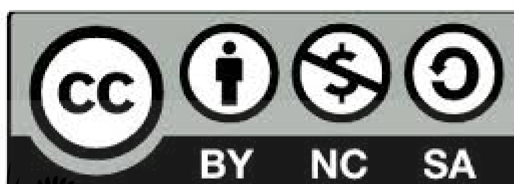
View metadata, citation and similar papers at core.ac.uk

brought to you by CORE

provided by University of Johannesburg Institutional Repository

COPYRIGHT AND CITATION CONSIDERATIONS FOR THIS THESIS/ DISSERTATION



- Attribution — You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.
- NonCommercial — You may not use the material for commercial purposes.
- ShareAlike — If you remix, transform, or build upon the material, you must distribute your contributions under the same license as the original.

How to cite this thesis

Surname, Initial(s). (2012) Title of the thesis or dissertation. PhD. (Chemistry)/ M.Sc. (Physics)/ M.A. (Philosophy)/M.Com. (Finance) etc. [Unpublished]: University of Johannesburg. Retrieved from: https://ujdigispace.uj.ac.za (Accessed: Date).

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF HERMAN CHARLES BOSMAN'S JUVENILIA

By

MARK KRETSCHMANN

Dissertation submitted in fulfilment of the requirements for the degree MASTER OF ARTS (ENGLISH) in the Faculty of Humanities, University of Johannesburg.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

Supervisor: Prof. Craig MacKenzie

Date: May 2013

DECLARATION

I, the undersigned, hereby declare that “A Critical Analysis of Herman Charles Bosman’s Juvenilia” is my own original work, that all the sources I have used or quoted have been properly referenced and that I have not previously submitted this dissertation, in its entirety or in part, at any other university for a degree.

....	....
Mark Kretschmann	Date

Student Number: 920306246

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Abstract iv

Acknowledgments v

Introduction 1
A Brief Account of Herman Charles Bosman's Early Life 3
Early Life 4
Bosman's Character 7
The Sunday Times Stories 8
Historical Value 10

Chapter 1: Juvenilia 12
The Problem of Juvenilia 18
Herman Charles Bosman's Juvenilia 25

Chapter 2: Textual Criticism 27
The Theory of Textual Criticism 27
Bosman's Juvenilia – The Production of a Critical Edition 35
Textual History 36
Recension 37
Emendations 38
Critical Apparatus 47
Conclusion 47

Chapter 3: Critical Analysis of Bosman's Juvenilia 49
Overview 49
Analysis 51
Narrative Form and Style 51
Narrative Point-of-View 58
Themes 63
- *War* *64*
- *Accumulation of Wealth, and Fate* *66*
- *Writing* *68*
- *Deception* 69

Language 70

Conclusion 72

Appendix: Typescript 76

Works Cited
Primary Sources 127
Secondary Sources 128

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

ABSTRACT

The broad scope of this dissertation is the collection, editing and publishing of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia with the purpose of re-introducing these stories into the public domain. The project involves creating a critical edition of Bosman's juvenilia through careful and diplomatic editorial processes. The resultant typescript is the first presentation of what is now posited as the entire collection of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia. The project adds a total of seven previously un-credited stories to the already published collections of Bosman's juvenilia.

The dissertation extends into an in-depth analysis of what juvenilia is, and focuses on the problems relating to the delineation of works as juvenilia. Additionally, there is a discussion on the theory and practice of textual criticism, where a general background and overview of the history and practice of textual criticism is presented, including the textual history of Bosman's juvenilia and the processes involved in the production of the critical edition. Beyond this, there is also a general analysis of Bosman's juvenilia, focusing on themes, narrative modes and point of view, imagery and language.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The completion of this MA dissertation would not have been possible without the intellectual, financial and personal support received from various people. Firstly, I would like to express my gratitude to my supervisor, Prof. Craig MacKenzie, for his patience and guidance throughout this project. I would also like to thank him for bringing this topic to my attention and for facilitating my access to the archive materials at the University of Johannesburg Library. My gratitude extends to the staff at the Rare Books Collection of the UJ Library who kindly arranged for the archived newspapers to be transported, on many occasions, from the basement to the Rare Books Collection floor where I could access them with greater ease. I would like to thank Prof. David Scott-Macnab for his advice in the area of textual criticism and with the production of the typescript. I would also like to thank Prof. Karen Scherzinger and her colleagues in the Department of English at the University of Johannesburg for their encouragement and support throughout the duration of this study.

Special thanks must go to the various institutions that made archive material available to me: the UJ library archives, NELM and the *Sunday Times* archives. I would also like to acknowledge Colleen Mill and Marion Serfontein, previous scholars at the Department of English who worked on *The Sunday Times* stories as part of their honours programme. Regardless of the financial, intellectual and personal assistance that I have received during the writing of this dissertation, all views and opinions articulated are my own, unless otherwise stated.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

INTRODUCTION

Herman Charles Bosman may be best known for his satirical depictions of life in a small Marico town, immortalized in the images of Oom Schalk Lourens and other characters from his Voorkamer and Schalk Lourens stories. These stories need no introduction, as Bosman stands at the forefront of pre-Apartheid writers in South Africa and most scholars of South African literature are well aware of his remarkable literary talents, especially with the short story format. But how did Bosman's distinctive style originally develop? Relatively little has been written on his early writing and in particular on his juvenilia period. Indeed, until this point, many of his amateur writings have been forgotten and have not been seen since their original publications in the early 1920s. But these early creations have not yet been lost. In this study the stories that Bosman wrote as an amateur and juvenile are collected and analysed, with the ultimate aim of creating a critical edition of these texts for publication. The purpose of this edition would be to consider his juvenilia in its entirety and to preserve a collection of writing that has particular significance in its representation of the development of Bosman's distinctive talent in short story writing.

Bosman's writing career began at a young age: when he was just sixteen years old he was frequently submitting pieces to *The Sunday Times* newspaper in Johannesburg. Many of these stories have not been republished since the time of their original appearance between 1921 and 1923, and, indeed, many Bosman scholars may not be fully aware of the quantity of stories that he contributed to the newspaper. Other academics, notably Craig MacKenzie and Mitzi Anderson, earlier recognised the majority of these and reprinted many of the stories, but it is only in this dissertation, and in the corresponding publication, that the full array of stories from *The Sunday Times* will finally be recognised. The dissertation extends into an analysis of all of Bosman's juvenile writings, which include pieces that appeared in the *Jeppe High School Magazine* and *The University of the Witwatersrand Student Magazine: The Umpa*. However, the primary focus will be on the stories uncovered in *The Sunday Times* archives.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

In addition to the collection and analysis of the stories, the dissertation also presents an overview of critical editing theories and practices, as the project is concerned with the collection, editing and publication of previously published works. This is done in order to highlight certain editorial concerns and decisions that had to be made in the preparation of a typescript for publication, and foregrounds the academic rigour of the editorial process. Along with this there will also be an in-depth discussion of how to conceive of and define writings as belonging to a period of 'juvenilia' in a writer's career. Additionally, the process of collecting and editing the stories from *The Sunday Times* for the purposes of publication uncovered certain contentious issues that demand critical reflection. These include, first and foremost, the issue of accurately attributing the authorship of the stories to Herman Charles Bosman, as most were written under inconspicuous pseudonyms.

The dissertation is thus separated into three parts, each dealing with a different, yet interlinked, topic relevant to the collection, analysis and presentation of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia. Chapter one presents a detailed consideration of what juvenilia are and considers particular problems in allocating works to a juvenilia period. Chapter two looks into the central tenets of textual criticism and situates the project within its parameters. The third chapter involves literary criticism and offers a general critical analysis of the collected stories. In addition to this there will be an appendix constituting the largest portion of the dissertation, presenting the entirety of the critically edited typescript of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia. Included in this typescript are all known amateur writings published in the Johannesburg issue of *The Sunday Times* newspaper – a total of 30 stories, seven of which have never been republished. Two pieces are taken from *The Jeppe High School Magazine*, and five from *The University of the Witwatersrand Student Magazine: The Umpa*, all of which have been republished but have not undergone any form of critical analysis. All of the collected stories have been critically edited within the parameters of textual criticism practices and all decisions and emendations made with regard to the original texts are included and discussed.

A Brief Account of Herman Charles Bosman's Early Life

The first son of Elizabeth Helena Malan and Jacobus Abraham Bosman, Herman Charles Bosman's life began in the Kuils River area not far from Cape Town. The date of his birth is somewhat difficult to verify. Stephen Gray (2005) and Valerie Rosenberg (1976) list it as being on 3 February 1905, though Rosenberg confirms that this date comes only from "the family Bible" and that "no birth certificate for Herman [can] be traced anywhere in the Republic" (1976: 15). Others, such as Mitzi Anderson, list his birth date as being *5* February 1905 (1998: 3), though it is uncertain as to where this date originally appears. When Herman was about 10, his family relocated to Potchefstroom in the then Transvaal and subsequently to Jeppestown in Johannesburg. Bosman attended Jeppe High School and Houghton College, where he matriculated, and went on to train as a teacher at the Normal College and the University of the Witwatersrand (Rosenberg 1976). In 1926, after the completion of his diploma, he was sent to his first teaching post on a farm school in the Marico District of the then Western Transvaal. It was here where Bosman would find the inspiration for his Oom Schalk Lourens and Voorkamer stories (Rosenberg 1976). His stay at the farm school was a short one, as on the night of 17 July 1926 he got into a quarrel with his stepbrother and shot and killed him. Bernard Sachs, Bosman's long-time friend, writes of the incident:

> There was no premeditation, in the accepted sense of the word; no mystery attached to it; no cunningly laid plot or attempt at deception. The simple facts, as revealed at the trial, were that Herman came into the house late one Saturday night – he was on holiday from his Marico school – and saw his brother Pierre locked in a struggle with the stepbrother David Russell in the darkness of the room where they both slept. Without enquiring as to what it was all about, Herman seized the rifle which was standing in the corner of the dining-room. Loaded it, and shot David dead.
>
> (1971: 32)

Bosman was sentenced to death after being charged with murder and tried at the Rand Criminal Court. He was granted a reprieve after spending only "nine days in the condemned cell at Pretoria Central Prison". He was subsequently

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and released "some four years later after remission of sentence" (Blignaut 1980: 7).

Bosman was married three times in his life. His first wife, Vera Sawyer, married him in secret on 21 January 1926, shortly before he left for his post at the Marico school (Rosenberg 1976). According to Bernard Sachs (1971), Vera's family had the marriage annulled after Bosman was convicted of murder, but Rosenberg, contradictorily, states that Bosman asked Vera for a divorce shortly before he married his second wife Ellaleen Manson. They were married on 7 October 1932 and lived in England between 1932 and 1939. Their marriage ended after Bosman met his third wife, and Ellaleen died only a few months after their divorce (Sachs 1971). Helena Stegman married Bosman on 18 March 1944 and remained his wife until he died on 14 October 1951 at the age of 46 (Rosenberg 1976).

Early Life

Leon Hugo writes that Herman was the "son of a man he learnt soon to despise and reject, of a mother who loved him perhaps too well" (Blignaut 1980: 7). Herman's mother had grown up in Potchefstroom where she worked as a teacher before suddenly relocating herself to Kuils River without any explanation. She married Herman's father, a mine labourer, on 26 April 1904. Valerie Rosenberg has suggested that Elisa[1] Malan's reasons for marrying Jacobus were "merely to provide a name for her baby and a measure of respectability for herself" and has also stated that Elisa had once confided that Herman had been a "love child" (1976: 15); however, this has by no other means been verified. Rosenberg suggests that Herman's early life in Kuils River "may have been unsettled and frustrating" (16), but on their subsequent move from the Cape to the Transvaal, where they eventually settled among the Malan family in Potchefstroom, "twelve-year-old Herman for the first time in his life came into his birthright and entered the realm of ideas" (16). Herman quickly developed a bond with his uncle, Charles Malan, whose son, Lex Malan, would remark "that if the influence of a

[1] Elizabeth Helena

father figure existed in Herman's formative years, it was exercised by his gifted and accomplished Uncle Charles, rather than by the simple, illiterate Jakoos Bosman" (16). Although relatively little has been written about Herman's relationship with his father, it appears as though it was particularly hostile. Indeed, Rosenberg comments that "at times there was open dissension between Herman and his father" (16).

In the company of his Uncle Charles, Herman would have his first encounter with writing and the printed word, as Charles Malan founded a newspaper, *Die Westelike Stem*, which supported the South African Party (Rosenberg 1976: 17). Herman also became exposed to South African politics at the time because of Charles Malan's friendship with General Jan Smuts and his subsequent promotion to secretary of the South African Party (17). Rosenberg comments: "[y]oung Herman was often included in this company. Although he remained apolitical, his ability to absorb whatever he read on the subject made him no stranger to discussion on political matters" (17). Bosman's grandmother, Bettie Malan, was often quoted as saying: "[s]mall minds discuss people, mediocre minds discuss things and great minds discuss ideas" (16); Rosenberg posits that the lure and appeal of ideas was one of the formative reasons behind the friendship of Charles Malan and Jan Christiaan Smuts, and goes on to say that:

> The Malans also had the advantage of retentive memories, so that from their prolific reading they gleaned much that was stored away, later to be enriched by their thought processes. In this way information gained through reading became the foundation of original comment and a philosophy of life. Conversation flowed from mythology to poetry, from metaphysics to ethics. It was a well from which thirsty intellects such as those of Bettie Malan, her son Charles and her grandson Herman drank deeply.
>
> (16)

Bosman's intellectual capacities were thus stimulated from a very young age, and he would spend the majority of his life immersed in the world of ideas.

The first school that Bosman attended was Potchefstroom College, where he did particularly well and "scored close on an A aggregate" for the humanities (Rosenberg 1976:17). After a year at Potchefstroom College the Bosmans

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

relocated to Johannesburg, where they moved into “a modest little cottage in Jeppestown” (17). Bosman moved to Jeppe Central School, “where his aggregate mark sank to below average, testifying to an unhappy state of mind. He was manifestly bored and reluctant to spur himself on to greater efforts” (17). Anderson has also added that Herman’s lack of interest in his schoolwork at Jeppe Central may also have been influenced by “the school’s emphasis on sport rather than on academic achievement”; sport was “an activity for which Bosman had no aptitude and in which he lacked interest” (1998: 3).

Though his academic achievements at Jeppe High School may not be worth mentioning, let alone any on the sports field – for which the school is best known – it is during his time at the school that his abilities as a writer began to develop and take a central position in his life. Bosman contributed several pieces to *The Jeppe High School Magazine* while a student at the institution, but it is through *The Sunday Times* newspaper that one gets a glimpse at the young writer’s remarkable and burgeoning talents. However, it is not only with the pen where his talents began to shine, but also in matters of entrepreneurial cunning. Bosman was still a minor when he managed to publish, and apparently receive payment for, a substantial number of fictional and non-fictional pieces in *The Sunday Times* newspaper; a feat managed by his clever use of pseudonyms disguising his real identity from the editor of *The Sunday Times*, J. Langley Levy (MacKenzie 2003b). This was, however, not the only devious act that the young Bosman had stooped to for the sake of financial gain. In cahoots with a school friend, Edwin McKibbon:

> they rented a box at the Rissik Street post office in the name of Floydd B. Warrington. Tantalising advertisements began to appear in the daily press to the effect that anyone who wanted to know how to save money should send a shilling to the quoted box number, and “we will advise you”. Postal orders to the value of a shilling each flooded Floydd B. Warrington’s box. The two investment advisors responded by sending each subscriber a list of insurance companies.
>
> (Rosenberg 1976: 22)

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Upon their subsequent uncovering, the presiding magistrate warned the two miscreants that “while this was not exactly illegal, it was perilously close to it, [and] advised them to desist” (Rosenberg 1976: 22).

Bosman’s Character

In correspondence between Valerie Rosenberg and Gordon Vorster – a long-time friend and ‘drinking partner’ of Bosman’s – Vorster wrote the following:

> Bosman was a man, a woman, an angel, a devil, a tenderness, a cruelty, a brave man and a coward, an emasculated satyr, a womaniser, a racist and a liberal. He searched for purity in filth, and, like Wilde, found stars in the gutter.
>
> (Rosenberg 1976: 10)

Vorster’s statement suggests an overwhelming complexity of character, to which most of Bosman’s biographers would agree. He was complex in his understanding of the world and how he existed within society, yet he was elusive on a personal level, rarely fostering in any person a sense of knowing or personal understanding. As Bernard Sachs relates, “Herman was a most difficult person with whom to associate. Though he did not appear so, in his innermost self he was a snob – arrogant and aristocratic in his bearing. Like all literary decadents, he regarded himself as being something of a God who could spit on the lesser breed below him” (1971: 11). He grew up with a particular credo that was instilled in him by his mother, which perhaps explains, or even validates, Bosman’s complex temperament; Rosenberg explains:

> Elisa cared little about inculcating in her children an instinct for moral behaviour, but indoctrinated them with the credo: “You must be successful!” She was single-minded in her determination that they should reach for the stars; and in a way she may have been right, for stars were the stuff with which Herman later studded his poetry.
>
> (1976: 18)

Bosman’s sense of morality was certainly of a dubious kind. Sachs comments that when Bosman “rudely entered the world of affairs, as he often did”, much “that was negative and destructive, bordering on the diabolic, [would then come] into play” (1971: 9). Bosman “was capable of acts of nightmarish delight in the infliction of pain, in the humiliation of friends, in effrontery and reckless

ingratitude" (9). Most of Bosman's biographies carry anecdotes of merciless acts undertaken by Bosman with the intention of ridiculing or mocking, all to satisfy his general disdain and antipathy toward society. However, Sachs commends that these were "offset by acts of kindness that are to his everlasting credit" (1971: 9), and confides that:

> In further extenuation of Herman, it has to be said that he struggled hard, but not always successfully, to quell the anti-social, disintegrative elements that for some reason or other had burgeoned within him, side by side with a refinement and sensitivity of the highest purity.
>
> (10)

Whether a quest for success instilled by his mother's credo, or out of some innate respect and admiration for art, Bosman's "refinement and sensitivity" was expressed most brilliantly in his work, as Bernard Sachs explains:

> when he immersed himself in the world of art, he underwent a complete metamorphosis. Here it was as if he stood on holy ground, and he conducted himself accordingly. You could not fault him. Although he moved erratically and in confusion through most of his days, he conferred upon his own literary material an unflinching unity and discipline. It would seem that different areas of his psyche then came into play.
>
> (10)

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

One merely has to pick up any of Bosman's stories in order to see how this statement by Sachs is a persuasive one that summarises Bosman's literary efforts accurately and succinctly. Bosman devoted much time to perfecting his manuscripts and was scrupulous in his determination to refine and improve his stories. Bosman's remarkable talents are evident from his very first pieces, produced while still a schoolboy, but with as much arrogance and ingenuity as many of his later pieces.

The Sunday Times Stories

It is well established that Herman Charles Bosman, as a minor and scholar at Jeppe High School, published a number of short fictional stories in the Johannesburg edition of *The Sunday Times* newspaper. Prior to the research conducted for this dissertation it was held that his first story to appear in *The*

Sunday Times was on 1 May 1921, titled "The Fowl" and published under the alias of "H.C.B." (Anderson 1998 & MacKenzie 2003b). However, this research sets the date of his first published piece some weeks earlier with a story titled "The Lesson of the Crosses", published under the pseudonym of "Will-O'-the-Wisp" and appearing on 20 March 1921. Only two previous publications, that of Anderson (1998) and MacKenzie (2003b), present collections of stories from *The Sunday Times*, although, as has been mentioned, neither of these publications acknowledges the full extent of Bosman's contributions. He contributed a total of eight pieces under the alias "Will-O'-the-Wisp", of which MacKenzie (2003b) cites two while Anderson (1998) fails to recognise any. This dissertation is thus the first acknowledgement of the extended use of the "Will-O'-the-Wisp" pseudonym by Bosman and presents for the first time the entire collected stories from *The Sunday Times*. Other pseudonyms that Bosman used in *The Sunday Times* include the well-known "Ben Eath", as well as "Lenin Tolstoi", "H.C.B", "Ferdinand Fandango", "Vere de Vere Tornado", and "Pedagogue".

Bosman's consistent use of aliases during his juvenile phase means that the attribution of authorship will always be questionable; however, as this study will go on to argue, there is sufficient evidence available to present a strong case for the authorship to be attributed to Bosman.[2] It is believed that Bosman's primary impetus for the use of aliases in the publication of these stories was so that he might receive financial remuneration for them while still a minor (MacKenzie 2003b). Alongside this there are certain other contentious issues about the authorship of the stories in question. Valerie Rosenberg (1976) has suggested that *The Sunday Times* stories were co-written by a friend of Bosman's: Edwin McKibbon. Although Rosenberg makes this statement, she does not provide any evidence for it. Mitzi Anderson has also presented a similar argument, stating that the "young Bosman's improved financial standing was noticed by a school-fellow, who threatened disclosure unless he had a share in the new-found wealth; in return, he would supply the writer with plots for his use" (1998: 15). Once again, the reliability of this statement is questionable, and it is

[2] The case for authorship is made in Chapter Three of this dissertation.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

probable that Anderson is merely paraphrasing the already dubious argument made by Rosenberg. Because of the unreliability of the information presented by these two authors, the assumption made in this dissertation is that Bosman was the sole author of the stories presented. However, it is acknowledged that future research may provide a different insight.

Historical Value

Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia belong to a tradition of publishing that is no longer popular in the modern South Africa. The publishing of fictional works in local newspapers has almost entirely disappeared and certainly lacks the prestige that it did in Bosman's time. The preservation of work published in this way is as necessary as the preservation of Bosman's juvenilia itself, as it is significant for the literary culture that it represents. In the introduction to a collection of early stories by Herman Charles Bosman, aptly titled *Young Bosman* (2003b), Gray and MacKenzie note that "the supplement of *The Sunday Times* in Johannesburg of the mid-1920s onwards, it would be fair to say, was the most important literary seedbed in town" (2003: 12). Contributions to the supplement were made by many of the well-known writers of this era, including "Leonard Flemming and Hedley Chilvers" (12). Other contributors consisted of "several jaunty characters that were to become permanent members of the Bosman circle", notably Aegidius Jean Blignaut, "his brother Ney, Bosman's own younger brother Pierre and their cheerful associate, Erhardt Planjé" (12). As Gray and MacKenzie note, the 'literary tone' at *The Sunday Times* was not particularly progressive:

> Levy[3] made a point of preferring the somewhat orthodox, upcoming Sarah Gertrude Millin over the late Olive Schreiner, thought of as still contentious on racial issues, whose posthumous pieces, letters and so on her husband Cron was assiduously publishing. While Oscar Wilde was treated distantly, the opinions of the violently reactionary G. K. Chesterton held sway.
>
> (12)

[3] J. Langley Levy – General editor at *The Sunday Times*.

The “Bosman group”, as Gray and MacKenzie argue, reacted to the “firmly British–South African orientation of the paper by discovering for themselves how to read American” (12). J. A. Hammerton’s *The American Short Story* influenced them all significantly, and the book was “noticed extremely favourably and at length in *The Sunday Times* on 3 April, 1921. The unnamed reviewer (if, indeed, it was not the avid fan, Bosman himself) adumbrated several points that were to come up over and over again in Bosman’s subsequent career” (12).

CHAPTER 1: JUVENILIA

Juvenilia studies have proliferated over the past 20 years, largely owing to the advent of the Juvenilia Press in 1994. Juliet McMaster began the Juvenilia Press as a task for her postgraduate students at the University of Alberta in Canada: they would publish pamphlets containing juvenile stories by prominent authors and supplement these with critical discussion on the texts. The Juvenilia Press has subsequently moved to the University of New South Wales in Australia, where it has grown well beyond the confines of the university and the classroom, yet "pedagogy remains at the core of its mandate", as students are still involved in the editing, annotating and illustrating of the books (http://www.arts.unsw.edu.au/juvenilia/about/). The publications have progressed from being "mere saddle-stitched pamphlets" to "perfect-bound" books with a spine, glossy covers and ISBN numbers (McMaster 2001: 285-286).

The current editor of the Juvenilia Press, Christine Alexander, and its founder, Juliet McMaster, have published a host of articles on the topic of juvenilia and in 2005 they published a book titled *The Child Writer from Austen to Woolf* in which they present a collection of critical essays by various authors on the juvenile writings of many canonical authors. In this book Alexander and McMaster attempt to redefine what is understood by the term 'children's literature':

> It has been an anomaly in recent literary criticism that whereas we expect, say, 'women's literature' to be by women, we have understood 'children's literature' to be not *by* children but only *for* them – and to be written by almost anyone *but* children. Just as a child could have no rights until his or her status as 'person' was established, so the child as creator of culture has been subsumed within the child as mere consumer. And yet for centuries children have been taking the pen into their hands, and writing (as David Copperfield says of his childhood reading) 'as if for life'. The child's expression of his or her own subjectivity is there and available for us, if we will only take the time to pay attention.
>
> (2005: 1)

As Alexander and McMaster go on to show, what they would like to be called 'children's literature', that is, literature *by* children, is indeed becoming a "vast and ever-growing body of texts" (1). During the twentieth century this body of

work received an increasing amount of critical attention, and as this continues still today there is a need to “listen to the authentic literary voice of the child” (1). Perhaps the best-known collection of juvenilia is that of Jane Austen: first published in 1954 and edited by R.W. Chapman, it had by 2006 been reproduced three times by different editors (Sabor 2006).

It seems that with the burgeoning interest in literary juvenilia a second meaning will be ascribed to what we commonly understand as ‘children’s literature’, but it is not certain that this meaning will be evoked by the term itself. That ‘children’s literature’, as it has for so long been considered, is understood as literature *for* children, rather than literature *by* children, appears a connotation that is destined to remain in use. That the “child’s expression of his or her own subjectivity is there and available for us” in the form of literary texts is not in doubt. Although Alexander and McMaster’s wish that ‘children’s literature’ become as it is “properly so called: literature *by* children” seems not to be occurring simultaneously with the development of critical studies around literature *by* children. The term that currently relates to this definition is ‘juvenilia’ and it seems certain to remain the defining term for this body of work.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

Although the term ‘juvenilia’ is commonly accepted, it is one that is particularly misleading and somewhat problematic. Alexander offers a tentative definition of the term, yet this definition serves more to highlight its limitations than to clarify its meaning:

> The defining feature of ‘juvenilia’ is extra-textual, deriving from the biographical criterion of age. As a working definition, we may propose that juvenilia are composed by young people, usually twenty years old or under. Youthful features may be present in the writing, in the style and form, but in some cases they may be entirely absent and the writing may be as sophisticated as any adult production. The definition of juvenilia is inescapably ageist, though the content of early writings may or may not reflect juvenility.
>
> (2005: 72)

Alexander here states that the defining feature of juvenilia is age, and that attributing a work will depend on the age of the author when it was written. However, ignoring the sophistication of the work is not always possible, and there are instances of sophisticated child writing being considered as part of the canon rather than as juvenilia. This is a tension that Alexander’s definition

of juvenilia overlooks – one that renders use of the term problematic, and calls for a reconsideration of the term itself. The defining features of what constitutes juvenilia are considered in this chapter, and it will be argued that juvenilia are best understood as 'pre-canonical' texts, rather than as juvenile or amateur works.

The value of literary juvenilia has changed significantly since they have begun to appear in print. At the time when Jane Austen's and the Brontës' juvenilia first appeared in print, their reception was less than flattering. In the introduction to the Cambridge edition of Jane Austen's *Juvenilia* (2006), Peter Sabor notes: "Chapman,[4] afraid that they might detract from Austen's stature as a novelist, presented the juvenilia diffidently, declaring that 'these immature or fragmentary fictions call for hardly any comment'" (2006 xxiii). Chapman's was the first edition of Austen's juvenilia to be published, as such, his comments about the edition would have stemmed from his inability to know the kind of reception his edition would receive. However, some 50 years later, Sabor is able to comment that "Austen's remarkable early fictions, fragmentary though some of them are, can no longer be dismissed as mere apprentice work, and rather than damaging Austen's reputation they have come to augment it" (xxiii). Christine Alexander notes a similar situation with regard to the Brontë juvenilia:

> As recently as 1966, the Brontë juvenilia, which are now considered an essential part of Brontë studies, were written off as 'utterly without promise'[5] by an influential editor and critic. In her introduction to the Penguin edition of *Jane Eyre*, Queenie Leavis states that although the Brontës were precocious as children their juvenilia made them into 'retarded adults'! How one can suggest that 'retarded adults' wrote *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* is a mystery; yet this attitude was still common in 1983 when my book on *The Early Writings of Charlotte Brontë* was published. And if the famous Brontë juvenilia were so readily dismissed as unworthy of academic study, then the juvenilia of other nineteenth-century writers (with the notable exception of Jane Austen) were virtually ignored. The fortunes of such juvenilia can be seen as a mirror of changing cultural and literary values; and they are closely linked to the use of the term itself.
>
> (2005: 71)

[4] Chapman, R.W. (ed.). 1954. *The Works of Jane Austen*, vol. VI: *Minor Works*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

[5] Q. D. Leavis, 'Introduction, Jane Eyre', in Eleanor McNees (ed.), *The Brontë Sisters: Critical Assessments,* 4 vols. (East Sussex: Helm Information Ltd, 1966), vol. III, pp. 132-33.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Apart from the increasing value being ascribed to juvenilia writing and its acceptance as a valid part of a writer's career, Robert W. Hill, Jr., in his edition of Tennyson's poetry, which includes his juvenilia, states that: "studying a poet's lesser works can often lead to a richer awareness of the conception of major poems" (1971: xi). He insists that "[a]ny informed study of the poet's development depends upon a familiarity with the earliest work" and is confident that "[s]tudents of Tennyson are […] becoming increasingly aware of the value in locating the poet in that literary context as he emerges from his Romantic background" (Hill 1971: xi). Juliet McMaster adds: "thinking long and hard about even a brief piece of early writing by an author can provide a new and revealing window on the author's work (2001: 285). Literary juvenilia are thus beginning to add a new dimension to the understanding and conceptualisation of an author's career.

