as thick as a man's arm at the butt, and tapering to a point no thicker than a boot-lace. And for a dramatised description of a British officer, captured at Balaclava and sent into 'the country', and witness to a knouting, one should read George MacDonald Fraser's novel, *Flashman at the Charge* (1973).

V

From Professor Michael Healy [e-mail address: < MJRHEALY@compuserve.com >] writing to Mr Michael Jefferson [e-mail address: < m.jefferson@freenet.co.uk >]

From the context ("The Man Who Was") I have always taken it to be

the knot. How typical of RK to slip in a piece of specialist knowledge like this!

VI

From Mr Michael Jefferson, in reply

The knot, in my reference books, is defined as a lash: this, though an appalling device to use, would not produce 'parallel scars'. Kipling states that the weapon that produced the seamed black scars was neither the *cane* nor the *cat*. Could he have hinted at the use of alliteration? A weapon that does produce parallel scars is a *claw*.

Kipling, in his poem "The Truce of the Bear" (1898), wrote of the disfiguring effects of an attack by a bear on a man: the mutilation from the bear's claws was gross, for "From brow to jaw, that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!" The final line is, "There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that looks like a Man!" The allegorical message of the poem is clearly the danger posed by the Russian Bear. In "The Man Who Was", did Kipling employ a similar allegory, using the scars left on Limmason by his maltreatment at the hands of the Russians, as a reminder of the popularly accepted Russian threat to India, which is the central theme of the story?

KIPLING'S PAINSTAKING DRAFTING

*From The Hon. Malcolm Davidson, Las Cuadras, Monte de la Torre, Apdo. 58,
11370 Los Barrios, Cadiz, Spain*

Mr Davidson has drawn my attention to a passage on pages 172-3 of a book about his father, *Memoirs of a Conservative: J.C.C. Davidson's Memoirs and Papers, 1910-37*, by the late Sir Robert Rhodes James (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1969). Rhodes James quoted Davidson as follows:

"We were staying one weekend at Burwash with the Kiplings. In Kipling's upstairs study . . . [he] . . . explained to me what an immense amount of work went into a book of poems and short stories before he got anything which would satisfy him. Until I saw one of his manuscripts I wouldn't have believed that the writing was so unspontaneous. He had very small handwriting and he started the first draft wide spaced with only about six lines on a

quarto sheet. Very few of the original words were left and sometimes three or four alternative words were inserted on top of each other until the right word was chosen. He was of course a perfectionist, and that explained the trouble he took in getting the exactly right word, and why his short stories are so superb in construction and in style. But the thing which impressed me most was his capacity to absorb a topic in which he really had small interest. . . . But during our conversation he made it quite clear that in his opinion the member of the family who could write with facility and style and could express his thoughts smoothly was his cousin Stanley Baldwin – as he said, 'The real pen in our family is Stan's.' Baldwin spoke such good English because he had absorbed in his youth the best prose and poetry which the country produced."

AT VERNET-LES-BAINS

*From the Revd David Burton Evans, 3 bis rue Pasteur, 64000 Pau,
Pyrénées Atlantiques, France*

Mr Evans is the Chaplain of St Andrew's Anglican Church at Pau in south-west France. He writes to say that he has been spending some time in trying to revive an Anglican church and congregation at Vernet-les-Bains, a town some 150 miles to the east of Pau, towards the Mediterranean end of the Pyrenees. He has been told that in about 1908 Kipling and Field Marshal Lord Roberts were instrumental in getting a small Anglican church built at Vernet; and he hopes that we of the Kipling Society may be able to cast light on this episode. It would be particularly helpful if we could bring to his attention some details of the church's foundation, including the name of the architect and an outline of costs, etc.

