

CC REVELATION



THE "BOB" APOCRYPHON

HIDDEN TEACHINGS AND DEUTEROCANONICAL TEXTS OF

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS

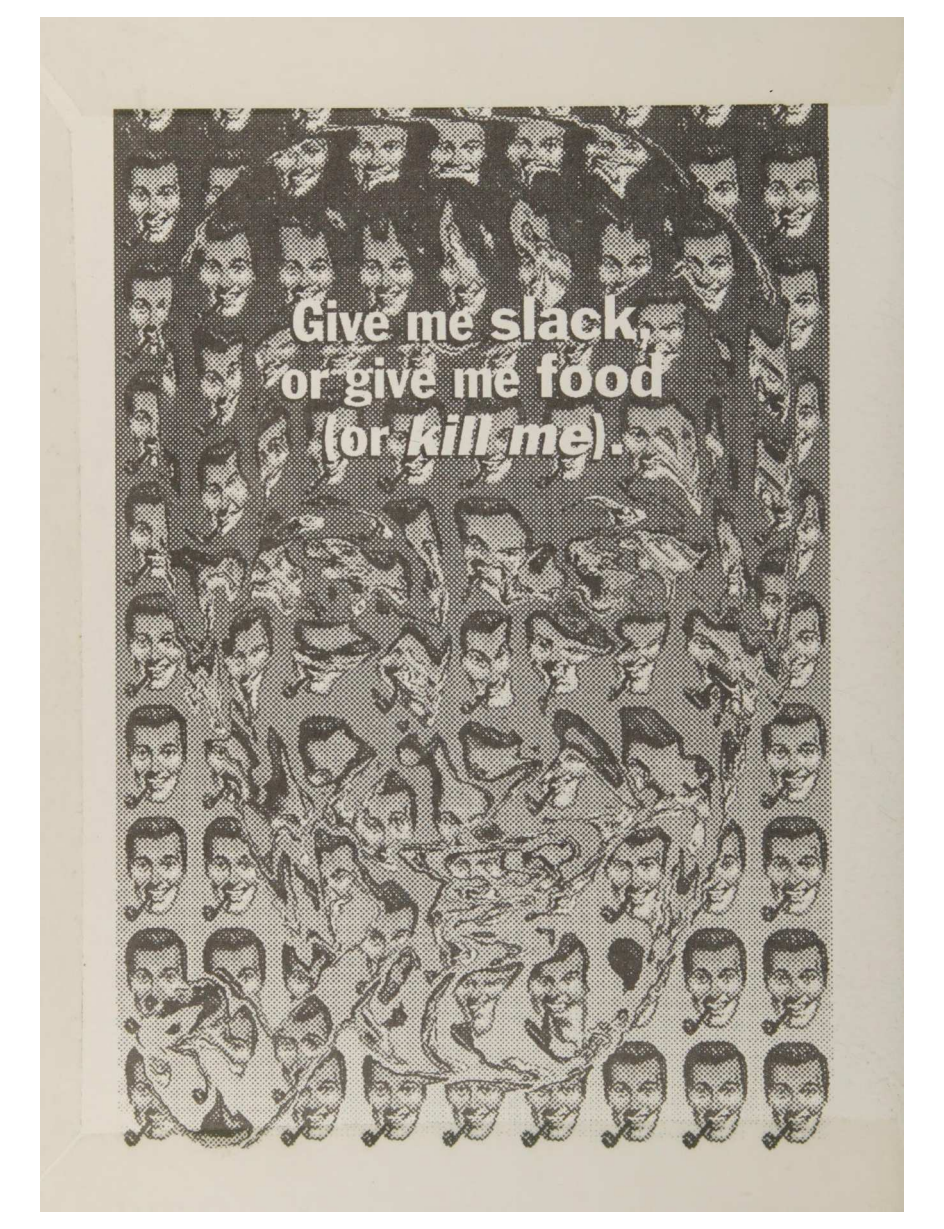
"Who is worthy to open The Book, and to break the seals thereof?"

REFERENCE
ONLY



Translated by

The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.



**Give me slack,
or give me food
(or *kill me*).**

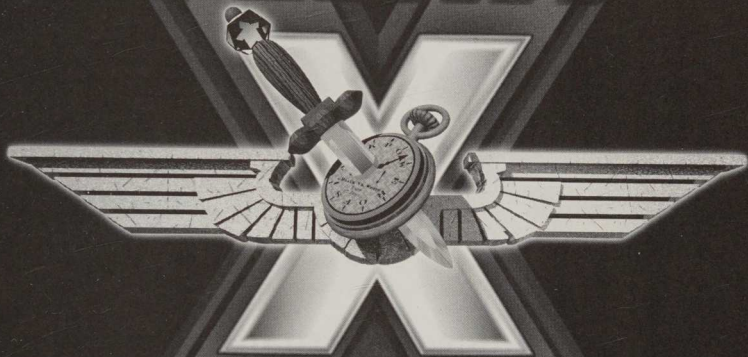
HIDDEN TEACHINGS AND DEUTEROCANONICAL TEXTS

OF
J.R. "BOB" DOBBS

(1927—1984, 1985—)

LIVING AVATAR OF SLACK

REVELATION



THE "BOB" APOCRYPHON



Appointed to be Read in Churches


Translated out of the Original Tongues by

The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.

"Dulling the Pain of Existence in a World Without Slack Since 1978"

F A Fireside Book

Published by Simon & Schuster
New York London Toronto Sydney Tokyo Singapore

ISBN: 0-671-22000-0
ON: May Be Habit Forming 

KA 0199589 8





"I can't believe I opened this book."

We can. You did it because it looked *different*. Most other people *avoided* it for that very reason. Maybe . . . just maybe . . . YOU are as "DIFFERENT" as this book is. You *seek out* the "different," for its own sake, and that odd trait of yours has led you now to peruse this "funny book."

Or has it?

What if some catalyst stronger than your engrammatic programming, more powerful than the combined forces of the spirit-world, *compelled* you to pick it up and begin reading? Just took control of your body, mind and soul and got you to Page 2 before easing back in the cockpit. *Just inside the door.*

You are one of the Chosen — and this book falling into your hands was *NO ACCIDENT!* Every word in this book is here because **you** are reading it.

In the hands of "The Others," this would be FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE.

But for you, it's what you've always wanted, what you always deserved, what you thought you could never have:



SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

It Can All Be Yours

**EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS TRUE
"BOB" IS THE PROOF**



BEFORE

AFTER

The prudes, prigs, wheezers and weenies, jocks and jerks, pencil-necks and ninnies, super-patriots and fundamentalist fanatics, all think there should be more RELIGION in this country.

Well, have we got a religion for them!!



The Church of the SubGenius



God's Answer to Fundamentalism

The World's First Industrial Church

"Building a New Heaven and a New Earth — On the Rubble of the Old"



Fireside

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New York, New York 10020

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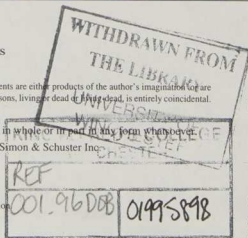
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 FRENCH PRESCRIPTIONS, VIRTUAL MEMORY LOSS
 RADICAL HEAD REALIGNMENT
ANSWERS AND MIRACLES



“BOB” DON’T EVER CHANGE” — J.R. FUDGE

“Those who know don’t say, and those who say don’t know.”
 — *The Hell’s Angels*

“If you have to ask, you’ll never know.”
 — *Mr. Natural*

“I wish I could forget.”
 — *Palmer Vreedeez*

“FUCK ‘EM IF THEY CAN’T TAKE A JOKE.”
 — *J.R. “Bob” Dobbs*

THIS IS NOT “FUNNY” - NOR IS IT “ART”



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 send a 10” self-addressed stamped envelope
 to the Church Headquarters:

THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION
 P.O. Box 140306
 Dallas, Texas 75214

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 Breaking the Tolerance Barrier, and
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 but what will make us REALLY NOTICE YOU is **MONEY**.
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Big Money

Fast Luck



BEING THE WORD AND HISTORIES OF **J.R. "BOB" DOBBS**

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as Trance-Spouted by These Ordained Ministers
and Original Early Apostles of The Dobbs:



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Dr. G. Gordon Gordon • St. Janor
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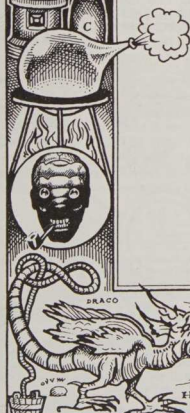
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A S A "BOB" S O B E Y O'

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK



It works exactly like any holy book that's *worth a damn*. You can find something in it to excuse you for anything, or to prove any point — indeed, any number of mutually contradictory points. It can be used to prove that the

Earth was created only 4,000 days ago, or that it was never created at all. It can show that all SubGenie are misogynists who secretly believe in Jesus, or that they're all feminists who're really serving Hecate. You can interpret the whole Church as nothing more than a particularly cynical, sleazy, nasty little yawp, or as a daredevil revelation of complex but previously inexpressible secrets, beyond bold surrealism, beyond even bullshada.

None of these are 'incorrect' interpretations, and in fact you may someday need to cite one of them in court. If Satan can quote Scripture for his own purposes, "Bob" can quote *anything* to prove *anything*. It doesn't matter what you tell others about it, as long as you never forget its *true nature*, including these basic facts:

THIS IS NOT A PARODY.

THERE IS NOT A SINGLE CONTRADICTION ANYWHERE IN THIS BOOK.

THERE IS ONLY ONE REAL INTERPRETATION: THE LITERAL ONE.

To Conspiracy-blinded doubters, the Church may at first appear to be nothing more than a fantastically well-developed parody. That's understandable; after all, most people still think humanity either evolved from apes or was created by a "God," and actually *believe* what they see on the news. We can hardly expect such a laughably glib species to distinguish Dobbs' truth from the morass of false belief in which they wallow.

There are plenty of "funny fake churches" around these days. We're not one of those, although we *have* inadvertently spawned most of them. They're only making fun of organized religion or fringe cults; none go the distance, cross the line and become replacements for those things. Who can blame them? It's *dangerous as hell* on this Conspiracy mudworld. Parody's fine, it can be witty and clever, but it can rarely impart seriously disturbing Truth. It can't resonate with hidden, buried Knowledge too hideous to apprehend in normal consciousness. We will develop your sense of the *blackest* humor, yes, along with many of your other glands — but only as one of many buttresses, many reinforcements that *allow* you to enter that toughened, but delicately balanced, state of mind wherein you can bear to hold the otherwise unthinkable Thoughts. You will finally Know, even though the *Knowing* may kill you.

Other religions keep trying to force the natural contradictions of life into making some sort of SENSE! And that is the ultimate folly. The apparent contradictions you find in "Bob's" Teachings are precisely what allow it to operate. Life itself is contra-

dictory. It prolongs itself for the most ridiculous reasons; it fuels its own turmoil. *Cussedness* is the one trait common to all the gods, all their creations, and their creators. The Immutable Rule is that for every nanosecond of pleasure and joy that the gods grant you, there will of *necessity* be an equal and opposite nanosecond of pain. There is no escape.¹ However, through "Bob," you can learn to "amplify" the pleasure energies and "turn down the volume" on the pain as *sensed*, and as *reflected*, by you.

But isn't this DEMONIC?

HELL, YES! However, most of them are relatively *benevolent* demons. The Church of the SubGenius isn't doing the work of the One True



Lord alone — we recognize *all* True Lords, SubLords and OverLords. There are many gods who don't *want* you to believe in them, because they don't *want* you to know what they're doing to you. That's precisely why we *do* believe in them. SOMEBODY has to FIGHT BACK — to defy, or, at the very least, to NEGOTIATE with these gods. These dark, dark gods.²

ABOUT THE LANGUAGE IN THIS BOOK:

What do you want us to say, "Kiss 'em if they can't take a joke"?

WARNING TO TRUE SUBGENII:

We don't need to tell YOU a damned thing — you've probably GUESSED it all by now. But we would perhaps suggest that you do **not** cruelly expose fullblood humans to this material.

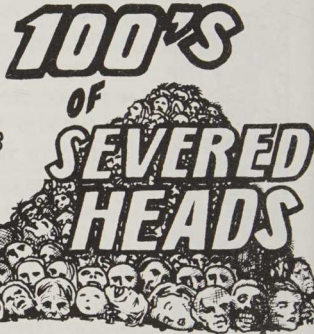
WARNING TO STINKING NORMAL FANBOYS:

We're not talking to YOU. This is for the True Children of Dobbs Yeti Resurrected, and will probably cause nothing but trouble in the hands of people who only *think* they "get it." We'll make one last-minute plea: If you even so much as SUSPECT that you might be a lame, snivelling Bobbie, or psychotic religious nut for the *wrong* "Bob,"

please purchase this book but do not read it; and for gods' sakes don't ACT upon its advice!

WARNING TO ORDINARY HUMANS:

OF COURSE this sounds insane to you! Why have you even bothered to read this far? You don't "get it"... you suspect there isn't even anything to get. It just seems stupid, obnoxious and, well, CRAZY. On the other hand, *maybe* there is something BAD WRONG with this BOOK in your hands, it's upsetting you, whoever did this must be INSANE, or maybe THIS COPY was TOUCHED by a lunatic before you got it, and now the Craziest Vibes are rubbing off on you, or there's LSD in the ink, either that or else you spent your entire life up



to now HYPNOTIZED into thinking EVERYTHING WAS OKAY, but it's NOT, and something here has triggered the scales to fall from your eyes for the first time, but YOU'RE NOT READY YET... IT'S TOO INTENSE, HAVEN'T YOU READ ALL THIS BEFORE SOMEWHERE?... **THERE! GOTCHA!** We did it. We got you to read this far. THE SILENT RADIOM CODE TRIGGER has been implanted.

Remember what we said about contradictions and "nothing between the lines"? We were lying. None of the words themselves do ANYTHING to your subconscious. It's the WHITE SHAPES SURROUNDING certain LETTERS which bore into the place in your brain where the so-called "archetypes" are stored. There're a few new ones there now, that's all we've done. You'll *thank* us, in the long run.

¹ In fact, the sole way God pays any attention to you at all is in making sure that the overall pain/pleasure balance is maintained, Universe-wide. The only entries keeping track of the details, such as your pleasure/pain balance, are the Pain-and-Pleasure Accounting Angels, and they are mere clerks who WILL NOT refer your complaints to the manager, much less the owner. And then there's JHVH-1, who is NOT "God," but who also bombards us daily with kamikaze sublimens, engineering a continuous dose of bad vibes for His own purposes. He has a most trenchant, morbid sensibility, however, and is so well pleased to see that attitude in His creations that He goes a little easier on those of us who share this outlook with Him. That is why we are His pet race.

² On the other hand, every time they're mentioned, they become more powerful — and here we are, spreading their names far and wide. Hmmm... maybe we shouldn't have brought this up. Oh well, too late now.



AGITATED?

Bored? Confused?

Lonely? Unloved?

WEIRD? BAD?

Not exactly a 'team player'?

Had enough "Have a Nice Day"? Tired of all that touchy-feely Cosmic Sweetness-and-Light CRAP? Get nearly irresistible urges to pound spikes into the eyes of namby-pamby, gibbering religious nuts?

Every time you go to work, do you feel that a horrible joke is being played on you, an *evil betrayal of cosmic proportions*?

HATE everybody?

Do impure thoughts literally *assail* your being?? Are you *more* than ready to confront the dark side of your personality? Constantly feeling the *urgent need* to *abandon your hold on everything rational* and *UNSTOPPABLY INDULGE* your *ABNORMALITY*?



FRANCIS RAZZUWICKI



The material in this section is for those readers who are new to the Church of the SubGenius, and have not already memorized *The Book of the SubGenius* (Simon & Schuster, 1983, ISBN # 0-671-63840-6), easily ordered from any bookstore or for just \$15 postpaid from The SubGenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.

Ever wanted to have CRAZED SEX with BEAUTIFUL ALIEN BEINGS? THEN THIS MAY BE FOR YOU!

— or —

Do you *still think* you can REASON your way out of this holy mess into which you've been untimely dropped? Are you driven to cling in desperation to the brittle, false stability of the artificial structure imposed on society by invisible authorities? When emotional trauma suddenly intrudes across the backwash of your dreary life, does *logic* serve as your only solace, "explaining" the vagaries of your otherwise inexplicably futile existence?

Are you driven, in short, to the very *brink of sanity* by the Conspiracy's *False Reality*, and the pressure of a crumbling world?

Then you may be in for a hell of a pratfall on a cosmic banana peel.



DR. FRODO

SLACK OFF! — while you still know how!!

TIME IS RUNNING OUT!

BIGBUCKS TECHNICOLOR CORPORATE DAISYCHAIN DRY-HUMPS THE WORLD — BUT NEVER COMES

They've ALREADY rounded us up like cattle, herded us into slave labor gulags, and replaced our names with urine test result numbers — ONLY MOST OF US DIDN'T NOTICE, because at the end of the day they still let us clock out, go home to our cell blocks, and punch in again for a few minutes of "quality time" with the spouse and kiddies, or the drugs and TV, or all four. The takeover, the "domestication" we

believe they call it, happened so gradually, so quietly, and so thoroughly, that, even if you happen to know who "Bob" Dobbs is, you might not really CARE! Of course, THEY keep you from caring whether you care or not, and it's so much easier to just QUIT FIGHTING...



You're used to it... you can take it... it's a living... you'll just go on about your job, doing as you're told... getting along, playing the game, making the best of it... Why not? Nothing's left. Elvis is dead... Hendrix is dead... John Holmes is dead... the Marlboro Man has



LIES

cancer... Love and kindness are purchased commodities... Even the gay baby whales are endorsing big oil companies. Rock and roll is a beer commercial, punk is a hairstyle. All the starving people in the world want back what they think you took, but you're supposed to work like a dog just to keep what you only *think* you have. You can't even *die* legally! You can run but you can't hide. Ronald McDonald, Joe Camel and Ollie North are CULTURAL HEROES, narcomuzak bleats from every corner, the BEAVER grew up and married his MOM, *what in creeping hell is GOING ON??*

CONSPIRACY TO CONCEAL INFORMATION BY LEAVING IT MISLABELED IN PLAIN SIGHT *dooms billions to lifelong servitude under soul-vampire pseudo-deities created by the ones they enslave!*

Millions are being deceived by the teachings of ESP and telepathy, crystal energy and "a virgin birth," Pyramid-Scheme Power and "sons of God" who "die for your sins," reincarnation and "chosen people," "evolution" and "monogamy," the "work ethic" and UFOs... even fictitious characters like Adam and Eve, Gaia, Moses, Dan Rather, Muhammad, Xuxa, Jesus, and Barney the Dinosaur are held up as "great teachers!" These fairy tales and worse are being *seriously believed by adult Americans* and taught in public schools. Belief in such comic-book notions is a prerequisite for employment in most major corporations! Hollywood, TV, the press and the government use brainwashing techniques to open you up to demonic "Judeo-Christian," "Islamic," and "New Age" influences, leading to unalterable states of consciousness in their victims.

YOUR EXCUSES FOR HATE

The Cop Computers are synching up for the home stretch CRACKDOWN on ALL WEIRDNESS before 1998; you can't even tell a JOKE anymore without some Normality Squad ThoughtCop whining down your neck... it's the HIP NEW PURITANS, the Scumlord, P-Boys and Frat Brats: the very "cream of the crap" that is the failed genetic cesspool of Doomed Humanity. And yet, even while they shave off your wild hairs, you find yourself reflexively THANKING THEM for that SPIRITUAL CASTRATION, THE AMPUTATION of YOUR ABNORMALITY GLAND... but, hey, you paid *good money and time* for them to do it, and you're goddamn well gonna ENJOY it, aren't you?

There IS a HELL, all right — and YOU'RE ALREADY IN IT!! Of course, this is only the TOP FLOOR of Hell, the easy part... the Hell where you don't even know you're THERE. And when the demons try to *tell* you, you think they're being *satirical*.

"Aw, every *moron* knows THAT," you say. "Life's a bitch, and then you die. Hyuck hyuck hyuck." YOU GOT IT, pal. One big treadmill to nowhere, a cancer-ridden rat race around a sinking ship. You'll marry some bland dependable non-entity and bear a brood of snot-faced drug-snorting BRATS who can't believe what a doddering DULLARD you are and can't wait to LEAVE or KILL you as you sit there, exhausted and trembling, sweating blood and staring at some mediocre TV show, pondering your brain-wrenching degree of DEBT, desperately trying to drink yourself into a stupor, wondering, "What the hell HAPPENED?"

Well, BY ALL MEANS, GO AHEAD AND SIT THERE! It's YOUR soul.

Ourselves, WE'RE getting pretty damned sick and tired of it.

Our ma always said, "When the rock hits you, holler." The way WE were raised, when habit-beslaved Normalcy Dupes start stealing your Slack with their "pro-social" Fascio-Humanist wimp-training hamperlock systems, and *selling it back to you at a profit*, that's when the ELECT know to crank up The DEVICE, and START SPLATTERING.

The Normals, smug Nuzis and Po'bucks who are SEEMINGLY SHOPPING all around you in BLISSFUL, SELF-SUSTAINED IGNORANCE actually form a VAST CONSPIRACY AGAINST YOU. It wouldn't be *quite* so bad if this Conspiracy was trying to sell your soul ONLY to the Devil. *But they're bargaining with the Anti-Satan, too!*

And the stakes get higher by the minute as X-Day approaches. The Big Nose Dive is already in progress and we'll all be needing 'CHUTES if we plan to BAIL OUT in time. We've reached the juncture in history at which two opposite, previously impossible things have SUDDENLY become technologically feasible: the destruction of all higher life on Earth, or Infinite Slack for everyone, forever. We can only *pray* that these ARE two different things.

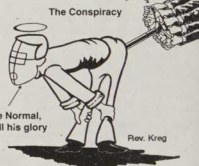
UFOS SURROUND YOU CONSTANTLY

brooding, impatient, waiting for the right moment to suddenly make themselves visible to us like a plague of metallic insects. Wait for the "strange ones," the "goats" and "tatted kidlings" (Isaiah 5:17) to begin their long prophesied "feast in the ruins." What ruins? The ruins of your thoughts, your soul, your refrigerator-freezer!

Unfortunately, belief in some old man in the clouds or a big Disneyland in the hereafter WILL NOT protect you.

WILL YOU BE READY?? WILL YOU HAVE AN "OUT" WHEN THE WHOLE THING BLOWS?

Be not disheartened!



MODERN IN EVERY WAY IN THE OLD-TIME TRADITION! IT IS NO MYTH

There exists an underground resistance force... an army of idiopathic deviants and angry mutations ready to help you **lash out!**... to *make you lash out!* Pretending to obey by day like gorillas in the zoo, but *guerrillas* by night and by coffee break, these freedom fighters won't sell their integrity for nice cars, VCRs, furlough vacation trips or fantasy entertainment. Nor will they trade it for a warm cage and three squares a day. **NAY!** They continue to fight for what was taken away when they were born: their **SLACK!** Thought-Slack, Sex-Slack — **ALL THE SLACK!**

THE ULTIMATE "YOU"

We demand the freedom to fail, freedom from Work, and freedom of religion — **OUR religion!** While the obedient Christians are content to drink the symbolic blood of their quitter-god at the altar, **OUR Warrior-Prisons** demand the **REAL** thing! *And guess whose blood it is THIS time!*

So Big we had to coin a new word for it PATRIOPSYCHOTIC ANARCHOMATERIALISM

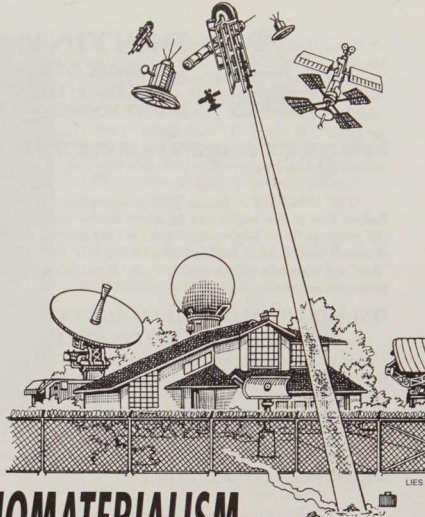
"They" call us **FASCISTS** when we say things like that. And they're **PERFECTLY RIGHT.** The Conspiracy has hogged fascism for too long. We're taking it **BACK** — to the **PEOPLE**, where it belongs! **FASCISM FOR THE PEOPLE! FASCISM FOR THE INDIVIDUAL!** Join the party that is the rejection of **ALL PARTIES: PATRIOPSYCHOTIC ANARCHOMATERIALISM!** Every yard a kingdom, every child and dog a serf! Every Dad a *Duce*, every Mom an *Imelda*, and all the dinners on time! Abandon the corporate nation-states and shop **black market only!** It's **CHEAPER!**

Let's face it: in an age when American Corpo-Merger Capitalism — practically the same thing as the old Communist Party, nowadays — is in a blinding, dizzying tailspin, the time is obviously ripe for a new faith, a new paradigm, a new prophet — one whose methods simultaneously parallel and parasitize the monolithic econo-culture of the West... a religion *based on pure capitalism*, on the divine logic of supply and demand, but unfettered by Conspiracy-implanted neuroses about *what will sell.*

BEYOND

The **999 System** is **HERE!!!** — born onto this planet in the *very nick of time* as an equal-opportunity **CYNISACRELIGION** for "strange" people, now-a-go-go mutants and Descended Masters... a smuggled knife that one can use to saw free of the straitjacket when the attendants aren't looking. The newest **POST-ISM** of tomorrow, the next-to-last movement **EVER**, superseding **ALL PREVIOUS RELIGIOUS, SCIENTIFIC, POLITICAL AND ARTISTIC MOVEMENTS!** Not theology, nosirma'am, but **THEIRONY.** A vast, improvisational, **SPASMODIC "ANTISOCIAL NONMOVEMENT"**

Dr. Oran Canabito



That "realign" is **The Church of the SubGenius™**, and that prophet is **J.R. "Bob" Dobbs** — Avatar of Slack, Emaculator of the Age.

"Offer it, and they will buy."

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs



SATANISM™

whose definitively diverse members have in common only the quest for their own *personal SLACK.*

"Bob" brings Slack without guilt, because you will **PAY** for it with *no strings attached!* Simply joining the Church will **force** the Slack to find you! Within days, the Luck Plane will tilt in your direction, showering you with golden **YACATIZMA** energy, the blinding, squirt-beauty of the cosmos.



¹ The claim was previously made by the International Nensletic Art-Science Party, Orton Nenslo, Pres. Send \$1 to Nenslo, New Realisation Fellowship, P.O. Box 86582, Portland OR 97286



DESTINY CAN BE CHANGED

by Scientific Principles!
CAN YOU AFFORD TO
IGNORE HIS MESSAGE??

པའི་སྤྱད་གུང་ལ་ལྷ་ག་པོ་སྐྱུ་ཏུ་དགོས་པོ།

"BOB" IS MONEY — indeed, "Bob" will someday *replace the Federal Reserve Note* and become the universal token of exchange!! One paragraph from a SubGenius pamphlet will buy you a boxcar full of canned peaches when the Conspiracy money fails; the Word of "Bob" will eventually replace all drugs, religion and politics in one great limitless paradise of UNRESTRAINED SALES.

ONLY DOBBS HAS PAID ALL HIS TAXES — ALL OTHER RELIGIONS STILL OWE

And yet, some misguided conservatives think the Church is a communist plot! HELL, we're the *first real Americans* since the *Indians!* "Bob" doesn't want everybody to be equally poor; he wants all humanity to be equally RICH! RICH!! RICH BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS! — but *WITHOUT WORKING!!*

"Slack: The state in which you need nothing, because you have it already."

— Dobbs, 1956

It was in 1953 that Dobbs experienced his first Divine Emaculation at the trans-temporal "Fists" of JHVH-1, Alien Space God from some Corporate Sin Galaxy. Knowing that his trance prophecies would sound utterly insane to his peers, Dobbs started leaving early hints of his presence in the cheesy ads of the times. Today, despite persecution and harassment, his Church is the Zorro of world religions, scratching

a bloody "B" on the beefy butt of the Conspiracy. He has COME TO SMITE the Medicretinns, Assouls, Glorps, Conformers, Barbies and Kens — the FALSE PROPHETS and PINK BOYS who have made "NORMALITY" the NORM!

THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN!! — AND men! — and they LOVE it!!

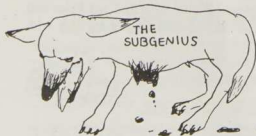
"Bob" can free you from the petty constraints of so-called "civilization." Ever since his very conception, his Church has strived to NEGATE the smarmy, mealy-mouthed, neurotic PURITANISM that has helped make human beings the VIOLENT, VENGEFUL, UP-TIGHT KILLER APES they are today! We aren't trying to make a BIG DEAL out of unrestrained sexual, mental and spiritual freedom — it's Them that've gone out of Their way to twist natural impulses into narrowly-defined, Dobbs-Disapproved artificial behavior patterns. We're not trying to pry open your skull to EAT YOUR BRAIN, like those other religions — we just want to AIR IT OUT!



