Tropes and Trophies:
The Lost City "Discovered"

SALLY-ANN MURRAY

THE LOST CITY is "the most audacious and most deafeningly hyped theme resort in the southern hemisphere, at least" (*The New York Times*; qtd. in Milne 7). The themed monumentality of the resort both displays "Africa" as scopic feast and exploits the eutopic promises of tourism, adventure, and romance, while gesturing towards a past and a future in which "Africa" is writ large on the map of the collective unconscious. It is hardly surprising that The Lost City intersects with an existing symbolic and mythic repertoire which paradoxically signifies "Africa" as well as a place of fantastic, adventurous projection: for Africa has always constituted an ambiguous cartography within the visions of Western history: witness Pliny's often-quoted, "Ex Africa aliquid semper novi," and the equally fantastical sweep of CNN International's weather forecast: "Well, there's nothing much happening over Africa today."

The interest represented for me by The Lost City resides not simply in its re-presentation of narratives from a colonial-imperial past, but in the ways in which such re-presentations intersect with South Africa's uneven modernities and post-modernities. One of our inclinations might be to dismiss the pleasureland as both kitsch and elitist yet, as Elleke Boehmer has implied in *The Times Literary Supplement*, both the resort and Sol Kerzner, its developer, are cultural phenomena which awkwardly refuse the easy interpretation. For with its insolent borrowings from around the globe, The Lost City refigures within a southern African context a metropolitan cultural form, provoking unsettling imaginings of syncretic cultural identity. This "hybridity" is an issue much in the public eye and "heart" at present. Take the

global television spectacle of the official opening of the 1995 Rugby World Cup: this was presented in terms of staged nationality which repeatedly appropriated, for instance, South African, Tongan, Samoan, and New Zealand tribal cultural tokens in order to highlight team identity and project aspirations to victory. In South Africa's case, moreover, the opening parade— which involved both a helicopter flypast immediately reminiscent of the presidential inauguration, and the Triumphal March of an African queen carried aloft by her rainbow-peopled and sometimes anthropomorhized retinue, to lyrics proclaiming "When the world was born"—seemed intended to function as joyous theatrical affirmation of "the nation's" rebirth into democracy. Cultural tropes, it seems, may continually be invoked as both self-evident tradition and as testimony to the creative intelligence of the *bricoleur.*

The Lost City—with its vaguely North African turrets and monumental bronzes, its tusks, skins, and decor quoted from southern African indigenous cultures via the design centres of Europe, its colonial opulence and outdoor adventure repertoire —is the latest and most ambitious of the thirty-two "pleasure domes" developed by the flamboyant hotel magnate Kerzner, chair of Sun International. The resort is located "about one hundred miles north of Johannesburg on eighty arid acres surrounded by bushveld"; a US $300-million hotel complex "resplendent with a 338-room Palace Hotel and accompanying casino, a grand fan-shaped pool with 'surfable, six-foot-high waves,' . . . five water slides, and a sixty-acre jungle featuring a rain forest, a desert and a swamp . . . Like the mythical Xanadu brought to life by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, [claim some critics,] the Lost City 'is a fabulous work of fiction, for nothing in it is real' " (Stengel 11-12; qtd. in Murray 67).

Part of my point, here, is that on account of the media material disseminated about The Lost City, and in fact on account of the broad media image banks to which most urban moderns have access, a variety of people can believe themselves to "know" the resort without ever having visited it. South Africans, especially, cannot avoid having "found" The Lost City somewhere in the media, whether in the form of advertorial, enamoured feature,

or cynical comment, or as a loose repertoire of symbols and images associated both with Empire and with the alluring promise of leisure and a temporary escape into luxury. In a sense, The Lost City phenomenon occasions an African ecumene—"unitary, though not uniform"—similar to the Victorian ecumene which Carol Breckenridge sees as having been attendant upon the collection and display of objects derived from colonies such as India: "In the second half of the nineteenth century, everyday things from India were displaced from their ordinary and their sumptuary contexts. They were shifted to terminal and semi-terminal display contexts like world fairs and museums; and they were featured in art and archaelogical books, in mail-order catalogues and in newspapers. In these new arenas, objects were managed and valued in modes that were radically different from those of the past," creating an imagined Victorian ecumene which encompassed countries "in a discursive space which was global, while nurturing nation-states which were culturally highly specific" (196). Or, to borrow from Stacy Warren's argument about contemporary cultural forms such as North American shopping malls and theme parks: landscapes of leisure and entertainment have begun to function not so much as segregated, neatly class-specific sites separate from the rigours of daily life, but rather as modes which saturate our cultural geographies, blurring the distinctions between entertainment and commodity; between history and fiction, tradition and modernity. Even if we somehow manage to avoid the actual malls or adventure-lands, "we would have a much more difficult time avoiding exposure to the mass-mediated culture that promotes their existence" (174). Certainly, if my references to media representations of The Lost City are illustrative rather than exhaustive, the launch campaign mounted by Sun International for the opening of The Lost City entailed national and "international media coverage on a scale unprecedented for a southern African tourist destination" (Barritt 60).

> Discover a world of adventure lost for centuries—The Lost City—when 63 million litres of water are unleashed into the world's ultimate pleasure playground . . . and the world's greatest adventure ever imagined begins.

Dare to brave the world's most spectacular waterslide — a dizzying, near-vertical rush from the Temple of Courage. Ride a raging torrent through the tunnels of an ancient goldmine! Cross the Bridge of Time as it trembles with volcanic force . . .
Explore ancient temples and tangled forests.
Or simply laze away the day on a tropical beach as waves roll gently to a palm-fringed shore. At sundown revel in the excitement of the Hall of Treasures or marvel at the splendour of the exotic Jungle Casino. (*The Sunday Times* 10)

"The Lost City experience," staged in various, sometimes interconnected worlds of rough and tumble action adventure, sophisticated palatial adventure, and treasure-quest casino adventure, might have diverse audience appeal in terms both of physical and imaginative investment. Perhaps The Lost City illustrates Barthes's point about the profound double movement of architecture, which "is always dream and function, expression of utopia and instrument of convenience" (239). Like the Eiffel Tower, The Lost City, in its suggestive "monumentality," fulfils a "great imaginary function . . . which quite naturally touches on the borders of the irrational." The Eiffel Tower, originally built for the 1889 Paris Exhibition, has become part of "the universal language of travel," a pre-eminent form of cultural display signifying "France," a "symbol of Paris [replicated] . . . everywhere on the globe where Paris is to be stated as an image" (Barthes 239). In analogous ways, Sun International seems to intend that The Lost City acquire a substitutive metonymic power, reverberating within tourist discourse as a premier "African" signifier, alongside spectacular locations such as the Victoria Falls, wild animals, exotic scenery, and excitingly different adventure.

