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Issue #1

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Out of the Blue



Myths, Legends, Strange Tales and Intriguing Phenomena

Life is weird.

It's easy to lose track of that. It's easy to get bogged down in the mundane, in bills and rush hour traffic and grades and wondering if it's time to get a new pair of shoes, and before you know it you're dead and all you've left behind is a closet full of white shirts which your friends who work for a mutual fund company will probably take because, hey, *everyone* needs another white shirt. But it doesn't have to be like that.

We share this planet with individual plants that cover 100,000 acres and men who eat bicycles. I personally live in a city where three hundred years ago Quakers ran naked up and down the streets gibbering and covered in ashes, and where almost one hundred years ago a 20-foot high tidal wave of molasses killed 16 people. Our ancestors (for you Caucasian readers out there) prosecuted pigs in criminal courts and told each other fairy tales that make 'Henry, Portrait of a Serial Killer' seem tame. (One's included in this issue--I did not make this story up). People, places and things that can seize your imagination and change the way you think are all over the place, hiding in the folklore and history shelves in the library and standing on the streetcorners near the subway stops. And since I've been kicking around in front of a computer screen with a lot of free time recently, (not to mention being at a point in my life where I *NEED* to do something creative), I thought I'd share some of them with you. I hope you like it.

Brian Rust --Brian Rust, Writer of Stuff

The title: among the things known to have fallen from clear skies (i.e., Out of the Blue) in the past have been fish, rocks, hay, frogs, gold coins, six-foot-long urine icicles, little chunks of meat, **BIG** rocks, and a half-ton of flaming whale blubber. Every time you're outside, there's the chance that in the blink of an eye you might be rich, or you might be a dust cloud at the epicenter of an impact crater. It's facts like this, I think, that keep things in perspective. (Especially if you're a dinosaur).

Subscriptions to OotB is available on a per-issue basis for \$2, an equivalent zine in trade, a neat item, or a very cool story or fact I haven't heard before. Issue #2 should be out by February, and I'm hoping to be on a quarterly schedule after that.

Credit where credit's due: a joke on p. 14 is lifted from Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaimans' 'Good Omens'. Find their books, read them. You'll thank me.

THE EIGHT FOOT BRIDE

You could sum up the street performer 'The Eight Foot Bride' by saying that she's a 'living statue' in a bridal gown, a performer who stays completely motionless until you drop a coin in her jar, at which point she gives you a flower and then becomes a statue again. You could also sum up Elvis by saying he was a fellow who sang and did an odd little dance. In each case, it's how the performer works the crowd that makes all the difference.

*Even without her height (achieved by creative use of several crates wrapped in the same material the gown is made out of, not to mention highly functional boots), The Eight Foot Bride is a visually striking figure an Edward Gorey drawing come to life on the sidewalk, her outfit and makeup so white they make her seem to glow (personal note: I have *got* to find the dry cleaner she uses). Her expressions as she offers a flower or looks after someone who's refused one are poignant; her motions as artistically elaborate as a ballet dancer or slo-mo Kabuki performer. Despite (or perhaps *because* of) the fact she barely seems aware they exist, she always draws a crowd that more 'active' street performers would envy. The audience, in fact, quickly becomes part of the show as people watch and comment on the reactions of newcomers, as well as speculate on the nature of the Bride herself.*



I was able to interview Amanda Palmer, the actress/alter ego/driving force behind The Eight Foot Bride, using the wonder of e-mail. Following are her thoughts on her performance and the reaction it gets.

Q: Do you have a theatrical background? What was your first solo piece? What was it like the first time?

I've been involved in theater since I was six or seven, involved first in school and community productions, and then in high school beginning to write and direct my own shows (which tended to be experimental, abstract and music-oriented).

The first time I ever attempted street theater was something called 'Princess Roulette'. It was more involved: I created a circle and sectioned it off like a dart board, placing a book or other object in each section. Then, in a fairy tale princess costume, I'd stand in the middle of the circle. When someone placed money in my jar I'd spin around with my eyes shut and wind up pointing randomly towards some part of the circle. I would then do or perform whatever that section of the circle required. (Read a poem from the book, for example).

I was in a small city in Germany called Regensburg, got the idea, and just blindly went out into the town square and set up, having no clue what kind of response I would get. It went rather well, to tell the truth, I was surprised.

The whole day that I prepared to go out I was so amazed that I was actually going through with this fantastical idea I had had that it was a bit of a natural high. I was dressed and made up and had only two blocks to walk to the public square but I was out of breath and looking at every person staring at me, on the one hand thrilled with the attention (I have this addiction to visual attention), on the other hand terrified that I was going to be making myself vulnerable to all of these people in a few minutes. It was frightening, really.

I've been kidnapped once, literally seized and thrown in the back of a van with all my boxes and bride things...it luckily turned out to be people I knew.

Q: Do you think of the bride as a role, or a thing you do? Does she have a character that you go into and out of, or do your thinking patterns stay the same?

