

## 1: Gene Wilder - Wikipedia

*Research Collection > Dead or alive. Title Dead or alive Webb, Jen Webb, Lorraine. Category Book Chapter: B - Book Chapters: Date.*

Introduction Each new collaboration is a new country: Lorraine is a painter, Jen a poet, and we are also sisters who have been collaborating, off and on, for some years now. An earlier project took the form of fairly conventional Humanities-style research: Lorraine also contributed paintings, and Jen a poem. For the current collaboration, we opted to trial a different model of collaboration. As with our other collaborations, it is marked by operation at a distance: Lorraine lives in New Zealand, Jen in Australia. This means we see each other perhaps once a year, and in those brief moments cram in as much as possible about our ideas, our aspirations, our creative imaginings. For the rest of the year we rely on emails and phone calls – casting frail lines across the Tasman in the hope of building something we have not yet fully imagined. In this we are not alone; many collaborators are separated by space, and some by time. Psychiatrist Serge Tisseron We do, of course, have shared origins, in terms of genetic heritage, memories, experiences and interests. But where our individual disciplines and training are concerned, there is a marked difference – the literary and visual arts have distinctive traditions, trajectories, technologies and practices. This, some scholars note, introduces a point of conflict, as Martine Reid and Nigel Turner observe in their introduction to the Boundaries issue of Yale French Studies: We are all aware of the narrative history of the disjunction which, from the very beginning, heralds the relation between writing and drawing. It is thinking through making, where the mind and the eye and the hand and the material collaborate to produce a something. This is where we start. Collaboration and conversation Actually we started a bit earlier. A correspondence between John Berger and John Christie This book is a record of their correspondence, and the collaboration between principally a writer and principally a painter. It began like this: At the airport, on the way home, I was thinking back to when we first talked about doing something – concerning colour. I remember asking how we could begin: Not what we thought of! As the title of the book indicates, Christie sent Berger a card in cadmium red, and Berger responded, writing onto the red, finding depths and shadows in that colour; and then Christie responded to that encounter, providing working notes and contexts about red, sending little artist books he was making. And along the way, in elegant sentences and often expansive letters, they develop their ideas, make pieces of literary, visual art, and exchange news about their families and friends. Our decision to work in a similar mode was grounded on our shared if perhaps too rigid perceptions of ekphrasis: The object of imitation, as spatial work, becomes the metaphor for the temporal work that seeks to capture it in that temporality. Barbara Fisher rejects that earlier logic, and writes: But, while this is a compelling perspective, the logic is still that the visual work precedes, and is interpreted, inflected, or mediated by the written work. This is where we depart from ekphrasis: As such, we independently reflected on, and then discussed, the nature of our discrete modes of practice, and the ideas that interested us. To some extent this happened, but rather than beginning, as Berger and Christie did, by exchanging a material object, we began with the personal and the ephemeral: What we realised is that water is very important to both of us – as it has been to human beings across history Leeming So our project began, as projects often do, in a mix of passion both of us loving water; both fascinated by the associations it offers ; pragmatism what do our institutions want of us; what will they fund us to do? Lorraine prepared this proposal for us to provide to our institutions: The inception of the project occurred as a result of a collaborative research project undertaken in between my sister Jen and me. While this project was contingent upon academic collaboration, our focus was perforce on the creative practice of others. This research proposal seeks to explore our commonalities and differences as practitioners in the arts through exploring collaborative practice. We start with the common themes of water and myth as our practices have been separately informed by water as motif; sometimes mined from mythological themes and separately developed as poetic and visual works. This is clear from our first exchange as we set the project in motion: I love love love the way you describe it: Attached a letter confirming support; I can make any changes you want. This is hardly the matter of sophisticated artistic conversation; however, it is an example of conversational drift, a material practice we

