"All Like and Yet Unlike the Old Country:" Kipling in Cape Town, 1891–1908 – A Reappraisal

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Walking up the slopes of Table Mountain on Woolsack Drive, one soon reaches the Cape Dutch cottage the road is named after: whitewashed curvilinear gables and teak shutters just visible behind the security gates of what is now a postgraduate residence. The Woolsack was commissioned by Cecil John Rhodes, mining magnate, sometime Cape prime minister and fervent builder of the British Empire. Designed by Rhodes's protégé, the architect Herbert Baker, this sunny atrium protected from the winds that buffet Devil's Peak was first occupied by that empire's most famous chronicler: Rudyard Kipling.

From 1900 to 1907, the Kipling family holidayed at the Woolsack, enjoying "the colour, light, and half-oriental manners of the land" and avoiding the English winter, after an attack of pneumonia in 1899 that had almost cost Kipling his life and claimed that of his six-year-old daughter: "The dry, spiced smell of the land and the smack of the clean sunshine were health restoring."[1] At a time when surveyors' lines were subdividing the growing city into private pockets, the arch-imperialist Rhodes had used his fabulous wealth to buy up almost all the old burgher farms on the mountain flanks, creating a protected estate that still stretches south from the shoulder of Table Mountain all the way to the botanical gardens at Kirstenbosch and beyond. Along with Roman lion cages, Corsican pines, English meadows, oak avenues, aviaries, deer parks, llama paddocks, summer houses and hydrangea beds, he installed a "cottage in the woods for poets and artists" where they could draw inspiration from the mountain.[2] "Through a tap, as it were," wrote William Plomer in his satirical 1933 biography of Rhodes:

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"Unfortunately, when turned on, the tap seems to have produced little but mountain mist and a few hiccups of patriotic fervour."[3]

Kipling may have written *Kim* (1901) during these years and read the much-loved *Just So Stories* (1902) to his children in the Woolsack garden, but even his most ardent admirers concede that he never penned the masterpiece that his hero and patron was expecting, that he could not create British South Africa in the way he had Anglo-India. The Cape was, he wrote to a correspondent in Simla, "All like and yet unlike the old country."[4] At a glance, nine years of wintering here produced only a handful of increasingly shrill poems and short stories set during the Anglo-Boer (or South African) War in which the country serves as little more than a backdrop for various political bugbears, recruitment drives and imperial lessons. "My half year at the Cape is always my 'political' time," he wrote in a letter of 1906, "And I enjoy it."[5] As a result of aligning himself so completely with Rhodes's dream, in a new South Africa he is simply ignored, like the many statues of his idol, relics alike of a past best forgotten. Apart from the fulsome verse inscribed on the Rhodes Memorial, an excerpt from Kipling's 1893 imperial hymn "A Song of the Cities" can also be found below a statue of the Colossus in the central concourse of the University of Cape Town. Here an entire Peninsula is conflated with the incorrigible imperial dreamer:

> I dream my dream by rock and heath and pine
> Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
> From Lion's Head to Line![6]

George Orwell remarked that Kipling is a writer whose verse refrains – "the White Man's Burden," "somewheres East of Suez" – became part of the everyday colonial idiom; even today he is a writer who is unconsciously quoted whenever there is talk of the unforgiving minute or the female of the species being more deadly than the male. The stanza below Rhodes – along with a clutch of more innocuous fragments about white sands of Muizenberg spun before the gale, Constantia vineyards and aching bergs "throned and thorned" under a speckless sky – was once the stock Kipling verse for Cape Town.[7] Positioned at this collusion of natural and imperial grandeur, it does little to debunk the popular caricature of a tub-thumping imperialist, a jingoistic supporter of the South African War who put Rhodes on a pedestal as a British hero with an almost divine right to oversee the development of southern Africa, and never wavered. Read via the criticism of a later Nobel laureate who wrote on these slopes, such lines join other eminently quotable fragments about "[t]he granite of the ancient north" and "[g]reat spaces washed with sun" to form a particularly flagrant example of what J. M.

Coetzee identified as a recurring *topos* of the (white) South African literary imagination.[8] This is the "dream topography" of a silent, ancient Africa measured in geological aeons: a prehistoric landmass absent of any indigenous human presence that might contradict the claims of European settlement.[9]

There is, however, something missing from the monument. The first line of the stanza – about the Cape being "[s]natched and bartered oft from hand to hand" – is omitted, throwing out the rhyme. No doubt it would have troubled the notion of a tranquil, pastoral Cape Dutch past, following which the British imperial presence could be seen as the natural continuation of an earlier colonial stewardship. Such was the tradition that Rhodes, Alfred Milner and their circle were keen to promote after the disaster of the South African War: a reconciliation of Boer and Briton which excluded the African majority and shaped much of the grim century to come. But in considering a writer as complex, as prolific and (borrowing from Freud to address this peculiar insistence on imperial dreaming) as *overdetermined* as Kipling, one wonders what else might have been passed over in the common verdict about his failed South African years.

A visit to the Kipling Room, located in the basement of the university library at the top of the steps, gives a sense of just how diverse his written output was. Ranged in the cabinets are the early stories from India, the *Plain Tales from the Hills* and barrack room ballad collections narrated by soldiers and sailors, along with journalism, travel writing, and the *Jungle Books*: an extraordinary early flowering that had made him a world-famous literary celebrity by the time he arrived in London from India at the age of twenty-three. As one pages through his own illustrations to the *Just So Stories*, the riddles, rebuses and verbal games seem appropriate symbols for this extravagant, almost unnervingly fecund imagination. The frightening "[a]nimal that came out of the deep" looms over the orderly colonial port in a way which suggests the unexpected, irrational dimensions that lurk beneath the knowing surface of the prose.

