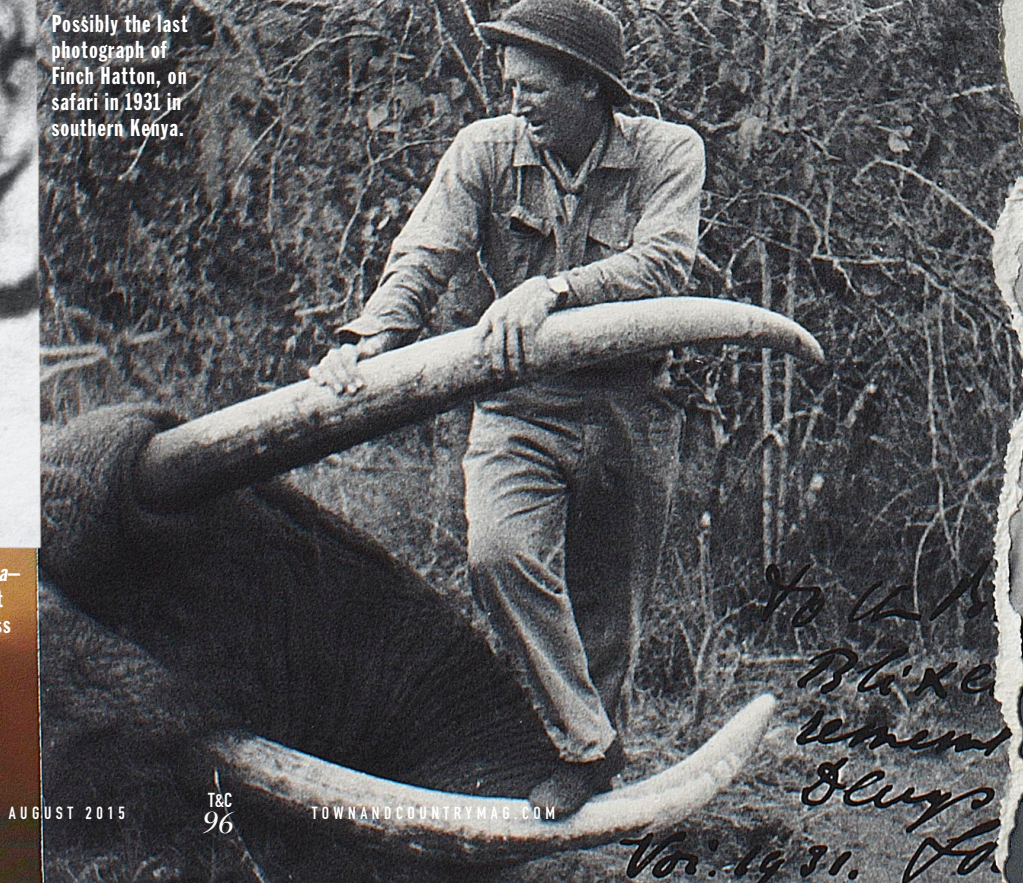


ANIMAL AT TRACTION

SECRET LIVES

Beryl Markham pursued Denys Finch Hatton for 10 years.

An *Out of Africa*-worthy flight at Lewa Wilderness Conservancy.



Possibly the last photograph of Finch Hatton, on safari in 1931 in southern Kenya.

Finch Hatton, circa 1910. He crashed and burned in 1931.



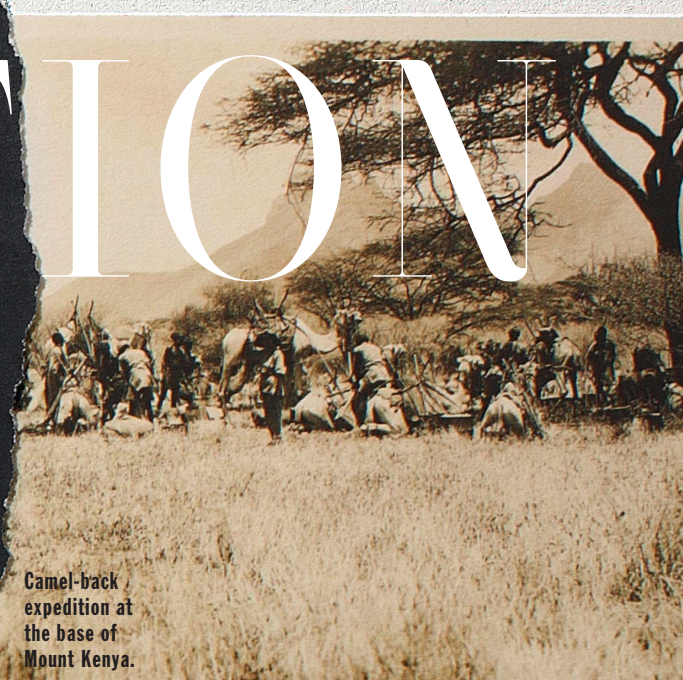
Markham in 1937.



