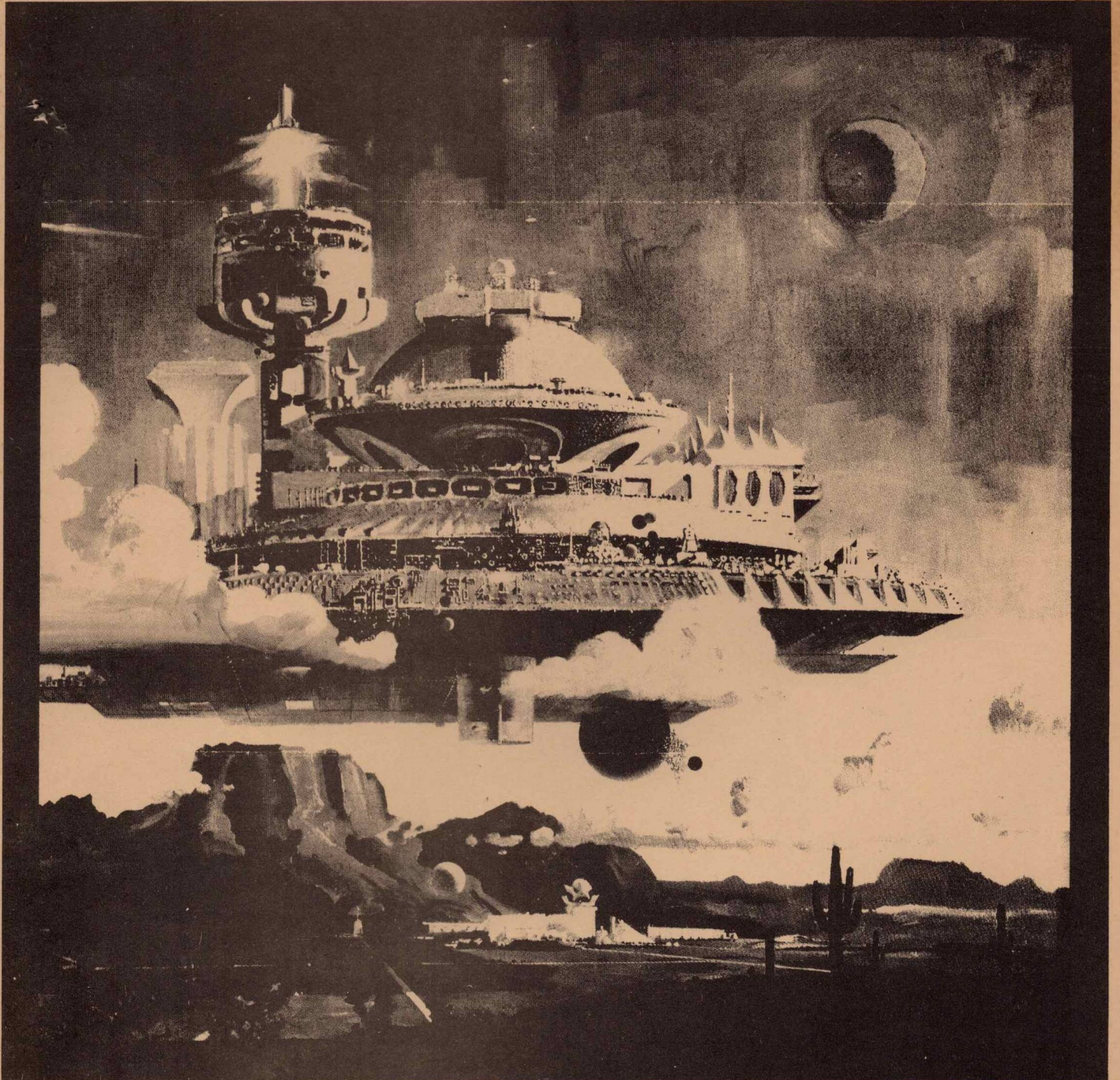


OUTRÉ 9



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Agnes deMille's "Three Virgins and a Devil" - one of Cleveland Ballet's most popular repertory pieces.

AROUND TOWN

with
**ESTHER
HAMILTON**

(Written from Her Retirement Home in Lake Park, Fla.)



TODAY'S COLUMN is devoted to my sister-in-law, Leigh Brackett Hamilton, who died March 18 after fighting colon cancer for more than five years. She was the widow of my brother, Edmond Moore Hamilton, dean of America's science fiction writers, who died a year ago. Leigh was only 62 and although she had published several books, worked with celebrities and had just finished a script for "Star Trek," she was just hitting the big time.

Courage

I NEVER KNEW anyone more courageous, more devoted to the family and to her work. She lived in Kinsman from late spring until early fall and then they went to their home in Palmdale, Calif., across the road from the Dr. Robert Crowleys, former Kinsman residents. As in Kinsman, she knew many people in Palmdale, many of whom did not know of her status in the writing field. At the studio gates she was waved through with a big smile by the security guards. In Kinsman she knew everyone up and down Orangeville Road, where she and Edmond had done over a 150-year-old farmhouse. In the drugstore and supermarket, social centers of Kinsman, Leigh sailed in and out in her dungarees like any farm girl. At the Mahoning National Bank, where her status was known, she knew everyone on a first-name basis and they knew her, too. "Dutch" McCurdy, bank guard, was always handy when Leigh went through, always in a hurry but always with time for everyone.

When she came to "town," the village of Kinsman, she always stopped to see my sister, parking her Porsche in the driveway, hurrying about, perhaps bringing reading material. She had her arms full, maybe bringing in fresh vegetables from her garden. She loved her garden, loved to ride the tractors and mow the big lawn around her home. She loved to drive every side road in the area and seemed to carry a map of the area in her head. I had driven around Kinsman many times but Leigh knew a great deal more about the connecting roads than I did.

History

SHE WAS something of a history buff, too, through talking to older residents and people who had lived in and around Kinsman for generations. Born and reared in California, brought up in the city, getting out in the country delighted her and she prized each new venture, making maple syrup, gathering eggs, eating roasting ears right from the garden, homemade ice cream, getting into a farm kitchen smelling of homemade bread, gathering berries in the fence rows, praising the work of the

volunteer firemen, admiring the church-going folks, walking through the old cemetery where she and my brother are now buried. I never heard her speak disrespectfully of anyone. Village characters were her delight and greatly admired. I remember an evening on her back porch listening to the sounds that came from the woods, hearing her happy chuckle over some incident of that day or read about in her big library.

Style

ON ONE OCCASION, I went to the airport to see Leigh and Edmond off on a long trip abroad. The convent-educated girl did not look the same as the tall, striking woman in blue jeans from Orangeville Road. Most of her clothes had come from London and her luggage from a New York sporting goods store. She knew her way around and was looking forward to several weeks in the London countryside. She was brimming in anticipation.

Widely traveled in this country and abroad, this was another adventure to be enjoyed. Somehow she found time for an occasional card. She was enjoying writer friends and fans, celebrity names. Not many people knew she knew such folks. Outside of her work, her greatest hobby was cooking. She could turn out fantastic dishes as easily as she served ham and eggs. Her pies were fabulous and she loved making them for family dinners. Her kitchen was full of gadgets. Priceless family silver was in the bank. She used stainless steel.

A "Forty-Niner"

SHE WAS a direct descendant of the Forty Niners in California and had the family genealogy carefully researched. Of Scottish background, as are the Hamiltons, she collected records of bagpipe music. Few people knew she was educated by French nuns and she spoke French and German fluently. It delighted her to sit quietly in a corner while someone with no claim to fame threw French phrases around. But she never corrected them.

Her kindness, understanding and generosity made life easier for the Hamiltons. She was truly one of us and quickly assimilated into the family circle. When my brother called to say he was married to a Hollywood girl we were fearful. Without a trace of makeup, with ponytail flying, camel's-hair coat swinging open, she arrived, looking like one of my sisters. When dinner was finished she was on her feet to clear the dishes. She was quite a girl and her courage during the bout with cancer, a fight she lost, is something we treasure.

The Youngstown Vindicator, Sunday, March 26, 1978

Films in Review
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"Grab What You Can Get: The Screenwriter as Journeyman Plumber"

A Conversation with Leigh Brackett

By
STEVE SWIRES

In many ways, Leigh Brackett is the archetypal Howard Hawks woman. She is energetic, stubborn, self-sufficient, and self-deprecating, as were many of the female (and for that matter, male) characters in her scripts for Hawks' *THE BIG SLEEP*, *RIO BRAVO*, *HATARI!*, *EL DORADO*, and *RIO LOBO*, as well as for Robert Altman's *THE LONG GOODBYE*. Besides being one of the few successful women screenwriters, she was one of the earliest successful women science fiction writers, having entered the field professionally in '39. Her best known character is the larger-than-life swash-buckling hero Eric John Stark, who first appeared in the pages of *PLANET STORIES* in the '40's, and who recently returned in a new series of novels she is writing for Ballantine Books.

Ms. Brackett is married to the well-known science fiction writer Edmond Hamilton, and they live in Kinsman, Ohio, where, according to her husband, she spends her time "at a typewriter under the eaves of our old farmhouse, writing science fiction and mysteries, with frequent interruptions to run a tractor, clear paths in the woods, and sprav the orchard." She also found time to edit a collection of her husband's

stories, titled *THE BEST OF EDMOND HAMILTON*, which will soon be published by Ballantine. I had the opportunity to interview Leigh Brackett at the 32nd World Science Fiction Convention in Washington, D.C. in September 1974.

STEVE SWIRES: Your first screenplays were for *The Vampire's Ghost*, a "ten day wonder" at Republic, and *Crime Doctor's Manhunt*, part of the Crime Doctor series at Columbia. You went from those B-movies to *The Big Sleep*, directed by Howard Hawks, in '46. How did you manage so prestigious an advancement?

LEIGH BRACKETT: The "ten day wonder" was because my agent, Hugh King, had been with Myron Selznick, my agency at that time, and he had gone over to Republic as story editor and had sort of managed to shoehorn me in, because they were doing this horror film. They decided to cash in on the Universal monster school, and I had been doing science fiction, and to them it all looked the same - "bug-eyed monsters." it made no difference. I did *The Vampire's Ghost* there, and just out of the clear blue sky this other thing happened, purely on the

strength of a hard-boiled mystery novel I had published. Howard Hawks read the book and liked it. He didn't buy the book, for which I can't blame him, but he liked the dialogue and I was put under contract to him.

SS: You worked on the screenplay of *The Big Sleep* with William Faulkner. I wouldn't say that you collaborated, but both of your names were in the credits as having written the script, along with Jules Furthman.

LB: I went to the studio the first day absolutely appalled. I had been writing pulp stories for about three years, and here is William Faulkner, who was one of the great literary lights of the day, and how am I going to work with him? What have I got to offer, as it were. This was quickly resolved, because when I walked into the office Faulkner came out of his office with the book *The Big Sleep* and he put it down and said: "I have worked out what we're going to do. We will do alternate sections. I will do these chapters and you will do those chapters." And that was the way it was done. He went back into his office and I didn't see him again, so the collaboration was quite simple. I never saw what he did and he never saw what I did. We just turned our stuff into Hawks. Jules Furthman came into it considerably later, because Hawks had a great habit of shooting off the cuff. He had a fairly long script to begin with and he had no final script. He went into production with a temporary. He liked to get a scene going and let it run. He eventually wound up with far too much story left than he had time to do on film. Jules came in,

and I think he was on it for about three weeks, and he rewrote it, shortening the latter part of the script.

SS: If you try to watch the film as a standard mystery, fitting all of the clues together to logically develop a hypothesis as to whom the murderer might be, you find yourself continually frustrated by the narrative development.

LB: I think everybody got very confused. It's a confusing book if you sit down and tear it apart. When you read it from page to page it moves so beautifully that you don't care, but if you start tearing it apart to see what makes it tick it comes unglued. Owen Taylor, I believe, was the name of the chauffeur. I was down on the set one day and Bogart came up and said: "Who killed Owen Taylor?" I said: "I don't know." We got hold of Faulkner and he said he didn't know, so they sent a wire to Chandler. He sent another wire back and said: "I don't know." In the book it is never explained who killed Owen Taylor, so there we were.

SS: In writing your portion of the screenplay, did you have any concept in mind of the role of the private eye as an archetypal hero?

LB: I don't think I dissected it that much. I was very much under the spell of Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, and I have written a few stories myself in that same vein. Something struck me. I liked it and I felt it, but I don't think I really analyzed it as I might do now, but I was a lot younger then. I just sort of accepted it.

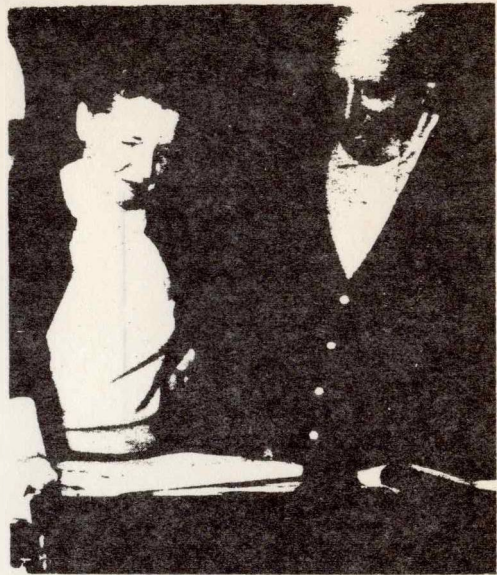
SS: Are there contributions you made to the characterization of Philip

Marlowe which are distinct from Hawks?

LB: I don't know that I contributed too much to Marlowe, because I was taking directly from the book. This was the bible, and I wouldn't dream of changing it. I think that the characterization of Marlowe as done by Bogart and directed by Hawks was entirely their own. On the other hand, I think Bogart was ideal and, as far as I was concerned, he was the greatest actor that ever happened. I adored him. Actually, it was a joy to watch him on the set because he was stage trained. On a Hawks film nobody gets their pages until five minutes before they're going to shoot. Bogart would put on his horn-rims, go off in a corner, look at it, and then he'd come back on the set and they'd run through it a couple of times and he'd have it right down, every bit of timing, and he'd go through about fourteen takes waiting for the other people to catch up to him.

I don't like to say this, because it sounds presumptuous, but Hawks and I kind of tuned in on the same channel with regard to the characters, and I think this is probably one reason that I worked with him so long. He was able to get out of me what he wanted, because I had somewhat the same attitude towards the characters as he did.

SS: There is a revisionist effort popular with such critics as Pauline Kael and Richard Corliss to consider the work of the screenwriter in contrast to the auteur theory which postulates the director as the author of the film. When you look back on the



*Leigh Brackett & Howard Hawks
working on EL DORADO*

movies that you wrote for Hawks, do you see them as Leigh Brackett films or Howard Hawks films or as collaborations?

LB: It's a collaboration. The whole thing is a team effort. A writer can not possibly, when he's writing a film, do exactly what he wants to do as when he's writing a novel. If I sit down to write a novel, I am God at my own typewriter, and there's nobody in between. But if I'm doing a screenplay it has to be a compromise, because there are so many things outside a writer's province. Hawks was also a producer, and he had so many things to think about that had nothing to do with the creative effort — with the story — like cost and budget and technical details, that you must learn to integrate. You can not possibly just go and say: "Well I want to do it thus and such and so," because presently they say: "Thanks very much and goodbye." It just has to be that way.

SS: You came out of the tradition of the pulp magazines, where you were allowed a degree of creative control. How did you react to having less control over your work in Hollywood?

LB: I sort of went off into corners and wept a few times at things that made me very unhappy. I think the hardest thing about adapting to working with other people was that, because I was a fiction writer primarily, and I was used to writing in a little room with the door shut, just myself and the typewriter — all of a sudden I'm sitting in this room with film people and I've got to talk ideas. God, I froze. Everything I was about to say sounded so dreadful. It took me quite a few years to adapt and also to learn my craft, because I don't think there's anything better than screenwriting to teach you the construction of a story. I was very poor on construction when I first began. If I could hit it right from the first word and go straight through, then it was great. If I didn't, I ended up with half-finished stories in which I had written myself into a box canyon and couldn't fight my way out. In film writing you get an over-all conception of a story and then you go through these endless story conferences. Hawks used to walk in and he'd say: "I've been thinking." My heart would go right down into my boots. Here we go, start at the top of page one and go right through it again. But you still have to keep that concept. It's like building a wall. You've got the blocks, and you've got the wall all planned, but then somebody says: "I think we'll take this stone out of here and we'll put it over there. And we'll make this

one a red one and that one a green one." You're still trying to keep the over-all shape of the story, but you're changing the details. It took me a long time, but I finally learned how to do it. It was exhausting.

SS: One of the observations gleaned from an auteur-oriented examination of Hawks' films is that certain sequences keep repeating themselves, being remade in different settings with different actors. For example, the scene in *The Big Sleep* where the gangster is in the house with Bogart and Bacall while his henchmen are waiting outside. Bogart throws him out and Hawks cuts to a shot of the door being riddled with bullets. That scene is reshot in *El Dorado* where John Wayne throws a cowboy out of a saloon and Hawks again cuts to a shot of the door being riddled with bullets from the henchmen waiting outside. You wrote the screenplay for *El Dorado*. Did you do that deliberately, or was that Hawks?

LB: That was Hawks. I have been at swords' points with him many a time because I don't like doing a thing over again, and he does. I remember one day he and John Wayne and I were sitting in the office, and he said we'll do such and such a thing. I said: "But Howard, you did it in *Rio Bravo*. You don't want to do this over again." He said: "Why not?" And John Wayne, all six feet four of him, looked down and said: "If it was good once it'll be just as good again." I know when I'm out-gunned, so I did it. But I just don't like repeating myself. However, I'm wrong about half the time.

SS: *El Dorado* is virtually a remake

of *Rio Bravo*, with a certain reversal of characters. In *Rio Bravo* John Wayne is the upstanding sheriff and Dean Martin is the drunken gunfighter. In *El Dorado* John Wayne is the upstanding gunfighter and Robert Mitchum is the drunken sheriff. Why bother to make *El Dorado* when you had already made the definitive version of that story in *Rio Bravo*?

LB: I wrote the best script I have ever written and Howard liked it, the studio liked it, Wayne liked it, and I was delighted. We didn't make it, because he decided to go back and do *Rio Bravo* over again. It could have been called *The Son Of Rio Bravo Rides Again*. I wasn't happy, but I did the best I could to make it a little bit different. Amazingly enough, very few people, except film buffs, caught the resemblance. I thought, my God the critics will clobber us, because we did this before, practically word for word. The scene where Jimmy Caan threw himself in front of the horses we had done in *Rio Bravo*, but it was cut out of the final print because the final print was over-length. I said: "Howard, you can't do that. Warner Bros. owns it." He said: "All right, I'll buy the rights back." So what can you do?

SS: Of the two, *Rio Bravo* was infinitely better cast. Arthur Hunnicutt in *El Dorado* played what was essentially Walter Brennan in *Rio Bravo*, but his performance is in no way comparable. Brennan as "Stumpy" is one of my favorite film performances, and was certainly of Oscar calibre.

LB: He deserved it. Arthur Hunni-

cutt is a nice man and a good actor, but he's not Walter Brennan. When we began working on *Rio Bravo* we were harking back to *To Have And Have Not*, in which Brennan played a similar character. We took him off a boat and put him in a Western town. That didn't work too well, so it got gradually worked around, after about the fourth or fifth version of the screenplay. Howard has a certain number of things that are very important to him. Usually the relationship between two men is a love story between two men. The obligations of friendship - what a friend is required to do for a friend, I suppose if you look at it, there are great resemblances.

SS: You also helped write the screenplay for Hawks' last film, *Rio Lobo*. There are sequences in it which are in his earlier pictures, so for a third time he reshot some of the same scenes.

LB: I didn't do the original script. Hawks asked me to work on it in the beginning, but I said: "I'm sorry. We're leaving for a trip around the world tomorrow, so I can't." Instead he got Burton Wohl. I came in on it, actually, as a rewrite. Not being used to working with Hawks, Mr. Wohl had some difficulty adjusting. Howard drives writers right up the wall. He will throw you a whole bunch of stuff and say: "This is what I want." And then he goes away and you don't see him again for weeks. He leaves it to you to fit it all together and make a story out of it. He doesn't go into all the ramifications of motivation - that's what he's paying you for.

Writers get very confused. Most of what I did on *Rio Lobo* was to try and patch over the holes. If these people ride into town and go into the saloon and shoot somebody — why? Nobody knows. And you try to figure out why. So that was mostly what I did. I was unhappy that he went back to the same old ending of the trade, because it was done beautifully in *Rio Bravo* and done over again in *El Dorado*. As Johnny Woodcock, the film editor, said: "We get better at this every time."

SS: I'd like to get your observations on working with John Wayne. When I interviewed Mark Rydell at the time he was promoting *Cinderella Liberty*, he shared an anecdote with me about the filming of *The Cowboys*. He noticed that on the set Wayne became very friendly with Roscoe Lee Browne, who is a man of impeccable taste and sophistication. They would sit around quoting poetry to each other, and sharing their love for the classics. Did you find any unexpected qualities in Wayne's personality?

LB: I don't think I ever quite came across that facet of his personality. I didn't ever work too closely with him. On *Hatari* they went to Africa for a number of months and came back with magnificent animal footage, but there was no people story. Of course I had written five scripts, but none of them were *the* script, as it were. That was the year that Howard was not buying any story. He didn't want plot, he just wanted scenes. So I wrote ahead of the camera. Normally once a picture starts shooting a writer's job is finished. He doesn't have anything to

do with the people. But I was on the set with Duke, and to a certain extent, for a short while, on *El Dorado* as well. He is a highly professional actor. He is quite without side. He is the number one box office star for God knows how many years, but he doesn't come on that way. He's just there to do his job, and do it as best he can. I remember him working with the baby elephant in the scene at the end of *Hatari*, where the critter gets on the bed and it crashes down. They tried about eighteen takes, and he said: "He's doing it right, I'm not." The elephant had his cues down perfectly, but it was Duke who was blowing it. He's a much more complex person than people give him credit for being.

SS: What do you think of the Westerns that have been made in recent years, coming after the classic work of Ford and Hawks?

LB: Every once in a while I go back and read a little Western history, which is a marvelous corrective. Hollywood has created a totally mythic West which never existed on land or sea. The whole concept of the hero, I think, began with Owen Wister's *The Virginian*, more or less. Ever since, there's been a too great feeding on oneself. When you utilize the same elements over and over, you finally begin to turn out excrement. The trouble is we've gotten away from what actually happened in the West. I wish that somebody would just read a little history. The pioneers were hard-working people who worked like mad to scratch to stay in one place. It was a hard cruel country out there. These were heroes in a different sense.

because they fought however they could to hold onto what they had. They didn't worry about who drew first. They just went up from behind with a shotgun. The idea was: "Don't get killed yourself — kill him." Of course I like the Hollywood Western because it's fun, but I think that some people are taking it far too seriously, because they're not dissecting anything real to begin with.

SS: From what you've said, it sounds like it was a very lively atmosphere around the sets of the Hawks films, with his spontaneously creative working habits. It must have prepared you, then, for Robert Altman, whom I understand also likes not to inform his cast as to what they'll be shooting the next day. In fact, many times he doesn't bother to worry about it himself. How were you brought into the project of writing the screenplay for *The Long Goodbye*?

LB: Elliott Kastner, who was the executive producer, used to be my agent at MCA a long time ago and we're good friends. He remembered *The Big Sleep* and he wanted me to work on *The Long Goodbye*. He set the deal with United Artists, and they had a commitment for a film with Elliott Gould, so either you take Elliott Gould or you don't make the film. Elliott Gould was not exactly my idea of Philip Marlowe, but anyway there we were. Also, as far as the story was concerned, time had gone by — it was twenty-odd years since the novel was written, and the private eye has become a cliché, it's become funny. You have to watch out what you're doing. If you had Humphrey Bogart at

the same age that he was when he did *The Big Sleep*, he wouldn't do it the same way. Also, we were faced with a technical problem of this enormous book, which was the longest one Chandler ever wrote. It's tremendously involuted and convoluted. If you did it the way he wrote it you would have a five-hour film. I worked with another director who was on it before, Brian G. Hutton. He had a brilliant idea which just didn't work, and we wrote ourselves into a blind alley on that. It was a technical problem of plotting — the heavy had planned this whole thing right from the start. So what you had was a pre-arranged thing where everybody sort of got up out of several boxes and did and said exactly what they had to do and say in order to get you where you had to be. It was very contrived and didn't work. Brian had to leave because he had another commitment, so when Altman came onto it I went over to London for a week. He was cutting *Images*, which was a magnificent film — beautiful, powerful. We conferred about ten o'clock in the morning and yakked all day, and I went back to the hotel and typed all the notes and went back the next day. In a week we had it all worked out. He was a joy to work with. He had a very keen story mind.

SS: Mark Rydell played the character Marty Augustine in *The Long Goodbye*. He is an old friend of Altman's, so I imagine they were able to work together more easily. Rydell claimed that he knew intuitively what Altman's conception of the movie was, which many critics, as well as many members of the audience, missed —

the satirization of the genre of the private eye film, by placing the conventions of the Forties in direct conflict with the realities of the Seventies. Were you aware of Altman's intentions during your story conferences?

LB: Actually, I was more aware of the construction of the thing, which is more my department. What he does with it after he gets the script is something else again. I don't think I was quite as aware of the satire as I became later.

SS: Jay Cocks of "Time" magazine accused Altman of mocking "an achievement to which at his best he could only aspire," because he tried to demythologize Philip Marlowe. I imagine a lot of critics who are in their forties and fifties now grew up with the myth of Bogart as Marlowe, and hated to see the end of the film in which Marlowe murders Terry Lennox with no remorse. In fact, after he commits the murder he dances down the road whistling "Hooray For Hollywood." You are responsible, to some degree, for helping to create and propagate that original myth with *The Big Sleep*. Then you turned around and helped to sabotage it in *The Long Goodbye*. Do you consider that a betrayal of your earlier values?

LB: No. Actually the ending, where Marlowe commits the murder, was in the script before Altman came onto it. The ending of the book was totally inconclusive. You had built up a villain, you feel that Marlowe has been wounded in his most sensitive heart as it were — he's trusted this man as his friend, the friend has betrayed him, what do you do? We said let's just face

up to it. He kills him. In the time that we made *The Big Sleep* you couldn't do that because of censorship, had you wanted to do it. We stuck very closely to Chandler's own estimate of Marlowe as a loser, so we made him a real loser — he loses everything. Here is the totally honest man in a dishonest world, and it suddenly rears up and kicks him in the face, and he says: "The hell with you." Bang! I don't know whether we were right to do it, but I don't regret having done it. It felt right at the time. This was the way it turned out.

SS: What do you think of the conceptions and characterizations of Marlowe as portrayed in the other film versions of Chandler's novels?

LB: I thought *Murder My Sweet* was a beautiful film. The others all had points of excellence and also points where they didn't quite come across. The experimental business of "I am a camera" in *The Lady In The Lake* didn't work too well. It has been said that Philip Marlowe was sort of the son of Sam Spade. As Chandler said: "Down these mean streets must go a man who is not himself mean." In other words, here is the knight in shining armor with a shabby trench coat and snap-brim felt hat. I think he is a universal folk hero who does not change down through the ages except in the detail of his accoutrements. He's not carrying a sword but a .32 automatic. The essential is that here is a man who is pure in heart, who is decent and honorable and can not be bought — he is incorruptible. I think the concept was damn good, a very moral concept.

LEIGH BRACKETT

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SS: What did you think of Gould's performance, miscast as he was?

LB: I thought he did a beautiful job. However, the thing about Elliott is that he isn't tough. His face is gentle, his eyes are kind, and he doesn't have that touch of cruelty that you associate with these characters.

SS: With all of the disappointments that you've suffered — having your scripts revised without your approval to produce inferior versions of previous pictures — will you continue to write screenplays? Is there anything on the horizon that we can look forward to?

LB: There's nothing definite at the

moment. I have an original Western screenplay out and around, and I'm hopeful. It's a comedy. There are a number of things on the fire with television. As you know, the whole picture has changed out there very greatly in recent years. You grab what you can get. I wrote a script for *The Rockford Files* which was telecast last season. But I greatly enjoy the work. It's a challenge. It's more technical than creative. What you have to be is a very good journeyman plumber and put the parts together. And then, if you can still inject a little bit of something worthwhile, you've done as much as can be expected.

H. P. LOVECRAFT AND SAMUEL JOHNSON: A COMPARISON

"Samuel Johnson has fascinated more people than any other writer except Shakespeare," states W. Jackson Bate in his new biography, Samuel Johnson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977. 646 pp., \$19.95). Only Shakespeare is more quoted. That is rather curious in that, although Johnson was a poet, novelist, biographer, critic and lexicographer, almost no one except academicians reads him today. He is known almost solely through Boswell.

H. P. Lovecraft was unfortunate in not having a Boswell to record his talk. Of course, Frank Belknap Long's H. P. Lovecraft: Dreamer on the Night Side purports to do this, but it is extremely difficult to believe that Frank's recollections of conversations from forty to fifty years ago were all that accurate. The reader is always conscious, moreover, that Frank is trying to present HPL in the best possible light, unlike Boswell, who showed Johnson whole.

HPL and Johnson were both, of course, great talkers when they had an audience, if only an audience of one. Johnson was perhaps the greatest talker in the history of the English language. Unlike Coleridge, who was such a bore that people hid when they saw him coming, Johnson delighted his listeners, for he was always certain to say something outrageous or witty or perceptive. He said things which HPL would never have said, things like "No one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money" or "I have read few books through; they are generally so repulsive."

They both had tough, cynical minds: HPL would have quite agreed with some of Johnson's statements, like "We all live in a world that is bursting with sin and sorrow" and "Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

Johnson lived in perhaps the last age in which an intelligent person could hope to understand all available knowledge; since his day, the fund of knowledge has grown so vast that one must become a specialist. It would probably be futile to try to compare Johnson's learning with HPL's, for of course they knew quite different things. The learning of both was immense, for they both had prodigious memories. (In recent years some critics have said that HPL's "encyclopedic" knowledge was largely bogus, that he would merely refer to an encyclopedia when he wished to expiate upon some topic to a correspondent and ~~merely~~ paraphrase what he found there.)

