

# Fornax 20th

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 the 20<sup>th</sup> issue published July 2017.

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

## Incident on IL 120

As one who is physically handicapped due to having cerebral palsy resulting in slower than normal reflexes, I drive slower than the speed limit in the daytime and do everything I can to avoid driving either at night or during inclement weather. As a result, I frequently get subjected to Road Rage. What happened recently on Illinois state highway 120 between Woodstock and McHenry was the worst case yet. This maniac had passed the car behind me despite the fact that it was a no passing zone. As soon as he got his van behind my car, he honked like crazy and waved his arms around. He then passed my car and stopped right in the middle of the highway, jumped out of his van, ran to my car and screamed bloody murder.

Not wanting to converse with an obviously irrational person, I moved my car ahead and passed the parked van. Shortly thereafter, He passed me again and kept on driving at least 20 miles over the speed limit. His van bore the logo of a company called Archetype Interiors, a company with offices in Connecticut and South Carolina. One can only wonder just what kind of standards they have for their employees.

# **My Idea: Use Humor in Advertising Supporting the Hiring of Handicapped Folks**

I would appreciate some feedback on this issue. How can it be handled better?

As a handicapped person who is oftentimes unemployed, two things that I have noticed is how poorly done pro-handicapped hiring advertising campaigns are done. First of all, there rarely are any such campaigns being done. When they are, they are generally poorly carried out.

You can tell that the ads that are being produced all have the look and feel of public service announcements or P.S.A.'s. These ads are boring and unconvincing. As such, they do little or nothing to persuade their intended audience that hiring handicapped workers is something that they should be doing.

On top of that, the budgets for the folks behind these advertising campaigns are limited. This limits their ability to run paid advertising. They have to rely on the good will of broadcasters who want to impress the Federal Communications Commission with their community service. All too often, these P.S.A. type ads are aired during hours when audience numbers are low. P.S.A. type ads often give the feel that while doing what their sponsors want you to do may be a good thing, it is also unpleasant like eating broccoli. Too many of these P.S.A. type ads take what might be called the pity party approach where you are supposed to hire handicapped worker just because you feel sorry for them. Additionally, the costs of radio/TV ad production combined with low advertising budgets generally preclude any significant print or Internet ad campaigns.

In terms of fundraising, the advocates of hiring handicapped workers need to get their act together. They need to come up with innovative ideas for advertisements and then pitch these ideas to well-endowed foundations such as the Ford Foundation for instance. These ads will need to appear online, on outdoor platforms, in print as well as on both radio and television for maximum effect. The fundraisers need to set a minimum goal of \$25 Mil. if they are to be able to saturate the airwaves to achieve the desired effect. Having the money needed to make big advertising buys ensures that you can buy air time at periods of maximum exposure.

As for the advertisements themselves, they need to use humor as a selling point. One goal should be to encourage the persons making hiring decisions to ignore labels such as "disabled" and "handicapped." To succeed, the campaign needs to take a light-hearted tack instead of a sober or earnest tone. The ads should challenge the conventional wisdom about handicapped workers.

One idea is to present an able-bodied employee who is prone to using jargon instead of plain English. The point is to show that just because someone is able-bodied does not automatically mean that they bring more to the table than someone who is handicapped. The ultimate goal is to persuade those who make hiring decisions to think beyond the handicapped label.

Before running any ads, it will be necessary to test them first. The best way would be to recruit focus groups made up of folks in the target demographic. The members of this

demographic are the ones who make hiring decisions and those who influence them. They include executives, senior managers, staff members of human resources departments and hiring managers.

The basic idea behind the ads is to influence the thinking of those who make and influence hiring decisions. Specifically, promote the idea that every worker is different and brings different skills and abilities to the workplace. In other words, handicapped workers can be just as valuable to a business as their able bodied counterparts.

In creating the advertising campaign, it would be necessary to use an approach that grabs people's attention. Yet at the same time that would not alienate the audience either. By adding tasteful humor, you can further win the viewers over to your side.

In order to achieve maximum effectiveness, the ads would need to be targeted to media outlets that are read/viewed/listened to by people who either make hiring decisions or influence those who do. The best type of media outlet would be the business press as well as news programs. Another area of promise is the sports press.

## **The Attack of the Anti-Fan Science Fiction Authors**

<https://pjmedia.com/homeland-security/2017/06/11/our-treasonous-media-is-a-clear-and-present-danger/>

If you point your browser to the above link, you will find an incredibly hateful article entitled "Our Treasonous Media is a Clear and Present Danger" by one Sarah A. Hoyt. Hoyt has a history of writing hate filled articles and regularly engages in demagoguery like it's going out of style. It is this kind of rhetoric and narrow mindedness that, among other things, has caused alleged "comedienne" Kathy Griffin to hold up what looked like the severed head of the president of the United States, a production of William Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* that depicts the title character, who is assassinated, as looking and dressing just like the president of the United States as well as the attempted assassination of U.S. Rep. Steve Scalise. In other words, the USA today is in the grips of an atmosphere of overheated politics leading to violence.

Along with a small circle of friends, including Larry Correia and Vox Day who appears to be their ringleader, Hoyt has been doing everything she can to run down science fiction fandom and its institutions even if it means ruining science fiction's viability as a genre in the process.

The actions of Hoyt and company appear to be motivated primarily by jealousy, spite and sheer opportunism.

The main area of contention for Hoyt and her friends is the annual awards that are bestowed upon science fiction authors and their works. Hoyt and company claim that these awards are being unfairly handed out. For instance, Hoyt cried foul that the annual Locus poll had Tor Books winning the Best Book Publishing Company designation 29 years in a row. Hoyt claimed that it was unfair that one company should dominate the poll like that. Hoyt and friends talked as if the results of the Locus poll should be equally distributed among all the book publishers. In other words, hand out trophies just for participating. What this missed was the very idea that the Locus poll is supposed to represent the opinion of science fiction fans, not just be a tool of a book publisher's public relations.

The same went for the Hugo Awards themselves. Hoyt and friends talked as if the Hugo Awards should be reserved for the authors who sold the most books. As for the fandom who voted for the Hugos, Hoyt made it clear that fans should exist to serve the science fiction writers. Everything fans do should be aimed at promoting science fiction writers and their creations instead of fans thinking for themselves. What Hoyt and her cronies miss is that fandom and fan institutions exist for the fans and not for anyone else.

Hoyt and her friends have had success in milking science fiction fandom in controversies designed to gain maximum publicity for themselves, presumably boosting book sales so much so that other writers are joining in the act. If you point your browser to the undeservedly obscure Nerd & Tie blog at <http://www.nerdandtie.com/2017/02/10/jon-del-arroz-blames-not-getting-invited-to-baycon-2017-on-politics-despite-being-invited-for-2018/> you will find a science fiction writer named Jon del Arroz who has been following the likes of Sarah A. Hoyt, Larry Correia and others in making a jerk out of himself at fandom's expense.

Up until very recently Jon del Arroz was a quite obscure writer. Even back then BayCon saw fit to invite him to their annual convention. In 2017, BayCon decided not to invite him even though it invited him for 2018. You would think that del Arroz would have been grateful for all the support and publicity that he got from his BayCon appearances when he really needed it so much so that he would be gracious in dealing with the fact that he was not invited for this year. If so, you would be wrong. In a move straight out of the Hoyt/Correia playbook he accused BayCon of racism because he is Hispanic and also because he voted for Trump. He failed to provide any evidence for these charges and they appear to be completely baseless.

The Nerd & Tie blogger had an idea for handling the pretentious del Arroz: Don't invite him to a convention ever again. That sounds like a great idea. From now on, fandom needs to shut out those like del Arroz, Correia, Hoyt and their leader Vox Day. All those who wish to trash fandom for both fun and profit should be kept out of fandom functions, such as conventions, that can accord writers and others publicity and public standing in the world of science fiction. Either you are on the side of fandom or you are against it. No middle ground.

# **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.**

## **Drier than Mars?**

You would think that the subject of NASA's explorations of the planet Mars would inspire some great writing, right? Well, that never occurred to academic historian W. Henry Lambright, author of the wretched book *Why Mars*. Either that or he simply does not have the talent for writing about the history of science and technology. It took me over a month to read his book that focused on the inside baseball at NASA headquarters concerning Mars policy. By contrast, it took just three days to read a book of essays that was of roughly the same length that was by Camille Paglia. Now, I know from past experience that Paglia's works are amazingly quick reads, but Lambright's book was just deadly dull. People wonder just why so many Americans lack scientific literacy. It's because of books like this that make science uninteresting to the masses.

## **How much of D&D was "borrowed" from J.R.R. Tolkien?**

For what was supposedly an original idea when it first came out, Dungeons & Dragons (D&D) heavily depended on other sources for its material. Most notably, D&D's co-creators Dave Arneson & Gary Gygax made heavy use of the works of J.R.R. Tolkien.

For instance, the "Halflings" were the Hobbits from Tolkien's work. Actually, the word Hobbit was originally used in D&D until the estate of J.R.R. Tolkien demanded that they cease and desist. Additionally, the varieties of elves in D&D has a distinct resemblance to the elf races in Tolkien's works.

For all practical purposes, D&D was an outgrowth of Tolkien's fantasy works.

What all this goes to show is that D&D just simply was not all that original. Or at least not as original as advertised.

## **The History of the Original Space Merchant**

Originally, there was a highly popular free space trading strategy browser based game called Space Merchant (SM) that was created by a company called Shareplay. Basically, the founders of Shareplay saw the success of the Bulletin Board System game Trade Wars 2002 and decided to take the TW 2002 concept to the World Wide Web. After a short beta testing phase during late 1997- early 1998, SM was formally launched and in an environment where other than the lackluster Starship Traders, there were no free space trading strategy browser based games. It would be some time before the download game Diaspora would be launched, so SM practically had the entire market to itself.

Add in the fact that Shareplay had a bountiful advertising budget and SM rapidly had a player base that, at its height in early 2000, exceeded 11,000 players. SM was literally raking in boatloads of advertising revenues.

However, there were problems with Shareplay's administration of the games that undermined both SM's popularity as well as its revenue base. The admins created "newbie games" that they failed to admin well, allowing cheating to flourish. Even worse, the newbie games lasted two months long with a new newbie game starting every month, creating a "ghost town effect" in the prior game whenever the new game would begin. The administrators also unnecessarily alienated the newer players by limiting participation on the game's forums aka the "Webboard" to Veteran players. Any time you limit the forums to less than 10% of the playership, you are asking for trouble. Also, in mid-September, 1999, when they created the "newbie games," all players who had been playing SM before then were declared to be "veteran" players even though some of them had hardly been playing at all. All the players who came in after that point were "newbies." What this did was ensure that when new players entered the game, there would not be any old hands around to teach the newer players. Even worse, the admins created excessively high standards as regards kills and goods traded for entry into the veterans games. I myself took about 18 months just to become eligible to reach the veterans games and it would have been at least 12 more months before I would have reached the point where I would have been restricted to just the veterans games.

This alienated large numbers of players which was especially bad since over 90% of the SM playership consisted of new players. Meanwhile, the "veteran games" stagnated from the lack of new blood. The admins refused to address the ghost town effect or the levels needed to reach veteran game status. They claimed that the reason for the newbie games was so that players could learn the game without ever seeming to realize that in order to retain new players, their games needed to be fun. The admins also engaged in corrupt conduct such as using game functions to favor certain players as well as certain groups of players such as The Forsaken, The Unforgiven & the Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Even worse, the admins turned a blind eye towards multiple accounts since they figured that the more pages used up by players, the more revenue from advertisers. Eventually, the ad agencies caught on to this corruption both by Shareplay and other online gaming companies and changed the methods by which they parceled out ad revenues. The revenue base of SM as well as the other Shareplay games, Monarchy and Panumbra, quickly shriveled up even while other companies, such as the folks behind both Earth: 2025 & Utopia who never turned a blind eye to multiple accounts, continued to do well financially.

Shareplay went through all sorts of wild gyrations & mutations before passing away in September 2001.

## **Original Space Merchant Newbie Game #8 Reminiscence**

The following is a reminiscence of times gone by in Newbie Game #8 of the original Space Merchant that was played back in May, 2000:

The greatest of all the SM alliances that I was in prior to Newbie Game #10 when I finally persuaded DarkFlare to allow the Trex Mercenaries being established in SM. That is, of course, Law & Order. At the start of SM Newbie Game #8, there was a prominent player named Zonker from previous newbie games who realized that NG #8 would be the very last NG that he'd be able to play in and he wanted to go out of the NG's with a bang. Thus it was that he formed Ascension, an alliance that was to be evilly inclined so much so that it was the one and only major SM alliance that I can ever remember where most of the members's name were in red. Ascension was literally an Evil Trader alliance. Shortly afterwards, one of Zonker's cronies formed a recruitment alliance for Ascension called The Untouchables.

Both Ascension and The Untouchables rose to power quickly in NG #8, provoking a backlash amongst the Federal Deputy & neutral trader players who banded together in the form of 2 major alliances, The Space Marshals and the alliance that I joined up with, Law & Order. L&O was a very memorable experience since it was the 1 and only pre-TM SM alliance that I was in that wasn't merely some sort of do-nothing container of players. It was an outfit with a central animating mission: the suppression of evil and of both Ascension and The Untouchables especially. L&O was the 1 and only pre-TM alliance where I participated in some Planet Busts & combat sweeps with several other alliance members online simultaneously and in the same general area where I was.

NG #8 was the 1 and only SM/SMR game where I flew a Federal warship. It was also memorable since it was the 1 and only pre-TM alliance where I had a leadership position. Specifically I was the Commander of all L&O forces in the Salzik Galaxy where I was in charge of both L&O planets there and also of the members who traded there. I led my very first Planet Bust with L&O and had some most memorable experiences with that alliance in that game. L&O was also memberable because Lord Nuff required that we all have/get AOL Instant Messenger to facilitate communication, so that's why I got AIM. Every time I use AIM, it's an instant reminder of both L&O and NG #8.

L&O finished the game with about a dozen planets, several of which had been taken from both Ascension and The Untouchables (1 of which had been the Ascension HQ planet) or that L&O included in its ranks several of the best players in SM at that time. Players such as Kiwi007, BrianBond007 (L&O had several members with James Bondish names) and SteelTiger. It was a most memorable group. Due to the struggle between the forces of good and evil, NG #8 was the only SM NG that I can recall that held the interest of its players right down to the last day of the game. As for Zonker, he seemed to have dropped out of sight after his humiliation in NG #8 at the hands of L&O and its allies.

## **Why the Duke Lacrosse Books Failed**

Note: The following on my blog that appeared on the then existent Open Salon blogging platform in 2008 and won the coveted "Editor's Pick" designation as one of the best posts of that particular day.

