



highly recommended. My original review appears elsewhere in this issue.

The 1925 SHE is a silent film, of course, and an adaptation of the H. Rider Haggard classic fantasy adventure. The titles were

THE MT VOID

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written by Haggard himself. It is an artifact and very rarely seen. Those are the good things to say about it. In all honesty I must also tell you that it is not a particularly good fantasy film even for its time. The setting has been moved from its rightful West Africa to Libya. It is slow, but not unrewarding. While the costuming is occasionally poor, other places there are some scenes of spectacle. This may be the only film version to show Ayesha's origins in ancient Egypt. Try it. If you don't like it, you can always walk out on it. I found it flawed but still fun.

2. Here are the 1990 World Fantasy Award winners:

Best Novel: M\_a\_d\_o\_u\_c, Jack Vance

Best Novella: "Great Work of Time," John Crowley

Best Short Fiction: "The Illusionist," Stephen Millhauser

Best Anthology: T\_h\_e\_Y\_e\_a\_r's\_B\_e\_s\_t\_F\_a\_n\_t\_a\_s\_y:\_S\_e\_c\_o\_n\_d\_A\_n\_n\_u\_a\_l\_C\_o\_l\_l\_e\_c\_t\_i\_o\_n, ed.

Ellen Datlow & Terry Windling

Best Collection: R\_i\_c\_h\_a\_r\_d\_M\_a\_t\_h\_e\_s\_o\_n:\_C\_o\_l\_l\_e\_c\_t\_e\_d\_S\_t\_o\_r\_i\_e\_s

Best Artist: Tom Canty

Lifetime Achievement Award: R. A. Lafferty

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Anybody can make history. Only a great man can write it.

-- Oscar Wilde

Robert Silverberg's Time Tours: GLORY'S END by Nick Baron  
Harper, 1990, ISBN 0-06-106013-5, \$3.50.  
A book review by Evelyn C. Leeper  
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Well, it was time travel and alternate history (or at least a "change war" sort of book) so, "YA novel" or not, I picked it up. It's written in the same universe as Robert Silverberg's U\_p\_t\_h\_e\_L\_i\_n\_e, with the same sort of time travel (minus all the sex, of course), which is why his name is above the title and Nick Baron's is at the bottom of the cover. As a young adult novel, it would be passable enough ... e\_x\_c\_e\_p\_t. Except that not once, but twice, the book gives the year of the Gettysburg Address as 1883 instead of 1863! (Yes, it's an alternate history, but not t\_h\_a\_t alternate.) For this I blame not "Nick Baron" (whoever s/he might be), and certainly not Robert Silverberg, but the poor typesetting/proof-reading at Harper. Is this unwarranted nit-picking? Given the sad state of education today, I think not, because young readers could well walk away from this book thinking that the Gettysburg Address \_w\_a\_s in 1883. If Harper would get their act together,

they could have a promising series here, of which this is the second.

The first was T\_h\_e\_R\_o\_b\_i\_n\_H\_o\_o\_d\_A\_m\_b\_u\_s\_h by William Wu. The third will be (has been?) T\_i\_m\_e\_c\_r\_i\_m\_e,\_I\_n\_c. by John D. MacDonald and Debra Doyle, due out in February. (Oh, and one final question: is it just my cynicism, or is the word "glory" in this title just in cash in on the movie G\_l\_o\_r\_y's popularity? I can't recall ever hearing the word applied to the Civil War until now.)

TWICE UPON A TIME by Allen Appel  
Dell, 1990 (1988c), ISBN 0-440-20576-X, \$4.95.  
A book review by Evelyn C. Leeper  
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This book is a sequel to Appel's T\_i\_m\_e\_A\_f\_t\_e\_r\_T\_i\_m\_e. In that, Alex Balfour found himself dreaming of Romanovs, Bolsheviks, and Rasputin--or

were they dreams? When he wakes up with mud on his shoes and Rasputin's coat on his back, he realizes he is traveling in time. But this is a time travel without mechanisms, and apparently not under Balfour's conscious control (shades of Heinlein's J\_o\_b here).

