

Editorial – The year is already drawing towards its end, which means that the annual Hallowe'en horror poetry booklet will be released soon. In addition, there will be Hallowe'en haiku on the **5-7-5 Haiku Journal** site and a Hallowe'en theme for **View From Atlantis** (there is still time to submit to these two).

In addition, you can expect a new **Xmas Bard** in December. Between the two holidays, there should be at least one issue of **Monomyth** (more if life proves amenable).

The release schedule should return to normal next year.

Best,

DJ Tyrer,
Editor

The **Atlantean Publishing Blog** (including PDFs, prices and guidelines) is at :

<https://atlanteanpublishing.wordpress.com>

Visit the **wiki** at

<https://atlanteanpublishing.fandom.com>

Tigershark ezine

Issue 34 coming in November.

33 issues available for download.

To download the current issue or all previous issues for free, visit the website

<https://tigersharkpublishing.wordpress.com/home/issues-of-tigershark-ezine/>

DJ Tyrer's **One Vision** remains available!

Available now!

Journ-E issue three

174 pages celebrating pulp fiction, poetry and non-fiction in the categories of Adventure, Detection and Mystery, Fantasy, Horror and the Supernatural, and Science Fiction.

Available in print from lulu.com

View From Atlantis

81 issues of genre poetry online with more coming soon...

<https://viewfromatlantis.wordpress.com/>

The Pen

Submit upto 5 poems (<40 lines) to The Pen via post (include SSAE) or email.

<http://thepoetbandcompany.yolasite.com>
thepoetbandcompany.blogspot.com

Twitter: @poetryplus

Sample: \$4 (USA) / \$8 (RoW)

PayPal: givemequality@yahoo.com

Cheque: Arthur C. Ford, P.O. Box 4725,
Pittsburgh, PA 15206-0725 (USA)

5-7-5 Haiku Journal

The webzine which celebrates the 5-7-5 syllable form of haiku. Submissions are welcome via the editorial email address with 5-7-5 Submission in the subject line.

<https://575haikujournal.wordpress.com/>

Available Now From Atlantean Publishing

Bobcats and Billycocks

By Emma Sanderson

A new volume of poetry!

£3 (UK) / £4 (RoW)
cheques payable to DJ Tyrer

Editorial Address

4 Pierrot Steps
71 Kursaal Way
Southend-on-Sea
Essex, SS1 2UY, UK

Email : atlanteanpublishing@hotmail.com

Copies of **The Supplement** are available for a SAE in the UK, and £2/€4 in Europe and £2.50/\$5 RoW.

Available as a PDF for **free** from the blog.

Please note that we take no liability for cash sent through the post. Sterling cheques and postal orders must be payable to **DJ Tyrer**.

Email for details of ordering online.

Authors! Writers! Readers!

Anyone want bookmarks or notecards?

I can make you some really outstanding, snazzy bookmarks and notecards.

So, promote your books!

Do you need help editing your book?
I will help you make your book a polished manuscript.

Contact me: Celine in the USA
celinem@aol.com

The Supplement needs you!

As you may have noticed, this issue isn't that thick. That's because The Supplement depends upon your submissions and letters of comment! We always need reviews, articles, opinion pieces, and news. Whether a brief capsule-review or a 5000 word article, we want it!

Alternatively, send us your letters of comment, whether responding to another reader's letter or an article, your thoughts on an Atlantean publication, a reminiscence, or a comment about something going on in the publishing world.

Space Saving Device

By Cardinal Cox

Free for SAE (Overseas: \$2) from:
Starburker Publications
c/o 58 Pennington, Orton Goldhay,
Peterborough, PE2 5RB, UK

Unusually for Cardinal Cox, this is a pamphlet of straight sf/science poetry, culled from the pages of **Full Moon Poetry** and **Pablo Lennis**. Also, unusually, the 'learned footnotes' we know and love so well, are actually really learned, this time.

He notes in *Cosmonought*, "Orbit was a zero / Launched before Gagarin / Test pilot – name erased", that not all heroes of space exploration returned to the "open-top Zil parade", and as a result, most probes now are just that, rovers, satellites, rather than manned or womanned craft. As someone who is too scared even to fly, the idea of getting "ready to go to work / Sitting on 250 tonnes of explosives" really doesn't appeal!

