

TABOO SCIENCE FICTION #1

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Introduction

I have discovered over the decades that taboo science fiction (and fantasy) comes naturally to me. In fiction writing I happily tend to adult sex, malicious satire and bloody hell. There's no accounting for this; I'm just lucky.

But those writing tendencies in the science fiction genre result in stories the essentially juvenile and now politically correct sf and fantasy commercial magazine outlets have little use for.

In my enjoyable, well spent youth as a professional sex novel writer and as editor and publisher of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, I had to reluctantly conform to the various changing norms and needs and taboos of my publishers (Yes, even sex publishers had strict guidelines.) on the one hand, and had to keep SFR in semi-respectable territory on the other hand.

Now my SFR is long dead, the sex novel genre has been murdered by XXX video, and I find a need in my non-conformist writer's innards to loose the mutant Geisian hounds of Adult Science Fiction which bay for an outlet for stories of future anti- authoritarian japery and future socio-cultural-political sexcapades and occasionally the grisly future destruction of human bodies (because murder is so natural to mankind).

TABOO, let me note again, is an outlet, a place for my uninhibited experiments and self-indulgences in science fiction and fantasy. Here there will be fragments, sketches, anecdotes, vignettes and actual professional-form stories. TABOO will be like a box of choklits; sometimes you never know...

I have always subscribed to the argument that it is best to confront, admit and surface "Evil" sex and violence thoughts, rather than repress them and let them fester and grow in ugly subconscious darkness. That way fewer greedy manipulators (of all stripes) can take money and power from you by pushing your Guilt and Shame and Should buttons.

Further, I believe some "perverted" and "unnatural" thoughts and visions are very natural and inevitable in the human mind and should not be taken seriously. Voices in your head which tell you to dismember your demonic neighbor are the result of repression and suppression of "evil" thoughts, not healthy acceptance of natural and instinctive thought (with accompanying perspective and control).

We've got to understand and better learn to live with our "shameful" spontaneous human emotions, impulses and drives. 'Incorrectness' in the last analysis, is correct...because we don't have acceptable erasers.

At the same time we must have the knowledge and intelligence and experience to resist the true anti-social and anti-person impulses and emotions and drives which reside in us.

We must know, accept and thereby more easily control our gross, malevolent, primitive thoughts. If we fear knowing and accepting, then we will not have self-knowledge and power; we will have compulsive-obsessive behavior dictated by "Satan"...or by "God".

In our essentially inescapable, unnatural, overcrowded, too rationalized, still too repressed, too disciplined American present-day society (the inevitable model for an emerging world society), fantasy escape and fantasy frontiers in every area of thought are our only way to stay sane, cooperative and alive. ○

Satire

PSYCHOTIC AMERICA: Recreation of the Ancient Past
Episode One, Scheduled 8.5 month, TriWorld Internet R-Channels Year
5399 (AD).

Working ZZ7 Narrative/Graphics:
Dens 36810 Producer.
Sern 99460 Creator.

Recorded 3:15:5399.

He fondled her naked breasts as if he owned them. Part of her liked it.

DENS: Good pov creation. Were breasts that large back then?

SERN: Surviving images show that's possible. I boosted the nipples 50%.

DENS: Nice perfume. I like the schiz input.

Vikki Dane sat next to her new legal mate, Wesley Whyte, on the bench seat of his old pickup truck and nervously watched the curving, two-lane state owned highway rush under the wheels.

They whipped through tree shadows cast on the blacktop by the afternoon sun. Cold drafts blew up through the floorboards and in through loose vents and rattling windows. But the heater fanned swirling hot air into the cab, countering the icy intrusions.

It was late April, but still cold in these high valleys.

DENS: Difficult to believe those petro-driven machines.

SERN: I still can't believe those highways. A trillion kil of petro pavement! What incredible waste.

DENS: That was northern California? Under a kil of ice, now. What brand of truck is that?

SERN: Something called General Engines, I think. I had to guess. I faked the emblem. There are serious gaps in the archeological record.

DENS: I understand. Run more of your creation.

Wesley had pushed the ancient Chiv past seventy kpm and drove casually and skillfully with his left hand. He sang along to country and eastern music from the wireless receiver.

His right hand burrowed in her partially unbuttoned orange shirt and idly squeezed her firm, stick-out breasts. He had insisted she not wear breast cups this morning. He'd said, "I want access, darlin', you know? If I want to feel those sweet little tits, I want them naked and ready."

Vikki wondered for the hundredth time if she'd made the right decision when she'd said 'yes' and married him so quickly.

SERN: That music is from a shaft into Sattle. Prizers found a private vault with useable CDs dated from AD 01994.

DENS: That 'Darlin': provincialism?

SERN: Colloquialism or vulgate. I can excise if you feel it violates the canons.

DENS: No, use it. Only curious.

The old truck roared, vibrated and shimmied, and an ominous clunking pounded in the straining engine. From behind the cab the full load of her possessions from her studio apartment filled the cargo bed, and a covering canvas flapped and snapped in the wind.

A sinking sensation in the pit of Vikki's stomach grew worse as she became more and more aware that she was really on the way to live with him and his mother on a ranch in the mountainous, extreme northeastern part of the state.

God, she really didn't know much about him.

She'd met him four days ago at a 'model crafter's conclave'. A girl friend had dragged her there to look for men. Annette hadn't met anyone, but Vikki had.

DENS: Too much fear in the mix here. She's not virgin.

SERN: Anxiety about the mother is my thinking. But you're the producer.

DENS: Too much intensity here undermines the erotic times later. The holy helmets like to experience a crescendo of emotions and sensations. That's basic to the Eroto Maximus scriptures.

SERN: You're right. I tend to overdo in beginnings. I sink the hook too deeply.

DENS: And that 'model crafter's conclave' is too arcane; who will know what that is? Explaining it with flashback knowledge is time consuming. Too large a data dump.

SERN: I'll wipe it. But they have to have met somewhere.

DENS: Americans ate shamelessly in public places, didn't they? Have them meet in one of those burger animal slaughteries.

SERN: Good idea.

