



expressing myself for years and to realize that all along my words have been censored and my message has not been getting out.

My consciousness has been raised this morning by a discussion on the radio. They were talking about freedom of expression. They

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were talking about censorship. They were talking about how those rats at the NEA, the Nasty Establishment of Art, are picking and choosing from artists. Apparently the current trend is to hand over stacks of money to only representational artists. Abstract artists are not being funded anywhere nearly as well. The abstract artists are claiming that abstract art is being "censored" by the government. (Powerful word, "censored," isn't it? Got your attention, didn't it?) Once again the NEA is censoring art by not funding the artists who create it. It should be noted that the representational artists claim that in previous years the abstract artists had the edge. The report said things are getting so that abstract artists are turning to representational art just to continue to be able to express themselves. Now we are even getting factions of abstract artists against representational artists. If that happens, how much longer will it be until we start having devastating Art Wars? Paintcans and brushes will be flying. Abstractist terrorists, to bring attention to their cause, will be painting Mondrian rectangles over the Mona Lisa. It could happen.

But a thought suddenly occurred to me while I was thinking about the powder keg that is the art world today. Even the abstract artists who are currently decrying the out-and-out censorship of giving only a little money to abstractists are getting something. You may not have realized it, but all along every one of my articles I have written and every film review was intended to be a work of art suitable for framing. I choose my words very carefully for just the right amount of black in the letters. When looked at from a distance they are intended to give a very pleasing effect. Even Evelyn says that they lose something when you actually get close enough to read them. But with all this effort would you believe I have not been given one cent in government grant money from the NEA for any of my articles. The NEA has not given me so much as a consideration. Even worse than the abstractists, I am being censored. And it is the worst kind of censorship. I never

even knew it. I think if I am going to express myself, the First Amendment guarantees I should be handed stacks of money by the NEA. Anything less is censorship. What do you think? Responsible spokesmen of the alternate viewpoint--assuming that isn't a contradiction in terms--are welcome to respond. (I guess I should be offering money for a response because we all now know an essential part of expressing yourself is getting paid for it. I have a shiny new dime for the first person who writes a response.)

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I am quite sure that (bar one) I have no race prejudices, and I think I have no color prejudices or caste prejudices nor creed prejudices. Indeed I know it. I can stand any society. All that I care to know is that a man is a human being--that is enough for me; he can't be any worse.  
-- Mark Twain

Jekyll and Hyde, Together Again ... and Again ... and Again  
Review and commentary by Evelyn C. Leeper  
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Now that the Dracula/vampire market may finally be saturated (but there's life in the old boy yet--Fred Saberhagen has just recently come out with A\_M\_a\_t\_t\_e\_r\_o\_f\_T\_a\_s\_t\_e, the latest in his Dracula series), and the Frankenstein following never really got anywhere, and the Phantom's following seems limited to the Andrew Lloyd Weber musical (though again, there is a new novel by Susan Kay), writers are looking for new old horror classics to follow, re-work, and otherwise recycle. (Well, this is the age of recycling, both of physical and of literary resources.) So they turn to Jekyll and Hyde, who were very popular years ago--probably more film versions of this story were made than of any other story--but had fallen by the wayside, and suddenly we have:

- J\_e\_k\_y\_l\_l & H\_y\_d\_e: the musical with music by Frank Wildhorn and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse,
- T\_h\_e\_J\_e\_k\_y\_l\_l\_L\_e\_g\_a\_c\_y: a sequel to the original story by Robert Bloch

and Andre Norton, and

- M\_a\_r\_y\_R\_e\_i\_l\_l\_y: a parallel telling of the original story by Valerie Martin.

I will discuss all of these, but first I have a few words about the original Robert Louis Stevenson story.

