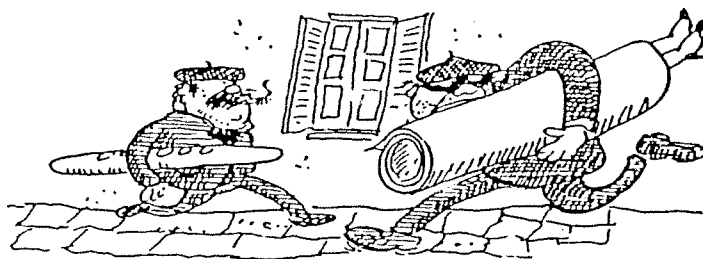


FOAFTALE NEWS

No. 13 (March 1989)



AN OCCASIONAL NEWS SHEET ON CONTEMPORARY LEGEND RESEARCH

EDITOR'S COMMENT

As this issue goes to press, some of us are preparing to head for Texas A&M for the first American version of the successful seminars on the contemporary legend. Organized by Paul Smith in 1982, they have been held (in some form) at the University of Sheffield every year since then. We appreciate the efforts of Tom Green and Sylvia Grider in putting together this American cousin and hope that it might introduce the pleasures of friendly disagreement to researchers who find it difficult to go to Sheffield. I have always returned from the previous seminars with a keener appreciation of what I DON'T know about legends.

One disappointment is that NEH, after initially reacting favorably to the project, ultimately failed to put up any money for the seminar, which forced a number of planned participants to cancel. Again, Tom and Sylvia came through with some creative financing, so the event will go on as planned, though we shall miss several incisive minds. Let's hope that this setback is not a sign that NEH is turning toward the elitist attitude that defines folklore as the study of trivia.

This issue, like the last, is heavy on announcements and news items, both of which we encourage you to send. Almost every publication I read contains some item that connects up with contemporary legend. But we also need some analysis and commentary, particularly along these lines: contextual study of legends and rumors; close observation or transcription of legends told in natural or close-to-natural context; past analogs of modern legends; demographic studies of legend-tellers; and use of contemporary legends in other media: novels, short stories, films, popular songs, and the like. I would be interested in seeing the work of graduate or undergraduate students who have done tightly focused projects along these lines (or others that show promise). Let's share methods and ideas, not just texts.

BULLETIN BOARD

PERSPECTIVES ON THE CONTEMPORARY LEGEND: THE PUBLIC FACE OF THE CONTEMPORARY LEGEND

Texas A&M University
March 30-April 1, 1989

Preliminary Program

THURSDAY, MARCH 30

9:00 a.m. Linda Degh, Folklore Institute,
Indiana University: Opening Keynote
Address, "What Is the Legend After All?"

10:30-12:00 p.m. Session #1, Theoretical Issues
(Danielle Roemer, Chair)

Danielle Roemer, Northern Kentucky
University, "Appropriated Vices and
Confrontive Signs: The Use of the Other'
in the Contemporary Legend"

William "Bill" Clements, Arkansas State
University, "Interstitiality in the
Contemporary Legend"

Sandy Hobbs, Paisley College, "A Behavior
Analysis Model of Contemporary Legend"

2:00-4:00 p.m. Session #2, Collection and Analysis
(Bill Ellis, Chair)

Graham Shorrocks, Memorial University of
Newfoundland, "Some Reflections on the
Problems of Transcribing Contemporary
Legends"

Candace Slater, University of California
at Berkeley, "Saints Lives as Contem-
porary Legends"

Bill Ellis, Penn State--Hazleton Campus,
"Towards a More Consistent Taxonomy of
Legends"

Dick Sweterlitsch, University of Vermont,
"Belief and Satire: Creative Tension for
the Survival of a Legend Complex"

4:30-5:30 p.m. Session #3: Open discussion of issues
involving the Contemporary Legend
(Keith Cunningham, Chair)

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1989

9:00-11:00 a.m. Session #4, Case Studies
(Keith Cunningham, Chair)

Brian McConnell, London Daily Mirror,
"The Killing of a Murder Legend"

William A. "Bert" Wilson, Brigham Young
University, "Urban Narrative as Religious
Legend: Mormon Examples"

Jan Brunvand, University of Utah, "A
Blast Heard 'Round the World"

Keith Cunningham, Northern Arizona
University, "The Morton Hall Ghost:
A Morphological Case Study of Seven Years
in the Life of a Contemporary Legend"

11:30-1:00 p.m. Session #5, Contemporary Legend and
the Cultural Complex
(Mark Glazer, Chair)

Mark Glazer, Pan-American University,
"Women as Tellers of Contemporary
Legends"

Linda Milligan, Ohio State University,
"Folklorists' Performance of Folklore in
the Academy"

Joel Best, California State University at
Fresno, "Endangered Innocents: Contem-
porary Legends About Threats to Children"

2:30-4:00 p.m. Session #6. Study of Contemporary
Legend (Paul Smith, Chair)

Paul Smith, Memorial University of
Newfoundland and Sheffield University,
"Cutting the Cake: Analyzing the
Contemporary Legend Corpus"

Leea Virtanen, University of Helsinki,
"The Collecting Methods of Modern Legends
in the Light of Finnish Materials"

Michael J. Preston, University of
Colorado, "Computer Viruses in the Media"

4:30-5:30 p.m. General Discussion (W.F.H. Nicolaisen,
Chair)

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1989

9:30-11:00 p.m. Session #7, Contemporary Legend, The
Media, and Literature (Pat Mullen,
Chair)

Pat Mullen, Ohio State University, "Media
Presentation of the Contemporary Legend:
Jan Brunvand on 'Late Night with David
Letterman' and Other Shows"

Frances Cattermole-Tally, University of
California at Los Angeles, "Erroneous
Reports of Death"

1:30-3:00 p.m. Session #8, Contemporary Legend and
Mass Institutions (Gary Alan Fine,
Chair)

Janet Langlois, Wayne State University,
"Hold the Mayo: Cultural Inversion in an
AIDS legend"

Ms. Amma Davis, Sam Houston State
University, "Coffee, Tea, or Mediums?
The Role of Legend in the Airline
Industry"

Gary Alan Fine, University of Minnesota,
"Mercantile Legends and the World
Economy: Dangerous Products from Abroad"

3:30-5:00 p.m. Fredrick Koenig, Tulane University,
Closing Keynote Address, "Rumor in the
Marketplace"

JUST IN!

