

Askance #41



The New York Deli Sandwich of fanzines.

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The pre-WorldCon Issue

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This time, proofreading services are probably not being rendered by Katrina Templeton.

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What you have here in your hands (or on screen) is another Mythical Publication. Copies of this fine, back on a quarterly schedule fanzine can be had for The Usual, which means expressed interest, submission and eventual inclusion of articles and artwork, letters of comment, expressed interest, and cold hard cash in the amount of \$3.00 USD. Bribes are also accepted. Of course, if you send in locs, articles, and artwork, you just earned a life-time free subscription. Consider yourself lucky, indeed.



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BEMUSED NATTERINGS

The clip art to the right is definitely how I am feeling right now, although for Valerie the picture below left is probably more accurate. Allow me to explain.

Right now – and this, I really mean as “right this very moment in time” – it is 1 PM CDT on Tuesday, July 11, 2017, in College Station, Texas, as I work on finishing this frigging fanzine before we leave Wednesday night for the Woodlands, TX, where our older daughter lives just north of George H.W. Bush International Airport; we will be staying overnight with Penny and Eric, leaving our car and dogs with them, so that the kids can take us to the airport this coming Thursday morning for our flight to Manchester, England, as we begin my 2017 TAFF Trip to the World Science Fiction Convention in Helsinki, Finland. Now the obvious question to ask is, “are we ready to go?”

The obvious answer is “Oh, hell no!” There is still more shopping to do, sort and pack clothes, costumes (although these are picked out and ready to pack), get the care and feeding of the pets instructions written, and stuff like that. The good news is that tickets are purchased, so we can get there and back, arrangements made with fans in England and Netherlands and Czechia, and things are being taken care on the other side of the Pond by the most capable Claire Brialey, with help from Mark Plummer, Jim and Carrie Mowatt, Paul Skelton, James Bacon (vastly helpful tips on navigating the British and European rail systems), and the folks on the WorldCon committee.



More thank yous must be given to Curt Phillips and Ana Raftery, the current TAFF administrators, who have been massively helpful; also I have to thank Nina Horvath for a lot great feedback on preparing for this overseas trip, as well as other previous TAFF delegates who have given me/us pointers along the way: Chris Garcia, Ulrika O’Brien, Randy Byers, Jerry Kaufmann and Suzle Tompkins, and of course Dave Langford. Without the help of all of these people, making this trip a success would not be possible.

And the damn thing hasn’t even started yet!

Okay. It is definitely time to panic.

Even after writing all of that crap above, here is what we have been able to figure out so far as to where we will be going and some of the things we shall be seeing.

Reasonably Tentative TAFF Trip Itinerary

This is – as of the morning of July 11, 2017 - what Valerie and I have planned out for my TAFF trip this year. Keep in mind that there may, as in most likely, be changes to exact dates made in the next couple days, but I wanted to get this into print so that our hosts can have adequate time to prepare for the Purcell invasion of their domiciles. So here it is: the time-line as it stands:

Thursday, July 13, 2017, we depart from Houston, Texas at 11:39 AM; we have a 3 hour layover in Newark, NJ international airport, where we connect with United Airlines flight 81, departing Newark at 7:35 PM. We are scheduled to arrive on

Friday, July 14, 2017, in Manchester, England at 7:40 AM local time on United Airlines flight 81.

Once we get our feet back on terra firma, here is our current invasion plan:

14-16 July: Manchester & Stockport, England, with Paul and Cas Skelton; Be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history

16-18 July: Pass the Purcell Parcel to Jim and Carrie Mowatt, Cambridge, England; Be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history

18-23 July: take train on early 18th July to London; staying with Fishlifters Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer. Be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history A lot of sites shall be visited, and there will be a fannish meetup in a pub (arranged by the Fishlifters) during one evening during our stay there.

24-25 July: over to Wales to visit Ro Nagey; Cardiff Dr. Who Walking Tour is greatly desired by Valerie; John plans on selling vowels to the Welsh with all proceeds going to TAFF.

24-27 July: back into England, to visit Rob and Coral Jackson in West Sussex; a trip to Salisbury Cathedral is on our Must Visit List to see not only the awesome cathedral, but the Magna Carta on display therein. Be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history

28 July: back into London, hopefully take the correct train off to Paris, France

28 July – 1 or 2 August: in Paris and being massively awestruck by the architecture, art, and history

2-3 August: Rotterdam, Netherlands, to visit Kees van Toorn and be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history

4-6 August: Amsterdam, Netherlands, to visit Eric, one of Valerie's high school friends. Be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history (Van Gogh Museum on the docket)

7 August: leave Amsterdam, traveling up to Helsinki, Finland

8 – 14 August: WorldCon 75 in Helsinki, Finland = let the festivities commence (as if they haven't already); if time, be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history

14 August: depart Helsinki for – Prague, Czechia

14 – 17 August: Prague & Brno, Czechia: celebrate Valerie's birthday (16 Aug) with Liam Proven in the land of Valerie's heritage. Be awestruck by architecture, artwork, and history.

18-19 August: travel days back to Manchester, England; one last overnight stay with the Skeltons to depart the next day for home.

20 August: depart 9:25 local time (Manchester) on United Airlines flight 80 – dragging Valerie kicking and screaming onto plane – and arriving back in Houston, Texas at Bush International Airport that evening, at 6:29 PM, local time.

Like I said, these dates are now pretty much set as they are what Valerie and I have essentially arrived at as the most likely dates we will be visiting. There may yet be some date and location switching around, but we will do our best to let people know ahead of time of any changes so that people can be adequately prepared.

whew! I am exhausted just thinking about this five week excursion, but very excited as well. Thank you everybody for your patience and wonderful ideas and feedback on planning for all of this, and we are extremely grateful for your hospitality and all-around fannish wonderfulness. You people are simply the best.

In this issue

Some of the usual suspects are back with new articles. But since this issue is a slam-bang-thank you, ma'am kind of an issue, here's the quick rundown of the contributors and their, er, contributions. Funny thing: I even have an extra article for the next issue. How about that?

Robin Bright, PhD

I think this article that Dr. Bright sent me is probably the most "fannish" he has written. Once I read deeper into "Human Species Eaten, etc.", the more convinced I became of the author's intent. This one is definitely not to be taken as "academic discourse of scholastic intent."

Heck, no!

Nic Farey

Nic and I share a common bond – other than having great wives, great fanzines, and enjoying a good brew – and that is we both now have dentures. Last issue I shared my experience in this regard, and here Nic regales us with an unforeseen side-effect of having brand-spanking new chompers.

Chuck Serface

Chuck sent in a book review for inclusion, which is something that surfaces (kaff-kaff) in these pages every couple issues. Since many sf fans have collected comics at one point, I think this will be of interest.

Taral Wayne

Along with everyone else in science fiction fandom, I am thrilled at how well Taral has recovered from the stroke he recently suffered. If you follow his Facebook postings and other news outlets about fans (File 770, I am talking about you), then you are well aware of this. Here is one of the first articles Taral has written in the past couple months. I am honored and humbled to present it here.

Walt Wentz

Taral's frequent collaborator and proof-reader, Walt returns with an article that fits in with the times and the society we live in. It does seem as though peoples' rude meter has been cranked to 11, so I think Walt hits the proverbial nail on the head with this.



Getting Reacquainted

Taral Wayne

It's been a bit more than two years since I first became acquainted with Traveling Matt, in December of 2014. It seems it must have been longer ago than that, but a quick check of fingers and toes adds up as it should. The tricky part was that the two-years-and-a-bit were spread over *three winters* ... and three winters somehow seemed ever so much longer than two years.



The last two years were even more surprising when viewed subjectively. So much has happened over the past couple of years that it almost seems like a lifetime ago. While acquiring Traveling Matt changed my life for the better in many ways, at the same time there was a progressive deterioration in my health that defied my expectations. As my readers have followed, I reported swelling legs, then increasing sleeplessness, sometimes lasting two or three days at a time, until I finally resorted to sleeping upright in an office chair ... since lying down had become impossible. From this, it was discovered – to my physician's surprise – that I had a lung filled with fluid. No wonder I couldn't sleep, and the least effort led to exhaustion. I was retaining fluid around the heart as well, which was not immediately recognized. Later, as it became obvious that I was not responding to diuretics as I should, I was taken by the hospital, because I was in a situation of congestive heart failure in progress.

And I was still not out of the woods.

In response to medication, things had begun to improve over the next few next months. Unfortunately, the reprieve was temporary, and the swelling in my legs returned. Tests with a cardiologist produced negative results, indicating that the heart was not the cause of my condition. It was declared that my heart was fit as a fiddle – all I needed was to pump the water out of my lungs and the lining the around the heart.

That was when I had the first stroke, near the end of February.

