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his use of complicated electronic equipment. What business do the Balinese have with such icons of modernity?

This video has won an impressive string of prizes as *an ethnographic film* (!). My own view is that it effectively, if inadvertently, captures the worldview of a certain kind of Lonely Planet tourist, although I imagine that most of them would be a little less condescending.

**In Darkest Hollywood: Cinema and Apartheid.** 1993. 112 minutes, color. A video by *Daniel Riesenfeld* and *Peter Davis*. For more information contact Nightingale Films, 5214 N. Lakewood Ave., Chicago, IL 60640.

**In Darkest Hollywood: Exploring the Jungles of South Africa's Cinema.** *Peter Davis.* Athens: Ohio University Press, 1996. 214 pp.

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David Livingstone has a lot to answer for. His accounts of travels and adventures in Africa were among the most popular mass publications in the 1850s. This was, after all, the era of what Benedict Anderson called "print capitalism." Fueling the commercial fire was *The New York Herald* which hired journalist Henry Stanley to "find" the great missionary and explorer. This assignment, coupled with Stanley's own extraordinary sense of self-promotion, set the standard for many decades on how to undertake "exploration." Stanley's *How I Found Livingstone* (1872) and *In Darkest Africa* (1890) were instant bestsellers. The latter, in the words of one contemporary reviewer, was "read more universally and with deeper interest than any other publication."

Later, as the era of print capitalism transformed into that of "picture capitalism," such publications were to inspire the Tarzan film genre, not only in name but in acts as well. What finally conquered Africa was not the maxim so much as the movie camera. Most Americans' knowledge of Africa comes from movies. Feature films are especially persuasive in forming stereotypes, states filmmaker Peter Davis, because their aim of touching the viewer on the emotional level frequently means that a critical assessment of context is missing, and narrative structures cement images and stereotypes into the mind of the uncritical entertainment-seeking viewer. Indeed, if there is one thing the here-reviewed corpus brings to the fore, it is the generally ignored kinship between feature films and the documentary enterprise.

It is in this context and genealogy that the magnificently rich *In Darkest Hollywood* collection must be placed. It is the crowning achievement of Peter Davis, who is noted for his other documentaries *Generations of Resistance* and *White Lager*. The product of five years of work, it features two hour-long video segments, an accompanying book, and a profusely illustrated study guide. This project is the first sustained attempt to examine feature films made by Hollywood and in South Africa with and about blacks during the forty years when Apartheid was official policy. This corpus has escaped the attention it deserves because it was released just after Apartheid crumbled. With the change of political fashions, it has sunk quickly into relative obscurity. This is a pity because Davis reaches far beyond simple anti-Apartheid propaganda to address serious questions about film media—including (perhaps ironically) why a project like this would slip into relative oblivion. Although he originally set out to make a three-part documentary, the disintegration of Apartheid also meant the collapse of funding for the project, and a third hour-long video segment was scrapped.

The study guide consists of a number of before-and-after viewing questions, a historical summary on South Africa and the world, a Black-and-White-in-Hollywood-and-South Africa feature, and a chronology of major political events tabulated with films made, as well as a glossary and suggested readings and films for further explorations.

How did mainstream cinema (a.k.a. Hollywood) create a particular image of Africa, and, in particular, of Southern Africa? And why did Hollywood ignore apartheid as a theme until the 1980s, despite the obvious attraction of a simple moral message about racism? The answer is obvious to many of the black intellectuals interviewed in the film: there was no perceived market for movies dealing with racism. It was only with increased television coverage of township unrest sparked by the 1976 Soweto uprising—and, we would argue, the rise of the enormously successful grass-roots movement of divestment in the United


Early posters, such as this for *Untamed* (1955), depicted Africans as dangerous savages. Courtesy: Indiana University Office of Publications.

Filming *African Jim (Jim Comes to Jo'burg)* (1949), the first full-length entertainment film made in South Africa that used African actors and had Africans as central characters. It was made by non-South African white independent filmmakers just when apartheid was becoming the law of the land. Courtesy: Erica Rutherford.

A scene from *Cry Freedom* (1987). This "buddy film" tells of the anti-apartheid struggle of black leader Steve Biko (played by Denzel Washington) who died as a result of police torture in 1977. Biko's friend, white newspaper editor Donald Woods (played by Kevin Kline), suffers harassment when he investigates Biko's death in a South African prison. Courtesy: Indiana University Office of Publications.

N!Xau, a San from Namibia who played the "Bushman" hunter Xi in *The Gods Must Be Crazy* (1979). Made by South Africa's most prolific and successful film director Jamie Uys (who was "all for" apartheid), this mockumentary became the most successful movie ever made in South Africa, earning tens of millions of dollars worldwide. N!Xau, who works as a school cook and never supported himself by hunting, was paid about $400 for his role. Courtesy: Daniel Riesenfeld.

