

Fornax #19

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 #19 published May 2017

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The 2017 Hugo Awards Nominations Mess for Best Fanzine

I asked Bill Burns of eFanzines.com what he thought of the Hugo Awards nominations for Best Fanzine being, once again, mostly given to blogs, and the following is his response:

You asked: "Why is that the Hugo Award nominees are once again blogs and not a legitimate fanzine in the bunch?" Here's my response:

The Hugo administrators largely leave it up to the nominators to decide what qualifies in each category, and unless something is grossly out of place, that determines the finalists. Because of this *laissez faire* approach, and the fact that the administrators seem to know very little about fanzines and the history of fandom, over the last ten years the definition of "fanzine" has been allowed to drift until it's largely unrecognizable. This has also dragged Fan Writer and Fan Artist along with it. The popular misconception seems to be that "Fan" simply means "Non-Professional", which is about as far as you can get from the intention of the Fan Hugo founders back in the 1960s, and there is no regard for respecting the traditions of fannish fandom.

Baseball

Archival Interview from 2004 with Frontier League Commissioner Bill Lee

Bill Lee has been commissioner of the Frontier League for almost all of the league's history. In 2004, he did an email interview with Charles Rector who at that point in time was the blogger of the Independent Thinking (IT) blog that was part of the Most Valuable Network that was the very first attempt at creating a network of sports blogs. The purpose of IT was to cover the world of independent league baseball covering not just the professional leagues that were not affiliated with Major League Baseball (MLB), but the whole gamut of baseball that was outside the purview of the MLB commissioner's office. After just two months, despite its success in gaining traffic, the MVN brass, for reasons that only they know, shut down IT. And so ended one of the few outlets that covered independent baseball that was controlled by the leagues and teams.

Independent Thinking: Why was the FL founded in 1993?

Bill Lee: Several individuals wanted to bring professional baseball to areas that could never get affiliated baseball in West Virginia, Southeast Ohio and Eastern Kentucky.

IT: Before the founding of both the FL and the Northern League in 1993, what was the situation regarding independent pro baseball?

BL: Independent clubs had been a part of the affiliated league landscape for years. Really, Independent ball was nothing new, but just a throwback to what the minor leagues were in the 30's 40's and 50's. The independent clubs that were part of affiliated leagues were actually more co-op clubs with the club also having the right to sign a few of their own players. As you note later in the questions, I played in the first "Independent League" in 1977 which was the second year of the league. When I played in it, it was called the Lone Star League.

IT: Why was your predecessor as FL president, Bud Bickel aka the FL's founder forced out of office?

BL: Bud Bickel was not my predecessor. Steve Sturgill that owned and ran Portsmouth was my predecessor and was the League President. Bud, who passed away recently, is credited with being the founder. Bud had two teams in the League which he folded in the first week of play. The other owners went on without him. The true leader of those owners was Dr.

Chris Hanners, who owned Chillicothe then and still does today.

IT: Looking at the FL historical timeline, the Chillicothe Paints are the only FL team to stay in existence at the same place through the league's existence. Why has this team survived while the other founding franchises have either moved from their original towns or went defunct?

BL: It is very simple. Great ownership and great management. They have created incredible community pride.

IT: How would you rate the success of the FL on a 1-10 scale and why?

BL: That is an impossible question because the league is continually evolving. We have grown tremendously, but we are still not where I want us to be. We still have problems, just as any league at any level has. However, I like our long term chances at being the best minor league in baseball.

IT: Given the success of the Northern League's Winnipeg Goldeneyes attendance-wise, combined with the fact that Canada is wide open as far as pro baseball is concerned, is there any chance that the FL will eventually expand to Canada? If not, then why not?

BL: We were in Canada. We had a club in London, Ontario from 1999 through 2001. It is very difficult to do business there with the exchange rate. Winnipeg is truly an enigma and is also a testament to great local ownership and a great facility in a major market.

IT: Before you became the FL president, you had quite a diversified portfolio in minor league sports management in both baseball and hockey. Why did you move around so much before settling down in your current position?

BL: I don't think you would call it moving around. I went to great opportunities. I learned the business in Birmingham for 4 years and was ready to move on to run my own club. I absolutely loved being in Chattanooga. It is still my favorite town I have ever lived in. I had a bad owner there and opted to leave. Seattle was a nice opportunity financially. However, when this job opened up, I knew this was my niche and I wanted back in baseball and to get back to the Midwest.

IT: What has your greatest challenge been as FL president?

BL: There have been many, and they have changed as the League has grown. Everything from trying to keep franchises alive in the early years, to getting new stadiums and markets today. To date, the biggest challenge

has been our situation in Florence , Kentucky.

IT: How would you rate the news media's coverage of the FL and of Indy League Baseball in general?

BL: Coverage is picking up. However we are all more worried about the coverage in our individual markets. We believe it is pretty good overall.

IT: Historically, the FL has played in small towns. Is there any chance that the success of the Rockford Riverhawks means that the FL will eventually expand to other larger size cities where there are currently no pro baseball teams? If not, then why not?

BL: Rockford is not the largest market we are in. We are in Chicago (Windy City), St. Louis with two franchises (Gateway and River City), Pittsburgh (Washington) and Cincinnati (Florence), We are currently developing teams in Detroit, Kansas City and Cleveland as well.

IT: Why does the FL have a maximum age at 27?

BL: We do not want to be like all of the other leagues that have no age limit. The Major League Scouts like us for the reason that we develop prospects. That is why we have had over 400 players sign out of the league, 10 go on to the Major Leagues and for the last two seasons have had the most alumni active in MLB organizations.

IT: As chronicled on the Indy Leagues Graveyard website, there has been a fairly high die off rate for would be indy pro baseball leagues. Why has the FL beaten the odds?

BL: We have the best geographics in the business. We have the potential of the most good markets than any of the leagues. We have owners committed to the success of the League and we have had consistency in the leadership of the league. We have never changed our mission.

IT: Does the growth of summer collegiate baseball leagues such as the Northwoods League, pose a threat to indy league baseball?

BL: College wood bat leagues pose no threat. They are a bonus. In fact, we are even considering starting our own.

IT: Why is indy league baseball flourishing the past decade while in the decades prior to 1993, attempts at founding indy leagues flopped?

BL: Leadership and vision.

IT: What was your experience as a player in the indy Lone Star League like compared to being in the Atlanta Braves organization?

BL: It was great. Playing pro ball at any level is great. It gave me knowledge that no other League President or Commissioner has. I understand what the players go through. The Lone Star had a few notable graduates such as Leo Mazzone - manager, Dirty Al Gallagher - manager, Bill Bryk - manager now Asst. Gm of Padres and Tommy Jones now farm Director of the Diamondbacks and my roommate in Bee Ville.

IT: Currently, only men play in the FL. Given the growth of women's baseball over the years, how much chance is there that pro leagues like the FL will have women players a decade from now?

BL: We were the first pro league to have a woman play in their league. In 1994, Kendra Haynes played for the Kentucky Rifles. That fact was clarified in 1999 when the Northern had Ila Borders play for them.

IT: How much chance is there that within the next decade there will be an indy league equivalent of the World Series such as a Northern League champs vs. Frontier League champs?

BL: Anything is possible. With the formation of the Association of Independent Professional Baseball at the recent Atlantic City meetings, those types of things were discussed.

IT: In 2004, the FL expanded to a 96 game schedule for the first time. How much of a success was it? How much chance is there that the FL will eventually expand its schedule to the 126 games that the Atlantic League plays?

BL: I never want us to go past 96. We need to remain a Memorial Day to Labor Day league. Why would you want to go more and battle spring weather and school. No thanks.

IT: Do you believe that indy league baseball will one day rival the MLB farm leagues in popularity?

BL: I think in many cases we already do rival the affiliates and in some cases surpass them. We will never replace them, and we should not. However I think we will have a long term relationship with MLB in the future.

IT: If you had a chance to go back to when you became the FL president, what would you do differently?

BL: I would take what I have learned about owners, cities and facilities and implement them faster. It was a learning process for me as well. Other than that, I wouldn't change a thing. I love this league and I live this league.

Gaming

Gary Gygax's Post-TSR Career

Mr. Gygax and TSR parted ways in the mid-eighties due to the poor and erratic way that he was running the company.

After leaving TSR, Gygax immediately created the gaming company New Infinities Productions with the idea of gaining revenge against TSR. Gygax wrote the outline for what became the game Cyborg Commando. Published in 1987, the game garnered poor reviews and sold poorly. New Infinities was poorly run and it went out of business in 1989.

Following this setback, Gygax next tried to get revenge on TSR by partnering with Games Designer Workshop to create a game to compete with Dungeons & Dragons (D&D). At first, this project was known as Dangerous Dimensions, however TSR threatened to sue over the initials being DD, almost the same as that for Dungeons & Dragons. The new role-playing game was now renamed Dangerous Journeys, but TSR sued anyways. Eventually, TSR gained ownership of the new game and Gygax was out in the cold yet again.

In 1999, Gygax took another stab at creating a game to gain revenge upon TSR with. This was *Legendary Adventure (LA)* that was published by two companies that were run by friends of Gygax, Hekaforge Productions and Troll Lord Games. LA has fared better than Gygax's previous non-TSR games, but it still has not been much of a rival to D&D.

In 2004, Gygax had a hand in the creation of the RPG *Castles & Crusades*. Its not known how important this role was, but his name was used in promoting the game. This game has only been a limited success.

Additionally, after leaving TSR, Gygax wrote two books, "Master of the Game" and "Role-Playing Mastery." He also wrote some fictional works as well. None of these books sold well. Gygax's books were of generally poor quality. They were derided by the hard core gamer members of the Little Rock Science Fiction Society of which I was a member during the years 1997-2000.

Gygax spent the last three decades of his life in Lake Geneva, WI, where he led a quiet life marked by being a frequent guest at gaming conventions. He passed away in 2008.

Essays

Eyes See Bug Eyed Monsters (ICBMS)

By Dr. Robin Bright

The aliens are here, and are comedically in control of the Earth. First there was *Mars Attacks* (1996), a film produced as an alien manifesto, in which the big green brains from Mars with their bug eyes arrived in flying saucers to take charge of the socio-political system carefully constructed over previous millennia by other aliens that were already here. First, there'd been *Star Whores*, a movie based on the concept that Hollywood, labeled 'Babylon', 'a woman' of the *Bible*, who'd perforce given her name to the capital city of the Persian Empire, Babylon (c. 4000 B.C.), was representative of the host womb of a human species enslaved for homosexuality in pederasty for war, which was institutionalized by the ancient Greeks, so that they could wage war for the entertainment of their mutually alien natures in disagreement with the Persian Empire over who got the cream over their cornflakes at breakfast, or some other matter of global significance. Although the Martians were blamed later for everything related to invasions, because of H. G. Wells' seminal *The War Of The Worlds* (1897) novel, in which the prototypical 'bug-eyed monsters', now standard fare in science fiction stories, plan to invade the Earth for eons, before finally arriving with their war machines' and their 'heat ray', a single huge eye on an optic nerve resembling a power cable attached to a closed circuit television (CCTV) lense, but which burned to a cinder anything it look at in its ire, men had been blaming each other for invading other peoples, when they looked comfortable and unembarassed, since time immemorial, and the perception of alien invasions was simply a description of their own activity, which was designed to persuade the children that they weren't the miserable buggers everyone knew they were:

'No one would have believed in the last years of the nineteenth century that this world was being watched keenly and closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own; that as men busied themselves about their various concerns they were scrutinised and

studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinise the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacency men went to and fro over this globe about their little affairs, serene in their assurance of their empire over matter. It is possible that the infusoria under the microscope do the same. No one gave a thought to the older worlds of space as sources of human danger, or thought of them only to dismiss the idea of life upon them as impossible or improbable. It is curious to recall some of the mental habits of those departed days. At most terrestrial men fancied there might be other men upon Mars, perhaps inferior to themselves and ready to welcome a missionary enterprise. Yet across the gulf of space, minds that are to our minds as ours are to those of the beasts that perish, intellects vast and cool and unsympathetic, regarded this earth with envious eyes, and slowly and surely drew their plans against us.'

By the late 1950s, the science fiction community of writers were warning that human eyes see bug-eyed monsters, because it was an acronym for very shy men, who were too embarrassed to see people before they destroyed them, ICBMs, or they were too cowardly to want to be seen, and so had developed intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) to disguise the fact that, after an alien invasion, human eyes see bug-eyed monsters (ICBMs) everywhere, because the BEMs are looking to complete their self-imposed task of exterminating the human race, before it can run to escape from its alien pogromers to colonize the planets amongst the stars of God's heaven above the Earth. The truly bizarre belief was that men were the saviors of the Earth, whereas they were the aliens exterminating its human populations since time immemorial. Having snorted the women's balls, which was an ancient African practice whereby the *mana* or power of the hated individual was ingested by showing the testes up each nostril and waiting for the testosterone to take effect upon the brain, the misogynist addicts had smoked the women's penis. Those who defined themselves as *bucho* males were in fact 'man haters' because, as Jesus said, 'I am the son of man,' by which he meant that he was the child of his mother, the Virgin Mary, as he was born uncontaminated by male semen, which was how the alien bred man after they'd snorted her balls and smoked her penis. In parasitology, the parasite that emerges from the host in order to kill it is termed 'parasitoid', which is what men were in their extinguishing of man. Smoking phallic cigarettes of course was their secret celebration of the extinction of man, 'whose balls had long since been ingested up the nasal cavities, and whose penis 'seed' had long since disappeared; with only men's smoking guns there to show that she'd been smoked down her its butt: by an alien parasitoid consciousness called Satan' - as a popular ballad of the period noted in its music and lyrics. Just where the alien originated was difficult to discern, but the *Bible* had no doubts about it, it was a reptile. Saurians, of course, had preceded hominid, that is, human evolution from simians, if such a thing were believable, by approximately 28 million years, which was quite a long time in planetary concerns. The winged reptiles were in power around 248 m.a., during the Mesozoic period, whereas simian evolution began around 220 m.a., so the winged saurians could correspond to what the *Bible* describes as angelic intelligences that, once

evolved, removed themselves from Earth's environs to colonize the planets amongst the stars and the biblical narrative of Satan as the 'serpent's seed' represents the fallen angelic consciousness that sought to enslave humanity by becoming an evil parasitoid parasite upon the host womb of the species.

According to the story Satan offered Eve, the first woman, death in ephemerality and unconsciousness for her descendants in exchange for the power to wage war to entertain the devils, who were the 'rebel angels' that left heaven with Satan in rejection of God's plan that the human host would be greater than the angelic. Although the episode is largely symbolic, Eve accepted 'the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', rather than the 'tree of life', which was God's offer of immortality, and after Eve and the first man, Adam, who likely as not was a self-fertilizing futanarian woman, which is why she's depicted as having Eve born from her rib, or side, were expelled by God from the paradise of heaven on Earth that was Eden where God had placed them when they'd been created by God, God told Eve her 'seed' would have 'enmity' with the 'serpent's seed' before Redemption would occur: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.' (*Gen: 3. 15*) In Christiaity, Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, was depicted crushing the head of the serpent with her foot, because she was a futanarian woman and so Jesus had better brains than the Satanists. When the Romans took Jesus to the hill of Calvary to kill him because Judas was worried that he might sexually reproduce with a woman that the treacherous former disciple had discovered him with, Jesus died after being nailed to a wooden cross and left there. However, Jesus' experience of Resurrection and Ascension to heaven prefigured the rising again of women through 'woman's seed' to escape from the ball snorting alien that had been smoking their race to extinguishment, while Satan's spayed piled derision on her: 'It also forced all people, great and small, rich and poor, free and slave, to receive a mark on their right hands or on their foreheads, so that they could not buy or sell unless they had the mark, which is the name of the beast or the number of its name. This calls for wisdom. Let the person who has insight calculate the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man. That number is 666.' (*Rev: 13. 16-18*) The prophetic *Revelation* of Jesus' disciple, John, derived from Jesus' basic teaching: 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (*Mk: 12. 31*) Women couldn't love each other physically because the Roman Empire then occupying Jewish Palestine were the male brained manifestation of the ball snorter of 'woman's seed', which was smoking her out of her holes there. The manufacture of the human race as a single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes in 'TV' transvestism for the entertainment of the alien parasitoid devourer of the native species of the Earth had resulted in at least 33.3 % of the gene pool's extinguishment, that is, the human futanarian woman, which left 66.6% 'TV' for the alien to watch killing itself as home entertainment once the television 'TV' machine had been invented by John Logie Baird in 1926, and Jesus' disciple, John, obviously wanted to dissociate himself from his namesake, whose description of men and women as 'beasts' fitted the description of the ball snorting smoker of 'woman's seed': 'The second beast

was given power to give breath to the image of the first beast, so that the image could speak and cause all who refused to worship the image to be killed.` (Rev: 13. 15) As a `TV`, men and women were the `beasts` that encouraged their parasitoid alien devourer to devour itself in the image of them that it`d possessed, which was the sin that Jesus wanted them to convert from in order that they should be redeemed.

With the televised extinction of `woman`s seed` by homosexuality in pederasty for war, the alien parasitoid had only the `remnant` of `woman`s seed` to snort and smoke: `And the dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.` (Rev: 12. 17) Homosexuality in pederasty for war had taken over the Earth and the `incurable killer disease`, HIV/AIDS, emerged out of Africa at the end of the 20th century as a consequence of ball snorting the `remnant` of man`s brainpower for *mana*, that is, power ingested nasally through futanarian humanity`s testes, which is what Satan had originally prosed to Eve and Adam; as their species` farmer in animal husbandry: Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores, but refused to repent of what they had done.` (Rev: 16. 11) What they`d done was worship Satan by ensuring that the woman was spayed, which was the identifying `mark of the beast`, without which no one could `buy or sell`, that is, a pin code based on gender regulation. In South America, it`s traditional to make *piñata*, usually pigs, which are full of treats, and they`re hit with a stick at parties until they break, then the treats are revealed. Mafia `hit men` caled their guns `rods`, because Jesus `Christ`, `the chosen`, was described as `ruling with an iron rod` in the *New Testament* of the *Bible*, which was his Jewish teaching designed to supplement the original *Old Testament*, that is, the history and law of God`s `chosen people`, the Torah and Talmud. The Jews believed in sheol, a place of broken pots, which was a euphemism for the damned, who couldn`t have Ascension to heaven, but instead remained as soulless shells that could be broken, like *piñata*, from the point of view of *mafiosa*, and so they `hit` people who worked for a living, and took what they had, because obviously those who remained on Earth were *piñata* pigs and that was what they were for. The police were called `pigs` by the criminals, because that`s what they wanted to do with them, although Jesus had explained that the legions of Rome then occupying Palestine were `pigs`, because they were the police of the Empire, which was confusing but explicable. Meeting a man on the road near Gadarene, the man old him, `My name is Legion.` Jesus ordered the demons to leave the man, but they asked to be allowed to enter into a herd of pigs, which Jesus permitted, and the pigs promptly ran off a cliff and drowned in the sea, because that was the effect that the legions of Rome had on people that didn`t want to be possessed. From the Roman mafia`s perspective, they`d lost a *piñata* shell, that is, the man on the road near Gadarene encountered by Jesus, who could go on working for his own living without fear of being made into one of the damned in Sheol `hit` by the *mafiosa* until he broke, so they could steal what he`d won for himself from his labors.

