



Vanishing Points: A Pulp Triptych (COQworks, #1)

W. COQ, M. Brody (Editor)

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When W. COQ disappeared at Deddick near Snowy River in 2006, he left behind the manuscripts which came to be known as *COQworks*, hallucinatory pulp in a freak patchwork of genres. In the first instalment, *Vanishing Points*, nothing is what it seems. A renegade space captain at war with an invisible enemy, a faded pornstar infected with a psychogenic virus, a teenage slayer of zombies in a crisis of self-doubt – these are the protagonists of a world in dissolution. The task: to write in zero-gravity, to use the lightest of genres to explore the heaviest of themes.

Vanishing Points: A Pulp Triptych (COQworks, #1) Details

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From Reader Review Vanishing Points: A Pulp Triptych (COQworks, #1) for online ebook

Casca Green says

A fantastic set of three short stories by W. Coq, each cheeky and inventive in its own right, and well-suited for the adult reader who has a fond appreciation of pulp science fiction such as one would find in Asimov's or Analog in the late 1950s.

J. says

It's hard to describe what the city meant to me, back when I'd never slept rough in a doorway and couldn't tell a whore from a housewife, but the truth is it near scared the life out of me. People swooping left and right and rushing upstairs and down. Buildings towering in the smog and tunnels burrowing under them. Trains and trams and trucks roaring and the ground shaking and everything screaming like a burglar alarm no-one could turn off. But that night I floated through it in a bubble, driven by the divining-rod in my pants to the part of town that scared me more than any: the maze of red lights and neon...

Between, say, the haiku and the multi-volume magisterias of world literature, it seems that fiction fits, not so neatly, into three compartments. In the world of magic numbers, *three* seems to head every single list, so a useful kind of cataloging device if nothing else. There is the short story, the novella, and the novel itself.

The short story would seem to be the simplest, and in a way it is; but look a little closer at the best ones and it's a terrifying high-wire act wherein the writer needs to encapsulate but never simplify. The center must not be reached too quickly, and the outer layers must never come off as lead-up or fluff. There's no room.

The novel, of course, is a circus waiting for a ringmaster; it can be any kind of linked adventure or contemplation; the original idea of the *roman* form was just that-- romance, in its broadest and least defined sense. So without really being true, it's true that a novel is the simplest.

And that, for this reader, the Novella is the ultimate form. There are 160 page novellas, there are 37 page ones. Nothing limits or forces unwanted expansion on the writer with the novella form. A necessary side-excursion is never off-limits, a return to the theme is always at hand, and there is thrift, and luxury, as called for.

This volume of short fiction by the mysterious W.Coq contains three novellas, I would say. Each has more than enough arc and atmosphere to carry it beyond the minimal line of short story. Perhaps it was wise, though we will never know, for the Editor M. Brody to exert his underhanded controls on the proceedings. Nearly every development here threatens to burst into some kind of lurid b-movie furor, but is held in check- - if only marginally. We must suspect Brody there.

But the very pulp or b-movie quality here is deceptive.

'Marooned' is a stock-company sci-fi outing that begins to go a little squirrely at the edges, and almost right away. A fairly riveting contest for the reader's faith in the narration begins, and we're off to the unreliability

races. In space. By the end, we're more in the territory of Poe's *Arthur Gordon Pym* than spaceships.

'Contract' has about it all the transgressive and appalling *bildungsroman* aspects you might ask for in a sordid wetdream that John Rechy might construct; somewhere beyond the grave, Lizard King Jim Morrison sneers his approval.

'Soul Survivor' trades in the kind of teen horror we all love. Is there a bloody hook attached to that car's door-handle ? And again, who to believe ?

Maybe the weirdest thing about 'Vanishing Points' for me-- is that during the wee small hours of a blazed-out New Years party, my copy of the book disappeared. Vanished, without a trace. Nearly everyone I know tries to borrow books from me, generally without much success, but no one *steals* them.

I nearly wonder if maybe Monsieur Coq is himself darting in and out of halls and doorways, taking back the book he never asked to have published... But no. That Coq has long since withdrawn into the shadows. And that makes me think again of Brody, who perhaps involved more of his editor's pen into the proceedings than was really required, or legitimate, in a work under another man's name ...

Eddie Watkins says

There is some mystery surrounding these stories. A mystery I do not have the key to. They were put into my hands with a myth of origin which I did not completely comprehend. I am still unsure who wrote them. I also do not quite understand why I was given only the first half of each story. If this was for the purpose of baiting me it worked. These stories are compelling, and I eagerly anticipate receiving and reading the second halves.

