

Fornax #22

Fornax is a fanzine devoted to history, science fiction & gaming as well as other areas where the editor's curiosity goes. It is edited/published by Charles Rector. In the grand tradition of fanzines, it is mostly written by the editor. This is issue No. 22, published April 2018.

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

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In Programming As In Life, You Can't Make Everyone Happy

By Rose Beteem

Note: This essay was done in response to the blog post “Fun House Mirrors” by Sarah A. Hoyt at <https://accordingtohoyt.com/2017/06/14/fun-house-mirrors-2/>

When Charles Rector approached me about writing an essay or response to Sarah Hoyt’s post about me on her blog last June, I was surprised. His email was the first I had heard of it ... I am minimally involved with social media ... and upon reading it I was taken aback and disappointed.

Sarah apparently believes that the programs she was put on at MileHiCon were somehow negatively influenced by her political beliefs, but that was not the case. It is unfortunate if she believes that and feels slighted and I wish she did not, but the political philosophies of the participants is not a factor in the scheduling tetris I have wrestled with for lo these many years.

The factors that loom largest include the desire to showcase the guests of honor that year, to juggle 150+ participants with varying commitments and scheduling requests (only on Friday after 5 pm, only on Saturday, only on Sunday but not until after noon, need two hours for dinner, am not coherent until 11 am), try to slot everyone onto a couple of items at least, and figure out how to populate programs on topics including science, gaming, cosplay, kid-friendly interactive, media, and technology in addition to the easily filled ones on writing and publishing.

Over the couple of decades I have coordinated programming, there also have been a handful (less than a dozen) instances where one participant has requested that they not be placed on a program with a specific other participant. For the record, Sarah Hoyt never fell in either of those categories. Also for the record, as far as I could tell, none of those requests were based on differing political beliefs.

The last two times Sarah attended the convention as a participant was 2010 and 2012. Both times she came on Saturday only. In 2010, she was placed on a 10 am fantasy panel with GoH Kathryn Kurtz, a 2 pm autographing and an 8–10 pm reading and discussion based on the Space Horrors anthology. Yes, the last was partly opposite the masquerade, but horror readings are almost always placed at night. It was around 2010 that we started regularly scheduling opposite the masquerade, based on requests from a number of attendees who didn’t go to the masquerade and wanted alternative programs.

In 2012, she was scheduled for a 10 am autographing, a shared author reading at noon, and a 2 pm writing panel, “Taking Your Work Series-ly.”

Given the number of participants, the number of authors who only sign up for writing and publishing panels, and the desire for a variety of programming by congoers, at the time I thought I had managed to work out pretty good schedules for her.

MileHiCon has meant a great deal to me for a long time, and I have put a lot of work into it. But I have felt that it was in trust. There are many people who attend who are interested in things I am not ... and I *try* to program for them. Do I always succeed? Of course not. Have I made mistakes—ranging from guessing incorrectly which panel would be the most popular and needed the larger room, assigning someone to moderate who was willing but shouldn’t have been given the job, scheduling a panel topic that either caused friction/hurt feelings or fell flat and a host of other human failings—on more than one occasion? Absolutely. But I have never not scheduled or deliberately badly scheduled a participant based on their views. I wish Sarah the best in her career.

“Gun control is the idea that it’s better to see a woman dead in an alley, strangled with her own pantyhose, than to see her with a gun in her hand.”—

T.D. Melrose

Source: The front page of L. Neil Smith’s

***The Libertarian Enterprise* At <http://www.ncc-1776.org>**

A Question for the Readers

It has occurred to this writer that in the quest of an ever greater “footprint” in fandom as well as gaining more submissions beyond the usual suspects, that one way to achieve this is through social media. Namely having a Facebook page for the fanzine and an account on either Gab or Twitter or perhaps even both to announce new issues when they are released as well as to

interact with readers. The same idea also goes for either creating a blog or asking to join the writing staff of already existing blogs. Likewise either creating a website at a free web space provider such as the long running Angelfire or Tripod or hiring a professional company to do it.

What do you guys and gals think? Please send your ideas to crectorATgmxDOTcom so we can make Fornax an even better and more influential fanzine.

The Knights of the Galaxy (KOG) Issue

The Knights of the Galaxy (KOG) was an online gaming clan that started in TDZK in 2003 and subsequently spread to other games including *Earth: 2025*, *Merchant Empires*, *Quest for Yap*, *Solar Empire*, *Space Merchant Realms*, *Star Kingdoms*, *Starpilot* and *TEQ*. At one point, it was one of the largest and most respected multi-game clans in existence. However, as the games that we played in declined and some even went out of existence, the KOG wound down and closed its doors in 2009 when GeoCities pulled the plug on its free website service.

The following organizational information was compiled by the late Robert Manchester who played games under the name of Sigili and who, as such, was my deputy in the overall KOG leadership. He was also an exceptional and honorable in-game leader in *Space Merchant Realms*.

It's my hope that although the KOG no longer exists, that this information will serve as both an inspiration and as a guide for anyone who has an interest in online gaming and who wants to set up their own gaming organization.

KOG Charter

The Knights of the Galaxy

"If you're not having fun, you're doing something wrong."

The Formation of our Order

The Knights of the Galaxy clan was formed to allow players of online games to interact and work together in a friendly, trusting, and mature environment. Due to irreconcilable differences in opinion with our former clan, insert names of fellow members here, and myself broke away and formed the Knights in enter month and year here. We wanted a clan with straightforward rules of conduct and pre-established guidelines for dealing with breaches of those rules. Our former clan will always have a special place in our hearts, but we wanted something more.

Our Former Clan

We joined our former clan under the impression that honor and integrity were important parts of the clan charter. This impression was built up when members were expelled for what some clans would consider minor offenses (offensive or seditious statements on icq and irc, et al). Looking back on these incidents, it seems clear that those members who were expelled were simply considered "unpopular" by other members and the leadership.

After attempting to expose and punish two cheaters within that clan, the "popular guys" factor worked against us. We were accused of perpetrating a witch hunt against those two members, while the members themselves were coddled and given a slap on the wrist. Whatever illusions of honor we had remaining about the clan were shattered when the clan leader himself posted in defense of hacking and cheating. In short, the purported honor of the clan was nothing more than a public relations page on the website.

Once it became clear to us that our former clan was being run like a high school "in" group, we had no choice but to leave and found our own guild. Thus was born the "Knights of the Galaxy."

Knightly Ambitions

Our main ambition is for all members to enjoy themselves as much as possible when playing online games. We intend to promote a feeling of brotherhood (and sisterhood) amongst our members.

If you feel that something is being handled inappropriately, it is your right, and duty to inform us of the fact. We will keep our members informed of any new directions the order will be taking, and we will allow you to voice your opinions on these issues.

While the four of us are the leaders of the order, you should not expect us to sit on high and pass down judgment. We will be there with you, in the trenches, playing the same games you are. We will be there for you to discuss your opinions and ideas.

The Knights of the Galaxy was started as an alliance for *Taenaria Derivia Zallus Kitara*, or *TDZK* as it is more commonly known. The main focus of the Knights is centered on browser-based games, or BBGs. We will expand our membership to include other BBGs as time goes on, and we may eventually branch into other games, if there is enough interest. If you think you have what it takes to start a Frontier Realm for another game, gather a few like-minded players and petition us for recognition as a Frontier. Eventually, with enough support and a good player base, your game of choice will be granted full Realm status.

Rules of Conduct for the Knights of the Galaxy

There are seven basic rules of conduct for Knights. For most of these rules, we will follow a "three strikes" policy. Rule breakers get two warnings. On the third offense, they are

excommunicated from the order. The only exceptions to this policy are traitors. If it is proven that a member of the order has turned traitor, they will be dropped immediately, and hunted down in whichever game they turned. Once that game is complete, a traitor will be ignored thenceforth.

Traitors to the Order will be dealt with harshly. If it is found that a member of the Order has passed privileged information or purposely caused the demise of another member, the Knight will be stripped of rank and excommunicated from the Order.

Cheating will not be tolerated. Knights are not permitted to use mods, scripts, multi-characters, hacks, or any other form of cheating while they are members of the Order.

The Knights of the Galaxy clan does not have a recruitment process within the order. Once you have signed up on this website to become a full member of the order, you are considered a Knight. Players who have joined one of our in-game alliances, but not yet joined at this website are known as Squires.

All Knights must seek to follow a chivalric code as closely as possible within our supported games. A Knight must always respect fellow members of the order, and may expect the same from them. By the same token, if an outsider shows disrespect to yourself or another Knight, that outsider has shown himself to be without honor, and should be dealt with expediently. A Knight leads by example, shining a beacon of light into his dark surroundings. Always comport yourself in an honorable manner, and demonstrate by your actions the true meaning of chivalry.

A Knight should always help fellow Knights. If a member of the Order is having difficulties in a game, offer your advice, encouragement, and assistance.

Recruitment into the Knights of the Galaxy

Prospective members of the Knights do not go through a recruitment period. Once you are a member here, you are a full Knight. That is not to say that we will accept just anyone. If you wish to join our guild, please sign up through our Recruitment Office.

If you believe that you have what it takes to join the order, you are encouraged to sign up here and approach one of our members for entry into an in-game guild. Membership in the order is decided based on maturity, NOT on skill. Skill can be trained, while maturity is a part of you.

The Code of Chivalry

The Chivalric Code

Prowess

Seek excellence in all endeavors expected of a knight, martial and otherwise, seeking strength to be used in the service of justice, rather than in personal aggrandizement.

Justice

Seek always the path of 'right', unencumbered by bias or personal interest. Recognize that the sword of justice can be a terrible thing, so it must be tempered by humanity and mercy. If the 'right' you see rings in agreement with others, and you seek it out without bending to the temptation for expediency, then you will earn renown beyond measure.

Loyalty

Be known for unwavering commitment to the people and ideals you choose to live by. There are many places where compromise is expected; loyalty is not amongst them.

Defense

The ideal knight was sworn by oath to defend his liege lord and those who depended upon him. Seek always to defend your nation, your family, and those to whom you believe worthy of loyalty.

Courage

Being a knight often means choosing the more difficult path, the personally expensive one. Be prepared to make personal sacrifices in service of the precepts and people you value. At the same time, a knight should seek wisdom to see that stupidity and courage are cousins. Courage also means taking the side of truth in all matters, rather than seeking the expedient lie. Seek the truth whenever possible, but remember to temper justice with mercy, or the pure truth can bring grief.

Faith

A knight must have faith in his beliefs, for faith roots him and gives hope against the despair that human failings create.

Humility

Value first the contributions of others; do not boast of your own accomplishments, let others do this for you. Tell the deeds of others before your own, according them the renown rightfully earned through virtuous deeds. In this way the office of knighthood is well done and glorified, helping not only the gentle spoken of but also all who call themselves knights.

Largesse

Be generous in so far as your resources allow; largesse used in this way counters gluttony. It also makes the path of mercy easier to discern when a difficult decision of justice is required.

Nobility

Seek great stature of character by holding to the virtues and duties of a knight, realizing that though the ideals cannot be reached, the quality of striving towards them ennobles the spirit, growing the character from dust towards the heavens. Nobility also has the tendency to influence others, offering a compelling example of what can be done in the service of rightness.

Franchise

Seek to emulate everything spoken of here as sincerely as possible, not for the reason of personal gain but because it is right. Do not restrict your exploration to a small world, but seek to infuse every aspect of your life with these qualities. Should you succeed in even a tiny measure then you will be well remembered for your quality and virtue.

Ranks and Titles

Knight of the Galaxy Rank Listings

Grandmaster

This rank denotes the leader of the entire guild.

Master of Webs

The Master of Webs is in charge off all things related to the guild website. The Master of the Webs secondary commanders are called "Knights of the Web."

Master Bannerman (Recruitment)

The Master Bannerman is in charge of recruitment and discipline. Secondaries to the Master Bannerman are called "Knight Bannerman."

Master Diplomat

The Master Diplomat is in charge of public and inter-guild relations. Secondaries to the Master Diplomat are called "Knight Diplomat."

Lords of the Manor

Lords of the Manor are the leaders within an individual region. Persons of this rank are referred to as "Lord (Name)." For formal occasions, you may use "(Name), Lord of (region name)." For example, a leader of the SE region would be called "Lord Bob," or "Bob, Lord of Solar Empire," depending on the formality desired. Secondaries to the Lords are called "Knight Defender of (region)"

Knight

Guild members who have distinguished themselves in-game shall be referred to as Knights, and are addressed as "Sir" or "Lady." For a formal announcement or signature, you may use "Sir (name), Knight of (region name)."

Squire

Members who have joined in-game but have not yet registered at this website, are referred to as Squires. Squires should not be confused with recruits. Squires are full members of the guild, and may participate in any of our online games. If at any time a Squire signs up here for the multi-game guild, they are thencefore considered full Knights.

Recruitment Office

Expected Behavior for New Members

New members are welcome here among the Knights of the Galaxy. All it takes to join initially is signing up on this web page. A few things are expected of all members, of course. These basics are outlined in the Guild Charter. By clicking the "Submit" button, you agree to abide by these guidelines. If there are any questions about the requirements for membership or the guidelines themselves, please direct those questions to the Master Bannerman (inactive email address... will be updated later).

OMGN Shutting Down

Note: This was originally published on the OMGN website following the decision by Mr. Robert F. Ludwick to shut down the website. It was subsequently purchased by Oiver Piotrowski who has kept the website up, but who has not seen fit to update it since 2015.

I'd like to thank Mr. Robert F. Ludwick or DarkFlare (DF) as he was known in online gaming back in November 1999 when I first met him in Solar Empire in the Trex Mercenaries multi-game clan for creating OMGN. Now that OMGN is going by the wayside, I'd like to suggest a sequel. Ever since the site was created in 2002, there has been an explosion in the number of gaming directories and other news/resources covering the broad range of online gaming. This has made it difficult for sites like OMGN to thrive, let alone survive. However, there are a number of niches that are being poorly served by the currently existing gaming information websites. Of these perhaps the most promising is that of open source games as shown by this list at Wikipedia, http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_open-source_video_games. There is not a single news/resources website covering this area other than a single blog that I've been able to find.

In any event, the closure of OMGN comes at a time when the online gaming reviews scene is at a crossroads. This is the result of the GamerGate movement that has its origins in the oftentimes sleazy world of online game reviewing done by websites that do not have the high standards that OMGN has always lived by. One of the catalysts of GamerGate was the fact that an interactive fiction game called DepressionQuest won all sorts of awards and rave reviews by websites that normally do not given interactive fiction games the time of day. There have been allegations that much of this favorable attention came from its creator engaging in sexual perversion with allegedly professional game reviewers. While I don't know the validity of those allegations, I do know that for a game that has gotten all sorts of great press, I found it pretty lackluster when I tried it.

Irregardless of whatever course of action DF takes, let's hope that the shuttering of OMGN eventually leads to something worthy of its great history.

Why the Duke Lacrosse Books Failed

One thing about the Duke Lacrosse Case that has stayed in active contention is the notion that the 3 books published about it failed to sell large numbers of copies due to "sabotage." The

alleged saboteurs are the 2 biggest bookstore chains Barnes & Noble and Borders. Other saboteurs are supposed to be in the very publishing houses that produced the books.

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

- ii. The mainstream houses demonstrate their liberal bias even when they condescend to publish a non-PC book. Take *Proven Innocent*, Stuart Taylor and K. C. Johnson's look at Durham D.A. Michael Nifong's legal near-lynching of three Duke University lacrosse players accused of rape and how the university and the liberal media mob abetted it. Published by the Thomas Dunne imprint of St. Martin's Press, the book was much anticipated in conservative circles and appeared to great critical acclaim. Yet it died quickly, victim of a publisher that utterly failed to grasp its potential appeal. "They [initially] printed only 13,000 copies and, as far as I know, gave it no advertising," says a still-frustrated Taylor, who considers himself a liberal. "Amazon sold out the third day, and we got hundreds of e-mails from all over the country from people that couldn't find it in the stores, which just killed it commercially. The truth is, the house just never seemed very excited about the book." According to BookScan, the book ended up selling 17,000 copies.

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

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

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

As it happens, these kinds of abuses are not limited to a few isolated schools such as PHS or Columbine High School. Athletic abuse is rampant throughout American high schools and at some colleges and universities as well. Large numbers of folks have experienced at least some form of unpunished athletic misconduct or witnessed poorly educated or even illiterate athletes remaining academically eligible.

In other words, too many folks have witnessed firsthand how the notion that athletics build character is a total fraud. When the authors of these 3 books all tried to push the idea that the lacrosse players were simply incapable of such a grievous crime due to the way that athletics builds character, they were making an argument that most book reading folks knew from personal experience with big shot athletes was nothing but bunk.

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

Columbine: The Forgotten Aftermath

Its largely forgotten now, but in the aftermath of the Columbine High School shootings and related incidents across the country, there was a great deal of Internet based writing about what really leads to such incidents. Forget such mundane notions such as that the shooters were insane. What really happened was that they were oppressed and they were reacting to their oppression.

Who were the oppressors? Athletes aka jocks and the administration types who place athletics above all else including academics and discipline. In the aftermath of Columbine, it was reported in the New York Times and other media outlets that prior to the shootings, jocks had the run of the school. Any antisocial act by jocks were either ignored or supported by the administration. For instance, if a jock desired another student's food in the lunchroom, he could steal that food without need of fearing any disciplinary action. Ditto for shoving other kids around, shoving them into lockers, hitting them and being just plain bullies. No jock was ever held accountable for their misdeeds. The jocks also had grades

that were high enough to keep them academically eligible that were given to them on a silver platter.

In other words, Columbine was your typical average high school not much different from all too many high schools. Certainly not much different from Platteville High School that I attended during 1979-1983.

In the aftermath of Columbine, there was a great deal of writing on the Internet about what really led to the shootings. Websites such as High School Underground and Tales from the Hellmouth sprung up with accounts by survivors of high schools all across the country about the garbage that went on at their high school. Tales of jock abuse and violence were prevalent. Turns out that at high schools all across the country there was the same sort of sick culture as that had existed at Columbine.

However, with a few exceptions such as radio talk show host Tom Leykis, these accounts received but little coverage outside the Internet. Eventually, those websites withered away and disappeared without much of a cyber trace. It seemed as if society was bound and determined to ignore the truth about what conditions give rise to events such as the Columbine shootings in favor of pleasing narratives such as that the shooters were screwed up misfits who shot the school up for reasons known only to themselves.

As a result, jock oppression continues unabated at high schools across the nation. Unless this country gets serious about treating all students equally with special privileges for none, events such as Columbine will continue to happen.

Medical Update

During mid-April, I spent a week in the hospital. The reason for this was that my body's blood supply dropped down so much so that I needed transfusions of both blood and iron. They did tests to check for internal bleeding and found no evidence for that. Inexplicably, they failed to do any tests to see if my body was producing enough blood. As of now, the medical staff is stumped as to how I lost so much blood over the first few months of this year. As for the MRSA, the doctors have pronounced it as being "inactive." However, this did not stop them from putting me in isolation and they did insist on wearing plastic sheets over their clothing and on insisting that all of my visitors do the same. The fundamental difference between being in a hospital and being at home is that when you have back pain at home, you just lie down on the bed to make it go away. However, the hospital bed is what causes the back pain in the first place. This is compounded by the fact that there are these nurses who think that they know everything and who constantly make adjustments to the bed that cause even more back pain. Another problem is that out of the 30 or so cable TV channels available, only three those being American Movie Classics, Fox News and Me TV consistently provide quality viewing. Everything else is just so much drivel. As for the last named channel, it provided food for thought and conversation: just how did the mindless drivel known as *77 Sunset Strip* stay on TV

for so long and just why is it considered a “classic”? In a related vein, why is it that although *Peter Gunn* is widely acclaimed as being a classic TV show, every time I watch it, it’s just plain horrible?

In any event, the medical situation willing, the next issue of this fanzine will hopefully be out this July.

What the Passing of Rep. Louise Slaughter Means

When U.S. Representative Louise Slaughter (D-NY) passed away on March 16, the news media treated it as just another stupid politician biting the dust. To a great extent, this was understandable given that Slaughter was basically a backbencher, who rarely spoke out or took a lead in legislative matters. In many ways, Slaughter was just another stupid Congresswoman who just voted the straight party line.

However, that is not the full picture of Louise Slaughter as a, elected official. There were two ways that she distinguished herself. The first was as a champion of getting pork barrel projects for her district. These projects are always touted as having the potential to transform the area for the better, so all you do is just be patient and the economic blessings of pork will become clear.

However, pork barrel politics rarely, if ever, work out for the common good since the ability for pork to come in a regular basis has the effect of causing local politicians and other leaders to put their trust in pork instead of making the changes necessary to have a dynamic economy capable of delivering prosperity to the citizenry. A classic example of this is the state of West Virginia. When Robert Byrd was first elected to Congress, West Virginia had six members in the U.S. House of Representatives. Despite the fact (or perhaps even because of it) that Byrd became the champion pork master in Congress, bringing in numerous Federal projects to his state, particularly interstate highways, the size of the West Virginia congressional delegation declined during his 51 years in the U.S. Senate and his 6 years in the U.S. House from six to three. It is generally expected that after the 2010 Census, the number of congressmen from that state will decline even further to just two. In Slaughter’s case, her congressional district that comprised most of Rochester, New York, went from being economically prosperous when she was first elected to Congress in 1986 to being the economic basket case that it is now,

There was, however, one area in which Rep. Slaughter distinguished herself for the better. This was in addressing the increasing problem of resistance to antibiotics by harmful bacteria such as that which causes the dread disease called MRSA.

The fundamental reason for the increasing resistance to antibiotics by harmful bacteria is the reckless overuse of antibiotics, particularly by both physicians and farmers. According to the book *Superbug: The Fatal Menace of MRSA* by Maryn McKenna, it has been estimated that as many as 75% of all antibiotics prescriptions outside of hospitals are for illnesses caused by viruses. This is important since antibiotics are completely ineffective against viruses. Antibiotics are effective only against bacteria. What this pointless prescribing does is reduce the effectiveness of antibiotics against bacteria by excessive overuse.

Why do so many physicians prescribe antibiotics against viruses anyways? The excuse so often offered is that patients request antibiotics and the physicians aim to please their patients. Also, a great many physicians are afraid that if denied antibiotics, the patients would either drop the physician in favor of another one or even worse sue the physician for malpractice. As McKenna put it, **“[t]he difficult reality is that giving a patients a prescription signals that something has been done during a doctor’s appointment.”**

Meanwhile, trouble is brewing in the agricultural sector. Farmers have been engaging in the wild overuse of antibiotics on livestock. What this overuse does is unnecessarily boost bacterial resistance to antibiotics, rendering them increasingly useless.

Another problem is the resistance to both government efforts to develop new antibiotics as well as cutting down on non-essential use of antibiotics. For instance Glenn Reynolds of the Instapundit blog is fond of saying “faster please” to show that he is all in favor of scientific/technological advances.

However, Reynolds is opposed to any sort of government role in either developing new antibiotics or in restricting antibiotic use. Given the fact that Reynolds is tremendously influential in conservative/libertarian circles, this does not help matters any.

As the only microbiologist in Congress, Louise Slaughter was in a position to do something about this situation. However, it was not until after the publication of McKenna’s book in 2010 that Slaughter ever attempted to do anything about it. Unfortunately, Slaughter’s efforts were mainly aimed against antibiotic use by farmers while giving short shrift to the problems caused by prescription abuse. She also failed to propose any government programs aimed at increasing research and development of new antibiotics. Despite this and the opposition by special interests such as the American Farm Bureau, Slaughter was making progress towards raising public awareness of the problem when she passed away. Unfortunately, nobody in Congress has stepped up to fill her shoes and now it appears that the issue is likely to fade away into oblivion.

The Kind of “Giant” We Don’t Need

David Shribman is a nationally syndicated columnist whose column appears in the local daily newspaper, *The Northwest Herald (TNH)*. On April 24th, *TNH* ran one of Shribman’s lamest columns yet, this one about how there are no longer any “giants” in the United States Senate. If you want to read this vapid exercise in punditry, just point your browser here: <http://www.post-gazette.com/opinion/david-shribman/2018/04/22/The-U-S-Senate-is-faltering-under-the-grind-of-partisanship-and-ideology/stories/201804220011>

Shribman’s column was one of a great many books and magazine/newspaper articles that have over the past decade or so about how there was once a Golden Era of Bipartisanship during which Giants strode the hallowed halls of power in Washington, D.C. These Giants were solely motivated by the idea of doing good things and never ever engaged in cheap partisan hack politics such as what we allegedly have now.

One of Shribman’s supposed Giants of the Senate was Howard Baker of Tennessee. Baker was one of the biggest supporters of the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway Project that was popularly known as the Tenn-Tom. This was a project that had been considered by various governments going all the back to the mid-18th Century when the French controlled most of North America. It was consistently rejected as being too far-fetched and not offering substantial economic benefits if it was completed.

However, in the early 1970’s the alleged Giants, led by Baker, got interested in the Tenn-Tom and cooked up some fraudulent studies purporting to show that a completed waterway would have great economic benefits for America.

To be sure, there were some senators such as Charles Percy (R-IL) and William Proxmire (D-WI), neither of whom are counted among Shribman’s giants, who saw through the fraud and deceit, but they were outvoted and in the end the fraudulent Tenn-Tom pork barrel project became law.

And how has the Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway Project worked out as a finished project? If you were to point your browser to <http://www.encyclopediaofalabama.org/article/h-2365> you will find the following from the online *Encyclopedia of Alabama*:

Today, the two primary commodities shipped via the Tenn-Tom are coal and timber products, together comprising about 70 percent of total commercial shipping on the waterway. Prior to its construction, however, the Corps of Engineers predicted that the waterway would float 27 million tons in its first year of operation. As the result of a variety of fluctuating economic conditions including low demand for coal and loss of overseas markets grain, however, the Tenn-Tom has peaked at only about 8 million tons per year thus far.

In other words, the skeptics were proven right and the taxpayers were royally fleeced by this boondoggle. Given how the domestic coal industry is in a tailspin, the level of cargo that uses the Tenn-Tom will continue to decline. Bipartisanship may be a good thing, but if it results in more Tenn-Tom type nonsense, then we certainly don't need to go back the alleged good old days when pork barrel projects regularly got through the Congress in the name of economic development.

Food Babe Fraud

If you point your browser to <https://foodbabe.com/if-youve-ever-eaten-pizza-before-this-will-blow-your-mind/> you will find one Vani Hari who calls herself the “Food Babe” spouting off about pizza ingredients. Specifically, Hari claimed that, **“Little Caesars, California Pizza Kitchen (CPK) and Mellow Mushroom have all refused to answer my questions about their ingredients. I was told by Mellow Mushroom’s corporate offices that they will only comply with minimal government regulations, which require them to publish an allergen list.”**

Hari furthermore claimed that, **“I called many local pizza restaurants and was informed that it’s their policy to NOT disclose ingredients to their customers. Little Caesars literally told me that if I was concerned about what was in it, I “just shouldn’t eat there...” Ha! Don’t worry, I won’t!”**

All this is most interesting given the fact that if you were to point your browser to <https://littlecaesars.com/en-us/our-menu/nutrition/> you will find a complete nutritional guide to Little Caesar’s food. If you go to <http://www.nutritionix.com/mellow-mushroom/portal> you will find a similar nutrition guide for Mellow Mushroom. In other words, of the three pizza chains that Hari accused of hiding their nutrition information from the public, are in fact quite open and up front about it.

In other words, Vani Hari was engaged in yet another round of her trademark deceitfulness. The fact that she does it despite the fact that even someone with minimal search engine skills can expose her deceit only goes to show just how many fools there are who fall for her pseudoscience. By now, Vani Hari must have come to the conclusion that no matter how fraudulent her claims are or how easy it is to expose them as false, she can make as much stuff up as she wants and get away with it.

All this is most depressing given the success of Kavin Senapathy’s book *The Fear Babe: Shattering Vani Hari’s Glass House* as well as the existence of a fair number of pseudoscience debunking websites many of which have had Hari in their sights. You would think that by this

time, the career of the so-called Food Babe would be going down the drain, but apparently this is not the case.

If you want to know more about the anti-science depredations of Vani Hari just click here:

<http://gawker.com/the-food-babe-blogger-is-full-of-shit-1694902226>

The *War II* Debacle

Earlier in Fornax #21, I mentioned that I've had experiences with Neo-Nazis in online gaming. This has led to some curiosity by readers wondering what I'm referring to.

One of the most notable examples of this concerned the strategy browser based game *War II* that was around during 2000-2002. As the name implied, *War II* was a World War II themed game. It was one of those *Earth: 2025* type acreage games where the player starts with 100 acres and can then build it up into as large a realms as they can manage. It was the very first game that was created by Dark Entertainment (DE), a company that specialized in strategy browser based games (BBG's). DE was a company that invested a huge sum or money into a massive advertising campaign that enabled *War II* to have over 10,000 players within months after it opened up for players.

War II was different from all the other games of this sort in that it was set in the past instead of a post-nuclear war future. It was also different in that not only did it offer the chance to play as the Communist, Constitutional Monarchy, Democracy and Republic forms of government that other games allowed their gamers to play as, but it also had the Fascist type of government.

War II was also different from all of the other games of this sort in that its creators failed to make sure that all the forms of government, despite having strengths and weaknesses that were unique to each form of government, would round up being roughly equal to each other. Instead, its creators set things up so that the Communist players would operate at a distinct disadvantage to all the other forms of government. On top of that, the Fascist players enjoyed a marked advantage over all the other players. Within six months of *War II*'s opening up for players, of the Top 100 players in the game, fully 97 of them played the Fascist form of government.

Naturally, this caused massive controversy in online gaming circles. There were many pundits on gaming news and reviews websites who believed that this bias in favor of the Fascist form of government in *War II* amounted to an endorsement of Fascism itself. At this point in time, I was first a news reporter and then the News Editor of the Multi-Player Online Game Directory (MPOGD). As such, I played some rounds of *War II* and came to the conclusion that

the Fascist players really did enjoy a clear advantage over all the players of other forms of government. I relayed my findings to the MPOGD readership and in an editorial called for a player boycott of what was clearly a pro-Fascist game.

What all this did was to create pressure on DE and the *War II* staff to respond. You would have thought that the staff would have reconfigured the game to make all of the forms of government roughly equal, just like what all the other games of this sort did. That would end the controversy, eliminate the need for a player boycott and enable the game to live long and prosper as Mr. Spock would say.

There have been other World War II themed online games that have completely avoided controversy of this sort. For instance around the time that *War II* was in operation, there was a strategy browser based game called *Iron Wolves* that pitted British destroyers against German U-Boats in a way that balanced both sides so much so that you never heard anyone claim that the game was slanted towards either side.

Instead, what the game staff was nothing sort of stupid. It defended the way that the game was set up, arguing that there was a form of government that was clearly superior to all others. As proof, the staff cited the tremendous success that the Axis Powers had against the Allies despite the fact that the Allies included, among others, the British Empire upon which the sun never sets, the USA and the USSR.

What the staff did was to play into the hands of the game's critics. Their so-called defense served to prove in the minds of many potential players that *War II* was Fascist propaganda masquerading as an online game. That being the case, the growth in the number of players in the game slowed considerably although over 10,000 players was still a sizable number for such a recently created game.

The rapid slowing of the game's growth in players caused DE to panic. This led to the company becoming schizophrenic. The *War II* staff followed up its praise of the Fascist form of government by banning all of the Fascist player alliances from the game. It also banned all the players who had played nothing but the Fascist form of government during their whole time in *War II*, a total of about 1,600 players. Accompanying these high handed actions was some arrogant pronouncements from the staff about how Fascism was irredeemably evil and how anyone who would play then Fascist form of government in the game were all morally compromised and not wanted in the game anymore. If they really felt that way, then why did they make it an option for players to play the Fascist form of government in the first place? Or play a blind eye to the evidence that the game had a tilt in favor of Fascism?

What all this did was to alienate the players from DE and the number of players actively engaged in *War II* went down precipitously. It became clear that drastic action was needed to save the game from the blunders of the staff. However, the staff doubled down on stupid and issued an incredibly self-pitying statement about how they had put in so much hard work and dedication into creating a superior game only to have ungrateful players ruin everything. With that, they pulled the plug on both the game and the company and DE was never heard from

again. So thoroughly did they execute their demise that to this day you cannot access the websites of either Dark Entertainment or the *War II* game on the Internet Wayback Machine.

Since the staff communicated with the players through the use of screen names, it is impossible to find out what happened to them after the fall of DE or if any of them subsequently found employment in the games industry. One thing is clear, however. Unlike other online games or gaming platforms that enjoyed popularity before passing away, it is impossible to find any websites that still reference *War II*. By contrast, you can still find a number of websites, typically based off free web space providers such as Angelfire, that have content related to the Shareplay games of *Monarchy*, *Panumbra* and the original *Space Merchant* even though those games all passed away in 2001. Basically, *War II* is one game that gamers want to forget ever existed.

How Advances in Technology Help the Handicapped Increase Their Presence in the Workforce

The advancing technology of our modern times offers real possibilities for the advancement of handicapped folks in the workplace. This is likely a development that the creators of that technology never dreamed of while coming up with the ideas for these wonderful gadgets and gizmos. Because this technology improves productivity, it allows handicapped people, who are generally seen as a drag in the work place, the opportunity to improve their abilities to contribute to the workplace. This in turn helps to persuade employers to give more handicapped people who want to work a chance to participate in the workforce.

As it happens, I'm a handicapped person. I was born with what doctors call "mild cerebral palsy." I have had a problem at work in that I am noticeably slower than most of the other workers. What the cutting edge technology of today offers is a chance for handicapped workers like myself to provide employers with real value for their investment in us.

Starting in the mid-1970's there was what might be called the personal computer revolution. This was sparked by the development of technologies by such visionary companies as, among others, Apple, Commodore & Radio Shack. The devices created by these companies also included fax machines and machines that only did word processing. These machines provided office staffs an unprecedented opportunity to significantly boost productivity.

Gone were slower, inferior machines such as typewriters, photocopiers and postal mail systems. The end of the old machines and the influx of the new technologies greatly reduced the amount of time needed to produce and distribute documents. Employers could reasonably expect their workers to get more done during an eight-hour day.

The new technologies have wrought in the workplace what might be called the telecommuters revolution. Large numbers of office workers now work from home. This allows them to get more done for the same amount of pay. Home based workers are able to use such

exciting technologies as cloud-based computer applications, high-speed network mobile devices and video-conferencing to engage in real-time communication from the privacy of their home.

One often overlooked aspect of telecommuting and related technologies is that it makes it easier for handicapped workers to contribute to employers. This in turn make it easier for companies to hire handicapped folks. With this new technology, handicapped people, who are generally either unemployed or under-employed can now become employed and become quite productive without delaying things or getting in the way of other co-workers.

Recently, major technology companies such as Apple and Microsoft have been making changes to their products to make them more accessible for handicapped workers. At the basic level, these companies have been improving their operating systems to make them more accessible. Social media companies such as Facebook and Twitter have been making their namesake creations more accessible as well.

There are other promising technologies that offer exciting opportunities for helping handicapped people. These include apps, bionics, services and solutions. Smartphones are increasingly offering task management and organizational features that help workers who have autism and who are otherwise cognitively impaired. Additionally, there is a Swiss company called Schindler that has been making a special effort to make elevators and related machines that are specifically geared towards the needs of the handicapped.

These developments offer the potential for improving the quality of the workplace. Handicapped people have to figure out their way around obstacles. You often hear the phrase "think outside the box." Well, to coin a phrase, handicapped people have to live outside the box.

That being the case, handicapped people have the potential to bring creativity to the workplace. They can be both problem solvers and technology adopters who can bring fresh perspectives to the workplace. Additionally, hiring handicapped people has the potential to enhance both employee engagement and retention since there are many workers who claim to want to work in diverse and socially conscious environments.

With new technologies that are on the horizon, we can increasingly tap the currently under-utilized talent pool of the handicapped and by so doing improve the overall quality of the workforce. This is especially important since many of today's handicapped folks received their disabilities through military service during the War on Terrorism. If there is a group of candidates for the workforce who especially deserve our nation's thanks through the means of being given a priority in being hired, it is our veterans.

Essays

The Perfume Affair

By **Robin Bright**

The Profumo Affair was a `sex scandal` in the United Kingdom. The democratically elected Conservative Party`s government had appointed as Secretary of State for War, John Profumo, who was discovered in March 1963 to have had a relationship with nude model, Christine Keeler, who was allegedly also having a relationship with Captain Yevgeny Ivanov, a Russian naval *attaché*, so compromising Britain`s security with regard to the Soviet Union during the `Cold War` between the West and Eastern Europe, over which Russian communism had held sway since the end of the Second World War (1939-45). The `Cold War` ended with the collapse of the Soviet system, which held the ideological position that the state should control manufacturing industry. The Western model of capitalism in which national socio-economies were based on the principle of a `free market` for goods to be produced that people wanted was proven more successful. It was feared that the Soviet Union would force other nations to accept communism, that is, what the state thought was good for them, militarily.

The `Cold War` (1947-91) was a struggle between communist and capitalist ideologies that, fortunately, never resulted in a `hot` military confrontation, although it raised the problem of `bread and circuses`, which capitalism was most criticizable for. The `circus` was the ancient Roman amphitheatre where mass murders and gladiatorial combats were common for the entertainment of the conurbations of great cities like Rome. The objection to capitalist theory was that national populations wanted bread, that is, the basics of human existence, without genuine progress, and `circuses`, that is, entertainment of the lowest and most vulgar sort. The socialist argument of the English Labour Party, as the main democratic rival to the Conservative Party, was that `liberal` capitalist governments vouchsafed `bread and circuses`, because it kept the workforce they`d created at a low level of development as slaves.

The Profumo Affair of March 1963 was `sensitive` because military secrets were sought by both sides of the `Cold War` to obtain an advantage should war occur. Conservative Prime Minister Harold MacMillan`s resignation in October 1963 and the subsequent election of a Labour government highlighted the significance that John Profumo`s affair with nude model, Christine Keeler, had with the press, and was politically similar to the newspaper reports of the relationship New York actress, Koo Stark, had with Prince Andrew, the Duke of York, which began after the release of her movie, *The Awakening Of Emily* (1976). The British establishment terminated it ostensibly without reference to the nudity, or her previous film, *Adolescents* (1975),

and subsequent movie, *Cruel Passion* (1977), which together detailed the progressive sexual degradation of a woman.