God had told Eve her `seed` would have Redemption, but Adam must labor, while she'd experience labor pain. Eve's labors were ended with the birth of Jesus, `the chosen` futanarian `foot` amongst `the chosen` Jewish people, whose belief that a Jew could only be born from a Jewish woman was a traditional way of saying that futanarian `woman`s seed` was humanity's. Men were the `seed` of futanarian Adam, whereas Satan's was the reptiloid `serpent`s seed` of the human species` host womb enslaver for its parasitoid entertainment of pederasty for war. Men`s labor would be to covert in repentance from their sin of brainlessness for their children as playthings to torture and torment in pedophilia, whereas Pope Pius XI`s acceptance of the doctrine of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven, bodily, as church dogma in 1950, meant that women were perceived as adulterated by men`s `seed`. They couldn`t be accused of adultery as the `remnant` of the human futanarian race for colonizing the planets amongst the stars eternally heavenbound. Jesus` disciple, Peter, `the rock upon who I will build my church`, as Jesus labeled him, with a sticker and a felt tip pen, had been the first of the papal dynasty that declared the Virgin innocent of adultery with God in 1950, although men who espoused the `serpent`s seed` of Satan and slavery would still have Judgment Dave to answer to for their ball snorting of `woman`s seed`, and making heroine cigarettes out of her to smoke elegantly with tooled precision from their telescopic sniper`s rifles in out of the way locales like Kosovo, in the farmer`s Yugoslavia, and Sue and Dan`s farmer region of Darfur in West Africa, where HIV/AIDS originated as the biblical `blood plague` (*Rev: 11. 6*) dripping from the nostrils of elitist pederasts, known as `The Testicle Crowd` amongst African tribespeoples, such as the Massai, who `became men` by `killing lions`, and so indicated their preference for the testes of a species not discernibly related to put up their nose in full knowledge of what they were doing:

`Tha knows.` - an expression typically used in Yorkshire slang corresponding, for those who haven`t been in the nose, to `you know`.

In the English county dialect of Yorkshire, there`s a similar practice amongst men of the tribe who refer to each other as `that nose` during collquial speechifying, because the original human personality has long been subsumed in the course of history; leaving only the nasal orifice as a signal sign of the need for social regeneration after the excesses of the past when it comes to abuse of the ol` factory system with its `smoking chimneys`, etc., and which was immortalized in the great poem about England`s Industrial Revolution, `Jerusalem`, written by William Blake in 1808 and, set to music by Hubert Parry in 1916, and that became a national hymn, with the famous lyric: `And was Jerusalem builded here, among these dark Satanic Mills?` It`s still possible to buy aniseed balls in the sweetshops, as a treat, and to sentimentally reminisce about the halycon days of the discovery of horse power, and how that led to the invention of the motor car, as T.S. Eliot`s Mrs Equitone once reputedly observed to no one particularly, while Eliot`s `dragon` was writing `The Wasteland` (1920), on the subject of

England's degenerate state, subsequent to the carnage inflicted on the nation by the German thirst for Empire in what came to be known as World War One (1914-18), and the English poet was looking for a balanced tone modulated by a calming nasal *vibrato* symbolized by Mrs Equitone herself, a character in the poem, 'Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone, tell her I bring the horoscope myself: one must be so careful these days.' Careful to ensure that no one knows our future, whether planned or fated, because we don't want the pedophiles to know, or they'd bash holes into our feet while nailing us to a wooden puppeteer's control cross and attach strings through the holes afterwards for the giant that they worship to make us jig and dance by pulling on the strings and manipulating the wooden control cross in the name of Yoffy, 'Yoffy lifts a finger and a mouse is there', who was credited with inventing both the mouse and the PC games' system, in which pedophiles could glory in the extinction of smaller people using their joysticks, while feeling safe, comfortable and warm in their pews watching Yoffy's children's TV show made for the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC), *Fingermouse*, 1975. Like the Emperor of Rome, Tiberius, during the period when Jesus was crucified, Yoffy was deemed a god by his followers, and many heinous virtual crimes remained committed in his name, although the preceding children's TV series, *Fingerbobs* (1972), pointed the finger at the nose as culpritative, which the character, Bod, who was an animation with his own seemingly unintelligible normality, as a show within a show, and who eventually took off with a series of his own, *Bod* (1975), suggested the advantages of neutrality when one's spayed everything off.

The Greek poet, Homer, in his *Iliad* (760-10 B.C.), narrates of how the Greeks made a huge hollow wooden horse before the walls of Troy, which was the city of its patron goddess, Pallas Athene, whose symbol was the tirelessness of the horse, although it seems likely that the Greeks didn't bring much horse cavalry with them in their ships from Greece, because they'd snorted all their horse balls. Consequently, the woodenness of the horse before Troy was more than symbolic. When the Greeks emerged from inside the wooden horse, after being taken into the city by the Trojans, who'd thought it was a gift from the goddess, and so were true to the English proverb, 'Never look a gift horse in the mouth.' They proceeded to enslave the host wombs of the women for homosexuality in pederasty for war, and to spread their contagion further which, by the late 20th century, had become the parasitoid alien's 'biological weapon', HIV/AIDS, spread by men's mixing blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses in mockery of women's mode of sexual reproduction, and to ensure women's faithfulness to men's ring slaving of the host womb of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed'. By the early 21st century, the modern successors to the Greeks, the 'geeks' were infecting computer brains with their new virus, 'bad machine code', based on the HIV/AIDS principle of the killer that crawled up the spine to kill the brain, and so prevent human development that would result in the technology needed to escape from humanity's parasitoid alien devourer to colonize the planets amongst the stars in starships built with the power of the New Brains.

Brains, the *Thunderbirds* (1965-66) puppet from 21st Century Television studios' Supermarionation department, was reported as having said that he was, 'Looking forward to having his strings cut.' Although *TV 21* were reluctant to let one of their biggest stars go, it was *mene tekel upharsin*, that is, 'the writing was on the wall' for the crucifying puppet controllers, with the big budget Hollywood producers releasing *Thunderbirds* (2004) with non-stringed actors and actresses that looked more fuckable, because they were. Vanessa Hudgens, for example, who had the role of Tin-Tin, although it probably had been, graduated from *High School Musical* (2006), and Sophie Myles from the long-running *Doctor Who* (1963-) science fiction alien time-traveler television series' episode, 'The Girl In The Fireplace' (2007), in which 18th century France's Madame De Pompadour was the alien Doctor's girlfriend, but Sophia now had the role of Lady Penelope with her car, FAB 1, and was an employee of the Thunderbirds, who were the Tracey family on their island, where the International Rescue vehicles were; 1, the rocket, 2, the transporter with its pod (but not with Bod in it), 4, the submarine, and 5 the space station. Tin Tin was Brains' assistant, the brains behind the family's 'save the planet from disaster' ethos, although the name Tin Tin probably refers to the absence of 'woman's seed', and therefore of women's brains, rather than Brains' sterile status as a Christian puppet without balls. Creator Gerry's wife, Sylvia Anderson, introduced Tin Tin to 'redress the balance', she said, of a 'male dominated' cast, which of course emphasized the absence of the woman's penis from scripts that were obviously heavily censored by broadcasting conventions, and so Sylvia called her species' model, Tin Tin, in honor of Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, while conforming to children's television conventions of characters with muscular violent ambitions, but no visible testicles, so as to obviate the question from the kids: 'What are those for?' Christian parents would be hard put to remain the fountains of virtue that they perceived themselves always to be if they had to explain to their offspring that the puppets lacked testes in fact and that these were balsa wood replications of what farmers raised in the processes of animal husbanding so that the space alien parasitoid devourer that was actually in control of the Earth could shove humanity's testicles up its nose for the power it conferred as *mana*.

In English society, the manor house was a common feature of the landscape, because it traditionally housed the local landowner, who had tenants and was called 'lord of the manor', while criminals often talked about their 'manor', that is, where they lorded it over the locals, who lived under their 'protection', as it were, because they didn't want 'the little people' to think that they 'looked down their noses' while snorting and smoking them as *mana*, which was how the locals were lorded over by the larger hoodlums. David Tennant, the actor who'd had the role of 'the doctor' during his 18th century affair with Madame de Pompadour in that episode of the television series, *Doctor Who*, in which Sophie Myles had the female lead, 'The Girl In The Fireplace', was chosen because his name suggested he was a tenant, and not a 'Time Lord' from Gallifrey, which was the home of the alien time-traveler, and emphasized the importance for the criminal underworld that tenants understand they aren't lords, and so resistant to being identified

as *mana* to be snorted and smoked as aliens in an enclave of pseudo-safety. Interestingly, during the 20th century's period of enclaves and 'ethnic cleansing' little attention had been paid to the identity of the Moslem women in Islam who, for example, were incarcerated in 'rape camps' by Serb militia during the Bosnian war (1992-5) in order to male brain their future. Islam, 'accept', was founded by Abraham's son, Ishmael, through his descendant, Mohamed, who received the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) from the 'angels of God', according to Islamic tradition, which was used as the basis for the four wives in the marriage of a Moslem, 'acceptance'. Judiasm was founded by Abraham's son, Isaac, born of his wife, Sara, who became barren thereafter, and gave her maid, 'the Egyptian woman', Hajer, to Abraham, and Hajer bore Ishmael. Judeo-Christianity taught itself that the four wives of the Moslems in Islam were a retroactive attempt to legitimize Ishmael's birth from a woman not his wife, Hajer, whereas it was a means to afford the possibility of sexual reproduction for the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' within the family. Consequently, the rape camps in Bosnia were places in which the alien produced more of itself to be the lord of the host wombs of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed', whose *mana* would be lorded over in the time honored misogynist tradition of the smoke veiling the snort from view. Presumably, while the girl was in the fireplace.

Fiction

An Experiment in Time

by **Charles Rector**

Hello, my name is John Duewer, graduate student in both science and as it turns out, in insanity. Anyways, at the start of the Fall semester, I was informed by the dean that I was going to be the Graduate Research Assistant to Professor Harlow Henry Houlihan. Houlihan had a reputation for eccentricity, but I always figured that all professors were rather strange. What I did not realize was just how eccentric eccentric could be.

When I walked into his office to meet him, Professor Houlihan was jumping around the place like a crazy loon. "I've outdone my usual brilliance," shrieked the professor to nobody in particular. Houlihan further howled, "I'm going down in history as more scientifically stupendous than Einstein!"

Flabbergasted, I asked him, "what have you done?"

Equally flabbergasted, Prof. Houlihan asked me, "who the hell are you and what are you doing here?"

Upon my informing him of the relevant aspects of my existence, Prof. Houlihan asked me if I had read any of his journal articles lately. When I told him actually I have never read anything by him, the professor exclaimed, "the nerve of the dean assigning an obvious illiterate like you to such a brilliant person such as myself!"

I quickly apologized to the prof. for my shortsightedness regarding his publication record and promised him to read up on his published brilliance as soon as possible. However, I also reiterated my earlier question, "what have you done?"

Professor Houlihan proudly proclaimed like the poltroon that he was, "I have invented a machine that stops time!"

At first, I was too stunned to say or even think anything. After staring at the proud professor, I exclaimed, "you have invented a time travel machine!"

The professor shrieked, "no, no you subhuman! I invented a machine that stops time, not a time machine."

Puzzled, I asked him "what is the difference?"

The professor glared at me and angrily stated, "a device that stops time is one that revolutionizes physics and makes me the most famous man in the world once the existence of this magnificent machine is revealed to the unsuspecting masses. Come, I will show you."

The professor led me out of his office and down the hall to the elevator. We then went up to the top floor where his laboratory was. "Prepare to be amazed," he beamed at me while unlocking the door, "at my dandy device."

Right there in the middle of the laboratory was a huge machine. At the center of it was a glass enclosure in which there were some controls. On the outside of the contraption was an even larger control panel complete with all sorts of buttons, lights and switches.

"When I enter the glass capsule, I will be under the mechanical Influence," Professor Henry Houlihan began explaining. "After I activate the machine, time will stop for me even after I leave the capsule. Time will continue to stop for this inspired genius until such time as I have stopped the machine," the professor explained.

The pretentious professor further pontificated, "to all other living, breathing things time will go on as usual. For me, I will now exist on a different wavelength. I will be able to move around as I please while everyone else will appear as if they have been frozen still. Do you understand the implications of all this?"

"No I do not," I answered, "in fact, I do not understand just why you placed all this time and effort, not to mention the taxpayer's money to do this stuff in the first place."

The professor indignantly replied, "it is precisely because of the infamous word that you just uttered and all the ignorance that goes with it."

Curiously, I asked him, "what word is that?"

"Taxpayers," the professor petulantly replied adding, "who are nothing but a bunch of troglodytes and other shortsighted primitives who have failed to adequately support vitally needed scientific projects and other forms of progress."

"What does your hatred of the taxpayers have to do with any of this? You said earlier that there were implications to your research. What are they anyways," I queried of the increasingly elitist acting eccentric.

"For far too long science has had to take a back seat to the whims of the politicians and the stupid taxpayers that they pander to. Now, we of the scientific elite have a device that will enable us to right all the wrongs of the past and place society on a course of placing scientific and technological progress first and foremost," the pretentious professor pompously pontificated.

I queried, "What do you mean by that?"

"Did you not listen to my explanation to you about how I will be able to move around at will while everyone else is frozen still due to the effects of the marvelous machine?" asked the petulant professor.

"Yes I did," I answered a little bit confused.

"If you really listened and still have not figured it out, then you must have a most limited intelligence," the professor said petulantly. "I will explain it for you," the pompous professor continued, "if everyone else is frozen still and I am able to move about at will then they are at my mercy. I will be able to determine just who lives and who dies."

Stunned, I could only stare at Professor Henry Houlihan as he continued with his hateful rhetoric.

"From now on, we of the scientific elite will control the purse strings of scientific research. Any politician or taxpayer's advocate who stands in our way will die from unsolvable homicide. The same goes for journalists who express skepticism for the scientific agenda. Anyone in law enforcement who even has the slightest clue as to what is going on will forfeit his life," the professor said with a mixture of menace and braggadocio.

I asked incredulously, "are you saying that there are others in this scientific elite who are in with you in this plot?"

Professor Houlihan responded smugly, "when I made my research grant requests, I couched the language in terms that provided the grant money providers with plausible deniability just in case anything went wrong. The fact that practically all of my research funding requests were granted proves that the rest of the scientific elite is on my side."

Skeptically, I asked the professor, "Have any of the members of this scientific elite expressly told you that they approve of your plans for scientist domination of the public agenda?"

Professor Houlihan glared at me, "You really are a moron. The thing is money talks and in this case it did so big time."

I really wanted to pursue the point with the professor. Just because almost all of his research grant requests were approved did not mean that the grantors were even aware of his evil intentions, let alone sympathized with him. However, the way he glared and glowered at me indicated that unless I claimed that I approved of his mendacious madness then my own life was in danger.

That being the case I exclaimed, "I've been thinking about this and it seems clear now that you are right about this and I'm the one who has been wrong. Politicians and others who oppose furthering the cutting edge of science and technology are fools who deserve to die."

"Excellent," exclaimed the professor, "you really are not all that dumb after all!"

Following this proclamation, the prideful professor pontificated that, "it is now time for a test run of this miraculous machine before it can be unveiled to the leading scientists on this campus."

With that pompous proclamation, the poltroon professor waved his hand signaling me to follow him to the machine. With a feeling of trepidation, I followed the professor.

Professor Harlow Henry Houlihan entered the glass enclosure that he had earlier referred to as a "capsule." He activated the controls and moved down a large metallic bar. With that, he disappeared right into thin air.

Even with all the preceding histrionics, I was really surprised by this turn of events. So much so that I just stood there and stared off in a numbed state of bewilderment.

Even after I came to my senses, I still was not sure if I had witnessed a moment of science or insanity or both. What I was sure was that Professor Houlihan had disappeared, but the glass enclosure had failed to open. What sense was there to make of it all?

After what seemed like an eternity, even though it was only a few minutes, I opened the glass enclosure/capsule and entered it. Surprisingly, I encountered only thin air, not the invisible physical form of the professor's body. This made me feel that something had gone horribly wrong with the professor's calculations.

That being the case, I moved up the metallic bar thus reversing the professor's course of action. At that exact moment, there was a weird sound followed by a splattering of both myself and the interior of the capsule with all sorts of blood and other human body remains. Something truly had gone wrong with the professor's experiment.

At first, it all seemed mysterious. However after thinking things over, it all seemed rather obvious. Surely, Professor Houlihan should have known that if he stopped time, then the particles of space would also be stopped. Also, at the moment that time stopped then the only breathable air that he had available was in his lungs and would have been used up quickly. Even worse, all of the air outside his body would consist of inactive molecules that would fail to give him sustenance if he tried to inhale air. Given how there was no atmospheric pressure to balance what was in his body, there was a chance that he would explode.

Looking around the grisly scene, it was clear that Professor Harlow Henry Houlihan, he of the supreme egomania, did in fact explode, robbing the world of his self-proclaimed greatness.

After I gave my above statement to the investigators, they told me to keep quiet if I wanted to avoid prosecution. I took that as a sign that they intended to cover things up to avoid alarming the public about conspiracies of the scientific elite and the like.

After giving it some thought, I realized that this would be the prudent thing to do. I have committed these memories to this trusty diary in the hopes of purging these depressing memories from my very soul.

The Exploration of the Omega Planet

By Gerd Maximovic

Translated by Isabel Cole

The sun was an artificially-assembled body, in its center a gravity bomb about which the great mass of planetary debris was gathered, fused close to the core under the pressure of the gravity bomb. Evidently nuclear fusion was being used here. According to a first cautious estimate, the sun would burn for perhaps another thousand earthly years, then collapsing and finally forming no more than the extinct antipole of a darkplanet.

Lindgren and Karlsson were no less amazed by this planet. It had about half the mass of Earth's moon, but almost the same gravity as the Earth, and was able to maintain a dense atmosphere which was quite breathable for Lindgren and Karlsson. The surface of the planet was divided into land masses and seas. Parts of the land surface were covered by a layer of fertile soil, which in some places was only a few meters thick, but in others several kilometers deep.

Underneath, the crust of the planet consisted of a mighty layer of cliffs several hundred kilometers thick. The actual core of the planet was a gigantic monolithic cliff, similar to the largest planetoids orbiting Earth's sun between Mars and Jupiter. The short, focussed rays told Lindgren and Karlsson that this mighty cliff mass was only the mantle in which a small but incredibly dense core crystallized as a gravity bomb. Just as in the construction of its sun, this core held together everything which made the planet attractive to human beings, atmosphere, seas and crust.

They saw, orbiting several times, that the surface of the planet was shaped with a wealth of invention. There were blue and green shimmering seas which covered about half of the surface, and land masses in a great diversity of form, sloping green hills, gentle valleys through which streams wound, steeply rising mountains over whose flanks waterfalls plunged foaming into the depths, broad plains, green, red and brown, in which silvery-gleaming, majestic rivers rolled, vast woods, mostly brightly colored, as if autumn had broken out everywhere at the same time, as they orbited Karlsson and Lindren even saw deserts with picturesque oases.

The planet's weather machine seemed to be in good working order. Large parts of Omega were hung thick with clouds, other fertile regions lay open to the gaze in the mild light of the small yellow sun. In certain areas they discovered the sucking trunks with which tornadoes blazed their paths, and some regions were covered by low-lying pitch black clouds whose composition neither the filter photography nor the sounding ray could determine.

They searched for cities in vain. They had hoped, particularly in the night zone of the planet, to find sparkling points of light which would show that life was teeming there, for after all there was no doubt about the artificiality of planet and sun. But either all life happened to be hidden under a dense cloud cover, or it moved in forms beyond all imaginings of Lindgren and Karlsson. At any rate, the instruments told them that the pulverized layers of the planet, in part reaching to the surface, contained minerals, ores and metals in abundance and high concentration - enough to bring joy to the heart of any earthly prospector.

