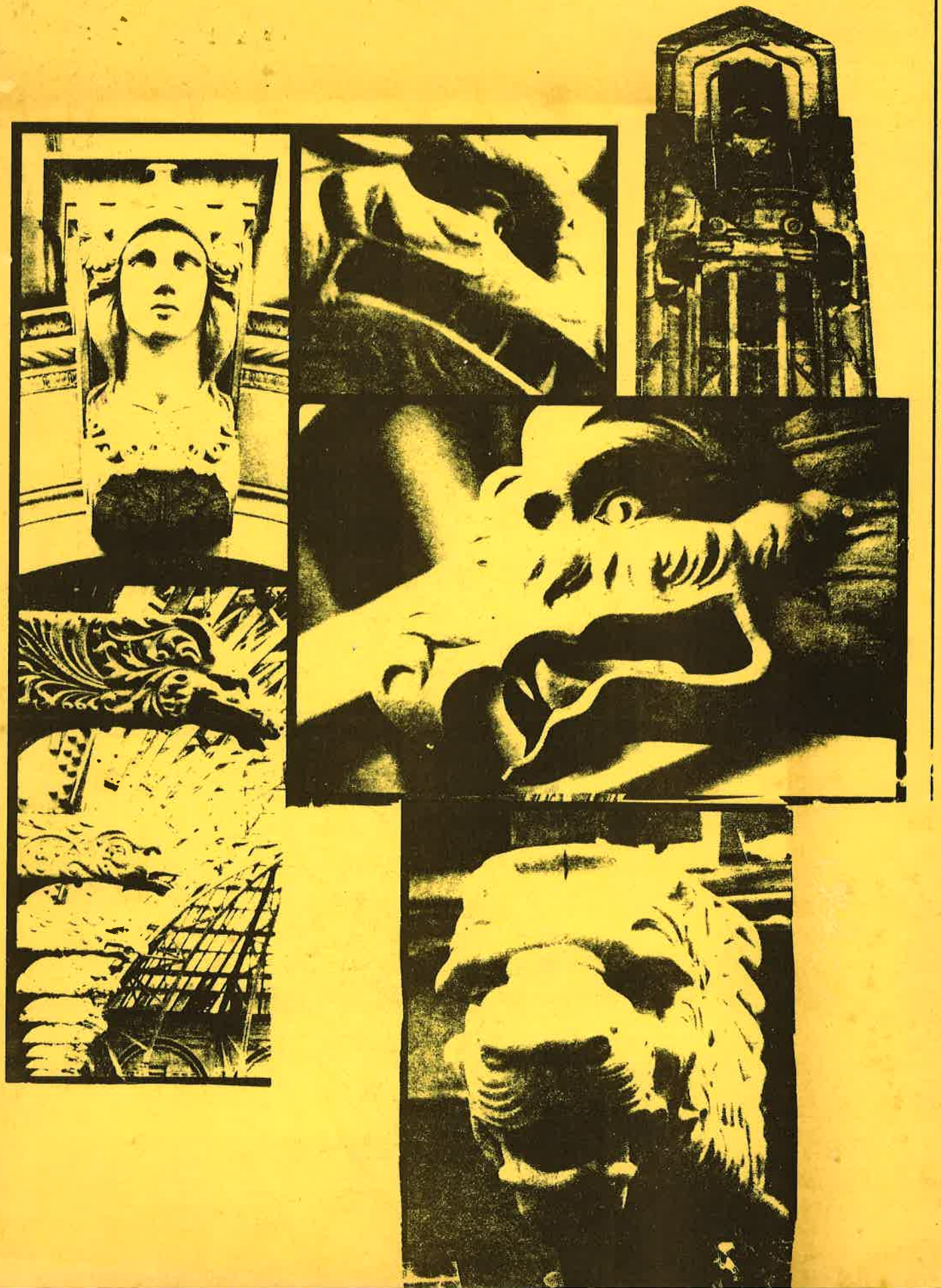

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THE SILMARILLION, by J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin, 1977. 365 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Robert Kane

(From the Plain Dealer, 9-11-77)

To his admirers, J. R. R. Tolkien was not just an author, but the creator of a universe. Middle Earth, the setting for The Hobbit and the Lord of the Rings trilogy, is a world unto itself, one to which millions of readers have sought escape in recent years.

Now another segment of the history of Middle Earth is available in The Silmarillion.

Tolkien worked on The Silmarillion from around 1917 until his death in 1973. Unfortunately he died without finishing the book but he left a great number of notebooks and manuscripts, and the job of editing and arranging them into a coherent whole fell to his son Christopher.

The Silmarillion describes the creation of Middle Earth and the First Age of its history. Many principal characters in The Lord of the Rings have their origins in that period, among them Gandalf the Grey and Sauron, the archetypal bad guy. A number of legends alluded to in the trilogy also have their roots in the First Age.

The principal theme of the book involves the theft of the Great Jewels, the Silmarilli, by Morgoth, the Enemy. The elves wage a series of wars, ultimately victorious, to regain the Jewels. In the course of this, evil becomes established in Middle Earth, paving the way for the War of the Ring chronicled in the trilogy.

"The tale grew in the telling," Tolkien once said. When The Hobbit was published in 1937, a light fantasy by an obscure Oxford don, few guessed it was a glimpse of the much larger world Tolkien had begun to construct. But the publication of The Lord of the Rings in 1955 made it all real. Tolkien societies sprang up in several countries, and some followers began studying Elvish.

Middle Earth was invented to provide a historical framework for development of Tolkien's invented languages. In an essay on The Silmarillion, Christopher Tolkien wrote that seven historical studies of Elvish are among his father's unpublished writings.

I have two particular misgivings about The Silmarillion, the lesser involving my doubts about the editing process. Tolkien worked on The Silmarillion for nearly 60 years. At one time gossip had the book running about 2,000 pages. The volume just published is less than a fifth that size, and a good part of it is devoted to appendices and an index.

Christopher Tolkien, in his preface, explains that his father produced many versions of some parts of the book in a variety of styles. Christopher perceived his task as one of selecting and arranging portions of these texts into a consistent narrative.

Not trusting even well-meaning knowledgeable editors with that sort of responsibility, I look forward to the publication of Tolkien's unedited manuscripts and notes, though these will probably be a long time coming.

My second and greater unhappiness concerns an element of Middle Earth's history I had not anticipated; in the First Age, there were no hobbits.

For any who have yet to read Tolkien, hobbits, or halflings, are a small people living in a region of Middle Earth called The Shire. They are best characterized by their fondness

for large, frequent meals and their preference for slow, easy living.

They are, for the most part, wary of the outside world and disinclined to excitement or adventure. Through the ages a few hobbits have broken from their sleepy, agrarian heritage to brave life in the larger world, but these are the exceptions. Hobbits lend a quality of fantasy to the trilogy and The Hobbit lacking in The Silmarillion.

It is a less hospitable time, the First Age of Middle Earth, than that depicted in Tolkien's other works. Its characters, heroes and villains alike, present god-like aspects, austere and remote, but have no real personalities. Many darksome oaths are sworn, but no glasses are raised in toast or clinked in friendship.

I picture Tolkien in his college days, drinking warm beer with C. S. Lewis in one of the pubs around Oxford. It's a warm, hobbity image, in which I am unable to relate The Silmarillion.

Tolkien's world is changed for me by this book.

Middle Earth has acquired a depth and complexity only hinted at in the trilogy, though long rumored in Tolkienist circles.

I can't help wondering: couldn't there have been just a few hobbits?

Robert Bloch and Poul Anderson exchanging comments at a science-fiction covention.

(Photo by R. Alain Everts.)

New Weird Tales writer Robert Bloch at 17

A NOTE UPON THE WHISPERER IN DARKNESS

Some critics tend to downgrade The Whisperer in Darkness because its theme has become a commonplace in science fiction; but it assuredly wasn't at the time HPL wrote the story. He was becoming more and more preoccupied with science fiction ideas; he had already written The Colour Out of Space, and At the Mountains of Madness, The Dreams in the Witch-House and The Shadow Out of Time were still to come. When he wrote The Whisperer extraterrestrials were almost invariably depicted as bems, or bugeeyed monsters; a sympathetic "alien" was unheard of. (The denouement of William Sloane's To Walk the Night, in which it was revealed that the heroine was an extraterrestrial, came as a great shock to the reader, who would, of course, immediately guess it today.)

I won't say that The Whisperer in Darkness was the first story in which extraterrestrials disguised themselves as humans, for some s-f buff like Sam Moskowitz would be almost certain to cite some other story which preceded it, but it was certainly a novel idea to HPL, who was greatly concerned because Walter de la Mare had gotten ahead of him with the idea, written at almost the same time (Mr. Kempe). HPL examined de la Mare's story very closely, and was relieved to discover there were sufficient differences to make his own story still valid. HPL was so anxious to get his story into Weird Tales that he apparently never pondered upon why the extraterrestials bothered to adopt the masquerade when there was really no need for them to do so. (The shock ending was just for the reader's benefit.)

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Kay Halle, formerly of Cleveland, now a long-time resident of Washington, D. C., has known many important people. George Gershwin composed Summertime on her piano. Randolph Churchill wanted to marry her, and his father, Sir Winston, was all for it, but she turned him down, although she always remained the best of friends with the Churchills. She was instrumental in getting Congress to name Sir Winston an "honorary American citizen"; and she was sent as an official representative of the U. S. to Churchill's funeral and returned with President Eisenhower on his plane. She was also very friendly with the Roosevelts; at a party FDR once asked her to scramble some eggs! Noguchi, who created the controversial piece of sculpture at the Justice Center here, once did a bust of her. She sees her friend Alice Roosevelt Longworth two or three times a month.

Her brother, the late Walter Halle, chairman of the board of directors at the Halle Brothers' department store here, was an HPL look-alike. The irony here is that the Halles are of Russian Jewish descent!

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Yog, but he was huge, although his little head
Looked like Wizard Whateley's; and he spread
Leprously across the land for thirty yards,
Tentacles all quivering for rewards. . . .

JOHN IRELAND AND ARTHUR MACHEN

by Christopher Palmer

(From the liner notes for MHS 3610: JOHN IRELAND (1879-1962) PIANO MUSIC, played by Eric Parkin.)

"How can the critics begin to understand my music if they have never read Machen?" This was a question heard to fall on more than one occasion from John Ireland's lips. Ireland came of a literary family, and literature and literary people played a natural part in the formation of his personality. Most influential of all were the works of Arthur Machen, the Welsh writer, who was to Ireland almost what Yeats was to Bax. Ireland had dreamt in fire; after his first encounter with Machen it was only a matter of time before he worked in fire also. In the wake of The House of Souls and The Hill of Dreams a smouldering coal flared gloriously into flame. For Machen loved all memoried things and places, things with a past behind them--and the more remote the past the greater he felt able to partake of them. He hailed from a forgotten country in the West, a land of dark and ancient woods and streams and deep sunken lanes, the ancient Welsh kingdom of Gwent. His greatest good fortune, he declared, was that he had been born in noble, fallen Caerleon-on-Usk, once the golden Isca of the Roman legions and immortal in the tales of King Arthur, the Graal and the Round Table. As in his youth he explored the wild country round about, he quickly became aware that certain areas affected him with the sense that all was moving not merely in space but in time. As he climbed up into the high places of that land he knew that he was coming into an older world before the time of sowing and reaping and gathering into barns: "the dark green and rich gold of the gorse gave place to strange circles and patterns of grey limestone rocks, something dread, threatening, Druidical about them. . . . and so onward, slope rising to a still higher slope and no end or limit that the eye could see, there in that high, desolate place. . . and I remember feeling that there was an expression for all this in words: 'For ever and ever. Amen.' Of exactly this kind of 'racial memory' John Ireland was also possessed to a marked degree, and it found expression in many works--the orchestral pieces The Forgotten Rite and Mai-Dun, Legend for piano and orchestra (dedicated to Machen), his first major piano composition Decorations, and Sarnia, his last. Both the latter were inspired by the Channel Islands, which were to Ireland what Gwent was to Machen. There was undoubtedly a strong Celtic strain in Ireland's temperament, and indeed his father was a Scotsman; one of the manifestations of this was a passionate, sensuous and often mystic response to natural beauty. The Channel Islands and the Suusex Downs were two of the areas which quickened and intensified these qualities and opened the doors of his imagination; for it was here that his spirit came into momentary contact with unconjectured worlds which most of us are never permitted to visit.

The first composer to transmute something of the characteristic Machenian atmosphere into music (albeit unknowingly) was Debussy, in the Prelude a l'Après-Midi d'un Faune and in

Pelléas et Mélisande (Machen was sometimes known as the "English Maeterlinck" and Debussy was in fact an admirer of The Great God Pan, which he had read in the translation made by Machen's friend P. J. Toulet). Ireland freely acknowledged that the publication of Debussy's first book of piano Préludes in 1910, making known as they did a vast new range of expressive possibilities, led to the bringing-forth of his own suite Decorations two years later. (Up to then Brahms, whose style and aesthetic could scarcely be more at variance with Debussy's, had been the predominating influence upon the young Ireland.) The first movement of Decorations, "The Island Spell," is prefaced by an evocative quotation from Arthur Symons which straightway tells us that this is the first of Ireland's several seascapes (it is dated "Fauvic, Jersey, August, 1912"). Symons (not to be confused, as he has been on several occasions, with John Addington Symonds, whose poem A Vista Ireland set as These Things Shall Be, his only large-scale choral work) was an authority upon Symbolist literature and the first to interpret Debussy for his London audiences in the 1900s. He declared that the music of the latter's String Quartet enabled him "at last to enter into the somewhat dark and secret shadows of what I have called 'the wood.'" He would surely have succumbed to a similar enchantment in "The Island Spell." A gently lapping ostinato marked "in a clear, delicate sonority": a fragmented melodic [illegible] outline "as if in a chime": these are the gossamer threads with which Ireland spins his web of dreams. The chimes grow steadily more insistent until a climax is reached with glittering waves of arpeggios rolling backwards and forwards across the keys. In the coda (lontano e tranquillo) is a faery touch: one last barely-perciptible chime sounded at the farthest extremity of the keyboard. The second movement, "Moon-glade" (also headed by a quotation from Symons), is a mysterious nocturne which owes its evocative power to its subtly muted bitonality: the impression is of a veiled monotony of moonlight, wan, cold and transparent, perceived in a state mid-point between sleeping and waking. The third movement, "The Scarlet Ceremonies", is the most brilliant, and possibly the most demanding, of all Ireland's piano works. Machen's The White People, the story of a small girl inadvertently entering a rather sinister fairyland, was the inspiration here: "then there are the Ceremonies, which are all of them important, but some are more delightful than others; there are the White Ceremonies, and the Green Ceremonies, and the Scarlet Ceremonies. The Scarlet Ceremonies are the best. . . ." The music flashes with the clear, hard quality of cut diamonds. . . .

Decorations was quickly recognized as a major contribution to Impressionist piano literature, and Ireland's stature as a composer for the piano grew apace. The four Preludes came next, all written at Chelsea between 1913 and 1915.

On that memorable day in 1906 when John Ireland first chanced upon the Machen anthology entitled The House of Souls on a bookstall at Charing Cross Station, the first story he read would have been A Fragment of Life. In this strange and wonderful tale Edward Darnell, a City clerk in Shepherd's Bush, gradually comes to perceive that for years he has been mistaking the most amazing and hideous follies for the realities of life, purposeless and wandering phantoms for human beings. The time comes when he and his wife leave the dim stucco streets and journey down to live in the old ancestral home, deep-hidden in the far western valley, there to awaken "from a dream of a London suburb, of weary, useless little things; and as my eyes were opened I saw that I was in an ancient wood, where a clear well rose into grey film and

vapour beneath a misty, glimmering heat. And a form came towards me from the hidden places of the wood, and my love and I were united by the well." These words, perhaps, were the beginning of Ireland; but for all his love of the lore and mysticism of the country, he, like Machen, was also a deeply committed Londoner. Ireland was but a boy of 14 when he first came to live in "the city of the unending murmuring streets, the stirring shadow, the amber-lighted gloom", to quote Machen's description in The Hill of Dreams. On and off London remained his home for some 55 years; he loved it dearly, and the London that writes as a moving finger through the pages of Machen's Three Impostors, Hill of Dreams, Inmost Light, London Adventure and many places elsewhere is also the protagonist of the London Overture, Epic March, Ballad of London Nights and the three London Pieces written during the years 1917-20. In "Soho Forenoons" we catch a real glimpse of a London as lost as the fabled city of Atlantis. In the 1950s Ireland told Eric Parkin that he was too young to have any real conception of what he had been aiming at--which was, in fact, the spirit of Soho in the 1890s, beautifully distilled by Machen in his autobiography Things Near and Far and in The Secret Glory, in which the hero exults over "that wonderful London aroma. . . . why doesn't some scientific man discover a way of bottling the odour of the past?" Here is one way. The subject is the long-forgotten race of Soho street musicians, and the rather curious direction "quasi tambourine" emphasizes the dance-like, percussive character of the music. Now and then a tinge of wistfulness brings Verlaine's Soho poem Streets to mind (Debussy took it as the motto for his melancholy Gigues), but the ending is all gladness and joy.

(I was startled to note that "The Island Spell" was composed in August, 1912, for that was the month in which I first inflicted myself upon the world. ... Machen's prose as quoted here is something to savor. ... Palmer's description of Machen's White People as "the story of a small girl inadvertently entering a rather sinister fairyland" is quite wrong; rather, it's about a young girl who has been impregnated by a monster but manages to kill herself in time--an idea which HPL was to carry one step farther by having his impregnated serving wench give birth to the monsters of The Dunwich Horror.)

It's. . . GOSPELMAN!

(From the Cleveland Press, 7-30-77)

Faster than a CB signal, more powerful than the U. S. Marines, able to defeat Hustler's Larry Flynt with a single spanking. . . it's Gospelman.

Gospelman is the Christian comic strip creation of magazine publisher Walter Zacharius.

Zacharius, a one-time publisher of such girlie magazines as Swank and Gallery, is making Gospelman the superhero of his new family magazine, Nashville-Gospel, which is currently appearing on the stands.

The Gospelman vs. Larry Flynt bout, which will appear soon, is seen by Zacharius as the "classic good vs. evil story."

Seem like strange words from a man who played the skin game himself for many years? Not really, says the born-again publisher.

"Deep down I knew it was never for me," he says.

The Gospelman character is only one of the ways Nashville-Gospel aims at what Zacharius calls "the new American spirit."

Other features in the first edition include "On the Road: Truckin' for Jesus," "The Bible Belt Crime Wave," "Oral Roberts: God Doesn't Run a Bread Line" and "Amy Carter: New Kid on Pennsylvania Avenue."

Amy is also Zacharius' new cover girl.

(She'll never take the place of Farrah!)

WESTERN RESERVE IS HISTORIC

(From the Cleveland Press)

Neither history nor history buffs need to be boring, and a stellar example is Earl Hoover, who listed some of the contributions to the world by the Western Reserve.

Speaking at the Warrensville Heights Library, the retired Common Pleas Court judge said the area has not always been the greatest location in the nation.

"Let's face it," he said, "an engraved invitation to settle in the Western Reserve then (1796) was almost an invitation to settle in one's grave. It was an invitation to fight one's way through a wilderness to arrive at a wilderness surrounded by wilderness."

As late as 1803, Thomas Jefferson predicted it would take a thousand years to settle the land east of the Mississippi River.

The actual name of the area residents call home today was the Connecticut Western Reserve. It was land owned by Connecticut, one of the original colonies.

Connecticut sold a three-million-acre tract to the Connecticut Land Co. for 40 cents an acre.

"If your ancestors bought some, and you still have it, we refuse to worry about you," Hoover said.

Although the area does not seem West today, Hoover said that when Horace Greeley advised young men to go west, he was referring to Erie, Pa.

"It is ironic that this Western Reserve--Connecticut's child--has outstripped its sire in some embarrassing ways. Since the governor of Connecticut isn't here today, I can say these things, but don't tell anyone. I don't want it to get back to her."

The Western Reserve, he said, is longer, wider and more populous than Connecticut. In addition, it has produced two presidents.

"But here is irony in reverse. Both were assassinated. It may be safe if none of you aspire to the office. Let someone else make the sacrifice," Hoover said.

"I don't know about you, but I am increasingly impatient with the chronic knockers, the too-often-ungrateful recipients who forget what this community has done for them and the world," Hoover said.

Among a long list of contributions are:

Ushering in the age of electricity when Charles Brush turned a dozen arc lights on at Public Square.

Beginning free home delivery of mail, thanks to the idea sold to the government by Clevelander Joseph Briggs in 1863.

The invention of the X-ray machine by Dat Dayton Miller, a

Case University professor.

Samuel Mather transformed the Flats into a solid sea of iron and steel-producing industries.

Librarian William Brett introduced the open shelf system to the world, allowing the public free access to books.

The list goes on and on and on, Hoover said.

"There are gaping omissions in an attempt like this," he said. Getting them all in is like trying to exhibit Pike's Peak in your front yard, and just as frustrating.

"Truly, in an unbelievably short time, those who preceeded us rolled up a wilderness and rolled out an important, dynamic, versatile, good life with a pulsating thrust that has reached the ends of the earth."

(The EODers may object that this article has nothing to do with either HPL or fantasy, but what's more fantastic than history?)

AND NOW, A WORD ON BEHALF OF E. A. POE

by David M. Rein

(From the Plain Dealer, 8-6-77)

Edgar Allan Poe is one of the most famous of American writers and one of the most fascinating. His pictures appear often in anthologies of American literature, a melancholy man with dark hair and a dark mustache, wearing a black bow tie and a black cape.

He is especially known for the startling terror in his stories and the haunting melody of his love poems.

You hear that he was addicted to drink and to drugs and that he wrote some of his best work under their influence. You hear too that there were strange twists in his character, such as an inability to love any woman unless she was dying.

These reports may give Poe an air of mystery, but they are not accurate. For nearly every day of his life Poe was a sober man, in full possession of his faculties, untouched by drink or drugs.

Bernard Shaw once questioned whether Poe, in his whole life, drank as much as many social drinkers consume in six months. On only a very few occasions in his whole life did Poe ever take drugs.

How then did he get his reputation? The main reason, it seems, is simple. Poe could not hold his liquor. Even a small quantity made him drunk, and on several critical occasions he did get drunk, once, for example, when he met the famous James Russell Lowell and another time when he went to Washington to get a job. With such incidents to work with, gossip and rumor did the rest.

Poe has been maligned not only directly by charges concerning drink and drugs, but also indirectly by the movies attributed to him. Most of them, low budget and low quality, are really the work of Hollywood script writers.

Some of Poe's stories that have no women, for example, when transformed into movies have women as central characters--women with high bosoms and generous cleavage. They may help at the box office, but they owe nothing at all to Poe.

Poe's actual stories, with their authentic and significant representations of his nightmares, represent a challenge that Hollywood has yet to meet.

The real Poe was a great writer and, in important ways, a great man. As a writer he excelled in three different fields: poetry, literary criticism and the short story. In all three, he was an innovator with a major influence. His detective stories, for example, have provided models for generations of later writers.

Poe is still widely read, by high school and college students and by the general reader. He is highly esteemed in Europe and especially in France, where one distinguished writer, Mallarme, called Poe "one of the most marvelous minds the world has ever known," and another, Baudelaire, spent a large part of his life translating Poe.

Certainly Poe belongs among the great writers of the world. In a recent edition of world masterpieces by outstanding scholars, only seven American writers are represented.

One is Poe. At a time when so much of our ambitious poetry and prose is given to verbal complexities and obscurities, the simple economy of Poe's style is especially appealing.

Poe's works are admirable enough standing by themselves. They are even more impressive when one considers the obstacles Poe had to overcome.

Probably no other great American writer was so mired in poverty. He received about $20 for "The Raven", and comparable amounts for his other works. At another time he could not sell the copyright for a whole collection of his stories for $50. He had to do editing and other work to stay alive. There were times when he was in desperate need of food.

His emotional life was on a par with his finances. His father, an actor, deserted his mother soon after he was born and then, before hey was 3, his mother died.

He was brought up, but never adopted, by the Allans. Mrs. Allan, who wanted him, had too many problems herself to give him adequate attention. Mr. Allan, who had illegitimate children of his own, had taken him mainly to please his wife.

At about 18 Poe ran away, leaving a note saying he knew Mr. Allan had no affection for him.

After a few years he found a widowed aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and her 8-year-old daughter, Virginia. In that household he found some love--just about all he was ever to get. When Virginia was 13--and he was about twice her age--he married her, although he thought of her more as a sister than a wife. When she died after little more than a decade of marriage--and even during the marriage--he sought the love of a more mature woman. He was never to find it.

In spite of the pressures in his life Poe's first priority, day in and out, was his writing, where he tried for the highest standards. Today when so many writers of talent turn to sex, melodramatic action and shocking language to meet the demands of the marketplace, Poe seems heroic.

Poe died as miserably as he lived. Found on a street in Baltimore, alone and ill, he was taken to a hospital where, after a few days, he died.

Few American writers gave so much to us all. Perhaps none received so little.

(Rein is a professor emeritus of English at Case Western Reserve University who has written extensively on Poe. As the reader has observed, he doesn't mention HPL--doesn't he know of him?--even although the parallels to HPL's life here are very striking.)

A JOURNEY IN TIME WITH 'THE BREAD-WINNERS'

by Tom Barensfeld

(From the Cleveland Press, 8-6-77)

Looking back at Cleveland 100 years ago one finds a major railroad strike in progress.

National in scope, the strike was a reaction to the 10% wage reduction which had been imposed upon railroad workers earlier in the year.

In Cleveland 500 men employed by the Lake Shore and Michigan left their jobs on July 22, 1877. No trains moved in and or out of the city for two weeks and thousands of cattle and poultry trapped in stock cars perished. But, unlike other cities, there was no violence.

In West Virginia 70 trains were halted. And in Pittsburgh damage to railway property amounted to over $6 million.

On Euclid Avenue the richest man in town, Amasa Stone, was president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Railroad. No one could have been more unsympathetic toward the strike. And his brilliant son-in-law and next-door neighbor, John Hay, shared his sentiments exactly.

Indeed, six years later, and only three months after the suicide of Amasa Stone, Hay published a fictionalized version of these events of 1877 in his novel "The Bread-Winners."

It is a strong dramatic anti-union statement. It is also a vivid record of life among the rich on Euclid Ave. and among the poor on other streets.

Hay was educated at Brown University and became a private secretary to President Lincoln during the Civil War. Under Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt he served as Secretary of State.

The Euclid Avenue homes of Hay and Amasa Stone were located on the north side of the street where East 13th St. cuts through today.

After Hay and Clara Stone were married, her father built a home for them. It was a huge mansion and Hay often said, "I am building a barn for my Hay."

When the Hay mansion was torn down, the beautiful stairway was installed in the new Hay home on East Boulevard. (This home is now the headquarters of the Western Reserve Historical Society.)

The library in the rear of Hay's Euclid Ave. home looked out upon a garden of some five acres.

In "The Bread-Winners" it is this library which John Hay describes: " A room marked with a kind of serious elegance. All around the walls ran bookcases of carved oak. Above these the wall space was covered with Cordovan leather, stamped with gold fleurs-de-lis to within a yard of the top, where a frieze of palm leaves led up to a ceiling of blue and brown and gold. The whole expression of the room was of warmth and good manners. The furniture was of oak and stamped leather.

"It was an octagon room, with windows on each side of the fireplace. Out of one window you cold see a pretty garden of five or six acres behind the house, and out of the other a carefully kept lawn, extending some hundred yards from the front door to the gates of hammered iron which opened upon a wide-paved avenue."

"The Bread-Winners" is still in print and it remains eminently readable. If you enjoy journeying into time, John Hay and his

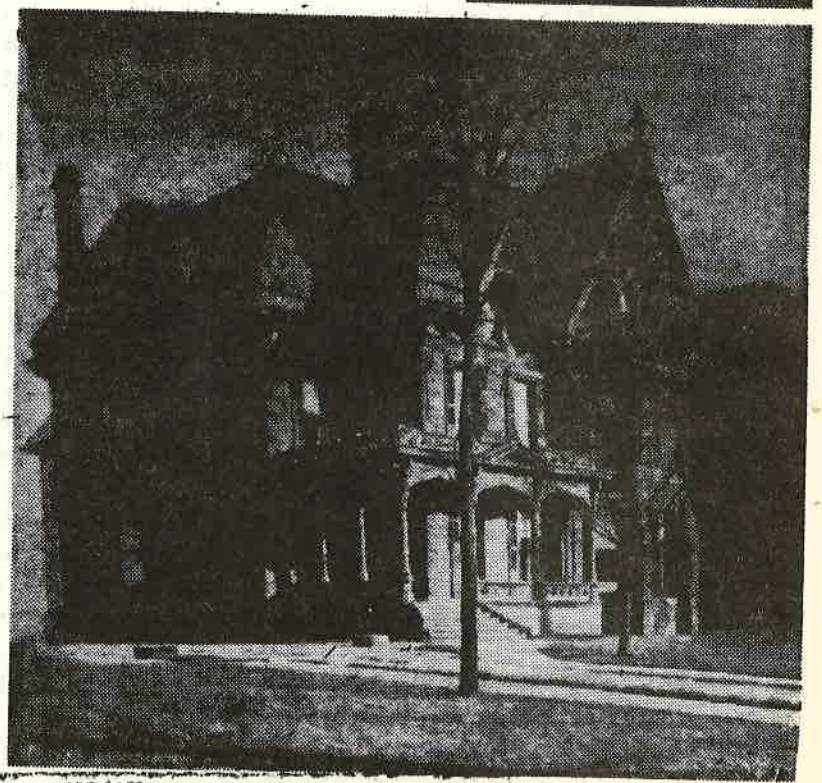
provocative novel will take you back to a summer in Cleveland a century ago when things were both the same and very different indeed.

