



Ray X *X-Rayer* #127

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<http://efanzines.com/RXXR/index.htm>

Your Father's An Earthling, Your Mother's An ET

Usually stories of visitor abduction and alien-human hybrid babies are told by women. [1] But sometimes men end up doing their part for ET experimenters.

There must be something about local councillors in England. Adrian Hicks of Winchester City witnessed high strangeness one day back in 2004. He saw an alien woman wearing a white ballet dress walking down the appropriately named High Street. [2] He held off for a few years before publicly announcing his experience. Hicks had his own website (apparently it's now dead) where he discussed all sorts of conspiracies such as Majestic 12 hiding the truth from the public about visitors. [3]

More recently there's been the case of councillor Stimon Parkes of Whitby. [4] Like councillor Hicks Parkes has his own website discussing conspiracy theories and his unusual encounters with beings not of this earth. [5] Unlike the Winchester councillor Parkes claims he had fathered a hybrid with an ET female.



Need some SF artwork like this? Dom Monet,
lifeonsaturnmusic@gmail.com .
<https://www.instagram.com/thedom1945/>

Parkes explained on a TV interview show that he engages in intercourse with an alien female four times a year. His mistress is a mantid, a species of ET with mantis-like features. Her name is Cat Queen and with her he sired a love child called Zarka.

Parkes is the father of three terran children. He says his wife is upset with his extraterrestrial extracurricular activity.

But aliens don't promote procreation with just the upper class. Meng Zhaoguo also fathered an alien-human hybrid child when he lived out in the hinterlands of China working as a lumberjack. [6] One night Meng saw an object crash to the ground. When he approached the impact point he was suddenly hit by something – "Foom!" to use his word – and he blacked out.

Later he found himself in bed at home, no idea how he got there.

A few nights later Meng had a sexual encounter but not with his wife. He floated above his sleeping wife and copulated for 40 minutes with an alien woman. When asked by reporter Michael Meyer to draw his unearthly sex partner Meng came up something that resembled a hirsute Michelin Man, the rubbery mascot of the Michelin tire company.

Whether or not the alien woman had radial treads didn't matter. Meng was told he was the father of a human-alien child. (Apparently – in a contraceptive sense – the rubber didn't hit the road.)

Usually such experiencers are met by public ridicule. But not Meng who found himself befriended by others. His fame allowed him to make connections and move to a city where he became employed a boiler and steam pipe maintenance man. A better gig than swinging an ax all day.

Maybe one day Simon Parkes and Meng will be able to visit their children at an intergalactic nursery aboard a mothership invisibly circling the earth.

[1] Busy Time For The Mothership Nursery - <https://efanzines.com/RXXR/RXXR-115.pdf>

[2] <http://xrayr.blogspot.com/2010/02/councillor-and-tutued-et-councillor.html>

[3] <http://xrayr.blogspot.com/2010/02/councillor-and-fatally-flawed-timetable.html>

[4] <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/femail/article-2343983/Whitby-Councillor-Simon-Parkes-tells-ITVs-The-Morning-I-lost-virginity-alien-holographic-age-FIVE.html>

[5] <http://www.simonparkes.org/>

[6] http://www.huffingtonpost.com/michael-meyer/chinese-lumberjack-alien_b_6986618.html

This Story Bugs Me



Back in the early days of comic books there was some “borrowing” going on as various companies ground out stories for a hungry market.

Over at Chester/Centaur/MLJ -- or whoever that week was the publisher -- there was a character called Dan Hastings. An athletic type, all-American. He worked with a scientific genius with a beautiful daughter. The daughter joined in – basically she got captured – in Dan’s adventures. When an intergalactic menace arose Dan hopped into his rocket and off he flew into outer space. Gee, was this character a cheap knockoff of a popular spaceman featured in newspaper comic strips and movie serials?

Dan’s adventures can be found online via scanned copies, free to read on screen or to download for later perusal. [<https://archive.org/details/webcomicuniverse>]

In one adventure Dan fights giant bugs from planet Plexis (is that near Solar?) in Dynamic Comics #10 (1944). The ending is irritating, not a proper denouement.