Both writers enjoyed works of fantasy, albeit there were far fewer fantasies for Johnson to read than were afforded HPL. HPL praised Johnson's fantastic novel, Rasselas, and tried to emulate his rotund phrases. Johnson lived in an era when the Gothic novel was just emerging, or about to emerge.

The circumstances of their lives, of course, were quite different, although there are occasional similarities. Johnson lived in the place and time HPL always liked best, 18th century England. But the 18th century England HPL longed for was just an idealization; the reality was far different. By present-day standards, London was rather small (700,000 inhabitants) but very congested--the countryside began at Hyde Park. The city dwellers had neither police protection nor sanitation services. Garbage and sewage were thrown into the gutters. Orphans slept on ash pits for warmth--in the East End, infant mortality approached 100%. Thieves and pick-pockets were everywhere. Johnson, no sentimentalist, said, however: "When a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford."

Johnson might very well have written an Outsider out of his own experiences. He was blind in one eye and deaf in one ear; he was physically grotesque, and rarely bathed. A woman near him once drew

herself up haughtily and said, "Sir, you smell!" But Johnson, offended by her misuse of the language, replied: "No, Madam, you smell; I stink!"

As with HPL, Johnson's formal education was scanty. He was obliged to leave Oxford after only one year when his bookseller father could no longer support him. He was afflicted with tics and compulsions (like HPL with his chorea), and, also like HPL, sometimes feared for his sanity. As with HPL, he married a woman older than himself--~~was~~ she was twice his age, and after the marriage took to gin, laudanum and lolling about all day reading romances. Johnson was a failure as a schoolteacher and soon lost all his wife's money and had to eke out an existence in Grub Street. At the end of his life he was a widower and childless, leading a bleak, lonely existence; but he always faced his day with courage. He had no use for Utopias. Johnson, says Bate in his biography, gave friends "the most precious gift of all gifts one can give another, and that is hope. With all the odds against him, he had proved that it was possible to get through this strange adventure of life, and to do it in a way that is a tribute to human nature."

HPL admired Johnson extravagantly; both were fascinating men, both like and unlike. Both had the power to reach intellectual conclusions on impersonal grounds. Bate calls Johnson "a heroic, intensely honest, and articulate pilgrim," and praises his "moral sincerity" and "unrivaled range." "The only end of writing," Johnson said, "is to enable readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it." He is admired as much for what he was as for what he did.

A LITTLE PSEUDONYM QUIZ

Here are some well-known pseudonyms. What were, or are, the writers' real names?

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Gawain Edwards | 13. H. F. Heard |
| 2. John Wyndham | 14. Christopher Wood |
| 3. James Tiptree, Jr. | 15. William Tenn |
| 4. J. T. McIntosh | 16. Sarban |
| 5. Hal Clement | 17. Francis Stevens |
| 6. Ralph Milne Farley | 18. Anthony Boucher |
| 7. John Taine | 19. Charles Beaumont |
| 8. Ewen Whyte | 20. Loring Brent |
| 9. John Christopher | 21. Nevil Shute |
| 10. John Anthony | 22. Charles Eric Maine |
| 11. Murray Leinster | 23. Francis Flagg |
| 12. Don A. Stuart | 24. R. Anthony |

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-5-78)

AVORIAZ, France--Agence France Presse--The grand prize in the annual science fiction film festival here was awarded to Richard Longcraigne's Anglo-Canadian film "Full Circle."

The film, a tale of schizophrenia and reincarnation, stars Mia Farrow as a mother who accidentally kills her daughter.

A special prize went to "The Last Wave" by Australia's Peter Weir, the story of a clash between the country's aboriginal and modern civilizations faced with the end of the world.

STEVEN SPIELBERG ENCOUNTERS SUCCESS OF THE BEST KIND

by Carmie Amata

(From the Plain Dealer, 12-30-77)

Steven Spielberg, the 29-year-old director of "Jaws," the highest grossing film of all time (\$120 million) until "Star Wars" nosed it into second place last month, has a giant sand box to play in. It's called Hollywood.

Tall, wiry thin and baby-faced, the multimillionaire movie mogul (he had a healthy percentage of "Jaws") looked every inch the wunderkind he is when I spoke with him last month in Los Angeles.

Financially secure beyond even his wildest dreams, which is saying a lot considering his lively imagination, he can call all the shots and make precisely the kind of movies that please him.

Hopefully, they'll continue to please audiences as well: "I've never been out to educate the world. I'm really satisfied if audiences merely enjoy themselves at my films," he said.

Speaking about his latest film, "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," which everyone seems to be talking about these days, he continued, "Really, all I've done is what I wanted to do all along; to make an entertaining film.

"Of course, if in the process of doing that I've managed to come up with something that will make people look up at the sky and see things a little differently, with, say, a little more curiosity and open-mindedness--well, then, that's all right, too."

The film boasts some 350 very special effects, any one of which could easily change, not only how we "look at the sky," but also how we look at movies in the future.

All of its totally believable fantasy (believable as opposed to "Star Wars," contrived, comic-book make-believe) was engineered by Douglas Trumbull. His sensational special effects a decade ago made an instant classic out of Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey."

According to Spielberg, "Our special effects are so complicated that for some of the final sequences there are frames of film composed of no less than 50 separate exposures."

Spielberg places a good deal of credence in the theory which contends that to be a success in the '70s a film must be an event.

"Obviously the ending is a massive event; it takes well over 30 minutes of the film's total running time (125 minutes). It's essentially a positive event. I didn't want a negative ending, or a disaster-film, doomsday type of atmosphere. Really, the whole UFO phenomenon is given a positive treatment throughout the film.

"The script is an original one. I wrote it myself and I just didn't want to make a downer film, or make a negative statement about extraterrestrials. Oh, sure, the film is a little critical of certain methods the Air Force and other areas of government have used to debunk UFO sightings. But there are some very nice, very positive things, too, about the government."

Last year, during the filming of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," Judy Klemesrud, writing for the New York Times, reported that the entire production was cloaked in almost as much security as the Manhattan (atomic bomb) Project: "Reporters were banned from the movie location sites in Gillette, Wyoming and Mobile, Ala., where guards tossed out anyone who wasn't wearing a Polaroid ID badge."

Spielberg explained, "Many, many of our special effects

have never been done before and I wanted to prevent imitations and exact duplications.

I was afraid someone would try to get a film like mine out before I did."

We agreed that "Star Wars," which certainly tickled the fancies of science fiction fans everywhere, really is quite different from "Close Encounters."

Writer-director George Lucas, who masterminded "Star Wars," is a close personal friend of Spielberg--rumor has it that they exchanged "points" (percentages) in each other's movies--and they often trade suggestions and show each other rough cuts of their work.

But where Lucas goes for boffs (hits) with off-the-cosmic-wall, space desperadoes, Spielberg has fashioned a poignant melody of friendly outer-space beings.

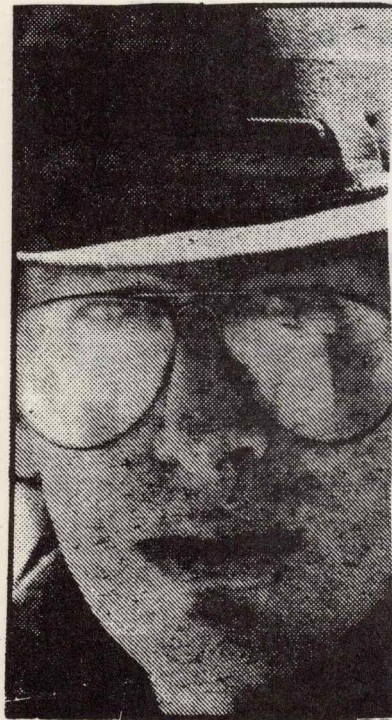
"In my heart, I want it to be a peaceful meeting when it happens," Spielberg said softly. "After all, of all the tens of thousands of UFO reports, none is hostile.

"I've never seen a UFO; when I do--if I do--I don't expect it to be a terrifying experience. Listen, I still have to see something myself to really believe in it, but I wouldn't be at all shocked if an announcement were made that extraterrestrials had made contact with us, or us with them. I certainly wouldn't feel threatened, or socially disoriented. Would you?"

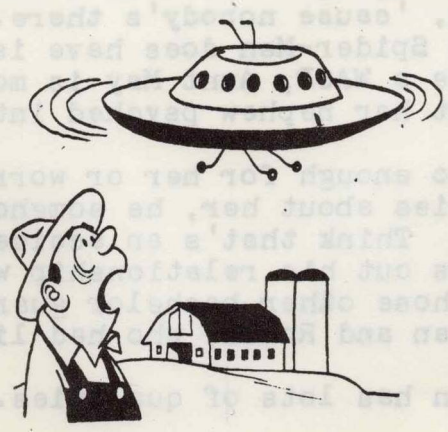
Actually, I don't think I would be, especially not after having experienced "Close Encounters of the Third Kind in 70mm and with all-encompassing Dolby six-track, stereo sound. The evening before our interview, I had the good fortune to screen the film at the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences in Hollywood on a screen two to three times larger than any available in Cleveland.

After such an experience I can say only that I firmly believe it is a slap in the face to the filmmaker and to his audience to show it on anything less than a wide screen and with a full-range sound system.

"Close Encounters of the Third Kind," starring Richard Dreyfuss, Melinda Dillon and, for a genuine casting coup, French director Francois Truffaut, is currently playing in the Greater Cleveland area and probably will be for a long time to come.



Writer-director Steven Spielberg.



When were UFO's first sighted? —C.D.

Who really knows? The first documented sightings were in 1896-97. Cigar shaped forms resembling airships were reported from coast to coast, according to The UFO Controversy in America by David M. Jacobs.



THE MASTER WEBSTER LEADS A LONELY LIFE

by Jim Cox

(From the Plain Dealer, 10-22-77)

A little bit of my world fell apart recently. I heard a vicious rumor that Ohio's Largest planned to stop running my favorite comic strip, Spider-Man. Knowing ol' Spidey wouldn't be around made me feel anxious and depressed.

But the rumor was false, so I've abandoned plans for my Save Spider-Man campaign. Then I got to thinking about this complex, misunderstood crime fighter. It must be tough for the web slinger knowing that most of the citizens in his home town think he's a menace, a criminal, even. What do they know?

We know the truth: that Spider-Man is the first genuine, dedicated crime fighter to hit Cleveland since Ralph Kreiger was sheriff. (Editor's note: that's an "in" joke.)

Make no mistake, though. Spider-Man is not your typical crime fighter. Spidey, as you probably know, is really Peter Parker, news photographer at the Daily Bugle. Newspaper photographers are a breed unto themselves, but Parker/Spider-Man is a little unusual.

In my reporting career I have never known a photographer who slipped into costume and mask every time the bad guys came on the scene.

Then there's the web slinger's somewhat neurotic personality. Some say he is manic-depressive or that he has a persecution complex. Let's just say Spider-Man is the first comic strip hero I've known to complain so much.

About the long hours. About having to work two jobs--his straight gig at the Bugle, plus the closet job of crime fighter. How the hours he spends fighting crime kill his social life. How nobody appreciates him.

Come to think of it, he sounds like a lot of policemen I know. But fighting the evil Kingpin and his henchmen is lonely work. Spidey's theme song should be "Me and My Shadow." I can picture it now, Spidey hurrying home late at night, swinging from building to building, singing: "It's 12 o'clock. I climb the stairs. I never knock, 'cause nobody's there."

The only person Spider-Man does have is his old Aunt May. Although she looks like a WASP, Aunt May is more of a Jewish mother type, because she's got her nephew psyched into a heavy guilt and dependency trip.

Spidey can't do enough for her or worry enough about her. And every time he worries about her, he somehow gets racked up again by the bad guys. Think that's an accident?

Unless he works out his relationship with Aunt May, Spidey may wind up like all those other bachelor guardians of society, like Superman, or Batman and Robin, who had little or no success with women.

But Spider-Man has lots of qualities. For one thing, he's humble.

When he's battling criminals and his costume gets torn, who takes up needle and thread and does the patch job? Ol' Spidey, that's who.

And not many people can spin a web like the web slinger. His isn't your ordinary spider's web, like the kind that gets in your hair down in the basement.

Spider-Man does dynamite things with his webs. Wraps criminals up in them better than leftovers in Sarah Wrap. Leaps buildings with one thwappp of a sticky weblines.

What makes Spider-Man unique, though, is that he's just like us. We may not have his hyperactive sense of injustice or his superhuman strength, but the web slinger faces the same grind, the same problems, the same terrors in the urban jungle we do.

A paycheck that's never big enough. A boss who's rarely satisfied. A relative who's always worried. A woman he digs who turns him down. Tough guys who want to hit him over the head.

And like us, when Spider-Man has had enough, he complains about it. Even yells, sometimes, out of frustration.

But that's only human, and I guess that's why I really like Spidey.

ANSWERS TO THE PSEUDONYM QUIZ

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1. G. Edward Pendray | 13. Gerald Heard |
| 2. John Beynon Harris | 14. Christopher Isherwood |
| 3. Alice Sheldon | 15. Philip Klass |
| 4. James T. McGregor | 16. John W. Wall |
| 5. Harry Clement Stubbs | 17. Gertrude Bennett |
| 6. R. S. Hoar | 18. W. A. P. White |
| 7. Eric Temple Bell | 19. Charles McNutt |
| 8. Malcolm Murchie | 20. George F. Worts |
| 9. C. S. Youd | 21. Nevil Shute Green Norway |
| 10. John Ciardi | 22. David McIlvain |
| 11. Will F. Jenkins | 23. Henry George Weiss |
| 12. John W. Campbell, Jr. | 24. Anthony M. Rud |

CHEZ SHEA

I was amused that Stephen King, who paid his disrespects to HPL in an interview in Oui, wrote (in "The Night of the Tiger" in F&SF) claptrap very reminiscent of the WT style.

There is a business corporation here called Medusa. Wonder if its directors are stony-faced?

Shouldn't STAR WARS be referred to as "future schlock"?

Terry Carr and Teri Garr ought to know one another.

"Most young directors today think they are David Lean; they spend over a year on a film and then we get robots that talk. 'Star Wars' was infantile and it put me to sleep."--Ryan O'Neal

"If the women who were burned at the stake really had been witches, like good escape artists they would have escaped from the fire."--

Milbourne Christopher

There is nothing big about a bigot.

I was startled that UPI chose the death of Elvis Presley as the No. 2 news story of 1977. A ~~lot~~ lot of people of far greater importance than Elvis died last year.

I'm a trifle slow in my predictions. For 1066: Hasten to Hastings; there's going to be a big battle there!

"A UFO approaching Earth from a distant star would be able to sample all our TV shows. (And if that won't stop them, nothing will.)-- Tom Skoch

"THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT"

by Tom Barenfeld

(From the Cleveland Press, 3-4-78)

Last September in the Mentor area, the cast and crew of the TV film "Harvest Home" were on location.

Star Bette Davis, playing the role of the strange Widow Fortune, said at the time, "Tom Tryon's novel is fantastic and the film is going to be super!"

Certainly Miss Davis was super, and her portrayal of the Widow Fortune projected a horrifying combination of kindness and terror.

But the Widow Fortune had nothing on Cleveland's own real life Widow Wise, who throughout the summer, fall and winter of 1924 dispensed her own brand of kindness and terror in the cross-roads village of Hardscrabble, just south of the city.

Hardscrabble is just three miles north of Valley City and the name alone seems to have been designed for the events which occurred there in 1924.

To scrabble is to scratch, grapple or struggle with the claws or hands for something, and if ever anyone had to scrabble hard for a place in the sun, it was Martha "Widow" Wise.

She often said, and some doctors later seemed to agree, that she was born "dim witted." Whatever the truth of this, Martha's scrabbling began early in life when she was put to work in other people's kitchens.

At 23 she married Albert Wise, 15 years older than herself. Albert brought her to his 5-acre farm in Hardscrabble.

Here, Martha said, she continued to be "a drudge." Everyday "it was work in the fields and milk the cows and feed the hens and plant the garden and wash the children." (There were four children. Another had died.)

Her greatest "hurt" was having to slop the hogs.

"I was the only woman in Hardscrabble who had to slop the hogs," she said.

Martha's reward for this drudgery was frequent beatings from her husband.

Then in 1920 Albert Wise died, and life became even harder for the widow.

Further, "unrequited love and other sex disturbances" arose at this point, according to one account.

"Alone in the house all day--nothing around but the wind and the rain and the awful stillness. That's when the devil began to pester me!" she said.

Yet she was good to stray cats and dogs. The neighbors all said she always made her home a haven for the homeless.

In an interview with Press reporter Allene Sumner on March 17, 1925, the Widow Wise tried to explain why she did what she did.

"The Devil made me do it," she said. Then she pointed a bony finger at the vision of the devil whom she seemed to see standing in a corner of her cell.

"He came to me in my kitchen when I baked my bread and he said, 'Do it!'"

"He came to me when I walked the fields in the cold days and nights and said, 'Do it!'"

"Everywhere I turned I saw him grinning and pointing and talking.

"I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I could only talk and

listen to the devil.

"Then I did it!"

What the widow did is detailed.

First came the fires.

It began when "Mother Gayer's son" killed a pig belonging to the widow. She plotted revenge and dropped a lighted match behind Mother Gayer's barn.

Neighbors later reported that no one worked harder in hauling water to put out the fire than the widow.

The next day the Widow Wise reflected on how much excitement the fire had brought to Hardscrabble.

Then she set fire to the barn of Ed Bauer. And the barn of William Brabensteller. Altogether ten or more farms were burned, and the folks of Hardscrabble began to be frightened.

Also, robbers seemed to be at work in the area. Jewelry was disappearing. In truth, during the later fires, the widow had begun to enter the empty houses and help herself to any necklaces and rings lying about. Her husband had never even given her a wedding band when they married. Now she was making up for it.

The Hardscrabble harvest brought more fires. Then the fires and the thefts stopped, and the murders began!

Funerals were one of the few events which had ever relieved the monotonous life of Widow Wise.

It had been said that for over 20 years, the widow had never missed a Hardscrabble funeral--even when she had to walk many miles in the cold and mud for it.

Shortly after Thanksgiving, 1924, the widow's mother became ill with a stomach disorder. She lived nearby and the widow nursed her morning, noon and night. But on December 10 she died, and the widow was the chief mourner at her funeral.

The widow's farm overlooked the farms of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Glenke, and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hasel.

On New Year's Day, 1925 Mrs. Fred Glenke (Aunt Lily) was taken ill. Two days later she died. Uncle Fred also was ill along with the four children. Fred died the middle of January. Some of the children were hospitalized; one was temporarily paralyzed.

Altogether, 14 other relatives became ill.

Finally, Hardscrabble citizens began to suspect that the fires and the thefts and the deaths were all related. And they suspected that the perpetrator was the widow.

By now the widow had begun to be haunted by ghosts.

"I see ghosts. Every night they come and sit on the edge of my bed in their grave clothes."

In March at the Medina County Jail, she confessed to her crimes. She said the poisonings were the result of arsenic which she had put in buckets of well water at the homes of her relatives.

One of the saddest pictures in the Press morgue shows the widow's four children (aged 7 to 14 years) lined up in their threadbare clothes outside the jail looking up at the second floor window of their mother's cell, hoping to get a glimpse of her face. She never appeared.

Her oldest boy, Lester, remarked, "Ma was good to us." Then he wiped back a tear. "Excuse me, sir," he said to a police officer. "I'm not quite used to what's happened."

Inside, a reporter saw the widow in a cold, bare cell curled up ~~and~~ some thin blankets on a white iron bed. She was moaning and wailing and crying.

When a young minister calmed her, she said, "My head is beating like a swarm of bees," and she began to howl again.

The newspapers put the story on their front pages with such headlines as THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT or PEOPLE DIDN'T DIE OF FREN ENOUGH IN HARDCRABBLE TO SATISFY THE APPETITE OF THE WIDOW WISE.

Hardscrabble itself paid a price when a story described the village as "a forsaken mud and slime crossroads" where the "black breath of the dark ages has come in the form of a horned devil who urges one of their members on to horrible crimes."

The widow's trial was held in May, 1925. She was convicted and sent to the Marysville Reformatory.

During the trial, her brother Fred's wife, stricken by the horror of the events, committed suicide by slashing her throat, according to newspaper reports.

Ten years later, a Press reporter visited the widow in Marysville and found that she had been put in charge of 300 chickens and the 400 ducks of the reformatory farm.

The reporter engaged in small talk with her. Then he asked, "Do you also kill the chickens for the table?"

The widow's brow creased. "No, no. A man comes in for that. I could never kill them!"

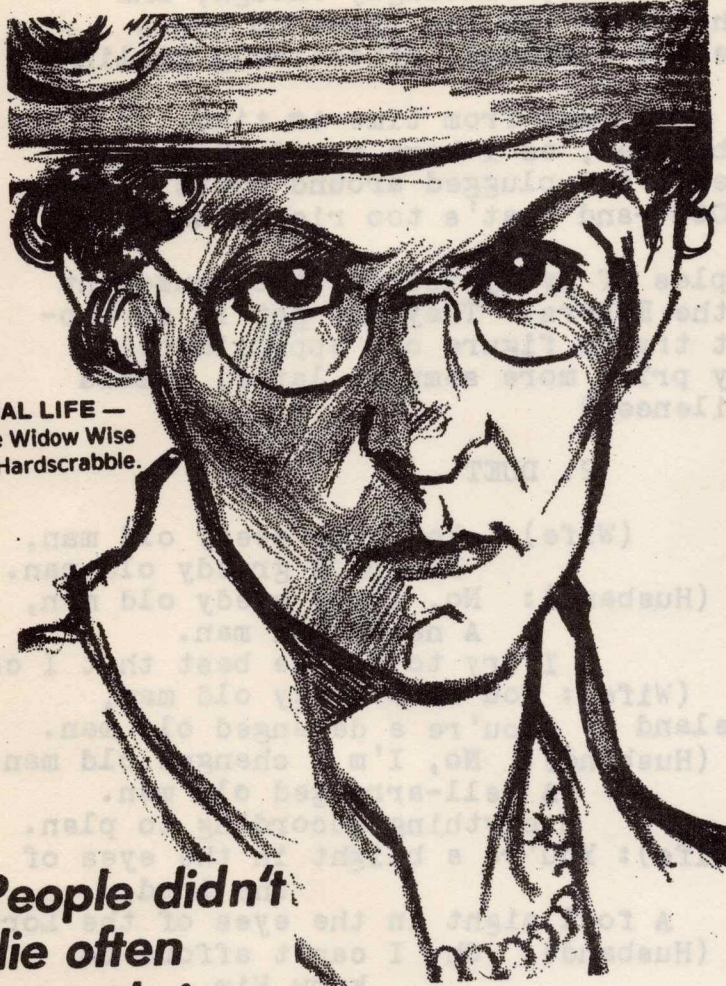
Widow Wise died on June 28, 1971. She was 87.

Her remains are interred at Marysville.

This may be considered an addendum to the piece I did for Randy's NECRONOMICON comparing the stories of Robert Aickman with those of HBL.

At least outwardly, Aickman's MARRIAGE, which appeared in the April, 1978 all-British issue of F&SF, was quite a change for him. Dirk has complained that Aickman's supernatural tales are boring; and it's true that some of his longer pieces, like "Pages From a Young Girl's Journal," are so clogged with excessive detail that at times one has to force one's self to continue reading. But Dirk certainly couldn't say that about MARRIAGE, for it was a story so raunchy that it would seem at home more in a pornographic magazine than in the staid F&SF. The final scene was quite a shock sexually.

But, of course, sexuality has been implicit in almost all Aickman's stories of willful or malevolent women. The story may, or may not, contain some autobiographical elements--the protagonist, still a virgin at the beginning of the story, is a young man who has a job which is little more than that of messenger boy. The time is never stated, but from interior evidence it would seem to be somewhere in the '30s, for the Lunts are appearing in London in Robert E. Sherwood's Reunion in Vienna. The young man, Laming Gatestead, meets Helen Brown in the gallery of a theatre, and later she invited him to tea at her flat, where he meets her roommate, Ellen Black. Helen Brown and Ellen Black--the names suggest that, although the two young women seem to be complete antitheses of one another, they may be merely aspects of the same person who has an alter ego. Or is Helen, with her "dry, bony hand," really just a ghost? She makes quite disconcerting appearances when Laming is engaged in sexual play with Ellen, and later she volunteers to substitute for Ellen in such exercises. "Laming," too, seems to be a play on words, for all that strenuous sex leaves him quite crippled. At the end of the tale the reader is left as puzzled as ever.



REAL LIFE —
The Widow Wise
of Hardscrabble.

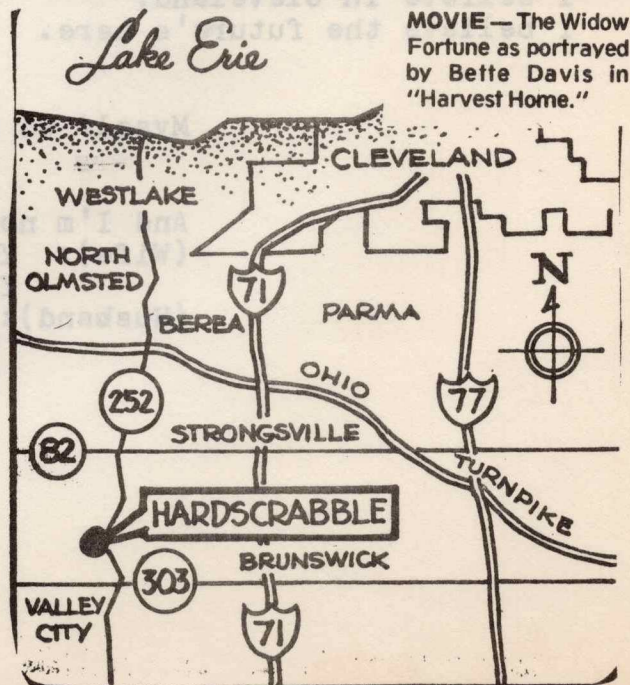
**People didn't
die often
enough in
Hardscrabble
to satisfy the
appetite of
Widow Wise**



DEATHS — In the fall of 1924 the
poisonings began.



MOVIE — The Widow
Fortune as portrayed
by Bette Davis in
"Harvest Home."



Through the years I have composed about 70 songs. I first began writing them in the early years of my correspondence with HPL. I submitted a few samples to him; he congratulated me, saying that I had achieved just the right note of benality--which, of course, wasn't what I wanted to hear at all!

During WWII I planned to write a musical which I hoped might be put on by the USO--an abortion called, amusingly enough, DRY RUN. I had finished most of the songs and was about to start upon the book when I was transferred overseas, effectively killing that idea!

Since then I have worked on new songs from time to time. I have never tried to get them published, as I have heard that to get just one song recorded properly and plugged around costs in the neighborhood of \$2,000--\$3,000--and that's too rich a neighborhood for me!

I am printing here some samples of my lyrics for the amusement (or possible entertainment) of the EODers. They are not in chronological order; the members might try to figure out approximately when they were written. (I may print more samples later, unless the reception is a thunderous silence.)

1. I BELIEVE IN CLEVELAND

I believe in Cleveland,
The dreamland by the lake.
We achieve in Cleveland
The wishes others make.
No need to grieve in Cleveland
For things we haven't done.
Don't leave what's sure in Cleveland
For promised lands of sun.
Though we may rile up
When the snows pile up
We keep our style up
And strive to get things done.
I believe in Cleveland,
The good look through the year.
I believe in Cleveland;
I believe the future's here.

2. DUET

(Wife): You're a seedy old man,
You're a greedy old man.

(Husband): No, I'm a needy old man,
A needy old man.

I try to do the best that I can.

(Wife): You're a mangy old man,
You're a deranged old man.

(Husband): No, I'm a changed old man!
A well-arranged old man.

Everything according to plan.

(Wife): You're a blight in the eyes of
the Lord,

A foul sight in the eyes of the Lord.

(Husband): Oh, I can't afford to
know Him.

Oh, the things I would have to owe Him,
In my prayers I would have to show
Him

Myself as a penitent fool.

(Wife): Yes, that's the
rule.

And I'm no fool.

(Wife): You're a bad, bad old man.
You're a quite mad old man.

(Husband): No, I'm a quite sad old man,
No longer glad old man
To be stuck with a shrew like you.

3. WHEN LOVE IS LOVELY

When love is lovely and your heart's in flower
 You will dawdle down spring lanes,
 You will paddle through spring rains,
 Kiss in ev'ry bower.
 When love is lovely and you dream of Prince Charming
 Ev'ry li'l bird'll sound out,
 "Dear, your secret is found out,
 But don't be alarmed.
 If you dream your dreams all true,
 And smile, without repining,
 Then you'll paint your skies all blue;
 To clouds, a silver lining."
 When love is lovely, and each day is sweet magic,
 It will bring a rainbow near;
 Bluebirds kiss you with no fear.
 To part is tragic.

4. I KNOW A THING OR TWO

I know a thing or two.
 I can't be fooled;
 I've been well-schooled.
 I know a thing or two,
 More than enough
 To prove my stuff.
 I know that love is but an echo to loneliness;
 I know how vain is this striving for happiness.
 I know a thing or two,
 You can't deny,
 You needn't try--
 So why am I falling for you, dear,
 Why am I falling for you?

5. DARLIN' KATHLEEN

There'll be a lot of gladness,
 There'll be a lot of sadness
 The day I wear green
 For my Irish colleen.
 Dear St. Patrick won't be there
 But his spirit will haunt the air
 The day I make the scene
 With my darlin' Kathleen.

6. TO BE IN ENGLAND NOW

(Verse)

The atmosphere is lovely here.
 The birds do sing to break your heart.
 I cannot start to express it
 Yet know that God Himself must bless it.
 The atmosphere is very clear,
 The atmosphere is lovely here.

(Chorus)

To be in England now
 That's loveliness.
 To be in England now

That's happiness.
 The nighngale is singing
 Above our thatched roof,
 And to you, my dear, I'm clinging;
 Now, who could be aloof?
 To be in England now
 That's happiness,
 That's loveliness.
 To be in England now,
 To be in England now.

7. THERE'S NO DAME

There's no dame.
 There's no one I'd dare for.
 It's a shame
 There's no one to make me--care.
 There's no date;
 I sleep till I'm groggy.
 At this rate
 I'm a drip in a cold old fog.
 There's no caressing.
 My love is an untasted fruit.
 There's only guessing:
 Should I yield or be resolute?
 There's no dame
 To cheer me or "dear" me.
 Just the same
 I blame only me, and I'm going to see
 If I can find me a beautiful dame.