The baroness Karen Blixen (a.k.a. Isak Dinesen), author of *Out of Africa*.



A colonial-era portrait of Kenya's Meru warriors.



Camel-back expedition at the base of Mount Kenya.



Blixen in 1930, with locals at her farm, now the Karen Blixen Museum.

IT'S NO OVERSTATEMENT TO CALL THE PLAYERS IN COLONIAL KENYA'S SECRET TRIANGLE *WILDLY COMPLICATED*: THE HUNTER AND HEARTTHROB DENYS FINCH HATTON, THE BARONESS AND WRITER KAREN BLIXEN, AND HER FRIEND, THE *BOLD* AND BEAUTIFULLY *RECKLESS* BERYL MARKHAM.

By Paula McLain
Collages by Bruno Grizzo

Through each of its violent moltings, Markham's bit of Africa was never less than her anchor and an argument for living boldly, sometimes on nerve alone. Her father Charles Clutterbuck was a horse breeder and trainer who in 1904 transplanted his family from tame Rutland, in the English Midlands, to 1,500 acres of untouched bush in the Rift Valley, 100 miles upcountry from Nairobi. Since building a farm out of nothing monopolized Clutterbuck's energy, and Markham's mother Clara very quickly abandoned the family to return to England, Markham became every inch the *enfant sauvage*, spear-hunting in the bush and in the Mau Forest with her child-

But there was more loss to come. When a looming, highly public bankruptcy forced Clutterbuck to sell off his farm piecemeal, the 16-year-old Beryl was offloaded at a price as well (as she would later tell friends), to Jock Purves, a neighboring farmer twice her age. Reeling and humiliated, she scrambled her way toward precious independence, and by age 18 had become the first licensed female racehorse trainer in Africa, and very possibly the world. Later she would fall in with a cohort of glamorous European expats that included the Danish writer/farmer/baroness Karen Blixen, author of *Out of Africa* (written under the pen name Isak Dinesen), and the big game hunter Denys Finch Hatton—a man Markham would pursue heedlessly, like no other, for more than a decade. It was Finch Hatton who first encouraged Markham to take up flying, setting her on a course to become the first woman (in 1936, at the age of 33) to cross the Atlantic solo, nonstop, and “the hard way,” east to west, harassed by storms and wicked headwinds.

Speculation about Markham has, in fact, outlived the woman by going on 30 years. She died in Nairobi in 1986, at the age of 83,

If one were inclined to take these and other rumors straight from the spoon, it would be nothing to write off Markham as an illiterate alcoholic who rarely, if ever, got off her back. But after spending more than a year plumbing her voice and psyche, I was weary of innuendo and began to think it was high time I left my desk and stacks of sources to search her out on her own turf. Was Markham's Kenya still findable, I wanted to know, and was it possible to grasp firsthand the power her distinct world exerted on

“So there are many Africas,” Markham wrote in *West with the Night*. “There are as many Africas as there are books about Africa.” Indeed. My research had supplied me with a glorious sepia-toned image of Nairobi, but I also knew to expect the lurching modern world, sprawling slums and high-rises, traffic snarls and armed *askari* checking trucks for bombs. Radical Islam and Ebola have sent Kenya’s economy teetering. Tourism—so essential to the country’s well-being—is in free fall, but it’s not altogether obvious to me

that traveling to Africa today takes any more nerve than it ever has.

Postcards and flyers promised Eden for the taking. A stake of 1,000 pounds could get you a thousand fertile acres and the Adamic fantasy of limitless beginning—but also tsetse flies and puff adders and ants vicious enough to take down a horse. Africa required grit and a certain stubborn romance, and if you came as a child, as Markham did, the place itself appeared to wake up those qualities. The undiscovered country seemed to correspond perfectly and mysteriously to something within that was primitive and bottomless.