The bride does have a character, that grows more defined each time I perform. When I was first performing I had no idea who she was and I was simply going through motions I thought were aesthetically beautiful, so far as I was able. But as I interacted with more and more people, was forced to react to different situations and questions (remaining mute, as well), her character started to take form. It's still rather vague but I could define her loosely as a very fragile character, easily wounded but still desirous to give whatever she has. She seems to feel that she has something to communicate that she will never be able to, and that keeps an aura of sadness around here even when she smiles...I feel her eyes always stay sad.

Q: People really seem to pick up on an air of melancholy, or mourning-- was this something you set out to do, or did it just turn out that way?

It depends on my mood. The bride has something essentially gloomy and melancholy about her (she is, after all, a bride alone, no patriarchal figure in sight). In one of my earlier performances I left my eyes open long enough for tears to start streaming down my face to see how passersby would react. They were disturbed.

I envision myself, the way I look up there, frozen with outstretched arms, rather pathetic and bereft, actually, and the image I envision is something I feed off of, that then shows in my face. Sometimes I do in fact get very melancholy. Especially when nobody notices me, and I start to think that mankind is walking forever in a straight fast line without once stopping to see what is around them.

Q: More kids gave you money today than adults, and the kids responses were just incredible to watch (sample quote: "Holy cow! Lookit the princess!")-- is this usually the case? Have you noticed interesting divisions in how audiences react to you, male/female, student/tourist?

The children are the best audience because they are the most interested. They are used to fantasy and love to see a bit of it where they aren't expecting it. Little girls, in particular, find it impossible to keep their eyes off me. I know that when I was a girl about five or six years old, the way I would "dress-up" (taking my great-grandmother's old wedding gown and



veil down from the attic and trying it on in front of the full-length mirror in the living room) is basically what I have recreated in this performance. Most women (and almost all little girls)

know that fantasy to dress up like a queen or a princess. To the little ones I look like the ultimate life-size bride Barbie doll. Men are usually more embarrassed than women. Women, usually middle-aged are often captivated and tell me so right then and there.

I am quite convinced that I have earned my place in posterity in the photo albums and video libraries of most of eastern Asia.

Q: You handled a couple of eccentrics today while I was watching, and I'm sure there've been others- what's the most extreme reaction you've gotten? How'd you handle it? What've some of the other interesting reactions been like?

There is one absolutely psychotic man who used to come up five, six times per performance, get his flower and soliloquize to me. He would say things along the lines of 'You are the salvation of us all...a cascading island of petticoats in a sea of despair' and other poetic ramblings. Some were quite beautiful but I don't think I could ever appreciate them fully after a friend of mine, who saw him as well, pointed out that this man had "7 out of 10 traits of a serial killer".

One very average-looking man said that he had honestly fallen in love with me and didn't know what to do, that this was something completely unlike him and he didn't know why he was telling me but he absolutely had to get to know me etcetcetc...he and many others have left phone numbers in the box. I also have received some nice drawings.

There are definitely irritating people but they usually aren't that bad and offer a challenge. The crowd will usually frown on anyone who harasses me too obviously.

The performance has, unlike a folk guitarist or singer, something mysterious, vague about it. It naturally strikes up queries, and guesses and all sorts of conversation. I love listening. I've been the subject of wagers. I've been kidnapped once, literally seized and thrown in the back of a van with all my boxes and bride things...it luckily turned out to be people I knew.

Q: Is there anything in particular you want to impart or provoke in the audiences who see the Eight Foot Bride? A particular emotion, idea, concept?

I usually hope that people who stop to really look will be touched, not necessarily in a sad way, but heading in that direction. In the best situation I like someone to walk away feeling that they've just witnessed something magical. Something "not quite of this world" and that the magic from it might sprinkle the rest of their day.



More Quality TV from the Folks who Brought you
'Bananas in Pajamas'

Pears who Stare

Cherries Named Larry

Mangoes who Tango

Plantains who Complain

Apples who Grapple

Peaches with Leeches

Things Cut from the 'Book of Lists'

Forgotten Miracles

(Hey, kids! First person to identify the true miracle (i.e., the one I didn't make up) gets the OotB Prize Pack: \$2, three viewmaster slides, and a really nice seashell!)

1. St. Anthony turned sauerkraut into coleslaw.
2. St. Brigit made a sow out of a silk purse.
3. St. Joseph of Canterbury cured the hiccups of an entire pilgrimage of sufferers by jumping out from behind a tree wearing 'an odde maske'.
4. St. Olaf converted a household from paganism to the true faith by grabbing the shriveled horse penis they prayed to and tossing it to the family dog, who promptly ate it.
5. When angered by a heckler's mockery, St. Anne of Carolingia removed the hump from a hunchback and caused it to grow upon the bottoms of the heckler's feet.
6. St. Jaime of Trenton, patron saint of enclosed places, caused all colognes, perfumes and scented hairsprays in a shopping mall to cease producing their odors.
7. St. Ivy turned Hood vanilla into Ben & Jerry's Cherry Garcia.
8. St. Lars of Gundesvadt calmed the carbonation and walked across a vat of beer to save the life of a drowning malt inspector.

