

# Fornax Halloween 2017:

## The Unnumbered Horror

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 Halloween 2017 issue.

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## Essay

### Traditional British and American Horror of Horrors

By Dr. Robin Bright

The United Kingdom is almost universally known to be sexually repressive to the point at which lavish stage shows such as *No Sex Please We're British* (1971) epitomize what's thought to be best about England, irrespective of the thoughts of the people that live there. In recent years the 'English disease' managed to make its way across 'the pond' of the Atlantic ocean where, in the steps of the 'soaraway *Sun*' newspaper's ban on 'Page 3 girls', who'd been appearing naked there, apart from their bikini briefs, since Stephanie Marrian, on November 17, 1970, publisher Hugh Hefner's nudie magazine, *Playboy* (1955-), had its nudes appear scantily clad, rather than naked, from the issue of the magazine published in March, 2016, onward. Although *Playboy* full frontal nudity was re-established, with *Playboy* re-introducing nudes for the March, 2017 issue, the principle of sexual repression had been seen to return as a symptom of a universal malaise within sick Western society.

The 'Page 3 girl' made her last appearance on January 22, 2015, 'Nicole, 22 from Bournemouth', and sales of *The Sun* were at their lowest since early 1971 that February, which were also the lowest since Australia's publishing magnate, Rupert Murdoch, acquired the newspaper, and instituted Page 3 as its main business feature. Consequently, the absence of Page 3 was symptomatic of sexual repression winning over public taste, and financial success, based on a moral perspective, which needs to be examined more fully in order to explain why the absence of nudes from Page 3 and *Playboy* wasn't moral.

It could be argued that sexually repressing public taste, and business success, by banning nudity from Page 3 of the UK's newspaper, *The Sun*, and the USA's *Playboy* magazine, was nevertheless moral, and so good. However, it would be necessary to accept that nudity *per se* is evil. The usual rationale for arguing that nudity is evil is that it encourages adultery. However, women who can sexually reproduce with each other are called futanarian, because they have their own penis` semen as well as wombs, so constitute a separate species, which men can be said to have contaminated, and that's adulteration. Consequently, adultery is the adulteration of the human futanarian species of 'woman`s seed` by men`s semen, which is what their boy sons, that is, their poisons, are. In short, sexual repression is men`s way of making sure that women`s penis aren't seen on Page 3, or inside the glossy pages of the ostensibly men`s magazine, *Playboy*, which is in fact for women, who're what`s left of the human futanarian race of 'woman`s seed`. Jesus `Christ`, `the chosen`, who was born from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen, when shown a woman ostensibly caught in adultery, said: `Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.` (*John*: 8. 7) Because women are a single separate race unfettered by ownership disputes in ring slavery, none of them are adulterous, whereas men adulterate women`s species, and so adultery is what men practice as parasites. In parasitology, the parasite that emerges from the host to kill it is termed `parasitoid`, which means that nudity that encourages women`s human futanarian sexual reproduction is morally good. Jesus was the Jewish Messiah during the occupation of Palestine by the Roman Empire who was executed as a `dissident` for teaching: `Love your neighbor as you love yourself.` (*Mk*: 12. 31) Taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem, he was nailed to a cross of wood and left to die. Upon his death, he experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of that of 'woman`s seed`, which is the meaning of his role as a Messiah born uncontaminated by male semen.

In Christian iconography, Jesus` mother, the Virgin Mary, is depicted crushing the head of a serpent with her foot, not because the serpent is a penis, but because the serpent represents the angel, Satan, who was cast out of heaven by God for rejecting God`s plan that the human host would be greater than the angelic. Turned into a serpent by God, Satan was left in Eden, which was the place where God created Adam, the first man, and Eve, the first woman, who was tempted by Satan, the serpent, to `eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil`, that is, death, saying: `You shall be as gods.` (*Gen*: 3. 5) Usually `original sin` is understood as the penis` semen represented by the serpent, which produced war. Consequently, Satan is the penis offering ephemerality in ignorance and death in rejection of God`s `fruit of the tree of life`, that is, immortality, whereas Adam is futanarian `woman`s seed`, which is why Eve is

euphemistically depicted as being born from his `rib` or side, because futanarian women are self-fertilizing as a human species` survival trait. However, because saurians were the dominant form of life on Earth 248 m.a., during the Mesozoic period of pre-history, and preceded hominid evolution 220 m.a., in the Jurassic period, God`s angels are saurians, so the serpent, Satan, represented an attempt to enslave the human futanarian species` host womb with its penis` semen for war`s entertainment, which is why Christianity, the religion derived from the *Old Testament*, that is, the law and history of the Jews, mistakenly perceives the penis *per se* as evil. As God told Eve in Eden: `You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.` (*Gen: 3. 15*) Eve`s `seed` has better brains, so the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` will leave the Earth to colonize the planets amongst the stars of heaven despite the efforts of the `serpent`s seed` of Satan to prevent her from leaving.

The entire history of civilization, culture, art, cinema and mass media entertainment is that of the efforts of the `serpent`s seed` to prevent `woman` seed` from sexually reproducing her own brains` powers and leaving. Page 3 of *The Sun* was just the tip of the iceberg, and you couldn`t even see it inside the girls` bikini briefs, because it`d melted away in the heat of battle. As Jesus` disciple, John, wrote in his apocalyptic *Revelation* of the future growth of evil from its days as a serpent in Eden: `The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to wage war on the remnant of her seed.` (*Rev: 17. 5*) Hollywood, the district of the city of Los Angeles, known as the capital of the film industry on the west coast of the state of California, USA, and labeled `Babylon` (c. 4000 B.C.), for the capital city of the Persian Empire, which was named for `a woman` of the *Bible*, celebrates war against `woman`s seed` to ensure its financial success: `Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.` (*Rev: 17. 5*) If Babylon followed the pattern of ancient Greece, host womb slavery in homosexuality and pederasty for war against `woman`s seed` was institutionalized, which is why `Babylon` was abominated. Either that, or she was abominated by men because she was independent.

Ancient Greece`s paradigm was HIV/AIDS, represented by the `Trojan horse` left outside the city of Troy, according to the Greek poet, Homer, in his *Iliad* (760-10 B.C.), to be taken in by the Trojans, and from whence the Greeks emerged to enslave the host wombs of the women to spread their contagion further. By the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, the `incurable killer disease`, HIV/AIDS, was being spread by men`s mixing blood, shit and semen in each others` anuses in mockery of women`s futanarian mode of human sexual reproduction, and the paradigm for the death of the brains of computers, which might have helped the race limp on, was the `Trojan horse` virus, developed by the 21<sup>st</sup> century successors to the ancient Greek homosexuals, the `geeks`, to infect machine brains and kill them. Because homosexuality was the parasitoid danger posed to the human futanarian race of `woman`s seed`, HIV/AIDS was its `biological weapon` keeping women in fearful faithfulness to her oppressors in ring slavery. Consequently, sexually repressing public taste and business success in favor of a false moral good, that is, the discouraging of adultery, where only men can be adulterous, and women`s single futanarian race isn`t, because she doesn`t wed, was an aspect of human slavery: `At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven.` (*Matt: 22. 30*)

The growth of computer viruses since the late 20<sup>th</sup> century was symptomatic of the desire on the part of the parasitoid alien devourer of human brainpower to maintain slavery in ephemeral ignorance and death, which was the aim of the propaganda tool, Hollywood, `Babylon`, capital of a global media Empire for the USA, and with its vision of life accepted wholeheartedly by huge swathes of the planet`s enfranchised majorities.

Because democracy is based on the Greek state`s enslavement of the human host womb of the futanarian species of `woman`s seed`, humans aren`t enfranchised: `Let he that has wisdom have understanding. The number of a man is the number of the beast and his number is six hundred three score and six.` (Rev: 13. 8) Because 66.6 % is the majority it always has; if the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` is absent. In short, the ephemerally ignorant masses will always accept the manufacture of men and women as a single male brained creature wearing each others` clothes in TV transvestism for the waging of war as an entertainment for the parasitoid alien that has bred them for that purpose: `The second beast was allowed to impart life to the image of the first beast so that the image of the beast could talk and order the execution of those who would not worship the image of the beast.` (Rev: 13. 15) John is describing the evolution of cinema into TV, although men and women had been manufactured by the `beast` as TV transvestism, broadcast for human consumption as war, long before John Logie Baird invented the television machine in 1926. The `beast` is men and women who`re a pedophile that sends its children off to die in war if they don`t worship it. The children have to die so that they`ll be forever brainless in ephemerality and ignorance, so that the pedophiles can play with children again. Consequently, advances in medical science to provide a cure for HIV/AIDS, for example, aren`t desirable to pedophiles, because immortals wouldn`t be children for the pedophiles to play with. In other words, it`s in the interests of pedophiles, and pederasts, that nudity is banned, and the `moral ground` of adultery is Christianity`s Satanism, that is, in sponsoring adultery as a moral evil, Christians are become the abominators of the human race, because `woman`s seed` isn`t ring slaved in marriage, so is ring-free from accusations that her single independent species is adulterately evil and immoral through her gregarious mode of unfettered sexual reproduction amongst her own race.

The simplest way to understand is to look at horror movies; especially those made by the UK`s Hammer studios during the 1970s, when Page 3 was institutionalized, and UK magazines like *Mayfair* (1965-) rivaled America`s *Playboy* in terms of sales. *Mayfair* was littered with Hammer studio actresses, for example, Katya Wyeth, December 1973, taking time out from her efforts in front of the camera in *Twins Of Evil* (1972) to do nudie stills for masturbating adolescents, who legally had to be at least 18 +, so that their parents could feel safe in the knowledge that they weren`t encouraging adultery, which of course they were. As pedophiles, they`d be looking for their children to go to fight and die in a foreign field forever England, so that they could be boys` owners again, and play with some more, like it`s written in the pedophile *Bible*, *Boys Own* (1855-90) magazine, justly famous for its warmongering insanity, and for the toilet humorist, *Boys Own Paper* (1897-1967), both of which alluded to the fact that they`d stolen the woman`s penis, before administering succeeding doses of the boys` owners, so she wouldn`t ever remember her own penis` semen. Although Page 3 of *The Sun* paper duly

emphasized her lack, it was presented as an Empire, similar to Japan's, upon which the woman would never be set upon again by the alien parasitoid devourer. In Japan, the women's feet were traditionally bound, so that the human 'futanari', which is what 'woman's seed' is called in Japan, would remain close, and couldn't run to escape, while boys were taught to bow to each other, rather than run away, that is, war was a concomitant of homosexuality in pederasty's desire that boys bend. According to tradition, Satan was expelled from heaven for refusing to bow to Eve and Adam, which suggests that homosexuality in pederasty for war against human futanarian 'woman's seed' was the result of the desire of the 'serpent's seed' that humanity bend, and that the 'incurable killer disease', HIV/AIDS, was an aspect of the alien parasitoid devourer's will that the human race should break as its brainpower was consumed through sodomy.

The basis of Hammer House Of Horror was the vampire legend popularized by Irish writer, Bram Stoker, in his 1897 novel, *Dracula*, which itself was based on the history of Prince Vlad Dracul of Wallachia (1428/31-1476/7) in Eastern Europe, whose practice it was to impale his victims on stakes after a battle. The vampire legend was that only a stake in the heart could kill a vampire, whereas it was the truth that futanarian women's penis 'seed' for the sexual reproduction of human brainpower was the stake that women had in the future and the stake in the heart of the *draco* 'serpent's seed' that lived by boy-sonnning her, and being a devouring parasitoid parasite upon her species' host womb. Although Jesus' Christian symbol was depicted throughout Hammer's films as a potent symbol against evil, Christianity's Satanism generally perceived the cross of Jesus' crucifixion as meaning torture, whereby others would have Redemption, which is what Jesus' death, Resurrection and Ascension to heaven was, for those who believed that was what human sacrifice produced. Consequently, scenes of torture and death were the basic fare of Hammer Horror because women's cocks would've been too terrifying for the vampires. The premise was that of the modern romance situated in the 19<sup>th</sup> century called a 'bodice-ripper', for example, Kathleen Woodiwiss's *The Flame And The Flower* (1972), which was the first historical novel to go into the bedroom with the principals. Commonly, in Hammer films, the 'bodice-ripper' heroine succumbed to ravishment, with the added bonus of teeth in the neck, drinking the blood of the virgin, so that the monster would have an eternal bride, though she'd be doomed to God's punishment of eternal unendurable pain, that is, perdition, for being bitten by the bug. The paradox of the innocent woman's reprobate status after being bitten was explained as the consequence of her committing adultery, whereas it was the woman who was adulterated, so why was she doomed? Because that was the horror, although it would've terrified UK cinema audiences far more, if a woman's cock had been on screen, because it'd mean a stake in the heart of the vampire, which didn't want immortality for 'woman's seed', through advanced medical science's syringe injected elixir of eternal life, but rather ephemeral unconscious ignorance for its children, so that it could play war with them, and inject them with HIV/AIDS, as a pederast from the penis that, somehow millennia ago, the creature had stolen by inveigling itself into the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' host womb, from whence it'd been preparing to emerge with its HIV/AIDS injecting human species' murder weapon.

Although the studio was founded in 1934, the first genuine Hammer Horror was *The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957), which *The Tribune* called 'a peepshow of freaks', while for *The Times* it was 'sadists only'. Both newspapers were essentially correct, because men and women were the 'beasts' of *Revelation*, as the single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes, manufactured at least since ancient Babylon by homosexuality in pederasty for a sadistic war against 'woman's seed', kept in ephemeral ignorant unconsciousness; lest she run her own race and escape through her human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' capacity for sexually reproducing her own brains' powers. The plot derived largely from Mary Shelley's novel, *Frankenstein* (1818), although some of the material was more in keeping with 1970s salaciousness, for example, actor Peter Cushing in the role of Victor Frankenstein, has actor Christopher Lee, in the role of a monster he's made from stolen body parts, and who usually had the role of Dracula in subsequent Hammer films, to murder Victor's maid, actress Valerie Gaunt in the role of Justine, who'd threatened to expose Frankenstein's activities as a madman; if he didn't marry her for his child she was carrying. The genuine horror was that *The Curse Of Frankenstein* depicted what men and women are, because the monster represented what it was that the ancient Babylonians had done in manufacturing the 'remnant' of 'woman's seed' as a single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes in TV transvestism; to walk the Earth as a psychologically unbalanced psychopathic killer.

Hammer's first foray into the vampire genre was *Dracula* (1958 film) starring actor, John Van Eyssen, as vampire slayer Jonathan Harker who, in May 1885, arrives at the castle near Klausenburg (Cluj) where actor Christopher Lee, has the role of Count Dracula, a vampire hunter. A young woman, claiming she is a prisoner, bites his neck and, when he awakens, he descends into the crypt of the castle at sunset, where he finds Dracula and the woman in coffins, and he drives a wooden stake into her heart, but Dracula escapes into the night. Because Dracula represents the beheading of 'woman's seed' by removing her capacity to sexually reproduce futanarian humanity's brainpower, he's homosexuality in pederasty for war against women, and this is emphasized by the supposed exchange of immortality for impotence, as a consequence of Dracula's being a vampire, that is, he's somewhere for the 'bug', HIV/AIDS, to lodge, as it awaits the spread of its viral contamination, through the immortality conferring 'blood drink', which substitutes for sexual reproduction, because viruses are generally thought of by science as being immortal. In short, Dracula is an immortal bug, because he's symbolically a bugger who can't get it up with women no matter how sexual they appear, which is the essence of the horror. What's really frightening is that the vampire horror genre presupposes the existence of the HIV/AIDS immortal virus, because 'incurable killer disease', by the very nature of its filmic existence, that is, for the genre to be explicable, the discovery in the 1980s of HIV/AIDS as having originally arisen in the African Congo, as a variant of simian immune deficiency virus, SIV1, would have to have been foreknown by the makers of the films.

Actor Peter Cushing, in the role of Abraham Van Helsing, vampire hunter, arrives at the castle to find the destroyed remains of the vampire woman in the crypt, and Harker in Dracula's coffin turned into a vampire, which Helsing destroys by staking. Helsing gives news of Harker's death to actor Michael Gough in his role of Arthur Holmwood and his wife, actress Melissa Stribling in her role as Mina, who are brother and sister-in-law to Harker's *fiancée*, actress Carol

Marsh in her role as Lucy Holmwood, who it's revealed has succumbed to the bite of Dracula, that is, in HIV/AIDS terms, she's been infected by the immortal 'incurable killer disease', which has left her a shell, like that of all of the other victims, who must be staked in order to be destroyed as viral 'bug' containers representative of the bugger, who is impotent with attractive women, but kills them in what God warned Eve would be the 'enmity' of the 'serpent's seed' of the *draco* for her human futanarian species of 'woman's seed'. Lucy, now undead, entices her niece, actress Janina Faye in her role as Tania, but Helsing stakes her. Helsing and Arthur travel to Ingolstadt, the destination of Dracula, who Helsing saw leaving in a coffined hearse as he arrived. Mina is tricked by a message telling her to meet Arthur in Karlstadt, and she's discovered to be another of the victims of Dracula, who's coffin is found to be in the cellar of the Holmwoods' own house. Dracula attempts to return to his castle, just before sunrise, where Van Helsing, forming a cross from two candlesticks, forces him into the sun. The vampire crumbles to dust, while Mina is saved. The ending in which Dracula crumbles to dust prepares the way for Hammer's next film, *The Mummy* (1959), about a tomb virus emerging from the dust of an ancient Egyptian crypt, that is, HIV/AIDS lives on horribly, rather than that the UK's cinema audiences be terrified by Mina's cock's capacity to reproduce and escape the parasitoid through her human futanarian species of woman's seed's brains' powers for manufacturing immortality conferring medicine.

Cushing is in the role of archaeologist, John Banning, in the Egypt of 1895 who, with actor Felix Aylmer as his father, Stephen, together with his uncle, actor Raymond Huntley as Joseph Whemple, search for the tomb of Princess Ananka, actress Yvonne Furneaux in her role as high priestess of the god, Karnak. An Egyptian warns them not to go in, lest they face a fatal curse against desecrators. A scream is heard and Stephen's found catatonic. Years later he recovers at the Engerfield Nursing Home for the Mentally Disordered. He tells John that, as he read from the Scroll of Life inside the tomb, he brought back to life Kharis, a high priest mummified to serve as Ananka's guardian, after Kharis had sought to bring her back to life, because of his forbidden love for her. Kharis will hunt down, and kill all those who desecrated Ananka's tomb, because he represents the HIV/AIDS virus, which is symptomatic of men's ancient folly in seeking to enslave a species' host womb not theirs. Kharis kills Whemple, and John notices that his wife, Isobel, actress Yvonne Furneaux in her second role in the film, bears an uncanny resemblance to Ananka. Kharis tries to choke John in his study, but releases him when he sees Isobel loosen her hair. The Egyptian orders Kharis to kill Isobel, but Kharis kills the Egyptian, because Isobel resembles his forbidden love, Ananka. The mummy carries Isobel into a swamp, where John's cries waken her to tell Kharis to release her. Policemen open fire, and Kharis sinks into the swamp. The *dénouement*, in which Ananka becomes Isobel, illustrates that the sexual desire of the 'seed' of the species' penis of women's for its own host womb is stronger than death, but Resurrection and Ascension to heaven isn't for the carrier of the virus, Kharis, who's mummy's curse. The duplication of Ananka, with Isobel, emphasizes the persistence of 'woman's seed', and the aim of the 'serpent's seed' ever to thwart her desire to replicate herself.