Written in 1886, Stevenson's work might seem to be based on Sigmund Freud's id and ego, but in fact pre-dates the publication of Freud's works along those lines. Stevenson was probably more inspired by the story of Deacon Brodie, a famous resident of Stevenson's home town of Edinburgh. During the day Brodie was a highly respected member of the community, a deacon, and (by profession) a locksmith. When he visited the upper class as deacon he could make wax impressions of their keys. Then at night he would travel across the rooftops to the houses, sneak in, and rob them. He was eventually discovered and hanged. This "dual personality" may well have been the inspiration for Stevenson's upright doctor and hedonistic carouser.

Unfortunately, through the years the story has acquired a lot of baggage Stevenson never wrote. Those familiar with only the film versions may be surprised to find that Stevenson's character is not romantically involved with one woman, let alone two (the standard number in the films, it seems), and does not present his ideas to his associates only to be hooted down. These have become part of the standard film treatment, and (as you will see below) have been carried into non-film works as well.

Another point to note is that the original story is told from the point of view of Dr. Utterson, and only at the very end, when Jekyll's letter is read by Utterson, does the reader find out what has been going on. The films and all the later literary works reveal to the viewer/reader early on that Jekyll and Hyde are the same person. Perhaps this is inevitable--the story of "Jekyll and Hyde" is familiar even to those who have never read it, so it isn't as if there could be any surprise for the vast majority of the audience. Still, the fact that the reader knows what is coming makes for a very different structure in the later works. (In this regard Loren D. Estleman's

D\_r\_J\_e\_k\_y\_l\_l\_a\_n\_d\_M\_r\_H\_o\_l\_m\_e\_s [Penguin, 1979, ISBN 0-14-00-5665-3, \$2.95] follows the original, but since it adds nothing new except the rather superfluous use of Sherlock Holmes, I can recommend it only to Holmes fans.)

Given that Stevenson's work i\_s a classic, any new treatment of the same story should add something: a new point of view, a new psychological insight, a new something to make it worthwhile. With that in mind, I proceed.

JEKYLL & HYDE: The Musical  
Music by Frank Wildhorn; Words by Leslie Bricusse

I must start by saying I have not seen the musical itself. Of course, it's played only in Houston, so there isn't much I can do about it. (By the way, it was co-sponsored by AT&T: On Stage, in case anyone cares.) However, my comments are limited to the story line, which has been summarized by Bricusse for the audio cassette (which has been released in this area), so I don't feel I am being totally unfair to the production. (Of course, the audio cassette version is sung by Linda Colm Wilkinson and Eder, who were not the stars in Houston; one can only suppose that they were going to be in the Broadway version which has not yet been produced.) And my observation about the story is that it is based more on the film versions (notably the Frederic March and Spencer Tracy versions) than on the original story. In this version, Jekyll has a fiancée, makes friends with a woman of the streets, and aims his experiments at eliminating the "evil" half of man. None of these elements are present in the original story; in particular, Jekyll's experiments are aimed at separating and isolating b\_o\_t\_h halves, spiritual and animal, rather than eliminating the latter. (These two halves are also referred to as "good" and "evil" in the film versions, but Stevenson tends more toward other characterizations, such as "just" and "unjust.")

In short, this version should be considered the offspring of the cinematic Jekyll and Hyde, rather than the literary one.

THE JEKYLL LEGACY by Robert Bloch and Andre Norton  
Tor, 1990, ISBN 0-312-85037-9, \$17.95

Rather than retell the Stevenson story, Bloch and Norton have chosen to write a sequel incorporating many of the same elements found in Stevenson's work. Hester Lane (who turns out to be Jekyll's niece) is a young Canadian woman newly arrived in London. Penniless, she attempts to get a job reporting on the work of the Salvation Army, but is too determined to expose the squalor and poverty in London to please her would-be employer. Luckily, she is found in the nick of time by Dr. Utterson, who is determined to see Jekyll's fortune passed on to a relative of Jekyll's rather than accept it himself, even though he is named as heir in Jekyll's will. But even though Hyde is dead, strange events occur which make the police think that perhaps Hyde isn't dead after all: first Jekyll's butler Poole is found murdered, and then .... But that would be telling.