The tales are deliberately pulpy, in that a highly literate mind can be sensed beyond their lurid surfaces. They brought to my mind Lovecraft, Lem, and any number of horror and science fiction flicks. They also have an element of the existentially profound about them, of an oblique exploration of the metaphysically deep, of a search for a vast set of meanings beyond the mundane, however terrifying and even ultimately unwanted.

Marooned is a tale reminiscent of a *Solaris/Alien* hybrid, with a few other unique limbs and craniums sprouting from it. It is in the form of a Captain's log discovered by a crew whose mission was to find a lost spaceship. The log was discovered on an (uninhabited?) planet along with the corpses of most of the crew of the lost spaceship. The log wonderfully evokes the (brief) joys of discovering a new world, of experiencing rain falling on flesh for the first time in ages, of being amidst robust alien foliage after being cramped in the spaceship's sterile environment. But of course these joys don't last. Soon madness and helmet-rot set in, the crew becomes alienated from each other, small seed-pod creatures invade, a fog consumes them, the foliage becomes threatening (I especially liked how the plant stalks mysteriously *feed* on those marooned). A classic tale. I look forward to the second half.

Soul Survivor is reminiscent of any classic flick where a group of young people go to a remote cabin to get away for the weekend and all sorts of hell breaks out. Something in the setting or staging also reminded me of David Lynch; *Fire Walk With Me* Lynch. The sole survivor of the weekend shows up at the sheriff's to relate what hell broke out. One of the group died on the way to the cabin, but instead of turning back, or doing anything remotely sensible, the group continues to the cabin where they put the corpse on the kitchen table. And then everyone begins acting strangely as the corpse possibly begins to exhibit some forms of

conscious life... I can't wait to read the conclusion!

The Contract was my least favorite. In fact I had to force myself to finish it. It is a futuristic tale of a “5D Pornstar”, Buck Wilder, and how he entered into the business of profiting from his foot long doggy. It is the least plot driven of the stories, and the most over-written. Like the others it is pulpy, but a kind of 1960's groovy kind of pulpy, and unlike the other two the language itself feels dated, even musty. This is possibly due to the over-the-top sexual explicitness of it, as of the free love 1960's emerging from the repressed 1950's. Its explicitness is tinged with repression. And though there is a sense of freedom in its neon-lit plot of slinging donges, the freedom feels hackneyed, its vehicle too obvious. It is possible the second half of the tale will redeem it, but that will have to wait until I have the second half in hand.

Lynne King says

When I received this book, the first thing that struck me was that I didn't like the title at all. The idea of “COQworks” by “W. Coq” didn't sit well with me at all. It appeared to be too sensational. I'm very influenced unfortunately by book titles and also authors' names. Just a quirk of mine. So I passed over that to the “blurb”.

Now this looks interesting was my first thought:

When W. COQ disappeared at Deddick near Snowy River in 2006, he left behind the manuscripts which came to be known as COQworks, hallucinatory pulp in a freak patchwork of genres. In the first instalment, Vanishing Points, nothing is what it seems. A renegade space captain at war with an invisible enemy, a faded pornstar infected with a psychogenic virus, a teenage slayer of zombies in a crisis of self-doubt – these are the protagonists of a world in dissolution. The task: to write in zero-gravity, to use the lightest of genres to explore the heaviest of themes.

I was rather taken with this last sentence. Well I started to read the book but it soon became rather too much for me. This genre is decidedly not for me even though the book is very skillfully crafted but I found it far too zany and rather manic at times. I did however rather like the character Kurtz.

An example:

Captain's log:

Hawk is dead. He died peacefully – ecstatically last night. Before he died, he spoke. “I was born in space,” he said: “Born an old man, in a black hole.” I'd given him up for insane, till I heard that lucid voice and remembered he'd once inspired me. I surprised myself – I listened. He said, “I'll never forget that vast whirlpool of perfect ebony.” He said, “From thousands of miles away, it enveloped my field of vision.”

It is a short work of 101 pages and is divided into three sections with a postscript.

I have no doubt though that many people will love this book so do go out and buy it!

