



THE KIPLING SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1927

Registered Charity No.278885

Bay Tree House, Doomsday Garden, Horsham, West Sussex,
RH13 6LB, United Kingdom

Telephone: +44 7801 680516

e-mail: michaelrkipling@gmail.com

NEWSLETTER – JANUARY 2024

NEXT MEETING – Mike Kipling

Wednesday 7 February. 6.00pm. Dr Charlotte Boyce (University of Portsmouth) will speak on ‘Managing colonial famine in Rudyard Kipling’s *William the Conqueror*’. *Drawing Room, Army and Navy Club, 36 Pall Mall, London, SW1Y 5JN. **NOTE NEW VENUE** and by Zoom.* Tea/coffee and biscuits will be served from 5.30pm for those attending in person.

For security purposes at the venue, please can any members intending to attend in person let me know no later than Monday 5 February (contact details at the top of this page). Please also note the Club’s dress code <https://therag.co.uk/club-dress-code/>. Members are welcome after the meeting to dine in the Coffee Room at the Army & Navy Club with the speaker and members of Council. If you would like to do so, please let me know.

ZOOM details: Meeting ID: 859 1063 2960 Passcode: 964858

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85910632960?pwd=b1FGS2VhWFFnVm1UTERhNnhNYkNQdz09>

FUTURE MEETINGS

- **Wednesday 17 April** David Alan Richards, President of the Kipling Society. ‘The Story of my Kipling collection’. 6.00pm. *Zoom-only.*
- **Wednesday 3 July.** AGM, after which Dr Howard Booth will speak on Kipling and E.M. Forster. *Army & Navy Club, 4.30pm for 5.00pm, and by Zoom.*
- **Wednesday 18 September.** ‘Kipling’s Burwash’ Filmed presentation and discussion 6.00pm *Zoom-only*
- **Wednesday 27 November.** TBA. *Army & Navy Club, 5.30pm for 6.00pm, and by Zoom.*

ONLINE STORY READING

Wednesday 31 January. 6.00pm. Following on the success of our regular Kipling reading evenings, Jan Montefiore will lead a team reading of two early Kipling short stories, ‘Lispeth’ and ‘My Own True Ghost Story’. There will also be time for discussion afterwards. If you would like to be one of the readers, please contact Jan at J.E.Montefiore@kent.ac.uk. If you would prefer simply to listen and/or contribute to the discussion, please join the meeting using the Zoom details or link below:

Meeting ID: 890 3740 3360 Passcode: 949704



<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/89037403360?pwd=SGF6TzJmTldiK1ljTFhDNlp6L3VoZz09>

SUMMER EVENT

We intend to arrange an afternoon walking tour of Burwash this summer, taking in the wider grounds of the Bateman's estate (including the mill), the parish church and war memorial, and the Kipling statue in the main street. A film will be made for those unable to attend in person, to be shown at the September meeting. Further news will be provided in the next newsletter.

INCREASE IN SUBSCRIPTION RATES – Fiona Renshaw, Membership Secretary

As previously advised, subscriptions increased on 1 January 2024. Full details can be found in the flyer with the September edition of The Kipling Journal – and can also be found in the August 2023 Newsletter at

<https://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2023/08/Newsletter-Aug23.pdf>

Please can members who pay by standing order contact their bank to amend their standing order. For many banks, this can be done by on-line banking. Alternatively, you may request a form from me at ksmemsec@outlook.com to complete and send to your bank.

FUTURE OF THE SOCIETY LIBRARY – John Walker, Librarian

The Society's extensive library has been housed at Haileybury School now for some years, at no cost to the Society. As members will know, Haileybury is the successor to Kipling's own United Services College. For this we are extremely grateful to the school and to its archivist, Dr Toby Parker, who is also our own honorary archivist. Increasing age and the traffic on the M25 has made it hard for me to attend as frequently as I would like, increasing our dependency on the school to allow members and scholars access to the collection.