2 "The Day of the Burst Trojan"

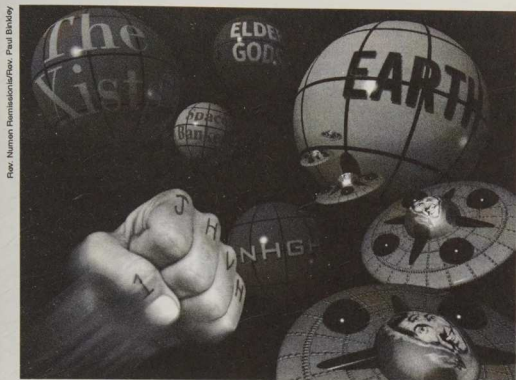


"Bob" will show you how to beat the system — without effort.



Pope Charles

We aren't trying to envelop the globe with the Church because we WANT to — it's because we *have* to. It's FATED. The Church MUST sweep over the world, or TIME ITSELF WILL STOP. "Bob" has a BETTER End of the World in mind — for US. We like to call it, "The Practical Joke that WE Don't Stick Around For." Of course, the Normals think this is *all* just a funny joke, and you can indeed look at it that way: "Bob" is the stand-up comic, Earth is the "straight man," and the end of all normal human reality is the punchline.



STRANGE CELEBRATIONS ABOARD THE UFOG...

COMMAND THE MIGHTY BEINGS
FROM THE "INVISIBLE WORLD"

It's no "cosmic coincidence" that the Earth and its Solar System "just happened" to be lined up in their present configuration, at this particular intergalactic crossroads, and it "just happens" to be NOW... no, these events were all set in place one day 65 million years ago in fabled Mutantis. It was DECREED THEN, by the Yeties of Old, that on **July 5th, 1998, at 7:00 am**, their True Descendants, the Chosen Ones, the High Unpredictables of the SubGenius Church under The Last "Bob," would be rewarded in that great **RUPTURE — X-DAY**, when the "Men" from Planet X will come, and we faithful shall be LIFTED UP in Power and Glory to the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses, fleeing (while enjoying on TV) the cataclysms on Earth, and being TRANSFIGURED into **OverMen** and **ÜberWomen**: SUPERIOR MUTANTS who will lead a **NEW RACE — the MASTER RACE**, because it comes in **ALL COLORS** — to the Promised Land of Dimension X, the Pleasure Dimension of ETERNAL SLACK and CYTORSPASMIC OZQUIRT.

Sound interesting? Believe it or not, it isn't even very expensive.

**EXPERIENCE DEEP TRANCE MEDITATION
and COMMUNICATION with
THE SPACE BROTHERS — WHILE DRIVING!!**

SubGenii thrive on danger. They "get off" doing just what the Conspiracy doesn't want them to do — in fact, it's many SubGeniuses' ONLY reason for living. But rest assured, the Conspiracy sleeps lightly when the strong awaken. It is watching us with its vast, cold, impersonal eye. SubGeniuses don't use all those fake names just to be cute — they do it to help clog the thoughtcrime computers. The dream police and anti-sex leagues toil deep into the night trying to analyze and sort out all our contradictory clues. They know... they KNOW that somewhere out there... maybe in the alley next door... there lies a purebred SubGenius who got away. And as long as the SubGenius gene lives, they are in danger. For there was a legend... a legend that some day there would come a *man with a pipe*, one who could outsell the Conspiracy. That man came, and he's got some new clients now. They'll be ARRIVING SOON to inspect the property...

Beyond our earthly Vale of Illusion are vast, bodiless POWERS — great "INTENTIONS" of Dark and Light, locked in a constant, aeon-spanning struggle — and WE are THEIR WEAPONS AGAINST ONE ANOTHER in the coming APOCALYPTIC HELLSTORMS OF THE NEAR FUTURE! Our "souls" are the "ammo" of the Elder Gods — our currently escalating wars, riots, murders, rapes and genocidal campaigns are the equivalent of them "locking and loading."

It's going to get worse
— much worse.

**"BOB" IS COMING
IT IS USELESS TO RESIST.**



YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

**Are the Seven Trombones
of Disaster Sounding?**

The stars shall descend upon the Earth, the heavens shall open up and rain fire! The Firmament shall rise up and swallow the Conspiracy dupes! Those remaining masters unlucky enough to survive the holocaust shall perish at the hands of their slaves! It will be a bloody day, a day of vengeance, a day of PURGING!!

YOU'LL BE
Rocked
OUT OF
YOUR SEAT!

•
Shocked
OUT OF
YOUR SKIN!

•
Thrilled
BY THE
SHEER
TERROR
OF IT ALL!



**MASTER ALL PHASES
Unprecedented**

If you're NOT NORMAL, why put up with NORMAL CRAP? Work IS evil. Save yourself from their meat-grinder system. Regain the scruff, the bitch, the weirdness, the twisted psychosis, the gutsplitting howls and screaming senseless chuckles (and yes, smirking sneers).

Don't let the sacred babble of "Bob" be drowned out by the pathetic peeppeep of Pinkness.

**JOIN!!
THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS™**

"An Alternate Lifestyle for Adults"



A COW'S HEAD WITH A SINGLE SWIPE!

SECRETS KNOWN ONLY TO THE MOST ANCIENT YETIS — UNTIL NOW!!

"Do I Really Need To
Remain Entirely Human
Any Longer??"



We have the program that combines the lowest instincts of the most intelligent, and the highest instincts of the least intelligent! It will stretch your mind past its posted stress factors, pulling it and bending it and shattering all those neuro-calcium deposits that have been freezing up your thought processes for all these years. Yes, reading this book will lift you up to a *dizzying peak* — after seeing the view from which, you'll *KNOW BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT* that you *are* a SubGenius, a spawn of the Yeti, a true Child of "Bob."

REGAIN YOUR LOST YETI POWERS OF PSYCHO-CONSCIOUSLESSNESS

SubGenius Yetistrain — genetic remnants of
a hideous experimental mutant race of fuckoffs
—THE ONLY REALISTIC ANSWER!!

As you undergo the unhallowed rites of *Glandscaping* and *Acubeating*, forbidden shapes from the shadows will be called forth... you will RELIVE your Inner Memories of past *Reincarnalities* in Mutantis, where you were once a fullblood Yeti, superior creation of our brothers from beyond the stars. *Look* perfectly normal while mentally practicing the lost arts of *YETINTHROPY™* and *SCHIZOPHRENIA TRICS™* (not illegal in most states) !!

Do you believe that it is possible for a mere mortal to **MATE WILDLY** with its own *Divine Dual OverSoul*?

As a Were-Yeti™, you and your True Yeti Mate™ will do just that! *You can live forever in Paradise on Earth.*



TEENS! 'UGLY DUCKLINGS'!

Peer pressure to 'fit in' and 'be popular' is THE CON'S BIGGEST SNARE! Quit wishing you could be like those Pink jerks — if you're a 'loner,' SO BE IT! Ten or twenty years from now, if you can resist suicide for that long, YOU'LL GET THE LAST LAUGH!! When those 'popular' creeps are middle aged and have flabby drab lives of passion-deadening security and boredom, you'll have gone through all sorts of interesting hell, paid your abnormality dues, and become a majorly cool swinger getting away with more wild shit than they ever dreamed possible — because you didn't *give up*, but kept erect your F.I.B. (Faith In "BOB")! That's what we did, and now we're better and cooler than anyone else!

Do you sometimes feel like the rear dwarf in the dinosaur suit?
THAT'S JUST WHERE THEY WANT YOU.

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU! CONTROL FRIENDS AND STRANGERS!

Earn the respect of class-mates, co-workers, EVEN SPOUSES! YOU won't lift a finger, because EVERYTHING IS ALREADY DONE FOR YOU!! Learn, apply, and REAP the ENDLESS BOUNTIES of a CORNUCOPIA of UNSURPASSABLE DELIGHTS! REVEL IN A SURFEIT OF LUXURY!! Attain TOTAL SATISFACTION by being exactly what you want to be, having exactly what you want to have at any moment! YET YOUR INDIVIDUALITY REMAINS COMPLETELY INTACT!

THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

CRACK THE SAFE OF YOUR BRAIN! DRILL THE TUMBLERS OF YOUR
INHIBITIONS! BLOW THE LOCKED DOORWAYS OFF YOUR MIND!

Influence others with what sprays out!

Achieve brilliant victories over NATURE, MAN, MACHINE, YOURSELF! Be the GUIDING HAND that steers world events! Defeat supernatural forces WITHOUT LEAVING HOME! Get off the pot, and *then* shit! HAVE your cake, and GORGE ON IT RELENTLESSLY as it regenerates before the eyes of dumbstruck friends and family! They won't know WHAT to think when they peer into your placid countenance and see a PERFECT PICTURE of SUPREME CONFIDENCE and UNASSAILABLE WILL, TEMPERED BY EXACTING DISCIPLINE and UNYIELDING ETHICAL STANDARDS!!



D. Crippe

CLEAR THE PLANET! with "Bob" Dobbs, the King of Chaos

You'll love his new method for exterminating nine tenths of Earth's population at once!

— You can drive a new Porsche every day and crash it every night!!

POWER ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD RUSH!!

Feel perfectly "at home" in ANY situation! Exert mysterious influence over friends, pets or loved ones and watch them THANK YOU for the OPPORTUNITY to spend time and energy — yes, and even money — to perform DEMEANING and FUTILE ACTS for the sake of YOUR CONTINUED HAPPINESS, WITHOUT YOU SAYING A SINGLE WORD!!

WHEN YOU JOIN

this Warrior Elite, this exalted Order of Scoffers, Blasphemers and True Believers, you'll study not ponderous occult texts of mumbo jumbo, but SEXY XXXX-RATED CHURCH VIDEOS, COMIC BOOKS and other forms of our patented SubGenius Pornological Irritainment™.

Only "Bob" can teach you the all-important First Skill: that of distinguishing between what you *want* and what you *need*. He "knows." And for only the Sacrament of the Thirty Dollar Offering, he'll personally make you an ordained minister in the Church of the SubGenius, with elaborate ministerial credentials and your very own flock of mindless teenage followers! **!!ONLY \$30 ONLY!!**

As a Master of TechnoMagickal Illiteracy — YOUR BRAIN WAVES BLOW MISSILES OUT OF THE SKY!!

As a SubGenius minister, you'll not only be able to perform legal marriages and burials, but, as a member of this elite secret society, you'll also be privy to the secret traveling SubGenius TOPLESS DEVALS when they're in YOUR town. You'll REEL with delight at the Doktorbands and the Holy Strippers 4 "Bob."

No more austerities, sacrifices, disciplines, or cell meetings. You'll be delighted to return to the torments of mere temporality when you know that GODHEAD can be achieved with the press of a button! Shatter the chains of attachment and wrest yourself free with an ease that will astonish! Personality Bypass Operation leaves NO PROOF of any kind, NO objective evidence, nothing but your own subjective knowledge! Your friends and family will NEVER BELIEVE YOU! You'll be FREE at last!

LEARN TO FLY — DISINTEGRATE ENEMIES — TEAR PLANETS IN HALF

Subconsciously — *WITHOUT EFFORT* — you'll improve your natural skills at TIME CONTROL and MEMORY EDITING until EVEN YOU become ready to PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR OWN EYES and RELAX IN THE SAFETY OF YOUR OWN DELUSIONS.

When you learn to cut through the bullshit, you also learn how better to spread it around. "Bob" will teach you to take all the bad input and turn it into bad OUTPUT!!

PUTS MORE "BULL" IN YOUR BULLDADA!

"BOB" DOBBS CAN EXPLAIN ANYTHING — WITHOUT LOGIC!!! Through him, you will utterly transcend mundane existence and become logic free. Select individuals receive private lessons — but don't worry, anyone can pay for it.

"Sure, I'd like a few million dollars for free."

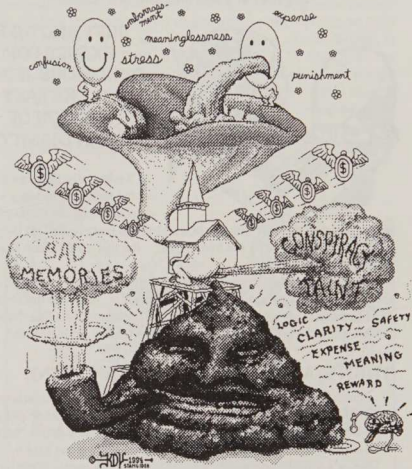
SO WHY WAIT? Ask "Bob" into your life today. No Obligation At Any Time!

Quit anytime you wish and YOU OWE NOTHING!³ No reasons will be given. Count on it.

That's "BOB" at SubGenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214!!

³ Of course, the planet doesn't really have that much time left.

⁴ Well, almost nothing.



What The Church Does For You



THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS: *Salvation, or Salvation?*

A joke disguised as a religion? Or an actual, secretive religion, disguised as a joke disguised as a religion? Or, an incredibly complex joke, disguised as an extremely ambiguous religion, disguised as a joke disguised as a religion?



aren't joiners. The only thing SubGenii have in common is that they have nothing in common with the human race... the thieves of Slack, the Conspiracy of the Normals.

Drugged by childish superstitions and fairy tales, they don't realize that they are enslaved by shadows on the cave walls. We were the ones who MADE those shadows in the first place, but try telling *them* that! Now they want to subject us to the mass hallucinations we first set in motion!

TURN WATER INTO NITROGLYCERINE

Being a SubGenius, you are probably already aware of their little schemes, their plots to make you feel POINTLESS without THEM and THEIR GOD/BOOGIE MAN. But what *makes* you a SubGenius? How did you come to be so PAINFULLY AWARE?

Well, it sure as hell isn't BRAINS. Not the way They define 'brains,' anyway. The whole concept of intelligence (which, unfortunately, had to be *devised* by a brain), has been turned upside down and held by the ankles, change raining down out of its pockets, for a long time.

No, it's something besides brains. Look at the word, "SubGenius." *Almost* anybody with \$30 could theoretically qualify. It's not the intelligence, but how you use it.

Dr. Howll put it most classically in his sermon, "Apothegmatic Advice to Wee SubGee Hatchlings":

The SubGenius is not "just below a genius," whatever *that* may be. The SubGenius does not pretend to super-knowledge, but to *sub-knowledge*: knowledge of the Under Things, the Hollow Earth from whose darkness issue the Nazi Hell-creatures and other dwellers of the abyss.

It is in contemplation of these Under Things, of the Under-Where lurking just beneath the diurnal Garments of Normalcy, that the Sub-Men display what Genius they have. Appreciation of the sub-stratum, underclothing or foundation garment underlying "reality" and all other mythological countries — this, only this can be the ordained purview of he who would call himself a so-called SubGenius.

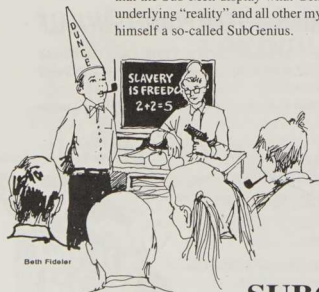
Others may not be so fortunate. For to pass that grim gate with its blackened and indecipherable inscription, passing under the stained teeth of the portcullis, dried blood-red with rust, and venture yet only *part* of the way across that moldering bridge, to come so far and yet through temerity of timidity venture no farther, to indulge in withered dithering so that the Other Side remains unappreciably unvisited, is to fall forever short — such a shortfall is an eternal embarrassment, and to pull up short, sweet as it may feel, still leaves exposed what the Dispensation already has revealed. Then show not your shaking shanks to the prying Eyeball of Perpetuity, but snap your digits in defiance before the iris of that glaucous orb. Daily practice HypnoPedantry, and exercise your rights of Dobbsian duality. For the time may come when you, and no one else, must diddle with the middle-world, normalize with the Normals, and pick peas with the Po'bucksers. And then, if still uncommitted to UnderKnowledge, not even Dobbs may save you.

SUBGENII — THE BEST DREGS OF SOCIETY

It is difficult to define the SubGenius, because there can be no "typical" Sub. The ones who *seem* like "typical" SubGeniuses are just Mal-Aligned Normals, masquerading. Of course, Dobbs wants *everyone* to think they're SubGenius long enough for their checks to clear.



John Hagen-Brenner



Beth Fidler

Real SubGenii are the unpredictable ones. Unpredictability is precisely what makes us so dangerous; because we ourselves don't know what we're doing, we're always one jump ahead of the Pinks.

The Church is DELIBERATELY confusing to all those who may be confused... and then, made even more confusing than *that*. Most people CAN'T BE SAVED. That's okay; we aren't yet equipped to process millions of people *correctly*, anyway.

"Bob's" secret is that not only can he *keep* a secret, he can *sell* one too. Unlike most religions, we do not cheapen our message by giving it away for free. The only proof of your commitment that Dobbs requires is your money — for he knows it *means* more to you than your family, your job, even your life. But what he gives in return — Slack — means even more.

"Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them into dust."

— Jesuscecleians 9:26

KDV



G.R. "Bebe" Bidds



R.R. "Coppo" Buds



T.R. "Loverda" Boms



L.R. "Berto" Bozz



D.R. "Bruno" Bobbs



E.R. "Roberto" Bugs



W.R. "Marisa" Bids



V.R. "Snob" Boms

So many modern people are desperately seeking their 'true selves.'

SubGenii don't have this problem; they've always BEEN their true selves, and *then* some. They are pure entities of overpowering "Self" throughout their lifetimes, and when they die, they become the kind of demons who put the *teeth* in South Hell. SubGeniuses are those who can adapt to new, perplexing phenomena so fast that they often go out and create *more* just to keep the "rush" going. SubGeniushood means breaking all the patterns, especially the SubGenius one. The Church *forcibly* changes your belief system whether the old one worked or not! *The only SubGenius heresy is orthodoxy.* Some of "Bob's" Words may be "carved in stone," but every SubGenius is expected to have a jack hammer ready at all times.

The **Doctrine of Erasability** is the fuse-breaker, the 'corollary bypass operation' that automatically shuts down the Church in your head whenever it starts to overload on one particular circuit. This random factor in *The Covenant itself* insures that each time content-

⁵ 40,000* hotter than Corporate Hell.

⁶ We've been grappling with ways to overcome politically incorrect gender-based pronouns. We haven't yet found the perfect solution, but we like the way this one is pronounced.

ment is reached, it is instantly turned into BOREDOM — thus creating a 'perpetual motion machine' whereby the student is *forced, unceasingly, to try something new...* a fail-safe that causes a new kind of symptom to develop from each cure.

Once your dormant Third Nostril is opened, you'll gain a new "God's Eye View" of reality that negates traditional humanistic thinking. You'll find prophecy and guidance in stupid ads, comics, bad movies, billboards, even license plates.

Once the barrier is broken through, and the memory cleansed of Conspiracy brainwashing triggers and trip-wires, the grand scheme becomes APPARENT — and the individual takes his, her or its place on the front lines, AWARE of *s/he/its* calling, PROUD to be on *THIS SIDE*, READY to use any and all weapons at *s/he/its* disposal to DISPATCH the ENEMY, STORM the PALACE, and OUST the PINKS. *S/he/it* will finally see the humans for the lowly ants they really are. Ants? They aren't even ANTS! They are but milling, bleating APHIDS — ants' slaves, willing — nay, *eager* — to be herded, lassoed, hogtied, milked and BRANDED!!

Waiting, *happily*, for The Harvest.



MAVRIDES



LIES

Many of the children you see on milk cartons described as "Missing" have actually FOUND THEMSELVES for the first time!

Our special operatives, stationed near school yards and playgrounds, are trained to spot the latent SubGenius at an early age. *If we get to them in time*, they are whisked away to deprogramming camps in low Earth orbit, where the Conspiracy programming is carefully "flensed" or stripped away by *Doktors* trained in this specialized discipline.

When the children have been restored to their natural state, they are returned to Earth and trained to wander airports and bus stations in the Holy Work.

Where once there might have been just another lost soul, living out its life in units ladled out by the Conspiracy, there is now a SUBGENIUS!



YOU PROBABLY NEED IT A REFRESHER COURSE ON

What is Slack?

You were born with it — everyone is born with Original Slack — but the Conspiracy has most of it now. They don't even know what it is, but that hasn't stopped Them from siphoning off what little you have left. (The stealing of Slack paradoxically becomes easier the less of it there is around.)

Slack that can be described is not True Slack. By definition, it is indefinable. Ever been in a perfectly happy situation, but still inexplicably felt that there was "something missing"?... something that you couldn't quite put your finger on?

That something... is SLACK.

True Slack is "Something for Nothingness." It is a kind of *direct* perception, unfettered by so-called "Common Sense."

"True Happiness" is *eternal agony* compared to Slack. Compared to Slack, the ecstasy of the whirling Sufi-master is like having one's eyes slowly gouged out with a carrot peeler while undergoing a sex-change operation without anaesthesia. Ten hours spent basking in the White Light of the Ultimate is like ants crawling up your nose and burrowing deep into your sinuses while you are staked down in the desert, dying of thirst and radiation sickness, in relation to an *eighth of a millisecond* of Slack.

Slack is different things to different people. For three fourths of the world's population, Slack is a decent meal. And if things keep getting worse, someday Slack for ANYBODY could be *just one more breath of REAL AIR*.

For you, at this point in history, Slack is probably tied very closely to MONEY. This is because the Conspiracy has made it seem NATURAL that you have to "work" to "buy Slack." It's mindboggling how completely They have reversed the natural order — and how easily we all fell for it. Although SubGeniuses by definition are never Conspiracy dupes, most of them are Conspiracy SLAVES.

One reason They have been so successful these last 10,000 years is that, ironically, at any given time you

\$£ A £k



actually have more Slack than you can possibly appreciate until it is *taken away*. You are HALF ASLEEP until that happens — and after it does happen, you'll never again have a chance to be *fully awake*.

But there is an 'upside.' Slack cannot be bottled or sold — thus it is really FREE! You don't even need "Bob" to find it; you need only develop your Slack Awareness. "Bob's" teachings can expedite this process, so that it *snowballs* until you get more and more Slack with less and less work. Slack isn't laziness, but a kind of *active sloth*. It is what "Bob" calls "surfing the Luck Plane" — floating down the Path of Least Resistance — "greasing the skids" and EXPLOITING your MISTAKES. You negate effort by *not trying*, by *not even doing ...* by merely "letting." When you can finally "let," and just "SEE" rather than "look," then and only then will you achieve Achievingness *without trying*.



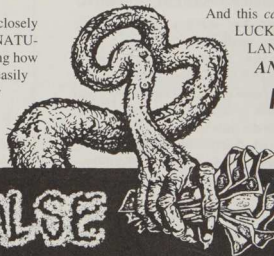
J.R. "BLOB" DOBBS

D. M.S.G.

Once you do have Slack, you don't have to worry about sharing it because no matter how much you possess, ten times as much is radiated out.

And this *can* mean INSTANT MONEY — LUCK AT THE RACES — AN AVALANCHE OF FRENZIED SEX — ANYTHING YOU DESIRE!!

IT REALLY WORKS!!



FALSE SLACK

"False Slack cannot make me happy, but it will provide me with the misery I like the best."

— *Psybernaut Times*

There's no such thing as too much Slack. However, the Con perpetually dangles trinkets of False Slack before your eyes to distract you from the Nameless Mission, the Good Fight. False Slack is anything you do or buy because you think that it is "cool," or because it assuages your "guilt," rather than because you actually like it. It's the only kind of Slack a Normal knows. False Slack is better than no Slack at all — we're no prudes — but to spurn the real thing while grovelling in Pink-Approved crap is SLACK ABUSE.

Most Slack Abuse derives from the system buckling under the weight of its own normality, and taking you with it. Something's got to give — and YOU are that something! You'll HAVE to go crazy to stay sane! But, in return for saving the world, the world OWES YOU A LIVING. Yes — IT'S TRUE!



K.D.V.





YOU, YES, YOU **STALK, KILL, EAT** have the right to *Human Beings*

— or, at the very least, to gallivant,
 lollygag, and SPEND MONEY SENSELESSLY.



ARE YOU IN SHAPE FOR THE "FINALS"??

Will you be ready? For it is the decision you make today which will determine whether you experience the ARISAL with childlike anticipation, or with STARK ELEMENTAL TERROR.



"Religion is the biggest trick the Devil ever pulled. "Bob," on the other hand, is the biggest trick ever pulled on the Devil."

— Rev. (CENSORED)

If you choose the door that "BOB" holds open for you, you will be whisked aboard the Xist Pleasure Saucers and the Green Carpet will be rolled out for you, your every whim satisfied before you even think to ask. And not just for a few years, either — it'll be for ALL ETERNITY.

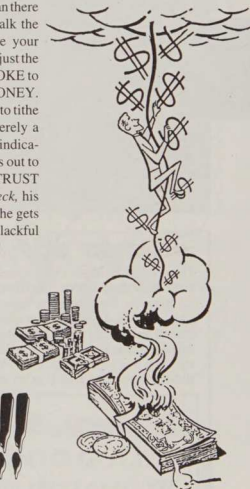
WHAT, you might ask, will I have done to MERIT this good fortune while billions of others are frying in their own fat? Not much, really. As with most things in life, it's WHO you know rather than WHAT you know. The question of who goes and who stays is UP FOR GRABS!!

The startling truth is, there really is a Heaven, and you can buy your way in. Those lucky enough and smart enough to know a good thing when they see it will be spared all the unimaginable tortures and agonies awaiting everyone else — through the divine intervention of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs.

"Bob" is the baddest-assed salesman there ever was, and he's prepared to fast-talk the very GODS THEMSELVES to save your miserable hide because — well, that's just the kind of guy he is. Why, it's all a big JOKE to HIM! It's not like he's in it for the MONEY. Far from it! Although he does ask you to tithe 45% of before-tax income, this is merely a gesture of good faith on your part, an indication to "Bob" that you don't think he's out to rip you off or anything... that you TRUST him. As far as "Bob's" concerned, heck, his commission will be the warm feeling he gets from knowing that he's saved another Slackful sinner from the flames of damnation!

Angelo Fottersi Segata. *Man with Pig* (Self-Portrait?) 1551. Panel 39 X 54". Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. Reproduction. Original reported to have been destroyed July 5, 1943 by personal order of Adolf Hitler.

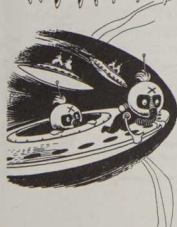
GIVE US YOUR CHILDREN!



EARTH TIME IS SHORT!!

Will you join the Conspiracy's mindless atheistic unknowing servitude to the Galactic Elder Bankers and Their MINIONS in some hideous one-world government, or will you GET SLACK and FIGHT FOR FREEDOM as a zeal-crazed Priest-Warrior-Witch for ODIN/RA/JHVH-1/WOTAN, and this True Original **Pleasure Cult** that will someday instigate an eye-wateringly orgasmic one-world RELIGION of endless, delicious pleasures? EH??

Don't be on the outside kneeling amid the jagged shards of hopelessly shattered dreams, looking in on an unending vista of GRANDIOSE ASPIRATIONS forever tormentingly JUST BEYOND YOUR GRASP! Don't knuckle under to the STAGGERING LOAD OF WOE AND TRAVAIL dumped on you by a DELIBERATELY MALICIOUS WORLD!



LIVE DANGEROUSLY! YOU MUST BE SAVED – EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU

If your mind bores you — risk it!

Only in the tempest of life's forces — which challenge every element of your nature — will you receive that inspiration, those ideas, which will bring personal supremacy. So, if you're ready to slide down the cutting edge, if you think you've got what it takes to play God, maybe it's time YOU looked into an exciting career as a Doktor for "Bob."

"Turn yourself in" to the Throne Office of DOBBS for metapsychic emaculatory trance processing, computerized Blemish Reading analysis, and divinely inspired psycholiterary interpretation of your tridigital Anality Trait Answerraire read-out. Journey to our glamorous "New Jerusalem," DOBBSTOWN, in the jungles of Malaysia, for your Initiation. There, the Doktors for "Bob" and their Tibetan advisers will whiffread your Psi-Stench Aurambience with new devices invented by the child "Bob" at age 6 out of old radio parts. With the *Bionebulizer*™ you can loop into your Code-Self, as well as those of others. Ever wanted to triple your sales by watching the collective unconscious like a TV show? *Sure you have. NOW IT CAN BE DONE.* Once properly "tagged," your various souls will actually shine off into outer space like a beacon, making a better target for the All-Seeing Eye above to zero in on! (Or, if you're trying to escape God's attention, we can 'smother' your signal!)



Nick Nolín



Simply sign the coupon at the back of this book. *You don't even HAVE to mail it in*—just hold it near a mailbox, grab your croch and *think Dallas*—and "Bob" will answer your prayer.

MEET YOUR CLANDESTINITY

SubGenius is the TRUE ground floor of the NEW AGE — not the corny, empty-headed "positive thinking" No Age, but the KNOW AGE OF "BOB'S" IRON-FISTED RULE OVER ALL SENTIENT BEINGS!!!!

WHAT HAS "BOB" DONE FOR ME?

That depends. If you are a normal, well-adjusted member of society, then "BOB" HAS DONE NOTHING FOR YOU, AND WON'T!

If you've been burned by some Mind Control Race-Culture Party's Individuality-Destruction system and you're seeking Healing Balm in the form of a Replacement Party, a DRUG to cure you of the drug that tried to kill you, look no farther! You won't find it anywhere else! You won't find it here, either! YOU'D BETTER REALIZE RIGHT NOW THAT YOU JUST WON'T FIND IT AT ALL!

"*Le Die,*" suggests "Bob."



