

Fornax #15

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. This is Issue #15 published February 2017.

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Game Review

<http://utopia-game.com>

Utopia

Back in January 1999, longtime game creator/developer Mehul Patel and his associates at what was then known as Echelon Entertainment launched the free browser-based multiplayer fantasy strategy game Utopia. Inspired by the Shareplay game Monarchy that has been launched in 1996, Utopia quickly surpassed its forerunner in popularity so much so that about a year and a half after its release, Utopia was the single most popular browser-based game of any genre with over 80,000 players as opposed to 20,000 for Monarchy. Utopia also spawned a huge community of fan created websites devoted to providing players with game-related news, views and resources. So extensive was this area of website development that one would be hard pressed to come up with even so much as one online game that today has such an extensive support network.

In today's universe of browser-based multiplayer strategy games, Utopia is one of the games that sets the mark. When you get into the game, you can choose from nine personalities that you want to play as.

These personalities work in conjunction with the game's strategy in that choosing the right personality can help you improve whichever of the game's eight races you choose. Playing with the combination of race and personality is one of the ways that Utopia differentiates itself from the competition. All these are important since the domain, of which you are the ruler, will be randomly placed into a kingdom where you must learn to cooperate with the other players to make that kingdom a success.

In these kingdoms, someone, possibly you, is elected by the other players as the king or if you prefer, leader. Irregardless of who is elected king, it is imperative that the player-members come together for mutual growth, protection and strategy. If you consider yourself a loner who is into Massively Multiplayer Online Games to battle other players and who care less about your neighbors in whatever group that you have been randomly assigned to, then look elsewhere for a game. Communication and cooperation is the key to success in Utopia. This is especially true since one of the quickest ways for both your domain and your kingdom. In the world of Utopia, it is a done deal that your kingdom will at some point become embroiled in a war. If your kingdom is marked by strong communication and cooperation between the player-members, then your side will have a strong chance for victory.

There are many options for you to play around with and experiment with. You will need to keep your domain both strong and efficient. You will need to explore for new land, attack players outside of your kingdom and also use magic spells that help you gain more land. On your unused land, you will be able to build structures that falls in line with your particular strategy. Other strategic options that you may choose to utilize include learning sciences, building up your army, putting magic spells on your territory to aid in growth and production of resources such as crops and more. There are numerous strategic options, so its a good idea to play several rounds of the game to figure out what combination of strategies fits you the best.

The game's layout and interface is all text-based. It gives you enough information to succeed. There is very little in the line of graphics in this game. Your options and commands are basic in nature and easy to both learn and understand. Basically, what you do is provide input and command in the form of typing, selecting boxes and then clicking to confirm your choices. There is no real time action that occurs when you are in the game. Each command will take a certain number of hours aka "Utopian days" to carry through. There is an in-game kingdom news section that you can read to find out what is going on with your kingdom.

This is not a game with a story line in place, nor is it conducive to role playing. This is a straight strategy game. If what you want in a game is pure strategy, then this is the game for you.

ESSAY

Autism on the Rise

BY

David Rubin

**Note: The Following was originally published in
*Polychrome Literary Magazine***

<http://zillion-press.com/polychrome-ink>

It used to be really rare, then it became as common as one in eighty-eight. People have theorized why it's growing. I have my own theory.

First, let me explain what autism is. Autism, for those of you who don't know, is a form of developmental disability, characterized by an inability to deal with other human beings. It's usually associated with intellectual limitations, but there's a subset of autistics that often have superior intelligence. We are called Aspies, short for Asperger syndrome. We have our limitations, but many of us think it's worth it and value our condition. We object to those of you NT's (neuro-typicals) who want to cure us. I, myself, wear a shirt saying my autism make me smarter than you. We also can be rather obsessive over our particular interests. Nobody sweats the details like us, even if it's just a bus schedule.

A decade ago Thorkil Sonne, a telecommunications executive living in Ringsted, Denmark, as terrified about what the future might hold for his 7-year-old autistic son, Lars. But rather than give in to despair, the middle-aged father started a company, Specialisterne (ASpecialists@ in Danish), which helps high-functioning adults with autistic-spectrum disorders (ASDs) find employment. Today business is booming. Sonne oversees branches in a fourteen countries, including Germany, England, and Spain, and is funneling workers to such IT giants as SAP. Now he has even moved to Delaware to establish a foothold in America.

We object to those of you NT's (neuro-typicals) who want to cure us. I, myself, wear a shirt saying my autism make me smarter than you. We also can be rather obsessive over our particular interests. My theory? I think it's nature taking its course. It's evolution in action! The latest research says we seem to be caused by two mutations. There are certain companies that have taken advantage of our superior abilities and will only hire those of us with our special mutations.

My theory? I think it's nature taking its course. It's evolution in action! The latest research says we seem to be caused by two mutations. There are certain companies, such as my own, that have taken advantage of our superior abilities and will only hire those of us with our special mutations.

Continuing in this vein, I figure it's just a matter of time before the government tries to register and weaponize us and tries to control us. Resisters will be chased by giant robots and men in black.

I think I read too many comic books. That's my autistic obsession.

FICTION

Killed By An Idiot And Its Son

BY

Robin Bright

The audience murmured in susurrations of anticipation; as if they were afraid to be perceived as less than reverential. There were representations at the press conference from the science class, a military group from disparate nations and alliances, some politicians, and of course representatives of the press, who were trying to blend in with their hawk nosed piercing eyes and aura of alcoholic splendor. Alen Berg of the San Francisco Newspaper Barons Panel discovered he was sitting beside Trunco Butto of the giant Italian car manufacturing company, Feet, 'Wassup? Butto turned to examine his interlocutor with Latin blue mirrored shades, 'The death of the Earth apparently.' Butto crinkled his nose. Not the usual pollution by car exhaust fumes destroying the atmosphere letting harmful radiation through to fry the brains of the public so that they stagger around blind and sick until they collapse from paralysis and loss of vision centers, but something like that. I'm here to represent my car company, Feet, which has been accused of using up all of the Earth's resources on occasion so that the giant that was Man is reduced to a butthole for the insertion of petrol to fuel the incinerator while Man travels about inside looking out of his now incinerated giant's toe nail.' Alen was quick to see the joke. 'Yes, it's a self-drawn picture by an ogre that's eating itself.' He chuckled. 'In science fiction there are 'bug-eyed monsters' that invade the Earth and steal the bodies of the people in demoniacal possession so that the alien can exterminate the human race. Obviously, the car is a one-eyed ogre corresponding to the BEMs of scifi.' 'Yes,' Butto replied, fuelled by Bemzedrine.' Butto laughed, 'But don't tell it to anyone from my company; but me.' Butto winked conspiratorially, 'They wouldn't think it's funny to lose money.'

*

Here was to be the first scientific description of the New Program for the Saving of the Earth. The speakers ascended the platform and began to assemble their papers before the podiums prepared for them to deliver the Ineffable Message (IM) reputedly gleaned from two thousand years of scholarship applied to the solving of the mysteries of the *Bible*. There were three persons on the stage behind their respective podiums. The one in the center waved cheerfully in the direction of Alen and Butto, 'It's good to have the representative of the Italian car giant, Feet, with us today, Trunco Butto!' A smattering of applause from the Earth's delegations. Butto remained seated, but beamed his smile outwardly at everything; as if he were a beacon of magnanimity and sanctity to whom ships could safely be steered in hope of a harbor. 'I think it ought to be clear from the outset here that the giant Feet won't be made a target here. Everyone, I think, knows how the Earth's Council disapproves of Feet and its fellow car manufactories across the globe. Reducing Man to a petrol bumb in charge of its big toe while the fuel companies rake in the cash over the cremated remains is the least image I can recall from the newspaper cartoonists reaction to our last get together on the subject of how environmentally secure the Earth is from 'bug-eyed monsters' taking over our bodies to surreptitiously make our species extinct.' No one laughed.

The person at the far podium from where Alen and Butto were sitting on the right of the auditorium began to show signs of animation highlighted by the dimming of the lighting that illuminated the speaker in the center and now had grown brighter to indicate that the figure at the far end of the theater stage was about to hold forth. 'Biblical scholars have explained that Adam was a woman. The creation of Eve from the rib of Adam by the creator, God, is a euphemism for self-fertilization and birth by a woman whose race is called *futanarian*.' The speaker paused for emphasis. 'In the *Bible* Eve is told by God that her 'seed' will be redeemed, because she's a self-fertilizing species with her own penis' semen. In Christian iconography Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, is depicted as crushing the head of the serpent, Satan, with her foot, because it's a symbol of how women's futanarian sexual reproduction of human brainpower to defeat evil will redeem Man.' The light at the far end dimmed and the illumination nearest where Alen and Butto were sitting grew brightest. The spokesperson turned to the screen behind the podiums where moving pictures could now be seen. 'Here are images of futanarian sexual intercourse.'

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The figures on the podium were beginning to wind up their presentation. The films were still being shown on the screen behind the trio and the invited gathering seemed to be in some state of shock. In a last display of razzmatazz the three speaking parts began to feign telepathic rapport and divided the speech between themselves seamlessly so that it gave the impression of the Earth's Council members speaking as if with a single unified voice.

The speaker nearest commenced, 'Jesus was taken to the hill of Calvary by the Romans for advocating sexual freedom for women unfettered by male subjugation: Love your neighbor as you love yourself. *Mark* twelve thirty-one.' The speaker in the center continued, 'Nailed to a cross of wood where he was left to die as a 'dissident' against the male brained Empire of Rome for war against Man, Jesus experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven.' The third speaker opened up, 'Jesus' ascent to heaven symbolized Man's escape from the evil upon the Earth through that brainpower needed to build starships to colonize the planets amongst the stars of heaven above.' The lights on the podiums went out and the images being displayed on the screen at the back of the theater became easier to see. In a series of vignettes Judas is depicted watching a woman anointing Jesus' feet with oil. Jesus' demurs when Judas says, 'The perfume is too expensive. Sell it and we'll have money.' Judas is seen taking 'thirty pieces of silver' from the Jewish religious police, the Pharisees, who give Jesus over to the Romans. We see Jesus being nailed to the cross. Judas is in the crowd, 'I don't want his species to reproduce brainpower and escape slavery in death.' The screen goes blank. The lights in the auditorium come on. There are no figures at the podiums. It's over.

*

Trunco Butto became more *Italiano* and *mafioso* in his relaxed style with Alen as they meandered from the arena, 'Waddy tink Olfie?' Alen is ready with his reply, which is almost instant, 'I think the Earth's been killed by an idiot and its son. In ancient Greece, which was held to be the model of democracy, women's host wombs were slaved in institutionalized homosexuality in pederasty for war against Man, but without 'woman's seed' there isn't any Man, that is, what we've been taught to think of as women are Man. We're the BEMs.' Butto crinkled his nose, 'Yes, it was when that scientist explained that at some distant point in the past the Earth had been visited by an alien virus that had somehow inveigled itself into the host womb of the species to steal its semen and replicate itself as the exterminator of the race that I understood it plainly.' Alen nodded his agreement, and the two men emerged into the afternoon sunshine outside the building where the presentation on Earth Security had been given by the Council Members, 'Yes, when that parasitologist explained that the parasite that emerges from the host to kill it is termed 'parasitoid', I got the message.' Butto giggled. 'We're bugs.' 'Yes,' Alen affirmed, 'which is why the late 20th century 'incurable killer disease', that is, HIV/AIDS, spread by homosexuals' mixing blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses in mockery of the sexual reproduction of the brains' powers kept Man in fearful faithfulness to her parasitoid ring slaver.' Butto blinked, and as if by mutual consent they wandered through the park at the other side of the road opposite the building from whence they'd emerged and on by means of the path amid the verdancy towards *Joke's Cafe*, 'You think that we're possessed by an alien mind?' 'Alen swallowed with an obvious exertion of will against that which wanted to prevent his next utterance, 'I don't think that Man peering through his own toenail while he steers his own personal incinerator around the streets of his local crematorium is going anywhere fast.'

` Butto looked gloomy, `One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.` Alen smiled humorlessly, `Yes, Neil Armstrong`s words on becoming the first to set foot on Earth`s planetary satellite, the moon, on July 21, 1969, UTC: 2. 56, but that was before President Ray Gun`s `star wars` based on the movie featuring the `Death Star` of the evil Empire imprisoning the people of the planet it orbited in order to kill them.`

*

The pair are now seated within the environs of the nearby coffee bar. Alen is sipping his *cappuccino* but seems alarmed and agitated now, `You mean ...?` Butto gave him an assertive glance, `Yes, beneath the suns of Ray Gun will be their idiot children, who`re the killers of Man upon the Earth.` Butto guffawed. `So? The aliens will win, and we can`t escape. Well, I`ll be bugged.` Butto eyebrows rose as he drank from his *espresso*. Putting the cup back into its saucer, his expression evinced the surprise and amazement that his words merited. `Yes,` said Alen Berg, `it`s their plan. Having smoked the women`s penis they`re after the `remnant`. I can quote from the *Bible* too. `The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed. *Revelation* twelve seventeen.` Butto flicked down the butt of his cigarette to where he crushed it with a toe. `The cigarette is a secret symbol of the penis smoked by the serpent, Satan, grown into a dragon waging war against Man,` Alfie mused, `and eventually we`ll all be butts for the homosexuals` joke.` Alfie`s ears wiggled remorsefully, `That`s about the size if it, Butto.` `What I don`t understand,` Butto frowned, `is the role of the serpent, Satan. Who was he?` Alfie gleamed mirthlessly, `A personification of the viral form. According to science life originated on the Earth when a virus landed here from space. The Mesozoic period was 248 million years ago before the first hominids began to appear in the Jurassic period around 220 million years ago. The *Bible* says angels were winged and Satan was fallen, which suggests an earlier evolution in which the angels, who`re still in heaven with God, apart from those who fell with Satan, were winged saurians. Consequently, Satan`s conversations with Eve and Adam were a negotiation whereby the hominids were persuaded by the saurians that had succumbed to the virus that had degenerated their species to accept the contaminated semen of the prehistoric reptile, that is, `the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil`, according to the *Bible*, which conferred ephemerality in slavery to death for Eve`s descendants in exchange for the use of subsequent generations of humans as brainless puppets, who`d wage war in conquest against Man on behalf of the `serpent`s seed` as entertainment for an alien parasitoid devourer, `You shall be as gods. *Genesis* three five.` After motioning the waitress over and thanking her effusively for the service she provided, Butto stirred his second cup of *espresso* thoughtfully while `Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun` from the 1968 album, *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, by the rock musicians, Pink Floyd, played in the background: `One inch of love is one inch of shadow ...` Alfie sipped from his second *cappuccino*, `That`s a saucerful of cigarette butts you`re amassing there,` said Alfie joshingly. `Yes, but..,` said Butto, `to cut it right out is now my own personal goal in the face of the alien menace to the Earth` `Aw, cut it out,` said Alfie, `stop making me the butt of an alien`s secret jo!`

Stigmata

BY

David Rubin

It started simply. In a Delaware public school, in September 2013, the principal walked into the lunch room and told the students that no one would eat before prayers, and called a student to the podium. The student began, "In the name of Jesus..."

Yusef, the Jewish child raised his hand.

"That's not the brucha we use at home. We don't pray to Jesus.

The principal replied, "That's what you do at home. Your public school is in America, a Christian nation, so you do it our way or you can go to the side room there and do it your way"

Yusef got up and went to that back room, He found a small room, probably used as a closet before now pretty much empty, with nothing in the room but a cross pasted up. He realized he couldn't do the prayer for the loaf or the wine. He didn't have either. He had a bad habit. Whenever he got expecially nervous or upset, he started to scratch, even though there were times that he scratched himself raw and got infections. He scratched his head now, prayed in Hebrew, then went back to his seat, next to his classmates.

His friend Chuck asked him why he couldn't pray like everybody else.

"You know I'm Jewish", he said. We don't pray to Jesus.

"Then who do you pray to?"

Before he could answer, another classmate said, "Jews don't pray to anybody. They're atheists, like Marx and Lenin."