In *Graves of Giants*, he makes us realise that, if we ever do encounter evidence of other life, perhaps we'd better be careful of what we wish for: "Military / though see two things / amongst the wreckage / 1) somewhere there is a / race far in advance of us / 2) somewhere there is / another race capable / of swatting them".

There's a real sense of wonder throughout this little collection, Cox is very effective at conjuring up whole novels in a few lines of poetry: "On fire we fell through clouds / Landing amongst alien rubble / Searching for artefacts of civilisation / Did these beings carve their gods / In their own image?" (*Sculptors of Orion*)

A delightful little collection, which constantly reminds us that "Art is in the imagination of the beholder".

.....

Corrections

(with apologies to the poets)

Bard 205 – *Food to Go*: "Upon the ground, to accept" should be "Upon the ground, turned to accept".

Bard 206 – *Distance*: "cruel draughts of cruel logic" should be, "cold draughts of cruel logic".

New Psychic Action

By AC Evans

Concerning the films of Luis Bunuel one critic noted a key feature of the director's later work – or, rather, the social climate of the time as depicted therein – a society that appears 'thoroughly pleased with itself' and capable of the 'firmest suppression' of any indications of trouble. Crucially, our critic also said, 'This is a world beyond satire, and the old disruptions of Surrealism are not going to make any mark on it, because ordinary life, in this place, is already as arbitrary and erratic as anything a Surrealist could dream up.' Are there fundamental problems with Surrealism?

Taking into account Sartre's critique of a 'curious enterprise of achieving nothingness through an excess of being' one might also add that there are significant issues with political idealism, infantile regression, anti-consumerism, post-colonialism, religious primitivism and The Turn To The East which might define Surrealism as a precursor of the regressive Left. Although it should be noted that, for the Surrealists, freedom of expression was far more important than any political dogma which is why an attempted *rapprochement* with the Communist Party eventually fizzled out – for, as Andre Breton himself said in 1935: 'propagandistic poetry' amounts to a denial of 'the historical conditions of poetry itself'.

From our present vantage point we should be able to formulate a 'post-surreal' or neo-Surreal perspective, countering, or, neutralizing such vexatious, problematic questions.

The idea of a 'typical post-Surrealist viewpoint' is mentioned by Lucy R Lippard in her discussion of the art of Valerio Adami, a body of work, focused on the principle of metamorphosis, but which also draws on the media-sphere, especially advertising. To quote the artist himself: advertising is 'a language that assails you wherever you go'. He said his aim was to realise a condition where 'time and space spread out into a new psychic action'.

A new psychic action?

Perhaps there is also a variation of materialism which, for the sake of convenience, we might call Subtopian Materialism, a self-consciously decadent form of Pop originating circa 1955 in the 'edgelands' and 'cultural desert' of London's urban fringe.

Subtopian Materialism includes Tabloid Impressionism, a trash-aesthetic tactic, a type of post-surreal Urban Alchemy. The principle of Objective Chance applied to the mass media,

particularly in its most disreputable aspects where the Spirit of Seriousness is much diminished, or with luck, completely absent: downmarket advertising, the tabloid press, junk mail, celebrity culture and tacky TV, lo-fi mass production movies, burlesque performance and so on and so forth. Also, a slangy literary style: a form of verbal slumming or *nostalgie de la boue* often incorporating the disregarded poetry of obscure jargon, argot, lurid journalese found phrases, wacky neologisms and, in a more contemporary mode, Cyber-Junk¹.

Subtopianism finds inspiration in boring streets and brutalist architecture; incongruous electricity substations, deserted allotments, sewage works, golf courses. in the accidental poetry of rusting wire fences, 'admass' (mass consumerism) and all forms of popular entertainment from Cinerama to Teaserama, and inevitably the indeterminate, sub-surreal no-place of featureless suburbia – the commuter belt, an 'edgeland' locale, a netherworld or interfacial interzone where 'nothing really happens'.

