Who's There?

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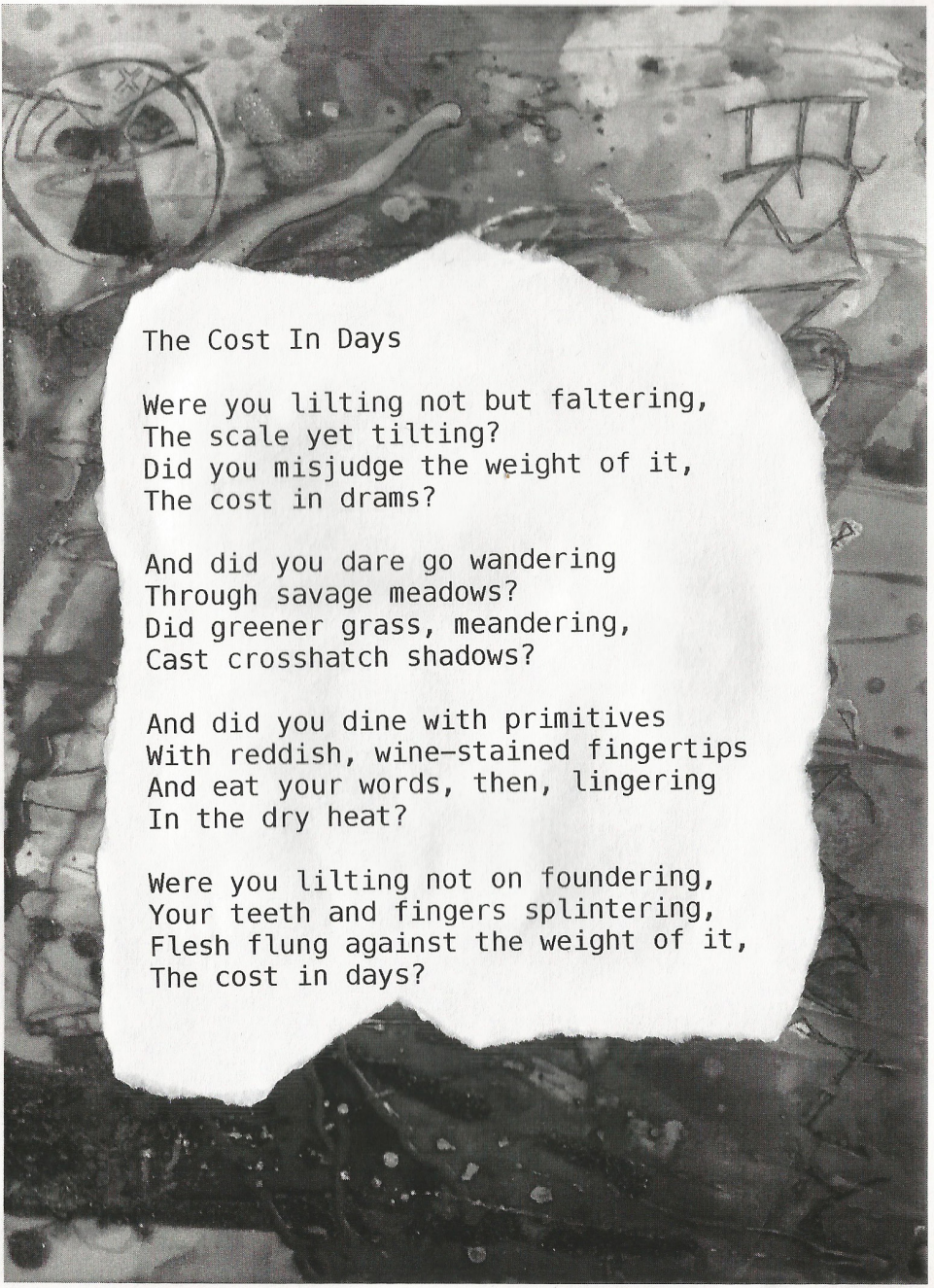


The Cost In Days

Were you lilting not but faltering,
The scale yet tilting?
Did you misjudge the weight of it,
The cost in drams?

And did you dare go wandering
Through savage meadows?
Did greener grass, meandering,
Cast crosshatch shadows?

And did you dine with primitives
With reddish, wine-stained fingertips
And eat your words, then, lingering
In the dry heat?

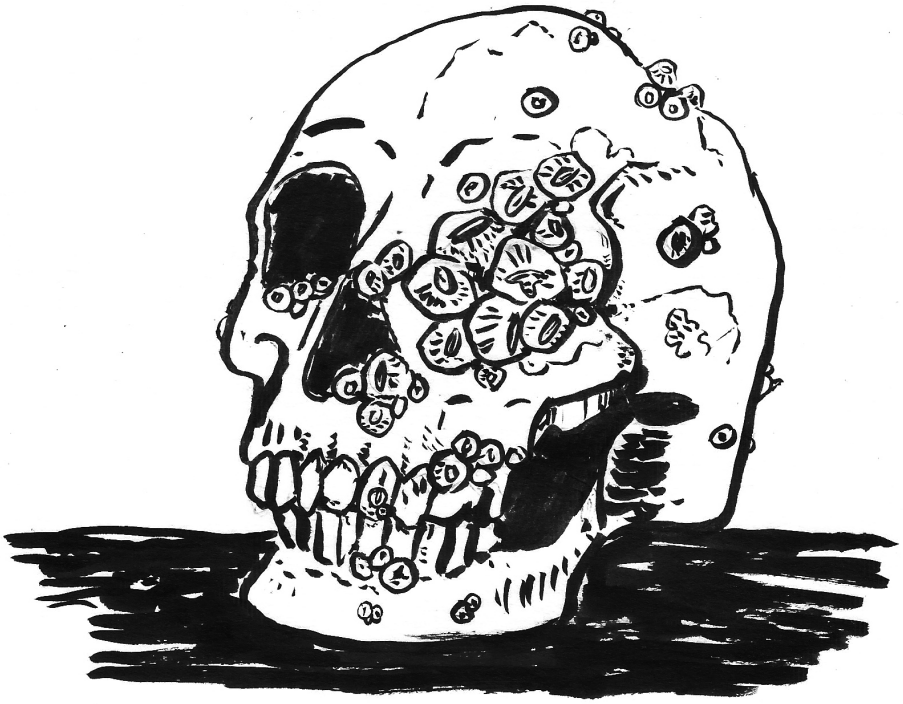
Were you lilting not on foundering,
Your teeth and fingers splintering,
Flesh flung against the weight of it,
The cost in days?