"We do believe in God. We just don't pray to Jesus"

"My priest says that the only way to the father is through the son, so if you don't believe in Jesus, you don't believe in God"

"So does my pastor!" another boy said

"My rabbi says that only God is God and all this Trinity stuff is a way of worshipping a false god?"

"Are you saying Jesus is a false God?"

Then it started. He hoped he imagined the words, Jew boy. As he sat, he felt the redness where he scratched and resisted the urge to scratch some more.

At three, he came home, kissed the mazuza and his mother.

"How was school?" his mother asked

"We prayed today, at lunch. Isn't that illegal in a modern public school? Doesn't that defy separation of church and state?"

"Some atheists made it that way. We all know that the Constitution permits freedom of religion and all this talk of separation of church and state can't stop it. You'll be happy to know I and your father are working on that. We already got the principal to agree to it, so think of us, as you pray at lunch."

"But it didn't feel right, Mom. I tried to do the prayer the way the rabbi taught me to, but I only ended up scratching."

"We warned you about scratching like that. Remember when scratched so much your skin got so red and infected we had to take you to the hospital?"

"Yeah, Mom. But it's hard to be the praying Jew."

"Your classmates know you're a pious Jew. Now as the prayers make them more pious, you'll have an easier time"

"Yes, Mom"

The next day, he heard the whispers he hoped weren't and tried not to look around as he walked.

"HEY, JEW BOY!"

He heard it loud and clear, this time, as it was yelled into his right ear. He looked right, and someone pulled on his left payis, the long sideburns orthodox Jews keep. "OWW!" he shouted, and felt his head pulled to the left, as someone on his right pulled off his yarmulka. He never saw it again.

In class, he started scratching his head, but pulled his hands down and started to scratch his palms and wrists, stopping when he noticed they were getting red.

At lunch he sat for a moment when he heard the principal call for the prayer.

"But you, Yusef, may go to your room"

He heard the other students laugh as he went to his little closet. The cross was gone. Its place was the word, "Jewish place", written with thick marker, and a bible on a table. "Christian Bible, of course", he thought. "Well, this time, I have my bread and wine"

He went into his backpack to find his can of grape juice had been opened and spilled.

He found his kosher salami sandwich, but a container of milk had been added, leaving the meal unkosher. He left the room and went back to his seat.

"How was your meal?", someone yelled. Several students laughed.
He began to cry to himself and didn't even try to stop himself from scratching.

The next day, he came in, staying close to the wall, holding his backpack close to his chest. Someone tried to grab his payis, but he had taped them down. He kept his yamulka in his backpack until he got to class.

"Today will be different", he thought.

Lunch came and he was surprised to see his mother there.
"Since I helped establish the prayers, I have the privilege of watching you lead the lunch prayer", she said.

Lunch time came, and he stood in front of the room, with his mother on one side of him and the principal on the other. He had a full, freshly baked loaf with a real knife and real bottle of wine in front of him. He opened to the correct page of what this time was a Jewish prayer book, when a note fell out. He picked it up and it was a computer printed page full of nothing but the word Jew boy, repeated over and over.

He started to cry and scratched himself all over, especially his head, his hands, his feet, and even his side. All those spots began to bleed, so the teachers picked him up and took him out. "Wilmington or St Francis hospital?" the secretary asked
"Delaware Psychiatric, and call his psychiatrist. He's had a nervous breakdown."

"I'm calling a lawyer, and you can bet the papers are going to hear about this!" his mother yelled.

Next week, he returns with his mother, his father, his principal and a cop, to pick up his things, for the last time.

They pass through a crowd of students.

"Not a word", the principal says, but a few grow close, with tears in their eyes.

"I'm so sorry we did this to you" one says

"Where can I get a yamulka?"

"How do I grow payis?"

"Can I join your shul?"

The principal says, "I can understand your apologies, but why do so many of you want to convert? Isn't that a bit much?"

A student pulls out a newspaper. The headline says "SCHOOL HAS NEW SAINT, JEWISH BOY HAS STIGMATA"

THE JOURNEY INTO THE RED FOG

by Gerd Maximovic

(Translation: Isabel Cole)

The red cloud was first discovered by an amateur astronaut named Wilkinson from the dark side of the moon, where the interference from earthly radio broadcasting and public news broadcasting, which mainly used satellite technology, is at its lowest. Wilkinson observed a red radiance and a weak, diffuse fog. A superficial spectrometrical examination brought to light the surprising fact that all the elements regarded at this time as the building blocks of the world, could be found in the cloud. From the red shift he deduced that the cloud, like almost all objects located outside the earthly Milky Way, was moving away from the Earth at great speed. He estimated the distance of the fog at ten million light years, but this could only be a rough estimate.

Wilkinson's discovery was published a year later in a small astronomy journal, and went unnoticed. It took a computer to rediscover it, so to speak. In the course of comparative research, in which certain characteristics of extragalactic objects were to be investigated with the help of the computer, supported by the exact measurements of the moon, the red cloud fell into the hands of a radioastronomer named Broglie. He noted the unusual fact that the cloud radiated no energy whatsoever outside the visible spectrum.

He asked his colleagues at the optical window for support. A larger astronomic unit was now focussed on the distant fog for the first time. This resulted in two major surprises. The first regarded the distance of the fog. It was much closer than Wilkinson had thought, indeed, it even had to be located perhaps ten thousand light years within the earthly Milky Way. The second surprise was inexplicable fluctuations in brightness which originated from the cloud and made it invisible for long periods, after which it regularly shone out again, dark red.

In addition they discovered that Wilkinson must have been mistaken when he interpreted the red shift as a sign that the cloud was moving away. In fact, the period of time between the measurements allowed the conclusion that the fog was approaching the earthly solar system. When it was finally discovered that the speed of the fog fluctuated, that it could nearly reach the speed of light, though at other times, in a way which seemed to contradict all the laws of nature, its speed shrank to earthly zero - as if the cloud were lingering here and there - scientific feelings ran high, and the newspapers of a certain press made it into the imminent apocalypse.

Soon all committees and decision-makers were informed of the significance of the fog, and enough money was raised to equip an unmanned probe which was sent toward the fog with the help of a sun-catapult. The probe was equipped in such a way that it would immediately send back the data which it gathered near the fog in a communication bomb, so that not all the material would be lost if the probe foundered or if an unexpected disturbance took place. These security regulations proved well-founded, for the actual probe soon went out of control.

Nonetheless, after an intense search, the communication bomb was fished in the last second from a hyperbolic path which led straight out of the solar system, and was brought in great haste to the laboratory on the moon. A mighty gravitational field could be seen in the catchment area of the fog; as for the rest, the other measurements from the moon were confirmed, with no further information. Meanwhile, the films of the starry sky provoked a sensation. Certain prominent stars, which could unambiguously be classified at this short distance, had vanished. The obvious thought, that background of space would appear differently to the camera eye of the probe than to earthly eyes, was confounded by the computer. Simple, stereometric models, presented in television to an amazed humanity, proved that certain stars had definitively vanished.

This was a discovery which, even in the dawning age of space diving, in which people began to grow accustomed to unthinkable expanses, was so incomprehensible - and which, above all, failed to tally with the theoretical foundation of the diving impetus - that now more than ever in the last decades, science dominated that headlines and the people's thoughts like a dark threat.

Nearly every day one could read the newest position of Wilkinson's fog in the newspaper in bold print, one could read of the leaps in which the fog advanced, and freeze at the sight of the implacable curve which the fog followed in the direction of the solar system, and freeze still more when adding up the star systems which had vanished when the fog passed their space regions. Gravitational measurements aboard probes which kept a respectful distance from the fog showed that the slightly increased motion of the earthly seas since the appearance of the fog correlated with its behavior and with the disappearance of the stars.

Deep in the belly of the HOCHÉ lay the Silver Gull, a torpedo glider equipped especially for this research expedition. A projectile, slender and flexible, glittering silvery and so bright that the eye glided flickering to the side, a miracle of technology which could operate in dense conglomerations of material, which swallowed gas, dust and earth and ate its way through iron, an implacably ticking worm which nothing could stop. A silver rocket which rested deep-frozen in the belly of the HOCHÉ, so deep-frozen that supposedly all movement and all life on board the Silver Gull was extinct. The special thing about its propulsive power, aside from the conventional transformers, which of course it possessed as well, was the antimatter shedder, which could be neutralized at absolute zero and which might be the last chance for the crew if they had to escape the red cloud.

Bruno and Marina stood naked, with outstretched arms and spread legs, while the quartermasters danced around them as if their life depended on these ritual motions. In a sense this was true. With practiced precision they clothed Bruno and Marina and, in particular painting them with a rapidly congealing protective layer which served solely the entry into the Silver Gull. In the end the two stood in tall silver armor, caught in a field of radiation, looked at one another through a high-power filter system while magnetic grapples adjusted the clothing here and there, sucked up the last grain of dust which, if it had collided with the antimatter power of the silver projectile, would have shattered the entire HOCHÉ into many trillions of silver points

of light.

Then, like bride and bridegroom, they floated in their silver armor two meters above the ground to the entrance of the Silver Gull. Like the great moon the heads fell back behind the glass panes, the red heads of the coordinator and the captain, the chief chemist and the antimatter man. They looked at one another behind their smoked glasses, and their lips moved silent and mute, and between them there was a crackle, and something fell down through the air, stiff and cold, like frost, left a white trail to the entrance, where the aligner made them dance in the electric field.

Bruno saw Marina vanish in the hatchway. Where her shield rubbed against the edges, red and blue electric fire flickered. She floated straight forward, just as far as the aligning beam reached, gleaming out from the cannon just behind Bruno. Then she reached the end of the neutral corridor, and the beam went out; with a cry which Bruno heard and saw on a screen over the hall, she fell down, and as she got to her feet with difficulty, like a she-turtle, Bruno followed her in his garments of light.

He felt how his wrappings stood thick and foamy in the hatchway, how electrical fireworks discharged crackling over his head, along his limbs. Although he was well-shielded, a shiver ran down his back, his face twitched, his muscles cramped uncontrollably. Then the aligning beam pushed him into the corridor, and before he realized it the threads tore around him, and Bruno fell to the iron floor with a crash.

They peeled themselves out of their white foam armor, washed off the remaining traces and saw from the clock that the maneuver was proceeding with great precision. With the checklist they ran through the interior of their machine, took care of the lock, sealed off the room in which the antimatter centrifuge rested another dozen times with magnetic clamps. The radio was dead, and only through the frost of the control window did they maintain contact with the heads over the television wall.

The body of the HOICHE opened. Its steel jaws swung open, hydraulic teeth opened its maw. The Silver Gull was lifted carefully into the opening by the great glide ray. Bruno and Marina stood mute in their bands, their eyes raised to the windows and screens. The green dome arched up mightily, glided aloft, sparkling. One after the other they let the filters down in front of their eyes.

Now the Silver Gull was already soaring on its own, pushing itself out of the crater opening of the HOICHE. The almighty red reflection fell into the control room of the Silver Gull, enveloped all the instruments. Marina reached involuntarily for Bruno's hand. It was as if a mighty red magnet were drawing them onward. Like a midge in front of the gigantic sun-ball, the space glider danced before the red fog which now hung before it, mighty, threatening.

The HOICHE still filled the rest of the sky. Its lights shone gentle and yellow upon the velvet darkness in the shattering cold. The green maw could no longer be seen. The lights on the radio began to flicker. A white swirl, like crystal snow, drifted behind the Silver Gull as an umbilical cord, where the antimatter unit had left its mark in space.

As the first red swaths drifted past the window of the Silver Gull, from eruptions occurring in the upper layers of the red cloud, blown hotly into space, as they beat down upon the hull of the Silver Gull in a feverish hail, bombarding the glass of the screaming windows, the radio contact with the HOICHE deteriorated. Now there was a roaring on the line, a chatter in the membranes, the voices of the coordinator and the captain were chopped and distorted as if the words were being swept from their lips with the great neutron broom.

In the command cabin of the Silver Gull burned yellow and scant green lights, which, it

had been discovered, allowed the psychological burdens of such excursions to be born more easily. The control cabin was stuffed full of scientific instruments, with measuring devices, experimental arrangements, which, for security reasons, were often present in double and triple form, which often merely varied the same experiment in details, and which were ultimately supposed to enable the most contradictory experiments and investigations in view of the fact that so little was known of the red cloud.

The HOCHE was a hazelnut in the distance, a tiny, yellow, prickly light, security and warmth, air, breath, life. Outside the windows fluttered the red veils, the discharges of the red fog. A few seconds before the last audible words of the coordinator had sounded. Now the HOCHE was no more than an especially bright star in the distance.

It was an uncanny feeling to glide into the cloud with growing speed, to plunge into the gigantic body. The instruments ticked in the control cabin. To both of them it seemed as if sand had been sprinkled into the quartz works, as if they heard the grains falling like thunderbolts. The computer had resumed its singsong, information as well as a psychological method to stabilize the system and the crew.

It said: "All values are unchanged. All instruments are in order. We are satisfied with the system."

Between two eruptions of gas Bruno and Marina were able to cast a deep, astonished gaze into the red cloud. The intense red radiance seemed to emerge only from the surface layers; beneath, in places where the surface layers had parted, they could see large spots of green, blue and yellow. From the changes in position which they were able to note in these few lucky seconds, and which were immediately confirmed by the computer, they concluded that the red cloud was more compact than had been assumed, yet rotated with different speeds at different points on its body. This was a surprising observation when one considered the gigantic dimensions of the red cloud, against which the earthly sun appeared a tiny glowworm.

The HOCHE had vanished, radio contact with it was broken off. In the weak yellow and green light which was now almost completely overwhelmed by the intense red reflections, Bruno saw Marina working the instruments. He glanced routinely over the instruments in his sphere of duties. Everything was in order, including the antimatter sphere in the belly of the Silver Gull. They were pulled into the red cloud with a violent acceleration, and now could feel the pressure in their bodies as well. Marina set it off with a gravitation weight.

Almost without noticing, they had penetrated the upper layers of the red body. The friction now grew stronger. It was not the usual gas molecules which they had expected from the fog. In fact, the computer, with its singing voice, had an increasingly complete set of the fundamental building blocks of this world to announce. A slight shudder crossed the Silver Gull. They took a nearly stable path and met no serious obstacles. The sonar beam which they sent ahead disappeared in the dense conglomerations of matter, however far it penetrated, without returning, without leaving the least impression, the least echo on the sonar screens.

It had grown dark red, nearly black. Now the projectile had sucked in the dark tint around it. The shadows forced their way into the control cabin so powerfully that the yellow and green lights had to struggle, while Bruno's and Marina's faces looked wan, as if they had taken fright excessively at their boldness in forcing their way onto new terrain, with quickly-developed equipment, with half-tested miracle weapons, with the desperate knowledge and the confused technology of humanity behind them, a terrain which none of their probes had ever left, manned or unmanned, in the three years humanity had been investigating the red cloud, or at least attempting to.

The crackle of the gas molecules grew duller, then stopped entirely. The computer announced that the exterior of the Silver Gull was covered with a red layer. With a circuit it attempted to determine what the red casing of the Silver Gull consisted of. The feelers which it stretched out were blind and unsuited for this task. They produced as their result the manifold building blocks of the world which they had already found. A feeler swinging out into the ever more densely-filled space announced that the rain of radiation was still falling on the Silver Gull.

They succeeded in cleaning the windows and the lenses of the cameras with mechanical means, as well as the objectives of the other measuring devices. The red snow literally had to be swept from the windows. Bruno and Marina were overcome with a feeling of relief when the eyes of the Silver Gull were opened once again.

The swaths floated past. The skeleton of the Silver Gull shuddered. The deviation from the original course was now considerable. The rotation of the layers of fog in which they were moving carried them with it and made them shoot like a stray bullet through their structures which grew denser and denser. The computer read reassuring information about the molecular makeup of the little ship.