The story involves “the child in danger” motif to the extreme. Children of top Earth’s scientists are being attacked by boll weevils on super-steroids. In the opening scene a baby is playing and a “hideous giant bug” stabs the innocent one with its nose lance, pinning the baby to the floor. The parents rush into the room. To their horror they find their offspring has been reduced to a baby skeleton.

Later at another top scientist’s home two children, brother and sister, are in bed but before they fall asleep a strange creature attacks. In one panel we see the boy being speared by another giant bug, a close up showing the victim getting shafted in his gut.

Mom and Dad rush in but each kid is just a pile of bleached bones. Sorry, sis didn’t make it.

In another heartwarming scene a girl – another top scientist’s child – is kneeling by her bed, saying her prayers.

Her message to God is memorable: “I want to thank you for making me so pretty. But daddy says you need brains in this world. So could you please give me some. Amen.”

Apparently God doesn’t like little girls reinforcing male chauvinist stereotypes so a special visitor arrives. It ain’t her guardian angel.

In the next panel the girl is on her feet but not for long. In silhouette we witness another colossal schnozzola shafting, right through the gut. Her reaction: “Yaaaaaaa!”



Time for Dan Hastings to get on the case. Consulting with Dr. Zarkov – oops, Dr. Carter – Dan learns that all the victims of members of the Academy of Science.

Arriving just in time he saves one child by punching the nose off the giant bug. The critter’s reaction: “Arkkk!” The bug flees and Dan tells the child’s father – a top scientist, of course – to “get your ray-visualizer machine going.” The ray-thingamajig tracks the bug to the planet Plexis.

On Plexis we meet the mad scientist behind the attacks: Dr. Strange. (No, Marvel/Disney, you’re not entitled to scream copyright violation.) Apparently Dr. Strange is POed at the Academy of Scientists for outlawing him because of “his insane practices.” That means he can’t join in the Academy’s reindeer games.

His latest insane practice: add a company of chemicals and – PHOOOF – instant giant bug monsters.

Knowing that Dan Hastings is on the way the Strange has his giant bugs capture Dan’s squeeze, Dale Arden – uh, Gloria Carter. Somehow they transport Gloria through outer space sans ill effects despite the fact there’s no air and lots of radiation out there.

After landing on Plexis Dan knocks the nose off another mutant boll weevil. He tells the bug: "Here's something worth arking about."

In the mad doc's lair Gloria is tied up to a pillar. Dr. Strange says he's going to inject her with his special dissolving serum, the same juice his bugs use to reduce kids into skeletons. Our hero crashes through a window (without any cuts), ready for action, wearing his bright red onesie. The mad doc gets ready to hit Flash Gordon – I mean Dan Hastings – with a bottle of his nasty serum. Dr. Strange holds the bottle over his head to launch it. But Dan stops him by throwing an object that looks like a potato masher at the glass container, breaking it. The serum spills over the villain, doing its skeletonizing stuff.

Or does it? We never see what has happened to Dr. Strange. Dan and Gloria run off and then blast off, reciting the usual denouement clichés in Dan's rocketship.

I checked to see if the story was a reprint. Through some digging I located what appears to be the first publication of the story in a scanned copy of Scoop Comics #2 (1941). Comparing the two versions I noticed minor artistic and coloring changes were made with the reprint. But the original story still had the same ending.

If the villain was reduced to a skeleton why would that be less shocking than the bare bones of his child victims? Maybe the freelance comic book staff loathed children, toiling in a sweatshop studio while putting out crap for bratty kids. Some of them could have been married with crying babies at home, no more marital relations, pitiful men reduced to uxoriousness.

Another explanation pops up with a one page text story included in Scoop but not reprinted in Dynamic.

It's been said if a comic book publisher wanted cheaper second class mailing rates two pages of text had to be included in each issue to meet postal regulations. Usually the text pages were black print on a garish yellow background to make it less appealing to read. It's also been noted that these text stories were hardly ever perused by readers who were attuned to the words and artwork format, the art by itself telling most of the story.