 Poetry By: Peter Thompson Illustration '*Fukushima Tsu Monochrome* ' By: Trevor Desrosiers

15 Previous Arrests Of
Sex Attacker Are Bared
Faces up to 60-year term

Vision of Fear
Alison Little

The outline of a male face has been created, the features of the face have been blurred out, they can no longer be seen. We can identify a square jaw and a matching short cropped hair cut immediately when our eyes glance over the image. The concept of the lobster is introduced in the area where the facial features are missing, the claws extending to the top of the head representing devil horns. Beneath the lobster we can see wrapping layers of newspaper, implying some kind of coast town food take-away. The barely visible headlines shown on the newspapers give accounts of various sex attacks. The grit-like texture worked through the transparencies of the layers adds to the



The Douen

By Shelda Smith

As a child I would beg my grandmother, "Tell me of the priestess and her Papa Bois and tell me that story of the children with backwards feet. Tell me about Trinidad."

Raised in England, the stories of West Indian forests, voodoo rituals and mythical creatures transfixed my imagination. Grandmother worried for my obsession with the fantastical and the horrifying, fretting that a darkness would ensnare me. To this I laughed and gave no credence to her warnings but she would say, "Child, what you think about, you bring about." and so I guess I'm to blame for this.

*

Joshua, my son, I'll put it to you plainly- I see a Douen leeching off your spirit. You don't believe me? It had taken only four nights for this Douen to become a part of our family; a reflection of how fast they work. They see their prey and know instantly how to make them theirs.

It was close to midnight when I first heard it. The whispering scratches of long clawed fingers ran down the outside of the garden door and you, my son, were asleep upstairs. I listened as the scratches grew louder before deciding to open the door. There, beneath the moonlight that streaked across the lawn, stood a scruffy little thing with long matted hair that was not quite dreadlocked. It wore a woven straw hat and was clothed in rags not of this time. A ragamuffin, nine or ten years old maybe. A human resemblance with a question around its being. To this day I cannot say if it is a boy or a girl.

After only seconds of silently peering from under its hat, the thing crept backwards, moving away from me and filling the night air with a low growling laughter that sent the hairs on my neck dancing. Lithely, it skipped the garden fence and disappeared out of sight. I didn't notice its feet.

The second night beckoned an earlier arrival. I heard the scratches from the other side of the door and there it stood once more. Again the thing stared me down with eyes that defied any authority I may have had. From under its hat those dark eyes demanded my silence until I felt brave enough to ask it "Where is your mother?"

"I don't have one." It replied through a quiet sob.

Instinct made me reach to comfort the waif but, when stretching out my hand, it backed away. It was then I noticed its feet. You still don't believe me do you Joshua? Its feet were backwards, this I swear, its heels pointed towards me. The tales of my grandmother's magical island came flooding back to me.

The Douen.

Wild, belonging to the rivers and the forests. Godless, with death coming before baptism. Lonely, no mothers or fathers to care for them. Wicked, remaining on earth only to look for young playmates. The Douen, my grandmother would say, found brief comfort in living children but upon growing tired of their new friends they would gorge on their flesh and bones and devour their spirits.

"Never let the Douen hear the name of your child." she would say. "Once they know a name, your child is no longer your own." But--

Do you remember, you appeared at my side? I said "Joshua, inside the house now." Do you remember?

"*Joshua*" it whispered with a smile. I had gifted you to the Douen. Do you remember? Do you believe me?

Wiping away tears, the Douen ran into the darkening garden with its back and toes pointed towards me. It jumped the fence once more and turned to look at me, its black eyes fixed to mine and mouthed *Joshua*.

On the third night I brought supper to your room. Pausing outside the door, I heard a low growling laugh that wasn't yours. A churning sickness rose to my throat. When I entered the room you didn't look up but it did. A toothless smile was visible from behind its matted hair. As it slowly rose from your side my body tensed in anticipation of… something I wasn't quite sure what, but it merely walked by me, down the stairs and once again out of sight.

"Who's your friend?" I asked "The one just here?"

"I've been alone all night Mummy."

I vaguely recalled the tricks Douen would play in order to torment parents and eventually lure the child away. I knew I was alone in this but I questioned why you couldn't see it.

Wasn't that was a part of its strategy, to entice the child through fun and games? I know how all this must sound.

Finally, on the fourth night I found my answer. I came home from work to find you at the kitchen table with the Douen lurking at your side. You stood and headed towards me and it imitated your movement. Your arm reaches, knee bends and slight bodily turns all mocked by a ghost. It trailed your every move, inching closer toward me and never losing its stare.

And this is how things are now. I've put it in terms so that you can understand. Joshua, you never see the Douen because that's part of its trick. It moves with you everywhere but its eyes are always burrowing right into my own. You ask me why I'm calm. Am I not worried that the Douen will eat you up in the middle of the night? I am going to be honest Joshua -the Douen is not here for you. No. No. I think after all these years it has come to find me. Do you believe me now?

