

Here is a list of books on Africa that John recommends:

*West With The Night*, Beryl Markham

*Africa: A Biography of a Continent*, John Reader

*African Silences*, Peter Mathiessen

*Facing Mt. Kenya* Jomo Kenyatta

*The Flame Trees of Thika*, Elspeth Huxley

*Green Hills of Africa*, Ernest Hemingway

*Wild Africa: Three Centuries of Natural Writings from Africa*, John A. Murray

*The Sixth Extinction: Patterns of Life and the Future of Humankind*, Richard E. Leakey

*Origins Reconsidered: In Search of What Makes Us Human*, Richard E. Leakey

*Portraits in the Wild 2nd Edition*, Cynthia Moss

*The Tree Where Man Was Born*, Peter Mathiessen

*Origins Reconsidered*, R. Leakey and R. Lewin

*Maasai*, ole Saitoti and Carol Beckman

*Safari*, Bartle Bull

*In Full Flight: A Story of Africa and Atonement*, John Heminway

*No Man's Land*, John Heminway

*African Journeys*, John Heminway

*The Imminent Rains*, John Heminway

*Into Africa*, Craig Packer

*Out of Africa*, Isaac Dinesen (Karen Blixen)

*Golden Shadows*, Flying Hooves George B. Schaller

*The Forest People*, Colin Turnbull

*Battle for the Elephants*, Iain Douglas Hamilton

*Elephant Memories*, Cynthia Moss

*The End of the Game*, Peter Beard

*Pyramids of Life*, H. Crose and D. Reader

*At the Hand of Man*, R. Bonner

*The Safari Companion*, Richard Estes

*Sand River*, Peter Matheissen

*Fossil Men*, Kermit Pattison

## [In Full Flight](#)

These are excerpts from an article John wrote in the [LA Times](#).

“I first went to Africa when I was 16. Along with other American schoolboys, led by an English explorer, we sailed from Southampton, bunking in the cheapest cabin on a converted Liberty ship. For two weeks we rode Atlantic rollers and listened to the anguished anticipation of fellow travelers, Southern Africans returning to the continent of their birth. They sang songs, recited epic poems and, on our last night together, the youngest of them and I lay in the bow ropes, straining to catch a glimpse of the advancing shoreline. These new-found friends were breathless, almost hopeless in their attempts to describe what lay ahead. “The veldt,” “the game,” “dawn,” “the short rains,” splutterings acknowledged by the others with cheers of approbation. None of it meant anything to me. I went along with the charade, all the time suspecting they belonged to a secret society.”

“As soon as I was beached in Africa I found what I had lacked in myself. Thus, drowned in dust, whiplashed by heat, scared sick by lions, I learned I was far from complete. I saw that souls and not just bodies suffer and adjust and swell in a sequence not dissimilar from Darwin’s Laws of Natural Selection. Because of Africa I came to accept that I would always be on the drawing boards, forever thirsty on a plain that reaches for the Southern Cross.”

“Fair enough: Man was born in Africa. No doubt I’m happy to be home. But there is more to this wrenching continent than anatomical atavism. There is soul talk in the silence, stomach wails at dawn, gibberish of the larynx during that loneliest hour of the night. Africa has become for me, now middle-aged I suppose, a womb of questions, its smoky air just before the rains the amniotic fluid of self-doubt.”

“Why Africa? How does such a land get under one’s skin? Will anyone believe me if I say I feel more comfortable there than anywhere on this earth? Park me on the Serengeti Plain and surround me with predators: I have completed my return from exile. I recognize this country and, while it certainly makes no show of recognizing me, I feel acutely alive in my anonymity on an infinite plain molded

from volcanic ash superbly adapted to growing grasses that will support many more quadrupeds than humans.”

“Have I explained myself? Have I made it clear why my heart invariably detects a psychic jolt as my southbound aircraft crosses the North African coast? Does it make sense I grow homesick for Africa a good day or two before the end of every trip? Have I mentioned I feel cleaner in Africa than I do at home? Have I said the air and the associations and the distances and the liberties of Africa startle you with the challenge that here you can truly live and not just let time pass?”