Advice to the Legendary

DEAR ABBY: I just received a letter from my daughter,
Kathy, who is attending school in Provo, Utah. She
related the following story that I found so horrifying,
I want to share it with you so that you can warn
others:

"A 17-year-old girl won a trip to Hawaii. She
wanted a really nice tan for the trip, so last week she
went to a tanning parlor. She'd never been to one
before, so she asked how long was the maximum time she
could stay in, and they said half an hour. Well, she
wanted a really dark tan, fast, so she went to seven
places and spent a half-hour in each--three and a half
hours total! Well, this poor girl is now in Utah
Valley Regional Medical Center. They estimate she has
about 26 days to live. She's totally blind, and they
say it's as if she had 'microwaved' herself--it's
basically the same principle. Anyhow, she just cooked
herself from the inside out. And the worst part is,
there's not a thing they can do for her. Not a thing.
Her poor family!"

Of course, the girl was foolish. But most of us
do things that are foolish sometime in our lives, but
we live to laugh about them. This girl will not.
Please warn your readers, Abby. You may want to verify
these facts on Provo.--ANITA HALLOCK

DEAR ANITA: Thanks for writing. I wondered how
"they" could estimate the number of days "this poor
girl" had to live, so I called the Utah Valley Regional
Medical Center in Provo and its spokesperson, Mr. Clark
Cares, stated that there was no such patient in the
facility, but that the story had been circulating at
the Brigham Young University. Joann, secretary to the
medical director, said that she had just returned from
Pocatello, Idaho, where she had heard the same story.
In checking with The Provo Daily Herald, Rene Nelson
told my staff that they had also heard the rumor, but
were unable to confirm it.

Well, friends, so much for the "tanning" story.

DEAR ABBY: You recently printed a letter from a lady
regarding the horrible consequences suffered by a young
woman when she overused the facilities at a tanning
salon. The story she told was obviously farfetched.
Why did you print the lady's name? You must have known
it would embarrass her. I have read your column for
many years, and while I don't always agree with you, I

have always looked forward to seeing what you had to
say. No longer. I think printing the lady's name,
when you knew it would make her look foolish, was just
plain mean! Now every time I read your column, I feel
resentment. Please notice, I am not signing my name.
You are not to be trusted with it.--UNSIGNED IN OREGON

DEAR UNSIGNED: I'm glad you wrote because other
readers may have felt as you did, and I welcome the
opportunity to publicly state that before I published
the woman's letter, I obtained permission to use her
name. Furthermore, if I had thought she might be
embarrassed by the publicity, I would not have
identified her.

Incidentally, after that item appeared, I heard
from folklorist Jan Harold Brunvand... He wrote (in
part): "I was pleased to see that you debunked the
tanning story. I have heard many different versions of
that legend--it's been around for a long time...."

DEAR ABBY: How right you are to point out that
constant tickling of a person is cruelty and should not
be tolerated. My Irish mother told me at least 50
years ago of a situation that took place near her
hometown on Ireland. A neighbor had at least two wives
pass away before anyone paid much attention to it.
Then another neighbor reported hearing hysterical
laughter coming from that house. Well, it was later
learned that the man had been tying his wives to the
bedpost, and tickling the soles of their bare feet with
a feather! He continued until the hysteria did them
in. In truth, they were tickled to death. [Note: This
sounds like "one of ours"--can anyone in the British
Isles confirm? --Ed.]

Vanishing Hitchhiker Update

HAWAII. They call her Pele, the volcano goddess. I
first heard about her from a friend. While he was
exploring Volcanoes National Park with his wife, the
two came across a young woman perched on the edge of a
crater, making an offering to the deity. My friend
snapped some pictures of the ritual. He sent in the
film to be developed but it was reported lost.

Just a coincidence, you may say. Yet there are
people on the Big Island, where volcanoes are still
active, who swear that Pele exists. Fiery, impulsive
and unpredictable, this holdover from the ancient
Hawaiian religion is said to appear as a hitchhiker,
sometimes young, sometimes old, often smoking a
cigarette or sipping coffee or gin. Not to pick her up
is bad luck, but when you do, she vanishes from the
vehicle before the destination is reached.

Removing anything volcanic from the goddess's
domain is considered a surefire way of incurring Pele's
wrath. Every year, tourists return souvenirs to
Volcanoes National Park. One letter on display at the
park says: "I read with some amusement all the letters
in your case from visitors who had taken lava rocks
home with them. Unfortunately I'm not finding it
amusing anymore. After we returned with a vial of
black sand my husband has been hospitalized twice and
has lost his job. Cars, TVs and various household
appliances have broken down and we seem to be having a
streak of bad luck as we never had before."

In the quiet of one hot afternoon, tiny Pahoehoe
Beach Park on Alii Drive, south of Kailua-Kona on the
Big Island, looked uninhabited. Partially shaded by
the spreading branches of a banyan tree, the little
beach is a salt-and-pepper affair of mixed white coral
fragments and black volcanic stones. I noticed a young
woman in a great bathing suit, using a faucet on the
beach to rinse the salt from her 2-year-old daughter.
"Is it all right," I asked her, "to take the coral but
just as wise to leave the lava alone?" Ellawyn
Kumitomo, a soft spoken hotel clerk who lives not far
from the beach, nodded. "I respect Pele," she told me.

Pressed a little, she admitted that she "believes" in
Pele, despite the fact she is a practicing Mormon. "I
don't think the Mormon religion tells you you have to
disregard the superstitions of your culture."

Ellawyn, who is part native Hawaiian, said her
family has encountered the goddess. Her father tells
the story of his two "aunties" who picked the goddess
up one night. As the aunt who was driving pulled away,
she peered into the back of the pickup through the
rear-view mirror and observed the middle-aged woman
dragging on a cigarette and sipping a cup of coffee.
When the aunt looked back a few minutes later, Ellawyn
said, the hitchhiker was gone.

After our visit Ellawyn and her daughter drove
home. I caught a flight to Honolulu that afternoon,
with not a grain of volcanic sand in my suitcase. [Paul

M. Krawzak (Copley News Service), "Beware the Wrath of Fiery Pele," Hazleton Standard-Speaker, 11 March 1989. See also Katharine Luomala, "Disintegration and Regeneration: The Hawaiian Phantom Hitchhiker Legend," Fabula 13 (1972): 20-59.]

SOUTH AFRICA. As Easter approaches the people of the little town of Uniondale in the Eastern Cape will be wondering if she will be seen this year. She is a ghost: the troubled spirit of Maria Charlotte Roux, a local girl whose body died before her spirit was ready to go. Maria, affectionately known as Marie, was killed in a car accident one Easter and periodically ever since, she returns to haunt the lonely stretch of road where she died. Marie Roux's story is bizarre. Twice motorists say they have actually given the ghost a lift only to have her abruptly vanish a few kilometres down the road. It is also unique. It is perhaps the best documented ghost story in the world.