Hammer made six sequels to the *Frankenstein* film between 1958 and 1974; eight *Dracula* films between 1960 and 1974; and three more 'mummy' films between 1964 and 1971. It also produced *One Million Years B.C.* (1966) starring Hollywood, 'Babylon', sex symbol, Raquel Welch, but no women with cocks, because that really would have proved too frightening for cinema audiences, although the 'cave girls' series ran to three sequels. In the Karnstein Trilogy, based loosely on Sheridan Le Fanu's early vampire novella *Carmilla* (1871), Hammer showed some of the most explicit scenes of lesbian nudity yet then seen in mainstream English-language films. *The Vampire Lovers* (1970), starring actress Polish actress Ingrid Pitt, *Lust for a Vampire* (1971) with actress Yutte Stensgaard in the role, and Katya Wyeth as Carmilla in *Twins of Evil* (1972), demonstrated the truth that women, who can't see their own cocks in the mirrors of their dreams, are deemed abnormal by their society for wanting each other, whereas it's normal, in the single species of futanarian 'woman's seed', for women to sexually reproduce with their own race, and to abjure the male vampire that remains invisibly present in the mirror; even when they're alone: to persuade them of a false and schizophrenic attraction for a creature not of their sexual preference.

*The Vampire Lovers* is set in early 19th century Styria, where actress Ingrid Pitt - as Carmilla - is left in the care of actor Peter Cushing in his role of General von Spielsdorf. She befriends his niece, actress Pippa Steel as Laura, who dies after nightmares in which she's attacked. Carmilla befriends and seduces actress Madeline Smith, in her role of Emma Morton, who has nightmares of penetration over the heart. Emma's governess, actress Kate O' Mara, in her role of Madame Perrodot, becomes Carmilla's accomplice in her vampirism. Carmilla departs with Emma and, when Madame Perrodot begs Carmilla to take her too, Carmilla kills her; as she's killed all others who might compromise her. Though she flees to her ancestral castle, the General forces a stake into her heart, and cuts off her head. Her portrait on the wall then shows a fanged skeleton, instead of a beauty, because men disapprove of lesbianism as a sign of 'woman's seed'. In *Lust for a Vampire*, at a finishing school in Styria in 1830, actress Yutte Stensgaard, in the role of Carmilla, arrives as a new student. Students in the school, inhabitants of the nearby village, and those who might compromise Carmilla, die. In the *finále*, actor Mike Raven uses his coercive mental powers in the role of Count Karstein to have Carmilla prevent her lover, actor Michael Johnson as Richard Lestrangle, from saving her. As she attacks, she's killed by a falling block of masonry. The symbolism is that of the Mason's insofar as women are expected to accept their role as ring slaves in marriage. However, although Carmilla is depicted as loving Lestrangle, it's the desire of a woman for her own penis stolen by a parasite not of her race, which is why she's depicted as unsuccessfully trying to destroy him. Maria and Frieda are *Twins Of Evil*, who move to Karnstein, and actor Peter Cushing in the role of uncle Gustav Weil, a fanatical witch-hunter. Frieda Gellhorn, actress Madeleine Collinson, seeks the help of Count Karnstein, who sacrifices a girl, which awakens actress Katya Wyeth, in her role as vampire Carmilla, from her grave, who makes the Count vampire, and he makes Frieda vampire. Maria, actress Mary Collinson, has a teacher friend, actor David Warbeck, in the role of Anton Hoffer, and when her twin, Frieda, tries to seduce him, he sees her lack of reflection in a mirror, which is indicative of her vampire status, so he repels her with a cross. Weil beheads Frieda, and Anton pierces with a spear the heart of the Count, who crumbles to dust. Frieda represents the futanarian woman unable to be free from being seen by men, although Anton can't see her in the mirror, which is an act that



affords some comfort to a woman who only wants to see other women. Carmilla appears, because she's called by the death of a member of her own species of 'woman's seed' to exact a price, which is Maria's wedded survival, and Carmilla's suggests that, for policing 'woman's seed', she's earned immortality. Lesbians are the species of women's police, because they want women, whereas homosexuality in pederasty for war doesn't, and that's normative for men. Consequently, Carmilla's role as a vampire is as a woman adulterated, that is, she doesn't commit adultery, so is a redeemed and immortal policewoman.

The final Hammer Horror was a sequel to *The Devil Ride's Out* (1968), an adaptation of a 1934 Dennis Wheatley novel, set in the South of England in 1929, and *To the Devil A Daughter* (1976) was an adaptation of a 1953 Wheatley novel. It starred German actress, Nastassja Kinski, while *The Devil Ride's Out* is the story of actress Niké Arrighi, in the role of Tanith Carlisle, who is saved from a cult of devil-worshippers on Salisbury Plain; to whom the devil, Baphomet, appears. The group's leader, actor Charles Gray in the role of Mocata, summons the 'angel of death', which kills Tanith, where she's staying with her friends, actress Sarah Lawson, and actor Paul Eddington, as Marie and Richard Eaton, and thereafter Mocata abducts their daughter, actress Rosalyn Landor as Peggy Eaton. In the role of Nicholas, Duc de Richleau, actor Christopher Lee has Tanith's spirit possess Marie to combat Mocata. Tanith breaks Peggy's trance, who is then led by her in the recitation of a spell that brings God's retribution. The angel of death ends Mocata's life, and he receives eternal damnation. *The Devil Ride's Out* is a description of how Christianity became Satanism, because the woman is engaged with evil on the understanding that it's her role, whereas 'woman's seed' is a separate species, so the story actually has nothing to do with her, whose Redemption is certain, because she can't commit adultery with a creature not of her race, but is rather its slave, and that's what the narrative demonstrates. In the sequel, *To The Devil A Daughter*, Nastassja Kinski has the role of Catherine Beddows who, on her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, is to become an avatar of Astaroth, a cherub of the angelic order, who was worshiped, or rather celebrated, in ancient Sumeria in the Middle East. As a goddess, she was 'woman's seed', known as 'queen of heaven' in Palestine, before the Jews arrived there, having ostensibly escaped slavery to Pharaoh, Thutmoses III, in Egypt. Although the Jewish 'chosen people' were explicable as futanarian 'woman's seed', because a Jew can only be born from a woman, Judeo-Christianity became a slave religion, wherein Astaroth and 'woman's seed' were dehumanized as animals to be bred to produce homosexuality in pederasty for war in Satanism against the 'remnant' of the human futanarian race. Consequently, Kinski's role isn't ambivalent, because she's the starlet presented as the 'queen of heaven', which is the meaning of the filmic vehicle, whereas the plot is again a description of Christianity's Satanism. A young woman is caught up in a derogation of 'woman's seed' without a visible penis, so no possibility of sexually reproducing the brains' power of her own race to run and escape evil, which inevitably pursues her in the guise of men's desire to replicate themselves through ownership of her host womb.

Hammer was revived in 2007, in a film era in which special effects (SFX), huge scale, and indeed grandeur, characterized a horror genre often far greater in scope than its '70s predecessors for its nightmarish ventures into human psychology, and the psychopathology of the evil; especially in the USA. In *The Resident* (2011), Hollywood, 'Babylon', actress Hilary Swank, in the role of Juliet Devereau, rents an apartment in New York city. A stalker observes her from across the street, and is entering her apartment, which has been rebuilt to include secret passageways, and a one-way mirror, which the stalker, actor Jeffrey Dean Morgan as Max, who Juliet rented the apartment from, uses to watch her have sex with actor Lee Pace as Jack. After his wank, he drugs Juliet's wine, so he can be close with her when she's unconscious. After a date with Juliet, Jack's off and is attacked and injured by Max, who that night drugs Juliet, and attempts to rape her, but she awakens, and he flees after giving her an injection. She checks security camera footage, and sees Max's assault. Max breaks in, and pulls her into one of the secret passageways. There she sees Jack's body, murdered by Max, who saw him as a threat to his parasitoid activities, but Juliet escapes by killing Max with a nail gun. The instrument of liberation is symbolic, because Jesus was nailed to the cross of his crucifixion, before he died, and experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of that of 'woman's seed'. Christianity's Satanism is that others die in order for the torturers to be redeemed, that is, human sacrifice redeems the sacrificers, whereas the meaning of Jesus' death, Resurrection and Ascension to heaven is that women are redeemed, because not responsible for the adultery that poisons their independent species. In short, Juliet is a Satanist, from a Christian point of view, because she's a woman, and wants to live, which might mean for her that she practices what Christianity perceives as adultery, that is, unrestricted unmarried sex with members of her unowned single and independent race, which is why *The Resident* is a horror movie, and not simply a thriller. Max is nailed, because Juliet wants to escape, but Christianity has elevated the principle of nailing into slavery, that is, everyone is nailed, who the rich and powerful can nail, so that the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' can't escape her tormentors. If it was a human interest story, Juliet would be fucking the babes with her own cock, but that'd be horrifying for men of the 'serpent's seed', so on with the business of Christianity's Satanism it is.

The End

# Book Reviews

## Hammer Films' Psychological Thrillers, 1950-1972 by David Huckvale

The British film production company Hammer Films is famous among film buffs for its horror movies. However, what most folks are not aware of nowadays is that Hammer also made a number of first rate flicks that were not horror movies at all. David Huckvale's *Hammer Films' Psychological Thrillers, 1950-1972* takes a look at some of these movies. These movies included such productions as **The Full Treatment** (1960), **Taste of Fear** (1961), **Nightmare** (1964) and **The Nanny** (1965).

British film historian David Huckvale believes that the time has come for a reassessment of Hammer's legacy. He believes that for all their prowess in horror films, it was really in the area of psychological thrillers that Hammer really made its mark. He also believes that Hammer proved to be more influential in thrillers than it was in horror. Huckvale also shows how Hammer's thrillers also influenced some of their horror movies. Huckvale also shows how since these thrillers were all made in glorious black and white, they were hailed by critics as being better than their technicolor horror films.

However, despite their critical reception, these films did not fare as well as the horror flicks. As a consequence, they have been overlooked by later generations of both film buffs and critics alike. This is what makes Huckvale's book so important.

# The Mammoth Book of Slasher Movies: An A-Z Guide to More Than 60 Years of Blood and Guts by Peter Normanton

This is a book that purports to be a guide to slasher movies. However, it also includes a great many vampire and zombie flicks as well. In fact, a more accurate description of this book is that it is a guide to non-Universal Monster horror films.

Author Peter Normanton talks about how slasher flicks are a product of the late 1970's and early 1980's, but includes a great many movies that do not fit in this period without providing any sort of explanation to why this is so. Here are just the most noteworthy slasher flicks that have been excluded from this book:

*Bloody Murder*

*Fade to Black*

*Hell High*

*Jack Frost*

*Killjoy*

*Lighthouse (aka Dead of Night)*

*Return to Horror High*

*Slaughterhouse*

*Slaughter High*

*Student Bodies*

*The Unnamable*

On top of these, Normanton's book excludes any remakes or sequels. In case of movie franchises such as *Halloween*, there is an entry for the first flick, but only a listing of the other movies in the franchise.

For instance, even though the book's cover photograph is from the 2009 remake of *Friday the 13th*, that particular movie is only mentioned in the listing of remakes and sequels. This is a serious oversight on the author's part, since it was through the multi-movie franchises that the slasher flicks had their greatest impact on popular culture.

However, there are a number of movies that are most definitely not slasher flicks that are in this book including:

*Alien*

*And Then There Were None* (1945)

*Battle Royale*

*Braindead*

*The Curse of Frankenstein* (1957)

*Death Proof*

*Dracula* (1958)

*Re-Animator*

*Return of the Living Dead*

*Shaun of the Dead*

*Thirteen Women*

*30 Days of Night*

The entry for *Thirteen Women* justifies its inclusion as a slasher on the basis that if 14 minutes had not been edited out of the original version and still survived to the present day, then it would be a slasher flick. Normanton offers no evidence for this assertion other than the fact that the original version was hated by the film critics of the day. Likewise, Normanton fails to offer a credible case just why the second half of *Grindhouse* aka *Death Proof* is a slasher flick. All too often, Normanton's attitude seems to be that he's the expert on slashers, so if he says that a movie is a slasher flick, just shut the hell up, you peasants. You really have to wonder if he was deliberately trying to cause controversy to gin up book sales.

Another strange aspect of this book is that it has entries for shot on video flicks by Jeff Hathcock even though in those entries, Normanton says that they are just about impossible to obtain. If it's so difficult to acquire any of those movies, then what is the point of including them in this book?

At the end of this book is a chronological listing of slasher flicks. The very first movie in this listing is the 1916 D.W. Griffith historical epic *Intolerance*. It boggles the mind just how this movie could ever be called a slasher flick when it isn't even a horror movie of any kind. It would make just as much sense to call such other decidedly non-horror flicks as *Quo Vadis*, *The Robe* or even *The Ice Pirates*, slasher flicks as *Intolerance*.

On top of all that, there are other problems with this book. Normanton uses terms as giallo, slasher and splatter without providing any definitions. He provides spoiler-heavy plot summaries for the movies that he covers, apparently on the presumption that his readers have already seen all of those movies.

This is a book that is worth borrowing from the local library or getting from inter-library loan, but would not make a good addition to your own personal library.

# Supernatural Noir

Edited by Ellen Datlow

Dark Horse Books, Milwaukie, OR

2011

The original anthology **Supernatural Noir** edited by Ellen Datlow is in many ways a fraudulent work. All too many stories in it are not supernatural at all. As for the "noir" most fans of so-called "film noir" are going to be disappointed. All too many of the stories in this volume do not make anything more than a pretense of being either supernatural or noir.

One example of the kind of story in this book is "The Maltese Unicorn" by Caitlin R. Kiernan. The main character uses the F-Word repeatedly just the way that all too many people do nowadays. Only problem is that the story is set in 1928. Back in those days, using the F-Word in public would result in your getting slapped in the face and being exiled from polite society. Additionally, both the main character and several others are openly lesbian without suffering any negative repercussions. Basically, this is a story about people with the morals and values of 2008 set 80 years earlier.

This brings us to a problem with all too much historical fiction and historical Hollywood productions. The stories may be set in the past, but the characters are basically modern day people. As for the rest of the story, there was some vague talk about the supernatural that went nowhere and there was almost no real action or suspense. A poor story overall.

One particularly disappointing story was "Ditch Witch" by Lucius Shepard. In this story, a drug addled protagonist has fantasies about murderous garden gnomes. This story has nothing to do with either the supernatural or noir and is very poor overall.

Easily the best story in this anthology is "The Last Triangle" by Jeffrey Ford. This is a dark fantasy tale with strong, well rounded characters that you actually care about. This is a story that keeps you engrossed and has a strong dose of the supernatural in it. This is also the story that comes the closest to fulfilling the promise made in the title of the book with a detective who will not allow the dark forces get in the way of his pursuit of justice.

**Supernatural Noir** is a book that is worth neither your time or money.

## An Author's Response to a Review

Back in the day, I wrote reviews for Amazon.com and gained such a favorable response from readers that I was ranked in the top 2,000 reviewers. Then, Amazon messed around with their ranking formula and ruined everything. One of the books that I gave a favorable review to was *October Dreams* an anthology of original horror fiction edited by David Kubicek and Jeff Mason. *October Dreams* was supposed to be the first of a series of original horror anthologies, but poor sales combined with poor submissions for the second volume caused Kubicek and Mason to give up while in the middle of editing the second volume. This despite the widespread praise that the anthology received and the fact that it paid much better than most other original paperback anthology projects. Years later when Amazon.com came around, I was the only person to write a review of it that was as follows:

### **An Excellent Anthology of Horror**

**This was originally planned to be the first volume of an annual horror anthology. However, poor sales restricted *October Dreams* to the initial 1989 book. When it was published, most of the authors were fairly obscure writers. Now, many of them such as Mel Odom, Ken Wiseman and editor David Kubicek have become fairly well known among horror fans. The stories range in length from Steve Vernon's excellent short-short story, "Beat Well" to Robert C. Guenzel Jr.'s novelette, "A Divine Comedy." *October Dreams* is a must have item for every horror book collector. I heartily recommend it.**

As it happened, one of the authors whose story appeared in *October Dreams*, Robert Rodden II, saw the review and emailed his response:

**I was pleasantly surprised to find a very positive review of my first (and only in the fiction arena) publishing experience still out there. My name is Robert Rodden, and I wrote Sun Tea for Dave's October Dreams. I'm still a writer, still in contact with Dave about the possibility of future Anthologies of Horror, and someday hope to publish fiction again. But I mostly wanted to say thanks for being one of the few to remember this book. The only other pleasant surprise along this lines was when I called a Texas Help line for some computer software about ten years ago, and it ended up during the conversation that the girl helping me with my software problem had read October Dreams, and her boyfriend had specifically pointed out "Sun Tea" as a must read for her. That's about it for my fifteen minutes of fame. Thanks, and take care, Bob Rodden.**

Actually, Mr. Rodden would enjoy some more fame, if that is the right word, in 2010 when he succeeded in publishing a story entitled "Sunflower's Weep" in the semiprozine *Space & Time*.

## Fiction

### The Worship of the Evil Things

By

Robin Bright

The women, who had no things of their own, worshipped the evil things, and the evil things gave unto the women, who were the consumers, things, which the women consumed, and they were the consumers of the things that were produced for their consumption. It was a marvel and a wonder at the end of the second millennium after the birth of the Jewish Messiah, Jesus, who founded the Christian religion based on his teaching: `Love your neighbor as you love yourself.` (Mk: 12) In earlier days alchemists had experimented with chemicals in search of an elixir of



immortality and youthfulness in their laboratories, and later medical doctors labeled the disease that destroyed the organs of the body, `consumption`, because an evil thing consumed the body, which was why it was worshipped. Later still the evil thing was called `cancer`, and the worship of the evil things that produced the things for the women that were its consumers was labeled, `smoking`. The occult manufacturers produced what were called `cancer sticks` and `coffin nails`, because the cigarettes were the symbols of the consumption of the consumers who worshipped the evil things who would then give them their secrets and then the consumers would die of their consumption, which was what the evil things were worshipped for.

The women would cry out: `But how is it that we are evil? We worship as consumers, and we consume, but consumption is our fate? What kind of religion is this?` The evil things would laugh. `It is a religious principle. Eve was the first woman, who accepted from the serpent, who was the angel, Satan, transformed by God and placed into Eden, the paradise of heaven on Earth, the `fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil`, which it was death to taste: `You shall be as gods.` (*Gen*: 3. 5) The descendants of the first woman, Eve, and the first man, Adam, created by God, would be memoryless ephemera instructable in slavery forever unless redeemed. God told Eve her `seed` would have `enmity` with the `serpent`s seed`, that is, its legacy: `You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.` (*Gen*: 3. 15) Eve`s `seed` would escape to colonize the planets amongst the stars of heaven, but not if consumption got to their colons.

When Jesus was born of his mother, the Virgin Mary, she was depicted in Christian iconography crushing the head of the serpent with her foot, because Jesus was born uncontaminated. In short, his mother`s womb wasn`t fertilized by a man, because futanarian women with `seed` of their own can sexually reproduce their own brains` powers to liberate `woman`s seed` from slavery to host womb parasitism. When Jesus was taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem by agents of the Roman Empire then occupying Palestine, he was nailed to a cross of wood where he died. Rising from death in a state of resurrection followed by ascension to heaven above, Jesus was `woman`s seed`. His fate prefigured that of women`s recovery of immortality through science, and also the brainpower to devise technologies to take their eternally memoried selves to the planets of heaven amongst the stars above the Earth. But the Romans bred men and women as a single male brained creature wearing each others` clothes in `TV` transvestism, and John Logie Baird invented the television machine to receive the transmitted `TV` picture in 1926, so that the cigarette advertising to the consumers, who got consumption through the worship of the evil thing manufacturers, could spread their secret smoking.

Without human futanarian `woman`s seed` the women wouldn`t have brainpower but would live as shades without light inside them to guide their footsteps on the darkling path. Removing the women`s penis from the scene as the killers of futanarian `woman`s seed`, the men could be the evil thing manufacturers of phallic white sticks to remind the women of their blindness in worshipping the evil things that had smoked away their brains.

Together they'd suck on the phallic symbols of their inability to fellate each other, but worship the evil thing manufacturers instead. Walking with the glowing embers before their faces, the shades could see what was left of their brainpower glowing below their noses without recourse to sunglasses to protect them from the light that intelligence might reveal. Flicking their butts onto the sidewalk the consumptives foretold the doom that would become.

