The *Kipling Journal* is the quarterly magazine of the Kipling Society, a charity whose object is the advancement of public education by the promotion of the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Journal is open to submissions of any length between 500 and 5000 words from students, scholars, professional academics, and Kipling enthusiasts. All articles are peer reviewed.

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FORTHCOMING MEETINGS OF THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Wednesday 11 April 2018 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room Royal Over-Seas League: Barbara Bryant, independent historian, on ‘A New Look at Alice Kipling in Lahore and Simla: Journalism, Society and the Colonial Home’.

Wednesday 2 May 2018 12.30 for 1pm, Army and Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5JN: Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society. Guest speaker: Charles Allen on ‘The Eyes of Asia’.

Wednesday 11 July 2018 4.30 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League: Kipling Society Annual General Meeting. 5.30 for 6 pm: speaker to be arranged.

Wednesday 12 September 2018 5.30 for 6 pm in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League. Speaker to be arranged.

March 2018

Alex Bubb
(Meetings Secretary)
THE KIPLING JOURNAL
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CONTENTS

THE KIPLING SOCIETY: OFFICERS, ETC.  3
FORTHCOMING MEETINGS  4
EDITORIAL  6
IS MRS BATHURST ‘BLACK’? by Mark Paffard  7
KIPLING’S UNCOLLECTED JOURNALISM (i) ‘PROCLAMATION
DAY IN LAHORE’ ed. and intro. Thomas Pinney  18
MEMBERSHIP NOTES  27
MOTORING MAGIC by Janice Lingley  28
‘AFTER CROM’ PART II: 1919–1966
by Lorraine Bowsher  39
KIPLING AND WINE PART II: FICTION
by Thomas C. Pinney  49
KIPLING AT VERNET LES BAINS
translated and introduced by Alastair Wilson  58
‘MAILBASE’ REPORT by Alastair Wilson  61
LETTER TO THE EDITOR
from Janice Lingley  62
ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY  64

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in writing from the Kipling Society, London.
EDITORIAL

Between the December 2017 biographical issue and the forthcoming Special Issue on John Lockwood Kipling in April 2018, we revert to our usual mixed contents, starting with an essay by Mark Paffard who has a highly original ‘take’ on the famously obscure story ‘Mrs Bathurst’, which he reads in the contexts of post-Boer War colonial politics and of Kipling’s early Indian stories of interracial affairs.

The *Kipling Journal* is fortunate to have a regular contributor in the eminent Kipling editor Thomas Pinney, who has two items in this number. In the first, he introduces a new series of edited reprints of Kipling’s uncollected Indian journalism (which did very much more that ‘serve its day’) for the *Kipling Journal*. These reports, never before reprinted and mostly unnoticed by bibliographers, begin with Kipling’s ‘Proclamation Day in Lahore’ in January 1885 for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. We are highly privileged to be publishing this series, which is going to be be a lengthy one, lasting several years. Professor Pinney’s essay ‘Kipling and Wine Part II: Fiction’ also appears here, following up the biographical Part I (*Kipling Journal* 370, Sept 2017), by kind permission of Gail Tunzelman the editor of the oenophile journal *Wayward Tendrils*.

Janice Lingley’s moving and suggestive essay ‘Motoring Magic’, reads Kipling’s story ‘They’ as the last of his child-centred fictions to engage with the realm of Faerie, teasing out the story’s links with folklore, traditional ballads and the poetry of R.L. Stevenson. Lorraine Bowsher’s ‘After Crom’: Part II’ follows up her account of Rudyard Kipling’s friendship with the Price family in *Kipling Journal* 371 (Dec 2017), especially after the death of her grandfather Crom Price in 1910, with the story of the relationship between her grown-up father Edward Price and Rudyard Kipling, from 1919 onwards, in a moving testimony to the affection, loyalty and mutual respect between ‘Uncle Ruddy’ and the grown-up Edward ‘Pip’ Price. Alastair Wilson has translated and introduced ‘Kipling at Aix les Bains’, which shows how Kipling, on a 1923 visit to Aix, drafted the public epitaph for British soldiers who died in France during the Great War. He also provides the summary of our ‘Mailbase’ activity. A lively ‘Letter to the Editor’ completes the issue. My warm thanks to all the contributors to this number.

Finally, two *errata* in No. 371. Crom Price died in 1910 not 1909, and my distinguished predecessor was the late George Webb, not Webber. My apologies for these errors.
IS MRS BATHURST ‘BLACK’?

By MARK PAFFARD


Most critics agree that a tragic love story lies somewhere within Rudyard Kipling’s ‘Mrs Bathurst’, although quite what happens is impossible to determine. Given the extremely puzzling (and to some, very frustrating) nature of the story it is understandable that less attention has been paid to its African setting, than to Kipling’s Indian stories and the combination of personal experience and imperialist, or more broadly ‘Orientalist’ attitudes that went into their making. Yet ‘Mrs Bathurst’ is set in a very particular place and moment: in South Africa shortly after the Second Boer War, and in the culminating phase of rivalry between European powers for the colonisation and exploitation of the continent – the so-called ‘Scramble for Africa’. The ‘latent Orientalism’ described by Edward Said – ‘the separateness of the Orient, its eccentricity, its backwardness, its feminine penetrability, its supine malleability’ – represents attitudes that apply similarly to Africa at and before this period, as can be seen in the popular novels of Rider Haggard, with their mythical African interiors of breast-shaped mountains, untold treasure, and credulous, treacherous and sometimes cannibalistic savages. More manifestly, Africa’s exploitation and colonisation at this period was driven more than anyone else by Kipling’s friend Cecil Rhodes. None of this is immediately apparent to a reader of ‘Mrs Bathurst’, but it is there in the background, particularly in the story’s concern with men who ‘lose’ themselves in Africa (unlike Haggard’s heroes, who always return to civilisation). By asking the new question ‘Is Mrs Bathurst ‘black’?’, I hope to bring out the importance of this context; even though neither my question nor any of the others that have been asked, first by the story’s narrator and then by numerous critics, can actually be answered.

In the earliest version of the story, published in *The Windsor Magazine* in September 1904, Pyecroft, remarking on how Mrs Bathurst has an unforgettable quality which can only be described as ‘just It’, adds that with most women (he and Pritchard have been intimate with ‘Undreds’), ‘you’d be put to it to certify whether they were black or white’ (my italics). The phrase was amended to ‘whether they talked in their sleep or not’ in * Traffics and Discoveries* (351–2). This at least tells us that ‘black’, for Pyecroft, may mean anyone who is
not ‘white’. Mrs Bathurst’s description rules nothing out: it comprises a widow who ‘kep’ a little hotel at Hauraki – near Auckland.’ (348), with a generous spirit and courage (‘she never scrupled to feed a lame duck or set ‘er foot on a scorpion’ [351]), a particular walk, a ‘blindish’ look, a reticule, and a hair ribbon. Above all, if a man gets ‘struck’ on a woman like her, ‘He goes crazy – or just saves himself.’ (352). It may be that the character is based on a particular memory of ‘the face and voice of a woman who sold me beer’ in a little Auckland hotel as Kipling tells us in *Something of Myself,* while New Zealand also suits the intimations of a great passion by emphasising how far Mrs Bathurst appears to have travelled – certainly to London; possibly from there to South Africa. But New Zealand is also an interesting part of the Empire to choose in terms of relations between white colonists and the indigenous population. In the first half of the nineteenth century, Maori tribes had willingly adopted white adventurers into their way of life, often offering high-status Maori women in marriage. These ‘Pakeha-Maori’ (European Maoris) were seen as a safeguard against incursions by other white men. From the 1860s onwards, white attitudes began to harden with the ‘confiscation’ of Maori land and resultant wars between the white government and Maoris who refused to take the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria. Nonetheless, ‘the New Zealand state closely monitored racial mixing and attempted to structure private lives through colonial policy, but never prohibited miscegenation, intertwining racial identities, gender roles and empire building.’ (my underlining). So Mrs Bathurst could be, like a considerable number of New Zealanders below the ruling elite, of mixed Maori and European parentage: sufficiently ‘half-caste’, in the terminology of the day, to be considered ‘black’. At the same time, it would have been possible for the sailors in the story to be aware that she was ‘black’ without it being something of which they were acutely aware and needed to mention, since mixed marriage, uniquely in the Empire, was an established part of New Zealand society. All we know for certain as the story unfolds through its multiple and probably unreliable narrators, is that Vickery becomes obsessed with Mrs Bathurst’s image in the cinematograph, gets leave to go up-country alone, that he deserts, and that someone bearing his marks is found struck by lightning. Faced with the uncertainties about what really happens to Vickery and Mrs Bathurst and why, and without any indication to the contrary, readers, now and in 1904, would assume that Mrs Bathurst is white. It might be thought that Kipling would tell us if she is ‘black’—except that this is a story where he tells us nothing. It might also be objected that Vickery’s overwhelming guilt and passion make race a secondary consideration in any case, but there is no reason why the story cannot simultaneously be about such a passion, and about
the perils of Africa. Like Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness* (published two years before ‘Mrs Bathurst’), some white men are destroyed by the moral weakness in them that Africa exposes. Like Kurtz and the eponymous ‘Love-O’-Women’, Vickery belongs to an indeterminate class of society – ‘a superior man...a genteelly speakin’, ‘alf-bred beggar on the lower deck.’ (347). Being neither secure in their identities as members of the lower class, like Kipling’s soldiers and sailors in general, nor being members of the ruling caste, such types may be particularly vulnerable.

Kipling could be hinting at a motif when he introduces various relationships between white sailors and ‘black’ women, in a story where sexual interest is a constant presence right to the end of the story (‘Pretty girl under that kapje’ [363]). We have the maid who shows her admiration for Sergeant Pritchard by throwing him a bottle of beer (342). The sexual implications are obvious. On the next page we hear that Spit-Kid Jones was the Marine ‘that married the cocoanut woman…’ (343), and finally we hear of Moon’s desertion: ‘He always showed signs of being a Mormonastic beggar’ (345), indicating that Moon took another, or more than one, wife in the South Seas. At the same time deserters, a group to which Vickery belongs, are certainly a theme in the story not only for Pyecroft, as above, but also for the railway inspector, Hooper: ‘…they don’t ask questions on the Nyasa lake flotilla up there. I’ve heard of a P. and O. quartermaster in full command of an armed launch there.’ (346)

There are complex sets of double-standards in the racial attitudes of the time, and the social class of the characters involved is also important. Thus Kipling’s own racial attitudes might well preclude a grand romantic passion on the scale of ‘Mrs Bathurst’ if she were a ‘black’ New Zealander and if Vickery were of a higher social class, even though we can imagine her as relatively light-skinned. It is important to be aware both of how racial attitudes have the kind of commonalities that Edward Said describes and of how these express themselves across a range of fictions through, to give an obvious example, the portrayal of ‘native’ women as adoring slaves (from Kipling’s ‘Mandalay’ to Haggard’s *King Solomon’s Mines*), but also to be alert to the way differences in white racial attitudes may be determined by their social and historical contexts. In his early Indian fiction, Kipling portrays tragic love-affairs between white men and native women in ‘Beyond the Pale’ and ‘Without Benefit of Clergy’. The white men, Trejago and Holden, are both respectable Anglo-Indians whose affairs are kept entirely secret from their own communities, and who return to those communities when the love affair ends. ‘Beyond the Pale’, first published in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888), begins with an
explicit warning about racial miscegenation, which uses ‘black’ in the sense of ‘non-white’: ‘Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black. Then, whatever trouble falls is…neither sudden, alien, nor unexpected.’ In the longer ‘Without Benefit of Clergy’, Holden is secretly married to Ameera, a Muslim girl whom he has bought from her mother. Trejago’s liaison with the childlike Bisesa (she is fifteen, Ameera sixteen) ends in discovery: Trejago is symbolically castrated with a light wound in the groin while Bisesa’s hands are cut off. Ameera and her child die of cholera and the secret house of love is symbolically razed to the ground. Both these women are depicted as overpoweringly attractive, though also capable of a little jealous anger: the description of Ameera through her festive dress is one of Kipling’s tours-de-force, while Bisesa is ‘fairer than bar-gold in the Mint’. At the same time they are thoroughly representative of the perils of India for the white man: Trejago’s ‘penetration’ of Amir Nath’s dark gully to find Bisesa, and the blood of sacrifice on Holden’s boots, both strongly suggest the exotic danger. Nevertheless the characters and the power of eros over them are treated sympathetically, with no attempt at the obscurely terrifying effect of ‘Mrs Bathurst’. The slightly risqué nature of these stories in fact confirms the stability of Anglo-Indian society.

In contrast with Kipling’s stories of love across races in India, the few portrayals of relationships between white men and African women in English fiction tend to reflect a perception of Africa as hostile and contested territory. In Conrad’s Heart of Darkness, Kurtz’s abandoned concubine is portrayed as ‘savage and superb’ and as an ‘image’ of the ‘immense wilderness’ that she inhabits. In Rider Haggard’s King Solomon’s Mines and She, black African women fall selflessly in love with white adventurers, who respond with compassion rather than passion. These women are then killed off with a show of pathos; but they, along with one or two males, are clearly presented as exceptions within their savage and bloodthirsty tribes. Haggard’s portrayal of African women in any sort of romantic light is possible in the late 1880s, at a time when the forcible dispossession and colonisation of African tribes was in an early phase, and indeed when the triumphalist rhetoric of British Imperialism had not reached the climax of the late 1890s. Although some caution is needed in comparing such different fictions, Conrad’s stereotyped portrayal of the ‘savage’ concubine as indicative of Kurtz’s moral decline is consonant with the less relaxed conception of ‘Africa’ in 1902. In Kipling’s own writings about Africa in the post-Boer-war period, black Africans are given short shrift. In ‘A Sahib’s War’ for example, the Sikh narrator’s violent racial prejudice against ‘Hubshis, whose touch and shadow are pollution…Kaffirs – filth unspeakable’ is used to reinforce the attitude of Rhodes and Kipling.
himself. White prejudice towards races with the darkest skins, whether South Indian or African, had always been part of the picture, but it is noticeably intensified here. In ‘Mrs Bathurst’, as Jan Montefiore points out, Africans are strangely absent from the story.16 A simple explanation is that they have been obliterated as non-human, but beyond that is a conception of ‘Africa’ itself as representative of mystery and menace, where Haggard’s amusingly gothic African interiors have given way to the sinister image of charred corpses beside a railway. It is in this context that imagining Mrs Bathurst as ‘black’ – though not, of course, African – is useful in looking at how Kipling’s amalgam of the real Africa and the fictional ‘dark continent’ works. For in constructing a contemporary white conception of ‘Africa’, Kipling’s story is indirectly about race.