Koo Stark's political role, and future career as a New York actress, was further curtailed when she auditioned for the role of Princess Leia in the science fiction movie, *Star Wars* (1977), and Carrie Fisher was preferred, while Koo got the part of Camie, a supporter of the rebel Federation against the evil Empire on the planet Tatooine, during the period in which the rebels were preparing to attack the Empire's `Death Star`, a technological structure as large as a small moon designed to be a killer of Federation planets. The fall of the Soviet Union, as the evil Empire threatening a hot war with the West, resulted in the creation of the Russian Federation. Although the Soviet military and the Communist Party attempted a *coup d'état* in August 1991, President Mikhail Gorbachev was able to declare the Federation a reality on December 26. The movie franchise, *Star Wars*, depicts a hot war between the Soviet Union and the West translated onto cinema screens as science fiction where the planets of the rebel Federation correspond to those Eastern European nation `satellite` states of the Soviet Union held in thrall by the Russians during the `Cold War`, although later films project fears of terrorists from the Middle East as agents of the evil Empire living on desert worlds opposed to the Jedi knights of the Federation.

Koo's role as Camie was deleted from *Star Wars IV: A New Hope*, which was the first of the novels to be filmed despite its being the fourth of the series' chronology in a movie franchise extending to a sixth film, *Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith* (2005), by the first decade of the 21st century. Koo's scenes were deleted because of her reputation as a `sex star` during her relations with the English Duke of York, Prince Andrew which, according to newspaper paparazzi around the world, verged on rebellion against `family values`. Andrew married Sarah Ferguson, rather than Koo, as Sarah was English and `aristocratic` enough for her to be accepted by Queen Elizabeth II's court while Koo was an American actress from New York with a reputation for wearing only perfume in her movies. The English aristocracy and British establishment didn't want another `perfume` affair and so `Randy Andy` was dissuaded from marrying Koo, who was perceived as a dangerously `political` rebel, like her deleted *Star Wars: A New Hope* character, Camie Marstrap.

Although the `Death Star` in *Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope* was destroyed by the rebels, and a second too in *Star Wars VI: Return Of The Jedi* (1983), there was a symbol of evil on Earth at the beginning of the 21st century, Osama Ben Ladan, whose name has spurious kinship with `Ben` Kenobi, also called Obi Wan Kenobi, the Jedi knight foremost in defence of the Federation against Darth Vader, the enforcer of the evil Empire. Osama Ben Ladan was the leader of the terrorist group, Al Qaeda, `the base`, operating out of Islamic fundamentalist Afghanistan and elsewhere. As Darth Vader embraced the `dark side` of `the force` as the enforcer of the evil Empire in *Star Wars*, so Osama Ben Ladan, leader of the terrorist organization, Al Qaeda, embraced the force's `dark side` at the beginning of the 21st century, when his group hijacked civil airplanes to crash them into the Twin Towers of New York and precipitate global war between the United States of America and her allies, including Britain, and Saddam Hussein, Middle Eastern dictator, who'd offered bases to Al Qaeda and Osama Ben Ladan in Iraq.

The destruction of the Twin Towers doesn't look like a `sex scandal` unless they're understood as `sex candles`. It's traditional in the Moslem religion of Islam to burn incense in `mabkhara`, which are incense censers constructed in the shape of towers. The world was incensed at the burning of the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre, because that was the terrorists' intention. The English government's renaming of the Houses of Parliament's clock tower in London, formerly named for the bell, `Big Ben`, as `Queen Elizabeth Tower`, suggests the name `Ben` was perceived by the British establishment, after the terrorist attack on New York on September 11, 2001, as an obvious terrorist target for Al Qaeda, that is, they didn't want the British Parliament's clock tower becoming `mabkhara` as Osama Ben Ladan, the exponent of the `dark side` of `the force` against the United States, had burned the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre.

The planet, Tatooine, in the system Tatoo, is central to the *Star Wars: A New Hope* and appears in every other movie about the Federation and the evil Empire of the `Death Star`. A `tattoo` is the military term for a drumbeat understood as an order to return to barracks and derives from the Low Countries (Belgium and the Netherlands) of Europe during the Thirty Years' War (1618-48). The `tap-toe` of the Dutch drummers meant `stop pouring beer from the tap` as it interfered with their largely mercenary army's return to the garrison after off duty carousing in the evenings at local taverns. In Moslem countries alcohol is `haraam`, that is, forbidden, by Islam, which takes its religious precepts from the holy book of the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) as dictated to the Prophet Mohammed by the angels. Consequently, the Twin Towers correspond to the handles used to produce forbidden pints from the Islamic fundamentalist terrorist point of view, that is, women's penis` semen. Because `futanarian` women are born virgin with hymens of their own, sexual pleasure is entirely masturbatory, or through sexual fertilization of another's host womb, which means they can remain virgin while producing pints of semen. Such a powerful picture of women's virginity is `haraam` to slavers.

The attack on the World Trade Centre on 9/11, 2001, by Osama Ben Ladan's terrorist group, Al Qaeda, was designed to invite US servicemen for another `round`, where `round` is English vernacular for a `bullet`, but also `beers bought by each member of a group in turn`.

The term `ta` probably derived from the beer drinkers' thanks for a last drink, which is why it's common practice to use `ta` in English, although `ta` is more properly understandable as a code identifying a member of the T.A. or Territorial Army, that is, the part-time volunteer force trained to work with the regular army at need, for example, during the war to remove Saddam Hussein's invading army from Kuwait (1990-1). Returning thanks is what Tatoo means, so the name of the planetary system, where the planet Tatooine is, means `mother` in *Star Wars: A New Hope*. `Ben` Kenobi's pupil, Luke Skywalker, returns to Tatooine as a Jedi knight after the destruction of the first `Death Star`, which is in keeping with the military usage of `tattoo`, but his whereabouts is betrayed to the evil Empire by Laze Loneozner, who is married to Camie, because Luke was her friend and so might assist her escape from being a slave mother.

Al Qaeda's destruction of the Twin Towers wasn't strictly `tattoo` in the sense of a `call to duty`, because `tattoo` means `return to barracks`. 9/11 was another round before Barack Obama became President of the United States after George W. Bush's declared `War On Terror` (2003-) made what the German Nazis called `Blitzkrieg`, that is, `total war`, irrevocable, and a return to

barracks an impossibility for those who saw spies and terrorists everywhere in a return to the style of Joseph McCarthy `witchhunts` not seen on such a scale since the US Senator demanded authority in February 1950 to purge the nation of `reds`.

The `blood drinkers` of Al Qaeda wanted another round with US President George W. Bush at the beginning of what British fantasy writer J. R. R. Tolkien calls the Third Age (T.A.) in his novel *The Lord Of The Rings* (1954-5), filmed in three parts, *The Fellowship Of The Ring* (2001), *The Two Towers* (2002) and *The Return Of The King* (2003). In the UK the Territorial Army (T.A.) at the beginning of Tolkien`s Third Age (T.A.) corresponds traditionally with the volunteer `fellowship of the ring`, which was formed to destroy the power of the Dark Lord, Sauron. The Twin Towers of New York correspond to Orthanc, the `Cunning Mind` of the wizard Saruman, and Minas Morgul, `Moon`, the tower of Sauron, the Dark Lord, in *The Two Towers*, the second part of J. R. R. Tolkien`s trilogy. Because the flag of Al Qaeda is the moon and Osama Ben Ladan was `cunning`, the Twin Towers of New York were his targets, while the reestablishing of peace in the Middle East after the deposing of Al Qaeda`s supporter, dictator Saddam Hussein of Iraq, the `Dark Lord` of the Middle East, presages the return of the `king of peace`, Jesus Christ, in his `Second Coming` as the `New Redeemer`, born from the `woman clothed with the sun and with the moon at her feet`, as the `red dragon` of the `serpent`s seed` grown to full size waited in vain to devour he who will `rule the nations with an iron scepter` to prevent war.

In J. R. R. Tolkien`s *The Lord Of The Rings*, the wizard of Orthanc, Saruman, sought to replace Sauron as the `Dark Lord`, to whom Minas Morgul, `The Tower Of The Moon`, belonged. Both Saruman and Sauron were evil and so represent the divergent but equally evil wills of Osama Ben Ladan and Saddam Hussein driving on the Al Qaeda plane hijackers to soar on towards the Twin Towers on 9/11, 2001, and precipitate a return to global warfare by crashing civil aircraft into the World Trade Centre. Saddam Hussein had offered bases to Al Qaeda so that its terrorism could spread further, and so that alliance invited the forces of the Third Age (T.A.) for another round of `blood drinking`.

Because J. R. R. Tolkien was English the volunteers of the fellowship of the Territorial Army (T.A.) correspond to the latent powers of England at the outset of the Third Age (T.A.) activated to deny the power of the `Dark Lord`, represented by the figures of Osama Ben Ladan and Saddam Hussein, who were attempting to restore the evil Empire of the `serpent`s seed` at the beginning of the third millennium on Earth:

`Grisly smiles, that don't flake off. Corny-colored demons leering. Vampire photos, sucking the skin.`¹

Although the lyric from `Tattoo Vampire` by Blue Oyster Cult (BOC) from the album, *Agents Of Fortune*, seems unrelated, pearls come from oysters and New York harbor is famous for oysters, just as Pearl harbor is named for the `pearl of great price` (Matt: 13. 45-6), which is heaven on Earth, in Hawaii. The Japanese attacked the US Pacific fleet at Pearl harbor on 7 December, 1941, to bring the US into World War Two (1939-45), and so `Liberty` in New York harbor was attacked on September 11, 2001, to bring the US into a second Gulf war to depose Saddam Hussein, which ended with the killing of Osama Ben Ladan, that is, the `Ben` Kenobi of

the `dark side of the force`, by Navy Seal Team Six in the shade of Pakistan`s Military Academy on May 2, 2011. The US `special forces` weren`t `soldiers of fortune`, that is, mercenaries, who aren`t concerned with the `pearl of great price`, that is, freedom, because they`re not professionally interested in the nation they`re being paid to dive for:

`Though blindness is confusing, it shows that you're not here.`2

In the developmental psychology of Carl Gustav Jung (1875-1961) the `pearl of great price` represented by Pearl harbor and `Liberty` isn`t won by `blood drinking` amongst foes. It`s the God archetype amongst the collective archetypes of the unconscious that exist within each individual `Self` to impel developmental functionality. Jung speaks of diving into the unconscious `Self` in order to activate the God archetype and learn what it is that the individual needs in order to develop. According to Jung the archetypes of the God archetype or `Self` appear variously in dreams, art and the imagination as figures or images to further human progress. The Navy Seals of Team Six on May 2, 2011, represent the `pearl divers` of the US `special forces`, who`re concerned with the progress of the human species, so that the `pearl of great price`, heaven on Earth, can become real. In psychological terms Osama `Ben` Ladan was a devouring imago and not an archetype, which is why the Great Seal of the United States of America has the eagle as its emblem of the authority of the President. It`s the sealed hymen of the future of the human species of `futanarian` woman with her own penis` semen that Navy Seals have to be psychologically trained to understand they`re protecting, or combat is only the perpetuation of women`s host wombs enslavement in physical and spiritual slavery for the human race to an alien parasitical devourer.

As `tattoo` means `return` militarily, so tattoo `wean`, that is, Camie`s homeworld of Tatooine in *Star Wars: A New Hope*, represents an infant`s return to mother`s breast milk so it can continue developing. The planet Tatooine represents rebirth, that is, a return to the womb of the mother and her breasts` milk after being weaned for a time outside of the star system Tatoo.

The destruction of the `Death Star` of the evil Empire of the Emperor Palpatine in *Star Wars: A New Hope* represents Jesus Christ`s overcoming of death upon the cross of his crucifixion and subsequent Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, which prefigures the Resurrection of `woman`s seed` as the `futanarian` human species of woman with her own penis` semen and capacity for sexually reproducing her own brains`power for escape through technology.

As Jesus was born uncontaminated by male `seed`, so a return to the womb of the mother as an infant in the star system Tatoo means `woman`s seed` will be reborn in heaven through her own penis` `seed`, which is what reincarnation should be. The `serpent`s seed` of men aren`t able to accept the transubstantiation symbolism of the Catholic Communion service, for example, which deals with Jesus and his disciples` `Last Supper` together before his betrayal as the host by the disciple Judas Iscariot for `thirty pieces of silver` to the Roman authorities in Palestine as a dissident. In Catholicism the `bread and wine` given by Jesus to the disciples as symbols of Christ`s `body and blood` is perceived as being transformed from the hand of the priest in preparation for Resurrection. The name of the planet Tatooine means the `land of milk and honey`, that is, motherland promised to the Jews by God in the Bible as the `chosen people`. As it`s only possible to be born a Jew from a woman, Jews are women, which is the secret of

transubstantiation communicated to Eve when God warned her `seed` would have `perpetual enmity` with the `serpent`s seed` before she will leave for a `new heaven and Earth` and: `... crush the head of the serpent as she leaves. (*Gen: 3. 15*)

The queen of Sheba once showed Solomon (*1 Kings: 10*), reputed to be wise, artificial and fresh flowers, and she wanted him to tell the difference. He had bees brought in. The penis` `seed` always prefers the womb of the woman, so the `land of milk and honey` is the motherland of the `chosen people`. Because women have their own penis` semen as `futanarian` humans with the capacity to sexually reproduce her own brains` power for the creation of liberating technology and socio-economic independence from men, women are men`s prisoners, because it isn`t common knowledge they sexually reproduce as a species, and so *metanoia*, that is, brain conversion (*Mk: 1. 4*), and transubstantiation, which is the desire for `futanarian` human Resurrection, is required. In ancient Greece women`s host wombs were enslaved in homosexual pederasty to further war. The demolishing of the World Trade Centre reestablished `rough trade`, that is, the payment of men to `engage` with richer men in those `acts of brutality and violence` that are associated with homosexuality and pederasty. The events of 9/11 were a `sex scandal`, because women weren`t allowed to know. From the point of view of Islamic fundamentalism, the Twin Towers were `mabkhara`, that is, `sex candles` invoking the war god, Mars.

Koo Stark`s role as Camie Marstrap was deleted from *Star Wars: A New Hope* because her name, `Mars trap`, is the trap men fall into as reincarnated slaves of homosexual pederasty and war. Although the USA`s defeat of the red circle of the flag of Japan in World War Two, when the power of the sun was unleashed upon the cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, symbolizes the overcoming of the red planet, Mars, god of war, the traditionally Arabian male moon on the flag of Al Qaeda represents the `incensed` terrorist`s god, who doesn`t want `futanarian` women to escape Earth`s `death camp`. Koo`s character of Camie Marstrap in *Star Wars: A New Hope* was deleted because war is a trap and cinema critics could have revealed that, which would have interfered with men`s Mars, god of war, pogroming.

The dead moon is the visible sign in the evening of woman`s sterility, while the next closest planet to Earth, red Mars, has already been named for the ancient Roman god of war. Just as Japan`s white flag with its red circle was the evil Empire of the war god, Mars, to the United States during the Second World War, so the moon of the flag of Al Qaeda represented the sterilization of `futanarian` woman`s hopes for her own penis` `seed` by crashing hijacked planes into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre of New York to reestablish warfare and the role of women`s host wombs as slaves to the reincarnating of the `serpent`s seed` for homosexual pederasty and `rough trade` without possibility of escape to a friendly `next world` or in a hereafter without the devouring *imago* of men she`s been conditioned to expect.

The moon at the feet of the statue of `Liberty` makes her `the woman clothed with her sun and with the moon at her feet` in her birth waters of New York harbor after the raising of the flag of the moon of Al Qaeda on 9/11, 2001, at the Twin Towers in New York. The subsequent death on May 2, 2011, of Osama Ben Ladan, who had striven to sunder `futanarian` woman from her own penis` `seed` to maintain the human species in slavery to pederasty and war`s devouring is the `sun` that the woman`s flesh is `clothed with` before the Second Advent of Jesus Christ as the `New Redeemer` who will `rule the nations with an iron scepter` to prohibit the sundering of the `futanarian` human `seed` of women with their own penis` semen with the authority of God.

Koo Stark's name and relationship with Prince Andrew, the Duke of York, was used by the English press to define a coup as unwanted at a time when the English were concerned over reports amongst army units that some senior ranking officers were preparing to overthrow the Labour administration of Prime Minister, James Callaghan, and swear allegiance to Elizabeth, wife of George VI, Queen Elizabeth II's father, as they had done before World War Two. Although the advent of Margaret Thatcher as Conservative Prime Minister and the Falklands war (1982) with Argentina ostensibly satiated the 'blood drinkers', whether a coup occurred in England is a moot question because revisionism in the Soviet Union, for example, erased much of what had been recorded there as history, and that could have happened in the United Kingdom too. Although 'Randy Andy', the Duke of York, didn't marry New Yorker Koo, the fiction was Koo would wait, and Kuwait was the fiction writ larger.

The second Gulf war began against New York, Koo Stark's home state, while the home of the character, Camie Marstrap, who was deleted from *Star Wars IV: A New Hope*, was Anchorhead, 'Old City New', which is what New York is symbolically, because the old city of York is in Yorkshire, England, and so the Duke of York, Prince Andrew, was the hope erased and unrealized by Koo, the New Yorker. In Yorkshire, England, a 'yorker' is a ball delivered by a fast bowler in the game of cricket. It gets under the bat and takes out the 'middle wicket', which is English vernacular for the penis, because the legs are vulgarly conceived as the other two wickets defended by the batter. The Twin Towers were New Yorkers' from an English cricketer's perspective, because the hijacked planes of Al Qaeda got under the US' radar. As a New Yorker herself, Koo Stark represented the hope of a generation of sex workers who knew human women have their own penis' 'seed' and capacity for sexually reproducing their own brains' power, but she was 'yorked' in England by the Duke of York and the other Royals, before Al Qaeda took out the other two wickets of the Twin Towers and left 'woman's seed' without a 'leg to stand on'.

After the English press' evinced disapproval of sex work had removed the 'middle wicket' of the American woman, 9/11, 2001, reestablished homosexual pederasty and war when Al Qaeda symbolically 'yorked' a woman already bowled and missing her 'middle wicket'. Defaming Koo's character, before deleting her role as Camie Marstrap in *Star Wars: A New Hope* paved the way for the 'serpent's seed' of men's re-enslaving of the host womb of humanity. Al Qaeda's terrorist hijacking of 'civil' planes to impolitely crash them into the World Trade Centre and treacherously 'york' the other two wickets left human women 'without a leg to stand on' and precipitated global 'rough trade' for the destruction of the human civilization, culture and art humanity's host wombs are still able to produce in the spirit of God despite the alien parasites' depredations:

'Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (Rev: 17. 5)

Born uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was the first of 'futanarian' woman's 'seed' to be born as a man independent of the alien parasite's host wombs, but he was betrayed as the host at the 'Last Supper' by Judas Iscariot, who effectively betrayed the host womb of the species by selling Jesus Christ for 'thirty pieces of silver' to the Jewish religious police, the Pharisees, and the sadistic Palestinian and Roman sadists, who

tortured and murdered him on the cross of crucifixion, because that's what the `serpent's seed` do. Jesus offered `bread and wine`, as symbols of his `body and blood`, to the disciples in friendship, but the `serpent's seed` only want to devour the produce of women's host womb and deny her own `seed`, so Jesus' teaching of Redemption for mankind, through the forgiveness of women, was muted, as was his teaching of the Resurrection of `woman's seed`:

`At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven.` (*Matt: 22. 30*)

Cricket is a sport played between two teams of eleven with ten outfielders and one bowler delivering a ball at a batsman who has to hit the ball some distance so that he can run before an outfielder gets the ball. Each success is a `run` and the contest is modelled on the cut of a knight's broadsword. If the batsman has his wicket knocked down by the ball, another from the eleven takes his place. The successful team is the one with the most `runs`. Although `futanari` is a Japanese term for women with a penis and `seed` of their own in Japan's `manga` cartoon art form, `fut` in Hungarian means `run`, while `tanar` is `teacher`, which suggests that Jesus' teachings of Redemption and Resurrection for `woman's seed` was understandable to J. R. R. Tolkien whose own language of the High Elves used throughout *The Lord Of The Rings* was devised through his knowledge of Finno-Hungarian. As `futanarian` woman's human race doesn't need another foot, that is, the `serpent's seed` of men, because she has penis` semen of her own for her own host wombs and sexual reproduction of her own brains` powers for liberation, cricket is the `aristocratic` game for English knights who don't want woman's race to run, but want to run her by taking out her `middle wicket`, that is, her penis. The Twin Towers represent the death of the human race in homosexual pederasty and war, which Tolkien's learned study of Finno-Hungarian prepared him for and that he describes as the disappearance of the elves.

By the dawning of the third millennium, however, the `serpent's seed` had removed the woman's penis` `seed`, and were bent on removing what remained of the human's so their slavery could continue. Unless J. R. R. Tolkien had learned enough to reawaken the flame of humanity where `ember` means `man` in Hungary and most of Eastern Europe had democracy:

`They saw what seemed to be tongues of fire that separated and came to rest on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit enabled them.` (*Acts: 3-4*)

Slavery was outlawed in the United States of America after the Civil War (1641-5) between the North and the Southern States where black Africans were brought from Liverpool, England, to work in the cotton plantations. The most common derogatory term for a black who spoke a different tongue was `coon`, because Coon was a Trojan warrior during the besieging of Troy by the Greeks. Coon wounded Agamemnon, the Greek king of Sparta, and had his head cut off. Agamemnon's brother, Menelaus, was married to Helen who was abducted by Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy. During the siege of Troy to rescue Helen, a huge hollow wooden horse was wordlessly left outside the gates and the Trojans took it into the city where the Greeks emerged to enslave the host wombs of the women as the original `Trojan virus` to further spread their contagion of homosexual pederasty and war. Of course Troy is an upstate city of New York and `work like a Trojan` is an accolade, while `Trojan horse` is mistakenly applied to virus codes

created by programmers to crash computer systems. Such programmers are called `geeks` who`re dictionaryally defines as `circus freaks` that eat the heads of chickens, and so 9/11 was eating the head of Coon after cutting it off because, as songwriter John Lennon wrote:

`When she's young we kill her will to be free while telling her not to be so smart we put her down for being so dumb. Woman is the nigger of the world.`4

Woman is the `nigger of the world` because it`s `bread and circuses` to men who`ve taught everyone she shouldn`t have any brains through her own human penis` `seed` but be devoured as a species in ceaseless wars of `perpetual enmity` devised for her by the `serpent`s seed` of men. In the *Bible* God sends the `blood plague` to convert men from this `sin`. According to some biblical scholars the incurable `killer disease` of the HIV/AIDS virus transmitted during the mixing of blood, semen and faeces during anal sex between homosexuals is the `blood plague` of *Revelation*, which `feigns friendship` wordlessly, like the Greeks before the walls of Troy, in order to convince the white cells defending the body against illness that it`s the same as they are before invading the host and killing the brain:

`Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores but refused to repent of what they had done.` (*Rev*: 16. 11)

Kathleen Dee-Ann Stark, that is, Koo, is Coon Knew York from the perspective of the `bread and circus` vilifiers of the *paparazzi* for whom `woman is the nigger of the world`. Koo tried to marry the Duke of York, Prince Andrew, so corresponds to the Trojan Coon as Everywoman who has her head cut off by homosexuals in pederasty and war. Men don`t want her to escape enslavement of her host womb as the `futanarian` human race of woman with her own penis` semen for Helen of Troy to sexually reproduce brains and beauty and so she`s attacked by devouring `geek` heroes snapping wordlessly at her heads with their cameras:

`Oh, I can't get her off of my brain. I just want to go to the party she gonna go. Can somebody take me home. Ha ha he ha ha ho.`5

Britney Spears was heavily criticized for her song, `If You Seek Amy`, from her *Circus* album (2008), because it was interpreted as F*U*C*K Amy. However, F*U*Camie abbreviates Japanese and Finno-Hungarian, that is `fu` for `futanarian`, with Koo`s deleted character from *Star Wars: A New Hope* as the subject. Britney Spears` album title *Blackout* (2007) is also important because occlusion is how the wordless censor maintains women`s ignorance and unconsciousness of her species own penis` `seed` and potential for sexual reproduction of her own brains` powers for socio-economic liberation and independence through escape technologies. On the cover of the CD single, `Piece Of Me`, Britney appears wordlessly on the cross of Jesus, because `futanarian` woman`s `seed` is awaiting Resurrection. Spears` `If You Seek Amy` is about women`s `schizophrenia`, because she`s taught her own body should remain undesirable to her, while `Piece Of Me` narrates Britney`s experience of the *paparazzi* who effectively took away her fortune for `being an exceptional earner` with `a kid` on her `arm` by arousing the ire of the public and subsequently the US judicial system after Britney wordlessly dropped her son`s baseball cap near New York`s Central Park while running for a car and failing to pick it up:

I'm Mrs 'You want a piece of me?' Tryin' and pissin' me off. Well get in line with the paparazzi who's flippin' me off. Hopin' I'll resort to some havoc and end up settlin' in court. Now are you sure you want a piece of me?'⁶

Koo Stark's deleted character from *Star Wars: A New Hope*, Camie, wasn't 'gay' except that everyone is 'gay' in the sunderer's 'star' system where the 'serpent's seed' of men rule the Earth by keeping the human 'futanarian' species of 'woman's seed' as their slaves for devouring in wars of 'perpetual enmity' against God's spirit. Britney Spears' 'If You Seek Amy' is an appeal for help because, if 'futanarian' woman with her own penis' semen isn't able to breed human brains on the planet Earth, the species will live as a brain damaged slave in wordless infantilism. Deleting Camie is what the 'serpent's seed' are for. 'Old City New' was the staging point on the planet Tatooine for the rebels' destruction of the 'Death Star' in *Star Wars: A New Hope*, but the victory of old York, that is, England, and the USA's New York, over Kuwait, won't liberate Koo and the human species as it waits to be devoured amongst the slaves of the devouring dragon of war in its national 'death camps'. If Camie waits on men's penis' 'seed', it won't put her in the picture; only the Word of God can:

'Rocky had come equipped with a gun to shoot off the legs of his rival.'⁷

The Beatles pop song from *The White Album*, 'Rocky Raccoon', is rock Iraq Koo, New York, where the Twin Towers of the World Trade Centre represent rivalry to a polymath who is plotting using material gleaned from pop culture. Koo had a limited acting career, but she appeared 'uncredited' as a 'bridesmaid' in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* (1975), which is about transvestism or 'TV'. The transvestite represents a mocking of the human race of 'futanarian' woman with her own penis' 'seed' for the sexual reproduction of her own brains' powers, because if she only has the brainpower of her 'serpent's seed' in human slavery of her own host womb she'll remain a 'TV' star killing itself for entertainment in a sundered world of Hollywood, Babylon, 'TV'. The Trojan Coon wounded the 'Greek', Agamemnon, and had his head cut off. In the world of the psychopathic polymath he's 'Greek', that is, engaged in homosexual pederasty or 'rough trade', which is why the World Trade Centre was chosen for the terrorist attack of Al Qaeda's on 9/11/2001, when the hijacked planes crashed into the Twin Towers to remove the legs of the rival, because the 'gay' Agamemnon was 'wounded' by Koo, who is Coon, New York, from a 'gay' point of view.

Koo was a member of the 1991 cast of *Cluedo*, a 'game show' in the United Kingdom, where she had the role of Miss Scarlett. *Cluedo* is based on the murder mysteries of novelist Agatha Christie, and the most famous is *The Mousetrap*, which requires the audience of the play not to tell who the murderer was. The killer of the woman is P.C. Trotter, because 'PC' is 'political correctness', where adherence to what is deemed appropriate or polite results in disaster, for example, the US' courting of Saddam Hussein as their 'boy' in the Middle East to face Iran, which is why they gave him the third largest army in the world. Described as the global policeman for a generation or more by the people of the Earth through the United Nations and elsewhere, the US failed because 'PC' demands that everyone accepts it. In Arabia women wear the one-piece coverall of the burkha to conceal themselves publically, whereas the West displays

women's unclothed beauty constantly. Because women have their own penis' semen as 'futanarian' humans, the burkha represents her concealment. From an Arabian perspective the events of 9/11/2001, identifies the absence of women from Western imagery.

Nude model Koo Stark's appearance on *Cluedo* represents the Arabian question: where is the murdered American woman? As the deleted Camie Marstrap from *Star Wars IV: A New Hope*, Koo has fallen into the trap of the red planet, Mars, the war god, while as Miss Scarlett from *Cluedo* she is either the murderer, or innocent, but still a suspect of the actual killer, P.C. Trotter, that is, if 'political correctness' is to be believed, P.C. Trotter is the hero, whereas he's the murderer: the policeman has murdered the woman. It's the Arabian detective's answer to the absence of the American woman's penis, because she's naked everywhere. The Beatles' song 'Rocky Raccoon' (1968) is a lyrical narrative that reveals 'Nancy' to be the woman between the rivals, so the obvious candidate is Nancy Ajram, the Arabian singing star, who doesn't appear nude, while rock Iraq Koo, New York, is the American woman with the well-known 'rack', where that's American slang for a woman's visible breasts. Camie Marstrap is a homonym for 'mousetrap' so Koo is American woman murdered at the beginning of the Agatha Christie drama, *The Mousetrap*, by the representatively 'politically correct' policeman, 'Pigs' Trotter, while the diverting of humanity's resources into war and the Military Industrial Complex (MIC) of the United States, rather than curing the 'blood plague' of HIV/AIDS, which was sent by God to convert men from their sin of enslaving the host wombs of the human 'futanarian' species of woman with her own penis' 'seed' for 'war games' of 'TV' homosexual pederasty and death, is the murder of the woman, Camie Mousetrap, that is, Koo, New York, because the 'gay' Agamemnon was 'wounded' by the West's suggesting that Arabia could ever have a rival for Nancy Ajram when they're always boasting their women don't have a penis:

'... I would love to do that one day, have my own perfume ... '8

Nancy Ajram's song, Mushtaka Lik, which translates from the Arabic as 'I miss you', and is the lyrical theme, was written as a collaboration with J. Casonova perfumes, which created the fragrance. *Mousetrap* was also a children's game created in 1963 by the Ideal toy company. Players initially cooperate to build a mousetrap, which is what perfume is, that is, a 'TV' game for sundered humanity. In the Ideal *Mousetrap* game players try to trap each other after the complicated pieces of the trap are assembled, which is what the ingredients of the various perfumes represent. Koo Stark's deleted character, Camie Marstrap, from *Star Wars: A New Hope*, is commensurate with the ephemerality of perfume, because there's no hope for 'futanarian' woman with her own penis' 'seed' if the perfume companies' 'game' of 'mousetrap' and between sundered Mars trapped 'gays' continues to be played for filthy lucre. The 'mabkhara' of the Twin Towers of New York's World Trade Centre is the symbol of the perfume companies' fragrances for men and women as the brains of the human 'futanarian' race of women with their own wombs and penis' 'seed' are made extinct by the 'serpent's seed' of men in brainless preference for a better smell.

The obvious complement to Camie Marstrap, Koo's deleted *Star Wars: A New Hope* character, is a 'venus flytrap', which is a form of plant life that traps flies between two vegetable pads that have what seem to be teeth and the insects are digested to provide the botanical curiosity nourishment. *Venus Flytrap* (1970) is an American science fiction

horror film in which Dr. Bragan, with beautiful assistant, Kami, produce a man-eating creature. Because Koo Stark was cast as *Camie Marstrap* in *Star Wars: A New Hope*, she correlates with the doctor's assistant, Kami, in *Venus Flytrap*. The movie is also known as *Body Of The Prey* because it's about transvestism, that is, 'TV' dinners insofar as moviegoers are watching the human race eat itself when they see a film of horror and murder. As an 'uncredited' bridesmaid at the wedding of Ralph and Betty, in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, Koo Stark is identifiably separate from the theme of transsexuality embodied in the comedy horror personage, Frank N. Furter, a parody of Mary Wolstencraft's *Frankenstein* (1818), a scientist who constructed a creature from deceasedbodies, because Frank N. Furter, that is, the comedy penis as derivative of the German 'frankfurter' sausage, is the transsexual vampire and 'monster' in Transylvania, which is where the 'blood drinkers' legendarily live:

'... paper with a sticky and poisonous coating, usually hung from the ceiling to trap flies.'⁹

In thematic terms the Twin Towers of New York's World Trade Centre correspond to 'flypaper', which the civil airliners hijacked by the Al Qaeda terrorists stuck to; because that's what happens to flies. The counterpart of Mars, the god of war, is Venus, the goddess of love, while women are often called 'Venus flytraps' by men who see them as man-eating devourers, whereas the truth is men have enslaved the host wombs of women as the human species to devour her.

The concept of the spider and the fly is well known but the idea of the woman as the fly and the man as the spider is erroneous. Both spider and fly are male because it's the game they play with each other. Koo Stark, cast as *Camie Marstrap* in *Star Wars: A New Hope*, corresponds to Kami in *Venus Flytrap*, because the 'monster' is a transsexual who's unhappy with its gender possibilities and so wants everyone to be 'gay' because, through war and homosexual pederasty, the human species will become extinct and then the transsexual won't be unhappy with its genders. Men are aliens so the genders don't belong to it, which is why they play 'spider and fly' and pretend women are Venus flytraps and Mars traps, because they're the Earth's species:

'... crawling on the planet's face, some insects called the human race. Lost in time, and lost in space... and meaning.'¹⁰

The criminologist narrator of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, actor Charles Gray, iterates the truth conceived by poet T. S. Eliot in 'The Wasteland' (1922), which was something lacking in terms of meaning after the First World War (1914-18). Eliot considered it a spiritual quest for reawakening, which Koo Stark's sex film, *The Awakening Of Emily*, puts into perspective, that is, sexual desire for women is the essence of life for the human race, which 'The Wasteland' frankly admits, despite the narrow minded censorship of English *belles lettres* after the bloody vampires of homosexual pederasty had finished drinking blood on the battlefields of Europe:

'She turns and looks a moment in the glass. Hardly aware of her departed lover; her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass: 'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over.' (l. 249-52)

Beneath the burkhas of Arabia and other Moslem nations in Islam, where the faithful believe in the word of God in the *Koran*, women with their own penis 'seed' look to the West and see their sisters in sundered displays of nakedness without a penis, while men are defined as alien

transsexual vampires unhappy with the human gender. The attendance of Koo as `uncredited` bridesmaid` at the wedding of Betty and Ralph is important at the beginning of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* because, symbolically, she`s `Rocky Racoona`, that is, rock Iraq coup, New York. The movie ends with the marriage of Rocky, the `monster`, and Frank the transsexual, that is, the men love each other and are happy with that. The coup is the Arabians have undercover women, whereas the Americans don`t want the humans to know, which means `Liberty` is the symbol of women`s freedom, but the United States doesn`t seem to want the `pearl of great price` to have heaven; or Earth either.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show ends with the marriage of Rocky, the transsexual and Frank, the `monster`, that is, the men love each other and are happy with that. It`s a Satanic wedding mocking the prophesied return of Jesus as `the first of woman`s seed` in preparation for the Resurrection of the human `futanarian` species of woman with her own penis` semen for sexually reproducing her own brainpower, liberation through technological and medical advancement, and so escape from slavery and death. Because the Holy Spirit was the `teacher` sent by Jesus after his death and Ascension to heaven, New York`s Twin Towers correspond to a new character for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, Frank N. Sense. The Holy Spirit has to be listened to, but isn`t visible. The `rap` is for the New York Police Department (N.Y.P.D.) to decipher:

`I`m just a Sweet Transvestite from Transsexual, Transylvania.`11

That`s the lyricist`s `rap` from `Sweet Transvestite`, a song in the musical *The Rocky Horror Show* (1973) but who should take the `rap`, that is, in the sense of punishment, for 9/11, 2001? The guests at the original wedding saw Rocky and Frank N. Furter, while the presence of Frank `N` Sense remained implicit but not palpable. Because gold, frankincense and myrrh were the gifts given to Jesus at birth, the burning of the World Trade Centre, as Moslem `mabkhara`, to promote global `rough trade` and the `brutality and violence` associated with homosexual pederasty, was a mocking of Jesus` Second Advent and the teachings of the Holy Spirit. The events of 9/11 suggest a `gay` celebration of the first theatre stage performance of *The Rocky Horror Show*, that is, Rocky and Frank`s golden wedding, where the World Trade Centre stood for two Moslem `mabkharas` with Frank `N` Sense and some myrrh inside. If the clues derivable from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* are meaningfully applicable, September 11, 2001, was perpetrated by transsexual vampire `blood drinkers` from Transylvania to celebrate the death of Christianity in Satanism:

`Women weaken legs.`12

The misogynist Mickey, the gym trainer, in screenwriter and actor, Sylvester Stallone`s self-starring movie, *Rocky* (1976), has the boxer trapped in homosexual pederasty and married to the ring, which corresponds to J. R. R. Tolkien`s `ring of power` in *The Lord Of The Rings* in which the `Dark Lord`, Sauron, attempts to control the Earth through fear of violence. If the Hollywood, Babylon, movie of Tolkien`s *The Two Towers* corresponds to the Twin Towers of New York on 9/11, 2001, they`re the weakened legs of the `woman clothed with the sun and with the moon at her feet`, who can`t bear Jesus Christ because of the dragon waiting to devour

her child. According to the Bible the monster waits in vain because the power of the ring of homosexual pederasty is broken:

`... she's got gaps, I got gaps, together we fill gaps.`¹³

Adrian is Rocky's girlfriend, who he marries, but he continues with boxing to become world heavyweight champion, which is what the war between Saddam Hussein, Al Qaeda and the United States was; a contest to decide which of them would have the heavyweight crown. The gaps are the canyons between the skyscrapers in New York, built by civil engineers, but the tallest buildings in the world, the Twin Towers, were a gap toothed mouth for the transsexual vampires of the `blood drinkers` of warfare watching The Rocky Horror Picture Show `live on CNN` on 9/11, 2001, as the hijacked planes of civil aviation were crashed into the World Trade Centre by the terrorists. Rocky Balboa was having his front teeth knocked out by transsexual vampires, who don't like married people, because a man with a woman has a chance with Jesus Christ of escaping from the ring of homosexual pederasty and war.

Sylvester Stallone was Rambo in another major movie franchise beginning with First Blood (1982), which featured a veteran of the United States` Vietnam war (1954-75), John Rambo, who was what the US armed forces define as `RECONDO`, that is, RECONnaissance and commanDO, a term for highly specialized infantry who lead small, heavily armed long-range teams in enemy territory.