(The John Hay mentioned here is, of course, the John Hay for whom Brown University's John Hay Library was named. Wonder what Hay would have thought of the Providence writer whose works grace his library? ... The location of Hay's home on Euclid Ave. is now the beginning of Playhouse Square.)

GARY KIMBER

HAY — A young John Hay about the time of his marriage (1874) to Clara Stone, and his move to Cleveland.

SPINOSA CREATURE — Gary Spinosa's stoneware and porcelain sculpture appears to be some ancient idol worthy of worship. It won a special mention for sculpture.



HOME — John Hay's Gothic mansion on Euclid Avenue.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

by Stephen Klaidnan

(From the Washington Post; reprinted in the P. D. 7-3-77)

WASHINGTON--There are between 17 and 18 million books in the Library of Congress--no one knows the exact number--and a third of them are rapidly turning to dust.

Frazier Poole, head of the library's preservation and restoration unit, sat behind his desk in the Thomas Jefferson annex recently, crumbling bits of dry paper between his thumb and forefinger.

"There are an estimated five to six million volumes that cannot go to a binder because the paper is so brittle," he said. "People can't use them."

Books, from the United States or abroad, are printed on paper that deteriorates in this manner in 50 to 75 years, Poole said.

The library preserves such varied hallmarks of Western culture as comic books, selected pornographic novels and Stradivarius violins.

It acquires "one and a half items every second of the working year," according to librarian Daniel J. Boorstin. Part of the library is in an old weapons building at the Navy Yard here, part of it at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, O.

Boorstin and other officials note that the library is a national institution like the British Museum in the United Kingdom and the Bibliotheque Nationale in France. It has a mandate to document the flow of U. S. civilization, yet two-thirds of its books are in languages other than English.

The library's $141 million annual budget is almost 15% of the $1 billion that Congress appropriates annually to pay for its own operations. There are those in Congress who find this highly inappropriate, especially because most of what the Library of Congress does, and collects, is for the benefit of the public and not the legislators. Only $20 million of the annual budget goes to direct support of Congress.

What began in 1800 with a $5,000 purchase of 740 volumes has grown today to a collection of perhaps 74 million items whose total value is inestimable.

The library's collection of incunabula (books printed before 1500), films and phonograph records are among the world's greatest. Its millions of books occupy 336 miles of shelves.

But they are also piled on floors, crowded into corners and generally in disarray. Many thousands of items are believed to be in the library, but can't be found.

The library produces and sells catalogue cards--millions of catalogue cards at 15 cents each--to other libraries here and abroad. It is trying to phase itself out of the card business as quickly as possible and put everything in machine-readable form, but the process is slow. The library's main catalogue contains more than 23 million cards in about 30,000 file drawers.

John Broderick, chief od the manuscropt division, said, "No one has near the number of documents we have in a non-archival setting--it's about 35 million." An annual inventory of 35 million items--more or less--is simply not practical.

The three-member selection staff must consider upwards of half a million books a year, deciding in split seconds, usually just on the basis of a publisher's imprint, which works to keep and which to toss on the scrap heap of history.

The music division has done away with that problem. According to Barbara Henry, assistant chief of the department's reference section, "I don't think the music division has ever thrown anything away."

Every rock or pop song that comes into the library, usually through copyright deposit, finds a home in the music division. That comes in handy, Henry said, because congressmen often ask for the lyrics to pop songs, presumably to quote in speeches.

Barbara Ringer, who heads the library's copyright division in Crystal City, Va., enthusiastically described another of the library's pop culture collections--comic books. Most of these were also acquired through the copyright law, under which two copies of each piece of published material are deposited to register the copyright.

"The comic books are not organized, but they are all here in this (main library) building," she said. "They are more important than some of the scholarly writing. One man's garbage is another man's social history."

Perhaps the library's wildest anomaly is in the rare book division, headed by William Matheson.

"We're bringing into the division pulp fiction and weird tales that are now seen as solid research material," Matheson said. "We're not out to buy books because they're rare, but because we need them."

The budget for the rare book division's acquisitions is only about $6,000 to $7,000 a year. At a recent book auction, a copy of William Carlos Williams' first volume, "Poems," brought $16,000. Ezra Pound's privately printed "A Lume Spento" went for $18,000.

Matheson pointed out that his division has patrons and receives gifts, but he added abit wistfully, "I do think we've had a pittance with which to work."

Lest all this seem like a mad mixture of frivolity, 21st Century technology and 12th Century working conditions, it should be known that that is only a part of the story.

The library is an outstanding center of scholarship. Some of its collections are among the finest in the world. And there is no questioning the seriousness of Boorstin and his professional staff.

Alan M. Fern, a former professor of sociology at the University of Chicago who heads the library's research department, said the library's professional staff is the equal if a good university faculty. Boorstin agrees.

By its sheer physical prrsence, the library seems to command the right to a role of leadership in U. S. cultural life.

"Sculpture and paintings, rare marbles and a broad scheme of color and of ornamentation in stucco relief unite with a lofty architectural design to form what is one of the most notable interiors in the country," is the way a library handbook describes the main reading room.

But to get a book takes 45 minutes to an hour and a half, if you get it at all. The main reading room has only about half as many employes per book working in the stacks as the New York Public Library, and about 20% of the collection is missing from the shelves at all times.

"We're just about up against the wall in terms of volume," said Fred Croxton, who is in charge of reader services. "On a

recent Saturday afternoon, there were 3,400 requests for books and only 25 to 27 people working in the stacks."

Croxton said that in the past the library has been too conservative in its estimates of how many staff members were needed to service the reading rooms, but that 14 more were being sought in the 1978 budget request.

Croxton also said precious requests to Congress for more help have not been fulfilled.

In another division of the library, regular staff increases have been provided for by law. That division is the Congressional Research Service (CRS), which gives direct support to the members of the Senate and House, their staffs and committees.

Dozens of services are provided to congressmen by the CRS, which former acting director Norman Beckman calls "the biggest and probably the best think tank in town."

CRS researchers will spend months preparing a study of the economic and social costs of unemployment or minutes turning up a statistic such as how many foodstamp recipients are on welfare.

They will do extensive digging into the background of a prospective presidential appointee so congressional committee members are armed with an arsenal of questions.

CRS staffers prepare digests of bills, 8- to 15-page summaries of major issues confronting Congress--rangiig from mechanically deboned meat to cruise missiles--and extensive bibliographies, any of which a senator can view instantly in his office on a television screen plugged into the service's computer.

Congress uses CRS services on a massive scale. Last year the researchers and librarians answered 291,000 requests from members and staff. This year the total is expected to be well over 300,000.

CRS is second only to the division of the blind and physically handicapped in the size of its budget, which totaled $20,261,000 in the fiscal year 1977. The budget for producing and supplying talking books is $21,818,000.

The division of the blind and physically handicapped serves half a million persons in the country and has about 11,000 titles available for distribution on discs and tapes. The usual number of copies produced is 1,000, but for "Roots," for example, it was 5,000.

The library also has a serials division, which among other things has the largest collection of newspapers in the world. It receives 973 foreign and 306 domestic dailies. All told, there are 125,000 titles in a collection that ranges from dime novels (about 15,000) to the New England Journal of Medicine.

The serial division is now setting up the first inventory of at least one copy of every daily newspaper ever published in the United States.

The library's loan division processes about a quarter of a million transactions a year, mainly loans to other libraries across the country.

The music division, aside from making available to the public its collection of 4.5 million items, including 675,000 phonograph records, stages concerts and makes recordings.

Many of the library's approximately 5,000 employes do tedious jobs--putting cards in alphabetical order, assigning

catalogue numbers and preserving and restoring books.

According to William Welsh, deputy director of the library, "Material coming in today from India is in worse shape than the Gutenberg Bible."

"About the time of the Civil War rags became scarce and papermakers wanted to make more at less cost, so they turned to wood pulp, which is not strong," Poole said. "They also switched from gelatin sizing to alum resin, which creates acid in paper in the presence of moisture in the air."

The books are also badly bound.

"Publishers' bindings are ntoriously weak," Poole said.

Half a million dollars a year is being spent on microfilming at a cost of about $25 per 300-page book.

The library's lab is constantly looking for new, better and cheaper ways to preserve books. Workers are seeking a way to deacidify the paper by blowing a solution into pages without taking the book apart.

Specialists are also aging books 500 years in 48 days in special ovens to help them discover ways to slow the aging process on the shelves.

The library has also been in the forefront of technological advancement in numerous areas other than restoration of books in recent decades. The 33-rpm record was born in a library laboratory; a new machine that will set type not only in Roman characters but in Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese and Japanese is being designed.

Yet, in this temple of enlightened research and scholarship, hundreds of people are doing the most deadly kind of rote work in an oppressively Dickensian atmosphere.

A congressional staffer said "the biggest problem is supervision of employes to get more productivity," but he acknowledged that the nature of much of the work did not lend itself to enthusiastic performance.

One congressional library watcher characterized working conditions throughout the library's many buildings as "horrible."

A large room has a tiny book-cluttered desk, smack up against another tiny book-cluttered desk, and so down the line, in row upon row.

Elsewhere, people work at tiny cramped desks in tiled corridors. There are rabbit warrens of glass and gray-green wallboard partitions with aisles barely wide enough for one person. Yet all of this has been installed under the richly painted ceilings, the deteriorating ornamental plaster work, of an extraordinary building. It resembles a 19th Century London slum relocated inside a Renaissance palace.

Boorstin intends to begin returning it to its original condition as soon as the library's third major structure on Capitol Hill, the $123 million James Madison Building, is ready for occupancy.

The move into the 1.5 million-square-foot building is scheduled to begin in early 1979; it is estimated that it will take a year to complete.

(Those books crumbling to dust rather reminded me of the film version of The Time Machine! ... Have Lovecraftian scholars penetrated deeply into the Library of Congress, which would seem to be an ideal place for Lovecraftian research?)

SOME PEOPLE ARE NUTS ABOUT BOOKS

by Tom Zito

(From the Washington Post; reprinted by the P.D.)

WASHINGTON--He had wandered into the Saville Book Shop for months on end, several times a week, pulling books off shelves, analyzing their contents, making notes.

He never asked a question, never bought a book. Until that memorable fall night several years ago when the man returned.

"Boxes," he told the clerk. "I need boxes."

He walked slowly through the store, pulling books from the shelves and placing them in the boxes. For 2½ hours he filled cartons and cartons. The clerk rang up a $1,300 sale and then asked, "This is none of my business, sir, but could you explain this to me?"

"I sold short and it worked out," the bookaholic said. He backed a station wagon up to the building and made off with his treasure.

Of course, this is nothing compared with the sensational accumulation of Rep. Charles J. Carney, D-19, of Youngstown, Ohio. Library of Congress records show that Carney has collected about 64,000 books in the last 2½ years from the institution's annual load of two million duplicate volumes.

The books are available to congressmen for distribution to schools and libraries, ostensibly the reason Carney took them.

But most of them, according to a Plain Dealer story, are in several rooms here and in Ohio that Carney calls "my library."

He describes himself as "a book fiend." Which is just another way of saying bookaholic.

Bookaholism. It's a disease that affects an untold number of Americans: that uplifting feeling that somewhere around the corner is a bookstore and waiting inside are at least three or four volumes that just have to be had. For a bookaholic, life without plenty of books lying around the house is like a day without orange juice. Go a week without an acquistion and the hands start to shake.

We're not talking about old books. None of that snobby first-edition, out-of-print stuff. Just your basic on-the-shelf material waiting to be taken home.

"There's no book that somebody doesn't want," says John Tucker, the man behind the Saville cash register.

"I can't remember the exact title," he says, "but once I bet a girl working at Saville that I could sell a book on cannonball collecting within a week. It was gone in two days. We had a customer who liked buying books in associative groups, and I convinced her that this cannonball book fit in with whatever she was buying that day."

"Bookstores are another world--an escape world," says Jane Friedman, promotion director for the Alfred A. Knopf publishing company. "A book lasts a lot longer than the 2½ hours of a movie on a screen. My husband could have any book he wants free because of my job, but he goes into bookstores at least three times a week.

He loves the way they smell, the way books look on the shelves. It's a nice sense to be surrounded by literature."

About 20,000 Washingtonians walk into bookshops each week. It's unknown how many of them are bookaholics. One person with the affliction says it's "a feeling you get when you go into a bookstore and you just know you can't resist buying a handful."

This particular bookaholic tells of an incident in a used book shop. A film critic for a small intellectual monthly, he walked into a used book shop and went gaga when he found a red leather-bound, specially published edition of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" inscribed to Lana Turner from James M. Cain on the day the movie version premiered.

The price was $225, but the critic walked off with it for $150 because, as Larry McMurtry, the Booked Up owner, puts it, "You had to give the guy a $75 enthusiasm discount."

Enthusiasm and persistence: "You'll be trying to rearrange some stock at 3 a. m. and they're rapping on the window and trying to have you let them in," says Tucker. "I suppose bookaholism is a developed habit, reinforced by the simple pleasure you get out of reading a good book."

It comes in all forms. Jim Tenney of the Book Annex says he remembers "10 years ago when, out of the blue, Alice Longworth called me to send over a good science dictionary with a decent definition of quarks. You never knew what she was going to be interested in. She'd frequently stay up until 4 a. m. reading."

Tucker recalls a father bringing in "a 9-year-old youngster who looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy. He had stolen several leather-bound copies of Shakespeare. His father wanted him to aplogize in person, and the youngster made it apparent that it was hard for him to live without these books."

"The disease takes on new forms every year," says a young executive. "I went through a particular period of stress once, and I developed a craving for big art books: 'The Arts of China,' 'The Horizon History of the British Empire,' 'The Holy Land.'"

"A college girlfriend accused me of taking more interest in my books than in her, which was right, and it planted a seed of doubt in my mind. I did not wed her."

"Books are your friends," says the film critic. "You want to have them. They make you feel good. I never lend them out. People bend the pages! They crack the bindings!"

But have pity on this poor lot of souls.

"Let me tell you about the Penguin man," says Kevin Lewis of the Discount Book Shop. "We used to have our Penguin books in numerical order. This man--a small, quiet man who carried a briefcase, kind of ragged looking, like a battered, impoverished scholar--had a Penguin catalogue, and he would go through the stacks and buy a few every now and then.

"Every few months his catalogue would start looking very battered, and he'd ask for a new one.

"Finally it became impractical to keep the books in numerical order. So we rearranged them. He came in one night and went berserk. But he got used to it and kept coming. Finally, about six months ago, Penguin merged with Viking. He came in one night and started poking through the Penguins, and found old Viking titles in Penguin jackets. He stormed out and never came back.

"I heard he had a nervous breakdown."

(A daily glass of orange juice? Do you want to help dear Anita Bryant? .... As for bookaholics, can you imagine Dirk in a bookstore devoted entirely to Lovecraftiana? ... James M. Cain

is the author of a very famous horror story, "The Baby in the Icebox." Unless you have read the story, you could never imagine what the baby was doing in the icebox--to keep it out of the way of a tiger rampaging through the house. ... . Larry McMurtry is the one who, reviewing L: AB, made some very snide remarks about HPL. ... Except for purloining boks, that 9-year-old Little Lord Fauntleroy sounds quite a lot like the young HPL. ... That lover of big art books sounds like Dr. Duerr.)

TO H. P. LOVECRAFT

BY S. T. Joshi

Death consoles:
You would not care to see
What men have done with your name;
Your work; your spirit; your tardy fame.
You would not care to see
This battered earth, with grinning apes
Whose acts no surprise would cause,
But pain.
Yet you were a cynick:
And Reason found a home--
In both your heart and mind?
Or were you some quaint mystic
Whose foe "Reality" was?
Again:
Were you artist or exorcist?
A gibbering fiend whose true home
Was that empty s[redacted] at Sefton?
God! what little minds
Have preyed upon that chipped
Yet awesome monolith of your work?
Without your vision they
Durst pull you down,
That you could cease to gaze upon the stars
And taste the mind that fills their mouths and minds.
They would hack and peck;
Remould those runes etched in blood;
For of what other triumphs can they speak?
Giggle in your grave:
And watch these ants on this grain of sand
Smother your page with slimy ichor.
What care you? Your task is done:
You have lit a darkness that now can never dim;
Have built an edifice of marble and gold;
Of porphyry and lapis lazuli
Whose lustre defies alike
The worm and the night.

****

CHEZ SHEA

In 1923 the No. 1 song hit in the U. S. was "Yes, We Have No Bananas."
One of the most famous lines from Hamlet, Hamlet's admonition to Ophelia, "Get thee to a nunnery," doesn't mean what most people think it means at all. In Elizabethan slang, a "nunnery" was a whorehouse!

GC author in Korea says he is muzzled but not embittered

GRANITE CITY PRESS-RECORD Thurs., July 20, 1977 Page 48

James Wade, author and composer formerly of Granite City and now a resident of Seoul, South Korea, recently had the unusual experience of having the preface to his new book of stories and articles about Korea, published in Seoul, ripped out of nearly 2,000 copies of the first edition under what is being called legal and extra-legal intimidation.

"This had nothing whatever to do with the political or security censorship which exists in South Korea," the 47-year-old writer said in an interview.

"About two-thirds of the contents of my book "West Meets East," was first published in English language daily Korea Times, to which I contributed for over 11 years.

"In the preface, I explained to readers, many of whom had followed my columns and reviews in the newspaper over a long period, why I stopped writing for the Times at the end of 1974.

"The fact of the matter was that at that time the editor was changed, and the new man set about deliberately to alter the character of the paper from a relatively liberal, literate journal to a bland, dull and conformist publication.

"Since my own articles had always been outspoken, or adopted a controversial tone, it was inevitable that I would clash with the new editor and his policy, especially since the man was hypocritical and personally untruthful — a real disgrace to Korean journalism.

"I explained some of these circumstances in the preface, using terms I considered quite restrained and diplomatic.

"But the piece gave great offense to the wealthy and powerful publisher of the newspaper chain of which Korea Times forms a minor part — a sort of Korean William Randolph Hearst, or Citizen Kane.

"So, as soon as the book was published and a copy fell into his hands, his lawyers served a legal injunction on me demanding that the preface be excised and all copies turned over to them or they would sue.

"My own attorney assured me that what I had written was not libelous under Korean Law as claimed, but I was also told that the publisher was too influential for me to defend the case in court successfully, so I was forced to permit the four offending pages to be removed before the book was commercially distributed.

"Naturally, news of this spread and gave the book more word-of-mouth publicity than it would ever have had otherwise when people noticed the missing preface listed in the table of contents and saw the jagged remains of the torn-out pages.

"Luckily, a few unmutilated copies of the book had been sent abroad earlier, so I ordered photocopies of the preface made and mailed via U. S. Army mail to anyone with Army post office privileges who had bought the book, or who knew someone who owned it.

"Hundreds of copies have been sent into Korea, and readers must have been disappointed to find how mild the preface actually is — I wish now I had kept it in its original, much more pungent version.

"But in any case this tempest in a teapot made the publisher and the newspaper a local laughing stock throughout the foreign and much of the Korean intellectual community.

"In Korea, there is a holdover still of the old idea that things which are hidden, suppressed or ignored cease to exist.

"It's like the ostrich who hides from danger by sticking his head in the sand. This incident may have had a healthy effect toward dispelling this notion.

"A sequel to this episode occurred five months later when the hypersensitive publisher died suddenly at 60.

"If I had been Father Divine, I might have said, as he did in a comparable situation when a rival evangelist dropped dead, 'I hated to do it'," commented Wade ironically.

The author, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wade of 2519 Madison Ave., is winding up a three-week vacation in Granite City with his two young sons.

He has lived in Korea since 1960, employed as an editorial advisor and publicity consultant for various Korean governmental and private agencies.

Wade has published almost 1,500 free-lance articles, mostly about Korea, around 300 of them in American and European publications; has written or edited five books published in Korea; and is the composer of an opera, "The Martyred," as well as several symphonic works performed there and in the U.S., Taiwan and Mexico.

His fiction, mostly science fiction and horror stories, has appeared in England, America, France, Italy and Vietnam.

"I neither condemn nor condone press censorship as practiced in South Korea," he emphasizes.

"In the present continuing crucial confrontation with the Communist north, the Seoul government feels with some justification that newspaper censorship of items which might prove inflammatory is required.

"After all, there is press censorship in Israel, a country whose policies and expansionist tendencies America has up to now supported uncritically for many years.

"South Korea has served as a whipping boy for the liberal American press, because its situation is so little understood and so vulnerable to distortion, some of it deliberate.

"Korean newspapers before censorship were sometimes heroic crusaders for reform, but all too often they behaved in an irresponsible manner. Vilification of prominent persons unsupported by evidence occurred all too often before the censorship decree of 1972.

"The near-anarchy that erupted during the brief liberal government period of 1960-1961 showed how the press could move to undermine social stability, even unintentionally, inviting a Red takeover.

"There is a clear and present danger of subversion and invasion in South Korea; it is not like here, where we seem to be able to afford the luxury of an outspoken press, at least so far. It is up to the Seoul government to maintain security for national survival.

"I or any other outsider may disagree in any particular case with the manner or the extent of the Korean government's control of the press and other expressions of opinion, but it is their country — not ours — and their necks.

"The vast majority of Koreans are now much better off in every way and safer than they have been in this century.

"And in my opinion they have no wish to hand over the government to administratively inexperienced agitators — and especially no desire whatever to fall under the sway of the police-state in fanatical robot slavery in North Korea.

"Those American journalists and politicians who equate the two regimes are practicing willful and malicious distortion, or else are remarkably unperceptive.

"The real facts are quite obvious and speak for themselves.

"South Korea is a success story: a country that wants to remain a friend of the United States, with a minimum security guarantee from America which it has well earned," Wade concluded.

HORROR SCENE: AMERICA, 1977

1. THIEVES' CARNIVAL IN A NO-FAULT WORLD

by Willaim Safire

(From the New York Times; reprinted by the P. D.)

NEW YORK--In white letters on a black background, the headline of New York's Spanish newspaper, El Diario, demanded to know PORQUE? (Why?)

Why, when the city's lights went out, was there a billion-dollar orgy of looting and pillaging by tens of thousands of the city's slums?

Nothing like the rampage of 1977's Bastille Day had happened to an American city before. This was not a race riot. No discrimination was shown between black or white shopkeepers. Race relations have surely suffered--television's projection of exultant black looters wiped out the gains of the televised "Roots"--but no civil rights cause motivated the blackout's glad-to-be-angry opportunists.

Nor was this an example of people driven by desperation to reach out for necessities. They took toasters, not bread; liquor, not milk.

Why? The standard liberal answer is that this was a cry for economic help, an expression of despair by society's forgotten people. It is our fault for abandoning the Great Society, for not making certain that each ghetto resident has a job or a welfare payment to keep him content.

The standard hard line answer is just as foolishly self-flagellating: that the militia was not called out in time to keep law and order, or that the cops were not equipped with shoot-to-kill instructions.

More far-fetched answers come from people in the looting area who were neither criminals nor victims. The blackout itself was described as an "act of God," as Consolidated Edison promptly called it, which suspended the rules of lawful behavior. Or that Con Ed pulled the plug on purpose, to dramatize its need for more power plants, and that such a conspiracy justified gleeful participation in its "strike."

None of these answers, nor all together, satisfy; they are excuses, not reasons. People do not become a thieving mob because they cannot afford jewelry, booze or new couches.

The looters looted because of the spreading non-ethic that stealing is okay if you can get away with it, as you usually can; that only a jerk passes up an opportunity to rip off his neighbor; that society not only owes you a living, but the good life.

Millions of black and Hispanic New Yorkers were the worst victims of the looting and arson on Bastille Day, and did not deserve the shudders directed their way in its aftermath. Many of them called the looters "animals," and in a non-racial sense were right: inhumanly, the looters attached no guilt to their actions.

What is the basis for that newly widespread attitude of a "right" to rip off? Sorry, the economic-despair excuse will not hold up, because poverty in the ghettos was greater in the last blackout and the standard of living was lower in the past generation.

One reason for the I'm-entitled-to-what-I-want attitude is

the philosophy that welfare is a right to be expanded and not a condition to be avoided.

Another reason is the claim that because minorities have suffered discrimination in the past, they are now entitled to reparations in the form of special treatment--and some carry that claim to extremes.

Another reason is the notion that a job is something to be provided and not searched for, and that menial work is to be spurned as not a "decent" job.

Another reason is the excuse that crime is the result of poverty, and that poverty is nobody's fault but the system's; it follows that in this no-fault world society is to blame for what a poor person does when the lights are out.

Heresy? Of course. Most of us prefer a much more palatable get-tough-with-the-rich exploitation of resentment or a get-tough-with-the crooks correctionism. Not many are willing to get tough-minded about our own prevailing political philosophy and to see where the overweening assumption of responsibility by government has led us.

(George Anthony Moore, a black columnist for the Cleveland Press, was highly offended by that "night of the animals" phrase used in the NYC papers; but if people behave like animals, why shouldn't they be called animals? Very predictably, Moore just echoed Andy Young's assertion that the looters were just "hungry" people. But hungry people do not drive 53 brand-new cars out of a car showroom, or batter down the doors of a gunshop to steal all its guns and ammunition, or steal TV sets or toasters and the like--nor do they completely demolish one of Ben Indick's pharmacies (a damned shame, Ben!).

(I recall that during the black demonstrations of the '60s, I was horrifed by a photograph of looters coming out of an A &P with their arms loaded, and I showed the photo to a black co-worker; but instead of expressing horror, he expressed only sorrow that he hadn't been around to get some of those "goodies!")

2. WE PAY FOR ATROCITY

by Don Robertson

(From the Cleveland Press, 6-23-77)

It was simple, dispassionate, unflinching. A stationary black-and-white television camera was set up in front of a caged wheel. A large, muscular and healthy-looking monkey ran inside the wheel.

A clock was superimposed at the bottom of the screen. It measured time down to the second.

The entire scene was recorded on videotape. It all was quite instructive.

A fragment of the videotape was shown the other night on the NBC-TV national news. Here is what the scene represented:

The people who do our war planning have developed something they call a neutron bomb. Theoretically, this neutron bomb is able to kill people (and animals) without damaging property. Onward and upward with science, right?

For this reason, we got to watch that large, muscular and healthy-appearing monkey died. There it was, loping along, and then there was a sudden flash. Time passed. The seconds were recorded on the clock. The monkey's lopings became less and

less energetic. Then it flopped, belly down, and permitted itself to be carried by the wheel. It rose, loped for a moment, then flopped again.

Within a day, according to John Chancellor, the monkey was dead.

But the caged wheel was undamaged.

That was what is known as watching your tax dollars at work, friends. According to the NBC report, the President of the United States knows nothing of the neutron bomb, and the Congress knows only a little.

The President of the United States is supposed to head the administration of the Government. The Congress is supposed to pass the laws and appropriate the funds. Both the President and the Congress are supposed to be extensions of the individual citizen. I wonder how many individual citizens want their money spent so a bunch of lunatics can kill monkeys with their "clean" bombs? If the future of this nation and the future of the world depend on that sort of deliberate perversion of human decency and the scientific process, then the nation and the world have no future at all.

To call that passionless piece of black-and-white videotape shocking is to belabor the obvious. To say that it represents an obscene escalation of nuclear insanity is also to belabor the obvious. I am no ardent down-the-line anti-vivisectionist. When animals are used in legitimate medical research, I can understand. But when any creature is killed in order to prove such a point of soulless weaponry, then I want to vomit.

Are we all crazy? Is any world that would conduct such an experiment really worth saving? If the President of the United States has any courage at all, he'll spit the mush from his mouth and put a stop to those experiments. (That was really quite a handsome monkey, by the way. And as far as I know, it wasn't even a Communist.)

3. LETTER FROM THE CIA

by Patrick Oster

(From the Cleveland Press, 7-21-77)

WASHINGTON--In addition to its previously disclosed use of drugs, the Central Intelligence Agency used psychosurgery, hypnosis, electric-shock tratments and other techniques on unwilling citizens as part of a top-secret program.

The agency also developed a number of ways to kill people without being detected, newly revealed documents show.

"This was a program to control people's minds," said John D. Marks, co-author of "The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence," who made the disclosures yesterday, releasing several agency documents on the program, code-named MKULTRA.

The program aimed at developing methods to interrogate, harass and discredit persons in covert operations, also developed a way to induce amnesia. This development, said Marks, a former State Department intelligence officer, gave the agency

the potential for creating a person like the fictional "Manchurian Candidate", who was programmed by Communist officials to kill a President but not to remember his orders.

Marks, director of the CIA project of the Center for National Security Studies, said there is no proof the program, which supposedly began in 1953 and ended about 1967, is in operation today. But he said: "This research product is a potential threat to our most basic freedoms. . . . These techniques do not just smack of 1984; they open up the prospect of totalitarian control."