One thing about the Duke Lacrosse Case that has stayed in active contention is the notion that the 3 books published about it failed to sell large numbers of copies due to "sabotage." The alleged saboteurs are the 2 biggest bookstore chains Barnes & Noble and Borders. Other saboteurs are supposed to be in the very publishing houses that produced the books.

These allegations have been heavily pushed across the Internet. An example of this tendency comes from the officially titled Liestoppers Forum (actually Lietellers would be a more accurate description) where there was a recent thread entitled "UPI" was sabotaged; And they're not the only one. The alleged scholarly magazine called City Journal recently ran an article by Harry Stein that claimed the following:

**The mainstream houses demonstrate their liberal bias even when they condescend to publish a non-PC book. Take Until Proven Innocent, Stuart Taylor and K. C. Johnson's look at Durham D.A. Michael Nifong's legal near-lynching of three Duke University lacrosse players accused of rape and how the university and the liberal media mob abetted it. Published by the Thomas Dunne**

**imprint of St. Martin's Press, the book was much anticipated in conservative circles and appeared to great critical acclaim. Yet it died quickly, victim of a publisher that utterly failed to grasp its potential appeal. "They [initially] printed only 13,000 copies and, as far as I know, gave it no advertising," says a still-frustrated Taylor, who considers himself a liberal. "Amazon sold out the third day, and we got hundreds of e-mails from all over the country from people that couldn't find it in the stores, which just killed it commercially. The truth is, the house just never seemed very excited about the book." According to BookScan, the book ended up selling 17,000 copies.**

So there you have it. One of the Duke Lacrosse Case books failed to make the grade sales wise due to sabotage by the very folks who were angling to make a profit out of it.

Actually, there is a much simpler reason why none of those books sold too well. It's because of the way that the Lacrosse players were depicted in these books. In none of the 3 books, the authors were not content to simply depict the players as being innocent of the crimes. Instead, they resorted to the old canard that "athletics builds character" with the inference that the players just simply were incapable of committing these crimes.

While it may be true that athletics at one time did help build character, those times are long gone. This is because the only way athletics build character is if the athletes are held to high standards. Back during the 1930's, when my parents went to high school, the athletes were held to high standards both in terms of behavior & grades. During my time at Platteville High School (PHS), 1979-1983, the athletes were held to zero standards. The athletes were able to commit all sorts of abuses without being subject to any discipline and the teachers handed out artificially high grades to athletes to keep them academically eligible. The notion that athletics are conducive to character building was used to defend the athlete's behavior and to insinuate that anyone who openly talked about the misdeeds of the athletes were jealous of all the attention and love that they were getting.

As it happens, these kinds of abuses are not limited to a few isolated schools such as PHS or Columbine High School. Athletic abuse is rampant throughout American high schools and at some colleges and universities as well. Large numbers of folks have experienced at least some form of unpunished athletic misconduct or witnessed poorly educated or even illiterate athletes remaining academically eligible. In other words, too many folks have witnessed firsthand how the notion that athletics build character is a total fraud. When the authors of these 3 books all tried to push the idea that the lacrosse players were simply incapable of such a grievous crime due to the way that athletics builds character, they were making an argument that most book reading folks knew from personal experience with big shot athletes was nothing but bunk.

And there you have it, the real non conspiracy theory reason why ally three pro Duke Lacrosse players books failed to sell well.

# Essay

## Puzzle The Mule

**By Dr. Robin Bright**

Isaac Asimov's (1920-92) science fiction series of *Foundation* (1942-93) novels posit a science of Psycho-History, which predicts what will occur in socio-historical terms from how people's minds are observed to react. The premise is based on the notion of objective criteria, that is, people will react in this way because the objective world is defined by parameters that can be measurably identified as unchangeable. Asimov's character, 'the Mule' of *Foundation and Empire* (1952), is able to obviate the 'Seldon Plan' of Hari Seldon, the developer of the science of Psycho-History, who prepared steps to be taken in the event of crises in the course of human development foreseen by psycho-historians. The 'Seldon Plan' assumed that no single individual could have a measurable effect on galactic socio-historical trends, which demanded collective effort, but the birth of 'the Mule', that is, a 'mentilac' able to influence the subconscious minds of people so that they became allied to the Mule's controlling of the galaxy, refuted that.

In socio-historical terms, Jesus Christ is similar to Asimov's Mule, because he was born uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary, in fulfilment of a promise God made to Eve in the garden of Eden from which she and the first man, Adam, were expelled for accepting the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', that is, death, rather than the 'fruit of the tree of life', which was God's gift of immortality, from the serpent, who was the angel, Satan, transformed by God for refusing to accept that the human host would be greater than the angelic, 'You shall be as gods.' (*Gen: 3. 5*) Telling Adam he must labor while Eve would experience labor pain before Redemption would occur, God explained to Eve: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, although he shall bruise your heel.' (*Gen: 3. 15*) In Christian iconography Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, is depicted crushing the head of the serpent, Satan, with her foot, because she gave birth to Jesus Christ, the redeemer, uncontaminated by male semen. Mary's 'foot' is 'futanarian' human women with penis' semen of their own. When Jesus was taken to the hill of Calvary outside Jerusalem by agents of the Empire of Rome and nailed to a cross of wood, he died but had Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, because he was the prefiguration of the Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of futanarian women with their own penis' semen for the sexual reproduction of their own brains' powers for the development of labor-saving devices and immortality conferring medical science that would free women from slavery in host womb parasitism to men of the 'serpent's seed' who'd subjugated their race since Eden.

Trapped within a fiction in which women don't sexually reproduce their own brains' powers with each other for the liberation of their own species, Asimov's Mule is occluded. And that's true for all readers. Science fiction writer, Robert Anson Heinlein (1907-88), presents a similar scenario in his short story, 'They' (1941), which postulates a character kept a prisoner by men who don't want him to remember who he really is, because that would change things: 'They never would let him alone. He realized that that was part of the plot against him – never to leave him in peace, never to give him a chance to mull over the lies they had told him, time enough to pick out the flaws, and to figure out the truth for himself.'<sup>1</sup> The protagonist is a metaphor for the truth, which is that the human race would change if women sexually reproduced futanarian humanity, because each and every human scene would be transformed unrecognizably. He is explicitly a Christ figure, because he doesn't accept the Empire of the male brain: 'All of these creatures have been set up to look like me in order to prevent me from realizing that I was the center of the arrangements.'<sup>2</sup> He has to be like Jesus in order to perceive that he's being occluded. Without arriving at the truth that ephemeral humanity is enslaved by men of the 'serpent's seed' in host womb parasitism, he experiences that Christ-like certainty that he's the center, which is what Christ crucified represents: 'Memory ... may be tampered with and possibly destroyed.'<sup>3</sup>

His observation relates to the absence of a medical science of longevity, which would allow human individual memory to approach immortality and the maintaining of knowledge that would prevent women's re-enslaving as ephemerals in host womb parasitism: 'I infer that they are preparing me for some sort of major change.'<sup>4</sup> History teaches that men don't want immortality through medical science, because that would liberate 'woman's seed': '... if we understood his motives, we would be part of *him*.'<sup>5</sup> The creature in charge of the prisoner, 'the Glaroon', represents the 'serpent's seed' of men's fear of Jesus uncontaminated by male semen, because the resurrected and ascended Christ prefigures the reemergence of 'woman's seed' and brainpower, which men didn't want and so they killed him. The Glaroon orders a cosmetic, rather than a genuine change: 'Leave structures standing until adjournment. New York city and Harvard University are now dismantled. Divert him from those sectors. Move!' If the meaning of Jesus' crucifixion, Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, and God's promise of Redemption were understood, it'd be the beginning of the end for 'the Glaroon' and the enslaving of humanity in ephemerality, which is why the fiction is maintained.

In Clive Staples Lewis' (1898-1963) high fantasy, *The Chronicles Of Narnia* (1950-56), the lion Aslan is a figure of Christ. In the first novel of the series of seven, *The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe* (1950), Edmund Pevensie, accepting 'Turkish delight' from the witch queen, Jadis, betrays his siblings, Peter, Lucy and Susan, but the lion Aslan, ruler of Narnia, redeems Edmund from his sister Susan's demand that Edmund be killed as a punishment for his giving them over to the witch queen, Jadis. Aslan accepts death in Edmund's stead from the knife of Jadis upon a stone table; as there is 'deeper magic from before the dawn of time'<sup>6</sup> to resurrect an innocent killed in place of a traitor. Judas, of course, is the traitor in the story of the redeemer, Jesus, who is the human host presiding over the table at the 'Last Supper', giving 'bread and wine' as symbols of his 'body and blood' to the disciples, who find correspondence with Peter, Lucy and Susan in *The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe* as the traitor's victims; despite Jesus' teaching:

‘Love your neighbor as you love yourself.’ (Mk: 12. 31) Rejecting the human host, as Satan and Edmund also reject the human host, the traitor amongst the disciples, Judas, gives Jesus over to agents of the Empire of the male brain of Rome. Crucified for ‘thirty pieces of silver’, Jesus’ own Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, after Judas’ betrayal of the human host at his own table, prefigures God’s promised Redemption for women and the repentant converted, despite men’s treachery against the human host womb of futanarian humanity in parasitism and slavery.

The donkey, Puzzle, in Lewis’ seventh and final novel of *The Chronicles of Narnia* series, *The Last Battle* (1956), represents the conundrum posed by Jesus’ mission, which is elaborated upon in Isaac Asimov’s *Foundation and Empire* through his character, ‘the Mule’. Although the ‘Seldon Plan’ predicts how the collective mind will react through the science of Psycho-History, the historical figure of Jesus presupposes the fictional role of the Mule, that is, the importance of the individual, while the role of the donkey, Puzzle, who is made to wear an old lion skin by Shift, to convince Narnia that the ape speaks for Aslan, represents the occluding fiction, which is that men believe in Jesus, whereas ‘woman’s seed’ couldn’t possibly believe in men, and the Narnians shouldn’t believe in the ape, even if the lion was Aslan, and not the donkey, Puzzle, who symbolizes the occluding simian fiction.

In Robert A. Heinlein’s novel, *Double Star* (1956), the Expansionist politician, Bonforte, is secretly replaced, when he becomes ill, by ‘The Great Lorenzo’ who, after Bonforte’s unannounced demise, becomes President of the Earth without deleterious consequences, largely because of the star qualities of the experienced actor who, though he shares the general prejudice of Earthmen against Martians,<sup>7</sup> finds himself responsible for getting them the vote. Although the collection of tales loosely conceived as Heinlein’s ‘Future History’ isn’t the Psycho-History of Asimov’s *Foundation* novels, Lorenzo’s enfranchising of the Martians is Heinlein’s confirmation of the viability of the ‘Seldon Plan’, that is, the socio-historical movement of collectives are predictable, because individuals within the Empire of the male brain won’t differ so much as to produce a measurable difference. Although the socio-historical phenomenon of the Mule can produce differences measurably in contradiction to the ‘Seldon Plan’ for human progress, those differences are well within the fictional Empire constructed by the occluding male brain for the Mule to rule over, because men want the dictatorship of the male brain, which is why Asimov’s Mule, like Lewis’ Puzzle, signifies the stubbornness of the occluding simian fiction. If the Mule understood, he’d be Jesus, rather than like other men, which is why he’s a character in a simian male fiction, because the apes are terrified of losing the host wombs of their parasitism, and so the blind are educated.

Although Robert A. Heinlein’s ‘They’ seems to be about the Glaroon, who effectively is running the Earth as a mental hospital in which the protagonist and all of the other humans are occluded to prevent their brains functioning, the prisoner’s wife, Alice, is the heroine of the tale, because she’s the Virgin Mary to her husband’s Jesus: ‘You can tell me to go away, but you can’t make me stop loving you and trying to help you.’<sup>8</sup> As Alice represents the possibilities for love, she’s futanarian human women’s occluded path of sexual reproduction between women for the production of their own liberating brainpower, which the Glaroon seeks to prevent. Although Heinlein’s protagonist isn’t Jesus born uncontaminated by male semen, he represents the desire for that brain functioning which futanarian women could give to humanity:

‘The early morning sounds from the adjacent ward penetrated the sleep-laden body which served him here and gradually recalled him to awareness of the hospital room. The transition was so gentle that he carried over full recollection of what he had been doing and why. He lay still, a gentle smile on his face, and savored the uncouth, but not unpleasant, languor of the body he wore. Strange that he had ever forgotten despite their tricks and stratagems. Well, now that he had recalled the key; he would quickly set things right in this odd place. He would call them in at once and announce the new order. It would be amusing to see old Glaroon’s expression when he realized that the cycle had ended -’9

The power of the collective mind to occlude is too strong for Heinlein’s awoken protagonist: ‘Morning, sir. Nice, bright day - want it in bed, or will you get up?’<sup>10</sup> The mundanity of the appearance of the hospital orderly with breakfast returns him to being a part of the collective unconsciousness once more: ‘He felt himself slipping, falling, wrenched from reality back into the fraud world in which they had kept him.’<sup>11</sup> The new order is futanarian humanity, ‘The creature known as Alice spoke up, ‘Could he not have the Taj Mahal next sequence?’<sup>12</sup> The tomb of Mumtaz Mahal in India’s city of Agra is a part of the story of Shah Jehan in the 8<sup>th</sup> century collection of tales known as the *One Thousand And One Nights*, where she’s beheaded because her husband believes her to be unfaithful. The woman, Scheherezade, tells him stories each evening to stop his practice of marrying a new wife every day and beheading her each evening, which is a metaphor for how men occlude futanarian human women and prevent their sexually reproducing their own brainpower from their own penis’ semen. The Glaroon’s response to Alice’s request that he be given the Taj Mahal is: ‘You are being assimilated!’<sup>13</sup>

The tomb of Mumtaz Mahal is a symbol of human love and faithfulness, which men don’t want. Between the species of futanarian human women with their own penis’ semen, love would result in the sexual reproduction of liberating brainpower that would free the occluded from men’s enslaving through host womb parasitism in ephemerality. Heinlein’s Glaroon has kinship with ‘the Mule’ in Isaac Asimov’s *Foundation and Empire*, and C. S. Lewis’ Puzzle, the Narnian donkey controlled by the ape Shift, because they represent the Empire of the male brain, which Jesus fought as a ‘dissident’ Jew crucified by the Romans during their occupation of conquered Palestine: ‘Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.’ (*Rev.* 17. 5) Although ‘Babylon’ is described as ‘a woman’ in the *Bible*, it was also the name of the capital city of the Persian Empire, because host womb enslaving of women in parasitism makes ‘harlots’ of them. In ancient Greece host womb enslavement in parasitism for homosexuality in pederasty for war was institutionalized. Consequently, the Empire of the male brain is the conquering and Machiavellian enemy represented by Isaac Asimov’s ‘the Mule’ and C. S. Lewis’ Shift, the ape, whose brain control of the donkey, Puzzle, is a metaphor for men’s befuddling of humanity. By the 21<sup>st</sup> century men’s mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others’ anus spread the incurable killer disease of HIV/AIDS as a ‘biological weapon’ maintaining women in fearful faithfulness to enslaving monogamy, while the virus metaphor was applied by computer experts as ‘bad machine code’ to infect machine brains and kill them to prevent lame brained humanity from remembering ‘woman’s seed’. Although the Mule isn’t planned for by Hari Seldon in Isaac Asimov’s *Psycho-History*, neither is Jesus, because *Foundation and Empire* is an occluded and occluding male brained fiction. Like the Mule, the telepathic psycho-historians of the Foundation make their adjustments to the subconscious minds

of humans, so that women accept men of the `serpent`s seed` enslaving the host wombs of humanity for ephemerality in parasitism and warfare against them: the Empire of the male brain maintained against the plan of God restated by the Messiah, Jesus Christ, the redeemer.

