

FORNAX Unlucky 13: The Halloween Issue

Published Friday the 14th 2016

Introduction

Fornax is a fanzine devoted to history, science fiction & gaming as well as other areas where the editor's curiosity goes. It is edited/published by Charles Rector. In the grand tradition of fanzines, it is mostly written by the editor.

If you want to write for Fornax, please send email submissions to rectorATmywayDOTcom, with a maximum length of 20,000 words. For now, the same length requirement applies to fiction submissions as well. No poetry or artwork please. Any text format is fine. The same goes if you want to submit your work in the form of text in the email or as an attachment. There is no payment other than the exposure that you will get as a writer. Of course, Letters of Comment are always welcome. Material not written or produced by the Editor/Publisher is printed by permission of the various writers and artists and is copyright by them and remains their sole property and reverts to them after publication. If you want to read more by the editor/publisher, then point your browser to: <http://omgn.com/blog/cjrector>

Formal Announcement

With this issue, Fornax now joins the ranks of the fanzines that publish original fiction. Hopefully, this fanzine will one day join the ranks of *Planetary Stories*, *Pulp Spirit* & *Wonderlust* as being a reliable source of good original fiction on the Internet. In the meantime, please feel free to submit any stories under the word limit of 20,000 that you want in whatever genre.

A last minute addenda: Originally, I was not going to finish/release this issue until about one week before Halloween. However, the fickle fingers of Fate got in the way. One day, I opened up the Microsoft Word file containing this issue in progress and discovered that about 8 pages of text had disappeared right into thin air. I was always under the impression that once you've saved something to MS Word, it was saved for good. Apparently not. Problem: Is this the fault of MS Word or the Windows operating system and what can I do about it? Most of this was the LOC's that I always save, so that part was salvageable. However, 2 of the Website

Reviews (*The Horror Zine* & the Horror Bloggers Alliance) as well as 13 “Websites of Note” aka a listing of 13 horror fiction webzines along with their URL’s and one or two sentences of description went up into cybervapor. Since I was also going through a medical problem going through 2 days without have hardly anything to eat due to an upset stomach, I just simply did not feel like doing all that work again. If you want to try to figure out just which horror webzines I had in that listing, just check out this link: <http://www.thehorrorzine.com/ListofZines.html>

And no, I’m not of any relation to the editoress of *The Horror Zine* unless she’s a very distant relation such as being my 7th cousin, 11 times removed.

The listing at *The Horror Zine* raises a question: Should this fanzine have a similar listing of science fiction/fantasy webzines where you can submit your works and also, hopefully, get around to read? I’ve seen fans/writers complain on the Internet about the lack of such a listing, but nobody ever seems to get around to doing anything about it.

Finally, owing to my personal situation I decided not to finish the editorial about Gary Johnson or to write a new one explaining my recent decision not to vote for any of the four would be presidential clowns who will be appearing on this year’s general election ballot here in Illinois. Suffice it to say that I did not feel like using the name of the person that H.P. Lovecraft, if he were still with us, undoubtedly would be referring to as being **“thecandidatewhocannotbenamed.”** Hopefully, when the time for Issue #14 to be finished and released, come mid-December, my personal situation will be a lot better.

No to Gary Johnson

If one thing is clear about the 2016 presidential campaign, the Gary Johnson who is currently running as the Libertarian Party (LP) presidential nominee is not the same Gary Johnson who ran as the LP presidential nominee in 2012. That Gary Johnson was a man of unquestionable libertarian principle so much so that he won this writer’s vote. However, in the ensuing four years, Gary Johnson has apparently become a changed man.

He has become completely totally utterly buffoonish. Take Aleppo for instance. That city has been in the headlines for weeks now as a place where all sorts of hideous crimes against humanity are being committed. And yet Johnson talks about the place just as if he does not ever read the daily newspaper or otherwise keep up with current events. When asked if he could name any foreign leaders, he again whiffed. To be sure, Jill Stein of the Green Party made a fool out of herself by attacking Johnson and insinuating that he was unqualified because he could name any of those leaders. Yet, when asked if she could name any foreign leaders, she could not. Some people should keep their mouths shut unless they are absolutely sure that they are going to get things right.

No to Hillary Rodham Clinton

Of all the candidates running for the office of president of the United States, Hillary Rodham Clinton is clearly the single most evil and corrupt of them all. For instance, when a House of Representatives committee investigating Clinton's role in the Benghazi tragedy subpoenaed the emails that she sent as Secretary of State, her staff used an app called Bleach Bit to destroy the emails in question. That is called obstruction of justice. However, it has become clear that the FBI's investigation into Clinton's crimes was really a cover up masquerading as a legitimate criminal investigation. The FBI under the direction of political hack James Comey simply had no intention of ever bringing charges against Clinton. Instead, what the FBI did was to gratuitously hand out immunity agreements with the idea of shielding Clinton and her accomplices from ever being prosecuted for their crimes. Additionally, the hard drives belonging to those accomplices were also destroyed so that their information could never be used against Clinton. Buried in all the information that has come to light is one highly interesting detail: President Barack Hussein Obama used a pseudonym to email the then Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton. What this shows is that Obama lied to the American people when he claimed that he only learned of Clinton's using an illegal private email server from reports in the news media. It also shows that Obama was well aware that using email outside the official State Department system was potentially insecure and could be easily hacked by hostile nations not to mention private individuals such as this "Guccifer" character. However, everyone who had at least half a brain could have figured out that Obama was a liar even before this particular revelation. After all, the email addresses used by Clinton and her cronies all used @clintonemail.com email addresses. When Obama emailed Clinton, he surely could have figured out that this was not an official State Department email account. What all this goes to show is that Hillary Rodham Clinton, for all her alleged qualifications, is morally and intellectually unfit for the position of president of the United States. It also shows that President Obama is not the straight shooter that he always presented himself as being.

No to Jill Stein

At the conclusion of the 2016 Democratic National Convention, the Green Party (GP) presidential nominee Jill Stein appeared, on paper at least, to be the best presidential candidate of them all. She was a medical doctor and had previously run for president in 2012 and as such appeared to be a much more seasoned candidate than what she had been previously. She certainly gave a much better presentation of herself and her views both orally and by the written word on the Internet. However, she has proved unable to overcome the Green Party's penchant for magical thinking. The Green Party has long given the impression through its often times idiotic rhetoric that it seems to think that all you have to do is wave your hand and all of America's problems will be solved as if by magic. For instance, the Green Party has long

advocated the abolition of nuclear power despite the clear evidence that nuclear is one of the safest, environmentally friendly sources of energy. Likewise, the GP has called for the elimination of all pollution-causing forms of energy including such environment-friendly sources as biodiesel, ethanol, geothermal, hydroelectric, natural gas and propane. So say the GP acolytes who are so convinced of their moral purity. They claim that all we need to do is rely on wind and solar power to meet our energy needs. This despite the fact that there is not a single nation on Earth that is able to derive more than a small fraction of its energy use from wind and solar power. What all this does is make the perfect the enemy of the good. It also shows that the GP has not grown up and it is not ready to lead the nation even in the traditional 3rd party role of advancing new and innovative ideas. As for Stein's own immaturity, on September 7th, a North Dakota judge issued an arrest warrant for her on charges that she spray painted a bulldozer in a protest against the vitally needed Dakota Access Pipeline. Additionally, she has promoted the crazy notion that vaccines are not for the general good.

The Syria Horror

Perhaps the single biggest humiliation that America has had to endure during the past several years has been the absolutely clueless policy that the Obama Administration has pursued in Syria. First of all, Obama claimed to be on the side of pro-democracy rebels. However, he had a funny way of showing it. He failed to provide meaningful assistance to the pro-USA Syrians. All he ever did was to raise the casualty rates on both sides without ever doing anything decisive to give our side a fighting chance to achieve victory in Syria. Second, Obama proclaimed both early and often, not to mention loudly, that if the Assad regime were to use chemical weapons, then that would be crossing a "red line" that would force the United States to act. Well, Assad realized that Obama was only bluffing, that the emperor had no clothes so to speak and both he and his evil regime got clean away with engaging in war crimes against humanity. However, even with his regime's superiority in chemical weapons over the rebels, Assad needed superior firepower in order to suppress the collective will of the Syrian people. That being the case, he called in his longtime buddy President Vladimir Putin of Russia.

What happened next showed the world just what kind of empty suit that Barack Hussein Obama really is. During the 2012 Presidential Debates, Obama repeatedly ran down the Republican presidential nominee Mitt Romney for pointing out the rather obvious fact that under the dictator Vladimir Putin, Russia had become just as dangerous as the Soviet Union ever was. Obama claimed that Romney was still stuck in the 1980's and as such was unfit to be president.

As it happens, Russia had a plausible reason to be involved in Syria. Like America on September 11th 2001, Russia has also suffered from Islamic terrorism. That being the case, Putin and Company could make the case that by fighting Islamic rebels in Syria, they were killing terrorists before they had a chance to strike at targets inside both America and Russia as well as in other civilized countries. Certainly, the Obama Administration could have made a plausible case that Russian intervention was justified and use Russia's involvement as an excuse to bow

out of Syria. Instead, what Obama chose to do was to wail and wail like a spoiled brat on the playground that the mean bully Putin was doing all sorts of bad things while all Obama ever did was babble without actually doing anything.

All this has led to the worst case scenario: America looks weak and worthless while Russia stands up to Islamic terrorism and fights the common foe of both America and Russia. As a result, Putin looks strong and resolute while Obama looks like a spineless pansy. What this has done is give our terrorist enemies every reason to believe that if they attack America and kill all sorts of Americans, they will get away with it.

What all this shows is that Obama was/is the single worst foreign policy president that this country has had in a long time.

Fire Glenn Harlan Reynolds

On July 14 2016, an Islamic terrorist named Mohamed Salmene Lahouaiej-Bouhlel deliberately drove his cargo truck into crowds at the ironically named French city of Nice, France killing 86 people and injuring 434 others. It was one of the worst terrorist attacks of the post-9/11 era.

Recently, during the Charlotte riots, Glenn Harlan Reynolds the “Beauchamp Brogan Distinguished Professor of Law at the University of Tennessee Law School” and author of the Instapundit blog wrote on Twitter that any drivers encountering rioters on the highway should “**run them down.**” In other words, this law school professor was advocating that presumably white drivers should break the law by running over presumably black rioters. What he wanted was mass murder not much different than what the Islamic terrorist perpetrated in Nice.

Currently, he is under investigation by the University of Tennessee Law School which means that a whitewash is very likely under way. However, that is not enough. What needs to happen is that he needs to be fired in the worst way. If you are under the delusion that what Reynolds did can be defended as being “free speech,” ask yourself this:

If Reynolds was a dark skinned Mohammedan, and he advocated murdering white Christians, would we even be having this conversation? No, the most likely scenario is that he would be under arrest and he would be immediately fired by the law school. He would also be subject to universal condemnation by the news media.

Reynolds is a miscreant with a lengthy history of rhetorical overkill. He has repeatedly called for the use of nuclear weapons as if they were just another kind of weapon. He has also called for invading numerous countries often for no real reason at all. He gives the impression that he views U.S. military personnel as being nothing more than stick figures whose sole reason for existence is to provide him with entertainment in the form of videos of death and destruction that he can view at leisure on the cable news. Reynolds has also supported military coups aimed at overthrowing democratically elected governments just because he did not fully approve the

policies pursued by those leaders. This includes overthrowing the government of Turkey a NATO ally that has been an indispensable ally in the War on Terrorism. He views it as really being a War on Muslims. He has even advocated invading allied countries such as Saudi Arabia and forcing their inhabitants to “worship a different form of Islam.” Reynolds has also as of late been demanding that the United States spend a trillion dollars extra on defense. This despite the fact that this country spends more on the military than any other nation. Additionally, even before the United States invasion of Iraq Reynolds was branding everyone who disagreed with that idea, such as Susan Sarandon, as being “traitors.” Not for nothing has Justin Raimondo of Antiwar.com branded Reynolds as being “**Instawarmonger**.”

From reading the above, you might be thinking that with Reynolds’s love of war and violence, that he would at least be member of the Guard or the Reserve, if not in fact a veteran of the regular armed forces. Actually, he is no such thing. He is such a yellow livered coward and hypocrite that for his demanding that the youth of America be sent to fight all sorts of wars for no good reason other than to provide him with entertainment. If there is anyone alive today who richly deserves the label of “**chickenhawk**”, then he’s the one.

If those who wish to defend Reynolds and his contemptible actions succeed in letting him keep his cushy position at the law school, then a golden opportunity to prove that we are indeed serious about fighting terrorism in an even handed way will be lost.

P.S.: The day after the above was written, the University of Tennessee Law School let Reynolds off the hook for advocating murdering black people on the interstates on the grounds that it was “**free speech.**”

Why the Decline and fall of Internet Forums?

Over the years, a lot of folks, including myself, have noticed and lamented the decline in activity on Internet forums and message boards. At their best, these websites offer a tremendous opportunity for in-depth discussion of whatever topics that the members want to talk about. Likewise, their archives often prove useful for researchers. However, there has been such a decline in participation on these websites that a great many of them are biting the dust. People who used to participate on these forums and message boards are now partaking in such forms of social media as Facebook & Twitter. So why the decline?

One big reason for the decline and fall of Internet forums and message boards was recently suggested by an incident at one forum where this writer has been an active poster for the past 11

months. There had been some discussion pertaining to click bait on the forum. I then made a post entitled “**The Ultimate in Click Bait?**” that provided a link to an article at PJ Media entitled “**Chelsea Clinton, Your Elderly Mother Needs Help.**” It seemed so obvious that this was intended as click bait for anyone who came across it on a search engine listing of articles, that I thought that there was no need to explain things.

Well, the forum’s moderator took issue with that. He sent a message with the subject line of “**This is warning one.**” The rest of the message read, “**And that's all the strikes you're going to get. I enjoy having you on the board, but the general subject matter pertinent to this board is pretty wide ranging, but it stops right at religion and politics. Your thread to Megan Fox is done.**

Tread over the line in this territory again and you will be gone. I credit you with the intellect to know where the line is.”

