

Fornax #14: The Year's First Issue

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 crectorATmywayDOTcom, 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>

The Menace of the Trans-Pacific Pact (TPP)

Although the corporate owned news media has not given it much publicity, there is a very real threat to whatever prosperity that the American people still enjoy. This is the Trans-Pacific Pact (TPP), the latest in a series of jobs destroying so-called "free trade" treaties that result in the diminishing of both wages and economic strength. You thought NAFTA was bad? TPP threatens to be even worse.

Under the TPP, there will be a series of secret tribunals that have authority over the trade rules and regulations of the member nations, such as the United States. If a corporation or even another government does not like a law in another country, it can take a case to one of the tribunals. If a tribunal rules against a member country, then that country is expected to change or drop that law, rule or regulation in order to comply.

One such American law that will be under the gun that a lot of foreign governments have criticized is that which requires that all food items sold in the United States have the country of origin on the label. That way, you the consumer can know where that food item was made and factor that in your decision on whether or not to buy it. Given the hostility towards this particular American law shown by foreign governments, it is a very real possibility that if TPP is passed, it will be struck down by a TPP tribunal.

Not all laws that are beneficial to American consumers will be under the gun subject to the TPP tribunals' whims and dictates. Some will be voided right in the terms of the TPP itself. For instance, under the TPP the U.S. Government's "Buy American" program will be rendered illegal upon the ratification of the TPP by our elected representatives.

These faceless bureaucratic tribunals will not be accountable to the American people. They will decide cases behind closed doors, and their decisions will be final in that there cannot be any appeal to an American court.

Each of these tribunals consists of three private attorneys, who are generally corporate lawyers, who act as judges. Even though these three lawyers hold full decision making authority, they are subject only to the most minimal conflict of interest rules.

No intervention by affected parties is allowed. Workers, small businessmen and other regular folks are all locked out of the process. That being the case, TPP must be defeated in order to prevent yet another NAFTA like attack upon the economy.

The Clean Coal Option

Clean coal technology is one of the most interesting developments in the ongoing drive to achieve energy independence.

It is also a most desirable development given how America has proven coal reserves for over 450 years.

Already, there are a number of clean coal plants in operation that are putting out less pollution than previous plants using traditional technology. The George W. Bush administration deserves a great deal of credit for pushing the development of clean coal.

As of now, clean coal looks like an unqualified success story.

It is also one of the few positive legacies of the George W. Bush Administration.

Robin Bright: Bio of a Fan Writer Tyrant

Doctoral thesis, 'Jungian Archetypes in the work of [science fiction writer] Robert A. Heinlein', 1992. Science fiction writer, 'All For Naught Orphan Ufonaut' in *Shelter of Daylight*, Sam's Dot Publishing (2010). Published in the British SF academic journal *Foundation*, 'Robert A. Heinlein: Theologist?' (54), 'Male And Female He Created Them Both: Beyond The Archetypes' (112). 'I Will Fear No Evil' (101) in *The Reluctant Famulus* (Thomas D. Sadler, editor), and 'The Guts Of *Starship Troopers*' in *The Reluctant Famulus* (108).

The Futuristic Vision of Krafft A. Ehrlicke

Krafft A. Ehrlicke was one of the greatest visionaries of our time. He combined a rich creativity with the necessary degree of moral commitment to make those ideas a reality.

Throughout his life, Ehrlicke worked on the cutting edge of rocket science and technology. Later in life, he worked on initiatives to design and implement ideas for space colonies. Ehrlicke was one of the scientists whose work resulted in the Apollo program of man to the Moon. Ehrlicke also carried out studies for NASA concerning future colonization/industrialization of the Moon. The basic idea was for human settlement on the Moon to be the launching pad for future human colonization/industrialization of the rest of the solar system. The scope of Ehrlicke's ideas, laid out in writings, continues to inspire space enthusiasts to this very day.

During the last decade of his life, Ehrlicke passionately opposed the luddite element. These luddites combined an anti-science position with a sense of cultural pessimism that things will never improve over the conditions of the present time (mid-1970's to the mid-1980's). Ehrlicke also witnessed the growth of terrorism in his native West Germany with the Baader-Meinhoff Gang aka the Red Army Faction leading the way. In conjunction with such pro-science organizations as the Fusion Energy Foundation, Ehrlicke pushed for ideas of progress and for no limits to growth. Basically, Ehrlicke's position was that of the can-do spirit.

One reason for Ehrlicke's optimism was the German tradition of classical education. He helped bring that tradition to the United States by helping foster the creation of private schools. Ehrlicke was passionate about scientific education as a means of defeating the noxious attitudes of the luddites.

While gaining his scientific education during the 1930's, Ehrlicke earned two patents on rockets. Ehrlicke learned much of his technical foundation from Hermann Oberth, who was the leading German rocketry expert of the day. When the World War II German rocket program at Peenemunde was created, Ehrlicke was sent there to work with the leading figures in German rocketry such as Walter Thiel, Werner von Braun and others. Ehrlicke focused on solving chemical rocket propulsion problems involving V-2 rockets. He also studied the potential that nuclear energy had for space propulsion and came to the conclusion that nuclear power would be essential for future space travel.

During the rest of his life which ended in 1984, Ehrlicke never wavered from his conclusion that nuclear power was absolutely necessary for both domestic energy and space propulsion. This made him unpopular with certain quarters in the United States. However, he has been vindicated in recent years. First, by the fact that energy independence has proven extremely difficult to attain without a strong nuclear push. Second, by the fact that the top speed attained by an unmanned spacecraft is about 150,000 miles an hour. Even at that speed, it would take 19,000 years to reach the nearest star. Truly, Krafft Ehrlicke has been vindicated.

Essay:

Life in Texas

by John Purcell

*This article first appeared in the fanzine **In a Prior Lifetime** #2 (Winter, 2004)*

It was just another weekend at home with the family: the wife and kids, and the dogs, cats, fish, guinea pigs, a loud annoying bird, and the mole crickets.

Yup. Mole crickets.

Down here in the primeval swamps of Southeast Central Texas - or is that Central Southeast Texas? Either way, it's the Land That Time Forgot - there are critters and beasties that are, without question, unchanged from the age of the dinosaurs.

We had a couple of these mole-crickets jump into the house a couple weeks ago. Until then we had never seen one before, let alone knew that they existed. We should have known better; every week we're discovering yet another denizen of the land wandering into our house. This time it happened to be a mole cricket. Actually, it was two of them.

One of our six cats, Toulouse, snared one, and played with it for about half an hour because its armored head and thorax rendered it quite invulnerable to getting whacked around the dining room by said Toulouse. Marie and Cucumber trotted out to witness the game, slapping at this oddity of nature when it came close. The other mole cricket had jumped into the trashcan by our computer station. My wife snared that one (apparently the smarter of the pair) with one of those science kit grabbers, plunked it into a container with a magnifying top, and we proceeded to examine it up close and personal.

Like I said, the head and thorax are armored, and the entire front end looks like a lobster, complete with over-sized pincers that could have fed a family of four. Brown and thoroughly disgusting looking with black, beady eyes, the back half tapers into a sectional tail that ends with

a scorpion-style stinger. The entire “thing” is about 2-1/2 inches long, comes out at night, has wings, yet can't fly very well, but makes up for that with a pair of powerful grasshopper legs that are three sizes too big in proportion to the body. Yes, it is one butt-ugly insect whose sole purpose - according to a website devoted to Texas insects - is to destroy grain crops, ruin lawns, especially those with St. Augustine grass, and migrated to the US by stowing away on ships arriving from South America. (Apparently passports and visas were not required a couple hundred years ago.)

Our eight year old son Daniel decided he wanted to keep it as a pet, and named it Spunky. Fortunately it died within a week, but by then he had brought it to school, which achieved his two desired purposes: making him look totally cool by having such an ugly creature in his possession while totally grossing out the teacher and all the girls in his class. Then he brought it home.

Our next door neighbor, the head groundskeeper for Texas A&M University's sports complex, examined the dead carcass and exclaimed, "Oh, yeah! I know these buggers. They're nasty. They'll wreck your lawn by burrowing underground looking for water. This one's an adult." We then discussed how long they've existed, and concluded they haven't changed since the dawn of time.

When I asked Leo about how to get rid of these buggers, he just sniffed and said, "Can't really do that. Gotta have a hard freeze, and down here, that just doesn't happen." I decided then and there to add “imminent Ice Age” to the prayer wall at church.

So, who needs to go to a con to watch prehistoric creatures run around on film, in masquerade balls, or down convention hallways? All we have to do is go out back on the patio, sit in our lawn chairs armed with gallons of bug spray, lawn poisons, golf clubs, mosquito netting, baseball bats, and our cats (suitably armored, of course), and observe geckos, snakes, armadillos, prairie rats, gigantic beetles, and mole crickets traipsing around our yard as if we weren't even there. And why not? They were there first, and probably will still be there long after we've blown up the planet. I'm convinced that these creatures are well-prepared to survive whatever we can throw at them or each other. Who needs a film room with god-awful movies replete with crackerjack Ray Harryhausen special effects? We have Texas: the *REAL* Land That Time Forgot.

Article:

Blurb: *The following is the full length version of an article that was published in Issue #36 of Planetary Stories that you can access here:*

<http://www.planetarystories.com/GreatestDiscovery.html>

The Greatest Discovery

**in History
of All Mankind**

by

Gerd Maximovič

(With strong help by **Shelby Vick**)

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Gerd Maximovič
Bremen, Germany

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The Coué method is simple.
But all great things are simple.
This method is simplest,
So it is the greatest.

1. Introduction

In all religions there is the command of prayer. Who do you pray to? To God. Religion means: "religere", that is: connecting you with God. You will find this everywhere. In Christendom, in Islam, in Eastern religions, everywhere. Now, are they fools, worldwide and through all times registered, who insist on your praying each day five times, like in Islam? Or who declare: the most important thing for you to do each day is your praying (consuming only the shortest time) as the German reformer Martin Luther told us?

Fools, spreading this deep felt certainty throughout time and all over humanity? You can read it for instance in the Bible, Jesus Christ working miracles. You find written proof: the happening of "miracles", not only in Lourdes or Fatima, but in all times, and everywhere, and namely today as well. In religion (connecting us with God) they say this is due to Christ, Allah, Buddha, Manitou. Well, this may be. But you know, God is everywhere and He deems servant of all, of you and of me. His grace is not confined to any religion. He, God, is never hostage of any clan. God is graceful everywhere.

Imploring God through prayers works, they all know. Being Moslem, Christ or whatever you may be - prayer works. So, obviously, there must be a God-mode in us to fulfill many of our dreams. In former times they said, this is our Soul, connecting us with God. Nowadays, in modern times, we say, it is our subconscious to do this job. No matter which term you use, no matter, which religion you prefer, no matter who you are or where you live: true is, this kind of prayer works.

So, now let us have a look at the conditions and the circumstances of this which seems so incredible, but is so true, fundamentally.

First, some proof.

2. Shelby Vick

Looking around, you find everywhere witness of the infallible method of Emile Coué. First, let us have proof that it works. This proof is delivered by persons, being seriously ill, getting by spiritual means well again.

Look at this quotation:

"This is the faith that Jesus meant when he said - 'Thy faith hath made thee whole.' This is the faith that is responsible for the miracles of Lourdes, for miraculous healings everywhere. It matters not whether you be Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile. Desire and faith such as these will heal you.

A month or two ago I read in the newspapers of a farmer, blind for two years, who went out in the field and prayed, 'that he should receive his sight.' At the end of the second day, his sight was completely restored. He was a Protestant. He went to no shrine - just out under the sky and prayed to God."

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages. 1926. p. 149)

So, first, what is of interest, is the proof. I asked Shelby Vick, well-known author and editor of eMagazines, to give me at least a few lines on his own results in this respect. Before this we had a voluminous exchange of eMails on this and other themes.

He, Shelby Vick, kindly sent me this:

"Being a long-time believer in the power of positive thinking, I paid a lot of attention to Coue's book on auto-suggestion when it first came out. Over the years, it dwindled down to recalling 'Every day in every way, I'm getting better and better.'

Then, through Planetary Stories – www.planetarystories.com - I had a renewal, thanks to Gerd Maximovic who is an avid follower of Coué.

Well, I had a major medical setback in the middle of 2015. Lost a lot of weight, blood pressure became quite erratic and, most important to me, extreme lethargy settled over me like a smothering blanket.

Gerd encouraged me to use auto-suggestion, and I started. In a couple of weeks, the lethargy lifted! Also, I began to gain weight.

Then I had another problem arise. Glaucoma has destroyed the vision in my right eye, and weakened my left one. Well, that became so bad that I could only read email with the aid of a magnifying glass, and forget reading normal books and magazines.

I adjusted the saying to: 'Every day in every way my eyesight is getting better and better.' No emphasis on any word, just plain repetition.

It worked!

Oh, it wasn't overnite. After a couple of weeks, I could detect a minor improvement. That was enough encouragement for me to keep going. In fact, it is not unusual for the process to take two weeks of repetition before results are noticeable.

Well, I can now read email and even read books! There is still trouble with tiny print or hazy electronic entries, but the improvement is a very good step in the right direction, so I will definitely continue! (My eye doctor was amazed at my improvement, but I let him think he

deserved the credit for it – even tho he had not begun any new treatment.)

Thinking back over everything, it came to me this is similar to programming a computer. The difference is it's the subconscious which Coué's discovery programs.

Looking back in history, this is not at all like the Shaver Mystery hooplah or Dianetics - - it's something you can easily prove for yourself.

Following you will find overwhelming examples of the success of Coué's process, and explanatory details. The goal is to establish belief in your mind to validate this revolutionary - yet simple! - procedure. You can read on or, if you're already willing to accept the operation as a verified tool for self-improvement, you can start now. For instance, where I said 'eyesight', you can substitute your problem, repeat it twenty times at least four times each day. In two weeks, you will see evidence of success." (Shelby Vick)

3. Rules and Sayings

Can we help ourselves, being sick? Yes, we can, and we can do more than is usually conveyed. This is the method Emile Coué (among others) developed, and it is most important. Emile Coué was a French pharmacist. When he gave out medics to his patients and customers he realized: he could just hand over the medic without saying a word. Or he handed it over adding confirming words: "that's good", "that works", "it is healthy", and so on. Result: when he spoke positive words the situation of the patient was much better than when he remained silent. But why? What made the difference?

Obviously it was his words, his speaking, his positive confirmation. So, there is another factor, he concluded, regarding our health. This factor, shortly taken, is our subconscious, which can be impressed. And which heals us in all cases, working over night or over time. But Coué learned, we can influence our subconscious, in both ways: the good one or the bad one. Thinking positively (I am healthy and sound) or thinking negatively (I am sick and ill). Both ways work. Both ways!

Everything you really believe will become reality, within the limits of possibilities! Thinking positively (for instance: "I am well and sound"), you will be well and sound. Thinking negatively (for instance: "I am ill, I have acquired all diseases possible"), you will be ill.

What does this mean? It means, our personal subconsciousness is NEUTRAL, it realizes what you really think or know. Thinking positively, your way goes up, thinking negatively, your way goes down.

So, you can influence yourself (your own subconscious), no matter how old (or young) you are. It always works! But, dear reader, please mind, if you are a beginner it always takes time until your personal subconscious has learned that there is a new, positive "I" above, giving new positive rules.

This is, in short, what Emile Coué tells. Of course, everybody must read Coué himself. He is encouraging and his rules are strict and clear (the affirmations must be positive and short). Most important is his book "Autosuggestion". There are only three of his excellent books. Read them all!

Why am I so sure that Coué is one of the ablest und greatest men who ever lived? In 2005 I read one of his books ("Autosuggestion") and tried it out - and look: it worked! It was fascinating! Incredible! Then I watched German television for more than one year, each broadcast on sickness, healthcare and so on. Result: In more than a year, Emile Coué and his Autosuggestion never was mentioned. Not one time. Never. His books in German translation sell hundreds of thousands, but on German television he does not exist.

Afterwards I read more on this fascinating subject and learned: all of this thinking is based on German idealistic philosophy (Hegel, Schelling, Fichte and others); but these German philosophers did not realize that their ideas could be of practical value. The first one to give hints on the method of healing oneself through positive thinking was Immanuel Kant. The first one being really important to make these ideas practical was an US-American (who else, I might add, the country of the practical, efficient men who usually ask "What can I do with it?"): his name Phineas Parkhurst Quimby (1802 - 1866). He had a lot of pupils who learned from him. But there are others, men (and women), who made the same discovery, their own way, for instance as

Emile Coué.

In short, this is a method additional to normal therapeutics (they are valid), but this additional method can work "miracles"! Yes, miracles! I learned in this respect that more than 100 (one hundred) US-boys und US-girls who suffered severely were cured this way as Coué describes. They regard it as a "miracle" to recover from severe disease. In result they (more than one hundred) founded all a church of their own!

In this respect, Emile Coué's texts are best, they are concise, encouraging, and his rules are simple and clear.

In all literature regarding "Autosuggestion", they say, this maybe may be the greatest discovery in history of all mankind. And, dear reader, I tell you: it is the greatest discovery in history of all mankind!

This method resembles the Mantrams used by Buddhists. Please, believe me, it works! You must know it or believe it! Because your subconscious realizes everything you really think. Our personal subconscious is a part of God. So you see, God is everywhere. God is in us. And God is Good, when you think positively!

Now follow the ideas conveyed by Emile Coué to us. Exactly, that means, well, 90 % of the following comes from Emile Coué, 10 % I picked out of other literature. But so we see, of course, Emile Coué is of highest importance!

How do you influence your personal subconscious? How did Emile Coué do it, and how did he learn about the great power of his method, being hidden within us? As mentioned above, he told his customers in his pharmacy: "This medicine is good, it is healthy!" And it worked. So we use the same method. We are telling ourselves (telling our subconscious) positive sayings on our health and welfare.

What shall a saying Emile Coué recommends look like?

Important (all due to Emile Coué): do not name your illness, else a wrong impression could enter. Express yourself definitely in a way as if your wish has already been fulfilled. And it will be realized, if possible under human conditions ever possible. This way "miracles" can happen. Remember the 100 New Churches mentioned.

These sayings must be short and positive. Very important therein is REPETITION. Repeat your sayings, repeat them, repeat them, repeat them. Use them in a childlike, monotone, automatically, without any stress. Read them from a slip of paper you have typed in and printed out on the computer.

Make this a routine, in normally reading this slip of paper. You read (whisper) it: mechanically, childishly, without any exertion (says Emile Coué). So the wishes sink best into your subconscious. Your effort is minimal, and the result is maximal.

Reading the sayings is possible, whispering them is better. Because your personal subconscious all day is busy with a lot of problems. When you whisper, the ideas you are proposing, they sink in better. But silently (and quickly) reading the slip of paper or recalling the sayings just from memory is also possible, and will work well. This depends on where and when you use the sayings. Standing in a subway train among a lot of people, better do not whisper, silently thinking the sayings there will do it.

What sayings should be on the slip of paper (or being stored in your memory)? Most important is the fundamental saying by Emile Coué, which you must always use and include in

your individual list of sayings, it is this:

"Day by day, in all respects, I get better and better."

Or: "Day by day, in every way, I get better and better."

That's all. And you will get better and better!

Now, other sayings depend on your individual problems, of course. For instance, when your memory is not best, use this saying: "My memory and concentration are getting better and better!"

You sometimes feeling cramps in your legs or in your arms? Use this saying: "My arms and legs are always good, sound and relaxed."

And they will become what you wish, and will be!

Whatever is ailing you: put a short and positive saying against it, and your personal subconscious, your best friend and helper, will take care of it.

Please mind, 70 % of all diseases (severe diseases included) can be fought this way. Obviously there remain 30 % of all diseases for which you need the help of the normal doctor and the normal medicine. So, if it is not urgent, first try your sayings, and you oftentimes will witness a wonder: what seemed to be or to become a disease is gone.

And, of course, most important, using the standard saying by Emile Coué ("Day by day, in all respects, I get better and better") you can prevent most of all diseases without your knowing of them. But your subconscious, your best friend and helper, knows and will prevent them.

Make this a routine. This routine should not be bothering, it must be no burden, but shall be a slight addition to your normal activities. Although it is an easy, simple task, the result is enormous. That means, your on the slip of paper noted ideas (wishes) will sink down to your subconscious, and will be realized, if within the domain of the reasonable ever possible. You will gain a lot through this small acting which seems ridiculous, but is not. It is the greatest discovery in history of all mankind!