found to be very productive of generative thought, and one that, in addition, doubled as an analogue for the topic of our project, water. Charles Garoian develops this, beginning his essay on the topic with these paired quotations: But we settled on the positive value of the term; and for us, conversational drift provides an affordance for creative collaboration, enriching and extending the possibilities in a way that is less likely to be delivered by, say, project planning. It is also a comfortable mode of operation for us, since as siblings we communicate effectively at a distance, and work en passant “analogically. In addition, both of us having worked in creative practice for decades, we are at home with uncertainty and incompleteness; able to work on the balls of our feet, as it were” poised for change and for the insertion of difference. The Possibilities of Water: We wish you all the best for this project. Lorraine sent paintings, Jen sent poems. And then for several weeks we worked with little or no reference to each other. During that period, Lorraine produced several paintings: Talk v v soon “when you find your phone, anyway! Clearly this first exchange is operating very much in the mode of meditative interpretation identified by Barbara Fisher as twenty-first century ekphrasis; and initially “despite our insistence that we were not operating in this mode, we did respond directly to the paintings and poems each other submitted. But we also frequently wandered off track: The alphabet ones are just begun and examples, the others are also just begun and are called spaintings. Lorraine, however, returned to the theme of water, and by September had completed another group of images, including: Once the works had arrived, Jen wrote, and sent to Lorraine, the exhibition statement: We are trying to find ways to work together within and across our forms: How does colour speak to word? What is the relationship between a line of poetry and a line of paint? Our first approach to this project is to break with some formal constraints: Next is the openness that is a mark of most creative collaborations, a moving to and fro between images, ideas, conversations, essays into objects. The paradigm of the hand, however, achieves such an understanding. Working from a similar perspective, we are in this first instance more concerned with gestures than with the mark or the gaze, and in thinking through the movement of eye and hand and conversation about how we might make letter that speaks to line, line to letter. Then, post-installation, Jen sent exhibition images across the Tasman: She was beginning to produce encaustic paintings, in a more conventional format landscape and portrait orientation, on canvas, that gestured toward the ideas of water, indeterminacy and openness. And Jen was extending the poems she had prepared for Letter and Line, trying to find a more convincing way in to the idea of water. A bit more time will be more relaxing “what do you reckon? The blade knows the shape of the scabbard, as the body knows the shape of the blade. In a different world they would be the same thing, undivided. Here, where we live, the blade just wants to find a home, one that fits it right. The body, it thinks, will welcome it in. All it costs the body is a scratch, or the sigh. All it takes is a letting go, and the blade will settle down, and the flesh heals around the haft. You peel back your skin and step out naked onto the floor. Now all that is left is terrain: You lift it, carefully, and examine it. Like it might know what happened between us last night. But in your unlucky hand, only fragments survive. This collaboration, however, took a different path. When one or other of us did feel an impulse to recommend a way of rethinking or of sharpening a work, we did so by phone, talking through what had occurred to us: Lorraine, for instance, urged Jen to make larger poems; and both from time to time returned to conversations about the identity of water, the properties of water, the ethics of reducing water to art. I could do projection of poems rather than printing? I did that before, and the nice thing about it is that when people walk around the space they get words all over their skin. But it means messing around with lights, of course. Write directly onto the walls Print onto sticky-backed material Print onto tyvek which could be tiny or huge Print onto heavy paper and ring cut into regular shapes and sizes, or tear into chunks Print onto card.

**2: Elegy: Counting Up My Dead (for Sandra Burr) | Jen Webb - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)**

*Use this page to find out if Clifton Webb is dead or alive. Very user friendly navigation and includes a search function and interactive quizzes.*