Ben Winch says

There's a great moment in David Cronenberg's *eXistenZ* when token pasteboard Russian game-character Yevgeny Nourish shouts 'Death to realism!' before setting fire to a diseased game-pod which, until that moment, has dispensed anything *but* realism. In this apparently mixed-message manifesto I find meaningful similarities with the pulp triptych *Vanishing Points*. Whether it can lay claim to the same mastery is questionable (its author was 23 when he wrote it, and subsequent drafts may only have focussed his youthfulness) but somewhere at its heart is a power-drunk revolutionary, setting fire to dispensers of irreality (AKA genre conventions) under the banner of anti-realism and having the time of his life doing so.

Imagine *Forbidden Planet* crossed with 'MS Found in a Bottle'. We're *in* this strange world as the story unfolds, via the whispered, shouted, static-strafted log of the wayward Captain Kurtz:

It's late. I should be sleeping. Look at me: a shivering coward huddled in a plastic dome. Damn it, *what's happening here?*... I've had a dream, and it haunts me, though it passed in an instant. I dreamt of... an *eye*. A single red iris surrounded by black, and the wide-open pupil at its centre. It was ancient, this eye, as if made of stone, and so huge I could not look away from it. When I tried to, it surrounded me. When I ran to escape, it was infinite. And as I awoke I was falling, plummeting through space towards it...

Guns are fired. One by one, the crew disappears in the fog, only to be transformed – like Lynch's Fred Madison – before the cycle winds up and... starts again.

A *noir* fairytale city, steam pouring from sewer gratings as trenchcoated men scurry between red-lit doorways – Jim Thompson meets Kafka in a steam-punk ('petrol-punk?') 1950s that never was. Meet 5D pornstar Buck Wilder, test pilot for an ill-fated technology. A *Mind's Eye* implant in his forehead transmits sensations to an audience in tri-coloured glasses, which controls him, under the direction of inventor/auteur E.T.A. Horner:

How to compete with the king? 5D, in theory, was democratic. And maybe later, when Wilder fans packed the place to the rafters, it was. But in those days it was a dictator and his subjects. You put on the glasses – *bam!* – and you're *in* some poor sap's head. But a roomful of deviants is in there too, and when they see which way Horner's pushing, you'd best go along for the ride.

Disappearance, transformation and... the wheel spins again. Some Nowheresville Sheriff's office, where the lone teenage survivor of a bloodbath at the lake gives his testimony:

You're from around here Sheriff, so you're probably used to it, but I got the creeps the moment we started up that mountain. Under an arch of twisted trees the road turned to dirt. We followed a tight corridor to nothingness. A car's length ahead, the forest materialised from the fog. A car's length behind us it dissolved. Then we broke through. The sun set across a sea of cloud. A few crags poked through like islands, throwing long shadows across the cloud. The road hugged a sheer wall of rock. Then we rounded the curve to a crater – a huge cauldron, bubbling with fog – and started down.

But just who *is* this scarred 'Streetcorner Man', who tells his latter-day *Body Snatchers* tale as if it were just another day at the office?

'Genre parody'? If the author's done his work, it's something more. It's a truism, but genre in *Vanishing Points* operates as a springboard, to lift us to realms denied us by 'realism': metaphysics, magic, madness, irreality. There's nothing new in that: the Surrealists used porn for the purpose; Kubrick used whatever he could (sci-fi, horror, war film, period drama). But what *may* be new is the triptych: the same psychic/emotional vectors, the same essential situation, but viewed through the distorting agents of three

mutually exclusive genres. Each story inhabits a unique world, but it's as if they stemmed from the same seed, the same ur-text, which they invite us to uncover. Three points to make a straight line, after all (so Roithamer). Three vanishing points.

And the verdict? The star-rating? One, for what it isn't. Five, for what it could be. The truth is (quietly): W. COQ, *c'est moi*. If you're interested, read the excerpts at [Vanishing Points Online](#). Friends, write me at Goodreads and I'll send you a free copy. Oh, and so Eddie Watkins's discreet review isn't for nothing, mum's the word re the me-as-COQ thing, eh?

Order *Vanishing Points* from COQ & CO.

Fionnuala says

I finished *Vanishing Points* and *At Swim-Two-Birds* late last night and when I woke this morning, the last scene of a very vivid dream was still imprinted in full colour on my mind. In the dream I had been searching for something, google searching, and a google search page filled my vision, a page to which I'd been led by a bizarre mistype - I could see it in the search bar: [jiethleef](#)

On the screen was a photo of a beautiful yellow cat stretched full length on a glossy black surface. The background was also a lustrous black, shot with glimmers of light. It was all super clear, the word and the image. The cat wasn't a regular cat. No. From his tail to his ears, there was a series of perfect curves like convex waves, the points directed towards the head rather than the tail, his entire profile etched like a series of yellow crescents against the dark background.

