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ALSO BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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Ernest Hemingway

Green Hills of Africa

THE HEMINGWAY LIBRARY EDITION

Foreword by Patrick Hemingway

Edited with an Introduction by Seán Hemingway

Decorations by Edward Shenton

SCRIBNER

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to Philip, to Charles, and to Sully

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 5 5/21/15 11:32 AM

CONTENTS

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 7 5/21/15 11:32 AM

FOREWORD

Green Hills of Africa, like Gaul, is divided into parts, specifically four pursuits, of which the last is pursuit as happiness. The American reader will recognize this rearrangement of Jefferson's elegant phrase.

Pursuit as happiness, "isn't it pretty to think so" that ends *The Sun Also Rises*, and a one and only life were the three things my father felt he had to believe. For the rest, he had only to so understand reality as to make up stories readers would feel were real, using short sentences or, if necessary, ones as long as any ever penned by Henry James.

In a trip my parents took me with them to New York in 1935 riding down Fifth Avenue in an open-top bus with my father when I was still just learning to read. We got off at the Scribner bookstore for Papa to look at a handsome display of green and black books that now I know was *Green Hills of Africa*. Papa was happy. As I remember, we didn't go in the building, just looked in the window.

Another day in that trip to New York, Papa took me to see the African Hall at the American Museum of Natural History. The African Hall was not yet open to the public and Papa talked with Louis Jonas about his finishing the elephant group started by Carl Akeley and interrupted by his untimely death from fever in the Congo while collecting gorilla specimens for the Hall in what is now Virunga National Park.

Our third excursion was by train north of the city to the Jonas Brothers taxidermy firm to check on the trophy mounts they were doing for my father.

Later the arrival in Key West of Papa's trophy mounts of buffalo, lion, greater kudu, and other antelope tastefully distributed by my mother throughout every room in the house (in the bedroom I shared with my younger brother Gregory it was a wildebeest) made East Africa my promised land. But then, who of us hasn't had a promised land, caught up with happiness, the constant nymph, and run with her swiftly through the green birch forest of Arden only to trip and fall and watch her disappear into the trees without a backward glance? So light a candle, love the light, and face the darkness when the candle fails.

Patrick Hemingway

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INTRODUCTION

A WISE MAN ONCE WROTE that hunting is "the old religion."[1] He used the word *religion* in the sense of the Latin term *religio*, meaning to bind people together through repeated rituals. Hunting big game, one of mankind's oldest pursuits, appears in our earliest artistic expressions—the magnificent cave paintings in France and Spain and the petroglyphs of southern and eastern Africa. Hunting was a key activity in ancient societies. It was more than simply a means of sustenance or, as in later times, a way to procure a trophy for display. Take the central place of the American bison in the lives of the first peoples of North America—particularly the Plains Indian tribes who exploited every part of the animal for many uses, from food, clothing, and shelter to tools, medicine, and cultural rituals. On a recent trip to Montana, I stood on the edge of a buffalo jump and looked out across the vast plain that stretched so far that I could see the curvature of the earth. I tried to envision the plain teeming with buffalo, once the most populous large mammal on the planet, and the great hunts that brought down those massive woolly creatures with nothing but the simplest weapons and human ingenuity. It is a sight now left only to the imagination.

Twentieth-century African big-game trophy hunting was practiced for the most part by a small group of some of the wealthiest people in the world; but it carried on, if distantly, the tradition of the royal lion hunts of the ancient Persian and Macedonian kings, which were heralded in art and song as signs of the kings' strength, bravery, and achievement. For Ernest Hemingway, hunting dangerous game in Africa was a personal test of courage, and hunting was for him one of life's great pleasures. No small part of the achievement of *Green Hills of Africa* is the way that Hemingway's writing brings alive for the reader the experience of being part of a motorcar safari on the Serengeti Plains in the 1930s and what it

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 11 5/21/15 11:32 AM

was like to hunt at that time in the Edenic paradise of the Great Rift Valley in East Africa. On one level, *Green Hills of Africa* belongs to a tradition of African hunting safari writing, along with such works as Frederick Selous's *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa* (1881) and Theodore Roosevelt's *African Game Trails* (1910).[2] However, it is also a departure from these earlier works, since Hemingway wrote it as a novel that combined the act of hunting on safari with the author's thoughts on literature and writing. *Green Hills of Africa* did much to shape the impression of Africa in the minds of its readers, especially those in America and Europe.