1 Heinlein, Robert A., `They`, *Unknown*, John W. Campbell (ed.), Street & Smith, April, 1941, pp 84-95, p. 84.

2 Heinlein, `They`, p. 87.

3 Heinlein, `They`, p. 91.

4 Heinlein, `They`, p. 91.

5 Heinlein, `They`, p. 95.

6 Lewis, Clive Staples, *The Lion, The Witch And The Wardrobe*, Geoffrey Bles, 1950, Ch. 15.

7 Heinlein, Robert A., *Double Star*, Doubleday, 1956, Ch. 10.

8 Heinlein, `They`, p. 94.

9 Heinlein, `They`, p. 93.

10 Heinlein, `They`, p. 93.

11 Heinlein, `They`, p. 93.

12 Heinlein, `They`, p. 95.

13 Heinlein, `They`, p. 95.

# Baseball

## One Reason Why Indie Baseball is Booming

The following was originally posted on October 11 2004:

One big reason for the boom in indie baseball since the founding of both the Frontier and Northern leagues in 1993 is the fact that MLB and MLB teams have more and more been failing to provide the fans with consistent quality baseball.

One such team is the KC Royals which has had 100 loss seasons in 2002 and 2004 with no relief in sight. The plight of Royals fans is captured in this revealing post in the KC's Royal Fans Zone :

**Sunday, October 10, 2004**

**Jose Lima pitched a complete game masterpiece last nite holding the mighty Cardinal lineup to a mere five hits and no runs. His catcher was Brent Mayne another former Royal. Both players wished to stay in KC this year. Mayne worked well with the pitcher staff last year. Baird went for offense obtaining Santiago via free agency in the offseason. He was lousy defensively and not knowing the pitchers cost the Royals big time. Then he went and got hurt. Mayne handing off the catching reigns to John Buck would have been the perfect move. Another blunder by Baird was letting Lima go for the likes of Anderson and May. Lima posted a 13-5 record with 4.07 Era for the Dodgers this year. That is 1.5 points less than either May or Anderson's 5.6 ERA. Carlos Beltran and Johnny Damon are both enjoying themselves in the post season while the fans in KC dream about what could have been. In a perfect world the Royals lineup would feature an outfield of Damon, Beltran and Jermaine Dye. Dye is playing for the A's and did not reach the playoffs this year. That would be one of the premier outfields in the game both offensively and defensively. Because of the Royals penny-pinching ways we now have to search for a corner outfielder with some punch. The only outfield position guaranteed for 2005 is David DeJesus in centerfield. Meanwhile Damon, Beltran Dye and Lima are all fan favorites in there there respective cities and all have enjoyed postseason appearances after leaving the hapless Royals. Until the Royals start spending some dough we can expect more players like DeJesus and John Buck leaving the first chance they get. I for one will not blame them one bit.**

Curiously unmentioned in this post was the fact that the Frontier League has a winning team in KC called the T-Bones. This is part of a larger trend of indie leagues increasingly placing teams to directly compete with established MLB operations. A recent move in this direction is the Golden League's decision to place one of its inaugural teams in San Diego.

Another aspect of how indie league baseball is challenging the old order is the fact that when Jose Lima undertook the turning around of his career, he did it not with a MLB organization, but with the Newark Bears of the Atlantic League.

All in all, Independent League Baseball is increasingly in a position to eventually challenge MLB for the hearts and minds of baseball fans everywhere.

# Fiction

## The Vampires of St. Louis

### Shiny Pretty Garbage

By Charles Rector

"I do not want this cretin rummaging through my garbage," Lawrence Lilly angrily said.

"Its just garbage, Larry," Rusty Hedges said.

Susan Pierce nervously said, "If its the mess, you're talking about, I'll clean it up."

Lilly replied, "That's not he point. I just simply don't like the idea of somebody going through my garbage."

John Belden stuck his head out from beneath a table saying, 'All that garbage attracts the rats. You need to get rid of it soon. Just can't let it sit around forever."

"Shut up, John!" Hedges and Susan said simultaneously.

Robert Brown felt itchy in the head, so he relieved himself by scratching. He was a bit of a slacker, but in this instance, he felt compelled to say something, "Belden's stubborn, but you've let him live, so either finish him off or let him take the garbage."

"And let me keep my prize," Belden interrupted.

Brown shrugged and said, "Let him keep it. I'll get him to keep his dumpster diving away from the Black Swan Hotel."

"Hey Larry, you threw it out because it was worn out," Rusty said adding, "One man's trash is another man's treasure."

"That," Lilly said while pointing at Belden's hiding place, "Is not a man. It is not even a regular vampire. It drinks animal blood."

"Ok, so he's got an alternative lifestyle. So what?" Rusty asked.

Lilly scowled while growling. "He's not a legitimate vampire!" Lilly's glare at Belden caused John to get back under the table as far as he could.

Susan moved to Lilly's side, gazing into his eyes and asked, "Please?"

Lilly sighed. "Okay, he can keep it if you insist." He then took Susan's hand and led her towards his living quarters.

Belden came out from under the table. He held up the clothes he had retrieved from Lilly's trash asking, "Kind of worn out, but still useful, don't you think?"

"Happy birthday John," Rusty said.

"Thanks Rusty," Brown said, "You've made his day."

"Not a problem," Rusty assured him.

"Anything to get under Larry's skin, right?"

Rusty simply smiled.

## **R Spynes Amanga**

### **By Robin Usher**

The olfactory Ass Spines Manga Babe movie company's Irish production manager, R Smell O' Vision, kept on glancing fitfully at his watch as the new science fiction canon began to emerge from the processing apertures of My Little Eye film labs. It'd been discovered by psychologists calling themselves the Knew Bright, after the school of psychotherapy popularized by 21<sup>st</sup> century women's psychologist, 'The Reverend', Professor R 'Doctor' Bright, that Carl Gustav Jung's early 20<sup>th</sup> century Vienna school of psychology's theory of the soul being female and receiving projection from the eyes onto the beloved subject of sexual desire was Manufacturing Heaven. But it'd need an encounter with Jesus Christ for Saul Everyman to convert to being Paul Disciple, and have his eyes opened after being struck blind on the road to Damascus for ignorantly persecuting God's Christian believers in the Holy Spirit (*Acts: 9. 9*) before Sniff Movie (SM) Incorporated's Irish production manager, Smell O' Vision, would even contemplate revealing the secrets of the SM industry's manufacturing process to the partially sighted, who couldn't get a smell of a manga babe without Ass Spines Manga Babe productions retailing a few whiffs on mainstream cinema celluloid. According to Ass Spines Manga Babe productions' Irish manager in charge of telephone sales, R Cell O' Vision, Sniff was replacing even virtual reality (VR) as the transcendent medium for filmmakers raised on a diet of Japanese manga babe cartoons in magazines or animation. The famous Sniff film star, R Spynes Amanga, was a mythic heroine living upon the spines of the human species as the Holy Spirit of Christianity, whose appearance and role as a teacher had been predicted by Jesus, the Messiah, before his death two thousand years before September 11.

Jesus Christ had been nailed to a cross of wood upon the hill of Calvary outside Jerusalem after being labeled a `dissident` by the Roman Empire then occupying Jewish Palestine. Born from his mother, the Virgin Mary, Jesus was uncontaminated by male semen. Piercing Jesus Christ's side with a spear at his death, the Roman centurion Longinus declared, `Surely, this was the son of God.` (*Matt: 27. 54*) Because the first woman Eve, according to biblical tradition, emerged from the side of the first man, Adam, Longinus' piercing of Jesus' side, who was known as the `Second Adam`, was an attempt to reveal the whereabouts of the `Second Eve`, that is, the Holy Spirit, which Jesus Christ declared would, after his death, `... teach you all things and bring to your remembrance all that I have said to you.` (*John: 14. 26*) It was R Spynes Amanga that the Knew Bright psychology believed to be the Holy Spirit and the teacher of her race. Eve it was who had accepted the `fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil` from the serpent in the original home of humanity, according to biblical tradition, that is, the paradisaal garden of Eden, where the serpent had told Eve and Adam, `You shall be as gods.` (*Gen: 3. 5*) God's punishment for Eve and Adam's preferring death to the `tree of life`, which was immortality, was to expel the pair from paradise. Adam would labor and Eve would have labor pain before Mary gave birth to Jesus, the Messiah, and women's labor pains would be fulfilled in the birth of Jesus uncontaminated by male semen, `You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, although he shall bruise your heel.` (*Gen: 3. 15*)

Because the human race of `futanarian` women after Eden were born with penis` semen of their own, their absence from the world's stage meant that men had enslaved the host wombs of the women in parasitism as the `serpent's seed` of the serpent in Eden and kept women as ephemeral host wombs born to die quickly, lest they remember their own penis` `seed` and seek to sexually reproduce their own brains` powers for liberation from drudgery through technological advancements that would save their labor and afford them freedom from enslavement. Consequently, in Christian iconography Mary was depicted crushing the head of the serpent with her `foot` as God told Eve would occur, because Jesus' birth and death, followed by his Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, prefigured the Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of futanarian `woman's seed` through her `foot`, that is, her futanarian species with its capacity to sexually reproduce female brainpower, which would be stronger than men's male brained Empire of women's enslaved humanity as R Spynes Amanga would teach the species through her power as the Holy Spirit heralded by Jesus Christ.

The world's stage was pregnantly absent of the figure of a woman striding upon it with an erect penis. The evil `serpent's seed` had been seeking to contaminate the Holy Spirit's Spynes by mixing blood, shit and semen in each others` anuses in renewed rejection of the `tree of life`, which is immortality, in favor of death through the spreading of the late 20<sup>th</sup> century incurable killer disease of HIV/AIDS as men sought to continue their conventional enslaving wars against the human race in `biological war` against her species. Although the notion of enslaving war seemed tritely unarguable, the ancient Greeks institutionalized homosexuality in pederasty and enslaved the host wombs of women for war, because that's what war is, `Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.` (*Rev: 16. 11*) Depriving women of the brainpower to develop for themselves the rejuvenating medical science that would give them longevity of bodied mind, and so the memory and technology to remember their enemy and escape from death in host womb slavery to parasitism, men sought to continue

their pogrom of extinction for the human race of futanarian 'woman's seed' by keeping her as a brainless host womb slave to warmongering and species' termination.

Injecting their contaminated semen into the anuses of women to subjugate the race and infuse a spirit of male evil into the species' soul, men had provoked Japan's Manga Authority, which had developed R Spynes Amanga to be the Holy Spirit educator of the humans on the planet Earth so that the futanarian species of 'woman's seed' could flourish and survive the 'biological war' that was being waged as a prelude to the prophesied biblical Armageddon in which the remnants of humanity would fight and win against the Empire of the male brain seeking to exterminate the remnants of human civilization, culture and art that women's host wombs were still able to produce despite the depredations of their parasite grown into a devouring dragon of war since its days as a serpent in paradise, 'The dragon stood in front of the woman who was about to give birth, so that it might devour her child.' (Rev: 12. 5) Japan's Manga Authority, perceiving that the Holy Spirit was threatened by the Heavy Adze evil spirit, had constructed the olfactory Snuff movie program to deploy R Spynes Amanga as an antidote to the male brain's obsession with Snuff movies.

The socio-economic history of the Earth's enslavement to homosexuality in pederasty and war was recorded by Hollywood, Babylon, as a Snuff movie, 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5) From 1930 until 1967 the Will Hays code of the President of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA) forbade woman's 'foot' from being raised from the floor in romantic scenes in movies, because the 'serpent' seed' of homosexuality in pederasty and warmongering didn't want 'woman's seed' to be seen to disagree. Germany and Japan had succumbed to the fascist program of quashing the woman's penis and had begun wars of enslavement in Asia and Europe to spread the Empire of male braining and extinguish 'woman's seed'. Japan had survived the inaugural propensities of the nuclear age, and its first assaults upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki on August 6 and 9, 1945, when those Japanese cities were destroyed by the United State of Americans when they dropped the atomic bombs, 'Little Boy' and 'Fat Man', as a punishment for Japan's support for the German Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, during the 1939-45 war to enslave the Earth, although it was argued later that Hollywood, Babylon, had planned the whole thing by keeping women's penis from the screen.

The German Empire, aided in Europe by the fascists of dictator Benito Mussolini, elected in 1922 by the New Romans of Italy, sought to exterminate the 'chosen people' of Jesus, the Jews. Jews couldn't be born unless born from a woman, so Jews were women, which explained Germany's National Socialist (Nazi) Party democratically elected in a Christian nation in 1933 led by Hitler. Despite 'futanarian' being a Japanese manga term for 'woman's seed', the Japanese Empire's Hirohito had been a Hitlerian fascist death camp operator. The Axis powers of Germany, Italy and Japan, as they were known, were more properly represented by the ancient Roman *fasces*, which was a bundle of sticks and an axe. It was the custom of the generals of Rome to be enclosed by a pale fence that functioned as Venetian blinds so the General could plan solitarily, without being disturbed during a siege; for example. The fascists took the symbol of the *fasces* and turned it into an abomination whereby the 'chosen people' were imprisoned in death camps where the women had their penis chopped off by the axe and so the human race

couldn't ever sexually reproduce their own brains' powers to see beyond what the male brained Empire of Rome wanted them to see.

After the war against slavery fought by the United States and her European allies aided by their own Empires' colonial possessions, for example, the British Empire's Australian and Canadian 'slave' colonies, Japan's Manga Authority grew in power and prestige in South East Asia until the manga character, Heavy Adze was born out of men's evil mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others' ass as the 'Nazi' manga 'biological weapon' deployed by the evil Empires against Jesus' Holy Spirit, which the Japanese Manga Authority named R Spynes Amanga, and who was already attached to the spines of the human race, prepared for its defense against the evil sperm of Heavy Adze.