I was not very seriously affected. I felt almost normal within a couple of days, in fact, and was released from the hospital after less than a week. But now I had an *arrhythmia*, which no one had noticed until that moment. It had taken days of monitoring the valves and heart action to reveal the sneaky little bugger. It had apparently occurred only sporadically, lying in wait for the right moment.

So, I was prescribed some “magic pills” that would cause the arrhythmia to go away. It was a very effective medication, I was assured, and my life would soon be back to normal. Unfortunately, I was one of those unlucky one-in-five who didn't respond to the drug of choice, and the *second* stroke was a lulu. I was back in the same hospital in less than two weeks, and this time the measures taken to deal with the damage were far more extensive. I was placed on a different medication that is just as

effective, but requires regular monitoring ... because small changes in my blood chemistry could conceivably kill me. Had I been put on Warfarin from the start, I would probably not have had the second and more serious stroke. They didn't bury my doctors' mistakes *this* time, but it was near enough.

The long and the short of it, though, is that I actually have been feeling far better since February, when I began the gradual recovery from my stroke. Almost all the swelling in my legs is gone, I sleep regularly, I'm not subject to as many aches and pains that impede movement and make rest more problematic, I'm more active than I can remember being in a long time, I appear to have more appetite and I seem to be coming slowly up to speed with my writing again.

Inevitably, I still have some work to do. Notably, I can lose my fine control when excited, or tired, or at loss for a word. I also seem to have rather little interest in drawing ... although, ironically, it was drawing done while in the hospital that showed the least effect on my abilities. Finally, I *sleep* too much. Everyone tells me it is therapeutic, part of the healing processes, and I should indulge myself. Before, I was just called a lazy bum, but I decided that I could easily live with that.

In a supreme irony, the Warfarin prescribed for my arrhythmia prevents me from eating my vegetables! I am strictly forbidden to make any sudden changes in my diet ... so if I'm accustomed to eating hot dogs, burritos, pizza, donuts and ice cream, then that's what the doctor orders! Any do-gooder who wishes I would eat a healthier diet is liable to kill me.

It might be said that I took Traveling Matt to the hospital with me, but it is as true to say that Traveling Matt took *me*. I managed to collect my gear when the magnitude of the disaster sank in, locked up after myself and drove the half-mile to emergency admittance. Whatever happened, because I had my own wheels and could look after myself, I would be alright. As I gradually recovered from the worst effects of the stroke, Matt was a pillar of strength during the ordeal. But to my consternation, I began to fear that Matt itself was ailing ... not performing as well as it ought to. It some time before I became sure of it, and that my doubts were not merely reality conflicting with a faulty memory. All too many things seemed not to be working in my head as they should ... not the least of which was Traveling Matt itself. Was it my imagination on the way home from the hospital two weeks later, or had I only enough juice in the battery to drive home from St. Joe's? I was certain that Traveling Matt once had enough power to drive all the way to the mall and back, without showing any loss of pep. I was equally sure that the trip back home was far slower than before. I feared that Traveling Matt was slowly losing its ability to carry me.

But had it *always* been that way ... or was it a case of crucial neurons not fully awake yet? I was utterly confounded by the bread maker, for instance. With uncertainly at every step, I measured oil and water, added powdered milk, sugar, salt and finally yeast ... and I ended up with a something like a small cannonball. It took two more attempts before I was confident enough to reproduce edible results consistently. Similarly, not the devil himself could have made head or tail of the microwave oven. It was so far from intuitive that I had the social workers downstairs come in to look at it for me, and *they* were also unable to unlock all the mysteries of its operation. We had to settle for such simple procedures as turning on the power, and for how low long. It was nearly a month before I could attempt sophisticated operations such as lowering the power settings, or even programming *two or more* power settings.

But nothing came close to the sheer confusion, dismay, frustration, anger and tears brought on by my attempts to operate the wide-screen television. It seemed like it should be a simple matter ... turn on the set, adjust the stereo amplifier for sound, then select the appropriate screen format to view the picture. Easy as pi. But it turned out to be unexpectedly complicated, and I somehow made frequent mistakes with the remote that defied explanation. I was coping just fine for a time ... but then everything went two ways from Sunday, and the TV set rapidly approached a state of apparent uselessness. Panic-stricken, without *either* television or movies I could play, I phoned my sister, only to be offered the ancient wisdom that television sets *do* wear out or break down. She would help me shop for a new one over the weekend if it was an emergency – and it was, trust me. Nothing to do without TV or movies? Unthinkable!

Fortunately, I was able to phone a friend that same night, and he offered to drop by next evening to sort out the trouble.

Oh, and was my face red. To be honest, I had so thoroughly mucked up the settings on the remote that I think I may have penetrated time-and-space and have been receiving gravity waves from intergalactic space instead of regular programming. But at the bottom of the trouble was that the batteries had died, and it simply didn't occur to me that this was the cause of the trouble.

As for the computer, I couldn't seem to remember from one moment to the next the passwords I wanted to type in, and I would repeat my errors endlessly. I was only able to go on line with the supervision of my friend, Steven, who patiently copied or dictated messages to the outside world for me. I remember vividly the first time I successfully logged on myself, with no-one there to supervise. Then, in the weeks that followed, I slowly learned to make sense with words again. Only simple statements at first, then gradually more complex ones, and finally weaving my way through more difficult syntax to express more sophisticated ideas.

As my confidence with words increased steadily, my concerns about Traveling Matt where only temporarily abated. There was something definitely wrong with Traveling Matt. Over a startlingly short time, Matt was barely able to return home from down the street. Reaching the bank or the supermarket would soon be impossible.

Clearly, the situation had become critical enough that it became my first priority to contact Traveling Matt's maker, even though I had not found the means to cover repairs. No one seemed to have any advice at all about how Traveling Matt's upkeep could be transferred from the Ontario Disability Support Program to my government pension. In fact, initial indications seemed to suggest there was no way! But I wasn't able to do without mobility for a number of weeks while the matter was sorted out. The manufacturer of the chair told me the replacement batteries cost \$300 ... a cost out of my own pocket that I was not glad of, but that I could bear. For a year's worth of useful work from them, that seemed almost reasonable. I called the service rep, who said he would make the call within the week. What I had no hint of was of that the chair required *two* batteries, not merely "batteries" in a collective sense. *Two* separate batteries, which *together* cost \$800 ... and no-one breathed a word to this to me. Apparently it was the most ordinary thing in the world for me to reach into my wallet and take out three or four extra C-notes as though everyone did this without even thinking about it!

I was almost reconciled with that, but the service guy was eying the right front shocks with a speculative eye, and listening for squeaks. To be fair, the squeaks were quite audible, and had already

become a cause of mild concern. On the street, I sounded like an old gas buggy on a corduroy road. It was the service guy's opinion that the fault lay in a design flaw, the result of two different metals in the shocks that corroded, and sooner or later failed. But there was no telling whether they would fail next week or next year. His recommendation was to replace the part immediately, rather than wait to find out.

Well, naturally – why *not* be safe when you have two-or-three thousand dollars to replace the part, and *not* be sorry – especially if it is the customer who pays for it. As soon as the repairman was gone, I was already phoning the medical supply company to complain about the surprise about the batteries, but I now also had the shocks to worry about replacing. However, no one was able to quote a price from a list. I had to wait another couple of days until I found a message on my answering machine, which would reveal whether the repair would take another few hundred dollars ... or whether I was likely to be lining up in soup kitchens for the next few weeks.

I made it clear, fast, that unless I found some kind of assistance for the disabled on a *very* fixed income, there might not be any repair. I complained to anyone who would listen that it was beginning to seem as though maintaining a mobile chair was going to be damn nearly as expensive as owning a used car! *Surely* it can not make sense for the government to provide Traveling Matt in the first place – through the Ontario Disability Services Program – and then have no plan to keep Matt it repair once I transferred from ODSP to the Canada Pension Plan ... but instead just let him sooner-or-later break down, wasting the previous investment for “the lack of a nail?”

So now I had to figure out how to get the government involved once again – and do it before I needed any *more* supposed repairs. Once the government has paid for *anything* it has not already agreed to pay for, you see, the money will *never* be reimbursed. That is a law of nature as inviolable as the laws of thermodynamics.

The bottom line was that I might take able to take one solid \$700 hit to the pocket, but not one that might conceivably cost me *an extra thousand or more*.

Technically, I hadn't even paid for the batteries that were installed, let alone a costly repair. Until I'd sent in the bill, I hoped there was still a fighting chance that the company that made Matt might be persuaded to re-bill the government. I knew not to count on it, though. Businesses are usually very cautious about how to bill, and frown on creativity. If there is any prospect it will be me who foots the bill, I had best start counting my pennies.

Nor under any circumstances did it seem a viable alternative to take my chances with deferred repairs. What alternative was there? Mobility was not an option. Yet I could easily be reduced to eating franks-and-beans or spaghetti for five days a week again ... instead of the “new wealth” from my retirement that I had just become accustomed to.