The story in this book moves along well enough, with a genuine mystery and solution, but it still isn't as satisfying as the Stevenson. Well, okay, neither Bloch and Norton, while undeniably good writers, is Robert Louis Stevenson. But the book suffers from a bit of a split personality (you'll pardon the metaphor)--in addition to the mystery, there is a heavy layer of social commentary about the times. While this could be done well, in this case the commentary does not mesh well with the plotline. In particular, the commentary is achieved by having Hester talking or thinking about it, rather than through more subtle means (see my comments on M\_a\_r\_y\_R\_e\_i\_l\_l\_y below for more on this). The characters are well drawn, though they all seem a bit larger than life: Hester is more intense than most Victorian women, Newcomen (the police inspector from Scotland Yard) is a bit more inspectorish than most, the Salvation Army workers are a bit more articulate about the evils of the time than one suspects the average worker would be, and so forth. T\_h\_e\_J\_e\_k\_y\_l\_l\_L\_e\_g\_a\_c\_y has been compared to a gothic mystery. In that category I believe it succeeds and is enjoyable, but if you are looking for something that adds appreciably to the Jekyll and Hyde story, this would not be it.

MARY REILLY by Valerie Martin  
Pocket, 1991 (1990c), ISBN 0-671-73150-5, \$7.95

The title character of M\_a\_r\_y\_R\_e\_i\_l\_l\_y is the underhousemaid in Jekyll's household, and the action of the book takes place in parallel with Stevenson's telling of the story. As with T\_h\_e\_J\_e\_k\_y\_l\_l\_L\_e\_g\_a\_c\_y, the story has a fair amount of social commentary added in. Unlike that other novel, however, the commentary here is left to the reader. Mary Reilly's life is described--rising at dawn, scrubbing steps and hauling coal all day, not being able to visit her mother because she has only a half-day off every week and her mother lives too far away to get there and back in that time. But it is left to the reader to say, "Oh, how dreadful!" rather than for another character to say it. Mary herself believes everything she has been told about servants and masters and their respective places in society. She is independent at times, but whenever she steps beyond the bounds of acceptability (as measured by

19th Century London standards) she is the first to realize it. While Hester Lane is an independent, upper-class (or at least middle-class) woman designed (one suspects) to provide, at least in part, someone the reader could identify with, Mary Reilly is a lower-class woman of her times, someone for the reader to understand, and feel for. And to me this is a greater achievement on the part of the author. It is easy to make us feel sympathy, fear, or whatever toward a character we see as similar to ourselves; it is more difficult to evoke sympathy for someone who is different, who thinks differently, who acts differently.

M\_a\_r\_y\_R\_e\_i\_l\_l\_y provides a different picture of Dr. Jekyll, as seen by someone within the household, rather than the relatively distant views of Lanyon and Utterson. As such it d\_o\_e\_s add to our understanding of the original story, or at least provide us with another possible perspective. As such, it is ultimately more satisfying than T\_h\_e\_J\_e\_k\_y\_l\_l\_L\_e\_g\_a\_c\_y.

THE RIVER OF TIME by David Brin  
Book review by Frank R. Leisti  
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There must be somebody in the world of science fiction fandom that follows a published author and wonders, "What kind of work did they do before they became famous?" Well, the book  T \_ h \_ e \_ R \_ i \_ v \_ e \_ r \_ o \_ f \_ T \_ i \_ m \_ e by David

Brin is a good selection of short stories, novellas and very short stories, along with some author's notes on each of the stories.

David Brin has organized his eleven stories into four sections entitled Destiny, Recollection, Speculation, and Propagation.

In the "Destiny" group, there are three very interesting and diverse stories: "The Crystal Spheres," "The Loom of Thessaly," and "The Fourth Vocation of George Gustaf." In these stories, the theme of destiny is quite strong -- in a universe where solar systems are encased in a huge sphere to protect any life that develops there from being overrun by other space-faring systems, in a unique touch that joins mythology and science on Mount Olympus or its equivalent, and finally a world in which people are encouraged to have multiple vocations, one professionally and the other amateur attempts to gain professional status. I found these stories very entertaining and interesting in the concepts laid down as the basis of the stories.