Marie was killed 19 years ago, on April 12, 1968 at 4:30 one Easter morning. She was the only passenger in a car driven by her fiancé, Mr GM Pretorius, who was 21. According to Mr Pretorius' statement to police, he was driving between Willowmore and Uniondale at a speed of about 100 km/h. Maria was asleep in the front passenger seat. Mr Pretorius removed his right hand from the steering wheel and lost control of the car. Marie was flung from the vehicle and killed.

It was a tragedy but one which might have been forgotten by now were it not for what followed. People started seeing Marie's ghost. Not everyone who has encountered the spirit is prepared to talk about their experience but some are. Of those Mr and Mrs Leonard Fraser from Cadock who encountered Marie on Easter Friday 1973, were the first to see her. "We were on our way to Oudtshoorn," said Mr Fraser. "At around midnight I stopped the car on the Willowmore-Uniondale road and got out to stretch my legs. The road was deserted when I got out but suddenly a figure dressed in a long white dress appeared beside me. I got such a fright that I dived straight back into the car and drove off. As I tore off down the road I could still see the figure standing there."

Mrs Catherine Fraser clearly saw the ghost. "It was definitely a woman dressed in a long white gown. The most terrifying thing was that I could see through her. I know people are going to laugh at me but what's true is true and I really saw her." The Frasers' account differs from others in that their ghost was transparent and wearing a dress. Later observers all say the ghost was solid and wearing slacks.

The most convincing account is that of Mr Anthony le Grange, then aged 41, who saw the ghost on May 1 1976. At about 7:15 that night, Mr Le Grange was driving along the Uniondale- Willowmore road when he saw a darkhaired girl, dressed in a duffle coat and slacks, standing at the roadside. "She wasn't hitch-hiking but because it was cold and raining I stopped the car," he said. "She opened the door and got in. I noticed that her face was very pale. I asked her where she wanted to go and she said 'Porter Straat twee, de Lange.' Those are the only words she spoke to me." Mr Le Grange started his car and drove on. "I didn't know where Porter Street was so I turned to ask her and she was gone."

Mr Le Grange was nonplussed. "I just didn't know what to do so I drove to Uniondale police station and reported what had happened. "Of course the policeman didn't take my story seriously. He told me to forget it and continue my journey. I was mystified and confused but what could I do except do as he said? I got back in my car and carried on towards Oudtshoorn. Just outside Uniondale I heard the most chilling sound I have ever heard in my life. It was an hysterical scream of fear and shock and came from inside my car. To me everything stopped, my flesh went cold and prickly and I felt as if I had no blood in my veins. I was completely terrified."

"At that time I had never heard of the girl ghost but now when I think about that scream I think I was hearing the sound the girl made at the time of the crash. I turned the car round and went straight back to the police station. I told the policeman what had happened and said, 'Look, the woman is still in my car.' I made him examine the car with me. We found nothing but there was no way I was going to drive off alone so I insisted the policeman follow me in his van. I drove off at a steady 70km/h, after having first made sure that all the doors were securely locked. The policeman followed closely behind me."

"Just outside Uniondale the right rear door of my car slowly opened and closed exactly as if someone got out and then shut the door behind them. I stopped the

car and the policeman came up to me and asked if I had seen it. All he could say over and over again was 'How about that?' Man, it took me a long time to regain my composure. Subsequently I saw a picture of the girl who had been killed on that road and I can tell you quite definitely that she was my passenger."

The policeman who witnessed what happened that night is Cornelius Potgieter, now a sergeant based in Vryheid, Natal. He confirmed Mr Le Grange's story in every detail. "When he first came in I told him he was talking nonsense and checked him out to see if he had been drinking. I decided he was stone cold sober and sent him on his way. Then he came back, as white as a sheet and his hair standing on end. He told me that he had heard this scream in his car and he refused to move off again unless I followed him. I got in my van and followed his vehicle closely. I was higher than him and I could clearly see inside his car. He was facing forwards and had both hands on the steering wheel yet I saw the right rear door slowly open and close as if someone had got out, although we were traveling quite fast."

"I've thought about it over and over again. There is no explanation for what happened except that a ghost was in that car."

Another person who had a chilling encounter is Dawie van Jaarsveld, who saw Marie on March 31 1978. Dawie was then a national serviceman and he was on his way to visit his girlfriend. At about 9:35pm when he saw a girl standing at the side of the road, he stopped his motorcycle and offered her a lift. She climbed on and Dawie set off again. A few kilometers down the road he felt his bike shudder. He turned to check on his passenger and found that she had vanished. When Dawie was shown the photograph of Marie Roux . . . he identified her immediately as the girl to whom he had given a lift.

"She was pale and dark-haired," said Dawie recalling the encounter. "She was in her early twenties, neatly dressed in a dark top and pants. She spoke to me but I had my crash helmet on, music was playing through headphones in my ears and the bike's engine was running, so I didn't hear what she said. The only word I caught was 'straat'. So I said to her 'Look, I can't hear you, just nod if you want a lift.' She nodded and I twisted around, unclipped my spare crash helmet from the luggage carrier, leaned forward and placed the helmet on her head. As I did so she stared straight at me without changing her facial expression. There was something about her which made my flesh go cold."

"The girl climbed on my bike and we started off. As we rode along I started to get really cold, unnaturally so. I accelerated to about 120km/h and then I felt something bumping lightly against my back. Then the rear wheel slithered slightly on the road and I had a momentary struggle to stabilise it. I glanced in my rearview mirror to see if the girl was all right and she wasn't there."

"I thought she had fallen off and I swung my bike in a U-turn to go back and look for her. I was really frightened. I must have gone about two kilometres before I realised I was still feeling the gentle bumping against my back. I looked round and found that the bumping was caused by my spare helmet which was clipped to the luggage rack. Then I got a real fright and I took off like a bullet, I touched 190km/h on my way to Uniondale."

So many people encountered Marie Roux that Andries Vermeulen, who was then Uniondale's magistrate, launched an investigation. He chronicled sightings and showed those involved pictures of Marie. He came to the conclusion that the ghost exists. "The people involved are honest, reliable people with no cause to lie," he says. She may be real but Charles van Rensburg, a Uniondale resident is convinced she will not be seen again. Charles helped some University of Pretoria scientists investigate the hauntings. "One of those chaps came down here several times and eventually contacted the ghost," he says. "He talked to her and explained that she was dead and that her spirit was now free. Since then no one has seen the ghost." Andries Vermeulen confirmed the scientists' visits but said, "I'm afraid that details of what they encountered out there on the roadside are confidential."

If the scientists were successful in their attempts to set Marie's spirit at rest, then Easter motorists on the Uniondale road have nothing to worry about. I must confess though, that I'd think twice before stopping if I saw a pale-faced, dark-haired girl standing at the side of the road. [David Barritt, "Will the Uniondale Ghost Strike Again?" Sunday Times Magazine (29 March 1987): 22-23. See also Michael

Goss, The Evidence for Phantom Hitch-Hikers (Wellingborough, Northamptonshire: The Aquarian Press, 1984), pp. 121-28 and notes. Courtesy Paul Smith.]