9. St. Mary of St. Paul turned the world on with her smile, took a nothing day and suddenly made it all seem worthwhile, and prevented a plane crash by hurling her beret two miles into the air, where it sealed a leak in the fuel tank.

Oddities of the Animal Kingdom

1. Gulf on Mexico giant squid mate for life, but will often be seen when other species of fish and invertebrates spawn, drinking beer and watching.
2. Doves released during Olympic Games and other public events have been observed rolling in mud afterwards and attempting to blend in with the local pigeon population.
3. The Ozark Bluenose is the only known canine successfully trained to be a pointer for bass and trout. Recent experiments using scuba technology to train this breed to retrieve fish have met with less success.
4. To escape detection, the Artesian Beetle developed a shell that looked like an M&M. The species is now endangered.
5. Goats completely despise any movie directed by the Coen brothers. No one knows why; they just do.
6. Three species of birds on this planet are actually aliens from outer space. Each alien race knows that there are other aliens somewhere on the planet, but they have no idea where. This has led to a variety of bizarre plots to get the other aliens to reveal themselves. The human race is aware of some of these (crop circles, rains of fish, the popularity of tongue piercings) but has no clue as to their true nature.



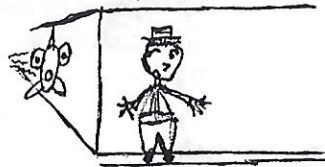
Verde Prato

PUTTING THE 'AI!!' BACK IN 'FAIRY TALE'

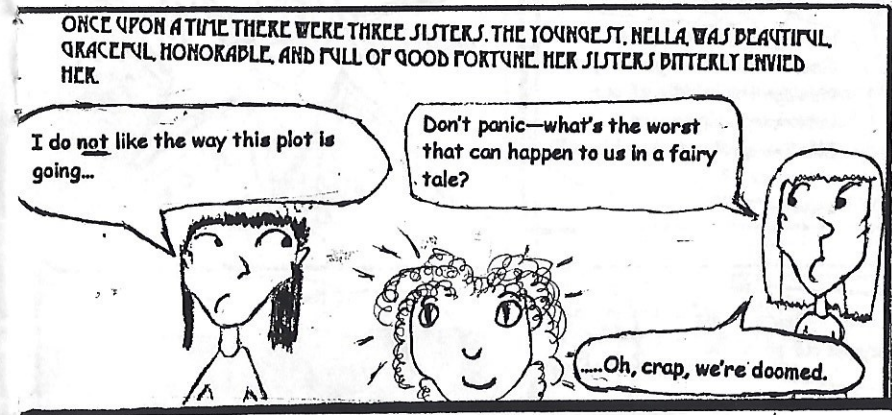
This one's a little charmer from 'The Pentamerone', a collection of (mostly) Neapolitan stories compiled by Giovanni Batiste Basile and translated by none other than Sir Richard Burton. Enjoy.

The Top Six New Psychiatric Disorders

1. **Corporasnakiation:** The fear that your necktie will come to life and begin trying to tighten itself around your neck and eat you.
2. **Missatrendia:** The fear that some remote college radio station or community-access cable program will introduce a wild new fad that everyone around you will adopt, and you will never know what they are talking about ever again.
3. **Tropicatailophobia:** The fear that giant tropical fish are floating through the air and following you wherever you go.



4. **Ionescosis:** The fear that everyone around you will turn into some other sort of creature (most often a rhinoceros) and you will be left behind. (related to Kafkosis)
5. **Tipitis:** The fear that an untipped waiter or waitress will follow you home, smash all your belongings, and run off with your pets (who will love them better).
6. **Flintstoniphrenia:** The neurotic belief that previous generations were much, much smarter than anyone being produced by today's school system (despite historical evidence of phonebooth stuffing, goldfish consumption, Prohibition and the Crusades to the contrary).

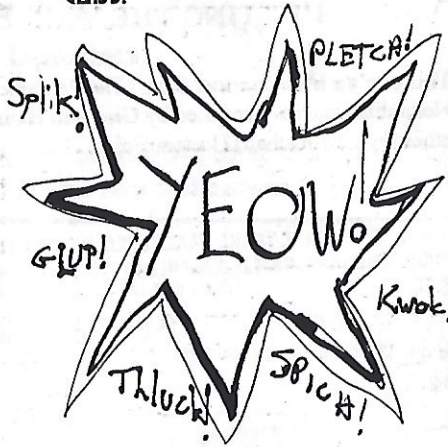


THE JEALOUS SISTERS OBSERVED THIS AND BRAKE THE PASSAGE THROUGH AND THROUGH.

Oh, right, it's our fault. Like Mom wouldn't notice a tunnel entrance in the floor.

Her bedroom's on the second floor! The tunnel goes right through the middle of our bathroom! It's like an X-rated Habitrail!!!

THE PRINCE, WHOSE FASHION IT WAS TO COME RUNNING STARK NAKED WITH HIS EYES SHUT, APPARENTLY WAS WOUNDED SORELY BY THE BROKEN GLASS.