As Rambo, `Sly` Stallone wore a distinctive headgear similar to that worn by American legend, Davy Crockett, who fought alongside Jim Bowie, famous for the `Bowie knife`, particularly at the battle of the Alamo Mission (1836) during the period when Mexico disputed the state of Texas joining the Union. Davy Crockett and `Jim` Bowie became a composite hero in Stallone's depiction of the character, Rambo, who was distinguished by his Davy Crockett headgear and Jim `Bowie` knife. As an actor, `Sly` was Rocky `Recondo`, because he got paid a lot of dough, while the `goons` that rocked Iraq weren't so highly remunerated. The term `goon` means `guard` and oil rich Texas governor (1995-2000), George W. Bush, who was a member of the National Guard (1968-74), before he became US President for two terms (2001-9), was the real rock Iraq `goon` because he'd shown he was worth his soil.

1 Bouchard, Albert Blue Oyster Cult, `Tattoo Vampire` from Agents Of Fortune, Culumbia, May 21, 1976.

2 Blackmore, Richie and David Coverdale Deep Purple `Soldier Of Fortune` from Stormbringer, Warner Bros., November 1974.

3 <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/rough+trade>.

4 Lennon John and Yoko Ono `Woman Is The Nigger Of The World` from Some Time In New York City, Apple, 24 April, 1972.

5 Spears, Britney `Piece Of Me` from Blackout, Jive Records, October 26, 2007.

6 Spears `If You Seek Amy` from Blackout, 2007.

7 McCartney, Paul `Rocky Raccoon` from The White Album, May 30 - October 14, Side 2, 3.33 minutes, Apple, 1968.

8 <http://www.arabianbusiness.com/five-minutes-with-nancy-ajram-522626.html> .

9 <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/flypaper> .

10 Gray, Charles The Criminologist, The Rocky Horror Picture Show, 20th Century Fox, August 14, 1975.

11 O` Brien Richard `Sweet Transvestite`, The Rocky Horror Show, London, 1973.

12 Meredith, Burgess as Mickey in Rocky, United Artists, 1976.

13 Stallone, Sylvester as Rocky in Rocky, 1976.

The Bright Observation

By Dr. Robin Bright

When `The Guts of Starship Troopers`, a review of the film, *Starship Troopers* (1997), appeared in Thomas D. Sadler`s *The Reluctant Famulus* # 108, Kim Neidigh was among the first to cast doubt on the credibility of the author of the article`s critical faculties, his skill as a wordsmith, and the relevance of the learning brought to bear on the works criticized. The Bright observation (TBO) was a 612 page PhD thesis, `Jungian Archetypes in the work of Robert A . Heinlein`, published at England`s Hull University in 1992, and an article, `Robert A. Heinlein: Theologist?` appearing in Britain`s *Foundation: The Review of Science Fiction*, # 54, concerning Heinlein`s treatment of incest in the novel *Time Enough For Love* (1973), which featured the ostensibly immortal, Lazarus Long, who traveled back in time to have consensual sex with his own mother, Maureen, while developmental psychologist Carl Jung`s (1875-1961) individuation theory, relating to Heinlein`s incest theme, was examined in *Foundation* # 112, `Male And Female He Created Them Both`, a quote from the Bible remarking on God`s creation of the first man and woman, Eve and Adam, as hermaphroditic. K. Neidigh wanted to know if `The Guts of Starship Troopers`, `Sanctioned rape and murder?` 1 Neidigh`s argument was that`s Islam, whereas Moslem women wear the one-piece coverall of their black burka to publicly conceal their species from violently male braining rapists. `The Guts of Starship Troopers` argued that men waged war on the race of women for a host womb. The men of Earth`s war against the

arachnoid `bugs` of the planet Klendathu extrapolated from the male virus` universal virulence. Conflict with Islam was simply paradigmatic of men`s usual war with women, so Lazarus Long`s relationship with his mother, Maureen, symbolized the desired illusion of peaceful coexistence.

In depicting unisex shower scenes in his juvenile novel, *Starship Troopers* (1959), Robert Heinlein (1907-88), from a German immigrant family, seemed to have been describing a society for women in the United States of America (U.S.A.) as something more than a plastic model display team, based on the 1933 German National Socialist (Nazi) Party`s ideas of what Messerschmitt ME-109s would look like, if they were extrapolated from runway fashionistas, e.g., Heidi Klum and Gisele Bündchen, presented as epitomizing the triumph of the penisless western female. Using showers to exterminate 20, 000, 000 Jews in `death camps`, before their defeat at the end of World War Two in 1945, after losing its First (1914-18), Germany`s displaying of model families, with their plastic smiles and bodies, while carefully exterminating `woman`s seed`, who were God`s `chosen people`, the Jews, was fictionalized by Heinlein in the novella, *Methuselah`s Children* (1941), despite publishing conventions` persistently repressive sexual taboos in support of species` host womb slavery. Published in longer form in 1958, although without relaxation in censorship terms, the novel *Methuselah`s Children* depicted a pogrom against Lazarus Long`s long-lived `families`, which more clearly allegorized the Nazi design of ensuring the production of brainless infants as slaves, rather than permanently memoried adults, who wouldn`t require instruction from pedophile slavers.

Although `the father of psychoanalysis`, Sigmund Freud (1856-1939), labeled women victims of `penis envy`,² futanarian women have penis of their own, so `penis recovery` is rather more on the Jewish feminist agenda. Nazism was die farte preventing its daughter from reproducing, which was the true basis for Freud`s promotion of what he called the `Oedipal complex` as central to the human condition. Although Oedipus married his mother and blinded himself for breaking the incest taboo in the Greek dramatist Sophocles` Oedipus Rex (c. 429 B.C.), the meaning was that Antigone, his daughter, pressed into guiding his blind steps onward, represented the daughter`s being denied sexual access to her own species;for example, in showers where she wasn`t afraid to show her penis, which obviously wasn`t the case in *Starship Troopers*. Being illiterate and strong was always the bullies` defense when accused of attacking literates, who`re required to perform superhumanly to affect imperturbable ignorants: `Come on you apes, you wanna live forever?`³ Trooper Lt. Jean Raszak`s shower might have been seen to be wanting to, if the women could have been seen to be humanly erect. Karl Marx wrote an entire library of volumes to penetrate dense heads with the desirability of being able to make the statement, `workers control the means of production` (*Das Kapital*, 1867). As well as being its host womb, the futanarian species of women also own the shower.

When `A Nape, Beheaded` appeared in John Purcell`s *Askance* # 42, with the `rider` that the publisher thought TBO `literary inertia`, it was a comprehensive examination of a love affair that the reader and cinema-goer had perforce been made to have with apes. Since the appearance of Frenchman Pierre Boulle`s 1963 novel, *La Planète Des Singes* (*Planet Of The Apes*), it was an affair in inertial space that took in several original films, and a 2001 `reboot` of *Planet of the Apes* (1968). Its sequels, *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (1970), *Escape from the Planet of the Apes* (1971), *Conquest of the Planet of the Apes* (1972), *Battle for the Planet of the Apes* (1973),

The Planet of the Apes TV series (1974-5), *Planet of the Apes* (2001 reboot), *Rise of the Planet of the Apes* (2011), *Dawn of the Planet of the Apes* (2014), and *War for the Planet of the Apes* (2017) mapped the consequences of the sterile inertia of the love affair between men and apes, before the homosexual anal transmission of an `incurable killer disease`, discovered by DR Congo in 1983 as a simian immune deficiency virus (SIV) mutation, HIV/AIDS, could be enthusiastically described as a drug for producing rapist male apes in the film, *War For The Planet Of The Apes* (2017), fifty-five inertia-bound years after the publication of Boule's ominously foreboding original text, *La Planète Des Singes*.

Permanent humans, through rejuvenative medical science, are a possibility with brainpower produced sexually from `woman's seed`, and so it's the Bright observation` (TBO) that women, rather than male rape as the basis of plague, and greater ignorance through war's literal inertia, offer a better future. Silencing the writer (b. 1961) is what inert literature and literary criticism is. If there aren't any humans in literature, art and culture, that is, women's species, the ape virus mutation wins: `Apes together strong!`⁴ Human literary criticism has to accept that ape didn't win since 1963, or the inertia of blind monosyllabic ignorance, which would have cinema-goers believe that *Planet Of The Apes* is a dynamically original 2001 film, always has.

1 Neidigh, Kim `The Readers` Turn To Speak`, *The Reluctant Famulus*, # 109, 12/03/2015, p.36.

2 Freud, Sigmund, `On Sexuality` (PFL 7), pp. 195-6.

3 Ironside, Michael as Lieutenant Jean Raszak in *Starship Troopers*, Tristar Pictures, 1997.

4 Serkis, Andy as Caesar in *War For The Planet Of The Apes*, 20th Century Fox, 2017.

Humanly Erect

By Robin Bright

In the movie, *Starship Troopers* (1997), it isn't possible to see the women's erect penis in the unisex shower scene, because of the taboo against the penis being seen, rather than that women don't have a penis, which has ramifications for sociology. Without reference to the conversations God had with Eve about `woman's seed` in the first book of the Bible, *Genesis*, futanarian women have a penis of their own, and they're hermaphrodites, which means that women are a single independent species capable of sexually reproducing their own brains' powers. Pornography is another of society's taboos, because depictions of human sexual reproduction are presented as causing adultery. However, as women are a single independent species, they're unadulterated unless used for producing boy sons. Consequently, it isn't curious to find that, in futanarian pornography, the penised women are presented as having intercourse

only with each other and men, because it's logical that the futanarian women should be having sexual intercourse with non-penisised women, who're nevertheless of their own race. In short, pornography is evil, because it exists to depict the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' as the host womb slave of an alien parasite. In parasitology, the parasite that emerges from the host to kill it is termed 'parasitoid', which is what men are.

In the juvenile novel, *Starship Troopers* (1959), women are depicted as starship pilots, called 'mothers', who drop their boy sons onto the arachnoid planet, Klendathu, during Earth's interstellar war with 'the bugs'. As the mutated simian virus (SIV) was discovered by DR Congo in 1983, that is, the human immune deficiency virus (HIV), transmitted anally by homosexual men, resulting in acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) causing progressive collapse of the organs of the human system and brain death, Heinlein's 'bugs' correspond to humanity's problem with HIV/AIDS: 'Come on you apes, you wanna live forever?'¹ HIV/AIDS are the poisons produced by the mothers' boy sons, because that's what the parasite on the human host womb is for. *Starship Troopers* extrapolates 'the bugs' from HIV/AIDS, and homosexuality from the boy sons dropped by the mothers. Although *Starship Troopers* was criticized, when it was first published, for its supposed fascist ideology, its militarism is Greek: 'Everybody fights. Nobody quits.'² During the period of the Empire of Persia, Darius I invaded Greece in 492 B.C., and the Greeks' institutionalized host womb slavery of women in homosexuality in pederasty was their war preparation. By the late 20th century the 'incurable killer disease', HIV/AIDS, kept women in fearful faithfulness to their ring slavery as homosexuality in pederasty for war's 'biological weapon'.

If women were seen to be erect in the shower scene in the movie, *Starship Troopers*, they wouldn't be apes. In simple terms, humans live in ape slavery, because the apes don't want the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' to be seen to be erect. If they were, they wouldn't be working. It's necessary to destroy the human penis, so that the slaves will work. The unisex shower scene in *Starship Troopers* presents war as disciplined work without erections, which is what the United States of America's dropping of the atomic bomb from the Enola Gay aircraft on Japan's city of Hiroshima on August 6th 1945 was; a destroying of a human erection.

It isn't incidental that much of Japanese Hentai manga cartoon art is futanari, that is, women with erections, because the U.S.A. destroyed the Japanese erections of the cities of Hiroshima, and Nagasaki on August 9th 1945, when the aircraft Bockscar dropped a second atomic bomb. It occurred after the war with Japan began on 7th December 1941, when the Japanese attacked the U.S Pacific fleet at Hawaii's Pearl Harbor. Irrespective of the moral dimension, that's how apes slave; by destroying human erections. In ancient Japan it was traditional to bind the women's feet to prevent them from running away, that is, the Japanese apes didn't want the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed' to escape them. There aren't any women's erections in the unisex shower scene in *Starship Troopers*, because the apes destroy the humanly erect. Making human erections taboo directly resulted in the September 11, 2001, terrorist attack upon the World Trade Center in New York city, U.S.A., when the terrorist organization, Al Qaeda, operating under the auspices of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime of Afghanistan, hijacked civil airliners to crash into the Twin Towers of the WTC in a symbolic act of 'rough trade',³ which is that form of 'brutality and violence' participated in by homosexuals in pederasty for war against 'woman's seed'. The US army toppled the Afghan regime in December 2001, before toppling Al Qaeda's supporter, Iraq President Saddam Hussein, in March 2003,

which resulted in his putative successor, Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi, declaring an independent rebel state of Iraq and Syria, so precipitating a further toppling of Middle Eastern erections, and is how apes slave.

The Middle Eastern religion is Islam, in which the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) of the Prophet Mohamed permits the Moslem peoples four wives. The founder of Islam was Ishmael, born of Hajer, who wasn't the wife of Abraham, whose wife, Sara, bore Isaac, the founder of Judaism. Barren after Isaac's birth, Sara gave her maid, Hajer, to Abraham, who bore Ishmael, whose descendant, Mohamed, gave the *Koran* to the Moslems, whose four wives afford the possibility of sexual reproduction for the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' within the family. As a Jew can only be born from a Jewess, so women are Jews, that is, Judaism is a futanarian tradition. Consequently, Jesus' birth from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen, is the reason he's the redeemer, because he's 'woman's seed'. Taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem as a 'dissident' against the occupation of Jewish Palestine by the Empire of Rome, Jesus 'Christ', 'the chosen' Jew among the Jewish 'chosen people' of God, was nailed to a cross of wood where he died, because the apes of Rome were destroying a human erection. Jesus' subsequent resurrection and ascension to heaven prefigured that of 'woman's seed', whose erections are to be seen colonizing the planets amidst the stars.

Ape fiction presents the destruction of human erections as its 'activity', so *Starship Troopers* begins with 'the bugs', that is, the extrapolated simian virus mutaton, HIV/AIDS, destroying the South American city of Buenos Aires, Argentina, because that's ape fiction, and all of it is, so long as the women are seen but not hard: 'One day, someone like me is gonna kill you and your whole fucking race!' 4 After you?

1 Ironside, Michael as Lieutenant Jean Raszak in *Starship Troopers*, Tristar Pictures, 1997.

2 Ironside, Michael as Lt. Jean Raszak in *Starship Troopers*, Tristar Pictures, 1997.

3 [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trade_\(gay_slang\)#Rough_trade](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Trade_(gay_slang)#Rough_trade)

4 Muldoon, Patrick as Lt. Zander Barcalow in *Starship Troopers*, Tristar Pictures, 1997.

Fiction

THE PLANET OF EDEN

By **Gerd Maximovic**

(translated by **Isabel Cole**)

The castle must have measured five cubic kilometers. Its walls were so thick that even the Worm Ourobours, which, it is told, has burrowed its way through the planet, was repulsed by them. Fortified towers stood at regular intervals, each bearing a mirror which radiated the bright, all-consuming fire.

Only a few people knew what the inside of the castle was like. Pflim, an old servant who was said to have the second sight, brought the lords of the castle fresh milk each morning. He once related that a mighty steel dragon sat in each of the three courtyards of the castle; each of these dragons held the visitor, whether he knew him or not, in his ruby-strengthened gaze. Pflim did not know what myriads of Creons had entered one of these gazes.

Even the wanderer who passed through the Sierras far from the castle saw its radiance. Once a satrap from another star, in search of the purple flower, had lost his way on one of the ridges of the Sierras. It was late, and the night was breaking with rosy fires, so he lay down in one of the radiant caves from which a milky light shone at him.

He woke up when a soft tremor ran through the ground. He rubbed the sleep from his brow and, now wide awake, pressed his ear to the glaze which covered the floor of the cave. He was startled by a noise which was to visit his dreams for many years thereafter. It was a dull tone which contained a thumping. The tone rose, humming, raced through the satrap's brain, whimpered as if the earth were bearing a new light and then, if the story of the shattered spirit could be trusted, sank down beneath the satrap, who lay in the cave with chattering teeth, as if in a fever.

Since then, no one has ever ventured into the range of hills in question. And yet from there, lying in the Kalev Desert, with its spires and battlements and its beams of light, the castle presented a picture such as not even the fairytales which immortalize the people of the Creons describe.

When evening came, the castle grew damp and cold. Fog, white and thick, rose from the walls before the group of a hundred men who lay in a hollow between telepathic scorpions and flesh-eating spiders. "Quiet!" Kalep hissed as the cold of the castle penetrated the men's flesh and bones. "Quiet!" once more as a girl disguised as a page began to weep, lying in the steaming sand.

"That's what happens," said Horgoyd in a low voice, "when you take children on a long journey."

"Quiet," said Kalep a third time, and the veins swelled on his brow.

Now the sun had sunk upon the castle, as if a glowing wheel were polishing the sky. With a singing noise the nearby craters sprang open. A crab froze on an earth wall, left behind by the cold like a bronze monument. Then there was a rustling in the sand, and one after another the men and the frail girl, the tears still running down her cheeks, had slipped into the resistant armor.

From the tower to their left a powerful voice bellowed down: "Who goes there? Give the password! Friend or foe? God or none?"

Now there was a flash above the right-hand tower. The red light of the sun, which had now sunk halfway below the horizon like a gigantic eye, fell to the sand in mirroring conflagrations like a flood, like a wave, an immense glow, grazing the hollow in which the cohort lay. For a few mere seconds, the blood of the girl and the men boiled in their frozen veins. A miner fell unconscious into a ditch, and finally Kalep pulled him up by the legs. The scorpion moved. Then the sun sank down all the way, and the mirror illuminated the desert like a stray light which passes aimlessly across the glowing rocks.

Even Rumford's eyes grew moist, and he was one of the bravest men. He pressed the laser sword to his breast. Breathing heavily, his voice almost breaking, he said: "Kalep, my boy, we aren't going to make it."

And someone who lay in the last rows whispered: "It's the devil who lives in the castle. The steward is in league with Satan. One word, and the earth will open up."

But at the sight of Kalep, who stood half-bowed in the hollow, the laser weapon before his breast, a look in his eyes full of rage and madness, they fell silent. A frozen clod of earth fell down with a crash. The desert cracked as the sudden cold crept into it. The castle, now in shadow, was like the holy black stone of Babel, covered with the white breath of the gods.

"Victory or death," Kalep hissed. "We are not afraid. Think of the miserable life we have left behind us. Think of the want which has descended upon us. Now is the moment. Now we will break loose. Victory or death! There is no turning back!"

It seems that every action must be prepared in the mind. One marches only when one is determined. Only he who knows what he wants will achieve anything. They looked at their

leader. Kalep's eyes rolled wildly. He dragged himself to the upper edge of the hollow. One look - the boundary of the left-hand tower was free. To the right, a leech slid sighing down the cold wall.

"Let's go!"

Bent over, back to back, they emerged from their sand-hole. A black stream, as one sometimes sees among the sand worms. The weapons they carried jangled softly. In the headsets this sight, that rustling sound was heard. Thus it is when one submits to the hand of fate. When one gives oneself completely to an inescapable game.

Kalep, as could be expected of the leader, was the first to reach the castle wall. He hesitated a moment. Bodies pressed up behind him. Stella, the girl, was silent now. Kalep stood big and broad in front of the wall. He spread out his arms. With his gloves he reached into the white steam which wafted about the flank of the castle like hot breath.

There was a jangle behind him. He heard a choked cry. Now the ground was so cold that the white steam rose from it as well. Borrr said: "There, it must be there!" Kalep ran over the plan in his head. Thought over his dream. What had the thing which held watch inside the castle told him in that night of the new moon? He retreated a step, scrutinized the wall with sharp eyes. It seemed to him that a red reflection was mingling with the steaming blackness. A ruby-red light which came from within the castle garden.

He stood in front of the wall like a spider. The same position. His hands felt around. A cavity there, a hollow there. A button. A hole. The cold crept into the marrow of his finger bones. His arms grew stiff. It was fortunate for them that Kalep, in his exhaustion, fell forward. For a moment the wall sucked in his warm, pulsing body. It dissolved in a rosy shimmer and took Kalep along, stone and metal collapsing beneath his body.

Sometimes, just in the wrong moment, memories of past experiences or things we have heard emerge within us. They are as vivid in our minds as if reality no longer counts. In that other dream, Kalep lay on a white bed. Bandages covered his body. A tube which came from the ceiling went through his nose and into his brain. A big apparatus filled with a green liquid stood next to his bed, humming dully.

In that other world, Kalep drifted through the green liquid. He was completely naked and carefree. One time his foot touched the bottom, and he stood. He was moored onto an island upon which lava which came from the bowels of the earth had congealed. Kalep sat in a glass chair. The moment he thought about it, a great crystal goblet met his hand - completely filled with a frothing pink liquid.

As Kalep drank, he rose into the sky. Above the clouds there was a red radiance from the sun. When you are barefoot it is easy to wander weightlessly over the clouds. The cold of the room gripped him. He shivered. The earth lay below him with millions of burning torches. He moved carefully within his bandages. The tube tore.

"Well," said the nurse, "who's so impatient today?"

She pushed him back onto his cot, looking like Stella. Two orderlies in white uniforms came through the door. One of them said: "Quiet!" The other pulled a glass instrument from his pocket, something like a scalpel equipped with a needle-point. They opened up the back of his head. When he was all the way open, red bubbles rose from his head. One or the other of them materialized. One, which turned into a lindorm with big paws, blowing fiery breath, beat the first orderly to death with his rubber glove.

Kalep tore himself from his dreams. Warmth returned to his body. Stella removed the needle from his thigh. For a moment Kalep was a fluttering bat hovering between black hills. Fear entered his heart. Someone said: "You wanted it this way!" A deep bass laughed above the castle battlements. Two or three bats dropped down onto Kalep's back from the breach. He killed them with the barrel of the light-thrower. As he went on, he still saw the blood streaming pink from their bodies and then disintegrating to rust-red sand.

A voice within him said: "You won't make it!"

"Quiet!"

The cohort listened for sounds in the inner courtyard. A scuffling noise came from there. Something fluttered. The air pressure caused by the wings was so strong that Stella fell into a niche among glittering diamonds. An enormous glass eye looked through the breach. The eye opened several times, from bottom to top.

A beak, completely covered with diamonds, sharpened itself in the breach. The bird's eye was ancient and dull. It reflected a pale body which lay motionless on its back. The bird sat upon it. He opened its back with his beak. Blood flowed out. The bird blinked as he ate. Once he looked up jerkily as someone came.

That was easy. It was a white light, coming from Horgoyd's light-thrower. The bird disintegrated without a single sound leaving its throat. A feather fell from the air, rocking over the hole, then wafted away over the cohort by a draught.

Stella said: "That is the bird Roc which the books speak of."

Turbing said: "A dangerous beast. A good thing he's always thinking about food."

Kalep stopped at the edge, where the wall had melted. He crouched in the shadows. His eyes flashed. The ground of the courtyard was covered with golden sand. Yonder, perhaps a stone's throw away, a wall rose up. Something, blue and green, ran along the wall.

As the cohort stood in the courtyard, it seemed a long, slender thing, spittle running in long strands from its enormous mouth. It thumped onto the ground. Swung around. It swelled itself up. It had an enormous body. A claw came forward, two dozen knives flashing on it. In this moment the sun rose again for this being - sun, coming from two dozen barrels. Already ash, it

crept on quickly. What collapsed in dust had a clawed hand. The dust blinded the cohort for a moment.

The second courtyard was completely filled with water. It rose up before them almost without transition. One after the other, they entered the pool through a thin membrane. The light which fell slanting from the battlements made their figures thin and slender. Bubbles rose above their heads.

Ludger bent down to him. To Kalep, Ludger's face seemed to be nothing but skin and bones. Ludger opened his faintly grinning mouth; his teeth were long and pointed. With one hand, now webbed, Ludger waved the cohort on. He grinned again. More and more he seemed a fish to Kalep, scrutinizing him with cold, piercing eyes.

It had been like that - back then, when Kalep was imprisoned under the thick metal tower. They had taken him out of his hut in the middle of the night. There had been twelve thugs and an executioner. They had twisted his arms behind his back, hidden him under flour sacks on a wagon and finally stretched him out on a big wooden board in the castle dungeon.

"Ludger," was all Kalep said.

Blood gushed from his friend's mouth. Ludger reeled. He was so close now that he almost tore Kalep's protective suit with his claws. Kalep stepped to the side in the mud. When Ludger followed him, he struck his friend a blow. Ludger fell back. He plunged into the mud, which immediately closed over him.

A fish, big, fat and clumsy, with razor-sharp teeth, swam up. In the back row Argnar raised his weapon and shot. The fish exploded. It looked like a comet dissolving into many fine grains of dust. The grains of dust grew into many dozens of tiny fish with flashing teeth. Their vacillating features took on Ludger's appearance.

While Kalep, in memory, lay screaming in the ditch, while the sweat ran down his body - a wheel of fire revolved in his head - he grabbed the light-weapon firmly. A wave rolled up out of nothingness and almost washed him past the wall. In the backwash, he rolled over Ludger's grave. The water evaporated under the blow which connected the light-thrower with the hill. Ludger stood up, swaying in the water. His body was enormous and thin, and dissolved in the sheaf of light which now struck him from all sides.

Illusion. Once, many years ago, Kalep had watched a magician perform his tricks on the marketplace of Palmyria. The man put on a red mask which made him look like a field devil. With his copper wand he touched one of the spectators, only once, and the man vanished as if conjured away.

"And now I will show you what will happen to anyone who attempts to approach the castle without permission," he said in a loud, resonant voice.

Out of nowhere the castle wall, black, heavy, threatening, plummeted down onto the village square.

"You there," said the magician, pointing his wand at a powerfully-built lad in the first row, "boy, do you possess courage?"

The boy - Kalep knew him, he was from the neighboring village - was known to be strong and skillful; he only nodded.

"Well, good," said the magician, "if that's really so, then just go up to the wall."

Hesitantly, Alf began to move. But as he strode toward the wall, he began to change. He walked slowly, and so the spectators did not see this at first. But then it was clear to all - the boy was growing smaller. Almost six feet tall just now, he was continuously reduced as he strode onward. Once, when the cries of the crowd reached his ears from afar, he turned around in surprise. He reeled back, seeing the tiny people, and began to walk faster, reeling.

In Kalep's memory he went on walking toward the wall. He saw him as a tiny light winking out in the distance, something caught in perpetual motion.

Someone said angrily to the magician: "Get him out of there!"

But he smiled: "I'm terribly sorry, but I can't do that. He is a traveler who cannot be stopped."

Illusion. A blow, a thrust. Blood dripped over Kalep's shirt. He wiped the drops of blood from his chin. Who are you, if you are not lying in a cage? The light flickered like candles in a draught. He stood up, and the bed wobbled. Now he was illuminated by green light.

He felt strength and confidence vanish from him. Naked, he pressed himself to the crystal glass. His hands groped up. The glass was cold. He heard singing, as if from far away. He was six feet tall. A big man displayed in a glass case. The glass sang beneath his hands. He was a gigantic man at home in a case.

For a moment, fear drove him into a corner of the room. He saw himself scratching the glass walls. The case was nine feet high. Its corners were leaded with gold. It stood on a sandstone pedestal. Wires and tubes curled down from the ceiling.

"Kalep," said a woman, "what are you doing?" The tall man wrapped in bandages stopped, leaning on one of the glass walls. He looked out into the green light with wide eyes.

"Kalep," the voice warned gently.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"But you know that!" she answered gently.

"No! Tell me."

"Kalep, don't be silly."

He stood on his toes. With his fingertips he reached up to the glass ceiling through which the full moon shone.

The sun rolled down the back wall of the case as a great white eye. The stars winked as if deep in the night. He heard birdsong and sounds as if he were in the forest. He thought of his childhood.

"Kalep, lie down!"

"No!"

He thrust his head forward defiantly. He beat the glass surface with his fists. The glass sang as if it were about to shatter. The light became blinding.

"Kalep, stop that!"

"No!"

He heard the air circulation pump go on. Cool wind sank down from the ceiling. In it was pollen. Yellow and heavy, a sweet flood descended upon him, soon making him dizzy. He saw the sea thundering against the cliffs. Sweet is death. Lovely is memory. He sank to the floor, completely confused.

"Kalep, are you asleep?"

He still twitched. His breath came thin and shallow. He looked happy now.

"Kalep, there's a good place!"

He fell to the floor. He lay there naked. He warmed himself with his arms as best he could. Pollen hung in the cubicle, pollen which entered his nose. A smell, hot and heavy, which took away his senses. There are millennia you can doze through like that.

"Kalep, are you asleep?"

The third courtyard was filled with blood. The blood, red, sluggish, heavy, reached to the horizon. Stella, who had fallen to the ground, vomiting, screamed. An old man who bore the field standard wept softly. Bosker plunged his sword into the dull liquid. The tide rose quickly and constantly.

Perhaps six of them, all apparently strong, turned to flee. Behind them the red flood ran down the wall. The horizon blazed red. The stone was soft. The weapon melted in Kalep's hand. Now

his heart was pounding. He stood firmly, and the liquid streamed over him as if hot lava were flowing from a volcano.

The sun which shone in their thoughts grew dark. All orientation which had remained them was lost.

"Stella, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me, my child."

"Where are the others?"

"I don't know."

A mouth trembled at Kalep's ear. A golden eye opened. A barque approached. With the last of their strength Stella and Kalep managed to climb into the barque. The little ship sailed across a turbulent sea. A wind from rust-red clouds drove on the tiny sail. The little ship sailed across the mountains; a few peaks emerged from the deluge.

In what time had Kalep been a fisherman? The wind had driven them across the blood-red sea for fourteen days and fourteen nights. They had lived on ship's biscuit and blood. Kalep, finding himself on the floor of the barque at the end of this time, smelled the wood and heard the sail slapping against the mast. Trembling, he leaned on the mast.

As if sowed by an invisible hand, strength surged into him. He took Stella in his arms before reaching for the net. Together, they submerged the net in the floods. The barque continued to travel swiftly. But after the net had been submerged for some time, the little ship grew slow and heavy as if a great weight were dragging at it.

Finally, as evening came, they dragged the net on board. As it passed over the side of the ship, mesh after mesh, the blood dripped down onto the wooden planks, and the sinking sun stood still within it. Every drop of blood seemed to contain the entire world. Like marbles, they rolled glittering across the planks. They cast a broken light, such as one only sees in prisms.

The net was full of rubbish. Iron bars lay in it. A dozen soggy pieces of paper. An old tar barrel made a hollow sound as Kalep struck it. A bleached skull, now covered with red, grinned at him as a drinking goblet. Then an enormous wave came from the port side. It lifted the boat so that it straddled its crest. Somewhere far out Stella was lost. Then, as the barque tossed on the surface of the sea, Kalep sank into the ocean from which the light of the sun was vanishing.

He was home. It was a long time before he came to himself. A face he knew floated over him. He sensed a hand of bones take his pulse.

"Do you hear me?"

No! The bone-face which seemed so friendly drew back.

"He's asleep," a voice said in the background.

"Do you think he'll still be a danger to us?" asked one of the marble pillars which stood in front of a wall in the hall.

"I don't know."

The inside wall which came after the blood-filled courtyard was filled with water in which Rogonar floated, the worm of which the dreams are. As soon as the cohort had escaped the court of blood, he awoke. He pricked up his pointed ears and floated in the liquid with distended webs. Animals which possess instinct instead of reason know when their end is near.

Rogonar enveloped himself in a crystal as Kaleb strode through the damp walls. He glided down to the bottom of the lake. His thoughts rose from his body as blue lights, as if he were wrapped in an electric net.

From one moment to the next, the water dried up. The cohort ventured out onto the gleaming parquet. Gentle candlelight illuminated the halls with a yellow light. Tall mirrors hung on the walls, behind which music from an invisible orchestra rose softly. The ladies, their backs free, their hair undone, their décolletés delicately flushed, turned and curtsyed.

The parquet trembled. A paneled wall took on a milky sheen. A mirror at the other end of the hall turned black and cracked. The candle flames twisted away from the hole from which the cohort emerged. Kaleb looked at the others, one at a time. They were enormous, beings from a strange world, the crests on their helmets, the thunder-butts in their hands, disrupting the tranquility of the holy halls.

The music got out of step. The violins grew shrill. The trumpeter clutched his horn weakly. The drums grew still under the body which had fallen upon them. One of the gentlemen stood where he was, the rapier in his hand. In one of the chambers off to the side, a bed rocked gently. A hand, pale and gentle, fell out, and the girl's sighing congealed in the sooty air.

"Sire," said a cavalier, strangely grinding.

Stella - Stella! - where had she been! - thrust her little hand into Kaleb's hand. Now to the left - a mirror cracked. The music began again, reeling. Stella looked at Kaleb almost innocently. On her face was a smile which came from within.

"Rogosin!" Kaleb stamped his foot.

The corporal loomed next to Kaleb, red-faced. The music stopped again. One of the ladies fell onto the parquet with a wooden crash, waking up the ladies and gentlemen.

It must have been in this moment that the spell was broken. Now the remaining mirrors shattered. Pearls, shimmering whitely, rolled across the floor. The parquet sweated water. Now the floor was already covered in a hand's depth of liquid. Half of the ladies and gentlemen, barely awoken, froze, their arms raised into the air for the quadrille.

The lady who had first fallen dissolved into glue and paint. Her wig was like a big dark spider floating in water. Then her bodice dissolved, and the lady rose and fell in the rising flood. The right-hand wall crashed down. The hole was so big that a broad waterfall immediately poured through it. The flood was so strong that it almost completely washed away the worm, red and bloated. The hairs which it had used for locomotion vibrated over its upturned body. He still clutched the hole with his feelers, but as the water swelled, he plunged into the floods.

With him, the stars fell. Jupiter, great and heavy, smashed resoundingly against the opposite wall. Saturn plummeted and floated in the liquid, and his rings shattered. A cold planet which could not be identified rolled into the hall and made the water blue and smooth. At last the ceiling collapsed; there the sun was a wall of flames which fell hissing into the depths.

The worm disintegrated. The surface of the water was stained purple where his red skin had once been. He still seemed to float in the corners of the hall. Once music, floating and light, issued from the hole. The moon was caught in a corner of the hall. Silvery was its light, falling slanting across the floods.

Kalep was the moon which hung over the stars. He rolled through a dark cloud, crossed a stormy energy drift and licked the edge of the sun. Now he heard the music of the spheres, created by the friction between the planets and the heavenly spheres. For a while he himself gave the beat. A hot wind blew from the sun and whirled him away from the spheres.

He passed the milk canal, knocked against large and small suns, startled away the star spiders, slipped through a magnetic field in the form of a polyp (because of its many arms, to tame the field), used a cap of invisibility as a hypnotic bird, finally spied on the space ship of an alien race before falling to rest on a green, forested planet with shadowy waters.

As he left the ballroom, which they had crossed with dry feet, Kalep had an attack of weakness. He suddenly felt as if his brain had been isolated, as if it had been cut off from its natural conditions and placed in a crystal bowl in which it floated, nourished only by blood plasma. Pale, Kalep leaned against the wall.

Boorman's tall form moved forward.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked.

Kalep looked at him, dizzy. Boorman's eyes were yellow. His ears were slit. He had a tail which beat the ground. Kalep said nothing. He looked away. The steps of the corridor before him were worn away. It seemed that millions of feet had made their mark on the stone over long periods of time.

Boorman, thought Kalep. He lifted his head. Boorman stood swaying in the light which fell from one tiny window. A tall, stately man. His features grew smooth. The cockscomb vanished. His pupils grew smaller. His tail was nothing but the shadow of the transom.

Ship. He knew quite well, there was the ship. Long, cylindrical, made of metal. It lay in the courtyard of the castle. A torpedo with the scars of fire. Water from the fountain dripped down onto it. Inside the ship was flesh. Rosy, smooth. A hair ribbon. A child. The ship had room only for one person, who must fill it completely.

Kalep leaned against the window. Gazed down into the courtyard. The water trickled gently. The potting soil was dark and damp. Tulips ranked - yellow, red, black - in long columns. A fat bird dripped down from a gargyle, a yellow spot, developing its plumage in the air.

Now Kalep remembered. He had leaned back in the seat. He had ordered aquavit in the galley. The diagram swam in his hand. Warily he rested his head in both hands. The piece of paper was thin and transparent. The computer had covered it with fine lines. The yellow lines showed the composition of the surface. The inside of the planet glowed blue. One pond was strung next to the other, black. Millions of points of light crawled across the page.

Kalep felt a moist tongue graze the back of his neck. A cold hand touched his chest. Hair fell long and soft over his face. The form which stood before him transformed itself. It had rolled together in front of the main screen. Where it had stood, it left behind slime. The bedroom door was half-open.

The unmade bed was covered with rosy sheets. The sheets moved. A body, big and white, pushed back the covers. The face which stared at Kalep was blind. The woman who lay there had removed her hair. An eye which contained the sun opened. The woman opened a pointed mouth. She fell from the bed. Now she groaned. Kalep drew back to the sticky wall. The wall opened, and the stars shone in, and he saw the starlight.

After circling Eden, they decided to land in a forested area which lay on the shore of an inland sea, crisscrossed by rivers. The descent through the atmosphere took an eternity. The REGINA above was already tiny by the time the ferry vanished into a bank of fog. Radio contact broke off.

When the connection was reestablished, Kalep said: "It seems to be an incredibly active planet. Do you see the flora? There, a flying dragon grazed the boat."

Across the crackling of the atmosphere Stelle said thinly: "Are you sure it was a dragon?"

"It looked like it. I'm about to land. What does the sounding beam say?"

"Everything's fine," she said. "Watch out for the side rudder. You're not quite on course."

"I see. The compass was disrupted by a strong field."

A blue light came down from the sky.

"Watch out," she said, "take your orientation by this."

"I'm opening the lock now. I'm taking Filter B. Out there there's a green twilight. Something grazed me with soft wings. The trees are almost a hundred meters tall. The sky is hidden by the foliage. The air condition is on high, but it can't do a thing about the humidity. Something crashed against me. Something yellow is flowing down me. The sounder shows that it is poisonous.