DENS: It's nauseating, but the pious Experiencers demand food realism.

God, how his eyes had lit up when he first saw her.

Wesley had been dressed in dirty jeans and a plaid lumberjack shirt. But he also had worn a large, eye-catching ruby ring and a diamond-encrusted Rolex.

DENS: Rolex?

SERN: A mechanical time keeper.

DENS: Incredible.

At first she had thought him too tall, too pudgy and too aggressive, but she'd yielded to his need to take her to dinner, then to his motel.

She admitted to herself she'd partly agreed to marry him because she owed two months rent on her apartment, \$500 on her Visa, and had just lost her monkey job at the Dollar And Up Shop. She was so tired of being in debt and doing without.

DENS: 'Monkey job'?

SERN: Low pay, low status employment. Slang is difficult.

DENS: I'm amazed at your detailed knowledge of that misbegotten civilization.

He'd promised her they'd live in a small, luxurious house separate from the big ranch house. He'd promised to pay off all her bills. In fact he had paid her back rent so they could get all her things from the apartment.

Maybe the clincher argument was his promise she'd have all the time in the world to pursue her hobby of water-color painting. Everybody said she had talent.

Wesley's right arm had hung possessively around her shoulder for an hour, holding her close while he played with her sensitive flesh. His fingers endlessly teased her swollen, pink nipples.

She had to admit she liked his touch. But she was all worked up now, and how long would it be before they could get into a bed?

He was obviously ready for her, too. His crotch bulge was huge in his old, faded bluejeans.

But his driving frightened her. And the old truck didn't even have seat belts. She said loudly, over the roar of the engine and the blare of the radio, "Could we slow down?"

His hand closed tight on her breast. "Scared?"

"A little."

Wesley laughed. "I always drive like this. No biggie."

"The motor sounds like it's having a heart attack."

"Not fucking likely." He now squeezed her naked breasts rhythmically. "This old crate always sounds like this around seventy." His tone darkened. "Don't worry about it, okay?"

DENS: Very good emotional shadings. I felt his ego and anger there.

SERN: I have to continually remind myself they used our love-pleasure word 'fuck' as a strong derogatory. And our complimentary 'cocksucker' was another 'bad' word.

She nodded, intimidated. "Okay." She huddled closer to him and her right hand came to rest on his thigh. It was not a move calculated to suggest sex, but he took it that way.

"You want to play with it for a while?"

"Oh...no. It might distract you from driving."

"Don't worry about that. My eyes'll never leave the road. Go ahead. Unzip me."

She didn't want to, but knew Wesley to be willful and easily angered. She tried to compromise. "I will if you'll slow down a little."

"Shit! Little Miss Scaredy-cat." He grinned. "Okay, you got it. Down to sixty." The truck slowed and quieted.

Vikki dutifully opened his ornate western belt with its gold and silver flying eagle buckle, and tugged down his tensioned zipper.

His fat white organ pushed his jeans open and flopped up and out from his red bikini briefs.

Wesley nodded and said, "Yeah! Freedom! Poor thing was in prison."

He shifted uncomfortably. "Reach in and move my balls."

DENS: Excellent. A fine, reverential passage. The helmet dwellers will love this.

SERN: The golden phallus is primary in this episode. Please note how I subtly boosted its size. The worshippers will praise us.

DENS: Don't get sanctimonious on me, Sern. Your knowledge of ancient American civilization and your sensitivity to the needs of The Church is why I chose you to create this piece. Not your religiosity level.

SERN: It's difficult not to feel awe at the superb sexual concentration of the American 20th Century, even though it was inhibited and twisted by their unnatural religions.

DENS: Sern, no religion is unnatural. Certain dogmas and tenets are often mistaken. Granted they were our precursors in their phallus, yoni and breast worship.

SERN: Praise the Golden Phallus. Praise the Silver Yoni. Praise the Divine Harlot's Platinum Breasts.

DENS: Yes, Praise. But we're working now. Continue the episode.

Vikki giggled, embarrassed and timid. She wasn't very experienced in sex, and hardly at all when it came to handling a man this way.

She'd lived in foster homes until she was seventeen. The last of her foster parents had been very religious and very strict.

DENS: Why is she reluctant and inexperienced if her raisers were very religious?

SERN: You forget, sir, the Americans' formal religion and consequent civilization was split between the anti-sexual fantasy of Christianity, and the honesty and realism of our genetic drives. That conflict was the genesis of much of their cultural and social upheavals.

DENS: Yes, sorry. I keep forgetting how insane they were. What a religion!

SERN: It only lasted twenty-three hundred years.

She knew Wesley could do this for himself if he wanted to. But his right arm still hung around her neck like a heavy horse collar and his hand still played games with her right breast.

He drove with his left hand draped casually on the steering wheel.

She said, as she delved into the hot, humid, tightly packed depths of his crotch, "I hope you know I'm not used to doing this."

Wesley winced briefly. "I can tell."

She shifted things enough to relieve the pinching and tightness. His balls stirred in her hand like small mice, and she gasped and released them. She giggled. "They're alive."

"Busy making gizm. Just for you."

DENS: Deft humor. But, 'gizm'?

SERN: Again, vulgate. Too esoteric, I see. I'll use 'Holy Fluids' even though it's modern.

DENS: We can't be total purists. The Worshippers will be stopped in their rituals by the unfamiliar.

"They never get a rest, do they?" She remembered last night after the wedding and this morning in his motel room, before they'd gone to her apartment and packed her stuff into the pick-up. Wesley sure liked sex! Only trouble was---

He said, "Play with it."

Vikki awkwardly grasped the small white whale in his lap.

Wesley smiled. "Yeah..."

She asked, "How much longer till we get to the ranch?"

"Oh, tomorrow morning sometime. Can't make it today. Have to stay in a motel tonight. Don't stop."

It was getting even bigger and harder. Like a sausage with a stick being rammed up its ass. She laughed silently to herself. I'm horrible, she thought.

But she had to admit she liked the feeling of power this gave her. She had some control over him, just by moving her hand. She began pumping him faster, curious as to how long it would be before he stopped her.