Life Imitates Legend

SHOPPING MALL ABDUCTIONS. Police are searching for clues after two men grabbed a 2-month-old infant from his mother's arms outside a shopping center in north-east Philadelphia and then sped away in a waiting sedan.

The FBI and homicide unit of the Philadelphia police joined in the investigation. Detective Paul Worrell of the homicide unit said this morning authorities have not found the child. Tanya Dacri, 20, of Philadelphia, told police she was standing behind the Northeast Shopping Center at 3:15 p.m. Tuesday, near a public library, when two young men ran up to her, stole her pocketbook and grabbed her son, Zachary, Capt. Thomas Seamon said. Ms. Dacri said the men then jumped into a waiting four-door, brown Ford driven by a third man, according to Seamon. According to Ms. Dacri, the car had no license plate. . . .

The baby was wearing dark blue zippered pajamas, a light blue cap and a white, blue and yellow snowsuit, police said. He was wrapped in a blue and white blanket, according to police. Seamon said one suspect was in his 20s and described as being about 6 feet tall and weighing 180 pounds. The second man, in his 30s, was described as being 5-foot-8, 160 pounds and wearing a white ski jacket and a multi-colored hat. Police said Ms. Dacri did not recognize any of the men and no other witnesses have come forward. Dacri's husband Philip, 22, was at the couple's home with their other child, Christine, about 13 months old, when the baby was taken, according to Seamon. (AP Press release, 10 January 1989.)

A woman accused of drowning her 2-month-old son, dismembering his body and dumping the remains in two creeks reportedly told police she couldn't cope "because he was always crying," authorities said. Tanya Dacri, 20, and her husband, Philip, were being held today pending an arraignment, authorities said.

Police divers searching murky Neshaminy Creek in suburban Croydon on Wednesday found five green plastic bags containing Zachary Dacri's head, hands and feet, said police Capt. Robert Grasso. A search for the torso in Pohopoco Creek near the Lehigh River in Carbon County about 80 miles to the northwest was called off at dusk, Grasso said. The search was to resume today.

Mrs. Dacri is charged with murder, false reports, hindering apprehension, tampering with evidence, obstruction of justice and conspiracy in tampering with a corpse, police said. If convicted, she could be sentenced to death. Mrs. Dacri initially told police her baby was kidnapped at a mall Tuesday, authorities said. She later told investigators she drowned Zachary in a bathtub Saturday, cut the corpse up with a knife Sunday and stuffed the remains into plastic trash bags, The Philadelphia Inquirer reported today, quoting unidentified police sources.

Mrs. Dacri said the she and her husband drove to bridges crossing the creeks and threw the bags in, the sources said. She took officers to both locations to show them where to search, the sources said. Police searching a trash container outside the Dacris' apartment building in Northeast Philadelphia found a knife believed to have been the one used to dismember Zachary, the newspaper said.

Police said the Dacris lost custody of Christine for eight months last year following allegations of child abuse. They underwent counseling before the child was returned to them in September, authorities said. [AP news release, 11 January 1989.]

SATANIC CHILD ABUSE. A Glendale retiree was arrested after he allegedly molested a 10-year-old boy and assaulted another boy who refused to look at explicit adult literature, police and court records show. James Albert Stevens, 63, wore a devil suit and mask when he allegedly struck and kicked the second victim, a 6-year-old boy, after the child refused to view "bad" books, according to Glendale City Court records. Stevens was arrested Monday afternoon at his apartment in the 5000 block of North 55th Avenue, said Marshall Downen, a Glendale police spokesman. ["Retiree Suspected of Child Sex," [Phoenix] Arizona Republic (1 March 1989).]

DISCARDED REPTILES. Those silver-dollar sized turtles that used to swim in plastic dishes adorned with plastic palm trees have grown into dinner-plate size

reptiles sunning themselves on real logs at the Phoenix Zoo. The large population of "red-eared sliders" surprised zoo officials during a recent cleaning of the man-made lake on the zoo grounds at 5810 E. Van Buren St.

The turtles were intended to be sent home as gifts from the zoo for the children who took summer classes at the facility soon after it opened in 1962. "Apparently, many of them didn't make it past the front gate," said Dick George, public-information director for the zoo. "I imagine when mothers came to pick up their children (from zoo classes) they saw a turtle and said 'you're not taking that home,' and it wound up in the lake."

The lake turned out to be an ideal home for the reptiles, who thrived on the moisture, insects and brush around the zoo. They not only grew bigger, but the turtles laid eggs and produced "slider" families that also grew from the coin size to Frisbee- disk size over the years. George said there were more than 100 large turtles in the lake when it was drained recently; all were taken to other zoo watering holes or to Papago Park during the cleaning, he said. [Edythe Jensen, "Zoo Staff Cleans Lake, Discovers '62 Turtle Giveaway Back-fired," The [Phoenix] Arizona Republic (28 February 1989).]

HILARIOUS ACCIDENTS. A man who was prowling at his ex-wife's house [in Jones, Oklahoma] spent the night in her chimney and had inhaled so much soot he was unable to thank his rescuers. "This is the first time I've ever worked [on] someone overdosing on soot," said Oklahoma County Undersheriff Jerry Biggers.

The man, whose name was not immediately released, was discovered inside the chimney about 10:30 a.m. Tuesday, but authorities believe he had been there since about 11 p.m. Monday, when the occupant of the house called about a prowler. The man apparently had been trying to get into the home through the chimney and became stuck, said . . . a spokesman. . . . (AP release, 15 March 1989.)

Sports Page

IGNORANT ARBITRATORS. Arbitrators hold the baseball world in their hands. Just who are these men in the middle? They are the ones who make the binding decisions when two sides can't reach an agreement. Some suggest they are not qualified, that they are ignorant of baseball. A familiar story in baseball circles offers evidence:

An arbitrator was determining one year's salary for a player last season. Because the rules bind the arbitrator to choose either the team's offer or the player's requested salary, both sides placed a mound of statistics in front of him to make their argument. "Wait a minute," the arbitrator said. "Why do you have all these numbers under 'AB'? Doesn't that just stand for Atlanta Braves?"

It stands for at-bats, and most arbitrators know that. But while no management officials would comment for the record, one said: "I'm sure some of these arbitrators have never ever been to a ballgame." "We know what ERAs and ABs are and so forth," said arbitrator George Nicolau, who said he has heard the horror story but doesn't know the identities of the parties involved. "Most know what an 'AB' is, batting averages, stolen bases and all the abbreviations," Anderson said. "We may not be familiar with a name on a particular team, but I would say we know the elements of the game. The fan wouldn't know the intricacies of the game, but he knows who's a good player and who's a flash in the pan. We're not hired as baseball experts anyway."