COLLAGES PHOTOGRAPHED THROUGHOUT BY RICHARD MAJCHRAK/STUDIO D. PREVIOUS SPREAD, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PICTORIAL PRESS LTD/ALAMY; GRANGER NYC; ROYAL LIBRARY COPENHAGEN; COURTESY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS LIBRARY OF AFRICAN STUDIES WINTERTON COLLECTION (NORTH); AKG-IMAGES; NATIONAL ARCHIVES U.K./O 1669-135-50. AP PHOTO; GRANGER NYC; JIMMY GREENWOOD/LEWA WILDERNESS KENYA. OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: EVERETT COLLECTION INC./ALAMY; BETTMANN/CORBIS (3); PETER WEISS/AGG-IMAGES; COURTESY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS LIBRARY OF AFRICAN STUDIES WINTERTON COLLECTION (NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY. AP PHOTO; PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY/GETTY IMAGES



➔ The early settlers' first stop was invariably the Norfolk Hotel—my first stop as well. Built in 1904, Nairobi's first hotel was a critical player in its social history, the only toehold of "civilization," where any newcomer could get a cool bath, some nice gin, and the lay of the land. It's currently set in the middle of the University of Nairobi, the city pulsing and roaring until you step through the lobby and into the courtyard. And then: birdsong. Jacaranda. Time collapsing like a paper fan. In the veranda bar, the Cin Cin, slung with deep-cushioned rattan, I need only one bracing Negroni and a bit of squinting to see it as it was 100 years ago, settlers and hunters and dignitaries, as well as every British peer of note, gathering for gossip high tea, or preparing to go on safari.

Markham danced here on her wedding night, in 1919, in ivory satin with pearl trimmings and yards of silk ninon. I've pored over every photo of her I can find, but being here, where she was, gives me a more visceral empathy. Not yet 17, and shell-shocked from the

TRAILING BERYL

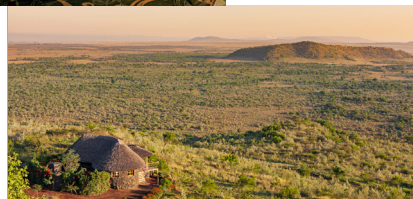
Almost a century on, much remains of Markham's, Finch Hatton's, and Blixen's sepia-colored Kenya. My 15-day trip was organized with great style by **Micato Safaris**, which has deep roots in the country and, admirably, sponsors a local child to go to primary school for each safari booked (MICATO.COM).

Fairmont the Norfolk, my Nairobi base, has always prized its colonial heritage; historical photographs abound, and breakfast is served on the Lord Delamere Terrace. From there it's easy to visit the Karen Blixen Museum, Finch Hatton's grave at Ngong Hills, and the Ngong Racecourse.

The Laikipia Plateau, which surrounds the deluxe **Segera Retreat**, is hauntingly austere: bleached rock formations and



BUSH BEAUTY
From top: Segera Retreat; the Norfolk's bar; the view to infinity at the Sleeping Warrior Lodge.



whistling thorn. Other extraordinary assets include owner Jochen Zeitz's collection of contemporary African art, his replica of Finch Hatton's Gipsy Moth plane, and a collection of rare correspondence from Africa's pioneers (extracts from Blixen's letters adorn the bed throws).

Lewa Wilderness, originally a ranch founded by the Craig family in 1922 and now nine guest cottages, offers visitors various ways to explore and engage, including an *Out of Africa*—worthy ride in Will Craig's open-cockpit biplane.

Nanyuki's **Mount Kenya Safari Club** was created as an elite private club in the 1950s by William Holden (members included Steve McQueen and Conrad Hilton). It sits right on the Equator—you can have a room in either hemisphere.

The Lake District, near Nairobi, was the stomping ground of the Happy Valley Set. For full immersion, stay at **Kembu Cottages**. Owners Zoe and Andrew Nightingale have moved Markham's cottage (which you can rent) to their property.

The **Sleeping Warrior Camp** is in the Soysambu Conservancy, once Lord Delamere's private hunting ground, now a starkly beautiful nature preserve on Lake Elmenteita.

The **Fairmont Mara Safari Club** was my home on the Maasai Mara. Markham was a bush pilot here. Epic game viewing and high-end tent living. P.M.

impending sale of her father's farm, she would have been bewildered about the future and her new husband—and poised to make some of her notorious mistakes.