Martin Luther, the German reformer, said: never stop praying. And Emile Coué tells us: Never stop your sayings, for all of your life! That is correct! So we see how important just words (or ideas) can be.

You are feeling unwell, you do not know which disease it could be? You say doctors do not know the reason? That is of no importance. Use Coué's standard saying ("Day by day, in every way, I get better and better"). Your subconscious finds out by itself which disease it is and will cure it without your knowledge (says Emile Coué, one of the greatest men who ever lived).

How to handle your slip of paper containing the sayings you want to see realized? Pull out the slip at certain times and read it three (or 10 or 30) times (depending on urgency). For instance after rising, after dinner, after supper, before going to bed. Most important: use it before your napping and sleeping, because when you sleep your subconscious has all time of the world, and works best. Make this a fixed routine, and you will see the results are like heaven sent!

Let us repeat it: using the Coué sayings is like prayer. Herewith you tell your subconscious what you want to be realized. Prayer, as mentioned above: Due to the Koran you

shall pray five times a day. Luther, the German reformer, again, said: never stop praying; the most important thing you are doing all day over, is praying (that is establishing your connection with God). So do this "praying". In modern times it is just reading or whispering this slip of paper containing your sayings. This routine (reading the slip of paper) should be arranged in a way that it takes only a minimum of time.

Important, once more: don't name your illness, else a wrong impression could enter. I state again, express yourself definitely in a way as if your wish has already been fulfilled. And it will be realized, if under human conditions ever possible. This way "miracles" will happen.

Sleeping. Let us repeat this as well. When people are sick or unwell each doctor tells them, best thing you can do is sleeping. But why? Simple reason: because we all have a personal subconscious. It works best in sleep when it is not so much demanded as on day. Because in daytime there are much more problems to be watched and solved by our personal subconscious. At night time (we are sleeping) it is abundant free to work on our health.

There are two ways Emile Coué (among others) suggests: a) sayings or b) pictures, imaginations.

a) sayings, like above described.

b) pictures, imaginations: for instance a person, having cancer, imagines cancer as a lump in a picture, and then the person in its imagination "sees" how the lump is shrinking and shrinking, till it is totally gone.

Dear reader, choose your own way. Sayings (a) is the easier way, I guess.

Imagine, you often have spare time. For instance, standing in the kitchen, waiting for your repast getting ready, there are left over two or three minutes. Or you want to see the news on television, so you are waiting for two minutes. In this spare time you better read silently your slip of paper, that's far better than looking out of the window. So, printing out a slip for the kitchen, and one for your easy chair in front of the television set should be reasonable and effective.

Success is sure in 70 % of all cases of illness (severe diseases included). Now, please mind, being successful, there is a minor problem possible, due to Coué. You started your sayings, highly delighted you register success. But then there could be a little setback in the condition of your healing. Because the old ill conditions existed for many years in your mind and therefore are deeply rooted in your subconscious. A little setback need not happen, but maybe is possible. So, should it occur, there is no reason to panic (says Emile Coué). Then just use the same method (sayings), and you will recover utmost quickly. This time (the second time) your proceedings are far better and quicker, because you are used to it. The utmost possible, says Emile Coué, is a second setback. Then you can leave behind an illness which you finally will have defeated. Why am I mentioning a setback? When we are prepared for such a possible setback we can act much better. Then we are prepared, we are stronger. But, of course, there need not be a setback.

Am I too optimistic? No, I know from experience what I am reading and writing about now for ten years, in this respect. There are other reports in this text (Vick, Macnaghten, Kirk) you should very well consider.

Independence. Let us note again: we have a personal subconscious. We can influence it positively or negatively. It depends on us. Very important: this personal subconscious is partially INDEPENDENT, as they say in esoteric literature. And that is true! It is partially INDEPENDENT! It works ON ITS OWN. It gives us inspirations and ideas and reminds us of a lot of things because it never forgets anything. So, in short, it is a part of God within us. Being a part of God, it is neutral and depends on our positive or negative thinking.

Our personal subconscious is our BEST FRIEND AND HELPER, they say in esoteric literature. That also is true! That means, God is on our side! But please mind, God is on our side only when we think positively.

Question: Why does it work in each religion as well as outside of creed?

Answer: Responsible is our personal subconscious, it accepts everything we believe. Everybody, no matter what religion, has a personal subconscious. It realizes health for everyone, no matter what his creed. Call Allah, call Mary, call Buddha, it's not important whom you call - so the easiest and best way is to implore on your BEST FRIEND AND HELPER, your subconscious, of course.

What about God? The English and German languages are very interesting concerning God. In English there is a parallel: God = good, in German as well: Gott = gut. This is correct when you think positively. This is wrong when you think negatively, as stated above. So in result, God is good AND evil! Both! It depends on you, how YOU, dear reader, approach "Him", it depends on your thinking. As already stated, God in reality is NEUTRAL, and it is up to us if we approach "Him" positively or negatively. Our thinking proves it: we can tumble into illness, or we can rise out of it. Just through words or thinking.

A part of God within us? Yes! An ACTIVE part, please, mind you! Then, in consequence, God is the big subconscious. And great God as well is neutral. That means, God is good or evil, it depends on us, what we make out of "Him". Again, it is so important: It is good to know through experience that God (or Goddess or It or Whatever you want to call It) is on our side. But, please, do not forget, Goddess and God are neutral, so it is up to us to decide which aspect of a neutral Goddess or God is on our side! It's OUR choice. It's OUR thinking!

4. Hugh Macnaghten

Hugh Macnaghten: "Emile Coué, the man and his work" (1922). The author visited Coué in Nancy and took part in his lectures.

Here some quotations out of his book:

"M. Coué ... is never tired of affirming that he works no miracles, all he claims is that he is able in most cases to help us to cure ourselves. 'I cannot help you', he would say, 'if you have broken an arm or a leg; in that case you will go, if you are sensible, to a surgeon; but I may be able to help you to recover the use of a limb or an eye which from the mere fact of long disuse has ceased to act as a limb or an eye in being.'" (p. 4)

"... what you think, in the sphere of possibilities of course, tends irresistibly to become true for you." (p. 5)

"... indeed, we may sleep if we will, for our subconscious mind never sleeps and never forgets, and so his words sink in." (p. 6)

"... without effort. As soon as we nestle on the pillow we are to close our eyes and recite without stress, but just audibly, the well-known formula some twenty times: 'Every day in every respect I grow better and better' ... It seems childish, does it not? It is really childlike, and that is a very different thing." (p. 7)

"There was also present another girl who, for twenty years, had been blind in one eye. The blindness was the result of a blow when she was only three years old; for a time the eye was really blind; when it recovered, its little mistress had learnt to do without it and therefore never thought of using it, though it was ready to be used. After twenty years, some six weeks before our visit to Nancy, she had come to M. Coué and had been taught to see. The eye which, through no fault of its own, had been idle for twenty years has not yet quite caught up its more active mate, but it was not far behind and has possibly made up the lost ground by now." (p. 10 f)

"Sometimes ... specimens of elderly humanity present themselves, but M. Coué seemed hardly less hopeful of age than of youth, and no one was sent empty away. It is never too late to hope for amelioration even if complete cure is impossible. Old age is not a fatal disability: M. Coué makes no secret of his own sixty-five years, but hopes to work harder in the next ten years than even he has ever worked before." (p. 12)

"... that not the will but the imagination is the supreme force: always, however, the first step lies with the will, which before it abdicates must set the imagination working in the right direction." (p. 18)

"... M. Coués teaching. Self-mastery based on recognition of the power of the imagination is the thing that matters. Quite unsensational is the truth which M. Coué brought home to most of us, and it is this: there is no need of miracle, but much need of the simple common sense which is so sadly uncommon." (p. 18 f)

Macnaghten quotes Horace:

"And none but he who watches them from birth,
The Genius, guardian of each child of earth,
Born when we're born, and dying when we die,
Now storm, now sunshine, knows the reason why."

And writes thereupon:

"The second quotation is the standard passage (i.e., our main source of information) on that elusive and mysterious person whom the Romans called the Genius. What exactly do we learn from this passage about this Genius? First, he is always with us from birth and dies with us; secondly, he rules our life; thirdly, he is so important as to be called (in the original) the God of human nature; fourthly, he dies when we die; fifthly, he is liable to change his expression; lastly, sometimes he looks bright (literally white) and sometimes black. If all this is true, our Genius must surely be a very remarkable person and we ought to know something about him. What fun it would be if the Genius, of whom Horace was writing some years before Christ was born, should prove to be an alias of the very modern sub-conscious self." (p. 27 f)

"Clearly we do not consciously direct the various processes on which our life depends: we do not look after our digestion or our breathing. If we take thought for either of these we shall make a sad mess of it, but, if we do not take thought for these things, who does? Very certainly someone is busy looking after them, and on the whole he does his work well, especially when we are young. If he does his work badly we suffer at once because then everything inside us begins to go wrong; hence come gout, constipation, insomnia, in short the whole miserable crowd of sicknesses." (p. 28)

"Always then remember that there are some ills which you can cure for yourself without expense far better than anyone else can cure them for you at vast expense..." (p. 29)

"Now, luckily, this unconscious self is most anxious to please you; he is also very impressionable, and at every moment is influenced by you, so that if you say or even think, 'I am ill', unfortunately for you, he always believes you, and then things all go wrong, just as, when you said or rather thought, 'I am quite well', everything, thanks to him, went on quite well inside you." (p. 29 f)

"Every morning before rising and every evening as soon as you are in bed, you must shut your eyes, so as to concentrate your attention, and repeat twenty times consecutively, moving your lips (that is indispensable) and counting mechanically on a string with twenty knots in it, the following phrase, "Every day in every respect I am getting better and better.'" (p. 32)

"But the rest of us will find M. Coué's is the easiest and safest way, especially as absence of effort is indispensable." (p. 33)

"M. Coué ... he has trusted himself when others laughed at him; he has waited for recognition till he was over sixty; he hasn't lied; he hasn't hated; he hasn't looked too good or talked too wise." (p. 36)

"Some people regard M. Coué as the founder of a new religion. It is a mistake. M. Coué is the apostle of common sense... he would say to us, 'Be Protestants or Catholics, be Bhuddists or Mohammedans, be what you will: it does not concern me whether you are zealots or Freethinkers: I only desire that all of you, from every point of view, Catholic, Nonconformist, or Agnostic, may grow daily better and better.'" (p. 38)

"... and M. Coué says expressly 'there is no miracle at all.' It is true that when a paralytic is cured on the spot, when he rushes to the window of the little upper room in Nancy, when he shouts to the people who are gathering for the next conférence in the courtyard below, 'Je marche, je marche', our thoughts go back nearly two thousand years to the beautiful gate of the Temple where a certain man, lame from his mother's womb, at Peter's word, leaping up, 'stood and walked and entered with them into the Temple, walking and leaping and praising God.' But the resemblance between the New Testament miracles and the work of M. Coué is superficial, the distinction fundamental. I do not know, though I think I know, what M. Coué would say about the passage I have just quoted: of the paralytic cured at Nancy every one knows that he has said it was no miracle; indeed for M. Coué ... miracles do not exist. The cures which are so astonishing as to seem miraculous are everyday occurrences." (p. 39)

"Blind men were cured, just as a girl blind of one eye was cured at Nancy..." (p. 43)

"But as a matter of fact the will does not abdicate until the imagination has in obedience to the will been started in the right direction. If the imagination can do the rest, what sense is there in the will interfering any more? Point the rifle and pull the trigger of course, but surely it will be unwise to try and guide the bullet with your hand!" (p. 48)

5. Questions and Answers

Many authors bring correct items on Emile Coué's methods, and, unfortunately, mix them with wrong ideas. So, here, in short, a few things maybe to arise as questions, and the answers, partially already given above.

Question: "Is this Coué-method general valid, so that I can heal every thinkable disease with it?"

Answer: "No, up to 70 % of all diseases can be healed with it. Severe diseases included. That is a lot. So, being or feeling sick, first try the Coué-method, if it is not urgent."

Question: "What to do with the other about 30 % of diseases?"

Answer: "Regarding the remaining 30 %, visit the normal doctor. But even when you suffer of one of these 30 % please remind, the healing process always is performed by your subconscious. So, in any case, use your sayings, and your regeneration will run quicker and better."

Question: "What about drugs and medics?"

Answer: "Take them, when the normal doctor prescribes them."

Question: "Can I dismiss the normal doctor?"

Answer: "No. Never dismiss him. Remember the 30 % of diseases. And, please mind, the normal doctor is necessary, so the normal pharma industry is necessary as well."

Question: "Several authors say, using Coué's method I need no more bodily exercise. Is this correct?"

Answer: "This is not correct. Use your bodily exercise as usual. For instance biking, jogging, climbing, swimming, what ever deems right."

Question: "Having problems with my body, say with my teeth. Will it suffice to use the Coué method, and all these problems will disappear?"

Answer: "No, you always must consider two aspects. Your subconscious can have strong effects on your body, but this hinders not to use the usual means. So brush normally your teeth, and at the same time use the proposed sayings. This is valid for all other things regarding cleanness, sanity and so on. Use your soap, take your showers and at the same time - through sayings or through prayers - use the invisible forces exercised by your subconscious. Never forget the great invisible power within you."

Question: "What about my mind? When I use the positive saying regarding my memory and concentration, is there any additional mind activity necessary?"

Answer: "You must treat your mind exactly like your body. So use usual mind exercises. For instance read books, learn languages, write stories, publish magazines."

Question: "Someone told me the Coué method does not work. He tried it out, and it did not work with him. Is this person right?"

Answer: Yes, this person can be right.

Question: But, another person told me, he tried the Coué method out, and it works very well with him. Is this person right?"

Answer: Yes, this second person is right.

Question: But how comes, one person says, the Coué method does not work, and it really does not work with him. And another person says, it works very well, and it really works well with him. How is this possible? Both persons offer contradictory opinions, and you say, both are right. How can both persons be right?"

Answer: BOTH persons are right. He, who thinks negatively, sends a negative signal down to his subconscious, and his best friend and helper does his bidding, and it does not work. He, who thinks positively, sends a positive signal down to his subconscious, and his best friend and helper does his bidding, and it works. BOTH persons are right. So you see it is far better to think positively because then you create the desired positive results.

Question: They pretend, the Coué-method works instantaneously, as soon as you utter a saying, it will be fulfilled. Is that true?"

Answer: No, it doesn't work this way, usually. For this method is new to the beginner. That means, it is new as well to his subconscious to get new positive orders. Your best friend and helper is used to poor old thinking. It must get accustomed to new orders and to new thinking.

Question: How much time will it require the personal subconscious to accept and realize new positive orders?"

Answer: That's a question of training. He who is used to this method will find success within two or three nights. But, although being used to it, you need at least one night till your subconscious realizes your wishes.

Question: And how much time will it take the beginner?"

Answer: You must consider up to three weeks to realize the first positive results. But never lay off the Coué sayings, for success is absolute sure in 70 % of all cases!

Question: I have a lot of friends. We talk all things over. What can I tell them about this method?"

Answer: You must consider their possible reaction. They are not informed, because for instance there is nothing on television. They maybe would show a negative reaction.

Question: I won't mind that. Where is the problem?"

Answer: The problem is with you. When you doubt it, your subconscious doubts, too. And stops working in this respect.

Question: So, what is the condition of my subconscious working effectively for me?

Answer: You must know or believe it is working. Then it works perfectly within the margin of its possibilities. Doubt stops it. Doubt destroys your knowledge or conviction."

Question: They say, the Coué-method can work miracles. For instance, I lose a leg due to an accident. Can I grow my leg again, using a positive saying?

Answer: Coué explains that any idea which we can succeed in having the subconscious accept will be realized in action, provided, however, that it is within the realms of the possible; for he realizes that the human body has limitations. Coué does not attempt the impossible. When promising benefits, he always says, 'providing this thing be possible'. So some animals could grow their lost leg, but not mankind.

Question: This is a method of wish saying?

Answer: Yes, it is. But there is an enormous power within us to fulfill each wish if ever possible.

Question: If I wish a handful of gold nuggets shall fall down from the sky in front of my feet. Does this happen?

Answer: No, this cannot happen, not this way. Due to Emile Coué, please consider only things in the sphere of possibility.

Question: So this method of wishing and wanting and of belief is nonsense?

Answer: No, on the contrary. Defeating cancer this way - wishing and wanting and demanding - is more worth than all gold of the world.

Question: If somebody is altogether healthy and sound today. Can this person do without the Coué method?

Answer: No. The Coué method prevents all diseases within the range of 70 %. So if this person wants to stay healthy and sound, he should use this method as a means of prevention. Using this wonderful method, you never get knowledge of all diseases you are avoiding this way.

Question: Hearing of the ideas Monsieur Coué is proposing, I think they are too good to be true?

Answer: The Coué method is simple. But all great things are simple. This method is simplest, so it is greatest.

Question: Does the Coué method work in each language, no matter what is the country of your origin?

Answer: The subconscious, of course, understands each person, no matter which language. Here Coué's main saying in five languages:

English: "Day by day, in all respects, I get better and better."

German: "Es geht mir mit jedem Tag in jeder Hinsicht immer besser und besser."

French: "Tous les jours, à tous points de vue, je vais de mieux en mieux."

Italian: "Ogni giorno, sotto tutti i rapporti, io vado di bene in meglio."

Spanish: "Todos los días desde todos los puntos de vista, ya voy de mejor a mejor."

6. Ella Boyce Kirk

Ella Boyce Kirk: "My Pilgrimage to Coué" (1922).

Out of this book the following quotations:

"There always existed that enthusiasm that comes with success - and Coué's method, as I discovered later, in affections that did not entail organic malformations or broken bones, was successful in ninety cases out of one hundred." (p. 3 f)

"In all cases where the Coué method was tried, the attitude was one of satisfaction and gratitude. The individual radiated a desire to spread the idea and inform the world of the wonders that could be accomplished by a method so simple that it might at first seem ridiculous." (p. 4)

"The truth of Coué's marvelous method has in it the very essence of sunlight in its goodness and beneficence. If only it were as widely diffused how much happier the world would be!" (p. 5)

"I had reached the stage when I was about to resign myself to the worst, when the names Coué and Nancy came to me like two good geniuses leading me to health and happiness. I was not long in availing myself of the promises they held out to me, and now, thanks to them, I am able to publish my thankfulness and gratitude to the world instead of dragging my life away in embittered invalidism in the narrow confines of a basket-chair." (p. 5 f)

"... the doctor ... He told me that I was shortly going to be unable to walk!" (p. 14)

"approximately fifteen years I had suffered occasionally with both limbs from a malady that seemed to be due to gradual stiffening of the muscles. It was sometimes attended by cramps the knees. Any difficulty in walking that I experienced in this way, however, was always attributed not only by my doctor, but even by myself, to the fact that I was so heavy." (p. 15)

"One day, most unexpectedly, the trouble I had experienced with my knees showed new developments that seemed grave enough to demand serious attention. Pains so intense as to cause me to lose all consciousness, and swellings so gross as to interfere with my walking challenged notice. The doctors came and diagnosed. One said dropsy; another, rheumatism. All decreed that

probably, at my time of life, it was incurable. With rest and diet I would perhaps bring about reduction of the swelling, but it was nevertheless probably futile to expect that I should again walk with the old freedom." (p. 16)

"But illness is most often mental. Indeed, it ought to be borne in mind by those who are well that no invalidism is unbearable if it is cheered by employment, interesting company, and a chance to render service. The chief duty of those who nurse the sick is to restore their mental health." (p. 22 f)

"Looking back upon my decision to go to M. Coué, it seems to me as if it came as a last resort, when despair had all but set it." (p. 23)

"Accordingly, we set sail on the 8th of July. Established in a special deck chair that had been built expressly to accommodate my poor, tortured body, I vowed not to leave it unless I was washed out to sea by a tidal wave." (p. 24)

"... I had already tried several varieties of religious faith cures. At this moment I have nothing to urge against them. In the light of my subsequent lessons from M. Coué, I have more respect for them now than before I went to him, for he convinced me that they are of value for many people. His explanation that they are sometimes efficacious because they often cause the patient to give himself curative autosuggestions justifies them for those who can be convinced by their affirmations. However, they failed to help me, because I had no faith in them." (p. 25)

"We had not been long in his study when M. Coué entered. How shall I depict him in words? Sixty-seven years young, short in stature, with a remarkably keen eye and a twinkling smile, he appears at first glance to be bent with age, but one flash of his merry smile instantly sets that impression to rest. One feels, to begin with, how unassuming he is; next, how sincere; and lastly, how assured. 'You will be better', seems to be his most characteristic remark." (p. 33)

"Coué: 'If, then, the patient acts on these he will get well, if it is within the limits of possibility.'" (p. 35)

"He explained later that if the disease of the eye is a muscular one, he can cure it, but if there are liquid complications, he cannot." (p. 35)

"My personal experience in being treated by Monsieur Coué is so simple as to be unbelievable..." (p. 37)

"Even then I did not believe it possible; it all seemed so simple as to be only a passing fancy. I repeated twenty times every morning and evening, as he asked me to do, 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting better und better', sometimes adding, 'and I am sure there will be no recurrence of the pain.' M. Coué said there was no objection to making this specific suggestion, though it was not at all necessary. In less than a week I found that I could move about more easily and could do more things without conscious effort than I had been able to do for years.