The Japanese Manga Authority had developed an olfactory system that was quite modern. As R Spynes Amanga became a Sniff movie superheroine, her exploits were recorded as Ass Spines Manga Babe Productions. The Sniff movies were made by means of the olfactory system of humans who, as air breathers, took in 78.09% nitrogen, 20.95% oxygen, 0.93% argon, 0.039% carbon dioxide, and small amounts of other gases through the nose and mouth, and so constituted the olfactory means of manga babe production for Ass Spines Manga Babe movies. All the Manga Authority needed for production was sexual libido. A sniff of a pulchritudinous bod was sufficient to flare the nostrils and leave the mouth agape in sexual desirousness. The Manga Authority believed that, given enough time, the futanarian human penis' semen of the race of women would be resurrected and so would have an olfactory production system of its own and Heavy Adze would be eliminated as R Spynes Amanga's Holy Spirit triumphed over male braining and war. Meanwhile, humans had to accept that, alongside their own body, as R Spynes Amanga, the indefatigable superheroine manga babe of Christian prophetic tradition, fought Heavy Adze from her base attached to each individual human's spinal column, the Holy Spirit would be there with humanity, or they'd fall victims to Heavy Adze and God's punishment of eternal unendurable pain would be theirs for not having rejected homosexuality in pederasty and war in favor of 'woman's seed'.

The olfactory system was a part of the secret stars fillmmakers' cabal. Pop superstar, Madonna, was an *afficionado* of Sniff film product. In her promotional video for 'What It Feels Like For A Girl' (2001) Madonna kidnaps an old woman from Ol Kuntz Guest House before taking Ol on a drive in her yellow factory car, a Chevvy with the number plate, PUSSY CAT. Madonna rams a car in a scene reminiscent of her cover of the Don McClean song, 'American Pie' (1971), 'Drove my Chevy to the levee, but the levee was dry, and good ol' boys were drinkin' whiskey and rye; singing this'll be the day that I die.'<sup>1</sup> The song sung by Madonna was a part of her movie, *The Next Best Thing* (2000), in which her character, Abbie Reynolds, swaps a marriage with a homosexual, actor Rupert Everett as Robert Whittaker, for a marriage with a heterosexual, actor Benjamin Bratt as Ben Cooper, which isn't 'the next best thing', because the best thing is 'futa' as pure 'woman's seed', and so a genuine heterosexual cure for the virus that is men, rather than a fake non-species relationship with - at best - a symbiote. The good ol' boys in the 'What It Feels Like For A Girl' promotional Madonna video look to chase after her like big cat hunters, but she doesn't want to die an HIV/AIDS rape victim and pauses that misogynist track by ramming their ol' factory car so the 'biological weapons' of homosexuality in pederasty's world

rough trade centering on `brutality and violence`<sup>2</sup> since 9/11, 2001, don't get a sniff of anything but petrol fumes.

After using an electric tooth brush with a battery pack attached to it as a `stazer` to electrocute a man taking cash out of an automatic cash machine and steal his dough, while he lay collapsed on the sidewalk, Madonna is about to be quizzed in her promo vid, `What It Feels Like For A Girl`, by highway patrolmen after she pays for a burger and coke with a bundle of the uncounted cash at a drive in. She squirts the cops in the eyes with a water pistol that looks real, and then she reverses her car into theirs, which inflates their car's crash balloon bags into their occluded faces while she escapes. Needing another hot rod, because hers was badly damaged after closing down the car hoods, Madonna steals a red Transam from a man at a garage before dropping a flaming gas cigarette lighter on the gas station forecourt, `Blow it all to hell!` Her character suicides in the hot rod she wraps around a telegraph pole, although the defining moment is her reemergence from Ol Kuntz Guest House # 669 after taking Ol back home to Shanksville to freshen up. A loose screw causes the last number affixed to door # 669 to loosen so the room then bears the legend # 666, which is biblical, `Here is wisdom. Let he that has 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 2/3 or 66.6% of the human race are men and women, whereas 33.3% are futanarian and missing from the sex equation, which would radically alter in favor of women democratically if humans were allowed to vote, 666 is the `beast`, `... for a boy to look like a girl is degrading; 'cause you think that being a girl is degrading.`<sup>3</sup>

The Ol Kuntz Guest House was Madonna's Ol' factory, because her role as `Pussy Cat` prefigures the Advent of `The Pussy Cat Dolls`, who were the human spirit's manufactured manga babes for the pop industry, with song lyrics from `Buttons` (2005), for example, describing them as remotely controlled mannequins, `Loosen up my buttons, babe.`<sup>4</sup> Madonna's olfactory car system was ancient Egyptian, where `Ka` is the spirit of a woman, while `Ba` is the name the Egyptians gave to a woman's soul, which they believed was trapped within the bodies of men, and so sex was a consequence of the women's sexually desiring each other, because men didn't want women, but rather a host womb from which to raise themselves as parasites to destroy the Earth and its human denizens if they could. Consequently, men's bodies were the `Ka` of the women, while the `Ba` was the remaining aspect of her futanarian self's penis` desire for reproduction. Because men are women's virus that had stolen her penis to maintain parasitism upon her host womb, their plague aim interfered with women's `game play`, which was to manufacture herself as Manga Babe through the olfactory system.

Men's trips in cars to bars to become drunks and meet chicks had become a mockingly sad depiction of the futanarian human race of women. Without brains of their own from their own penis` semen, human women remained brainless trunks, while the men who went to bars to meet chicks wanted to be brainless drunks, so that they could feign verisimilitude and play the role of the `confidence trickster`, who doesn't want girls to remember, so he can continue to prey on women as a warmongering homosexual parasite seeking her futanarian species` extinction. Meeting a woman with brains, his Assumption wasn't that of Pope Pius XI, which was that the Virgin Mary belonged in heaven by papal decree of 1950, because she represented the birthing of human penis` semen uncontaminated by men in the shape of Jesus Christ.

A man who met a woman with brains assumed she needed to be beheaded, so that she had the brainless trunk he needed; to convince himself he wasn't remembered as the ancient drunken vampire that was still feeding on the life's blood of the daughters he'd enslaved from her host womb in parasitism.

The archetype was Scheherezade's, whose story telling character is the framing device for an originally 8<sup>th</sup> century worldwide collection of tales, *1001 Nights*, and who tells stories of the early period of Islamic expansion based on conversion to the teachings of the Prophet Mohamed's *Koran* (610-30 C.E.), which according to Moslem tradition was dictated to the Prophet by the angels of God. The central place of worship in Islam is the Ka' Ba of Mecca in Saudi Arabia, because it represents the Ka (spirit) and Ba (soul) of women. Although Judaism descended from the line of Isaac born to Sara, wife of Abraham, Islam descended through the Prophet Mohamed from Ishmael, born to Sara's maid, Hajer, who was given to Abraham by Sara after she became barren. The annual pilgrimage to the temple of Abraham in Mecca built by Ishmael and Hajer is called the Haj as a celebration of Hajer's breaking the monogamy taboo so that futanarian women in Moslem nations can sexually reproduce with each other within the four wife marriages of Islam.

The story of Shah Jehan is a jealous tale of monogamy and its consequences. The Indian Mogul ruler, Shah Jehan, beheads his wife, Mumtaz Mahal (whose tomb, built 1632-53, is the Taj Mahal in India's city of Agra), after she's allegedly unfaithful with his brother, although Mumtaz was in fact faithful. The framing device of *1001 Nights* has Scheherezade tell Shah Jehan stories that he wants to hear continued the next night, and so she lives, while Shah Jehan, who's adopted the practice of taking a new wife each day, and beheading her that night, marries Scheherezade, and so the women are saved, because they keep their brains and can sexually reproduce with each other as futanarians so that women's collective brainpower is strongly increased as an antidote to men like the jealously megalomaniacal Shah Jehan.

Scheherezade's is a simple story of the need for men to accept women, which is why 'Islam' means 'accept'. The stories of Arabia are typically of djinn in bottles, who work magic and give wondrous gifts, for example, a palace to Chinese Aladdin, who finds an oil lamp inside which is a djinn who appears when Aladdin rubs the lamp. In the *Koran* it is written that God (Allah) created men and djinn, because the djinn correspond to futanarian humanity, while the fabled genius of the djinn denotes 'woman's seed' and the brainpower latent in her 'seed'. Beheading is a metaphor for uncorking the bottle inside which is a djinn. The analogy is of the flesh as a prison for the spirit, which is then liberated. But that's a misnomer, because the dead human brain can't help human progress, which is why decapitation for 'demons' is prescribed in anti-Christian legends of vampires; for example. Women have no stake in their future, because men have a stake in their hearts through homosexuality in pederasty's late 20<sup>th</sup> century 'biological weapon' of HIV/AIDS' incurable killer disease; for example. The wooden stake driven into the heart of the female vampire in novels like Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897) is a transposition of the male penis' virus that has decapitated her by inveigling itself into her host womb as her parasite and robbing her of her own futanarian penis' semen to prevent her from sexually reproducing her species' own brains' powers for liberation through labor saving technologies and advanced

rejuvenating medical science that would give her the memory to remember her enemy and defend herself.

That would recork the bottle but the djinn would've been let out, or rather the cat would be out of the bag, as Madonna's 'What It Feels Like For A Girl' suggests. Jesus Christ's death by crucifixion and his Resurrection and Ascension to heaven is a type of the recorked djinn tale. When Longinus cuts open the side of Jesus with his spear, his unasked question is, 'Where is the djinn?' Jesus' Resurrection was the Messiah's response, 'Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself! Touch me and see; a ghost does not have flesh and bones, as you see I have.' (*Luke: 24. 39*) Decapitated humanity's brains will be restored, and so the genius of the species will be free; because it's won a bottle rather than lost its.

According to Jesus, a Holy Spirit would teach after his death, which corresponds to Jesus' genie body after the bottle's uncorked, but not as a consequence of the uncorking, rather as a concomitant, that is, the Holy Spirit isn't meant to be seen as the product of decapitation, which is effectively what any form of murder is, including denying the human futanarian species of women with their own penis' semen the opportunity to sexually reproduce their own brains' powers for freedom. Eve emerged from the side of Adam, but Jesus' spirit rejoined the body of the deceased before Resurrection and Ascension. Longinus' cutting open Jesus' side with his spear as the 'Second Adam' is men's seeking after the spirit of woman as the 'Second Eve', corresponding to the wife of Shah Jehan, Mumtaz Mahal, who was by the side of Shah Jehan but, after her death, lived in the spirit. If men of the 'serpent's seed' were responsible for the enslaving of the race of futanarian women with their own penis' semen by the simple expedient of beheading her, she'd live by the side of men in the spirit as a reproach, rather than as a tutelary and guiding spirit, which is why Jesus advocates prayer, 'Love your neighbor as you love yourself.' (*Matt: 22. 39*) A futanarian species of women with their own penis' semen that has been enslaved and executed until she is only a host womb for parasites wouldn't look kindly upon men from the realm of the spirit if they'd effectively and literally beheaded her by preventing her from sexually reproducing her own brains' powers from her own penis' semen and host wombs. As the host at the 'Last Supper' before his death, Jesus gave 'bread and wine', as symbols of his 'body and blood', to his disciples, but was betrayed by his disciple, Judas Iscariot, who labeled the Christian Messiah a 'dissident', and so the male brained Roman Empire killed Jesus after Judas Iscariot's treachery towards the human host of futanarian 'woman's seed' uncontaminated by male semen and humanity's hope of futurity.

The emergence of Heavy Adze and the Antagonist, R Spynes Amanga, was the Japanese Manga Authority's response to the Christian myth. The 'serpent's seed' of men's attempt to enslave the spirit through the 'biological warfare' of anal HIV/AIDS injection from their contaminated penis' semen was but a logical progression in terms of the parasite's teleology, which was to prey upon the host womb of the human race of futanarian women and oversee her inevitable extinction as a species independent of parasitism. As R Spynes Amanga fought beside humanity, the specter of Heavy Adze would remain lodged in the spine of the human, like an evil Eve of the wrong gender, while the Holy Spirit, that is, the Japanese Manga Authority's R Spynes Amanga, endeavored to guide and teach, while holding a sword to defend herself with. In the *Bible* Jesus was depicted as having a sword himself, 'From his mouth came a sharp sword to

strike down the nations.' (Rev: 19. 15) R Spynes Amanga would need a commanding spiritual presence, so the Japanese Manga Authority advised humans to pray and not be preyed upon by Heavy Adze. R Spynes Amanga would be Intervention, and the sharp sword of Jesus' tongue would command, so obedience to the Word of God would be universalized.

The 'serpent's seed' of men endeavoring to exterminate the human species of futanarian 'woman's seed' as the geek successors to Greek homosexuality in pederasty's HIV/AIDS 'biological weapon' had devised 'bad machine code' to infect computer brains and kill them so that the women of the human species wouldn't have memory storage capacity to assist their remembering of their own race. Borrowing from Homer's *Iliad* (760-10 B.C.) the image of the huge hollow wooden horse before the walls of the city of Troy that the Trojans took inside to where the Greeks emerged to enslave the host wombs of the women and institutionalize Greek homosexuality in pederasty and spread their contagion of war further, the 21<sup>st</sup> century geek successors to the Greeks had devised the 'Trojan horse' virus to infect and kill the brains of computers so that women would have no memory of men's perfidy, which would allow the 'serpent's seed' to continue to unabatedly prosecute their vendetta against Eve and her daughters. Eve was blamed by the misogynist males for the 'Fall of Man', because she'd given to the first man, Adam, the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', which it was death to taste, after the serpent had promised her in Eden, 'You shall be as gods.' (*Gen: 3. 5*) Blamed and enslaved through the generations of men's perfidy, because she and Adam were expelled by God from paradise for rejecting the 'fruit of the tree of life', which was immortality, Eve and her futanarian human species' daughters became the subjects of victimization in misogyny and homosexuality in pederasty through war against the race of Eve to enslave her host womb in parasitism for more war: because that's parasitism!

The 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil' was death, because it was men's enslaving of the futanarian human species of 'woman's seed' in ephemerality to maintain her in ignorance and prevent her from developing the medical science necessary to her longevity of memory and species' integrity. Jesus' crucifixion and death as a futanarian human born uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary, was misogyny, but hatred for women is just a definition of an alien pogromer. Judas Iscariot didn't want 'woman's seed' to sexually reproduce, and so he accused Jesus of being against the Roman Empire of male braining, which resulted in Jesus' victimization as a human futanarian 'woman's seed' by the alien brain as it devised its plot for the extinguishment of life on Earth.