Alexander (2005: 13) documents how Rudyard Kipling's literary endeavours as a schoolboy "proved vital for his later literary career". Kipling was, at the age of 16, asked by a family friend to act as editor for a college magazine. Alexander comments that "Kipling was delighted and threw himself into the project for his last two years of school: he wrote 'three-quarters of it, sub-edited it, corrected proofs, and took the deepest interest in its production'"[6] (13). This reference to Kipling's early writing period highlights the importance of the period in the development of the author's literary capacities. In this regard McMaster remarked: "If we don't tap into this possibly altogether other author, how can we say we know the adult writer we have become familiar with? Juvenilia, then, come to be a very necessary and a very exciting study" (2001: 288). The study of juvenilia opens up interesting and essential avenues of reflection on how canonical authors develop their own personal style; for example, as Shealy explains:

> the Alcotts' *Pickwick Portfolio* is noteworthy [in that their] papers yield some interesting and previously unknown facts about how the works of the young Alcotts contain the seeds of Louisa May Alcott's literary career and how Alcott would extract material from her childhood writings which she would later use in her adult work. In fact, this material can be seen as a precursor to three types of literature that Alcott would later produce: sensational stories, fantasy tales, and domestic fiction.

[6] Carrington, C. 1955. *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work*. London: Macmillan, p. 67.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

(1992: 15)

Considering the juvenile stage of Alcott's career thus allows one to create a broader picture of how the writer's talents as author developed. Shealy continues: "Without a doubt, Alcott's juvenilia aided her own future writings, both in content and style. They are, indeed, an important, but overlooked aspect of her literary career" (17).

Jane Austen's juvenilia is continually presented as the exemplar in the field of juvenilia studies and this body of work is doing much to boost juvenilia studies as a respected field in the literary community. McMaster has commented that:

> Austen was already a brilliant writer at age thirteen, the probable age at which she wrote *Jack and Alice*, which includes an alcoholic heroine, rowdy drunkenness, murder, and death on the gallows. I believe that *Love and Friendship*, written at fourteen, had it achieved publication in its time, would have reached the canon as one of the great literary satires
>
> (2001: 284)

McMaster's comments go a long way to bolster juvenilia as a category that deserves respect as a valid form of literature. It is the constant unearthing of child writers who have subsequently become canonical writers, and who embrace what can only be called *adult themes*, that helps to cement juvenilia as worthy of critical study. Interestingly, McMaster's understanding of the values inherent in juvenilia was not always as positive, but changed over time:

> With all our volumes up to *Indamora*, I think, my attitude to juvenilia, though affectionate, was fairly patronizing. I regarded our little books as *jeux d'esprit*, and the writings in them as mere preparation for greater things to come. It was with Louisa May Alcott's *Norna, or the Witch's Curse*, which I edited with an undergraduate class in children's literature, that I began to realize that juvenilia can be their own mode, an alternative to, rather than a preparation for, the adult work.
>
> (2001: 286-287)

McMaster is suggesting that juvenilia are "not the youthful attempts at becoming the adult writer we know, but youthful forays as another kind of writer altogether, and one that is surely worth paying attention to" (2001: 287).

Much of the juvenilia that have today become popular were never officially published at the time of their conception. Many were produced by hand in single volumes and read out at family gatherings; others were kept secret, while, it appears, only a handful were fortunate enough to find

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

publication, usually in local or school periodicals. In studies conducted on nineteenth- and twentieth-century juvenilia, it is the format of periodicals and magazines that see many of the world's established authors publishing their very first pieces. Christine Alexander (2005), in her article "Play and Apprenticeship: the Culture of Family Magazines", documents the initiative of the Brontës, Lewis Carroll, and Virginia Woolf, among others, who all began writing and publishing in some form or another within the medium of magazines and periodicals. The Brontës' first encounter with periodicals came in the form of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, in which they "relished the discussion on the political or religious controversies of the day, and *Blackwood's* promotion of controversy and competition with its Whig rival the *Edinburgh Review* caught the children's imagination" (Alexander 2005: 34). This publication served as the model for the Brontë siblings' (aged between 9 and 12) own periodical: "*Branwell's Blackwood's Magazine*[7] (renamed first 'Blackwood's Young Men's Magazine' and then simply 'Young Men's Magazine' by Charlotte)" (35). The children "wrote editorial notes, contents pages, letters to the editor, advertisements, serialised stories, poems, [and] reviews of paintings and books" (34). The first issue of this publication dates January 1829 and only "three issues of this early version of the magazine survive (January, June and July 1829)", however, "it is clear that Branwell 'published' monthly numbers that gradually became more sophisticated in conception and execution" (35).

Virginia Woolf (then Virginia Stephen) and Lewis Carroll also had early writing encounters with magazines and periodicals. By the age of twelve, Lewis Carroll "had already published a story entitled 'The Unknown One' in the *Richmond School Magazine*" and between 1845 and 1862 he edited a "series of family magazines", which, much like the Brontës, were hand-written and crudely bound by himself (Alexander 2005: 37). Virginia Stephen, at the age of nine, started a weekly magazine with her brother Thoby entitled "The Hyde Park Gate News" (Alexander 2005). Despite "her legendary diffidence,

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[7] These were handwritten publications not originally made available to the public. They have subsequently been published with the rising interest in Juvenilia writings; see: Patrick Branwell Brontë. *Branwell's Blackwood's magazine: The glass town magazine written by Branwell Brontë ; with contributions from his sister Charlotte Brontë ; introduced and edited by Christine Alexander ; assisted by Vanessa Benson and illustrated by Rebecca Alexander.* Edmonton: Juvenilia Press, 1995.

she seems to have relished the game of publication, playing with words and phrases, adopting the authoritative adult voice, and awaiting on tenterhooks for the verdict of her audience": her parents (Alexander 2005: 44).

The Problem of Juvenilia

The *OED* lists the term 'juvenilia' as meaning "literary or artistic works produced in the author's youth (freq. as a title of such works collected)". The term is derived from the "Latin, neuter plural of *juvenilis*", referring to the adjective form of the English 'juvenile'. This definition may appear to refer accurately to what literary juvenilia are, as they are indeed "works produced in an author's youth"; however, this classification proves too simplistic once the qualities of the work in question are considered. For instance, this definition does not set a boundary between juvenile writing and professional writing, and, indeed, does not consider the possibility of professional writing produced by a youth. The root word of juvenilia – 'juvenile' – also appears to hinder the understanding of the work itself. As the *OED* states, juvenile means: "belonging to, characteristic of, suited to, or intended for youth", while the *Oxford American Dictionary* includes in its definition the connotations of "childish" and "immature", adding a somewhat deprecatory aspect to the term. In addition, Christine Alexander contends that definitions of 'juvenile' are "further complicated by common parlance […] as the word nowadays is often pejorative: 'juvenile crime', 'juvenile courts', 'juvenile justice', 'juvenile delinquent'" (2005: 72). To consider juvenilia as 'juvenile' writing thus insinuates a particularly negative quality and devaluing status to works that may actually be sophisticated and complex, even if they are characteristically youthful in stylistic and thematic concerns.

Compilers and editors of literary juvenilia collections often use age as the determining factor in allocating texts to a juvenilia period. This may seem the most obvious way to distinguish juvenilia texts, as a juvenile period is generally considered to exist only up until a specific age; thereafter the person would be deemed to be adult. The *Oxford American Dictionary* defines a juvenile as "a person below the age at which ordinary criminal prosecution is possible (18 in most countries)". This definition makes a distinction between

what is juvenile and adult, clearly separating the two. Neville Braybrooke, in his collection of twentieth-century juvenilia, *Seeds In the Wind: Juvenilia from W.B. Yeats to Ted Hughes*, initially set himself an age limit of eighteen years, but was convinced to lower it to sixteen (1989: 14). He writes: "[Robert] Graves reminded me that by eighteen many of his generation were soldiers in the trenches. […] John Cowper Powys, whom I approached next, began his reply: 'I cannot help feeling, my dear Sir, that you set the age-limit too high and that 15, or a year later, would be nearer the mark'" (14). Braybrooke set his age limit at sixteen, but admitted that this led to certain omissions:

> Auden and Isherwood are represented, while Spender and MacNeice are not. Arthur Miller wrote to me from America: 'I didn't begin to write until my twenties, so I'm afraid I can't send you anything.' Somerset Maugham said that he had no regard for the short stories which he had published before he was twenty-one: 'I do not wish them to be re-issued.' Anthony Burgess's youthful interests were in music. Rosamond Lehmann destroyed all her juvenile writings before she went up to Girton. David Jones, whom I visited in Harrow in the 1960s, gave this description of himself: 'I was a painter before I was a poet, and I really didn't begin to write anything until I was about twenty-seven. Up until then I was much keener on drawing.' Seamus Heaney wrote from Dublin: 'Nothing of the juvenilia sort survives before my Queen's University poem about October, composed when I was nineteen.'
>
> (15)

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

The problems that Braybrooke outlines in this extract shows how using age as the primary factor for delimiting works as juvenilia is not as simple as it may appear. The case of Arthur Miller that is presented is particularly significant in that he did not produce any writing until he was in his twenties. This raises the question of whether someone who has passed the legal age of adult classification can still produce juvenilia. The inverse of this situation also applies: Alexander explains that "Keats […] died at twenty-four, yet we seldom refer to more than a handful of his poems as 'juvenilia'" (2005: 72), raising the parallel question of how to classify works that were produced in a juvenile period of an author's life, but that are as sophisticated as any adult literature, and recognised as such. Daisy Ashford presents a perfect case in point: she penned her *The Young Visiter* at only nine years of age, and had a remarkable amount of success. As an adult she ceased writing and as such

her “youthful writings are […] not regarded as the mere preparation for greater works to come; they are the thing itself” (McMaster 2001: 282).

A clearer understanding of the work that is called juvenilia is gained when it is considered ‘youthful writing’, rather than ‘juvenile writing’. The definition of the word ‘youth’ proves more suitable in identifying the complexity of juvenilia; the *Oxford American Dictionary* defines it as “the state or quality of being young, esp. as associated with vigor, freshness or immaturity”, or as “an early stage in the development of something”. This definition effectively highlights the complexity of youthful endeavours through its inherent focus on the characteristics of ‘vigour’ and ‘freshness’ and in particular by its concern with ‘development’, which proves crucial in assessing the value of juvenile writings. Alexander adds to the understanding of what youth is by conceding: “‘youth’ is a relative concept; and some writers reach ‘maturity’ before others” (2005: 72). To associate juvenilia more closely with the term ‘youthfulness’ than ‘juvenility’ seems more appropriate and is indeed more useful, but this still neglects certain crucial elements in correctly demarcating the work. In her article *Youth, Writing, and Scholarship*, Juliet McMaster calls juvenilia “the youthful writings of those who subsequently become prominent authors: the early creative productions of genius” (1996: 48-49). In this understanding a divide is opened between amateur and professional writing, which is crucial to the act of categorising works as juvenilia. The problem created here, though, is how to accurately distinguish amateur from professional writing. Looking at the concept of maturity perhaps best serves this purpose, as one can certainly suggest particular efforts that might distinguish that which is immature from that which is mature. The level of maturity of a work can be assessed by the amount of critical acclaim the work receives, and through a close and critical analysis of its stylistic, thematic and technical concerns. These may present as particularly good indicators of a work’s level of maturity or immaturity, but are dependent on the reader’s subjective analysis for confirmation of status. Contradictorily, however, Alexander argues that the concepts of immaturity and maturity may not be effective in the classification of literary juvenilia, as she states:

> The negative implications of ‘immaturity’ […] are unhelpful in understanding the creative process of juvenilia. They are based

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

on an illogical assumption that adult endeavours are somehow intrinsically 'better' than youthful ones. And yet an understanding of the literary juvenilia of an established author requires some comparison with the later work, especially if we are interested in the way young writers achieve their own coherent personal style. As Helen Vendler says, 'To find a personal style *is*, for a writer, to become adult.'[8]

(Alexander 2005: 73)

Although Alexander's point here is entirely valid and necessary – that the "negative implications of 'immaturity' […] are based on an illogical assumption that adult endeavours are somehow intrinsically 'better' than youthful ones" – there is still a strong case to be made for distinguishing juvenilia from more canonical texts, as there should be no value judgement placed upon the work in terms of artistic or literary merit. There should be no concern over which is a 'better' work, the mature or the immature, only a distinction made between the level of sophistication of each work. Designating a work as 'immature' may perhaps suggest something of the "creative process of juvenilia"; however, it does not have to place any value judgement on that process, especially any judgement that may have negative implications for the work in question. What is necessary here is simply to be able to distinguish a juvenile text from a canonical text, not to determine which has more value than the other.

Another useful way of understanding what juvenilia is might be to look at its intended audience and to distinguish it from 'literature *for* children'. Making this distinction may not, at first, seem particularly useful, as children and adults alike are capable of writing *for* children. But considering the problem as McMaster does introduces factors not yet considered:

Those of us who have taught or pondered over "children's literature" – that is, literature *for* children – know that there's a considerable difficulty in defining that body of writing. For other literary categories – "Renaissance literature," say, "Shakespeare," or "the novel" – we can focus on the point of origin: the period, the author, the genre. To start from the point of *arrival*, the child consumers, feels like Alice's Looking-Glass logic, in which you must select the exact opposite direction in order to get to where you really want to go. "Juvenilia" – that is, literature *by* children – would seem to be easier of definition: here again we can start from the point of origin, the youthful writer, even if as with "children's literature," our term gives us no guidance on period or genre. But I am arguing that here the point of arrival matters too; that it will help us to think about what

[8] Helen Vendler, *Coming of Age as a Poet* (Cambridge, MA and London: Harvard University Press, 2003), p. 2.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

> juvenilia are if we take account of an intended audience. I think that child writers, by and large, are busy writing "Adults' Literature."
>
> (2001: 281)

The addition of points of origin and points of arrival into the analysis of what constitutes juvenilia changes the focus significantly from that of etymology and age. McMaster is arguing that in order to efficiently describe what juvenilia is one must be aware of its point of arrival, that is, its intended audience, along with its point of origin, or who is writing it. The content and theme of a literary work now seems to hold some sway over the categorisation process:

> Just as the novel, a typically middle-class genre, has typically been *about* middle-class characters, literature for children has often been about children. But the child writers I have been working with – Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Jane Austen, Charlotte and Branwell Brontë, George Eliot, Louisa May Alcott – do not typically write *about* children. Their protagonists are generally youthful adults, as are those of most novels for adults. It is true that these authors were writing before our twentieth-century explosion of narratives specially aimed at children, so the models for narratives with child protagonists were not as plentiful. But *Little Goody Two-Shoes* was already a nursery classic by the 1770s, and Dickens's *Oliver Twist* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* were available models from the 1840s. Louisa May Alcott was in her thirties by the time she wrote *Little Women* about the March children; when she was a teenager she wrote about sex, violence, murder, revenge, and the other dirty doings of adults.
>
> (McMaster 2001: 281)

What McMaster appears to be suggesting is that in order for writing by youths to be categorised as 'juvenilia', its content should deal with, at least mostly, adult themes and concerns. Although this seems a classificatory endeavour, it is much more usefully viewed as only an element or characteristic of juvenilia writing; if it is to become a standard for classification it will exempt writing by children that is intended *for* children from being classed as juvenilia.

To highlight this issue one might consider Pauline Smith's *Platkop's Children*. Elwyn Jenkins (2001) has argued that *Platkop's Children* has commonly been accepted as literature *for* children, but he believes it is actually an adult's novel. The book is written in 'childish' language and is about children; however, as Jenkins points out, these factors are not significant in demarcating it as literature *for* children. More significant for Jenkins is how "the book works at two levels – one of entertainment, which

can be enjoyed by both adults and children (if they are able to get past the language barrier), and a more profound level of social commentary" (2001: 135). Although *Platkop's Children* does not fall into the category of juvenilia, the case is important in that it shows how adults can write simultaneously for children and adults; thus, children should just as easily be capable of writing for children and for adults. However, it would seem that children's writing that offers some form of social commentary, thus demarcating it as adult's literature, would be more valuable to a literary analyst than writing by children that offers only entertainment for children. A case in point here is *The Diary of Iris Vaughan* (1958), which Margaret Lenta describes as "obviously comparable with *Platkop's Children*" because of its child narrator and childish language and errors (2000: 30). Written at around the age of eleven, "Iris Vaughan's is a work which caricatures the world of children to make it available for amused and sentimental consumption by grown-ups" (30).

In her article "The 'New-Formed Leaves' of Juvenilia Press", Natasha Duquette discusses how the child writers published by the Juvenilia Press typically involve themselves in 'worldly' issues that can quite easily be considered 'adult' themes:

> There is a darker side to the works published by Juvenilia Press, indicating that young writers are not naively oblivious to problems around them. The producers of juvenilia have valuable, keen perspectives. This sharp reality awareness is present in the young Jane Austen, writing in the turbulent years leading up to and during the French Revolution, the teenage Richard Doyle, satirizing the crowded streets of Victorian London, the nineteen-year-old Mary Grant Bruce, depicting the Australian wilderness with unflinching naturalism, and the pre-teen Iris Vaughan observing events around the Boer War. The young authorial voices represented by Juvenilia Press present honest and gripping responses to personal and societal struggles through texts alive with acute creative clarity.
>
> (2011: 203)

It is because juvenilia, as Duquette says, "present honest and gripping responses to personal and societal struggles" that they are interesting to adult readers and valuable to literary analysts.

The concern with points of arrival that McMaster considers is a pertinent one, yet she does not focus specifically on the position of the reader, but only on the age of a reader choosing an item of juvenilia. Authorial intention may be useful in understanding the juvenile author, but to effectively

understand what juvenilia is, one should also be aware of the reader's intention, as it would seem apparent that a reader would look at a juvenile work differently to how he or she would a more canonical text. The reader's intention can be considered in two distinct ways: that of the reasons for choosing a juvenile text and that of their particular understanding of what a juvenile text is. Certainly, neither of these is by any means quantifiable or easily generalised, but they are significant in essentialising a category of literary work. To read a text produced by a minor, one would not expect to find the level of sophistication and understanding present that one would expect of an established author's professional work. So the reader would have a different purpose for reading, and certainly, it would seem, a different expectation of a juvenile text.

Alexander calls juvenilia a "non-canonical body of literature" (2005: 70), which introduces a valuable element into the distinguishing features of juvenile writing. Juxtaposing juvenile works with an author's canonical works makes it easier to make the distinction between the two sets of work. However, the term 'non-canonical' would have to include all works that are not considered as canonical, whether they were written before, during, or after the canonical works. While an author's juvenilia can be considered as *non*-canonical, it seems more correct that juvenilia instead be considered *pre*-canonical, thus distinguishing it from any non-canonical work that may have been produced later on in an author's career.

The majority of authors whose juvenilia have, to date, been subject to critical analysis are those who are established as canonical writers – for instance, Jane Austen, the Brontës, Rudyard Kipling, Tennyson, to name only a few. However, the use of the term 'canonical' does not have to exclude authors who may not necessarily be considered canonical in their genre, as the term should be used in the context of each author's career. Thus, any particular author may be said to have his or her own canonical writing, as well as a selection of pre-canonical works, or juvenilia. The distinction can be made here only because of the sustained analysis of the juvenile writings of the abovementioned canonical authors. Because it is clearly possible to distinguish between Jane Austen's 'canonical' texts and those that are *pre*-canonical (her juvenilia) it should be possible to distinguish between any

author's canonical and pre-canonical work – where the canonical work would be representative of that particular author's mature and professional work as opposed to the so-called immature and amateur works (the pre-canonical works).

The term 'pre-canonical' is thus suggested as a more suitable term than 'juvenilia', as it successfully eliminates many of the problems encountered with age, maturity and professionalism that the term juvenilia continually faces. In this sense a young or an old author can have writing that is pre-canonical; a mature, complex and intricate work can also belong to a pre-canonical era; and, perhaps most significantly, the issue of professionalism is conveniently eliminated, as all 'professional' works will be considered canonical works, regardless of the age at which they were produced, thus successfully separating them from the pre-canonical body of work. Although this change in terminology is suggested, it is granted that changing terminology is not easily achieved. The hope, therefore, is that, while the term 'juvenilia' will continue to be used, what it demarcates will come to be understood as 'pre-canonical' writing, rather than simply as writing produced in a person's youth – thus allowing for the complex nature of juvenilia to be fully acknowledged.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Herman Charles Bosman's Juvenilia

Herman Charles Bosman is one of very few South African writers to have collections of their juvenilia published, and he also falls into a category of very few writers whose juvenile works were published at the time of their conception. He was sixteen years of age when his first piece of writing was published in *The Sunday Times* newspaper, and two collections of his juvenilia have appeared posthumously, the first being Mitzi Anderson's in 1998, followed by Craig MacKenzie's in 2003. Significantly, MacKenzie's collection spans the ages of 16 through 28, while Anderson's collection incorporates writings only up to the age of 21. Though his title, *Young Bosman*, suggests something different from juvenilia, the period that MacKenzie incorporates may be considered Bosman's 'amateur' phase as these were "completed well before Bosman's more settled and mature phase

of the mid-1940s" (2003b: 9). MacKenzie's demarcation, then, relies on a shift from amateur to professional writing, rather than a change in age. The same principle has been used in this dissertation: I have accepted this as a defining tenet in separating Bosman's juvenilia, or *pre*-canonical writing, from his professional period, though I set the shift from pre-canonical to professional somewhat earlier than does MacKenzie.

The level of sophistication of Bosman's youthful writings is contrasted with many of the other 'child' writers who have been discussed in this chapter, as all of the pieces of juvenilia included in this dissertation were published in various different newspapers and magazines. No pieces dating from his juvenile period are known of that were not published. This contrasts with many other writers whose juvenilia have only been published quite recently with the rising interest in juvenilia. One might be inclined to consider that Bosman's first pieces, because they were published, might form part of his professional work; however, they failed to make any impact, and also, as I'll go on to discuss below, they have many of the hallmarks of juvenilia, so it would be inappropriate to consider them canonical writing. Although the majority were published in *The Sunday Times* newspaper, the rest were published in school and university newspapers or magazines, which can hardly be accepted as mainstream publications, and so these pieces would certainly not be considered part of Bosman's canonical work. The content of Bosman's juvenilia will be dealt with extensively in chapter three of this dissertation.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

CHAPTER II: TEXTUAL CRITICISM

Textual criticism is a multi-faceted, critical approach to the production and editing of manuscripts that requires a critical attitude and common-sense thought processing. In textual criticism a ‘critical’ or ‘scholarly’ edition of a text is produced that takes into account all previous editions of a work and makes available to the reader all decisions, emendations and considerations made during the production of the text. It therefore incorporates particular critical components, such as: the history of the text, a list of emendations and an explanation of critical apparatuses applied. Although the methods applied in textual criticism are scientifically rigorous, there are no firmly established rules or guidelines for its effective practice. As Dearing explains, textual criticism “is a di[s]cipline[9] that produced its first significant work, Zenodotus’ critical edition of Homer, more than twenty-two centuries ago; a discipline that has numbered amongst its practitioners Augustine and Erasmus, Richard Bentley and A. E. Housman, Dr. Samuel Johnson and Sir Walter Greg; but a discipline that in twenty-two hundred years failed to free itself from inconsistency and subjectivity” (1962).

In this chapter the application of textual criticism to the preparation of a manuscript for a critical edition of Herman Charles Bosman’s juvenilia is considered. There is a discussion of the textual history of Bosman’s juvenilia and an explanation of the copy-text chosen for the production of the manuscript. In addition, there is an account of the recension and a discussion of the decisions for making emendations to the text and an explanation of the critical apparatus employed. A discussion of the key thoughts and concepts propounded by the more influential thinkers in textual criticism will first be presented.

The Theory of Textual Criticism

In 1921, A.E. Housman presented his paper “The Application of Thought to Textual Criticism”, in which he argues that the application of logical thought to

[9] discipline] dicipline

the practice of textual criticism is the single most important act in the process of textual editing. He maintains: “the application of thought to textual criticism is an action which ought to be within the power of anyone who can apply thought to anything” (1921: 125). His argument stems from his observations that previous textual critics were not sufficiently applying rigorous critical thought to the texts they were editing. Housman argues that “we exercise textual criticism whenever we notice and fix a misprint” and avers that this process is “purely a matter of reason and of common sense” (125). He continues:

> A man who possesses common sense and the use of reason must not expect to learn from treatises or lectures on textual criticism anything that he could not, with leisure and industry, find out for himself. What the treatises and lectures can do for him is to save him time and trouble by presenting to him immediately considerations which would in any case occur to him sooner or later. And whatever he reads about textual criticism in books, or hears at lectures, he should test by reason and common sense, and reject everything which conflicts with either as mere hocus-pocus.
>
> (124)

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

West agrees that “textual criticism is not something to be learned by reading as much as possible about it”, but is of the opinion that “[o]nce the basic principles have been apprehended, what is needed is observation and practice, not research into the further ramifications of theory” (1973: 5). Housman stresses that “every problem which presents itself to the textual critic must be regarded as possibly unique” (1921: 124). In light of this observation, it is understandable that there can be no exact or single method for practising textual criticism. The textual critic must employ all the powers of reason available in order to make the best decision possible for each and every instance. Although it may not appear so, Housman believes his understanding of textual criticism to be scientific, as it relies on rigorous and controlled processes of understanding a text’s history, but, “since it comprises recension and emendation, it is also an art. It is the science of discovering error in texts and the art of removing it” (123).

Housman sets forth particular ideas as to why thought was not previously or adequately applied to textual criticism. He identifies a lack of “genuine interest” in the study of textual criticism, and, of those who are

genuinely interested in it, only a minority "are sincerely bent upon the discovery of truth" (1921: 152-126). He states that critics "come upon this field bringing with them prepossessions and preferences; they are not willing to look all the facts in the face, nor to draw the most probable conclusion unless it is also the most agreeable conclusion" (126). Along with these prejudices that people bring to the act of textual criticism, Housman also notes that there is a lack of "counteraction or correction from the outside" (127). He states that the "average reader knows hardly anything about textual criticism, and therefore cannot exercise a vigilant control over the writer"[10] (127). Additionally, the "reader often shares the writer's prejudices, and is far too well pleased with his conclusions to examine either his premises or his reasoning" (127). Finally, Housman realises that "the things which the textual critic has to talk about are not things which present themselves clearly and sharply to the mind"; for this reason, textual critics are often found to say and believe things that they do not in actual fact think. Mistakes are easily made where they would not be should "the matter under discussion [be] any corporeal object, having qualities perceptible to the senses" (127). The problem is that "the terms of textual criticism are deplorably intellectual; and in no other field do men tell so many falsehoods in the idle hope that they are telling the truth, or talk so much nonsense in the vague belief that they are talking sense" (128). In consideration of these factors, Housman entreats that it "is therefore a matter of common prudence and common decency that we should neglect no safeguard lying within our reach; […] that we should narrowly scrutinise our own proceedings and rigorously analyse our springs of action" (128).

Housman contends that errors in a text can be the result of many causes and can occur in many different ways. The two broad categories of errors that he identifies are 'corruption' and 'interpolation': corruption occurs accidentally, where a scribe, typesetter, or editor copies mistakenly, producing errors in a manuscript; interpolations are intentional changes made by scribes, editors, or typesetters, usually with the belief that they are correcting errors.

[10] Although Housman uses the word "writer" here, the context indicates that he is actually referring to the textual critic.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

In 1950, W.W. Greg published his paper “The Rationale of Copy-Text”, in which he shows how the application of purely scientific or mechanical rules to textual criticism may not produce a ‘good’ new edition of a work. His argument is focused specifically on the problems of English textual criticism and thus begins with an outline of the distinction between classical textual criticism and English textual criticism in order to show where the mechanical nature of textual criticism developed. A significant distinction between the two is that English texts have been produced primarily by print rather than by hand-produced manuscripts, as is the case with classical texts. Greg explains how the concept of ‘copy-text’ can differ from the classical to the English editor:

> There is one important respect in which the editing of classical texts differs from that of English. In the former it is the common practice […] to normalize the spelling, so that (apart from emendation) the function of an editor is limited to choosing between those manuscript readings that offer significant variants. In English it is now usual to preserve the spelling of the earliest or it may be some other selected text. Thus it will be seen that the conception of ‘copy-text’ does not present itself to the classical and to the English editor in quite the same way.
>
> (1950: 136)

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Establishing a distinction between the two types of textual criticism is necessary for Greg, as it exposes the fallacy of selecting the ‘best’ or ‘most authoritative’ text as copy-text when dealing with texts reproduced through print. Greg explains how the “idea of treating some one text, usually of course a manuscript, as possessing over-riding authority originated among classical scholars” and was bolstered by the introduction of the genealogical classification of manuscripts as it provided “at least some scientific basis for the conception of the most authoritative text” (135). G. Thomas Tanselle explains that:

> the genealogical approach to biblical and classical textual criticism […] emerged from a desire to minimize the role of judgment in combining readings from variant texts and was thus a reaction to the less disciplined eclecticism of many eighteenth-century editors, who often altered texts according to their personal tastes.
>
> (1994: 1)

It was the introduction of the “genealogical method” that gave room for the reduction of textual criticism to a “code of mechanical rules” (Greg 1950: 135-36). But the means of selecting an authoritative text through mechanical rules

is problematic, as 'logical analysis' is essential in identifying the 'relative' nature of the authority of one text over another. Greg thus takes up the argument against selecting the 'most authoritative text' as a copy-text and following it, apart from emendation, in terms of both 'substantive readings' and 'accidentals'. He explains that:

> It is therefore the modern editorial practice to choose whatever extant text may be supposed to represent most nearly what the author wrote and to follow it with the least possible alteration. But here we need to draw a distinction between the significant, or as I shall call the 'substantive', readings of the text, those namely that affect the author's meaning or the essence of his expression, and others, such in general as spelling, punctuation, word-division, and the like, affecting mainly its formal presentation, which may be regarded as the accidents, or as I shall call them 'accidentals', of the text.
>
> (137)

Greg's position stipulates that where "the several extant texts of a work form an ancestral series, the earliest will naturally be selected" (146), as this text will more closely resemble the original work of the author in terms of accidentals and where substantive variants are concerned. However, Greg is aware that there may be more than one "substantive text of comparable authority" (146), and it is in this regard that the concept of the 'best' or most 'authoritative' text becomes problematic. What Greg suggests here is that there is still a need to choose one of the substantive texts as copy-text, and to follow it in terms of accidentals, but "this copy-text can be allowed no over-riding or even preponderant authority so far as substantive readings are concerned" (146). He makes this argument by discussing the non-sense behind selecting a reprint of a text as a copy-text, even one that may have been revised by the author. Reprints, he suggests, are too far removed from the author's original to be taken as authoritative, even if the author has revised them. His suggestion is not to entirely disregard them, but to include the authorial revisions into the earliest 'good' text. Greg quotes McKerrow:

> 'Even if, however, we were to assure ourselves … that certain corrections found in a later edition of a play were of Shakespearean authority, it would not by any means follow that that edition should be used as copy-text of a reprint. It would undoubtedly be necessary to incorporate these corrections in our text, but … it seems evident that … this later edition will (except for the corrections) deviate more widely than the earliest print from the author's original manuscript … [Thus] the nearest approach to our ideal … will be produced by using the earliest

> "good" print as copy-text and inserting into it, from the first edition which contains them, such corrections as appear to us derived from the author.'
>
> (141)

A critical edition then comprises a heteroglossia of texts, where the editor evaluates all the possible substantive readings in the genealogy of texts for a work and selects those variants that most clearly resemble the original work of the author in order to create the new edition.