Given his unequalled facility in chronicling the total experience of the British colonial project, this account, rather than revisiting the nakedly propagandist Anglo-Boer War output, examines his correspondence and lesser known writings from the Cape to trace the discontinuous, fractured or displaced elements of the dreamwork: all the things that his imperial elevation made unsayable, but which press in through the margins and metaphors of the texts. In this reading, it is unsurprising that perhaps the most disquieting and certainly the most cryptic of all Kipling's short stories, "Mrs Bathurst," washes up on the shoreline near the naval base at Simonstown, a place that he knew "like the inside of my own pocket."[10]

Taken as one chapter in a cultural history of Cape Town, the case of Kipling presents an intriguing example of literary failure: the failure to give the city a credible literary identity, to make it a place in the mind. Yet at a further remove, it broaches the question of what, if anything, such a sense of place could mean in a linguistically divided city still haunted by its colonial past, a city known for natural beauty but also ongoing, blatant social inequity. More than the stories or poems, it is Kipling's letters from the Woolsack that give a vivid picture of the high imperial moment at the Cape, showing the strain that resulted when a creative imagination (and political ideology) nurtured in northern India was transplanted to an entirely different colonial situation. Over the course of a decade they provide portraits of a place in flux and sketch the shift from carefree enchantment in the 1890s to disappointment and bitterness as the death of Rhodes, post-war settlements and election defeats quashed any remaining imperial hopes – resulting in Kipling's departure in 1908, never to return: "I will go to the Cape in December to see the burial, but I must then hunt for another country to love."[11]

"A truly monumental time"

Kipling had first seen Cape Town in 1891, stopping in briefly on a world tour prescribed by doctors after a nervous breakdown put down to overwork, but undoubtedly also connected with his experience of arriving in the imperial centre, London, and the slight but deeply felt rebuffs he received there. His first impression of a town as yet untouched by the building booms of the 1890s was of a "sleepy, unkempt little place," where the *stoeps* of the older Dutch houses still jutted over the pavements. His sense of racial diversity is tellingly filtered through the memories, mythology (and racist vernacular) of an Indian childhood: "Occasional cows strolled up the main streets, which were full of coloured people of the sort that my *ayah* had pointed out to me were curly haired (*hubshees*) who slept in such posture as made it easy for the devils to enter their bodies."[12]

During this visit, Kipling caught his first glimpse of Rhodes dining in an Adderley Street restaurant, and he was guided around Simonstown by a friendly captain, an experience which triggered abiding fascination with the naval base there, which would serve as the setting for several short stories. He stayed in a Wynberg hotel on the advice of his friend H. Rider Haggard, the bestselling author whose image of a gaudy, violent Africa lives on in the stacks of the latest Wilbur Smith for sale at Cape Town International airport. Yet Kipling also befriended Olive Schreiner, a writer whose near obsessive

relationship with Rhodes would take a very different path, and whose sparse Karoo topography in *The Story of an African Farm* (1883) – "a weary flat of loose red sand," heat-stunted vegetation, isolated "kopjes" and limitless sky – was once interpreted as the beginning of a national literary tradition and a profound attempt to accord imaginative validity to a non-European landscape.[13] Discussing the descriptive cadences that echo throughout twentieth-century South African fiction, Plomer regarded her great achievement as having "given lasting shape to forms of life hitherto unperceived or unrecorded (the proper function of a writer):" the precise formulation, perhaps, of what had made Kipling famous in India but could never be fulfilled in southern Africa.[14]

At the end of 1897, now at the height if his fame, having been elected to the Athenaeum Club in London and dined there with Rhodes and Milner, Kipling returned to South Africa with his family for a summer holiday. "It will be a rest for the wife: and Cape Town is a paradise for the children" he wrote in December 1897 to James M. Conland, a correspondent in New England who, perhaps because of his political distance, habitually elicits the most focused and personal accounts of the Cape from Kipling. The family stayed in the Vineyard Hotel in Newlands, "an ideal place to work at: but kept by three thoroughpaced female devils – one with a moustache and no figure" who "spread miseries and discomforts round her in return for good monies."[15] Kipling escaped this domestic scene by embarking on an epic railway journey organised by Rhodes: "Cape Town – Kimberley – Bulawayo – Kimberley again – Johannesburg – and so back to the Cape. You look those places up on a map and see if I haven't put in a big work while I've been here," he wrote to Conland. This grand tour of British power in the subcontinent was a formative experience for Kipling – a "truly monumental time" – especially since the opportunity for a long solo journey was an increasingly rare event and must have evoked memories of his earlier, rootless life as a journalist and travel correspondent.[16]

Like Haggard's heroes and so many other European adventurers in Africa, he conflated spatial immensity with largeness of purpose, his mission imbued with a sense of unstoppable momentum provided by the railway. Travelling alone by Cape cart in the summer heat of 1877, Anthony Trollope had seen a Dantean vision of hell at the origin of South Africa's industrial revolution in Kimberley; but Kipling, the special guest of the Chartered Company, glosses over "the huge guarded enclosures where the native labour is kept,"[17] rattling onwards in his private carriage to Rhodesia and demonstrating his lifelong obsession with technology in dwelling more on the details of the rolling stock, the gauges of the railway and the "rank bad

colonial coal."[18] He explored Bulawayo on bicycle, and visited the Matopos, "a wilderness of tumbled rocks, granite boulders and caves where the white man fought the Matabele in '96," and where Rhodes was eventually entombed: "You never dreamed of such a country."[19]

But in many ways, by the time Kipling arrived Rhodes's British dream was on the wane. The year 1896 had been a particularly bad one for the Colossus: "What with the Raid, rebellion, famine, rinderpest, and now my house burnt down, I feel like Job," he remarked, "All but the boils."[20] Stripped of political credibility after the fiasco of the Jameson Raid and with his health failing, Rhodes was turning his energies more to the consolidation of his legacy at the Cape, restoring old buildings and indulging a latent passion for landscape gardening on his mountain estate. Yet even here the revival of Cape Dutch architecture being engineered through Herbert Baker had suffered a major setback when a mysterious fire gutted his Groote Schuur mansion – the renovated "big barn" dating back to the days of the Dutch East India Company – and left Rhodes camping out on the lawn.

Undeterred, he decreed a full restoration, resolute in his attempt to forge a tradition that would fuse British and Dutch colonial heritage at the Cape. "What is the form of the impress we are stamping on the soft clay mould, which will be burnt into the architectural style of the future?" asked Herbert Baker in a speech to mark the occasion, a disciple who had been duly sent on a tour of the Mediterranean to absorb some architectural grandeur. He would go on to design the Highveld acropolis of the Union Buildings on a kopje outside Pretoria in 1909, and later fall out spectacularly with Sir Edwin Lutyens in their attempt to raise an Anglo-Indian Rome for the British Raj in New Delhi.[21] Taking his cue from this vogue for heritage and restoration, in a letter of December 1898 Kipling enthused about "the vestiges (artistic and architectural) that remain of the Dutch occupation," dismissing the modern colonist's belief that "a sheet of corrugated iron is, of necessity, the architectural unit of the Cape" and sketching a mountain pastoral that (despite the best efforts of revisionist historians) still enjoys wide currency in tourist brochures and property portfolios:

> So much of course depends on the clear air in which the least line or moulding shows its full value, the heavy oak foliage about the *stoeps* and the raw purple hills behind the roof that no photograph or pencil can render fully. Looking at the houses one realises how [. . .] the Cape had a quiet and dignified past in which the old houses took deep root [. . .]. They are good to live in – as I can testify.[22]

