A Trophy Hunt: *Green Hills of Africa*

*Green Hills* should not be a difficult work to understand. As a "true" presentation of "a month's action"—as Hemingway's foreword declares—it ought to be little more than a travel book coupled with true adventure story, hunting manual, and slice of autobiography. And within those classifications it ought to follow their conventions. But because he ignores generic expectations, creates problems with his self-portrayal, and links beauty and killing, artists and trophy hunters, Hemingway has created a work that is difficult to understand and to appreciate.

As a travel writer Hemingway duly records former British East Africa's terrains, animals, and peoples. Occasionally he even generalizes, remarking that Mohammedanism was fashionable among the socially superior camp natives (38-39). But as a travel book *Green Hills* is unsuccessful. It provides neither useful and interesting information nor entertaining impressions, two expectations a travel book ought to fulfill. Hemingway, for instance, offers no systematic account of British East Africa's different people and customs. Nor does he include a map or a sense of the land's topography, forcing his reader to spend time in an atlas. And Hemingway's references to animals, particularly the various species of exotic antelope, further force his reader to burrow in an encyclopedia to discriminate among them. Given any such traditional expectations of a travel book, *Green Hills* is less successful than *The Sun Also Rises*. Edmund Wilson concluded correctly: *Green Hills* "tells us little about Africa.”

Looked at as a true adventure story the book is even less successful. The excitement that comes from danger and suspense is minimal. An adventure story that begins with a hunter sitting in a blind near a road down which a truck can—and does—come has
little concern with adventure and "bold undertakings." Any adventure story that then unfolds a lengthy interview about writers and authorship shows little regard for "stirring experiences." Even the sustaining excitement of "suspense" here hinges not upon how the hunter will free himself from a threatening situation, but only upon whether he will shoot a kudu in the few days left before the safari ends. Hemingway gives more space to the fatigue than to the heroic hazards of pursuit, as caught, for example, in one sentence fragment of over one hundred words in which he registers the seeming endlessness of clambering up steep ravines and along the shoulders of mountains, of hiking across slopes and many small hills to return to camp (58). And an adventure story of big-game hunting ought to hunt "dangerous animals." Yet the animals Hemingway stalks are mostly antelope. The rhinoceros and buffalo he kills are brought down with well-placed distant shots, eliminating their potential danger. But whatever its shortcomings as a true adventure story are, I do not share another of Edmund Wilson's conclusions about Green Hills: 

"[Hemingway] has produced what must be one of the only books ever written which make Africa and its animals seem dull."  

As a hunting manual Green Hills offers still less. Hemingway's "Shootism versus Sport: The Second Tanganyika Letter" tells how to shoot a lion much better than the brief account of the lion "shot" by Pauline Hemingway, called P.O.M., in Green Hills. Hemingway gives here none of the close analysis of, nor justifies actions as he had in, Death in the Afternoon. And though he names the rifles he uses to hunt big game, it is without the specifics of, say, his 1949 article, "The Great Blue River," in which he itemizes and specifies the tackle needed to fish for marlin. Nor does he explain such things as why and when to use certain shells. His posthumously published African Journal knows no such reticence. Preparing to kill a wounded leopard that has just entered a "thick island of bush," Hemingway there remarks that "Nguoi had been loading the Winchester 12-gauge pump with SSG, which is buckshot in English. We had never shot anything with SSG and I did not want any jams so I tripped the ejector and filled it with No. 8 birdshot cartridges fresh out of the box and filled my pockets with the rest of the cartridges. At close range a charge of fine shot from a full-choked shotgun is as solid as a ball and I remembered seeing the effect on a human body with the small hole blue black around the edge on the back of the leather jacket and all the load inside the chest."
pert, preeminent in *Death in the Afternoon* and crucial for someone writing a manual, is subdued in *Green Hills* by his status as student. In the book's coda Hemingway, still the novice, gets ready to ride off with strange natives into some new country for his last chance to shoot kudu. When told that he might also have a chance to shoot a sable antelope, he admits his ignorance, asking Pop, the white hunter in charge of the safari, whether the females are horned and hard to kill (209). Even earlier he had declared his wish to write about what the country and the animals are like "‘to someone who knows nothing about it’" (194).