Now it seemed as if they were flying through dense cloud formations, just as on Earth when they plunged through the clouds in instrument flight, but with the difference that the cohesion of the clouds was torn now and then, that for a few seconds holes opened, ghostly yellow, while the Silver Gull raced with gathering speed into the depths.

In these intervals, when the next swelling crests were already racing toward them, when the ceaseless showers on the windows and the recording instruments was suddenly broken off and the wipers moved in emptiness as if they had lost their grip, it seemed to Bruno and Marina that they could make out rational images on the swells of the clouds. An opportunity came, the Silver Gull had left a lightning-streaked cloud with groaning stays and screeching metal plating, when they fell into a yellow oasis, an eye in the storm - in comparison with their insane speed - of incredible extent, which made the red coating on the spaceship and the color of Bruno's and Marina's faces turn yellow.

Bruno had aimed a special camera, able to shoot several thousand images per second, out the stern window. With gleaming eyes he and Marina followed the spectacle which unfolded at a furious pace. Shapes were clearly visible on the margins of the clouds which they had just left, shapes which both identified as the skulls of certain primeval animal species.

These skulls were of mighty dimension, and they could only be seen clearly in those seconds in which the Silver Gull had gained a certain distance from the clouds. Marina pointed to two or three other skulls which had grown out of the clouds. Now the bodies of beasts were visible, mighty colossuses, masses of flesh and clouds which revolved green and gray out of the clouds, scaled armor which now trembled almost simultaneously, as if an electrical fire had broken out in their flesh, and which a moment later sank back into the clouds with rolling eyes and lolling tongues.

The computer was unequal to such sensual forms, and to their doubts. The film, however, prepared feverishly and projected onto the large screen, showed in part blurred, faded images of those colossal phantoms, which now could not longer be attributed solely to the overstrained nerves of Bruno and Marina. They flashed through several such oases of tranquility.

Out of a heap of clouds far below them, toward which they fell at a furious pace, a sphere leaped up, black, covered with shining yellow points and a hard, pulsing transmitter which rotated on its axis and emitted a powerful beam, shattering one external eye of the Silver Gull. The sphere sped past, pulsed close by with this terrible hard eye, making the safety-devices in

front of the windows and the cameras of the Silver Gull close in the blink of an eye, raced upward, visible only faintly, with its weaker pulse, the windows of the little ship now open again, shrank immediately to an invisible point from which only the hard rays now beat, and disappeared into the next cloud.

Days passed. The clouds rolled by. The bright-red coloration which they had seen in the outer regions of the fog had given way to a dark-red glow, now increasingly taking on other shades which, when a propitious constellation permitted it, could be seen from a great distance. With the shifting colors the material seemed to grow more solid. Now the hull of the Silver Gull wailed in an endless singsong, as if the endurance of every last atom in its exterior hull were to be tested. Its velocity, insofar as any valid statements could be made in this exceptional situation, had not risen significantly.

The clouds had taken on a different appearance. They were in part tattered veils of fog, less compact, but winding tenaciously through accumulations of a non-identifiable material. With increasing frequency Bruno and Marina saw single banks of globular clouds which clustered around imaginary centers, but at the same time were connected to other such globular banks and to the diffuse forms with strands so inconspicuous that they could not be seen from the Silver Gull until the projectile literally tore them to pieces in its headlong flight.

Also the towers of clouds were no longer so bloated, so compact, they no longer seemed to swell so blindly, to drift along so foggily, no longer evoked the image of white, spongy bellies, the unconscious metabolism of gluttons which swim in their white flesh. They had gained hard edges, reared up as if they wanted to pierce to the outside with sharp lancets. In a rare moment Bruno and Marina were able to observe how two of these gigantic wedges collided, how they did not glide through each other elegantly, but rubbed against each other, creaking, and this creaking material could be heard even over the weak bridge of matter, dull, hollow and vague, as if on the bosom of the ocean.

Bruno sat in the control room, his head bent over whole piles of photographs, illuminated from beneath by the mild light of the magnifying table. Above his head gleamed the lights of the computer, the screens, the many instruments. The computer had last sung out, some time ago, that everything was fine. The end of Bruno's watch was approaching, certain times in which neither of the two kept watch became increasingly unavoidable the longer the plunge into the red cloud lasted. Bruno had fallen asleep.

He dreamed of a babbling voice which wanted to warn him. But they had had to undergo, to write down, photograph, record so many strange, so many mysterious things, consciousness that their brains, along with all these notes, could soon be dashed to pieces, that a babbling voice could not warn Bruno, let alone wake him. In his subconscious, or in a reflection of his consciousness, he sensed that a change had taken place. In his head was a flickering.

With a stale mouth, saliva dripping from pure exhaustion, as he had seen in the cloud-animals, and with this endless pressure on his consciousness as weariness overpowered him and the will slackened, with feeble hands he finally did stumble over the frosted glass pane, which had grown darker. He groped for the switch. The pane blazed. The double helix in his brain formed a thread. An endlessly weary Bruno slowly woke.

He goggled at the frosted glass pane. First he regarded the image, at which his attention strayed into other regions. He saw the cloud towers and saw that they were extremely dark. The pane seemed fogged. He jumped up when he heard the babbling voice again. A drunk was trying to tell him something. The drunk was the computer. Its words came in a deep, stumbling voice.

The alarm screamed behind Bruno, raced up his spinal cord into his brain and wildly shut

down a third of all the synapses. Then he heard the angry shrilling of the sirens from the button which he himself had pressed. Then Bruno came to, and as Marina burst into the control room he was able to explain to her that the normal lights were gradually going out, that the energy loss was sucking out the memory of the computer.

Now the red-brown reflection of the rigid formations fell almost unhindered into the little ship. The emergency lights burned yellow and red and so weak that Bruno and Marina were sunk in the dusk. The blue light of the oxygen system, the green light which guaranteed their life, was switched onto the emergency power supply. Now one could almost hear the imperceptible sighing with which the normal lights went out. The computer gasped out its death rattle.

Bruno was now enclosed by his space armor as if by a fortress. He smiled encouragingly behind the pane. Marina knocked against it in accordance with an old custom. Then she sat behind the desk in a chair which sank into the darkness. The radio contact with Bruno was established. At the lock to the outside Bruno was a black monster, swaying slowly, with scuffling feet, the armor creaked in the shoulders and the knees.

The door of the lock closed behind him. Bruno imagined Marina now sitting before the empty, extinguished screen. He explained his actions in the lock, to fight his nervousness.

Marina said: "I can hear you fine."

"That's good," said Bruno.

He went through the second door.

He said: "Now I'm in the corridor."

The corridor wound in several stages over the inner wall of the hull of the space torpedo. Bruno went straight ahead with unsteady steps, pulling himself along hand over hand, sweating, for one thing because the gravostators were turned off. After a short time he reached the external hull. He bent his torso down into the shaft and pulled himself headfirst down the ladder into the depths.

After a while of silence Marina asked: "Where are you, Bruno?"

"Now I'm in front of the storage rooms."

Since the Silver Gull had to concentrate all its equipment in a very limited space, it was only a few meters to the power room and just as short a way to the antimatter bomb.

Bruno hung in front of the lock to the storage room like a fly clinging to the ceiling. He had to take a breather. He informed Marina. Then he turned the handwheel, not trusting the emergency systems of the electrical lock. It was completely dark in the storage room. Bruno turned on the light on his helmet, and the sharply-focussed beam cut into the darkness and was absorbed by a red glow. It was as if ground fog were rising, had crept over the metal floor from imaginary meadows man-tall, the red, sulfurous veils billowed, drifted slightly in the direction of the lock, as if magically drawn by the man who still clung to the wheel with his hand.

"The red fog has entered the storage room," said Bruno.

"Oh, God," said Marina. "Please retreat quickly."

"But we can't just run away from it," said Bruno. "After all, for days we've been moving through some of its manifestations. Anyway, it's already attacked me, see."

He closed the lock behind him to bar the way to the fog. He turned the helmet here and there to illuminate the dead and the mute equipment. The fog had now engulfed him.

"It's pressing on me," said Bruno. "I'm going to go over to the energy store, maybe I can find the cause of the defect."

He moved into the middle of the room, but the fog had already grown quite powerful. Bruno spread out his arms like a swimmer, and though the fog tried to move him in turn, Bruno

succeeded in gaining a few meters.

He had to vomit.

"What's wrong?" asked Marina. "What's wrong, Bruno?"

Bruno said: "The fog has penetrated my suit. Ugh. Is that a sticky shit! It's in my helmet. It's covered my face with a film. Oh, yuck!"

"But your suit is sealed," said Marina insistently.

"The spaceship was sealed too," said Bruno.

Now he looked as if he were misted with red, as if drenched in thick syrup. His tongue bulged out between his lips as if he were suffocating, and he was silent for a long while. He struggled. Marina, listening in horror to the output stage, tried to identify the different phases. Then the pressure inside and around Bruno let up. Croaking, he informed Marina. Staggered on with an almost fixed gaze. His glove dropped heavily onto the generator.

After he had crawled around on the generator for a while, taken the top off, examined the innards, he said: "There's nothing we can do, Marina. The energy is being sucked up by the fog in some way."

He coughed. Then he crept over the floor to find the leak through which the fog had entered the ship. He searched in vain. The floor swayed as if the metal had become soft. He informed Marina, but she seemed to be listening in silence.

As he went back into the corridor and bolted the door to the lock as quickly as possible so that as little fog as possible could seep into the interior of the rest of the ship, he had the insane notion that he was doubled. He squatted exhausted on the floor of the corridor in front of the ladder and heard himself cough. He thought he heard himself wishing the fog to the devil. He had such an intense feeling of alienation that he thought strange weights were hanging in his head. His experience helped him see that these were not strange thoughts, but the indisposition of his conscientiousness, which was unable to explain this phenomenon.

He mentioned none of this to Marina, but said:

"My head is buzzing."

Marina's reply was unintelligible.

The red fog had collected in the antimatter room as well. The small, cubic room was full of red veils. Here they were so thick that Bruno could even look unhindered into the screened-off fire, which usually extinguished the unprotected eye with its brightness. The temperature gauge on the outer layer of his suit went wild. The walls of the room in which the antimatter bomb was stored were white with frost. The radiation caused a process of upheaval in the small chamber, driving the icy particles up the walls to the ceiling, from which they snowed down again, hard.

In this glittering spectacle was mingled the red fog which swept over the walls of the chamber, balling together in the vicinity of the antimatter bomb and closing in upon the light source in a steady struggle. Now and then the pressure of the bomb which, with all refinement of technology, sought an equilibrium with the hostile environment, tore the almost-dovetailed veils of fog apart and hurled them with incredible force against the floor and the walls and onto the ceiling, so that Bruno lost his footing several times. When Bruno had the chance, crouching in a corner of the room, he described the spectacle through clenched teeth, but Marina did not reply.

On the way to the control room, on the ladder to the upper level, Bruno called Marina for a while in vain. As quickly as he could in the unmanageable armor, Bruno hurried upstairs. He flung open the last steel door, making the instruments clatter. The reflections in the control room had grown still weaker. Over the blue, the green, the yellow lights a red reflection had spread, itself so dark that it could only be sensed. It was the panic in Bruno's eyes which made the

reflection glow.

The beam of his helmet-light cut through the red veils. In the flickering light of the batteries he saw Marina. She lay in the armchair, seemed to have collapsed, bereft of strength. Her mouth was open as if she had screamed. It seemed as if she were smoking in her swoon. Red clouds welled in a steady stream from her mouth and her nose. Next to her, in the other armchair and on the floor, lay shadowy figures, with emerging breasts, with hinted-at long hair, in the process of becoming, formation, thumbnail sketches tossed to the floor. Bruno trod on the fleeting forms with his heavy boots, trampled on them until they fell to dust and rose into the air in clouds. In feverish haste he dragged Marina under the shower, washed, scrubbed her, beat at her, nearly tore the skin from her body, until the last particle of dust was gone from her body. At last she opened her red, bloodshot eyes.

In the following days they were more than once forced to return imitations of their person to the dust from which they had been created. Every horror had its limits. In the meantime the effects of the terrible apparitions on Bruno and Marina took a toll on their self-esteem. Not only did they have to grapple with their puppets, which took on increasingly perfect form. Since they did not constantly keep watch side by side, there were moments when each suspected the other of being a puppet, the finally-successful copy of a human being, no longer to be distinguished from the original.

There morale had not sunk to zero all at once. It was that creeping demoralization which destroyed the clarity of their thoughts, their consciousness, which shrank it, so that they could no longer account for its former positive, healthy contents to the now-shrunk consciousness.

In a moment of panic they thought of the antimatter bomb. Hampered in their thoughts, they saw the powerful explosion as their salvation. They had manually retrieved the plans from the memory of the computer, which was so secure that it could not be absorbed. They bent zealously over the charts, diagrams and tables, studying the details of the great explosion. They had merely to release the gravity anchor which rocked the antimatter bomb in its arms like a highly sensitive and touchy child, then the explosion would have to be directed into the right channels so that they would escape the red cloud with the recoil in a mighty arc - in the direction of the HOCHÉ. Then the neutralizers which protected Bruno's and Marina's bones, flesh and brains from devastation would have to be run full blast. The only unknown in their equation was whether they would be able to dose the explosion correctly.

They were so zealously absorbed in the diagrams that they could already hear the terrible explosion. It was an abrupt, short crack, then a long, thin rumble. They had both heard it, for both jerked their heads. They looked at the windows in alarm. At first they saw a radiance outside, a wave of light, as if someone were coming quickly through the red clouds with a great lantern, in the same direction as the Silver Gull, illuminating the cloud formations and the windows of the Silver Gull from all sides.

They sprang up. The papers drifted from the table. They threw themselves at the windows. The light was followed by large fragments of metal, whirling through the clouds, tumbling end over end, rotating, reeling, staggering, upon which, in unmistakable letters, the features of the HOCHÉ were engraved. There the gleaming parts used to screen the mighty cruiser flew past. There spun torn and ruptured systems like those used to run the great strategic computer of the HOCHÉ, from which cables and wires stretched their thin, naked arms. There compact switching elements tore through the clouds, now melted, as if someone had demolished the computer's center of consciousness in a rage.

Now they saw people as well. Some of them drifted past with open, screaming mouths,

but extinguished eyes, rotated silently about previously-unknown body-axes. Most of the bodies, as far as could be seen, were maimed. Some of them had sought refuge in their space suits and now drifted like mute fish with pale faces behind glass panes, sank into the swelling cloud banks, disappeared for a while and reemerged in new cloud formations, finally, with their incredible speed, eluding the Silver Gull in the clouds.

Weeks passed. Again the scenery had changed. The rotation of the clouds had grown more rapid. The Silver Gull was driven off-course with increasing force by the cloud formations which drifted past obliquely. The clouds had abandoned their character of condensation, of clinking crystals, had melted to a swirling compact band. Like a yellow-red sandstorm it swept across the paths of the Silver Gull, revolving about a yet-unreached center. The particles of matter grew more and more dense, were an incessant storm, yellow and red, lashing the hulls and panes of the Silver Gull with its implacable hail.

The deeper they went, the more hectic the rotations of the formations became, and the stronger the Silver Gull was driven from its original path. The rage of the maelstrom continued to grow. In the depths Bruno and Marina occasionally saw several levels of multicolored, quickly-rotating rings. For seconds they gazed down at the silently roaring formations, which otherwise raced past in a single, overlapping mass.

It was a miracle that the Silver Gull was not torn apart in the onslaught of the elements. By now it was probably embedded in the masses of sand to such an extent that the pressure which bore down upon it simultaneously protected it. Bruno managed in time to extract energy from the massed matter on the hull of the Silver Gull, and thus to maintain a makeshift level of operation, so that certain measurements could be carried out.

One morning Bruno and Marina awoke in the midst of a wonderful silence, in the midst of a splendid stillness. They went to the windows and nearly stuck their heads through the panes. They gazed into a white and yellow illuminated cave of such dimensions that one could only guess at the opposite walls. The light was of unnatural strength. It was so intense that it flooded the objects which drifted in this gigantic cave, doubled and tripled their external appearance and impressed them painfully on the retina.