Anticipating that it will become more difficult for the school to justify providing this service to the Society, I have developed a proposal jointly with the school under which the Society would donate the library to the school. This will guarantee the library's future, as the school will protect and develop it as part of its wider archives, continuing to allow ready access to it by the Society and Kipling scholars. A particular intention is to include some of the ephemera, particularly scrapbooks of 'Kiplingiana', in the school's programme of archive digitisation, making access to this rare material much more widely available. The formal arrangements with the school will ensure amongst other things that the School cannot dispose of any of the donated material without offering the Society first refusal to take it back.

The Society will continue to support the library, including the digitisation programme, by means of a regular financial donation to the school and the occasional gift of further material. This means that we will continue to fulfil our charitable objective '*for the purposes of education and study, to maintain a library comprising Kipling's works, the works of writers on Kipling, and other material (in any form or medium) relating to Kipling*' [Rule 2 (2) (c)].

Council is due to decide whether to accept this proposal at its meeting on 7 February. I would be grateful to receive the views of members, or address any questions they may have, before then. Please e-mail me at jwawalker@gmail.com

REPORT OF NOVEMBER MEETING – Alex Bubb

It was with great surprise that I learned that John Walker had never addressed the Society during his long years of membership and service, and I determined to put that right when we met in November at the Royal Over-Seas League (our final meeting to be held there before we transfer to the Army & Navy Club). John delivered an entertaining talk that didn't pull

any punches while musing on what manhood and masculinity meant for Kipling, covering such texts as *The Light that Failed*, 'Follow me 'Ome', and 'The Betrothed'.

Regrettably, the presentation was not recorded, but John's text is available on the Society website at <https://www.kiplingsociety.co.uk/news/kipling-and-masculinity-but-a-good-cigar-is-a-smoke.htm>

READING EVENING

On 6 December Jan Montefiore curated lead another Zoom session of readings from Kipling. The works selected were:

KIPLING THE GEOGRAPHER

Janice Lingley: 'The Crab that Played with the Sea', 'And the play went on'

Alda Milner-Barry: 'In the Rukh', Opening, about the forests

Mike Kipling: *From Sea to Sea*, vol 2, 'The Gorge of the Yellowstone'

KIPLING AND SOUTH AFRICA

Christopher Morrison: 'Ubique'

Howard Booth: 'The Return'

KIPLING'S 'WISDOM' POEMS

Chris Wozny: 'Gods of the Copybook Headings'

Alastair Wilson: 'Non Nobis, Domine'

Maggie Washington: 'Outsong in the Jungle'

'PUCK' POEMS

Jill Smith: 'An Astrologer's Song'

Fred Lerner: 'Puck's Song'

KIPLING AND WORK

Bill James: 'The Secret of the Machines'

John Radcliffe: 'Song of the Galley Slaves'

John Walker: 'How the Camel Got His Hump' (from "'Djinn of all Deserts', said the Horse" to the end.

KIPLING'S ENDINGS

Inger Brögger: End of 'The Return of Imray'

Jan Montefiore: End of 'The Gardener'

Harry Ricketts: End of 'The Eye of Allah'

VOLUNTEER STILL SOUGHT

On-line Co-ordinator. Following the launch of the new website last year, many of the pages can be edited by officers or other volunteers, removing a considerable part of the workload formerly borne by the On-line Editor. However, Council has identified that it still needs someone to do some generic editing and updating, liaise with our external consultant, report to Council on usage, and generally oversee the site. If any member with some familiarity with websites, especially WordPress ones, would like to contribute in this way, please contact John Radcliffe for further information johnradcliffe_abroad@hotmail.com



BATEMAN'S AT CHRISTMAS

The Christmas decorations this year in all the main rooms were on the theme 'The Writer's Home':



Thanks to Hannah Miles for the photographs.

