

this is...

MORBID

this is MORBID number something or other. From Craig Miller, who resides at 9115 Beverlywood St. An Los Angeles, California. 90034. (213) 838-0297. Printed by him on school equipment. Intended for the January mailing of CAPA-alpha. POVPEX-VEXOS PUBLICATION #170.

I'm using school equipment now because I've become a teaching assistant. I mentioned in earlier MORBIDs that my school is starting English Mini-courses. Such courses (10 weeks each) as The Comics, Science Fiction, The Cinema, Fantasy, and The Occult; others too, of course.

I originally was supposed to work with the 6th period Science Fiction class, only they decided that they didn't need four of those classes and canceled that one. I was then asked if I wanted to take the Cinema class and work with it instead. I said yes. Little did I know... The teacher knows almost nothing on the subject. They chose him to teach cinema on this basis: He is the Mass Media teacher. It follows, but the reason he's the Mass Media teacher is that he was the newest teacher there when they set up the Mass Media class a year ago.

One reason that he is so bad as a Cinema teacher is that he constantly makes things up. He was giving the class some terms, high shot, low shot, zoom, tracking shot, etc. Then he made some up. *sigh*

My main job with the class is acquiring films and arranging field trips and speakers and running films. Sometimes I run the class And I answer the questions he can't.

The equipment the school gave us is just fantastic. Since it is a Cinema class, we need a projector there all the time. The audio-visual department gave us the one that no one else will take. The speaker is stuck together with scotch tape -- how it continues to work, I don't know -- the projector's springs keep snapping, every other time, it seems, we have to twist the rrewind spring in order to get it to turn the correct direction. Sometimes the motor switch eorks, sometimes it doesn't. We have no editing equipment of any sort. (the only thing they give us for splicing is scotch transparent tape), for that matter, the only thing they will give us is the projector and speaker. We have to supply everything ourselves. They did give us a budget of \$75 for two, count them, two classes of kids. That gives us us \$1.50 per kid. Whoopee.

I'm currently arranging with two stunt men I know (Bob & Bill, for the LABFans) to come and do a stunt show. Also with Chuck Jones to come and talk about animation. (and maybe if he could bring a couple of his cartoons -- like What's Opera, Doc? and Hi Note and Duck Dodgers in the 25 and 1/2 Centufy)

0o0o0o0o0

More and more stores around the Los Angeles area are getting rid of their comics. And, for that matter, all of their magazines. The profit on them is too small to make it worthwhile for them to have someone take the minimum forty copies of each title, take out twenty, put them on the shelf, keep the shelves in order, pull the old issues, box them up and send them back to the distributor.

TATTLE!!

And how's by you?

OoOoOoOoO

Art this time is by Bill Rotsler.

OoOoOoOoO

I just saw the HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's book. Wow! Blasted thing is \$20. Bah! Humbug! For those who haven't seen it, it reprints stories from E.C. comics and gives a one page bio on the artist and shows the cover from the issue it appeared in. Printed in color and bigger than life size. The book is gorgeous -- and very expensive. When it gets remaindered...

OoOoOoOoO

I don't know if this will be done in time to save my membership. I may not be able to run it off and get it to Dan in time. Only time will tell.

OoOoOoOoO

COMMENTS on December mailing

GARY BROWN: But the OMEGA MAN's plot isn't common. How many movies have you seen about an holocaust that destroys most of the Earth's population and leaves all the rest save one in a condition of "vampirism" (they never stated it in the movie, but why else was he killing them?). It isn't a common plot. You are right, though. It doesn't follow the book too well. Matheson didn't like it.///And then we do a one shot called CLYDE and have it put behind your one-shot...

OoOoOoOoO

One student in the Mass Media class turned in a paper for which the teacher gave him an "A". It was A 75 Year History Of the Comic Industry, in two and 1/2 double spaced pages. Geez. I looked over the paper after it had been graded. In the 2 1/2 pages, there were at least 7 errors. His facts were all almost totally inaccurate. I pointed these out to the teacher. The grade was changed to a "B". I don't think it should have been that high. Feh!

Earlier this week, as part of my psychology class, we went up to Camarillo State Hospital. For those of you who don't know, that is a hospital for the mentally ill. We started out in a mad caravan of six cars -- we were the third car. There were a number of cars that had cut into the caravan so we were not right behind each other. Suddenly the first and second cars disappeared. One of them had decided to take the inland route and cut off on the San Diego Fwy. North. The other decided the same thing but they cut off on the S.n Diego Fwy. South. Oh well. The worst part, the one with the exact directions was in the fifth (now third) car. We figured that as long as they were following us, we are okay.

I just changed typers in midstream.