From the stern window they saw the gray, the brown, the red rims, saw the bands which passed in rapid rotation, now saw from within the rotations of the red fog, the maelstrom, whose inner eye they had finally reached. They had broken through the raging cauldron, had overcome the sucking trunk of the maelstrom, had penetrated into its center whole and unscathed, and floated, blinded by the lights, in an oasis of stillness.

The instruments and equipment, all the systems, till now dependent on the energy supply, woke to life. Even the computer began to stammer, continued his text at the point where it had broken off. But now an entirely new phenomenon became noticeable. Marina went into a corner of the control room to prepare the filters with which they could photograph the outside world. Bruno glanced at her, at an endlessly tiny Marina. As if playing an incomprehensible trick on him, she had receded to an enormous distance, had shrunk together in her corner, and had taken with her all the instruments there in the corner in her distortion of perspective, the entire half of the control room, and went on shrinking.

And just in that moment, as Bruno gave a slight groan, she glanced back and said: "For God's sake, Bruno, what are you doing so far away?"

She spoke so quietly that her words could hardly be heard. She turned around carefully, as if she were afraid of upsetting the perspective, the scale, the proportions with a careless movement, and took a few steps in the direction whence she had come, and in this movement she

grew to a giantess.

When they looked along the Silver Gull with the help of the cameras on the side, the nose of the ship was at a distance of one or two meters. To the back, the edges of the maelstrom were still close enough to touch, only a few kilometers, as if, despite the ship's constant motion, they still had hardly been able to free themselves from the unfettered elements of the edges. The ship flew as if through syrup. When they looked more closely at the photographs of their motion, especially along the line ahead, they could see the wake emerging from the nose of the ship and spreading in all directions.

The instruments gave insane measurements. It was impossible to measure any distance with certainty. Depending on whether energy pulsed before them in waves, like hot air filling the enormous yellow cavern, approaching and retreating in dense swaths or creating undertows, entirely different values were shown. The Silver Gull glided along slowly - forward, backward, to either of the two sides. The relative velocity was given as slightly below the speed of light. Despite all appearances, the speed was immense.

The shadow came from astern. A dark mass. A quite indefinable form. A something like a mighty fish, pumping with its mouth, breathing through its gills. A thing with rigid fins. An enormous gray shadow, a great wave, a steel block, melted away. The shape moved forward, melting at the edges, seemed to Bruno and Marina to grow larger and larger, once it had entered the Silver Gull and thus became estimable.

A breath of fire knocked Bruno and Marina off their feet. Bruno tumbled over a chair, Marina lay in the corner, now under the console over which the last signal lights now flickered out. Marina was tiny in her corner once again, and she stretched her little hand out at such a distance that Bruno would never be able to reach her. The gray form, the pumping then, now had eyes, had violet lights with which it goggled into the control room of the Silver Gull. The eyes rolled and grew narrower. The violet changed in hue.

Bruno tried to free himself from his awkward position on top of the chair, but he was unable to rise. Invisible weights pressed down on his chest and kept him captive. Beyond the flowing water - he no longer knew whether it rolled as tears from his eyes or whether it was the wake of the pumping fish - a green jungle emerged, wrapped in silver paper, lianas, trunks which grew between metal shafts. Bruno felt the plants touch him, their juice dripped sweet into his open, defenseless mouth. The air hissed out of his lungs as the forest rolled over him and pressed him into the underbrush. The trunks impaled his body with a quite gentle, vile motion and emerged from his head and his back. Marina was too far away for Bruno to see her fighting. She lay on her back and stretched up her tiny hands.

It grew dark before Bruno's eyes. There was a roaring in Bruno's ears. The energy accumulated in waves. The light quanta flowed like honey. Now Bruno saw a multitude of violet lights. Tiny, shining points, bathed in floods of water. The water was half-real. It lapped at Bruno's hair. He thought he could see Marina's long blonde hair flowing in the current. Bruno saw mahogany panels, saw glassy, saw metal instruments. Indicators which vibrated quietly. Metal lattices made of many thousands of thin silver bars. Screens made by strange creatures.

For an unending quarter of an hour Bruno lay defenseless on his back while pulsing metal things moved through his body. With horror he saw one of the violet eyes come nearer. It cut through his body like an x-ray, had, like the other things, completed its planned path before he could finish praying. Then the shafts full of plants returned, which made so little sense to a man in panic.

Then terrible things, dark caves, far removed beyond the waters, a good meter,

compressed in a ridiculous perspective in which one could watch each centimeter approaching. In the caves lay long, bloated figures, things whose white limbs hung limply from the berths, arms with broad hands, grown thickly as if with hairs. Fleshless, thin heads, with silver films where the eyes might have been. There were two or three dozen berths, pressed together in this perspective, out of each one hung the pale forms, hardly a single one bedded properly.

One of the black caves passed Bruno close by. He had to look into the berth. He saw a gaunt skull. The film over one of the eyes had slipped, showed a tangle of veins, pulsing strands, many thousands of fine tubes. The mouth was opened wide, the tongue lolled out, a thick lump which forced itself between the teeth. The image shook and drifted closer to Bruno and brought with it an indescribable smell, the stench of decay, sweet putrefaction, so concentrated that Bruno lost his senses. When he came to the strange shadow had just left the Silver Gull, and Bruno and Marina, trying to warm each other, looked at the stern of the ship which had incomprehensibly crossed the course of the Silver Gull, which passed through it like a ghost.

The next time Bruno and Marina looked into the onward-rolling waves of light, they saw a multitude of forms which looked like bizarre ribbed constructions - at varying distances, in distorted proportions, silent and enveloped by liquid light, majestic on their paths. Sugar-loaves, cylinders, drums, pyramids, fat water droplets and bamboo stalks - squat forms which arched over the Silver Gull, which came rushing from beyond, although none of the strange ships approached the Silver Gull closely enough to collide with it. The often crazily projected bodies of the ships existed mainly only in hot streams of light which imprinted the human eye with a painful closeness, though the objects drifted in the remote distance.

The telescopes which Bruno and Marina used to gaze far into space and into the transparent ships brought them images of decay and silence, cast deadly cold onto the retina. They had entered a ships' graveyard. Caught in the midst of the maelstrom's ghostly procession, ships robbed of their energy, their electrical pulse, their mechanical warmth. The glances which Bruno and Marina cast into the berths of the ships, into the storms of methane gas, into the desert caves, into the tanks where they sought life in bubbling, seething lava, found forms which in their flexibility, with their sensory instruments, were doubtless among the highest mobile forms of matter, whose artificial environments were tailored so precisely to them and their bodies that there could be no doubt as to their intelligence, their ability to shape the environment according to their wishes. Bruno and Marina even discovered symbiotic beings inextricably bound to their artificial environment. And they saw that all these diverse, splendid forms of material movement were now extinguished, suffocated, throttled, slain, snuffed out like candles.

There came a time or a space in which the lines which the Silver Gull followed after leaving the ships' graveyard were strictly prescribed. The Silver Gull glided on a white track which stood out against the all-embracing sulfur-yellow radiance, and rode as if on a white, unrolling Ariadne's clew. After a while Bruno and Marina were certain that they were flying in a machine. Endless streams of particles seemed to be flowing in this machine in order to produce the light waves in which they drifted. It seemed as if an outsized wave machine were in operation here, causing violent swells.

The machine with the white lines was followed by an epoch in which the see of light lay calm, permitting deep glances into the cyclopean eye. The machine, sailing on a wave, was connected by means of thin umbilical cords to solid constructions which drifted as if thrown at random into the sulfurous sea of light. There were buildings, housings, tanks, caves, shielding buildings for all kinds of creatures. Who could know in what periods of time the fog had not only sucked in the spaceships, but also entire civilizations, cultures, stored them in its stomach until

they finally caused indigestion.

Some time after that Bruno and Marina, on board a Silver Gull which occasionally appeared so transparent that one might have thought that it was being dissolved in gastric juices, entered the region where suns and planets were gathered and stored within the red cloud. The heavenly bodies of the most diverse orders of magnitude, in the most diverse stages of development, hung so close together that there was no doubt that not only they, but also the laws of nature were being toyed with. Now the Silver Gull flew smoothly. There a blue planet, reminiscent of Earth, turned toward them mute and stately, and when it was close enough, a gigantic fist seemed to grab the Silver Gull - the little ship plunged down onto the planet.

Through a thick layer of clouds they were hurled into a blue, motionless ocean. Bruno and Marina hung in the antigravity shafts like spiders who have wrapped their own webs protectively about them. The hull of the Silver Gull exploded, the antimatter bomb, torn from its anchors, exploded. Strange. As if only a tiny depth charge had been dropped into the ocean, the water shot up, rose up as a foam-spewing tree, stood upright and mighty, still a gigantic cloud of water, its crown leaning outward; with a roar the formation collapsed. The sea rolled over the place where it had been. Soon all was calm.

Bruno and Marina reached the safety of an island. The orb of a red planet appeared between the clouds, where the dense ceiling parted, and seemed close enough to touch. The distances were hard to judge. Bruno picked up a stone and threw it across the white sandy beach, toward the jungle, with all his strength, but the stone fell nearly at his feet. Filaments hung from the sky, sometimes so low that both thought they would be able to grasp one of these threads. Strangely, despite the catastrophe, both had the feeling that this was not an arbitrary world.

The light flowed in waves, dense and wavering. Just as they were about to set off on an exploratory march, they saw between the billows of light the apparition of a man swimming on the waves of the ocean, trudging on land, following their tracks exactly. His eyes were brown, but as cool as if chiseled from artificial stone. Water still seemed to glitter in his eyes, or perhaps it was the sharpness of his thoughts which made his eyes flash. Fully at his ease, he said something to Bruno and Marina and waited to see whether they had understood his words. Now the three were quite close together.

Again the stranger began to speak. He said: "I am a part of this planet, or, if you like, a part of the cloud." He saw that his words had been understood. "We know much about you," he went on, "we sent our antennas after you. And I want to tell you quite openly that this is the reason why we are speaking. Immediate contact with you provides new information which we cannot obtain from your ship's banks. For the researcher, nothing can replace the immediate contact with his object."

Marina was the first to find her tongue again. She asked: "What happened to the HOICHE?"

"It is destroyed," answered the stranger.

"And the Silver Gull is irrevocably sunk?" asked Bruno.

"We are very flexible," said the stranger. "But rest assured that for you the Silver Gull is lost."

"What is the explanation of the form in which you appear to us?" probed Marina.

"We are everywhere and everything," replied the stranger, gesturing about him, at the planets, the clouds, the red colossus in the sky, which now revolved again in the clefts of the clouds. "We are the available, organizable, flexible matter. We appear to you in this form so that you will not be alarmed, but also so that we can communicate with you more easily. It would

take you too long to learn our language. By the way, you recently experienced our first attempts, copies of the two of you, very intensely. We did not want to alarm you, but the law that one learns from experience has its validity in this cloud as well. We are not beyond the laws of nature, but are a part of them."

"But how is it possible to concentrate such a gigantic mass of matter as that in this cloud?" asked Bruno.

"We organize the matter in our own way," replied the stranger. "Free yourselves from the thought that life, intelligent forms can only exist in the way it happened on Earth. You saw the many cultures on board the spaceships as you crossed the Saragossa Sea. That is a pattern. It is transient. Surely you try to visualize the development of the universe. Name me a world model which your race must fear!"

"The Big Bang theory," Bruno replied hesitantly, "according to which all material originates from a single concentration of matter, which exploded at a certain critical point, flinging out the material. One day, once this movement has ceased, the universe will collapse in upon itself again and then expand once more. The destruction and recreation of our race and all races is included in this."

"There you see," said the stranger, "you have a banal view there, a formalistic, mechanistic image of the world, with which you have grasped nothing. You insinuate that it is always the same matter which expands, then to collapse upon itself. You overlook the fact that matter develops. The material of the Big Bang, if it really did take place, was different, was at a different stage of development than the material today. If you look back, you think simultaneously of development - the matter of earlier times was less sophisticated, less developed. In the same way, you can look forward; there you see that matter continues to develop and unfold itself. You as a human being are a part of this matter. A highly developed form of matter, the human being, has an effect on lower forms of matter. Thus matter is in a process of re-forming itself, the previously unconscious process is filled with life and accelerated. Wouldn't it then be absurd to believe that the material now endowed with intelligence would not think of a way to stop the process which, seemingly inescapable, circulates about the Big Bang?"

Marina rubbed her eyes, as if to dispel a sudden sleepiness. "I admit," she said, "that you have tamed matter, that you play with suns and planets in a way which we human beings cannot even conceive of."

"So it is," said the stranger. "Let us assume that a race which has attained a high degree of mobility with respect to matter, and which can play with mass, energy, time, velocity, with all these things, is afraid - let us say: afraid of the New Big Bang, of the collapse of the universe, thus of its own destruction. What could prevent this race from organizing itself in such a way as to neutralize certain laws of nature, for example the attraction of the stars and solar systems? If matter expanded after the Big Bang, if this motion is reduced by mutual attraction, if this process is ultimately reversed, if one day matter gathers once more in a primeval lump, at a certain point in the development of matter, that is, at a certain stage of science and technology, of social development, of consciousness, one will surely begin to think of a solution to this dilemma!"

"That presupposes," said Bruno, "that you will neutralize the influences which lie outside of you, consequently incorporating them."

"So it is," replied the stranger. "An island of equilibrium would do little good if it itself were dependent on the great fogs, attracted, for example. This island cannot be self-sufficient until it contains everything else and thus makes itself truly independent, that is, brings the

machinery of the universe under its control as well."

"But," said Bruno, "if you have the tendency to devour everything in order to cancel the blind mechanism, you'll also devour the Earth, the human race, all the accomplishments of sophisticated intelligence."

"That is a necessary consequence," said the stranger. "Although this knowledge will not be destroyed, but rather preserved, it will be gathered and processed on a higher level." He paused and smiled. "That is also the reason why we are speaking with you. We are now sucking certain information from you, information that we lacked." He smiled again. "Consider the fact that you as individual human beings will die. You are immortal in your thoughts and your deeds, which are lived by your children and later generations. But what you will encounter here is no different. I admit, however, that it may be unpleasant to be preserved prematurely."

"If our race had developed first," said Bruno, "we would have preserved you and not you us."

"But that makes no difference," replied the stranger. "The result is the same."

"Yes, but different by a historical moment," said Marina.

"We, the original we, stem from a region in the universe where matter cools faster than in yours," rejoined the stranger. "This historical moment which you mention lasted several billions of years."

Bruno lay under the shining stones. He dreamed. He dreamed of the red cloud which furrowed the sky, which had entered the Milky Way, which spread fear and terror among humanity as the solar systems exploded in its belly. Then Bruno wondered how he had arrived at the answer to the riddle so quickly. He considered it foolish to believe that matter, as humanity knew it now, remains eternally unchanged. If matter develops constantly, then it was once undeveloped, and the question of its origin in a mechanical sense was meaningless; just as meaningless was the question of the extent of time earlier, for time is only a function of matter; thus time must have been just as undeveloped as the matter in which it is measured.

In half-sleep he found the thread again. In the uncertain light of his dreams, the stranger, of whom he only knew, and had always known, the color of his eyes, rose from the floods. Could the entire universe ever be forced to the will of humanity? He thought of Archimedes: Give me a lever which is long enough, and I will move the Earth. Bruno thought: there is nothing human beings cannot do, if they stand united. A hand touched Bruno's shoulder, and he woke up. He saw Marina's worried eyes. He saw the mute movements of her lips. She signaled him to turn on his intercom. She reprimanded him for lying down under the shining stones of an uncharted planet, of all things.

When she had gone a bit ahead of him, Bruno followed hesitantly. The thoughts were still heavy in his head. He glanced furtively at the sky. And indeed, in the clear light of the airless planet, he discovered a tiny red cloud in the sky. He must have seen it before lying down to sleep and dream. The dream was already indistinct, but Bruno shivered nonetheless. His gaze swept to the horizon. There hung the Silver Gull, the little landing ship, covered with frost. In the sky the HOCHÉ followed its course. As chance would have it, it passed close by the red cloud.