In the "Recollection" group, the "Senses Three and Six," "Toujours



Voir," and "A Stage of Memory" employ variations in the theme. "Senses Three and Six" deals with the sense of smell and of the inner mind -- the conflict and collaboration that comes from memory when these are in conflict and when they move to resolution. "Toujours Voir" is a story within a story. This story is actually one of the sub-genre of stories that tell the story in only 250 words. While a little short on substance, the science fiction aspect of memory shines through. The final story, "A Stage of Memory," deals with an addiction of new drugs that allow the reliving of life through one's memories. However, the addiction is the addiction to recollection.

In the "Speculation" group, the stories included "Just a Hint," "Tank Farm Dynamo," and "Thor Meets Captain America." These stories deal with ideas and bring forth the wonderful thoughtfulness involved after reading them. "Just a Hint" deals with two separate and distant worlds, each with their own problems, yet wondering if they can find a solution from distant worlds. "Tank Farm Dynamo" deals with the leftovers of the space shuttle: the external tanks that instead of being dropped to burn in the atmosphere are saved and joined together to form farms and a jumping off station for higher orbit crafts. When the government intervenes, the resourcefulness of the director of the tank farm is pushed to the limit. The final story on "Thor Meets Captain America" is an alternate universe where Hitler has enlisted the workings of the Norse gods, with Loki being on the side of America.

The final section, "Propagation," the story "Lungfish" shows the universe as a veritable hostile place with von Neumann devices having ravaged the solar systems in various stages to either welcome or destroy other life forms. The final story, "The River of Time," brings about a world in which for completely unexplained reasons, various people change on how they view and live in time. The consequences are interestingly presented.

I feel that David Brin has arranged his earlier work in a very interesting light which can show the reader the depth and diversity of his writing and of his ideas. I have found it very nice to read over the earlier works of authors to find out how they have developed in their writing and of their ideas -- yet I have yet to get a complete set of all the works of any author in the chronological order in which they were written. I wonder how many rejects of other stories are not

present now, yet might be presented as David Brin's fame increases. I would rate this group of stories at +1 on the Leeper scale.

SUN'S END by Richard Lupoff  
Book reviews by Frank R. Leisti  
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Reaching for the star's ending phases and its impact on life and society on earth is the topic of this novel. There are two parts to this story, the before and the after -- both examined from the point of view of the character Daniel Kitajima, a specialist in electronics sent up to restore an observatory floating free in earth orbit. The activity which splits the story into its two parts is an accident in which Daniel is the sole survivor.

In fact, it becomes questionable what exactly of Daniel survived the ordeal in space. Both he and the reader discovers the what in bits and pieces, making a slow transition from remembering to living in the now present, eighty years later. Daniel, being in the spotlight of this terrible accident becomes the only person to be almost completely cybernetic. Only part of his brain and the spinal stem remain, yet each part is interwoven into the machine parts.

What is more fascinating is the encounters that he has with his grandson, who appears older than himself -- almost as if the grandson was his father. Most shocking of all is when he meets his daughter, old and crippled, feeble-minded -- yet holding a special moment and desire to have her father return to her -- to eat supper with her father -- wishing beyond all hope that her father would return to her. Yet in her age and infirmity, the pathos of the meeting becomes too much for the father. So, he seeks his roots on Earth, yet a very different Earth, with 26 billion people populating the land, with the greenhouse effect making more and more of the earth a desert wasteland.

Socially, we are exposed to a lesbian two-some who are willing to bend their inclinations when confronted with Daniel, the man of steel. Especially, when Daniel finds out how wealthy he is. Yet Daniel, a man of action, appears to look at the long view of the situation on Earth and begins to modify his machine parts and explores certain conditions of which have been newly discovered since his time.