It is perhaps as autobiography that, to many readers, *Green Hills* is least satisfying—if not most annoying. It has few facts of Hemingway's life. Instead are some wishes, some observations about the United States and the Gulf Stream, and some opinions of fellow writers and the effects good writing can achieve, the portions of the book that normally receive critical comment. Worse, the book fails to answer the question an autobiography ought to address: "why . . . a major writer should give so much of himself to the killing of animals."

Worst, as autobiography it portrays a character whose fulsomeness has given a chorus of critics its alliterative song, objecting as it does to the "belligerence," "boastfulness," "braggadocio," "bravura," and "bloating egoism" of Hemingway-the-hunter, "the worst-invented character to be found in the author's work," declared Edmund Wilson. Wilson actually indicted Hemingway's "monologues in well-paying and trashy magazines," referring, of course, to the *Esquire* "letters." But the chorus indicts Hemingway's self-characterization in those letters, in *Death in the Afternoon*, and in *Green Hills*. To ignore differences among those self-characterizations invites two errors that have contributed to the misreadings of *Green Hills* and to its assessments as "inferior," "minor," "trivial," "his least satisfactory work."

One error—let me call it "carryover"—brings to *Green Hills* conclusions derived from Hemingway’s other work. If we hear "chip-on-the-shoulder exhibitionism" in *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), then when we come to the *Esquire* letters we may well misidentify their expository voices. Rather than hear a studied attempt at anonymity in the voice of the informative report on marlin fishing in the first letter, "Marlin off the Morro" (Autumn 1933), we may instead classify it as more exhibitionism. Instead of hearing the nostalgic voice in the opening section of "A Paris Let-
ter” (February 1934), we may hear only the smugness in the second section’s catalogue of French boxers on whom Hemingway passes judgment. Similarly unheard may go both the nostalgic voice of the Key West letter, “Remembering Shooting-Flying” (February 1935), and the sincere voice of the Gulf Stream letter, “On the Blue Water” (April 1936), Hemingway’s attempt to explain the thrill and excitement of marlin fishing. If “carryover” inclines us to expect a swaggering voice in the letters to address us again in Green Hills, we will scarcely note or appreciate its different cadences, varying tones, unexpected attitudes, emotional shifts, self-deprecatory ironies, or vocal range. Assuming that Green Hills is more journalism, an extended Esquire letter, we are also likely to read it casually, the way we usually read that presumably unimaginative mode, nonfiction.

The other error caused by ignoring differences among Hemingway’s self-characterizations is oversimplification. Ignoring the distance and difference between Hemingway-as-author and Hemingway-as-narrator-character, oversimplification reduces Hemingway to a caricature of belligerence and boastfulness. He can indeed be belligerent, but not gratuitously. His anger at M’Cola, for instance, has cause. The native tracker has neglected his duty to clean Hemingway’s Springfield rifle on the penultimate eve of the hunt for kudu. And he has endangered Hemingway’s life by imprudently carrying the cocked Springfield directly behind him when they stalk in high grass a wounded buffalo. Hemingway’s belligerence at another native, Garrick, is also just, for the incompetent, theatrical “guide” never confesses his ignorance.

Even the belligerence in Hemingway’s “interview” with Kandisky about writing and men of letters is defensible. The usually ignored dramatic context of this exchange occurs just after the explosive clankings from Kandisky’s poorly maintaineded truck have ruined Hemingway’s chance of shooting a kudu bull at the salt lick he has patiently—and quietly—hunted at for ten days. When Hemingway says that he would have gotten his kudu had Kandisky and his noisy truck not come along (8), Kandisky insensitively proffers no apology. He is intolerant of “‘this silliness,’” big-game hunting. An unwelcome intruder, he is impolitely inquisitive. And he makes no attempt to be diplomatic, expressing his respect only for puritanical materialism, commercial organization, and “‘the best part of life. The life of the mind’” (19). These attitudes explain to me the belligerence in Hemingway’s
literary declarations: they rechannel his dislike of Kandisky. Some of his un-American sentiments have a similar dramatic context. So when Pop asks him what is happening in America, Hemingway answers, "'Damned if I know! Some sort of Y.M.C.A. show. Starry-eyed bastards spending money that somebody will have to pay'" (191). This colloquy takes place on the evening of the twelfth day of kudu hunting, a day whose frustrations have again been exacerbated by Garrick, who, having assured Hemingway that the kudu they were tracking was a huge bull, led him to an "enormous cow." As in other instances, Pop and P.O.M. sincerely engage Hemingway-as-character in dialogue to ease the tensions of hunting by giving him a chance to ventilate his emotions rather than, as props, invite him to issue arrogant ex cathedra pronouncements.