8. ON A LONELY POST ON STATEN ISLAND

On a lonely post on Staten Island
 I walk and I dream,
 And I dream of home and of my darlin'
 Praying as the candles gleam.
 She prays that I'll be home safely
 And that this war will soon be o'er.
 On a lonely post on Staten Island
 I echo her dream.

9. IT'S LOVELY WEATHER FOR CHRISTMAS

It's lovely weather for Christmas
 Whatever the weather may be:
 Rain or shine, snow or blow,
 It will seem fine to me.
 On ev'ry island or isthmus
 On the land and far out at sea
 Bells will peal, kids will squeal,
 And folks will feel carefree.
 Good will toward men, the angel said,
 And peace on Earth today;
 Where Jesus laid his infant head
 A star would show the way.
 It's lovely weather for Christmas
 And may all your hear-ts be gay;
 Sing Noel, fare ye well,
 On this Christmas day.

(Verse)

You weren't there,
 You failed our rendezvous.
 You weren't there.
 You failed my trust in you.
 You've done so much,
 So many things to make me blue,
 So rendezvous, adieu,
 Rendezvous, adieu.

(Chorus)

Yesterday I prayed
 But today I stayed away from prayer,
 For you weren't there.
 Yesterday I dreamed
 But today all seemed to be despair,
 For you weren't there.
 Why don't you come to me
 Once in a while,
 Speak to me,
 Smile a smile?
 Yesterday I yearned
 But today I learned
 That there can be ecstasy
 And romance fair,
 But not for me,
 For you weren't there.

11. A GIRL LIKE YOU

'Twould be lovely, lovely
 To know a girl like you,
 To show a girl like you
 That I could care.
 'Twould be lovely, lovely
 To grow an inch or two
 In her esteem so that I'd seem
 A millionaire.
 There'd be handholding
 And kissing in the park;
 My arms enfolding
 To kindle a spark in the dark.
 'Twould be lovely, lovely
 To go around with you,
 Or find some kind of new
 Girl precisely and nicely like you.

12. Ze Peeg of Peeg Alley

She's ze peeg of Peeg Alley,
 Place Pigalle, to you all.
 She wants a t'ousand francs on ze line,
 And in her line, she's very fine.
 She's ze peeg of Peeg Alley,
 An artiste, I inseest.
 In love she knows ev'ry single treek
 And she's oh, so chic! Mais oui, unique!
 "'Allo, bebe," she says to you,
 "Couchez avec moi?"

And just then a threel goes
 through

Your beeg avoirdupois.
 So you sally up Peeg Alley
 To a sweet rendezvous;
 And eef you dally with ze
 peeg of Peeg Alley
 You'll get more, oui, far more
 than you can chew.

13. JULIE

(Verse by Rachel Field)

Time goes by like endless rain,
 Spring will be summer soon.
 Other lovers have walked this
 lane
 Under as fair a moon.
 And more will follow us,
 hand in hand,
 To kiss when we are through
 But none will be fair as you
 are fair
 Or love as I love you.

(Chorus)

Julie, oh, what you mean to me!
 Your sweet caress, my dream of
 happiness.
 Julie, oh, you are my ecstasy!
 I'd never guess there could be such
 loveliness.
 I never stopped to think what love
 could bring,
 I never thought it could be such a
 dreamy thing.
 You caught my heart and taught my
 heart to sing.
 Julie, oh, won't you heed my plea!
 I must confess that I want nothing
 less
 Then a wedding with my Julie.

14. THE YEARS PASS

Oh, the years pass,
 And my days grow shorter,
 And now you've come at last
 To fill those years.
 Oh, the years pass,
 And the old, old order,
 And nothing can be saved
 At all through tears.
 The same old stars, I know,
 Looked down on Jericho,
 And lovers cried for love,
 And lovers died for pride.
 Oh, the years pass,
 Away across the border,
 So kiss me deep, my love,
 To soothe my fears.

15. I HEARD THE WORD AMERICA

I heard the word, America,
 And it sounded like a mighty prayer.
 I heard the word, America,
 And I thought of banners on the air.
 Oh, say, can you see?
 The refuge of the oppressed
 Is the land that I love best.
 That men be free to work and dream
 Will always be the Great American Theme.
 I heard the word, America,
 And I'll always want to be there.

16. I'D LOVE TO BE A NELEPHANT (For Children's Chorus)

I'd love to be a nelephant,
 A nelephant I'd be;
 I'd never have to pack my trunk
 And always be carefree.
 I'd love to be a rhine-oc-er-ous,
 A rhine-oc-er-ous I'd be;
 I'd chase a monkey with my tusk
 And toss him up a tree.
 Oh, what fun, to be someone differ-unt!
 And if you could be differ-unt
 Now, just who would you be?
 I'd love to be a brig brown bear,
 A big brown bear I'd be.
 I'd never have to comb my hair
 Or told when to we-wee.
 Oh, what fun, to be someone differant!
 And if you could be differ-unt,
 Now, just who would you be?
 I'd love to be a balky mule,
 A balky mule I'd be.
 I'd never have to go to school
 Or study history.

17. GETTIN' BORED

Gettin' bored,
 Wish the Lord
 Would do something for me.
 Let the things that happen
 Around me astound me.
 Gettin' bored,
 Can't afford
 This anticipation.
 Need participation
 In long nights
 Without lights.
 My mom's neglected me,
 Protected me too much.
 In my Crosley ratin'
 With that old man Satan
 I always get the brush.
 Gettin' bored,
 Sweet accord
 Is too rich for my blood,
 Take passion at the flood
 From now on.
 Let's be gone.

18. I WANT TO KNOW JUST WHAT
THE SCORE IS

I want to know just what the
 score is,
 I want to know, my lovely
 darling,
 Does your heart beat for me
 Or for three other guys?
 Do your dreams feature me
 Or themes otherwise?
 I want to know just what
 the score is,
 I want to know, my lovely
 darling.
 Do you walk down the street
 With some lonely GIs?
 Do your ears still repeat
 My "I love you" reprise?
 "I love you," I said when
 We stood on Woodburn Hill.
 "I love you," I said then;
 "I love you," I say still.
 But, dear, what do you do
 With your time all day through?
 Your letters are so few.
 I want to know just what the
 score is, etc.

19. I'■ CRAVIN' MISBEHAVIN'

I'm cravin' misbehavin'.
 I've been too good, too true.
 I've never had my due
 Of things they call depravin',
 Such damned things!
 I wanta kiss and be kissed,
 And hugged so tight, just right,
 I wanta stay all night
 And learn just what I've so missed,
 Such damned things!
 Maybe--tra la la la.
 Maybe--ha ha ha ha.
 Baby, oh, bayay-bee!
 Much too much I've been savin',
 I'm starved for love that's strong,
 Been cooped up far too long.
 I'm cravin' misbehavin'.

20. ONE DREAMY NIGHT

One dreamy night
 I found my love
 And bound my love to me
 In ecstasy.
 One dreamy night
 The katydids
 Were staid as squid as we
 Spoke rhapsodies.
 Oh, no one then was listening,
 Oh, no one then was missed.
 The crinkled stars were glistening;
 They twinkled when we kissed.
 One dreamy night
 I held her close
 And quelled the ghost of tears
 For the future shone through the years.

21. SOMEDAY MY HEART WILL BREAK

Someday my heart will break,
 Someday so very soon;
 Someday you'll wander
 Off with another.
 I'll make a sad buffoon.
 Someday a dign will show
 Just how my chances go;
 Just now you're finding
 That ties are binding.
 How soon will the world know?
 You've wasted my time, but I loved ev'ry second!
 I'd crawl through the slime any time that you heckoned.
 If there's any crime it's that I'm to be reckoned
 A wee casualty of love.
 Someday my hearty will break.
 Someday you'll hide a yawn.
 Then you'll be lying
 While my heart is dying,
 I'll awake to find you gone.

22. SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL COME
TO ME

Sooner or later you'll come to me,
 Beg for my arms.
 Sooner or later desperately
 You'll want my charms.
 You'll need my laughter,
 You'll need my song
 Forever after
 When years grow long.
 Sooner or later you'll come to me,
 Want me to care;
 Sooner or later you'll come to me
 But better hurry,
 Or I won't be there.

23. THE ROAD TO PEACE
(Spiritual for bass voice)

(Lento)

O dear God, hear me,
 Cheer me in my lonely time,
 Give me only sublime peace.
 Oh, my sins are heavy,
 My load's not light,
 And I must travel that road tonight
 The road to glory,
 The ro-ad to peace.

24. I GET NOWHERE WITH A LADY

I get nowhere with a lady,
 I go anywhere with any dame.
 Your social set isn't matey,
 There's no lorgnette on Tenth
 Street Mame.
 Those blank coiffured swells
 Off your swank hotels
 All look at me so hoity-toity;
 Out airing the pup
 They stare me down and up,
 And I choose to use a doidy woidy.
 I get nowhere with a lady,
 I'm free as air with any dame.

25. DREAMS REMEMBER YOUR FACE

Dreams remember your face
 Yet awake I can't place
 You clearly, my dear.
 Time has sought to erase
 Your remembered embrace
 More yearly, my dear.
 Did your nose crinkle
 When you sipped at dry wine?
 Did your eyes twinkle
 When they looked into mine?
 Dreams remember your face
 Yet awake I can't place, etc/

The most important film of our time?

Ray Bradbury is one of America's most famous and respected science fiction writers.

By Ray Bradbury

"Close Encounters of the Third Kind" is the science-fiction film we have all been waiting for. In fact, we were waiting for it before we were born. The ghost in us, the secret stuffs of genetics, was waiting. The Life Force was waiting, waiting to be born, waiting to be called forth.

"Close Encounters" calls. We feel ourselves being born, truly, for the first time.

Let me rewrite that first sentence. We weren't waiting for a science-fiction film. We were waiting for THE film. With no label, no restricting category to smother and box it in.

"Close Encounters" is, in all probability, the most important film of our time. Do I bite off too much of the Universe, take more than I can chew?

I think not.

For this is a religious film, in all the great good senses, the right senses, of that much-battered word. For if you check your dictionary on some of the root words from which the word religion sprang, you will find this:

Religare, to bind back. Re, back + legare, to bind, bind together; or re + base leg, to collect.

We have needed to be bound together to the Universe, to the Cosmos. We have needed to collect our souls, our thoughts, our flesh, all in one packet, to feel a compound of the earth we live on, the sun we circle, the nebula we inhabit, and the stars beyond the stars. We are, after all, the Star Children.

If this is true, and I say it is because I think it is, "Close Encounters" arrives only just in time to save us from the dust-collectors, the graveyard souls, the self-destroyers, the Doom Makers who, whether they speak with the sick maniac scream of a Martin Scorsese or the epileptic soprano of Ken Russell, invite us to slit our wrists, hang up our skins, and give over to the Death Wish.

Steven Spielberg senses that we have had quite enough of this nonsense, quite enough of coming

out of theaters at noon to find it is midnight, quite enough of jumping from high windows with no net, quite enough of getting out of bed in the morning, taking one look at the world and waiting to climb back in to pull the covers over our heads.

Spielberg has made a film that can open in New Delhi, Tokyo, Berlin, Moscow, Johannesburg, Paris, London, New York and Rio de Janeiro on the same day to mobs and throngs and crowds that will never stop coming because for the first time someone has treated all of us as if we really did belong to one race.

Without saying it, "Close Encounters" infers the following:

The trouble with politics is that it is political.

The trouble with religion is that it is denominational.

The trouble with nations is that they are insular, chauvinist, national.

Spielberg, with "Close Encounters," trashes the red tape, crosses every line, refuses labels and barriers. The film is apolitical. Its religion has no denomination. Its nation is that of the Greek philosopher who told us all to be Citizens of the Universe.

For when the moment arrives at the end of this film when the greatest Encounter ever occurs, we feel one door of Time close for once and all, and the finest, most beautiful door, the door of true immortality, open upon tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

The thing we have prayed for, thought of at 3 in the morning, wanted at dawn, hoped for on some winter afternoon, when the sun went down at 2 o'clock, has finally arrived into our hands — to encounter Forever and know it, own it, be it.

With Spielberg's extraterrestrial Visitors, traveling to blueprint/star-chart out the most titanic territorial imperative, we will go on a Journey. And the Journey, oh, do understand, oh, do feel, do see, will last a billion lifetimes.

This is the true promise at the core of "Close Encounters," the thing which speaks so profoundly and so well that I dare to predict that in every way, aesthetically or commercially, it will be the most successful film ever produced, released, or seen. It will be the first film in history to gross \$1 billion, all by itself.

And it will deserve each and every dollar that it earns. For unlike "2001," which almost knew what it wanted to say, but faltered in its conclusions, unlike "Star Wars," which had little to say but said it with great technical flair and proficiency, "Close Encounters" knows exactly where the center of the Universe is.

And the center is that moment in Time when two fleshs reach across a five billion year experiment in birthing and look upon each other, as teacher and student, as similar impossibilities, and know that the long nightmare is over, and the beginning of eternal existence assured.

Every priest, minister, rabbi in the world should preach this film.

"We have needed to be bound together to the Universe, to the Cosmos. We have needed to collect our souls, our thoughts, our flesh, all in one packet."

show this film to their congregations. Every Moslem, every Buddhist — Zen or other-wise in the world can sit down at this movable feast and leave well-fed.

That's how big this film is. That's why it will be around the rest of our lives making us want to live more fully, packing us with its hope and energy based not on any false Pollyanna optimism, but on the practicality of genetics in ferment.

The great truth it teaches is that human beings, no matter what their shape, size, color, or far star-country of origin, are on their way to Becoming, Deciding to Be, deciding to travel in order to stay, deciding to live rather than dooming themselves

to graveyard pits on separate worlds.

I will leave to others the fine task of saluting and applauding the mob of brilliant technicians whose names print out by the dozens at the end of this film. Douglas Trumbull's name shines in the forefront of that incredible mob, in charge of visual effects.

I will leave to others also any weighing and measuring the cast and their performances. My job here is to interpret what I think I have run into and been knocked down by.

"Close Encounters," finally, causes us to remember H. G. Wells' 1936 film, "Things to Come," which grew a wild flock of children to become astronauts and land us on the Moon and Mars. In that film, Cabal, the hero pointed to the stars and the

first rocket fired up toward them.

"Which shall it be?" he asked. Do we stay on Earth and die, or do we move on out toward Orion and Andromeda?" "Which shall it be?" he repeats.

What was asked in 1936 is answered in 1977 in a full, strong, glorious young voice. Steven Spielberg, probably the son of H. G. Wells, certainly the grandson of Jules Verne, and the prophet of our new book of Genesis, has shouted his reply.

It is in the affirmative.

We are, after all, we tiny humans, we paradoxical monsters, we lovely beings, worth saving.

The echoes of his filmed reply will move on through all the generations to come.



BRADBURY

AN ASTRONOMER OBSERVES 'CLOSE ENCOUNTERS'

by Peter Pesch

(From the Cleveland Press, 2-23-78)

Whenever a movie really makes it big, like "Star Wars," a rash of similar movies follows in the hope of cashing in on the ~~new~~ magic of success. I couldn't help but think of this when I saw the first ads for "Close Encounters."

Because character development is usually atrophied in science fiction films, their appeal lies in presenting us with a new idea and/or neat special effects.

"Close Encounters" has neither a new idea nor impressive special effects.

Indeed, except for lots of overexposed footage and a spaceship that looked like a baroque rococo chandelier (or perhaps an overly ornate Christmas tree ornament) there were no special effects of note.

The musical dialogue was cute, but color organs are not very new or unusual. Numerous science fiction movies made in the early fifties have portrayed a visitation by extraterrestrials, so this is an old theme.

The plot consists of an exchange of humans captured years ago for a new batch who voluntarily board the alien's (sic) spaceship. It is not clear how this exchange was arranged since, as far as I could tell, the humans never learned how to communicate with the aliens.

A minor theme is provided by the protagonist who represents Joe average citizen pitted against the government. I could not understand the implausibly ignorant Frenchman who needed an interpreter.

All educated French people speak English well, so I could only suspect that the French was introduced to give the movie the aura of a documentary by Jacques Cousteau.

The vanished World War II airplanes which were mysteriously returned to the Sonoran Desert presented a discordant note.

UFO mythology does not emphasize vanished airplanes. It struck me as a confusion between the documented cases of planes lost in the North African campaign and found, crashed, many years later, and the undocumented disappearances in the fabled Bermuda or Devils (sic) Triangle.

There were a few humorous sequences which I enjoyed, and one very dramatic moment when the spaceship loomed over Devil's Tower, completely dwarfing it. There was real impact in this scene and the response of the audience was noticeable (sic).

When the spaceship finally landed, I enjoyed seeing J. Allen Hynek (I'm pretty sure it was him (sic)) looking up beaming, vindicated at last.

(Hynek is the author of several books on UFO's and is head of an institute dedicated to their study. He also introduced the terminology "close encounters" from which the movie got its title.)

All in all, the only good thing I can say about "Close Encounters" is that it puts UFO's where they belong, in the entertainment world.

Peter Pesch is director of Case Western Reserve University's Warner and Swasey Observatory.

WOMAN OWNER THE CAPTAIN OF SHIP IN A RARE-BOOK SEA

by William F. Miller

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-8-78)

Surrounded by what looks like a sea of boos, gray-haired Rachel Kowan looks like a ship captain as she stands watchfully on a raised platform in her store.

There, with the cash register in front of her like a helm, she shouts orders to her ten clerks as she commands one of the largest used and out-of-print bookstores in northeast Ohio. She says it is the largest.

Kay Book and Magazine Supermarket, 620 Prospect Ave., has more than a million books, about three-quarters of them out-of-print, according to Mrs. Kowan.

On Feb. 2, she will celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the store that has become an institution for area book lovers. She often is called Mrs. Kay by her customers, but the store's name was created from the initial letter of her last name.

Mrs. Kowan has operated the store since the death of her husband Michael two years ago. For ten years earlier she did most of the work because her husband was ill.

She said she is beginning to think about retiring, but not before she finds another book lover who wants to continue the store and is willing to pay her a good price for the business.

Nine years ago, Ohio State University wanted to buy the entire stock of books for its library, she said. But she and her husband decided to keep the store.

Last year she intimidated singer Mel Torme when he stopped in to shop for rare comic books, according to a Playhouse Square Association aide. Torme was appearing at the State Theater.

Torme, a reputed master barb thrower, left Kay's like a beaten puppy after an encounter with Mrs. Kowan.

"Oh, I remember that," she said. "This little guy comes in here smiling with an attitude like the whole world should know who he is and that set me off. I guess I should have been nicer, but I was having a bad day."

Other theatrical personalities have fared better.

Mary Travers, who also was performing at Playhouse Square, came in daily to browse and to buy books.

The store is unique because Mrs. Kowan stocks many different books on a subject, said Harry J. Condiles, an employe for nearly 25 years. "Where other stores have only a few books, we will have two or three shelves filled with the subject."

Mrs. Kowan said her biggest delight is quickly locating a rare or out-of-print book for some obsessed searcher who has looked elsewhere without success.

"When you pull that certain book out and hand it to them, they sometimes kiss you and jump up and down and that makes it worthwhile," she said.

While she sells new books, most are discounted. "The biggest problem with the book industry over the years is that book costs have skyrocketed out of reason."

How does a former Columbus, O. dress clerk with a high school diploma become a book expert?

She credits it all to her late husband, a graduate of two universities and a scholar.

20.
"My husband was a great teacher and I had a private tutor all those years," she said. "That is how I learned. We had a great life together and I miss him."

They also traveled in the 1960s to places they had read about so often. "We went around the world on those trips. We also collected art and we wanted to see the ten greatest museums in the world and we did."

In 1958, Kowan successfully fought indictments that he was selling obscene magazines and books.

"It was a test case at the time, but my husband believed that people should have the right to read what they wanted uncensored and he won," she said.

(I haven't been in Kay's in recent years, but less than ten years ago you could pick up an old copy of WT the re for about 15¢.)

IN DEFENSE OF A FEW LANGUAGE RULES

BY Even Lodge

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-20-78)

When an entertainment columnist like Jim Quinn of the Washington Post (Forum, Jan. 13) finally settles on a topic such as "Snobs are taking over the English language," he is doing a bit of leg-pulling resulting from a thought process like this:

"Hey!" he shouts to his itchy fingers. "Let's kill a real for-sure sacred cow. We'll even get even with all those high and mighty snobs who tried to learn us good English! So they learned me good enough I can write for a living? So what. Let's wash their miserable faces in the feces of the Ghosts of Grammar Past and Present."

Quinn is not stupid or even a truly dedicated grammar anarchist. He has dipped into a few new, old and ancient books and has sometimes rightly tagged a "rule of grammar" as a usage choice. But what he has overlooked is that ALL grammar has descended from usage--of the better writers and speakers--over hundreds of years.

I think he does not even realize that, of all the major languages in the world, English is the newest, has changed the most in its adaptation to new demands, has the largest vocabulary by far, and probably the greatest number of usage levels--from South Seas or Eskimo or African pidgin to technical or business or government jargon, to daily paper or educationalese, or junkyard to laboratory.

English has all the aspects and shadings and is consequently most vulnerable to sophisticates like Quinn.

Usage or grammar? Shakespeare could properly put two, three or even four negatives next to each other for increased emphasis. In the 18th century the best writers and speakers wrote or said "you was." Future editors carefully updated their grammar to make them appear literate, by new standards.

In the 19th century "it's" was finally decided to mean "it is," while "its" became a mere personal pronoun, like "hers." The poet laureate Tennyson is said to have been insecure in this new distinction.

Quinn says the Wonderful English Teachers and their books and rules are all wrong, that Edwin Newman and Theodore Bernstein are wrong, that luckily kids don't have to go to school to learn

how to talk, that they arrive with a built-in grammar.

True--about the grammar. And often sadly so. Few of them say such things as "Mom, make he stop hitting I" but a lot of their grammar is often just as awkward because of foreign language backgrounds and the varied usage levels in homes. Primary teachers today are not so often concerned about incoming grammar problems--upward bound because of exposure to standard TV usage--but rather the four-letter vulgarisms the little darlings bring with them from both inner city AND suburban homes.

Essentially, Quinn's attitude is linguistic: "Dob't worry about your grammar. Anything you say will be understood." But except for the mutilated forms he uses for effect, he and all the linguists amazingly conform to approved usage or grammar standards in their writing.

If they didn't: (a) no editor would accept their stuff; (b) an accepting editor would make drastic changes; (c) if their stuff were printed as written, readers would conclude that they and their editors were only semi-literate.

And there are rules:

(1) A competent writer should be able, at least now and then, to produce a complete sentence.

(2) Verbs should agree with their subjects in number--singular subject, singular verb.

(3) Verbs should be in their correct past tense or participial forms. I had one graduate English methods student, a high school teacher in her third year, who consistently said and wrote "have went" and "he done it." Quinn would approve?

(4) Make pronouns agree with their antecedents in number: "The victim is HE," not "THEM."

(5) Use the subject form of the pronoun (the nominative case) when it is the subject of a verb or the complement of a linking verb: "It is HE."

(6) Use the object form of the pronoun when it is the object of a verb or verb form (participle, gerund, infinitive) or of a preposition, or when used as the subject of an infinitive: "I went HIM to do the work."

(7) Avoid double negatives--~~unless~~ you're Shakespeare and this is 1600.

There are other rules, but these will do for starters. Rule 2, making a verb agree with its subject, sometimes troubles even well-known writers and speakers who may fail to recognize (and toss out) an intervening prepositional phrase: "Each of the following statements are taken out of context" (from a university bulletin); "One out of every four students nationwide have significant reading deficiencies" (from a state English publication, and the writer made the same blooper two paragraphs later).

Sometimes one even finds a distinguished double dilly like this one: "Then there was only a producer, a camera man, and me, standing in the snake-ridden marsh" (Walter Cronkite in TV Guide).

It is probably a good thing Quinn didn't delve deeply enough to even discover (note modern approved split infinitive) the case of the disappearing "whom." He would have had such fun.

But "whom" is simply too difficult a piece of grammar for many properly reared or even educated users and misusers of the language to deal with. (Note approved terminal preposition.) So today more and more persons are saying and writing "Who did you see?" and "You gave it to who?"

Eventually this locution will become approved usage, then grammar, and future Quinns will happily jump up and down on its grave. Meanwhile, hosts of eagle-eyed secretaries will try to correct their bosses' dictated letters.

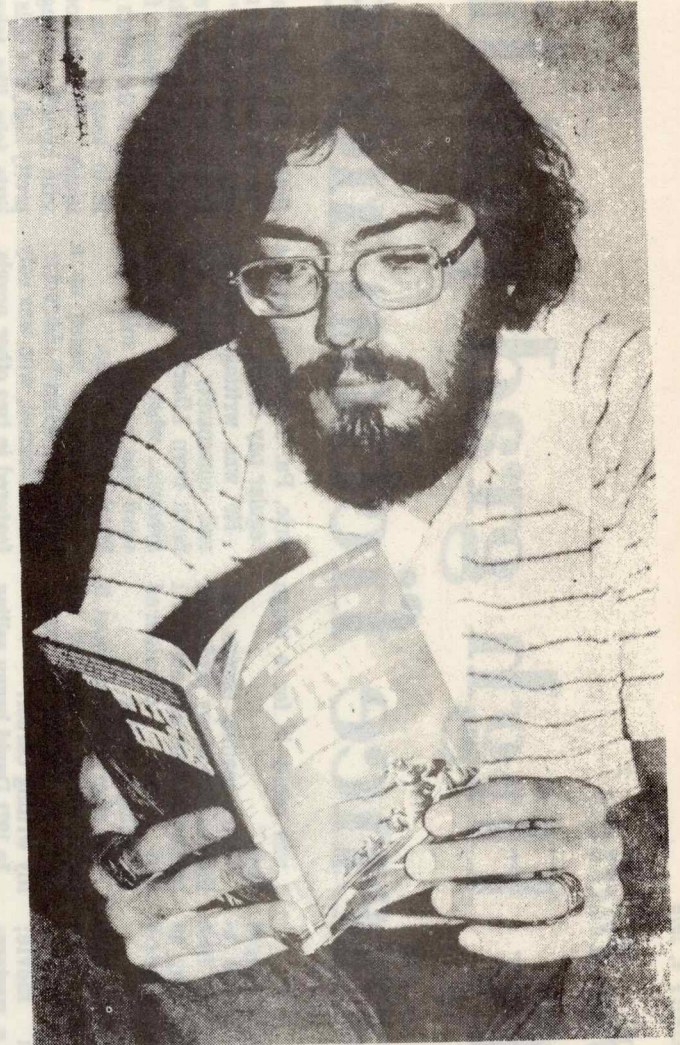
Quinn concludes: "English is unkillable--if it could be

killed, people like Newman and Bernstein and the Wonderful English Teacher would have killed it long ago."

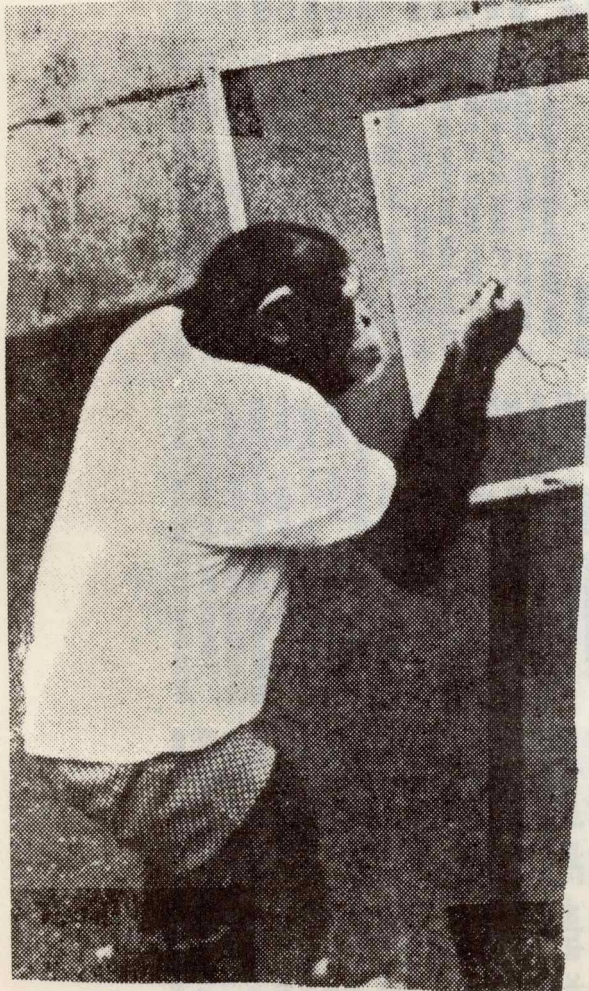
Not quite so. It is they who are fighting a gallant delaying action against the chance misusers, the genuine illiterates and the joyful iconoclasts like Quinn himself. Or "heself" or "hissself" if he prefers.

Quinn is just a pretend revolutionary. That's where the money is.

Lodge is a retired professor of English (KSU) and a former Cleveland schools supervisor of English.



NOVELIST—David Smith looks over his recently-published novel, "The Witch of the Indies." Smith began his creative work while still a student at Liberty High School. He now writes five to six hours each day and loves every minute of it.



A greatly acclaimed new S+S artist

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William Piquire

'The Witch of the Indies'

Liberty High grad publishes first science fiction novel

By CAROL DeFRANK

"Ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper I've wanted to be a writer," said David Smith, who recently sold his first novel, "The Witch of the Indies," a science fiction story.

It's never easy for any writer to break into the publishing field, but as David tells it, with perseverance as well as faith, it can be done.

David began his creative work in his junior year at Liberty High School.

He loved art, especially comic strips. This free form allowed him to combine his art and writing ability.

But he soon discovered that comic strips and school were not what you would call compatible subjects. "My art teacher used to get a little upset with me. Maybe it was a little my fault, but I won't take all the blame," said Smith. "I feel a student who shows some talent in a particular field, especially if it is coupled with ambition, should be encouraged rather than

discouraged."

Being a little discouraged with writing, he turned to film. He received his first camera on his birthday in 1968. It was a Super-8 millimeter.