The most amazing thing of all was the title of the cat picture. This is what it said:
The [Jiethleef](#) - the link to a missing chapter in our history!

That was all that remained from the dream but I kept replaying it in my mind so that it wouldn't vanish before I'd had a chance to write it down.

Later when I'd logged on here in gr, I found a message from M Brody, the editor of *Vanishing Points* in answer to a question I'd raised in the status updates last night about something he'd noted on the final page, *graphs, diagrams and a strict three-act "parabolic" template, with peaks and crescendos at identical points in each story*, a reference to the devices he'd used to help him edit the contents of *Vanishing Points*.

I looked at the link to the graphs he provided in answer to my question and found that the graph has the same wave like pattern as the cat shape in my dream.

And *Vanishing Points* has a plot about a strange period in the history of the Universe when a group of explorers land on a planet from the past covered in a kind of phallic forest. Is there the suggestion that this is how life began? The missing chapter perhaps? No cats though.

Brody thinks the coincidence may have some even larger cosmic explanation.

Personally, I think it is all down to creativity, the effect on the reader of reading books such as this and Flann O'Brien's, side by side, late at night on the day the clock changed.

The author, sorry, one of the three author/editors involved in *Vanishing Points*, is very creative. He can handle three different plots at the same time while circling similar themes in all three and framing all of them in a further narrative he may or may not yet have written.

Ingenious.

A distant relative of Mr O'Brien, perhaps?

Michael says

A polyvisionary look at world in dissolution: VANISHING POINTS

MAROONED

(Left panel)

Strange things happen when Captain Kurtz and the crew of the starship Ultramundane land on the planet K-77 in search of a new place where mankind might live after the destruction of Earth-12.

But what exactly is happening on K-77? This is a mind twisting plot a la Philip K. Dick with more than one possible explanation and you may ask yourself the old question: "Is all that we see or seem just a dream within a dream"?

"The reflections of stalks on lapping water are hypnotic" reminds me of the striking pictures in the beginning of Tarkovskij's SOLARIS, and there's more to it than this one resemblance. And if you love Finney's BODY SNATCHERS and VanderMeer's ANNIHILATION you just have to love MAROONED.

Yes, it is pulp, but it's also more than that. A very good SF-Story, disquieting, dark and utterly intriguing.

THE CONTRACT

(Centerpiece)

I have to admit that this story is very difficult and I'm not sure I understood it at all, but strangely I liked it anyway.

It's the story of 5D pornstar Buck Wilder, who signed a contract compared to which a pact with the devil looks like a rather good deal. Bang For Bucks is the slogan, but Buck Wilder is selling more than his private parts.

5D is some sort of boosted Porn-O-Rama in Rumble-Vision, the audience is virtually part of the action when the greatly endowed Buck does what he can do best. But soon it becomes unclear who is actor and who spectator, who is inside who's head. A hallucinatory porn phantasmagoria, a feverish nightmare, a Wilder syndrome where viewers suffer total identification with 5D Buck Wilder. The construct of ego identity vanishes as gender borders do. But the show must go on.

I don't know why, but in a way this story reminds me of Burroughs NAKED LUNCH.

(A SHORT ASIDE:

COQ labeled VANISHING POINTS a "PULP TRYPTICH".

"Pulp was visceral, demanding an emotional reaction from the reader. It was popular, in both senses of the word, being cheaply mass-produced for a large audience and being aimed at the masses rather than the elite" says I.A. Watson.

I hope that VANISHING POINTS will find many readers, yet I doubt it is aimed at the masses. The stories are certainly not "very nearly stream of pure unconsciousness" as D.A. Madigan puts it.

"Pulp can be a style, a genre, or a theme; but it's always an experience" (I.A. Watson) - here at last we have two strikes: COQ's stories are an experience for sure and they contain pulp topics: a space captain, a 5D porn star and a teen slayer of zombies.)

SOUL SURVIVOR

(Right panel)

Now this story is pulp as can be! A party of teenagers visit a solitary cabin at Devil's Eye Lake. But only one returns, and the story he tells the sheriff makes the blood run cold. "I got me a feeling I'm gonna need something stronger than coffee to hear the rest of this", says the sheriff, and he's right.