When I was I child I would make wishes. Wishes, I suppose, have darkened my spirit. I would pray that I too would find a Douen milling around my garden, waiting for me to play with it, looking for a friend of flesh and bone. I was curious to see how the dead might look in daylight. How ghosts moved with men. I now know that my grandmother was right. I had brought about what I had thought about, and so now all I can do is follow her advice; *invite it in, remove its hat and straighten its feet. Never take your eyes away lest tricks it begins to play.*

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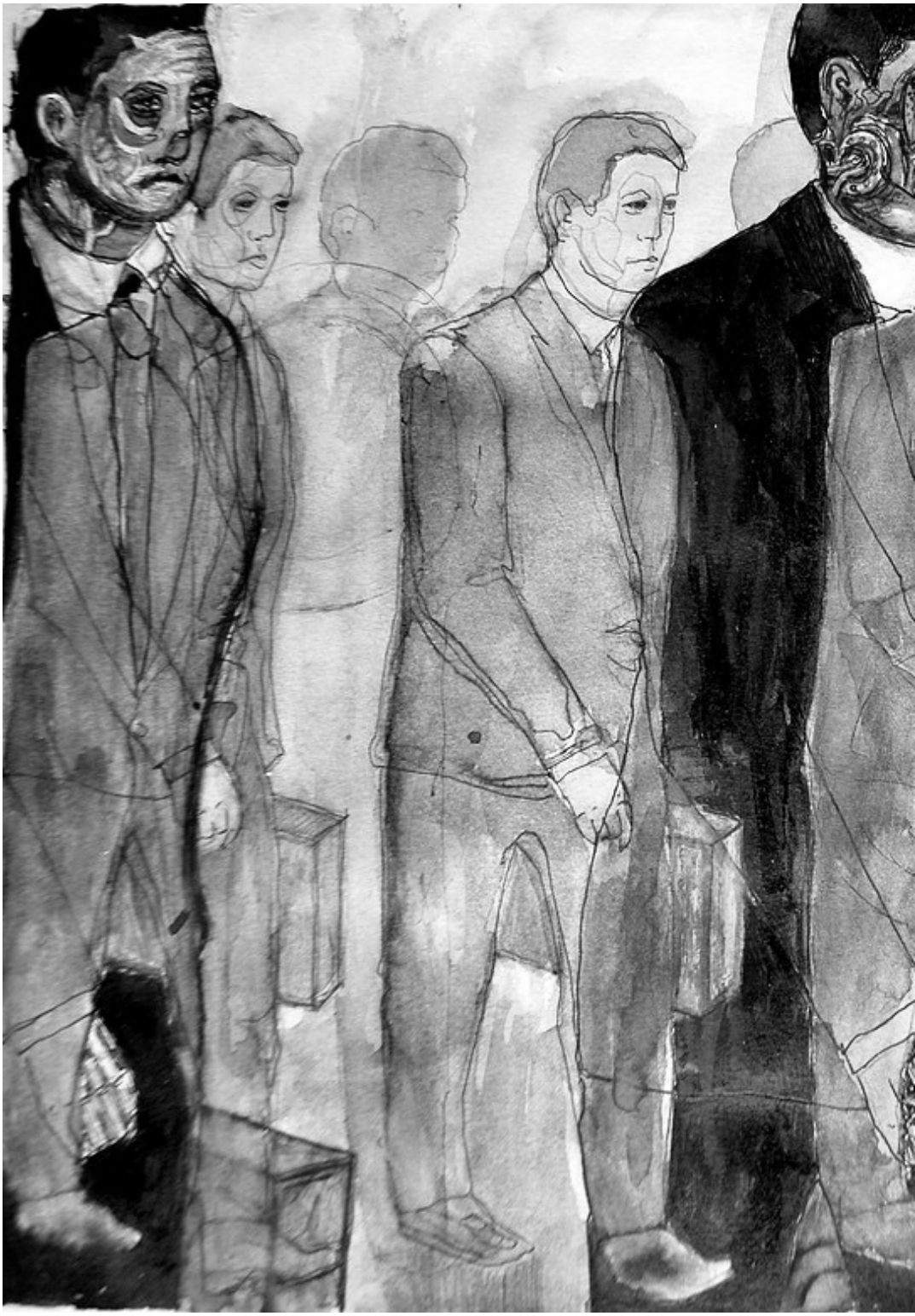