Along with a few friends he filmed four movies: "The Mummy," which was a science fiction movie; "Thieves Gold," a western; "I am a Murderer," a sociological movie; and another science fiction work called "The Resurrection." All were silent films.

Classmates Rick Caputo and Shelton Zoldan helped with the movies and all three are still involved in writing.

After graduating in 1970 from Liberty High School and already winning the teenage Kodak Contest, David enrolled in Ohio State University and proceeded to graduate cum laude from Youngstown State University.

But his interests were gradually changed from films to writing while at Ohio State.

"I found the film industry to be so overcrowded that I knew

I was really in for a tough time."

"After reading essays and themes, one of my professors approached me and asked if I had ever considered becoming a writer.

"So after thinking about it for a while, I changed my major to English and began my writing career."

In 1971 David began selling to small magazines that were popular among beginner writers like himself.

"Then I finally decided to buckle down and try a novel," he said.

The first book he wrote was a science fiction fantasy, "Oran." "I sent it to a friend who in turn sent it to a friend who had just become an agent in New York. After many conferences he agreed to become my agent."

During all these transactions, which did include another movie in 1975 made with his friend Rick that was shown at various science fiction conventions, David was working construction in

Erie, Pa. in order to have a regular pay check.

He was writing, working and community back and forth from Liberty to Pennsylvania, when he received word that he had sold "The Witch of the Indies."

This book is based on a Robert E. Howard character, Black Volmea, who was only featured in two other novels. "I felt I could really expand on him," David said.

The book is now in paperback and can be purchased at the local book stores including Girard Book and News.

After the news arrived of the sale, he quit his job in Erie and went west to finally meet a girl with whom he had been communicating for quite awhile.

A mutual friend had introduced them and one thing led to another and they were married. David and his wife, Lois, are now living in Glendale, Ariz., but plan to move back eventually.

"Even though Lois, who is a nurse, doesn't like science

fiction, she had total faith in me and encouraged me all the way," David says. "With her faith and encouragement, along with my mother's total support, I couldn't fail."

"One of the things Lois does is to keep me in line," he laughs. "If I get too pleased with myself and begin to get pretty high, she tells me to do little jobs like take out the garbage."

David says he knows when he writes a bad book and he knows when he writes well.

"When I see something not going right, I simply put it aside for awhile and get back to it later."

But "Oran" his first novel, that was rejected, is in his opinion "very good."

"I rewrote it (again) and feel that it will skyrocket when it sells. It is a very entertaining novel and has a character people can identify with." According to David, these are two main

ingredients for a successful book.

"But all books that are fresh and new take time to get published," he feels.

David says he likes to think of himself as a storyteller and his future plans include getting back into films as well as much more writing.

"I would like to see one of my books made into a movie. Then I would have made a complete circle from film to writing back to film."

He is currently under contract to Zebra Book Co. and has signed to do three more books with other Howard characters.

He also wants to get into the occult.

David writes about five or six hours a day and loves every minute of it (or almost) and he feels it's all worth it because "a good story is around for a long, long time. The author may die but his books live on."



Don't be put off by the rather unattractive cover. This book is a must for all the EOD members. It is one of the best books on science fiction ever written, and quite possibly the best.

It will prove indispensable for the Lovecraft collector, for there are numerous mentions of HPL, plus a photograph and a reproduction of the cover of THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS. In the section devoted to the Shaver Mystery, Ash suggests that much of his theory was derived from the Mythos.

The book is a large, very handsome volume which contains hundreds of illustrations and reproductions of covers from WT and all the s-f magazines one has ever heard of, many in beautiful color. While it is true that similar compilations have also boasted much the same thing, they didn't provide the reading material this one does. I found the book absolutely fascinating.

The first large section of the book, "Program," after a brief curtesy to pioneering s-f writers, starts with 1895 and The Time Machine and continues in chronological order, noting that in 1916 came the first published story by HPL, "The Alchemist." When it gets to 1926, the publication date of Amazing Stories, it slows down and devotes an entire page to a single year, telling when each magazine was launched and when it folded, the outstanding stories and articles by month, the best books of the year, the best films and TV presentations and the like and, from 1939 on, the highlights of fandom activity. The listing is on a selective basis, so that, surprisingly, the first mention of Robert Bloch comes in 1955. This section ends at 1976, with a notation that the filming of STAR WARS was nearing completion!

The major and most useful portion of the book comes with what it calls "thematics," which explores in great detail just about every s-f theme you have ever heard of. (It rather scants the theme of invisibility, though, and I thought at first it was going to pass over the "Are we property?" theme almost completely, but it was saving that theme for its section on Charles Fort.)

For the major themes of s-f the book provides guest introductions by some of the biggest "names" in the field, people like Aldiss, Anderson, Asimov, Ballard, Clarke, del Rey, Farmer, Harrison, Leiber, Pohl and Williamson. There are photographs of various s-f writers hiding behind their beards and moustaches and glasses, so that they look almost like replicas (or clones) of one another--a newcomer to the field, looking at photos of representative authors, would think that s-f was the lunatic fringe of literature!

A would-be s-f anthologist wishing to edit a book on any s-f theme would find his task immeasurably eased by this book, for it lists most of the outstanding examples of each theme and provides bibliographies of staggering length. However, none of the themes is treated exhaustively; in reading almost any section, the titles of other tales with the same theme spring immediately to mind. For instance, in the section of sexual themes, one wonders at the omission of Charles Beaumont's "The Crooked Man"--Beaumont's ~~name~~ name is strangely missing in this volume. Likewise, the names of writers who are usually regarded as belonging to mainstream literature rather than to s-f are missing, albeit they also treated the same theme. You will look in vain, for instance, for a mention of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Case of Benjamin Button" or Conrad Richter's "The Waters of Chronos."

Yet no less than nine researchers are listed for this

volume--they are apparently all Britons, for none of their names rings a bell--and sometimes their research uncovers quite obscure stories like "The Telescopic Eye," by William Henry Rhodes (1876) or "The Bohemian," by Fitz-James O'Brien, published in 1885 but written more than 20 years earlier. The fact that the researchers are so familiar with British fantasy is, of course, a decided boon to American readers.

Ash, the over-all editor, presumably did most, or all, of the actual writing except for the accredited introductions. His style, while undistinguished, is always readable despite his massive erudition. One flaw which I thought I detected was that he usually judges everything from s-f viewpoints rather than from literary values, but later on in the book there is a section on "Science Fiction as Literature" by one George Turner who is very much the elitist. Those EODers who are S&S fans will surely object to his calling S&S "an abominable hybrid" (p. 257)!

I have never understood why so many s-f critics waste so much time trying to devise a definition of science fiction--their definitions never satisfy anyone but themselves--when everyone knows what s-f is. The definition this book comes up with is that s-f is fiction which deals with alternative possibilities, which is true enough but also not comprehensive enough.

Some parts of this book are quite Lovecraftian in tone. For instance, look at this bit from J. G. Ballard (p. 130): ". . . an attempt to confront the terrifying void of a patently meaningless universe by challenging it at its own game. . ." And George Turner's remarks on characterization in s-f are quite in keeping with HPL's ideas on the subject: "These are exotics, and their persistence points to the dominance, in science fiction, of environment over character, for each of these was a major metaphor for the alternative character being described. Something is surely lost in this reversal of priorities, but it may be argued that characterization in depth is not and never has been an absolute criterion in fiction, which is a synthesis of balanced elements each of which is, ideally, given only the prominence required to fit into a harmonious composition. Informed criticism should take note of character playing its proper role, which in science fiction is rarely dominant." (p. 258)

Just about every aspect of science fiction is covered in the book. While some are treated more adequately than others, there are long sections on fandom, s-f art, s-f in the films and TV, s-f histories and critiques and anthologies, even comic books, and I feel confident that all the EODers will find many books and people mentioned of whom they had never heard. A lot of people are mentioned whose names you wouldn't expect to find here: people like CAS, REH, HSW, Derleth, Wandrei, Long, Price, Munn--even Claire Beck!

CHEZ SHEA

THE HORROR OUT OF TIME, by Randall Garrett in the March F&SF, is a kind of Lovecraftian parody. I suspect that the surprise ending will offend the religious-minded.

How, with 14 children, was Bach ever able to compose so much music?

The trouble with Oral Roberts is that he is much too oral.

"The avant-garde may some day turn around to discover that no one is following it."--David M. Greene

(From World News)

1. WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD, by Suzy McKee Charnas. Ballantine paperback, 345-23788-9-125, 1974, 214 pages, \$1.25

Suzy McKee Charnas is an ex-New Yorker and ex-Peace Corps volunteer who is now something of a feminist and one of Albuquerque's few SF pros. Walk to the End of the World is her first novel and surprisingly about 90 percent of it is from the traditional male viewpoint. Ms. Charnas is now working on the sequel, however, which she's promised will be all female-oriented and should be a nice counterpoint to the masculine domination of Walk.

Set in a bleak future where the majority of the human race and "civilization" as we know it have been swept away by the war-plagues-pollutions known as The Wasting, Walk concerns itself mainly with the adventures of two young men who have become outcasts in the male-dominated world of the Holdfast, a tiny island of survivors after The Fall. Servan d Layo is the Dark-Dreamer who was cast out of "normal" society as a child and survived only by his wits and his ability to lead other men through forbidden dreamlands under the influence of an apparently mutated form of marijuana. His friend and lover is Eykar Bek, the Entendant of Endpath, who was also exiled as a child--this time to the "respectable" position of attending to the men who have decided to end their lives by drinking the poisoned drug which the Entendant provides for them.

Holdfast, like the dystopia in Brave New World, finds the idea of knowing who one's parents are to be repugnant, and Eykar Bek is a misfit and marked man partly because he (and the rest of the world) knows who his father is. When Bek decides to rebel and go in search of his father, all hell breaks loose, and the series of adventures which follow make up the plot of the novel. Bek travels from Endpath to find his friend d Layo in Lammintown, and together they travel to the other towns of Holdfast--Bayo, The City, Oldtown and eventually 'Troi--in search of Raff Maggomas, Bek's father and the "genius" who just might be able to rebuild some of what was lost in The Wasting.

Walk is flawed in a number of minor ways, as one might expect from a relative newcomer to writing. Captain Kelmz, for instance, is a battle-hardened soldier who is sent to keep tabs on Bek and d Layo, but he is converted to their cause seemingly without argument and almost without cause--just as he is later disposed of in an unnecessary incident of violence. In a similar vein, Charnas is rather weak ~~her~~ in her description of the Dreaming which is supposed to be so vital to the Holdfast and the DarkDreaming which is d Layo's speciality. Later, when a revolt of juniors against seniors takes place offstage, one is left with the uncomfortable feeling that much of the major action has been passed over too superficially to be readily accepted.

Such flaws are minor, however, and more than made up for by the excellent final section of the book when Bek confronts his father and the basic issues are thrashed out. Well, perhaps Charnas stacks the deck here a bit too much against the men, for their various passions are shown to result in utter chaos and destruction. Perhaps in the sequel, when the totally enslaved fems are finally given their own day in the sun, Suzy McKee Charnas will be able to hammer out a story that will be totally convincing and unplugged

by the minor weaknesses which kupt Walk from being all it might have been. Such a sequel is well worth looking forward to.

2. The Mind Parasites, by Colin Wilson. Oneiric Press, distributed by Bookpeople, 2940 Seventh St., Berkeley, Cal, 94710, paperback, 222 pages, \$3.25.

By all rights this should have been a much better book than it turned out to be. Colin Wilson has been one of England's best novelists for two decades, so Mind Parasites is highly readable despite some flaws--but it simply doesn't live up to its promise.

One reason for expecting something special from this book is that it is one of Wilson's contributions to a growing body of fiction inspired by the New England horror story writer H. P. Lovecraft--a writer Wilson once described as "a man who made no attempt whatsoever to come to terms with life." This charge and similar ones were made in Wilson's study of existential literature The Strength to Dream (1962), and to Lovecraft's followers it was another in a long series of putdowns from literary critics who refused to take the eccentric Lovecraft seriously. But despite a failed life which seems to justify Wilson's condemnation, Lovecraft is gradually gaining stature forty years after his death for the small body of stories he left behind.

Ironically, Wilson has done a complete about face on Lovecraft and is now the most respected literary figure contributing to the body of fiction misleadingly labeled the "Cthulhu Mythos"--stories with overlapping characters, locations or mythologies written by authors such as August Derleth, Robert Bloch, Robert E. Howard and many others. Much of the "Mythos" is amateurish and quickly forgotten, but Wilson is a complete professional and, like all his novels, Mind Parasites is detailed and convincing no matter how fantastic the story may become. But while Wilson excels in occult thrillers like The Glass Cage and The God of the Labyrinth, he somehow loses control in Parasites, trying to cover too much in too short a space and learning just how tricky such science-fictional material is to handle.

There are two stories told in Parasites--one about archeologists Gilbert Austin and Wolfgang Reich making sensational finds in Asia Minor which give evidence of a super-civilization in the distant past, and the other about Austin and Reich's fight against the sinister Mind Parasites which they discover about the same time. Unfortunately, after spending much of the first half of the book on the detailed archeological story, Wilson drops it completely and plunges into an episodic account of how the battle with the Parasites provokes the next stage of human evolution. The superman theme runs through Wilson's fiction and non-fiction almost obsessively, so that it's not surprising that his "Mythos" story ends upon that note--but somewhere along the line Wilson failed to make the two aspects of his story jell.

Despite its flaws Mind Parasites is well worth reading, for Wilson is one of the best novelists in the business. Originally published in 1967, the book has gone through six printings, with another one due soon--indicating that it's a popular title for all its technical failings.

3. The Control of Candy Jones, by Donald Bain. Playboy Press paperback, 273 pages, \$1.95.

This is an important book because it reveals the intimate details of one of the CIA's behavior modification experiments which took place during the 1960s--a horrifying example of how those high-sounding theories of the behaviorists are being put to actual use by power-hungry men.

Jessica Wilcox, who was to become Candy Jones, was born in 1925 in Pennsylvania and her strict upbringing caused her to develop a number of imaginary playmates--the most important of whom was Arlene Grant, a tough, domineering contrast to Candy's gentle idealism. When Candy escaped her mother by becoming a model, Arlene was forgotten and Candy went on to start her own modeling school and become a popular USO entertainer, touring the South Pacific during World War Two. After her unhappy marriage to modeling czar Harry Conover broke up, Candy continued to run her modeling school and, since her business involved a good deal of traveling, she agreed to work as a CIA messenger when she was approached by an old acquaintance.

In 1972 Candy met and married the popular New York all-night radio talk-show host, Long John Nebel, and she soon became his cohost on the air. When she had trouble sleeping during the days, Nebel suggested that he try hypnotizing her to help her to make the adjustment--and though Candy maintained she couldn't be hypnotised, Nebel soon discovered that she would quickly regress to troubling earlier experiences as soon as he put her to sleep. Almost at once he found that Candy's childhood playmate, Arlene Grant, was a fully developed separate personality who at times took control from Candy and did her own thing.

Over the next few years Nebel made tape recordings of his sessions with Candy and Arlene and learned that Candy's CIA contact, "Dr. Gilbert Jensen," had discovered Candy's high hypnotisability and had spent the next twelve years periodically feeding her drugs and hypnotic suggestions to develop the secret identity of Arlene. He even sent her several times to Taiwan, which resulted in Candy's/Arlene's being tortured for not having the right message to deliver. Jensen had also used Candy to demonstrate to his CIA bosses what could be done with hypnosis and psychoanalytic manipulation--behavior modification to produce the ideal "zombie" who would carry out any orders it might be given.

Fortunately for Candy, she was never used for any mission of any real consequence, and with the help of John Nebel and several specialists in hypnosis she was eventually able to rid herself of Arlene Grant and the CIA altogether, though at tremendous expense and grief for her. Candy was lucky, because her enslavement by the CIA came to light through a series of fortunate accidents and she was freed. But we have cause to wonder how many other zombies our government has waiting to be out into action. Was James Earl Ray one of them?

Was Oswald? Was Sirhan? Are you?

CHEZ SHEA

Advertisement for the Raintree Restaurant: "Today's Special-- Wild Boar." I have known a lot of wild bores!
 He tried his best to be notable, but he was just not able.
 "Religion is the earliest form of science fiction."--Phil Farmer
 "Granted, retarded people don't invent computers, but they also don't invent napalm and the neutron bomb. And I don't believe they club baby seals to death."--Don Robertson

THE GREAT WHITE SPACE, by Basil Copper. Manor Books, Inc., 1976; \$1.25, 192 pages.

Reviewed by James Wade

There is nothing wrong with Mr. Copper's tale; it is the comparisons with Lovecraft that make it disappointing. The author abets the imposition by dedicating this novel "For Howard Phillips Lovecraft and August Derleth, Openers of the Way," and the reviewer of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, obviously out of his depth, obliges by proclaiming him "the best writer in the genre since H. P. Lovecraft."

As a matter of fact, even Derleth occasionally did better than this in his pastiches, so far as style and atmosphere go.

Nothing really outlandish happens in The Great White Space until it is more than two-thirds finished; there are only a few hints of dark doings and suppositions, and these could have been the trappings of an Argosy or Blue Book serial of the days of Lovecraft's youth.

In fact, the story of the search for a lost city in tunnels deep under mountains bordering Tibet, using great passenger tractors, reads like a boys' adventure tale, related more to Conan Doyle's Professor Challenger books than to the macabre tradition.

Belatedly, we reach an interdimensional abyss where the "Great Old Ones," much resembling the BEM's of the old Planet Stories, are crawling about ready to invade the earth. But it turns out that these vampiric creatures can be deterred, if not destroyed, by grenades and flares, and one of our heroes thus escapes to warn a scoffing world.

So much for the parallels with Lovecraft, whose underground cities in At the Mountains of Madness and "The Shadow Out of Time" may indeed have suggested this graceless parody.

It was a mistake to attempt an in-group joke by naming the main character Clark Ashton Scarsdale. To an American reader anyway, this is about like calling him Howard Phillips Schnectady.

DEAD WOMAN, by Elizabeth Walker. St. Martin's Press, 1978. 192 pp., \$7.95

Reviewed by Verda Evans

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-26-78)

These seven chilling tales by an author who lives on the Welsh-English border bring a strange, primitive shiver of evil. The title story evokes Shirley Jackson's The Lottery. It haunts. Do lock the door before you open this first collection of Elizabeth Walker's work for American readers.

AND ALONG COMES 'COMA,' REALLY A 'MEDICAL WESTERN'

by Tom Buckley

(From the New York Times; reprinted by the P. D. 205-78)

NEW YORK--It might be supposed that the first physician in memory to become a writer-director of films would not make a mad-doctor movie, but that, indeed, is what Michael Crichton has done in "Coma."

While the villain, played by Richard Widmark as chief of surgery at a fictitious Boston hospital, is unquestionably around the bend, Crichton doesn't see the movie in precisely that way.

"It's a medical Western," he said the other day over lunch. "The bad guys are doctors, and the good guys are doctors. Physicians who have seen it aren't put off by it. The attitudes that are reflected in 'Coma' come as no surprise to them."

Leaving aside the hellish homicidal scheme that provides the basis of the plot, Crichton was referring to the intrigue and politicking that take place among both senior officials and young residents.

As evidence of his contention that physicians can take a joke, Crichton noted that the officials of Boston City Hospital and the medical schools of the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Southern California made their facilities available during the filming of "Coma."

Moreover, he went on, the Veterans Administration Hospital in Los Angeles permitted Genevieve Bujold--who plays the senior surgical resident who finds herself at the film's climax in effect tied to the railroad tracks--to spend a week there in and out of operating rooms soaking up atmosphere.

"The only hospital that wouldn't co-operate was Massachusetts General," Crichton said. "It's a smaller institution than I recalled its being when I was working there while I was at Harvard Medical School. 'It will no doubt make a very entertaining film, but you're not going to make it here,' I was told, even though I had written about the hospital quite favorably in my book 'Five Patients.'"

Crichton had received his degree from the medical school in 1969 before deciding that he preferred writing to medicine, so he did not begin his internship. Even so, he is entitled to use, but does not, the title of "Dr." He keeps in touch with developments in medicine, and has his own strongly expressed views on the way it is practiced.

"People have very different attitudes when it comes to dealing with doctors and dentists," he said. "When a dentist says you need this or that sort of treatment, most people don't think twice about asking what will be involved and how much it will cost. With doctors, they almost never do that."

While the bizarre events that are chronicled in "Coma," which was, by the way, adapted from a novel written by a physician, Robin Cook, are unlikely to occur in any hospital, Crichton thinks the film may have a salutary effect upon prospective hospital patients.

"It helps to make people realize that surgery, any surgery--that, in fact, almost any medical treatment--has elements of danger, and that they ought to think twice about it."

Crichton also believes that, by and large, physicians have failed to give adequate emphasis to preventive medicine--supporting, for example, vigorous programs of athletics and exercise in schools, promoting sound nutrition, fighting industrial pollution and the like.

"Coma" is Crichton's second effort as a director. (The first was "Westworld.") He enjoys directing, plans to keep at it and will, in fact, be leaving for Ireland in April to begin work on "The Great Train Robbery," which he has adapted for the screen from his novel of the same title, and which stars Sean Connery and Donald Sutherland.

"What a nice contrast it will be to 'Coma,'" he said. "It's outdoors, pretty, lighthearted. I'm really looking forward to it."



(Photo by courtesy of
Dave Smith)



Michael Crichton

Berry's World



John Berry

"Hey, Buddy, didn't I see you in 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind'?"

THE MAKING OF THE WIZARD OF OZ, by Aljean Harmetz. (Alfred A. Knopf, 1977. 320 pp., \$12.95)

Reviewed by Emerson Batdorff
(From the Plain Dealer, 11-27-77)

Most books about movies are dreadful because the author considers himself either a shill or a debunker; you get nothing but superlatives or gutter gossip.

Or else such books are cut-and-paste jobs made up of twice-told tales.

The Making of The Wizard of Oz denies this image. It is a splendid book, not only for those interested in "The Wizard of Oz," but for those who are interested in moviemaking in general in the golden era of Hollywood.

Aljean Harmetz tells all about how "Oz" was made and she manages, with a series of penetrating asides, to give more of the feel of the studios in the late 1930s than I have been able to get from books whose specific purpose is to give the feel of the '30s in Hollywood.

Hollywood then was a city much like Oz, glorious on the surface but phony in high places. Yet Hollywood and Oz turned out splendid imaginings that are challenging a new generation today.

Victor Fleming, credited as director of "The Wizard of Oz," was one of four directors, but the one who directed most of it. He was a tough fellow, a he-man director, a director of Clark Gable. In fact, he left "Oz" to direct "Gone With the Wind."

Fleming probably took on "The Wizard" because at age 52, after a late marriage that followed several acres of wild oats, he found himself with two young daughters whom he adored. Mrs. Harmetz concludes that it was probably for his daughters that he agreed to direct it. She is less convincing about how he happened to be chosen.

Mrs. Harmetz is not content simply to relate stories about what went on; she uses the newspaper technique of asking questions. She tracked down several of the Munchkins, nearly all of whom were hypopituitary dwarfs, to get their side of the stories about orgies and biting policeman on the legs.

She found no orgies and only one bitten policeman.

The Judy Garland who appears on these pages is a cheerful girl, always wanting to laugh and usually managing to find a reason. But she was a girl of stupendous insecurities. Just as Mrs. Harmetz consulted doctors about the Munchkins and their possible sexual aberrations, so also she consulted psychiatrists about child stars and their problems.

Child stars, she learned, are inclined to have a low opinion of themselves, to feel that they come alive only when performing.

So it was with Judy Garland, and so it was also with Bert Lahr (the Cowardly Lion), who was by this definition possibly the oldest child star in the business.

Jack Haley (the Tin Woodsman), one of Lahr's best friends, is the authority for this: "He was horrible on stage. He needed all the laughter, all the applause. Offstage, he was a decent person, a fair person, an honest person and a generous person."

Margaret Hamilton (the Wicked Witch of the West) proved to be a mine of information and Mrs. Harmetz dug industriously. I never knew until now that Miss Hamilton was severely burned during one of the Witch's magical disappearances and was off the set for six weeks; nor did I know that Miss Hamilton's stunt

stand-in was hospitalized after riding on a defective broomstick that Miss Hamilton had refused to mount.

In this compendium of the Hollywood that was, Mrs. Harnetz includes the story of the writing of the screenplay (there was a platoon of writers, serially and simultaneously), the writing of the music, the way Technicolor worked and the way the carpenter shop worked.

Never does she dwell on generally known stories, such as the one about Louis B. Mayer, the studio boss, deciding to cut "Over the Rainbow." She mentions it in passing, for it is part of the record, and then goes on to dig into generally unknown events.

The aspect of the movie that intrigued Mrs. Harnetz enough to cause her to invest two years of her life in writing a book about its making apparently was its late-blooming popularity. "Oz" was not regarded as a landmark of its era until television picked it up nearly 20 years later. Why do people watch "Oz" so assiduously today?

Mrs. Harnetz concludes that people watch it for "the revelation of seeing one's own innocence restored, the innocence that allows one to return home." It is as good a reason as any, and as it resulted in this penetrating book, it is probably better than most.

(When the time for the Academy Award ceremonies for the films of 1939 came around, "The Wizard of Oz" of course didn't have a chance against such a blockbuster as "Gone With the Wind." It wasn't a box office champion because Judy Garland was almost unknown at the time, and the other players were stage rather than screen celebrities. It was a time when they hadn't gotten around yet to releasing albums of the soundtrack music, so the superb score by Harold Arlen went begging for years.)

RARE BOOKS AT LAKE ERIE AREN'T A DOG-EARED COLLECTION

by Julian Griffin

(From the Cleveland Press, 12-28-77)

Charles P. Simmons, new president of Lake Erie College, was browsing through the library of the 22-room Manor House, traditional residence of the college's head man.

He opened a copy of Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and was surprised to note that it was a signature edition.

Simmons and a friend continued through a section of the library containing some 700 volumes and nearly every one was a treasure, bearing signatures of some of the most famous authors of the past century.

They include Robert Louis Stevenson, Joseph Conrad, Rudyard Kipling, Luther Burbank, H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, Arthur Conan Doyle, George Sand, Oliver Wendell Holmes and many others.

Included in a first volume of George Bernard Shaw's "Immaturity" is a hand-written letter from Shaw to Mr. T. S. Barrett of Chester, England, written in 1889 and detailing some of the author's money problems.

Mark Twain's "Gilded Age" contains a page of the original manuscript and is signed "S. L. Clemens" and "Mark Twain."

"The Science of Life", by H. G. Wells, is signed by three people: Wells, Julian Huxley and C. P. Wells.

A copy of "The Pathfinder" is signed by some of the first

people who went through the Donner Pass on their way west.

The 700 volumes in the signature section of the library have been appraised at \$60,000. There have been offers from publishers but they are not for sale.

"I consider the library part of the permanence of Lake Erie College and its cultural contribution to the region," Simmons said. The entire library contains 4000 volumes.

Simmons said security is good. The library is fireproof and a thick steel door seals it off from the rest of the mansion.

The Manor House is on the 400-acre Morley Farm in Concord Township, all a gift to the college from the estate of C. R. Morley.

The mansion was built in 1900 and expanded many times. The library, a beautiful Grecian room, was added in 1928.

One can learn a lot from books. For one thing, C. R. Morley was not an avid reader, for all his priceless collection. How can you tell? Because some of the volumes had never been opened. They were too glaringly spotless. And some of the pages would have to be cut apart before you could read them.

(My copy of "The Science of Life" which I lent to HPL didn't bear any such illustrious signatures, of course. And I'd be willing to wager that you won't find a single work by HPL in the entire library.)

DREYFUSS: TWITCHY BUT NICE

by Donna Chernin

(From the Plain Dealer, 12-18-77)

NEW YORK--Richard Dreyfuss descended upon our table like a puff of nervous energy and blurted out, "O. K., what did she say about me?" And in the next breath, "Does anyone here have a Marlboro?"

The first question referred to the precocious 10-year-old actress Quinn Cummings who had preceded Dreyfuss at the interview session. She and Dreyfuss are starring in "The Goodbye Girl," a romantic comedy by Neil Simon scheduled to open in Cleveland Wednesday.

The second question referred to Dreyfuss's fondness for cigarettes and his tendency to outrageous outspokenness.

"Does anyone here have a match?" he asked. "For some reason, I thought today would be calm," Dreyfuss said while trying to get himself settled for the interview. It is difficult to picture Richard Dreyfuss calm for very long, as he currently seems to be overdosing on energy and enthusiasm.

Someone asked Dreyfuss how he managed to speak so rapidly, both in person and in the movie "The Goodbye Girl," especially in one particular scene. "Well, I practice very fast," he answered, beginning to talk very fast.

Richard Dreyfuss, you see, is on an incredible high. And why not? He is riding a crest, having established himself as one of America's leading character actors.

First he was the placid high school student who escaped to college in "American Graffiti." Then he was the sweaty Sammy Glick type who tries to rise out of the Montreal Jewish ghetto in 1948 in "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz." Finally he established even more fame as Mat Hooper, the ichthyologist, one of the few not

gobbled up by the killer shark in "Jaws."

Now Dreyfuss finds himself the star of two movies slated for holiday release. In the Neil Simon comedy "The Goodbye Girl" he portrays a glib but gentle-hearted struggling actor who agrees to share his apartment with a dejected dancer and her 10-year-old daughter.

Dreyfuss also has a leading rôle in another big film here now, Steven Spielberg's "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." In it he plays a power company repairman whose life is radically altered when he spots an unidentified flying object. If that film follows the predictions of some, it could outgross "Jaws" and, who knows, perhaps even match orbits with "Star Wars."

Not too shabby for an actor who just celebrated his 30th birthday.

"Yep! I just turned 30, the big 3-0, the big experience, three weeks ago. Yabba dabba do! I'm just now getting over my catharsis."

Dreyfuss said he was feeling a little distressed because he keeps driving around the block of the Ziegfeld Theater in New York and is dismayed to see that the lines of "Close Encounters" aren't wrapped around the block. Maybe Dreyfuss is going on off hours or maybe he isn't seeing too well out of his steel-rimmed glasses, because the lines in New York are staggering.

Richard Dreyfuss even looks well these days, having lost 46 pounds, making him far less pudgy than he was in "Duddy Kravitz" and noticeably slimmer than in "The Goodbye Girl." How did he ever manage to shed so much poundage?