Sands, who decided a 1988 case against Braves pitcher Zane Smith, isn't worried that arbitrators are considered ignorant. "My bottom line is, so what? What we don't know, the parties can teach us," Sands said. "What I'm uncomfortable with is idiots making decisions, if they can't make decisions once the facts have been explained. What the arbitrator sells is curable ignorance, which is all right. There's a saying: 'Ignorance we can cure. Stupidity is forever.'" (Darryl Maxie, "Playing the Money Game," Atlanta Constitution (31 January 1989): F1, F6.)

THE JOYS OF HACKING. Chambers dictionary has several different definitions for "Hack". The ones that concern me are: (n) a person overworked on hire: a literary or journalistic drudge: and (v.i.) to journey on horseback. Until fairly recent times, if you wanted to go hunting, you rode your horse to the place of meeting, hunted, and then rode home afterwards, often in the dark: you "hacked". . . .

I, too, have memories of hacking home: collecting hounds in the burgeoning dark; wet through; horse tired and missing a shoe; the first tentacles of influenza groping the system; perhaps a four- or five-hour journey in front of you; with hounds and horses to "do up" before you get near the fire; and, yes, what fun, it is starting to snow. Progress is a dry overcoat, a warm lorry cab, and a Thermos of hot tea.

Mind you, the old days had their moments. A certain man went hunting with a pack of hounds adjacent to his own. It was a day of teeming rain. They had a great hunt, and finished up miles away. In the course of the day, the Visitor had conversed with a Native of the Country. He suggested that the Visitor should return with him to his nearby home, where bed, board, and dry clothing would be available.

On arrival at the Native's house, the Visitor was taken up to the dressing-room, where dry clothes were laid out--the Native and the Visitor being of similar build. The Native's Lady had been absent when the hunters arrived. On her return, loving spouse that she was, she went at once in search of her mate.

The Visitor had gladly removed his sodden nether garments, and was struggling to get his wet, clinging, shirt over his head when he heard the door open. A wife entering her husband's dressing-room and seeing there a man naked except for a shirt over his head is likely to make certain assumptions; especially if what she sees does not differ greatly from what she is accustomed to seeing. A humorous lady may then feel that a little conjugal jape is in order.

The Visitor, still struggling with his shirt, found gentle advantage being taken of his person, and heard a soft voice saying: "Tinkle, tinkle, time for tea," followed by peals of silvery laughter. The silvery laughter continued all the way down the stairs and into the drawing room . . . where the lady found her fully-clad husband leaning against the mantelpiece.

There may be those among you so dull of soul as to doubt the truth of this story. I can vouch for its veracity. How do I know? Ah, well now, surely you know that a gentleman never tinkles and tells. [R. W. F. Poole, "A-hacking We Will Go," London Weekend Telegraph (28 January 1989): IX. Courtesy Janet & Colin Bord. See also Legman, Rationale of the Dirty Joke, 9.II.2 (p. 710), who says this story circulated as "absolutely true" on the West Coast of the US in 1940. --Ed.]

Bill Scott: Australian Report

LAZY JACK. Blokes being entombed in motor-ways - I used a brief such yarn to write a poem for an anthology called Putrid Poems published in South Australia by Omnibus Books when they wanted a couple of little horrors for inclusion. I'll enclose a copy....

We were working out on the western plains,
building a section of road,
Kilometres from the nearest pub
or anyone's abode;
Not even a shearing shed in sight,
not even a wayside shack,
And the sleepest man in all the gang
was a bloke named Lazy Jack.

He moved as slow as a fossil, in fact.
He barely moved at all.
(Except he could go like lightning
when he heard the 'Smoke-Oh' call.)
Then he'd speed to the nearest patch of shade
and sprawl out like a lizard
And the only way we could wake him up
was to poke him in the gizzard.

One day at lunchtime Jack looked round
to find a shady tree-
But there were no trees around the place
as far as the eye could see.
The rest of us ate our lunch in the sun
and swore at the Traffic Controller
And nobody noticed Lazy Jack
creep under the big road roller.

Nobody thought to wake him up.
Nobody noticed him go
Till a couple of seconds after we started
we heard a kind of 'Ohhhhhh!'
A sort of muffled, popping sound.
By then it was too late
For there was Jack spread out on the road
as flat as a dinner plate.

The foreman looked and scratched his neck
and said in a thoughtful way
"We'll never get him in a coffin!
We'd be scraping here all day!
I'll tell you what--We'll back up a truck
and drop a load of rubble
Then grade it out and roll it flat.
It'll save a lot of trouble!"

That's what we did. There's a lonely cross
out there on the empty plain
Three hundred metres from Jackson's fence
just after you pass the drain.
But the Traffic Controller, the ganger and me
and all the rest of the men
Will never forget poor Lazy Jack.
Or eat raspberry jelly again!

RE MICKEY MOUSE LSD RUMOR. News item in the Brisbane Courier-Mail, 17 August 1987:

KIDS SOLD DRUG LACED BISCUITS. Police along Sydney's northern beaches have stepped up their hunt for someone they call 'the Baker' who sells biscuits laced with deadly drugs to school children for \$5 each. The cookies are home-made and contain everything from heroin and LSD to heavy amphetamines and pot, police said yesterday. Several young people who have eaten the cookies have had to have emergency treatment at Manly Hospital. Constable Trevor Otten said 'the Baker' had been a police target for almost a fortnight. "We know he's been selling the things from a lime-green Holden (car) or sometimes a Ford," Constable Otten said. He warned that anyone eating one of the spiked snacks risked death from asphyxiation or shock, hallucinations or other reactions.

[Note: On 22 February 1989 the Public Citizen Health Research Group asked the US Food and Drug Administration to halt medical experiments using lollipops to administer powerful narcotics to children facing operations. The FDA defended the experiments and discounted the potential for drug abuse (AP release). --Ed.]

RE MOLESTED CPR DOLL. The following was told to me by a salesman returning to Australia from a visit to Hong Kong. He heard the tale there.

There was this fellow who was manager of a copra plantation on a remote island in the New Hebrides, the only white man on the island, no other men let alone white women. He couldn't stand the native women, so he just had no comforts at all. Well, his company he worked for were pretty good, he used to get ten week's leave every two years, and one year he went to Hong Kong insted of going home to Australia. He went into a sex shop there and he found that you could buy an inflatable rubber woman; you just took her out of the box and blew her up and Bob's your uncle, she had all the fittings she needed. So he bought one to take home to the island with him; I don't suppose he'd have needed it in Hong Kong.