Mid-fifties Subtopian life was dominated by 'the balance of terror', by flying saucers and the fear of radiation but found Sunday lunchtime solace in *Family Favourites* requests (Tin Pan Alley, Broadway, skiffle, cha-cha-cha, the mambo craze, Shirley 'the Zither Girl' Abicair), horror films, Jet Set glamour, and exciting, new gadgets – like the Xerox Copyflo and the Polaroid Instant Camera. For exoticism, fashion, scandal and thrills, Subtopians looked to the Blond Bombshells, to the Sweater Girls (bless 'em!) and divas such as Diana Dors, Julie London, Gina Lollobrigida and Jayne Mansfield; to Nabokov's *Lolita* or to TV starlet Sabrina. Yet, to a critical observer like Ian Nairn, Subtopia was merely an anonymous liminal zone or tract of anomic space – a product of bad urban planning lacking in distinctive character or 'spirit of place' – an interstitial 'middle state neither town nor country'. In hindsight it seems that 'Subtopia' ('inferior place') was an incitement for the imagination; although it might also have been that its bizarre strangeness was not a subjective projection but a discovery – the edgeland of Subtopia was bizarre in itself, the locus of a new quasi-surreal psychic action.

¹ *Cyber-Junk* (or *Cyber-trash*). Subtopian Materialism meets kitsch and creepy B-Movie Sci-Fi in cyberspace littered with cosmic debris. Well, sort of.

Dear DJ,

A tiny, fluttering, fairy wisp went flittery-floating past my eye. I thought, "Tis a message from the little people!"

And, on recourse to a magnifying glass, **T'Supplement** 104 appeared – in new, reduced, bijou begorra format, as preferred by leprechauns. And so I dived right in, fully expecting a wealth of rainbow's gold... and wasn't disappointed.

Having filled my magic bean satchel with finely wrought, dazzling and intriguing reviews, I discerned a more sizeable nugget in the shape of *Tune In Your Wireless* which, when rubbed, revealed the genie Cardinal Cox discoursing on his trials and tribulations with local radio. This I found most entertaining and illuminating.

It would appear that the magicians who operate these stations of the airwaves had got their spells mixed up and somehow transformed our hero into a tiny, transferable schedule-hopping gnat, not realising (or caring, by the sound of it) that in the outer world he is a giant of truly poetic stature. (I should have been in advertising.)

Thus illuminated, I thrust further into the treasure-laden bowels of page four. Suddenly, a light brighter than any known before in all Creation (or even during or after) burst upon me. It was *Abstraction And Reaction* by AC Evans.

"Here at last," I reasoned, "I will discover the true nature of 'ultimate reality'." But it was not to be, for AC confirmed my own suspicions that the quest for 'underlying truth' or 'higher reality' is but a displacement activity used to avoid engaging with the very pressing issues of the (apparent) here-and-now. I would not go so far as to say that belief in higher reality is "pernicious", but I don't think mere ape-descended humans are fully equipped to ever recognise such a reality if it exists, so any expectation of finding it seems delusory.

I rank this along with the search for aliens, which enables the searcher to conveniently divert his vision from the present and the real to the future and the possible. (Of course, if the aliens are real and they eat us, all bets are off.)

And so, by some mysterious process of labyrinthine gnomic structuring, I exited page four and found myself instantly back at page one. It had all been a dream!

And yet, that white rabbit I see scuttling towards a hidden opening in the space-time continuum... isn't that issue 104 of **T'Supplement** printed on its fluffy coat? I'd go after it to get a closer look, but something tells me the exercise would be futile.

Yours, no longer chasing rainbows down rabbit holes, but sending the odd ferret to be on the safe side,

Neil K. Henderson.

Dear DJ,

A few comments on the 104th edition of **The Supplement**.

An Overview in Tanka

Attenuated,
yet still attention-grabbing,
Summer Supplement
makes its appearance: reviews,
Cox, Evans, and adverts fill.

Now, some appreciative comments proper. **The Russian Section** by Cardinal Cox (reviewed here by Christine Despardes) sounds like an interesting and innovative admixture of history, fiction, and verse.

The Cardinal Cox chronicle of lockdown (and post-lockdown) BBC radio broadcasts dedicated to poetry reminds me of the lamentable fact that no such avenue exists – at least not to my knowledge outside of a few major metropolitan areas – in the United States.

The coda to AC Evans' *Abstraction and Reaction* – "Remember, any art that is not therapy or entertainment is propaganda" – might be a bit of a misnomer (if that is the proper term), for aren't therapy and entertainment themselves propaganda of a limited scope?

Best Wishes,
David Edwards

.....