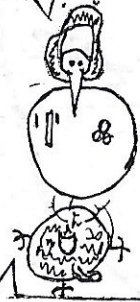
Inside...

Oh my hairy beauty, what hast thou heard? What do the folk say in the world?

Thou mayest suppose that there is not a foot of ground clean, and everything is going topsy-turvy and crookedly. You've heard about the prince doing his impersonation of the Pope?

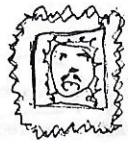


By becoming hole-y? Yes, yes, poor thing. And can no remedy be found for his sickness?



Ah, the charm which was on the broken glass has a dread potency. Only one thing would save his life, but ask me not to tell thee, for 'tis something I care for.

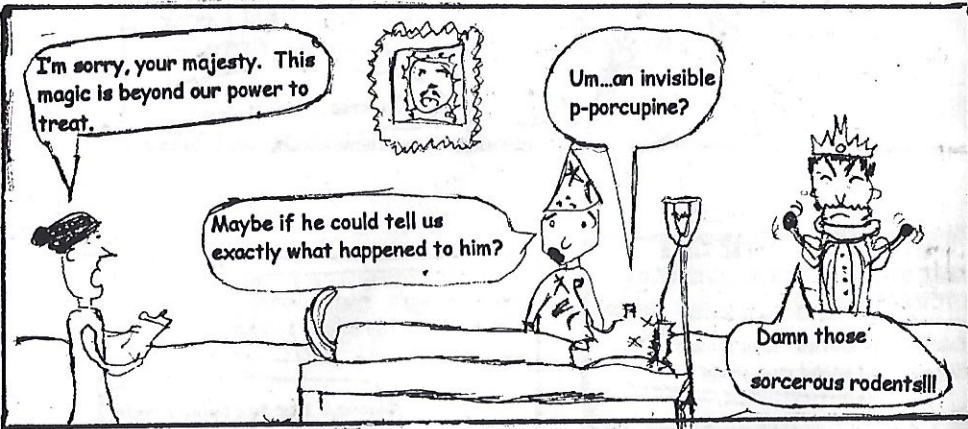
I'm sorry, your majesty. This magic is beyond our power to treat.



Um...an invisible p-porcupine?

Maybe if he could tell us exactly what happened to him?

Damn those sorcerous rodents!!!



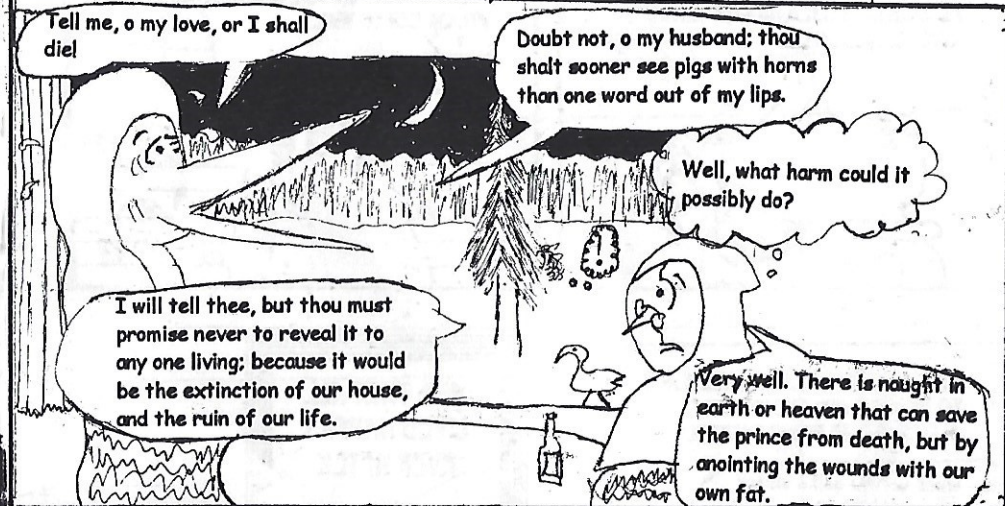
Tell me, o my love, or I shall die!

Doubt not, o my husband; thou shalt sooner see pigs with horns than one word out of my lips.

Well, what harm could it possibly do?

I will tell thee, but thou must promise never to reveal it to any one living; because it would be the extinction of our house, and the ruin of our life.

Very well. There is naught in earth or heaven that can save the prince from death, but by anointing the wounds with our own fat.