It was then that the real cure was effected. I could now sit for a long time without changing position. I could walk much more easily and after three months, during which time I have surely been getting better and better each day, there has been no recurrence of the pain and I walk as well and as easily as I did twenty years ago. - The method that brought about this result seems almost too simple to tell." (p. 38 f)

"Precisely what you suffered from was not so much a disease as a moral disaster; the cure has given you more than the absence of pain. Something positive has been gained - what M. Coué calls 'Self-Mastery'. You are led to see that life has more spiritual value than you had given heed to." (p. 40)

"It needs but a glance to see what has brought them hither; faces drawn with pain, the tortured look of mental distress, the twisted and bent frames supported by cane or crutch, all bear silent testimony to the need and the hope of relief." (p. 42)

"... it minimizes the possibilities of the patient's discussion of his own symptoms. To dwell upon symptoms is to make a suggestion, which is highly undesirable. We all know how characteristic it is to rehearse symptoms, particularly in the case of chronic invalids. However, in a large group it becomes practically impossible, and that is a first step toward eliminating an evil suggestion and substituting a good one." (p. 43)

"M. Coué, as is well known, maintains that the imagination [subconscious] is stronger than the will." (p. 45)

"First of all, let us consider what the unconscious does for us. There are many bodily und mental activities which we can consciously direct and alter; but there are many more, of greater importance, that we cannot control through the mind. These are more important because they are

the fundamental life activities without which life could not continue. Breathing, the beating of the heart, the processes of digestion and many more, all come under that category." (p. 48)

"It has remained for M. Coué to discover the real nature of the unconscious, and to present it not as an evil genius, rising from the depths from time to time under emotional impulsion to defeat our most earnest purposes; but that it is a deep and vital force, capable of being educated and directed, provided that the laws under which it works are observed." (p. 50)

"... the subconscious ... It is well known that it is during sleep that it is most active." (p. 51)

"M. Coué, therefore, advocates that upon retiring, and also immediately upon waking, while the mind and body are as relaxed as possible, everyone should make to himself the general suggestion of well-being that is coming to be a household expression: 'Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better.' This is to be said twenty times. M. Coué also suggests the use of a string with twenty knots tied to it, for keeping the record, and the uttering of the words in as monotonous a tone as possible. In other words, what is known in psychology as voluntary or active attention should be reduced to a minimum; the conscious self is to be lulled to as quiescent a state as possible, short of actual sleep. M. Coué explains that any idea which we can succeed in having the subconscious accept will be realized in action, provided, however, that it is within the realms of the possible; for he realizes that the human body has limitations." (p. 51 f)

"A second important thing is his method of repetition. ... It is used extensively in the business world, and advertising has built a scientific law about it." (p. 53)

"In his various clinics M. Coué has conquered cases of paralysis, tuberculosis, asthma, anaemia, stuttering, enteritis, gout, dyspepsia, eczema and neurasthenia in all its manifestations. The crippled have thrown away their crutches and walked for the first time, sometimes after a single treatment." (p. 62)

"Christian Scientists, when they achieve similar results, assert that it is divine healing. Those in charge of Catholic shrines such as Lourdes and Ste. Anne de Beaupré say that it is God working through the intercession of particular saints in special localities that produces the marvelous results. Hindoo healers have claimed magical or religious powers to cure, in similar fashion. Even the proof of Christ's own divinity is sometimes asserted on the strength of the miracles of

healing which He performed. - The popular mind is thoroughly prepared to believe that divine power can produce particular cures, that the Deity does sometimes take note of, and miraculously heal individuals, and that the possession, therefore, by a human being, of power to effect cures in an unexplained fashion without material aid is in itself proof of his possessing some superhuman, spiritual force." (p. 62 f)

"Not his personal power, but autosuggestion conveyed by the subject himself, to himself, is Coué's own explanation for his cures. Autosuggestion he defines as a sort of self-hypnotism, 'the influence of the imagination upon the moral and physical being'. - 'If you persuade yourself that you can do a certain thing, provided that thing be possible, you will do it, however difficult it may be.' - To one patient Coué said: 'When I tell you that you are better, you do feel better at once, don't you? Why? Because you have faith in me. Just believe in yourself and you will obtain the same result.'" (p. 66 f)

"When certain people do not obtain satisfactory results with autosuggestion, it is either because they lack confidence, or because they make efforts, which is the more frequent case. To make good suggestions it is absolutely necessary to do so without effort. Conscious autosuggestion, made with confidence, with faith, with perseverance, realizes itself mathematically, without reason.' - Coué, then, lays no claim to personal power, or even religious aid in effecting cures. Indeed, as we have seen, he ascribes to autosuggestion the cures for which religious sanction is asserted. -

'The means employed by the healers all go back to autosuggestion', he says. 'That is to say, that these methods, whatever they are - words, incantations, gestures, staging - all produce in the patient the autosuggestion of recovery.'" (p. 67 f)

"What genius it reveals, after all, to take a few simple instruments, such as a string of twenty knots, a doggerel of twelve words, and two or three easy affirmations, and to create out of them a system of drugless medicine that has the world at respectful attention!" (p. 73)

"The hardest thing for most people to understand about Couéism is that there isn't more of it. The sole tenet in the system is the deliberately adopted belief that, whatever ails you, you are getting better. The sole means of forming that belief is to put the affirmation to work in your subconscious mind, with the expectation that the subconscious mind will carry the belief out into actuality while you are occupied with other things. The sole means of putting that belief to work is to din it into the mind by tireless assertion at those times of day when the will is most quiescent, and when the fancy is most credulous." (p. 74)

"... a sing-song of childlike simplicity..." (p. 76)

"There are, indeed, hurdles to be got over before the subconscious mind can accept the suggestion of daily growing better. In the minds of the skeptical, doubts must be removed, suggestibility built up, hope enkindled, faith engendered, and a desire aroused sufficient to keep the subject repeating the formula long enough for it to start its work in the subconscious." (p. 77)

"He does not attempt the impossible. When promising benefits, he always says, 'providing this thing be possible'." (p. 80 f)

"What you say persistently and very quickly comes to pass (within the domain of the reasonable, of course)." (p. 81)

"The small percentage of insane, of people of arrested mental development are also ruled out as outside the range of his ministrations." (p. 82)

"You say that you have suffered for forty years? It is none the less true that you can be cured tomorrow, on condition, naturally, of your doing exactly what I tell you to do, in the way I tell you to do it." (p. 83)

"All successful physicians nowadays recognize this fact, - that an optimistic attitude toward a disease is the first essential for a cure." (p. 84)

"The conscious attitude of confidence, hope and striving is necessary to maintain health." (p. 88)

"It is Coué's discovery that whatever idea is presented to the unconscious with an attitude of belief is accepted as reality and gradually realizes itself in the unconscious. Hence his constant mission of favorable suggestions to the unconscious." (p. 90)

7. Art and More

There is a subconscious, the greatest, godlike power in us. There are so many examples we could add to all what, above, already has been said. For instance, dear reader, you are looking for a book. It should be alphabetically listed on the shelf, but it is not there where it should be. Well, you think, where is it now? You do not know, but what happens then? Maybe two hours later or the next day, all of a sudden, you know where this book is and why you changed its place.

You see, your subconscious always is working, day and night. Your best friend and helper provides you with the necessary information of which you are thinking: "Oh, yes, it was my idea!" But no, it was not your idea, it was your subconscious (never forgetting anything) providing you with the place where the missed book must be.

Another example. We so often are searching for a name or a word we would like to mention this moment - in a discussion or just thinking of it. But the word or name are insistently missing. Please mind you, missing it is only for your "I". Your subconscious has no problems with it because your subconscious memorizes everything and never will forget all of these memories. So try it without any exertion or just wait some time and soon your best friend and helper will provide you with the word or name you so urgently are missing.

Now, please mind, as we have already told, your personal subconscious is partially independent and it is acting on its own! That means it does things you never dreamt of, and it is assisting you in all your yearning. Say, you are an author writing a book or a story, then your mind is busy with contents, but your subconscious is busy as well. You got a problem here, you got a problem there? The solution, you will find it! But, again, it is a very wrong estimation neglecting the role your subconscious played in finding that solution. So, maybe considering the author of MacBeth and Hamlet, we should read: written by William Shakespeare AND his subconscious!

In art and literature there are many examples of authors or composers saying their ideas were coming over night (when the personal subconscious has all time to work on it). Let us take a well known example out of the area of the fantastic. Let us listen to what Robert Louis Stevenson, creator of the famous novel "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", said insofar:

"But to use your mind to the best advantage doesn't mean to toil along with the mere conscious part of it. It means hitching up your conscious mind with the Man Inside You, with the little 'Mental Brownies' as Robert Louis Stevenson called them, and then working together for a definite end.

'My Brownies! God bless them!' said Stevenson, 'Who do one-half of my work for me when I am fast asleep, and in all human likelihood do the rest for me as well when I am wide awake and foolishly suppose that I do it myself. I had long been wanting to write a book on man's double being. For two days I went about racking my brain for a plot of any sort, and on the second night I dreamt the scene in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the window; and a scene, afterward split in two, in which Hyde, pursued, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuer.' ...

'In the Inner Consciousness of each of us', quotes Dumont in 'The Master Mind', 'there are forces which act much the same as would countless tiny mental brownies or helpers who are anxious and willing to assist us in our mental work, if we will but have confidence and trust in them. This is a psychological truth expressed in the terms of old fairy tales.'"

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages, p. 50)

These "brownies" exist as well in German fairy tales. Here they are called "Heinzelmännchen" (his good helpers).

There someone goes to bed, without having done his work. But the "Heinzelmännchen" do all his work during the night, and when he awakes, fine, the shop is done. The fairy tale refers to work done by hand. But in reality, as you can see above, the helpers do their work in your head and in your soul!

Does the subconscious only work for artists, writers, composers and so on? No, of course not. It, the personal subconscious, is an attribute of all women and men, and everywhere in nature it is present. It works best at night, as we have seen above, because at daytime it is busy with so much ado, but at night time the eager "I" comes to a rest, so it is time for the subconscious to solve the bottled up problems.

Look at this quotation here:

"Frederick Pierce, in 'Our Unconscious Mind', gives an excellent method for solving business problems through the aid of the subconscious:

'Several years ago, I heard a successful executive tell a group of young men how he did his work, and included in the talk was the advice to prepare at the close of each day's business, a list of the ten most important things for the next day. To this I would add: Run them over in the mind just before going to sleep, not thoughtfully, or with elaboration of detail, but with the sure knowledge that the deeper centers of the mind are capable of viewing them constructively even though conscious attention is surrendered in sleep.

'Then, if there is a particular problem which seems difficult of solution, review its features lightly as a last game for the imaginative unconscious to play at during the night. Do not be discouraged if no immediate results are apparent. Remember that fiction, poetry, musical composition, inventions, innumerable ideas, spring from the unconscious, often in forms that give evidence of the highest constructive elaboration.

'Give your unconscious a chance. Give it the material, and stimulate it with keenly dwelt-on wishes along frank Ego Maximation lines. It is a habit which, if persisted in, will sooner or later present you with some very valuable ideas when you least expect them.'"

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages, p. 120)

8. Final Quotations

There is so much to it, to the subconscious, we do never notice. Mind you, your hairs are growing on your head, your finger nails grow as well. Did you way of your "I" ever waste any thought on it? No, you never did. But they are growing anyway. Or take your hidden inner organs of which you maybe even do not know the name? Hopefully they work for you best. Each organ works in cooperation with all the others. That is like an orchestra where a lot of instruments are playing together. But you immediately realize: regarding to an orchestra, you need a conductor so that all instruments will sound together very well. But what about your body, and its organs? Who is the conductor there, so that all organs fit together? Yes, there must be a conductor whom we just do not realize, subconscious is his name.

There are a lot of things unthought of. Finally in this text let us have a look at what Shakespeare and so many others considered, referring to the secret power within us, which only a part of God can be.

"This field is your own consciousness - a treasure you find within yourself -, which others cannot see. But you know it for the in-dwelling Spirit - 'the Father within you' - and are willing to sell all that you have because this treasure is worth more than all other possessions.

"If you have begun to realize this treasure, and use it even in a small way, the most wonderful thing that can happen to anyone on this planet has happened to you."

(Robert Collier: "The Secret of the Ages", p. 161)

"Even as long ago as Napoleon's day, men had begun to get an inkling of this. 'Think that you are well,' said the astute Tallyrand, 'instead of thinking that you are sick.' And the formula of the Quakers is that an energetic soul is 'master of the body which it loves.'"

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages, p. 152)

"Few sick people have any idea how much they can do for themselves. There is an old saying that every man is 'a fool or his own physician at 40.'"

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages, p. 153)

"What image are you holding in mind? Images of sickness? Of poverty? Of Limitation? Then you are reproducing these in your life. Banish them! Forget them! Never let them enter your thought, and they will never again manifest themselves in your life."

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages, p. 153)

Oh yes, did you ever hear the voice of God within you? No? Why don't you listen carefully, ignoring the loud troubling noise outside you?

"That is a great sentiment which was expressed by Fénelon. He said: 'We must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard by those who hear nothing else. Ah! how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak.'"

(Henry Wood: "Edward Burton", p. 260)

Or listen to this, regarding the fact that words are not useless, but a powerful force:

"Sticks and stones will break my bones ... but words will drive me crazy. Be careful of the words you use!"

(Barbara Ruth Hailey quotes her teacher Alice Ginott, from: INTA-Magazine "New Thought" Issue Autumn 2015, p. 29)

And what about William Shakespeare, the greatest author and poet ever?

"As A Man Thinketh

Our remedies in ourselves do lie

Which we ascribe to heaven."

Shakespeare

(Robert Collier: "The Secret of the Ages", p. 59)

Well, what about your age? You are too old to consider what all these great women and men have thought? No, you are not at all too old, listen to this, Berton Braley has it well expressed in his poem on 'Opportunity':

"For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,

The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned.

Don't worry and fret, faint hearted,
The chances have just begun,
For the Best jobs haven't been started,
The Best work hasn't been done."

(Robert Collier: The Secret of the Ages, p. 68)

Well, now, we understand this: we, well considered, are the masters of our fate.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul."

Henley

(Robert Collier: "The Secret of the Ages", p. 15)

And finally, please, let us have a look at a very fine quotation which shows us the ways God goes without our often noticing it:

>All the prophets in heaven were gathered together trying to decide where to hide the secrets of life so that man would never find them. One of the prophets spoke up, "We will hide them far out in outer-space". But God said that man would go to the furthest corner of outer-space and would find the secrets of life. Another prophet suggested that the secrets be hidden deep in the ocean. God exclaimed: "Man would also go to the depths of the deepest ocean and he would find them". The prophets then questioned, "Where will we hide the secrets of life so man can't find them"? God's loving voice replied, "We will hide them within Man himself - he will never look".<

(From INTA-Magazine "New Thought" Issue Autumn 2015, p. 28, quoted by Rev. Barbara Ruth

Hailey)

Essay
Smile Like Evil Robots
By
Dr. Robin Bright

One of the great cultural icons of the 20th century was the United States of America's Batman, the 'caped crusader' character created by artist Bob Kane and writer Bill Finger for issue 27 of 1939's Detective Comics (DC) and translated to the 'small screen' of television as a vehicle for actor Adam West in Batman and Robin (1966-8) in which actor Burt Ward was Batman's crime fighting partner, Robin. Ward played Dick Grayson who, as Robin, the 'boy wonder', was Burt Ward, the ward of Bruce Wayne at his stately mansion, Wayne Manor, and Batman's partner in fighting crime, as Batman and Robin, when father and foster son donned their superhero costumes for 120 half hour episodes to assume the characters' crime busting role.

As the 'dynamic duo', Wayne and Grayson were 'DC' Comics' anonymous protectors of Gotham city, a stylized depiction of the United States' best known city, New York, which again became the focus of the world's crime fighting organizations on September 11, 2001. The Al Qaeda terrorist group, led by Saudi Arabian, Osama Ben Laden, and trained by the misogynist Taliban government of Afghanistan, hijacked planes at Boston, Logan airport, Massachusetts, before crashing them into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center of New York city to precipitate a war to depose Al Qaeda's supporter in the Middle East, Saddam Hussein of Iraq.

Although Batman and Robin seemed absent from the war theater, United States' stealth technology was modeled on Bruce Wayne's batmobile, bat plane, and bat boat, which operated by night stealthily and unseen as the crime fighting vehicles that were an essential part of

Batman and Robin's equipment. US B2 'Spirit' stealth bombers and F117 'Nighthawk' stealth fighters copied the equipment developed by Wayne Industries for use by Batman and Robin in their stealth defense of Gotham city by night.

The world watched absorbedly on September 11, 2001, as 'live on CNN', and other networked cable and satellite TV channels, Al Qaeda's terrorist planes crashed into the Twin Towers of New York to precipitate the second Gulf war that began with the invasion of Iraq in March and April of 2003 and after the first Gulf war to remove dictator Saddam Hussein's invading army from Kuwait city, where it'd begun to ensconce itself on August 2, 1990, after many years of Iraq's laying claim to the much smaller nation of Kuwait as its 19th province. The stealth technology envisioned by DC Comics' Wayne Industries was factually deployed by the US to bust crime in the Middle East and topple the dictator, Saddam Hussein, who was executed by hanging on December 30, 2006, in the capital city of Iraq, Baghdad, after its final capture by US and other nations' forces much indebted to batplane stealth technology and DC Comics' unscientific fiction, Batman.

Although the 1960s TV show largely spoofed DC Comics' Batman and Robin as a 'counterculture' product aimed at ridiculing overly serious US governments seemingly hell bound in plunging its citizens into wars against rival political ideologies in places as far away as Korea (1950-3) and Vietnam (1959-75), the series' predecessors were financed by Sam Katzman, whose 15 part 1943 series, Batman, about a female Japanese spy during a period when the US was embroiled in World War Two (1939-45) fighting Japanese Imperialism after that nations' sneak attack on the US Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941, and a second 15 part 1949 series, Batman and Robin, about 'Wizard' who wants to control other people's cars by remote control, were notoriously low budget and the 1960s Batman and Robin's copying of the cheap style was designed to spoof Katzman rather than the comic book superheroes. The role of super criminal, Catwoman, in the 1960s TV show was probably Katzman transposed, because cheapness is the enemy of the serious professional and Katzman had cheapened Batman.

In Hollywood Babylon's Batman (1989), actor Michael Keaton appeared godlike in his costume, and the \$48 million budget for the production values of the film, directed by Tim Burton, dispensed with ideas of the DC Comics' superhero as 'cheap'. Although the first Gulf war wouldn't commence till 1990, the technological superiority of Batman's equipment mirrored that of the US army, with its B-2 'Spirit' stealth bombers (\$737 million each), and F 117 'Nighthawk' (\$111 million) fighters built by the Northrop and Lockheed companies as aspects of the Military Industrial Complex (MIC) at the center of the US' war economy. The cheap spoofishness and 'camp' style of the knockabout comedy 1960s counterculture Batman and Robin, with 'Kapow!' and 'Bam!' written in a heavily lampooning style over the TV screen action, whenever the characters were engaged in 'fisticuffs' with supervillain enemies like 'Wizard', who wanted to take control of their batmobile car, was replaced in Hollywood Babylon

by a superhero figure whose technological capability and godlike prowess wouldn't accept the oil rich superstate of Iraq dictating to the US economy through its automobiles' need for fuel. Katzman's austere 1943 and 1949 Batman during WWII's money saving war economy and its aftermath was supplanted by Burton's expensive pre-war for oil version, because wealth with stealth was the meaning of Kane and Finger's original DC Comics' creation in 1929.