Some of the displays of Hemingway's belligerence result also from the surly competitiveness of his fellow hunter, Karl. Indeed, he is the book's figure of belligerence. Continually bitter, edgy, and paranoid, he forces Hemingway, P.O.M., and Pop to treat him indulgently. In one scene Karl is rancorous, returning empty-handed again from hunting kudu. "Very cheerfully" P.O.M. assures him that he will shoot one in the morning at the salt lick (167). Hemingway "very cheerfully" concurs, publicly overlooking that he had luckily drawn a long straw to hunt the salt lick first, but privately astonished at her presumption.

Likewise, the label of boastfulness—and its Latin cousins, braggadocio and bravura—fits the native guide Garrick, not Hemingway. Whether theatrically miming his previous bwana's prowess, strutting pompously beneath an ostrich-plumed headdress, or self-consciously overreacting to every disappointment and achievement, Garrick nicely outflanks any vaunting that tempts Hemingway. And much of Pop's role is to puncture any hunting that would let Hemingway indulge in the "evening brag-gies." Hemingway banters with Pop about his distance shots on rhino, buffalo, and oryx and about his skill as tracker and bird shot. The banter gives levity to Green Hills and shows a detachment not normally granted Hemingway.

To oversimplify Hemingway as belligerent and boastful overlooks a range of feelings, attitudes, and responses in Hemingway's self-characterization. Neither belligerent nor its parodic opposite, stoical, the Hemingway of Green Hills is someone who has idyllic dreams. So he languorously wishes to return to Africa just to lie and watch buffalo, elephant, kudu, and sable feed on the hillsides.
But he is also a realist who knows well the dream-ruining realities—crop-eating locusts, fever-giving insects, and droughts (282–83). He is also someone responsive to the marvelous (being in "virgin country" where a warthog does not bolt at twenty yards), to unique pleasure (seeing the tall, handsome, light-hearted Masai village men run alongside his vehicle out of "quick disinterested friendliness" [218–21]), and to exhilarating laughter (the "Chaplin comedy" of himself, M'Cola, and an old native repeatedly falling down with the two kudu heads on their return in the dark to camp [236–37]). Likewise, more frequent than boasts are Hemingway's self-deflating confessions: of stubborn foolishness for firing some ten shots at a Grant's gazelle without correcting his sights (82); of premature judgment for condemning "Droopy's country," which turns out to be "'great looking country'" (96); of remorse for gut-shooting the sable bull (281); of shame for ignoring P.O.M.'s objections to a pair of ill-fitting boots (95). He confesses his inferiority to M'Cola as a tracker (269) and his "profound personal relief to turn back" from stalking a lion with only M'Cola (141).

Most persuasively refuting the charge that Hemingway is bellicose and boastful are his responses to the horned animals he hunts, responses that suggest the identity and intent of Green Hills. Impressed with a rhinoceros he has just shot, Hemingway returns to camp. There he sees Karl's rhino and exclaims at "this huge, tear-eyed marvel of a rhino, this dead, head-severed dream rhino" (83–84; italics added here and in the rest of this paragraph). Oryx impress him because of their "beautiful straight-slanting black horns[,] . . . the miracle of their horns" (126). While hunting kudu he refuses a shot at a young bull because it no more resembles a real bull than a spike elk resembles a "big, old, thick-necked, dark-maned, wonder-horned, tawny-hided, beer-horse-built bugler of a bull-elk" (138). Hemingway is moved by the smaller of the two kudu he eventually kills to call its horns a "marvel." But then he describes the horns of the larger bull as "great dark spirals, wide-spread and unbelievable" (231). The smaller kudu, he reflects, became insignificant next to the "miracle of this kudu" (232). Yet his kudu's horns are inferior to Karl's, whose "were the biggest, widest, darkest, longest-curling, heaviest, most unbelievable pair of kudu horns in the world" (292).