The story includes a body snatching zombie ghost, possessed teenagers and some other pulp inventory. As in all of his stories, COQ surprises the reader with "one world laid over another" and "That chasm inside me" which is good for surprising plot twists.

By the way, I loved this sentence: "She laughed again - fingernails on a blackboard - and I let her have it."

VANISHING POINTS is great fun and I love it. Moreover it answers a question I have been asking myself for some time now: Is there a way of writing brainy (post)modern pulp? Yes, there is!
Please, please, Mr. Brody, give us COQWorks #2, and give it to us soon!

Wendy says

I rarely read supernatural/scifi horror fiction. I was excited to receive this book and intrigued as it contained several stories. It was thought provoking and I just might read the next book.

M. Brody says

That W. COQ was my friend is a fact I feel I can scarcely exaggerate, given the extent of his subsequent vilification by those (few, but vocal) who *claim* to remember him. Chiefly known among the small – read tiny – coterie that witnessed his few desultory public performances as an improvisatory musician, COQ was an artist little given to discipline, and I was unsurprised to find among his effects, in the weeks following his disappearance in the Australian winter of 2006, the box of weighty and wordy manuscripts which came to be known as *COQworks*, along with a note naming me sole executor.

To be an editor is no ambition of mine, and I'll confess the bashing of *Vanishing Points* (*COQworks* #1, 1997) into its current shape took longer than was sensible. COQ – the COQ I knew – wanted, unequivocally, to reach a wider public, and I believe I have acted in this spirit in truncating his outpourings (though whether the COQ of '97 – isolated, grandiose, vainglorious – would have agreed is open to question).

If COQ never mentioned his literary output after his emergence as a performer at the turn of the millenium – if he sought instead to method-act the "tightrope walker" from a devolved future, "shot through time" via an "irreality lacuna" centred over Manhattan in 2001 – I believe his motivation lay, in part, in the realisation of the sheer volume of work necessary to make his *COQworks* what they sought to be: pulp, accessible, perhaps brain-bending but, when all was said and done, the source of a paycheque, something which COQ would seek in vain until the last. True, I may never know to what degree I've retained COQ's conception in these rigorous (some would say drastic) edits, but lest anyone accuse me of betraying a friend, my reasons for making them are as follows:

1. The improvised nature of the manuscripts, which ran counter to their aims as pulp stories. In "Marooned", the first-person narrator was given to speechifying, often (and transparently) when his author had run afoul of the plot and was struggling to find a way forward.
2. The fragmentary nature of the manuscripts, specifically "The Contract", which consisted of disjointed passages running to over 40,000 words, despite that in notes made during its composition COQ labelled it a

short story.

3. Problems of voice inimical to character. In “Soul Survivor”, ostensibly told by a teenager, high-flown language predominated. (I am haunted by the thought that COQ wrote in emulation – or worse, parody – of *me*, given that throughout our long-distance friendship I remained his only lifeline to literature.)

4. The delusional claims of the author for his manuscripts: pulp stories with stings in the tails – short, mathematical, precise. “Delusional”? I should qualify: these were *first drafts*. The delusional part was in COQ’s thinking he would ever return to them. Devices I employed for tidying them included graphs, diagrams and a strict three-act “parabolic” template, with peaks and crescendos at identical points in each story.

Whether COQ perceived the extent of the connections between his tales is unclear, but he rarely strayed from a core group of themes, symbols and interchangeable characters around which he circled as if mesmerised. If in focussing more intently on these motifs I have narrowed his scope, I believe I have sharpened his vision, affording the reader a greater intimacy with an author who may forever remain elusive. COQ conceived of a hall of mirrors, but neglected to polish its surfaces to a reflective lustre. For the sake of one I remain proud to call friend, I hope my changes have achieved that.

M. Brody
Hope Valley, Derbyshire

Vanishing Points Online

Order through COQ & CO

Estelore says

I took too damn long to get around to reading *Vanishing Points*, but now that I've finished it, I have to say it was really enjoyable, and I'm glad the author gifted me a copy of it so many months ago. The stories are lively and energetic, mind-bending and twisted. It says "pulp" in the title, and pulp is what you'll find here, true to form. I felt like these were the kinds of stories I'd find in a 1950s Hustler copy, to entertain the reader between ogling centerfolds; all the same, they are very modern stories, and I never felt like the quality or narratives themselves were outdated or anything less than enjoyable.

