

RAY X X-RAYER #118

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raypalmx@gmail.com

<http://www.x-rayer.com>

BoXholder PO Box 2 Plattsburgh, NY 12901-0002

Pick A Procreator



Venus needs men.

After the last one dies off it's decided to restock on fecundating males. Assigned to this mission are Gamma and Beta, two curvaceous babes in swimsuit space suits. They rocket off into outer space to fill the reproductive needs of Venusian women with ticking biological clocks.

In case you're unaware women on Venus look just like women on Earth -- well, that is, if all terran females filled the requirements to win a Miss Universe contest. But the main point is that Venusian women are completely similar to Earth humans, ergo, no compatibility problems with DNA and interlocking body parts.

So with the right stock next door one would think they would go to Earth and grab what they need. Instead Venus sends its rocketship to Mars and other worlds, rounding up four different bipedal bizzaros.

There's Taugul who looks like a radiation-deformed Kewpie doll, his brain swelling outside his skull. Next is Uk, a fanged critter with one eye in the center of his forehead. With a flexible stalk Uk can move his eye into various positions, even extending it. Venusian women: Do you know where Uk's orb has been?

Any arachnophobes on Venus? Apparently not because this dubious selection of ET males includes Crassus who looks like a cross between a tarantula and a fright wig.

Saving the oddest for last is Zok, the walking dinosaur skeleton. That's right, no flesh. So how will he impregnate a Venusian woman? Apparently they pulled a boner with this one. Then again, maybe they did pull a boner and he passed the test.

Further details can be scraped up by watching the 1960 Mexican film, *Ship of Monsters*, a singing-cowboy-alien-babes-monsters-on-the-loose-blood-sucking-vampire-sci-fi-horror-comedy train wreck available online via YouTube. Or you can save time by finding reviews through Googling that succinctly describe the plot. A good example can be found over at the Atomic Monsters site, <http://www.atomicmonsters.com/lanavedelosmonstruos.htm>.

Thus fully informed you can decide which one -- Taugal, Uk, Crassus or Zok -- will provide the best genetic material. I rule against Crassus because his arachnid factor might only produce Venusian females of the black widow type. Thus Venus runs out of men again.



(A tip of the space helmet (better than a hat tip) to Dave Heran who introduced me to this goodbad film, i.e., a movie so bad that it provides good entertainment.)

The Magic Bullet Holes Affair

I think it's a goof, at least a distracting detail.

I noticed it when rewatching *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* TV episode *The Four-Steps Affair*. One night a wounded U.N.C.L.E. agent (one of the good guys for those not aware) seeks help at a secluded home in the countryside owned by the seductive Angela who is really a Thrush agent (one of the bad girls.)

Angela has a portrait studio on the second floor with a large sliding window. Angela lures the U.N.C.L.E. agent in front of the window, urging him to sneak away on the roof. As soon as he slides open the window bright studio lights snap on, silhouetting him, the perfect target.

A Thrush agent waiting outside opens fire with his automatic weapon, bullets drilling into the doomed U.N.C.L.E. agent and everything behind him. An array of large holes erupts in the wall. Shelf splinters. Cups shatter. Water sprays. Palette suffers a few flesh wounds.



Somewhat noticeable damage.

Top U.N.C.L.E. agent Napoleon Solo drives out from New York City into the Hamptons looking for the missing agent. I don't know how long it takes before he appears on the scene. According to Google travel time from the Big Apple to the Hamptons is about two hours. I'm assuming that along the way Napoleon stepped on the gas to get there sooner. Traffic would be lighter late at night. But let's say it takes him two and a half hours before he meets Angela.

She tries the same window trick with Napoleon, this time pointing to a shadowy figure outside that she claims is the missing agent. Of course the second time ain't a charm and she ends up being swiss-cheesed.

I have a problem after Napoleon enters the room. What happened to all of the bullet holes from the previous scene? He doesn't notice anything out of place?

OK, maybe there was enough time to fix the intense damage. The Thrush Clean-Up and Repair Rapid Response Team did the job in record time. Including scrubbing the floor to erase any evidence of major U.N.C.L.E. agent bleeding

But didn't Napoleon notice the shiny new plaster, the smell of fresh paint, the immaculate condition of the floor? Sherlock Holmes would and he ain't any superspy.

It's impossible to suspend disbelief when it tries to suspend you like a noose around your neck.

I still enjoy the first season of U.N.C.L.E., owning a DVD set. But that doesn't stop me from saying "Oh, c'mon!"

For example in the first episode Thrush knows that a tailor shop serves as a secret entrance into U.N.C.L.E. HQ. Thrushies penetrate the HQ in an attempt to kill the director.

So if that front is no longer a secret why do U.N.C.L.E agents still go through the routine of entering through a hidden door in the tailor shop's dressing room? Trying to dodge bill collectors?

MailboX

Re: XR #117 David Haren (tyrbolo@comcast.net) wrote:

Hi Ray,

I'm getting this one off early from the procrastinatorium.

I remember what Zappa said about the music industry being run by old bald cigar chompers who would try things in case they made some money. Then the junior whizz kids who had grown up on the music became the experts who decided what should be done based on their vast wisdoms. The whizz kids were wrong but once they were in control they could run the business into the ground. The audience just abandoned them except for what they were forced to hear on Muzak systems.

Comics are canon, because those who invested their lonely life in them know more about them than any fool who makes movies. Trekkies can chant the dialogue before the actor on screen gets it out.

Now it may be stylish to convert things but it is a sure way to kill the golden goose that makes you all the money. That the old bald cigar chompers understood perfectly.

Pratchett got away with the conversion of Conan because it was parody. Cohen was a great character in his own right. Made to duplicate the comics, movies are a must see and their best usage, changing the comics is dumb and worse loses you money and audiences.

I found a picture of an elf maiden stripper in a Squat (Space Dwarves) bar and captioned it as something cut from the Hobbit. Sometimes being left as is makes more sense. With PC sensibilities I'm sure the second John Carter movie has been shelved out of fear of public outcry. It takes a real looney to be offended by an alien from another world but Disney was never too tightly wrapped. The Lone Ranger being a prime example of screwing with the original beyond recovery. Texas is not in Arizona, but Disney execs don't own a map.

til next time

Dave

RX: Better procrastinatorium than vomitorium. ThanX for the feedback.

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– END That Greasy Kid Stuff XR #118 –