This was very interesting in light of that moderator’s other actions or perhaps rather lack of action. Other posters have made pro-Hillary Rodham Clinton statements and have received zero pushback from the moderator for it. One poster even claimed that police officers were engaged in “genocide” against black people and the moderator let it stand. However, because I made a posting that the moderator interpreted as being anti-Clinton, I got threatened over it. This is the kind of behavior that lead one blogger to ask recently, “**who will moderate the moderators?**”

As for how this compares to my experiences at other forums, it is all too typical. Too many moderators define trolls and trolling as being “people who disagree with me on any conceivable subject.” There are also cases of moderators enforcing imaginary rules or at least rules that may exist, but which are not posted for all to see. In my experience, when a moderator starts to get on your back, it is only a matter of time until you get banned. That being the case, I’ve stopped posting on that forum. I have not entirely stopped posting on forums since I still do every once in a while on both the Classic Horror Film Board and SoxTalk.

However, my level of participation on Internet forums is far less than what it was just a few years ago and what I gather and from the number of Internet forums that have capsized from lack of participation, it appears that Internet forums are on their way out as means of furthering public discussion.

Menu Items at the Fright Café

Biscuits & Gravey

Chocolate Cake to Die for

Cremation of Wheat

Deceaser Salad

Instant Coffin

Raw Chicken Salad Deluxe

All This Brought to You By Your Monster Of Ceremoanies!

The Horror of the Present Day That We Need to be Vigilant About

"In the seventh century of the Christian era, a wandering Arab of the lineage of Hagar [i.e., Muhammad], the Egyptian, combining the powers of transcendent genius, with the praternatural energy of a fanatic, and the fraudulent spirit of an imposter, proclaimed himself as a messenger from Heaven, and spread desolation and delusion over an extensive portion of the earth. Adopting from the sublime conception of the Mosiac law, the doctrine of one omnipotent God; he connected indissolubly with it, the audacious falsehood, that he was himself His prophet

and apostle. Adopting from the new Revelation of Jesus, the faith and hope of immortal life, and of future retribution, he humbled it to the dust by adapting all the rewards and sanctions of his religion to the gratification of the sexual passion. He poisoned the sources of human felicity at the fountain, by degrading the condition of the female sex, the allowance of polygamy; and he declared undistinguishing and exterminating war, as a part of his religion, against all the rest of mankind. THE ESSENCE OF HIS DOCTRINE WAS VIOLENCE AND LUST: TO EXALT THE BRUTAL OVER THE SPIRITUAL PART OF HUMAN NATURE....Between these two religions, thus contrasted in their characters, a war of twelve hundred years has already raged. The war is yet flagrant...While the merciless and dissolute dogmas of the false prophet shall furnish motives to human action, there can never be peace upon earth, and good will towards men.

---John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States. (Capitalized words JQA himself)

Of Hope Solo & the Furry Scene

<http://hopesolo.com/2016/07/12/time-for-change/>

In an interesting discussion of how hard professional women soccer players have it, the U.S. Olympics Women's Soccer team Goaltender Hope Solo had this to say about a recent furry convention that was held in Portland, OR: She complained how her team had to stay in "[a] hotel in Portland [that] was hosting a pornography convention where people dress up like animals." Solo's sentence also included a link to this page on the Furlandia website:

<http://furlandia.org/2017/posts/2016-07-12-official-statement.html>

In order to get the viewpoint of a veteran observer of the furry scene, *Fornax* contacted Taral Wayne to see what he had to say about it all. Here is his response:

You've come to both the right and the wrong person with this idea.

The furry fandom that I and my fellows created back in the early 1980s from marginal groups who hung around SF, comics and animation cons was nothing like the current bunch. Costumers were a rarity, and looked on as somewhat odd by most of us. We were into telling comic stories through a medium not customarily used for adult subjects -- such as war, adult relationships, political satire, horror and so on -- and many of us were collectors of both comics and art. The "animal totem" people were there, but there was no spotlight on that.

Yet I do know who the current generation are and do have some idea of where they're coming from, so can probably explain why furry fandom is what it is. In a way, its similar to why SF fandom isn't all fanzine editors and writers, as it was in 1951. To look a fandom today, you would not guess that it could scarcely exist without mimeographed pages ... because that's not what fandom is anymore. Pretty much the same forces have turned furry fandom into a social event for people looking for a good time. I neither approve nor disapprove of this, but like many of the old-timers, I feel I have no place in this.

I haven't read the piece you cited, but have doubtless read others like it. Did you know that at one furry con -- like almost all of them, an excuse to dress up in a costume -- was "attacked" by someone who spread a chlorine based chemical used for cleaning pools in a stairwell, leading to the evacuation of the hotel as a precaution. No one was hurt, but the police treated it as a serious crime. I speculate that it might have been an accident ... though who carries pool chemicals up and down stairs, has a mishap with it and doesn't report it to his employer? In any case, I saw the TV footage and saw fan photos of the "furs" outside, so it was real. No arrests were ever made that I heard of.

The public can't really understand furry fandom well ... though in another sense, maybe they understand it too well. It really is a foolish past time, and despite most furies being fairly normal, and viewing their "fursona" as a game, like any role-playing situation on the internet, the fandom is still a magnet for people with serious problems socializing with other people.

I've written my thoughts on this a number of times, and published them in Broken Toys and elsewhere. At the moment, I'm busy with the final details of releasing the 50th. issue of Broken Toys. This mainly consists of colouring the cover. It means that I don't have time to undertake writing any sort of article for another fanzine at the moment. What sort of timeframe were you looking at?

If I can't find time in the next month or so, perhaps at least these comments are of use to you? It's almost half the length of an actual article. "Where Furies Dare to Tread" you might call it. But if you can wait, I'll see what I can do about fleshing it out.

“Final Girl” Calls it a Day

<http://www.finalgirl.rocks/>

Stacie Ponder, who has been writing the Final Girl horror movie review blog since 2005 has decided to call it quits, at least for the time being. As she put it on her last blog post on June 3rd 2016:

Final Girl is approaching its eleventh anniversary, and that is a long time! 11 years is almost 1/10th of my lifespan so far! Many things can change in 11 years, I don't need to tell you that. In the span of that 11 years, I've moved cross-country twice. I've lost a beloved pet. (I mean he died, not that he vanished and I don't know where he is.) For some of that 11 years, I knew what I was doing, I think. That is not really the case anymore. Sometimes it seems I have things figured out, but mostly it feels like I'll never have things figured out. "I must confess I've made a mess of what should be a small success"—that's a line (from one of my favorite songs of the last few years, Courtney Barnett is really great, you guys) that rings awfully true.

Ponder did leave open the possibility that she might come back to the blog every once in a while and she also made it clear that it will always be available for readers who want to learn about horror movies.

MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM (1933)



Mystery of the Wax Museum was one of the biggest horror movies of all time at the time it was released. However, for reasons never really explained, the chief of Warner Brothers, Jack L. Warner, came to hate it with a passion. As a result, a remake was commissioned in the form of

the 1953 3D movie **House of Wax** starring Vincent Price and featuring Charles Bronson in one of his first movie roles. The remake came to have greater star power than the original, since so many of the original's stars faded into obscurity. Once the remake was finished, Warner ordered that all copies of **Mystery of the Wax Museum** be destroyed. Ironically, after Warner passed away, a copy of the original movie was discovered in his vault in 1969. Even though it was found intact, Warner Brothers sat on it to the point of never releasing it for the TV market and it was not until the past decade that it was finally released on home video.

The Strange Case of Mary Lee Orsini

When my parents and I moved to Arkansas in November 1984, the double homicide case of Mary Lee Orsini was what everyone was talking about. Most people believed that she was railroaded. Ever since then, the facts surrounding the case have gotten stranger and stranger. When then Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton ran for president, the word was circulated that Mary Lee Orsini was one of the women that he had committed adultery with. It was also a well known fact that at least two of the men involved, Ron Orsini and Bill McArthur, had at one time been numbered among Clinton's closest associates.

It all began in 1976 when an up and coming politician named Bill Clinton was making his first statewide race, for state attorney general. Ron Orsini, a member of Clinton's inner circle, met a pretty campaign volunteer named Mary Lee Hatcher. They got married on September 17, 1976, and it appeared to Mary at first that it was an ideal marriage. That is until she discovered that he was a cocaine user and had some sinister friends, all of whom had Italian names. Many of these strange friends of her husband were from Chicago. What she did not know until later on was that there were numerous irregularities in her husband's business practices, making him less financially solvent than what he had led her to believe.

On March 12 1981 Ronald Orsini was murdered. Although a grand jury refused to indict her, the wife Mary Lee Orsini was convicted in 1983 for the crime. The conviction was ultimately overturned. However, Mary Lee Orsini was later convicted of the murder of the wife of her defense attorney, William C. "Bill" McArthur. This conviction was fraught with controversy for there were many who were never convinced of her guilt and who found the evidence against her lacking.

Later on, the wife of her criminal defense attorney, William C. "Bill" McArthur was murdered. This murder became one of the most notorious murder cases in Arkansas history.

The murderers were quickly captured and they confessed that McArthur had hired them to do the grisly deed. The office of Pulaski County Sheriff Tommy Robinson did a thorough investigation and came to the conclusion that McArthur was the culprit. However, McArthur was never prosecuted for he had friends in high places including Governor Bill Clinton. There

was much legal wrangling at the end of which it was declared that Sheriff Robinson's office did not have jurisdiction and that the Little Rock Police Department, that had done practically nothing with the case, had full jurisdiction. In a series of proceedings that left mass dissatisfaction on the part of the people of Arkansas, McArthur was declared vindicated while Mary Lee Orsini was declared guilty of murder. To most people in Arkansas, it all seemed like a sham with the guilty going free and the innocent going off to prison ultimately to die there.

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E-S-S-A-Y

Sarah Michelle Gellar and Buffy the Vampire Slayer's Stake in Woman

By

Dr. Robin Bright

When it comes to feminist perspectives we're often looking at things from the wrong angle. Christianity has the same problem when it comes to Satan. Because men are perceived as the ones with the penis, 'Woman', who has a penis of her own as 'futanarian', and so is an independent species with her own socio-economic functionality, has the role of Satan to Christians. She isn't a part of church patriarchy's monogamous enslaving of women's 'host' wombs through such devices as pederasty's HIV/AIDS to ensure women's faithfulness, which Revelation warns of in the *Bible*: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5) The mystery is that women can be made to accept pederasty and its contagion of HIV/AIDS when they have their own 'futanarian' penis (<http://www.futanaria.com>) . In the US TV show *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* (1997-2003) Sarah Michelle Gellar's 'slayer' character is complimented for three seasons of the drama series by Eliza Dushku as Faith, but Eliza's character becomes less reliable and more villainous: 'Every guy's got some whack fantasy. Scratch the surface of any granola type, [hippy] dude, [and it's] naughty nurses and horny cheerleader[s].' 1 'Whacking' is a mafia term for murder, which is the fantasy of men who are no longer interested in their penis but the 'snuff movie' action of 'whacking' some babes is their perverted coward's fantasy because of pederasty's contagion of enslaving women's 'host' wombs for war and its contagions, which in Jesus' case was manifested as the 'whacking' of the 'Son of Man', and in Sarah Gellar's 'scream queen' movies, such as *Scream 2* (1996), the 'whacking' of her by inadequate cowardly impotent males as a form of cinema entertainment that the 21st century seems to have found acceptable to purvey to audiences as a legitimate adult objective: 'I'm always the one who gets killed. And I want it to be really gory. Body parts all over the place. Mangled!' 2

In Eliza Dushku's character Faith comes to represent the *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* woman that doesn't accept patriarchy, that is, faithfulness to monogamy, because of the 'blood plague' of HIV/AIDS, which is why the series is devoted to slaying the vampire that drinks the blood of women, and in direct opposition to Christ, whose disciples often addressed him as 'Master' (Mk: 9. 5), Buffy and Faith are fighting against an evil 'Master': 'Hunt and kill, hunt and kill. Titillating? Yes. Practical? Hardly. Meanwhile, the humans, with their plebeian minds, have brought us a truly demonic concept. Mass production!' 3 The Antichrist 'Master' is ridiculing Buffy's role as a slayer, and his remark refers to her role as a pornographic stimulation for jaded appetites, while sneering at the notion of humanity as meat slaves, which is what humans were in ancient times. Greek society, upon which Western civilization depends for its origins, was founded on pederasty, and war to spread its disease further. The pattern of the illness is apparent from one or two seminal socio-historical events. Before the walls of Troy, the Greeks left a huge hollow wooden horse as a 'friendship gift' and the Trojans took it inside the walls of Troy where the Greeks emerged to enslave the 'host' wombs of the city, despite being warned: 'Beware Greeks bearing gifts.' 4

The terrorists that hijacked planes on 9/11 to crash them into the Twin Towers of New York were performing the same action. Feigning friendship as tourists allowed them to emerge as a

`Trojan virus`. The 21st century `killer disease` HIV/AIDS` cell employs the paradigm of `false friendship` to spread its contagion for the body`s immune system by telling the white cells that protect the body from disease that it`s what they are. Then it kills the cells that it has made friends with so that the body dies. HIV/AIDS is a male `killer disease` and it`s how men have spread their contagion of pederasty and war to the sphere of `biological warfare` against the human species. HIV/AIDS is the `gift horse` that men have made for themselves through out of sexual intercourse through non-human anal sex with each other to produce the HIV/AIDS virus in their witchcraft of mixing blood, shit and semen, and it`s what they want to give `Woman` as a `futanarian` species with her own penis as a `friendship gift`, because it represents an aspect of the `perpetual enmity` of the `biological warfare` that the `serpent`s seed` has been waging against `woman`s seed` since Eden. Born from the Virgin Mary Jesus is `woman`s seed` uncontaminated by the virality of male semen. The book of *Revelation* from the *Bible* describes `woman`s seed` receiving a `new heaven and Earth` from God and God tells Eve in *Genesis* she `shall crush the head of the serpent as she leaves` (*Gen: 5. 19*). The concept of the serpent grown into a dragon, or vampire *draco*, is presented in *Revelation* as the devourer, which waits in vain when the `hidden` woman gives birth to Christ, in his `Second Coming`, as the `New Redeemer`.