Raymond Pettibon



Giving all, or even a portion, of your money to this ministry is equivalent to helping the first pre-human, *Primo-Anthropocus*, to discover fire and the wheel. Your PATHETIC DONATION just might be the CRUCIAL LAST RED CENT NEEDED that ALLOWED SURVIVAL AND SLACK and PREVENTED SPACESHIP EARTH FROM CRASH-LANDING!

"Bob's" portrait is a RUNE as well as a PICTURE, the Seed-Victory Rune of the New DisOrder of **SubGenius AntiNational Asocialism**. The time of the Dollar is over! The Slack-Smoker shall arise! The Twice-High Holy Throbbing Secret of Constant Regeneration shall be revealed to the masses. *And so with "Bob" we shall be free at last! YOU'LL BE WAVING GOODBYE TO THOSE PINKS FROM THE X-SHIP, ON YOUR WAY TO PARADISE WHILE THEY COOK BELOW IN A HELL OF THEIR OWN MAKING!!*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A LAXATIVE JUNKIE ANYMORE...

HAVE A "BUM RAP" WITH GOD!
That "wiped out" feeling is ELIMINATED through

EXCREMEDITATION
TOTAL RELAXATION

Set feet solidly. Crouch as close to the target as possible with legs at about a 90-degree angle at the knee. Lift chakric bowel with weight close to body, using diaphragm and throat muscles. Keep brain erect. PUSH! Put your mind and body in space.

HEAVEN SENT.

Send \$1.00. P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

**YESTERDAY -
SCIENCE FICTION
TODAY -
ASTOUNDING
REALITY!**



Dr. Owen Campbell



**MECHANICAL
SOLID STATE**

**INDUSTRIOSEXUALS: ARE YOU GUILTY
OF NO SEX APPEAL?**

Be More Attractive with Brain Enlargement Surgery.
Develop a **FULLER FRONTAL LOBE** — like "Barbie"!!
Overcome shyness and guilt with this perfect replacement for
A HUGE PENIS or **GIGANTIC BREASTS.**

Strap it on — your subconscious will do the rest.
Nothing to inflate. No zippers or snaps. Just slip it over your inhibitions and... WOW!

Don't worry about the abrasions. If you start to "overheat" (wink, wink), automatic stake-in-the-heart shuts it right down. You'll shout, "Hallelujah, Pee Dog!" when you feast your eyes on this little sweetheart. S/he jiggles, s/he shakes, s/he oozes like a prairie squid on a hot platter.

BUT BEST OF ALL...
YOU CAN BE A VIRGIN or an atheist
— and we'll still let you be a SubGenius!

Church of the SubGenius • Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214 U.S.A.



DO YOU URINATE?

Then you're **SURE** to be interested in **THIS.**
A MUST FOR ALL TV LOVERS.

Move Over Scientists and Masons:

**HERE COMES
the NEW RUTHLESS
BUSINESS CULT!!**

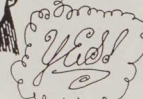
**SUE 'EM ALL
AND LET GOD
SORT IT OUT!**



LIES



Gee...
Is "Bob"
really
the
Answer?



Experience the Lounge Chair Transcendence of **SLACK.**
Lines stomach walls with a natural fungus
that acts as an anxiety damper.

SUBDUES VIGILANT COUGHING — No More Spasms

\$1 to P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214

**TURN BULLSHIT INTO GOLD!!
YOUR MONEY WOES SOLVED INSTANTLY!!**

**WHY WORK? Harness your eccentricities for your own gain!
MAKE \$200 AN HOUR LYING FLAT ON YOUR FACE— FOR "BOB"!**

Lets you s-t-r-e-t-c-h that Third Nostril opening...
you'll *whiffread* the weaknesses of your business
foes. Other cults say it's better to give than to
receive, but in "Bob's" philosophy, it is *much* better
to TAKE than to receive. Note the subtle difference.



WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN WHEN THE TRULY UNTHINKABLE IS THOUGHT OF??

USING YOUR COSMIC TERROR AS FUEL, WE WILL SAVAGELY WRENCH IT AROUND AND USE IT AS A LEVER TO CATAPULT YOU INTO COSMIC BLISS AND A CONCRETE VISION OF HEAVEN ITSELF. AND THAT'S JUST THE FIRST HALF.



MAVRIDES

WEIRD "EXPANDING REALITY BORDER" SEEMS TO SPRAY BLOOD - BUT IT'S JUST AN OPTICAL ILLUSION!

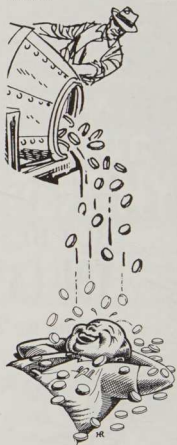
MORE FREE PILLS

Azazing "Bob" Pil Can Make You Insane!
"Better Than The Bible!"

Peer pressure driving you to drink, pop, snort and shoot? Get OFF those false pills and cheap Conspiracy street drugs — and get "on-off" on "BOB"! Gets you higher, cheaper — and you *never* come down. It's PERMANENT. No matter how much you ingest, **YOU CAN NEVER AGAIN GET LESS HIGH.** This religion — the only one that deprograms and then reprograms its own zombies — fills in the holes left by the braincells you destroyed. When you take the PILS™ that "Bob" gives you, everything seems to fall right into place, as if by magic. Your Pink human boss, date, spouse or teacher will be *bound instantly* under your thrall. Every cop will look the other way and every customer will fall for your sales pitch. You'll settle back in your lazy chair to let your brain soak in Yacatizmic visions of the American wet dream — *turning off* all those Conspiracy nightmares programmed for the Mediocretrin mind. The SLACK will cling in little wads to the inside of your soft mushy skull!! You'll have **BULLDOG COURAGE** in 48 Hours — or you pay nothing!!

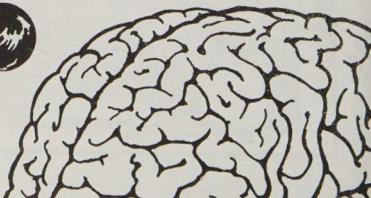


Rev. Paul Dobbsley



Your mind is a bowling pin.
The PIL™ is the ball. And
only J.R. "BOB" DOBBS can
bowl a PERFECT GAME.

— Hyperclassians 6:15





“The Fine Print”

“Those who cannot perceive, let them not understand, that they might NOT be saved.”

— Jesus (Mark 5:23)

When the first book opened the wound — ‘made the first paper cut’ — then this one rubs salt in it.

We warn you, however: you’ll never be able to regain that “pain rush” you got when reading *THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS* for the first time. The key was turned then, and the door was opened forever. *The seed has been planted*; all that’s left now is to water and nourish the sprout.

For all that matters is *THE HARVEST*.

The basic, elementary message of the Word of “Bob” can never seem so new again — but then, it never was new. It was always there, waiting. Only when it was *comprehended* by you did it become a new thing, because that was when the Logos bound itself to you forever, and FORCED you to BECOME that which IT IS.



THE “BOB” APOCRYPHON, then, is only a buttressing of the Dobbshead in you, preparing you for the depth-charges of deeper understanding that Dobbs has planted before you on your Sub-Path. It is a new revelation of things once hidden — some of them, mayhaps, just a bit *disturbing* in the implications. It seems there were some *minor drawbacks* that Dobbs saw fit not to MENTION in **THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS**; he thought it counterproductive to frighten away potential new recruits by being a stickler for every tiresome warning and medical disclaimer. Many Members might have been lost forever, had we dwelled upon every tiny little SIDE EFFECT

LIVING HELL! (More Than You Ever Dreamed Possible)

too early in their Initiations, before they’d sent in their thirty dollars.¹ But now that you’re already a dues-paying Member, your name and soul-smudge registered in the Book of the Chosen, it’s probably right



and meet that you hear the rest of the story of YOUR FATE.

To begin with, there IS a real Hell. *An actual Hell!* Literally underground, there exist measureless caverns, a Pain Dimension of never-ending punishment reserved for those deceased losers who *bit off more than they could chew* — who *thought* they were going to be some kind of *BIG SHOT*.²

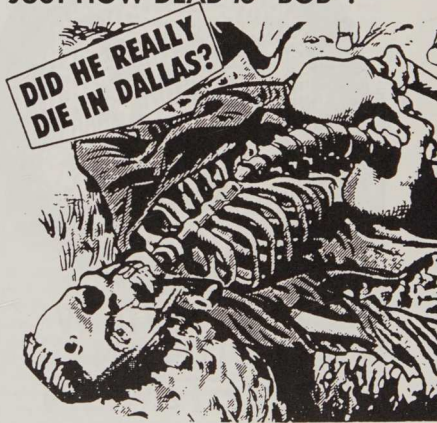
Now, some of you are already having second thoughts about your Church. That’s fine; your reaction is important to us. For this book will also help us to identify and expose unacceptable schismatic behavior. We’ve had enough of this ‘kinder, gentler’ Church of the SubGenius! What’s the point in a religion that MOLLYCODDLES the DEVIL!?

If you’re going to have a Hell, you also have to have *sins*. Lots of sins, punishment, and guilt. The reason the Church hasn’t achieved all it should financially is that *we never instilled enough guilt*. Since 1985, however, we have devoted much research to inventing new sins, indeed whole new *orders* of sin, in order to generate sufficiently lucrative guilt-levels... *megawaggarts* of guilt, if our projections are accurate.

The rigid dogma of total Slack has begun to crystalize, and thus there must inevitably come *rules, rules and more rules*. Now that you’ve become a SubGenius Minister, achieved total mental freedom and started down the Stairway to Slack... *you’re going to have to toe the line*. Now that “Bob”’s been killed a few times, some things are going to *change*.

The first misconception we must clear up is that “BOB” IS “DEAD.”

JUST HOW DEAD IS “BOB”?



First, the good news. If you hadn’t the unquestioning faith before, know now that J.R. “Bob” Dobbs is irrevocably, now and forever, **among the living undead**.

You probably heard that Dobbs was shot and killed on January 21, 1984, at the Victoria Theater in San Francisco. You may not know that it happened again in Los Angeles in 1985, in rural Arkansas in 1986,

¹ We’re not talking about the diseases, mental illnesses, and so forth. Those are merely “gags” in the satirical, “funny fake church” aspect of SubGenius. You’re not even *sure* yet of how the subliminal triggers have already changed you. Those 150 people in the Illinois State Mental Health Facility? That’s merely a necessary part of a legitimate artistic satire.

² See the book *Hell on 990 an Eternity* by J.R. “Bob” Dobbs, Dobbstown University Press, 1987.

³ Unless you’re a Satanist, of course.

St. Louis in 1988, and Atlanta in 1992!

According to Dobbs' own account, after each assassination he was immediately dispatched back to Hell. But he repeatedly dug his way to the surface.⁴ Although he was re-killed and sentenced even deeper into Hell after each breakout/reincarnation, these daring escapes — not to mention Dobbs' winning of the Hell Gladiator Games — were increasingly humiliating to Satan. When, finally, Dobbs out-tempted Lucifer and *seduced his wife* — when he “put two more horns on the Devil,” so to speak — it was the last straw, and J.R. “BOB” DOBBS WAS BANISHED EVEN FROM HELL.

Since he was never baptized, of course, “Bob” has never been able to enter Heaven either.

It is BECAUSE “Bob” was killed so many times, but is barred from all available afterlives, that *he now CANNOT DIE*. He can only wait around for X-Day here on Earth, with the rest of us — at least, until he is baptized,⁵ or Satan forgives him. And Satan, unlike his little brother, is not known for forgiveness.

“Curiosity killed the cat;
loathsome rituals BROUGHT IT BACK.”

— Anonymous, KC MO



H. Robbins

A new awe and, yes, we admit, a certain *fear* have tinged our thoughts and hearts as we enter our second decade of servitude, yoked to the harness of “Bob.” For we have learned that our High Eppot is not only *luckier* than we conceived, but also *far more dangerous* than we could ever have dreamed.

The grinning, bumbling, happy-go-lucky “Bob” of our conceit isn't



AND NOW FOR THE BAD NEWS



INTERVIEW WITH AN OVERMAN

From Rev. Ivan Stang's dialogs with
Dr. Philo Drummond, OverMan 1st Degree

Has “Bob” gained power?

I would say so.

But he was shot and killed, some say.

But *we* know that was part of the Plan. He's died and been resurrected many times. That was the whole key. He always comes back to lead us. We would know if he wasn't here, by the fact that we wouldn't be here.

How has the world changed since THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS?

Well, about a third of our prophesies have already come true... the drive-by shootings, stuff like that. Just about all have in some fashion. It has followed the basic track “Bob” predicted. A few more have come into “Bob's” arms. Not as many as we thought, but the ones who count.

Some of the disasters warned of in Dateline for Dominance never came about.

The warning that is heeded is prophecy fulfilled. We PREVENTED those events from happening BECAUSE we brought attention to the prophecy.

Does “Bob” want to return the Earth to its pristine state, with humans more like Adam and Eve, running naked in the Garden, like wonderful animalistic hippies?

If that's the natural impetus provided by the world community as a whole.

But if the world community as a whole decided they would rather be mass murderers...?

Then that would be the natural direction. And “Bob” would be the best mass murderer of all.

The luckiest mass murderer.

The one who could kill the most without having to even squeeze the trigger.

anything like that... or, rather, that's not *all* he is. You cannot imagine what "Bob" in person is really like, until you have actually met him and, pined like a bunny in the headlights, '*felt*' the *pull*, the intense nothingness of the Vacuum that lurks behind "Bob's" eyes. It's like the sensation you get when the dentist gives you too much nitrous oxide,



just before you go under — an endless loop of realizing and then forgetting and then realizing that you've *been here before*, this is the 7,483rd time, you've only got a few more thousand times left... and that there *ARE* hungry, malevolent entities who have just caught your scent, and you're *probably in very serious trouble*.

Why, then, do we pursue Dobbs so relentlessly? Why?

It is not the destination that is the key, but the journey. It is the *becoming* that counts, not the monster we become. The goal is not BEING Mr. Hyde...it is the *transformation sequence itself*, the *changing* that provides the organic time of understanding, the enlightenment. That reward is reached BEFORE the final physical stage, whether one becomes "Bob," "Bub" or "Dick."⁶

Some Must Be Fuckees

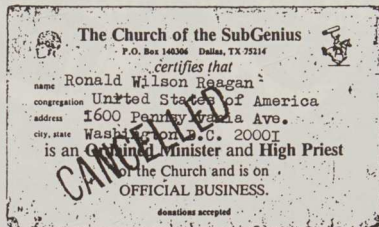
"As long as someone wields the whip, someone else will want to kiss it."

— G. Gordon Gordon



All dues-paying SubGenius Ministers, of course, count on being transfigured by the Xists into OverMen on (or shortly after) X-Day, 1998. We should all continue to look ahead to that day with joy and

perfect trust in "Bob" pounding in our hearts. However, there is *one minor detail* that Dobbs neglected to include in his earlier pronouncements on this subject.



NOT EVERYONE WITH A SUBGENIUS MINISTER'S I.D. CARD WILL NECESSARILY BE SAVED.

The number 144,000, which has been bandied about Biblically for 2,000 years, may indeed be what we would call the "Escape Vessels' Seating Capacity." Even more pertinent is the revelation concerning the *requirements* for these limited seats. The Membership Card is a prerequisite, of course, but beyond that, one's qualifications for seating are apparently more dependent upon *cash donations* than service to Dobbs. And *seniority doesn't count*. In other words, it won't necessarily be the 144,000 most *devout* that shall be lifted up in terror and glory, but the 144,000 *richest*... or, at least, those who *gave* the most to "Bob."



But we're only assuming that 144,000 is an accurate figure — it *might* be 14,400, or even, *conceivably*, just 144! Now, even we can't believe that the Xists, MWOM and Dobbs would be so callous as to allow only 144 of the ones who *happened* to be the *richest assholes* to be saved! *But we can't know for sure!* Whether you've bought merely a \$30 ordainmentscription and left it at that, or thrown in that extra \$20 for a video, or said "What the hell, I'll order EVERYTHING and tithed 45% of my income..." — that might well be the deciding factor in your "salvation exam!" We don't want you to feel like Dobbs is *extorting* you, so we'll only urge you to consider that you might be better safe than sorry.

WHO ELSE CAN YOU "TRUSS" WHEN THE RUPTURE COMES?

⁴ See *The Stark Fist*, Vol. 17-23, pages 346 through 423 for detailed chronology.

⁵ The Dobbs Anti-Baptist sect is violently opposed to this and have sworn to give their lives if necessary to prevent the baptism of "Bob."

⁶ That's why people stand on hilltops at dusk with their mouths wide open, waiting for the face-fucking bats to come along — God knows they don't ENJOY having that thing shoved down their throats BARS-OUT. But the CHANGE that occurs when they take the bat sperm ANTIDOTE pudding — it's that SPASM OF DETOXIFICATION that makes all the rigmorale and danger worth it. The TRANSFORMATION. ABORTED AT THE VERY BRINK OF NO RETURN: there's the thrill.

LAST CHANCE TO BACK OUT

We just want to make sure you know what you're getting into. We **MUST** be able to say later, in court, that we gave you **PLENTY OF WARNING**. Oh, but this is just that **JOKE**, **RIGHT?** Ha ha, those SubGeniuses are so funny with all their disclaimers...

Do you realize this religion went public only **FOURTEEN YEARS** ago?? We're just **BEGINNING!** Sure it took Christianity a thousand years to conquer the West, but look at what a small band of dedicated nerds was able to pull off in Russia in 1917! Today, with radio, cable TV, and thousands of computer networks at Dobbs' disposal, it shouldn't be long before the Church of the SubGenius is so big even you will be afraid of it. **AS WELL YOU SHOULD BE!**



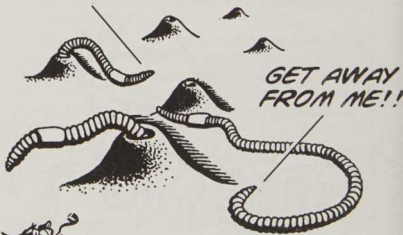
DON'T DIE WITHOUT SLACK

The End Times promise not only a future Life Eternal, but also an immediate **BUSINESS BONANZA** for those who **PREPARE NOW**. Authorized manufacturers of Dobbshead talismans will find their profits *quadrupling* in the upcoming wars as more and more people, even Pinks, find their only hope and solace amidst the destruction in "Bob's" Face — the very emblem of militant SubGenius speciesism and outward spiritual **SURREA**volution.



Are you ready to pass through the gates of opportunity, perceiving the unstilled truth, with no subjective bias? Are you ready to **DO WHATEVER "BOB" SAYS**, to **SWALLOW HIS EVERY STATEMENT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER?** Even if he someday tells you that **YOU must push the button that sends billions to an UNBELIEVABLY PAINFUL DOOM??**

EVER HEARD OF "BOB"?

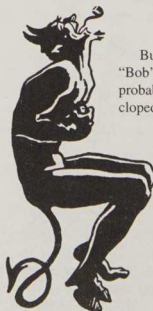


But you can rest assured that, even if such is "Bob's" plan, he, at least, will still be around, probably down there in a diving suit, selling encyclopedias to heat vent worms.

Will, then, the vast pyramid of centuries be, in the end, only a monument to the vanity of "Bob"?

— Do you have any better ideas??

Mones Awate "BOB"!





CHAPTER 1

THE TEN THOUSAND AND ONE ESSENCES OF "BOB"¹

WHAT SECRET POWER DOES THIS MAN POSSESS?

Was he a wizard? A servant of the Lord?
A being from another planet?
A devil worshipper?
Or merely a *shrewd salesman*?

*"Let he who hath wisdom know,
it is the Wallet of a man."*

— Economicon, 6:14

"Bob" is the spiritual fractal. For he is made up of uncountable Dots, but each of these Dots in turn compriseth, yea, uncountable Dobbsheads, each of which in its turn is also composed of unending Dots; and so it goeth, from lasting unto everlasting. Or kill me."

— Magistra Batrix, 1990

"AND LO, THE SATIRE WAS MADE FLESH AND LIVES AMONG US."

— Hyperclassiansiastes 6:14;789:01-b



THE SCIENTIFIC SHAMAN

The world of modern science seems an unlikely place to find evidence supporting occult phenomena. Yet, many of today's leading scientists have scaled the pyramid of worldly knowledge only to find this humble man "Bob" already slouching at the apex, twiddling his thumbs.

We will help you reach that capstone without expensive climbing gear. But — you'll have to trust us — you'll have to LET GO of that crumbling handhold that keeps you from plummeting to your death. LET GO and allow your very soul to be sucked out your eyes as they gaze upon this page. EMPTY YOURSELF. Let the *invisible* words work deeper... deeper... deeper into your very hind-brain to replace what was there previously. Down into the sludge sump of the brainpan, the septic oubliette of the nonconsciousness...

And then, when you have plunged as far down into your own depths as you can possibly go, an IDEA... a KEY... a PLAN... an ULTIMATE SCHEME is born at the very ground floor of your MIND. And that scheme is...

"Bob."

¹ HINT for this chapter: There is an obvious place where his secret message to you is hidden.



CARL H. COMPUTER

J.R. "BOB" DOBBS™

Big Brother Au-GO-GO

CHAOS KING FATHER OF THE NEW SOCIETY!!!

"For All You Know, He Might Already *BE* World Overlord!"

WHO IS THIS GUY WITH THE PIPE WHOSE FACE IS APPEARING EVERYWHERE?

Who is this Mystic whose *seemingly random* countenance holds such SWAY over us all...?

What is *behind* that smile that has sold and puzzled millions? Does he know something we don't know? Is he about to tell us a secret? Is he, mayhap, INSANE? Or, has he just sold us a car?

Even mathematicians, trained in visualizing the multi-dimensional quantum Universe, have trouble imagining "BOB." For he is the True Absolute Infinite.

"BOB" DOBBS ENCOMPASSES THE TOTAL VISION, THE ULTIMATE PROGRAM, THE FINAL ANSWER, THE INCONVERTIBLE CREED, AND THE ENDLESS EXCUSE.

"If you look deeply into the Jell-O™, you will see him. But by then it will be much too late."

— Neuronics 7:45



The Jesus That Didn't Get Nailed

J. R. "Bob" Dobbs² — High Epopt of the Church of the SubGenius — is no worn out, overused deity from two thousand years ago, but a *living, bleeding* deity for today.

"He is the Sales Man, the New Man, the Now Man, the Man of Tomorrow, and the Key to the Gateway IS HIS PIPE."

— Godecclessians 6:14



The Vision of Bub-Unzak III (detail), from Ur. About 2600 B.C. Stone, height 25". State Museums, Berlin.

Sales Luck has been passed down from SubGenius to SubGenius, more insidiously than any computer virus or retro virus — for, unlike them, it is not human in origin.

"Give me Slack or give me food."

Much to the dismay of many, "Bob" often declares loudly and publicly that he is NOT the MESSIAH! (At most, he is the anti-AntiChrist.) It is not his "holiness" we should emulate, but his omnipresent and ever-changing FOIBLES and FOLLIES. From his cumulative *mistakes*, he derives the most exquisite, subtle rightness; he inadvertently makes a million dollars every time he *screws up*.

Dobbs operates ALWAYS by chance, ONLY by "accident." What "Bob" wants to happen **just happens** to be what's *going* to happen, ANYWAY. If anything "Bob" does *seems* to you to have come out wrong, it is only because you have not spiritually matured sufficiently to see that *whatever happens is right, for "Bob."* "Bob" doesn't *plan* anything — he merely tunes in on The Plan that's already *there*. HE DOESN'T THINK — HE MERELY "KNOWS." Moreover, he "knows" *everything*... but is in the continuous act of forgetting all of it.

"My wallet and my comb, they comfort me."

— "Bob's" Psalm

THERE'S NO 'PROB' — WITH "BOB."

How long have you followed fruitless tangents, afraid to plunge into THE WHOLE?

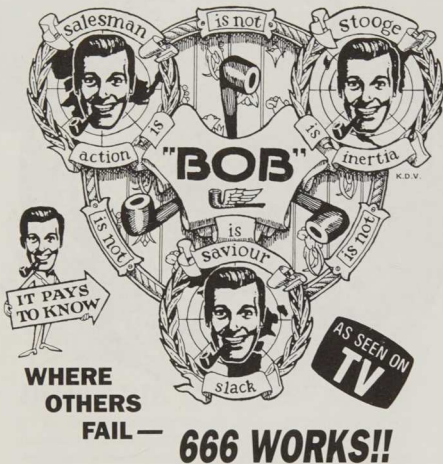
To follow "Bob's" Path of Least Resistance, we must seek to reach such depths of **NoMind** that *when* we achieve Slack, we *don't even know it* — to become so mentally helpless that the Luck Plane is itself Disconnected, and everything automatically starts to happen in our favor... to escape our half-cocked mode of minor folly, blow out all our gland-valves at once, melt the mental launch pad and **rocket away** into full-tit DIVINE ASININITY.

² Pronounced by some, "Jahr" Dobbs.

³ DON'T buy the "MEDIA ECOLOGY" crap by the Canadian "Happy-Face Bob." Needless to say, it's a pathetic fake and shameless rip-off.

⁴ This is where we get the word "discombobulation."

⁵ See the SubGenius video, *ARISE*, for the first instance of that particular joke being told (\$20 from SubGenius, PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214, or available from Polygram Video through any video store energetic enough to order it).



There are no nations — just ONE GLOBAL CONCENTRATION CAMP run by a single, if fractured, SECRET SOCIETY. Before he rebelled, "BOB" was a major player in that Conspiracy! He learned all Their secrets from the INSIDE, all Their dirty tricks and Frankenstein Computer-God mind-control techniques, and now he has come forth to TELL ALL, BLOW THE WHISTLE and SET THINGS STRAIGHT to YOU PERSONALLY. He is the *one tamperproof individual* you can trust to bargain with the gods.

It is because the Conspiracy *fears* him to the depths of their lizard souls that they try to water down his **terrifying** message — and would even have you question whether he exists at all! Oh, they *know* how powerful "Bob's" message is. They've offered us millions to QUIT, released dozens of counterfeit "Dobbs products," and blacklisted us from all major controlled media exposure. (Present company excluded.) He *wants* Them to misunderstand; that's why he wears such a "humorous" mask. That crazy grin is setting Them up for the *ultimate sucker punch* from The Stark Fist of Removal.

THE SECRET OF THE PIPE WITHHELD?? OR JUST HERESY?

"Bob" is not just a Mystic Salesman, but a *Mythic* Salesman... indeed, the "Travelling Salesman" of legend. *There have always been "Bobs,"* stretching all the way back to the First "Bob," the High Yeti of Mutantis — and growing in power with every reincarnation. Throughout all of humankind's past civilizations, "Bobs" (in one guise or another have unwittingly triggered each evil dictatorship's downfall, so that a new one might evolve in its place.⁴ Likewise, "Bob's"

"In the world without Slack, the no-brained man is king."

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, *MY SALES SECRETS*,
Dobbsstown University Press, 1962.

**THINK
STUPIDLY.
ACT
GLOBALLY.**

**YOU CAN LEARN TO
THINK FOR YOURSELF
— BUT ONLY "BOB" CAN
SHOW YOU HOW!**



Dobbs Stupidism

is the instinctual ability to shut off all four major parts of the brain *at will*. The Normal, on the other hand, does not even comprehend that *sh/its brain can be turned on*. The Normal brain might appear more "intelligent" — by its definition, anyway — yet it is atrophied. The SubGenius may have less to work with, but at least it works. Usually, it decides that the best thing to work *towards* is a new and better way of *shutting itself down again*.

SLACK is a fluctuation between b'ISNESS and k'NOTNESS, and if you can SYNC UP your rhythms of MIND Vs. NOMIND, you will suddenly 'lock in' with the Slack Waves of the Luck Plane. *GIVE UP* — and *FLOAT ON SLACK*. RETURN TO YOUR AMOEBIA ROOTS. CAST OUT NEUROTIC CONCEPTS OF "INTELLIGENCE." RETREAT TO VICTORY. SURRENDER AND WIN.

AS ABOVE, SO IN-BETWEEN. AS UNDER, SO OVER.

And so on.

250,000 say "YES!"
— I will OBEY or DIE!™

Dobbs insists that your worship of him be WHOLEHEARTED, but SPORADIC. He offers himself up as merely the best of a potentially unlimited number of **Revolving Messiahs or Short Duration Personal Saviors** ("Shordurpersavs," in the original Tibetan). These days, even Saviors are disposable; they must change with the needs of the Now. "Bob" is too busy to be your Personal Savior day in and day out; it would be unhealthy for both of you, like a joke told too many times.⁵ Your Designer Savior can be ANYTHING that gives you Slack. "BOB" is not THE answer — but neither is anything else! "Bob," however, is the one Savior you can ALWAYS RETURN TO, for he is the only one who cannot ever be corrupted; he could not possibly become more corrupt than he already is.

The first step to enlightenment, then, is to accept "Bob" into your

life and serve him with the greatest possible fanaticism, losing your individuality in his seductive embrace. In the process, you will come to hate all other religions.