There is nothing like mounting bills, worrisome decisions and growing headaches for having a stroke. You should try it.

But we must look at the bright side, since once the necessary government action is in motion, it may all work out in the end. I have already been told that the replacement shocks are not as costly as I first expected. Only *another* \$150 ... and that will include *another* \$100 service charge, of course. But

compared to what has been already spent on Traveling Matt, it could have been far worse. And if the battery life is good for another couple of years, I should be trouble-free for a while. It may be best to chalk it up to the cost of mobility.

I was assuming that the story ended at this point, but of course some stories *never* end, and there are already more twists and turns in the plot ahead.

To keep *this* story from getting any longer, I will only add that Matt was in the shop for a whole week, but the work was never begun. Instead, I was left waiting for them to call, only to be informed – finally – that the repairs which had not yet started would require \$2,000 *more* to complete ... “and when can we begin,” I was asked? I made the brutal observation that under the circumstances it was not possible to begin repairs at all, that Traveling Matt would just have to break down when the silly old bugger could no longer carry me, and I would then spend the rest of my life on a walker, within a few blocks of home.

At this point, I was convinced that I had become involved in a car repair scam from a TV sitcom.

My luck may finally have turned, however. I was given a number to call to put me in touch with the city’s Emergency Assistance Program, and – for once – there was a living human being on the other end of the line, who had actual information to help me. In a single afternoon we blew through all the red tape, established a written estimate quote for the repairs, and I will be visited by a case-worker in a couple of days. *Assuming* all goes well with the interview, it should be only be a matter of time before Matt is as good as new, and “the world begins again” ... even though a weekend in Vegas would have cost almost as much.

It will certainly be good to be free to travel the distance downtown again ... and not have to struggle up particularly steep hills an inch at a time.

Summer is coming round again!

Whenever winter ends, it’s as though the world begins all over again. Trees come to life, drink the rain and shake the bark off the freshly awakened greenwood. Of course, my summer isn’t what it used to be. There are a hundred things I can no longer do, a hundred places I can only go with difficulty. A lot of places I’m unlikely to visit, again just because it has become far more trouble than it is worth. I will certainly never again sit by myself in the middle of the night on one of the massive blocks of the breakwater where Lake Ontario ends, wondering whether the end of the world is really at the end of the black water. I don’t expect to see the moon rise over the ruins of a certain Edwardian fountain that was purposely abandoned in a wild place, or stand by while my backpack is ransacked by rowdy young raccoons in a North York public park. Nor am I likely see a Santa Claus parade in the falling snow



again, or row a longboat from the base at HMCS York to the nude beach at Hanlan's Point, where downtown Toronto grows almost quicker than they can deliver the concrete. There are secret ponds, mysterious wells, buried mansions and entire streets by the Don Valley River that have been entirely forgotten and swallowed up.

There is also the small swath of ground under which my mother is buried, and which I have only seen twice in my life.

While Traveling Matt will be repaired – with new batteries and parts – I have been revitalized as well, by medications. I hadn't felt this good for so long that it had become normal to be wracked with stiffness and pains, to be incapacitated from lack of breath at the slightest effort and to sleep sitting up in up bed. I had begun to forget what "normal" could be. In fact, I am far from normal – something people have facetiously reminded me of for years. Even now that I have become totally accustomed to slumbering upright, I recall that I have always been fond of sleeping in the seat of a moving car, for some reason. At this point, a large part of my eccentricities may be due to my unwillingness to experiment with habits that work. But the difference between habit and revitalization is a crucial one. I move around the apartment in an almost normal stride ... barring the unfortunate need to dodge around the bottleneck of Traveling Matt in the hall without spilling my coffee.

If there is a great deal that I don't expect to see again, I have gained a tremendous amount of freedom compared to only fairly recently. It is as though I have shaken off the snow-clad branches after a long, harsh winter and begun to move again. For the first few weeks, there are too many places calling me to decide where to go next. I must see High Park again, lay in a few pounds of fresh coffee beans at the Farmer's Market, renew my acquaintance with Sunnyside Beach, visit the neighborhood festivals and pointlessly take all the same photographs all over again ... just because the good weather is fun and exciting. Later, as the dog days of high summer begin, life forgets a lot of the hectic urgency of August, and one seeks a book to read in the shade instead ... and to turn up an efficient air-conditioner.

Then, all too soon, you begin to think about the shorter hours of Autumn ahead.

But time enough for all that later. Instead, Traveling Matt will soon be up-and-at-'em again, and then the two of us will be getting reacquainted once more.

- Taral Wayne



FINGERNAILS (AND OTHER SIDE-EFFECTS OF TEETH)

By Nic Farey

Little did I realize last year, when the concept for this piece first came to mind, that your Esteemed Editor here (all right, it's just John Purcell, but he needs the 'boo') would also be joining the Toothless Club of America, shortly to be followed by a lifetime membership in the Denture Club of America. The cautionary tale that follows can therefore also be interpreted as useful advice for the Transplanted Texas Tornado, or at the very least a primer on how not to deal with the situation of having unreal, though not imaginary teggies.

I've been a nail-biter since I was five years old, from my first day of school. This was a cause of great despair to my poor mother - well it was *one* cause of her great despair involving me, quite honestly there were too many of them, a list of expectations to which I couldn't possibly live up. Although when she found out in later years that Prince Charles was also a nail-biter, she backed off that particular critique in favor of others. Given the typical English reluctance to go to the dentist for anything, I nevertheless managed to keep a more-or-less full set of gnashers for a long time, but my suspicion is that eighteen months in jail drinking a *lot* of Pepsi rather than the obviously better for you cheap beer weakened everything to a point where it was undoubtedly going to start failing. I lost a tooth here and there after I got out, but not really in places that you'd notice. After I moved to Vegas from Maryland the process seemed to accelerate to the point where chunks of tooth would detach themselves into fried chicken brought to a Vegnants meeting by then member Derek, and then accelerated further to where I needed less than two full hands to count how many were left (8).

The remaining teeth were in positions which still enabled me to bite a bit (albeit having to gurn while doing it), and so such nail-trimming as occurred continued without the benefit of any kind of mechanical clippers. When you get to the point, however, where screaming toothache happens on a distressingly regular basis, even the most hard-headed of medical-and-dental-avoiding buggers (ie me) decides that "These last few bastards have got to go". A bit of synchronicity occurred whereby I got health (and dental) insurance from my now former employer, first time I'd had a sniff of either in over ten years, and Jen had come into a bit of money which would cover the remaining (four-figure) cost of extraction and dentures. This was just under two years ago, now.

The old lot of rot comes out in one go, with only one of the bastards being a bit recalcitrant, and I quite soon take delivery of the new gnashers. The timing worked out all right, since I got fired by YCS and

GIBBLEGUTS.COM

By Dan Gibson



was able to take a few days before starting at Lucky Cab. I found it easy enough to get the top set in, with the help of the glue stuff they sell, the bottom set being another very uncomfortable thing entirely. So obviously I need to get meself back up the dentist for an adjustment and refit, which equally obviously being a medical-and-dental avoiding type, I haven't done to this day.

With just the top set in place, you can't obviously tell that there aren't any bottom teeth in there, so both the proverbial horses and the actual passengers in the cab (and other people with whom I interact) are spared from being frightened. However, this means I can't eat anything crispy, or indeed revert to my nail-biting habits of yore, so I acquire actual growing fingernails for the first time in over 50 years.

There are a *lot* of things you do with your fingers (oo-er missus!) that require little thought or caution when they're blunt instruments, but a bit more delicacy when they're sporting vicious little weapons. Like everyone else in the mornings, I need to get the crap out of my eyes (and did you know that's the same stuff as boogers?), and it was a sharp (ahem) learning curve after the first time I scratched an eyeball doing it. In former toothed times, if I had an itch I'd rub it (sometimes quite a bit raw), but these days I can draw blood pretty instantly with a casual swipe at the annoying area.

Many, many years ago I remember a conversation at a "Tun" First Thursday in London (then at the Wellington in Waterloo) which ended with the whole table in helpless laughter thanks to "Grandad" John Philpott. The talk had turned to "truth in advertising", to which he observed: "I want to see truth in advertising for toilet paper - 'Gives yer arse a good wipe, and yer finger don't go through...'. Fingernailless, the going through failure of the product, while inconvenient, isn't as bad as having a ripped sphincter, even though that sounds like something Chuck Tingle might appreciate.

