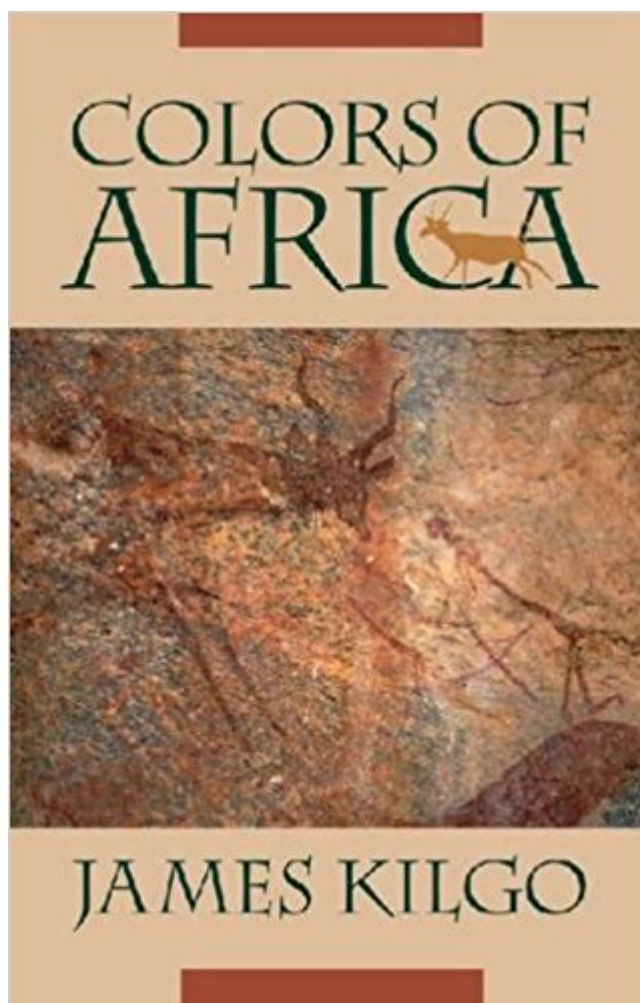


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Colors Of Africa (Brown Thrasher Books Ser.)



Synopsis

This extraordinary, candid account of James Kilgo's African sojourn conveys the untamed beauty of the bush country with the attention of a seasoned naturalist and the wonder of a first-time visitor. With startling immediacy Kilgo recalls what Zambia's Luangwa River valley revealed to him: its voices, scents, textures, and, most meaningfully, colors. Hues like sienna, ochre, and umber forged a visceral link between the people, animals, and landscapes Kilgo encountered and the muted palette of ancient rock paintings in caves and overhangs across southern Africa. Kilgo barely knew the man who invited him to Africa. A further complication: the trip was a big-game safari, which conjured troubling images of privilege and excess. Yet he went, as an observer, for Africa had enthralled him since boyhood. Kilgo's recollections of his fellow travelers and the safari staff—their forays into the bush, visits to nearby villages, and long evening talks about nature, family, and faith—are all informed by a growing awareness of Africa's complexities and contradictions. As he reflects on the swirl of customs and beliefs all around him, as he and his traveling companions draw closer together, Kilgo measures what he has learned firsthand about Africa against his readings of those who came before him, including explorer and missionary David Livingstone, writers Ernest Hemingway and Isak Dinesen, and environmentalists Mark and Delia Owens. Kilgo thinks often about hunting: about the days-long initiatory rites of local native hunters; the motivations, beyond money, that can drive a poacher; the carnage the animals visit on each other nightly just outside the walls of the idyllic safari compound. Near the end of his stay, he is offered the chance to hunt a kudu, the great antelope of storied elusiveness. Pondering this unexpected opportunity, Kilgo wonders: Has he connected sufficiently with this remarkable place to justify his participation in the hunt? Is he ready and, above all, is he worthy?