Perhaps the most bizarre disclosures made in the new documents concerned a list of ways to kill without being detected. In a letter dated Nov. 2, 1949, and addressed only to "Dear Bill," an unidentified official lists the best methods:

USING a sodium fluoroacetate or tetraethyl lead, two chemical substances that leave "no characteristic pathological findings" that could be detected in an autopsy.

PUTTING the victim in a "tightly sealed, small room" with a block of dry ice, which gives off toxic carbon-monoxide fumes and then melts without a trace.

EXPOSING the victim's entire body to X-rays, a small amount of which "is sufficient to produce effects that would lead to death within a few weeks"--apparently from "blood dysorysias.

FREEZING the victim.

USING a pillow to smother him or a wide piece of cloth to strangle him, techniques which require "no special equipment besides a strong arm and the will to do the job."

USING a combination of sodium pentathol, the truth serum, and hypnosis, officials of an MKULTRA pilot project, code-named ARTICHOKE, interrogated two CIA agents in Russia who were suspected of being double agents. The two agents relived portions of their past, as far back as 15 years, while under hypnosis and did not remember the interrogations afterward.

"In both cases," a 1952 document says, "the subkects talked clearly and at great length and furnished information that the case officers considered extremely valuable."

CIA officials also discussed the possibility of using MKULTRA drugs on prisoners of war who returned after the Korean war "to assist in the interrogation of the returnees."

"All hands," a 1956 document says, "agreed that the 'hard core' group (of POWs) and those who had been successfully doctrinated were excellent subjects" for the project. "But it was the general opinion. . . . that owing to publicity and poor handling," the program's techniques "could probably not be brought to bear."

CHEZ SHEA

I have found that the most beautiful penmanship is usually that of people who infrequently write letters; they follow schoolroom precepts. But a writer is always jotting down hasty notes, and over a period of time his handwriting becomes almost illegible. Robert Spencer Carr was only sixteen when his novel of the high school crowd, The Rampant Age, appeared. It was considered quite "daring," but today it wouldn't even titillate a church deacon.

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It is quite hard to get rid
Of an amorous squid
With his bottle of ink
To pollute all the drink.

THE GREAT ESCAPE AND FULFILLMENT

by John Keefauver

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-9-77)

My friend Tillie Littlefinger tells me that her husband has become the first person to achieve the Great American Dream: escaping into the television set.

She found out about it when she came downstairs to make breakfast one morning and noticed that the set was still on.

"Don't tell me you sat up and watched TV all night again, Henry," she called from the kitchen.

But it turned out that he wasn't in his chair when she finally went into the living room. When she reached to turn the set off, Henry's familiar voice cried, "Tillie, don't touch that dial!" And there he was, she told me, on the screen, big as life.

"Henry Littlefinger," Tillie demanded, "what are you doing in there?"

"I don't know," he said. "I was watching the late late show, Miracle on 34th Street, when suddenly I was in here looking out at my empty chair."

"Well, you just come out of there right this minute."

"Why? There's nothing I want to watch."

"Nothing you want to watch? Well, there's something you can look for--work! So we can feed the children and get the car fixed and pay the bills. We got a second notice on. . . ."

"Yeah," said Henry. "Sorry, I got to make room for the test pattern."

And he disappeared.

Since then, Tillie and the kids have seen him quite a bit on the tube. She's mad at him but won't turn off the set. "What kind of wife would I be," she says, "if I pulled the plug on my own husband?"

During the day, Henry can usually be found on the soap operas, but Tillie tells me she never watches him on these because he's always the romantic lead. She also avoids old Lana Turner movies. "He always did have this thing about Lana Turner," she says with a sigh.

She likes him on the game shows, though. He's always the smart one who wins all the money. And she's proud of him on "Meet the Press" and "Face the Nation." "He's so informed," ahw says, eyes aglow.

On Sunday afternoons and Monday nights she knows where to find him--throwing that beautiful touchdown pass, making that spectacular catch, scoring the game-winning run. On other nights he's busy for hours outsmarting, outfighting and outshooting assorted crooks.

All in all, beneath Tillie's anger, jealousy and envy, there lies a certain pride. For as she says, "Henry's done what the average American spends more than five hours a day for years trying to do."

Keefauver watches TV in Carmel, Calif.

DID YOU READ THE MOVIE?
NO, BUT I SAW THE BOOK.

by Dan Miller

(From the Cleveland Press, 6-30-77)

To hear the book publishers tell it, the motion picture is the best thing to happen to publishing since movable type.

Take a book, even one of modest entertainment or literary pretensions, tie it in with a movie, and presto! a best seller of heretofore unheard-of proportions.

The book-reading/movie-going public currently is being subjected to the most intensive and expensive movie-book tie in history, a joint venture between Bantam Books and Columbia Pictures to hype "The Deep."

And the way things are going, the new Peter Benchley aqua-thriller will outsell its spiritual predecessor, "Jaws", in the bookstores and at the theater box office.

Bantam started by unleashing 1.5 million copies of "The Deep" on bookstores in early April. That was followed by $200,000 worth of national television advertising prominently featuring the book and footage from the film, with Jacqueline Bisset in a skin-tight wet suit the most prominent of the prominently featured. Meanwhile, Bantam wore a path to the printer's office, ordering seven more printings totalling 2.8 million copies.

By the time the film opened Bantam had more than three million copies of "The Deep" in print. With each copy passed around an average of 2½ times, Columbia figures it has a movie audience of about 7½ million people already queued up for the film.

And after the movie has been in distribution for a while, word-f-mouth advertising will ultimately trigger another 3 million in book sales.

But despite the careful planning that went into assuring the financial success of "The Deep," it may be eclipsed by a one-time orphan, "Star Wars."

The space fantasy movie wasn't always a monster hit. A couple of years ago Judy-Lynn del Rey, Ballantine's savvy science fiction editor, bought the book rights from George Lucas when no one else in the shop knew what she was talking about.

"I flipped out when I read it," she says. "I said if Lucas could even come close to making a movie like the book, we'd make millions, but everybody kept saying, 'Yeah, sure, now go away.'"

In the end, Ballantine indulged del Rey last December for 200,000 copies at $1.50 each. A few of these copies were growing moss on book racks until right before the movie exploded into national distribution.

Del Rey was in San Francisco at a booksellers' convention when the box office figures started coming in, and besieged by book retailers, she got on the phone and started ordering more copies by the thousands. At last count, "Star Wars" was up to one million copies, at $1.95 each, and no one was ready to halt the presses.

Not only can movies create a best seller, they can resurrect the old one. Case in point: "Seventh Avenue," the 1967 novel by Norman Bogner about life in New York City's garment district. As a Dell paperback, it enjoyed a short-lived but creditable best-selling run and fell out of print around 1969.

Then earlier this year, NBC aired a special mini-series based on the book. Dell pushed "Seventh Avenue" through six more printings totalling 750,000 copies, exceeding the original sale of a decade earlier.

But movies can't always make a super best seller. Warner Brothers rapped off five million copies of "Audrey Rose" to tie in with the movie of the same name, but "Audrey" stumbled at the box office and Warner is still wondering what to do with about 1.5 million unsold copies.

Not to worry, though. Warner thought its edition of "All the President's Men" had run out of buyers at two million copies early last year. Then the Watergate movie flickered on the screen and ignited a total press run of more than five million copies, exceeding everyone's expectations.

Neither publishers nor movie-makers are quite sure what it takes to make a successful tie-in, but they have scored enough successes to keep searching for the right formula. A couple dozen movies tying in with books are scheduled to premier this summer.

Bantam vice president Fred Klein comes as close as anyone in explaining the mutually beneficial relationship between publishers and movie-makers.

"The average movie-goer thinks things are being left out of the movie because a book has greater latitude. With technical problems and money limitations, a movie can go only so far. They can't do everything your imagination can, so the movie-goer says he'd better buy the book.

"And some people buy books if only to relive the thrill of the movie. We did that with 'The Sting.' It sold well in original release, and now in re-release we'll sell another 100,000 or so."

Of course, this symbiotic relationship can have its drawbacks.

Irwin Shaw's "Rich Man, Poor Man" was a modest best seller in its original paperback edition, selling about 1.5 million copies between 1971 and the fall of 1976. Then ABC aired its movie version, and the book became a 4.5 million best seller within a couple of weeks.

That success also prompted Shaw to write a sequel for Delacorte, "Beggarman, Thief," with hopes of selling that to television as well after its October publication.

But when Shaw sold "RMPM" to ABC, he also sold them the rights to his characters, and ABC has its own sequel in the works, with the uninspired title of "Rich Man, Poor Man II", quite independent of Shaw's "Beggarman, Thief."

In the end, Shaw will probably have another best seller, ABC will make a bundle on its movie, and "Rich Man, Poor Man" will probably enjoy still another best-selling rebirth.

CHEZ SHEA

Add to things I just can't picture: HPL in blue jeans and an emblazoned T-shirt.

"The real trick in life is to find out what you want to do and then find somebody willing to pay you to do it."--Sarah Caldwell

A candid opinion is less preferable to most people than a candied one.

The distinction between what is meritorious and what is meretricious is generally not recognized by the fans, who usually opt for the latter.

METAPHYSICS GET TO 'BIONIC WOMAN'

by William Hickey

(From the Cleveland Press, 6-30-77)

HOLLYWOOD--Lindsay Wagner, better known to millions of viewers as "The Bionic Woman," has been delving into metaphysics of late specializing in ESP and TM, and it apparently has been too much for her mental processes. She now seems to be on the yellow brick road to flakedom.

Then again, perhaps it's merely that she has "gone Hollywood" since I last interviewed her some 18 months ago, and her ensuing mental gyrations are only so much excess baggage. Whatever the case may be, she has undergone a 180-degree turn of personality that can be described only as foreboding.

At the initial interview, which took place at the time ABC-TV was launching "The Bionic Woman," Miss Wagner exhibited a sense of humor and an overall looseness that was nicely becoming. It was evident that she took neither herself nor her new series too seriously. All that, sadly enough, is no more. She is now Greta Garbo.

At least, that is the impression she left on me after being forced to spend an hour in her presence here the other day at an interview session. She had swept into the conference room in the grand manner movie queens of yesteryear so dearly loved to dazzle their fans with, complete with an entourage befitting an Oriantal potentate.

Miss Wagner remained almost facially invisible throughout the session, her features hidden by a floppy sequinned hat set remarkably low on her forehead. She mumbled her way through a recitation of metaphysical jargon that not even the most spaced-out writers on the tour could appreciate.

Then, too, there was the matter of her personal manager or hairdresser, no one could quite figure out which he was, who kept butting in with explanations of what she meant to say. His voice was stilled only when a young woman who writes for a large metropolitan daily told him to keep his (obscenity deleted) mouth shut, adding that she had not traveled thousands of miles to interview a (obscenity deleted) like him.

The consensus among the veteran critics present was that the session was a noteworthy one, in that it was awarded the very rare "four-martini" distinction, meaning, of course, that anyone with less than that amount under his belt would be eminently aware of a great deal of pain.

While Miss Wagner described her various metaphysical experiences at length and in great detail, the one which seemed to thrill those present the most concerned the two-decade-old movie "An Affair to Remember," which starred Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr.

It seems that Miss Wagner saw the movie from inside her mother's womb, a most unsual vantage place to say the least, but apparently an excellent one, for she remembered everything about it. What's more, she even remembered that her mother cried throughout the film and that her father, no doubt undone by all the weeping, made repeated visits to the theater's lobby.

The main reason this particular metaphysical experience was voted No, 1 stemmed from the fact that Miss Wagner punctuated

most of her sentences with a cackling that proved unnerving. I mean--it was Bonkersville by the Pacific.

. The story that received the runner-up award concerned her knowing from infancy "that she would star in her first feature film and not merely play a secondary role." That bit of intuition apparently proved right on target, as one young writer claimed he knew not only the name of the film, but had actually seen it when it debuted five years ago. According to my notes, which were admittedly getting a bit hazy at this part of the proceedings, the movie was called "Blkfgsxvtclwscqkngm."

At any rate, Miss Wagner and "The Bionic Woman" will return to the prime-time small screen this fall under the auspices of NBC-TV, a network that has faith in any young woman with or without bionic artificial limbs, as long as she can get the numbers Jaime Sommers has gotten in the past year and a half.

(All this--and Garbo, too?)

HEROES

by Emerson Batdorff

(From the Plain Dealer, 8-21-77)

A wholesome trend shows symptoms of developing on screen. The first thing you know, people of sensibilities may be able to go to the movies with impugnity.

For too long movies chose to feature characters that could at best be called less than perfect. They were so much less than perfect that you would probably cross the street to avoid them if you saw them in real life, or move to the other end of the bar if you happened to see them at their recreation.

Who would willingly herd with Clint Eastwood in his casual killing days? And he played some of the best of the no-goods.

Warren Beatty played mostly self-seeking con men with not even charm to recommend them. Besides, he was always leaning up against a building eating apples and mumbling.

Charles Bronson played an assortment of fellows you wouldn't want to meet, and so did Jim Brown. No matter how charming all these actors might be personally, their stock in trade was to portray anti-heroes.

They did this for a very good reason. Most of the people who went to movies were tired of romance on screen; what they wanted was what they thought might be reality. Of course, it wasn't; anti-romance is just as far-fetched as romance.

Anyhow, no movie made money if the principal character was either trustworthy, honest, brave or bathed daily. This was a terrible commentary on the people in the audience who obviously saw much to commend itself to them on the screen, or they would have quit going to that sort of movie.

But things have changed, apparently. The screen is once more safe for heroes. See "Star Wars." See "MacArthur."

"Star Wars" is chock full of heroes; people and robots you can admire, and people of all ages do admire them, or it wouldn't be doing as well at the box office as it is. I think parents take their children as a favor to the kids and then get caught up in the sparkling romanticism of the screen.

During one of the perfectly splendid space fights, when Luke Skywalker was trying his best to drop a bomb into a small hole in an ecil space station, a small boy told his mother, "I have to go to the bathroom!"

"No, you don't!" she said firmly, and he didn't. The charm of having heroes on screen had obviously got to her.

Luke Skywalker, played by Mark Hamill, is the only person you thin of immediately as a hero in "Star Wars," but actually he is one of the lesser ones.

The really big hero is Ben-Kenobi, also known as Obi-Wan. He is an old man, the last of the Jedi Knights, or anyhow, the last good one. The really threatening villain, Lord Darth Vadar (played by David Prowse, 6 feet 7, with a chest measuring 50 inches and retired British heavyweight lifting champion) is a backslid Jedi Knight.

The two fight a duel with complicated swords, just as hero and villain used to do in the movies, and the audience gets all caught up.

Two of the sneakiest heroes are robots, C3PO, a man-shaped robot who is not really brave but who can muster up courage in a pinch, and R2D2, a robot about 3 feet tall who hasn't got a craven wire in his body.

I call them sneaky, because they are heroes without appearing to be heroes,; they take the Laurel and Hardy roles.

You might count fantasy and science fiction heroes as a mere mistake made in a hot hummer. But you can't make that excuse for "MacArthur."

Here is a movie that shows even a general can be hohorable. It insists that you like him in spite of his mistakes.

MacArthur made no minor mistakes. He felt sure that the Chinese would never cross the Yalu River during the Korean conflict. And he felt that President Truman had endless patience.

True, you find mostly greybeards and bald heads at "MacArthur." The kids have all gone to "Star Wars."

At that, finding grey beards and bald heads at a movie is a change in itself. Mostly the owners of those heads have stayed out of movie theaters for years.

It's getting safe for heroes and bald heads again in movies.

(I agree as to the necessity for screen heroes, but Batdorff here chose some unfortunate examples. I missed the scene in which Luke Skywalker was trying to drop a bomb into the small hole, for I was snoozing at the time; one can take just so much boredom. Personally, I should say it is time to jettison all the Jedi Knights! Someone commented that Darth Vadar was the perfect name for a screen villain, but to me it just sounded like someone lisping Dark Invader.

MacArthur was my father's ideal, but he was too much of a Fascist to suit me. It was not true, as charged, that MacArthur thought he was God--he thought he was much better than God!

In the quest for screen heroes the producers have come up with some highly unlikely choices. I shudder to think what someone like Billy Jack would do if he ever get into power. Rocky was, for many people, a great hero, but it was a dreary, depressing film--one could almost smell Stallone's armpits! And those simplistic Buford Pusser films (WALKING TALL) aren't the answer, either.

Maybe producers should reissue films like MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN or MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON!)

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Hunting for a quark
Is a fundamental thing --
No glow in the dark
No certain shape to take wing.

No one's seen a quark
Nor is ever likely to.
They're mad as a lark
To search on without a clue.

NEWS ODDITIES

TWO TOOK BODY FROM COFFIN, COMMANDED IT TO WALK

(From the Cleveland Press, 7-4-77)

HOBART, Oklahoma--(UPI)--Two men and a woman, who disrupted a funeral by attempting to pull a body from a coffin and ordering it to walk, have been charged with the seldom-used law of disturbing a funeral.

District Attorney Paul Braun said it was the first time he had charged anyone under the misdemeanor law passed in 1910. Conviction carries a maximum penalty of $500 fine and a year's imprisonment in the county jail.

Charged were Guy Bill Kobs, his wife Kay, and Mrs. Kobs' father, Jesse Kern.

The disturbance occurred in Mountain View, Oklahoma, Thursday as mourners filed by the coffin of Kenneth Corbin at the First Baptist Church. Officials said about 150 persons were in the church at the time of the incident.

According to Rev. Tom Woods, one man pulled the body halfway from the coffin and another man standing nearby said, "In the name of the Lord I command you to get up and walk."

Woods said he, the director of the funeral home and two other persons grabbed the men and ushered them out when a woman began screaming, "This is the will of God."

The funeral home spokesman said the disturbance upset Corbin's family.

The minister said the three were active in a local sect that has claimed to heal the sick. The sect does not have a name, he said.

WITH HER CLOTHES ON?

(From the Cleveland Press, 7-2-77)

EDINBURGH, Scotland--In the early days of women's golf, Dame Margaret Ross of Baniel, wife of the Earl of Stair, was credited with a most unusual form of witchcraft. She was said to transform herself into her opponent's ball and roll away from the cup.

'HOUSE OF HORROR' IS SCENE OF MURDER

(From the Cleveland Press, 6-28-77)

DULUTH, Minn.--(UPI)--Seven years ago Hollywood turned the gracious mansion of Elisabeth Congdon into a house of horrors to shoot the movie "You'll Like My Mother," starring Patty Duke.

Yesterday a caretaker at the Congdon estate discovered a real-life horror. He found the 83-year-old heiress and her nurse murdered. Miss Congdon had been smothered with two pillows and the nurse, Velma Pietila, 65, had been beaten to death with a brass candelabra.

Police said it was almost certain the motive was robbery--Miss Congdon's empty jewelry box was found on the floor.

As police reconstructed the crime, the intruder entered the mansion by breaking a window in the basement. He apparently

met Mrs. Pietila at the top of the regal staircase and killed her with the candlestick holder. Then he entered Miss Congdon's room and smothered her.

She was the only surviving heir of Chester Congdon, a pioneer iron and copper mining magnate who died in 1916 after serving two terms in the Minnesota Legislature and as assistant U. S. attorney from 1881 to 1886.

PRIESTS CHARGED IN DEATH AFTER EXORCIST RITE

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-14-77)

ASCHAFFENBURG, West Germany--(AP)--Two Roman Catholic priests were charged with negligent homicide yesterday in the death of 23-year-old Anneliese Michel after she underwent exorcism a year ago, the Aschaffenburg prosecutor announced.

Miss Michel's parents, Josef and Anna, were also indicted on the same charge, Prosecutor Karl Stenger told a news conference in this Bavarian city. If convicted, they could get five years in jail.

In Argentan, France, Mrs. Pierre Esnaut, 74, a woman known to some neighbors as "Our Lady of Confidence" and to others as the "Sorceress," was sentenced yesterday to three months in jail and fined $7,200 for having a man strapped to his bed for a week to exorcise demons.

The German priests, Ernest Alt and Wilhelm Renz, conducted the exorcism rites in a church-approved attempt to free Miss Michel of demons after four years of medical treatment failed to cure her epilepsy.

The education student at the University of Wuerzburg died July 1, 1976, of undernourishment after several months of the exorcism conducted at her home in Klingenberg, 30 miles west of Wuerzburg.

YALE'S 'BATMAN' THINKS BATS HURT BY BAD PRESS

(From the Cleveland Press, 6-30-77)

PITTSBURGH, Pa. --(UPI)--Contrary to what you've heard or what you may think, bats are "perfectly nice little animals" and even make good pets.

At least, that's what Dr. Alvin Novick, "the Batman" of Yale University, has to say.

Novick, 52, one of the world's leading authorities on bats, is worried about the "bad press" the animals receive and the effect the increasing popularity of caving--or "spelunking"--is having on bat populations.

"Bats get a very bad press," Novick said in New Haven. "Every time a bat appears, people think of rabies. Bats don't interact much with people and in the United States (they) don't easily transmit rabies.

"Americans put rabies and bats together and create the problem in their own minds. In Asia and Africa, people have no negative feelings about bats. But in American culture, it's almost universal to dislike them.

"I continually find myself defending them."

Novick, Yale's "Batman," graduated from Harvard Medical School and was an assistant in medicine at Harvard when he developed his interest in bats.

"When I was an assistant in medicine, I decided I was interested in basic science research. The man who was the most receptive was Dr, Donald Griffin, the principal discoverer of the bat sonar system.

Since then, Novick has collected and studied bats in the United States, Mexico, Panama, Jamaica, the Philippines, Sri Lanka and Zaire. The nature of his work requires him to visit both caves and abandoned mines.

But Novick's love for bats does not mean he loves caves.

"The beauty of the caves is secondary to me. For me, finding the bats and watching them is just as beautiful as rock formations. I go into caves only where I can go on foot. I won't use ropes and won't go under water or where it is small."

Novick says bats are sensitive creatures and are harmed or killed by spelunkers ignorant of their habits. He says the increasing popularity of caving has had a serious effect on bat populations.

"Every time someone disturbs them, a substantial number of them die," he said.

"If the intruder makes enough noise or displays light, the bats go into flight and crash into walls and each other and fall into the water and drown. A female generally has only one baby a year, so bat populations aren't easily replenished.

"When I go into caves, I take precautions. I generally keep the light on the floor and try to keep quiet. Nevertheless, I still cause some to die."

Cavers are especially dangerous to bats during mating season, Novick remarked. "If bats are disturbed just before, or just after giving birth, the results are devastating. Bats miscarry easily and if a baby falls, he is never retrieved.

"Most bats are unable to fly until they're six to eight weeks old," Novick said.

Novick says bats are better off in moist caves but with a few sacrifices they can make good home pets. He has had several and named his favorite "Miss X."

"But it's hard to prevent them from escaping and it's not much fun keeping them in cages," he said.

(I'll resist the temptation to say that Novick is batty. ... But if bats are rehabilitated, what are the producers of the Dracula films going to do?)

BELIEVERS SAY OLD OGOPOGO LIVES IN DEPTH OF LAKE

(From the Cleveland Press, 7-24-77)

KELOWNA, Canada--(AP)--Lillian Vogelsang took her daughter swimming at Lake Okanagan recently and saw old Ogopogo. She says she'll forego further dips in the lake.

"Its humps came three feet out of the water," said Mrs. Vogelsang. "It must have been 50 feet long. He was dark green and shiny. I watched until he sank down like a submarine."

Townspeople in this eastern British Columbia resort community of 53,000, situated midway along the 88-mile lake, tell visitors not to be alarmed if they see the 50-foot reptile rear its head from the lake.

Old Ogopogo, say the believers, is a monstrous survivor of

the Mesozoic Era who lives in the 800-foot depths of the lake. They say he's harmless.

But skeptics like David Sterling of the Federation of British Columbia Naturalists speculate that Ogopogo is merely an optical illusion produced when someone views a bow wave moving across flat water.

Debate over the existence of the monster has gone on for years. Last night 40 local divers were ready to prove or disprove the tale. Going under in shifts and armed with $30,000 worth of underwater photographic gear, the divers planned to spend 24 hours underwater near Westbank, where the elusive creature was last reported seen.

"I can't help but believe there's something down there," says Roy Patterson McLean, publisher of the Kelowna Daily Courier. "Too many reliable persons, and groups of people, have seen it."

Arlene Gaalm who in a book about the reptile traces his life back 100 years, says Ogopogo may be a plesiosaur, a marine reptile alive 100 million years ago in the Mesozoiac Era.

Maybe, she says, Ogopogo was produced from a fertilized egg which was "deep frozen" by the Pleistocene glaciers that later created Lake Okanagan.

(And maybe the B. C. town is envious of the tourist trade which the "Loch Ness" monster brings!)

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-26-77)

Dudley Clapp, 89, gravedigger of South Windsor, Conn., often puts in a seven-day week at the Main Street cemetery, digging many of the graves by hand because machines won't fit between the narrow rows. Clapp said the only time he was frightened in 60 years on the job was when he was carrying a casket and heard someone talking. "I began to get worried. The undertaker turned white. We opened the casket to make sure, but everything was O. K." He said he later discovered that one of the mourners was a ventriloquist who had promised his late friend he would throw his voice out of the casket during the burial.

HEADLINE WRITTEN PRIOR TO BLACKOUT

(From the Cleveland Press, 7020-77)

SEATTLE--(UPI)--Editors scoffed last Tuesday when Roge, a Californian magician here for a convention, materialized out of a smoky cloud in a Seattle newspaper office and predicted the front page headlines for Thursday.

Roge sealed his prediction in a small envelope, enclosed it in four more sealed envelopes, and turned it over to the city editor for safekeeping.

The editors at the Seattle Post-Intelligencer gathered around Roge Thursday morning.

The main P-I headline Thursday read "Massive Blackout Hits New York City Area."

The little piece of paper in the fifth and final envelope, with words presumably written in Roge's hand two days earlier, said the headline would read, "Massive Power Blackout Hits New York City Area." He had put in the word "Failure" but had crossed it out and inserted "Blackout."

(Roger, Roge!)

PSYCHIC IS "PROJECTION" BELIEVER

by Carl Kovac

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-29-77)

Marlene Burton believes in traveling light.

She has, on occasion, gone to visit friends here or taken off to foreign lands--and left her body behind.

Ms. Burton, 40, an information specialist for the Community Information Service of the Federation for Community Planning, is a practicing psychic.

As such, she is a citizen of the astral world and trips there from time to time.

"Astral projection," she explains, "is the experience of being somewhere else while recognizing that your physical body is where you left it."

This phenomenon is not uncommon, Ms. Burton says.

"Many people experience it when they undergo operations, for example, or during periods of great stress.

"Under certain stress conditions, a person may take a nap and experience separation from his or her body. They'll usually float up to the ceiling and be able to look down and see their bodies."

More adventurous souls might project their astral selves beyond the confines of a room, building, city or even a country.

"Some go many miles," Ms. Burton said, reporting that "I have gone to visit friends on several occasions during astral projection, and I have recognized myself at other times as being in a foreign country.

"And the friends I visited have recognized me as being there while they were in a dream state."

Ms. Burton said she was partially awake when she made those trips.

How far one wants to travel through the astral world "depends on how much they want to risk; how much they want to explore," she said.

Risk?

"Actually, there are no risks per se. One is always in charge of one's self. It all depends on how far one wants to go. You say, 'Do I want to go through the window or the ceiling?', or, 'I don't want to do this,'" she explained.

Ms. Burton noted, however, that astral travel "could be frightening to a person who is structured in his thinking, because it deviates from what he would consider to be a normal experience."

It also could be very scary, she continued, "if it took place while a person was awake. Most people astral project while asleep."

There are those who astral travel to a small degree while in the conscious state. It's commonly called daydreaming, she said.

But, by and large, " people can have good experiences in the astral world," Ms. Burton contended.

Astral projection is not to be confused with teleportation, another psychic phenomenon.

Ms. Burton describes teleportation as "moving the body through space by converting it to energy at one body, then reconverting it at another."

"There are those who claim to have done it, but there's little or no documentation. It's pretty much theory," she said.

She agreed that it would be a great way to beat traffic jams.

"Imagine being able to just will yourself to work or wherever you wanted to go," she added, saying that "of course it could be rather startling if you suddenly appeared out of nowhere at your desk."

Ms. Burton will discuss astral projection and other psychic phenomena during a day-long workshop Sunday at Shadybrook House, King Memorial and Little Mountain Rds., Kirtland Hills.

If you'd like to explore more of the astral world, contact Shadybrook director William Hughes at 255-3406.

(All this stuff is very old hat to me, for I heard it many times from my father. I didn't believe him, either! ... Probably the best example of the dangers of teleportation was the story and film The Fly.)

SPEAKING IN "TONGUES"

by George R. Plagenz

(From a column in the Cleveland Press of 7-30-77)

What has created controversy over the charismatic movement more than anything else is the Pentecostalist practice of "speaking in tongues."

This phenomenon goes back to early New Testament days. In the Book of Acts, it is recorded that on Pentecost (a Jewish harvest festival which falls 50 days after Passover) the disciples "were all filled with the Holy Ghost and they began to speak with other tongues. . . ." (i. e., in other languages, languages they had never spoken before.