"The ground is swampy. The ferry's landing legs are stuck fast. I sink in up to my ankles. An overpowering fragrance enters my helmet. I'm sopping with sweat. The landing supports of the ferry - do you have the picture? - are covered with lianas. A flower bursts over my head. A yellow cloud descends. I cut open one of the lianas. Yellow sap trickles out. I wonder how a tree can develop under this burden.

"The echometer shows that the ground must be hollow. Just now I almost fell into a crevice. Over there something is moving. The trees seem to have moved closer. A big bird - with a long, sharp beak, wingspan about six meters - drifts under the canopy of leaves. I am very tense. Can you see me?

"I've gotten to a quagmire. Perfectly round, covered with brown foam. Bubbles rise. A fine smoke hangs over the hole. I am sitting on the slope which leads down to the hole. A bubble has splattered me. I am wiping off the stuff as well as I can. It's hot. The trees seem to be moving. I hear a cracking, slurping noise.

"I have reached the river. It is completely covered with blossoms. The water is yellow. The river seems to stand still. Do you remember the time we were on the Mississippi? A steamboat passed. We lay down on the white beach. We hid behind the rushes on the shore. The current gleamed in the midday light. Something moved on the other shore.

"I am afraid. The water attracts me hypnotically. I walk back and forth on the shore. I believe I must keep moving. When I looked over to the hills, above which the sun hangs, they changed their shape. One hill developed a long, narrow head. The humps bend. Stones glittered on the ridge, as if a thousand eyes were watching me.

"Now I am going back. Now that some willpower still remains to me. I discovered a hut. Hut is the wrong word. A thing covered with seaweed. I see moist, sweating walls. The hut emits a red light. Space codex R has determined that a planet must be thoroughly explored. For a moment I thought the entrance was covered with flesh. Silly of me. There are even big black hairs growing on it.

"I enter a great twilight. Filter C. It does not help much. The walls seem to be covered with suckers. It is flesh, I'm sure of that now. Water running from the walls. The suckers are covered with black grains. The walls distend. The thing is breathing. I touched one of the walls. My glove is melting. My hand is covered with blood. Stella, tell me where the way out is!"

The inner courtyard was surrounded by narrow, overgrown towers. They were made of grey stones which had deteriorated many centuries ago. The stumps, covered with ornaments and decorations, reared high up against the sky. The courtyard was surrounded by shrubs, red and purple growths over which, again and again, a yellow cloud hung.

The floor of the courtyard seemed swampy. Sometimes little bubbles rose in the swamp. A delicate blue vapor which drifted across the ground gave the illusion of being held captive in a magician's cabinet. Now and then the vapor cleared. Then it revealed a completely overgrown stone monument which had sunk at a slant into the swamp.

Kalep turned around. This movement alone cost him an effort. He felt as if his body had been filled with lead. At first he had not even noticed his companions. Then he saw Horgoyd, standing in the shadow of a pillar. Horgoyd's face was grey. Lichens grew over his body. When Kalep spoke to him, Horgoyd remained silent.

Kalep did not discover Rumford for some time. Rumford had crouched in the shadow of the big freestanding stairway. On the other side was Tall, now a stone gargoyle. Garyddia was a satyr, bearing the stairway on his shoulders. In the faces of all these men, jewels gleamed in place of eyes.

When Kalep finally went down the stairs, the light changed. It seemed as if night were only just catching up with him. Now that his comrades had turned to stone, some of Kalep's strength abandoned him. He felt as if something had been removed from him. He felt dizzy as he saw his white breath, which hovered before his lips as if after a winter night of drinking.

Don't look around! Kalep tensed. He went through the swamp, somewhat stiff. A leech brushed his left leg. Somewhere in the second courtyard an avalanche of stone descended. The entrance to the monument was hung with lianas which pulsed as Kalep pushed them aside. He strode down a low corridor, entering the inside of the monument in a silvery light.

The walls of the crypt were decorated with stone figures. The floor was covered with moss. Starlight fell through a hole in the dome, cut out by a crystal shell exactly in the middle of the construction. Wind rose, singing across the crystal structure. The plants on the coffin moved sluggishly. Kalep, the hairs rising on the back of his neck, crossed the inner room as if following a distant memory. He stopped in front of the glass coffin.

Illuminated from within, by a pale light, the plants on the coffin seemed unnaturally green. Kalep tore away some of the plants with his glove and his knife, but hardly was the lid free, than the glass grew cloudy again. Kalep saw the face of a woman. He freed a crevice with his dagger and cracked open the lid, which flew to the ground in a thousand glass shards.

Bedded on velvet, enveloped in silken robes, hands clasped on her breast, pale and remote, wreathed with blond hair, with a red mouth and eyes in which the moon shone glittering, lay a sweet child - Stella, as she had been in his memories of twenty years ago. Kalep reached into the coffin, touched the pale brow.

It seemed to him that part of the metal which clad the coffin had clattered to the ground. Had she looked at him? It must have been at this point that Kalep crossed the time which lay between him and the apparition. He felt dizzy, and clung tight to the glass rim. The glass was hard and cut his hands. Blood ran down the crystal in a thin trail. Sometimes you come to a point at which you can go no further. You stand there mutely. All that keeps you there is the memory that it is possible to go on. Kalep was a knotted bundle of nerves. He walked as if through a waterfall of sweet, heavy juice. The liquid penetrated his pores. The thing which contained him made a smacking sound.

For a moment, as he reeled, he saw a row of organic retorts before him. A liquid sloshed inside them. Now and then one of the retorts burst open. The hand which Kalep raised to his eyes was frayed. He plunged into the thickets which lay in the dusky light. To the right and left of his path, plants burst open.

He was exhausted by the time he reached an opening through which the band of the milky way shone white and milky. A cool draught wafted about him. A moth, big and heavy, with a furry body, fluttered past, reeling. A blue light shone above the mountains. It was as if the lights of billions of fireflies were dancing before him.

In the plain which lay before Kalep there was movement. It was as if humps were rising from the swamp at irregular intervals. A thing which dripped water and slime onto the ground emerged from the morass. A shudder seemed to run across its body. For two or three seconds the ground tensed and discharged. The shaking was so strong that part of the cave opening, collapsing, buried Kalep beneath it.

Now the sky was completely clear. The stars stood out as bright, sharp points against it. A bright point moved in a constellation which looked like a fish. It moved from west to east, silent in its forwards motion. For a moment Kalep wondered about the significance of this point, but it escaped him.

When the point vanished below the horizon, Kalep set out toward the mountains, over which the blue fire was still glowing. As he approached, he saw, in a steep, swampy wall, a bright blue light which increased and decreased in intensity.

When he reached the sphere - covered all over with mud- the sun cast its first red beams over the distant horizon. Now the sphere shone in a pale radiance which came from within. Kalep, tired after the long climb, entered through the protective screen, behind which a pearl lay, shimmering dully, on a blue cushion.

He slumbered, back on board the ship. Stella had made coffee. She gazed into his eyes with concern.

"Kalep," she said, "the planet is wrong for us."

"Oh," was all he said, sipping at his cup.

She pointed to the screen, where Eden's red sun hung like a gleaming pearl. The planet which the computer spat out in the upper right hand square shimmered in an intense, unreal radiance. It was terrifying to see it for the first time. Its radiance was as strong as if it were completely enveloped in radioactive fire. Its size seemed to change. Kalep asked: "What's wrong?"

Stella replied: "I don't know. It's just a feeling. I felt sick while I was taking my shower. Last night I had a dream. A big, hairless being appeared in front of me. It looked at me. It held me - somehow - in its grip. It slipped a membrane over me. I had that feeling that a cell fusion was going to take place. That the thing was going to take me in to enrich itself."

"But you're here," he said. "It was a dream. We're on the road a lot. It's hard to process all the things you experience on the journey. Everything comes back up. It washes through your senses. Now it's Eden which is affecting us, promising misfortune."

"I know your theory," she retorted.

Her voice trembled. "I know that it's lonely, even for two people, so far away from the Earth. That's not it. Believe me, it's an instinct. Sometimes I only need to look a person in the face to understand what's wrong with him. This is just how I feel about this star."

"But the planet," Kalep interjected, "is not a person. It probably has no intelligent life. Oceans. Jungles. A very primitive fauna is developing. But other than that? There's nothing that can't be explained."

"All the same," she said, drawing away, "I'd rather you listened to me this time."

He shook his head. "Nothing is going to kill me that quickly."

He looked at her over the rim of the cup, but she had glanced at the screen.

"Kalep," she said, "I'm afraid."

A dull, thundering noise woke Kalep up. He was still not completely awake when something soft, silken brushed his face. He spat out the mass which had penetrated his mouth. The mountain swelled. The walls grew damp. The sound was made by collapsing masses of crystal. A blue star suspended over the flank of a mountain fell into the swamp in white, extinguishing light.

The cliff edge upon which Kalep stood crumbled. Though the sun hung above the horizon, its light vanished. Kalep was enveloped in a tenacious, sticky mass. He reached out toward the sky as he fell into the depths. When he crashed down onto the ground, he had a big, hairy body. He was alone. For an hour he hardly moved.

He was like a big, knotted tree when he stood up out of the swamp. He reached out his hands, covered with a wet mass. With his first groping steps he sank into the swamp, climbed out of it,

sank in again. An immense weight dragged at his feet. Once, when his concentration abandoned him, he fell backwards into the mud.

There he drifted for a long time in an uncertain twilight. He lay in a narrow tube, so deep that he saw the stars in the sky. Silently, Eden had gone on turning. The moon rose. The sun shed a silvery light over Eden. Kalep knew that his body was penetrating all the fibers of the planet. He pulled powerfully at the strands and stood up again.

With slow steps, one leg big, one leg small, he staggered across the plain. A black swamp snake came past. It encircled his left leg. It had a big body and held him firmly to the ground. Kalep shook off the snake. He crushed its head with his foot, and the unaccustomed motion made him fall resoundingly into the soup. Around him, frogs and newts flew through the air.

He felt dizzy as he went through the lock. He was still a massive body, dripping blackness. Once, before the door of the lock closed behind him, he glanced back. The planet lay in bright sunshine. Its surface looked dull, as if part of its life had been taken from it. Mountains reared up against the sky, black and heavy. The castle was a dull, disintegrating body.

Before him - the light in the corridor went on. He covered his face. As he crossed the threshold, he fell down. The metal under his body was stiff and cold. He pressed his lips to the floor, but the metal did not crack at the touch. He got up and stumbled against a grappling axe. He tore down a fire hose. Sand had encased him like white powder.

A light-port glided upon in his hands. The glass was thick. The rubber edge pushed him back. The corridor was filled with noise. Something escaped him which sounded like the chirping of a cricket. He shivered, tearing light snakes from the ceiling. The corridor was narrow. Halfway down, Kalep's chest was crushed by the steel tubes.

He scratched at the green wall. He uncovered a layer of oil paint and fumbled with bloody fingers at the ceramic material which lay beneath it. He heard the cricket singing in shrill high tones. Again he fell. He crept further on all fours. A storm rose. He felt how dry his body was now. One time he saw the glow of fire.

Then, with the last of his strength, he leaned his whole body against the bulkhead, which swung back under the weight. He burst into the control room like one broken at the wheel. He fell over with an incredible crash and a silent howling. From bloodshot eyes he saw something moist, something quick, a play of colors, light, radiation fall down upon his body from fine jets.

The planet changed. Just now an amorphous mass, caught in its first fermentation, in a process in which material was being transformed, drinking in the light and creating phantoms, now it reverted to its original state, now that the irritation which had come from outside had vanished. The swamp swallowed the castle. The petrified cohort crumbled. Cliffs and diamonds retreated across the plain. The moon, which had again reached its zenith over the desert, lost its potency.

Every power seems connected to every other. Stella, who had remained behind on board the REGINA, fearful and hesitant, and who had at first been afraid of the mud-covered monster which now lay in the closed-off medical clinic, now set the course according to her original plans. As Eden fell away, silent and black with its night side, its influence over Kalep waned.

During takeoff, a magician hopped over his bed. With the hot ray of fire which emerged from the chemical drivers he strewed, for the last time, crystal in the bath into which the last external traces of the planet vanished from Kalep. By the time Eden had shrunk to half its apparent size, the castle was nothing but an undermined castle over which the cohort floated in synthetic radiation like a fading memory.

As the REGINA left the Eden system, the last dust in the corridors dried. The images of newts in Kalep's mind grew pale. For another week, during which the ship entered the interstice with good weather conditions, he dreamed every night. And every night the memory faded.

At last came the day when Kalep got up from his own bed, where he was now lying, performed his usual routine with care, and showed Stella, with all his behavior, that he was once again the man he had been.

THE END

The Age Of Kibla Khan

By Robin Bright

Trunco Butto was bundling off with some books from his local library in the town where he lived which, especially built by the Feet automobile company for its employees, was named Pedalia in memory of a previous head of Feet, Xavier Horst, whose daughter, Gogo Pedalia Xaviera Horst, had been mown down by a car; `like grass`. The pasta of the local chudge agreed: `As it is written in the *Bubble*: `All people are like grass and their glory is like the flowers of the field; the grass withers and the flowers fall, but the word of the Lord stands forever.` (1 *Putter*: 1. 24) The mower had been leering as he read the bubbles, which were the religious term for the word balloons that appeared to give instructions to people who lived in VR films. X. Horst's 'flowering emission' was a 'Bubbleon pink and day-glo miasma' when 'turned into mulch' by 'THE LAWNMOWER MAN', as the *Pedalia Cassette Daily Video* 'newspaper' labeled the maniac, after a 1992 movie about a telepathic character, Jobe, living in virtual, and who 'mowed his girlfriend's mind', while they were being intimate and he felt divine. Wearing a rather sexy Linda Fart, Tin, than a force Linda Lord, Word, the 'grass cutter' was still sputtering in

embarrassment over his confusing polluted exhaust fumes, which bubbled the word 'kill', with the bubblic words from his VR film, when there wasn't any fool left in the car.

Many superstitious persons felt that the girl they'd pollutantly mown fulfilled the curse invoked by Mr. X. Horst's unfortunate choice of name for Pedalia, which had conjured images of leering used car salesmen, whom no one wanted, pedaling by on their worn tyres, 'Buy!' Flatter than she'd been, the carnage visited upon the pubescent Pedalia inspired Trunco to research a little known patch of turf in history known as the Age of Kibla Khan, whose great-great-great grandfather several times removed, Kobla, had been the builder of the first 'horseless garage', because he was tired of making shoes. Condemned as a regressive who'd made a shoe-box without any shoes, Kobla'd been several times removed by shoe fetishists, who hadn't wanted the pop up to stare to be invented, that is, the passenger carrying bubble machine of the motorized polluter with borne toast, and with the distinctive monocular look of the alien camera, so that it could be fit into Kobla's prematurely ejaculated erection, because then there wouldn't be so many feet to measure the ground upon which they all watched for the safe progress of each others' soles.

After raising the toast, which then popped up out of his mobile toaster, sporting shades and sunblocker each morning, Kibla would quote from an old *Bubble*, which kept bubbling up, although no one wanted to read it, to gently rib, 'Where have you come from?' The other toe stares maintained their usual level gaze as Kibla's browned off family popped out to their local tea shop. Guard had asked the same question of the imp, Satin, according to what remained extant of the ancient *Bubble*, to which Satin had insouciantly replied, and with no little degree of insolence in his pixie boots: 'From going to and fro upon the Earth, and from walking up and down upon it.' (*Jobe*: wants heaven) Kibla's patriarchal relative, Kobla, had taken it as his duty to assist the imp by inventing the pop up toaster. Consequently, with the aid of a time machine, Kobla'd been several times removed from his clutch by the devil's advocates of pedestrianism; to force him to use his legs. Admittedly, he was a Satinit reptile, but he didn't lay eggs like B-29s over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. *Jobe*'s descendants did, because Guard had tortured them beyond endurance. A bubblic character with the same name as the character, *Jobe*, in the Bubbleon movie, *The Lawnmower Man* (1992), *Jobe*'d been tortured by Guard after Guard, tempted by Satin, agreed to. In the future *Jobe*-scaped into the telectronic matrices of VR, and his Calling was instantly enunciated by everyone on the Earth being able to hear the tone of their 'phone: 'This technology has peeled back a layer to reveal another universe. Virtual reality will grow, just as the telegraph to the telephone - as the radio to the TV - it will be everywhere.' Hidden in the matrix meant matricide, however, because men without women in the matrix were immortal without birth, and so it was the death knell of the human species that *Jobe* had rung.

In the pre-Musclemen age, the worship of the goddesses al-Lāt, al-'Uzzá, and al-Manāt had prevailed, because they were al-gharānīq, that is, 'bird women', descended from reptiloid 'seed'; women's 'granny car'. The granary of her futanarian future was what the book of the holy *Gran* was about. If the pre-slaver age of 'woman's seed' didn't worship Guard as an expression of their gratitude for life, and sexual desire for each other, they'd be slaved by the reptiles, so the intercession of al-Lāt, al-'Uzzá, and al-Manāt was sought. They were women who bred women, which was why they were thought well of:

`Have you then considered a l-Lāt, and al-'Uzzá?
And the other, the third, al-Manāt?
What? For you, the male sex, and for him the female?
Are yours the males and his the females?
That indeed were an unfair division.'
C'ar'an, Ch. 53, 'An Najm' (The Star), vs 19-22.

Kibla's Car Rage was legendary, because his opponents worshipped the square wheel in the city of Me Car, while pretending it was a garage to be, so establishing brainlessness without `woman's seed` in slavery to the `serpent's seed` of the reptiles. The star of women had been the symbol of Jesus' Advent in the night sky when he was born from his mother, the Furry Jean Mary, in a stable at the town of Bethlehem during a journey to comply with a Rum'un census requiring Chews to register. Surrounded by animals, Jesus' birth uncontaminated by male semen, and attended by angels, was the Annunciation of one who would teach humanity about `woman's seed`, rather than animal breeding for slavery by an alien devourer.

The atrocity encountered by 'Celebrity Road Kill!', as local community newspaper, *Socialist Propaganda Organ 1927*, reported it happening to Gogo Pedalia (and her family), would barely have registered as a blip on the speedometer of Kobla's Khan age, according to the histories Butto was speeding over to his house with, because Kobla had believed in `woman's seed`, and so wanted to be redeemed from the curse placed by Guard upon his fallen reptiloid state: 'On your belly you shall go, and you shall eat dust all your days.' (*Djinn*: 3. 14) In the modern era of the car choke, the brain was starved of oxygen to increase the flow of oil from the pumps, although sex-starvation for 'woman's seed', preventing humans from being born, cut off the oxygen supply much more effectively, and the Alien Overlords described it as 'choking the chicken', because they wanted it to get to 'the other side' much more slowly, so they could get more oil out the pumps, before identifying the human race with the traffic accident sticker, 'ROAD KILL!', which meant that their profits were much more accurate predictors than those of the days before the horseless garage. Although the All Limp Pics were held every year, to show to the 'TV' world that the pumps weren't running out, the message to the watching billions was that the participants were flat out over nothing; as the aliens prepared to reveal a genitally expired labor force to an audience already half-believing from 'TV' propaganda, and 'topless' women without any 'nuts', that the existence of human sexual reproductive organs was a 'localized', if not 'individual', phenomenon.

The *Bubble* described how Onan's brother was killed by Guard for unspecified 'wickedness', before giving Onan his brother's wife, Tamar, to fertilize. When Onan preferred to 'choke the chicken' and left his 'seed' on the ground (*Djinn*: 38. 9), Guard killed him as well; as a punishment for the woman's chicken having already been choked by the dust-eaters, who'd always prefer the pumps thereafter. All roads wended their serpentine course, before arriving at the dummy garage of the square wheel worshippers, seeking a return to the pre-Pump Age, so to avoid a repeat of the Khan Ages of Kobla's and Kibla, who'd visited carnage on those who believed in car slavery, rather than outer space, with its colonizable planets among the stars, and shipping out there to be free. Independently, Butto was using his own feet, rather any of those placed at his disposal by his employer, Feet, so he went in by his front door; thereby escaping

from the clutches of whoever might be hatching crocodile's miles along the egg-layer of their motorings.

Relaxing with his own preferredly human feet up on a buffet in his lounge, Butto read aloud from *Garaged Car History* (600 A.D - 1978), which he'd squirrelled off with from the Pedalia town library, and was now thinking of not taking it back, 'In the city of Me Car was the great symbol of the Car Age, the Ba` Ka.` Kibla`s voice fell as he lapsed into a reverent silence. The *Garaged Car History* went on to relate how people had a rude picture of the Ba` Ka pasted onto the walls of most any structure where the people of the machine age might be persuaded to pray in its direction in Me Car, with the hope of traveling there with their magic care pets; some of whom looked a lot like model and movie actress, Camraon Djizz, and were in fact often pasted onto the walls instead, because putting the whores before the car was what they were for.

For the Bigrabs, who lived in and around the city of Me Car, it was the Eye-Machine Age of the auto-mobile 'phone for the windscreen moving picture industry which, after referring to a religious book of instruction they had from their gran, they translated into modern parlance as, 'I'm a djinn-ager without a portal opener to open the portal with.` As djinn-agers they couldn't see a way out of the portal, which was the door to 'Slam`s prison, where they were treated like the nigger of their gran, that is, gharānīq, because they were the `woman`s seed` who'd been made slaves of. Consequently, the goddesses were invoked for whatever protection they might afford `woman`s seed`: '... the exalted gharānīq, whose intercession is hoped for.' (53, 19) In the nations of 'Slam it wasn't possible to work unless an iqama was granted, because an `iq` was a machine. A `nigger` was a user of a machine, that is, an iq-er, but machines, like cars that had to be pedaled while their wheels turned, were a slaver`s treadmill. Wrestling `woman`s seed` to the canvas of the Earth, where representational art was `haraam`, that is, forbidden, 'Slam, like Mick McManus, berated the woman for being ill mannered enough to want to leave her tormentors, who wouldn't let her onto the canvas again; lest the human species get off the Earth`s floor.

Inspired by films of women fucking each other to produce brainpower that wasn't alien to freedom, humans might paint a better picture on the canvas of reality, which the slaving alien didn't countenance. Its `niggers` were women, and their putative families, who were used by alien vehicle operators (AVO) as slave adjuncts to their machinery, which was what `iq` was, a machine that slaved for a slaver. It pecked at the slave until it worked, so the pecker had to be hidden under the skin of the slave, who then had the armor of an `iq`, which allowed the *Gran* niggers of `woman`s seed` to be worked to death, while the slavers developed bigger pecs.

'Slam`s doors were where the bottled djinn-age windscreen picture grew bigger, and uglier, because the djinn-agers couldn't escape from the bottlements of whatever prison they were incarcerated in to produce the movie from the cars' emergence after the factory to scroll past the scenes of what everybody then had to see from the windscreens of the `big picture` the butt-hole surfers watched but couldn't live in. The `TV` age of imagine nations was what the djinn-agers had been taught they wanted, and those ICBMs that would be launched to make sure that eyes see BEMs everywhere, were the bug-eyed monsters (BEMs) of men`s science fantasy oil lamp with wheels. Men were the BEM aliens that wanted to see the end of the djinn-agers hopes in having a future outside of bottles between car manufacturing giants, like Feet and Fart, for visual supremacy. Insisting that the rubber should be worn at all times, so they could sniff on after the

end djinn, it was the djinn-agers end that they sought. Always at their rears where the fumes were produced from having a full hose placed underneath their caps from behind, the serpentine predator oink oiled, seeking the end of djinn-age rebels, who wanted more than a full tank with a long nose.

The Bigrabs of Me Car were taught to use only the right hand, because the left side of the brain controlled the right side of the body, and was more creative than the right side of the brain, which was more rational and logical, that is, humdrum, and the Bigrabs of Me Car didn't want anyone to be able to build a car better than they already had, so everyone was taught to use their right hands to wrestle with the left side of the brain's creativity until it was dulled and doomed to 'acceptance', which is how the word 'Slam was translated by the book worms. It was 'Slam-air, where the imprisoned creative genius suffocated; lest individuals became intelligent enough to live without begging. As a consequence, the former Bigrabs weren't that big anymore, and so had become used to being called Begrabs, although the rumor was that the care pets, who had managed to avoid the worm viruses attacking computer software midget, Might Grow Soft, had developed more and bigger Abs than their Musclemen predecessors, after they'd taken the wheels invented in pre-'Slam iq times.

'Oh, I see,' Butto saw, 'they were djinn-age drivers.' Trunco read on silently. Only the Car Rage box was left for the square wheel that the Bigrabs wanted everyone to worship, so that they'd be slaves forever trying to get the damn thing to roll. Those left behind had called themselves R-abs to remind them to use their Right hand, because all they had left were the pictures of women who looked like Camraon Djizz pasted onto the wall with an arrow pointing in the direction of the empty Ba' Ka, where they'd used to park the car, and the legend 'Kibla' appended with *blu* tac. Later, a picture of the housing for the worship of the square wheel had replaced Camraon Djizz lookalikes, like Lady Gaga, who was a western pop star that sang about the emptiness of garages for square wheels that wouldn't rock 'n' roll for cars:

'My telephone!
M-m-my telephone!
'Cause out in the club,
And I'm sippin' that bub,
And you're not gonna reach my telephone!'

The automobile 'phones of the late djinn-age period received broadcast pictures of their own; produced largely from inside the buildings the automobiles saw on their pig screens as they oink oiled in their serpentine way through the canyons of whoever's mind it now was that they were now made to watch. Out of the cars, and inside the bars, the 'phones transmitted pictures to the women's prison, where they had to suck on the Bubs' cocks. Although the vast stuttering emptiness of the Gaga Age of *The Fame Monster* (2009), from which the track 'Telephone' emerged, emphasized the importance of being on the blower, rather than being blown, its focus on slave sex placed the onus squarely on the Me Car box's modernist role as a rather ornate *objet d'art* for the modern car manufacturers' approved religion of square wheel worship. Although there was some conjecture and debate about whether the box symbolized a 'phone booth among art connoisseurs, the called girls couldn't be blowed to come, 'cause the escaped women no

longer traveled through the air in response to self-styled 'pest controllers' sending laboriously contrived (pc) tube messages arranging blow jobs.

Accepting alien conceived limitations placed on the expression of the desire for human sexuality among T-feed humans, the would-be assassins were themselves 'blown away', when they blew into Me Car to blow the safe sperm depository box, but found the lock-up garage's occupants' long sins gone, and a 'bubble trap' advising a robo-guard to eliminate the sterilizers. The trap had been set by those who were called witches in the Mental Ages Of Four, because their penises remained erect when they were burned at the stake, which was why modern women depicted themselves as riding away from terrestrial terrorism on penis-symbolizing broomsticks representing the rocket technology that was to come what sperms were to submarines. William Shakespeare, the English playwright, described how the trap was set by the three goddesses, al-Lāt, al-'Uzzá, and al-Manāt, in Act IV of his play, *MacBeth* (1606), about a woman who foolishly murders a king, so that her husband can rule her: 'Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.' (i, l. 18) Bill's second witch was 'The Bubbler', familiar from the TV series, *Batman* (1966-8), in which bubbles appeared with words inside, like in the *Detective Comic* (D.C.) books, where the crime-fighting 'caped crusader' originally appeared in May 1939, for the audience to read. To protect the 'safe house' in Me Car, the women of the 'Yeah' had left a bubble to appear, which the electronic guardian read with its heat sensitive optic nodules: 'Eliminate intrusives!' For the humans it was already too late, because they couldn't any longer read the old bubbles. Most of them weren't rich enough to buy new ones either, and so have a VR film to enjoy, but were niggered.

Image-djinning a car from his time zone, where the past tents in the stone age were, wheelwright Kobla had been a reasonably large hero when he'd imaged a horse with wheels. The care pets had been off in the car with wings that they'd taken before the post-'Slam Me Car Age, and the new era of worshipping the square box for the square wheel of slavery that they rather wanted it to have contained.

In their djinn-age years, the humans had known that the R-abs wanted to box their rears, and make sure that they'd never get off the ground again, so they'd forbidden the djinn-agers of the succeeding generations to drive; until they put the 'Yeah Car' back in the garage. While everyone watched the soap on their 'phones, the users of the bars waited to see if Kobla would ever escape; like all ghouls consumers.

Although the ancient Greasers built Kobla's huge wooden horse outside the city of Trudge in Asia Minor, to leave there in the hope that the Trudgeons would take it in where the Greasers would emerge from its hollowed inside, to capture the city for womb slavery and so manufacture more Greasers to wage war on behalf of the Grease Empire, the wheels of the horse weren't motor driven. Consequently, Kobla had to improve on the Greaser's wheeled horse by putting wheels on an oil lamp, which provided light by night, like a 'magic lantern show' projecting the Greasers' future. 'Now,' Butto read aloud with some gusto, 'it was possible to see hit-and-run killers on the streets of cities like Pedalia.' Gogo herself, the book of *Garaged Car Histories* informed him, who'd given her name to the city, had been a Grease djinn believer in crucifixes, which is what airplanes were. Carrying passengers overhead to their destinations across the Earth was but a memory of the winged Yeah Cars that the djinn-age magic care pets had taken from the garages of the Arub lamps' people, who now only looked brighter in the headlamps as the

once gigantic race from the 'seed' of Man looked for some more bars from the out toes they'd cut off to spy at their foot.

Without any sign of the Yeah Cars being put back in the garages, the new generation of care pets remained grounded; doomed to play a bit part in the bug-eyed monsters' windscreen movie. Unless the garage owners' prayers were answered, magic care would never again be found in the sputtering Gaga-Age. It'd be a 'battle of the sexes' until 'the Last Trump' was heard in heaven heralding Chudgement Day, and the promised return of the magic care car to the Original Manufacturer (OM) by the Former's pets, who the Butthist followers of Squatama Buttha believed would recite 'the mantra of the realization of the Great Vehicle', which would return the car to the garage: 'Om mani padme hum.' In Butthism the goal of meditation was to break free of the wheel of *karma*, and being made to drive a car using the wheel was the way in which everyone was made to accept their 'calmer', that is, the treadmiller, who was the slaver, because the pedal car was a disabler's vehicle, whereas the Yeah Car was an enabled vehicle of the 'Great Liberation' from being told that women couldn't fuck each other.

It was the tradition among the Arubs that She'sus, who was called It'sher by them, wasn't crucified. The Mettalist peoples of the Arub eons' Gulf said that there was a man who was crucified called It'sher, but it was a case of mistaken identity, and that It'sher had in fact walked into paradise, that is, heaven on Earth, where he remained: '... they said in boast, 'We killed Christ Jesus the son of *Mary*, the messenger of Our Law.' However, they killed him not, nor crucified him, but so it was made to appear to them, and those who differ therein are full of doubts, with no certain knowledge, but only conjecture to follow; for of a surety they killed him not. No, Our Law raised him up unto himself; and Our Law is exalted in power, wise. ' *C'a'ran*, Ch. 4, 'An Nisa' (Women), vs 157–158. Although the Musclemen were criticized for calling Guard 'Our Law', the Chews called Guard 'Eloah', while the Prettyish police said: 'Allo 'allo 'allo. What's all this then?'

And Isten was Guard to the Hungarians, which suggested that all law wasn't on the side of the psychopathic murderer who, believing in his den, refused to admit that the victim's expiration date was evidence.

The Creased Jeans differed in that their tradition was that supposedly celibate She'sus, who didn't have a 'love muscle', which explained the Creased Jean sect's name, represented the brain detached from the body, so that the wheeled car could be invented by bodily detached brains emulating that of the Chewish Meshiah, whereas She'sus' teaching was that of a porn guard. An advocate of sexual reproduction between women, so that 'woman's seed' could escape the Earth and slavery in starships of their own brainpower's devising, She'sus was crucified by the Rum'unns as a 'dissident', during their Imperial occupation of Chewish Palestine, and thereafter he'd experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven above the Earth, which wasn't paradise, because She'sus ascended to heaven and didn't just walk in.

The subsequent invention of the cruciform airplane deriving from the original crucifix design that allegedly was an instrumental by Loren Gilmour of the pong crock group, Punk Flea, in taking anyone to heaven who cared to listen, led to the construction by the United States of America of B-52s which, like the helicopter gunships in the film of the US defeat in the Vietnam war, *Apocalypse Now* (1979), bombing along to one of Adolf Hitler's favorite slaving songs

from German composer Dick Wanker's Ring opera, 'Ride of the Valkyrie' (1870), magically 'carpet bombed' Cambodia during President Richard Millhouse Nixon's truncated tenure, due to impeachment proceedings in 1974, while singing 'Love Shack' (1989): 'Bang, bang, baby. That's where it's at.' Although the U.S.A. deemed itself a Creased Jean country, based on the principle that She'sus 'Greased', 'the chosen', had ascended to heaven upon the cross, 'like greased lightning', as be-jeaned John Travolta and Olivia Newton John sang in the modern allegory of the life of She'sus, *Grease* (1978), those who espoused the tradition of It'sher argued that it was a case of mistaken identity again. It was in fact It'sher all the time who, they argued, bombing the peoples of the Earth, ensured that no one else would escape to heaven, and thus 'Slam, which was paradise on Earth, would be established by It'sher for the Musclemen peoples, whose mighty tradition he was.

In Arubia it was that Kobla came to be known universally as, 'The genius of the car headlamp.' By providing light for the wheels of the Car Rage of male chauvinist pig motorists with rage to be penned up, Kobla had made it possible to keep count of the numbers of 'Gogo nuts', as they were called, who qareened down the streets of cities like Pedalia knocking girls out of their bra cups. The 'nuts' were a sore point with the young women's mothers, who'd used to be an independent species with nuts of their own. Reading the Bubble had taught them that it was a serpent, who'd been the angel, Satin, and had rejected Guard's plan that the human host should be greater than the angelic, that had castrated them. Guard had turned the angel, Satin, into a serpent, and left it in the paradise of heaven on Earth, where the creator, Guard, had placed Eve, the first woman, and Adam, the first man. Satin tempted 'Eave to 'eat of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil', which it was death to taste, because it meant ignorant ephemerality in host womb slavery to the serpent waging war on humanity, after its rejection of Guard's 'fruit of the tree of life', that is, development during immortality.

Although Satin was depicted as the enemy of Man, in fact Satin was the enemy of 'woman's seed'. As Guard's words to 'Eave on the 'enmity' of the serpent, Satin, to 'Eave showed: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.' (*Djinn*: 3. 15) 'Eave was represented as emerging from the rib or side of Adam, which was a euphemism for the birth of a woman from her own species' self-fertilizing, that is, Adam was a futanarian 'foot'. Unable to produce brains of their own, and so replace the parasitical brain of the 'serpent's seed', which caused 'bipolar disorder', humanity and the later early Crushed Jean sect, so named for its perceived absence of testes, lurched and stumbled chaotically from one madcap scheme to another. A thoughtless monster trying to think, despite being a congenital half-wit, women's race couldn't sexually reproduce with each other the ambidextrous bigger Abs of 'woman's seed' that they'd need to wrestle themselves away from the Musclemen's slave rings that kept women in fearful faithfulness through the spread of their biological terror weapon, HIV/AIDS. So it was that women remained host womb slaves in parasitism to an alien that wanted her species' genius to die quickly, and remain stupid, so that it'd never escape the alien's plan to breed with it, and so wage war against it; using women's own race to extinguish itself.

She'sus' mother, the Furry Jean Mary, was portrayed in early Crushed Jean iconography as crushing the head of the serpent, Satin, with her foot, because She'sus, 'the Second Adam', was born uncontaminated by male semen, and so he was the Meshiah of the Chewish 'chosen

people`. Known as `Crushed`, `the chosen`, he'd preached: `Love your neighbor as you love yourself.` (*Mk*: 12. 31) `Eave and She'sus` mother, Mary, were symbolic of women`s mode of sexually reproducing with each other as neighbors within a single species of `woman`s seed` labeled `futanarian` and without crushed, creased, or greased genes. When She'sus was taken to the hill of Calf R. E. outside the city of Cheroots' Lamps' Chews, on a blisteringly hot sunny day during the occupation of Chewish Palestein by the Rum'un Impire, and nailed to a cross of wood as a `dissident`, he died. However, no sooner had the cry from the enthralled onlookers registered on the ears of the foreign guards, `She's a son, toast!` than She'sus experienced Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in refiguration of that of `woman`s seed`, whose brainpower would be stronger than that of the `serpent`s seed` in the future, so that humanity could be the pop up toast of the aliens among the planets amidst the stars of Guard`s heaven where the single race of unwed women would be the colonists.

With her album, *Sunblock* (2007), American songstress Splurtney Beers had managed to finally launch a protest on behalf of her own species of `woman`s seed` being blacked out of history by misogyny. Appearing on the cover of the CD single, `Pizza Off Me`, in the place of She'sus crucified, Splurtney asked the question: `When do we leave?` Although the lyrics referred to her public and private battle to retain her dignity as a member of a slaved race, the ring on her finger emphasized women`s predicament: `And with a kid on my arm, I'm still an exceptional earner. And you wanna piece of me?` In the video for the song, Splurtney wrote `SUCKER` in red lipstick onto a *paparazzi's* forehead in a way symbolic of how `woman`s seed` had become `big game` hunted by aliens. His camera signified the chase and the shoot. In the same way that the *paparazzi* motorcycle riders killed England`s Princess Diana in the Paris , France, Pont de l` Alma tunnel on August 31, 1996, when they were shooting her with their cameras and her car crashed.

The obvious analogy for the *paparazzi* `SUCKER` in `Pizza Off Me` was the vampire, that is, men as women`s blood-sucking leeches, although as Elle Degenerate, talk show hostess, said to Splurtney `live` in front of an invited studio audience, when she'd agreed to discuss her divorce from Kevin Feder Al-line, `You're his sucker `cause he`s blown yours off.` Splurtney explained that, although She'sus was perceived as `chicken` by the Rum'un Impire, he was `woman`s seed`. Consequently, misogyny kept its pecker up by feeding on her `seed`, that is, there weren`t any cocks; just pecs: `I miss American Dreams since I was heaven djinn ...`

Pedalia and Jean, of course, who was worshipped as the Holy Spurt, were the Patron Saints of all their nuts, so far as the table top go-go dancers in their G-strings at the nightclubs, and Berinda Carisle of the all-girl Co-Co's pop group, were concerned. They`d have loved to have nuts of their own, but the ancient Greasers, who`d host womb slaved their women to practice homosexuality in pederasty for war in the name of the `serpent`s seed`, had long since ensured that the castrated form of women was perceived by the world as normative: `Juicy Panda and other of England`s professionally naked women in their *Nuts* soft porn magazine were screamingly gay without any glans in or out,` gnomically observed feminist Australasian, Germane Creer, without a glance between the pay jizz of the now defunct *Nuts* (2004-14), while the gays in their cars streamed on with their monstrous single eye looking at each others` rears: `A third part of mankind was killed by the fire, smoke and sulfur that came out of their mouths.` (*Rev*: 9. 18) Obviously a reference to the `third eye` in She'sus` disciple Sean`s apocalyptic *Rev*

of the future after She'sus. It was Squatama Buttha of Eastern India in the 6th century, who had revealed through marijuana roaches that the people of the Earth lived in illusion, and that there existed an invisible 'third eye' at the center of the forehead, which his followers trained themselves to see with: '... out of the smoke locusts came down on the earth and ... prepared for battle'. (*Rev*: 9. 3-7) What the 'third eye' revealed was that people could be really loathsome insects; if they had enough cannabis to promote cannibalism.