"I ate strictly pre-digested liquid ca ca," he remarked, not identifying ca ca.

After seeing his character Elliott Garfield's antics on screen in "The Goodbye Girl" and then beholding Dreyfuss in person, one is struck by the similarity. Both exude brashness, vulnerability and warmth. Once again, Neil Simon has hit the bull's eye when he tailor-made the rôle for Dreyfuss.

"No, I'm really nothing like Elliott Garfield at all. I'm actually a very somber fellow, and I'm really 6 foot 4." (He's not an inch over 5 feet 8.) At this juncture, Dreyfuss bounded from the table to locate a match.

"Seriously, there is actually a lot about Elliott Garfield that is me. Elliott has a good sense of his failure; he lets himself realize his failure, it bums him out and then he gets over it."

In "The Goodbye Girl," the actor Elliott, thanks to the misguided persistence of a director, is required to portray Richard III as a screaming homosexual, knowing full well that the results and the reviews will be disastrous.

"I'm like Elliott in this regard. I carry around the bad reviews in my head forever. I can quote them chapter and verse."

It's hard to believe that Dreyfuss, who is fast gaining a reputation for tackling a diversity of rôles, has ever received a bad review. Except perhaps for the controversial X-rated film "Inserts," in which he played a fading 1930s Hollywood director reduced to churning out porno films.

"You mean you have not heard of my stellar stage performance in 'Hello, Down There' or about how awful I was in 'The Young Runaways?'" he asked with feigned incredulity.

"I am also on record for being in the only bad improvisation group. Bob Reiner, I and a couple of others were members of an improvisational troupe. We were fired after our first show at New York's

Playboy Club for reportedly 'insulting the customers,' but the real reason was because we were so terrible."

Dreyfuss, who has been known for his outspoken political views, comes from a liberal, interesting family. He was born in Brooklyn, but his father, an attorney and former Socialist, got fed up with practicing law in New York.

He came home from work one day and announced to the family that they were leaving. He sold everything and took his wife, two sons and daughter on a tour throughout Europe. They travelled for several months in a small car, arriving on the West Coast with \$35 cash.

Dreyfuss began his theatrical career at age 11, portraying Theodore Herzl in a production at the Los Angeles Jewish Center. The little tyke wore a top hat and full beard for the role of the father of modern Zionism. After that introduction to the theater, Dreyfuss was hooked.

"I think that Herbert Ross, the director of 'The Goodbye Girl,' is the only civilized and cultivated man I've met in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He is sophisticated and a seemingly secure man of great background. He has what in the old days would have been called breeding.

"If I had my druthers, I would lock Herbert Ross up in a room with Ritz crackers and have him just direct me in more films."

Curiously, it is what Dreyfuss calls his paranoia that helped propel his career. He accepted the rôle of the ichthyologist in "Jaws" (he turned down director Steven Spielberg three times first) only because he was petrified about what the critics would say about his portrayal of Duddy in "Duddy Kravitz."

"In Duddy, I saw what I didn't do, rather than what I did. It was an unfulfilling perception that no one can have but me. It's called clinical paranoia."

Now, of course, Dreyfuss is glad he accepted the rôle in "Jaws" even though he maintains with mock solemnity that "It was a fish story, and I'm an artist." He prefers to do both drama and comic work and his ambition is some day to tackle the rôle of Hamlet.

"When I read the script for Spielberg's 'Close Encounters,' I thought it was the greatest idea for a movie ever imagined. It was what movies were made to do. But I also realized that the character was really written for another kind of actor. I called up Spielberg and told him I wished to God I were 10 years older. He rejiggered the rôle for me, and I just sort of horned my way into the part."

Dreyfuss, being his own severest critic, assesses his performance in "Close Encounters" as "O. K., but not great. I just do my job." (The emphasis in the film is not upon the acting, but the special effects.) "I accepted the rôle to be part of the project, so that 50 years from now it can be said that Richard Dreyfuss starred in 'Close Encounters.' That's how important I feel this film will be.

"But I feel that my best work to date is in 'The Goodbye Girl.'"

Dreyfuss may be right, for as the glib, gentle Elliott Garfield, he is the soul of the film and is perfectly splendid.

Dreyfuss maintains that he knocks on wood a lot when people tell him he was wonderful in a movie. "My knuckles are getting sore.

"Success was a little hard to take, because I was very much at home being a struggling young actor contemplating the future. Then the future is suddenly here and a little earlier than you figured."

But Dreyfuss seems to be taking it well, and fame doesn't seem to be going to his head, although perhaps to his nerves. Someone in the group likened him to Henry (The Fonz) Winkler in that both have achieved star status, both are around 30 and both quite eligible bachelors.

45.
"That reminds me of a funny story. I was accepted at the Yale School of Drama for the class of 1969. I was also accepted at the London Academy. Well, I didn't go to either. I got involved in the draft and served as a conscientious objector in a hospital for two years, but that's another story. Anyway, I neglected to tell either school I wasn't coming.

"Well, one day I went to the Yale School of Drama to visit a friend of mine. I was wandering around in the hall and stopped a fellow to ask him directions. He asked me who I was, and when I told him my name, he said, 'So you're Richard Dreyfuss!' The professor has been reading off your name every day in class for attendance for the past four months. We've been wondering who you were.' The fellow turned out to be Henry Winkler."

Speaking of other actors of considerable fame today, the name Dustin Hoffman was for a while a sensitive subject with Dreyfuss. Dreyfuss was originally interested in the rôle Hoffman landed in "The Graduate," as were scores of other actors.

Now that he reflects upon it, Dreyfuss admits he was probably too young for the rôle, although he did have an obscure one-liner in that movie. "When I first heard the name Dustin Hoffman, the winds of immortality crept up my neck. It was too good a name. I knew the guy had to become famous one day."

At one point, it was rumored that Dreyfuss has political aspirations. "When I was 11, I thought I had it all blocked out. First I'd become a big actor, then a big senator and then I'd settle down as a big history professor."

But now he seems to have settled on acting, at least for the time being.

In order to keep one step ahead of the critics, he is filming "The Big Fix." It's a movie about an activist in the '60s who is leading a boring life as a private investigator, but who is called back into political involvement.

Just at this moment pretty Marsha Mason, Dreyfuss's costar in "The Goodbye Girl," came to our table. It was her turn in the spotlight and Dreyfuss's time to go to the next table.

"Marsha didn't learn her lines for the film. She just used big cue cards," he joked. "Well, group, it's been caffeine talking to you."

CHEZ SHEA

Said one lightning bug to another, "You light up my life."
Rona Barrett: "The audience loved 'The One and Only'--they laughed their heads off." And the ushers came by later picking up the heads.

James Woods, who plays Harold Youngblood in THE CHOIR BOYS, bears quite a resemblance to HPL.

It's curious that so few novelists have made good playwrights. Some of the esteemed American writers who failed as playwrights were Mark Twain, Henry James, William Faulkner, Sherwood Anderson, Saul Bellow, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, John Updike, Edmund Wilson, Conrad Aiken and Wilbur Daniel Steele.

Almost everyone secretly feels that he is a special, privileged character to whom almost everything should be granted, and it takes a great deal of erosion (contacts with other people) before this childish feeling is honed down. With some people, it never is. You're getting old if you can remember such things as watchpockets in trousers, watch fobs and celluloid collars. If you can remember hoopskirts and corsejs, you're dead!

THE GIFT

For its second series of ballets, the Cleveland Ballet offered a brand-new ballet, The Gift, choreographed by Dennis Nahat to a scenario by Ian Horvath. It was a peculiar ballet in that it was comprised of two quite disparate parts, "The Way to Bethlehem" and "A Christmas Tale," either of which could, and probably should, stand alone. The ballet was very obviously devised with an eye to the Christmas trade, the first section to appeal to devout adults, the second to appeal more to children, who were present in the audience in surprisingly large numbers (although one wonders what they made of the abstract ballets in the rest of the program).

The "Way to Bethlehem" was definitely the less successful of the two parts, and so far as I was concerned might very well have been deleted. The forte of the Cleveland Ballet seems to be its wonderfully mimed roles, its bits of comic business, and of course for it to have such elements here in this depiction of the ~~Nativity~~ Nativity would have struck some onlookers as irreverent, so one had to be content with the colorful costumes and occasional bits of balletic brilliance.

With that part of the ballet out of the way, the members of the company were able to relax in the second part, which takes place in the Victorian England of Dickens's time. It is the morning of Christmas Eve, and we first see the lamplighter making his rounds, accompanied by his dog. (The dog was "Muffy", an accomplished Thespian who fortunately didn't misbehave.) Then we see various of the townspeople, wonderfully limned comedy bits, performed before scrim curtains. We come eventually to the kitchen of an impoverished family: the father and his son are chimney sweeps, the mother is a dressmaker; there is also a daughter. The richest woman in town enters with her stuck-up daughter and demands that the mother make a new dress for the daughter, to be ready for Christmas--which, of course, is quite insufficient time.

The scene shifts to the rooftops later that evening. The father and the son go about their business of cleaning the chimneys. Presently they discover they are not alone--that there is a fat fellow in a red suit who persists in going down chimneys. (The scene in which various people keep popping out of various chimneys is straight out of Mack Sennett's comedies.) At the end of the scene the chimney sweeps discover that they are holding a bag left them by Santa, in the top of which is a brand-new dress, the "gift."

The final scene depicts the street on Christmas Day, with all the townspeople out celebrating Christmas. The cadets, led by Ian Horvath, do a march straight out of the Radio City Music Hall, and in the final tableau Santa appears on a sleigh to wave to the children. Oh, of course, this part is quite meretricious, but still delightful.

The original score for this ballet, by Loris Chobanian, is merely servicable, like the "background music" for a film, quite without any distinction of its own. The set and costume design by David Guthrie deserve commendation. While the dancing of the ballet is scarcely spectacular, it pinpoints what the Cleveland Ballet does best.

"THE OZONE HOUR"

All ballet companies need money, especially the fledgling ones like the Cleveland Ballet, now in its second season. To remedy that condition, the Cleveland Ballet has slanted its productions to attract not the solid core of balletomanes in the city who would attend anyway, but people new to ballet--the moneyed society folk with cultural pretensions and especially the youngsters who may become their regular patrons in the future.

In the process, the ballet company has tended to play down the elements traditionally associated with ballet--the "white" ballets, the dancing en pointe (on the toes), the long, boring abstract ballets--and has concentrated instead on livelier, showier things. The element of humor is never long absent. The devotees of "pure" ballet may rightly object that the Cleveland Ballet has added some meretricious elements, but, of course, the same thing could be said of Weird Tales!

Their biggest popular hit so far has been their latest ballet, "The Ozone Hour," choreographed by Dennis Nahat and Ian Horvath. They could hardly have chosen anything more likely to appeal to the youngsters, for "The Ozone Hour" pretends to be a history of rock 'n' roll. It looks as if they expended their entire bankroll on the production, which is as gaudy as anything ever seen on Broadway--Frank Hruby in the Cleveland Press called it "the loudest, flashiest, wildest morality play the Cleveland Ballet has ever done."

The opening sequence, "Twist It; Shake It," depicts rock in its more innocent, pristine days--the 1950s, with their bobby-soxers and a gyrating singer doing his thing.

It proceeds to the '60s, "The Haight," with San Francisco's "flower children" hanging from the steel scaffolding, the fellows all one hirsute mess. Enter Dennis Nahat as an elegant dude with a white suit and gangster hat, a pimp, a drug pusher, a Mephistopheles symbol. He drops a box which lights up center stage, and the flower children rush for its contents and take ecstatic puffs at the pot.

The final sequence, "Saturday Nite", the decadent '70s, is the all-out production number. It takes place in a disco with heavily laden light bars, the rock musicians perched on scaffolding on two levels above the stage. Enter a David Bowie-figure with orange hair, six-inch platform shoes, silvery-looking boots, a tremendous sequinned cape to "sing" to a held mike. When he opens his cape, he reveals that he is wearing only a silver lame jockstrap! While he "sings" a sinister-looking group enters (they're made up to look like Kiss) and they "murder" him, "blood" streaming down his chin and chest.

The specially commissioned score by Richard Hendrickson is purposely over-loud, over-banal; like rock itself, it seems to hint that it may lead to more important music, but of course never does. The ballet received a standing ovation, and I suspect that this satire of the rock scene would be accepted as the genuine article at any rock concert. The weakness of the ballet lies in the fact that while the dancers are athletic and mime exceedingly well, they have little real ballet to perform--the whole thing is a "spectacle" rather than a true ballet. But that's where the audience interest lies.

OUTRE BITS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS

1. 'Holy' elephant absolved of murders

(From the Plain Dealer, 4-30-77)

KATHMANDU, Nepal--(Agence France-Presse)--Siddhi Binayak, a popular wild elephant from Udayapur, has been found not guilty of murdering two peasants and can continue roaming happily in the hills of Nepal, tearing down houses, destroying gardens and being worshipped as a god, a court here has decided.

Because Siddhi Binayak--he is named after the son of Lord Shiva, renowned Hindu deity--was too large to go into the box, he was tied in a compound outside the court while the judge inside considered the evidence against him in the murder of two "agrarians."

The court also had to consider a request from Chakra Bahadur Basnyat, who wanted to shoot the elephant for pulling down his house and destroying his garden.

While the judge pondered the evidence, the outraged local population--or at least those whose houses hadn't been pulled down--clustered around the elephant to console him.

The judge gave his verdict: not guilty. The two "agrarians" had been killed accidentally.

To shouts of "Long live Lord Ganesh," the elephant-headed Hindu god he supposedly incarnates, Siddhi Binayak was released to continue his god-like existence in the heavenly Himalayan hills. And Basnyat presumably ~~built~~ built himself a stronger house.

2. Child dies, 5 hospitalized for starvation in Indiana

(From the Plain Dealer, 11-26-77)

INDIANAPOLIS--(AP)-- A 6-year-old boy was found dead of malnutrition and dehydration yesterday and five other children living in the same house were hospitalized, two in critical condition, authorities said.

Police said the children had been fed large quantities of salt water, possibly as part of a religious rite to ward off demons.

Trula Bush, 35, mother of three of the children, and Willa Mayes, 40, grandmother of the other three, were charged with involuntary manslaughter and three counts each of child neglect and were jailed in lieu of \$20,000 bond.

Homicide Sgt. Joseph Lackey said the two women told police conflicting stories of having fed the children three meals a day and of not having money to feed them. He said there was no food in the refrigerator when police went to the one-story home in a deteriorating neighborhood.

Dr. Josefino Aguilar said the dead child, Daniel Bush, weighed about 35 pounds--20 to 25 pounds underweight.

The autopsy showed the presence of salt water in the boy's kidney's. He had not been fed solid food for at least one day, Aguilar said.

Ann Richardson, director of public relations at Wishard Memorial Hospital, said the salt water was intended to drive out evil spirits, but Lackey said he was unable to confirm that.

Mrs. Bush and Mrs. Mayes are members of a small religious cult called the True Spirit of St. Jude, police said.

3. Amin thinks he talks with God

(From the Cleveland Press)

LONDON--(UPI)--Two men who fled the country have described Ugandan

President Idi Amin as a deranged leader, who believes he can talk with God and spends long hours in his empty office firing a revolver into a wall. 49.

The report by Michael Nicholson, a correspondent in Nairobi for Britain's Independent Television News, was based on statements made to him by two self-exiled Ugandans. The two men were shown in silhouette and refused to be identified.

Nicholson said, "The most startling evidence I have heard from these men is the state of Amin's mind. He admits openly now of having long conversations with God."

Meanwhile, a doctor who fled Uganda said Amin slit the throat of one of his victims and drank the man's blood,

The doctor and another exile, appearing anonymously on a commercial television program, filmed in Nairobi and shown in London last night, said Amin's late minister of public works was "bound hand and foot like a trussed chicken" on the big desk in Amin's private study.

"Amin, dressed in a white gown and wearing a white Moslem cap, knelt and prayed," the doctor said. "Amin then cut the man's throat and drank the man's blood to prevent his spirit from haunting him."

4. (From the Cleveland Press)

Nicholas A. Bucur, Cleveland's international trade manager, takes a lot of kidding about the chapter on Dracula he contributed to Theodore Andrica's book on Romanians in Cleveland (published by Cleveland State University).

"Sometimes it comes back to haunt me," said Bucur, preparatory to appearing on Carl Reese's program on WJW last night. "However, it really is a subject you can get your teeth into."

5. Scientists start to strike back at pseudo-science

(From the New York Times; reprinted by the P. D. 11-24-77)

by Boyce Rensberg^e

NEW YORK--Rightly or ~~was~~ wrongly, scientists have often been seen as caring little what other people think, if what those people think isn't science.

But now a growing number of scientists, philosophers and other defenders of logic and the scientific method are concerned that Americans are being subjected to an increasing barrage of pseudo-scientific fiction merchandised as scientific fact.

Besides such old staples of pseudo-science as astrology, UFOs and psychic phenomena, the new wave includes the Bermuda Triangle, biorhythms, pyramid power, psychic surgery, astral projection, Kirlian photography, Uri Geller's purported powers and the extraterrestrial descent of modern man.

Books promoting occult and paranormal phenomena flourish, with dozens of new titles each year. A recent Gallup Poll indicated that 32 million adult Americans believed in astrology. Newspaper horoscopes have grown in popularity: a generation ago, when there were more dailies than now, only about 100 carried them regularly but today some 1,250--about two in three--do.

Enrollment in an increasing number of college courses dealing with "paramechanics" and "experimental parapsychology" is high. Many colleges present the subjects not as sociological curiosities but as genuine mysteries that science is unable to explain.

Some scientists and philosophers are now beginning to strike back with unusual vehemence and persistence. The most visible manifestation of the new attack is a one-year-old magazine called the

Zetetic (Greek for skeptic) which publishes details and sometimes scathing critiques of various claims.

The magazine is published by the relatively new Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, an organization of philosophers, psychologists, astronomers, writers, magicians and others.

(Professional magicians have figured prominently in the movement because they are expert at the art of concealing the perfectly normal means used to create the illusion that paranormal events are taking place. Scientists, accustomed to an atmosphere of mutual trust in which cheating and deception are rare, have often been fooled by magic tricks offered as paranormal or supernatural phenomena.)

The committee, led by Dr. Paul Kurtz, a professor of philosophy at the State University of New York at Buffalo, is an outgrowth of the group that in 1975 garnered the signatures of 186 scientists on a manifesto denouncing astrology.

Also in the battle is Kurtz's own magazine, The Humanist, a publication of the American Humanist Association.

The November-December issue, for example, deals with Immanuel Velikovsky's popular but widely discounted theory that major events on Earth are caused by near-collisions with other planets, as well as with parapsychology, creationism versus evolutionism and the influence of Mars on athletic performance.

One member of the committee, a magician named James Randi, has publicly duplicated all Uri Geller's feats: bending metal objects, making broken watches start, deflecting compass needles and reading hidden messages. More than a year ago the committee challenged Geller to submit to a controlled test of his powers but he never responded.

The committee has also evaluated the predictions of Jeane Dixon and found her record to be no better than that of ordinary persons making guesses. The Zetetic has published statistical analyses of the accuracy of astrological descriptions and disclosed some tricks of the mind reading trade by which people can learn to "convince strangers that you know all about them."

6. It's Bigfoot again. Scared Indians arm selves

(From the Plain Dealer, 11-29-77)

LITTLE EAGLE, S. D. --(AP)--Indians in this remote hamlet on the Standing Rock Reservation are so convinced that Bigfoot is roaming nearby that some are carrying guns or moving out.

"I couldn't stand its running around and shrieking all night," the Rev. Angus Long Elk said of the coyote-like screaming noise attributed to the legendary creature.

"It was doing it all the time," he said. "And about two weeks ago my wife saw it at night while she was down by the river. She's been afraid ever since and wanted to leave."

So, with others, the Long Elks are moving away from Little Eagle (pop. 60) until the furor settles down. Some who have decided to stay are carrying rifles or tranquilizer guns.

Twenty-eight sightings of Bigfoot--a purported ape-like creature whose existence has never been documented--have been reported in Little Eagle since September.

In the past, numerous sightings of such creatures have been reported, particularly in the Pacific Northwest. Many have been proved hoaxes, most recently a May 15 report by a half-dozen passengers on a bus headed toward Vancouver, B. C. Four men later admitted they had staged the incident with a \$200 monkey suit and shoulder pads.

The Sioux on the 2-3-million acre Standing Rock Reservation, which straddles the border between North and South Dakota, call the

creature "Taku He." In the Pacific Northwest, it is known as "Sasquatch."

Regardless of its name, many of the 60 Little Eagle residents fear that Bigfoot--or several of the creatures--are hiding in the thick scrub cottonwoods that surround the community, says Gary Alexander, whose general store has become the local Bigfoot information center.

Alexander said the creatures have been described as between six and nine feet tall and weighing 600-900 pounds. He said one of the larger animals is reported to be dark in color and another as light-colored. A third Bigfoot is reportedly smaller, at about six feet and 400 pounds, he said.

7. This jolly old elf is throwing folks out into the street

(From the Plain Dealer, 12-23-77)

OAKLAND, Calif.--(AP)--He's chubby and cheerful, he's got white hair and ruddy cheeks, and in his eyes there's a twinkle--but he ain't no Santa Claus, folks.

He's David Schindler, who laughingly admitted to being a "year-round Scrooge" by evicting people from their homes. He calls his profession "dirty work."

But it's a good living, he said, when he's not looking into a gun muzzle or facing down other menaces from irate evictees.

"Aw, I'm not such a bad guy," he chortled. "I don't think I am--well, maybe I am." He broke into guffaws. Seriously, said the 54-year-old licensed real estate broker, he jumped into the business of bouncing people from their digs last year because he saw a need.

Schindler estimated his outfit shows the street to 200 or so individuals and families each month.

He said he got the idea for his Oakland firm, Property Protection Plan, when he had to hire expensive lawyers to evict some of his bad tenants.

Schindler, not a lawyer, said his \$100-per-eviction service is para-legal, and said he often is referred to cases by lawyers "who don't want to fuss with them."

He has a staff of seven. All the eviction steps he takes are strictly according to law, he declared.

"You have no idea the abuses that are laid on the landlord," he said. "Somebody has to be on the side of the landlord."

A tenant is given three days' notice to live up to the lease, and then a court order for eviction is obtained and the sheriff brought in. The sheriff then must give the tenant five days' notice, and then eviction takes place.

Schindler says he often can talk the tenant into leaving before it gets to the stage at which the sheriff must be there.

Nearly all his cases involve non-payment of rent. The rest are for lease violations such as property destruction.

He said his scariest eviction concerned a mentally disturbed Vietnam veteran who amused himself one afternoon by tossing people off the deck into the swimming pool three floors down.

Enter Schindler, looking into the business end of a Springfield rifle. Exit Schindler, hurriedly. Police handled that one.

(The Cleveland papers wrote of a black tenant who was told he had to move on the worst day of the big snowstorm we had in December, when the temperature was zero and the airport had been closed down for 30 hours.)

8. Order your coffin now

(By Press-London Telegraph Wire, the Cleveland Press, 12-6-77)

WASHINGTON--Do-it-yourself enthusiasts who are tired of making model aircraft or redoing the den can now take advantage of a new and rapidly growing hobby--Putting Together Your Own Coffin.

They can buy one of the kits offered by a local burial society, put the coffin together themselves or have their friends in to help, then turn it on its end and use it as a wine rack or bookcase until the time comes for its ultimate purpose.

The idea stems from the revulsion of some Americans, especially members of the clergy, against ornate and synthetic caskets which have the effect of preserving the body as long as possible.

For Orthodox Jews this is against their religious beliefs, and for many other people it is a waste of money and makes the process of dying harder than ever to come to terms with.

The St. Francis Burial Society, which produces the kits, originated in Washington four years ago when a bishop's wife expressed the wish to be buried in a simple pine coffin, and a cabinet maker had to be found to produce one specially.

Now the society offers a wide range of ready-made coffins and cremation boxes, and also the coffin kit, priced at \$115. It comes with either wooden nails (required by the strictest Jewish laws) or metal ones.

"We're not against the funeral industry," says the Rev. Robert Hertzog, who helped found the society. "What we want to do is to make available some options." In his own family, the completed coffin serves both as a chest for storing blankets and as "a chance to explore our feelings about death, grief and living fully."

The society recommends a number of uses for a finished coffin. As a toy chest, desk, coffee table, toolbox, and so forth. The most spectacular are painted or varnished.

(That's nothing new--Count Dracula always carried his coffin around with him!)

9. Mysterious booms: Are Guns of Seneca cannonading?

(From the Blain Dealer, 12-24-77)

WASHINGTON*--(AP)--Are the Guns of the Seneca cannonading off the East Coast?

No one knows for sure, but experts at the U. S. Geological Survey say the mysterious booms heard along the shore this month are similar to those popular in Seneca Indian mythology and have been common for hundreds of years. They also have eluded definitive scientific explanation.

"There is nothing really new in the fact that such sounds have been reported. A variety of sounds have been heard over the past few hundred years in many parts of the world," said James Devine, head of the survey's earthquake studies.

The muffled booms have been known by such names as Guns of the Seneca, Barisal Guns, Jebel Musa Sounds and Mist Pouffers and are particularly well known along the East Coast, said Devine.

The most recent sounds have drawn a variety of hypothetical explanations, ranging from sonic booms to gas bubbling up from garbage. Military officials have denied responsibility for the booms.

Sonic booms have been ruled out by such experts as Dr.

William Donn of Columbia University's Lamont-Dohery Observatory, leaving gas bubbles as one of the most popular explanations put forward.

Three loud explosions, accompanied by a ball of fire in the evening sky, were reported Tuesday in Connecticut.

New Canaan Police Sgt. Paul Torpey, who heard the explosions, said more than a dozen residents reported hearing three closely spaced explosions at 11:43 p. m.

Booms were heard Wednesday and Thursday in New Jersey.

Devine said prior reports of booms have come from the Finger Lakes of New York, the Midwest, Connecticut, Florida, Australia and the Middle East.

Some suspect the noise is related to the high state of stress of the rocks that underlie the Eastern United States, Devine said. But he cautioned that there may not be any single explanation for the booms.

Dr. Stanley Klemetson of Colorado State University has offered one possible explanation: the dumping of treated wastes and garbage in the ocean. This could produce gases such as hydrogen and methane, which collect, break loose in the surface and can be set off by static electricity.

This explanation was disputed, however, by the Environmental Protection Agency, which said the gases would develop only in the absence of oxygen. New York regional administrator Eckhardt C. Beck said the coastal waters are highly oxygenated.

Dr. Edward Chiburif of Weston Observatory in Boston speculated that the sounds are sonic booms. The Federal Aviation Administration hasn't ruled out the possibility, but says it doesn't believe that explanation.

The Guns of the Seneca are loud booming noises that cascade over the rolling hills of New York's Finger Lakes Region. Walter K. Long, director of the Cayuga Museum of History in Auburn, N. Y., says the cause of those booms is unknown, but he doubts any relation to the latest noises.

Seneca Lake stands atop huge salt deposits and many hollow caves, Long explained, and these deposits are considered a likely source for the noises. Long said he knows of no such deposits along the New Jersey shoreline.

Long said the Seneca noises date back to the Owasco Indians, who left the area during a drought in 1220.

All the noise reports past and present, Devine observed, "have one thing in common, they are scientifically inexplicable."

(Were any rock festivals held in that vicinity?)

10. Letter to the editor of the Plain Dealer, 1-2-78

My 18-year-old grandson was seriously injured in an automobile accident at W. 101st. and Jasper Ave. His car hit a utility pole. His right hip and nose were broken and his right knee was messed up. He managed to kick open the door with his left foot and tried to drag himself out. The gas tank was leaking and he was afraid the car would start to burn.

Several people were standing around, so he begged someone to help him get away from the car.

I would like to say, "Thank you" to all those people, but I can't. Instead of trying to help, they just turned and walked away. Stop and think that some day, God forbid, one of you could be in the same position as my grandson. How would you feel if

everyone walked away and left you lying there? How can people be so hard and unfeeling toward another fellow human being?

ZELMA SHEPHERD
Cleveland

11. Saudis hoping to solve puzzle of huge rings

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-2-78)

JIDDA, Saudi Arabia--(AP)--Saudi Arabia is opening its doors to foreign archaeologists eager to solve the kingdom's "Mystery of the Rings."

Strange circular stone formations--reminiscent of those found in Europe--are scattered throughout this arid country on hilltops and valleys remote from human habitation.

The rings are formed by stone walls a foot or two tall, from 15 feet to more than 100 yards in diameter. No legends cast light on their origins or purpose. Theories are myriad.

Amateur archaeologists have noted many of the rings have "tails"--one or more appendages that sometimes stretch out for hundreds of yards across the wilderness.

Viewed from the air, the rings are said to bear a marked similarity to huge circles in the Nazca Plain in western Peru.

The English-language daily newspaper Arab News has speculated that stone rings 30 miles north of the Red Sea port of Jidda may be ancient grave sites. The walls are too low to have served as sheep or goat pens, the newspaper reasoned.

Ron Wort of the U. S. Geological Survey made an informal study of the circles along the Red Sea coast. He concluded that the stone rings could be "the desert equivalent of rock carvings," ancient signposts that point the way to fresh water springs or caravan routes.

Several of the "tails" led to water or old desert paths, Wort said.

The answer to the mystery will have to wait the arrival of professional archaeologists from abroad.

Until recently, Saudi Arabia was off limits to them, but a new government policy is encouraging research into the kingdom's ancient past.

Last June the antiquities and museum department announced a comprehensive plan for excavations "to learn more about the region's ancient history."

U. S. and European experts have been conducting general surveys of the country's potential archaeological sites. Surveys have already been completed in the eastern and western provinces, and studies are under way in the north and south.

The United States and Saudi Arabia have agreed to cooperate in a program of archaeological research, but no details have been announced.

(Are the rings signals to UFOs of antiquity?)

12. Fidel shave beard? No way, say witches

(From the Cleveland Press, 1-4-78)

NEW YORK--(UPI)--In 1978 there will be another blackout in New York City, U. N. Ambassador Andrew Young will resign and President Carter will try--unsuccessfully--to replace him with brother

Billy.

What's more, Fidel Castro will angrily turn down a razor blade commercial.

Who says so?

The witches of America.