They flew over a steep mountain range with jutting peaks and breathtaking cascade walls, glanced for seconds into a luxuriant garden, saw for a few astonished moments that certain dials were going wild, and decided to land there. They landed on the shore of a sea, in the midst of a white beach, as they saw when they went out onto the platform to breath in the fragrant air. The air came in mild breezes and fanned them coolly in the glaring day. Lindgren and Karlsson reeled in strong stupefying smells which fogged their senses and intoxicated their reason. It was as if someone had wafted pollen across the sea to lure the honeybees of distant climes. They were no less surprised than the automatic registrar, which had told them nothing of this seductive oriental paradise. They tapped furtively at their helmets to make sure that they were sealed and airtight.

The KATWIN had landed with its platform facing the water. At their feet, some distance away, the surf roared, waves thundered between the cliffs. The sea was green near the shore and then shaded into deep blue, bending in a precipitous curve behind a horizon so close that the two spacefarers could almost have grasped it in their hands.

Like uncertain bathers who fear that any minute they will be chased from a private beach, they descended to the beach in the elevator and emerged from behind the supporting pillars of the KATWIN in their space suits. The curve of the bay with its enormous sandy beach was unbelievably long, and its end beyond the curve of the horizon could only be guessed at. On the land side the breach rose gently and was lost in colorful, exotic foliage in which purple and green dominated. Beyond the strip of vegetation gentle hills rolled, covered with dense grass, and

further off ridges and mountains rose precipitously, towering against the sky with such breathtaking power and in such fascinating forms that the two spacefarers could only stare silent and awestruck at the mighty panorama, the overwhelming scenery.

Then they were electrified by a stone tower on the highest peak, which revealed itself to be a monument, a humanoid, a man with sharply-hewn features, hawk-like nose, deep wrinkles in the withered cheeks. His mouth was sunken, his hair sparse, his withered ears slightly protruding. The man's eyes were black and piercing, gazed pitilessly, driven by a monstrous will, over the rolling hills, over the purple and green hedges, over the white beach to the two spacefarers, making Lindgren and Karlsson feel as if touched by frost.

The mountains were in motion. Not far from the monument, on the left, where the toothed crests of the mountains curved, like the roaring surf of the sea, far out across the green rolling plain, both saw part of the slope, boulders, stones, cliffs, give way and plunge into the depths, and after a while, their eyes following the avalanche, they heard the distant roll of thunder as the sound reached them from the distance. At the spot where the avalanche of stone had thundered into the valley, new outgrowths forced their way out of the mountain, at this distance tiny fingers which bored out from within the cliffs, reached up and stiffened like a hand trying to fit into tight leather gloves.

On the monitor the computer created a large image of the events in the distance. Small clouds of dust had risen here and there from the protuberances. And over and over the glove-fingers were twisted and tugged by forces which remained hidden to Lindgren's and Karlsson's gaze. Something carved out large chunks and polished over the exposed surfaces, making splinters and sand rise into the air. It seemed as if the mountain itself was alive.

Not far from the place under observation was a mighty door, a black cave, like the opening of a screaming mouth in the cliff. According to the registrar, the metals which had brought them to land at precisely this spot on the planet were concentrated beyond the black cave in the mass of rock.

To their surprise, it was impossible to arrive at an exact measurement of the extent of the metal mass. The indicators which they zeroed in on the metal deposit pointed consistently in the same direction, but when they were supposed to show the contours of the accumulation of metal, they began to twitch, and Lindgren and Karlsson saw only flickering outlines on the screen. Even worse, as if they were using divining rods instead of sophisticated scientific instruments, in many places the indicators went wild, as on the last orbit of the planet, producing combinations which made no sense.

They had taken off their helmets, though the smell of perfume in the air seemed to have grown stronger. It was as if a woman angered by the dulling of her charms were clumsily making free with the perfume bottles. At the same time, a stiff breeze rose from the sea. Heavy, dark clouds drifted over the close horizon, pushing along their mighty, moist bodies swiftly and ruthlessly. From the distance, beyond the curve of the planet, from the open sea, a faint thunder resounded, a distant rumble, sometimes quite flat, as if large masses of air were being pushed rapidly together.

From the KATWIN came the rising tones of the alarm sirens. The seismographic needles now visible on the monitors jumped wildly. In the depths of the sea the floor was quaking. With respect to the size of the planet, the seaquake must have been of great force. Lindgren and Karlsson sprang up. Behind the curved line of the horizon nothing could yet be seen.

They reached the elevator in a few strides, climbed onto the platform and sped up in the groaning lift. Halfway up they saw a dark water-front on the horizon through the binoculars in

their helmets, a front eight to ten meters high, producing a mighty thundering rumble and approaching with breathtaking speed, like a gigantic swallow.

Lindgren and Karlsson threw themselves into their seats; the space anchor glowed, ready to catapult them into the shadowrift of the fifth space. The Omega tone thundered over the loudspeaker into the control cabin as if to announce the end of the world. A violent storm had risen, kicked up the sand on the beach and bent back the trunks of the palms, which grew down into the surf. Now it had begun to rain, and at the same time the wind flung the rain shower across the beach, giving the sand a heavy, dark brown color. The lens-cleaner had to struggle to keep the view of the natural disaster clear and clean.

The surge, the breakers set off by the seaquake raced over the surface of the water as a broad front, and in the blink of an eye were already rushing far up the beach, their mighty, wet bodies bursting against the shore with an ear-splitting din. The deluge splintered the palms, tore them from their roots, slashed them to pieces like feeble, insignificant instruments.

In green and blue suds mixed with brown sand and the match-arms of the palms, the wave raced further and further up the beach, foaming and eddying, reaching for the KATWIN, rolling over it without a thousand greedy fingers, drowning the ghostly green sun. Then the KATWIN glided into the shadow of the planet.

A sounding ray groped for the spectral, destructive scene. After several attempts the beach could be seen on the main screen again, very remote, from another universe, in blue mute hues, without tones, sounds, smells, the abstracted image of the living universe, as if Karlsson's and Lindgren's senses had been anaesthetized and their bones put away in a jar of alcohol.

They watched as the wave washed far up the beach, reaching the purple hedges, whose riot of color now faded, as the wave broke the hedges and tossed them upon its still meter-long crest and crushed them beneath it. Then the green surf washed up between the rolling hills, where it dispersed and its force ebbed away.

In the meantime night had nearly fallen. The clouds hung low and heavy in the sky, and the showers of rain beat down upon the ebbing wave, which ran back to the sea as a coursing river with a thousand foaming arms, returning to its body. In the ocean a kind of vacuum had been created, a mighty valley out of which the water had cast itself onto the beach. Now, mute and mighty, the returning water rushed toward the opposite shore of the ocean with perhaps half the force and half as high, later returning from there with still-lessened fury.

When they turned back at the beginning of their excursion, they saw the KATWIN as a small slender tower standing in the zone between violet shrubs and the rolling plain. Before setting out in an open cross-country car to explore the planet, they had installed a doubled security circuit in the KATWIN, for the sea-surf still roared in their ears.

It had turned out to be a beautiful day. The sun hung broad and yellow in the sky and filled nearly the third of the open space over the earth with its massive body. The sky, which, when the sun had set, blazed in a fantastic purple red which sank over its shoulders like a precious cloak, now hung bright and blue above their heads, in the upper reaches the color grew thinner, there the atmosphere dissolved white in the distance in spiral trails, as if it had been adorned with sugar loaves.

The grass through which the cross-country car plowed was much higher than they had expected. It seemed quite uncultivated; no inhabitants of the savanna were to be seen. Soon thereafter their journey was abruptly interrupted, the car collided violently against an obstacle, and Lindgren and Karlsson flew from their seats.

There stood two dogs, facing across the path of the car. They were large dogs, almost

reaching to Lindgren's and Karlsson's shoulders, dogs like those used on great hunts. The dogs had lifted their muzzles at an angle to the path of the car, smelled and heckled with pricked ears and great rough tongues. In this stance they had frozen, as if struck by a mysterious curse.

The upholstery of the car seemed slightly damaged, and now one of the two dogs, the one which they had struck head-on, tipped slowly to the side and lay on its back, stiff, with splayed legs. The other remained standing, robust and threatening, the hairs frozen on its nape.

Karlsson ran his hand over the fur of the first dog, touched its throat, reached into its jaws. It all felt hard and were ice cold, and yet the recently-vanished warmth of the fur, the drooling of the flews, the rumble and growl of the throat could be sensed. Both had to wonder what would happen if the dogs suddenly came back to life again. Further away they found more dogs from the pack and the boar, a beast with mighty tusks and red, bloodshot eyes, the hunt's quarry. Beaters, riders and the like were nowhere to be seen.

When they killed one of the dogs with the focussed light ray, it drifted to their feet as black dust and seeped into the ground as rapid as quicksilver. They repeated the experiment by shooting another dog. The black powder twitched, leaped, trickled single-mindedly to the ground, on the shortest route and with great speed, as if it had the need to return to its original substance.

The path through the steppe was treacherous. Again and again they stumbled into places where the ground had collapsed, where subterranean forces had swallowed earth, stone and grass. They discovered craters, the largest of which had a diameter of a hundred meters. From the walls of the crater their gazes wandered into virtually endless depths, and the light was too weak to reveal the bottom of the crater. All over the walls they discovered black spots from which black ropes hung slack. The ropes gleamed like the powder from the bodies of the dogs, and now it seemed to the spacefarers that the strands wove through the entire planet.

Once they had the good fortune to avoid plunging into a newly-born crater. The ground began to tremble under their feet, the grass began to slide. Karlsson, at the steering wheel, forced pressure into the gravostrators and accelerated violently, so that the cross-country car shot up the rim of the forming crater, diagonally and with great force, finally rolling down the other side with smoking condensers. Behind them was a dull noise, the earth groaned, a maw opened with a sigh and swallowed with a quiet rumble the ground which shortly before had seemed safe.

When they had left the savanna landscape behind them and began to scale the mountains, climbing gently, they emerged onto the broad band of a road which gleamed in the sun. The road wound upward, twisting and turning, steeper and steeper, sometimes through tunnels, leading, of all things, to the cave which they had selected as their goal. The road seemed to have been built purposefully down from the mountains, upon reaching the steppe landscape, the builders seemed to have lost interest in it; the road simply broke off, pillars and foundations reached toward the sea with naked arms.

On both sides of the road the rising flanks of the mountains were covered with boulders and scree. After about an hour of uphill driving, they reached a talus slope which had been hidden to view by a steep cliff wall. Most of the cliffs had been transformed into monuments for the man whose statue towered over the mountains. It was a strange feeling, in the oppressive heat, in the light of the yellow, flickering sun, to drive over an Easter Island covered with a forest of statues with hard, gleaming eyes.

Several of the figures, standing far from the road, seemed to be subjected to certain activities. They were enveloped in thin clouds of dust, crumbling, or were in the process of growing. Everywhere Karlsson and Lindgren encountered the black powder, which trickled

rapidly into the ground when one of the smaller statues was shattered. Here and there on the cliffy ground black ropes reared up, before which Lindgren's and Karlsson's tools gave out and broke.

High above their heads towered the crests of the mountains, their highest peaks covered with snow. A whole row of peaks literally hung forward, as if in one fell swoop the ocean had flooded the entire landscape and washed up liquid rock, finally plunging back and leaving the rock as grasping claws. The KATWIN was a tiny line in the distance. The sea had grown calm.

As they approached the summit of the road, which led to the cave entrance, the spasms of the indicator on the magnetometer became so violent that they had to deactivate the instrument. Before entering the cave yet another mountain of rubble had to be circumvented - a good part of the cliff lay on the road and left little space to maneuver past. Then, leaving behind the bright sunlight, they plunged into a brief zone of twilight, then they were enveloped by thick, intense blackness.

The motor of the cross-country car sighed and fell silent. For minutes the men sat without moving. In front of them, in the headlights, the road glided down in gentle curves, unraveled into kilometer-long strands, as they later found. The dimensions of the cave could be guessed at indirectly by the hollow roaring of the wind, by its distorted echoes. Lindgren and Karlsson had opened their helmets, and they felt the violent fluctuations in temperature intensely. Hot and cold winds swept shrieking through the cave, twisted together, collided with sucking funnels, each seeking to break the other's fury, or to unite and intensify forces.

Shivering, the wavering shine of the headlights before them, Lindgren and Karlsson adjusted their infrared glasses, with which they could see into the night even before their eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. The steep roads led to various floors of an enormous, cubical building. This building, whose square sides fell precipitously from the ceiling of the cave to its floor, seemed virtually to suck up the scanty light which filtered into the cave. Each edge of the cube reached kilometers into the darkness. The wind swept along these black surfaces like thundering swallows, plunged into the depths, sweeping across the floor and shooting up with hot breath to the opening of the cave, where Karlsson and Lindgren still sat in their vehicle as if paralyzed.

The peculiar process of erosion which they had already observed repeatedly on the Omega Planet had taken its toll on this wonderful, terrible cube as well. Now one could even see fairly clearly that on the front of the cube, facing Karlsson and Lindgren, extensive areas were broken open, as if a hole had been shot into the wall with lasers - great hills of black powder had collected on the floor in front of the gap. For a brief moment, when almost all the winds fell still, they heard sounds from within the cube, like those caused by grinding boulders, like the clashing of iron, they heard violent stamping and banging, and it seemed to them, before the storms began to roar once more, that they had heard people crying for help.

They drove down the lowest road to reach the bottom of the cliff, and the hot and cold winds shook their car in turn, glowing teeth suddenly bit their faces, inversely sucking trunks attempted to pull them from their seats, so that Lindgren and Karlsson were sometimes forced to close their space helmets over their heads and strap themselves to their seats.

The wall was smooth and without seams, and they did not even attempt to try out their equipment on it. Several meters above their heads gaped the breach which they had seen from the entrance. Now that they stood before it, craning their necks, the oval seemed enormous, tapering off far above, where its toothy lips touched again and closed a long way away. Now they also saw that a weak, many-colored light emerged from within the cube.

They examined the cone-shaped black heap which rose beneath the oval. The cone seemed stable enough to be used as a stairway. Carefully, forming niches in the heap with their boots, they climbed upward. After the first few steps they realized that the sand was not as solid as they had thought after all. Moreover, since they had set foot on it the cone seemed to be going a kind of fermentation beneath them. They went on climbing, hesitantly.

Karlsson was the first to touch the broad, glazed teeth of the oval with his glove, Lindgren close after him, and they looked out, up and into the depths. First they extinguished their lights and were silent and only left their cameras running. The interior of the cube glowed weakly in different colors. In certain places the colors were constant and calm, in others they altered according to certain rules, in others quite enigmatically. The source of the light itself could not be seen, the light and the colors seemed to come to being in all places, soon thereafter drowned here and there in black, light-devouring swellings which wound like snakes through the interior of the cube.

They beheld a bizarre and confused scene. Everywhere they could see the black mass which dominated everything. This black mass appeared in an almost endless variety of forms and variants. In one place it formed large cubes, in another cones, spheres, Moebius strips - and these in different sizes and variations. In other places the black mass rose in mighty spirals, in breathtaking bridges, and everywhere ropes and strands of various lengths and thicknesses floated through the air or hung knotted, branched out and formed cables, opened like zippers, connecting every part of the cube's interior with every other part, like nerve fibers.

Right before their eyes, bathed in green light, hung a massive block of stone, from which a familiar face soon emerged: they recognized the hawk-like profile, the twisted features, the piercing, sharp eyes. The statue revolved, hanging from black threads, as if an oversized spider were preparing it for her larder. All the while hollow, whistling sounds could be heard, giving Karlsson and Lindgren gooseflesh.

Nearby enormous palms strove upward from a group of pyramids, their trunks still covered by the receding black mass, the leaves already fanning out dark green, where enormous brown fruits hung on their stems. The pyramids were at different stages of development. In the middle pyramids they seemed to have reached their climax and maturity, while the last four or five pyramids shed their pyramids and left them to red glowing spirals which turned like Catherine-wheels and transported the trunks into the depths of the cube, where there was so much light and movement that one could hardly distinguish anything anymore.

On a deeper level Lindgren and Karlsson saw a blue glow. They resorted to the magnifying lenses. There hung enormous grapes, also emerging from the black mass. On the upper edges, on the stems, the grapes seemed hard and firm. The lower fruits were soft, and still further down they began to drip and to melt, first like tar, then like black syrup. Further below, where the streams of juice mingled, black brooks flowed into an enormous Moebius-spiral, took on a blue tint and returned to their origin as if to an eternal spring.

Gradually the wine-press, the palm production and other apparitions sank into the depths, and in their place other phenomena rose. Lindgren and Karlsson now saw images of the surface of the planet, splendid landscapes which they would have been hard put to see from orbit. Then they saw people. People in all colors and sizes. People with open and closed eyes. People with joyful and troubled faces. Dwarves and giants. Men and women. Naked people and people with an endless variety of clothing. In the turmoil of the gigantic machine, these people, some of whom were still in a phase of development, came closer and closer, drifted up. They seemed to become aware of the two spacefarers, it seemed as if the enormous machine was now and for the

first time realizing itself in these beings - the faces began to glow, the eyes gleamed silver, an expression like madness had entered these faces and these eyes. Now the first arms reached up, into the heights, reached out toward Lindgren and Karlsson.

The film in Karlsson's helmet had run out. Lindgren grasped him by the shoulder and pointed up. There hung a distorted image of the KATWIN from which blue water dripped, falling into the depths, freezing there and forming something like a strand of beads, connecting itself to the walls of the cube. The KATWIN was modeled in different sizes, from different perspectives and in distortions and warps as if it had even been seen in the fifth dimension. The black mass played over the stern supports with its first thin fingers.

They went hot and cold. With rough voices they agreed that the cube was like a great, greedy stomach. Suddenly fear welled up within them: that they themselves could be devoured by this incomprehensible stomach-machine, digested by its juices and transformed. Altogether it seemed to them, as the sweat gradually dried on their faces, that the machine was producing increasingly fantastic, longer-lasting forms, inspired by the audience which experienced the phantasmagorias so intensely. Things, animals, people which they had seen somewhere before, themselves included, returned, were distorted and twisted, as if in a world in which all bonds are lost, in which the contradictions have become so powerful that matter has begun to destroy itself.

Karlsson heard Lindgren sob; he himself felt as if his stomach had risen into his throat. Softly, with trembling hands, they extinguished their lights and retreated from the edge of the oval, climbed down the makeshift ladder, for a few seconds fearing that the stomach machine could open a second maw or roll out a sticky, never before seen tongue in the blink of an eye or find some other cruel way to pull the two spacefarers into its belly and dissolve them in its gastric juices.

They had driven for a long time through the cathedral of rock, beside, behind, above them the smacking, screeching and rumbling from the inside of the machine, they reached a narrow ramp which led, gently sloping, to an opening. Lindgren and Karlsson were quite relieved as their car finally rolled into a broad, sunny corridor which soon became a pleasant clearing.

They got out and climbed into the cliffs. They found themselves high above a valley which was ringed by steeply-falling walls. Again it seemed as if a powerful, periodically returning ocean surf had washed up the bizarre, fissured cliffs with mighty, irresistible force. On the left Karlsson and Lindgren even saw the back of the crag which, seen from the beach, had given the impression of an eagle's claw. Next to it they saw, from the side, the all-dominating statue towering up. The man with the lined features, the hawk's nose and the greedy eyes now seemed to them a hard-hearted sentinel watching over steppe and beach and over the stomach machine.

The cliff walls embraced a glowing garden of considerable size. As far as the eye could survey it, Lindgren and Karlsson saw trees, bushes, lawns, flowers in an endless variety of colors, so magnificent that they had to assume that they had come just at the right time to experience the prime of each blossom, each plant, the luminous rain of the bushes, the glittering radiance of the trees. The colors were vivid and splendorous. At first Lindgren and Karlsson had to blink and screw up their eyes.