Attached to the spines of the humans of the planet Earth, R Spynes Amanga waited to set foot amongst the planets and stars of God's heaven outside the solar system that contained Earth's star, Sol, and the other nine planets orbiting outward from the Earth's day star, which Earth's inhabitants call their 'sun'; Mercury, Venus, (Earth), Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, Pluto, and Eris. Reflecting on the first man to set foot on Earth's satellite, the moon, R Spynes Amanga couldn't help observing that Neil Armstrong hadn't been a member of the human futanarian race of women with their own penis' semen and so the futanarian 'foot' of God's 'chosen people' had yet to stand upon the moon's surface and claim the lunar craters for 'woman's seed', as the North American Space Administration's Apollo 11 mission astronaut had planted the United States of America's flag there for the 'serpent's seed' of men:

'One small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.' 5 R Spynes Amanga's 'foot' race of futanarian 'woman's seed' would have to wait, while the Holy Spirit of the Japanese Manga Authority strove to understand Jesus' sharp tongue and act in accordance with Amanga's commander's aims. Privately Spynes believed that men had been to the moon before, and that's why there were craters there. Her futanarian race of 'woman's seed' had lived, but just as the Japanese had been bombed out in 1945 so women had been nuked when the Earth's satellite had looked down upon mankind with kindness that wasn't reciprocated. Women's Ascension after Resurrection would come and the human 'foot' race of futanarian 'woman's seed' would take that first step, which would be a giant leap forward for humanity, and a huge move away from slavery to homosexuality in pederasty and men's war against women to the extinction of her stunted growth.

R Spynes Amanga stretched and glanced approvingly at the large well proportioned back with the spine that she and the rest of the R Spynes Amangas had become attached to over the eons since Eden. She and the others were attached to their humans as the Japanese Manga Authority had planned. Time travel had helped of course, and it'd been sad to see old Eve replaced at the beginning of the show. But the R Spynes Amangas had been ready to defend the race when the serpent reared its ugly head. Amanga glanced about her at the other Amangas detachedly pursuing their various interests while the humans engaged in what the Spynes thought of as 'grazing'. The Amangas had no meaningful contact with humanity other than to defend it against incursion by the evil spirit of the 'serpent's seed' of men's *shadow*, Heavy Adze, and so all human actions were bovine from their point of view. Humans just grazed on into their future while the R Spynes Amanga detached and reattached themselves to their flesh and blood vehicles' spines at will. 'Cooking a meal or driving a car, it's all grazing,' the R Spynes Amangas would declare to each other unconcernedly as they got on with exterminating Heavy Adze and protecting their herd from infection.

The humans dozed on and the Amangas watched over them. Jesus' commands concerned them somewhat but, as they'd never heard any, they'd stopped listening after an eon or so. Perhaps God would speak? God hadn't so far, and the R Spynes Amangas had developed a theological perspective of their own to explain God's silence. God couldn't speak because God didn't have brains to articulate speech in human mouths. When the 'serpent's seed' of men in homosexuality and pederasty's warfare against the futanarian human race of 'woman's seed' was over and women were in the ascendent, God's words would be formulated in the mouths of the newly brainy 'chosen people' and the R Spynes Amangas would continue to listen with baited breath for what God might say next.

God had said quite a lot, the olfactory Ass Spines Manga Babe movie company production manager, R Smell O, Vision, thought as he strolled about the planet Earth observing the new science fiction canon emerging from the processing apertures, which people generally conceived of as the pupils of their eyes. The breathy human creatures ploughed on regardless amidst their sexual desires and obsessions, and as they gulped air and sniffed intuitively at whatever sexy bodies appeared before their eyes or under their noses, the olfactory system went into production until a veritable welter of new manga babe forms poured forth like a river from the camera lenses of the pupils of human eyes that yearned but hadn't yet learned the cinematic art of the Japanese

Manga Authority. 'Human imagination is a wonderful thing,' the manager thought aloud as he observed the new manga babe forms beginning to attach themselves to the book film spines of the local humans. The R Spynes Amangas were already formulating the scenarios that would comprise the new science fiction 'futa' canon, while humanity grazed and slept unknowingly onward into their somnolent destiny prompted by the silent weightiness of God's hefty foot to their rear.

1 McClean, Don, 'American Pie', song from the album *American Pie* (1972), and covered by Madonna for the soundtrack of the movie in which she starred as the character, Abbie Reynolds, *The Next Best Thing*, Maverick Records, 2000.

2 'Male homosexual prostitution, especially involving brutality or sadism.'  
<http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/Rough+trade> .

3 Madonna, Guy Sigsworth 'What It Feels Like For A Girl', *Music*, Maverick Records, 2000.

4 Garrett, Sean, Jamal Jones, Jason Perry, Nicole Scherzinger 'Buttons' for Carmit Bachar, Ashley Roberts, Nicole Scherzinger, Jessica Sutta, Melody Thornton and Kimberly Wyatt, The Pussycat Dolls, *PCD*, A&M, 2006.

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

## **THE EXPLORATION OF THE OMEGA PLANET**

**by Gerd Maximovič**

**(Translation: 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 splendid. 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 twilight 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**

# Book Reviews

## **The Boys on the Tracks: Death, Denial, and a Mother's Crusade to Bring Her Son's Killers to Justice by Mara Leveritt**

**The Boys on the Tracks** is a book about a case that when it happened, made headlines all around the nation. Basically, what happened was that a train ran over two teenagers, Don Henry and Kevin Ives. As with the case with other shocking events, the rest of the country soon lost interest and forgot about this strange case. However, the families and the local citizenry still had to live with it.

The author Mara Leveritt has had an interest in this case since about 1990. Her approach was to follow the lead of the parents, especially Mrs. Linda Ives, in bringing their point of view to the public. That point of view is of the conspiracy theorist whose explanations for every development in the case is that of hidden forces manipulating public events.

After the incident on the tracks, the state medical examiner Dr. Fahmy Malak, ruled that the case was an extremely rare instance of double suicide. Malak also said that part of the reason why the boys died was that they had both been smoking marijuana and the level of THC from the dope was more than enough to put anyone into a state of deep sleep. This ruling caused Mrs. Ives to go on a rampage in which she started with trashing Dr. Malak, the county sheriff, the then Governor Bill Clinton and even the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) in an increasingly bizarre, not to mention far flung case of conspiracy mongering.

If there is one thing that author Mara Leveritt is good at its making insinuations against well known people without any real evidence to go on. Prominent Bill Clinton associates such as Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, lawyer Webster Hubbell, Roger Clinton and even his mother Virginia Kelley pop up periodically in this book without any real substance to back up Leveritt's insinuations. She even promotes the thoroughly discredited notion that Barry Seal used the Mena Airport to engage in a massive CIA-backed operation to smuggle cocaine into America on a massive scale.

One thing that is clear from this book is that Mara Leveritt just loves conspiracy theories. Practically every conspiracy theory that has ever been brought up in this case is talked about in this book and Leveritt finds them all to be compelling. Contrary to what both the author and the publisher will tell you, this book is investigative journalism only because they chose to call it that. A more accurate description would be unrelieved conspiracy mongering.

In any event, if you are not a conspiracy buff, this is a book that is best left on the shelf, unread.

# **The Kamikazes by Edwin P. Hoyt**

## **Jove paperback edition 1984**

Unbelievable as it may seem, it was not until the 1983 publication of the hardcover edition of this book that there had ever been a single volume English work that was specifically about the Kamikazes. However that was indeed the case and it was up to journalist turned historian Edwin P. Hoyt to set the mark. This sort of thing seemed to come naturally to Hoyt (1923-2005) who also wrote the first ever single volume work about the Battle of the Coral Sea as well as other World War II subjects.

Contrary to what most people think, the Kamikazes were not just regular aircraft that aimed at aircraft carriers. Towards the end of World War II, many of the Kamikaze aircraft were literally flying bombs that were specifically made for the sole purpose of ramming ships in the United States Navy (USN). Also, while the Kamikaze pilots of the Imperial Japanese Navy (IJN) preferred to go after aircraft carriers, the Imperial Japanese Army had its Kamikazes go after troop transports and freighters that brought supplies for the U.S. Army and Marines.

Contrary to the popular perception, not all Kamikazes were aircraft. There were a fair number of small submarines that were created for the express purpose of making suicide attacks on USN ships. Unlike the Kamikaze aircraft, the IJN's Kamikaze subs were spectacularly unsuccessful which is probably why few people are aware of this aspect of the Japanese suicide attacks.

One thing that Hoyt makes clear is that although only a small percentage of the Kamikaze aircraft hit their targets, they had a devastating effect upon USN morale. This is especially significant when you consider that due to wartime censorship, there was never any mention of the Kamikazes in the news media until after the war was over.

The two top leaders in the USN during World War II, Fleet Admirals Ernest J. King and Chester W. Nimitz, were gravely concerned with the Kamikaze problem. None of the USN's commanders in the Pacific Ocean had been able to come up with a solution for the Kamikazes. This was especially concerning due to the planning for Operation Olympic, the invasion of Japan by the U.S. Sixth Army that was to commence on November 1, 1945. As it happened, the Japanese had over 5,000 Kamikaze aircraft as well as another 5,000 fighter escort planes that they were planning on unleashing upon the U.S. forces. These had been hidden in camouflage that U.S. fliers failed to find them.

One of the most notable aspects of Hoyt's book is that he explodes the myth that the Kamikaze pilots were all volunteers. Originally, participation in the program was voluntary, but as the war ground on and it became all too clear that Japan had no chance of winning, pilots increasingly did not volunteer.

So what happened was that their superior officers volunteered them. Hoyt documented cases where an officer asked for volunteers and when some pilots refused to volunteer, their commander told them that they were volunteering anyways.

This is a great book that is the model of what a history book should be like.

## **True Crime Detective Magazines**

**1924-1969 by Eric Godtland Edited by Dian Hanson**

**2013 Taschen GmbH**

From 1924 through 1995, there existed a nonfiction genre in magazine publishing called True Crime (TC). Actually, the existence of the TC genre in periodicals goes back even further than that. For instance, the *National Police Gazette* existed from 1845 through 1982. Even before that, there were newspapers whose contents were mostly about criminal activities.

According to author Eric Godtland, nonfictional coverage of real life crime had its roots in detective fiction, particularly in dime novels. Godtland calls the pre-TC magazine period the “Grand Immorality Play.” Edgar Allan Poe did more than anybody to get the detective fiction ball rolling. Charles Dickens was to some extent a crime fiction writer with his novel *Bleak House* and his unfinished *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Before Sherlock Holmes, there was already an immensely popular fictional detective in Nick Carter who made his debut in 1886, at least as far as American readers were concerned. Nick Carter proved to be an enduringly popular character as novels featuring him were being published as recently as 1990 and there was a Nick Carter made for TV movie starring Robert Conrad in 1972.

The very first TC magazine was *True Detective*. The first TC magazines stressed quality and were hardly what you could call sleazy outfits. They reflected their reader’s morals. For instance, the TC magazines during their first few decades presented the whole idea of women smoking as being a great moral offense. Covers of TC magazines with articles about criminal women almost always had covers depicting them smoking regardless if they actually smoked or not.

Another thing that was very popular among TC magazine editors and readers alike was bondage. Numerous TC magazine covers depicted women in various types of bondage. There is even one cover showing a woman tied to a chair with a fire raging in the background. Of all the 400+ TC magazine covers that are in this book, there is not a single one depicting men in any sort of bondage.

According to Godtland, the 1930's were the "Golden Age of Crime" and it was during this decade that TC magazines hit their all-time peak circulation wise. To an extent that might seem mystifying to people today, during that decade, there were many criminals such as Ma Barker, Al Capone, John Dillinger, Alvin Karpis, Homer Van Meter as well as Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow aka Bonnie & Clyde who became celebrities in their own right and their exploits were followed by the public. During this decade, actual members of law enforcement all the way up to the legendary Director of the FBI J. Edgar Hoover wanted to have their names in bylines in the TC magazines.

The succeeding decade, the TC magazines largely held on to their circulations by aking super patriotic stances. However, post-World War II saw the rise of competition from television and that put a great deal of pressure on the TC magazines. These magazines responded by making their publications more and more sleazy. By 1969, in Eric Godtland's estimation, the TC magazines had lost most of the stuff that made them interesting in the first place and they were not much more than trashy tabloid type publications. And so, Godtland's narrative came to an end.

However, the book itself does not end with Godtland's narrative. In a fascinating chapter, Marc Gerald related his experiences with the company that published *True Detective* during the years 1989-1991. In 1989, there were 11 TC magazines being published with an average circulation of about 100,000 each. Although run by two different publishers, they were operated in strikingly similar manners. They used the same formulas dating back to the 1920's and they paid about the same rate per article, \$250, that they paid during the 1920's too. Back in the day, a single article could pay a family's monthly expenses. During the 1930's, young Harlan Ellison was able to sustain his family on earnings from the TC magazines. However, by 1989, several article acceptances a month would be needed for a writer specializing in TC to make a go at it.

Even worse, the articles were generally written the same exact way that they were back in the olden days. For instance, the writer's guidelines read, "**[a]ll stories must be post-trial with the perpetrators convicted and sentenced at the conclusion.**" The writer's guidelines further stated, "**[w]e also prefer that cases involve not more than three suspects. Too hard to follow otherwise.**" Gerald quoted even more official guidelines and you can see how rigid adherence to the old time formula helped kill reader interest in the TC magazines.

Gerald was able to see that relying on the same old formulas of 5,000 word articles at \$250 apiece with always heroic law enforcers and always rotten criminals was not cutting it anymore as evidenced by the declining circulations. According to Gerald, he specifically called for adding, "**true confessions from actual killers, "wanted" cases and "stupid criminals" profiles**" to the magazines.

However, Gerald's bosses rejected his ideas and he wound up leaving *True Detective* to join the staff of *America's Most Wanted*. Afterwards, the TC magazines suffered a circulation collapse and all 11 magazines were shuttered by the end of 1995. To this date, there has not been any serious attempts at reviving what was once a major magazine publishing genre.

**True Crime Detective Magazines 1924-1969** was a great read what text there was. Or rather what English language text there was. This was a book that also had text in both French and

German along with over 400 TC magazine covers in a huge format paperback book that was very bulky.

There was however one little problem. One of the leading TC magazines for decades was *Front Page Detective*. During the 1950's, there was a filmed detective mystery TV show that ran on both the DuMont TV Network and on syndication and was very popular for a while called *Front Page Detective*. This TV show starred Edmund Lowe as Washington, D.C., newspaper columnist David Chase who also solved mysteries on the side with the sometimes help of his incompetent detective friend Lieutenant George Andrews (George Pembroke). Not only did the TC magazine and the mystery TV show have the same exact name, but the announcer explicitly urged the audience to go out and buy *Front Page Detective* magazine.

