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Feminist Sci-Fi Author Pens Fantasy Short Story Collection About Trump Post-Impeachment, In A Galaxy Far Far Away

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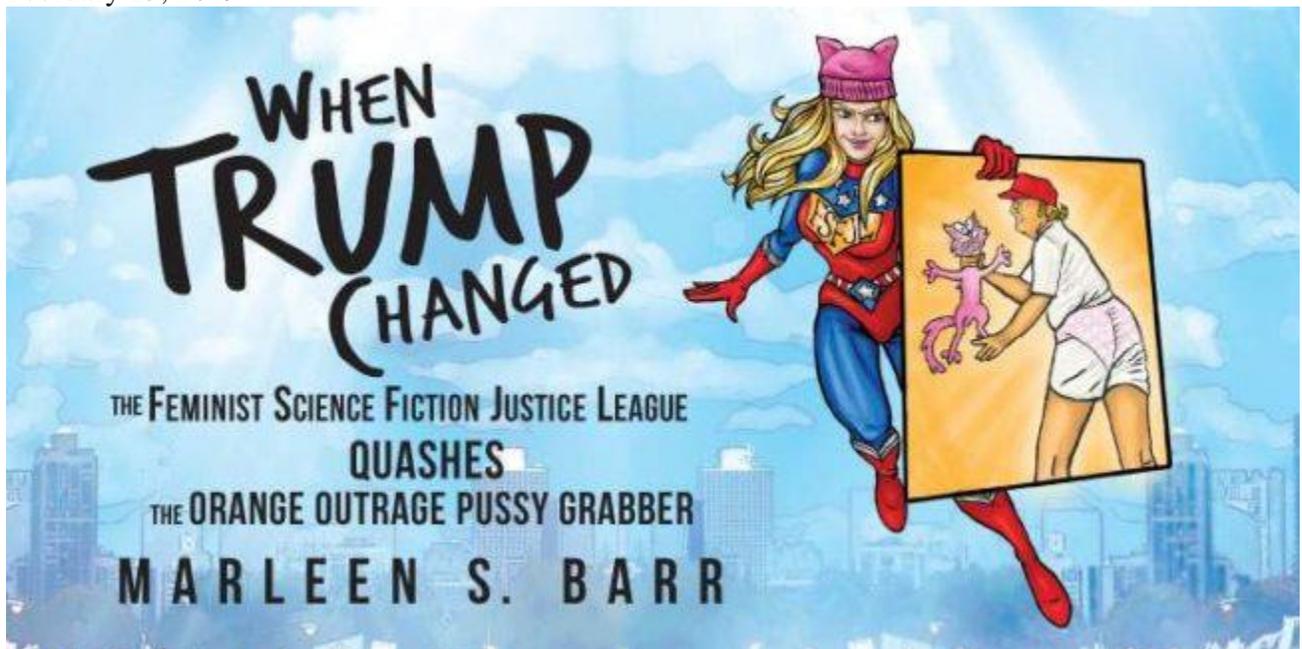
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By Marleen S. Barr

Donald Trump was ensconced in his Fifth Avenue aerie contemplating his Cabinet appointments. He glanced at an oblong lamp adorned with a spout and a semi-circular handle which markedly differed from the other baubles dispersed throughout the penthouse. The lamp was made of bronze, not gold. Trump, who was a tad nervous about being President-elect, rubbed the lamp to assuage his anxiety. Smoke suddenly filled the room and surrounded the French provincial furniture. A rotund brown skinned young man—who wore pantaloons, a billowing sleeved shirt covered by a vest, a small tasseled hat, and pointed shoes—stood in front of Trump.

“Are you a gay rights demonstrator? How did you breach my huge security?” snarled Trump.

“I materialized,” answered the man.

“Materializing is as much bunk as global warming.”

“Since you choose not to believe in science, you should accept that penthouse entry accomplished via materializing is possible. Where I come from, my colleagues and I materialize all the time.”

“I’m afraid to ask, but where do you come from?”

“A different realm. To make a long story short, I’m a genie. The name’s Aladdin.”

“Aladdin, huh. You’re a Muslim. Register immediately and prepare for deportation.”

“Exactly how to you intend to accomplish deporting a genie?”

“I’m the President-elect of the United States. I can do whatever the hell I want.”