‘Mrs Bathurst’ is structured around three strongly contrasting places: the South African beach at Glengarriff, the rather seedy port of Cape Town (which contains another place – the ‘Home Country’ of the cinematograph where Vickery sees ‘Mrs B’), and the remote stretch of railway between Bulawayo in Rhodesia and Wankie(s) further north. The first of these is reached by moving away to the very edge of the African continent, to ‘a bay of drifted sand…not a hundred yards from the edge of the surf.’ (339). Here the narrator is cast into ‘a magical slumber’ where ‘the hills of False Bay were just dissolving into those of fairyland.’ (340). When the sailors arrive, Pyecroft, in his scarcely realistic naval language, describes it as ‘Belmont’, the magical retreat in The Merchant of Venice (one wonders if Kipling also remembered the aside when, at Belmont, it is revealed that ‘the Moor is with child’ by Launcelot).17 To crown the sense of pleasant security, treasure arrives in the shape of a quart bottle of Bass – a valued export from the Home country. At the end of the story the picnic-party sing a cheerful ditty about ‘a maiden and the one she loves the best’ (365).

All this contrasts very significantly with the final setting between Bulawayo and Wankie, which is as far into the African interior as the railway had penetrated by late 1903. Kipling had written ‘Mrs Bathurst’ in February 1904 and the line reached the Victoria Falls in April 1904. Financed by Cecil Rhodes (although he had died in 1902), the railway was planned to take advantage of coal deposits around Wankie (and no doubt of the abundant teak forest mentioned in the story) before turning north-east to the tourist attraction of Lake Victoria and the Victoria falls – famous both for natural spectacle and their association with the legend of Dr David Livingstone, as well as earlier expeditions up the Blue Nile from Egypt to discover its source at Lake Victoria. The railway was pushed forward at considerable human cost:
Edward Rosher recalls that the heavily graded section between Dett and Wankie was some of the toughest country he had ever encountered for survey work and that it was reputed to be Livingstone’s ‘Valley of Death’. It was often a case of crawling on hands and knees along game trails to get through the bush and forest to reach a suitable spot where the bush could be cut back enough to allow surveying equipment to be set up. All this in a country rich in lion, elephant and other game, as well as the malarial mosquito and poisonous snake.\(^\text{18}\)

The straight stretch of railway (72 miles) mentioned in the story was a noted feature of this line, and derailments caused by collision between a train and an elephant were not unknown. Above all, the railway represented Rhodes’s vision of a ‘Cape to Cairo’ line which would be both a practical (in his view) and symbolic means of completing the ‘civilisation’ of Africa. ‘We’ve a long way to go’ was the banner on the celebratory first rail journey to the Falls.\(^\text{19}\) But the ‘civilising’ process was also a brutal one. Rhodesia had started to come into being as a result of deceit practised on the Matabele king, Lobengula, and had then been established by force:

Soldiers actually referred to the ‘nigger’ as ‘game’ and Robert Baden-Powell thought that pursuing those ‘laughing black fiends’ the Matabele was the finest ‘sport’ in the world... Cecil Rhodes was more ruthless. Describing how each wave of Matabele (Ndebele) warriors ‘left a thick deposit of corpses on the ground’, he remarked happily: ‘There is no waste with the Maxims’.\(^\text{20}\)

The episode involving Boy Niven, in which Pyecroft and Pritchard recall how they were duped into thinking they could ‘claim’ an uninhabited island, is a parody of the colonising process. The point of the parody is, however, not that such claims are impossible and illegal – white men were routinely regarding the lands of Native Americans, Africans, Aborigines and Maoris as ‘uninhabited’ – but the sailors’ foolishness in supposing there would be no human cost involved in the real and proper business of colonisation. Pyecroft’s self-ridiculing description of the sailors as ‘back-to-the-landers’ (344) also looks like a side-swipe at the Boers of the Transvaal, whose colonial ambitions were limited to large-scale farming as opposed to profitable mineral exploitation. The central episode in ‘Mrs Bathurst’ takes place in a far from idyllic Cape Town, to which Pritchard prefers Durban; although Pyecroft suggests this is because of the ‘Indian peeris’ (i.e. women) (354) available in Durban – another racial subtlety. The cinematograph goes by the
title ‘Home and Friends’ (353), a satire on the well-meaning attempts of
the insular British to reassure their far-flung imperial servants that all is
well, but doubly ironic since it brings Vickery the opposite of reassur-
ance. As propaganda, it seems a clumsy attempt. First, the train arrives
with undoubted phallic overtones: ‘an’ the women in the front row
jumped’ (355). Next an old man fumbles with a rug and a book. Were we
to suppose that Mrs Bathurst here is visibly ‘black’, then these images
‘from the very thing itself” (355) would certainly not have achieved
their aim. But for Vickery, the apparition of Mrs Bathurst (black or
white) is a terrible haunting as he spends five consecutive nights drawn
back to her image, each followed by a high-speed drinking spree in an
evidently hopeless attempt to numb his sensations. He is sure she is
looking for him. The suggestion that he thinks he has seen a ‘ghost’ of
some kind is unavoidable. At the end of Pyecroft’s involvement with
him, Vickery quotes Hamlet’s ‘The rest is silence’ (362). By now we
hardly need to be told that we will not be told; but earlier in the episode
there may also be an echo of *Hamlet* when Vickery uses the words ‘very
like’ (356), the two words repeated by Hamlet on hearing of his father’s
ghost. While Vickery’s passion is peculiar to himself, the sense of
boredom in Cape Town which could lead any sailor into trouble is also
strongly present. This is the unglamorous underside of Empire.

For all the speculation about the exact nature of the relationship that
‘Mrs Bathurst’ seems to invite, there are two broad alternative plots:
either it is a variant on the ‘repentant’, in which case Vickery, racked by
unending guilt, seeks either his own death or a life of isolated torment;
or else it is a variant on the ‘tragic love affair’ in which ill-fated lovers
are united in death. There can be no doubt that Kipling intended ambi-
guity. Pyecroft’s ship is the ‘*Hierophant*’, a word derived from the priest
of the Eleusinian mysteries, with the general meaning of ‘expositor,
interpreter.’ ‘*We Hierophants*’, says Pyecroft, to underscore the joke
(354). ‘You see,’ is Hooper’s catch-phrase, but of course we do not see.

Both broad readings are possible, and both are given weight by the
darkness and strangeness of Africa, where such an event as the turning
to charcoal of two bodies is possible. There seems to be a paradox
whereby the everyday events depicted in the cinematograph become
‘ghostly’, whereas the improbable ‘fact’ of two bodies completely
charred by lightning yet still remaining upright, which surely has a
mythical feel, is given credence by everyone in the story – but this is
the Africa of the colonial imagination. This immolation, to which the
whole story leads up, gives us, as Jan Montefiore says, ‘a sense of the
mysteriously devastating power of *eros*,’ but it also reflects the menace
of ‘Africa’ itself (and implicitly, of Africans). Can the progress symbol-
ised by the railway ever overcome the mysteries of the dark continent?
Pressing the story’s details to favour one of these plots is likely to involve the assumption that Pyecroft and Hooper are truthful, yet both of them certainly conceal some information. As David Lodge remarks, one of the key questions, ‘What does Hooper have in his pocket?’ becomes a symbol of doubt and uncertainty, since the presumed false teeth are never revealed. To give one more example of how speculation can afflict us: if Hooper had met Mrs Bathurst ‘up-country’ last December, even while Vickery was seeing her image in Cape Town (for Hooper suddenly ‘swallow(s) his spittle and lean(s) forward intently’ when Mrs B’s appearance in the cinematograph with her ‘reticule’ is described on page 356), it might be Mrs Bathurst’s gold watch in his pocket. Why else is it so prominent in the story?

Although it is hard to explain how Mrs Bathurst could be in Africa, and furthermore why Vickery reacts to her as a ghost, and says he will see her ‘yet once again’ (meaning not her, but her image in the cinematograph) at Worcester on his way up-country (361), the image of the two corpses does have an immense symbolic power that makes it emotionally hard to resist the idea that the other corpse is Mrs Bathurst. If Mrs Bathurst is ‘black’ – that is, recognisably non-white because part Maori as discussed earlier (like the light-skinned ‘natives’ of Kipling’s early stories) – this would explain why the second corpse was ‘squattin’ down and watchin’ him’ (364). In the colonial imagination, ‘black’ women just do worship their white men, and the tragic outcome would fit into the pattern of colonial fiction. We can still, however, imagine Mrs Bathurst, a mature and capable woman, as less of a passive victim than Bisesa or Ameera. If Mrs Bathurst is ‘black’ in this sense, we could imagine that Vickery, possibly as casual in his affairs as the other sailors, and blinded by his own sense of racial superiority, does not understand her unconscious power of attraction until it is too late. If Mrs Bathurst is non-white and alone in Southern Africa, she is without the protection automatically given by white men to white women, which might add to Vickery’s guilt.

Because of the stereotypes colonial fiction applies to all ‘black’ or ‘native’ women, the idea of a ‘black’ Mrs Bathurst helps us link her allure, vulnerability and unexplained menace (‘He goes crazy – or just saves himself’) with an untamed setting that, in spite of Hooper’s mundane description – ‘solid teak forest – a sort o’ mahogany really’ (363) is a dangerous but also alluring place: the threshold of ‘Africa’ itself. Beyond Kipling’s clearly intentional ambiguity, one may wonder whether there is also an unconscious reason for the riddles of ‘Mrs Bathurst’. In the earlier ‘Beyond the Pale’ and ‘Without Benefit of Clergy’, the narrator’s racial attitude is one of tolerant superiority, and the attractions as well the dangers of ‘India’ are in plain view. In the
later ‘Mrs Bathurst’, when Kipling adopts the harsh ideological racism of Rhodes, and creates a particular conception of ‘Africa’, the simple link between the exotic and the erotic of the earlier stories disappears. Instead, he makes the reader experience an uncertainty about romantic possibilities that reflects his own, by making of Mrs Bathurst a shadowy but compelling presence, an ‘innocent femme fatale’ as shrouded in mystery as the ‘dark continent’ itself.

Kipling’s post-Boer War poetry collection *The Five Nations* (1903), published shortly before he wrote ‘Mrs Bathurst’, includes a curious poem entitled ‘Wilful-Missing’, subtitled ‘Deserters of the Boer War’, ‘spoken’ by soldiers who have chosen to disappear, presumed dead. These men describe the limbo or ‘side-world’ into which they have vanished, never to return to wives who must wait ‘all your life below/ Before you’ll ever ’ear us on the stair.’ Their promise is never to return from this ‘side-world’, ‘To which for curiousness ’Ell can’t compare.’ Developing techniques first used in his soldier stories, then adding ambiguity and an extreme but not wholly uncharacteristic use of ellipsis and understatement, Kipling leaves his reader doubtful and disoriented by ‘Mrs Bathurst’ which, like the poem, contains both a personal and an African ‘hell’.

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1 Chapter 26 of James Morris’s *Heaven’s Command* (Penguin, 1979) gives some useful examples and background.


3 Page numbers refer to Rudyard Kipling, * Traffics and Discoveries*, (London: Macmillan, 1904). I am indebted to the Kipling Society’s online *New Reader’s Guide* to the stories for information on the *Windsor Magazine* version: http://www.kipling.co.uk/bookmark_fra.htm. See ‘textual differences’ as a subheading on the ‘Mrs Bathurst’ pages. These pages also contain a useful summary of much of the critical commentary on ‘Mrs Bathurst’.


5 The official website: https://nzhistory.govt.nz is a useful source of information.


10 Kipling ‘Beyond the Pale’ in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888, Thacker and Spink, Calcutta); (Macmillan, London, 1891); Macmillan Pocket Edition, 1907, p171, and ‘Without Benefit of Clergy’ in *Life’s Handicap* (1891). There are other stories that deal with affairs between white men and native women: ‘Lispeth’ and ‘Yoked with an Unbeliever’ in *Plain Tales* and ‘Georgie Porgie’ in *Life’s Handicap*. Although these stories also portray the devotion of native women, there is no eroticism: all three aim chiefly to satirise the selfishness of their white protagonists.

11 Kipling, *op. cit*, p 177.

12 Although the former lady turned prostitute nicknamed ‘Di’monds-an’-Pearls’ in ‘Love-O’-Women’ is not ‘black’ (despite wearing the ‘red spot’ of Hindu women on her forehead), this story has a relation to ‘Mrs Bathurst’, as Kipling’s earlier depiction of a grand romantic passion. It displays a curious ‘doublethink’ on race – Kipling invents a white prostitute, although white soldiers regularly went to ‘native’ brothels. Although the deliberately heightened, melodramatic prose of ‘Love O’ Women’ is very different from the cryptic utterances of ‘Mrs Bathurst’, it foreshadows ‘Mrs Bathurst’ both in the ambiguous class status of the Don Juan ‘Larry Tighe’, nicknamed ‘Love o’ Women’ for his many seductions, a *declassé* ‘gentleman ranker’ whose last words are from Shakespearean tragedy (‘ ‘I’m dyin’,
Aigypt – dyin’,” he sez. Ay, those were his words, for I remember the name he called her’) and in its narrator Mulvaney who, oblivious to the quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra*, knows only a little of the entire story and tells it ‘as I came across it – here an’ there in little pieces’. *Many Inventions* (London, Macmillan, 1893), pp. 275, 277.

13 Quoted from Conrad’s long *tour-de-force* description of this African ‘fury’: *op cit*, pp 87–8.

14 Henry Rider Haggard’s *King Solomon’s Mines* had been published in 1885 and *She: A History of Adventure* in 1887. In Chapter XX of the latter, the Amahaggar woman Ustane is struck down by the jealous ‘She’. In Chapter XVII of *King Solomon’s Mines* the faithful Foulata says: ‘I am glad to die because I know that he cannot cumber his life with such as I am, for the sun may not mate with the darkness, nor the white with the black.’ Kipling’s ‘The Man Who Would Be King’ (1891) with its mythical ‘Kafiristan’ and the adventurer Dravot’s fatal choice of a black bride surely owes something to Haggard’s brand of adventure story.


17 Shakespeare *Othello* Act III, scene V, lines 35–6.

18 From: http://www.tothevictoriafalls.com/vfpages/devel/tothefalls.html (Sub-heading: ‘To The Victoria Falls – development of the railway’).

19 Ibid: (Sub-heading: To the Victoria Falls).

20 Ibid: (Sub-heading: ‘The Development of Rhodesia’). Kipling’s own choice of anecdote in *Something of Myself* confirms his own attitude to ‘Kaffirs’: ‘The children’s chaperon on their walks was a bulldog – Jumbo – of terrific aspect, to whom all Kaffirs gave way. There was a legend that he had once taken hold of a native and…came away with his mouth full of native.’ (p. 170).