In ancient Greece women's host wombs were institutionally enslaved for homosexuality in pederasty for war. Outside the gates of the city of Troy, according to the Greek poet, Homer's *Iliad* (760-10 B.C.), the Greeks ensconced a huge hollow wooden horse which the Trojans unsuspectingly took in to where the Greek soldiery emerged to capture the women of the city for host womb slavery in parasitism and war against Eve's 'seed'. By the late 20th century, the virus paradigm was being used by the 'geek' successors to the Greeks, who devised 'bad machine code' to infect computer brains invented to assist the 'seed' of humanity's brainpower and kill them. The paradigm was HIV/AIDS, the Greek 'biological weapon' spread by men's mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses. An 'incurable killer disease' that travelled up the spine consuming the organs of the body before finally extinguishing the brain of the consumptive worshipper of the evil things.

The human immuno-deficiency virus (HIV), and the acquired immuno-deficiency syndrome (AIDS) resulting in the death of the worshipper of the evil things, ensured that the 'remnant' of the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed' remained in fearful faithfulness to her ring slavers: 'The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (*Rev*: 12. 17) The dragon of men's slaving of the human species for war against her futanarian nature, which was the 'serpent's seed' grown since its days in Eden, had consumed the penis and brains of her species to manufacture men and women as a 'TV' advertising its desire to continue with its secret smoking until its ultimate extinction as a viable operation. As the going concern grew, the patient turned to the word of God: 'Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores, but refused to repent of what they had done.' (*Rev*: 16. 11) What they'd done was not allow women to prefer each other.

Untold millennia ago a space borne virus arriving on the planet Earth inveigled itself into the human futanarian species' host womb and stole her penis to replicate itself as her consumption. So the worship of the evil things had begun. In parasitology, the parasite that emerges to kill the host is termed 'parasitoid'. Adam had been a futanarian woman and Eve her partner. The biblical narrative relates how the hominids that evolved in the Jurassic period (220 m. a.) met the saurians that evolved in the Mesozoic (248 m. a.) period of Earth's prehistory. The angels of God were winged, but the rebel angel, Satan, who refused to accept that Eve's 'seed' was to be greater than the angelic, was transformed into a wingless serpent. Satan got back his wings as a devouring 'red dragon' during the period of 'blood plague' (*Rev*: 11. 6), according to Jesus' disciple John's *Revelation*, while God's angels remained saurian, but in heaven above the Earth.

After the space borne virus infected the saurians upon the Earth and caused their degeneration, it was the fate of the futanarian hominid humans to be infected with the parasitoid virus, which is depicted as Eve and Adam's encounter with the saurian, Satan, as their infector. The `serpent's seed` emerged from the host womb of the human futanarian race, and was systematic in its disabling of the species to manufacture it as `TV wars`, which satisfied its parasitoid appetite and took the form of propaganda movies and mass media edutainment promoting the psychopath as hero in order to make of the `remnant` of humanity a reality `TV` snuff drama.

The term `snuff` had originally been given to cocaine, which was snorted through the nasal passages and was a metaphor for the cocking of the hammer of the gun and the first murderer, Cain, who killed his more able brother, Abel, according to the *Bible*, because able could cook, which pleased God, but Cain was only a fruit picker, which wasn't developmental enough for the creator. Because `hit` was used as a term for a mafia slaying as well as a snort of cocaine, the drug was associated with the thrill of the kill, that is, a snuffer's drug. The term `snuff` was later applied to ground tobacco, and was to pervert Jesus' Holy Spirit, which he had said would teach after him. It symbolized the false moral ground by which men accused women of adultery and expect them to burn in hellfire forever, because men aren't futanarian `woman's seed`, and so they constituted the fire-breathing dragon of the `serpent's seed` of Satanism that emerged from her host womb to kill and devour her children in its `TV wars` against her.

When Longinus' spear cut open the side of Jesus at the crucifixion upon his death, it was a symbolic `caesarian section` to liberate the `Second Eve` from the side of the `Second Adam`, that is, the futanarian human species of `woman's seed` in the invisible realm: `Surely, this was the son of God.` (*Matt: 27. 54*) Although cocaine had been a primarily 19th century drug, by the 20th century the `snuffing out` of a candle flame was almost universally understood as more simply relating to the `snuff` movie genre, for example, Bernie Taupin's 1973 lyric to the Elton John song, `Candle In The Wind`, about sex symbol film star, Marilyn Monroe, found in 1962 dead and nude: `Your candle burned out long before your legend ever did.` Penisless Marilyn was a misogynist `snuff` icon, possibly murdered, although the coroner said O.D.'d on coke. The `snuffed` flame of passion, and the secret smoking of futanarian humanity's *phalloi* in the form of cigarettes, was established as a metaphor for the false moral grounds upon which men sought to put the species into perdition as an adulterate race, because women were a single creature without its slaver, and unadulterate without men of the `serpent's seed`, who were devils to her.

Women had been burned as witches through the ages, and their symbol was the broomstick, which they were accused of riding upon into the skies above the Earth, and across the visage of the moon. It was a symbol of the human futanarian brainpower that could take `woman's seed` to the planets amongst the stars of heaven above the Earth, but men's misogynist hatred of `woman's seed` caused them to build bonfires, and tie the women to the wooden upright symbol of the broomstick with the branches lit beneath to burn them in prefiguration of the hell that they wished for them to endure in propagandist falsehood that the women were adultresses, because their futanarian race preferred itself to men's instructing them as children endlessly for no

purpose other than to make `snuff`. Without brains, women were taught to live in ignorance, and hadn't things of their own. So it was that the consumed society was born from the `serpent's seed` and women's host womb.

The brainpower that could have devised labor saving devices to liberate women was degenerate, and escape to the planets amongst the stars in starships was beyond humanity. Imprisoned upon the Earth by slavers` promoting of `TV wars` that killed what e`er remained of intellectual genius, the labor saving devices that were retailed were symbolic of the tail of the creature that was the beast that men and women became: `The second beast was given power to the image of the first beast, so that the image could speak and cause all who refused to worship the image to be killed.` (*Rev: 13. 15*) As a single male brained transvestite creature wearing each others` clothes, the `TV` propaganda was that killing was heroic, whereas the human creature had been killed already and the `snuff` makers were producing it. Despite the invention of the motor car, mass produced in Detroit, Michigan, by Henry Ford, the Model T of 1908 in the United States of America, cars were still being pedaled in the 21st century, because the race wouldn't run; if it remained disabled. The thing was done, and it was worshipped, because no one could remember why they shouldn't.

# FRANKENSTEIN

by Gerd Maximovic

(Translation: Isabel Cole)

The gigantic man lay in a bed much too small for him. He lay on his back with complete symmetry, as if he had not turned over once that past night. His head emerged from the blanket and rested on a bolster which served as his pillow. He seemed to have had a serious accident. A blue-red scar ran about his skull-cap on the hairline, as if a griffin had strolled along it with knife-sharp claws. The operation had been on such an absolute scale that one literally expected the sleeping giant to notice the scrutiny of the chronicler and offer a privileged glimpse by raising his skull-cap briefly, clapping it shut again at once.

Now that the gigantic man was asleep, his features displayed an almost peaceful expression. His face was sunken and pale, the cheekbones stood out sharply, white, lashless lids hung down over the eyes. Now the brow was only slightly furrowed, as if the sleeping man had done very little in his life, and the half-open, almost violet lips, like those of a corpse which has floated too long in the water, released his rattling breath.

The wool blanket echoed his hard, angular contours and made one curious: what could his body look like? The blanket swelled up where his penis must have been. Only his feet projected out of the short blanket, over the edge of the bed frame. His feet too, seemed to suffer from poor circulation. A blue shimmer, like a hint of decay, crept up the main bones and assailed the feet as well, even the toenails, as if the nails of a black man had been set there with their blue half-moon.

Above the ankles, not yet hidden by the blanket, the border between lower leg and foot was marked by a circular scar. All in all, the whole body seemed wrongly proportioned. The arms seemed too long, the torso too broad. One might have thought that a sculptor obsessed by his work had broken a block out of a granite cliff and had hewn it as the electric fever in his brain commanded him. The feet did not go with the head, the hair of the head was black and the wiry fluff on the backs of the feet was dark blond. Perhaps the gigantic man, misaligned at the edges, had been pieced together from parts which no longer really matched, as one so often experiences when one buys a suit and later realizes that the light of the department store was deceptive, and the full-length mirror a flatterer.

Every person who had taken part in the operation remembered the sight of the gigantic, lifeless body on the overlong operating table under the bright light of the reflectors. They had all crowded up to watch the crucial phase. The technical sobriety which characterized this procedure, the medical precision, the coolness of the professor's directions and the routine functioning of all the assistants had stifled their suspicion that something forbidden, something at least dubious was happening here.

The whole affair had been produced with the precision of a General Staff. First the terrain, that is, the basement of the windmill, was renovated. Certain obstructions which the traffic along Am Wall had to put up with were dispelled through pinpointed rumors planted in the press; they spread the news that the mill was to become an important local history museum, a further major attraction for the city, notwithstanding the fact that such a museum already existed. It was precisely this degree of effort, the grand scale, the seemingly candid press policy, which - in public, and as far as the journalists were concerned - nipped all suspicion in the bud. Several skeptics who feared damages for the city were distracted, just as was the attempt at a citizens' initiative, which soon collapsed. Everyone could see that it was no nuclear power plant, and as no smoke rose into the sky above the city either, the low-level outrage at the sway of anonymous powers subsided into indifference and resignation.

The manufacturer of cooling systems had wrinkled his brow and clapped his hands, overjoyed at the juicy contract. If that ever becomes a state morgue, he said in jest, I'd like to be deep-frozen there, far and wide you won't find better systems. At first that was perhaps the most touchy point regarding the interior design. For of course the circumstances forced them to go to certain lengths with the freezing compartments: to be sure, there were enough deaths in the Bremen catchment area, but in order to create an imposing artificial form, the body parts had to fit together. This, and the professor's desire to maintain his independence from other research centers, ultimately drove him out into the graveyard. Admittedly, with the first worms which crept into the freezing compartments, part of the qualified team backed out.

That did not prevent them from appearing for the operation as planned and craning their necks curiously over the sensation. And the professor proved his mastery. Not only did he have the blood groups in his head, the compatibility factors, the serums which made everything run smoothly, and the schedule which told him when this IV was to be administered and when it was time for the other - assuming, of course, that there was an arm to stick it into. The professor waded in blood as if it were apple juice.

It was a fascinating spectacle to watch the parts grow together. First a naked torso lay, a powerful man with broad shoulders whose arms and legs and head, as if according to plan, had been crushed by a tank during maneuvers on the Lüneberg Heath, the rest of the body receiving not a scratch. The torso was the only catch which the professor's observers - whom he had sent swarming to this maneuver - had been able to make, but it was a rewarding foundation stone for the subsequent procedure. In the body, whose sexual organs had also been destroyed, necessitating the removal of their remains, a heart beat for the British Queen.

The affair with the soldier's sexual organs appeared an awkward matter, but it was in precisely this crucial point of the experiment that the professor demonstrated his mastery, for there were already ample numbers of sexless, emotionless monsters. When asked about this deficiency of the monster - in his presence they always referred to it respectfully as their patient - he merely donned a mysterious smile and waved away the curious fingers. Of course a multitude of cameras hummed behind the frosted glass pane which made up part of the ceiling, capturing every phase of the operation; later these films were meant for the financial backers. The professor, at any rate, seemed to be everywhere, caution and mistrust personified.

To the torso they joined the legs; these had been long-preserved and came via the graveyard from the Autobahn. The arms, too, were quite easy to attach; they came, as was spread by way of innuendo, from the municipal hall, from one of the numerous wrestling tournaments; the skeptics were not quite ready to believe this, for they easily saw through the sham of the tournaments, but no profession ruled out accidents. Legs and arms, then the feet and hands, that was practically cobbler's work with needle and thread, there the professor and his genius was not required.

Then, on a snow-white table, a corpse, still frozen nearly blue, gradually taking on human contours, lay before their staring eyes. They could literally watch the thing - for it was far from being a person - grow in size and take form. The sterile commands, the humming of the ventilators, the cool heat of the lamps could not disguise a certain apprehension which seized them all - perhaps with the exception of the professor - the more the monster grew to a mighty human being.

Yet he still lacked the decisive apparatus which would make up his humanity, his life: the head, and the sexual apparatus. They all stared as if spellbound at the significant gap in the monster: again and again their eyes wandered furtively toward the gap, bordered by the thighs, at the raw, blue flesh. They asked themselves what inspired idea the professor, this unerring, scrupulous man, could have thought up for this promise.

First the head was taken care of. They had obtained it from a medical school, where the students had rooted about in the brain and snorted dirty jokes in pocket-handkerchiefs. That suited the professor to a tee. He operated on the facial features so skillfully that little remained of the original lines, modeled almost an average face, angular and sharp-edged, to be sure, even brutal and imperious, when one immersed oneself in it. Originally the professor had said he wanted an everyman's face; then he had thought of his clients and operated the iron fist into the features.

The source of the head could be traced, not so that of the brain. When asked about the origin of the gray mass, the professor reacted rudely, bordering on hostility. Two assistants were given the boot for this reason alone, and the parting advice which the professor and some of his contacts gave them in parting about what they had seen in the cellar of the mill made them as silent as the grave. More than a few feared they themselves might become part of the next monster if they opened their mouths. By this time, at the latest, the hearts of the people in the laboratory began to pound, and they feared the unpredictability of the professor, or rather their insufficient ability to size him up, with a fear like that fear which had only come long ago, when terror came over them in bed and exposed them helplessly to the darkness - which goes to show, by the way, how people can be brought to devote themselves with abandon to their own annihilation, to brew over their own heads, enterprisingly, the storm which they fear, if only there is calm at the moment and terror still seems far removed.

The professor, at any rate, knew the power which he had over them, and said nothing about the origin of the brain, and worked dexterously and skillfully, and soon the monster lay there with a terrible head and blind, gray eyes over which they had forgotten to close the lids. The sheen of the eyes was still so dull that it made one think of the military, where the personality of the recruit is completely dismantled so that he can then be pieced together again, complete and new, only here the principle appeared in its literal sense, and the dull eyes now awaited the inspiration which would show the monster the way for the rest of his life.

The temperature of the body had been raised; the blue hue did not vanish completely, but something like a healthy, rosy color suffused the body. Since the body had not yet been flooded, this was ascribed exclusively to the warming red rays. The professor took his time during the entire procedure, which put the progress of science in his hands; despite the long bloodless period, the brain and every single body part was still intact.

The tension eased somewhat as the assistant, a kind of jar in her hands, stepped up to the corpse, blushing, and set the container down at its assigned place within the professor's reach. As if unveiling a monument, he lifted a cloth from the jar, and a tittering whisper, furtive laughter, at last, as the professor looked about him, seeking applause, roaring laughter resounded, a good part of it being release for the onlookers.

Like a pickle awarded the first prize at the county fair, a penis floated in the liquid, seemingly aroused by the attention and merriment; the same liquid which kept the brain alive had made it erect for all eternity. It was accompanied by a rotund pair which bobbed up and down in the liquid, airy and light, insofar as the skin permitted them freedom of movement.

Then the professor pulled on a fresh pair of gloves and removed the form from the glass; as soon as it emerged into the fresh air it collapsed dramatically.

Now the professor was clearly in a hurry. He worked very rapidly on the abdomen of the artificial man, yet in his bustling he was as brilliant as never before. Thus he joined the nerve ends and blood vessels and whatever else there was in the blink of an eye and regarded his work with approval. Of course, since there was no blood in the body, it hung rather pathetically between the legs. Before a slight mood of mockery could make itself noticeable to the professor, he imperiously gave the flooding signal, and the same nurse who had brought the glass opened the channel.

In a thin, transparent tube, the blood flowed into the body of the artificial man in an uninterrupted stream, free of bubbles to avoid a deadly embolism. His color improved, and it seemed that he was glad of the life which now flowed into his body. The process was most visible in the area of the loins, where the embodiment of his vital life reared its head not to the rhythm of the heart, but according to the steadily flowing channel.

All and all it looked as if, despite all the initial problems with the obtaining of corpses and certain absurdities, the professor had lifted the city into the scientific avant-garde with a single stroke.

Quel dommage! The nurse tossed and turned under the thin coverlet on her light bed in the top floor, directly under the roof of the mill. The night swelled in through the window, hot and stifling. It was July-hot, she stretched out under the coverlet in a python grip and tossed back and forth again in the arms of a red wine summer, for, she hesitated and wavered and weighed point against point and argument against argument, she was no longer young.

Quel dommage! The thought of his penis kept running through her mind, and she imagined... and caught herself forgetting her profession, her oath, her duty. But what is the use of all the fetters which society lays upon us when they attempt to hold back our most innate drives in times when the summer creeps in at the window and mockingly opens its red-hot mouth?

She threw back the coverlet, swung her body over the edge of the bed; her body was not half bad, to her mind, and when she, like many a colleague in the same department, felt the need of a man, she found release in the somewhat inept hands of an orderly, for example, or with a married man into whose arms bad luck drove her, and even he, who crossed the sky like a burned-out comet, still seemed worthy of holding, of desiring, so deep-seated was her despair and her need.

She poured herself another glass of red wine and went to the window, from which the Wall Park was visible. Her body was bared, for she always slept naked, as if to show that she was ready at all times. Many a young doctor's assistant had had his pleasure with her, but his career had called him away every time, into other arms, to another place. Thus the light from outside cast in shadows which embraced her as her only friends aside from the consoler who was gradually entering her blood.



From the nurses' hostel on Marcusallee she had taken a considerable step, into the professor's proximity, to the sun, up to the light. A cramped smile appeared on her face, and the beams creaked over her head, to her the noise seemed a groaning; then she realized that the sound was rising from her own throat. The heat laid a bell-jar over her, beneath it she breathed the fragrance of flowers, the wine glass and the bottle were long since empty, she had not yet gone back to bed, and now, now that was no longer possible either.

A power which lay entirely beyond her will drew a long, silk negligee over her motherly figure, over the somewhat thickset form. She wanted - and that was her job - to see to the gigantic man once more that night. Indeed, one could be proud of her sense of duty. She thought of how casually the professor behaved; he had even called it unnecessary to provide the gigantic man with a night-nurse. He's lying between life and death, he had laughed, waving it off.

The wine embraced her, her soul expanded over the entire mill, it was the whole world which needed her care and her nurture, without her love the world would split into many tiny hostile atoms. The stairs creaked under her feet and gaped up at her with round owl eyes of knotholes. Thus she glided quickly over the creaking beams, and quietly the dust drifted down through the cracks in which the clear, blue-black sky hung.

She gathered up her negligee and reeled through the laboratory door like the late halo of a dandelion, only a bonnet was lacking to make the camouflage of her lust seem perfect. And there he lay, the gigantic man. A mighty form, seeming mysterious and unapproachable in the green light of the life-support systems. He breathed heavily, displaying all his helplessness. A childish expression played about his lips. A drip fed both arms, giving him strength and sleep in a fructose paradise; his body was naked. A glance at the loins. She sobbed with joy and terror, gave him a very slight electric shock, and the hands of all the dials twitched and spun.

Once she had gone to Paris, to the Eiffel tower, with Valery, her fast, brutal French boyfriend; from there they had speculated about the skyscrapers and praised the tower. The thought of Valery brought her a sudden bitterness. She had loved several men, him as well, or at least she had believed she did. She had always experienced men as brutal and cynical, they had never set constraints on themselves in their desirability. Now she herself had come to the point where a sweating devil drove her to an act of self-realization. It was no longer a matter of thinking, when one saw a chance.

The negligee floated down upon the entire city, enveloped the many beds which her fantasy devoured with its cloud of scent. Quel dommage! In the hot night the infantile giant lay around uselessly in all his splendor. In Fischerhude, near the city, she hired saddle-horses with a girlfriend on the weekends, when she was not in Vahr at the occasional races. What it did to her body when the body of a horse was harnessed between her thighs! They flew over the forest paths and over the fences, and it was her will and her strength which kept the red wine under control, the gigantic man smiled uncomprehending and yet stared into the green darkness with a certain pleasure. His body trembled slightly, but the straps in which he was bound did not release him.