Going on an African safari was a major undertaking in the 1930s. Hemingway had probably dreamed of hunting in Africa ever since Teddy Roosevelt returned from his African safari in 1910. His own plans finally materialized in 1930 when Gus Pfeiffer, the wealthy uncle of Hemingway's wife Pauline (see Figure 1), offered to underwrite the exorbitant cost of such an endeavor.[3] The journey started in Key West on August 4, 1933, when Ernest and Pauline Hemingway and their sons Jack and Patrick, along with Pauline's sister, Jinny, boarded a steamer to Havana, Cuba, a country in the midst of a violent revolution. In *Green Hills of Africa*, Hemingway alludes to the coup that ousted Cuban president Gerardo Machado y Morales (an early draft of the scene appears in Appendix IV of this edition).[4] Ernest and Pauline left Havana on August 7 to begin their weeklong transatlantic crossing aboard the *Riena de la Pacifica*, bound for Madrid.[5] Ernest remained in Madrid until late October, preparing for the African expedition, writing, and acquiring new, custom-made leather hunting boots. Pauline, Jinny, and the children went on to Paris, where Pauline made her own preparations for the trip—purchasing a grand traveling jacket, new pajamas, and, among other items, bathrobes for her and Ernest.[6] In Spain, Hemingway took the opportunity to hunt partridge and wild boar to break in his boots before rejoining Pauline. Charles Thompson (Karl in *Green Hills of Africa*), their friend and neighbor from Key West, flew to Paris to join them in November. Shortly before setting out for Africa on November 22, Ernest and Pauline dined with James and Nora Joyce in Paris. Joyce envied them for their impending African adventure and wondered to Hemingway if his own writ-

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 12 5/21/15 11:32 AM

ing was not too suburban. Even Nora exclaimed that perhaps her husband could do with "a spot of that lion hunting."[7]

In planning for the penultimate leg of the journey aboard the SS *General Metzinger* from the port of Marseille, France, to Mombasa, Kenya, Hemingway made a list of their twenty-one pieces of luggage: seven suitcases (three for Charles and four for Ernest and Pauline), five gun cases, one tackle box, one rod case, one gun-cleaning-rod case, one camera case, one trunk, one hatbox, one duffel bag, one shell box, and one zipper bag.[8] Charles and Ernest each brought .30-06 Springfield rifles (see Figure 6) modified by Griffin and Howe, and Pauline brought her Mannlicher-Schönauer 6.5mm rifle (see Figure 5). Ernest had decided that if they should need a double-barreled .470 rifle for large, dangerous game, they could rent one from the safari outfit. For bird shooting he brought his Winchester 12 gauge shotgun and Pauline's Darme 28 gauge double-barreled shotgun.[9]

While cruising the Red Sea aboard the *Metzinger*, Hemingway wrote to his five-year-old son, Patrick, that the weather had been cold and rainy on the Mediterranean Sea and then hot in Egypt, and that they saw camels in the desert while passing through the Suez Canal. He compared the landscape, dotted with palm trees and Australian pines, to that of Key West.[10] On December 8, 1933, Ernest, Pauline, and Charles Thompson arrived in Mombasa, where they spent the night at the Palace Hotel.[11] The next morning they boarded a Kenya-Uganda Railways train for a 330-mile overnight journey to Nairobi. At the New Stanley Hotel in Nairobi, Hemingway finalized the safari arrangements with Tanganyika Guides and secured the services of Philip Percival, who had served as Teddy Roosevelt's professional hunter and hosted many other prominent and wealthy American clients such as George Eastman and Alfred Vanderbilt (grandson of Cornelius).[12] As Percival was not available until December 20, Tanganyika Guides provided some local hunting excursions for antelope and birds on the Kapiti Plain, where Ernest shot a kongoni, a subspecies of hartebeest (see his safari notes of December 15 in Appendix II). Finally, on December 20, nearly a month after they had left Paris, the Hemingways, Charles Thompson, and Philip Percival set out from Percival's farm for the Tanganyika border.