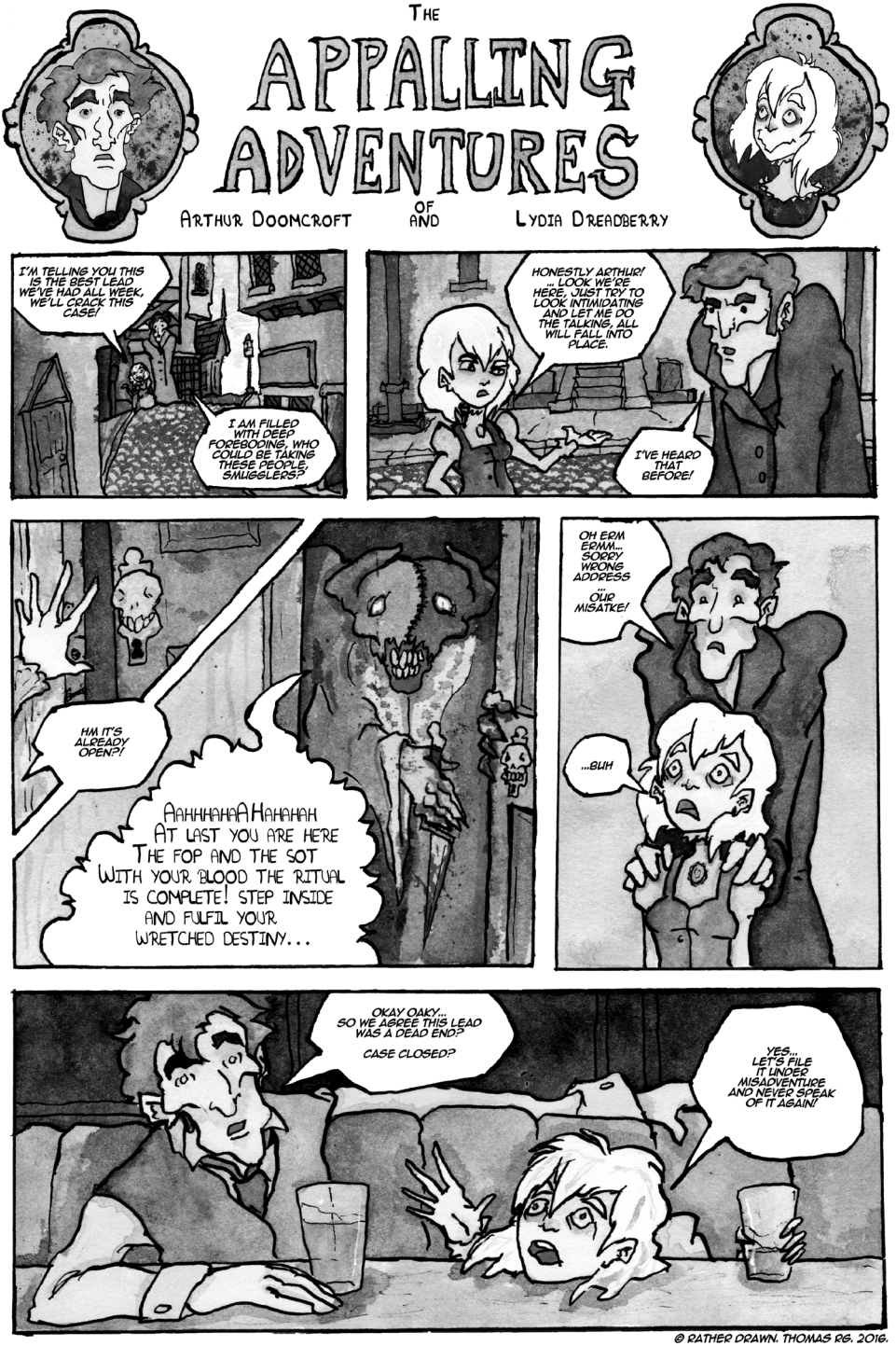

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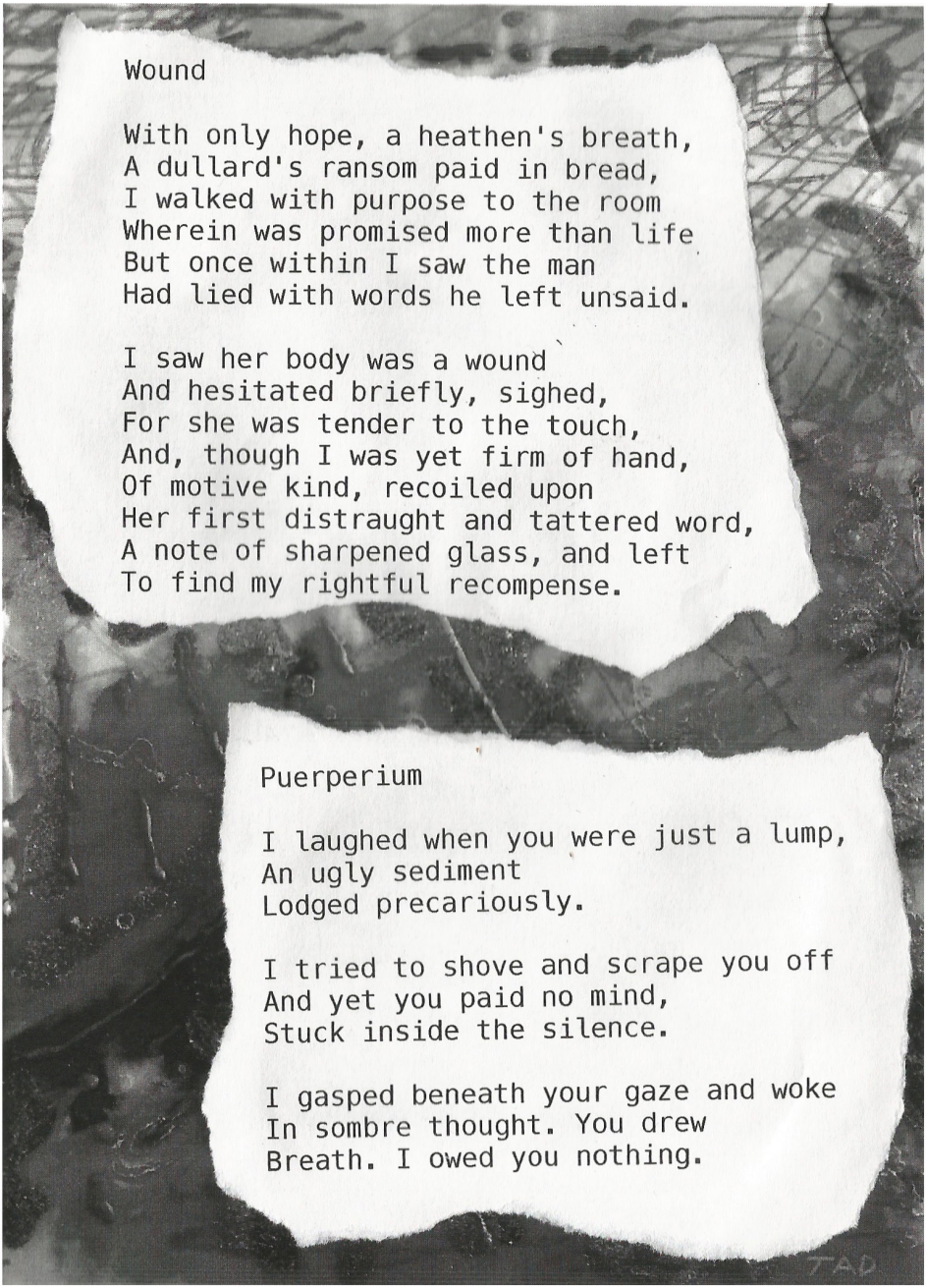


Poetry By: Peter Thompson Illustration '*Nagasaki Tsu Monochrome* ' By: Trevor Desrosiers

BOOK BY THE COVER

Kevin T. Rogers

Rain rolled down the old junkshop window but couldn't shift the grime that covered it. Not all of Noah's cats and dogs could have achieved that – the years of neglect were just too many. And so, curiously, it offered a sort of double reflection of the figure who stood in front of it; for this showed a man whose outer form matched the window's careless upkeep, and his inner soul, its stained and darkened purpose. Because this was Lochenvar Skel – tall and wiry, with a sallow complexion, a shock of dirty white hair, and a crumpled midnight suit and coat that had obviously seen much better days. From a distance, he looked like a thin black candle, lit but slowly melting, which in a way, he was. And so maybe that was why he entered - for fear of being doused.