Notwithstanding the resort's vast architectural form, then, a much-publicized structure such as The Lost City locates itself in the imagination through diverse mediated representations: newspapers, magazines, television, and advertising generally. Our readings of built environment involve multiple and often contradictory investments, even as there tend to be in circulation numerous apparently naturalized meanings or myths. This need not imply, however, that myth is to be equated with consensus rather than argument. Instead, as a look at The Lost City should indicate, conflict is part of the mythic negotiating process; myths

must struggle to present and secure a uniformity at once denied by their very selectivity in relation to the histories from which they are constructed. All mythologies foreground certain parts of actual history while suppressing others, precisely as they struggle to function as narratives with the desire to speak for a culture as a whole. Myth, as a consensus narrative, works to articulate a culture's central beliefs "in a widely accessible 'language,' an inheritance of shared stories, plots, character types, cultural symbols, narrative conventions" (Real 57). Yet this conserving of cultural capitals is pitted against a "continual testing, rehearsal, and revision of cultural experiences and values" (Real 129). As I hope to illustrate, if The Lost City, for instance, consciously invokes British imperial-colonial mythologies in its design and theme, the resort also intersects with popular desire and practice in uneven, unpredictable ways. This erratic quality, I am suggesting, is also connected to the manifold "imagings" of the resort in the media. Useful, here, is Arjun Appadurai's concept of "mediascapes," which provide "large and complex repertoires of images, narratives and ethnoscapes . . . in which the world of commodities and the world of news and politics are profoundly mixed. What this means is that many audiences throughout the world experience the media themselves as a complicated interconnected repertoire of print, celluloid, electronic screens, and billboards. The lines between the realistic and the fictional are blurred, so that . . . audiences . . . construct imagined worlds which are chimerical, aesthetic, even fantastic objects" (330-31).

Let us consider the narrativizing legend used to disseminate a "history" for The Lost City in its advertising, for there has been a studied attempt on the part of Sun International to energize a myth of origin for the complex. It is a narrative which invokes and embellishes several familiar tropes: the members of a gentle tribe, having fled the northern barbarians, wander south until they find a splendid valley. Then, blessed with the prosperity of fortuituously discovered mineral wealth, they build a fabulous city crowned by a magnificent palace in tribute to the benign patriarchy of their royal family. One day, however, the civilization is destroyed by an earthquake. But the legend of the palace and its lost city echoes in the souls of adventurers for centuries, until,

finally, the magnificent ruins are discovered by Kerzner, and the city is restored to its original splendour.

As the archaeologist Martin Hall explains, the legend consists of three stages: a Lost Age of balanced harmony, plenty and paradise; a Golden Age of palatial-built civilization; and an Age of Dark Disaster which relegates The City to the mythic, "lost" time of Enchanted Ruin. The legend, prominently circulated in advertising brochures, television specials, and on the reverse of glossy "Lost City" postcards provided to guests of The Palace hotel, is also obviously based on tropes cherished in the adventure genre, and often crucial to the construction and colonization of the Other at the height of Empire: pastoral primitivism, monumental "lost" civilizations unearthed and exploited by culturally superior Western powers, discovery and "development" of resources, securely hierarchic social structures explicable according to Western monarchy, and the "romance" of the African noble-savage where heroes and heroines are princes and princesses whose nobility of character matches the aristocracy of their lineage. If African myth/folktale/legend constitute familiar colonial methodologies for imagining the primitive, for "describing" what were actually material, historical circumstances, and function to insert "Africans" into colonial narratives in such a way that their realities are rendered beyond the time of modernity to which their labour has been central, such apparently crude constructions are also informed by longings less easy to categorize. As Renato Rosaldo ventures: the mythic appeal of a narrativizing legend such as that used to market the Lost City—a once-noble-savage tribe eliminated by natural forces—intersects with "an elegiac mode of perception, . . . a mood of nostalgia," in terms of which agents of colonialism paradoxically "long for the very forms of life they intentionally altered" and "mourn the passing of what they themselves have destroyed" (68-69). (Similarly, Christie, Hutchings, and Maclennan argue that the fictional tribal inhabitants of writer Rider Haggard's Zu-Vendis, are "an aristocratic surrogate, for in one sense, at least, romance is a neurosis of the bourgeoisie in search of an aristocratic world" [26]).

To allow an elusive oneiric quality in relation to The Lost City, though, is not automatically to deny the multifold ideological

work performed by the resort (where "ideology" has both *political* and *imaginative* connotations): for The Lost City exists within Bophuthatswana, an oxymoronic Tswana "homeland" of apartheid invention, which functioned as both black labour reservoir and white pleasure dome. Indeed, The Lost City illustrates Peter Stallybrass and Allon White's argument concerning the bourgeois relegation of the carnivalesque to the margins of both geographic and psychic space: The "Lost City complex" is in some ways produced by South African cities proper, and constitutes the repressed "heart of darkness" of the South African urban nexus. As in the case of Sun City, the first of Sun International's Bophuthatswana resorts, popularly known as "Sin City," topless titillation and pornography proper, gambling and other forms of licence censored by the Afrikaner nationalist state, along with the migrant black labour refused a permanent place in the apartheid city, were long displaced to the margins of white South Africa, from whence, paradoxically, they could then be solicited with moral-legal impunity for labour, leisure, lust, and lucre. While independent "Bop," perceived as puppet-premier Lucas Mangope's cardboard showpiece, was refused international recognition, the homeland *was* in some ways from the outset a "treasured location," ripe for mythologizing in terms of age-old tropes of discovery and wealth. Without wishing to deny the structural poverty deliberately engineered by South Africa for the homelands generally, we should recognize that Bophuthatswana was distinguished, for instance, by its holding approximately one-third of the world's platinum and chromium deposits, as well as significant amounts of other scarce minerals, such as vanadium. Moreover, Bophuthatswana was the focus of spectacular tourist infrastructure (with equally spectacular tax incentives for the South African hotel chains involved).

For many people, however, the "identity" of The Lost City will not be understood in these econopolitical terms but in terms of stylized rides and *themed* adventure playgrounds, such as Disneyland (Anaheim, California), Disneyworld (Orlando, Florida) and Disneyland, Paris (originally "EuroDisney")—all analogous to the overscaled fantasy of The Lost City, with its ruins, rides, risks and exclusive palace. The Lost City, as a specifically south-

ern African tourist destination, capitalizes on the pop-insignia
and ethnic history of "Africa," a theming intended to reinvigo-
rate the jaded mirror-glass modernism of Sun City. (Kimberley,
Allison, Goo, and Wong, the American architects whose brief
was to create a fantasy Africa, were also the "imagineers" be-
hind EuroDisney.) And for an academic audience versed in
current "global" theory, The Lost City's "tasteless" architectural
eclecticism and indeed very existence as an excrescence of multi-
national mega-capital, possibly typifies the postmodernist im-
pulse and artefact: "playful, self-ironizing and even schizoid; . . .
impudently embracing the language of commerce and the com-
modity. Its stance towards cultural tradition . . . one of irrever-
ent pastiche, and its contrived depthlessness" undermining "all
metaphysical solemnities" (Eagleton; qtd in Harvey 7-8).

