

arts/entertainment

Use of introduction gives Dracula book more bite

By Scott Kleager

Scholars always have dreamed of obtaining the original copy of some great work in the writer's own hand. The Collier Folio on Shakespeare in 1849 caused such an emotion in university halls that, evidently, the shock has yet to wear off. Peter Tremayne uses this tendency toward "authentic" fiction in his new novel, *The Revenge of Dracula*.

book review

In the introduction of the book the author claims to have received a letter and manuscript from a psychiatrist that "smacked of the Victorian era and a date, 1866, written at the beginning of the manuscript confirmed this."

As it turned out, the papers were the writings of a presumed lunatic committed to an asylum. The letter is uncomplimentary about Tremayne's previous writing about vampires, saying that it "gives the impression of a serious historical document which has fooled even some newspapers."

Attempting to authenticate the over-used theme of "hero-saves-helpless-heroine-from-vampire," the author both helps and

hurts his work.

Introductory method

To begin with, because it's mystical in nature, the tale needs fictionalized authentication; without it the story would cease to be horrific and soon would become a dark fantasy. This introductory method, used by Edgar Allen Poe and not by fantasy writer Mervyn Peake, makes *The Revenge of Dracula* more scary than fantastic; more believable than not.

Because the manuscript is the novel, the story is to the point, moves well and is exciting. The writer of the old papers turns out to be sane and one need not bore through worthless, rambling occurrences to finally reach another of the novel's many confrontations. Dracula here is visible the start.

The psychiatrist's letter sets up what's been a part of all Dracula books and movies from the original to Christopher Lee's portrayal of the demon: the skeptic. The views of the psychiatrist resemble closely those of Upton Welsford, the author of the manuscript and the main character.

Near the end

Until very near the end Welsford really doesn't believe that he faces vampires, which invariably leads him into dire situations. Welsford represents the "ignorant good" quite effectively; Tremayne's Dracula symbolizes evil equally as well. The result is reader-kinship to the

hero's misgivings and terror.

The author offers the reader an interesting Dracula in *The Revenge of Dracula*. He is described, and describes himself, as an immensely timeless individual making startling historical references to the beginnings of vampirism in ancient Egypt, the cult's eventual flight to all parts of the world and his particular arrival in the mountains of Transylvania. This monumental historical material, far more than any other rendition of the tale with its dottings of truth, make for an archetypal Dracula that is convincing.

Weak style

Sadly, though, the author fails to fulfill

such good beginnings because of weak style.

"How beautiful," ejaculated Clara" and "... said the woman stonily" are two examples. Simile doesn't seem to be Tremayne's strong point either: "The voices echoed in my brain with an ebb and flow like the sound of waves cascading over the rocky seashore."

But *The Revenge of Dracula* is, as all Dracula stories are, somehow addictive and in the words of Welsford "(though) the scream was awful to my ears yet, in fascinated horror, I had to watch."

If you're not too picky, this book will scare you.

Group laboring to beam classical radio to Lincoln

By Colleen Tittel

Last month, Russell Dodworth, a Lincoln chimney sweep who every Sunday hosts a Nebraska Old-Time Fiddlers hoe-down in his Havelock store, undertook a project to bring classical and fine arts radio to Lincoln.

"I realize I'm a curiosity, but I like to listen to fine music. There just isn't any choice for people in Lincoln," said Dodworth, a board member of Nebraskans for Public Radio. So in January, Dodworth formed a committee to beam radio station WFMT from Chicago to Lincoln, via satellite.

WFMT-FM stereo is a 24-hour, classical-fine arts station that committee members say has been the most popular of its kind in its listening area for years.

Now its signal will be bounced off a satellite and marketed to cable television companies nationwide, making WFMT the first radio "superstation" in the nation.

Cable subscribers can have it connected in their television sets or FM receivers.

First Dolby user

The station, the first to try a Dolby noise reduction system, claims to have developed a console with no audible distortion, making it a favorite of audiophiles.

WFMT broadcasts mainly classical programs, including complete seasons of eight orchestras and five opera companies. WFMT also broadcasts jazz, folk music, BBC specials and international music festivals and concerts, as well as comedy, plays and the daily interviews done by writer Studs Terkel.

Commercials on WFMT average less than four minutes per hour, well below the maximum 18 minutes allowed by the Radio Code of the National Association of Broadcasters and commercial jingles, hard-sell and recorded commercials are not aired on WFMT.

Continued on page 13



Draft to move women out of kitchen, into foxhole?

By Peg Sheldrick

"Well, I bet you women libber types are sorry now," he said.

"Hm?" she said.

"I said I bet you women libber types wish you'd never started any of this stuff."

humor

"And on what, pray tell, do you base this rather amazing surmise?"

"Carter says they're gonna draft women."

"So?"

"Well, I bet you guys never thought they'd really do that when you started all this equality stuff, heh heh."

"As a matter of fact, the possibility has been discussed. More than once."

"Yeah, but you never really believed they'd do it, heh heh, and now you're stuck with it."

"So we are. But then, so are you."

"That's different."

"It always is with you."

"I mean, guys have always been drafted. But girls—that's something new. Bet you think it isn't fair, right?"

"Actually, if they're going to draft you, there's no reason why they shouldn't draft me too."

"Is that really what you want? To go off to war?"

"I'm not talking about what I want. I'm talking about what's fair."

"So it's out of the kitchen and into the foxhole for you, huh?"

"Not if I can help it."

"But you just said—"

"I just said that if they are going to draft people, they should treat women no differently than men. I didn't say I wanted to be drafted. I have no desire to bear arms."

"Aha! Because you're a woman, right?"

"No, because I'm a pacifist."

"I'll just bet. Probably afraid you'll break a nail on a machine gun trigger. Couldn't fit hair curlers under a helmet, right? I knew a woman couldn't face up to combat."

"That explains the Israeli army."

"And anyway, Miss Pacifist, suppose everybody felt the way you do? Suppose nobody wanted to 'bear arms'? Then what, huh?"

"Then they wouldn't need the draft, I suppose, because nobody would be fighting."

"Boy are you ever naive. Somebody's got to fight. Like they said in the State of the Union speech, we gotta protect the integrity and the independence of those poor little countries."

"It's interesting to me how many of those little countries with such valuable integrity and independence are oil rich and strategically located."

"What are you saying?"

"Just that I'd think more than twice before I'd lay my life on the line to keep Chrysler and Exxon solvent."

"That's not how it is at all. We're fighting for our way of life."

"Our lifestyle, you mean. I'd rather walk to work than march to war."

"Cute. You could put that on a placard."

"Maybe I will."

"I don't know what you're getting so excited about anyway. They'll never put women on the battlefield. At least not for awhile."

"True. They'll probably put us on KP, and in the clerical jobs, and on clean up work."

"Good thing you guys are so liberated, huh?"

"You said it."

"You don't want to fight anyway, though. And besides, nothing has happened yet, really."

"It's like they're heaping snow on an avalanche-prone cliff and telling us not to worry because none has fallen yet."

"Well suppose it does? We gotta fight for what we believe in, right? We gotta teach those Reds a lesson they won't forget."

"There is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth, for two great powers when they stand face to face when they come to the end of the earth."

"Boy, you're in a cheery mood today. What's with you?"

"I don't know. Must be the weather."