WHY WE READ KIPLING – Part 8

We asked 'Who is your favourite character from Kipling?' Diarmid Lucy responded "*Probably Kimball O'Hara, but Mahbub Ali and Private Mulvaney and in strong contention for the honour*". Mulvaney was also the choice of Maggie Washington and Andrew Scragg, who added "*There are so many well drawn, fully developed complex characters to pick just one. Mulvaney springs to mind – a wise, long term soldier, yet a tragic, violent, alcoholic figure stoically mourning the loss of his daughter, yet supported by Dinah and the army – so complex a character and not the usual lead figure for Victorian stories, but then again there are Carnehan and Dravot, Manallace, Gabral Misquitta ... the list goes on.*"

All the other respondents selected different characters. Jan Montefiore picked three "*Kadmiel in 'The Treasure and the Law', with his worm's eye view of medieval England and his passion for justice. The stoical, uncompromising and compassionate Mrs Troop in Captains Courageous. Very briefly sketched but she haunts the memory. Pertinax in Puck.*" For Rodney

Attwood it was Wee Willie Winkie, closely followed by Parnesius from *Puck*. John Seriot nominated the Sikh narrator in 'A Sahib's War', and Alastair Wilson chose Cottar Major from 'The Brushwood Boy', in *The Day's Work*.

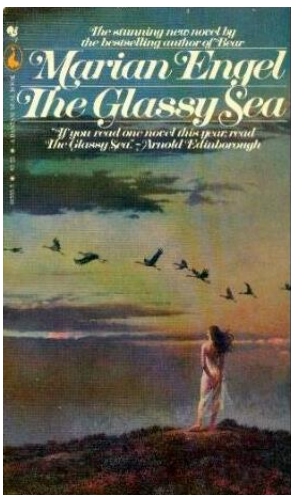
THINGS AS THEY ARE – Part 3 - Sandra Janzen

So what does it mean to paint or describe or see “things as they are”? Obviously to different people it means different things. Does it mean simply to see clearly, with “hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite” vision and/ or to see the essence of things? To Stein and Cezanne and to Picasso and Matisse and to a school or two of painters it had come to mean that things as they are have to do with a subjective reality.

We do seem to have come to understand, as notes the diarist Anias Nin: “We don't see things as they are; we see them as we are.”

In what may or may not be a lucky accident, decades later, in her novel *The Glassy Sea* (Toronto: M & S, 1978), Marian Engel, in the two pages before the chapter entitled “Envoi,” writes: “You know, Philip, I thought being with Dr Stern might lead me to some big mystical experience. I guess I'd read too much Jung. But it didn't; he was a logician. I don't remember much of what he did, except let me cry a lot, but when he really got me working on myself, what he did was lay out reality like a deck of cards, so that instead of the mysterious id, I was contemplating what was; not what had been, not what should be, but what was.

“And I guess that's why I have to turn down your offer now, Philip. I was forty-two years old yesterday and I am just beginning to look at what is. I use the word “contemplate” to mean that, not as the expression of a mystical attempt to achieve oneness with God, or Buddha-hood or the Tao. Rosa Eglanteria a small, five-petal led pink rose, just that. The field is a field that a variety of plants grow in. A variety of 7 birds nest in the plants and feed off the insects that live among the plants. The seacoast has an ecology of its own. The birds have names and functions, as do the gastropods and the cockles and the mussels. I want to live here where a paved road is a paved road, a heron is a heron. I want the bread on my table to be bread, not money, not something fattening, not the Body of Christ. I have been offered a unique experience: the freedom to see things as they are. [my italics] I can walk down this road to Mac Moan's listening not to the Nazis whispering in underground streams, but to birds and telephone wires and my own crunching steps.



“I do not, in other words, wish to see eternity. I wish, for once, to see the here-and-now. . . . I sidestepped truth in the arms of Asher When reality hit me in the face, I hid again.

“Finally, I've acquired a taste for it

“I don't, like some philosophers, disapprove of mysticism. . . . But knowing I am imperfect, knowing also that I am part of the universe and entitled to be, I wish to spend this part of my life seeing what I can of the universe as it is, (my italics) rather than attempting the perfecting of my soul. That is a worldly aim, Philip, but I need to be worldly.