In her US TV series for `young adults`, *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, Sarah Michelle Gellar (1977-) is empowered to put a sharp wooden stake into the heart of the vampires that beset her and her friends at college, because she is `woman`s seed`. The stake that she holds in her hand is a symbol of a woman`s penis, which in men is translated into the gun that enslaves her `host` womb for pederasty and war`s contagions: `Into every generation a slayer is born: one girl in all the world, a chosen one. She alone will wield the strength and skill to fight the vampires, demons, and the forces of darkness; to stop the spread of their evil and the swell of their number. She is the Slayer.`⁵ The `red dragon` of *Revelation* appears in tandem with God`s `blood plague`, that is, pederasty`s contagion of HIV/AIDS` and `biological warfare`. Most treatments of the vampire theme present the *draco* making immortal slaves to do its bidding, while the male figure of the Hollywood `anti-hero`, *Dracula* (1958), is the protoypical `forbidden lover` of traditional horror: `Then she paused, and I could hear the churning sound of her tongue as it licked her teeth and lips, and I could feel the hot breath on my neck. Then the skin of my throat began to tingle as one's flesh does when the hand that is to tickle it approaches nearer, nearer. I could feel the soft, shivering touch of the lips on the super sensitive skin of my throat, and the hard dents of two sharp teeth, just touching and pausing there. I closed my eyes in languorous ecstasy and waited, waited with beating heart.`⁶ Usually seen as surrounded by a coterie of young women, the character of *Dracula* is perceived as a pimp-like purveyor or panderer of female flesh. Much as a brothel keeper of the nineteenth century might have been perceived, where the word for a house of prostitution is etymologically related to the Old English `briethel`, which means `worthless`. The vampire is usually painted as giving up sexual desire for immortality, so the figure of *Dracula* represents the pimp who doesn`t want women for anything other than the titillation of its horror audience, which means BDSM.

The term `brothel` directly derives from the Old English, `brēothan`, which is `deteriorate`. Consequently, as the boy Xander Harris observes wryly in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, Sarah Michelle Gellar`s character Buffy is in the tradition of soft core pornography, which is a first step towards corruption and degeneracy that he doesn`t want for himself or her: `Well, yeah. I'd give anything to be able to turn invisible. I wouldn't use my powers to beat people up, but use my powers to protect the girl's locker room.`⁷ Xander has the right idea. He doesn`t want pederasty and war, he wants protection for `woman`s seed`, which means that, like Jesus, he wants to be a keeper of the species and not a contagious disease. The tradition of non-human pornography began properly with the crucifixion, death, Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of Jesus, who was tortured to death because he was `woman`s seed` and celibate, according to Christian tradition, which means that he was `Vampire` in the sense that he offered his `body and blood` symbolically as `bread and wine` at the `Last Supper` to his disciples as a sign of true friendship rather than the `feigned friendship` of treachery, and before his betrayal by his friend Judas to the Jewish police, the Pharisees, which resulted in his sentencing at the court of the Roman Emperor of Palestine for seditious preachings about God and immortality for `woman`s seed`. Jesus was seen as inciting unrest amongst the enslaved population, and movies such as *Spartacus* (1960) with Hollywood superstar Kirk Douglas, as the slave that organizes a rebellion, celebrate the human desire for freedom, `I am not an animal!`⁸ Based on genuine socio-historical happenings, where the engaged workforce rebel significantly against Rome, Douglas` character Spartacus bears witness to the political power of Jesus, whose relations with the disciples aren`t sexual, but their possessiveness of Christ is political. Before Jesus` death a woman was rebuked by the disciples for attempting to anoint Jesus` feet with `too expensive` perfume. Jesus` response was to tell the disciples: `Leave her alone.` (*Mk*: 14. 6) Jesus is `woman`s seed` and not a pederast, which he here reminds the disciples of before they`ve finished `feigning friendship` and hand him over to the Romans for what amounts to the beginning of the homosexual `party` for sado-masochists where the human male is the focus of the pederasts actual sexuality, which is non-human pornography.

The movies that feature Dracula or similar vampiristic characters for those media marketing excercises that derive from the vampire myth in popular culture are similarly pornographic. Witness Sarah Geller herself, as Buffy, in a not altogether tongue-in-cheek response to Eddie the vampire`s advocacy of W. Somerset Maugham`s *Of Human Bondage* (1915) as a comment on the way men invite women to take off their clothes in the plunge to degeneracy that is BDSM: `Oh, I'm not really into porn... I mean, I'm just trying to cut way back.`⁹ Somerset Maugham`s novel is about the nature of physical limitation, which is what BDSM applies to the concept of liberation, where the restrictions of the sexually hampered are relived upon release, and so pleasure in the ability of the unfettered body is heightened. The central protagonist in *Of Human Bondage*, Philip Carey, is born with a `club foot` which delimits his sphere of normal activity, and towards the action`s closure his verdict on his own stoic refusal to allow his handicap to interfere with his development as a human being is: `... the simplest pattern, that in which a man was born, worked, married, had children, and died, was likewise the most perfect.`¹⁰ The `club

foot` of the `woman`s seed` is her `futanarian` nature, which is handicapped rather than being a disability, because men don`t want her to be able to escape from their enslaving of her `host` womb, and so she can`t live as an independent species espousing `Liberty` and living in the freedom of reproduction and production with the humanity that she seeks to give birth to because of her parasite, which in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* is represented by the vampire but that`s actually a euphemism for men as the parasites that prey on her and her friends` desire to live apart from parasitism.

Approaches towards Jesus` celibacy are based on the false understanding that the rabbi was an itinerant beggarly parasite, and that`s why his penis didn`t work with women, because he was socio-economically unviable as a provider and support, while interpretations of Dracula`s impotence focus on the parasite`s preference for bloodthirstiness, which represents the male who is no longer interested in women other than as a source of its virus` killing gratification. Demonstrated by the demons at Jesus` crucifixion, bloodlust is translated into modernity as the leech-like sucking of life`s blood from female victims, who work as hostesses for their enslavers, that is, as whores. Pimps don`t even see women as `host` wombs for an emerging future that their male parasitism can wait to devour, so HIV/AIDS and other STDs of the brothel signify the male`s desire to kill the female before anything emerges from her womb, which is why Sarah Gellar in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* is a woman empowered to kill. Pimps aren`t interested in sexual activity either and so are modern day vampires. The `host` womb of `Woman` produces art, culture and civilization, and the devouring *draco* consumes her in its wars of `perpetual enmity` against `woman`s seed`, which has an economic valence, as the role of the pimp indicates, but it`s corrupted, as Sarah`s role in *Veronika Decides To Die* (2009) indicates: `People think about sex only once a fortnight and transform that thought into action only once a month.`¹¹ Reduced sexual interest is a symptom of parasitism, which the pimp represents at the lowest level. Instant sexual gratification of desirousness removes the socio-economic need to woo, and transform sexual instinct into a spiritual and intellectual capacity to work and provide for a woman who has been wooed into marriage. In terms of sexual economy, the brothel is cheaper, but the price is degeneracy, because desirousness for a woman is translated into working in order to have a marital home, and those who are trapped into moments of sexual release that they pay for become parasites rather than workers because they have no interest in social betterment.

Although the United States` declaration of independence in 1776 from the yoke of the British Empire espoused `Liberty`, and enshrined that espousal in New York harbor as freedom`s statue, women`s liberation isn`t achievable if she isn`t enabled to use her own socio-economic valence, which biologically consists in her having an own penis as `futanarian` woman, and so a reproductive and productive capability that is independent of her inhuman captors, the pimps, who Rupert Giles in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* describes as: `Demons after money. Whatever happened to the still beating heart of a virgin? No one has any standards anymore.`¹² The pimps reduce the workforce to parasitism because they kill romantic desirousness for a better life with

a woman. The metaphor is of the parasite that fits the traditional depiction of the vampire in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* where Sarah Gellar is effectively `pimped`, albeit sentimentally and sadly by Rupert Giles. He is the `librarian` at her college, and ostensibly assists her to remove the parasites that attack her and her friends: to prevent them from completing their work and having fun together. In reality, however, he`s pimping her as his creature, and occasionally irascibly reminding her of her studies` subordinacy to her extracurricular activities as the `slayer` who works for the `cause`, which insofar as he`s her `Watcher` corresponds to the perversion of voyeurism: `You have responsibilities that other girls do not.`¹³ The voyeur in mainstream Hollywood movies only differ from `snuff movies` in that the film studios present them as vehicles for `acting` rather than `snuffing`, and the role of the voyeur is described graphically in such `dramas` as the film of Brett Easton Ellis` novel *American Psycho* (2000), `You gotta kill a lotta people!` Or Sharon Stone in *Sliver* (1993) where the titillation for the male is the stalking of Stone by a killer, much in the way that HIV/AIDS is represented as stalking the sexually permissive woman from the late 20th century and onwards. Here the vampire is the movie insofar as it encourages voyeurism, which in terms of Hollywood, Babylon, has become an exercise in watching as the woman is being killed rather than acting to prevent it.

In *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* Rupert Giles keeps Sarah`s character Buffy busily engaged in non-productive work, or deferring enjoyable sexual activity. He`s doing what men do, which is functioning as a helpful `sprite` for men to interfere with Buffy`s development in terms of her actual desire for work, that is, the completion of her collegiate degree, and learning and discovering her own female sexuality.

Insofar as Rupert Giles achieves acceptability, he`s a standard educator, who keeps knowledge of their own penis a secret because it`s a path of escape. Working young women as a `Watcher` or voyeur is a non-human aberration for a man who`s no longer interested in his penis as a normal tool. Suggesting she take the stake she has in boyfriend Xander Harris` heart out, Rupert Giles invites her to take his wooden stake in her hand: `It`s devastating. He's turned into a sixteen-year-old boy. Of course you'll have to kill him.`¹⁴ Rupert Giles is the chief protagonist from a man`s point of view because he represents the masturbatory impulses of the older male who is sexually incapable, or disinterested in a long term physical relationship with a woman like Buffy, who is more accepting of her own independent women`s clique because they represent herself as a sexual species. When Willow Rosenberg says she`s missing Tara Maclay, her lesbian friend, Anya Jenkins replies with automatic certitude, as one member of a species to itself: ` You can sleep with me. You know, that came out a lot more lesbian than it sounded in my head.`¹⁵ Because `futanarian` women have a penis of their own, `Woman` as a species` interest in herself is long term, and it`s her womb, so why should she accept it being made into a `snuff box` for parasites to call her a vampire for wanting to live for a long time and escape from them with her own species` knowledge into the future rather than be kept as an ephemeral `host` to a devourer that doesn`t want her to live?

The male is unwilling to accept that his ownership of a penis` ejaculatory and fertilizing function makes his desire perfunctory and unsustainable, which means either he becomes the master of ceremonies for an increasingly bizarre series of abnormalities satisfying to his penis` unwillingness to accept its extinguished interest, or he becomes a masturbator, which is essentially what *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* is designed to be from a male perspective in which young college girls are a fantasy sex item on the TV menu. Rupert Giles` presence in the plot was necessary to indicate the degree of abnormality acceptable to a TV viewing audience in terms of the masturbatory male fantasist that has abnegated its role as desiring to be a fertilizer for a role as an ostensibly fatherly `Watcher`, but actually a voyeur who is socially inconvenient to the young woman who needs to remove the father figure that, in preferring to watch rather than act, represents the malaise of the 21st century in which the woman is observed dying in thinly veiled `snuff movie` encouragements such as *The Ring* (2002) while the couch potatoes sit at home and silently applaud the TV fare: `Buffy, when I said you could slay vampires and have a social life, I didn't mean at the same time.`¹⁶ Social life for the couch potato and the vampire devolve into the same thing insofar as one social group watch the women being murdered and the other murders them. Rupert Giles is saying he wants Buffy to slay vampires and not have a social life, because although he`s not sexually interested in her, he doesn`t want anyone else to be either, which is prototypical in patriarchal father-daughter relations. By keeping her busy she doesn`t perceive that the father-voyeur is watching her as the Romans and the couch potatoes watched the gladiators in *Spartacus*: `Those about to die salute you!`

Jesus` delayed crucifixion by the disciples` betrayal is as their `daughter`, in psychological terms, because of Christ`s role as the undefiled `woman`s seed`. Rupert Giles was removed from his role as `Watcher` in the plot of the TV series *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* because, according to the script, he had developed a `father`s love` for Buffy, which is non-sexual and so non-human and abnormal if it persists, and is demonstrated in Judas` betrayal of `The Master`, Jesus: `Judas, are you betraying the son of man with a kiss?` (*Luke*: 22. 47-8) Jesus` disciples and the rest of the population of Palestine, including the Jewish police, the Pharisees, and the Roman security forces, were practicing homosexual `cat and mouse` with him, which is incidentally what *Tom and Jerry* (1992), the Metro Goldwyn Mayer (MGM) short film cartoon series of sado-masochistic violence represents: `You guys are fighting like a cat and a mouse.` MGM studios began making *Tom and Jerry* in the 1940s because Nazism`s Gerrys, that is, German fascism, showed the United States that `cat and mouse` is what men play in its `concentration camps` for the Jews and other minorities who can`t help themselves. The desirers of the Jewish rabbi Jesus wanted to `cut to the chase`, as the Hollywood directors say when the action is slow, and so the non-human sexual activity of Jesus` homoerotic crucifixion scene began to be arranged by the disciples who were `feigning friendship` because they were bored with Jesus` humanity, that is, normal sexual conduct. The meaning of the story of Jesus is that he wasn`t sexually interested in the disciples because he was normal `woman`s seed`, whereas abnormal `serpent`s seed` is interested in non-human sexual activity such as crucifixions and putting stakes in the hearts of

women defined by those who hate them as vampires, but who are long lived and so wise and intelligent enough to know that `Woman` is a species with her own penis who has a real `blue chip` stake in the future of her own independence and freedom.