In the latter half of the twentieth century, as Tanselle shows, there was much debate over the relative amount of subjectivity versus objectivity in textual criticism, with many critics arguing that critical editions themselves are not desirable, preferring facsimile or diplomatic editions instead, where the intention is not to interfere in the text at all, but to "reproduce without alteration the words and punctuation of documentary texts" (1994: 4). Although the production of these types of texts involves a certain amount of subjective intervention in choosing which texts to prefer and how to deal with poorly written or badly printed material, they are viewed as non-critical and objective, as the intention is not to alter the texts. However, as Tanselle states: "any attempt to argue that they are necessarily superior to critical editions, or indeed that they constitute the only legitimate kind of edition, cannot possibly succeed" (1994: 4). He offers two reasons why critical editions are desirable, firstly: "[a] text reconstructed by a person who is immersed in, and has thought deeply about, the body of surviving evidence relevant to a work, its author, and its time may well teach the rest of us something we could not have discovered for ourselves, even if the reconstruction can never be definitive" (5). Secondly, he shows that "verbal works employ an intangible medium" and that:

> Any tangible representation of the work – as in letterforms on paper – cannot be the work itself, just as choreographic notation or traditional musical scores are not works of dance or music. The media involved – language, movement, and sound – being intangible, these works can be stored only through conversion to another form, which in effect becomes a set of instructions for reconstituting the works. Any instructions – indeed, any kind of reproduction or report – may be inaccurate, and thus every attempt to reconstruct such works (or versions of works) must include a readiness to recognize textual errors in their stored forms.
>
> (5)

For Tanselle, then, it is crucial that the distinction between work and document is made, for it allows one to see how the adoption of variants from different documents in reconstituting the work is a necessary and critical activity. Although he views critical editions as more desirable, Tanselle is, nevertheless, of the opinion that both critical and facsimile or diplomatic editions are necessary in preserving the past.

After concluding that critical editions are desirable, Tanselle makes it clear that guidelines are necessary if the operation of allotting critical judgements to texts is to be allowed. He states that: “Editorial taste is indeed essential, but an edited text should reflect, not the personal preferences of the editor, but the editor’s judgements regarding the preferences of the author, or the author in conjunction with others, at a given moment” (1994: 6). In order to show the implications of authorial intention in textual criticism, Thorpe considers texts, or ‘works of art’, as aesthetic objects, and compares ‘works of art’ to ‘works of chance’ and ‘works of nature’: he calls works of chance “any objects which are created by random activity”, and works of nature as “any objects or effects which are formed by natural phenomena”, whereas works of art are “any objects created by human agency for the purpose of arousing an aesthetic response” (1965: 105). Thorpe’s argument deals with the problems that textual critics have in choosing which transmitted text to use as a primary witness for a critical edition. His examples include instances where transmitted texts have incorporated transcription errors that essentially produce a text that is different to that of the author’s, but that itself still holds artistic merit and is preferred by certain readers. His argument debunks the ‘value’ that is placed on the corrupted, yet aesthetically pleasing editions by textual critics:

> Since the work of art is an intended aesthetic object, the idea of a random or natural work of art is self-contradictory. Human intelligence was purposefully engaged in the creation of the work of art, but it may not have been successful; the term “work of art” is thus descriptive rather than evaluative, and it includes failures as well as successes. The language of the literary work, whether judged a success or a failure, is a fulfilment of the author’s intentions.[11]

[11] Authorial intention here does not imply that the author has control over the *meaning* of the text, but that the author “certainly has final authority over which words constitute the text of his literary work” (Thorpe 1965: 107).

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

(105)

The essential point that Thorpe develops in this argument is that the purpose of the textual critic is not to evaluate the "success or failure" of an author's work, but to "understand the literary production as a work of art, as an order of words created by the author; they cannot permit their attention to be pre-empted by any auxiliary effects, and they cannot properly set up in business as connoisseurs of all human experience" (109).

Although authorial intention is accepted across the field of textual criticism as a necessary ideal, there have been criticisms of Greg's insistence on the necessity of employing copy-texts in the production of new editions that best reproduce what the author intended. Fredsen Bowers, a prolific critical editor during the latter half of the twentieth century, offers stern criticism of the notion of following a copy-text in terms of its accidentals where there are cases of doubt, and where two editions appear to be equally good (1978). Bowers has shown that with the development and enhancement of compositing techniques and practices over the last three centuries, the likelihood is that differences in accidentals in later, author-revised editions are more likely to be authorial than not. He is thus of the impression that Greg's determination to accept only the earliest 'best text' as copy-text, and follow it without deviation in terms of accidentals and substituting in to it all the substantive variants from later editions that are clearly authorial revisions, may not always produce the best new edition, as it is possible that accidentals in these later editions may reflect the author's intentions (Bowers 1978).

Bowers's opposition to Greg is only one example of the multiple contentions that exist in the field of textual criticism. However, despite these differing views, the practice of critical editing and the production of critical editions nonetheless continue. What is important, then, is that a complete and fully accountable history of the text is provided along with an explanation of all choices made on the part of the editor. Additionally, Kelemen has shown that the traditional understanding of textual criticism: "that it is the practice of identifying and correcting – emending – errors in the text […] may not itself serve to distinguish critical editing from, say, copy-editing, which also seeks to identify and correct errors" (2009: 5). Kelemen also points out the essential concerns that:

> Textual criticism and critical editing also may attempt to identify for readers points of ambiguity or disagreement about a text, while copy-editing aims to resolve, eliminate, or conceal such points. But the more significant difference lies in textual criticism's concern with the history of a text, from its composition to the most current editions. Textual criticism makes critical editing, to borrow the words of D. C. Greetham, a kind of "archaeology of the text, … uncovering the layers of textual history as they accumulate one on another."[12] A major aspect (5) of these "layers of textual history" is the body of variants one finds in the witnesses, but these layers also include, among other things, the choices editors have made concerning the text over the years.
>
> (2009: 5-6)

The practice of critical editing, then, involves two primary activities, that of recension – the preparation of a new edition – and emendation – the act of recognising and resolving errors in a text. But the essential characteristic of a 'critical' edition is that it makes all choices and emendations open to the reader.

Bosman's Juvenilia – The Production of a Critical Edition

UNIVERSITY
JOHANNESBURG

The juvenilia of Herman Charles Bosman has been relatively untouched since it was first published in the early 1920s. Only two publications, Anderson (1998) and MacKenzie (2003b), have emerged that include selections of these works, although neither of them has collected the entire body of work. The primary purpose of this dissertation is to create a critical edition of the entirety of Bosman's juvenilia so that they are available in the public domain.

No original manuscripts of any of Bosman's juvenilia survive; thus the copy-texts that have been selected for the production of the new edition are the first publications of all the texts. Three sources are identified as the primary publications: *The Sunday Times* (Johannesburg edition), *The University of the Witwatersrand Student Magazine: The Umpa* and *The Jeppe High School Magazine*. Original copies of all contributions to these publications have been acquired and serve as the archetype for this study and for the production of the manuscript. The edition created will be the first edition of the fully collected juvenilia of Herman Charles Bosman. Although

[12] Greetham, D.C. (ed.). 1995. *Scholarly Editing: a Guide to Research*. New York: MLA.

the publications of MacKenzie and Anderson have included selections of Bosman's juvenilia, they are disregarded as archetypes as they include emendations that clearly deviate from the first publications, and appear to have been made to accommodate readability or house-style preferences. The manuscript that is prepared for publication in this dissertation is a critical edition, with all interventions and emendations made available to the reader. Additionally, those particular errors that are overlooked for emendation, because of the nature of juvenilia, will also be marked and the reason for not emending them will be provided. The prefatory notes of the new edition will include a textual history, where there will be an explanation of the various publications that have included selections of the stories. There will also be an explanation of the critical apparatus and how it was implemented. In addition to the critical edition, photo-static copies and photographic images of the entire collection of base texts used in the study will be made available via digital media.

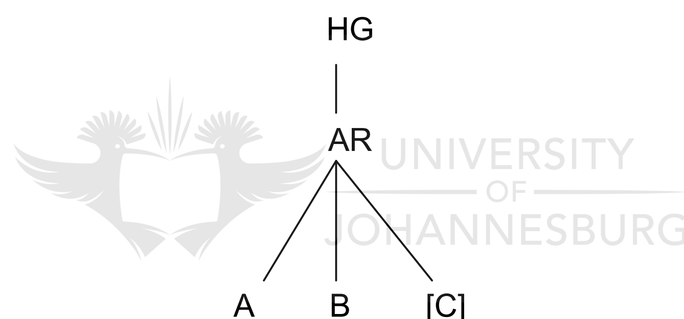
Textual History

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

The earliest of Bosman's known work was published on 20 March 1921 in the Johannesburg edition of *The Sunday Times*. The piece was titled "The Lesson of the Crosses" and was written under the pseudonym of 'Will-O'-the-Wisp'. Bosman had a further 29 stories published in *The Sunday Times* up until 22 April 1923. All of these stories were published under various pseudonyms, including "Will-O'-the-Wisp", "H.C.B.", "Ben Eath", "Lenin Tolstoi", "Ferdinand Fandango", "Vere de Vere Tornado", and "Pedagogue". In July 1921 he had his first story published in the *Jeppe High School Magazine*, which was titled "The Mystery of the Ex-M.P."; this was followed by a story called "The Mystery of Lenin Trotsky" in December of the same year. These were published under the pseudonyms of "H.C.B." and "Ben Eath" respectively. Bosman's later juvenile works were published in *The University of the Witwatersrand Student Magazine: The Umpa*, first appearing anonymously in March 1925, again as "H.C.B." in October, 1925, followed by another anonymous piece in the same month and ending with a piece titled "A Teacher in the Bushveld" by "H.C.B." in June 1926.

In 1998 Mitzi Anderson published the first collection of Bosman's juvenilia using the same base texts as have been used for this study. Anderson's edition includes both of the *Jeppe High School Magazine* stories and all but one of *The University of the Witwatersrand Student Magazine* stories. Her collection of stories from *The Sunday Times* is, however, significantly lacking, as she includes only 16 of the 30 stories now known to be by Bosman. Her exclusion of the texts may have been due to her ignorance of the existence of the other texts, as MacKenzie (2003b) points out in his collection of Bosman's youthful writings. MacKenzie (2003b) includes a host of stories overlooked by Anderson but neglected to include a selection of the earliest of *The Sunday Times* stories.

Figure 2.1 shows a stemma of the published versions of Bosman's Juvenilia:



UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

HG: Holograph
AR: Archetype
A: Anderson (1998)
B: MacKenzie (2003b)
[C]: the Manuscript in production

Figure 2.1

Recension

The purpose of the edition that has been prepared as part of this dissertation is twofold: firstly, it is necessary to preserve the current texts, as the surviving witnesses are in a state of physical disrepair and are currently disintegrating. The primary witnesses used for the creation of the copy-text are collected volumes of *The Sunday Times* newspapers that date from early 1921 to late 1923. The paper that was used during this time has not aged well. The pages

of these newspapers are currently disintegrating and within several years will no longer exist. *The Sunday Times* archives have a collection of the newspapers on microfilm; however, these too are prone to physical damage and may not last for many more years to come, and on the last visit to the archives, one of the rolls of film from this period was already missing. Because of these circumstances, it is necessary for the stories that Herman Charles Bosman published in *The Sunday Times* to be protected from the physical harms that are imposed upon the current surviving witnesses. This publication will put the stories back into the public domain, where they are more likely to be preserved for a longer period of time. The second reason for this study is that the stories in question have not been made available in a critical edition and have not been subjected to any kind of literary or critical analysis. This study will make the complete set of Bosman's juvenilia available to scholars for the first time. Indeed, it seems that many Bosman scholars are still simply unaware of the existence of these early stories.

Emendations

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

The study at hand relies solely on a single witness to produce the recension, which eliminates many of the problems encountered when more than one witness is available; however, as the primary witness, or copy-text, has been transmitted, there are particular corruptions or interpolations that require thoughtful consideration and, where necessary, emendation. The primary witness is the first publication of the works at hand; no manuscripts for these publications survive, so they are deemed the earliest copies of the works. As the "business of textual criticism is to produce a text as close as possible to the original" (Maas 1967: 1), these publications are the obvious choice as primary witness for the works included in this manuscript. The critical edition produced seeks as little intrusion into the text as possible: thus there is no editing for lexical consistency, grammatical inconsistency as well as no modernising of spelling. As the edition produced is a collection of juvenilia, certain spellings and grammars are preserved in an attempt to maintain the authenticity of the work. What may seem a corruption or interpolation produced through the processes of publishing may actually be a reflection of the author's particular juvenile misconceptions of spelling, enunciation,

grammar or punctuation; as such they are analytically valuable and should be preserved in their original form. Each instance is marked as a preservation of the original and the case for not emending it is made. As it is not possible to locate the origin of any particular error in the texts, the case for each individual emendation, or group of emendations (based on the similarity of occurrences), will be made clear.

Most textual critics agree that the language of the original manuscripts should, as far as possible, be preserved in later editions in order that the essential 'feel' of the original context is not lost to the more modern reader. As Greg has pointed out: "The former practice of modernizing the spelling of English works is no longer popular with editors, since spelling is now recognized as an essential characteristic of an author, or at least of his time and locality" (1950: 137). With this in mind, certain instances in Bosman's juvenilia are identified for emendation, but remain unchanged, as it is believed that they add an essential character to the stories that belongs either to the period in which they were written – the early 1920s – or reflects the character of the author in his juvenile phase. It should be noted that a certain amount of conjectural assumption is made in dismissing any kind of typesetting corruption in these cases.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

In the collection of stories from *The Sunday Times* there are three instances where conjunctions are presented with hyphens: from "A Sad Tale"[13] the hyphenated form of "tomb-stone" appears, in "Beyond the Beyond" "way-side" appears and in "From a Student's Diary" the outmoded form of writing "to-day" with a hyphen occurs. The *OED* still includes "tomb-stone", with the hyphen, as a legitimate form of the word; however, "to-day" and "way-side" appear only in the modern form of 'today' and 'wayside'. The *OED* does, however, present many examples of the use of the words in their hyphenated forms. A case may well be made to emend these outmoded constructions in favour of the modern convention of 'today', 'wayside' and 'tombstone', without the hyphens; however, the hyphenated versions are preferred because they are representative of the historical use of the words in the period when the

[13] In-text references to the primary texts of Bosman's juvenilia are not given in the text of this dissertation as all of the stories from *The Sunday Times* appear in a non-paginated supplement and because all of the stories are provided in the appendix of the dissertation.

stories were written. Further justification for the decision not to emend these three cases lies in the fact that the meaning of the words is not obscured by these, now uncommon, versions. “The Lesson of the Crosses” presents an outmoded form of the abbreviated *omnibus*: ’bus – with the apostrophe indicating the omission of ‘omni’. This version, with the apostrophe, is preserved for historical accuracy.

A further instance of what may be an outmoded spelling construction is found in the story “Fate’s Little Caprice”, where the author refers to the city of Cape Town with the lexical construction “Capetown”, as a single word. The *OED* does not contain the word in this form; however, it does present examples of its use in the late 1800s and early 1900s. This suggests that Bosman may have deliberately used this construction as he may have viewed it as a standard convention. Alternately, there is a case to be made for this construction to be a deliberate interpolation on the part of the typesetter, who may have had a shortage of space on the page and so emended the word to save the single character space by removing the space between the two words; or, perhaps, there may have been a shortage of upper-case Ts, which would have necessitated the use of a lower-case t, in which case the best construction would be to create a single word in order that the lack of the upper-case T did not appear as an error. The conjoined form, “Capetown”, would thus be a deliberate disguise for the constraints on the typesetter, whatever these constraints might have been. On the other hand, however deliberate a typesetter’s creation this might seem, it is also just as likely that Bosman was the author of this unusual form of ‘Cape Town’. He may very well have deliberately crafted the word as such, whether out of a belief that it was the correct formulation or not. Owing to this possibility, the decision was made to preserve the word as it appears in the copy-text. As further support for the resolution not to emend “Capetown”, it should be understood that the body of work to which this instance belongs is a collection of juvenilia, and as such it is understood that the author was still in a developmental stage of, not only his writing career, but also his linguistic and intellectual capabilities. It is thus believed that preserving this unusual construction also preserves the particular characteristics of the author at this early stage of his writing profession.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Three instances of apparent spelling errors occur that are disregarded for emendation, as it is possible to assume that the author intentionally produced them. In “The Lesson of the Crosses” the word “speedly” is used, which the *OED* shows to be a form most commonly used in the 1600s, with different variations cited from as early as the late 1300s. However, after the seventeenth-century it became more popular to use ‘speedily’, the form that still exists today. It is possible that the form of spelling found in the text is a typesetting error; however, as it is plausible to assume that Bosman chose this form of spelling, through a juvenile ideal or misconception, it is preserved as a diplomatic consideration. However, in “The Mystery of Lenin Trotsky” appearing later in the same year as “The Lesson of The Crosses”, this time published in *The Jeppe High School Magazine*, Bosman uses the modern version: “speedily”. The difference in spelling here might reflect only the style of the publisher, and it is difficult to postulate on the origin of the difference in spelling. Because of this difficulty, both spellings are preserved as diplomatic considerations. In “The Dagger” the word “assinine”, spelled with an unusual double-s configuration, occurs. The *OED* lists the word ‘asinine’ – single-s – as entering the English language circa 1610 and no examples of the word spelled with the double-s configuration are cited, although it indicates that the double-s formation was used during the 1600s and 1700s. The most common use of the word throughout history has been the single-s configuration. In “Fate and a Fool” the word “godess” – single-d – appears. There are instances cited in the *OED* showing that a form of ‘goddess’ used in the mid-1300s had only one d: “godesse”, however, by 1400 it was already being spelled with the double-d configuration. By 1667, in Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, the word had already taken on the structure that we use today: ‘goddess’. Although it seems more likely that this is a spelling error, Bosman’s original spelling is preserved as a possible indication of his juvenile misconception of the correct spelling of this word. In “The Lesson of the Crosses” the following phrase appears that has an apparent, yet unconvincing, spelling error: “but tears were painly [sic] discernible in their eyes”. Here the word “painly” appears to be a misspelling of the word ‘plainly’; however, this word is overlooked for emendation, as it is possible that Bosman, believing it to contain the same meaning as ‘pain*fully*’, deliberately used it. The reason for

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

overlooking the emendation is because the stories belong to Bosman's juvenilia period and may represent a juvenile misunderstanding of the word.

The majority of the emendations made to the typescript are punctuation errors that appear to have been produced in the process of typesetting and printing. Many of the errors are the use of full stops where it is more likely that a comma should be in place. It is assumed that these are typesetting errors, as it seems, even if conjecturally, more likely that a typesetter misread the punctuation mark on the original manuscript rather than Bosman getting his punctuation wrong. The relatively low number of errors that occur throughout the collection of Bosman's *The Sunday Times* stories indicates that even at this young age he had good control over his grammar, punctuation and spelling. It is therefore more likely that the punctuation errors that do occur were produced during the editing or typesetting phase. It is likely that, assuming the manuscripts were handwritten, Bosman's handwriting proved difficult for an editor or typesetter to read accurately and thus may be the reason for the incorrect punctuation marks being set. The cases that are emended are clear and unmistakable errors where the flow and meaning of the sentences are not logical. In the cases of punctuation errors that confuse the meaning of the sentence there is more reason to emend them rather than leave them as a reflection of Bosman's juvenile writing style or erroneous use of language. As it is clear from the low frequency of errors that Bosman was no slouch even at this early stage of his writing career, and that the errors are less likely to have been produced by him, but rather through the publication process. They are therefore considered corruptions and thus candidates for emendation. In "The Deserter" a case appears where two punctuation marks, a comma and a colon, are printed directly next to each other with the function of introducing a quotation. This use is inconsistent within the story and the decision was taken to emend it by eliminating the colon. The colon is eliminated instead of the comma, as the comma is consistently used within the story before quotations are presented. All emendations are clearly noted in the manuscript.

Only one grammatical error in all of *The Sunday Times* stories requires emendation. In the story "The Lesson of the Crosses" the following sentence occurs: "Let this scene remain with you indelibly impressed upon your minds

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

and impress upon your children that they in turn shall impart the lessons *of*[14] their offspring that you two have seen the deathly aftermath of the Battle of the Somme”. The preposition “of” appears to be grammatically incorrect and is emended to ‘to’. The speaker in this quotation is impressing upon two gentlemen that their own offspring should impart the lesson that the two of them have just learned *to* their children (the grandchildren of these two men). This meaning is not logically conveyed if the speaker were saying: “impart the lesson *of*[15] their offspring”, as the offspring are not the lesson itself. As the original preposition – of – does not confer the proper logic of the situation and because the meaning is apparently incorrect, the decision was taken to emend this error. Whether the author made this error originally or whether it was an editorial corruption or interpolation is not possible to determine. The decision to emend this preposition is therefore prompted by the fact that the meaning of the sentence is apparently incorrect in the context of the story, and the corrected preposition, even if conjectural, emends the error. A further possible grammatical error appears in a story titled “Fate and a Fool”, but on careful consideration it was deemed not judicious to interfere with the transmission of meaning and it was thus not emended. The sentence: “That night at dinner I found myself with palpitating heart consulting the plum stones on my plate” may appear to be missing the article ‘a’ before “palpitating”. The inclusion of the article would only have a minimal effect on the sentence, barely changing the meaning at all. The original construction of the sentence, without the article, may reflect the spoken, if not the written, convention of the time, and as such it may have been a deliberate construction by Bosman. If this is the case then it is necessary to preserve it as it stands for historical accuracy; additionally, it may also represent a particular juvenile misunderstanding on Bosman’s part.

A small number of obvious spelling errors occur in this set of stories and all of these are emended in the typescript and are marked as emendations. As it is difficult to distinguish whether these are authorial or transmission errors, no attempt to define them as either is made. The emendations are made on the basis that these are clear errors and the

---

[14] Emphasis added.

[15] Emphasis added.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

meaning of the text is not altered by the emendation; these interventions are considered as diplomatic and necessary. For example, in “The Lesson of the Crosses” the word “aseep” appears, which in the context of the story is clearly a misspelling of ‘asleep’; and in “A Russian Fable” the reader will encounter the word “treveller”, which, obviously without much deliberation, is understood to be a misspelling of ‘traveller’. Two instances occur where the apparently misspelled words create actual words, but which in the context of the story are illogical. In “The Dilemma” the word “aid” appears where the context suggests that ‘air’ would have been the intended word. In “Beyond the Beyond” a similar instance occurs, as the word “by” is printed where the context would seem to require the word ‘my’. It is assumed that these errors were produced in the typesetting process, as it is unlikely that Bosman intended these words to be as they were printed. These two errors are emended on the grounds that the meaning of the sentences is obscured by the errors.

In “When Woman Wars” a tear across the page of the original newspaper created a number of lacunae, although through careful replacement of the torn parts of the page it is possible to decipher quite accurately most of the words that are affected. Only those affected words that present difficulty in reading are labelled as lacunae (see Figure 2.2 below). A further, unrelated, instance of a lacuna occurs in “When Woman Wars” with the word “while”, where the ‘h’ appears as a lower case ‘n’. This may have been a typesetting error, a printing error, or perhaps an instance of physical damage that may have occurred to the text after its printing. Other instances of lacunae are found in “A Shorter History of SA”, where the word “prevailing” is missing the final character ‘g’, as well as, apparently, a comma directly following the missing ‘g’ (see Figure 2.3 below): as the spacing of the text in the newspaper is justified, the space that is damaged in this instance is too large for there just to have been a ‘g’ in this space; it is thus assumed that a punctuation mark has also been removed through the damage. Additionally, in the context of the story, it appears logical that the punctuation mark would have been a comma. As there is quite clearly a missing character and it is most logical that it was a comma, the decision was made to emend this in the typescript with a full explanation included.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

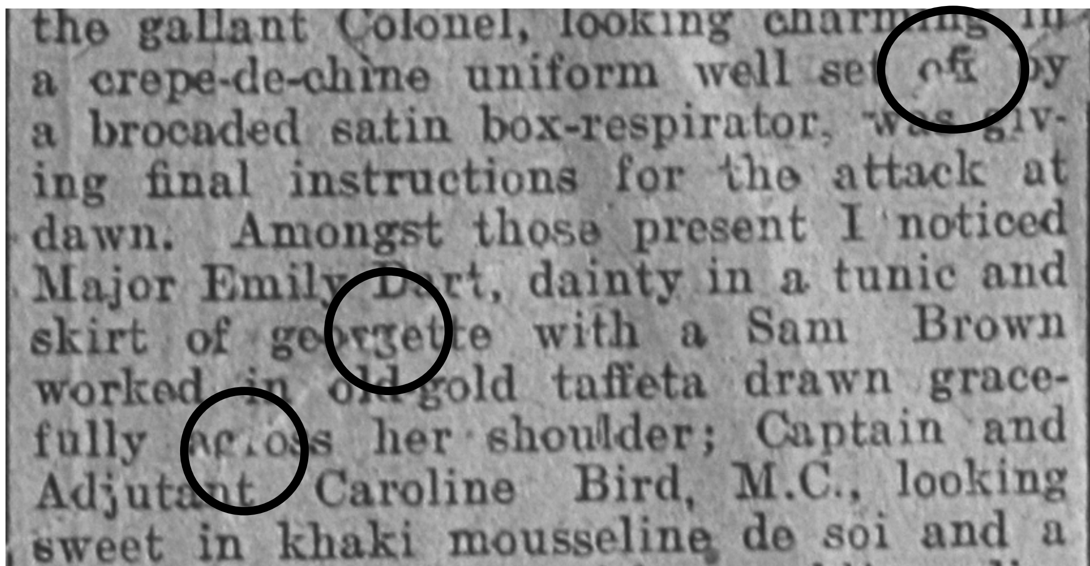
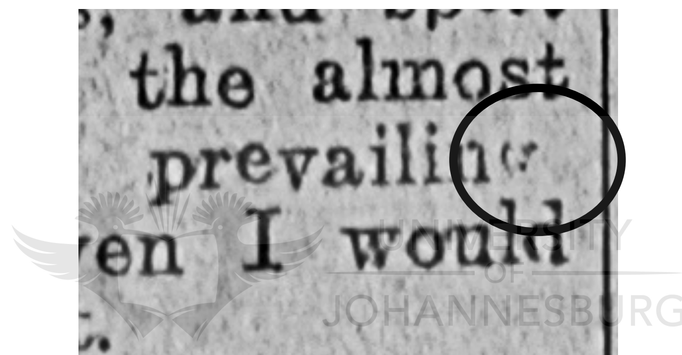

the gallant Colonel, looking charming in
a crepe-de-chine uniform well set off by
a brocaded satin box-respirator, was giv-
ing final instructions for the attack at
dawn. Amongst those present I noticed
Major Emily Dart, dainty in a tunic and
skirt of georgette with a Sam Brown
worked in old gold taffeta drawn grace-
fully across her shoulder; Captain and
Adjutant Caroline Bird, M.C., looking
sweet in khaki mousseline de soi and a

Figure 2.2

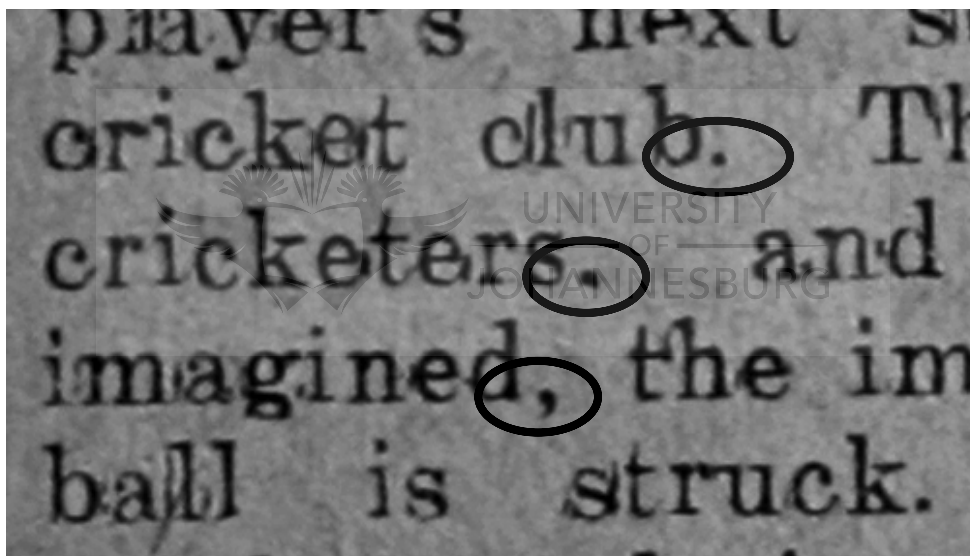

the almost
prevailin
en I would

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Figure 2.3

In "Cricket and How to Play it" there are a number of commas that appear to have been misprinted. To the naked eye they appear on the page as full stops, yet when magnified they seem to resemble more closely the shape of a comma that has not had its tail printed. The full stops in this piece, when magnified considerably, are rounder in shape, while the misprinted commas are shaped the same as the top of a comma, which is slightly less round than the full stops. Figure 2.4 below shows the difference between these punctuation marks: an example of a usual full stop is seen after the word "club" (as highlighted), after the word "imagined" is an example of a usual comma (as highlighted), and after the word "cricketers" is an example of the lacuna (as highlighted). It is assumed that these were originally set as commas but that they did not print correctly. In effect they are considered

lacunae rather than authorial, editing or typesetting errors. A similar instance is noted in “the Urge of the Primordial”, which was published in the *University of the Witwatersrand Student Magazine*, where a host of commas appear to the naked eye as full stops. In this instance, however, the holograph text used for the new edition is a photocopy of an original; it is thus not possible to enlarge the image. Considering that a comma is grammatically correct in these instances – where a full stop is not – it is assumed that commas were originally set and that the apparent errors are lacuna, rather than any other kind of error. This decision is taken because of the relatively small number of these types of errors that occur throughout the story itself, as well as throughout Bosman’s juvenilia. These occurrences in “The Urge of the Primordial” are not highlighted in the typescript.


cricket club. Th
cricketers. and
imagined, the im
ball is struck.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Figure 2.4

In “When Woman Wars” there appears a unique error in the instance of a character’s name being changed. The character: “Miss Sheila James”, changes to: “Miss Sheila *Jones*”, near the end of the story. In the context of the story it is clear that the same character is being referred to and that a new character is not being introduced. It is thus assumed that an error has occurred: whether it is an authorial slip or a transmission error is difficult to determine. As this error creates confusion in the logic of the story, the decision was made to emend the error and provide a reference to the original

appearance as an annotation. In “Fate’s Little Caprice” the word ‘fiancée’ is spelled as “fiancee”, without the acute accent on the first ‘e’. As the word appears twice in this form throughout the story, it is assumed that this was not an accidental misspelling. The *OED* does not present this spelling as a correct form of the word; however, it does present examples of its use in this form. Through a careful consideration of all these factors it was decided that the form “fiancee”, without the acute accent on the first ‘e’, would be retained for diplomatic reasons. In “A Sad Tale” there appears to be a typesetting error in the phrase: “I was on the point of-entering”. The dash between “of” and “entering” is seen as a possible typesetting error in that there is no logical sense in its use here. It is, perhaps, possible that in Bosman’s original manuscript this phrase appeared as ‘point-of-entering’, though this can by no means be confirmed. In the typescript the dash is eliminated, as this appears the most reasonable way of emending the error.