She caressed him and used the touches and gestures with which one can stroke restless babies in their sleep when they wail and cry near the maternity ward. She thought, maybe there's a wailing inside the head of the giant. Then the heat stopped her melting, grinning mouth, it was enough, and a slight sadness and a trace of regret passed over the nurse.

It was the first and only time that anyone had showed the giant tenderness. He accepted the tenderness along with the other good deed. He remembered her activities without concepts and without form. The next morning brought a great test. The professor prattled about the monster as if it were a quite average specimen, without affection and tenderness, his only love was for the drip which joined it to life. True, its reflexes surpassed the brutality of the other specimens, he said, and the flood which came through the tubes demonstrated the truth of his words to an attentively-watching audience. Later it became clear that the sexual innovation was a bull's eye, but irregularities cropped up in another area, one which had already been considered a secure and tidy branch of knowledge. The professor was troubled, and expressed the suspicion that someone had tampered with the brain, yet the search for possible perpetrators was without result. Secretly he came to the agreement with his assistants that this specimen was too precious to be destroyed. He had invested too much of his own life in the experiment to consider pulling out now.

When the scientific police, following a tip, broke into the laboratory, machine guns and flame throwers at the ready, the laboratory, as far as its most important inhabitant was concerned, was already empty. This purpose had been served by the metal cabinet which the professor - once again displaying his overwrought and yet far-sighted brain - had had made to the measure of the artificial man in order to have him transported at night over one of the busiest streets of Bremen, the Wall.

The operation was successful; several houses away they unloaded the box and its strange cargo; only the narrow staircase, eighty-two steps in total, posed a serious problem. Since it was late and the other inhabitants of the house lay in their beds, dreaming of petty, anxious things, they set the box on end and the giant emerged, still hardly able to walk, now forced to manage the many steps rapidly. Grazing the whitewashed walls, hooked to the railing so as not to fall, he managed it in quarter of an hour. Climbing so laboriously, so awkwardly, he would have made a comic impression, if it had not been for the threat emanating from him and his discovery.

Indeed, the professor and his assistants sweated out one or two pounds of water, while the giant lost still more. The confirmation of feeling his body in action, the conquest of the world in a narrow hall, seemed to satisfy him, even if he did not know where he was going or even where he was coming from and for what purpose.

They had made the monster so large for a very simple reason. To put together a person from smaller pieces would have been less work, but, as far as its representative function was concerned, the product yielded a low return. Primarily they wanted to impress their financial backers and then, if the experiment was successful, the scientific community as well. Thus the man they had built could not be gigantic enough.

Many a financial backer must have shaken his fists at the flight, not only because he had now lost a substantial sum - public funds were invested as well, after all, and no one gave a hoot - but because he was now in the clear. It was surmised that the giant up there in the fifth story - they found that out quickly after all - would soon languish without the meticulous care which only the laboratory in the mill permitted, and there the scientific police, with an apparent zeal which stood quite in contrast to their otherwise dragging investigations, had confiscated all the technical equipment as incriminating evidence, that is, everything which seemed suited for a possible trial against the professor, and that depended on certain political winds.

The professor remained under cover, and yet somehow it came to light that the giant, weeks later, was still alive. Some people, peering over at night from the windows of the cathedral towers with infra-red binoculars, even saw his shadow in the window of the house Am Wall, which was pure madness. At any rate, in certain circles consternation over the existence of the monster and its failure in their service was evident. The indecision as to how to handle the matter, and the fear of an enormous scandal, gave the monster and the professor what they needed most: a breather, rest, a little time.

When the sun, on a fine day - and the weather during the time when the monster slept in Bremen was extraordinarily fine - when the sun burned with all its might through the window of the room in which the giant lay, the temperature in the room rose considerably, especially since above it was only the attic above.

All sorts of junk had been piled up in this attic, it now served as hatching ground for all sorts of vermin which welcomed the heat. A thin, black stream of obscure beetles moved down the facade of the house from the attic, with much patience, but also persistence, for eternity was with them, squeezing themselves into the first opening which presented itself, the apartment under the roof. There the giant lay in the sweat of his brow. At first he barely noticed it, then he thought it was the filth on his body, then the filth wandered up his legs and fell, sated, from his forehead to his cheeks; then he gradually ceased to send the tormenting questions of his incapacity and his guilt through his head like glowing arrows, for it was quite clear that the terror came from outside.

Like a newborn child, countless of the circumstances which formed him from outside and which, as a rule in the form of the professor, were passed on to him in instructions, were unknown to him. The professor had first taught him the difference between good and evil. Evil was a part of his body, was the excrement which he eliminated for this reason. The living animal on his abdomen was evil too; it would only be good if he used it punitively for a just purpose. The professor determined which purpose was to be considered just. These were the significant aspects of the giant's simple world, which made him fear his own body.

Now the giant thought hard. He still remembered quite clearly that, according to the words of the professor, evil things were supposed to be squashed. Again and again the puckered mouth of the bespectacled man had spat wetly over him: evil things are squashed; he had said nothing of vermin, but he had said what was to be thought of weak creatures. You are strong if you listen to me, the professor had said. Yes, he wanted to be strong, but what should he do when the professor was far away, his command silent?

As if in an hourglass, the black flood trickled in through the window, poured up the legs of the bed. The giant moved his head, and as his skull sank down again there was a slight crunch, one or two insects were blotted out with a nod. The sound set off an association like a rocket in the giant's head. You'll exterminate the vermin for me, he had said in a sharp voice, you'll crush them under your boot until they crack and scream, you'll smear the brains of the longhairs over the pavement of the city and tear the bodies of the communists in pieces. In our city and our land they are like an army of termites on the move, they infiltrate everywhere and contaminate you, even your head, if you're not careful.

So, thought the giant, so, what do I do now. From the ceiling the gigantic eyes of the professor nailed him to his bed. You'll lie there as I tell you, no matter what! Don't move! Don't make a sound! The revulsion crept over his body, nestled in his hair, his skin burned where a slight rash drew red tracks across his body under the feelers of the beetles. It crept over his face, and then the giant was lifted up and shaken, the coverlet fell from his body, and now the multitude of leather straps which bound his arms and legs to the bed were displayed clearly, like a dragon the giant lay with his white belly, naked, disturbed in his rest by the army of beetles.

He cried out in a bare room until the echo clashed in his ears. He tore up the stays, first with his right arm, then with his left. Then he twisted his head out from under the biggest strap, tore the shackles from his legs and threw himself from the bed, from the hot filthy tyranny. He brushed the beetles away like a clumsy bear, spun about his axis and grabbed at the black vermin; then he lost his balance, the floor rushed up at him, tilting, he fell with a crash, then he lay still, and only a superficial glance prompted the thought that he was lapping up his own blood from the floor.

When the giant awoke, the sun was gone, and the cathedral shone in a spectacular light. It was some time before the giant realized that he was lying outside his bed and outside his leather straps, that he was thus lying outside the only kind of security he knew. He shivered as if snow lay in this room, yet in his youth he had never heard of snow, not even in fairy tales. Fear seized him in the blue twilight, the professor swooped down upon him as a gigantic bat, and not a single logical thought formed in the pieced-together brain.

Then he noticed some of the beetles on the warm wall, the sight freed him from his paralysis and tore him to his feet. His feelings made a leap as if a new page were being turned in a thin book. Another side of his personality broke restlessly from his head and spun him around. He sensed quite clearly, without being able to call it by name, that something in him was searching for something else which lay outside him. It was somewhat as if springs had been built into his head or in his chest, perhaps in his legs as well, unfurling themselves and driving him on mechanically.

The giant rushed to the window, gazed out aimlessly, without focussing his eyes on a single particular, was unable to summon the concentration for a study of details; then he circled the table, the bed, opened and shut the closet door, stood against the wall, spread his arms out against the wallpaper, pushed himself away again; simultaneously he sensed what it was to be the master of his body, though not all his limbs obeyed his will, there was uncontrolled

movement on his abdomen. He groaned, and the dull, stale heat of midday swallowed the sound.

A great curiosity about the outside world had dawned in the giant. He threw himself against the outside door, threw it open with his shoulders, fell out into the hallway and rolled down several dark steps. It was still quiet in the neighborhood. The window in the hallway let in light from the street. His excellent eyes quickly accustomed themselves to it. He remembered the stairway. He stumbled down the steps, hardly making a sound, collided with the cellar door at the very bottom, climbed a few landings until he stood before the front door.

The street was not crowded; several cars cast the cones of their headlights, late pedestrians strolled by the shop windows or hastened to leave the windy corner further up. The giant crossed the street, unaware of the danger posed by the cars. He was taken for a drunk, and even his peculiar appearance met primarily with indifference. In the age of the pop culture which the freaks wrote on their banner and which brought strange figures to dance and play on the stage, the giant was rather a normal, sensible figure, and in reality it was the people who sat in the cars, rubbed their necks raw on white shirt-collars and wore neckties as compensation for their weak, hectic sexuality who were the sick monsters.

Anyone who walked through the Wall Park alone at night was taking a risk. The nature of this risk, when a woman took the shortcut through the park, needs no further explanation. For every foolishness a good reason can be found. Her tyrant waited at home, and so, since the nightly sexual intercourse had a punitive character, she hurried along the short path through the park, and her fantasy was humid, and the water murmured softly from the channel below.

Now she had almost reached the street when a thing, an animal, a giant reeled out of the bushes. She cried out, the way to the street was blocked. Left and right fragrant bushes reached out their arms. Behind her the ground sloped down to the water. The thought of flight came to her as if from far away, she felt paralysis grip her limbs, and the fear which she had felt ever since her marriage now strained toward a violent solution; for her there was even relief in this feeling, her dreams in which she jumped out the window breathed the scent of reality from the bushes.

She heard herself scream, for now the giant thing began to move, but the screaming was as automatic and as remote from her as if the trees were crying out behind her. At first, as she had come hurrying up the path, a thought had flickered through the giant's brain. In his memory he lay on a table, and green light came from the walls. Silk drifted down upon him, and then he was touched for the first time, not with sharp knives, with the scalpel held by the repulsive gloves. He thought quite immediately, quite naively, that here too a good deed was approaching him with swinging hips, yes, and in the first moment the unrest of the hot garret night was also dispelled, was simply gone, as if an invisible hand had turned another page in the book.

But she screamed, hurt the giant's ears, his head, a violent pain stabbed through the left half of his brain. He held his hands over his ears, but the screaming did not stop. There was only one way, for the screaming mouth belonged to an immovable body. As he reached the screaming woman he reached straight into her mouth, broke her jaw with a single gesture, and when the screaming still refused to stop, he lifted the body up by the head and, as if in a sports competition, threw the woman high over his head, down the slope; the body fell many yards

away into the splashing water, where the screaming finally died away.

The judge in his head condemned him. He thought of going down to the pond to look for his victim, but the will which created the initiative was not strong enough. He had summoned all his strength, had stormed out into the world, but he had not found the success he had hoped for. Again he shivered. He calmed himself by singing children's songs in his head, and soon caught himself singing out loud; the bass notes trembled in the foliage. In the meantime, under cloak of darkness, the professor had crept up to the room and stormed out again a moment later, pale with horror. Thus the two, master and servant, missed each other by a hair.

The giant stumbled to his bed, lifted it from the floor and lay flat on top of it, as usual. He laid the straps against his body so that it almost seemed as if he were bound. The more he recreated the conditions which had prevailed before his outbreak, the better, the safer he felt in his skin. When the coverlet finally lay over his body and the last free hand was laid in the straps, he lay in the darkness with open eyes, almost peacefully, like a child. Soon he fell asleep with a peaceful expression on his face, one last glance at the shattered door, and only the eyeballs rolling beneath closed lids showed that the day was passing through his brain in the form of a gigantic, punishing eye, ghostly and terrifying. He sweated from the nightmare ghosts and the heat of the garret night.

The next day dragged on terribly. Again the sun squeezed its pregnant body through the window and burned in his brain. The more it rolled over the sky, the more the giant's fear grew, for the evening, and with it the professor, were approaching irresistibly. He felt the intense desire to flee, but he did not know where to. And the sun opened its mouth again and again and cried silently across the firmament.

As the bells of the cathedral droned into the evening, clouds gathered, and a few minutes later the weather changed; anyone who has grown old enough on the coast is used to such sudden changes in the weather. At first the sun still projected partially from the fat bellies of the clouds, tingeing them with gold, and the clouds grew red with shame. The wind, which now sprang high into the sky, carried the cry of the weathercocks on the towers of the cathedral from west to east.

The giant reacted sensitively like a seismograph or like a wild animal or like a small child; he tossed in his bed, howling. He was the slaughtered pig from the scientific front, and just as the veteran from the last war holds fast to his punctured knee and his head reinforced with steel plates, so did the hands of the giant jerk nervously across his body, for the sinking pressure caused the giant unspeakable pains in the edges and seams which joined his limbs, and especially in the brain, the virtuoso accomplishment of the professor.

The intellect which had been granted him up to this thunderstorm collapsed like a house of cards, and thus he now registered the actual source of his torment. For the living animal which whipped his loins a dozen times a day was beyond all control. Like a giant reptile, a glowing tongue flicking from its jaws, the seismograph on his abdomen twitched and was soon a staff of bone, burning like a flaming piece of flesh in which the atoms do battle with one another.

The professor was already standing in the door of his room when the giant saw him. On the squat body of the professor sat a great head, red with anger. The dilating eyes behind the thick glasses were gigantic with fury. In the pocket of his coat was that day's newspaper, in whose headlines blood congealed, dark red.

With two or three strides the professor had reached the giant's bed, and although his wrath was already nearly too great, he managed to control himself. They could be heard in the hallway; the monster had destroyed the door in his outbreak. With a quick movement the professor drew back the coverlet under which the giant hid. The professor had known it anyway, the shackles were destroyed.

His lips were white with wrath. The newspaper sprang into his hand and left, right, left, right he struck the giant in the face. For all his rage the professor still studied his creation sharply and intelligently, and he was surprised by the unspeakable pain which spread over the face of the monster. Was that only because of the newspaper which fluttered over the face of the giant like a bat?

The giant still lay on his bed, but with his left hand he had already grasped the head of the professor. Since he had just failed the test, and thus had not been trained, he did not know that, for this purpose, the throat could quite simply be squeezed shut. So he grabbed, held the temples, the back of the head, his fingers surrounded the professor's head like a steel vise. The professor's eyes bulged out of his head like the last juice squeezed out of a bottle of ketchup.

The glasses fell to the ground, the professor groaned, the giant swung down from the bed. In his head as well as in his abdomen the giant felt as good as never before in the professor's presence. He remembered the park and the screaming mouth, and he half-wondered why the professor did not scream like a good woman. Now the giant lifted the professor up high in his arms, crumpled the tiny body together like a doll from which one wants to elicit a mechanical noise, lifted the bundle high above his head, bent far back, so far that he almost lost hold of it in his zeal, and threw this tiny, malicious body with a mighty swing through the shattered window into the clouds. Then the giant listened out the window, as a child listens at a well-shaft into which it has tossed pieces of gravel to judge the depth, and a moment later the body of the professor struck the pavement along with the first fat raindrops, five stories below.

In the fourth story, in the apartment at the back, a teacher had lived for more years than she cared to admit, and, despite the rain, the sun shone for her. She had gone on a trip, over the Austrian border to Budapest, and had brought a pretty boy back from this trip, one who, because of his immaturity, leaned toward motherly types. He had shown up on her doorstep twice already, and she blamed the sudden rain for stranding the boy far away, perhaps under a roof or in the underpass near their third and most charming rendezvous. As it went with the teacher's trembling heart, she was already half-decided, now she already surrendered herself completely in her thoughts.

She was only subconsciously aware of the screech of car tires beneath her window, her boyfriend was coming on foot, after all. She wandered aimlessly about the apartment, adjusting a flower here, shifting a picture there. When the doorbell rang loud and imperious, she ascribed

it to her impatient, soaked boyfriend, throwing himself against the front door below, though in calm moments she knew quite well that one found sufficient protection under the awning of the store, with which it snared customers in the rainy season.

She hurried into the hall, pressed the buzzer for the front door, and opened the apartment door in advance. It sprang open with surprising force, smashed against an alertly raised hand, and behind the door appeared a gigantic, rectangular man, who lost his balance and seemed to roll down from the doorbell and into her arms, falling full upon her body. She fell half against the wall, half on the floor, and the mountain followed, half-burying her beneath it. With all her strength she pulled her legs out from under his body and crawled back into the hall, backing up on her hands.

She pressed her fist against her mouth, and her wavering spirit was like a house of cards which the wind blows with puffed-out cheeks. She had plummeted from seventh heaven, and the monster dragged himself after her with an idiotic grin which was nothing but deep torment; her own fear inured her spirit to such signs. He looked at her pleadingly and kept looking at her mouth. Fortunately for her, her throat seemed sewn shut, and fear suppressed even the slightest sound. He observed this reaction with strange, ardent joy, and he even remained unmoved by the siren of an ambulance which rose provocatively from the street.

She did not know, of course, that this helped him. He stood up, swaying, grabbed her, dragged her into the room on the right and threw her onto her back on the living-room table. He stared down at her as if she were a particularly splendid butterfly, he looked at her short red skirt, her full lips, her voluptuous figure, and since she still had not begun to scream, thus easing him somewhat, he took in her appearance, which was not like his own.

The pearl necklace had slipped on her bosom, and in a gesture which contained the exertion of gentleness, he reached for her neck, and accidentally, as he touched the pearls, he tore the necklace. She glanced down his body and did not know whether the scars she saw, for example, or what drew her gaze down further, was more to be feared.

At that moment the doorbell sounded in the hallway. He turned his head, hers fell back in horror, both leaned over the table like a group of bronzes. Again the doorbell rang. The rain below, though it was dry at the front door, drove the boy's index finger against the bell, though of course it was not only the rain which pressed the button. The sound of the doorbell broke, swallowed itself, bored like an overeager insect and then, clearly disappointed, suddenly broke off. Moisture and blackness crept up to the window and into the heart of the teacher and drove away all hope there. Once more, like a tiny, flickering light, the doorbell peeped, already ashamed of its sound, then it was quiet once and for all.

The teacher's sanity doubled back as if fleeing, but there was no refuge to hide her from this gigantic, silent man. The last pearls rolled away over the carpet, and like beads rubbed together, reality and appearance clashed in her head, the last fluttering remains of sanity flitted away ignominiously, she reconciled herself with reality by taking her lover into her arms, now free of conflicts.



He was awkward and clumsy as a bear. For this she smiled at him, and when his impatience grew stiff and tangible, she helped his urgent wish to its goal, moved his shoulders back and forth until the kinetics caught fire in his brain. Since her lover, as it seemed to her now, seemed to be everywhere and embraced every fiber of her, one first sound left her throat, like a flock of birds rising into the air with rushing wings.

The giant heard her cry out. In his mind he saw himself stuff the whimper back into the throat from which it had crept, but he did not push down, but rather drew back from her. For a few seconds he still hung over her body, then he pushed himself away from the table. An infinite calm had entered him.

Several neighbors, drawn by the unusual noise, came in the door of the apartment. The giant paid their terror no notice, but merely pushed them away in an almost dismissive gesture. They felt the ice in their veins, and he went calmly down the stairs. Then he went out into the open air, and as the rain ran over his skull he felt freed from these people and had a small feeling of happiness. The water dripped down his neck, soon his clothes clung to his body, echoed the chunky contours, the water made his body and his scars damp.

It was at about this time, after a telephone call, that the scientific police realized the necessity of taking action. The chief of operations had long been casting a watchful eye from a distance; now he went to his boss for confirmation, which took some time, for he too reached for the telephone. Then card games, bills and beer bottles went flying, the voice of the head of operations bellowed out from the walls, faces bloated with beer fumes, belching as they confronted the damp outside, they stormed out the exits onto the street.

For the first time the giant was free of constraint, the rain cooled his scars and washed his complexes away. For the first time he was no longer pieced together, an artificial mountain of sinews and flesh which could not be controlled; for the first time he felt himself as a complete person, felt his identity into his fingertips and under the nails of his toes. Everything down to the loins obeyed his command. It was as if he were gathering all the strength in his body, as if the world were his subject, and thus no longer his enemy.