Yet when he next returned to Cape Town in February 1900, Kipling was in many ways changed, "a sadder and harder man" in the words of a relative.[23] His "Best Beloved" daughter Josephine was gone and the war in South Africa had begun with a series of humiliating sieges and reversals for the British forces, with Rhodes himself, "the lion of Africa," caged in Kimberley. In a pattern he showed throughout his life, Kipling displaced personal stress onto public events, and threw himself into the war effort: "I'm dancing about among hospitals and running from one end of Capetown to the other trying to be of some use,"[24] he wrote in February 1900 from the Mount Nelson hotel, described by biographer Carrington as "a huge red-brick caravanserai on the slope of Table Mountain [. . .] crammed with war reporters, sightseers, adventurers, contractors, officers' wives and hordes of the non-combatants who crowd upon the heels of an army. All the world passed through it on the way to the front."[25]

At first Kipling clearly relished the sight of Cape Town as host to Empire and the gateway to British hopes in Africa, yet as the war unfolded he witnessed the weaknesses of the British army at close hand in a conflict that gave a grim foreshadowing of the twentieth century with its trenches, barbed wire, automatic weaponry and the spectacle of a tiny guerrilla force inflicting huge losses on the world's greatest military machine. The "soldier's friend" came under fire for the first time in his life when a small skirmish and some shell fire disrupted a picnic at Karee Siding just north of Bloemfontein, the details of which were still finely focussed in his memory when he came to write his autobiography 30 years later: "a small piece of hanging woodland filled and fumed with our shrapnel much as a man's moustache fills with cigarette smoke."[26]

Despite the customary descriptive precision, his reactions to the war were confused, extreme and often callous. The spectacle of the self-proclaimed "mother of democracy" attacking two remote, self-governing republics that had remained virtually unknown to the world before the discovery of gold on the Rand resulted in pro-Boer sympathies throughout Europe and England. Yet firmly under the spell of Rhodes, and, in Orwell's verdict, never seeming to realise that empire was "primarily a money-making concern," Kipling found himself advancing the government's case for war based on "the plain issue of elementary political freedom for all white men," a justification that was enough to make the emerging novelist Joseph Conrad (described a few years earlier in the British press as the "Kipling of the Malay Archipelago") die laughing: "If I am to believe Kipling, this is a war undertaken for the cause of democracy. *C'est à crever de rire.*"[27]

Because of his immense popularity and the unprecedented media attention given to this climactic nineteenth-century conflict, Kipling dealt with these contradictions in the public eye, and as Malvern van Wyk Smith points out in his fine account of Boer War poetry, the conflict came at a relatively early stage in his career as laureate of Empire. An acutely focused depiction of the eccentrics and curiosities of the colonial frontier was just beginning to shift to a celebration of nebulous imperial dreams and panoramas which proved too brittle to outlast a real imperial conflict: "trapped in a mould of expectation that he had allowed to form too easily [. . .] the rude awakening which the British underwent impinged on Kipling as a personal failure."[28] One might wonder, with van Wyk Smith, if he was ever fully aware of the burden placed upon him as a writer, and choose to read the South African War stories collected in *Traffics and Discoveries* (1902) as "an oblique, even subliminal, record of Kipling's progressively collapsing faith not only in the rationale and conduct of the war, but also, and more broadly, in the imperial idea itself as a viable or even defensible enterprise."[29]

An adequate account of this short fiction is beyond the scope of an enquiry into Kipling's strictly Capetonian output; yet one might suggest how this subliminal ebbing of imperial confidence is displaced and refracted into the scenic description of stories like "The Captive" and "A Sahib's War," with their shifts between unnerving vastness and claustrophobic enclosure. As Edmund Wilson remarked, the abiding image one takes from them is that of the British forces carrying out futile manoeuvres against a dry, dusty South African landscape: a startling encounter, then, between modern military technology and the supposedly immemorial, ahistorical 'dream topography' of the colonial imagination. By the time of *Something of Myself,* with its savage descriptions of dysentery, "Bloeming-typhoidtein" and the "stench of human carrion," the whole affair is glimpsed briefly, in Conradian terms, as a malign intrusion on the continent: "Till we planted disease, the vast and sun baked land was antiseptic and sterilised."[30] Considering Kipling's responses to the war in their entirety, the hectoring, grating public voice is largely submerged by a sense of profound failure and disappointment. Reflecting on his experience from Sussex in a letter to Conland as early as July 1900, the once "truly monumental" rail journey through the Karoo interior has taken on the detachment and disorientation of a bad dream:

> I sort of drifted up country looking at hospitals and wounded men and guns and generals and wondering as I have never wondered before at the huge size of the country. Try to imagine a railway journey (on a 3'6'' track) of seven and eight hundred miles before you can get within spotting distance of your enemy. It was like a journey in a nightmare.[31]

"A mantle of belonging"

"Into these shifts and changes we would descend yearly for five or six months, from the peace of England to the deeper peace of 'The Woolsack' and life under the oak-trees overhanging the patio," wrote Kipling in one of many syrupy descriptions of the Rhodes Estate, "[w]here mother-squirrels taught their babies to climb, and in the stillness of hot afternoons the fall of an acorn was almost like a shot."[32] From 1900, Rhodes's lush and fantastic estate became the Kiplings' personal playground while Muizenberg – 'the Brighton of South Africa' – was only a short train ride away. "Chuck public affairs," Henry James urged him in 1901, correctly diagnosing the deterioration of his friend's prose style, "which are an ignoble scene."[33] But from the Woolsack Rhodes's house was only a brief stroll away via "a path through a ravine set with hydrangeas, which in autumn [. . .] were one solid packed blue river."[34] On its marble flagged veranda, surveyors, railway builders and mining experts mingled with missionaries, big game hunters and journalists: men of action who "[hogged] their bristles short," and whose company the bookish, studious Kipling preferred to the men of letters who were increasingly turning against him.[35]

From Main Road today one can only catch glimpses of Groote Schuur homestead – a white flickering behind the foliage and security stockades of what is now the presidential compound of Jacob Zuma. Rhodes left his house to the future premiers of the country and its grounds to the general public, but as South Africa became a police state in the second half of the twentieth century, the estate was fenced off from the picnickers who had once enjoyed its gardens and equipped with secret passageways and bomb shelters. In May 1990, the big, barn-like mansion was the location for the "Groote Schuur Minute," an accord between a beleaguered apartheid government and the recently unbanned African National Congress that opened the way for South Africa's transition to democracy. Thirty years after Harold Macmillan had dined here with a stonily silent Hendrik Verwoerd after speaking about the Winds of Change blowing through the continent, Nelson Mandela and F. W. De Klerk were photographed together for the first time at an international press conference on the front lawns. State police and Umkhonto weSizwe found themselves working together on security protocols.