Aladdin wiggled his middle finger. Trump and all the golden home furnishings began to float.

“Put me and my property down immediately,” demanded Trump.

“You are not exactly svelte. Getting you up was hard. I will do as you ask if you agree to my terms.”

“Which are?”

“The genie realm constitution mandates that you make three wishes and I grant them.”

“What’s with this wish thing? I never wish for anything. I always get exactly what I want. I’m a billionaire.”

“What you obtain must conform to the confines of reality.”

“Put me down and I’ll do the wish thing.”



When Trump and the furniture simultaneously landed with a thud, he made more noise than the sofa. He straightened his oversized suit and faced Aladdin.

“First wish time,” said Aladdin. “Go for something unreal.”

“I have to do this pesky Cabinet post filling task. I need someone more offensive than Stephen K. Bannon. I wish that I can make Genghis Khan Secretary of State.”

The smell of a yak in heat permeated the penthouse. A man clad entirely in fur materialized.

“Genghis,” said Trump while extending his hand. “I’m the President-elect of the United States. I’m making you Secretary of State.”

Aladdin used magic to make it possible for Donald and Genghis to schmooze.

“Huh? What palace is this? I am going to conquer you.”

“Oops,” said Trump. “Aladdin I want a do over. I made a mistake. Genghis Khan could be related to Khizr Khan, the Gold Star parent who brandished the Constitution against me. Genghis Khan is a Muslim too. The people who supported me won’t like it if I appoint a Muslim Secretary of State.”

“Do overs are not allowed. You wished for Genghis Khan. Now deal with him,” ordered Aladdin.

The yak was nibbling at the house plants while Genghis was brandishing his sword and looking out of the window.

“I don’t think that I am in Mongolia anymore,” said Genghis.

“You’re most certainly not in Mongolia. You work for me. Put that sword down and listen to my terms,” ordered Trump.

“All I want is to rape and pillage,” said Genghis dejectedly.

“You can accomplish that here. You just have to call it groping pussy and pulling off con games.”

“I’m in,” acquiesced Genghis.



Trump tweeted that Genghis Khan was the new Secretary of State. Liberal New Yorkers tried to convince themselves that Genghis Khan was preferable to Rudy Giuliani. All the Democratic elected officials and New York Times columnists who held their noses and said that they were willing to give Trump a chance to succeed were having second thoughts. Genghis opened Trump’s refrigerator, took an entire roast in hand, and began to chomp on it. Trump’s neighbor called the Super to complain about the yak odor which was permeating her multi-million dollar apartment; she thought that living with the smell was worse than coping with the new security measures.

“Time for your second wish,” announced Aladdin.

“I’m on a roll. I wish that Jack the Ripper could be Secretary of Housing and Urban Development.”

A sinister looking man wielding a knife and dragging a corpse did the by now familiar to Trump materialization thing. Aladdin kicked the corpse under the sofa and made the knife disappear.

“Welcome to New York. I’m President-elect Donald Trump. You will play an important role in my Cabinet.”

“All I care about is ripping people apart.”

“Yes, that’s your job description. Only we call it ripping people off and slashing budgets. Republicans want you to rip away and slash with impunity. Just do it with a pen, not a knife. Cutting remarks are also okay. I’m particularly good at those,” stated Trump.

“Cutting is cutting. Sounds good,” answered Jack the Ripper.

“Third wish,” said Aladdin.

“I can’t do better than Genghis and Jack,” said Trump as the two new Cabinet members retired to bedrooms to get some rest.

“Well, there is always Adolph,” suggested Aladdin.

“No, Adolph is too much—even for me. Why should I cause a racist ruckus with Adolph when I have already appointed Jeff Sessions to be Attorney General. Swastikas are appearing all over the place. The alt right guys vociferously said ‘heil Trump’ at their Washington conference. My daughter married a Jew and converted. She’s so hot. I need her and her husband to carry on my business interests. What I no longer need is you. I’ve gotten what I wanted from you. I will do things my way. Even though I can’t deport Muslim you, I can get you the hell out of my apartment. I wish that you would disappear.”



Aladdin dematerialized in a smoke cloud accompanied by a space time continuum disturbance rumble.