Stephen P says

I don't read genre fiction. Limited by its formulaic style, expectations, I read rather to have neurological channels opened. I seek to be surgically displaced and disheveled to realms of discomfort. Re-creation. However, the book was referred by a GR friend quite different from his shelves of books. Cinching the deal was that the author in 2007 walked off and was never heard from again. Either dead as Woolf walked off into the sea, or left with disgust with the civilization that offered and offers little.

Broken into three stories of approximately the same length gave me the opportunity to give the book a fair chance by reading the first all the way through. A futuristic outer space sci-fi my mind began contracting

clubbed by a doctor's hammer as the knee when clubbed reflexively jumps as though not attached to the body. I understand how others enjoy this type of story and the positive purpose it serves. It just isn't me or I'm not it. Another case of missing genes.

A curious thing happened. My mind tingled then twittered about as though fooled into something it was not. The genre setting receded. Still there but now serving to emphasize gradually the emerging theme of the story. I read it, experienced it by the art of the prose style, that any point of view, yours, mine, any character in this story or any other, may well be subsumed within another's larger point of view, which may be subsumed within another's, and so on. Similar to, I am just a character in a story, the author determining my life? The author and that story a part of a larger story. But there are important differences. I understood the story to be saying that, well let's say, my POV is now part of someone's or something's larger POV. It fits into and comprises that POV.

Most impressive and important for me is that the sic-fi genre was not there as an example of the type, to call attention to itself, or to point out-loud or softly-look at how I use this genre in such a startling way by matching it up with literature. Rather Ben Winch-the true, authentic author-uses it as one element in a balanced work that underlines its higher intellectual and philosophical aims in a unique and daring way.

The second story, Contract, is from the beginning a porn genre tale which while increasing interest for me decreased expected quality.

Unsettling, disturbing, in the way literature needs to unsettle and disturb a reader. I didn't understand the well constructed sentences set in a porn-noir framework. I'm not sure it was written to be understood.

Slaloming the underfed line between parodic laughs, absurdism, and the yearn to fulfill, its fragmentary style, Contract jittered forward. A young porn star takes on a masturbatory bet with an elderly king of porn. Losing he is shot with a pistol which implants an object into his forehead. From this point forward he is lost in a void. The style becomes more stylishly fragmented. The writer is good at fragmentation. It appears the porn stars mind has fragmented into a deep identification with the porn star, Buck Wilder-who we think he is from the beginning-immensely endowed but unable to perform. He finds after a lengthy blackout this is what makes him famous, this purported holding back has marketed him into fame. It appears none of this happens for us in our readerly world but is certainly real for him. All becomes possibly a projection from his own mind. A crowing nightmare, his world is a void filled with by his own projections. "An experiment gone bad."

Is that what we are? Experiments gone bad. We don't understand it anymore than Buck. Chilling. Even more so told within the a parodic porn story.

The final story, Soul Survivor, a ghost story was not as successful for me. Here the form of this genre weighed heavier than necessary, becoming more of a focal point throwing the work out of the carefully wrought balance of the first two stories.

The larger work which this review, though it thinks of itself as self contained but is probably a part of a larger review it is unaware of, sees the overall theme linking these stories as that we are innocently simply a projection of someone else's projection. Experienced rather than described through its style, catapulted by the use of a genre frame, despite the slight decline of the third story, it was accomplished without a sign of strain or the author's pen dribbling ink along the margins.

Vanishing Point may be an effective revival of using old forms to recite larger themes or by the way Winch handles the narratives, may be groundbreaking.

I highly recommend this book to anyone who has the yearning to be lost in a book that is fresh, provocative, unsettling, and ultimately fascinating. When done, it is a slim book, 101 pages, and reads easily, it pays to

reopen it and read again. So much there.

Ben offered to mail me this book free. I refused, knowing myself well enough to know, though not intended (Ben was clear that if I did want to write about it I needed to be objective and honest. So, I purchased my own copy from the local bookstore. Ben's name does not appear on the cover. W. COQ appears as the author and M. Brody as the editor. I was engrossed in the book, thinking about it as I would any book I read, and have expressed my opinions as clearly and honestly as any book I have reviewed.

Miriam says

Sheesh, if people are going to start "liking" my "review" before I've even read the book, I feel like I need some sort of place holder...