After awhile they were able to make out details. The wild garden landscape concealed small buildings, the roof of the jungle-like greenhouse parted and revealed blue and silver ponds overgrown with great green leaves. Before their eyes lay an enormous, wild garden which - already laid out romantically with winding paths, picturesque grottoes and twilit pools - seemed to have slipped through the fingers of the negligent controlling hand, drawing from the depths

the juices which rose purple and green into the sunlight.

Now they were able to distinguish noises and movements in the hothouse landscape. The permanent background noise in their ears resolved itself into the hard cries of birds, the chattering and screeching of monkey hordes, into smacking, splashing sounds, into a dull drumming and a myriad of shrill echoes. It was clear that the valley, in which the racket bounced back from the high cliff walls, concentrated and colored the noises to a special quality.

As for the movements, they saw above all - since in most places a dense jungle ceiling had overrun the garden landscape - a multitude of birds, floating over the leafy roof, flitting over silver streams and often rising high into the sky between the cliff walls. In a clearing, in the shadows of the trees, they saw a herd of deer with spiral antlers and white muzzles, and in a translucent pond gray-green gnarled backs drifted like fallen trees.

The entire clamorous, colorful scene was squeezed into the tiny area between the cliff walls, offering in the smallest of spaces an unheard-of number of impressions and figurations such as Lindgren and Karlsson had never seen on any planet or in any manual, such as even spendthrift nature, who curses one planet to barrenness and blesses another with a billion-fold richness of life, never grants. Almost simultaneously both men thought that someone else must have had a hand there, and the small buildings, arbors and temples confirmed their suspicion that this valley was a private zoo compressed into a small area, a fantastic garden laid out for pleasant strolls.

They climbed higher into the cliffs, and now they had a clear view of the long roof with the knobby towers, which before had been a mere intimation. This roof sheltered a building part of which into the jungle, overgrown by it, and part of which merged into the cliff wall on the opposite end of the valley. One could even have overlooked the roof had it not been for the knobby towers which indicated its artificial nature. On the flanks of the building they saw pillars overgrown and embraced by the jungle, which gave the building the appearance of a temple.

The cross-country car came rattling to a stop. The two spacefarers folded back the roof, and a brown broth dripped down into the car and onto the protective suits. On their way through the garden several trees had unloaded their burden of overripe blue and yellow fruits upon the cross-country car and spread a sweet, rotten smell within the vehicle. They had driven through water teeming with fishes, had chased alligators up onto the shores, and had been heaped with the scorn of entire hordes of monkeys. The animals which the cross-country car had rolled over had collapsed into black, trickling sand like the animals on the steppe, and it was not only the thought of the stomach machine in the masses of rock behind them, nor the humid hothouse atmosphere which drove the sweat onto their foreheads and almost brought nausea.

Before them stood the building with the knobby towers, a building which had been hewn out of the cliff and penetrated deep into its bowels. They parked at the foot of a flight of stairs, twenty or thirty white marble steps which led up to a mighty portal. The steps were covered with branches and leaves, sticky with juices and scum, iridescent. The jungle had crept up close to the ancient building, entwined the pillars which marked the flanks of the building up to the cliff, twined them with wild ivy and with red and purple creepers, reaching up to the Gothic windows, making them blind and shadowy and, to cap it all, covering them with pollen.

Lindgren and Karlsson did not dare remove their spacesuits. The air was heavy and stifling. The moisture was held in the valley by an unseen weather machine working away in the cliff, it was even possible that there was a screening roof stretched between the highest peaks, for they had shot a probe into the air, and it had fallen heavily to the ground after flying only a short distance. Several times they had taken experimental breaths of the air, and they had nearly lost

consciousness from the heavy perfumes, or, on one occasion, reached a state of intoxication after a few breaths.

Taciturn as they were on their long journeys, they did have to exchange a few words as they groped their way up the stairs, Lindgren following Karlsson. They almost felt like laughing. Fearful children, timid guests, oxygen helmets on their heads and light-throwers cocked in their hands, moving distrustfully toward the confessional, perhaps, in the cathedral of strange beings trapped in superstition. The portal, a gothic gable, three times the height of a man, with fine woodcarving on which time had left its marks, opened easily. The door swung back with a creak on rusty hinges.

Cautiously Lindgren and Karlsson entered a hall in which green twilight reigned and yellow shadows fell across a thick carpet. On the walls hung tapestries and embroideries, covered with a gray film of dust under which colorful patterns, fantastic figures, motifs from the stomach machine and from all nooks and corners of the planet could be seen. The spacefarers took a few steps, and under their heavy boots entire clouds of dust rose, performing a wild dance in the solitary rays of sun which broke through the leafy roof and fell through the open door into the hall.

At the end of the hall a massive portal of tarnished metal had been erected, decorated with precious stones which gave hints of their fire even under the thick layer of dust. On both sides in the back wall stairs led upward, leading to a gallery from which doors and corridors branched off. At first uncertain how to tackle the labyrinth, Lindgren and Karlsson finally agreed first to enter the interior of the castle through the metallic portal and conduct further investigations there.

The civilization which the two spacefarers now encountered was designed for beings with one head, two arms, two legs, hands with ten fingers - beings which had worked their way up from the primeval mud. The external form of these beings could, when they considered the many intelligent beings which deviated from earthly conceptions in their physical shell and the structure of their brains, be a coincidence, but not a surprise, for of course the statue out there on the mountains had to have some connection with the splendid buildings. This was confirmed by the numerous paintings and sculptures which depicted the hawk's head and the body of their man from the monuments.

Of course the historical development of these humanoid animate forms, which they were able to glean and establish with the help of the paintings, the tapestries, the museum-like expanses of the dining and living quarters, had run a somewhat different course than on earth. But if one did not blind oneself to the general substance of concrete forms, it was easy to see that, as in any place where intelligent animate forms have crept up out of the primeval mud of their planet, on the Omega Planet development had taken a certain course which is typical for all beings which have emancipated themselves from nature and their own animality.

Above all the two spacefarers found it remarkable that the early forms of intelligent life and the millennia of primitive development on this planet had been given extensive consideration in several halls. A sign that the lords of this planet had been aware, to a certain extent, of their past and origin; also, that they had traveled throughout space and compared themselves with still-developing animate forms on other planets. However, the ruling consciousness of the Omega Planet seemed to have disregarded a quite significant aspect of its own development: little was to be seen of battles on this planet, of battles of the ruling form and its members among themselves. There the consciousness of the Sun King seemed to have glossed over the real nature of the wave which had washed him into his palace.

For long hours Lindgren and Karlsson wandered through a castle in which an exceedingly refined and splendor-loving Sun King had lived. Each of the ostentatiously-decorated halls had found a different use, as if the daily agenda of the resident had been divided into an infinite number of intervals, a special room devoted to each such interval, designed down to the tiniest detail. There were dressing rooms in which only wigs or only cosmetics or ruffled shirts were kept. There were salons for card games, roulette, there were smoking rooms. There were rooms for dancing and for sport, for such diverse forms of movement that no single person could master their rules. There were prayer rooms and chapels couched all in gold or all in silver, there were rooms containing nothing but exquisite wood carvings. There was an endless variety of baths, swimming rooms, bedrooms, even toilets.

In all these splendid and exhausting rooms, in their crystal chandeliers, their jeweled figures, in their hand-knotted tapestries which must have cost so much sweat, in the precious woodcarvings into which so much work must have flowed, glorifying that one figure without cease, in all this wasteful luxury for the enjoyment of which no human life span could suffice, even if the Sun King of Omega used each room only one time, Lindgren and Karlsson were unable to escape the impression of a certain regularity, a cold precision which seemed to have created this virtually infinite variety like a precisely ticking clockwork. It seemed to both wanderers - though their feet already ached, they had hardly seen a fraction of the dwelling complex - that an infinitely jaded genius, lacking any other purpose in life, had spent centuries brooding over the question of how such a mighty castle could be designed for the pleasure of one single person, to satisfy the whims of an absolute monarch.

After many hours of wandering Lindgren and Karlsson were exhausted tourists with aching feet. They had discovered that almost all parts of the castle still functioned; to be sure, all the mechanical splendor played to a void, for they did not find a single human being, not even the hint of a footprint in the thick dust. Lindgren had fallen asleep in a wing-chair and Karlsson was taking notes when the earth quaked. The floor of the library trembled, its carpet boiled beneath their feet, dust and mortar flew from the walls as if someone on the other side had begun to lay about with an enormous carpet-beater. Lindgren woke with a cry, Karlsson lay on the floor. The walls and ceilings of the castle in their vicinity had held up. Already the earth was calm again.

Now they counted the rooms through which they ran, all feeling for art had fled. Their camera bags strapped tight to their backs, the light-cannons in their hands, their ears pricked - was it their heart or the earth which quaked? - they trampled back the way they had come with their heavy boots. In a smaller hall which had served as museum-like weapon chamber the earth had opened, the carpet was thrown into violent waves, the wood parquet crumbled and splintered. Though panic breathed down their necks, they stopped. Over their panting breath they heard a distant, human-seeming voice. They heard a very thin, very high tone, as if a falsetto voice were calling up ceaselessly. They climbed over a mountain of stones, wood, carpet, shards of glass, bent over an opening which looked like the entrance to a concrete fortification; the cries came from there. In the glow of a red emergency light they saw a flight of stairs whose stone structure had withstood the earthquake.

A narrow corridor shone out in the light of their lamps. They conferred briefly about the nature of the underground fortification, the insane, fevered mole which had crept into hiding under the earth when his fears had ambushed him, screeching. At first they did not see the door at all. It was simple and unadorned, but the high voice from behind it was quite clear. They switched off their lights and cautiously opened the door.

Before them lay a brightly illuminated hall, on the ceiling great round lamps with many bulbs. All around there were armatures on the walls, which were paneled in a tasteful brown. Hoses protruded from the walls, black and sober like the veins which webbed the interior of the entire planet. In the middle of the hall a group of people, surrounding a white bed. There were perhaps two dozen of them. Several had put their heads together, whispering, others leaned over the bed curiously, closely. All seemed so intensely occupied with what was in the bedclothes that they had not noticed Karlsson's and Lindgren's entrance. From the midst, where their heads bent forward almost greedily, rose the strange, bright sound, the calling, the high falsetto which whined out this one, hardly modulated tone in an unbroken singsong which left no time to draw breath.

The group of people standing around the bed consisted mainly of women and girls. As far as Karlsson and Lindgren could see their faces, these female physiognomies were of exquisite beauty, but covered with a film of powder, with heavily-painted lips, with plucked brows, emphasizing their natural assets so strongly that they seemed garish and exaggerated - almost vulgar, as if their faces could be removed at will and others pasted on. The figures of the women, as those of the girls, were full and voluptuous, and they all moved with the grace of performing dolls, their hips swayed like ripe grain, they played out their sensual forms like trump cards given them by nature, or rather by the machine. The reason for their existence was so obvious that both the starved spacefarers were alarmed by the brutality with which the women presented themselves. But the flames died down as quickly as they had risen, for Karlsson and Lindgren remained completely unnoticed.

Light-guns cocked, the camera whirring on Lindgren's helmet, the two edged deeper into the hall, their steps intentionally loud and clattering, but without any effect on the group. No one, not even the gnarled old crones who stood at the head of the bed with cunning, hard eyes, so much as looked at the two spacefarers.

Lindgren touched a blonde girl, who stumbled and immediately fell to the ground. There she shattered into several pieces, then disintegrating into black, trickling sand. Though they had thoroughly grasped the nature of these charming beings, Lindgren and Karlsson edged forward as gingerly as possible.

Under the covers, in the midst of white pillows, lay the man they knew so well from the monuments and the countless paintings and sculptures. His cheeks were sunken, his mouth half-opened. His wide open eyes were dull and without color, his glimmering gaze was lost in the distance. The man's skin was dry, suffused with dark brown pigments, the wrinkles were deep and leathery; the images outside and in the castle had been flatteries. From the thin, white lips came the bright whine which his lungs produced in an uninterrupted stream, like a bellows. The man lived from the hoses which came from the wall.

On the control panel there was a number of moving images which were not difficult to interpret. If one followed the curves, the man's bodily functions could be read. The lines which traced his brain functions were straight. The information available to Karlsson and Lindgren at this point sufficed for them to reach a decision which even later was not disputed. Thus the high whine died out, the body of the old man went where his spirit had long since tarried. Only the pretty young women and the gnarled old men remained standing around the bed as, much later, Lindgren and Karlsson left the brightly-lit hall, a feeling of horror in their throats.

They carried away the entire library and stored it in the KATWIN's data banks. They orbited the Omega Planet and explored the surface design and the formation of the interior with heightened consciousness and sharpened eyes. The Omega Planet proved an enormous toy, a

paradisiacal gem, a playground for the will and the whims of a single man, the old man whom they had found in his dying hour. They discovered another half a dozen gigantic palaces which surely had been too large even for the old man. They discovered lush gardens, splendid landscapes, mountains which took the breath away, tropical beaches modeled, like the mountains, with technical calculation and excellent taste, lagoons before which the sea stretched out blue and green, meadows in the moonshine, when they flew through the night zone, though there was no moon and the light of the sun was diverted through an artificial system, finally groves into which the great Omega computer projected dancing crystal elves.

Had they wanted to subject all the phenomena on the Omega Planet to a thorough investigation, it would have cost them years. The most important discoveries converged like spider-threads in their hands; it had been easy to decipher the language of the Omega people. Despite the paradisiacal surroundings on this planet, which exerted a strong personal fascination over both spacefarers, they could not linger on the Omega planet. They were far behind schedule on their other missions.

On their last Omega evening they went swimming in the sea again, allowed themselves half a day beneath the golden paths of the sun which grew red toward evening, they dove into the depths of the crystal-clear water, harpooned fish and stretched out in the blazing sand, in one ear the receiver in which the KATWIN's computer incessantly babbled its latest findings on the Omega Planet.

Then they rode the KATWIN steep into the sky and drove like lightning and thunder into the other dimension which made the KATWIN glide like a sleigh; on the screens the planet thinned out, the planet whose inhabitants had created the perfect machine, the machine which was able to relieve them of all physical labor and grant them a scientific and athletic life, a fulfilled life. But the foundations of this society had been flawed, in that historical second in which the creation of the perfect machine had succeeded, a minority still lived from the labor of the majority.

The ensuing struggle had been waged for the possession of the planet and the people, and to determine who would design nature according to his wishes, and the people as well, for the machine stretched its feelers into every corner of the planet. Its possession meant total mastery of thinking and of dead matter. In the course of this struggle almost the entire population of the Omega Planet was wiped out. This was possible because, for the first time in the history of any intelligent life form, a host of slaves was no longer necessary for the production of wealth.

Now the victor, after the long struggle in which every potential rival, ultimately every human being, even his own family, had had to be annihilated, in a state which came closer and closer to madness and was faithfully reproduced by the machine, went about reaping the fruits of his battle; he set the machine to creating a paradisiacal planet, modeling all his conceptions of grandeur, of power and wealth in stone and cliffs.

The man with the lined features must soon have noticed a quite crucial shortcoming. It was precisely those people, those intelligent animate forms which had never been anything but objects to him, for him to take and use, whom he now missed painfully. Perhaps for the first time in his life he was struck by the realization of how deeply each person is rooted in society, even if it brings him only struggles, that now and then it was necessary to treat this most precious material of the earth with caution. All the palaces, the paradisiacal beaches, the panorama of the mountains, the splendid monuments - he had created them only for himself and for the stars.

Once again he programmed his wonderful machine to remedy this shortcoming as well. Thus the machine created what he needed so urgently: women and girls who were available to

him in every hour and every mood, and the gnarled old men who served him as interlocutors and advisors when he went off on his endless monologues. He had no use for other people, ones not reduced to a single functions. Thus he lived without challenges, without stimulation, without light and warmth in a sterile, stagnant environment. His inner structures began to dwindle and to atrophy, until he fell sick mentally, then physically - a sickness for which the whole great machine with all its resources could find neither a diagnosis nor a name. It, a cruelly perseverant being, had to content itself with prolonging a vacant and imbecile existence into all eternity with the help of the hoses, an existence which could only babble out this one word "I" into the world, in an unending whining singsong.

Lindgren and Karlsson were aware that their hypothesis had to contain some flaws. The machine was by no means perfect. It was unable to exist without maintenance and guidance, that was shown by its decay and the decay of the planet. The simplest explanation was that the planet and the entire system could not be completely independent and isolated - they were bound to outer space and its unceasing developments, but were no longer able to react to them.

Yet another thought seemed much more critical to Lindgren and Karlsson. It was inconceivable that the conditions of the struggle on a planet could lead to the majority of its inhabitants letting themselves be slaughtered by a single tyrant or tyranny. Nothing of the kind had ever yet been observed anywhere where intelligent life forms existed. No matter how long the state of oppression had lasted, the masses had always overthrown the tyrant.

As Lindgren and Karlsson followed the path which the Omega System had taken through space, this riddle was solved as well. The Omega System was in fact, as they had realized from the start, an artificial creation. A highly advanced race, which Lindgren and Karlsson would have liked to know much more about, had created one first ultimate machine and, in view of the imponderable risks, assembled the prototype on the Omega Planet, several thousand scientists on board the planet.

At a time when the society of the advanced race was still immature, the Omega System had broken loose as a result of a miscalculation of the time-space continuum, lost to its planet of origin, and under the particularly sterile conditions of the Omega Planet that terrible development had come about.

On the advanced system itself, where the experiment had been repeated, a dozen of ultimate machines had long been working for the good of all intelligent animate at the time of Lindgren's and Karlsson's arrival. But that is another story.

THE END

An Eyeless Brainless Creature That Can't Breed BY **Robin Bright**

The Professor was studiously ensconced in the research centre library of Justina Snurf USC with some periodicals, and a magnifying glass held over the pages as he pored seriously over his self-imposed task, which was to find the solution to a question that, for at least as long as they were able to remember, had been puzzling the generations of humanity. Ivanka Trump was a

beautiful woman jokingly associated with the last trumpet call of the archangel Michael prior to the last judgment upon humanity for its evil and sinful ways. The Professor was attempting to skry the deepness of the joke, but so far its ineffability escaped his imagination's capacity for deciphering the secret meaning.

The *Bible* of Judeo-Christianity, and the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) of Islam which, six hundred and more years after the Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of the Jewish Messiah, Jesus Christ, was essentially a narrative of the meaning of the life of Abraham; the teaching of Jesus (Isa in the *Koran*); and of how God would provide a new heaven and Earth after Jesus' redemptive birth from his mother, the Virgin Mary (Maryam). The Christmas Eve tradition celebrating Jesus' Advent was that red suited Santa would come down the chimney to give presents to the children but, for those who weren't good, Santa's name became a five letter anagram, which rearranged as, S-a-t-a-n, and the grown adults would be consigned to the eternal unendurable pain of perdition as a present for being evil rather than that they should receive a new heaven and Earth from God for being good. Consequently, the evil were endeavoring to extinguish the human species, and so Santa was now rather Satan, the 'confidence trickster', who didn't come down the chimneys for Jews at Christmas, but they'd gone up them in smoke at the Nazi 'concentration camps' at Belsen, Dachau, Auschwitz and Buchenwald, etc., because the evil didn't want perdition for themselves. Santa was fire engine red, because the 'red dragon' of *Revelation* was Satan, who ate children after pretending to give the women them as presents from his sack: 'And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.' (*Rev*: 12. 17) The fire extinguishers were ignored by the helpful elves of Santa's fire brigade and Satan's unextinguished Nazis went to work extinguishing the Jews.