DENS: The Yoni Priestesses should like that passage.

SERN: I try to please.

A couple minutes later, Wesley gasped, "Stop! I'm too close. Got a better idea." He slowed the truck and turned off the highway onto a rutted dirt track which wound through a thin forest. He explained, "Looking for a place to fuck."

He found a clearing next to a huge, fenced field of fallow ground. They saw a farmer on the far side on a slow-moving tractor pulling a multi-blade plow.

Wesley got out of the truck and dragged one of her blankets from the load in back. "Come on, Vikki! Time to ride the pony."

She was looking at herself in the rear-view mirror. She frowned at her wide blue eyes, pouting pink lips, and naturally red cheeks. With her fuzzy ringlets of golden blonde hair it seemed a doll face. Twenty-one years old and she looked like a Barbie!

DENS: Sorry to be so ignorant, but 'Barbie'?

SERN: A child's toy, obscenely idealized and sexless. Was I too subtle? Some were discovered last period in the ruins of LAX.

DENS: With the mirror? No. But isn't a 'Barbie' too recent a find? Not enough helmets will know it.

Vikki got out of the truck and peered apprehensively across the giant field at the farmer. At his rate of plowing he'd be a long time getting to this side.

She felt ready and willing to 'ride the pony', and felt ashamed of her body's eagerness. Wesley had a bulge-on that would scare most girls. It had terrified her that first time in his motel room.

DENS: Almost impossible to believe they felt ashamed of their bodies and feared their natural urges. Why couldn't they understand that the Ultimate Creator intended them to act naturally? Why else would he make them that way?

SERN: That has been the basic enigma of Christianity and America which has puzzled mankind for over three thousand years.

Her blouse hung open and her stick-out breasts showed hard pink nipples. She could feel moistness in the crotch of her panties.

Wesley billowed the blanket and let it settle onto the rough, grassy ground. He settled onto it on his back and skinned his jeans and his red briefs down to his knees.

Vikki said nervously, "I'm not used to outdoor sex. I like privacy."

DENS: Perverse! Sexual privacy! But leave it in.

But she quickly pulled off her own jeans and white panties. The high plateau breeze wasn't too cold.

She knelt beside her husband and leaned over to kiss him.

Wesley suffered her passionate kisses for a minute, then took his mouth away and said, "Get to it. Suck me."

She pouted, looked through the wooden-post- and-barbed-wire fence to check on the farmer, checked the surrounding forest, heard nothing but birds and the rustling breeze, and the tick-tick-tick of the truck's cooling engine, and then lowered her head.

Wesley sighed. "Oh, yeah, baby..." He locked his fingers under his head and watched her. After a minute he urged, "Take more. Can't you deep throat? Come on, try."

Vikki did try. She strove to please him this way each time, but it was physically impossible for her. She didn't think any woman could manage it.

It didn't matter to him what she liked, which was a lot of hot French kissing. He seemed to hate mouth-to-mouth kissing.

DENS: Why does he hate it? This is anti-hero and counter-pleasure. The Church Review Board---

SERN: Wesley is a flawed hero. Did you run the outline for all seventeen episodes? He's is anti-hero to a degree, but the real Christian-morality villain enters in the next episode when they meet him on the highway.

She listened for the quaver in his breathing. She knew the best time to climb on and ride the pony.

Now.

And he said, "Get on. I can see you're dripping. You're hot as a pistol."

DENS: Why a pistol? Is that a legitimate figure of speech?

SERN: Yes. A rapidly fired bullet weapon would overheat.

DENS: I don't understand why violence and threat were linked to pleasure in that civilization.

SERN: Denial of sexual pleasure resulted in anger which emerged in sexual linkages with death and destruction.

DENS: How could they live that way?

SERN: It wasn't easy. It drove a lot of them crazy.

*She was embarrassed and in heat. She whispered, "Yes, master."
The farmer who had been on the tractor on the far side of the field
could not be seen. The tractor was silent.*

*She climbed onto Wesley and began to ride the pony. Soon she
hunched forward, panting, moving, eyes closed.*

*His big hands gripped her slender, naked hips to assist her.
She shivered with keen sensations, overwhelmed, feeling engorged.
She knew, too, Wesley was having a ball; he'd said more than once she was
like a hot jelly fist inside. He liked tight, he said, and she was the tightest
he'd ever had.*

*She felt complimented and demeaned: a pleasing piece of meat,
inside. Was that why he'd married her yesterday? Was that all he wanted in
a wife?*

*Was that all she wanted to be? The thought crossed her mind and ran
away.*

*She banished further thought and rode the pony with passionate
eagerness. Sex was good.*

DENS: At last the Basic Truth of the Ultimate Creator.

*Soon Vikki shuddered and whined, bowed her neck and gasped, "Oh,
Wes---" His long, strong fingers dug fiercely into her hips and ass cheeks.
She felt him erupting deep in her body and felt her insides spasm. Her
climax bloomed like a golden flower of hot, intense pleasures which melted
her core and caused the world to fade away for long, glorious seconds.*

She went loose and relaxed and melted down onto his fleshy chest and

belly. She smiled and sighed and whispered, "I love you. I love you." She kissed his unresponsive mouth with sweet, spent passion.

Her mind turned on again and she wondered if she really did love him. He was the first man with money who had ever proposed marriage. That must mean something. She guessed she loved him.

But Vikki wasn't quite sure what love really meant. She was very sure the world was full of men and boys who only wanted to use her for sex without marriage.

DENS: I don't know if we want this much duality in this episode, Sern. You give good pleasure sex, and then deny it with that bad sex syndrome from three thousand years ago. It gives me a headache.

SERN: But that's what you wanted, a story of sex life in ancient America. They actually thought that way. All the digs, all the research shows that. They were a crazy people, at war with themselves all the time.

DENS: But it's too depressing. It's sickening.

SERN: It has to be, in places. I recreated the era in micro to the best of my ability. It isn't easy folding in all the senses, all the emotional input and knowledge into a master disc so that it feeds into a seven-jack S-helmet, even using a GJP46 console.

DENS: You are a master creator, I cannot deny. I just did not realize how ugly it had to be.