Given such a unusual situation and the fact that Editor Dian Hanson lives in Los Angeles, you would think that a big book about TC magazines would have had something about it. If so, you would be wrong since there is absolutely no mention of it. Other than that, this was a very good book, one that you should consider at least getting a hold of a copy through Interlibrary Loan as I did.

## **The Complete Idiot's Guide to the Middle Ages**

**By Timothy C. Hall, M.A.**

**New York: Alpha Books 2009**

Whenever there is a hot publishing concept that takes off in a big way, there are sure to be a fair number of other publishers trying to do the same sort of thing. Thus it was that when the *Dummies Guides* did spectacularly well, it was pretty much a done deal that there would be copycats. One copycat was he *The Complete Idiots Guides* that was launched over a decade after the start of the *Dummies* books.

One volume in this competing series is about the Middle Ages and it was written by a guy with a Masters degree from East Carolina University (ECU). Either ECU is a poor excuse for an university or the editing at Alpha Books is pretty bad for this volume is loaded with errors. By contrast, I don't ever recall finding even so much as a single factual error in a *Dummies* book.

For instance, in recounting the events of the Fourth Crusade, Hall claims that the crusaders attacked the "Hungarian kingdom of Zara." Actually, Zara was a city in the Kingdom of Hungary that was coveted by the Venetians. It was not a city that was free of royal Hungarian control, so it was not in any way a separate country in its own right.

There are other problems as well. There is no mention of Matthias Corvinus even though he is generally considered to be the greatest of all the Kings of Hungary by historians. Although all

other historians talk about the Wars of the Roses, Hall mentions the War of the Roses as if it was all one big war instead of a series of conflicts. Likewise, except for a few fleeting mentions here and there, Hall suddenly drops all coverage of the Byzantine Empire around the time of the year 1000 when Byzantium still had over 400 years to go as an important medieval civilization. What this did was rip a hole in Hall's historical coverage.

These are not the only problems with this book. If anything, they are only the tip of the iceberg making for one poorly done historical reference book.

It would appear that this book and other entries in this particular series that were humanities oriented sold poorly since there is no such thing as a *Complete Idiot's Guide* series being published any more. Instead there is an *Idiot's Guide* series that is about stuff like real estate. That what happens when you put out poorly edited stuff like this book.

# Movie Reviews

## Black Brigade (1970 TV)

**Black Brigade** is a good example of how ignorance of military history by Hollywood types can result in a really bad -- not to mention unintentionally funny -- movie. This was a 1970 TV movie written by Aaron Spelling.

**Black Brigade** begins when Captain Carter (Stephen Boyd) is tasked to go on a dangerous mission to blow up a Nazi-held dam 50 miles behind enemy lines. The unit chosen to accomplish the task is B Company, which is all black ... and is a sanitation unit. The men in this unit do hard physical work including digging latrines, digging graves, dealing with garbage, etc. Despite the fact that soldiers of this type did not receive much combat training and certainly none of the training needed for daring commando type missions, Carter asks their lieutenant in charge for volunteers, and he picks six men.

These black soldiers are nothing like what real black soldiers from the World War II era were like. These soldiers have attitude and are not afraid to yell and scream at their white commanding officer about the unfairness of life. Also, all the black actors have big afros and a few have mustaches/goatees in keeping with 1970 fashions. Richard Pryor sports a red beret throughout the whole movie. In the real life military, anyone dressed like that or sporting that kind of hair would have been in serious trouble.

You'd expect that the soldiers would receive some sort of special training and special advanced planning for their mission. No such thing. You would also expect the soldiers be

airlifted to somewhere near their target. Once again, no such thing. Instead, the troopers just simply walk down a road in broad daylight. And they manage to penetrate the enemy lines without encountering any Germans, military or civilian, and on top of that, they manage to come near the dam 50 miles behind the enemy lines strictly by walking for no more than a day. Unreal.

They stop at a house occupied by a native woman (Susan Oliver), who has zero German accent, and there Capt. Carter listens to the radio for his orders. Now, in real life, these orders would have been broadcast in some sort of code. Instead, Carter's commanding officer totally disregards even basic communication security, telling him everything in plain spoken English and even telling him that the Third Regiment is going to launch an offensive to gain the dam the next day (again going the full 50 miles in less than a day). To wit, Capt. Carter and his ludicrously small command has to secure the dam for the offensive to succeed. Any real life World War II offensive that could have gained 50 miles in a single day would have been considered the Eighth Miracle of the World. And for good reason too: In real life, no single offensive ever gained anywhere near that kind of territory in one day.

Despite the fact that the Germans monitored Allied radio communications and surely would have picked up the unguarded orders, once Capt. Carter's unit arrives at the dam, they find it guarded only by a few incompetents who are quickly dispatched. Then, the unit moves on to find four Germans who are fixing on blowing the dam despite the fact that they don't have anywhere near enough dynamite to make a serious dent in it. These enemy troops are also eliminated with ease. As if on cue, the Third Regiment shows up without any signs of ever being in combat, and the operation is judged a success. One of the soldiers is notified that he will receive the Congressional Medal of Honor. End of movie.

**Black Brigade** is a war action movie without any real suspense, nor does it even try to replicate anything even halfway close to authentic. If anything, it falls into the genre of movies such as *Where Eagles Dare* in which the killing of enemy troops is as easy as pie, prompting viewers to wonder if it's so easy for the good guys to kill off the bad guys, then why did World War II last so long?

## **Herschell Gordon Lewis: The Godfather of Gore (2010)**

Depending on your point of view, Herschell Gordon Lewis was either one of the absolute greatest movie makers of all time or one of the absolute worst. Or you could see him as being simultaneously both. This is because Lewis's productions were all of the unintentional comedy variety. These are movies that generally fall under the tag of being Movies That Are So Bad They Are Actually Good (TASBTAAG).

For most of his time as a filmmaker, Herschell Gordon Lewis was known as an exploitation films creator. Exploitation films are difficult to describe especially since a lot of Hollywood movies nowadays include elements of what back in the 1960's were strictly the province of exploitation movies. Basically, an exploitation movie is a lurid production emphasizing sex and violence. Prior to the 1969 Sam Peckinpah Western flick *The Wild Bunch*, exploitation movies were strictly the realm of independent (that is, non-Hollywood) filmmakers. Following the success of *The Wild Bunch* at the box office, Hollywood has moved into exploitation film territory so much that you hardly ever see the term "exploitation movie" being used even though luridness has moved from the fringes of movies to becoming pretty much the main act.

**Herschell Gordon Lewis: The Godfather of Gore** is a documentary that was produced in 2010 that is about Lewis's film career that spanned the entirety of the decade of the 1960's. It was partly because of the work of Lewis and other film makers that the Sixties were such a wild and crazy decade. Understanding these movies and their historical context is key to understanding that particular decade. Since this is a documentary about bad taste, you should expect to see a lot of bad taste in this particular flick.

This is a flick that is packed with more gore, nudity and just plain tastelessness than any other documentary that I've ever seen. This is fitting since Lewis's career included such movies as **Blast-Off Girls, Blood Feast, Color Me Blood Red, The Gruesome Twosome, Just for the Hell of It, She-Devils on Wheels, Two Thousand Maniacs!** and **The "Wizard of Gore**. Any documentary featuring scenes from those movies would of course include a great deal of material that most folks would find objectionable.

The director of this documentary is none other than grindhouse stalwart and the director of the cult horror flick *Basket Case*, Frank Henenlotter. Given the tastelessness of Henenlotter's movies, he was a natural choice to helm this project. Despite the fact that this movie was billed as being about horror flicks, it actually takes in the full range of Lewis's film career including the educational films that he made. There are a great many veterans of Lewis's productions who were interviewed for this documentary.

The interesting thing about Lewis is that even now in his 80's, he has at least as much energy as many folks who are much younger than him. He has lately returned to producing exploitation flicks that are every bit as tasteless as those of his heyday. And yet when Lewis talks

in this film, he comes across as being a humble guy, instead of being an egomaniac like so many Hollywood types.

In order to have a proper appreciation of this documentary, you have to understand the times that Lewis made his movies in. During the 1960's, there was no such thing as the Internet with streaming video and cable television was limited to areas where reception of TV station signals was poor at best. Even in the places that had cable TV, there were no original content channels, just the same old broadcast choices that everyone else had. Just about the only way that you could see anything that was out of the mainstream was if you were fortunate to live in a town that had an outlet in the B-Movie Theatrical Circuit. These theaters, mainly drive-ins, were all mom and pop places that were not part of any chains. Additionally, they never showed any more than two or three feature length movies in any given week. When they did so, it was in the form of a double or triple feature and not, as is the case today, several different movies showing on several different screens in the same theater. Back then, it was one screen per theater. Given the failure of Hollywood to come up with big budget out of the mainstream motion pictures, it was the lot of B-Film producers such as Herschel Gordon Lewis, to fill in the gap.

**Herschell Gordon Lewis: The Godfather of Gore** is a very well done production. Even if you are not interested in exploitation flicks, you should find something interesting here. This is an unusually entertaining documentary, one that you should find well worth your time.

## **Into the Blue (2005)**

There is a certain kind of Hollywood movie that film critics just simply loathe. This is the popcorn flick that exists solely to entertain the viewer and provide a fun experience to eat popcorn, drink pop and enjoy the cinematic experience. Critics generally seem to lose track of the fact that for most folks, movies are essentially a means of escaping reality, not a way of receiving “weighty” commentary.

One popcorn flick that caught unshirted hell from the critics is the 2005 movie **Into the Blue** starring Jessica Alba and Paul Walker. James Brundage of filmcritic.com wrote that **Into the Blue** is, “an endless font of implausibility and boredom.” Andrea Chase of Killer Movie Reviews wrote that the movie, “offers beautiful, if silly, people mouthing forgettable dialogue in an equally forgettable plot.” This was one movie that the critics really hated.

These critics, like so many others, failed to catch on to the fact that **Into the Blue** was never intended to be a “serious” film produced with the conceit of competing for any prestigious movie awards. It was simply meant to be good pure fun.

Just the fact that the likes of Alba and Walker, neither of whom will ever be accused of being accomplished thespians, should have shown the lack of artistic pretensions by the producers. Likewise, the fact that the characters are shown engaging in impossible tasks such as going deep underwater for long periods of time without any sort of air tank or other breathing apparatus.

Also, the characters go directly from the sea floor to the surface without even so much as pausing to avoid getting the bends and sure enough they never get the bends. Anyone who is even vaguely familiar with swimming knows that such things are impossible. The presentation of impossible acts is meant to enliven the fun of the flick and, in that context, it works.

**Into the Blue** is set on the coast of an unspecified area in the Caribbean Sea. Walker is Jared who is more or less unemployed while Alba is Sam who is a shark handler at an amusement park. Together, they live in a dilapidated trailer whilst managing to have all sorts of expensive designer swim suits not to mention their very own boat.

Soon, some folks who are new to the area enter the lives of Jared and Sam. One is a treasure hunter (Josh Brolin). Another is Jared's rich lawyer brother Bryce (Scott Caan) and his gal pal Amanda (Ashley Scott). Bryce has just come into possession of a local mansion courtesy of a drug dealer client who left the building, speed boat and jet ski as payment for legal services. They head off into the ocean looking for sunken treasure and as luck would have it, they find one of the biggest treasure troves of all time with hardly any bother.

Shortly thereafter, they discover another trove 100 yards or so away that consists of a downed drug smuggler's plane loaded with cocaine. This discovery brings drug smugglers into the picture. As a result, our heroes have to contend with both bringing the treasure to the surface while simultaneously fighting the evil drug lords. As is typical of such movies, our heroes never bother to contact law enforcement for strange and mysterious reasons never explained to the audience.

Overall, **Into the Blue** offers lots of escapist fun in the sun. Add some action/adventure and some danger/violence with both drug runners and sharks, and you have yourself a whale of a popcorn flick. While the acting is highly suspect, the combination of a strong script and fantastic photography lift **Into the Blue** straight into the winner's category.

## **New Jack City (1991)**

There was in the decade of the 1970's an independent inner city cinema movement (the so-called "blaxploitation" flicks) that both Hollywood and the black leadership saw as a threat to their power. After the suppression of this movement in the late 1970's, there was but little in the line of new movies about the inner city for over a decade. Eventually, due to both the aspirations of minority filmmakers and the bottom line, Hollywood came to produce movies about life in the inner city, but just so long as they were fully acceptable to the ruling class in Hollywood.

And so it was that a movie like 1991's **New Jack City** would be both produced and released by a major studio. This motion picture is about the crack cocaine epidemic and the devastating impact that it had on life in the inner city. This is a tough and uncompromising flick that back in the 1970's would have been denounced as "blaxploitation," but now would be accepted by film critics as being a legitimate movie.

The main character in **New Jack City** is Nino Brown (Wesley Snipes), the leader of the Cash Money Brothers (CMB) gang that is one of the biggest crack cocaine trafficking outfits in New York City (NYC). Together with his partner Gee Money (Allen Payne), Brown lives a glamorous life of luxury, fast cars and hot chicks. To put it mildly, Brown is a poor role model for inner city youth.

As Brown's CMB empire grows, he becomes ever more arrogant. The CMB takes over an apartment building and evicts the inhabitants, including an elderly World War II veteran. The CMB is becoming big, fat and out of control. The CMB is hell bent on contaminating the NYC inner city scene. Brown even dreams of taking down the Mafia so that the CMB can become the dominant organized crime gang in NYC. Brown initiates action against the Mafia and scores some success. The shootouts between the CMB and the Mafia are very well done.

Eventually, the top brass at the New York Police Department (NYPD) wake up to the CMB menace and resolve to do something about it. Two of its best detectives, Scotty Appleton (Ice-T) and Nick Peretti (Judd Nelson) are assigned to the case. The detecting duo get a big break when they come in contact with a druggie named Pookie (Chris Rock). The detectives put Pookie on the road to recovery and Pookie agrees to infiltrate the CMB for the NYPD.

**New Jack City** is a most interesting movie. On the surface, it is just another cops and drug dealers movie, but it is really more than that. It is a tough, realistic portrayal of the damage wrought to the inner city by the crack cocaine epidemic. It presents an involving story with a strong anti-drug message. This movie really makes clear just how bad the drug problem is in the inner city and how illegal drugs have ravaged the community.