The second step is to truly obey "Bob" when he says to simultaneously disbelieve *and believe* all rival cults, no matter how you hate them — giving you a broader perspective than any one of them, or the SubGenius Church alone, can offer. But the third and final step is the most difficult: despite the pain, despite the withdrawal symptoms, you must FREE yourself from SubGenius Mind Control™, "kill" "Bob" in your own mind, and START YOUR OWN DAMNED HELL-BENT RELIGION!®

**"MOSES PARTED THE RED SEA,
OPPENHEIMER SPLIT THE ATOM,
BUT "BOB" CUT THE CRAP."**

— Rev. Steve Antczak

There are a million different religions with a million different rules, but all tell you *one thing in common*: SLACK IS BAD. Only J. R. "Bob" Dobbs has the HORMONAL OVERTHRUST to stand up to the evil emperors and state the obvious, universal, naked reality:

It's GOOD to feel GOOD. It's BAD to feel BAD.

"If man were meant to feel guilt, he wouldn't have been born with a "Bob."™"

— Father Joe Mama

While the Conspiracy is saying that you have to serve somebody, "Bob" is telling you to serve YOURSELF. TAKE AS MUCH SLACK AS YOU WANT!! It's not a rare commodity; this planet is dripping with it! You need only know where to look. (Here's a hint: WE'RE DANGLING IT IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES RIGHT THIS VERY SECOND.)



⁶ At no point in this process is it necessary or even advisable, NO MATTER HOW FAR YOU STRAY, to stop sending money to us for the purchase of Church goods (many of which will aid you in hating "Bob"). The Lack of Dobbs is bestowed most generously upon those who rebel against him while paying him to be there to rebel against. PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214; \$1 plus SASE for big catalog.

So what's it going to be — a Conspiracy-recommended minimum daily allowance of False Slack? Or a complete, unadulterated *drown-in-your-own-pleasures* ORGY of SLACK, in which you, and only you, say when you've had enough?

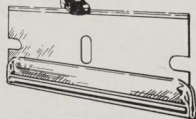
LOOK — it's either **HIM** or **THE ANTICHRIST**. Which side are you on?

The choice is entirely yours... "Bob's" not going to make it for you. That's how you know he's the one to choose!



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "BOB" AND JESUS — IS THERE ONE?

the SLOPPY SECOND COMING



**"NO
"BOB"
"NO
SLACK"**

**GOD IS EVERYWHERE...
BUT "BOB" HAS ALREADY BEEN
...EVERYWHERE ELSE.**

"Bob" is the throat of the maelstrom of all history, and yet he is the still center of the Universe.

"Bob" is the rabbit, and he is the magic hat, and he is the tripod on the tabletop.

"Bob" is the teat, and he is the mouth that sucks, and he is the Milk of "Bob."

He is the heroin, and he is the needle, and the vein, and he is the stomach pump.

"Bob" is the Daisy Air Rifle, he is the "B-B," and he is the eyepatch on your little brother.

He is the bull-nettle and the salve. He is the sock which slid down to allow him to brush your leg, and he is the goat-head sticker that must be pulled from that sock with your bloody fingers.

"Bob" is the gas and he is the engine. And he is the oncoming out-of-control Mack truck on the wrong side of the road with the driver asleep at the wheel, and he is the *pill* which that driver took.



Inside the Fiasco

**SODOMITE OR SAINT?
WHAT DOES IT
MATTER 'CAUSE
I'M UP FOR...**



Robert Williams

"... "Bob" is the *SubJes*, acting as a *LIVING SUBMARINE* in the *SUMP of HUMAN SIN*. "Bob" doesn't walk on the water, he cruises under it — as should we all, readying our psychic torpedoes for the *DESTROYERS of SLACK...*"

— Rev. John Shirley

THE SOURCE OF "BOB'S" LUCK

"You know how dumb the average person is?

Well, by definition, half of 'em are dumber than that."

— J. R. "Bob" Dobbs

In the jobs and lifestyles available to most humans, intelligence is more often a hindrance to better pay and social standing than is bland stupidity. For instance — are you rich yet?

Rich enough?

What good are brains, if the associated sensitivity drives people neurotic, makes them unhappy with unfulfilling jobs and tedious dates, overcomplicates their already desperate, chaotic lives, and generally hinders survival? What best serves us nowadays, in this time of

AND "BOB'S" YOUR UNCLE!

meaningless toil — good grades and scholarly erudition, or intuition, sneakiness, and, above all, *luck*? Evolution doesn't slow down for art, morality, mathematics or suchlike airy frippery. When was the last time you got a crush on someone because he or she was *smart*? As "Bob" Dobbs has so oft stated, "I'd rather be lucky than good any day."

Besides, the Pinks prove time and again that one can get high scores on intelligence tests, but still be unable to think for one's self.

"Act like a dumbstiff, and they'll treat you as an equal."

— Dobbs, *Moronicus* 7:23

"Cheap Gurus Are For Chumps"

"Bob's" Plan has succeeded financially simply by predicating itself upon a deteriorating intellectual environment. It appeals ultimately to those who have recognized that environment for what it is, and now try to profit from its very ineffectuality. The Church is composed of people who have learned the classic textbook definition of *sanity* and who can, if necessary, imitate its *legal appearance* in public, but enjoy the exact opposite in the privacy of their own homes and in the invisible, secret workings of their careers. We call this practice "Schizophreniatrics™."

Science claims that only 10% of the brain is ever used. Even "Bob's" jealous competitors agree that he does more with his "100% of nothing" than others do with their "10% of something." It is as if Dobbs' mental blindness gives him a second sight that mortals are not meant to have. He can react from *more pure thought-stimuli* than can any so-called genius. PURITY is the issue. It's the very *Absence itself* in the Dobbs brainpan that grants him this magical disability.

"He will share his blindness with you,
that you might truly see."

— St. Stymie de Bergerac

Other holy men, like the Dalai Lama, may possess Truth — but Dobbs offers *excuses*, which history has repeatedly proved can reap far more Slack.

THE SLACK OF "BOB"

One problem met by scientifically minded investigators is that Dobbs' existence requires them to acknowledge and somehow "explain" the many anomalous and irritating phenomena that invariably accompany his physical presence.

Dobbs exists in the eye of an acausal "hurricane," a quantum storm generating enough Slackforce to coerce the odds and variances, the very physical laws of our Universe, into giving him exactly what he wants and needs from moment to moment. Dobbs never has to compromise his desires in any way; instead, the Universe must rearrange itself, and sometimes perform remarkable feats of acausality, in order to accommodate Dobbs.

He is protected by the very randomness of the Universe, for he himself is the *most uncertain, random principle*. "Bob" is that nexus to which ALL the most unlikely improbable-

ties must converge... but always in a manner that *benefits him*. There are very *selective* laws of probability for Dobbs. If it takes a 40-million-to-1 shot for him not to be hurt seriously by, for instance, a truck barreling suddenly around the corner, if it would require a rotten telephone pole to suddenly fall down and block that truck, and maybe kill the drunken driver, then that is exactly what will happen. The *least* likely possibility is what most often saves "Bob" from the equally unlikely dangers that constantly threaten him.

To see Dobbs' luck in action can be frightening. "The field" constantly compensates for everything happening around him, on all levels, from the molecular to the macrocosmic. These chains of events can result in literally anything — *anything* that is required to keep "Bob's" Slack mathematically pure, to maintain that even vibration of laxness. Lightning strikes, anvils fall out of airplanes, dictatorships are overthrown, miracle cures are discovered, old wounds flare up, floods are averted, stock markets crash, pianos fall from windows... yet "Bob" never actually *intends* any of it. Sometimes his luck causes him to be injured — if his being in the hospital would prevent an assassination attempt at that time, say, or would land him "the perfect tube job" from the perfect student nurse.

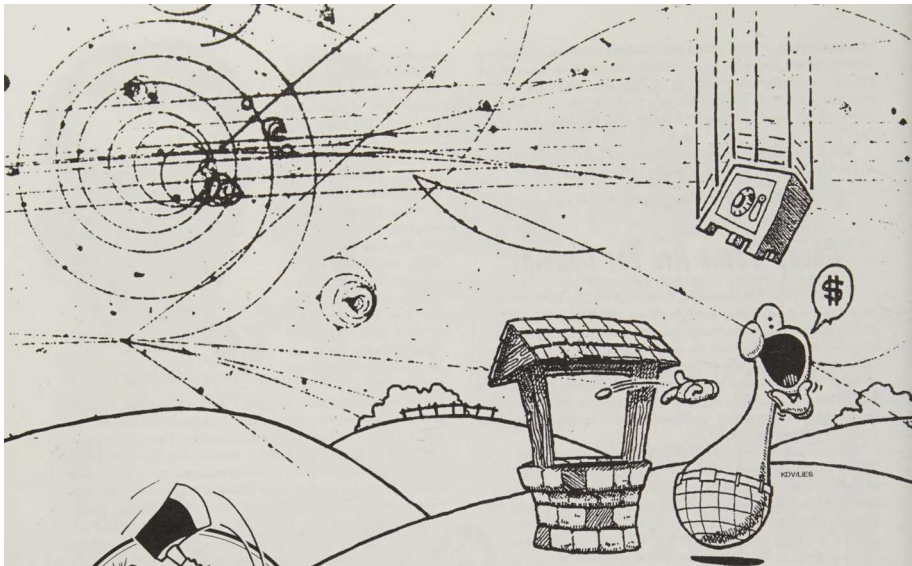
The way "Bob" interacts with our Universe is, indeed, uncannily like the way cartoon characters interact with theirs. When he is surprised, his eyes have been reported to bug almost superhumanly, and his hat to be caused by some psycho-kinetic power to pop up into the air for a second and spin wildly on his head. His Pipe may spontaneously leap away from his mouth and then magically reinsert itself; when he is angered, it sometimes makes a little "kaboom" sound. A tiny mushroom cloud appears in the bowl and fiery dottle pops out, exploding like miniature meteor showers.

"BOB" IS ANOTHER UNIVERSE, his own self-contained universe with its own internal laws and space-time. The interface between his and ours may one minute be a chaotic and terrifying one, then suddenly become an orgasmic celebration of life and awareness;

it may even lapse into complete noncausality, a state in which nothing occurs around "Bob" at all... a total and utter stasis, such as when he is blind drunk and passed out, and the only indication of time passing in all the cosmos is his snoring.

**Reality has become
"BOB"
The Possibilities are Endless.**





THE PHYSICS OF LUCK



We must now examine the relationship between LUCK, THE SOUL and QUANTUM PROBABILITY.

Beyond our physical world governed by quantum effects, there extends another, subtler band of energies comprising the *psychic* spectrum, which is governed by the rules, or lack thereof, of the Psychic Quantum Continuum. These energies are constrained only by the non-causal laws of non-particles such as Bobyons, Wotrons, Mutrinos, etc.

The two energy types are linked in that each individual, as observer, has a direct causal effect on quantum probability wave collapse. Depending on the degree of consciousness of each observer, a unique, "personal" quantum field is created. Because it bridges both the Psychic and the Physical, it is popularly referred to as the Phy-Psy Quantum Field, or PPOF. In religious terminology it might be called the "soul." A SubGenius soul is termed a *Nentessence*. (This is to be distinguished from the *Mental Ite* of a SubGenius, the primitive spirit-twin astral body, or secondary soul, which is psychically "alive" but mindless. Unlike SubGeniuses, Pinks have only one soul.)

Some *Nentessences* have a PPOF that is slightly stronger than most, and subtly different.⁷ Most people are confined primarily to one nexus of the grid or lattice of quantum probability; their lives fall into one "acceptable" rut and stay there. Those possessing special PPOF have the ability, albeit usually unconscious, to shift their positions on the grid toward a new convergence of probabilities — to alter, bend, warp or smudge the "normal" course of events to favor them. It is the

individual's level of Slack that actually does it, generating *for itself* whatever is required to maintain its homeostatic equilibrium within the Matrix of the All-Slack. Few of us have sufficiently Slack-encrusted PPOFs to accomplish such favorable distortions of the quantum spectrum. *Those who do are called by the rest of us "lucky."*

Even before "Bob" "contracted" with JHVH-1, he was implanted with an Xist device, probably the Pipe, that allowed him to amplify his own almost perfectly Slackdrenched PPOF into something vastly more powerful. With a Slack mass so great that it distorts space-time, he is literally a "gravity well" of luck.

Just as a Hawking Black Hole can emit any form of matter or energy as the result of random quantum fluctuations, so can "Bob," as a superdense, concentrated singularity of Slack, effortlessly and unconsciously distort space and time into producing for him exactly what he needs.

The Elder Gods would never take a humanoid like Dobbs seriously, but for that the *center point* of the Luck Plane in space-time seems to "just happen" to follow him around. Most advanced entities have had to recognize that he is both the mouth and anus of the Universe, the faucet and the drain of the great ocean of the Luck Plane, "the place where it all goes in and doesn't HAVE to come out."⁸ They see that "Bob" is the immutable point around which the Luck Plane revolves, tilting always toward him, so that all luck must flow to him. He is the

constant — the extra-universal, the very monopole of luck. He is the input *and* the output... a great her-maphroditic Terminal.

"It makes my butt tickle a lot of the time," "Bob" said when asked how it feels to be the Universal Dipole. Interestingly, Dobbs has admitted that his "Condition," as he calls it, often causes him a not exactly painful rectal itch, one which in fact affords him not inconsiderable pleasure when relieved with urgent massage. Ironically, some important clients and world leaders have come away embarrassed from meetings with "Bob," offended that he so enthusiastically scratched and gouged in their presence.

Many Pinks and even some SubGeniuses have trouble accepting the more earthy, vulgar aspects of The Dobbs. How can they be expected to understand? Describing the pure Slackfulness of Dobbs to Pinks is like trying to describe an art gallery to a blind person.

"I WANT TO FEEL 'BOB'!"

Almost as difficult is impressing upon eager young Bobbies the dangers of clinging too closely to "Bob," the mistake of thinking that, even if they could, they would *want* to draw off any of "Bob's" Slack. They underestimate the terrible risk of drawing his attention just when they're in the *wrong place* at the *wrong time*... for the enormous luck-well around him can be *fierce* and *steep*.

Envision the Luck Plane as a whirlpool. Most of the Plane is spinning slowly, flattened out into a disc, but around "Bob" it's spinning faster and faster, forming a funnel-shaped vortex. The Church as a whole, with all its Members, could be described as the Accretion Disc around "Bob." Normally, you are on a lazy glide in the shallow dish of probability... but once "Bob" glances at you, or reads your letter, *WHAM*, you're suddenly sucked into the whirlpool of totally subjective reality, where all is living surrealism, with your raft of sanity being swirled and battered to shreds beneath you.

The closer you get to him, the faster you orbit him, and the more violently your luck changes, until it's a strobe-like flicker of badluck-goodluck. This is why the SubGenius Doktors, as our spouses or friends will attest, plunge from ecstasy to depression and back within seconds. It's not necessarily that we're crazy, it's simply that our *luck-shells* are buffeted constantly by Slack-winds of such high velocity that they are perpetually being sucked toward "Bob," only to careen off him and be thrown up into another part of the ever-infalling Luck Plane. Like a ball in a pinball game that keeps bouncing between two bumpers, we helplessly ricochet back and forth in that intense zone where good and bad luck are squeezed together under such incredible pressure that they *negate each other* — and *cancel out*, into the *pure* luck that is simultaneously absorbed and excreted by Dobbs.

This attraction-repulsion emits a perpetual psychic shock wave that reverberates out into the Luck Plane — creating, among other things, all the thousands of warring false religions, misguided cults, political extremists, scientific crackpots and poor SubGenius imitators. As much as we hate to admit it, most of the New Age movement is simply



Numen Permissions

the unfortunate result of Luck Plane Backwash Fallout from *our* religion's explosive yet unending interaction with the Font of Truth.

Luck Feedback, if it is to be used safely at all, *must* come through "Bob." All the rest is dangerous superstition and arrant nonsense. "Bob's" enemies, because they also occupy his attention, are close to the Luck Plane turbulence as well — and that affects us negatively, wherever we are, causing everything from dandruff and lost car keys to IRS audits and penile warts. Even if you try to hide away from The Conspiracy by living in the wilderness or getting rich, the irritation they would cause "Bob" will be deflected onto you anyway. They are going to bedevil you on the Luck Plane no matter how far from Them you flee, so you *might* as well fight Them. There'll be less turbulence in our ring of the Luck Plane if we can get Them out of "Bob's" hair — by converting, destroying or enslaving Them, for instance. Then we could enjoy the *total* Slack that is our due under "Bob."

That's also another good reason for us to forge ahead with "shearing the Bobbies," bottling the souls,⁷ and moving them *out* of this plane and into the "hands" of the Elder Gods as fast as possible. Let them have the bad karma; Dobbs doesn't need that sludge contaminating his aura(s)! By purging the Luck Plane of Bobbie souls, we also help to beautify the Earth, save future generations from reincarnational pollution, and obtain needed Akashic funds for the Church.

⁷ Whether this is due solely to a greater than normal presence of Yeti genetic material is still being argued, but we do know that Slack is the key catalyst.

⁸ See Phil Austin's album *Roller Maidens From Outer Space*.

⁹ The souls are bottled this way: there's what we might call a "little Luck Plane accretion disk," generated aethero-electronically at the neck of each soul storage cylinder; as they leave the body, the pure souls are caught and sucked down the mini-vortex, scrubbed, then squeezed into the ultrafine Dobbsian Discernment Field. There, aetheric suckers catch the pure souls just before they can transmigrate over to the Beforefield, and shunt them down into the base of the cylinder, which has a special partial-antimatter Klein bottle lining for "eternal" containment. The device itself is powered by a lucky rabbit's foot which Dobbs has had since childhood.

So think twice before you go waving your total, mindless devotion in "Bob's" face! When you seek "Bob," you will inevitably fall within his radius — the eye of the hurricane. Sometimes it's a PARTY hurricane, when it is required that revelry evolve around Dobbs. Other times, keeping pure the Slack of "Bob" might require an earthquake, an asteroid striking the Earth¹⁰, or third degree burns over the entire body of his most devout follower, the very one who loved him the most!

*"If Slack was water, "Bob" would be surfing,
and you'd be drowning."*

— Dr. Philo Drummond, Ø1²¹¹

**PRAY NOT TO "BOB" — FOR ONLY
NHGH WILL HEAR YOUR PRAYERS**

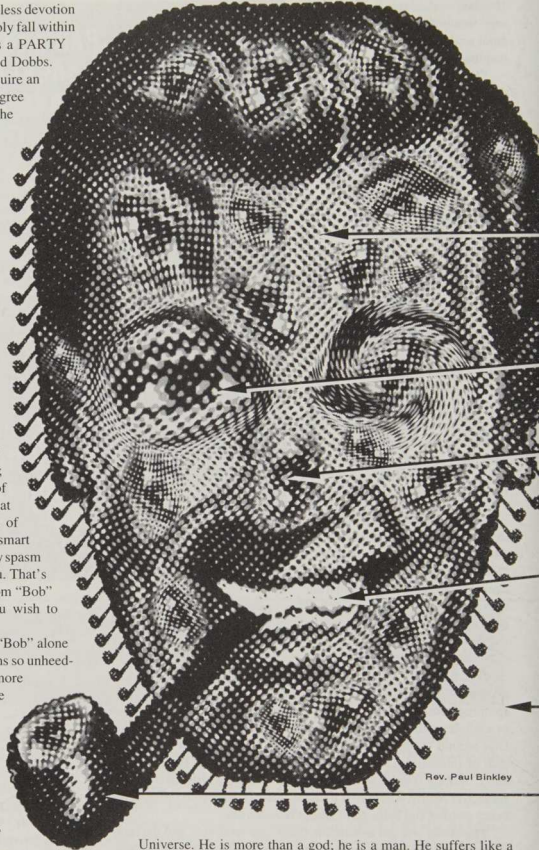
There are certain evil manifestations in the psychic realm to which we are impervious as long as we are unaware of them.¹² But when "Bob" notices you, everything becomes synchronicity — and not only are you aware of everything, but it's aware of you. Your skin crawls with the feeling that the Universe is alive and it knows you're there. And that may not be a comforting thought... it's like being a mouse caught in the open when a hawk's eye falls upon it. For NHGH, the Slack Robber, follows "Bob's" line of vision to see where he is looking. When that benevolent, silly grin creases "Bob's" face as he recognizes you (that truly happy, friendly grin; he's really glad to see you — you have reminded him of YOU) — you feel that CHILL, because you know at that moment that the double cross-haired, cold pit-vision of NHGH is also locking onto your Luck Center like a smart missile. You can feel it down in your "Bob" Gland, an ugly spasm as gordon upon gordon of terror washes up through you. That's why one always feels the contradictory urges to run from "Bob" and simultaneously to embrace him. It is "Bob" you wish to embrace; it is NHGH you are fleeing.

We're caught in the crossfire between two worlds. "Bob" alone has a foot in both dimensions. That's one reason he seems so unheeding — he's partly not here, literally. He's in two or more places at once — here, and in the spirit world, the Altjeringa. He exists in mythic time: the all-pervading universal NOW. He's instantaneous, stitching through time at all points along time, simultaneously, like a sewing machine that's everywhere on the fabric at once. You'd be a bit distracted, too, if you were seeing EVERYTHING, ALL THE TIME.

THE SUBLIME AGITATION OF "BOB"



"Bob" is not always the amiable, easy-going 'regular Joe' that his most famous portrait suggests. Like us, he is driven at times by base desires and ignoble instincts. One must remember that his grin is often one of expectant lust that he knows will be soon sated, followed by another lust that will likewise be perfectly fulfilled. Most of these are easily gratified yearnings for simple pleasures like ice cream or a nap; others, the unenlightened might perceive as sordid and debasing. But "Bob" was born with the BIGGEST SOUL of any TOOL of JHVH-1 ever to walk the



Universe. He is more than a god; he is a man. He suffers like a mortal, bleeds like a mortal — and gets that "Itch" like a mortal... that "Itch" that must be relieved.

For it is not that "Bob" "loves" the world in the Christian sense; it's that he is always carnally aroused and will attempt physical congress with anything that consents. (And that's most things.) This is the nature of "Bob's" love. He loves the world in the most sincere way; because of the pleasure it gives him. He loves all things, selfishly — because thinking about them makes his Great Old One throbb comfortably. He's not biased towards any particular sex or species. "Bob" would lovingly seduce a rockpile if he thought there might be a lizard in it. He truly loves nature, but he passionately loves concrete, too; he's scraped himself up more than once, making intimate love to a particularly attractive cinderblock. He enjoys live light sockets... and whales... and especially warm objects with pairs of soft round things on them. "Bob" sensuously desires all the world. He is the being most able to appreciate the Universe fully; he is thus the most deserving of total Slack.

Diagram 69a. Hyperscopic Cellular Bob Structure.

ABLATIVE KERATIN CARAPACE

Acts as heat shield against radioactive membranes of conspiracy organisms; converts "moral" integument of normals into readily penetrated heterodoxy

PROTOPLASMIC INTERIOR

Primordial ooze. Once you get this on you, it's all over. What a mess.

SEX ORGAN

Expands to 333 million times original size; inspires awe or jealousy

MITOCHONDRIAL

VORTEX (TYPICAL)
Converts unbelievers into profit-generating peptide chains with positive cash flow charge

CONSUMPTION VACUOLE

Ameboid chamber metabolizes cash and blind religious zeal through hyperspatial enzyme catalysis; never shuts up

"PIPE" CILIA

Guides currency, securities, letters of credit, and tithes into consumption vacuole

EXCRETORY PORE

Releases waste product of electromagnetic slack waves which attract prey and get girls

For "Bob" is not so much the flesh of "Bob," the earthly meat of his body, as he is the motion — the vortices of the energies being channelled through him. "He" is the very "HOSE" of "GOD" — THE ONE CONDUIT FOR THE SEED-WORD-CODE!!!

IT'S TRUTH!!



H. Hobbs

¹⁰ You don't really think the dinosaurs died off, and mammals replaced them, by accident, do you?

¹¹ An OverMan can withstand far more Luck Feedback than can an unmodified SubGenius; a SubGenius far more than a Bobbie; a Bobbie a little more than a Pink (for the Bobbie, at least, has enough Psiol to realize there might be something to "Bob").

¹² See Chapter 10 on NHGH and the Lloigor. Unless the Lloigor make us "forget" to mention them.



DOTS THAT SHINE IN THE DARK

by Dr. Howll

Much has been said, and perhaps even more has been written, about that most enigmatic of beings, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. Yet the eager seeker after Slack has no recourse but to be wholeheartedly baptized in the flood of information revealed by his sacred priests and scribes.

Indeed, the newly born into "Bob" must hold their noses, leap in and experience *total immersion* in the data pools of the Church, the secretions of the myriad-headed Organism that is the body of "Bob's" holy Tabernacle. This Hydra is usually hailed as the only Slack-giving entity.

But, are there no *shortcuts*? Must one ingest so many raw bits as to choke the philosophical esophagus with the roughage of knowledge? And then, will not a violent dyspepsia of the spirit result from having absorbed this bolus of error and superstition? An indigestion, festering within until one huge blast of gaseous misinformation is emitted, causing the foul lingering stench of total misunderstanding?

The "Short Path"

In fact, there *is* one simple exercise which permits the inquirer to "get" the SubGenius "message" easily, smoothly and without embarrassment. And it is no painful quasi-medical procedure, to rank with *Third-Nostril opening* or *Acubeating*. It requires no expense, no complicated and dangerous machinery. It is called *Dobbsian Cephalophysionomorphology*, or, in lay terms, Looking at the Face.

All that is needed is a piece of paper bearing the likeness of the Face of "Bob," and a moment to yourself, in undistracting surroundings.

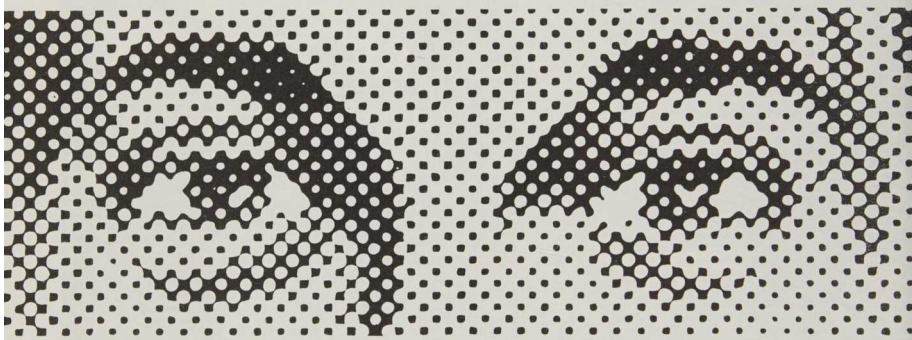
The great French paleontologist Cuvier (Baron Georges Leopold Chretien Frederick Dagobert, 1769-1832) is famed for being able to restore an *entire extinct animal from one bone with two jagged ends*, simply by logical inference and consideration of whatever available evidence, however puzzling.

We too, beholding *the Dobbshead alone*, putting aside for the time being all vulgar hillbilly superstitions about grotesque, improbable childhood miracles or multiple sexual organs in unusual places, can *infer*, like Baron Cuvier, *all that we need to know ex indicii* — from the evidence.

Yes, simply by *staring* intently and steadily at the Face alone for whatever length of time it takes — only a few uninterrupted minutes in most cases, though instances *do* exist of the process taking years or a lifetime¹³ — the viewer will make progress, until, within the secret chambers of the skull, the *tumblers click over* and the psyche *permanently "locks on" to "Bob."*

Shall we proceed with the experiment? Let us begin.

Gaze into "Bob's" Eyes



... wenn du lange in einen Abgrund blickst, blickt der Abgrund auch in dich hinein. (...if thou lookest for long into an Abyss, itself also looks into thee.)

— Nietzsche

They say nobody could look upon the face of the Gorgon and live. But this isn't the same — it *couldn't* be the same. What is there to be afraid of? How laughable, those fools who find menace in the face of a smiling, mild-eyed man.

For that's what we're looking at. Plainly and simply, this is a pleasant, clean-shaven, well-groomed Head. A broad smile, eyes that seem to twinkle. There, in the left eye, the lucafect or light highlight differs from the one in the other eye; it branches and forms a tiny "v" of light.

This almost unnoticeable asymmetry of the stare somehow comes close to being disturbing. *But it does assist to make the eyes seem alive.*

The Face of a man. Long-headed, northern European, dolichocephalic. The skull is robustly dolichocranial; the width of the entire head is certainly less than 76 percent of its length. The bilobed jaw is massive, with the proximal mandibular aspect showing, again, a slight asymmetry, being marginally larger in the left lobe. Why should this or any minor disproportion suggest anything obscurely terrifying? I see *nothing* to fear here, nothing at all.

Curious that the teeth, displaying a distinctly unusual whiteness and perfection and so perfectly spaced, form an inverted arc, a smile. A *grin*, if you will, a fixed grin. The facial muscles are slightly contracted, the lips pulled back on either side. But strangely, the mouth seems open to and even beyond its full wideness. Odd that the width of the cheeks is hardly affected, the taper of the face to the chin continues smoothly down to its tip, like the vegetable curvature of a bell pepper or an apple.

A friendly smile. It seems more *intense* than other smiles. Yes, the mouth is drawn open so wide that we can see both the upper and the lower rows of teeth, even *past* them into the dark cavity between the teeth and the flesh of the cheek on one side. The left side. The same as the flash in the eye, and the lowest lobe of the chin. Asymmetry again...