Modern Pentecostalists claim the same thing happens to them. Words they never even heard before start flowing out of them. The words, though unintelligible, are not gibberish. They have a measured, musical cadence. Some say they have their origin in ancient, lost languages.

Sometimes "tongues speakers" utter words in a modern foreign language which they claim to have no knowledge of.

Rev. Dennis Bennett, an Episcopal clergyman who is said to be the father of middle-class Pentecostalism, told an Old Stone Church Lenten congregation two years ago that he once spoke several sentences in Japanese--although he doesn't know a single word of that language.

He says he knows it was Japanese because a Japanese woman was in his church--St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Seattle, Wash.--when he spoke the sentences during a prayer and she translated what he had said.

There is considerable disagreement over the significance of speaking in tongues. Pentecostalists regard it as evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit in their lives.

"This was the evidence the disciples received on Pentecost and we regard it as such, too," says a member of the Pentecostalist movement.

A more commonplace explanation is that, in moments of high ecstasy, we are all likely to resort to meaningless sounds--like "zippety do da"--to give vent to our emotions.

A study in tongues-speaking conducted by the National Institutes of Mental Health concluded that speaking in tongues is "an overflowing kind of emotion so overpowering that it gives rise to one's speaking in non-conscious language. It provides release from tensions and brings great feelings of peace and relaxation which are apparently lasting."

The source of the tongues-speaking is the speaker's unconscious mind, the researchers said. It is like "baby talk"--automatic and fluent speech of a kind that a person cannot produce by conscious effort.

(Lovecraftians should be quite familiar with speaking in tongues. Ia! Ia!)

WANTED: FLOATERS

(From the Plain Dealer)

LOS ANGELES--(AP)--A movie executive is looking for someone whose feet aren't on the ground and will pay $25,000 if he can stay that way "without trickery, fakery" or wires.

Ralph Nussbaum of Burbank International Pictures says the search for floaters will help promote a movie, "Journey into the Beyond."

He said to qualify a person will have to float in daylight in view of a panel of scientists and newsmen and stay up in the air long enough to convince the skeptics. He said hopefuls won't know in advance where their levitations will be scheduled.

THEY SEEK IMMORTALITY,
FORM COMMITTEE TO FIND IT

(From the Cleveland Press, 3-21-77)

SAN DIEGO--(UPI)--The Committee for Elimination of Death believes death is an "imposition on the human race" that needs not be inevitable.

"When the history of this century is written, the achievement that will stand head and shoulders above the rest will. . . be the conquest of death," said A. Stuart Otto, chairman of the committee.

The committtee exchanges information concerning gerontology, prosthetics, genetic reprogramming, cloning, cryonics and spiritual matters.

The most commonly known scientific approach to increased longevity, Otto said, is that of the gerontologists, who "hope to extend life appreciably in the very near future" with drugs and therapeutic techniques.

"Most of them seem very optimistic that by the turn of the century the common three score and 10 will have been replaced by a figure more like 90 or 100," he said. "And this is not in a decrepit state but in a state of youth and health."

Intermeshing with gerontological research, prosthetics

"has to do with the artificial replacement of worn-out organs and limbs," he said.

"It is predicted that within a decade it will be possible to replace destroyed joints and things of that kind with motorized parts that will be so perfect that unless you know what to look for you won't be able to tell a crippled person from one who's completely normal."

Genetic reprogramming involves "a longer range approach" based on recent breakthroughs, Otto said.

"The geneticists now feel that it is entirely feasible to be able to re-order the programming within the genes of human beings so that undesirable features will be bred out and desirable ones amplified," he said.

"The concept is almost universally held in the scientific community now that aging is a disease. . . just like cancer or any other disease.

"The idea is that if that disease can be overcome, we'll stop aging. The geneticists believe that they can program the disease out of mankind."

Otto said cloning--growing duplicates from parts taken from plants or animals--would be useful for growing new organs to replace damaged ones. He said the " ultimate in sophistication of the cloning art" would be to grow a new person, but he said he doubted that would be much comfort to the person who provided the cloning material.

Otto said more time is needed to evaluate cryonics, "freezing people who have died because of some killer disease" with the intention of thawing and treating them when cures are found.

"There are 24 bodies that have been frozen to date. None has been revived because cures have not been found for the various diseases of which they died. We have no way of knowing how successful this will be."

Otto is minister of the Church of the Trinity in San Marcos, an independent church with no denominational affiliation. As a result, he is an advocate of a theological approach but insists scientific avenues are vital. His spiritual approach involves a different belief from "the common Christian interpretation" of scripture.

Otto, author of the book "How to Conquer Physical Death," said he believes Christ did not speak of the hereafter but rather "gave a personal demonstration" of a method of conquering death that "is possible for us too,"

Basically, he said, his approach involves "willing" one's self to continue living by developing "the consciousness of Christ Jesus to replace our human consciousness."

SURGERY SUCCESSFUL ON FOUR-LEGGED BABY

(From the Plain Dealer)

SHEFFIELD, England--(AP)--A three-month-old baby born with four legs has successfully undergone an operation in which two of them were removed, Sheffield Children's Hospital said yesterday.

A hospital spokesman said the unnamed baby was "doing very well."

But surgeons refused to forecast the baby's life span.

The Cleveland Press, Thursday, July 21, 1977

THE CREATURE — Its long neck dangling, the body of a strange plesiosaurus-like animal is lifted into a Japanese trawler after it was caught off New Zealand Apr. 25. One of the ship's crew photographed the creature before it was thrown back into the sea. (UPI)

Dinosaur-like body is taken from the sea

TOKYO — (UPI) — A Japanese trawler cruising the Pacific off New Zealand has discovered the body of what some scientists call "some sort of dinosaur," spokesmen for the ship's owner said today.

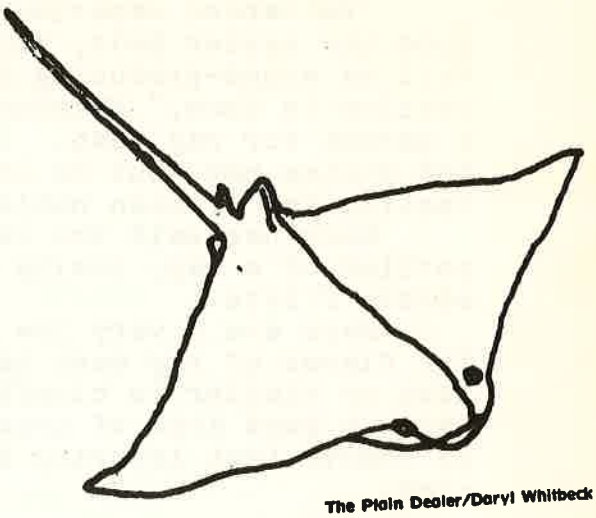
The Taiyo Fishery Co. spokesman said the trawler, the 2460-ton Zuiyo Maru, picked up the body of the mysterious creature while it was sailing in the Pacific Ocean about 30 miles off Christchurch, New Zealand, in late April.

The creature had a long neck and bat-like wings, measured 33 feet and weighed 2 tons, the company's spokesman said.

The half-decomposed body was pulled up by the trawler's nets from a depth of about 1000 feet, the company said. The crew lifted the creature on deck and took pictures, but threw it back into the sea because it smelled "very bad."

Many Japanese scientists and archaeologists withheld making any clear identification of the creature, but one said it might be "some sort of dinosaur or Loch Ness-type monster."

Prof. Fujiro Yasuda of the Tokyo University of Fisheries said it was not a species of fish and that he had never seen an animal like it before.



The Plain Dealer/Daryl Whitbeck

Cownose ray

OYSTERS, FLEE! THE COWNOSE RAYS ARE COMING!

(From the Plain Dealer)

GLOUCESTER POINT, Virginia-(AP)--The invasion of the cownose rays, now in its fifth year, continues as thousands of the winged, poison-barbed creatures swarm into the Chesapeake Bay, crushing oysters in their huge, grinding teeth.

Oystermen said the ray population had increased enormously, gobbling up their profits in the process.

One oysterman has attributed a $33,000 loss this year to the voracious appetite of the cownosed rays, smaller cousins of the fabled manta rays so popular in maritime fiction.

Dr. John Merriner of the Virginia Institute of Maritime Sciences in Gloucester Point, who heads the state-federal Sea Grant Cownose Ray Project, is studying ways to solve the problem.

While the rays are ugly, they are tasty.

That may be their downfall, Merriner said. A thriving ray fishery could keep their numbers in check.

"We've been experimenting with various ways to keep the rays from the oyster beds, which include using stakes and fencing as well as sound-producing devices such as plastic gallon bottles with rattles in them," Merriner said. "But we're also trying to develop a market for ray meat. There really isn't much demand in the United States now, but we understand there is an overseas market in Pacific and African nations."

Merriner said the rays weigh up to 45 pounds each. The "wing" portion of a ray, really a modified fin, can yield 15 pounds of edible filets.

Rays are a very low form of fish and have no actual bones. The flavor of ray meat has been variously described as scallop-like or similar to bluefish. The flesh, like that of a shark, contains a good deal of urea. It must be soaked in a brine solution to remove that impurity before freezing, canning or other processing.

(No oysters today? Try a ray!)

BIG BIRD OF ILLINOIS LEAVES A BIG CLUE

(From the Cleveland Press, 8-1-77)

SHELBYVILLE, Ill.--(UPI)--The mysterious big bird that has central Illinois residents gawking and buzzing has left some ample evidence of its size.

"Texas John" Huffer of Tuscola, who sighted the celebrated creature and its mate Saturday, said the two deposited droppings the size of baseballs around a large dead tree where they apparently roosted.

"I weigh 260 pounds and I didn't want to get too close to it," said Huffer, who filmed the larger of the two birds as it soared from tree to tree.

The head of the bigger bird appeared to be 18 inches high with a huge body and a wingspan of about 12 feet, Huffer said.

"It made an awful noise, Huffer said. He said its "weird cry" was "primeval" but the bird did not look prehistoric.

Central Illinois has been buzzing with talk of a big bird since a Lawndale mother reported a bird grabbed her 70-pound [redacted] son and lifted him two feet off the ground before dropping the boy.

Ornithologists have said there is no bird in North America capable of doing that. But other witnesses in the area, including Huffer, have reported seeing one or more of the big birds.

Huffer, a writer for Bass Magazine--a fishing guide--shot 100 feet of film of the bird. He said he thought ornithologists could identify the bird from his film.

REAL PLANET-HOPPER WILL TURN TO FICTION

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-27-77)

Edwin E. (Buzz) Aldrin, who got some of his background information first-hand, has turned to writing science fiction.

Aldrin was the second person to step on the moon eight years ago, behind Neil Armstrong.

His stories concern people coming in the opposite direction, leaving outer space to populate the earth. They are being written with Roland Barber, a magazine and television writer. Aldrin thinks the old Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers comic strips

were good science fiction, as "educated guesses" of what was coming. He called the popular current film "Star Wars" nothing but World War II fighter stuff that may kill off the science fiction craze.

Aldrin had a period of severe depression and alcoholism, possibly because of coming in second. He said he has overcome these problems.

CANNIBAL HONORS OUT, GSA RULES

(From the Plain Dealer, 8-10-77)

WASHINGTON--A plaque naming a U. S. Department of Agriculture cafeteria after a 19th century cannibal has been removed from the dining room walls.

The plaque--engraved with the name of Alfred E. Packer, a man convicted more than a century ago of five counts of cannibalism--was ordered removed Monday by an official of the General Services Administration, who thought it in "bad taste."

Packer was convicted in 187 of killing and eating five gold prospectors near Lake City, Colo.

Agriculture Secretary Bob Berglund had just announced last week that the departmental grill was being named in honor of Packer because his life "exemplifies the spirit and the fare of this Agriculture Department cafeteria."

At the dedication, Berglund quoted the sentencing judge as telling Packer: "There was only six Democrats in all of Hinsdale County and you, you man-eating son of a bitch, ate five of them."

The judge went on to sentence Packer to "hang, until you're dead, dead, dead as a warning against further reducing the county's Democratic population," Berglund said.

However, because Colorado had just joined the union, it had not re-enacted its death penalty and Packer was instead sentenced to life in prison.

Packer remained in jail until he was paroled in 1901. He lived quietly in a Denver suburb until his death in 1907.

"Personally, I thought it was funny," said GSA official Melvin Schick. "But my job (as the GSA building manager) tells me there's a certain minimum decorum necessary to maintain a minimum amount of decency."

Stan Weston, who works in the congressional liaison and public information office and is one of three persons who paid for the $29 plaque, said he was "outraged by (Schick's) confiscation of personal property." The plaque was later returned to him.

Weston said the naming committee, consisting of himself and assistant secretaries Robert Meyer and James Webster, voted to approve the name after there were no replies to a May 31 memo asking department employes to suggest new names.

Weston said he and Meyer are members of a group called Friends of Alfred Packer in Washington, D. C.

For those who wonder what club members eat at group activities, Weston said at their last dinner Steak Tartare (raw chopped beef), Lady Fingers and Bloody Marys were served.

CHEZ SHEA

HPL would have been horrified to learn that the Clinton Ave. section of Brooklyn where he and Sonia lived is now a place to pick up prostitutes.

FANS TREK TO SCIENCE FICTION GATHERING

by Janet Fix

(From the Arizona Republic, 5-29-77)

Space.

. . . The final Frontier.

Visions about it form a fantasy world, escapism or futurology that blasted off Saturday at the Ivan Cook's Star Trek, Comic and Science Fiction Film Convention.

The convention, scheduled through Monday at the TowneHouse, is expected to draw about 3,000 science fiction fanatics from across the Southwest.

The fans, many of them carrying toy laser guns and dressed as space figures, are members of a subculture with its own language, life-style and outlook, according to Jack Williamson.

Williamson, 69, author of science fiction novels, said science fiction fanatics may be looked at as "escapists or as bunch of weirdos but someday they may be regarded as space pioneers."

This convention, similar to many helf across the United States, is really "a madhouse which brings people together who are not afraid of the future or of space-age technology," Williamson said. "Conventions allow fans to be with an audience sympathetic to their mania."

The space mania took off in the 1960s with the Star Ship Enterprise. The Star Trek television series held high ratings until 1969 when it was dropped, angering its fans.

A convention guest, Gail Barton, 32, said there are Star Trek fan clubs all over the world. "But the Star Trek fan is a different breed of cat than the sci-fi fan," she said.

Ken Bibeau, 37, dressed in the uniform of a Star Trek chief-of-staff, is the past commander of the Alpha Centura Star Trek Fan Club in Albuquerque.

Bibeau said the chapter's 200 active members make up the world's largest Star Trek fan club.

"These people are not closet watchers," he said. "They are not afraid to say they are different. These people actively participate in life.

"We are not afraid to live a fantasy and yet exist in the day-to-day, nine-to-five world."

Other sci-fans agree that theirs is a unique subculture and life-style.

Mrs. Marion Zimmer Bradley, another science fiction author attending the convention, said she became interested in science fiction in high school because it was the only route open to the nonconforming teen.

Mrs. Bradley said science fiction reveals the possibilities of space technology,

"Modern technology can be seen as god or the devil," she said. "There are both good and bad implications. In America we are getting fat and lazy because we have machines to do all our work for us.

"We have to be careful that technology does not ruin the good things in life."

For Williamson, a college professor for 12 years, science fiction and modern technology predict the future and can take the edge off the shock that will come with space-age life-styles.

"Those that are not afraid of the future, those that are

willing to experiment with it, will be ready to expect the unexpected."

Williamson, who describes himself as a futurologist, is at present working on a novel which predicts the future of genetic engineering. He considers that "hard science fiction writing."

But whatever the Star Trek mania convention is, it offers dozens of science fiction films, speakers, belly dancers and the chance to meet others sympathetic to their fanaticism.

As Mrs. Bradley said, the sci-fi mania can't be all bad. "Sometimes sc-fi fanatics even meet, fall in love and marry. I know, it happened to me, twice."

(Belly dancers?)

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A WALK IN PROVIDENCE

The sunlit ways on golden afternoons
Attract the hikers and the Sunday brush;
But witches gambol under darkling moons
On lonely moors while all the world's ahush.

In Providence its favored son set out
To view the fanlighted and leaded doors,
The rank, sea-crusted ancient wharves, no doubt
Still haunted by the cries of murdered whores.

A bat flew past, a gaunt from out the night,
And hooting owls did mock and match his pace.
A caterwauling thing gave him a fright
When, stooping down, he saw it had no face.

HPL'S GRAVESTONE

The winds and rains of centuries
Will not erase the memory
Of him who lies beneath this stone--
The time-estranged one, quite alone.

THE BOOKWORM

Long Lovecraft pored o'er books arcane
(Enough to drive a man insane!)
Of Ludwig Prinn, le Comte d'Erlette,
John Dee, the Book of Eibon,
And strangest yet (that i will bet!),
Mad Abdul's Necronomicon.

THE FAITHFUL FLOCK TO ROCK

by Manfred Adler,
Press Child Psychologist

(From the Cleveland Press, 7-7-77)

The multitude of faithful worshippers waits in the darkness, pulsing with the excitement of anticipation.

Suddenly, searing lights flash across the crowd and a wild din erupts from their "gods," now bathed in flaming light on the altar.

The ritual is begun.

A pagan religious rite from the mysterious days of the ancients? The sights of a Stonehenge ceremony?

No, it's a rock concert.

In many ways, rock concerts have much in common with pagan and not-so-pagan religious rites.

With the musical thunder of the Pink Floyd concert--83,000 "worshippers" strong--still echoing from the Stadium, the parallels are fresh in mind.

The "tribe" comes together to pay homage to their "gods," the superstars.

Ceremonial vestments are a must, both on the altar and among the flock.

For the worshippers, the garb is blue jeans, vests, halter tops. For the "gods," the flashy, sometimes bizarre, costumes that set them apart from the mortals.

Behavior on both sides is quite stereotyped and consistent. All is ritualistic, stylized, predictable.

Emotions run high.

For those unable to "get it on" naturally, pot and pills are available, just like the sacred mushrooms of olden times.

The rock concert has many psychological and sociological similarities to our primtive past.

The celebrants can merge their individual psyches into the mass psyche. The rock concert offers a form of rebellion against perceived authority. It is a "special" place for the young faithful only, who come despite parental warnings and tears.

It can be a rite of passage. Going to the "concert" may mean that one has "arrived" and is a part of all that is sacred.

One can relive the joys of the festival for days or even months afterwards, bringing warmth and light into one's cave during the long, dark winter.

The next concert gives one something to live for, indeed, purpose to one's life.

The groups and individuals who attract the multitudes also know their roles. They must give the illusion of closeness while still remaining distant enough to generate wonderment.

The use of magical rites--strobe lights, laser beams, fire, colored smoke, ersatz chicken blood, facial makeup--is a must.

The level of sophistication also changes with the age of the celebrants. The overt, garish group "Kiss" may rule supreme over the 13-year-olds, but anyone young knows that the more cerebral group "Aerosmith" is a must for 17-year-olds.

As the society evolves, the externals change but basic patterns remain. Remember "Bandstand" and ponytails, parents? Remember Glenn Miller, grandparents?

(I was amused that the Press assigned a child psychologist to "cover" a rock concert! Today's teenagers seem to feel that life should be a perpetual amusement park, with everything arranged for their entertainment.

(Yes, I remember Glenn Miller, but of course I go back much farther than that! I remember when Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra first presented a skinny young singer, Frank Sinatra, who didn't seem to have much of a future. . . .)

PUNK ROCK: GET DOWN IN THE GUTTER

by William Safire

(From the New York Times; reprinted by the P. D. 7-11-77)

Punk is sweeping the country.

In popular music, a raucous, mock-violent sound rapes the eardrum: "punk rock" it is called--or snarled. "Groove with me in the gutter, girl," is the message of such groups as the Sex Pistols, who blaze their dum-dums through the filigree of old Elvis-the-Pelvis establishment rock minuets.

In faddist fascist fashion, the apparent new nihilism is expressed in revulsion chic: savage tears in material is de rigeur, rusty razor blades jangle nervously from catgut string and a dashing cape made from an old black plastic garbage bag is the new ne plus ultra.

Whence this phenomenon? Who are these insects who have been spraying themselves with people-repellent?

First, to etymology. Slanguist Eric Partridge speculates that punk is hobo lingo to describe very stale bread, perhaps from the French pain.

Punk, applied to a person, began as a slang term for a catamite, or boy kept by a pederast, and later was extended to cover young hoodlums. In both substance and person, the word punk has always been used pejoratively, and usually carries the dual connotation of youth and degeneracy.

Now to pseudo-sociology. The success of punk in music and fashion springs from a rebellion against the material success of rebel leaders. On the cover of establishment rock's Rolling Stone (a vastly successful enterprise that has become a Carter Administration house organ) three rock stars clad in precious white silken polyester, who call themselves the Bee Gees, appear to be very wealthy young people.

The multimillion-dollar contracts of these idols are turning off some of their audience. Today's rebels without causes long for genuine grime, not plastic grime. They prefer bloodied local club fighters to rich televised champions, and identify with unsuccessful slobs rather than with millionaire musicians who exploit unsuccessful slobs.

Similarly, in fashion, with respectability now clinging to jeans and obscene T-shirts, the young rebs need something of their own and have moved farther out to the studied kookiness of safety pins and dog chains. En masse, they are scuttling like

lemmings to their idea of individuality--that is, the uniform of the noncomformist, in the regiment of the unregimented.

Jerking weak knees, middle-agers tend to waggle our heads and say "bad." After all, it is an inversion of values: a funk-head may be attracted by an attention-getting display of offensiveness, but distaste is not taste, violence is not tenderness. A new nihilism, excusable among Egyptians, is hardly the American way of life.

But wait. The aficionados of punk, impressing their sourheart with ostentatious rags, are invaluable to a new breed of news transmitters known as the trendustry. Students of mass communication now have a barium to trace the flow of a fad. Photo editors weary of Andy Young and Margaret Trudeau now have fresh, new celebrities to feature. The golden-daffodil hosts of talk-show society have different guests to book and a different topic to pick over. The avant-gardians of Seventh Ave. have a new challenge of adaptation and expensification. Every magazine art director is scrambling to his post.

The trendustry will treat punk with condescension, loftily bejeweling the razor blades and subtly altering the revolting sound. Editorialists will deplore the exaltation of sado-masochism in song and dress.

All wrong. For the punk culture is one extended, mocking snicker.

The proponents of punk are spoofing the record companies, the clothing designers, the moviegoers who gape at Jaws and wiggle their toes in the Deep and jog to the Exorcist. The satiric punk innovators are flaying their audience that loves to be titillated as well as the trendustry that thrives on the need for a different drummer every month.

The godfather of punk is England's Anthony Burgess, author of "A Clockwork Orange," a novel and movie of a few years ago that satirized our love of violence by portraying a future society run by goons. Their violent-looking clothes and makeup are the guiding spirit of punk.

"Horror show" was the goons' favorite adjective, meaning terrific. Most of us thought the irony lay in equating horror with goods; but author Burgess, who is also an eminent linguist, had something deeper in mind: "horror show" was a play on "horosho" the expression for "good" in the Soviet Union.

Only a word play? Perhaps; but the brief and meteoric emergence of punk is rooted in a satiric reminder of the potential for brutality that lurks in every one of us.

(Punk would seem to be the low point in the current stultification of youth.)

CHEZ SHEA

It's amusing to reflect the Teenage Werewolf (Michael Landon) married the Bionic Woman (Lindsay Wagner)!

Hell is one's self.
Hell is alone.
Nothing to escape from
And nothing to escape to.

Isn't it a pity they no longer serve Christian dinners to hungry lions?

Isn't it strange that such disparate writers as William Faulkner, Upton Sinclair and Gore Vidal all chose the same theme to write about--the second coming of Christ?

BEST-KEPT SECRET OF "STAR WARS": IT PAYS HOMAGE TO PAST FILMS

by Robert Ulas

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-29-77)

"Star Wars" director George Lucas has pulled a fast one on movie viewers and reviewers. Very few people have picked up Lucas's sophisticated ploy. Everyone is harping that "Star Wars" is a better than space odyssey-type science fiction thriller with brilliant technical achievements, characters, scientific dialogue and suspenseful entertainment.

It must be amusing to Lucas because he schemed to produce a sci-fi civil war in which the good guys win on the mass, crass, commercial audience level. He intended a much more subtle, playful homage to great American genre films of the '30s and '40s like westerns, war movies and fantasy-adventure films that captivated an American innocence not seen for decades.

For me the first clue to Lucas's deviousness was the classic barroom scene, reminiscent of western saloon confrontations. The bad guys pick a fight and get sharp-shooted to death by a laser sword in a smoky, seedy, futuristic bar full of reptile-like space monster bad guys. (Of course the laser sword smacks of "Camelot.")

The next genre film to strike me was the Errol Flynn adventure fantasy type. The "Star Wars" hero uses a space lasso rope gadget (remember the hero swinging across the room on a chandelier or jungle vine?). The future hero swings across a spaceship crevice this time to save the heroine.

The clincher was the spaceship, dogfight, battle scene with quick editing paying homage to the most patriotic American war films.

Confirming my suspicions was Cleveland's nationally reputed movie decipherer, Dr. Louis D. Giannetti, professor of English and film at Case Western Reserve University.

"You're right," Giannetti answered. "'Star Wars' is a sophisticated film made on two levels, passing as a successful, commercial science fiction thriller and homage film."

Giannetti was more cognizant of "Star Wars" genre than I was. "The opening titles dissolving into infinity is indicative of Buck Rogers, The hero, a waspish, blond, blue-eyed, handsome guy (ugly is In these days for male movie stars) brings back Buster Crabbe in Flash Gordon episodes, The laser sword duels reveal the confrontations typical of Tarzan and Douglas Fairbanks productions. Even the heroine has a waspish, Vassar appearance."

Why did most movie critics miss Lucas's intent?

"Because most film critics are not knowledgable in film history," said Giannetti. "I think the only ctitic who picked up 'Star Wars' as a homage film was the Time magazine reviewer."

Giannetti has written two books, "Understanding Movies" and "Godard and Others," the former bringing him national academic recognitiom.

"Star Wars" director George Lucas comes from a new wave of movie directors who were film students with degrees from UCLA and USC. Lucas also studied with Francis Ford Coppola at his San Francisco film institute, American Zoetrope, with the likes of Steven Spielberg ("Jaws") and Martin Scorsese (East Coast branch od Zoetrope). Lucas's wife is a master of film

and helped him with the editing.

"American Graffiti" was a product of Lucas, who seems fond of that lost American innocence. His ending of "Star Wars" with the Lancelot-like award ceremony in front of an appreciative crowd has the audience clapping and cheering.

Why is "Star Wars" a box office hit?

"It's charming, playful and an amusing alternate to Disney G movies, but it has also been a terrible year for movies," said Giannetti. "I don't think 'Star Wars' would be receiving this much attention if there were some good movies around."

(Ulas strikes me as being more than a bit naïve. From the very opening of Star Wars, so reminiscent of the Flash Gordon serials, it was quite obvious that the film would be just a tribute to nostalgia. Yes, I know that nostalgia just means homesickness, but I'll use it in the way it's usually used today. I was glad that Giannetti pointed out to Ulas that it was Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., rather than Errol Flynn, who first swung from draperies and chandeliers--Flynn was never able quite to equal Fairbanks's acrobatic stunts. Ben Bova pointed out, in a letter to Time, that "Star Wars" was just a "Saturday night shoot-'em up", and Gary Kimber pointed out that the final space battles looked like footage from the World War II aviation films. Everything in the film, like the walls of the chamber closing in upon the hero and heroine (straight out of The Pit and the Pendulum), had been used before somewhere. ... I quite agree with Giannetti that this has been a terrible year for films. As of this writing, there hasn't been a single outstanding film, and only about four or five which were any good.)

'STAR WARS' LEAPS TECHNOLOGICAL GAP

by Ellen Goodman

(From the Plain Dealer, 8-2-77)

I went to "Star Wars" for the air-conditioning. For that, and the promise of cool mindlessness--a kind of iced tea for the brain cells.

It was a day when you needed a social message like an overcoat, and the movie came as advertised with cute little robots, a princess to rescue, good guys and bad guys.

It was your better, basic, souped-up sci-fi western with some bumper-sticker philosophy.

But there was the moment when Alec Guinness, playing the robed prophet, appears in the desert of a distant planet to give advice to the young hero.

Sounding like an escapee from Cyra McFadden's "Serial" tales of Marin County, Guinness intones: "Let go of your conscious self and act on instinct. Stretch out with your feelings."

In the midst of all this heavy equipment, the robots and spacecraft and ray guns, he comes on like a Gary Guru of the Cosmic Force.

It was then that it occurred to me that "Star Wars" watchers aren't just there for the temperature. The mixture of technology and psychology, of Buck Rogers and Carl Rogers, that runs through the 2½ hours fits our gin-and-tomic fantasies.

It's not just about bad guys and good guys, but about

bad technology and good technology.

The good guys are on the side of truth, beauty and the cosmic force, but they aren't opposed to machines. Nor do they fight missiles with stones.

The real battle is between one technological society that supports a lone rider and praises his instinct, and a technological society that overrules individuals and suppresses instinct.

Without beating a movie into a symbol, I had the feeling that "Star Wars" played out our own good news and bad news feelings about technology.