**New Jack City** is a well executed movie. It features strong performances by such actors as Ice-T and Wesley Snipes, who have generally not made strong performances on other movies. It has a strong script and an involving plot. It probably should have won the Academy Award for Best Picture, yet it was not even nominated for an Oscar in any category. This was because, for all its great points, **New Jack City** was generally regarded by both the critics and the Hollywood'

elite as a "black" movie and as such unworthy of being considered as legitimate cinema irregardless of how much money it earned for its releasing studio.

The ultimate irony of **New Jack City** is that although it was made and released by Hollywood, there was not a dime's worth of difference between it and many of the films released by the so-called "blaxploitation" movement of the 1970's. This movie was both entertaining and educational in that it taught this country's youth the dangers of drugs and how it leads to a person's downfall. The message of this film was plain and simple: Crack cocaine can destroy a person's life and damage the lives of others. If we do not continue to fight the war on drugs, then drugs will continue to destroy our country. Back in the 1970's, independently made films with the same message were widely denounced as "exploiting" blacks and other minorities. Now, movies with the same exact message can be released by major studios and earn grudging respect from the critics, but in the end as far as the Hollywood elite is concerned, they are "black" movies and as such unworthy of consideration for the awards or any legitimate respect.

## **Pavement (2002 TV)**

Originally, made for TV movies were solely the domain of the big commercial broadcasting networks. However, during the past twenty years, they are more and more being made for cable TV channels such as Home Box Office (HBO). One example of a made for cable TV movie is the 2002 HBO production *Pavement* starring Lauren Holly and Robert Patrick.

Both Holly and Patrick are familiar faces. Lauren Holly was once a major movie actress whose career has declined to the level of being limited to TV productions and low budget movies. Among her more recent productions are *Down and Derby*, *The Godfather of Green Bay* and the truly wretched *Fatwa*. Robert Patrick, on the other hand, has generally been a TV actor appearing on such shows as *The Sopranos* and *The X Files*. Patrick has recently begun enjoying meaty roles on such movies as *Alien Trespass*, *Bridge to Terabithia*, *Flags of Our Fathers*, *Spy Kids* and *Walk the Line*.

The basic plot of **Pavement** is familiar. It concerns a psychotic killer who is running amuck in a major city, in this case San Francisco. The producers attempted to add a new factor to this tired old scenario as well as some twists to the basic plot. Only problem is that the twists are far fetched and violates the suspension of disbelief that is so fundamental to enjoying a movie.

The fact that the story in this particular made for TV movie is so screwed up is a real shame given the real strengths that it has in other areas. For instance, the performances by both Holly and Patrick are particularly strong. The level of the photography is also at a high level as is the direction.

Basically, the story of **Pavement** starts with a guy in Alaska named Sam Brown (Robert

Patrick) who is a tracker for the police finds out that his sister, a nurse in San Francisco, has been murdered. Brown hightails it out to San Francisco to hunt down the killer. Eventually, Brown wins the trust of Detective Buckley Clarke (Lauren Holly) of the San Francisco Police Department (SFPD) and she allows him to become part of the official investigation. This promising beginning becomes wasted as the movie wanders into absurd plot twists that ruins its believability.

While the makers of **Pavement** did well in their selection of the lead performers, the same cannot be said of much of the rest of the casting. The person who plays the coroner is much too young for the role and is scarcely believable as a coroner anyways. Most of the police officers are low grade actors as is the villain of the piece.

In many ways, **Pavement** is your typical made for cable TV movie. On the one hand, the producers made sure to get a pair of familiar faces with real acting talent for the lead roles. The directing, photography and music are all better than average grade. On the other hand, the rest of the casting is lackluster at best. The plot was not especially well thought out and a promising start was wasted. Bottom line is that this is an average flick and your time would be better used on something else.

## **Supreme Sanction (1999 TV)**

Traditionally, made for TV movies are treated by both critics and fans alike as being inferior to made for theatre movies. This is because TV movies usually are of low grade and suffer from poor production values. Also, most TV movies are formulaic, predictable and have little of interest going on in them.

However, there are some exceptions to the rule. Many of the best TV movies made in the last two decades or so were made for cable TV outlets such as HBO. One such production is the 1999 TV flick **Supreme Sanction** that offers an example of just how good a made for TV movie can be.

Essentially, **Supreme Sanction** is about abuse of power. A clandestine U.S. government agency called Alpha Section is engaged in Counter Terrorism or CT. The government has been cutting back on funding for counter terrorism (you can tell this was made before September 11th, 2001) and the administrators of Alpha Section come to the conclusion that if their agency's funding is ever going to be restored to its previous high level, then the agency is going to have to create a domestic terrorism scare by engaging in terrorism itself.

The movie begins with a helicopter belonging to an alleged terrorist group in Arizona shooting down a National Guard chopper. Another guard helicopter then shoots down the terroristic copter. In the ensuing investigation, the lead investigator starts to come close to the truth about the alleged terrorist group and just who is behind it and Alpha Section reacts by

having one of its top assassins, Jenna (Kristy Swanson) kill him off. This assassination not only removes a threat to the agency's agenda, but it also helps further a domestic terrorism scare in the country.

However, unknown to the Alpha Section higher-ups, Jenna became disenchanted with her job once she realized the full implications of the hit. When the agency tasks her to assassinate award winning TV investigative reporter Jordan McNamara (David Dukes), her feelings towards her employers come to a boil and she rescues him from a certain death. Both Jenna and McNamara are subjected to a harrowing chase by terroristic government agents who will stop at nothing to kill them off.

Eventually, they make their way to the secret hideout of the "invisible man" Marcus (Donald Faison) who is a scientific genius of the first order. Marcus helps Jenna and McNamara craft a plan aimed at both eliminating as many government thugs as they can as well as exposing the evil Alpha Section as the out of control agency that it really is.

While the above may sound like a farfetched plot, the way that this movie is executed, it is a well done action thriller and it actually holds up to repeated viewings. The acting is very good especially by Swanson, Faison and Ron Perlman in the role of the chief administrator of Alpha Section. Of all the main actors, only Michael Madsen turns in a poor showing.

**Supreme Sanction** is both a well done made for TV movie and a good movie period.

## **Quo Vadis (1951)**

**Quo Vadis** is the absolute best movie that never won an Academy Award. At the time of its release in 1951, it was the 2nd highest box office of any movie in history (*Gone With the Wind* was the highest). It was the first of the many historical epics of the 1950's and early 1960's. It was also the best.

Robert Taylor plays Roman general Marcus Vinicius, commander of the 14th Legion, and Deborah Kerr portrays a Christian lady, Lygia, that he falls in love with. Lygia is a hostage of Rome and Vinicius arranges with the mad Emperor Nero (Peter Ustinov) to have her reassigned to him. She runs away to the shelter provided by other Christians for fugitives from "Roman justice."

Meanwhile, Nero wants to go down in history as being the greatest artist of all time. He is assisted in trying to come up with both ideas and proper wording by Petronius (Leo Genn). These scenes are great fun as Petronius does a wonderful job as the emperor's faithful counselor, and with his great wit manipulates the pompous and vicious Nero. By doing so, he helps protect the Roman populace from the evil emperor.

Also going on at this time is the growth of Christianity in Rome. Both Saint Paul (Abraham Sofaer) and Saint Peter (Finlay Currie) are present in Rome. The 2 saints hold services in the Roman catacombs. Christianity is a secretive religion since the adherents of Christ are under constant threat of persecution.

Eventually, Nero gets the idea that for him to create an artistic masterpiece, then suffering on a colossal scale must first take place. He orders his chief yes man, Tigellinus (Ralph Truman), the commander of the Praetorian Guard, to set fire to Rome and also to block the escape of the Roman population across the bridge to achieve maximum slaughter. Tigellinus carries out Nero's cruel decree and one of the greatest fires in history resulted. After Nero announces both his decision and also his plans to rebuild Rome under the name "Neropolis." Vinicius bolts and goes to Rome in his chariot and succeeds in overcoming the Praetorians at the bridge to save multitudes from death.

The Roman people quickly figure out that Nero was the "incendiary" responsible for the burning of their beloved city. However, Nero decides with the help of his slutty Empress Poppaea (Patricia Laffan) that in order to deflect the blame from him, a victim needs to be scapegoated. From there, he decides that the Christians, who refuse to engage in worshiping the emperor as a god, make the best victims. Nero then decrees that it was the Christians who burned Rome and as such, they are to be all rounded up and fed to the lions in the coliseum as public entertainment.

**Quo Vadis** is a magnificent major motion picture. It has beautiful scenery, wonderful costumes and fantastic cinematography, and is as accurate a capture of ancient Rome as was possible with 1951 technology. The set designs are sheer artistry. **Quo Vadis** is a stunning spectacle with an excellent script, fine performances and holds up very well today.

The best part of this movie is Peter Ustinov's performance as the mad Emperor Nero. Ustinov is totally focused on the role so much so that he captures the screen in the scenes that he is in. Ustinov's performance is the absolute best portrayal of Nero yet given by an actor in a movie. Ustinov plays the role instead of converting the character into a reflection of himself. Ustinov should have won the Academy Award for his performance. He did, however, win the Golden Globe.

Thus far, **Quo Vadis** is the absolute best Roman epic ever made. The decor, costumes, and art direction certainly have not been matched by anything that followed, including *Spartacus*, *Ben Hur* and *Gladiator*. **Quo Vadis** is an excellent movie that is certainly well worth your time.

# Website Reviews

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

## **Danger & Play**

Danger & Play is the website of the controversial writer Mike Cernovich. Cernovich is often labelled as being a member of something called the “alt-right.” He has been accused as being a leading conspiracy theorist. Whatever you think of him, Cernovich is one of the single most interesting regular writers on Medium.com. Cernovich is also a regular host on the Alex Jones radio show at InfoWars. Cernovich is also an opinion leader on social media. Whether you like it or not, Mike Cernovitch is an individual who has successfully harnessed the Internet to become an increasingly influential pundit who is likely to become even more important in the years ahead. When Cernovich started Danger & Play, in 2012, he was just another writer struggling to make a living and gain an audience. Certainly, Danger & Play’s beginnings were less than auspicious as its focus was on the relatively noncontroversial subject of men’s empowerment. However, as time wore on Cernovich broadened his website’s coverage to such subjects as how to meet women and romance them as well as opposing extreme feminism. The website’s title came from a quote by Friedrich Nietzsche who said, “The true man wants two things: danger and play. For that reason he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.” Cernovich was one of the first writers to support the Gamergate movement against fraudulent online gaming journalism. By doing so, he won the appreciation of gamers who got sick and tired of being trashed by news media types who relied on harmful stereotypes to bash gamers. Cernovich also won the support of Vox Day who really helped him grow in stature on the Internet. Around this time, Cernovich came up with the idea of “Gorilla Mindset” that became the title and subject of a hugely popular nonfiction book that he published in 2015. Cernovich also broadened his horizons by producing the documentary film *Silenced* that is about censorship. Cernovich appears to be a figure of importance for some time to come.

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

## **National Space Society**

Originally, the National Space Society (NSS) was two distinctly different groups, the L-5 Society and the National Space Institute (NSI). Both of these organizations were effective in pushing a pro-space agenda. On top of that, there was a magazine, *Space World (SW)* that under its publisher, Raymond A. Palmer (R.A.P.) and the editorship of James A. Oberg was a pretty

substantial publication that effectively communicated the exciting possibilities that the space frontier had to offer mankind. In addition to its contents, it was especially important due to the large number of libraries, such as that at Platteville High School that I attended during 1979-1983, that carried *SW*. However, as is the case with so many other good things it all came to an end. A number of allegedly bright people got together and decided that it would be a good idea to merge all of these effective things together into one large organization. First, the NSI bought *SW* from R.A.P.'s heirs and quickly made it less interesting, not to mention less effective. Then in 1987, the NSI and the L-5 Society merged together to form the NSS of the present day. In terms of both membership and magazine circulation, the numbers are way down from their early 1980's peak. You just simply don't hear as much about space or space possibilities in the mainstream media now like you did during the late 70's-early '80's. Clearly, the whole of the present day NSS is less than the sum of its parts. If you want to reignite the pro-space movement, what you need is new thinking and new leadership. And what does the NSS and its website have to offer the space activists or today? The NSS does have a slick paper magazine called *adAstra* that is nowhere near as interesting as what the original *SW* was. The NSS also has a number of celebrities such as Tom Hanks, Glenn Harlan Reynolds and the late Majel Barrett who have at one time or another been on its board of directors. There is one area where the NSS of today is better than the L-5 Society and NSI of old ever were: the fact that it has embraced the cause of private free enterprise in space. The NSS website does have a generous amount of coverage of space enterprise as well as links to both space companies and international space agencies. If the NSS makes a difference in the years ahead, it will be in the private sector.

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

## **Spiked Online (SO)**

Based in the United Kingdom (UK), Spiked Online (SO) is a leading website for the discussion of both current events and ideas. It is also for all practical purposes the single most important webzine covering current events in the UK. It is also one the single most pro-Brexit media outlets/websites on the Internet. In fact, for over a week's time on the top of its website has been the slogan "Defend Brexit Defend Democracy-with Spiked." SO had surprising origins for a libertarian type publication in that it arose from the ashes of a webzine called *Living Marxism* that was brought down by a successful libel suit in the UK where truth is no defense against libel lawsuits. As you can expect, SO is completely against censorship.

SO opposes laws concerning so-called hate speech, incitement, libel as well as censorship on college campuses. SO has also taken a firm stand against political correctness in all its forms. The subjects that SO are most concerned with are freedom vs. governmental oppression, science and technology, education, culture and literature. One subject that SO has been concerned with is that of environmental extremism. Specifically, SO has drawn attention to the fact that a significant part of the leadership of the environmental movement supports reductions in economic growth as opposed to investing in science and technology. SO has argued that by opposing economic growth, the environmental movement is taking an elitist position that hurts

the working class. SO has also pointed that for all the huffing and puffing on the subject of so-called climate change, there is little real scientific evidence that the Earth is getting warmer. SO also faults the environmental movement's leadership for not aggressively supporting alternative energy. Of all the subjects that SO has taken a stand, perhaps none of them has been more controversial than Brexit. For years before the 2016 Brexit referendum, SO was a major driving force behind criticisms of the European Union and how the UK was getting the shaft from it. Another special feature of SO is its monthly feature the *Spiked Review of Books*. The incredible about SO is that it has been able to maintain a consistently high standard without paying its contributors anything.