Secrets of the past
Long forgotten by mankind
Passed beyond recall

By Aeronwy Dafies

Originally published in *Tigershark*

New Psychic Action Bibliography

Breton, Andre, **Manifestos of Surrealism**, University Of Michigan, 2007
Lippard, Lucy R, **Pop Art**, Thames & Hudson, 2001
Nairn, Ian, *Outrage. On The Disfigurement of Town and Countryside*, **Architectural Review Special**, 1955
Sartre, Jean-Paul, **Modern Times: Selected Non Fiction 1938-1973**, Penguin, 2000
Wood, Michael, **Belle de Jour**, BFI, 2005

.....
Review by DJ Tyrer

Landscapes

By Wendy Ann Webb & David Norris-Kay
£7.99, 80pp, ISBN 979-8851001659
Available from [Amazon](#)

With a glorious front cover photo from David Norris-Kay, this collection of poetry contains twenty poems apiece from him and Wendy Webb.

Both poets are likely to be familiar to you, David being a regular contributor to various Atlantean publications and Wendy Webb having provided several poems to the **5-7-5 Haiku Journal**. Thus you should have some idea of whether their work will appeal and know that I am a fan.

The quality of the booklet is the usual standard expected from Amazon and the only criticism I can make, a minor one, is that with it divided into two halves, the listings for the poems lack page numbers (and, Wendy's appears at the beginning of her poems, halfway through), which makes it impossible to locate a specific poem without flicking back and forth.

David's collection opens with *Cogger's Lane* and, then, *Memory of Hills*, both of which begin with cloud imagery to match his cover photograph, the first literal, the second imagined.

In *Butterfly*, "There is no savagery or ruthless vice / In this unchained flower" and "Mantras of War are for birds, beasts and men", whilst *Dream of Storm* thrusts us vividly into lightning and rain.

Wendy's collection opens with the beautiful first line of *Bembridge*, "The water flows like stainless steel". Other standouts include *Frozen Winter* ("It is all water now / And how my poetry flows / To flood the earth. / Not visible, except in sodden ground / And foliage budding, blooming every day.") and a *Collection of Senryu* that meditates upon ageing, life and death.

This is a wonderful collection from two highly-skilled poets, full of vivid imagery and wry observations. Highly recommended.

Ghostly Beings

By Celine Rose Mariotti

Ghosts? Do they really exist? For centuries, people have told stories about ghosts. There have always been stories about haunted houses. Through the ages, stories were handed down about ghostly beings in castles, mansions, old houses, and even the US Capitol Building. Many people say that these spirits are unhappy souls trying to find their peace and because they can't, their spirit lingers in this world.

In Shakespeare's play **Hamlet**, set in Denmark, the young Prince Hamlet sees his father's ghost, King Hamlet. Shakespeare is said to have written the play between 1599-1602. The guards at the Castle tell Horatio, who is a friend of the Prince, that they've seen a ghost. Horatio tells Prince Hamlet that the guards have seen a ghost and the Prince comes to see for himself. He is certain it is the ghost of his father, King Hamlet. The ghost tells him that Claudius, the Prince's uncle murdered him, and he wants his son to get revenge on him. So, Prince Hamlet pretends he's going mad in order to find out if what the ghost of his father said is true. But because of his madness, everyone is killed, and he dies too.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET

Saw? who?

HORATIO

My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET

The king my father!

HORATIO

Season your admiration for awhile with an attent ear, till I may deliver, upon the witness of these gentlemen, this marvel to you.

HAMLET

For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo,

on their watch, In the dead vast and middle of the night, been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, appears before them, and with solemn march goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd by their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear, stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me in dreadful secrecy impart they did; and I with them the third night kept the watch; where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, form of the thing, each word made true and good, the apparition comes: I knew your father; these hands are not more like.

HAMLET

But where was this?

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the epic novel, **The House of Seven Gables**, loosely based on his own family, but a story about the supernatural. It is also a story about the Pyncheon family having a curse put on them because their ancestor sentenced the women who were accused of being witches. The house really exists, and it is up in Salem, Massachusetts. It was owned by Hawthorne's family and it does indeed have seven gables.

The story takes place in the mid-19th century, but the house was built in the 17th century. Hepzibah Pyncheon is the poor relative who lives there. She is a recluse and she decides after twenty-five years of being alone and not going out in the world, to set up a shop in the side room in the house. The House is in neglect and in need of repair. It has belonged to the Pyncheon family for 200 years. Hepzibah's cousin, Judge Jeffrey appears to be a respectable, decent Judge, but in fact he has a whole other side to him, and a secret. He committed a murder and never got caught. Judge Jeffrey is actually his ancestor, Colonel Pyncheon, reincarnated. He has come back to life.