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 13 5/21/15 11:32 AM

The Great Rift Valley of East Africa, formed at the end of the Cretaceous period after the demise of the dinosaurs, is a complex, unique environment that provides a diverse landscape for plants and animals.[13] As Hemingway notes in his second Tanganyika Letter (see Appendix III), the Serengeti in the 1930s was the premier hunting ground for lions. In the first two weeks they saw eighty-three lions (see Figures 2–4), which was not unusual, and was an indication that at the top of the food chain the ecosystem was working smoothly. As there was an abundance of game, their quota of trophies (see Appendix II and Figure 14 for Hemingway's final list of the haul) did not unfavorably impact the sustainability of wildlife. However, this special environment was already threatened by human encroachment, as Hemingway alludes in *Green Hills of Africa* when Philip Percival suggests that Ernest could always sell a rhinoceros horn if he wanted to do so. It is, indeed, tragic that over the past decades rhinoceroses have been driven out of Tanzania—and, for that matter, can hardly be found in the wild anywhere in Africa. They have been annihilated through systematic poaching with automatic weapons. It is feared that the elephant is on a similar trajectory.[14] Many of the places that my grandfather hunted are now national parks and world heritage sites where visitors may only observe—not hunt—wildlife.

The supplementary material included in this new edition of *Green Hills of Africa* begins with the safari journal (see Figure 12) kept by my grandmother, Pauline Pfeiffer Hemingway, and published here in its entirety for the first time. My uncle Patrick remembers that my grandfather asked my grandmother to keep the journal, which he used as a reference when he wrote *Green Hills of Africa*. Ernest Hemingway had an exceptionally fine memory, and, as Philip Percival later remarked, he did not generally take notes during the safari.[15] Some of the very few notes that he did make were jotted down in the endpapers of a bird book that he had bought in Nairobi (see Figure 13). A transcription of these notes is included in Appendix II of this edition. In addition to the counts of game sightings and animals shot, there is a remarkable description of lions on a wildebeest kill that reads like a National Geographic documentary on African wildlife. It includes my grandfather's acutely observed description of the tender interaction between lioness and lion.

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Pauline's journal records the day-to-day activities of the safari, especially the game pursued and killed. Pauline studied writing at the University of Missouri and received her undergraduate degree in journalism. Before marrying, she was a professional freelance writer and wrote for *Vogue* magazine in Paris and *Vanity Fair*. Her viewpoint is quite different from Ernest's, and her journal adds a fresh perspective and a wealth of additional information recorded on the day each event occurred. How enchanting is her description of sitting on the edge of the Ngorongoro Crater on Christmas Eve and looking out for the first time at the thousands of animals grazing below in a rainy mist. Elsewhere she whimsically likens Mount Kilimanjaro to the Cheshire Cat in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* when she describes the way its looming mass appears and disappears on the horizon.

Pauline originally planned to be on safari for only one month (see Appendix II, Ernest Hemingway's introductory letter) and to spend the remaining time abroad with friends while Ernest continued to hunt for another month with Charles.[16] Her primary interest in the safari was sharing the experience with her husband, not securing animal trophies (see Figure 14). Having hunted with Ernest in Montana and Wyoming, she was well aware of the skills and stamina that such an activity required. In her journal, she writes honestly of her difficulties with shooting big game, but maintains a sense of humor about it. She describes her "characteristic good shot, just a l-i-t-t-l-e high, or low or right or left." Pauline also vividly recounts shooting (and missing) her first lion, featured in *Green Hills* as P.O.M.'s lion, and later describes with evident satisfaction the time she successfully shot another, which is not mentioned in Hemingway's novel.