The Dracula story is of men who want to put a stake in the heart of `Liberty` in New York harbor because she might have a penis under her skirts that would make of her the World Trade Centre for her own socio-economic and productive capacity. Rather than the `rough trade` of global terror and war that the 9/11 miscreants sought to plunge the Earth into; as modern day bloodthirsty vampires spreading their contagion, through enslaving and devouring pederasty`s parasitism upon the `host` wombs of women. The stake in the hand of Sarah Gellar`s character Buffy, in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, as the penis of `Woman`, means the character Buffy has a stake in her own future as an investor, so her task is to remove the male vampire, who is the leech or pimp upon `Woman`, so she can breed and produce herself as an independent species in freedom. The array of such beauties as Eliza Dushku (Faith), Charisma Carpenter (Cordelia Chase), Michelle Trachtenberg (Dawn) and Alyson Hanigan (Willow Rosenberg), amongst her co-ed friends, represents Sarah Michelle Gellar`s own vampire coven from the perspective of those who view `Woman` as Satan. They have their own penises, and they want to use them; or, as the `lesbian` witch Willow says, without reference to the broomstick handle of woman`s hidden `futanarian` penis between her bushy thighs: `You're the Slayer and we're, like, the Slayerettes.`¹⁷ Jesus represents `woman`s seed`, and so his offer of his `body and blood` corresponds to what the Catholic Communion service enshrines as `transubstantiation` through a symbolic eating and drinking of the `bread and the wine` at Christ`s `Last Supper` before his crucifixion.

Transubstantiation is the perception that male and female children are born, so acceptance of `woman`s seed` and rejection of the leech-like pimping of bloodthirsty parasitism, that is, men`s pederasty and war`s contagion is in fact `gender specific`, that is, `woman`s seed` isn`t male. Those who advocate equality for homosexuals would have us believe that preferment by God for `woman`s seed` is racial discrimination, whereas it`s species discrimination to avoid extinction.

Homosexuality isn`t interested in reproducing the human species of `Woman`. Like cannibalism, or vampirism (parasitism), homosexuals aren`t for the human species, so the terms `cannibal and vampire don`t apply. Only humans could be cannibals, or vampires, but the proper term for the homosexual that is a `bloodthirsty` pederast seeking to spread its contagion through war is `parasite`. Although lesbians are defined as `gay` in feminism, they`re normal insofar as they`re indicative of women`s interest in their own species` reproductive and socio-economic potential for development, which desire for longevity and future growth for an immortal human species makes them `Vampire` from the parasites` perspective. In late 20th century mainstream Hollywood movies featured young women as ephemeral nubile whose role was to die. It was an invitation to pederasty and its `snuff movie` ethos to kill `Woman` as a species because men don`t want her to escape, and so they `cut to the chase` in films like *American Psycho* and *Sliver*

where women are stalked and killed for pleasure because pederasty isn't interested in having her reproduce herself - or it. *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* was accused of Satan worship, but if women have their own penis and are excluded from Christian churches who continue to ignore 'woman's seed', although Revelation explicitly depicts God as giving the seed of women a 'new heaven and Earth', Satan is what she is defined as by a religion that refuses to preach her ascendancy over men by virtue of her womb and own penis, which cuts them out of the cycle of reproduction unless she's the slave of patriarchy.

Because pederasty and its devouring contagions are non-human, 'cannibalism' isn't a term that can be used as a definition, because it's a reputedly human activity, whereas it's an aspect of homosexuality, which isn't human. The vampire, as indicated by Jesus' offer of his 'body and blood', prior to his being crucified, is normal. Insofar as she's woman with a stake in her own future rather than a man's stake in leeching her life's blood from her heart, which is what Jesus' crucified as 'woman's seed' represents.

As the character Buffy, in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, Sarah Michelle Gellar represents rejection of the pimp society as what the 'Vampire' Jesus would perceive as the immortal woman who has escaped the Romans' parasitical enslaving to be her own species with a stake in the heart of her and Jesus' killers, and a stake in the heart of her immortal future as a 'Vampire' businesswoman: 'I must be about my father's business.' (*Luke: 16. 8*) The confusion in Christianity is that fathers are God, which God tells Eve, after she is tempted by the serpent's promise, 'You shall be as gods,' is to be the source of the serpent's seed's 'perpetual enmity' against hers.

In Greco-Roman mythology Chronos and Saturn devour their sons, and the *draco* in *Revelation* is Satan, who waits in vain to devour Jesus, because Satan is perspectival and 21st century humanity are capable of adjusting their eyes to see what is there rather than being told. To Christianity Satan is the enemy, but that's perceived by many Christians as simple, whereas much of what is evil depends on perspective. If Christians view 'Woman' and the seed of her own penis, to which God has promised a 'new heaven and Earth', as a danger to their economic hegemony, they are Satan in pederasty and war's contagions themselves. 'Woman' has then become Satan from Christianity's perspective, because she wants to escape in independence and socio-economic freedom from irreligious enslavements of her 'host' womb to parasitism and monogamous devour rings that enforce faithfulness through such of pederasty's contagiousness as HIV/AIDS and other STDs represent. Christianity is too simple, because recognition of their own perspective as Satanical doesn't persuade them to do anything other than reiterate their opposition to Satan, because they don't preach against their own entrenched position when it's revealed as evil. 'Woman' as a species is independent, which means that men are either redeemed because they accept and protect her, or irredeemable because they enslave her to devour her art, culture and civilization after it emerges from her 'host' womb in its periodic outbursts of war. God warns the 'serpent' seed's 'enmity' will be 'perpetual' until 'woman's

seed` receives a `new heaven and Earth`. In Revelation `fathering` has become a demotic for either woman or man, and so the concept of God, the father, becomes God, the fatherer, where men are no longer gods based on their own perceptions of themselves as the owners of the *ovum* of women`s wombs due to their being the sole fertilizing option.

Men`s sexual capacity is limited insofar as ejaculation is the end of their contribution to the sex act with women, whereas women have vaginal and clitoral, as well as penis` orgasm, if they`re `futanarian` women with their own penis, to sustain their interest in sexual activity and their desire to live longer to enjoy it more. Men`s sustainable interest is channeled either into intellectual and spiritual endeavors, such as the production of TV shows like *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, or into more increasingly bizarre forms of warped sexuality that are primarily visual and passive, and so ultimately indiscriminately unselective, because they`re cowardly couch potatoes and visual stimulation isn`t physically demanding or threatening enough to their laziness to cause them to sit up and ask to be deprogrammed from accepting devouring parasitism as their natural mode. It was `fatherly love` for Buffy that resulted in Rupert Giles` `Watcher` character being removed from the plot, because he represented `concern` for the programmed: `Your affection for your charge makes you incapable of clear and impartial judgement. You have a father's love for the child and that makes you useless to the cause.`¹⁸ Rupert Giles cares for Buffy and so she`s useless to the `cause` of lovelessness, which is bothering her with its parasitism and preventing her from serious work that could result in her recognizing her own species of `Woman` as more important. Although Giles represents the older male who requires more bizarre imagery to maintain his interest sexually, that is, young collegiate girls, he hasn`t stopped being interested in sex totally, and so he`s too caring for the `cause` of indifference and callous disregard, which is the program.

BDSM and `snuff movies` are physically stimulating for the male voyeur and masturbator, but it isn`t work, which is what genuine sexual activity or intellectual productions require. The desire for sex and the desire for work are equal in men, and those who don`t work can`t afford sexual relationships. Ever increasingly bizarre imagery sought through the internet, or other pornographic mediums, to satisfy what have become solitary masturbatory pursuits, is a symptom of the desire to masturbate rather than work. Unless such sexually involuted activities are channeled into spiritual and intellectual creativity, they become the sterile misogyny of hatred for what is felt is denied, that is, sexual congress, and pederasty congratulates itself on having created a new misogynist creature disinterested in the female form, and indeed despising it. The role of the enslaver is to capture the desirous masturbator and force it to produce spiritual and intellectual work while imposing sex starvation to discouraging the individual to specialize in anything other than masturbation and study, which is what governments do with their intellectual human resources. Buffy and her friends, in pursuit of their college degrees, actually represent those girls who study but don`t want to, and that`s what Sarah Michelle Gellar represents for most teenagers who tune in to watch her character Buffy in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*; a girl who doesn`t have a parasite forcing her to study and masturbate rather than live. If

Governments create misogyny through enforced academic specialization, those professorial gentlemen who embrace the research laboratory are lucky if they escape with a minor perversion as their prize. In the movie *The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie* (1969) Maggie Smith taught the girls in her schoolroom that they were the `crème de la crème` and they became the `Brodie set` of what amounted to a women`s support group, but girls are more often taught they`re lesbian and abnormal if they like each other, whereas their duplex form as `futanarian` woman with her own penis means sexual desirability amongst them is species` normal: `Give me a girl at an impressionable age and she is mine for life.`¹⁹ The movie about Jean Brodie and her girls is of how difficult it is for women to admit of their sexual desire for each other. In Hollywood mainstream movies, it`s virtually impossible to see a penis at all, never mind a woman`s. Consequently, the conclusion has to be that art doesn`t in fact mirror life, and that it`s easier for women to have sexual relations with each other, because they`re a species, than it is to have relations with the symbiote that has `feigned friendship` for the woman and her `host` womb in order to be a parasite, and media representations in all art formats of the taboo against lesbianism and the non-existence of the female penis are merely the parasitical virality`s propoganda.

All women have a clitoris and vagina, whether they`re `futanarian` women with a penis or not, and the female orgasm takes as long as the woman wants to have it last in its building towards a climax, which makes her insatiable in her interest, and in 21st technology terms, with its insatiable `sex machines`, able to maintain a perfect disinterestedness to men when she can adjust the thrusting power of a machine`s rubber encased steel penis to suit her capacity for receiving as many thrusts per minute of vaginal satisfaction as she requires. The woman with her own `futanarian` penis has insatiable sexual desire in tandem with the capacity to produce with her own socio-evolutionary tools, that is, the penis, and vagina from which emerges the art, culture and civilization of `Woman`. Allied to insatiable desire the improved tools of the producer suggests a greater desire for work commensurable with the builders` equipment that God, `the Great Architect` of the masons` lodges, has given to her. In Masonic terms, `Woman` is God`s builder and God has improved her tools. Men`s capacity for sustaining an erection is limited, and the erections that they`re sustaining are primarily based on BDSM and `snuff movies` Jesus` depiction of his experience and understanding of bloodthirsty parasitism is seminal, and such events as 9/11, 2001 are a further sign that TV and movies made in Hollywood`s Babylon, which encourages violence rather than realistically descriptive sex that isn`t warped or perverted for male minds uninterested in their penis` capacity for love, are wrongly directed.

Sarah Michelle Gellar is a heroine because she lives through seven series of *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* and, although she titillates, that`s how the penis`s desirability, according to the developmental psychologist Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), is aroused to function as a transformer of instinct into spiritual and intellectual endeavor, so that TV series such as *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* are produced. If men didn`t desire to see her as Buffy, because of sexual desire, Sarah Michele Gellar`s show wouldn`t have been made. Buffy represents the female form

and the penis working together to inspire and promote work, which is the desire to have the woman in as good a scene as it's possible to place her through physical endeavor directed by spiritual and intellectual considerations, such as home making, for example: `Buffy and Angel are in a church getting married. As they exit the church, Angel is fearful of the sun, but it is Buffy that burns up and dies - not him - when they come in contact with the sun's light [in bed at Angel's mansion], Angel wakes up.`²⁰ For Angel it's a delusion that he can be joined with Buffy in holy matrimony because he's not `woman's seed` but a vampire, that is, a parasite, and it's a tradition that vampire's die in the sunlight, although the metaphor is probably that male parasitism upon the `host` womb of `Woman` can't bear scrutiny, and so Buffy is consumed because that's what parasites do with `Woman` as a species; they devour her. Because Angel isn't consumed, the suggestion is that he has Redemption.

Angel's acceptance of the Holy Spirit/Paraclete is manifested through the psychopomp of his dreamworld, who is his *anima* and appears in the guise of the consumed Buffy. Angel isn't consumed by his love for the woman, and doesn't consume her, so he doesn't correspond to the *draco* of the Christian Revelation, who would seek to consume `woman's seed`. Angel has Redemption because his love doesn't devour, which means he corresponds, in Christian terms, to the `New Redeemer`, who protects the `hidden` woman with an `iron scepter` insofar as his desire is to be controlled in his keeping. Buffy's spontaneous combustion in the sunshine is simply the dream girl, but Sarah Michelle Gellar is asleep in the bed in Angel's mansion where they're discovered together. We know that she's real because she's an actress, and the camera trickery is a part of the story's telling the difference between Sarah Michelle Gellar and *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, which is that what is tangible is real, but it's the fictions that we accept as desirable that determine how tangible we remain and, if we embrace,

`snuff movie` culture for the human species, `Woman` and the Earth will not endure. The specialized individual, who may've been responsible for developing the flat black screen of the television in Angel's mansion, together with its satellite `Bluetooth` receiving dish and equipment, is created as a `Watcher`, in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* terms, that is, someone who assists voyeurism, and who has developed improved televisual equipment due to the enslaving of his brain and spirit. His penis` desirous nature has been sacrificed by the educational establishment's `demons`, that is, those muscular football stars who plagued his and other sensitive souls` collegiate life with warping feelings of inadequate sexuality in close proximity to intangible dream girls like Buffy and Faith. Angel's adequacy resides in his control, whereas the specialist's inadequacy is his controlled nature, but out of his own control, which means he's a slave to what is invisible and intangible while Angel is a keeper of what he can touch and see, and he can see more of Sarah and Buffy than we who are specialists.

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3 <http://www.buffyquotes.co.uk/master/> .

4 Virgil, *The Aeneid*, Bk II, 19 B.C.

5 [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Slayer_\(Buffy_the_Vampire_Slayer\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Slayer_(Buffy_the_Vampire_Slayer)) .

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7 <http://www.angelfire.com/tv2/seaQuestDSV2032/Xander.html> .

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F-I-C-T-I-O-N

Profiting from Failure

By

Charles Rector

The inspiration came to me while I was laying in a warm sudsy bathtub. Why not invent a waterbed like sleeping bag in which you can lie down comfortably in warm water and doze off to sleep. What a wonderful cure for insomnia!

I got up in a bolt and quickly wrote the idea down in one of my inventor's notebooks. Starting the very next day, I got to work on the device and soon had a working model. Since I was a bit too bashful to actually test it on myself, I decided to find someone else to be the

guinea pig. That being the case, I placed a classified ad in the paper reading, "Wanted: insomnia plagued person for scientific experiment. Easy work for \$200 per day."