Here's a short excerpt: "Halfway down a bystreet of one of our New England towns stands a rusty wooden house, with seven acutely peaked gables, facing towards various points of the compass, and a huge, clustered chimney in the midst. The street is Pyncheon Street; the house is the old Pyncheon House; and an elm tree, of wide circumference, rooted before the door, is

familiar in every townborn child by the title of the Pyncheon Elm. On my occasional visit to the town aforesaid, I seldom failed to turn down Pyncheon Street, for the sake of passing through the shadow of these two antiquities—the great elm tree and the weather-beaten edifice,"

A popular TV sitcom in the 1970's starring Charles Nelson Reilly, Hope Lange, Reta Shaw and Edward Mulhare, was **The Ghost and Mrs. Muir**. It was quite funny as when the ghost of the Captain appeared (he was played by Edward Mulhare), his great, great nephew, would run so fast out of the house, frightened of the ghost of his great, great uncle. (The nephew was played by Charles Nelson Reilly.)

Another popular TV show of the 1970's, **Bewitched** had an episode about a ghost in an old English castle and only Samantha, (one of the witches) who was married to Darrin (a mortal), was able to talk to the ghost and reason with him.

The popular writer, Danielle Steel who has sold millions of copies of all of her books, wrote the story **The Ghost**.

In her book, Charles Waterston's ten-year marriage falls apart, and he's transferred from the London office to the New York office. He decides to take a leave of absence and he takes a drive through New England and it's snowing. He stops at a small town in Massachusetts where this elderly lady rents an old chateau to him. He sees the ghost of Sarah and discovers her diaries that were hidden away. He begins to read about her life and he feels a connection to her. Her love story reaches him across two centuries.

Here's a short excerpt: "There were no identifying marks on the trunk, no initials, no name, no crest. As both people who had lived in the house before had been both European and titled, he wouldn't have been surprised to see a crest somewhere on it, but he didn't. And as he played with the lock a little bit, some of the very old leather flaked off. The covering on it looked extremely fragile, but the trunk itself was not. And when Charlie tried to lift it, it felt like it was filled with rocks. But it was small enough to carry with some effort, and Charlie carried it as far as

the ladder, and then slowly let himself down, balancing it on his shoulder, and careful not to drop it.”

Author John G. Fuller wrote the book, **The Ghost of Flight 401**. This is a very intriguing story, based on actual facts about the jumbo jet of Eastern Airlines which crashed into the Florida Everglades in December of 1972. 101 passengers and crew were killed. Time passed but some months after, the ghost of the pilot and the flight engineer began to appear on other Eastern Airline ships. These ghosts appeared carrying the salvaged parts from the ship that went down.

An investigative reporter, by the name of John Fuller, (also the author of the book) heard stories from several airline stewardesses when he flew on some of the European airlines. These stewardesses had heard from other stewardesses about these apparitions on the Eastern Airline flights. So, John Fuller began his investigation talking to stewardesses, pilots and ground crews. In this book he relays a really compelling, modern day ghost story!

Here is an excerpt: “She pushed the elevator button again, and then turned back to look. The cloud was now the size of a slightly elongated basketball, a few inches out from the wall, and was beginning to form into a thicker, much more solid shape. She was fascinated, transfixed by it. It was still growing larger. She pushed the elevator button harder and turned her face away. “Perhaps,” she said to herself, “if I don’t look at it, it might go away.” She pushed the button again. The elevator still didn’t come.

She wanted to look and not look at the same time. She could still see the shape out of the corner of her eye. It was more pronounced than ever. She looked again. There was no question about it now. It was clearly forming into a face, half-solid, half-misty. She heard the elevator door slam, and the lift begin to come down. She pushed the button frantically, even though it was unnecessary now. It seemed to be taking an interminable time to reach her.”