We want a computer age with room for feelings. We want machines, but not the kind that run us. We want technology, but we want to be in charge of it.

More than a century ago, Emerson wrote: "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

But what did Emerson know about the things in the saddle now? Push-button holocausts, power plants that turn off a city or two, cars we can't fix. The things that go bump in our nightmares are quite literally "things."

There's no way to drop out of technology as if it were school.

The kids who went back to till the soil with their hands ended up with a tractor, a part-time job or a return ticket. The conferences that rail against the machine age are usually attended by people who fly in and tape-record speeches.

Even the seminars on getting control of your life are run by people who are run by Social Security cards, automobiles and dangerous habits like breathing air and drinking water.

The final scene of "Star Wars" fills all our fantasies about battery parts, computers and instincts. About people and things.

There is our young hero in his one-man spaceship, pitted against a battle station the size of the moon. He is flying his handy-dandy machine right down the narrow slot in order to drop-shot a bomb, like a golf ball, into a small hole. It is, of course, the last moment. Thirty seconds till disaster.

As he comes careening in, chased by the bad guy, he turns off his computer bombsight (but not his engine) and takes aim by "instinct." He plugs into "the force," you see, goes with the flow, and sinks his bomb like a putt.

The good guys win, and the air-conditioned audience applauds--for the man and his instinct, in the saddle, riding technology into the sunset.

The good technocrats win the day, and that's not a bad fantasy for the summer of '77.

(A civilization committed to machines must suffer the consequences. To me, the distinction between the "good guys" and the "bad guys" was quite blurred--not liking either, I wasn't convinced that Luke Skywalker was really any better than Peter Cushing.)

CHEZ SHEA

I was amused to read an editorial by C. L. Sulzberger, the publisher of the New York Times, in which he attributed the authorship of "The Lost World" to H. G. Wells!

If God really hates "gays" so much, as Anita Bryant claims, how come He permitted Michelangelo to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and da Vinci to paint "The Last Supper," while letting Anita just peddle orange juice?

SCARY MOVIES KEEP TRYING, BUT FASHIONS IN FEAR CHANGE

by Emerson Batdorff

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-3-77)

It is peculiar how movie audiences like to have the bejasus scared out of them. They will go to any length to get a good, solid fright. They will even go so far as to pay as much as $4 for it.

Fashions in scaring the bejasus out of people, however, change from time to time and even astute moviemakers don't know when the shift is coming.

For a while it was natural disasters; if you could just have a small village succumb to a tidal wave on screen, or have a dam break upstream from Los Angeles, you had it made.

"Earthquake" had the best of all possible ideas: a quake shook people out of the buildings and got them to ground level, so the roaring water, released by a dam broken by the same quake, could drown them.

It is scarcely believable that an entire movie could be made out of the threats posed to life and limb by the burning of one building, but this was all there was to "The Towering Inferno."

For a while the audience was supposed to be scared by the supernatural, with "The Exorcist" being the prime example.

But most of its successor pictures were so poorly done that nothing scary developed. Watching a scary movie in which nothing scary develops is a lot like eating unpopped pop corn; hard on the teeth and not very satisfying.

With "Jaws" the scare was supposed to come from some huge animal with a grudge against civilization. Note that although these animal-scare pictures rely on a natural force to do the dirty work, it is always a force with a grudge against people.

Moviemakers get fewer complaints about bloodthirsty natural monsters than about bloodthirsty human villains.

People who are alarmed by violence in the movies argue that a picture is despicable in which a gunman shoots his victims in the belt buckle and watches them die screaming, meanwhile picking his teeth with a gold-mounted toothpick.

But when a shark snacks on a swimmer, making three or four messy gulps out of him, who is to complain? That is just the way sharks are. No violence here. That is just nature at work. Survival of the fattest.

There was a tremendous increase in the number of vicious animals that ate people after the success of "Jaws." One was "Grizzly," in which a huge bear bit people fatally. But the bear looked so much like a teddy bear the scare value was minimal.

There is in production a movie called "Tentacles," which is all about a huge octopus that terrorizes the Southern California coast.

There is also in production, according to the Hollywood Reporter, a picture called "Kingdom of the Spiders," in which huge spiders wrap a small desert town in a cocoon preparatory to eating the inhabitants.

Also in preparation are "Empire of the Ants" and "The Pack," which is about being terrorized by vicious dogs.

"Day of the Animals", which already graced screens here, tells the story of a bunch of animals that are excited by rays seeping in through the earth's torn Heaviside layer. The animals turn on the people and eat them.

Also in preparation is a movie called "Cat," in which a large black leopard of exceptional cunning manages to corner several people and, at the end of the film, eat them.

You will notice a trend here. At first in the animal-scare films, the people won. Now the animals are winning.

How will things go with "Jaws II?" You remember "Jaws" ended with most of the protagonists having been eaten by the anti-hero, a great white shark that was eventually exploded by a well-placed rifle bullet that hit a can of compressed air the shark was consuming in lieu of any more people.

Well, that didn't leave much for a sequel, but the movie company is managing. It has dreamed up another great white shark to terrify the same village, of which at least the mayor, the police chief and his wife were left from the last fish picnic.

Not much word comes from the "Jaws II" location about progress in the carnivorous fish business, but there are intimations that at one point the shark leaps into the air and bites a helicopter.

If so, we may be fortunate. The series of animal threats to human life may be coming to an end. You can't be too frightened when you laugh, and sharks biting helicopters sound ludicrous.

Finally some word did come from the "Jaws II" location. It was that the director, John Hancock, who directed the warmly human "Bang the Drum Slowly," had resigned from "Jaws II" because of artistic differences.

His wife, Dorothy Tristan, who wrote the screenplay, also resigned.

Apparently now all the company has is the three humans left undigested from "Jaws" and a huge mechanical fish valued at perhaps a million dollars. If we are to be scared, it is not to be by Hancock.

ELEPHANT CRASHES THROUGH NURSING HOME

(From the Cleveland Press, 8229-77)

SAUK CITY, Wis. (AP)--A six-ton elephant named Barbara charged through the front window and the closed back door of a nursing home yesterday, amazing the nurses, flabbergasting elderly residents and bending door frames out of shape along the way.

No one was hurt, and Barbara was captured in a field behind the home, four miles from where she belonged.

The elephant was rigging tents for a circus four miles from the nursing home when a pole she was pulling up slipped from its base, circus business manager Ted Bowman said. It "went clattering to the ground with a great commotion. The noise must have scared her and she took off."

THE BOOK SHELF

THE SHINING, by Stephen King. 447 pages. Doubleday, $8. 95

Reviewed by Maggie Thompson

(From the Cleveland Press, 4-22-77)

As May and June approach and thaw seems more of a problem than blizzards, you may want to relive the chill days of winter. There may even come a hot, damp summer's day so stifling that even evening's cool does little to abate it. That might be the time to read THE SHINING. Because it's a chilling book about a chilling time and the most suspenseful and violent portion of the book takes place in the midst of an incredible snowstorm in the Colorado mountains. For that matter, the whole book is intended to be chilling in mood and lives up to its intentions quite nicely.

It is the latest novel from the author of 'Salem's Lot and Carrie. The "shining" referred to is extra-sensory experience--precognition, telepathy, ability to perceive aspects outside the normal.

The three main characters are writer Jack Torrance, his wife Wendy and their five-year-old son Danny, all of whom go to live in a resort hotel which remains unoccupied during winter in the Colorado mountains.

Jack and Wendy are to act as caretakers of what turns out to be a menacing location, and the menace is apparent early in the novel. The menace's actions toward the three provide the meat of the book.

THE SHINING is well-written and well-paced; there is one point at which the action slows slightly (about two-thirds of the way through) but it picks up speed rapidly from there.

By the last quarter of the book, the reader is hard-put to stop reading. King has mastered his techniques nicely. Such mastery is necessary in a book in which impressions, thoughts and telepathy have to be conveyed in addition to more normal action and communication. Many writers who have tried this have failed. King doesn't.

King says of Jack, "Ordinarily he liked all of his characters, the good and the bad. He was glad he did. It allowed him to try to see all of their sides and understand their motivation more clearly. . . . Let the reader lay blame. In those days he hadn't wanted to judge. The cloak of the moralist sat badly on his shoulders."

For a writer to like all his characters--and to communicate that liking to a reader--is a marvelous ability. King has it.

If you do not enjoy suspense fantasies, for heaven's sake, don't bother with this. If you dislike novels of violence and danger, stay away. After all, as King describes:

"The hedges had really walked. There was a dead woman in 217, a woman that was perhaps only a spirit and harmless under most circumstances, but a woman who was now an active danger. . . . Had it been Watson who had told him a man had dropped dead of a stroke one day on the roque court? ... There had been an assassination on the third floor. How many old quarrels, suicides, strokes? How many murders? Was Grady lurking somewhere in the west wing with his ax, just waiting for Danny to start him up so he could come back out of the woodwork?"

Chilling reading for any season and a lot of fun, if you like that sort of thing.

Interview with the Vampire, by Anne Rice. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1976. 373 pages, $8.95.

Reviewed by James Wade

Out of the many powerful symbols for the darker side of life--witches, werewolves, Golem-like or Frankensteinian artificial creations--modern Western culture has obviously chosen the vampire legend as preeminent, with its sinister sexual connotations and its intriguing offer of eternal life, at a price.

Thus it is not surprising that among the many literary (including subliterate) and dramatic treatments of this theme prevalent these days, someone should choose to write a psychological, even philosophical, novel about a vampire. That person is first-novelist Anne Rice, and her book Interview with the Vampire is an absorbing if not entirely successful attempt to get inside the skins, or at least the capes, of Count Dracula's confrères.

The story is told in the form of a lengthy tape-recorded interview in a grimy San Francisco hotel room granted by Louis, the vampire, to a journalist referred to only as "the boy."

The first-person narrative (which requires a lot of quotation marks, not to say double and triple quotes that are sometimes hard to keep straight)is sometimes interrupted by interjections or inquiries from the interviewer, but is mostly an account of how Louis got that way back in the 18th century, and of his career then and in the succeeding century.

Since it is told in modern times, there is no need for the author to adopt period language consistently to avoid anachronisms, a problem not always solved in the recent Frankenstein sequels by the publisher of the New Republic (who seems to need something more to take up his time than bankrolling that money-losing journal); though these sequels may well have suggested to Ms. Rice her much more ambitious book.

Along the way we encounter some interesting deviations from the standard vampire literature, introduced, one suspects, for plot convenience: vampires do cast shadows and images in mirrors, are not bothered by garlic, crucifixes or stakes in the heart; but they must, according to the old rules, sleep in coffins and avoid daylight at their peril. They are also, rather than soulless monsters, prone to all the foibles and dilemmas of the human condition, plus a few more associated with the vampiric state.

Louis is a rich New Orleans plantation owner of the 1940's who broods over the accidental death of a younger brother, for which he feels responsible. During a drunken spree he encounters the effete blond vampire Lestat, who attacks him and turns him into a vampire by exchanging blood with him, for the prosaic reason that he needs money and a safe place to hide, both of which Louis provides.

For some time Louis is repelled by his new condition, and he refuses to drink the blood of any but small animals, though he remains Lestat's slave and disciple in other respects. Lestat promises revelations that never appear; at last he tells Louis that their vampirism is proof of neither the existence of God nor that of the devil.

Louis begins to drift away from Lestat; and to hold onto him Lestat vampirizes the little girl Claudia, whom Louis comes to regard as a daughter of their strange family and then something more. (By this time the plantation has been burned in a slave rebellion,

and the group is free to drift and decimate in the world.)

As decades pass, Claudia grows up mentally and emotionally, but not physically. She begins to hate Lestat for having denied her physical maturity, and plots with Louis to kill him. They attempt to do so by fire and flee to Europe. But Lestat is not really dead.

Seeking their own kind in the legendary Balkans, they find only mindless and repulsive predators; but in Paris they encounter a group of civilized vampires, led by Armand, who run their own theater, a kind of Grand Guignol where the events on stage are unexpectedly real rather than pretense.

Armand and Louis fall in love (it is never clear whether or not vampires can or do indulge in ordinary sex lives; it seems they do not; but then, why does Claudia so btterly bemoan her lack of physical maturity?). To provide for Claudia, Louis vampirizes a young doll-maker named Madeleine who has fallen in love with her. But Lestat reappears and instigates the vampire theater members to execute all three, since killing or attempting to kill a fellow vampire is the unforgivable sin. Armand rescues Louis, but the girl and woman are killed. In revenge Louis burns the theater and its inhabitants and flees with Armand.

Lestat has escaped again; in modern New Orleans, Louis encounters him as a neurasthenic invalid who can bear only the blood of animals; thus their initial roles are reversed.

Having learned that Armand could have saved Claudia and Madeleine, Louis rejects him too and they part. The vampire goes his way alone. At the end of his narrative, the young reporter asks Louis to vampirize him too, but the latter refuses, horrified that the whole point of his narrative has escaped the interviewer.

A major flaw of the book is that all the characters except Louis are rather shadowy (perhaps appropriately enough in view of the subject).

There is plenty of highly complex metaphysical discussion in the book, some of which is pretty heavy going, and also much clinical-poetical description of blood-letting, which in ideal cases seems to provide the vampire with the emotional catharsis he misses in being denied sex, just as it provides the nourishment he misses from normal food. At its best the philosophizing is stimulating and apposite. Armand remarks, "'How many vampires do you think have the stamina for immortality? . . . . One evening a vampire rises and realizes what he has perhaps feared for decades, that he simply wants no more of life at any cost.'"

At a later point the much older Armand tells Louis,"'I must make contact with the age. . . . And I can do this through you. . . . you are the spirit, you are the heart'"

Louis protests,"'It's not the spirit of any age. I'm at odds with everything and always have been! I have never belonged anywhere with anyone at any time!'"

Armand replies: "' But Louis, this is the very spirit of your age. Don't you see that? Everyone feels as you feel. Your fall from grace and faith has been the fall of a century.'"

The original Frankenstein was, believe it or not, a novel of ideas. Now, a century and a half later, his colleague Dracula has in surrogate form taken up the great issues of life and death, not to say life-in-death.

But there was no need to rush; they have all the time in the world.

A Shipboard Reading List

by James Wade

On a passenger ship during an extended ocean voyage, there is little to do but read, unless one is an ardent game or puzzle fan. During a ten-day Pacific crossing in June, I averaged more than a book a day--though switching about among three or four at a time. Luckily the ship's library was rather well stocked, to supplement the volumes I had brought along myself. Following is a cursory account of my reactions to the books I read on the voyage.

(Editor's note: this list has been cut down to eliminate the non-fantastic items.--JVS)

The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress, by Robert Heinlein.

I had read half this book before boarding the boat, and might not have finished without the extra leisure. The Panshins and others have been terribly exercised over the Fascist trends they find in it, but I was bogged down by the slowness and dullness of the narrative. (The magazine condensation must have been much more readable and burdened with less overt "message.")

It is yet another case of a plausible Heinlein future, imagined with admirable care and ingenuity, framing a story which his talents as a novelist are insufficient to bring to life, however hard he tries.

The moon, Earth's penal colony, is liberated by an elderly anarchist professor, a technocrat, and an omniscient computer, who bluff and blackmail an Earth dependent upon grain shipments from the moon. Sideswipes at democracy and intellectuals suggest straw men shooting fish in a barrel. The "extended family" multiple marriage system intended to provide human interest doesn't. The deaths of the professor and of the computer's "human" personality at the end seem gratuitous, not tragic or epic.

Watership Down, by Richard Adams. Five hundred pages of the Pathetic Fallacy in the adventures of rabbits-as-hobbits. All the cute anthropomorphism cloys quickly and undermines the sharply observed nature writing. Some of the similes are most unfortunate.

This should have been a hundred-page children's book, preferably by Beatrix Potter. The hyperboles of the critics may be explicable only on the assumption that they hadn't read a book with a real story (as opposed to the maunderings of spoiled Narcissists) in so long that they were carried away unawares.

Especially annoying are Adams' pretentious chapter epigraphs, from the Greeks to Auden; the puerile rabbit mythology (no more implausible perhaps than their pseudo-literate conversations); and the unnecessary interpolation of words from the rabbit language.

My favorite chapter title is "The Story of Rowsby Woof and the Fairy Wogdog"; my favorite character is a seagull who talks just like Kurt Kasznar or Oscar Homolka will do in the inevitable Disney production, which should make a nice sequel to "Bambi."

But for epic and elephantine whimsy, give me Baggins over bunnies any day--though not too much at a time, please.

Aspects of Alice. Edited by Robert Phillips.

A wide-ranging survey of the critical literature on Lewis

Carroll, from his own day to ours. There are many gems here, and only a few humorless pontifications from those determined to find in "Alice" strained Freudian allusions or accounts of the Oxford theological movement.

Most outrageous is a serious claim that Mark Twain wrote the books as a hoax--the most ludicrous case of style-deafness since the contention that Marlowe (or Bacon) wrote Shakespeare. One might as well claim that Shakespeare wrote Mark Twain, or "Alice in Wonderland."

The Ghost in the Machine, by Arthur Koestler.

A painful case of poor title choice for an important book--my elder son asked me, "Is that a good ghost story you're reading, Dad?"

Koestler here surveys biology and psychology to suggest a neurological rift between the older and newer parts of the brain as an "evolutionary error" accounting for man's suicidal and fanatical aggressiveness, and proposes artificial genetically-manipulated evolution as a last desperate remedy. Along the way he elaborates upon the concept of "holons"--units that are self-contained and self-governing parts of larger units--as a useful classification for both biological and social entities or components, avoding the contradictions of monism versus dualism and imposing an open-ended, Janus-faced hierarchic order upon the universe.

He also delivers a devastating attack on the "flat earth psychology" of Behaviorism.

This is fascinating popular science, and its sermonizing aspect may embody the most crucial scientific message of this century. But what a title! Shades of the Fairy Wogdog!

Bio-Futures, edited by Pamela Sargeant.

This is an anthology of "hard core" science fiction tales of varying degree of success, tricked out with a "serious" introduction and notes, with an elaborate bibliography that unaccountably omits both the preceding Koestler book and Shaw's Back to Methuselah.

The stories of cloning, RNA transfer, immortality serums and such do not always use these hypothetical developments as central aspects of the stories; in Gunn's "Immortals" and Scortia's "Weariest River" the SF elements are mere background for conventional plots set in societies which I for one could not for a moment believe would develop from the stated premises; while Kate Wilhelm's "The Planners" is simply a somewhat unfocused domestic drama.

But Tushnet's "In Re Glover," Lafferty's "Slow Tuesday" and Pohl's corrosive "Day Million" are most amusing satires, and Le Guin's "Nine Lives" and Anderson's "Call Me Joe" emerge as excellent, thoughtful tales.

Coincidentally, in Koestler's book one chapter-head quote is drawn from an SF writer, Poul Anderson; the quote, found in the same ship's library, is from this story: "I've yet to see any problem, however complicated, which when you looked at it the right way didn't become more complicated."

Amen to that!

Sasquatch: Monster of the Northwest Woods, by M. E. Knerr.

This adventure story was singled out by some overenthusiastic EODers (Enthusiasm Over Discretion) as showing a possible Lovecraft influence. Worse yet, someone suggested that Ramsey Campbell might have written it anonymously (presumably after ghosting the complete works of Mark Twain and Lewis Carroll).

The truth is, of course, that the Big Foot legend and the Abominable Snowman story from the Himalayas both influenced Lovecraft's creation of the Mi-Go.

This book is simply an outdoor tale briskly if not always grammatically told, with surprisingly sharp if necessarily shallow characterizations, and with such poor proofreading that hyphanization often occurs where even a Korean typesetter would know better.

There are some unintentionally amusing passages; my favorite is: "When he spoke, it was almost as if he were voicing thoughts." (And may the same be said of all of us!)

(Editor's note: James was obviously kept quite busy reading. In case the reader is wondering just which other books he reviewed in his article, the answer is: You Might As Well Live: The Life and Times of Dorothy Parker, by John Keats; George S. Kaufman: An Intimate Portrait, by Howard Teichmann; Voices Offstage, by Marc Connelly; The Proud Tower, by Barbara Tuchman; The Price, by Arthur Miller; and The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds, by Raul Zindel, the last two, of course, being plays.)

THE H. P. LOVECRAFT COMPANION, by Philip A. Shreffler. Greenwood Press, Westport, Connecticut, 1977. 199 pages, $13.95

Upon first glancing through this book, it was my impression that it would be most valuable for its wealth of photographs taken by Shreffler of the places and houses mentioned in HPL's tales, and a completed reading did nothing to dispel that impression.

Otherwise the book is a curiously mixed bag.

In the Acknowledgments, Shreffler gives credit for assistance to such EODers as Mosig, Everts, Collins and Schultz. Would that he had gotten more information about HPL from them!

Even if the publisher had not told us that Shreffler is an assistant professor of English, one would have guessed it from his academic approach. Academicians always seem to believe that if they examine the writings of the given subject long enough, all the obscurities will be resolved--and so they usually come up with some quite wrong-headed thesis. Shreffler's thesis here is that HPL was, or should have been, a student of the occult--a field which HPL continually ridiculed.

For one who seems so interested in the historical backgrounds of HPL's stories, it is curious that Shreffler cannot seem to get the facts about HPL himself straight in his mind. There are some errata which the EODers will be certain to pounce upon. Some examples: "During a professional writing career that spanned sixteen of his forty seven years. . . ." "Finally, in 1929, they" (HPL and Sonia) "were divorced." What will upset the EODers most, of course, is "There is a clearly perceivable paranoia in this vision of reality."

One point in the preface puzzled me, the reference to "the backwoods bogeymen of Mark Twain." Is Shreffler confusing Twain here with Washington Irving?

The first chapter, on Lovecraft's literary theory, is admirably concise: Shreffler manages to compress a great deal into a few words. But his interpretations are always open to question. "A place in which Salem witches and white whales might be conceived to be realities"--I am not a marine biologist, of course, but that was the first time I had ever heard that Melville's Moby-Dick was an unlikely creature. (Later on Shreffler contradicts himself by stating that there are witches.) Shreffler states dogmatically that "British cosmicism is far rarer than American cosmicism"--did he overlook Machen, Wells, Stapledon, Blackwood, Hodgson, Clarke, etc.?

In the second chapter Shreffler treats the plots and sources of the stories. His very brief summaries of the plots, sometimes only three or four lines (he even "covers" The Dream-Quest in exactly nine lines!) are practically worthless. Sprague's plot summaries in L: AB, over which the EODers railed, were very much better.

It is only when Shreffler the literary critic departs and Shreffler the historian and antiquarian takes over that the chapter is rewarding. S. places many of the stories, like Charles Dexter Ward, in their real historical settings and he gives detailed accounts of the actual houses mentioned in the stories, his description of the Witch-House in Salem being especially fascinating.

(So many of the Lovecraftian stories are so inextricably woven around certain places or houses that it was quite stupid of the filmmakers not to use these actual settings. For instance, The Crimson Cult, the film adaptation of The Dreams in the Witch-House, did not use the Salem Witch-House at all, but was filmed in England, as was also Die, Monster, Die!, the filmed Colour Out of Space. So far as I know, none of the Lovecraftian films used Providence or even New England. That would be roughly comparable to making a film about the American Civil War in France!)

One might well question Shreffler's assertion that "The White Ship is a moral allegory pure and simple, based on Pilgrim's Progress and possibly on Hawthorne's The Celestial Railroad." Unlike Hawthorne, HPL wasn't interested in writing moral allegories. The story was probably derived from Poe (A Descent into the Maelstrom) and possibly also from Merritt's Ship of Ishtar; it is, as Dirk has pointed out, one of the Lovecraftian stories best suited for a Jungian interpretation.

Shreffler goes on at length to expiate upon Poe's dubious idea that "of all melancholy topics, what is the most melancholy? The death of a beautiful woman"--a subject which, of course, has no pertinence to HPL's fiction. Unlike Poe, HPL was anything but a womanizer: he describes a beautiful woman (Asenath Waite) only once, and then hastens to destroy that beauty--Asenath soon begins to age dreadfully.

S. answers the charge of "a possible latent homosexuality in Lovecraft's past" quite glibly (page 30). Far from having "little exposure" to women, HPL was always surrounded by smothering women: first his mother, then his aunts, then Sonia, then Mrs. Gamwell again.

Shreffler is on firmer ground when he suggests that Cthulhu may have been taken from the Norwegian myth of the Kraken. He quotes from Tennyson's The Kraken, with such revelatory lines as:

> "There hath he lain for ages and will lie
> Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep..."

However, Shreffler cannot have read many issues of WT if he believes that "this particular magazine was virtually alone in publishing horror and fantasy fiction of a consistently high literary

quality." Presumably he has read just the anthologized stories. And I was amused by his reference to "the great Farnsowrth Wright!" He also stated that "W. T..... even at that late date (1951) still remained dedicated to the Lovecraftian story." When was WT ever dedicated to the Lovecraftian story?

S. also seems to subscribe to Derleth's theory of "benign" Elder Ones.

The EODers will probably approve most heartily of S.'s third chapter, which gives an "encyclopedia of characters and monsters." Robert Bloch wrote that he suspected that self-professed--or actual--Lovecraft scholars would be unhappy with S.'s book, and that there would be the usual contentiousness about Mythos interpretations, but that he had found this encyclopedia (in galley form) very useful while writing his Mythos novel THE BLACK BROTHERHOOD. I well realize that I am distinctly in the minority here, but I personally have never seen the necessity for a concordance and have almost never made use of one. What good is it, for instance, to learn that Arthur was the superintendent of the Norton Mine in The Transition of Juan Romero? S. even lists the "Carter" of The Unnamable separately from Randolph Carter!

Shreffler does not often bother to mention possible sources for the names of HPL's characters. George Goodenough Akeley would seem to be derived from Arthur Goodenough, Henry Wentworth Akeley from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Akeley itself possibly from Carl Akeley. Cosmo Alexander may have been suggested by Cosmo Hamilton; George Gammell Angell is too obvious to need explanation; Angstrom may have been derived from thr German word angst (anxiety); Armington, the cemetery lodgekeeper, probably comes from Arlington Cemetery; Boudreau, probably from Jackie Kennedy Onassis's family name; John Carter, of course, comes straight out of ERB's Martian novels; Castro no doubt comes from Adolphe de Castro; Orrin B. Eddy probably got his surname from C. M. Eddy, Jr.; all the Peaslees may have gotten their name from WT writer Seward Peaslee Wright; de la Poer, of course, comes straight out of Poe; etc.

The remainder of the volume struck me as having very little value. Amusingly, S. flails HPL for insufficient knowledge of occultism, as if that were a desideratum, whereas in actual fact HPL deplored the belief in occultism of such wroters as Blackwood, Conan Doyle and Yeats, and wanted nothing to do with it intellectually. But Shreffler takes such bullshit very seriously and even seems to believe in witches! There is a quite unnecessary appendix upon the Order of the Golden Dawn, which had nothing at all to do with HPL, and Shreffler even praises that wretched book published by Gerry de la Ree, THE OCCULT LOVECRAFT!

"And if others have believed in these creatures, our belief in them is suddenly more sensible and better founded than if one were reading a conventional horror story," S. writes. This, of course, is utter nonsense. Throughout the ages people have believed in impossible things.

There are the usual typos and misspellings. The most amusing typo is decreased woman for deceased. Machen would have been quite upset to have seen his novel spelled The Three Imposters. Shreffler also uses such errant spellings as William Hope Hodgeson, Robert Aikman and J. Ramsay Campbell and spells it "loathe" rather than "loath" and he once even writes "most complete."

THE BOOK SHELF

CINEMA OF MYSTERY, by Rose London (Bounty Books, 1976, $2.95)

This is a large limp paperback edition of a book originally published by the Lorrimer Publishing Cp., Ltd., of England. The title is somewhat of a misnomer, for it doesn't explore mystery films, but concentrates exclusively upon films made from stories by Edgar Allan Poe. It is a very short book (c. 111 pp) but well worth having, for the text by Miss London is perceptive and very informative, and the stills and movie posters are striking. As an added dividend, there are the famous Arthur Rackham illustrations of Poe's works and even one by Audrey Beardsley.

For the Lovecraft completist, the book is a must, for it mentions The Haunted Palace, made of course from The Case of Charles Dexter Ward. So far as I can tell, the book lists every film ever made from or suggested by a Poe tale and even the films in which Poe appears as a character, like Bloch's Torture Garden. (Dr. Tarr's Torture Dungeon, reviewed in this issue, was made after the book was printed.) It is a very fascinating book, regrettably all too short.

LUPE, by Gene Thompson (Random House, 1977. 285 pages, $8.95)

Reviewed by Maggie Thompson

(From the Cleveland Press, 6-24-77)

Horror fantasy novels and movies are all the rage these days--Rosemary's Baby, Carrie, The Exorcist, Interview with a Vampire.

Lupe is the newest to emerge as a sensation of the horror market. The first printing is 50,000; Random House is giving it a $35,000 ; the reprint sale (before hardcover publication(is in six figures; Paramount has bought the movie rights.

Is it worth all that?

Yes. It is certainly worth reading by anyone who enjoyed the other popular works in the genre. As an entertaining horror fantasy, Lupe stands quite nicely on its own.

Its characters are not idiots--one plot device often used in horror stories is to make all the characters so stupid that they can't see the obvious, as in The Omen.