Her research focuses on the relationship between art and society; she is currently working, with Kevin Brophy, Michael Biggs and Paul Magee, on an ARC-funded project that investigates creativity through a case study of contemporary poetry. Jen publishes work on cultural theory and creative research; she also writes poetry, and exhibits produces artist books for exhibition. Creative writing "death" grieving "ontology" stories TEXT Special issue 27, Creative Writing as Research III, October 1 eds Nigel Krauth, Donna Lee Brien, Ross Watkins and Anthony Lawrence Webb Counting up my dead Our fundamental tactic of self-protection, self-control, and self-definition is not spinning webs or building dams, but telling stories, and more particularly concocting and controlling the story we tell others "and ourselves" about who we are. The stories are designed to set up a protective barrier, to help us blend into the environment, to give us a sense of control over the environment and over ourselves. Storytelling is a fundamental tactic of self-protection. But each story that is told contains, in shadowy form, a counter-narrative, a resistive alterity that works against the possibility of control that the original telling promised. I tell my story; in that story I shape the conditions for being and relating as they seem right to me "as they suit me. It becomes my truth. I am disrupted, disturbed, outraged, or astonished. Or worse than that: This is not a story. This is ugly; it is concrete fact. It cannot be edited or revised. But I cannot accept that this is all the meaning it can have. There must be some other tactic of self-preservation. I am counting up my dead. Fifty-five years of living, and what I have here is a stack of names, dates, details, of those I loved: Year by year, the losses mount up. As they do for all of us; and yet we continue to connect with others; to find love; to pretend there will not be loss, or that if there is loss, we can recover our position. I was teaching creative writing to a class of graduates, and Sandra Burr was among that cohort. Over the course of that first semester, as I listened to her speaking in tutorial sessions, as I read drafts of her work and graded assessments, I came to recognise in her something very unusual. She had an internal mechanism that most of us lack. Later I understood what the mechanism was: To listen, and attend more generally to what was being said. Her sharp intellect meant that little got by her, but she only rose to the bait if a particularly putrid morsel was dangled in front of her. And even then, she was more inclined to bat foolishnesses out of the way than to attack the baiter. This is the approach she had learned in her dealings with non-human animals, and particularly with horses, those edgy, inquisitive, easily panicked prey animals with whom she had spent her life. With whom, she told me, she had learned how to be a person. Sandra was a horse whisperer; and, it transpired, she was a people-whisperer too. When I was in her company my anxieties and rages faded to grey. The world seemed a kinder, happier, calmer place. Sandra continued with her studies, completing a doctorate and building a reputation as someone with deep scholarly and phenomenological knowledge about the ethics of relationships between human and non-human animals. She remained on intimate terms with her horses, and when she died "too soon, too soon" they attended her wake, grieving like the rest of us, confused and full of yearning. There is no consolation attendant on the death of those we love. There is only a great absence that fills the world. There is only a long cold path that leads to an unwelcome future. We begin walking down that path; we wait for that great gap in being to knit itself up again. Death has come into our small local worlds, turned them upside, goes away again. It will return another day. Death always moves among us, armed with a thuggish intensity. It has taken those we love. It will take us too, no matter how fat our bank accounts, how strong our bones, how fine our minds: I am not brave; I do more whining than withstanding. I grieve for Sandra, and for the others, for all my dead dears,<sup>2</sup> those who have gone with no forwarding address, with no promises to return. The matter of human being is death as well as life; being is always equivocal, always ambivalent. And some of those stories "perhaps the thorniest ones of all" are the stories about death. They are so difficult because death is so utterly, materially real, and yet so utterly ineffable. What does it mean "where do we draw the line between the living and the dead? Is a tree alive, is an ocean? Both are, in their particular ways. Are Martin Heidegger or Pierre Bourdieu alive,