The text story, "The Return of Dr. Strange," opens right after the ending of the illustrated story. Dr. Strange is dissolving, a victim of his own serum. Dan and Gloria run off without making sure the mad doc is really dead. (And you thought villains were stupid this way, capturing the hero in a death trap and then just leaving, never assuming the hero might free himself.)

It's explained that while Dr. Strange was dissolving he managed to grab some of his bug monster creating serum. This saved his life but transformed him into a feathered monster. Dan faces the mad doc on earth. This time he kills off Strange's dreadful new form by using acid again.

In the text story no children are dissolved and killed. Apparently the one page limitation excluded such fun family entertainment.

OK, the editor decided not to show Strange dissolving in the word-and-art version, keeping the villain's true fate as a surprise for the text story. But this still could've worked with just one panel showing the dissolving villain looking kinda mushy in silhouette. After all it wouldn't be as bad as seeing children brutally stabbed by giant pointy proboscises.

Without witnessing the graphic comeuppance of Dr. Strange his child victims are exploited, stuck with the dirty end of the proboscis.

Does that lack of a proper anti-climax bug you, man?

MailboX

Mars Needs Women and I need letters! raypalmx@gmail.com

* * *

(A short one from Jose Sanchez, the artist featured in Ray X X-Rayer #124.)

Hi everyone,

Please visit my new link here:

<http://www.shopvida.com/collections/jose77sanchez>

where you can find my artwork on new apparel products that can make great gifts –

especially now in the holidays!

Thank you and pass it on! :)

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* * *

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November 18, 2016

Dear Ray:

It is universal catch-up time for me, and that also means letters on more than one issue. It's become my trademark, I guess. Here's comments on issues 125 and 126 of X-Rayer.

125... Great Spidey on the ivories. Maybe it's Jerry Lee Lewis under the mask, who knows? And, I have always liked Dali's soggy pocket watches. Your story of the origins of the Hugo Award shows the need to maintain our history, SF's history, for if we fail, we will be forgotten, and the BSers will move in to set whatever "facts" they want as our history.

My loc... our vacation was a wondrous time. We spent a week in London, with side trips to Paddington Station to buy Paddington Bears, Baker Street to see anything Holmesish, and to Watford to see the Harry Potter displays. Then, we took the first-class Virgin train up to Lincoln for The Asylum VIII, the biggest steampunk event in the world, and four days of living in a beautiful old English town. Great fun all around, and we'd return in a heartbeat. Actually, we will be going down the highway to London, Ontario shortly. Any reference to London in our apartment now needs qualification, Ontario or UK.

126...X-Ray soap? So clean, you can see through it?

This issue is tough to comment on, for the obvious reason. Any reaction to it yet?

One thing I found out re George Lucas...I get many zines from around the world, including Ethel the Aardvark, the clubzine of the Melbourne SF Club in Australia. I remember over

the year reading about a thriving Star Wars fandom there, carrying on while Lucas was

shutting down Star Wars clubs in North American and Europe. Of course, now, SW fandom is everywhere, and battalions of Stormtroopers appear at conventions everywhere, but it had to fight back against its creators' fight for copyright.

For the moment, I am done. Tonight, we see the Fantastic Beasts movie, and see if the poor reviews were right, or if Potter fans will love it anyways. Thank you for these zines, and the interview (that's never happened to me before), and see you with the next issue. (Did I respond to 124? If not, let me know.)

Yours, Lloyd Penney. Lloyd & Yvonne Penney <penneys@bell.net>

RX: ThanX for your comments. I appreciate that you took the time for the email interview. Sometimes I ask for an interview and I never get an answer. I waiting to hear from a couple of subjects and if they don't reply I'll move on to other ones. I enjoy interviewing people because I learn new things and also see someone's else's POV. To be honest I get tired of hearing my own voice all the time. That's why LOCs are important to me. It's been quiet lately for letters of comment. As Bill Burns observed after he only received only two new issues at efanazines.com recently: Everyone must be in shock after Trump's victory. BTW, do you have a couch I could sleep on if things get as bad as it looks? <G>

Parting Shock



Sweet dreams, little ones.

How many nightmares did this crap induce in impressionable young readers?

-- END XR #127 --