21 Shakespeare *Hamlet* Act 1, scene 2, line 236.

22 Montefiore, *op. cit.*, p137.


24 Like Foulata in *King Solomon’s Mines* (see note xii), or the dying Ameera in ‘Without Benefit of Clergy’, who finds in Holden ‘no God but – thee’ (*Life’s Handicap*, p178).


INTRODUCTORY NOTE
Thinking that it would be a good thing if the Kipling Journal regularly contained something by Kipling as well as contributions from his readers, the Journal has come up with a plan. Beginning with this number, the editor intends to reprint, almost always for the first time, items from the very large and partly unexplored stock of Kipling’s Indian journalism. Much that Kipling wrote for the Indian newspapers was collected by Kipling himself: the poems in Departmental Ditties, the stories in Plain Tales from the Hills, and the various series collected in From Sea to Sea. These, however, provide very little idea of his daily journalism. This selection aims to do that.

To begin with, the selections will all come from the Civil and Military Gazette, the Lahore daily that Kipling first worked for (1882–1887) and thus the paper on which he developed as a writer. To show that development the selections will appear in chronological order. They will also illustrate the remarkable variety of Kipling’s journalistic work: straightforward reporting of a great variety of subjects, almost always with a distinctive touch, book reviews, opinion pieces, comic inventions, parodies, and much more. All but a few of the chosen items do not yet appear in any bibliography.

Nearly all of the items to be reprinted come from the scrapbooks filled with cuttings from his newspaper contributions that Kipling kept as a record of work in his Indian years and after. These scrapbooks are among the Kipling Papers now housed in the Department of Special Collections of the University of Sussex Library, the gift of Kipling’s daughter Elsie, Mrs. George Bambridge, to the National Trust. The presence of an item in one of the four scrapbooks covering Kipling’s Indian career is sufficient evidence of Kipling’s authorship, though virtually all of them are either anonymous or pseudonymous.

Kipling’s journalistic production in India has long provoked curiosity and inquiry, but until quite recently there was no reliable guide to its identification. We now have several such guides, the most important of which are the scrapbooks of cuttings at Sussex. These, according to my count, contain over 800 unreprinted items, most of them otherwise unknown. Kipling’s diary for 1885, now at Harvard, records another
65 previously-unidentified items. An uncounted number has also been identified by Kipling’s letters, a selection from which was published as *Kipling’s Letters*, 6 vols., 1990–2004. Anyone curious about Kipling’s newspaper articles and notes now has reliable guides to that work, though most of it can be seen only at the Asian and African Room of the British Library, where files of the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* are available on microfilm. Better still, one may consult the scrapbooks of cuttings at Sussex.

Many items from the Indian papers have been mistakenly attributed to Kipling (I have a list of around 300 such attributions; no doubt the list is incomplete). We no longer need to accept such guesses. The problem of accessibility remains. By reprinting a series of varied items from Kipling’s Indian journalism the *Kipling Journal* hopes to provide an instructed idea of the character of that work.

The event celebrated in the report below is the proclamation of Victoria as Empress of India in 1877, but whatever political meaning that may once have had appears to have been wholly submerged in entertainment. RK shows his eye for the expressive detail – the near-naked child, proudly riding on a “pea-green thing with two legs and no head,” or the crowd that “cheerfully accepted” the addition of Queen Victoria to the Hindu Pantheon. I do not think it fanciful to detect an underlying insecurity in RK’s description: the crowd is more powerful than any policeman; the formal proceedings are invisible and unintelligible; and the sheer multitude of the natives will make them, sooner or later, irresistible. So, even after the affair is over, “the deep hum of the multitude was still audible from the walls of Fort Lahore.” The celebration of imperial power is mixed with intimations of isolation and weakness.

RK recorded his work on this article in his diary thus:

*Thursday, 1 January: Left office 2. to attend Aitchisons’ big Durbar on Maidan opposite fort. Went on business and stayed till 6. or thereabouts. With Pater’s help managed to spin out a watery sort of special to close upon three columns. Kept me up till 1. of the night.*

*Friday 2. January: Retouched added to and corrected proofs of special – good three cols. [T.P.]*

* * *
A great deal has been done to strengthen and improve British rule in India, something occasionally to make it ridiculous and now and then a little to make it popular. To this last category belongs the highly successful People’s Fête and Durbar held at the Badami Bagh on Thursday last.

In the year of grace 1860 – when the Punjab was young, Lord Canning, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, held a Durbar on the same spot. This was no inconsiderable incident in his progress, and is still remembered by the native community for the guarantee of the right to adoption then granted to the Princes of India. For almost exactly a quarter of a century the Badami Bagh has been mainly devoted to the dhobie and the wandering buffalo, though, as a matter of fact, this vast expanse in the northern aspect of the good city of Lahore is pre-eminently adapted for all sorts of tamashes. The desolate plain near Delhi, on which Lord Lytton, with the help of Major Barnes, proclaimed the assumption by Her Majesty, of the style and title of the Empress of India is not to be compared to it for beauty. This may seem a somewhat bold assertion to residents in Lahore, who are accustomed to speak modestly of the merits of the land they live in; but it is the case nevertheless.

The idea of allowing the Public at large to share in a celebration usually confined to Raises, Durbaris and the officials of Lahore was due to His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor. The gratification afforded to the immense crowds that flocked out of the City, justified what some might consider an innovation, and testified to the excellence of the arrangements made by Mr. E.W. Parker, to whom the general direction of the day’s festivities was confided, and by the staff of the Municipal Committee. If, in the course of a hasty sketch of the humours of the fair, no mention is made of all the hundred and one carefully thought-out details which go to make up the success of a day’s outing, it must not be supposed that roads were dusty, decorations indifferent, refreshments wanting, or carriage arrangements defective. Each one of these most important particulars was all that could be desired; and all so quietly attended to, that they seemed matters of every day usage that had been in existence for years. And yet, three days ago, the great maidan was as bare as the palm of a hand. – a striking contrast to Thursday’s busy scene.

By two o’clock, the grounds were already well occupied with sight-seers; and the throng – up to this point a purely native one – thickened every minute. The Punjabi, it is true, does not hold the Sabbath as a day of rest; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that he has not the
faintest idea of the sanctity of labour, never works more than half time or quarter pressure if he can possibly avoid it, and-seizes any excuse for a holiday with unblushing effrontery. It was enough for him that there was to be a *jhelsa* to commemorate something or other; and the busy streets of Lahore were forthwith emptied of their occupants. *Hulwais,* orange-vendors, cheap-jacks, proprietors of merry-go-rounds, seedy-looking roulette tables and the like, were encamped on the ground well in advance; and if mounds of cowries be any criterion of substantial wealth, must have driven a roaring trade. By three o’clock, between fifty and sixty thousand people were assembled, and the sports began. A half mile course, level as a billiard table and watered by scores of *bhistis,* had been roped out on the *maidan;* but the frail cords, and the three foot posts, were utterly inadequate to restrain the swaying masses gathered behind them, and as the day drew on, the course narrowed, inch by inch, and foot by foot, in spite of the strenuous exertions of the Police.

From the security of a boarded platform, and the enclosure reserved for Europeans and Durbaris, the writer of this was enabled to criticize all Police arrangements with infinite scorn. What more easy, it seemed, than to marshal the obedient Punjabi into lines, at a wave from a double-thonged truncheon. A descent into the maelstrom of humanity below showed that few things were in reality harder. A rapid movement of the crowd had left the writer on the crest of an encroaching wave of humanity. So Nubbee Buksh on horseback and on foot, strove, with exceeding fervour and much blasphemy, to drive it back. To his credit be it reported, that he did not smite a defenceless, pinioned and perspiring *sahib* over the head – an action which one would have been perfectly powerless to resent – but coerced the neighbours instead; and Nubbee Buksh might, with equal success, have battered a wall. The *vis a tergo* drove the front ranks forward like so many sheep to the slaughter and movement of any kind was absolutely impossible. The packed masses advanced slowly but steadily – after the manner of glaciers – perfectly aware of the justice of such execration, but entirely unable to stir hand or foot. As a successful, albeit most involuntary law-breaker – inasmuch as I “knowingly obstructed a public officer in the discharge of his duty,” I desire to place on record, that the police did their best, and when they failed, it was from circumstances over which they had not the slightest control. But to return to our muttons, or, in this case, camels. The race for these interesting beasts was one mile – twice round the course – and eight were entered. The collective camel in the very far distance, with the towering pyramid in the back-ground, is a picturesque creature; but a lot of him a few yards away smells hideously and grumbles a good deal. After some preliminary skirmishes, all were
despatched to a very level start, and the largest and least amiable of them ran through his horses at the quarter mile, was never headed, and won, nose up, in a compromise between a trot and a canter. No time was taken. Both mount and jockey appeared considerably exhausted; as the pace was good throughout, and a cantering “ship of the desert,” one of the most uneasy going craft in existence. Next followed an ekka\textsuperscript{12} race – run in two heats of four ekkas. No sporting phraseology can adequately describe the “clamjamfry”\textsuperscript{13} of jingling bells, rattling wheels, and screaming drivers when the flag fell. Who won only the Clerk of the Course can tell, as the entries were free and the owners’ names hard to catch. The tussle showed conclusively what a game little fellow, in spite of spiked curb, fettered head and indifferent food, is the Punjabi pony. The other races presented no special interest to European eyes; though they were wildly applauded by the native spectators. In the bullock and donkey race, many were unseated, for these two beasts, on whose backs the Punjab may be said to rest, are hard to ride – more especially if your saddle be a couple of folds of sacking, and your reins indifferent good cord. No one was hurt however.

For those of a more sober turn of mind Mr. Bull, the Assistant Secretary to the Lahore Municipality, had provided a small theatre, wherein were represented figures of the leading members of the Hindu Pantheon. No portion of the ground was more densely crowded than the neighbourhood of this \textit{pootli nautch}.\textsuperscript{14} When the theatre was closed for an hour or so, visitors gathered five deep to gaze on the wonders of the drop-scene; and when the performance was in progress they came in hundreds and stayed long. Lakshmi, Doorga, Vishnu, Krishna were unfailing attractions, and a portrait of Her Majesty and the Royal Family by magnesium light was cheerfully accepted as a valuable addition to the other Deities. Sir Charles Aitchison\textsuperscript{15} in the course of his wanderings about the Fair visited this entertainment, and, I believe, expressed his satisfaction at what he saw. Mr. Bull is well known as a conjuror, and an entertainer of the first class in Lahore; but he has never had a larger or more enthusiastic audience than on Thursday.

In a more retired portion of the ground – if any portion could be said to be retired where men lay thick packed and nearly as odoriferous as herrings – the merry-go-rounds were in full swing. Here all \textit{gamins}\textsuperscript{16} of the city were gathered together – willing and ready to turn the cumbersome machines on the off-chance of securing a \textit{gratis}\textsuperscript{17} ride for themselves. The Indian merry-go-round is widely different from the gilt and painted arrangements of an English fair. Decorations, paint or gilding there are none; and only the eye of youth, to whom a walking stick is a prancing charger, can detect in its misshapen blocks of wood, the faintest resemblance to a horse. Yet this dizzying form of amusement
was well patronized. One small child – naked almost as at the day of his birth – must have been the happiest of all there that day. He begged or borrowed no less than three several rides on a pea-green thing with two legs and no head. Yet he sat for all that, as though mounted on a fiery and untameable steed, with the jauntiest air in life. The world at large came up and applauded, while friends of his own age in the trees hard by, scoffed at the sorry appearance of his mount. He placed one hand on his hip, spurred vigorously, and with self-restraint rare in a native child, answered not a word. At five in the evening, the little atom of humanity was still squatting close to his pea-green monster; but the merry-go-round had stopped work, and his baby strength could not move its cumbrous mechanism.

At 4.15 or thereabouts, the Lieutenant-Governor, Lady Aitchison, and party arrived on the ground, and the Durbar began. There is some warrant for the belief that ceremonies of State are more effectively portrayed on the stage than in real life. Elliston’s coronation at Drury Lane was a much more effective business, than the cumbrous tamasha at Westminster Hall; and the pomps of the modern realistic stage frequently outshine the best arrangements of Chamberlains, Equerries, Gold-sticks in Waiting, and the like. In India, it is generally supposed that we are more advanced in these matters than at home; and indeed, so far as colour, light and picturesque figures are concerned, we possess undeniable advantages. But the large tents in which so many of these ceremonials take place, though convenient enough as to space, are fatal to all artistic effect. The light is dim and dull, excepting at each end, where the blinding glare baffles and fatigues the eye. Moreover, the first essential in any arrangement of this sort – a change of level, raising some of the groups a little higher than the rest, so that a seated person can see more than the back of his neighbour, never seems to have occurred to our Secretariat M.C.s.

When His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, arrives with guns banging and band playing, and is received with all proper formalities by the assembled officers and Durbaris, a good point is made: but when His Honour takes his seat on a chair which is not raised from the ground, the stage-direction might just as well be “Exit the Lieutenant-Governor.” The public sees nothing whatever, and hears a good deal less.

So it happened that the presentation to Nawab Nawazish Ali Khan of the Order of the Indian Empire passed unnoticed except by the immediate bystanders. A foot or eighteen inches of elevation would have prevented all this, and given point and value to the presentations that ensued. No stage manager could have desired a more effective group of “supers” than the members of the Lahore Municipality, headed by
Nawab Nawazish Ali Khan; but they were all huddled together, and invisible to the greater part of the audience. It is doubtful whether Her Majesty’s Indian Government will sanction the deputation to England, on special duty, of some Assistant Secretary, to study the management of crowds and ceremonies, under the tuition of a division of Police and the Stage Manager of the Lyceum. It is certain that this business, which anybody is supposed to understand, and which is usually left to settle itself, deserves more care and thought than is usually expended on it. The proceedings in the Durbar tent included presentations of *Khillats*, watches, telescopes, and other choice articles – to the native gentlemen whose names are given below: –

Nawab* Nawazish Ali Khan, for his services in connection with the Municipal Committee, of which Institution he is President, received a *khillat* of Rs. 100. Raja Hurbana Singh, who has presented an ornamental fountain to Lahore city, and Rai Kanhya Lal, whose services in superintending the Tanks for the Lahore Water-works, have been of so great value, others of equal value [thus in original]. Bhai Mian Singh, Bhai Rutton Singh, Jallal-ud-din, a Zalldar of Bagwanpura and much interested in the breeding of horses, Balaka Singh, Dharain Singh and Nur Bahan, Lambardar of Enijeh, were also presented with *khillats* – the first two of Rs. 40 each, and the remainder of Rs. 30.