Karen White is the bestselling author of the **Tradd Street** series,

which includes **Dreams of Falling, The Night the Lights Went Out**, and many more. The book **The House on Tradd Street** is a compelling ghost story. In this first book of her series, Melanie Middleton meets an old man who dies soon after and leaves her his house on Tradd Street along with his dog and his housekeeper and a family of ghosts. The ghosts share their secrets with Melanie. Then when Jack Trembolin, a writer who is interested in unsolved mysteries, comes to town he believes there are diamonds from the Confederacy hidden in that house. The house is said to be historical. Their search for the diamonds brings about an evil ghostly being.

Here is an excerpt: “My keys dug into my palm as I clenched my hand into a fist, my skin raw with fear. I backed up against my car, my hands fumbling for the door latch, because I didn’t have the courage to turn my back on the dark entity in the window. I had an odd feeling that to do so might prove fatal.

I slid into the driver’s seat, managing to stick my key into the ignition after the third try. My tires squealed as I peeled away, my hands still shaking as they gripped the steering wheel. I paused in the middle of the street realizing that I had forgotten to write a note to Mrs. Houlihan. And that the sweet aroma of roses had not appeared to dispel my fear. It was almost as if by abandoning her home, Louisa had abandoned me.”

Personally, I’ve never met anyone who saw a ghost but there are so many stories of haunted houses, and supernatural beings, that you may have to think, could there really be such a thing as a ghost? Are there really ghostly beings out there? Perhaps there are and perhaps the aura of a ghost haunting a house or a building, gets us really spooked. And also adds to the mystery of what comes to be after we leave this world.

For anyone who might be interested in ghosts, my story **Olivia MacAllister, Who Are You?** features one. My story is for children ages 8 and up. Bobby and Noel come to visit their Uncle Eb in Maine. They discover their family history and they meet the ghost of Olivia MacAllister. She needs their help so she can reunite with the spirit of her lover, Joseph Montgomery. Bobby and Noel go on a quest of their own to find out all about Olivia and how she really died.

The story has a happy ending. The book is self-published but was originally published by Rock Village Publishing of Massachusetts.

Here’s a short excerpt from my book: “Noel was buried in her book and Bobby too was very engaged in his reading. They were both startled when they heard a loud plopping noise. Noel turned around in her chair. She saw that some of the books had fallen off the shelf. Bobby hurried to put them back, but the books fell right out of the shelf again. Then a few more books tumbled down from the shelf.

“Did you see that?” exclaimed Bobby, looking at his cousin with his eyes wide with curiosity.

“Look out!” shouted Noel.

The wall where the books had fallen from the shelf opened up. Before them appeared a white figure, dressed in a white flowing dress, with one arm extended and the other holding a burnt out candle.

“Who are you?” gasped the white figure.

“Who are you?” asked Bobby in horror.

“I, dear one, am Olivia MacAllister. This is my home.

And who are you? I have never set eyes on you before.”

In another one of my ghost mysteries, entitled **I Hear the Banjo Playing**, the ghost of George Bowman appears in the loft of his house, playing his banjo. Each time he appears he asks his wife Melinda to help him with insurance policies; his new CD that never got released; lyrics of songs he left unfinished; and Melinda discovers secrets about George she never knew. The story has a surprise ending.

Here’s an excerpt: “Melinda returned home just in time to watch her soap opera. After the story was over, she fell asleep in the chair. And then she woke up to the sound of the banjo. She went upstairs to the loft and there was George playing “On the Road Again”.

“George, you’re here again! I just love hearing you play!”

“Nothing like this old banjo. Can’t have this kind of fun in Heaven. I still had so much more to do here on Earth. You and I had more traveling to

do. I want to return to my life. But I'm caught between two worlds."

"George, how can you come back? Is there something you have to do? Something important? Don't just tell me traveling. I know it's more than just that."

"Perhaps it is a whole lot more than just traveling," answered George as his image faded.

"George, don't go! Come back! We need to talk!" But George was gone for now.

There is a sequel to this story, **The Return of George Bowman**. In this sequel, George Bowman is back living his life on Earth; playing his banjo; writing his music; appearing on TV shows; recording a CD with his new partners-Calvin and Jeremiah. Meanwhile, the ghosts of his old partners, who are up in Heaven, Floyd, and Trey, continue to haunt him. St. Peter zaps George back to Heaven as he doesn't like the way he is carrying on back down on Earth, but George promises to do what St. Peter asks so he is sent back down to Earth. To add to all the mystery and chaos, Richard Dawson and Mickey Rooney who see that George Bowman got a chance to return to Earth, and his music career, both want to return to Earth themselves. They soon get their wish and Mickey Rooney resumes his acting career, making a movie; and Richard Dawson is on the Game Show Channel with his own new game show. All seems to be right. Till one day St. Peter gives George a special assignment. The mystery will continue in book three, *The Mystery of George Bowman and his Banjo*.