It certainly wasn't in hope of finding treasure – he'd learned from long experience that such places hardly ever held the sort of things that would be of interest to a man of his leanings. No - honest-to-God Satanic paraphernalia was only to be found in the specialist auctions and sales that were these days far beyond his greatly reduced circumstances. 'Reduced'? 'Almost obliterated' was nearer the mark – a life spent pursuing the Black Arts could be very expensive – in more ways than one. Oh, yes - it was a tricky business this Black Magic malarkey – one wrong line in the old incantations, and you could be paying for it for rest of your life. Which up to now – he had been.

He closed the door after him, and the bell above it, clicked. It should have rung, but it hadn't done that in twenty years. He took a quick look around – just as he'd thought – full of rubbish: Shelves of bric-a-brac, worn-out clothes, broken toys, moth-eaten stuffed bear . . . The main items though, were second-hand books - stacks of them: Novels, poetry, biographies, cookery books, medical books, books about How-To, and books about Why-You-Shouldn't. And all covered in dust. But at least the shop was dry, and as it seemed devoid of staff – probably watching from the curtained room out back – there was no one to annoy him. Certainly no other customers – they were the rarest commodity in here.

After twenty minutes, the street lamps lit outside and showed that the rain had stopped. Skel had checked out every book in the place except for several small piles scattered on the shop counter. He wasn't going to bother, but – what the hell – he had nowhere else to be. And this shop was warmer than his roach-infested flat. He started to leaf through the titles: The Masked Stranger of Sandblast Gulch; Twenty Ways To Make A Ship In A Bottle; My Life As A Pest Control Operative . . . And then he saw it - a large tome, wrapped in a covering of chamois leather - but it was the insignia on the front that gripped his attention: A green eye looking out from a scarlet hexagram. He couldn't believe it: The personal seal of Sebastian Nicodemus Duval – the most mysterious, feared and – if legend were correct – powerful Black Magician in the entire history of European Occultism: The 'Dark Duval', himself!

Skel glanced furtively around the shop, and then tentatively picked up the book. He felt a charge of energy run from it, up his arms and into his body! Could this possibly be? He slid the cover off to reveal the black leather-bound text, and his eyes blazed as he read the golden inscription: *The Thirteenth Dream of Infernal Enlightenment*

By Brother Angelo Santana, Sebastian Nicodemus Duval. It was a work of fable, said to hold secrets of the darkest, most fearful nature – Duval's masterpiece! Not that many had actually read it, of course – as far as he knew, it hadn't even been seen for the last two hundred years. So what was it doing here? Was it genuine? He slowly turned the pages and saw enough to know that they contained details which could only have been written by a true Master - whoever possessed this text would wield control of a mighty and terrible power! The possibilities were almost beyond imagination - but not Skel's. And so, obviously, he decided to steal it.

He replaced the book into its cover and was just about to make a bolt for the door, when an old Welsh man's voice crackled through the air like autumn leaves.

'Sorry, mate – not for sale, that one, isn't'

Skel jumped nervously, and his eyes desperately sought the speaker. The voice obliged by continuing.'Lot of others, here, though – why don't you try *The Masked Stranger*? That's a good one - can't beat a good Western, I always think.'

Skel located the voice: It was coming from the proprietor, who had been sitting behind and below the counter. He stood up now, and revealed himself as a little elderly chap, dressed in a worn out tweed suit, frayed shirt, and holey jumper. He put down the paperback he'd been reading, and indicated it with a thumb.

'Or this one: *After The Elephants* – 'bout this Big Game Hunter. Very exciting, that is – bet you'd like that one, boy – I know I did. Shooting all those animals – marvellous!'

This man was evidently an idiot. Skel had twenty pounds left in his wallet – it went against the grain, but he'd buy the book. Twenty pounds against ruling the world – cheap at half the price!

'Listen – this looks like a piece of nonsense, but I like the binding. Let's say, ah, a fiver?'

'No, sorry, boy – can't do it.'

'Alright, ten . . .'

'I'd like to help, but . . .'

'OK, look – twenty, and that's my final offer!'

'No, you don't understand – I can't sell it because it isn't mine. Funny Old bloke left it here, about fifteen years ago. Very elderly – forgetful. Anyway, he used to come in – passing the time. Then one day, he puts his stuff down on the counter, gets talking, and walks out without it. So I'm saving it in case he comes back.'

'Fifteen years? He's probably dead by now!'

'Well, he might be, but, no, boy - 'Honest Owen Evans', that's what they call me in the Valleys – I couldn't do it, boy - sorry.'

Skel decided to strangle him – he looked very frail, it wouldn't take . . .

'Hello, Constable, come for your cha then, have you?'

Skel looked around to see PC McDonaugh who came into the shop every night at this time to share a cup of tea and a chat with the old shopkeeper. Disgruntled but retaining composure, Skel turned his face into the shadows, pretended to accede to Owen's wishes, and left in a hurry. He'd come back later when the shop was closed – burglary was an old speciality. And if Owen got in the way – well – too bad.

*

And at three o'clock in the morning – he returned. It was raining again – but it wasn't shelter he was seeking this

time. He gained entry through a broken window at the back of the shop, and then eagerly made for the counter – the book was still there!

'Hah! The old fool hasn't even moved it!'