SERN: Let's experience the balance of the episode. There isn't much left. But I know now you won't like it.

DENS: I'll endure. Run it.

Suddenly the world blasted into her reverie as a rough, angry man's voice shouted, "Hey! You two git your naked asses off my land!"

It was the farmer! He'd seen them! He'd left his tractor and legged it all the way to this fence.

Vikki scrambled off Wesley and crouched with her back turned, trembling with embarrassment and humiliation.

Wesley sat up and craned his head to see the old man. He said, "Fuck off! Mind your own business."

"Don't you mouth off to me, you young shit! Git off my land. Git in that truck and git back on the highway. You're on a private road on private land. I see you two here after five minutes I'm gonna git my shotgun. Blow a fuckin' hole in that old engine. See how you like walkin' instead of fuckin'!" He turned away and headed back across the field toward his waiting, idling tractor.

Vikki said tremulously, "We'd better go."

"Yeah, I guess." Wesley got to his feet. "Old farts always want to spoil the fun. Can't fuck anymore so they don't want anybody else to fuck. Like to beat the shit out of him."

Minutes later they were out of the forest and onto the highway again. While the truck labored up a long grade, Wesley grumbled, "Wish you knew something about sports, at least. I need somebody I can really talk to."

She didn't say anything. She resented always being found inferior or inadequate. It wasn't fair.

DENS: I'm going to surprise you, Sern. That farmer! A pure representative of their anti-sex dogma. I hate him. Every worshipping helmet will despise him. A perfect end for the episode. Anti-sexual venom linked with gun threats for having enjoyed sex. The lesson is inescapable without being obvious.

SERN: Thank you. Will you sign on for further episodes?

DENS: I'd love to, Sern. You impress me with this work. But I have to wait for the preview helmet ratings and the Church lust meter readings. But I'm sure they'll be suitably high.

Don't call me. I'll call you.

END PSYCHOTIC AMERICA

"Psychotic America" was scheduled to appear in the August, 1994 issue of EIDOS, the widely distributed newsprint Adult all-sexes journal, but alas, EIDOS seems to have bitten the green weenie and appears no longer alive.

Geis note 2-13-02: The story was finally published in EIDOS after it appeared in Taboo SF #1. I'm relatively sure the journal isn't being published now.

Government Fantasy

ARE YOU A FISH?

Follow the yellow brick premises

"You are Gills Glubb?"

"Yes, your honor."

"You are before this disciplinary board of the Environmental Enhancement Section of the National Committee for Pure Air, Water, and Dirt, Division Three, Department of Social Compliance of the Democratic Provinces of North America, Planet Earth, for a mandatory preliminary hearing of serious matters relating to your behavior on March 15, 2078 AD last in the waters of Clogged Creek, Province 12, formerly Oregon."

"I understand, your honor."

"You are a fish, Mr. Glubb, obviously, and a mutated salmon in particular. Your species has developed telepathy and a degree of intelligence which have brought you to 3B Citizenship."

"I am proud to agree, your honor."

"The charges against you are that on or about March 10 to March 15 you did knowingly and willingly enter the Columbia River, a posted polluted river, and swim in that river without permission, that you swam upstream in that river without a travel permit, without advance notice of intent to the authorities, and without submitting a swim plan entered Dead Root River where you negotiated Rotten Log Falls and continued on into Clogged Creek."

"I confess I did that, your honor."

"This board must ask why you did that, Mr. Glubb."

"I had to return to my birthplace, your honor. It was my destiny."

"'Had to'? 'Destiny'? You are a sentient creature. You have intelligence, self-awareness and free will. We will have no 'instinct defense' here."

"But for all my intelligence and telepathy, your honor, I am still a salmon. My genes dictate my life."

"Enough of that pretense of pathetic helplessness in the grip of overpowering biological destiny. The Democratic Supreme Court ruled ten years ago in the case of Swine vs. DPNA that genetic imperatives is invalid

in defense of patently immoral and illegal behavior."

"But in Swine it was admitted that the pig could not stop herself from forming milk in her teats."

"The charge was not milk creation, it was permitting prohibited suckling!"

"You, Gills Glubb, not only swam and traveled illegally, once you reached Clogged Creek you engaged in sexual activities of a nature calculated to fertilize your eggs! Then you deliberately illegally polluted Clogged Creek by infesting its waters with your millions of eggs!"

"Unless we lay our eggs there will be no salmon."

"You had no birthing permit! You had no pollution variance! You had no test results showing Clogged Creek was able to survive your pollution."

"For millions of years---"

"The past is no defense. Tradition is no defense. So-called common sense is no defense. And, just in case you try it, ignorance of the law is no excuse. All the relevant laws applicable to Clogged Creek were posted next to the creek."

"But, your honor, the signs were facing away from the creek. From under the water I could not see them to read them."

"Even if you could have read them, you wouldn't have obeyed them, isn't that so? You clearly have no self-discipline!"

"I was acting instinctually. My entire life cycle---"

"Do not say the word 'instinct'! We forbid it!"

"I couldn't help myself."

"Typical criminal excuse. Anything to escape the law. You even committed suicide to avoid capture and punishment."

"I died naturally. After I deposited my eggs my life was complete."

"No, no, you forced us to save you from death. We had to spend a fortune to keep you alive. Special drugs, special tanks... You cannot escape judgment so easily. You had to be saved to receive this fair and just hearing. That also is part of the law which you so blithely ignored. The law serves you, too, you see!"

"Will you soon kill me, then?"

"Your crimes require execution. Do my fellow board members agree? Yes. I can pronounce sentence now. You will be taken to a place nearby for the greater good of the Democratic Provinces of America where your head will be chopped off and your body will be eviscerated and cleaned. Your body will be heat treated and disposed of in a manner to be determined by this board."

"But I'm a citizen!"

"You are a 3B citizen whose rights do not extend to further judicial review. Our decision is final."

"You're going to fry me and eat me?"

"Yes. This hearing is ended. Cook, take the fish away."