“Once I hunted in the hearts of roses for what I was to be. I tried to be a rose. . . . Now I’m the crazy lady by the shore. That is what I want to be. . . leave me here, please, to dream my redemptive dream. (pp 143-4)

To be concluded

NEWS FROM SYDNEY – David Watts

The Kipling Society of Australia meeting on 25 November at the Roseville Club, Sydney had an attendance of 38, and we had an extremely interesting and informative talk by Professor Chris Browne from Monash University in Victoria., who had flown up from Melbourne to talk to us. Professor Browne has an amazing collection of Kipling, ranging from early family only prints, range of departmental Ditties, through the railway booklets, US pirate prints and details of virtual every print run through RK’s life. He brought some of his collection with him and showed the rest via a projector onto a big screen we had at the club. His knowledge of early print runs, and where they ended up was educational, as was his world ranging to source some of his items. We must thank Susanah Fullerton for inducing Professor Browne to come to our meeting, and bring so many interesting parts of his collection with him.

THE DOG HERVEY – An Email Exchange

John Radcliffe: Just rereading ‘Hervey’ with fascination. I understand about the witchcraft, but can you explain for me the significance of the name?

Jan Montefiore: It’s explained at the end of the story, which turned on a quote from Boswell’s Life of Johnson. SJ said of one Hervey ‘He was a vicious man, but very kind to me.’ We must suppose that Moira has at some point read Boswell - not improbable, given her jibe about verifying quotation – and having come across this phrase, has identified it with Shend, her father’s former patient/victim, who was an alcoholic (like Hervey) and who stood up for her and was kind. This is confirmed by how kind he is to the narrator and his friends Mrs Godfrey and Milly when they’re very sick with typhoid and need help, which Shend gives generously. Because the name is pronounced ‘Harvey’ (anyway by the English), so Moira’s private meaning is secret up till the end. My own reading is that Moira’s ‘witchcraft’ was unconscious. As J M S Tompkins says: ‘The desolate longing of a woman makes a vehicle for itself out of the little sickly dog she cherishes, and projects its wraith into the hallucinations of the drunkard, who years before was kind to her. This then is a tale of sorcery, of such a ‘sending’ as we might read of in a Northern folk-tale, or find paralleled in the beliefs of a savage people. Is that any clearer?’

JR: So, following Tompkins, Moira projects her old longing for Shend into the dog, who becomes her emissary, appearing to him, and associating him with the storyteller, to whom he then cleaves until he is led back to her. Otherwise, there is no accounting for the appearance of Shend and his immediate attachment to the story-teller. A strange and fascinating piece. Incidentally a classic example of RK’s alternative persona, the single doggy bachelor, roaming freely around the world without let or hindrance.

JM: About the appearance of Shend: he makes friends with the narrator and becomes a benefactor to Mrs Godfrey and her daughter in Madeira when they’re convalescing from typhoid. I was going to say that Shend taking them all under his wing happens long before he actually sees the wraith of dog, which happens when they’re in the Channel and nearly home. But he’s obviously seen the dog before, because he says ‘Between ourselves, old man, he’s

been turning up lately a – a damn sight more often than I cared for’, which means that he’s been seeing a squinting dog for some time. What he doesn’t know is that his vision is of Moira’s sig Hervey/ Harvey (pronounced the same,) whom both Attley and the narrator have looked after during the dog’s distemper and convalescence. Shend, is genuinely a very kind man, and is also ‘vicious’ in the old sense of being ‘prone to vice’ – in his case, alcoholism. He is btw, twice compared by the narrator to a dog. He seems to have no other connections, so it’s plausible that he is drawn to the group both from loneliness and from genuine desire to help the invalid women. He tells Mrs Godfrey, the wisest person in the story, that he feels ‘comfortable all over’ around them, ‘just like a dog’. Later the narrator uses the same simile: “I’m rather a lonely chap though.” His eyes lifted dog-like across the table.’ Such is the power with which Moira has invested her dog Hervey, with whom both Attley and the narrator are associated, that Shend somehow senses their engagement with it and her. (One might think he’d latch on to Attley as well, but I suppose this would be an unhelpful narrative complication – and besides, Attley is represented as kindly but not that bright about human relationships, nor interested in Hervey, whereas the narrator is both.)