Unfortunately, the 'old fool' hadn't even moved himself, either – he'd fallen asleep, reading in his chair behind the counter. But now he was woken by Skel's exclamation. He stood up and immediately took in the situation:

'Eh, look, now boy – I don't want no trouble. Put it down, and we'll say no more about it.'

Owen had moved from his chair and was now standing between the thief and his only avenue of escape. Skel
merely smiled, replaced the book on the counter, and picked up a rusty barbell that lay amongst the detritus on the floor. And he was about to bring it down onto Owen's skull - when the old man started to mumble. Skel hesitated – the muttering was growing louder - and he'd begun to recognise some of the strange words. Even louder – the sound seemed to swirl and to make the shop turn with it. No, it couldn't be, it couldn't! There was a flash of white light – a cloud of smoke – and when it cleared, Owen was gone. Skel was confronted instead by a ten-foot tall purple creature that looked something like a lobster – but infinitely more deadly. More evil. The terrified magician began to scream, but the creature's pincers snapped around his throat, and the last thing that Lochenvar Skel ever saw on this earth, was the dripping, gaping maw of a monster from Hell . . .

Several days later, Owen surprised a middle-aged husband and wife who had entered his shop to get out of the rain. They'd been absent-mindedly flicking through the myriad books but without finding anything of interest. Which is when the shopkeeper emerged from his place behind the counter and began to try to make a sale.

'How about *The Spy With The Deadly Smile*? It's very good – better than the film, that was rubbish. No? All right, then – what about *How To Juggle?* I read that and taught myself in a day! No? Well, never mind, I'm sure we can find you something. Do you know, I've read every single book in this shop? And I've learned something from every last one of them!'

The couple smiled at the old man's energetic pitch, and decided to reward him by buying a copy of *1000 Hilarious Jokes & Gags*! Then it stopped raining, and they left.

And Owen settled back down to read his latest book. Though I'm not sure what it was.

THE MERSEY
WITCH

Need

Dave McCluskey

Twilight. The most dangerous part of the day for people like him.
When the need came over him, overpowered him, when it was so bad that he could think of nothing else in the whole world, it always seemed to happen at twilight.
He was sat in an old worn out chair in the scruffy one bedroomed apartment he called home. His hair was wild, his skin was pallid and the sweat pouring from his brow was stinging his already bloodshot eyes.
He knew he was going to have to leave the room, going to have to venture out onto the dangerous streets to get what was so needed.
It was something that he didn't want to do.
With white knuckles and twitching feet he watched the windows. The old, worn out curtains barely keeping the outside world at bay, or was it the inside world contained? He didn't know, and right now he didn't care.
The need had overtaken his life. This happened from time to time, normally there would enough around his apartment to appease him. But not now. Not now that it was twilight.
The cramps in his stomach were only going to get worse, his sweat would eventually begin to freeze, and then the shakes would begin.
That was the worst of it.
Sitting there, watching his limbs as they began a dance of their own accord, helpless and powerless to stop them.
He only needed a little bit, just enough to get him by.
Robert was an addict. He knew this, he also knew that admitting it to himself was the first step on the road to recovery, but he also knew that there was absolutely nothing within his power that he could do about it. He was a slave to this need. There could be no recovery for him.
Standing up on shaky legs he made his way over to the small cupboard that acted as his cloakroom, he grabbed a long dark mac and put it on. As his arm slipped through the sleeve he felt the fabric rub against his skin. An ugly sensation.
The goose flesh on his arm was a horrible feeling enough, but the friction caused as the nylon of the coat passed over them made him shudder with revulsion. Even the noise turned his fragile stomach.
He flicked the curtain to take a quick look out through the dirty window pane at the dark street beyond. The street lights cast an eerie yellow glow in the dark beneath them. It created shadows. Bad things could hide in the shadows, and in many cases, around these parts, they did.
He needed to leave before it got too late, if that happened he knew he'd be trapped in this room, destined to live an endless night of cramps, shivers, demons… He had to leave, and it needed to be soon.
Fresh air rushed into his room when he opened his door. It felt alien to him, too clean, too fresh.
On exiting the apartment paranoia hit him instantly.
A man on the other side of the street was watching as he closed and locked his door. Robert could feel his gaze burning into the back of his neck. Screaming to him, "I know what you are. I know what you need!"

He pulled his collar up over his face to protect his sweaty skin from the bitter twilight wind whipping at him. The man looked away and Robert began his slow, purposeful shuffle down the street.
To his sensitive ears, his footsteps boomed with every step he took down the semi-dark street. He'd left this too late, twilight was a dangerous time.
Shadows danced, dark shapes darted from his peripheral vison into locations unknown, maybe into different dimensions, maybe back to a hellish version of this world, informing their colleagues of his movements, and how best to set their trap. Maybe they weren't even there at all, just a part of his feverish imagination during this, his most vulnerable state.
A toneless whistle emanated from his almost blue lips. Blue from the cold, blue from his fear, blue from his need.
An older couple approached him, they were walking a small dog. As the dog sensed Robert the poor thing's tail drop between its legs and its ears pinned back against its head. A growl escaping through the bared teeth of its muzzle.
Even the dog knew what he was.
The man holding the leash met Robert's eyes. He tried his best to avert them, but the man held him.
"Hello.", his voice sounded much chirpier than his face suggested. Robert didn't trust this man, or his wife.
"Benjamin, leave the poor man alone will you." The wife chided the dog as it began to bark at Robert. "He's always doing this to…"
"Your kind… People like you…" Robert finished for her in his head.
"Strangers." She concluded.
They smiled and moved on, as did Robert.
He turned back towards them to see what they were doing, where they were going. As he did they both turned away from him, in almost perfect precision timing. The old man pulling at the dog's leash as they continued on their own way in the opposite direction.
This did nothing for his current state of mind.
A shudder then ripped through his body, it began in his feet and worked its way up until the hair on his head felt like it was standing on end. Looking like a drunken man on his way home, he held onto a nearby lamppost to prevent a fall.
A quick gaze up into the sky told him that he had to be quick, he had to recover as very soon twilight would pass, and then he'd be in trouble. Serious trouble.
With a quickened pace he made his way towards the back of the deserted shopping mall, knowing that he'd be able to get what he needed from there. Once again time was not his ally. His contact was a shrewd man, he knew when it was time for him to leave, and when that time came, he left. Regardless of the potential custom.
Robert made it into the car park. Deserted now, it made him feel exposed.
Everywhere he looked there were potential threats, there might have been people watching him, stalking him, judging him. He knew that they'd all know him, they'd see him through his long mac and pulled up collar. They'd smell the need on him. Their disgusted faces would curse him as he passed by.
"Filth." They'd all be saying.