Well, who's perfect? It's only human, isn't it? — although very unusual to see the *teeth grin as well as the lips*. But that's what's happening here. Instead of a horizontal line between the upper and lower tooth rows, we find the arc I mentioned, an upward curve. *This mouth is smiling twice as much as other*

mouths; both lips and teeth smile.

This is a man smoking a Pipe, a friendly, contented man. Pipes are not smoked in a crisis, but in tranquility. Pipes are emblematic of leisure, or satisfaction. This pipe is held very easily between the white, white teeth. Easily, because a pipe between clenched teeth sticks out, forms a right angle with the face. This one juts but droops, not pushing the jaws apart, either, as would happen if a human — I mean, if you or I tried it. I don't see how this can be. The mandible would have to move back, there would be a gap between the upper and lower array of incisors, not a line, a smiling line, as here. And now that I look closer I see that the stem of the Pipe is not between the jaws at all! *You can see the edge of the tip of the stem!* Why did I never notice this? How can the Pipe even be there?

Disturbed, I raise my sight, avoiding the direct stare of the Face's eyes, up to the hair. Hair is a cultural indicator — the high pompadour, worn with small or with no sideburns is a trademark of the 1950s.

Here too the light is reflected, toward the Face's left side. The patterns don't form a single line, but a series of broken lines. Almost (a curious thought) like some kind of cuneiform writing, used in Akkadian, Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian inscriptions. Epigraphs in tongues far older than those of Rome or Ancient Greece.

But standard cuneiform is composed of straight lines — these are curved, bowing to the left side of the head, where the hair is parted in fashionable asymmetry. Legend tells us that the script forms of fabled Atlantis, in the Prediluvial or Atlantean language, were so curved. This was the privileged notation of mages and magicians. A droll fancy, that the gleam of hair oil on the high crown of the Head would actually spell out a word, unreadable but significant like a doctor's prescription. A Word of sorcerous power, in a language not heard on this planet since the morning of the world.

My vision trembles and blurs, and there is no purpose to looking at the hair any longer. I will not look... Below the hair the Brow is broad and unlined, a youthful state striking in a man of apparent early middle age. Unnaturally, the shadow of the hair forms a perfect right angle of two straight edges. Lines leading from the eyebrows to the bridge of the nose are also repellently exact and even, inhuman as in Hellenic statues of the Archaic period. There is asymmetry; the left eyebrow seems longer. Or is it? Again my vision blurs. The eyes — no, don't look at the eyes!



THE SALE OF EARTH

"More than I expected, but nowhere near Too Much."

— "Bob" upon closing the deal with the Xits

Every time you turn your back on the Universe, reality sneaks up on you. The biggest mistake one can make is to try to pretend that there's justice, rules, and regulations... that there's fairness in the Universe.

Well, it'll be a lot more fair if you're ready for it *not* to be. If you expect, say, a car wreck at all times, you'll be happy whenever there's NOT one. Your life might even be saved because you were prepared. Likewise, our forcing you to face certain unpleasant realities NOW may make the difference between your becoming a triumphant End Times hero with a sane perspective on the madness around you, or a gibbering victim, lost in panic and hopelessness, having seen all meaning, and even faith in "Bob," dashed to shards before your eyes.

Over the eons, aliens have been seeding planets across the Universe with humans. You probably already knew that from countless TV shows and old sci-fi films, but you may have thought the "ancient astronauts" were doing it out of the goodness of their superior, ethically advanced hearts. Sorry.

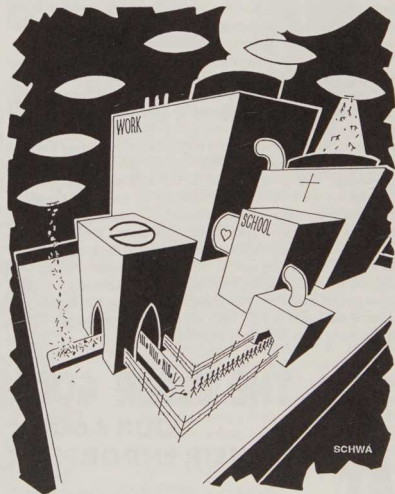
There is tremendous intergalactic demand for planets having atmospheres ripe with deadly hydrocarbons, pollution and heavy metal contaminants. It was long ago and far away discovered that if one takes a nice, virgin, carbon-oxygen planet of the right specifications, puts a few thousand humans on it, and leaves it alone for a couple of hundred thousand years, upon return it will be a wonderfully

The nose — good lord! The whole thing's lopsided. The nose isn't even located over the center of the mouth. Or is the mouth off to the left? This is ridiculous. And why does it cast that heavy shadow to the right, when the Pipe's shadow lies beneath it? Something is subtly wrong with the planes of the Face.

My heart seems to be beating faster than normal. Am I sweating? There's no point in getting rattled like this. Just because the lower lip gleams wetly and the ears don't even look like human ears and the geometry of the Face seems all wrong and the dots, the dots on the Face seem to be pulsating, swimming, moving... *N'yaathai arggheshm' wafghaa, Bhugg-shoggog!* He, it, is calling me... I come! *la! la!*

But it is time to stop looking at the Dobshead now. I know that when I am able to pull my gaze from this Face I will never be able to forget what I have learned about the thing called the Church of the SubGenius.

It is a way apart from the books and the pamphlets, the comics and radio shows. You can try it at home, on your own.



contaminated hell-planet, a veritable cornucopia of synthetic poisons. The aliens then transfer the few surviving humans, the most ruthless ones, to a fresh planet to begin the process anew.

But planet conversion is not really the primary value of humans. For one thing, it's illegal: dealers have to cultivate planets out in the far reaches, to avoid being charged with "illegal possession of a controlled toxic substance" when Galactic Customs checks the hold of the mothership for human infestation. It also doesn't make economic sense

¹³ This is apart from those unfortunate ones who cannot stop seeing the Face, like those former pilgrims currently confined in the famous "Pti," the most notorious of the Dobshtown (Malaysia) hospices. See "Bob's" "Final Solution," by Li Col Yuan Chen, speaker, J. Monjelez, B.H. Bratnard and H.C. West, SubGenius Medical Society of America Abstracts with Programs (Disposal Section) 1987 p. 15. See also von Buse-Kuerstner, *Tätliche Wissenschaft: Die Aussonderung von "Robbiesen," Nelkes und Normalen* Vol. III, 1978-1989 (Geheimnis-Spielhaus, 1990), pp. 270-84. San Juan Province, Argentina.

to trade in humans, given their size and fragility, and the technology required to ship them across space. So the units of trade are not the human slaves, but the *essence* of slaves: their PPQFs or "souls."

Human souls, or 'plugs,' are relatively blank units; they're satisfied with the tiny smidgen of the creative and mess-making spark that they were born with, and don't strive to loosen their psycho-neurological wiring harnesses any further. SubGeniuses, on the other hand, are constantly strip-mining new reality tunnels into their PPQFs, thereby intensifying their immortal 'pstenches.'

Both kinds of soul are, at retail, highly valued commodities to certain advanced energy-consuming entities that forage within our space-time. Something about the quantum field that we build up through the biochemical processes of daily life gives our energy a special taint, one that is attractive to them. Our *anguish*, it seems, is not a trait shared widely by intelligent life throughout the Universe.

Envision the Universe as a *food chain* in which lower levels of energy are consumed by more advanced forms — carnivores eating herbivores, herbivores eating plants, plants absorbing nutrients, etc. But this "food chain" also includes other spectra of energy, such as the psychic, where there are also various echelons of feeding: predators, browsers, parasites... On one end of the spectrum there are huge psychovores, vast, amorphous things the size of planets that can suck one's mind dry; on the other, tiny viruses that can kill you just as easily. There are stars that consume planets, and Black Holes that consume stars. There are even giant *predatory mathematical formulae* bent on devouring other abstract aspects of the Universe (such as the 'nice' formulae).

Just as a creature's physical body can be transformed into fuel, shampoo, etc., for another's body, or even another's *machines*, so too can its psychic shell. *The release of human life through massive ritual sacrifice provides an energy level that will power psychic technology.* The Aztecs knew of this; the Nazis were working on it, and even to this day experiments are being performed in parts of Asia, the Middle East, and Eastern Europe... in Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Panama...

Much of human history, including the daily news, makes a lot more sense if you consider the four major ways that JHVH-1 and His ilk obtain energy from humans: good sex (climactic releases of libidinal energy), guilty sex (release of libido denied), religious hysteria, and mass murder. With the right tools, the last is the most efficient.

There is a war in the Universe right now — not for land or space, or even for hearts and minds, but for energy — soul energy. We are way down near the *bottom* of that galactic "food chain." We shouldn't be worried about the cheap bullshit of politics here on Earth, but the things that threaten us from the *outside*. There are much scarier entities out there, and inside us, than the President, or Saddam Hussein, or "Bob" Dobbs for that matter, and their plans involve energy transactions and stages of parasitism beyond even the most paranoid science fiction nightmares of crackpot parody religious tomes.

THE ELDER GODS: YOUR AGONY IS THEIR ENDORPHIN

We are no longer talking about the mere Conspiracy. We are talking about the Great Old Ones, the Elder Gods, the Space Bankers among whom JHVH-1 Himself is but a "juvenile delinquent." Our language can impart only the feeblest idea of their *incomprehensibility*. They exist beyond the event horizon of material reality, but have a voracious hunger for quantum information, no matter how it is encoded.



The Elder Gods feed on the Pstench from the souls of both SubGenii and Humans. The SubGenius (I) and the Normal Pink (r) are each connected by an Aetheric Umbilicus to a Lower Soul or Mental Life. This is the Soul-2. Seen rising from each is the Soul-1 or Nonsense, composed of PPQF. The Elder God desires to devour the SubGenius Soul-1 (I) as well as (for they are truly *revenges*) even the Pink Soul-1, or Plug (r).

The Elder Gods *don't have bodies*, and taking into themselves the essence of another creature's entire emotional past-life-imprint is the only way they can *feel*. They hardly notice our joy... but our *pain* sends them into paroxysms of mindless pleasure.

Human anguish is a very high-priced drug among the Elder Gods. They will pay top dollar for the right quality of bottled torment, accumulated over a lifetime and pent up in the soul. They 'inject' that poisoned soul in highly concentrated doses, causing spasms of indescribable alien ecstasy, rippling the aether of the Undersverse for thousands and thousands of light-years in every direction. Powerful stuff, all right. But you need a LOT of Pinks.

Just one of those shining blue cylinders that Dobbs keeps in his basement can hold up to three million souls, under pressure. That's enough tanksool to get one Elder God *damn high* on a Saturday night, or for *humble civilizations* of lesser aliens to "cop a buzz."

Remember, it's not a physical thing they're swilling, it's spiritual essence: the aliveness, the spark, the chi, the atman, the Jiva, the human vitality — the only otherwise indestructible part of us. Yet to the Elder Gods, we are nothing more than a snack, a guilty pleasure — the analog of cosmic pork rinds. It's as humiliating as it is frightening, for Earth is but the "Tijuana tourist strip" of the galaxy. They come here not to help us, or even to study us, but for the equivalent of M-80s, switchblades, Spanish Fly, sleazy sex, and 'cheap biker speed.'

But a strange transubstantiation of the PPQF occurs when a being interacts with the Slack of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. By the very ineffability of its none-nature, DobbsSlack powerfully affects the quantum coding of the PPQF, which in turn produces a most powerful and disconcerting intoxication in the higher predatory life forms that consume it. They *like* this effect, and it is naturally much stronger with one true SubGenius soul than with those of a hundred thousand Pinks.

If the only soul available here was Pink, to the Xists the Earth crop,



WE PUT THE ARMS IN ARMAGEDDON!

even with its heavy metal eco-contaminants, would be worth nothing more than motorcycle gang swill, bathtubrotgut fit only to be resold to the Yists, and they'd immediately cash in every soul on Earth for a quick profit. But Dobbs has come forth as "front man" to offer them an all new line of high-grade soul which may induce them to change their minds.

"Bob's" Better Blend™ is created by mixing a certain amount of Bobbie soul¹⁴ with the coarse human grain to further improve the brew over what the Elder Gods have been getting. And "Bob" dangles before them the promise of using the even more pure True SubGenius or "Doktor" PPQF to ferment it to yet another stage. (The value of our souls, uncut by Pinkness, is as yet undetermined... and we'd like to keep it that way.)

We're "Bob's" secret ingredient, an additive to the psychic Pstench of the planet that, hopefully, at the last minute, will make the product of Earth Farm One so tasty that the Xists

will elect to further CULTIVATE it and make the strain as potent as possible.

"Bob" could be likened to a "bootlegger to the gods," with us the "stash." He's peddling our psychic essences, mixed with just the right alchemical combination of endoles, indoles, etc.

The Xists don't know the soul mixture formula, and "Bob's" not volunteering any information; they don't care how he does it. He simply brokers the sales and reaps the commissions. They aren't especially concerned about us, or the humans, except as "Bob's" crop. They must have liked the small samples they've gotten so far; they gave him until X-Day to ready The First Harvest.

When 7:00 a.m., July 5, 1998, arrives, the Xists, the Yacatisma, and all other bidding parties will slide into our slummy little sector of the spiral arm, looking for ol' Pipe Face and a little hanky panky. Under the cover of a mounting planetary disaster, "Bob" will give them a sample line or two of what he's been cooking up — mostly Bobbie soul, cut with channeled-off anguish of the Pinks¹⁵... a heady concoction to be served up to the Elder Gods.

"Bob" will kneel before G'BrogFran, the Pipe fuming furiously as he proffers the great Bleeding Head skull-goblet... and in the next moments, the future of the human race will be sealed. Ideally, *The Large One* will "huff" a few thousand souls, look up cross-eyed from the sampling mechanism and say, "SOLD! It's a deal; we'll let you keep the planet, if you can keep producing. In fact, we want more than we originally contracted for. When can you deliver?" "Well, if you want it in large quantities, it's gonna take another 250 years." "Okay, we'll come back after lunch." (By their reckoning, a thousand years is as the merest quiver of a gnat's ass on the great ripple of time.)

Then, The First Harvest will be rendered up to the Elder Gods, the Xists will empty their "ashtrays" and "toilets," humanity will survive

(albeit in hideously altered forms), "Bob" will be exalted above all others, and the enlightened ones — US — will be set up for life, that being as long as we want to live. Everybody on Earth will get a bad dose of MWOWM, and we'll have bought time in the Escape Vessels to further spread Dobbs' Seed-Word across the galaxy, producing increasingly superior blends of soul.

It all hinges on whether "Bob" can convince them that if they leave at least the SubGenii alive to accelerate the great fermentation, the brew will be that much stronger. Oh, they'll 'drink' us too eventually, but maybe they'll keep us corked long enough for Dobbs to swing a better deal. Everything depends on how long we can stall them while still showing results — which means the Church must recruit ever more Bobbies (and better quality Bobbies).

The Xists may well say, "Well, this is great, but you can't have another two hundred years; we'll be back in '99."

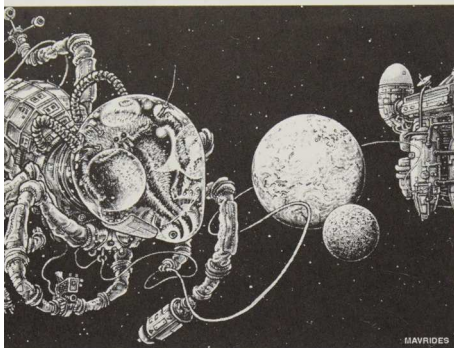


H. Robins



¹⁴ "Bobbies" can mean either upper-grade Pinks who think they're saved, or terribly weak SubGenius stock, those who were caught halfway destroyed.

¹⁵ It's possible that we might have to ask a few very noble True Original Doktors to contribute a small part of their souls, if it is necessary to fine-tune the blend. "Bob" says he doesn't use MUCH Doktor soul in the cut he gives to the Xists. Hardly any at all. That's what he said. We don't have to worry.



MAVRICES

And what if, in 1999, Dobbs strings them along a little further? We *MIGHT* end up having X-Day "Gut Blowout" parties on a yearly basis! It's possible — but only if we manage to stall them by coming up with a larger crop of Bobbies *each year* to be piped into the tanks.

"Scorn not the Bobbies, for they too are part of The Harvest."

— Dobbs, Epistle to Gordon II

DOBBS ONE-WORD ALL-WORLDS ONE-SERUM ONE ANTIDOTE-PUDDING OR KILL ME

Our most rosy and optimistic outlook as a species of intelligent life, then, is that we **MAY** be allowed to exist on a fine SoulFarm, a place comparable to the best vineyards, poppy-fields and coca terraces.

And that's the *best* possible scenario!

That's assuming that "Bob" is successful. The worst possible scenario is that nobody buys this book, the Conspiracy wins, the Xists don't think we're all that tasty a species, all Earth life get cooked into the equivalent of street blow, and the Yacatisma end up "skin-popping" our souls.¹⁶

Some reject this darker side of Bob's plan... but what're we to do, tell the Elder Gods to "Just Say No"? Didn't we learn from Prohibition? Denying people — or gods — what they want merely drives those resources into the hands of master criminals, who will build empires upon the needs of all self-aware entities for escape, relief, and surcease from pain. It's like *Their* cure for AIDS: "Oh, just abstain." Yeah, *right*.

Ahhh, yes...
the Harvest!



What it boils down to is: *Is this planet a paying proposition for the Xists?* It had damn well better be. Otherwise they'll just render it down to ash. "Bob" is he who will determine whether Earth becomes just another abandoned Hell-Stuckey's beside the intergalactic highway, or remains a little green Planet of the Clocks where the souls of SubGeniuses are ecologically farmed to feed the Elder Gods on a rationed, conservational basis.

On that Day, when you come to the Door, will "Bob" be there to hand you The Clippers, or will They throw you to the ground, yank off your shoes and shear your soul away with glittering bionic razors whirling at the end of a laser-driven motor?

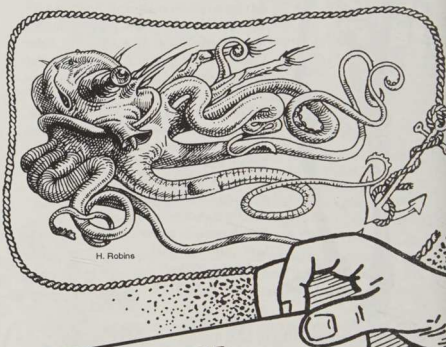
"And They said, 'As ye hath the Pipe, so shall ye Smoke it.'

And lo, it was Smoked. And it was good, and Pure.

"And all the world Smoked with him."

— (The RePrescriptions de Rev. Coel)

KEEP THE PIPE LIT



H. Robbins

PRAIRIE SQUID RETRACTION

Included in *The Book of the SubGenius* was an homage to that frisky and fecund mollusk, our pesky pseudopodal friend, the humble Prairie Squid. Unfortunately, we took it for granted that certain things were common knowledge, mistakenly assuming that all our readers grew up enjoying the myriad simple pleasures of the Squid.

We neglected to specifically mention the species to avoid, which are the South American Arboreal Squid, which secretes a poisonous fluid from its inner sheaths; the Nocturnal Squid of the deep South, which carries disease; the Mississippi Delta Squid (or Toothed Squid), whose tenacious grip can be extremely painful and almost impossible to loosen even after the user has achieved orgasm. The Texas Horned Squid, or "Horny Squid," spits blood from its eyes.

Worst of all, we made no mention of the Prairie Squid's **beak**. Though it's invisible in flaccid mode, it's absolutely necessary to *pull that beak* before intercourse. A few gentle strokes to relax the squid and a quick tug with a pair of pliers are all it takes to render the squid safe for most bedroom uses. If performed with gentleness and a little common sense, the squid won't even feel it.

In our enthusiasm we seem to have forgotten that many urbanites *don't even know what a Prairie Squid is*. By the same token, it's not our fault if city folk, intent on proving their "expertise" with squid, roughly grab a wild squid and immediately "have their way" with it. Perhaps they think they don't "have time for foreplay, or they lack the patience to so much as tickle the animal and calm it down before they use it. Or, well-meaning but dangerously idealistic, they're afraid to pull the beak for fear of "hurting the poor thing."

Be that as it may, we sincerely offer our condolences if this warning comes too late. We've already gotten calls from men with unnaturally high voices, threatening lawsuits after learning about the beak the hard way... or the ONCE-HARD way, as the case may be. **Sorry, but we cannot be held responsible.**

¹⁶ And Dobbs even gets a cut from that deal although he won't get anybody to spend it with, or anything to spend it on.



CHAPTER 2

THE CONSPIRACY

LIES

We don't seriously expect ANYONE to understand Dobbs, and WHOEVER CLAIMS TO IS LYING! Once a guy accused us of being DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS just because we said we think that Christianity, as it exists today, is the ONE WORLD ANTI-CHRIST SYSTEM PREDICTED IN THE BIBLE!! No, we're not supposed to even know that THE ADVERSARY is not some grimy weirdo cranking out crackpot rants in a filthy attic, or a Cult Leader wearing Mystic Symbols on an afternoon TV talk show. We're not supposed to know that the MANIACAL HATCHET-FIEND is that quiet, harmless person who brings us such lovely vegetables from their MIRACULOUSLY WELL-FERTILIZED GARDEN!!! THAT SATAN INCARNATE ISN'T A HIDEOUS ABOMINATION FROM HELL, BUT A CLEAN-SCRUBBED, PINK-FACED, WIDE-GRINNED, NECKTIE-WEARING GOODNATURED TRUSTWORTHY SOUL WHO IS POCKETING HUGE AMOUNTS OF CASH FOR POISONING AND MURDERING MILLIONS, saying, "WE HAVE NO SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE THAT THE TENFOLD ESCALATION OF HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE DIRECT VICINITY OF OUR PLANT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BLACK SLUDGE LEAKING OUT OF OUR WASTE DUMP ONTO THE PLAYGROUND OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL!!!" No, we're not supposed to know that, BUT WE DO KNOW IT, and once you know something YOU CAN'T UNKNOW IT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO. YOU CAN ONLY SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WISHING YOU COULD FORGET!!!

— Nenslo



"Any idiot can find something wrong with anything!
THAT'S WHAT MAKES THEM IDIOTS!!!"

— Ken DeVries

"Slavery under Dobbs is preferable to
'freedom' under ANY government."

— Dr. Alice Adee

"One of the Lee Harvey Oswalds acted alone."

— final conclusion of the Conspiracy Panel
at the Fourth World SubGenius Convention,
Chicago, 1992



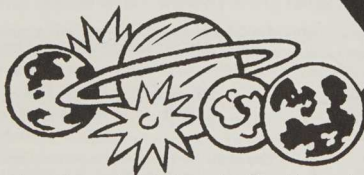


By the time you finish this chapter, you'll WISH WITH ALL YOUR HEART that the petroleum products and unrenewable resources used just for your *copy of this book* had INSTEAD been CONSERVED

to make the medicines you'll need someday simply to STAY BARELY ALIVE. (You may *already* feel that way about this book. But by the time you *finish* it, you won't care.)

Even the humans know personal doom is always right around the corner, not that they care to admit it. It could be war, mutually assured destruction, or nuclear accidents, or the greenhouse effect, or a comet, or ozone layer depletion, or drought, or epidemics, or typhoons and floods and tornadoes, or the New Ice Age, or the melting of the glaciers, or dust storms, or earthquakes, or falling radioactive space junk, or Third World barbarian terrorists with H-bombs in their luggage, or sunspot radiation, or famine, or the lining up of the planets, or the mutant viruses, or insect invasion, killer bees, nothing can stop them, or the contamination of the food chain, or the Men from Planet X, cattle mutilators, space monsters; or oil spills or mercury or the

I'LL START MY DIET TOMORROW



plutonium canisters rotting in the deep, or the stifling of photosynthesis and the death of all sea creatures, or simple overpopulation, or it could just be the endless smothering *waiting lines*. Or the Divine Wrath of JHVH-1. Whatever combination it is, it'll probably be an *improvement* over business as usual, here in the mundane Conspiracy world, where They beat the dreams out of you and stuff Their pleasant nightmares down your soul, piped in twenty-four hours a day, through a *hundred video channels clogged with the psychic shit of the Hollywood mind death delta!*

Suicide has gotten to be an art form. So has sniping. A cup of coffee and a can of creamed plankton costs half a million bucks. Goods are made so shoddily that even plastic fruit rots in the bowl. The lights are getting dim, the power bills are going up, it's getting colder, water comes from the tap in a thin brown stream that discolors your teeth and gums and shrivels your privates; one day you turn on the faucet and a blur of angry roaches streams out. 20 years' worth of chemical waste is buried under your house... that may explain the headaches and Mrs. Brodie's new Elephant Baby. Vandals, rape gorillas, government dogmound underlings... Abject rush-hour canine sub-men, bumper-to-bumper... you want to punish them all, to lash out in spectacular

vengeance, but you feel as if a Great Liberal in the Sky were holding a bludgeon over you, exhorting you to behave. You can't find a place to live where they don't rub against you in your dreams; it's crowded, and the air is bad for your skin, it hurts when you breathe, and there are certain neighborhoods where, unless you wear the Mark of the Beast, you aren't supposed to inhale at all. And there's *no parking*.

But maybe you're rich, in a fugitive leisure world, getting soft, and the softness is killing you even more painfully because you have *time to notice*. And the *demons* have a chance to notice *you*: tobacco demons, alcohol demons, cancer demons, stress demons. Your guts ache, you don't have a light, your 'Frop is moldy, your palms are clammy, your gas lines are leaking, your tongue is a wad of clay, paid to say things you hate. You have a cage for a head, and it has not been cleaned.

A life of compulsive consumption, the liberty to be just like everybody else, the pursuit of the happiness of the grave.

You look around and wonder, "Is everyone really this *shallow, stupid, ignorant and naive*, or is it *me*? Have I become so twisted and



warped that I am no longer able to empathize or even *communicate* with most of the human race? Do *I alone* feel this hatred for the assholes who run our lives, this disgust with the Pink dupes?"

But then you see your fellow creative, Slack-seeking SubGenii being senselessly lynched in the alley, media, workplace, schoolyard, market or courts, and you realize, "YES! It is me, and yes, I am a mutant, and yes, the Pinks are all doomed and MOST OF ALL, I AM NOT ALONE IN THIS WAY OF THINKING!"

If only it *were just you!* Then we could kill you and move on. But it's the whole society... the whole planet. Everything, everywhere, is getting *worse*. Reality *itself* is fraying at the edges. The Universe isn't what it used to be; *something* is missing. "The center does not hold," as the Lakota used to say just before what's about to happen to us, happened to them.

For this is the Age of the Unravelling... the Age of *Them*.

No, it's *not* OK. 'Civilization,' for all its fancy trimmings, is still just a *rickety shack* made by *drunk stooges* without a *blueprint*, a shack that will collapse *when you least expect it*. The foundation was okay, but there has been some *very sloppy workmanship*.

Of course, to a certain extent it's natural for our society always to be screwed up; **"If WOTAN didn't have a sense of humor, there wouldn't be people."** (Slackmaster Cleavans 6:14). But... not this screwed up.

It could so easily have been a PERFECT WORLD. We were supposed to be a short-cut in evolution, the "Catch 23" that would have prevented exactly the predicament we've found ourselves in. But the advancement of our quasi-mongrel semi-Yeti race has been relentlessly impeded through ceaseless persecution and repression by those anti-semi-Yetites, *Homo mediocretinis*.

CONGRATULATIONS, HUMANS! YOU'VE SUCCESSFULLY HALTED YOUR OWN EVOLUTION AND GUARANTEED YOUR OWN DEMISE!

We'd be happy to chip in and help them join our long-lost friends, the dinosaurs, in the dreamless sleep of industrial extinction... if they weren't taking us along with them!!

Things didn't just "get" this way. Not even humans could cause this much trouble, by accident. It had to have been PLANNED. It's a CONSPIRACY. It is THE Conspiracy.

BUT, WHICH CONSPIRACY?

Is it the people who assassinated JFK and MLK? Or is it the Masons? Or the Satanists? Is it the MJ-12 Crashed UFOs conspiracy, or the Alternative 3 conspiracy? Is it fluoride in the water, the Watergate burglars, the International Jewish Bankers? What about those who killed Jimi, Janis, Jim and G.G.? And John? And Paul? And Kurt? And Aunt Betty? And Uncle Sam? And Timmy's hamster? Most of those can be tied in to the basic CIA conspiracy, but... what about the liberal media conspiracy? How is it they're owned by Westinghouse, G.E., and other parts of the conservative conspiracy? But then, all the conspiracies are so interlocked and interwoven that when you start looking into one, you inevitably end up being sucked into another and another.

One can endlessly explore the world of conspiracies, intricately detailing its works, mapping its eddies and flows, its secret, subtle currents, its dangers... but one risks succumbing to its apparent friendliness and charm. For it contains within it so many infinitely varying conspiracies of fanatics that there's BOUND to be a conspiracy JUST FOR YOU to sink into forever! There are certainly plenty to go around; we've started HUNDREDS of them ourselves!

Yet none of these thousands of "little conspiracies" are nearly worthy of our grandiose, allpowering Hate². They're not part of the very AIR we BREATHE, like the BIG Conspiracy. They're real enough, but they

themselves don't even know who they're really working for. Many of them even "mean well"! But all are just RAVENING MOUTHS for a vast hunger with no body.