    These responses, which might very loosely be designated "pop-
ular" and "academic," are not dissimilar, premised as they are on
degrees of bodily and cerebral play and the staging of subjec-
tivity. Especially interesting, though, is that while both popular
and academic understandings of Disney and postmodernity re-
cuperate the resort in terms of a fantastic/simulated "Africa" and
"adventure," the more traditional literary academic, even one
familiar with the postmodern, seems to assume that the theming
of The Lost City cites only from a line of "trivial," "juvenile"
empire fiction. As more than one colleague has dismissed on
more than one occasion: "The Lost City—but it is straight out of
Haggard; *King Solomon's Mines* and all that." The Lost City com-
plex, then, is *superficial*: predicated on the mythologized "his-
tory" characteristic of an adventure genre which reached its
apotheosis in Rider Haggard. All of which means that the resort
is not worth attention or, at best, is to be subjected to high-
minded intellectual debunking.

    What we idealizing academics might allow, though, is that
contemporary cultural experience, marked as it is by the shifting
of traditional boundaries among types of cultural product, pro-
cess, and reception, is seldom "straight out of" anything. Indeed,
it is precisely in relation to the energetically volatilized, syncretic
mass cultural repertoire of a popular audience, I suggest, that
the tropes of adventure, romance, and fantasy informing The

Lost City are likely to be granted their *complex* intertextuality. Indeed, instead of merely lamenting, with Jon Savage, that because "we are now all enrolled in the Culture Club . . . consumers are now trained—by endless interviews, fashion spreads, 'taste' guides . . . to spot the references and make this spotting *part of their enjoyment*" (171), we might find something worthwhile in contemporary audiences' increasingly sophisticated willingness to value intertextuality, to allow the media its dispersed cultural referents, to recognize and relish the palimpsest cultural artefact and experience. In relation to The Lost City, it is not impossible to argue that its debts to postmodernism and the Disney imagineers notwithstanding, the themed hotel complex involves self-conscious challenges to arbiters of European High Cultural taste. It challenges various cultural categories and ascriptions: if *this* is how the metropolis wants to imagine the "African other," we will market fantasy as a new form of resource—with a little help paradoxically from major American theme park architects and movie set designers. What we might learn from this, I suspect, is that the tropes of adventure are variously reinforced and strangely dispersed in multiple mediations of The Lost City, both endorsing and displacing the signifiers which would typically be associated with an "African" ecumene. "Adventure" and "Africa," accordingly, can be recognized as signifiers at once familiar and novel; inviting of amused participation as well as the suspension of disbelief, of apparently uncomplicated "pleasure" as well as the writerly "desire" of more explicit parody.

Interestingly, Stephen Gray once suggested that the kind of adventure fiction produced by Rider Haggard was itself informed by a parodic impulse, even if Haggard was unable, finally, to offer more than hyperbole, and in speculating about the kinds of tropes which might motivate "readings" of The Lost City, I would be naive to deny links between the narrativizing of the resort and the nexus of myths or "allegory of imperialism" (Christie, Hutchings, and Maclennan 20), which infuses adventure novels such as *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*. Since Haggard is credited with promoting the revival of romance in late Victorian times by tapping into the public's secret desires, it is worth remembering that his first novel, *King Solomon's Mines* appeared

in London in September 1885, only a few months after the
European powers had met in Berlin to draw their plans for the
apportioning of Africa. According to V. S. Pritchett, Haggard
contributed to the revival of Romance in late Victorian times by
"draining the whole reservoir of the public's secret desires";
he "tapped the mystical hankerings after reincarnation, im-
mortality, eternal youth, psychic phenomena. He tracked down
priestesses and gods. So, in a peaceful age, he drew on preoc-
cupations with slaughter; and, in an empire-building age, on
fantasies of absolute, spiritual rule in secret cities" (qtd. in Hain-
ing 12). In some ways, the actual and psychic landscapes as-
sociated with The Lost City—barrenness rendered paradisal,
constructed wilderness, legend ("the pursuit of the past into
myth, or the projection of mystery into the present"; "the moral
and technical superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race"; "the expres-
sion of, or indulgence in, sexual fantasy" [Christie, Hutchings
and Maclennan 20]); monumentalism, the promise of wealth,
and fantastic adventure might well be taken from the fiction of
Haggard. And in relation to The Lost City, it is worthwhile to
develop a sympathetic understanding of how the tropes favoured
in the novels—and reworked in the resort design—are both
socially specific and enduring, and intersect with people's needs,
fears, desires, and esteem. Adventure parks and themed hotels,
for instance, are a trend in which several critics (for example,
Davis; Harvey), perceive an attempt by the dislocated "modern"
sensibility to imagine a meaningful "sense of self." And mega-
structure and monumentalism could testify to fears concern-
ing sociopolitical change and transition, even as their scale
and Faustian transformation of the environment apparently an-
nounce economic security, and control. We might hypothesize,
for instance, that it was precisely as white South Africa "lost" its
cities to Africa and to what has been regarded as a contemporary
version of "the black peril," to the returning repressed occa-
sioned by the repeal of influx control laws and, later, by the
formation of a new political dispensation, that the monumental
power of capital turned most aggressively to the production of
leisure citadels predicated paradoxically on wish-filfillment, ur-
ban escape, ostensibly endless yet reassuringly monitored con-

sumption and thematically controlled safety. We might also re-
call that Bophuthatswana, as an internal colony of South Africa,
was for a brief moment before the first South African democratic
elections a symbol of Afrikaner dreams of a separate *volkstaat*.

If the romance patternings, scale, and pace of Haggard's work
relate to our understanding of the "African adventures" con-
structed by The Lost City, the analogies are never direct but, as
several critics have already pointed out, mediated through the
work of other novelists, such as Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis
Stevenson, Andrew Lang, George Henty, Arthur Conan Doyle,
and Robert Ballantyne, along with Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ham-
mond Innes, and Wilbur Smith (Gray; Couzens). Smith is most
frequently cited as Haggard's "successor," and it has been said
that the "swashbuckling and shady" life story of Kerzner "might
best be chronicled . . . [in] a Wilbur Smith blockbuster" (Burton
1992: 223). Kerzner—as the ex-husband of Anneline Kriel, Miss
World 1974, jet-set acquaintance of movie stars, royalty and
politicians, consort of much-photographed beautiful women,
and aggressive local entrepreneur alleged to have bribed tribal
leaders to secure locations for his hotel schemes—is also widely
envisaged in the media through character-formulae already pop-
ularized by the genre of adventure-romance, such as capitalist
and cultural visionary, working-class boy makes good, and sexu-
ally and financially driven male hero. Such images of Kerzner are
especially clearly framed in relation to Wilbur Smith's 1972
novel, *The Sunbird*, where figures of hotel magnate, adventurer,
and archaeologist are involved in the unearthing of the Lost
City of the Kalahari. Tim Couzens's references to this text in
"The Return of the Heart of Darkness" provide useful pointers.
Whereas "Haggard represents expanding British Imperialism,
Smith contains the tensions of South African imperialism."
Smith, he explains, "has localized Haggard." He "picks up every
oddity and piece of crackpot archaeology and anthropology
lying around. . . ." His book is filled with the images of the
brash and rampant South African bourgeoisie. We are told about
Louren Sturvesant: "He's building a chain of luxury vacation
hotels across the islands of the Indian Ocean. Comores, Sey-
chelles, Madagascar. Ten of them" [48-49).