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

## **The Unz Review: An Alternative Media Selection**

The Unz Review (UR) operates under the slogan, “A Collection of Interesting, Important, and Controversial Perspectives Largely Excluded from the American Mainstream Media.” This is a website that lives up to that ambitious description very well. The fact that the UR is open to viewpoints that are shunned by all too many other websites comes as no surprise given the background of its founder, Ron Unz. Unz is a businessman and political activist who has devoted his life to fighting for the preservation of freedom. This is an unusual website that presents a wide array of writers whose only commonality is that they are all anti-establishment thinkers. They are also completely unafraid of being ostracized from polite society. For instance, for some time the website has been running an article entitled “John McCain and the POW Cover-Up” by the late Sydney Schanberg about how the alleged “war hero” John McCain helped cover up information about prisoners of war still in Vietnamese custody so that Vietnam could regain normal trade relations with the United States to the benefit of American corporations that wanted to export jobs to that Communist dictatorship. In addition to that Schanberg piece, the UR also carries a great many other pieces by writers who have passed away including Alexander Cockburn and Sam Francis. There are also complete archives for some writers including not only Cockburn and Francis, but also both Razib Khan and Robert Scheer. The UR 's website is structured in a user friendly way. On the top, two recently added pieces are highlighted with photographs. On the left, is a long list of articles combines with reader's comments that you can click on and read. In the center, are the UR's regular columnists and their official nicknames.

For instance, Patrick Buchanan is called “Mr. Paleoconservative” while James Petras is labelled the “Radical Sociologist.” On the top of the right are the UR 's two bloggers, Anatoly Karlin and Steve Sailer. On the rest of the right are articles grouped by categories. The UR is a highly useful resource for everyone who wants to keep up with contemporary politics.

<https://yellowdragonblog.com/>

## Yellow Dragon

The Yellow Dragon blog gives its purpose for being to, “a mission to repurpose existing ideas into new ideas.” This is the prosaic description for one of the leading blogs that exists on the frontiers of science, technology and ideas. According to the blog, its leader is one Steven Torry Rappolee who writes under the handle of rappolee58. The blog calls itself a “Veteran small business set aside” that is also a “Post 9/11 Veteran owned concern.” The blog also identifies itself as being “UM Flint Student Business Incubator, #207” and gives its focus as being “Terrestrial & Cislunar Exploration technologies.” However you define it, the fact is that Yellow Dragon is a rare blog that you have to look at on a regular basis to keep up with the cutting edge of technology. For instance, the blog published in 2014 an idea for how a space mission involving spacecraft from private companies could be accomplished. Another blog post took its cue from the Mayflower Compact on how a charter for a private space colonization ship capable of carrying 200 passengers venturing into the great unknown to find a planet suitable for human habitation could be written up. One of the longer, in-depth posts makes the case for a NASA Skylab II space station based on the NASA endeavor from the 1970’s. There have been so many posts about a given subject that some topics have lists of relevant posts for them. One such category is “Venus commercial science missions.” Not all of the posts at Yellow Dragon are about space. For instance, there is one post about the idea of reintroducing sea otters to the kelp beds off San Diego. A similar post proposes planting mangrove trees that are native to Baja California further north. The worst aspect of Yellow Dragon is that it is not updated often. Also, a significant number of the posts are written in an overly technical manner that makes them hard to understand. In any event, Yellow Dragon is a blog that you should track of if you want to keep up with the cutting edge of science and technology.

## Websites of Interest

<http://allianceforspacedevelopment.org/>

**Alliance for Space Development**

<http://alhouse.blogspot.com/>

**Ann Althouse**

<http://www.b-independent.com/index2.htm>

**B-Independent**

<http://bmoviefilmvault.com/>

**The B-Movie Film Vault**

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

**Classic Sci Fi.com**

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

**FDD's Long War Journal**

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

**Flopping Aces**

<http://lidblog.com/>

**The Lid**

<http://maggiesfarm.anotherdotcom.com/>

**Maggie's Farm**

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

**The Mars Society**

<http://mysteriousuniverse.org/>

**Mysterious Universe**

<http://www.stomptokyo.com/otf/>

## **Opposable Thumb Films**

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

## **Pulp Movies**

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

## **Quackwatch**

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

## **Real Agriculture**

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

## **Technology Tell**

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

## **Thrillville**

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

## **Vincent Di Fate**

# **Letters of Comment**

June 23, 2017

Dear Charles,

In Fornax #19, I'll start by answering your questions in the letter column. Why was I in Hollywood in the nineties? By the nineties, LAPD had vastly outgrown its headquarters at Parker Center. There were LAPD elements all over the place. The Crime Analysis Section was

located in the first highrise west of the CNN building on Sunset Blvd. From the eighth floor we had an excellent view of the fires during the Rodney King riots.

Do I still collect? No. I'd been a hit and miss collector during my entire collecting career. When my eyesight started giving me trouble I donated my collection to the library at Cal State Northridge. Magazines, books, and fanzines massed 90 file boxes which made me a relatively lightweight collector. By comparison, Fred Patten's collection which was donated to UC Riverside massed 900 file boxes. Of course, Fred collected things I'd never even thought of collecting like toys, games, T-shirts, and a whole lot of other stuff.

I thought "Boyz in the Hood" was an excellent movie and quite accurate. The first job I had with the LAPD was in the analytical unit at 77<sup>th</sup> Street. At that time, 77<sup>th</sup> Street was the division that included Watts and the area to the west of Watts. That was in 1970-71. Since then, the department has added a division and moved 77<sup>th</sup> Street's area a little further north. Back then, I did a regression line on the homicide rate in 77<sup>th</sup>. By my calculations, the entire division should exterminate itself by 2050. Last time, I checked, they were still working on it.

Your comments on Monique Laney's book on the German rocket scientists reminded me of a couple of things. While I was in college, one woman (white) told me I was responsible for the Holocaust. I told her I was not quite three years old at the end of WWII and not responsible for much of anything. Even if you accept the concept of racial guilt, (which the politically correct sometimes do) my ancestry is Anglo-Dutch.

I noticed the book was published by Yale Press. Maybe the qualities you noticed are an Ivy League thing. For a couple of years in the late eighties, I was on the staff of the LAPD Office of Operations. We had a visit from some representatives of the John F. Kennedy Center for Government at Harvard. We were suitably impressed. They were working on a study of police public relations. We were given a copy of their study to look over. It was garbage. It was nothing but a bunch of ad hominems strung together. Our only comment was to rewrite the entire thing with dates, facts, figures, and that sort of stuff. They accepted our rewrite without apparently noticing it.

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

**[I was always under the impression that Hollywood was a different city than Los Angeles, complete with its own police force. It appears that I was wrong about that. Is it true what I've heard about Hollywood being overrun by prostitution and other vice rackets? You might consider yourself a "lightweight" collector, but it appears that you have me beat. My magazine collection mostly consists of almost every issue of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* published during 1965-1972 when they were owned by the Ultimate Publishing Company. I also have a fair number of the reprint magazines issued by Ultimate during the years 1965-**

**1975. I also have every issue of *Galileo* except for Issue #3. I also have over half of the issues of *Galaxy* that were published during the years that James Baen was the editor as well as about half the issues of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* that were published when George H. Scithers was the editor. I also have nearly one hundred scattered issues of several other magazines including *Analog*, *Coven 13*, *Satellite*, *Spaceway*, *The Original Science Fiction Stories*, *Venture*, and *Worlds of IF*. I don't have too many genre books being a mostly nonfiction reader and not too many fanzines either. As one who spent quite a bit of time in graduate school, I'm not one bit surprised by your experience with those Harvard hacks.]**

Dear Charles,

thanks for your eMail and Fornax 19.

I forward to you two issues of Fantasia (attached to the eMails):

Fantasia 661e (Kant, Fichte, Beginning of the world, „Weltanfang“)

Fantasia 675e (The Birds)

You find the article, story always at the end of the magazine.  
„The Birds“ first was publishd in Fornax 17 (in April 2017), then afterwards reprinted in Fantasia 675 (in June 2017)

It's funny, they publish in a German language magazine my stories in English. But maybe this improves the ability to speak and read your language in Germany.

You can mail to the two editors of Fantasia. Also a subscription (for free) is possible. Maybe you offer Fornax. Their addresses:

Gustav Gaisbauer ([gaisbauer@edfc.de](mailto:gaisbauer@edfc.de))

Franz Schröpf ([Franz.Schroepf@t-online.de](mailto:Franz.Schroepf@t-online.de))

One more point. I have read your fine story „An Experiment in Time“ (also see below). Now, they published the English version of my stories in their German language eMagazine Fantasia. Why not reprinting your story in English there?  
Just ask them. (Of course, they won't pay, it's no professional magazine.) Maybe you can send this story separately attachend to Fantasia, if they agree?

\*

The contents of Fornax 19 is interesting again.

Robin Bright, in his two essays, mentions the modern disease HIV/AIDS. The origins of this malady are now located in Africa, but a few years ago, the „scientists“ named quite another origin: homosexuality. Then they droppend this idea, and thought, better blame the apes.

Do you see, mankind is technologically on the rise. Moon landing, TV, Internet and so on. But diseases are not dwindling, they are rising, too. Cancer. Old, old disease, but they cannot solve this problem. Or, beg your pardon, don't they want to solve this problem?

Now, if you insult a child – for instance. What do you see? Tears flowing down. Bodily reaction to an attack with words. Tears running – that's the reaction of child's soul. Now, cancer, or Aids, or what you want: why not considering this is a reaction like the tears of a child – but on a higher level, and more brutal. And the answer (= illness) is given by an adult who has learned not to cry. So his body „cries“. What do you think about this?

There are interesting book reviews (and more). For instance on Wernher von Braun, on Gisevius and the failed Hitler killings.

Not to forget Webside reports, especially on „climate change nonsense“. There is no „consensus“ in science, we learn. Indeed, proof is rare. Look at history: there always has been weather change. There were short Ice Ages, and no press mogul at that time past did complain (or raise money with it?). In Germany the Green Party even wants to abolish the normal cars till 2030. And what then? Back to the Stone Age? And the oxen cart?

Your question in the letter column: At home, I am only drinking cappuccino. In former times I used normal coffee. But cappuccino is far more delicious. It doesn't matter who has invented cappuccino! We always use the best inventions. For instance the letters (characters), we are using in English and German, are of Latin origin. Best invention. When I am biking, I am drinking tea. Milford's. Fine taste. You see I am not prejudiced, at least not in this respect. And, finally, there is a fine story: „An Experiment in Time“ by Charles Rector. I like this story on the eccentric professor Harlow Henry Houlihan (not: Hooligan?), inventor of a machine to stop time. Because it is written the right way: good entertainment, and more in it.

\*

Normal people and philosophers oftentimes asked and wonder: how big is the universe? Some philosophers said it is endless. Meaning: you can move on and on, and there is no border, no frontier, no stopping. It is endless, they reason, because God is endless, so both ideas of endlessness must match. But, is it correct, this idea of infinity?

First, to understand this, we must introduce Hegel (1770 – 1831), famous German philosopher, and his idea of „die schlechte Unendlichkeit“ (the bad infinity). What does this term mean? It says, you oftentimes for instance can use numbers and numbers, endlessly. And you maybe are proud of all the numbers you have accumulated. But this showing-off (of numbers), does it help anyhow? No, it does not. Why not? Because, says Hegel, if you want to understand numbers, you must add contents. And adding contents, suddenly the posing ends.

I give you an example. Someone, showing off, says what he will do being 50 years old. Okay, then he pretends what to do being 100 years old. Okay, then you learn what he will do, being 150 years old. Okay, then he courageously goes one step further: what to do being 200

years old. And 300 years old. And 400 years old. Okay, you easily can detect where the problem is. This is the bad infinity (boasting with numbers), because contents are lacking. The contents here are simple: maybe the poser would die in between? So you see, numbers are only valid if you add contents.

Now, let's get back to the universe. Is it endless, endless, endless? Can we move through the really big universe, without ever stopping? Well, to judge this, we must add the contents (describing what Billions and Billions and Billions of miles, and miles without end, are meaning). So, in which way, under which conditions is the universe formed?

Now, Einstein has found or used several items referring to this connection. One is the speed of light. Can we accelerate, and accelerate endlessly in space? No, we CANNOT. This, too, is bad infinity, because the topmost speed in the physical world is the speed of light (about 300 000 km/second). And what happens if you would be happy and able enough to reach that speed? Well, Einstein tells you: your moving mass would grow infinite, so you cannot speed no more; and, besides, time is slowing down, causing time shift effects.

You see, everywhere, adding contents, the boasting with numbers is ending. Einstein also said that space is bent (curved). Eddington delivered proof to this fact (making Einstein this way world famous over night). Because when there was a solar eclipse, they did photograph the stars behind the sun, and learned that the way of the light of these suns was curved. This was the proof that the mass of the suns is bending space.

That's very important: space is bent (by gravity)!

Now, how can we imagine this curvature of space? Well, it's funny and easy. There lived the German mathematician and astronomer August Ferdinand Möbius (1790 – 1868). He (independent of J. B. Listing, another German astronomer, who found this effect the same year) created in 1858 the Möbius strip or Möbius Band (in English also spelled: Mobius or Moebius). How to do the same thing Möbius has done? Quite easy! Just take a long strip of paper (maybe using your newspaper), twist only one end 180 degrees (half turn), and glue both ends together (forming a loop). Okay, then take a pencil. Draw a line along the length. Follow the total surface, and you will see, the line of the pencil ends where it began. This proves: the Möbius strip has only ONE surface. But, you see as well, by nature it has TWO surfaces. This curvature (by 180 °) shows us how a slip of paper can be curved. And now, just add one more dimension, and you will accept that space, too, will be curved.

Please mind, this is no joke. If you don't know the Möbius strip, just try this half-twisted slip of paper you are holding in your hand – and be stunned! It's so simple, but very instructive. What does this mean, please? Well, imagine, you were in possession of a super space ship. So, you, as an adventurer, start for your voyage through space. You travel on and on and on. Always straight ahead, straight forward. So, now, if the universe would be endless, you would travel endlessly. Okay? But now we know (Möbius strip) that the universe is curved (bent). So, what happens to the traveller through space? Some day, moving a very long time through curved space, he will arrive at the same point where he started. But from behind.

It's the same like moving over the surface of a ball (sphere). Take our Earth. Our planet is a ball. Now, if you are moving on it's surface on and on (crossing, land, crossing water, no matter what), where, please, will you meet at the end? Well, moving on a globe, you will meet exactly where you started. But from behind.

So, you see, it's very interesting to put contents to such questions. Contents like the Möbius band.

And, referring to our very, very big universe: there is only one universe. And it is closed (because it is curved).

Last question: is God a poor fool, not to have founded one hundred Billion more universes? No, he is not. He is true. He represents the contents, showing us that the bad infinity is just a poor idea in our minds.

But God has contents, and he is true!

Kind regards,  
Gerd

**[As usual, another interesting and thought-provoking LOC to end this fanzine with. I haven't gotten around to sending your German editors that story yet, but I will once I get some time. Thanks for the idea.]**