To approach the house is to encounter a curiously eclectic piece of architecture:

> The hand of Northern Europe has twisted this house into a misalliance of shapes and styles. Whitewashed Dutch gables,

> tapering Palladian columns and Jacobean barley-sugar chimneys reflect the brilliance of African sunshine and dazzle the eyes, so that on entering the vestibule one is quite unable to see the carefully constructed Dutch interior until one's vision has adapted to the sudden darkness.[36]

This verdict comes from a more reluctant participant in Rhodes's dreams, the narrator of Ann Harries's 1999 historical novel, *Manly Pursuits*. Professor Francis Wills, a reclusive Oxford don and ornithologist, is responsible for supervising the release of two hundred English songbirds into forests of the Groote Schuur estate, a fictionalised account of a real project that was part of Rhodes's drive to 'improve the amenities of the Cape,' and transplant the sound of English woodland at the tip of Africa before he died. Confused by the change of hemisphere and season, the nightingales and chaffinches refuse to sing, but during the course of the doomed project, Harries's sceptical protagonist makes pen sketches of the many colonial heavyweights who passed through the rooms of Groote Schuur, casting a jaundiced eye on the house and the taste of its furnishings. For Wills, and many other commentators, the place is a museum piece: "As if building your house (twice) on the ruins of an old barn that stored the First Settler's crops gives you some sort of sacred power – a mantle of belonging" (131).

Determined to promote, or if necessary invent, a white heritage for the Cape, Rhodes crammed the house with anything that the original settlers had made or imported, so that humble farm furniture strung with leather thong *riempies* rubs shoulders with intricately carved tropical hardwoods shipped from Batavia. "I want the big and simple, barbaric if you like" he said of interior decor, but left the details of furnishing and fitting to various underlings who were required to do their work in a hurry after the fire of 1896.[37] His premature death disqualified him from becoming a real connoisseur, with the result that Groote Schuur is more art warehouse than art gallery. Like the collections housed in the Slave Lodge and the Castle museums, the result is hardly an embodiment of Cape Dutch simplicity but rather an opulent and sometimes garish display of all the different cultures that collided here: a Cape Indo-Dutch Sino Javanese Franco British style that veers uneasily from settler rusticity to imperial booty.

An omnivorous reader, Rhodes also created a remarkably eclectic library at Groote Schuur, the teak shelves lined with navigational charts of early Portuguese explorers, medieval chronographia, thick-spined volumes with titles like *Rariorum Africanarum Plantarum 1738* and *What I Saw in Matabeleland*. The collection represents the whole spectrum of Europe's early contact with Africa, including works of voyeuristic fascination or sheer

fantasy masquerading as hard fact or disinterested anthropology. It is here that Wills comes across what can only be the 1897 edition of Schreiner's *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, finding it open on a book rest, the brutal frontispiece on display: "a truly shocking photograph of a number of dead Negroes dangling from ropes in a foreign-looking tree, while a larger number of white men pose for the picture beneath it, smoking, and at ease, as if unaware of the corpses in the boughs above them" (51). The image was subsequently suppressed in future editions until as late as 1974. Cutting through so much of the debate around Rhodes's legacy to show what occurred in the creation of the country that bore his name during the 1890s, perhaps the sheer actuality of the photograph – a graphic aberration amongst so many other texts used to authorise power – goes some way to explaining why this work has, as Laura Chrisman suggests, been largely overlooked as the origin of serious Western literary critique of empire in favour of Conrad's masterpiece of two years later.[38]

In another section of the library are 440 volumes bound in square-sized red morocco, produced especially for Rhodes by Hatchard and Company of Piccadilly. Obsessed with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* yet unable to read the sources in the original Greek and Latin, he commissioned one typed translation of each, complete and unabridged, to be undertaken by a team of scholars working in the reading room of the British Museum. All involved were sworn to secrecy, told only that they were employed by "a millionaire who does not wish his name to appear." Baker remembered him reading lives of the Emperors on the grand marble *stoep,* with a trace of mythomania emerging even in the account of this most devoted disciple:

> Rhodes had an undoubted likeness to one bust of the Emperor Titus in the Vatican museum. I wonder if he half consciously knew it, as he was fond of turning over the pages and coming to that of Titus, I have heard him say, "He has a fine forehead," as his hand passed over his own.[39]

Despite Kipling's ongoing reverence for Rhodes – in correspondence he occasionally referred to Him using the capital letters normally reserved for God – something of his oddness surfaces in *Something of Myself* when we read that although he communed with Jameson by telepathy, the Empire builder was "as inarticulate as a school-boy of fifteen:"

> My use to him was mainly as a purveyor of words [. . .]. After the idea had been presented – and one had to know his code for

> it – he would say: "What am I trying to express? Say it, *say* it." So I would say it, and if the phrase suited not, he would work it over, chin a little down, till it satisfied him.[40]

In the light of such single-mindedness, Plomer considered that his literary potential might be limited: "As a character put faithfully into a novel, Rhodes might impress but would no doubt fail to 'convince' the reviewers. They would complain that a character must develop and it is perhaps difficult to find traces of real development in Rhodes's nature."[41] Nonetheless, he has been the subject of at least eight fictional treatments, from an 1896 *roman à clef* by social activist F. R. Statham entitled *Mr Magnus* to Harries's darkly comic novel, in which Professor Wills's intricate bird whistling in a desperate attempt to make his charges perform is only one of many types of colonial mimicry and awkward cultural grafts afoot on the mountain slopes.

Perhaps the most blatant icon of Rhodes's self-styled oddity was the grey green soapstone bird hacked from the ruins at Great Zimbabwe that he appropriated as a personal totem. Carved by the ancestors of the Shona, it was termed the "Phoenician Hawk" by archaeological experts of the time who were determined to attribute the ruins to an earlier wave of European colonisation, connecting it with the centuries-old legend of a gold-rich kingdom in the African interior that Rider Haggard had harnessed with such success in his romances. Using technical details of the workings at Kimberley to shore up a myth associating Great Zimbabwe with the biblical city of Ophir, Haggard was surely the literary translator of the Rhodes myth if ever there was one, playing perhaps as great a role as the Colossus himself in creating "an imagined continent that was made to serve as an imperial sign system," in the words of Peter Merrington, "a geographical space that was to be mysterious, a *temenos* or shrine, a sequence of monuments (natural or man-made) from the Gizeh Plateau to the Ruwenzori to Great Zimbabwe and Cecil Rhodes's Matopos, the Union Buildings, and the numinous natural acropolis of Table Mountain."[42]