THE END

Movie Reviews

Hercules' Harley:

A Review of Suicide Squad (2016)

BY

Dr. Robin Bright

Hercules' Harley

As a team of superheroes, Suicide Squad was created by writer Robert Kanigher, and artist Ross Andru, for DC Comics' anthology series, *The Brave And The Bold*, when that comic book magazine sought to move on from anthologizing previously published material in favor of new characters with issue # 25 in September 1959. Though the team experienced a number of personnel changes over the years, the premise of supervillains released from Belle Reve (beautiful dream) Prison to work with the squad to have their death sentences commuted was the rationale for the regular emergence of new characters. Although the character of former psychiatrist, Harley Quinn, appeared in the 2016 movie, *Suicide Squad*, she was relatively new to the team, whose brief in the film is to extract their controller, Amanda Waller, from a city, Midway, schizophrenically beset by a Waller possessed by Enchantress, which is her usual role, and misogynistically presents women falsely as being demoniacally possessive towards each other. Quinn debuted as the girlfriend of supervillain, The Joker, in episode # 22 of television's

Batman: The Animated Series, 'Joker's Favor', on September 11, 1992. Her popularity owed much to the empowerment role of women, like the 1990s *Spice Girls* pop group, who presented an ideology in which sex and self-defense were allied. Usually depicted carrying a baseball bat, Harley Quinn resembles the figure of Hercules from Greco-Roman mythology, who also carried a club. When the Danaid women refused to marry men,¹ Hercules used his club to kill the Lernean Hydra, a many headed female creature, which stood in his way, and the Danaid women were forced into marriage. According to the developmental psychologist, Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961), archetypes exist within the collective unconscious of the human species as *facultas praeformandi* awaiting activation through real life experiences of the individual ego, which cause their emergence into consciousness. In Jungian psychology, the simplest and most prevalent archetype is the *anima*, which religions call the soul, and that appears in dreams, imagination and art as a guide to sexual development. Jung's psychology developed from his studies with Sigmund Freud, 'the father of psychoanalysis', who wrote that women had 'penis envy',² which accorded with the Freudian theory of the unconscious as containing material that the collective unconscious didn't want remembered. Defined as the 'id', Freudian psychology argued that civilization, culture and art was 'nothing but' the result of penis repression. Jung's psychology took the line that human brainpower was the product of human semen. Consequently, archetypal imagery associated with the *anima* was represented in what the US science fiction series, *Star Trek* (1966-9), featuring the voyages of the starship Enterprise, called its 'impulse engines', which assisted the human race to colonize the planets amongst the stars of God's heaven above the Earth. Although the appearance of sexually desirable women amongst the crew was perceived as arousing the sexual impulse that would result in the production of the brainpower to build starships to take humans to the stars, Freud's 'penis envy' was an ignored factor. The image of Hercules with his big club forcing the Danaid women to marry provides the clue. It isn't that women envy men's penis, it's that theirs has been killed. The Lernean Hydra is depicted as female because it represents the archetypal defense of 'woman's seed' from men's point of view, that is, women must be made to accept their womb slavery. Depictions of Hercules with a big club, and a much smaller penis, is an indication of the relative importance of violence towards women in comparison. In short, Hercules represents violence towards women's penis, which men had stolen in order to produce war.

Harlequin was a character amongst the *dramatis personae* of the Italian *Commedia dell'arte* in the 16th century as a servant who often thwarts the plans of his boss in pursuit of his own love interest, which of course is Harley Quinn's role alongside The Joker in her dealings with Amanda Waller in the movie, *Suicide Squad*, for example, the team have nano bombs implanted into their necks to force them to complete their tasks, but The Joker has Harley's disabled, so freeing her to act while pursuing her own love interest. Although Harley's love interest appears to be The Joker, and Harley thwarts Amanda's Enchantress, she has the same role as Snow White in the folktale of the queen who sees Snow White in the mirror and doesn't want her, because she

should have a penis of her own, symbolized by Quinn's Romanesque comedy club, and unfortunately the queen doesn't, so she wickedly arranges for Snow White to be poisoned,³ which is ironic and comedic (for the *congnoscenti*), because she should be enamored, and she tragically isn't. Consequently, it's The Joker for Quinn, although Harley remains the club's ace in terms of women's sexuality. In ancient Greece, homosexuality in pederasty for the production of men for war through the womb slavery of women was institutionalized, that is, violence towards 'woman's seed' was what Greece produced men for. In the *Bible*, God tells Eve her 'seed' will have 'enmity' with the 'serpent's seed': 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.' (*Gen*: 3. 15) The premise is that Eve, the first woman, was tempted to 'eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', which it was death to taste, by the angel, Satan, who'd been transformed into a serpent by God for rejecting God's plan that the human host would be greater than the angelic: 'You shall be as gods.' (*Gen*: 3. 5) Because saurians evolved during Earth's Mesozoic period, 248 m.a., while hominid evolution didn't begin until 220 m.a., Satan represents saurian evolution, that is, the 'angels' of God were saurian, and those depicted as 'fallen' or 'rebel' angels, like Satan, sought to breed with hominids. Although the first man, Adam, is described as a prototypical man created by God, the emergence of Eve from the 'rib' of Adam suggests that he was a futanarian human, that is, a self-fertilizing hermaphrodite. Consequently, Jesus' birth from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen, is depicted in Christian iconography by her 'foot' crushing the head of the serpent, Satan, because Jesus is futanarian 'woman's seed'. The character, Harley Quinn, from *Suicide Squad*, therefore represents the Hercules of 'woman's seed' prepared to crush the head of the serpent to defend her own species' penis: 'The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (*Rev*: 12. 17) Winged dragons are the antithesis of winged angels, because enslavement of the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed' to wage war upon her is evil. The supervillain representative of the saurians in the film, *Suicide Squad*, is the 'genetically mutated' Killer Croc, who Harley Quinn asks: 'Why do you eat people?' Killer Croc replies: 'Gives me their power.'⁴ Obviously, the devoured aren't powerful.

Jesus' disciple John's prophetic *Revelation* followed upon Jesus' crucifixion as a 'dissident' Jew, whose teaching threatened the Empire of Rome then occupying Jewish Palestine: 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (*Mk*: 12. 31) Manufactured as a single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes in 'TV' transvestism to portray war upon the Earth at least since ancient Greece, men and women represented the denial of women's right to sexually reproduce with each other: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (*Rev*: 17. 5) In parasitology, the parasite that emerges to kill the host is termed 'parasitoid', which is what men are in their wars. Before his death by crucifixion, Jesus was the human host at what came to be called the 'Last Supper' where he offered 'bread and wine' as symbols of his 'body and blood' to his disciples, that is, he was asking them to accept

his futanarian heritage. His disciple, Judas, betrayed him to the Romans for `thirty pieces of silver` after seeing a woman anointing Jesus with perfume. Judas, known for stealing from the collection plate, suggested the perfume be sold to raise money. Jesus told him: `Leave her alone.` (Mk: 14. 6) Because Jesus and the woman were `woman`s seed`, and so posed a threat to `TV` male braining to entertain the parasitoid evil nature that men represented after the enslaving of the host womb of the futanarian species for war, Jesus was taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem, and nailed to a cross of wood where he was left to die, but Jesus experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of that of `woman`s seed`.

Though often described as brave, Jesus was a hero before the crucifixion, while during the crucifixion he had to be brave. In other words, Jesus` murder wasn`t suicide, although Christianity presents Jesus` death as a self-sacrifice redeeming human nature. However, Jesus was killed. His Resurrection and Ascension to heaven wasn`t dependent on his crucifixion, whereas Christians have been led to believe that Jesus had Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, because he was crucified. In the film, *Suicide Squad*, Harley Quinn is asked by her boyfriend, The Joker, `Would you die for me?` Having assured himself Harley would, he rebukes her: `That`s too easy. Would you live for me?` It`s braver to live. Those who`re `washed in the blood of the lamb`, that is, Christians who accept that baptism is a transformation, in which the blood in the veins of the baptized is that of Jesus, are killed in Satanism`s wars against `woman`s seed`. Consequently, Satanists are the vampire *draco* `washed in the blood of the lamb`: literally. Christians have been taught that war is `baptism by fire`, whereas war is evil. According to God, the evil are to experience eternal fire in the unendurable pain of perdition. For failing to understand that, in Christian iconography, Jesus is the `lamb of God`, because his death, Resurrection and Ascension to heaven prefigures Redemption for `woman`s seed`, Christians have embraced the *draco* of war as a means to be `washed in the blood of the lamb`, whereas the meaning of Jesus` death, Resurrection and Ascension is a breaking of the curse of death upon `woman`s seed`, since Eve and Adam were tempted by Satan in Eden to accept the role of ephemeral `cannon fodder` for the human species in host womb slavery in parasitism to men of the `serpent`s seed` in exchange for power through war against her. Consequently, The Joker`s remark to Harley Quinn is that of a true Christian, who perceives that the evil want `woman`s seed` to die, which is why they goad the human race until it fights, so they can kill it, whereas The Joker suggests that he wants the baseball bat wielding Harley to defend herself and her race`s penis` semen with the club that`s the female Hercules` symbol.

God`s `fruit of the tree of life` in Eden was immortality, which is the product of medicine, whereas war is death in knowledgeable ephemerality. Because the human race of futanarian `woman`s seed` is capable of sexually reproducing human brainpower, the enslaving parasitoid vampire spends all of the money it can on war to slave and kill her, as war and knowledgeable

ephemerality is what *draco* want for humans. Jesus was a brave teacher before his crucifixion, but the belief of Christians is that he was brave in self-sacrifice, because he was an example. In other words, soldiers are killers who're brave, whereas Jesus was killed by Roman soldiers, who weren't. In simple terms, Christianity has accepted the pagan belief that Jesus was brave while being sacrificed, whereas Jesus was killed, because he was a brave teacher, who taught others how to live. In short, Christians are taught to be killed, because that's brave, whereas those who fight in order to die and go to heaven are cowards, who don't want to live. That belief system was the Northern European Vikings' of Scandinavia who, according to the *Edda*, which was an oral tradition, read for the first time in the 13th century, believed they'd die in battle, and go to Valhalla, where they'd fight and die again each day. They believed that, because they were thieves and murderers, and it was the best lie they could think of. Similarly, Christianity teaches that murderers are brave, whereas Jesus was a teacher, who was killed by murderers, because he was brave. Not so that he could prove he was. Brave people are those who haven't yet been killed by the military, which arranges for them to be killed, so that it can applaud their bravery, whereas suicide, and suiciding, that is, human sacrifice, which is what Jesus was for the Romans in the reign of the Emperor, Tiberius, who was a god to the Roman soldiery, is a coward's activity, and isn't brave.

Jesus' death, Resurrection and Ascension to heaven wasn't a brave self-sacrifice, because he was killed by the Roman military, and God didn't want it to, but rather wanted 'woman's seed' to sexually reproduce, as the human futanarian species of women, the brainpower needed to escape from men's worship of the parasitoid devourer, war. Christianity without understanding Jesus' teaching about 'woman's seed' is that brave men die fighting, whereas brave women live underneath the threat of the bombs of the B2 'Spirit' bombers preying for their own species' capacity to sexually reproduce and escape from the alien parasitoid killer to the planets and stars of heaven above the Earth as colonists: 'At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven.' (*Matt: 22. 30*) Because 'woman's seed' is a single species and reproduction on Earth is with an alien parasitoid devourer that enslaves the host womb of the futanarian race of women to manufacture soldiers and penisless 'babes' like Harley Quinn for its 'TV' entertainment as a creature with a single male consciousness wearing each others clothes in ephemeral brainlessness. That is called the Holy Spirit by Christianity, because it's a single consciousness accepted by all, whereas Jesus' teaching that a Holy Spirit would teach after him is illustrated by his life and death, that is, he was 'woman's seed', so the teaching of the spirit after Jesus' Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of 'woman's seed' is that of the Holy Spirit, which corresponds to the 'spirit of God', the Shekinah of the Jewish 'chosen people' in the *Old Testament of the Bible*, which is the history and law of the Jews, the Torah and Talmud. Amongst the Moslems in Islam, who were the people of the second son of Abraham Ishmael, the Shekinah is called 'tranquility', and Jesus Christ, 'the chosen', was of the children of the first son of Abraham, Isaac, of whom

the Roman guard, Longinus, said, while spearing his side after his death upon the cross: `Surely, this was the son of God.` (*Matt: 27. 54*) Jesus always said he was the `son of man`, because his mother, the Virgin Mary, was `woman`s seed`, that is, for Jesus women`s penis` semen was man`s, but `woman`s seed` needed to be resurrected before the human race could escape to the stars.

Just as Eve emerged from the rib of Adam, which was a euphemism for hermaphroditic self-fertilization, so Jesus was, for the Romans, the `Second Adam`, from whose side the `Second Eve` would emerge, that is, `the spirit of God`, because `woman`s seed` needed to remember. A single male parasitoid consciousness isn`t the Holy Spirit, which the US` B1 and B2 `Spirit bomber` illustrate, because they`re aspects of what Jesus` disciple John calls in his prophetic *Revelation*, `beasts`, that flatten the Earth`s populations to prevent them from developing the starship technology needed to escape: `The second beast uses all the authority of the first beast in its presence. The second beast makes the earth and those living on it worship the first beast, whose fatal wound was healed.` (*Rev: 13. 12*) The `head wound` that the `beast` doesn`t succumb to is a sign that, when the war machine of the Military Industrial Complex (MIC) of the US, for example, is improved, the `head` of the `beast` is restored. Consequently, the US` B1 and B2 `Spirit bomber` is a metaphor for the `beasts` of *Revelation*, that is, the parasitoid devourer, which soared over the skies of the Moslem peoples of Yugoslavia during the Bosnian war (1992-5) in Eastern Europe and during the war to depose the Iraqi dictator, Saddam Hussein, whose own poison gas bombing of the Kurds was an aspect of the beasts of *Revelation*. Islam was founded by the descendant of Ishmael, Mohamed, who was the son of Hajer, the maid of Abraham`s wife, Sara, who had become barren after the birth of Isaac, so gave Hajer to Abraham. Mohamed received the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) from the angels of God who`d been told that the human host was to be greater than the angelic. The *Koran* is cited as the authority for the Moslem families to have four wives. Although Christinity perceives it as an attempt to retroactively legitimize Ishmael`s birth, polygamous Islam is closer to what God envisioned for `woman`s seed`, that is, it affords the possibility for sexual reproduction between women within the family, and that`s why the B1 and B2 `Spirit bomber` sought to flatten Moslem Islam. During the Bosnian war `rape camps` were set up by Serb Christian militia while the `Spirit bomber` flew overhead, because the Christians wanted to male brain the Moslem generations of `woman`s seed` and damn its future.

The irony is that the supposedly liberal west, characterized by the media output of film industry in Hollywood, in the city of Los Angeles, on the west coast of the state of California in the United States of America, features the ubiquitous nudity of penisless `babes`, while the women of the Moslems in Islam cover themselves publically in fear of being seen by the male parasitoid aliens, which is categorizable as a *draco*. The *draco* legend derives from Eastern

Europe's Vlad, who was called 'the impaler' because, as Prince of Wallachia (1431-76), he impaled his enemies on stakes of wood after a battle. Though the novelist, Bram Stoker, wrote his novel of a vampire whose immortality was the result of his drinking blood from his victims, and Vlad Dracul was the ostensible model for the character, *Dracula* (1897), in fact the vampire's death by impaling upon a stake is contrary to the historical Vlad, who essentially represented a 'flat iron', where 'iron' is a euphemism for whatever is flattened. In the *Bible* the child of the 'woman clothed with the sun and with the moon at her feet' is born while a *draco* waits to devour it, and the child will 'rule the nations with an iron rod.' Both 'iron' and 'rod' are euphemisms for the gun, that is, the rule of Vlad was that of a 'flat iron', because he flattened all opposition, just as the US' B1 and B2 'Spirit bomber' of the more technologically advanced *draco* of the 21st century. Vlad's stakes were a transposition of the women's penis, that is, the stake in the heart of Bram Stoker's fictional Dracula was a symbol of the revenge of 'woman's seed' ironed flat to prevent her from erecting.