since both continue to emerge in print years after their formal death? Baudrillard seems to think so; he writes: Instead, things disappear by proliferation or contamination, by becoming saturated or transparent, because of extenuation or extermination, or as a result of the epidemic of simulation, as a result of their transfer into the secondary mode of simulation. Rather than a mortal mode of disappearance, then, a fractal mode of dispersal. It is what seems to undo or overcome language, what undoes the possibility of being, what disturbs the living and problematises the value of truth, or time, or space. Despite what we know about the space between life and death, the headstones at any cemetery are reminders that we humans deny death: He is not dead, but sleeping. Absent from the body, but face to face with the Lord. And besides, how can we tell when death is, where it is? Doctors and ethicists spend considerable energy trying to determine the moment of transition, not always with certainty. Was the American woman Terri Schiavo dead or alive? She was in a nowhere place, somewhere in-between. In this sense, death is rather like statistics: Is it at 2. There is no universally satisfying answer. There is only the knowledge that at some point, probably when you momentarily glanced away, two became manifestly and undeniably three; that at some point, probably as the nurse looked away, life became death. The heart falls silent, the EKG flatlines, living flesh begins to decay, and the person who looked out at us through the eyes in the skull has gone. It is, in everything, a paradox, at once the great inevitability and the great uncertainty. As Other, death constitutes the limit and the boundary of both life and meaning: We are born into the Real: With the acquisition and appreciation of language and its rules, and of discourse and its rules, we become truly human. Death dissolves meaning because it is itself beyond language, beyond signification, and beyond the symbolic order. But the slipperiness of signification means that in the process of providing the guarantee of my life “my aliveness” the dead simultaneously call me to, and recall to me, my own death; and the various signifiers I hold up as talismans to keep death in exile simply call it back into social life by naming it and focusing on it. Death as signifier slides across life, infecting and problematising it. Similarly, the attempt to bracket death off as the Other simply reminds me that self and Other, death and life, are always imbricated within one another, and depend on each other. This blur must be blotted out because it is a stain on consciousness, a remainder of the Real, and a reminder of our own disintegration and expulsion from the world of meaning that spoils the present TEXT Special issue 27, Creative Writing as Research III, October 4 eds Nigel Krauth, Donna Lee Brien, Ross Watkins and Anthony Lawrence Webb Counting up my dead and makes it difficult to concentrate on being-in-the-world. There is the quiet recognition that we are, finally, bodies and not mere discourse; that we are closer to our non-human relatives in our state of material embodiment than we are to the abstractions of subjectivity we dream up, in our brief lives. But although Sandra often teased me, gently, about the way I turn myself inside out over concepts, she too was driven by the need to make creative works; works that rely on observation and humour and aesthetic judgment. It is what artists do: That relation must, surely, be predicated on a familiarity, on an enduring conversation. On this exchange of thought and meaning we can build a creative life: It is death, and its promise, that makes us human. I write, therefore I am. She has written, therefore she is. This is not simply a matter of ontology, but a matter of definitions, language, ethics, relationships and responsibilities. What it means to be, how to live according to sound epistemological and axiological frameworks, and how to articulate this, are questions that perhaps will never be answered in a satisfactory manner. Research contribution While there is a substantial literature on death and dying, much of it relies on metaphysical foundations, or deploys purely discursive formulations. This short essay draws directly on phenomenological questions, exploring the material nature of being, and locates the discussion in a particular instance of death, one that is not at all abstract but real, present and painful.

**3: Emmerdale spoilers: Charley Webb talks Debbie's future after Joe Tate betrayal | Metro News**

*I was born in South Africa and moved to New Zealand when I was I studied printmaking at the University of Canterbury in Christchurch, New Zealand and studied for my Masters of Fine Art in painting in Australia at the Victorian College of the Arts, University of Melbourne.*

An attempt to free minks into the wild before they were turned into fur coats has resulted in a wildlife and domestic animal crisis in Britain. Minks, you see, are killers. What follows is one of the representative news articles about this August invasion brought on by good intentions gone horribly wrong: In what must have seemed like a brilliant idea at the time, British animal-rights activists sneaked onto the grounds of a mink farm here during the weekend, cut through wire fences and gave 6, minks their freedom instead of a future as fur coats. But the illegal act has backfired as few British animal-liberation missions ever have. Domestic pets and farm animals – including cats, hamsters, chickens, guinea pigs and hens – have been pursued and killed. Wild animals – including the endangered water vole, a type of water rat – are under attack. Local fisheries are threatened. And local residents, including the owners of a wild bird sanctuary where three birds were killed in mink attacks Sunday and Monday, have taken up arms. One of the dead birds was a beloved, year-old kestrel named Spitfire who made countless educational trips to local schools. Monday, Milsom showed the results of his latest foray: He upended a plastic grocery bag and five small, brown, furry and very dead minks fell onto the ground. A group called Animal Liberation Front is believed responsible for the mink release from the Crow Hill Farm, although no one has stepped forward to formally take responsibility for the action. Hundreds more have been returning on their own to the mink farm, though about 3, were believed still on the loose. Those wild minks are, ironically, the descendants of earlier fur-farm escapees imported from America to England by mink breeders in the s. But rather than mix with local wild minks, the newly freed minks seem to have minds all their own. Several have wandered nonchalantly into local homes, including that of Crow Hill resident Christine Pinder. She was shocked Saturday morning when a mink – which she at first thought was a kitten – appeared in her bedroom and jumped at the throat of her pet dog. Other minks have walked into a local 17th-century pub, the Crown Tap, with pub-goers unsuccessfully giving chase. Wild cats have been released from Scottish zoos; the export of British veal has been blocked at French ports; even domestic salmon have been freed from Scottish fish farms. But few actions have upset the British as much as this one. Officials and police were advising residents in the Crow Hill area to keep small domestic pets indoors – though they were quick to assure locals that children are safe from mink attacks unless they grab at the long, thin animals, which have sharp teeth. In addition to the various beloved pets and indigenous wildlife killed by these predators, three extremely rare owls also fell prey to them. Minks broke into the wildlife sanctuary where the owls were housed and made short work of them. Homeowners were warned to keep their doors and windows locked, and pets and children inside for the duration. Thousands of minks there were released into the wild by an unnamed animal activist group. Many of the minks were soon killed on highways or fell to preying upon each other.