In a writer noted for understatement, Hemingway's diction here is markedly unrestrained. No artistic lapse, the diction is integral to the esthetic orientation of Green Hills. Indeed, the marvel,
wonder, and miracle of unbelievable horns represent but a small sample of the images of beauty with which Hemingway fills the book. He looks at trees filled by white storks that are “lovely to see” (287). He watches the passing of locusts that fill the sky and turn it to a “pink dither of flickering passage” (184). He watches, awestruck, as the sudden rising and settling of an “unbelievable cloud” of flamingoes pinks a lake’s entire horizon (133). In the “‘great looking country’” of a native hunter, Hemingway stands in a canyon, shaded by smooth-trunked trees whose bases are circled by artery-like roots, whose yellow-green trunks rise to great, spreading, leafed branches. And in the sun-drenched stream bed, “reeds like papyrus grass grew thick as wheat and twelve feet tall” (96). The “wonderful country” where Hemingway gets his kudu is the “loveliest” country he has yet seen in Africa: the green, smooth, short grass and the big, high-trunked trees with turf-green undergrowth made it resemble a “deer park” (217). The larger kudu so epitomizes beauty that Hemingway must touch him to believe his reality: “big, long-legged, a smooth gray with the white stripes and the great, curling, sweeping horns, brown as walnut meats, and ivory pointed, at the big ears and the great, lovely heavy-maned neck the white chevron between his eyes and the white of his muzzle” (231). Indeed, Hemingway also notes ugly images and includes many visually disappointing scenes. So should any study in esthetics, discriminating as it ought between pleasing and displeasing perceptions. But Hemingway emphasizes the beautiful, using the word itself no fewer than twenty-one times, a rather high count for a writer whose esthetic judgments usually come in the monosyllables “clean” and “fine.”

Perhaps the book’s beauty is in its landscapes. After all, Hemingway tells Pop that any writing he might do about these experiences would only be “landscape painting,” for until he knew more about Africa, his experiences would be more valuable to himself than to others (193). This may explain why many readers disparage the work: if the experience is meaningful only to himself, then the book is another example of romantic egotism, one that presumptuously assumes that a writer’s every activity deserves his pen. But it is significant that the Austrian Kandisky knows of Hemingway only as a dichter, a poet. Seizing upon this, I think *Green Hills* shows that although hunting provides the literal context for Hemingway’s pursuit—the term common to the book’s four section titles—his broader pursuit is poetic, to render
the beauty accessible to a trophy hunter. This esthetic preoccupa-
tion not only unifies his experiences and gives them artistic rather
than factual shape, as his carefully rearranged chronology makes
plain. But it also universalizes the meaning of trophy hunting by
translating the pursuit of animals and the act of killing them into
a pursuit of beautiful images and an act that arrests them so that
they can be visually appreciated. Hemingway is too much an art-
ist to engage in the historian’s duty, “to write an absolutely true
book.”

Neither of the two books on Hemingway’s knowledge and use of
pictorial arts gives much notice to Green Hills. An obvious rea-
son is that except for P.O.M.’s comparison of the trees in one deep
valley to some of the trees in André Masson’s works, no other art-
ists are mentioned. And yet the book is replete with landscapes,
tableaus, portraits, close-ups, and cinematic scenes. Truly a pic-
ture book, it even includes Edward Shenton’s fine “decorations.”
But more important than its general visual delights are the spe-
cific trophies that Hemingway pursues, those various heads with
their wondrous horns, “spiralled against the sun” (5).

To better show the significance of those horned heads, I need
first to distinguish briefly among eight kinds of big-game hunters.
Setting aside the first two, the poacher and the bounty hunter,
whose economic reasons for killing game are fundamentally alien
to most hunters, the oldest kind of hunter, Paleolithic man, killed
“for pot,” to get the food he needed for survival. Hemingway
kills reedbuck and gazelle for meat, but focuses only slightly upon
such hunting. The defensive hunter kills animals that destroy
humans or their property. Hemingway does none of this kind of
hunting in Green Hills, but it motivates some of the hunting in
African Journal: the lion Miss Mary must shoot is a cattle killer
and a threat to Masai villages, and the leopard Hemingway must
shoot has reputedly killed some seventeen Masai goats. Green
Hills watches the best-known kind of hunter, the sportsman, who,
if he’s a “good sport,” finds happiness in knowing that, successful
or not, his efforts have given him a chance to show that a hunter
must be intelligent, skillful, and lucky. But Hemingway goes
beyond being a sportsman in Green Hills. To some readers he is
yet another kind of hunter, the self-validating hunter who finds in
hunting a ritual mystique of self-definition, who kills big game
either to be initiated into or to continue to prove his manhood. To
validate themselves may explain what motivates the short-lived
Francis Macomber and the Miss Mary of *African Journal*: “Everyone understood why Mary must kill her lion.” But I find little proof that in *Green Hills* Hemingway “can preserve his integrity as artist-hero, he can assert his manhood, only by conquering big beasts.” Even less is he the obsessive hunter for whom the violence of killing releases neurotic tendencies, as my afterword to this phase will explain. Instead, Hemingway is that kind of hunter who keeps the heads of the animals he kills for a taxidermist to mount. He is a trophy hunter.