We arrived and were given a cooks tour and orientation lectures. Then, our guide left to make some arrangements for us. We were in the gym watching one of their gym classes play baseball. The class was of about eight boys. ((groups are broken down by sex, age, and "condition")) We watched them for a while and decided that they were pretty well for mentally ill kids. They asked if any of our group wanted to join th game. Some said yes and about 5 boys and 3 girls joined in. We later found out that these are the worst kids in the Jr. High age level -- it was fascinating to see that our group played just slightly better. Our group was able to field better -- I think that this is due to their brain not having these problems of synapse response and so were able to react more quickly -- but they batted much worse.

The kids themselves were very friendly. One of their free time activities is Bike ridding. There is a little shop where they store bikes and the Camarillo Kids get them and ride. The area of the hospital -- even just the child care center -- is very large. The kids kept asking us if we wanted to go bike ridding with them.

Camarillo is run like a school -- all the kids go to classes. We were divided up into groups of three or four and put in to watch some of the classes. Classes are of about eight kids or less. The one I was in was for Jr. High age boys. All the kids were busy doing something. One kid didn't notice us at all -- he doesn't notice anything. Most of the group I came in with were girls and one kid said that he "couldn't work with girls watching him" which seemed odd because the technicians (not treally technicians, but that's what they are called) were female.

One kid was leaving in a month and started a conversation up with us. He showed us his math work and his spelling and some pictures he did that are up on the bulletin board. He described a movie he went to see on a visit home. He, too, invited us bike ridding.

There was a black kid sitting there and one of the technicians gave him a set of puzzle cards. These cards had pictures of animals on them but you needed two cards to get a whole picture. He sat there putting them together and it seemed he was enjoying himself because there were a number of outbursts of loud laughter. But watching him we found he did the cards very dilently. He was constantly looking around. If he noticed one of the technicians looking toward him, he'd start laughing, but only then.

Another kid had drawn this picture of a spaceship-sort-of-thing. He was describing it to one of the technicians in very visual movements of his hands and by re-creatin

the sounds it would make over various terrain (it was a undersea-land-air-space craft). She kept insisting he write it down. He has an active mind but he can't express himself at all. She also worked with arithmetic timestables and spelling. He's also a slow learner.

The period ended and we went off to eat lunch. Then four of us decided to wander around for a while -- until we were supposed to meet with the class for re-distribution to other rooms. One of the Camarillo Kids -- one who was playing baseball earlier -- wandered over and asked what we were doing. We told him just wandering and he asked if he could come too. He led us on a tour of the facilities -- thru one of the cottages (there are a number of cottages, each holds forty kids and is divided into two groups of twenty) He showed us his bed and his locker. There is a lounge in each cottage with couches and television. I'm not sure but I believe the televisions were color. He showed us different playground facilities and even took us up to their secret smoking spot behind some bushes.

We next went to the speech center. It seems there are 172 kids in Camarillo, of those, 104 have no language -- they don't speak at all. The others speak and some of those only partially. Some of the remainder aren't there for mental illness. Some have behavioral problems -- fighting, drugs, anti-social, etc. The speech therapist worked with two kids individually while we were there. The first one was named Johnny.

Johnny's father had never shown any emotion, never released. When Jonny was 3, his father got mad and released all this pent up emotion against him and hit him. Since, Johnny has had severe emotional problems. He can't take any sort of pressure and will avoid it by asking if he is the persons friend and why. He also has shields against everything.

The second kid, Archy, has almost no speech. Most of the time he just makes shrieking sounds. Archy had meningitis as ~~XXXX~~ an infant and this damaged his brain. This is along with his mental illness. The problem is two-fold with Archy -- getting past the mental illness and that the speech centers don't function quite correctly. Archy gets excited very easily. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ The therapist asked him to count. In his own way, he did, but as he got to the higher numbers (i.e. 18, 19, etc.) he started yelling and pounding the table. The speech therapist stopped him but once she let go of his hands the excitement again started to mount and he again began pounding the table. Later, the therapist told us that if let go, Archy would have started yelling and running around the room.

Some of the kids are self-destructive and so the technicians must use shock-sticks. These are similar to electric cattle prods but don't really hurt the child. We saw one kid who was beating himself and his face was bloody. The technician came over and had to use the shock stick in order to shock the kid out of his self-destructiveness.

All of the kids there know they are sick and are there voluntarily. There is no such thing as comital in California. At least not any longer. You either go voluntarily, or you can be put away, but you must be checked every two or so weeks (I don't remember the exact length of time) to see if you need further hospitalization. If you don't, you are let out. There is no more putting someone away for life.

They have a program over the summer where you volunteer for three weeks to the whole summer. They give you room and board and you work with the kids. I'm considering going back for three weeks to a month. The kids are very friendly and want to be helped. They want to do things to get better.

When I went, I didn't know quite what to expect. I didn't really expect to see any rubber rooms/booby bins/padded cells but I also didn't expect what I did see. Class rooms with kids learning math and English and music and so weiter.