**4: FACT CHECK: Freed Mink Rampage**

*Dead or alive. By Jen Webb and Lorraine Webb. Topics: Year: OAI identifier: Provided by: University of Canberra Research Repository.*

Ted was a coal miner and subsistence farmer. In she had the first of 16 number-one hits out of 70 charted songs as a solo artist and a duet partner. She and contemporaries like Tammy Wynette provided a template for female country music artists to follow. Her album *Van Lear Rose*, released in , was produced by the alternative rock musician Jack White ; Lynn and White were nominated for five Grammys and won two. Lynn has recorded 70 albums, including 54 studio albums, 15 compilation albums, and one tribute album, [13] [unreliable source? Loretta was the second of eight children. She was named after the film star Loretta Young. They had met only a month earlier. Before her marriage, she often sang at churches and in local concerts in Butcher Hollow. She also sang continually to her younger siblings. After she married, Lynn temporarily stopped singing in public and focused on family life. She passed her love of music on to her children, often singing to them the hymns her mother taught her such as "The Great Titanic" and "In The Pines". In her autobiography *Still Woman Enough* and in an interview with CBS News the same year, she recounted how her husband cheated on her regularly and once left her while she was giving birth. Loretta has said that her marriage was "one of the hardest love stories". He thought I was something special, more special than anyone else in the world, and never let me forget it. That belief would be hard to shove out the door. Doo was my security, my safety net. Doo was a good man and a hard worker. But he was an alcoholic, and it affected our marriage all the way through. Billed as "the 7th Largest Attraction in Tennessee", it features a recording studio, museums, lodging, restaurants, western stores, and more. Traditionally, three holiday concerts have been held annually at the ranch: As Lynn ages, some concerts do not take place. Lynn regularly greets fans who are touring the plantation house. Also featured is a replica of the cabin in which Lynn grew up in Butcher Hollow, Kentucky. When she was not touring, she spent time there with her twin daughters, Patsy and Peggy, and her husband. Lynn and her husband also bought a cabin in Canada and spent a lot of time there during the s. She was taken to a Nashville hospital and subsequently had to cancel all of her upcoming tour dates. According to her website, she is expected to make a full recovery. Early country success[ edit ] Lynn began singing in local clubs in the late s with the help, insistence, and support of her husband. She later formed her own band, the Trailblazers, which included her brother Jay Lee Webb. Lynn won a televised talent contest in Tacoma, Washington , hosted by Buck Owens , for which the prize was a wristwatch that broke 24 hours later. Lynn later laughed about it with Owens. She signed her first contract on February 2, , with Zero; the material was recorded at United Western Recorders in Hollywood, engineered by Don Blake and produced by Grashey. It was a shuffle with a West Coast beat". Through the Wilburns, she secured a contract with Decca Records. By the end of the year, *Billboard* magazine listed Lynn as the No. Her contract with the Wilburn Brothers gave them the publishing rights to her material. She was still fighting to regain these rights 30 years after ending her business relationship with them but was ultimately denied the publishing rights. Lynn stopped writing music in the s because of these contracts. Although Kitty Wells had become the first major female country vocalist during the s, by the time Lynn recorded her first record, only three other womenâ€”Patsy Cline , Skeeter Davis , and Jean Shepard â€”had become top stars. Lynn has credited Cline as her mentor and best friend during those early years. Tragic Country Queen, Loretta mentioned having best friends in Patsy and Tammy during different times: You only need one at a time. She was a hard honky-tonk singer for the first half of the s and rarely strayed from the genre. In late , she recorded a duet album with Ernest Tubb. Their lead single, "Mr. Used to Be ", peaked within the Top While most were Top 10 Country hits, none reached 1. This song made Lynn the first country female recording artist to pen a No. Breakthrough success[ edit ] In Lynn reached No. She was reportedly once inspired to write a song about a real woman she suspected was flirting with her husband. The song became her first single to chart on the *Billboard* Hot , peaking at No. She had a series of singles that charted low on the Hot between and The following year, her next single, "Love Is the Foundation", also became a No. The second and last single from that album, " Hey Loretta ", became a Top 5