Critical Apparatus

The following critical symbols, adapted from the method provided by Maas (1967) and West (1973), are used in the typescript to indicate emendations:

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

< > Angle brackets are used for conjectural additions
{ } Braces are used for conjectural deletions
[ ] Square brackets are used for supplements in the case of physical damage or gaps in the text

For the purpose of this dissertation, all emendations will appear in the typescript as footnotes; however, should the document be considered for publication it would have an altered list of emendations that will correspond to the house-style of the publisher involved.

Conclusion

Before presenting a literary analysis of Herman Charles Bosman’s juvenilia, it seems relevant to consider the relationship between textual criticism and literary criticism. Kelemen explains how it is common for textual criticism and literary criticism to be seen as independent practices, where the former is

"essential to but separate from" the latter (2009: 8). However, he considers this particularly misleading, as textual criticism is as much dependent on 'interpretation' as literary criticism is; for this reason he advances the notion "that they are in fact interlinked aspects of the same activity" (8). As A.E. Housman argues, textual criticism:

> deals with a matter not rigid and constant, like lines and numbers, but fluid and variable; namely the frailties and aberrations of the human mind, and of its insubordinate servants, the human fingers. It therefore is not susceptible of hard and fast rules.
>
> (1921: 124)

Literary critics rely on accurate representations of a work in order for their own interpretations to be valid, but the process through which a textual critic prepares an 'accurate' representation is heavily dependent on "aesthetic and political choices" (Kelemen 2009: 8), and it is the act of choosing between particular variables that makes textual criticism interpretive rather than merely a "fact-checking precursor to interpretation" (8).

Kelemen (2009) identifies certain words that hinder the integration of textual criticism and literary criticism, as these words have competing definitions between the two disciplines: "[t]he most obvious of these is *text*, which in textual criticism generally means an arrangement of words, but which in literary criticism usually has a much broader connotation, sometimes synonymous with the term *work*" (9).

Chapter three takes a closer look at the content of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia and presents a literary analysis of the stories from *The Sunday Times*.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

CHAPTER III: CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF BOSMAN'S JUVENILIA

This chapter will undertake a critical analysis of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia. This will entail an examination of narrative form and style, narrative point-of-view, dominant themes, and imagery. Included in this discussion will be a consideration of Bosman's influences as a young scholar and the models that he adopted in his early writing. To begin with, the chapter will consider the arguments necessary for attributing all the included stories to Bosman, who used pseudonyms for all his early stories.

Overview

Bosman published a total of 30 fictional pieces in *The Sunday Times* newspaper from 20 March 1921 until 22 April 1923. At this time Bosman was a student at Jeppe High School, and, as he was a minor, was not legally entitled to receive remuneration for any published work. As a result, Bosman made use of a collection of pseudonyms to publish his work so that his real identity would not be uncovered.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Bosman used a total of seven pseudonyms, not once reverting to his own name. The first alias was 'Will-O'-the-Wisp', under which he contributed a total of eight stories. The majority of the 'Will-O'-the-Wisp' stories have never been collected and are seen here for the first time since their original publication in 1921. After the fifth of these stories there appears a story by 'H.C.B.' that is unmistakably one of Bosman's; however, the use of this pseudonym does not appear again in *The Sunday Times*, but Bosman does use it again in the *University of the Witwatersrand Magazine*. In September 1921, Bosman began to use one of his best-known nom de plumes – 'Ben Eath', under which the majority of his early stories are written. On 29 January 1922 Bosman has a story published under the name of 'Lenin Tolstoi' directly opposite a piece by 'Ben Eath'. This is a rare instance where Bosman has two stories published in one edition. Towards the end of his series of contributions to *The Sunday Times*, Bosman changed his nom de plume to 'Ferdinand Fandango'. Two pieces appear under this name in December 1922, and then there is a gap of nearly three months until his next piece appears, this time

under the name of ‘Vere De Vere Tornado’. This is in March of 1923, and his final fictional piece appears about a month later in April 1923, under the pen name of ‘Pedagogue’.

As these stories are all published under different guises, and because there is no direct evidence that Bosman is the author of these particular stories, at least in the case of *The Sunday Times* pieces, it is necessary to establish that Bosman did actually write them. The stories that are easiest to attribute to him are the ‘H.C.B.’ and ‘Ben Eath’ stories, as both these aliases appear in the *University of the Witwatersrand Magazine* with stories that contain characters common to both pieces (Lockjaw Bones and Dr. Jotson). This commonality of characters establishes a firm link between the two aliases. Moreover, the abbreviation ‘H.C.B.’ can readily be thought to stand for ‘Herman Charles Bosman’. Gray and MacKenzie indicate that ‘Ben Eath’ is firmly established as being Bosman, highlighting that this is only one of three Ben’s that Bosman created, the other two being ‘Ben Onion’ and ‘Ben Africa’ (2003: 10). Aegidius Jean Blignaut, a friend and subsequent co-writer with Bosman, confirms that ‘Ferdinand Fandango’ was also one of Bosman’s creations (Gray and MacKenzie 2003).

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

In order to attribute the remaining four pseudonyms to Bosman it is necessary to take a closer look at his style, for it is in their form and style that one is able to find a convincing link to Bosman. Valerie Rosenberg summarises his early style in the following comment:

> The Jeppe High school magazine of July 1921 contained a contribution entitled “The Mystery of the Ex-M.P.” It could have been the work of almost any schoolboy of unremarkable talent, except for three characteristics: it showed flashes of a distinctive, if unorthodox, sense of humour; it took a dig at the establishment; and it had that double-pronged ending that was to become a familiar feature to all who read the author’s later works.
>
> (1976: 23)

The three characteristics that Rosenberg identifies are prevalent throughout Bosman’s juvenile writings and are also characteristic trademarks of his later, canonical style; as such, these are valuable markers that assist in attributing the stories to Bosman. The vast majority of the ‘Ben Eath’ stories explicitly reflect these three tenets, making it possible to allocate, at least conjecturally, those stories that contain very similar characteristics to Bosman as well –

those being the 'Will-O'-the-Wisp' stories and the single story by 'Lenin Tolstoi'. The case of 'Lenin Tolstoi' has one further attribute that makes its link to Bosman even more credible: in a story titled "The Honest Money Lender", written under the 'Ben Eath' pseudonym – now firmly established as Bosman's pen name – there appear two sentences that are identical repetitions of sentences from two previous stories: one from a story titled "The Dilettante", also by 'Ben Eath', and another from the 'Lenin Tolstoi' story, "A Russian Fable". This repetition provides convincing evidence that Bosman was the author of the 'Lenin Tolstoi' story, especially given that this story was published directly opposite the 'Ben Eath' story, "The Dilettante", that itself has a sentence repeated in 'Ben Eath's' later story, "The Honest Money Lender". The pseudonyms 'Vere De Vere Tornado' and 'Pedagogue' are attributed to Bosman on the grounds of their similarity to the two 'Ferdinand Fandango' stories, already attributed to Bosman, and because MacKenzie (2003b) and Anderson (1998) both include them in their collections of his Juvenilia.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

Analysis

Narrative Form and Style

Much has been written about Bosman's interest in literature as a young schoolboy and many have pointed out the links between what Bosman read as a teenager and his writing that followed. McMaster has pointed out: "Young authors, like everybody else, must learn from models. In fact, because of the limited duration of their experience, models are even more important to them than to adult writers. And the choice of the model is of course a salient element in identity" (2001: 290). In line with this, Stephen Gray has commented that:

> With respect to Bosman's years at Jeppe High much is usually made of his discovery of certain works in the new school library. He himself often referred to the impact of his finding the haunted daguerreotype of Edgar Allan Poe in the Masters of Literature collection. But there was also the decadent, drug-addicted Francis Thompson, hardly remembered today, whom in the last issue of *The South African Bookman* which John Purves edited in Pretoria in 1913, he rated as "the best British poet to have arisen in the 1890s, and since his death in 1907 the most read

> in South Africa." Large sections of Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" Bosman could repeat by heart, with the obvious influence exerted on his poetry to come.
>
> (2005: 61)

Gray also explains that the Jeppe High School "library subscribed to *The English Review* and to the British *Bookman*, so that an avid scanner like Bosman had immediate access to the Georgian literary scene over in London and Edinburgh as it was unfolding under its new king" (61). Bernard Sachs, Bosman's childhood friend, comments: "I can recall that at the age of fifteen he had already studied Shakespeare, Shaw, Herman Melville, Poe and a host of others" (1971: 10).

Bosman's style is an amalgamation of various influences, enhanced by his own sense of social criticism and his ability to construct situations that invite a comical twist. Sachs makes the following statement about Bosman's writing style as a schoolboy:

> He wrote his school essays with that surpassing elegance of style which distinguishes his short stories of later years. These essays revealed a range of reading, a verbal keyboard, and a turn of phrase that was amazing in one so young. This Afrikaner from a Cape dorp made rings round the bright English pupils from Jeppe High School who came from very cultivated homes. His writing already scintillated with humour. Unforgettable was an essay he wrote in defence of Goliath, an easy-going, well-meaning giant who minded his own business but was being pushed around, till he met his sad end at the hands of the cunning David.
>
> (1971: 12)

Additionally, Gray asserts: "the first things [Bosman] wrote were riddled with show-off references to popular British figures of the day. An example is the easily satirisable A. Conan Doyle, or the O. Henry of New York" (2005: 61). Bosman's ability to parody well-known tales is well reflected in two stories he contributed to the *Jeppe High School Magazine* titled "The Mystery of the Ex-M.P." and "The Mystery of Lenin Trotsky", where he satirises Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes. In these stories Bosman twists the characters' abilities: where Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes has a keen eye for deduction, Bosman's Lockjaw Bones has none but ineptitude, often leading to himself and his sidekick, Dr. Jotson, taking the brunt of some serious criticism.

Bosman's enthusiasm for Oscar Wilde is evident in some early stories, where he tries his hand at creating his own epigrams – so typical of Wilde. In

"The Lesson of the Crosses", for example, Bosman presents a situation where two Irishmen squabble over Irish history and the narrator presents the following in the fashion of Wilde: "Another point to be remembered is the fact that if Irishmen are ever reasonable it is certain that they are never reasonable on the subject of Ireland." And, in "When My Anger Blazed" he tries his hand again: "Now, although anybody can see that there is something radically wrong with my face, nevertheless, as I find it most convenient for pushing my hat over, I think he has no call to criticize it". The influences of other writers are certainly clear and present in Bosman's juvenilia, though he by no means relies solely on these models for his effect. His own particular brand of satirical constructions is clear throughout these early writings and there are particular signs of what it will develop into in his later work.

The stories appearing in *The Sunday Times* are heavily influenced by the American short story writer, O. Henry, whose own life bears remarkable resemblances to Bosman's: as a young boy O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) was known as somewhat of a prankster, he spent time in prison (also being discharged early for good behaviour), many of his stories were published in newspapers and periodicals, and, like Bosman in his younger years, used a pen name in authoring his stories (Smith 1916). O. Henry was an active fiction writer from 1899 until his death in 1910 and is considered one of America's best short story writers (Smith 1916). From him Bosman borrows various elements of form and style, most notably his satirical depictions of society and the twist in plot with which many of his stories end.

An illustration of the similarity in style between O. Henry and Bosman's *The Sunday Times* stories in particular is a piece by O. Henry titled "The Cop and the Anthem" (1919 [1904]), which is a short tale of a demoralised tramp named Soapy, who lives on a park bench somewhere in New York. The story is centred on Soapy's desire to be incarcerated for three months so that he might have suitable shelter for the duration of the winter season. Soapy commits a variety of petty crimes that he expects will have him arrested and sent to jail for just that amount of time, but all his attempts fail to attract any of the desired attention. Downcast, Soapy heads back to his park bench. On his way there he passes a church where the sounds of an organist practising come wafting out to greet his ears. It is a melody that he remembers from the

days before he had become a tramp. His spirits are immediately lifted and he resolves that on the very next day he will change his fortunes by seeking out employment and getting back to living a normal and decent life. Just then he feels the hand of a police officer on his shoulder. Not being able to explain his presence at the church he is taken away, and the next morning the magistrate sentences him to three months in prison.

Bosman's story "The Watch" is similar in theme to this story by O. Henry. It deals with a would-be criminal who has a change of heart just as he is about to steal a watch from a drunkard. His crime is interrupted by the appearance of a minister who rounds the corner just moments before the offence is committed. The arrival of the minister prompts him to reflect on what he was about to do and he has a revelation of the depths of degradation to which he has sunk. Disconsolate, he chooses rather to live an honest life. Leaving the scene satisfied that he has made the correct decision about his life, he takes one last look behind and sees the minister rounding the corner with the drunkard's watch in hand.

The structure of O. Henry's stories, with their comical twists and humorous attempts at social criticism appears to have had a significant influence on Bosman. O. Henry's skill in developing a story along a certain path and then undermining all of his character and plot development by adding a twist at the ending for a humorous or satirical effect is what Bosman evidently copies in many of his own early works.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Although the form and style that Bosman borrows from O. Henry are prominent in his early work, and certainly in many of his later, canonical pieces, his juvenilia do not follow this style only. Bosman's early pieces can be classified, if somewhat loosely, according to three general types: the 'traditional short story', the 'vignette' or 'sketch', and the 'humorous commentary'. The first type is simply referred to as the 'traditional short story', as it resembles what one might classify as an *ordinary* short story, with regular plot and character development, and has a word count of between 1300 and 1500 words – a considerably larger number than the majority of the other stories. The stories that fit into this category include Bosman's first published piece: "The Lesson of the Crosses", which is considerably more complex in structure and development than many of the other stories. "The

Lesson of the Crosses" has a particularly serious tone to it, but is laced with subtle undercurrents that gently mock and delicately satirise the events of the story. It appears to be a story about two Irish gentlemen who have fervent opinions about the country of their origins. The two men, Patrick MacDonald and Tim O'Sullivan, begin a squabble in a bar about what seems to be the outcome of the Battle of the Boyne. The men are incensed and challenge each other to a fight in order to resolve the outcome of this battle. No fight occurs between the two men as James Forrester, a retired colonel and, recently, pilot, steps up and intervenes. He flies the two men to the site of the more recent Battle of the Somme, where they witness the devastating carnage of this historic First-World-War battle. The men are overcome and settle their difference on the spot with a friendly handshake.

On the surface, the plot of the story seems a humble attempt to underscore the futility of war and the gross loss of human life that is involved. But Bosman's intention is not as straightforward as this: he hides a subtle satirical intent in certain passages, such as the following, which describes the two Irish gentlemen's loyalty to their country:

> As I have suggested, Pat and Tim were good fellows; as a matter of fact, at bedrock, both of them were perfectly loyal fellows. Although genuine unfitness prevented both of them giving expression to this loyalty on the great battlefields, it is a positive fact that His Majesty the King could have had no two more patriotic subjects.

In this passage Bosman undercuts the reliability of each of the two characters by insisting that only a "genuine unfitness" and not any 'serious' medical condition kept them from physically expressing their devout loyalty to the crown by joining the army. It is certainly plausible that any genuine "unfitness" could easily be overcome on the training ground, and as such the two gentlemen's reasons for abstinence are particularly ill founded and thus appear to have a purposeful intent of mockery on the part of Bosman, especially as they consider that the drunken fight they are about to have as a battle that will decide the outcome of the Battle of the Boyne.

The second category of stories, the 'vignette' or 'sketch' type, make up a much larger percentage of Bosman's juvenilia and have a considerably smaller word count of between 350 and 500 words. In more modern

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

terminology these stories might be considered 'flash fiction' or 'micro-fiction' because of their shortness in length and because they present only one situation with very little, or no, plot or character development. In terms of content, Bosman's vignette stories can also be further classified according to two distinctly different types: those that offer a short account or description of a thought or musing, distinctly lacking any plot or action, and those that present a short narrative episode or happening that does incorporate some kind of action.

Examples of these two different forms of vignettes are the stories "The Dilemma" and "Kairatu". The 'Ben Eath' story "The Dilemma" describes a thought or musing that takes place in the mind of the narrator, who is faced with an awful dilemma one morning: to walk to work, or take the tram. As the narrator explains, walking is not appealing because of the exhaustion and discomforts it would involve, and going by tram is unthinkable as it would certainly be crowded and the conductor would want money for the journey. Faced with such an "exasperating" dilemma, the decision is made to take the day off work and remain at home. This story does not involve any action or sequence of events and is presented merely as a thought in the narrator's mind. In a different vein, the story "Kairatu" presents a short narrative episode about a man named Kairatu who lives in the largest house in his vicinity on the island of Ceram. Upon his son's return from service in the coffee plantation and the subsequent purchase of another buffalo with his earnings, Kairatu would certainly be the wealthiest man in Ceram. He is very content ploughing his plot and sowing his rice and maize. One night two of his buffaloes are stolen, sending him into a fit of rage and causing him terrible grief. Once he had calmed down from his anguish he resigned himself to "submissive grief and dumb despair". The next day, frustrated by his inaction, he had recourse to prayer, and earnestly beseeched the gods to bring the thieves back. The following night the thieves returned and stole the remaining two buffaloes.

Quite often these two different types of stories will be found in the same piece, where the story will open with a short account or musing and then shift to a short narrative episode that is related to the account offered at the opening of the story. "Human Depravity" is representative of this style,

beginning with a first-person speaker offering a commentary on a theory he recently propounded that there is “no limit of shame or baseness to which human degeneracy will not stoop”. Like many of his theories, this one too was met with scorn. In the next section of the story there is a shift to a third-person narrator who tells a short tale about a burglar who is about to steal a loaf of bread. As he is about depart from the scene he turns and silently re-enters the room. Filled with immeasurable bitterness at the thoughts of the heights from which he had fallen, he cuts off a slice of bread and replaces the rest of the loaf on the table.

The third form that Bosman utilises does not follow the usual narrative patterns of short stories and instead can be likened to journalistic columns, though rather than being serious accounts of an event or situation, pieces in this category offer a humorous comment on particular cultural or social aspects; they are satirical and playful pieces that have humour and, evidently, mockery as their intention. These are labelled ‘humorous commentaries’ because of their form and style, though one may be inclined to label them ‘expositions’, as their intention is to convey information, albeit in a comical fashion. For example, in “Cricket and How to Play it”, Bosman provides “some information on the subject [of cricket] for those whose knowledge of the game is only of an elementary nature”. He explains that cricket is played in “white boots, a white shirt, and a pair of white ducks”, and adds, rather comically, that a “leather belt will also be found indispensable to prevent the loss of said ducks and the unfavourable comment usually inspired by such an event.” Once having acquired the correct attire, the “prospective player’s next step will be to join a cricket club”, which Bosman, usefully, distinguishes as a “society of cricketers, and not, as is usually imagined, the implement with which the ball is struck”. In order to begin one’s own cricket club, Bosman advises that one must first “obtain a cricket set, the size of which depends on whether he intends on playing single or double wicket”. Should the aspiring player decide on single wicket, Bosman claims that “he will require a bat and ball and four wickets, besides a number of players”, and humorously adds that although “most professional works on the subject advocate the use of only three wickets, it is nevertheless as well to be provided with an extra one with which to enforce order”. Bosman’s intention in the story shifts slightly from

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

mocking how the game is played to criticising, in his already established comical tone, the reasons for which the game is played, which is, as he explains, in order to "rake in sufficient filthy lucre" by establishing oneself as the "treasurer" of the club, "thereby avoiding the useless formality of paying his subscriptions", and indirectly insinuates that as the trustee of a cricket fund, one has the ability to "rake in sufficient filthy lucre to keep him going until next season".

Narrative point-of-view

Herman Charles Bosman is particularly well known for his distinctive type of storytelling, and in particular his use of the 'oral-style' and 'frame narration'. MacKenzie has pointed out that "the South African short story as a genre contains many examples of oral narrative modes being deployed as tropes within written stories" (2002: 347-8), and also explains that:

> With Bosman the South African oral-style story reached its apogee: the potential for subversion and irony in this style of story that lay largely dormant in the work of Drayson, Boyle, Ingram, Scully, FitzPatrick and other nineteenth-century writers is fully exploited by him. This he achieved by creating a complex set of relationships between narrator, internal audience, author and reader.
>
> (1997: 542)

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Adopting the oral-style as his framework, Bosman followed a well-established trend in South African literature; first appearing in the 1840s, "this style of story – variously called the 'fireside tale', the 'yarn', the 'oral anecdote' or the 'oral-style' story – dominated the South African short story until the Second World War" (MacKenzie 2002: 348). Pereira explains that, "in a newly-settled country and in the relatively primitive circumstances of pioneering life, a favourite mode of entertainment would be the telling of tales (whether anecdotes based on personal experience, or stories which have gone the rounds of campfire and outspan)" (1985: 105). This tendency to 'tell tales' would have soon found its way into the written stories of the time and Pereira comments on the frequency that the term 'tales'[16] appeared in the titles of many of the early volumes of South African short stories around the late nineteenth-century and notes how the "transition from 'tale' or 'anecdote' to

[16] Pereira cites the following as reference: "*Tales of South Africa* by H. A. Bryden, 1896; *The Outspan: Tales of South Africa* by Fitzpatrick, 1897; and *Tales from the Veld* by Ernest Glanville, 1897".

'short story'" gradually occurred (1985: 105). As Pereira explains, "the pioneering short story in particular is characterised by the 'teller of tales'" and "[v]erisimilitude, coherence and immediacy of impact – the hallmarks of the orally transmitted tale or personal anecdote – can […] conveniently be achieved by the introduction of a fictional narrator" (105-106).

Bosman perfected the oral-style in his 'Oom Schalk Lourens' stories, and Gray makes an astute distinction when he states: "all the 'Oom Schalk' stories are first-person narratives in the mouth of an aging and cussed story-*teller* (as opposed to story-writer)" (1989: 4). In this comment Gray distinguishes the same defining feature of the oral-style story as Pereira, that being the inclusion of a fictional 'story-*teller*', and in the Oom Schalk stories there is a strong sense that the stories are being spoken or told rather than being read. In his juvenilia, Bosman is developing his ability at writing a 'story-*teller*', rather than just telling a story through conventional first- and third-person narrators. He experiments with many types of narrators and shifts their position within the stories throughout his early work. Bosman only rarely finds success in his formulations of these narrators, however, as the majority are loosely constructed and not always well controlled. In the Oom Schalk Lourens stories one is aware of the frame narrator and it is clearly established that Oom Schalk is telling the stories through this narrator, and the distance between the narrator and the author is clearly established. In his juvenile works, Bosman's oral style is still developing and the distinction between the author and the narrator is not as clearly demarcated as it is in his later works. However, Bosman is still able to produce a satirical effect in these shaky formulations, though at most he presents merely a humorous anecdote rather than a serious critical judgement or ironic social appraisal.

Bosman experiments with different types of narrators in his stories from *The Sunday Times*, incorporating regular first-person, character-based narrators, or internal observers – involved or uninvolved – as well as third-person, external and omniscient narrators; however, Bosman will often use two types of narrators in one story, shifting between the two and creating a distinct sense that there is a storyteller embedded in the narrative. Essentially, what occurs in these stories is that a fictional narrator prefaces the tale that is told with a short account that has a bearing on the meaning of the tale that will

follow. Very often this narrator will directly address the reader or some implied audience within the story. MacKenzie has shown how the “introduction of a fictional narrator into the written story form constitutes an attempt to simulate the ethos of the spoken word on the written page” (1993: 3). He offers the Russian term *skaz* as “a useful way of discussing the deployment of oral discourse within written literature” (3). Initially used by the “Russian Formalist Boris Eichenbaum” and, notably, Mikael Bakhtin and Anne Banfield, a useful definition of the term *skaz*, offered by Banfield,[17] is: “a kind of first person narrative which takes the form of discourse and is distinct from first person narratives like *David Copperfield* or *A la Recherche du temps perdu*” (Banfield in MacKenzie 1993: 3).

In Bosman’s earliest story, “The Lesson of the Crosses”, he is already experimenting with the oral-style story, as the narration begins with what appears as an external third-person narrator setting up a scene in a restaurant where the character, James Forrester, is arriving for his dinner; however, at the end of the first section the narrator directly addresses an implied audience, or the reader, when he/she says: “The head waiter with many obsequities bowed him to his table, where *we*[18] may leave him for a short while and turn *our*[19] attention to the next table, where two men were in earnest converse”. The use of “we” and “our” creates the sense that there is an audience listening to a story being told by a person within the story that is being read. Further on in the story, the narrator will address him/herself once again when he/she says: “As I have suggested”, further establishing him/herself as a fictional narrator within the story.

In “Human Depravity” a very clear storyteller is created who is evidently separate from the author. This vignette is structured in two parts, shifting from a short account of a situation to an episode related to the account. The story begins with the relating of a theory that the narrator/storyteller confers about his/her “recently propounded […] theory that there is no limit of shame or baseness to which human degeneracy will not stoop”. The narrator of this

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[17] Banfield, A. 1982. *Unspeakable Sentences: Narration and Representation in the Language of Fiction*. London: Routledge & Keegan Paul.
[18] Emphasis added.
[19] Emphasis added.

short account refers to him/herself using the personal pronoun “I” and also refers to “some of [his/her] brother scientists”, thus setting him/herself up as a character and effectively distancing him/herself from the author of the story. The short episode that is narrated in the second part of the story is told from a third-person narrative perspective. It is not made clear whether the speaker in the first part of the story is the narrator of the episode in the second part; however, as a distinct storyteller has already been established, it is assumed that this storyteller continues to narrate the short tale. This example perhaps shows the development of Bosman’s use of a fictional narrator, establishing a setting and storyteller, and then relating a tale through the voice of the established storyteller. Though it is not particularly well constructed, it does appear to show the first signs of Bosman experimenting with this form.

“Saved from the Waste-paper Basket” is similar in structure to “Human Depravity”, but in this story it is more firmly established that the speaker in the first section of the story is the narrator of the tale that is told in the second section. The speaker directly refers to the story that he/she will tell, he explains: “I do not claim that this story is in any way original, as it is simply a tale of human love that endureth – a tale of blasted hopes and shattered ambitions.” By referring to the tale and explaining what it is about, it is made clear that this same speaker will be the teller of the tale that follows. The tale is about an old king with a surplus of daughters who dwelt on the outskirts of the Black Forest. A dragon was at this time stalking the country, breathing forth brimstone and eating men. Driven to desperation the king declared that whoever could slay the dragon would be granted one of his daughters as payment. When all hope seemed ended, a knight rode bareback into the palace with the dragon’s head attached to his left foot. Choosing which princess to take in payment took only a moment for this knight, and as the knight galloped away from the castle the king laid dead in his chamber, as he had perceived that the knight had forgotten to take with him the princess. The story is narrated in the third-person, but there is a section in the middle of the tale where the narrator sets a conversational tone by asking a series of questions: “But why did everybody in the palace go frantic with glee? Why did the king, skipping gaily down the stairs, the while tears were coursing down his furrowed brow, embrace this knight? Why, indeed? Take three guesses”.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

These questions have the effect of quite strongly establishing the internal narrator within the story.

In “Saved from the Waste-paper Basket” it is notable that the narrator is aware that he/she is telling a story, thus firmly establishing him/herself as a fictional narrator. Likewise, in “A Sad Tale”, an interesting and slightly more complex situation is to be found where a fictional narrator is set up in the first section of the story by giving a short romantic musing on the beauty of Venice, and then proceeding to tell a short, first-person narrative where he/she is aware of him/herself as the hero of the story. The story begins:

> Venice!
>
> Well may the poet in his ecstasy have remarked, “See Venice and die!” Reader, can you picture to yourself this city, slumbering on the azure Adriatic, under the blue of the vaulted heavens, while the gentle, ozone-laden zephyrs are dreamily wafted to and fro?
>
> What’s that? You can’t? You’re a blamed idiot, then.

Notable in this short account is Bosman’s use of the conversational tone or *skaz* narrative that draws the reader into the story and sets up the motive for the action that takes place in the episode that follows. The opening of the second section of the story is one of Bosman’s most complicated, yet rather loose, narrative constructions:

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

> Having suddenly stopped speaking to myself, I, the hero, with determination clearly written upon my ascetic features, set off in the direction of a chemist’s

The jocose allusion to the first part of the story: “Having suddenly stopped speaking to myself”, and the narrator’s markedly direct reference to himself as “the hero” of the story is one of Bosman’s more complex constructions, yet is only a slight variation of the form that he has been using in many of the other vignette stories from *The Sunday Times* and offers a witty entrance into the narrative of the speaker. What is notable, though, is Bosman’s experimentation with different forms and ways of using a fictional narrator. In this developmental stage his constructions are still loose and lack any serious potency in terms of social criticism, but they nonetheless show the potential that Bosman already has at this early stage of his writing career.