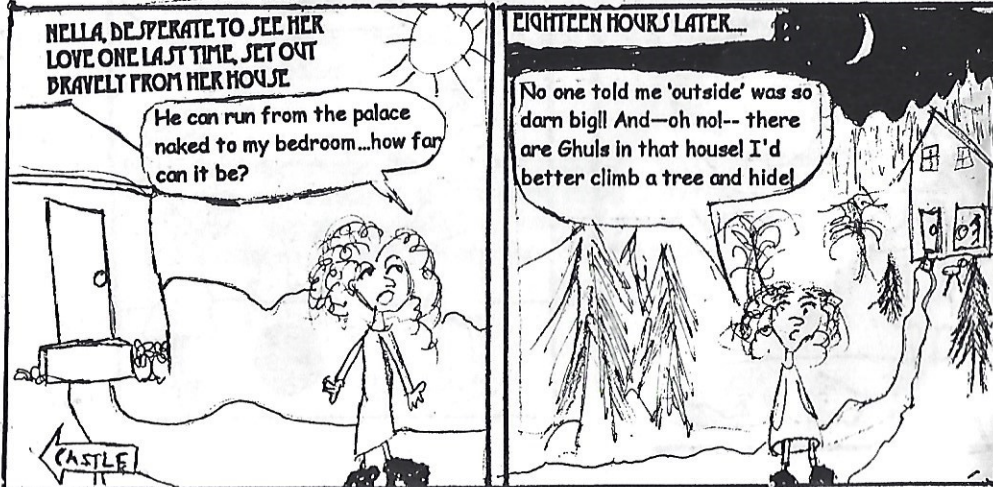


NELLA, DESPERATE TO SEE HER LOVE ONE LAST TIME, SET OUT DRAVELT FROM HER HOUSE

He can run from the palace naked to my bedroom...how far can it be?

EIGHTEEN HOURS LATER...

No one told me 'outside' was so darn big! And--oh nol-- there are Ghuls in that house! I'd better climb a tree and hide!



That's the most disgusting folk remedy I've ever heard! Who would be sick enough to--

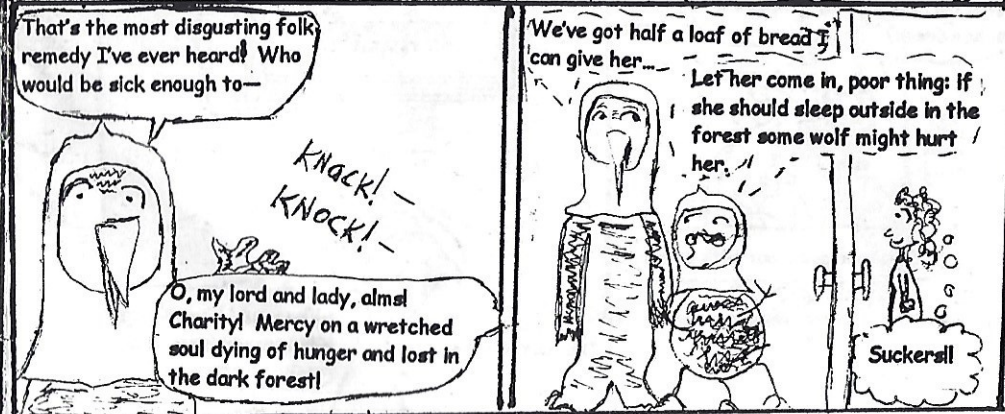
Knock! -
Knock! -

O, my lord and lady, alms! Charity! Mercy on a wretched soul dying of hunger and lost in the dark forest!

We've got half a loaf of bread; I can give her...

Let her come in, poor thing; if she should sleep outside in the forest some wolf might hurt her.

Sucker!!!

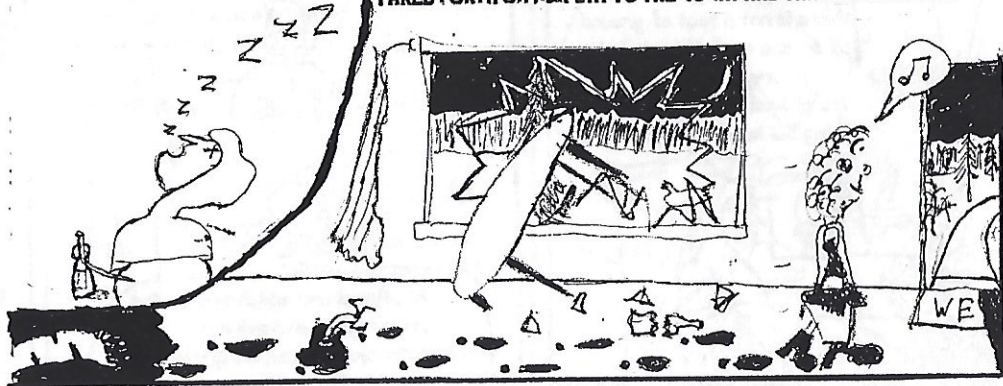


The Boston Tarot Deck

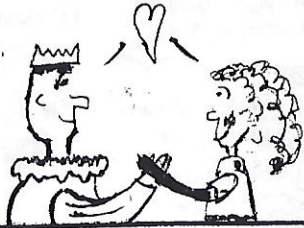
Clip and save! Get the whole set!

HAVING EATEN HIS SUPPER OF THE
SUPPER THEY HAD BEFORE THEM, THE
GHUL DRANK SO MUCH THAT HE FELL
DOWN DRUNK.