hit. As a songwriter, Lynn felt no topic was off limits, as long as it spoke to other women, and many of her songs were autobiographical. This opened a flood gate of country artists who followed with books. By the early s Lynn became the first American female recording artist to chart over fifty top ten hits. As a duo, Lynn and Twitty had five consecutive Number 1 hits between and . The hit-streak kick-started what became one of the most successful duos of country history. The fan-voted Music City News readers voted them the No. In addition to their five Number 1 singles, they had seven other Top 10 hits between and . Conway and Loretta, their duo name, released an album in titled "Dynamic Duo", and they were considered that by their many fans. Loretta Lynn touring in As a solo artist, Lynn continued to be very successful into , achieving her fifth No. The next year, she became the first country star on the cover of Newsweek. Lynn enjoyed enormous success on country radio until the early s, when a more pop-flavored type of country music began to dominate the market. She stayed within the country Top 10 until the mid s; however, most of her music by the late s had a slick pop sound to it. Lynn had her last No. Lynn would often sit for an hour or more onstage signing autographs to her fans after a performance. Editor Mel Toadvine asked her why she took so much time to sign autographs while more than people stood in line all the way to the front of the Wicomico Youth and Civic Center. Without these people, I am nobody. I love these people", she told Toadvine. She is the only woman to win this honor. Lynn crossed over from country music superstar to American legend. The s featured more hits: Lynn was the first woman in country music to have 50 Top 10 hits. Her last Top 10 record as a soloist was " I Lie " in , but her releases continued to chart until the end of the decade. Lynn continued to have Top 20 hits throughout the s. In , Lynn stopped releasing singles and focused more on touring than promoting. As a concert artist, she remained a top draw throughout her career, but by the early s she drastically cut down the number of personal appearances owing to the fragile health of her husband, who died in . Her album Just a Woman spawned a Top 40 hit. In , Lynn lent her voice to a song on k. They released a video for this medley; the album went gold and was Grammy nominated for the four women. She was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in . They released a popular video of this song. The album sold over , copies and was certified gold in the United States and Canada. The trio was nominated for Grammy and Country Music Association awards. Tammy Wynette died five years later on April 6, . She released her first new single in over 10 years from the album, "Country in My Genes", when the single charted on the Billboard Country singles chart it made Lynn the first woman in Country Music to chart singles in five decades. While the album gained positive critical notices, sales were low in comparison with her previous releases. Late career resurgence[ edit ] In , Lynn made a comeback with the highly successful album Van Lear Rose , the second album on which Lynn either wrote or co-wrote every song. The album was produced by her "friend forever" [44] Jack White of The White Stripes , and featured guitar work and backup vocals by White. Her collaboration with White allowed Lynn to reach new audiences and generations, even garnering high praise in magazines that specialize in mainstream and alternative rock music, such as Spin and Blender. The single cracked the Billboard singles chart making Lynn the only female Country artist to chart in six decades. My Life in Lyrics. Songs of the Civil War , which was released on November 5, . In November , Lynn announced a March release: White Christmas Blue was released on October 7, . It was set to be released Friday, August 18, , but was delayed until sometime in due to current health issues, as well as canceling all scheduled tour dates.