Are you married, or do you live in Kenya? the joke went then. Infidelities were expected, if not mandatory—but so too was a scrim of civilized deception that kept the right people shielded and the surface intact. Markham couldn't or wouldn't follow the rules. When news of his bride's sexual impulsivity leaked back to Jock Purves, he picked loud, public fights, which horrified the community. He couldn't handle his liquor, some said. He might have been impotent, too. Before long Markham had had enough and went to train racehorses for Lord Delamere at his vast Soysambu Ranch, in the Great Rift Valley.

Delamere (known as "D") had been a neighbor during her childhood in Njoro and was a surrogate parent after her mother left for England. He was also the unofficial emperor of the white settlers and is still considered the most influential landowner in Kenya's history. His ranch has been run by his family continuously since 1906; since 2007 the property has also been a wildlife conservancy. The land holding, now 48,000 acres, is home to 12,000 head of wildlife, from aardvarks to zorillas. When I visit, the area is in the worst stretch of its dry season, and the animals are in hiding. I see mostly zebras, gazelles, and dust devils stitching the parched valley that surrounds the dormant volcano, Sleeping Warrior—also known by the local population as Delamere's Nose.

"It's just like Grandfather sleeping on his back," the current Lord Delamere, Hugh Cholmondeley, says over afternoon tea at the ranch. "With a nose like that," he plunges ahead provocatively, "you'd think he'd be able to make money." But when D died, in 1931, he was in debt to the tune of half a million pounds.

Cholmondeley is a "mere youngster of 81" and still imposing at six-foot-five, with legs that jut across the very lived-in veranda, which overlooks the sulfurous Lake Elmenteita. As his wife Anne feeds lemon cake to their Labradors, Cholmondeley tells me that when he was a teenager home on holiday from Eton in the mid-1950s, Markham came around looking for work. She was far too good-looking, so she was sent packing. "She was much disliked by other people's wives," Anne adds, "but when we saw her in town we would scoop her up and feed her. We adored her."

When the cake is gone, the bored dogs follow me as I scout the property. I find that the stable, paddock, and even the squat Norwegian wood cottage that housed Markham when she first left Purves to work for D are all pretty much as they were in 1922. D "knew nothing about building, or farming," Cholmondeley insists irascibly, and yet his grandfather's physical legacy persists, recalcitrant as the threads of colonialism itself. The crown ruled over this bit of Africa for only 60-some years—the width of an eyelash, really, in the canyon of geologic time—and yet here sits Cholmondeley, his long shadow tracing the veranda. For the moment, in any case. The wildcard inheritor of the baronetcy, his and Anne's only son, Tom Cholmondeley, was convicted of manslaughter in 2009 after shooting a farm worker he suspected of poaching. After a much-written-about trial, Tom served a portion of his sentence and was released. Hugh doesn't touch on the scandal, but he seems delighted to run through the roster of possible culprits in the Happy Valley murder of 1941, luridly treated in the book and film *White Mischief*.

"But it was Diana, wasn't it?" he asks cheerfully. "After all, she was covered head to toe in [the Earl of]" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

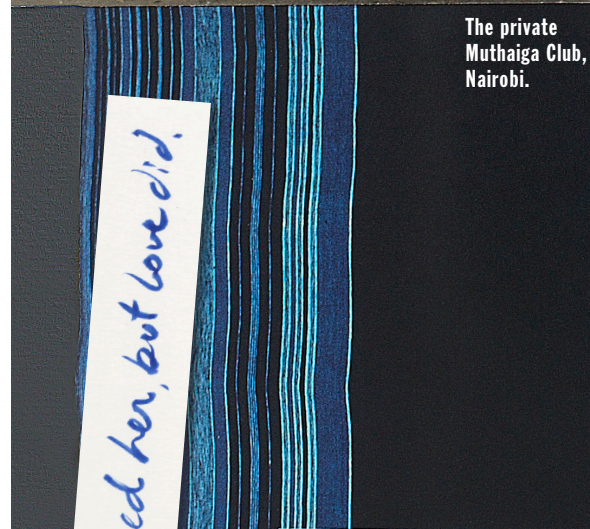
FROM TOP: DAVID CROOKES; COURTESY FAIRMONT HOTELS & RESORTS; STEPHANE PERRIER; OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY/GETTY IMAGES; APIC/GETTY IMAGES; COURTESY MELVILLE J. HERSKOWITZ LIBRARY OF AFRICAN STUDIES WINTERGARD COLLECTION NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY; BETTMAN/CORBIS; COURTESY STEPHEN MILLS; NATIONAL ARCHIVES U.K./CO 1069-135-36; ANG-IMAGES



A viaduct on the British-built Uganda Railway, circa 1900.