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Customer Reviews

When James Kilgo is invited on an African safari, he leaps at the opportunity--even though the only shooting he is slated for is with a camera. As the group's photographer and "intoxicated by sensation," Kilgo not only documents the hunt, but also relays every sight, sound, and scent of the long trek through Zambia's Luangwa River valley. The expedition is made all the more significant because Kilgo has cancer, and his lifelong dream is to travel to the great continent with "the sound of life." A retired University of Georgia English professor and former hunter, Kilgo's expectations of the trip are heavily influenced by the literary tradition of big-game adventurers Ernest Hemingway, Isak Dinesen, David Livingstone, and Theodore Roosevelt. Kilgo's sometimes-religious account echoes Livingstone's: "The mere animal pleasure of traveling in a wild unexplored country is very great," he writes. Kilgo, an avid bird watcher, offers exhaustive descriptions of the many avian species he and the hunting party encounter. He sets aside his status as observer, however, when given the chance to shoot kudu, a type of woodland antelope that Hemingway also pursued and depicted in *Green Hills of Africa*. Kilgo soon realizes that while the experience of hunting in Africa is much the same as it was in Hemingway's day, Africa has changed greatly. Outside of the bush country where the party hunts, there is "poverty, AIDS, and genocide." But for Kilgo it is the beauty of Africa that resonates, as it is a place where the sky changes moment to moment, and the leaves and the flowers fade and fall: "Only the colors of the earth remain constant--black and white, sienna, ochre, and umber." --C.J. Carrillo --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

I can think of few authors so well qualified to write a book like this. James Kilgo, naturalist, spiritual thinker, hunter, historian, and, above all, author extraordinaire, has written something 'about' an African safari--but only in the way, say, that Melville wrote 'about' whaling. A splendid accomplishment. (Sydney Lea author of *Hunting the Whole Way Home*) Not everyone who visits Africa gets there in spirit. Bad Africa books abound, the detritus of ill-conceived travel. After reading this sharp-eyed, deeply felt, and clearly thought account of a safari to Zambia's Luangwa River valley, I can see that not only did Jim Kilgo get to Africa; he was preparing to go all along. In Africa, he confronts in vivid, searching prose the tragic relation between man and nature embodied in the

hunt and the many paradoxes of self and culture hunting reveals to us. He has a keen eye for the beauty of wildlife and landscape and a great appetite for the pleasures of being afield. *Colors of Africa* is not only a fine Africa book, it is a key to Jim Kilgo's art and life. He has taken the skills honed on his home landscape in fiction and nonfiction and tested them in the revealing light of Africa, where what is universal in his voice comes through loud and clear. (Christopher Camuto author of *Hunting from Home*) Literature is filled with stories of what the dark continent does to men and women, from Conrad to Hemingway, from Gordimer to Dinesen. Kilgo was an eager follower in their footsteps, seeking reaffirmation of life, and perhaps redemption. . . . Though Kilgo has come along merely as a photographer, when he is given the opportunity to stalk the elusive Kudu deer, he wonders if he is up to the same challenge conquered by his literary forebear, Ernest Hemingway. *Colors of Africa* is more than a travelogue--it is part literary exploration, part personal journey. . . . James Kilgo, who died in December 2002, was an exceptional, starkly honest writer. This literate, moving, unsentimental book--his last--will take you to a world you may have only imagined.

(BookPage) Kilgo was an American hunter, writer, and professor with a lifelong curiosity about and interest in Africa that he was given an unexpected chance to satisfy near the end of his life. He seized the day, and eventually this chronicle was published posthumously. The knowledge of this timing gives the narrative an added poignancy in its reminder that in the midst of life, and especially the unique and glorious life of the hills and plains of Africa, we are near death, both the deaths of the hunted and sometimes also of the hunters. . . . Kilgo is well attuned to Africa's changes from the racist, colonial land it was, and he often writes with insight about the large African entourage of mixed 'blood' and mixed African and European heritage. (North Dakota Quarterly) The book is a triumph, a literary travelogue obviously influenced by Dinesen, but with the likes of Hemingway, Conrad and David Livingstone also lighting the path. (Creative Loafing (Atlanta)) In the tradition of hunter-authors Ernest Hemingway and Isak Dinesen, Kilgo followed his dreams to Africa and then wrote about the journey, a deeply spiritual quest that came at the end of his life. (Covington News) Writers, the good ones, are lucky people. In life, they get to do this extraordinary thing, this writing. And in death, they leave behind these perfect, crystalline sentences, eternal insights into their thinking. The good ones do. . . . Throughout this memoir, Kilgo creates his distinctive sort of prose poetry, turning even an animal's death into something stunning. (Teresa Weaver Atlanta Journal Constitution) This spring, two of America's most sophisticated travel writers . . . [have written] up their own recent journeys through Africa. . . . In contrast to Paul Theroux, who is constantly checking the measure of other people's reaction to him, James Kilgo writes with such unfettered curiosity that it erases his presence and puts the reader in his shoes. Who wouldn't

want to be high-stepping through the bush, peering at magnificent birds and bulls, falling asleep at night to the cries of hyenas? OK, perhaps not everyone. But thanks to this book, we can be right there with him, while safely at home. (John Freeman Cleveland Plain Dealer)