In this novel, Alex Balfour, time traveler, is now traveling back to 1890 where he finds himself drawn to the Battle of Little Big Horn. The characters he meets are better drawn than those in T\_i\_m\_e\_A\_f\_t\_e\_r\_T\_i\_m\_e, though still, alas, prone to stereotypes. And there is some sloppiness that (I think) could have been cured quite easily. For example, Balfour finds himself back in 1890 and remarks (to himself) how lucky it is that he is wearing jeans with a button-fly instead of a zipper. But if he knows he could travel back at any time, wouldn't he pick that style just in case? And Appel still gives far too much detail to his character's cooking exploits.

All in all, it's an enjoyable read, but is clearly a science fiction book aimed at a mainstream audience and does not do anything new or radical with the concepts of time travel or changing history.

(Of the first novel, I said that it should not be confused with Karl Alexander's book T\_i\_m\_e\_a\_f\_t\_e\_r\_T\_i\_m\_e (or the movie of the same name based on it). That one was about H. G. Wells traveling f\_o\_r\_w\_a\_r\_d in time to catch Jack the Ripper. Nor is it related to the 1986 John Gielgud movie T\_i\_m\_e\_A\_f\_t\_e\_r\_T\_i\_m\_e which has nothing to do with science fiction. Nor is it Jack Finney's T\_i\_m\_e\_a\_n\_d\_A\_g\_a\_i\_n, or Richard Matheson's B\_i\_d\_T\_i\_m\_e\_R\_e\_t\_u\_r\_n which was made into S\_o\_m\_e\_w\_h\_e\_r\_e\_i\_n\_T\_i\_m\_e. Now I must also add that this current work should not be confused with Charles L. Fontenay's T\_w\_i\_c\_e\_U\_p\_o\_n\_a\_T\_i\_m\_e (an old Ace Double dealing with a space traveler staying young while his wife ages) or Manly Wade Wellman's T\_w\_i\_c\_e\_i\_n\_T\_i\_m\_e, in which a modern man travels back to 15th Century Florence. Can't someone think up some n\_e\_w titles?)

MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON  
A film review by Mark R. Leeper  
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Capsule review: The story of one of the great expeditions of history--and of the controversy that surrounded it--is brought to the screen spectacularly and intelligently. While the film takes a few liberties with the facts, I found it a better adventure tale than T\_h\_e\_H\_u\_n\_t\_f\_o\_r\_R\_e\_d\_O\_c\_t\_o\_b\_e\_r and give or take a fact or two, it is all a true story. Rating: +3.

The Nile River came like a miracle out of the desert, the last place you would expect a great river, to bring life to the great Egyptian civilization. That civilization was a major world power--often t\_h\_e major world power--for 3500 years, and it was totally dependent on the enigmatic Nile, the only major river that flows south to north. Even today the Nile means life or death to countries in its path. Not surprisingly, when Europeans came to Africa they were fascinated by this strange river and in particular, where the waters originated. But it was time when tracing the river to its origins meant an expedition on foot under nearly impossible conditions. And the only reward would be to go down in the history books as being the one who answered the great question: "Where did the waters of the Nile come from?" When the question finally was answered, it was only at very great cost and it was an answer that would remain shrouded in controversy for almost two decades. M\_o\_u\_n\_t\_a\_i\_n\_s\_o\_f\_t\_h\_e\_M\_o\_o\_n is an intelligent yet visually spectacular adventure film about the expedition to find the source of the Nile. It is about Sir Richard Francis Burton and John Hanning Speke, two very different men who made that expedition, and the controversy that came out of that expedition.

The film covers much of the same territory that the excellent BBC mini-series "The Search for the Nile" covered in 1971 (and wouldn't this be a good time for someone to rebroadcast that series?). It is the story of how Burton and Speke came to go on such a perilous expedition, of the experiences on the trek, and of the bitter controversy that arose from their different conclusions about the sources of the Nile.

Sir Richard Burton was perhaps the most colorful explorer and anthropologist of all times and the film hardly does justice to the man's history. Burton had fluency in dozens of languages and was sufficiently good at the art of disguise that he could make himself appear to be a native through much of the world. Disguised as an Afghani, he was the first European to enter Mecca and Medina. He had an unquenchable thirst to learn about other cultures first-hand, especially their sexual practices--in which he both observed and participated--and their erotic literature. He was an eloquent writer and translator, but because of his fixation on the sexual, many of his writings and

translations were considered unsuitable in British society. His was the definitive translation of the "Arabian Nights" and it accurately has far more sex and violence than the expurgated versions generally available. Burton was a giant man with giant vices.