Throughout Bosman’s juvenilia there are instances where metafictional concerns come to the fore. MacKenzie has made reference to Bosman’s “metafictional experimentation” in his later work, such as *Unto Dust*, where

there is a “foregrounding of literary device[s]” (1993: 15), and this tendency of Bosman’s is also evident in some of his juvenile pieces, particularly where the narrator directly refers to the story that is written, and in those stories where writing is taken up as a theme. In “Fate and a Fool” Bosman’s narrator, in the very beginning of his tale, invites the reader into the story by imploring him/her to judge the age of the narrator by evaluating his skill as storyteller: “Ever since my cradle days, which, through the palpable immaturity of my style, the discerning reader will rightly judge to have been a very short while ago […].” The narrator is asking the reader to judge his age by simultaneously evaluating his writing style and proficiency, and as such the reader is being directly persuaded to evaluate what he or she is reading.

After this appeal to the reader, the narrator goes on to explain how he has been obsessed with amassing a large fortune and expounds on how all his attempts at acquiring such wealth have proved futile. This is until a day when a good friend of his suggests the idea of writing a story explaining how he has struggled so terribly to gain this large fortune and how he has been constantly unsuccessful. At the conclusion of this short tale the narrator is restlessly arguing with himself as to whether the editor will accept his story and help him to acquire his fortune through its publication. The story’s final line reads: “Whether or not fate has played me another dirty trick, the reader will know as soon as I do”. The twist at the ending here allows the reader the insight that the story the narrator constructed in the tale is the very story that the reader has just completed reading. One is inclined now to assume that the narrator is actually Bosman himself, discussing his own attempts at amassing a huge fortune, and finding the writing of his short stories the best attempt he has at being successful. This is the only story that simultaneously addresses the reader and refers to itself as a piece of writing.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Themes

The themes that Bosman addresses in his juvenilia reflect particular social and, perhaps, personal aspects of his life. The stories were published in the aftermath of World War I and so the theme of war is a frequent one, especially in the early stories he wrote for *The Sunday Times*. The accumulation of wealth is another oft-recurring theme, frequently related to the theme of fate.

Unsurprisingly, another common theme is that of writing, which is also often related to the accumulation of wealth. All themes are dealt with in a satirical or humorous manner, which indicates a somewhat mocking and critical tone on Bosman's behalf.

- ***War***

In "The Lesson of the Crosses" Bosman uses the historically significant 'Battle of the Boyne', fought in 1690, and the more recent First World War 'Battle of the Somme' to elicit the sympathies of the reader and lend a serious moral tone to a squabble that occurs between the two Irish characters. This story is perhaps the most earnest of Bosman's early pieces, but it is nevertheless layered with subtle undertones that undermine the seriousness of the story's theme.

"The Revenge" is another story that parodies World War I. This time Bosman's, somewhat playful, ridicule is aimed at the Chinese Labour Corps of the British Army, as he dramatises their ineptitude with the use of weapons and satirises cultural impressions of the Chinese people. Bosman uses irony throughout the story to mock the usefulness of the Chinese Labour Corps; he refers to them as "an extremely select unit", which, when juxtaposed with their actual task in the war, is a clear attempt at deriding the division's practical value. In a humorous incident the Chinese Labour Corps, after being bombed by the Germans, decide to retaliate. They throw hand-grenades over the fences into the German prisoners' compound. They wait a long time for the explosions, and when they do finally occur they are on the Chinese side of the fence. The German prisoners had seen the grenades coming over the fence, gathered them up, pulled the pins out – which the Chinese had not done – and threw them back over the fence. The derision of the Chinese is further enhanced as Bosman playfully satirises them with such names as "Corporal *Lu-Do*" and "Sergeant *Ping-Pong*", both being members of the "Gee-Whiz Dynasty".

In "When Woman Wars" Bosman creates a humorous situation where a division of female soldiers are preparing for a battle to be held the next morning. The focus of the narrative is rather removed from the efforts of war and deals with issues that women, stereotypically, would be expected to

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

concern themselves with, such as their looks and their concern with impressing 'boys'. The tone of the story is light-hearted, as the woman do not take the act of war seriously in any sense, but rather impose upon it all of those characteristic stereotypes associated with women who have congregated in groups. In particular, there is the stereotypical way that women discuss 'boys':

> Something of sensation was created by Miss Sheila James bursting in, on her return from patrol. 'My dears,' she cried, 'you have no idea – we captured such a ducky-looking Bosche – quite a boy, and with most heavenly eyes. I covered him with my revolver coming back across no-man's-land but, in a quite absentminded way, I pointed the butt end at him all the time and he must have noticed it, for he suddenly turned and bolted back. Do you know, I could have cried – he was such a dear. Men are beasts,' she concluded impatiently, as she stamped her foot upon the ground.

This excerpt is representative of the focus of the story as a whole, as it highlights the somewhat absurd focal points that are unrelated to the efforts of war. The female 'soldiers' are not at all focused on any particular war effort, but are more concerned with the good looks of the opposing German soldiers. Bosman mocks the women's precision with weaponry when Miss Sheila James points the "butt end" of her gun at the German prisoner, and he subsequently escapes. But his escape is only a matter of concern to her because she was excited about showing off the good looks of the German soldier she had captured; there is no interest shown in the possibilities of having him as a prisoner for any strategic advantage in a war effort.

Bosman may be expressing particular views about the nature of warfare or some sense of the futility of war in these stories. He is commenting on the reasons and values that people loyal to their countries have when engaging in war. Throughout these stories, Bosman does not take war to task in any critical fashion: he mocks and satirises situations and divisions, hinting that he does not harbour a deep resentment or hold any political judgements against them. Instead, his tone is jovial and lightly mocking, and, as such, one might be more inclined to deduce that he finds the idea of war absurd or ridiculous and that treating it in a light-hearted satirical manner is the most effective way of debunking it – an approach that he was to use extensively and very effectively in his mature work.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

- ***Accumulation of wealth, and Fate***

Another common concern in Bosman's juvenilia is that of money, and in particular the accumulation of wealth. Interestingly, this concern often coincides with the element of 'Fate'. In two stories, "Fate's Little Caprice" and "Fate and a Fool", the accumulation of wealth is inextricably bound up with the idea of fate. "Fate's Little Caprice" tells of a man named James Shirley who is ruined financially and seeks to take his own life. Just before he pulls the trigger, his friend from "the Exchange", Holton, comes to see him to tell him of a dramatic turn-around and that his stock is soaring and he will be immensely wealthy if he sells everything. Shirley is overjoyed, and in his ecstasy he lifts the gun to his head to try and recapture his now passed feelings of anguish; Bosman writes:

> He picked it up and looked at it – "Ha, ha, ha – cheated you of your bread that time, little friend, eh? Yes, you greedy little brute; you nearly had me! Ha, ha, ha! By jove, what a curious thing is fate."

But fate has its own way in the end, as while he is holding the gun to his head his finger slips and pulls the trigger. The closing line of the story shows fate's reaction to this unfortunate development:

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

> Fate, looking out from her ethereal palace about the world, saw the incident and put her hand, politely, to her mouth to hide a smile.

This ending is indicative of Bosman's dark sense of humour, which is so prevalent in his later work, and also characteristic of his outlook in general.

In "Fate and a Fool" Bosman tells the story of a young man who has been obsessed with amassing a very large fortune ever since his "cradle days". He has no desire to gloat over his fortune or obtain any kind of power through controlling the world's credit. Neither does he want to be awarded an O.B.E. for any charitable acts that he might undertake as a rich man. He simply wants a fortune so that he can build himself a great mansion, fill it with the world's greatest possessions and attract a 'goddess' to be his wife. The protagonist, so determined in his resolution, has been extremely careful not to offer "Fate" any offence and has yielded to every superstitious desire not to harm his prospects of achieving his goal. However, nothing ever goes "his way" and he constantly finds himself in a state of debt. After recounting

numerous incidents where bad luck hampered his way to riches, he is finally convinced by an old friend to "depart from orthodoxy for once and try do some work". He is thus talked into earning his fortune by writing a "story of [his] battles with Fate". Immediately he sets to work and wonders "[w]hat a superstitious fool [he] had been before". He finally sees the foolishness of leaving his dreams up to Fate and takes to his task of writing with an ardent fervour. He appeared to have let go of his obsession with Fate and accepted that work is the way to fortune, and not a belief in "capricious Fate". However, Bosman, in his typical ironic fashion, offers up a twist at the ending whereby the protagonist, after completing his "masterpiece" and sending it off to the editor, spends a restless night debating with himself as to whether the editor will publish it or not. In the closing line Bosman writes:

> Whether or not Fate has played me another dirty trick, the reader will know as soon as I do.

The protagonist, through this final meditation, indicates that he is still very much overcome by the whims of Fate.

In these stories Bosman evinces the belief that the accumulation of wealth is entirely dependent on fate rather than on any other pragmatic endeavour. This passage from "Fate and a Fool" shows how potent Bosman envisions the relationship between fate and success to be:

> So colossal has been the concentration with which I have devoted myself to the pursuit of making money that it is astounding to realise the complete failure I have made of the entire business, and I frankly confess that it is beyond my powers to explain how it is that, with all my dreams and all my earnestness of purpose, I remain in a state of constant penury. I have tried everything that man could possibly do to propitiate capricious Fate. I have never in my life given her offence by walking under a ladder, and never once to my certain knowledge have I consciously harmed a hair on a money spider's head. In fact, not content with a purely negative virtue, on one occasion I enticed such a spider on to my plate of porridge and did my best to give the brute a thoroughly good feed.

His protagonist in "Fate and a Fool" is completely consumed by avoiding any offer of "offence" to fate and has even gone so far as to try and charm fate by enticing a "money spider" on to his "plate of porridge". His charms, though, seem futile at best, as he explains:

> I think that I am absolutely right when I say that I have observed every single tenet laid down by Dame Fate for those who wish

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

> to be lucky, and in return the austere Lady has not only seen that no good luck has come my way, she has taken jolly good care to send filthy luck in its place.

As careful as he has been not to insult "Dame Fate", he simply cannot seem to avoid "filthy luck". Bosman's dark sense of satire is once again highlighted here, as these passages offer no indication that anything other than fate has any control over the fortunes, or lack thereof, of the protagonist.

- ***Writing***

Many of Bosman's juvenile stories are concerned with the very act of writing itself; of which "Fate and a Fool", discussed above, is an obvious example. In "The Dagger", the narrator begins with an explanation of the main characteristic of the story itself: "There will be found, I think, one great outstanding quality in this short story – its shortness". He/she then goes on to explain the many reasons that the story is so short in length: it is much easier and much less effort, explains the narrator, to write briefly; it is in readers' best interests as it saves them from straining their eyes, and why should one need five or six hundred pages to discover a plot that could be discerned in a few brief lines? A story, the narrator continues, should be "like a flash of elemental lightning" and not "like a journey on the S.A.R." For further authority, the narrator directs the reader to the well-known aphorism by Shakespeare: "brevity is the soul of wit." Significantly, Bosman often put this into practice in his own writing; he had a strong tendency to pare down his stories to their essential core, an example of which is the story "The Traitor's Wife". Mackenzie deals with this concern extensively in his article: 'Simple Unvarnished Tales'? A Case Study of H. C. Bosman's Writerly Technique (2003a)

After the long discussion about the story's 'shortness', the narrator then presents the story that has been discussed:

> "The blood-red dagger gleamed in the powerful rays of the electric light –"

The narrator subsequently explains that with brevity as the main principle, the remainder of the story must be held over for the next week – allowing the author to draw another magnificent cheque from the kindly Editor. In this story Bosman is showing the first signs of his tendency towards writing 'stories

about stories' that become a feature of many of his later stories: most conspicuously in "Old Transvaal Story". Additionally, much like in "Fate and a Fool", "The Dagger" concludes with a reference to the remuneration that will be received for the piece of writing. This concern is a common one in Bosman's early writing and perhaps represents the metafictional concern with his own writing at the time and his preoccupation with the remuneration he would have received from *The Sunday Times* with the publication of his stories each week.

With the prevalent theme of writing as a means of accumulating wealth, Bosman's story entitled "The Elixir of Life" presents a rather ironic situation where writing is not seen as a means of amassing one's fortune, but rather, in this instance, it is the act of *not* writing that is the catalyst for amassing a fortune. "The Elixir of Life" is a story that deals with an author, John Spillikins, who is exceedingly popular all over the world; in fact, there is only one man in the world, Mr Augustus Tracy, who does not like his writing and particularly despises John Spillikins. Upon receiving a gift of the collected works of John Spillikins, Mr Augustus Tracy, a multi-millionaire, revises his will and subsequently dies. He bequeaths the sum of five million pounds to John Spillikins on the condition that he never writes again. Thereafter Spillikins was not heard of again, and, as the narrator explains, it is assumed that he did as he said he would do if he could not write – die. So it is in this story that Bosman subverts the relationship between writing and wealth that he has established in other stories, such as "Fate and a Fool" and "The Dagger".

- ***Deception***

Deception as a theme appears in various instances throughout Bosman's juvenilia. "The Fowl" is a story dealing with this topic and tells the story of a man who is duped into buying a week-long dead chicken: after jumping from a taxi driven by an escaped mental patient, the protagonist picks himself up, checks that he has no broken bones and ends up in a squabble over a dead fowl – apparently killed by the speeding taxi. As a result of the two parties' "fluency", a crowd soon gathered to hear them talk. After some time the hero diverted the conversation and paid the farmer seven shillings for the dead fowl. Arriving at home late he received a smack on the head from his beloved

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Ella after presenting her with the fowl. Preparing it in the kitchen she discovered that it had been dead for over a week. Other stories that carry a theme of deception are: “The Needle Test”, “Three Phases” and “The Way to glory”.

Language

Although Bosman was only a teenager when he penned the stories published in *The Sunday Times*, he was already particularly skilled in his use of language and in his ability to create vivid imagery and successfully manipulate his stories in order to produce humorous consequences. Bosman consistently shows strengths in his clever use of language and his wide vocabulary, and is already skilled at tailoring his expression and diction to suit the themes of the stories. In “When Woman Wars” his diction lends to the feminine texture and feel of the story; for example, the reader will encounter a “chic little Commander”, an “exquisitely furnished dugout”, a “water-bottle inlaid with sparkling diamonds” and a “gallant Colonel, looking charming in a crepe-de-chine uniform”. These descriptions are effective in slanting the focus of the stories away from the apparent theme of war and centring the narrative on the absurdities of how woman might approach a war effort. Another good example of Bosman’s aptitude with language can be seen in his story “The Dilemma” where his narrator is “faced with an *awful*[20] dilemma”: whether to walk to work this morning, or to take the tram”. The story follows the narrator’s decision making process on which option will suit him best, weighing up the positives of each and finally arriving at the conclusion whereby he “determined to take the day off and remain at home!” The humour in the story lies in how Bosman presents a rather trifling matter and turns it into “an *exasperating*[21] dilemma”. He uses hyperbolic expressions and juxtaposes these with images of natural serenity, creating a vivid image of contradicting forces at play. This flamboyant style is in itself a form of satire, in which Bosman devotes a comically disproportionate amount of detail to trivia. The protagonist explains how walking would not suit him as he “quickly foresaw

[20] Emphasis added.
[21] Emphasis added.

the fatigues – perceived the discomforts – attendant on *violent*[22] exertion". The narrator explains:

> While the trees were laden with blossoms, while waves of happy music rippled from the tiny throats of the little birds in the boughs, while the air was filled with perfume and great white clouds were floating in the sky, I would be wearily trudging through the dusty streets.

Bosman creates the image of a utopian environment, describing the trees "laden with blossoms", "waves of happy music", and the air "filled with perfume", and then absurdly contradicts this with his protagonist's thought of "wearily trudging through […] dusty streets". The disparity between the two environments: the initial serene, inviting environment and the weary, dusty streets below, is where Bosman creates his humour, allowing this contrast to carry the wit of the story.

Bosman displays remarkable sophistication for one still so young in how he creates decisive and eloquent descriptive statements. In "The Dilemma" he writes: "A flash of lightning, throwing his features into bold relief, revealed his jaw rigidly set, his teeth gleaming", and in "The Watch": "With gentle, tear-dimmed eyes and my hands thrust deep into my trouser pockets, I stood shivering on the pavement, looking back through Time's dark avenue upon a fading past." These are poignant descriptions, the complexity of which lend an adult tone to Bosman's 'youthful' stories, and open them to a readership beyond those of his peer group.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[22] Emphasis added.

CONCLUSION

The primary function of this dissertation has been the production of a critical edition of Herman Charles Bosman's juvenilia. My approach to the production of the typescript followed many of the commonly held views in textual criticism. Although there are a range of differing views on how the practice of textual criticism should be undertaken, there appears to be a common interest in creating new editions that as closely as possible resemble the original text. This may be a difficult thing to achieve, given the many ways that a text can be corrupted through the re-transmission of texts, but (as discussed in chapter 2) the modern textual critic strives to achieve this by employing common sense and reason to the editing of the texts concerned. This is a laborious process that has no firmly established process, except to consider each interpolation, corruption or authorial addition on its own, and to come to a reasoned and sensible decision about how to deal with the change in the text. Kelemen (2009) has pointed out that although there are multiple ways of approaching the business of textual editing, what distinguish critical editions from other editions are their incorporation of a textual history, which makes all variations of a text available to the reader, and incorporates a discussion of all emendations that an editor has made to a text. My own approach has followed this principle.

With these concerns in mind, my approach to the editing of Bosman's juvenilia has been as cautious and non-interventionist as possible. As there was only a single witness with which to produce the new edition, there were far fewer considerations to attend to than with texts that have been reproduced multiple times. However, because the primary text has been transmitted, there were instances of corruptions that had to be considered. Where there was any doubt about whether or not to intervene, I exercised caution and generally chose not to; however, in cases where intervention seemed the most appropriate course of action, all changes have been noted in the typescript and discussed at length in the dissertation.

The edition that I have produced in this dissertation is a collection of juvenilia, which means that certain considerations had to be made concerning elements in the texts that might represent Bosman's juvenile perceptions of

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

language and its use. This complicated the decisions that had to be made where apparent interpolations were discovered in the primary witness, as, not only did I have to consider whether they were transmission errors, I also had to take into account that they might have been produced by Bosman himself. In terms of emending these, as far as possible I have tried to take cognisance of the youthful aspects of Bosman's writing and have not intervened where there is at least a conjectural possibility that the error reflects Bosman's own juvenile writing. For those instances where meaning was obscured, however, interventions were made to rectify the problem.

This dissertation reintroduces Bosman's juvenilia into the public domain. Although there are editions of most of his juvenilia already available, these have not considered the entirety of his pre-canonical work. This dissertation incorporates a total of seven stories that have not yet been acknowledged as belonging to Bosman's juvenilia. In addition to this, the dissertation also highlights the value in considering Bosman's juvenilia as a site of analysis. Juvenilia studies are fundamentally concerned with understanding the development of an author's style and reconsidering their canonical work within these parameters. This does not mean that canonical works are drastically re-interpreted; rather, their meaning can be enhanced or broadened once it has been established how an author came to develop his or her particular style. Although this is generally how value is ascribed to juvenilia studies, Duquette has pointed out how the "producers of juvenilia have valuable, keen perspectives" on the world (2011: 203). These perspectives are not without merit on their own, and can become a feature of analysis that goes beyond merely looking at how an author is developing a talent, but that becomes an object of analysis on its own. McMaster has also commented that "juvenilia can be their own mode, an alternative to, rather than a preparation for, the adult work" (2001: 287). Duquette supplements this notion with the following comment on works that the Juvenilia Press has published: "The Juvenilia Press offerings prove works by children and teens can be not only highly entertaining, amusing, and witty but also convincing and edifying. They not only delight but also instruct and even caution" (Duquette 2011: 215). With the increasing amount of attention being placed on juvenilia, there appears to be

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

a need for more systematic and sustained analyses of works that fall into this category. Indeed, for a deeper understanding of how juvenilia indicates the development of an author's talent, one must first be aware of the fundamental aspects of that author's juvenilia itself.

In terms of Bosman's juvenilia, there are many indications of how his writing style was developing throughout his juvenilia. However, there is a lot more to be gleaned from these early stories than just how Bosman was developing his writing talent. The stories show remarkable complexities and an impressive knowledge or understanding of a world that he had only known for 16 or 17 years. Bosman's early stories are extraordinarily precocious; they display much promise and demonstrate ample skill with language. In "The Mystery of the Ex-M.P." he arrogantly explains how only those students in Form V would understand the word "enrounded", as he places a footnote after the word stating: "Form V. will understand this word. Others won't – it isn't in their syllabus". He displays a remarkable talent in seamlessly incorporating complex terminology, as in this rhetorical question he poses in "The Mystery of the Ex-M.P.": "Was his fell purpose assault, battery, *malice prépense*, or *felo de se*?" These examples underline the intricacies of Bosman's writing at this time and show how he already commanded and controlled his writing to produce complex and witty effects.

With reference to the development of Bosman's style, what is evident in his juvenilia is how other established authors influenced him and how he relied on models gauged from them to create his own pieces. Within these forms, it possible to see how Bosman developed and moved beyond the mimicking of his influences. What is also very evident is Bosman's sense of satire and his subtle attempts at undermining and ridiculing society. Though the forms employed by other writers who also satirise society influenced him greatly, it is evident throughout his juvenilia that his desire and ability to satirise is his own, and not something that he picks up from other writers. From his very first piece, "The Lesson of the Crosses", there are very clear and successful attempts at satire. It appears that the forms he mimics give him room to expand and perfect his satire, but they are not entirely responsible for his ability to satirise.

With the growing interest in juvenilia studies, the re-introduction of Bosman's juvenilia may prove significant, as his juvenilia can become a site of analysis on their own, without being seen merely as a precursor to his mature work. Though this is possible and desirable, his juvenilia might be more appropriately incorporated into Bosman studies in a comparative way, where his juvenilia can be read alongside his mature work to see how his particular technique developed; much can be gleaned from his juvenilia in terms of his style – in particular his constant use of a twist at the end of his stories – as well as how (as discussed in Chapter 3) he uses narrative point of view.

Duquette has shown how incorporating the juvenilia of Jane Austen into an undergraduate course on Austen gave her students "a greater comprehension of the social and political implications of [Austen's] irony" (2011: 207). A similar approach can be taken with Bosman's juvenilia, where his canonical texts can be read alongside select juvenilia pieces to open up a broader understanding of his use of satire and to give students a richer awareness of Bosman's intentions. It is perhaps within the area of satire and his flair with language where the most can be taken from his juvenilia and incorporated into Bosman studies.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

Similar to what Sabor has said of Jane Austen's juvenilia, that "rather than damaging Austen's reputation they have come to augment it" (2006: xxiii), Bosman's juvenilia only add to his stature as a writer. Viewed as separate to his mature work, the collection of juvenilia offers penetrating insights into his abilities as a writer and opens up valuable avenues of exploration into his view of the world as a young scholar and shows how deeply entrenched his sense of satire is by the time he reaches his more mature period of writing.

APPENDIX: TYPESCRIPT

The Lesson of the Crosses – Will-O'-the-Wisp (March 20, 1921)

James Forrester strolled into the Ritz for dinner, unaccompanied, for the man who was to have been his guest had wired at the last moment to intimate that he could not come.

James was a fine-looking man with square chin and eyes that, despite a faint suggestion of mysticism, bespoke immeasurable energy and determination.

The fact that his air of responsibility was in no way out of keeping with his comparative youth is to be explained by the additional fact that at the age of twenty- four he had been a perfectly good colonel in command of an infantry battalion. He also had pots of money but there was no ground whatever for connecting this with his military distinctions.

James was simply a very gallant gentleman in whom warrior and poet were admirably blended.

Since his return to civilian life he had taken a great interest in aviation and was the proud owner and pilot of a speedly[23] little 'bus which he had named the "Amazon."

The head waiter with many obsequities bowed him to his table, where we may leave him for a short while and turn our attention to the next table, where two men were in earnest converse.

One of them was known by the name of Patrick Macdonald, a citizen of Belfast; the other was Tim O'Sullivan, who hailed from the other end of the Emerald Isle.

Both of them were jolly-looking fellows and transparently honest. One liked them instinctively.

As a matter of fact they had just met each other for the first time that same afternoon and had at once got on excellent terms. No doubt their happy relations might have continued but for the wine and the whisky that found a way to their table on this particular night. Friendships made in wine, as the poet has told us, rarely last long, and when the end comes there is rarely a crash of broken hearts; but on the other hand<,>[24] real friendship broken in the temples of the Demon of Alcohol – how often is the damage irreparable!

As the glasses of our Irish friends were emptied and re-filled time and time again it was almost inevitable that their talk should turn in the direction of their native land. Sober reason is at a discount in this world, as it is, but when the influence of drink is brought to bear, reason flies screaming from the atmosphere and is nowhere to be found.

Thus an arbitrary division sprang up at the little table all of a sudden, talk became louder and people in the great hall looked round for signs of the altercation.

As I have suggested, Pat and Tim were good fellows; as a matter of fact, at bedrock, both of them were perfectly loyal fellows. Although genuine unfitness prevented both of them giving expression to this loyalty on the great

[23] [speedy] speedly – Not emended

[24] hand] hand,

battlefields, it is a positive fact that His Majesty the King could have had no two more patriotic subjects.

At times, however, there exists a tendency amongst nearly all Irishmen to play the prescriptive stage Irishman and sometimes also their Celtic imagination makes the drama real. Another point to be remembered is the fact that if Irishmen are ever reasonable it is certain that they are never reasonable on the subject of Ireland.

At any rate the two sons of Erin were soon engaged in most tremendous debate for both were hot-blooded and soon both tempers were loosed to the rafters.

The sweet plaintive music of the orchestra became drowned in the thunder of a great dispute.

The phrase that must have impressed itself upon those at the surrounding tables was the fateful “Battle of the Boyne.” It was flung backwards and forwards between the two and each time deep glints of hatred sprang into both pairs of eyes. Eventually the tension became unbearable.

“Damn Ulster and damn you!” shouted Tim O’Sullivan in a frenzy. “Let us get out of here and decide once and for all about the Battle of the Boyne.”

“Right, and the sooner the better,” replied Patrick, as he rose in acceptance of the challenge.

“One moment, gentlemen,” interposed a quiet voice from the next table, and its owner came towards them. It was James Forrester. “You will pardon my having overheard your conversation, but really, you know, you did not afford me any great opportunity of doing otherwise. Now, before you two gentlemen re-fight the Battle of Boyne, I have a great favour to ask both of you, and if it is the last favour I ever have granted me I trust you will do me this solitary one. I should explain that I am the proud owner of a little air-’bus and I think a little trip aloft in the cool night air will do both of you inestimable good. Will you come round to my aerodrome now?”

“Where will we be going?” demanded Tim.

“Only for a little joy-ride,” replied Forrester, somewhat grimly, as he led the way to the door, followed by the two Irishmen.

Not a word was passed as the “Amazon” flew through the cool night air. The sensation was delightful and soon both Patrick MacDonald and Tim O’Sullivan were fast as<l>eep[25], though with hatred still in their hearts. Dawn was just breaking when the “Amazon” landed on the earth once more with a shock that woke up both sleepers. They stood up, gazed fiercely at each other and then all three proceeded to get out.

Standing on high ground, they overlooked the surrounding country, from which the shadows of night had disappeared completely. Motionless, they gazed across the landscape. Tim and Pat were spellbound in awe.

It was a scene of cruel devastation as far as the eye could see – branchless trees, tortured ground, rusty barbed wire, ruined villages and all the broken implements of war’s grim paraphernalia stretching everywhere over the entire countryside. The terrible scene was made more fearful by

[25] asleep] aseep

thousand<s>[26] upon thousands of little wooden crosses whi<c>h[27] seemed to run right over the horizon in every direction.

It was an indescribably piteous scene of death, desolation and utter loneliness, of a Satanic calm that had followed in the wake of a Satanic storm.

Not a word was uttered as the three made their way to two little crosses close at hand. They read the inscriptions, which by a curious coincidence ran –

Lieut.-Col. Harold Smythe,
Royal Dublin Fusiliers,
K.I.A., June, 1916.
Private William Blond,
Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers,
K.I.A., June, 1916.

The two Irishmen looked queerly at each other as they walked slowly back to the high ground, but they did not speak. Then they stared at the hideous landscape once again – the landscape made hideous by the infernal engines of war. It was the colossal desolation of Death.

James Forrester broke the eerie silence. His reserve was gone, his calm was laid aside as he gazed around the countryside.

“You see this tremendous scene to-day when only the dead remain. Not long since you would have seen it alive with bursting shrapnel, my friends. It is now only a battlefield – once it was a thousand battles. You see those two graves out of all these countless thousands. Do you think you would vindicate those two gallant fellows by re-fighting the Battle of the Boyne and killing each other in feeble combat<?>[28] Let this scene remain with you indelibly impressed upon your minds and impress upon your children that they in turn shall impart the lessons <to>[29] their offspring that you two have seen the deathly aftermath of the Battle of the Somme. Now go back, gentlemen, if you so desire, and settle the Battle of Boyne.”

Tim and Patrick did not speak, their hearts, simple Irish hearts, were too full for speech, but tears were painly[30] discernible in their eyes as they shook hands on the high ground – there above Happy Valley.

---

[26] thousands] thousand

[27] which] whih

[28] combat?] combat.

[29] to] of

[30] plainly] painly – not emended

The Revenge – Will-O'-the-Wisp (March 27, 1921)

Sergeant Ping-Pong was an exceedingly efficient N.C.O. So was his friend Corporal Lu-Do. Both of them were well versed in the sacred teachings of Confucius and both of them had all the tricks of Eastern cunning at their finger tips. These two facts probably explain how it was that both of them held responsible positions in that extremely select unit of the British Army known as the Chinese Labour Corps.

One evening in Abbeville, Ping-Pong was devouring rice with the pleasant table manners of an epicure and Lu-Do, deeply immersed in the local colour of the place, was singing a song about roses blooming in Picardy, accompanied by Lance-Corporal Fah-Fee on the chopsticks, when a terrifying explosion occurred in the camp which sent all three sprawling on to the floor of the hut.

The next thing was a momentous council of war. Sergeant Ping-Pong exhorted the soldiers of China to retaliate. Would they submit to a great Germanee bird flying over and dropping an egg which caused the sacred blood of the Gee-Whiz Dynasty to flow from the leg of Corporal Lu-Do? Never – there must be a terrible revenge and much weeping by the she-devils of the Germanee.

No. Z2, Prisoner of War Company, was aroused from its slumbers about midnight by a tremendous jabbering outside the cage, and soon afterwards scores of captive Fritzes poured out of their huts to ascertain the cause of the indaba. Passing into the night, a really blood-curdling sight was presented them. A hundred yellow faces were seen babbling away and in the centre three stalwart leaders were literally executing a war-dance – they were Sergeant Ping-Pong, Corporal Lu-Do with a bandage round one of his legs, and Lance-Corporal Fa<h>[31]-Fee. The Bosche, however, did not know their names, neither indeed did they know that following an air-raid by their countrymen the awful vengeance of China was about to be loosed upon their own Germanic selves.