Each *khillat* was deftly handed up on a covered tray, presented, and passed on somewhere out of sight with admirable expedition. There was but little room in the Durbar tent itself for European ladies and gentlemen. On the left of the Lieutenant-Governor sat General Murray, commanding the Lahore Division, Colonel W.G. Davies C.S.I., Financial Commissioner, Colonel Macmahon, Commissioner of Lahore, the Bishop of Lahore and Bishop Tosi. But the greater part of the Officers, Civil and Military, who had assembled for the occasion, waited outside among the tent-ropes, or on an *estrade* which commanded a view of the race-courses, to which reference has already been made.

The Municipality, represented by Nawab Nawazish Ali Khan, offered their congratulations to the Lieutenant-Governor in a vernacular Address. Both Municipality and Lieutenant-Governor were invisible and inaudible. All the sports, with the exception of the tent-pegging, lime-cutting, and a few miscellaneous entertainments were over by this time, as the day was growing late, and the crowd were pressing forward on the course. Some Sowars of the 14th Bengal Lancers, acquitted themselves very creditably in the first mentioned contest. Not so an amateur competitor – a wretched Cabulee. At his first attempt, the lance caught and jerked him clear out of the saddle to the ground. Luckily he landed on his head, and sustained no injuries beyond a severe shock to his self-esteem. *Apropos* to accidents, what might have been a very serious one occurred
about four o’clock. The few rotten ferash\textsuperscript{24} trees on the maidan\textsuperscript{25} had been crowded with scores of native boys and men, and one tree came down bodily under its freight. How any one escaped being threshed to death under the heavy branches, was a mystery; but the damage, as officially reported by a perspiring chowkidar\textsuperscript{26} was one gray blanket torn to little bits, and a wholesale smash of two hulwais\textsuperscript{27} stock in trade.

The crowds all that afternoon, with steady, slow pressure, had been encroaching on the lines of baton-waving policemen, had, by the time it was dark enough to light up the fireworks, covered the race course with their thick masses; and, forgetful of the fact that distance is necessary to lend enchantment to rockets, catherine-wheels, and fire-balloons, pressed closely on the space where the atishbazees\textsuperscript{28} and their attendant Imps were in readiness to apply the match to the skeleton frames. Native fireworks have been quoted as a luminous refutation of the French proverb “Il n’y a pas de fumée sans feu,”\textsuperscript{29} for they generally display an intolerable quantity of smoke to but little fire. Smoke is undoubtedly an effective element in a nocturnal display, when the soaring columns are illuminated by Bengal lights or electric lamps. But, when it merely acts as a thick curtain, obscuring the set pieces behind, the spectator cannot help wishing that the technical schools, which are to commemorate Lord Ripon’s memory, had improved the firework maker’s trade (Nota bene,\textsuperscript{30} – This must not be held to imply the slightest connection between the work of our excellent ex-Viceroy\textsuperscript{31} and the atishbaze). A Punjabi crowd, however, is not particular, and has not learned to ape the nil admirari\textsuperscript{32} mood of mind. Hearty applause greeted the appearance of the words “Long live the Empress,” in spangles of coloured light; and as flights of fiery serpents whizzed through the evening air, a sort of satisfied roar went through the vast concourse like the sound of the sea. Meanwhile, long lines of coloured paper lanterns, and ornamental lattice-work of tiny chirags,\textsuperscript{33} had been lighted along the roads which the carriages were to traverse; and, shortly after the Lieutenant-Governor had taken his departure, the rest of the company followed suit. When the native crowd left the ground, it would be hard to say; for some time after the last carriage had driven off, and the chirags were dying out one by one, the deep hum of the multitude was still audible from the walls of Fort Lahore.

E.M.\textsuperscript{34}

NOTES

Badami Bagh: in Kipling’s day a great garden, formerly an orchard, near Lahore. It became the site of Lahore’s Railway Station and is now an industrial slum. (Information from Facebook Home Page of Badami Bagh Lahore).

dhobie: laundryman (Hindi)
tamasha: grand performance or celebration (Urdu)

Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India on 1 January 1877.

 Raises and Durbaris: Rais: in British India, Muslim landed gentry (Arabic). Durbar was a title of honour in princely India (Urdu). In this context: native lords and gentlemen.

maidan: open area of space near a town (Hindi, Urdu)
Hulwais: a caste of confectioners (Hindi)
bhisti: water-carrier (Hindi)
Nubbee Buksh: Punjabi name. In this context, any native policeman (c.f. ‘Tommy Atkins’ for ‘British soldier’).

vis a tergo: force from behind (Latin)
ekka: light two-wheeled cart (Hindi)
clamjamfry: row, commotion (Scottish dialect)
pootli nautch: puppet-show (Hindi)
gratis: free of charge (Latin)

Robert Elliston (1774–1831), actor and manager of the Drury Lane theatre, where he staged “a magnificent coronation spectacle” in which he played the king, in 1821 (ODNB)
tamasha: see note 4

khillat: in 19th century India, a gift of money awarded by the government (Urdu)
Nawab: Moghul title, equivalent to ‘Prince’ (Urdu)
sowars: cavalry soldiers (Urdu)
Cabulee: a man from Kabul.
ferash trees: tamarisks. From ferash: servant or menial (Urdu)
maidan: see note 7
chowkidar: watchman (Urdu)
Hulwais: see note 9
atishbazees: firework makers (Urdu).

“Il n’y a pas de fumée sans feu”: No smoke without fire (French)
Nota bene: note well (Latin)

The remark is sarcastic. Lord Ripon, Governor-General of India, 1880–84, was widely disliked by the English community in India for his efforts to give more power to the native population. All of RK’s references to Ripon are hostile.

nil admirari: to be surprised by nothing (Latin)
chirag lamp (Hindi)

The initials stand for “Esau Mull,” a pseudonym that RK had used from May, 1884. It is the most frequently-used of his many pseudonyms, for he typically used it to sign his many “Week in Lahore” columns. A “Mull,” short for “mulligatawny,” is a slang term for a Madras civil servant. “Esau” presumably stands for “exile.”
MEMBERSHIP NOTES
March 2018

NEW MEMBERS
I am very pleased to welcome the below new members to the Kipling Society:
Dr Dee Canale (Memphis)    John Wright (Belper)
Paul Dover (Nottingham)    Kipling Pedersen (Potters Bar)
Stephen Hannigan (Basingstoke) Clare Shepherd (Torquay)
Athar Murtuza (Monroe Township)

NEW MEMBERSHIP FEES FROM 1ST JANUARY 2016
Membership fees were increased on 1st January 2016 by the Council of the Society: details below. Please check that your fees are updated.

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Please ensure Kipling Society emails do not go to your SPAM box. Please do advise me if you wish to cancel your membership. It will save me a lot of time chasing up non payment of fees.

John Lambert
Hon. Secretary
Rudyard Kipling began writing the short story ‘They’ in the February of 1904, in Cape Town, a year or so after moving to Bateman’s in East Sussex. It was published in *Scribner’s Magazine* in August of that year, and collected in *Traffic and Discoveries* (1904), prefaced by the poem, ‘The Return of the Children’. In the months following, Kipling began writing the magical stories comprising *Puck of Pook’s Hill* (1906). Its sequel, *Rewards and Fairies* (1910), was the last of Kipling’s Faery enterprises, ending the brilliantly innovative child-centred phase which began in Vermont in 1893 with the writing of the *Jungle Books*.

In the introduction to his edition of Kipling’s posthumously published autobiography *Something of Myself* (1937), Thomas Pinney emphasises how Kipling limits, shapes and re-invents the substance of his professional life into an art-form. He notes that Carrie Kipling recorded that her husband’s self-portrait was intended to focus on ‘his life from the point of view of his work’ (p. xviii), and he observes of the children’s stories written in East Sussex, that Kipling ‘devotes by far the most extended discussion of his literary work in *Something of Myself* to the two collections of stories about the English past, *Puck of Pook’s Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. In these, despite the fact that they are historical fictions, his most personal experience is to be found’ (p. xxix). Kipling’s memoir does not mention the child-centred short-story ‘They’, nor the loss of the ‘Best Beloved’ child, his daughter Josephine, who evidently inspired it, though his brief account of her birth in Vermont in 1892 conveys the happiness of that time (p. 68).

In the *Rewards and Fairies* story, ‘The Wrong Thing’, the Renaissance artist and craftsman Harry Dawes, visiting the ‘long loft’ where Dan is busy shaping a model schooner, declares ‘All art’s one art’ (p. 233). In the final chapter of his autobiography, ‘Working Tools’, Kipling rhetorically poses the question: ‘And with what tools did I work in my own mould-loft?’ (p. 133, italics mine). The compound ‘mould-loft’, a shipbuilding term denoting a room on whose floor the lines of a ship were drawn in design, is of course used metaphorically;
the ‘tools’ Kipling describes in some detail are the paper he used, his pens and ink, and the various articles that formed the accessories of his desk, now displayed for the visitor to Kipling’s study at Bateman’s as if the author had only just vacated the room. The past tense of ‘did I work’ implies the perspective overtly stated in the final sentence about his writing desk: ‘Left and right of the table were two big globes, on one of which a great airman had once outlined in white paint those air-routes to the East and Australia which were well in use before my death.’ (p. 134, italics mine). In this, the very last of Kipling’s writings, the author appears to have taken on the role of a revenant, autobiographical story-teller. Something of Myself thus testifies to an identification with the notion of the story-teller as a consummate master craftsman.

‘They’ was written for an adult readership and the Puck stories ostensibly for children, yet the story and the series have a certain affinity. Located in Sussex and featuring the author’s beautiful rural home, these works are child-centred and autobiographically based. They are given ‘contemporary’ settings, assume the post-Reformation era as a definitive point of reference, and feature revenants. Puck of Pook’s Hill opens with Dan and Una enacting their father’s adaptation of a Faery episode from Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream. There are several references to dreaming in the narrative of ‘They’, while ‘the House Beautiful’ is said to be in a state of dream (p. 307). Though the Faery conventions observed in ‘They’ are allusive rather than overt, they are pervasive. A journey to the realm of Faery is typically taken via a tunnel into a hillside, and the enchanted locality is characterised by a symbolic number (in ‘They’, three), arbitrary prohibitions, formulaic speech and appearances which deceive. The visitor may expect to meet a lady perilously fair; giants and warlocks are not unusual. Faery, predominantly identified in folklore with rural localities, may also evoke a country of the dead. When negotiating the human world, fairy folk fear, and avoid contact with, Cold Iron. All these notions appear in Kipling’s story.

The father in Puck of Pook’s Hill, whose adaptation of Shakespeare’s Dream enables his children to enter the ‘Isle of Gramarye’, welcomes them home at the end of the first tale, quoting James Hogg’s poem ‘Kilmeny’ (Puck, p. 21). Dan and Una are of course based on Kipling’s own two children Elsie and John (Something of Myself p. 109), and the reader senses that behind the mask of the fictional father is Kipling himself, declaring his own involvement with the ‘land of thought’, as Faery is called in Hogg’s poem. Having visited the Faery kingdom, Hogg’s heroine Kilmeny determines, after a brief resort to the human world ‘of sorrow and pain’, to return permanently. ‘They’ provides a variation on the Faery truth that for the individual who visits Faery (here, Kipling’s motorist narrator), the loss of its alterity and beauty
inevitably makes their way back one of bereavement. Moreover, the narrative observes the Faery conventions of good and evil, and is aware (albeit by default) that the union of male and female protagonists typically provides foreclosure.

In his essay ‘On Fairy Stories’, published in 1964, J. R. R. Tolkien expresses the predicament of the creative writer for whom Faery is a vital resource, in conflict with the ‘reality’ of the modern world: ‘Not long ago – incredible though it may seem – I heard a clerk of Oxenford declare that he “welcomed” the proximity of mass-production robot factories, and the roar of self-destructive mechanical traffic, because it brought his university into “contact with real life” … The notion that motor-cars are more “alive” than, say centaurs or dragons is curious; that they are more “real” than, say, horses is pathetically absurd. How real, how startlingly alive is a factory chimney compared with an elm tree: poor obsolete thing, insubstantial dream of an escapist!’ Tolkien’s response in the *The Lord of the Rings* (1954–5) was reactionary: he takes the reader into the enchanted, quasi-medieval secondary world of Middle-Earth. In contrast, Kipling often addressed his own contemporary world of rapid industrial, scientific and technological change with informed enthusiasm. In the short stories ‘The Ship That Found Herself’ (1895) and ‘.007’ (1897), he employs fantasy to explore ship design and steam trains; ‘Wireless’ (1902) links the phenomenon of radio with allusions to the Faery world of Keats’ poetry. In an innovative development of magical child-centred story, ‘They’ combines traditional Faery motifs with the theme of Man and Machine.

In ‘Hal o’ the Draft’, the artist Harry Dawe describes one of the newly industrialised landscapes of Tudor England, reminding us that Bateman’s is situated in a river valley once ‘as full o’ forges and fineries as a May shaw o’ cuckoos’, forging iron cannon for naval warfare (*Puck*, pp. 134–5). Of this period, the historian Olive Cook observes: ‘The change from a religious to a secular attitude, the movement of men’s minds away from the absolute and eternal towards the particular and the ephemeral, the Baconian philosophy which encouraged a mechanical explanation of the universe, all urged the development of science, industry and materialism …’ Yet these tendencies were countered by other developments equally extraordinary, in poetry, drama, music and portraiture: ‘Wherever we look we come across a remarkable synthesis. The reasoned practical endeavours of the first scientists and overseas adventurers were offset by unrivalled works of imagination … The memorable fact about Elizabethan and Jacobean England in the eyes of the world is that it produced the plays of Shakespeare … Logic was confronted by magic and mystery: the world of natural causes may at any moment be invaded by King Oberon and his invisible army of
fairies.’ This paradox persisted, for Kipling, into Edwardian England. ‘They’ and ‘Steam Tactics’, both set in Kipling’s home county, are the first of the stories he wrote which feature motoring. ‘Steam Tactics’, set in a comedic ‘real’ world, gives a detailed account of the design and mechanics of the narrator’s vehicle. The motor in ‘They’, of which the reader learns very little, is more of a symbolic presence.

The story begins with a motoring tour, described in images and phrases which, as Michael Smith observes in Kipling’s Sussex, recall a letter Kipling wrote as a pioneer motorist for inclusion in A. B. Filson Young and W. G. Aston’s book The Complete Motorist (1904). Kipling’s letter speaks of a landscape rapidly negotiated by car as complementary to his work as a writer. The southern English counties, he declares, are ‘a land of stupefying marvels and mysteries’, ‘a fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real and yet none the less delightfully mixed up with books.’ The opening of ‘They’ seems to draw upon this experience. The topography of Sussex, its flora, agriculture, and sea-coast, are summarily, but vividly, evoked. There is a hint of Wellsian-type time travel in the initial ‘snapping forth of a lever’, and the suggestion of egocentric modern-day man entertaining the illusion of possession, supremacy and control.