The deposing of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime in Afghanistan before December 2001, after the Al Qaeda terrorist group operating under its auspices there had hijacked civil airliners to crash them on September 11, 2001, into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center on Manhattan island in New York city, New York state, was 'rough trade', that is, that 'brutality and violence' associated with ancient Greece's institutionalized homosexuality in pederasty for war against 'woman's seed' for the purpose of enslaving the human race to prevent her futanarian 'woman's seed' from sexually reproducing brainpower through her own penis' semen, and thereby erecting her own immortal civilization and culture upon the Earth without the parasitoid vampire drinking her blood to maintain its single male consciousness, which the B1 and B2 'Spirit bomber' beasts of Revelation illustrate isn't that of the Holy Spirit of God's people of the Earth bound for the stars. Subsequent to the deposing of Saddam Hussein, who was executed on December 30, 2006, his putative successor, Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi, declared an Independent Levant (IL), which theoretically incorporated the Jewish 'chosen people' of Palestine, whose own futanarian tradition is that a Jew can only be born from a woman, that is, women are humans, which explains Jesus' birth from his mother, the Virgin Mary, as 'the chosen'. Although the US presents itself as Christianity, the history of Christians, and 'the chosen' amongst 'woman's seed', is of a *draco* drinking the blood of the 'remnant'.

During the 1930s, the Christian German National Socialist (Nazi) Party elected in 1933 built 'death camps' in which upwards of 20, 000, 000 Jews were killed throughout Europe before their war against 'woman's seed' ended in 1945 with the fall of Germany's capital city, Berlin. The US' Pacific fleet had been attacked by the Japanese Empire on December 7, 1941, at Hawaii's Pearl Harbor, and Japan was where the ancient tradition of 'foot binding' of women prevailed as a sign that 'woman's seed' was 'hobbled' there. However, after the US' dropping of atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and 9 ended the war in the Pacific

theater, it served only to underline the US` own position on women, which was codified by the President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Will Hays, whose 1930 `Hays code` prohibition against futanarian `woman`s seed` being seen to be able to sexually reproduce in the movies effectively prepared the ironing for the Moslem peoples in Islam during the Gulf wars: `... women, in love scenes, at all times have `at least one foot on the floor` (in other words, no love scenes in bed).`⁵ Or, in other words, whereas Moslem men wear the white thob, the Moslem women of Islam, in their traditional one piece coverall, the burka, wear black, but that doesn`t mean they will escape the chore of the iron, because men will ensure that their futanarian `foot` remains chained to the board of the war gamers` ironing: `I`m bored. Play with me!`⁶

Comic book heroines like Harley Quinn, who make it to the big screen of Hollywood, Babylon, represent the possibility of women`s escaping the ironing board, although US` President Ronald `Ray Gun` Reagan`s March 23, 1982, `strategic defense initiative` (SDI) following upon astronaut Neil Armstrong`s July 21, 1969, UTC: 2. 56, first ever `moonwalk`, proposed a `ground and space based missile system` to keep women`s futanarian `foot` imprisoned upon the Earth with the prize of an automatic washing machine as the result of the North American Space Administration`s (NASA`s) putting the Apollo 11 spacecraft onto the surface of Earth`s satellite: `One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.` Named `star wars` after the movie, *Star Wars* (1977), which featured a `Death Star` orbiting planets to kill them, women were expected to wash while bored ironed. Despite Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi`s declaration of an Independent State of Iraq in Syria, and its President, Bashar Assad, being called `beast` by the western democracies, where the human race of futanarian `woman`s seed` are disenfranchised, it was because Assad`s grandfather`s nickname was `Wahash`, `wild beast`, whereas the west`s treatment of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` is that of a beast: `Let he that has wisdom have understanding. The number of a man is the number of the beast and his number is six hundred three score and six.` (*Rev*: 13. 8) 666 recurring is 66.6%, which is the number of men and women, before the futanarian `seed` of women begin to sexually reproduce the brainpower to carry the human race forward. Consequently, western democracies are `beasts`, because women can sexually reproduce with each other, whereas men can`t, so the human race is disenfranchised by an animal, while in Moslem Islam `woman`s seed` tries to hide from its `Wahash`, that is, `wild beast`, beneath her black burka, and the ironing.

The history of Christianity is attacking people who are indifferent to them and calling it an attempt to convert those who don`t believe in God to belief in Jesus` teaching. However, without explaining Jesus` teaching is about `woman`s seed`, Christianity attacks others on the false premise that its converting people, which compounds the sin of the `serpent`s seed` in host womb parasitism for parasitoid devouring war against `woman`s seed`, because the supposed Christians aren`t converted to acceptance of women`s futanarian mode of sexual reproduction. Or, in simple terms, Christianity`s a warmonger because it rejects `woman`s seed`, that is, the

Jewish 'chosen people', and the teaching of Jesus Christ, 'the chosen', for example, in Japan 'futanari' is a term used for violent Japanese Hentai cartoons featuring women with penis, and US Christianity hasn't preached acceptance of 'woman's seed' there consequent to its defeat of Japan and its barbaric practice of binding the feet of women to symbolize the subjugation of futanarian human reproduction. In short, Christianity teaches penis hate, because erections don't work. The attack by Al Qaeda on the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York city was a symbol of economic 'deflation'. Economists believe deflation increases the value of 'real debt', and the US national debt on 9/11 was approaching US \$ 20 trillion, which included money owed to terrorist leader Osama Ben Laden's Saudi Arabia. Without erections women make better slaves. Or, in other words, slaves are better without erections, which is why 'rough trade'⁷ is an aspect of the 'incurable killer disease' of the late 20th century, HIV/AIDS, spread by men's mixing blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses in mockery of the futanarian human race of women's mode of sexual reproduction. HIV/AIDS was men's 'biological weapon' keeping women in fearful faithfulness to their killers in parasitoid ring slavery, while the Gulf wars were designed to keep the human species of futanarian 'woman's seed' flat as an ironing board, so that the homosexuals could work their arses to death: 'Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores and refused to repent of what they had done.' (Rev: 16. 11) The US was running a war economy on credit to the detriment of 'woman's seed' and 9/11 was a warning that the Earth couldn't afford it. The US' reaction was to bring out its irons and flatten 'woman's seed' in Europe, the Middle East, and North Africa, which was a sure sign that the Earth can't afford US 'real debt'. Although Harley Quinn of Suicide Squad carries a baseball bat, there's no real indication she'd use it in defense of 'woman's seed', but that's because Christianity keeps women in ignorance of the true meaning of their symbols: 'Huh? What was that? I should kill everyone and escape?'

Christianity's in danger of being the mainstay of a ball snorting misogynist pig that's stuffed the species of the Earth's testicles up its 'snout' to give itself a taste of her futanarian human brainpower, while 'snuffing' the penis and brains of her 'woman's seed'. During the war to liberate Kuwait from the invading Iraq army of Saddam Hussein in 1990-1, the A10 US aircraft that strafed the fleeing columns of armor as the Iraqis fled Kuwait city, had the nickname 'flying pig', because it spat death from its 'snout'. The US argued that women and children were in the columns to be used as human shields, whereas these were the 'remnant' of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' there, and the A10's were therefore ball snorting pigs, because those women wouldn't be able to sexually reproduce with each other, just as upwards of 70, 000 Moslem women in a single 'rape camp' during the Bosnian war in Eastern Europe wouldn't, and the dilution of their human brainpower in male brained damnation would mean that their future futanarian offspring would be further off being human. Christians haven't even been taught to pity the woman's remains between bouts of 'blood drinking' with the *draco* in their vampire wars, which is why Jesus advocated prayer. When Jesus cast out the demons from the man on the road near the city of Gadarene, they asked to be allowed to go into a herd of pigs, which promptly ran off a cliff to drown in the sea. When asked, the man told Jesus, 'My name is

Legion. Because the legions of Rome were then possessing Jewish Palestine. Consequently, the pigs running off the cliff to drown in the sea below is an illustration of what the human race can expect from the parasitoid alien devourer of futanarian `woman`s seed`. Misogyny and homosexuality is just the valence of the virus attacking a species that`s essentially indifferent to it. In 2011, comments on the death of actress Jane Russell, who was famous for her role as Rio McDonald in *The Outlaw* (1943), and which was directed by Howard Hughes, who had a special bra made for her, went like this: `... photos [of Jane`s tits in the bra] ... elicited outrage from censors, critics and clergy.` Slavery, in host womb parasitism of the human futanarian race of `woman`s seed`, doesn`t want the planets amongst the stars for her, but wants homosexuality in pederasty to feed its blood drinking *draco* of war, rather than erect women, who it wants to have simian levels of consciousness through its singleminded male brained parasitoid breeding pogrom: `And the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered to devour her child as soon as it was born.` (Rev: 12. 4)

Although `political correctness` has been praised in the `PC` age, that is, the age of the modern successors to ancient Greece`s host womb enslavement of the species of women for homosexuality in pederasty for war against `woman`s seed`, the `geeks`, whose `bad machine code` infecting personal `pc` computers, and called `Trojan horse`, after the huge hollow wooden horse left outside the gates of the city of Troy to be taken in by the Trojans to where the Greeks emerged from inside to enslave the host wombs of the women for pederasty and war, emulates the `biological weapon` launched by the Greeks, the HIV/AIDS virus, which kills the brain of the artificial intelligence (AI) that the `remnant` of the human race has devised as its memory to store knowledge that will help it to survive and continue. Because women, particularly feminists, have been taught that homosexuality is `politically correct`, correcting is species` death. Instructing adults as if they were children is what `pc` is. The result is bio-technological infection with a killer virus. If the newborn, and the resurrected human futanarian race for the planets and stars of God`s heaven is at least a newly reborn, has to deal with `pc` instruction, the instructors will simply observe that transsexual and transgender surgery is performable, without regard for the reality, which is that butchers take parts away, rather than add them. Or, in simple terms, the human futanarian race of women is born that way, and isn`t surgically created, or dismembered, although doctors in the US, for example, are sanctioned in deciding which way to apply surgical intervention in the event of the birth of a futanarian child.

What the parasitoid alien eating the futanarian child of the Earth is doing is explaining that it`s `politically correct` to kill the human race`s penis, so that it can re-enslave her, rather than that she can escape to the planets amongst the stars through the sexual reproduction of her own brains` powers. In the *Koran* of Islam, Shaitan Iblis has the role of the `fallen angel`, Satan, who refused to bow before the first man, Adam, but Iblis is described as only having the power to whisper, because that`s how the evil speak to a child, and if the child becomes an adult without listening to the whisperer, the evil employ `pc` to infect and kill its brain with distorted imagery accepted as truth by those who`ve already capitulated to the propaganda of `the father of lies`. Iblis isn`t an angel, but a djinn, who`re described as being able to choose good or evil, because either `woman`s seed` will be furthered or she won`t. Consequently, the Shaitan Iblis isn`t a furtherer, although tales from the 8th century collection, *A Thousand And One Nights*, suggests

that there are furtherers amongst the human futanarian species' `remnant` of `woman`s seed`. The framing narrative is the story of Shah Jehan who beheads his wife for unfaithfulness, although she was faithful. Sheherezade is the woman who narrates the stories of helpful djinn, and Jehan keeps her alive to hear her tales and marries her, whereas it'd formerly been his practice to take a new bride each day and behead her the next. It's a story of species' extinction stopped by a brave woman and the intelligent `remnant` of her species, that is, her geniuses with their previously developed advanced technologies: `Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic.`⁹ Science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke's observation holds good forever. The intelligent are the enemies of ignorance and evil, so it's necessary for the slaver to discredit intelligence and define it as alien, which is why ostensibly Christian churches in Eastern Europe use the principle of attacking those who aren't interested in them as the basis for a reestablishment of totalitarianism familiar to those who experienced the pogroms and death camps of Russia's leader, Jozsef Stalin, after those of Germany's Adolf Hitler's Nazism, when the Russians occupied Eastern Europe after 1945.

Stalinist communism pogromed intellectuals while post-communist churches attacked intellectualism as being non-spiritual, so preventing the `remnant` of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` from using their brains to lift their societies out of slavery. 9/11, which was made into a Hollywood, Babylon, movie *World Trade Center* (2006), essentially belonged to the science fiction genre of alien invasion. According to some scientists,¹⁰ life originated on the Earth through a space borne virus. Inveigling itself through infected saurian intelligence untold millenia ago, the virus replicated itself through the penis` semen of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed`, that is, it stole her penis to kill her, and the human race has been experiencing the psychopathology of schizophrenia ever since, which the *Bible* labels `original sin`. Because Al Qaeda were practicing `rough trade`, homosexuality in pederasty for war is an aspect of the alien parasitoid *draco`s* misanthropy, that is, it's a man killer, and `woman`s seed` is `man`, which is why Jesus said he was the `son of man`, because born from his mother, the Virgin Mary. In other words, Jesus is described as the redeemer, because he wasn't an alien invader, and so he was uncontaminated by `original sin`, which is men. Jesus represents Redemption, because his disciple John`s prophetic *Revelation* of the apocalyptic events leading to the end of the world are characterized by `blood plague` (*Rev*: 11. 6) and Jesus is uncontaminated, because not born of men`s `seed`. Men`s only hope is to pray to be resurrected through the host wombs of women`s futanarian race so that they can ascend to the colonized planets amidst the stars of heaven above the Earth and abandon misanthropy with the single species of `woman`s seed`. Otherwise they'll just be the stock characters of the science fiction alien invasion film, the `bug-eyed monsters` (BEMS) casting their eyes at each other across the globe so that human eyes see `bug-eyed monsters` everywhere as they prepare humanity for ICBMS, the intercontinental ballistic missiles of Ronnie `Ray Gun` armed with thermonuclear warheads. Killers prey on each other, and it's not what the money's for.

- 1 Pseudo-Apollodorus, *Bibliothēke*, 2. 1. 5.
- 2 Freud, Sigmund, 'On the Sexual Theories of Children', SE 9, 1908, pp. 207-226.
- 3 'Snow White', Aarne Thompson grouping # 709.
- 4 Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje as Killer Croc in *Suicide Squad*, Warner Bros., 2016.
- 5 <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/FootPopping/> .
- 6 Robbie, Margot as Harley Quinn in *Suicide Squad*, Warner Bros. Pictures, 2016.
- 7 Merriam-Webster Dictionary, <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/rough%20trade> .
- 8 Silverman, Ed 'How I Got To Hold Jane Russell In My Arms', *Voice Of North Carolina*, January 21, 2017.
- 9 Clarke, Arthur C. 'Hazards of Prophecy: The Failure of Imagination' in *Profiles of the Future: An Enquiry into the Limits of the Possible*, 1973, pp. 14, 21, 36.
- 10 Wickramasinghe, Chandra 'Bacterial Morphologies Supporting Cometary Panspermia: A Reappraisal', *International Journal of Astrobiology*, 10 (1), pp. 25-30, 2011.

300 Spartans, The (1962)

The 300 Spartans is the single best movie ever made about the Battle of Thermopylae. It is also far superior to both of the movies of recent years, "300" & "Meet the Spartans", that were also about this most important battle of world history. "300" is nothing more than a pathetic ripoff of **The 300 Spartans**.

One of the most surprising aspects of **The 300 Spartans** is the fact that it took so long for the Battle of Thermopylae to be made into a movie. Thermopylae was such an event of heroism in the defense of freedom from Persian tyranny, it was the perfect subject for a historical epic. In

any event, in 1962 Hollywood finally got around to making a movie about the Battle of Thermopylae and made it well.

The Battle of Thermopylae was one of the most pivotal events in world history. Historians say that if the heroism of the Spartans at Thermopylae did not inspire freedom loving Greek warriors to successfully defend their homeland and western civilization, then Greek notions such as freedom and democracy may have died along with Greece itself. If that happened, then western civilization as we know it would not exist today.