Undoubtedly, the fiction of many adventure novelists could usefully be analysed in relation to the tropes which inform The Lost City. Yet The Lost City is not explicable solely in terms of novelistic mediations; and few users or audiences would map the resort primarily with reference to the literary text (however broadly academics might be persuaded to define the term). If it is true, for instance, that *King Solomon's Mines* sold more than 650,000 copies before the author's death in 1925, has never been out of print, and has been prescribed in both British and colonial education, many popular classics tend these days to acquire their widest circulation through the medium of film. To take as an example *King Solomon's Mines*: the novel has been filmed five times, and both the original 1937 Michael Balcon film at Gaumont British studios, and the most recent (1985) remake continually engage with the original nineteenth-century political and psychic economies of the novel, evoking the romance of "the pioneering days of exploration, construction and profit, construed and legitimated as adventure" (Richards 146). Moreover, several film versions of Haggard's novels, in their hyperbolic display and formulaic ethnographies, adopt cinematic strategies popularized by Cecil B. De Mille in his big-budget Hollywood adventure epics of masculinist-colonial prowess. The Lost City is "By De Mille, via Rider Haggard," announced one headline summarizing the media spectacle staged for the launch (Rumney 23).

There is also, of course, the 1987 Golan-Globus production Alan Quatermaine and the Lost City of Gold, a film loosely based on Haggard's fiction, which has been a prime time feature on CCV. The film involves high adventure in a multi-tribal Africa, and a number of the high-risk travails "mastered" by the explorers Quatermaine, Jessie, Umslopogaas, and their retainers— a quaking bridge, several slide chutes into different worlds, raging rivers—prefigure the fun rides at The Lost City. At the peak of The Lost City launch period (which involved televised advertising-documentary spin-offs such as "Sol Kerzner: a Man and his Vision," and media events such as the "African Extravaganza" laser light show, the Miss World Pageant choreographed with a tribal theme by Duncan Faure of Shaka Zulu fame, and the

Million Dollar Golf Classic on a course which boasts a clubhouse modelled after Great Zimbabwe), CCV's "Pick of the Day" was the 1985 remake of *King Solomon's Mines*, billed as "an Indiana Jones type adventure yarn with loads of fun and action. It is the tale of a safari into Africa in search of legendary diamond mines" (*Sunday Times*, 7). In fact, the potential audience was urged by the press to "Come in search of viewing treasure." (While I cannot develop this point here, the cross-reference to Indiana Jones further testifies to the inter-mediations and geographic dispersals of contemporary culture: the "original" King Solomon's Mines is not directly accessible to many members of a current audience; and even a recent filmic version of Haggard's nineteenth-century novel must be "explained" in terms of a broader contemporary cinematic adventure genre which could be said to include Steven Spielberg's *Indiana Jones* epics, and *Romancing the Stone* and *The Jewel of the Nile*.)

If, as one newspaper headline has it, The Lost City is "Africa as Steven Spielberg and Donald Trump might have imagined it," for the literary-cultural researcher interested in The Lost City, even a genealogy informed by filmic cross-references should not be allowed to exhaust the tropes of adventure and discovery. And as the invocation of supercapitalist Donald Trump might imply, "lost cities" are vectored into forms of cultural acquisition and display other than novels or films, many of them implicated even more visibly, it would seem, in varieties of empire and empire building. The late-nineteenth century and early-twentieth century fiction-writers would themselves have been variously influenced by culturally and historically divergent tales of Atlantis, Eldorado, the Kingdom of Prester John, Ophir, Macchu Picchu, and Monomatopa, which, while in many cases the correlative of historical conquest, "discovery" and the colonization of "new worlds," became tropically evocative of the magical manifestation of sudden wealth and fame. (Haggard is reputed to have been fascinated by Great Zimbabwe, much as a young Conrad was drawn to the "blank" areas on the map of Africa.) In the current imagination, the expression "the lost city"—whatever its specific geographic and historical referent—continues to resonate with enigmatic connotations, having become virtually a

generic for ancient treasures and the hidden promise of archae-
ological ruins for mystery and adventure and the tantalizing
possibility of fortuitous wealth. Sol and Sun seem indeed to have
banked on this "unmoored" imaginative appeal: whatever its
concrete monumentality, the resort can connote eclectic adven-
ture precisely on account of its "absent signified," which de-
mands our imaginative and physical involvement in order to be
made present. As the promotional brochures for The Lost City
announce, the complex "has echoed in the souls of adventurers
for centuries."

We could recognize, too, that the romance of acquisition and
monumental/izing artefactual display were integral not only to
the adventure fiction which has since been widely disparaged in
academe, but to an archaeological discipline which began in the
nineteenth century to formalize its discursive respectability and
cultural authority. Not insignificantly, it managed this by bolster-
ing, through spectacular cultural discovery and large-scale exhi-
bition, the ambitious national identities of colonial powers, as
well as attesting to their "modernity." An impressively monumen-
tal modernity, we remember, was emphasized in various aspects
of the nineteenth-century exhibitions: not only were "they gigan-
tic in terms of the range and quantity of the things they dis-
play[ed]—appliances, peoples, rides, and so on—but also in
their architecture," explains Meg Armstrong (226). The Lost
City, similarly, in its concrete structure, its range of professional
expertise, its decor and its advertising of all these areas, is repeat-
edly concerned to announce an artefactual abundance gleaned
both from the wealth of Africa, and from the far corners of the
globe. Moreover, World's Fairs and Exhibitions, alongside adven-
ture novels, were discourses of cultural imperium which com-
mercialized, commodified, and "sublimed" the exotic in the
course of enacting and shaping a modern cosmopolitan sensi-
bility. Modernity and civilization, for instance, were habitually
defined not only in relation to "man's" technological mastery of
the environment, but in relation to a number of "primitive
ethnicities": "Zulu" life at the 1889 Paris Exhibition, say, or
"Columbian" culture at the World's Columbian Exhibition at