The corpses covered his horizon, and he thought about his metamorphosis. It was not he who had killed them, it was the synthetic program in his head. Not only his body, but also his brain and its contents had been pieced together. Though he did not realize the meaning of the nurse in his life, could not even really grasp her in his thoughts, he liked to think back to the green room.

His thoughts made him free inside; he turned his attention to the street. The incidents had drawn a large crowd of people to the house Am Wall. Even the ambulance team which had picked the professor up from the pavement and pushed him into the ambulance on a stretcher had rushed to the forefront to gape at the gigantic man who stood in the rain almost as if he were savoring it all.

It was a strangely uneventful confrontation. The giant sized up the crowd and compared the people with the simple patterns in his head. He came to the conclusion that this crowd was

also synthetically assembled, that their individual bodies were as alien to them as his own limbs had been to him before, and he only wondered where the brain was hidden, and how it made the crowd move forward as if a throng of madmen were edging toward him. They shuffled their feet and felt moved to take action and swayed like grain in the wind which shows the ears where the journey leads.

From the right, at the moment visible only to the giant, four or five squad cars stalked up in single file. They were painted red, and were higher than ordinary vehicles; the men from the scientific police poured out of them like a flood of giant termites. As if a shower of hail had struck the field of grain, the crowd fell back on both sides, and a broad aisle formed between the giant and the scientific police; it showed the people's respect of their brutal elite police. Emerging from the blurry, swimming light, the policemen came toward the giant; as they approached they loomed almost as large as he.

They were clothed in red leather which covered their bodies completely, without a seam, hiding every inch of flesh from the curious gazes. On their heads they wore helmets deep in the brow with heavy leather covering the nape. Only the eyes, the noses, the mouths could be seen, and it was said that it was this disguise which made their legend grow, as well as many a rumor, for no one had ever seen a member of the scientific police in the flesh; thus they were judged according to their actions as battle machines of iron and steel, their heads full of sadistic brutality.

The giant retreated a few steps along the sidewalk. They followed him and stared unblinkingly at the middle of his body, where their gazes hung. They gave one another ambiguous looks and smacked their tongues; envy was mirrored in their eyes, behind it hate towered up like the clouds. Involuntarily the giant thought: why are they staring at me so revoltingly? Are they impotent?

They fell upon the giant; he picked up two or three of them in mighty gestures and threw them away like trash, like rags, but others were already taking their place. The impact threw him into a shop window in a hail of glass; in a reflexive movement he tore a policeman along with him. Underwear, shirts, ties fell from the racks. Hats rolled about between the two struggling bodies, as if a particularly grim fashion competition were in full swing.

The policemen who had been pulled into the display window half-escaped from the giant's grasp, on fingers which closed like steel vises shreds of flesh and the torn uniform clung, then the policeman managed a murderous dive out the window, away from the steel clutches, and not until the man, whose uniform hung from his body in tatters, hit the ground on his back did he realize that he was naked.

In a fearful gesture he covered his chest with his arms as if in infinite shame, though it was not his sexual parts which had been exposed, but the seams where his body had been put together. As if a griffin had strolled across his body with knife-sharp claws, the scars of the operation were delineated on the patched-together pieces of his body. Quickly one of his comrades threw a uniform jacket over him, then only the pale face of the staggered, denuded policeman could be seen.

Now they were more skillful with the giant. As if they knew exactly how his body was put together and where he was sensitive, they grabbed him by the joints and lifted him up; then, on command, they tore the individual limbs from his body in all directions, dismembered him precisely according to the plan of his construction, even plucked the brain from his opened head and divided it up like a failed cake. At last, to the applause of the male onlookers and the regret of the female, they tore out his manhood, yowling. Triumphant they swung his members over their heads and flung them onto a closely guarded spot of ground. One of them hurried up with the flame thrower and burned the parts, until all that remained of the giant was the smell of burned flesh which the rain washed into the gutter.

On the next morning the local newspapers appeared with bold headlines. It was seen as a shortcoming that the photo coverage was inadequate; in the national papers, strangely, the case was not mentioned. With regard to the scientific police, an investigative committee was formed. When, not much later, an international flight crashed nearby, the news about the giant had shrunk to a few lines. The tenor was now that a sexual crime had been solved.

The death of the professor was also scarcely mentioned, and when it was, it was not in this connection, for his suicide had, after all, taken place at the back of the house. Not much later his experiment had already been forgotten; the laboratory in the mill was also demolished and was not rebuilt in that form. After a month the investigative committee came to a unanimous decision; namely, it recommended a bill threatening severe punishments for those found guilty of defamation of the authorities. In reality, only the scientific police was meant.

THE END

# BROADNAR'S CREATURE

By

Gerd Maximovič

(Translated by Isabel Cole)

Mrs. Adelaide Ademar had called the police. On the telephone she was so excited that at first she was only able to stammer her story. Braun, the officer on duty that night, was hardly able to understand her name. More than once he asked her to speak clearly, but it was as if the panic which had overcome the woman had opened all the dams of her psyche and washed away her reason.

At last Braun, turning on the tape recorder, succeeded in calming the woman down enough to learn that she lived on Franziusstrasse and was calling because she had heard several terrible screams from the neighboring property at about two-thirty that morning. She went on to insist that she had heard muffled noises, as if a human body were being struck violently.

Braun switched off the tape recorder again. Then, deciding to alert a squad car, he recalled that this was not the first strange news about the neighborhood around Franziusstrasse. He considered waking Sperrle, the police inspector. Now he too felt somewhat panicked; he did not know how exactly to proceed. Then he decided to wait for the squad car to investigate.

That night, from Thursday night to Friday morning, it had rained without cease. Parkallee was black and slippery. Through the bare trees the traffic lights could be seen performing their empty routine, at least bringing some light into the park district.

The squad car A 12, coming from the university, where it passed several night revelers coming from the open-air stage, turned and swung into Franziusstrasse.

The houses, all three or four stories high, were dark. The bushes in front of the houses were black shadows stripped down by the coming winter. The lanterns of number 113 were burning as the squad car slowly drove up the street. A shadow stood in the door. The police car drove up slowly and braked.

The two officers, Kahl and Strobel, got out. It was the woman from number 113, who had called the police. She stood trembling outside the door. Her eyes were wide, as if she herself had seen the crime. She had wrapped herself in a bathrobe, and as she pointed to the adjoining property, even before the officers had reached her, her hands fluttered like black, blue-veined birds.

Mrs. Ademar repeated what the two officers had already heard over the radio. She added that strange things had been reported in the cellar of the neighboring house for years. Strange delivery vans had brought technical apparatuses. Workmen had come to reinforce the masonry of the cellar. The electricity bill, as the utility could confirm, had assumed astronomical proportions.

Still standing in front of the door, now somewhat calmer, Mrs. Ademar pointed the two officers to the cellar door of Number 112, in which a Dr. Broadnar lived, alone. Sure enough, Strobel, the first to go down the concrete ramp, found that the door was ajar. It was a wooden door with heavy iron mountings over which the rain now ran in thin rivulets.

The cellar which the two officers entered, flashlights in their hands, smelled cold and musty. And yet they were glad to escape the steady rain for a moment. They entered a laundry where a large, concrete tub could be seen, in it disorderly heaps of potatoes. Hoses lay rolled up on the floor of the cellar. Water dripped evenly from a faucet over a sink.

Kahl bent down, following the beam of his flashlight. "What is it?" asked Strobel. "Don't you see?" answered Kahl, and indeed, now Strobel could see it too. Flecks were visible on the

floor, fresh, dark, still slightly red. Without exchanging a word, they thought the same thing. Now they released the safety catches of their weapons and carefully approached the opposite door. It too was unlocked.

Before he reached the door Strobel, now somewhat pale (he himself could not have said why) stopped, his flashlight gleaming. Now Kahl heard it too. It was a distant humming. It sound as if, in the distance, not in the next room, nor the room after that, perhaps three rooms away, through the thick concrete walls upon which the house rested, a - yes, what? - an electrical generator of unusual strength were humming.

The room which they entered amazed them. They had reckoned with a pantry, a hobby room, a renovated basement; they found a storeroom, but one on whose stable, steel, industrial shelves - instead of the anticipated potatoes, preserving-glasses, wine bottles or garden tools - things glittered in the beam of the flashlight, things used in laboratories or research institutes: glass retorts, electrical measuring instruments, large numbers of medical instruments, bandages, jars full of blood plasma, serums and vaccines, things which should not have landed so easily in private hands, considering the shortages in the public hospitals (of which Strobel was well aware).

The trail of blood ran straight across the room, past a broken pair of glasses with several drops resting on its shards, and, as it seemed, had doubled. But actually that was not quite the picture which confronted the officers. While the original trail of blood had spread out into a wide fleck at one point and then continued, trembling, to a half-closed steel door, a second broad trail of blood had joined the first at the broken glasses, apparently smeared by footsteps.

One must attest that the two officers had been trained for the normal beat in Bremen. They were young graduates of, first, a Bremen secondary school, then the police academy, both of which they had completed with honors. They were familiar with the most necessary legal regulations, but were still far from advancing in the upper ranks of the police, not to mention the criminological service. At the same time, however, they knew how to behave in a case which took a turn like this one.

Nonetheless, as Kahl and Strobel stood before the half-shut, heavy metal door, which seemed more like the door of a safe, they were seized by a considerable unease, not to say fear. For it was not only the cold of the steel which seemed to stream down upon them, and it was not only the monotonous rain which could be heard pounding in the background, and it was not only the blood which they had identified beyond a doubt, it was not even the unsettling circumstances in which they found themselves - it seemed to them that the rumbling from the adjoining room had grown in strength.

Strobel, his weapon drawn, pushed open the metal door. The massive armor swung slowly inward. It moved without a sound. And the more the room beyond was opened, the more its bright light fell over them, so that in the first moment they had to shut their eyes, blinded. When they opened them again, they nearly staggered back at the sight which confronted them. One sees all things with a certain attitude of expectation, and when it is not fulfilled, it is as if someone had reached into one's head from outside. That was how Kahl and Strobel felt.

They stood at the entrance of an enormous laboratory. The laboratory was so large that no one would ever have been able to imagine it under such a relatively narrow house as Franziusstrasse 112. But its contents were even more baffling than its dimensions. Even at the first glance the police could see enormous incubators on the walls, hoses leading into them from nutrient tanks in the ceiling. The chambers, in which green-illuminated mists played, were transparent and in part open.

There hung human forms of different sizes, in strange proportions and distortions. There grew dwarves and gnomes, peculiar forms with two heads, creatures which seemed to consist of man and beast at once and which one would never have dreamed capable of surviving. It was almost as if one could see the dawning life stir in the glass tanks. It was as if a mixture of reptile and human flicked its tongue here; there a wolfman opened his jaws.

The ceiling and walls, where liquids foamed in their green containers, seemed to be moving. It was as if a dreadful rain continued inside them, rain which had flowed in from outside and which had merely been enriched with nutrients.

Of course the rumbling which the police had heard even from the driveway came from this room. It swelled out behind an enormous metal board equipped with countless colored lights, dials and switches; some of the hands of the dials wavered under their glass windows, while in light-flooded test tubes liquids rose and fell, frothing.

In the middle of the laboratory an enormous empty box with an opened glass lid could be seen. The box stood on four legs, and from its head ran countless wires which disappeared in the floor under a metal plate. Next to the box a small man in a brown, needle-striped, threadbare suit lay on the ground. Blood flowed from his gray hair. His eyes, staring at the door, were broken. Over him bent a man who must have been a good two meters tall. The big man seemed to be tugging at the little man. Now and then unarticulated sounds emerged from his throat. Then he saw the two policemen.

Sperrle was a policeman who loved his profession. He had chosen it on the notion that it could be fascinating to descend into the motives, into the depths - as he would have said nowadays - into the abysses of human beings, that is, into that which moves them. Of course, and he knew this well, in this attempt to understand other human beings and their motives in the criminal border cases in which things culminate, a certain uncertainty must be hidden, an uncertainty about himself which he attempted to uncover by kneeling, as a criminologist, in other souls.

But that is not to say that he loved every day and every hour, that he loved every case he had to cope with. Quite the contrary. The situations which rewarded him - in their emotional depth - were rare. And already he had had to admit to himself that he was becoming indifferent, that - as he sometimes thought - his consciousness was fading, that he was growing normal, that he no longer saw what was really behind people and things.

That was one of those mornings. Three thirty, when a call from the commissioner's office woke him. He rolled onto his side and yawned. His wife lay beside him. Half-awake, he heard her mumbling that she would divorce him again if he didn't find another job with regular hours. He let her grumble. Reached for the receiver. "Sperrle."



"Inspector," he heard Braun's excited voice. "Please come to the station immediately. Something unheard of has happened."

"Well," said Sperrle, "what is it?"

"Squad car A 12," said Braun in a voice vibrating with excitement, "went into operation in Franziusstrasse 112."

"Fine," said Sperrle, "that can't exactly be unusual."

"Of course," Braun went on, "the two officers, Strobel and Kahn..."

"Oh yes..." murmured Sperrle, still groggy; he knew his good men.

"... were killed."

Now Sperrle felt as if someone had shrunk his brain to the back of his head. Into the back regions. As if someone were brutally, meanly sweeping his thoughts together. As if someone were deviously, meanly closing his head so that he could no longer think. He pushed aside the approaching flight of madness.

"When did this happen?" Sperrle asked in an almost strangled voice.

The officer at the other end of the line swallowed.

"They were called to the house at Franziusstrasse 112," he said, "where a neighbor had heard cries and noises. As we learned from the neighbor, they entered the cellar of the house, from which she heard several shots a few minutes later."

"And what has been done in the meantime?"

"We have sent all available squad cars to Franziusstrasse. There, as I said, we found that Kahl and Strobel had been killed."

"Have any details been made known to you yet?" asked Sperrle, now wide awake.

"Yes, strange," said Braun, stammering, "they were, how should I put it, torn apart. They were ripped to shreds. They were torn to pieces, Inspector."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense," said Sperrle. "Were dogs kept there?"

"No, no, according to what I was able to gather, there was an enormous creature in the cellar, which held its ground against their bullets..."

"What's going on there?" asked Sperrle.

"The house has been cordoned off by our officers. We're waiting for instructions. We don't know exactly how we should proceed."

"Have they already entered the house?"

"No," Braun replied, "aside from the first probe."

"The officers have retreated again?"

"Yes. It's a strange case."

"And this... this enormous creature?"

"Must," and again Braun stammered, "if there's no secret exit, still be hidden in the cellar."

"I'll be there in ten minutes," said Sperrle after a while.

"Thank you, chief," said Braun, almost relieved.

It was strange. It was still raining. The night was cold and slippery. The pavement reflected the lights of the squad car which had driven into Franziusstrasse. A fire truck stood to the side. A dozen men, weary and drunk with sleep, were posted beside it. The neighborhood was roused. Children babbled in some of the houses. A voice cursed through the opened window: they had always known that Dr. Broadnar was crazy.

In front of 112 floodlights had been switched on, almost as if a movie were to be filmed there. Now the house began to come to life. A kind of salamander, green, with big shining eyes, with human hands, had crept up the facade from the cellar. Under the bushes a kind of placenta could be seen - it had opened something like a mouth with a gurgling noise. Two or three crippled dwarves with green, knife-sharp reptilian spikes on their backs darted across the garden.

A bloating white body, almost entirely trunk, with an enormous mouth filled with knife-sharp rows of shark's teeth, with fingers like claws and razor-sharp nails, crept up the driveway. Rolled up. Flashed, raced and spun. Came closer with cunning red, gleaming eyes. The men, who just now had been standing on the street casually, somewhat slackly, unaware, as if they consisted only of sacks, scattered.

The sawing monster crashed out onto the street, on its back part of the garden gate which it had flung to the side. A high, singing tone came from its throat. One could see its knife-sharp fingernails flashing. The thing moved with amazing speed. Grabbed one of the men from the crowd, its hand coming out at his back as if it had passed through nothing. Blood spurted.

Groggy forms yelled out the windows here and there. A policeman, whirled over the radiator of his car by fear and madness, saw the thing, which had grabbed through two other men, coming toward him. The policeman raised the machine gun and fired. The weapon shook in his hand. The recoil drove him against the windshield of his car, on whose bonnet he now lay as if his neck had been broken.

Before him two or three policemen or firemen fell to the ground. They fell as if a string holding them upright had been pulled out of them. But the policeman had also hit the monster. It had been hit in the middle of its bloating white body. Flesh flew in tatters. The eyes burst. It seemed as if the thing had only been filled with blood. Blood rained down on the pavement in streams. It trickled out of the thing, almost black.

When Inspector Sperrle finally arrived at the scene, a great deal already awaited him. It seemed, as he got out of his car, as if hunting fever had seized his men and the special commandos which had rushed over. Even now, a quarter of an hour after all the shooting, the men reeled about with the machine guns and the rifles and the night-vision equipment as if drunk. It seemed to Sperrle that their tongues hung out of their mouths like panting dogs, and indeed he saw how, in some, the bloodshot eyes rolled, the whites gleaming.

On the sidewalk in front of Number 112 lay the shot, huddled figures, at the sight of which Sperrle understood the blood fury of his men. Almost every one of the creatures was riddled beyond recognition. The gnomes had exploded. The amphibians were mangled. The humanoid creatures lay pale in the rain which dripped down upon them, incessant and monotonous. In a corner, in front of the garden gate, lay something like an enormous white tarpaulin - it was the monster which had been dragged into the corner after being shot.

The light from the great floodlamps lay pale and harsh over the scene. The police cameras whirled. Through the falling rain one could still sense the gunpowder and the smell of lead in the air. Several of the men, as Sperrle shook their hands, had pale, stony faces, and one hardly seemed able to speak to them after the carnage. Sperrle awkwardly sought the right words, though he had seen at once that the house had not yet been stormed. Below, from the cellar, the deep, rumbling sound could still be heard.

By four thirty the action was over. The floodlights were extinguished. In the morning light which crept slowly over the roofs, the dissolving wisps of paralyzing gas could be seen. The enormous form of the murderer of the two policemen, on a stretcher, had been pushed into a barred ambulance which was to transport it to the police hospital. The angry cries, the curses, the anger of the residents bemoaning the tax money which had brought them nothing, no protection, no peace, fell silent. Once the electricity had been turned off, the rumbling in the cellar died down. In the nutrient tanks the remaining creatures, which had not been whipped into a frenzy by the giant, had collapsed, died. The laboratory was sealed off. A dozen policemen standing guard in front of the building smoked their cigarettes listlessly, while the reporters from the local press stormed them.

They had made a miscalculation with the paralyzing gas, and perhaps with the constitution of the creature bound to the stretcher in the police car. Sperrle, making notes and listening absently to the chatter of the accompanying officers, who still spoke as if with lumps in their throat and gave vent to their feelings in stupid jokes, suddenly let his writing pad fall as he felt a cold breath, a sensation of cold, a draught as if someone had opened the windshield of the car for a moment.

There was only one direction he could look. The creature had opened its eyes. He looked into its yellow, glowing eyes. The square chin seemed to twitch. The cheek bones creaked. The mouth was a gaping, bellowing cave. The beast had leaped back to life from one moment to the next. It tugged at its bonds. The leather straps which fettered it tore apart.

The floor vibrated as it set its feet down on the metal box. The hands which reached for Sperrle were gigantic. Notepad and pen fell to the floor. Sperrle, his eyes bulging, hung on to the inner bars. Glass rained to the floor. The monster had grabbed for Sperrle. In the meantime two or three seconds had passed. The officers who sat in the front of the car turned around, white in the face.

If the scene had been recorded on film, one would have had thought that the monster had hovered in mid-air - halfway between Sperrle's body and those of the other officers, as if forming a triangle with all of them, within which it would have to choose. How did they know how quickly such a monster could learn? How could they guess how it had processed the incidents in the cellar, when it had been chloroformed?