Anyway he sailed home to his plantation, and after he'd been home a couple of weeks decided to try it out. Well, it worked all right, but about a fortnight later he found that he had a dose of the clap! It turned out that the Indonesian cabin steward he had on the trip home had found the thing and used it without him knowing anything about it, and that's where he got the dose from. [Note: This is also known as a dirty joke; see Legman, Rationale of the Dirty Joke, 9.III.1 (p. 746) --Ed.]

[Address reactions and additional variants to W. N. Scott, 157 Pratten Street, Warwick, Q. 4370, AUSTRALIA.]

Focus on Sewers and Rats

PARIS. The Phantom was laid to rest long ago in the cellars of the Opera, but figures nearly as macabre still haunt the catacombs that wind through the belly of Paris like entrails and conceal millions of human bones.

Each weekend, dozens of people slip out of their city skins and into the maze on which the city rests. They descend as far as 90 feet into a world where night is eternal, the unexpected waits at each turn and the game is to the fearless. Some are history buffs seeking the dank breath of ancient Paris, others are adventurers and still others inhabit a marginal world whether above ground or below. They are called "cataphiles" and are drawn, as if by enchantment, to the darkness beneath the City of Light. They tread in the footsteps of sorcerers, bandits, smugglers, the

quick and the sly who haunted the tunnels centuries ago. Many who spend time below use nicknames-- "Destroy," "Calamity", or "Professor Sato"--and dress in exaggerated punk or skinhead style....

It has been against the law to go underground since 1955 because of risks both to travelers and the city's foundations, but Saratte said: "It's an adventure...so everyone goes down, from sons of Cabinet ministers to little punks." Quarries of Lutecian limestone running under southern Paris, just a corner of the 188 miles of accessible catacombs, are assigned to the dead. The galleries are lined with the skulls and other bones of 6 million people, some guillotined in the French Revolution but most merely overflow from the crowded cemeteries of Paris. Anne-Marie Leparmentier, a geologist with the General Inspection of the Quarries, the city agency in charge since the 18th century, said a "reserve" of bones is kept in other sections of the quarries, but "sometimes a skull disappears" now that the cataphiles have come.

People have had regular access since the last century to the bone caverns at the Place Denfert-Rochereau in southern Paris and regular tours are conducted. The rest of the catacombs are reached by manhole, under cover of darkness, down a steel ladder to another world. Going underground became a fad more than a decade ago when students of the Ecole Nationale des Mines nearly made it a ritual. "We ended up spending days finding people lost inside," [Inspector Jean-Claude] Saratte said, so all but eight of about 300 accesses to the catacombs have been soldered shut....

Around one corner is a bath carved into the rock by quarry workers centuries ago, around the next an open well that may descend to the center of the Earth. Around still another, "Lost in the catas. Help!" is scrawled on the wall. Some writings reek of threat or foreboding: "This is the domain of the Klan," "Avenue of the Black Mass," "I'm dead." ...Punks, skinheads and weekend revelers hold all-night seances. In Room Z, a large, confusing, amorphous cavity reached by slithering on the stomach through a narrow tunnel, the walls are scrolls of obscenities, swastikas, and death wails.

Subterranean Paris is "a very particular little world, a little planet all its own" where groups of regulars establish zones of influence, said Saratte, the police inspector. Philip, who uses only his first name, said: "This world is divided into two races, the tourists and the cataphiles. The tourists are a hated race...You have to do everything to chase them out." "Actually, it is a rather hostile milieu" where criminals don't think of hiding out, said Michel Laroche, another geologist for the city quarries agency. [Elaine Ganley, "'Cataphiles' Haunt the Bowels of Paris," Hazleton Standard Speaker (2 November 1988).]

PHILADELPHIA. Not many people keep count, but the average Philadelphian flushes a toilet about six times a day... After flushing, most people don't give it any thought. Norman Lofton does. Lofton holds one of society's lower-profile jobs. Five days a week, he puts on a pair of chest-high rubber waders, a yellow raincoat, a hard hat and a pair of gloves and climbs underground. Lofton is a sewer-maintenance crew chief for the Water Department--a "sewer crawler," in the slang of his trade. . . .

Inspecting sewers has few rewards--crawlers make about \$21,000 a year. In 1971, however, two crawlers came upon some muddy bundles under Torresdale Avenue that turned out to be \$92,400 in cash. Nobody claimed the dirty money, and the crawlers were allowed to keep it.

Besides cash, strange and awful things often show up in the sewers. Shopping carts and body parts have washed up at the treatment plants. Since the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion, treatment-plant operators have noted with relief a dramatic decline in the number of fetuses. Some of the sewers are so large they could accommodate a two-lane highway. In fact, a Volkswagen body was found lodged in one of the pipes. No one could account for it.

Even to the experienced, sewers can be unsettling. "If you turn out your light, it's dark," said Lofton. "I mean pitch dark. You can't see your hand in front of your face." The conditions can twist even a sensible person's brain. When sewer crawlers apply for the job, they must be able to crawl through a pipe 18 inches in diameter. Some applicants have the physical dimensions but, during underground tests, freeze in claustrophobic panic. Doctors say it isn't true, but crawlers believe that panic leads a human to swell up. They said a crawler once became so frightened that he expanded like a cork and cut off the air to the man behind him. The

trailing crawler passed out. Both had to be pulled out of the pipe by the safety ropes crawlers wear on the job.

Lofton is a stout man--he has a 36-inch waist--so he confines his inspections to large sewers. Still, he occasionally finds himself in a tight squeeze. "A lot of times, I've gotten scared, I mean really scared. I started swelling up. And then I talk to the Creator. I talk myself through those sewers." The sewers have brought Norman Lofton closer to God.

There is considerable lore about the subterranean world. Some of it is true. In Paris, burglars once bored a hole from a sewer into a bank. In New York, the homeless have been found living in sewers. Most of the stories, however, are greatly embellished. Contrary to common belief, Philadelphia's sewers do not surge during halftime of the Super Bowl. The sewer system is so large that a citywide flush would be no different from a short-lived downpour. Halftime at the Army-Navy game is another matter. The effect of 100,000 spectators' rushing for relief during intermission has overflowed the trunk lines leading away from JFK Stadium.

Many of the stories about underground creatures are also larger than life. Crawlers say they have seen cockroaches the size of mice and rats the size of cats, but reptilian life is no match for sewage. Somebody once dumped a 12-foot pet python into Philadelphia's sewers, but when it washed up at the Northeast treatment plant, not even biologists from the Philadelphia Zoo could revive it. Everybody has heard stories about alligators in the sewers, but nobody has ever seen one.

"I'm not saying my mind hasn't seen alligators," said Lofton. "There are a lot of strange noises here, and you spend a lot of time looking over your shoulder." [Andrew Maykuth, "Tales from the Wasteland," Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine (19 February 1989): 22.]