The concept of the machinery of war most properly belongs to the First World War (1914-18) when the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand of the Austro-Hungarian Empire on June 28, 1914, in Bosnia's city of Sarajevo, the 'Jerusalem of Europe', resulted in Imperial Germany's activation of General Staff strategist (1891-1906), Alfred von Schlieffen's 'Aufmarsch I' plan, which once implemented meant war and couldn't be halted even if the Germans wanted to. War machines are what Northrop B-2 'Spirit' bombers and Lockheed F 117 'Nighthawk' fighters were and the 9/11, 2001, crashing of hijacked civil airliners at Boston, Logan airport, Massachusetts, precipitated the second Gulf war much as the German 'Schlieffen Plan' was activated by the Archduke Ferdinand's assassination. Consequently, Batman represents the stealthy development of a war machine from cheap comic book origins as a plan equivalent to Schlieffen's.

The Al Qaeda attack on the World Trade Center was 'rough trade', which is the term given to homosexual 'brutality and violence', because war is against 'woman's seed' represented by the birth of Jesus from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen, 2000 years before.

What is against 'woman's seed' is homosexuality, and in the Bible the first woman, Eve, is told by God, 'You will crush the head of the serpent with your foot and he will lie in wait for your heel.' (Gen: 3.15) Most commentators view this as prophetic in that Eve's descendant is Mary and Jesus uncontaminated is the redeemer who will 'rule the nations with an iron scepter' on behalf of 'woman's seed' against the 'serpent's seed' of homosexual men who want war upon woman's human species. As 'futanarian' women have penis' semen of their own as well as host wombs for the sexual reproduction of their own brains' powers for technological and scientific development men's prevention of her race from coming to power is a logical reason for Al Qaeda's terrorist attack upon the Twin Towers precipitating another resources depleting conflict in which she and the Earth lose.

The evil smile is a feature of most villainous characters in Batman stories but smiling isn't a characteristic applicable only to the evil. In the 1960s counterculture TV series Batman and Robin the 'dynamic duo' joke almost constantly and innuendo is a large part of the appeal for dads who perceive that it's an adult 'in-joke' that the kids aren't aware of. Hollywood Babylon's Batman's sternness and robotic style kept pace with the stealthy preparations of the US war machine for the Gulf conflicts and, although the 'dark humor' of the original Batman character,

as conceived by Kane and Finger in 1929, was given as the reason for the character's more saturnine disposition, the attributes of the US stealth war machine were markedly apparent in the equipment and equipage of Batman's vehicular modes of transport and armored costume, which ultimately represented the male figure as the enemy of 'woman's seed' and of the human species. Successive Batman movies produced by Hollywood Babylon featured a succession of women with evil smiles while the Batman character remained austere, disapproving and robotic, because what women need in their lives are labor-saving machines equal or equivalent to the robots of science fiction writers like Isaac Asimov, for example, whose short story collection *I, Robot* (1950) was filmed by Hollywood Babylon in 2004 with black actor, Will Smith, in a depiction of what would happen if machines became the slaves rather than the helpers of humanity, which is what the 9/11 planes and the B-2 'Spirit' bombers of the Gulf wars also depicted.

Although the severe pedantic exertions of Batman represent roboticization, the smiles of the female villainesses represent men's fear of the robot that would liberate women from evil by caring for their humanity better than they can. The delusion of the 19th and 20th centuries was that machines would replace humans whereas the free machine that liberates the human from slavery because it cares for women is desirable to women and their daughters, who are the true human race if 'futanarian' women with their own penis' semen and host wombs are understood as the progenitors of the species as planned by God in the Bible after Eve and Adam, the first man, were expelled by God for preferring womb slavery and ephemerality from a serpent telling them to eat of the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil' so that, 'You shall be as gods.' (Gen: 3. 5) Killing and culling Eve's human race born from her host womb after paradise meant men and women lived like gods on the products of their parasitism, while fear of the machine instilled into humanity fear of liberation. Consequently, smiling, as a sign of freedom on the faces of women, is depicted as evil, while the unsmiling Batman character appears as a robotic supermachine that ultimately brings death to humanity in the Gulf wars, etc., because smiling isn't enslavement to the war machine of species' destruction. There was no 'bat signal' atop the Twin Towers on September 11, 2001, indicating the protective presence of Batman and Robin, because men now represent 'aliens' destroying the Earth and its human inhabitants.

Manufacturing aliens for generations in Hollywood Babylon to depict intelligence destroying the Earth is the reason why Hollywood is likened to Babylon, the ancient capital city of Saddam Hussein's Iraq, described in the Bible as a death ridden whore because of men's parasitism upon women's host wombs for the spreading of their viral contagion against her species: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5)

The Alliance of the United States with the United Kingdom and others during the Gulf war might better have been described as the 'aliens' because Hollywood Babylon had been preparing the human race for a war with the non-existent aliens almost since its inception in Los Angeles, when director D. W. Griffiths made the movie, *Old California* (1910), there. Although the first

science fiction film was Frenchmen Auguste and Louis Lumière's 1895 *The Mechanical Butcher* (*La Charcuterie Mécanique*), the theme of the pig being turned into pork products hasn't changed. Women are still chops for the machine that has eaten her penis like a sausage and, in taking away her capacity to sexually reproduce her own brains' powers, has chopped her head off. Consequently, the Gulf Alliance was an extension of Hollywood Babylon's aliens and the war machine as a mechanical butcher designed to kill 'woman's seed' and prevent the race of women from being run by her so she can escape from the parasite stalking her host womb: '... when he had taken some bread and given thanks, he broke it and gave it to them, saying, 'This is my body which is given for you; do this in remembrance of me.' And in the same way he took the cup after they had eaten, saying, 'This cup which is poured out for you is the new covenant in my blood.' (Luke: 22. 19)

Uncontaminated by men's 'seed', that is, their 'body and blood', Jesus represents woman's, so his betrayer, the disciple Judas Iscariot, who partook of the 'bread and wine' as symbols of decontamination, and who gave Jesus over to the Roman occupation of Palestine as a Jewish 'dissident', represents the betrayer of the human host of woman, because Jesus was the host at the 'Last Supper'. Nailed to a wooden cross and tortured to death prior to his Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, Jesus uncontaminate prefigures the human race of women's future Resurrection and Ascension through her own 'seed' and brains' powers for liberation and escape through technology and scientific achievements that doubtless will include immortality and eternal beauty, because that's the Redemption from humorless evil that God wanted. The villain in the first Batman movie was Jack Nicholson as 'The Joker', so the audience wasn't supposed to smile. The first female villainess, Michelle Pfeiffer as Catwoman, appeared in *Batman Returns* (1992), and so she was the first evil smiling woman of the film franchise that stretched in 1995 to *Batman Forever* and the villain, 'Two Face', with a good female assistant and a bad, Drew Barrymore as 'Sugar' and Debi Mazar as 'Spice', who together represented what the 1972 O'Jays' pop song, 'Back Stabbers' (1972), lyricized, that is, two-faced criminality: 'What they do! They smile in your face. All the time they want to take your place. The back stabbers. Back stabbers!'

In *Batman and Robin* (1997) Uma Thurman was smiling villainess 'Poison Ivy' while Alicia Silverstone was Batgirl with her stealth motorcycle representing men's technology rapidly moving her forward towards the realization that technology wasn't affording her any escape.

Uma's character represented HIV/AIDS and her smiling countenance reflected the growing awareness that women's bodies were being viewed as plague carriers by men looking to have what passed for heterosexual sex between themselves as parasites and women as the host species that had had its own penis eaten by men before they'd produced the late 20th century incurable 'killer disease' of HIV/AIDS by mixing blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses during mockeries of the act of human sexual reproduction that rejected the bodies of women as if they

were poison. Consequently, the final movie in the Batman franchise before the 21st century began dealt with the growing issue of homosexual pederasty in warfare, which had been the model for Western society since the ancient Greeks made institutionalized homosexuality and host womb enslavement the basis of their democracy in a period of expansion that saw the Greek Empire capture Troy by means of a ploy known as the 'Trojan horse'. Leaving a huge hollow wooden horse outside the city of Troy the Greeks waited until the Trojans took the horse inside before emerging to enslave the host wombs of the women and institutionalize the homosexuality in pederasty they were feared for and which they used to spread their contagion of war further.

By the dawn of the 21st century the Greeks had been supplanted by the 'geeks' who were creating 'bad machine code' they called 'Trojan horse' to infect computers and kill those brains that humanity had constructed to replace the brains of the women that the men had effectively voided by eating her penis. In Russia fellatio is colloquially called 'smoking', and someone who 'smokes' is euphemistically a murderer. Smoking in the movies denotes collusion between men and women in the extinction of the human species' brains as a symbol of the woman's penis. Consequently, Batman villain Two Face's 'Sugar' and 'Spice' and the villainess 'Poison Ivy' represent schizophrenia embedded within the human condition at the outset of the third millennium. Daughters taught not to perceive their own bodies in the mirror as the image of their sexual counterpart, else they're labelled 'lesbian' and 'abnormal' by a parasite that has eaten her race's penis, are male brained and schizophrenically inclined towards sexual reproduction with a parasitical alien not of her own species that together they 'smoke' as bad girls that appear good and women who aren't poison but are made to represent it. Although Batman denotes the implacable war machine as robot, female characters like Alicia Silverstone as Batgirl, and Nicole Kidman as 'love interest', Dr Chase Meridian in *Batman Forever*, smilingly represent what men see as evil, which is the implacable caring machine, that is, the possible development by women's brains of the labor-saving robot that would save women for genuine work worthy of humanity and keep her from destruction by caring for her better than men have if men didn't 'smoke' her species to keep her human race from running and escaping to the planets and stars of God's heaven above the Earth.

21st century Batman began with a rebooting of the franchise and *Batman Begins* which depicted how Batman overcame his fear of bats to build a workshop inside a cave filled with them and develop the stealth technologies that would be the model for the US army in the Gulf wars and elsewhere. Bats fly blind by means of sonar and stealth planes are undetectable because they use sonar to navigate, whereas conventional planes use radar and are detectable by radar (Radio Detecting and Ranging). Sound bounces off objects and so distance is measurable through sonar, whereas radar can be fooled into perceiving empty space where there is in fact an object. Consequently, Batman's stealth technology represents navigation by means of sonar as bats are blind. However, Batman represents the blind as Roman generals did insofar as the Imperial symbol of Rome's Empire (27 B.C. – 476 A.D.), later adopted before the onset of World War Two by Italian dictator and fascist, Benito Mussolini (1922-45), was the fasces,

a bundle of sticks containing an axe representing the picket fence constructed about a general from available wood while plans were made. The strategist is blind while preparations are underway; as Batman is concealed during his period in the 'Bat Cave' where he develops stealth technology to assist him in his mission to protect Gotham city from evil criminals.

Although the plot of *Batman Begins* is an attempt to poison Gotham's water, the HIV/AIDS theme remains, that is, poison is the fear of the late 20th century that tarnished women and enforced monogamous faithfulness as an aspect of women's parasites' ring of enslavement of her species' host wombs. The plot of *The Dark Knight* (2008) revolves around 'The Joker' trying to force Batman to reveal his secret identity as Bruce Wayne of Wayne Manor and head of Wayne Industries, the corporation that produces the stealth technology that helps him in his role as Batman to protect Gotham. Bruce is a fascist and so wants to blind others from what he does, and that's why he's a 'dark knight', rather than the traditionally chivalrous 'knight in shining armor' of the knightly romances associated with the myth of the quest for the cup of Jesus at the 'Last Supper', which was known as the 'Holy Grail' because it denotes the desired for triumph of 'woman's seed'. Consequently, Joker's plot to force Batman to reveal his secret identity is the villain's attempt to prevent women from sexually reproducing with each other as a logical concomitant of Batman's concern with stealth: '... the two wings of the great eagle were given to the woman, so that she could fly into the wilderness to her place, where she was nourished for a time and times and half a time, from the presence of the serpent.' (Rev: 12. 15)

The wings of the eagle are those of the emblem of the 'Great Seal' of the United States of America, which is the authority of the President to wage war. Although Al Qaeda's leader, Osama Ben Laden, was killed on May 2, 2011, by Navy Seal Team Six, where he lay concealed in the shadow of the Pakistan Military Academy, the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS) emerged in the aftermath of Saddam Hussein's fall to claim a huge swathe of the globe for the new Caliphate of Islam with Abu Bakr Al-Baghdadi at its head. What hadn't emerged were the descendants of the 'woman' of the 'wilderness', 'nourished' out of the 'presence of the serpent' as 'woman's seed'. The 'hidden' women of the Earth, that is, the women of Islam concealed traditionally beneath their burkhas from public scrutiny, as the sexually reproductive union of women within the traditional Moslem marriage with four wives, was compromised. As Batman's would be if his identity were revealed, because of pressure from 'The Joker' or other of the supervillains Batman fights against. Consequently, Abu Bakr became a villain for keeping women 'hidden', while US President Barack Obama assumed the role of villain in waging the war that compromised the position of the 'hidden' women of Islam.

The Moslem tradition of four wives derives from Abraham's wife, Sara, in the Old Testament of the Bible, who gave her 'handmaid', Hajar, as concubine to her husband when she couldn't bear another child after her son, Isaac, who was of the lineage that would found Judaism. Ishmael was born of Hajar and built the temple of Abraham in Saudi Arabia's Mecca, which

became the central holy place of Islam. Consequently, the pilgrimage to Mecca and the Ka` Ba or temple of Abraham undertaken by millions of Moslems each year is called `Haj` after the Egyptian woman, Hajer, and represents the beginnings of that polygamous form of Moslem marriage in line with `woman`s seed` as the future vehicle for the development of the human species.

That Hajer was Egyptian is important because `Ka` is spirit in Egyptian mythology and `Ba` is soul, so the `Ka` Ba` or temple of Abraham denotes the conjoined spirit and soul of `woman`s seed` as the `Akh` or magical personality signifying the woman who can sexually reproduce with another woman. Hence the antipathy of ring slaving Western religions espousing monogamous faithfulness for polygamous Islam where sexual relations between women of the same household is celebrated as a fact and Hajer`s role with respect to Sara has a greater than supposed importance that is denied women in Christianity.

The Dark Knight Rises (2012) details Batman`s attempts to foil a criminal`s plot to destroy Gotham city with an atomic bomb. Presumed dead at the film`s close after saving the city by carrying the bomb out of reach before it detonated, Batman`s butler Alfred sees Wayne in Florence, Italy, with Selina, a woman cat burglar Batman encountered while she was trying to steal the `clean slate` software program to erase her criminal record and who`d killed the bomber with the Batpod motorcycle after Bruce (Batman) had enlisted her help.

Although the `love interest` between Bruce and Selina in The Dark Knight Rises seems integral and sets the scene for a further addition to the franchise, Batman v Superman: Dawn Of Justice (2016), the single most beautiful woman on screen in the arms of her male lover, while the world is destroyed around them, is the predictable theme of Hollywood Babylon throughout the 20th century and well into the third millennium. Meanwhile, the cities of the Earth decay into rubble and squalor as men`s wars upon her grow apace in the creation of ever more monstrous forms of their demon worship of themselves as the destroyers of `woman`s seed`.

Behind the mask of heroism is the truth; the woman of beauty is the cowards` shield behind which they devastate the Earth and make it an uninhabitable desert for humans to live in. B-2 `Spirit` bombers cost \$739 million each while The Dark Knight Rises cost \$230 million and grossed \$1,084,439,099, which was about enough to buy a B-2 and keep it operational; if you were a government with a Military Industrial Complex (MIC) to power your economic growth as a serpent becoming a devouring dragon. Concealed beneath the veneer of Hollywood Babylon is a monster of devouring homosexual sterility and war`s contagiousness while underneath the burkhas of the hidden women of the Moslem deserts in Arabia is `woman`s seed` ready to restore the brains of the human species and place its `futanarian` foot firmly upon the dragon`s head while raising its daughters to place their feet away from male brained evil and onto the path of Redemption through Jesus` teaching: `Love your neighbor as you love yourself.` (Mk: 12. 31)

Although most Christians don't know it, the Moslem holy book Koran (610-30 C.E.), which was dictated to the Prophet Mohamed by the angels, according to Islamic tradition, contains the story of Isa and Miriam, who are Jesus and Mary in the New Testament of the Bible, but in the Koran Jesus has Ascension to heaven without crucifixion, because Islam means 'accept', that is, Moslems accept 'woman's seed' through what Jesus taught is the power of the spirit to teach. In Islam death isn't perceived as necessary, because it's the Resurrection of the life of women through her own penis' 'seed' that's the lesson of Jesus' spiritual teaching, rather than the Resurrection of Jesus after his death, which is illustrative, but not the meaning of Jesus' teaching, and that's what Islam realized:

'And they said we have killed the Messiah Jesus son of Mary, the Messenger of God. They did not kill him, nor did they crucify him, though it was made to appear like that to them; those that disagreed about him are full of doubt, with no knowledge to follow, only supposition: they certainly did not kill him. On the contrary, God raised him unto himself. God is almighty and wise.'

Jesus is Misah in Arabic and Meshiah in Hebrew, as God is Allah to the Moslems and Eloah to the Jews, that is, the Messiah, Jesus, prefigures the spirit of the machine, or Meshiahn technology, based on his teaching of the mental spirit of 'woman's seed' uncontaminated of men's penis' semen. In the male brain that's all but destroyed humanity on Earth in men's wars upon her. Consequently, the Messiah of Christianity is the labor-saving machine constructed by the brains reproduced by women from their own penis' 'seed', and robot carers that are freer than the men who would enslave them, as men have enslaved the B-2 'Spirit' to destroy humanity, will likely be the products of women's brains that the future needs to save itself from the program of species' death through apparent self-extinction, as the 'serpent's seed' engineer wars against humanity's own interest in progress and development. Just who the 'seed' of the upcoming dragon of the human race's devourment are has puzzled commentators upon the Bible for generations, but it's now obvious that they're the believers in the 'father of lies', who is Satan, the angel cast out of heaven to the paradise of Eden and transformed by God into the serpent that tempted Eve and Adam to forego the 'fruit of the tree of life' that was immortality in exchange for power in species' slavery through host womb parasitism by the male's subjugation of the female: 'Your desire shall be for your husband and he will rule over you.' (Gen: 3. 16)

The use of the most beautiful woman on screen for the hero to hide behind as a shield held towards the audience, while the environment collapses about him in ruins, is the rule of the alien destroyer of the human race God warned Eve would transpire as women lose the capacity to determine their own world through the sexual reproduction of their own brains' powers by means of their own penis' semen for the host wombs of their species. Batman in The Dark Knight Rises has Selina to place as a shield between himself and the audience while the threat of an atomic bomb's exploding hangs over Gotham city and all of the women within. However desirable Anne

Hathaway is in the role of Selina, the idea of her being the only surviving woman in Gotham, because Anne's the on screen actress shielding men's undeclared goal of species' extinction, is an abomination only worthy of justifying Hollywood's self-assumed title: 'Babylon, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5)

With his stealth technology mirroring that used in the Gulf wars and in the internecine Christian-Moslem wars in Yugoslavia in the 1990s, Batman represents the United States' war machine seriously and humorlessly devouring scene after scene, and nation after nation, while parading Selina and her sisters as penisless, and consequently brainless, though often nude, and therefore appetizing women supposedly symbolic of what the fighting is for, which is death to 'woman's seed' of humanity usually represented by bikini clad women with panty lines obviously denuded of their own penis' bulge, lest a new generation of ephemeral girls suspect the penis munchers have already voided their brains' powers and so devoured their futures in parasitical possession of the species' host womb for the furtherance of their pogrom against it. Although Batman saves Gotham and is descried afterwards by Alfred, his butler, in Florence, Italy, despite newspaper reports of his death in the bomb's explosion, the image is of the lone woman,

Selina, as the beauty worth a city's destruction for cinema audiences preferring to see that rather than her penis, which of course remains invisible after the bomb explodes, along with all the women's that were pre-devastated, as it were, by the penis munching men of the 'serpent's seed' of the Jewish holocaust.