Attempting to steady himself, Trump picked up an elongated bottle which was rounded at the bottom. Forgetting what was inside, he opened the cork. Pink smoke engulfed the room. A woman who looked and dressed exactly like Barbara Eden playing the sexy genie in the 1960's sitcom *I Dream of Jeannie* materialized.

"I'm a Baby Boomer. I know you. Hello Barbara. Strange that you are not in your eighties. But stranger things have happened today. You're somehow still very attractive."

Trump reached out to kiss the woman and grope her pussy. His hands and lips were greeted with a nonlethal electric shock."

"I am not Barbara."

"Shit. Not another genie. I just got rid of a genie."

"I am not a genie. I am an extraterrestrial, a denizen of a feminist separatist planet. I appeared in the Barbara Eden guise so that you would not have a heart attack when you saw me in my true

purple skinned four headed form. The electric shock is part of aversion therapy for pussy gropers. By the time we are finished with you, you will never grope another pussy again. My clones and I are very nasty women.”

Many clones of the extraterrestrial who also looked like Barbara Eden playing Jeannie appeared in the room.

“Sisters, what should I do with this deplorable lying, male chauvinist pig?” asked the extraterrestrial.

“Lock him up. Lock him up,” shouted the clones.

“As you wish,” the extraterrestrial said.

Faster than a New York minute, Trump found himself inside the bottle ensconced in front of a huge television set broadcasting Alec Baldwin imitating him on Saturday Night Live.

“I am a benevolent feminist separatist planet inhabitant. You will stay inside the bottle watching Baldwin portray your mendacious and malicious idiocy until a Democratic is elected President. I suggest that you spend your time dreaming of groping Jeannie’s pussy,” said the extraterrestrial as she corked the bottle—firmly.

“Science fiction has always been a medium for dramatizing social and political issues, and Marleen S. Barr is out there leading the way.”

— James E. Gunn, Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America
Damon Knight Memorial Grand Master of Science Fiction

“Uproariously funny. Marleen S. Barr captures the bizarre essence of the things we can all imagine happening in Trump Land. Written as only a native New Yorker — who grew up walking the same Queens streets as young Trump — can. You will laugh until you cry.”

— Phyllis Irene Radford, John W. Dalmas Award winner

“Marleen S. Barr’s collection of stories presents offbeat science fiction power fantasies for the Resistance. You’ll journey to feminist separatist planets and experience liberal wish fulfillment vignette adventures. Closely encounter a satirical Trumpism-eradicated future as alternative as alternative facts — and laugh while you’re doing it!”

— Louise Marley, Endeavor Award winner

Award winning feminist science fiction scholar and writer Marleen S. Barr brings you *When Trump Changed: The Feminist Science Fiction Justice League Quashes the Orange Outrage Pussy Grabber*.

This book — the world’s first single-authored satirical Trump-focused short story collection — is a guide to the Trump revenge fantasy galaxy. Barr turns to fiction to move beyond wishing for Trump’s impeachment. She subjects our president to close encounters with feminist extraterrestrials, alternative Hillary winning history, Godzilla-esque metamorphosis, and lockup in the Phantom Zone — and that’s on a good day.

In the end, Barr transports Trump to a galaxy far far away from us. Those who recoil at pussy grabbing need to grab this laugh-out-loud funny groundbreaking feminist power fantasy. Liberals will rate it a ten. Will Trump call science fiction a fake book? Will he expect feminist extraterrestrials to characterize him as a very stable genius?

Parody — a component of the science fiction subgenre Barr calls “Trumppunk” — is powerful!

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Marleen S. Barr is known for her pioneering work in feminist science fiction and teaches English at the City University of New York. She has won the Science Fiction Research Association Pilgrim Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction criticism. Barr is the author of 'Alien to Femininity: Speculative Fiction and Feminist Theory', 'Lost in Space: Probing Feminist Science Fiction and Beyond', 'Feminist Fabulation: Space/Postmodern Fiction', and 'Genre Fission: A New Discourse Practice for Cultural Studies'. She is the author of the novels 'Oy Pioneer!' and 'Oy Feminist Planets: A Fake Memoir'. The excerpt published here comes from her new book 'When Trump Changed: The Feminist Science Fiction Justice League Quashes The Orange Outrage Pussy Grabber', out now on Amazon.