

Entertainment Outlook

Rev. Righteous Brimstone a modern-day saint, prophet

It had been a bad, bad week for the Rev. Righteous T. Brimstone. A vile week, the Rev. Brimstone thought wretchedly as he sank down in his hot tub, nudging his gold-plated 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 business cards.

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.)

He was, in short, the most successful televangelist since the invention of the Visa Card. Until this week...



Weir's View
By Ian Weir

The week had begun with a minor embarrassment, of the sort that discomfits a modern-day saint without actually devastating him.

In order to clinch his argument that the devil was busy in the recording studios of the world, putting backwards messages on the rock 'n' roll albums, the Rev. Brimstone had played Stairway to Heaven backwards on his program.

What you got when you played Stairway to Heaven backwards, apparently, was neveh of yawrlatS. He had tried to manoeuvre out of this by claiming that "neveh of yawrlatS" was Sanskrit for "if it feels good, do it," but skeptics in his flock had arched their eyebrows.

This was just the start. The very next day, newspapers across North America began making fun of him for revealing that God would give him psoriasis if he didn't raise \$10 million by next Tuesday.

As he tried to explain, God had phoned him long-distance — person-to-person — to make this threat.

God had been quite clear on this point. If the Rev. Brimstone didn't 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 hysterically and the Rev. Unctuous J. Whitesoul — the Rev. Brimstone's arch-rival — had actually gone on TV to denounce him, proclaiming that "God does not trade in scalp disorders".

Frantically he cast about for a solution. He could call a press conference and reveal that God had phoned him back to say that, if he didn't raise the \$10 million, he would be stricken with athlete's foot as well as psoriasis.

No, wait — he had a better idea. If the Rev. Brimstone didn't raise the money, then God would give the Rev. Unctuous J. Whitesoul psoriasis and athlete's foot. And hemorrhoids, the likes of which no human being had ever endured.

But the Rev. Brimstone saw that even this wouldn't be enough to guarantee him \$10 million by Tuesday. In desperation he turned his eyes towards heaven — or, at least, toward his skylight — and asked himself the question: "What would Christ have done, in the face of such trials?"

Then he groaned in despair, as the obvious answer came to him: Christ would just go about the business of setting an example of poverty, humility and charity.

Some help He was, at a time like this!

And the very next day, the most crushing blow of all had fallen. A newspaper in Albuquerque — for which Satan worked part-time as a copy editor — had reported that the Rev. Brimstone was being blackmailed over a midnight skinny-dip with the head of his Ladies' Auxiliary.

His enemies (and a modern-day saint must expect to have enemies) seized gleefully upon this, urging the faithful to withhold their money and calling him a "rotten apple in the porkbarrel of salvation". (The Rev. Brimstone could take scant solace in the fact that, while his enemies were numerous, their metaphors were mixed.)

Now, terrible rumors were spreading. Was it true that the Rev. Brimstone had once lobbed maraschino cherries at a go-go dancer in Fort Lauderdale? (Not! It was a single cherry, and he had missed.) What had really gone on at that all-night revival meeting with a group of boy scout leaders in Boise? (They had played whist!)

But vile and untrue as the rumors were, they had slowed the donations to a miserable trickle. The Tuesday deadline was fast approaching, and an appeal for more money on his satellite show would reach far too few viewers —

Poppycock LOUNGE
PIANO MUSIC, MON - FRI 4-9 p.m.
WEEKENDS LIVE 60's to 70's MUSIC

Library book review

A potential victim

Skinwalkers by Tony Hillerman is 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 Napoleon 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 occurrence 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.

Gradually, it becomes clear that four and a half unsolved homicides have some connectin with a probably debased form of Navajo tradition which employs witchcraft to cure 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 long-awaited 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 fashion and, to quote another reviewer, "it becomes harder and harder to remember that Mr. Hillerman is not himself a Navajo."

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 there.

Submitted by
B.R. Cornwell
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Mother's Day Special

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- Served Salad
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235 Guelph St., Georgetown
877-4690

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MOTHER'S DAY SPECIAL

Every Mom deserves a mug and a hug on Mother's Day. When you pick up a 15-piece bucket or a 20-piece barrel of Kentucky Fried Chicken, with bread and salads, between May 4 and May 10, we'll give you a special hand-painted coffee mug.

It's gift-boxed and ready to go — all you need to add is the hug. Don't delay, though. There's a limit of one mug per order while supplies last, and there are more Moms than mugs.

It's the taste.

116A Guelph Street, Georgetown 877-5241