Pauline's journal provides details of the safari that Hemingway chose to leave out of *Green Hills of Africa* and confirms others, such as his fear of snakes. She observes how Ernest missed his mark many times at the beginning of the safari, and she records Philip Percival's comment that everyone misses when they first come out on safari. Early on, she describes an embarrassing moment when Ernest leaves his loaded rifle uncocked on the hood of the car while out hunting. It fell off the hood and landed stock first, discharging and nearly killing him, leaving them both

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 15 5/21/15 11:32 AM

shaken. This real-life scenario sparked the idea for the accidental shooting in Hemingway's short story "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Pauline also records in detail the progress of Ernest's dysentery, which had a significant impact on the safari but is only alluded to in the book.[17] She writes that his condition got so bad that he had to be flown to Arusha and that it worsened as they waited for the pilot, Fatty Pearson, who finally arrived and flew Hemingway to safety.[18] The episode, as recounted by Pauline, was the real-life inspiration for a similar scene in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." No doubt Hemingway did not want to dwell on the hazards and uncomfortable aspects of dysentery in his book, fearing it would not sustain the reader's interest. Instead, he wrote briefly and comically about the debilitating effects of the disease in his first Tanganyika Letter for the then newly established *Esquire* magazine, which is included in Appendix III of this edition.

Like the observant, nimble *Vogue* writer she was, Pauline notes in her journal that her nail polish fades within a few hours from the extreme heat and the bright African sunlight. She candidly admits that she does not enjoy the long, dusty rides in the motor vehicles and, after several weeks in the bush as the only female in the group, writes of her dark mood. Growing up very close to her sister, Jinny, she most likely was missing female companionship and was understandably tired of prolonged travel in a remote land. My grandmother was a private person, and is the least understood of Hemingway's wives. Even in her journal, she chooses not to share deeply personal reflections. Gender stereotyping and a lack of knowledge about her nature has led some scholars to characterize Pauline's time on the safari as unhappy and ill-fitted to her chic Parisian lifestyle. They see her as merely playing the role of dutiful wife, misinterpreting Hemingway's comical moniker P.O.M.—"Poor Old Mama"—in *Green Hills of Africa*, which was intended as the counterpart to "Poor Old Papa."[19] On the contrary, my grandmother wrote to her mother-in-law in January 1934 describing how she and Ernest had never had a more perfect time together.[20] She notes that he looks marvelous after having lost so much weight from the dysentery, and that his physique is as hard as nails from all of the hunting.[21] While on the mend in his bed at the New Stanley Hotel in Nai-

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 16 5/21/15 11:32 AM

robi, Ernest wrote to his editor, Maxwell Perkins, that Pauline was thrilled with the country.[22] My uncle Patrick and my father, Gregory, shared the impression of the safari as a happy period in my grandparents' married life. They grew up listening to stories of that remarkable adventure and lived with the multitude of African hunting trophies displayed in their home in Key West and afterward at the Finca Vigía in Cuba.[23] Both sons would later go to East Africa to see it for themselves and hunt. Patrick, who also learned how to hunt African big game from Philip Percival, was a successful professional hunter in Tanganyika for many years.[24]

A romantic vision of *Green Hills of Africa* as the pursuit of happiness was passed down to my generation. My father, wanting to share the beauty of East Africa with us, took our family on safari when I was only seven years old, and my parents hunted with my uncle Patrick in Tanzania. As a young man I went on photographic safaris in South Africa, Botswana, and Zimbabwe, and later visited Madagascar, parts of North Africa, and, again, East Africa with my wife. The most vivid and life-changing experience for me was the summer I spent as an apprentice photographic safari guide with Norman Carr in the South Luangwa Valley in Zambia. There, on the southern end of the Great Rift, I lived in the bush for three months and got to know the rhythms of the African wild. Encountering a leopard sitting high in a fig tree with its big yellow eyes shaded from the sun and its tail twitching on alert, walking through Mopane woodlands and sighting a flock of Lilian's lovebirds chattering in a bush that shimmered electric green from their constant movement, and looking an elephant in the eye on a moonlit night are just three of a thousand indelible experiences. Coming to know Africa's amazing natural beauty and delicate, complex web of life have stayed with me as some of the most memorable times of my life. In much the same way, my grandfather describes feeling at one with the land in the last part of his safari in *Green Hills of Africa* when he is hunting alone with his native guide.