END

The next story, "The Gsultic Summoning," appeared in slightly different form in an issue of my opinionzine, THE GEIS LETTER [I forget which year], and is actually the opening chapter of an unfinished horror novel.

Horror

THE GSULTIC SUMMONING

Breathing fast, gripping the Persian knife in his suddenly strong right hand, Parker went to her.

The young woman's screaming threats and pleas penetrated his awareness again. He had tuned them out.

"---thing you want! I will! Hey, I'll suck you off like you wouldn't believe! I'm good at that! Lots of my older men say I'm the best there is! I'll do anything you want. No problem. You want to pee on me? Just don't really hurt me, okay? I don't mind some pain. I've had the whip put to me before. I don't really mind that too much."

Her face was contorted by terror, by the purplish radiance from the huge crystal slab, by the angle of the light. She jerked her arms and legs in limited, frantic movement. The straps and metal-buckled cuffs whipsnapped and clicked and rang on the steel of the table.

Parker stood, swaying, looking down at the fine young body. He thought: If only I could have that body. I wouldn't mind living as a woman. If only I could suck that ignorant, useless mind from the brain and sink into possession.

No, it wasn't possible. He had to follow the amulet's instructions!

He focused his mind on the next words. A long series. He had rehearsed them for hours, for days. The sounds were nothing compared to the act, the terrible thing he had to do now.

As required, he showed the wild-haired, wild-eyed young woman the knife. She began to scream---howls of hysterical, throat-tearing terror.

Urine spurted from her and a foul stink rose as her bowels emptied.

The deep red light from the crystal flared and pulsed. The secret, sub-basement laboratory filled with hypnotic radiance.

Parker's warped, desperate and drug-twisted mind swam with unreality, disconnection, and terror of its own. His stringy-muscled arm raised the ancient bronze knife and plunged it into the girl's taut, flexing, upper belly.

He shouted the words!

He would not hear her screams! The body thrashed and spurted blood from the wound. The knife willed his arm and hand. The knife sawed upward at an angle, across and down to create a terrible, ragged inverted triangle that ran blood in thick, fresh rivulets.

Ahh! His hand was so bloody!

He shouted the words!

The blood flowed down the sides of the jerking, convulsing body to the flat stainless steel and into the side channels. The hot blood poured down a tube and splattered into a sterile plastic jug.

Her primitive, raw screams went on and on, the day-glo mouth contorted and ugly, the widened eyes bulging and insane with imminent death, the ruined body now useless for anything but his purpose.

Her horrible, nerve-shattering sounds echoed off the hard, peneled walls and seemed to be sucked into the pulsing-red crystal.

He shouted the words!

He felt a rush of dizziness and for a moment reeled and staggered beside the bloody table and its bloody burden. He regained steadiness and cut a deeper hole within the awful, inverted triangle and reached in to feel the still-beating heart. He forced his claw-like hand further and gripped the living heart. The feel of it horrified him.

He shouted the words!

His voice cracked and shattered to a ragged whisper. He found enormous strength and tore the heart from its place. He pulled it almost free of the body as it went insane in his fierce grip and then stopped its frenzied spasms. He slashed it free of its large arteries and veins, and in a horrified state of knowing, moved to the glowing, pulsing crystal slab and placed the blood-leaking human heart in the center of the blood-drawn symbolized triangle on the virgin sheepskin, beside the golden amulet.

He croaked the awful words.

He managed coherent thought: I'm in hell. Then, from a great intellectual distance: The Aztecs' practice of human sacrifice must have been a remnant of the older Gsultic Summoning ritual, degraded, formalized,

made religious by myth and distance.

And the terrible fact that he had murdered a young woman. And it was beyond recall. This was a horror beyond horror, so personal an act as to be mind-shattering. Searing guilt welled from the depths of his childhood in old Germany.

He sobbed and wailed. He stared at his bloody, trembling old hands. He had changed so much! He had been the good little boy, then the arrogant fanatic adult during the Hitler War, and truly a human monster now.

But no going back. The path of time melted behind with each step forward.

And blazing in Walter Zeller Parker's mind were the remaining acts of the Summoning.

He crouched before the human heart on the sheepskin altar, before the flaming red crystal slab, in the enclosing half-circle of guttering candles made of human tallow, and he whispered these words in English, 'the Summoner's language': "I pledge every possession. I yield unto you my eternal obedience."

He kissed the golden amulet three times.

And now, naked, grotesque, spattered with blood, bloody-handed, he took the plastic bottle of blood from its bracketed shelf under the autopsy table and knelt before the sheepskin and before the terrifying, pulsing red-black-red-black-red-black crystal surface, and he panted the three alien words required.

And he drank three deep mouthfuls of the girl's warm blood.

His stomach churned. He wanted to vomit and could not. Something in his mind died. Unswallowed blood cascaded from his mouth and from the upraised bottle, down his chin, down his bony chest, over his bloated belly, to his shrunken loins.

He pressed his forehead to the virgin wool. He whispered brokenly, "I yield forever all that I am and all that I possess."

And now the final act, and the final words.

He rose to his feet and stepped over the sheepskin to the blazing, crystal slab. He felt a prickliness in the air, a kind of static. The humming had become louder. The light from the depths of the radiant crystal was so strong he had to squint.

He began to draw the inverted triangle and cuneiform symbols again with his blood on the cool surface. The contact tingled his cut thumb and his hand as he drew. Somehow the act created a shivering sound which terrified him even more.

The tingling spread up his arm as he completed the bloody cuneiform

markings. He moaned as the tingling permeated his body. The impossible Alizarin red light from the massive slab of crystal became too bright. He closed his eyes tight. He felt possessed.

Parker said the words: "Come now into my world, master! Take possession! Enter! Enter! Enter!"

He completed the final symbol and was forced to stagger back two steps, three, in reaction to a terrible, subtle force. He went to his knees in abject fright. Something was happening!

The fierce red light withdrew from the crystal slab.

Wet heat and a terrible, throat-clenching stink emanated from the crystal...

The crystal surface was gone! The irregular seven foot by four foot slab had become an opening to another world!