The bird took Baker's fancy and became a design motif throughout the house, reproduced at regular intervals along the wooden banisters, where, in the judgement of the aesthetically fastidious Wills, "it causes considerable inconvenience to the trailing hand" and its accusing glare "converts visitors into trespassers."[43] It emerges in mouldings, leers over windows as a gargoyle and even reappears atop the roof domes of the old Groote Schuur hospital, where Christian Barnard perfected the transplant surgery that might have been able to prolong Rhodes's life had he lived a century later. His

atrial septal defect – a hole in the heart – meant that from the late 1890s he was forced to lie down for long periods of the day, conducting his affairs from a couch. "In its own way, Rhodes's heart was almost as significant an organ as Cleopatra's nose," Plomer reflects, "[h]ad it been weaker, or stronger, the whole aspect of Africa would have been changed."[44]

"A closed economy"

The death of Rhodes in 1902 signalled the passing of high imperialism in South Africa; for Kipling it was as if "half the horizon of my life had dropped away."[45] For a while he retained a cautious optimism, writing to Conland in January 1903 that "[t]he strain of the war has been taken off and all the country is going ahead by leaps and bounds. They are building five miles out from Cape Town in every direction that they can; landboom is following landboom."[46] He considered buying property in South Africa to become more than an annual tourist, and in 1904 even joined the election campaign of the Progressive party, addressing "mechanics, loco-drivers, fitters and boiler men [. . .] at Salt River on roaring hot nights in the open by the light of flare lamps."[47] But over the following years, robbed of the figurehead who had given the imperial dream a fictional, fantastic dimension, disgusted by Liberal advances in London, suspicious of the Afrikaner Bond at the Cape, Kipling found himself in a changed position. Where once he had been an honoured guest, strolling across to Groote Schuur to mingle with Jameson or Milner's imperial lieutenants, he now became, in the words of one biographer, "the court poet of a dynasty that was at its end."[48]

Sketching the view from Cape Town in a letter of 1905 to a long-time correspondent in India, Kipling describes how:

> The plains between Table Mountain which, so to say, rises out of our back yard, and Hottentots Holland are all dancing in the heat mist and the Cape doves are making just the same noise as their Indian sisters among the figs and loquats in the garden. There are hibiscus bushes in full bloom and pomegranates and aloes. It's all like and yet unlike the old country. [. . .] Flamboyant Malay women in rose pink and old gold skirts stiffly starched and yards in circumference fetch the washing and Malays in fezzes drive carts full of fish and blow a tin horn to announce their coming.[49]

Here one can almost sense him prospecting for another rich imaginative seam like the India of his youth, dutifully sketching in local colour, the

washerwomen and *snoek* wagons, yet being ultimately frustrated in his quest. Oscar Wilde, an acquaintance of the foppish ornithologist Professor Wills, famously pronounced that in reading Kipling's early Indian stories, "one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. The jaded, second-rate Anglo-Indians are in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings."[50] It is just this sense of ill fit and absurdity, so well caught by Plomer and Harries, that is missing from Kipling's accounts of Groote Schuur; for in identifying so completely with Rhodes and his entourage, he permitted himself none of the ironic distance that is at the heart of his best work.

Instead his primary imagination at the time seems to have been occupied with distant worlds. As Angus Wilson remarks, there is no more paradoxical picture in Kipling's life than that of him visiting the South African Library (the same route travelled each day by the philologist Wilhelm Bleek as he worked to catalogue the Grey Collection) "to check and sharpen his pictures of mediaeval or Elizabethan England" for the *Puck* stories:

> His body was at the Cape, his mind wandered over the South Downs of the Neolithic age or the Romney marshes of sixteenth century smuggling. [...] [I]n truth his imagination was busily building up a cyclic past history of man's fight against disaster to compensate for the collapse of his present dream, of which South Africa was only a part, but a rapidly crumbling part.
>
> (221)

The Cape Town years also saw him immersed in the sprawling India of the imagination in *Kim*, where prejudice and politics are (as Edward Said has shown), meticulously, magically effaced; and that "great chronicle of primal fables," the *Just So Stories*.[51] The Rhodes Estate surely enters the architecture of his writing in an unexpected way here, its paddocks and menageries allowing daily contact with large African fauna which emerge in the stories "not as types and numbers in an elaborate biological scheme of knowledge," as G. K. Chesterton put it, "but as walking portents, things marked by extravagant and peculiar features."[52] In *Something of Myself*, Kipling describes how they adopted a lion cub named Sullivan (after the Matabele M'Slibaan), which Carrie would feed using motoring gloves; at another time a sedated 'Koodoo' broke free of its enclosure in the estate and was ritualistically surrounded by the family: "coming home after dinner, we met him at the foot of the garden, gigantic in the moonlight, and fetched a compass round him, walking delicately, the warm red dust in our shoes [. . .]. You can imagine the speechless joy of the kids."[53]

Contrasted with this childlike sense of wonder, the adult stories collected in *Traffics and Discoveries* can seem all the more savage and unpalatable. But examined closely, those parts which rise above Boer War propaganda are rescued by a similar sense of imaginative enclosure, of a narrowing in focus within the vastness of the African landscape. In "A Sahib's War," it is the claustrophobic interior of the Boer homestead which lends the story its power, while "The Captive" takes place in a prisoner-of-war camp "below those stone-dotted spurs that throw heat on Simonstown."[54] Perhaps the most concentrated of all Kipling's stories, and certainly the most famous for sheer obscurity, "Mrs Bathurst," uses the same stretch of coast – an area that Kipling knew "like the inside of my own pocket" – and opens in a small bay strangely sealed off from the panoramic seascape:

> Moulded dunes, whiter than any snow, rolled far inland up a brown and purple valley of splintered rocks and dry scrub. A crowd of Malays hauled at a net beside two blue and green boats on the beach; a picnic party danced and shouted barefoot where a tiny river trickled across the flat, and a circle of dry hills, whose feet were just set in sands of silver, locked us in against a seven-coloured sea. At either horn of the bay the railway line, cut just above highwater mark, ran round a shoulder of piled rocks, and disappeared.[55]

"Mrs Bathurst" is one of the first and most powerful examples of Kipling's late style, when he would take a plot complex enough to fill a novel and strip it down, believing that "a tale from which the pieces have been raked out is like a fire that has been poked."[56] Any attempt at a synopsis is likely to betray a work in which narrative matter is released grudgingly and cryptically by several different characters. Nonetheless, it begins when the first speaker, on an aimless outing to Simonstown, meets Hooper, an old friend who works on the railways. He has recently returned from a long trip up-country, reporting on damaged rolling-stock as far away as Rhodesia. They crack open some bottles of Bass, and the inspector is just about to show his friend "a curiosity" brought back from beyond Bulawayo when they are joined by another two acquaintances. With the garrulous, abrasive Pyecroft in attendance, the piece takes the bewildering form of anecdotes that overlap and interrupt each other, most of them concerned with sailors deserting for women in various parts of the world.