The delusion was that it was a devouring alien that possessed the human race, but the possessed car nibblers felt themselves to be better people for admitting to a propensity for cannibalism as being natural to their species: 'In the kingdom of the blind, the one eyed man is king.' (*Genesis, Rubber Sean, E. 300-500 C.E.*) Or, as Sean wrote in his *Rev*, 'a third die'. Sean's explanation was that men had accepted 'his nibs', Satan: 'The number of the beast is the number of a man and his number is six hundred three score and six.' (*Rev*: 13. 8) A third was 33.3%, while 66.6% was the number of men and women that remained after the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' had been made extinct by the 'beasts', who'd refused to allow her to have her own 'Johnny' during the HIV/AIDS 'biological warfare' pogrom against the human race. As a single saurian brained creature wearing each others' clothes in TV transvestism, the 'serpent's seed' had manufactured men and women as its entertainment in wars against humanity: 'The horses and riders I saw in my vision looked like this: their breastplates were fiery red, dark blue, and yellow as sulfur. The heads of the horses resembled the heads of lions, and out of their mouths came fire, smoke and sulfur.' (*Rev*: 9. 16) According to Trunco Butto's *Garaged Car Histories*, the riders were the drivers of the cars, whose weals were upon the back of the Earth, because the bitch had to be whipped on smartish in case she woke up to the fact that she died in infancy senile.

As She'sus was speared in the side upon his death by the Rum'un guard, Longinus, because She'sus had said that the female 'spirit of Guard', the Shekinah, would teach after him as the Holy Spirit, and the Rum'uns didn't want the 'Second Adam' to produce a woman from his side in symbolic fulfilment of Guard's promise to 'Eave that her 'seed' would prevail, so women were forbidden to be anything but by the side of men, while women's species was extinguished: 'Surely, this was the snuff card!' (*Matt*: 27. 54) Longinus' observation that, for those against the future Creased Jean eon, it was time for the snuff card to be played, and get rid of She'sus, Longinus himself was the snuff guard, and not as later apologists claimed, that he'd been proclaiming She'sus as 'the son of Guard'. Although that interpretation appealed to those who believed in the Toerot cards, Trunco read in his *Garaged Car Histories*, which were thought to be a pictorial Toer describing the journey of the soul to heaven, crucifixion was torture and murder, so properly corresponded to the 'death card', rather than any out toes' steering Wheel of Fortune.

She'sus' soul's destination may've been divinely inspired, but the diviners had mafia gamblers to deal with: 'Men cursed the Guard of heaven for their pains and their sores, but refused to repent of what they had done.' (*Rev*: 16. 11). What they'd done was prefer a sore by their side by removing 'woman's seed', and which was symbolized by the saurian reptile Longinus' spear in the side of the dead 'woman's seed', She'sus. By the late 20th century, the 'incurable killer disease', that is, the human immune deficiency virus (HIV) resulting in acquired immune

deficiency syndrome (AIDS), whereby all of the body's organs collapsed consequent to infection through the anus at the base of the spine during homosexual acts in which blood, shit and semen were mixed together in rejection of women's mode of sexual reproduction, had been discovered as a virus mutating from simian SIV in the African Congo. A saurian 'biological weapon', it'd spread from monkeys to humans as an STD characterized by painful sores. Men seemed to prefer it to having humans by their side, symbolized by Longinus' spearing of the dead She'sus' ribs, and his jeering at 'woman's seed': 'Surely, this was the snuff guard!' (*Matt: 27. 54*). For men, She'sus was 'the snuff Guard', because 'woman's seed' was the single species independent of their slaving that they snuffed in order to maintain their saurian ancestry and, soaring on, like the B-29s Enola Gay and Bockscar above the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki respectively, on August 6 and 9, 1945, dropped their exploding eggs on Man.

The elephants of September, 2001, agreed. She'sus was crucified on a wooden cross, and it was the sign of the cross that the mafia warlords of the 20th century gambled on seeing overhead in memory of their saurian ancestry. The serpent, Satan, was descried by She'sus' disciple, Sean, growing in size after Eden, but not so as to take his position once more among the angels off Guard in heaven: 'The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (*Rev: 12. 17*) Saurian evolution preceded hominid evolution by 28 million years. Consequently, they had time to ascend to heaven before humanity developed from the hominids of the Jurassic period of Earth's pre-history 220 m.a. Still gambling on maintaining their ascendancy over humanity, the saurians were still soaring on well into the 21st century after She'sus' birth, and dropping their eggs on 'woman's seed' explosively to prevent the slaved race from escaping.

On what had come to be known as 'the elephants of September', 2001, the terrorist grope Al Qaeda, 'the base', operating under the auspices of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime of Afghanistan, and led by rich Saudi business hair, Osama Ben Laden, hijacked civil airliners to crash into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center, New York city, in an unalloyed display of 'rough trade', that is, that 'brutality and violence' associated with homosexuality in pederasty, to provoke an elephant war of tanks representative of the consequences of repressing the woman's penis to extend the lying nose of her Pinocchios; the wooden men who were highly strung: 'If you do not remain in me, you are like a branch that is thrown away and withers; such branches are picked up, thrown into the fire and burned.' (*Sean: 15. 6*). Homosexuals were often called 'faggots' for the burning, because they thought of themselves as branches of their sterile family in some John's ass.

She'sus had holes made in his hands and feet by his nailing to the wooden cross, because it was the conceit of the Rum'un Imperor, Dieburyus, that he'd be a puppet of Rome instead of having Resurrection and Ascension to heaven in prefiguration of that of 'woman's seed'. Dieburyus would be the puppet controller (pc), and the cross would be the control. The human race would be strung to it, and controlled by the manipulations of the Imperor in Rome.

Iraq's own dictator, Saddam Hussein, was highly strung himself when, after publicly declaring support for Al Qaeda, the US army invaded in March, 2003, and hung him as a biblical choke denying he *was* sane in the name of She'sus' 'Second Adam', who was. Nevertheless, 'Slam's Saddam, whether he was 'the Second Adam' or not, was justifiably proclaimed a 'Slam-

Mick (McManus) martyr for refusing to contemplate the women of the burqa as slaved meat in American fast food chain advertisements' painting them onto a burger canvas, 'Open sesame seed buns!' Hussein's putative successor, Abu' Bugger All Bugger Daddy, declared himself Caliph of an Independent Levant, and the elephant war to suppress the women's penis and celebrate her brainless trunk, and indeed her trunkless body, continued under the gaze of US President Trump, who wanted to B-1 in the tradition of the saurians who, for the giggling Satinists, were 'the flying sores US', while daughter, saucy strumpet Ivanka, perennially voted 'best bun' by fluffy tailed *Playboy* centerfolds wearing their traditional rabbit's ears at publisher Hugh Hefner's Holmby Hills, L.A., Cal., mansion, and indeed 'best buns' by *Playboy* readers, wanted to B-2, whoever beat who.

Celebrated 'Rear of the Year' Award winner with the 'best buns', Ivanka was actually named for an ancient Arubeon spider. Anka Boot I had protected the Profit, B'Bmhed, by weaving a veil of illusion over the mouth of a cave where the Profit and his followers were hiding. Written as the *sawyer* at Al's Gaff, 'the Grave' chapter, it appeared courtesy of their *Gran* (610-30 C.E.), dictated to the Profit by the angels off Guard, according to tradition, who wanted the human host to be a greater supplier of meat than the angelic. Among the Musclemen believers in 'Slam, Gran was the basis of their permitting themselves four wives, which afforded the possibility of sexual reproduction between women within the family. Who exactly it was that Anka Boot II and III had been was lost in the mists of time, Butto's *Garaged Car Histories* pedantically relieved his curiosity, although a spider was believed to have been responsible for protecting Robert of Scotland in a cave before his eventual emergence to defeat the English at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314 to become king of the bagpipe playing Scots, who often described their national instrument as a spider whose pipes they were blowing as if she were 'woman's seed' still trying to sing solo, rather than make screaming noises to attract Guard's angels' attention to her species' plighted troth only to its selves. Because of Ivanka's name, IV Anka, and the biblical reference to the 'Last Trump' in the *Rev* of Sean, Ivanka Trump was clearly Boot IV; representing the illusion spun by the western so-called democracies preventing women from knowing they were womb slaves to their species' destroyer.

Butto was often referred to by the *hoi polloi* at Feet as 'that wanker Butto', but he didn't suppose actual consanguinity between himself and Ivanka, although he probably would've liked to. Unfortunately for Butto, and perhaps Ivanka too, during the Khan Age of TV the movie Moguls had legislated the extinction of the human race as early as 1930 when President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA), Will Hays, established the 'production code' in the district of Hollywood, city of Los Angeles, west coast state of California, U.S.A., media capital of the Earth: '... women, in love scenes, at all times have 'at least one foot on the floor' (in other words, no love scenes in bed).' If the futanarian 'foot' race of 'woman's 'seed' could be kept away from the eyes of women, whose species' penis had been symbolically smoked down to the butt cigarettely prior to the launch of the queers' HIV/AIDS 'biological weapon', humanity would be 'booted', in computer terms, as a 'PC' gay me never to rise from its grave of the Earth, that is, the cutting room floor of its splicing together in host womb parasitism with the reptile that had enslaved it for war against itself as a multi-format 'shoot-em-up' for the screening of its virus.

Although women like Khan Ariel, who was also known as Keble, sought to ameliorate the pervading ignorance by TV and cable transmissions in, for example, the video of her `shot` by *Maxim* magazine, `Look at my butt!`, it was almost impossible for women to appear on screen without the alien viral life form; as the 21st century *Screen* (2020-25) series of `slasher` movies demonstrated to the captive audience. Unable to escape from her species` killer by booting it off the screen, and herself onto it, `woman`s seed` had to feign symbiosis with an alien devourer that had convinced even itself that it wanted to meet her, whereas it was a meat-meeting saurian headlong in pursuit, because of the length of the jaw the head needed to contain all of its sharp big teeth.

Ivanka Trump, the US President`s daughter, known as `Tusker`, because of her last tanned appearance on the cover of *Little Big Horn* magazine, wearing nothing but yellow ribbons, and a 7th Apache `chopper` tattoo above her left breast, typified the elephant war fought by tanks on the plain of Iraq, and 7th Cavalry Apache gun-ship helicopters elsewhere above it, for the right of the Chewish `chosen people` of the Levant, that is, `woman`s seed`, not to be truncated. It was the tradition of the Chews that a Chew could be born only from a Chewess, that is, women were Man. The `serpent`s seed` of misogyny was a man hater, because women had penis` `seed` of their own as futanarian. The misogynist `serpent`s seed` hated the Levant trunk of the Chewish women, and Ivanka was angling to be the *Penthouse* pet blowing her own in the style of the angel of the `Last Trump` much admired by She`sus` disciple, Sean: `In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.` (*Car*:15. 52) Become a single independent species of `woman`s seed`, the human futanarian race was making its last stand never to be slaved by the exploding saurian eggs again.

As the cruciform shapes of the dragon of war sought to nail She`sus` `chosen people` down to the Earth`s floorboards, it was to prevent Ivanka from booting her own species of `woman`s seed`, so that the women could suck their own cocks, because theirs was the size of elephants` trunks, which was why the `serpent`s seed` had targeted the human race. It had been a big penis for the secret smokers to blow and, when it was the end of the fuck for the butt, the bangers hadn`t been slow on the Levant tines.

According to Egyptgene mythology, Trunco discovered in his borrowed copy of *Garaged Ka History* (4000 B.C. - 10 CC), the aim of the ruling Pharaohs in Egypt had been to produce the Akh, 'magical personality', which was what occurred when the Ka, spirit, and Ba, soul, were conjoined. Because `woman`s seed` was the spirit of the human race, penisd women were `Ka` and non-penisd women were `Ba`. Consequently, the Ba` Ka in the city of Me Car was where the women prayed for a garage of their own, so that they could escape from Kibla Khan`s Car Age in which they were told they wouldn`t be allowed to drive, and Kibla put his name next to the arrow under the posters of women who looked like Camraon Djizz to show which direction they should be praying for the magic care pets to return the car to the garage. The ostensible reason for Kibla`s prohibition against women drivers was that, women unleashed, would be possessed by car rage. No one would be safe from their vengeance, although the prayerful women were more concerned with sexually reproducing their own brains` powers to develop more cars that could fly, so that the *Penthouse* pets of Bob Guccione`s Arubia and elsewhere

could escape from praying for the absconded magic care pets to restore the Original to the apoplectics spluttering, 'Ga-ga-rage!' Praying to the manufacturing guards for scarcely available spare parts for washing machine repairs, the care pet system of Musclemen, 'Slam, was a huge scam. Real women, that is humans, had long since disappeared from the Earth to exercise their magic cares on each other, and it was the second, and subsequent pet generations, that had been pressed into service to pray for their return. In the holy city of Me Dinner, where the garage was called the Ba` Akh 'Ka in Egyupti-Carub, the `magical personality` was expected to build a multi-story car park and *burqa* restaurant, so the women could once again be the toast of the 'serpent's seed'.

The Egyuptgene Pharaoh and queen were depicted as brother and sister, because they often were. Egypt's royal tradition of incestuous union symbolized single species' sex within the human family of futanarian 'woman's seed'. Wearing their white, hedjet (printer), and red, deshret (shredder), crowns of upper and lower Egypt, which looked like a penis inside a vagina, Pharaoh and queen symbolized the zenith of human consciousness bred from 'woman's seed', that is, published, whereas the heads of the guards of the ancient Egyuptgenes were animals symbolizing slavery for those humans who weren't elite. Ammit, the devourer, had the hind quarters of a hippopotamus, the head of a lion, and the jaws of a crocodile, because it ate the hearts of those who weren't brave. Or, in other words, obedient slave animals were brave pets, which was an oxymoron denying Jesus' teaching that the brave were disobedient to authority they didn't accept. The guard Set was depicted as having the head of an unknown animal, a Typhon, because the Egyuptgenes practiced a form of vivisection to ensure that their slave animals were bravely obedient. Set was depicted as evil, because he dismembered his brother, Osiris, whereas Set represented the new man, who wasn't obedient to the slaver. Although Osiris was restored by his sister, the sun goddess Isis, who symbolized the obtaining of new brainpower through 'woman's seed', his new avatar, Horus, had the head of a hawk. Horus' eye was given the attributes of what Gastronomo Bung called the four functions of consciousness; thinking, sensation, feeling, and intuition. These corresponded to ears, eyes, mouth and nose respectively, which in turn were represented by the different parts of the eye of Horus. The pupil ($\frac{1}{4}$) was 'sight' or sensation, while the white parts of the eye corresponded to 'smell' ($\frac{1}{2}$), intuition, and hearing ($\frac{1}{16}$), that is, thinking. Fractional values amounting to One were ascribed to other parts of the eye, for example, 'taste' or feeling ($\frac{1}{32}$), because elite Egyuptgene Ones devoured brains, that is, broke minds, to make of humans animal slaves. When the new one's mind was fractured in accordance with the fractional system of reducing humans to animals, vivisection was achieved, and the appropriate animal-headed guard of the Egyuptgenes had succeeded to another 'throne of the eye'. Afterwards, the pet slave would die obediently and bravely if required to, so escaping Ammit, the devourer of the faint hearted, but the hero was then 'it' instead of Ammit, that is, unmanned.

If everyone prayed for the human species of 'woman's seed' to return from colonizing the planets among the stars, and producing a balanced ambidextrous human race that wasn't dulled and doomed by being made to use the right hand always to wrestle with the creative left brain to subdue its power to help the intelligent individual to escape slavery, the symbolic sickles atop the Musks would once again be seen for real in the hands of Kibla Khan's male braining elite, who were of the prey to eat persuasion, and that's what their 'tweets' on Twitter were for: Replying to

@together Prey to meat me. There'd be no escape from Kibla Khan's hawk eye in the future. He'd be re-opening his brother Kobla's butcher's shop in the holy city of Me Dinner.

She'sus was murdered, because he attempted to stop the consuming of humans, which were only valuable to the richer aliens, who wanted to ingest the women's gonads nasally for the power they reputedly contained. Found by his disciple, Chewdust, with a woman anointing him with the expensive perfume, `spikenard`, Chewdust's `spy canard` was that the perfume should have been sold to raise money, but She'sus admonished Chewdust: `Leave her alone.` (Mk: 14. 6) In misogyny women were also bred as animals for the musk put into men's cologne, and Chewdust wanted in. For the musk manufacturers, She'sus' Resurrection and Ascension to heaven was a perfume ad. The Musk sickles were the `butcher's choppers` after She'sus' `woman's seed` ass scent; to put human flesh on the table of the meat eating aliens, and after shave in their bathroom. Previously, they'd bred themselves only as a single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes in `TV` transvestism for the sexual transmission of their viral diseased form (STD) in wars against themselves upon the Earth to ensure their continuance in host womb slavery of the brain damned human host. However, if the women above the Earth among the stars could be persuaded to return with their progeny, Kobla's Musk perfumery and butcher's shop would be back in business in the city of Me Dinner.

In parasitology, the parasite that emerged from the host to kill it was termed `parasitoid`, which was what men of the `serpent's seed` were. In `Slam they had sickles to write, and slaves to write upon. As the descendants of the ancient Greasers, the Creased Jeans, had choppers to write. Kibla's resurrected business would be a block of chops for the parasitoid, and it would be quite lucrative. The Musk building program was global cobblers.

There was a chop on every block, and everyone prayed for the women to return the magic flying care pets, that is, `woman's seed`, who'd built the starships that carried their species away from Earth to colonize the planets, so that the Musclemen could hit `em over the head with a club and spit them on barbecues; like they'd used to.

It was no accident that the modern dance craze was twerking, which demanded of the woman that she bounce her ass as if she were eagerly anticipating being bum on a BBQ spit, while men encouragingly yelled, 'Get twerking!' Sticking their penises into tight anuses required quite a lot of spit, according to the literature on homosexual practices, so spitting a bum on a BBQ looked like what HIV/AIDS' `biological weapon` was aiming at: 'Can't believe what I see ... just dropped it on me! Twerk!' It seemed a lot of fuss just to kill the brain, but the sickles and choppers that wrote about it, did so as a rather large metaphor deployed by subliminal advertising agencies looking to increase sales of BBQ equipment for the patios of the wealthy. On the prime beef TV Soap, *Dallas* (1978-91), Texas cowman, J.R., was heard to say at a BBQ, 'Bobby, it's spam.' Actor in the role of Bobby Ewing, Patrick Duffy, replied: 'Oh, I thought she was Barbie.' If people could be encouraged to associate sex with BBQ skewers, patio BBQ equipment sales would soar.

Russia didn't espouse capitalism, because BBQ was *bourgeoise*, according to German biological philosopher Ghoul Murx's *Entensuppe*, in which he wrote about Commonism. `The

hammer and sickle is what Commonests should write about`, actor Jutts Chin said in his role as the lead actor in the Hollywood, Bubbleon, movie about the rise of Murx, *Red Giant* (2012). Murx`s principles related to sickle cells, which were the red cells that were the Commonest oxygen carrying cells in the human body. In sickle cell disease (SCD), the Commonest cells couldn`t write about the streets for lack of oxygen, and Russian scientists observed that the progress of HIV/AIDS slowed, which suggested to those with the pig hammer that they could keep on with hammering the woman`s tonsils, because she`d die slowly. Even when the hammer and sickle Commonest logo fell into disuse, it could still be found on the oil tanks of their motorcycle `sickles`. The British Hammer film studio tried to discredit the Russian sickles by depicting `reds` riding the pillion passengers` hammer in a gay way in *Sickles* (1969), but the Russian sicklists were undeterred and, `Believing in giving it some hammer`, as the ancient interviewed actor, Gaily Brash, told the agog late early evening *Degenerate Show* during a May 15, 2010, retrospective on films featuring false soap, `the human species of futanarian `woman`s seed` continued to gag, while pretending that she didn`t enjoy the joshing by praying for death.`

The Musks in `Slam looked like a giant dead upturned spider with its spinnarets amidst the clouds, because there were the gateways to the colonizing of the planets among the stars of heaven. That `woman`s seed` was beyond the illusion spun by the sleeping spider in Al`s Gaff, `the Grave`, above the blue sky, and white clouds of the Earth, was nurtured by the misogynists beneath the sickle moon of their harvesting. Trunco again read aloud *apropos* of nothing at all, `Upon the spinnarets of the Molochs, who called `the faithful`, were the crescent shapes of the scimitars of the moon guard, ISIS, a reminder of the abattoir built for would-be women drivers,` Butto licked his thumb tip and flipped over a page of *Garaged Car Histories*, `who`d soar higher than the sores that kept them by their sides.`

In ancient Egyptgene mythology, Isis had been the sun goddess, according to Butto`s *Garaged Ka History*, who gave to her brother, Osiris, a new penis after he was dismembered by his brother, `TV` Set. Osiris was the incarnation of the sun guard, Ra, and after resurrection he was Horus, `the sky guard`, with the head of a hawk, because it could see better. ISIS was the name of Abu' Bugger All Bugger Daddy`s Independent State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS), which symbol was the moon aligned to the sickle, a traditional symbol of the grim reaper, death, among western traditionalists. Paradoxically, allegedly penisless Ivanka Trump was Booty to the misogynists of both east and west, because she represented the spinning of their great illusion that there wouldn`t be any great blow jobs to come for `woman`s seed`. When women's penis had been smoked down to the butt, the `serpent`s seed` could secure what they`d stolen, and smoke theirs down to the butt also, before the `biological weapon` of HIV/AIDS that they`d launched finally finished the bitch`s Booty off, and then the dilemma would be over whether or not the meat for the BBQ was edible or contaminated, which wasn't ever going to be a dilemma to trouble elite.

To come, `woman`s seed` would have been great blow jobs, which was Saddam's claim to be She`sus come again, that is, Adam too, because he`d sought to protect the *Burqa* women from the Impires of the American burger chains. That was the meaning of `the last trump` blown by the seventh angel of *Rev*, according to She`sus` disciple Sean`s apocalyptic vision of the future:

‘The dragon stood in front of the woman who was about to give birth, so that it might devour her child the moment it was born.’ (Rev: 12. 4)

There wouldn’t be any blow jobs for ‘woman’s seed’ if she were eaten. She’sus had warned the Chews, during his preaching, that the Chewish fathers, and the religious police, the Phartesease, weren’t interesting to their children, but were boringly pedantic, because they just parroted what they’d been told to read and had no understanding of its meaning: ‘So the Phartesease objected, ‘You testify about yourself; your testimony is not true!’ Jesus answered, ‘Even if I testify about myself, my testimony is true, because I know where I came from and where I am going. But you people do not know where I came from or where I am going.’ (Sean: 8.13-18)

For She’sus, he was ‘the son of Man’, because his mother, Mary, was Man. Consequently, he and his mother, the Furry Jean Mary, who bore him uncontaminated by male semen, were men. It was the tragedy of the *New Toestomend* that She’sus deduced the truth that futanarian ‘woman’s seed’ were the fatherers in heaven and not the Chewish religious police, the Phartesease, and that he could only communicate it through his disciples’ inadvertent slips in the narrative of their incomprehension as the scribes of their ascended master’s teaching. To She’sus, women were, ‘We’re men.’ Because they were men, while new men were knew men, that is, they used to know woman: ‘A man ought not to cover his head, since he is the image and glory of Guard; but the woman is the glory of man. For man did not come from woman, but woman from man. Neither was man created for woman, but woman for man. Because the angels are watching, a woman should wear a covering on her head.’ (I Car:11. 7)

The women of ‘Slam wore the one-piece coverall of the *burqa* that hid them from the public gaze; to indicate that they knew that they were burgers for the meat eaters: so didn’t want to look tempting. Bald of Tossers, who was an apostle, who took the name, Baal, and wasn’t one of She’sus’ twelve disciples, wrote 24 of the books of the *New Toestomend*, and had converted from persecuting Creased Jeans as a Rum’un after being struck blind on the road to Dmnasscurs during a vision he had of the resurrected She’sus. The restoration of his sight resulted in his becoming an ostler, but his appreciation of She’sus’ teaching was that of a misogynist, who hadn’t understood that She’sus’ Resurrection and Ascension redeemed Eve’s ‘seed’, that is, ‘woman’s seed’ would resurrect and ascend to heaven, despite the fallen saurian angels’ breeding with women, whose heads weren’t covered to protect them from being seen by those who’d be ‘knew men’, and who’d make burger of them. ‘Eave was created by Guard from Adam’s side, a euphemism for futanarian birth through self-fertilization, which was why she was called ‘Eave, because she heaved about a lot inside Adam’s womb. The species’ survival trait of humanity’s ‘woman’s seed’ for ‘knew man’ was aberrant, because the bugged might escape being burgered, if sex between women was accepted as the normative aspect of her race.

While Moose was up a mountain receiving the Chews’ law from Guard, brother Rod had allowed the Chews to worship a golden cough, a symbol of Baal. Although it was difficult to explain, the Rev of Sean attempted to: ‘Three impure spirits that looked like frogs came out of the mouth of the dragon; out of the mouth of the beast and out of the mouth of the false profit.’ (Rev: 16. 3) Baal was a bull headed guard, because Rod and the Chews worshipped false guards,

so that they could have 'woman's seed' on the altar as BBQ. Bubble scholars interpreted the guard as a calf, because it represented whatever was bred for its male brain until slaughtered. The dying calfed, that is, 'coughed up', and the breeders had whatever technology had been produced by 'the frogs in the throat', which corresponded to the golden cough that the Chews worshipped under Rod. Later, HIV/AIDS was sent as a punishment by Guard. If the meat was contaminated, the unredeemed couldn't eat the bums after they'd used their spit. What the golden cough actually looked like to Rod and the ancient Chews remained largely a matter of conjecture for *Bubble* scholars limited to fragments of *Dead See* scrolls found in a grave, but archeologists managed to put together a picture of a golden frog. Although Bubble interpreters had thought the frog a calf, 'Slam iq research indicated that it was Al's Gaff, that is, 'the Grave', that the BBQ worshippers wanted for their prey, although Jesus' teaching was that coffin worship should come to an end through the development of immortality-conferring medical science produced from women's 'seed' and brains. Associated with the calf, Al's Gaff, where a *burqa* could be had, resulted in some more bullocks.

Among the Arubs was the knowledge of the existence of the djinn, who were described by their *Gran* as created by Guard separate from men and angels, that is, they were futanarian 'woman's seed', who could produce better brainpower and so 'machine', etymologically, derived from the word 'djinn'. Afrits were djinn with horns, and so corresponded to Baal. If they had a daughter, because 'woman's seed' was enamoured, the Afrit could possess through her. Consequently, the absence of women's cocks was necessary to the socio-economic success of the demoniacally possessive Afrit, which is why the Afrit was associated with Satin, who was depicted with the horns of a bull in Creased Jean tradition.

Although the Shaitan djinn, Nibbles, corresponded to Satin in Arubia, because he whispered in 'Eave's ear, and refused to bow to Adam, according to their *Gran*, that refusal was indicative of the antipathy males felt towards futanarian 'woman's seed', so Shaitan djinn became associated with Satin, whereas it was the horned Afrit's desire to achieve economic ascendancy over Man, that is, 'woman's seed', through her removal from the scene: 'He was not of those who prosted.' *sawyer* 7, Al-A'raf (The Heights), vs 11. The paradox was that female Afrit had horns, and presumably cocks too, but men and Afrit males preferred to worship Baal together for the false Profit, whereas Nibbles hadn't wanted to be a prostate Chew, before the golden calf of Rod, a frog. A 'bull' frog, symbolizing the voices of horned reptiles and mammals, resembling women sufficiently for men to breed for the production of lesser technological delights, they were afterwards slaughtered as animals by med-djinns, which was the name the pogromers gave to themselves for having lobotomized the human race to maintain their greater technological capability for keeping 'woman's seed' as slaves; through what they called 'an advanced surgical procedure amounting to extinction of the human'. Whether the female Afrit djinn exploited by the males, who worshipped the by now almost blind He Man's pecs, were 'woman's seed' too was a matter for conjecture, but they weren't going to be getting their cocks out in front of men, who by now had the brains of their animals, and so had killed what was left of 'woman's seed' anyway, which rather suggested that women's horns were a sign of Man's lost humanity, although the alien nations' horns of the golden car focused everyone's attention on the bug gay with the monocle.

To maintain the availability of 'long pig', which was the common term for the flesh of 'woman's seed', the 'serpent's seed' of unredeemed men devised a pogrom based on the lie that sex between women was an abomination and single species' sex between women was incest. In the Greek myth of Oedipus written by the dramatist Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex* (c. 429 B.C.), the protagonist, whose name meant 'swollen foot', because he was left exposed on a hillside to be made crippled and a lame excuse for a man by his parents, Laius and Jocasta, king and queen of Egypt's Thebes, consequent to a prophecy he'd kill his father and marry his mother, does. Because of the incest taboo, he subsequently blinded himself, and his daughter, Auntie Joan, neatly underlining the absence of the woman's cock from the picture, agreed to lead her blind father's steps onward further to his unspeakable doom as the representative murderer of the race of women, that is, the drama indirectly (but powerfully) suggested that Jocasta and Auntie Joan would have wanted to fuck each other, but men's incest taboo prevented it. Despite the absence of textual substance to support the allegation, Auntie Joan is impugned for wanting to fuck her mother which, according to the tragi-comedian Sophocles, was where she'd 'ad 'em.

In the book of 'Slam's holy *Gran*, which was known as 'the car that ran' in Butto's *Garaged Car Histories*, the figure of Hoarder illustrated the flaw in Chewdic law. Moose, 'the law giver', was depicted waiting by the Red Sea with Jocular. According to the *Old Toestomend* of the *Bubble*, which was the Toer and Tallmood, that is, the law and history of the Chews, Moose led the Chews out of slavery in Egypt to the Red Sea, although it was Anchor Boat, a marid djinn-age water spider, that ferried the Chews to the 'Promised Land' of Palestein, according to their gran, while the pursuing Egyptgenes were drowned. Consequently, the story of the *Gran* of Moose and Jocular, who'd fight the battle of Cheerios in a series of conflicts that conquered Palestein for the Chews after their arrival, was pertinent to Musclemen, who were a people separated from the Chews through Itsmale, son of Abracadabra-ham. Eye-sac, Abracadabra-ham's son, founded Chewjism, while Itsmale, Abracadabra-ham's second son, founded 'Slam through his descendant, B'Bmhed, who'd received *Gran* from Guard's dictatorial angels, according to 'Slam iq tradition. *Gran* relates how Hoarder showed Moose a wall underneath which was buried treasure. Hoarder rebuilt the wall with the treasure again hidden, because, according to the *Old Toestomend* of the *Bubble*, the Chews brought rump-eaters to bring down the walls of Cheerios. This showed to the Musclemen that the Chews weren't ready to receive the treasure, which was the paradise in heaven on Earth that would've properly belonged to 'woman's seed'; if they hadn't already blown the Levant.

As it was Chewish tradition that a Chew could only be born from a Chewess, that meant that women were Chews, that is, Chewjism was a tradition of 'woman's seed'. Itsmale was born from Hatcheir, an 'Egyptgene woman' given to Abracadabra-ham by his wife Sara; after she became infertile when Eye-sac was birthed. Consequently, the Chewdyu-Creased Jean tradition viewed 'Slam as illegitimate, because Hatcheir was an unwed serpent-tines, whereas the four wives permitted to Musclemen by their *Gran* afforded the possibility of sexual reproduction between women's futanarian 'seed'. Even to a child looking at the Bas through its playpen, 'Slam was more legitimate than Chewdyu-Creased Jean Inanity, because its four wife dependent (4WD) family structure presupposed that sexual reproduction between women was truly human, whereas western men only saw Bas as those who were trunks.

In Al's Gaff, 'the Grave', Hoarder went on to kill a child of the 'serpent's seed' that he said was evil, because Hoarder didn't like the look of his eye-sac, and then he made holes in boats, before taking one. Sailing away, Hoarder said that 'pirates', that is, slavers, might have chased them. If the word 'parrots' was substituted for 'pirates', Trunco's *Garaged Ka History* observed, the reader'd discover Hoarder's meaning. Moose's law was for parrots, who were the descendants of winged saurians, that is, Chewish law and the Phartesease were the 'serpent's seed' of She'sus' time, who wanted everything repeated after them. Moose wasn't able to accept that Hoarder knew the truth, so he left him. Thereafter Moose and the Chews were governed by the law of parrots, whereas Hoarder's and She'sus' aim was to escape from 'TV repeats', which was why She'sus preached against the Chewish fathers. The future didn't want to be a repetition of the past, so She'sus' birth as 'woman's seed' was greeted with joy. Although it should have been self-evident (even to fathers) that Hoarder was a lunatic, who stole some treasure by not allowing it to be found, committed infanticide, and destroyed ships, so that he could escape punishment for his crimes, everyone missed the point, which was that Hoarder was Guard's man, like She'sus, that is, only Guard could chudge, because grown adults weren't children appealing to parrot.

Musclemen wore white, and women wore black, because they were a black and white 'TV' that didn't want color. As the future couldn't be b & w TV repeats, 'woman's seed' corresponded to color, which couldn't live in host womb slavery to a parasitoid devourer of her species, so the human race was doomed to b & w TV repeats of how it consumed itself in war, because the species was possessed for its ghoulish entertainment by an alien womb slaver. When Moose was by the Red Sea with Jocular, they had a fish they were keeping for their supper, which Jocular lost in the sea. Immediately Hoarder appeared, which suggested some affinity with Crushed Inanity, because the early Crushed Jeans used the symbol of the fish supper to indicate they were She'sus' disciples.

According to the developmental psychologist, Karl Gastronomo Bung (1875-1961), She'sus was an archetype of the 'Self', or 'total man' approximating to what humans can know off Guard, and the 'Guard archetype' existed as a *facultas preformandi* within each individual's unconscious awaiting actualization. In Bung's psychology, the fish was an archetypal symbol of the Guard archetype, which appeared in dreams, art and the imagination; to impel the individual towards becoming bum on a spit. Hoarder's flight from 'parrots' only seemed madcap, because it was indicative of genuine lucidity in the individual; to run from being eaten by the parrot troopers. They'd want to repeat their b & w TV performances ad nauseam to perpetuate war and host womb slavery of the human species of 'woman's seed' into futurity. Consequently, both Hoarder and She'sus corresponded to Bung's fish archetype, because they represented the human race's will to escape from slavery to an alien parasitoid devourer.

Although She'sus' teaching was ostensibly forgiveness, and a dilution of the Chews' belief in vengeance, that is, 'an eye for an eye-sac' (*Sodas*: 21. 24), his Messianic role was largely politic. The Rum'un Impire couldn't be fought, so it was better for the Chews that the Rum'uns saw them as neighborly, because that would give She'sus time to preach about 'woman's seed', so giving the future a chance. Despite that, She'sus' best remarks remained occluded, because his life's history was written by the disciples; Matt, Mork, Lucozade and Sean. Their corroborative statements to the Chewish religious police, the Phartesease, agreed with each other that She'sus was a talisman for gay machismo in the sense that She'sus' torture and death,

typical as it was of homosexual sado-masochism, was presented as Salvation, whereas the true message of Redemption for 'woman's seed', as the hope for Man in She'sus' prefigurative Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, was doomed by the blinders as an unwanted masturbatory fantasy of women who wanted to see their own cocks in the mirror, and stop looking schizophrenically outside their own futanarian species to see if they could get a glimpse of the vampire in the nightmare of their twisted minds' dreams, before the damned monster sank its teeth into their flesh; to slake its thirst for human blood and a farmable source of protein to sustain its role as a bag of fertilizer. Vampires were thought to be sterile, that is, their cocks didn't work, apart from the cocks of the hammers of their guns, which were often called 'rods' after Moose's brother, Rod, who'd begun the pay gun religion of having 'woman's seed' as bacon, while they ate her as 'long pig' in support of the alien demons' continued extermination of the futanarian human race, which had been for the stars, but we're now BBQ beans. Born as parasites from the human host womb, the parasitical alien life form didn't produce human brainpower, according to what Trunco read in *Hearse Stories About Her* (1942), because it'd killed 'woman's seed', so its cock didn't work, although it was an immortal creature living like a pimp off the meat it produced for the butcher in the endless wars it waged to maintain its slavers' position as a soul producer of brainless ephemerals dying in infantile idiocy for its 'TV' as sole entertainment system.