1. A mystery about a planet with mysterious ecology. A mystery about people. A mystery sort of like if there had been a special Poe-inspired episode of the original Star Trek that was written by a time-travel jet-lagged, on drugs Joseph Conrad. Awesome.

2. Yeah, if this technology really existed porn probably would be the first and most profitable use. And there would be all sort of complex questions about privacy and rights and intellectual ownership that would go largely unaddressed because business rules and poor dummies get screwed. Literally, in this case. Meat for the system! (Again literally). Not as made-for-Miriam as the first story but very interesting. I particularly liked the contrast between the often elevated language and the vulgar content. And it has an important public safety message: boys, don't let an unusually large cock lead you into trouble.

Nathan "N.R." Gaddis says

Disclaimer :: gr Authors (the capital "A" means that I've suspended our conventional understanding of this term in an ironical manner ; ie, an "Author" is just whatever the gr db treats as an "Author" in an "Author" column in their spreadsheet ;; put whatever you want into that column, und *voilà*, you've got an "Author") have stepped up their game, transforming themselves from virtual Trolls and thick=skulls into something resembling Reality, now STALK'ing Readers and Reviewers, as if we didn't already have enough shit to put up with from Reality. Makes you sort of want to preemptively BLOCK each and every gr "Author" (somedays the cap'ing and double=quoting just isn't enough, and one wants to do something like :: quote ""Author"" unquote).

Disclaimer, (cont.) :: Well, this W. COQ guy is a gr Friend of mine. He is not a gr ""Author"". But his editor M. Brody is a gr ""Author"". And not a Friend of mine. He may be taken as the primary Responsible

Figure, given that W. COQ was dead and cold by the time M. Brody edit'd and pub'd this thing, this Triptyk(on).

Disclaimer, (sum'ore) :: And so I got this for FREE. Not from its Author (provide your own s=quotes). Not from its editor. But from its Copyright Holder. I understand that as far as the gr db is concerned, Copyright Holders also count as Authors (ditto) ; which just goes to show how thoroughly that Supreme Court Decision which confer'd personality upon Corporations has totally fucked up our conceptual grasp of reality.

Disclaimer, (uh huh) :: Given all of the above and perhaps more below, you'll see that everything I might say by way of a review (or ""Review"", if you prefer) will consist -- by NECESSITY -- of nothing but LIES. And therefore I may say honestly that, "I have received a FREE copy of this book, not from its Author or Publisher, but from its Copyright Holder, in exchange for an Honest Review. Or, really no Review (or review) at all." (The point need no longer be made, since Hegel made it more than 200 years ago, that one sure sign of a lack of honesty, integrity, sincerity, authenticity, &c &c, is the compulsive and insistent confession of such quality).

Disclaimer (we could continue, couldn't we?) :: Yes, this Review (ditto) is a part of a larger Publicity Campaign/Media Blitz within which you will find yourself perhaps sucked=in or totally Repulsed, depending.

The Review Proper ::

Pulp. Three pieces of pulp. And only "COQWORKS #1"; more to come? What am I supposed to do with this?

(do) The math ::

Fact :: *Vanishing Points* has a list price of ten (10) USofA Dollars.

Assumption (pure guess=work here) (for simplicity sake) :: COQWORKS will extend to eleven (11) volumes.

Fact :: COQWORKS #1 has 104 (generous count) pages.

Assumption :: Each volume will have (average) a page count of 104.

Let's calculate (I'll do the heavy lifting) ::

1144 pages over 11 volumes

\$(US, we'll assume)110.00 for all eleven volumes.

\$(ditto)99.00, give a 10% amazon discount.

\$(...)0.00 if you participate in this Publicity Stunt, like you see me doing.

9.6 cents (USofA) per page (list price).

8.6 cents (ditto) ditto (amazon discount).

[all figures are approximate; and prone to miscalculation due to a fundamental unfamiliarity with the general principles and ethics of mathematics and the lower arithmetics]

But seriously, what am I supposed to do with this?

Twist my arm.

Okay. Listen. Here's how the Triptyk(on) breaks down (ie, watch us do Literary Criticism the old fashion'd way) ::

First panel :: Star Trek cheese.

Second panel :: a missing chapter from the superb PORN novel, The Adventures of Lucky Pierre: Directors' Cut (unabashed Coover=promotion).

Third panel :: a missing episode from the first season of Twin Peaks, or a leek'd script of the 2016 Twin Peaks?

Pulp, in triplicate.