Chicago in 1893, or "Somaliland natives" at an 1898 Crystal Palace Exhibition. These ethnological object lessons and novelties are also comparable to shows such as Savage South Africa which, as Trotter explains, opened at the Empress Theatre in May 1899 as part of a Greater Britain Exhibition. If the exhibition proper functioned as "a showcase for colonial products," "Savage South Africa offered the public 'a sight never previously presented in Europe, a horde of savages direct from their kraals, comprising 200 Matabeles, Basutos, Swazis, Hottentots, Malays, Cape and Transvaal Boers,' plus 'Prince Lobengula, the redoubtable warrior chieftain who was taken prisoner in the Matabele war.'" (11; see also Shephard). In similar ways, The Lost City could be seen to deploy, through its narrativizing legend of a lost tribe, its eclectic ethnic, faux primitif decor, its T-shirts which feature tribal figures, its ethnic uniforms for porters and room staff, its imposing warrior doormen, and its upmarket curio shops and African style boutiques, an alluring Africanicity that conveniently intersects with what has long captured the "Western imagination." Interestingly, The Lost City's sophisticated, first-world tourist Africa—embodied not so much in the family adventure playground but in the exclusive Palace hotel, which simulates both elegance and primitivism—is defined against an often impoverished "real" African continent that, if it can offer the authentic wildness, ruggedness, and "savagery" so often sought by the adventure tourist proper, cannot simultaneously accommodate the modern, international standards expected in the game of luxury tourism. (Gauteng premier Tokyo Sexwale, called upon to justify his living in the up-market suburb of Sandton, is alleged to have asserted in an unpublished statement to the Independent Broadcasting Commission that black people are morally obliged to demonstrate that they can meet modern standards as defined by the Carlton Centre and The Lost City.)

At The Lost City, the staging of artefactual luxury, splendour, and plenty, of course, is related to the gloriously monarchic "African" identity excavated for the resort in general, and the crown jewel, The Palace hotel, in particular. Moreover, Kerzner himself is imagined as the discerning collector, collator and

"energiser" of incredible artefacts and accomplishments—ranging from lifesize sculptures of elephant, buck and cheetah, to feats of hydro, civil and landscape engineering. Such tactics, too, are in keeping with the scale and scope of imperial endeavour, both in terms of architecture and the frequently invoked logic of the "great man" behind the achievements of history. (It is not surprising that the advertising copy and photographic framing which publicize Kerzner have sometimes invoked the overscaled ideas and mythos attributed to Cecil John Rhodes, a man whose imperial dream spanned the African continent.) Paradoxically, by means of journalistic coverage of "Clever Solly" and "King Sol," Sol's personality (deliberately crude, belligerent, demanding, hyperactive, yet loving) and Sol's biography (immigrant son who rose from impoverished circumstances to lifestyles of the rich and famous), the gigantic scale of the resort is deftly humanized at the same time as Kerzner's already prominent public visibility is further inflated. And as I have already indicated, Kerzner, a high-profile, glamorized media personality long before The Lost City launch, is specifically marketed by Sun International as the putative archaeologist responsible for discovering and restoring the monarchic monuments and palatial gardens of The Lost City to their original cultural stature. (Some of the lost civilization's built environment, of course, must "remain" deliberately ruined if the desired simulation/ verisimilitude is to be achieved: yet the vast enterprises of engineering and design lavished on a number of public temples, pillars, bathing sites and so on, in order to convey their apparent age, is no less than that given The Palace in order to announce, even to guarantee, its luxury.)

That The Lost City must be read as isomorphic with intersecting forms of cultural exhibition, rather than merely with adventure as a fictional genre, might perhaps be illustrated by the particular example of G. A. Farini, who in 1886 published an account of his discovery of "the lost city" of the Kalahari, *Through the Kalahari Desert: a Narrative of a Journey with Gun, Camera, and Note-Book to Lake N'Gami and Back.* (Farini's adventures are subsequently retold in 1963 in Fay Goldie's *Lost City of the Kalahari: the*

Farini Story and Reports on Other Exhibitions, the original text not
being widely available.) This is a story, moreover (especially if
we ascribe its "authorship" not only to Farini, but to Goldie
and a broad collective unconscious), which attests to the inter-
relatedness of cultural forms such as adventure, travel writing,
archaeology, and exhibition, and reminds us—as should the
very enterprise of colonialism—that the dream of finding "lost
cities" (a version of the more familiar dream of the empty land-
scape) has not only captured human imagination and fictional
interest, but harnessed human agency, physical endeavour, and
capital.

Farini was an American rancher and man of independent
means, and it remains unclear how he came, in early 1885, to be
a Coney Island showman intent on "bringing to the notice of the
public a party of Earthmen from the Kalahari" (qtd. in Goldie
35). Acting as interpreter for the group was a mixed-race Bush-
man called Gert Louw, himself taken to America by a showman
trading in the then-current curiosity concerning the primitive
ethnic other. (As I have already mentioned, extremely popular
at nineteenth-century fairs and exhibitions were "collections"
of primitives who simulated their "authentic" communities
and cultures for the entertainment and edification of civilized
empire audiences.) A homesick Gert, at any rate (in a perhaps
self-reflexive staging of identity now recognized as central to a
creative, performative primitivism), seems to have "told Farini
stories of the fabulous wealth, chiefly diamonds, in his home
country" (Paton n. pag.). Inspired, Farini travelled to Africa in
1885 on a combined diamond prospecting/hunting expedition,
accompanied by his son "Lulu" (is this a name which should
alert us to a game-playing intention?), Gert, a German trader
and several compatriots. Ever the entrepreneurial showman, it
seems, Farini arranged en route an audience during which he
"presented" Gert Louw to Queen Victoria. Once in Africa, Farini
was joined by a local guide, Jan, and, in the course of a hunting
expedition, allegedly happened on the ruins of the ancient Lost
City in the Kalahari Desert. This experience is the subject of
Farini's poem "Lost City of the Kalahari," the third stanza of
which prefigures the myths which narrativize Kerzner's Lost City:

A relic, maybe, of a glorious past,
A city once grand and sublime,
Destroyed by earthquake, defaced by blast,
Swept away by the hand of time.

Farini went on to describe his adventures in his book, and to read papers before the Berlin Geographical Society (7 November 1885), and The Royal Geographical Society of England (8 March 1886). On his return to London from Africa, in fact, he mounted a sensationally successful media spectacle promoting his finds: the public flocked to his "Lost City Exhibition" at the Westminster Aquarium, at which were displayed some of the many sketches, photographs and maps made by his son (Goldie 1). Much of Farini's geographical documentation was subsequently disputed—his maps proved inaccurate; he did not travel with sophisticated equipment; and the photographic record has never been found. Yet it is possibly such "mysteries" and factual lacunae which have helped to sustain popular interest in the existence of "the lost city," something attested to by the successive ventures into the desert made by numerous teams influenced by the Farini account: South African, American, French, English, and Swiss, in 1904, 1916, 1933, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, and later—altogether 25 or 30 expeditions are reputed to have been undertaken, without success, to make good on Farini's claims. (And as Couzens observes sardonically: it should be noted that the adventure novelist Wilbur Smith, after the publication of his novel *The Sunbird*, "actually seems to have found the Lost City—in August 1976—but has not yet revealed its exact location" [46]. Couzens quotes from a 1980 article by Smith, which appeared in a South African edition of *The Reader's Digest*: "Those silent ruins seemed to paint a powerful lesson that Africa will not tolerate those who come only to take her gold and enslave her people" [30-34].) Yet the fact that a member of a 1956 expedition which left for the Kalahari from Nottingham Road in the Natal Midlands was none other than Alan Paton, suggests that the searches for "the lost city" were not merely expedient marketing ploys or the fantasies of crackpots.