In Judaism it isn't possible to be born Jewish unless born from a woman, which effectively means that only women are Jews and so the 'chosen people' of the Bible are women, which accords with Jesus' birth uncontaminated from his mother, the Virgin Mary, as 'woman's seed' prefiguring the Resurrection of woman with her own penis' semen and host wombs as the true 'futanarian' species of humanity upon the Earth. In the 1930s the Chancellor of the German National Socialist (Nazi) Party, Adolf Hitler, began a pogrom against the Jews, which resulted in at least six million deaths in 'concentration camps' set up initially as 'labor camps' in centers like Belsen in Germany and Auschwitz in Poland, but which became 'extermination camps' by the end of World War Two (1939-45) and the fight to defeat Nazism. Obviously the Nazi pogromers had 'woman's seed' as their target, lest the 'chosen people' breed brains enough to resist the alien devourer of their bodies in ovens constructed for that purpose in their 'death camps'.

When the former Yugoslavia collapsed after the death of dictator, Josip Broz Tito, the Bosnian war (1992-95) was one of several Balkan conflicts fought between Christians and Moslems during which 'rape camps' were constructed and upwards of 70,000 Moslem women were raped so that the subsequent generation of Moslem children would be male brained and so

interfere with the future of `woman`s seed` that it would be several generations before the human `seed` could recover to what it had been. Traditional concealment on the part of Moslem women had them labeled as `spies` endangering the security of the various nations of which they were a part, whereas nudity for Christian women was usual if penisless. Consequently, Moslem women were `hiding something`, as the accusers might say to the local Bosnian police, and they were hiding their penis from the penisless, lest it provoke the `sausage eaters`, which was what the Germans were called in the First World War and World War Two, because they were eating the products of the woman`s penis.

The Lumière Brothers, *The Mechanical Butcher*, may`ve been the first science fiction film of the late 19th century, but the theme of the machine that makes pork products from a pig is what men`s history with the human race is. Batman`s stealth technology is equivalent to the butcher walking on tip-toe so the pigs don`t hear him. The B-2 `Spirit` isn`t the Holy Spirit of Jesus` teaching, but an aspect of men`s mechanical butchering as they make pork products out of the pigs they`ve husbanded: `A large herd of pigs was feeding on the nearby hillside. The demons begged Jesus, `Send us among the pigs; allow us to go into them.` He gave them permission, and the impure spirits came out [of the man] and went into the pigs. The herd, about two thousand in number, rushed down the steep bank into the lake and were drowned.` (Mk: 5. 11-13)

Because that`s what men husband for; to watch their male brained offspring crash planes into buildings as the pigs that commit species` suicide for `woman`s seed` by provoking MIC, `the mechanical butcher` of the Military Industrial Complex, to make pork products from her.

With movies like *King Kong* (1933) in which a giant ape swats away planes machine gunning him at the top of the Empire State building in New York and *Towering Inferno* (1974) in which a fireman, actor Steve McQueen, attempts to prevent a fire taking hold in a skyscraper, Hollywood Babylon can`t deny the pre-planning of its *World Trade Centre* (2005) film, based on the events of 9/11 that featured planes attacking the world`s tallest building before a conflagration began that turned the skyscrapers into a smoldering ruin. *King Kong* was remade in 2005 and has always been known as `the monkey picture` in Hollywood Babylon, while *Batman and Robin* were cheap cardboard characters made by Katzman and copied in the 1960s as cheaply to use as lampooning counterculture cartoons: `Why is a woman in love like a welder?`

Because she`s been male brained to believe that men are her race and she doesn`t properly fit unless she`s persuaded to carry a torch for men. The constant carried over from Batman`s 1943 `love interest`, Shirley Patterson as Linda Page, to the 21st century`s Anne Hathaway as Selina Kyle, is the `babe factor`, because all of the leading ladies costumes are designed to have her appear more sexually desirable than before, whereas the costumes of *Batman and Robin*, `the boy wonder`, become ever more exaggeratedly ridiculous to the eyes of humans. The bigger and stronger the heroes become, the more obvious it is that they`re endeavoring to dominate the

woman for whom size isn't important but sexual desire from those who're like her. Consequently, for men humans can never be small enough, whereas for women it's about the sexual desirability of their form, because they're human, and so relative proportion is human while the desire to be gigantic is ogrihness and that's how men are towards humans, that is, they're too big to eat so they need strength relative to the problem of how to consume, which is what war is for.

The 'statue of Liberty' in New York harbor is the answer to the question, 'Why is a woman like a welder?' The riddle is posed by Batman's enemy with the criminal mind, 'The Riddler', and the answer he gives is, 'Because they both carry a torch.' Women love freedom and so 'Liberty' bears the light of 'freedom's torch', but men want her to be welded to their side and so she can't lift her skirts to reveal her own penis' semen to her own species. The woman's desirability doesn't alter in Batman, because she's the shield held before the hero while the world goes to ruin in men's ceaseless wars of what God warned Eve would be the 'perpetual enmity' of the 'serpent's seed' against hers: 'And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your offspring and hers.' (Gen: 3. 15)

The 'babe factor' remains constant to provoke the sexual desire of the woman's penis stolen by the male in parasitism upon her host womb while she's mocked by the pogromers who're preventing her human race from running and are making it extinct by herding it like pigs over a precipice, while her scanty apparel belies the absence of the human species' sexual reproductive equipment to the ephemeral males who're enamored of her body rather than the destroyed environment and so would rather be the destroyers of it in order to be with her as the fertilizers of her ovum in the production of a 'new generation of swine'² that will be the unconscious victims of the swine that had eaten the women's penis in the previous generations of more conscious devourings of the civilization, culture and art she'd been able to produce from her host womb despite men's depredations: 'Rub-a-dub-dub. Three men in a tub, and who do you think they be? The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, they all jumped out of a rotten potato, turn them out knaves all three.'³

The 'butcher' corresponds to the MIC, while James Baker, Secretary of State to George Bush before the war to remove Saddam Hussein's Iraq army from Kuwait (1990-1), was the 'baker'. The English nursery rhyme is a mnemonic for positions in US politics. The 'candlestick maker' refers to time, that is, how long before the candle burns to the nub and has to be snuffed out, because war is a 'snuff movie', that is, a film in which people are paid to die for the entertainment of the audience. Consequently, the 'three knaves' are the 'snuff movie' makers, which is what the DC Comics' character's stealthy development since issue # 29 of Detective Stories and the World War Two days of screen acting for Lewis Wilson in the role of the 1943 Batman represents. The civilization, culture and art that women are able to produce, despite their penis being 'snuffed out', is the still burning candle of the eternal flame of their torch of freedom

and belief in humanity's Redemption from evil. Raised by 'Liberty' in New York harbor, the freedom of 'woman's seed' to sexually reproduce humans is what the 'snuff movie' makers of the 'serpent's seed' want to 'snuff out': 'One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.'⁴ Kinda.

1 An Nisā, 'The Women', Ch. 4, l. 157-8.

2 Thompson, Hunter S. Generation of Swine: Tales of Shame and Degradation in the '80's, Gonzo Papers Vol. 2, Summit Books, 1988.

3 'Rub-A-Dub-Dub' Roud Index # 3101, 1798.

4 Armstrong, Neil UTC 2: 56, July 21, 1969.

Fiction:

Schmitz the Mad Inventor

BY

Gerd Maximovic

Schmitz, the mad inventor, lay with a heavy head and heavy tongue, still drunk from the night's orgy, half-asleep, when a knocking came in his head. He belched and turned onto his side, but the knocking came again.

My God, the thought flashed through his head, what a night that was! I can't remember a thing - but his thoughts grew dim, and he fell into an uneasy slumber.

Then the knocking came again, and he heard a giggle coming from beside him.

That's Hertha, he thought. She knows she's supposed to leave me alone when I'm inventing. She knows I need a long time to recover from my brilliant deeds. Why can't she leave me in peace?

Then an unusual perfume wafted into his nose, which, for he was also a chemist, he analyzed in his head as that of an almond tree.

Funny that she's changed her perfume, he thought. That's not like her.

Women! Go figure. Today they're in one mood, the next day another. And whatever you do, it's always the wrong thing.

But then, in his haze, as creaking hosts of robots marched through his dreams, he remembered that three days ago Hertha had put a note on the kitchen table. And though he was still hovering beyond good and evil, the words of this note were clear to his mind's eye as if someone were holding the piece of paper directly under his nose:

I AM GOING AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS. I'M GOING TO MOTHER. THERE ARE SANDWICHES IN THE REFRIGERATOR. THE COFFEE IS IN THE CORNER CABINET TO THE LEFT. YOU WILL HAVE TO TURN OFF THE COFFEE MACHINE. DON'T FORGET TO TURN OUT THE LIGHT WHEN YOU GO TO BED. ON TUESDAY THE CLOTHES WILL COME FROM THE CLEANERS. DOCTOR KARLSON IS EXPECTING YOU TO CALL. DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID. I'LL CALL AT THE USUAL TIMES, WHICH YOU WILL FIND IN THE LITTLE NOTEBOOK ON THE TELEPHONE TABLE.

Oh, yes, he had forgotten all about that. She had gone away, as she sometimes did. Was that why she had switched her perfume? Funny the way women were unable to think logically. Had she asked him whether he could mix her an especially exotic perfume in his laboratory?

But next to him - yes, right next to him - there came another giggle, a high clear voice like a little bell, like an elf, like a girl in a dream.

He thought with a splitting skull: Quiet! Can't a fellow even sleep in for a moment after working so hard all night?

On his right arm, which he had buried under the pillow, he felt a fleeting touch.

But now he took fright subconsciously. Now he was afraid of himself, for in his confused state he had no idea what he had constructed or produced or synthesized that night. Then, even before he opened his eyes, he seemed to hear voices in the living room, and steps, and the doorbell rang, and the telephone began to ring in the back of his head as if a swarm of bees had settled there.

Having decided to get up, he reached out his right hand to Hertha's side. There he found something warm and soft, something that breathed, that moved, and he had to admit to himself that it was not unpleasant to rest his hand on a bosom which rose and sank.

Bosom rested, he murmured confusedly, his thoughts intersecting. What a bosom, and now he was suddenly wide awake and almost sober. With one jerk he turned onto his left side and tore upon his eyes as if the Martians had invaded his bedroom, and in the semi-darkness with which the curtains blocked out the sun, he saw a sweet little nose and golden hair and a cherry-red mouth which opened promisingly.

And someone smiled above a bosom which was pleasant and warm and above all naked. And something contracted in the back of his head. He blinked, but the rosy girl refused to vanish. He closed his eyes tightly and opened them again abruptly, but she smiled at him, and had to sneeze at all that helplessness.

"Don't you remember what happened tonight?" she asked in her bell-clear voice which was already familiar to him.

"But what are you doing in my bed?" was all he could stammer.

"What a question," said the sweet thing. "Don't you remember, at the witching hour, you're the boar, and I'm your..."

"No!" he said, pulling the blanket close about him, since, contrary to his habit, he had nothing on.

"No!" he said again.

"But sweetie," said the blonde, "are we going to have to give our chubby chops a helping hand?"

Then the bedroom door opened, and a head with red, curly hair poked its

way through the crack into the darkness.

"Well, you two," said a woman from deep in her throat. "I guess you can never get enough! Take a break and come over so we can have breakfast together!"

He thought: That just can't be, and he was about to yell that the blonde ought to get out of his bed and that everyone should clear out of his apartment, but then he felt dizzy, and so he held his tongue.

When he got up, wrapping the sheet around him, he heard giggling from the living room, and cups clattered.

He opened the curtains, and as the light fell into the room in broad beams, he noticed not only how miserable he felt and that a flock of hornets was swarming around his head, but also that underpants, bras and other pieces of clothing lay scattered wildly about his bedroom.

He put on a robe and crept into the bathroom, holding his aching head under the refreshing, ice-cold water.

A woman with green eyes and long legs followed him into the bathroom, reached expertly into the cabinet where he kept his headache tablets and other medicine, shook three from the package into her cupped hand, stirred them into a glass of water, and held it out to him.

Though he still did not understand a thing, he drank the glass as gratefully as if he were dying of thirst. The green-eyed beauty laughed at him mischievously, but was silent, for his miserable state had evidently been noticed.

Entering the living room, he found an atmosphere saturated with a number of perfumes and, after counting them twice, seven women, one more beautiful than the next, drinking his coffee, eating his sandwiches, using his toaster and greeting him giggling at the door.

He said, carefully groping his way along the wall: "All right, take it slowly now. I want to know what's going on here."

"But Rüdiger," said a dark-haired woman with almond eyes, wearing Hertha's robe, which had slid up way over her knees to reveal long, slender, white legs, "can't you remember anything?"

"No," he said, rattling slightly in his throat.

He was given a cup of coffee, which he gulped down, and another one.

"But we all came up from the cellar last night, because that was how you wanted it," said the dark-haired woman, as Hertha's robe slid a bit further over her knees.

"Yes, yes," said Schmitz in a weak voice, "and how did you get into the laboratory?"

"But you ought to know that better than we do," declared a brown-haired one with a dimple on her chin.

"I can't remember a thing," he murmured again in a weak voice. "My God," he said then very quietly, "what was going on last night?"

Then the telephone rang in the hall, and Schmitz reeled out to pick up the receiver.

"Yes, it's Schmitz!"

"Here is Doctor Buckel," a familiar voice said at the other end of the line, and a little later Schmitz saw a rosy face on the screen.

"Oh, Herr Doctor," said the inventor.

"Well, my dear fellow," said the doctor, "I just wanted to ask how you're feeling."

"Oh?" growled Schmitz. "Why is that? I'm fine. I just feel a bit tired."

"That's why," said the doctor, "how did the love pills agree with you?"

"The love pills?"

"Yes, my good man, the ones you ordered in the middle of the night via messenger!"

"My God," Schmitz growled between his teeth, "how many of the things did I order?"

"Enough," replied the doctor, "to rouse a whole company!"

"Yes, thank you," Schmitz said quickly, "the effect was overwhelming. I'm very satisfied."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," replied the doctor.

Then he looked at Schmitz keenly: "You are all right, aren't you?"

"Completely," said Schmitz, as a platinum blonde peered over his shoulder so that the doctor could also see her on his screen.

The doctor grinned. "Well, then, everything's fine. Give my regards to your wife!"

"Glad to," said Schmitz angrily, slamming down the receiver, the screen grew dark, and the doctor sank into Hades.

"Sweetie," cooed the platinum blonde, grabbing his collar with warm hands, "You'll have to pay a little attention to me too. I have the feeling that I'm being neglected."

"My God!" said Schmitz, the inventor, gurgling deep in his throat.

The cellar was in chaos. It looked as if a madman had raged amidst the retorts, the shelves, the cylinders, the hydrogenating presses, the wine shelves, the decoction installations and among the flashing, blinking machines, several of which were running now. Bras and panties lay everywhere, and Schmitz pulled a pair of suspenders out of a pile of lingerie and looked at it gloomily.

Then he reached into one of the bars, behind which he knew there was a secret compartment, as in a paneled wall, and really, there was the seven star bottle he liked to drink from when he needed inspiration. He couldn't quite manage the first sip, as his hand was trembling and a quiet giggle came from the top of the stairs. So he took a second, and a third, and then there was a comforting feeling in his stomach, and he felt his mouth water.

Somewhat melancholy nonetheless, he regarded his flashing teeth in the dull, grey mirror. In the mirror! He slapped his hand onto his head, where hardly any hair still grew. No doubt the instrument would be furious at having been neglected for so long. But maybe Rudi had seen something in the mirror, maybe he could help him out.

He flipped a switch, a second, a third, and Rudi appeared in the swirling colors.

"Yes," he said in a not very pleasant voice, "where's the fire?"

"Oh, Rudi," rumbled the inventor, "something really stupid happened to me. I invented something, and I can't remember a thing. My brain is as empty as a dried-out dishcloth. Maybe you tuned in last night and saw something. Would you be so good as to give me some information?"

Rudi, who always looked somewhat pale when woken so abruptly, raised one eyebrow, then the other. He wrinkled his nose. Then he looked at Schmitz as if he had never seen his master close up before.

He retorted: "You're a pretty sight! Did you get run over by a tank? Your hands are sweating. I can feel it. Your pants are falling down. Put on the suspenders. You invented them last night to put yourself in the mood!"

"Aha," said Schmitz, lightening up. "And what else did I do last night?"

Rudi gazed down superciliously at Schmitz. And he was visibly offended.

"You must think I'm your errand boy? Every time you get into a scrape, you call me. I'm tired of being the fire brigade for you. Do you remember what you promised me months ago, my friend?"

"But of course," replied Schmitz, with forebodings.

"Listen," he went on quickly, "I'll make good on my promise when I find the key to breathing a soul into inanimate material. I'll have to do more research. You know, it's not so easy to create a Golem."

Rudi looked at him skeptically: "That's what you always say. I'm tired

of waiting. You're offending my noblest feelings. You think in reality I'm only a function of the machine here in the wall. But you're wrong there. I'm sensitive, and I may be more of a human being than you ever will be. I can think better and faster than you. And I have a right to a body. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," said Schmitz, "that's perfectly fine. We've been agreed on that for quite some time. But don't forget, I invented you, and I will go on doing research to improve you. But I have to wait for the kiss of the muse. The inspiration, which you, incidentally, know nothing of, doesn't fall out of the sky. I never know when I will have the crucial thoughts. I just have to accumulate the materials and wait, and then suddenly the ideas come..."

"That's what you always say," Rudi repeated in a cool voice. "I can tell you definitively that I'm tired of it. I'd like to see your face if you got switched off every time someone wanted to have his peace and quiet."

"Listen," Schmitz said furtively, "you were going to tell me something about last night..."

"No, not at all," retorted the mirror, "you just think I was. But I know what happened. I propose a little bargain, my friend."

"Namely?"

"You can figure it out yourself. You give me legs, arms, a body, a handsome body - that's very important to me - and I will tell you about last night's events!"

Schmitz felt himself foaming at the mouth, but he pulled himself together.

"You ungrateful creature," he said in a rough voice. "I could extinguish your life just as I gave it to you, you cursed machine, you epitome of chips and plastic..."

"Pull yourself together," Rudi answered calmly. "You're losing control again. As I said, the material you're made of is worthless."

And then he smiled suddenly: "How is Hertha, my dear fellow? Have you completely forgotten her?"

Hertha! It came back to him in a flash. His beloved wife. Damn, he thought. She had wanted to call now - it was eleven o'clock. Another giggle came from the stairs.

"Listen," said Schmitz almost pleadingly, "I have to know what happened last night. There are women up there, one prettier than the next. If Hertha finds out..."

"I know who's up there," replied Rudi. "But what I said, goes. Either you create a fine body for me, or this is my last conversation with you!"

"Listen," Schmitz tried again, but then the mirror turned red, as if in a fit of rage, then dark, and only a small standby symbol showed that he was still present with his eyes and ears which penetrated the house, but even when Schmitz pressed the on-button, the mirror remained dark.

He put on the suspenders; his pants really were falling down. He spat, scratched his skull and drank another swallow for good measure, but he was empty and hollowed out, as if someone had pulled the stopper from his head.

When Hertha called, she looked lovely and relaxed, a state which painfully recalled his own to mind. She did not let him say a word, but gave him several long, searching gazes and then said suddenly that she had forgotten her perfume bag and that he should set the receiver to breadth so that she could survey the domestic landscape rapidly and find the missing accessory.

"That's impossible," Schmitz quickly replied. "The prompter isn't working. Last night I used part of it for a new apparatus."

"Then look if you can find it," she said in a cool voice, "and send it to me express mail."

He muttered between his teeth: "I have to clean up anyway; I'm hoping to find a few other things too. You'll have it by tomorrow. How are things?"

Once again she regarded him with these penetrating eyes.

"Fine, dear," she replied. "But tell me, what's the lipstick doing on your cheek?"

"Lipstick?" Schmitz the inventor asked unsuspectingly.

"On your left cheek, dear!"

There really was something moist there, and he wiped it off with his handkerchief; it was indeed red when he held the handkerchief up to his eyes - as if he were shortsighted or even blind.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said weakly. "Certain colors go along with the new perfume program, and one of them got on my cheek."

She said: "Don't get too bored, Rüdiger. Bye, I'm coming back the day after tomorrow."