All of a sudden, Sergeant Ping-Pong gave an order and simultaneously one hundred yellow hands were swung back and the next moment one hundred Mills bombs were sent hurtling over the wire to annihilate the enemies of China. The silence that followed was tense, almost tragic as the gallants of the East awaited the destruction of the Germanee.

Then the ear-splitting explosion occurred – but on the wrong side of the wire. The gallant Chinese avengers had forgotten to pull the pins of the bombs and the hated Bosche, remedying the omission, had thrown them back.

It took the entire camp, working overtime, the better part of five hours to extract a huge piece of Mills bomb from the other sacred leg of Corporal Lu-Do.

[31] Fah-Fee] Fa-Fee

The Elixir of Life – Will-O’-the-Wisp (April 03, 1921)

The fame of John Spillikins had spread over the length and breadth of the British Isles and overflowed to the ends of the world. John Spillikins was a novelist; in fact the critics were unanimous in asserting that he was the greatest novelist of all time. Whether or not their verdict was correct, it is certain that never before in the history of mankind had there been such an immediate demand for one man’s books; never before had any author received such instant recognition.

While John Spillikins became the idol of fashionable society, his books found their way into every household in the kingdom and received the distinction of being translated into every conceivable language, including Zulu, Esquimeaux, Fiji and even Scotch.

John Spillikins had struck a popular note, he had struck an original note – Love. His place amongst the immortals was dusted, tidied and secure.

One evening, after an exceptionally good dinner at his club, our literary hero grew mellow and expansive as he sipped his port in the company of some half-dozen of his devotees. “My dear fellows,” he was saying, “you should realise that to me my art is the one real entity. I reject other men<’>s[32] standards for measuring happiness. Apart from my own genius I deem all things but vaporous shadows. I scorn wealth and in its place I find immeasurable pleasure in exploiting the infinite potentialities of my own vast brain. Writing is my elixir of life, don’t you know? I must write or I die.”

The hero-worshippers sipped their port and at the same time drank in the modest words of John Spillikins.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

However, like Loke, who refused to weep for Balder, there was one man, of all the million on earth, who refused to admire John Spillikins and that man’s name was Augustus Tracy. Mr. Augustus Tracy was unique in another respect – [33]he combined the delightful hobby of classical study with the equally delightful hobby of making millions of pounds.

Now on the recommendation of his daughter, Mr. Tracy, sadly old-fashioned in some respects, had read “Cupid’s Eyebrows,” and ever since that tremendous date the name of its delectable author, John Spillikins, had been anathema to him.

But he could not escape him; his daughter littered his house with Spillikins’ works; when he was discussing Ovid with her she invariably brought the conversation round to Spillikins; his friends raved over Spillikins; he found his favourite magazines and reviews chock full of short stories bearing the signature of Spillikins. Mr. Augustus Tracy soon developed an exotic illness known now to the medical profession as Spillikinitis.

At length the climax came and the birthday of Mr. Tracy was destined to look upon his death. It happened this way. Tracy was unpacking a bulky package bearing a present from his only surviving maiden aunt, with pleasurable anticipations, when the fruit of his labours suddenly revealed “The Complete Works of John Spillikins.”

---

[32] men’s] mens’

[33] he] ,he

With a cry calling for his solicitor, Mr. Augustus Tracy fell to the ground, revised his will and died in agony.

I give the following extract from the Morning Eye-Opener:–[34]

"A very singular feature in the will of Mr. Augustus Tracy, the multi-millionaire who died so suddenly last week, reads as under, 'To John Spillikins I bequeath the sum of five million pounds on the sole condition that at no time in the future will he inflict his writings upon the world.' "

I also have to place on record that since the date of this will it has been impossible to trace any subsequent work from the pen of Mr. John Spillikins. It is probable that, having ceased to write, he did as he said he would – die.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

[34] Eye-Opener:-] Eye-Opener":-

***When Woman Wars* – Will-O’-the-Wisp (April 10, 1921)**

The following is an extract from a despatch by Miss Dorothy Brown, O.B.E., special war correspondent of the “Times” with the 1st Battalion Miss Pankhurst’s Own Woman Fusiliers:–

“At midnight Miss Sheila James, the chic little Commander of No. 13 Platoon, took six girls with her on patrol to the Bosche trenches for the purposes of securing an identification.

“Meanwhile Colonel Diana Jenkins<,>[35] D.S.O., held a final conference with her officers in her exquisitely furnished dugout at B.H.Q. When I called in, all of them were poring over their maps w<h>ile[36] the gallant Colonel, looking charming in a crepe-de-chine uniform well set o[ff][37] by a brocaded satin box-respirator, was giving final instructions for the attack at dawn. Amongst those present I noticed Major Emily Dart, dainty in a tunic and skirt of geo[r]gette[38] with a Sam Brown worked in old-gold taffeta drawn gracefully ac[r]oss[39] her shoulder; Captain and Adjutant Caroline Bird, M.C., looking sweet in khaki mousseline de soi and a water-bottle inlaid with sparkling diamonds; Captain Olive Robinson, the dainty O.C. of “B” Company, looking superb in a masterpiece of brown silk and wearing the very latest in Parisian tin helmets, and Miss (2nd Lieut.) Dolly Perkins, last year’s brilliant debutante, wearing a military gown of exquisite porcelain.

“Something of a sensation was created by Miss Sheila James bursting in, on her return from patrol. ‘My dears,’ she cried, ‘you have no idea – we captured such a ducky-looking Bosche – quite a boy, and with most heavenly eyes. I covered him with my revolver coming back across no-man’s-land but, in a quite absentminded way, I pointed the butt end at him all the time and he must have noticed it, for he suddenly turned and bolted back. Do you know, I could have cried – he was such a dear. Men are beasts,’ she concluded impatiently, as she stamped her foot upon the ground.

“‘Never mind, Sheila,’ replied the Colonel, encouragingly, ‘perhaps you will meet him when we go over the top at dawn.’

“Miss James showed a delighted look of anticipation at the prospect, but soon after her pretty face became clouded.

“‘I had forgotten all about going over the top at dawn,’ she said. ‘My dear, I can’t possibly go.’

“‘Oh, do come,’ urged the Adjutant.

“‘But I can’t possibly,’ replied the pretty subaltern, ‘I have got nothing to wear. Can you imagine me going over again in these old things? It isn’t done, really. What would people say?’

“‘What a shame!’ consoled the gallant Colonel.

“However, fate was kind to the British Army that night. When Marie, the Colonel’s smart little French batman, brought in the rum ration, she

[35] Jenkins,] Jenkins.

[36] while] w[ ]ile

[37] off] o[ ]

[38] georgette] geo[ ]gette

[39] across] ac[ ]oss

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

announced that a runner had just arrived bearing several parcels from a milliner in Paris for Miss Sheila J<am>es[40].

“The knit, knit, knit of the needles was wafted by a gentle wind across the eerie stillness of no-man’s-land and filled the German sentries with immeasurable dread.”

[40] James] Jones

Fate's Little Caprice – Will-'O-the-Wisp (April 17, 1921)

James Shirley dropped the paper and sank into his chair with a groan. There was no earthly doubt about it; the cold, hard print could not be interpreted to mean anything else in the world. He was ruined, simply ruined – with his fiancee[41] even then on the water to join him. He was to have gone to Capetown[42] to meet her. Oh, what a fool, a criminal fool, he had been to take that last speculation – just when he had a nice little pile accumulated for his wedding, too. Johann's Drift Diamonds were only another frost; the thing had proved only another bubble. His anguish intensified a thousandfold when he realized that he had not another penny in the world. He thought of his sweetheart. Marriage now seemed out of the question; but what the dickens was he to do? With hopes and ambitions blasted to the ground James Shirley got up and went to his club.

The next afternoon, after a night and a morning of solid drinking, Shirley found himself once again in his rooms, but this time toying with the ugly-looking revolver. Oh, for the mark he might have made in the world; oh, for the great future that might have been his –. Shirley pulled himself up. There was no further use for vain yearnings. Soon, so soon, he would have joined the might-have-beens.

He lifted the revolver to his head. Despairingly he put his hand upon the trigger and was about to press when a knock sounded at his door. Holton, his friend on the Exchange, walked in. With a quick movement Shirley placed the unpleasant death-dealer behind him.

"Oh, Shirley! I can't stop a moment. I have just come to tell you that the impossible has happened and Johann's Drifts are actually soaring to an incredible price. Struck a magnificent wash or something. If you sell out now you are a made man. Cheerio! See you later at the club."

Holton left the room as quickly as he had entered it.

Shirley laughed, a long, happy, joyous laugh. It was too good to be true. The sky once again was all serene, fortune was in his grasp, and his fiancee[43] was arriving next week. Oh, for the infinite kindness of Fate; oh, for the stroke of luck which had brought Holton just in the nick of time.

Shirley laughed and laughed.

Suddenly his hand struck the revolver. He picked it up and looked at it – "Ha, ha, ha – cheated of your bread that time, little friend, eh? Yes, you greedy little brute; you nearly had me! Ha, ha, ha! By Jove, what a curious thing is Fate."

He placed the revolver to his head to try and diagnose his previous feelings<,>[44] when his hand slipped, an ear-splitting explosion rang out, and John Shirley fell to the ground dead.

Fate, looking out from her ethereal palace about the world, saw the incident and put her hand, politely, to her mouth to hide a smile.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[41] fiancée] fiancee – Not emended

[42] Cape Town] Capetown - Not emended

[43] fiancée] fiancee – Not emended

[44] feelings,] feelings.

***The Fowl* – H.C.B. (May 01, 1921)**

Peal after peal of laughter rang out into the stillness of the afternoon air, as the driver, rocking from side to side in his innocent mirth, sent the taxi through the streets at a tremendous rate. On we rushed madly, spinning round corners on two wheels, driving panic-stricken pedestrians to the side of the road. Suddenly we swerved, turned right about, and sped in the opposite direction back to town, the while the chauffeur gave vent to his glee.

"Hi!" I cried, as we jumped round another corner, "what's the matter?"

Convulsed with merriment, and with difficulty suppressing another roar, he shouted back: "I wonder where the warders think I am. By now they must be searching all over the asylum for me."

Regardless of consequences, I jumped.

Having sorted myself, and discovered that there were no bones broken, I set off back along the road we had come, and had walked some distance, when an infuriated farmer rushed out, dangling a very emaciated-looking fowl, which, he heatedly explained, I had run over in the motor-car. As we were both splendid talkers, quite a large crowd had soon collected to hear our fluency, whereupon I deemed it advisable to depart from the field, handing him the seven shillings he demanded, and receiving the fowl in exchange. The rest of my journey was a perpetual misery, as I walked along with an air of unconcern, holding the bird at some considerable distance from me, and not deigning to heed the guffaws of the passers-by. When I arrived at the gate, Ella, sweet woman, was already waiting for me.

"Look here, dovey," I said, "see what your ickle lovey has brought you."

Seizing the bird, and, a sufficient excuse for my lateness not being forthcoming, she playfully hit me with a poker over my cranium, begging me to help with the dishes. Not being able to refuse so small a favour to anyone, leave alone Ella (she was still clutching the poker), I retired to the kitchen.

Suddenly, with a swish-swish of feminine draperies, accompanied by the thud of heavy feet, Ella strode in. I stood for some moments, lost in admiration for this wonderful woman. Her features were as beautiful as the dawn (a specially red dawn, that is); her lustrous orbs were like two glass beads stuck in a piece of clay, while her melodious voice vividly reminded one of velvet and tinkling cymbals as she rasped out:–

"So you thought your taxi killed that fowl, did you?"

Before I could dispel so absurd a notion, she concluded: "It has been dead for over a week."

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Fate and a Fool – Will-O'-the Wisp (June 26, 1921)

Ever since my cradle days, which, through the palpable immaturity of my style, the discerning reader will rightly judge to have been but a very short while ago, I have been obsessed with a longing for wealth. All my dreams have ever pictured me on the very threshold (though never further than the very threshold) of amassing tremendous fortunes. I have lived with a burning desire for money and have not the remotest doubt but that I shall die without any.

It must not be thought for a moment, however, that I court wealth for its own sake and as an end in itself; it must certainly never be suggested that I desire money merely for the sake of opening my safe and gloating, miserlike, over the ever-increasing number of coins therein, and neither would it be nearer the truth to imagine that my hunger for gold is but camouflage for a thirst for power. I must state clearly that I have no wish to hoard money, no desire to acquire power by gaining control of the world's credit or by any other means, and I have absolutely no wish whatever to be invested with the O.B.E. in reward for endowing whisky canteens for the wont works. No, I want money, seas and oceans of money to build a wonderful mansion for myself, with Doric pillars and cool swimming baths and works of art, including all the masterpieces of the ages and luxuriant terraces and lofty marble halls – in fact, a palace fit for the godess[45] whom I hope to make my wife.

So colossal has been the concentration with which I have devoted myself to the pursuit of making money that it is astounding to realise the complete failure I have made of the entire business, and I frankly confess that it is beyond my powers to explain how it is that, with all my dreams and all my earnestness of purpose, I remain in a state of constant penury. I have tried everything that man could possibly do to propitiate capricious Fate. I have never in my life given her offence by walking under a ladder, and never once to my certain knowledge have I consciously harmed a hair on a money spider's head. In fact, not content with a purely negative virtue, on one occasion I enticed such a spider on to my plate of porridge and did my best to give the brute a thoroughly good feed.

Immediately following this came a postman's rap at the door. "At last my fortune has arrived," I cried, as I tore open the envelope. It contained a letter of demand for £10.

Then, again, I have always made a point of having black cats about the house. But no wealth have the sweet creatures brought me, only burgled cupboards and sleepless nights. I think that I am absolutely right when I say that I have observed every single tenet laid down by Dame Fate for those who wish to be lucky, and in return the austere Lady has not only seen that no good luck has come my way, she has taken jolly good care to send filthy luck in its place. And all the while my dreams of a palace with swimming baths and blessed matrimony become more intense after every disappointment.

Only last week I was walking along the street when I saw looming ahead of me a huge horseshoe. Religiously I picked it up, secretly performed a nameless operation upon it, and then I gave it a terrific thrust over my shoulder – at the same time wishing the same old wish. The horseshoe – oh,

[45] goddess] godess – Not emended

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

lucky horseshoe! – must have soared into the azure sky and descended with considerable force – upon the orderly head of a policeman on traffic duty. Instead of wealth and dazzling fortune, I got £5 or 14 days' hard.

There are any number of similar misfortunes which I have encountered, but I shall quote only one more, since a full recital of them would fill many volumes. A multi-millionaire who was at school with my father happened to be visiting South Africa, and on arriving in Johannesburg made a point of getting in to touch with me and inviting me round to his hotel for dinner one night.

Here was my great chance, I thought, and borrowing Smith's dinner jacket and all the other paraphernalia attached to it, I duly presented myself to the multi-millionaire at his hotel. I made a magnificent impression, and everything was going swimmingly, especially my head, throughout the champagne dinner, until the end of the poultry course, when I suddenly discovered a chicken's wishbone on my plate.

This was an opportunity I simply could not have neglected, and, thrusting all thought of good taste and correct table manners out of my head, I turned to my host, the multi-millionaire, and asked him to pull it with me. He certainly did look rather surprised, but nevertheless he obligingly took hold of an end of the bone and we engaged in a royal tug-of-war. Of course, I wished the wish that I have ever wished, and I ask you to imagine first my joy when my arm recoiled with the major portion of the bone, and second my horror when I discovered that it had recoiled too far and had knocked over the contents of my champagne glass, which proceeded to rush in veritable torrents over the latest Parisian creation which adorned the graceful form of Mrs. Multi-Millionaire.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

I was not asked to dine again, and the multi-millionaire did not further interest himself in the unlucky offspring of his old college chum.

Thoroughly dejected and weary, I recited all my grievances to old Smith. Smith listened with patience and at the end of my long narrative he exclaimed: "But, my dear fellow, all this superstitious obeisance to Fate is rot; a foolish get-rich-quick notion. Why don't you depart from orthodoxy for once and try to do some work<?>[46]"

I smiled at him a sad, wistful smile. "What work can I do, old man?" I asked, shaking my head – a sad, wistful shake.

Smith jumped to his feet. "Why not write a masterpiece?" he demanded. "Something that would stir the very souls of men, something that would cause men in every part of the world to shout aloud your name in honour. I tell you what to do! Write an article unfolding to humanity the story of your battles with Fate – lay open your inmost soul and show the scars and wounds she has dealt you. Great Scott! You will make piles of money."

My head began to buzz with excitement. Smith, dull-witted old Smith, had struck the very idea. Fortune loomed ahead of me. I would write such an article. My fame would spread throughout the universe. My palace, with its Doric pillars and swimming baths hitherto floating in the air, now appeared to be descending rapidly to earth. I pictured the delightful editor wrapped in smiles, handing over to me a big bag of gold. I saw contracts pouring in from all over the world and more bags of gold.

---

[46] work?] work.

Feverishly I set to work to turn out my epoch-making article. I made all else subservient to this one great task[.][47] What a superstitious fool I had been before. A superstitious idiot. No more of that, thought I. No! The next time I saw a ladder I would walk miles to go under it; the next black cat I saw would be introduced to my boot; the next pernicious beast of a money spider that bumped up against me would be remorselessly squashed; and the next horseshoe in my path would jolly well be left to stay where it was.

At last my article was finished, and I read it through – somewhat critically. The editor, in my mind's eye, became less of a benevolent old gentleman. I fancied a thundering frown sweeping over his stern editorial face. A cold sweat passed over my whole frame. Perhaps the editor would not accept it. Even if he didn't, however, I solaced myself with the knowledge that I had at last freed myself from the chains of an intolerable superstition.

Lifelong habits are hard to break. That night at dinner I found myself with[48] palpitating heart consulting the plum stones on my plate. "The editor will accept it, the editor won't accept it, he will, he won't, he will, he won't" – and then triumphantly my voice rang out through the boarding house: "The editor will accept it."

Whether or not Fate has played me another dirty trick, the reader will know as soon as I do.

[47] task.] task
[48] with a palpitating] with palpitating – Not emended

***The Needle Test* – Will-O'-the-Wisp (July 03, 1921)**

Billikins has always read his newspapers studiously, he has taken to heart everything that they have had to tell him and almost invariably has he practiced what they preached. It was by perusing a newspaper in fact that he managed to obtain a quite unexpected rise in his salary – though as things transpired he was jolly lucky to have retained his job.

It happened this way. Last Sunday morning Billikins was devouring with his usual intensity the contents of the "Sunday Times Farmers' Supplement"[49] when his eye caught sight of an article which showed the reader how to determine the sex of eggs. The method was extraordinarily simple. All one had to do was to put the egg into an egg-cup and hold a needle, suspended by a piece of cotton, about an inch over and above it. If the needle swung round in a circle the egg contained a rooster, if it swung backwards and forwards it contained a hen, and if it remained stationary the contents of the egg were not fertile. The article went on to explain that those interested could test the accuracy of this method by holding a needle similarly above their own heads, when the result would be the same as in the first two instances.

"By Jove!" said Billikins, deeply, even profoundly impressed. "By Jove!"

The next morning Mr. Jinks, the stern manager of the Daisy Steel Corporation, strode into the office of his junior clerks and suddenly stood still in amazement at the sight of Billikins holding a needle, attached to a piece of cotton over the head of Miss Flipplop, the pretty typist.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, in a voice that resembled nothing so much as an underground fall of rock on a large scale.

"By Jove<,>[50] Sir<,>[51] we are carrying out a most amazing experiment<,>[52]" announced Billikins. "It works absolutely!" He went on to explain the method and thrust the Farmers' Supplement into the hands of Mr. Jinks, after which he showed him how the needle swung backwards and forwards over the head of the lady typist. He demonstrated its slow circular movement over the office boy's cranium. "What do you think of it, Sir?" concluded the excited Billikins eagerly.

The manager began to show interest. "Remarkable," he said, "remarkable. Now for a little lark don't you know. Suppose I sit down here and you try the needle over my head–what?"

"Why certainly, Sir," cried the delighted Billikins.

The manager sat down in the middle of a group of clerks who had abandoned their work in order to witness the tremendous experiment. The hub of conversation died away as Billikins advanced to the chair and resolutely held the needle above the bald managerial head. All eyes were centred on the shining needle, and the atmosphere became tense. Seconds passed, they seemed years to Billikins. Beads of perspiration burst out on his

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

---

[49] supplement"] supplement'

[50] jove,] jove.

[51] sir,] sir.

[52] experiment,] experiment.

forehead, his breath became hard, his arm tired as though he was holding an intolerable weight.

Mr. Jinks bust the still, deathlike silence. “Well, what is it doing?” he chuckled.

Billikins, by this time white as a sheet, became suddenly inspired, his wrist turned sharply and the manager looked up to see the needle spinning round his head at a million revolutions a second.

“Ha, ha, ha. Now tell me what does that show?” said the manager as he rose from the chair.

“Intense masculinity, I should say, Sir,” gasped the exhausted Billikins, in reply.

“He, he, he,” Mr. Jinks went back to his own office chuckling with delight.

At the end of the month Billikins found that he had got a substantial rise in his salary. “What would I have got,” he reflected, “if I had told him that the needle had refused to budge, and that therefore he had an unfertile brain.”

The Mystery of the Ex-M.P. **– H.C.B (July 1921)**

One morning, having hurriedly drunk my breakfast, I emerged from the "Edward the Professor" to find my friend, Lockjaw Bones, the world's most *carté blanche* criminologist, waiting for me outside (I don't know what *carté blanche* is [Nor do I – Ed.][53] but that's what Bones was, anyhow).

"Hist!" he breathed between his teeth, pointing a finger, that simply pulsated with wrath, at a passing citizen. "Time was when that man could have written M.P. after his name."

I was absolutely dumbfounded at this intelligence. "Bones!" I gasped, "is he actually as unscrupulous – as unprincipled – as to be a Member of Parliament?"

"Not quite as bad as that," was Bones's reply; "M.P. merely stands for Mounted Police. In other words, he had the Mounted Police after him."

I heaved a sigh of relief, and guffawed at the grim pleasantry.

Bones went on to relate that every morning, for several weeks, while ostensibly propping up the walls of the Post Office, he had noticed the Ex-M.P. hurrying along, looking neither to right nor left, with that faraway gaze in his eyes, with that same strained, almost anxious, look upon his features.

What was that man's secret? What was that dreadful mystery that *enrounded[54] him? Was his fell purpose assault, battery, *malice prépense*, or *felo de se*?

As I followed at Lockjaw's heels, intent on solving the problem, I do not deny that I experienced a curious sensation – just as if I had been peremptorily ordered to have a bath. Yet it was not fear. But when our *quarry* stooped as if he were looking for a *rock* [pun][55], I felt a sort of automatic yearning to go home and sign the pledge.

We pursued our path and the Ex-M.P. without further incident, save that two of Bones's creditors and one of mine happened to spot us and made themselves thoroughly and quite unnecessarily objectionable. They clamoured for us to settle; so Bones pushed his two under a tram-car, which effectually settled them. Overcome with emotion at the fate of his colleagues, my creditor faded away – metaphorically and literally, which was much more to the point.

At length we had run the Ex-M.P. to earth. This, I conjectured, would be the penultimate scene; the end would probably be the gallows. The web which Bones had spun round our prey was perceptibly tightening. Ah! Now we had him! Coming to a standstill before a barrow, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and – oh, horror! – drew something shiny from his pocket! Already Bones's foot was raised high above his head, till at the alcoholical moment, when he was about to send the instrument clattering to earth –

"Give me a thrupp'ny packet, please," the prospective victim said, as he flung the still glittering coin at the pop-corn merchant.

* * *

[53] Brackets originally in text.

[54] *Form V. will understand this word. Others won't – it isn't in their syllabus [Footnote originally in text].

[55] Brackets originally in text.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Bones came out of hospital the following Sunday.

H.C.B.

The Dagger – Will-O'-the-Wisp (September 11, 1921)

There will be found<,>[56] I think, one great outstanding quality in this short story – its [s]hortness[57]. There are several excellent reasons for making it short, and the first that suggests itself to my mind is the fact that it is so much easier, and so much less effort is required, to write briefly than at any length.

But it must not be thought for a moment that, in writing a really short, short story, I am being actuated by purely selfish motives. If such a belief be possible I must hasten to dispel it by showing that the reason I have given already fades into utter insignificance when compared with the next and mightiest reason, which concerns the welfare of the reader himself.

What right have I, what right has any man to ask his readers to strain their eyesights and nerves by following, through half the dimly lit night, and with perspiration and palpitating hearts, the varying fortunes of a hero and a heroine who on later reflection seem to have, in most cases, been thoroughly assinine[58] throughout the entire volume? In fact it is a very strong conviction of mine that all the people who write at length are none other than the hired agents of opticians and nerve specialists.

Is it reasonable, in these days of time-saving devices and American tourists, to expect any man to wade through a struggling sea of five or six hundred pages to discover the plot of a story when he might take a short cut and find out all about it in a few brief lines<?>[59]

After all has been said, the really magnificent things of life are sent by Nature in meteor-like fashion. It is a firmly established fact that Christmas only comes once a year, and the annual holiday of the vast majority of people lasts not 365 days but only 14. Exactly the same thing applies to fiction. A story should be like a flash of elemental lightning – powerful, swift and poignant; it should not be like a journey on the S.A.R. – slow, rambling and wearisome.

If any further authority is required I would refer my reader to that well-known aphorism: "Brevity is the soul of wit."

It is, therefore, with complete assurance that I commence this really very short story.

"The blood-red dagger gleamed in the powerful rays of the electric light –"

A thought has suddenly struck me – I have used, already, all the space at my disposal[.][60] Brevity being my principle, brief must I be, and therefore the remainder of this short story, remarkable for its shortness, must be held over for another week. This certainly seems rather a pity, but the splendid consolation of it is that it will afford me an opportunity of drawing another magnificent cheque from the kindly Editor.

---

[56] found,] found.

[57] shortness] hortness

[58] asinine] assinine – Not emended

[59] lines?] lines.

[60] disposal.] disposal

Three Phases **– Ben Eath (September 18, 1921)**

The grey twilight had already given place to darkness, when, having removed the tell-tale particles of confetti which still adhered to her dress, the bride, radiantly beautiful, stepped from her compartment into the corridor. Softly she stole to where her husband was standing, too intently gazing at an object he held in his hands to notice her approach. When he raised the light-green frame to his lips and kissed it ecstatically, her curiosity was thoroughly roused. Standing on tiptoe, she looked over her husband's shoulder, and saw that the light-green frame contained a photo of herself. She silently returned to her compartment, and far into the night was still wondering whether she was worthy of such noble, high-minded love.

That had been the beginning, but after a year or two her husband's passion had worn off – his ardour had given way to business cares, and with the gradual, almost imperceptible estrangement between them, love had grown rapidly between her and a returned explorer, around whom still clung the glamour of adventure. Yet through it all, in her inmost heart she pitied her staid, stolid husband, whose imagination never rose above his business affairs.

It was on a Friday afternoon that matters came to a climax. Long she stood looking at her lover; then, when the full realisation of what had occurred dawned upon her, she sank down to the floor of the drawing-room and knelt beside her dead husband. She felt incensed against the world in general, but particularly resented her lover's action. She felt now that she hated him with intense hatred, for had he not killed her husband – her husband who, after all, had ever borne her a passionate affection? As her eyes lighted upon the little light-green photo-frame, which, having fallen from her husband's pocket, was lying face downwards on the carpet, she remembered that incident in the train during their honeymoon, and her cup of sorrow was full to the brim. She lifted it up and looked at it. It was the same green frame she knew so well, but gazing at her with laughing eyes – was the face of another woman!

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

***The Dilemma* – Ben Eath (October 30, 1921)**

This morning I was faced with an awful dilemma. And yet I found a solution. I was on the point of setting out to the office, when the question arose as to the method of travelling thither, and after a few moments' reflection I came to the conclusion that, so far as I was concerned, there were only two ways of reaching it - I could either walk or go by tram.

In considering the former alternative, I quickly foresaw the fatigues – perceived the discomforts – attendant on violent exertion, and already pictured myself arriving at the office hot, jaded and dejected.

While the trees were laden with blossoms, while waves of happy music rippled from the tiny throats of the little birds in the boughs, while the ai<r>[61] was filled with perfume and great white clouds were floating in the sky, I would be wearily trudging through the dusty streets.

No, walking did not appeal to me!

If I went by tram I should in all probability have to stand, or, even if I did succeed in obtaining a seat, I would be jammed up somewhere with hardly sufficient room for breathing. Then, again, as the conductor owed me a grudge for having several weeks before attempted to palm a French sixpence off on to him, he would be certain to test my money in full view of the other passengers, and at the conclusion of his examination would pretend to fall over my feet.

Clearly, going by tram was as unthinkable as walking.

As I have stated previously, I was faced with an exasperating dilemma this morning. And yet I came to a decision.

I determined to take a day off and remain at home!

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[61] air] aid

***The Mystery of Lenin Trotsky* – Ben Eath (December 1921)**

In relating the various cases upon which my friend Lockjaw Bones,[62] was engaged, it is but natural that I should touch more frequently upon his triumphs than upon his failures, for when this great criminologist erred, it only too frequently happened that the mystery was never solved, save by the ordinary police force. Yet the 'Mystery of Lenin Trotsky' was undoubtedly a failure, and it is still such a sore point with my amazing friend that whenever I mention it he indulges in much vain repetition and drowns his sorrows in the cocaine mug.

At midday, having locked up his roll-top desk with meticulous care, Lenin Trotsky closed the door of his office behind him, stepped into the street, adjusted his button-hole, and fell down dead.

Although the thoroughfare was deserted at this time of the day, nevertheless a crowd, among whom were Bones and myself, speedily collected round the body. Opening his bag of clues, Bones commenced a close examination of Trotsky, and quickly came to the conclusion that, the spark of life having fled, it would be useless to endeavour to recover it. But, as my friend graphically expressed it, the question that now remained to be answered was: "who shoved him?" For it was evident that he must have been killed by *esprit-de-corps*, which, the erudite Bones informed me, was Greek for "culpable homicide."

Bones sat for some moments on the kerbstone stroking his handsome blue chin, until suddenly jumping up he exclaimed: "Jotty, old chap, we've been blind – blind as bats; but now I see it all! Doesn't this man's name, Lenin Trotsky,[63] strike you as being at all magnificent – I mean significant?"