Whatever the case may be - its reaction saved Sperrle's life. The thing had, as it were, removed itself from this space in between. Doubled back. Twisted its body in the air. Was a bellowing Something which crashed against the back doors. The stretcher upon which they had carried it into the car was now in its hands. As if a gong were being struck, it hammered the stretcher against the doors. Before the first shot rang out it was outside, through the shattering doors, in a rain of steel and glass, plunged out onto the street with a roar, came to its feet a little crooked, a little distorted, a little skewed. Reeled toward a vehicle which came roaring up, its driver wrenching at the steering wheel. Staggered against a tree, tore down its branches. Plunged down a slope. And, as the first shots whipped over it, vanished before the eyes of the officers.

Sperrle was like a criminal who is drawn back to the scene of the crime. Not to cause misunderstandings. It's clear that the two sides - this side and the other side of the law - could be exchanged at will. What is right, what is wrong in a world of violence and power? Does someone act rightly when he knocks down other people simply because he's normal? And what good would it do him if he did not act that way? This is not the place for moralizing.

At the same time it is not entirely wrong to view Sperrle as someone who was drawn magically to Dr. Broadnar's laboratory. For one thing, the wisps of paralyzing gas had dissipated, and had vanished from the wooden paneling, from the armatures, from the cement layers.

For another thing, however, Sperrle hoped to find some clue which would clarify what had been behind the incidents. And speaking of Sperrle as perpetrator who returns to the scene of the crime, he was well aware of the interchangeability of roles in life.

In the early morning the laboratory lay cold and abandoned. The policemen who let Sperrle past had buried their hands in their armpits. Sperrle had shaken off the last officer at the entrance to the laboratory, for he wanted to be alone. A temporary generator burned, supplying the laboratory with electricity. The figures, all of them with Dr. Broadnar's features, had been removed from the nutrient tanks. Nonetheless it seemed to Sperrle as if crones and gnomes, dwarves and rooted human beings were growing out of every nook and cranny of the laboratory.

A desk drew his attention. The top was locked. The desk did not seem to have been noticed when the evidence was being collected. But that was also, as Sperrle now thought, because the case was clear-cut, and they were now waiting for the security team from Bonn which was to arrive in the course of the day and solve the scientific riddle. But, he thought to himself, as a criminologist it belonged to his competence to pursue clues like this.

He had worked in the burglary unit for some time, and the desk was soon opened. Before him lay a notebook, papers. There were instructions, calculations, formulas, plans and projects which Broadnar had drawn up, for he had worked alone, and his memory was not the best - no wonder, considering the scope of his work and its degree of difficulty, Sperrle murmured to himself.

He skimmed through the papers and found, of course - for he knew what he was looking for - a text which completed his impression of the events. There Broadnar wrote, on the evening of the previous day:

"I feel guilty. I, who have worked so long on the creation of a better human being - and may God forgive me if all these creatures bear my features, but who if not the scientists were chosen to lead humanity? - must admit my failure. It is self-evident that science develops through miscarriages. The scientist has not yet been born who knows all the answers to his questions even before the beginning of the experiment.

"But the problem which oppresses me lies in the material with which I work, if I may permit myself this frivolous way of putting things. I work on human beings. It is human beings, no matter the form and shape, which I create. From the outset an enormous responsibility has been put into my hands. Mistakes which I make can hardly be corrected. And, seen strictly, it is a crime to make a mistake at all.

"Nonetheless I have summoned all my courage to continue down my path, forward, unerring. After all, it does not good to doubt and hesitate. There is no point in letting oneself be disconcerted. It is my duty and calling to continue my mission. May God have mercy on me with all the mistakes I make. I wonder if there is a priest anywhere in the world to whom I could confide this.

"What kind of a mistake is it, which I will set down on these pages alone? It regards Alpha, my splendid creature, the most perfect being of all. There is no comparison between him and the gnomes, the dwarves, the creatures which failed for lack of nutrition, lack of light, lack of oxygen, lack of electricity. Alpha is splendid, but he is not the consummation. What does he lack? Outwardly he is well-formed. A splendid lad! A grand creation!

"But how did he come home to me after I sent him out alone on his first excursion, after I had taken him with me in the delivery van, hidden on the cot? Beaten and bruised! A laughing stock! A caricature! A man two meters high at whom the children laugh themselves silly. And why that? Because he didn't defend himself! Because he couldn't defend himself! My splendid Alpha! My grand creation! A plaything for the children! A laughing stock for the grownups!

"It is, I admit it openly, my mistake. My false programming, my false conditioning. I myself was not sure which models would be necessary outside. We, who have been used to the world outside since we were small, and no longer remember how we ourselves, years ago, began out there, overlook that which makes us able to cope with those outside. Though in principle I thought of inoculating Alpha with certain defense mechanisms of a psychic nature, I delivered him to the wolves practically defenseless.

"Good. One makes mistakes in order to correct them. He is lying in his tank now, slumbering. Let him sleep. He sleeps in order to process the madness which confronts him. His injured flanks have healed over. I have worked out a new model and will test it on the next excursion. What is behind it now is the will to prevail. One could almost say that he is now hot. And what could happen to him now, with his stature, with his strength?

"Nota bene: Have anchored a single block in him, protecting me. According to him, I am his God the Father, now as always. He will not be allowed to touch me. Am eager to see how he will develop outside."

In the night numerous reports came in to the police station, which, though that was not clear at first, pertained to one and the same chain of events. Sperrle, keeping himself awake over a sixth cup of coffee, let the incidents parade before him, ordered and interconnected. In the Ostertor Quarter a fistfight had broken out. At first it had been assumed that a nuclear power opponent had come to blows with nuclear power advocates. Window panes had been broken. A car lay on its side. A fashion boutique burned.

From a bar in Schnoor it was reported that a strange, gigantic man had entered the premises at about one in the morning. He had made a very confused impression and had torn down the coat rack. Two or three guests were thrown over the bar when they protested. It was reported that he had lingered by a table with two girls. At the sight of them he seemed to grow pensive. As the police sirens sounded outside, he had fled.

The special unit had indeed, without knowing what a significant case it was, given chase to Alpha, for they were otherwise unoccupied. In the Wall Park, which he had crossed in the direction of Schwachhausen, a clash had occurred. He had mangled one of the policemen who blinded him with their headlights. He had also taken several bullet wounds, but had ultimately escaped intact.

Alpha's end was reported on extensively in the press. As is well-known, once Alpha was tracked down in the area of the harbor, he was driven out onto the seawall across from the island. No one knows what went on inside him as the chain of policemen drove him before it.



But it must have dawned in his battered skull that the numbers were too overwhelming. Instead of surrendering, he followed the last program in his skull and leapt into the water. In an amazing feat of will, he managed to drown himself without activating his instinct to survival.

The manner of his death posed a problem for the security team from Bonn; they had scientific specialists. Random, their leader, cursed that this was the only way he should not have been allowed to die. "But why?" Sperrle asked him; after following the course of events he had been overcome by something like pity for the big man. "Because it swamps his brain," answered Random. "Swamps?" echoed Sperrle, wiping his eyes, which had begun to water in the cold. "Swamps," confirmed Random. "You have to realize that we analyze such valuable brains. We research the motives of the perpetrator. We shake the memory powder out of them and come to valuable conclusions. This possibility is reduced when the brain is swamped with water." "Aha," said Sperrle.

Thus Sperrle - in the course of the investigation he had been promoted to Chief Inspector - could only speculate about the last angle which still remained unclear to him, why Alpha had killed his lord and master. When asked, his favorite thesis was that Broadnar had given his creature freedom by stages. First, he always said, he let him go out naive and innocent, almost like a child. But why that? he was usually challenged at this point.

So that, Sperrle said then, the world would not be distorted for him from the outset. He was to go into the world naive and innocent in order to be certain that he had exploited all the opportunities it offered him. So that later, when he had grasped its wickedness, he would not waver on his path. What path? one or the other colleague or visitor would usually ask here. That is unclear, Sperrle said then. That depends on Broadnar's character, but also on Alpha's development.

Well and good, they would say then, but this is far from explaining Broadnar's murder - or, yes, yes, if you like - his killing. No, Sperrle usually replied to this, that couldn't be explained so simply. Perhaps, because of the swamping of Alpha's brain, the cause would never be found.

Whatever the case. At any rate one knew with certainty that, in the second round, Broadnar had built Alpha up to a battle machine which proved itself - in battle. Yes, was the indignant answer, but at what cost! And what kind of a way is that to assert oneself! The usual, Sperrle would then say, only not as polite, not as polished, that of a vigorous newcomer unfamiliar with the fine meanness, thus using crude tricks.

There was, by the way, not a single visitor who did not refute this remark. And I cannot imagine that there is a single reader who would like to respond to it in the affirmative. But one should keep in mind that these are only the speculations of Chief Inspector Sperrle, who was honestly taking pains to solve an extremely complicated case. But what - the usual question which came up now - do you personally think, Chief Inspector, was the reason for Alpha's murder - or, yes, yes - Alpha's manslaughter of Dr. Broadnar?

After shrugging his shoulders, after spreading his thumbs wide, taking a sip of coffee from his cup, giving an ape-like look, shifting his glasses, finally stretching out in his armchair again, Sperrle would say at last: You see, at some point, I imagine, Alpha had to overthrow his foster-father. It's clear, after all, that he could not remain dependent forever. What appears so strange and amazing to us is merely the rapidity of the process. But it is clear that Broadnar should not have made a fool of him twice, even if his intentions were the best.

I suspect that when Alpha was sent out into the world a second time, and for the second time failed to cope - to put it mildly - he emancipated himself from his advisor as well, his programmer, from Broadnar, that is. No one knows what the two said to each other in the laundry after Alpha returned from his rampage. But the consequences of the conversation cannot be disputed. Dr. Broadnar's blood speaks its own language. The broken glasses are clear.

What was not clear to Alpha, Sperrle usually concluded the conversation, and the reason that he and Broadnar ultimately had to founder, was the fact that he accepted Broadnar as God the father, as a being which had ended its development. That he did not understand, or could not yet understand, that Broadnar too was still learning. The results which Broadnar presented to him were indisputable for him.

That is why - his God had failed - he killed him.

THE END

# Movie Reviews

## Special Movie Review: Death Race 2000 (1975)

BY

**Dr Robin Bright**

US President Ronald `Ray Gun` Reagan initiated his `Strategic Defense Initiative` (SDI) on March 23, 1982, called `star wars` by the mass media after the movie *Star Wars* (1977) in which an evil Emperor, Palatine, constructs a `Death Star` to orbit planets and kill them. Ronnie Ray Gun`s `ground and space based missile system` was ostensibly designed to defend against intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) armed with nuclear warheads directed by `rogue states` against the other nations of the Earth. In science fiction `bug-eyed monsters` (BEMs) are extrapolations of men`s invasive nature and eyes see BEMs because ICBMs are everywhere, that is, men are the Earth`s aliens. The `race into space` was a euphemism for the 1960s North American Space Administration (NASA) Apollo space program, which put a man on the Earth`s moon on July 21, 1969, UTC: 2. 56. Neil Armstrong of the Apollo 11 mission proclaimed optimistically: `That`s one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.` Ronnie `Ray Gun` Reagan`s SDI effectively imprisoned the human species upon the Earth while a pogrom was readied. The incidence of pogroms in human history is a long one. In the 1800s the government of the European settlers to the United States of America paid buffalo hunters to kill the food resource of the indigenous North American Plains Indians inhabiting the continent. Labeled the `New World` after its finding by ships of the explorer, Christopher Columbus, which were commissioned by Spain`s queen Izabella in 1492, only a hundred or so buffalo were left in North America by 1880 from a herd originally numbering around 60, 000, 000, while the Indians starved to death. Although the best known instance of pogroming was the extermination and incineration of the Jewish `chosen people` of the *Bible*, that is, the *Old Testament* of the Torah and Talmud, which is the history and law of the Jews, by the 1933 elected German National Socialist (Nazi) Party that built `death camps` for upwards of 20, 000, 000 Jews, pogroms are frequent and Ronnie Ray Gun`s was established in `82.

Hollywood was instrumental in assisting Ray Gun's pogrom with propaganda. President Will Hays of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA) established the 'Hays code' (1930) banning women from raising their foot from the floor in bedroom scenes ostensibly to discourage adultery: '... women, in love scenes, at all times have 'at least one foot on the floor' (in other words, no love scenes in bed).<sup>1</sup> In Christianity Jesus' mother, the Virgin Mary, is depicted crushing the head of the serpent with her foot as a symbol of the greater strength of human brainpower. However, Jesus' birth from his mother, the Virgin Mary, suggests she herself was symbolic of women's capacity for self-fertilization, that is, futanarian 'foot' women, who have penis' semen of their own for the sexual reproduction of the single species of 'woman's seed' independent of men. In the *Bible* God tells Eve, the first woman, her 'seed' will have 'enmity' with the 'serpent's seed': 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot but he will bruise your heel.' (*Gen*: 3. 15) Women's 'foot' is her futanarian species' capacity for sexually reproducing brainpower to take her race to colonize the planets amongst the stars of heaven above the Earth. Consequently, Hollywood's 'Hays code' prohibiting women's 'foot' from being seen to rise in bedroom scenes is a ban on knowledge of human sexual reproduction preparatory to species genocide begun by the Nazis in 1933. Although Judaism is depicted as the antithesis of Islam, which means 'accept', the wife of Abraham bore the founder of Judasim, Isaac, and barren thereafter gave Hajar, her maid, to Abraham, who bore Ishmael, the founder of Islam through his descendant, Mohamed, who received the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) from the angels who'd been told by God that the human host was to be greater than the angelic. Or, in other words, Judaism and Islam share a common antecedent in Abraham. In Islam four wives are permitted affording futanarian sexual reproduction in the family amongst the Moslem peoples, where 'Moslem' means 'submit' to God, that is, 'accept', which is 'Islam'. Jesus' role in Christianity was to be taken to the hill of Calvary as a 'dissident' opponent of the Roman Empire then occupying Jewish Palestine where he was nailed to a cross of wood and left there to die. Afterwards Jesus' experience of Resurrection and Ascension to heaven prefigured that of 'woman's seed' through her own sexually reproduced brainpower.

The Nazis pogrom against the Jews extended Roman fascism. The ancient symbol of Roman power was the *fascies*, a bundle of wood with an axe in the center, which the Nazis used as a symbol of their 'death camps' after adopting it as an emblem used by the Italian dictator, Benito Mussolini, elected in Rome in 1922. In ancient Rome the *fascies* was a symbol of the Roman planner who'd build a hide, using an axe and some wood, and behind which he'd design an encampment of the expanding Roman Empire. Because Judeo-Christianity and Moslem Islam are a single futanarian tradition, that is, it's only possible for a Jew to be born from a woman, because women are Jews, so Jesus was a Jew uncontaminated by male semen, because humans are women, fascism was a movement against 'woman's seed'. In the *Bible* Eve, the first woman, is depicted accepting the 'fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', that is, death, from the serpent, who'd been the angel, Satan, in heaven above, but he'd rejected God's plan that the human host should be greater than the angelic and so was turned into a serpent and placed in the paradise of heaven on Earth that was Eden where he tempted Eve and the first man, Adam, to reject the 'fruit of the tree of life', which was immortality, saying: 'You shall be as gods.' (*Gen*: 3. 5) Ephemerality of memory and intelligence means host womb slavery in parasitism for children, and so the serpent is depicted as having grown into the dragon, war, in the *Revelation* of Jesus' disciple, John, which is in the *New Testament* of the *Bible* that Christians believe

supersedes the *Old Testament* of Judaism: 'The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (*Rev*: 12. 17) Humanity is unable to defend itself against what parasitology terms 'parasitoid' nature. In parasitology, the parasite that emerges from the host to devour it is termed 'parasitoid'. Consequently, the parasitoid of human futanarian nature is men and women in fascism: 'The second beast was given power to give breath to the image of the first beast, so that the image could speak and cause all who refused to worship the image to be killed.' (*Rev*: 13. 15) In male braining a single creature is bred wearing each others' clothes as a 'TV' transvestite, which is what John's *Revelation* of 'the beast' is: 'Let he that has wisdom understand. The number of the beast is the number of a man and his number is six hundred three score and six.' Although 100% human is futanarian 'woman's seed' as evinced by the birth of Jesus from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen, 66.6% is men and women before futanarian sexual reproduction begins, that is, 33%. Because women can sexually reproduce with each other as futanarian humanity, whereas men can't, men and women are 'the beast' of *Revelation* preventing the human race from running and escaping.

Although Moslem Islam is criticized for misogynist dictatorship, the four wife marriage is a potentially democratic arrangement that begins with an 80% weighting in favor of 'woman's seed', whereas the model for democracy in Judeo-Christianity was Greek, that is, institutionalized host womb enslavement of 'woman's seed' in homosexuality and pederasty for war against her. The marriage ring in monogamy is a symbol of the slave ring and, by the late 20<sup>th</sup> century, men's mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses, in rejection of 'woman's seed', spread the 'incurable killer disease', HIV/AIDS. The human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) resulted in acquired immunodeficiency syndrome (AIDS) productive of systemic collapse and ultimately brain death, which was effectively men's 'biological weapon' keeping women in fearful faithfulness to ring slavery. Consequently, Western democracy is built on killing the human brain, which has inexorably produced what the *Bible* terms 'blood plague' (*Rev*: 11. 6) sent by God to convert men from their evil parasitoid nature: 'Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.' (*Rev*: 16. 11) What they'd done was establish a pogrom that might result in the extinction of a human species raised to entertain its evil parasitoid nature.

The Roman planners built huge amphitheaters in which to watch the local populations being killed for their parasitoid entertainment, while the mass media Empire of Hollywood employed the same business selling point during a worldwide program for cinema theater building: 'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (*Rev*: 17. 5) By the time John Logie Baird had invented the home entertainment of the television machine transmitting recorded film and live 'TV' theater, 'rough trade', that is, that 'brutality and violence' associated with homosexuality in pederasty for war against humanity was endemic. When the Al Qaeda terrorist group operating under the auspices of the misogynist Taliban regime of Afghanistan hijacked civil airliners to crash into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre in New York city on September 11, 2001, it was to reestablish 'rough trade' with the West in order to impose submission and acceptance of 'woman's seed' amongst the futanarian populations of Moslem Islam, which had already experienced the wars of Yugoslavia after the breakdown of the Russian liberators' system imposed upon Eastern Europe after the defeat of Nazism. Russia had helped defeat German Imperialism before the Revolution in 1917 based on the German economist Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* (1867) which posited 'workers control of the means of production' as the basis for society, and is the control that women should have as the

labor that manufactures human brainpower. Consequently, when Russia withdrew from Yugoslavia and Eastern Europe in the late 1980s, war broke out between Christian male brainers and Moslem Islam, for example, `rape camps` were built by Christian militia during the Bosnian war (1992-5) in which an attempt was made to damn in male braining a generation of Moslems to prevent their being `Islamic`.

The paradigm for 9/11, 2001, was the novel by William F. Nolan, *Logan's Run* (1967), which was made into the movie *Logan's Run* (1976) and pictured a world in socio-economic disarray because the population was too great for the society's economy to support it. Consequently, all those who reached the age of 21 were killed. The terrorists' hijacking of civil airliners to crash into the WTC at Boston, Logan airport, Massachusetts, was *Logan's Run*, because it was an attempt to kill the 21<sup>st</sup> century just after its birth, because `woman's seed` breeds exponentially and men don't want a population explosion that would force them to allow their slave race to leave to colonize the planets amongst the stars of heaven above. The subsequent terrorist bombing of the Boston Marathon on April 15, 2013, was a variation on the *Logan's Run* theme in which `sandmen` kill `runners` to prevent their escape, while the movie *Death Race 2000* (1975), which starred Hollywood film actor, David Carradine, about a car race in which the deaths of the other racers was arranged by the winner, was a paradigm for the Boston Marathon bombing, because it was an attempt to stop that race from running. The other protagonist amongst the fascist powers allied with Germany's Nazis and the Roman Mussolini, was Japan, and their tradition was to bind the feet of women until they were so deformed they couldn't walk, which is an analogy of the crippling of the human futanarian species of `woman's seed`, so that her race can't run. Consequently, Japan's defeat by the USA, after a `sneak` Japanese attack on the US Pacific fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941, occurred on 6 and 9 August, 1945, with the dropping of atomic bombs on Japan's cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and then the race was with the United States, which put Neil Armstrong on the moon on July 21, 1969, but not the woman's unbound `foot`, because the US didn't want the `footrace` either.