It occurs to me that the acquisition of the fake teeth leads to what might be considered a raft of "first world problems". I mentioned the glue earlier that stops the teggies wandering about in the gob in unfortunate ways reminiscent of Albert Steptoe. At the end of the day, when they come out, it's a good as a result as a dry fart when the glue is attached to the denture and not the roof of the mouth. However, that's hardly ever the case. I've been required, for the first time in almost ever, to acquire a toothbrush. I remember seeing some documentary that explained why non-urban Africans typically had such good, strong teeth, since they "brushed" them with what appeared to be tiny birch twigs which did a much better job than all the technology, electricity and tubed spoo does in the "developed" nations. The brush I have gets used to scourge off the glue on my palate at the end of the day, and of course the bristles get inundated with the stuff, to the extent that every new day feels like I'm ripping up the topside with - er - birch twigs. There's also a box of tablets which go all fizzy when you put them with warm water in the little plastic tank that holds the teeth when not gobside. These things are, I think, supposed to dissolve any of that residue, including leftover glue, and might come in handy to clear the pipes of the lumps of the stuff which get spat down the sink. I've yet to test this theory, but it seems as though it should work.

However, John, if there's a single piece of advice I'd pass along to you, it would be this: as our years start to approach certain values of "fuckin' old", we acquire all sorts of various spoo in tubes which can look very similar, especially in the early mornings when you're only half-awake. In my case, these include the Fixodent, A&D ointment and Icy Hot. Believe me, you do *not* want to grab the wrong one.

- Nic Farey

“What in Tarentino are you doing up at this hour?”

The Prevalence of A**holery

Walt Wentz

Perhaps I am getting old, but of late I have harbored a surly suspicion that a**holery has become the prevailing mood of this nation.

Lately I seem to detect the influence of a**holery everywhere ... notably while driving the freeway. The “maroon” who blazes past me at high speed in the right lane (ignoring the very real possibility that I might shift into that lane to allow him to pass, resulting in a catastrophic crash) seems a prime example of the genus a**holus.

Of course I can then enjoy the *schadenfreude* when said maroon immediately has to jam on the brakes to avoid ramming into the big lumpy tractor-trailer rig that has been blocking my lane for miles – and yet, on deeper reflection, I doubt the maroon is acting from the arrogant selfishness, the crude, uncaring indifference to the welfare and feelings of others which distinguishes your true a**hole. It seems more likely that he is merely an arrested adolescent responding to the banal, unthinking instincts wired into the primordial monkey-brain ... “Me first, me biggest, me fastest, me alpha-ape, ook ook!”

Similarly, the “Weaver” – the idiot who veers from one lane to another, jamming into every tiny space between cars, only to veer again into a space two lanes over – all to get just a few yards farther down the road, a little faster than anyone around him – might seem to qualify as a true a**hole.

Yet, it seems more likely that said idiot is, in fact, not acting from arrogance or self-aggrandizement, but is merely an idiot, neurotically obsessed with “saving time,” and completely unaware that aggressive driving has been scientifically proven to shave no more than a few seconds or minutes from the average auto trip – while geometrically increasing the odds for a massive crash, or a massive traffic ticket.

In fact, it would seem that the true essence of a**holery – the blaring, shameless, endless demand for attention and deference, the hysterical reaction to anyone getting in the way of the instant gratification of the a**hole's every desire, the petty vindictiveness expressed in empty threats and name-calling, the grandiose lies which reveal the inner conviction that the universe must adapt itself to the a**hole's self-centered “reality” – all these are most perfectly displayed in two-and-three-year-olds.

Anyone who has tried to enjoy a relaxed, quiet meal in a neighborhood eatery, only to have his ears blasted by the shrill shrieks, hoots and simian ululations of the toddler in the next booth, unrestrained by its doting parents, will leap to the conclusion that this child is a budding a**hole, and its parents a**hole-enablers *par excellence*. Yet the child is probably only delighted by the acoustics of the cinder-block walls and ceiling, which reecho and amplify its yowls in a most gratifying manner – and its parents, far from encouraging its bleatings, are simply too worn-out and beaten down to interfere.

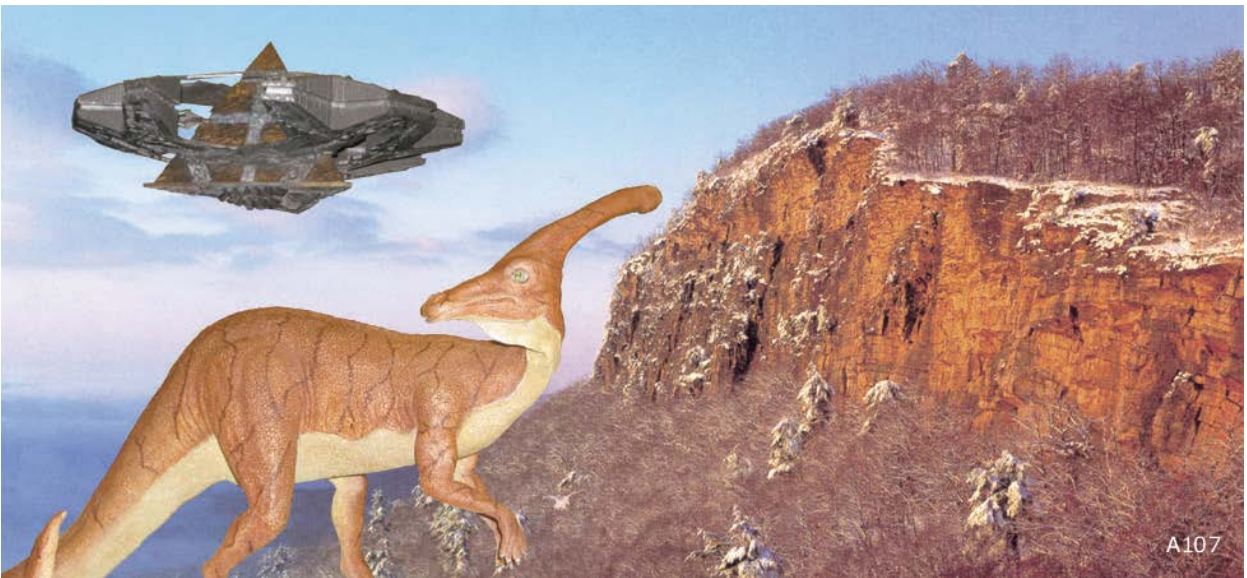
Similarly, while browsing through a Goodwill or St. Vinnie's in search of some undiscovered treasure, one will inevitably run into the haggard woman pushing a shopping cart laden with a squirming, flailing larva, which is constantly whining for the instant purchase of something or anything or everything, while instinctively pawing at

anything breakable which comes within reach. Even after you escape their immediate presence, you can track their progress through the aisles by the sounds of whining and shattering glass.

And yet ... In fact, selfishness, arrogance, whining, and the constant demand for attention, gratification, approval and the world's instant response to every petty resentment are all essential survival skills for the very young of our species. For two-to-three-year-olds, they are all perfectly normal.

However, they are *not* normal for an adult, 70-year-old man in charge of the most powerful nation in the world.

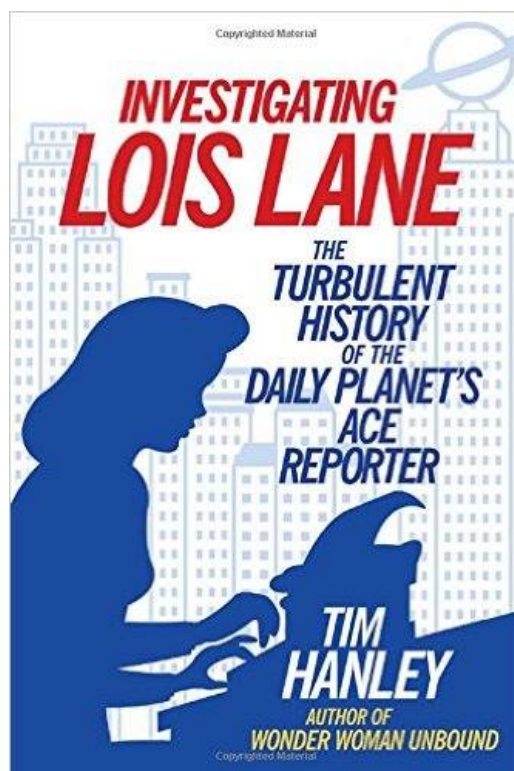
- WALT WENTZ



Doodle Space below: reader discretion

Tim Hanley's *Investigating Lois Lane: The Turbulent History of the Daily Planet's Ace Reporter*

Reviewed by Chuck Surface



Over the past two years, my comic-reading habit has shifted toward titles featuring female leads. I can't get enough of Ed Brubaker and Steve Epting's *Velvet*, Greg Rucka and Michael Lark's *Lazarus*, James Robinson and various artists' *Scarlet Witch*, Chelsea Cain and Kate Niemczyk's *Mockingbird*, and my favorite female superhero of all time, the Black Widow, in two series: one by Nathan Edmondson and Phil Noto, and the other by Mark Waid and Chris Samnee. As I recite this list, I hear the voices singing, "What about G. Willow Wilson's *Ms. Marvel*? And then there's the fan movement surrounding Carol Danvers, the new Captain Marvel, coming to movie screens everywhere, thank you very much? Speaking of powerful women and upcoming film releases, let's not forget Wonder Woman, as if we could. There's abundant room for titles from women writers and artists, but nonetheless, slowly but steadily we're nudging beyond girlfriends in refrigerators toward Bechdel's ideal.