Paton, Smith, Farini, Spielberg, and Haggard, and novel, film, safari, diary, exhibition, and photograph—what is happening, here, is that just as we imagine our critical selves to have "discov-

ered" the authorial key to "the meaning" of The Lost City, we are once again confronted with allusive elusion: a flexible set of references, tropes, styles, and images, which dissolve even as we seek to make them cohere. While we search out origins, try to unearth definitive sources, critical closure is repeatedly referred, and deferred, as might well be expected of a highly volatilized contemporary culture which quotes from and glances at texts from cultural fields that are eclectic in terms of history, genre, and medium. In pursuing this point, we may speculate that in advertising lies one of the best indicators of the existent "structure of feeling" which both mobilizes, and is mobilized by, The Lost City. Consider the frequency with which the tropes of repeated discovery, the ever-deferred satisfaction of desire, the promise of hyperbolic pleasure, and uniquely improved modernity—newer, bigger, better—motivate much contemporary advertising and consumption. It is not for nothing that Raymond Williams referred to advertising as "the magic system" (170-95), an observation which might be extrapolated to construct advertising as the most widespread contemporary example of the romance genre. As Sut Jhally explains, advertising assures the discovery and possession of the ultimate even as the proliferating, ephemeral images of newness, betterness and improved modernity endlessly delay this experience of "total satisfaction" (217-29). The tropes of exploration, discovery, and transfiguration, characteristic of modern advertising, I suggest, virtually guarantee the continued claim on the contemporary imagination of "the lost city" as site of desire and fantasy.

Moreover, if the ideology of "empire" is arguably anachronistic in a country long independent from Britain's empire and recently liberated from an oligopolistic Afrikaner nationalism, the metaphors of comic book conquest and fantasy imperialism retain a popularly atavistic life, often in guises at once dissimilar yet obliquely correspondent: the Camel Adventurer, the game photographer, the globe-conquering fashion model, the corporate raider, and the curio-collecting tourist; and Banana Republic Clothing, Safari fragrance, Treasure Hunt, and Treasure Quest; Liquifruit "Jungle" punch, Cocobutter "ethnic" body lotion, Go-East exotic fashion, Slumberland "royal" mattresses—

these are but a few of the commodities which announce their ostensibly exceptional product identity against the mythologized iconography of The Lost City as a location. Notice, too, that while the resort may be regarded by some as primarily the neo-colonial habitus of a cosmopolitan jetset, a spectacular sojourn at The Palace of The Lost City is often marketed in competitions as a prize "trophy" for the imaginings of the ordinary leisure tourist. Also interesting, although less visible to the casual observer, is the fact that The Lost City functions as an increasingly popular southern African conference venue (for example, the Organisation of African Unity conference of African information ministers in October 1994, and the African Tourist Association Africa Ecotourism Symposium, in November 1994), which is seen to offer African—often black African—delegates the pleasures of an apparently untamed Africa alongside those of abundant modernity.

At this stage, having raised in relation to the deferred pleasures of advertising and the "adventure" of consumerism the subject of desire, one might well feel obliged to comment on what have by now become almost commonplace observations concerning the role of "woman" within the landscapes and economies of discovery. Advertising itself, for instance, in its repeated staging of the female body as site of voyeuristic pleasure, could be seen to exploit desire, discovery, and consumption as a peculiarly, or primarily, masculine prerogative. Similarly, critics have argued that the imperial power relations which inform Haggard's fiction are by definition also misogynist, and that the very geographies of his work—Sheba's breasts, tunnels, the "possession" of rapturous treasures at the core of Africa—contribute to the mythology of a "boy's own" adventure genre. Certainly, these arguments are often cogently put, and do have some bearing on The Lost City. For at least one of the sensory adventures offered by the resort, one of the "discoveries," is the uncovering of the female body through various forms of cabaret, dance spectacle, and pornography. We might also refer to advertisements for the Miss World Pageant (for which The Lost City seems to have become the premier location), which feature an enticingly masked female visage above paradoxical copy that declares "Af-

rica unveils her latest goddess of eternal beauty" and urges television viewers not to miss the special, live broadcast. Such advertisements and the spectacles they advertise invoke tropes of woman as Beauty, as mystery, as trophic conquest, as object to be looked at, and intersect with the various constructions of primitive and ethnic culture already referred to as part of an imperial-colonial exhibitionary complex. (A not-insignificant appeal of the ethnicities staged at the Worlds Fairs and Exhibitions lay in the opportunity to view bare-breasted tribal women, and satisfy, or further arouse, one's [male] curiosity and fantasies concerning myths of unrestrained "native" sexuality.) Yet the place of "woman" in adventure is not uncomplicated. Even the contradictory adjectives "latest" and "eternal" in the Miss World advertisement should alert us to the instability of adventure tropes, the work they are obliged to perform in relation to tradition and modernity in securing their imaginative purchase. Moreover, as reworkings of Laura Mulvey's initial notion of the "visual regime" might imply, active and passive, agent and subject, are not intrinsically tied to the conventional gender binaries, and women may variously exploit the very roles habitually allocated them within apparently "male" adventure genres.

But these variations on commoditized culture might elicit mere academic scorn. For intellectuals, as we know, are not susceptible to the facile appeals of myths which, like "adventure," "primitivism," and "discovery," can usually be shown to have a compromised lineage. Yet, as Raphael Samuel and Paul Thompson explain, academics should not believe themselves to function beyond the "inferior" imaginings of the popularly "mythic" mind: the appeal of the resonantly mythic categories informing The Lost City emerges in the use of "titles like The World We Have Lost," where academics "covertly play with myths of former golden ages which we assume our readers to share" (4). And how often are the embedded metaphors of discovery, recovery, travel, and colonization—metaphors which have, arguably, acquired a naturalized, self-evident authority—invoked to grant coherence to research narratives: "let us explore," "we may claim," and "to unearth the facts" are but a few easily citable examples crucial to literary-critical paradigms predicated upon the uncovering, dis-

covery, and exploration of forgotten material. Such work is often spectacularly publicized in the advertising which accompanies the publication of new volumes, of "lost" voices, texts, and cultures, and is frequently informed by the academic's residual belief in the superior authenticity and purity of the recovered texts, when read against the literary forms and conventions which constitute the institutionalized "ordinary."