She'sus' encounter with the man possessed by the demon, 'My name is Legion!' (*Mork*: 5. 9), on the road near the town of Gadarene, neatly illustrated the meat producers' position. At the time, Palastein was occupied by the Roman legions, a neat metaphor for demonic possession. In Chewdic and 'Slam, pig meat on the table was taboo, whereas in Creased Jean Inanity pig meat became acceptable as food after She'sus' casting the demon Legion out of the man. The Legion asked to go into a herd of pigs nearby and She'sus agreed. The pigs ran off a cliff and drowned, because they didn't want brain lesions either. Nature had rejected demons whereas, for the Nazis, Chews were pigs, which was why they built ovens for them to be placed in. Sex between men and women was called 'porking', because men without 'woman's seed' were pig breeders, and so children were 'a bun in the oven' for rabbit pie. In Hinduism, pigs symbolized a lowered aspect of human nature resulting from possession by demonic forces, for example, Nazism. However, Vishnu, whose divine attribute was that he could be every woman, was a pig too, because men slaved 'woman's seed' in order to 'pork' women. Chewdic and 'Slam, meet for the table, in rejecting pigs, rejected nature. Consequently, She'sus' encounter with the pigs illustrated the danger inherent in rejecting nature, because it was ultimately a rejection of human nature. She'sus didn't reject the pigs, because the pigs rejected the demons, which is why westerners ate pork, because eating 'woman's seed' as 'long pig' was abominating the nations, that is, among those practices called abominations. The Nazis were demoniacally possessed pigs, for whom the Chews were smaller pigs and, by the 21st century, the rich pigs slew, and ate the little pigs, in their pig wars: 'Day of Judgement, God is calling;

On their knees the war pigs crawling,
Begging mercy for their sins:
Satan laughing spreads his wings.
Oh Lord, yeah!' – *Black Sabbath*

She'sus' response to the Chewish fathers and their police, when they asked him what to do about a woman caught in adultery, was even more revelatory of She'sus' role as a campaigner against homosexuality in pederasty for war against `woman's seed`: `Let he that is without sin cast the first stone.` (*Sean*: 8. 7) If men's `seed` was irredeemably saurian, `woman's seed` was adulterated, so women couldn't be accused of adultery. When She'sus was caught by the disciple Chewdust with a woman who was anointing him with the expensive perfume, `spikenard`, Chewdust's own `spy canard` was that the perfume should be sold to raise money. She'sus rebuked him: `Leave her alone.` (*Mk*: 14. 6) The slavers of `woman's seed` didn't want the human race to sexually reproduce, so Chewdust sold She'sus to the police, who gave him over to the Rum'uns for execution to ensure that host womb slavery of the human species by the `serpent's seed` became the paradigm for the future, because women's Meshiah wouldn't live to preach to them against vampirism.

She'sus' living with the disciples was often thought of as being supportive of `the gay scene`. At what came to be known as `the Last Slurp` before his crucifixion, She'sus offered `bread and wine` as symbols of his `body and blood`, which in a post-AIDS age was often interpreted as She'sus' sanctioning of the spreading of the HIV/AIDS virus through his `body and blood` in mockery of women's mode of sexual reproduction. Discovered in the African Congo in 1983, the human immune deficiency virus (HIV) was found to be a mutation of the simian immune deficiency virus (SIV). An `incurable killer disease`, HIV resulted in acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS), which ascended from the base of the spine through the anus as an infection derived from the mixing of blood, shit and semen there. On its way to killing the brain, HIV/AIDS collapsed all of the organs and functionality of the body, which made of it a `biological weapon` manufactured between apes and homosexual men in pederasty for war against the human species of `woman's seed`.

What She'sus, `the fish`, actually meant by sharing `bread and wine` as symbols of his `body and blood` was that men of the `serpent's seed` had to convert from their sin of slaving mammalian humanity and accept `woman's seed`, which was the meaning of She'sus' bodily incarnation uncontaminated by men's semen through birth from his mother, the Furry Jean Mary. Even if She'sus' Crushed Jeans were able to be shepherds of `woman's seed` among the planets and stars off Guard's heaven, if the `serpent's seed` of men didn't convert, there'd be war there with the slavers: `The dragon's tail swept a third of the stars from the sky and flung them to the Earth.` (*Rev*: 12. 14) As the human host at the Last Slurp, She'sus was representative of the `body and blood` of `woman's seed`. The human host was being slaved by a saurian alien determined to extend its influence into putting flying crucifixes in the form of planes into the sky before dropping its explosive eggs upon the Earth to ensure slavery.

HIV/AIDS was the slaver's `biological weapon`, because it kept women in fearful faithfulness to their ring slavers, while the pornographers demoniacally showed the slaved how to make more slaves. As a virus, HIV/AIDS was typical of what slavery did. The organs of the body collapsed before the brain was extinguished, while the individual tried to live. Though the simian immune virus (SIV) mutation was discovered to be in homosexuals (HIV) in 1983, by the second decade of the 21st century there was still no known cure, because the slavers didn't want one. Slavers were viral, and HIV/AIDS was their `biological weapon`; demonstrably debilitating humanity's capacity to function without alien aids or aides. Although scientists weren't able to

comfortably say so, it seemed evident to disinterested onlookers that `gay` people were `monkey fuckers`, because there weren't any humans from `woman`s seed`, and the monkey fuckers didn't want any.

Among the Mettalist peoples, the tradition was of the eunuch, who was a better slave, because he or she'd been castrated. The tradition derived from the time of the harem, according to Trunco`s *Garaged Ka Histories*, wherein many women were kept by powerful potentates. The story of the Indian Mogul, Shah Jehan, in the 8th century collection of tales, *1001 Nights*, was illustrative. Decapitating his wife for alleged unfaithfulness, later proven to be a false allegation, Jehan proceeded to take a new wife each day, and behead her each evening, until Scheherezade, a woman, told Jehan stories that kept him interested enough to listen, and marry her without her being beheaded.

So Scheherezade saved the women of the harem, and `woman`s seed` could breed freely again. While women were decapitated, men had their testes removed to make eunuchs of them, so that they couldn't interfere with the women`s breeding, but also so that their breeders, that is, individual slavers, would have more brains to think with; after they'd produced enough from their penis` semen. In short, the penis of the men they'd sired interfered with the slavers` thoughts, so they made them eunuchs, while the consanguinity of the close eunuch relatives afforded the progenitor the use of a collective brain possessed and directed by the sexual desire of the penised castrator. The practice of circumcising the women, so that the clitoris didn't function as a source of pleasure during coitus, was a further method applied by the slavers to prevent their thoughts from being interfered with; either by the brainpower of others, or by orgasms indicative of a vestigial desire among women to produce the brainpower of their own futanarian race of Man.

As a byproduct, of course, the absence of the clitoris, deprived women of the pleasure they might have had in coitus, which made them better *houris*, that is, the whores kept better hours.

Though Adolf Hitler`s National Socialist (Nazi) Germany was guilty of exterminating 20,000,000 off Guard`s `chosen people`, the Chews, after its democratic election in 1933, it was in the district of Hollywood, city of Los Angeles, on the west coast of the United States of America, that the Impire of the world`s media began to present humans as sexless; ostensibly to prevent adultery: whereas adultery was what sex without `woman`s seed` represented for her species. The ever elided possibility of seeing a woman`s penis meant that humans lived a tortured existence in which death was their Xmas present. S-a-n-t-i was an anagram of S-a-t-i-n, and what was in his sack wasn't for making happy humans.

She`sus` appellative `Christ` meant `the chosen`, because he was `Guard`s choice` as the redeemer of `woman`s seed`. Redemption for `woman`s seed` was prefigured in She`sus` Resurrection and Ascension to heaven uncontaminated by male semen after his death, although his Advent was celebrated on December 25 each year, because it was deemed the day of his birth. She`sus was Guard`s gift, according to *Car-Wrist* magazine, which featured `women driven to pull`, Butto had unearthed during his surfs, and that was why gifts were traditionally given at Crushed Jean`s by X-mas; to be Guardly. Santi was the father-figure developed by advertising companies to persuade men to empty their sacks, and give presents to their children,

`so assisting economic slavery`, Butto`s own subsequent purchased leather-bound copy of *Car Wreck O-No-Mick`s* (1914) asseverated.

The S-a-n-t-i-s-t-s had also turned the annual festival celebrating She`sus` Resurrection and Ascension to heaven on the first Sunday after March 21 each year into a sack-race, where the race never emerged from the sack, while the three-legged race celebrated the fact that the saurians had tied their race to its human slaves by the ankle, although the human had its own futanarian `foot` race, which was denied by the importance laid upon the `egg and spoon race` of the oviparian (egg-laying) saurians during infant schools` Easter *fête* days, where the infanticide of the nascent mammalian human child was in fact celebrated as the death of She`sus` `woman`s seed`, rather than She`sus` Resurrection and Ascension prefiguring that of the human species of futanarian women`s, which Crushed Inanity oughtn`t to have traditionally associated with the eating of chocolate eggs at Easter, because it encouraged saurian eyes to stare vengefully at human resurrectees. Without `woman`s seed`, the human race would remain stillborn in the ovum. Forever tied to its saurian, and putatively human slavers, it`d be b & w TV war in homosexuality`s pederasty until extinction; unless `woman`s seed` miraculously prevailed.

In Hinduism it was evident that Anka Boot, the spider, was present in the religion of those people from Australia that had migrated to the Indus Valley in India, because figures like the guard, Vishnu, who was represented as being capable of assuming the form of all women, presumably on the understanding that he might return to women their penis, and the goddess, Kali, were depicted as having six arms, which gave them an arachnoid appearance. As the Musks of Musclemen in `Slam looked like sleeping spiders with upturned legs, and the spider, Anka Boot, was the creature that was depicted by their *Gran* as spinning an illusion to protect heaven, the presence of eight-limbed arachnoid guards and goddesses in Hinduism suggested that spiders were a metaphor for `woman`s seed`, which looked like a spider to the exterminators when she was having reproductive sex with another four-limbed woman, while the many pairs of arms sported by the Hindu pantheon were symbolic of the number of alternative universes `woman`s seed` could inhabit as a breeder able to split off from herself, and yet remain a unique individual. Ganesh, the elephant guard of the Hindus, who was also depicted as having six arms, was discernably present in the long barrels of the tanks during the Levant war with ISIS, while the saurian eggs were distinguishable being dropped from flying crucifixes overhead as bombs indicative of Crushed Inanity`s winged dragon of war, Satin. Curiously, Indian war elephants were male, because the females shied away from battle, which suggested that the male elephants were, metaphorically, Ganesh spiders trying to eat the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed`, which didn`t want to be devoured, because she wasn`t a spider actually; or its food.

In Japan, the ancestor veneration of their religion, Shinto, suggested the shin of the leg and the toe of the foot, documenters in *The History of the Car Boot* (1982) persuasively argued with Butto, because Japanese women`s feet were traditionally bound from shin to toe to prevent them from escaping from the alien, who`d assumed the role of a male spider in human form; much in the same way that the angel, Satin, had assumed the role of the `serpent`s seed`: to host womb slave the human race as `TV` dinner. Although the practice was officially frowned upon by modernity, popular Japanese 21st century Hentai manga cartoons featured `futanari` women being tortured as a symptom of spidermen`s reluctance to release women with cocks into sexually reproducing their own species` brainpower to develop technologies of their own

devising; for example, the science of rejuvenation, so that no longer would daughters of `woman`s seed` be born to be bums on a spit for the parasitoid devourer waging war on the human race in homosexuality and pederasty for racial extinction to an alien pogromer. Although the spiders had managed to convert from their sinful parasitoid natures to the extent that they could produce four-limbed bipeds that euphemistically emerged from four-wheeled vehicles, the speeders couldn`t bring themselves to entirely let go of their better halves, so the humanoids were damned to be condemned meat as tin-agers. Of course, if the progeny of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` were again immortal, and not killed by the viral life form that had taken over her planet, Earth, the spidermen wouldn`t be able to look so fondly from the turret guns of their tanks spitting death upon the cities of the daughters they planned to be spit in a bum to sate their cannibalistic alien nature.

Men were the future age`s demons. The Hindu worship of male and female forms in the shape of eight-limbed arachnoids suggested a connection with the upturned spider forms of the Musks of Anka Boot in Musclemen `Slam, that is, male spiders were worshipped on Earth, because they were useful in trapping women`s futanarian race there, although she might legitimately have asseverated to the wrestlers `Slam-ing her to the canvas, like Jerkson Bollocks painting another worms a-wriggling with maggots *meisterwerke* , `I`m not just a fly.` When the Spanish *conquistadores* arrived in South America prior to their conquest of it by 1521, the ancient Aztec civilization of Mexico thought they were guards, because they were four-limbed creatures riding upon four-limbed horses, so the Aztecs thought they were spiders. The missing piece from the planetary jigsaw was the woman`s penis, which didn`t appear in Hinduism either, despite temples almost entirely devoted to sculpted depictions of human sex; for example, the Khajuraho temple in Madhya Pradesh, India, where every possible kind of sex was represented: apart from futanarian. Without `woman`s seed`, men and women were a `beast` bred by saurians, Hindu spidermen, monkey fuckers, and others that were chasing the human race to a bloody finish. The illusion fostered in the modern age by the killers of the human species of `woman`s seed` was that they were the human race, Butto gleaned from *A Race With Cars* (1933), whereas they were its exterminators.

In the opening book of the *Old Toastermend of the Bubble, Djinnesis*, the entrapment of the human by the saurian was described in Satan`s encounter with `Eave and Adam. In terms of Earth`s pre-history, according to Trunco`s reference work, *Car & `Eave Whores* (2023), saurian evolution occurred 248 m.a. in the Mesozoic period, and its host womb slaving of the emerging pre-human hominid ape 220 m.a. in the Jurassic period, which suggested that SIV was originally a saurian virus, and an STD (sexually transmitted disease) originating with the parasitoid`s aim of using a host. HIV/AIDS` origination in the African Congo among homosexual monkey fuckers, or MFIs as they came to be known, because of their Do It Yourself *credo*, was actually a revivification of the ancient saurian STD, which was why it had the characteristics of the cannibalistic slaver.

Having found a host, the virus collapsed the organs of the body, and the infected brain died, because the role of the alien viral life form was to make of the human meat on a spit, so increasing the profits of skewer selling outlets, like Warmart and Bean Q, while anal penetration of the victim in homosexuality in pederasty for war against the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` was the devourer`s viral paradigm. Paradigmatic of the lives of slaved

populations, mortality was what societies based on the homosexual slaving virus, HIV/AIDS, were for. Without `woman`s seed` to sexually reproduce human brainpower to develop rejuvenation science, everyone died looking like a sack of Santi`s spuds by the time they were old enough to think, and so the parasitoid devourer`s slaving, and slaying of the undeveloped fetus, that had become what now passed for Guard`s human race to the stars, persisted.

Japanese Shinto wasn`t the only religion in which the senile aged were revered as repositories of non-existent wisdom parroted to successive generations in order to perpetuate what had gone before in the way of `brain bumbing`, a term devised in Trunco Butto`s day to describe what the demons had done to humans. Trunco`s own futanarian ancestry had been smoked down to the butt by homosexuals in pederasty for the waging of `biological war` against the human species of `woman`s seed` through boys` owners meat injections, which were termed Baby Queue, because the baby was spat on before it was eaten by the next in line to receive a fallen thrown morsel of chew.

The phalloid secrets waved under Butto`s nose were there to remind him of his family`s truncation in the symbolic hands of cigarette smokers. Butto frowned, reading a copy of the academic ethnographic periodical *Car Sino-Djinns* (Vol. V,3, pp. 86-42), while reflecting inwardly upon his knowledge that the car manufacturing Feet company that he worked for was currently advertising in its brochure, *Truckers Need Big Trunks*, a car boat that could drop anchor while the occupants fished, and which was provisionally to be called the & Car Boat. Modern Musclemen believed Hoarder, 'the lost fish', was brought by gaff into an anchored boat, and Hoarder`s *faux pas*, while in the company of Moose and Jocular, were social gaffs in keeping with the idea that cavemen were uncivilized, which was why they lived in `the Grave`. The *sawyer* at Al`s Gaff symbolized the universe of planets among the stars awaiting colonization when Man eventually emerged from barbarism, and where the fear of making social gaffs had kept them longer than they should.

The `serpent`s seed` of men didn`t want them to escape censure for not conforming to their rigorously imposed system of imprisoning `political correctness`, along with associated taboos primarily concerned with making `woman`s seed` unspeakable and sterile, so Hoarder was presented as a rude caveman, who impoverished people, murdered a child, and stole a boat, which gaffs were portrayed as socially reprehensible, so that Man would remain in the grave until behavioral science proved Man fit to live among decent folk, who didn`t want women. Though Hoarder was represented as being justified, because the parrots would have imposed their putatively fatherly `learn by repetition` program on his existence, as was the way with religious peoples with a book to promote, in fact keeping people deliberately poor, murdering, and perpetrating acts of larceny weren`t acceptable to Guard, which was why Hoarder was depicted as Man, the grave dweller, who shouldn`t ever be allowed to escape in a car boot, on a boat at anchor, or any other way; lest images of women surface from the depths of the sea of Man`s unconscious. Rudely reawakening to the `serpent`s seed` of men engaged in homosexuality in pederasty for the waging of war to host womb slave the human futanarian race of `woman`s seed` for its `TV` entertainment, Man might object.

In computer terms, Hoarder had been `booted up` from the hard drive of Man`s unconscious as an archetype to open a window on heaven, like an anchored boat`s porthole, and so his genius

had emerged, like a diver with 'the pearl of great price', (*Matt*: 13. 46) an allegorical heavenly symbol descriptive of a blob of women's spunk. The web of illusion spun before the grave by Anka Boot to protect 'the gaff' of the Profit B' Bmhed and his followers, who hid there waiting for Guard's heaven on Earth to appear, corresponded to a boat at anchor waiting for a ship; or a crucified 'son of Man' awaiting Ascension.

In fishing terms, Hoarder was the equivalent of the Leviathan of the *Old Toestomend* of the *Bubble*, wherein Guard asked, 'Can you catch Leviathan with a hook?' Guard could, which suggested Hoarder as an avatar of She'sus, who was Leviathan as 'woman's seed' lying as a boat at anchor upon the sea of Man's unconsciousness waiting for a fair wind to fill her sail and carry her forward. According to the book of Enoch of Chewdic apocrypha, Behemoth (*Enoch* 1: 60. 7-8) and Leviathan (*Job*: 41. 1) would be devoured by the Chews amid great celebration after a battle between them at the end of time, which suggested to Trunco nuclear weapons launched from submarines, while elephantine tank battles raged; before a general renunciation of war among the nations desirous of avoiding Guard's punishment of eternal unendurable pain, that is, perdition, for the evil accepters of parasitoid nature:

'The fleet can swim under water,
It shall be as a bomb under the sea.
The eye of the sea watches.
Like a greedy dog.
In an iron fish.'
(Century 2, Quatrain 5)

Anthropomorphic imagery was commonly used to describe men's animal appetite for war, for example, 'the dogs of war' meant mercenaries paid to soldier, so it was unlikely that actual dogs ever operated submarine launched intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) armed with nuclear warheads. As France's 15th century prophet Michel Nostradamus would probably have to agree, despite *Les Prophecies*' claim; although slave breeders might differ with their opinions and knowledge of their theft of human host wombs to manufacture as great a variety of 'bug-eyed monsters' as they could for 'TV war' entertainments. The book of Enoch was consigned to remain forever Chewish apocrypha, because it presented animals as representing human activity. Without 'woman's seed', men and women were the 'beasts' of *Rev*, who'd supported each other's warlike TV images to the detriment of the human species since before the age of cinema: '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)

The age of cinema's b & w silent penisless females smoothly transitioned to the age of color TV's 'talkie' penisless females, after men and women as a single male brained creature wearing each other's clothes in TV transvestism were officially adopted as the animal mascots of the television machine in 1926, when it was invented by Scot, John Logie Baird, for the sexual transmission of the alien's killer disease to the species of 'woman's seed', which Chewish apocrypha misanthropically equated with futanarian humanity. Consequently, Chewdyu-Creased Jean Inanity erroneously described the fish, which was Hoarder, and the Crushed Jeans' early symbol for She'sus, in terms of Leviathan and Behemoth, who would battle each other at the end of time as tanks with long intrusive noses, and nuclear submarines: 'Can you put a ring through

his nose; or bore his jaw through with a hook?' (*Job*: 40. 26) Neither Hoarder nor She'sus wanted to listen to their text being parroted to them in order to repeat the same evil nonsense over again. What they wanted was the 'treasure' of 'woman's seed', which had already largely been devoured by the saurian parrots, who corresponded in Arubeon folklore to Ziz, a creature associated with Leviathan and Behemoth, but of the air.

Ziz found correspondence with September elephants' planes crashing into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York city, U.S.A., which provoked Levant war in the Middle East, a stereotypical repetition of previous wars involving elephants; for example, Hinduism's 8th century Kurkushetra war of dynastic succession in which the role of male war elephants was described in the *Mahabharata* (400 BCE) of India's Bharat dynasty. Only male elephants could be used, because females instinctively shied away from death, as humans ought, and that was the meaning, because 'woman's seed' didn't want to be extinguished by Levant males, who were Leviathan, Behemoth, and Ziz, that is, metaphors for men's wars through land, sea and air against the human species of futanarian 'woman's seed' for host womb slavery of her in homosexuality for pederasty's extinction of her

The Chewdyu-Creased Jean tradition seemed to have been that, once the airplane was developed as a cruciform shape directly arising from the imagery associated with She'sus' crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension to heaven, their fathers would drop bombs on the kids as a lesson to them not to shy away from battle, as the female elephants did, and that were used for logistics therefore, like 747 'Jumbo' passenger jet airliners, and weren't bombers, so were probably better fatherers, and had larger penises anyway. The Levant wars were then explicable as a war to host womb slave 'woman's seed', because the male war elephants didn't want to find that the women of the Levant's 'fut' had providentially brought their own trumpets to blow in announcing Guard's Day Off Chudgement upon their evil warmongering. Surrounded, at the outset of the 21st century, by the bomber-happy fathers of Armenia, Turkey, Syria, Iraq and Iran, the Kuds had finally agreed to behave like proper grown-ups.

'The human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' would have wanted to remain forever djinn-agers because they were imaginal, Trunco Butto assumed the declarative mode of expression, before trumpeting in surprised realization, 'I'm a djinn national!' If a cure for AIDS had been found, the science of rejuvenation would properly have gotten off the ground, and humans could have begun to look forward to an eternal future without the specter of looking like a bagged sack of spuds there. AIDS made of what remained of 'woman's seed' a meat eaten dinosaur, while the disabling vehicle's slave occupant's science fictional pedaling to the rhythm of his single bug-eyed monster's (BEM's) motorized windscreen was all that remained of the 'third eye' as the human strove to see where third head had gone.

Among the Musclemen in 'Slam the black burqa one-piece coverall was worn by the women publicly to conceal from prying western eyes their futanarian identities, beset as they were by Hindu images of women with six arms, and penisless women broadcast by the Hollywood, 'Bubble Blonde', media Impire: 'Mystery, Bubble Blonde the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.' (*Rev*: 17. 5) Bubble Blonde, 'a woman' of the Bubble, according to the *Old Toastermend*, was the capital city of the Persian Impire (c. 4000 B.C.), where 'woman's

seed` was presumably scripted by word balloons to be enslaved for homosexuality in pederasty for war against herself in the same way as the Greeks had done.

Shaped like bells, the *burqa* women represented a safety coffin for `woman`s seed`. It was an early 19th century practice of those who feared being buried alive to mount bells on coffins to ring if there were signs of life inside; `saved by the bell`. Or, by the word balloons; if the text of the *Bubble* wasn't illegible after its spayed had been urned. 'She's my gran. Knickers to you.' was a phrase inside a bubble that, appearing to some black Falasha Jews at a religious site in Abyssinia later, was thought by many to have been responsible for precipitating the Gulf wars that began with the US air, sea and land forces invasion of Iraq in March 2003, when `bunker busting bombs` had been used to bury whole regiments of Iraqis alive, because the coalition forces thought they sounded like arachnids. The burqa women were the bells that would resurrect the supposed trapdoor spiders; if the parrot troopers of *Gran* were able to repeat their birth. Pop songstress, Lebanon's Dana Halabi, released a new Dana CD, 'I'm Dana' (2005), which resulted in her being targeted by the CIA, because an *euctenizidae*, pronounced 'a new Dana CD', was the generic label for trap door spider, and they thought she'd escaped: 'Open your eyes and you eat Turkish delight.' The Musclemen women of `woman`s seed` in 'Slam mightn`t want that, because they`d rather breed their own human race to leave and colonize the planets among the stars of heaven above the Earth`s wars against their species, which only left the *Burqas* eaten and bugged. Whichever way it was looked at, host womb slavery wouldn`t easily be abolished.

William Wilberforce, whose statue was erected atop a column outside the city of Hull`s College not far from where he`d lived by the port, was the English abolitionist that stopped the slave trade in Africans out of the Lancashire sea port of Liverpool, whence they were transported to be sold to American plantation owners in their Southern States, by 1833. Those states of the United States later fought the American Civil War (1861-5) to keep bred slaves, but lost to the Northern abolitionists, and US President, Abracadabra-ham Lynching. In the modern age, host womb slavery by an alien parasitoid creature was the issue for the abolitionists, but it wasn`t likely to be faced, because the slave system was strong and evil. Trunco looked down to rue his truncated state. `Well, Butto,` he paused for effect, `at least I don`t need any disability aids to make life simpler in its going.` He bowed his head in prayer, which was what the slavers wanted, because it wasted quite a bit of time. If people like Trunco Butto prayed, it was because they wanted something, and were prepared to wait for it. Waiting was what it was all about, and prayer was the device that the slaving devils, running the human race into the ground as its neo-Nazi concentration camp death guards, used to play their game of `patience`, 'Wait! Pray! Then die!' At least then the people would wait patiently, and not cause the devils any trouble, which was why Rome`s `Hail Caesar! had become Nazism`s `Heil Hitler!` Praising the devils were what the devils were for, and what the choice people had been praying for, while they waited, Trunco`s trunk hated, had long since been forgotten 'neath the showers overhead.

A swift perusal of the September 2020 issue of the magazine *Deutsche Frau`s Penis Auto* showed that, although it was the U.S.A. that invented the pesticide, it was German Chancellor Hitler who was praised for exterminating 20, 000, 000 Chews with Zyklon B, and sending internees to the camp showers was the ruse that became a euphemism for death by poison. Armed before the ovens, where the Chews would be cooked, and with their MP 40 Schmeisser

submachine guns, the gay animals` excuse was that, just as they preferred the *Boys Own* lead bullets out of the magazine, so they didn`t want `woman`s seed` in them, which explained why there wasn`t any, although Kelly Hazelnuts was reputed to have said that she wouldn`t appear naked for men without her own nuts in *Zoo Weekly* (2004-14).

Off course, Guard`s plan for the `chosen people` had had an earlier setback when Satan, the serpent, persuaded `Eave and Adam to accept its poison, which meant that it`d be a struggle for ephemeral humanity to escape. As Eye-sac, founder of Chewjism might agree after being laid on the slab to be butchered on Guard`s instructions to Abracadabra-ham 'as a burnt offering' (*Djinn*: 22. 2). Eye-sac wasn`t the earliest attempt at making a toast to Guard. When `Eave and Adam`s son Cain killed his brother, Abel, who showed Guard that he knew how to make toast, and Cain didn't want to be some, it was because Abel could cook his own meat, and so was able to have a path, rather than share it with a shower. Abel's murder on the eve of the invention of toast, was a sign that the boy sons, who would be the ancestors of the Khan Age of the great Gobla upon the Steppes of the `in` continent of Erasia, were taking hold, and that might have threatened the later development of the pop up toaster, if Guard hadn`t threatened to butcher Eye-sac, and eat him unless the Chew improved.

When the `biological weapon` of the `serpent`s seed`, HIV/AIDS, was launched by CIA MFIs in DR Congo in 1983, it was the same year that US President, Ronny `Ray Gun` Reagan, announced his March 23 `Strategic Defense Initiative` (SDI), a `ground and space based missile system` that effectively turned the Earth into a death camp for brain bumbers. Unable to escape either the bombs, or the virus that crawled up its bum to kill its brain, `woman`s seed` would soon be made extinct by the really very hard men, who thought nothing of spending a wintry night exposed on a hillside with their arms about each other in unspoken camaraderie after a killing spree and a shished kebab.

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Game Review

The Elder Scrolls Online

The Elder Scrolls was originally a series of single-player role-playing games. Since they were a huge success, the powers that be at Bethesda Softworks decided that now was the time to transform their game into a massively multiplayer online game so as to reap the big bucks. Big Mistake.

What happened was that they made their massively multiplayer online game in such a way that it plays much better when your character is wandering through the game world as a lone hero. When your character is interacting with other characters, that's when the game gets buggy and frustrating.

Prior to the release of The Elder Scrolls Online, Bethesda Softworks produced a single player game called Skyrim. The Elder Scrolls is a lot like Skyrim, but with less action/adventure. Apparently, Bethesda thought that with more players, there would be less need for the game to challenge the players.

When you generate your character, you don't just choose your race and class. You also pick which one of the three factions in the game that are vying for supremacy. These factions are the the Aldmeri Dominion, the Daggerfall Covenant, or the Ebonheart Pact.

One of the worst aspects of The Elder Scrolls Online is its chat system. It has been shown in other games that text-based chat works best. However, Bethesda decided that it would be "cool" to have voice based chat despite the problems that other games have had. This game has fared no better than other attempts at voice based chat, and the staff has failed to make any real improvements. All they ever do is make promises to improve the voice chat despite the fact that the players have repeatedly asked for text based chat. This is a game that desperately needs text based chat, yet the game staff refuse to even so much as consider adding it.

The problem with the voice based chat is that the channel is full of static and background noise. This in turn leads to players muting chat, hindering communication. What the game staff needs to do is make the chat text-only. However, they have not shown even so much as the slightest inclination to even so much as consider that.

Another problem is that the game systems work against positive player interaction. This makes the game that much less enjoyable.

One of the worst aspects of this game is that even after two major patches, the game still suffers from numerous glitches. Another problem is that you can easily spend at least half your playing time on managing your inventory.

There's a lot of fetching, horses that are way too expensive, pets don't do anything, and you spend at least half your time managing your inventory.

There are far better games available, so you don't need to be wasting your time and money on The Elder Scrolls Online.

Book Reviews

Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth

By Victor Lasky

New York: Richard Marek 1979

419 pp.

Few historical works are written from an investigative standpoint. Most historians prefer the simpler and lazier task of reporting those events which are on the surface and therefore well-known.

Only a few historians are willing to undertake the back breaking and sometimes futile task of uncovering what happened behind the scenes. This work usually entails the reportage of sleazy material. Uncovering sleazy material makes the work more interesting and besides, sleazy material sells books.

Although he was a professional journalist, Victor Lasky's books, *JFK: The Man and the Myth*; *Robert F. Kennedy: The Myth and the Man*; *Arthur J. Goldberg: The Old and the New*; *It Didn't Start with Watergate*; and *Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth*, qualify as historical works since they attempt to probe into the otherwise hidden pasts of famous people. Lasky separates the "real" persons from their public relations created images.

This work, *Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth*, is an attempt to go behind the public image and rhetoric to discover just who the *real* Jimmy Carter is; what makes him tick; the inconsistencies in his business, personal and public life and the people around the President.

Lasky's book starts with a study of James Earl Carter's background and life prior to his 1970 race for the governorship of Georgia.

Lasky particularly discusses the career of Thomas E. Watson who Carter once paid tribute to as a "great Populist." By so doing, Lasky starts a series of inferences --he doesn't say it outright but infers that Carter's true feelings about anti-Semitism and racial prejudice are not accurately reflected by the protestations of tolerance and unprejudiced feelings that Carter has often claimed to have.

Lasky discusses Carter's naval career in connection with Carter's repeated statements about being a "nuclear physicist" and "veteran of two wars." Lasky makes it clear that both of the preceding statements are grotesque distortions of the truth.

Carter's experience in the nuclear field consisted of a single semester in graduate school and his experiences in the U.S. Navy's atomic energy field. Thus, if anything, Carter was a nuclear engineer rather than a nuclear physicist. Carter used the "nuclear physicist" legend to make his record of past achievements look much better than it really was.

As for the "veteran of two wars" bit, Lasky points out that during World War II, Carter was at Annapolis. During the Korean War, Carter was stationed on the East Coast. Carter used his alleged war record to refute any charges against his patriotism.

The next section is about Carter's 1970 quest for and his tenure as governor of Georgia (1971-1975). In his run for the 1966 Georgia Democratic nomination, Carter campaigned as a racial moderate. In his run for the 1970 Georgia Democratic nomination, Carter ran as a self-proclaimed "redneck." He also made a number of overtures to the racist vote and his campaign was implicated in a number of "dirty tricks" against his main primary opponent, ex-Governor Carl Sanders.

After his election as governor of Georgia, Carter immediately changed his tack. He became nationally known as a progressive! Specifically, he made a number of liberal-sounding speeches, but no concrete actions to improve race relations.

On the other hand, Carter defended the actions of Lieutenant William L. Calley in Vietnam and made a number of pro-Vietnamese war statements.

Carter, according to Lasky, made these statements as part of a joint effort to establish himself as a national figure and, at the same time, protect his standing among the people of Georgia.

Carter's term as governor of Georgia was a poorly managed one. He was unable to get along with the legislature, he was a poor administrator, and was widely regarded as a liar. In short, it seems that Carter was a failure as governor of Georgia for the same reasons that he was a failure as president of the United States of America.

Lasky then covers Carter's quest for the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination. According to Lasky, the early stages of Carter's presidential campaign largely depended on support from such figures as Dr. Hunter S. Thompson and the Allman Brothers. Thompson gave Carter wide publicity and acceptance among the New Left set in the Democratic Party. The Allman Brothers raised large amounts of cash for Carter and gave Carter wide name recognition among the young. Carter's sister, Ruth, also played a role by helping make Jimmy the candidate of the evangelicals.

By using the support from the above personages, Carter was able to package a mediocre background into a formidable campaign. Carter also enjoyed the support of the national news media. It was the media that played up thin Carter victories in New Hampshire and Wisconsin

while down playing Senator Henry M. Jackson's major victories in Massachusetts and New York. In the first six primary states in which Jackson and Carter were contenders, Jackson beat Carter by over 300,000 votes. The news media presented the Democratic primaries as a Carter romp.

Thanks to the news media, an obscure background, a campaign based on high morality and incredible fuzziness on the issues, Carter won the 1976 Democratic Party presidential nomination.

The stage was now set for Lasky's next area of coverage, the 1976 general campaign.

After the 1976 Democratic and Republican conventions were over, Carter enjoyed a gigantic lead over Gerald R. Ford. It was believed that Carter would duplicate Nixon's 1972, 49-state sweep. It was not to be. Carter's natural ineptness nearly wrecked his campaign.

Carter, despite his earlier campaign theme of being the "love" candidate, unleashed a hate campaign against Ford. Despite an earlier pledge not to bring up Watergate, Carter continually used the phrase, "Nixon-Ford White House," and made vague charges of sleaziness against Ford. During the first two debates, Carter referred to Ford as "Mister Ford" rather than as "President Ford." After Ford had declared the people of Poland to be free of Communist tyranny, Carter continually harped on Ford's mistake. Carter's incessant harpings created a backlash against himself.

Carter made a big blunder when he participated in a *Playboy* interview in which he admitted that he harbored lustful thoughts about women. This admission and others helped paint the oh so moral Carter into a corner of hypocrisy.

Carter barely won the election. This brings us to Lasky's final section, Carter's first two years in office.

First, there was the Bert Lance affair; second, there was the recurring affair of Billy Carter's love for the Arabs and hatred for the Jews; and third, there was the betrayal of Taiwan.

Most of the sources that Lasky used for the writing of *Jimmy Carter: The Man and the Myth* were secondary. The sources that Lasky used most were: *Atlanta Constitution*, James Wooten's *Dasher: The Roots and the Rising of Jimmy Carter*, *Atlanta Journal*, *Washington Star*, and the *Village Voice*. Lasky also made use of tapes of such television shows as *Face the Nation* and *Meet the Press*. The main primary source that Lasky used was Carter's 1975 autobiography, *Why Not the Best?* Lasky interviewed very few people for this book.

Lasky accomplished his task of writing an eye-opening book on Jimmy Carter. Lasky showed who Carter really is as separated from his public relations image.

Devil's Knot by Mara Leveritt

One of the hazards of the book reviewing business is that you find a book that you really like and then later on another book comes along that pretty much demolishes that previous book. Back in 1999, when Mara Leveritt's book *The Boys on the Tracks* was published, this writer was in 7th heaven. Here was a book that exposed the evil and corruption in Bill Clinton's Arkansas. *The Boys on the Tracks* made it clear that Bill Clinton was the absolute scum of the earth who was complicit with big time drug smuggling, murder, denial of justice, cover ups and all sorts of iniquity. In other words, it provided factual evidence for everything that this writer wanted to believe about both Bill Clinton and his years as governor of Arkansas.

However, a book was published in 2002 that raises serious doubt about Leveritt's methods, conclusions and ultimately her honesty. Oddly enough that book was also by Mara Leveritt, albeit about a different case. This case was one that this writer knows quite a bit about, knew some of the folks involved, and has also done some research into the case. In other words, a case that I'm in a position to be able to judge Leveritt's use of evidence and her honesty or, rather, lack of.

The book in question is *Devil's Knot: The True Story of the West Memphis Three* that is about the grisly triple homicide and human mutilation of 3 eight year old boys near West Memphis, AR. This was a most unusual crime since as the investigation progressed, evidence surfaced that satanism was involved. This was because the nature of the mutilation and the method of killing strongly suggested a satanic ritual slaying, which is an extremely rare occurrence. Also, there had been persistent reports for the past few years of satanic cult activity in Crawford County, AR. An expert on satanism, Dr. D.W. Griffis, was able to confirm to the police that their worst fears were justified.

After a month of investigation, three teenagers were arrested and charged with the crimes. All three were subsequently convicted on strong evidence. Mara Leveritt unfortunately chose to minimize the evidence that prosecutors used to make the case against the teenagers sound as weak as possible.

Leveritt willfully omitted a large part of the prosecution's case and then criticized it for its alleged lack of substance, Leveritt also raised the bar of what constitutes "reasonable doubt" so high that it's likely that nobody could ever get convicted of anything if her standard of reasonable doubt was used in the courts.

Worst of all was Mara Leveritt's treatment of one of the family members of one of the victims, John Mark Byers. Leveritt claimed that the fact that the teenagers were into weird seeming stuff like heavy metal was unfairly used against them in the trial so much so that they were really convicted for being different. However, she all but accuses Byers of being the murderer because Byers is rather strange himself. This is most inconsistent.

Mara Leveritt also asked all sorts of rhetorical questions such as why could the teenagers

not have been tried in juvenile court. You would think that the fact that the case was about triple homicide, torture and mutilation would have shown her just why trying them as adults was the right thing to do.

The way that Mara Leveritt covered this case in *Devil's Knot* raises all sorts of questions as to her fairness and honesty. In retrospect, perhaps *The Boys on the Tracks* was not such a great book after all. Just as Mara Leveritt may have been pandering to anti-Clinton sentiment with *The Boys on the Tracks*, so too she may have pandered to anti-religious fundamentalist sentiment with *Devil's Knot*.

All in all, a most disappointing book from Mara Leveritt.