However, arrival at the hamlet of Washington, ‘godmother’ to the American capital., is something of a watershed. The description becomes impressionistic, and the country the motorist now enters is experienced rather than manipulated. Having left behind known landmarks, the seemingly deserted landscape assumes a preternatural vitality, which is also dreamlike: bees booming in linden trees are the only things awake; ‘miraculous brooks’ dive; tithe-barns are larger than churches; an old smithy ‘cries aloud’; gorse, bracken and heath ‘fight it out together’ along a Roman road, where a fox rolls in the sunlight. (p. 303.) The sighting on the skyline of an ancient hill-fort surrounded by trees, readily identifiable as Chanctonbury Ring, marks, paradoxically, the encountering of wooded hills and their ‘confusing veils’ in which the motorist feels lost. A ‘quick turn’ (‘turn’ in the sense of ‘metamorphosis’ as well as ‘direction’, ‘quick’ in the sense of ‘alive’ as well as ‘speedy’) signals the descent into the wooded environs of the mysteriously enchanted house. Throughout the narrative, the diction has the economy, intensity and compression of prose-poetry; the repeated phrase, ‘from the other side of the county’ (pp. 309, 313, 314, 326, italics mine), implies an alterity which is not merely topographical.

The narrator motors downhill in three stages. A green cutting leads to a ‘gloomy tunnel where dead leaves whispered and scuffled about my tyres,’ the fallen leaves symbolically prefiguring the shadow children he is to encounter, as do the ‘spent primroses’ and ‘sickly bluebells’
of the ‘carpeted ride’ that comes next. The car’s final silent approach is powered by a natural gradient, and the motorist is finally brought to a halt before a topiary knight and his prohibitory lance, as if he has been entered into the lists of a Faery joust. The yew knights, in contrast to the faded flowers and dead leaves attendant on the motorist’s run down into the garden, are evergreen; on his last visit, they are seen rearing in valiant defiance of the wind ‘that taunted them with legions of fallen leaves’ (p. 327). It seems that the narrator has blundered into an open-air theatre, with the blind woman Florence entering, as if on cue, to greet the motorist drawn by chance, if chance it is, as a ‘rude mechanical’ into an aristocratic Faery play.

Kipling’s experience as a pioneer motorist is closely associated in *Something of Myself* with the discovery of Bateman’s, when the Kiplings motored ‘down an enlarged rabbit-hole of a lane’ (p. 104) to the property (though in fact, when viewing the ‘Very-Own House’ for the first time in August 1900, the couple travelled by train and a hired ‘fly’). The *Puck* tales are located in the immediate vicinity and environs of the house, but ‘They’ is the only story Kipling wrote which takes the reader, as it were, through the front door. Features of the property’s exterior such as its ‘rose-red tiles’ are identified (p. 305), and the hall, which provides the location of the story’s conclusion (pp. 325–6), is instantly recognisable to the reader who has visited what is now a National Trust property.

Approaching Bateman’s, Kipling’s Sussex home looks quintessentially English. For Rudyard and Carrie, seeking refuge from the trippers of Rottingdean and in the aftermath of the loss of their first-born Josephine, it became ‘the good and peaceable place’ in which they settled for the rest of their lives. The property’s fabric is part of the landscape around it, as Adam Nicolson explains:

The walls, the mullioned windows, the pilasters and round arch of the porch which hint at the first tentative intrusions of the Renaissance into this obscure part of Sussex, are all built of a local sandstone. It is so local, in fact, that the quarry from which the house’s stones were cut lies just across the lane from the garden gate opposite the front door. The tiles on the big hipped roofs and the bricks of the six-chimney stack that rises over the centre of the house are all baked from the clay of which the Weald is mostly composed. The internal structures, staircase and panelling are all cut from the oaks which grow so thickly here that they have been called the ‘Sussex weed’.
In Kipling’s short story, however, the ‘House Beautiful’ appears to be composite in character. Implied in the emphatic phrase ‘that jewel in that setting’ (p. 305, italics mine), is perhaps Kipling’s memory of Naulakha, his erstwhile home in Vermont, named after the necklace which gave the title, The Naulahka (1892) of the novel he co-authored with the late Wolcott Balestier, Carrie’s brother. The green cutting leading down to the House Beautiful, ‘brim-full of liquid sunshine’, links with the previous ‘flow’ of terrain under the motorist’s wheels, together with the allusion to America’s capital, suggest a crossing by water or sea. Moreover, the revenant small boy in blue whom the motorist encounters has a dual identity as not only a frequenter of the garden of an English stately home, but a ‘Red Indian’ of its woodland (p.314). In the autobiographical ‘Merrow Down’, the lost daughter is vividly imaged ‘in moccasins and deer-skin cloak’ as a little native American who flits through England’s downland as a revenant Faery child, ‘unfearing, free, and fair’.

The source of the designation ‘House Beautiful’ seems to have been a poem with this title by a writer whom Kipling greatly admired, Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94). The poem celebrates a home which is ‘bleak without and bare within’, made beautiful by the diurnal patterning of light, the seasons, and the presence of children. (It may be relevant to this sub-text that Josephine was born in a rented farmhand’s cottage during Vermont’s snowbound winter [Something of Myself p. 65] and that ‘Naulakha’ her subsequent home, built to her parents’ commission, is a comparatively plain, weather-tiled dwelling looking down upon a hillside meadow and trees.)

A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,
And poplars at the garden foot;
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve.
And the cold glories of dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again
With leaping sun, with glancing rain;
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day’s declining splendour; here,
The army of the stars appear.
The neighbour hollows, dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset …
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime;
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful.
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!

The loveliness of the rear aspect of Kipling’s fictional ‘House Beautiful’, with its lawn and topiary, suggests an artefact worthy of the Renaissance artist and craftsman Harry Dawe. The grounds of the front are said to be even more stately and beautiful. Both aspects are viewed from the self-confessed ‘sacrilege’ (p. 307) of the intrusive narrator’s vehicle. The property is denoted ‘ancient’, which implies the medieval rather than the early modern, and the family name associated with the property is known to a neighbour who is described as ‘a deep-rooted tree of that soil’, though to the parvenu motorist its significance is opaque (p. 312).

The garden of yew figures symbolising chivalry, purity and immortality can be associated with magical pre-Reformation verse and story such as *Gawain and the Green Knight*, *Sir Orfeo*, or Malory’s *Morte d’Arthur* – and, by extension, with the Pre-Raphaelites’ interest in medieval romance literature. The superior house front is perhaps intended to idealise this cultural background. Furthermore, the ‘little gentleman in blue’ (p. 311), more fully realised than the other half-seen children, seems part of the ancestral family for whom the House Beautiful was home. Blue is traditionally the colour of the Virgin Mary’s mantle, so the child has an affinity with the little revenants of the preliminary poem ‘The Return of the Children’, who are permitted through Mary’s intercession to return to their earthly homes. ‘Utterly happy’ in the gardens of the House Beautiful, ‘a place made for children’, the small boy is pictured at play by a silver fountain and its ‘star-sapphire’ pool. ‘Escaped, I should imagine,’ says the narrator (p. 306).

Beyond the entrance hall, the interior of the House Beautiful is realised only impressionistically. The intricate and extended game of hide-and-seek through the twilight interior during the third visit gives elegiac hints of the property as historically a place of secret refuge and lost causes (p. 328) – a variation perhaps of the idea of ‘a fairy museum’. The blind woman Florence appears to occupy her home as
a last survivor; the property’s empty rooms and passages date at least from her childhood (p. 333).

Florence’s sad account of being blind among people who see takes the motorist ‘a long way back’ into himself (p. 315). This, in association with his bitter comment on Christian teaching, suggests an autobiographical allusion to Kipling’s childhood in the ‘House of Desolation’ at Southsea, when he was subjected to oppression of a guardian possessed with ‘the full vigour of the Evangelical’ (Something of Myself, p.6), whom he portrayed in ‘Baa Baa, Black Sheep’ (1888) as the terrifying foster-mother, ‘AntiRosa’. Of all Kipling’s child-centred fiction, this story represents the author’s most explicit recourse to social and moral criticism of this kind. It has antecedents in the work of Charlotte Brontë (1816–55) and Charles Dickens (1812–70); Punch in ‘Baa Baa, Black Sheep’ shares with the eponymous Jane Eyre (1847) and David Copperfield (1849–50) the indignity of being forced to wear a humiliating placard at school. The story’s conclusion questions whether Punch can truly recover from his early experiences of ‘Hate, Suspicion, and Despair’. The childhood of the narrator of ‘They’, who perceives the blind woman’s vulnerability as childlike in quality – ‘her chin quivered like a child as she spoke’ – seems to have been similarly marred. Reviewing in his mind ‘the more than inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples’ (p.312) leads him, it is implied, to travel memory’s road back towards childhood. His psychic damage is graphically imaged in the form of colours – an aura of black, purple and red – that the clairvoyant blind woman not only senses but painfully experiences. Her ability to visualise the condition of the spirit had its roots in her own infancy.

The opening events of Kipling’s other Sussex story of motoring, ‘Steam Tactics’ (1902), is revisited in ‘Contradictions’, a poem collected in The Muse among the Motors (1904). The sleepy progress of a carter and his horses along a quiet country road is disrupted by the advent at speed of a motor car, whose ‘stench o’erpowers the wind / Like a blast from the mouth of Hell’. Yet ‘a mother watching afar / Hears the hum of a doctor’s car / Like the beat of an angel’s wing!’: a mercy mission comparable with the scene in ‘They’ where the motor car brings medical help to a child stricken with meningitis. The poem concludes:

So, to the poet’s mood,
Motor or carrier’s van,
Properly understood,
Are neither evil or good –
Ormuzd nor Ahriman!
The phrase ‘properly understood’ begs all sorts of questions, as do the two principal adults of the ‘House Beautiful’, the owner Florence and the butler Madden. Florence, the beautiful woman encountered in this ‘out of the world’, place is ambivalent in character. The yearning sweetness of her voice, we are told, could have drawn ‘lost souls from the Pit’; yet in stark contrast to the prefatory poem, she appears to summon the children who haunt the House Beautiful almost as a necromancer. Among the toys she provides for them are a gun and gilt cannon, which seem incongruous gifts from a genteel woman. Florence’s patronage of the vehicle and her invitation to the children – ‘Look and see what’s going to happen!’ – is oddly insensitive. The response of the small boy in blue is fearful and doubting, which registers with the village children in the vicinity who are either sick or have already died, and the near accident, when the motorist on his final visit, slowing ‘dead for the turn’ (my italics), just manages to avoid a woman and child out walking; the implication is that the adult is human, the child a ghost. The deferential Madden points the irony of all this by enquiring on the same visit after the ‘health’ of the narrator’s motor. Similarly, when his vehicle breaks down on visiting the house for the second time, the motorist lays out his ‘tools’, as in a shop to attract the children, but only succeeds in dismay ing and alienating them – again, the child in blue especially. Subsequently, ‘in control’ at the wheel of his vehicle, the motorist’s sense of responsibility is distorted: ‘I swerved amply lest the devil that leads little boys to play should drag me into child-murder.’ (p. 311)

The butler Madden, something of an impresario, is rather mysterious in his reserve. His surname is also the verb ‘to make mad’. He speaks as if from an ‘iron-clad conning-tower’ (italics mine), a naval metaphor referring to the tower aboard a battle-ship from which an officer issues orders when the vessel is under fire: which could be interpreted as the stronghold of a magician skilled in occult knowledge and practice. Yet Madden is also a bereaved father who understandably considers the speed of a car useful in emergency: ‘If I’d had one when mine took sick she wouldn’t have died’ (p. 320). The earlier brief scenes of the motorist’s contact with the village women convey shifting perspectives on social status and acceptability. Madden, seated beside the narrator in his vehicle for the rescue mission, contributes double-edged comments to a conversation nuanced with contradiction.

During the motorist’s third and final visit, a tenant-farmer of the House Beautiful’s estate enters most unwillingly ‘on-stage’ (p. 325). The ‘giant’ Turpin, with his truck-load of superphosphates, represents a new variation on the legendary highway robber and stands accused of greedily ‘dragging the heart out of the land.’ His great discomfort
within the confines of the House Beautiful appears to be both a denial of the historical and supernatural, and the expression of his fear of these; while his gigantic size is perhaps a prescient ‘Faery’ comment on the commercial proliferation of his kind. This scene is a reminder that Kipling himself was the owner of a farmed estate, with experience of tenant farmers: ‘We learned that farming was a mixture of farce, fraud and philanthropy that stole the heart out of the land’, he tells us in *Something of Myself* (p. 112).

In his Introduction, Professor Pinney observes of Kipling’s *Puck* tales: ‘a number of them are stories of artists of different kinds and hence fables of his own experience’ (p. xxix). This is surely no less true of ‘They’.

The exchange between the narrator and the blind woman at during their second meeting, concerning the soul and its colours, is so closely integrated that the two appear to merge in psychic empathy (pp. 316–7). Subsequently, they are equally intent on the search for the elusive children (pp. 327–8). However, the conclusion of the story presents them as quite distinct, and it is the hall of the House Beautiful which sees the parting of their respective ways. In describing the location, it seems Kipling gives his own testimony: ‘I waited in a still, nut-brown hall, pleasant with late flowers and warmed with a delicious wood fire – a place of good influence and great peace’ (p. 325). Florence enters, singing lines from Elizabeth Barrett Browning which invoke the theme of ‘degree’ – a nuanced word in the context of ‘They’, suggesting the notions of ‘Man’s estate’, in a moral and philosophical sense, and ‘due measure, proportion’.

In twilight, the hall is a scene of beautiful, firelit enchantment: ‘The red light poured itself along the age-polished dusky panels till the Tudor roses and lions of the gallery took colour and motion. An old eagle-topped convex mirror gathered the picture into its mysterious heart, distorting afresh the distorted shadows, and curving the gallery lines into the curves of a ship.’ (pp. 326–7). It is this hearth, existent in reality, that the narrator – or the emergent author, perhaps – finally tends (p. 329). The fictional ‘shadow’ (if thus he may be described) rising ‘mechanically’ to replace a log fallen from the fire, notes – ‘through tears *I believe*’ (my italics), observes the narrator, assuming a certain distance – ‘that there was no unpassable iron on or near it’. In her emotionally needful dedication to the House Beautiful’s shadowy guests, the footsteps of the childless Florence finally ‘die away’ (my italics). The narrator, however, experiences the cathartic revelation of his dead child’s ‘presence’, suggesting that the art he practises not only has vitality and validity, but has been won at a price and may not be compromised. Thus, he is restored to actuality within the confines of
what the reader – with the particular hindsight provided by *Something of Myself* – knows to be the author’s ‘Very Own House’. Faery, in the form of a child, has worked its own especial magic.