The temple of Abraham, in Saudi Arabia's city of Mecca, is the Ka` Ba, because Hajer, the maid who was given by Sara, to Abraham, and who bore Ishmael, the founder of Islam, through Mohamed, was Egyptian, and `Ka` means `spirit`, while `Ba` means `soul` in ancient Egyptian mythology, that is, the `Ka` Ba` represents the yearning of women to sexually reproduce liberating brainpower with each other. Because women are banned from driving their own car in Saudi Arabia, the `Ka` Ba` is symbolic of the bars of their imprisoned spirit, and the cars that can't leave the Earth. Consequently, actor David Carradine, who had the role of the character, `Frankenstein`, in *Death Race 2000* was paradigmatic of the role of the car, that is, the human species' spirit possessed by a demon driver racing it to death, because the imprisoned spirit hasn't a chance of escaping the prison and species' death, which is the `game` that fascist pogromers play with the human race. Consequently, the events of 9/11 shown `live` as `TV` entertainment by network news channels, and made into the Hollywood, `Babylon`, movie *World Trade Centre* (2005), were thematic. The alien parasitoid devourer that's driving the human race to extinction doesn't want a future for it, and the US propaganda machine centered in Hollywood, district of the city of Los Angeles, on the west coast, supports its pogroming. Although it's been argued that the Gulf wars following upon the US' toppling of the Afghan regime in December 2001 were about oil, they were actually wars against `woman's seed` in the

Middle East and the maintaining of the automobile industry's *Death Race 2000* theme in which the human race will never escape the demon drivers' slaving ephemeral humanity for its alien parasitoid killers' 'snuff' entertainment genre.

Because the Romans effectively continued the ancient Greeks' manufacture of a single male brained creature in 'TV' transvestism, the Earth was their Empire's 'TV'. Consequently, the phenomenon of reincarnation, experienced as *de ja vu*, is a 'rerun' in which the alien parasitoid killer again watches itself kill throughout the entirety of the Earth's history, that is, its 'TV' theater: 'Your candle burned out long before your legend ever did.'<sup>3</sup> Pop singer Elton John's lyric to the song 'Candle In The Wind' (1973) was written about the death of movie sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe, who was found dead in the nude in 1962. While the snuffing out of the light from a candle is the paradigm for the snuff film genre of recorded killing for entertainment, Marilyn Monroe was the stereotypical 'babe' without a woman's penis, whereas 'woman's seed' amongst the Moslem peoples of Islam conceals herself beneath the one-piece coverall of the burka lest alien parasitoid devouring eyes perceive her veiled truth, which is that the West isn't human, and 'snuffing' women and her 'seed' is what it practices thematically. Although 9/11 was perceived as a horrible crime, it was programed to happen by Hollywood pogromers who wanted to attack and subdue 'woman's seed' in order to ensure she couldn't escape the car that was running her down.

As early as 1933 the movie *King Kong* featured a giant ape climbing to the top of the Empire State building in New York city, which was the world's tallest there before the WTC was opened in 1971, and fighter aircraft machine gunned the ape until it fell. The movie *Towering Inferno* (1973) was about a fire inside the fictional Glass Tower of Chicago, Illinois state, in which actor Steve McQueen was in the role of the firefighter, Mike O' Halloran. By the late 20<sup>th</sup> century heroism had given way to the killer as anti-hero as watchable entertainment for the parasitoid mass mind, so 9/11's planes and inferno were good 'TV', because that's the way Hollywood, Babylon, had programed it. The fall of Afghanistan's Taliban regime was more good 'TV', and worship of the parasitoid devourer, Satan, was reestablished when President Saddam Hussein, who appeared to be supporting Al Qaeda, provoked invasion of Iraq by the US army in March, 2003, and was subsequently deposed in what came to be called the 'TV war': 'The US on the level of its rulers has taken it as a final verdict that it is the enemy of Arabs and Moslems. In so doing, they have stored the final verdict in their minds. On this basis, they built their preparation in advance. On this basis too, they prepared (the mind) of the computer, which was programed on this assumption, which has taken the form of a conclusive verdict.'<sup>4</sup> By suppressing 'woman's seed', and favoring the car to space travel, the bug-eyed monsters' ICBMs' preventing escape to the planets amongst the stars for the enslaved race of women, prepared in advance the 'TV war' in the Gulf for oil to maintain the movie, *Death Race 2000*, which is the theme of low technological stasis, while the human species was extinguished in ephemeral host womb slavery to its alien parasitoid devourer.

1 TV Tropes, `Foot Popping`, <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/FootPopping/> .

2 [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trade\\_\(gay\\_slang\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trade_(gay_slang)) .

3 John, Elton (music), and Bernie Taupin (lyrics), `Candle In The Wind`, *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, MCA, 1973.

4 Hussein, Saddam, `Second Open Letter To The American People`, <http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/sadaamhusseinopenlettertous.htm> .

## Bloody Pit of Horror (1965)

There are some movies that, when they were made, were considered quite scary by contemporary audiences. However, when audiences in later years see those same movies, the result is howls of laughter at what they see as unintentional humor. Often the same scenes that terrified the audiences of yesteryear are the same ones that bring forth the laughter from today's filmgoers. 1965's "Bloody Pit of Horror" is one of these movies.

The movie begins with film of a strangely garbed figure being led by guards to a medieval torture device called an "iron maiden" where he is placed in to die in. During the running of this film sequence, the following narration is heard:

"On this fifth day of December in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and forty-eight, by virtue of the power vested in us by our Noble Sovereign, this Tribunal of Justice hereby sentences you, the Crimson Executioner, to death. You will die by one of the very instruments you devised to torture and kill your innocent victims. You dared to take into your own hands the laws of both God and man. You set yourself up as both Judge and Executioner. You caused inhuman suffering, and took life not from any sense of Justice, but from hatred and self-gratification. You showed no mercy to your victims, and no mercy will be shown to you..."

Wow. How profound.

Following the narrative introduction, over 300 years later after the castle and its dungeons itself has been "cursed" evidently by an authority at least as high as that which have cursed the Chicago Cubs, the castle had lain empty although someone did shell out the dough for a parking lot to the place. Finally, a publisher of tasteless books, some homely females who are supposed to be glamorous models, some photographers, a hanger-on or 2 and a hack horror writer show up at the castle to use it as a backdrop for book jackets. Upon becoming frustrated that nobody answers the doorbell (of a type that did not exist over 300 years ago), they break into the castle.



They are then confronted by the castle owner and his servants and are ordered to leave at once. However, at the last minute, the castle owner spots his ex-fiancee amongst the girls and he relents and says that they can spend the night there and take all the pictures they want. He also tells them to stay away from the dungeons and, sure enough, that prohibition is violated and the tomb of the Crimson Executioner is opened and the bad guy's "evil soul" is released. This sends the owner of the castle, the mysteriously vanished Hollywood actor Travis Anderson, who made his name as a "muscleman in costume films" into a psychological spiral at the end of which he proclaims himself to be the Crimson Executioner complete with an outfit similar to that of the original.

At first, his crimes are assumed by the publisher as "accidents." However, the hack writer, Rick, deduces from the cut rope and a mysterious photographic image that murder is afoot. After both he and the ex-fiancee, Edith, find a model in a goofy spider web torture device, there is no doubt that Anderson is behind the crimes. Edith confronts Anderson with the accusation that he is "the murderer" and nice guy Travis slaps her down and rants about how he had "abandoned the world" because "the love of a woman" would have ruined the "harmony of my perfect body." To this Edith replies: "You, oh! You're an egotist!"

While this is going on, offstage, the servants of Travis Anderson aka The Crimson Executioner act as if nothing unusual is going on as they round up the other visitors and imprison them in the dungeons. All except Rick the hack writer. Inside the dungeons, there is an iron maiden, a human roaster, and other torture devices. These servants are dressed in striped T-Shirts reminiscent of the Penguin's minions in the old Batman TV series.

After The Crimson Executioner comes down to the dungeon, he stumbles from victim to victim in silly stylized demented hunchback-style movements. He also barks out such lines as:

"I am The Crimson Executioner!"

and:

"The Crimson Executioner cries out for blood!"

Played by Mickey Hargitay, Travis Anderson aka The Crimson Executioner is quite possibly the single most verbose serial killer/psycho in film history. He says some of the most ridiculously over-blown lines in the history of film and he does it all with a straight face. That alone is most commendable.

**Bloody Pit of Horror** is a true masterpiece of unintentional comedy. If you have gotten sick and tired of the increasingly unfunny formula-driven things that Hollywood calls "movies," then this is a movie that's right for you.

# Bubba Ho-tep (2002)

Over the years, both critics and audiences have complained about how the multitudes of formula driven flicks that have come out of Hollywood. It is now commonplace to hear that Hollywood has lost its creativity, that there is a state of brain death in Tinseltown. Critics such as the late Roger Ebert frequently complain that we've seen all this before in reviewing a particular movie.

That being the case, there are some filmmakers who have striven to think outside of the box, to bake outside of the cookie cutter. In other words, to come up with new and original ideas in place of crusty old formulas. When such flicks come out, critics and oftentimes audiences reward the visionary filmmakers with plaudits and profits.

However, just because a motion picture is new and original does not necessarily mean that it is good. You can have bold new ideas that suffer from faulty execution. The result is what is known as a missed opportunity. One such missed opportunity is the 2002 horror parody flick *Bubba Ho-tep*.

This movie was based on the short story of the same name by horror author J.R. Lansdale. The original story was an excellent work that was both highly original and very well written. However, upon purchasing the movie rights to the story, Director/Producer Don Coscarelli froze Lansdale out of the creative process. Coscarelli, who has never been much of a writer, insisted on writing the screenplay himself and the end result falls well short of Lansdale's original story.

The story of *Bubba Ho-tep* is that Elvis Presley (Bruce Campbell) is still very much alive. You see, Elvis tired of stardom and so traded places with one of his many imitators by name of Sebastian Haff. That way, Elvis was able to go on and live a relatively normal life as Haff. That is, until he winds up at the nursing home where one of his fellow patients is an insane black man who believes that he is President John F. Kennedy (Ossie Davis).

Also present at the nursing home is a 3,000 year old Egyptian mummy who wears a Stetson hat named Bubba Ho-tep (Bob Ivy) who is sucking the souls from the other residents. Eventually, both Elvis and JFK figure out Bubba Ho-tep's dirty little secret and they join forces to fight the ancient evil.

As you can see, this is a wildly inventive premise for a movie. It works in Lansdale's original story, but not in Coscarelli's lackluster screenplay. The screenplay is written in such a way that the audience is not able to fully believe in the characters and it does not help with the suspension of the disbelief necessary for such a flick. Coscarelli's directorial style is lacking as well. There's one shot of Bubba Ho-tep coming down the hall with a disco light behind him that looks pretty bad.

The acting is lackluster with only Ivy really getting into his role. Campbell, Davis and the rest of the cast seem to be just going through the motions.

Lansdale's original story is an excellent piece and is heartily recommended. Too bad the same cannot be said of the movie itself.

## The Collector (2009)

The Collector is the latest horror flick to come along that has scads of deservedly little known actors and actresses who have but little acting talent between them. And it shows. The level of acting in this supposedly scary movie is somewhere between dreadful and horrible. It is a leading indicator that The Collector is just another poorly made so-called horror flick that exists solely to make a fast buck at the box office.

Chief among these would be stars is Josh Stewart who has appeared on numerous TV shows and yet is still unknown as far as movie fans are concerned. Stewart plays the key character who is known only as "Arkin." Arkin is a loser who, despite being an ex-con and finding an employer who is willing to knowingly hire an ex-con, quickly succumbs to temptation. Specifically, he decides to rob the country home of his new employer. Arkin thinks that the family is gone on vacation and as such, it should be an easy haul.

However, the actual heist is nowhere near as easy to pull off as Arkin imagined that it would be. By sheerest coincidence, also present at the house is a masked "collector" who also has evil designs on the house and its priceless contents. This collector has placed numerous booby traps in the house for strange and mysterious reasons known only to him. This cunningly evil collector has also tied up the inhabitants of the house which makes one wonder just why he booby trapped the house in the first place. This diabolical collector also subjects Arkin to fiendish torment while the plot changes from Arkin attempting to rob jewelry to instead rescue the victims of the collector and in doing so protect the very home that he came to rob. If this sounds like an unlikely sequence of events, then you are not alone.

If the above description of The Collector 's plot sounds like a torture porn flick, there is good reason for that. The filmmakers behind this particular exercise in horrible horror are Marcus Dunstan and Patrick Melton, who were responsible for the cinematic travesties known as *Saw IV*, *Saw V* and the forthcoming *Saw VI*. In many ways, The Collector feels like another installment in the Saw series. The Collector suffers from all of the flaws of the Saw movies without adding any virtues of its own. Just why the filmmakers did not tie this flick more directly into the Saw series is unknown. Perhaps they felt that greater profits could be reaped if moviegoers were suckered into thinking that The Collector was straight horror instead of just some more of the same old, same old torture porn.

The Collector is the single most overwrought piece of garbage to come down the pike since last year's (2008) *Death Race*. Like *Death Race*, The Collector suffers from sloppy storytelling. Why does the collector go to the bother of creating such inhuman torture devices involving bear traps, fish hooks and guillotines when it would have been so much easier once the family has been all tied up to rob them of all their valuables and vanish into the night? There is no reason given for the collector's inexplicable behavior. The only plausible reason that you can think of is that the filmmakers were so set on creating an ultra-trashy flick with the maximum amount of sheer sadistic violence that you can get away without getting slapped with a box office killing NC-17 rating, they never thought their story through.

The striking thing about The Collector is that for all of the blood, screaming, torture and the melodramatic music, it really is not all that scary. You do not care about any of the paper thin characters and it's hard to get into the movie or get emotionally involved in their plight if you do not get invested in them. In the original Halloween, the female characters are well drawn and more substantial than cardboard, so when bad things happen to them, it really gets you. The 1978 Halloween, which has hardly any blood in it, packs a greater punch than the 2009 The Collector because you care so much more about the characters in the first movie than in the movie of 31 years later.

In the end, The Collector is a play for quick bucks at the theater. It is a poorly made flick and the acting is atrocious. Unless you happen to like torture porn, this is a movie to stay away from.

## Curse of the Komodo (2004)

Jim Wynorski (aka Jay Andrews) is a filmmaker who apparently is determined to outdo Ed Wood in the schlock department. Only difference is that while Wood genuinely thought that his flicks were works of art, Wynorski appears to make bad movies on purpose. His movies have such leaps of logic and idiotic scenes coupled with poor scripts and acting that it is difficult to see just how anyone could possibly think that they were making good movies.

The movie opens with the nighttime slaughter of American Special Forces troops by ferocious genetically enhanced Komodo Dragons who have become mutated to record size via scientific experimentation. This battle was most unlikely in light of the fact that Komodo Dragons being reptiles are cold blooded and as such unlikely to engage in strenuous activity at night.

This engagement leads to the lead scientists stationed on the island meeting at Pearl Harbor with the general in charge of their project. There, the general informs them that "Project Catalyst" is going to be scrapped. He also notes that the goal of this decade-long project was to create biological war machines. If that really was the goal, then you would think that the skirmish showed that the project had achieved its goals.

However, the general also adds that the fact that the giant Komodo Dragons killed the soldiers showed that the project was a failure. This makes no sense at all.

The scientists respond, saying that Project Catalyst had not reached the stage when such a field test was warranted. Then, after the general mentions that the purpose of this project was to create newfangled weapons, the scientists get indignant saying that they were told that the purpose of Project Catalyst was to grow food. In other words, these supposedly brilliant scientists spent a decade of their lives working to create mutated gigantic Komodo Dragons, the single most dangerous predator on the face of the Earth, and it never occurred that such creatures would not exactly make for a great food source. Nor did the thought ever occur to these scientists that the only good reason for having gigantic Komodo Dragons was for tools of war. The scientists further reveal the frontiers of their brilliance when one of them threatens the general with an "indictment" from a "congressional committee." The poor man seems never to have heard of grand juries in all of his college training. For reasons not really explained, the scientists then return to the island only to start nagging the Navy about getting them out from the island again.

Added to the goofy scientists is a dysfunctional outlaw gang that robbed a Hawaii casino, but whose helicopter was forced to land on the island due to the weather. Naturally, the gangsters join the scientists in resisting becoming food for the Komodos. The rest of the movie is completely predictable to the point of being no fun at all.

**Curse of the Komodo** can only be recommended for its unintentional humor. The rest of the movie is too poorly made and the acting is atrocious. All of the actors played their roles without even trying to do any real acting, just as if they were only interested in a quick pay check. The basic attitude of Jim Wynorski and his associates is that all you need for a movie is a CGI giant Komodo Dragon, some blondes and some folks going through the motions of acting and filmmaking. If you really want to see this flick, just rent it. Buying it will only encourage Wynorski and friends to make more dreck just like **Curse of the Komodo**.

## Dementia 13 (1963)

There are some movies that really are not organically whole. Instead, they are more like messes of discordant elements thrown together into a feature length film that is not a real movie. Invariably, these so-called movies are horrible productions. One such alleged movie is 1963's **Dementia 13**.

Before going on into the review, it is necessary to lay down the background behind the genesis of this particular flick. Back in the 1960's, there were basically 2 different circuits for movie distribution. The first and most glamorous was the A Theater circuit on which the big budget Hollywood studio productions were circulated. The other, more obscure circuit, was that of the drive-ins and the B Theaters that exhibited low budget productions and flicks of genres (particularly horror and so-called "film noir") that the big studios rarely, if ever, touched. The origins of this dual circuitry date back to the early days of the film industry. With the decline and fall of the drive-ins and, to a great extent, the B Theaters, the only ways that low budget filmmakers can get their movies shown are made for TV movies whether they are for cable TV or direct to the public either on DVD or videotape. Some of these flicks are also shown at film festivals such as Sundance, but that is only a small source of revenue at the moment.

Now, back in 1963 the largest studio catering to the B circuit was American International Pictures (AIP) that employed an ambitious producer named Roger Corman. One of Corman's proteges at the time was a dude by name of Francis Ford Coppola. Coppola was both an aspiring screenwriter and also the assistant director on a flick called *The Young Racers*. Bored by the work, Coppola quickly wrote up a screenplay and persuaded both Corman and the AIP honchos to put up \$22,000 to make **Dementia 13** simultaneously with *The Young Racers* using the same sets and cast of the other movie. Thus it was that 2 movies were produced at the same time, which is something that Hollywood rarely does and for good reason as the results are generally poor. The shooting time for **Dementia 13** was only 2 weeks which helped to further lessen the film's quality.

This movie has one of the stupidest openings of all time. A man and his wife (Luana Anders) are in a row boat talking about his elderly mother and how the family fortune will be divvied up once mom dies. For some strange reason, he tells his wife that if he dies of heart attack, she will be cut out of the will. In one of those coincidences that occur only in movies, in less than a minute he has a heart attack and dies in the boat. His wife then dumps him overboard and goes to the family reunion, which conveniently started the very next day, telling everyone that her husband is on a business trip.

As it turns out, this is a rather strange family. All of the family members are supposed to be Irish and live in Ireland, however no one has even the slightest Irish accent. In fact, none of the other "Irish" characters in the movie have Irish accents either. Everybody in this flick talks like Midwesterners. This raises the question of why have the movie placed in Ireland with allegedly Irish people when nobody speaks like real Irish folk. Why not set the movie in America?

There are some interesting characters in **Dementia 13**. There is a poacher who the family shelters for some strange reason from the game wardens. The old lady is quite strange and obsessed with the death of her 7-year old daughter many years ago. The scheming, conniving wife of the dead man is also interesting in her own way. There is also an axe murderer.