In discussing manifestations of mythic and tropic thought often occluded in an academic discourse which has sought for itself the authority of objective disengagement, we might also mention that there is an eagerness on the part of a "culturally-informed" constituency to dismiss The Lost City, while showing a concern to engage critically with debates around nation and national identity. Instead, if we allow the Presidential Inauguration and The Lost City as forms of South African cultural exposition concerned with the staging of a "South African" identity, it becomes interesting to explore Tony Bennett's observation that expositions and national celebrations "are among the most distinctive of modernity's symbolic inventions"; both these progenies of modernity are "contrived events looking for a pretext to happen" (30). Despite an intellectual tendency to invest symbolic capitals in the presidential inauguration (or Rugby World Cup) while withholding sanction from The Lost City, then, the two forms of "exhibition" are by no means disjunct. As Anderson's discussion of imagined communities might suggest, both could in some ways involve "willing suspensions of disbelief," and the ambivalent pleasure and transfer of agency involved in submitting to an unrealizable yet desirable utopian collective.

If we are prepared to reconsider here our investments in fabricated national identities, we might also rethink the category of colonialism. It is true that The Lost City, both as structure and experience, recalls something of the colonial encounter. In its emphasis on the primal energies of nature, chance, and the "jungle," the elements of fire and water—burning torches, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and glinting treasure, and wave pools, cascades, fountains, and streams—perhaps The Lost City does imagine "Africa," albeit through self-conscious staging, as the mysterious continent of the European imagination, blankly

awaiting the adventurer's inscription. Yet the difficulties of securing any definition of "Africa" in relation to The Lost City, or of securing as diffuse a trope as "adventure" for the negative projections of "empire," might also imply that colonialism—"the colonial encounter"—was never a monolithic, fully achieved project. (Annie Coombes argues that colonialism involved contradiction alongside coherence and a struggle to contain recalcitrant meanings within ordering archives of knowledge and authority.)

In relation to what some would perceive as the neocolonialism implicit in The Lost City project, similarly, the attempts of Sun International and affiliated entrepreneurs to construct corporate and resort identity are not without hybridity and even confusion: paradoxically, the very hyperbolic advertising and style of The Lost City provide repeated evidence of a semiotic excess which refuses systematic presentation: "ethnic," "primitive," "traditional," "classical," "sophisticated," and "modern." What sorts of narrativizing impulses are at work here? Certainly they are far from self-evident. How do "technological complexity" and the "primitive," for instance, as at World's Fairs, function at The Lost City as signs and organizers of modernity, and as instantiators of a future? The Lost City, it seems, as historical, political, geographic, and psychic location, must be considered a syncretic product of the various meanings entertained by publics and individuals in receiving and reinterpreting, resisting and revelling in, its adventure spectacle. And given the roles Kerzner has played as part financier of both a Mandela daughter nuptials and the post presidential-inauguration feast—it becomes more and more difficult simply to argue for clearcut delineations of appropriate and inappropriate South African identities, of dominant, residual, and emergent cultural power.

Consider the unusual parallels which Boehmer sees between entrepreneur Sol Kerzner and South African man of letters Sol T. Plaatje. In the early years of this century, Plaatje was concerned to reveal something of "the back of the native mind" by recasting aspects of black history and folklore into the African epic novel *Mhudi* (1930). He also translated Shakespeare into indigenous languages, wrote journalistic pieces, produced three Zonophone records of hymns and tribal songs, scripted and appeared in a

tribal theatrical sketch called the "Cradle of the World," designed
to fill the reel change intermissions during the screening of a
wildlife/ethnographic film in London, and toured South Africa
with "Plaatje's bioscope," a portable film projector and educa-
tional films he had acquired during his travels in the U.S. and
Canada. Even if we want to insist that Plaatje's motives, unlike
Kerzner's, were primarily moral rather than financial, the issue
of cultural syncretism cannot be side-stepped. Given Plaatje's
disparate cultural involvements, it becomes awkward to argue for
his "South Africanness" as anything but hybrid, and perhaps it is
time, in fact, beyond the individual cases of either Plaatje or
Kerzner, for South Africans consciously to theorize their cultural
identities as heterogeneous and "constructed" in the broadest
sense of the term. Such an awareness could form a vital counter
to the myth of self-evident, coherent national identity: we cannot
simply invoke, as our re-entry ticket into international sociopolit-
ical life, an authentic South African cultural tradition.

Whatever the decontextualizations and oversimplifications in-
volved, the Africa invented for The Lost City might well be
expected to exert degrees of audience appeal in terms of an
heroic African past, alongside the dream of an affluent, globally-
influential African future. The resort is not, finally, inherently
distinct from glossy magazines such as *Tribute*, which popularize
sophisticated urban black style in relation to a cosmopolitan
South African identity, or from television programmes such as
People of the South, where urbane host Dali Tambo—he of the
famous activist parentage, raised abroad, and unversed in any
indigenous language—orchestrates a weekly feast of "African"
style as much visual as human. To make such linkages, oddly
enough, is not to deny but to acknowledge the contradictions
which inform a phenomenon such as The Lost City. We cannot
unproblematically claim, for instance, that the fictionalizing of
The Lost City obscures "the real history" of ancient settlements to
be found a few kilometres away at Rustenburg (Haffajee 22), or
that Kerzner, like adventure writer Wilbur Smith "annexes all of
African historical cultural achievement," trying "to take away
from the blacks their own history" (Couzens 50). Instead, if we
are honest, we might be encouraged to reconsider the strategies

according to which history, heritage, modernity, and cultural identity are themselves invented for and by a popular audience. (Kerzner has been asked by the Israeli government to market several biblical sites along "Lost City" lines; Disney has considered developing a history theme park on the site of the battle of Bull Run; and "Shakaland," regarded by many as an authentic, educationally-valuable "Zulu village" on the Natal north coast, began its life as the film set for the television series Shaka Zulu.)

What I have implied, in this paper, is the need to move beyond a self-righteous ideology-critique in responding to The Lost City. For despite the undeniable excess of its scale and informing ideas; despite its implication in the perverse geographies of an apartheid South Africa, The Lost City, like the genre of romance and adventure more broadly, accrues diffuse and often oblique cultural meanings sometimes more in keeping with popular myth and desires than with demands for moral-political correctness. Within the context of South Africa in the early to mid 1990s, the "legend" and overscaled simulation of The Lost City could also be seen to embody the very uncertainty attendant upon a time of political transition; for if different visitors inevitably mobilize "The Lost City" experience in different ways, the marketing of the resort gives prominence to the paradox of an allochronic, perfect past—it has been, it has happened—"as the contrary of the continuous 'imperfect' present, which is a process, an incomplete state" (Shanks and Tilley 9). If on the one hand we understand that in the genre of romance, for instance, "Reason and geography must be thrown to the winds . . . romance must ignore the political and economic reasons for exploration, and turn the scramble for Africa into something of the perennial imagination" (Christie, Hutchings, and Maclennan 22), we on the other might allow that the imagination is itself a powerfully appealing force which tugs against its sociopolitical moorings. It is not enough to generalize, with Salman Rushdie, that adventure is "a pretty well exclusively Western phenomenon . . . a movement that originates in the rich parts of the planet and heads for the poor. Or a journey from the crowded cities towards the empty spaces, which may be another way of saying the same thing" (224). We need to allow the complex and capacious

resonances of romance, adventure, and discovery in various spheres of contemporary life.