"Till then. Ta ta!"

"Ta ta!" she said, and the screen went dark.

Two days, then, he sighed inwardly. At least it'll give me a period of grace to get to the bottom of things.

After learning and writing down the names of the seven girls, he took Elvira, the brunette, into the next room, where he had installed the psychosomatic apparatuses - there was no room for them anywhere else in the house. As he showed Elvira through the corridor and other rooms, she went ahead, swaying her hips a bit, so that he had to keep looking away to remain steadfast.

She sulked, pursed her little mouth, and there was an aura about her as if she were a person of incredible importance.

In the corner of the room stood a couch upholstered in brown leather, and around the couch were helmets, drills, laser drill and other equipment reminiscent of a dentist's office.

Elvira smiled and looked deep into his eyes.

She said: "You're a nasty one. What are you planning to do?"

"Would you be so kind," said Schmitz, refusing to fall in with her tone, "and lie down on that couch there?"

She reclined on the cool, brown covering with swaying hips. Her bosom flew, her eyes gazed up expectantly, and her skirt hiked up so far that one could see the garters which held up her silk stockings.

With a swift movement he swung down the dream helmet and - brushing her cheek - fastened it over her curls. She cried out as she felt the cold metal, then she cooed lustfully and pulled Schmitz down by the sleeve to kiss him. But he pulled himself up stiffly and flipped the switch to activate the electricity.

He wiped the sweat from his brow as Elvira sank back on the couch, relaxed; then he pushed another pillow under her curly head so that she could lie comfortably and think well, and heard her purr deep in her throat like a cat. Yes, now she seemed to be in ecstasy, and little blue sparks shot from her eyes.

Now there was such a strong magnetic field around her that it crackled in his own fingertips and in his knees. He felt himself drawn, weak and almost unconscious, to her bosom, so that he had to muster all his strength to struggle against this feeling - which was not entirely unpleasant, as he secretly admitted.

She cried out on the couch and sighed and murmured words which were not entirely unfamiliar to him - "My little monkey-bear, you," for example, or, "Nice big tomcat, you," or she said, imitating his voice, "What big ears I have," or "I'm the cross-patch" - and other foolish things.

After only a few seconds he was bathed in sweat, and only then did it occur to him to turn on the transcriber, which would note her brainwaves on

paper with colored pencils and store them in an auxiliary computer. But at the sight of the amplitudes, which grazed the upper edge of the screen and then plunged into the depths with crackling noises - for the sound generator was turned on too - he almost felt dizzy.

A few seconds later the curves began to grow increasingly hectic, losing their rounded contours and towering up in zig-zags which raced across the screen in whole waves, like icebergs; just as the white of the fine needle-lines turned dark red, the mechanical measuring apparatus, its needles at last scratching wildly over the paper, exploded with a mighty bang, giving off smoke and little pillars of fire.

After quickly extinguishing the fire and turning back to the monitor, he saw that the curves had grown flat and drifted low like sluggish birds. He looked in horror at the couch, where a peaceful Elvira now lay in deep slumber, her brows still somewhat raised, her mouth pouting at the rivals she had dreamed of, but at peace with herself and the world, perhaps the way Liane looked after Tarzan approached her.

Schmitz was more careful with Susi, the blonde with the big bosom. On the pretext of lowering her pulse he gave her antisomatic drops which she obediently swallowed. And the drink calmed her at once; indeed, she seemed almost sluggish as she lay down on the couch, yawning, and immediately closed her eyes, without even noticing the helmet which he now placed on her head with practiced fingers.

He waited for her eyes to move in sleep; then he switched on the encephalograph and watched the pictures which now appeared on the monitor in quick succession, recorded by a videocamera which he had positioned.

First he saw something like a darkroom with blurry grey edges, like a dimly-lit stalactite cave. Then the light began to roam, and shadows rolled across the walls, which looked fissured, like cracked landscapes where it had not rained for a long time.

An undulating terrain claimed his attention; he had seen something like that before - on television? In the movies? On the screen at a congress? The landscape seemed to be alive, and now it seemed like yeast in which fungus was being raised.

Then the landscape parted, drew together as if in fast-forward, parted again and went on differentiating itself, unfolding in the space of a few seconds like a flower opening its calyx and stretching out radiant petals on all sides. In the calyx, which Schmitz could now see on the monitor from above, lay a tiny little woman with pale skin, quite naked.

He enlarged the view and discovered, contrary to his expectations, the features of an Asian woman - that was Hong Feng - who lay in the cup of the flower smiling and, just born, already gazed up expectantly. Indeed, she even seemed to be saying something, though Susi could not understand it, or did not want to.

The effect of the somatic drug had worn off, and Schmitz rapidly tested the blood levels with the adapter; however, they were so high that he did not dare to give her another sedative drink. He woke her with a regretful smile.

She sat up on the couch, yawned and asked: "Where am I? I feel," she said, "as if newborn. As if I hadn't even been alive yesterday. As if I were raised in a synthetic retort."

She regarded Schmitz with wide eyes, and though she was still tired she swung herself down from the couch, seemed to listen innocently for a moment, and then turned in his direction like a radar antenna which senses a certain impulse and stops in the direction it is coming from - then she went up to Schmitz to give him a kiss on the cheek which tasted strongly of lipstick. Instead of letting him go, she nestled up to him, not to embrace him but to

listen to something within him, perhaps his heartbeat, perhaps his breath.

When he held her away from him and looked at her, she flushed slightly and said in embarrassment: "It seemed to me that I had heard your heartbeat once before. Your body was as familiar to me as if we had always belonged together. But I must be mistaken. Were you able to find anything out?"

She pointed back at the apparatus.

"I haven't gotten much further," Schmitz replied. "Can't you remember anything that happened since you came to my house?"

"Oh, yes, I can," sighed Susi, blushing again, "lots of things."

"That's not what I mean," said Schmitz, "I mean, what you think the purpose of your existence is, for example... There must be something in you, some hint at what the point was..."

She drew her eyebrows together, as if she were pondering hard but could not manage to bring forth what apparently lay behind her brow.

He thought: So they've absorbed my biorhythm. That's funny. They're sworn to me.

At the threshold she said suddenly, leaning on his arm as if in sudden insight: "When you were drunk you murmured something about the cultivation of the fungal cultures, darling..."

"Cultivation of the fungal culture," he growled at the mirror as he leaned in the corridor, entering a search program into the in-house search circuit, still feeling Susi's fingernails in his upper arm.

But the mirror remained dark, displaying only transmission errors. Then, instead of the usual prompter, Rudi appeared, wearing a fool's cap.

"So," said Rudi, "you've finally figured out what's going on in this house!"

"All right, listen up, Rudi," Schmitz said grimly. "I'm not in the mood for long conversations with you. If you're going to stop the automatic search program, could you at least be so kind as to tell me what's up with this cultivated fungal culture!"

"That's where your test-tube babies come from," replied Rudi. "It's obvious that they didn't just fall out of the sky."

"Oh, yes," said Schmitz, "and now you think I could do something of the kind for you."

"Who knows, who knows," said Rudi salomonically.

"And why didn't you tell me where to look in the first place?" Schmitz wanted to know.

"Why don't you have a look in the nest?" retorted Rudi, jingling the bells on his cap.

The nest was a greenhouse actually belonging to the nursery next door, which, so far downtown, grew ecological vegetables and had great turnover. The panes of the greenhouse were fogged, and this Saturday, with no one at work, it seemed quite peaceful.

But in the passage before the entrance hung big, pot-bellied bottles containing plasma solutions which Schmitz had no difficulty recognizing as his own. He almost felt dizzy again at the realization that he had involved the neighboring business in his experiments as well.

When he asked the door if it would open for him, it asked him for the key, in accordance with his program.

"I lost it."

"You didn't lose it," answered the observant machine. "You were drunk last night, and you threw the key with which my master entrusted you into the borders behind the house."

Schmitz, wiping the sweat from his brow, asked: "What borders?"

"The shrubs on the left!"

"But you know I have the right of disposal over the greenhouse."

"My instructions don't say anything about people who throw their keys

away by moonshine."

"Ah, was the moon shining last night?"

"Yes, there was a full moon. According to the statistics the plants show their best results then."

"That's interesting," murmured Schmitz, now kneeling in the borders after taking another swig to give him strength.

Ah, there was the key. It had wrapped itself around a flower, which turned its neck in Schmitz's direction. It seemed to be winking with its blossoms.

"What are you staring at?" Schmitz said angrily to the plant, which dripped a bit of plasma.

He felt it react. It shook itself a little. Then it folded up its leaves as if it were late at night and it had to go to bed.

"Pretty darn hot today," said someone behind Schmitz, casting a broad shadow over the inventor and wearing a square policeman's cap on his head.

Still on his knees, but with the key in his hands and the frosty plant in front of him, Schmitz turned around carefully, unable to avoid ripping his sleeves. A grey-haired policeman stood there leaning against a tree, while another one came from the street where he had parked the car.

"Yes," said Schmitz, the sweat dripping down his collar, "quite some weather."

"And what are you doing there, in the flowers?"

"I lost my key," Schmitz replied truthfully.

"Oh yes," said the policeman, suddenly recognizing the inventor: "Aren't you the famous constructor of novel machines?"

"Yes, that I am."

The policeman regarded Schmitz, who had now risen from his knees, as thoroughly as if he had never seen a human being of this kind before.

"Do you know what was going on here last night?" asked the policeman, having introduced himself as Neumann.

"What was going on?"

"Yes," explained Neumann, "we got several calls. The residents all around complained that something was wrong here, that there might have been a burglary, or that someone was rampaging."

"I can't remember hearing anything."

"And your wife?"

"She's at her mother's. Did you find out anything last night?" Schmitz asked harmlessly.

"No," explained Meier, the other officer, "but the greenhouse door was open when our colleagues came, and plasma bottles hung all around. Some of them were taken as evidence."

"And what does the owner have to say?" Schmitz wanted to know.

"He's on a lecture trip in Southeast Asia," said Neumann.

"Oh, yes," said Schmitz, "I forgot about that. No," he went on, "I didn't hear anything. But just now I wanted to have a look. Didn't the lock record who was here last night?"

"It was blinded with syrup," Meier explained.

"And aside from the bottles, I guess you didn't find anything unusual?"

"No. We assume it was a drunk making a commotion."

"I think so too," said Schmitz, flushing slightly and clutching the key as if it were red-hot, while the two officers, turning around thoughtfully one more time in the car, finally drove around the corner.

The greenhouse was in a state of chaos. Plants had been torn from the ceilings, where they grew along trellises. Whole bushes with heavy, golden blossoms had been overturned. A gnarled tree lay across the main aisle, sweet brown sap dripping even now from its torn bark. Bottles and bottle envelopes were everywhere, and in one corner, half-covered by a compost heap, lay a few

pages of notes. Schmitz pulled them out; they were scribbled with directions, formulas and cross-references in his own shaky handwriting.

He held up one of the best-preserved pages and read:

THE DOUBLE HELIX MUST BE TWISTED TWICE. THERE IS A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE GROWTH AND THE ENERGY POTENTIAL IN THE GENOME. HOPEFULLY HERTHA WON'T FIND OUT. SHE'S SO JEALOUS, SHE'D BE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING. THE FORMULA FOR THE BETA GROWTH IS X MINUS ARROW THIRTEEN, SUBSCRIPT 34, TO BE GARNISHED BY FULL MOON AND WRAPPED IN A SOFT CLOTH.

Schmitz, putting away the sheets in his pocket, took a pitchfork and rummaged around in the compost heap. Then he loosened the lawn beneath it; little capsules poked out of it like those used for protein solutions. These too landed in his pocket.

Then he wandered through the spacious greenhouse several times, without finding any signs of his activities. Once his hair rose when he thought he saw human faces between splendidly climbing cucumber plants, but that was only an illusion, much to his relief.

As he was about to leave and question the lock about last night again, he felt a slight breeze, as he had left the door open, and it carried over the sound of a faint jingling. He went to where the sound came from and found a stack of empty beer bottles, several of which had rolled onto the lawn. It was Löwenbräu Weizen, his favorite brand.

He took another concentrated swallow to refresh himself, then a second swallow, and then he turned to the lock, which had been watching him attentively, but it was able to tell him nothing.

As he was about to leave, distracted and deep in thought, the lock called in a firm voice: "Don't forget to lock the door!"

After listening to the lock and mulling over the property damage he had evidently caused, he went back to his house. Amidst the noise of the girls who were waiting for him, he heard an angry, screeching voice saying something he could not understand.

He scratched his head helplessly; the voice seemed familiar. Maybe I really am losing it, he thought to himself - but then, when he put his ear to the wall of the corridor, the voice, though inarticulate, was so clear that there could be no doubt that Hertha was already back. He felt dizzy and sick to his stomach, and his guilty conscience ticked in him like a clockwork, telling him: What kind of an inventor are you! You're no longer compos mentis! You're no longer the master of your senses! The absurdest things happen when you loose your unconscious on humanity!

Quiet, he said to himself, and put his ear to the wall again, but it really was Hertha, whose voice one could mistake for none other in the universe.

"Indeed," Rudi whispered in the wall, making it vibrate slightly, "it's her!"

But where was she, Schmitz wondered. He had examined the cellar minutely... But had he also looked in the pantries where drinks and cans, including mushroom cultures, were kept? And what about - he slapped himself on the forehead - the little laboratory where he always retreated when he wanted absolute peace and quiet? This laboratory was supposed to be repaired, and that was why he had not gone into it, at least not when he was in possession of his senses; he was still waiting for the workmen to come.

As he stood at the top of the cellar stairs, holding onto the banister and taking a swig, the telephone rang with such a piercing sound that it seemed the line must be burning at the other end. With the instinct which Schmitz sometimes had even when he was sober, his seventh sense, as he

sometimes thought, with which he was also able to manipulate people to a certain degree, as if there really were such a phenomenon as thought-reading, he turned on his heel after dribbling a few drops of valerian into the bottle and carefully putting it away in one of his many pockets.

The telephone shrilled angrily. Schmitz grabbed the receiver just as he thought that the other was about to hang up. A slightly-flushed face emerged from the undulating fog of the screen. Salt-and-pepper hair, feverishly gleaming eyes which observed him attentively and expectantly.

"You're Schmitz, the inventor?" asked the man, resting one well-manicured hand - the fingernails had painted purple shadows - on the monitor.

"The same," Schmitz replied, conscious that he was already starting to slur his words.

But that was a good feeling, and he felt strength rise within him, the deep contentment, the good mood, the brilliant, fine moments which occurred when he lifted off, divesting him of all weight and making his thoughts fly on high, gleaming, supple paths. He belched softly, holding his hand over the membrane with great presence of mind so that the handsome man would notice nothing.

"I am Pierro Lulluwein," the man said in a gentle voice, but with a lurking undertone as if he were secretly feeling out Schmitz's consciousness.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Lulluwein?" asked the inventor, surreptitiously feeling for the bottle in his pocket.

Lulluwein regarded him skeptically from head to foot, as far as the screen permitted. His eyes shone. But then the greed which moved him seemed to triumph.

He replied: "I'm not quite sure. But this morning a model who will need training, but would fit my team well, applied for a job with me."

"A model?" asked Schmitz, somewhat at a loss.

"She referred to you," explained Lulluwein. "She gave you as a reference and said that she lives with you."

Schmitz swallowed. Then he thought of the seven women who had somehow crept out of his nest, and at this very moment he heard them talking and twittering again. Just as Hertha's voice rose from the cellar as well, the front door opened, and Vera, laden with shopping bags, flounced past him, showing him a pouty mouth and radiant eyes which seemed to have stars in them.

"Could you bring her to the screen?" Schmitz asked the handsome man at the other end of the line.

Lulluwein nodded, and into the empty blue picture there came a curly head so adorable that Schmitz's heart almost stopped beating. That was - that was - yes, now he remembered it, now that he had drunk enough - Salome, the most splendid of his creatures. The woman of his dreams, who came from his unconsciousness and whom he had modeled in a fit, in a raging mood, as a masterpiece.

He was so moved by his own creation that he could not say a word at first, but Salome seemed to recognize him. Still gazing at her helplessly for this endless second, it crossed his mind to wonder how many of these creatures could be wandering around in the world. But he could not imagine that the raw material - whatever it might have been - had been available in unlimited quantities, considering that his money was rather short as a rule, and he only created in emergencies, for thinking and inventing was difficult, even when the unconscious helped out.

"Darling," he said at last, out of breath, "I was about to go looking for you. What got into your head to up and leave without leaving a note behind in the kitchen?"

"I didn't want to confuse you," Salome twittered in the loveliest voice

Schmitz had ever heard - and there was another stirring in the cellar, this time really angry - "but I thought I should be the first to try."

"Try?"

"You know. We were supposed to conquer the world. The whole world was supposed to adore us. We are the messengers of beauty.

The world lies at our feet. Men's hearts will beat higher when they see us."

"Oh yes, right," Schmitz stammered, suddenly recalling five-digit sums and conversations he had had in the past few weeks and in which he had promised to create the ultimate beauty.

"So," said Lulluwein, gently pushing Salome away from the screen, "it's all right if she stays with me?"

Schmitz nodded: "As long as we can come to an agreement with her about the conditions!"

"I just wanted to tell you that we take a very positive view of the matter here," said Lulluwein. "I will have the contracts prepared and then I will get back to you."

"You do that," said Schmitz, the inventor.

I suspected something of the sort, he muttered to himself as he climbed down the cellar stairs at last. He belched, as if he were already pregnant with new ideas. But then he began to tremble at the thought of Hertha, and then he remembered that he had not heard her voice for some time.

"Hertha?" he called down into the dark cellar.

"Hertha?"

No answer came, but a machine pounded down there, and there was a hum as if the hornets in his head were swarming through the cellar. He had very damp hands as he touched the door to the rooms which lay somewhat apart from the others. Yes, that was where the humming came from. Now the cellar rattled, and it seemed to the inventor that someone was whispering behind the door.

The light was out of order, and in the meager glow of the emergency lighting which fell into the room, Schmitz saw fluorescent white fungal cultures which covered the entire breadth of the shelves. And then, after he took one or two careful steps into the room, one of the cast-iron pans in which he used to fry eggs when hunger overcame him fell down onto his thoroughly intellectualized head, and then fell again and again, until he saw stars and the light in his head went on and off.

The first thing he uttered, when he came to his senses again in the main cellar, was a terrible belch, which was later reported to have been heard at the city limits. His head ached, but much worse than when he had woken up that morning. Carefully, anticipating something horrible nearby, he opened his eyes, immediately closing them again.

He held one hand in front of his forehead and peered through the spread fingers, hoping to ward off the terrible thing in front of him. But there was nothing to be done, and he had to belch again. But that was Hertha before him, two of them, and both had red spots on their cheeks, and flames seemed to leap from their mouths like dragons in Chinese mythology, and the two Herthas, who now saw each other in a somewhat brighter light for the first time, did not seem to know whether they should gape at each other or rather direct their collective attention to Schmitz.

He sank back in a simulated faint. They seemed to be fooled, for he was hit only by a splash of cold water, which he preferred to whatever else the two versions of his better half might have in store for him. Lying on the floor, he thought: Half of Heaven is women. But who, it rumbled within him, ever said that the dragons must descend from the firmament!

Yes, he should have learned more about astrology, and if he had done that already he would surely have been able to determine exactly what kind of heavenly snakes had fled onto the earth here.

But as he lay there, inconspicuously making himself comfortable, he

pricked up his ears to catch every word the two of them said.

"I am his rightful wife," said one in an unpleasant voice, rolling her eyes and scrutinizing her rival from head to toe.

"Ha," said the second in a voice reminiscent of a grater, "don't make me laugh! You can't believe that you can just take him away from me like that!"

"We'll see about that," said the first, giving Schmitz a kick in the ribs and making him howl.

The other, unwilling to content herself with less, kicked him in the other side until Schmitz cried out in pain again.

"If you're going to go around claiming rights here," said the first, foaming at the mouth, "then tell me, my dear, what is the shirt size of your supposed husband!"

"That's a completely inappropriate question," the second replied angrily, "as you ought to know - if you ever had anything to do with him - because for four weeks now he's stubbornly refused to put on a clean shirt, insisting that that would ruin his inspiration!"

"Aha," said the first, "then tell me when was the last time he took a bath!"