What frightens the narrator, I take it, is the thought that through his relationship to Moira’s dog



he has somehow come under her “spell” that affected Shend, and has therefore been manipulated by it/ her into bringing about the couple’s happy reunion. But my own feeling is that ‘witch’ is not quite the right word for Moira because she was not really in control of all this. I am sure Tompkins is right to read Hervey’s appearance to Shend as a ‘Sending’. (Isn’t there an early Kipling story about a fake Sending, involving kittens?). So Moira did have an obsession with the dog, and she did have obscure supernatural powers, but I don’t think she was consciously using them. Her song, overheard by the narrator, invokes ‘my true love/ on the other side of the world’,

which about right for Shend on his yacht somewhere in the Atlantic. But then the song ends by saying the lover has ‘No dwelling more on sea or shore/ But only in thy heart’. Moira tells the narrator that she expects ‘to live another fifty years – worse luck!’ (p.144), so she’s clearly expecting to die single. Perhaps it’s her desperation at having utterly lost her lover (as she thinks) that transforms her longing for Shend into the power to make him see the dog she has identified with him.

‘No accounting for the appearance of Shend’ – well, we learn that he lives on his yacht and so probably has been, as in Moira’s song ‘on the other side of the world’ (perhaps down at the Cape?) Madeira is about 600 miles south of Spain, so not quite ‘the other side of the world’, but it’s far enough. The slightly implausible coincidence is that Shend just happens to be in Madeira when the Godfrey/narrator group are there. After that, his friendship with them is accounted for both by perfectly plausible psychological reasons – Shend wants friends and he really likes helping people – and by the ‘spell’ which we know has been haunting him. I think the best readers of this story quoted in the NRG are Bodelson and Tompkins. That said, there’s a great deal we’re not told in the story. What did Shend do with himself in the years after he left Dr Sichliffe’s establishment, other than sailing? When did he start seeing the hallucinations of Hervey? Is his alcoholism being made worse by the hallucinations? Why is Hervey ‘tortured’? (Actually, that one’s easy – it’s because the dog is not really Moira’s “familiar” but the vehicle for her “Sending”. It might be like in ‘The House Surgeon’ where the misery in the house is at its worst at the time when the Evangelical Miss Moultrie’s mind is fixed on it.) There’s a line by Auden, “We are lived by powers we pretend to understand” which fits this story rather well.

THINGS THAT KIPLING DIDN'T WRITE - #7

From *Poor Things* – Alastair Gray (Whitbread Award winner 1992, also now a 2023 film)

“But the finest poetic tribute to Blessington is by Rudyard Kipling, who believed the General had been hounded to his death by parliamentary criticism:

THE END OF THE THUNDERBOLT

The trappers round the Hudson Bay
don't fear the half-breeds now.
In peaceful Patagonia the farmers drive their plough.
The wily Chinese traders pursue their gains in peace
Under justice dealt out cleanly by unbribable police;
While the founder of this industry, the giver of this gain,
LIES DEAD UPON THE GUN-ROOM FLOOR—
A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.

There's always room in parliament
for nincompoop and knave,
And sentimental radicals who do not love the brave.
A host of lukewarm “realists” like things the way they are,
But feel the men responsible have “often gone too far”.
Then there are men responsible,
the men who get things done,
And some, like Kitchener, we cheer;
some curse, like Blessington!
Let radical and “realist” sleep soundly in their bed.
BLESSINGTON'S ON THE GUN-ROOM FLOOR—
A BULLET IN HIS HEAD.