**NOTES AND REFERENCES**

5. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, edited by Thomas Pinney (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990). Subsequent page references to *Something of Myself* are to this edition. See also James Hogg (1770–1835), ‘Kilmenny’, line 330; this poem is one of the inset narratives of ‘The Queen’s Wake’ (1813).
8. ‘Steam Tactics’ was also published in *Traffic and Discoveries* (1904).
11. The Kiplings’ journey down a ‘rabbit hole’ of course alludes to Lewis Carroll’s *Alice in Wonderland* (1865).
In February 1919, Kipling wrote to his cousin, Stanley Baldwin:

... *Teddy Price has written me a letter all about his future and whether he shall volunteer for the New Army or not. He pointed out that it was possible for a man later on to “meet the right person and settle down.” Ominous! After which, he added “A woman’s natural instinct is to produce”. It’s a detached way of looking at it but it broke me wide open. This generation grows up, all too fast.*
In one of the few letters dating from this period, Kipling acknowledges the difficulty after the War for ‘Territorials and new Army men ... applying for commission in the Regular Army’ but hopes that Teddy may be able to continue his soldiering in one of the British led Colonial Armies in the East. After his application to join the Army in Mesopotamia was turned down, my father, now aged 22, obtained employment with a Calcutta exchange broker, Normans, Ross and Co, and travelled out to Bombay on board the P & O ship, Sicilia, on 11 June 1920. It is uncertain how this opportunity presented itself. Kipling certainly assisted my father with obtaining a passport to India and loaned him the money needed for his expenses, whilst Carrie attended to practicalities, writing to my father on 12 May 1920:

*I have looked out a trunk for you and shall send it as soon as I can fit in its transport to the station for Brighton. It has R. Kipling on it in large letters and I should like you to attend to the matter of having this painted out and the trunk marked at once so that you will be ready for all emergencies. Please, as we say to the tradespeople, give this your immediate attention.*

On the eve of his departure, Kipling wrote a note to him from Brown’s Hotel to wish him God Speed:

*This is timed to catch you on the departure of ‘Caesar and his fortunes’ for the Shiny East. It brings with it a heartful of true affection for you and appreciation of what you have made yourself and every good wish for the future. I think the ball is at your feet but – you know to whom to write if you get a little mixed up in things.*

On 6 September, he writes at length to thank my father for his letters from Calcutta, including some words of advice on how to survive in your first job – and on buying a horse:

*I was awfully interested to learn that you had been out on your own at business. Now I’ll let you into a secret. Half the funk that one feels when one begins in any line is not genuine wind up at all – it’s the funk of thinking one will make a mess of it: and the minute one gets really interested in one’s job all that kind of thing falls off one. I remember my first days in the office of the old Civil and Military at Lahore. My knees used fairly to shake as I sat down to the table and it took me about a month to keep a moderately calm and assured countenance. Three months later I was persuaded that my work was*
almost too easy. Then I came a cropper! So look out. You’re a deal more conscientious than your old uncle ever was and therefore I have no fear of your taking your work too lightly.

My father’s arrival in India had clearly ignited what was to be a lifelong passion for horses and riding. Kipling urges caution:

I quite sympathise with you in your desire for a horse but I expect the price of ‘em has gone up something awful. You’re lightweight and ought to mount yourself fairly cheaply.

In this letter, Kipling updates Teddy on all the things my father must have enjoyed on visits to Batemans: the honey yield from the various beehives, all given names associated with the Roman Empire – Rome, Gaul, etc. He goes on to tell Teddy that the mark where he took down his shooting butt is still evident in the quarry which is now overrun by rabbits. ‘I’ve been trying to get ‘em with the rook-rifle and missing ‘em every time. I wish you had been with me’. On a more serious note, Kipling reports:

...I am still trying to get finances fixed with your Guardian. He is now said to be suffering from the effects of an operation and therefore can’t answer letters or enquiries. Mmmm! He don’t strike me as much of a guardian. However you are on your own now ... 

This is a reference to the £70 that Kipling had loaned the Trustees of Crom’s estate, Emery Walker and Oswald Shaw Hanson, in order to ensure that my father was properly financed on his trip out to India.

There is more sage advice in Kipling’s letter of 20 December. By this time, my father had already joined an Indian cavalry regiment, the Calcutta Light Horse, as a Volunteer:

... your situation is made harder by the knowledge that you have another profession, which you have thoroughly learned behind you, and you naturally desire to practise a game you should know. But have you ever thought, my Teddy, that you are in a situation where if there should arise a sudden need for soldier-men you will be right upon the spot? ... What I mean is, gratify your instincts as a soldier by working up your Volunteering as much as you can. I do not know any way in which a young man can be of more use to the Empire than by taking hold of a Battalion and working it up to the highest pitch of efficiency. I don’t say that you should in any way neglect
'poodle-faking’ – but make the Volunteering your main hobby. Meantime, bear in mind that your present diffidence and uneasiness in regard to your civil job is only a normal experience that every man has to go through.

(Teddy wrote to Sarah on 29 July 1920: Have done very little “poodle-faking” [i.e. calling on people, etc]). In the same letter, Kipling tells my father: ..the place is alive with rabbits. I wish you were on the edge of the Quarry to attend to them. My father continued to combine his day job with his hobby for the next fifteen years.

Kipling returns to the subject closest to my father’s heart the following year on 15 April, 1921:

We were all intensely interested in the details you gave us of your home life at Calcutta; and specially in Sunny Jane or Jumping Jemima ... I know how much a man’s first horse means to him in the Shiny. One never forgets him or her, as the case may be! Glad you’ve got a good sais and bearer. Stick to the latter like a leech. I never changed mine all the time I was in India. I hope he is a Musulman.

(sais = groom, bearer = personal servant. This extract suggests that Kipling continued to favour Islam over Hinduism.)

The Bateman’s Visitors’ Book shows that Teddy’s sister had stayed there the previous New Year from 31 December 1920 until 4 January 1921, and Kipling is now able to report:

... Dorothy has had a first class report from her typewriting institution (I hope you got the letter I made her hammer out on my little Corona, which was the first time she had ever touched a type writer) and now she is going in to develop speed in typewriting. I can’t do it, without my fingers tying themselves into knots: but I have a great belief in Dorothy making good – just as her brother did.

Towards the end of this letter, Kipling returns to money matters:

You’ll be interested to learn that I at last got that £70 out of Hanson which, I confess, surprised me not a little.... try and save a little, old man. It’s the only way to make a bit: and it’s awfully good for a man’s moral make-up, to go short out of his own choice, and deliberate will.
Shortly afterwards, Teddy receives a letter from Kipling dated 28 May 1921, marked ‘Private’, typed in double spacing and distinctly formal in tone. From the contents, it would appear that this letter was responding to a request from my father that his mother’s income from Crom’s estate should be increased. It’s likely that this was because he felt under pressure from his mother to send her additional money from India. However, Kipling points out that my father must bear his share of responsibility for the current state of affairs, in that by his using up ‘so big a slice of the capital’ to go to India, ‘your mother’s income is bound to be reduced.’ He reminds my father that he and Carrie and William Morris’s daughter, May Morris, have in effect relieved my grandmother of every expense in regard to Dorothy and himself since their father’s death.

The cold fact is that neither Mr. Hanson nor Mr Walker, as trustee, can make the money any more than it is, and this matter has just got to be faced. ... The hopeful point is that this ought to be the worst year: You are just getting yourself established and Dorothy has not started to work, but prices are going down and must come down more, and it ought to be possible for your mother to live as comfortably as she has been living for less money ...

A postscript to this letter states:

I have just heard that Mr Hanson has died and I beg of you to go slow with Mr Emery Walker who is a busy man and not a young one and who has undertaken this work which has been a great burden on him, out of love for your Father’s memory.

This letter marks a pivotal stage in my father’s relationship with Kipling, and must have acted as a powerful reality check. As they grew up, Crom’s children had been shielded by the Kiplings and other of their father’s friends from the realities of the financial situation in which the family found themselves on his death.

In the letter he wrote to my father in May 1921, a business letter setting out the bare facts with little room for negotiation, I sense that Kipling is relinquishing the obligation he took upon himself to act in loco parentis to his old headmaster’s children. According to a short CV prepared later on by my father, he knuckled down and remained with the same employer in India until 1940 when he joined the Indian Army. From 1920 until 1936, his status at Norman Ross was as Assistant Working Partner, and in 1937 he was made a Senior Partner.
In the University of Sussex Library, there is a letter from Kipling written from Bateman’s to his daughter, Elsie, dated 30 August 1929:

... Teddy stayed here night before last. He has grown into a delightful man and hopes to be a “proprietary partner” in the firm in two years. He is a satisfaction.9

There are no more letters from Kipling to my father in my possession until 1934, the year when my parents got engaged and married in Calcutta, although my father visited the Kiplings at Batemans whilst on home leave several times in 1925/1926 and again in 1929 and 1932. In a letter dated 25 May 1932 to Sir Percy Bates, Kipling refers to one of Teddy’s last visits to Bateman’s:

One of my wards has just come back from India. (TP’s footnote: Teddy Price, who was at Bateman’s on 22 May [CK diary]. He was then 34 years old). A boy of about thirty. His tales are not beyond belief – alas! – but staggering. Incidentally, I noticed when he opened his jacket a shammy leather arm-pit pocket for an automatic. “We all do”, was his explanation. The thing that impressed him beyond words has been the amazing loyalty of the Native Police – isolated posts of two or three men moving among hostile communities and villages with the terror of death on ’em day and night, and yet carrying on.10

This was during Mahatma Gandhi’s imprisonment for reviving his campaign of anti-British non-violent civil disobedience. The regime of the Viceroy at the time, Lord Willingdon, is described as having combined ‘ostentation with repression … (arousing) bitter enmity among nationalists…. (one of whom) described it as ‘Masked Balls and Black Terror’.11

The first series of the television Channel 4 drama series about the end of the Raj, ‘Indian Summers’, was set in the same year, 1932.

My mother told me that whilst in India, Teddy made regular payments to his mother in England. This is borne out in some of the letters he wrote to her. However, since my mother disposed of the letters Sarah wrote to her son in India, it is unclear from this one-sided correspondence over that 25 year period as to how exactly Sarah was coping financially. It is probably fair to say that Kipling’s uncompromising letter in 1921 was instrumental in persuading Teddy to face up to accepting moral responsibility for playing a more active role in the management of his family’s financial affairs. I believe he continued to supplement my grandmother’s income until his sister, Dorothy, took up employment as a civil servant in the U.S. State Department on her
American diplomat husband’s retirement. She then assumed responsibility for providing for their mother. In February 1926, when they had both reached an age to do so, my father and aunt took over as Trustees of their father’s estate, following Emery Walker’s resignation.

Sending his congratulations from France on 25 February 1934 after hearing of my father’s engagement to my mother, Betty Johnston, who was the sister of a close colleague at Norman Ross, Kipling tells my father:

You’ve made a very good son: so the long odds are you’ll make a very good husband.12

And on 29 July 1934, after my mother had visited Batemans whilst on a visit home, Kipling writes:

... not long ago, your Betty came to call and I just must write you to send you all our best congratulations. She is a charmer: and all that you say: and both your Aunt Carrie and I are loud in her praises ...

I’ll be writing again anon. This is but to reiterate my opinion (and Aunt C’s) of the merits and appearance of your Betty. Be happy!
P.S. How the devil was I to know that you had always been called “Pip” for these past years?13

(Much later on, I was told by my parents that my father, small of stature, had acquired this nickname during the First World War whilst serving in Palestine where one cold night in the desert my father asked a man in another tent to stop protesting so much. The reply came swiftly: ‘It’s all right for you, you little pipsqueak! Your feet aren’t sticking out in the cold’).

Later in the year on 1 November, Kipling addresses my father’s finances once again, specifically the requirement from my mother’s family that my father insure his life before the marriage could go ahead. Kipling’s tone is warm and reassuring:

Settlements on the wife are, of course, a good thing. We tried with Elsie, but it does not always work out to the best advantage. However, I think you’ve done quite all that could be expected. (Incidentally, your Aunt Carrie and I went in to partnership without a word being said, or written, on Insurance, or anything else on a capital of £3000 which, three months after our marriage, went down in the bankruptcy of the Oriental Bank!).

My advice is, don’t worry about it. Do the best you can and leave the result with Allah.
Dorothy ought to be off your hands by now so don’t take on any more family obligations than you must. You’re on your own now and what you earn ought to go to your domestic budget, and speaking of such things, I’m sending you out with Betty a little personal gift and, as soon as we hear from you what your Bank is, I’m going to transfer from my account in Calcutta with the Mercantile Bank the equivalent of £100 which I hope will be acceptable for odds and ends of setting up house-keeping. And we do acutely sympathise with you in your difficulty of not knowing where one stands financially. Plus the difficulties of exchange. Life is very hectic for us all. But do take things as they come along. It’s no use worrying because that knocks out one’s working capacity.14

And in response to my father’s letter following his marriage on 5 December 1934, Kipling writes:

I should think you damn well never had been so happy in all your life as you are now. If you had, I’d withdraw my countenance from you. Go on and be happy all you can for these days return not: tho’ you may, and probably will, get others even better and lovelier (Sounds a paradox but it’s true).

... Keep us informed of your life from time to time (don’t make a task of it, just drop us a line here and there and above all praise Allah and be glad and not afraid of being happy.

Ever your affectionatest old Uncle Rud.

P.S. Rather a lark! I’m supposed to be helping in a film rendering of some of my soldier yarns. It’s been an excuse for buying a toy snub-battery and lots of tin soldiers – just to help me place my characters. How I wish you were up in the old ‘toy-box’ in the attic helping me!15

Kipling’s final letter to my father was written from Bateman’s on 26 December 1935, just before his seventieth birthday and only a few weeks before his sudden death in London on 18 January 1936. Kipling tells my father how pleased he is to hear they will be returning home on leave in the spring. ‘Three and a half years is too long at a stretch’. The letter is full of energy, covering many topics, including my mother’s health, my father’s decision to leave the Calcutta Light Horse and his undiminished enthusiasm for horses:
But, evidently, you ain’t free of our first love – gee-gees. I have always looked on the whole breed with fear mixed with hate. That’s because I ride ‘with difficulty’ – same as the Babu. But you’re in luck that Betty has the same tastes.

(Babu: Kipling may have been referring to his father, John Lockwood Kipling, here.)