When Ernest Hemingway returned to America in April 1934, he stopped first in New York. He told his friend Guy Hickock, in an interview for the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* (see Figure 15), that he was not going to write a book about Africa for a long time until he could learn more.[25] He proved himself wrong, however, by

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 17 5/21/15 11:32 AM

beginning to write about the safari as soon as he returned to Key West (see Figure 16). At first he thought it would be a short story, but by the end of April he had written fifty pages, thirty of which he discarded.[26] At that point he became determined to write an absolutely true book covering a month's worth of action to see if it could compete with a work of fiction. He realized that he would need all of the skills at his command in order to write it well, and—as he wrote on the back of a manuscript page—if he failed, then he may "simply write good prose and that is worth doing" (see Appendix IV). In May 1934 he wrote to his friend Waldo Peirce that he had completed sixty pages of such a book, and only one month later he had 137 pages.[27] Hemingway worked steadily in Key West, writing in the mornings at the family home on Whitehead Street. Afternoons were spent fishing on his new boat, the *Pilar*. In July 1934 he set off for Havana, where he worked on the book at the Hotel Ambos Mundos in the mornings and fished in the afternoons. By August 14 he had 23,000 words.[28] He continued to work through September, and by October 3 he had some 50,000 words. The first draft, consisting of 491 pages, was finished in Key West on November 16, 1934.

Pauline's day-to-day account in her journal reveals how much Hemingway reshaped the events of the safari into a narrative that does not follow a strictly chronological order. One of the most interesting characters in *Green Hills of Africa* is the Austrian gentleman whose broken-down truck spoils Hemingway's kudu hunt in the opening scene. It was a remarkable coincidence—truth is stranger than fiction—that he had read Hemingway's poetry (still my grandfather's least-known writing) in *Der Querschnitt*, a relatively obscure German avant-garde art magazine. Their literary discussions make for fascinating reading, though some reviewers have questioned the veracity of this encounter and wondered whether the man's conversations with Hemingway were a product of the author's imagination. Pauline's journal, however, confirms his existence—the Austrian gentleman, called Kandisky in the novel, is identified as Hans Koritschoner. In the book, Kandisky tells the safari party that he is fascinated with the natives, particularly with their language and music. He sings for them an African song and performs a traditional tribal dance. In fact, Koritschoner

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 18 5/21/15 11:32 AM

went on to become an important anthropologist of the old school in Tanganyika, publishing many articles and books on local songs, lore, magic, medicine, and tribal customs.[29] His writings show that he was a man of great sensitivity and intelligence. He also had a considerable collection of tribal art.[30] Kandisky's remarks about the value of having a daughter resonated with both Ernest and Pauline, who hoped to have one of their own. Koritschoner later reflected on his chance meeting with the Hemingways and stated that the events recorded in *Green Hills of Africa*—notably the breaking down of his lorry and his knowledge of Hemingway the poet from *Der Querschnitt*—were true, but that the conversation did not take place exactly as quoted. They had had many amusing and interesting conversations over the course of the three days the Hemingways hosted him as their guest.[31]

In total, four working drafts of *Green Hills of Africa* are preserved. The first complete handwritten draft manuscript establishes the essential framework followed by the final version, though Hemingway made many edits to it before he had it typed by his secretary, Jane Armstrong.[32] The original text is one long narrative without chapter or section breaks, which came later. Mainly, Hemingway cut sections from the first draft, especially personal references and references to individuals that anchored the safari in his own experience. In this way, he made the book a timeless experience for the reader, one that the reader could relate to. For example, his conversation with Kandisky in the first draft includes a long list of things that Hemingway likes, which he first shortened and then cut entirely. The cut sections are included in Appendix IV of this edition. Also included in Appendix IV is an alternate draft of the opening of chapter eleven, which contains an amusing defense of social drinking set beneath a brilliantly starry sky in the bush (see Figure 17).