Many a peaceful settlement that Englishmen call home
Was once a howling wilderness where nomads used to roam.
Many a half-tamed tribesman mines ore, shears sheep, breaks colt
Because his savage forebears were struck by Thunderbolt.
Yes, we scorched them with The Thunderbolt
but would not sniff the reek.
We lashed them with The Thunderbolt
but did not like the shriek.
We split them with The Thunderbolt and,
deafened by the crash,
We smashed them with The Thunderbolt.
Some shuddered at the smash.
Our kindly English stay-at-homes
like things genteel and fair;
They prefer the Danes to Nelson,
the blacks to Governor Eyre.
But argosies are bringing England
meat, wool, ore and grain.
SIR AUBREY'S ON THE GUN-ROOM FLOOR—
A BULLET IN HIS BRAIN.”



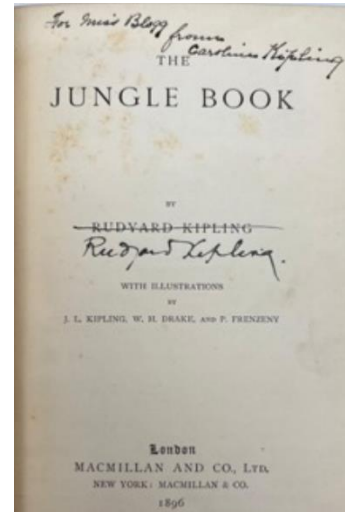
ADDITIONS TO THE DAVID ALAN RICHARDS COLLECTION - Part 2

The Jungle Book, inscribed to Miss Blogg by Caroline Kipling.

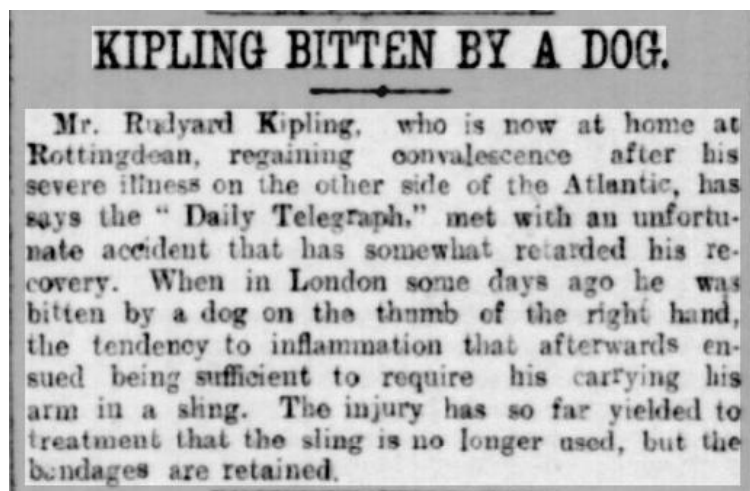
KIPLING, Rudyard. THE JUNGLE BOOK. [First (English) Edition, first printer's imprint] with illustrations by J.L. Kipling, W.H. Drake, and P. Frenzeny London Macmillan and Co. and New York 1894.

References: Livingston: 104 and Supp. p. 121, Martindell 61, Stewart 123, Grolier 185, Ballard LXIII(A) p. 113, CBEL III: 528, Richards A76.

8vo. Original blue cloth, gilt edges, lettered and ornamented in gold with vignettes of mounted elephants on front cover and of cobra and mongoose on spine, fourth printing (1896), **signed by Kipling on title page below his struck-through name and inscribed for presentation by Caroline Kipling** "For Miss Blogg I from Caroline I Kipling"; Gertrude Colbome Blogg was governess in 1897-98 to Kipling's daughter and engaged to Robert Brimley Johnson, but died in July 1899 shortly before the wedding day, hit by a horse-drawn omnibus while out cycling; Kipling's letter to Johnson of 28 November 1900 (Pinney, ed., Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 3, pp. 36-37) makes oblique reference to his loss



... AND FINALLY



Brighton Argus - Monday 17 July 1899