I found the actions of Daniel somewhat perplexing and not exactly informative on what he does as well as the motivations behind his actions. Beyond this and the ending, which shall remain a mystery for those who choose not to read this story, the novel was an interesting depiction of advanced medical technology and the driving forces behind the global forces looking for an escape from the Sun's End. I would rate it as a -1 on the Leeper scale.

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THE LONG WALK HOME  
A film review by Mark R. Leeper  
Copyright 1991 Mark R. Leeper

Capsule review: A strong and emotional view of the 1955 Montgomery bus boycott does not always play fairly with the facts but manages eventually to have some anger and excitement. Rating: +2 (-4 to +4).

\_ T \_ h \_ e \_ L \_ o \_ n \_ g \_ W \_ a \_ l \_ k \_ H \_ o \_ m \_ e is a powerful and moving film telling the story

of simultaneous victories over racism and sexism during the 1955 bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. Sissy Spacek plays Miriam Thompson, who slowly comes to realize her own importance and her power to affect events when she is torn between loyalty to her family on one hand and her social conscience on the other.

Miriam, the wife of an influential real estate developer, is shocked when the police harass her maid Odessa Cotter (played by Whoopi Goldberg) for accompanying Miriam's children to a whites-only park. Using her position, she coerces the policeman into apologizing. When Rosa Parks is arrested for refusing to give up her seat on a bus, the blacks boycott the buses and Odessa begins the wearing routine of walking to and from the Thompson house. Initially more out of the need to have Odessa cleaning the house on time than out of any conviction, Miriam saves Odessa the long walk two mornings a week by picking her up on the way back from a convenient grocery. She hides this from her husband and his red-neck younger brother. Eventually her husband will find out and she will have to choose between her husband's insistence that no white woman can drive a black one and her own sense that the bus boycott is right and should be supported.

The film is a powerful statement, but it is doubtful that after 36 years any of the audience will have any sympathies against the boycott. Given that is the case, one might expect that director Richard Pearce and screenwriter John Cork could afford to be a little magnanimous to the losing side. This most certainly is not the case. With the exception of Miriam and her children, whites are uniformly portrayed as being racist, telling racist jokes, and being hypocritical. Blacks are all honest church-going people, wonderful to each other in closely-knit families. While these stereotypes may be substantially correct, the portrayal makes it a little overly obvious where the audience's sympathies should lie. The film also tampers a bit with historical fact. The C\_u\_r\_r\_e\_n\_t\_B\_i\_o\_g\_r\_a\_p\_h\_y article on Rosa Parks says that it had previously been the practice to force blacks to enter the bus at the front, pay the driver, exit the bus, and re-enter at the rear door so as not to walk past whites already on the bus. However, this practice had already been abandoned at the time of Parks's arrest. The film depicts this practice as if it were still going on at the time of the arrest. Certainly the truth is damning enough without distorting it to make an

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even stronger case. While it would be difficult to exaggerate the degree of polarization of whites against blacks at the time, this film manages. While it was a small percentage of Southern whites who supported the black cause, this film implies there were no more than a half dozen or so adult whites supporting the blacks, which does something of a disservice to those whites who were courageous to stand up for their conscience. It is the opposite problem to the one of M\_i\_s\_s\_i\_s\_s\_i\_p\_p\_i\_B\_u\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g, which went to the other extreme, having it be mostly whites in the form of the FBI coming in and fighting for black freedom. My suspicion is that T\_h\_e\_L\_o\_n\_g\_W\_a\_l\_k\_H\_o\_m\_e is the closer to being accurate, but the truth lies somewhere in the range between the points-of-view of the two films.

Pacing is also a minor problem. It takes Miriam a long time to decide she will make a stand, then when the story gets going, it is over, with the remaining history told in screen titles. Still, T\_h\_e\_L\_o\_n\_g\_W\_a\_l\_k\_H\_o\_m\_e is good filmmaking. It makes the viewer angry about injustice

rather than just depressed about it, the way Guiltyby  
Suspicion does.  
On that basis it deserves a +2 on the -4 to +4 scale.