The New York Center for the Strange has just released the results of this year's nationwide survey of 280 American witches.

Robert Carson, who bills himself as the center's public opinion research director, noted that "last year's survey accurately predicted Jimmy Carter's election victory, the 'Koreagate' scandal in Congress and the New York blackout--although they had not named the date of the massive electrical power failure.

"The popular image of witches as wicked, gnarled hags astride brooms is a terrible injustice to the 17 million men and women throughout the world who look upon witchcraft as a serious religious pursuit," Carson said.

He said the country's practicing witches include "a U. S. senator, the governor of a Western state, a well-known feminist, a prominent TV sportscaster and the publisher of a leading men's magazine." He would not identify them.

Other major predictions include:

- . The Concorde supersonic jet will be denied permission to land in Los Angeles.

- . President Carter will establish full diplomatic relations with Cuba; Fidel Castro will then visit the United States where he will angrily reject a razor blade company's offer of \$100,000 to shave his beard off for a television commercial.

- . "Koreagate" figure Tongsun Park will voluntarily return to the United States from Korea.

- . Medical researchers will announce a breakthrough in the treatment of baldness, prickly heat and tennis elbow.

- . Henry Kissinger will announce his candidacy for the U. S. Senate.

- . There will be minor hardships caused by a nationwide shortage of beluga caviar, earmuffs, bagels and automobile dipsticks.

- . The Supreme Court will rule that truth in advertising laws are unconstitutional.

- . Coffee will be plentiful and prices will plummet.

The New York Center for the Strange is a non-profit institution involved in the study of odd phenomena, according to Carson, who heads a Manhattan public relations firm.

(A lot of people have always thought that NYC was the center for the strange!)

13. (From the Plain Dealer, 1-5-78)

James Cornell of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Mass. has noted a marked increase in reported UFO sightings since the movie "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" was released.

"I think a lot of people are walking out of the movie theater and looking up into the sky for the first time," he said. "They see Venus, they see a star, they see the moon in the daytime. They call us with a report."

14. Dead boy's mother denies that he craved salt

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-6-78)

by W. James Van Vliet

The natural mother of Robert W. Arnold, 6, testified yesterday that her son did not have a craving for salt, although he was a problem child.

Jean Arnold, 26, of North Royalton, testified during the second day of the trial of Milano L. Martenjok, the boy's foster father, who is charged with involuntary manslaughter in the child's Aug. 23 death.

Her testimony before Common Pleas Judge David T. Matta contradicts Martenjok's assertions to the police that the boy voluntarily ate large quantities of salt in his food and drinks.

Asst. County Prosecutors George J. Sadd and Jack H. Hudson are attempting to prove that the boy was forced to eat the salt as a punishment. Martenjok has waived a jury trial.

Mrs. Arnold said she spoke to Martenjok and his wife, Sharon, of 3495 W. 128th St. often and they never mentioned his acquiring a craving for salt. She said she put the boy up for adoption in November 1976 because she could not control him.

Deputy Coroner Charles S. Hirsch testified that under normal circumstances a salt craving can be caused by kidney or adrenal gland disorders. But an autopsy indicated no problems, he said.

Hirsch said the 36-pound boy died of a massive overdose of salt, at least one ounce with his last meal. He said an ounce would fill the palm of a grown man's hand. The child may have ingested more than an ounce, Hirsch said, but it did not show in the autopsy because the boy vomited before death.

"The quantities in his body were so high that they were incompatible with life," Hirsch told Matta.

Robert also had scratches and bruises all over his body, Hirsch said, but they did not contribute to his death.

The prosecution has contended that Martenjok had a history of child abuse and a Cleveland homicide detective quoted Martenjok yesterday as admitting he had beaten the child with a three-foot board.

15. Test-tube yummys

by Russell W. Kane

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-12-78)

If we play our cards right, we will get Smith Rd. in Brook Park renamed Zinger Blvd. West and Broadway in Garfield Heights renamed Zinger Blvd. East.

Both streets contain Dolly Madison bakeries--Zinger factories, that is. All this is just to get even with the Twinky people, who, as the world is well aware, got a chunk of W. 20th St. renamed Twinky Lane in honor of the creme-filled chocolate-encrusted goodies cranked out by the Hostess bakery people there.

That ploy was not arranged by the bakery. It was pulled off by the councilmen and others in gratitude for the jobs provided by Hostess-Twinky for the neighborhood folks. A good move, in my estimation. Opens horizons of all sorts.

But the new double renaming would not have to do with jobs but rather with ingredients, because Zingers are the champ junk food, much junkier than Twinkies, so far as our semi-shallow researches can discover.

Zingers were brought to the attention of our giant junk food

research group by Carol Myers of Painesville, a gourmet cook and trencherperson most times, but a junk food junkie of world class at others.

She was in junk mode when she touted the Zingers. We fell for a coconut-raspberry model. Went into a reading mood after chokng down the raspberry-colored, coconut-imprinkled little cake. Read the ingredients. Amazing!

You must take my word for it that although the ingredients mentioned coconut, they did not mention raspberries, mor, indeed, cream, or even creme.

Here is what they did mention, and operating under the adage that one should not eat anything containing a printed ingredient which one cannot pronounce, Zingers immediately became inedible.

Sugar, corn syrup, enriched bleached flour (flour, niacin, ferrous sulphate, thiamine mononitrate, riboflavin), a blend of vegetable and animal shortening (may contain soy oil, cottonseed oil, palm oil, beef fand and/r lard, which may be partially hydro-genated), water, egg white, whey, cornstarch, salt, mono-Ø and diglycerides, calcium carbonate, dextrose, whole egg, baking soda, sodium aluminum phosphate, artificial and natural flavors, calcium sulphate, agar, sorbic acid (a preservative), sorbitan monostearate, sodium caseubatem soy protein isolate, polysorbate 60, sodium alginate, sodium phosphate, calcium phosphate, sodium stearoyl 2-lactylate, calcium oxide, nonfat milk, lecithin, calcium caseinate, artificial color, propylene glycol.

How about that? And they taste pretty good, particularly with coffee.

Well, Ms. Myers also had half a Shaklee instant protein energy bar. "Nutritious. More than a Snack."

The bar "went down," as the hired man used to say when he was really praising food put in front of him by my aunt. But the point is that Shaklee is a super-natural-vitamin-organic-it's-good-for-you company that hangs out in Emeryville, Calif. and sells its products via agents, some of whom operate around here.

But here are some of the candy bar's ingredients:

Sorbitol, calcium carbonate, magnesium carbonate, ascorbic acid, ferrous fumarate, d-alpha tocopherol acetate, zinc oxide, calcium pantothenate, copper carbonate, pyridoxine hydrochloride, thiamin hydrochloride, potassium iodide.

Maybe we could get a Shaklee Drive. It could be out around Shaker Blvd. and Lee Rd., if the vitamin works would establish a branch there.

(Many of the "foods" today are quite ersatz, good enough perhaps for androids, but hardly for humans. Zinc oxide? Was that included to cure you of athlete's foot?)

16. Blithe spirits

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-12-78)

WASHINGTON--(AP)-- The Air Force may have pooh-poohed UFOs, but another government agency seems less skeptical as to encounters of the ghostly kind.

They've even put out a guide called "The Supernatural-- Haunted Houses and Legendary Ghosts."

The U. S. Travel Service's eight-page foldout lists more than 21 ghosts in eight states and 29 sites, including Southern plantations, boyhood homes, a governor's mansion, an Army fort, and an anchored frigate.

Most of the shades appear content simply to show themselves

at the tourist spots. But others do interesting things like sipping wine, chattering, peering into sleeping faces and complaining about poorly hung pictures.

Unfortunately for ghost fans, most spots close by 5 p. m.,-- long before prime time for spirit-viewing. Only the Myrtles, a plantation in St. Francisville, La., offers "evening by appointment" hours.

There, at the state's oldest plantation, a French governess makes an appearance to "peer into sleeping faces in the bedroom." But visitors don't get test sleepovers.

Ghosts seem to cotton to Louisiana plantations. Parlange, at New Roads, is haunted by the spirit of a lovely girl, the guide says. At St. Maurice, reports the travel service: "Tales persist that this massive home is haunted by a child who rises from the cemetery and by spirits who noisily turn calendar pages."

Other quirky spirits include one with a fondness for spirits, who empties decanters at the Governor's Mansion in Dover, Del. At Shirley Plantation in Charles City County, Va., the portrait of "Aunt Prrett" makes ghostly noises when hung wrong.

Chattering spirits inhabit the Marine Antique Shop in Wiscasset, Maine, home of over 250 mechanical music machines.

Most ghost honors might belong to Fort Monroe, Hampton, Va., which houses at least ten spirits in private residences and military casements.

You'll find big-name ghosts on the list, too. Henry Clay visited often at Oaklawn Manor in Franklin, La. and today returns in spirit form to the mansion, according to the travel service.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's boyhood home in Alexandria, Va. reportedly is haunted by a little boy "who many agree is the ghost of Robert E. Lee himself," the agency says.

Col. Fielding Lewis, a Revolutionary War patriot, is said to haunt Kenmore, a home of Georgian design at Fredericksburg, Va.

Should the spirits move ~~there~~ you there, West Coast ghosts occur in San Diego and San Jose, Calif.

In the latter city, you'll find the 160-room Winchester House. Its former owner kept expanding it in the hope that "rooms for good spirits would keep evil ones away."

Whaley House, San Diego's city hall in the 1860-70s, is said to be haunted by an unfortunate gallows victim. Judge Thomas Whaley lived there and presumably did the sentencing.

Two naval ghosts are listed--one a hero, the other a suspected coward.

In Washington, Decatur House "is haunted by the spirit of the first owner, Stephen Decatur, a naval hero who died in a tragic duel."

In Baltimore, aboard the USS Constellation, "lurks the ghost of a sailor who died in 1799 and returns to clear his name of charges of cowardice," the agency says.

17.

A NUDE DEAL

By Bob Dolgan

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-12-78)

In the early days of women's lib, sportswriters could tell themselves that women would never encroach upon their preserve. The feeling was that women couldn't be sportswriters because they couldn't go into locker rooms to interview male athletes, who are

frequently in the nude.

But all that has changed. Today several women function as sportswriters. And, yes, they do interview nude male athletes, most of them pro hockey and basketball players.

I talked to a couple of the ladies (Editor's note: ladies?) --Stéphanie Salter, 28, who covers the Golden State Warriors for the San Francisco Examiner, and Melissa Ludtke, 26, of Sports Illustrated magazine.

Both women say they have encountered no real problems conducting clubhouse interviews with National Basketball Association players.

"Only two NBA teams, Boston and Phoenix, won't let me in," said Miss Salter. "The others have all adjusted to my presence. Oh, one or two players still try to find a little corner and hide when I come in.

"A couple of rookies on the Warriors were amazed to see me when I first came in this year. But some of the other guys told them, 'She's just doing her job. Forget it,' This is my second season with the team. I certainly was awkward at first, too."

Miss Ludtke said that all three rookies on the New York Knicks, two black and one white, have told her they object to her presence.

"I try to explain to them why I have to come in, that it's my job as a sportswriter," she said. "I've told them I'd try to avoid embarrassing them, that I'd try to stay away until they get used to it. They can always put on a towel."

Both women say they most often interview players in groups of other sportswriters. Miss Lydtke says she has never interviewed a nude player one-on-one. It is different with the effervescent Miss Salter.

"Yes, I interview them alone, even if they're nude," she said. "But if they're standing I usually ask them to sit down. It takes the focus away from any particular area of the body if they're sitting."

I asked her if her proximity to the young, strong athletes ever causes her to react as a woman.

"I would be something less than a human being if I didn't react as a woman," she said. "I'd be a liar if I said I wasn't aware that there are men with no clothes on in the locker room. Anybody who sees a good-looking body and doesn't react has something wrong with them. But I have a stable domestic situation."

Miss Saltman said she has a close male friend. "We're not married or engaged, sort of in between," she said.

Miss Ludtke, on the other hand, denied that she pays any attention to the male bodies. "I spend more time looking at my pen and notebook," she said.

Miss Ludtke added that she had never been asked for a date by an athlete. "I don't put myself in a position where such a question could be asked," she said. Again the lively Miss Salter had a different experience.

"I'm asked out quite a bit by the players," she said. "They're very nice to me, very complimentary and gentlemanly. But I've never gone out with a player. I wouldn't do it.

"I'd set myself up with a can of worms if I did. I'm too close to the subject. If I went out with a player and he didn't play well, I'd be accused of covering up for him if I didn't criticize him. If I went out with a player and wrote a good story about him, they'd say I wrote it because we had a date."

"I'd be like the reporter who's covered City Hall for too long and all the politicians are his friends. He can't write objectively about them anymore."

Male sportswriters frequently get their best interviews while

socializing with athletes in bars. Miss Ludtke admits that this is a drawback for her.

"It's difficult for a woman to meet a man in a bar," she said. "But that's something I'd never fight for."

Miss Salter says that she has been the occasional target of jokes on her job. Once, when she walked into the clubhouse of the Kansas City Kings, somebody turned out all the lights. They stayed that way for a few seconds, to the accompaniment of laughter and shouts.

"It was their brand of sophisticated humor," she laughed.

On another occasion, a visiting team was warned by its coach that she would be coming in for interviews. "You can put towels on," said the coach.

But the players decided to be funny. "When I came in they pranced around nude for a while," she said.

Neither woman is welcome in baseball clubhouses. Miss Ludtke, in fact, has filed a suit against baseball because she was not allowed into clubhouses during the last World Series.

"Baseball is so rooted in tradition," she said. "I can't understand why there'd be this feeling that if I came in it would be the end of the world."

Miss Salter covered the Oakland Athletics and San Francisco Giants last summer and also had trouble.

"Some of the A's, especially, really resented my presence," she said. "Bill North told me to stay out of the locker room. 'Do your job in the hall,' he said. The irony of it is that he is black and he was discriminating against me."

She thinks there are several reasons she has problems in baseball, but not in basketball. "The education level of the players is higher in basketball," she said. "And the game is more progressive. Baseball is more militaristic."

The antagonism bothers Miss Salter. "There's a feeling of exclusivity about it," she said. "You look at yourself and realize you're being discriminated against for something you have no control over. People look at you with such hate in their eyes. I understand discrimination in other areas much better because of this."

Fellow sportswriters have accepted her, she said. She hangs out with them and sportscasters on road trips.

18. Man bites computer

(From the Cleveland Press, 10/14-78)

This may be a first. A group health organization in Cincinnati got rid of the computer it was using to maintain appointment records when it was discovered that humans could do the same job more efficiently.

According to the Wall Street Journal, the computer, manned by four employees, could handle only about half the records that three employees now keep track of manually.

The lightning speed and prodigious memories of the electronic brains are beyond dispute. But the machines also require a lot of care and feeding. We wonder how many companies, swept along in the rush to computerize, are using them for chores that could be done

just as well or better the "old-fashioned" way.

To put it differently, the competent human worker is still the most valuable asset any business can have.

19. More than skin deep

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-21-78)

CAPE TOWN, South Africa--(AP)-- A 44-year-old white woman has been ordered off "whites only" buses, been mistaken for a black maid and has seen her family break up because her skin has turned progressively darker in recent years.

Rita Hoefling says she is shunned by friends and society and her husband and son have left her because of the condition.

"Now I know what apartheid is like at its worst," she said in an interview published in the Johannesburg Star.

Mrs. Hoefling's skin color started to change in 1974 when doctors examining her discovered she had a brain tumor. An operation to remove the tumor was regarded as risky because she had undergone an adrenal gland operation in 1969 and also had had cobalt radiation treatment that weakened her, the newspaper said.

She takes hydrocortisone drugs every day to keep alive after the removal of two adrenal glands. It was not clear whether the drugs or tumor or some other factor caused her skin to darken.

"I'm ready to scream," she said. "I cannot even begin to count the number of times I've been ordered off buses by conductors, saying that coloreds (persons of mixed race) were not allowed on."

She said she has been issued a special card she has to show bus drivers to prove she is white.

"But even that doesn't help and leads to terribly embarrassing situations. This week I got on a bus coming from Groote Schuur hospital where I have a job as an unpaid voluntary worker and the driver told me to get off. He said he was not interested in my special card."

She said her 16-year-old daughter, who attends school in suburban Garden not far from their home, came home in tears recently because she had been ordered off a "whites only" bus whose driver recognized her from times she had accompanied her mother on the same route.

Mrs. Hoefling said her son had gone to Durban and she had not seen him in four years "because he was embarrassed by the change in his mother. My husband left me in April last year."

She said a door-to-door salesman asked her to see the "madam."

"When I told him it was my home he said he did not like sarcastic maids," Mrs. Hoefling said.

She said it is likely she will get even darker in the future.

"In the meantime, I've found it impossible to get a steady job because of this business."

The white-owned newspaper for blacks in Johannesburg, the Post, deplored Mrs. Hoefling's situation in an editorial yesterday under the headline, "A Very Sick Society."

(Remember Black Like Me, in which James Whitmore deliberately darkened his skin and went down South just to see how blacks were really treated?)

20. Would-be tamer is eaten by lions

(From the Cleveland Press, 1-25-78)

GELSENKIRCHEN, West Germany--(UPI)--A man who wanted to prove he could tame lions was eaten by them, police reported.

Keepers reporting for work at the Safari Park in Gelsenkirchen found 16 lions had been freed from their winter quarters and were wandering around. They also found bloodstained remnants of clothing, some human bones and a wallet with an identity card issued to Bernhard Griebner, 21.

"He was fired from his job as a groom in a stable and it upset him," his father, Willi Griebner, told police. "He wanted to prove that he could handle lions. He loved animals."

Griebner freed the lions on his second try, police said. They said he climbed the 11-foot-high fence around the park but could not open the door to the cage. He returned Monday night with tools to break in, police said.

21. Saudis execute princess, mate for unroyal vows

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-22-78)

LONDON--(AP)--Saudi Arabian Princess Misha and her commoner husband were executed in the Red Sea city of Jidda because she married outside the royal family, the British newspaper the Observer reported yesterday.

It said retainers and bodyguards of Prince Muhammad Bin Abdul Aziz, grandfather of Misha, executed the couple last fall.

The Observer reported the 23-year-old princess was shot to death in front of her husband and then he was beheaded.

It said Misha was one of 2,000 princesses belonging to the royal house of Saud and her husband, Shear, was the cousin of Saudi Arabia's ambassador to Lebanon, former Gen. Ali Shear.

According to the newspaper, the executions were carried out after King Khaled, Saudi Arabia's ruler and sole surviving full brother of Prince Muhammad, refused to sign a death order against the couple. But it said the king "did not intervene to prevent his brother from imposing his own form of family discipline."

"The house of Saud increasingly intermarries as a means of protecting the family interest," the Observer said. "It forbids its women to marry outside the family or a closely associated line."

The Observer said Misha first met her husband while she was studying in Beirut, Lebanon. She was summoned home when reports of the romance arrived in the Saudi capital of Riyadh and was told to marry a man chosen by the family, the paper said.

Instead, she eloped with Shear and they were married and went to a seaside resort north of Jidda.

They prepared to flee the country, the paper said, after Misha staged a fake death by drowning, leaving her clothes on the shore. She disguised herself as a man in robes with her hair cut short.

The princess and Shear, about to board a plane at Jidda airport, were recognized by security guards and taken to her grandfather, who decreed their deaths, according to the Observer.

22. Voodoo is seen as cause of many deaths in U. S.

by All Rossiter, Jr.

(From the Cleveland Press, 1-30-78)

WASHINGTON--(UPI)--A 33-year-old black man from rural Arkansas grew increasingly irritable, then became fearful when people approached him, and finally suffered a fatal heart seizure after two weeks of hospitalization.

An autopsay found no reason for the man's death. But his wife knew what had happened.

She told staff members of the University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences that her husband had angered a "two-headed" and the two-headed caused his death.

According to Kenneth Golden, an instructor at the university's psychiatric department, a two-headed is an older woman considered by the community to be a witch who casts spells and healed people.

Golden described the case in a report in the December issue of the medical journal, Archives of General Psychiatry. He explained that two-headeds, along with conjure doctors, "root doctors" and "hoodoo men" are believed to be able to trick or hex a person, causing sickness, insanity and death.

"Hexing practices are no longer a phenomenon only of rural isolated communities in the Deep South," Golden said. "Physicians have provided evidence that voodoo and hexing practices exist as far north as Connecticut."

Golden said the practice of voodoo in the United States is a blend of African voodoo and European witchcraft beliefs.

He spent two years in West Africa as a Peace Corps teacher and said that in the village he lived in, disobedience of tribal custom is punished by fines, banishment or, when the infraction is particularly serious, by curse death.

That, said Golden, means certain death. But for such a curse to be successful, he said the victim has to know he has been cursed and he has to believe in the power of the person who administers the curse.

The victim feels hopeless and helpless. His eating and drinking habits become irregular. He fatigues easily, and eventually, with no interest in living, the victim simply dies.

"Overwhelming feelings of fright, fear, hopelessness and helplessness--not unlike those felt by the cursed African--have been known to cause death in the United States when people have been confronted with the demise of a loved one, a business loss or a dangerous situation," Golden said.

"The implications of these phenomena might be far-reaching," he said. "Research can provide the mental health professional with greater understanding of the powerful influence of culture and society on the individual and the intricate relationship of the mind and body."

He said patients in the United States are often reluctant to tell doctors about hexing practices for fear of being belittled or not understood.

"An awareness on the part of physicians of the existence of hexing practices within their communities may lead to more reported cases and the development of effective treatment techniques."

Remember the lyric, ". . . the voodoo which you do to me"

from Cole Porter's "You Do Something to Me?" ... I recall a story from WT in which an African, although educated at Oxford, believed in the efficacy of a witch doctor and died when he was cursed.)

23. Mama Doc put a hex on Carter

by Jack Anderson

(From the Cleveland Press, 1-31-78)

WASHINGTON--"Mama Doc" Duvalier, the first lady of Haiti, has invoked the powers of voodoo to put the hex on Jimmy Carter.

Mama Doc, widow of the despotic "Papa Doc" Duvalier, is the recognized leader of the old guard in Haiti. She is deeply disturbed over the pressure President Carter has been putting on her son, president-for-life Jean Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, to improve human rights in Haiti.

So Mama Doc reached into her medicine bag for a remedy that her late husband often used when political solutions failed him. She dispatched one of her husband's old warlords, Zacharie Delva, to the city of Gonaives.

Delva arranged for a voodoo priest to join him at the site of a proposed statue to the departed Papa Doc. With appropriate incantations, the voodoo priest and Delva solemnly buried a live bull with a picture of President Carter.

The sorcerer took advantage of the occasion to bury symbolic objects representing other enemies of Mama Doc, thus utilizing the rites to give them the evil eye, too.

When Jean Claude ~~learned~~ learned of the incident, he did what he could to dispel the hex. He issued an order that the statue of his father should not be erected.

We have also learned, incidentally, that the late Papa Doc became annoyed with the late President John F. Kennedy and had a voodoo hex cast on him. The Haitian leader was convinced, say our sources, that his black magic did Kennedy in.

Jean Claude has replaced most of the old guard favored by his father and has announced a liberalization of the government-- a program which he immodestly refers to as "Jean Claudisme."

In this spirit, he has acceded somewhat to the human rights pressure from the Carter administration. United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, for example, visited Haiti last August and publicly excoriated the Duvalier regime's "imprisonment of voices of dissent." The following month, Jean Claude abruptly released 104 political prisoners.

It was this sort of conduct that finally drove the irascible Mama Doc to voodoo.

An official of the Haitian embassy told our associate Joe Spear that the voodoo story was good only "for making the baby sleep." Presumably, he meant the story was the equivalent of a fairy tale. But our associate Hal Bernton confirmed the story on the scene in Haiti.

24. Does Bigfoot have a shaggy relative in Siberian wastes?

(From the Los Angeles Times, reprinted by the P. D.)

The famous abominable snowman of the Himalayas may have a

Siberian relative, or maybe the American Northwest's Bigfoot has slipped into the Soviet Union.

Long-time residents of the Yakutia region, which covers most of northeast Siberia, report spotting a dark, barefoot, 6-foot-6, humanlike creature that feeds on raw meat, wears a reindeer skin and shrieks a lot, the official Soviet news agency, Tass, reported yesterday.

Tass quoted Semyon Nikolaev, a senior scientific staff member of the Institute of Language, Literature and History in the Yakutian Academy of Sciences, as suggesting that the creature--called Chuchunaa--is the last of the most primitive Siberian natives.

The last recorded sighting of Chuchunaa was in the late 1950s, but that may mean only that he has retreated farther into the mountains, unreachable "even by helicopter," Tass suggested.

Nikolaev said that when some groups of the ancient population of Yakutia were ousted by others, part of the aborigines may have left for areas difficult of access. A suitable place would have been the upper reaches of the Yana and Indigirka rivers and their tributaries, he said. He added that the word "chuchunaa" means a fugitive or outcast in one of the Yakut dialects.

Old-timers in the highlands of central Yakutia warn visitors to stay away from the river and the mountains and not to wander around at night lest they run into "the wild man--Chuchunaa," according to Tass. He's been known to frighten reindeer-breeders, hunters and mushroom- and berry-pickers and has been seen mostly at dawn or late in the evening.

Witnesses say the creature is very tall and thin with long arms that hang down below his knees. His face is about the same size as a human being's, but he has shaggy hair and his small forehead protrudes above his eyes "like a cap peak." His chin is big and broad and when he sees people he generally runs away "very quickly, leaping."

The witnesses say the creature cannot speak, but that he "utters shrill screams."

25. Killer wasps attack

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-30-78)

BOGOTA, Colombia --(AP)--A swarm of wasps stung and killed a 37-year-old farm worker as he was walking along a highway in northern Colombia, the Bogota newspaper El Espectador reported.

The ferocious insects attacked the farmer and, according to reports, left his body totally mutilated.

26. Flogged frau not funny, fuming fems tell Finns

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-4-78)

NEW YORK--(AP)--Wilho Vatanen, the Finn, created the world's first sauna when he locked his wife in the smokehouse, set it on fire, beat her soundly with birch leaves--and discovered she loved it.

Or ~~not~~ so says an advertisement for Finnair, the Finnish airline.

About 30 women picketed the airline office here yesterday to protest the ad, which they said promotes violence against women.

The women carried signs reading "Brutality is not erotic!"

"No, women do not love violence" and "Violence against women is not funny."

"These women do not have any sense of humor," said Ilka Mitro, management and marketing director for Finnair. "They hurt their case by taking this so seriously."

He said the ads were not meant to promote wife-abuse, but to make the idea of a Finnish sauna appealing to potential visitors to Finland.

The demonstrators disagreed.

The advertisement was developed by de Garmo Inc., a New York advertising agency, as part of a \$500,000 campaign. Pat Greenwald, research director for de Garmo, said that before the ad appeared in mid-January it was tested on 200 people, half of them women.

She said that 86% of the group responded favorably.

"If we had turned up any negative reactions, we would have adjusted the ad," she said.

The sauna ad, one of a series of four, is not scheduled to run again. The other ads depict a jazz festival, a smorgasbord dinner and a visa-free trip to Russia.

^{Certain} (Remember Sir Noel Coward's famous line from Private Lives: "~~Some~~ women should be struck regularly, like gongs?")

27. Enjoy a historic meal at Jersey's haunted beanery

(From the Plain Dealer, 1-29-78)

by Jules Loh

MORRISTOWN, N. J. --(AP)--There is a decided chill in the room. Yes, the place is definitely haunted. A haunted restaurant.

"Most of the people who ask to see the room know a girl was murdered there," said Luis Villacorta, the restaurant's manager, "but most of them don't know the details."

"We've had heating engineers in to see about the draftiness, but nothing they do works. The room stays chilly."

The room was once an upstairs bedroom in a lovely old home built in 1749. The house, improved over the years, remains the sturdy nucleus of a restaurant called the Wedgwood Inn, the storied bedroom now used for private dinner parties.

Yes, murder most foul was done there, and the details are more chilling than the eerie draft.

In the early spring of 1833, a recent immigrant named Antoine LeBlanc took a job with the Samuel Sayre family as a field hand, the only trade he knew.

But, as LeBlanc later explained through an interpreter, he resented Sayre's treating him like a damn field hand. So on a chilly Sunday morning in May he enticed Sayre and his wife Sarah to the stable, took up a shovel, bashed in their heads and hid their bodies in a manure pile.

Next, he went up to the bedroom and similarly dispatched their sleeping servant girl, Phoebe, and made off with the silverware.

A posse caught Le Blanc heading for the Newark docks and fetched him back to Morristown. The jury took 20 minutes to decide his fate.

The date of the hanging was set, Sept. 16, the scaffold built, and 12,000 people crowded the village green for the big event.

One of them was a professor from Princeton University who,

with the court's permission, stood by to try out a new invention called a battery. He wanted to see if he could jolt LeBlanc back to life, hoping to advance science with a sort of reverse electrocution.

That failing, a surgeon, Dr. Isaac Canfield, took over.

Dr. Canfield's job, by order of the court in pronouncing sentence, was to cut up LeBlanc into little pieces. He did as directed, and LeBlanc was finally laid to rest in a small box.

Well, not all of LeBlanc. Somebody else had got permission to skin him, and that was done. His hide was tanned and wallets offered later as mementoes of the occasion.

Time passed--a time in U. S. history, incidentally, known as the Era of Good Feeling--and eventually LeBlanc's name and his deed faded from currency.

No one could say, though, that LeBlanc's life was without redeeming social value.

A half century later, when Morristown had grown into a fashionable country place for the rich and the cultured, a civic-minded citizen named A. W. Cutler made a hit at a YMCA fundraiser by exhibiting, alongside a goblet that had been Napoleon's and a necklace that had been Josephine's, one authentic Antoine LeBlanc wallet.

Rumor has it that other wallets exist today, hidden away in attics. If not, all that remains of the memory of LeBlanc is a chilly room in a quiet restaurant.

28. (From the Blain Dealer, 2-5-78)

The San Francisco police are never around when Ever Ready Freddie says he needs them--and until he changes his tune, they won't be.

Freddie is a member of "the short deck list," in the police Bureau of Communications.

Those who make the list are frequent callers--usually between 1 and 3 a. m.--with outrageous complaints. Police are told to ignore Ever Ready Freddie, as well as callers they refer to as X-ray Eyes Hazel and Space Ship Annie.