The private Muthaiga Club, Nairobi.



Maasai mothers in the forest of Kilimanjaro, 1920.



An expedition fording the Molo River.



Markham with New York mayor Fiorello La Guardia after her 1936 Atlantic crossing.



The Trophy Room at the Muthaiga Club.



Colonial plaything: a domesticated zebra. Right: After the hunt, circa 1915.

Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, rumored Markham paramour.





ANIMAL ATTRACTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100] Erroll's blood." He means Lady Diana Delves-Broughton, who married his father in 1955. (It was Diana's fourth marriage, his father's third.) The colonists often threw each other over for neighbors in various spouse-swapping recombinations. The social Rolodex was only so big then, as now, and the descendants, like the current Lord Delamere, are well familiar with one another's skeletons. But Cholmondeley somehow hasn't heard about the time Purves, on a drunken tear in nearby Nakuru, attacked his grandfather for letting Markham run amok on the ranch. Suffering a number of broken bones, D was in bed for six months, recovering. Purves went scot-free, and most of the colonists believed the whole thing was Markham's fault. D was forced to fire her, and many in her circle turned away, insisting she should have known better than to test Purves.

One of these friends was Karen Blixen; they fell out briefly too, but it didn't last. When things with Purves grew sour early on, Markham often fled to Blixen's coffee farm outside Nairobi for solace, crossing the 75 miles of open bush on horseback without a thought for lurking predators. Leopards never scared her, but love did. The bulk of her questionable life choices were made on the run from or toward a romantic entanglement, and yet I don't believe Finch Hatton was a mistake. He belonged to her friend the Baroness Blixen, true...as much as he could "belong" to anyone. But his iconoclasm and wildness ran parallel to Markham's in such a way that he opened her—in my view—to herself. In pursuing him fiercely, against good sense, she solidified, even as she pushed past her own edges. She began to do those things (to paraphrase Eleanor Roosevelt) she could not do. She learned to fly.

It is little known that when Finch Hatton died tragically, in 1931, at age 44—plummeting to earth in his de Havilland Gipsy Moth like Icarus spinning away from the sun—he was estranged from Blixen and very much involved with Markham. Neither woman so much as

hints at the triangle in her memoir, nor does either intimate that on separate occasions each believed herself pregnant with Finch Hatton's child. Markham fled to London to terminate the pregnancy in 1925, and she knew better than to tell Finch Hatton, who seemed incapable of long-term monogamy, or of shouldering the burden of emotional obligation. Blixen miscarried twice, by her own estimation, losses that saddened her deeply and drove a wedge between her and Finch Hatton. These shadows aren't visible in *Out of Africa*, which mythologizes Finch Hatton and overperfects their love story, but in Blixen's letters to her family she admitted to feeling so weakened by her love for him that she sometimes considered suicide.

"I must *be myself*," Blixen wrote to her brother Thomas in April 1926, "achieve something that is mine and is me, in order to be able to live at all." That she was desperate for the kind of independence that came naturally to Markham is almost painfully ironic, since Finch Hatton's death unequivocally sealed Blixen to another fate, as his inalienable widow. He, her vanished lover, was fixed in amber. So too was the farm she lost to bankruptcy in 1931.

It was the success of Sydney Pollack's 1985 film adaptation of *Out of Africa* that catalyzed the creation of the Karen Blixen Museum. For a small tariff you can be transported to a more graceful age. As I stand marveling at the lovely preserved mahogany in Blixen's parlor, her pitted bluestone hearth and redolent frangipani trees, it comes to me that every inch of this house is a museum—not only to her life but to the complexities of the human heart. Markham, Finch Hatton, Blixen: These three were not simple people. And if they were cagey and difficult sometimes—unreliable narrators of their own lives—even so I can find something to admire in it.

After Finch Hatton's death the traumatized Markham swore she would never attend another funeral, and she kept her word. Instead, as often happened, she used pain as a lever to propel herself into the heart of what she feared most. One month after the accident she soloed for the first time, also in a Gipsy Moth, above the airfield at the Wilson Aero Club in Nairobi.