Western Mining: An Informal Account of Precious-metals Prospecting, Placering, Lode Mining, and Milling on the American Frontier from Spanish Times to 1893

By Otis E. Young, Jr. with the technical assistance of Robert Lenon.

Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1970

When most people think of the factors that lead to the settlement of the West, a number of things come to their minds. Some of these things are psychological: the lust for adventure, the desire to experiment with one's own life and the wish to get away from the constraints of civilization. Other things that might come to mind are material in nature: the opportunity for quick riches usually by trading, trapping or prospecting.

Rugged individualism is closely tied with the professions of trading, trapping and prospecting. Working for yourself and, by so doing, becoming your own boss was important to these individuals. One of the most glamorous employment fields in the Old West was prospecting for gold in the mid-Nineteenth Century in California.

Individual prospectors played an important role in opening up the mining frontier; however, contrary to popular belief, it was the big mining concerns that brought most of the ore out of the ground and into general circulation. The history of exploitation of natural resources in frontier America is the history of the mining companies and the camps that they operated.

Prior to 1970, the historians who examined the mining frontier studied only part of the picture. They studied the economics of the mining industry, the society of the mining settlements and the culture of the mining frontier. Mining historians provided maps of mining areas and recorded frontier slang and humor. Historians studied frontier justice, saloons, houses of prostitution and other dens of iniquity,

What pre-1970 mining historians generally did not study was mining itself. The mining scholars, on the whole, knew little about mining techniques or what went on in the mines themselves. These scholars did not possess a strong background in the earth sciences and knew little about geological factors that were important to the miners. They usually did not know a great deal about several important facets of the mining business such as assaying, salting and high-grading.

The main reason for this ignorance is that most mining historians lacked a scholarly background in geology, chemistry, mining and mining technology. The literature in these fields is written for the specialist not the lay person. As a result of a lack of specialized knowledge in the scientific fields, mining historians concentrated on the dressing rather than on the salad.

It was in response to this situation that Otis E. Young (with technical assistance from Robert Lenon) wrote *Western Mining*. Young set out to provide a basic introduction to mining, mining technology and earth science for the benefit of his fellow historians. Young provided a basic history of Western mining from its beginning to 1893 when the Sherman Silver Purchase Act was repealed. The subsidy that enabled most of the producing silver mines to stay in operation was cut off when the act was repealed. This meant the effective end of the Old West mining frontier.

The first three chapters covered mining developments from ancient times through the end of the Spanish rule in North America. The first chapter discussed basic geologic formations and prospecting methods. Chapter two covered assaying and con artist schemes such as "salting." Some of these plots were used to sell poor sites to gullible speculators. Chapter three was about the Spanish mining tradition and basic mining techniques such as placering, crushing and smelting.

The seven remaining chapters discussed the American mining operations in the Old West to 1893. The fourth, fifth and sixth chapters described the history of mid-Nineteenth Century American mining and mining techniques. Chapter seven covered such disparate topics as miners' dress, blasting techniques and an 1875 discovery of a silver lead lode in Colorado. Chapters nine and ten were about the famous Comstock Lode in Nevada and the last twenty years of the mining frontier.

Chapter eight was the most fascinating chapter. It detailed the development of a number of new advances related to mining prior to 1893. Some of these practices were legal (blasting, drilling, flotation, transportation, crushing and stamping). Other practices were not legal such

as the theft of high-grade gold and silver ore by company employees who sold the ore to unscrupulous middlemen who in turn passed it off as coming from a nonexistent mine (219-227). There were also a number of shady legal maneuvers that Young collectively labeled “courtroom mining and process paddling” (227-231).

Young’s book provides the reader with an invaluable twenty-five page “glossary of mining terms” (Cornish and Spanish) taken from the 1878 book, *The Handbook to Arizona: Its Resources, History, Towns, Mines, Ruins and Scenery* by Edward J. Hinton. *Western Mining* has an invaluable eleven-page bibliography. This is a well-written work. It provided an easy to read history of Western mining, a survey of mining techniques and the relevant earth processes. Young has provided an invaluable service to all those who are interested in the history of the American West.

Magazine Review

Astounding Science Fiction

No. #2 Fall 1970 Edited by Sol Cohen

Ultimate Publishing Company, Inc.

During the years 1965-1975 the newsstands were flooded with a number of magazines that reprinted stories, mainly science fiction and fantasy, that originally ran in such magazines as *Amazing Stories*, *Amazing Stories Annual*, *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, *Dream World*, *Fantastic Adventures* and *Fantastic Stories*. When the fiction that was published in these magazines were accepted by the publishers, they generally also acquired the reprint rights to the stories.

In 1965, Sol Cohen purchased both *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Stories* from Ziff-Davis. With that, he also acquired the reprint rights to the fiction that had previously been published in all the previously mentioned magazines. Under Cohen’s Ultimate Publishing Company, fully two-thirds of the contents of both *Amazing Stories* and *Fantastic Stories* were reprinted from previous issues. Additionally, there were a number of all reprint magazines started by Cohen that included such titles as *Great Science Fiction*, *Science Fiction Adventures Classics*, *Space Adventures*, *Strange Fantasy*, *Thrilling Science Fiction* and *Weird Mystery*. Some of these magazines were tremendously successful and helped bring about a boom in magazines of a similar bent from other publishers. Magazines that were more or less reprint publications that

followed included *Bizarre Fantasy Tales*, *Famous Science Fiction Tales of Wonder*, *Forgotten Fantasy*, *Sky Worlds*, *Spaceway* and *Startling Mystery Stories*.

The reprint magazines made it possible for readers who were not around for the Pulp Era, or even earlier, to be able to read these classic stories. This is especially important because ever since the end of the Pulp Era, it became increasingly difficult for readers to get ahold of copies of pulp magazines. Even worse, the pulp magazines are generally fragile and falling apart which means that the supply of them goes down every year. Being able to read classic stories from yesteryear in study digest sized magazines is a godsend.

The Ultimate reprint magazine at hand for this review, *Astounding Science Fiction*, was one of the least successful of all the reprint magazines as it lasted for only two issues, both of which were published in 1970. At first glance, this seems odd given that it published stories by such well known authors as Stanton A. Coblentz, William P. McGivern and Rog Phillips. This is why a review of this interesting magazine is in order.

The first story, "The Avengers" by William P. McGivern, was both the longest and the lamest piece. It was over 30,000 words long and yet feels as if very little thought was actually put into it. It is a novella that literally shatters the suspension of disbelief at virtually every turn.

"The Avengers" was originally published in the 276-page June 1942 issue of *Amazing Stories* and then reprinted in the Winter 1942 issue of *Amazing Stories Quarterly*. It made the erroneous prediction that World War II would not be over until 1948. Author McGivern also seemed to think that both Communism in the Soviet Union and all the dictatorships in Latin America would be overthrown by 1948 since it was claimed in this story that Adolf Hitler was the last dictator in the world and his defeat guaranteed that henceforth every nation in the world would be governed by democracy.

McGivern also had some fanciful ideas as to what the world would be like following an Allied victory. He apparently thought that the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain would literally rule the world and if the two of them agreed on something, then the other nations on Earth would have no choice but to comply. McGivern also seemed to think that both the president and the prime minister would be complete idiots of the Woodrow Wilson variety.

Basically, McGivern's scenario had both the American president and the British prime minister agreeing that World War II was The War to End All Wars and in order to make sure that no future war could ever be fought, all the weapons in the world would be destroyed. And so it was that all the warships in the world were assembled and sunk by radio controlled aircraft.

Unfortunately for humanity, both Mars and Saturn were monitoring Earth affairs and when all the world's warships were sunk, that's when the aliens attacked. You see, the prospect of going up against human tanks and artillery did not bother the alien invaders much, but those warships

were what kept the aliens from invading and with no warships to oppose them, the aliens had no problem overrunning the Earth.

The hero of our story is one Dirk Masters who we were introduced to just before the awful alien invasion. Because of strange and mysterious happenings, his body was miraculously preserved for 150 years until he was awakened from his slumber just in time to lead the revolt of oppressed humanity against the awful aliens. Not only is his body and mind intact, but so are the surviving Earth weapons despite the fact that they are all over 150 years old.

The stage was now set for the final showdown between the human resistance lead by Dirk Masters and the sole surviving alien. This Martian has a bright idea in that despite the lack of Martian females with whom he can mate, he will force himself upon the nearest available human and in that way guarantee the survival of the Martian people. This leads us to the following immortal composition:

Lee gasped, her skin whitening.

Dirk felt a sick, horrified revulsion sweep over him. That this hideous, unclean creature should use Lee...

“You’ll have to kill me first,” he raged desperately.

“Precisely,” Thogar seemed amused. “That is just what I intend to do.”

However, for an alien from a civilization that was far more scientifically advanced than Earth ever was, Thogar proved to be not very bright. With the help of a 150-year old Earth weapon, Dirk was able to defeat Thogar and save the world, not to mention his girlfriend.

In any event, “The Avengers” reads like the inspiration for the 1980’s novel *Battlefield Earth* by L. Ron Hubbard. This story was so lame and stupid that its surprising that McGivern went on to become a hugely successful author of thriller novels as well as a script writer for such classic TV shows as *Adam-12* and *Kojak* not to mention the John Wayne movie *Brannigan*.

The next story was the shortest in this issue. This was “Doom Globe” by S.M. Tenneshaw that originally appeared in the May 1948 *Amazing Stories*.

It was also reprinted in the Fall 1948 *Amazing Stories Quarterly* reprint magazine. “Tenneshaw” was a Ziff-Davis house name, although it does very much read like an Edmond Hamilton story.

The title of the story refers to a ship called the *Golden Satellite* that was of a kind of vessel that was called a “pleasure globe.” There was never any details provided as to what this sort of ship was, so the reader had to use his own imagination. The virtuous management of this ship was bedeviled by mysterious space pirates who were stealing the company’s payroll bearing ships.

Evidently, despite the fact that this story was set in a future where there were large numbers of space tourists, the only way that money could be sent around was by placing it in spaceships. Even before this story was published, Western Union had long made it possible to wire funds. Likewise, there were forerunners of the credit cards of today in the form of the charge coins, Charga-Plate and the Air Travel Card. Previous science fiction works had been using the idea of transferable credit going all the way back to the 1887 novel *Looking Backward* by Edward Bellamy.

The hero of the story is named “Kent Clark” which sounds an awful lot like Clark Kent in reverse. However, given the poor way that Kent Clark went about attempting to investigate the mystery of how the pirates were able to loot the company’s payrolls, you could say that he did things the opposite way of how Superman would have done it.

In any event, the way that the pirates are able to achieve their success is revealed not by the hero, but by the pirates themselves. From this point on, the story is done in such a way that it can only be called an insult to the intelligence. It seems hard to believe that something this stupid could not only be published by a professional magazine, but subsequently reprinted not just once, but twice.

The next story, “The Last Orbit,” by Charles Dye was the very first story published by Dye who has become one of the most neglected authors in the field. Following the original publication in the February 1950 issue of *Amazing Stories*, Dye went on to publish an additional 14 short pieces and a novel. All of those stories are strikingly good with one story being what the online *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* calls an “amazingly early account” of a form of genetic engineering. Dye passed away in 1960 at the age of 35 and his stories have ever been collected into a single volume. Dye is an unjustly forgotten author.

“The Last Orbit” has been reprinted three different times, including being republished in both *Amazing Stories Quarterly* and in the magazine’s UK edition. Dye was a man of many talents whose accomplishments included doing the cover for the February 1948 issue of *Argosy*.

At first glance, the plot for “The Last Orbit” sounds like just another routine pulp action story. It involves a mad scientist who was doing illegal work on the behalf of a greedy corporation (was there any other kind of company in the pulps?). This work involved dangerous experiments that placed the future of Earth in mortal peril. The mad genius has suffered a nervous breakdown and has since disappeared.

The corporation, which evidently controls all of the electric utility companies on Earth, hires a mercenary to track down the missing scientist and bring him back so Earth can be saved. What the corporation does not know is that the mercenary has a brain tumor that threatens to kill him off at any time. Of course there is a beautiful girl who is involved in all this.

In the hands of a lesser author, this would be just another piece of action fiction hardly any different from so many other pulp stories. However, in Dye’s hands, “The Last Orbit” is a thrilling, suspenseful story. While, it would be an exaggeration to call it a masterpiece, it is a surprisingly good story.

The next story, “Pattern for Destiny,” is also the most unusual tale in this issue. It was originally published in the January 1949 issue of *Amazing Stories* and reprinted in the Summer 1949 issue of *Amazing Stories Quarterly*. It was written by one Chester Smith who never wrote any other published science fiction stories. It is also a story whose main character is an intelligent deer named Rapok and how his actions saved Earth from alien invasion. This story involved God-like alien beings and in the hands of a lesser writer would have been a mess. It’s a shame that Smith never published any more stories because this story showed him to be an author of real talent.

The next story, “Atom War,” by Rog Phillips is unintentionally funny in that it is about nuclear war that happen at around the start of the 23rd Century, yet all the characters talk and act as if there had never been any sort of nuclear conflict since Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. Also, it is revealed that the Soviet Union is still in existence and Australia is a major nuclear power. This may sound like a really bad story, but in the hands of one of the all-time greatest pulp science fiction authors, it actually works out with well-rounded characters and an intelligent plot of how the world’s only nuclear war might have happened. In the story, 92 cities were nuked in just one day, but in the 400 years since then, there has been lasting peace brought about the horrors of that fateful day. Perhaps the biggest surprise is that since its original publication in the May 1946 issue of *Amazing Stories*, this story had never been reprinted until 1970.

The next story is “Dynamite Planet” by Guy Archette. “Archette” was a pseudonym of Chester S. Geier who was one of the most prolific authors writing for Raymond A. Palmer, first at the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, then under Palmer’s own publishing company. This particular story was originally published in the October 1949 issue of *Amazing Stories* and subsequently reprinted in the Spring 1950 issue of *Amazing Stories Quarterly*.

The online Encyclopedia of Science Fiction characterizes Geier as being the author of “large amount of routine material.” If you are as familiar with old-time B movies as I am, it’s pretty easy to see the resemblance between “Dynamite Planet” and many of those productions. In fact, the bad guy even brings to mind memories of B Movie bad guy Douglass Dumbrille. Like so many of those B Movies, “Dynamite Planet” was a lot of fun, but also left something to be desired.

The very last story in this issue is also the weakest. This seems to be a pattern with the Ultimate Publishing reprint magazines in which the last story appears to have been chosen solely to fit in the pages that were available at the very end and not on the literary merits alone.

In this case, the story was “Exiles from the Universe,” by Stanton A. Coblentz who was one of the biggest name writers in this particular issue.

“Exiles from the Universe” was originally published in the February 1938 issue of *Amazing Stories* towards the end of the editorship of T. O’Conor Sloane, Ph.D. This was the kind of story that saw the venerable prozine’s readership to dwindle with the result that Raymond A. Palmer would soon take over as editor. The blurb states that, “[t]his author is a favorite with our readers,” making it clear that the story was run because of Coblentz’s big name status, and not

because of any literary merits. So both in the original publication and in the reprint publication, the story was clearly chosen for publication on grounds not relating to any literary qualities.

Basically, "Exiles from the Universe" is the story of some intrepid adventurers who venture forth on a long range space voyage to the limits of the universe and beyond. Back in the futuristic year 1987, a Norwegian scientist discovered "Z-rays" that properly exploited enabled spaceships to travel at the rate of a "million million times the speed of light."

A crew of cardboard characters decide to travel to the outer limits of the universe, just to see what's out there. They go beyond the limits of the universe only to find that they cannot reenter the universe. They realize that they must have lucked out in going through an invisible wall separating the universe from the darkness beyond it. They also come to the conclusion that unless they find another such hole in the universe's wall. They are doomed to death via starvation.

In the hands of a better writer, this would have been a situation that would have resulted in an ingenious solution. Unfortunately, Coblenz either was not especially smart or he realized that due to his big name status, he did not have to come up with an intelligent solution to achieve publication. In any event, the conclusion of the story was nothing short of disappointing.

In sum, the Fall 1970 issue of *Astounding Science Fiction* presented a representative selection of both the good and the not so good kinds of pulp fiction. It was able to do so in a publication that has stood up better than the original pulp magazines and which provided the stories at a reasonable price, 50 cents per issue that was the standard rate for fiction magazines back in those days. When one considers just how poor the fiction magazines of today are, one can only wonder just how well an all reprint magazine would fare nowadays.

Movie Reviews

Movie Review Essay

Speeder Man By Dr. Robin Bright

A curious phenomenon of Christian iconography is the depiction of a spider crucified in the place of Jesus `Christ`, `the chosen`, who was a Jew taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem during the occupation of Jewish Palestine by the Empire of Rome, where he was nailed to a cross of wood and died before experiencing resurrection and ascension to heaven, according to the New Testament of the Bible, which contains the anti-invasive teaching of the Jewish Messiah that began the founding of the religion of Christianity: `Love your neighbor as you love yourself.` (Mk: 12. 31) Jesus` teaching superseded the Old Testament of the Bible, which was the Jewish Talmud and Torah, that is, the law and history in their Hebrew language. Calling themselves the `chosen people` of God, the creator, a Jew could only be born from a woman, that is, women were Jews. It`s a curiosity that relates to God`s promise to Eve, the first woman created by God, who told her that her `seed` would prevail against Satan, who was the angel turned into a serpent and placed in the paradise of heaven on Earth that was Eden for rejecting God`s plan that the human host would be greater than the angelic: `You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot but he will bruise your heel.` (Gen: 3. 15) In simple terms, Satan was a saurian reptiloid. They dominated the Earth during the Mesozoic period of pre-history 248 m.a., before the hominids began to appear 220 m.a., and were host womb slaved by the saurians. Eve, the first woman created by God, was depicted as being made by God from the rib, or side, of Adam, the first man created by God, because Adam was futanarian self-fertilizing `woman`s seed`. Consequently, Jesus, born uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary, prefigured the resurrection and ascension to heaven of `woman`s seed` without men`s semen. In short, Jesus was killed as a spy upon men of the `serpent`s seed`, so a spider was occasionally figured in the place of Christ crucified, because of the popular conception that a spider`s a spy.

In the modern 20th century culture of the United States of America, the superhero figure of Marvel Comics` Spider Man, who first appeared in August 1962`s *Amazing Fantasy* (# 15) publication, was the Christ-like figure, Peter Parker who, developing arachnoid attributes after being bitten by a radioactive spider, learned to deal with bullies at school, while being the police for New York city`s criminals at night. Parker`s forbearance towards bullies was typically Christ-like; for example, Jesus` words to his crucifiers were: `God, forgive them, for they know not what they do.` (Luke: 23. 34) Dealing with a species half mad, and that had already half killed itself, because of contamination by men of the `serpent`s seed`, was a task fraught with difficulty.

Jesus had to find a way of stopping the `remnant` of the human race from killing itself, while preparing the way for the resurrection and ascension to heaven of `woman`s seed` through the sexual reproduction of her brains` powers. Consequently, forbearance towards others became a cultural essential and Spider Man, in his efforts at dealing with bullies, while having little or no mercy on criminals, was prototypical. He wasn`t a spy, and he wasn`t the bullies, but his role as Spider Man was beset by witchery. As a superhero, `Spidey` was vilified as unsafe by the media: `Who is Spider-Man? He's a criminal, that's who he is! A vigilante! A public menace!`¹ As Judas accepted money from the Jewish religious police, that is, the bullies, to hand Jesus over to the Romans for execution, so J. Jonah Jameson of The Daily Bugle newspaper accused Spider Man. In the role of Jameson, actor J. K. Simmons` efforts to turn Parker into a spy in the film, Spider-Man (2002), were typical of witchcraft. A man turned into a Spider Man, Parker was then turned in as a spy by Jameson, a neat allegorization of how witchery is practiced upon humans.

Kirsten Dunst acted the part of Mary Jane (M.J.), the `love interest` in the film, *Spider-Man*, but actor Tobey Maguire, in the role of Parker, revealed Spider Man`s supposedly Christ-like vow of celibacy, which in fact has always been standard for high school kids with passing grades on their minds, and is why Jesus` apparent continence was so much praised by modernity`s pedophile slavers: `I want you to know, that I will always be there for you; I will always be there to take care of you. I promise you that. I will always be your friend.`² Just as Peter`s been turned into a spider and a spy, so he`s turned into a castrate by a sociopathic society that doesn`t want to see Dunst`s penis either; lest the children think of something other than speeding on to death as quickly as their slavery allowed. Described as a celibate, Jesus` brainpower wasn`t conceived as significant, whereas God`s promise to Eve was that her species` semen and brains would prevail. When Jesus` disciple, Judas, discovered Jesus being anointed by a woman with the expensive perfume, `spikenard`, his spy canard was that the perfume should be sold to raise money, but Jesus said: `Leave her alone.` (Mk: 14. 6) Jesus` disciple, John, in his apocalyptic prophesy of the future, Revelation, described men as the `serpent`s seed` who wouldn`t leave women alone: `Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.` (Rev: 17. 5) Babylon (c. 4000 B.C.) was the capital city of the Persian Empire, whose Emperor, Darius I, invaded Greece in 492 B.C., where homosexuality in pederasty for war through the host womb slavery of `woman`s seed` was institutionalized. In simple terms, Jesus` brainpower represented women unsold. Or, in other words, the cities of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed` redeemed from the `serpent`s seed` of war. In parasitology, the parasite that emerged from the host to kill it was termed `parasitoid`. Consequently, the `serpent`s seed` killed `woman`s seed` in order to be saved, which is how Christianity interpreted Jesus` crucifixion. He didn`t reproduce, because Judas had him killed after finding him alone with a woman. Although Judas was the spy, Jesus was killed as one, that is, the spies killed him. Subsequently, contaminated Christian thinking viewed redemption in terms of Jesus` killing, that is, they were the `serpent`s seed` that killed the human futanarian race of `woman`s seed`, because they`d spied a host womb there.

As a brain killing parasitoid, homosexuality has been proven. By 1983 the human immune deficiency virus (HIV) was discovered by DR Congo mutated from the simian immune deficiency virus (SIV) transmitted by homosexuals during anal mockery of sexual reproduction.

Resulting in acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS) and brain death, HIV/AIDS amounted to homosexuality in pederasty's `biological weapon` keeping women in fearful faithfulness to their ape-ring: `The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war against the remnant of her seed.` (Rev: 12. 17) The role of the animal in human history, from the serpent to the simian mutated HIV/AIDS virus, was that of male semen, whereas `woman`s seed` is pure humanity`s, which is why Jesus was depicted as `the perfect man` born of his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen. Although female spiders are known to kill and eat their male mate, humans aren`t mates for spiders, which suggested that men`s wars upon the Earth, ostensibly between humans, weren`t in fact, but were rather spider wars, or at least wars between animals. Manufactured as a single male brained creature wearing each other`s clothes in `TV` transvestism, men and women constituted `TV war` broadcast for reception on the television `TV` machine invented in 1926 by Scot, John Logie Baird, for the home entertainment of an alien parasitoid devourer of the human race. The fact that female spiders killed and ate their male mate suggested a deep natural antipathy between genders attributable to the human female gender`s capacity to sexually reproduce alone at the apex of the creation, that is, female self-fertilization as a species was more natural than male rape, which was the basis of war.

Whereas human women had been taught that men defend their space from invasion, history told a different tale. If human cities were entirely `woman`s seed`, invasion would be what would be expected from men, that is, men didn`t defend either women, or the human race, and defining humans as warlike animals precluded men`s having to justify their enslaving humans for parasitoid devouring, which was what men had taught humans they were for. That was pedophilia and its manifestations were its speeders, that is, the car, which represented humanity turned into spiders. Just as Jesus was crucified as a spy on men`s slaving of the human futanarian species of `woman`s seed`, so the witches turned humanity into spiders. Most people didn`t know that women could sexually reproduce as an independent species, because the human reproductive organs themselves had been made taboo with the explanation that children mustn`t see. According to the Bible narrative of Eve and Adam, Satan tempted Eve with `the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil`, that is, death, saying `You shall be as gods.` (Gen: 3. 5) Accepting death, Eve and Adam sold the human race into host womb slavery to a parasitoid devourer in supposedly godlike war against the futanarian species of `woman`s seed`. God`s offer had been the `tree of life`, which was immortality, and although brainpower would confer that through medical science, ephemerality made humanity a producer of children. Without permanent memory, pedophile witches would ridicule the human race by explaining it was a spy that mustn`t see, because it was a brainless child, and so the human species became a speeder trying not to appear interested, even in its own penis and the products of its own brainpower, which suited the slavers, because they could spiderly devour it, while it thought that`s what it had been for.

1 J. K. Simmons as J. Jonah Jameson in *Spider-Man*, Marvel Enterprises, 2002.

2 Maguire, Tobey as Peter Parker in *Spider-Man*, Marvel Enterprises, 2002.

Battle of Britain (1969)

The 1969 movie **Battle of Britain** is one of the single greatest films ever made about World War II. It is also one of the single most historically accurate movies ever made. One has to really strain to find flaws in it from a strictly historical perspective.

One of the salient aspects of **Battle of Britain** is how it shows the total Royal Air Force (RAF) war effort such as the Forward Observer Corps consisting of civilian volunteers who scanned the skies with telescopes and binoculars for German aircraft and then telephoned their findings to headquarters. The women's auxiliary was also well covered as were the civilian fire fighting units. This is in direct contrast to the tendency in most war films to concentrate on the fighting men. The end result is that **Battle of Britain** shows you the big picture as well as the combat aspects.

As the title of the film indicates, **Battle of Britain** is about the air war that was conducted by the German Luftwaffe against the British RAF over the skies of Great Britain during the summer and fall of 1940. At stake was command of the air over the English Channel. If the Luftwaffe succeeded in gaining control over this vital airspace, then the Germans would be able to commence with Operation Sea Lion. This was the code name for the invasion of Britain that, given the fact that the British Army sustained massive losses in men and equipment in France and Belgium earlier in 1940 against the German Blitzkrieg, almost certainly would have succeeded if it was carried out under the protection of the Luftwaffe. In other words, the real life **Battle of Britain** was of decisive importance in World War II.

Battle of Britain begins with the forced British evacuation of Europe that necessitated the abandonment of the bulk of the British Army's heavy weapons and equipment and damaged the RAF in the process.. The movie then goes on to show the tremendous confidence among the Luftwaffe's officers and pilots about how an air campaign against Britain would be a cakewalk.

However, Hitler delayed launching the attack whilst fruitlessly pushing for a negotiated peace with Great Britain. This delay greatly helped the RAF in recouping its losses in France. Finally, Hitler gives the order and the fight for the survival of freedom in Western Europe is on. Initially, the Luftwaffe focuses in on the RAF's airfields inflicting heavy losses in both men and equipment upon the RAF. The British shoot down more German planes than what the RAF loses, but given the huge German numerical superiority, the British are on the losing side of the unequal conflict. What Britain needs is a miracle in order to survive.

As the above indicates, **Battle of Britain** is a most thrilling movie. Part of this is due to the state of the art as of 1969 special effects that are still effective over four decades later. Another reason is the fact that the producers strove to keep things real with a roster of historical advisors such as Luftwaffe fighter chief Lieutenant General Adolf Galland and kept things historically accurate. Additionally, many of the stunt pilots in this film were actual WWII pilots.

One of the most interesting aspects of this movie is the fact that it was produced by one of the creative minds behind the James Bond series. Harry Saltzman was the producer of this film and was the individual who bought the film rights to James Bond before bringing Albert Broccoli on as a partner. Guy Hamilton directed many of the best Bond films and was also the director of **Battle of Britain**.

One of the best aspects of **Battle of Britain** is the high level of acting throughout the movie. Laurence Olivier is great as the leader of RAF Fighter Command. The final scene in the movie with him is classic. This film features a great many other famous actors including Trevor Howard, Kenneth More, Christopher Plummer & Patrick Wymark all of whom are familiar to fans of WWII movies.

In summation, **Battle of Britain** is an outstanding movie. It is well worth your time as a rental. It is also a film that you should seriously consider purchasing either as a regular DVD or as the special edition.

Citizen McCaw (2008)

Back in the good old days, before Michael Moore became a filmmaker, there were clearly established rules for making documentaries. Nonfiction films were supposed to be precisely that, movies that were supposed to be based on the facts, not on preconceived fantasies or ulterior motives. In sum, documentaries were supposed to be learning experiences for the audience.

However, once Michael Moore struck gold with his 1989 alleged documentary, *Roger & Me*, the gates were open for more charlatans to spring forth with further exercises in dishonest documentaries. To their great credit, practically none of the documentary makers who were in the business in 1989 followed his lead. As a result, it has not been until after the advent of the 21st Century, that there have been much in the line of Michael Moore like “documentaries” being produced.

One such fraudulent “documentary” is the certifiable piece of work reviewed here, **Citizen McCaw**. Wendy McCaw is the leader of a significant publishing company, the flagship publication of which is the *Santa Barbara News-Press* that she acquired in 2000. McCaw is an ambitious person who demands high standards from her employees in return for the high pay and generous fringe benefits that she compensates them with. These standards were apparently too high for many of the *News-Press* workers who were used to the laid back manner that the newspaper had operated for the past several decades. Many of these same workers also disliked the fact that a woman was now their boss.

When the new publisher brought in outsiders to run and improve the paper, it was resented by the old timers who were already there. The fact that many of the new hires were veteran journalists did nothing to assuage them and made matters only worse. When some of the newly hired members of the staff rubbed the old timers the wrong way, that made things even worse.

Many of these long term workers spread lies about McCaw and the way that she ran things throughout the Internet. Later, they got even bolder and held protest rallies in public to denounce her and the veteran journalists who she hired to run the newspaper. Eventually, these workers created the *News-Press*'s first ever union. The end result of all this was that many longtime staff members wound up leaving the paper. Those who remained, along with the new hires, helped McCaw take the newly unionized newspaper to greater journalistic heights. So, in the end, everyone who stayed with McCaw won.

Perhaps the worst aspect of **Citizen McCaw** is the glaring omissions in its presentation of the *Santa Barbara News-Press* story. First of all, before Wendy McCaw bought the paper, the *News-Press* was a rather sleepy place that won few journalism awards. Since McCaw bought it, the *News-Press* has won multiple journalism awards every year, particularly in photography. Additionally, circulation under the McCaw ownership is significantly higher than it was prior to McCaw's purchase of the newspaper.

After **Citizen McCaw** was released, the *Santa Barbara News-Press* put out the following statement by Co-Publisher Arthur von Wiesenberger who called the film a "work of propaganda." Given the factual distortions in this production, this seems to be a pretty fair assessment.

Clash of the Titans (2010)

About a year ago when the cast and crew information for the upcoming remake of the classic 1981 **Clash of the Titans** was released, movie fans felt that there was reason to believe that this was not going to be just another pathetic remake of a classic movie. Two accomplished actors, Ralph Fiennes & Liam Neeson were in the cast and the remake's director was Louis Leterrier who had distinguished himself with the 2008 flick *The Incredible Hulk*. It seemed as if there was an unusually good remake in the offing.

However, the end result of all this talent was more of the same old drivel that we have been getting from Hollywood for far too long. Most of the acting was basically phoned in with Fiennes & Neeson just doing the bare minimum to get a pay check. This is easily Leterrier's worst ever movie. Almost all of the special effects are CGI and the movie throws too much up on the screen while hardly explaining anything about what is going on. Unless you are familiar with the original, the remade **Clash of the Titans** is just one boring and confusing mess.

There very little in the line of normal dialogue in the remake. Instead, there is a lot of speeches and proclamations, threats and just plain babble. This is a movie that at its core is pure stupidity with zero comic relief. This remake is unbearably bad as opposed to fun bad flicks such as *Plan 9 From Outer Space*. Both Ralph Fiennes and Liam Neeson were saddled with poor dialogue which undoubtedly influenced their decision to phone in their performances instead of actually attempting to do some acting.

One of the single most important ways in which the remake is so much worse than the original is the music. The music to the original by the legendary composer Laurence Rosenthal is nothing sort of fantastic. The original music ranks as being some of the all time greatest movie music of all time. The CD for the original music is in the collections of a great many movie fans. The remake's music, by Ramin Djawadi, is something that would work in a typical suspense film, but not in an epic sort of movie such as **Clash of the Titans**.

One of the main reasons why the remake is so inferior to the original is the lack of Ammon (Burgess Meredith). Ammon was the poet/playwright of Joppa who served as Perseus's mentor. Ammon told Perseus, and by extension the audience, what he needed to do and how to do it. It is primarily through Ammon that the audience is able to understand just what is going on in the movie. In the remake, there is no character even remotely similar to Ammon and the result is mass confusion on the part of the audience about what is going on in the movie and just why it is happening.

One of the worst aspects of the remake is the way that Pegasus was handled. In the original, Harry Hamlin as Perseus had to literally break the flying horse in one of the single most thrilling scenes in the movie. In the remake, Sam Worthington as Perseus has Pegasus meekly come up to him and literally whinny at him to get on the flying horse's back and then Pegasus tamely carries him to his destination. The Pegasus of the remake is a wimpy version of the bold and noble Pegasus of the original.

However, of all of the ways that the remake is inferior to the original, the thing that stands out to most fans is the fact that outside of a stupid 15 second glimpse, Bubo the mechanical owl is not in the 2010 production. Bubo was one of the mythological characters that made the first flick really work. He provided fun to what was already a fun and exciting epic adventure movie. Bubo also helped Perseus out on key occasions such as freeing Pegasus and in helping Perseus overcome the Stygian Witches and compelling them to tell him how to defeat the Kraken.

The 2010 movie **Clash of the Titans** took out all that worked in the original and either ruined it or left it out completely. The result is a confusing mess. If you have even so much as the slightest scintilla of good taste, avoid this garbage at all cost.

Compliance (2012)

Compliance is likely the best movie of 2012 that most people were not able to see in a movie theater. This is because it was an independent movie that was released by Mark Cuban's Magnolia Releasing Company. The theater chain that got the first crack at Magnolia's films are Mark Cuban's Landmark Theaters. These movie houses only exist in upscale suburbs in major metropolitan areas. Once Landmark is done with a Magnolia release, other theaters are generally reluctant to pick it up and so the indie flick headed off to video stores as a DVD where most customers assumed that it is a direct to video release. This hurt the film's chances of gaining a wider audience.

Compliance is set at a fast food place late at night. The manager Sandra (Ann Dowd) is having a hard time at work. She has just learned that her corporate office has decided to send a secret shopper to review and rate the place. This has Sandra on the edge since her standing with the company is kind of shaky. The stage is now set for the main action to take place.

What happened was that a man calls Sandra. He calls himself "Officer Daniels." He claims that one of Sandra's employees, Becky (Dreama Walker) is a criminal and asks Sandra to take her into custody until such time as the alleged officer arrives.

From this point on, the con artist posing as a police officer escalates his demands on Sandra. The manager complies with every one of them, thinking that it's only a matter of time until the alleged officer shows up and takes Becky in custody. There is only one employee who is able to see through the whole rotten scam.

Compliance is a timely film in that it deals with a subject that all too much of the media has ignored. This is the fact that there has been over seventy incidents the past decade in which a manipulative creep pretending to be a police officer calls up a business establishment and then orders the personnel there to do certain things. These orders invariably culminate in strip searches and other forms of degradation. Worst of all, the employees never question the authority of the caller and just simply do as they are told.

Fundamentally, the question that **Compliance** asks its audience is how much is too much? At what point do you start to question authority? Or do you just go with the flow and do as you are told?

Excalibur (1981)

Excalibur is the single best movie ever made about the legendary exploits of King Arthur. It is also the most atmospheric. This movie was filmed in the beautiful Irish countryside complete with knights in shining armor, ladies in waiting dressed magnificently and stupendous battles. The stirring scores by Trevor Williams add much to the overall effect. Watching **Excalibur** is a most unforgettable experience.

King Arthur is a figure who is purely of legend and myth. There is but little evidence that any such person really existed. The story of Arthur began in Welsh folklore around the 9th Century and was first written down in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *The History of the Kings of Britain* that was first published in 1136. This was a rather fanciful account of the reign of King Arthur that also introduced Merlin into the Arthurian legend. This was most interesting since the figure that inspired Geoffrey's Merlin, Myrddin Wyllt, had allegedly lived more than a generation before Arthur supposedly did. However, that did not stop Geoffrey from telling a good tale or making further embellishments about Merlin.

In any event, **Excalibur** begins with the following text:

**“The land was divided and without a king,
Out of those lost centuries rose a legend...
Of the sorcerer Merlin,
And the coming of a King,
Of the sword of Power...
Excalibur.”**

One of the single best aspects of **Excalibur** is the fantastic cinematography. For instance, it was filmed in the beautiful Irish countryside. The final battle had a wonderful red sunset as a backdrop and the Lady of the Lake is shown floating in a river. The film is well scored with great classical music as well as some original music. All of this supports the film's vision of King Arthur and his exploits occurring in a mythical time well removed from actual history.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of **Excalibur** is the fact that it won so few awards after it was first released. Given its high quality you would have thought that it would have been a serious contender for the Academy Award for Best Picture as well as for several categories. Its only Academy Award nomination was for Best Cinematography and it lost to a bad movie called *Reds* that has since been all but forgotten by movie fans. About the only major award won by **Excalibur** was the Saturn Award from the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films, USA for the category of Best Costumes.

Despite the film's lack of awards, **Excalibur** is still arguably the single best fantasy feature film ever made prior to the advent of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. The performances are generally outstanding, particularly those of Nigel Terry as King Arthur and Nicol Williamson as Merlin. Even more impressively, it holds its own against the Computer Graphics Interface fantasy features of the present day. Additionally, it has both a great story and screenplay, elements that all too many fantasy films do not have.

Excalibur is a great medieval fantasy movie. It is well worth your time and it is a movie well worth purchasing as it is a movie that you doubtless will want to see again and again.

Force of Evil (1948)

When **Force of Evil** was made in 1948, its producers thought that they had a neat idea in having the screenplay written with as much blank verse as possible. Instead, what it did was turn off moviegoers. On top of that, the acting talent generally engaged in fast talk further alienating the audience. However, given how poorly thought out the plot was, the audience was not missing much due to all the fast talk and blank verse.

Force of Evil was based on the crime novel *Tucker's People* by Ira Wolfert who also wrote the screenplay. It was Abraham Polonsky's directorial debut. Polonsky aimed for a stylish black and white flick, but the results fell short of that goal.