On the other hand, John Speke was a petty man with petty vices. His greatest passion was for hunting and he looked upon Africa in large part as one big game park populated with animals he could shoot and populated with savages best avoided. Where Burton had a thirst for knowledge about other cultures, Speke had an attitude of inflexible superiority that more than once put his life in danger.

William Harrison's 1983 novel B\_u\_r\_t\_o\_n\_a\_n\_d\_S\_p\_e\_k\_e (recently re-issued as M\_o\_u\_n\_t\_a\_i\_n\_s\_o\_f\_t\_h\_e\_M\_o\_o\_n) shows much more the personality conflict between these two men and only vaguely hints that they may have had a grudging respect and even an affection for each other. Curiously, this film written by Harrison together with director Bob Rafelson--based on the novel and on the logs the two men kept of the expedition--reverses that viewpoint. It says the two were actually close friends and the post-expedition conflict about the interpretation of their findings was due more to English society wishing to take the opinions of an Englishman, Speke, over those of Burton. Burton was, after all, an Irishman, a free thinker, and a writer of what English society considered pornography. Harrison seems to have changed his mind between writing the book and the screenplay--or had it changed by Rafelson--about what were Burton's and Speke's attitudes toward each other. The irony of the conflict, of course, is that while reading the book and probably while seeing the film you want to believe Burton, it was Speke's interpretation that this "Lake Victoria" was the actual source that was vindicated. Speke's measurements were eventually found to be essentially accurate and his conclusions were correct.

The film's two main characters are powerfully played by Patrick Bergin as Burton and Iain Glen as Speke, both relatively new to American audiences. The film also has a good cast of supporting characters. In a film with two such interesting main characters, it would be quite easy for Fiona Lewis to go unnoticed as Burton's stay-at-home lover and later wife Isabel. Not so, however. Shaw's Isabel is a major character fiercely loyal to an idealized image of her husband, an image of which

even the great Richard Burton fell short. Shaw's expression when seeing Burton seems to convey an emotion combining joy and astonishment, the same expression she used as Christy Brown's teacher in M\_y\_L\_e\_f\_t\_F\_o\_o\_t. The original Isabel Burton was by all accounts a remarkable woman totally willing to turn a blind eye to her husband's philandering just to be married to Burton. Eventually her unquestioning loyalty shamed her husband into monogamy. On the night he died, she burned a priceless collection of his unpublished notes and forty-one unpublished manuscripts in a misguided effort to preserve her dead husband's reputation.

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Somewhat understated in the film as well as all European accounts of the expeditions is the presence of Sidi Bombay, at this point an inexperienced African hired by Burton and Speke as a guide and treated very poorly by Speke, but who went on to become one of Africa's great explorers.

The film's account of the great expedition, much abridged from the novel and logs, remains harrowing and gives a feel for the courage it must have required to venture into Africa on foot in 1857. The most horrifying sequence, for me all the more so since I had previously read the account in both Harrison's novel and in Burton's account of the expedition, was the incident that resulted in Speke losing his hearing in one ear. Nearly as disturbing is the account of why Burton had to be carried and of the primitive first aid. (I will withhold the details of these incidents for the benefit of readers who do not yet know the story.) All along the way, there are contacts with the local tribes, each with its own culture, and many of whom were not happy to see strangers. The stories of the three expeditions, naturally, had to be greatly abbreviated for the film--in fact, we are only told that the third expedition took place--but what we do see is sufficient for good storytelling.

Harrison and Rafelson's screenplay, while based on the novel and the expedition logs seem to have invented details not in either. At one point in a speech, Burton says that no white man can claim to have discovered a body of water well-known to the local tribes. Even for Burton with his enlightened views, this would seem an anachronistic



viewpoint. In actual point of fact it is not the discovery of the body of water that was important so much as its association with the river that is the lifeblood of Egypt, and Speke really was the first person to make the association that the two really were the same body of water. He also gathered reasonable evidence for that point of view. As much as we would like to credit both the local tribesmen and Burton over the priggish Anglo-chauvinist Speke, it really is Speke to whom the credit belongs. As a side note, Burton's views toward Africa were less enlightened than his attitudes toward Arab peoples. As Robert Collins observes in his 1967 introduction to Burton's  T \_ h \_ e \_ N \_ i \_ l \_ e \_ B \_ a \_ s \_ i \_ n:

Burton's insatiable appetite for travel soon brought him to Africa. He observed Africa and the Africans at best with the assumptions of a Victorian Englishman, at worst with the attitudes of an Arab slave trader. Not surprisingly, he judged African culture, which he made no attempt to understand, as hopelessly inferior to the Asian and European civilizations he knew so well. African customs, manners, and morals repulsed him, perhaps because they did not fit his preconceived notions of civilization. Moreover, he never sought to separate race and culture. Thus African cultural inferiority became obvious proof of African racial inferiority.

This "Afrophobia" led Burton, as well as other Englishmen, to place Africans at the bottom of the evolutionary scale of national and racial development. True, Burton was sufficiently condescending to consider Africans human beings, but humans of the lowest kind. He argued that only through emigration, or, perhaps, by the adoption of Islam, could they hope for salvation. Burton's bigoted ideas of African inferiority colored all of his writings about Africa, and the more he saw and learned, or rather mislearned, the more vicious became his contempt for the continent. One should not read Richard Burton without keeping in mind this deep-seated prejudice.

It is perhaps a pity that  M \_ o \_ u \_ n \_ t \_ a \_ i \_ n \_ s \_ o \_ f \_ t \_ h \_ e \_ M \_ o \_ o \_ n should

be released

withing days of another adventure film, T\_h\_e\_H\_u\_n\_t\_f\_o\_r\_R\_e\_d  
O\_c\_t\_o\_b\_e\_r. Since  
I had read both novels, it was M\_o\_u\_n\_t\_a\_i\_n\_s\_o\_f\_t\_h\_e\_M\_o\_o\_n that  
I was more  
looking forward to. My reasons were at least two-fold. First, however  
realistically Tom Clancy writes and however well-researched his facts  
were, T\_h\_e\_H\_u\_n\_t\_f\_o\_r\_R\_e\_d\_O\_c\_t\_o\_b\_e\_r is fiction and the  
Burton-Speke  
expedition is authentic history. It really happened. Harrison had some  
latitude with the interpretation of events but most of what we are  
seeing is true. The second, and perhaps more important, reason was that  
Clancy's heroes sit in large and relatively comfortable machines and  
play out their game. True, if they lose they die, but if they win the  
only price they have paid is that they are exhausted. Arguably most of  
the impressive feats are done by the machinery. But to set off on foot  
across mid-19th Century Africa with no more defense than a few rifles  
requires a different character of courage. Burton and Speke set out  
knowing that even if they found the source of the Nile, by the time they  
returned Africa would have eaten a big piece of each of them. Speke  
could not predict that he would have to mutilate horribly his own ear  
and leave himself deaf; Burton could not predict the diseases he would  
be stricken with, but that or something just as bad was nearly  
inevitable. And Burton and Speke went anyway because a question had to  
be answered. To that degree they were greater heroes than Tom Clancy's  
fictional imaginings. And yet they were real people. And to find not  
one but two different books by Burton describing his expeditions in his  
own words I needed to go no further than my public library.

Because I had greater expectations for M\_o\_u\_n\_t\_a\_i\_n\_s\_o\_f\_t\_h\_e  
M\_o\_o\_n than  
for T\_h\_e\_H\_u\_n\_t\_f\_o\_r\_R\_e\_d\_O\_c\_t\_o\_b\_e\_r, I knew it was much  
more likely that I  
would be disappointed by Rafelson's film. Surprisingly, M\_o\_u\_n\_t\_a\_i\_n\_s\_o\_f  
t\_h\_e\_M\_o\_o\_n came much closer to meeting my high expectations than T\_h\_e  
H\_u\_n\_t  
f\_o\_r\_R\_e\_d\_O\_c\_t\_o\_b\_e\_r came to meeting lower ones. Rafelson, whose earlier  
films were very different low-budget films (F\_i\_v\_e\_E\_a\_s\_y\_P\_i\_e\_c\_e\_s and  
S\_t\_a\_y  
H\_u\_n\_g\_r\_y), has made an intelligent adventure film to be savored for years  
to come. I rate it a +3 on the -4 to +4 scale.