Ever Ready, for instance, tells police he is being harassed by a man who lives in the battery of a portable radio. Freddie says the man's talking keeps him awake.

Space Ship Annie says a small spaceship lands on her window sill, but tinfoil on the window will keep it away. And X-ray Eyes Hazel says people look through the walls of her apartment with X-ray vision and use laser beams to shut off her appliances and her lights.

29. Preacher seeks healer to resurrect his mother

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-14-78)

HARRISON, Ark.--(AP)--The Rev. Daniel Aaron Rogers says he's paying \$4,300 for an Indonesian faith-healer to visit this town to raise his mother from the dead.

Gladys Rogers died Feb. 2 at the age of 80. Her son said the body is being kept at below-freezing temperatures at a funeral home. Funeral home officials, however, said the body was not there.

"They are telling everybody that because they're just trying

to protect me and everything," Rogers said yesterday. "We're paying for it so I hope it's there. No. It's there. They're just not giving out a lot of information on it. They're just trying to look out after our interests. I told them just to maintain a low profile, but she is there."

Rogers, 41, who identified himself as an interdenominational tent evangelist, said he had sent an acquaintance to Indonesia to "contact a man there. . . a faith healer who has raised people from the dead. They will be back by the eighth (of March), if not sooner."

For a time, the body was kept packed in dry ice at a trailer near Rogers' home. But last week, at the direction of the Boone County coroner, it was sent to the hospital here.

Rogers says if his mother is resurrected "it will bring glory to God. It will cause hundreds of people--one minister I know thinks it will cause thousands--to be saved." Rogers said "it's entirely possible" for his mother to be resurrected and "I hope that she will be." If that doesn't work, he said, "Then, we'll bury her here."

30. Number-name bid nixed

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-14-78)

(From wire reports) Michael Dengler lost his bid to have his name changed to the number "1069" yesterday when a judge in Minneapolis said the idea was "an offense to basic human dignity and inherently totalitarian."

Dengler, a former social studies teacher from Fargo, N. D., said the number symbolized his interrelationship with society and reflected his personal and philosophical identity.

In denying the request, Hennepin County District Judge Donald T. Barbeau cited a New Jersey Supreme Court decision that said courts could refuse official recognition to a name that is "bizarre."

Barbeau stayed his order 30 days to allow Dengler time for an appeal.

To grant Dengler's petition, he said, would "hasten the day in which we all become lost in faceless numbers."

31. Cadaver mutilation

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-15-78)

COLUMBUS, O.--The federal government has stopped Battelle Memorial Institute here from mutilating human corpses in simulated traffic accidents.

John Masaros, an Institute spokesman, acknowledged that the 3½-year-old injury research was suspended at the request of the U. S. Department of Transportation, which had financed it.

Rep. John E. Moss, D-Calif., had complained to the department that the studies using cadavers violated "morality and human dignity."

The department suspended the research for three months and has not yet announced if it is to resume.

Battelle, one of 12 research centers involved, conducted 80 tests using dummies and 11 cadavers at the Ohio Transportation Research Center, 40 miles northwest of here. Five of the other centers also had used cadavers.

The Battelle tests, using a device known as a crash simulator,

were aimed at determining if automobile design changes could reduce fatalities and injuries to pedestrians when they are hit by cars. The crash simulator was used instead of cars because it could approximate how a car hits a pedestrian.

The cadavers were obtained from the Ohio State University Department of Anatomy. An OSU spokesman said the Franklin County coroner's office here provided unclaimed bodies for the research.

The reason cadavers were used, spokesmen said, was that damage to dummies did not indicate what precise injuries would occur in a specific type of accident.

Mesaros said researchers are compiling a report from the Battelle experiments, which cost the transportation department \$323,000. The entire experiment involving the 12 test centers cost more than \$3 million.

While some results were obtained from the research, Mesaros said, "We had hoped to continue doing it."

(Any volunteers to replace the dummies?)

32. Eating champ clears the table

by Jack Schreiber

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-15-78)

OAKLAND, Calif.--(AP)--Don't dare tell Edward (Bozo) Miller half a loaf is better than none. He's liable to gulp down the bakery and knock off the entire menu of the restaurant next door for good measure.

Miller, a jolly gent right out of Damon Runyon, is the certified World's Champion Eater. The title, which he claimed in 1931, was enshrined in 1963 in the "Guinness Book of World Records" after he gobbled 27 two-pound chickens at a single sitting.

A brisk, energetic and rotund 69, Bozo, the name he prefers, consumes 25,000 calories a day, 11 times the recommended amount.

Although that amount may vary from day to day, Miller is certain of one thing: "I can kill" (outeat) "anybody."

Miller, 5 foot 7½ and 300 pounds, held court during an interview in a restaurant, sipping champagne over ice and surveying a table of appetizers like a general preparing for battle. He was surrounded by members of his "eatin' and drinkin'" club.

Reaching for a slice of smoked salmon, he said, "Lately I've been gettin' tired. My appetite's O. K. If I have to eat, I eat. But why should I? I'd rather drink than eat."

That last statement has more to it than just preference. Miller, married and the father of two daughters, is sales manager for a major wine and liquor distribution business--and he likes his work.

Waving a barbecued sparerib like a baton, Miller said, "I drink maybe 40-50 drinks a day. That's easy. I drink anything. Champagne, then I go to Scotch, then bourbon."

As he talked, his friends came around to kid him and gaze admiringly as he downed one drink after another, one chicken wing after another--all the while talking of a fine luncheon to come.

Miller said his health is fine, although his doctor is worried about his high blood pressure.

Tossing off a pair of powerful green chartreuses, Miller strolled toward a sit-down lunch, describing his breakfast.

"The doctors talk about cholesterol in eggs," he said. "Hah!

Mine's O. K. I probably eat more eggs per day than anybody in the (eating) business. For breakfast I have maybe eight or ten eggs, sometimes 14, six slices of muffins, 8 to 10 slices of ham, a quart of milk."

That's the first of about ten meals he eats daily, he said.

Miller said he's got to practice for eating--keeping the stomach stretched--to accept any possible challenges.

After an hour of preliminary eating, he marched into the luncheon for a boisterous meal of crabs, three lamb chops, potatoes and at least 15 drinks.

Despite his gargantuan capacity for comestibles, Miller eats like a gentleman, almost daintily. Not a speck on his neat suit, not a stain on his dark tie. His target is his mouth, and he never misses.

(It's a wonder that the Biggest Hog of Them All has lived that long! I should hate to have to pay his food bills.)

33. Woman wins bias bonus, keeps shoveling

by Pauline Thome

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-22-78)

Ellen Leach won \$10,000 yesterday from the Cleveland Metropolitan Parks and the Cleveland Zoological Society, underlining her right to clean up after big, dirty elephants.

Ms. Leach, 29, won the award in an out-of-court settlement to her sex discrimination suit four years after she was rejected for a job as a zoo keeper. During the course of her legal battle the zoo hired her as a keeper in the pachyderm building.

Originally, she was turned down for the job because she was a woman and there were no "facilities" there for women zoo keepers, she said she was told.

"They, like a lot of zoos, felt women shouldn't be working with big animals. It's a whole macho thing that elephants are only for men," she said.

"Well, give or take 100 pounds, what difference is that when you are dealing with a four-ton animal?"

Although she was a library science major at Bowling Green State University, she got hooked on zoology there. Wanting to be around animals, she began learning more about them as a veterinarian's assistant in several animal clinics.

When she heard there was a better-paying job open at the zoo, she applied and was rejected.

Ms. Leach, a Cleveland Heights resident, filed grievances with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and Ohio Civil Rights Commission. Finally, aided by the Women's Law Fund, she sued in U. S. District Court.

She was hired in May, 1976, after she filed suit and as the EEOC investigation began.

Feeding, grooming and cleaning up after the elephants, giraffes and hippos in the pachyderm building may not have glamour, she said, but it sure makes her happy.

34. 'Mystically intact' body dug up, found decayed

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-27-78)

ASCHAFFENBURG, West Germany--(AP)--The body of a 23-year-old woman who died in 1976 after undergoing exorcism was exhumed because a nun had a vision the body was mystically intact, police said yesterday.

The body of Anneliese Michel, dug up Saturday from a cemetery in this north Bavarian city, was found to be "normally decayed," a police statement said.

Miss Michel's parents, Josef and Anna Michel, demanded the body be exhumed after being told by a nun that it "is resting completely intact in its grave," police said.

The parents and two Roman Catholic priests who performed the exorcism are to go on trial March 30 on charges of negligent homicide in Miss Michel's death.

Doctors said she was suffering from epilepsy. After four years of medical treatment failed to control her ailment, the priests, Ernst Alt and Wilhelm Renz, conducted the exorcism in a church-approved attempt to free the young woman from supposed demons.

She died July 1, 1976, from lack of nourishment after several months of exorcism rites conducted at her home, police said.

Prosecutor Karl Stenger said his investigation showed Miss Michel's life could have been saved if medical help had been sought.

35. Dolphin-killers must bury carcasses

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-27-78)

TOKYO--(AP)--Japanese fishermen who slaughtered 1,000 dolphins last week are having problems disposing of the carcasses.

A spokesman for the Maritime Safety Agency said yesterday the fishermen of Iki Island, who clubbed the dolphins to death on a beach Thursday, first intended to dump them back into the sea but were warned by officials they would be violating anti-pollution laws.

The spokesman said the local fishermen's cooperative has agreed instead to bury the carcasses on an uninhabited island near Iki, which is off the coast of Japan's southernmost main island of Kyushu.

Japanese fishermen frequently kill dolphins to prevent the sea mammals from eating their catch, but this was believed to have been the biggest such slaughter in recent years. Fishermen in 300 boats rounded up the dolphin school and drove it onto an inlet beach for the kill.

Western environmentalist groups have protested to the Japanese government about the slaughter.

In some parts of Japan, dolphins are caught for human consumption.

36. Mystery surrounds Japanese 'monster'

(From the Cleveland Press, 2-27-78)

TOKYO--(UPI)--Thirteen Japanese fishermen insist the two-ton carcass they pulled from the ocean near New Zealand was the body of a prehistoric creature.

"It was no shark and it wasn't a whale, either," Akira Tanaka, captain of the 2,455-ton fishing boat Zuiyo Maru, said.

"It was a monster," he said. "It had four large legs or flippers on its body. I saw them clearly from the ship's bridge."

Tanaka's statement was made in an interview in the Yomiuri newspaper of Tokyo, whose reporters boarded the Zuiyo Maru off New Zealand.

Controversy has raged in Japan, the United States and Scotland since mid-July over the nature of the dead creature pulled up in the ship's nets off the New Zealand coast last April 25.

The strange catch did not come to public attention until a Tokyo newspaper published photographs of the partly decomposed body, along with a drawing of it made by a Zuiyo Maru sailor.

Professor Tokio Shikama, an authority on prehistoric plants and animals at Yokohama National University, identified the creature as a plesiosaurus, a species of sea animal formerly believed to have become extinct 140 million to 150 million years ago.

Some scholars suggested the discovery of the plesiosaurus explains Scotland's long-elusive Loch Ness monster.

But other Japanese scholars who examined specimens of the monster's tissue said it resembled that of a shark.

All 13 members of the crew agreed they saw the "monster's" leg-like flippers.

"I poked it, and my fingers went in, the flesh had become so loose," said deckhand Masahiro Kawano. "We know all about fish fat and flesh. Nobody would have mistaken that for fish meat."

The crew dropped the "monster" back into the sea on the captain's orders, because he feared it would contaminate the Zuiyo Maru's catch.

In Tokyo, where the creature is called "Nessie" after the Loch Ness monster, jokes about it have mushroomed.

"We can't call it a Japanese Nessie," a Foreign Ministry spokesman quipped. "Under international sea law, we lost ownership when we threw it back."

37. Severed male sex organ reimplanted surgically

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-28-78)

PHILADELPHIA --(AP)--Surgeons at Temple University Hospital said yesterday they had successfully reimplanted a 23-year-old man's penis and a testicle after he castrated himself with a broken bottle and knife in a fit of despair.

Dr. Charles Pappas, leader of the three-man surgical team, said the reimplantation, accomplished by microvascular surgery, was the first he knew of in which both penis and a testicle were reattached. The second testicle could not be salvaged, doctors said.

"We are definitely calling it a success," Pappas said. "We have sensation, function and tests to prove it."

Said hospital spokesman Frank Avato: "The doctors took what he did in a moment of despair and gave him a whole new life." The hospital declined to release the patient's name.

The surgery, in which tiny vessels, nerves, veins and arteries were reattached, was performed seven weeks ago, within hours after the man was brought to the hospital by police. The officers brought along the amputated parts in a paper bag.

Pappas said the man used the broken bottle and knife to castrate himself after a dispute with his girlfriend. Pappas said he was aware of a few cases in which microvascular surgery was used successfully to reimplant a severed penis.

He said the patient is now able to urinate normally and is capable of an erection. Doctors believe the man will be capable of reproduction.

38. Couple buys African girl to do housework

(From the Plain Dealer, 3-4-78)

MIAMI--(AP)--A former college teacher has admitted he and his wife bought a 10-year-old African girl from her mother and used the child for at least two years as a house slave. She was given one dress to wear, a tin plate for her rice and a broken drinking glass.

"This is the first classic case of slavery in this century the FBI knows of," FBI agent Joseph Ball said yesterday. "A little girl was bought in Africa and brought back here to be a slave. That's what used to happen before the Civil War."

Syed Hiaz Hussain Shah, a horticulturist who formerly taught at Miami-Dade Community College, pleaded guilty in federal court Thursday to a charge of holding a person in involuntary servitude.

His wife, Dr. Ishrad Majed Shah, an anesthesiologist at Okeechobee Hospital, had faced the same charge. It was dropped when she pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of lying to immigration officers.

Neither of the Shahs has commented upon the case.

The girl, Rose Iftony, was 10 years old when she was brought to the United States from Sierra Leone, where the Shahs paid her mother \$200 and promised to educate her. In return, they said the girl would babysit the Shahs' son, who was then four years old, said civil rights attorney John Conroy of the Justice Department.

"The payment of money indicates that really wasn't what the Shahs had in mind at all," Conroy said. "They only wanted her to work for them."

The grand jury charged in the indictment that the Shahs used Rose as a house slave in what the FBI described as a "lavishly furnished" apartment in Okeechobee.

"They would not let her wash dishes in the dishwasher, but made her do them by hand," FBI agent Lathell Thomas testified. "They would not let her use a clothes-washing machine."

Thomas said neighbors reported that the couple kept the girl constantly scrubbing floors by hand.

The Shahs finally sent Rose to school in December, 1975, after managing to get her expired visa changed to a student's visa by claiming to be her aunt and uncle, Conroy said.

The story of the child-slave began to come to light as teachers at Dunbar Elementary School noticed Rose's emaciated condition and reported it to authorities. Workers for the Division of Youth Services told a juvenile court judge that Shah had made sexual advances toward the girl when his wife was absent. No sex charges were brought.

The child has been placed in a foster home and will be allowed to remain in the United States until she completes her education. Then she must return to her mother and 11 brothers and sisters in Africa.

Shah faces up to five years in prison and a \$5,000 fine, and his wife up to six months in prison and a \$500 fine.

39. Creation of baby in laboratory by cloning process described

(From the Plain Dealer, 3-4-78)

SEATTLE--(AP)--The author of a forthcoming book about the alleged creation of a human baby through a laboratory process called cloning told a college journalism class that he helped arrange the purported experiment, and that the baby is alive and well, students say.

He also said he is contractually bound to secrecy about the individuals involved, according to a student newspaper.

David Rorvik, a San Francisco-based writer who has written about

embryo development and genetic engineering, made the comments in a talk about the profession of freelance writing when he was a guest of a class at Western Washington University in Bellingham.

An account of the talk, and of an interview with Rorvik, appeared in the student newspaper Western Front on Feb. 10.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. said in a statement yesterday that Rorvik's book, "In His Image--The Cloning of a Man," would be published April 28. Publication originally was scheduled for June.

The New York Public Library lists Rorvik as the author of four books and co-author of another. The subject matter includes fetal development and genetic engineering. An article by him about research on test-tube babies appeared in the New York Times Magazine in 1974, and for two years in the 1960s he was a science reporter for Time magazine.

In the process of cloning, the nucleus of a body cell is put into an egg cell from which the nucleus has been removed. The egg may begin to divide and grow and could become a mature animal, a genetically identical twin to the one which supplied the cell nucleus. The growing embryo could be maintained by being implanted into the womb of a surrogate mother.

Genetic experts say that although British scientists have produced a living frog through cloning, such a process involving humans is virtually impossible at this point.

A Lippincott spokeswoman, Dianitia Hutcheson, said in New York that the book is being published as non-fiction on the basis of Rorvik's credentials. However, she said, Lippincott "does not know" if it is true. Rorvik was unavailable for comment.

According to the student newspaper, Rorvik told the students the cloned baby was born in December, 1975 of a surrogate mother and "appears healthy in every respect."

In the interview, the newspaper reported, Rorvik said a secretive, unmarried man came to him in 1973 and "identified himself as being very wealthy and very knowledgeable on the theory of cloning. . . I was stunned by his proposal. . . I went through a long period of serious thought about it." The newspaper story said Rorvik claimed the man had come to him because of the writer's background.

Rorvik also said he has a contractual agreement with the donor to maintain secrecy.

40. (From wire reports to the Plain Dealer, 3-7-78)

A doctor who told police he heard a "voice from the grave" speak through his wife helped authorities crack an unsolved murder case, Chicago police said.

Dr. Jose Chua led police to a man who has since been charged with killing the woman who "spoke," according to Lee Eplen, a police investigator.

Chua told police his wife, Remibias, went into a trance last August and spoke to him in Tagalog, the language of the Philippines. The voice identified itself as being that of Teresita Basa, 48, a Filipino medical technician found stabbed to death Feb. 21, 1977, Chua said. Mrs. Chua had met Miss Basa.

In three "visits," the voice named the killer and said he had stolen some jewelry. Police doubted the story but there was no other apparent way Mrs. Chua could have known certain details about Miss Basa, Eplen said.

Authorities said the missing jewelry later was found and used as evidence against Allen Showery, 31, of Chicago.

FILM FLAM: FILMS IN REVIEW

L. COMA

The trouble with this film is that the newspaper publicity and the reviews gave away the dénouement: you know before you see it that it's about a murderous conspiracy afoot in a Boston hospital to maintain a living bank of spare parts. But it isn't a horror film at all, but a comedy, although I'm not sure that that effect was intentional. As it appears upon the screen, it's a satire upon "dedicated" doctors like Marcus Welby, M. D.; a parody of suspense-horror films; and especially a parody of the feminist movement.

The opening scenes establish that Dr. Webster (Genevieve Bujold) is a feminist of the most militant type. Arrived home from the hospital, she sneaks a shower before her boyfriend (Michael Douglas) can get in; refuses to hear what a hard day he's had, telling him that she had had a hard day herself; and she tells him to fix the dinner! And later in the film, when her best friend at the hospital, Nancy, goes inexplicably into a coma during a routine operation and can't be brought out of it, she establishes herself as a one-woman Watergate burglar, sneaking into the administrative offices and stealing hospital records. Diminutive, fragile-looking, accented Genevieve Bujold seems very ill-suited for her macho rôle, for it's a part which calls for a James Caan! (Michael Douglas's part, on the other hand, seems to be a sex-reversal rôle.)

The film has some quite incredible melodrama. It's all very contrived: Bujold clammers through air ducts with the agility of a spider, manages to elude the killer sent after her, and by too fortunate a coincidence isn't detected on the TV monitoring system until the script is ready for her to be detected. But Bujold isn't really very smart: she fails to realize that the benign-looking chief surgeon, Dr. Harris (Richard Widmark), is really the head of the conspiracy and she falls for the old ploy of the "doctored" Scotch. Later, just as Dr. Harris is about to dispatch her during a fake appendectomy, her boyfriend, whom the audience had suspected to be part of the conspiracy, suddenly turns unbelievably heroic and saves her.

As in the novel, there is just too much medical jargon here.

Robin Cook, a doctor, wrote the novel, and Michael Crichton, also a doctor, wrote the script and directed; but instead of seeming quite authentic, the plot is completely unbelievable. Supposedly the scene is the "Boston Memorial Hospital," but the staid Bostonians refused to have any part of it and the movie had to be filmed elsewhere. As one who has been in hospitals far too often and hates the hospital atmosphere, I wasn't enchanted.

Reviewing the film in the Cleveland Press for March 23, 1978, Dr. J. S. Gravenstein, professor and director of the department of anesthesiology at Case Western Reserve University's School of Medicine, wrote: "This plot is so preposterous that it might have been invented to poke fun at hospitals, physicians and government-sponsored research. But this film's makers were absent when smiles or chuckles were handed out by the muses. Nevertheless, I got to grin once when an anesthetized patient blinked. If you haven't seen the movie and still plan to see it, watch the first anesthesia scene, left eye of the patient. That is all that's funny in this film."

2. The Fury

Brian DePalma's films are all of a piece: they display great technical virtuosity, but are cold and repellent, and over them hangs a perceptible air of contrivance. Although each film has had a different scripter, they all sound as if they had been written by DePalma himself, there are so many points of similarity.

The Fury, with a screenplay by John Farris from his novel (which I haven't read), is very close to Carrie. Carrie was such a boxoffice smash that obviously DePalma tried to find another novel as like it as possible.

The film opens upon some Mediterranean beach (Bierut?) where Peter (Kirk Douglas) and his son Robin (Andrew Stevens, the muscular son of actress Stella Stevens) come out of the water at the conclusion of a race to shore. Robin wins, but Peter pretends he is the winner. The scene shifts to a restaurant terrace, where Peter and Childress (John Cassevetes) are sipping drinks. They are both members of a secret U. S. governmental agency remarkably like the C. I. A. While they are on the terrace some boats arrive and there is a faked attack by Arab terrorists, but Peter soon realizes that the real purpose is the abduction of Robin and the assassination of himself, obviously perpetrated by Childress. Peter escapes in a boat, which Childress's men blow up, yet Peter manages to get away.

The reason Childress wants Robin is that, like Carrie, he has psychic powers which Childress wishes to exploit.

Through the rest of the film Peter keeps seeking Robin, and the chase leads him to Chicago. Though Peter disguises himself as an old man with glasses and a cane, his disguise is penetrated (Childress seems to have men everywhere) and there are any number of car chases and gory killings. It is all very much like one of the Dirty Harry films.

At this point the pace, which has been that of a taut suspense film rather in the Hitchcock style, slows down very perceptibly. Peter disappears from the film for reels at a time, while we catch only fleeting glimpses of Robin, now ensconced in a luxurious mansion somewhere outside Chicago. The focus shifts to Gillian, a wealthy Chicago high school girl, played by Amy Irving, who was the sole survivor of the carnage in Carrie. (She receives low billing, but has more footage than anyone else in the cast.) We learn that by an odd coincidence she, too, has psychic powers. She dislikes being touched, and whenever anyone presses her hand too hard he or she begins to bleed from the nostrils or nails. There is a scene probably intended to remind us of Carrie in which Gillian is tormented by bitchy classmates and reveals to the others the chief bully's secret, that she is pregnant. While Gillian seems to be sympathetic, when she is riled she exacts vengeance just like Carrie.

At the high school, during ESP experiments, Gillian shows that she has powers of psychokinesis--she can will electric trains to run at high speed. (In a similar scene, later on, Robin in a fit of pique at an amusement park short-circuits a ride and causes some rich visiting Arabs to fall to their deaths.) Gillian's teachers are so impressed by her powers that she is invited to stay at a hospital devoted to experimental parapsychological research, run by a benign-looking Dr. Jim McKeever (Charles Durning).

But the "hospital" is just a front for Childress's secret governmental agency; Gillian is actually being kept a prisoner there. Dr. McKeever soon informs Childress of the girl's presence. By another long arm of "coincidence" one of the nurses, Hester, is Peter's girlfriend! Hester is played by Carrie Snodgrass, quite a comedown from her rôle in Diary of a Mad Housewife.

Both Robin and Gillian are aware telepathically of the other's presence; but Robin has no desire to see her, as he is afraid she will supplant him; he glories in all the attention he receives from Childress. He has become a sadistic monster, as is also demonstrated in a scene in which he causes his girlfriend (Fiona Lewis) to levitate to the ceiling, makes her twirl around madly and makes her bleed from the nostrils.

At the climax of the film all the principals are gathered at the mansion where Robin lives. From this point on everything lacks logic. For instance, how can Robin be fooled by Childress that Peter is dead, when he can summon up images of what has happened? Presently we come to a scene wherein Robin is hanging ~~to~~ the edge of a roof and drops to his death--how can that happen when it has already been demonstrated that Robin has powers of levitation? In despair, Peter also drops to his death. Gillian rushes to the dying Robin and there is a silly scene in which both their eyes turn green-blue in telepathic "communication."

The final tableau almost matches The Heretic for silliness. Childress pretends great concern for ~~Robin~~ Gillian, who is, of course, "on" to him, and so she starts everything in the room to twirl around madly, including Childress's detached head. DePalma obviously tried for a tableau to match that of Carrie, but didn't succeed.

The film is ultimately a failure, but is worth seeing for a number of factors--Richard Kline's splendid cinematography, the brooding menace of Hohn Williams's background music, the accomplished acting of a fine cast, the sheer virtuosity of DePalma's direction. It fails because it is too gory, too obviously designed to shock the audience, and because none of its characters is really sympathetic. Everyone is out for revenge, and evil here is too pervasive.

A CLEVER TALE--A WINNER AT YALE

(From wire reports to the Plain Dealer, 4-7-78)

Limericks are traditionally raunchy, and a poem about a not-quite-illegitimate bird didn't quite qualify on that point. But it still won first prize in a contest that attracted 12,000 entries.

Here's what turned up at Mohegan Community College, Norwich, Conn., sponsor of the contest:

The bustard's an exquisite fowl,
With minimal reason to growl:
He escapes what would be
Illegitimacy
By grace of a fortunate vowel.

"The idea is very clever and made me laugh, and the one-word fourth line is delightful," said the judge, science fiction writer Isaac Asimov.

The winning entry came from George D. Vaill, a retired associate secretary at Yale University.

Asimov was disappointed that the winner, and the five limericks chosen for honorable mention, all came from men. "My thesis . . . holds true. The women tend to be dirtier but less clever than men."

'TREK' CREATOR LOOKS TO FUTURE

by Carl Kovac

(From the Plain Dealer, 2-23-78)

It was billed as "The World of Star Trek."

But what took place at the Coliseum Sunday night might have been more aptly called "Gene Roddenberry's World."

Roddenberry, who has in real life been a World War II bomber pilot, an airline airplane driver and, for a short time, a cop, is the man who created and produced possibly the only television series to give birth to an active, yea, sometimes militant cult.

Some 10,000 trekked out to the Richfield sports arena to hear Roddenberry talk about the show and about the full-length Star Trek movie being planned. It was due largely to the efforts of such zealots that the series survived on prime time for three years and is now in re-runs in 147 American cities--here on Channel 43--and 52 foreign countries.

When NBC originally tried to cancel the series in the late '60s, the network was flooded by more than a million letters of protest from fans.

Trekkies picketed network headquarters in New York, Roddenberry reported. "Some of them," he said, "even got into the parking garage and put 'Save Star Trek' bumper stickers on the vice presidents' limousines."

Star Trek fans, he said, "come in all sizes, ages, colors and occupations. The fantastic thing about science fiction is that it appeals to 8-year-old kids and college professors. The things that draw them all together are ideas, ideals and wonder."

That just about describes Roddenberry's world.

He sees science fiction as a medium with a message.

"I don't consider 'Star Trek' as great literature," he said, "but it is an example of how you can reach an audience with an idea within the confines of network censorship."

He cited as an analogy Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels."

"It can be enjoyed by children, yet it is social and political satire. Swift got his message across, but had he written it any other way, he might have been imprisoned or hanged," Roddenberry said.

Science fiction writers, he contended, can create their own world and social structures to comment on present-day Earth society.

"You can deal with subjects in science fiction that would be taboo on other television shows because the situations take place in another time and on other worlds, but the messages, the ideas are just as applicable in our world."

"Star Trek," in fact, is not even his idea of the future.

He predicted that "computers will probably become life forms in themselves some day." The time may come, he said, when "we'll have sensors implanted in ourselves which will enable us to communicate with any computer in the world."

What should be feared, he said, "is not ~~the~~ diversity, but the future pressing us into a common mold where we would all act, think and talk alike."

He is still ~~and~~ a dreamer, but he tempers his idealism with realism.

"People are very simplistic when they talk about taking violence out of television. Violence is a part of life and, if it's necessary to the story, I don't mind my kids watching it,

because it teaches them what not to do."
He holds high hopes for the future.

"Our adventures are still ahead of us. They're by no means over. I think we're only children so far--we humans--but we're growing."

(From the PAISAN Dossier, 2-23-78)

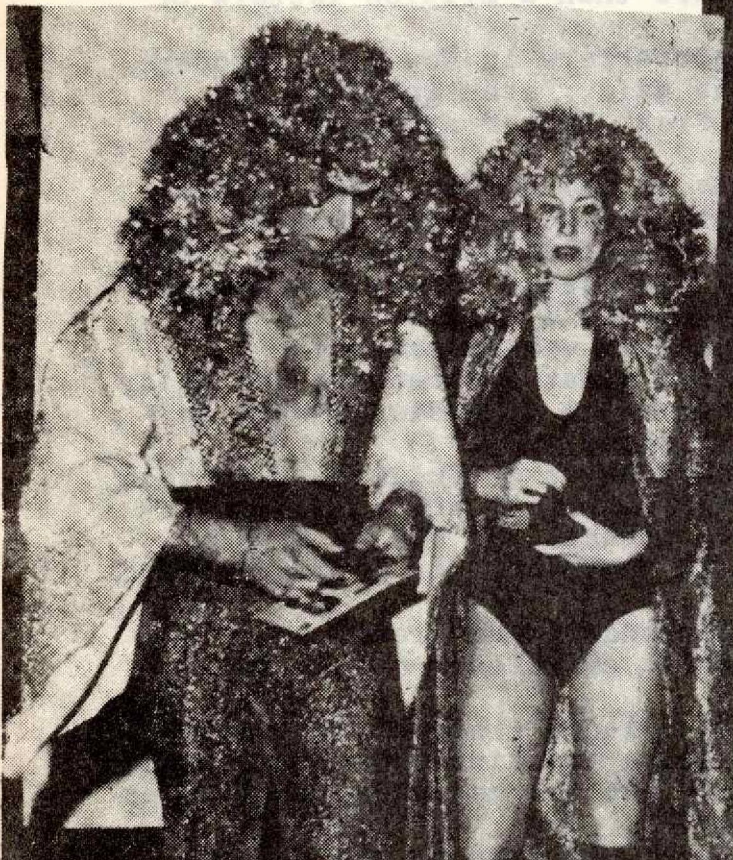
It was billed as "The World of Star Trek." But what took place at the Coliseum Sunday night might have been a "World of Star Trek." Life has been a World War II bomb-er and, for a short time, a produced possibly the only series active, yes, sometimes all-

Richfield sports arena to and about the full-length was due largely to the efforts involved on prime time for three American cities--here on

anced the series in the face of then a million letters of



Gene Roddenberry with the masks of some characters and creatures from Star Trek.