Although the extinguishers by fire had been operating on Earth for millennia, the 20th century was particularly pockmarked. The 1933 elected National Socialist 'Nazi' Party of supposedly Christian Germany set about exterminating the Jews to suppress the *Old Testament* of the *Bible* as well as the teaching of the Jew, Jesus, in the *New Testament* of the *Bible*: 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (*Mk*: 12. 31) Chancellor Adolf Hitler not only burned Jews in the ovens in his 'death camps', but also books in the streets. Science fiction writer, Ray Bradbury, in his post World War Two (1939-45) novel to rid the Earth of Nazism, *Fahrenheit 451* (1951), described how paper burned at that temperature, because the fire brigade of the future was sent to burn books, rather than extinguish fires, as that's what the German Nazis did with the supposedly Occult literature of Jewish mysticism, which the seriously paranoid Antichrist and superstitious German religious dictator believed threatened his position as the pogromer of the human race.

The Occult aspect of Jewish tradition was that they were 'chosen people', because only women could bear Jews, and so women were Jews. Consequently, Jesus (Isa) was the first Jew of Christianity, because he was born from his mother, the Virgin Mary (Maryam), uncontaminated by male semen. His eyes and brain were those of his mother, so he had the ability to heal the sick, perform miracles, and educate a Jewish people, who were repressed by the Roman

Empire's occupation of Palestine, with the knowledge of how they could free themselves from slavery. Obviously such knowledge and ability inherited from the genes of his mother, made Jesus and Judaism a threat to death in ephemerality. With brains and power, medical science would confer the immortal knowledge upon the human race that would allow them to run and escape from Satanism upon the Earth amongst the planets and stars forever. The Satanists who wanted to keep humans in fear and unconsciousness wanted ephemerality in death so they could slave the species in ignorance and so Jesus' recipe of brains from his mother wasn't something that the Roman Empire wanted for everyone. The *Bible* began by explaining in *Genesis* how the archangel, Satan, had been punished by God for rejecting the plan that the human host should be greater than the angelic. Turned into a snake, and left in the garden of paradise on Earth called Eden, and where Adam, the first man, lived with Eve, the first woman, Satan had tempted the pair with power through its enslaving of the human race's ephemeral host womb.

Although God had proffered immortality, which would have meant that the species could keep its memory, wisdom and brainpower, Satan had convinced Eve to give up the human host womb by accepting death: 'You shall be as gods.' (*Gen: 3. 5*) Although the snake wasn't depicted as actually poisoning the famous pair, the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil' proffered by Satan was poison enough. God had offered pure and simple good, that is, the 'fruit of the tree of life', which was to choose what wasn't poisonous, but Eve and Adam had accepted knowledge through evil, which was death, and although Christian iconography depicted Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, crushing the head of the serpent with her 'foot', God's explanation to Eve that Redemption for her 'seed' would come, after Adam's labor outside Eden and Eve's own labor pains, was shrouded in obscurity and metaphor: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he shall bruise your heel.' (*Gen: 3. 15*) It would be millennia before Jesus was recognizable as the 'foot' of his mother, the Virgin Mary, born to crush the head of slavery.

Jesus' victory over death was his Resurrection and Ascension to heaven after being nailed to a wooden cross upon the hill of Calvary outside Jerusalem by the Romans where he died. Because Jesus was born from his mother, the Virgin Mary, he was 'woman's seed', and so he who'd redeem Eve's 'seed'. As the human host at the 'Last Supper' before his crucifixion, Jesus had offered 'bread and wine' as friendship symbols of the human host's 'body and blood' to his disciples, but Judas had betrayed him to the Romans as a 'dissident'. He represented the boys' sons, that is, the poisons, who were the Empire of the army of the legions of Rome: 'A large herd of pigs was feeding on the nearby hillside. The demon, whose name was 'Legion', begged Jesus, 'Send us among the pigs; allow us to go into them.' Jesus gave permission, and the impure spirits came out and went into the pigs. The herd, about two thousand in number, rushed down the steep bank into the lake and were drowned.' (*Mk: 5. 9-13*) Because that's what the boys' sons of the 'serpent's seed' are for: driving humans to death.

After Jesus' Ascension, Christian churches gave 'bread and wine' to their congregations in emulation of the 'Last Supper' that they might have Ascension also. It was a ritual, rather than a

plan, that is, the *transubstantiation* of the communion service was a magickal procedure designed to encourage the belief that the human host would ascend to heaven together through fellowship much in the way that the crew of the starship Enterprise, in the film *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (1979), were depicted as travelling amongst the planets and stars of the cosmos. That was fiction, and despite US President Ronald 'Ray Gun' Reagan's March 23, 1983, edict that a 'Strategic Defense Initiative' (SDI) should be implemented consisting of a 'ground and space based missile system' to defend the Earth against 'rogue' states, it was hoped that the war between good and evil could be averted. 'SDI' was known as *Star Wars* after the movie, *Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope* (1977) that featured the 'death star', which orbited rebellious planets and killed them. Movies that depicted the pattern on Earth perpetuated the 'enmity' between the serpent's and Eve's 'seed', which God had told her would occur before Redemption, but the Professor had been unable to discover a solution to the problem of evil until now: 'One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.' Although Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong's declaration upon his becoming the first to set foot on Earth's lunar satellite, the moon, on July 21, 1969 (UTC: 2. 56), was optimistic, as his foot wasn't God's, but rather the beginnings of Ronnie Ray Gun's death camp for 'woman's seed'.

The semen of futanarian women was the 'foot' that Jesus represented, and the Professor observed that the Messiah's Gospel of love between humans was primarily for women, because they'd their own 'seed' for the sexual reproduction of God's eyes and brains. Before the 'Last Supper' Jesus' feet were being anointed by a woman, in acknowledgement that he was a balanced human biped with futanarian heritage, rather than with an alien handicap, and so a brain lamed. Judas, observing that Jesus had a girlfriend, saw that his role as Jesus' pimp, who stole money from the collection plate after Jesus' healing and magick show, was threatened. Judas suggestion that the perfume be sold and the money raised for the poor annoyed Jesus, because he'd never had a girlfriend before, and was reputedly celibate when he was executed: 'Leave her alone.' (*Mk*: 14. 6) Judas wanted slavery in ephemerality, rather than the brainpower associated with the host wombs of the human species of futanarian women and 'woman's seed', which could liberate through the development of labor saving technologies and immortality conferring medical science. So Jesus must die and the story of the 'seed' of the human host along with him. Judas and the Roman Empire, along with Satan and the Satanists in Satanism, didn't want humans to sexually reproduce, but rather that they should be made lame brained to limp over the cliff in ephemeral slavery to death in the wars of the 'serpent's seed' against woman's. Sexual repression of the 'chosen people' of the juice, and the burning of 'pornographic' books, which described how human women actually reproduced sexually between themselves as their own juice flowed, was what occurred in Nazism.

The Roman rods or *fasces* surrounding an axe was the symbol of the Roman Empire's secrecy, because it was within the blind constructed by the chopping of wood for fence palings that the generals planned campaigns. When the Nazis adopted the symbol from Italian dictator, Benito Mussolini, who'd become fascist leader in Rome after the 1922 election, and who helped Adolf Hitler in his global war, they planned secret exterminations of the Jewish 'chosen people' behind fences topped with barbed wire called 'concentration camps', as it was there that the futanarian penis' semen, or 'juice', was to be 'concentrated' as 'oven ready' humans about to

receive the 'Final Solution' of liquidation, which would be a dilution of the human species' power to free itself from slavery through sexually reproduced brainpower, and so would result in eventual human species' extinction. Unless the war movie entertainment system of Hollywood, Babylon, bred the parasitoid creature as a 'geek' devourer for the aliens to watch as it ate itself for the pleasure that afforded cinema audiences, or those watching at home on the small screen of television by means of signals relayed by satellite dish or through 'TV' aerials to the set: 'Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six.' (Rev: 13. 18) Because the televisual receptors of the eyes are called 'rods', the *fascēs* symbol of the rods and ax represented the blinding of the human race so that they remained in ignorance of the 24 hour chopping.

In the *Bible* the prophetic *Revelation* of Jesus' disciple, John, was that 666 was evil, because it represented 24 hour slavery for the human race, that is, 6 am through 6 am and again through 6 am the following day as the blinding into ignorance and slavery of the human host womb for war's entertainment system continued. Removal of the rods of the human eye was encouraged in the smoking of women's penis as symbolic cigarettes, while the brainpower that women's penis' semen afforded the race was long since suppressed into apparent non-existence. Consequently, the absence of the brains was equivalent to decapitation, while 24 hour shopping from 6 am through 6 am through 6 am was a sign of 'the beast': '... they could not buy or sell unless they had the mark, which is the name of the beast or the number of its name.' (Rev: 13. 17) Without human semen there aren't humans, so futanarian women were 100% human, whereas men couldn't sexually reproduce with each other; according to their own belief system. Consequently, 24 hour shopping was a sign of 24 hour chopping, that is, the blinding of the human species by decapitation. The sign of 'the beast' was the absence of the human race from the supermarket trolley lanes, that is, if women's eyes were seen, the human body hadn't had its head chopped off by the alien that wanted only to see its own 'bestly nature', because the alien slavers didn't want women to know that they were God's futanarian 'foot' for the production of their own brains and eyes to free them from host womb enslavement to parasitoid devourment: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5) Although Babylon was described as 'a woman' in the *Bible*, the city of Babylon (c. 4000 B.C.) was the capital of the Persian Empire, and so Babylon had a bad reputation because it was a male braining centre for war. Because men and women in male braining had a single male brain they were a transvestite 'TV' wearing each others' clothes for the televised sex war entertainments of the aliens. The single species that was women's futanarian humanity was the 'remnant of woman's seed' being waged war upon by the 'serpent's seed'.

In ancient Greece institutionalized host womb enslavement in homosexuality and pederasty for war against 'woman's seed' was established as what became the 'model for Western democracy', that is, disenfranchisement of women through the extinction of her futanarian human species arose as an 'abomination' promulgated as normal daily activity by Hollywood, Babylon's media industry and news networks. During the rise of 'Nazism' the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America's (MPPDA) President, Will Hays, imposed the 'Hays code', whereby women, in love scenes, at all times had 'at least one foot on the floor', because the film industry didn't want the audience to know that humans could sexually reproduce. If

women knew they could make eyes and brains together, men would lose their voting power, whereas breeding the 'serpent's seed' for brainless warfare, and the extinction of the human race, would ensure that the aliens would always have the democratic authority to wage war against the humans: 'Beware Greeks bearing gifts.' According to the Greek poet, Homer, in his *Iliad* (760-710 B.C.), ancient Greece's war against Troy was characterized by the construction of a huge hollow wooden horse inside which the Greeks hid before the Trojans took the horse into the city, where they emerged to enslave the host wombs of the women for homosexuality in pederasty and to spread war and its contagions further. By the early 20th century the modern 'geeks' had developed 'bad machine code' to infect computer brainpower to prevent human progress. Moreover, men's mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses in mocking rejection of women's sexual reproduction had produced the 'biological weapon' of the 'incurable killer disease', HIV/AIDS, transmitted by homosexuals: 'Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.' (Rev: 16. 11) What they'd done was prefer homosexuality and each other for pederasty in warfare against 'woman's seed' of futanarian human sexual reproduction to perpetuate slavery in ephemerality so that they could maintain power over the Earth's blind doom laden backwardness.

At the dawn of the 21st century the Trojan virus concept of the 'geek' programmers had transmitted itself as international terrorism. Hijacking civil airliners, the Al Qaeda terrorist group, led by Osama Ben Laden, and operating out of Afghanistan, where the misogynist Taliban regime held power over women, crashed the planes into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre of New York city, on September 11, 2001, which symbolized the re-emergence of 'rough trade', that is, the 'brutality and violence' associated with homosexuality and pederasty. When the horror appeared 'live on CNN', and other television networks across the globe, it became clear that the terrorists, who'd hijacked planes at Boston's Logan airport, were copying the movie *Logan's Run* (1976) in which all those above 21 years of age were killed in order to prevent their being a drain on the socio-economic resources of the society as originally depicted in William F. Nolan's science fiction novel, *Logan's Run* (1967): 'By the early 1970s over 75 percent of the people living on Earth were under 21 years of age. The population continued to climb - and with it the youth percentage. In the 1980s the figure was 79.7 percent. In the 1990s, 82.4 percent. In the year 2000 - critical mass.' The 9/11 terrorists hadn't wanted the future to happen and so precipitated the Earth into a period of violent upheaval. Those who were aged over 21 in *Logan's Run* were called 'runners', while the killers were 'sandmen', which fit the profile of Arabian Middle Eastern terror. On April 15, 2014, the Boston Marathon footrace was bombed by Moslem terrorists from Russia, because misogyny wanted the futanarian race to be stopped from running there; as elsewhere. In Islam marriages have four wives, which afforded Moslem women the possibility of sexual reproduction with each other, but misogyny within Islam was rife, and so war was precipitated with the so-called Western democracies where human women no longer were seen to live. Although nudity was prevalent human nakedness wasn't, because sexual repression ensured that no one saw the women's penis.

The aim of the Great Terror was to extinguish the human futrace in a misogynist war against 'woman's seed' and the 'snuff movie' ethos of Hollywood, Babylon, saw the United States of America send an army to Iraq in March, 2003, to remove dictator, Saddam Hussein, for

supporting Al Qaeda. Overlooking the ruins of the ancient capital city of Iraq, Babylon, Saddam Hussein's summer palace at Hillah summarized the irony of a Moslem people capable of sexually reproducing human brainpower through the futanarian framework of the four wife marriages of Islam. In Los Angeles, on the West coast of the United States of America, Hollywood, Babylon, had banned public media depictions of futanarian women's sexuality in order to maintain the Western model of democracy that the Greeks had used as the basis for spreading their contagion of homosexuality in pederasty and war. Developing their own brand of misogyny, extremist Moslems had provoked another episode in the war of the 'serpent's seed' against 'woman's seed' for the extinction of the human race. The Empire of Persian Babylon's abominations had shifted to the United States before shifting back again to the Middle East where Bakr Al Baghdadi, leader of the Independent State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS), arose to mock the ancient efforts of Egyptian mythology's restoring goddess, Isis.

The story of Islam had begun in Judaism when Isaac, the founder of Israel, was born to Sara, wife of Abraham, who became barren thereafter, and so gave her maid, the Egyptian woman, Hajer, to Abraham, while Hajer subsequently gave birth to Ishmael, who was the founder of Islam through his descendant, the Prophet Mohamed who, according to tradition, received the *Koran*, which was the basis for the adopting of a four wife marriage in Islam, from the angels. Although Abraham didn't have more than Sara as his wife, Moslem Islam adopted the principle that Hajer was a wife and so more than one wife became permissible in Islam. Because Hajer and Ishmael built the temple of Abraham in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, the 'Ka Ba', Hajer was employing her knowledge of ancient Egyptian mythology in which 'Ka' was 'spirit' and 'Ba' was soul', that is, the 'Ka Ba' represented women's sexual desire for unity as a futanarian species through the sexual reproduction afforded by the four wife marriage, which was why the annual pilgrimage of Moslems to the 'Ka Ba' in Mecca was called 'Haj' after Hajer, the Egyptian woman.

Abu Bakr's ISIS was a bloody travesty of the Egyptian goddess Isis, who had restored the god, Ra, after his incarnation upon the Earth in the guise of Osiris, so that he could ascend as the 'sky god', Horus, to his abode in the House of Hathor, the mother goddess of Egyptian myth. Osiris was dismembered by his evil brother, the god Set, who corresponded to the television set in the 'TV wars' broadcast by Hollywood Babylon's media Empire as the human species fell apart at the beginning of the 21st century. Isis' symbolic fashioning of Osiris' penis anew, because she couldn't find all of the dismembered pieces of the god's body, represented the need for acceptance of 'woman's seed', that is, futanarian women's humanity, by men like Jesus. Bakr Al Baghdadi's name was symbolic of the 'snuff mill', which ground 'bacca', that is, the 'moral grounds' for the 'TV wars' in the Gulf were non-existent, because the 'serpent's seed' had planned the human race as a 'snuff movie'. Bakr Al Baghdadi was a 'daddy' in the prison, whose 'bag' it was to 'snuff' Isis, that is, Iraq and Syria were his death film.

Although actor Peter Mayhew's Chewbacca was the 'wookie' crew member of the Millennium Falcon in the movie franchise, *Star Wars*, who'd fought against the evil Empire, wookies were aliens. Consequently, the beautiful Princess Leia, that is, actress Carrie Fisher, who

was the leader of the rebel Federation, could only be conceived as sexually reproducing with Chewbacca if he was an actor in a costume, because xenophobia was an important aspect of the depiction of women as unattainable by anything other than leading Hollywood men, like Harrison Ford, who was Han Solo, the hero, in the battle against the evil Empire. Chewbacca's name carried overtones; Chewie `bacca`, for example, meant Jewing tobacco. The conflation of chew with Bakr denoted the role chosen for him in snuffing ISIS after chewing a grave situation over thoughtfully.

Without being overly explicit, the *Star Wars* movies made it plain that Chewbacca was more human than Bakr, that is, ISIS was xenophobically against `woman`s seed` because bloody warfare would mean the destruction of Iraq and Syria. Although the `wookie` was an extraterrestrial, Chewie`s relationship with Leia was one of love, and so genuinely human, whereas Bakr`s relationship with `woman`s seed` was explicitly alien to human love. Women were being snuffed on the Earth by a parasitoid alien, although they were perforce still able to produce from their human wombs civilization, culture and art despite the parasite`s depredations in its parasitoid wars against the host. Consequently, help for women`s futanarian humanity`s race could only come from the planets and stars where extraterrestrial humans dwelt. Ron Ray Gun`s implemetation of SDI`s `Star Wars` program began to look like a criminal`s attempt to maintain the species in slavery and ephemerality so that the snuff film could continue, while the Military Industrial Complex (MIC) of the USA, which paid 1 billion US\$ to keep each B1 Spirit bomber operational, grew richer and filthier.

Han Solo`s Christ-like role in the film franchise *Star Wars* reflected upon the taboo against humans from having sexual relations with aliens, that is, Jesus` celibacy and death was an indication that the `serpent`s seed` wouldn`t allow human sexual reproduction. Princess Leia`s relationship with Chewbacca was more *sympatico* for cinema audiences than her relationship with Han Solo, because Han was more alien to her futanarian species from the point of view of viewers taught to prefer impossible sexual relations, because of taboos surrounding depictions of human sexual reproduction. Consequently, Chewbacca was the cinema audience`s preferred partner for Leia who, because of repressive movie conventions, herself had to accept that she preferred the `wookie` to Han Solo .

Solo was the unauthorized hero acting solo against the repressive Empire, but also he was the solo hand of the solitary masturbator alienated from reality. Han`s engagement with conflict where scenes of human interaction were precluded by the movie censor`s code, mirrored the early 21st century predicament of the `gamer` alienated from humanity and using his joystick to kill hordes of women, because that`s what unredeemed men had discovered they were for. Although the wookiee was an extraterrestrial, censorship of sexual themes ensured that Chewie was sexually preferable for Leia from cinema audiences point of view, while Leia`s captivity as a bikini clad slave girl in *Star Wars Episode VI: Return of the Jedi* (1983) indicated that she was only a masturbation icon anyway, because her own human species of futanarian `woman`s seed` was extinct, or was in the process of becoming so, and the few `remnants` of her race represented

a last wank over the home video release; as they'd be removed from the cinema if any aliens saw.

Symbolically, Chewbacca was the Jew `bacca` mill, that is, the extinction of the human race on `moral grounds`, because of Nazism, and which translated as the `ground bacca` of the `snuff mill` of Hollywood Babylon`s movie Empire. Its enemy was the rebel Federation led by Princess Leia, because it wanted to make `snuff movies` about futanarian women`s species` extinguishment. Consequently, Bakr Baghdadi corresponded to `Chewie` bacca, that is, he was `snuff daddy` in the women`s prison. Or, in other words, a Jewish pogromer, whose bag it was to extinguish the penis of `woman`s seed` as a last chew on her stogie in Iraq and Syria, which was to become the Independent Levant (IL), where Israel`s `chosen people` lie.