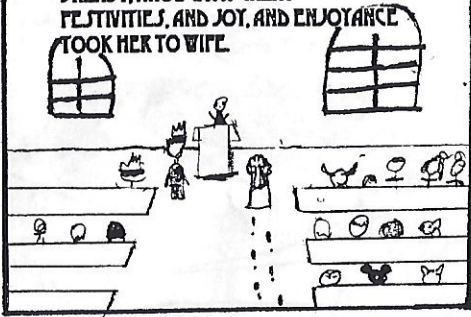
NELLA, SEEING THEM BOTH ASLEEP, TOOK A KNIFE FROM THE
CUPBOARD AND SLAUGHTERED THEM, AND PUTTING THE FAT IN A POT,
FARED FORTH ON HER WAY TO THE COURT AND THE KING'S PALACE.



BEING LED TO THE PRINCE SHE
ANointed HIS WOUND WITH THE FAT.
THE PRINCE AWOKE AS HIS WOUNDS
MAGICALLY CLOSED, AND THE ENTIRE
KINGDOM REJOICED.



THE PRINCE CLASPED HER TO HIS
BREST, AND WITH GREAT
FESTIVITIES, AND JOY, AND ENJOYANCE
TOOK HER TO WIFE.



AND THEN HE ORDERED A FIREPLACE
TO BE BUILT, AND THE ENVIOUS
SISTERS TO BE BURNT THEREIN.

Hey, what do you call a sister
with forty pounds of gunpowder
in her dress?

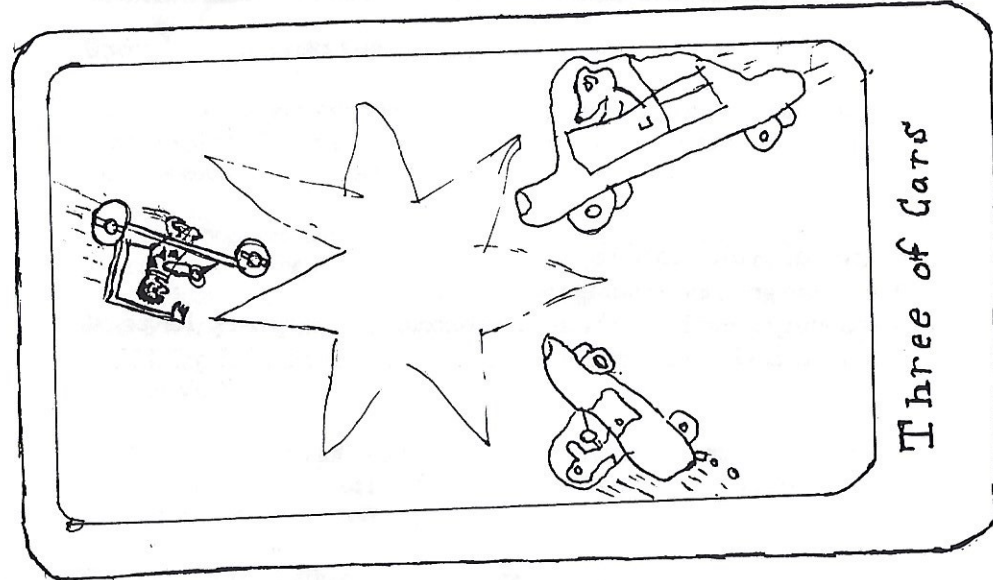
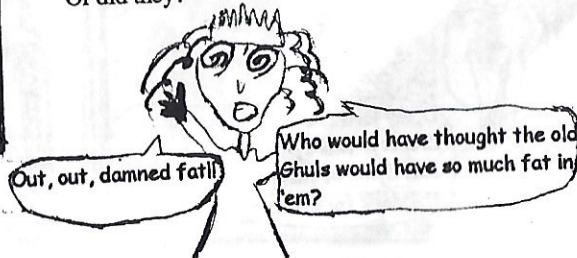


Someone going out with a bang?

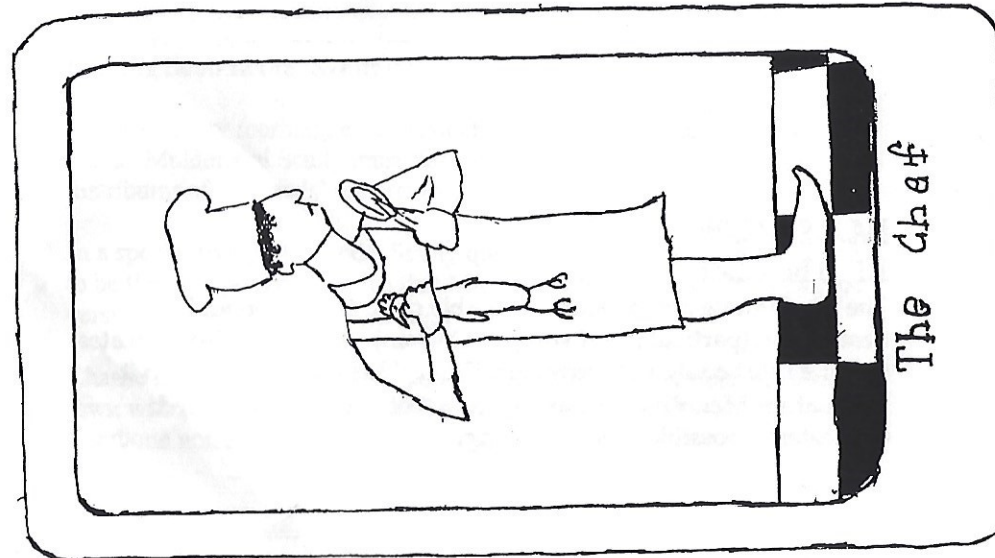
AND THEY ALL
LIVED HAPPILY
EVER AFTER.