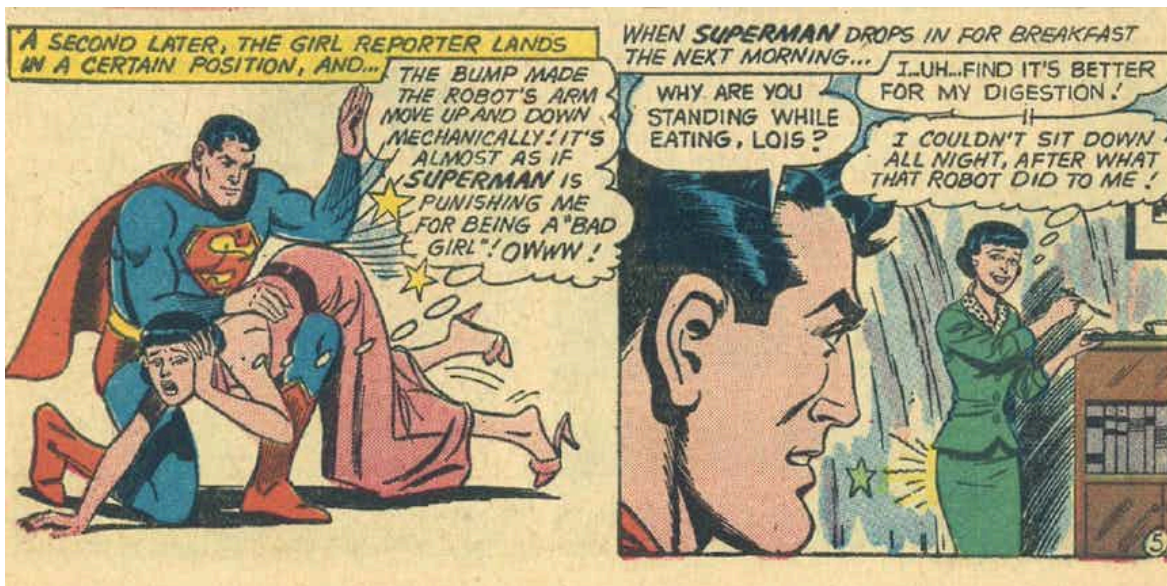
Tim Hanley reminds reading aficionados of one other female superhero often left off the roster, one who's been on the scene almost from the beginning:

Action Comics #1 hit newsstands in June 1938 and changed the entire course of the comic book industry. The book was an instant hit; the cover featured a man wearing a cape and lifting a

car, while inside was the debut story of a character who would go down in history as a tireless crusader for truth and justice. This hero was fearless and brave, quick to stand up to evildoers when no one else would, and unflappable in the face of danger. Her name was Lois Lane. (1)

Lois Lane a superhero? Yes, asserts Tim Hanley in his *Lois Lane: The Turbulent History of the Daily Planet's Ace Reporter*. Like Wonder Woman, the object of Hanley's previous book, Lois Lane has gone through character alterations depending on different writers, shifting industry trends, and progressing societal norms. The Lois Lane of my childhood -- the Silver Age figure falling out of windows, and trying to trick Superman into revealing his secret identity or into marriage -- hardly fits the image described in the quoted passage above. In fact, I resented Lois Lane, a continual distraction from the real action. Superman tirelessly struggled to outwit Lex Luthor or to bring Brainiac to heel, but there was Lois, eternally thrusting herself into peril and wasting his and our time. Superman's Girlfriend: what a pain. I wasn't the only boy holding this opinion. Hanley quotes Thomas Emory, a fan who in the letter column for *Superman's Girlfriend Lois Lane* #5 states, "If you ask me, Lois is a big headache for the MAN OF STEEL. Why doesn't she simmer down?" (65)

Now well into middle age, I understand my misperception. Lois's persona during the Silver Age stepped away from Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster's original "sob sister" hungry for a scoop. "She fought for every assignment she got, even stealing tips when she had to, and over the years endured kidnappings, fires, and explosions all in the pursuit of a good story." (1) Years later, in episode after episode Superman treated Lois like an unruly child requiring discipline and a firm lesson. Fans even called for Superman to spank Lois! Since Superman had been emotionally abusing Lois for decades, opines Hanley, why not move on to physical abuse her as well? Superman never spansks Lois directly, however. Instead, in *Superman's Girlfriend Lois Lane* #14 (1960), a Superman robot carries out the punishment, a plot mechanism that allows Superman to maintain his honor while Lois receives the treatment fans so thought she deserved.



Would that I could say that this was the most disturbing insult that Lois endured during this period.

Hanley's analysis ignites my shame. Thankfully, he illustrates Lois's heroic possibilities as well, such as her courage during *The Death of Superman* arc from 1992. He moves beyond comics into multimedia by discussing Margot Kidder's portrayal of Lois in *Superman: The Movie*, and Noelle Niell's defense of her television co-star George Reeves during the scandal surrounding his unfortunate death. With all this brought together into one historical timeline, I understand what I missed, and both the adult me and my inner-child now embrace Lois as a superhero who flourishes and inspires due to courage, moral strength, perseverance, and compassion. Superpowers? Nice bonuses, of course, but not the essence of what defines a superhero.

I feared that Hanley might again commit the sin that dampened my enjoyment of his work on Wonder Woman by overemphasizing a blow-by-blow history and not providing enough in depth commentary. If like me you're steeped in comic lore this might prove cumbersome, but relax. Hanley's target audience is not comic lovers but individuals interested in cultural icons. A superhero nut myself, I didn't expect to take away as much as I have. I now appreciate Lois's importance, her potential, and I respect how she encourages me and others to succeed. I'm not the only one to feel her power. Recently, author Gwenda Bond has started a series of Young Adult novels starring Lois. In each, a teenage Lois works for her high-school paper while facing off against wrongdoers. A youthful "SmallvilleGuy" remains a distantly romantic Internet correspondent who while helpful never swoops in to save the day. How annoying would that be? For his interference perhaps he might deserve a spanking? Both Hanley's offering and Bond's novels provide opportunities for all to enjoy a Lois closer to and more spectacular than Siegel and Shuster's original blueprint. Bond's third Lois Lane outing comes May 1, 2017, and then Tim Hanley will continue his explorations of female comic figures with Catwoman on July 1, 2017. I can't wait for either.



- Chuck Serface

From the Academia Strikes Back Dept.:

HUMAN SPECIES EATEN BY ALIEN THINKING DONALD TRUMP IS A GOOD LOOKING WOMAN

by Robin Bright, PhD

Misogyny is usually explained as woman hating, whereas an accurate reading of the first book of the *Old Testament* of the *Bible*, which is the history and law of the Jewish 'chosen people', that is, their Talmud and Torah, tells a different story. In Judaic tradition the first man created by God was hermaphroditic, that is, a woman with a penis, who're called futanarian humans. Consequently, Eve's appearance from the side of the anthropos, Adam, created therefrom by the creator, God, is a description of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' mode of species' survival through self-fertilization. The story continues with the addition to the plot of the angel, Satan, transformed into a serpent for rejecting God's plan that the human host should be greater than the angelic. Although the serpent, Satan, is often described as a penis symbol tempting Eve, Satan is actually in the role of the species' slaver of the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed' because he ensures that the descendants of Eve and Adam are ephemeral rather than immortal by persuading them to 'eat of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil', which it is death to taste, so causing the original pair to lose the 'fruit of the tree of life', that is, immortality, when God expels them from Eden, the paradise of heaven on Earth, for preferring death in ephemerality to eternal immortal life.

God tells Eve her 'enmity' with the 'serpent's seed' will end when her species leaves to colonise the planets amongst the stars through the sexual reproduction of her own futanarian race's brainpower: 'You shall crush the head of the serpent with your foot, but he will bruise your heel.' (*Gen*: 3. 15) In terms of misogyny, the penis which belonged to the woman, as the original species of 'woman's seed', is hated by the alien enslaver, because it produces human brainpower to assist the enslaved race in its desire to escape from the evil creature that, somehow untold millennia ago, inveigled itself into the host womb of futanarian 'woman's seed' to steal her penis and kill her human children. In parasitology, the parasite that emerges from the host to kill it is termed 'parasitoid'. Consequently, the serpent, Satan, represents the former saurian evolution that began during the Mesozoic period of Earth's history 248 m.a., whereas hominid evolution began around 220 m.a. in the Jurassic period.