MAN EATS RAT. Rat meat is mighty tasty and full of protein, according to one of the founding fathers of a no-so-secret sect dedicated to eating the repulsive rodents. "Some people say it tastes like ham, some say chicken," explained Doug Duncan, 27, of Tucson, Arizona. "Sometimes it just tastes like barbecue sauce if you have enough on it."

The University of Arizona wildlife management graduate student recently sent TV funnyman David Letterman a T-shirt and honorary membership card of his club, the Secret Order of Neotoma Eater (SONE). Neotoma is the biological name for rat. The card and T-shirt featured a picture of a rat grasping a knife and fork and the group's motto: "All for rat and rat for all." Said Duncan: "We told Letterman that if he is ever in the Tucson area, we'd be happy to make him a regular member."

But the zany comedian would first have to swallow a morsel of rat meat in front of six SONE cofounders, Duncan added. And Letterman need not fear catching any strange diseases from eating rat meat, Duncan maintained. They are not sewer rats or what you find in the slum," he explained. "They're desert rats which feed on vegetation." ["Secret Rat Eating Group Not So Secret Anymore," National Examiner (4 October 1988).]

HAVE YOU HEARD...?

RARE HERB LOCATED BY BIRD. In India, Sri Lanka, China (People's Republic, Taiwan, and Hong Kong, a legend circulates about a bird that locates a medicinal herb. The story appears to have been brought to South Africa around 1860, and is also widely known there among blacks and East Indians. The bird is a variety of coucal (Centropus rufipennis Illiger), and the herb is variously known as sanjivini kaddi (India) and kaly nika (Sri Lanka). References from either Africa or Asia would be welcome. Address to Miss A. A. Naidoo, PO Box 31126, Merebank, 4059 Durban, Natal, SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAIR OF DEATH. According to Weekly World News, a US tabloid of dubious reliability, there is a chair in a local museum in Thirsk, Yorkshire, that has caused the deaths of 61 people. Seems its original owner, a rogue named Thomas Busby, said before his execution that anyone who dared sit in his favorite chair would die within a matter of days--or even seconds [Dick Donovan, "Incredible Chair of Death" (17 January 1989): 31]. Can any British friends confirm this story or provide analogs? Address to Editor, FOAftale News.

WAITERS' LEGENDS ABOUT GAUCHE CUSTOMERS. Sandy Hobbs sends along this clipping and comments, "At least some of these sound apocryphal and might qualify as contemporary legends. I would welcome confirmation by

hearing versions from other localities."

These pages are normally devoted to the opinions and prejudices of the customer. For a change it is the turn of the consumed to have their say. I have been talking to head waiters and chefs from some of our better restaurants about the occasions when the customer was not right. To protect the innocent and livelihoods of certain head waiters, my informants must remain anonymous.

There is an oft-repeated joke about a young man in a Glasgow restaurant who is asked by the waiter if he would like ginger with his melon. He replies that he will stick to the red wine, the same as the rest of the company. [Note: In modern Glasgow dialect, "ginger" can also mean "lemonade" --SH.] There is no recorded instance of this happening but the spirit of the untutored diner lives on with the person who ordered steak tartare and then complained that it was raw. Or the customer who asked for his steak tartare well done.

Not to mention the lady who complained to the manager of an Italian restaurant about their practice of providing powdered milk which had made her coffee taste disgusting. Not surprising, he replied, since she had just put two spoonfuls of parmesan cheese into her cup.

Or the customer in a wine bar who ordered soup followed by a main course with a side salad. The waitress placed his cutlery and a bowl containing French dressing on his table and went to the kitchen to fetch his soup. She returned to find the customer eating the bowl of French dressing. She left him to finish this rather unusual soup course and was not surprised when he took refuge in the toilet and was unable to tackle the rest of his meal. Compared to this, the quite common practice of drinking the water from fingerbowls pales into insignificance.

There was another obvious connoisseur who told a waiter that there was a leaf floating in the French dressing. It must have blown through the open door she added. Unbayleafable, the waiter might have said, if he were into elaborate puns.

Most head waiters will tell you that they do not mind dealing with diners who, faced with a menu bulging with gastronomic goodies, admit that they just want something simple. A well-known Glasgow lawyer is famous for bypassing the glories of haute, nouvelle, and sundry other cuisines in favour of a regular lunchtime order of plain omelette and mashed potatoes, albeit washed down by a bottle of fine wine costing about 20 pounds. Another customer on whom the niceties of a la carte, table d'hote and surprise menus are obviously lost, plumped for smoked salmon from the list of starters. Asked what else he would like he ordered and received on a side plate, a portion of chips and peas.

It is the customer who thinks he or she knows all about good food and fine wines that causes the most heartache to the chef and head waiter. The owner of an establishment which prides itself on value for money quality wines still remembers with sorrow the Chamberlain 1959 which he was offering at the apparently knock-down price of 19.95 pounds a bottle. A customer consulting his wine diary discovered that it was an exceptional year. He ordered a bottle only to return it without drinking on the grounds that the wine was a brown colour and not red. Instead of trying to explain about the changes in colour as a wine ages, the chef took the bottle back and shared it with a wineloving customer who was also in the restaurant. The wine waiter, unable to resist a comment to the offending diner, asked him if he had managed to retain the nice pink colour he had been born with. The same chef has had his wild strawberries, brought in triumph from the market, rejected by a diner, who said they were too small.

There is a school of thought among head waiters that there is a growing band of professional complainers; people who are convinced they can get a free meal, a reduced bill, or even a free drink just by being difficult. One person complained that the pheasant was of a poor standard. He took his complaint as far as the consumer problem page of a Sunday newspaper before admitting that it was in fact the first time he had ever tried pheasant and had no idea how it should taste.

Another difficult customer demanded a 50% reduction on his bill. The food had been excellent, he said, but the waiter should have informed him of the various other menus he could have had. Where other diners produce a credit card to pay he placed his lawyers card on the table. The waiter stood firm, phoned the police, received full payment and is still

awaiting the writ.

Other forms of skulduggery which are by no means uncommon in restaurants include leaving by mistake with the wrong coat or umbrella. The Marks and Spencer raincoat swapped for the Burberry is a good trick. One restaurant in Glasgow is still trying to remedy the situation where a regular and valued customer is using a new umbrella he inadvertently picked up instead of his own battered specimen some months ago.

There is antisocial behavior which is not deliberate but which is usually alcohol-induced. A waiter who worked in the old 101 Restaurant in Glasgow recalls an upmarket but rather well-oiled lady diner who plunged down a flight of steps. Only slightly hurt but in a state of considerable shock she was asked by a member of staff who was comforting her as she lay on the floor if she would like a medicinal brandy. "Make it whiskey and soda," was the reply.