**5: Dead or Alive? | ablachly | LibraryThing**

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

Silberman, a manufacturer and salesman of novelty items. He asked her teacher if he could become his student, and the teacher said that if he were still interested at age 13, he would take Wilder on as a student. The day after Wilder turned 13, he called the teacher, who accepted him; Wilder studied with him for two years. Wilder was raised Jewish, but he held only the Golden Rule as his philosophy. In a book published in , he stated, "I have no other religion. I feel very Jewish and I feel very grateful to be Jewish. After six months of studying fencing, Wilder became the first freshman to win the All-School Fencing Championship. Wilder enrolled at the HB Studio. At the end of recruit training , he was assigned to the medical corps and sent to Fort Sam Houston for training. He was then given the opportunity to choose any post that was open, and wanting to stay near New York City to attend acting classes at the HB Studio, he chose to serve as paramedic in the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology at Valley Forge Army Hospital , in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. He was discharged from the army a year later and returned to New York. A scholarship to the HB Studio allowed him to become a full-time student. At first living on unemployment insurance and some savings, he later supported himself with odd jobs such as a limousine driver and fencing instructor. He also served as a fencing choreographer. Grodin persuaded him to leave the studio and begin studying with Strasberg in his private class. Several months later, Wilder was accepted into the Actors Studio. Feeling that "Jerry Silberman in Macbeth" did not have the right ring to it, he adopted a stage name. He also liked "Gene" because as a boy, he was impressed by a distant relative, a World War II bomber navigator who was "handsome and looked great in his leather flight jacket. Brooks elicited a promise from Wilder that he would check with him before making any long-term commitments. After three years of not hearing from Brooks, Wilder was called for a reading with Zero Mostel , who was to be the star of *Springtime for Hitler* and had approval of his co-star. Both men began searching for the perfect director for the film. Jean Renoir was the first candidate, but he would not be able to do the film for at least a year, so British-Indian director Waris Hussein was hired. After reciting some lines, director Mel Stuart immediately offered him the role. After he wrote a two-page scenario, he called Mel Brooks, who told him that it seemed like a "cute" idea, but showed little interest. Having just seen Feldman on television, Wilder was inspired to write a scene that takes place at Transylvania Station, where Igor and Frederick meet for the first time. The scene was later included in the film almost verbatim. Medavoy liked the idea and called Brooks, asking him to direct. Brooks was not convinced, but having spent four years working on two box-office failures, he decided to accept. When filming was about to begin in London, Wilder received an urgent call from Brooks, who was filming *Blazing Saddles*, offering Wilder the role of the "Waco Kid" after Dan Dailey dropped out at the last minute, while Gig Young became too ill to continue. Pryor accepted the role in the film, which had been renamed *Silver Streak* , the first film to team Wilder and Pryor. The film was to star John Wayne , but he dropped out and was replaced by Harrison Ford , then an up-and-coming actor. Pryor was struggling with a severe cocaine addiction , and filming became difficult, but once the film premiered, it became an international success. Through the remainder of the decade, Wilder and Radner worked on several projects together. Roger Ebert called it "a real dud "; [42] the *Deseret Morning News* described the film as "stupid", with an "idiotic script" that had a "contrived story" and too many "juvenile gags", [43] while Vincent Canby called it "by far the most successful co-starring vehicle for Mr. Wilder", also acknowledging that "this is not elegant movie making, and not all of the gags are equally clever". Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. He went back to the small screen in , appearing in three television movies, one of which was the NBC adaptation of *Alice in Wonderland*. Although the couple had not been together long, they married on July 22, They spent long periods of time apart, eventually divorcing in A few months later, Wilder began dating Mary Joan Schutz, a friend of his sister. Schutz had a daughter, Katharine, from a previous marriage.

When Katharine started calling Wilder "Dad", he decided to do what he felt was "the right thing to do", [50] marrying Schutz on October 27, , and adopting Katharine that same year. Schutz and Wilder separated after seven years of marriage, with Katharine suspecting that Wilder was having an affair with his Young Frankenstein co-star, Madeline Kahn. After the divorce, he briefly dated his other Frankenstein co-star, Teri Garr. Wilder eventually became estranged from Katharine. Radner was married to guitarist G. Smith at the time, but Wilder and she became inseparable friends. When the filming of Hanky Panky ended, Wilder found himself missing Radner, so he called her. The relationship grew, and Radner eventually divorced Smith in . She moved in with Wilder, and the couple married on September 14, , in the south of France. The couple wanted to have children, but Radner suffered miscarriages , and doctors could not determine the problem. After experiencing severe fatigue and suffering from pain in her upper legs on the set of Haunted Honeymoon, Radner sought medical treatment. Following a number of false diagnoses, she was found to have ovarian cancer in October . Radner died on May 20, . Webb coached him in lip reading. Giving money to someone or support, but not getting on a bandstand. I will write another book instead. Wilder himself was hospitalized with non-Hodgkin lymphoma in , but confirmed in March that the cancer was in complete remission following chemotherapy and a stem cell transplant. Gene Wilder, where Alec Baldwin interviewed Wilder about his career, Wilder said that he was basically retired from acting for good. A Perilous Romance, was released in April . I get 52 movies a year sent to me, and maybe there are three good [ones]. He had kept knowledge of his condition private, but had been diagnosed three years prior to his death.