Gradually they come round to the case of Vickery, a warrant officer with ill-fitting false teeth, and his mysterious passion for a New Zealand widow called Mrs Bathurst whom all the men have encountered at some time in

their travels. Nobody knows what passed between them, but Pyecroft tells of meeting Vickery at the Cape Town docks many years later and being made to accompany him to the cinematograph (still a novelty in the colonies) for five nights in a row, sitting through a reel showing passengers disembarking at Paddington rail station. The reason for Vickery's manic attention becomes clear when, for a few flickering seconds of footage taken at Paddington Station, Mrs Bathurst appears on the screen:

> "There was no mistakin' the walk in a hundred thousand," Pyecroft confirms, "She come forward – right forward – she looked at straight at us [. . .]. She walked on and on till she melted out of the picture – like – like a shadow jumpin' over a candle."
>
> (279)

Each screening is followed by a bitter, disorientating pub crawl from the Molteno Reservoir down through the Gardens and back to the Docks: "The evolution never varied. Two shilling seats for two; five minutes o' the pictures, an' perhaps forty-five seconds o' Mrs B walking towards us with that blindish look in her eyes an' the reticule in her hand. Then out-walk – and drink till train time." Once Pyecroft makes the mistake of probing for information:

> That was in the Gardens again, with the South-Easter blowin' as we were makin' our desperate round. "She's lookin' for me," he says, stoppin' dead under a lamp an' clickin'. When he wasn't drinkin', in which case all 'is teeth clicked on the glass, 'e was clickin' 'is four false teeth like a Marconi ticker.
>
> (281)

Shortly after their odd encounter, Vickery is despatched north to recover munitions for the Bloemfontein fort, and nothing is heard of him again. Yet in the final, unforgettably ghastly moments of the story, Hooper the railway inspector recalls something he has seen up north near the Zambezi: the corpses of what he took to be two tramps by the side of the tracks: "There'd been a bit of a thunderstorm in the teak, you see, and they were both stone dead and black as charcoal. That's what they really were, you see – charcoal. They fell to bits when we tried to shift 'em" (285). A tattoo of crown and anchor was visible like "writing that shows up white on a burned letter," and a pair of false teeth "shining against the black," a memento that, the reader guesses, Hooper is now carrying in waistcoat pocket, and decides to keep concealed.

Kipling admitted to taking great pleasure in scoring out as much as possible from his early drafts with the blackest of Indian inks, but here it

seems the severe pruning has created a work where, despite the efforts of generations of critics, the background story is ultimately undecipherable. Is the charred figure with Vickery Mrs Bathurst; did she find him in Africa and die with him? Or did she kill herself through unrequited love but continue to haunt him, preserved on film after her death? Is Vickery a bigamist, an adulterer or a murderer? Despite the shifting anecdotes and the grim evidence in Hooper's pocket, the kernel of the story remains out of reach, and precisely in such gaps the work intimates the frightening geographical expanse of high empire, how easily men can drop away from the brotherhood that these speakers are so keen to affirm. "Every digression contributes to the total meaning," writes Craig Raine, employing an apt, wartime simile in his explication of the piece: "It is like a closed economy, as parsimonious as a city under siege, despite its air of beery reminiscence."[57] The knowing, jokey manner of the speakers is steadily undermined by the disturbing, discontinuous narrative their anecdotes disclose, a tale "passed from teller to teller like a parcel no one quite wants to open," as Kipling's imagination is drawn, as it was in India, to boundary crossers, wanderers and exiles.[58]

As in the letters to Conland or the haunting war poem "Bridge Guard in the Karroo," here the transcontinental railway that Kipling had once delighted in becomes more a symbol of isolation and malfunction than imperial progress, while the technological detail brilliantly portrays Vickery's obsession as a mechanical loop, a frantic viewing of the same reel of film, clicking his teeth "like a Marconi ticker" which nonetheless fails to transmit a clear message. In the savagery of the final image – the remoteness of the two figures, their shocking brittleness, the mystery of the mangled narrative that brought them there – there seems something appropriately emblematic of Kipling's contact with Southern Africa: a characteristic mixture of cruelty and tenderness, the opaque residue of all the follies of modern warfare, of the misunderstandings and brutality that he had witnessed in Africa but could not quite give voice to. Even as it does not address the Cape colonial situation directly, the windblown city bowl, the Simonstown shoreline and the sea routes stretching beyond emerge all the more powerfully, with their possibilities for strange meetings, desertions and strokes of fate on the far reaches of the British Empire.

As an aside: it is intriguing that whereas this indecipherable tale ends with an image of charcoal, Joseph Conrad's *Victory* (1915) *begins*, famously, with a meditation on the allotropic properties of carbon: "There is, as every schoolboy knows in this scientific age, a very close chemical relation between coal and diamond. [...] Now, if a coal-mine could be put *into one's waistcoat pocket* – but it can't! At the same time, there is a

fascination in coal, the supreme commodity of the age in which we are camped like bewildered travellers in a garish, unrestful hotel" (my emphasis).[59] The different kinds of "fascination in coal" and "very unnatural physics" which these writers explore in their respective versions of "the Company" would seem to be an intriguing starting point for assessing how and why "the Kipling of the Malay Archipaelgo" diverged so radically from "the Conrad of the Karoo".

"A church all to oneself"

On 28 August 1920, in a sad postscript to Kipling's residence in the Woolsack, the 34-year-old architect of the university's Upper Campus, J. M. Solomon, committed suicide there, shooting himself in its main bedroom. He had been given the use of the cottage while working on the project, but a long series of financial and bureaucratic wrangles, combined with the technical challenge of building on so steep a gradient, all but brought the project to a standstill. The Rhodes bequest had provided land for a university, but no funds, and the grand designs of high imperialism lingered on uncertainly in a new twentieth-century climate of post-war depression and growing nationalism. The architects who finished the job ten years later retained the main lines of the original design – a terraced tripartite structure echoing the shapes of the immense rock walls above – but compromised by scaling down dimensions, omitting a dome that was to crown the Jameson Hall, and arranging the buildings on either side in a gradual curve following the natural contours of the slope, instead of the classically straight lines that Solomon had insisted on.