Also from the 101 days comes the story of a beautifully turned out woman who had also enjoyed too much wine. She went to the ladies and walked back through the restaurant with the back of her skirt tucked inside her knickers. It fell to the poor head waiter to inform her of the situation.

But when it comes to bad behavior in restaurants the Americans lead the field. A Texan complete with boots and stetson was not prepared to wait his turn in the cocktail bar along with other customers who had not booked a table in a busy hotel restaurant. When a table became vacant he jumped the queue and sat down. The waiters in a scene reminiscent of a Scotch and Wry sketch ignored his constant shouts to be given a menu. Eventually the head waiter simply walked up and took away the table leaving the Texan sitting in a chair in the middle of the restaurant. He got the message and returned to the bar.

Another American customer resident in one of Scotland's better hotels was getting firmly on the waiter's nerves with his regular demand "Hey boy, get me a pitcher of water." One morning he made this request in his usual loud voice to a waiter who was not feeling at his best. The waiter walked over to an oil painting of a river scene which adorned the restaurant wall. He took it down and handed it to the American with the words: "Here is your picture of water, sir." The American didn't get the joke. The waiter was suspended for a week. [Tom Shields, "Faux Pas Among the Clientele, Glasgow Herald (6 March 1987): 11.]

NOW AVAILABLE!

MONSTERS WITH IRON TEETH: PERSPECTIVES ON CONTEMPORARY LEGEND, VOLUME III. Edited by Gillian Bennett and Paul Smith. Sheffield: Sheffield Academic Press, 1988. ISBN 1 85075 119 6. Price: £9.95 or \$16.50. 264pp.

This volume is the third in the 'Perspectives' series, and brings together papers presented at the International Conference on Contemporary Legend held in Sheffield in July 1985.

The Sheffield meetings are designed to provide a forum in which scholars can discuss current research and exchange ideas. There is never any attempt to construct hard-and-fast models of legend processes or limit participants to any particular approach; rather, it is the hope that the interplay of voices will expand participants' awareness of the genre, increase their familiarity with the theoretical and practical problems it presents, and pave the way for a more sensitive understanding and a more subtle critique. The papers in this volume reflect these aims and approaches.

Three main perspectives on contemporary legend are offered to the reader: considerations of theoretical issue; case studies of particular legends; analyses of legend and society.

The volume never underplays the problems inherent in the genre. For the editors and contributors alike contemporary legends are 'Monsters with Iron Teeth'--difficult creatures, to be approached with caution and treated with respect.

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Those who send book references should include advertisements, abstracts, or tables of contents so that I can pass on their contents in this bibliography. Do not send book copies unless they are very difficult to obtain.

* "Atlanta's Infamous 'House of Blood': Case Closed." The Skeptical Inquirer 13 (1989): 248-49. [Account of journalistic treatment of a house that allegedly "oozed human blood" in Summer 1987.]

Brewer-Giorgio, Gail. Is Elvis Alive? New York: Tudor Publishing Co., 1988. [Includes text of "the Elvis tape."]

Briggs, Charles L. Competence in Performance: The Creativity of Tradition in Mexicano Verbal Art. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1988. [New methodology of performance-centered transcriptions; section on legends and treasure tales.]

* Bullard, Thomas E. "Folklore Scholarship and UFO Reality." International UFO Reporter 13:4 (July/August 1988): 9-13. [Discusses connection between abduction accounts and fairy traditions.]

Curren, Robert, with Jack & Janet Smurl and Ed & Lorraine Warren. The Haunted: One Family's Nightmare. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1988. [Account of demonic manifestations at a West Pittston, PA, house.]

Also summarized in Redbook (April 1988): 43-48, 166-73.]

* Day, Michael. "Curious, Yes; Ghostbuster, No." State College 5:1 (January 1989): 17-21. [Personal experiences with haunted houses.]

* ----- . "Vicarious Encounters of the Second Kind." State College 5:1 (January 1989): 13-16. [Journalistic account of UFO and MIB encounters in Central Pennsylvania.]

* Dennett, Michael R. "Evidence for Bigfoot? An Investigation of the Mill Creek 'Sasquatch Prints.'" The Skeptical Inquirer 13 (1989): 264-72.

* Freeland, Deborah J., and Walter F. Rowe. "Alleged Pore Structure in Sasquatch (Bigfoot) Footprints." The Skeptical Inquirer 13 (1989): 273-76.

Goodman, Felicitas D. How About Demons? Possession and Exorcism in the Modern World. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988.

Lyons, Arthur. Satan Wants You: The Cult of Devil Worship in America. New York: Mysterious Press, 1988.

* McIver, Tom. "Backward Masking, and Other Backward Thoughts About Music." The Skeptical Inquirer 13 (1988): 50-63. [Discussion of the belief that rock music played backward reveals satanic messages. See also correspondence in 13 (1989): 326-28.]

* Narvaez, Peter. "The Folklore of 'Old Foolishness': Newfoundland Media Legends." Canadian Literature 108 (1986): 125-43. [Narratives relating to misunderstandings about telephones, radio, television, etc.]

* ----- . "Newfoundland Berry Pickers 'In the Fairies': The Maintenance of Spatial and Temporal Boundaries through Legendry." Lore & Language 6 (1987): 15-49. [Collection and analysis of recent fairy-contact legends and memorates.]

Schechter, Harold. The Bosom Serpent: Folklore and Popular Art. Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1989. [Traces the motif into recent forms like the movie Alien.]

Spencer, John, and Hilary Evans, eds. Phenomenon: Forty Years of Flying Saucers. New York: Avon Press, 1988. [BUFORA-sponsored collection of short essays on topics from abduction to the 1897 Illinois "airship scare."]

Strieber, Whitley. Transformation: The Breakthrough. New York: Beech Tree Books, 1988. [Continuation of the author's experiences and thoughts about alien abduction.]

Wachs, Eleanor. Crime-Victim Stories: New York City's Urban Folklore. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1988.

WANTED: BACK ISSUES OF FOAFTALE NEWS. Because of the occasional nature of previous copies of FOAftale News, the present editor has only No. 1 (September 1985), No. 6 (July 1987), and No. 10 (July 1988?). If correspondents could send me their scattered copies of the others, I will reciprocate by sending a complete set of Nos. 1-10 gratis. Once a set is reconstructed, back issues and complete sets will be available at cost.

FOAFTALE NEWS: CONTEMPORARY LEGEND RESEARCH NEWSLETTER

The International Society for Contemporary Legend Research (ISCLR) was formed to build worldwide links amongst legend scholars. It encourages study, not only of so-called "modern" or "urban" legends, but also of any legend now in active circulation in a given community. We invite all who have an interest in this research area to join. As a member of ISCLR, you will receive this newsletter, as well as advance notice of all Society events and publications.

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