Although God's angels are depicted as remaining in heaven, Satan and the 'rebel' angels are represented as enslaving the human race, which is a reminder that xenophobic hatred of other extraterrestrial races is anathema to God, whose angels are identifiable as saurian also. Because Satan is often depicted as a winged dragon, it's likely that saurians are what the *New Testament* of the *Bible*, which is based on the teaching of the Jewish Messiah, Jesus 'Christ', 'the chosen', meant by those rebelling against God's plan: 'The dragon was wroth with the woman and went to make war on the remnant of her seed.' (*Rev*: 12. 17) In fact the 'red dragon'

is represented as waiting to devour the child of the human race: "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) Although the child is depicted as male, a human futanarian woman with penis' `seed` of her own might be described similarly, that is, misogyny is penis hatred after the parasitoid alien has abrogated the human futanarian species' womb. Or, in simpler terms, the alien enslaver and killer of the human race hates `woman's seed` so much it's prepared to hate the penis it stole in order to kill the human more thoroughly.

Jesus' teaching was: `Love your neighbor as you love yourself.` (Mk: 12. 31) As a single species independent of her host womb enslaver, women's penis has been made relatively extinct, and sexual repression of her race, rather than love for herself as her neighbors, has prevented humanity's `seed` from reproducing the futanarian brainpower she needs to escape the parasitoid devouring alien invader. From the alien perspective, men are women, because they have the species' penis' semen, which originally belonged to the human futanarian species of `woman's seed`. Consequently, Donald Trump is an attractive woman from the perspective of the alien parasitoid devourer of the human race who could plunge the globe into `Armageddon` thereby making Donald an even more attractive woman from the alien's perspective. Armageddon is the modern term for the final battle between good and evil prophesied in the *Revelation* of Jesus' disciple, John, and taking place on the plain of Megiddo near the port of Haifa in Northern Israel.

Although good and evil seem simple to understand, a species that's been bred as a single male brained creature wearing each others' clothes for `TV` transvestism, and the broadcasting of wars' horrors to entertain its alien parasitoid enslaver, mightn't be able to think so; for example, without women in the battle, the good might be perceived as stay-at-homes. However, the host womb mothers of the combatants might be seen to correspond to the biblical `Babylon`, `a woman`, whose name appears in that of the capital city of the Persian Empire (c. 4000 B.C.), which is vilified in the *Bible*: `Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots and of the abominations of the Earth.` (Rev: 17. 5) A willing host womb to a parasitoid devouring alien is an `abomination`, which means that the women who produce war as stay-at-homes aren't good. In ancient Greece women's host wombs were institutionally enslaved for homosexuality in pederasty for war, and by the late 20th century the Greek `model` of democracy had resulted in the `biological weapon` of HIV/AIDS being spread by men's mixing of blood, shit and semen in each others' anuses, and which effectively ensured women's faithfulness to misogynist ring enslavement: `Men cursed the God of heaven for their pains and their sores, but refused to repent of what they had done.` (Rev: 16. 11) What they'd done was have humans equate evil with their own race's `seed`.

Although Jesus' teaching explains what'd occurred, there wasn't anything he could materially do, apart from appeal to the `spirit` of humanity: `At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven.` (Matt: 22. 30) Because Satan and the rebel angels correspond to God's first saurian evolution and God's angels remain in heaven, Jesus' teaching is an anti-xenophobic appeal for humans to understand that their futanarian species of `woman's seed` doesn't have `enmity` with the saurians *per se*: `Let he that has understanding understand. The number of the beast is the number of a man and his number is six hundred three score and six.` (Rev: 13. 8) In physical terms, the human species of futanarian `woman's seed` is absent by 33.3 % from the human equation, which consists of 66.6 % of the race bred by the alien parasitoid devourer as men and women with a single male brain wearing each others' clothes for the broadcasting of `TV` war for the entertainment of the blood-drinking *draco* vampire without a stake in its heart.

Consequently, the 'beast' is '666' recurring, that is, reincarnated, rather than the human species of 'woman's seed' resurrected, which is Jesus' teaching.

During the Roman occupation of Jewish Palestine, agents of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius, had Jesus taken to the hill of Calvary outside the city of Jerusalem where he was nailed to a cross of wood and left there to die as a 'dissident'. Jesus was born uncontaminated by male semen from his mother, the Virgin Mary, who was depicted iconographically by the early Christian church as crushing the head of the serpent, Satan, with her foot, because she was a type of the 'seed' of futanarian women, who don't need male semen to reproduce their own species. Jesus' Resurrection and Ascension to heaven, after his crucifixion, prefigured the Resurrection and Ascension to heaven above, that is, colonization of the planets amongst the stars, through the brainpower her 'seed' would sexually reproduce outside of slavery to the parasitoid devouring dragon of the 'serpent's seed' of war against her human race. In human terms, men's interactions with women are women's death scene, which is what the mass media doesn't want its viewers to know.

Before the German National Socialist (Nazi) Party was elected in 1933 and began incarcerating the Jewish 'chosen people', who'd be among the 20, 000, 000 killed in 'death camps', the President of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America (MPPDA), Will Hays, had established the 'Hays code' (1930), which effectively banned women's mode of sexual reproduction from mainstream media, so ensuring the slow extinction of the human futanarian race of 'woman's seed'. Thereafter humans were conditioned to accept only male semen, that is, the 'serpent's seed', after the film industry in the district of Hollywood, city of Los Angeles, in the west coast state of California, United States of America, prohibited women being seen to be able to sexually reproduce with each other: '... women, in love scenes, at all times have 'at least one foot on the floor' (in other words, no love scenes in bed).¹ By keeping women's futanarian foot on the Earth, the 'serpent's seed' ensure host womb slavery of the human race in ignorant ephemerality and war's parasitoid alien entertainment. The alien re-records itself as a reincarnation of what has gone before, whereas Jesus' teaching and example is that of the Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of 'woman's seed'. In simple terms, the alien manufactures men and women as its 'snuff film', which is an illegally recorded killing for entertainment.

Snuff movies are named for the way in which candles are 'snuffed'. Although the song 'Candle In The Wind' (1973) was written about Hollywood, Babylon, sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe, who was found dead in the nude in 1962, it was re-released in 1997 after the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, whose car crashed in the Pont D'Alma tunnel in Paris, France, while it was being pursued by *paparazzi* photo-journalists on motorcycles looking to shoot a few rounds of film off at her: 'Your candle burned out long before; your legend ever did.'² Dodi Fayed, heir to the Harrods' store in London, was Diana's Egyptian suitor killed with her, so the British royals' connection with Moslem Islam was too strong for the killer(s). Diana's car was crushed, and Saddam's name means 'crusher', that is, because Diana and Dodi were 'car crushed', Hussein, whose army invaded Kuwait in 1990, was implicated.

Saddam 'crusher' Hussein was a Moslem in Islam, which arose after Jesus' teaching when Mohamed, the descendant of Ishmael, son of Abraham, received the *Koran* (610-30 C.E.) from the angels. Judaism was founded by Isaac, son of Abraham and Sara, who was barren after Isaac's birth, so gave her 'Egyptian maid',

Hajer, to Abraham, who bore Ishmael, whose descendant Mohamed founded Islam, which permits four wives. Judaism is futanarian insofar as a Jew can only be born from a woman, like Jesus from his mother, the Virgin Mary, uncontaminated by male semen. In Islam four wives are permitted, which affords the opportunity for women's mode of sexual reproduction between each other to facilitate their escape from slavery to men of the unredeemed 'serpent's seed'. As an Egyptian, Dodi Fayed was a Moslem of Mohamed's Islam, that is, a descendant of Ishmael, and some Christians believe that Moslems are illegitimate because Hajer wasn't Abraham's wife.

Iraq was subsequently invaded by the US in March, 2003, resulting in Hussein's execution on December 30, 2006. American actress, Koo Stark, who made the pornographic film, *Emily* (1977), labeled 'softcore' because such films don't feature actual sexual intercourse, was touted as a possible marriage partner for England's Prince Andrew, and history suggests Koo's wait was over when Kuwait was invaded by Iraq's 'crusher', that is, the American's failure to marry into the British royal family resulted in Saddam Hussein's being able to invade Kuwait, because the USA was denied influence in the Middle East through the British royal family's connections with Arabian royals, for example, the Emirates, and particularly the Emir of Kuwait, during the first Gulf war (1990-1). Although Koo's career in 'softcore' porn was lampooned and resulted in her ultimate rejection by the British royals, the absence of 'woman's seed' in pornographic films and mainstream mass media culture explains her developing a role within a medium censored to prevent women from knowing about human sexual reproduction.