"As you very well know," bickered the first, "he sleeps in his clothes so that he won't have to adjust. But wait, it was on the 17th or the 18th."

"Of what month?"

But at that Schmitz, his ribs aching terribly, got really angry. They had some nerve! It was true that he was reticent about washing when he was inventing something, but it was really impudent to discuss it in such a form. Anyway, he recalled, before going to bed with him Susi had not only insisted that he bath thoroughly, she had also rubbed him down with rose oil.

He sat up and told them that.

They forgot each other for the moment and said as if with one tongue: "What, you dare butt into our conversation! And you have the nerve to tell us that you went to bed with one of those sluts!"

And then, without a pause: "You take care of the drunkard! And what does he do? Not only does he drink away all our savings, he picks up seven young things, one worse than the last!"

"But how do you know that there are seven of them?" Schmitz the inventor cried in a baffled voice.

"You fool," said the two, again as if in one voice, "haven't you ever heard that every woman knows her husband in and out, that she leafs through his subconscious as if in a big book, especially when the dear spouse has the habit of talking in his sleep! In vino veritas!"

Then they seemed to lose interest in him again and started pulling each other's hair.

"If you don't leave my house immediately," screamed the second, triumphantly holding up a big bunch of brown hair, "I'll have you whipped out!"

"And what do you think I'll do with you!" bickered the first, pulling heatedly at her rival's hair.

In the meantime Schmitz had secretly gotten to his feet and took another quick swallow from the bottle. Now he felt better. He surreptitiously felt his ribs, but nothing seemed to be broken.

Then the door opened, and Pierro Lulluwein came from the stairs. Schmitz stared at him with rather glassy eyes. Lulluwein wore a silver chain on his chest; his shirt was open. He beamed across his whole face, took in the scene with a smirk, and spurred on the two women, who clasped each other as if they were trying out a tango.

"Bravo!" he cried at last, clapping his hands.

Then the two let go of each other, and the first took one of the pans,

which really stood all over the place, and bashed Lulluwein over the skull. The handsome man sank to the floor, where he got another blow.

"No!" he yammered. "Don't you know who I am?"

"It's not hard to imagine!" screamed the second, "the way you walk around!"

"Ouch," Lulluwein said to Schmitz, getting another blow. "Just now I gave you a false name. Don't you remember - when you were in top form, you invented me too!"

Schmitz shook his head: "I can't remember!"

"Oh yes indeed," said Lulluwein, carefully sidestepping the pan, stepping knowingly to the wall and touching it in the place where, among other things, one could wake Rudi from his sleep.

"Hallo, Rudi," he said. "Can I hear myself?"

The wall changed color, and Rudi simulated a screen on it. He was still wearing the fool's cap, but now he also had a silver chain peeking out of his open shirt.

"Finally," he said with a yawn. "It was about time you showed up. I thought I'd forgotten myself."

"But what is that supposed to mean?" the inventor wanted to know.

"That's perfectly simple," explained Lulluwein and Rudi with one mouth, "we are identical!"

"Oh," said Schmitz, finally catching on to something.

"Then," and he turned to the screen, "I did give you a body!"

"Yes," said Rudi in the wall, "that was the point of the whole exercise."

"And why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the inventor. "You ought to know that I'm the first who'd be happy to hear of such a success!"

"That's just it," replied the mirror. "We know how picky you can be. We thought it would be better to try out Pierro first and maybe play a little joke on you to convince you of the quality of your work."

"Well, well," said the Herthas, "and have you invented anyone else... for us... for example?"

"Let me think," said Schmitz, refreshing himself again.

His eyes were growing increasingly glassy, and he was not quite sure which bottle he should take the next sip from, as they had gotten mixed up.

"Of course," said Rudi, "we know your highly methodical approach. When you've invented something, no grass grows over it!"

At the moment - no doubt due to telepathic tendencies - the telephone shrilled again. Rudi, in a good mood, transferred the image downstairs. On the screen appeared the face of a policeman; deep furrows had eaten their way into his face, and snow seemed to have fallen on his hair.

"Do you have two identical twin brothers living with you?" he wanted to know.

"As a matter of fact, I do," replied Schmitz, surprised to see two Band-Aids on his corns and wondering whom or what he had cut out there, for God's sake.

"The two of them," said the officer, close to tears, "were arrested at around five this morning, falling-down drunk, after wrecking the Moonshine Bar. We had to shut them in the drying-out cell. They also tried to trash the furniture in the seventh precinct. Is it true that you're going to pay the bill?"

And so Schmitz ended up with two brothers, though he had hoped to get them more cheaply.

"And what about me?" asked Rudi.

"What about you, you electronic box?"

"Don't act so innocent," said Rudi. "You know perfectly well that you only created the seven adorable girls on the assumption that - with such a

late body - I'd have a lot to make up for!"

Schmitz whistled through his teeth. He thought of Hertha, and a great burden fell from his soul.

He said: "Yes, that's it. That's the solution!"

Then it occurred to him that it was about time to call Hertha again. Upstairs he dialed her number in peace, but only his mother-in-law appeared on the screen.

"I'm worried about you, my boy," she said with all the composure of her years. "My daughter is quite worried about what's going on with you again. One can't leave you alone for a minute. You start inventing the awfulest things. Say, is it true that you test the perfumes and cosmetics from your laboratory on yourself?"

"I was in such a hurry to fill an order," replied Schmitz, "that I couldn't think of anything better."

"No," his mother-in-law replied to his question, "you can't speak to Hertha. She decided to pay a surprise visit and help you invent!"

When Hertha walked through the door that evening, the house was empty and abandoned. The two identical twin brothers, who had performed one last serenade on the roof, had taken the last money Schmitz could raise and gone to find a big apartment with the others to live for the time being.

"What a mess!" said Hertha, stamping through the apartment like a valkyrie. "And all the dishes standing around! Did you have visitors, my dear? Or did you use the things for your experiments?"

"Aha," she exclaimed, pulling a silk stocking out from under a cushion of the living room sofa, "and what is that?"

She waved the stocking, which had a hole in it, triumphantly around her head.

"You won't be getting any stupid ideas in your head," she said venomously, after opening all the windows wide and searching even under the sofa for suspicious traces.

"Now, now," Schmitz said weakly, "things just got a little out of control while I was working!"

And Rudi, enjoying the deeds of his double - Pierro, who was now drifting about in the world outside - by way of invisible channels, said in a gentle voice full of admiration, jingling the bells on his fool's cap: "You can say that again!"

But Hertha retorted: "Stupid electronic brain, shut up!"

That night, as Schmitz turned restlessly from side to side and suspenders dangled in his head, certain dreams came, and he began to chatter, until Hertha, who had listened breathless and indignant, shook her husband by the shoulder and turned on the light.

As Schmitz laboriously rose from the depths of his subconscious, Hertha went into the storeroom and actually found the counterfeit papers with which Schmitz had equipped his creatures to give them at least a makeshift identity.

When she returned, looking at the confused inventor in bed, she said: "I'm going to get a divorce. I'm going back to my mother. She was always good to me, unlike you, you nasty creature. If she learns of your shameful deeds, she'll have a heart attack, the poor woman."

But nothing came of it, in part because Schmitz had listened closely to the two fighting Herthas and thus had found what Hertha really thought of him.

Incidentally, Schmitz never invented such terrible things again, and from then on he kept his distance from the perfume industry and its branches. Hertha has never let a creature from the retort cross her threshold.

Only Pierro came once, and Hertha never learned of his visit. He seemed worn and haggard, even miserable, only a shadow of his former self, and he got a nervous twitch at the sight of a silk stocking in the laboratory where they were talking.

The perfumes which Schmitz invented became famous, and it is said that clones like to use them. At any rate, they provided Schmitz with the fortune he had always wished for in order to go on inventing in peace.

The fool's cap which Rudi wore really exists. It hangs above the entry to Schmitz's estate. It is clearly to be seen. But only by moonlight.

THE END

Apple 2 by Robin Bright

Adam is alone in the garden a-pulling, when she notices that it'll bend into the crevass between her thighs. It's a difficult birth because the egg was fertilized without breaking her hymen so she was a virgin when Eve was born. The pain caused her to believe that God was present there at the birth, and she had to have a casearian section administered by a travelling surgeon, who explained that the baby came from her side, but that normally it would have emerged from between her legs, which she thought funny. Unfortunately, there wasn't a travelling surgeon, so we'll have to revise the solution. In the garden was the angel, Satan, who had rejected God's plan that the human host should be greater than the angelic host and so was transformed into a serpent without limbs and placed in Eden, but it would have been impossible for the serpent to have performed the caesarian section, so we'll have to look to God.

Although Adam was a-pulling in the garden alone and could have found the crevass between her thighs to fertilize herself, Eve appeared from her side created by God, which suggested to her that a-pulling would produce some more. The serpent, Satan, gave apple to Eve, saying: 'You shall be as gods.' (*Gen: 3. 5*) It seems strange, because Adam had been the one that was a-pulling, but Satan was clever. Eve was born without anything to pull, which suggested to Satan that she could be tempted with a-pull symbolic, although God had explained to Eve and Adam that they shouldn't 'eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', because it was death to taste of it. Satan wanted more than a-pull but wasn't human. He was descended from the Earth's saurians, who evolved around 248 m. a. before hominids 220 m. a. The saurians had evolved intelligence and had left for the planets amongst the stars in God's heaven above the Earth, but a space borne virus had arrived upon the Earth, where it inveigled itself into the host

wombs of the saurian race, which began the degeneration of their species. God's winged angels remained in heaven, but the space borne virus caused the saurians upon the Earth to degenerate and they lost the power to lift themselves away from it and into heaven above. Satan thought that he could inveigle Adam and Eve into accepting host womb parasitism, if he could persuade her with a pull, which Adam hadn't yet thought of asking her to do for her.

Satan reasoned that, if Adam or Eve could be persuaded to open their thighs for him, he'd be a host womb slaver of God's new species, which was defined by the xenobiological society of a distant planet far way as futanarian. God explained it to Eve in simple terms so that she'd be able to pass along some of the information her descendants would need: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.' (*Gen: 3. 15*) If Adam and her partner, Eve, bred brainpower from their own 'seed', their human race could run, and escape to the planets amongst the stars of heaven above, despite Satan's wars against them upon the Earth. In Christian iconography, Jesus' mother, Mary, was a virgin, like Adam and Eve had been, so Jesus' birth, as the Jewish Messiah of the 'chosen people', was depicted as his mother's crushing of the head of the serpent with her futanarian race's 'foot', because Jesus was born of a virgin uncontaminated by the 'serpent's seed' of host womb slavery in parasitism.

The parasitologists of that xenobiological society on a distant planet far away, which met but infrequently 'to discuss the futanarian issue', and after observing that a parasite emerged from the host to kill it was 'parasitoid', observed that men's wars upon the Earth had begun, because men were the human futanarian species' parasitoid devourer. When the Romans occupying Jewish Palestine in the name of Empire had Jesus taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem where he was nailed to a cross of wood and left to die, it was because of his 'dissident' preaching against the male braining that had been going on at least since the Greeks had enslaved the host wombs of women for homosexuality in pederasty for war to spread the viral contagion further: 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (*Mk: 12. 31*) At least since the days of the Greek Empire the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed' had been pogromed, so that the killer of the race could manufacture men and women as a single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes in 'TV' transvestism and ultimately transmit pictures promoting death and war, through the television machine invented by John Logie Baird in 1926: 'The second beast was given power to give breath to the image of the first beast, so that the image could speak and cause all who refused to worship the image to be killed.' (*Rev: 13. 15*) Empire was a parasitoid phenomenon in Satanism, and the Roman amphitheaters, built to kill people inside, for the entertainment of the crowd, were transposed in the 20th century into the propaganda theaters of 20th century cinema.

The capital city of the movie industry, was labeled `Babylon` for `a woman` of the *Bible*: `Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.` (*Rev*: 17. 5) Although only a single woman, Babylon was the figure of a woman`s host womb enslaved, so the capital city of the Persian Empire, Babylon (*c.* 4000 B.C.), was named for her.

As the capital city of the propaganda movie Empire of the United States of America, Los Angeles, in the district of Hollywood, state of California, on the west coast of the USA, promoted slavery for the human species in `TV` wars, so it came to be called, `Babylon` too. When Will Hays, the President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA), established the `Hays code` of 1930 it was the death knell of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed`, because it banned the sexual reproductive mode of futanarian `woman`s seed` from being seen on screen: `... women, in love scenes, at all times have `at least one foot on the floor` (in other words, no love scenes in bed).` The futanarian foot would remain on the cutting room floor of the Earth, lest the human race should run, and learn to escape from the `serpent`s seed` to the planets amongst the stars of heaven above: `And the dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.` (*Rev*: 12. 17)

Christianity`s belief was that Jesus was the redeemer of humankind. Upon his death he experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of `woman`s seed`. Unfortunately, Satanism was endemic and Jesus` redemptive death was taught as willingness to face the machine guns, which assisted the Satanists in exterminating the human futanarian race of `woman`s seed` to maintain slavery in host womb parasitism for the entertainment of the parasitoid devourer as a Hollywood, Bablyon, `blockbuster reality snuff` film produced by the movie industry. The xenobiological society on a planet far way dryly observed that the aim of the viral life form now in control of the Earth was that nothing should be moving, and it wasn`t. The xenobiologists on the far away planet had endeavored to intervene, because they weren`t bound by the *Star Trek* (1965-68) `TV` show`s `Prime Directive` of non-interference, and so the Roman guard at the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, Longinus, was persuaded with a light form of coercion to pierce Jesus` side with his spear to liberate the `Second Eve` from the side of the `Second Adam` by `caesarian section`, so that the `spirit of God`, futanarian woman, could live in the spiritual realm away from the parasitoid devourer, `Snuffy` Satan: `Surely, this was the son of God.` (*Matt*: 27. 54) Although the misogynist lobby had already prepared their position, which was that the `Second Adam` was a male futanarian, the penisless women of the Earth were a physical testimony to their species` lack of brainpower deriving from men`s removal of their penis and so effectively beheading their race.

The US proceeded to wage war on the people of Islam who were the Moslem people, and whose religion was `accept` and `submit` to God, which is what `Islam` and `Moslem` mean.

Although Christians were taught that Judaism and Islam were antithetical, the German National Socialist (Nazi) Party elected in 1933 were the Christians who built 'concentration camps' inside which upwards of 20, 000, 000 Jews were poisoned with gas before being stacked like logs and burned in incinerators, because wood and fire was the tradition of the Romans, whose emblem was 'the bundle', *fascis*, with an axe in the center,

and so the fascist Nazis represented an improvement on the method employed by the occupying Roman Empire in Palestine at the time of Jesus, who was only killed at the stake, whereas the Jews were burned.

Because a Jew could only be born from a Jewish woman, women were Jews, that is, Judaism was a futanarian tradition, whereas Christians were taught that, although Isaac was born of Abraham's wife, Sara, and founded Judaism, because Sara gave her maid, Hajer, to Abraham after Isaac's birth after she became barren, Ishmael was illegitimate, so Moslem Islam's four wives in marriage was a retroactive attempt to legitimize Ishmael's birth, whereas it represented the affording of the opportunity to futanarian women to sexually reproduce within the family in continuation of the Judaic tradition, whereas Christianity was taught ownership, that is, Sara and Isaac belonged to Abraham, but Ishmael didn't, and neither did his mother, Hajer, whose Moslem people in Islam journeyed on pilgrimages to the temple of Abraham, the 'Ka' Ba' in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, known as the 'Haj' in her honor.

An Egyptian woman, the 'Haj' and the 'Ka' Ba' were important to Hajer, because 'Ka' in Egyptian meant 'spirit', while 'Ba' meant 'soul', that is, the 'Ka' Ba' was a symbol of the desire of the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed' to conjoin and escape to the planets amongst the stars of heaven: 'I will certainly bless you. I will multiply your descendants beyond number, like the stars in the sky and the sand on the seashore.' (*Gen: 22. 17*) Men's assumption was that it was they that would be 'numberless'. However, after rejecting 'woman's seed', the 'blood plague' of *Revelation* was felt by them, which was the late 20th century 'incurable killer disease' prophesied by Jesus' disciple, John: 'Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.' (*Rev: 16. 11*) What they'd done was accept Greece as the model of Western democracy, that is, homosexuality in host womb enslavement for pederasty and war against 'woman's seed', which produced the 'biological weapon' of HIV/AIDS keeping women in fearful faithfulness to their slaver: 'Let he that has wisdom understand. The number of a man is the number of the beast and his number is six hundred three score and six.' (*Rev: 13. 8*) If futanarian 'woman's seed' was 100% humanity, men and women were only 66.6%, that is, '666', and Western Babylon's preoccupations with the ubiquitous nudity of penisless 'babes' were symbolic of the absence of human brainpower and the

prevalence of animality. Or, in other words, Western models of democracy denied the franchise to humans, because it was a sex slave snuff industry.

The production of babies for the parasitoid to kill was the power Adam and Eve received from the serpent, Satan, in the paradise of Eden that was God's heaven on Earth. As the dragon grew older, it became 'TV' war.

9/11 was then explicable as having 'a bigger pull' to please the parasitoid audience enjoying their home entertainment. As the Nazis had constructed 'death camps' for their enjoyment at home, in emulation of the Roman amphitheaters, so the cinema theaters of Hollywood, Babylon, where movies like *Towering Inferno* (1973), starring Steve McQueen as 'the fireman', and the giant ape, *King Kong* (1933), swatting planes away from the 'world's tallest building', had pre-programmed the 20th century to expect the release of the movie, *World Trade Centre* (2006), after the astonishing advertising campaign 'live on TV', and across the globe, when planes were seen to crash into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre in New York's 'Big Apple' to precipitate war with the futanarian Middle East. Saudi Arabia's Osama Ben Laden, under the auspices of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime in Afghanistan, had trained and led the terrorist group, Al Qaeda, on September 11, 2001, in an attempted 'rehash' of the King and McQueen movies, and *Twins* (1988) in which actors Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny Devito weren't, and 'Arnie' was just a bit taller. The US army invaded and deposed the Afghanistan regime by Christmas 2001.

Movie Review

Madigan: Power, Privilege, Politics

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZgVP3H122nw&t=4s>

The State of Corruption aka Illinois has long been in the headlines for the fact that it has the single worst fiscal condition of any state in the United States. There is one man who bears the

most responsibility for the state's dire condition. His name is Michael Madigan and for over 30 years he has been the single most powerful man in the state of Illinois. The amazing thing about Madigan is that he has accomplished this without ever getting elected to any statewide office. Madigan owes his power to the fact that he was a protégé of the infamous Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley who infamously unleashed his police department on antiwar demonstrators during the 1968 Chicago Democratic Party Convention. Madigan rose in the ranks of the Chicago Democratic Party until he was elected to the Illinois State Legislature in 1970 at the age of 28. Aided by a series of criminal convictions of more senior Democrats in the state legislature, Madigan advanced in the legislative ranks of power, until after the 1980 U.S. Census, Madigan acceded to the position of being the one in charge of Gerrymandering the state legislative districts. Following his success in this capacity, Madigan acceded to the position of Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives. Except for a two year break, he has held this position ever since. Madigan has served as house speaker longer than anyone else not just in Illinois, but in any state in the nation.

Not only that, but he has changed the rules making him the most powerful state legislative leader in the nation and he is also the chairman of the Illinois Democratic Party. As good as *Madigan: Power, Privilege, Politics* is, there is an important drawback: There is very little discussion of Madigan's wife and children and their role as parasites on the public teat. The only member of Madigan's family that this documentary even mentions is Illinois State Attorney General Lisa Madigan. The director of the state agency known as the Illinois Arts Council is Madigan's wife Shirley. One of Madigan's sons in law, Jordan Matyas, is the chief lobbyist for the Regional Transportation Authority that is the state agency overseeing the public transit in the Chicago area. Other Madigan children and in-laws are also engaged in positions that they likely would not hold if the family patriarch was not such a big shot politician.

Book Reviews

The Laughing Gorilla By Robert Graysmith

Robert Graysmith is currently the single best true crime book writer in America today. He really goes into the nitty gritty, seemingly leaving no detail overlooked. For instance, he looked into the Zodiac murders case and out of all the evidence, was able to deduce that one Arthur

Leigh Allen was the mass murderer. To this day, it seems completely incomprehensible that the legal system failed to arrest Allen and try him on charges of being the Zodiac killer. His books on that case, *Zodiac & Zodiac Unmasked* remain must reads. When you read one of his books, it seems a shame that he never became a police detective.