The phone calls came in and after doing some umm, heavy interviewing on the phone, I selected the best subject and that night the former heavyweight boxing champion Fred Walker was at my door. Walker had fallen on hard times following his being banned from boxing after he publicly admitted to taking steroids. He needed the money real badly. Obviously, he had a lot weighing on his mind, hence the insomnia.

"This is really nice," Walker said grinning, "my insomnia might finally get cured and I get paid for it!"

"Great," I said, "What time do you normally go to bed?"

"About 9 PM even though its an exercise in futility since I just lay there staring at the ceiling until I finally doze off for no more than 2-3 hours at a time," Walker replied.

"It is now 8:45 right on the dot," I noted. "We shall commence with the experiment. Please go to that room,"

I said pointing to the bathroom at the far end of the hall, "and put on the wet suit for sleeping that you will find there."

The sleeping bag foldable bathtub lay on a couch in the TV room. It was both simple and complex at the same time, a true masterpiece of technology if I do say so myself. I figured that although the materials cost less than \$100, once the invention reached the market place, I could get away with charging \$1,000 for it. Oh bliss!

I had already prepared a tank full of wonderfully warm water that was to flow into the bag that Walker was enclosed in. The test subject looked quite plump when he got himself fully dressed in the wet suit.

I asked, "ready?"

"Ready and raring to go," Walker replied, "only one question. Its not too hot is it, the water, I mean."

"Nope, its just right," I replied.

With that, I closed the watertight zipper and made sure that the

watertight air cushion comfortably fitted Walker's neck. I took the tube from the bathtub and connected it to the bag and turned the valve to let the H₂O flow around the test subject's body.

When the bag filled up, I disconnected the tube. I inserted a wall plug and told him, "This is connected to a heating element and thermostat that will keep the water consistently warm for as long as you are in the bag, so to speak. How are you coming?"

Walker dreamily replied, "sleepier than I've felt in a long time, thanks for....ZZZZZ."

I then informed him that I would be in the next room sipping on Dr. Pepper and that if he needed anything, just call and I would be there. However, since Walker was clearly deep in Slumberland, he never responded.

When I checked at Midnight to see how the experiment was coming, I was in for a rude shock.....Walker was dead! He was cooked like a lobster and was as red as a cooked crustacean. The thermostat was defective.

This bothered me since I do not like setbacks. The water temperature must have slowly rose or else Walker surely would have signaled me. The fact that the man likely had not suffered did not assuage my feelings since, as they say, misery loves company.

I then thought back to my days in cooking school before I was expelled for unauthorized experiments in the kitchen. We were taught that the humane way to cook lobster was to make sure that the temperature gradually rose in a soothing manner so that the lobster would die in a state of drowsy ecstasy. How fitting, I thought, as a boxer, Walker had been billed as "The Human Lobster," now he just died like one.

Now, dear reader, you are no doubt thinking that this was an abortion. Well, I was not voted "Most Likely to Become a Mad Scientist" by my high school class for nothing.

After getting a coffin that I had used in my vampire research a few years ago ago, I then began placing Walker's corpse into it. It was a regular ordeal owing to the fact that Walker weighed a lot. I got to wondering why none of the blubber had boiled off him.

It was at that point that the proverbial light bulb flashed above my head. I remembered one of my fellow pupils at the engineering school that I had attended before I had been expelled for unauthorized experiments was from a Third World country where many of the native peoples were still uncivilized barbarians who still engaged in cannibalism. He was also quite a chef and did some wondrous cooking in the school's kitchen before it transpired that his most inspired dishes had originally been homeless people. Needless to say, he had to get out of the country quicker than a famished person could down a White Castle hamburger.

I got an airplane ticket to the Republic of Ku-Ku-Wanna and took my research notes with me to visit my friend who by this time had become the minister of justice there. Once there, we talked it over and I wowed him with my slide show.

My friend and fellow scientific genius took some of the dough that he had embezzled from his office and built a canning plant in the capital city that immediately became the single largest private sector employer in the country.

However, the honor of becoming the origins of the new company's first products did not accrue to Mr. Fred Walker. Sadly, he had spoiled and had to be thrown away, a total loss.

Upon returning to America, I took out classified ads nationwide for my insomnia research. Many applicants answered them and best of all, a lot of them were profitably plump.

Jack the Ripper

By

Gerd Maximovic

Translation: Isabel Cole

Only those who have once gazed into the light will realize what could have become of him, if the circumstances had been different, if the royal purple had lain about his shoulders, if he had been bathed in golden tubs and bedded in the green grove where the sun of genius shines radiantly upon you. You could have become Shakespeare and Goethe if the gracious hands of a mother had stroked you in your early years.

As a plant is raised, so would you have been bathed in light, could have taken root, could have developed your rich talents. Your name would echo through history, not as a dissonance, in which the gazettes, if they are honest, scream in terrible fear, or in the contorted yammering with which one flinches away from the most terrible crimes of humanity.

In this moment, thinking this, you have come to yourself, you see your red, blood-spattered hands, and the cries of the girl you have just slaughtered still ring in your ears, and you look at the other scalpel which is still bright with bare steel, and which you did not need. Your white, contorted features, and the bloodshot eyes, like those of a hound.

Are you not ashamed? No, and behind you, in the direction of the Thames, a pea-whistle shrills, and now the gas lanterns burn somewhat deeper, and the moon sails over the House of Parliament, past which, bizarre and mute, the waters of the Thames rush as if past a morgue. You are not even disgusted by your massacre of this woman, who lies before you with slashed-open body, the entrails welling out of it.

For as soon as you entered the quiet alley you could smell her fear. She is released from all evils, you think. She has it good. She is, thanks to your crime, in Heaven, with the angels, which are already singing a chorale for her. But don't be stupid.

Quick, off with the spattered rubber gloves. Spatters on the sleeve. A little water which you nervously pour from a small vessel in your instrument case, the blood flecks grow paler, have disappeared a moment later. A dog comes around the corner, reels with bloodshot eyes through the filth and the refuse of the city.

You stiffen, and the stupid animal tugs at a bone, bites an apple, and staggers past the still-warm corpse, growling a little, deep in its throat. But it has sensed your positive vibrations, because you are strong. When you kill you are always stronger. The second thoughts fall away from you, the inner despair, that which bores a hole in you. You grow with your victims. If there is no contact in your world, then you will make it in this way.

Then, when the dog is gone, fear seizes you for a moment - is the machine which brought you still there? Restless as your mind roves, you are capable of every fantasy. This, like everything else, comes from a source which has made you as you are and were yesterday and will be tomorrow - through the centuries, through the epochs.

The fear vanishes as it came. You stop at the corner, tug at your instrument case a little and smile as you see a constable, further down the street, the billy-club behind his back, looking at a shop window. You smoke a cigarette, and the smoke rises to the lanterns in grey clouds, where the moon is, and a few seagulls circle there as well, they must have strayed this way, gulls with big red eyes and mighty yellow bills, and the constable has seen them too.

Strange, how quickly one grows used to a time, begins to feel with it, absorbing the rhythm of its life, as if one had been born into it. Only at the beginning did you still have the feeling, the reflex and the thought to call a taxi or some other vehicle of the kind you know. One

adapts, and is undemanding enough to switch from a color television to one which glows only black and white, you could even do without it entirely, just as you would even fetch the water from a well yourself if there were no amenities in this time.

This merciless thrust in your soul, this contraction of yourself, this tense arc, this brutal inner embrace - they have subsided, and you throw the cigarette onto the ground as the constable approaches.

"evening, Sir," he says, touching a hand to his helmet. "Very cool today, a fearful night."

"Yes," you say, and your eyes glow, and further down the street a drunk rounds the corner.

"The air," you continue, "is dreadful. People are suffering choking fits. I just had to help an old woman who could not endure the fog."

"Sir," says the constable, "take care! It's a cutting night. It creeps into the people. It makes people sick, even the ones who usually stand tall."

He clears his throat and then says: "Last weekend, when the vapors from the chimneys mixed with the fog and the air was heavy as lead, we had three murders. Three murders! Here in this quarter! And the women..." he says and looks around significantly like an owl and taps his billy club against his back and almost gives at the knees.

"We'll have to reinforce our posts here," he says. "But that's in confidence, Sir!"

"Yes," you say, as if things like that could be confided in you, "there's never money for things like that. There's money for everything, and a few rich people will have to believe that first, before something is done for the unfortunate as well."

"Yes," says the constable, "that's how it is," and it seems to you, despite his trust, as if a furtive gaze were wandering toward you, as if you bore a stigma upon you, as if the blood could be smelled on your hands, as if the mark of Cain were inscribed upon your forehead.

But you smile quite naturally, and then you wrap the cloak around your shoulders, touch your top hat, quite the gentleman in your bearing, and then continue down Oxford Street with measured steps, it is full of life, you cross Picadilly Circus, where the hackney-cabs pile up, you see all the blossoming women, all the blossoming life, but you lay a hard hand upon these thoughts, and suddenly you hear the noise behind you, the pea-whistles, the screaming and the trampling and the cursing, and the cries, stop the murderer! which hang over the noise of the evening hour as if the birds of time, the birds of the future, the birds of fate were just now flying up, screeching from raw throats.

Once past Big Ben, you stare into the dark, rushing water of the Thames. A boat drifts past with bright, yellow lights, and you see couples embracing below, where the pyramids stand, holding each other, the warm, pulsing life which was not given you, the kisses and the warmth which were taken from you, for you were given only enough to know what happiness is, but it is only the happiness of others, and even some of them can only play at it, as one must learn the role which life has in store, if one is to seem what is called normal.

You know the narrow streets and the alleys, you can recognize them even by their smell, and you hasten your steps, heading for the machine. You have anchored London in your head, for hours you have prepared for your excursions, and nothing was left out of consideration, nothing which could have endangered you. Oh, yes, you are clever, you are the man who comes from the void, and who vanishes into the void, the man who has studied the chronicles of the past and who knows where your next steps will take you.

Then you smell the cypresses and the thyme, and a sense of peace and mourning creeps into your soul as you touch the cold marble at Highgate Cemetery; it is raining lightly, and the curtain of fog is torn, and it seems as if the air itself were incubating drops of sweat. For a moment, when you do not find the machine immediately, your heartbeat seems to stumble. You must be somewhat confused, and you are surprised, for nothing of the kind has ever happened to you, who operate so carefully, and again it is as if you hear the screeching cries of yellow and white birds.

Then, as the clouds part for a moment, you see the machine in the pale light of the moon; you had nearly tripped over it, groping through the graves. But the cylinder which brought you out of time looks like a funeral vault. The curves which always made you feel so safe look like a grave, and you think you had better choose a better place to park the next time you strike, to keep your fantasies in check.

Now the fog has lifted completely, as if an invisible hand were reaching out of time to reveal you to the gaze of the present. And it begins to rain, and the moon sails cold and silent, and the clouds race, a blue light flashing between them, over and over, reminding you of something, though you are unable really to say what it is.

It seems to you as if your memory had been taken away, as if you were not really present, as if something necessary for thought had been removed from your head. You tremble before the machine, and you stagger as you pull yourself up over its edge with one hand. But in this moment, as you look back one more time, you see a shadow under the trees, next to the bushes, and gooseflesh covers your back, and the old woman who approaches hesitantly, half swaying, half reeling, musty-seeming and unwashed and the stringy hair hanging into her face, staring at you with dull, mindless eyes, says in a voice and a breath reeking with alcohol, cheap booze:

"Sir, good evening. That's a strange conveyance you have there."

Up there, crouching on the frame, you stare down at her like a dog. You see the blood leave her face. You scrutinize her with all the energy you are able to muster, and in a flash, in your mind, you go through everything you were able to read about the Ripper in the chronicles, and you find that he never killed an old woman, only prostitutes. So the old woman will live, and she knows not what luck awaits her in the night, under the cypresses.

"Yes," you hear yourself say, "a development of the steam engine, but don't let it go any further. The development isn't ready to be made public yet."

"Yes," she says, gazing stupidly, "you have to be able to keep a secret."

"Yes," you say, "there are too many envious people. I wouldn't want anyone to get there ahead of me."

"I can understand that," you hear her murmur.

But she does not go, sways there in the rain, which falls with increasing force, and the moon sails through the clouds again, and it seems to you as if there were a screeching in your inner ear. What kind of spirits are those, what kind of ghosts? Then at last you realize, and you reach into your vest, in your vest pocket, just in case, you have a few coins from this time, from a collector you told a story to. You toss these coins into the old woman's hands, and she bites them before finally going away, finally, for nothing in the chronicles says that she will die, not in Highgate Cemetery, at least, at least not in the pouring rain.

You wait until she is gone and look about you once more, but all is quiet, the dead sleep and the rain drizzles, and the moon is big and pale, and the gate to time is open, a blue light falling from it, the stars which you have never counted shining within it. With a sigh, you lie back in the cushions, and your hands tremble, for once again you are overcome by a

premonition, without knowing what has caused it. For you know with certainty that this was the last journey of the Ripper, after that he vanished, his murderous spree was suddenly ended, he was never found, though you - as you think with a smile - know exactly which time, which world and which surroundings took him in.

You are just about to shut the cabin roof, for the machine is already warming up, when you hear a screeching, one which is not only in your imagination, a real screeching from a real bird, and out of the rain, driving in dense showers, as if on strings, sinks a dark bird, an outsized crow, and settles on the edge of the machine.

You lie in your cushions, completely paralyzed, and you do not know where the bird has come from, and still less can you understand where it has found the boldness to perch upon this strange structure. It seems to know it, as if something connected the two, and for a moment it seems to look directly at you, but that is really nothing but your imagination, the bird is preening itself.

You swallow, realizing that such birds could never exist in this time, neither the crows nor the pigeons, and suddenly sweat breaks out on your brow, and you pound the frame in an imperious gesture, and the bird rises, rustling its wings, beating its wings, and reels through the rain, and you cry out from a hoarse throat, and finally, finally the bird has vanished.

You pull the old-fashioned lever which accelerates the machine in time, and you see the arc of voltage which builds up blue and glittering around the machine. But then, as you are ready to start, you hesitate, for fear seizes you again, the fear that you have forgotten, overlooked something. But what is it? Such birds, you think again, have never existed in this time, only in your own.