## 6: Loretta Lynn - Wikipedia

*Use this page to find out if Webb Pierce is dead or alive. Very user friendly navigation and includes a search function and interactive quizzes.*

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: I have cited only the most specific historical information. Let this note serve as a general debt to three of the books that were most essential to developing the historical narrative of autopsy: *A Scandalously Short Introduction* Toronto: Cambridge University Press, See Jonathan Sawday, 66â€™72; and Luke Wilson, 71â€™ In *Naissance de la clinique*: I would like to express my gratitude to the pathology staff at Memorial Hospital of Carbondale for allowing me to observe an autopsy. The patient not only survived, but her body eventually rejuvenated the missing segment of liver. Alan Nadel in *Containment Culture* offers what may be a useful example for conceiving of the relation of external reality to cultural constructions: See Asimov, 97â€™, for a good explanation of the Conservation of Energy Law. Spalding Gray died in the winter of The answer is B A small carcinoma in the nasopharyngeal mucosa. Acute or chronic cocaine abuse does not produce malignancy. All of the other possible answers are heart abnormalities that can be linked to cocaine abuse. In *Images of the Corpse: From the Renaissance to Cyberspace*, ed. University of Wisconsin Press, The Kennedy family controls the autopsy photographs of President Kennedy, and has never released them to the public. For the official report on the exhumation and autopsy of Oswald, see Norton et al. One may view the most consecrated of paintings on sites such as the [webgalleryofart](#). In this case, high art has been popularized, or made available to large numbers of people. And, of course, art also flows in the opposite direction You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

## 7: The Possibilities of Water | Axon: Creative Explorations

*James Henry "Jim" Webb, Jr. (born February 9, ) is an American politician and author. He has served as a United States Senator from Virginia, Secretary of the Navy, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Reserve Affairs, Counsel for the United States House Committee on Veterans' Affairs and Marine Corps officer.*

## 8: Images of the Corpse: From the Renaissance to Cyberspace - Google Books

*David Webb was born in Luton, Bedfordshire in His father was the son of a local baker for whom he worked until developing baker's asthma, after which he worked for a local brewery and then, until retirement, for the Vauxhall Motors Car Company.*

## 9: Bek Nelson - IMDb

*Webb Counting up my dead TEXT Special issue 27, Creative Writing as Research III, October eds Nigel Krauth, Donna Lee Brien, Ross Watkins and Anthony Lawrence 1.*

*Intellectuals, socialism, and dissent Theogony and the transformation of man in Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph Schelling Ernst Benz The Right Wing in France Confusions of pleasure Street map San Bernardino-Redlands area Bright smoke cold fire Describe a person, character, or artwork with significant influence on you. Distant view of death Planning urban design standards His mistress by Christmas How important is Christian meditation to you? Biotechnology and Bioengineering Binghamton, its settlement, growth and development Life and Practice in the Early Church Pennsylvanias Northeast Illusions and false solutions Chemistry made easy Structural Reform and Economic Policy (International Economic Association) Too much is not enough, theatrical public relations in the age of the Blackberry<sup>TM</sup> Adrian Br Transfer of property act Internet Newspapers The Witness of the Remnant, Part One Primer on the 1985 Rent Stabilization Law and related laws A review of ethnographic research on elites in complex societies Civil Society and the Political Imagination in Africa After the session: Freewriting in response John Hilsdon Competition and Resource Partitioning in Temperate Ungulate Assemblies (Wildlife Ecology and Behaviour Se Volume 4: The Middle Colonies Taxation law notes for Ilb exam An Organists Reader Psalms and liturgy Tangent Vectors and Differentials The Future of U.S.Korea-Japan Relations Utopian Vision of D. H. Lawrence Dell r730 technical guide The continuum of research engagement Andie out of control Explanations. Explanations that dont work. A. Genes. B. Leniency. C. Diversity. Prosperity Hotel gems of Spain Developing a multidimensional leadership assessment system*