Character development in Lupe is well handled and many of the characters are likable, a sign of a talented author.

Additionally, this book is the result of considerable research in witchcraft and its treatment by the law.

Given the concept of murder by witchcraft, how could or would the modern American legal system handle its recognition, trial and punishment?

The novel deals with the torments experienced by Emily Blake, the defendant accused of witchcraft--her torment, first, as a woman who is losing her husband to another woman and then, more terrifyingly, as a woman caught up in the witchcraft designed to "solve" her problems.

Lupe is the supernatural boy who offers to grant her wishes in exchange for possession of her.

There is a punch ending, but it probably will come as little surprise to the fan of this type of book. Because it is consistent with what precedes it, the informed reader can have figured out what finally happens.

The delight of Lupe is the trial itself, with the problems of the prosecution, defense and judge.

It also is intriguing to see the author work in such things as the still-unexplained "spontaneous combustion deaths"--persons who burned to death while seated in chairs in unburned rooms--which were often reported in the early 1950's.

(The reviewer is a free-lance writer unrelated to the author of Lupe.)

TOLKIEN: A BIOGRAPHY, by Humphrey Carpenter (Houghton Mifflin, 1977, 287 pp., $10)

Reviewed by Don A. Keister

(From the Plain Dealer, 7-3-77)

"I am in fact a hobbit," wrote the inventor of the diminutive race of hobbits, "in all but size. I like gardens, trees, and unmechanized farmlands. I smoke a pipe, and like good plain food (unrefrigerated), but detest French cooking; I like, and even dare to wear in these dull days, ornamental waistcoats. I am fond of mushrooms (out of a field); have a very simple sense of humour (which even my appreciative critics find tiresome); I go to bed late and get up late (when possible). I do not travel much."

An ingratiating self-portrait, that, but incomplete and even a little misleading, as Humphrey Carpenter's biography, which was "authorized" by Tolkien's children, makes clear enough.

John Ronald Reuel Tolkien began life in South Africa in 1892. Two years later, for his health's sake, his English mother took him to her native Birmingham. His father, staying on, died soon after, leaving his wife to manage in genteel poverty.

At a crucial time, just as Ronald's "imagination was opening out," Mrs. Tolkien took her two children to live in a tiny Worcestershire village, where they had the run of the country. Henceforth, "any corner" of that very English conty would be to Tolkien an "indefinable way home," the locale of all his imaginings.

Four other loves were basic in his life. The first was for his mother and her religion. She had become a Roman Catholic after her husband's death and finished her short life in exemplary piety. Tolkien's loyalty to his faith was a way of staying loyal to her.

His second love--and the basis of his academic career--was for language and its linguistic mechanics. As a boy he learned, without grief, Latin, Greek, French and Germann. Old and Middle English were an exciting revelation that led to Old Norse, and a reading of the great sagas.

His fondness for these heroic and magical tales is really part of his third great love, which began early with his reading of Andrew Lang's vari-colored collections of fairy tales and George Macdonald's "Curdie" stories. With rare exceptions, modern literature meant nothing to Tolkien. "I so rarely read a novel," he said. Literature, effectively, stopped with Chaucer.

His fourth love was his rather curious, reticent, sometimes

troubled, but lasting devotion--it began in his teens--to his wife. It issued in the domesticated, suburban family-man and was kept carefully separate from his thoroughly enjoyed masculine and intellectual companionship with "cronies" such as C. S. Lewis.

Readers of The Lord of the Rings will have no trouble making out several of these strands in the narrative. Two, however, as some critics have remarked and wondered about, are conspicuous by their absence: his religion and sexual love.

Humphrey Carpenter, in his perhaps too cautiously discerning biography, does not try to reveal the depths of Tolkien's psyche, and one hesitates to try to go further than he has gone. Leave it that Tolkien was not just a simple little old hobbit. Like most people who are exploited by their genius he was a person of contradictions and considerable complexity.

Tolkien's Oxford colleagues seem to have been a bit disappointed by his scholarly achievement, which could have been much greater. What they didn't know was that the hobbits, late at night, were pushing aside the scholar's notes and making free of the backs of his old examination papers.

The literary value of that writing remains in some dispute. Carpenter, presenting the facts of Tolkien's life and tracing the main lines of his artistic development, has deliberately refrained from doing a "critical" biography.

So, although his interesting and useful work suggests many paths yet to be explored, it leaves the question of ultimate critical value about where it was when W. H. Auden, Tolkien's admiring student, wrote: "Nobody seems to have a moderate opinion; either, like myself, people find The Lord of the Rings a masterpiece of its genre, or they cannot abide it."

(This review would suggest that there were curious parallels in the life of Tolkien and those of both Derleth and HPL.)

Chet and Laurie Williamson

STAR TREK CONCORDANCE, by Bjo Trimble. 256 pages. Ballantine, $6.95. Non-fiction.
STAR TREK PUZZLE MANUAL, by James Razzi. 128 pages. Bantam, $5.95. Puzzles.
THE STAR TREK READER II, by James Blish. 457 pages. Dutton, $8.95. Adaptations of TV scripts.
STAR TREK LOG NINE, by Alan Dean Foster. 183 pages. Ballantine, $1.95. Non-fiction.
I AM NOT SPOCK, by Leonard Nimoy. 176 pages. Ballantine, $1.95. Non-fiction.

Reviewed by Don Thompson

The Star Trek show was first televised Sept. 8, 1966. The original series ended June 3, 1969. An animated TV series ran from Sept. 15, 1973, to Oct. 12, 1974.

And the reruns apparently will go on forever. Indeed, they are returning on a nightly basis to Channel 43 starting Monday at 11 p. m.

Star Trek is the first full-fledged cult television show. There are eight-year-olds who are rabid fans of the series even though they were unborn when it was canceled.

Most TV shows spawn a few books, a few continue to inspire books after cancellation. But only Star Trek continues to inspire books from at least three publishers eight years after cancellation.

If you are a fan of the show but not a fanatic, there is only one book needed, the ultimate Star Trek book, Bjo (pronounced Bee-Joe, from Betty Jo) Trimble's STAR TREK CONCORDANCE. This is an exhaustive index of episodes, characters, devices and creatures from every one of the 100 episodes (79 live-action, 21 animated).

It's unlikely that there is anything you want to know about the series that isn't in the CONCORDANCE. Truly, if you buy only one Star Trek book, this has to be it.

If you have other queries, perhaps they are answered in LETTERS TO STAR TREK, in which fan mail is answered, giving the answers the most-asked questions about the series.

If you want to know more personal data about the show's real star, read Leonard Nimoy's I AM NOT SPOCK, a book which seems to belie its own title.

If you like only the stories, one way to own them is in the adaptations of the scripts. The late James Blish did eleven books of adaptations of the live-action series for Bantam (Star Trek, Star Trek 2, Star Trek 3, etc.) and three of those books are collected in THE STAR TREK READER II for the benefit of fans who must have them in hardcovers.

Not to be outdone by Bantam, Ballantine commissioned a series of adaptations of the animated series. Alan Dean Foster is not about to run out of material soon, since he has gone from adapting three shows in a single book to adapting only one half-hour cartoon show into a full-length novel in STAR TREK LOG NINE. The result is a pretty thin novel.

If you want to outdo your friends on Star Trek trivia, be sure to pick up the STAR TREK PUZZLE MANUAL. It's fun, but pretty childish in spots, such as the credits: "Officially approved by Training Command: Starfleet Academy for the improvement of mind skills by Starfleet cadets."

If this cornucopia is inadequate, there are at least two magazines devoted entirely (Star Trek Giant Poster Book) or in part

(Starlog) to the show, plus a Star Trek comic book.

By the time Star Trek material quits appearing, we may have starships going where no man has gone before, boldly splitting infinitives.

(This review appeared in the Cleveland Press for July 21, 1977. Don Thompson is the Press's assistant suburbs editor, a sometime science fiction writer and an occasional viewer of Star Trek. I have seen Bjo Trimble at numerous s-f conventions, where she usually headed the artshow committee or ran it all by herself. Personally, I wouldn't dream of buying any of these books!)

FRANCOIS RABELAIS, by Donald M. Frame. 238 pages. Harcourt, Brace Jovanivich. $12.95. Non-fiction.

Reviewed by Fern Long

(From the same issue of the Press)

Although millions of people know the adjective that Rabelais's name gave to the world, more than likely only a tiny handful of them have read his works.

Since the turn of the century there has been a steadily increasing interest in Rabelais, possibly because the turbulent times in which we live are somewhat like his own period, which was also one of great ferment and change.

Rabelais was born in either 1483 or 1494 and died in 1553. It was during those years that the New World was discovered and the globe circumnavigated. At the same time, the classics were being rediscovered and the combination of the two circumstances had a profoundly stimulating and liberating effect.

Very little is known of Rabelais' life, and Donald Frame covers it in one chapter. We learn that he was the fourth child of an eminent lawyer; that he entered an order of Franciscan friars; that he studied at the Sorbonne; that he changed to the Benedictine order and that he left the monastic life to become a doctor of medicine.

In 1537 when he was teaching medicine at Montpellier, he shocked his contemporaries by dissecting the corpse of a hanged man in public. He fathered three illegitimate children, but there is no record of who mothered them.

Of the children, we know that the death of his third son, Theodule, moved him deeply. It is believed that another son, François, was convicted, five years after his father's death, of robbing a servant of the widow of a counselor in the Paris Parlement.

Donald Frame devotes the major part of his book to an analysis of the works. English-speaking readers have come to know those as "Gargantua and Pantagruel," but the original ones had no such title. They were designated on the title page simply as "Works"--in French, "Les Oeuvres de Francois Rabelais."

For anyone truly interested in Rabelais, this book would be an invaluable guide through the intricacies of the five books. The fifth one appeared posthumously and there are doubts as to its authenticity. Frame analyzes and weighs these and thoughtfully sets forth his own theories.

It is inevitable that in any study of Rabelais the subject of obscenity would surface, and Frame devotes an interesting chapter to it.

. He says, "Naturalness is certainly one of the chief characteristics of Rabelais's obscenity; his 'dirt' is that of a dirt road." He proceeds to say that "while he is obscene, he is never pornographic. titillating or even really erotic unless in an unusually broad sense of the term."

I found the most interesting chapter the one in which Frame traces Rabelais' influence upon writers who came after him. Madame de Sevigny was ready to "die laughing" at a reading of his book; Ben Jonson enjoyed him, as did Francis Bacon.

Rabelais found one of his greatest admirers--and a follower--in Jonathan Swift, as witness "Gulliver's Travels." Other English writers who knew him were Goldsmith, Johnson, Smollett and most especially Laurence Sterne.

The French Romantics took him to their hearts and "hailed his freedom and his laughter as profound marks of genius." Aldous Huxley was a devoted admirer of Rabelais and knew his works well.

Frame says that although James Joyce's work parallels Rabelais, he has been able to find no evidence that he knew the French writer. Rather than having been influenced by him, he was simply his affinity.

Francois Rabelais is another proof that a truly great work of literature does not die, but that rather it gathers more life unto itself with the passing centuries.

(With his Puritan background HPL, as might have been expected, did not care for Rabelais.)

The LOVECRAFT Shop in Toronto

(Photo by courtesy of Chet Williamson)

THE WEIRD TALES STORY, written and edited by Robert Weinberg. (FAX Collector's , West Linn, Oregon, 1977. 134 pages, $17.50)

If, during the heyday of Weird Tales, a book with only 134 pages had been published at $17.50, I suspect that there would have been few if any buyers. Even today it is no bargain, although I suspect that it will be gobbled up by nostalgia buffs.

Weinberg does a good embalming job on WT. One gets the impression reading it that everyone associated with the magazine is long dead, although many of them are still around. (One of its authors wrote me that reading about himself here, he could feel rigor mortis setting in!)

In his preface Weinberg writes that he "tried to maintain as fair a balance as possible," but one thing the book definitely lacks is objectivity. Weird Tales was not a "great" magazine (an intriguing and entertaining magazine, yes), nor was Jacob Clark Henneberger a "genius" (a shrewd business man, perhaps). Words like "great" and "genius" are not to be bandied about lightly.

Weinberg gives a cavalier treatment to Edwin Baird's work as the editor of the first 13 issues of WT; one gathers that Baird was just no good at all. But it was Baird's job to set the tone to WT; and when one remembers that in 1923 most of the writers who were later to grace its pages were far too young to be doing any writing, one marvels that he did as good a job as he did. Weinberg admits that during Baird's editorship such distinctive stories as "Ooze," "A Square of Canvas", "Beyond the Door", "The Floor Above", "The Phantom Farmhouse" (Seabury Quinn's best story), "Dagon," "Lucifer", "The Picture in the House", "The Hound", "The Rats in the Walls", "Arthur Jermyn", "The Loved Dead", "The Malignant Entity" and "The Sunken Land" appeared--certainly not a bad record for a new editor of a new magazine!

As a matter of fact, HPL later selected "Beyond the Door" and "The Floor Above" as two of the seven best stories ever to appear in WT. I have an especially fond remembrance of "Beyond the Door": one day I happened to note in the Sunday book news section of the New York Times that Dashiell Hammett was planning to edit an anthology of macabre stories, and was asking the Times readers to make suggestions as to possible stories; so I immediately wrote to Hammett giving a list of stories from WT he might consider, and later received a big check for ten dollars for suggesting "Beyond the Door." When I wrote HPL of this, he replied wistfully that he wished that he had seen the Times notice, as he could have used some extra money!

Baird was a professional editor who later edited some prestigious magazines, whereas Farnsworth Wright was just an idiosyncratic amateur who always had difficulty in distinguishing a good story from a bad one. There were whole issues under his editorship which didn't contain a single good story.

Wright was a very timid editor, always afraid of what the readers might say. He wouldn't permit any subtlety at all--everything had to be spelled out for the readers, who were usually at least a step ahead of him. For instance, Wright was always surprised when stories he had bought just as fillers, like "The Night Wire" and "The Three Marked Pennies", turned out to be tremendously popular.

I was amused by Weinberg's comment om Wright: "He closely

watched reader reaction to stories and authors and, as a great editor does, molded his policy on what sold." That description would fit a pimp equally as well!

A great editor does not pander to the readers' tastes; he tries to raise that taste to a higher level, as Mencken did. In justice to Wright, one must acknowledge that he was knowledgable about story techniques, how plots should be developed, and made valuable suggestions to his young writers as to how their stories might be improved, at least to make them commercially feasible. Artistic considerations were something else. Weinberg's defense of Wright for rejecting some of HPL's best stories is just stupid. "The Call of Cthulhu," Weinberg tells us, was five years ahead of its time!

Don't expect much wit or discernment in this book. Weinberg writes in a plodding, pedestrian style. Misspellings and grammatical errors abound; can't FAX afford a proofreader? Some examples: "The forties was a bad time. . ." "Changes in material within was slow in coming. . ." "The theme was one that Hamilton used several times in the future."

Once Weinberg refers to himself as the Editor (in caps!). However, when he needs capitals, he doesn't use them: "A young artist from the west coast (sic) had had some of his work showed (sic) to Wright by Ray Bradbury."

After the preface and "brief history" comes E. Hoffmann Price's rambling, repetitious reminiscence of Wright, in which we learn that Wright loved atrocious puns and stinking cheese. The portrait, no doubt meant to be endearing, fails of its purpose. The following piece, "Why Weird Tales?", attributed to Otis Adelbert Kline, sounds like someone who had just read SHiL profitably; except for the difference in style, it might easily have been written by HPL.

The long critical evaluation of the stories from WT which follows of necessity had to be subjective, and I'm sure there will be wide areas of disagreement among the EODers. We learn, for instance, that Paul Ernst's "The Way Home" (which HPL praised for its atmosphere) was "hokey"; that the endings of "The Outsider" and "The Whisperer in Darkness" were "predictable" (if they were, it was merely because the interior artists gave them away), that "The Thing on the Doorstep" was not one of HPL's better stories.

Even more controversial, at least to me, was Weinberg's discussion of the cover art. He gives us no less than 74 examples of WT's tacky covers, always the weakest feature of the magazine; of these, only a comparative few--mostly by Finlay and Bok--were any good. Weinberg tells us with amusing dogmatism that "Lovecraft monsters were not proper beings for a cover illustration." EODers, take note! Weinberg defends Wright's use of those boring nude covers by Margaret Brundage--they helped increase the circulation, he says. But surely the seeker after porn must have been turned off by the contents--instead of porn, he got corn--and, once stung, would hardly have bought the magazine again. Some of those nude covers got to be pretty sick, like Fig. 31, showing a scene of sadism. Weinberg will rave about some cover like the one for C. L. Moore's Black God's Kiss, in which a silly nude is attempting to kiss a constipated-looking black statue (with racial undertones yet!).

The interior artwork, however, was usually much better than the covers, especially when Hugh Rankin or Virgil Finlay did it. At its very worst, as in Lee Brown Coye's drawings, it merely

produced chuckles. In the book Coye himself singles out his illo for "The Whippoorwils in the Hills" as one of his finest, and that one is especially childish--the birds are much too large and the human figure is very crudely drawn.

The chapter on the letters in the Eyrie is especially disappointing--surely the Eyrie was far livelier than Weinberg indicates! (In this respect, however, the EODer is free, if he wishes, to attribute my disappointment to sour grapes, as Weinberg includes none of my own frequent letters to the Eyrie.)

In fairness to Weinberg, he does recapture the feeling of WT remarkably well. It was an innocent age in which most of the readers implicitly believed that "more and more wonderful" treats were in store the following month. Though they are always outnumbered by the dross, a very considerable number of excellent stories did appear in WT. When Wright was replaced by Dorothy McIlwraith because of his erratic policies and failing health, WT was never quite the same again. But one suspects that even if Wright had continued as editor, the best days of WT were over, for many of its authors and illustrators had found better paying markets where they would be less harrassed.

Perhaps it is true, as Weinberg indicates, that there has never been a good market for stories of fantasy. Fantasy appeals to just a limited clientele, only rarely to the masses.

ALTERNATE WORLDS: THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION, by James Gunn (A & W Visual Library, 1977. 256 pages, $8.95).

This paperback, as large as THE WEIRD TALES STORY but with almost twice as many pages and costing about half as much, would obviously seem much the better buy to anyone but the diehard WT enthusiast. It boasts both an appendix and an index, neither of which Weinberg's book has; and it is a distinguished, scholarly work. Gunn has obviously consulted all the standard reference works, but, because they didn't mention such pioneering s-f works as Imre Madach's and John Uri Lloyd's, he doesn't either. (I refer here, of course, to THE TRAGEDY OF MAN and ETIDORHPA.)

The artwork here is a vast improvement over Weinberg's book, using even color plates--of course, Gunn is covering the whole fantastic field, whereas Weinberg is covering just a minute portion of it. Gunn gives the necessary data on WT, but of course can't give a detailed exposition. I was amused that Gunn gives more photographs of the WT authors than Weinberg does, and usually selects better illos from the magazine! And I was quite startled to see a photo of myself snapped at the Noreascon in Boston in 1971 (p. 177).

The Lovecraft completists will have to have this book, as it contains a photo of HPL and mentions him for almost a full page.

The Star Wars admirers may be startled to learn that George Lucas swiped the idea of the duel with rays of light from the cover illustration for Captain S. P. Meek's "Awlo of Ulm," published in Amazing Stories (1931).

Both books, of course, contain their quota of errata. For instance, Weinberg refers to Bassett (really Jane) Morgan as a "he," and doesn't seem to know that "R. Anthony" was just a pseudonym of Anthony M. Rud's or that "Ewen Whyte" was also a pseudonym. Gunn seems to think that H. Rider Haggard wrote When the Earth Screamed rather than Conan Doyle, and refers to The Devil Dolls and "Stanley" Coblentz.

TERROR! A History of Horror Illustrations from the Pulp Magazines, edited by Peter Haining. (A & W Visual Library, 1976)

Peter Haining's anthologies have always been relentlessly mediocre, and he doesn't seem to have improved much when he turned his attention to artwork, albeit this is a handsome volume with some of the illustrations in full color. The finest drawing is probably the one Hannes Bok did for Pickman's Model, which is also reproduced on the cover.

Haining is much too free with the adjective "superb", which in this case usually means just pretty good. TERROR! is a misnomer, for very few of these illustrations would terrify a viewer. Only the very greatest artists, like El Greco or Munch, can really evoke a feeling of terror--pulp illustrations usually just divert, or at best fascinate, the reader.

Haining devotes his early chapters to Victorian artwork, which is interesting only from the historical standpoint, or to the illustrations of the turn-of-the-century "penny dreadfuls," which were truly dreadful. Then, in the fifth chapter, he finally gets around to the pulps. The illustrations here will be fascinating to the nostalgia buff; I can recall having seen most of these covers on the newsstands, although I rarely purchased them.

Midway through the book Haining finally gets to WT, the chapters which will interest the EODers most. I registered great objections to his literary judgments here--for instance,he proclaims that the best story ever to appear in WT was Seabury Quinn's Roads, which, of course, was just a story for kiddies about Santa Claus! Haining gives lip service to HPL, but one suspects that he really liked other WT authors better. His choice of illustrations for the Lovecraft stories is fairly good, but curiously in the entire volume there is not a single illustration by Hugh Rankin, who struck me as being next to Finlay as WT's best artist. On the other hand, he includes a lot of M. Brundage's stereotyped drawings, and the more one sees of her work the less one is impressed! Haining also goes along with the general theory that Coye's artwork is "terrifying," when it really is just comic, as in the drawing of the cross-eyed demon! However, he includes Finlay at the top of his form, as in his illustrations for REH's Worms of the Earth and Pigeons From Hell. And he manages to convince me that Stephen Lawrence, whom I previously had disregarded or overlooked, was an artist of considerable talent, as in his illustration for Shiel's The Purple Cloud. Boris Dolgov, whom I had considered to be a very uneven artist, registers much better, too, when just his best artwork is selected. Haining curiously fails to include any of CAS's artwork, which though primitive could fascinate, although he includes a long selection of Matt Fox's similarly primitive work.

Just looking at those covers is sheer fascination and sometimes startling--I hadn't realized that Asimov had written a tale for WT! But then I missed a number of WTs in the 40s, when the U. S. Army had other plans for me! This book then, for sundry reasons, belongs on the shelves of the EODers.

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There have been so many Lovecraftian drawings that it would seem to me that some publisher ought to put out a portfolio of the best such artwork, which might include such artists as Finlay, Bok, Rankin, Fabian, Rutt, Kirk, Pitts, Boerem, Bird, Koszowski and others.

FROM JULES VERNE TO STAR TREK, by Jeff Rovin (Drake Publishers: New York, 1977. 147 pp., $6.95)

In this surprisingly up-to-date volume, arranged in alphabetical order rather than chronologically, Jeff Rovin sets himself the task of selecting the 100 best science fiction films. The problem there, of course, is that there haven't been a hundred good s-f movies, so that Rovin is forced to include a lot of dogs, like all the Flash Gordon films, all the Planet of the Apes films, all the Creature from the Black Lagoon, etc. He sometimes includes films like Mad Love which I wouldn't call science fiction at all.

Criticisms of films, of course, must be [illegible] subjective rather than objective, so that I tend to disagree with many of Rovin's selections. For instance, he seems to prefer The Omega Man to The Last Man On Earth, which followed Matheson's novel quite closely, and he raves about some films I disliked, like The Illustrated Man, Zardoz and THW--1938. He mentions The Bubble, but doesn't include it in his list, and I thought that despite its faults it was a lot better than some of the films he has included. He includes Godzilla and Rodan, but doesn't even mention such films as Berkeley Square, O Lucky Man! or Scream and Scream Again. Lovecraft completists may be disappointed to learn that HPL receives no notice whatsoever.

The book is valuable in that it gives much information about the films listed and includes such rarities as Just Imagine and These Are the Damned.

Unfortunately, Rovin has a great tendency to pontificate; he seems to feel that he has to explain the "meanings" of the films under survey, and some of his "explanations" are pretty ludicrous, as when he tells us that that black monolith in 2001: A Space Odyssey is supposed to represent God!

THE FABULOUS FANTASY FILMS, by Jeff Rovin. South Brunswick and New York: The A. S. Barnes Co., 1977. 271 pages, $19.95.

Although I purchased this book at a discount through the Movie Book Club, $19.95 is far too much to pay for a book of this nature, even though it is a large volume with a multitude of stills, many of them previously unprinted.

It amazes me--unless it is just a case of being in the right place at the right time--that someone so little known as Jeff Rovin can persuade publishers to accept his film compilations like this one, when for years people eminently better qualified to write such books, like Robert Bloch, Forry Ackerman and Sam Peeples, have been turned down by publishers. Or is it just a case of publishers sharing Rovin's bad taste in films?

Rovin's present assignment, writing about the films of fantasy, is a much more ambitious undertaking than was his book on science fiction films (reviewed above), a field which of course contains only a smattering of distinguished entries.

Born in 1951, Mr. Rovin is understandably not very knowledgable about silent film fantasies, although I was surprised that he included a still from the original silent Wizard of Oz, which featured Dorothy Dwan as Dorothy, Oliver Hardy as the Tin Woodsman, and Larry Semon, a superb comedian who is completely forgotten today.

Rovin begins his chronicle rather oddly with a chapter on ghost films, a genre which today's teenagers don't seem to care much for. He rushes through it, seeming to prefer to concentrate more upon the comedies (he includes a still of Bob Hope and Willie

Best in The Ghost Breakers) rather than upon the chilling near-masterpieces like The Innocents and The Haunting. Then he couples "Angels and Death" in the second chapter; here he has some real masterpieces to write about, like The Seventh Seal, Outward Bound, Here Comes Mr. Jordan and Stairway to Heaven, but the reader would never know they were masterpieces from Rovin's scamped treatment. He seems more impressed by the films he lists under "Witchcraft and Voodoo" in the third chapter, dealing lovingly with them, although none of the films he mentions was outstanding. "The Devil" gets the fourth chapter all to himself; Rovin seems quite fascinated, beginning with The Student of Prague and going on to the 1924 version of Dante's Inferno and D. W. Griffith's little-remembered Sorrows of Satan (1926). Actors have always loved to play the Devil, from the Swedish director Benjamin Christensen in Witchcraft Through the Ages (1921) to Milton Berle. Oddly, Mr. Rovin lists The Dunwich Horror in this category--he seems to think that Dean Stockwell was indulging in "Satanic rites!"

But the volume is marked by such errata. Rovin refers to "French filmmaker Louis Bunel" when, of course, it should be Spanish filmmaker Luis Bunuel. Ann Sothern is referred to as Ann Southern; Gary Cooper becomes Cary Cooper and Elisha Cook, Jr. gets a final e added to his name. His grammar isn't above reproach, either: "neither of these pieces were written."

But it is his aesthetic judgments that are most awry. I would be the first to deny that The Exorcist was a masterpiece, but the film really must have upset Rovin, for he calls it a "shard of excrement." On the other hand, he makes such an absurd statement as "what is widely considered to be the finest horror film ever made, Horror of Dracula (1949)." Considered by whom? Throughout the book he lavishes so much praise upon Hammer Films, which just specialized in remakes, that one almost suspects him of being their praise agent! He also greatly overpraises films like White Zombie and Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein. He lectures us amusingly upon how heroic the Creature From the Black Lagoon really is! Such hyperbole as "Dr. Dolittle... is perhaps the most spectacular fantasy film ever made" is completely absurd; the film deservedly was a box office fiasco. Rovin's taste is patently bad! he dismisses Mary Poppins as "disappointing" and does a rave over The Little Prince! He also flips over Korda's Thief of Bagdad remake, greatly inferior to the Douglas Fairbanks silent version.

As in all film books, though, there are some gratifying moments. He called my attention to Carnival of Souls, a film I had never even heard of before, although Chet Williamson tells me it has appeared rather frequently on TV. The Lovecraft completists will probably want this book, as there are several mentions of HPL and even a still from The Crimson Cult. Rovin reminds us that the name of the hero in White Zombie was Charles Beaumont, a name Charles McNutt appropriated for himself. Rovin raises the interesting point that there has been no feminine film version of The Mummy, albeit Bloch's Cat-Creature (written for TV) did use a female Egyptian mummy.

The chapter on mythology is the most rewarding one in the book, especially to one who is a special effects nut.

For some reason Rovin decided to include interviews with various people connected with filmed fantasy. Except for the interview with Tony Randall, in which Randall is characteristically candid, however, these do not "work"--they are the sort of things people say at the Academy Award ceremonies after just having won an Oscar. Ray Harryhausen is made to sound very stupid.

In a chapter on fantasy film anthologies Rovin dismisses Bloch's films for Amicus (never once mentioning him), and singles out for praise only Torture Garden, possibly the worst of the lot.

The "notes"--only twenty of them-appear awat at the end, where nobody would bother to look for them; why weren't these included as footnotes?

'Sword' has its points, but 'Rings' is Lord

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA by Terry Brooks, 726 pages, Random House, $12.95 (hardcover), Ballantine/del Rey, $6.95 (paperbound). Fantasy novel. The reviewer is a free-lance writer and long-time fantasy fan.

Cleveland Press, 8-11-77

By Maggie Thompson

If you loved J. R. R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*, you'll probably like Terry Brooks' THE SWORD OF SHANNARA.

Both books are long tales of the struggles of a force of good fantasy folk to defeat a force of bad fantasy folk.