James Kilgo is not a famous author, except maybe down south, where he was an English Professor at the University of Georgia, in Athens, for thirty years. I happened across his book, *Deep Enough for Ivorybills* (Brown Thrasher Books) a couple months ago in a thrift shop, read it and loved it, even though it's largely about hunting and fishing. I am not an outdoorsy type, but Kilgo has a way of making those subjects, dear to his own heart, branch out to encompass larger and more important subjects, like life itself and what are we here for. So I wanted to read more Kilgo, and now I have. This book, *COLORS OF AFRICA*, may be even better than *IVORYBILLS*. It certainly has an added poignancy, knowing that Kilgo died very soon after he finished writing the book, and he obviously knew this would be his last book. *COLORS OF AFRICA* is another book about hunting, but this time it's about how he fulfilled a life-long dream of going to Africa, as an observer and photographer on a three-week safari in Zambia with a big game-hunter acquaintance. Kilgo had thought his own hunting days were behind him, but when the hunter offers him a chance to shoot a Kudu, he decides differently. Kilgo keeps a record of his time in beautiful history-laden Luangwa River valley and all the various animal trophies his host bags, as well as his own bird watching and that stalking and shooting of the Kudu (a large antelope). But he also weaves in a lot of reading and research about Africa, citing passages from the books and journals of Dr. Livingstone, references to Burton and Speke, as well as a more modern African scholar, Stuart Marks. But Hemingway keeps coming up here too, with frequent quotes from *Green Hills of Africa*, a book that Kilgo first read and fell in love with during his high school years. He also mentions the film, *Mountains of the Moon*, which dramatized the explorations and competitions of Burton and Speke. It is a film I too remember vividly, making me wish all over again that I could have known Kilgo and talked with him about books - his and others too. Perhaps what makes Kilgo's books so readable and fascinating is the constant struggle in his own mind and heart about hunting and killing, but his enormous respect for nature and animals comes through loud and clear. This was a complicated guy, who came from a long family tradition of hunting and fishing and spending time in the outdoors, in the Carolina and Georgia swamps and woods mostly. But he also loved literature and thought deeply about the many questions that literature raises. About life, death, and what is our purpose here on earth. Perhaps one of the most poignant parts of the book, that stays with me, is a moment he has about two weeks into his African adventure. One night he is lying awake in a roofless blind in the jungle waiting for a

lion to approach the bait - a rotting buffalo quarter - they've hung in a tree. And a huge flock of vultures begins to circle above the blind and land in front of it to feast on the bait. Watching these enormous carrion birds suddenly caused him to remember with a start that he had cancer. But it was the first time he had thought of it since he got to Africa. That's how absorbed he was in this once-in-a-lifetime chance adventure. This is a book filled with history, literature, natural wonders and personal memories. And the kind of wisdom that perhaps only comes when one knows he is nearing the end of things. Kilgo made the most of it, of all of it. Jim Kilgo died in December 2002. COLORS OF AFRICA was published the following spring. It's a beautiful book, Jim. Thank you. Highly recommended.- Tim Bazzett, author of the memoir, BOOKLOVER

Like so many, I discovered Kilgo more than twenty-five years ago through his first book, Ivory Bills. I was so moved by it that I bought a copy for my best friend, who's widow unaware of it's origins, recently gave it to me. That motivated me to re-discover James Kilgo and I was stunned to learn that he had passed. I also learned of this book. The safari genre is full of works by visitors to Africa with little true knowledge of it. Knowing it was his first and only trip, I half expected this to be yet another. My own first safari was less than a year after Kilgo's and his descriptions mirror my own experiences in so many ways. While the hunting is the reason, the experience - the total experience of people, landscape, animals, from elephant to insects and the contrast of bush and urban settings - is the true Africa that either captures one's soul or goes un-noticed by those too focused to pay attention to the seemingly mundane. From the tiniest detail to the most obvious, if you've ever been to southern Africa Colors of Africa will bring it all home as though you are back there yourself. As expected, Kilgo does an excellent job of expressing the contrasts of heart as well. His writing is like the stories of an old friend told while sitting by the fire. Africa is truly a land of contrast and James Kilgo painted it with delicate brush strokes into a bold picture.

Good read for anybody old enough to understand it.

Colors of Africa was Jim Kilgo's last book, he died from his cancer before publication. It is, perhaps, his best book and is truly a good and authoritative book. It is written in his inimitable style and sounds just as though he was talking to you. A great epitaph to a great writer. R.L. Humphries

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