I am not very hopeful about this, though Kipling's fondness for Vernet-les-Bains is well known, and he went there several times before the Great War. From Charles Carrington's synopsis of Mrs Kipling's diaries, it seems that his first visit was from 2 to 26 March 1910, and his second from 18 February to 25 March 1911. The entry for 27 February 1911 notes that "Lord and Lady Roberts come" – which would suggest that whatever Kipling and Roberts did together about a new church they probably did during this visit. There is an amusing account, in chapter 16 of Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling*, of a group photograph being taken by the hotel photographer, of a party including Roberts, Kipling, the area garrison commander, and the local

Archbishop. (This brings to mind a group photograph taken in Vernet and published in Lord Birkenhead's biography of Kipling; it shows a bowler-hatted Kipling, General du Moriez, Lord Roberts and I think his daughter, not his wife; and no Archbishop; and Birkenhead dates the photograph as 1910. So it cannot be the picture specified by Carrington.)

Mr Evans describes Vernet as "idyllic – one can see why 'Brits' at the turn of the century found it so attractive. It's away from the stifling summer heat of Perpignan, and the snow-covered peaks soar high above. The church is a small, solidly built structure, reminiscent of the churches put up by Herbert Baker all over the Empire: I recall one like it in Vryheid in South Africa." However, detailed evidence on its origin is "very thin indeed; so much was lost during the last war, in Pau particularly. Equally, Vernet suffered a disastrous flood in 1942 . . . when a wall of water roared down the valley around which the town is built, destroying everything in front of it . . . You can see the results today in the carefully rebuilt casino and the concreted river-bed. There is a bookseller in Vernet who is a Kipling fan, I believe, but he has little to add."

BATEMAN'S AS A BUSINESS

From Mrs R. Passmore, Redhurst, Knowle Lane, Cranleigh, Surrey GU6 8JN

Mrs Passmore has kindly sent a cutting from page 8 of the *Daily Telegraph* of 16 October. It is a very informative article about the National Trust's administration of Bateman's, by Andrew Lycett (author of the latest biography of Kipling).

The Kiplings had bought the house, plus the mill on the River Dudwell and 33 acres of land, for £9,300 in 1902. By the time Kipling died, in 1936, they had expanded the estate, by a number of land purchases, to 300 acres, and this was left to the National Trust by Mrs Kipling on her death in December 1939. Last year it attracted 70,000 visitors – as many as 1,500 may come on a single bank holiday.

To handle this torrent of visitors, Bateman's employs seven full-time staff and two part-time, and also 22 on a seasonal basis; and it can call on 160 volunteers. Last year the property generated an overall income of nearly £300,000, including £31,000 profit from the tea-room, £20,000 from two annual concerts, £14,000 from the shop, and £24,000 from the rental of houses and cottages on the estate. Of course, the overall profit is much eroded by the costs of maintenance, repairs and refurbishment.

The article goes into some detail in describing the various factors which complicate the administration of the estate, and quotes Jan Wallwork-Wright, the property manager, as saying that the key consideration is how to achieve "the right balance between attracting visitors and maintaining the unique spirit of the house".

MORE ON "IF – "

From Professor D.H. Stewart, 8302 Starling Drive West, Bozeman, Montana 59718, U.S.A.

Professor Stewart writes in response to the letter from Sir George Engle regarding a putative modified version of Kipling's "If- " (September 1999, pages 72-3) – see also the letter from Mr K.M.L. Frazer in this present issue (page 44):-

Had Kipling written "If – " to tell girls how to become women, or children how to become adults, he would have written different verses. Sir George asks if anyone can improve on his gender-free version. The answer is, Yes! Kipling did.

Isn't bowdlerising always considered a vice?

"TOMMY TERRIER"

From Dr Peter Jackson, 140 Above Town, Dartmouth, Devon TQ6 9RH

Dr Jackson has sent us a copy of an item at page 100 of the *Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company*, of Autumn 1999, Volume 76, Number 457. (The H.A.C., founded in 1537, is the oldest unit in the British Army, and is rightly proud of its traditions.)

The item was a poem, "Tommy Terrier, A Territorial Lament, with apologies to Rudyard Kipling". It was a parody of Kipling's "Tommy", and follows the pattern of that poem very closely. Moreover, (apart from the legitimate fun of any parody) it had a serious theme – a plea for understanding and support for the Territorial Army, which has, once again in its history, been threatened on economy grounds, with severe cuts in its establishment. The speaker is a Territorial soldier – or "Terrier" as they are sometimes called – and he ends his passionate plea with the words, "But Terrier ain't a bloomin' fool – you bet that Terrier sees!"

