



Lenora Petcher of Rodondo Beach, Calif., was the only one interviewed who believes in the devil. Others standing in line to see *The Exorcist* were looking for entertainment.



John Green, left, wasn't impressed with the book and wonders "what sort of man Blatty is." William Peter Blatty is the author of the novel and producer of the film. Janet Armstrong, right, told us that the only reason she was going was to keep up with her friends' conversation.



... But Susan Colucci and Frank Christini admitted to a "fascination with the occult." Christini said that attending the movie gives one "prestige" among their friends.

... And Afterwards

Only Marilyn Ellis told the *Courier* that she had become upset during the movie.

Fred Wiggins thought the picture was "terrific." Mrs. Pauline Reynolds enjoyed the movie and said it was good entertainment. Dallas La Barre and Linda Lambrick also enjoyed

the film. None of them believe in the devil.

Derrick Andrews followed the *Courier* team a couple of blocks and stepped up to offer his comment. "I thought the picture was very disappointing. I expected much more, after all this publicity." — By John Dash



Writer Dash and editor Viglucci near entrance to theater after standing in line for more than an hour. Toronto police assisted in managing long line.

THE EX

The Good Guys

By CARMEN J. VIGLUCCI

Toronto — *The Exorcist*, a kind of Jesuit Gunsmoke, undoubtedly will be the most discussed and most popular film in many years.

This is a certitude because it has all the modern ingredients for success — murder, violence, gore, attempts to nauseate, blasphemy, obscenity — and what's more ties them together with a running battle between the good guys (in this movie, the ones in black) and that most accursed outlaw of all times — Satan himself.

Based on a book by William Peter Blatty which in turn reportedly derived from an actual case in 1949 in Maryland, the movie will cause controversy wherever it plays.

For instance, in California people were sickened, some fainted. In Chicago some were hospitalized. All of which, friends, adds up to box office.

When I watched it at the Metro Theater here there were no such untoward occurrences. There were lines two blocks long for afternoon showings but little out of the ordinary inside. Perhaps the hardy denizens of the northland are less impressionable than their counterparts in California and Chicago. Or it just might mean that what is spewed-up bile to one man is green pea soup to another.

Using a wide assortment of special effects the movie sets out to frighten, shock, nauseate, and generally upset its audience.

It does have its chilling moments — I felt the hairs on my neck wiggle when 12-year-old Regan's bed rocks crazily as her mother frantically tries to soothe her daughter, at that point only in the process of being possessed. I had the same sensation when the devil first spoke through her lips.

It fell short, however, as a shocker, and happily sickened no one in sight.

Photos By

Anthony J. Costello



Long line at University Theater reflects film's drawing power.