But there the similarities end. For example, the Tolkien epic was largely unillustrated, at least in its original editions. THE SWORD OF SHANNARA is first published replete with illustrations by the Brothers Hildebrandt.

The Lord of the Rings is far, far longer than THE SWORD OF SHANNARA and is filled with a far, far more complex cast of characters.

Tolkien was a master of evocative writing, using each word to telling effect; Brooks only once manages to come up with a description unusual enough to merit quoting (in his first introduction of the villain).

In fact, Brooks occasionally seems to have real difficulties expressing himself. Neither he nor his editors apparently bothered to look up the word "decimated" (it means to kill one out of 10), although he uses the term frequently—so we read that "the entire family" was "decimated except for" one character.

At another point, he comments of a character in the night, "he knew there could be no more than several hours of darkness remaining"—as if any night in normal climes ever has more than several hours of darkness remaining.

Nitpicking specific expressions is not something which really indicates to a reader-to-be whether he will enjoy a work, but it seems appropriate with a book touted as "the biggest cult book since Tolkien."

Of far more importance is how compellingly the writer has drawn his characters, how completely the reader is absorbed in the events, how much the writer makes the reader care about the characters.

And, again, Brooks can't hold a candle to Tolkien.

I was able without pain to put the book down repeatedly and at no point, despite the deaths of several important characters, was I even tempted to sadness—much less to weeping. (And, let me tell you, I have cried through many a moving work of literature—including *The Lord of the Rings*.)

"I was able without pain to put the book down repeatedly and at no point, despite the deaths of several important characters, was I ever tempted to sadness— much less to weeping."

SHEATHING THE 'SWORD' — The cover picture as well as inside illustrations for "The Sword of Shannara" are by the Brothers Hildebrandt.

The editor of this book claims this is an epic fantasy, the best since Tolkien's three-volume novel. Yet Ballantine itself has published at least three better fantasy novels in the past few months: *The Dragon and the George* by Gordon R. Dickson, *The Tritonian Ring* by L. Sprague de Camp and *The King of Elfland's Daughter* by Lord Dunsany. These are cheaper, too—$1.50 for the de Camp book, $1.95 each for the others.

Not that THE SWORD OF SHANNARA is a bad book; it just isn't good enough to warrant comparison with Tolkien.

Another facet that disturbed me is the illustrations. I've always liked the work of the Brothers Hildebrandt, but most of the pictures in this book fail to impress. The fold-out portrait of the characters is stiff, and the pictures of the characters are oddly inappropriate.

Five of the characters look so much alike that I wouldn't be able to pick them out from each other in a line-up. They do not seem to agree with descriptions in the text.

One character is described as "towering" but is painted by the Hildebrandts as being more than a head shorter than the Elves, even allowing for perspective.

Still, if you like long (if not exactly epic) sword-and-sorcery fantasy, you'll probably enjoy this. But it is not the Literary Event of the Decade in the world of such fantasies. It's just something you'll

KRAUZE RECITAL IS JOYFULLY UNORTHODOX

by Wilma Salisbury

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer)

Zygmunt Krauze put on an exceptionally clever show last night at the Cleveland Museum of Art. A game of perception and illusion in music, the Polish composer's piano recital of avant-garde works was as much a theatrical performance as it was a musical one.

Krauze began his act with a "preludium," a baroque fragment made contemporary through unorthodox use of the pedal.

Stopping mid-phrase, he launched into the beginning of Stockhausen's "Klavierstueck IX," and then played three fragments from Messiaen's "Cantejodaya."

After the first, he shook his head and said, "Too hard." After the second, he craned his head under and around the piano as though looking for an intruder. After the third, he broke into a familiar passage from the classical repertoire.

After actually playing all the way through Cowell's "Aeolian Haro," the pianist got stuck on one note from Lutoslawski's "Melodies Populaires." Loudly stamping his foot, he put the lid down over the keys and threw out a page of music, the apparent cause of the "stuck" note.

Following more "interludiums," the first part of Webern's "Variationen" and a static piano piece by Morton Feldman, Krauze whistled a tune as he crossed the stage to a second, amplified, piano.

There, he turned into a conjurer, drawing a weird waterfall of sliding, tinkly sounds from his instrument simply by touching its strings with stones. As he returned to the first piano, Krauze dropped some of the stones on the floor.

After another familiar interlude, a few finger-stretching exercies and a ceremonious removal of the piano's music stand, the straight-faced performer discovered a pair of huge yellow garden gloves inside the piano.

Placing them on his hands, he gave an incredible performance of his "Gloves Music," a work of slow rolls and huge glissandos. At the most dramatic moment, the gloved hands took on a life of their own, pulled themselves off the keyboard and dived into the piano with the pianist scrambling after them.

After intermission, other versions of "Stone Music" and "Gloves Music" were shown on film.

Krauze made his second-act entrance hissing, hiccoughing, humming and producing other nonsensical vocal sounds. He played a few notes on the keyboard, then unpacked a big suitcase filled with bells, jangles, whistles and noisemakers. These he dumped inside the piano.

For the rest of the evening Krauze, live and on tape, fiddled around with excerpts from favorite 19-century piano pieces, accompanying his duo-piano performance with his noisemakers.

At the end of "tle last recital," as Act II was called, he put the piano to bed with sheets, blanket, pillow, teddy bear, toys, shoes, roller skates, etc.

Had the musical content of Krauze's program been presented in traditional fashion, it would not have been anything special. But

because of the artist's imagination, theatricality and satiric sense, his performance was the most entertaining avant-garde concert seen here in years.

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the musical jokes, and responded with delighted laughter and prolonged applause.

(Avant-garde music is usually detested by concertgoers, who rarely like anything written later than 1920. Whenever the Cleveland Orchestra presents such music it is almost always greeted either by the politest of applause or stony silence, and some members of the audience storm up the aisles. It is no secret that the reason that Boulez wasn't retained as the musical director was that he insisted upon presenting too much modern music for the conservative audience's taste.

(Perhaps one way of breaking down the audience's resistance is to present it in Krauze's manner. Krauze seems to have stolen his ideas largely from Victor Borge, who realized a long time ago that he was never going to set the world on fire as piano virtuoso and so settled for becoming a musical clown.)

The Haunter of the Graveyard

(Wilum Pugmire)

J. Vernon Shea c. 1943

FILM FLAM: FILMS IN REVIEW

1. Rabid

Marilyn Chambers, the porn queen best known for Behind the Green Door, has been having trouble getting film assignments lately so she has decided to switch to straight dramatic fare. I have news for Marilyn: she is never going to make it!

This film opens on a highway, where a nagging wife insists that her husband should have turned off on a side road some miles back. Eventually, to placate her, he turns his motor van around, blocking the entire highway in the process. Just then a fellow and his girl (Frank Moore and Marilyn Chambers) come along on a motorcycle, and to avoid hitting the van he has to turn off the road down a hill, where the motorcycle turns over and is engulfed in flames. By one of those "coincidences" so prevalent in quickie films, the accident happens just outside a clinic which specializes in plastic surgery, and Moore and Miss Chambers are rescued in an incredibly short time--one would have thought that they would have been burned to a crisp, but Moore is up and around in no time, but Miss Chambers's condition is more serious--she has burns over most of her body but not on her face.

The head of the clinic decides upon a radically different kind of skin graft, admitting that he isn't sure what kind of side effects might ensue. The frequent horror filmgoer could have told him that the side effects were going to be pretty weird! The scenes in the surgery are typically gory--the doctor apparently has never heard of surgical dressings--and if these scenes had occurred in real life instead of in a horror film, there would have been photographic evidence of malpractice. Skin grafts are pretty routine, but not in this film!

Miss Chambers heals quickly, but remains in a coma. She comes out of it eventually, but it's hard to tell just when, as Miss Chambers seems to be in pretty much of a coma throughout the film!

What the incompetent doctor doesn't seem to notice is that Miss Chambers bears a wound in her armpit, a wound which the makeup men have suggestively made to resemble a vagina. Since this is a fantasy, whenever Miss Chambers wraps her arms around someone, something which resembles a needle or a knife comes out of the wound and draws blood, which Miss Chambers laps up greedily--she has become a vampire, subsisting on blood--any other food gags her. Her victim, however, doesn't die or become another vampire; instead, he becomes like a victim of rabies and froths at the mouth and has an irresistible urge to bite people! (One of her victims is the doctor, which only serves him right!)

All the scenes in which Miss Chambers appears are pretty silly; she wanders around Montreal at will, no one apparently connecting her with the plague which soon affects the entire city. Frank Moore as her boyfriend keeps wandering around looking for her, fearing she too will become a victim of the plague, not realizing until hear the end that she is a Typhoid Mary, the carrier of the plague.

The film, quite silly in its first hour, becomes absorbing and suspenseful in its last half hour as Montreal becomes a plague city. There are vivid scenes in a subway, in a department store Santa Claus line, in the streets, where martial law is enforced and the plague victms besiege people in cars like the ghouls of The Night of the Living Dead or The Last Man On Earth. There is a scene of great suspense when Joe Silver, playing a friend of Moore's, returns home and can't locate his family--at first. Silver is an actor so very ugly he seems a natural for horror films. One could do worse than see

this film if only for its last half hour.

As indicated, this film was made in Canada, which should be a clue that it wasn't going to turn out very well. I have seen a lot of films made in Canada, like That Cold Day in the Park, Black Christmas, Shadow of a Hawk and The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane, and I can't recall one which turned out well.

At the very end of the film the garbage trucks pressed into service to pick up the bodies of the plague victims (like Greye La Spina's little-known WT story, The Dead Wagon) stops to pick up another victim, this time Marilyn Chambers. She must have been done in by the scenario!

2. Ruby

Ruby was made obviously just for its shock value, for the story makes very little sense. It is possible, of course, that Curtis Harrington, knowing how popular nostalgia is these days, hoped that the film might develop a "cult" following amongst teenagers.

For some reason, the film makes a point at the very opening that the film is supposed to be taking place in Florida in 1935. A car has pulled up and a young couple get out at the wharf of a foggy lake or swamp for an assignation. The film is shot through heavy gauze so that Piper Laurie can look younger here. Ruby (Piper Laurie) and Nicky (Al Grecchio) laugh and drink champagne and Nicky steps back to untie a boat.

They see the headlights of an approaching car and in almost a moment five men step out and line up in a straight line and shoot Nicky down, like a scene in an old gangster film. Ruby screams and falls down, not in grief but because she is about to give birth to Nicky's child. If you come in late, not to worry, for this scene will be repeated in flashback at least five times.

And then the screen tells us we are moving forward into 1951. Ruby is now the owner of a prosperous drive-in theatre. (I'm not sure just when drive-ins first put in their appearance, but 1951 seems a bit early.) The most remarkable thing about this 1951 drive-in, though, is that the film it is showing is Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman, which wasn't made until 1958!

Living with Ruby is her daughter (Janit Baldwin), Nicky's child, who cannot speak because of some traumatic shock. Also on the premises is Jake, whose relationship to Ruby is not made clear, though he is probably supposed to be her husband from the past. Jake is paralyzed and sits in a wheelchair, and he cannot see. Just why he can't see isn't made clear until a very grisly scene toward the end. (Ruby keeps something wrapped up in a cloth on a closet shelf which at first I thought would turn out to be a human head, like the Indian's head in Northwest Passage upon which the madman kept chewing.)

Piper Laurie's role here is so similar to her part in Carrie--she is still nutty and snarly--that I almost expected her to light up the candles at any moment!

What is completely unbelievable is that Ruby's helpers at the drive-in are the very same five men who had done her lover in! It seems that Ruby has waited until they got out of stir to offer them jobs.

Now the stage is set for the vengeful ghost of Nicky to put in his appearance. (Couldn't he have gotten rid of the men who had killed him more easily in jail, instead of waiting for 16 years?) Or perhaps I should say his non-appearance, for Nicky is now completely invisible--we sense his approach through the

subjective camera just as we did the invisible monster in the film version of The Dunwich Horror. The movie projectionist finds things flying about him in his booth, and presently the film is no longer being projected upon the drive-in screen, for he has been strangled by strands of the film. (That would have been a more suitable ending for Steve Krantz, the producer of this film!)

Nicky continues to rip off his killers. One of them is smashed against a tree trunk until blood runs down his leg. The most grisly fate is reserved for one of the fellows at the refreshment stand, whose body is stuffed into the drink-dispensing machine. A small boy approaches the machine; he can't get a drink for his coin, so he bangs upon the machine and the rear of the machine flies open and he sees the body; he tells his mother, who tells him he has been seeing too many horror films. Then a very fat slob of a woman approaches the machine and puts in her quarter and her cup fills up with blood!

Nicky reserves Jake for last; he never does get around to Ruby's current lover (Stuart Whitman), an imperturbable sort who doesn't bother to notify the sheriff, but just gets rid of the bodies by throwing them into the alligator-infested swamp. In the meantime a parapsychologist (Roger Davis) has been called in because of Ruby's daughter's behavior. Not content with having just a ghost story, the scripters (George Edwards and Barry Schneider) decided to bring in The Exorcist, too: Nicky begins to "possess" her daughter, and when she finally does speak, it is with Nicky's voice! Although she takes pointers from Linda Blair, little Janit Baldwin seems to be spectacularly good in her role.

It wouldn't do, of course, to have Ruby survive all this; at the end of the film she hears Nicky's voice and rushes off to the swamp, where Nicky's skeleton comes up to embrace her.

I saw this film at a disadvantage: I attended the theatre on a day when there was a specially priced matinée for women, and all those women around me talked almost incessantly, so that I missed a good deal of the dialogue. Curtis Harrington, the director, a friend of Robert Bloch's best known for such films as Night Tide and Games, may have had an "in" joke in mind, and those dates (1935, 1951) may have had some special significance which I missed.

3. The Island of Dr. Moreau

H. G. Wells had a difficult time placing his novel The Island of Dr. Moreau (1896) with publishers, as they considered it too "downbeat"--the Victorians of that time were very optimistic about the future of science. But ever since the book appeared it has been widely imitated, as by Edgar Rice Burroughs in The Monster Men(1913); and it served as the progenitor of all those films in which Mad Scientists (usually played by John Carradine or Vincent Price) create monstrous mutants.

It has been filmed once before, as The Island of Lost Souls (1933), which lasted only 72 minutes on the screen but is one of the most memorable of all science fiction films. In it Charles Laughton played Dr. Moreau, one of his better performances; he wore a white suit and had a little moustache and goatee, and was the very picture of chubby malevolence. In his

House of Pain he attempted to push beasts up the evolutionary scale until they became almost men. The leader of these beast-men, the Sayer of the Law, was played by Bela Lugosi, and among the assorted beast-men were Alan Ladd and Randolph Scott before they became stars. Dr. Moreau's tropical paradise was invaded by a fellow and his fiancée (Richard Arlen and Leila Hyams), but Dr. Moreau welcomed their appearance, as he had long planned to mate his Panther Woman (Kathleen Burke) with some available male to see what would ensue. At the end of the film, of course, the beast-men revolted and carried Dr. Moreau off to be vivisected in the House of Pain.

The film was banned in England because of its depictions of cruelty and was called "tasteless" by some critics. H. G. Wells himself railed against the film as a "vulgarization" of his novel.

One suspects that, had he lived to see it, Wells would have been much more pleased with the current remake, which adheres faithfully to the novel, even to its time--in the early part of the film Michael York discusses with Burt Lancaster the possibility of flying machines; the house is illuminated by gaslight; and Barbara Carrera dresses in Victorian fashions. But one suspects also that today's filmgoers would prefer the original version, for the remake is told in a very leisurely manner which takes two hours. The South Seas settings are indeed beautiful, but very little happens in the first half of the film, which attempts to build up the atmosphere.

Burt Lancaster underplays Dr. Moreau, making him reasonable and sympathetic, a "dedicated" man of science rather than a madman. That interpretation is, of course, valid, but I suspect that horror film buffs prefer their villains to be more villainous than that! Michael York is quite good as the hero, especially in the scenes in which, realizing that he is turning into a beast, he holds determinedly onto his humanity. The part Leila Hyams had in the original has been eliminated--she has been replaced by Barbara Carrera (Embryo) as Lancaster's mistress, and is in the film just to provide a love interest. (The Panther Woman has also been eliminated.) The beast-men of the film are considerably less bestial than human; indeed, Richard Basehart as the Sayer of the Law sounds very much like any lawyer (no aspersions, Meade!). The best moments of the film come toward the end when the beast-men, realizing that they have been duped by Lancaster, revolt, in an ending quite different from that of The Island of Lost Souls. At the very end of the film York and Carrera are in a lifeboat sighting a ship; the serum having worn off, York is his usual blond self. At this point the producer should have provided a horror ending: the serum having worn off, Miss Carrera should have reverted to bestiality!

4. Every Man For Himself and God Against All

There are many films which never make it to Cleveland, especially foreign films. Every time I go to New York City I am astounded by the feast of films which I know are unlikely ever to reach Cleveland.

To compensate partially for this paucity, the Cedar-Lee the past spring held a little Film Festival two evenings a week; and among these offerings was one I especially wanted to see, Every Man For Himself and God Against All (which I understand did the poorest business of all the films offered). But I didn't get to see it, as it poured rain both evenings, and I felt very

little inclined to try to locate a strange theatre in the dark on the very dangerous East Side.

The film was the recipient of a Special Jry Prize at the 1975 Cannes Film Festival--not much of an inducement for attending, of course, for some of those Cannes-awarded films have been extraordinarily bad, "artsy" stuff. The film's subtitle, The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser, should enlighten the EODers as to why I wished to see it. The EODers have probably read of him--a ragged fellow who appeared suddenly in a small German village in 1828, barely able to walk and speaking only in grunts. He had been locked in a dark cellar from birth and hadn't seen another human--food had been provided him during his sleep by an anonymous stranger.

Yes, the situation does sound like that of The Outsider, and I believe HPL had heard of Kaspar Hauser, though whether or not Hauser's case had any bearing upon the writing of the story is very questionable; as Scott Connors and S. T. Joshi have pointed out, HPL was far more likely to have been influenced by the writings of Poe and of Hawthorne.

The mystery of Kasper Hauser remains unsolved--some writers have even speculated that he may have been an extraterrestrial! The film's cinematographer, Jorg Schmidt-Reitwein, has, I understand, included some visually compelling shots of Hauser's dreams--of parched deserts and sloping mountains (like The Man Who Fell to Earth); of a looming tower in which he is temporarily imprisoned (The Outsider again?).

From the reviews, at the beginning of the film Kaspar is seen in a dungeon-like room playing with his one possession, a toy horse; he scratched himself frequently and grunts. A man in black, his jailer, arrives and puts boots upon Kaspar's feet and carries him out of the dungeon; propping him in the middle of the village, he orders Kaspar to wait for him and departs. At the end of the film he returns and for some unexplained reason murders Kaspar.

But Kaspar in the meantime had fared little better with the villagers, who regarded him as a curiosity to be gaped at and placed him in a carnival. According to the reviewers, the director, Werner Herzog, was a bit heavy-handed in his satire here. I, of course, am curious to know if there were any further Lovecraftian parallels.

5. Orca, The Killer Whale

It amuses me that Dino de Laurentiis, the producer, tried to make another Jaws out of this film, as for many years the various Sea Worlds around the country (there is one near Cleveland) have been proclaiming how "lovable" their Shamus are! Whales are not reputed to feed upon man, and there have been only a few recorded instances in which orcas have attacked and killed humans.

The script here is very silly. At first Orca is kindly disposed toward men; he even kills a shark headed toward a swimmer. For the purposes of the story Richard Harris wants to capture him, but Harris makes a mistake and harpoons his pregnant mate instead, and for the rest of the film Orca has only one thought in mind: revenge! The film becomes a kind of Moby-Dick in reverse: there are a number of closeups of Orca's eye as it focuses upon Harris to remember him.

Charlotte Rampling and Harris make a very odd pair of lovers indeed. With her hideous swan neck, Miss Rampling looks like a painting by Modigliani come to life. Here she plays a marine

biologist who has to give tedious expositions upon the nature of orcas. She is in the film quite a lot, but it really is a nothing rôle. Richard Harris shares with Art Carney the unenviable distinction of looking much older than his years. Although he was born in 1933, he looks to be here quite an old man, possibly in his seventies! Harris is a very uneven actor; here he cackles and carries on like Marlon Brando at his very worst.

It wouldn't do, of course, for Orca to "get" Harris too soon, for then the picture would have to end, so for most of the film he hunts down and chews up all the people associated with Harris, albeit they are innocent of wrongdoing. Some of these scenes are pretty ludicrous, as when Orca leaps out of the water and catches sailors on the mast. A killer whale is small compared with other whales, so it is quite unbelievable that one could wreck a fishing village, as Orca does in this film. One of the most suspenseful moments comes when a young girl immobilized with a broken leg is drawn across the tilting floor of a room toward the waiting jaws of Orca.

The film, which was shot off the coast of Newfoundland, has some quite splendid eerie cinematography. Michael Anderson is a good director who has worked with Harris frequently in the past and he is quite adept at engendering suspense.

But everything bogs down because of the script, which goes in heavily for symbolism. As Nolan, Harris had had a pregnant wife who had been killed by a drunken driver, so he tends to identify himself with Orca. As Jonathan Livingston Seagull proved, it is always a mistake to try to anthropomorphise animals: they do not have human motivations.

The ending of the film is especially silly. Orca forces Harris's ship up against an iceberg, where it founders and sinks. Orca's eye focuses again upon Harris stranded on an ice floe, and he tilts the ice floe so that Harris will fall within his reach! Just at that point a helicopter comes by to pick up Miss Rampling on the iceberg.

6. Jabberwocky

I suspect that today's teenagers would love Rabelais if they ever got around to reading him, for he's outrageous, gross, obscene, irreverent and satiric. This film is very much in the Rabelaisian spirit and may even be based upon his works. (The title, of course, comes from Lewis Carroll's Through the Looking-Glass.)

It's the third in the Monty Python series of films, and shares the faults and virtues of its predecessors, although curiously it seems less funny, albeit all the comic elements seem to be there. Monty Python and the Holy Grail had some really stunning photography, and Jabberwocky improves upon it; most of the photography is extraordinarily beautiful, and the film might be seen for that reason alone; it was filmed around Chepstow Castle in Wales.

The time of the film is the Middle Ages, presumably Saxon Britain. Before even the title flashes on, we are in a sequence from a typical horror film: a man is moving through darkling woods, and gradually realizes he is being pursued by something gigantic. The camera shifts to his horror-stricken face as he is being consumed; then the camera pans away from him and we see just his skeleton: the monster has spared his face.

After the title comes on we encounter our hero, Dennis Cooper (Michael Palin), who is a real simpleton; he is continually being urinated upon or having garbage thrown over him. He is in love with Griselda, who will have none of him; in this case beauty is in the eye of the beholder, for Griselda is extraordinarily fat and

ugly. She is out for worldly goods, which she knows Dennis can't provide.

Dennis goes off to the city to make his fortune. The city is fortified so that the monster can't get in, but Dennis manages to sneak in by trickery. The ruler is King Bruno the Questionable, who is always holding jousts to pick a champion to go out to slay the monster, promisng half the kingdom and the hand of his daughter in marriage to the victor. Those jousts are quite funny, for the king and his daughter have ringside seats and are continually being splattered by the blood of the defeated knights.

Actually, the merchants of the city don't want the monster killed, for everyone is trapped in the city and so the prices can be raised higher and higher. The bishop rather likes the monster, too, for church attendance has greatly multiplied.

The townspeople are the typical gross characters of the Middle Ages. A beggar finds he can get more alms by gutting off a foot, so he continually practices self-mutilation. There are the flagellates who keep crying for more "pain and agony." People in the castle keep slipping over the head of one fellow who has been beheaded.

All this has the makings of a "cult"film. One idiot behind me went into a paroxysm of laughter over the word "cannibalism"; I thought he would never stop.

The film goes on far too long; its 100 minutes seem much longer than that. At the end of the film Dennis has officially beheaded the monster, who turns out to be a rather silly-looking dragon, and won the hand of the princess, but he still pines for the "fair" Griselda.

7. The Spy Who Loved Me

The early James Bond films (Dr. No, From Russia with Love, Goldfinger) were fun, but then they became all too predictable formula stuff and Sean Connery wanted out. His replacements have never quite attained the same flair or virility.

The Spy Who Loved Me was the last of Ian Fleming's James Bond novels, and it was also the weakest of the lot. Knowing that, Fleming refused to sell it to the films; but the current producers have gotten around that by just retaining the title and devising an entirely different plot.

The film has been panned by all the critics, so I expected very little when I went to see it. I was surprised to discover that it was a fun show. Almost everyone has said that Star Wars was a fun show too, but there I kept waiting for the fun to start and of course it never did. The critics don't seem to realize that the James Bond films are no longer suspanse thrillers but out-and-out comedies: everything in The Spy is completely incredible, purposely so. For instance, at the very opening James Bond is skiing down a mountain slope, pursued by enemies, when all at once he comes to the edge of a sheer cliff, hundreds of feet high. So what does he do? Why, he opens his parachute, of course!

The nominal villain of the film is Stromberg (Curt Jurgens), who is even more reclusive than HPL for he never leaves his elaborate underwater complex complete with all sorts of gadgets. He is the standard Mad Scientist intent upon destroying both NYC and Moscow at the same time by bombs and thereafter imposing his new marine kingdom monitored by sophisticated submarine tracking systems; but even the producers realized that all this was pretty old hat and so Jurgens has just a minimum of scenes.

The real villain (and standout comedian) is a fellow called Jaws (Richard Kiel), a seven-foot giant with steel teeth who dispatches his victims by biting them in the neck vampire-fashion.

The running gag of this film is that Jaws is completely indestructible; no matter what happens to him he just brushes off his clothes or else he just swims away. For instance, in one scene Bond drops him into a pool with a man-eating shark, so of course it's curtains for the shark!

All the critics complained that Roger Moore (James Bond) here is just a plastic figure who looks like a clothing-store mannequin, but it appears that the scripters purposely tried to make him look a puny figure beside Jaws. The script is by Christopher Wood and Richard Maibaum; for a long time now Christopher Isherwood has denied being Christopher Wood, but all the evidence points in that direction.

The women in the James Bond films are usually as disposable as Kleenex, but Barbara Bach stays the entire length of the film. In the opening sequence Bond had killed her lover, and Miss Bach as a Russian spy swears to avenge his death, but any moviegoer can figure how that situation will turn out. Miss Bach is, of course, a beauty but strictly a no-talent actress here.

The Bond films have usually quite good scores, but Marvin Hamlisch's score here is completely bland--Marvin must be taking on too many assignments. The gimmicks, though, are even more spectacular than usual.

8. and 9. Two-Minute Warning and Rollercoaster

By a curious coincidence, less than a week after "Son of Sam" (David Berkowitz) was captured, I saw two films which paralleled his career to some extent, the two films listed above.

Two-Minute Warning was an impersonal film. Through most of the film the presence of the sniper was known only by means of the subjective camera and the same ominous music in the background as a leitmotif; you gradually became aware that he was young and blond, but you didn't get a good look at his face until the very end. Nothing of his background or motivation was given.

Although no less than ten stars appeared in the cast (Charlton Heston, John Cassevetes, Beau Bridges, Marilyn Hassert, Martin Balsam, Jack Klugman, David Janssen, Gena Rowlands, Brock Peters and Walter Pidgeon), none of them received a great amount of footage; the director seemed to concentrate more upon extraneous stuff, like the stupid football game and the newscasters. Of the stars, only Jack Klugman, as a man threatened with killing by gangsters if he didn't repay $28,000 in bets, stood out. Beau Bridges' role was quite superfluous, Brock Peters had only a few scenes as a hostile black, and Walter Pidgeon even less footage in a repeat of his pickpocket role from Harry In Your Pocket--Peters and Pidgeon were in the film obviously just to become two of the sniper's victims.

What was paramount in the film was the behavior of that football crowd, so intent upon the game that they didn't even notice what was going on around them ; when they finally became aware of their peril from the sniper, they behaved like animals, knocking people down in their haste to get out of the stadium. Perhaps the sniper had a point in picking them off!

Rollercoaster was much better. From the very opening sequence you know who the mass murderer is, a good-looking young fellow with pursed lips (splendidly played by Timothy Bottoms). He is an expert with explosives and has an irresistible urge to see people on rollercoasters go catapulting to their deaths. Of course, he just tells himself that he is doing it to extort money.

The rollercoaster effects, gimmicked up in the Sensurround device, are vivid, but do not nearly approach in quality the famous rollercoaster ride from the first of the Cinerama films, This Is Cinerama. Me, even as a child I never liked rollercoasters, and when finally persuaded to get on one would hold on like grim death; but apparently today's youngsters think it "chicken" to hold on, and throughout the film the people on the rollercoasters stupidly held their hands high in the air.

George Segal, as a rollercoaster safety inspector, has his first serious rôle in years. Through the film Bottoms plays a cat-and-mouse game with him; Segal knows what his voice sounds like, but has no idea (until the very end of the film) what he looks like. Richard Widmark has a sympathetic role for a change as a police inspector.

The feeling of suspense is maintained remarkably well. Bottoms suggests David Berkowitz in a number of ways; unlike the sniper of Two-Minute Warning, who was just a faceless menace, we understand to some degree just how his mind operates, and we feel some empathy for him. His basic motivation, however, remains unclear--of course, Bottoms does not say that a dog told him to kill; that would have been too much for a film audience to swallow.

