



Ray X *X-Rayer* #128

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How To Krampus Your Kid's Style For eXmas



How to lick bad manners with a disobedient child.

Hey Mom and Dad, it's that time of year. Let the psy op begin. Time to unleash that Elf on the Shelf doll and mentally coerce Johnny or Janie into proper behavioral mode.

For those parents who somehow never heard of Elf on the Shelf learn and join in the eXmas fun.

The Elf is an anorexic doll around ten inches tall clad in a red and white outfit that evokes Santa's sartorial style. He can be placed at various locations in your home such as on top of a bookcase but only do this under the cover of night when the tiny one is in a sugar-induced coma. Changing locations gives the impression to the young sucker that the Elf is alive.

You tell your victim the Elf is a scout from Santa. The Elf's assignment: keep an eye on children in that home. At night the Elf flies to the corporate HQ at the North Pole (right next door to Superman's Fortress of Solitude) to report to Santa how well-behaved a child has been. Of course it's the same threat once used directly with Santa: Behave or if Saint Nick knows you've been naughty no toys for you.

Santa both nice and mean? A little one can't grok the dualism. It's like with God: the Great One can be fatherly and share love or he can be sociopathic and strike with eternal damnation. What to do?

Well, have some another guy to sluff the bad stuff on. Satan is really the meanie and if you fall for his wiles it's your fault, not dear old God.

With Santa the negative aspects can be projected on the Elf on the Shelf. A kid can blame the Elf for ratting him out. His anger is directed at the Elf, not the Elf's boss.

Besides getting your brat to behave it also trains him to accept the police state that Donald Trump will institute. (This police state will prevent snide comments about Donald's small hands.)

But there are limits to this psy op. Occasionally a child isn't intimidated by a creature so much smaller than him. How many parents have toiled away to remove an elfen backup in their toilets?

When that psy op is blown it is time to go for another one, a tradition harking back to the early days of eXmas. Put Krampus on the job.

Krampus is the original other guy to take the blame for Santa. Like Santa he dates back to pre-Christian times. (Once again evil paganism has been subsumed by a good religion.)

Nothing says mind control more than a humanoid half-goat monster with a lolling tongue way longer than Gene Simmon's cow-tongue enhancement.

Just have the little naive one look at the computer at the Krampus images you've found through Google and tell him, "See, he's real." If drawings don't work then show him photos from Krampus celebrations around the world, people dressed in demonic costumes and makeup. Such events take place from Austria to Canada to even the USA (including Dallas, Texas. That figures.)

You can even buy a Krampus doll and then nocturnally relocate it around the home to show Krampus is alive and watching. Tremendously more impressive than that pussy Elf.

The downside to all of this is when your child is old enough to realize you have been lying to him about Santa, Krampus, and Elf on the Shelf. But isn't it worth the resentment to toughen him up to other lies that will be exposed, e.g., the deception that the USA is a democracy?

Feeling guilty about such cruel manipulation of a trusting child? Don't worry. You'll have plenty of time to atone when you wake up in hell. :)



PHOTO: Anita Martinz - Perchtenlauf Klagenfurt

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/15501382@N00/312666589/>

MailboX



Email your comments to: raypalmx@gmail.com

LOC on XRayer #127

FabFicBks@aol.com 10 Dec 2016

Hi Ray;

Thanks for sending along the X-Rayer #127 as a PDF file. On your write-up about people who claim they have had sex with aliens from another planet---the thing about those bizarre claims that always gets me (besides the absurdity of the entire situation), is why aliens from an interstellar civilization advanced enuf to be able to travel to our planet would have the slightest interest in copulating with the local hairless apes. Given the fact that most species do not have sexual feelings for those outside their genus (tales of perverted human shepherds who take out their passions on woolly ewes aside), why would advanced space travelers have sex with a human being? The idea that interspecies sexual encounters could somehow produce a hybrid offspring is ludicrous; the participants in this kinky sex encounter are from completely different species---the chromosome linkages would never match. I notice that these sperm donors never seem to be able to produce their love child for public examination.