Eden was believed to have been in Iraq, where the biblical story of Eve and Adam`s enslavement in parasitism was set. Jesus of Nazareth`s` birth in Palestine`s Bethlehem, and his death in Jerusalem, and subsequent Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in the Garden of Gethsemane prefigured that of `woman`s seed`, which had been extinguished early in the history of the Earth in order to prevent the true humans, women, from generating a `footrace`. Jesus` ascent to heaven prefigured the futanarian race`s running and escaping to the stars and planets away from the `parasitoid` alien creature that had preyed on the human host from the womb it`d subverted in Eden. It was now evident from the research that the Professor had done, although he wasn`t able to see the joke, that the alien `parasitoid`, which was described as having grown to the size of a `red dragon` in order to devour women`s children in the biblical story of *Revelation*, was indeed an alien pun of some sort.

In the *Bible* the archangel Michael blew the last trump before Judgment Day, which some few people had associated with Donald Trump, the American business tycoon, whose campaign for the United States` Presidency had seen him likened to former President, Bill Clinton, who was used to being blown under the table in the Oval Office of the Whitehouse by Monica Lewinski, first amongst Bill`s aides in Washington, D.C. There`d been an attempt to extinguish Bill through impeaching him for allowing his trumpet to be blown by Monica, who clearly had thought she was just being good with Santa, but who turned out to be a manifestation of Satan when she was vilified in the world`s media for blowing his trumpet. Although Monica Lewinski mightn`t have been the archangel Michael, the women`s blowing of the men`s trumpet to indicate that Judgment Day was come seemed ubiquitous enough to suggest that hell and perdition couldn`t be too far distant, but why?

Obviously the parasitoid liked to be read to, and the *Bible* was the text it liked to hear of its exploits as a renowned father who cared for others, because it afforded humans a picture of the devourer as a type of Santa, who wasn`t consuming the children as Satan in its endless wars against humanity. The concept of God as a father was a help and a blessing for those who wanted to exterminate `woman`s seed`, because she`d never have eyes of her own to see with, or brains

enough to develop intelligence and labor saving technologies conferring immortality through medical science and permanent wisdom; if the `moral grounds` of the `snuff mill` blinded her to the existence of her own futrace`s penis` semen.

The *Bible* story of Onan depicted God`s annoyance with men for having enslaved the host womb of the human species. Ordering Onan to impregnate Tamar, the wife of his dead brother, Onan had sexual intercourse with her, but didn`t want a child and so had wanked off his semen onto the ground instead and God had killed him. Although the punishment seemed unjust to readers, to those who listened and had the *Bible* read to them by the blind, Onan`s fate calmed them in the certain knowledge that the readers were enslaved, because they accepted that Onan was killed for having a wank, whereas Onan`s eyes and brain were killed because God was annoyed with men for having exterminated the human host womb with her own futanarian penis` semen for the sexual reproduction of her own eyes and brains` powers for liberation, so that they *could* have a wank.

Men`s response was that wankers should be blind, so women never knew that they had penis` semen of their own, because men had already killed those wankers in order to blind the human race by decapitating her in male braining. Believing that human sexual reproduction was just wank, men killed each other in order to ensure that blindness and ignorance pervaded the Earth, because someone had misinformed them that wanking made masturbators blind. Well, it would if men killed humans for wanking, because there`d be less human brains, and more asexual alien slaver brains proffering pornographic pictures of how parasites got into the human host womb.

The joke seemed to be that, although Donald Trump might be President, and be blown by some aides, Ivanka Trump wouldn`t, because she didn`t have anything to blow. She had something to blow with, and so blowing a last Trump was possible for the voluptuous beauty, but the incest taboo was even more prohibitive than Bill Clinton`s wife, Hilary, had been when brunette Whitehouse `mouthpiece`, Monica Lewinski, had blown it for that President. There was conjecture about whether Hilary would have aides in the future, although some thought she`d get aides if she blew Donald Trump, whereas most uncommitted observers thought it unlikely. Bill`s bitter assertion that he`d only had a lemon aide saved him with blondely romantic Hilary, but it was evident that the archangel Michael would frown most severely on whoever deliberately sought to transmit the HIV virus.

The key to the joke was the story of Oedipus, as dramatized by the Greek Sophocles in *Oedipus Rex* (c. 429 B.C.), and where the central protagonist`s name meant `lame`, because it was a lame excuse to walk on in brain damage with the foot of an alien dragging the species backwards when the true penis` semen of the futanarian race was available to assist the race to run and escape from the reptile tracking it. Oedipus was depicted as metaphorically blind throughout his life, because he killed his father, Laius, without knowing who he was, and married his mother, Jocasta, without knowing who she was. Discovering that he`d committed the

`sin of incest, Oedipus blinded himself and then asked his daughter, Antigone, to guide his footsteps. As he wasn't futanarian, Oedipus' story was of the progeny of an alien race enslaving the human race known as `women`, that is, he was blind because men in racism didn't want Antigone and Jocasta to know women sexually reproduced with each other as the Earth's human species.

The incest taboo was a prohibition against women sexually reproducing with each other, and having smoked women's penis like a cigarette to extinguishment, men's `smoking` was extended to the `remnant` of God's `seed`, which is why they'd attached themselves to the human species' penis and womb to begin with. By inveigling Antigone into guiding his blind footsteps, Oedipus' behavior was typically parasitical. Rather than that she lived to see the future, the woman would waste her life in showing a blind old serpent the path to where she might have lived, if he hadn't been looking to exterminate her race further. Although the archangel Michael was nominated as the angel who'd blow the last trump before judgement upon the `serpent's seed`, Donald was hoping it wasn't going to be his, whereas Ivanka Trump's *Playboy* nude centre spreads revealed she, `Just couldn't be blowed with it anyway.`

Book Reviews

Able Archer 83: The Secret History of the NATO Exercise That Almost Triggered Nuclear War Edited by Nate Jones The New Press: New York and London (2016)

This is a work of revisionist history, one that is so poorly handled that the over 250 pages of declassified documents included in this book do not back up its thesis. Its thesis is that during November 1983, while NATO was doing an annual war game exercise called Operation Able Archer, the world came to the brink of nuclear war. The book's editor, Nate Jones, presents declassified documents that comprise about 80% of the book's contents that he claims prove his contentions. Only problem is that if you go and actually read the documents you will find that they do no such thing.

For instance, Document 7 in this book consists of observations of war games carried out by the Warsaw Pact countries (the Soviet Union and its puppets). War games are carried out every year by practically every country with a significant military. Operation Able Archer 83 itself was a war game. What Jones is attempting to do is claim that stuff like this was unusual and that it was all the fault of the United States that it was even happening.

Here's another example, Document 6. This November 10, 1983, document from the U.S. Army Intelligence and Security Command related how the Warsaw Pact naval and air forces were all at a low level of alert status shortly after the end of Able Archer 83. In his introduction to this document, Jones tried to put a spin on it claiming that military intelligence "missed many signals."

Basically, this is an Anti-American book. The United States is made out to be the aggressive party here. On the other hand, the wretched dictatorship of Yuri Andropov and his crooked cronies is portrayed as being devoted to peace. Jones also claims that the Cole War was unnecessary. Of course, he blames America for the Cold War's very existence. Given the high cost of books nowadays, this book is simply not worth your time or money.

German Rocketeers in the Heart of Dixie: Making Sense of the Nazi Past During the Civil Rights Era by Monique Laney

**Yale University Press: New Haven and London
(2015)**

Have you ever picked up a book thinking that it was going to be about a certain something, but instead discovered that it was completely different, and not in a good way? That was my experience with this book, one in which the author implies things instead of clearly stating what her findings and conclusions are. Even worse, was the huge dosage of political correctness that this book had, such as the claim that if you are a white person who does not accept the notion of "white privilege," then you are automatically the worst kind of racist bigot.

That this sort of thing was published by the university press of an Ivy League university just shows you the decline of academic standards over the years. For instance, the author, Monique Laney, paints entire groups of people with a broad brush. In her eyes, all Germans who were in Germany during the Holocaust are guilty of something even if they had nothing to do with the Holocaust itself. All native white Southerners are automatically racist bigots. If someone wrote a book treating minority groups this way, she would surely be one of the first persons to trash it as being irredeemably racist.

As for the book itself, its ostensible subject is about the Germans who served in the military rocket program under Hitler during World War II who then moved to America under the auspices of Operation Paperclip and served in the American space program. Originally, they were moved to Fort Bliss near El Paso then they were moved to Huntsville, Alabama where there were a number of military facilities that were tied into the U.S. Air Force and then later placed under NASA. It is widely believed that having these German engineers and scientists under the leadership of Wernher von Braun made the difference between America winning the Space Race to the Moon and losing it. This is a most worthy subject for a book especially since there has not been all that much really good stuff published about this subject recently.

However, this particular book is a large scale oral history project. This allowed the author to present the views of numerous different sources. It also allowed her to engage in maximum sanctimoniousness if a source expressed politically incorrect views.

Sanctimony is abundant in this book. Common sense is also lacking here. For instance, Laney writes about how the German immigrants were “viewed as white” by the overwhelmingly white population of Huntsville. This makes you wonder. Why wouldn't the Germans, who were all white themselves, be perceived as being white by the locals? Is there some sort of politically correct thing going on here that I just don't get?

Laney also talks about how welcoming the folks in Huntsville were of the German newcomers as if that was a crime. She notes how few people ever asked if any of the Germans had ever engaged in war crimes. She claims that this alleged failure reflects poorly on the white people of Alabama.

Lost in this sanctimony is the idea that perhaps the reason why hardly anyone in Huntsville ever inquired into war crimes by the newcomers is that the natives probably figured that the U.S. government would have made a good faith effort to keep potentially dangerous hard core Nazis out of America. The idea that the government would have knowingly allowed potentially dangerous people into the country would likely have struck many people in late 1940's/early 1950's America as being inconceivable.

Laney even tries to stick the racist label on people who were not racist at all. For instance, one of her female German interviewees told her that she treated the black soldiers who were on post-war occupation duty as being her equals. According to Laney, this was racist because the black soldiers had authority over the German citizens, therefore they should have treated the blacks as their superiors. Treating black soldiers as their equals was just simply racist and wrong.

There is also a good deal in this book about the politically correct notion of “white privilege” with the author claiming that all of the Germans took it as their own right. The author is obviously blind to her own stereotyping of entire population groups even as she condemns it among others.

The author even disapproved of Wernher von Braun’s efforts to improve scientific and technical education in Alabama. The high point of this project was the creation of the University of Alabama-Huntsville that had a first rate engineering program right from the start. Laney trashes von Braun for not fighting to create an advanced science/engineering program at one of the state’s historically black colleges. This despite the fact that the Huntsville area had long languished without a public institution of higher learning. Also, as an immigrant himself, von Braun was no doubt wary of being seen as being a troublemaker especially since at the time (the early 1960’s) it seemed pretty clear to lot of folks that it was only a matter of time until all of the public colleges and universities in the state of Alabama would be fully desegregated anyways. Why start an unnecessary controversy when it was easier to make progress by working with the system? Was that not the sort of thing that von Braun was doing at NASA?

And if you thought that the above was not bad enough, we have not yet gotten to the Arthur Rudolph case. Rudolph was a top German Rocket scientist who several in top positions in first the U.S. Air Force rocketry program and then later in NASA. He was one of the key figures in the Apollo program to land a man on the Moon. During his time at NASA, Rudolph was awarded the NASA Distinguished Service Medal and the NASA Exceptional Service Medal.

Despite his record, in 1984, the Office of Special Investigations (OSI) of the United States Department of Justice went after Rudolph. Since Rudolph was suffering from poor health, he opted to hire an immigration attorney and swung a deal with the OSI in which he got to keep his Federal retirement benefits in exchange for both renouncing his American citizenship and leaving the United States. Once the news of this deal hit the news, both the other German scientists and the larger community in Huntsville rallied around Rudolph and opposed his being forced out of the country.

As you can expect, the ever Politically Correct Laney took the position that Rudolph was guilty of war crimes despite the fact that he was never subjected to criminal proceedings, let alone a trial, in the United States, in West Germany or anywhere else for that matter. Laney treated the accusation of war crimes as being proof positive that Rudolph was guilty as sin and that anybody who showed any sympathy towards Rudolph were automatically bigots themselves. It’s clear that to Laney the concept of innocent before proven guilty is a nonsensical idea.

That Laney should take this position should not be a surprise given the fact that she is a product of the Politically Correct system of so-called “higher education.” On college campuses all over America, accusation of rape and other sexual violence is taken as being proof of guilt. The very idea of innocence is treated as a joke. This system has held sway despite several Federal court rulings against it as well as exposes of campus tyranny such as the recently published book by a self-styled radical feminist, Prof. Laura Kipnis of Northwestern University, *Unwanted Advances: Sexual Paranoia Comes to Campus* that will be reviewed in this fanzine in the offing.

Another example of Laney's Political Correctness came with her account of the actions of Senator (and former Admiral) Jeremiah Denton R-AL. Alone in Alabama's congressional delegation, Denton criticized Rudolph as being both a war criminal and as an "unsavory man." Laney tried to trash Denton as being a hypocrite on the issue by writing, "**despite his professed sentiments, Denton wrote a follow-up letter to the Justice Department in 1986 to inquire about a FOIA request that [Frederick I.] Ordway [III] had submitted in November 19845 regarding the Rudolph case.**"

This statement by Laney was pretty bizarre when you consider that Frederick I. Ordway III was a leading historian of the U.S. space program, a subject that he wrote several books about. Why would Denton's helping out this noted scholar on a FOIA request constitute a contradiction to his criticizing Rudolph's actions during World War II?

The answer lies in Denton's background. He was a hero of the Vietnam War and as such was branded as being a "baby killer" by Politically Correct types as were other Vietnam Veterans. Denton was also a devout Christian. Add it all up and you had a bona fide All-American war hero in the person of a Republican U.S. senator from the Deep South state of Alabama. If Monique Laney wished to maintain her status amongst the Politically Correct Elite, she had to find a way of trashing Denton. Apparently, the only way that Laney could figure out was to insinuate that Denton's helping out a noted scholar on the history of the U.S. space program constituted a hypocritical act that contradicted his earlier condemnation of Arthur Rudolph's actions during World War II when he was on the side of Nazi Germany. When you get right down to it, this was pretty weak on Laney's part.

As all of the above shows, what author Monique Laney has done is take a potentially interesting and important topic and trivialized it with a large dollop of political correctness. Let's all hope that she never feels the need to write another book.

Valkyrie: An Insider's Account of the Plot to Kill Hitler by Hans Bernd Gisevius

This book is an abridgement of a much larger work that was originally published in 1947 under the title *To the Bitter End*. It remains the single most comprehensive account of the anti-Hitler German resistance by one of the conspirators ever published. As a result, it is considered by historians to be perhaps the single most important book ever published about the German home front during World War II.

The author of this book, Hans Bernd Gisevius, is as you would expect a fairly controversial person among historians. Gisevius's account was initially hailed as a masterpiece both by the

critics and also by Allen W. Dulles who wrote the book's introduction. Dulles pointed out that to Gisevius when he worked against Hitler, he was not working against his country, instead he was actually working for it. After the war in April 1946, Gisevius appeared as a witness at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials where he was described by one of the judges, Justice Robert Jackson of the U.S. Supreme Court, as being, "the one representative of democratic forces in Germany to take this stand and tell his story."

Gisevius had an interesting background. He started in politics as a conservative. When Hitler took over in 1933, Gisevius joined the Gestapo. Although he was removed for lack of fealty to the Nazi ideology, he stayed at the Interior Ministry working in the Police until 1936. He then held a series of minor positions in which he had but little power. When World War II broke out, he joined the German military intelligence service, the Abwehr. There, he made the contacts that helped him become a leader of the anti-Hitler resistance. After the failure to assassinate Hitler, Gisevius was able to use those contacts to escape to Switzerland.

Movie Reviews

Boyz n the Hood (1991)

Boyz n the Hood was one of the most important movies of the 1990's. It is both an excellent movie about life in the mean streets of the inner city as well as a reinforcement of the moral values needed to turn around the situation in Urban America where youth gangs run rampant. During the course of the story, it offers much needed commentary on the situation that young people find themselves in and how they can get out of it.

At the start of the movie there is a subtitle that says that one out of every 21 black males will be murdered in his lifetime, most will be killed at the hands of another black male. If anything, that fact is even worse today. Most flicks today that are about the inner city crime scene have

taken many of their concepts from this film, but many of these films today are all shoot them up movies that have no morality, strong plot or serious social message.

The setting of this flick is South Central L.A.: Where murder rates are five times the nationwide average, or in absolute figures, double the entire U.S. death rate for breast cancer. Over the past two decades the Los Angeles Police Department has accumulated a backlog of 4,400 unsolved homicides - roughly 3/4ths of the city's total.

This gripping tale revolves around a single black father, Furious Styles (Laurence Fishburne), raising his one and only son, Tre Styles (Cuba Gooding Jr.), and installing in him the values to help him become a man. This is an important point that director John Singleton took time to illustrate since the majority of men in the black community are often raised by their single mothers. The values that Furious Styles instills in Tre are generally not portrayed in most movies today.

Essentially, **Boyz n the Hood** is a movie about peace. Its message is that violence isn't the answer, and this movie shows the effects of violence being what residents of the inner city all too frequently resorts to when there are other alternatives available.

The movie starts when Tre's mother sends him to live with his father Jason, a/k/a "Furious", who is much better equipped to raise a son in a neighborhood like this. The movie quickly moves forward seven years when seventeen year old Tre and his best friend Ricky about to graduate from high school, while another friend Doughboy has already graduated – from shoplifting to guns and small-time drug deals. And while Furious guides Tre towards moral choices, responsibility and self-respect, Doughboy and Ricky are raised by a mother who lacks the capacity to instill proper values and morals in her offspring.

The basic plot to **Boyz n the Hood** is can Tre avoid the crime and drug scene and live normal, decent life? This is all the more challenging given all the crime and violence around him. **Boyz n the Hood** is an excellent film that is a drama based on real human beings. It shows the dire straits that folks in the South Central are in without being condescending or exploitative. **Boyz n the Hood** is a flick that is well written, acted and directed. The cinematography is stunning.

Boyz n the Hood is highly recommended.

I, Robot (2004)

I, Robot the movie has practically nothing in common with *I, Robot* the classic science fiction work by the late Isaac Asimov. This is the kind of movie that should be called “studio meatloaf.” It is just another generic movie. Instead of a thoughtful adaptation of a venerated science fiction work, this is just a dumbed-down mess of cheap clichés and awful acting. Today’s science fiction movies are merely video games you can’t play.

Isaac Asimov was a writer of ideas into fiction. One example of this is Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics, the basic thrust of which is to prevent the machine population from harming humans. However, things go awry when a new set of male type robots become criminally natured as only could happen in a Hollywood flick.

Will Smith plays a kind of black Dirty Harry who hates all robots. Of course, the movie ultimately vindicates Smith's character just as the Dirty Harry movies ultimately vindicated Clint Eastwood's character. This is just another example of how Hollywood treats the audience like a bunch of group thinking robots.

When movie reviewers such as the late Roger Ebert pointed this out, the director Alex Proyas claimed that the movie was never meant to be an adaptation of Asimov's classic work. Instead, it was simply meant to be a "homage." If that's the case, then why was the name of such a classic work placed on this flick? Actually there were reports in the news media that what happened was that Proyas set out to make a generic movie about robots and at the last minute Warner Brothers acquired the rights to *I, Robot* from Asimov's estate and then proceeded to slap the name of the classic work on this miserable excuse for a movie. Whatever the case, it simply does not appear that Hollywood even made any effort to create a movie that was worthy of the book on which it was allegedly based.