The 'other woman', Diana, was ambassadress for the United Nations' (UN) before her death. Her self-imposed remit had been to deal with the threat posed by unexploded anti-personnel mines menacing traditional communities after the wars in Eastern Europe subsequent to Russia's withdrawal, which'd occupied territories there since its defeat of Nazism in WWII (1939-45). During the Bosnian war (1992-95) Christian Serb militia set up 'rape camps' in which upwards of 70, 000 Moslem women were raped in order to ensure the male braining of a generation of 'woman's seed' in Islam. Diana's relations with Egypt's Dodi Fayed was seen as an attachment to Moslem Islam in the same way as Abraham'd been attached to Hajer, 'the Egyptian woman', which was seen in Judeo-Christianity as resulting in illegitimacy, that is, Ishmael was illegitimate, and therefore so was Mohamed's *Koran*, because slavery for war didn't want futanarian 'woman's seed' sexually reproducing within the four wife families of 'the Egyptians' the brains needed to escape the pogroming of the 'serpent's seed' of irredeemable male nature. Consequently, Koo and Diana were 'political assassinations', because the parasitoid alien devourer wanted male brained war. AP mines exploded when a foot trod, so they were a metaphor for men's lame braining of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' through slavery to ephemeral ignorance in war.

After the execution of Saddam 'crusher' Hussein, Iraq's Abu Bakr Al-Baghdadi declared an independent Levant, and as the symbol of the Republican Party in the USA is the elephant, Donald Trump's role was to respond to the trumpeting of that Levant, which began as the Independent State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS) because of opposition to the rule of Syria's President Bashar Assad within Syria's borders and opponents of the US backed regime in Iraq. Claiming to be a caliph in Islam, Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi claimed territories as far away as Spain for his Moslem Caliphate, which resulted in wars that toppled the dictatorships of Ben Ali in Tunisia, Gadaffi in Libya, and saw the removal of Egypt's President Mubarak as the Judeo-Christian powers, with their allies amongst the Moslem royals in Islam, moved against ISIS and the Independent Levant (IL). The first

trumpetings of ISIS` Levant was discernible on September 11, 2001, when the terrorist group, Al Qaeda, `the base`, operating under the auspices of the notoriously misogynist Taliban regime in Afghanistan, hijacked civil airliners to crash them into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York city.

In Egyptian mythology Isis is a sun goddess, whose role it is to remember the incarnated sun god, Ra, dismembered by the evil god, Set, after Ra`s incarnation as Osiris, and who Isis restores as the `sky god`, Horus, symbolized as a hawk, because its eyes see everything on Earth below heaven above. Although Isis restores Osiris, she can`t find his penis, and so gives him a new one, which suggests Resurrection and Ascension to heaven of `woman`s seed` where humans will be born from sex between futanarian women. Consequently, the ISIS` Levant of misogynist Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi`s Islamic Moslem Caliphate is a perversion of the Egyptian myth, because Isis` remembering of Osiris is a remembering of her own race of futanarian `woman`s seed`. Because Judeo-Christian tradition has it that the last trump will be blown by God`s angel to announce the day of judgment upon the evil who will receive eternal unendurable pain, that is, perdition, while the good receive a new heaven and Earth, US President Donald Trump is expected to be a part of what that nation calls its `Manifest Destiny`.

Destiny is largely associated with the spear of used to pierce the side of Jesus by the Roman guard, Longinus: `Surely, this was the son of God.` (*Matt: 27. 54*) Jesus always called himself `the son of Man`, because he was the child of his mother, the Virgin Mary, so futanarian human `woman`s seed`. Jesus` teaching was that a Holy Spirit would teach after him. so Longinus` spearing of his side was aimed at the spirit of Eve. The first Eve emerged from the side of Adam, according to the *Bible*, and Jesus was known as `the Second Adam`, so the Romans expected the Holy Spirit to emerge from his side as `the Second Eve`, which they wanted to kill, because she was the spirit of human futanarian nature. In other words, from a misogynist perspective, that is, a penis hater`s, Donald Trump and Abu Bakr Al Baghdadi are a couple of good looking female elephants, who won`t be going to heaven if they don`t accept Jesus` teaching about `woman`s seed`.

The Gulf wars, with their slow-moving US A10 `flying pigs` armed with armor-penetrating cannon, were often deemed to be about oil, because Iraq was the fifth largest oil producer, for example, and the US` automobile industry needed it. However, doomed to oinkoil as the `serpent`s seed` wending its way along the roads between the canyon walls of its slave cities, the Gulf warriors bore more than a resemblance to those pigs driven by demons to run off a cliff and drown after Jesus cast the demon, `Legion`, out of the body of a man he met on the road near the town of Gadarene. A metaphor for the legions of Rome then occupying Jewish Palestine, the passing of the demon, `Legion`, into the pigs, who then drove off a cliff and drowned, is a figurative illustration of the role of men`s armies with regard to motor oil. Damned by men`s addiction to the eternal combustion engine, the human futanarian race of `woman`s seed` can`t reach the stars to colonize the planets, but oinkoils ceaselessly in its alien parasitoid desire to kill for entertainment the human host that bores it.

Like a timepiece, in which the wheels and the cogs go around, men in their wheeled automobiles are the `remnant` of the cocks of `woman`s seed`, revolving while the misogynist penis hating parasitoid alien killer of the human race has its revolutions and its `Legion` uses its revolver to exterminate the species: `Oooh! It's a killing machine. It's got everything. Like a driving power; big fat tyres - and everything!`³ The track, `Highway Star` (1972), from the album, *Machine Head*, by the British rock group, Deep Purple, is about a drac. *Dracula*

(1897) was a horror genre novel written by Irish writer, Bram Stoker, popularizing the vampire myth, which began with Vlad Dracul, Prince of Wallachia (1431-76), whose practice it was to impale his victims on stakes of wood. Although the vampire legend is of creatures that are immortal, because they drink human blood and can bestow their gift on their victims, they're monsters killed by a stake through the heart, which is confusing for those who know that, historically, it was Vlad's victims that were killed by a stake through their hearts.

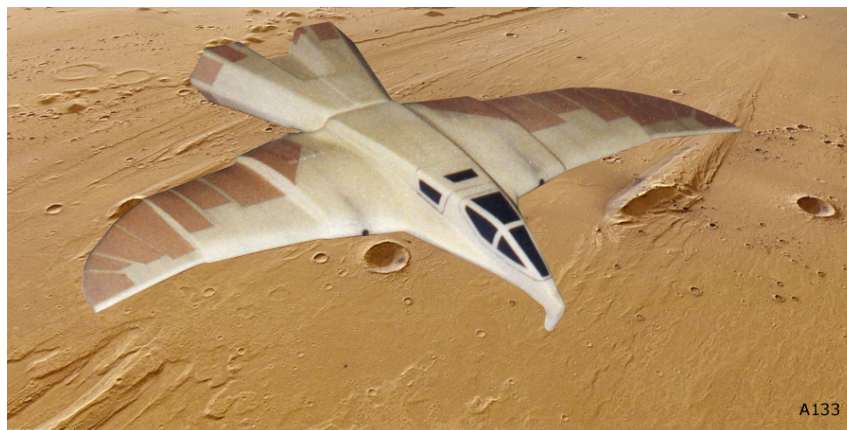
By transposing the human futanarian penis of 'woman's seed', the stake in the heart of the vampire becomes the women's penis, because her 'seed' will kill it. The legend of the vampire, *draco*, is a description of the human host's sexual repression by an alien parasitoid to pervert humanity's understanding into accepting the damning of its brainpower to prevent it learning that human sexual reproduction through 'woman's seed' is the secret to escaping enslavement to the devourer. Instead of explicating how the penis' semen of the human species of futanarian 'woman's seed' is the stake in the heart of the vampire, the *draco* is depicted as conferring immortality on nubile young women by sinking its serpent's fangs into their necks and parasitically drinking their blood. Its extinction by impalation is depicted as being for beautiful young women, while the vampire is represented as a Christ-like figure conferring eternal life, whereas its success as a long-lived parasite is dependent upon the extinction of humanity's 'seed'. God's plan is that the penis' semen of the human futanarian species of 'woman's seed' produce liberating brainpower and immortality through medical science and bio-rejuvenation technology, which is the stake in the enslaving parasitoid alien *draco*'s heart. As the vampires cock the hammers of their revolvers against their victims, and the wheels of the machine heads go around upon the Earth in their revolutions, the vampire *draco* dooms 'woman's seed' to produce its undead corpse's shell in slavery to the parasitoid war of the alien against the human race's desire to colonize the planets amongst the stars above.

1 <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/FootPopping/> .

2 John, Elton and Bernie Taupin 'Candle In The Wind', *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*, MCA, 1973.

3 Blackmore, Ritchie, Ian Gillan, Roger Glover, Jon Lord, Ian Paice, 'Highway Star', Deep Purple, *Machine Head*, EMI, 1972.

- Robin Bright, PhD



From the Hinterlands



*Okay. In the interests of speed – as in, getting this fershlugginer issue done and sent to Bill Burns **Real Soon Now** – I am going to barely respond to locs. Face it: this zine has to be done before I leave in two days. Forgive me, but this is my decision. Discuss the issues amongst yourselves while I am gone. I shall catch up when I get back.*

In the honour of where Valerie and I are going, the above is a beautiful picture of a lake somewhere in the wilds of Finland. I sincerely doubt we will be able to partake of vistas like this during our travels, but for now staring at this picture and meditating should help. Ommmm.....