But who, you think in panic, sent the birds along with you, or who, for after all time travel is subject to the strictest regulations, smuggled them into this time? Was it Wayne, the time man, whom you have never been able to stand, your rival for the same woman, Kathleen? Or Spence, who, you have sometimes suspected, can read your mind? Or has someone distant from you weighed the combinations of a god of vengeance, someone who knows that your name is Jack, someone interested in the same questions as you? Or was it someone from the Time Department, who saw through you and sought an elegant solution to the problem which you pose?

Now an ice-cold vise clenches your heart, and all the blood has drained from your head. Gently, very gently you push the lever back, and the field which had just shone so beautifully collapses again. And as if in mockery you hear the cries of birds, birds which must somehow feel drawn to this field, to this machine, to these surroundings, obeying their instinct, like migratory birds, migrating through time and unfailingly finding their way back home.

Your hands are trembling. You need rest. You must think. You should not act now, you should not rush into anything. First you must know what is going on. First you must clarify the important questions. But just at this moment, as some calm returns to you, the board computer signals that the machine is becoming unstable. It has been anchored in this time for too long, and if you do not act, it will disappear into an epoch which you cannot calculate.

You smile grimly. You think of a little jump, no more than a hop. It's enough to travel one second in time, forward or backwards, or to the side. The instrument case clatters against your feet as you pull the lever toward you, set to the minimum voltage. Fog wells up before your eyes, damp and sticky, and suddenly it is hot and suffocating, and as the machine grows clear again there is a roaring in your ears, very close, as if from a great black animal which is approaching

you.

On the screen you make a window to the outside, but before you can see anything in the dark night, a terrible blow strikes the machine, which rocks and reels, and you fall against the lever, but before you touch it, the machine has lifted off again, sailing silent and cold like the moon between the clouds, swaying and reeling, and again you seem to pull yourself together inwardly, and as if in a panic you see all the women with painted mouths and white mask-like faces, and you can read the misery of their souls which storms upon you as if they were whipping you.

You feel, beginning in your scalp, that something is pulling your brain together, as if your reason were being gathered up in a mighty, bony fist. Earlier you used to have this feeling often, a feeling of tension, a feeling of concentration, a feeling in which your thoughts are collected as if in a mysterious hand.

Reality loses its color, and you see the blue water of time, rushing over the mighty cliffs which separate the epochs. You see your beloved, and you see the women who go silent and still through the green forest. And again this blow from within, again this panic, again this terror, again this premonition that there is something in store for you from which any other person would run screaming.

You fall against the time acceleration lever, and in this moment a blue flame shoots from the console of your machine, a bright, blinding light, and you smell the burned sealings, and you see clearly that time had frozen. The high crests of the waves upon which the future dripped into the present are not a frozen white mountain range which hangs high above you like a threat, like an enormous massif which will tumble down upon you if you do no more than brace your shoulder against time.

You are now frozen, and lie completely calm. Fear drips from your brow in tiny blue balls. You can almost hear Big Ben casting out the time which is true for now with mighty, hammering strokes. You hear it creaking over you. The time mountains are in motion, but you know that you must stay free of fear. You cannot merely freeze in the face of time, you must remain capable of acting within time.

Very slowly, very carefully, with clammy fingers, you reach for a paper which you took from the time archive, the Times, today's edition. On the second page, in red congealed letters, as if the blood had softened the paper: the last murder of the Ripper. You know from history that they were never able to catch you. The Ripper vanished without a trace.

But now you swallow again as you think of, for you do not know whether you were really so clever. You picture the zoo in which the wild animals sleep and in which the birds which no one was able to explain hang from the roof of their compound, and sand sifts from their feathers, sand, red and blotchy, and they still rustle their wings a little, and they stare with their red eyes, and out there, now that you think this, claws are on the machine, and in the window which you make in the computer again you can see red, staring eyes which are from time, and the mountains of time creak hollowly.

The old woman has approached again. She looks over distrustfully. Can't she disappear. Can't she let you think in peace? Does she have to spoil everything? Doesn't she know that you are inside time? Doesn't she know that the Ripper never murdered an old woman? It must be the heat in the cabin which blocks your thoughts.

Hate seizes you, for you hate all women. Women were the misfortune of your life. Women tricked you out of your life. Women awakened love in you and threw you away like an old sack. Women tickled out of you what we all desire, but you were only a plaything. I hate all

women, yes, I hate all women. Women are cruel, women are swindlers.

The woman comes closer. She is like a sibyl, like Cassandra, like a being which comes from another world, from another time, like a goddess of revenge sent from ancient Greece, but you have never been there yourself, for such long distances are dangerous in time. Too dangerous are the waters and the blue shoals down there, even the opening up of the Victorian epoch was an unparalleled risk.

You hate all women, and there is this woman with her tangled grey hair, and you feel as if you have already seen her once before, and you seek an old English coin, but you find none. The woman has a strange light in her eyes. Yes, even though she is so old, she seems to sense your fear, and that makes her stronger. Did she never have children of her own, children she played with? Was she never cruel in her other, in her young life? Was she cautious in the use of her power?

But strange, even as you thought you were lying on the velvet mats of the time machine, you suddenly find yourself outside, and the woman has raised her head in scrutiny and sniffs the air in your direction, as if she were an animal, and you must think of the zoo where the wild animals sleep and where they roar when it is day, and where they tear the red meat when they are fed, foam streaming from their mouths.

She comes up to the time machine, says, "Good evening, Sir. Yes, progress," she says then, and looks at the machine.

"Yes," you hear yourself say, "an innovation in the sphere of hackney carriages. A cab from Vienna, but without horses."

But she senses your fear, whose origin you do not know yourself. Then you feel realization rise in the back of your head.

Blood spurts before your eyes, and now, as you hold the old woman in your arms, you realize suddenly that there could never be such birds in this epoch, that they come out of time, and now you also know what accompanied you on your flight over the mountains of time, and so you let the old woman fall; she sinks still and silent into the damp grass, under the myrtle, under the cypresses and on the lawn beneath which the dead lie in sleep.

And quite automatically you reach into the instrument case and feel the cold steel of the scalpel, for you are a doctor, after all, you were always an expert. And in your mind's eye you see the prostitutes, and what you did with them. You smile a little, outside, in the pouring rain which washes away the fog, but the hatred in your heart makes you tense, and really you cannot think straight anymore.

You hear the clock of the House of Parliament, measuring out the time in echoing strokes. Eleven, twelve, it is one o'clock, and the moon sails over the clouds, which part here and there, like a pale sickle. The clouds drift swiftly, as if they were chasing something, something which whips them on, something which startles them out of their rest, something which whirls them along like pale birds, floating through the times on sluggish wings, pale and blue.

In the turmoil of the sky you seem to see your own face. For a moment you are frightened of yourself. It had to come to this, for your face is torn, your features are torn, your soul is torn. And you think of a butcher who falls upon the animals with his big knife, and you hear the bleating, and you see the great, wide-open eyes.

And you do not know what is wrong with you. It only just seemed to you that you had closed the roof of the time machine over you. You are amazed, and you remember an old woman, and so you look at the monitor, in it a window, and you see the old woman lying in the grass, in the pouring rain which falls in strands from the sky as if from the ceiling of a stage, you see her

spilling her life into the damp grass, still gagging, still breathing, and you do not know whether this means a fracture. Damned old woman!

But the birds! What about the birds? Who wrote them into time? Again it is hot and suffocating in the cabin, for you have shut out the cool night air. You glance at the red instruments. Position of Saturn, position of the moon, which draws the water and pulls the earth. With a light hand you type in a program, for the flight you plan now must be perfect to the second. A few more dates, called up by the monitor. A few more coordinates, then the red light begins to blink, signaling that the machine is ready.

You pull the control lever, and with a gentle hum the world and the cabin is enveloped in a light fog, not as damp as the fog which rises outside. The earth rolls past beneath you in your time leap. You brush the House of Parliament and sail over the Thames, but all this is only in the simulator, in reality you are without substance, you are written into time, a shadow over London which those who will die tomorrow may sense or see.

Then the monitor tells you that you are there. Sweat on your brow, the scar on the mirror before you, you thrust the machine down into the present, it vibrates, it rocks a little. As you materialize, it brushes a moss-covered wall, and almost with a crunch you touch a metal fence topped with spikes, and the switchboard shows that the machine had contact for a few seconds, then you are past the obstacle, but a light flickers and dies and flickers again, and when you look it shows you that the oil pressure is sinking; with it, the time-energy is running out.

As the monitor shows, you have another half hour to attempt an emergency start, and you think that should be enough time. Then you freeze, for a growling comes from outside, as if a wild animal were prowling around the machine, with enormous claws and teeth which pour forth into your flesh in many rows.

Again you make a window in the monitor and look outside, but it is too dark. The ears which transmit the outside noises are sensitive. A terrible sighing and breathing, a rustle and rushing, something scratches across the outside wall of the machine with an enormous paw.

You look at the monitor and simulate a sensitive program which is supposed to shift you with in the zoo by a mere few meters. Where is the map? You have lost it somewhere out there. Near the last slut, or the old dead woman. You do not know. You can fly without a map too, but for the zoo you need a map in which the atoms are arranged according to astral time.

You open the roof and listen in the darkness, and out of the rain there first comes a smell, sharp and penetrating, followed by an elongated shadow like a blue panther sailing under the stars, or like a cat whose yellow eyes glow in the darkness, and then you hear your heart beating, you can feel it like a bird, and carrion and rubbish and decay, and the crunching of bones, and you always know that it is wonderful to die, it is wonderful to lie in the damp grass into which you spill yourself.

But: vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord. The lovely peaceful days will come. Whoever is in time will never be removed from it. We circle beneath the clouds, past Sirius, for all our miserable and bad days. Yes, injustice must be atoned, and the bestial criminals are written black in the heavens, where they must circle over and over until dizziness overtakes them and they no longer know who they are, who they were, and who they could have become.

Suddenly fear seizes you, and it is not only the penetrating smell of the thing in your cabin and the taste of its sharp claws, and it is not only the screeching cries of birds which circle high above you in time, no, you do not know, is this London? Is that the Thames over there, sluggish and grey, carrying past the many corpses? Do you hear your victims screaming, or is it only the wind which tosses in the cypresses which sway over the cemetery?

Is this London? Do you have the correct time locking mechanism? Lying still in the green velvet cushions, you begin to think. It is as if something has shifted in your head. You grope in the darkness, in silence. Pull yourself together! You cast an anchor into time, which usually fixes the machine in space and time, bound to the gravity prints of the sun and to the intersection of the galaxy. The machine grows somewhat calmer, but the vibration refuses to end.

A cloud of smoke rises from the display panel, and there is a smell of burned reels. Then flames, bright and flickering, burst from the monitor, a fire which eats its way greedily across the frame and is already grazing your face, singing your eyebrows, and in your mind's eye you picture yourself burning in a night which is no night.

The levers melt before you. Your hand, attempting an emergency start, jerks past. You lick this hand, which has delivered so many women, and the fire peels your skin away. What could have gone wrong, you think. But you have no time to think, and you are already lying outside in front of the machine in the pouring rain, and great black birds hover in the sky, and you can remember that the Times described in a small article how two strange birds had been found which must have come from a distant, strange continent, and which were brought to the London Zoo.

You cannot say exactly how you came to enter the building. It seemed to you that you crept through the cracks like a spider, or as if you breathed once and were mightily inside the building. All you know is that you are waiting for a moment in the weak, wavering gaslight which fills the corridor with a pale shimmer. A zookeeper with red hair walks past you, scuffing his feet in their heavy boots, chewing on a straw, his hands in his pockets.

For a moment he looks like Spence, but his shoulders are sunken, his cheeks are hollow, there is no color in his face. No, that cannot be Spence. Or can it? What if that is Spence, who comes from time? You see Kathleen before you, with her red hair and her green eyes, and now you feel that you are a part of her, but Spence, or rather the zookeeper, now seems to look this way, only for a moment, only for a second, rather sly, with bulging lips, but no, that is not Spence, even if it seemed that way for a few confused seconds.

Now he is gone. You hurry down the corridor, and again steps echo from the other end of the hall. You press down the cool handle of the door on which a sign announces "Rare Specimens". The door really is unlocked. The steps grow louder, but you have already slipped into the room, which is filled with a shimmering green light.

The door at your back, now shut, you have already seen half the room. They are mainly stuffed specimens, birds with spread wings which threaten you even in death from the glass cases. Snakes which coil cold and rigid behind panes of glass. A bear stands in the corner, craning its neck, its sharp teeth bared, as if to attack, and the only reason that he does not fall upon you must be that he has confused time and reality.

What is reality, when simultaneously a spider descends on a silken thread in the corner, and when a rat which you think you see as a blurred streak vanishing into a hole in the corner, under the oil paint? What is reality, when even the mummy which stands in the corner with a yellow, leathery face almost blinks with heavy eyelids?

And suddenly there is a shrieking in the great hall, and you hear the screeching cries of large birds which detach themselves from the ceiling and swoop down upon you with wide-spread wings like birds of death, and now you see that even the walls are alive and blue time emerges from you. A bird grazes your cheek with its sharp claws, another opens your collar, a

third plunges toward your face like a diving bird, and you can only dive to safety behind a case in which snakes come hissing to life.

What is time, what is reality, when even the crystal which makes up glass comes to life? What is reality, when Spence begins shouting angrily outside, demanding to know what is going on? What is reality, when flames shoot out of the cases and the bird hover under the ceiling with rustling feathers, furious and mighty?

As the noise dies down slightly, steps echo in the corridor again, but quietly this time, like cats creeping up at you out of time, like beings which are angels and move on strings which hang from heaven. You hold your breath, and the steps seem to stop just in front of the door, and a mighty bird which you had not even noticed gives a mighty, screeching, plaintive cry, and the door shakes the plaster from the wall, so violently is it opened, but what is that standing there? Is that a man or an angel? Is that a being which you saw once before, or will there someday be such beings?

Your throat is parched, and a red light seems to burn in the hall in which the birds and the snakes attempt to come to rest again, even the bear is disarmed, and you nearly swoon. Now you think that you are mad. Now you think that the currents of time have intersected, endless and shoreless. Where is the thread which traces the way out? Where is the exit, the minotaur before you?