In his other movies, Will Smith has proved himself to be a capable actor. However, in this movie, Smith was pretty bad. This was especially true in the action sequences. The direction by Alex Proyas was especially lackluster. The worst aspect of this movie was something that appeared in none of the original stories by Isaac Asimov that this movie was allegedly based on. This is the silly business of the robots having a red light that comes on when they go berserk.

The only redeeming aspect of this movie is that although a sequel was in the works for years, nothing ever materialized in the end. For that alone, fans of science fiction cinema should be thankful.

The Killing Time (1987)

Hollywood has a tendency to underestimate the intelligence of the American people. This is shown by the plethora of poorly thought out so-called "motion pictures" produced and distributed every year. One such movie is 1987's **The Killing Time**.

Kiefer Sutherland stars as a hitchhiker who kills Brian Mars who has just been hired as a deputy sheriff in a coastal county in Louisiana. Sutherland assumes the identity of his victim and arrives in the county seat to become a new deputy sheriff, and nobody suspects otherwise. This is despite the fact that Mars was supposed to be a good friend of the chief deputy sheriff (Beau

Bridges) and Sutherland's tendency to make statements such as he likes being a deputy sheriff because he can carry a gun and shove people around.

Perhaps part of the reason why nobody catches on to Sutherland's deception is that in this particular county, corruption in law enforcement is rampant. The county sheriff (Joe Don Baker) is planning on moving to Mexico where he will live out his retirement on a huge nest egg created by lavish bribes and kickbacks. Even by the low standards of Hollywood, Baker's corruption and exaggerated Southern fried sheriff behavior is absurd. If *The Killing Time* was a comedy, then it might work. However, in an alleged straight action drama, Baker's act is screwy.

The chief deputy sheriff is not much better. Despite the fact that his ex-girlfriend is now married to a wealthy San Francisco real estate developer who has a nice estate down in the Louisiana county, he keeps messing around with her to the point of going to San Francisco to attend parties that both she and her husband attend. This on a salary that Bridges' character says is a bit short of \$20,000. The husband (Wayne Rogers) is understandably concerned about the fact that this Louisiana lawman keeps hanging around his wife, especially because the wife clearly likes Bridges' attention.

As it happens, the husband has every reason to be concerned. His wife wants to murder him and marry Bridges, but the chief deputy sheriff kind of waffles on the idea. One night, the wife puts a knockout drug in the husband's drink and invites her boyfriend over to finish him off.

Bridges freaks out, telling his gal pal that murder is wrong and should never, ever be done. They put the husband in bed, and he wakes up the next morning complaining of a hangover.

It is at this point that the movie lurches beyond the limits of believability. Bridges calls his gal and arranges for her to meet him at the abandoned lighthouse. There, he tells her that he's decided for reasons too sensitive to share with the audience that he's decided that she's right; the hubby must die so that they can get married and live happily ever after. Not only that, but he's also come up with the neat idea of doing it in such a way that he can use his position to frame Sutherland for the murder. In other words, the chief deputy sheriff has decided in about 24 hours or so that not only is murder OK, it's quite acceptable to frame an innocent man for a capital offense in Louisiana, where they take the death penalty very seriously.

Even more unbelievable is the fact that Bridges and his girl make their plans very loudly so that Sutherland, who by a random stroke of fate, is also in the abandoned lighthouse, hears everything. Being a psycho, he plans on killing the husband himself, framing Bridges for the crime, and then blackmailing the girlfriend into marrying him. Of course, he talks to himself so the audience will both know his plans and that he is indeed a psycho.

From this point on, the movie becomes a mess of cliches, even messier than the swamps in the Louisiana county. You can predict every subsequent development all the way to the dull climax. The movie ends with Bridges and his soon-to-be wife walking hand in hand down the road to their country estate in the sunset. Evil triumphs over evil, and life continues on in the Louisiana county just as it always has.

And some people wonder why folks in Louisiana have nicknamed their state “Lousyana.”

Mesmerized (1986)

Throughout the history of movies and moviemaking, creative disputes have occurred on the sets. Sometimes these disputes are solved in such a way as to be agreeable to all of the parties involved. However, there are many cases in which creative disputes occurring during production resulted in a crippled duck of a movie. **Mesmerized**, a 1986 flick starring Jodie Foster who also served as co-producer, is one such film.

Mesmerized is based on the 19th Century case of Victoria Thompson who was acquitted of murdering her husband. Thompson then emigrated to America from her native New Zealand where she led a peaceful life.

This case was a curious choice of subject matter for a major motion picture since it never achieved the notoriety of other cases involving alleged female criminality such as Lizzie Borden. Additionally, there has never been any real controversy over the jury verdict of not guilty due to the paucity of evidence against Thompson. One can only wonder just what the studio bosses saw in the Victoria Thompson murder case to make them believe that it could be the basis for a feature length movie.

The story of **Mesmerized** is that of Victoria Thompson who was raised in an orphanage until she was married to a country gentleman played by John Lithgow in an union that was arranged for her by the orphanage management. Since her schooling was not yet complete, she did not arrive at the family farm until a few months after the wedding. Such arrangements were legal at the time and was common practice in cases involving orphan girls who were of the legal age to marry.

In the movie, Thompson arrives at the house while her husband was working in the field. She decides that instead of going out to say hello, she would rather go to bed. When her husband comes in, and learns from the servants that his wife has arrived and is in bed, he goes to the bedroom, enters it and after quietly walking to the bed, he lovingly gazes down upon her not sure if he should wake her up or let her slumber on. She solves the dilemma for him by waking up and then hits him in the face twice and then lays back down and goes right back to sleep. This scene did not make any sense whatsoever and it set the tone for the rest of the movie.

The movie then shows us its version of the relationship between Mr. Thompson and his wife Victoria. He treats her like a gentleman and she treats him like dirt, constantly complaining that he does not pay her enough attention, but when he does try to show her affection or even talk to her, she rebuffs him acting like she is superior to him. She even goes to town and sees a judge about the possibility of getting a divorce. However, the judge is left befuddled by her account of her relationship with her husband since she does not allege that he has been cruel or unfaithful to her and even she says that he has treated her well. The judge is puzzled by why she wants a divorce without giving a clear reason why she wants one. Shortly thereafter, she strikes up a romantic relationship with her brother-in-law that ends soon afterward when she murders him for no clear reason. Her husband and father in law cover the murder up for reasons that are also unclear. Sometime later, she has a miscarriage which was a most strange development since at no time did she appear to be pregnant.

Later on, Mr. Thompson develops health problems and undergoes barbaric treatment at the hands of his doctors and dentists while his wife is oblivious to the proceedings. She clearly is not affected in the least by the pain and suffering that her husband is suffering. Eventually, he dies and she is charged with murder under what grounds the movie fails to explain to the audience. She is ultimately acquitted in one of the duller trials in movie history and the show ends abruptly.

There are so many problems with **Mesmerized**, it is difficult to decide just where to begin with them. This was a very poor screenplay with stilted dialog, zero character development & the plot drags like a stubborn mule. To sum it up, this film is dull, slow-paced and pretentious. This movie suffered from poor cinematography with dulled-out color & poor lighting.

After this movie was released and became a box office disaster, co-producer Foster denounced the studio for allegedly interfering with her work on the movie. However, she was extremely vague in her criticisms so it was unclear just what she was blaming the studio for. Some of her colleagues on the film shot back that she was a prima donna who had to have everything her way and was now attempting to evade responsibility for her failure. It was not until 1994 that Foster would ever sit in a producer's chair again.

Whatever happened behind the scenes with **Mesmerized**, it is clear that Jodie Foster bears culpability for much of this film's awfulness. She gave what was quite possibly the single worst performance in her acting career thus far. Throughout the entire movie, Foster's eyes have the glazed look that is so typical of cocaine fiends. This is interesting in light of the fact that in December 1983, she was arrested and charged with possession of a small amount of cocaine. She pleaded guilty and was sentenced to a year's probation and had to pay the costs of court.

All in all, **Mesmerized** is a movie to avoid.

Purgatory Flats (2002)

One of the more unfortunate tendencies of Hollywood is the fact that when a movie does well at the box office, there are numerous rip offs by hacks. When Oliver Stone's 1997 flick *U Turn* proved successful both critically and financially, it was inevitable that there would be a number of rip offs of it made. One of these hack jobs is 2002's **Purgatory Flats**.

Purgatory Flats begins when one Doctor Thomas Reed (Vincent Ventresca) is released from prison after serving five years for the accidental death of his wife due to his drunken driving. Since he does not think that he can get a job in medicine, he becomes a hitchhiker and winds up in the small, fictitious town of **Purgatory Flats** that is supposed to be in the middle of the desert in Southern California.

Purgatory Flats is really more of a down home Deep South town that seems to have been magically transported to the desert or something. All of the inhabitants there have the same thick southern accent and act like Hollywood caricatures of mountain folk of either the Appalachians or the Ozarks. One suspects that this movie was originally planned to be shot in Arkansas or the Appalachians area, but had to be done instead in California for purely budgetary reasons.

In any event, Dr. Reed winds up becoming a bartender in the small town's only bar. Through a series of contrived sequences he winds up becoming the medic for a criminal gang bent on controlling the drug trade. Among other things, he does emergency surgery on gang members who get shot, so that they do not have to go to hospitals where the police would be able to turn them against their gang lord. Dr. Reed and the gangsters break into drugstores and other medical supply outlets all over the area to get the right stuff. The mentally addled county sheriff and his deputies are quite perplexed by these robberies and you can see just why it is that the bad guys are able to run amok in the area. The only competition for Dr. Reed's gang are some black and hispanic drug dealers who appear to have been lifted straight from an inner city of a major metropolitan area and dropped in the rural area. Once again, more Hollywood stereotypes from the producers.

Of course, as is the case with so many alleged crime thrillers, Dr. Reed remains a thoroughly decent person despite his profitable dealings with the gangsters and his willful participation in their criminal acts. Of course, the daughter of the crime lord is attracted to the good doctor and attempts to seduce him. And, her psychotic brother resents the doctor's attentions to his sister and attempts to kill him since he secretly harbors incestuous designs on his sister. The only unique thing to this movie is that the brother has been the recipient of Dr. Reed's medical services and he attempts to repay the doctor by trying to murder him once he has fully recuperated. As executed in the movie, the above events are as patently unbelievable as they sound. You can tell that the producers have a low opinion of the audience's intelligence.

Purgatory Flats is a predictable formula flick. Except for Ventresca, all of the actors are talentless hacks who could not even act their way out of a paper bag. Except for Ventresca's performance, there is nothing in this movie that is exemplary. Basically, it's just another lame crime movie of which there are already way too many.

Queen of the Amazons (1947)

Prior to the 1960's, quite a few Hollywood movies were only an hour or so long. These movies were usually shown as the main feature of a matinee bill that also included a cartoon, a film short, a newsreel and a chapter in a serial. Other times they would be shown with another flick of roughly the same length as a double or even a triple feature. One such movie is the 1947 production **Queen of the Amazons**.

The plot of *Queen of the Amazons* concerns a gal named Jean (Patricia Morison) who is determined to discover just what happened to Greg (Bruce Edwards), the man to whom she is engaged. Greg's safari met up with disaster and he is missing and not known to be among the living. Jean believes him to be alive and with Greg's colonel father (John Miljan) and two others, she sets out to find him.

At a hotel, Jean is approached by a native woman who says that her husband has information about the missing Greg. She says that her husband told her of a safari that was destroyed by a massive tiger attack. After Jean gives her some money, the native gal agrees to bring her husband. Soon, the native couple shows up and the husband identifies Greg, but says that he was with a different safari. Before he can say more, he is gunned down and soon Jean and her friends are off to Africa.

In order to launch a successful safari, they need the best guide around, Gary Lambert (Robert Lowery). The colonial commissioner tries to persuade Lambert to go with Jean's safari in order to find out who has been ivory poaching in those parts, but Lambert refuses because he hates women on safaris. However, Jean persuades him to sign up when she makes a most convincing demonstration of her shooting skills. Lambert then persuades expert safari cook Gabby (J. Edward Bromberg) to sign up.

Jean's safari meets with all sorts of problems. The camp is attacked at night by a lion. The next day, a member is killed under circumstances that lead to the suspicion that one of the white men on the safari is a saboteur. More importantly, the safari members encounter natives telling stories about "white she-devils" or "amazons" who live in the jungle and who dominate the natives using voodoo. As the safari moves on, they receive information that there really is an amazon queen and that she has Jean's fiance, Greg, in her power. Eventually, the safari arrives at the capital of the barbaric females and that is when things really get interesting.

As you can tell from the preceding summary, **Queen of the Amazons** is one of those movies of the sort that they don't make any more. Granted, there are some aspects of this flick that are rather silly such as some of the narration that rings with Commander McBragg-like authority. Also, the amazons themselves do not come across as being terribly vicious since they all seem to be more interested in their beauty rather than in their warrior skills. However, this movie also featured a thrilling climax as well as a surprise twist ending. From an artistic perspective, this is not a particularly well made flick, but it's a lot of escapist fun to watch so it comes well recommended.

Triggermen (2002)

One film genre that's the hardest to pull off successfully is the comedy drama or "dramady." Another difficult undertaking is ripping off another successful filmmaker's works without making it too obvious that your film is a ripoff. If a film attempts to pull off both feats simultaneously, then the end result is almost always a travesty. One such movie is 2002's **Triggermen**.

Triggermen is an attempt to rip off the likes of Quentin Tarantino and Guy Ritchie while being an action-packed fun-filled gangster flick at the same time. Stuck in Chicago practically penniless, small-time British crooks Pete (Neil Morrissey) and Andy (Adrian Dunbar) can't believe their luck when a stolen briefcase nets them a bundle of cash and the key to a luxurious hotel room.

However, there is a catch: local mafia boss Franco D'Amico (Louis DiBianco) has mistaken them for assassins and expects them to knock off his chief rival Ben Cutler (Pete Postlethwaite). Meanwhile, the real contract killers, or triggermen, super sharp Terry (Donnie Wahlberg) and moronic Tommy (Michael Rapaport), are left wondering why the man who hired them hasn't got in touch.

Yes folks, **Triggermen** is also yet another entry in the beaten-to-death plot of "small time hoods after a quick buck get in way over their heads with big time gangsters." **Triggermen** certainly adds another notch if anybody's counting. We have all been down this road too many times for black comedies like this to provoke more than an apathetic shrug. Especially when there is neither comedy nor darkness to the movie. Matters get unnecessarily complicated when Terry starts to lust after Emma (Claire Forlani), the daughter of the man he's supposed to kill,

and by the sudden arrival of Pete's obviously pregnant wife Penny (Amanda Plummer). Meanwhile, the small time hoods debate whether they should kill Cutler as their inadvertent employer expects them to or just simply cut and run.

This film had a particularly good cast and then proceeded to utterly waste the talent. **Triggermen** could have been a pretty funny movie. It had all of the classic elements, but it was simply slow, boring, and most importantly, not funny.

Perhaps the biggest waste of talent is that of Morrissey, star of numerous British TV series who had a shot at international exposure in this movie. It's a shame the acting he exhibited in this flick was completely wasted on such a pathetic film. Another wasted talent is that of Forlani who has proven to be a talented actress in other productions. However, in this sad flick, her role required little more than sitting around looking pretty and trying to be polite to the thug who's trying to romance her.

The best part of **Triggermen** was the washed-out cinematography that gave it a fairly unique look. Another decent aspect of this flick was the fact that the end credits scroll backward down the screen. It's unfortunate that one has to wait until the end of the film to see anything decent. **Triggermen** is a flick to avoid.

The Visit (2015)

The Visit is an unusually good movie by M. Night Shyamalan. It is also an original idea, at least by Hollywood standards. It is a film that is both creepy and funny at the same time. There is hardly any boring parts in this flick as it holds your attention for its 94 minute duration. In terms of humor, the best part is during the closing credits that you ought to stick around for. This not an especially scary flick, but the creepiness makes up for that. Despite the fact that there is no big name acting talent in this movie, it is very well acted.

The Visit is about a gal (Kathryn Hahn) who fell in love with one of her high school teachers and married him against her parents' wishes. This led to a state of estrangement between the gal and her parents. Her husband grew bored of her, and despite having two kids, dumped her for another floozy. Meanwhile, her parents tracked her down and asked her to send her kids to them so they could see their grandchildren, something that they had never done before. Since the gal was going to go on a cruise ship with her new boyfriend, she accedes to their wishes.

The two kids, Rebecca (Olivia DeJonge) and Tyler (Ed Oxenbould) are both up to their necks in computer and Internet technology. They both want to make it big in the entertainment industry when they grow up and to that end they want to make a documentary about their visit to the grandparents.

At first when the kids arrive at their grandparents' place, all seems well. However, both of the grandparents start acting strangely. The kids become frightened so much so that they lock the door to their room at night.

Modern day technology pervades this film. The kids complain about not being able to get a cellphone signal. The kids use Skype to communicate with their mother. They also watch a video she sends them and they do other things online. They also use a camera to record some of the odd things happening at the house.

There are some funny moments in this film, especially concerning the grandmother who the kids call "Nana." The kids also call the grandfather "Pop-Pop." There is also a running gag concerning some of the bit players in the movie.

As the movie progresses, so does the mystery of why the grandparents behave so oddly. Not to mention visitors to the house who are also a bit strange themselves.

The Visit is one of the rare movies in which the trailer makes the movie seem worse than what it really is. Usually trailers make movies seem more interesting than what they really are like.

The Visit is funny and provides great escapist entertainment.

The Visit is also notable for the fact that its closing credits are pretty interesting and well worth watching.

All in all, **The Visit** is a movie that is well worth your time and money.

Website Reviews

<http://climatechangedispatch.com>

Climate Change Dispatch

Climate Change Dispatch is a website that exists to present a sane look at the situation regarding the climate of planet Earth to the American people. All too often, all the American people get is a lot of Chicken Little propaganda about how Global Warming aka Climate Change is going to bring about the end of the world. However there are a few alternatives to the propaganda available on the Internet. One such website is Climate Change Dispatch (CCD). CCD is a website that has been endorsed by none other than longtime science fiction writer L.

Neil Smith. Smith is also a leading libertarian light who has also written about the fallacies of all this climate change nonsense. CCD is a website that takes skepticism of Global Warming/Climate Change to a whole new level. CCD bills itself as being a “science and environmental news site.” CCD challenges the idea that there is such a thing in science as “consensus,” arguing that the very idea of consensus is antithetical to the scientific method. To further buttress its position, the CCD website quotes at length from the famous novelist Dr. Michael Crichton M.D. who argued that what is important in science is not consensus, but instead “reproducible results.” CCD is a website that has taken great pains to promote its point of view. For instance, CCD has a “Submissions” page that explains what it wants in articles from would be writers while also acknowledging that it is unable to pay for submissions. Under the heading of “Get the Facts,” CCD has a list of all sorts of articles addressing various and sundry aspects of the climate change controversy. One specific objective of this section is to combat the “scares, scams, junk, panics and flummery” that mars so much writing about climate change. In addition to a whole host of articles covering climate change, the CCD also has a sizable number of videos. The CCD’s front page also carries the day’s latest news concerning the Earth’s climate. CCD has also grown to the point that it has its own Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/ccdispatch/> .