States—that a potential market was perceived and films like *Cry Freedom*, *A Dry White Season*, and *A World Apart* were made. Black critics were quick to point out that the heroes in all these features are white. Davis's own answer, in his book, is more complex: Hollywood's dominant trope had portrayed Africa as a jungle filled with wild animals and savages and thus could not deal with, or fit into the scene, the complexities of Apartheid. While Afrikaners were increasingly portrayed as little better than Nazis, the South African propaganda counterattack had succeeded in creating the idea that blacks were communists—creating an overall situation that was simply too uncomfortable for a market-driven industry. Where blacks played starring roles, they were always accompanied by a white buddy.

The first of the two video segments focuses on how the portrayal of blacks changed in films during the early years of Apartheid, with the Sharpeville massacre of 1960 as the cut-off point. Consisting of a melange of film clips and interviews with writers, actors, and film directors, this program reviews the history of films about South Africa and the impact of Hollywood on local Africans as they felt the increasing stranglehold of petty, restrictive legislation. Three films made in South Africa that gave prominent roles to blacks are showcased. The musical *African Jim* or *Jim Comes to Jo'burg* (1949) was the first. Interviews with some of the original participants, including one of the stars (Dolly Rathebe) and one of the producers (Erica Rutherford), are especially valuable. While trapped in the practices of the era, and thus rather patronizing by today's standards, this film stands out as the first attempt to treat Africans as something beyond Savages or Faithful Servants. *Cry the Beloved Country* (1952), starring Canada Lee and Sidney Poitier, was certainly the most international of these early films. Clips of this film's South African premiere, attended by one of the main architects of Apartheid, Daniel Malan and no blacks, certainly reminds one of the ironic importance of nationalism. The final film discussed in depth is *Come Back Africa* (1959). This important film was made by Lionel Rogosin, an American, who worked in close collaboration with local black intellectuals who wrote the script and acted in it. Here for the first time viewers saw and heard black South Africans talking about their own problems. This theme is also proficiently examined in Davis's book, in the chapter "Towards a Black Cinema: the Promise of the 1950s." For blacks, the bioscope was a means of escape into the world of fantasy. Gangster movies and those featuring black musicians were especially popular, and the video offers powerful hints of the impact such movies had on South Africa's vibrant urban township culture. The comments Davis gives about these films are acute. For instance, they point out that the classic *Cry the Beloved Country* portrays justice as dispassionate and underwrites liberal values. Yet, in joining dialogue at this level, both they and the documentary ignore the overarching meta-narrative of the "city as evil." In addition, what links both black and white critics in these films is patriarchy, which cuts across the racial divide. Of course, these films did not appear ready-made in heaven, but were part of a long genealogy stretching back to David Griffith's *The Zulu's Heart* (1908). Davis's book succinctly discusses the history of filming in South Africa, and this program includes some historical clips in which Griffith's influence is patent. According to Davis, these early commercial cinematographic efforts portrayed Africans largely as "The Savage Other" and/or "The Faithful Servant," while a popular theme was "Fabulous Wealth" (especially Diamonds!).

Richard Attenborough, director of *Cry Freedom* (1987). Black intellectuals criticized Attenborough because, although this film purported to deal with the evils of apartheid, he nevertheless insisted on doing so through white characters. Courtesy: Indiana University Office of Publications.

What black (and to a lesser degree white) South Africans were allowed to see was highly censored. The South African state was notorious for its puritanical concern about the impact of movies on children and Africans. Correspondingly, it saw film as an important propaganda weapon. We are given hints of this with some vintage footage from Department of Information tourism films. Meanwhile, films made for local white consumption presented a fantasy world in which there were no blacks. Missing, perhaps, is the most important locally made film for whites, *Kimberley Kid*, featuring American Country-and-Western singer Jim Reeves, in which South Africa's Kimberley Diamond fields are transformed into an *ersatz* American Western. This film did much to associate S.A. with the U.S. by drawing an implicit comparison between the two frontiers.

The second video segment deals with movies made after the 1960 Sharpeville Massacre. Broadly, the theme now switches from "Faithful Servant" to that of multiracial "Buddies." This

theme is widespread, ranging from *The Gods Must Be Crazy* (1980) to the ostensibly more political *Cry Freedom* (1987) and *Dry White Season* (1989). This Buddyhood developed largely because of Hollywood's keen sense of the changing market. The contrast between South African filmmaker Jamie Uys (*Dingaka, The Gods Must Be Crazy*), who believed in apolitical entertainment films (and received large Government subsidies), and the anti-apartheid genre thus appears to have been overblown. The video is worth it alone just to hear the refreshing unclichéd black South African commentary on the great "anti-apartheid movies" of this era.