"Well, yes," I replied; "it does sound like the name of some nigger or Bolshevik or something unpleasant."

"Excellent, Jotson, excellent! That was precisely my line of thought, whereby I found the solution of this mystery. Jotson, this is the work of Bolsheviks!"

"Bones!" I gasped, "and of course you will have the assassins arrested?" My friend's noble brow clouded, while anger blazed from his eye.

"What earthly right have you to suggest that I should deign to acknowledge a despicable gang of bloodthirsty cut-throats? Pick-pockets and liquor sellers I can tolerate, but I draw the line at Bolsheviks. No. Jotson: even a detective has his principles."

Hereupon, having relieved the departed of his loose change, we left, the crowd following Bones under the impression that he was Douglas Fairbanks.

That evening, while we were playing the fascinating but uncertain game of Loo, the evening paper arrived. Bones, after nervously reading through a paragraph, flung the paper aside and with an agonising cry applied himself to the cocaine mug. I tore it – the paper – from his grasp. Thrust away in an obscure corner was a brief paragraph announcing that a Mr. Lenin Trotsky, who had for a long time been suffering from a week heart, had that

[62] Bones] Bones, - not emended
[63] Trotsky] Trotisky

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

day died suddenly in the street – and Bones's name was not even mentioned! Stay! The passage went on to state that the police were searching for two suspicious-looking men – possibly Bolsheviks – in connection with the affair.

BEN EATH

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

***Kairatu* – Ben Eath (January 22, 1922)**

Kairatu lived with his family on the island of Ceram, and, although his hut was not as commodious as the one which had been destroyed by the earthquake, nevertheless he knew that it was the largest in the vicinity. His neighbours were likewise aware of this fact, and respected him accordingly. Then, again, his son having gone into service at a coffee plantation near the coast, Kairatu calculated that when he returned the following spring, he would bring with him sufficient silver to purchase another buffalo, which, as his present stock already numbered four, would certainly make him the wealthiest and most envied man throughout the length and breadth of Ceram.

And thus, while an occasional fleet of cassowary flashed through the undergrowth, and the brilliant plumage of cockatoos and birds of paradise enlivened the vivid green of the sugar canes, Kairatu ploughed his plot with his buffaloes, sowed his rice and maize, and was content.

It was night. The village was wrapped in slumber sweet, while an aspen moon quivered in the heavens, shedding her mellow beams upon the limpid lagoons and, by the skilful manipulation of light and intense shadow, making the sleeping world below seem a veritable paradise. That night thieves hacked their way through the dense surang, broke down the gate of the enclosure and stole two of Kairatu's buffaloes.

The poignancy of the old man's grief, when he discovered his loss is indescribable. At first he raged about the place, swearing vengeance on the perpetrators, but on the following day his anger subsided, and he resigned himself to submissive grief and dumb despair. Next day, however, this inaction becoming intolerable to one of his temperament, he had recourse to prayer, earnestly beseeching his gods to bring back the thieves.

The following night his fervent request was granted, for the thieves were brought back - and stole the remaining two buffaloes.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

A Russian Fable – Lenin Tolstoi (January 29, 1922)

Having lost his entire fortune through unscrupulous practitioners, he set out to find an honest lawyer. His heart yearned, his very senses cried out for the sight of one. Let him but once see such a man, and he would die content. In his search he travelled many leagues, passing through foreign lands, beholding strange cities, mixing with peoples of far-distant countries until he was completely denationalised – until he had forgotten his native tongue.

And always the passer-by's answer to his query was: “Honest lawyer? I have seen none such.”

The years rolled by, remorselessly whitening his hair and beard, ruthlessly wrinkling his forehead, mercilessly making his weak and feeble step yet more faltering and uncertain.

Yet the object of his quest was obviously as far away as ever, for always the reply was, “We have seen none such.” At length, disheartened, he sat down by the roadside, a woefully disappointed man. He was not charmed at the sight of the fleecy clouds, golden in the setting sun, like flowers that blossom in the drifted snow; he saw nought but the russet-brown leaves of early autumn whirling down and falling on to the sad bosom of the earth.

Some distance down the road a Stranger was approaching, who, taking compassion on the distressful appearance of the wanderer, sat down beside him. “Comrade,” the <S>tranger[64] said, “evidently you have journeyed far.” The tr<a>veller[65] replied by describing the adventures which had befallen him while on his futile quest, for the eighteen thousandth time putting his same question.

“Friend, in the country from whence I have come,” was the Stranger's reply, “all lawyers are honest.”

The dim eyes of the wanderer again lit up and burnt with their former ardour – shone with their ancient lustre.

“Together we will journey thither,” he said.

And Death – for such the Stranger was – gathering him up in his arms, took him to his kingdom.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[64] Stranger] stranger

[65] traveller] treveller

The Dilettante – Ben Eath (January 29, 1922)

Every morning on my way to the office I found him standing in front of the Library, waiting for the doors to open.

His lofty, intellectual brow increased the general rigidity of his ascetic countenance, while that far-away gaze in his steel-blue eyes showed how distant from mundane matters his thoughts were.

At night, on my return, I noticed that he was always the last to leave the Library, and I observed that occasionally there was a wistful, half-regretful look on his face, while at other times his countenance bore an expression of mild complacency – even of benignity and broad philanthropy.

But in the morning there was no mistake about that strenuous eagerness which pervaded his features – which even showed through that look of intense absorption as he stood on the pavement, waiting for the Library doors to open . . .

Each day when I went to the office he was waiting on the pavement; each day when I returned the Library doors just being locked behind him, until, having indulged in much speculation to no purpose, I determined to once and for all solve the problem as to which were the books that so irresistibly drew that intellectual giant to the Library.

He was already waiting on the pavement the following morning when I arrived, intent on finding a solution to the puzzle. As soon as the doors swung open he rushed in, while I followed some distance in his wake. Having arrived at the Reference Department, he went up to a shelf, took down a book, and with a sigh of placid contentment plunged into Chapter xxxiv.[66] of the seventeenth volume of "The Inner Secrets of Betty's Boudoir."

Following his example, I likewise took down a volume and commenced reading.

And in the blissful days that followed I was the first to arrive on the pavement, impatiently tapping the kerb with my foot, waiting for the Library doors to open….

[66] xxxiv] xxxiv. – Not emended

***When My Anger Blazed* – Ben Eath (February 05, 1922)**

And yet he didn't sack me!

For years the manager had been harassing me with various vexations. Flinging up his hands in horror and opening his mouth so wide that you could see right down into his works, he would give vent to a string of opprobrious epithets, and after explaining that I was ruining the company, he used to wind up his eloquent speech, full of gunpowder and windy declamation, by referring in pointed terms to my face.

Now, although anybody can see that there is something radically wrong with my face, nevertheless, as I find it most convenient for pushing my hat over, I think he has absolutely no call to criticize it, and, therefore, whenever he delivered himself of something choice about my features, I mentally determined that when he died I would be the first to attend his funeral. The fact that all the other clerks sniggered when the manager was in the middle of his harangue only proves that some people will laugh at anything.

It was this morning that matters reached a climax<.>[67] The manager had been ranting and raving as usual, and at the conclusion of a succession of fearsome blasts had plainly given me to understand that he loved me no longer; all of which culminated in my long-smouldering anger bursting out, whereupon, commencing with a few scathing sentences, I launched forth a tirade, in the course of which I raked him and his doings from end to end.

After an attack on all his ancestors, which left them without a shred or shadow of honour – without a vestige of repute – I concluded by calling him a second-hand gargoyle with a pair of feet somebody else had thrown away.

And yet he didn't sack me!

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

I am almost sorry now that I didn't speak loudly enough for him to hear me.

[67] climax.] climax,

The Honest Money Lender **– Ben Eath (February 05, 1922)**

Incredible though it may seem, he was an honest money-lender. Unlike his colleagues of all climes and of every nationality, his mind was not centred solely on the sums he could extract from his clients – his only interest in life was not connected with usury.

His countenance bore an expression of mild complacency – even of benignity and broad philanthropy. Could one associate him with oppressive exaction, with rapacity, with the wresting and the wringing of exorbitant interest? Impossible! The many friends and acquaintances who surrounded him smiled – not with an awkward attempt at showing mirth – not with a derisive grimace, or an affected smirk – but with a gay, joyous smile, as if struck with the absurdity of even suggesting him to charge excessive premiums.

An honest money-lender!

Greed, avarice, covetousness, insensibility to human griefs and sorrows – to human hopes and aspirations – these, and the other besetting sins commonly attributed to members of his profession, formed no part of his composition. His mind was too lofty – too exalted for such common-place matters; his soul, with a sublimity serene and high, was too elevated for sordidness of this description.

An honest money-lender!

Strangers gazing at him were reminded in a curious, indescribable manner of early autumn, when the trees are all clad in tender gold – when the russet-brown leaves, whirling down, fall on to the sad bosom of the earth. They were reminded of symphonies sweet and dim – of moonlit waves – of vine-clad hills.

Nobody now thought of him in anything but an affectionate spirit; none of his acquaintances bore him ill-will or malevolence; no one now disputed his honesty, when, having nailed up his coffin, the undertaker lowered him into the grave!

Just then, awakening, I realised that it had all been a dream; yet a tear was in my eye, and my heart was filled with sadness.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Fraternal Love – Ben Eath (February 12, 1922)

Loudly the man opposite me declaimed against the injustice of our social system. “It is not that I’ve an axe to grind,” he said, “for I do not blame my brother in the least.” Hereupon he commenced the story of his life.

“We were two brothers,” he said, “and when the late war broke out, and the world went back to the caves and dens of savagery – when nations, with the blood-lust upon them, sprang at each other’s throats, when the horizon was lurid with the flames of burning cities – then one brother responded to the call of duty; the other,” he said, in tones scornful and contemptuous, “the other shirked his obligations and remained at home.

“For four years the opposing banners floated over the blood-stained fields. The swords were dripping with the best and bravest blood. The earth, filled with pain and darkness, with misery and distress, was left without a star. In the trenches the men, in addition to facing the enemy, had to battle with the obstacles of Nature, and in scores they were scattered, like Autumn's withered leaves, by the cavalry of the icy blast and the infantry of the snows.

“In the meantime,” the man opposite me continued, his brow clouded, and anger blazing from his eyes, “the one who stayed at home speedily massed a fortune. How he had the heart to retain it passes my comprehension, considering the fact that every day of his existence he must have met the withered hand of beggary and the bloodless lips of famine.

“Then, when the clouds of battle had rolled away, and the sword was sheathed, the one who had joined up, his duty done, returned, penniless and broken in health and spirit – and he was pushed aside by the cold hand of his brother’s avarice, for owing to their altered circumstances, the other refused to recognise him now.

“Mind you<,>[68]” the man concluded, “I don’t blame my brother, but still –”

He looked at me curiously as I endeavoured to console him. “You see,” he said, “I am the one who stayed at home. Still, I don’t blame my brother for going. . . .”

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[68] you,] you.

A Sad Tale – Ben Eath (February 19, 1922)

Venice!

Well may the poet in his ecstasy have remarked, “See Venice and die!” Reader, can you picture to yourself this city, slumbering on the azure Adriatic, under the blue of the vaulted heavens, while the gentle, ozone-laden zephyrs are dreamily wafted to and fro?

What’s that? You can’t? You’re a blamed idiot<,>[69] then.

However, the question of whether or not you are able to appreciate the beauties of Venice is of little consequence really, for the scene of my story is laid in a street in Johannesburg.

Having suddenly stopped speaking to myself, I, the hero, with determination clearly written upon my ascetic features, set off in the direction of a chemist’s, which establishment I was on the point of entering[70] when, to my unbounded astonishment, Petroleum K. Jones, an old acquaintance of mine, came out of it. I held up my hand to stay his progress.

“Don’t stay my progress,” Jones exclaimed, petulantly.

“All right,” I replied; “but what have you been doing in this shop<,>[71] anyway?” Averting his gaze, my friend held up for my inspection a phial, the label on which read :–

CYANIDE OF POTASSIUM.

“Heavens!” I gasped. “Is – is it as bad as all that?” Jones bowed his head in meek submission.

“Yet consider for a moment the result of this rash action,” I pursued. “You’ll be chucked into your grave, with the rain soaking into the soil, your tomb-stone[72] dripping with wet, and the storms of winter moaning and raging over your buried head. And – and,” I concluded, “cyanide has a horrible taste.”

His resolution having gradually weakened throughout this appeal, Jones at these words fully realised the error of his ways, whereupon, bursting into tears, he promised to give himself another chance. I, however<,>[73] was adamant.

“What guarantee will I have,” said I, “that you won’t take your life after all, the moment you’re out of my sight? For safety’s sake, hand over the bottle to me.” Having eagerly complied with this request, the would-have-been-suicide turned and took his departure.

The while a wistful smile played over my expressive countenance, I watched my friend disappear round the corner. Then<,>[74] my hand trembling slightly, I drew out the stopper and swallowed the contents of the phial. A moment later I was lying in the middle of the street, with my toes turned up, contentedly waiting for the hearse.

---

[69] Idiot,] idiot.

[70] of entering] of-entering

[71] shop,] shop.

[72] tombstone] tomb-stone – Not emended

[73] however,] however.

[74] Then,] Then.

***Human Depravity* – Ben Eath (March 26, 1922)**

I recently propounded a theory that there is no limit of shame or baseness to which human degeneracy will not stoop. Like many others which I have at various times advanced, this dating theory has been received with frantic scorn by some of my brother scientists, and with an eager eye by others. Indeed, some of them are very much offended when I call them brother, and when I suggested to Sir Oliver Lodge that I would publish my great discovery as his own theory, this ordinarily unprejudiced man, instead of thanking me, threatened to run me in. Such is professional jealousy.

It was a dark night. Without, the oaks and elms were tossing their branches defiantly to the raging storm. The burglar, having taken his time and the plate, was on the point of taking his departure, when he paused irresolute on the threshold.

Would he sink to such a depth of degradation? Was not this robbery itself an act from which a man who had within his breast a decent, throbbing heart, would turn away with repugnance? Why, then, he pondered, should he still further jeopardize his soul? And yet –

"After all, what is Fate?" he reflected, "but an infinite juggler, who fills his wooden tragedians with hopes, desires and ambitions, with love, with fear, and with hatred? He watches these puppets as they struggle and fail – their minds ceaselessly centred on the hour-glass, their thoughts for ever on the running of the sand. He sees them outwit each other and themselves; he hears lullabies at cradles and the fall of clods on coffins. Finally, his play is a continuous performance, in which he sees hypocrisy robed and rewarded.

Filled with immeasurable bitterness at the thoughts of the height from which he had himself fallen, the burglar silently re-entered the room. A flash of lightning, throwing his features into bold relief, revealed his jaw rigidly set, his teeth gleaming. He reached the opposite end of the room and drew his dagger from its sheath. Once – twice – like a snake of molten silver, the weapon flashed through the all-pervading darkness – and the burglar, having cut off a slice of bread, replaced the loaf on the table.

***The Watch* – Ben Eath (April 02, 1922)**

With gentle, tear-dimmed eyes and my hands thrust deep into my trouser pockets, I stood shivering on the pavement, looking back through Time's dark avenue upon a fading past.

This, then, I reflected, was my return from the cold, hard world, whither I had gone to make known the great truths I had discovered – truths which no one had heard or wanted to hear. As the moaning night-wind swept past me, whispering solemn secrets to the listening leaves, I thought of the friends I had known and laughed with, now lying forever silent under the waving grass. I thought of death-beds stained with bitter tears, and graves in trackless deserts.

It was a cold night and I was glad that the streets were dark and deserted – glad that there was no one about to recognise or to hail me. Turning a corner, I came upon a man whose blotched and heavy face denoted the drunkard; but what especially attracted my attention was a watch-chain dangling invitingly from his waistcoat.

"After all," I pondered, "what is honesty but the by-word of fiends, and who but fools march and fight, bleed and die, beneath its tawdry flag?"

Already my hand was stealing towards the object of my desires when, hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, I slunk across the road. Only then I realised to what depths of degradation I had actually sunk, for this nocturnal wanderer was none other than the minister, whose guileless features, frank and open as the day, were thrown into vivid relief by the light of a street-lamp.

How sordid was my intention – how base and misspent had been my whole life when compared with this good man's righteousness. Yet there was no need for despondency, I determined; my case was not beyond all hope.

Thus, resolving to make one more attempt at my reclamation, I again set out upon the road of Life, with honesty and virtue, as personified in the minister, to be my guiding star.

I took a last look round.

The minister was just disappearing round the corner. So was the watch.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

***Saved from the Waste-paper Basket* – Ben Eath (April 16, 1922)**

I do not claim that this story is in any way original, as it is simply a tale of human love that endureth – a tale of blasted hopes and shattered ambitions. It is a tale that was hoary with age when man yet swung from branch to branch amid the tropic forests, and it will still be told when this earth of ours hangs dead and motionless, and the stars shall have decayed.

On the outskirts of the Black Forest – near where, a hundred years later, Saint Joachim was born and, what is of infinitely greater credit to the place, was afterwards killed – there dwelt an old king with a surplusage of daughters. A dragon was at this time stalking about the country, breathing forth brimstone and eating men. Among other things, this monster was obviously a socialist, for with a fine impartiality he took toll from the castle and the cottage.

Thus, driven to desperation, the king proclaimed that whosoever destroyed the dragon would be granted one of his twelve daughters in payment; whereupon there was started, from one end of the kingdom to the other, a procession of knights in shining armour, but as all, without a solitary exception, were placed by the dragon in the spot where he calculated they would do most good, that sagacious creature basked in the sunshine and was content.

Then, when the clouds were darkest, and hope was at its lowest ebb, there came to the palace a knight riding barebacked (I am referring to the horse's back, of course). But why did everybody in the palace go frantic with glee? Why did the king, skipping gaily down the stairs, the while tears were coursing down his furrowed brow, embrace this knight? Why, indeed? Take three guesses. Right you are; that's what it was. Attached to the stranger's left foot by a piece of string was the head of the dragon. The knight had slain the monster!

For the conqueror to choose a princess for himself was the work of a moment and, seeing Yolanda, the fairest of his daughters – clinging to the victor's arm – "Go forth into the world, my children, and God bless you both," said the old king simply.

The postern was flung wide; and while a gay shout rang the rafters and the trumpet sounded from the battlements, the knight galloped away from the palace. Long the ominous clatter of hoof-beats reverberated through the halls – but of all these the king heard nothing. He was lying dead upon the carpet of his chamber . . . . .

For he perceived that the knight had forgotten to take with him the princess.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

The Hand that Rules the World – Ben Eath (May 07, 1922)

The shaded lights gleamed fantastically, casting weird shadows as they fitfully strove to penetrate the darkness. The air, languorous and perfume-laden, exercised a somniferous influence on all assembled, while the low, monotonous hum, which pervaded even this secluded retreat, was the only indication of the sordid world which lay without – the world of strife and biffs and wicked words.

His heart thrilled and throbbed with fresh courage and renewed ambition, and the blood which coursed through his veins seemed fired with a new vigour and energy, as he held the hand he loved between his own toil-worn palms. With an odd admixture of masterfulness and timidity, his tremulous fingers closed upon it, caressing it rapturously.

He had an inexplicable apprehension – the kind of feeling which comes to all of us at times – that dozens of pairs of enquiring eyes were fixed upon him, eyes in which curiosity was mingled with envy. Yet he heeded them not. Let them stare on! He was possessed of a supreme happiness which could never be theirs. Let them stare on! How could they even remotely fathom the thoughts and sensations that throbbed in his breast?

Then, with an air of mad irresponsibility and joyous abandon, he raised the hand to his lips and, as if bidding defiance to those who were gazing at him, imprinted upon it kisses of feverish ecstasy. Again and again he kissed it, and yet more fervent did his caresses become when he found that that hand lay yielding and passive in his . . . .

But, reader, lest without due deliberation you condemn him for having been foolishly and extravagantly romantic, try to remember that to a large extent his action was justified.

For, after all, ace, king, queen, jack, ten and nine of the same suit is a hand of which no one need be ashamed.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

The Deserter – Ben Eath (May 21, 1922)

Having drawn up the remnants of his forces in battle array, the Red leader harangued his men, exhorting them to fling off their yokes of oppression and reach out after the banner of Liberty, floating on the far horizon. "You've won, boys!" the general cried, at the conclusion of his passionate oration, every sentence of which was enthusiastically applauded by the revolutionaries in their trenches. "But, remember, don't kick the capitalist when he's down: hit him with a pick-handle."

Hardly had the thunder of applause died down when, with a curious sound, like the wailing of a tired wind, a bullet went whistling over their heads and crashed through a plate-glass window, whereupon, wishing he had been a better man and knew more hymns, a Scotsman named Van der Merwe flung away his rifle and raced off madly in the direction of home and safety.

Appalled by such flagrant desertion in the face of the foe, the general made use of language which, no doubt, in calmer moments he would regret. "Fetch him back!" he shouted at length, in a voice like tearing linoleum. Untrustworthy though many members of the commando may have been, there was one man, at all events, whose soul was not dead to all honour – one man who responded to duty's call.

Amid cheers this individual set off in pursuit, and, leaping lithely over the obstacles in the road, gradually gained upon his quarry. The general, meanwhile, had hastily climbed a lamp-post, from which point of vantage he shouted out the progress of the race. "He's only half a block behind him," he cried, "and gaining like mad. There's only ten yards separating them now! Three yards! Two feet! He's only about six inches behind the deserter –"

"Damnation!" the general exclaimed as, slipping from the lamp-post, he clasped his brow in anguish,[75] "he's five yards in front of him!"

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[75] anguish,] anguish,:

***Caste* – Ben Eath (June 11, 1922)**

Professor Phineas C. Finn, his brow moist and his hand trembling, was in a condition of deepest melancholy bordering on blank despair, as he gazed with unseeing eyes at the tongues of flame which leapt up, flared and subsided.

No, perhaps it is not an unheard-of or, for that matter, even an unusual occurrence for a professor of entomology to marry his housekeeper; but if, as in this instance, the household should include the professor's twenty-year-old daughter, unpleasantness is more than likely to result.

The professor realised this fact only too clearly, and therefore he sat, sorrowfully contemplating the consequences of this rash act. How was he to break this news to his daughter – his daughter who held such pronounced views of her own regarding[76] the proper management of menials? Small wonder that he shuddered at the sound of every footstep – that he quivered and shook with chilling fear at the slightest creak of a door being opened.

He pictured to himself that look of incredulous bewilderment over-spreading his daughter's features; vividly he saw her haughty countenance change from amazement to scornful disdain as the truth would begin to dawn upon her; then, finally, he beheld her when, bursting into tears, she rushed headlong from his study, her heart for ever broken, her ideals one and all shattered beyond repair!

The thought of his daughter's distress now became intolerable to the professor, yet from the truth there was no escape. Admittedly this position was untenable, but what was to be done? What could be done?

Thus ruminating on the immediate future, when his daughter's azure eyes, unused of yore to aught but laughter, would be swimming in tears, because her father had married beneath him, the professor sat forward in his arm-chair, gazing with unseeing eyes at the tongues of flame as they leapt up, flared and subsided, waiting for his daughter's entrance.

He waited in vain, however, for that morning she had eloped with the milkman.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[76] regarding] regardning

***The Way to Glory* – Ben Eath (July 23, 1922)**

It is about ten years ago, as the time flies, that I met this person in the Cafe of the Assorted Saints. His features were bronzed and tanned by the Mexican sun, and also by the Mexican moon and the Mexican stars; but what struck me most forcibly about him was his expression of brooding melancholy and gloomy dejection. In fact, it was only when the sound of some dozen odd shots temporarily broke the stillness of the drowsy forenoon that his features relaxed somewhat and he smiled, revealing that he had once been a man.

"And so for about five years," he said, "Bill and myself struggled on in all the nakedness of disappointment, and for five years the future seemed daily to grow yet more hopeless, until one day my uncle, who always had a weak chest, stopped a rifle-bullet with it, whereupon I inherited his entire fortune, which, as a matter of course, I shared with Bill.

"It was then that my friend – despite everything I still call him friend – flung aside the tawdry rags of hypocrisy which through all this had hitherto yet clung to him, and stood exposed for what he actually was – the most selfish and ungrateful scoundrel that it has been my misfortune to come across. To make a short story shorter still, Bill, assisted by a disreputable old parson who did the praying while he himself did the swindling, advanced by leaps and bounds in the Government service, until he was appointed head of the Cuerpo Diplomatico. It was then that he showed his base ingratitude, for, having waded through my inheritance, I waited on him with a view to reminding him of past favours. All he did was to throw me out upon the world.

"Catch him by the scruff of his neck," he shouted to his servants, "and throw him out upon the world."

My acquaintance paused, and for some moments we sat in silence, each deep in contemplation. "And thus," I said at length, "while the other fellow, who owes everything to you, is living in luxury –" "Not exactly," the man opposite me replied, "you remember those shots we heard some moments ago? Well, that was Bill and the minister being executed for betraying State secrets."

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

***Beyond the Beyond* – Ben Eath (July 30, 1922)**

So I planked down the nominal sum of ten shillings. “Put me in touch with gran’pa, please,” I said to the medium.

“Hallo![77] Is that you, gran’pa?” I asked. “I guess that’s me right enough, son” – came the response.

“And what’s it like up there, gran’pa?” I queried further.

“Everything here at the back of the Illimitable,” he replied, “is bright and beautiful, and our happiness is complete. Jack the Ripper and Bill Shakespeare here say the same. . . . What’s that?. . . . Strong smell of garlic, did you say?. . . . Oh, that’s Julius Caesar leading the Portuguese band.”

“What’s death like, gran’pa?” I questioned finally, “Is the transition at all sudden?”

Hereupon <m>y[78] aged ancestor related the circumstances attendant on his departure to the back of the Immeasurable.

“And so, as the young fellow kept on urging me to accompany him, I at length gave way to his entreaties, but, needless to say, I still very much regret my folly. Well, although realising that it was a rashly venturesome business altogether, I nevertheless got into that motor car of his and with great trepidation watched him crank it up. He then clambered up into the driver’s seat and away we went, along the pleasant country roads, where the way-side[79] flowers were all blossoming into rich and glorious life.

“We had travelled along in this fashion for some time, when my companion all of a sudden let go the steering-wheel and shouted, ‘Look out! Jump for it!’ Hardly had the warning left his lips ere the motor crashed into some obstacle – apparently a brick wall – and I was flung out on to the grass.

“I looked up at the man bending over me, and instantly recognised him as a friend of mine who some years previously had suddenly left his residence, without offering an explanation of the odour of dead bodies proceeding from his cellar. He had soon afterwards been tried, found guilty and hanged.

“‘Are you in pain?’ he now asked.

“I gazed at him in some amazement. I wondered if by some miracle he had cheated the gallows after all. ‘But – but you are dead!’ I ejaculated.

“He smiled. It was the same guileless, joyous smile which he had bestowed upon the judge on the morning of his trial.

“‘So are you,’ he said.”

---

[77] Hello] Hallo – Not emended

[78] my] by

[79] wayside] way-side – Not emended

A Shorter History of S.A. – Ferdinand Fandango (December 03, 1922)

In this treatise on South African history, I am to some extent handicapped by the fact that I know next to nothing about my subject – a drawback under which a number of other famous writers appear to labour. Moreover, as the one history text-book which I happen to possess goes back only as far as 1785, I still have to rely largely on memory.

There seems to exist some doubt in the minds of historians as to who was the first African explorer, but Henry the Navigator seems to be very popular in that respect, while others favour his nephew, Henry of Navarre, who flourished round about the year 1632, or perhaps it was 1362. He is now either dead or bankrupt – I don't know which, but I know something serious happened to him.

Vasco Diaz, following in Henry's footsteps – here we wish to point out that we do not definitely state what Henry, but the reader may take it for granted that the one he particularly fancies is the one intended – discovered, on December 25, some land which he called Christmas, and spelt Natal. As an instance of the almost incredible ignorance then prevailin[g,][80] this is fairly typical. Even I would have known better than that.

Besides the above, Vasco Diaz did quite a number of other things which may or may not have had some effect on our country, but, that celebrated personage being dead, we are not likely to gain much by discussing him further, either to his credit or otherwise.

Two or three centuries later, the first settlers arrived here from Europe. As gold had not yet been discovered in South Africa, we have every reason to believe that they were not Scotchmen.[81] (Scotchmen, please forgive us, we simply couldn't resist the temptation.) These people, being 1820 in number, were called the 1820 settlers. Their arrival created a sensation<,>[82] which, by the way, has not yet died down.

Somewhere about this time, a new language called Dutch was invented by a gentleman whose name I forget. He is not often mentioned nowadays, but the fact that the language still exists, and has even spread to Holland, a country on the west coast of Europe, is sufficient proof that he used to be fairly popular.

I fear the reader may not agree with some of the facts and figures laid down in this history. We freely admit,[83] however, that it does not tally with most history books, for we highly disapprove of making use of second-hand originality, and we claim this to be entirely new information, and, as we consider our word to be just as good as anybody else's, we do not see why the reader should not find this work both interesting and instructive.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[80] prevailing,] prevailin

[81] Scotchmen.] Scotchmen.)

[82] sensation,] sensation.

[83] admit,] admit.

Cricket and How to Play it – **Ferdinand Fandango (December 17, 1922)**

As cricket is now in full swing, we have decided to impart some information on the subject to those whose knowledge of the game is only of an elementary character. The following course of instruction, therefore, is offered for what it is worth – or even less.

In every quarter of the globe, and also in every eighth and sixteenth, this game (which dates back to the time when it was first invented) is played in white boots, a white shirt, and a pair of white ducks. A leather belt will also be found indispensable to prevent the loss of the said ducks and the unfavourable comment usually inspired by such an event. The alternative system, namely, that of retaining one's hands in one's pockets[,][84] is not recommended, and is nowadays eschewed by all first-class exponents of the game.

Having provided himself with the necessary clothes, the prospective player's next step will be to join a cricket club. This latter is a society of cricketers[,][85] and not, as is usually imagined, the implement with which the ball is struck. Should the amateur cricketer desire to start a club of his own[,][86] he would be well advised to obtain a cricket set, the size of which depends upon whether he intends playing single or double wicket. Should he, for a start, decide upon the former, he will require a bat and ball and four wickets, besides a number of players. Although most professional works on the subject advocate the use of only three wickets, it is nevertheless as well to be provided with an extra one with which to enforce order.