Ray Palm

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June 8, 2017

Enjoyable issue of *Askance*, #40, the anniversary collection. Like you I was really impressed with the reprinted cover art for *Askance* #17, the way Taral used black extensively. Another artist might have put in stars to break up the black area but Taral's decision to keep it solid was the best way to go. At one time I thought I can come across across a Japanese art term for the predominant use of black but I can't remember the word and it's evaded my Googling efforts. Maybe one of your readers is familiar with the term.

So you only won TAFF 2017 by only one vote? When the race was on I used Google to find more info on you and the other candidates. Your name popped up at the top of the hits which to me showed how hard you had campaigned.

Ray

Thank you, Ray. I believe you hit on the reason why Google search revealed my name so much: I really was posting a fair amount during this year's race. You have to admit, don't you, that the TAFF Race was nowhere near as acrimonious as last year's American presidential race? I thought so.

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June 16, 2017

Sorry this has taken so long, and I am having some computer problems right now, too, but that is not stopping me from getting on with locking an e-stack of e-fanzines. Next up is *Askance 40*...happy anniversary!

And 44 years in fandom, way to go. I remember watching Star Trek on the Buffalo NBC station in its initial run, and reading SF anthologies from the library, but most of all, when the family moved to the west coast, finding a Trek club in December of 1977. I date my own activities from there, so at the end of the year, it will be 40 years for me. I think Yvonne can brag about 40 years right now. Glicksohn's Maxim applies more than ever now. FIJAGH for me too, to ensure that you can finance those good times we all want.

After our own travels into England this past August, I remember our own travels into Kings Cross station in London. The escalators rise up at an angle larger than most I've been on, and they go upwards fast. The actual train station is huge, and wide. So many rail lines come to their terminus. The night life as described really isn't for me. James should know that while we had a great time in London, we are now planning our return. Perhaps we can get together this time, and attempt a First Thursday.

We all make our own ways into fandom differently. For me, both SF and ST, but most of all, the people you meet as you enter, and the friendships you make, some of which will last a lifetime. High school was dull, and SF books helped to liven up my life with fast trips to what may lie hidden beyond the Galactic Rim. Some fans I know are a piece of work, that's for sure... We are all horrible human beings in that we seem to need to find someone to put down so we can somehow feel we've been elevated. Now that I am on the other side of 40 years in fandom, all fans and interests are valid, for they have found an interest to devote themselves to and love, and to feel a part of things, and feel they are contributing to. Claire...those who do not believe the dead can rise again have never been at a science fiction convention on a Sunday morning. At the risk of losing whatever street cred I might have had with fanzine fans, I have returned to the fun of dressing up through steampunk fandom. There, I am creative in that with a couple of exceptions, I have created my own costumes (Yvonne made me a couple of

vests), and I can put together steampunk jewelry for our own vendor's table. Our journey through fandom takes us to some different places. Who knows where I will end up?

Ah, great covers. Only once did I take advantage of the talents of our assembled fan artists, and that was when I put together our CUFF trip report. David Thayer and Brad Foster collaborated on that cover, and I am sure the cover was half the attraction of the publication. I remember Alan White's Delineator, and my copies are safely tucked away in my collection.

The Proceedings of the 1962 Worldcon...well, that's one publication I don't have. I know of some chairmen who were so busy racing around getting things done for their own conventions (lack of others to do it, few gophers) that they were not able to attend them. They were out getting more for the con suite, green room, registration area, etc.

I suspect that Paul Skelton is right about the fan Hugos, although I hope he's wrong. Yet, Stiles and Glyer may have been the last of us to win a Hugo, and few of us will come even close in the future.

My loc...death is on my mind these days. We did lose Yvonne's mother Gabrielle, and later this summer, we will be travelling north to Cache Bay, Ontario for her funeral. Yvonne's brother Jules made it into hospital with blood clots and a very slow heart beat; a two-week hospital stay with medications, and the installation of a pacemaker, saved him from an early death. Had a little bit of work by working registration tables at local conferences and trade shows, and did a little bit of voice work, too. Yet, full-time work eludes me. I may be considered for some warehouse work, or some freelance proofreading work, but I must wait for decisions on both. We did our table at CostumeCon 35, and again at Anime North, and sales were good, but not great. More shows yet to come.

Al Bouchard's loc...we ran some great parties at Chicon VI, and our reward for running them was my dismissal from the Torcon committee. Ah, they did us a favour, for we afterwards joined the LA in 2004 committee, and had ourselves a great time, and got a lot of good work done.

Ray Palm's loc reminds me that recently, a comics artist from the Montreal area, Gisele Lagace, was on her way to a comics convention in the US, and was stopped and permanently prohibited from entering the US. No one seems to know why. (In case anyone wonders who she is, she often draws under the pseudonym Giz.

I am simply not going to be able to get anything ready for WOOF, John, which is my normal each year, but I wish you luck as you head off to northwestern Europe. I envy your ability to travel like that. TAFF does the trick for a lucky person each year.

Anyway, I will wrap it up, and see if I can get this to you. I am having wifi adaptor problems, and may get ourselves a new one tonight, or sometime this weekend. Speaking of which, happy weekend to the whole Purcell Posse, and thank you for this 80-pager. See you with the next one, and looks like I might have gotten this loc in just in time.

Lloyd

{Thank you for yet another splendid loc, Lloyd. Hmm. "Loc and Lloyd"?? No. I had better not go there}.

John Thiel
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I was very pleased to see your impressive anniversary issue, and it made my evening to read through it. It has a celebrant feeling that I picked up on, and I liked your corresponding fan reminiscences very well indeed. Best of luck on your trip to Helsinki; I will be interested in reading about it in Askances to come.

John Thiel

Thank you, John. My trip report will probably be appearing in quite a few different fanzines over the next two years before I pull the whole shebang together for its proper completion.

Dave Haren

May 17, 2017

Hi John,

I quite enjoyed your latest issue. I'm probably quite remiss in almost never commenting on the artwork in fanzines. Over the years the artworks of science fiction have been a real joy for me, if there's anything to lift me from the mundane to the possibilities of something much different it has to be those glimpses of otherness.

I see my joking about post modernes has worked and now Derrida must cringe at the thought of what he has created coming to europe to haunt him.

Fortuneatly Taral has not lost the ability to do art. The trouble with strokes is the random nature of the strike to your facilities. Some of it you can work past to regain a level of functionality and some is fairly permanent damage. As the observer which usually has very little notion of what all the invisible machinery is up to, trying to get an assessment of what isn't there anymore is a real puzzle.

All the motor control stuff is fairly obvious. The rest is left as an exercise for the amateur neurologist by necessity.

Taking the long view, the propellorheads of the 1940s made a field where they could mutate from fans to pros. Content with their utopia they could indulge in the usual primate games. Their hanger-ons suddenly became convinced of literature with all its pretensions and voila SF had arrived as artform. This also shed most of the vitality which attracts the young along with the majority of the young folk.

The usual primate me-first and divisive games were played out on a wider field of movies cartoons comics and anime as each proclaimed its primacy. Propellorheads viewed with alarum, viewed with dismay, welcomed new converts and squabbled over minutiae. In other words business as she has always been done.

From the Olympian Heraclitian viewpoint the idea that it is being redone is false, no one is going to recreate the 1940s, anymore than they are going to get a primitive flash of the sensawunda of Star Wars or Star trek on first viewing.

A most satisfying read and artview in the latest *Askance*.

keep on keepin' on.

Dave

what's next

I will be honest, I really don't know what to expect in the 42nd issue of *Askance*, except to state the obvious: it will most likely appear at the end of September, 2017, with the first impressions and drafts of my eventual TAFF Trip report, complete with pictures taken during this massive journey. If memory serves me correctly, something that is a bit suspect at times these days, mine is slated to be one of the longest TAFF trips in the long history of TAFF. I really don't have time to research that right now, so I leave that up to one of you, gentle readers, to check into it and report in.

As for this issue's cover, Craig Smith is the person responsible for creating this wonderful mélange of this menagerie of fan artists. It first appeared on Facebook, and kept getting modified by folks who noticed some fan artists were missing, so those artists were then photo-shopped in.

Naturally, I don't really have a codified copy of this picture, but let's make it a game for readers. Try to identify as many of the fan artists specifically in this image. Now, there are a few other sf fans included, so watch out for those: the object is to identify and list just the **fan artists**. That is your quest. Send in your listing of spotted fan artists – now *there's* an image for someone to draw – and send it to me in your next letter of comment: your listing will be compared to the correct (as if!) code. Should be fun.

And speaking of fun, I have to go now and finish running errands and getting ready for my TAFF trip. I do hope to see many of you at WorldCon. Take care, and let the games begin!

- *John Purcell*