Hemingway’s competition with Karl for better game heads confirms that he should be classed among trophy hunters. *African Journal* also confirms that classification: “When I had first been in Africa we were always in a hurry to move from one place to another to hunt beasts for trophies. . . . The time of shooting beasts for trophies was long past for me.” Still, why does Hemingway want trophies?

A hunter’s trophy, conventionally a memento of triumph, testifies to his past prowess, aggrandizes him. But it can also illuminate a moment of past experience. *African Journal* comments on this function of a trophy, Hemingway remembering a buffalo “which had a pair of horns worth keeping to recall the manner of the small emergency Mary and I had shared.” And Pop, looking at Hemingway’s two kudu heads and trying to mollify Hemingway’s envy of Karl’s superior kudu’s head, similarly tells him that what a hunter truly gets from the hunt is the remembrance of the way he shot his game (293). Yet Hemingway boasts a memory too good to need trophies as memory boosters, claiming that he remembers every animal he ever shot, “exactly as he was at every moment” (235).

Hemingway trophy hunts in *Green Hills* neither to aggrandize himself nor to capture memories. Rather he hunts to capture objects whose evocative power transcends both self and memory, objects whose autonomous value is their beauty. Killed and mounted, his trophies preserve, rather than destroy, images of beauty, pay homage to, rather than triumph over, esthetic objects. As the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset concludes, “the greatest and most moral homage we can pay to certain animals on certain occasions is to kill them with certain means and rituals.”

The animals Hemingway chooses to hunt for trophies verify his esthetic intent. Were he trying to gather testimonials of his prowess and courage he would likely have elected to hunt “dangerous game,” the lion and leopard of *African Journal*. But *Green Hills*
includes only one lion hunt, P.O.M.'s, and it had been "confused and unsatisfactory" (40). Instead of hunting dangerous game—carnivores, predatory felines—Hemingway hunts horned herbivores. With superb shots he first kills rhinoceros and buffalo. But these beasts, as his descriptions indicate (79, 115), little please his eye.\textsuperscript{18} Not so the dozen exotic antelope he hunts: kongoni, gerenuk, oryx, impala, wildebeest, gazelle, eland, kudu, sable, bushbuck, reedbuck, and waterbuck. Neither "tiny" like the rhino's nor "little" like the buffalo's, their large eyes delight him. So does their gracefulness, the shapes of their necks and muzzles, and their ears, "big, graceful . . . beautiful" on the kudu. But the essential beauty of their heads derives from their horns: the sable's "scimitar-like horns" (255) that "swept up high, then back, huge and dark, in two great curves nearly touching the middle of his back" (258); the kudu's "slow spirals that spreading made a turn, another turn, and then curved delicately in to those smooth, ivory-like points" (276); the oryx's "marvellous, long, black, straight, back-slanting horns" (156). There are also the horns of the gazelle, short, ringed, lyrate; the eland, twisting straight back on a plane with the muzzle; and the impala, outward-jutting, then inward-bending and upward-sweeping.

Appreciative of these antelope, Hemingway nevertheless criticizes some of their features. The "rocking-horse canter of the long-legged, grotesque kongoni, the heavy swinging trot into gallop of the eland" (156–57) displease him. So too does the gerenuk, "that long-necked antelope that resembles a praying mantis" (160). Even oryx would look like Masai donkeys, were it not for their "beautiful straight-slanting black horns" (126). Such demurrals emphasize, however, the visual delight Hemingway finds in the linear grace of the antelopes' horns, in contrast, say, to the branched antlers of deer, elk, and moose. His esthetic preference for a clean, orderly "purity of line" could pursue no animals better endowed to oblige him.\textsuperscript{19} That these antelopes' horns are also not deciduous adds to their symbolic value.