TREKKIE TREAT — Decked out in futuristic costumes inspired by characters from Star Trek, Tom and Rae Hajek of Broadview Heights fit right in with the crowd last night at the Coliseum. They were among 40 participants in a costume contest held during "The World of Star Trek" show. Several thousand "Trekkies" — devotees of the popular science fiction television series — attended the three-hour presentation that was filled with Star Trek memorabilia. (Photo by Robin Barnes)

He is still a dreamer, but he tempers his idealism with realism. People are very simplistic when they talk about taking violence out of television. Violence is a part of life and it's necessary to the story. I don't mind my kids watching it.

FANFARE

Ted Pons: It seems that I won't just be thanking you for sending OUTRE # 7, but for #8 as well (which I haven't read yet). I will admit that the cover of this latest issue threw me until I peeked inside. I thought for a moment that you had abandoned a nice evocative title like OUTRE for the admittedly unlikely STEPPING OUT. Even HPL doesn't look very happy about that possibility if his expression is any indication. (That raises a question...DID HPL ever smile for any of his photographs? I can't recall seeing any in which he wore a contented expression.) Getting back to OUTRE # 7--very impressive once more. And more of James Wade's peculiarities (if you pardon the word choice) on the back cover along with some excellent "Faces Around Cleveland" on the front! An appropriate opening and conclusion to your magazine. The contents were more than up to par. I still find it hard to believe that those Japanese fishermen dumped what, to even the most minuscule of intelligences, could have been a very valuable carcass. They probably feared that the discovery of living prehistoric creatures would put their actors in costume out of business.

I was able to catch only two of the films mentioned in your review column that issue. I recall mentioning THE SPY WHO LOVED ME in my last letter, so there's no need to reiterate. I do sometimes wonder, Vernon, if you and I truly view the same movies after I read FILM FLAM. I received the distinct impression in THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU that Barbara Carrera was indeed the Panther Woman of the 1933 version! I recall some of Lancaster's expressions and dialogue being supportive of that although I can't conjure up specifics after all this time. That might be why I enjoy that particular column more than anything else; you always make me want to see a film a second time (with exceptions of course) to clear up the doubts you put in my mind.

Of the more current efforts I've seen, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS would have to take the rose. I thought it was an excellent, thought provoking film--notwithstanding some of the plot inconsistencies. John Williams also created another winning musical score that, of course, I just had to purchase when available. Picking out the elements of "When You Wish Upon a Star" in the concluding tracks is rather simple when you're expecting them, and clarifies Spielberg's overall treatment of his subject. . . the whimsical, sense-of-wonder attitude he wished to impart. I loved it, even after three viewings.

For contrast I took Diana with me to see STARSHIP INVASIONS. That everyone tried to hide their faces upon exiting the theater is an accurate indication of the quality of the movie. I was actually embarrassed by the ludicrousness of it all. And when the bald alien starts complimenting his robot "Dirble (?)" for strangling the enemy I rolled in the aisles! Sometimes Christopher Lee startles me with the way he compromises his artistic integrity. He complained for years about the decline in quality of the Hammer Dracula series, yet pops up in little spectacles that make his Hammer efforts look like gems! At least Vincent Price would have played the thing with tongue firmly in cheek! but Lee insists on treating his throw away roles with a seriousness that borders on the absurd. End of tirade.

Robert Bloch: Despite the postal delays, OUTRE arrived about three days or so ago and I've enjoyed it greatly, especially the pieces on Quinn and Madach (of whom I knew nothing) and HAVE A NICE DAY. Plus, of course, the tidbits from the press.

It's an impressive issue, and I appreciated it while housebound here.

Dave Smith: "Hey, Lois, c'mere."
 "Whatcha doing?"
 "Vernon's latest Outre magazine just came."
 "Oh. Neat. Does he mention your name?"
 "As a matter of fact, yeah, he does. Look. He has an interesting article on film-making in Ohio, and a story about background music to films, and a very interesting article comparing Lovecraft and Evelyn Waugh. And a review of Close Encounters with the same opinion you have."
 "Nice."
 "Yeah. Look here; he printed that picture I sent him."
 "Oh! It's your birthday cake!"
 "Read the caption."
 "'Lois and Dave Smith's wedding cake. . . .' Wedding cake! That's not our wedding cake! Why did he say it was our wedding cake?"
 "He musta made a mistake. . . ."
 "Oh, no! Now everyone's going to think we had that cake as our wedding cake! Didn't you tell him that Darlene Noce's mother made that cake as a birthday surprise?"
 "Well, I thought I did, but apparently Vernon forgot it."
 "Jeez."
 "You're not mad, are you?"
 "No, no, I'm not mad. Hmmm. Picture came out pretty good, didn't it?"
 "Yeah."
 "'Boobs and beasties.' Say--is Vernon a 'boob and monster freak,' too?"
 "Vernon? Heavens, no! Although--wait a minute. Actually, I suspect that Vernon considers most persons to be boobs, and most little kids monsters, and most hardcore science fiction and fantasy fans to be freaks. So in a roundabout way--"
 "When's Vernon's birthday?"
 "August, around the same time as mine."
 "Oh, yeah? Tell him we'll send him a cake. . . ."

(Sorry about the cake boo-boo. That business about the boobs and the monsters is an oversimplification, but I suppose essentially true. As Will Rogers once remarked, we're all ignorant, only in different fields--I have frequently found people who were largely ignorant ~~on~~ the subjects which interested me to be quite knowledgable about things of which I knew little or nothing. Not all little kids are monsters, but in today's permissive society there seem to be a lot more spoiled brats than there used to be. . . . I don't have any enthusiasm for hardcore s-f, but I would call its fans "freaks" only in the sense that they themselves use the term.)

L. Sprague de Camp: Thanks a lot. . . for OUTRE, II, 4. I think I can add a little to some of the passages therein.

P. 12: If Quinn's story of the New Orleans whorehouse was "apocryphal," then he perpetrated the hoax himself. I heard him tell the story, at a small gathering of some of Fletcher Pratt's

men friends at Pratt's New York apartment, about 1940. He said that his business contacts in NO told him they would take him to a "show." Instead of the theater he expected, they brought him to a big private house, full of young women. He got to talking to one of these, who explained the kind of "show" they performed: "We jazz each other and we suck each other. . . ." Then she asked him about himself. When she learned his name, she sprang up, crying: "Girls! Girls! Guess who we've got here!" When Quinn had been lavishly adulated, the madam told him: "Mr. Quinn, you can take any of the girls you like upstairs, free." "But," said Quinn, "I was worried about infection, so I declined."

P. 33: About Evelyn Waugh's singular unlovability, the reviewer of his diary for the N. Y. SUNDAY TIMES stated that Waugh once, at a formal dinner party, found himself next to an American lady, who, to make pleasant conversation, praised one of his books. Waugh replied: "I thought it rather good; but now I know that a vulgar, common American woman like you likes it, I'm not sure." Ever since reading that, I have wondered what would be the proper etiquette for the lady's escort to follow on such an occasion. Should he pretend to ignore the insult? Leave the premises, taking the lady? Call Waugh an unmannerly swine? Or empty one's soup bowl over his head?

p. 68: It is not true that, in general, Negroes refused to play the black roles in THE BIRTH OF A NATION. I saw the picture in the 1920s. Some may have refused, but all the actors playing blacks, as far as they were close enough to the camera to judge, had Negroid features. There was one scene where the Negroes are gathered to plan their war against the whites. The whites have sent a couple of spies--plainly Caucasoids in blackface--to the meeting, and these men are ~~not~~ shown in a closeup for a few feet of film. Perhaps that is where the idea of whites playing blacks in the movie originated. In the version I saw, the picture proper was preceded by an apologetic note: "This motion picture is not directed against any race of people of today." The country had just begun to get a little self-conscious about its racism.

James Wade: I haven't had much to say about the last three voluminous issues of OUTRE ; my time was taken up by reading them, perhaps. I do appreciate the play given to the Cheju Island wood and rock "natural sculpture" photos in issues 6 and 7, but wish that I had sent along a short essay explaining a bit more about them. I think the necessary background material was in a letter to you, but this preceded the actual photos by so long a period that it is understandable that it was put aside and neglected by the time the photos were used.

These wood and stone pieces were never part of a collection of mines; instead they represent the efforts of a Korean "avant-gardiste" on the island who collected and arranged them in a little park near Cheju City, on the slopes of the extinct volcano Mt. Halla, entry to which may be obtained by a very small admission fee. They aren't even my photos, since when I visited there in 1976 I had no B&W film, only color slide film, and the prints I sent you were the result of my request to the management for pictures.

On the other hand, the carefully concocted titles were my own, and you used only one of these, on an interior photo, which was rather disappointing to me, since the titles were intended to emphasize the weird-Lovecraftian aura that some of the pieces evoked.

However, it is also true that some of the most striking pieces were not included in the photos sent me, and when I go there again later this year I will be sure to have the proper photo accessories with me to get more and better shots. I go to Cheju every year on an extended vacation because I own a grove of 750 orange trees there, plus 23 acres of grazing land, which I must look after in however perfunctory and amateurish a civilized manner.

I bought the land as a speculative investment, since real estate values are very low but sure to climb sharply as the island is developed as an international resort. Whether I sell all or part of this property, or keep most of it as a retirement site, will depend on business developments of the next ten years. The climate, though advertised as "semi-tropical," is not too congenial to me since the island lies at the confluence of weather zones originating in the Yellow Sea and Sea of Japan, producing a very windy situation with rapid alterations of high and low pressure which is not compatible with my temperament--although perhaps (or perhaps because) I lived in Chicago for nearly six years.

I am beginning to feel like a "real author" again; I signed contracts relating to two books in one week recently. One was for a 1966 story belatedly sold to Arkham House for their 1979 anniversary anthology; the other as co-translator of a volume of Modern Korean Short Stories to be published by Heinemann next year. I am no linguist, but accepted the credit, and royalty, because I had done a revision of several versions of these translations, by a brilliant young Korean girl, with what I flatter myself was a Lovecraftian thoroughness and meticulousness.

I am also back in the lists as an active composer after a four-year hiatus, having begun my Second String Quartet, intended for a most unusual group of polio-crippled young men who have formed their own quartet in Taejon (which might be compared to Teaneck, New Jersey as far as cultural amenities are concerned), and who played a most impressive program of Mozart and Schubert in Seoul last October. I have tried to help them by providing printed music which they lacked, and by getting myself involved in their travel plans for concerts in Japan and perhaps Hong Kong. In return, they have, perhaps understandably, taken a flattering interest in my own music.

If I can get myself launched back into ~~my~~ musical orbit by means of this harmless bit of back-scratching, perhaps I will even get around to the big project that has been on the back burner for over a year now: a ghost story opera based on Vernon Lee's tale "A Wicked Voice," the libretto for which has been partially completed already by Lovecraftian scholar John Taylor.

Speaking of music, I was quite fascinated by the liner notes for the John Ireland piano music album reprinted in issue No. 7. I have never as far as I can recall heard ~~a~~ a note of Ireland's music, though I do know a little of his contemporary Bax, and was not aware that Ireland was inspired by Arthur Machen. I shall have to order the album when I get around to it, though I suspect that like our Griffes and Loeffler, Ireland will turn out musically to be a more or less interesting offshoot of Debussy. The liner notes are rather well done, despite the misuse of "hailed" for "haled," and the irrelevant attempt to attach a Machen influence to Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"--which is of course a direct reflection of a Mallarme poem. And--though it is a quotation from someone else--it is a mistake of the liner writer to repeat the outlandish comparison of Machen with Maeterlinck, of all people. (However, JVS, the liner writer's summary of "The White People" is not wrong, as your note implies; it simply differs from your own: both can be considered correct.) It is certainly interesting that Debussy knew "The Great God Pan" in translation--

just as it is interesting to know that the great Frenchmen planned not one but two operas on Poe subjects--"The Devil in the Belfry" and "The Fall of the House of Usher"--which his early decline and death prevented his pursuing to completion.

S. T. Joshi: Finally finished consuming the 8th OUTRE, just in time, apparently, to read the 9th one! (My issue, by the way, appears to be missing pp. 3-4.) Your comparison of H. P. L. to Evelyn Waugh interested me: in my humble opinion, I think Waugh was the finest satirist of the century (too bad he, like Ira A. Gole, "got" religion at the end of his life), and I suppose THE LOVED ONE is among the most mordant pieces I've ever read. . . . I've seen almost no recent fantasy films, but I was rather disgusted when I saw STAR WARS snatching all those Oscars--it rather confirms my opinion of Hollywood. The most irritating thing is that Lucas' STAR WARS book is in all the bookstores right next to H. P. L.! . . . I was actually rather relieved to hear that Dennis Wheatley died--ye Gods! he must surely have been the quintessence (or should that be Quinn-tessence) of mediocrity. . . .

By the way, there was one H. P. L. letter to you that was some 46 pp.; however, the John Hay seems to have only a few leaves of it. Any theories on where the missing pages are?

(Editor's note: it sounds very much as if some "scholar" with sticky fingers has been around! If any of the EODers should happen to see some dealer with those missing pages, I'd suggest he alert the John Hay Library immediately.)

JUMBLED LOVECRAFTIAN TITLES

1. The Challenge From Beyond the Wall of Sleep
2. Poetry and the Outside Gods
3. The Unnamable Colour Out of Space
4. The Shadow Out of Time Over Innsmouth
5. The Picture in the Strange High House in the Mist of the Moon-Boog
6. The Rats in the Walls of Eryx
7. Imprisoned in the Vault with the Pharaohs
8. The Horror in the Museum at Red Hook
9. The Hound and the Tree
10. The Case of Charles Dexter Ward and Arthur Jermyn
11. The Lurking Fear at the Mountains of Madness
12. Cool Air in the Tomb of Dagon
13. The Very Old Folk at the Festival
14. The Silver Key to the Temple of the Nameless City
15. The Dream-Quest of Iranon of Unknown Kadath
16. The Thing on the Doorstep of the Terrible Old Man
17. The Dreams in the Shunned Witch-House
18. The Music of the Evil Clergyman, Erich Zann
19. Pickman's Model of the Beast in the Cave
20. Herbert West, Reanimator of the Whisperer in Darkness
21. The Call of Cthulhu out of the Eons
22. The Transition of Juan Romero to Nyarlathotep
23. The Statement of Randolph Carter, the Haunter of the Dark
24. He Who Keeps the Diary of Alonzo Typer
25. The Invisible Monster of Polaris

THE GRINNING GHOUL (MAILING COMMENTS)

Larry Baker: The reason for the continued existence of such MSS. as DAGON is that the monsters found them indigestible and spat them up, along with the inedible portions of the writers' anatomies. . . . As you no doubt learned from the previous mailing, you can get ~~the~~ Aickman's latest collection, COLD HAND IN MINE, from Scribner's, but his earlier British collections are rather hard to come by. Possibly they are easier to obtain in Canada; you might query Gary Kimber. The reason I've read them is that Kirby McCauley, Aickman's American agent, lent them to me before any of the stories had appeared here. . . . It's hardly news to me that a lot of readers seem to prefer crud. It's precisely my point that Wright was just a businessmen rather than a creative editor.

"The Rhyme of the Black Death" would have pleased me more if he hadn't written "I have rode" or misspelled scourge and phlegm.

Really enjoyed your pun on Ted Rypel's story.

Bernadette Bosky: The mammoth issue of all issues, although you might well have spared us the second part--your alter egos are rather hard to take. (The Three Faces of BLB?)

A course in American Lit. Since 1915 makes me feel incredibly "antient," as of course I was born before then. . . . "Things have been going delightfully on all fronts" makes you sound like Raquel Welch!

"No man was born" was a superb little poem.

As you no doubt noted in my previous issue, I didn't share your delight in CLOSE ENCOUNTERS as a "mystical" experience at all. Unlike Richard Dreyfuss in the film, at sight of those repulsive-looking saucer-folk, I would have made like a Lovecraft protagonist--I would have run like hell! The film gave no real evidence at all that they were benign. (Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.)

"Circle 'Round the Cthulhu" reminded me a bit of Neal Wilgus's poems. Nice gruesome poem about dear Teddy Bear--did you (perhaps unconsciously) take the ending from Bradbury's SMALL ASSASSIN?

Loved your misspelling bare up. . . sounds a bit pornographic. And also liked your bit about Alfred E. Parker's being "a man after my own heart--no doubt with onion gravy."

The reason I devoted so much space to a film I disliked, STAR WARS, was that some of the EODers seemed to think it was the greatest film ever made.

Yes, it was Kipling who originated "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." . . . "Less than familiar with her"--it certainly wouldn't do to get too familiar with Henriette.

Roger Bryant: What is this preoccupation with John Dee? Fiddle Dee. . . . Mythos limericks are an amusing thought; the problem there, as you discovered, is that the Lovecraftian names don't rhyme very readily. . . . James Wade believes that all writing should meet the standard literary criteria, and doesn't make any allowances for fanzine contingencies. But wasn't your reply a case of special pleading, like the blacks' demand for "affirmative action?" . . . Perceptive reply to Reg Smith enent HPL's conception of the supernatural. . . . A writer who writes solely for money isn't necessarily a "hack writer"--some of the world's greatest literary masterpieces were written precisely for that reason. But a writer who writes solely for money and then produces only crud

is a hackwriter. With only a few exceptions, like "The Monster God of Mamurth," "He That Hath Wings" and "The Isle of the Sleeper," the stories Edmond Hamilton wrote for WT were hackwriting. He depended upon a formula even more than Quinn did: in his s-f stories the hero would go off to an alien planet and would overcome the aliens who were about to take over Earth merely by pulling a lever--those alien worlds all had such levers!

Tom Campbell: Why should you compare football with classical music when they're entirely unrelated? You're certainly laboring under a misapprehension if you think classical music is "sissified." On the other hand, some of the rock groups specialize in decadence. You probably won't believe this, but dancing in a ballet is tougher on one physically than playing in a football game--or did you ever try to lift a woman high above your head and make it appear effortless? ... What, you're 6'7" and weigh only 145 pounds? Do you make a living as the Living Skeleton in a sideshow? ... The reason books (and especially newspapers) are so sloppily proofread these days is that they're being done by computers, and you know what computers are like.

I was startled to learn that I'm mentioned in Bloch's foreword to WEIRD LEGACIES, but I'm certainly not going to buy the book just to see my name in print. It sounds like a pretty cruddy anthology, with the only good stories the ones which have been anthologized before.

Unless memory fails me, "The Black Kiss" was originally a story by Kuttner alone which Wright had rejected and for which Bloch supplied ideas for revisions, making it a collaborative effort. I think Wright demanded still further revisions. (Wright never did accept one of their collaborations, "The Grab Bag.")

Tom Collins: Thanks for sharing with us those poems. Loveman was, of course, the best poet of the lot; Wollheim, the most consciously amusing, Morton the most unconsciously amusing. ... But who were, or are, Edna Hyde and D. V. Bush?

David Drake: Why bother to translate Pliny the Younger when there are plenty of translations available? And why print that gruesome photo on the back cover, the sort of thing newspapers always suppress? The other items, though, were far more interesting. Good luck with the novel! "Firedrake?" I think I prefer Mandrake the Magician.

Bob Eber: Let's hope that come June we won't be able to sing of you, "June Is Bustin' Out All Over!" Let's hope that Leigh Brackett's script for STAR WARS, PART TWO turns out better than Lucas', although I suspect that it will probably be tampered with. ... "One of those persons who considers" (sic)? You are maligning S. T. Would that more 19-year-olds were like him rather than out vandalizing cemeteries, schools and museums or stealing whatever they can get their hands upon.

Nothing I could ever write would convince you that STAR WARS was an unworthy film. But, as you challenged me to name some s-f films I consider better, here's a partial listing: CHARLY, METROPOLIS, THINGS TO COME, THE INVISIBLE MAN, THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, 1984, DR. STRANGELOVE, 2001, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, THE TIME MACHINE, SLAUGHTERHOUSE 5, BERKELEY SQUARE, ALPHAVILLE, THE FLY, O LUCKY MAN!, FRANKENSTEIN, THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE PEOPLE, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, ON THE BEACH, FIVE, FORBIDDEN PLANET, THE BUBBLE, the original LOST

WORLD, the original KING KONG, THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, MICKEY ONE, FANTASIA, THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, SECONDS, THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.

Randy Everts: I was rather startled to see THE DOUBLE SHADOW in that small format, but I suppose it had to be reduced to fit into the mailing. I have an autographed copy in storage.

Ken Faig: It would be delightful if someone could locate Buck's sex manual and reprint something from it which had an unmistakably Lovecraftian style! HPL's revising a sex manual sounds, on the face of it, even more unlikely than Machen's translation of Casanova's Memoirs, although, as HPL told his correspondents, he pored over the illustrated sex manuals in his grandfather's library at about the age of six--and was rather bored by them! But then, I've always suspected that sex remained for HPL largely a matter of academic interest.

"The fruits of the author's labors"? I suspect that, in many cases, they would turn out to be just wormy old apples! Publishers usually see to it that authors don't have the onerous burden of great wealth.

Meade Frierson: Very striking cover. ... Your book reviews sounded penetrating, but as I have read only a few of the tales, I can't really comment. ... Yes, HSW's stuff is pretty "dated" now; and I concur in that "I admire, rather than enjoy, Campbell's stories" line. ... Aickman's "Wood" is one of his minor stories though less obscure than most. The basic story idea goes all the way back to E. T. A. Hoffmann's "The Sandman," which was used in the opera Tales of Hoffmann.

Ben Indick: I rather liked the other Vernon S.'s story, though it was a bit too reminiscent of THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY. Can a voice sound thin over the telephone? (Weak, yes.) I dislike dialogue in which one character just repeats what the other has said.

There is a method in Aickman's apparent verbosity: these seem to be so many words that one usually misses the clues to the solution he has carefully planted along the way. By the way, Aickman seems quite fond of themes from mythology: there's a hint of Circe in "Bind Your Hair," the Greek goddesses reappear in "The Wine-Dark Sea," there's a suggestion of Limbo in "Into the Wood," a harpy in "My Poor Friend", Satan in "The School Friend" and "The Visiting Star," God (perhaps) in "The Clock Watcher", vampires in "Pages From a Young Girl's Journal" and "Never Visit Venice," et al.

I agree that THE WIZARD OF OZ was one of the greatest screen fantasies of all time, but it took a very long time to gain such recognition. It came out in a year (1939) when GWTW took almost all the Academy Awards; time has dimmed GWTW's lustre, but has added to WIZARD's.

Oddly enough, a Karen Joshi is now appearing here in VANITIES, and she is apparently no relation to S. T. either. ... I believe Chet got the name wrong; it really was Vermin D. Cesspool. ... "A guy who knew what he wanted and went for it"--like Count Dracula? ... My own WINTER WISH was to get rid of all that snow! ... That poem of Heine's reminded me a bit of Aickman's ending to RINGING THE CHANGES.

Glenn Lord: Some highly interesting information in your all-too-brief issue. ... I think I'll pass on ALIEN FLESH. Now, if you could come up with a hitherto unknown novel of HPL's. ... Sprague seemed to hint to me that he was writing a full-length biography of REH, and I'm glad to see this item confirmed. A domestic tyrant of a father, an over-possessive mother--the situation with REH was practically a psychiatrist's cliché! ... Interesting bit about

Dr. Keller. Parkinson's disease is, I believe, readily controllable by drugs today. That's what Eugene O' Neill had also.

Harry Morris: Another beautiful issue, less "esoteric" than recent ones have been.

Dirk Mosig: Dave Smith did a magnificent cover for you. ... A brilliant exploration of "The City." The "winter" referred to reminded me of Shakespeare's "winter of our discontent." ... Wonder what the Nebraskan faculty and students will make of that outlandish figure HPL? While the facts in your essay will be well known to MISK readers, they were certainly concisely and compellingly put. ... A couple of unfortunate typos: "his many fiends" and "anatema." And ~~that~~ didn't you mean Jean Cocteau rather than Jacques?

I know of two sexes (with shadings in between), but what is the Middlesex? And performed during Mass., no less! ... Bernadette is truly a wonder--not only did she put out the enormous issue(s) in this mailing, but she also found time to write a poem for you!

I don't believe you should have stated unequivocally that the perpetrator of that sick hoax is an EOD member without definite proof.

Joe Moudry: I was astounded that "Doc" Smith wrote so perceptively of HPL, for whenever he got up to speak at an s-f convention I used to groan inwardly, as he would be certain to express some reactionary viewpoint. Or is admiration for HPL a reactionary viewpoint, as the critics tell us?

"Why Lovecraft?" Well, why not? Most fantasies are quite depersonalized; they might have been written by almost anyone. But HPL's stories almost always showed the imprint of his personality and usually of his philosophy. On the other hand, HPL admired Blackwood's stories very greatly, but I challenge anyone to tell us much about Blackwood just from his stories alone.

Ken Neily: This is surely a Lovecraftian issue par excellence! The EODers should be very grateful to you for presenting so much unfamiliar material. There was even an unexpected touch of humor, the title of that Norwegian magazine!

Dave Schultz: Excellent study of "The Doom That Came to Sarnath," which is one of the least-mentioned of HPL's tales, although it seems to foreshadow other and more important tales. The theme of the inhabitants' turning into green things is reminiscent of what happened to the people in the castle in "The Moon-Bog" and ~~is~~ the later occurrences in "The Shadow Over Innsmouth." S. T. Joshi has mentioned ~~that~~ that the throne carved out of a single piece of ivory came straight from Dunsany.

It's fashionable nowadays to make fun of "The Statement of Randolph Carter", yet it has always been one of my favorites of HPL's early tales. The ending may not be logical, but it's certainly scary and in keeping with its dream origin. The fact that the unnamed monster spoke in English is one of the reasons why I think that the monster here is the first appearance in HPL's works of the ghoulish narrator of "The Outsider." (Dirk doesn't think that "The Outsider" was intended as a sequel to "Statement" because "The Outsider" makes no mention of the events in "Statement", but I suspect that many of the interrelationships in HPL's work were quite unconscious upon his part but rather Jungian dredgings from the unconsciousness.) "The Statement" is a pivotal work, too, in that it uses as its protagonists (for the first time? I'd have to check

om that matter) the two effete young seekers after forbidden sensations who were to reappear almost constantly thereafter (really, of course, just fictionalized Loveman and HPL). (I could make a wretched pun here that the two were well named: Loveman loved a man while Lovecraft loved his writing craft.)

Reg Smith: An ~~issue~~ of AFTER MIDNIGHT without mailing comments is certainly an anomaly, although you did manage to get quite a few opinions expressed. ... It's very easy to poke fun at DREAMER ON THE NIGHT SIDE, but in view of Frank's venerable age and life-long devotion to HPL, I don't really think that one should.

Obviously we disagree as to the merits of HSW's writings. Some of his stories are undeniably memorable, but he was such a bad writer stylistically and most of his stories have long since "dated." You probably wouldn't accept Dirk's and my contention that it was his religiosity which spoiled the effects of so many of his tales.

I received a single letter from HSW, but know very little of the "personality" you seem to find so fascinating. Rumor has it that he delighted in taking his choirboys --and other youngsters like Barlow-- on rather ambiguous "outings."

Trust your health has improved. ... Shirley Jackson's novels and stories are all well worth reading. ... I tend to suspect that you are right about Stephen King's having read "The Haunting of Hill House" before writing "Carrie."

"Michael Arlen" (a "The Gentleman From America" has been much anthologized, but "Arlen" was best known, of course, for his mainstream bestsellers like "The Green Hat," which was even made into a film with Garbo.

Mark A. Sprague: Amused by the "brevity" of your comments upon OUTRE! ... No, "Bax" and "Graal" weren't typos, but the way the liner had them. Sir Arnold Bax (b. 1883) was one of the most distinguished of modern British composers. "Graal" may be a variant spelling of "Grail"--I have no idea. ... Never heard the Gentle (Green?) Giant, but suspect I can live without them very well. It's my contention that rock is just for people who can't understand music. Yes, Borge began as a prodigy and continued to get good reviews, but there are any number of virtuoso pianists and the competition got fierce, so Victor switched to clowning. By a coincidence, he was playing here at the time I read your comment! ... Yes, WT fans were "rather juvenile and naive." They still are! ... Dirk told me that in Italy SUSPIRIA got rave reviews. (The title presumably means suspense, but I'm not sure of that.) ... You scooped me again, this time on the Vincent Price piece. ... I received two copies of page 13 and none of page 11. ... "The Fifth Mask," by Shamus Frazer, I believe, appeared in Magazine of Horror. You might query Lowndes about Frazer. ... Liked your sonnet. Me, I couldn't even write a sonnet upon your Easter bonnet!

Chet Williamson: Nice to see more of Amelia Reynolds Long's fine poems. ... We don't need another EOD feud, though in this case it does seem one-sided. ... Ellin's "The Speciality of the House" appeared in EQ's mag originally, then in a collection of his stories, and has also, I think, been anthologized, as well as appearing on ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS. ... Aha! Another victim of Scott's stapler! ... You didn't tell the EODers that you appeared in a production of GUYS AND DOLLS in no less than the Sky Masterson rôle. I should have loved to have seen it, if only to see you do a song-and-dance! As for the other Masterson, Graham, see my review of TWENTIETH CENTURY OZ. It's possible that that actor Graham Masters may be he. ... Laurie is going to get jealous if BLB keeps calling you!

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