The old, dying man stared at an alien landscape. Orange mountains, red crags, and yellow ridges impossible to Earth jagged a brilliant green sky. Constantly moving, snake-like iridescent plants formed a wild undergrowth below gnarled purple trees.

A terror he could not have conceived gripped Parker. He gagged and shuddered from the horrible stench.

Now a giant, bloated, gray-skinned thing coalesced in that opening and became solid. It was part humanoid, part insect, part animal. It bulged with wing-like, armored breathing sacs.

Its recessed, glittering green eyes were isolated in a small, cone-like head topped by web antennae of wire-thin filaments strung between two wide horns. There was no neck.

Short, but powerful insectoid arms ended with bone claws.

The creature's huge mouth was centered in its swollen, upright abdomen. The mouth was a trembling, dripping, red-rimmed vertical slit with an inner lining of pink flesh and white, razor-like teeth.

The thing's six legs spread wide and its feet were flat, toeless pads.

The thing stared down at Parker. Its alien eyes seemed to eat into his mind. Its thoughts etched into his consciousness like acid.

"I am---" Parker's mind blurred; he could not comprehend the image. *"---The Eater of Pain. It has been thousands of years since I last feasted on the---"* Another blur of not-quite knowing. *"---your species provides. This time I will stay!"*

The creature intricately stepped forward out of the irregularly framed alien landscape.

Out of the portal!

The thing now stood over the sheepskin, over the blood-made sigil,

the amulet and the human heart. Its six, horny, misshapen feet were planted wide, and it loomed, stinking, over the cowering, shivering old man who had summoned it.

Behind it, over the terrible opening, a transparent "skin" formed which sealed off the flow of alien heat and stink.

The unknown, the utter horror of what he had done, sickened and revolted Parker, but it was nothing compared to his joy!

This was impossible! But it was real!

He sensed he had betrayed humanity, and somehow sold his soul, but he knew---he knew!---his reward would be immortality, as the legends promised! And surely a younger body, a strong, disease-free body! Forever!

The creature hissed with triumph and seized the old man's head with both claws, clamping a vise impossible to resist, impossible to endure.

Parker felt ghost talons sink into his skull, red hot brands penetrating, searing, seeking.

Raw terror shuddered his writhing, frail old body. He could not cry out his fear and horror. The long, unreal, piercing, cherry-red claws burned through his skull like butter.

He experienced awful, real, intrusions into his brain's complicated, interconnected neural nets, and these invasions were translated to tendrils of fire webbing through his mind---knowing him!

He was pulled upward until he dangled from the powerful, iron grip of the alien monster.

Paralyzed, spasming, transfixed, Parker hung like twitching meat as red hot flowers bloomed in his mind.

Too late he realized what was happening. Bowel-emptying fear convulsed his body.

He was being copied!

He saw the creature changing, melting, reforming to his exact shape. He gasped with terror as the creature added perfect detail.

Parker felt the creature absorbing every memory, every thought, every bit of knowledge he possessed.

He saw himself duplicated, but inside that human shell he knew were alien bones, organs, muscles. The creature's eternal, evil brain inhabited the skull of the copy of himself, and his own life was a tool, a reference file, in that alien mind.

The creature now looked exactly like Parker, but was as supremely physically strong and mind-powerful as in its previous, composite alien form.

Abruptly, it flung Parker away, out of the half circle of light. The old

man knocked over and extinguished several human tallow candles as he sprawled painfully to the tiled floor beside the autopsy table.

"I enjoyed the female's death. It was a good Summoning. But she had been too much used. I will need younger sacrifices, for their pure terror and virgin territories of pain have qualities I need in this world, to stay alive. It is my food. And now that I am in your world again and have my powers again, I will feast."

Parker experienced the creature's gleeful lust for innocent young terror and death. He understood too late the insatiable, horrible desires and the creature's ugly plans for satisfying those lusts.

The thing that had assumed his shape smiled as Parker had never smiled. "The flavor of the pure, dying spirit of a mutilated child is beyond description."

Parker felt his failing heart begin to fibrillate.

"This world has vastly changed. There are now billions of your kind. This time I will be able to reproduce."

Parker felt awful pain in his chest. He gasped, "I Summoned you. Give me immortality."

The voice in his mind spoke again. "You will die now. But know your life and thought live in me. That is your immortality."

Parker's mind exploded with shattering, mocking alien laughter. His failing vision was of the creature, now a perfect copy of himself, reaching down for him. And his final earthly sensations were of being lifted and thrown---

As his heart fluttered its last moments, the original Walter Zeller Parker flew into the portal---through a "skin" of clinging force and tension---and into the alien land of a universe not his own.

He fell into slimy, writhing scarlet plant snakes and instantly choked on fetid alien air.

His last horrible knowledge was of being swarmed by thousands of eating, burrowing, black worms.

END STORY

I wrote the original version of "Monster Kill" in response to an invitation from Elton Elliott, editor, and it appeared under the title "Monster Hunt" in his Baen Books anthology, NANODREAMS, published in August, 1995.

After it appeared I realized it could be improved somewhat, but the writing improvements would also make it politically incorrect to a degree. I rewrote the story as below.

MONSTER KILL

I waited for him, the Monster, as he picked his way through the partly demolished building.

I heard him moving closer, scrambling quietly through structure debris and smashed machines.

He didn't know I existed and that I would kill him if I could. I cradled a heavy, steel, autofire shotgun in my trembling arms. I was lucky it had been available. There weren't many of them left.

I was tremendously excited and proud. I'd be rewarded! Maybe I'd be given a wife!

I'd been guarding this shell of a building for six hours, using good science to seek evil science. My finder had picked him up when he'd crept to within a hundred yards of what remained of Kenton NanoLabs, where he must have worked.

Every moment he shed thousands of used molecular-sized machines from his body in sweat and breath and skin, leaving an invisible trail my Detector could sense.

Every moment thousands of infinitely small new machines were built in his body to perform new tasks or to replace those which had worn out.

The Monster, once a man, was no longer human.

The New Scriptures, as written by God through Adam Whit, defined him: "Monsters are natural men changed by unnatural science from what God intends to what God condemns. Monsters are a self-created alien species intent on superceding True Men. Monsters presume to replace God's Plan with their own. These Monsters must every one be destroyed."