10. Tentacles

I hereby nominate Tentacles as the worst film of the year. It's just another imitation of Jaws, this time with a gigantic octopus substituted for the shark. A gigantic octopus used to be a staple of the films of the Thirties and the Forties, until people learned that octopi are shy, gentle creatures; the inevitable "fight" with the octopus was always good for a laugh, as the octopus was so patenly made out of rubber. I think the last time I saw such a "fight" was in Cecil B. DeMille's Reap the Wild Wind.

Tentacles isn't about Cthulhu. Dirk wanted to know if this film might be the promised Cry of Cthulhu, and I said no, but upon second thought it conceivably might be, as in the film the blasting of an underwater tunnel dredges up the monster, which of course is reminiscent of the reef bit in Call of Cthulhu; but if it was planned that way, the producer must have had doubts and eliminated all Lovecraftian references as unlikely to contribute anything to the box office.

Curiously, the opening sequence is the best one. A woman is on a beach with her baby in a carriage. There is a highway nearby, and presently a car stops and the woman driver waves to the other woman, who hurries over to chat with her for a minute. The woman driver asks about the baby, and is told she is fine, but then she asks, "But where is your baby?" and as they both look they see that the beach is quite deserted. Later the skeleton of the baby is found, every bit of flesh stripped from it.

John Huston, Shelley Winters and Henry Fonda are the nominal stars of this film, but they're in it so infrequently that they just occupy "guest star" status. Fat as Shelley Winters has become, I expected her to wind up as one of the octopus's victims, but she never gets into the water. The real protagonist of the film is a fellow who operates one of those Sea World concessions and has two trained killer whales. At the end of the film, of course, he "sics" his killer whales upon the octopus, which rather amused me so soon after Orca.

The film suffers from a dreadful script and even worse direction. The people in it are even more obtuse than were the swimmers in Jaws: here there is a deadly octopus in thw water chewing up people and so they permit a race with kids out in tiny sailboats!

11. The Empire of the Ants

This film was on the same bill with Tentacles; I had been warned by both Gary Kimber and Dirk that it was "terrible" (it reached Cleveland quite late), but it seemed like a masterpiece in comparison with Tentacles!

Before the credits come on, we get a little ominous piece about ants in the manner of The Hellstrom Chronicle. Then we watch some drums of radioactive waste being dumped into the sea, and presently one of the drums washes ashore (on a Floridian beach, as it turns out) and the drum spills some of its contents and we witness ants greedily feeding upon the waste.

The scene switches to a dock where Joan Collins, as a bitchy land promoter, is welcoming some potential suckers aboard a small craft. There are about a dozen people in the party. Presently they land upon a quite deserted beach, and Joan expiates upon what a "paradise" "Dreamland Acres" will become. There are signs all over the place reading "Future Golf Course," "Future Swimming Pool," and the like. Joan drives the party around in a cart to show them the lay of the land. At this point we switch to the subjective camera--we see the scene repeated in multiple round apertures which represent the "eyes" of the ant, a rather remarkable camera stunt. Two of the party stroll off and don't return, and presently two others set out to look for them and don't return either--they all are attacked by gigantic ants which consume them, in quite good macrophotography.

It takes the rest of the party quite a while to realize the presence of the ants. Joan seeks to escape into a shelter, but finds it swarming with the ants. There is a nice shot of the ants crawling out to the pier and taking over the boat, killing one of the crew members who had remained aboard. With no escape to the sea, the party perforce has to hurry into the woods. But the ants, of course, are there also and begin to pick off the party one by one. An old couple wanders away from the others and finds shelter in a woodshed, but the next morning when they open the door they find the ants massed solidly around the shed.

The party eventually finds a rowboat and makes its way down a stream where the ants can't follow. But all the exits of the stream are blocked by huge logs , and they have to take to the woods again. Suddenly they realize that the ants, who could get them at any time, don't seem to want to--the party is being "herded" along!

At this point, a little past midway in the film, the film begins to follow the synopsis of H. G. Wells's short story, "The Empire of the Ants." The premise here is quite unlikely--that the gigantic ants rule an entire community of people, who feed them (with sugar, not with their bodies) and obey the commands of the queen ant, who resides in a glass booth. The film here becomes a bit reminiscent of such films as THE STEPFORD WIVES and INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, but it resembles even more the situation with the Morlocks (the cannibalistic warders) of Wells's TIME MACHINE. Without checking,* I don't know which Wells wrote first, THE TIME MACHINE or THE EMPIRE OF THE ANTS, but am inclined to suspect THE TIME MACHINE.

The trouble with this film, of course, is that it seems to combine two stories into one--a story about gigantic ants (like THEM!) and an updated EMPIRE OF THE ANTS. However, from the time sequence of the film, the ants wouldn't have had time to build up the community after the dropping of the radioactive waste, and surely Joan Collins would have heard at least rumors of the "Empire" while trying to promote "Dreamland Acres." The film was partially

* The story appeared in THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND, published 1913.

written and directed by Bert I. Gordon, who does a much better job here than he usually does.

12. Fantastic Animation Festival

Unless one is expecting too much, this collection of approximately eight short animated cartoons makes a very delightful time-killer. The quality is of course uneven, but everyone should find at least something to his liking.

Some of the selections are pure splash, some spoofs, some serious, but they are uniformly innovative. I had already seen two of the cartoons--the 20-second "Bambi Meets Godzilla", which is always shown in conjunction with "King of Hearts", and "Mountain Music", which is executed in something called 3-Dimation--the frogs, the owls and the wolf look like puppets. I have never cared for country music, which here gets increasingly more complicated and louder with electronic equipment, and thought this cartoon a bore.

"French Windows," the opening number, shows a trio of ballet dancers dancing against ever-changing backgrounds, a visually intriguing device. The second cartoon is perhaps the funniest one. In it a bread-dough* man with Marty Feldman eyes tries to explore his environment. All the other bread-dough figures laugh at his attempts, but when he succeeds in gaining mobility they all follow his example; and at the end they make themselves wings out of the dough and fly away.

Most of the cartoons are amusing, but "Night Bird" is eerie and sombre. A man is driving through a torrential rain and sees a bird-like hitchhiker. When he eventually offers her a ride, he winds up in the cemetery.

"Last Cartoon Man" is a satire upon "bionic" creatures. The title character comes out to do a vaudeville turn--he takes off his arms, than his legs, and finally loses his head and has to grope on the floor for it.

Very beautiful is "Cosmic Cartoon" with its s-f theme. Some of the cartoons, like "Mirror People", are surrealistic.

"Closed Mondays" is a satire upon art gallery spectators which becomes quite amusing. "Moon Shadow," with music by Cat Stevens, was apparently designed for children--it has its "moon" caught on the roof of a barn!

Some of the cartoons are rather pointless, just exercises in technique, like "Light", and TV commercials are even used. There is an episode from "Superman." The high point of the film, at least for me, was the symbolic "Room and Board." It begins with a baby entrapped in a room with a golden doorknob which it tries in vain to turn. With each attempt the figure grows older until eventually he is a senile old man. At his final attempt the knob turns, to reveal a surprise and a disappointment.

* Clay, according to Mark Sprague.

CHEZ SHEA

"Star Wars" is a poor movie because many of the scenes are not related to anything else. But people are getting a tremendous kick from the movie because it's an absurdity."--Ray Browne

"The first commercially made ice cream in the United States was sold in New York City in 1786." And, had HPL been living then, he would have been the first customer.

13. Suspiria

Suspiria (don't ask me what the title means!) is one of those horror films designed to shock the audience every 15 minutes, but the story makes no sense at all. Perhaps it wasn't meant to have any; there seems to be a deliberate attempt here at campy effects.

The film opens with an American girl (Jessica Harper) arriving in Germany to attend a ballet academy. Why she would go all the way to Germany for ballet lessons when there are superb dancing schools here isn't explained at all. She tries to hail a cab in a downpour and eventually does, but when she arrives at the school and explains who she is she is told to "go away, go away!" Just then the front door opens and one of the students, a distraught young blonde, comes out. She is almost hysterical and mutters something about a "blue iris." Then she rushes out into the storm and the camera follows her to another house, where she is murdered quite horribly.

The next morning the young American, Susy Banyon, returns to the dancing academy and this time is permitted entry. But that academy turns out to be a very odd one, indeed; it is run by a headmistress (Joan Bennett) who puts up a great show of gentility in public, and a dancing instructress (Alida Valli, always dressed in masculine neckties and sports coats) who is a martinet. The other students are a phlegmatic lot; horrible things are always happening around them, but it seems to affect them very little.

The next shock scene comes when maggots drop from the ceiling into the food and bedclothing and the girls' hair. In a later scene a bat attacks Susy. In still another scene we see Daniel (Flavio Bucci), a blind man with a seeing eye dog who has some vague connection with the school suddenly stopping in the middle of a public square at night; he senses that he is being menaced by something, but doesn't know what it is. The soundtrack rises in a crescendo of horror--and finally the seeing eye dog attacks and kills him!

In another horrifying sequence Sara, Suzy's only friend at the school, is in a locked room when she sees that someone outside is inserting a knife to raise the latch, and in terror she piles up all the furniture in the room and climbs out through a small window and leaps. She lands in a storage room where there are coils of wire which cut her body horribly, and as she moans in agony the fellow pursuing her enters and kills her!

All these terrifying episodes are seemingly motiveless--it doesn't help to learn finally the academy is really a coven of witches, as in Rosemary's Baby, for their actions still are unexplained. In the final sequence Susy finds the "blue iris" mentioned at the beginning, and, turning it, finds herself in a secret passageway which leads to the place where the witches are assembled, and she hears Joan Bennett saying, "The American girl must die!" She finds a knife and stabs her, and as she dies Joan reverts to being the 100-or-so-year-old witch that she is.

This ia an Italian film, written and directed by Dario Argento apparently with tongue in cheek. The photography by Luciano Tovoli is always very obtrusive, with fake sets that are garish and in extremely bad taste, probably purposely so to create an unreal, surrealistic atmosphere; he uses distorted camera angles and is always bathing his characters in unnatural lighting. The "Tubular Bells# type of music by some group called the Goblins is eerie and raucous. Miss Harper is a good actress with sensitive features, but no one else in the cast is any help--Joan Bennett, in her prime one of the most beautiful actresses in Hollywood, is made up almost as heavily as Mae West!

14. The House on Skull Mountain

This is just a black exploitation film, obviously made for peanuts, Georgian peanuts. The film opens with a shot of a house perched atop a mountain with an obviously phoney skull carved on its side. This mountain is purportedly somewhere in the vicinity of Atlanta, but I feel certain that Dirk never located it!

Then we see a very aged black woman on her deathbed; she tells her retainers, Thomas and another black woman, to prepare for the heirs who will come for the reading of her will. Presently she succumbs.

A shot now of a pretty black woman driving up the mountainside. Another car, driven by a young smartass black, almost drives her off the road, but they are headed in the same direction, and learn presently that they're cousins. Then we see another black woman landing in a plane at Atlanta. A lawyer appears at the house atop the mountain after some time, but tells the assembled heirs that the will can't be read until another heir, a Captain Cunningham, arrives, and that he will be back the following week.

He has hardly gone when Captain Cunningham appears without explanation upon the scene. The other heirs are rather shocked to find that he (Victor French) is white; but he claims that the old woman had been his grandmother! Obviously there is something very strange about that family, especially the family name, Christoff--I have never yet encountered a black with a Russian name!

And now the situation becomes rather similar to that of THE CAT AND THE CANARY, someone trying to bump off the heirs one by one. We are left in no doubt as to who is the culprit, for we see Thomas, supposedly the faithful family retainer, practicing voodoo rites in the basement--he is in reality a witch doctor, though voodoo would seem to be rather far astray in Georgia! He mumbles incantations, and presently the smartass black wanders in his sleep and falls down an elevator shaft. The woman who had arrived by plane is next--an enormous boa constrictor enters her room. Then the heroine is menaced by a ghostly figure at her window, but is saved by Captain Cunningham.

Toward the end of the film a very weird tableau enfolds--the other retained is tied to a tree and is eventually stabbed by Thomas, who has mysteriously enlisted the aid of a large voodoo cult--in Georgia! The heroine, tied up also, is slated for extinction next, but Captain Cunningham again comes to her rescue--it seems he is an anthropologist well versed in voodooism. Thwarted, Thomas calls upon the dead old woman to arise from her grave, and we see a hand clawing its way out of the grave and presently the old woman appearing as a zombie. But Captain Cunningham diverts her and directs her against Thomas, and at the end of the film we see Captain Cunningham and the black heroine going off together.

15. The Confessional

This 1975 British horror film has just reached our shores. It was probably held up because (1) it's so bad and (2) it will shock Roman Catholics out of their skins! The Jack-the-Ripper-type murderer here is a mad aging priest, who tape-records the confessions he hears, lusts after women, gives a poisoned communion wafer to one victim and strangles another with his rosary! At the film's end, after committing five or six murders, he apparently goes scot-free.

FANFARE

James Wade: Thanks for sending the additional copy of OUTRÉ 5. Mr. Joshi should be informed that my concern over spelling (and punctuation, to a lesser degree) in Lovecraft's stories is in the interests of consistency. Contrary to his contention, there is a general standard spelling for both American and British English, with some vagaries and grey areas admittedly. A story by an American writer about 20th century America does not read normally in British spellings, which are quite distracting to anyone who knows or cares anything about such matters. This is why my preference is for standard American spelling to be applied. (There was little difference between modern orthography and that of the 1920's when Lovecraft wrote, contrary to another to Mr. Joshi's contentions.) I have never laid eyes on an original Lovecraft manuscript, but if I had and found that he was completely consistent in use of British spellings, I would still favor Americanization. And the problem remains of why there are so few British spellings in "The Shadow Out of Time"; and why, in "Ward," among the nearly universal British spellings, we find "curb" (as a noun) instead of "kerb."

David Smith's memoir of Edmond Hamilton was well done, but if he is going to be a professional writer he had better learn the difference between "loan" [redacted] (a noun) and "lend" (a verb); or else find an editor who covers up for him more efficiently than JVS.

"Dead Thing in a Deserted Theater" had its moments but was too long and had a weak ending. Berglund was right to cut out the second and third sections, which cut would require only very minor surgery on later parts.

Dave Smith: OUTRÉ #6 arrived & I've been glancing through it. More good stuff, as usual; I'm really getting used to this. Interesting about the HPL movie proposed; is this a small, independent outfit? Rather sounds like it. I saw Arnold Schwarzenegger on the Tonight show the other night & he said he'd signed contracts to make five Conan movies. He described Conan as a "futuristic barbarian." John Milius to direct. Starts next spring. Actually, I am goddamned excited about it.

Robert Bloch: OUTRÉ arrived yesterday--along with DEAD THING IN A DESERTED THEATRE--and both helped me get through the exhaustion of the evening. We had new carpet installed during the day in my office and our bedroom, which entailed moving everything out, then back in again, and by the time things were all restored to their proper places I was in a dismal mood. OUTRÉ, however, relieved it: so very much of interest assembled here, including all those reprinted news and feature items, most of which were new to me. And I'm glad to see Rypel's story get such a fine presentation format.

The only thing that puzzles me is the uncredited cover--I assume these are photos of Rocky or scenes from the film.

S. T. Joshi: Received the new Outré--your newspaper articles again being the highlight. That "Missing Books Mystery" was much appreciated, since I some months ago lent a good bit of Lovecraftiana to my cover artist (who fortunately lives just up the street) and have yet to see it come back... . And what a poem was your "Dream-World of H. P. Lovecraft": Your poetry often reaches the heights of a Tierney, Breiding, or Schultz, and must of course be reprinted in any collection of your miscellaneous Lovecraftian works... . I read the novel The Little Girl Who Lives Down the

Lane, and found it very prosaic; clearly, like Audrey Rose, it was meant for the mass market and not for the aficionado of horror.... Enjoyed your review of Fandom Unlimited: I'm quickly coming to take as "caustic" a view of fanzines as you are! The decent ones of the E*O*D can be counted on the fingers of one hand.... To match your discovery of the actor J. V. Shea in that performance of Romeo and Juliet, I've stumbled upon a "Robert Bloch" who plays the violin solos in a new recording of Corelli tri-sonatas (Musical Heritage Society 1734.) Are you sure that the author of Psycho is not a concert violinist on the side? .... Rypel's novelette didn't do much for me, sad to say: the style was rather too bland. . . .

Wilum Pugmire: Many thanks for your letter and for the new OUTRÉ. But, yog, you are a woman-hater; in one issue you put down my two favorite women: Barbra Streisand and Jessica Salmonson!

I was very interested in the section concerning haunted theatres. I am writing a novel concerning a murderous poltergeist, and have been reading many books on parapsychology. The best has been a true account of a haunting, in a book by Arnold Cooper and Coralee Leon called PSYCHIC SUMMER.

THE BEYONDERS, by Manly Wade Wellman. Warner Books, 1977; 189 pp., $1.50

Reviewed by James Wade

This first new book-length fantasy by Wellman in many years (ignoring the collaborative pastiche SHERLOCK HOLMES'S WAR OF THE WORLDS, 1975) is a welcome event in the field. It is also pleasant to be able to report that the old master has not lost his touch.

THE BEYONDERS is actually science-fiction, if you insist, but handled much in the manner of a terror tale until near the end. Its setting is the backwoods Appalachian territory that has gradually become Wellman's literary "home country"; and, as in the case of the supernatural stories collected in WHO FEARS THE DEVIL?, both the dialogue and the narration are done in a modified yarn-spinner's dialect that--however unlikely in an SF story--comes off perfectly and rises to every challenge.

In fact, the rich and leisurely texture of the tale constitutes the reader's principal pleasure; for the plot, if summarized baldly, would not sound much different from any other "alien invasion" story.

The remote village of Sky Notch suffers a double incursion: two city-slicker types, one affable and one sinister, who prove to be advance agents for extra-dimensional entities lurking in the woods waiting for their chance to strike and make Sky Notch the base for a takeover enslaving earth.

Against them are arrayed a hero much in the mold of Wellman's ballad-singer John and a heroine from the mysterious Kimber clan that maintains its own strange worship of the aliens, as well as a feisty, retired doctor and various good-old-boy types.

The characters are vigorously drawn, the details of rural life savory in the telling, and one even gets used to a hero and heroine with the unlikely names of Garder Eye and Slowly. (Maybe the names are not unlikely where they, and Wellman, hang out.)

If the climax is a little casual, it is also plausible--and, as stated before, the pleasure, as in the case of any good yarn, is largely in the telling.

A superior novel, highly recommended.

MAIL CALL (MAILING COMMENTS)

Larry Baker: Thanks for including my initials on the cover; but didn't you forget Bloch and Leiber, among others?

Michael Beasley: Your piece on the significance of dreams in HPL's fiction (and life) was quite perceptive and well written; but I kept looking in vain for the title and author, and only CRY OF THE CRICKET clarified the matter. ... As you can imagine, it is a bit startling to come unexpectedly upon the name of one's fictional character! ... It was HPL, of course, who wrote THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK; my story was entitled THE HAUNTER OF THE GRAVEYARD. (The original title was COMMUTERS FROM THE GRAVEYARD, but Derleth disliked that and made me change it.)

Bernadette Boskey: Hilarious suggestion that, to get the EODers to do needlepoint! Can you picture Dirk's purling one? ... Your poetry continues to be quite impressive, especially "Messiah." ... Excellent observation upon Emily Dickinson. I doubt, though, that Virginia Woolf was any crueler than a lot of other writers, especially Hemingway. ... Oh, gossip falls quite willingly upon everyone's ears. But it has been 45 years since I stayed at a fraternity house. ... Glad that there is at least one other Lovecraftian who prefers dogs to cats! HPL's great love for cats is something I could never share. Not that I'm afraid of them, but I let them severely alone, like piranhas and other unnecessary creatures.

Roger Bryant: Trying to set Derleth "straight" was almost an impossibility, as Augie could be quite bullheaded (in correspondence, that is; he could be quite charming in person).

Crispin Burnham: THE SHADOW OVER AMOSTON (and ANDYTON?) was very funny, although I'm not sure you intended it to be.

Scott Connors: What, you held up the mailing again? ... I was amused to learn in Wetzel's piece that AH sold two of HPL's stories to the films although they were already in the public domain.

David Drake: Your account of your London trip was of extraordinary interest, and I wish that I had found such out-of-the-way places at the time I visited London during WWII, when the city was definitely not at its best. Ever since then I have been saying what a "drab, dingy hole" London was!

Bob Eber: Was amused by your ecstatic review of STAR WARS. "Perfection" and a "once in a lifetime" thing, indeed! I can think of dozens of better s-f films, but no need to take up all that space. ... Amused by your comment to Larson ("I don't get into rock much")- that would be quite hard to do, unless you were liquid or porous! ... One suspects that the reason Hawthorne had that guilt complex was that he was always aware that his infamous ancestor presided at the Salem witch trials.

Randy Everts: Reading Hazel Heald's letters to Derleth, one realizes immediately how fortunate she was to get HPL to revise her stories, for otherwise she would never have gotten into print. She was definitely not bright.

Ken Faig: A monumental task of scholarship in your articles on Swinburne and Dunwich, and thanks for the Dunwich booklet! I once lived in Suffolk, Va., whose name was probably given it by the

Jamestown Settlers (or their descendents) in memory of their original home in England. ... Do you think it possible that Lovecraft as a name might have been derived from Lowescroft?

Bill Hart: A nicely gruesome cover! ... Personally, I would say that an index to the SL (but I understood that that was to be on the AH agenda)is needed vastly more than any "chronological study of Lovecraft's fiction," at which others have taken potshots already. ... Can't understand anyone's wanting to see STAR WARS five times; the first time was one too many for me!

No, I don't do my own printing, and I wish I did have "a very good friend who does it for" me "for almost nothing." I take the 'zine to the Minuteman Press, a commercial outfit.

"Silent Snow, Secret Snow" is an acknowledged literary masterpiece which has been frequently anthologized.

Obviously the reason why the death (or mental deterioration) of the protagonist of a Lovecraft story doesn't disturb you, whereas the destruction of a character in a "heroic fantasy" does, is that you empathize with the Conan-like figure. HPL never tried to make his protagonists sympathetic, just representative.

Ben Indick: It took me a little while to realize that that magician in Dave's cover illustration had four arms. ... Fascinating article upon L. Frank Baum, one of the favorites of my childhood and later--I was still buying Oz books as an adolescent! (I gave them away to a neighbor when we moved.) You didn't list such tangential things as the films ZARDOZ or the current STAR WARS, which has Oz-like characters.

Gary Kimber: Liked your film reviews. ... This is the first artwork I've seen by Chaput and I can't say that I'm impressed. He's pretty primitive as a draftsman and he seems to have only one theme--just how much mileage can you get out of big open mouths with big teeth and defective eyes? His style is quite similar to Coye's, and likewise more humorous than horrifying.

Randall Larson: Was quite interested in the piece you did for Walt Lee (I did one on the Invisible Man films of the Forties), although I never saw The Blue Bird myself (I always shunned Shirley Temple vehicles) in any of its various film versions. ... You can write quite glowingly of a film you admire, but I wish you'd reserve your enthusiasm for a better picture than Orca. ... I rarely notice the musical background of a film unless it's quite obtrusive, as in The Good, The Bad and the Ugly, which almost sent me up the wall.

Brennan did sue the producer of THE BLOB for plagiarism, but lost the suit. After all, the idea of SLIME was hardly original with Brennan; Anthony M. Rud's OOZE had preceded it in WT, and Hodgson's THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND came before that one. ... Merritt's THE SHIP OF ISHTAR is good (and may have been the inspiration for THE WHITE SHIP), but you'll find far better novels of Merritt's, especially THE MOON POOL, which cries aloud for filming (with special effects by Harryhausen). (Only two of Merritt's novels were filmed: BURN, WITCH, BURN! (THE DEVIL DOLL) and SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN, which was badly botched. (Sam Peeples has been trying for years to get financial backing to remake it.)

Harry Morris: More of your weird drawings. Except for the splendid back cover, they look like Rohrschach inkblots!

Dirk Mosig: Nice front and back covers! ... Your account of your trip to the Trieste symposium was completely fascinating, although I'd soon starve to death in Italy. Humphrey Bogart couldn't stand Italian food either, so the whole time he was making a film in Rome he maintained a liquid (alcoholic) diet. ... Daniels's sonnet was excellent, and the other poems by Wilgus and Burleson were also good. ... Rieber's bit of humor was amusing up to a point, but went on too long. Much better was the spoof on Conover's OLD GENT, which I thought you had written until I learned better. ... All in all, your best issue in some time.

Joe Moudry: Nice typewriter face, but what the EOD really needs is a typewriter with a computer attachment which would "catch" all the typos, misspellings and grammatical errors! ... I don't think that Mary Elizabeth Counselman would like her name spelled Councilman; she is hardly a lowly politician!

I don't believe that anyone has pointed out that Quinn's HOUSE WHERE TIME STOOD STILL merely repeats the idea of his early HOUSE OF HORROR, one of his few good Jules de Grandin tales.

I would question your statement that Francis Stevens may have been the most important woman fantasy writer between Mrs. Shelley and Ursula K. Le Guin. That covers far too much territory; that would shut out a lot of famous women fantasists: the Brontës, George Eliot, Vernon Lee, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Edith Wharton, May Sinclair, Ellen Glasgow, Gertrude Atherton, Colette, Selma Lagerlof, Isak Dinesen, Shirley Jackson, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Elizabeth Enright, Marya Mannes, Dorothy McArdle, Zona Gale, Hope Mirrlees, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Theodora Benson, Eudora Welty, Elizabeth Bowen, Marjorie Bowen, Margery Lawrence, Virginia Swain, Iris Murdoch, Muriel Spark, March Cost, Daphne du Maurier and others.

Dave Schultz: Weird cover! ... An extended critique upon HPL's dreams, as told in his correspondence and fiction, is long overdue and might well make a book-length manuscript. (See Michael Bessley's piece as a starter.) Someone should at least go through the SL and list all the dreams mentioned therein.

Reg Smith: I've always thought that Hugh Rankin's drawing for THE SILVER KEY one of his very best. ... I find myself surprisingly in agreement with Price this time. ... HPL's humor is a subject which Lovecraftian scholars usually ignore, although Dirk tells me that Gaston does treat it in his new booklet. He excised wit rigorously from his early stories, but by the time he came to the writing of the Mythos stories he had mellowed sufficiently to permit it in the naming of his characters, largely, I suspect, because he knew from experience that Wright and most of the WT readers would be too dumb to "catch" it.

Disagreements about poetry are possibly even more pronounced than disagreements about stories. Poe's Conqueror Worm is effective, but I don't think it compares with To Helen. I've always rather disliked The Raven because it's almost impossible to read it aloud without becoming sing-songy. ... Hardy was perhaps, like Meredith, a better poet than novelist (Vardis Fisher so admired a few lines of Meredith's that he took all the titles of his Vridar Hunter novels from it.)///.Swinburne's poems sounded very nice, but didn't say anything.

Mark Sprague: Very interesting piece on Harlan, which sounds just like him. A BOY AND HIS DOG played exactly one week at one theatre

on the far East Side(I live on the far West Side) and then disappeared from Cleveland forever. ... Yes, we do seem to be running in competion with each other. I had to yank the opening pages of this issue (already typed up) because you had beaten me to the draw in printing the article on Michaud and Joshi. And you got ahead of me also with your review of FANTASTIC ANIMATION FESTIVAL. ... That "Death Race" game was obviously "inspired" by the film DEATH RACE 2000 A. D.

Chet Williamson: When you say that NYC is "cancerous" you begin to sound like HPL! He hated the city because it wasn't Providence (and probably because he had an unconscious feeling of guilt for being supported there by Sonia). There wasn't anything really wrong with NYC in HPL's day--and while it is quite true that it has deteriorated sadly in recent years, so has every other American city. Is there a livelier city in the U. S. (no, I don't mean dodging the muggers and the prostitutes and the porno salesmen)? Or one with more cultural advantages?

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We tire of tyrants of the left or right,
Determined all to set the world "aright",
To end discrimination black or white
By putting into power just their men,
Establishing a grievous regimen
Where nothing's ever quite the same again.

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IN MEMORIAM: Mark Schorer (1908-1977)

Schorer was a distinguished novelist, short story writer, literary critic and biographer. (I used one of his stories in my anthology STRANGE BARRIERS.) His first writings were his collaborations with August Derleth for WT, later collected under the title COLONEL MARKESAN AND LESS PLEASANT PEOPLE.

The necrology for the period ran quite high, including also Groucho Marx, Sebastian Cabot, Ethel Waters, Zero Mostel, Leopold Stokowski and Maria Callas, not to mention Elvis.

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This program is sponsored by Sea-Creme, the under-the-arm deodorant recommended by Cthulhu; Stacomb, the hair groomer recommended by Dagon; and Di-Dee Fresh, the diaper recommended by Shub-Niggurath. Featured tonight will be a Mozart flute concerto performed by Azathoth's flute player. Tonight's conductor will be Hastur, if he's in a speaking mood.

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And, because the mailings never coincide with Christmas, may I take this opportunity to wish everyone a (somewhat early) Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year?