THE JUNGLE PLAY

From Penguin Press, Penguin UK, 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ

Penguin Press have been in touch with our Secretary, Michael Smith, to tell us about their impending publication of a work that Kipling wrote but never published, *The Jungle Play*. The text has lain among the Kipling Papers at Sussex University, but is now to be edited and introduced by Professor Thomas Pinney, with original drawings by Kipling himself. It is scheduled to appear next April, and we hope to provide further information about it in our next (March 2000) issue.

THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

by JOHN SLATER, the LIBRARIAN

In the last few months a thousand-odd volumes in the Library have been catalogued, listed on a computer and arranged on the shelves under 36 categories. This covers the majority of the books, but the translations of Kipling's own works, and the great variety of other material in the collection, are still to be listed.

Under the new arrangement, related books (for example books on the United Service College, or annotated editions of *Kim*) are grouped together on the shelves.

A major recent acquisition is Andrew Lycett's new biography of Kipling (reviewed at pages 9-10), presented to the Society by its publisher.

Another new acquisition is a reprinted (1917) copy of *Early Verse*, Volume XVII in the Scribner's Outward Bound Edition of Kipling's works. The book, which is in beautiful condition, was given by John Morgan, to whom the Society is already indebted for the production of the Index to the *Kipling Journal*. This volume was originally published in 1900 and remained, until the publication of the Sussex Edition in 1937, the most complete collection of Kipling's early verse.

[Please turn back to page 33 for the continuation of this report.]

THE SOCIETY'S WEB-SITE

by JOHN RADCLIFFE, Electronic Editor

[John Radcliffe has brought our web-site into increasingly intensive use, as a forum which generates lively discussion and can also produce material well worth noting in the *Journal*. An example is at pages 50-53 where some interesting comments about the Russian knout, originally sparked by a letter in the *Journal* about "The Man who Was" (September 1999, page 71), have been derived from the web-site and put on permanent record in the *Journal*. – Ed.]

The site continues to be widely used, with over 22,000 visitors since its launch in February. As interest in the potential of the Internet grows, more and more members will come on-line; there is a steady stream of applications for membership – at present about twelve a month.

As users have noticed, we have redesigned the home page around the famous Burne-Jones portrait, and have made space for a weekly quotation on that page. We have also set up a link to a 'poem of the week': if there are cherished poems of Kipling's that you would particularly like us to include, let us know.

Among pages for collectors, we have also recently published a new article by David Alan Richards on *Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses*, published by the United States Book Company in December 1890 in "wine-coloured bevel-edged cloth boards with gilt lettering and ornamentation and gilt-topped page edges". (This was the first of Kipling's works to be published in the U.S.A. before publication in England.) Other recent contributions from Mr Richards include "The Merry Thought: Why Snow Falls at Vernet", and "The Magazine Editions of *The Light that Failed*".

We also continue to add articles to the 'Kipling File', which now includes "The Story of H.M.S. *Kipling*" by Lieut N.B. Robinson, (originally delivered to the Society as a lecture in 1946); an article on H.M.S. *Kipling* by Michael Smith; "RK the Young Journalist" by George Engle; "Collecting Kipling" by Mr Richards; and "RK as an influence on modern Science Fiction" by Fred Lerner.

In 'Books on Line', we are beginning to add details of antiquarian booksellers who deal in Kipling. As this section develops, we hope to provide as much direct access as possible to the booksellers' catalogues.

If you are on-line, but have not yet applied for access to the Members' section of the site, send **John@fastmedia.demon.co.uk** an e-mail suggesting a user-name and password, and we will gladly set this up. If you are already a regular visitor, any comments or suggestions will be gratefully received.

THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all our currently subscribing 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. (The entire run since 1927 has now been comprehensively indexed.) Scores of libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive the *Journal* 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 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; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and 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 descriptive 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 (No. 278885) 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. There is a large membership in North America; and 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 Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB, England. (The Society's Internet web specification is: <http://www.kipling.org.uk>)

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