Richard Egan is compelling as the stalwart King Leonidas of Sparta. Likewise, David Farrar is convincing as the Persian King of Kings. Perhaps the best actor is Sir Ralph Richardson in the role of the Athenian statesman Themistocles. Most of the other acting was pretty good.

The Spartan warriors in their shining armor are impressive and the onscreen compositions and framing are visually interesting. The color footage is excellent. The scenery in the movie is consistently beautiful. This was the work of cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth who would go on to perform photographic feats on *2001: A Space Odyssey*. The original music by Manos Hadjidakis adds feeling and interest to the movie as a whole. The movie makes use of a two channel stereo track to fine effect.

In summation, **The 300 Spartans** is an outstanding historical movie. It is true to the facts and the clothing worn by the characters ring true to life. There is none of the nonsense shown in "300" of Spartan warriors going around bare chested. Both the level of acting and direction in **The 300 Spartans** is nothing short of outstanding. The music and special effects in this movie are very good. If you want to see a great movie about the Battle of Thermopylae, then **The 300 Spartans** is the only movie that fits the bill.

Crimson Pirate, The (1952)

In **The Crimson Pirate**, the infamous pirate Captain Vallo (Burt Lancaster) aka The Crimson Pirate utters the diabolical lines, "Remember: in a pirate ship, in pirate waters, in a pirate world...ask no questions. Believe only what you see. No! Believe half of what you see!"

The Crimson Pirate is a fast paced piratical adventure flick.

According to the well known movie critic Leonard Maltin in his "TV Movies & Video Guide," this movie is "one of the great genre classics of all time." That is high praise indeed from a reviewer who is not given to puffery about movies.

Burt Lancaster is great in the starring role as **The Crimson Pirate**. He is rowdy and acrobatic at the same time. Lancaster's performance helps make this movie a classic for sheer escapist entertainment. This movie is loads of fun for old and young alike.

This is a movie that has characters with such interesting names as Claw-Paw, Patch-Eye, Peg Leg, Poison Paul & Stub Ear. They are part of Captain Vallo's feisty, even mutinous at times scurvy crew. These are a band of talented cutthroats. Most significant of these is the acrobatic Ojo (Nick Cravat) who is also a certifiable scene-stealer. The chemistry in this movie between Lancaster and Cravat is nothing short of excellent.

Although he is largely forgotten today, Nick Cravat was a pretty busy actor, especially during the 1950's. He appeared in such classic movies as King Richard and the Crusaders (1954), Run Silent, Run Deep (1958), Ulzana's Raid (1972) and The Island of Dr. Moreau (1977). He was also in such TV shows as The Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu, Johnny Staccato and The Twilight Zone. Cravat was in the circus with Burt Lancaster and it is no coincidence that Cravat was in many of Lancaster's movies.

The story of **The Crimson Pirate** is both outstanding and great fun. The pirates are fighting for freedom against the oppressive Spanish tyranny. This is an excellent fun flick that literally romps into the romantic age known as the Eighteenth Century. This movie is shot in fantastic Technicolor and as such it is wonderful entertainment for the entire family.

The Four Feathers (1939)

The 1939 movie rendition of the classic A.E.W. Mason tale "The Four Feathers" is the best known production of the classic novel. This movie

tells a tale that is simple, yet also engrossing and full of lessons for future generations. This flick celebrates friendship and mutual obligation as well as courage and determination. **The Four Feathers** stands as a towering achievement of 1930's cinema.

Despite the fact that this movie was made in 1939, it was in fact the third movie version of the novel, "The Four Feathers." This was due to both the quality and the extraordinary quality of the novel and its endearing story. There have subsequently been three later movie versions of the novel including a 1977 made for TV movie and a 1955 production entitled "Storm Over the Nile" that heavily used footage from the 1939 movie. There was also a recent 2002 version starring Heath Ledger.

The movie begins with a British Army officer named Harry Faversham (John Clements) resigns just before his unit is scheduled to leave for Africa to put down an uprising of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's darker skinned subjects. Naturally, this act leads to his being accused of cowardice. The accusation comes in the form of four white feathers being sent to his home. Three of the feathers come from British Army officers while the fourth comes from his fiancée.

Due to the fact that honor was something that was considered important in Victorian England, Faversham decided that he had no choice but to redeem himself. To this end, he endeavored to travel to the region of conflict and disguise himself as a native with a view towards infiltrating the enemy army. Disguised as a mute Arab, he is in a position to aid the very officers who had sent him the feathers in the first place. This disguise is clever and quite believable.

The climax of **The Four Feathers** is the real life Battle of Omdurman. Fought in 1898, it was the last stand of native Africans against European colonialism. It was famously described by one of its participants, Winston S. Churchill who described it as being a "victory snatched from the jaws of peril!"

The Four Feathers is a rare pre-WWII film that was shot entirely in color and with a very big budget. One of the individuals most responsible for its excellence was its photographer, Osmond Borradaile. His work in **The Four Feathers** is outstanding and his photography of the Sudan and the Nile is nothing short of breathtaking. The three Korda Brothers made an excellent film from a great novel. Miklos Rozsa's original movie music is also excellent. The acting in this movie is very good with standout performances

by June Duprez and Ralph Richardson. All in all, the 1939 movie version of **The Four Feathers** comes fully recommended.

Guadalcanal Diary (1943)

During World War II, there were a number of Hollywood movies made about what was going on the front lines. The basic purpose of these films was to boost public morale. Many of these flicks had no lasting value after the end of the war and have since been consigned to the vaults of obscurity. However, there were a few of these movies that proved to have lasting value. One such quality contemporary production from the war years is the motion picture at hand, 1943's **Guadalcanal Diary**.

Unlike most Second World War era morale boosting flicks, **Guadalcanal Diary** was based on a book of the same name by a war correspondent named Richard Tregaskis. Tregaskis was an eyewitness to the events depicted in both book and movie. This gave **Guadalcanal Diary** a much firmer grip on the reality of what was really happening on the front lines than most other war morale boosting flicks.

The focus of **Guadalcanal Diary** is on the operations of the 1st Marine Division during the 1st half of the Guadalcanal Campaign. This phase stretched from the capture of the island from the Japanese in August, 1942 to the relief of the Marines by the troops of the U.S. Army's XIV Corps in 1943. As you can expect, the movie portrays the Marines as being the exemplar of the American fighting spirit.

Guadalcanal Diary uses an ensemble cast to tell the story of a Marine platoon. The focus of this movie, unlike the vast majority of the morale boosting flicks of WWII, is not on the fighting and battles, but on the soldiers themselves. This movie portrays the war's violence realistically without being graphic. Like most of the other wartime war movies, it was shot in beautiful black and white. Unlike what passes for war movies nowadays, this flick is not a roller coaster ride of slick action sequences coupled with pulsating music and massive vulgarity. This movie depicted the fear felt by the troops and the fact that death can come to even the bravest soldiers. The battle cinematography by Charles Clarke is visually exciting. The language used by the soldiers in this movie is reflective of how actual soldiers spoke including such notions that would strike many ivory tower types today as being politically incorrect such as referring to Japanese soldiers as "monkeys" and "monkeymen."

One notable aspect of **Guadalcanal Diary** is the narration of Reed Hadley who would later be known as Captain John Braddock of the 1950-1953 TV series *Racket Squad*. Hadley's narration makes the film's atmosphere gel quite well. The script of Hadley's narration is quite formal and as such contrasts with the everyday language of the soldiers dialogue.

Guadalcanal Diary is an excellent motion picture from the World War II era. It proved a hit at the box office and provided a major boost to many of the actors who appeared in it including Richard Jaeckel (who made his debut in this movie), Lloyd Nolan & Anthony Quinn.

Guadalcanal Diary is well worth your time.

Guns of Navarone, The (1961)

Throughout history, Hollywood has often turned major bestsellers into major motion pictures. Usually whenever the movie stays true to the book, the end result is a good movie. This is because what works in the book also works in the movie. However, Hollywood has often messed around on their versions of the author's work. Oftentimes, these alterations are in the form of taking the dough of the book's plot and using cookie cutters on them in prearranged formulas. More often than not, movies that trash the original novel do not fare well at the box office. When that happens, Hollywood blames the book's writer and not the producers for screwing things up and as a result, the original author sees his/her stock in Hollywood going down.

The Guns of Navarone is a good example of how messing around with the original novel in the screenplay works to the detriment of the movie. **The Guns of Navarone** was based on the classic novel of the same name by action adventure novelist Alistair MacLean. MacLean was one of the best writers of his generation and every book he wrote is still in print. He is one of the classic writers of the last half of the 20th Century.

When the producers of **The Guns of Navarone** purchased the rights to the novel, it was their intent to faithfully replicate the novel onto the silver screen, creating a masterpiece in the process. They assembled a cast that included such luminaries as Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn and James Robertson Justice. They hired one of the best screenwriters in the business, Carl Foreman, whose script closely adhered to the novel. It looked as if a classic movie was in the offing.

The plot of **The Guns of Navarone** is that of a daring commando mission to the fictional island of Navarone. There, the Germans have huge radar controlled guns. Earlier, the British landed 2,000 troops on the island of Kheros. Now, they must be withdrawn. However since the previously unknown German installation on Navarone has since gone operational, it is impossible to safely evacuate those British troops. Either the commandos succeed in sabotaging the German guns at Navarone, or the British garrison on Kheros will be forced to surrender.

The Allies assemble a crack commando unit called Force 10 to go on a do or die mission to Navarone. In the first part of **The Guns of Navarone**, the movie stays true to the book and is an excellent example of an action adventure suspense flick.

The main problem is that in the original novel, it was discovered that the Greek partisan Panaysis was the traitor who had sabotaged Force 10's explosives and had been leaving clues for

the Germans to follow and harry Force 10 ever since the commandos first landed on Navarone. However, the producers chose to make the traitor in the movie a female or to be more precise a pair of females. This fundamentally altered MacLean's narrative . In the novel, Panaysis had played such a key role than when he was eliminated, it created tension since it now seemed to the reader that the odds against Force 10's succeeding had been raised to incredible heights. However, in the movie, the role of the traitress was so minor that her elimination did nothing to heighten the suspense. The impact of the revealing of the traitor was reduced to that of a wet noodle.

From this point on, the movie lacked much of the suspense of the novel. The odds against success was much lower in the movie and as a result, the eventual success of Force 10 was that much less heroic. Another problem came in the casting. The British actor David Niven plays Dusty Miller, who in the novel is a drawling Texan. The American actor Gregory Peck plays the New Zealander Keith Mallory.

The Guns of Navarone is still a better than average movie owing to the good performances of the cast coupled with the great cinematography. However, it could have been a classic in its own right. Just why the producers decided to eliminate the key character of Panaysis in favor of adding female characters who were nonexistent in the original novel is not clear, although there was speculation in Hollywood at the time that one of the actresses was a girlfriend of one of the producers.

Zorro Rides Again (1937)

Back during the Golden Age of Hollywood, there was a unique form of the cinematic experience that came to an end during the 1950's. This was the movie serial. Serials differed from regular movies in that they were shown at the rate of a chapter every week as opposed to all at once which is what most folks expect from movies. These chapters were generally in the 10-20 minute range with most serials being in the form of 15 minute chapters. There were usually 12 chapters to a serial with every chapter except for the final one ending in a cliffhanger. The serial chapters were usually shown as part of a matinee bill that included film shorts and cartoons as well as a feature that usually about an hour long, give or take 5-10 minutes.

One good example of a movie serial is the 1937 Republic Pictures effort, **Zorro Rides Again** starring John Carroll as the masked man in black. However, this Zorro is not the Zorro that many of you grew up with. This Zorro is a direct descendant of the Zorro who defended the peasantry of Southern California against the evil overlords (the Capitan and Sergeant Garcia) in the 1820's. As such, this was a Zorro who lived in the Great Depression where there was Six-Guns, airplanes, machine guns, railroads, automobiles, radios and other forms of weaponry and gadgetry that the original Zorro could only dream about. Another difference is that James Vega aka Zorro is the main investor in the California-Yucatan Railroad that the evil "financial pirate"

Marsden is attempting to take over by hook or by crook. Yet another difference is that the mask worn by this Zorro covers his entire face.

Zorro Rides Again takes you back to the days of fun-filled shoot them ups and buckaroo cowboys. This movie also features the stunt work for which Republic productions were famous for including the incredible work of veteran stunt man Yakima Canutt. This movie was an unusually well written serial with the first 11 eleven chapters all ending in thrilling cliffhangers, many of which were pretty innovative. John Carroll makes a great modern day Zorro. There is also great location photography and a good cast of supporting actors. One of these, Duncan Renaldo, is a great co-star in this movie in a role that is highly similar to the Cisco Kid character that he played on TV in the 1950's. This movie is a rousing actioner on par with many of the best action flicks of today.

The only real drawback to **Zorro Rides Again** is the fact that Marsden (Noah Beery, Sr.) is not a particularly effective villain. Marsden is basically a mild mannered sort who keeps to his office and only appears in the scenes where he transmits instructions to his chief lieutenant in the field, El Lobo (Richard Alexander). It is unclear why Marsden goes to the lengths that he does to sabotage the California-Yucatan Railroad when it would be much cheaper to buy it from its investors. Considering the fact that he has some two dozen or so men in the field, it must have been quite a financial burden on Marsden to try to sabotage a railroad being built in the middle of the Depression.

Still, despite this drawback, **Zorro Rides Again** is a good movie well worth your time.

Website Reviews

<http://www.bis-space.com/>

British Interplanetary Society

Ever since its founding in Liverpool in 1933 by Philip E. Cleator, the British Interplanetary Society (BIS) has been the leading British space organization. In addition, it has also been one of the leading space organizations in the world. This might seem surprising given that the United Kingdom (UK) itself does not have much of a space program and Europe as a whole is not much better in space related activities. However, when you consider the sheer number of prominent space visionaries who have hailed from the UK such as Sir Arthur C. Clarke, perhaps its not that much of a surprise. The BIS has done an excellent job of educating the British public about space and space possibilities through such endeavors as its award winning *Spaceflight* magazine. The BIS is organized into branches. Three of these are located in the UK itself: North, Southwest and Midlands. There are also two foreign branches: Belgium and Italy. The BIS website features extensive galleries of photographs as well as space art. The

space art section is not merely a number of beautiful images, but it is also dedicated to illustrating many of the futuristic concepts that the BIS has become famous for developing. For instance, one of the pictures is of the BIS's proposed Project Skylon spaceplane that appears to be much better conceived than anything NASA has ever come up with. Another picture is of the BIS's 1970's proposed Project Daedalus unmanned interstellar space probe. One picture that was used on a 1980's cover of *Analog Science Fiction/Science Fact* illustrated the BIS proposal for a Mars 1995 space station project. There are historic images such as the BIS's 1930's proposal for a lunar lander and for the later proposed space station. There are also pictures and biographical information about such important British space visionaries as David Hardy, Adrian Mann and R.A. Smith. The BIS website also features a link section. It has links to several NASA websites, European space news websites, online stores, European space companies as well as to BIS related websites and the websites of BIS members.

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

Electric Car Society

Ever since its founding in 1982 by Frank Didik, the Electric Car Society (ECS) has been the leading American organization devoted to electric powered cars. Prior to 1982, there had been interest in electric cars, but the fans of these machines had no real way to communicate with each other. Now with the formation of a national organization, enthusiasts had the means to share ideas and information on how to build, maintain and improve their dream machines. By 1986, there were over 900 electric car owners in the ECS. The members communicated with each other by means of a newsletter as well as a Bulletin Board System (BBS). The ECS also maintained an extensive library of electric car related materials. The materials from this library are in the process of being added to the ECS's website where they are freely accessible by the general public. ECS members today communicate with each other by means of discussion groups and email lists. The ECS has also encouraged its members to create webpages and websites to enhance the profile of the electric car option on the Internet. The ECS is also working with state agencies that are responsible for issuing license plates to create new, unique license plates that identify the vehicle as being electric powered. The basic idea here is to promote the idea of electric cars being "cool." The founder of the ECS, Frank Didik, was a pioneer designer and creator of electric cars in America. He has also pioneered the research/development of solar powered cars and motorcycles. Didik's vehicles are presently being produced under a custom, made to order basis due to the lack of dealers willing to carry the products of such a small company. It is also possible to rent or lease Didik produced vehicles. Didik's website also carries the files of the world's first motor vehicle magazine *The Horseless Age* that was published during the years 1893-1918.