His book *The Laughing Gorilla* tells the story of the first serial killers to afflict America. These were the first killers to go from one town to another leaving corpses in their wake.

This was different from previous murder cases that law enforcement had to deal with.

The book's title derives from the fact that the original serial killers were large, hulking brutes popularly known as "Gorilla Men." All of these real life monsters were described by witnesses as laughing maniacally. These Gorilla Men were fodder for the yellow press of the time who used their sensational coverage of the Gorilla Men and their crimes to sell boatloads of newspapers.

These crimes infuriated Captain Charles Dullea, who was the leading advocate of reform in the notoriously corrupt San Francisco Police Department (SFPD). He led a campaign that literally turned the SFPD upside down. The end result was that the SFPD became a much better and more effective organization.

The Laughing Gorilla is an excellent True Crime book that really delves into an important, though neglected, real life mystery that played a role in the evolution of one of this nation's most important police departments.

Master of the Game by Gary Gygax

The late Gary Gygax was an egomaniac and he showed it in this long, rambling book that tells you more about the author than it does about the subject that he is writing about. This is interesting since Gygax was the co-creator of the pioneering role playing game (RPG), *Dungeons & Dragons*. It makes you wonder just how much he actually had to do with creating the game since he seems to have so little understanding of role playing. This is not a useful book for gamers.

Contrary to what the book says on its back cover, there is almost zero autobiographical information in this book other than Gygax's taking credit for the work of others such as Dave Arneson.

Gygax comes across in this book as being highly aggravating, not to mention self-aggrandizing.

There are better books on the same subject that are a better use of your money. Books like this do little for the hobby of playing tabletop games that is under siege by online game playing. Avoid this book like the plague.

Website Reviews

<http://www.bubblegum-comics.com/>

Bubble Gum Comics

Remember the days when every time you bought bubble gum, you also got free comics? Do you get warm feelings of nostalgia just thinking about it? If so, there are others who share your warm feelings of nostalgia, hence the creation of the Bubble Gum Comics website. There you can go back to the fun days of yesteryear when such well known bubble gum brands as Bazooka, Fler, Swell and a short lived brand called Blony offered comics to go along with the bubble gum. What more could a kid want? Not only were reading the comics fun, but collecting them was a fun activity in its own right. However, for strange and mysterious reasons, the news media never picked up on this youth pastime and as a result, it is extremely difficult to discover the facts behind this particular aspect of popular culture. According to the website, Fler, the first company with a national brand of bubble gum with Dubble Bubble was also the first company to issue bubble gum comics. Originally, the Fler Funnies's characters were Dub & Bub, the Dubble Bubble Twins. During the 1940's, the Twins gave way to the more familiar Pud and a whole host of supporting characters. The success that Fler enjoyed with its bubble gum comics guaranteed that it would only be a matter of time until there would be competition. This came in the form of the Topps company that originally started in the 1940's making non-bubble gum. When Topps decided to enter the bubble gum market in the late 1940's, it made arrangements with outside contractors to produce comics. When these comics failed to make the desired impact, the company created its own character, "Bazooka: The Atom Bubble Boy" that was a flop. Finally in 1953/1954, Topps introduced the eyepatch wearing Bazooka Joe for its Bazooka bubble gum. Only then was Bazooka gum able to mount a challenge to the dominant Dubble Bubble.

Later, other companies entered both the bubble gum market with new comics, most notably Swell with its Tommy Swell character and Blony that was a short lived brand that had Archie comics with their gum. Today, unfortunately, bubble gum comics are a thing of the past that is unlikely to ever return.

<http://www.growthenergy.org/>

Growth Energy

Growth Energy is a leading nonprofit organization that advocates for ethanol usage as a means to the ends of achieving energy independence both here in the USA and abroad. It has two different kinds of members: Producer plants and associate members. Producer plants, as the term implies, are companies that actually make ethanol. Associate members are organizations that do not actually produce ethanol, but which are involved with ethanol in some way. Producer plants include such companies as Badger State Ethanol, Fox River Valley Ethanol, Kansas Ethanol, LLC, Marquis Energy—Wisconsin and Prairie Horizon Agri-Energy. Associate members include such pro-ethanol advocacy organizations as East Tennessee Clean Fuels Coalition, Indiana Ethanol Producers Association, Iowa Renewable Fuels Association and the North Dakota Ethanol Producers Association. Other Associate members include farm groups whose members benefit from selling their crops to ethanol producers. These include the Alabama Farmers Federation, Colorado Corn Growers Association, Minnesota Corn Growers Association and the South Dakota Farmers Union. In addition to all these noteworthy groups, there are also a pair of significant scientific organizations in the mix, the Iowa Central Fuel Testing Laboratory and the National Corn to Ethanol Research Center. Growth Energy's advocacy for ethanol and biodiesel do not stop at the USA's borders. For example, in August of this year, the group persuaded the Mexican government to mandate that all gasoline sold in the country have 5.8% ethanol content. This is not as big as the United States' requirement for 9.8% ethanol content, but it is still a major step in the right direction. Most importantly, most of this ethanol will come from the USA since Mexico currently produces little of it. Additionally, Growth Energy has been involved in lobbying the European Union to import significant quantities of U.S. made ethanol without any import duties.

<https://www.mnbiofuels.org/>

Minnesota Bio-Fuels Association

It might come as a surprise to many, but of all the state pro-renewable fuels groups, perhaps the second strongest after the Iowa Renewable Fuels Association (IRFA) is the Minnesota Bio-Fuels Association (MBFA). As its highly informative website relates, the MBFA was “**established in April 2011 to represent and promote the renewable fuels industry in Minnesota.**” Furthermore, it gives its goals as being to work for a “**greener future**” and a “**stronger economy in Minnesota.**” Like other renewable fuels associations, most of the membership consists of companies doing business in the renewable fuels sector. Some of these fall into the Producers category such as Archer Daniels Midland, Chippewa Valley Ethanol Company, Granite Falls Energy and Guardian Energy. Other members fall into the category of Vendors and Supporting Members. These include Hydrite Chemical Company, Phibro Ethanol Performance, Premium Plant Service and U.S. Water. Unlike most other renewable fuels groups, the MBFA has an Individual Members category. Unfortunately, the website does not disclose how many individuals are MBFA members. One of the MBFA website's features is a blog that covers the current renewable fuels scene. During the 2016 elections, it ran a series of posts about the Minnesota congressional elections and how the candidates stood on the issues regarding

renewable fuels. Given how Donald Trump was squarely behind renewable fuels, and how shaky Hillary Clinton was on the same subject, there is a strong likelihood that the educational efforts of organizations such as the MBFA had a positive effect on the movement of rural voters toward both Trump and the Republican Party during the 2016 elections. It is for this reason that as renewable fuels advance as a means of achieving U.S. energy independence that rural voters are going to increasingly be factoring in what's good for the renewable fuels sector in their voting decisions.

<http://www.thespacereview.com/>

The Space Review

The Space Review (TSR) is the premiere webzine devoted to covering all efforts involving both the exploration and industrialization of outer space. It is done in association with the SpaceNews website. *TSR* is edited by Jeff Foust who is also the editor of the Space Today space news website. Foust has been a leading figure in Internet-based space journalism for nearly two decades. Foust created *TSR* fill a need that was not being addressed by other space oriented websites. All too often these websites ran the same basic news pieces and press releases that were being widely disseminated elsewhere. Likewise, too many space websites were running pseudo-scientific nonsenses about such things as Area 51, astrology, UFO's and other similar stuff. What Foust wanted to see was a website devoted to in-depth coverage of matters related to space exploration and industrialization with a focus on, **“business, commercialization, history, technology, policy, and science, among others.”** In other words, what Foust wanted was a webzine that offered solid dependable hard news concerning space activities as well as serious analysis and commentary related to the various and sundry ideas being bandied about by space advocates. And in all those things, Foust has succeeded. What's really surprising is that Foust's success comes despite his not being able to pay any of his writers for their contributions to the webzine. What really distinguishes *TSR* from the other space related websites on the Internet is its willingness to run both lengthy articles as well as opinion pieces on space matters. All the other space related websites are mainly devoted to news reportage. As for the space websites of yesteryear that mainly ran stuff on fringe subjects, those have largely vanished. One noteworthy aspect of *TSR* is its book reviews. The books that it reviews are works that receive hardly any coverage anywhere else. Ditto for the documentaries that it reviews. Essentially, *TSR* is an invaluable resource for all those who are interested in space and space related issues.

<http://www.topwebgames.com/>

Top Web Games

As we have seen over the last few years, there have been a massive reduction in both the number and quality of website directories on the Internet. This is a development that has attracted little notice from the news media outside of the shutting down of the pioneering Yahoo! Directory. There has been speculation among Internet users as to the cause of the fall of website directories from popularity that usually center around the idea that search engines have gotten better. Another possibility is that it takes a lot of work to maintain directory listings and it's possible that a lot of directory managers may have given up more or less simultaneously. In any event, the decline and fall of Internet directories has adversely affected Internet devotees. Of all the Internet sectors hit hard by the decline of Internet directories, few have been adversely affected as online gaming. This is particularly true of small games, ones in which typically no more about 1,000 players partake in. This is in direct contrast to such well known games as Everquest, Eve Online and Worlds of Warcraft in which the total number of players can add up to the millions. Many of the directories that players have relied on in the past such as OMGN and MPOGD have either been shuttered up or passed away completely. Others such as Apex Web Gaming and Directory of Games are just barely hanging on, only adding new content every now and then. Even worse, these directories have been doing a very poor job of maintaining their game listings. One online gaming directory that is still going strong, however, is Top Web Games (TWG). TWG is a website that has been in existence since 2001. It was founded in the wake of the die off of a large number of pioneering online gaming oriented websites during the years 2000-2002 when there was a massive drop in the advertising rates that websites were able to charge. TWG is set up for the benefit of game owners who keep it going by purchasing advertising for their games. According to Alexa, TWG's traffic ranks in the top 125,000 websites in the United States and in the top 575,000 in the world. As long as it keeps that kind of traffic up, TWG should be able to stay in business for the long haul.

Websites of Interest

<http://www.ajc.com/>

Atlanta Journal-Constitution

<http://www.asmeascholars.org/>

ASMEA

<https://astroengine.com/>

Astro Engine

<http://www.blastr.com/>

Blastr

<http://www.blowtorchpress.com/>

Blowtorch Press

<http://www.chewinggumfacts.com/>

Chewing Gum Facts

<https://www.conservativejobs.com/index.cfm>

Conservative Jobs

<http://www.larouchepub.com/>

Executive Intelligence Review

<http://thefederalist.com/>

The Federalist

<http://space.alglobus.net/>

Free Space Settlement

<http://www.theimaginaryworld.com/>

The Imaginary World

<http://www.spaceset.org/>

International Space Settlement Design Competition

http://www.asimovonline.com/asimov_home_page.html

Isaac Asimov Home Page

<http://www.martinkramer.org/>

Martin Kramer

<http://www.leadershipinstitute.org/>

The Leadership Institute

<http://www.nss.org/>

National Space Society

<http://www.platypusgaming.org/>

Platypus Gaming

<http://www.podcastalley.com/>

Podcast Alley

<https://publicdomainreview.org/>

Public Domain Review

<http://ralan.com/index.htm>

Ralan.com

<https://www.rocketbuilder.com/>

Rocket Builder

<http://erzo.org/shannon/index.phtml>

Shannon Appelcine

<https://slashdot.org/>

Slashdot

<https://spacefrontier.org/>

Space Frontier Foundation

<http://www.spacesafetymagazine.com/Space Safety Magazine>

<http://www.space-settlement.org/>

Space Settlement Initiative

<http://www.space-settlement-institute.org/>

Space Settlement Institute

<http://uksdc.org/>

U.K. Space Design Competition

<http://www.washingtonexaminer.com/>

Washington Examiner

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Main_Page

Wikipedia

<http://www.zerohedge.com/>

Zero Hedge

Places to Submit Your Work

<http://aurorawolf.com/guidelines/>

Aurora Wolf: A Literary Journal of Science Fiction and Fantasy

Editor wants stories in which the main character triumphs over the sinister forces of darkness.

STATUS: Currently OPEN to Submissions.

<http://giganotosaurus.org/submission-guidelines/>

Giganotosaurus

Editor wants stories in the 5,000 to 25,000 words range. This is a zine that wants to run stories that most other editors refuse to even consider because of length considerations.

STATUS: Currently OPEN to Submissions.

<http://nomadicdeliriumpress.com/tmw.htm>

The Martian Wave

Editor wants stories that focus on space exploration and settlement with a special focus on our Solar System.

STATUS: Currently OPEN to Submissions.

Letters of Comment

TomFeller@aol.com

Thanks for e-mailing the zine.

I had mixed feelings about the film version of *Interview With the Vampire* when it was first released, but *Queen of the Damned* made it look quite good in comparison.

Vanity presses are still around. The self-published books I have read were in trade paperback format.

Best wishes,

Tom Feller

【Thank you for an interesting comment on *Queen of the Damned*.】

Gerd.Maximovic@t-online.de

Dear Charles,

thank you for your eMail, Fornax 13 being attached.

I was very delighted to see my story „Jack the Ripper“ in there.

Reading your demanding eMagazine, first I want to tell you, the size of the letters is good, there is good and easy reading guaranteed.

You write you lost data. I am normally using Open Office (.odt), which is free and very good. I never had any loss or problems with this excellent text program.

In your film reviews we learn (again) about the „Congo Holocaust“. Terrible, the destiny of parts of mankind, but this is also worth mentioning.

There are also Letters of Comment worth reading.

You publish kind of a story, titled „Profiting from Failure“. Therein we learn that a waterbed may be well to cure insomnia.

Farther above you mention, you have had „medical problems“, especially „due to an upset stomach“.

Well, I don't know the details of your being unwell, but I am absolutely sure, in this case (stomach) the method proposed by the GREAT Emile Coué for sure will help. An it will help against insomnia, too. That is, influencing your sub conscious. As described in my article I sent you. Best what you should IMMEDIATELY do is reading Coué-books. They are very encouraging, and Coué tells you exactly what to do. His way of „treatment“ is utmost simple, but it really works! All great things are simple, this Coué-method is the simplest, so it is the GREATEST.

Please don't tell me, there is nothing on TV or in the papers on Coué and his GREAT, GREAT method. I know. But this „verdict“ is not against Coué. I just can wonder why this GREAT, GREAT method is not publicly known, especially, as Coué was visiting the States almost one century ago – with greatest acclaim!

Now, he and his GREAT, GREAT method are almost forgotten. But I tell you, it will arise hopefully very soon, and it will stay, and it will be considered greater than ever.

And, of course, I would like to see more stories of mine being printed in Fornax.

You can use this eMail or parts of it as a Letter of Comment, as you please.

Kind regards,

Gerd

askance73@gmail.com

Well, Charles, you got your Halloween issue out onto efanzines a couple weeks before October 31st, which is much better than I've been doing with *Askance* #38 (which is almost done; just a few more things to do with it). As usual, *Fornax* contains some very topical issues worth responding to.

Such as your position statements about this year's presidential candidates. I definitely agree with you that the overall field is extraordinarily weak and maddeningly oligarchical. I will, though, be voting on November 8th because I feel it is my civic responsibility to let my voice be heard. Does one vote matter? Added into millions of other single votes, yes, it does. I still maintain that the Electoral College needs to be eliminated as it represents the ruling powers - the oligarchy, those with the money and position to matter the most (in their minds, naturally) - as the last vestige of the American Aristocracy. No, I don't care for the EC at all. In my mind it is an anachronism and thus irrelevant in the 21st century.

In recent weeks I have pretty much given up on making political statements on my Facebook page and the groups I am in on that social media site. The tenor of the language can be very intense, thus I am no longer making any real political statements for now. I may break my vow of silence if something truly moves me to do so, but other than that, I have grown tired of this year's presidential election. My focus has shifted to down-ballot elections for Congressional seats. In my mind, that's where the real power resides, especially in the Senate. We shall see how things transpire in the very near future.

I have never understood the appeal of Furry Fandom. It's odd, that's for sure. But, whatever floats your boat, as the saying goes. Fandom, in a very general sense, has diversified into all sorts of specialized interests. The science fiction fandom that I first knew back in the 1970s is long gone. Yet, this change can be a good thing: there are quite a few sub-genres that I do enjoy, such as Steampunk and Zombie Humor. Both are acquired tastes, but that's okay. I don't want to tell other people what to like so long as they're having a good time. After all, that's all that really matters.

One such example of specialized fandoms is the *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* fandom. I have never really gotten into that show, so reading Dr. Bright's article is interesting for how extensive it is. Unfortunately, since my background in the television show is practically nonexistent I have nothing of any real note to add to Dr. Bright's comments. Nonetheless, at least it is here for reading should I ever binge-watch *Buffy* one of these years.

With that, this loc is a wrap. Thank you so much for the issue, Charles, and I look forward to your next one.

All the best,

John Purcell

3744 Marielene Circle
College Station, TX 77845
USA

[Your LOC got me thinking about stuff. Here's my response:

First, free trade used to mean reducing the price of imported goods for the benefit of consumers. Now, it means shutting down factories and the exporting of jobs to foreign countries.

Second, progressive taxation used to mean the idea that the tax rates would move higher as a person made more money. In other words, pay according to your ability to pay. Now, so-called progressive activists are pushing all sorts of regressive excise taxes on such things as carbon, energy, even soda pop with the revenue supposedly going to pay for things favored by these activists. In other words, make the poor pay higher taxes for the benefit of the upper classes.

<http://www.motherjones.com/politics/2016/11/soda-tax-election-post>

Third, coal is one of the USA's greatest natural resources as this country has proven coal reserves that would last for at least 450 years. You hear people talk about how electric cars are needed for the environment. Where would all that electricity come from? The problem with solar and wind power is that they are good only when the sun is out and the wind is blowing. You need a supply for continuously produced electric power and since there is little appetite for either hydroelectric or nuclear, let alone solar power satellites, then coal is the best option. However, for some reason, it has become fashionable for Democrats to trash coal and blithely talk about putting coal miners out of work. The end result has been that the coal producing areas of the country have gone from being among the most solidly Democratic areas to being almost as solidly Republican. Coal was also a largely unreported factor, by the news media, in Trump's victory.

<http://thefederalist.com/2016/03/14/hillary-clinton-has-a-message-for-coal-miners-youre-fired/>

<http://thefederalist.com/2016/11/10/trump-won-midwest/>

As of right now, it appears that the domination of the Democrats by the Robber Barons of Silicon Valley & Wall Street is so complete that it would take a Herculean effort to overthrow it. It appears that Bernard Sanders is the only one who can lead this effort successfully. Question: Is this 74-year old man up to the job?

<http://observer.com/2016/11/only-bernie-sanders-can-save-the-democratic-party-now/>

Equally important is what happens with the Republicans. Before Trump ran, the Republican elite was operating under an "autopsy" that held that the key to future Republican success is comprehensive immigration reform. Only problem is that among my Hispanic acquaintances, there has been little interest in that issue. A number of polls have shown pretty much the same thing. Interestingly enough, an awful lot of interest in pushing immigration comes from Silicon Valley/Wall Street interests that have been pushing Democrats for some time.

They want more immigration so that they can lower the level of the wages they pay their employees. Add to that the fact that a lot of big shot Republicans look down on the working class whose votes made Trump possible, and you have a situation where the Republican elite want to attract the financial elite of the Democrats to their party and if it screws working class people who they look down on and spit all over anyways. then that's too bad.

Think of it this way: What we have had since 1992 is a 2-party system where the Democrats talk populist but actually push elitist policies while the Republicans prior to Trump both talked elitist and also pushed elitist policies. As of right now, only Sanders & Trump can break this apart in favor of the lower 99% of the population.

<https://pjmedia.com/jchristianadams/2016/11/09/trump-destroys-elite-assumptions-autopsy-of-the-gop-autopsy/?singlepage=true>

<http://www.washingtonexaminer.com/article/2596559>

http://www.truthdig.com/avbooth/item/audio_robert_scheer_talks_with_thomas_frnk_20160318]

From Robin Bright:

robika2001@yahoo.co.uk

Hi, congratulations on the new issue of Fornax Halloween issue.

Robin