One of the oldest flying clubs in the world, the Wilson stands intact, and it's there, overlooking the airstrip where Markham first learned to fly, in 1929, that I meet and have lunch with Mark Ross, an American wildlife biologist turned bush pilot and safari guide, in the hope that I might understand something about adven-

ture and fearlessness. Ross is obviously a spiritual descendant of the brave and eccentric pioneers I've come looking for. He earned his A license in 19 days of instruction, taught himself aerobatics by reading a book about it, regularly drops his 9,000-pound bush plane onto a murrum strip 450 yards long—10,000 feet up Mount Kenya—and once punched a leopard in the face when it jumped into a vehicle with safari clients.

"What drives people," I ask him, "to do dangerous things?"

"I take only calculated risks," he says, narrowing sharp blue eyes lest I challenge him. Then he goes on to say that one of his jobs as a safari leader is to get people to release their fear of the unknown. But I have long suspected that for a certain type of adventurous soul, like Ross, something in Africa works irrevocably on courage, driving such people to test themselves against the edge of experience, just as Markham did chronically.

She was constitutionally incapable of doing safe, ordinary work, or of letting things grow dull for even a moment. "A life has to move on or it stagnates," she wrote in *West with the Night*. "Every tomorrow ought not to resemble every yesterday." Not long after Finch Hatton's death, she became one of the few pilots in Africa, male or female, to have a commercial license, and she used her Avian to cart mail and passengers for a shilling a mile, and also to scout elephants by air for Blixen's husband Bror under impossibly dangerous circumstances. At the time, elephants were so plentiful in East Africa that Markham could fly over a herd for 10 minutes and not see the end of it. She and these early sport hunters—glorying in Nature's Zoo—likely would not have been able to fathom a time when Kenya would be desperate about its wildlife.

Many descendants of these pioneers—like Hugh Cholmondeley, or Will Craig and his family, in the Lewa Wilderness to the north, which I also visit—have turned vast family holdings into conservancies. The German entrepreneur and philanthropist Jochen Zeitz has created Segera, 50,000 acres of preserved land on the Laikipia Plateau, which houses a socially responsible retreat and game reserve with a balance of the 4Cs: conservation, community, culture, and commerce. This is a very different way of being a pioneer in Africa from the one his predecessors practiced, and yet Zeitz is not so far from landholders like Delamere or the Honourable Berkeley Cole, or even Clutterbuck. He has the soul of an adventurer and has long collected the unpublished letters of others who have explored Africa, including

David Livingstone, Karen and Bror Blixen, and Ernest Hemingway. Zeitz owns the 1929 Gipsy Moth used in the filming of *Out of Africa*, as it was a perfect match for Finch Hatton's plane. Yar and gleaming in a small hangar, it's a gorgeous time capsule.

I want only to climb in, to wear it like a skin, fly away over Mount Kenya's graphite tip. Instead I'm taken on a long game drive through the Segera Preserve; the limpid sky, thorn trees, and dramatic rock formations are all essentially unchanged since Precambrian times. Almost immediately we spot a herd of elephants in the watering hole. This is the daily ritual, Philip Rono, our guide, explains, of drinking their fill—a family affair. When the herd lurches out, slick and streaming, their path into the fever trees takes them within a few feet of our Land Cruiser, so close I can hear their huge wet feet making contact with the red dust, and also the water sloshing in their bellies, a heavy wineskin sound.

We see a journey of giraffes, running in what looks like slow motion, pendulum tails swinging. There are Grevy's zebras, elands, stolid buffaloes in a dry wallow—and always Mount Kenya, piled high with clouds just now, like curls of meringue. There is an *Out of Africa* picnic along the Ngare Nyiro River (piles of plush cushions in dappled shade, a table set with silver and bone china), and later I return to my cottage for a deep soak in the veranda's stone tub just after sunset. Stars push through dense black one by one, and then comes the thinnest sickle moon. This is the same immutable sky that Markham knew sleeping out as a bush pilot, and also as a girl in Njoro.

"Africa was the breath and life of my childhood," Markham wrote. "It is still the host of all my darkest fears, the cradle of mysteries always intriguing, never wholly solved." The mystery of the woman herself is only deepened by her writing—lyrical descriptions of paradise layered with pointed subterfuge. Instead of exposing the things that hurt her—her mother, for instance, or her father's betrayal—she romanticizes the difficulties of the natural world and of Green Hills, her father's farm, faultless as any Eden before the Fall.