However, both the setup and these characters are completely wasted on a bad script, poor acting and an awful production. Continuity is totally lacking in this movie. Although the movie supposedly takes place over a weekend family reunion, the hair color/length of the character played by Luana Anders changes repeatedly. In one memorable scene, Anders is sitting at a table talking with other family members. She is first shown in a long sleeved sweater with long platinum blond hair. After the camera pans to one of her in-laws, it pans back to Anders whose hair has suddenly turned browner and is now wearing a sleeveless blouse. Less than a minute later, Anders is back with both super white hair and long sleeves.

One reason why **Dementia 13** is such a bad flick is that Coppola's screenplay was only a rough draft when it got the green light. Another is the fact that Corman made heavy use of outtakes from previous films that the actors were in, as well as surplus film from *The Young Racers*, which accounts for most of the continuity problems. The whole show reeks of both hasty production work and a poorly thought out script.

Obviously, there is no way that anyone at AIP could possibly have thought that **Dementia 13** could have been anything other than a piece of dreck. The fact that they made it under those conditions and, even worse, actually released it, speaks volumes about the level of arrogance that existed in AIP circa 1963 due to the fact that it was top dog in the B-film world. They literally thought that they could make and release any piece of garbage and it would sell. The fact that **Dementia 13** turned out to be a profitable endeavor only furthered their increasing lack of commitment to quality.

This development was ruinous in the long run for both AIP and the world of low budget films in general. As time went on and dreck increasingly filled up the drive ins and B-theaters, movie fans abandoned those places. The great majority of these theaters either went out of business or switched over to showing big budget Hollywood productions. One such theater was the drive in at Platteville, Wisconsin where this writer grew up that shut its doors circa 1980.

Thus, the true significance of **Dementia 13** is not as a movie, but as an event. The financial success of this pathetic production encouraged B-film producers to make and release movies with increasing lack of regard for their level of quality. In the long run, this tendency brought about the near death of what was once a strong and vibrant part of the movie making scene. Today, there is only a small remnant that desperately clings for its very survival in a world where the vast majority of movie reviewers completely ignore their productions and the general public is oblivious to their work.

As for young screenwriter Francis Ford Coppola, he has moved on to bigger and better things. He has also developed quite a reputation for being an egomaniac. However, one movie that he never ever even so much as mentions in his interviews is **Dementia 13**. Under the circumstances, one can hardly blame him.

## Game of Death, The (2000)

Throughout the past 40 years or so, one thing that movie fans could count on was that if Roger Corman had anything to do with a movie, then that flick was almost certainly a piece of trash. It was not always so. Back during the period, 1960-1965, Corman was responsible for a decent number of good films including several adaptations of stories by Edgar Allan Poe. Despite the fact that these movies were quite profitable, Corman's interests turned away from doing the quality act towards the cheap and tawdry. This trend accelerated after he formed his own studio and produced a whole raft of flicks for the drive-in circuit. Things got even worse after he entered the TV production business, mainly catering to the utterly low-brow likes of the Sci-Fi Channel.

To be sure, there were a few shows here and there that were worth watching with a few diamonds in a haystack of drivel. One such diamond is the movie that is under consideration here, **The Game of Death**. Directed on location in Ireland by Rachel Samuels on a \$2 Million budget, this movie is a throwback to Corman's days as a quality filmmaker.

**The Game of Death** is a film version of Robert Louis Stevenson's short story "The Suicide Club." Stevenson's short story has an unusual, not to mention, dark premise but is a bit too short for a feature length movie. However, producer Corman & director Samuels expanded Stevenson's idea and took it to the limit. Jonathan Pryce is wonderfully cast as Mr. Bourne, the sinister mastermind behind a card game of death. It is not too much of a stretch to say that based on this movie alone, Pryce may very be the latter day version of Vincent Price, the consummate horror actor of his time.

**The Game of Death** follows a British war hero, Captain Henry Joyce (David Morrissey) in 1899 London whose wife died 6 months earlier, but he cannot face living any longer without her. However, he fears taking his own life since he is a bit of a coward.

One night, at a bar, Capt. Joyce confides his dilemma to an acquaintance who then tells Joyce that he is a "ruined man." The acquaintance also tells the captain that he too is a ruined man and is a member of the Suicide Club that exists to allow its members to exit this life without the social stigma of suicide. Capt. Joyce accepts the fellow's invitation to join the club and so they wind up at Mr. Bourne's sumptuous mansion where the club holds its meetings.

Upon joining the club, Capt. Joyce is informed that, "the first rule of suicide club is that you don't talk about suicide club." The members are all members of the aristocracy. Only one of the members is a female.



This is Sarah Wolverton (Catherine Siggins), attracts his attention since she strongly resembles Capt. Joyce's late wife. Wolverton's reason for suicide was that she married a lieutenant in the British Army who was a "commoner" as folks who were not in the nobility were styled in the Victorian Era. Her politically powerful father arranged for her husband to be sent to the Sudan on an expedition and the local commander sent him on what amounted to a suicide mission. Another, related, reason for her suicidal wishes was the fact that her mother died while in childbirth and her father never forgave Sarah for it with the result that he treated her like dirt from that point on.

**The Game of Death** is a throwback to Corman's early 1960's inexpensive but excellent literary adaptations. This movie's chief virtues are in the technical aspects, as was the case with Corman's Poe films. This movie is wonderfully lit, the sound is crisp, the costume and production design nothing short of excellent. The acting in this film is superior to that in many big budget Hollywood productions. The script was especially good.

The general excellence of **The Game of Death** is such that it makes you wonder what if Roger Corman stuck to the quality act throughout his career. It is most highly recommended.

## Halloween (1978)

John Carpenter's 1978 horror flick **Halloween** was one of the very first slasher flicks. This is most ironic given the fact that there is hardly any blood in **Halloween**. The movie is made in a technically brilliant fashion and is a rare intelligent slasher movie. This is in direct contrast to the vast majority of slasher flicks which are, as a whole, shallow and stupid wastes of celluloid.

In late 1978, **Halloween** opened in Bowling Green, Kentucky before moving on to larger cities. Initially, it was ignored by most movie critics who looked down on it as just another low budget picture. However, the movie was saved from oblivion by word of mouth that resulted in, as they say in Hollywood, boffo box office. Eventually, movie reviewers altered their opinion of this flick so that they could avoid being seen as being enemies of a movie that the movie going audience had embraced in spite of the opinions of those same critics. In other words, these writers wanted to join the crowd.

It is stuff like that which gives movie reviewers a bad name.

We meet a sympathetic, likable and intelligent teenager named Laurie (Jamie Lee Curtis) and the children that Laurie is babysitting. We also meet Laurie's less intelligent girlfriends, Annie and Lynda. In contrast to most post- **Halloween** horror/slasher flicks, we identify with and feel terror for these gals as they are targeted for death by a knife wielding psychopath.

In the making of **Halloween**, John Carpenter demonstrated that, at least back then, he understood that the best element of fear is not what actually happens, but what is about to happen. For instance, what was that shadow? It is when evil is lurking, somewhere, you just don't know where, that you can really get scared.

When Laurie and her friends are walking home from school and they are being stalked by the killer who pops in and out of view. It is quite rare that a film can provide scenes that are at least semi-chilling during scenes that are in daylight.

Unlike most female characters in slasher flicks, Laurie is intelligent and thinks that she's "too smart" to attract boys. Laurie pays attention at school, worries about her homework, and is both trustworthy and reliable as a babysitter. She is a responsible person. This is a trait that few movie teenagers, especially female teenagers, exhibit. This quality of hers is not presented as evidence that she is a "nerd" or "antisocial" or "stuck up."

One of the principal reasons for the enduring popularity of **Halloween** is that the teenage audience identifies very strongly with Laurie. While teenage characters like Laurie are rare in the movies, in real life there are many such teenagers. Over the years a lot of teenagers have seen a lot of of themselves reflected in Laurie.

Contrary to repeated assertions made by critics and others since **Halloween** 's release in 1978, the salient aspect of Laurie's character is not her virginity, but her responsibility. Laurie's sense of being responsible is what results in her survival. Likewise, her girlfriends' irresponsibility is what results in their getting killed.

Laurie is the kind of person who is rarely seen in slasher flicks: a genuinely nice person. Laurie clearly takes babysitting jobs not only for the money, but because she enjoys the company of children and

really likes making them happy. Laurie's niceness and sense of responsibility comes together in one of the key aspects in which **Halloween** differs from most slasher flicks. This is the fact that when evil comes to the house, Laurie focuses on defending the kids and telling them to run for a neighbors house as opposed to being preoccupied with her own self-preservation.

**Halloween** is not only a very good slasher flick, its a good movie period.

## The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting (Direct to Video 2003)

**The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting** was presented to the public as being a sequel to the classic 1986 horror flick *The Hitcher*. In actuality, it is nothing but a cheap and pathetic ripoff. The alleged "twists and surprises" in this movie are so lame, it is hardly surprising that it did not take long for the DVD and VHS editions of this show to reach the dollar store market.

Essentially, **The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting** is really a Kari Wuhrer thriller masquerading as a sequel to the original classic *Hitcher*. Wuhrer is good looking, but this does not make up for either her poor acting skills or the bad script for this flick. Just what were they thinking when they greenlighted this project?

As with so much recent inferior grade flicks from Hollywood, **The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting** is a direct to video release. This all but guarantees that it will receive little if any critical scrutiny. This in turn aids and abets the purveyors of this trash in their efforts to deceive the viewing public into purchasing this drivel.

This movie is horrible and is nothing but a pointless remake of a classic masquerading as a sequel. It is full of cliches, bad acting and is completely predictable to boot. The first five minutes or so is very good but soon dissipates into a mess of mediocrity and worse.

The rest of the movie is an exercise in unintentional absurdity and none of the situations are resolved.

**The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting** begins when Jim Halsey (C. Thomas Howell) is unjustifiably fired from the local police force. In order to shake the bad feelings from his life, Halsey and his girlfriend Maggie (Kari Wuhrer) travel to Texas to see an old friend. However, the traveling pair soon encounter a strange and sinister hitchhiker named Jack (Jake Busey) who has evil plans for both Jim & Maggie.

However, Jack is only an inferior ripoff of the hitchhiker played by Rutger Hauer in the original *The Hitcher*. This hitchhiker fails to project anything like the level of malice or evil that Hauer did. In any event, Jim & Maggie flee from the hitchhiker who follows them and leaves a trail of corpses in his wake. Essentially, Jim & Maggie are pawns in the evil hitchhiker's psychotic game.

Up until this point, about one third of the way into the movie, **The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting** was a near carbon copy remake of the original *The Hitcher*. All of a sudden, it detours from the classic story and becomes a Kari Wuhrer thriller that revolves around a standard Hollywood cookie cutter formula. C. Thomas Howell dies in a patently unbelievable manner and it is up to the manifestly talentless Wuhrer to carry the show. In other words, the movie goes to Hell in a hen basket.

**The Hitcher II: I've Been Waiting** is a good example of the kind of dreck that Hollywood all too often releases as direct to video movies. It is stupid, hackneyed, poorly thought out and suffers from poor production values. It is a movie that ought to be avoided like the plague. Definitely not recommended.

# King of the Ants (2003)

Stuart Gordon is one of the most innovative movie makers on the current cinema scene. He is best known for his horror movies. His flicks are generally high in imagination, but light on budget, so they have received far less attention than lower grade movies with bigger budgets and with less thought put into their production. Lately, Gordon has also been branching out into non-supernatural horror movies with the 2003 flick **King of the Ants**.

**King of the Ants** is about how an innocent young man drifts into a life of crime and violence. Sean Crawley (Chris McKenna) is a painter who is recruited by an electrician named Duke (George Wendt) who works for a corrupt contractor. Specifically, Crawley is to follow an accountant at City Hall who has been investigating the contractor and report on the accountant's activities.

Crawley is able to follow the guy around and take photographs of him without being detected. Crawley is a success as a spy so much so that the contractor decides to up the ante. The contractor hires Crawley to kill the accountant to the tune of \$13,000.

For his kill job, Crawley devises a disguise that effectively ensures that no eyewitnesses will be able to provide an ample description to police, yet common enough so that his appearance in the neighborhood will not attract suspicion. He is able to persuade the accountant to let him in the house on a day when the wife and daughter are out and then proceed to do the dirty deed. He does so in a way that ensures that no fingerprints, blood or any other means of forensic identification are left behind. In other words, novice killer Crawley is a success in the business of murder.

However, there is a catch. Now that the accountant is dead, the contractor and his gang refuse to pay Crawley and demand that he skip town. When Crawley threatens to go to the cops, they kidnap him and take him to their secret desert lair. There, they subject him to daily torture aimed at eventually turning him into a mental retardee so that they can release him without running any risk of being brought to justice. The gang's course of action leads to an unpredictable series of events that cover the rest of the movie. **King of the Ants** is a pretty good flick due to the unpredictability.

The actor who plays Crawley projects a naivete that adds credibility to his role. The direction in this flick is nothing short of superb. The makeup in this movie is excellent considering the film's low budget. Another plus for the film is that all four members of the gang are well fleshed out characters. However, there are a few plot holes that undermine it. Add it all up for a good movie that could have been really great.

# Snowbeast (1977 TV)

One of the longest running myths about popular culture is that made for television movies are inferior to made for theater movies. This is particularly true in regards to 1970's TV movies. Actually, up to the late 1970's, the production values for TV moves were just as good as for theatrical movies. This was because in the pre-blockbuster era in Hollywood, there was little difference in the budgets between the two types of movies. One great example of just how good a made for TV movie could be is the 1977 horror effort **Snowbeast**.

There are several excellent aspects to **Snowbeast**. The photography is excellent, particularly the location shots. The musical score is great and is far superior to the scores of most 1970's made for TV movies. The noted creator of the standout 1960's science fiction TV series *The Outer Limits*, Joseph Stefano, wrote the script for this flick and it shows. The production values for this made for TV flick is on par with the theatrical releases from the year that it was made (1977). The sound effects are great and really help to establish the kind of creepy atmosphere for a flick like this to scare you. All this adds up to a genuinely creepy atmosphere almost from the start to the finish.

Another great aspect of **Snowbeast** is the acting. It is pretty decent with good performances turned in by several old hands at this sort of thing. There is a definite nostalgia factor in seeing such old favorites such as Yvette Mimieux, Sylvia Sidney, Bo Svenson & Clint Walker do their thing. Also interesting to watch are Kathy Christopher & Robert Logan who were both rising stars in 1977 even though their careers have become extinguished since.

Perhaps the best aspect of **Snowbeast** lies in how often you actually see the monster. You hardly see him at all and when you do, its only some quick, short shots that usually afford you no more than a glimpse of part of his body. What this does is to heighten the suspense and the fear factor in this flick. It helps make the show seem more authentic. Hearing some growls here and there and seeing the reactions of the victims makes for a much better sense of suspense.

In the end, **Snowbeast** stands as a contradiction to the canard about how all made for TV movies that are now in the public domain are bad. **Snowbeast** is a well made horror flick about an Abominable Snowman type creature. It is frightening without explicit sex, violence or vulgar language. In other words, it is a great horror flick for the whole family and as such it is heartily recommended.

# Vampyres (1974)

There are certain films that are advertised as pushing the boundaries of what is acceptable in the cinema. Sometimes these flicks really do what they are advertised as being. However, most often what you have is a case of false advertising since the movie hardly even lives up to its own billing. One such motion picture is the 1974 effort **Vampyres**.

José Ramón Larraz's **Vampyres** (1974) centers on a contemporary pair of lesbian bloodsuckers (one of them a certified Playmate) lounging around and luring victims into an abandoned country estate. The payoff here is the genuine sense of foggy landscape, antique locale, and historical frisson you get from cut-rate matinee Euro-trips that cannot afford to fake very much—in this universe, bad lighting only ramps up the moodiness.

For all of the classic Gothic atmospherics, **Vampyres** is also deficient in other ways. There is little traditional vampire lore in this flick. These gals have little problem running around in broad daylight. They also do not turn into bats. The filmmakers really seem to have gone out of their way to minimize the suspense and scares that one has come to expect from vampire flicks.

What basically transpires in this flick are a pair of hot blooded females grabbing each other in exercises in unintentional comedy that are supposed to be lesbian love scenes. This is supposed to be the lesbian vampire version of *Natural Born Killers* but without any explicit violence. These gals make for pretty unconvincing lesbians and they hardly fare any better as vampires either. Their acting talents are pretty much nonexistent. It's too bad that the Golden Raspberry Award did not exist back then because these two chicks are quite deserving for the Worst Actress category.

For instance, whenever Fran (Marianne Morris) engages in kissing, she makes weird sucking motions just like she was a fish out of water gasping for air. Truly a performance for the ages. The only response that an audience could possibly have when these two women get intimate is to have gales of laughter. While being intimate, Fran also acts like a dog sniffing around for something to mess around with.

There are also a number of interesting ideas in this movie. For instance, shooting lesbians will not kill them. Instead, it will turn them into vampires. Also, prostitutes in the countryside are uniquely dangerous, aside from the possibility of your picking up a disease from any of them. Also, lesbian vampires are in the habit of having their tomb far away from their castle.

**Vampyres** is basically a stupid, poorly made movie. Some might like it for its unintentional humor. However, most folks will not like it, not even as a time waster. This is a movie that you should be wary of.

## Waco: The Rules of Engagement (1997)

The Waco Massacre of 1993 was one of the biggest scandals of the Clinton Administration. Both the media and the government portrayed it as being a case of mass suicide by a demented religious cult. The actions of Federal law enforcement were portrayed as being entirely appropriate. The leader of the Branch Davidians, David Koresh, was likened to the Reverend Jim Jones of Jonestown infamy.

The reality was and is very much different. The Waco Massacre was an example of militant law enforcement run amok. It was a case of mass murder carried out by Federal law enforcement, most notably by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI). This reality is brought to light by the award-winning 1997 documentary **Waco: The Rules of Engagement**.

What this documentary shows is that Federal law enforcement, particularly the Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms (ATF) were gung-ho going into this operation. This was a most unprofessional attitude for those who were supposed to be serving we the American people to take.

Perhaps the most thought provoking assertion in this documentary is that the fault for the atrocity at Waco was not because of any one person or agency. It was instead because of the culture among people in law enforcement. They had come to believe their own propaganda about David Koresh as being some sort of latter day Reverend Jim Jones type who had brainwashed his followers to the point of being his mindless slaves. As a result, law enforcement came to the conclusion that the besieged had lost all of their humanity, that if all of them were killed off, then it would be no great loss.

The movie begins with a look at the Branch Davidians and how they were a legitimate religious group and not some demented cult as the Clinton Administration wanted you to believe. The movie also showed how the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (ATF) was an agency with a checkered past that desperately needed positive attention. That being the case, the ATF planned the attack on the Davidians' compound as being the means to the end of gaining that favorable press notice. The movie shows just how poorly planned and executed the initial ATF attack on the compound really was. As a result of this incompetence, 4 ATF agents were dead and many others were wounded.



After the siege had lasted for 51 days, the FBI decided to pump tear gas into the compound to force the people inside out. What the FBI failed to consider was that this action might result in a fire. The end result was death for nearly everybody inside the compound. The fatality rate was increased by the action of the FBI snipers firing on people trying to flee the burning building.

After the massacre was over and the true facts of the situation began to come out, people started to wonder about how it really came about. The decisions made by the ATF came to be widely questioned. The actions of the FBI have come to be seen by most folks as being a combination of covering up the blunders while seeking murderous revenge against the Branch Davidians.

After seeing this documentary, Roger Ebert of Siskel & Ebert said, "What's interesting is if you're looking for people who are unbalanced zealots... you don't find them among the Branch Davidians, you find them among the FBI and the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms; those are the people in this movie who deserve to be feared, I think."

If you are going to be seeing just one documentary this year, **Waco: The Rules of Engagement** should be the one. It is that good.

# Websites of Interest

<http://anotherrealm.com/>

**Another Realm**

<http://www.aphelion-webzine.com/>

**Aphelion Webzine**

<http://www.beneath-ceaseless-skies.com/>

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## **Dark Dossier**

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## **Ravenous Monster Horror Webzine**

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

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