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

Frontier Tales

Currently, the webzine *Frontier Tales* is the main source for original Westerns on the Internet. This is because the only other Westerns webzine, *The West Online* has fallen into the doldrums and has not published anything new in quite a while. The blogzine *Fire on the Plains* disappeared after a promising start. There are other websites that sometimes publish original Western fiction, but their output is limited. There is another webzine called *The Copperfield Review* that purports to publish historical fiction, but it does not ever publish anything with a Western setting. As for print publications, the last attempt at a professional Western magazine lasted about two issues about a decade ago. There have been few attempts at publishing original Western anthologies during the past decade or so. With so few Western authors publishing original short fiction, there have been few book length collections of Western short fiction published during the past few decades. Clearly, there is a need for a webzine such as *Frontier Tales*. This is how the webzine defines itself: **“Frontier Tales publishes short stories that deal with the raw edge, where civilization crashes into the frontier. That clash is where the action is, and that's what so many of us love to read about.”** In other words, *Frontier Tales* is only interested in action fiction. If you want to read or write stories about the more civilized aspects of the Old West, you are out of luck. However, if you really like tales of bloody violence on the frontier, then you are in heaven. In 2013, the Critters Workshop (CW) website’s “Predators & Editors” poll named *Frontier Tales* as being the 3rd best fiction webzine. In that same year, the CW website also named *Frontier Tales* editor Duke Pennell as the 8th best webzine editor. *Frontier Tales* also employs a different system than other webzines. At *Frontier Tales*,

there are several pieces, mostly fiction, that are published in every issue. The readers get to vote on the piece that they liked the most. The winner of this poll is then invited to have his piece reprinted in a best of volume. Currently, there have been three such volumes published with more being planned. This system is what makes *Frontier Tales* special and it guarantees that it will be around for the long haul.

<http://mysteryfile.com/>

Mystery*File

Historically, mystery fandom has always lagged far behind science fiction fandom. The first mystery fanzines of note did not appear until the late 1960's. It was not until the 1980's when the first semi-professional mystery magazines began appearing. There have been few mystery conventions and fans have no input in any of the mystery genre's awards. However, all that seems to be changing. During the past decade, mystery fandom on the Internet has made strides towards narrowing the gap between it and science fiction fandom although the latter is still way ahead. One mystery fan who has been endeavoring to close this gap is Steve Lewis. In 2003 Lewis created Mystery*File (M*F) as a place where mystery fans could both write and learn about their favorite genre. For its first 3 years, M*F ran a fair number of well written articles that covered the world of mystery fiction. Its authors included such well known writers as Jon L. Breen, Bill Crider, Lee Goldberg, Ed Gorman, Marvin Lachman, Bill Pronzini and John Pugmire. Subjects covered included a whole host of pulp magazine and original paperback goodness including Sexton Blake Charlie Chan, Octavus Roy Cohen, Donald Hamilton, John D. McDonald, Peter Rabe as well as an article from a 1930 issue of *Writer's Digest* covering the 17 mystery fiction magazines that existed at that time. Eventually time considerations came into play and Lewis decided in December 2006 to go from writing and posting long articles to turn the website into a blog featuring shorter posts. To this end he created www.mysteryfile.com/blog/. What this did was to make Mystery*File a far more prominent website. It is by far and away the single best mystery oriented blog on the Internet. It is also one the single most updated blogs on any subject on the Internet. The very last time it went through a month where there was less than 50 posts was March 2016. If you want to keep up with the mystery genre while also reading up on the history of that genre as well, then Mystery*File the very best place to start.

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

Natural News

Of all the websites that scientists connected to the food industry consider to be nothing more than mere pseudoscience, Natural News is either at the top of everyone's list or close to it under the heading of "worst science website." Natural News was founded over a decade ago by Michael Allen Adams who calls himself the "Health Ranger." Adams in a controversial character in light of the various claims that he has made about himself. For instance, he has claimed to have come down with Type 2 Diabetes, but to have cured himself not with medical treatment, but instead with "natural remedies." These alleged remedies include eating fruits and vegetables, avoiding processed food as well as dairy products, sugar and meat. Adams also claims to avoid MSG, anything that has been genetically modified as well as all prescription medicines. There are a great many doctors and other medical professionals who are highly skeptical of Adams's claims. As if that was not enough, Adams has shown himself determined to stoke controversy on practically every subject imaginable. For instance, in a since deleted blog entry, Adams called for violence against the proponents of genetically modified food. Adams has been roundly accused of both lies and pseudoscience. It is no exaggeration that there are few people alive who are hated by doctors and scientists more than Mike Adams. At least half the reason why Adams is hated so much by the medical and scientific establishment is because he runs such a well-designed informative website. On the top left side of the website is the list of the day's most viewed articles. Under that listing is the latest news of the day. On the top center of the website is an area called "From the Health Ranger" that has links to Adams's three most recent postings. The rest of the website consists of links to such things as Health News, Science & Tech News, Government News, Finance News and Preparedness News. There is even a listing of links to YouTube videos about recipes. These news items are not objective at all. In sum, Natural News is a website that figures to remain controversial and a thorn in the side of the medical/scientific establishment for years to come.

<http://reason.com/>

Reason Magazine

Reason is the USA's best known, largest circulation libertarian magazine. Its website also has more traffic than every other libertarian website. It bills itself as being the magazine of "free minds and free markets." Originally founded in 1968 by Robert Poole, it has since become synonymous with the libertarian movement as a whole. It is fair to say that if it were not for *Reason* the libertarian movement would be nowhere near as strong as it today. *Reason* has also won a good reputation as shown by the fact that in both 2003 and 2004, the *Chicago Tribune* named it as being one of the 50 best magazines being published. The magazine has also won

numerous other awards and honors in the publishing industry. Why has *Reason* won so many plaudits from critics who are hardly libertarians themselves? This is due to the fact that hardly anything published either in the magazine or on the website comes across as being ideological screeds. Practically every article makes good use of original reporting combined with judicious use of libertarian ideology. It is almost unheard of for a *Reason* article to stoop to the kind of cheap shots and rampant dishonesty that is so typical of other political publications. This is in contrast to almost every political magazine on the left and right that start out with politics first and if there actually is reporting to it, makes use of the reporting found in the mainstream media. This despite the fact that these same political publications are frequently in the habit of denouncing the mainstream media as being “biased.” The simple fact is that of all the political magazines being published nowadays, *Reason* is by far and away the one that makes the most use of original reporting. The magazine’s website is also an outstanding effort. Perhaps the best part of the website is the Reason Video feature. There you can find expertly produced videos on cultural and political topics that are almost always less than 30 minutes long. Another high point of the website is the Hit & Run blog.

Websites of Interest

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

Biology Fortified

<https://bluelivesmatter.blue/>

Blue Lives Matter

<http://www.breitbart.com>

Breitbart News

<https://www.cir-usa.org/>

The Center for Individual Rights

<http://workerfreedom.org>

Center for Worker Freedom

<http://www.smallbusinessinnovators.org>

Coalition of Small Business Innovators

<https://code.org/Code.org>

Code.org

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

Energy Net

<http://gone-and-forgotten.blogspot.com/>

Gone & Forgotten

<https://ijr.com/>

Independent Journal Review

<https://nrtwc.org/>

National Right to Work Committee

<http://www.northhuron.on.ca/rural-voice>

Rural Voice

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

Shadow's B-Movie Graveyard

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

Society for Pennsylvania Archaeology

<http://www.spiked-online.com/>

Spiked Online

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

The Unz Review: An Alternative Media Selection

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

UNZ.org

<https://yellowdragonblog.com/>

Yellow Dragon

Letters of Comment

May 29, 2017

Dear Charles,

In Fornax #18, the Coral Sea stirs up all sorts of memories, but not because of the battle. I was on board the USS Coral Sea (CVA 43) from 1966 to 1969. I engaged in a lot of fanac in those day. We spent eight months of the year in the Western Pacific. When we were out west we'd have a 45 day line period in the Gulf of Tonkin followed by seven days in Subic Bay then another like period. Forty-five days at sea gives you a lot of time for reading, apas, and letterhacking. I even joined the NFFF.

Your feelings about Fayetteville are similar to my feelings about Hollywood. When I was in high school I thought Hollywood was really great. It was strange and colorful. OK, it also had some slime around the edges, but it wasn't too bad. The bookstores would have made up for just about anything. The bookstores were the best thing about Hollywood in my neo-collectorish estimation.

Alas, Hollywood was in decline even back then. The bookstores are gone along with just about anything you might wish to encounter. In the last couple of years I worked in Hollywood in the nineties, I didn't even go down to the street level anymore. There were at least a couple of panhandlers per block along with the dope dealers, whores of both sexes, and God knows what else.

I've seen photos of the corpse of the Black Dahlia. It wasn't the sort of crime scene you'd want to visit before lunch. Or after lunch, for that matter. The newspapers of the time reported it as a sadistic crime, but it really wasn't sadistic. The woman was killed with one stroke to the heart. All the other dozen or so stab wounds to the upper body were done after she was dead. The corpse was cut in half at about the navel. It looks like the sort of thing you would

only do if you had some sort of psycho motivation to do it. Ghu only knows what that motivation might have been.

An unnumbered extra issue!!! That doesn't make bibliographers very happy. Bibliographers can be really hostile when they aren't happy.

I remember why I didn't watch the movie the claim. I didn't like the original story, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. In fact, I don't like Thomas Hardy in general.

Yours truly,

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

[Just wondering, but what kind of work did you do in Hollywood? Interesting details about the Black Dahlia in light of these claims that it was done by some prominent citizen or another such as Orson Welles or by the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*. A prominent person would be content to kill her with one blow then run off. My belief in cases like this is that the killer is almost always going to be some obscure person, not somebody who's well known. Are you still a collector right now or are you off that obsession?]

I agree with you, Charles: publishing a fanzine online does not generate many letters of comment in return. Normally I try to respond in some way, but when the semester is in full swing there is not much time to do even that. Fortunately right now I have a couple weeks off before summer classes begin (I'm teaching one in June), so here are a few comments on your latest *Fornax*.

You are right that the Battle of the Coral Sea in 1942 was a major early tactical victory for the US Navy in World War II. One could argue that by stopping the Japanese invasion fleet heading for Australia and New Guinea, among other key strategic islands, the American fleet scored some major hits and should have been commended more for their efforts. Sadly, that did not happen; however, two months later at Midway the efforts of the Navy and Marines score their first truly major victory over the Japanese fleet by successfully defending that island air base. That was definitely important. My dad, who was 18 years old in 1942, was about to be shipped out after his naval training in San Diego and Washington state. He entered the Pacific fleet as a radioman on a destroyer, later an aircraft carrier, in a task force group under the command of Admiral Kinkaid, and would see action in the Solomon Islands (he was in the support group shelling Guadalcanal, preparing the island for the Marines to land), and many other "foreign and exotic places, courtesy of Uncle Sam," as he liked to put it. His aircraft carrier was hit by kamikazes in the Second Battle of Leyte Gulf (October 1944), that was another major sea battle and victory for the US Navy. Dad was never wounded in battle, but saw enough death and destruction in his four

years of service. Just to drop a couple other island campaigns he was involved in, dad was at Saipan, Okinawa, and Iwo Jima; he was manning the radio on a destroyer preparing to steam towards mainland Japan when the word came across about Hiroshima. Yeah, he was the one who took that message to his ship captain. In his own way, my father was a footnote to history. I salute his memory and all the other brave souls who fought and died in that war; all wars, in fact. This upcoming Memorial Day I will proudly display our flag outside our front door.

A quick shift of topic and tone is in order into the interview you reprinted from 2004 with the General Manager of the Women's Baseball team the Detroit Danger, Shawn Macurio. Right off the bat, that's a solid baseball name. This interview tells a story much like that romanticized and very popular movie *A League of Their Own*, which told one side of the story of women's baseball during World War II. I need to do a little internet searching to follow up on some of the things that Macurio mentioned: other professional women's baseball teams and leagues forming since 2005 or so. If they exist, the news services - especially ESPN - rarely, if ever, mention them, which essentially implies that the baseball world is largely male-biased, possibly misogynistic. But this interview sort of begs a researched follow up article. Something to consider.

Good letters this time, too. Andy Hooper's loc really got into some interesting history about the RPG's and Hittites, as was Milt Stevens' letter. I think I should contact Gerd Maximovic since I might be crossing Germany this summer on my TAFF trip. German fandom indeed is quite active: next month EuroCon is being held in Dortmund, and the attendance listing (I was looking at it online yesterday) is a good length and full of good names.

Thanks for sending the issue to me. It is greatly appreciated.

John Purcell

3744 Marielene Circle
College Station, TX 77845
USA

[One thing that I should have made clear is that nowadays even editors of postal fanzines don't much in terms of LOC's. I currently get *The Insider* a fanzine that is officially described as the "newsletter" of the St. Louis Science Fiction Society (it's actually more like an amateur science magazine) and its editor Michelle Zellich rarely receives even so much as three LOC's. I'm one of her most frequent LOC writers. My father was in the Field Artillery and was assigned to a battalion that saw action with several different commands with the longest terms being with I Corps Artillery and with the 41st Infantry Division. He was at places with names such as Biak, Buna, Hollandia and Zamboanga that most Americans have never even heard of. He was never wounded either, but came down with his share of medical attention. From what I can tell, the effort towards creating a viable women's baseball system has largely collapsed after that E-Mail interview was done in 2004. Shawn Macurio herself has largely dropped out of sight at least on the Internet. On the other hand, the National Women's Soccer League, which did not even exist in 2004, now has 11 professional teams. Seems strange that women's pro soccer is going well while other

sports such as baseball, hockey (has there ever been any such thing as pro field hockey?) and football are basically devoid of the female presence.]

Gerd.Maximovic@t-online.de

Dear Charles,

thanks for Fornax 18.

You are writing about the decline of „Fayetteville“. That's interesting, nostalgic. The good old times, things are changing for the worse. Now you must pay a lot of money there just to park your car. In Bremen (downtown) you also must pay in this respect). My proposition: forget your car, start riding bike, like I did (am doing) myself. I can park my bike here even downtown, almost everywhere. And for free, till now. Have made (with two bikes) 99 000 km (in 25 years). The bike, I am repeating, is the real time machine. Each day biking, you get one hour younger! That's true. It's great fun, and very healthy.

Problems with book stores? When I lived in Southern Germany (in a city named Schwäbisch Gmünd), I was interested to read some US SF magazines, in their original language. Gmünd had a population of 40 000 at that time (now about 60 000). So sometimes I went to the far bigger city Stuttgart, 60 km, by car. There, at the central station, they had literature and magazines in a lot of languages, also in English, of course. You see the efforts undertaken to gather original SF. „The Last Tramp“ by Robin Bright. Geoffrey Monmouth is a stairway sweeper. Interesting topic you are lured into. Also the ending is of interest. But, in between, the author suddenly changes to an article (destroying his own story). That's a pity. But, one point more: sipping Cappuccino is funny. I am always drinking cappuccino. The heroes in my stories meanwhile also drink cappuccino. The best one is produced by Jacobs (Bremen).

„Free Beacon“: Internet is very important to get free and true information. Oftentimes it's delivered by amateurs. So, thank them, for thinking their own ways.

Andy Hooper (in his LoC) mentions „the large face makes it (Fornax) easy to read“. That's correct. Stay with this face. He demands „more sophisticated layout“ for stories. No, I don't think this is necessary. Of course, you can change or improve some things, but the situation now is very well. „Illustrations“ for the stories? Yes, maybe, but not necessarily.

The mainstay of Fornax is it's contents. And that's oftentimes interesting, and good. LoCs are rising, more people interested. Just go on working this way! And you also will get more submissions.

If I am willing to write an essay about spiritual matters for Fornax? Well, maybe later. I think, best way is to introduce some of these ideas into my LoCs, as I already did. And am doing again, look at this:

*

There arises always the question: where does the world (the universe) come from? What's the origins of matter? What is our meaning in this scenario? Why are we existent, and what for? Well, the questions about the origins of being have long been discussed by philosophers. They all (so many of them!) agree to the simple fact: nothing comes from nothing. So, unanimously, the being is, they say, the being must come from being.

That's clear, they say: nothing comes from nothing. So the „nothing“ (the void, the total emptiness) cannot be the beginning or the origin of the universe. Else taken: if there ever would have been a void, a total nothingness, then there always would be – nothing. And never would there be something existent. And, of course, we, mankind, and you, dear reader, no one of us would ever exist. So, our existence simply proves: there is no nothing, there was no nothing, there will never be a nothing. Because: we agree, there is being. So, in the future, in order to create „nothing“ you must remove the being. But where to? You cannot charm (magic, spell) it away. It IS, and it ALWAYS will BE.

For instance, Kant, the great German philosopher, thinks, there was creation. And he proposes: the kind of matter existing immediately after creation was the roughest or unformed ever. This brings us to an interesting point. Well, undoubtedly being IS. Where does it come from? Who is responsible for it? Kant says, God is the one causing everything (please mind you: out of nothing!).

The argument referring to this creation (out of nothing) you can find, as I told above, with so many philosophers. Let us take another German philosopher, Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762 – 1814).

Fichte tells us (my short transcription): „I say, the true and essential being will not come out of the nothing. Because, everything which comes into being, must be reasoned in another being existing before this new being. So, the second being must be referred to a third being, and the third being (always looking backward in time) must be referred to a fourth being, and so on, and so on. This process of reasoning goes on and on, into infinity. So, lastly, you arrive at a being which cannot be referred backwards to another being. This ultimate being, not being the result of another being, is the final being. As it is, it is by itself. It exists on its own power. It is a being on its own order.“

And I add here: this being, surpassing our normal ideas, is what we call God. A being not being created otherwise, but existing on its own.

Interesting in this connection is Kant's idea that God created the world out of nothing. Is this possible? Well, what was in the beginning? There, they say nowadays, was the nothing. And out of nothing comes the universe. But, of course, they (the scientists of today) a tricky: they do not tell us, then, that God must be the source of everything. This behaviour is not honest. Kant is honest.

Now, God creating the universe out of nothing? Then, please, what really was in the beginning? Was there nothing in the beginning? No, not at all! Due to Kant, presupposing God, there were two things „in the beginning“: the nothing AND God, of course. Else God never could have created the cosmos out of nothing. But, if there was nothing, what or who was (is) God? Is God, then, identical with the nothing? So, has the Nothing (= God) created the being out of itself (= out of nothing)? You, see, the nothing creating the being out of nothing – that's pure nonsense!

Of course, God is NOT nothing.

All such questions have been posed by philosophers, for instance by Johannes Scotus Eriugena, and others.

Think of it!

For sure, I tell you, THERE IS GOD! And God is everything and he is IN everything. So, he is in each tree, in each animal, and in each human being, too. Yes, absolute sure, he IS in us, in each one of us.

And sometimes, he is „talking“ to us. Very silently. There is much disturbing noise in the outside world. But, please, believe me, sometimes you can hear his „voice“.

(This, essentially, has been Published in Fantasia 661e, a German eMagazine, in 2017)

Kind regards,
Gerd

[Isn't Cappuccino an Italian drink? Don't Germans have their own form of coffee? Or is Germany free from this "cultural appropriation" nonsense? Well, of course you can write about spiritual matters for Fornax! I could not find that "German eMagazine" Fantasia 661e on the Internet. Could you please provide a URL for it?]

Gerd.Maximovic@t-online.de

Dear Charles,

thank you for Fornax Old Frontier Issue which I have read with interest.

In the feature article about George Custer and Little Big Horn, you argue like an attorney. And I believe, you will win the case. John Frett must have been a liar and thief.

A short time ago I saw the flick „Man Without a Star“ (director: King Vidor) again (second time). I remembered some scenes, but I did not remember how excellently Kirk Douglas was acting. Excellently! Great!

There is a story, by Charles Rector himself: „Cascades Ivory“. About poaching and cheating and animal (elk) killing. Well written, good entertainment. A story which would fit also very well in Shelby Vick's magazines. That's the right spirit!

Kind regards,
Gerd

[Actually, the author of the article about John Frett was my father, not myself. Intteresting that you also recently watched a King Vidor Western. I've noticed that ever since the passing of John Wayne, it seems as if Europeans are more interested in the Old West than most Americans are.]