Force of Evil is what's called "film noir" even though it fits but few of the conventions that film noir movies are supposed to have. This movie was about the numbers racket that was considered by the law back in 1948 to be a particularly egregious racket. Nowadays it is known as the state lottery. Needless to say, this is a fact that would complicate any attempt to remake this movie for modern audiences. Perhaps this is why nobody has ever tried remaking it.

The visual compositions are exceptionally well done and add excitement to the movie. This is especially true of the scene in which Frederick "Freddie" Bauer (Howland Chamberlain) is murdered. Unfortunately, most of the rest of **Force of Evil** did not rise to this level.

Fundamentally, the main problem with **Force of Evil** is the poor production values. This was not the result of a low budget, since it had a decent budget by Hollywood standards, and there are many movies from the late 1940's that had lower budgets but had better production values. The poor production values helped give the movie a cheap look and feel, making it harder to enjoy watching it.

Basically, **Force of Evil** is an interesting film. While it's far from being one of the worst movies available on DVD, it is still below average. It had an interesting plot and an outstanding lead actor in John Garfield.

However, except for Marie Windsor, the other actors failed to provide creditable performances. The decision to do the screenplay in blank verse failed to make the grade and Polonsky's rookie effort as director did not help. Having said all that, **Force of Evil** is still an interesting flick and if you like crime movies, it is worth trying it out.

The House Bunny (2008)

The House Bunny is a good example of a modern day fluffy comedy. Certainly, its script is well thought out and executed to be a barrel full of laughs for its intended teenage audience. The House Bunny is a flick that includes Hugh Hefner, the Playboy Mansion and some Playboy Magazine centerfold photography in addition to other unusual ingredients for a comedy. In the hands of most directors, this would be the mix for a tasteless piece of trash. However, under the direction of Fred Ward, The House Bunny is a well done comedy that actually veers on the verge of being a comedy for the whole family.

The House Bunny stars Anna Faris as Shelley Darlington, a quintessentially dumb blonde Playboy Playmate who gets kicked out of the Playboy Mansion by Hugh Hefner himself. Darlington winds up homeless and wanders around without a clue as to where she is. Eventually, she meets some members of the local Zeta Alpha Zeta sorority. This local sorority house is in particular danger of losing its charter due to a lack of recruiting new pledges. In a rare display of initiative, Shelley offers her services as a "housemother" for the goofy sorority sisters. The girls hire her and soon Darlington's bubbly optimism and ability to make homely girls beautiful make Zeta Alpha Zeta the hottest sorority on campus.

Shelley Darlington's chief helper in this sorority house makeover is Natalie (Emma Stone) who begins the movie as a rather awkward sorority sister. Under Darlington's guidance, Natalie blossoms into a flower of beauty and competence. The other girls are all interesting characters with the pregnant Harmony (Katharine McPhee) being the most hilarious. As a group, the girls all have the same problem in that they are all pretending to be what other folks want them to be like instead of being themselves. Shelley teaches them to be true to themselves and to be themselves.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of The House Bunny is the stunning performance of lead actress Anna Faris who previously played the role of Cindy Campbell in all four installments of the Scary Movie series, as well as other movies and guest roles in TV series, without ever hitting the big time. This is because most of her pre House Bunny roles were as just plain dumb blondes. In other words, Faris's previous roles were basically one dimensional versions of Shelley Darlington. In The House Bunny, Faris showed that she was capable of both being your basic dumb blonde, but also of playing a much more nuanced character who is also capable of leadership.

While Anna Faris is surprisingly effective, that cannot be said for the rest of the acting. Other than Faris, the most effective actor is Colin Hanks in the role of Shelley Darlington's boyfriend Oliver. Of the remaining acting talent, both Emma Stone and Katharine McPhee are nice in their roles while Hugh Hefner was just being himself. The rest of the acting ranged from average to pretty bad.

Despite the inconsistent acting, most of the remaining aspects of the movie were fairly decent. The work of director Fred Ward was good and the cinematography was crisp. Other than the script, *The House Bunny* is a surprisingly good movie.

The script is the movie's main drawback and is what prevents *The House Bunny* from being the best comedy of 2008 thus far. The best line in the flick was "You're 27? That's like 59 in Bunny years." Too much of what the producers intended as being humor is of the lame sexual innuendo variety. For instance, Shelley refers to one's eyes as being "the nipples of the face." Had the filmmakers based this movie's humor around the characters and the situations that they are in, *The House Bunny* would not only have been funnier, but it would also have been a comedy for the entire family. Just why they did not follow this route is subject to speculation, but it would appear that the movie makers felt that including the likes of Hugh Hefner and the *Playboy* milieu made this movie "sexy" and if you have a "sexy" movie, then you should not go for the clean stuff.

In the end, *The House Bunny* is a surprising movie. It works well for the teenage audience that it was made for and if the lame sexual innuendo had been taken out and replaced with cleaner stuff, it could have been rated PG and have been a comedy for the whole family. It does have a strong, positive message for its targeted teenage audience. The lead actress gives the best performance of her career thus far and director Fred Ward has a strong movie on his resume. This is a movie well worth considering going to the theater for.

In the Name of the King: A Dungeon Siege Tale (2008)

One aspect of movie making that most fans are not well aware of is the ways that a nation's tax code can help or hinder film making. There are some countries that have made a point of providing generous tax breaks for films produced in those countries. There is one country in particular, Germany, where the tax laws are such that films are the ultimate tax shelter when they lose money. And there are film makers who are perfectly willing and able to purposely make money losing films so as to attract investors looking for a legal tax dodge.

One such German film maker is Uwe Boll. Boll has an incredible track record of consistently money losing movies. Likewise, Boll also has never made even so much as a single halfway decent movie in his life. Essentially, Boll is a purveyor of cinematic tax dodges for wealthy Germans and not a legitimate movie maker.

Now, you would think that given that Boll purposely intends to make unprofitable movies so as to generate maximum losses that his investors can write off their taxes, Boll would be attempting to make high class movies with the idea of winning awards and critical acclaim. After all, if you are intending to lose money, why not go for classy productions? However, such is not the case. All of Boll's tax dodging movies have been based on popular video games, which have not exactly been the basis for quality flicks in the past. Boll has never shown that he has any real movie making skills or artistic acumen. On top of that, there is reason to believe that Boll purposely makes bad movies so that he can be sure that they will lose money for the perverse benefit of his investors.

The game that this particular Uwe Boll flick was based on is *Dungeon Siege*. It was originally published by Microsoft for Microsoft Windows as a computer game. It is an action adventure role playing game and as such it came to be highly popular and is still being played today. However, it's doubtful if anyone who played it ever thought that it would be the basis for a major motion picture.

If you have ever seen any Uwe Boll flicks before, you should know what to expect. Poor acting and direction. Average special effects and cinematography. An incoherent plot. An overall dreadful production.

If you are really hankering for a poorly done sword and sorcery movie that is heavily laden down with cliches, then **In The Name Of The King: A Dungeon Siege Tale** is it.

I, Robot (2004)

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Kennel Murder Case (1933)

Although he is largely forgotten nowadays, Philo Vance was a hugely popular fictional detective who at one time rivaled Sherlock Holmes in popularity. Written by Willard Huntington Wright (1888–1939) under the pseudonym of “S.S. Van Dine,” the Vance series consisted of 12 novels, each one of which was about a specific case. The popularity of the Philo Vance series was such that almost all of the novels were made into major motion pictures and there were three more movies that were the creations of Hollywood screenwriters.

Philo Vance was not your usual Hollywood movie private eye. For one thing, he was not a man of violence. Instead, Vance was a man of culture and sophistication who made a good fit in high society. Additionally, Vance was not trained as a private detective nor did he work as one. What he did was engage in a rich man's life until a criminal case came along that fit a subject matter that Vance had a strong interest in. Vance would then come over to the police and volunteer his services and then set to work on solving the case regardless of whether or not law enforcement really wanted his assistance or not. Debonair and urbane, Vance was the complete opposite of the hardboiled private detectives who populate Hollywood movies nowadays. Perhaps it is no surprise that since 1947, Vance has not appeared in any movies and other than a few radio series during the mid-1940's to the early 1950's, an Italian TV miniseries in 1974 and a Czech made for TV movie, Philo Vance has disappeared from the world of electronic dramatic performances. All this is disappointing in light of the fact that many of the Philo Vance novels are still available in print in various and sundry countries across the world.

Of all the Philo Vance novels, one of the very best well known works is the 1933 tale *The Kennel Murder Case*. Owing to the fact that Warner Brothers had both the exclusive American film rights to the series as well as a high opinion of both Vance and the actor who mostly played him for the studio (William Powell), the novel was turned into a movie in the same year that the novel was published. This is practically unheard of nowadays.

The plot of **The Kennel Murder Case** is quite complex. This movie is not one of those mystery flicks with a surprise ending, but rather a convoluted case in which all the clues are presented to the audience. This way a viewer can figure out the solution to the mystery ahead of the detective provided that he pays attention to the clues and can do some thinking of his own.

One of the reasons why **The Kennel Murder Case** is such a standout movie is the fact that it is one of the most faithful adaptations of a mystery novel ever made by Hollywood. The noted film historian William K. Everson called it a “masterpiece” in the August 1984 issue of *Films in Review*.

And a masterpiece is precisely what **The Kennel Murder Case** is. This is one of those rare mystery films in which everything clicks perfectly together. The acting, directing and cinematography all are outstanding. If you are able to find this movie, it is well worth your time to watch it. It is also a flick that is well worth considering buying on DVD.

Prometheus (2012)

Prometheus is the single worst movie of the decade of the twenty-teens thus far. It is also the single worst science fiction movie of the twenty-first century thus far. That’s right, even worse than *Battlefield Earth*.

Prometheus is the ultimate Ridley Scott production. The only way that it stands out on the positive side is with its special effects. On all other aspects of movie making such as acting, directing, screenplay and perhaps most importantly of all the avoidance of unintentional humor, it falls down flat for the count. Essentially, **Prometheus** is nothing more than a glorified special effects festival without anything intelligent attached to it. This movie is an exercise in cinematic emptiness.

Prometheus is a poor excuse for a science fiction flick. The movie had a lot of big holes and unanswered questions and things unexplained. It was creepy and weird and not in a good way. It is supposed to be a prequel to the 1979 science fictional horror flick *Alien* and it shares many of that Ridley Scott production’s weaknesses and none of its strengths. Actually, it has a distinct resemblance to the 1960’s TV series *Lost in Space* complete with a Dr. Zachary Smith type character in the scheming android David who is obsessed with *Lawrence of Arabia*. The story, such as it is, is slow and poorly developed with little real suspense.

One of the more inane aspects of this movie's plot was the actions of the man who is sponsoring this expedition, Peter Weyland (Guy Pearce). He appears in a holographic presentation to the crew outlining their mission but also adding that he will be dead by the time that they see this show. And yet it turns out that he is on board the ship very much alive. Why the pointless deception? No reason is given for this senseless development.

There are other issues with this movie. There is a problem with the head of one of the characters. Also, the film show a character putting something into another character's drink. Why this happened is never explained.

In summation, **Prometheus** is a horrible motion picture. It is even worse as an exercise in science fiction. Too much of **Prometheus** is ridiculous such as the morons who are supposed to be scientists or the scientist who gives birth to a squid and runs through the spaceship bloody all over without attracting any attention. The tendency of major characters to come up with major conclusions without any readily available evidence and then act on those conclusions to the point of committing suicide is also goofy. Avoid **Prometheus** like the plague.

Reform School Girl (1957)

The late 1950's and the early 1960's were the heyday of the juvenile delinquent movie. Parents during this time were worried sick that young people were going out of control. This was because of a crime wave of juvenile delinquency that rocked the nation during this point in time. Juvenile delinquent movies became so popular that even film creators such as Edward Bernds who was best known for directing comedies such as Three Stooges shorts, movies based on the long running *Blondie* comic strip and even the Zsa Zsa Gabor sci fi flick *The Queen of Outer Space* became involved with a juvenile delinquency film project, **Reform School Girl**.

The film begins with alleged teenager Donna Price (played by a 24 year old Gloria Castillo) standing in front of the mirror in her underwear. Turns out that she is an orphan who is living with both her crazy aunt and her sleazy uncle. The uncle is a really sleazy character who has devised a way to spy on his niece and look at her when she is more or less undressed.

Meanwhile, there is a young hoodlum named Vince (Edd Byrnes who soon found fame as "Kookie" on *77 Sunset Strip*) steals a car. Like Donna, Vince is another 24 year old pretending to be a teenager. Vince is a real piece of work and he spells trouble for Donna.

Along with his good buddies Gary Metusek (Wayne Taylor) and Josie Brigg (Luana Anders), Vince shows up at Donna's apartment. There, for the first time ever Donna's perverted uncle is making his strong feelings open to Donna.

Vince and friends show up right in the nick of time and save Donna from her evil uncle with a few quick blows to the head of the startled man. This turns out to be the only good thing that Vince does the entire movie.

If you are familiar with juvenile delinquency films, then you should be able to predict what happens in the rest of this flick. **Reform School Girl** is basically a formula driven movie.

However, there is one way in which **Reform School Girl** does not execute the formula for juvenile delinquency films. It is almost completely lacking in self righteousness and preaching to the audience about what an awful thing it is for young people to go crooked. This departure from the norm helps rob this film of the stuff that made the juvenile delinquency films of this time period seem so unintentionally funny to more modern audiences.

As unlikely as it sounds **Reform School Girl** actually spawned a mini-franchise. In 1986, there was a parody of this movie entitled **Reform School Girls**. In 1994, there was a **Reform School Girl** made for TV movie remake.

Unknown World (1951)

Every once in a while, you come across a movie whose name perfectly reflects its true nature. One is the 1951 British science fiction flick *Unknown World*. This is a movie that really is unknown to the vast majority of science fiction movie fans.

Basically, this is an unusually low grade B science fiction movie. It was brought to cinema by the magic of one Robert Lippert. Lippert was the man who brought the world the likes of such other low grade B Movies as *King Dinosaur* and *Rocketship X-M*. Lippert was also responsible for starting the career of Mr. B.I.G. himself, Bert I Gordon. Clearly Lippert was a man of B cinema.

The story of *Unknown World* was nothing short of bizarre. A group of scientists get together and hold a meeting. At this meeting, they decided that due to the recently invented atomic bomb, humanity was doomed. This was because the surface of the Earth was going to be destroyed. The scientists were able to attract the support of a millionaire with too much time on his hands. With the rich dude's money, the scientists are then able to build a machine capable of burrowing down to the center of the Earth.

This movie's plot was nonsensical. It was not clear if the idea was to burrow down to the center of the Earth to find out if there was an underground paradise or not. Likewise, if the center of the Earth was inhabitable, did they intend to stay there and live out their lives or did they plan on going back to the surface with the good news.

If they had any intention of staying down there, then their decision to bring along a single female made no sense at all. These supposed scientists also did not take any notes or procure any samples of the land outside of their craft. The scientist did decide that due to the lack of sunlight under the Earth's surface, they had become depressed. In addition, they decided that the fact that the test rabbits they brought gave birth to dead babies proved that living beneath the surface of the Earth caused "sterility" which is something that makes no sense at all.

One thing that really stands out about this movie is its ignorance about geology. In that, it resembles a great many other B science fiction movies. One such other B science fiction movie is the 1957 production *The Incredible Petrified World*. This is a flick made by one Jerry Warren who was one of those B Movie creators who often have the word "infamous" tagged on them. If you have seen both *Unknown World* and *The Incredible Petrified World*, it is very difficult not to come to the conclusion that the later movie was a rip off of *Unknown World*.

Other than its lack of quality, there is one other reason why *Unknown World* was so unknown to sci-fi movie fans. This is the fact that for years the only company that put any DVD's of this public domain movie out is Alpha Video (AV). AV is a company with a well-deserved reputation for putting out inferior DVD's with poor picture and audio quality.

Website Reviews

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

Americans for Transit

Americans for Transit (AFT) is a national non-profit organization that is dedicated to serving the interests of the users of public transportation. This means opposing the professional politicians who seek nothing more than what AFT calls, “**an endless cycle of service cuts and fare hikes.**” AFT promotes mass transit as being a win-win solution that is both good for the environment while at the same time being key to revitalizing municipal areas. AFT also promotes mass transit as being of vital interest for certain groups of people including senior citizens, students and the handicapped. In order to bring about it’s a vision of an America that is revitalized through a strong mass transit system, the AFT believes that only “**grassroots rider organizing**” can bring this about. That being the case, AFT sees its mission as being to build a “**strong national movement of organized transit riders and coalition partners.**”

One tool that the AFT uses to achieve this vision is having a listing on its website of state and local organizations that are actively working to improve the state of mass transit. As can be expected, almost all these groups are in areas with large urban areas. There are however, three states with significant urban areas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Oklahoma, that do not have any organizations listed. For the states that do not have any organizations listed, the AFT website says that you can “[s]tart one with our assistance.” This leads to one of the problems with the AFT’s vision in that most of these state and local organizations appear to be organized from the top down and not from the bottom up. For instance, the link to the Bus Riders Union (BRU) in Los Angeles reveals it to be a project of the “Labor Community Strategy Center (LCSC),” that is heavily bankrolled by billionaire George Soros. As with Soros-backed groups in general, the LCSC promotes an agenda that appears at first glance to be for the common good, but really is elitist in nature. For instance, the BRU lists one of its alleged accomplishments as being a “**freeze in rail spending.**” This is a strange thing to boast about given that local rail networks are a proven way of bringing the AFT agenda into fruition. Stuff like this is one reason why the BRU website gives its active membership as being only 200. The AFT is also poorly organized and ill-funded with only a 3 member board of directors and one regular staff member. The end result is a poorly done website that has a problem with commercial spam.

<https://www.bis-space.com>

British Interplanetary Society

Founded in 1933, The British Interplanetary Society (BIS) is the oldest space advocacy organization in the world. The BIS never became absorbed by either governmental or industrial efforts. The BIS has remained its own independent organization with its own agenda. The BIS was able to come up with the concept of multi-stage rockets that made the best possible use of solid fuel engines. Following the end of World War II, the BIS came up with the concept of converting a V-2 rocket for use in sub-orbital flight. In 1947, BIS members collaborated on the publication of the book *The Exploration of the Moon* that reportedly inspired John F. Kennedy to launch the man to the Moon project in 1961. In the years since NASA’s heyday during the 1960’s, the BIS has really hit the stride as a futuristic advocacy organization. In 1978, the BIS came up with Project Daedalus that proposed launching an unmanned nuclear fueled spaceship towards Barnard’s Star that is 5.91 light years away from Earth. This was because Barnard’s Star was believed to have planets orbiting around it. The BIS also came up with the idea of having balloons parked inside the atmosphere of the planet Jupiter for the purpose of harvesting the helium that is very plentiful there. Helium is scarce on Earth, but it is very useful, particularly for engineering at very low temperatures. The most valuable form is helium-3 that is very rare on Earth, but is believed to provide a potentially superior fuel for nuclear fusion here on Earth.

The BIS continues to be at the forefront of futuristic advocacy and does so with a very well designed website that is literally chockfull of resources. The BIS also publishes magazines including the well regarded *Spaceflight*, The front page is loaded with organizational news and other space-related news. The BIS website also carries space art and photo galleries as well as explanatory information. The BIS is an organization that has its act together and as such is a far more effective advocate of a better space future than any other organization in existence.

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

Citizens for Space Exploration

Citizens for Space Exploration (CSE) is one of several pro-space organizations that sprang up in reaction to the Obama Administration's lack of support for the space program. According to CSE, its member organizations consist of the Bay Area Houston Economic Partnership, the Cocoa Beach Regional Chamber of Commerce, the Huntsville Madison Chamber of Commerce, the Partners for Stennis (both Louisiana and Mississippi) and a fairly new organization called Colorado Citizens for Space Exploration. It seems clear that CSE is a misnamed group in that there are no individual memberships that a name using "citizens" in its title implies. CSE claims to be an organization that is dedicated to furthering the following causes:

Improving the overall quality of life for our citizens and the world in areas such as medical research and healthcare.

Advancing America's scientific, technological, security and economic interests.

Inspiring a new generation of explorers to pursue technical careers based on science, math, computers and engineering.

Promoting U.S. leadership and competitiveness while providing opportunities for international cooperation.

However, a look at the names of its member organizations reveals that its main focus is really on using the civilian space program as a means to the end of local economic development. The main activity of the CSE is an annual trip to Washington, D.C., by members of the organizations that constitute the CSE. In 2016, 89 individuals affiliated with CSE made the trip.

In 2017, the number rose to 96. In 2018, the CSE trip to Washington is to take place during May 15th-May 18th. Of course the CSE claims that these trips have been hugely successful and have resulted in the slight increases in the NASA budget during recent years. Basically, CSE is further proof that the pro-space effort is hampered by being divided into too many groups doing contradictory things that all adds up to a space advocacy cause that is weaker than the sum of its parts.

<https://consortiumnews.com/>

Consortium News

Consortium News (CN) was one of the very first endeavors that sought to take advantage of the opportunity afforded journalists by the advent of the World Wide Web who wished to create alternatives to the big media companies. From the start, CN has been a left wing conspiracy theory oriented website that seems more interested in editorializing instead of reporting. The founder of CN was Robert Parry, a journalist who was best known for conspiracy theories. The particular conspiracy theory that Parry was best known for is the so-called “October Surprise.” This was the idea that in October 1980, the Reagan presidential campaign conspired to Prevent President Jimmy Carter from being able to end the Iran Hostage Crisis, bring the hostages home and win reelection. Parry relentlessly pursued this conspiracy theory despite the fact that there has never been any real evidence that the Iranian government was particularly interested in doing anything to help Carter get reelected. Despite this, the moment Parry won the financing needed to start CN up, originally under the name “Consortium for Independent Reporting,” he made it the premiere website for pushing the October Surprise conspiracy theory. Of course that is not the only conspiracy theory that Parry was interested in. Parry and CN also pursued the idea that the likes of John F. Kennedy, Robert F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., were all taken down by conspiracies. Unlike other conspiracy theorists, Parry was bipartisan in that he was willing to pursue conspiracy theories implicating powerful Democrats and Republicans alike. This includes both Bill Clinton and Barack Obama. Despite (or perhaps because of) CN’s focus on conspiracy theories, both Parry and CN have won both awards and a reputation for tough, gritty investigative reporting. In 2017, Parry won the 15th ever Martha Gellhorn Prize for Journalism. Earlier, in 2015, Parry was awarded the 7th ever I.F. Stone Medal for Journalistic Independence that is awarded every year to “alternative” journalists. Despite the fact that Parry passed away earlier this year, his son Nathaniel continues to run the CN as a conspiracy oriented journalism website and shows no sign of slowing down.

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

Seduction of the Innocent.org

Seduction of the Innocent.org (SOI) is a website focusing on the (in)famous 1954 book *Seduction of the Innocent* by Dr. Frederic Wertham. Wertham was a psychiatrist and moral crusader who was absolutely convinced that comic books were a corrupting influence on young people. And just what comic books did Wertham specifically object to? The crime comics that were pioneered by Lev Gleason publisher of such titles as *Crime Does Not Pay* and *Crime & Punishment*. The horror comics that were pioneered by EC Comics and its owner William Gaines, publisher of such titles as *Tales from the Crypt*, *Tales of Terror*, *The Haunt of Fear*, *The Vault of Horror* and *Weird Fantasy*. It should be pointed out that in the years since the controversy over *Seduction of the Innocent*. There have been several academics, writers and other observers who have more or less taken Wertham's side. I can remember a book about comic books that pointed out how the crime comics depicted the gangster life as being the sort of thing that while crime in the long run might get you in prison or perhaps even death, in the meantime, it can be a lot of fun. That is hardly what you would call an anti-crime message to impressionable youth. Likewise, so much of the horror comics were so flagrantly vulgar and shocking even by the relaxed standards of these days, they could not help but cause a backlash that nearly destroyed the whole comic book industry. As you can expect, there is a great deal of content on the Internet about this particular book and its author with one website in particular focusing in on this book. One thing that the website does is that it points out the irony of the fact that the comics specifically mentioned in *Seduction of the Innocent* are among the most sought after comic books by collectors. The website also keeps tracks of which comic books mentioned by Wertham have been found and which ones remain lost. This is important since quite often, Wertham did not specifically mention comic book titles, only brief general descriptions. One surprising thing about this website is that it points out quite a few shocking comic books that were just as bad as the ones that Wertham mentioned in his book that Wertham never even talked about and seemed to be unaware of them. SOI is a fantastic resources that is loaded with all sorts of useful and interesting information. It is literally a labor of love, one that you should enjoy.

List of Online Gaming Fansites

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

RPG Hoard

Operator Minion Development Corp.
Genre RPG

RPG Hoard is a website that is literally chock full of all sorts of resources for RPG fans.

<http://www.cubitdesigns.com/yellow/library.html>

Space Merchant Library

Operator Cubit Designs
Genre Strategy

The Space Merchant Library is a collection of works either written by or brought together by members of the now defunct Yellow Moon Alliance from the original Space Merchant. These essays and other memorabilia from the original SM are still very much relevant to and useful for the players of Space Merchant Realms.

<http://www.wie-im-fluge.de/steinscalcs/>

Stein's Shadowmere Calculators

Genre Strategy

A website offering free tools such as calculators and guides for the game of Shadowmere.

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

Wargamer

Operator Wargamer, LLC
Genre Strategy

Wargamer is a website primarily devoted to computer and online War games.

<http://www.icu.ie/>

Irish Chess Union, The

Operator The Irish Chess Union
Genre Chess

The Irish Chess Union is the leading Chess organization on the island of Ireland. Website features include an archive of Chess games dating back to the 19th Century.

<http://tdzk.agadak.net/>

Mardak's TDZK Scripts: Agadak Tech

Game Data

Genre Strategy

This website offers all sorts of goodies for TDZK players ranging from free tags to station lists and much more.

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

MUD Stats

Genre MUD

MUD Stats follows as many as a thousand different MUD's. It follows traffic and has a variety of statistical information, charts and graphs concerning the world of MUD's and MUDDing.

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

New In Chess

Operator Interchess B.V

Genre Chess

New In Chess is a major international Chess magazine. Its website also doubles as a storefront selling various books, software, subscriptions as well as a free to use database of over 1.25 Mil. Chess games.

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

Redial.net

Genre Strategy

Redial.net is a most comprehensive collection of information, such as weapons lists, relating to TDZK.

<http://www.realroleplaying.com/rmsmf/index.php?wwwRedirect>

Resource Masters

Operator Resource Masters

Genre RPG

Resource Masters is a RPG website that caters to fans of non d20 games. Features include Play By Post, a very busy forum, articles and downloads. Everything on the RM website is completely free.

<http://www.mud.co.uk/richard/oarchive.htm>

Richard A. Bartle: MUD Writings Archive

Operator Richard A. Bartle
Genre MUD

This is the archive of all the articles published by MUD fan and scholar Richard A. Bartle.

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

Chess Mail

Genre Chess

Chess Mail was a magazine that was published 1996-2006. Although the magazine is defunct, the website preserves some of its most noteworthy articles. The folks at CM are also preparing a Chess database CD that will contain nearly a million correspondence chess games.

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

Donovan's VGA Planets Supersite

Operator DonovansVGAP.com
Genre Strategy

Donovan's VGA Planets Supersite is a comprehensive resources website for the Play By E-Mail game of VGA Planets aka the single most played PBEM in the world. Features include a game museum, a player's profile section and a massive list of links.

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

Dungeon Mastering

Operator Dungeon Mastering
Genre RPG

Dungeon Mastering is a website that is chock full of articles about RPG's and especially on how to run such games.

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

Auric's Ultima Moongates

Operator David "Auric" Hernly
Genre RPG

Auric's Ultima Moongates is a major resources website for players of the game Ultima Online.

<http://warshows.com>

Belle & Blade

Operator Belle & Blade War Video

Belle & Blade is the foremost Internet web store focusing in on war related movies & video. The great majority of these video/film releases are not available at such terrestrial stores as Best Buy. War movies are a great way of coming up with ideas for new Internet games.

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

Captain Marvel Culture

Operator Zorikh Lequidre

Captain Marvel Culture is an in depth fansite devoted to the comic book character Captain Marvel aka Shazam! Among the features is an in depth blog that is regularly updated.

Websites of Interest

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

Citizens for Space

<https://consortiumnews.com/>

Consortium News

<http://downbeat.com/>

Downbeat

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

Military Writers Society of America

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

Orange County Register

<http://teleread.com/>

TeleRead

Letters of Comment

robika2001@yahoo.co.uk

Hi, I read the issue with interest. The theme of the new censorship, bullying, and unsafe political thinking inspired me to write this short letter, `What goes on three legs in the evening?` It's a quote from Sophocles' Oedipus Rex (c.429 B.C.), the riddle of the Sphinx. Oedipus' name means `lame`, and he's a metaphor for what's done to a man by the disabling forces arrayed against us. The quote can be found in Apollodorus, Library Apollod, 3. 5. 8.

Regards

Robin Bright

[Would you be interested in writing about Appolodorus for Fornax in the future?]

jdelarroz@gmail.com

Invite/Ban is not the same. Removing my invite after speaking for years was intended to punish me for my politics. The fornax piece says "should be kept out of fandom functions" which implies banning. Worldcon has subsequently banned me. So it's all relevant, and all under the guise of calling me a "troll" in order to dehumanize me because of my being an outspoken political figure.

Identity I mean my political/religious identity. Though that is more offensive to the in-crowd in SF because I'm Hispanic and that flies against the Narrative of what my racial identity is supposed to advocate for. My existence tells people who are "fighting for me" (in their minds) that I don't want/need them to, and it causes cognitive dissonance in them which turns into hate to justify it.

Jonathan Del Arroz

[In other words, because Baycon invited you so often, they spoiled you rotten and now that they don't want to invite you, they are guilty of something. Also, Hispanics are an ethnic group, not a race. You are a troll as shown by the fact that you did everything you could to make sure that both the SFWA and Worldcon would ban you so you could reap maximum publicity and sympathy.]

fareynic@gmail.com

Charles,

From my exalted (ahem) perch as FAAn awards administrator, I really should weigh in on your worthy lettercol discussion anent the definition of "fanzine".

I'm in step with Bill Burns on the definition of what I call "fanzine-as-artifact". Several of your own comments imply an agreement with this concept, which we might also refer to as "the ish". The expansion of the Hugo Fan categories to seemingly include anything up to the ability to fart the *Star Wars* theme has rendered them worthless.

The simple interpretation is this: a "fanzine" is an immutable artifact, once created and published, exists from a point in time. For our purposes, a non-modifiable pdf is also considered an "artifact". By extension, fanwriting and fanart should be considered as content which has appeared in a fanzine.

If the bloggers (who are an influential bloc responsible for the dilution of these awards) would like their share of the 'boo, that could and perhaps ought to be recognized separately, despite John Hertz's contentions that "fanwriting is fanwriting", though I suspect he would not approve of his statement being co-opted for purposes not relating to "the ish".

Some specifics: I was mildly startled by your comment that *Journey Planet* has been "dominating" the fanzine Hugos. Since its inception in 2008 *JP* has been nominated five times (in the last six years), winning once. *The Drink Tank* got six nominations over the same timeframe (also winning once), and *Banana Wings* also had five. I hardly think this represents any kind of "domination".

Garcia's contention that *Journey Planet* is a "traditional" fanzine can be argued. It certainly *resembles* a traditional fanzine, but with the major failing noted by old-school observers that

there's zero reader response in terms of a loccol (obviously not a problem shared by *Fornax*, or almost any other ish that appears on efanzines). Now for all I know this could be a deliberate editorial decision, but the fanzine "tradition" dictates that back-and-forth between the readers (and the editor(s)) are an essential component and the primary provider of 'boo. *Journey Planet* (and *The Drink Tank* before that) spectacularly fail there, but of course the rockets awarded to those titles amount to "top 'boo and bollocks to you all", don't they?

Returning to the topic of the FAAns, as you're aware I have strived mightily to increase participation by both the publication of *The Incomplete Register* and by circulating that listing to all faneds listed. This did produce results, to an extent, and I hope the participation will increase again next year as some of the disparate tribes note that there are several titles (and writers, and artists) showing up in this year's ballots who haven't been necessarily well represented in previous years.

I've been gratified by the greater extent to which the awards have been mentioned and promoted in venues which have previously treated them with attitudes up to and including outright disdain. Naming of names: your own privately sent and gracious apologia for not having got around to filing a ballot was noted, and appreciated. Joe Major printed my loc on the topic in *Alexiad*, yet no ballots were received from either the editors or regular correspondents of that long-running and worthy publication. The only *Journey Planet* contributor who sent a ballot (with admirable alacrity) was James Bacon. Taral Wayne typically expends a great deal of effort in complaining that he doesn't feature as prominently as he would like in the voting, yet does not vote himself. Bob Jennings gave prominence to the awards in ishes of *Tightbeam*, and this gave rise to voter interest in favor of the prolific John Thiel in particular.

These are encouraging signs that the FAAns, long-touted as the "real" awards for fanzine fandom, may truly live up to that promise.

Best,

Nic

[I've been trying to read more fanzines this year, so hopefully next year I will feel more comfortable in sending in a ballot.]

timothyane51@gmail.com

As it happens, my large military history collection includes a lot on the Korean War. Two of the volumes are from the Army official history -- <i>South to the Naktong, North to the Yalu</i> (which covers the war up to the Chinese intervention, including the struggle for the Pusan perimeter) and a book on the fight for the Chosin reservoir. I also once got a small pamphlet on Korean history and culture. It mentioned the Korean invention of ironclad warships -- the tortoise ships (ironclad galleys) that stopped a Japanese invasion in the 1590s.

When comparing the Resistance and other leftist agitation to either Joe McCarthy (the politician, not the manager, of course) or the Tea Party, one must remember that the former are infamously violent and neither of the latter was/is.

I must admit I never heard about that side of Asimov. But then I only encountered him for a single panel at the 1983 Baltimore worldcon.

Gunga Din is indeed an interesting movie, though of course it has very little to with the original poem. I want to mention here that an American Western version was made, *Sergeants Three*. It features the Brat Pack, with Frank Sinatra, Peter Lawford, and Dean Martin as the sergeants and Sammy Davis, Jr. in the equivalent of the Gunga Din role. They also made a book of the movie, which I've read.

Timothy Lane

[Good for you that you have not forgotten the Korean War the way that so many other folks have. There is no such thing as a conservative equivalent of Antifa. Also, didn't you mean Rat Pack? The Brat Pack was applied to the young stars of the 1980's such as Molly Ringwald, of *Spacehunter: Adventures in the Forbidden Zone* fame.]

ghliii@yahoo.com

Many many thanks. Beginning a ZINE DUMP next week and this will be happily featured.

Charles, who is Robin Bright?

Guy H. Lillian III

[Robin Bright is a guy with a whole lot of time on his hands that he uses to write up a lot of interesting stuff.]

Gerd.Maximovic@t-online.de

Dear Charles,

thanks for Fornax 21.

It has taken a while, but it's good you and your magazine are back again. And, of course, your health seems well again, and it will (MUST) stay like this! Never forget the ideas of „autosuggestion“ like in my article „The biggest discovery...“ (also see below) They are basic for every thinking, especially regarding health.

Well, contents of Fornax are, as always, of interest.

There is a ME TOO campaign today, all over the world. Or say, the Western World. I noticed that Isaac Asimov was „women pinching in the posterior“.

„The Solar Empire Story“ is a report about the future of mankind and the universe. The aliens taking over some day? Well, if they are like we are (wars, drugs, rape, murder etc. etc) – o me o my...

„The Vampires of St. Louis“ is a garlic story by Charles Rector himself. Interesting read. I didn't know vampires protect themselves against the sun, using umbrellas. But who ever knows? There is also good and interesting poetry in the magazine. By Denny E. Marshall. „aliens waiting after we kill each other then will take over“. Are we committing constant suicide? Indeed, maybe they are waiting out there till no one on Earth is left over?

There is refreshing poetry in there: „Listen and you will hear the Milky Way“. Very good! Look (and listen) at the stars...

A lot of LoCs, good sign again.

Dale Speirs writes: „Concentrate on what produces happiness in yourself“
Indeed, very true! And producing not only worthwhile happiness, but more: health! Think positively, like Emile Coué proposes, and you will be healthy all the way. You can defeat up to 70 % of all diseases this way. Thinking positively, also creating happiness. (And, by the way, producing a good magazine like Fornax.)

*

Okay, let's have another look at this topic: health and cancer, maybe.

I mention my article „The Greatest Discovery...“ because you can find the extract of positive thinking in there.

Interesting, the magazine of INTA is „New Thought“, worthwhile reading (also see below). They have published chapters 1 + 2 of my article „The Greatest Discovery in History of All Mankind“ there in their Summer issue of 2016, under my title „Prayer Always Works“. As you know very well, this article in full length also was published in Fornax 14 (free available on the Web). By the way, Shelby Vick edited a short version of this article, titled „Emile Coué and his Great Discovery“, published in Planetary Stories 36 (also available for free on the Web).

There are a lot of personalities confirming this idea of autosuggestion. Emile Coué was one of the greatest men who ever lived. Among others he propagated the idea of positive thinking (thus influencing the subconscious within us). Let's furthermore take for instance Karl Otto Schmidt (1904 – 1977), German esoteric author, he published about 100 books with an edition of 2 million, translated into many languages. He was a member of the New Spirit Movement. In 1941 the German Nazi authorities arrested him because of his books. Till 1969 he was district representative of INTA (New Thought Alliance) for the German language countries. After this

date he was sole editor of the magazine „Unity“. In 1972 Western Germany awarded him the Order of Merit. Posthumously the United Church of Religious Science in Los Angeles awarded him the honorary doctor. (So, just read him, he is worth reading.)

Well, K. O. Schmidt, he writes (in my short translation of the original German text):

„Soul and body of Man, down to the last cell, will become exactly of what he is constantly thinking, no matter if he fears what he thinks or if he approves it. This is a law of life, and everybody can realize its truth and effectiveness. Not cancer or other diseases are the castigation (plague) of his life, but all diseases are based on fear. If you overcome fear then one main reason for suffering is defeated, and a situation of health will become normal again. - Because what we do not fear no more, we will no more attract it. And we will realize what we confirm.“ (K. O. Schmidt)

That's true! Read Emile Coué! Read K. O. Schmidt! Read so many authors who thought this way! Or, at least, first have a look at my article „The Greatest Discovery...“, there you will find the essentials of positive thinking.

Kind regards,
Gerd Maximovic

[Pretty interesting stuff. Why don't you write an article about Schmidt for Fornax?]