Here is a short excerpt from my book: "St. Peter sat quietly in the Tea Parlor. George Bowman sat at the table; a long face on him, trying to contact Trace on his cell phone.

"It won't work up here. Put it away," ordered St. Peter.

"But I need to contact Trace and I have to call Ned Sanders. They're probably going crazy looking for me. Why am I here?"

"Calm down George. Drink some tea," said St. Peter.

"I like coffee-flavored coffee. Could I have some?"

"Just a minute George. I'll see

if our waiter, Mickey Rooney can bring you some."

"Mickey Rooney? No kidding!"

"I'm not kidding," said St. Peter.

"How come I never knew Mickey Rooney was your waiter?" asked George.

"Because Mickey Rooney just got promoted. He used to do laundry. St. Paul's in charge of that," said St. Peter.

Mickey Rooney came out to the Tea Parlor.

"Did you need coffee, St. Peter?"

"Yes, bring a pot of coffee. George Bowman here likes coffee."

"Richard Dawson is making the coffee. George, would you like a breakfast blend, a house blend, hazelnut coffee, chocolate raspberry or pumpkin coffee?"

"I'll have pumpkin coffee" exclaimed George happily. "I had no idea Richard Dawson was making the coffee up here in Heaven. He was always super on Match Game. Always liked him," said George.

"Okay George. As you say down on Earth, let's talk turkey!"

"Alright, why am I here? What did I do wrong?" asked George.

"For one thing, going on that Ned Sanders Show. He's using you to make a name for himself. And I don't like the way he's putting you on display!" exclaimed St. Peter.

"I like Ned Sanders! I think he can help me get my music career going again. Plus, I think people are really interested in me coming back to life. His show is all about the spirit world, the afterlife. People on Earth are fascinated about the afterlife. Everyone wants to talk to me, St. Peter," said George hoping to stand his ground. He wanted to return to Earth, and not stay in Heaven. And he was scared that Floyd and Trey might be lurking around waiting to pounce on him. He had a new life on Earth now. And he didn't want to leave it. He wanted to return to his wife Melinda. And his new album he was recording with Calvin and Jeremiah. How could St. Peter just yank him away from it all? Unless Floyd and Trey were making trouble for him. They wanted to return to Earth too."

Ghosts are beings that have captivated people throughout the history of mankind. They have haunted houses, commercial buildings, castles and many other places. Locally there is a story that there is a ghost that haunts the old

Birmingham National Bank in Derby, Connecticut which is now a restaurant here in the USA. Derby is the neighboring town to Shelton where I live. The old Birmingham National Bank in Derby goes back to the 1800's-the building was built in 1892 and Edward N. Shelton was the first President of the bank. The bank became a national one in 1865. The building became a restaurant in 1970 and there were several various restaurants there and now it is the Twisted Vine Restaurant. The ghosts of both Edward N. Shelton and Samuel H. Lessey(who was an employee of the bank) both haunt the building. As the head cashier back in 1913, when someone cashed two checks (one that was for \$10.00 and one for \$15.00 forged as a combined amount of \$2500. When Samuel honored the transaction and later found out it had been a forgery, he killed himself by lying in a coffin at the Oak Cliff Cemetery and shooting himself in the head. He took his job seriously and was full of guilt. Edward Shelton who also took his job seriously and who died in 1894, to this day his spirit lingers overseeing the bank's operations. The bank was first chartered in 1848 when it went by Manufacturers Bank of Birmingham. Derby, Connecticut used to be known as Birmingham. The town of Shelton was named after Edward Shelton. Ghost hunters have gone there.

Ghosts are not just apparitions but spirits who are trapped forever between this world and the other world. Ghostly beings.

To find out how to obtain copies of Celine's ghostly tales, email her at celinem@aol.com

.....

Branches like fingers
Whispering voices of leaves
Moon conceals its face

By Aeronwy Dafies

*Originally published on
the 5-7-5 Haiku Journal*

.....

Send us your letters of comment!

.....

The Supplement will return in November