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Wok star

by Andrew Stuttaford

On the cult of the Kibbo Kift.

BOOKS IN THIS ARTICLE



Annebella Pollen

The Kindred of the Kibbo Kift: Intellectual Barbarians

Donlon Books, 228 pages,

The English countryside in the mid-1920s, near Stonehenge perhaps, somewhere, ideally, with the afterglow of ancient strangeness about it: the first harbinger of the Kibbo Kift is the sound of distant music, the strumming of a lute, the singing of what White Fox, Kibbo Kift's "Head Man," John Hargrave, a compulsive manufacturer of hopefully evocative compound nouns, dubbed a waysong:

If you love the camp life,

Open air and sun,

Just fall in behind us ere the long trek's done.

Swing along together, let your step be free

Hey ho! Hey ho! Kibbo Kift are we.

A group of young people come into view, hiking in wedge formations—dubbed...

The rest of this article is locked. Please make sure you are logged in to view the full article.

Andrew Stuttaford is the editor of *National Review's* Capital Matters.

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