# Entertainment Outlook

phoned him back to say that, if he

didn't raise the \$10 million, he would

be stricken with athlete's foot as

If the Rev. Brimstone didn't raise

the money, then God would give the

Rev. Unctuous J. Whitesoul

psoriasis and athlete's foot. And

hemorrholds, the likes of which no

even this wouldn't be enough to

guarantee him \$10 million by

Tuesday. In desperation he turned

business of setting an example of

Some help He was, at a time like

poverty, humility and charity.

But the Rev. Brimstone saw that

human being had ever endured.

No, wait - he had a better idea.

well as psoriasis.

### Rev. Righteous Brimstone a modern-day saint, prophet

the Rev. Righteous T. Brimstone. A vile week, the Rev. Brimstone thought wretchedly as he sank down in his hot tub, nudging his goldplated rubber ducky out of the way.

The Rev. Brimstone was, of course, known to all as the host and star of the Fire and Brimstone Glad-Tidings Hour, which was beamed by satellite into 47 countries, falling upon both the godly and the ungodly. He was also a modern-day saint and prophet. He could prove this to be true, because it said so on his

The Rev. Brimstone paused, as a nagging question occurred to him: did those cards say "modern-day prophet" or "modern-day profit"? He couldn't quite remember - and he had never been much of a speller, since correct spelling was so often a sign of liberal humanism.)

successful televangelist since the which Satan worked part-time as a would Christ have done, in the face

minor embarrassment, of the sort dip with the head of his Ladies' that discomfits a modern-day saint Auxillary. without actually devastating him.

that the devil was busy in the seized gleefully upon this, urging the this! recording studios of the world, faithful to withhold their money and putting backwards messages on calling him a "rotten apple in the rock 'n' roll albums, the Rev. porkbarrel of salvation". (The Rev. Brimstone had played Stairway to Brimstone could take scant solace in

Stairway to Heaven backwards, mixed.) apparently, was nevnet of Now, terrible rumors were yawriats. He had tried to spreading. Was it true that the Rev. that "nevael ot yawrlats" was maraschino cherries at a go-go Sanskrit for "if it feels good, do it," dancer in Fort Lauderdale? (No! it

next day, newspapers across North group of boy scout leaders in Bolse? America began making fun of him (They had played whist!) for revealing that God would give him psorlasis if he didn't raise \$10 rumors were, they had slowed the million by next Tuesday.

As he tried to explain, God had to-person - to make this threat.

God had been quite clear on this point. If the Rev. Brimstone didn't would reach far too few viewers raise \$10 million to build a new chain of luxury hotels, He would visit upon him the heartbreak of psoriasis, in a new and virulent form which no medicated shampoo on earth could combat.

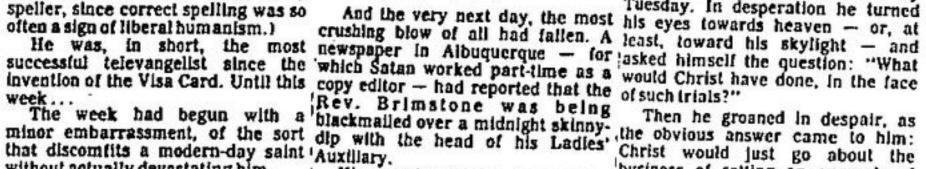
But the skeptics just giggled his ratings had plummeted hysterically and the Rev. Uncluous disastrously and he was now trailing J. Whitesoul - the Rev. Brimstone's even re-runs of The Littlest Hobo. arch-rival - had actually gone on Frantically he cast about for a

TV to denounce him, proclaiming solution. He could call a press that "God does not trade in scalp conference and reveal that God had

View

Weir's

By Ian



I His enemies (and a modern-day In order to clinch his argument saint must expect to have enemies) Heaven backwards on his program. the fact that, while his enemies were what you got when you played numerous, their metaphors were

manoeuvre out of this by claiming Brimstone had once lobbed but skeptics in his flock had arched was a single cherry, and he had missed.) What had really gone on at This was just the start. The very that all-night revival meeting with a

But vile and untrue as the donations to a miserable trickle. The Tuesday deadline was last phoned him long-distance - person- approaching, and an appeal for more money on his satellite show

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Library book review

the latest in the series of mysteries centered around Officer Jim Chee of the Navajo Tribal Police. The author, Tony Hillerman, who has been both a reporter and college professor, lives in Albuquerque, and now writes full time.

Hillerman's native policeman belongs to the tradition initiated by Arthur W. Upfield and his half aborigine detective Napolean Bonaparte. What sets Jim Chee apart and above Upfield's creation is the fact that his Indian culture and mind set are whole and entire, not limited to his exploits as a detective. It is a frequent occurance in Hillerman's stories that the solution of the mystery is not dependant on a flashy show of specialized "native skills" but on coming to grips with the nature of this different culture and how it interacts with the dominant, alien society outside the reservation.

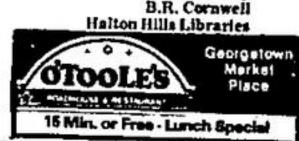
In Skinwalkers. Chee is both detective and potential victim. The story opens with someone firing four shots through the aluminum skin of his house trailer in the middle of the night, exactly where he could have been expected to by lying in bed. In pursuing the perpetrator and reason for this unprovoked attack Chee is required to work with Lt. Joe Leaphorn, a senior officer who is very different from Chee and provides an interesting contrast in investigative styles.

four and a half unsolved homicides have some connectin with a probably debased form of Navajo tradition which employs witchcraft to care illness. Jim Chee's own fledgling career as a shaman becomes a critical element in the story which picks up speed and power as it rolls along finally coming to a crashing denouement like the longawaited desert thunderstorm which ushers in

the final confrontations. One of the most satisfying elements of the Jim Chee mysteries is the cunning combinations of standard police procedure with the special requirements of coping with the Navajo society. Both are handled in convincing fashlon and, to quote another reviewer, "it becomes harder and harder to remember that Mr. Hillerman is not himself a Nava-

If you have never had the opportunity to fall under the spell of the desert South West, Tony Hillerman's evocation of the Big Reservation is a good substitute for being

> Submitted by B.R. Cornwell





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