Hemingway continued to make edits to each following draft right up to the time the manuscript was typeset. In many places he revised passages in order to improve them, or added material that does not appear in the first draft. A characteristic example occurs at the end of the novel, when the characters are having lunch by the Dead Sea and Hemingway observes grebes on the water (see Figure 18). He revised the scene in the next draft, adding: "There were

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 19 5/21/15 11:32 AM

many grebes, making spreading wakes in the water as they swam and I was counting them and wondering why they never were mentioned in the Bible. I decided those people were not naturalists."

The handwritten first-draft manuscript was untitled, but between pages ninety-nine and one hundred, during the rhino hunt in hill country, Hemingway wrote two potential titles for the book: "The Highlands of Africa" and "Hunters Are Brothers." "The Highlands of Africa" became Hemingway's working title, which his editor, Maxwell Perkins, tried to convince him to modify to "In the Highlands of Africa" so that readers would not think it simply a travel book.[33] Unlike for many of Hemingway's other books, no lengthy list of alternate titles exists, and it is not clear that he ever wrote one. A third title, written by hand on the first page of the setting copy and then crossed out, is "Africa Is Cold" (see Figure 19). Above this, also handwritten, is nearly the final title that Hemingway settled on: "The Green Hills of Africa." In the last preserved carbon typescript annotated by Hemingway, the title page reads "Green Hills of Africa." His emphasis on the country itself in the title is notable. Clearly not swayed by Perkins's advice, Hemingway chose to call attention to the land, which he knew was good country where he could be happy. It is only with mankind's care and stewardship of the land that wildlife will survive; otherwise, as Hemingway somberly observes at the end of the book, all countries will eventually end up looking like the desolate, barren stretches of windswept Mongolia.

Hemingway sent the revised typescript to Perkins in February 1935. It was decided that they would publish it first in seven parts in *Scribner's Magazine*, along with illustrations by the staff illustrator, Edward Shenton.[34] Shenton's art was so successful that Hemingway and Perkins decided to use a selection of them for the book itself. Although my grandfather generally did not care for illustrated editions of his writings, he was pleased with Shenton's work.[35] This new Hemingway Library Edition of *Green Hills of Africa* also includes a number of black-and-white photographs taken on the safari (see Figures 2–11), especially those of Ernest and Pauline with their trophies.

Chapter breaks and the division into parts came in the setting draft. At that time, Hemingway had divided the book into three

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 20 5/21/15 11:32 AM

sections: "Pursuit and Conversation," "Pursuit Remembered," and "Pursuit as Happiness." In the later carbon typescript, he changed the divisions into four parts, adding, by hand, "Pursuit and Failure" before "Pursuit as Happiness" (see Figure 20). The introductory note about how the book is a true account meant to rival a work of the imagination first appears in this last annotated carbon typescript.

In his acceptance speech for the Nobel Prize in Literature on December 10, 1954, Ernest Hemingway said:

> For a true writer each book should be a new beginning where he tries again for something that is beyond attainment. He should always try for something that has never been done or that others have tried and failed. Then sometimes, with great luck, he will succeed.

With *Green Hills of Africa*, Hemingway was attempting something new by striving to create, using the techniques of fiction writing, a work of nonfiction that would rival a work of fiction. When he finished the manuscript in November 1934, he wrote to Maxwell Perkins that he thought it was his best work yet.[36] It was new and different, but it received only a lukewarm reception from the critics.[37] Sales were moderate even as it became a cherished work among those interested in hunting and photographic safaris in East Africa.[38] While more scholarly attention has been paid to it in recent years, scholars and critics have tended to overlook *Green Hills of Africa* as a minor work in Hemingway's oeuvre.[39] Most rank his later African short stories—"The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro"—as better than *Green Hills of Africa*. In many ways they *are* better stories, crafted from the brilliant and well-informed imagination of an exceptional writer. But this is not the point. What is extraordinary about *Green Hills of Africa* is that it was not invented; rather, it is an eloquent and evocative firsthand account of the writer's actual experiences hunting in East Africa. As this edition shows, a great deal of craft went into its creation. It is a book of lasting value about a very special time and place on earth.