THE END

Or did they?



Three of Cars



The Chef

Three of Automobiles

Paths converge, as do bumpers.

Divinatory Meanings: Unexpected encounters. Surprises. Reversed: Conflict. Lack of progress.

MAJOR ARCANA

III The Chef

The Chef is a figure in balance, capable of both creation and destruction (particularly if you're a chicken). This card also indicates that the artist could not draw Julia Child if his life depended on it.

Divinatory Meanings: Pleasure, the act of creation. Reversed: Cholesterol, possible food poisoning.

TV Watch

Upcoming Star Trek: Voyager Episodes

A mysterious plague sweeps across the ship, causing people to turn into giant possums. The Doctor attempts to find a cure but is completely wrong; the crew eventually gets better on their own.

'Voyager' pops through another time-space warp and reaches 1996 Earth, where they discover an 'alien autopsy' video is spreading across the Internet like wildfire--and the alien is Worf! Janeway and Tuvok must enter a world of shadows, conspiracies and lies in search of a secret that could bring down the Federation! Guest starring James Earl Jones as 'Cancer Vulcan'.

Voyager locates a planet where the Klingons from the original TV series (the ones who looked like normal humans in 'Burnt Umber' makeup) have been exiled. They're bitter.

Having tried every other 'two people are trapped and must overcome their differences to survive' combination, Star Trek: Voyager brings us Neelix and the holo-projection of Jean-Paul Sartre as the only people unaffected when an emergency strikes. Can a gloomy French philosopher and an alien whose head looks like a sunfish mated with Alfred E. Neuman find common ground?

Coming Soon to the 'X-Files'

At 10:13 every morning, every resident of a small Missouri town pees their pants. Mulder and Scully must deal with interference from the local distributor of 'Depends' undergarments as they search for the truth.

In a special two-part episode, Scully questions her sanity when she seems to be the only person to notice that Mulder has been replaced by a Muppet version of himself. Guest-starring Frank Oz.

Charlie Brown and Linus approach the FBI with an incredible tale about a town with a dog with genius-level intelligence and adults who make trombone noises when they try to speak.

THE MANY FACES OF ANASTASIA

STORY ONE: Once Upon A Time in Siberia

Once upon a time, there was a far-off land ruled by a good King and Queen. It was a good land, peaceful and prosperous, but a shadow was cast over it: Prince Alexis, beloved by his father and mother, had a bleeding sickness no one could cure.

Then one day a sorcerer came to the palace dressed as a monk and the King and Queen, desperate, allowed him to use his dark magic on the Prince. The sorcerer was clever; while he stopped the Prince's bleeding and took away the pain, he never fully cured the Prince. The Royal Family gratefully let him stay in the Palace so that he could be available to treat the Prince at a moment's notice. With the hypnotic powers the sorcerer had, it was only a short time before he was the King and Queen's most trusted advisor, and the true power behind the throne. The people, and even some of the Princes, were aware of the sorcerer's true nature; while the King and Queen called him "Father Gregory", he was known far and wide as Rasputin, which means "debauched one".

To make matters worse, a terrible war began in the West, and the King (as was his duty) led his armies to battle. With the King gone, Rasputin's evil became more overt, and his powers over the Queen and Princesses more absolute. The war went horribly for the country. The people died in millions, poverty spread over the land like rain. When it was discovered that Rasputin was largely to blame through selling military secrets and food to the enemies while he used the palace as a brothel. One of the Princes, Dmitri, and his friends pulled together their courage and slew him. It wasn't easy: after eating enough poison to kill a whale without any ill effects, he was shot and stabbed (which slowed him down a little), then placed in a bag, wrapped in chains and thrown into a freezing cold river. When the body was recovered, it was discovered that he'd almost managed to free himself from the chains—if the river had been slightly warmer, or he'd lost slightly less blood, he might have survived.

By this time, the miserable and hungry people no longer trusted the Royal Family or the government. Mobs turned into rebel armies, the government was overthrown, and the King, Queen and their children were all captured, shot, and their bodies buried in a large ditch. And that was the end of the royal family...so everyone thought.

But one Princess survived, and dug herself out of the ditch: 16-year old Anastasia.

The Ugly Facts:

Rasputin existed, and was one of the stranger individuals to populate the 20th century. He did in fact seem to have skill in faith healing and hypnosis, and was a member of the Russian Court and, within a short time of his arrival, the most trusted advisor of Empress Alexandra. There's no proof he actually seduced any member of the Royal Family, conspired with the Germans during World War I, or even acted in any way against the interests of the Royal Family or Russia in general (at least, none that I've found).