The rich valley in Njoro where Markham spent her childhood is still a horse farm, now run by Bruce Nightingale, one of the most successful breeders of thoroughbreds in Africa. His son and daughter-in-law, Andrew and Zoe Nightingale, manage Kemu Farm and a collection of guest cottages, just below Clutterbuck's old gallops.

For 20 years Andrew tried to get a neighboring farmer to sell him the storybook cottage Markham's father built for her when she was 14—three cozy hexagonal rooms under a shingle roof. It was near condemnable when they finally brought it down the hill to its current spot. I spend one of my last few precious nights in Kenya there, waking before dawn to see Markham's favorite view, the eponymous green hill in the distance swaddled in blue mist, the distant Aberdare Mountains, the Menengai Crater, and, nearer by, a few dozen yearlings nosing the fence line, waiting for one of the grooms to bring breakfast. The past hasn't held still for me, not exactly. Markham hasn't either, yet I know something intangible about her from staring at the same ceiling and walking in the dust under the same searing equatorial sun. How could I not?

Down the hill stands a railway station the locals call Cluttabucki, after Markham's father; it's where D first stepped into the Rift Valley in 1902 to settle here, and where the pioneer experience really began. Markham is surely a daughter of colonialism, but she would rather have belonged to the Kipsigis village on her father's land. By night she would slip out her window to join Kibii's family around the fire in their hut, hungry for their stories rather than her own.

Before I leave Africa I'm invited to a similar village—this one Maasai. Behind a high thorn enclosure, there to shield the village cattle and children from predators, mud and daub huts sit as they have for hundreds of years. Inside I rest on a low hide pallet, parchment-smooth, and close my eyes. The walls smell like ancient fire, as do the morani, or warriors, who dance in red patterned shukas and carry ornamental spears. They ululate in quickening rhythm around a bonfire spitting cinders, pulling song from the deepest places, their feet swirling dust.

In *West with the Night*, Markham writes about competing with Kibii to see who could leap higher, something I have always understood as a simple child's game until I see the Maasai morani do it as the women watch, wrapped in splendid lengths of cloth. Then it strikes me that Markham was a warrior more than a woman—or a warrior and a woman. Because of this distinct beginning place. Because her mother vanished. Because the world robbed her of safety, and the rules dissolved. Violently and bit by bit she was fitted perfectly to her Africa, and it to her. Here, in the place that made her, beautifully damaged, she flung herself at the sky, believing she could tame it.

And she did. «



BOUNDARY ISSUES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111] One day, after a sidewalk encounter, the two found a way to compromise. Then, in a surprising and hopeful turn for anyone in a neighbor war, the famously controlling mogul began to eat in the restaurant regularly. When Delgrange lost his lease, in 2012, Perelman partnered with him to open a bigger place several blocks away. "Sometimes you can make the wind turn," Delgrange told me.

Resolution, while not common, isn't impossible. Rosen saw the value of conciliation when he turned his Hirst sculpture around, even if it wasn't in violation of any local laws. After years of war, Belushi buried the hatchet with Newmar by offering her a part on his TV series, *According to Jim*. Last summer Martha Stewart employed preemptive diplomacy when she gave a party in East Hampton. She couldn't accommodate all her neighbors at a celebration for Dom Pérignon, so she hand-delivered bottles of champagne to the uninvited.

A friend who lives in Newport, on the ocean, has been asked by less fortunately situated neighbors to keep her privet lower than she would like so they can enjoy the view. In the interest of harmony she complies, and an imperfect peace prevails. "I just try to do the best I can," she sighs.

The truth is that it's harder to dislike people once you get to know them. Consider Ann Dexter-Jones, who rented a house one distant summer in our quiet Long Island village. She was still married to rock star Mick Jones and had several popular teenagers in the house, including Mark and Samantha Ronson—not yet famous DJs. There were parties. "And of course the neighbors complained," she told me. That would have been David Meitus, a mosaics company owner, and Angela Westwater, the contemporary art dealer. "But when they spoke to me about the noise, we liked each other so much that we became friends," Dexter-Jones went on. Soon her children gave a party for 150 people. There were no complaints. "Yes, we heard the music, but it was, of course, very good," Meitus told me.

Paradise regained. «