Finally, much like the Great March of Unilineal Progress subscribed to by the video (including most of its interviewees) and Davis's book, the breakthrough occurs with *Mapantsula* (1987), a low-budget movie about a gangster who becomes politized. Bandits were long a major figure of admiration in townships because they were not beholden to the colonials.

Davis's book elaborates on much of the video footage and also goes beyond it. It is well-written in a relaxed style and generously illustrated with black-and-white photographs. The politics of filmmaking are particularly well described. His chapter on "Zooluology," that strange fixation which filmmakers and their audiences had for those termed Zulu, is outstanding. This was to have been the subject of the third video. Historically, all matters Zulu have always fascinated, especially in those recent epics *Zulu* (1964), *Zulu Dawn* (1980), and finally the big budget South African-produced *Shaka Zulu* (1986). All these films portray Zulu as one of the "martial races," and of course the more courageous they are, the braver are the whites fighting them. Containing numerous press clippings and interviews with the director, William Faure, the segment on *Shaka Zulu* is especially valuable. Davis is never intrusive; both in the book and in the videos he lets "the natives" speak, and speak they do. At the same time, as a practicing filmmaker he is sensitive to issues that academics would not normally feel are important, like sound and the role of technology in shaping productions.

The undoubted strength of this project, especially from an anthropological perspective, is Davis's keen sense of contextualization. Not only does this occur in the video itself, but both the study guide and especially the book emphasize this. First he looks at the immediate sociocultural context, and then he shifts lenses to encapsulate the wider international system. Overall, this is an extremely rich and valuable corpus for those interested in visual media and ideology. Not only does Davis show how Hollywood helps shape our perceptions, but by turning the cameras on the movie-makers he raises all sorts of important issues dealing with what is nowadays strangely termed "visual literacy." This brief review cannot do justice to the rich insights and images contained within this corpus. Suffice it to say it is prime material not only for courses in visual anthropology or comparative media studies, but also for courses on Africa.

**Bosnia Hotel: Kenyan Warriors in Bosnia.** 1996. 52 minutes, color. A video by *Thomas Balmès*. For more information contact Filmmakers Library, 124 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016 (212/808-4980).

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This documentary explores Samburu perceptions of identity, community, and prosperity through two intertwining narratives. The first chronicles the ritual that transforms a male child into a warrior, while the second focuses on three warriors who recount their experiences as soldiers in the UN peace-keeping operations in Bosnia, Southern Europe. The video presents the intersection between local collective visions and the global system represented here by the United Nations.

Living in the semi-desert landscape of northern Kenya, the Samburu are one of several Maa-speaking pastoralist communities. Because of their similarity to the Maasai in language, dress, and social organization, outsiders often lump them into this larger ethnic group. The Samburu themselves, however, maintain a distinct identity and refer to themselves as such. By means of their age-grade system, young men are initiated into warriorhood, thus assuming the responsibilities of protecting Samburu herds from the threat of animal predators and guarding their community against incursions by neighboring pastoralists such as the Turkana and Boran. This element of Samburu life is wonderfully illustrated in the documentary through songs, blessings, and dances.

Speaking effectively to the camera, the three warriors narrate how they went to Bosnia without any knowledge of its geographic whereabouts and uninformed about the causes of the fighting. One of the Samburu warriors remarks that even now "we don't know the reason for the war." Instead, their comments offer singular interpretations of the hatred between the Croats, Serbs, and Bosnians, who they see as indistinguishable "white tribes" ridden by extreme hostility that reached its peak in the war by pitting "neighbor against neighbor." Interestingly, they engage in comparing their own defense system, consisting of spears and daggers used against enemies, to that of the bombs and bullets they witnessed in Bosnia. It is revealing how they describe the distance involved in the technological warfare, where innocent civilians are killed, in contrast to the contiguity required by their own weapons, which allows a perfect knowledge of *individual* antagonists, and entails, as one tribesman notes, that "we would never kill women and children."

One of the successes of the video is its skillful interjections of a series of ethnographic vignettes between the warriors' personal stories. These vignettes effectively produce a second narrative of four young males preparing for initiation into warriorhood. Conversations between these young Samburu are intimate moments of small talk that reveal their desires and simple joys. This is illustrated by the way in which they admire each other's newly shaved heads and count the small nicks of the razor-like battle wounds. The documentary also successfully incorporates reflexivity by showing Samburu men who openly acknowledge and comment on the camera's presence, expressing their trepidations about how foreign audiences might interpret the tribal rituals being filmed. The inclusion of these moments