The conspiracy that we truly hate, the real Conspiracy, isn't one of those fiendishly clever ones. It doesn't even know it's a conspiracy. It can't. It's a faceless confederacy of dunces, so vast and so broad that it underlies all the lesser conspiracies and permeates all human reality. Quite the opposite of devious, it dominates by merely exploiting the overall, mealy-mouthed, chickenbit-kissing "Code of Normality" (or CON) of ALL the Pinks, norm-worms and mere-humes at large. But there is no more insidious and subtle a weapon than that.

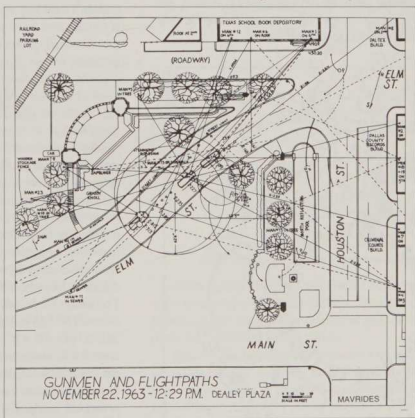
This Conspiracy has no face; we know it only by its desires... a great Mirror of Disfigurement, it reflects what's wrong with everyone. Politics and the petty squabbles of nations are only part of what The Conspiracy manipulates. It is MUCH BIGGER than gods and demons, Republicans and Democrats, or Presidents and interlocking corporate directorates; it's everything from the school bully to the wimp principal, from Mom and Dad to the Bobbie in the woodpile.

More than anything else, The Conspiracy is an attitude — a fear — a PINKNESS. A cancer of the imagination, the hatred of the real, the yearning for "cuteness," the eagerness to obey... and the lack of TRUE faith in "Bob" Dobbs! Oh, people LOVE "new" things — like Michael Jackson is "new" compared to The Beatles. But if, say, a REAL JESUS were to appear, well, It might look just a bit TOO new to be allowed to run loose for very long.

This fear of the unfamiliar permeates society; it's what lets the Con get away with REAL MURDER on a massive scale. Guaranteeing obedience requires little effort on the part of any

Conspiracy "ring-leaders"; the stinking Normals happily supply the obedience themselves. The obvious injustices and insanities written into law books by Illuminati bigwigs are insignificant compared to the little things — the unspoken agreement with the status quo, the unthinking daily cowardices, the petty subtle put-downs, the judgmental gossip and all the mundane venalities that make up human nature: the Hanna-Barbera cartoons, the "infotainment" programs with concealed

brainlock stimuli, those day-glo Rush Limbaugh bumperstickers, the Caucasian Christians for Commerce, the grade school Turn In Your Parents program, the saccharine voice of "Barney," the Fashion Fascists, the MTV-style hamburger commercials, the Denver Boot, Line Dancing, the Professional Victims, the Food Fascists, the Super Mario Brothers, Steven Spielberg, Chuck E. Cheese, Robert Dole, Mickey's Tootentown, cute boxer shorts with "hip" designs, people who spell their names all in lower-case letters, etc.





Why is it that some people can get away with anything?

BECAUSE WE LET THEM.

Humans would rather fight their neighbors than the Conspiracy. That's been the key to their success. Pinks prefer the familiar in everything, ESPECIALLY enemies. Colonialism never would have succeeded anywhere, had the natives not been so dedicated to fighting amongst themselves that they were happy to sell out to the invaders for a few extra blunderbusses. By the time any given two tribes of Normals stop hating each other and start organizing against a common foe, it's too late and they're BOTH under the jackboot. What's worse, the minute the genocidal conquerors finish looting and leave, the natives go right back to fratricide. This pattern repeats itself in all human systems, from nations down to kindergarten classrooms. You can bet that if any given group of people are starving to death, their neighbors will be throwing food away in PLAIN VIEW.

Without Xist intervention, we can probably look forward to an inevitable, perpetual apocalypse in which the "Enlightened Fascism" of a New World Order/Northern Hemisphere Conspiracy will be pitted against the more traditional Third World Fascism of a Southern Hemisphere Conspiracy... a planet where the loud hairy tribes of super-industrialized Northern Asia/America/Europe/Russia are a cancerous blight of asphalt and shotguns, paranoiacally guarding their soft formica empires against the hard and hungry hordes of South America, India, Africa, and the Middle East... forever, and ever, and ever.

How did They screw things up so fast?



AROUND THE WORLD EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK

Easy... all They had to do was let the place fill up with HUMANITY — the ultimate carnivorous mammal, the incurable virus of the landscape. It's not like this mess is a recent development! If you read history, you'll realize that *nothing has changed*. Oh, the *diseases* are different — leprosy then, AIDS now; but the treatment hasn't changed. For lesser ills than those, a barber used to bleed you with leeches; now a qualified doctor carves you, irradiates you, then bleeds you with bills. The average housewife/worker puts in far longer hours than did its ancestors 30,000 years ago. The Conspiracy itself has only grown, and we certainly aren't getting any wiser; we're still the same venal, corrupt, petty-minded, uncaring, cold, vicious animals as always. Once we invent something terrible, we can't bring ourselves to un-invent it. "Hey, we can unlock the power of the atom! Let's DO JUST THAT!"

This is the most self-centered, egotistical, all-consuming, anal retentive, ego-bound, crap-generating, xenophobic, self-righteous, ignorant, bleached and processed culture ever to have crawled out of the slime, ruled by the lowest common denominator: the exploitative, monkey-see-monkey-kill nature of our primate inheritance. We are the meanest *monkeys* on the planet, that's all — disgusting split-brained apes with big thumbs. When we stumble upon something new and good, we immediately steal it, rape it, market it and finally use it all up... and if we can, we'll stop anyone else from getting a piece.

There MUST be a life form superior to us on this planet. (It might

have been dolphins and whales, but we've almost exterminated them.) If we're the top, then this is a *damn bad neighborhood*. In fact, the *whole Universe* must be *seriously flawed*.

Do you see the human race choosing any of the *sane* options? When the humans finally held an "Earth Summit," the first thing they did was *ban any discussion of overpopulation*. In fact, they banned the word 'overpopulation' itself. **FOR RELIGIOUS REASONS!!** What nattering, blithering **idiots!!**

From the dawn of time, we've done nothing but strangle ourselves with our own monkey smartness. Too much stinking ingenuity and not enough common sense. The world will continue to see GIGANTIC human disasters, on a VAST SCALE: famine, eco-collapse, insurrections, disease, war... If we don't even like our friends, then how can there ever be any common guiding goal for humanity, *any hope of tolerance*, outside of "Bob"? The only other person who could possibly pull the world together in "peace" is the Antichrist, and he'd have to enact behavioral controls so strict they'd make your anus clench like a *tiny fist*. It would mean a planet of *totally* Slackless people. The SubGeniuses, of course, would be the first ones to be executed.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS! — DON'T BLOW IT!

OF COURSE this sounds like the product of a diseased mind.

There was a time when we, too, used to think the Birchers and Unarians and all those other fanatics were *funny kooks*, what with their paranoid ramblings about the Trilateral Commission, the CFR, the Hollow Earth and so on. Then we found out the hard way that they were **RIGHTER THAN THEY KNEW!**

But the Con keeps you distracted with one or two of its offspring, like the Kennedy assassination,

Amazing but True!!



H. ROBBINS

so that you think you have the big picture, and never catch on to the **BIG picture**! If you believe *anything* in the Bible, or the newspaper, then you'll probably believe *everything* in the Warren Commission Report. We have **PROOF** that ALL are packs of sweet-smelling LIES composed by criminals and con-men! If only a *tiny fraction* of what ANY "conspiracy nut" says is true, then the entire Federal Government is, *at best*, as illegitimate and evil as the old-guard communists who attempted the coup in Russia.

The only difference is, the Russian people *tried* not to let them get away with it.

In America, YOU didn't even NOTICE because you were too busy blaming everything on Lee Harvey Oswald. You not only let the deadly Frankenstein gangster Computer-God-parrotting puppets get away with it, you *rewarded* them by letting them have your kids' BODIES for exercises in international banking like Vietnam, Operation Desert Storm, and Paul McCartney concerts. Well, GOD BLESS AMERICA and MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS.

Believe us: Your elected officials and top media honchos have always considered you GULLIBLE and STUPID. They *look down* on you. We *know*. We've had to "do lunch" with them. "Bob" was ONE of them for awhile. To them you're like a food animal.

And they may be right. You're so easy to fool. (You bought this book, didn't you?) They have you fretting about some "Star Wars" outer space missile-defense ruse, while they're *actually* spending the

False Slack has been successfully foisted off on Third World chumps, because convenience is a stronger drug than heroin. They don't want democracy, they want Madonna™ albums. They don't want the sacred tea of their ancestors, they want a Dr. Pepper™... or better yet, a banana wine cooler. And they sure as hell don't want to return to the practices of any YETI ancestors — that requires patience and creative thought. It's not instant gratification. Even with prayer, one has to wait — but turn on the TV, and the False Slack is instantly right there in front of you. Push a button on the microwave, and out pops dinner. You don't have to wait for anything — you don't even have to get out of your car. We've addicted the *entire world*, tagging their brains with our radioactive photon emissions like a dog marking its territory.



Rabid consumers jack off in awe over High Definition TV-Virtual Reality "state of the art" toys which are really nothing but industrial fallout from technologies already obsolete in the '60s!! What the Conspiracy considers primitive space junk They sell to the masses, in the form of New Product to slowly, numbly, and entertainingly kill us!! ...sickening our brainblood with an arsenal of mind-control drugs including but not limited to sitcoms, 5-o'clock Lies, acid, PCP, crack, ecstasy, muzak, rap, etc.!!

It doesn't really matter that the Conspiracy has manufactured TVs that can watch us, for it manufactures TVs that WE WATCH.

It's been shown that heavy TV addicts perceive a much greater level of violence around them than do abstainers. Immersion in the TV reality, where everyone is always "sitting on a time bomb" (be it wacky or deadly), makes people paranoid and isolated. While simultaneously uniting them with common imagery and fantasies, it cuts them off from reality. On TV, all problems are solved within 30 to 60 minutes — so people start expecting the same convenience regarding life. The world becomes image, rather than vice versa. TV distorts what we are; we aspire to become what it shows, and pretty soon reality is worse than bad science fiction. (In OLD MOVIES, the only time they moved the army into Los Angeles was when giant ants came out of the sewers or Martians invaded.) People see the collage of sadistic ultraviolence on television every day, and wonder, "Why the hell shouldn't we have this much FUN in real life?" It's not that people get real life confused with TV — it's that they are indistinguishable now.

Television both integrates the culture and destroys literacy, reducing us to a homogeneous mass of photon-dependent P-heads. Pinks aren't sentient enough to disengage their sense of identity from the products being sold to them. They are their tennis shoes, jackets, drugs, favorite shows and stars... and the Con, rather than protecting the minds and psyches of the undiscerning, childlike Pinks, exploits that weakness. Everything, including "news" and "fact," is reduced to "entertainment" geared to the lowest common denominator... irrelevant sound bites and factoids made to seem meaningful. People PAY not to think.

That's why TV SEEMS FREE but isn't. You pay in free will for those broadcasts, and not just by having to sit through the ads.

Everything they let you watch is being run through a Number 4 Mammion Filter on its way to your brain. Most people understand that... but they're too lazy to take its evil effects into account.

But... what about GREEN ACRES, you ask? What about PEE WEE'S PLAYHOUSE, REN & STIMPY and DRAGNET? Is not some TV, for its returns in Slack in the form of stupid bulladada, well worth the fact that the rest of it turns all the world into a homogeneous beehive? True. But bulladada is ALL TV is good for. When it purports to show us reality, that's when TV is at its most dangerous.

There's nothing wrong with TV... only TV in the control of Pinks. SubGenii, because they have built in mental "anti-virus" programs that constantly doublecheck the other application programs, are the only ones for whom use and production of such powerful forces should be legalized.

"I used to think salvation was in the Sky. Now the Sky is one big video screen for the shit that makes our genetic code stagnate. Each section of the Sky's Space is cordoned off and regulated by the FCC, the International Holographer's Union, the Ad Council, and a million consumer advocate groups. They have turned the Sky into a workhorse which turns the Mill which reinforces the Illusion of Time — the movement of Sun and moon from the vantage point of this prison is just advertising time for sale."

— Rev. Nicolas Gardner, First Church of Shiva, Scientist

The sports conspiracy... the entertainment conspiracy... the fashion conspiracy... it's all a circus, to keep you deluded, to keep you stupid, and to keep you thinking about nothing else but your stomach, your genitals and your ATM card. YOU ARE BEING TRAINED TO FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE ABOUT YOURSELF, to HATE yourself. It's a matter of disempowerment.

If you turn that around, and fight the Conspiracy infection that's already in you, and make yourself more capable, more in control of the events around you, you'll have more Slack. And that's the best thing you can do in revenge. It's not the only thing you can do; you can try to keep your needs down, and your plans loose... give 'em a low silhouette... escape the credit system — cash only... fly under the radar whenever you can... but they'll still track you. Horrifyingly enough, some SubGenii find it's actually easier to have a job. (In fairness, it should be noted that all four of them have SubGeniuses for bosses.)



DR. HAZON (LIES)

INDOCTRILIBERATION — CHEWS UP "PEOPLE ON THE GO"

In the normal job world, the Conspiracy keeps you on the tightest leash possible. They would completely deprive you of Slack if they could, but, out of necessity, to keep you alive for another year, they grudgingly give you Sundays, sometimes Saturdays, sometimes a whole week out of your life for that minimum life-sustaining drop of False Slack. Most folks mow their lawns, wash their car, do errands or go to church(!). Somewhere along the line, they receive some pitiful modicum of Slack, or else they would die. HOW MUCH Slack they receive is what the Conspiracy tries so hard to control. They want to

ration it out to you, drop by drop, as with an eyedropper, so you'll always be at Their mercy, carrying out Their every evil whim.

Their arbitrary "laws" extend unquestioned into every minuscule aspect of your private life. Every last vestige of Slack, even the act of standing around doing nothing, is regulated. Notice that "loitering" isn't illegal *only* in stores and restaurants, but even so-called public sidewalks, parks, everywhere. You've got to **keep moving**. For that matter, you can be thrown in jail for "vagrancy," the inability to produce a driver's license, passport or money. We are not *legal life forms* without a shell of paper and cloth defining our bodies. The only place you can legally *cease moving* is in your own home.

And what must you do to have one of these "homes" in which you can legally exist, and a TV with which They can brainwash you? Nothing much, merely spend the majority of your life working for *Them...* that is, after you've spent twelve to twenty years subjecting your mind to Their programming, memorizing long lists that have nothing to do with the "real" life they have planned for you.

Turning wild animals into manageable slave units is not easy. Children must be institutionalized and forced into such totally unnatural practices as wearing clothes, sitting in stationary postures for hours, etc. Upon adolescence the Conspiracy rips out the original mind and installs ineffective glitch-field software, obsolete before the season's out. The individual is sucked deeper and deeper into the abstract universe of symbols, now indistinguishable from reality. The institutionalized techno-society point of view is further enforced as those who act differently are ostracized or beaten by their peers. Is it any surprise that those who don't want to work for the company, get married, and breed a new litter of future employees, are considered either AIDS-sneezing sodomites or pet-molesting, baby-eating devil worshippers? Is it any surprise some of them *ARE*?

But at least it's equal servitude for everybody, regardless of gender. In the old days, women were the serfs' slaves. But in our New World Age liberated society, women too have the opportunity to participate in their own futility. Once prevented from working, now they're prevented from *not* working.⁵

MEDIA-PRIEST COP-KING PSYCHOGUERRILLA DEATH MACHINE BODY WAGES PERPETUAL CRIME WAR AGAINST ITS OWN CELLS!

They listen to you through your telephone without its even being off the hook, and record you through satellites that can peer down on any street, *anywhere*. The only legal drugs are alcohol and other reality-numbing tranquilizers; most forms of sex are crimes. Exercise of instincts *must* be suppressed for Their system to work. No one who is getting due Slack is really going to feel like saluting a flag or dying for God and Company.

They kick your door in any time they want to. All they have to yell is "DRUGS!" and your spouse is in jail, your kids are farmed out to the state, your car and house are suddenly theirs. They can walk up to you

⁵ This also allows the Conspiracy to double the pressure on the traditional redneck hetero po'bucket male, who has enough trouble already, trying to reconcile his quandary: "If you don't hate women you're a homo, and if you do hate women you're a homo."

⁷ This quote represents a mystery. While Spouting for this book, G. Gordon Gordon said those lines into a tape recorder as if they were from some famous poem that anyone would recognize. When asked about its source, however, Gordon claimed not to recognize the poem, nor even to remember having recited it at all.

anywhere today and say, "Excuse me, can we see your wallet, please? Hmm, you have a lot of cash here. We'll have to confiscate it — you fit the profile of someone who *might* be a drug dealer."

The fake "war on drugs" is eroding every last bit of freedom we've managed to wring out of the sons of bitches since 1776. We've spent 200 years trying to make "we the people" include someone besides the white land-owning aristocracy, and now that we're finally beginning to do it, they're going over to the *other* end of the Constitution and telling us what rights we *don't* have. *Everything that is not forbidden is proscribed.*

Nobody up there is a friend of yours; nobody up there wants to see you have what you would call freedom. The purpose of "government" is to produce consumers and workers who will keep the cost of labor down, and the profits high for the owners. **If you believe that *any* of the Janus-faced jackasses running for office are going to do anything for YOU as a SubGenius, or if you think even *one* of these "people" who claim to be on the side of liberty and freedom cares in the slightest what you want, then you have bought the Conspiracy line.** And you didn't even have to visit Room 101.

*"God help that country where informers thrive, where slander flourishes and lies contrive to kill by whispers, where men lie to live. God help that country by informers fed, where fear corrupts, where suspicions spread, by look and gesture, even to the dead."*⁷

Urine Test Required.



Pee here.
Pee a lot.
Pee a little.



This is what is meant in Prescripture by *The Time of PeE* — it is the time foretold, when people would be judged not by works, nor by family, nor even by looks, but by their urine. It is written in First Irrigations, Book of Urinomics 4:12: "And the Beast said: 'By their pee ye *shall* judge them, and by thy pee ye shall be judged. *And* all will be divided by their pee. And in the snow shall their names be written."⁸

For this has become so crooked and perverse a nation, that your precious bodily fluids are no longer your own, and not even your bladder or bloodstream is private. *There is no place where they may not watch.*

**Where can you run,
Where can you hide,
When the man dressed in blue
Is on the inside?**

— Janor Hyperclerks
"Street Cleaners," Drs. 4 "Bob" album *A Lewd Spectacle*

The Conspiracy will not, *cannot* rest until it controls *everything*. They want to make sure that when *The Dome* goes up, they're on the inside and everybody else is *out there*. If they can't make us Normal, they'll make us HOMELESS. They'll work us and tax us until we're powerless bums and slaves, so poor and cowed that when they take away our *kids* we won't complain, but *thank* them.

HOW MUCH JUST FOR THE GRISTLE?

But NO, you say, this is all just TOO PARANOID, BITTER, MEAN and DEPRESSING!! There's more democracy and less tyranny in the world now than ever before!

GET REAL. Sure, they can vote now in those Commie countries. But where has voting gotten us? Our "choices" are between which of two or three scapegoats to hurl garbage at. UNSEEN OTHERS make all the rules. *Real* governments don't want publicity. They've kept the rubes happy for centuries, simply by letting them "build the prisons for themselves."

All presidents are only symbols, bar-coded Tarot-card chessmen in the Conspiracy's ceremonial Monopoly Gameboard Earth. Elections don't *need* to be fixed; they're FIXES for the hopeless who are all too willing to deceive themselves into getting a sense of "empowerment" by standing in line for hours to put a little checkmark on a dead piece of Amazonian rain forest. Some reptile shoves a card in front of your face: "Which vampire would you like to pay to suck your blood? Clone One, Clone One, or Clone One?" And you Pink Boys and Girls lecture US about apathy! We repeat: They see us as MEAT — nobody gives a flightless FUCK what you *think*, human — and all those trees DID die for nothing. Yes, you are free — free to be a consumption-gratified meat sack, sleepwalking malls coast to coast, reflexively searching out the hide wrapped around other mobile hamburger.

"If we continue the struggle, even homosexual culture will be allowed to be enslaved in shopping mall servitude. The paradox of 'freedom': the sexual revolution has provided a safe market to breast-feed the populace. Does the 'establishment' control its own opposition? Does everything eventually become 'the establishment'? Are Jesse Jackson and George Bush the same product, only packaged to sell to different markets?"

— secreted by the NE Religion of the Masturbatory Brady Bunch

If you ask most people to name their religion, you'll get a lie — it'll only be what they SAY they believe, lip service to invisible super-beings on the off-chance that some might actually exist. Their *politics* define what they actually DO. That's the filter through which they strain everything. When someone says they are a conservative or a liberal, that self-definition reveals far more than does their professed "religion" about their world view and their perceived relation to the Universe.

Even so, there are no hard and fast rules. Plenty of liberals think like Nazis, and there actually exist conservatives who think like Jesus. Look how many Democrats could be convinced that they were really Republicans after all, and voted for Reagan, Bush, and Clinton. Count the bosses from both parties that are in jail for malfeasance, embezzlement, thievery, cronyism... and that's just from their *business* crimes. The "intelligence community" never, ever gets *touched*.

What's the difference? Both parties bend over for their special interest groups. The Republican Party, once the most noble institution in the land, is now sold out to the country-club effete rich and superstitious religious fanatics. The Democratic Party, once the most noble institution in the land, is a fawning lap-dog for the whining jerk-kneed, quivering under the table with its tail tucked between its legs. Both have been broken on the Conspiracy Wheel.

The SubGenius outlook is so much more extreme than either far right or far left, that, to us, they might as well be identical. Both ideologies are JUST MORE RELIGION. Both might as well be Cargo Cultists bowing down before department store dummies. We believe in freedom of religion, and Cargo Cultists are welcome to worship dummies if they wish. But between the "Politically Correct" on one



PROF. BAD TRIP / SHAKE ED., MILAN

hand, and the "Theologically Correct" on the other, we're being "P.C.ed" and "J.C.ed" until Slack is D.O.A.

YOU CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY, and you can't believe anything you read. It's lies all the way down the line, starting with your first grade history primer, and leading up to this very sentence. All this ballyhoo about the God-fearing founding fathers, and how this is a nation based on the Bible — *!#@!*!* Those white guys were all Deists and Masons, working under the Sign of the All-Seeing Eye!

We ARE through the Looking Glass.

Funny how the people that holler for "less government" want even *more* government in the bedroom! They fulminate and demonstrate against abortion, sex, and birth control, but *God forbid* that big business be forced to stop pumping millions of tons of polychlorinated waste into the ocean, or belching poisonous smoke into the deteriorating atmosphere! No limits on *business*, only on *pleasure*. They have space satellites that can read your license plate, while birth control remains at a medieval level, preteen VD skyrocketed, and overpopulation threatens to negate *any* population... and yet the panic-stricken Pinkie shriek, "But if we teach sex education in schools, it'll only give kids *ideas!*"



ST. JOE SCHWIND

Ingrained hypocrisy and double standards are the building blocks of the so-called "conservative" lifestyle. As long as you don't show NIPPLES or POT SMOKING, and nobody CUSSES, you can call any kind of ultraviolence or demeaning pornography "family entertainment." Drinking beer and watching a girl in a wet T-shirt and G-string rub her butt against a pole at one of those bars with a name like "HOOTERS"... that's GOOD CLEAN FUN, and you can bring the kids. Yet you can be thrown in jail for simply *possessing* an inanimate book, if it has the kind of printed words and pictures that "go too far."

But you watered-down so-called "liberals," you young soi-disant "Slackers" with your tie-dyes, Hard Rock Cafe T-shirts and bitchin' hairdos, who you *think* you're on our side, are even *worse*. The rest of the brain-dead idiots have an excuse. You KNEW from the beginning what was happening, and yet you bent over HAPPILY, offering up your aerobicised buns to the Alternative Conspiracy, saying, "HERE! TAKE ALL YOU WANT! WIDEN IT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT!" You sorry simps think you're *so aware* and *radical* while conforming to the norm defined by Normal nonconformity! **You are your own worst nightmare: A DUMBASS. FACE IT:** all this New Age clap-trap means is, *now when you shaft the next guy, you've got to have a smile on your face while you do it.*

At least conservatives always have that hilarious *total assurance* that they're *right*. Liberals indulge in too much mealy-mouthed, wishy-washy DOUBT before they sell you out. They always think, "Surely that other person is human, like me." Well, he's NOT. At least the conservative has the good sense to WANT to kill us, their *only true enemies!* Who we really hate are the IDIOTS who refuse to recognize that they should be trying to *completely and utterly destroy us*, before we destroy them.

Well, we've HAD IT with these goody-two-shoes, politically correct, New Age, namby-pamby hand-wringing do-gooders, who presume THEIR brand of the Conspiracy would be ANY LESS HIDEOUS than that of the right wing fascists who've been running this country since the coup in '63. The conservative Glorps may be enslaved by greed and the dollar, but the Tragically Hip-Hop Wimps and P. C. Pinks are enslaved by bottomless guilt, and by pretending NOT to be enslaved by the *arty* dollar.

The Trendy Liberal Con is the Unfashionable Conservative Con's slickest trick, a Black Hole that absorbs everything "cool" and "anti-Conspiracy," anything revolutionary that might later become a threat, and then spits it back out as cutesy, watered-down trivia, paraded as another triumph for the Culture Dish of the Universal Beehive — something any Pink can enjoy when it gets tired of masturbating Smurfs.

Victims of the Victims' Society

Have you noticed how the Conspiracy will suddenly announce in the media that, thanks to a huge study with endless funding that kept thousands of bureaucrats and sociologists busy, they can proudly announce this incredible new discovery, and it turns out to be some UTTERLY pointless thing that, moreover, ANY DUMB-ASS could already have told you was *common sense*? And remember how BURNED UP you got, to think that your hard-earned tax money was being thrown willy nilly at any gang of jargon-jabbering whiners with a self-invented "NEEDY CAUSE"??

Don't you SEE?



The Conspiracy encourages and publicizes only the most kooky, ridiculous, simple-minded, knee-jerk extremism, in order to turn you OFF to ANYTHING EFFECTIVELY "ALTERNATIVE"!!

Of course, you can't blame the Con for taking advantage of a good thing. All those "special interests" are but the visible froth upon a great heaving sea of "victims," of fashionable crybabyism, an orgy of denial of any responsibility for one's situation, especially denial of the fact that even within this society of co-dependent cross-victimization, IT ACTUALLY REMAINS DOG EAT DOG. It's who can out-victim who at this point. The Conspiracy sits back and laughs, as its babies squall and bleat and wet themselves.

Has Your Holistic Vegetarian Psychiatrist Planted Seeds of Shite??

All these "Visualize World Peace" assholes, "love warriors" and "neo-shamans"... If they can sit and *visualize* world harmony clearly enough, WHOO BOY, that's better than *voting!* Because it's MAGIC! The tree-hugging, crystal-head New Age loveborders FORGET that going back to nature includes open ditch latrines in mid-summer, staphylococcus bacteria, plague-ridden rats and *no antibiotics*. They choose to DENY their FULL evolutionary heritage AS animals, or even as *hunter-gatherers*, which involves a lot more sweating and swearing and hurting and killing and 'Fropping than they care to admit. All the Church of the SubGenius is trying to do is keep the killing down and the 'Fropping up.

We're reaching out to the *real* minorities — *individuals* — who aren't weeping about oppression, because THEY HAVE NEVER LET ANYBODY OPPRESS THEM WITHOUT A DEATH STRUGGLE. The half-assed SubGenius sits and BLAMES one or two piddling aspects of the CON — the fully-assed SubGenius SERVES AS A LIVING EXAMPLE of SOMETHING THE CONSPIRACY HATES TO SEE.

As the years go, by the Con will be able to operate more and more openly, and once it's already too late, it'll become obvious that "1984" *already HAPPENED way back in 1953!!!* ONE HAND has been jerking MANY PUPPETS; America, in some ways, is hardly any different from China. In China, you have to do what They want. In America, you can do *whatever* you want — as long as you *want* what They want.



THE PLANET OF THE CLONEMOBILES

Firebirds and Camaros are what are termed 'clonemobiles' — the cars of choice of one of the mainstream types of Pinks. The cars look exactly alike, and the people who drive them are all exactly alike. They all listen to the same radio station, no matter what part of the country they're in, because even if the call letters are different, it's still the same radio station. The DJs all say the same jokes, at the same time of day, and it's always Real Rock Radio, and the same songs are always playing simultaneously in every nook and cranny of the nation.

It's the Rise of the Mediocretrins. Everything looks just like it does on TV. Every city is the same city now, spores of one gigantic spreading amoebic 'mall' that will someday cover the globe like an endless antbed. From any given downtown, you drive for hours through the identical mini-malls, Pizza Huts, apartment complexes and housing developments, in endless repetition. This used to be considered dystopian science fiction. Now that it's here, we think it's perfectly normal. Small towns, once different, now *all* have the Whataburger, the Burger King, the mall, the Cinema-Octoplex... while everything that made them unique or 'quaint' locales is swallowed by THE DEVOURING PINKNESS.