Seán Hemingway

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 21 5/21/15 11:32 AM

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Unlike many novels, none of the characters or incidents in this book is imaginary. Any one not finding sufficient love interest is at liberty, while reading it, to insert whatever love interest he or she may have at the time. The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination.

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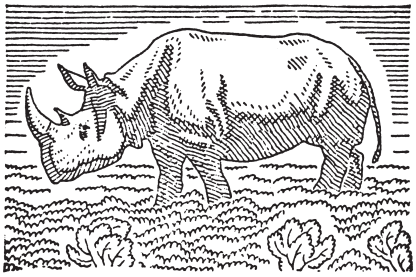
GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA



PART I

Pursuit and Conversation

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CHAPTER

WE WERE SITTING in the blind that Wanderobo hunters had built of twigs and branches at the edge of the salt-lick when we heard the truck coming. At first it was far away and no one could tell what the noise was. Then it was stopped and we hoped it had been nothing or perhaps only the wind. Then it moved slowly nearer, unmistakable now, louder and louder until, agonizing in a clank of loud irregular explosions, it passed close behind us to go on up the road. The theatrical one of the two trackers stood up.

"It is finished," he said.

I put my hand to my mouth and motioned him down.

"It is finished," he said again and spread his arms wide. I had never liked him and I liked him less now.

"After," I whispered. M'Cola shook his head. I looked at his bald black skull and he turned his face a little so that I saw the thin Chinese hairs at the corners of his mouth.

"No good," he said. "*Hapana m'uzuri.*"

"Wait a little," I told him. He bent his head down again so that it would not show above the dead branches and we sat there

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 4 5/21/15 11:32 AM

ONE

in the dust of the hole until it was too dark to see the front sight on my rifle; but nothing more came. The theatrical tracker was impatient and restless. A little before the last of the light was gone he whispered to M'Cola that it was now too dark to shoot.

"Shut up, you," M'Cola told him. "The Bwana can shoot after you cannot see."

The other tracker, the educated one, gave another demonstration of his education by scratching his name, Abdullah, on the black skin of his leg with a sharp twig. I watched without admiration and M'Cola looked at the word without a shadow of expression on his face. After a while the tracker scratched it out.

Finally I made a last sight against what was left of the light and saw it was no use, even with the large aperture.

M'Cola was watching.

"No good," I said.

"Yes," he agreed, in Swahili. "Go to camp?"

"Yes."

We stood up and made our way out of the blind and out through the trees, walking on the sandy loam, feeling our way

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 5 5/21/15 11:32 AM

between trees and under branches, back to the road. A mile along the road was the car. As we came alongside, Kamau, the driver, put the lights on.

The truck had spoiled it. That afternoon we had left the car up the road and approached the salt-lick very carefully. There had been a little rain, the day before, though not enough to flood the lick, which was simply an opening in the trees with a patch of earth worn into deep circles and grooved at the edges with hollows where the animals had licked the dirt for salt, and we had seen long, heart-shaped, fresh tracks of four greater kudu bulls that had been on the salt the night before, as well as many newly pressed tracks of lesser kudu. There was also a rhino who, from the tracks and the kicked-up mound of strawy dung, came there each night. The blind had been built at close arrow-shot of the lick and sitting, leaning back, knees high, heads low, in a hollow half full of ashes and dust, watching through the dried leaves and thin branches I had seen a lesser kudu bull come out of the brush to the edge of the opening where the salt was and stand there, heavy-necked, gray, and handsome, the horns spiralled against the sun while I sighted on his chest and then refused the shot, wanting not to frighten the greater kudu that should surely come at dusk. But before we ever heard the truck the bull had heard it and run off into the trees and everything else that had been moving, in the bush on the flats, or coming down from the small hills through the trees, coming toward the salt, had halted at that exploding, clanking sound. They would come, later, in the dark; but then it would be too late.