<http://illinoisrfa.org/>

Illinois Renewable Fuels Association

The Illinois Renewable Fuels Association (ILRFA) was formed in 2009 to promote the cause of America's energy independence via environment friendly renewable fuels such as biodiesel and ethanol. Unlike similar groups in other states, the ILRFA has not been generally successful in achieving its goals. Biodiesel and ethanol is not at the heart of the Illinois agenda despite the fact that this state ranks third in the nation in producing ethanol. Over a billion gallons of ethanol are produced in Illinois every year. This writer, despite avidly following Illinois politics, never heard of the ILRFA before doing an Internet search using "Illinois Renewable Fuels." There are other states, most notably Iowa, where the state renewable fuels associations are powerful influences on state government. Part of the reason for this is that, unlike its counterpart in Iowa, the Illinois group limits its membership to companies that produce ethanol. The producer companies that make up the Illinois group include ADM: Ethanol, Center Ethanol, Illinois Corn Processing LLC, Marquis Energy, Pacific Ethanol and One Earth Energy. Another part is that based on its own official description, the ILRFA seems to be more concerned with national matters rather than government policy in Illinois. This has contributed to its lack of influence in the state capital of Illinois, Springfield. However, the ILRFA also has its bright side. For instance, it has a links page that includes links to such leading organizations devoted to securing American energy independence as the American Coalition for Ethanol, Growth Energy, the National Corn to Ethanol Research Center and the Renewable Fuels Association. The ILRFA also maintains a regularly updates News & Press Releases pages that keep the membership well informed on what's going on in the worlds of ethanol and ethanol policy. Essentially, the ILRFA has a long ways to go if it is to have the same kind of impact in Illinois that other state renewable fuels groups have in their states.

<http://knights-n-knaves.com/phpbb3/index.php>

Knights & Knaves Alehouse

There are cases where one part of a website eventually comes to overshadow the rest of the website. Sometimes this happens with Internet forums that are connected to a website. One such place on the Internet where this has happened is the Knights & Knaves website. It was originally intended to be a major resources website for players of both the original version of Dungeons & Dragons as well as the first edition of Advanced Dungeons & Dragons, but those plans have been put aside in favor of developing the forum, the Knights & Knaves Alehouse. The popularity and activity of the Alehouse has since boomed and is one of the busiest D&D forums on the Internet. It is also one of the best forums on the Internet where you can really learn a great deal about the subjects that this forum specializes in. You can also learn about where and how you can hold

D&D games. A perusal of the forum's contents reveals its denizens to be very well versed in RPG culture and conventions such as the upcoming Gary Con IX to be held in Lake Geneva, WI, in March 2017. The denizens have also had several discussions about the life and times of E> Gary Gygax. The Alehouse's denizens have shown themselves to be far more knowledgeable and tolerant than posters at other RPG forums. For instance, when Jack Chick passed away, there was little of the nastiness greeting this news that permeated the discussion at other RPG oriented websites. However, this does not mean the discussion of everything is always so enlightened and tolerant. For instance, the discussion of the 2016 presidential elections got so intense and acrimonious even when the Democratic and Republican primaries were still being held, that further political discussion was banned and all political threads were deleted. This appears to be a final decision since there have been no indications that there will ever be any future political debate allowed at the Alehouse.

<http://washingtonbabylon.com/>

Washington Babylon

Back in 1996, investigative reporters Alexander Cockburn and Ken Silverstein wrote a muckraking book about the Clinton Administration that was at that time polluting Washington D.C. Basically, both Cockburn and Silverstein made it clear just how much of a cesspool that Clinton Era Washington was. In the years since, Cockburn passed away while Silverstein's fortunes have declined due to his fighting with editors and management at various and sundry media outlets. For most of this year, he has only been a contributor to the VICE website as well as a columnist for the *New York Observer*. Needless to say, this has left him with a great deal of free time. During his time as Cockburn's associate, Silverstein co-founded *CounterPunch* in 1993 that began as a print newsletter, but which has since become a widely read website. Drawing on that experience, Silverstein created a new and exciting website called Washington Babylon. This website starts where the original book of the same name left off with the emphasis on sleaze and corruption in the Obama Era. And as it turns out, there is quite a bit of bad stuff going on in government even if there is no hard evidence that Obama himself is corrupt. Additionally, the new version of Washington Babylon also devotes a great deal of coverage to governmental matters outside of Washington, D.C., with a special emphasis on Rhode Island. The reason for this focus is that Rhode Island, at least in Silverstein's view, has the single most corrupt state government in the USA. For instance, Washington Babylon is one of the few places that has devoted real coverage to the scandal involving former Boston pitcher Curt Schilling and his video game scam. Silverstein is perhaps the only writer of note who has pointed out that the state of Rhode Island committed \$100 million to a corporate project based on just less than 2 minutes of video game footage. Additionally, this is the only website to seriously

cover the situation concerning public pensions in Rhode Island involving the corrupt activities of the Governor Gina Raimondo and the State Treasurer Seth Magaziner.

Websites of Interest

<http://algaebiodieselfuel.org/>

Algae Biodiesel Fuel

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

Alternative Energy

<http://www.alternative-energy-news.info/>

Alternative Energy News

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

American Enterprise Institute

<http://americanlookout.com/>

American Lookout

<http://apexwebgaming.com/>

Apex Web Gaming

<http://arstechnica.com/>

Ars Technica

<https://backchannel.com/>

Backchannel

<http://serbanj.livejournal.com/>

Benjamin's Journal

<https://www.blackgate.com>

Black Gate

<http://www.biofuelsdigest.com/bdigest/>

Biofuels Digest

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

Bookgasm

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

Breitbart

<http://browserbasedgames.net/>

Browser Based Games

<http://www.browsergames.directory/>

Browser Games Directory

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

Bureau of Investigative Journalism

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

Campus Reform

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

Center for American Progress

<http://chicagoist.com/>

Chicagoist

<http://www.bizjournals.com/cincinnati>

Cincinnati Business Courier

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

Cincinnati Enquirer

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

Cincinnati Magazine

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

Clean Energy Fuels

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

Clean Fuels Development Coalition

<https://clearpathactionfund.org/>

Clear Path Action Fund

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

Climate Depot

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

Climate Hustle

<http://coalblue.org/>

Coal Blue Project

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

ComputerWorld

<https://conservativedailypost.com/>

Conservative Daily Post

<http://conservativetribune.com/>

Conservative Tribune

<http://countercurrentnews.com/>

Counter Current News

<https://www.crunchbase.com/#/home/index>

Crunchbase

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

DefenseTech

<http://www.directoryofgames.com/main.php>

Directory of Games

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

Drudge Report

<http://www.etcleanfuels.org/index.html>

East Tennessee Clean Fuels Coalition

<http://www.electric-car-insider.com/>

Electric Car Insider Magazine

<http://endingthefed.com/>

Ending the Fed

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

Environmental Leader

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

Ethanol History

<http://evobsession.com/>

EV Obsession

<https://fatgoblingames.com/>

Fat Goblin Games

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

Flick Attack

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

Free Software Foundation

<http://www.frys.com/template/index/>

Frys Electronics

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

Fuel Cell & Hydrogen Energy Association

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

GameSpot

<http://garycon.com/>

Gary Con IX

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

GNU Operating System

<http://empire.goodgamestudios.com/>

GoodGame Empire

<http://gothamist.com/>

Gothamist

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

Graphic Classics

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

Green Cars Reports

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

Green Energy Ohio

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

Greentech Media

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

The Happy Couch Panda

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

The Harvard Main Line

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

The Heritage Foundation

<http://www.didik.com/horseles/>

The Horseless Age

<https://ihavethetruth.com/>

I Have the Truth.com

<http://indianaethanolproducers.org/>

Indiana Ethanol Producers Association

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

Internet Defense League

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

Iowa Biodiesel Board

<http://mcadams.posc.mu.edu/home.htm>

The Kennedy Assassination

<http://kentuckycleanfuels.org/>

Kentucky Clean Fuels Coalition

<http://lneilsmith.org/>

L. Neil Smith's Webley Page

<http://www.ncc-1776.org/>

The Libertarian Enterprise

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

Libertarian Futurist Society

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

LifeZette

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

Mediaite

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

Media Research Center

<https://medium.com/>

Medium

<http://meta-punk.com/>

Metapunk

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

Military.com

<http://moreenergy.org/>

Missouri Renewable Energy

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

The Museum of UnNatural History

<http://nbb.org/>

National Biodiesel Board

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

National Corn to Ethanol Research Center

<http://www.ncga.com/home>

National Corn Growers Association

<http://www.npga.org/i4a/pages/index.cfm?pageid=1>

National Propane Gas Association

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

National Review

<http://nerdsofwisdom21.tumblr.com/>

Nerds of Wisdom

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

New Orleans Electric Car Rentals

<http://newsbusters.org/>

NewsBusters

<http://ngtnews.com/>

NGT News: Next-Gen. Transportation

<http://nypost.com/>

New York Post

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

New Yorkers for Beverage Choice

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

North Dakota Ethanol Council

<http://okc.biz/>

okcBIZ

<http://okgazette.com/>

Oklahoma Gazette

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

Outkick the Coverage

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

Oxford Karma

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

Plug In Cars

<http://www.populartechnology.net/>

Popular Technology

<http://www.therebel.media/>

The Rebel

<http://www.recode.net/>

Recode

<http://renewablefuels-foundation.org/>

Renewable Fuels Foundation

<http://ricanada.org/>

Renewable Industries Canada

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

RetroZap

<http://rockrivertimes.com/>

Rock River Times

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

San Jose Mercury News

<https://sciencebasedmedicine.org/>

Science-Based Medicine

<http://www.sci-news.com/>

Sci News

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

Seeker

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

Silicon Beat

<http://thetrashcollector.com/stigmatapress/index.html>

Stigmata Press Unlimited

<http://www.survivalsheath.com/main/home.htm>

Survival Sheath Systems

<http://test.sustainablebiodieselalliance.com/SBA/>

Sustainable Biodiesel Alliance

<https://techcrunch.com/>

TechCrunch

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

Technology & Manufacturing Association of Illinois

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

Tesla Motors

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

Truthdig

<https://www.gov.uk/government/organisations/uk-space-agency>

UK Space Agency

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

USA 24

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

Virtual Pet List

<http://wheego.net/nihao/>

Wheego Technologies

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

Wisconsin Bio Industry Alliance

<http://wicorn.org/>

Wisconsin Corn Growers Association

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

The Woodstock Independent

Letters of Comment

Gerd.Maximovic@t-online.de

Dear Charles Rector,

thanks for attaching Fornax 14 which I have read with great interest.

It's a very demanding fanzine, representing your extensive ideas. There is a lot of material in it worth considering.

For instance the remarks on Krafft E. Ehrlicke are of interest.

Furthermore we see John Purcell's „Life in Texas“, land that time forgot... Well, I didn't know of the „monsters“ living there. But, the author writes, these monsters will stay „after we've blown up the planet“. Looking at the worldwide armament there is real concern.

There is an essay by Robin Bright, looking into religion and philosophy. I am very interested in these fields, writing long and short texts in this respect, also publishing some short texts of this kind in German fanzines.

Robin Bright writes: „Koran: dictated to the Prophet Mohamed by the angels according to Islamic tradition“. Well now, I have read the Bible and the Koran. It's interesting to see that the Koran contains the same stories (episodes) as the Bible, only the names are somewhat changed. In the Koran you also find Jesus Christ, but not as God, therein he is „only“ a Great Prophet. How comes the similarity of those two important books? Quite easy, the Bible is centuries older than the Koran. So the author of the Koran has copied the Bible (or, to express it more mildly: he was „inspired“ - oh no, not by God or the angels – by the Bible). The author of the Koran, due to my German translation, is not known. Maybe the author was Mohamed. But, whoever wrote the Koran: he is a copycat (plagiarist). Okay? Read them both, and you will agree! There is more interesting material (for instance book reviews) in your demanding fanzine.

And, well, of course, I noticed my own texts. I like your publishing my poor stories like „Schmitz, the Mad Inventor“ which was reprinted in a German fanzine a short time ago, and has found new friends. They want to know the secrets Schmitz is using so they can generate the same effects...

And there is the article „The Greatest Discovery...“. I am very pleased to see this article there. I have written it originally in English, and later I translated it into German. It was published in both languages totally or in parts several times. A part of it you can find in „New Thought magazine“ (USA) as well as in „Inspiration“ (German Switzerland). This article „The Greatest Discovery...“ is the greatest thing I have ever written, or ever will write. The reason is simple: it's the Emile Coué topic, how to influence your subconscious in favour of your health. This is the greatest, really working thing I have ever seen, and I can only hope your readers will learn it, too. Well, in this article you don't read my ideas, oh no, it's the ideas of Emile Coué, one of the greatest men who ever lived! So, I could only repeat what Emile Coué had learned himself, and taught. His method (of self-influence) is excellent, and hopefully of help for all of your readers.

Of course, I would like to see more of my stories being published there, in Fornax.

This is a letter of comment.

Kind regards,
Gerd Maximovič

[Don't sell yourself short. You should be able to outdo that “Greatest Discovery” article in the years ahead. Just wondering, but just how many German language fanzines are there? Is there any such thing as a German language version of E-Fanzines.com?]

January 22, 2017

Dear Charles,

In Fornax #14, I'll start by skipping the political stuff. Political stuff results in acrimony and bad digestion. It's not much fun. So why bother with it? Maybe fanzines need an embargo on non-fan political stuff. Of course, we can still argue about the important things like worldcon bids.

After reading John Purcell's article, I thought about the bugs of Texas being upon us. Thankfully, they are not upon us. In a country as big as the United States, there must be hundreds of ecological zones. If you believe some of the environmentalists, there may be

millions of them. These environmentalists are always able to find three or four absolutely unique lifeforms on any acre that is being considered for development. If there really were all that many absolutely unique lifeforms, there wouldn't be much we could do about it. Even if we somehow avoided interfering with any of them, they would wipe each other out with routine regularity.

Big cities have ecologies of their own. For many years, I worked for the Los Angeles Police Department. The LAPD is divided into four bureaus; Central, South, West, and Valley. I recall listening to a debate between two police officers as to whether Central Bureau rats were bigger and meaner than South Bureau rats or the other way around. I sort of wish they hadn't conducted their debate while we had an assignment to go through a long dormant City warehouse in Central Bureau.

These days, I live in Ventura County which is immediately west of Los Angeles County. (No, we aren't in the ocean. The coastline sort of zigs and zags.) Ventura County is about half the size with 1/9th the population of Los Angeles County. So far, the northern end of the county is pretty much unoccupied. During the current drought, sheikhs have lasted for several years, some animal life has migrated.

In particular, quite a few rabbits have passed through town. For some reason, the rabbits haven't stayed. Most dogs are kept in yards and easy to avoid, and most humans aren't interested in killing rabbits. Rabbits aren't noted for being very bright, and maybe they aren't very traffic smart. Of course, they may just not like being around us. I can sort of see their point.

Yours truly,

Milt Stevens
6325 Keystone St.
Simi Valley, CA 93063
miltstevens@earthlink.net

[Well, you should be happy now, since this fanzine is going to be more or less politics free for the next few issues as the emphasis will be on movie reviews for reasons that will be divulged in #16. You said that you worked for the LAPD. Does this mean that you were not an actual officer, but was with the LAPD in some other capacity such as working in the crime lab?]

robika2001@yahoo.co.uk

Hi, thank you Charles: a very good issue I thought.

Robin

[You're Welcome]