At least back in the 1950s and 1960s these people often claimed that the alien visitors were super-advanced human beings from a different planet, basically like us, except, of course, they were much smarter, more highly advanced scientifically, had those nifty flying saucer space ships, and also, what luck, they just happened to spout the same political and religious philosophy that the people they contacted happened to believe in. The humans these benevolent god-creatures from outer space always managed to contact folks were also invariably nobodies, people with no social or economic standing, local residents who only desired to tell the world of their encounters in order to spread the good news of their intergalactic saviors and also, maybe, to gain a little fame and fortune by appearing on local radio/TV shows and writing some self-published books they could hock during those local radio/TV interviews.

At this point in time I've pretty much exhausted my naïve credibility quota for the alien visitors from outer space secretly contacting human beings tales.

Your comments about the Dan Hastings comic adventure from Dynamic Comics #10, 1944 reflect the prejudices you have as an adult against grisly adventure stories shown in comic form. In fact, kiddies old enuf to be able to read have been fascinated by this kind of fare for as long as the human race has been around. You might crack open some of those old books of fairy tales to find scenes of menace, death, torture, dismemberment and more, particularly the earlier versions, before well-meaning adults decided to sanitize the stories. Check out some of the fables from ancient mythologies for more of the same. Children are fascinated by death, and the thrill of sudden death and danger have always been part of children's adventure stories. Popular literature from the penny dreadfuls up thru the pulps and the comics have always featured this kind of material.

I note that this story did not dwell on the specifics of the menace. There is no excessive gore; just sudden death, then the skeletal remains of the victims are shown. The motives of the arch fiend and the way the hero zipped thru space to

a distant planet are pretty bizarre and likewise obscure. You may have been shocked as an adult, and these kinds of stories may have been upsetting to very young children, but not to the people old enuf to plunk down dimes to buy those comics.

I find it more interesting that this particular story was a reprint from a much earlier title, Scoop Comics #2, 1940. The fact that the material was reprinted in 1944 indicates that the Chesler shop was having lots of trouble in 1944 finding art and writing talent to fill the pages of their regularly published comics. With most adult males (and plenty of women as well) either in the military or tied up with vital defense jobs because of WWII, Chesler and his editors had to raid the files to find sufficient material to fill the pages of Dynamic. I wonder how many other stories in Dynamic, Punch, and Red Seal were reprints? It might be worth checking into.

Also quite interesting that the fate of the bad guy Dr. Strange was actually covered in the two page text story in Scoop #2. Using known comic characters as heroes in the two or three page text features was not that unusual during the 1940s, and yes, altho lots of readers skipped over those pages, there were still plenty of comic buyers who did read them, and wrote letters to the editors about them as well. Finding a writer who could turn out decent two page spreads was apparently a tough chore. Over at Timely-Marvel Stan Lee was sometimes pressed into doing the honors, a job he reportedly liked much less than writing regular comic book adventures. Somewhere or the other I have a file that indicates the pay for writing those two page shorts was not that bad.

Smart publishers could have adopted the tactic Planet Comics eventually used — namely to initiate a letter column and let the readers write those text pages, but for some reason comic book letter columns didn't become popular until the 1950s.

Enjoyable issue Ray, but too short. Maybe instead of very frequent issues, you could produce longer ones with more material presented. Just a thot.

---Bob Jennings 29 Whiting Rd. Oxford, MA 01540-2035

RX: How long should a man's legs be? Long enough to reach the ground. With each edition of my zine I stop when it reaches the right point. Sometimes an issue might be only 2 pages. Like you I sometimes deal with writer's block and lack of motivation/energy. A short issue is easier for me to create and proofread.

The main problem I have with creating a longer zine is I FUCKING HATE COMPUTERS AND DIGITAL MEDIA! I edited this answer before, saved it, but now I can't find the updated version even with the backup copy. Now I have to write it all over again.

Sometimes entire sentences disappear as I'm typing. Last issue I was typing along in Turd – I mean Word – Word and suddenly the font defaulted to red. Even when I clicked the color default setting it wouldn't properly change back to black. Windows 10 is the best OS yet? Bullshit!