Right now though, he didn't care.

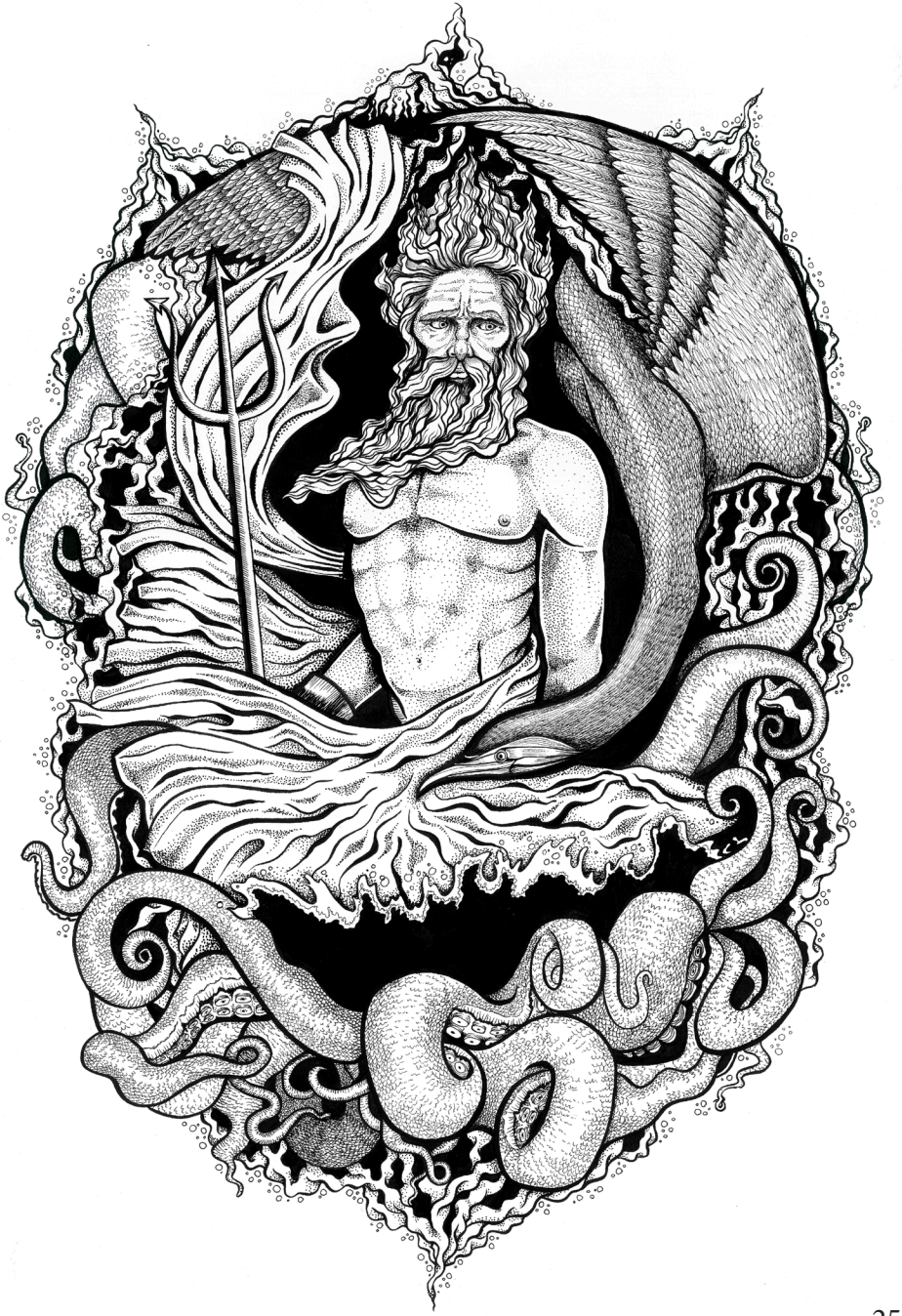
He was close to getting his fix. He prayed to whatever god would listen to a wretch like him, prayed that his contact, his saviour, would still be there.
A van parked at the entrance to a dark, dank looking alleyway between the mall's loading bay and the tradesman's entrance to the shops told him everything he needed to know.
He was still there.
Robert's heart began to beat double time.
He wasn't too late. He hoped.
Looking all around him for potential traps, threats, anything that would prevent him from reaching his goal, Robert seemed satisfied. No threats were obvious, but then his usually keen senses were dulled with the need.
He decided to proceed on anyway.
On entering into the alley he whispered a muted, "Hello."
"You're late." Came a whispered reply.
"I know." He returned, even though he couldn't see who he was talking to. "I thought I had enough, but I was wrong."
"You're lucky. I was just leaving."
A man stepped out of the shadows. He was bald, tall and thin. He was wearing a jumper and a pair of jeans, no coat.
In his hand he held a small brown package, he offered it towards Robert.
"This is the last one. You know the price." His face emotionless as he spoke.
"Yeah, I do."
Robert reached into his pocket and produced a stack of crumpled bills. With a shaking hand he offered them all over to his contact.
The man pulled a disgusted face looking at the money.
"You knock me sick." He spat as he snatched the money from Robert's hand. He pulled another disgusted face as he counted the stack.
"It's all there, now give me it and let me get on my way." Robert pleaded.
"Your type never get on your way, you're always back for more." he sneered.