To take visual delight in such horned heads and to kill the creatures bearing them are clearly two separate acts. And the latter, a destructive act, seems anathema to the former, an esthetic act. But Hemingway yokes them, thereby showing the kinship between trophy hunter and artist. For whether imposing order on space or wresting permanence from the flux of time, every artist violates reality in the creative process. This conventional paradox also explains, I think, the interdependence of the trophy hunter's
violent and esthetic acts. We cannot expect him to capture exotic antelope in his mind’s eye or with his Graflex camera. That is like asking a sculptor to express in words or oils his artistic vision, to limit the dimensions of his art. Neither can we marvel at the trophies a trophy hunter refrained from killing any more than we can acclaim an artist for conceiving but not producing a work of art. The patience, skill, work, luck, knowledge, imaginative anticipation, and violence required of the trophy hunter have their counterparts in the artistic process. The writer’s mot juste and the trophy hunter’s well-aimed bullet, for instance, try to arrest an elusive, fleeting vision. Pop’s insistence that Hemingway hunt alone for kudu suggests the analogous activity of an artist practicing his craft by himself. Much of the book’s “literary talk,” be it Kandisky’s interview, the naming of Garrick, Hemingway’s reminiscences of vicariously enjoyed books, or his instructions in the art of telling literary anecdotes, nudges us to overhear a correspondence between art and trophy hunting. Indeed, early in the book Hemingway expresses his belief that the ways to hunt, paint, and write are to do so for as long as one lives and as long as there is game to hunt or colors and canvas to paint on, and pencils, paper, ink, or machines to write with—and subjects that one cares to write about (12).

Equating trophy hunters and artists seems to catch Hemingway, once again, overvaluing athletes and sportsmen. One way to deflate his clichéd attitude has been to describe his hunting in *Green Hills* as a “slaughter of a wide variety of animal life.” A better tactic has been to fault Hemingway’s taste—without defining the terms of one’s argument: “The defect [of *Green Hills*] lies in [Hemingway’s] values and tastes, which are displayed to their worst advantage.” Both tactics raise esthetic objections that only Leo Gurko has articulated. After citing other “unpleasantnesses” in *Green Hills*, he quarrels with Hemingway’s admiration of the kudu bull and with his “rhapsodic tribute: ‘He smelled sweet and lovely like the breath of cattle and the odor of thyme after rain.’ There is something revolting about a slayer glorifying the dead body of his deliberately selected victim. This is a lapse not so much of morality as of taste. To hunt is one thing. To deliver aesthetic funeral sermons over the corpse is quite another.” Overlooking Gurko’s humanization of the scene with terms that distort it to insinuate homicide, I think he expresses the conventional notion that a proper concern with beauty should find death and es-
thetics immiscible. As Hemingway did in *Death in the Afternoon*, in *Green Hills* he again tries to disabuse that acquired, genteel habit of mind that would restrict the topics beauty may come under. He characterizes that habit in Kandisky, who regards hunting as a “silliness,” who will label as art only that which either hangs from the walls of such places as Madrid’s Prado or gets printed in such literary periodicals as *Querschnitt*. To Hemingway the kudu’s head, when mounted, will also hang from a wall and, as a prospective object d’art, deserves a “rhapsodic tribute.” “Lapse of taste” would be a just charge, I think, had Hemingway exulted in the triumph over the kudu as a foe, or expressed remorse for taking the life of the noble beast, or stoically accepted its death as a matter only to be factually recorded.

The trophy hunter shares with the athlete, the bullfighter, and the sportsman Hemingway’s regard for performing artists. But his trophies can acquire the additional value of becoming an art object. That is certainly the status of Hemingway’s exotically beautiful antelope. Like the enabling act of violence that freezes their beauty, these trophies possess lineaments whose doubleness suggests paradoxical qualities. To mobile, expressive faces are fixed pairs of rigid horns, a coupling that evokes such antitheses as tenderness and danger, natural grace and geometric abstractness, the known and the fantastic. Particularly evocative is the head of the long-sought-after kudu. The gyrelike lift of high, wide-spiraling horns from its slender, bovine forehead conjures the mythic counterpart that filled men’s imaginations for centuries—the unicorn. And the virgin country, whose green hills harbor the kudu that Hemingway finally finds, may allude to that mythic beast’s chaste garden. To Hemingway the kudu’s head may even offer the rare occasion to be “arrested by its wholeness and fascinated by its harmony,” to achieve what Joyce, “a great writer in our time” (71), has Stephen Dedalus regard as “the luminous silent stasis of esthetic pleasure.” 

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