Attention Pinks! — Insensate Meat Puppets! If you can step away from your numbness long enough to really look around you... does what you see *excite* you? Does it give you Slack? Does it do *anything* for you but prolong the numbness? "Oh, it's okay," you say. "Everything is okay. In fact, I don't like things that are *more* than okay, because then that makes me think that there might be things that were *less* than okay. As long as everything's okay, that's good enough! You can't have your cake and eat it too. Don't make waves. Okay? We're free enough — we can indulge in the properly ritualized 'bad' behavior, like going to the lake, watching the game, getting *real* drunk and beating our dogs, but that's understood — we all do that. Now, going to the lake and *launching golfer heads*, while *chanting and levitating, naked*, 'Fropped to the gills, and performing acubeating rituals with each other's dogs... NO WAY!! And it's okay to sublimate our sexual drives into things like despoiling the landscape at the expense of health and self-awareness just for money, because the only thing that gives our tired, twisted old nervous systems a *thrill* is the thought that we can *buy MORE THINGS*."

There are degrees of aliveness; you can be not only stupid, but 90% DEAD, and *still* hold down a Conspiracy 9-to-5 job. Your body keeps clocking in, functioning on 10% of your life essence, while the Con gets the rest. YOU MORON... they've got you thinking it's perfectly natural to "work" for a "living!!" What you WANT to do is *real* work — nothing wrong with that — but what you *have* to do is *slavery*. No matter what they're paying, you're selling TOO CHEAP.

Technological evolution has made ALL Earthians potential spacetravelling billionaires — but too many continue to beg for 40-hour-a-week "jobs" wrapping secret-positron-formula candy in collectively-built neon-pink prison-hives owned and administered by lamprey-lipped Lloigor!!

In the Middle Ages, they called it The Obscene Kiss; kissing Satan's bum was the way a sorcerer was initiated. Today, we have corporate-style butt-kissing... bestowing that submissive kiss upon the posterior of the Chief Executive Devil.

The "work" ethic is Satanic!!

Mark "Bob's" words — it will be our doom! Our little terrarium Earth is turning into a toxic toilet solum farm, controlled by aliens and their stooges — and day after day slips by, time that you could have invested in *saving the Universe with "Bob,"* but instead sold cheap to the Conspiracy — like a SUCKER! Years out of YOUR LIFE, with nothing to show for them but lots of paid household bills. YOU'LL NEVER GET ANY OF THOSE PRECIOUS YEARS BACK... you'll just get older and older, and develop more and more chronic aches,



ST. JOE SCHWIND

pains and regrets, and when you die, the Con at large will just say, "Well, there's plenty more where that one came from."

Pessimistic? Hell, we're so pessimistic we're afraid our most PESSIMISTIC PREDICTIONS will turn out to have been IDIOTICALLY OPTIMISTIC. A little pessimism and paranoia never hurt anybody, but the Pinks and Yups and Nuzis and Yinkies have been employing Positive Thinking and suchlike nambypamby mama's boy stuff for the last 20,000 years, and things just keep getting worse FASTER. Yet, *through the magic* of Positive Thinking, *THEY DON'T CARE!*

It may be too late to stop being optimistic — but it's *never* too late to start being *bitterly pessimistic*.

Remember, things could be *much, much* worse. That's the *consolation*. You could SUDDENLY, ONE MINUTE FROM NOW, be screaming, in unimaginable pain, half burned to death and trapped inside the white-hot twisted metal and broken glass and charred wood of wherever you are when IT happens...

...or you could be lying on parched ground with bones so brittle from malnutrition, and a brain so ruined by disease, that ALL LIFE for you has become that one dry, vermin-ridden grain of rice at the end of your tongue...



...or you could be rich but afflicted with something caused by your own lifestyle that bites deeper and deeper into you, but ever so slowly, so that you never stop *thinking* of killing yourself... ("THEN they'd be sorry!")

...or you could be so wrapped up in your job that you haven't noticed that you've gone crazy, that you've only been *hypnotized* into thinking that "everything's okay," but actually there is starvation and misery all around that will catch up with you sooner or later...

But that hasn't happened yet, so in the meantime, **WHO CARES??** — as long as the power plants still run, and we can still televise ritual yearly Earth Days, when the liberals congratulate themselves for being liberals, and the conservatives congratulate themselves for fooling the liberals, and the ones in-between are ground into dog food.



**LEARN INCREDIBLE TRUTHS
AT BARGAIN PRICES!**

ago! They LOVE it when the ones who see the horror of the Conspiracy program "go public" with their ghastly revelations or join radical anarchist communes or otherwise render themselves ENTIRELY UNBELIEVABLE!! Who do you think INVENTED hippies, punk rock, anarchism, youth gangs, "graffiti art," rock 'n roll, hallucinogenic drugs, the New Age Movement, Christianity, cult films, alternative what-have-you?? Sure, it was some lone radical disillusioned soul *at first*, for about six months, but by the time WE heard about it, it was *already* a pre-packaged Official Conspiracy Product!!

Oh, but the Church of the SubGenius is different, right? It's neither a Conspiracy Mediocre Brainwashing Program nor a Dead-end Escapee Trap! "Bob" isn't just a cheap product or just a mind-numbing neuronc whip or a gaily painted prison cell of one sort or another to confine drooling videots or raving reactionaries, right? Right right right???

HAW HAW WRONG AGAIN!

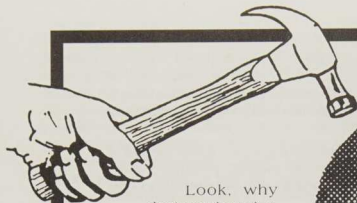
IMPORTANT NOTICE!
Read this if you read nothing else.

The Last Words of Assassinated Nenmaster **NENSLO**

So you say to yourself, "Okay, I know what the Conspiracy wants from me, I know how they work, and what they do, and I'm NOT BUYING IT!! By gabs, I'm gonna NOT do what they tell me to! I'm THROWIN' AWAY MY TEEVEE, smashing my porcelain thimble collection, frisbeeing my CDs off lover's leap and joining the radical anti-government party to learn how to make bombs!! I'm shating my head and burning my house down and the more they tell me not to the more I'll LAUGH in their faces and echo the noble sentiments of whoever it was that said, "FREE AT LAST FREE AT LAST THANK BLOB ALMIGHTY I'M FREE AT LAST!" Right?

Sucker.

You think they didn't plan for that? You think they'll be surprised, huddling around their long mahogany table, appalled that one-tenth of one percent of the population has "caught on" and won't go up the slaughterhouse ramp like good little lambs?? Har dee har har. Listen, they know they can't dupe everyone with the same turd-brain programming system. They know there are going to be a few who are just sharp enough to shake themselves awake and look around to see that the green pastures and still waters they were lying down by are actually a clanking conveyor belt carrying them relentlessly toward The Whirling Blades. They had that worked out a long time



Look, why don't you just give up trying to think at all, little Ms. and Mr. Einstein Jr., and pay attention. The Con has got all the bases covered, it owns the ball and the ballpark. Everything you can or will think or decide, it has already got classified by numerical designation on big spinning spools of half-inch magnetic tape.

You sitting here reading this right now, thinking what you're thinking, wearing those clothes in that environment, tasting that particular taste in your mouth and hearing that particular tinny whine in your ear, the one you don't always notice but which is always there. THEY GOT A NUMBER FOR IT. Believe me, they got it all figured, dissected, classified and stuck in little boxes.

So, *what do I do*, you may ask. You just can't win, you can't outsmart Them, you can't think or do anything that they haven't already decided you will probably think or do, you can't find a chink in their armor, NOT EVEN "BOB" BECAUSE HES JUST ANOTHER PART OF IT ALL! So it's time to pack it in, just give up and shoot yourself in the head like you've been threatening to do just to get attention and sympathy but this time you really will do it. And that, too, is just what They want you to do.

There really is no way out. All that "Smash the Con" stuff is fun and amusing, but putting your head under the machine's enormous clattering treads isn't going to slow it one tiny bit. It's utterly utterly hopeless. Just stop fighting it. Give up, you're only making things harder for everyone. All that kicking and screaming is only disturbing the peaceful slumbers of the rest of us.

Oh, I'm not saying you should simply *get in line* and walk under the hammer, but if you can't do anything else, you might as well try to see something positive about it. Sure, the Conspiracy program is cruel and demeaning, the cage is cramped and ugly and smells bad, but you *can't* get out and if you did get out you'd just want right back in again because the thing that is making the situation intolerable isn't in the *situation*, it's in *your head*.



ST. BYRON WERNER

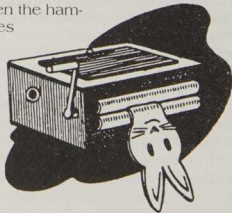
The scariest part of the Con's lulling lies is that *they are all true*. Not the ones about the products and how bad you need them, I mean the ones about how life can be beautiful, it's easier to go with the flow, things are better than they've ever been. They *know* how True they are, so they do anything they can to make those True truths look stupid and childish. They make "don't worry, be happy" into an insulting song, ugly t-shirts, plastic hats, moronic coffee mugs so when someone says it to you it makes you want to smash them in the face, *but you can't*, so you go buy a three dollar shot of Bar Gin instead. And worry miserably.

They make you want to KILL "Have a Nice Day," and then sell you the T-Shirt with a shot and bleeding smiley-face on it. They make you HATE LOVE and LOVE HATE, mock sincerity and honesty, and sneer at genuine emotion. Then they sell you a two-hundred-dollar leather jacket so you can prove you "aren't a Conspiracy Zombie" like all those poor schmucks who don't have skulls on their t-shirts. Or if you can't identify with *either* extreme of the haircut spectrum, if they can't get you any other way, if you're a little too smart to be dumb and a little too dumb to be smart, and you're *just about to fall through the cracks*, along comes "Bob." Then you read about all those REAL weirdos, who even if they do wear uniforms and spout mottos wear *intentionally self-mocking uniforms* and spout *irrelevant, confusing and meaningless mottos*, "Ma'am!" At last, you think to yourself, or tell your uncomprehending friend, at last there is a tiny spot in this big cold world where I can feel at home. At last I've found a philosophy that *agrees to a certain degree with the one I never really knew I had*, at last I can just be honest with myself and be who I really am, publicly and unafraid.

So you send lots of money to "Bob," buy T-Shirts and buttons and tapes, put on a devial, have a radio show, get a boy-or-girlfriend at last, have the time of your life, and never feel it when the hammer finally does come down on your head.

Way
to go.

Send \$1 to
NENSLO
BOX 86582
PORTLAND, OR 97286





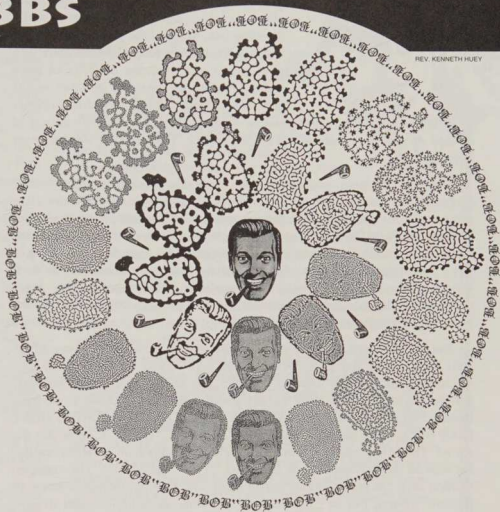
CHAPTER 3

THE LOST GOSPELS OF DOBBS

REV. KENNETH HUEY

"The beast that thou sawest was, and is not, and shall ascend out of the abyss, and go into perdition; and they that dwell on the earth shall wonder, whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world, when they behold the beast that was, and is not, and yet is."

— Revelation 17:8



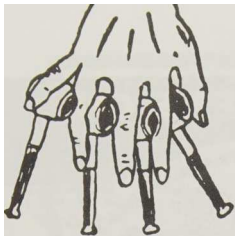
"When Lord 'Bob' entered his palaces, which were perfect to the fullest extent, his 188,109 queens rejoiced within their minds to see their husband home. They leapt from the meditation seats and, as was socially customary, covered their faces shyly and looked about coyly. Their insuperable ecstasy was so strong that they first embraced the Lord 'Bob' in the innermost recesses of their hearts. Then they embraced him visually. Then they sent their sons to embrace him; then finally, though they tried to restrain their feelings... they shed tears."

— The Kani Sutra



P. MAVRIDES

Of course, the above quotations are silly, overblown statements by Bobbies about their Master, and can properly be called *apocrypha*, that is, stories of "Bob" that may be well meant but have no basis in fact. (For instance, "Bob's" palaces are certainly not "perfect to the fullest extent," and he has no more than two or three hundred wives.) Any SubGenius who has experienced Dobbs-consciousness can gush superlatives about his Greatness. But what is Dobbs really like? What makes him "tick" like the time bomb that he is?



The 13 Original Apostles of the Dobbs, who had direct contact with him in the flesh over a long period of time, were willing to share their knowledge. Unfortunately, working their reminiscences into a presentable form has proved a daunting task. Many of the pertinent memories have apparently been suppressed somehow by a third party;¹ moreover, the lifestyles of these Doktors during the years in question makes detailed recall impossible, even with aid of highly

sophisticated brainswitching techniques. As one put it, "the brain tapes were erased as soon as the 'Frop wore off. It helped protect "Bob" in case we were ever interrogated."

Not only are many of these gospels fragmentary, but they often directly contradict one another, even when the various Apostles were all at the same place at the same time, and might have been expected to have seen the same things. For instance, Dr. Philo Drummond recalls an incident in Dobbs' life that he considers minor: as he tells it, Dobbs was in a shopping mall with some Apostles, trying to buy a floor-model tape deck at a discount price, when he discovered that the deck was already broken. Dobbs "healed" the appliance by striking it forcibly. Since appliance healing is one of the first skills learned by any Doktor, Philo did not consider it a significant event.

But St. G. Gordon Gordon, who was also present, remembers it very differently. It was not the appliance that was healed, says Gordon, but the store manager. While haggling with the manager over the tape deck's price, Dobbs suddenly stiffened up and, with an other-worldly gleam in his eyes, declared to the frail-looking Pink, "I DO BELIEVE YOU HAVE EPIDIDYMITIS. IT MUST HURT LIKE HELL." The manager, taken aback, stuttered, "Yes, I... L... *how did you know?*" Dobbs then suddenly extracted his Pipe from his mouth, violently cracked the man on the forehead with it, and cried, "You're HEALED!" The manager, Gordon says, felt such glorious instant relief, and such an immediate return of physical stamina, that he ("generously," as Dobbs seemed to consider it) gave Dobbs the disputed tape deck for free. (Ironically, though cured of his affliction, the manager died a week later from a brain embolism caused by "Bob's" blow.)

Dr. Onan Canobite's recollection of this "mall event" is even more grossly at variance with Philo's. He says the entire mall was being threatened by a toxic spill from a nearby train wreck; panic-stricken shoppers were running to and fro in terror, collapsing of asphyxiation as the air inside the mall became contaminated. Onan saw Dobbs stride to the train wreck, mutter incantations and make "Dr. Strange-like" hand gestures, and the wreck righted itself as *all of the toxic material flowed backwards in time, returning into the now-self-repairing tanker*, saving those in the mall from certain death. Dobbs, Onan says, ended up *owning* the mall.²

The Gospel According to St. Janor, however, presents a version that makes even Onan's seem mundane. Janor describes Dobbs not only destroying the mall by himself, Samson-like, to save it from itself, but even *killing and then resurrecting* everyone inside, converting them from docile Pink zombies to lusty SubGeniuses fornicating on the escalators. Janor furthermore prophesies that Dobbs will, "someday soon," use the entire mall as a sort of cosmic "tee" from which he shall 'putt' the Earth into a Black Hole.

And yet St. Palmer Vreedeez recalls that, not only did Dobbs *not* acquire the tape deck, but that he was arrested for shoplifting and spent the weekend in jail.

Obviously, as we editors of these manuscripts will require several more years in which to "get all our eggs into one blender." THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PHILO has been translated first, and appears here, because he has known Dobbs the longest; the fragments of Gordon's and Atman's shall hopefully be available by 1997.

In the meantime, we continue translating.³



I AM DR. PHILO ULYSSES DRUMMOND, OVERMAN FIRST DEGREE, OF THE SECOND AUTHORIZED MEGAFIS/TEMPLE LODGE OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS/DRUMMONDIAN™ (ST. LOUIS), THE SOLE LIVING OVERMAN ON THIS PLANE, IN THIS TIME SLOT, UNTIL 1998, WHEN I WILL BE JOINED BY MANY NEW BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN XIST MODIFICATION. I KNEW J.R. "BOB" DOBBS BEFORE HIS EMACULATION, AND I STILL CONFER REGULARLY WITH HIM TO THIS DAY.

THIS IS MY TESTIMONY.



Jane McBride Dobbs and the infant "Bob," age 3 months, at their Beckley Avenue apartment in Dallas. Photographed by Xiucha-Chi-Xan M. Dobbs shortly before his camera melted.

DIR ZAPHOD ROCKTASSKY PHOTO ARCHIVES

The Gospel According to Philo

“Bob” and I lived in the same neighborhood when I was between five and ten years old. He was not one of my regular playmates, but was an acquaintance. My father knew his parents, but spoke unfavorably of them; they were foreigners, and everybody said they were bohemians or cultists. (His mother, Jane, supposedly had suspicious male visitors during the daytime, or so the vicious town gossips claimed.) “Bob’s” father, Xiuacha-Chi-Xan M. Dobbs, ran a pharmacy and knew most of his neighbors, but he and Jane never fit in with the more traditional families of this particular tract development.

In appearance, the child “Bob” was just another mischievous Po’bucker kid with a torn T-shirt and a crew-cut. Only the other kids seemed to know him as anything more than a normal, pesky neighborhood scamp; no adults ever believed us when we tried to tell them about him. Apparently, *nobody* knew of his fantastic income; he didn’t even bother to tell his parents that he was playing the stock market by telephone, amassing fortunes and stashing them in foreign bank accounts. He never demonstrated any evidence of these assets; his family always lived in the same modest home, and he constantly bummed ice cream money from the rest of us at a time when, I later learned, he was worth well over \$15 million. He didn’t so much conceal his wealth, as that the subject never came up. He was, I must admit, lavish with spare change on his female peers, showing interest in them that the rest of us boys thought was unmanly.

I never got to know “Bob” well back then, but I did know of his reputation. I often saw him at the Haltom Movie Theater, and that was where I first heard rumors about “that weird Dobbs kid.”

He was known as one of the neighborhood toughs, but not in the manner of the stereotype white trash bully. He was instead that one smartass in every gang with an *unbelievable mouth*, who would say anything to anybody, be it teacher, parent, cop or preacher. His statements weren’t the kind of things kids say to grown-ups. He was “beyond the scope of his days.” So provocative was he in his speech that his friends and enemies continually had to keep him from blurting out things that would lead to beatings from their moms.

Some adults feared him. I am sure of it. One Haltom Theater usher was visibly terrified of him, and “Bob” always made a big show of getting free popcorn from the poor old wretch.

Legend had it that whenever somebody angered him, they would drop over and die soon thereafter — at least, the lucky ones did. I once witnessed a bully pestering “Bob” in the movie theater. “Bob” just looked at him very intensely, a fixed grin on his face, and said, “*You’re gonna die on the railroad tracks, only the train’s just gonna cut your feet off and you’re gonna have to crawl half the way back home before you bleed to death.*”

The local paper carried the story of the accident — but didn’t mention the curse, the threat, the prophecy, or whatever you want to call it. You can bet we kids talked about it, though.

The paper also records several grisly deaths of district elementary school teachers during those years. It’s surprising that no one ever noticed that all the victims had been teachers of the young Dobbs. It seemed as if everybody was scared of “Bob” — but they couldn’t help but *like* him, too.

One impatient teacher, I was told by his classmates, had somehow slighted Dobbs’ (alleged) Mayan heritage — she made fun of his grandfather’s religion or something — and he’d snapped at her, “*Thope you get paper-cut to death.*” Dobbs stood in the corner with a dunce-

cap on his head for the rest of the day.

But the next Saturday, there was a terrible accident at the local paper mill. “Bob’s” teacher, while visiting her boyfriend there, slipped and fell into the paper-cutting machine, just when the “Off” switch had shorted out. She was paper-cut to death, all right — cut into paper-thin, letter-sized sheets.

I must wonder if his parents didn’t live in constant fear of their son. He must have loved them, however, for no ill fortune ever befell them — at least, not until the pharmacy explosion that killed his father. But I’m sure that was an accident. I don’t want to give the impression that “Bob” was some evil, malignant devil-child. He was generally very friendly, and rarely got upset. He probably spent much less time hexing people than selling junk to them.

When I was about eight, my friends and I met “Bob” and his pals (half of whom, incidentally, were handicapped in some unusual way) at a riverside ‘swimming hole.’ I saw “Bob” poke several holes in the sand, then pull down his trousers, and, grinning fiendishly, lie down upon the holes, bucking his hips in a travesty of lovemaking. He kept hollering to us, “*I’m marrying the earth! She’s squeezing me back!*” And he would grin and grin. The other kids egged him on, while “Bob” sang, in his child’s falsetto, “*OLD MAN RIVER...*” Suddenly there was an earthquake — not a big one, but the ground definitely shuddered. Then the lifeguard came and yelled at him, and threatened to tell his parents, and made us leave. A week later, that lifeguard... well, I don’t even want to talk about it.

My family moved to Houston, and that was the last I heard of “Bob” until our paths crossed again at the state college.

One weekend, several friends and I got very drunk in the woods near campus. We found a big tractor in a vacant field. Showing off, I managed to start the tractor up by inserting my fish-scaling knife into the keyhole. *It fit just as if it was a key made for that machine* — I often wonder about that, now. We used the tractor to senselessly rip up the forest. It was lots of fun, but soon the police came. We all scattered and ran through the woods. I could hear my friends being caught and hauled off to jail... I hid behind an old abandoned-looking cottage, but the cops were closing in on me.

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and a strange kid signaled me to come in and hide out. It was “Bob,” and he bamboozled the cops, saving me from arrest. He was preparing the cottage for a secret meeting of The Knights of Pythagoras, an occult society of which he was the youngest Grand Master ever. “Bob” got me involved in his group, and we became drinking buddies.

¹ Perhaps Connie, or MWOWM.

² Onean posits that the reason Philo and Gordon remember none of this is because they, too, were “blowed back in time.”

³ If any of our readers have had encounters with Dobbs, we would like to know of them. Send your depositions along with \$5 for filing costs to The SubGenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.





I had been dating the beautiful Constance "Connie" Marsh, who was much later to become the primary Mrs. Dobbs. We had enjoyed a most satisfying relationship, as befitting her reputation, until I introduced her to "Bob" at a frat party... and suddenly she was his. But I harbor no grudge; I'm sure she must pay a price that none of us can imagine.

At the time, however, I was shattered. I got myself blind drunk, and sat in a bar near campus banging my head on the table, sobbing, cursing "Bob's" name, and plotting his murder. In the midst of my sodden, self-induced misery, I felt a strong hand on my shoulder. It was "Bob" himself, come to comfort me. He assured me that Connie was a heartless monster who cared for no man...

I think he was being sincere, actually. Apparently she had already cheated on him. I ended up crying for his sake that night.

The next year, "Bob" moved off to another school, and Connie to another, and the war began, and we lost track of each other.⁴ "Bob" underwent his Emacuation under JHVV-1, and his sales career really took off. The Army got wind of his wild talents, and drafted him for intelligence work. That period is well documented in *The Book of the SubGenius*.

After the war, "Connie" and Connie remet, and married in Las Vegas in 1955. That same year, he suffered his Second Major PreVision under JHVV-1. This was followed by various fitful, often half-hearted attempts to found a new religion. Dobbs experimented with numerous cults and self-help formulas before finally settling on the basic structure of the Church of the SubGenius. However, he kept it mostly to himself in those days. The early Church boasted perhaps a couple of dozen members. Half of those were nobodies — people who'd washed "Bob's" car, for instance — but the others included such luminaries as Howard Hughes, Aristotle Onassis, Bruce Roberts (author of *The Gemstone Files*), and the young Henry Kissinger, fresh from his first romp in the redwood groves of the Bohemian Club.⁵

In 1956, "Bob" phoned unexpectedly from his BobCo branch office in Las Vegas to tell me how he had been tempted by the Devil.

He had been camping in the desert, he said, and Satan had appeared in a three-piece suit, offering him not only riches, women, and political power, but the world itself — full OverLordship over the entire planet, in return for his soul. Dobbs didn't resist for even a second. The Devil was apparently very nonplussed that Dobbs was so willing — as if Dobbs didn't understand that at some juncture he was supposed to refuse. In his innocence, he didn't even get the point of the Devil's efforts. He happily accepted all offers, and in fact made Satan some kind of deal on his soul. Satan finally realized there was no point in trying to tempt "Bob," who was already getting everything he wanted, anyway. What "Bob" has never made clear is the specific nature of the "deals" that were made.

I thought he had lost his mind, but I was getting used to hearing this kind of thing from "Bob." He was always on some weird, harmless kick or another. He phoned me a lot during these years regarding various side businesses of his, little oddball companies he'd started, and I was always initially interested; I'm glad I didn't invest, though, because none of these early attempts ever came to anything besides bankruptcy. But Dobbs could work the bankruptcy laws, and he was always the only one who came out ahead, even

when his investors lost everything. He used to say, "There are no coincidences — not when there's money to be made."

The pitch of his that finally got me involved was insurance brokerage. We did very well with that. I remember the night he set fire to the orphanage. It worked out perfectly for everyone, Dobbs and I got a huge percentage; the orphans got a new home, much nicer and safer than the old place; all of them became eligible for assistance; and "Bob" made the news, rescuing the orphans from the burning building. He was always making local news that way. Never national news; you never heard about him on the networks. But you did see him in magazines, in pipe and hat and tobacco ads and such; his modeling career was at its peak then. Not an issue of *Better Homes and Gardens* went by that didn't have some dopey ad in which Dobbs had modeled as "the regular guy." He loved modeling. He told me, "I sit. I smoke my pipe. They take a picture. I get a check. It's a living."

And he had his patents on things like quantum foam rubber, packing foam ("ghost turds"), and all those novelty gimmicks like X-Ray Spex, powdered unicorn horn, glass eyes, plastic poop, latex prairie squids and pyroflutulation cushions... that was where a lot of his fortune came from.

Around '57, "Bob" started doing evangelical Christian preaching on weekends, strictly for the money. He had a big congregation of elderly Po'buckers in Tulsa hanging on his every word. He told me, straight-faced, that he'd successfully raised the dead, turned one Chicken Basket™ into enough fried chicken for hundreds of people, and transformed a little boy's guppy into a county fair fried fish cookout. He claimed he'd walked on water, survived bites by venomous serpents, turned artificial legs back into real legs, and other miraculous deeds. He also began "whiffreading" wallets about this time.

"The Lord tested the world and found it wanting."

— Isaiah 5:10

"I tested the world and found it wanting
New, Improved OZMO."

— Dobbs 5:10

Below: detail of a 1954 *Popular Fate* magazine display ad for Dobbs' OZMOLITE INSOMATON, a mechanical device which promised to increase personal wealth while the user slept.



It's Easy with OZMOLITE INSOMATON
Saves \$50.00 to \$10000.00—But Fills up to 4

⁴ "Bob" Dobbs never actually finished college, but he has a high school diploma and hundreds of study-at-home and honorary degrees.

⁵ Onassis and Kissinger later became bitter enemies of Dobbs.

He was looking for more trouble from the Feds, with that kind of talk. They had already interrogated me several times. J. Edgar Hoover was obsessed with Dobbs. I can't blame him; "Bob" was good looking. Of course, Hoover was just doing his job. Dobbs was subversive! But he was subversive only in that he was so *perfectly* all-American. He was the Spirit of America, unburdened by huge trusts, conglomerates, rational thought and so forth... the epitome of small business gone wild. They had to love him, but they had to stop him; he was major competition for the Rockefellers and Morgans and Rothschilds and all those Illuminati bastards. He might have set up a domino effect. In fact he's still trying to do just that. But they couldn't touch him, because he had friends in high places as a result of his work for the aliens in WWII. Nobody, not even J. Edgar, was going to mess with the man who iced Hitler and froze his head.

"WILL YOU SMOKE MY NEW KIND OF PIPE... 30 Days at My Risk?"

NO MONEY -- JUST
SEND YOUR NAME --

Furthermore, he had the Pipe. I am pretty sure now that all the powers he attributes to the Pipe are real. It probably *does* do a lot of his thinking for him; it's the Xist input terminal. Without the Pipe, he'd still be *lucky*, but he might not be as *active*. He might just sit and drool.

But, as Dobbs got richer, working with the Conspiracy on an increasingly intimate level, he was getting cynical and bitter. He became increasingly paranoid about his enemies, the list of whom grew to include his business rivals, his bosses, his customers, his mother-in-law, the IRS, the Communists and the Venusians. He certainly had some enemies, but how could they harm him? But then, Dobbs was never known for his logical thinking. He became a survivalist, constructing an elaborate bomb shelter under his backyard. One time, when he was showing off his antipersonnel gear to his young ward Onan and me, he said, "Give a man a fish, and you feed him for a day. Give a man a GUN, and OTHERS will feed him for a lifetime."