"Just give me it."
Robert snatched at the package but his reflexes were slow. The man laughed an ugly laugh and pulled it away from him. Robert missed and stumbled forwards, another shiver running through him as he did.
"You don't look so good my friend." The man mocked him, "Here, take it and get yourself back. It's not safe for your kind around here now."
He offered the package to Robert.
As he grabbed it the man shook his head in disgust once again, he then turned away from him and made it out towards the van.
"Get home." Was the only advice he offered Robert.
The weight of the package in his hand was almost as much of a comfort as what he knew was inside. It was what he needed.
He looked around him, he was alone. Twilight was passing and he had to get back. His need was not a public spectacle, he required privacy,

the privacy of home.
He turned and started to run.
His weakened state wouldn't allow him to run far, and he wasn't even back in his street before he had to stop. The pains racking inside him

preventing any further exertions.

His body tingled from anticipation. He'd become hyper aware of people on the street now. There seemed to be a lot more than before.
The danger was coming.
He was cutting it fine, but he didn't care, he had what he needed and to hell with everything else.
With the package secured underneath his coat he began his journey to safety once more, he had purpose now, a reason to hurry.
He could feel eyes burning into him once again as he made it to his apartment. The same man from earlier was still stood on the opposite side of the street, and was still looking at him with interest as he fished out his key.
His shaky hand found it difficult to locate the keyhole and he cursed himself for being so stupid, for leaving it so late.
At last the door opened and the blessed relief of sanctuary, of the darkness from his apartment enveloped him.
Before closing the door, he took one last look for the suspicious looking man, he was gone, and Robert felt a sense of relief wash over him.
Slamming the door behind him he threw the package onto the unmade bed, stripped his coat off and threw that onto the floor. His mind focusing on one thing only.
He took a second to regard his holy grail. Just a non-descript brown paper package sitting on his bed, but to him it was life. His life.
Some people might see it as death, but not him, not tonight.
He sat on the bed next to the package and caressed it. In one swift motion he picked it up and ripped it open.
The contents, to him looked divine. He toyed with the bag for a small while before putting it to his mouth.
His teeth elongated then into razor sharp weapons and he ripped through the container with ease. Dark red blood spilled out of the bag, and dripped down his chin.
He guzzled the contents out of the bag as if this was his first drink of water after a week in the dessert sun. Letting out sighs of pure pleasure as he did.
His pallid skin began to colourise; his cheeks began to burst with pink flowers as the human blood filled his veins.
His once blue lips were now stained with crimson, the same thick red dripped down his chin and onto his t-shirt. When the bag was depleted he dropped it onto the floor and stared out at his window.
The sun was just beginning to rise, its cleansing rays would soon be exploding into his squalid room.
With a new found vigour, he made it to the window in a flash and pulled down the blackout blind behind the worn out curtains.
He lay down on his bed, crossed his hands over his chest and let the warmth of sleep caress him.
That day he slept the sleep of the just.



The Wicker Man

All joking aside about the 2006 Nicolas Cage reboot, there was always something about Robin Hardy's 1973 masterpiece that disturbed me. After all Captain Howie, a policeman played by Edward Woodward, finding himself totally stranded in a society that is constantly plotting and working against him, is a creepy and unnerving premise. The depictions of the rites and rituals of the residents of Summerisle have a gritty, down to earth reality about them that rings truer and closer to home than the typical black masses and satanic rituals of the horror genre. As a teenager living in semi-rural Yorkshire I could quite easily imagine such pagan rituals occurring at my Mother's Morris Dancing meetings.

Upon closer introspection however, it is the films apparent stance on morality that affected me so much. It is easy to imagine Howie as the hero of the story; as he steadfastly attempts to unravel the sinister machinations of the backward thinking country-folk who have regressed the to earth-worshipping superstitious mindset of their distant ancestors under the warped guidance of Christopher Lee's Lord Summerisle. But to me the film has always been much more complicated than that, and much more subversive.

Much more than being a clean-cut hero, Captain Howie is a puritanical, sexually frustrated zealot. Seemingly tortured by their unashamed sexuality and in turn his own sexual desires which he no doubt fears may make him no different to islanders . Actively hostile, insulting and unwilling to hide his disgust for the island's pagan residents from the moment he arrives, he seems to act out his frustrations onto the people of Summerisle. His imposition of a crucifix onto the grave of the presumed-deceased Rowan Morrison is performed with all the tenderness of a grave desecration and his quest to find the whereabouts of the young girl seems to be fuelled more by a desire to punish the unbelievers, than to ensure that justice is served. Taking on an air of cultural superiority Howie is unwilling to make the slightest concession to the beliefs, teachings and customs of the islanders, most of which, one would imagine, they have every legal right to practice.

It is in this way that Howie seems to represent the Christian oppression that the island had presumably suffered under before casting it off for a return to worshipping the old gods as hinted at by Summerisle's dilapidated church. It is not without irony that Howie's final moments are strongly reminiscent (if anachronistic) of fates suffered by pagans of old accused of witchcraft by the a dominant Christian ideology. Furthermore it becomes apparent that the island's residents have committed no crime other than to act against the puritanical Captain in the film's denouement. The film's intent seems to be that of one which contemplates the nature of right and wrong as being one which is constructed a ruling majority with Howie learning to his peril what it can mean to be part of the minority, and in many cases succeeds in giving the audience the guilty pleasure of being part of that majority. After all it would take a hard heated soul to resist the charms of the Summerisle May Day festivities.

It is through this identification that as a teenager I found myself aghast at taking no small amount of glee in seeing Howie meet his grisly fate at his appointment with the Wicker Man. His cries for his own deities to save him from his fate met with nothing but impassioned singing from the pagan revellers seemed a validation of the old gods and I found myself wishing the residents of Summerisle a glorious harvest.

Illustration: James Stampone, Review: Thomas Smith

'KEEPER OF SOULS & REGRET'

E.WORTH