As so often, he has constructive advice to offer on the career front. My father has evidently expressed interest in becoming a Race Handicapper. Kipling responds:

I know one English handicapper, and it seems to be pretty much a whole-time job for him, involving a lot of reading Ruff and similar authorities. But, in your case, you have local knowledge and the experience of having actually ridden with the Gentleman Amateur. (I hope the breed is a shade more honest than in my youth). But the path of a Handicapper has its incidents. Did I ever tell you about a man I saw on lottery night up-country chuck a lighted lamp at the Handicapper of whose weights he disapproved? The whole tent went up in a couple of minutes! So look out!

And of Batemans:

... Nothing much changed here except the butt you built in the Quarry (how many hundred years ago?) has just faded out and the dirt between the sleepers on the black Bridge needs gouging out again.16

To understand what Kipling meant to my father, one can do no better than refer to the tribute to my father written for the Kipling Journal in September 1966 by the writer, Roger Lancelyn Green. It was through Roger that my parents were first introduced to and became members of the Kipling Society.

Roger writes:

An even closer link with Kipling’s beloved ‘Uncle Crom’ has been broken by the death on 13 June 1966 of his only son, Mr Cormell Edward William Price. Many Members will treasure the recollection of an evening when Mr Price held us spell-bound for an hour while he sketched for us the true background of Stalky & Co, and told us about the remarkable man who made the U.S.C. ‘a great school’... Others will remember him on the annual visit to Bateman’s a few
years ago – though few realised that he had spent so much of his boyhood there with his friend and exact contemporary, John Kipling. But those who were privileged to know ‘Pip’ Price more intimately will mourn the loss of one of the kindest, gentlest, most charming and retiring of men – with a sense of loyalty and reticence, so rare today, that seldom allowed him to speak even to his closest friends of the days when ‘Uncle Ruddy’ meant to him rather what ‘Uncle Crom’ had meant to Kipling a generation earlier.\textsuperscript{17}

NOTES

2 Letter from Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, in Price Family Papers (see Note 4)
3 Carrie Kipling to Teddy Price 12 May 1920, \textit{ibid.}
4 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 1920, \textit{ibid.}
5 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 6 September 1920, \textit{ibid.}
6 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 20 December 1920, \textit{ibid.}
7 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 15 April 1921, \textit{ibid.}
8 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 28 May 1921, \textit{ibid.}
12 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price 25 February 1934, Price Family Papers (see Note 2).
13 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 29 July 1934, \textit{ibid.}
14 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 1 November 1934, \textit{ibid.}
15 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 5 December 1934, \textit{ibid.}
16 Rudyard Kipling to Teddy Price, 25 December 1936, \textit{ibid.}
KIPLING AND WINE PART II: FICTIONAL

By THOMAS C. PINNEY

[Professor Thomas Pinney, Vice-President of the Kipling Society, is not only the acclaimed Kipling editor but a leading expert on wine, author of the definitive *History of Wine in America* (2 vols: 1989, 2007) His essay “Kipling & Wine”, first appeared in the oenophile journal *Wayward Tendrils*, edited by Gail Unzelman. The Kipling Society is most grateful to her for allowing us to reproduce it. The first half of the essay, dealing with Kipling’s own preferred wines, appeared in *Kipling Journal* 370 (September 2017).

Part II, published here, is concerned with the wines in Kipling’s fiction and poems.

NB: Professor Pinney writes that the essay was written for readers who “might or might not know anything about Kipling, which is why I have sometimes explained things that need no explaining to the readers of the *Kipling Journal*.” Ed.]

Ancient wine

In the poem “Poseidon’s Law” (1904), a poem about the archetypal mariner – the “robust and Brass-bound man”– Kipling imagines him seated in a tavern after extended voyages:

From Punt returned, from Phormio’s Fleet, from Javan and Gadire,
He strongly occupies the seat about the tavern fire,
And, moist with much Falernian or smoked Massilian juice,
Revenge there the Brass-bound man his long-enforced truce!

“Falernian” was, according to Jancis Robinson, “the most famous and most highly-prized wine of Italy in the Roman period,” a white wine from Campania (*Oxford Companion to Wine*, 3rd ed.). “Massilia” is the ancient name for Marseilles. Kipling would have known of “smoked Massilian juice” from Horace, his favorite poet. In *Odes*, III, 8, Horace invites Maecenas to a feast at which Horace will “draw a well-pitched cork from a jar set to drink the smoke in Tellus’ consulship.” A commentator explains that wine jars (*amphorae*) were set in the attic over a smoky kitchen so that the earthenware jars would absorb the smoke and mellow the wine.1 Horace says nothing about “Massilian,” which is presumably Kipling’s idea. The “truce” is the Mariner’s understanding with Poseidon: at sea he must obey the truth of facts, on pain of death; on land he can tell lies with impunity.

Balearic wine

The late (1930) story, “The Manner of Men” opens with a Spanish ship arriving at the port of Marseilles. The port authorities are suspicious of the Spaniard, but soften when he gives them some wine:
“Where do you get this liquor, Spaniard?”
“From our Islands (the Balearics). Is it to your taste?”
“It is.’ The big man unclasped his gorget in solemn preparation.

Winegrowing in the Balearic Islands – mainly on Majorca – goes back to Roman times, so Kipling is not guilty of anachronism here; the story is set in the time of St. Paul. I know of no evidence that the wine was highly regarded.

**Bordeaux**

1. The hero of “The Brushwood Boy” is a young Englishman almost too perfect to believe – handsome, charming, well-connected, at the right school, in the right regiment, etc., etc. When he grows hungry while out trout-fishing, this is how he is provided for:

“The housekeeper had taken good care that her boy should not go empty; and before he changed to the white moth [a trout fly] he sat down to excellent claret with sandwiches of potted egg and things that adoring women make and men never notice.”

2. “Fairy Kist” (1927) invents a society called the “Fraternity for the Perpetuation of Gratitude towards Lesser Lights”, which gives itself dinners such as this one:

“Several red mullets in paper; a few green peas and ducklings; an arrangement of cockscombs with olives, and capers as large as cherries; strawberries and cream; some 1903 Chateau la Tour; and that locked cabinet of cigars to which only Burges has the key.”

The flaw in this design is the choice of 1903 for Chateau la Tour; 1903 was, owing to the mixed weather, a poor year in Bordeaux, at least that is what the authorities say. Maybe Kipling had had some that he liked.

**Burgundy**

In his stories, Kipling associates Burgundy with soldiers, as in “A Deal in Cotton,” (1907), when Stalky, the schoolboy of *Stalky and Co.*, now the commander of a native regiment in India, at a dinner with old friends “moved on the Burgundy recommended by the faculty to enrich fever-thinned blood.” In “The Honours of War” (1911) another gathering of old friends with the host of “A Deal in Cotton,” who produces more Burgundy, this time in a “cobwebbed bottle.” Later in the story, in which it is necessary to pacify a difficult guest, a splendid dinner is laid out: “food and drink are the very best of drugs,” the narrator says,
and names “Heidsick Dry Monopole ‘92” as the leading drug for the purpose. But “Stalky as usual stuck to Burgundy.”

**Capri**

In “The Mark of the Beast” (1890), Fleete, the central character of the story, rather overdoes it on New Year’s Eve:

> “Fleete began the night with sherry and bitters, drank champagne steadily up to dessert, then raw, rasping Capri with all the strength of whisky, took Benedictine with his coffee, four or five whiskies and sodas to improve his pool strokes, beer and bones at half past two, winding up with old brandy.”

I think Kipling’s description of Capri is mistaken. Most Capri wine is red, and most of that comes from the Piedirosso (“red foot”) vine. Jancis Robinson *et al.* describe the wines from this grape as “relatively soft despite their fresh acidity, and aromatic, with flavours of red fruits such as plums and cherries – almost Gamay-like in some examples.” This is a long way from “raw, rasping” wine as strong as whisky. Kipling might have had Capri wine, perhaps at Solferino’s (see entry for “Chianti”), but I doubt that he ever did.

**Champagne**

1. An early poem (October, 1884), “The Descent of the Punkah,” celebrating the end of the hot weather in India, calls for champagne:

   > Yea, straightway to the Club will I  
   > (Though worldly prudence frown)  
   > And drink in driest Monopole  
   > My toast—“The punkah’s down.”

*A punkah* is a large swinging fan fixed to the ceiling, usually of framed canvas, pulled by a rope to move the air in a room. The rope was run through the wall of the room and was pulled by a *punkah coolie* on the other side of the wall. Waking the sleeping coolie was one of the domestic exercises of the English in India. Heidsieck Monopole must have been the most familiar of Champagnes to Kipling: he names it at least three times.

1. “Alnaschar,” (November 1886) is another poem from the Indian Years. The exchange value of the Indian rupee had been steadily falling for a long time, to the distress of the English, who were paid in rupees. In the poem the speaker (named for the day-dreamer in
the *Arabian Nights*) imagines that the rupee has recovered, and so he calls for Champagne:

“The Widow’s vintage must be poured
This night above our humble board.”

The poem finishes with the end of the bottle:

“The cliquot’s finished quite.”

The mis-spelling of “Clicquot” and the failure to capitalize it are unusual. Kipling could not have been looking at the label.

3. At the end of “William the Conqueror” (1895), about a woman with the unlikely name of “William” and her work in helping to relieve a famine in India, the exhausted little group of English celebrate the success of their work and the understanding between William and the man she loves. The gentleman has a “good whisky and soda” and then they all sit down to dinner when “they drank one whole bottle of champagne, hot, because there was no ice.”

This story was bought by the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, which then had a rule against any mention of intoxicating liquor in its pages. When Kipling learned of this he wrote stiffly to the editor, saying that had he known of the rule he would never have submitted the story to the *Journal*. He would allow no change to be made: “my one theory in regard to my work is that writing to order means loss of power, loss of belief in the actuality of the tale and ultimately loss of self-respect to the writer.” The editor backed down.

4. The Scotch ship’s engineer McPhee, in the story “Bread Upon the Waters” (1896), having given his boss most valuable information, is told to entertain some friends at the boss’s expense. McPhee and three friends take a room at Radley’s hotel and proceed to celebrate:

“We were no’ drunk in any preceese sense o’ the word, but Radley’s showed me the dead men. There were six magnums o’ dry champagne an’ maybe a bottle o’ whisky.”

“Do you mean to tell me that you four got away with a magnum and a half apiece, besides whisky?” I demanded.

McPhee looked down upon me from between his shoulders with toleration.
“Man, we were not sittin’ down to drink,” he said. “They no more than made us wutty” [Scots for “witty”].

When the boss gets the bill he asks McPhee, “Man, do ye wash in champagne?”

3. The final treatment of Champagne is by far the most elaborate. It comes from “The Bull that Thought” (1924), an enigmatic story set in the Camargue in the south of France, where the narrator meets an elderly Monsieur Voiron, a local proprietor and leading businessman. Voiron invites the narrator to a supper at the hotel where he keeps “a wine on which I should value your opinion.”

On our return, he disappeared for a few minutes, and I heard him rumbling in a cellar. The proprietor presently invited me to the dining-room, where, beneath one frugal light, a table had been set with local dishes of renown. There was, too, a bottle beyond most known sizes, marked black on red, with a date. Monsieur Voiron opened it, and we drank to the health of my car [they had been out on a speed test of the narrator’s car]. The velvety, perfumed liquor, between fawn and topaz, neither too sweet nor too dry, creamed in its generous glass. But I knew no wine composed of the whispers of angels’ wings, the breath of Eden and the foam and pulse of Youth renewed. So I asked what it might be.

“It is champagne,” he said gravely.

“Then what have I been drinking all my life?”

“If you were lucky, before the War, and paid thirty shillings a bottle, it is possible you may have drunk one of our better-class tisanes.”

“And where does one get this?”

“Here, I am happy to say. Elsewhere, perhaps, it is not so easy. We growers exchange these real wines among ourselves.”

Kipling was a writer who wasted no detail, so I have always wondered if the bottle being marked “black on red” was a clue to identity. When M. Voiron says that one gets the wine “here”, he does not mean that it comes from the Camargue but only that he possesses some of it. The story that M. Voiron tells after this wine has been drunk is of a fabulous character, so I suppose that only a fabulous wine could introduce it. Does anyone know of a description of a wine in more extravagant terms than “the whispers of angels’ wings, the breath of Eden and the foam and pulse of Youth renewed”? 
1. In an early fantasy piece, *Dis Aliter Visum* (1885), Kipling imagines a meeting between early figures from the history of the British presence in India. One of them, Warren Hastings, Governor-General in the 18th century, hearing of strange behavior on the part of the governors of modern India, says that “we used to do queer things at the Council now and then I remember when the new Madeira came in; but we never forgot what was due to our dignity.” “New Madeira” evidently had a reputation of which I know nothing. See entry no.5, below.

2. In “Judson and the Empire” (1893), after some unofficial naval actions in an unnamed African colony (Mozambique), the grateful Governor (a comic Portuguese) says:

> “Then come to dinner. Madeira, she are still to us, and I have of the best she manufac.” … That evening there was a dinner in the village, whose head was in the Governor’s house, and whose tail threshed at large throughout all the streets. The Madeira was everything the Governor had said, and more, and it was tested against two or three bottles of Bai-Jove-Judson’s best Vanderhum, which is Cape brandy ten years in bottle, flavoured with orange-peel and spices.

According to the authorities, Vanderhum is flavored with tangerine peel, but orange peel seems close enough.

3. “McAndrew’s Hymn” (1894), Kipling’s great dramatic monologue, presents the Scottish engineer McAndrew, a man dedicated to his work. His abilities are recognized by the aristocratic board of his shipping company:

> Not but they’re ceevil on the Board. Ye’ll hear Sir Kenneth say: “Good morn, McAndrew! Back again? An’ how’s your bilge today?” Miscallin’ technicalities but handin’ me my chair
To drink Madeira wi’ three Earls – the auld Fleet Engineer
That started as a boiler-whelp – when steam and he were low.

McPhee (see entry no. 3 under “Champagne”), having received his share of the prize money, entertains the narrator in his home:

> But the crown of the feast was some Madeira of the kind you can only come by if you know the wine and the man. A little maize-wrapped
fig of clotted Madeira cigars went with the wine, and the rest was a pale blue smoky silence ("Bread Upon the Waters").

The tolerance of Madeira for tobacco was one reason for its popularity, but Kipling appears to have invented "Madeira cigars," since there is no record of tobacco growing in Madeira. It has been suggested that Kipling wrote "Madura," for a tobacco-growing region in India and that this became "Madeira" by typographical error.

4. "The Bonds of Discipline" (1903) is the story of an extravagant spoof put on by the crew of a British warship in order to fool a French spy on board. They do everything wrong, including their choice of wine: "They had up the new Madeira – awful undisciplined stuff which gives you a cordite mouth next morning." What would "new Madeira" be? And why was it "awful"? (see entry no. 1 for "Madeira").