So now, going along the sandy track of the road in the car, the lights picking out the eyes of night birds that squatted close on the sand until the bulk of the car was on them and they rose in soft panic; passing the fires of the travellers that all moved to the westward by day along this road, abandoning the famine country that was ahead of us; me sitting, the butt of my rifle on my foot, the barrel in the crook of my left arm, a flask of whiskey between my knees, pouring the whiskey into a tin cup and passing it over my shoulder in the dark for M'Cola to pour water into it from the canteen, drinking this, the first one of the day, the finest one there is, and looking at the thick bush we passed in the dark, feeling

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 6 5/21/15 11:32 AM

the cool wind of the night and smelling the good smell of Africa, I was altogether happy.

Then ahead we saw a big fire and as we came up and passed, I made out a truck beside the road. I told Kamau to stop and go back and as we backed into the firelight there was a short, bandy-legged man with a Tyroler hat, leather shorts, and an open shirt standing before an un-hooded engine in a crowd of natives.

"Can we help?" I asked him.

"No," he said. "Unless you are a mechanic. It has taken a dislike to me. All engines dislike me."

"Do you think it could be the timer? It sounded as though it might be a timing knock when you went past us."

"I think it is much worse than that. It sounds to be something very bad."

"If you can get to our camp we have a mechanic."

"How far is it?"

"About twenty miles."

"In the morning I will try it. Now I am afraid to make it go farther with that noise of death inside. It is trying to die because it dislikes me. Well, I dislike it too. But if I die it would not annoy it."

"Will you have a drink?" I held out the flask. "Hemingway is my name."

"Kandisky," he said and bowed. "Hemingway is a name I have heard. Where? Where have I heard it? Oh, yes. The *Dichter*. You know Hemingway the poet?"

"Where did you read him?"

"In the *Querschnitt*."

"That is me," I said, very pleased. The *Querschnitt* was a German magazine I had written some rather obscene poems for, and published a long story in, years before I could sell anything in America.

"This is very strange," the man in the Tyroler hat said. "Tell me, what do you think of Ringelnatz?"

"He is splendid."

"So. You like Ringelnatz. Good. What do you think of Heinrich Mann?"

"He is no good."

"You believe it?"

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 7 5/21/15 11:32 AM

"All I know is that I cannot read him."

"He is no good at all. I see we have things in common. What are you doing here?"

"Shooting."

"Not ivory, I hope."

"No. For kudu."

"Why should any man shoot a kudu? You, an intelligent man, a poet, to shoot kudu."

"I haven't shot any yet," I said. "But we've been hunting them hard now for ten days. We would have got one tonight if it hadn't been for your lorry."

"That poor lorry. But you should hunt for a year. At the end of that time you have shot everything and you are sorry for it. To hunt for one special animal is nonsense. Why do you do it?"

"I like to do it."

"Of course, if you *like* to do it. Tell me, what do you really think of Rilke?"

"I have read only the one thing."

"Which?"

"The Cornet."

"You liked it?"

"Yes."

"I have no patience with it. It is snobbery. Valéry, yes. I see the point of Valéry; although there is much snobbery too. Well at least you do not kill elephants."

"I'd kill a big enough one."

"How big?"

"A seventy pounder. Maybe smaller."

"I see there are things we do not agree on. But it is a pleasure to meet one of the great old *Querschnitt* group. Tell me what is Joyce like? I have not the money to buy it. Sinclair Lewis is nothing. I bought it. No. No. Tell me tomorrow. You do not mind if I am camped near? You are with friends? You have a white hunter?"

"With my wife. We would be delighted. Yes, a white hunter."

"Why is he not out with you?"

"He believes you should hunt kudu alone."

"It is better not to hunt them at all. What is he? English?"

PTR_Hemingway_Green_i-120.indd 8 5/21/15 11:32 AM