The Monsters had seduced and then populated our governments, our courts, even some of our religions. The Monsters offered virtual immortality, immense mental capacities, vastly improved bodies. They promised dominion over the universe.

But at last we True Men had seen clearly the shape of the future they planned. That future required us to die out.

We had revolted before they became insuperably powerful and now we were destroying the last of them and their unnatural civilization.

The war had consumed the world and crumbled all nations in its total dedication and ferocity. Billions of True Men had died. Millions of Monsters had died.

We humans now lived as makeshift tribes in an endless terrain of destruction. They now lived as small groups and as individuals constantly hunted. They could not leave the planet and could not always escape our zealous searching.

I waited, shivering, dry-mouthed, as the monster unknowingly approached me.

I could see now in the morning light from the broken walls. Bare white skin... Closer...

It was a young woman! I gaped at her.

She was obscenely naked! Her skull was hairless. Her small, pointed breasts wobbled and jiggled hypnotically as she moved. Her juncture was hairless, showing her mound and cleft.

I could not breathe as I stared.

All our training tapes and all our lectures had pictured males! No one had ever told of girl monsters!

Why was she naked? I remembered they were often naked, having no need for the warmth of clothes or the encumbrance of coverings. It was said they felt it humiliating to hide in clothes, to pretend any longer to be human. They had such arrogance and pride even in defeat.

She had beautiful human form, but there were changes. Her little fingers were now extra thumbs, her eyes bulged with zoom capability, and her feet were simplified. All this from years of revised DNA and those billions of molecular machines at work in her body.

She was no longer human!

She crept even closer and crouched before an overturned steel cabinet of drawers and files. She began sorting through hundreds of small, shattered bottles and ampules.

She searched with increasing urgency. I was amazed at the speed and dexterity of her movements. She kept looking around, fearing detection.

She carried no weapon I could see. We knew they had very few guns and that they usually disdained personal killing.

It was whispered that most of them had altered their genetic code to prevent them from individually killing any life form.

But they had defended themselves! By causing 'humanitarian' opposition among True Men, by using the now abandoned Constitution, by using natural human pity and mercy!

It is written that they had hoped to wipe out True Men by designer disease and selective famine and by instigating wars and fighting among us! They had had a Plan!

But we had deliberately destroyed their computer society, their information superhighway, their cellular internet. We had killed their human defenders who had, inexplicably, killed billions of True Men!

The Monsters' Plan had revealed itself!

We had returned to a primitive life. They could not join us. They had to be terrified.

Now I watched her, sick with fear of my own, for I had never in my sixteen years killed before, not even an animal for food, and now I had to kill a girl!...or this thing which had been a girl. This was only my first solo guard watch. All my training hunts had been empty, unsuccessful.

I hadn't expected a Monster to come to me! I had never dreamed of finding a woman monster. I felt betrayed by my Wilsonville superiors, and by my archpriest.

She had the peculiar lump of new bone behind her left ear which contained the molecular computer they needed for their pure mind interface with what they had called the UniNet.

Yes, they had touched a universe of knowledge and power. Yes, they could 'outhink' any mortal human, and yes, they could if given a chance outfight any True Man.

But we had destroyed their laboratories and their schools and their communications. Our 'old fashioned' scientists had known how to jam their UniNet and then wink it out for lack of power.

We had brought them down to a level of small group and individual survival in a very hungry, savage, human world.

They were fish out of water, and their numbers daily shrank, from seven million before The Revolt, to less than 100,000 now. Or so I had been told.

They preferred to run, to hide, to escape, to wait and secretly rebuild rather than fight.

This one found what she had been looking for in the mess of glass and

steel. She broke the neck of a green glass ampule.

I was galvanized! She could not be allowed to infect herself with new millions of specialized machines. Her body and brain already seethed with microscopic maggots of change. No more!

I jerked erect and leveled my autofire shotgun. She heard, saw me, in a split second she moved---

The heavy gun bucked like a maddened steer. The shattered laboratory filled with thundering sound. She somehow danced and weaved and escaped all but one of those awful, smashing fists of lead pellets.

I heard her scream through ringing, half-deadened ears and knew I had to act swiftly.

I found her groaning, crawling under a broken-backed lab table and I unthinkingly pulled her by her bloody legs into full light.

She had the power to speak even though the shotgun blast had shredded a bloody hole through her rib cage, her right lung, and her back. Her beautiful little right breast was gone!

She whispered fiercely, "You...you cannot destroy the future."

I barely heard her. I stared as her horrible wound stopped bleeding. It began to close from the edges with a blur of incredible reconstruction. Bloody white bones mended and joined. The sides of her ruined breast began to swell, forming a rising, closing crater.

I shivered with awe and terror. "Monster!"

She said in a sweet, calm voice, "You will live a million years. You will cross the galaxy."

"Not me. I'll live and die as God intends."

"God intends you to become what we are."

"Monster lies!" I realized her tactic: to delay, to involve me in talk and argument! She needed time to become whole and strong and fast.

I stepped back and quickly reloaded. In the instant before her death she said, "You touched me."

I heard but did not then understand. I did as I had been trained. Her head and neck disintegrated under the terrible impacts of a dozen shotgun loads. The altered brain was gone. The walnut-size bio-computer was gone. The billions of nano machines in her body would stop within ten minutes.

My own head rang from the thunderclaps of the shotgun blasts. My shoulder felt broken. My stomach roiled with nausea.

I dropped the heavy gun and sat on the littered floor. I found myself staring at my blood-stained hands. Why were they bloody? I had only a few small cuts and scrapes on my fingers and palms. Not enough to...

I had dragged her from under that table...because I had wanted to see her

nakedness again, and because I had to destroy the head. This was her blood!

The training tape came alive in my memory: "Above all avoid any skin contact with Monster blood. The nano machines infest the blood. They will slip through your skin and invade your bloodstream easily, without you knowing, and they will reproduce in you and quickly begin changing you according to their incredibly advanced programs. You will become in due time a Monster."