You have lost the thread, and you feel it grow cramped. You stand against a wall and hold a woman in your hands, the blood running out of her. A pea-whistle shrills in your ears, and the rain trickles down your collar. You are Jack the Ripper, who was never caught, but beside you someone says in a horrified voice:

"Good God, man, what are you doing?"

A blow, a push drives you down Oxford Street. You are like a leaf which the storm whirls along, and you seek an anchor, someone close to you, someone who could receive your thoughts. But with whom should you speak, with so many corpses of delivered women behind you? And the little game with the police, have you forgotten that?

Birds are flying over the Thames again. Now you can already distinguish their cries, and you think of what could have become of you if the balm of mercy had been your lot, the caressing hands, which in reality are so hard, and the gentle voice, in reality it is a shout.

And you stagger again, and you tremble within, and it is as if a voice from the past were speaking with you, an implacable voice which drives you on, but now, as the birds peck outside, the scalpel flashes in your hands, and you realize that the voice has died away, and you smile, perhaps for the first time in your life, and the rain and the clouds disappear, and the machine trembles gently as it lifts off, and the blue droplets of time float through the cabin as you remember the bird which you left behind in the museum, rigid, as if made of sand, with diamonds in place of eyes.

But what manner of time was that, and what manner of bird? The machine reels and grazes the times, it grazes Rome, where the sun shines hot on the capitol, and it swirls across Spanish roofs beneath which gold gleams, from distant lands. As your pulse stumbles again, the machine staggers and reels through the void and the cold and brushes the stars, and finally, now that you are utterly cold and dead and the blood in your veins has become dust, you see the birds which plummet from the vault of the universe, great, screeching birds which circle up there, birds which lie in wait for you and come nearer, sweeping before your fading eyes like dull black banners.

And you can still hear their screeching cries and the dull impact as they plummet to the

roof of the cabin; then you are so far away from everything that meant anything to you, and your heart trembles and your eyelids flutter, and you fall with the machine, which reels and spins, further and further into the void, into the eternal, gold-shot silence, into the emptiness and the stillness, where you live eternally and are eternally mute, while the time locking mechanism counts the millenia and the hours, but what is time out there, where space is empty and where the knives flash in the sun and where silent cries resound, while your life passes you again and again as if in a loop which never ends.

Movie Reviews

Congo: White King, Red Rubber, Black Death (2003)

The Congo Holocaust. You are no doubt wondering just what this is/was. During the late Nineteenth/early Twentieth Centuries, the huge area of the Congo was under the direct personal rule of King Leopold II of Belgium. Operating under the misleading name of the "Congo Free State", Leopold II also used a Misleadingly named organization, the "International Association of the Congo" to further his greed and avarice in Africa.

Once Leopold was able to secure international recognition for his ruling the Congo as his own personal domain under the misleading name, "Congo Free State" bad things began to happen to the native people of the land. Leopold instituted a systematic enslavement and genocide throughout the land. During the years of his colonial

tyranny, it has been estimated that as many as 10,000,000 natives were murdered under Leopold's orders. That is substantially more than the total number of people who were murdered by the Nazis under Adolf Hitler during World War II in the mass atrocity known as The Holocaust.

The Congo Holocaust is the subject of the 2003 documentary **Congo: White King, Red Rubber, Black Death**. This is a real life horror Story on celluloid. Although not intended as such, this documentary can be seen as the perfect visual companion to King Leopold's Ghost: A Story of Greed, Terror and Heroism in Colonial Africa by Adam Hochschild.

This is also a story that has been covered up to a great extent. Most people in both Belgium and in the Congo itself do not seem aware of it. Whenever one tries to bring this story top light, he is met with outrage from Belgian politicians. Belgium simply has not come to terms with its shameful history in the Congo.

As good as this documentary is overall, there is one aspect of it that is nothing short of downright awful. Part of this documentary is devoted to a completely fictitious trial of King Leopold II. This part of the film is poorly done and adds nothing to the movie as a whole. Its cheap theatricality only hurts the credibility of the documentary with the discerning viewer.

Another poor aspect of this documentary is its political correctness. The focus is exclusively on crimes against humanity carried out by white Europeans. However, the overwhelming majority of the mass murders were actually carried out by other Africans. What happened was that Leopold and his henchmen enlisted natives to serve as the Belgian monarch's private army. These native troops were given both complete authority over the natives and were allowed total freedom of action. Leopold and his cronies allowed the native troops to engage in wholesale atrocities in the course of doing their duties. By not informing the audience of just who was responsible for actually carrying out the atrocities, the film makers did a disservice to the audience. Another similar drawback to this documentary was the failure to even so much as mention the wholesale violence that has plagued the Congo since its independence from Belgium in 1960.

The Strangler of Blackmoor Castle (1963)

Although he is not all that well remembered today, Edgar Wallace (1875-1932) was one of the most prominent novelists of his time. Wallace was the creator of, among other things, the Green Archer aka the Green

Arrow comic book character and of both the J.G. Reeder detective novels and of the greatest cinema gorilla of all time, King Kong. Wallace's legacy was continued by his successful novelist son, Bryan Edgar Wallace (1904-1971) who wrote many successful novels one of which was "The Strangler of Blackmoor Castle."

Despite its English language name and the fact that the original novel was written in English, this movie was a German production under the German name of "Der Wurger von Schlob Blackmoor." It was made in glorious black and white in 1963 when black and white movies were going out of style. However, given the character of this movie, black and white footage is a definite plus since it heightens the fear, mystery & suspense in a way that color film fails to do.

The Strangler of Blackmoor Castle Castle is basically a gothic mystery suspense thriller that comes with a dose of genuine terror. The atmosphere of this movie is dark and suspenseful. It is set at Blackmoor Castle in Britain where one Lucius Clark (Rudolf Fernau) resides with his niece Claridge Dorsett (Karin Dor). Blackmoor Castle is a formidable old structure complete with plenty of secret passageways. The fog adds menace to the dark of night. The castle and its grounds capture the feel of a gothic mystery on film.

The plot revolves around a masked killer who stalks his victims both in and around Blackmoor Castle. Although the killer is primarily a strangler, he also decapitates a pair of his victims, with one of the decapitations happening on screen. Additionally, the killer also carves an "M" on the foreheads of his victims. The killer is a wily adversary of the police. As with other films of this sort, there are great many suspects as to who could be the killer.

Despite the fact that **The Strangler of Blackmoor Castle** was originally a German production the dialog of which was dubbed into English, the movie works very well. This movie involves a strong combination of mystery, suspense & horror. It makes for pretty involving viewing. In addition to the strong plot and screenplay, it is very well directed and has some decent photography. The overall level of the acting is very good and the music is moody and really adds to the suspense in the movie. This is a movie that is best seen at night, preferably with the lights off. All in all, **The Strangler of Blackmoor Castle** comes very well recommended.

Doctor X (1932)

Lionel Atwill & Fay Wray are a pair of almost forgotten figures from the horror cinema of the 1930's & 1940's. To the extent that they are known by today's horror flick fans, Atwill is remembered as the wooden armed Inspector Krogh in 1939's **Son of Frankenstein** while Wray is remembered as the damsel in distress in 1933's **King Kong**.

Both Atwill & Wray made their horror film debuts in the 1932 feature **Doctor X**. **Doctor X** was Warner Brothers' initial entry in the horror genre that Universal had all to itself up to that point. **Doctor X** is an unusual horror flick in that it is about a brilliant scientist who is not some insane madman. It is also unusual for its nearly unique coloring scheme.

It was directed by Michael Curtiz and shot in two-strip technicolor. At the request of Warner Brothers, Technicolor tweaked its 2 strip coloring scheme to create colors that would look extra mysterious and spooky. This gave **Doctor X** a nearly unique look for a horror movie. Ray Rennahan, a pioneer in color cinematography also supervised the photography of **Doctor X**. The look of **Doctor X** is reminiscent of the red and blue hues of 3-D comic books.

Doctor X begins with the revelation that there has been a series of "Full Moon Murders." These are so named because they took place when there is a full moon. Naturally, the news media plays it big time for big newspaper sales and so intrepid newspaper reporter Lee Taylor (Lee Tracy) of the New York Daily World. Taylor plays up the suspicion of a crusty old cop, Detective O'Halloran (Willard Robertson) that the scientific lab of Dr. Jerry Xavier (Lionel Atwill) is somehow involved in the murders.

Naturally, Dr. Xavier believes that all this speculation is sheer nonsense. However, he decides to do an experiment just to make sure that perhaps one of his subordinates really did commit the murders.

In this experiment, the 4 doctors that the police seem to suspect were strapped down in chairs to test both their reactions to statements made about the crimes as well as reenactments of how the police believed that the crimes were committed.

Doctor X should rank with the greatest horror flicks of the 1930's. The specially tweaked 2 strip Technicolor makes everything look gloomy & sinister. Ray Rennahan presided over the great cinematography. Anton Grot designed the fantastically gothic sets that add so much to the movie. Everything in the movie is saturated with shadows as well as greens, oranges & pinks. The makeup was also especially well done and added to the scariness of the movie. The manor house in the movie had everything that one would expect in a horror movie manor house. It is both very old and very dark.

Although most horror flick fans have never heard of it, **Doctor X** is clearly one of the most frightening movies from the 1930's. It should be more memorable since this is the movie where

the phrase "synthetic flesh" came from. **Doctor X** is a great old horror flick that is warmly recommended.

Queen of the Damned (2002)

Throughout the history of Hollywood, studios that produce movies that make a mockery of the works that they are ostensibly based on almost always turn out to be losers at the box office. This is because the originals worked and the alterations done to them by the filmmakers generally do not work. However, Hollywood never learns and it continues to buy up movie rights only to trash the original works in the course of making the movie. One such flick of recent vintage is 2002's **Queen of the Damned**.

Queen of the Damned is a sequel to the wildly successful flick Interview With The Vampire that was based on a novel of the same name by Anne Rice. Unlike the first movie, the makers of **Queen of the Damned** decided to make their flick based on two different Anne Rice novels. This decision was made despite the fact that both novels were quite lengthy and each of them could have been the basis for great movies. They also refused to let Rice have anything to do with either writing the script or making the movie. The filmmakers also horribly mangled the story. Also, the movies were made in such a way that hardly anybody who was not familiar with the novels could have had any real idea of just what was going on.

This raises the question of just whom was their target audience. No true Anne Rice fans could have liked this movie due to the cinematic trashing of two of their favorite novels. Did the flick makers really believe that Anne Rice fans secretly lusted for a poorly made movie that severely screwed up the story?

Queen of the Damned suffers from under-developed characters, plot holes, and the fact that it just simply does not make a whole lot of sense. That is not really surprising, since the director has done nothing but bad movies, as have the two writers. If the screenplay had followed the book in any real way, the film would have been of an epic nature. However, the studio was primarily interested in making a blockbuster, not a masterpiece. The end result was bad movie with a story that makes no sense, and actors who are only mediocre at best. The special effects are anything but special.

The departures from the two original novels of Anne Rice that were combined by the filmmakers into **Queen of the Damned** include the

following:

*Maharet is a twin. In Rice's works, she has an identical twin sister, Mekare. The twins can both see and talk to ghosts. This is a very important fact regarding how Akasha was made into a vampire.

*Akasha was not African. In the books, Akasha was originally a princess of Uruk, a city in what is now Iraq before she was made into a vampire. Akasha would have been Middle Eastern looking, not black.

*Marius did not turn Lestat into a vampire. In Rice's writings, Lestat was turned into a vampire by Magnus. Marius did play an important role in Lestat's later life as a vampire.

*Jesse was not a cool chick in her twenties who was turned into a vampire by Lestat. Actually, she was in her thirties and was turned into a vampire by Mael.

Queen of the Damned takes so many liberties with Rice's work, it really cannot be seen as a legitimate film version. On top of that, these liberties do nothing to make it a good movie. Instead they are invariably inferior to what Rice originally had in her novels. Henceforth, **Queen of the Damned** cannot be recommended.

Website Reviews

<http://www.citizenstrade.org/ctc/>

Citizens Trade Campaign

The Citizens Trade Campaign (CTC) is a leading organization devoted to what it calls "Social and Environmental Justice in Trade Policy." Whatever you want to call it, the CTC website is chock full of resources and information for all those who want to learn more about such so-called "free trade" agreements such as the Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP) and/or those who wish to fight these agreements. For instance, it has an entire resources webpage that is exclusively devoted to making the case against the TPP. This webpage also has an extensive list of links to other websites opposing the TPP so that you can become both well informed about the TPP and

the danger that it poses to the working class America as well as be able to better network with others who are opposed to the TPP. The CTC also carries the latest news and other information relating to the TPP and the threat that it poses to the American economy. For instance, under the terms of the TPP, it would be illegal for the U.S. government to have “Buy American” programs under which preference for the Federal government’s purchases goes to domestic suppliers employing American workers. The TPP is so clearly a bad deal for America and American workers that over 1,500 groups are opposed to it. Unfortunately, the CTC website does not have a list of links to these websites so as to aid all those who are actively opposed to the TPP. This unduly hamper’s the campaign’s effectiveness. Likewise, the CTC website has not been updated much the past few months. That being the case, it has not alerted its readers that some congressional leaders are talking about bringing it up for a vote during the 2016 lame duck session after the elections are over. This is important since in 1994 the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) was passed by Congress with the decisive votes coming from representatives who were defeated that year because they had voted for the infamous NAFTA. Since America’s workers were betrayed in one lame duck session, so it could happen again. It has also not let its readers know of the fact that U.S. Representative Randy Hultgren R-IL has come out against the TPP. While it’s true that the corporate owned news media has failed to inform its readers of the TPP’s existence, let alone the problems with it, that does not let the CTC off the hook.