Using Blogger has become a pain in the ass. In the past I could write an article that I could use for both my zine and blog. Copy and paste, no problem. But lately Blogger doesn't maintain the format I want, two blank lines/returns between paragraphs. In the work mode everything looks OK. If I preview or publish the post there are four lines between paragraphs without any reason. WYSIWYG? Not with fucking Blogger. Apparently Google changed something and I am supposed to put up with paragraphs floating in excessive white space. There is probably a way to fit this glitch but I'm not wasting any more time trying to learn what it is. To get around this asshole problem I create a copy without any spaces between paragraphs. When that is pasted in the post has the proper two lines between paragraphs. That beats manually deleting extraneous lines manually between each paragraph.

When using a tool it should have what is called transparency. You are directly working on a project, forgetting about the tool. But when you hit opaqueness -- the tool is suddenly interfering with your work -- then your tool is a piece of shit.

The Dan Hastings comic book story didn't shock me. After the EC story "Foul Ball" Dan's adventure was bizarre, not gruesome. Somewhere in one of these piles in my shoebox apartment I have a book with the original versions of the Brothers Grimm tales, not the watered down stuff. If I remember correctly one story ended with the evil stepmother forced to wear white hot iron boots. Today's precious children must be shielded from such evil. One time I was reading a Sherlock Holmes adventure in a young adult anthology and noticed a cocaine reference was deleted.

As for the text stories once found in comics. If my slightly Plattsburgh-damaged brain properly serves me The Comic Book Killer by Richard A. Lupoff (spoiler!) involved the case being solved because the clue was in a text story. As a young man the killer wrote a text story explaining how he committed a murder. He didn't really worry about anyone learning his secret because no one read the text stories.

Re: contactees and their alien friends. With the Trump Threat looming all I can say is: "Space brothers, save us!"

LOC re XR #127 tyrbolo@comcast.net

Hi Ray,

I can see why that comic might hit a nerve for you and others.

The part I found the most disturbing was the second panel using a child to make a tasteless dumb blonde joke. Even National Lampoon during its glory years never managed to hit a note that low.

The fathering of invisible alien hybrid children reminds me of the Satanic Ritual Abuse fad. I told one true believer it was awful that such things had become so rampant that the last time we called up Satan for some abuse he was in such bad shape we had to bandage him up, give him a chance to rest and heal and send him back without inflicting our own abuse on him.

This is a good time to generate odd conspiracy theories since the ground is fertile now. Just start off with "I hear trump is going to serve a baby Seal instead of a Turkey for the next White House Thanksgiving dinner." In a week you'll see that item in a major newspaper right alongside a column about 'fake news'.

I happened to see a quick blip on CCTV about the smog in northern China. The crap was so thick it looked like the California Toole fogs where you can't see ten feet in front of you. They are going to move people around for the holidays with 3+ billion trips over a 40 day period soon. That should make the smog better.

Keep up the good work.

Dave

RX: I'm trying to understand how to properly spell your surname. Is it Heran, Haren, Herren, Harran, or Klaatubaradanitkto?

The smog that concerns me is the mental one clouding the judgment of the marching morons here in the USA. Like the satanic ritual abuse delusion when uncritical thinkers lock their minds into untruth you're not supposed to confuse them with facts.

After the launch of the Iraq invasion sponsored by George Dubya Shrub I told people it was a mistake, a lot of innocent people would be killed for nothing. A moron shouted me down and I was almost barred from a coffeehouse for defending the truth. (Dubya will become the second worse president in history. Guess who will take the #1 spot next month.)

I wonder how long it will take before the duped fools stop making excuses for Donald Rump. For example: "He's new to the job. Give him time." Maybe the marching morons will use that one when mushroom clouds pop up.

The other day I was watching a peace and unity rally. One guy standing across the street didn't agree with their liberal sentiments: he made a throat-slashing gesture. So history repeats itself. Yesterday: brown shirts. Today: red caps.

* * *



Did I ever mention how much I detest winter, all six months of it in Plattsburgh, NY? Arctic air has arrived with a wind chill factor of -25 Fahrenheit (25 degrees BELOW zero). Feel free to visit and have frostbite freeze off your nose and other appendages.

-- END XR #128 --