And, of course, the ugliest fact of all is that on July 16, 1918 Princess Anastasia, her family, three servants and their doctor died in a ditch.

THE STORY Part 2a: Anastasia Hits the West

Princess Anastasia, with no friends in the world and every hand against her, made her way across war-devastated Europe, to be discovered by a kindly doctor in Berlin where she was suffering from extensive trauma and memory loss. As her memory returned she tried to tell people who she really was; some people who had met her in the Good Old Days recognized her; others didn't (or pretended not to, either because they didn't want to see her treated like the Princess-in-Exile she was, or were afraid of the brutal dictatorship that had taken control of her country). She toured the world, and a movie was made of her story. Eventually, she married a handsome man who was one of the leading champions of her cause, and moved with him to a wonderful town in America where she changed her name to Anna Anderson and they lived happily after.

The Ugly Facts, II:

No one knows exactly why Franziska Schanzkowska decided to claim (or became convinced that) she was Princess Anastasia, especially when she couldn't even speak Russian. The fact that she was able to fool thousands of people over the course of decades despite the testimony of other members of the Romanov household and (eventually) conclusive DNA tests is more understandable: *she* seemed fully convinced of her story, which was remotely plausible; she bore a vague resemblance to the Princess; and, most importantly, people *wanted* to believe.

The Truth:

The above version is courtesy of the web sites for the Fox Animation movie 'Anastasia', which will probably be out in theaters about the time this zine actually hits the post office and discount bins. To their credit, the creators are quick to acknowledge their story plays fast and loose with history. As filmmaker Gary Goldman puts it, 'If we were making a documentary and stayed true to the story, it would leave the audience tremendously depressed.' He calls the film 'a 20th century fairytale, a contemporary story where people are characters from our era, not knights in shiny armor'.

It's interesting to note that the word 'communist' appears nowhere in any of the press releases; it could even be argued that the real Rasputin was actually one of the first victims of the Russian Revolution. It makes a certain amount of sense—for a cartoon to be a success with a misguided, desperate mob as the central villain of the story, it'd have to have one HELL of a soundtrack. And, yeah, they could've taken a different tack and had actual leaders of the Revolution as villains, but that opens all sorts of cans of worms—besides, is the world really ready for an animated Lenin and Trotsky performing a song and dance number?

What It All Means:

(wherein Brian gets all pretentious as he uses his college education for the first time in weeks...)

The transformation of Russia from a monarchy to a Communist dictatorship struck many people (including almost every Russian whose name wasn't spelled with a 'Stalin') as a horrible thing, and the story of Anastasia was embraced with the determination of people desperate to salvage something positive out of tragedy.

At the same time, the myth of a Rightful Heir hidden away in a humble agrarian place, only to return to reclaim the throne when they reach adulthood, is one of our oldest ones, popping up with Moses, Perseus, three or four of the Eastern Mediterranean kings profiled (some say made up) by Herodotus, King Arthur, and more recently in what seems like every other fantasy novel and comic book: Edding's 'Belgariad', Jordan's 'Wheel of Time', Neiber's 'Books of Magic', Jeff Smith's 'Bone' and numerous others. (It could even be argued that 'Superman' and the Disney movie

version of 'Hercules' are examples of the myth, with great physical power substituted for great political power).

The origins of it all are easy enough to understand, when you think about it: Kings, to protect their power base, had a tendency in the Stone and Bronze Ages to proclaim that their bloodlines were Divine, that only their Divine butts could sit on the throne without being burnt to ashes, etc. By and large, the people bought it. (Hey, it's no dumber than electing an Alzheimer's sufferer, watching him wander around in a daze accusing trees of spreading pollution, and then re-electing him). So if you're an ambitious general who thinks you can do a better job, your choices are either a massive re-education drive to convince the populace that Everything They Know Is Wrong, or...you guessed it. To play along. "Well, see, it's not a rebellion—I have royal blood, too! In fact, I'm, um, I'm the rightful heir! I've just been, um, hidden away my entire life because, um, because evil people knew I was destined to be king, and to give everyone who supported me a fat sheep! Yeah, that's the ticket!"

This archetypal myth and the haziness of the death of the royal family went together like water and fish in the minds of people longing for something to pin their hopes on. I started researching this article with the notion that I could sling around the contemptuous, 'Oh-just-look-what-they're-doing-now' tone history majors love to approach Hollywood revisionism with (think 'Pocahontas', or 'Prince of Thieves', or 'Frontierland'). But I can't really find it in myself to condemn Fox Animation, or even poor deluded Franziska Schanzkowska. A legend's being born, and it's something we hardly ever see and recognize in the early stages: it's like being an astronomer and watching dust coalesce into a star. In the relatively short span of eighty years a person has gone from being (briefly) flesh and blood to being the heroine of a fairy tale; of the two, the fairy tale will keep her name going longer, and better.

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