At the edge of the campus, which seems all the more elegant today for its gently curving promenades, there are eroded paths leading up to the highest and most blatant imperial monument on the Estate. Beneath a stand of Corsican pines, tacked onto the slope beyond the overflow parking bay, is the Rhodes Memorial itself, erected on the site of an old bench that was his favourite place for hinterland gazing. A ruined blockhouse further up below the cliffs signals the strategic importance of this viewpoint, the only place on the slopes with a view of both Atlantic and Indian oceans. "We here broaden," Rhodes would say to Baker, "Because we are always looking at the mountain."[60] Inevitably, it was Baker who was commissioned to a build a structure "that should last forever but not exceed the cost of 20 000 pounds." He used hard local granite for the task, "stone quarried from the very ribs of Table Mountain" according to a *Cape Times* account of the opening ceremony of July 1912, but the rest is a Mediterranean pick-and-

mix of Grecian peristyle and porticos, Roman bulk, Pharaonic columns and recumbent lions flanking giant steps, one for each year of Rhodes's life.[61]

As a fellow custodian of his legacy, Kipling conferred at length with Baker over the location and design. In a letter of February 1905, he debated other suggestions of the time, including a (mercifully abandoned) "gigantic statue to Rhodes on the Lion's Head [. . .] that [. . .] might be seen not only by all Capetown but by incoming ships," but agreed that Baker's site on the Mowbray ridge would be "a compromise to all." Noting "the thick blanket of grown pine woods – dark even at mid day and ebon dark when the shadow slopes from the mountain," he considered how to maximise the monument's visual, reverential impact: "Cut your avenues of approach through these and you have the pilgrim tuned to the proper note before he has gone a hundred yards." He agreed that it should be designed "after the insolent Egyptian fashion. Something that to the vulgar suggested Cape to Cairo and to others – other things."[62]

Today it is difficult to read this as anything other than a monument to brute imperial might, incongruous and overbearing above the scrubby indigenous fynbos. George Watts's statue of a rider reining in his horse, "Physical Energy," has long been suspected of being anatomically defective (once described as "a eunuch astride a gelding"), while a modern observer astutely diagnoses the entire assemblage as "a forerunner of the totalitarian sculpture of pre-war Russia and Germany [. . .]. It has a feeling of sheer power."[63] On Heritage Day in 1999, when contemporary artists were given leave by city authorities to interfere with and creatively deface public memorials in Cape Town, two of the lions found themselves caged under a banner reading "From Rape to Curio," while a statue of Rhodes in the Company Gardens was strung with brick weighted-ropes, "a ghost-image of the riggings of the early mining enterprises in Kimberley" that made his fortune.[64] A huge pink heart inscribed with the names of territory annexed by his Chartered Company was dangled from the enormous bust of him at the top of the memorial stairway, where a stanza from Kipling's 1902 poem "The Burial" is duly carved in below:

> The great and brooding spirit still
> Shall quicken and control;
> Living he was the land, and dead
> His soul shall be her soul.

Again the lines display the absurd, public Kipling, his imagination seduced by the spaces of Africa into a mystical fusion of Rhodes with an amorphous female continent, which seems all the more inappropriate given this empire

builder's marked lack of interest in women. Within the (routinely defaced) inner sanctum, the Colossus looks bloated and irritable as he leans on his arm gazing over the Cape Flats. "It was not his fault, poor fellow, that he called a high hill somewhere in South Africa 'his church,'" wrote Chesterton, "It was not his fault [. . .] that he could not see that a church all to oneself is not a church at all. It is a madman's cell."[65]

Today though, the silence and solipsism of that imperial dreamscape can hardly be maintained: the panorama of greater Cape Town from the Rhodes Memorial is covered with human settlement, and has been filling up ever since apartheid's "influx control" methods collapsed under the weight of their own contradictions in the 1980s. And if the surrounding mountain slopes constitute a peculiarly literal dreamed topography, it is a space of postcolonial hybrids and incongruous juxtapositions, one where the imperial sublime soon gives way to the ridiculous, and where the structures of an earlier order – Rhodes Scholarships, Cape Dutch mansions, libraries – are now used in ways that would have been unimaginable to earlier custodians. Professor Wills's songbirds may never have taken, but the troubled ecological imperialism of the late nineteenth century did unleash a plague of starlings on the Cape Peninsula, as well as a herd of *tahrs,* small Himalayan antelope recently gunned down from helicopters by conservationists intent on maintaining indigenous *klipspringer* populations. A refuge for deserters and escaped slaves under the Dutch East India Company, the origin of devastating fires both 'natural' and deliberate, a hotspot for muggings – the mountain chain beyond the monument has always represented all that could never be segregated or controlled in an increasingly divided city. It is place that has been the Cape's symbolic identity, yet also, perhaps, its political subconscious.

It is intriguing, then, to read the very last letter that Kipling wrote from the Woolsack, on 10 April 1908. Addressed to Stephen Black, a journalist and playwright whose pen sketches and police court studies in the *Cape Argus* newspaper had caught the new Nobel laureate's eye, it suggests a series of City Studies

> which might be good practice for you and very interesting for the readers. Personally I want the following suggestions to be considered:
>
> 1) *Sophie Hajji* (the Malay laundress who went to Mecca – her account of her adventures told on her own stoep, on a hot evening to her brother the cab driver.)
> 2) A night walk among tramps in the tombs of the old cemetery. [. . .]
> 5) The kaffir train going out to Uitslught location – the talk along the train

> 6) A sale in Market Square – study of Jews, broken down horses and riff raff generally in the wet
> 6) Winter in the Kloof – loafers among the bushes
> 7) The experiences of a child born on top of Table Mountain, looking down on the city (his father in charge of the reservoirs) for years and at last actually seeing the mysterious train cabs, etc. that he had watched so long – a sort of young savage Crusoe close to civilization
> 8) A dock study – crimps and boarding houses and the great silence and emptiness of the docks behind all. [. . .]
> 9) A morning at the tram power station – talk of drivers and conductors and the great cars sliding in and out
> 11) Adventures of small boys along the foreshore by the Woodstock drainage pipe – the cheerful way they risk their necks and lives clambering among the piles and what they imagine themselves to be in the way of pirates. Call it "the Second Landing of Van Riebeek" [sic] [66]

After pages of shrill and impenetrable political gossip in the collected letters, this comes as a reminder of the fascination that cities like Lahore had once held for Kipling, and how his restless creative intelligence must have played over Cape Town's unusual geography. As if harking back to the thick description of a story like "The City of Dreadful Night," the list breaks out of the imperial court to dwell on contested, liminal urban sites which still hold fascination today: the cemeteries and unmarked slave burial grounds being unearthed by modern seafront development; the mountain kloofs that have always sheltered the homeless; the startling isolation and wildness of the back Table in such close proximity to a city being reshaped by international influxes of capital. Even while his verse about "Great spaces washed with sun" is enshrined in a temple to high empire, Kipling's letter to Black shows that a portion of his imagination was inevitably drawn to what the prison poet Jeremy Cronin called the "microplaces of our segregated land."[67]