I sat, frozen, shuddering, in horrified self-examination, monitoring my sensations, my thoughts, my body.

I had to kill myself!

But my pain went away, and my blind obedience to God went away, and I began to think about surviving.

For the sake of the future.

END STORY

One thought leads to another, and so inevitably it occurred to me that "Monster Kill" could be the opening chapter of an 'acceptable' commercial sf novel...as the young man's body is Changed by its burgeoning population of nano programs and machines...as he struggles to conceal his condition...and as he discovers to his horror that the girl's mind he destroyed is recreated in his nanotech-altered brain and she begins talking to him, guiding him, educating him...

And so they fall in love in his head and fight the forces of religious evil and herd instinct and eventually win their way to space and freedom for nanokind...and the girl has her body recreated and her mind leaves him for it...

But I'm not up to writing any more novels.

As sometimes happens, the title for this next piece occurred to me first. Then I just started writing a scene and it went on and on...

Satire

THE PHALLUS PREMISES

Miry stood in her zilk-clad feet on a wall-to-wall carpet of mauve plastic peenheads.

It was an odd feeling and she wanted to laugh, but Buk, next to her in the Manhood Museum entranceway, was very serious. He wriggled his toes amid the pliant peenheads and stared past the explicit, peen-shaped doorway before them.

Beyond, in the first display room of the museum, were glass cases, pictures, statues, paintings, vids, holos, VRs...all devoted to peens...or, in longpast vulgate, to cocks. She said, "I feel very out of place."

He said, "I didn't feel out of place in The Breast Works and Vina Palace." He reflexively glanced at her perfect breasts, smooth vina, and fully formed large peen, covered by her skin-thin zilk coating.

They both wore zilk, a spray on breathing, vari-colored material which allowed complete display of their superb double-sex bodies.

Everyone seemed now to use zilk in wild color combinations.

He handed their passes to the Dizzny Cultureland ticket taker. It buzzed, showed green and intoned a welcome.

Buk said to Miry, "You sound like a woman from the 20th Century."

"Well, I am. I was born December thirty-first, Nineteen ninety-nine."

"You're one hundred twenty-six years old. You've had three juvies and six alts. Why this regression?"

"I'm not sure. 'Penis envy'?"

"Ridiculous. You've got a nine incher. I had to be deepened to match. That cost a ton of dollars."

"That was a joke, Buk. I really just resent all this emphasis on sex and pleasure. It's all we do. I'm sick and tired of orgasms."

"They're better than violence and wars."

They stopped before a display of ancient dildoes.

Mira said, "And I think it's inherently unnatural for women to grow peens, and for men to grow vinas."

"Then you won't want to see Unisex City, the next node on the tour."

"That's right. I only want to rest for a while. My last rejuvenation didn't help my lower back very much. But I can't even get off my feet in this cursed 'amusement' park because there are no seats or benches."

"We could slip into a pleasure pod."

"And you'd want to do pleasure again."

"It's only been three times today. We're supposed to do it seven or eight times for maximum mental and physical health."

"I know, I know. 'Orgasms are good for you.' You buy the whole government line, don't you? Is that because you work for the Department of Revision?"

Buk sighed. "This is an important thing with you, isn't it?"

Mira nodded. She pensively watched a classic sex vid from 1997. She knew the woman wasn't enjoying it; her orgasm was faked.

Now it was almost impossible for a woman to fake it for any reason---with up to fifteen clit loci in her vagina and a ring of pleasure nerve loci on her peen. With her loci hormonized for staggered climaxes, Mira often experienced ten minutes of orgasms. At least seven times a day. She wondered how many thousands of orgasms she'd had in the past hundred and ten years?

She said, "We're too exhausted from orgasms to have much conflict, or anger, or anything."

Buk shrugged. "It does work. They knew what they were talking about when the ancient American legislature commanded, 'Make love, not war.'"

"Is that more of your revision? Did they mean what we do now?"

Mira looked with distaste at a holo of the newest fad: men and women with gene-grown expando bellies which contained straight-in sets of 'loaded' vaginas and sets of straight-out 'super peens', permitting easy, face-to-face multi-sex connections. 'Plugging in' was the urging: 'Seek the next step in multiples of simultaneous orgasms.'

Could the human mind sustain such sensory overloads? There were rumors of clinics and 'resorts' filling up with orgasm zombies.

She sensed the government didn't want to disturb the expanding sex culture. It paid the government too much in taxes. Too many giant corporations were peen deep in the orgasm game. In their mad race to outdo each other, for profit, they had reached the point of no return...or the law of diminishing returns. Too many orgasms short-circuit the mind. Blown minds do not earn money to buy rejuvenations, new gene changes, forced growth hormones and arcane orgasm devices.

Buk said, "For seventy years, since the sex-intense culture revolution has been in effect, worldwide, and since violence of all kinds in all national and international media and entertainment venues has been totally banned...the world has not had a significant outbreak of organized killing."

Private killing and violence has decreased by eighty-seven percent, and---

"I know, I know. Rape is virtually a thing of the past."

He smiled. "The equation exists: the more sex and pleasure there is, the less aggression, violence and killing there is."

"Don't be so smug! I hate that self-satisfied smile!"

"I'm sorry, Miry. If it will make you feel any better, I'm hearing that our sociologists are really worried about the explosion of new natural eating cults."

"The natural food fanatics?"

"Yes, they're actually growing things like carrots in pots in their homecubes. Vegetable seeds are selling for a hundred dollars each. Parks and structure landscaping are being torn up and looted of soil."

"I remember carrots."

"People get everything they need in the mealpaks and drinksacs. Smearred on bred a mealpak is very good!"

"I remember peanut butter! I remember french fries! I remember ice cream! Oh! God!"

"Miry! You aren't supposed to remember such things. Those memories were supposed to be wiped in your last two rejuvenations.:"

"I'm so sick of all this!" She moved away from him. It was so easy.

Miry ran. She ran out of the Dizzny Park, out of the mother node, out of the clusters of homecube frames, and past the wild tree security zone.

END PHALLUS PREMISES

END TABOO SF #1