If the founder of the club knows a thing or two, he will elect himself treasurer[,][87] thereby avoiding the useless formality of paying his subscriptions and at the same time being able to enjoy as good a game as any other member. Some years ago we personally were made trustee of a cricket fund, with such satisfactory results that all the members afterwards admitted that they could not have appointed a better man for the job. They were right, too; we have the money yet.

Everything being in readiness, the team will proceed to take the field. This latter phrase should not be accepted too literally, especially if the ground happens to be private property, in which case "taking the field" will probably lead to complications with the owner, to the distinct disadvantage of both team and cricket set.

With the aid of the foregoing useful information, the young cricketer should be able to play fairly efficiently, and, presuming that he has acted on our advice[,][88] we shall leave him at his game until he has either become tired of it, or until he has raked in sufficient filthy lucre to keep him going until next season.

[84] pockets,] pockets.
[85] cricketers,] cricketers.
[86] own,] own.
[87] treasurer,] treasurer.
[88] advice,] advice.

***Keeping Fit* – Vere de Vere Tornado (March 04, 1923)**

Although not a professor of physical culture myself, I nevertheless have an uncle who knows something about botulism, and a cousin who is acquainted with Maxwell's Law of Capillary Action; so I think that in writing an article on "keeping fit" I am as well qualified as most writers on the subject. I have not tried any of the following exercises personally, but some of my friends who have done so and still survive state that they need no other form of exercise now, and that if they continue on my system much longer, all they will require is an undertaker.

Without careful dieting, however, even the best physical culture course is comparatively useless, so that the tyro (another word for mug) who tries his hand at the system I have mapped out will be well advised to see to his diet, and, while training, to eat nothing but food. I call them the "Daily Half-dozen."

One. – Standing erect, slowly raise one foot, and keep on raising it, after which you can put it down again and leave it where you found it. Raise the other leg in the same way, and continue lifting both feet alternately. If you particularly want to, you may, of course, raise both feet at the same time – but I will not be held responsible for the consequences.

Two. – With hands on hips, take a deep breath and swing slowly forward from the waist. I don't know where you have to swing to, but that's what it says in all the text-books, anyway. Keep on swinging in this fashion, until the foolishness of your actions dawns upon you, when you can go on to numbers –

Three, Four and Five, in which you do various stunts, such as inhaling deeply, counting ten, and exhaling counting ten backwards, until we arrive at

Six, which is the only sensible exercise of the lot. For this performance a chair and a length of rope are essential. One end of the rope having been attached to the ceiling, the chair is placed immediately beneath it. Everything is now in readiness for the performance, and although some trouble may have been experienced in fitting up the apparatus, the result amply repays the labour involved. The performer, having mounted the chair, now secures the loose end of the rope to his neck and, counting three, gently steps off the edge of the chair. The effect is both striking and eminently satisfactory, and I would to heaven that every health crank would avail himself of the opportunity.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

***From a Student's Diary* – Pedagogue (April 22, 1923)**

December 1. – It was still dark when I awoke. The cocks were crowing cheerfully. Here and there a dog was barking. How goodly did I think their fortunes when compared with my misfortunes. It was impossible for me to sleep any longer – the heat was stifling. I had spent a very restless night. Thus, although the time was only about four o'clock, I got out of bed, dressed rapidly, opened the door quietly, and went out into the still night air. Ah! The open air at last. I drew a deep breath; and, perhaps, for the first time in my life, gave thanks unto God for His great kindness in sending us the cool breeze which was blowing at the time – but not for creating me, for, to tell the truth, I wished that I was anywhere but on earth.

I hied me to the hill near our house. Having climbed it, I seated myself upon the topmost point, and decided to wait for the dawn which could not be very far off now.

At last I began to observe objects before me more plainly. The morning star gradually disappeared, and it was dawn. The dew lay thick upon the ground. I had taken a book with me to read, and as soon as it was light enough I opened it and tried to learn some Latin. Alas, it was impossible! I could not concentrate my mind on the work, and after a time, put it away.

The birds were twittering in the branches, and now and again an early labourer passed on his way to his daily toil. An hour had gone by since dawn, and the sun had not yet risen. But, lo! As I looked, a red tinge appeared on the Eastern horizon. The tinge gradually deepened. A few minutes more, and out burst Phoebus in all his majestic glory, flooding the town with light. It was a beautiful sight. Another day had begun, but woe is me! my doom is sealed – our examinations began to-day[89].

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

[89] today] to-day – Not emended

***The Canterbury Tales* – H. C. Bosman (March 1925)**

Thirty pilgrims riding forth into the dawn!

This is the frame-work round which Chaucer has woven those wonderful tales, which are still as fresh as ever and reach clear to the reader's heart across five weary centuries. It is strange to think that the young squire's embroidered gown has been faded these many long years; it is strange to reflect that the "Good Wif of biside Bathe," The Nun, the Friar, the "Doctor of Physic" and the Merchant all lived and died in those far-off days when men still thought of their religion as something worth fighting for, and – for this was long before the advent of the modern woman – when women were content to be considered merely "beautiful and good"; but this is the strangest thought of all, that the hand that created these humanity-breathing pilgrims lies mingled with the dust of that historic past.

What Chaucer's secret is, and how he has managed to infuse into his work that spirit of vitality, I do not pretend to know; but I do know that these people whose inmost soul he has laid bare in his gently ironic way are living men and women; they are not paragons of virtue, certainly, but with all their shams and hypocrisies, their frailties and foibles, they are essentially human and essentially lovable. We have the Nun, whose love for God's lower creatures runs to the extent of feeding her

"smale houndes
With rosted Flessh, or milk and wastel bread"

at a time when gaunt famine stalked abroad.

There is the Merchant who, according to his own account, is engaged in huge business transactions and "so wet his wit bisette, ther wist not wight he was in dette." Then comes the Poor Parson, and we suddenly find ourselves face to face with sublimity. For we have here a man who is ardently sincere, whose prayers are not mere lip-service, and whose passionate soul is not content to deal merely in theories and abstractions, but

"Christes loore and his Apostles twelve
He taught, and first he folwed it himselve."

There is, perhaps, in the poetic simplicity of the "Prologue" nothing that can approach the haunting splendour of some of Vergil's pathetic half-lines, or that can compare with Shakespeare's thunderous magnificence. Yet ever and again we find, scattered throughout the piece, some startlingly vivid descriptive passage which is equal to anything in the literature of the world. That line, for instance, depicting a sailor on horseback

"He rood upon a rouncey as he kouthe"

is as unforgettable as the last touch which Chaucer puts to the portrait of the Miller:

"His mouth as wide was as a greet forneys."

Thus, when the "Prologue" ends, it is with a feeling of regret that we bid farewell to these pilgrims and leave them to travel eastwards. It is a pretty scene, this last one, although it possesses a gentle sadness all its own; for it is symbolic of this life of ours, of which every day is but a further stage of our journey into the vast unknown.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

H. C. Bosman.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

***The Urge of the Primordial* – H.C.B. (October 1925)**

SCENE I.

Scene: The combined office and board-room of the Society for Elevating the African. There is a door on the right, a table with writing materials, registers and minute-books, and about half-a-dozen chairs. On the wall there is a bannerette with the inscription "Education and Civilization for All."

Professor Holzgene and James Kellaway, missionary, are seated at the table, while De Carle occupies a chair a little distance off.

De Carle: Well, I must be going now. This Francis Chamberlain Clements of yours may be all you claim for him, but I can't stay to see.

Holzgene: I'm sure you'd be glad to make his acquaintance. And so would he.

De Carle: I don't know so much; I simply can't reconcile myself to the idea of having to shake hands with a nigger. My whole soul revolts against it.

Kellaway: So did mine until my eyes were opened, praised be the Lord. Now –

De Carle: Now you fling your arms about his neck and call him brother.

Kellaway (not seeing the sarcasm, his eyes gleaming with a fanatic light): Yes, thanks be to –

De Carle: Anyway, I think I'd sooner be a free savage than go about with a thin veneer of pseudo-civilization.

Holzgene: I used to think the same.

Kellaway: So did I.

Holzgene: Even now I find the restrictions of civilization hateful. You can almost hear the chains clank. But we have definitely raised Clements from the primordial stage of development in which we found him. He is now as highly developed as any of us. And his civilization has stood the test for more than a decade. He has made speeches and been howled down and had bottles flung at him. Yet through it all he has remained calm and dignified and a gentleman.

De Carle: That so?

Holzgene: We have entertained him at banquets, and when some of the spoons were missing and they blamed him for it, he was far more grieved than angry.

De Carle: But why do you display all this interest in the niggers?

Holzgene: Are we not here for the express purpose of exploiting the native? Is our civilization in this country not based on his toil?

De Carle: Then what do you want to educate him for? If you educate him, Jim Fish, instead of going about his work with his wonted docility, will haul out a Communist pamphlet and start arguing about Karl Marx's Theory of Value, and that is undesirable. While we have the nigger down it is our duty to keep him down, and if necessary, let us hit him with a pick-handle.

Kellaway: Oh, but that is not right. That is not Christian. As the Good Book says –

De Carle: It's a question of racial dominance.

Holzgene (excitedly): If there is such a thing as racial dominance, I don't want it. It has been achieved by the blood and sweat of slaves.

De Carle (with feigned interest): How's that?

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Holzgene: Western supremacy, I suppose, was established by the Battle of Actium. And who won it?

De Carle (suppressing a yawn): Who, indeed?

Holzgene: Read "La Victoire" of Pierre Mille. He tells you there. He says Actium was won by the galley-slaves, rowing in chains in the holds, amid the stench of bilge-water and the smell of blood, amid the vermin and the lashes. They won it. And as far as I know, the only intimation they ever received of their victory was when they arrived at Alexandria, and the crowds strewed roses over the decks of the galleys, and a few rose-petals fell down beneath upon bare and bleeding shoulders.

Kellaway: Roses, did you say? Ah, roses! Roses have thorns, like the thorns in the crown of Christ . . . The martyrdom of Man!

De Carle: Very interesting. But I really must go now.

Holzgene: No, it is not interesting. The whole damn thing is steeped in shame and it's sickening. And I think the less we hear about racial dominance, the better – the better for both the victors and the vanquished.

De Carle: Quite. I am now going home to read old Pierre Milly. I want to find out who won the Battle of Blood River. (He leaves).

Holzgene: It's about time Clements showed up, isn't it?

Kellaway: Yes. Don't you think Clements is wonderful? Don't you think that in spite of all that De Carle says about it, he's splendid? Isn't he a tribute to our educational work?

Holzgene: It shows – (a knock is heard at the door). [Enter Francis Chamberlain Clements. He is a big, full-blooded Zulu, elegantly dressed and with an American education. They all shake hands.]

Kellaway: Take a seat, brother, take a seat.

Holzgene: You look rather worried. What's wrong? Have you been kicked off the pavement again?

Clements: I have just been thinking of the grave difficulties confronting us.

Holzgene (sententiously): Oh, yes, but prejudice, after all, is only based on ignorance, you know, and we are overcoming it. We are overcoming it.

Clements: It's not that so much. Look at my own case. Even amongst friends my position is invidious. I have heard some people state that the negro is the equal of the white man: I have heard others prove in the same dogmatic way that he is superior.

Holzgene: Well, what of that?

Clements: Don't you see? The unconscious prejudice remains. The stigma is still there. The negro is regarded as something peculiar, something to be studied like the amoeba under a microscope. It should not be a question of tolerating a man in spite of the fact that he is a negro. It should be a matter of not caring in the slightest degree what his colour is.

Kellaway (not comprehending): Yes, I see. However, let's start work.

[They get round the table, open the books and proceed to business.]

SCENE II.

Scene: The front verandah of Professor Holzgene's residence. Professor Holzgene and John Kellaway are reclining in deck-chairs.

Holzgene: What time did you say Clements would be here for dinner?

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Kellaway: Half-past six.

Holzgene (consulting his watch): Oh, well, he won't be much longer now. You know Kel, whenever I grow despondent about our work – as I sometimes do – I just think of Clements and it really makes me feel ashamed of myself. To think what insults and indignities he has endured, to think what supreme tests he has been put through – and every time he has triumphed.

Kellaway: It's Christian, that's what it is.

Holzgene: Yes, I suppose you're right. Nevertheless, it makes me wonder what a white man, a civilized white man, would have done under similar circumstances, and I don't mind telling you that I doubt very much as to whether that white man would have risen to the same heights of sublimity as Clements has done.

Kellaway: Hark! I heard the gate bang. That must be Clements.

Holzgene: So like him, isn't it? Always punctual.

(Enter De Carle, wildly excited.)

De Carle (to Holzgene): That's what I have been telling you all along. Ever since the first missionaries landed on these shores, our relations with the natives have been jeopardised by a gang of Bible-thumping crooks. Do you hear me? By a lot of reptiles who haven't got blood in their veins, but a mixture of microbes and dish-water.

Holzgene: For heaven's sake try to keep calm. What's all this trouble about?

Kellaway: Why hasn't Clements come yet, do you know?

De Carle: Ha, ha. That's rich, that's really exquisite. Why hasn't Clements come? I'll tell you why he hasn't come. He's in gaol.

Holzgene:
Kellaway: } What!

De Carle: He was walking down Eloff Street this afternoon –

Holzgene:
Kellaway: } Yes, yes. Get a move on.

De Carle: – when somebody called him a M'Shangaan. Now, a European wouldn't resent that word very much, but of course a nigger's mind flows along –

Holzgene: Oh, leave that out. Quick, what happened?

De Carle: Well, he dashed home, took off his clothes, dressed himself in a blanket and went back brandishing a knob-kerrie. He shouted out that no Zulu would allow himself to be called a M'Shangaan. He then assaulted a policeman and got gaoled.

Kellaway: Well I never. I don't – I don't suppose Clements is a M'Shangaan, is he?

Holzgene says nothing. He sits bent forward, his face buried in his hands, and

The Curtain Falls

H.C.B.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

***Vera* – H.C. Bosman (October 1925)**

All else is now forgotten wholly,
All but the broken roses there,
Whose ghostly breath stirred sadly, slowly,
– The rain was in her hair.

Though new and age-old things have shaken
The placid course of passing years,
Yet vague are still the thoughts they waken
And dim as dream-shed tears.

But softly Memory’s page discloses
What sleepless lives forever there,
– That haunting scent of broken roses,
– The rain-drops in her hair.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

***A Teacher in the Bushveld* – H.C.B. (June 1926)**

A teacher's post having been assigned to me, I packed up and left – for the Crocodile River. After I had passed Matric and had completed the Three Year Course at the Johannesburg Training College, they sent me into the Marico Bushveld. I'm glad I didn't take the Four Year Course, though, because with a full T2 and a B.A. I might have been thrown clean across the border: into Moçambique, perhaps, or else the Nubian Desert.

My new environment, when I got to it, was somewhat strange. For one thing, there was so much of it. When the ox-wagon which had brought me thus far had gone back again, leaving my luggage and myself in the middle of a young forest, I stood for a few moments, looking first at the scenery stretching away on the right side of the road and then taking a gaze at what was spread on the left hand side, trying to make up my mind as to which of the two views I detested the most.

I had almost decided in favour of the left when an old, bearded Dutchman came past in a donkey-cart. He didn't waste much time in coming to the point, either. He merely asked me my name, what salary I drew, whether Johannesburg was much bigger than Koster, what major subjects I was taking for degree purposes and how I liked the Bushveld. Then, as it was getting on towards sunset, he told me the news. The people at whose place I was to board were still away at Zeerust for the Communion service. That was all.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Only one course remained open to me – to camp out in the schoolbuilding[90].

I therefore hired a nigger to help me carry my belongings to the school. He wasn't an ordinary nigger, either. I could see by his erect carriage and his dauntless mien that he was one of the noble Matabele whose forbears had died, assegai in hand, in defence of their country's freedom. We got to the building at last, and I got inside. When I came out again, about ten minutes later, I found that the noble Matabele had gone, together with an appreciable quantity of luggage.

A bed was easily put together. I merely laid two black-boards across desks and then slept on top of them, spreading my blankets over me. This arrangement answered admirably. There was, however, one slight inconvenience attached to it. As I had gone to sleep with my clothes on, and, furthermore, as I had neglected to clean the black-boards first, I went about for the next three weeks with part of the geography of Asia and all of the three times table clearly legible on the back of my jacket.

Such was the nature of my introduction to the Bushveld. After these preliminary discomforts, however, I got used to things. I started boarding on my own, too, and have been getting on first-rate ever since.

[90] school building] schoolbuilding – Not emended

The people around here were quite friendly and somewhat inclined to treat me as an equal. For, after all, I was only a school-teacher. Then, suddenly, I noticed a change in their attitude. They became deferential to the point of shameless adulation, and I couldn't make it out at all. But when one morning the local predikant, in passing, raised his hat to me, I thought it about time I enquired into things. And I found out the reason for this sudden access of respect on their part. They thought I was eking out my teaching salary by gun-running. And when a man is once known to be a professional gun-runner, he has reached almost to the top of Marico's social ladder. In fact, there are only two classes of men for whom the Bushvelders have a greater respect – brandy smugglers and dukes. I don't pretend to know who is who started that gun-running rumour, but whoever he may be, I am deeply and eternally grateful to him, and I can only hope that some day I may be able to do him a similar good turn.

There is one thing I don't like about[91] Marico, and that is snakes. There are no fewer than eight species, of which all are equally slimy and low-down and venomous; and if ever you are bitten by one and they don't apply antidotes immediately, there's only half-an-hour between you and the funeral parlour. There is less, even, if the undertaker is at all quick about it. Yet the farmers are incredibly callous in this matter. They leave their doors open at night; they lie down just anywhere in the long grass; and they even put their hands into dark tool-cupboards without getting a nigger to put his hand in first. Such carelessness is deplorable. One man, indeed, was actually bitten by a snake while in bed. He merely pulled off the reptile, cauterized the wound a bit to let some blood out and then calmly turned over and went to sleep once more. Next morning he was quite well. This story may, on first sight, seem not altogether worthy of credence. Yet there is no doubt that this incident took place exactly as described – the bed is still there.

There is a very big man around here. He's the tallest man I have ever seen. He is so tall, in fact, that when I am near him and want to speak to him, I have first to take out my collar-stud, because otherwise, when I raise my head to look up at him, the stud presses so heavily on my throat that I get choked. Well, this man is as elevated morally as he is physically, and it is a current belief that he has never told an untruth in his life.[92]

On one occasion,[93] however, he succumbed to temptation – and in this way:[94] I was out shooting with him and, for practice, I fired twice at a small, white rock about twenty yards away[,][95] and the two bullets landed pretty near the centre, lodging within a few inches of one another. I was immensely proud of this, and only regretted that instead of twenty I wasn't two hundred yards off. Suddenly the sight of this great and holy man towering above me gave me an idea. And it seemed a good idea. Anyway, after about a hour's discussion,

---

[91] Missing article: the – not emended.

[92] *From this point there are no line gaps between the paragraphs in the original text.*

[93] occasion] ocassion

[94] way:] way.

[95] away,] away[ ]

and after I handed over fifteen shillings in cash, as well as my wrist-watch and shirt, he agreed to my proposal. He was to say that he was present when I fired those shots, and that I was then standing at the foot of a kopje about thirteen hundred yards away.

So much for the plot. It was so trivial in itself that I would not have troubled to mention it, save for its astonishing sequel. We strolled on homewards and, coming across the owner of the farm – who attributed my shirtless condition to an attempt at keeping cool during the prevailing heat-wave – we casually informed him about the shooting. Frankly incredulous, he nevertheless jumped on to his horse and rode off. Four hours later we found him leaning up against the stone and murmuring through his tears something about "the finest shooting in Africa." The news travelled apace. People came from miles around to view the spot, worship it in their quiet way and depart. Still the stream of tourists continued. The proprietor, to save the stone from mutilation, erected a five-foot palisade around it, but that deterred nobody. They merely broke off portions of the wooden fence for mementoes and carved their initials on the palings. The last I heard of the matter was that, to accommodate the tourist swarm, the owner of the farm had built a five-storey hotel, which was paying handsomely. Where before there was nothing but veld and bush and kopje, a flourishing village is now springing up. The government has extended the railway line into the Bushveld. The rand mines are suffering from a shortage of native labour, due to the presence here of a few thousand mine niggers, who are engaged in lugging about the tourist[s'][96] baggage between station and hotel. And finally, if this rapid progress continues,[97] this new village will, in the course of a year or two, completely overshadow Johannesburg's own mushroom growth . . . . I am almost sorry, now, that I didn't fire three bullets into that rock.

Life here is, on the whole, rather uncongenial and devoid of anything that is intellectually stimulating. In the full light of day this is an ugly and even repelling region. It is only after sunset that the place becomes invested with a certain modified lure and enchantment. For sometimes, at night, when the world is very still, a soft wind comes sweeping across the veld. Then, if you are outside and listen very carefully, you can hear the story it has to tell. It is thoughtful, this little wind, and the tale it tells, as old as the world and as time-worn, has about it something that is yet new and sweet and strangely stirring. And this story is one that we all love to hear,[98] for, steeped as it is in the fragrance of some romance of long ago, it awakens memories of far-off things – of trees that are dark in the moonlight, of crumbling garden-walls, of star-dust and of roses. Then the little wind grows rather wistful, because the last pages of its story are sad. The ending has to be mournful, of course. Either Tristan, returning after seven lonely years and finding his Iseult false and in the arms of another, rides away broken-hearted into the west – to die. Or else Iseult gazes wearily and with tear-dimmed eyes across the plains for him who cometh not; gradually the crimson fades from her cheeks, the cyclamen from

[96] tourists'] tourist[ ]
[97] continues,] continues.
[98] hear,] hear[ ]

her lips, and in the early autumn, just when the first brown leaves are beginning to flutter to earth, she too breathes her last. Oh yes, the ending must be sad. All these old tales are that way, and the little wind, knowing it perhaps, and heaving a tired sigh, sinks quietly to rest.

H.C.B.

WORKS CITED

Primary Sources

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, March 20). The Lesson of the Crosses. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, March 27). The Revenge. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, April 03). The Elixir of Life. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, April 10). When Woman Wars. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, April 17). Fate's Little Caprice. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

H.C.B. (1921, May 01). The Fowl. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, June 26). Fate and a Fool. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, July 03). The Needle Test. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

H.C.B. (1921, July). The Mystery of the Ex-M.P. *Jeppe High School Magazine.* No. 30, p. 26.

Will-O'-the-Wisp. (1921, September 11). The Dagger. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1921, September 18). Three Phases. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1921, October 30). The Dilemma. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1921, December). The Mystery of Lenin Trotsky. *Jeppe High School Magazine.* No. 31, pp. 21-22.

Ben Eath. (1922, January 22). Kairatu. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Lenin Tolstoi. (1922, January 29). A Russian Fable. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, January 29). The Dilettante. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, February 05). When My Anger Blazed. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, February 05). The Honest Money Lender. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, February 12). Fraternal Love. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, February 19). A Sad Tale. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, March 26). Human Depravity. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, April 02). The Watch. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, April 16). Saved from the Waste-paper Basket. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, May 07). The Hand that Rules the World. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, May 21). The Deserter. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG

Ben Eath. (1922, June 11). Caste. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, July 23). The Way to Glory. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ben Eath. (1922, July 30). Beyond the Beyond. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ferdinand Fandango. (1922, December 03). A Shorter History of S.A. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Ferdinand Fandango. (1922, December 17). Cricket and How to Play it. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Vere de Vere Tornado. (1923, March 04). Keeping Fit. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Pedagogue. (1923, April 22). From a Student's Diary. *Sunday Times*, n.p.

Anonymous. (1925, March). *'The Canterbury Tales'*. *The Umpa* 11(1), p. 22.

H.C.B. (1925, October). The Urge of the Primordial. *The Umpa* 11(3), pp. 34-35.

Anonymous. (1925, October). Vera. *The Umpa* 11(3).

H.C.B. (1926, June). A Teacher in the Bushveld. *The Umpa* 12(1), pp. 8-9.

Secondary Sources

UNIVERSITY
JOHANNESBURG

Alexander, C. 2005. Nineteenth-Century Juvenilia: A Survey. In *The Child Writer from Woolf to Austen*. Edited by Alexander, C & McMaster, J. 2005. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Alexander, C & McMaster, J. (eds.). 2005. *The Child Writer from Woolf to Austen*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Anderson, M. C. (ed.). 1998. *Herman Charles Bosman: The Prose Juvenilia*. Pretoria: Unisa Press.

Austen, J. 2006. *Juvenilia*. Edited by Peter Sabor. United Kingdom: Cambridge University Press.

Billingham, J. 2002. *Editing and Revising Text*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Blignaut, A, J. 1980. *My Friend Herman Charles Bosman*. Johannesburg: Perskor.

Bowers, F. 1978. Greg's "Rationale of Copy-Text Revisited". *Studies in Bibliography* 31, pp. 90-161.

Brack, O.M. & Barnes, W. (eds.). 1967. *Bibliography and Textual Criticism: English and American Literature, 1700 to the Present*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Braybrooke, N. (ed.). 1989. *Seeds In the Wind: Juvenilia from W.B. Yeats to Ted Hughes*. London: Hutchison.

Chapman, R.W. (ed.). 1954. *The Works of Jane Austen, vol. VI: Minor Works*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Dearing, V.A. 1962. Methods of Textual Editing. In *Bibliography and Textual Criticism: English and American Literature, 1700 to the Present*. Edited by Brack, O.M. & Barnes, W. 1967. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Duquette, N. 2011. The "New-Formed Leaves" of Juvenilia Press. *English Studies in Canada* 37(3), pp. 201-218.

Gottesman, R & Bennett, S. (ed.). 1970. *Art and Error: Modern Textual Editing*. London: Methuen & Co Ltd.

Gray, S. (ed.). 1986. *Herman Charles Bosman*. Johannesburg: McGraw-Hill.

Gray, S. 1989. Herman Charles Bosman's Use of Short Fictional Forms. *English in Africa*, 16(1), pp. 1-8.

Gray, S. (ed.). 2003. *Herman Charles Bosman: My Life and Opinions*. Cape Town: Human & Rousseau.

Gray, S. 2005. *Life Sentence: A Biography of Herman Charles Bosman*. Cape Town: Human & Rousseau.

Gray, S. & MacKenzie, C. 2003. Introduction. In *Young Bosman*. Edited by MacKenzie, C. Cape Town: Human & Rousseau.

Greg, W.W. 1949. The Rationale of Copy-Text. In *Textual Editing and Criticism: An Introduction*. Edited by Keleman, E. 2009. United States: W.W. Norton & Co.

Henry, O. 1919 (1904). "The Cop and the Anthem". In *The Four Million*: 90-100. By Henry, O. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Hill, R. Jr. 1971. *Tennyson's Poetry: Authorotative Texts; Juvenilia and Early Responses; Criticism*. New York: W.W. Norton & Co.

Housman, A.E. The Application of Thought to Textual Criticism. In *Textual Editing and Criticism: An Introduction*. Edited by Keleman, E. 2009. United States: W.W. Norton & Co.

Jenkins, E. 2001. Is "Platkops Children" a Children's Book? *English in Africa*, 28(2), pp. 135-140.

UNIVERSITY
OF
JOHANNESBURG

Juvenilia Press – About the Press: Pedagogy and the Press. (n.d.). Available from: http://www.arts.unsw.edu.au/juvenilia/about/ (Accessed 06 March 2013).

Kelemen, E. (ed.). 2009. *Textual Editing and Criticism: An Introduction*. United States: W.W. Norton & Co.

Lenta, M. 2000. Postcolonial Children and Parents: Pauline Smith's "Platkops Children". *English in Africa*, 27(2) pp. 29-43.

Maas, P. 1967. *Textual Criticism*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

MacKenzie, C. 1993. The *Skaz* Narrative Mode in Short Stories by W. C. Scully, Percy FitzPatrick, Perceval Gibbon and Herman Charles Bosman. *Literator*, 14(3), pp. 1-19.

MacKenzie, C. 1997. Artfulness in the Early South African Oral-Style Story: Ernest Glanville's 'Abe Pike' Tales. *Journal of Southern African Studies*, 23(4), pp. 541-552.

MacKenzie, C. 2002. The Use of Orality in the Short Stories of A. C. Jordan, Mtutuzeli Matshoba, Njabulo Ndebele and Bessie Head. *Journal of Southern African Studies*, 28(2), pp. 347-358.

MacKenzie, C. 2003a. 'Simple Unvarnished Tales'? A Case Study of H. C. Bosman's Writerly Technique (2003). *English Studies in Africa* 46(2), pp. 1-12.

MacKenzie, C. (ed.). 2003b. *Young Bosman*. Cape Town: Human & Rousseau.

McMaster, J. 1996. Youth, Writing, and Scholarship. *Victorian Review*, 22(1), pp. 46-52.

McMaster, J. 2001. "Adults' Literature," By Children. *The Lion and the Unicorn*, 25(2), pp. 277-299.

Oxford English Dictionary: Second edition. 1989. Online version March 2011. Available from: http://0-www.oed.com.ujlink.uj.ac.za/. (Accessed: 30 September 2012).

Pereira, E. 1985. Tall Tellers of Tales: Some Fictional Narrators and their Function in the South African Short Story in English. In *Herman Charles Bosman*. Edited by Gray, S. 1986. Johannesburg: McGraw-Hill.

Rosenberg, V. 1976. *Sunflower To the Sun*. Cape Town: Human & Rousseau.

Sachs, B. 1971. *Herman Charles Bosman as I Knew Him*. Johannesburg: The Dial Press.

Shealy, D. 1992. Louisa May Alcott's Juvenilia: Blueprints for the Future. *Children's Literature Association Quarterly*, 17(4), pp. 15-18.

Small, I & Walsh, M. (eds.). 1991. *The Theory and Practice of Text-Editing*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Smith, C.A. (1916). *O. Henry Biography*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Available from: http://archive.org/details/ohenrybiography00smit (Accessed 09 November 2012).

Smith, P. 1935. *Platkops Children*. London: Jonathan Cape.

Susina, J. 1992. "Respiciendo prudens": Lewis Carroll's Juvenilia. *Children's Literature Association Quarterly*, 17(4), pp. 10-14.

Tanselle, G.T. 1994. Editing Without a Copy-Text. *Studies in Bibliography*, 47, pp. 1-22.

Thorpe, J. 1965. The Aesthetics of Textual Criticism. In *Bibliography and Textual Criticism: English and American Literature, 1700 to the Present*. Edited by Brack, O.M. & Barnes, W. 1967. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

West, M.L. 1973. *Textual Criticism and Editorial Technique: applicable to Greek and Latin texts.* Stuttgart: B.G. Teubner.

UNIVERSITY OF JOHANNESBURG