Of course, Kipling must have penned this curious recommendation because he realised that he could not do these subjects justice himself, that his brand of Orientalism could not find adequate purchase in this "half-oriental land." In another letter to Black (who obviously needed some convincing) he concedes: "I quite agree with you that a man *must* follow his own mind in the subjects which he chooses to write about and that another man's notions are very seldom any good."[68] In South Africa he found himself unable to take his own good advice, trusting instead to the likes of Rhodes, Milner, Jameson and all the young imperialists they gathered around them whose goal, as Angus Wilson points out, was to remake South Africa in a *new* shape. Accepting this underlying premise, Kipling inevitably

lost the ability to create out of the land as it was; yet after reading this list, one can hardly agree with Wilson's claim that "[h]e simply did not see the Africans, the people of the country, let alone wonder about them."[69]

On the one hand, the list undoubtedly harks back to India: the nocturnal walk among the tramps and tombs evokes "The City of Dreadful Night;" the "broken down horses" in the market suggest "Dray Wara Yow Dee;" the young boys clambering among the Woodstock drainage pipes surely recall the famous opening of *Kim*: "He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah [. . .]." Yet at the same time, this "series of City Studies" seems strangely prescient, even predictive of what Cape Town's most celebrated authors *did* write about in the twentieth century. The dialogue of "loafers among the bushes" and "talk along the train," the narratives related on *stoeps*: each of these might be said to prefigure the laconic stories of District Six writers like Alex La Guma, Richard Rive and even Dugmore Boetie. The "Second Landing of Van Riebeek" suggested here is not dissimilar to the kind of playful, postcolonial rewriting of the European arrival undertaken by writers like André Brink, while the imaginative attention to vagrant figures subsisting in the porous margins of the city anticipates the fictions of K. Sello Duiker, Henrietta Rose-Innes and even J. M. Coetzee.

The vignettes represent, surely, what Kipling could sense but, because of his literal proximity to power, could not express; hence the note of ridicule that creeps, eventually, into his depictions of Rhodes the impetuous, child-like dreamer: "What am I trying to express? Say it, *say* it." To have circumvented this – to have truly said it, or rather, let it be said – he would of course need to have been a young child in the 'Tavern of the Seas' rather than Bombay, worked as an unknown journalist on the Eastern Cape frontier rather than Lahore, been fluent in Afrikaans and isiXhosa rather than the Hindi vernaculars. Yet the Cape Colony was a very different place from northern India – younger, vaster, more scattered, more violent – and no such writer emerged.

Nonetheless, the notion of a "dream topography" can surely be stretched here, beginning with that insistence on dreams and dreaming that runs through the South African colonial imagination in the late nineteenth century, yet extending into a network of unexpected associations. For if Rhodes's dreams were reveries of power and linear impositions on an undifferentiated continent, then Freud's work, published as Kipling took up residence in the Woolsack, showed how the mysteriously encoded, latent content of the dream-work always exceeds interpretation. The psychoanalytic vocabulary of condensation, displacement and over-determination – the unpredictable loading of apparently minor details –

seems particularly suited to apprehend the unexpected dimensions of a writer like Kipling: the technological fantasy become disorientating nightmare in his stories and letters, "the feeling of infinite aloneness and estrangement" that closes a story like "Mrs Bathurst."[70]

Finally, in a passage from *Something of Myself*, we have a late, uncanny flashback to his South African years. Kipling describes watching some infantry manoeuvres in a training exercise near Aldershot, with an old journalist friend from Cape Town days, H. A. Gwynne. The exercise, on a hot summer day of 1913 in the heart of England, leads to a sudden vision on Kipling's part; it is one which, when he tells it to some officers, results in "a hurried calling off of all arms by badly frightened Commandants – the men themselves sweating with terror though they knew not why."[71] It is also, perhaps, a powerful return of all that might have been repressed in his writings from the Cape. The dream (or nightmare) topography of the Karoo interior resurfaces through the English downs, and one feels the pressure of all those unadmitted experiences that hover at the margins of his short, sharp South African texts:[72]

> When the sham fight was developing, the day turned blue-hazy, the sky lowered, and the heat struck like the Karoo, as one scuttled among the heaths, listening to the uncontrolled clang of the musketry fire. It came over me that anything might be afoot in such weather, pom-poms for instance, half heard on the flank, or the glint of a helio through a cloud-drift. In short I conceived the whole pressure of our dead of the Boer War flickering and re-forming as the horizon flickered in the heat [. . .].
>
> (214)

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NOTES

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3. William Plomer, *Cecil Rhodes* [1933], (Cape Town, 1984), 140.

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5. To Edmonia Hill, 27 June 1906, *Letters III*, 112.

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14. William Plomer, *Double Lives: An Autobiography* (London, 1943), 133.

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33. Cited in *Letters III*, 7.

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37. Basil Williams, *Cecil Rhodes*, (London, 1921), 221.

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46. To James M. Conland, 27 January 1903, *Letters III*, 123.

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55. Kipling, "Mrs Bathurst," *Traffics and Discoveries*, 268.

56. Kipling, *Something of Myself*, 78.

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58. *Victory* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), 1.

59. Hermione Lee, Introduction to *Traffics and Discoveries*, 24.

60. Baker, *Cecil Rhodes by his Architect*, 34.

61. *Cape Times*, 5 July 1912 (Unacknowledged staff reporter).

62. To Herbert Baker, 9 February 1905, *Letters III*, 177–79.

63. See Paul Maylam, *The Cult of Rhodes: Remembering an Imperialist in* Africa, (Cape Town, 2005), 53.

64. Denise Penfold discussing works by herself, John Nankin and Brendan Dickerson, 'PTO: Public Monuments Reconsidered,' http://www.artthrob.co.za/99oct/reviews.html.

65. Cited in Maylam, *The Cult of Rhodes*, 51.

66. To Stephen William Black, 10 April 1908, *Letters III*, 317.

67. Jeremy Cronin, *Inside* [1983], (London, 1987), 11.y H

68. To Stephen William Black, 30 July 1908, cited *Letters III*, 318.

69. Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, 228.

70. Hermione Lee, Introduction to *Traffics and Discoveries*, 23.

71. Kipling, *Something of Myself*, (London: Macmillan, 1937), 214.

72. The passage is lifted out by Hermione Lee in her fine introduction to *Traffics and Discoveries*. She writes: "The eerie metamorphosis of the Home Counties into the veldt can be read as historical truth: these two landscapes are indeed interdependent" (8).