5. In the very late story "Aunt Ellen" (1932), the narrator joins a Mr. Lettcombe, a would-be movie producer with grandiose ideas, at St. Martin’s College in a "University town" (Cambridge is meant). When Lettcombe talks in Hollywood jargon he is challenged by his academic hosts to explain what he means. "Lettcombe, always nebulous, except in action, drank a little College Madeira to help him define, and when we left, at last, for London, was quite definite."

Port

1. The captain of the ship that is going to fool the French spy in "The Bonds of Discipline" (see item 5 under "Madeira," above), having decided on the plan, says to his First Mate, "I’ll lay you a dozen o’ liquorice an’ ink" – it must ha’ been that new tawny port – “that I’ve got a ship that I can trust.” I don’t find the terms very apt for any grade of tawny port, but the story is narrated by a sailor named Pyecroft, who is supposed to have a good command of expression..

2. In "The Honours of War", another story featuring Stalky and his military friends (1911; see above, under “Burgundy”), two of the company have gone off to sleep, because, it is explained, “Ipps [the butler] let ’em have the ‘81 port.” When they are discovered, “one on a sofa, one in a long chair;” it is observed that since they had had a “wildish night” and a “hard day, “What else should youth do, then, but eat, and drink ’81 port, and remember their sorrows no more?”
Saintsbury had 1881 Port from Cockburn and from Sandeman in his cellar and includes them in the list of “the best of those I drank in thorough condition.”

**Sherry**

1. I assume that I do not need to explain the story of *Kim*. When Kim is caught by the English and separated from the lama in somewhat battered condition, he is interrogated by the two chaplains:

> “Get him a glass of sherry, then, and let him squat on the cot. Now Kim,” continued Father Victor, “no one is going to hurt you. Drink that down and tell us about yourself. The truth, if you’ve no objection.

Kim coughed a little as he put down the empty glass, and considered.

His considering tells him that things are “working in his favour…. Else why did the fat padre seem so impressed, and why the glass of hot yellow wine from the lean one?” (Chapter V).

2. In “My Son’s Wife” (1913) a very urban Englishman named Midmore inherits a country place. When he is jilted by his city lady, he retreats to the country, and, in his overwrought condition, faints in his newly-inherited house, and is tended by the housekeeper. After this Midmore “dragged his poor bruised soul to bed and would have pitied it all over again, but the food and warm sherry and water drugged him to instant sleep.” One of Kipling’s commentators, after the phrase “warm sherry and water,” asks “surely not? or did they?” I can’t think of any other instance of such a thing. Did they? [Later in the story, when the brook below his house floods, Midmore gives shelter to the concubine of Farmer Sidney, who lives upstream. Her presence is resented by his housekeeper Rhoda, who had been her predecessor:

> “She ’ad the impudence to ask me for ’ot sherry-gruel.”
> “Did you give it to her,” said Midmore.

So now you have the evidence, so far as that has been written down. What did he know about wine? or care? I think that the answer to both questions is, probably, rather more than most people. No doubt I have missed some things and failed to understand others, but I hope I have given some idea of a great writer’s relation to a subject we all care about.
I have left out of this survey one most important fact. Around 1915, Kipling began to suffer internal pains that plagued him for the rest of his life. They were unpredictable, but could be extreme, debilitating pains. The doctors were baffled. Some said one thing, some another. He endured operations on several occasions; he lost weight; he lost energy; he lost the ability for sustained work. But he kept on, uncomplaining, grateful for any hours or days or relief: as his daughter wrote, “he would only ask to be left alone until the pain was over.” This condition – it was at last diagnosed as caused by a duodenal ulcer – made it hard for him to enjoy an ordinary diet.

I’ve been put on a regimen of the utmost simplicity [he wrote a friend] which don’t include any sorts of Burgundy or wines – by reason of an upset inside (so there’s no hope for joyous dinners) or the food that goes with good liquors. (17 October 1931).

Things were not always so stringent; Kipling was able to drink some wine during these years, as we have seen, but always with some hesitation. I would call him a lover of wine manqué, but a lover nonetheless.

ENDNOTES


REFERENCES

Civil and Military Gazette: the daily newspaper published in Lahore, India [now Pakistan], for which Kipling worked from 1882 to 1887.


Motor Tours: “Rudyard Kipling’s Motor Tours,” unpublished MS, 1911–26, Kipling Papers, University of Sussex.


RUDYARD KIPLING AT AIX LES BAINS, 1923

By CLAIRE DELORME PEGAZ,
Translated and Introduced By ALASTAIR WILSON

INTRODUCTION

One of the largely unpublicised aspects of Kipling’s work which he did in the last two decades of his life was this work for the Imperial War Graves Commission (now the Commonwealth War Graves Commission). He had been, if not a founding member, then one of the very earliest members (the Commission was established by Royal Charter, 21 May 1917, and Kipling was asked to join on 6 September 1917) and he was assiduous in what he saw as his duties for the rest of his life. He suggested, and in most cases the Commission agreed, the standard wording on memorials wherever there was a British Empire War Graves cemetery or memorial. In his travels throughout France and Belgium and the Middle East, he always made a point of going on a ‘tour of inspection’ to see that all was in order in the cemeteries in those theatres of war. Another form of memorial, whose existence may not be widely known, is that in the cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris and in twenty-seven other cathedrals and major churches of northern France and southern Belgium, plaques have been set up in memory of the million dead of the British Empire, in English and French:

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND TO THE MEMORY OF
ONE MILLION DEAD
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE
WHO FELL
IN THE GREAT WAR
1914–1918
AND OF WHOM THE
GREATER PART REST
IN FRANCE.

Below the text is the same wording, in French.

The article below describes the circumstances under which Kipling composed that inscription. Alastair Wilson

NOBEL PRIZEWINNER FOR LITERATURE AT AIX-LES-BAINS

The Rolls-Royce which arrived at the doors of the Hotel Regina-Bernascon on 6 May 1923 carried a person of some importance.
Rudyard Kipling was at that time a rich and famous writer, the first writer in English to have received the Nobel Prize, when only 42. A writer of fiction (*The Jungle Book*), novelist (*The Man Who Would Be King*) and a poet of genius (*You’ll be a Man, my son!*); friend, and counsellor to the famous and powerful, but refusing all honours; a man of sincere but controversial political views; he was the very essence of the English globe-trotter, loving his own country but spending a good part of the year in travelling in different quarters of the world. Since he had bought his first car in 1901, he often used one for his tours, particularly in France, of whose trunk roads he had sung in an amazing poem [*A Song of French Roads: AJWW*] “Joyous roads of France / Once more beneath the tyre – / So numbered by Napoleon …” At the age of 13, during the Universal Exhibition of 1878, his father, at that time the Curator of the Lahore Museum, in India, had let him loose to discover Paris and encouraged him to learn French, resulting in an affection, which he never lost, for our country and our language. In the spring of 1923, he landed at Toulon on 6 April, went to Cannes and Monte Carlo, then reached Grenoble by Napoleon’s road, which filled him with wonder; “the shapes and colours of the mountains recalling those he had known in South Africa”. From that capital of the Dauphiné [*Grenoble: AJWW*], he came to Aix-les-Bains for a short stay, from 6 to 11 May. First surprise: Kipling, his wife Carrie, her maid and their chauffeur got out of their car at the Regina-Bernascon, to find an empty hotel, which had been opened solely for them. The season did not start in the luxury hotels until about 24 May, on Queen Victoria’s birthday, but on his arrival, the famous writer found, as well as important letters, an establishment in perfect order, “a façade 100 yards long on six floors, all spring-cleaned, the staff newly recruited – and for us alone.” Accustomed as he was to splendour and luxury hotels, he was none the less impressed by the size of the dining room, as echoing as a cathedral, and by the formality and ceremony of the service with which so small a party was welcomed. Might he almost have regretted not having invested some of his wealth in such an impressive prestige hotel? One of his biographers, Andrew Lycett, mentions this thought. But we do not know very much about Kipling’s activities during his stay at Aix-les-Bains. We know that the meeting with his old friend, the Prime Minister Andrew Bonar Law, probably took place on 10 May. The latter was convalescing at a thermal spa hotel after a serious illness which forced him to resign soon afterwards (he died on 30 October). The exact place of their meeting is uncertain (see photograph [*This photograph, of Kipling and Carrie sitting with Bonar Law, somewhere outdoors in the sun, was not reproduced – an evident editorial glitch: AJWW.*] Kipling enjoyed bright sunlit days which made him write to his friend,
Sir Charles P. Crewe, on 8 May 1923, “I really think that this is one of the prettiest places in the world.” A second letter, dated the same day, would appear, at this distance of time, to have been of far greater importance. On writing paper with the hotel’s address at the top, he wrote to the President of the Imperial War Graves Commission, General Ware, his suggestion for a text of great significance in this immediately post-war period. It was for a plaque to be set up in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, to the memory of all the British dead of the Great War, unveiled by the Prince of Wales on 7 July 1924: this memorial and its words served as the model for similar plaques installed in 27 other cathedrals and churches in France and Belgium. The proposal made at Aix by Kipling, who had himself lost his only son in 1915 at the battle of Loos, was very nearly the same as the final embossed text.

To the Glory of God
And in the enduring Memory of
One Million Dead
Of the Armies of
The British Empire
Who fell in the Great War
1914–1918
And specially to the multitude of
Those who rest
Here in France

Thus, the unique and unobtrusive stay of Rudyard Kipling at the Hotel Regina-Bernascon left, as was appropriate for so eminent a personality, its mark on history.

[Reproduced, by kind permission of the Editor, from Aix-les Bains, Arts et Metiers for June 2017.]
We only managed 137 messages in the last six months, of which September only contributed two (both “Quotations” from John Radcliffe, who delights in teasing us with rather obscure ones from time to time, which – and here I am speaking personally – doesn’t half help to remind one of how wide-ranging were Kipling’s writings).

In June, we had a short exchange, initiated by John Radcliffe resulting from a note contributed by Jan Montefiore to the entry for one of the Schoolboy Lyrics which John and another indefatigable John, McGivering, have recently completed.

July brought an interesting query about Una’s dress in one of the illustrations by H R Millar for Puck of Pook’s Hill. Our correspondent noticed that it had been re-drawn in the later editions. In the original, it was a decorous Edwardian girl’s dress, but by the ’30s, it had become short sleeved and shorter-skirted, more in keeping with the current fashion. And July also contained our Chairman’s circular about the 24-hour reading of Kipling’s works which took place in mid-September at Bateman’s. If you didn’t hear it at the time, it is still available on U-Tube. (As one of the contributors, I can testify that it was fun, but how John Walker managed to keep going for 24 hours – he did all the continuity, and came up with relevant comments throughout – I do not know: he must have slept for 24 hours afterwards.)

In August, John McGivering produced for us a Kipling parody, from an American literary web-site, which Wikipedia attributed to Edgar Allan Poe – which has to be an impossibility, since Poe died 16 years before Kipling was even born. And Brian Harris enquired which was the P G Wodehouse tale which Kipling was cited in The Times of 8 August 2017 as having said was “the greatest story of the twentieth century”. Yan Shapiro provided us with the answer: it was ‘Lord Emsworth and the Girlfriend’ from Blandings Castle.

October gave us John Radcliffe’s thoughts on ‘poetic inebriation’ as a result of “annotating “The Sack of the Gods” a rather baffling and high-flown poem, a chapter heading for The Naulahka, written by RK in mid-Atlantic on honeymoon . ,”). As an antidote, he drew our attention to the poem by ‘Archy the cockroach’ (invented by Don Marquis),
entitled *archy experiences a seizure*. We also had an enquiry about the use of the word ‘triangles’ as it was applied in the uncollected tale ‘On Dry Cow Fishing as a Fine Art.’ This time, it was Harry Waterson who came up with the answer. We also had an echo of the tragic mass shooting which occurred in Las Vegas this month – the hotel used as the murderer’s firing point was the ‘Mandalay Bay’, and this had prompted a comment in the *Washington Post*, to the effect that the modern hotel was all that Las Vegas wished to be thought to stand for, but it had turned out to be more like Kipling’s *Mandalay*, “where there ain’t no Ten Commandments”. October also saw Mike Kipling providing us details of how to find various highlights of our marathon reading at Bateman’s in September on YouTube.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

‘THE DISTURBER OF TRAFFIC’

*From Janice Lingley*

To a reader with no knowledge of psychiatry, Ruth McAllister’s article ‘Rudyard Kipling and the Mind: a Psychiatrist’s View’ (*Kipling Journal*, June 2017) may seem esoteric. I suggest an alternative view of one of the stories she discusses, ‘The Disturber of Traffic’ (1891).

McAllister argues that Kipling portrays the lighthouse keeper Dowse as clinically insane for a period, and afterwards in a fragile state of mind. But is mental ill-health really the subject of the story, and how far is Dowse a fully realised character? His name (as often in Kipling’s work) has punning associations, suggesting both the discovery of water or minerals by ‘dowsing’ divination and the action of plunging or drenching in water (more often spelt ‘douse’). Furthermore, the story is a sort of nautical yarn, told to a first-person reporter with limited knowledge of ships and seamen by a former seaman who knew Dowse. It is therefore hearsay at two removes (as it were), conflating differing perspectives, and is told at night, suggesting the genre of dream-fantasy.

Kipling’s narrative appears to derive its main theme from a displacement of linguistic register. It is common knowledge that the ephemeral passage of a vessel through the water leaves a track, commonly called the ‘wake’, upon which the movement of wind, wave, tide and current soon re-imposes a natural pattern. It is the absence, or denial, of this linguistic protocol that appears to be the basis of Dowse’s seemingly
bizarre behaviour. The story could therefore be regarded as a sort of nautical literary joke. The buoyage system, Dowse improvises, ‘dipping so friendly with the tide’, in defiance of the ‘angry steamers,’ is comedic rather than tragic; no ship is wrecked as a result. However, the ‘streaks’ which arouse Dowse’s extreme resentment cannot entirely be rationalised as ‘wake’, for they appear beneath the piles on which his lighthouse is built, presumably in shoal water. This suggests another possible scenario: the discharge of unnatural and potentially damaging substances (e.g. bilge water tainted with oil), taken ashore by the action of the tides. The Admiralty ship *Britomarte*, whose name recalls Spenser’s female knight-errant, informs a pivotal point of the narrative. Dowse’s expert seaman’s eye finds relief among the intricacies of the vessel’s rigging.

The story’s guarded intent may therefore be mordantly satirical, Dowse’s eccentricity being the obtuse and wordy mode of its expression. The fantasy dissolves with the coming of daylight; the ‘dead sea’ is made ‘alive and splendid’, and both Fenwick and the narrator thank Providence for ‘another day of clean and wholesome life’.

*Janice Lingley*

*Hoveton, Norfolk*
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