In negotiating the paradoxically monumental yet shifting identity of a built form like The Lost City, we need not only to work through a range of cultural discourses—fiction, film, advertising—which may in several ways showcase the tropes of Africa and adventure, but to consider tensions between various ecumenes—"African," "South African," "modern"—which manifest themselves unevenly in the uncertain South African situation. We need to read the "history" of The Lost City both backwards and forwards, against "empire" and "postmodernity"; "EuroAmerica" and "Africa"; "politics" and "pleasure." And, importantly, we need to recognize the difficulty of placing our responses in relation to such labels which, since they are not binaries, cannot separately describe contemporary South African experiences.

WORKS CITED

Appadurai, Arjun. "Disjuncture and Difference in the Global Cultural Economy." *Colonial Discourse and Postcolonial Theory: A Reader.* Ed. Patrick Williams and Laura Chrisman. Hereford: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1993. 324-39.

Armstrong, Meg. "'A Jumble of Foreigness': The Sublime Musayums of Nineteenth-Century Fairs and Expositions." *Cultural Critique* 23 (1993): 199-249.

Barritt, David. "Kerzner's Kingdom." *Style Magazine* Jan. 1993: 60-66.

Barthes, Roland. "The Eiffel Tower." 1979. *Barthes: Selected Writings.* Ed. Susan Sontag. Oxford: Fontana/Collins, 1982. 236-50.

Bennett, Tony. "The Shaping of Things to Come: Expo '88." *Cultural Studies* 5.1 (1991): 30-51.

Boehmer, Elleke. "What Will They Read Now? The Loosening Of The Novel After The Struggle Against Apartheid." *Times Literary Supplement* April 1994: 10-11.

Breckenridge, Carol A. "The Aesthetics and Politics of Colonial Collecting: India at World Fairs." *Comparative Studies in Society and History* 31.1 (1989): 195-216.

Burton, Lianne. "Prophet of the City." *Cosmopolitan Man* Nov. 1992: 222-26.

Christie S., G. Hutchings, and D. Maclennan. *Perspectives in South African Fiction.* Johannesburg: Ad. Donker, 1980.

Coombes, Annie E. "The Recalcitrant Object: Culture Contact and the Question of Hybridity." *Colonial Discourse, Postcolonial Theory.* Ed. Francis Barker, Peter Hulme, and Margaret Everson. Mass.: Massachusetts UP, 1994. 89-114.

Couzens, Tim. "The Return of the Heart of Darkness." *The English Academy Review* Nov. 1982: 36-52.

Davis, Mike. *City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles.* London: Verso, 1990.

Farini, G. A. "A Recent Journey in the Kalahari." *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* (1886): 437-50.

———. *Through the Kalahari Desert:a Narrative of a Journey with Gun, Camera, and Note-Book to Lake N'Gami and Back.* London: Sampson Low, Marston, 1886.

Goldie, Fay. *Lost City of the Kalahari: the Farini Story and Reports on Other Expeditions.* Cape Town: A. A. Balkema, 1963.

Gray, Stephen. *Southern African Literature: An Introduction.* Cape Town: David Philip, 1979.

Haggard, H. Rider. *King Solomon's Mines.* London, 1885.

———. *She.* London. 1887.

Haffajee, Ferial. "Nearby, the REAL Lost City." *The Weekly Mail.* 27 Nov.-3 Dec. 1992: 22.

Haining, Peter. *The Short Stories of Rider Haggard.* London: Michael Joseph, 1981.

Hall, Martin. "Mischief and Megalomania: an Archaeologist Excavates The Lost City." *Ventilator* 1 Sept. 1994: 34-43.

Harvey, David. *The Condition of Postmodernity: An Enquiry into the Origins of Cultural Change.* Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1989.

Jhally, Sut. "Advertising as Religion: The Dialectic of Technology and Magic." *Cultural Politics in Contemporary America.* Ed. Ian Angus and Sut Jhally. London: Routledge, 1989. 217-29.

Milne, Ramsay. "White Fantasyland." *The Saturday News*, 5 Dec. 1992: 7.

Murray, Martin J. *The Revolution Deferred: The Painful Birth of Post-Apartheid South Africa.* London: Verso, 1994.

Paton, Alan. "Is there a Lost City of the Kalahari?" *Sunday Express*, 17 June 1956: n. pag.

Plaatje, Sol T. *Mhudi.* 1930. London: Heinemann, 1978.

Real, Michael A. *Super Media: A Cultural Studies Approach.* London: Sage Publications, 1989.

Richards, Jeffrey. "Boy's Own Empire: Feature Films and Imperialism in the 1930s." *Imperialism and Popular Culture.* Manchester: Manchester UP, 1986. 140-64.

Rosaldo, Renato. *Culture and Truth: the Remaking of Social Analysis.* London: Routledge, 1989.

Rumney, Reg. "By De Mille, via Rider Haggard." *The Weekly Mail* 27 Nov.-3 Dec. 1992: 23.

Rushdie, Salman. "On Adventure." 1985. *Imaginary Homelands.* London: Viking, 1990. 222-25.

Samuel, Raphael, and Paul Thompson, eds. *The Myths We Live By.* London: Routledge, 1990.

Savage, Jon. "The Age of Plunder." 1982. *Zoot Suits and Second-Hand Dresses:An Anthology of Fashion and Music.* Ed. Angela McRobbie. London: Macmillan, 1989. 169-80.

Shanks, Michael, and Christopher Tilley, eds. *Re-Constructing Archaeology: Theory and Practice.* 1987. London: Routledge, 1992.

Shephard, Ben. "Showbiz Imperialism: the Case of Peter Lobengula." *Imperialism and Popular Culture.* Ed. John Mackenzie. Manchester: Manchester UP, 1986. 94-112.

Stallybrass, Peter, and Allon White. "Bourgeois Hysteria and the Carnivalesque."
    1986. *The Cultural Studies Reader.* Ed. Simon During. London: Routledge, 1993.
    284-92.

Stengel, Richard. "Dinosaurland." *The New Republic.* 11 Jan. 1993: 11-12.

Sunday Times TV Times, 6 Dec. 1992: 7.

The Sunday Times. 29 Nov. 1992: 10.

Trotter, David. "Colonial Subjects." *Critical Quarterly* 32.3 (1990): 3-20.

Warren, Stacy. "'This Heaven Gives Me Migraines': The Problems and Promise of
    Landscapes of Leisure." *Place/Culture/Representation.* Ed. James Duncan and
    David Ley. London: Routledge, 1993. 173-86.

Williams, Raymond. "Advertising: The Magic System." *Problems in Materialism and
    Culture: Selected Essays.* London: Verso, 1980. 170-95.