<http://www.foreverknight.org/archive.html>

The Forever Knight Website Archive

In 2009, Yahoo! Served notice that it would be shutting down its GeoCities free websites service. Greer Watson, a diehard fan of the *Forever Knight* TV show that ran for a few years during the 1990’s took this announcement as a cause for action. Using skills that are undoubtedly well beyond those of the average webmaster, she went and preserved all of the *Forever Knight* fan websites that were on GeoCities and placed them on an archival website. In 2012, when the free website provider Fortune City announced that it would be shutting down, Watson took the initiative in preserving the *Forever Knight* websites that were on that provider. Additionally, Watson also searched the files of the Internet Wayback Machine for *Forever Knight* fan webpages pages to add to her archive project. Watson’s archive has grown so vast, and the hosting bills so high, that the archival website is now hosted by another diehard fan, Stephanie Kellerman. Since finishing her work on this archive, Watson has turned her attention to more conventional pursuits such as writing *Forever Knight* fan fiction and creating over 100 icons and other web graphics for other *Forever Knight* fans to use on their websites. She has also become a devoted fan of the late historical fiction author Mary Renault. And just what kind

of content does Watson's archive hold? The index to the archive reveals the following: *Forever Knight* fonts and emailing lists, *Forever Knight* fan fiction, fan faction and fan war websites, personal *Forever Knight*-focused personal websites, Multi-Fandom personal websites, non-fiction pieces, fan campaigns, convention reports and signings, sims and the Geraint Wyn Davies Fan Club. There is also an inclusive section labelled "Miscellaneous" that includes such interesting things as videos, a community website, a listing of *Forever Knight* fanzines, a fannish *Forever Knight* radio show, a tribute to the late *Forever Knight* fan Molly K. Schneider, *Forever Knight* production notes and more. The success that Watson has enjoyed in archiving all this wonderful *Forever Knight* related content just makes you wonder why other webmasters in other fandoms did not have her foresight to save this kind of material for future generations.

http://anubis4_2000.tripod.com/Kharis/pages1/7Jackals.htm

The Hill of the Seven Jackals: The Official Site of Kharis the Mummy

During the 1940's, Universal Pictures brought out a quartet of classic mummy movies. These movies were *The Mummy's Curse* (1944), *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944), *The Mummy's Hand* (1940) and *The Mummy's Tomb* (1942). What all these movies had in common was that the mummy character was the exact same one in each of these flicks. In each one of these films, it appeared as if Kharis was destroyed at the end, however as we all know, he still lived on to torment mankind in yet another film. Even now, while we sleep, the spirit of Kharis is still out there waiting until Hollywood sees fit to resuscitate his corporeal form for yet another movie or series of movies. Originally Tom Tyler played Kharis in the first film, *The Mummy's Hand*. However, Kharis was played by Lon Chaney, Jr., in the subsequent sequels. Just why Universal opted to drop the popular Tyler in favor of Chaney is unknown. In any event, the Kharis mummy movies have proved to have an enduring popularity that is far beyond that of most other

1940's B-Movies. One fan of these movies is William Max Miller whose lifetime interest in ancient Egypt was such that he created the excellent Theban Royal Mummy Project website where you can learn all sorts of interesting things about mummies and other aspects of ancient Egyptian culture and history. In light of the popularity of the Kharis movies on TV and especially on the ever popular Svengoolie TV show, it is puzzling that Universal was so slow in releasing them to any sort of home video until 2004. It was not until 2014 that Universal finally released a comprehensive DVD including the original Boris Karloff movie *The Mummy* (1932), the Kharis flicks and the 1955 flick *Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy*.

Letters of Comment

September 3, 2016

Dear Charles,

In Fornax #12, Tom Sadler explains that the Wow signal may be a natural phenomena. This must be very disappointing to those who were expecting the latest installment of the Gidney and Cloyd Show, but it isn't surprising. We already have a catalogue of reasons why nobody seems to be broadcasting. I sort of hope it turns out we are the most advanced race in the galaxy. Having a galactic empire might be fun. There are undoubtedly billions of squids, slugs, bugs, and rodents out there just waiting for our guidance. Within a few generations, we'll have all of them buying hula hoops from us. Onward and upward.

Somebody discovered Apple's tax strategy is fraud. So what else is new? We live in a faith based economy. If we stop believing in the economy, it may cease to exist. It's sort of like a cartoon character who walks off a cliff but doesn't fall until he notices it. I began learning about the faith based economy in economics 101. The instructor explained that a monopoly bank can loan more money than it has. Some may notice we don't have a monopoly bank. No

problem. The aggregate of all banks can function as a monopoly bank. A problem arises when they try to loan not only more money than they have but more money than even exists.

Apple's tax strategy would only be fraud if real people tried it. Apple is a corporation, and corporations are imaginary people. Could Donald Duck commit fraud? Of course not. Hollywood exceeds all others when it comes to developing fantastic accounting methods. Hollywood accounting is beyond human understanding. Auditors who try to understand usually go mad or start writing sitcoms.

I haven't heard anything about minor political parties in a long time. A LASFS member, J Neil Schulman, was a Libertarian Party candidate for president some years ago. I was about to say, he wasn't really a typical LASFSian, but then I realized there is no such thing as a typical LASFSian. The thought of having an anarchist president makes my head hurt.

I once listened to a presentation by a representative of the Green Party. According to the rep, they wanted sugar, and spice, and everything nice. The only problem arose when someone asked how they hoped to achieve these goals. They had no idea.

Yours truly,

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[Actually, the problem is that there has been but little sustained effort to search for alien life. The much-vaunted Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence (SETI) has been a woefully underfunded effort that has only a fraction of the personnel and equipment necessary for a systematic search of the radio heavens. Remember in the case of the WOW! Signal, it took them about a decade to re-scan the area where that signal came from. There are just so many areas and so many of channels and types of transmissions to look for. There are many other areas of study that radio astronomers are interested in. On top of that, we have hardly transmitted anything ourselves. For example in the case of the exoplanets that we've found that may harbor Earth-like life, we've yet done any sort of systematic scanning to see if any signals are coming from those planets.]

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August 15, 2016

Dear Charles:

Thank you for the past two issues of Fornax; sorry I haven't been able to keep up. We are very close to going on a vacation, so our time has not been our own. So, days away from our flights, here are some comments on issues 11 and 12.

11...No matter the corruption Hillary Clinton may be accused of, it doesn't amount to the apparent insanity that is coming out of Donald Trump's mouth. Looks like the US will be reduced to once again voting for the less of two evils.

So many good websites simply go away, and with one of them, I just printed out the contents of the website, and three-hole-punched it into a binder. In the current election, Clinton is starting to put distance between her and Trump, and she seems to gain a percent point lead with every stupidity that Trump utters.

The letter column...the Blue Jays are doing marvelous well, and will no doubt make the playoffs this year, but I have my doubts if they can win. They have been fighting with the Orioles all year, and have been soundly defeated by other teams. I hope they can overcome their own problems. Interesting to see that for the first time in some time, American voters are dealing with other parties. This is something I've always done. You probably will never have to deal with a minority government, though.

My letter...indeed, 'other interests' does include steampunk. No, we retired from running conventions voluntarily. I know of the TPP, and how much of a raw deal it can be for just about everyone. Clinton has announced her opposition to the TPP, and I hope that stays. My, you seem to think that I am deluded, or that I am blinded by hatred. Have we even spoken to each other?, or are you simply going to attack me personally because you do not agree with my politics?

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

[I'm not normally in the practice of personally replying to LOC's but it seemed that I do so this time around. I wish I did hate you since that would make handling your LOC all the

more easier. I even re-read my responses to you in both #10 & #11 and it seems top me that you must be a person who identifies with Hillary Clinton to the point where any criticism of Clinton is criticism of you. You appear to be a person who invests an awful lot into party affiliation. When Steven Hayward lost, you were filled with joy that appeared to be derived from nothing more than what party he was a member of.while I did not write anything about it. That's because all I ever really knew about Hayward was his position on the Tar Sands oil pipeline and since I never could make up my mind about that, I had no reason to believe that was either a good thing or a bad thing. There's a big difference between us in that you identify with certain political parties, while I don't identify with any political party. I try to judge issues and candidates on the merits, while you do son a strictly party line basis.

In any event, I certainly hope you find Fornax #12: The WOW! Signal Issue well worth your time.]

[By the way, did you see in the Wikileaks revelations that Hillary Clinton told her Wall Street buddies that they should not be worried about any populist statements that she would be making because she does not mean any of them? She specifically told them that she was all in favor of “open borders and open trade” proving that her vaunted opposition to the TPP is just a sham. She also made it clear that she wanted a Western Hemisphere free trade deal that would be both bigger and more devastating for the working class than what NAFTA has been. So yes, Lloyd, you’ve been played.]

Thanks for sending the zine.

I actually did make some nominations for the Hugos in the fiction categories: five short stories, five novelettes, one novella, and two novels. One of them actually made the final ballot, "Obits" by Stephen King.

I must say that I have read all the Heinlein juveniles plus Joe Major's book about them, but Dr. Bright's essay pointed out some religious aspects that had not occurred to me.

The only times I have read self-published books were when an author himself gave or sent me the book. The ranged in quality from pretty good to god-awful. On the other hand, The Martian was originally self-published, and it is a hell of a book.

Best wishes,

Tom

[One thing that I've been wondering about is that now that its so much easier to self-publish books than it was back in the day, what's happened to the vanity presses? Are they still around or have they gone the way of the dinosaurs?]

Hi Charles,

I have found a couple of pretty good items in the self publishing part of project gutenber. They weren't exactly the best proofread work I've ever seen but the stories were good enough to pass muster as good readings. I doubt that the business will manage to generate gigantic zaibatsu type publishing houses from their giant profits but they do return more of the take to the authors.

Lloyd is Canadian and unless he's a Democrat he won't be coming across the border to vote here. It is also quite possible that Clintons NAFTA is why he can't find work since it destroyed the economy of Mexico when passed. That explains all these pesky Mexicans who came here looking for work. They have been going back in greater numbers than are coming in as well but facts don't sit well with when compared to political spin buzzings. Trump is just an unknown quantity, Clinton is already completely open because he is part of those who destroyed the USA with their crappy and dangerous policies. There is no reason to believe she will reverse any of them even when they have been so bad for the country.

to answer your questions:

[What makes you think that NATO is planning on invading Russia? Given just how many of the countries in the so-called Atlantic Alliance have failed to meet the official target of spending at least 2% of Gross National Product (GNP) on national defense, it seems that NATO is more of a paper tiger than anything else.

<http://www.defenseone.com/politics/2015/06/nato-members-defense-spending-two-charts/116008/>

NATO was created for the purpose of opposing Russia. When the Communists faded we promised NATO would not move east. Since then they have kept creeping further

and further east. The useless saber rattlers in charge have kept trying to justify their existence by engaging in alarums about the imminent Russian invasion charging through the Fulda Gap any minute now. It is the same BS peddled during the cold war years. Most of their talking heads (NATO) were raised as true believers of this garbage. The motivators behind it are the arms merchants who know they can sell more stuff if they whip up the frenzy. If they are not planning to invade why are they pushing closer every year? Like China most haven't a clue about Russia except as the cold war boogeyman. There's a Canadian Game company Red Sash games who does period games and in them are the historical commentaries mostly taken from the records of the time. You can find out how the Crimea became Russian and get a sense of the area now known as Ukraine in the formative years. Ian Weir might even sell you a PDF package of these if you ask him nicely. You can also get the Games in PDF form quite reasonably priced.

During the heyday of giant gaming I bought 'Objective Moscow' which was the invasion of Russia in the modern era. The monster Rus armies feared by NATO turned out to be fairly modest responses to their neighbors (many neighbors) once you got them spread across the enormous expanse of Russia (11 time zones). If you piled them all into East Germany it made them into a monster who could juggernaut Europe. That assumes that you left the rest totally undefended. I later got GDWs 'Third World War' which included a substantial portion of the middle east as well. Basically the same once you looked at how the forces were deployed. The only real game changer is the exposure of the northern flanks of both North Americans and Russians if the sea ice opens. While the grounders are squabbling the up above is becoming more crowded by various types who might realize that seizing the high ground gives you capabilities to dominate the planet. In the mean time the 20th century is trying to repeat itself as farce this time around.

As for China, how come they have not poised much of a threat until recently?

In 1400 they sent a naval expedition around the world looking for what was there. The report went to the emperor on their return. Basically it said there is nothing there worth trading with or engaging with. A bunch of flea picking barbarians living in wattle and daub huts with nothing to recommend them as trading partners. So the Chinese destroyed their fleet and stored away the reports and turned their attentions inward. When the barbarians showed up the Chinese were busy with internal affairs and the barbarians forced a bunch of ugly concessions on them at gunpoint. Few have bothered to pay attention to what happened in the area. It was so bad that FDR's China experts were a couple of college students who had

bummed around asia in the 30s. They have been busy with internal affairs and fending off foreign invasions while rebuilding the damages inflicted by invaders, rebels, and civil wars. Now that period is over. They are looking outward with fresh eyes. There's one of their landers on the moon right now. So trying to equate their past with the rebuilt, rearmed, and outward looking China is not how to understand them.

As for Elizabeth Bathory, what proof is there that she was railroaded?

Since the victors in any dispute get to write the official history, the victim gets the shitty end of the stick. If you follow the money in the Bathory case it seems her accusers made a great profit by walling her up. Pandering to the fears of 'witchcraft' has proved to be financially motivated far too often for comfort. when the claims reach outrageous proportions then you should be able to detect the spin immediately. Humans are far too ready to believe horrible things about others with virtually no evidence except a bit of hearsay or third hand rumour.

I like Jill Steins plan to eliminate student debt completely. If they took the foot off the neck of young people it should immediately boost the rest of the economy with a kick in the pants from the bottom. The institutions who have perpetuated the swindle will squall but if they had been doing what they were paid for we wouldn't be in the mess we're in anyway.

One thing is sure both the DNC and the RNC have exposed themselves as a bunch of criminals and idiots on both sides of the fence with the election primaries. We live in interesting times.

Great batch of links.

Good work !

Dave

[Well, we've been living in interesting times for a long while. As for the idea of War with Russia, it seems like we are in the starting phase of Cold War II what with all the nonsense about Russian "war crimes" and our ineffective commander in chief acting like a weakling. On top of all that, the fact that his likely successor is a war hawk who glibly talks about how she is going to force the Russians out of Syria where they have been doing our work for us killing Islamic terrorists, makes it all the more likely that some sort of confrontation is in the offing.]