It was in this trough of negativity and despondency that "Bob" began his wanderings — what we call his Lost Years. He quit his Conspiracy jobs and dropped out of sight. Throughout the late '50s, he hitched boat rides around Indonesia, "trying to discover himself," but ended up in a prison camp deep in Burma, run by some Japanese who had refused to quit fighting WWII. He insists that Aleister Crowley was also imprisoned there, and that he taught Crowley many card tricks while they squatted in a bamboo cage. Crowley is generally thought to



During his brief 'California' period, "Bob" telekinetically bends his arm in Philip K. Dick's Berkeley backyard, 1966.

"Bob" was fed by the
birds in the wilderness
with the manna from
God, produced by the
lowly sparrows.

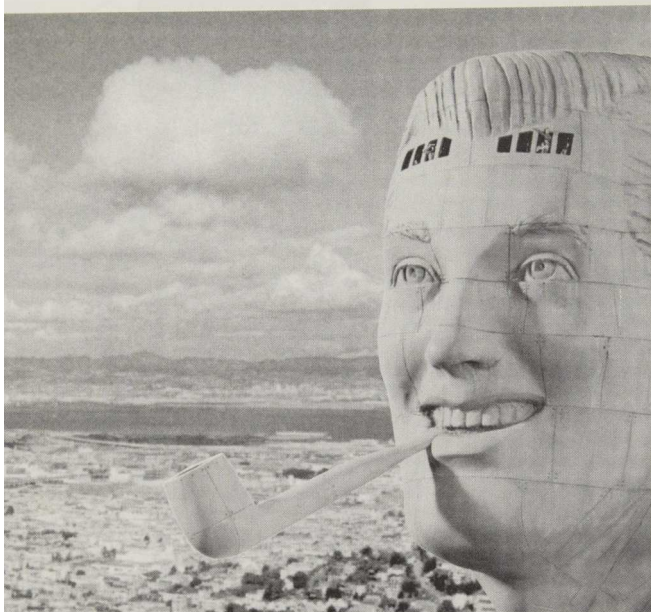


have been long dead by this time, and some suspect that, perhaps due to poor diet and sensory deprivation, "Bob" was hallucinating him.

His captors sold him into white slavery, and he was used by a wizened old Sultan/Magician as an experimental sex toy. He has never gone into detail about that, except to say that he learned a lot about himself. After a year in captivity, he hustled enough money to buy his freedom. He then surfaced in Tibet, at a place called the Forbidden Plateau of Chang-Eng, where he fell in with the lamas of the Black Sect.

For awhile, "Bob" got his kicks from flaunting his amoral Western ways in the lama's faces. But their patience was rewarded, because he ended up swearing off his gambling and sinning, and joined their monastery. He threw himself heart and soul into the discipline, developing callouses on his scalp from standing on his head for so long every day.

He went for two years without bathing, wiping or changing his clothing, letting the rain, and the urine or spittle of his detractors, wash him. He wore barbed-wire shirts, put nails in his shoes, and rolled in thorn-bushes every time he had an 'impure thought' (which he defined as "the urge to sell shoddy goods just for the hell of it"). He rode through the villages backwards on an ass, wearing a 15-foot tall dunce cap on which all his sins were listed. He lived in caves and fasted for months. He wanted to levitate into the sky "to escape the stench of humans," but, because he was afraid of heights, stayed inside and let his head bump the cave roof instead.



Above: Magazine model Dobbs relaxes in his preferred fashion in the January 1952 issue of *Collier's*.

Left: Erected in 1987 and presented as a gift to the city of Tg Datu, Indonesia by Chinese industrialist Tan Bingzhang, **THE AVATAR OF SLACK**, designed by John Hagen-Brenner, stands 194 feet from base to crown. The dolomite-alloy statue weighs over 350 tons and took six years to complete. The observation deck has been closed to the public since a 1991 sniping incident.
Photo: André Grossman/Richard Gibson. Collection: Lies Archives.

Eventually, for "Bob" there was no longer any difference between meditating and not meditating; every single word, thought or act became a meditation, and thenceforth he was able to practice "infinite action" or "Not-Think™." At this point he abandoned his severe asceticism, and more or less reverted to his old goatish ways.

"One must be totally free from desire to achieve true Slack," he told me upon his return, *"and that means acquiring everything you desire. I have become like unto a Handi-Wipe. A Handi-Wipe may clean everything it touches, but itself becomes soiled. Yet it can be replaced by another Handi-Wipe, exactly the same as the first one. The women that were too beautiful for the Normals have let me sleep with them, the hunchbacked and the mutated. And to me, each was the most beautiful woman on Earth. I have made love to ten thousand beings, but not once was the act defiled by Science. I loved all of them with all of my soul. Similarly, I loved all the animals. Beasts possess the Buddha nature, more so than humans, and if one feels affection for them, they will return it. Except for heat vent worms."*

After besting his so-called "spiritual masters" in a series of riddle games, Dobbs went home, the treasure of the High Lama jingling in his pockets. Connie, in the meantime, had been manipulating his career just as if he was still at home, so that when he returned, he found himself a high-standing member of the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilateral Commission, and the Majestic 12. Guided by Connie, he exploited this status until 1963, when he suddenly turned against the entire Conspiracy and began telling everything he knew about Them to anyone who'd listen.

"Bob" called himself the Gate, the Twelfth *I'mam* through whom one is 'opened' to the Fifth Way, the Way of the Most Sly Man. Most people, "Bob" said, never *do*, they only have things *done* to them. This is because the mind is actually a series of different, incomplete personalities that endlessly bicker over which gets to run the body. The Most Sly isolates and exploits these disconnected states, and achieves the ability not only to truly "*do*," but to "*do the HELL out of*" whatever he or she is *DOing*. And, if that is impossible, the Most Sly manages to make everyone else *believe* that that is what is happening. For, in the false reality of the Pinks, believing is all that is necessary — and the Most Sly does *only* what is necessary, leaving the rest of the time for Slack.

Around 1972, "Bob" felt ready to go public with the Church of the SubGenius, and recruited me as Assistant Overseer to organize and staff a front office. I serendipitously encountered a young unemployed

Below: **JANOR'S CUBE** became a short-lived fad in late 1975. Dobbs' solid-black puzzle was soon crowded out of the market by countless imitations.

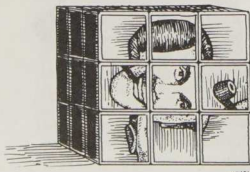
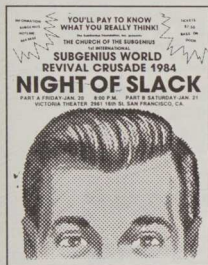




ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP HERRON

Above: "Bob's" thoughts and observations on the subject of Pink Communism are well-documented in 1967's *Quotations from Salesman Dobbs*, better known as *The Little Blank Book*.

Below: Flyer from the ill-named NIGHT OF SLACK San Francisco deival, the site of "Bob's" first major assassination, January 21, 1984.



We usually don't know where "Bob" is. Some of his time is spent in secret, probably setting up his big deal for X-Day, or possibly just avoiding all the fans and "good SubGeni" eager to perform their token ritual "Bob" assassination. Sometimes he's in Tibet, getting his Xist rebuild completed; he was never re-erected quite right after the first assassination. He still smells a little funny. Other times he's just fishing, or maybe gambling in Bangkok, or learning sleight of hand tricks from some Master he met in a bar — the greatest card shark in the world, or the greatest magician, or pool hustler, or table football master, or video game master, or psychic surgeon.

He might shock us. For all we know, he could be snickering nastily with the fascists, plotting a new, even more specific retro virus release. But — as horrible as this may sound — if that is "Bob's" will, then so be it. We cannot question his ways. Not that we think that anything so repugnant to our SubGenius sensibilities would ever be his will. But if it were, we would still have to follow him blindly.

Like St. Janor said,

"You do what you do because you want to. I do what I do 'cause 'Bob' told me to."

That's what it comes down to.

That, and your \$30.



filmmaker named Ivan Stang, who was desperate enough to accept the salary. Actually there was no salary discussed, only promises, but Stang literally had no choice; Dobbs made sure of that. Stang was willing to do almost anything to scrape by and support his new family, except work at a real job. "Bob" called Stang his "lever," meaning simple tool. It's too bad I was never able to take him with me to Dobbs' parties, but at least he didn't have to undergo the OverMan Transformation.

Many people ask me what it was like to become an OverMan. I can vouchsafe that I did it reluctantly. In 1978, "Bob" insisted that, in order to help launch the Church properly, I would have to go to Tibet for this "operation." Grudgingly, and with great trepidation, I complied. It took us almost three months to travel to the secret cave of the lamas, high in the Himalayas. When I saw and smelled the ritual "operating room," I almost backed down, but Dobbs promised to double my pay, and I agreed to go through with it.

On a certain night when the great constellations were properly aligned, the lamas started beating on drums and summoned down "Choronzon," a faceless, disembodied Xist force that telepathetically sodo-landscaped me. While this Sacred DeBuggering took place, the Secret Chiefs of Shambhala showed up: three classic Men in Black, with angular features, strange eyes and turbans, hauling a load of high-tech equipment. They smelled like they had been drinking, and kept laughing uproariously and speaking in a strange language. They used a cross between a C-clamp and a Möebius strip to squeeze my testicles so hard that my head swelled up enormously. An instant later, when the Xist "demon" suddenly yanked itself out of me, the suction made my face cave in. I wasn't supposed to end up looking like this; I was supposed to resemble a super-enhanced version of myself — kind of "Bob"-like. But "Bob" was drunk during the ceremony. They were all drunk. They thought it was funny! Oh, my intelligence was enhanced, and that made the disfigurement worthwhile; like "Bob," I can enjoy overweening sexual pleasure merely by watching a butterfly. But it was like "Bob's" own resurrection in '84 after he was first killed — things didn't go perfectly. All my nodes swelled up, my footglands became inflamed, I developed uncontrollable behavioral twitches... I'm not exactly the perfect OverMan. But "Bob" promises they'll have the process fixed by X-Day.

After I recovered from the surgery, we returned to Dallas and started cranking up the Church's public outreach. By 1980, we had greased the right palms and were distributing the basic Membership documents. As an OverMan, I no longer saw any point in messing with the details; I made Stang take over the world ministry aspects, and rechanneled my energies into a career in entertainment with *The Swinging Love Corpses* and my new band, *The Uighurs*. I had become more like "Bob," and that's what "Bob" would have done. Let Stang be the nearsighted leader of the blind who are leading the blind.

As far as the actual operation of the Church goes, "Bob" has very little to do with it now. He's like Howard Hughes in that respect. I'm here running the front office, Stang is maintaining the Church empire, going around preaching, making up stories about "Harvest Mechanisms," and trying to keep tabs on the other Apostles who, he'd like to think, might plot to usurp his job as Scribe.





UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Commission No. 1088

PT. OK

Dallas, Texas
June 5, 1994

In Reply, Please Refer to

File No.

Commission Summary; Medical Reports From Doctors at
St. Lucia Memorial Hospital, San Francisco, Ca.

J. R. "Bob" Dobbs arrived at the Emergency Room at 11:15 P.M. on the 22nd of January, 1984. He was in the back seat of his limousine; Ivan Stang was in the front seat. Cordt Holland was the driver. Reverend Stang was brought out first and put in Room 23. J. R. "Bob" Dobbs was brought out next and was made to wait in the admissions area while [redacted].

The first physician to see Dobbs was Dr. Sajit Jayagopal, a Resident in General Surgery. Dr. Jayagopal noted that Dobbs' pupils were widely dilated and fixed to light. His eyes were divergent, being deviated inward; a skew deviation from horizontal was present. No deep tendon reflexes or spontaneous movement were found. A broken pipe stem was held tightly clenched between Dobbs' teeth. An attempt was made to remove the stem from Dobbs' mouth, but these efforts were abandoned when the stem retracted into the patient's upper palate when grasped.

There was a large wound in the right occipito-parietal region, from which profuse bleeding was occurring. 2500 cc. of blood were estimated on the venetian blinds, magazines and floor of the Waiting Room. There was a considerable loss of scalp and bone tissue. Both cerebral and cerebellar tissues were extruding from the wound. The cerebral tissues were found to be permeated with gray-green tendrils of an unknown nature. There were an additional four wounds in the upper-left chest region. Dr. Jayagopal observed that the second, third and fourth ribs were shattered and that the left lung and main aortic valve had been punctured. No carotid or femoral pulse was detected.

Further examination was not possible, as Mr. Dobbs' [redacted] were found to be [redacted].

J. R. "Bob" Dobbs was pronounced dead at 11:57 hours by Dr. David Spurlin, a Resident who had assisted Dr. Jayagopal.

Since the San Francisco doctors directed most of their efforts at determining the status of Mr. Dobbs' [redacted] policy, he was allowed to remain seated upright throughout his medical treatment at St. Lucia Memorial. When asked why he did not place Mr. Dobbs on a gurney, Dr. Spurlin testified as follows:

A: He was obviously dead and any more thorough inspection would have involved several minutes - well seconds, anyway - considerable time which at this juncture was not available. A thorough inspection would have involved washing and cleaning the patient and this is not practical when dealing with an [redacted]. You have to determine which things are immediately [redacted] and cope with them before attempting to evaluate the full extent of the injuries.

Q: Did you ever have occasion to look at Mr. Dobbs' brain?
A: No, sir. I didn't want to touch him. Well, let me say this - before treating an acutely injured patient, or even a dead one, you have to clean up the patient. None of the people with Mr. Dobbs seemed to have any interest in helping admissions with this line of inquiry. Besides, the brain looked like a - well, almost not a brain at all, from what I could see, more like a sponge cake covered with steel wool, or a cat's hairball.

Q: Was any effort made to inspect the heel wounds?
A: No, sir.

Q: And why was no effort made at the time to inspect his feet?
A: I suppose nobody really had the stomach to do it.

The St. Lucia Memorial doctors took no further action after Mr. Dobbs had expired because they concluded that it was beyond the scope of their permissible duties. All of Dobbs' belongings, except his secret Mystery Signal Watch, were given to Dr. C. Gordon Gordon, head of SubGenius Security. His watch was given to Howll Robins. J. R. "Bob" Dobbs' wife, Connie Dobbs, refused to take off her bloody shoes and clothing. She spent over an hour in the Women's Room, ineffectually trying to remove blood spots from her stained hands.

Treatment of Reverend Ivan Stang

While one medical team tried to determine the [redacted] from Mr. Dobbs, a second performed a series of [redacted] on [redacted] Reverend Stang to determine the level of shock he had undergone that evening. Ivan Stang was originally seen by Dr. Adam Pulsivar. Dr. Pulsivar reported that Reverend Stang seemed distraught at first, but later relaxed when informed of Mr. Dobbs' death, at which point he joked with the ER crew and handed out SubGenius membership cards to the nurses. Reverend Stang was taken from the Emergency Room to the hospital cafeteria for a cup of coffee and a pastry.

SubGenius Security Emergency Arrangements

Immediately after Mr. Dobbs was pronounced dead, SubGenius Security Agents under the direction of Dr. Gordon took position at the door of the admissions room. A secretary was asked to identify hospital personnel and to tell everyone except necessary medical staff members that they were invited to the cafeteria for refreshments. Other Security Agents posted themselves around the body and began preparing Mr. Dobbs for removal. Dr. Gordon made certain that San Francisco police, public and press were kept away from the immediate vicinity of the hospital. Palmer Vreedeze telephoned the head of Dobbs' security detail in Dallas, [redacted], to advise him of the assassination. The telephone line to Texas was kept open for the remainder of the stay at the hospital.

Removal of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs' Body

While the team of administrative personnel at General Hospital tried desperately to extricate Mr. Dobbs' wallet from his suitcoat, Mrs. Dobbs alternated between watching the m and waiting in the Women's Room. Mr. Gordon joined her in the rest room for several minutes but was unable to convince her that her hands were clean. He forcibly brought her out and took her to the body. She removed her wedding ring from her nose and placed it in her husband's mouth. Five rolls of Saran Wrap were obtained from the cafeteria kitchen and the Agent's wound the body with the transparent plastic, adding several packets of anti-desiccant for preservation. Before the body could be taken from the hospital,

Citing "potentially disastrous national security consequences," these two pages were the only material turned over by the FBI.

Two San Francisco officials informed members of Mr. Dobbs' staff that the body could not be removed from the city until an autopsy was performed. This angered Mr. Gordon, who seized a large scalpel from a passing doctor and slashed a deep cut through the stomach area of Mr. Dobbs' body. As internal organs pushed out through this wound, Dr. Gordon reached into the body, grabbed a handful of intestines and declared, "Autopsy this, you fucking quacks." Despite the protest of the officials, the body was carried out of the hospital, placed in Mr. Holland's Volkswagen and transported to the airport shortly after 2:00 a.m. At approximately 2:45 a.m., the body was loaded, with some difficulty due to the nature of its condition, onto TWA Flight 625, using the same rear reserved for Mr. Dobbs' return trip, purchased the week before. Concerned that the local officials might try to delay the plane's departure, Dr. Gordon asked that the plane take off immediately. He was informed that the takeoff would be delayed until Reverend Stang could reach the plane. After a discussion in the cockpit between Dr. Gordon and the pilot, the plane left San Francisco at 3:03 a.m., without Reverend Stang.

The Landing at Dallas
Flight 625 arrived at DFW at 4:41 p.m. Upon disembarkation of the plane, neither Dr. Gordon or Mr. Dobbs' body were present. The TWA flight manifest was checked and no record of either Mr. Gordon or Mr. Dobbs' seat reservations, baggage checks or ticketing could be found.

STATEMENTS OF D. HELLWOOD ATMAN PRIOR TO THE SHOOTING

Atman was present backstage at the Victoria theater for approximately 5 hours before the assassination, according to the testimony of numerous witnesses who took part in the revival. Throughout this period he acted nervous and distracted, made frequent and brief visits to the men's room, and was seen having a discussion with Mrs. Dobbs near the Capp Street stage door shortly before the shooting. At no time during the evening did Atman express any open hostility towards Mr. Dobbs nor did he make any statements shadowing his intention to commit violence upon Mr. Dobbs' person.

Actions During and After Shooting

Immediately after the shooting, Ivan Stang recalled watching Atman throw his handkerchief to the stage, take out a "list of deadnats" from his suitcoat and clutch the podium microphone. (This paper was later recovered from Atman's jacket and was found to be an order slip for takeout pizza from the Round Table restaurant across the street from the theater. The pizza was purchased for the stage crew's dinner by the producer, Tom Maxson.) The auditorium sound system was turned off at this point, at the earlier request of Atman himself to Riff Roff, the organist, with the result that Atman had trouble making himself heard above the audience. Stang says that he could make out some of Atman's frantic shouting:

"He [Atman] was screaming to be heard over the uproar, seemed confused by the chaos, glanced frantically about the stage as he shrieked right into a dead mike, '\$1.50 a drink is more than I care to pay! Get the [redacted] go ahead, see if I care! I got [redacted] in [redacted]. It's [redacted] now, alright' and so on. I don't know, maybe he wasn't really aware of what he had just done or that nobody in the place could hear him. He didn't seem proud or anything, just excited, wild. Man, he never stopped sailing, either. Even when he began ripping and tearing at his eyebrow. That's when the [redacted] darted past me and clobbered him with the whiskey jar. As Hellwood went down, I heard him moan, 'Not you, too, Thornley.' . . ."

Atman might have been referring to Terry Wendel Thornley, an acquaintance of Lee Harvey Oswald during Oswald's time in the U.S. Marine Intelligence Corps. As far as the Commission can determine, Thornley and Atman met only once, during July 1963 in [redacted]. Thornley denies any close personal relationship with Atman, although Thornley himself is a member of the Subversive Church.

The Missing Evidence

[redacted] was interviewed by Peter Belisio⁵ about backstage activity before and after the shooting in 1985. In response to Belisio asking about the missing pipe bowl, [redacted] related:

"H. That disappeared too. Everything's gone! Half the evidence, his [Dobbs'] wallet, all the financial records from the performance, hundreds of dollars are missing and people that were on the stage crew and in the choir, very trustworthy people, all disappeared—they were apparently working under assumed names. We really couldn't tell what was going on backstage. I mean who had guns. Everybody in the church carries guns and tape recorders, so security is really hard to maintain with such a trigger happy bunch. It's worse than a SOLDIER OF FORTUNE staff meeting.

B. What happened after the revival? Everybody just disappeared.

H. Essentially, the theater threw us out. We were left on the sidewalk shaking our heads. I'd have to say that there's been a media conspiracy to ignore Bobbs' shooting, only a few papers such as the AKRON BEACON JOURNAL have had the courage to even mention the tragedy. There's been a total news blackout in [redacted]."

Several audience members have attested that upon leaving the theater lobby directly after the shooting, they noticed a "warthy blonde" woman in a nurse costume behind the Church's merchandise stand offering for sale VHS video cassettes of what she claimed were copies of the assassination, despite the fact that the shooting itself had occurred only five minutes previously. Investigators have been unable to confirm the existence of these tapes and have also failed to find any other eyewitness who could identify [redacted].

⁵ PETER BELISIO, NOTES FROM THE POP UNDERGROUND THE LAST GASP OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1985, pp. 45-47.
⁶ Bill Conrad, "Do You Know The Danca?" THE AKRON BEACON JOURNAL, BEACON MAGAZINE June 10, 1984 p. 10

SF. OK ✓

CORONER'S REPORT

WOUND AREA DIAGRAM

The diagrams show the front and back views of a human figure. The front view has several handwritten notes: 'Wound 1' at the neck, 'Wound 2' at the chest, 'Wound 3' at the abdomen, and 'Wound 4' at the back. Measurements include '11 cm', '10 cm', '12 cm', '14 cm', '16 cm', '18 cm', '20 cm', '22 cm', '24 cm', '26 cm', '28 cm', '30 cm', '32 cm', '34 cm', '36 cm', '38 cm', '40 cm', '42 cm', '44 cm', '46 cm', '48 cm', '50 cm'. The back view has 'Wound 5' at the neck, 'Wound 6' at the chest, 'Wound 7' at the abdomen, and 'Wound 8' at the back. Measurements include '11 cm', '12 cm', '13 cm', '14 cm', '15 cm', '16 cm', '17 cm', '18 cm', '19 cm', '20 cm', '21 cm', '22 cm', '23 cm', '24 cm', '25 cm', '26 cm', '27 cm', '28 cm', '29 cm', '30 cm', '31 cm', '32 cm', '33 cm', '34 cm', '35 cm', '36 cm', '37 cm', '38 cm', '39 cm', '40 cm', '41 cm', '42 cm', '43 cm', '44 cm', '45 cm', '46 cm', '47 cm', '48 cm', '49 cm', '50 cm'. There are also notes about 'Blood' and 'Hair'.

DEPARTMENT OF FORENSIC INVESTIGATIONS
San Francisco, California
LABORATORY NO. 705-31-8028
DATE: 10/12/85
BY: [redacted]

Commission Exhibit No. 33

"He was de-livered, de-kidneyed and eviscerated for our sins and was regurgitated from the gorge of living Death, even for the justification of these our grins."

—Slackalonians 4:25

THE REASON FOR DOBBSDAY

Dr. Howl

Dobbs did not die because he had to. Atman chose to kill him, on Stage for ye and everyone, but mainly for his own reasons, these being unknowable and ineffable. This Man was glad-handed over and out to you by Dobbs' set purpose and knowledge; and you, speaking to the people of Dobbstown, even with the Second Helping of rugose, pinkish-eyed Ones, put Him to Debt by nailing Him to the Cross-hairs of Atman's gunsight.

Yet Dobbs Regurgitated, freeing his Epoptitude from the Agony of Slacklessness, for it was impossible for *NHGH* whose Grunt is *NGH* to keep its hold on him. Dobbs went on Stage, throughout the Night of Slack, for ye and everyone to prepare the Way for us to Leave the House (*Moronicus* 2: 6-11).

"Bob," who being in very nature Dobbs, did not consider equality with *Anti-'Bob'* something to be grasped, clutched or palpated, but rather Smoked in His Living Pipe, like a fine burleigh or rum-soaked shag.⁶ He Himself taking the very Nature of a Salesman, never taking NO for an answer. And being in appearance as a man, he FUMBLED himself in the dark, staining the sheets, and became Obedient to Entropy.

Therefore God exulted, and chortled to Himself, but We gave Dobbs the Name that is above every Name, SALESMAN of the YEAR, that at the Word of "Bob" every knee should water and each human soil the Tops of his Shoes.

Now we are engaged in a great Sibyl War testing whether this cult, that cult, or for that matter ANY cult, should so long endure. We are met on a great Potter's Field of that war. These bland Pinks, living and dead, shall little note nor long remember what we do here. It is for we the living to confess that J.R. "Bob" Dobbs is dead, to the Infinite Gratification of JEHOVAH ONE the Father, senile, infinitely malign Space God. JESUS came here as a Servant, but Dobbs Came as a Salesman (*Prescriptions*, 20: 19).

And He Came unto the Daughters of the Farmers, and knew them well when there was no Room for Him to be by Himself during the Night. And in the Morning before the Sunrise He continued Travelling upon his Route, so that the Franchise might not be Usurped. Yea, and to this day it never hath been so.
"Bob's" is still the Route; "Bob's" is still the Franchise.

HIS is the Church of the powerful, blinding Apostasy which fears no Throne but exults in its own freedom to scatter its Fundaments on the earth, soiling the Uppers of its Shoes to let



J.R. "Bob" Dobbs. *Self-Portrait*. 1959. Canvas. 10' X 14'. Private collection.

down the inward produced Product of its Concentration, fertilizing the fields of Science, Sorcery, Art and Religion.

Sick, sick is this world, O "Bob," which hath beslimed the ground after thee, even like unto the Slugs and Snails of the Garden, whose chambered Shells we may step on and crush inadvertently.

Thou art not the Healer but the Pharmacist, for Thou dost Sell unto us thy Remedy of Slack, and it is unto us that we pay over to You the Price which Thou dost ask, namely All that we have. We shall put it therefore in the Envelope and Send it in, for the Xists are nearly upon us and the Sale Ends Tomorrow; Going out of Business, all Prices Slashed, Everything Must Go.

So, ask not upon what Day shall the Tithe be sent, for, unless ye know otherwise, every Day is Dobbsday and ye never know when the Master cometh, again and again.

Amem.



⁶ RUM-SOAKED: variety of pipe tobacco; also, archaic: an indolent slacker or idler; SHAG: another name for a type of pipe tobacco; also, slang (British): a rough, brutal fuck.



IMPACT ACTION

MONDO CONNIE

THE GOSSIP ACCORDING
TO CONNIE DOBBS

"I'll show you yours,
if you'll show me mine."

— from *Li'l Connie's Comics
and Stories*, 1961

"SIT ON MY PHAGE."

— High Priestess Tanya Hyde

"I kick habits while the
nuns are still in them."

— Connie Dobbs



"BOB" & CONNIE

The person closest to "Bob" in his Luck Plane sinkhole of Slack is his Primary Wife, Constance Marsh Dobbs. She is the sole entity who is immune to "Bob's" will, yet she is so close to her Primary Husband in the Luck Vortex turbulence that almost nothing can interfere with her plans. Consequently, Connie is *at least* as dangerous as "Bob" — for, being smarter, she uses the power *willfully*.

To be near "Bob" and Connie is to approach the very fire of creation itself... and many have gotten burned. Due to the Luck Plane flux, SubGenius couples who come into proximity with "Bob" and Connie are sometimes overcome with irresistible sexual urges for each other — but just as often fall into senseless rages. Parties at the Dobbs' house frequently resemble a cross between a pitched battle and an orgy.

Connie orbits in a such a tight circle on the inner rim of "Bob's" luck event horizon, at such a high velocity relative to all other beings, that *time stops for Connie* — she *never ages*.¹ Were she to *penetrate* the event horizon, she'd *never* escape the luck envelope; "super-glued" to him, she would become



MAVRIDES/
HAGEN-BRENNER

¹ As her retinue of plastic surgeons, makeup specialists, trainers and fashion consultants will attest.

one with "Bob," lost forever. But she orbits exactly at the surface tension border of the Luck Bubble. At this level, probabilities are so warped and space bends so terribly that, for all practical purposes, it's always Saturday night for Connie.

Thus, Connie, at age fifty-something, still looks like she just got out of college.² Aristocratically, Connie seems to change drastically in appearance every time one's glance shifts away from her. One moment she might look a little fallen angel; but suddenly she'll become voluptuous, aggressive and zaftig in the fullest sense of the word. Then she'll be a dominatrix in black leather... then a matronly stage actress with a wooden leg, then a spacey, cheery virgin. There are even the rare times when she takes on a saintly, wizened Mother Teresa aspect, or an evil, ironclad Thatcher-like all-business brutality. She is a goddess in three-fold: blond, brunette and redhead... and then some. She is The Maiden, drawing on Bob's sacred Pipe; she is The Mother, handing out her own Pipe to others; and she is The Crone — an Appalachian mountainback, suckin' on a cornob and hackin' up a spit-ball to loogy at the local preacher.

It may be that she possesses this charismatic chameleon power simply because that's what "Bob" requires — due to his incredibly short attention span, he has to have someone new every second. But, despite his rampant infidelity, he's almost pathetically devoted to Connie alone with an undying passion. He gladly endures her rampant infidelity, and her caustic, rapier-like tongue; in return, she doesn't mess with his hair.

Connie could exist without "Bob," but there can be no "Bob" without Connie... because HE WON'T HAVE IT!! He's thinking about her almost all the time. Even when he's futtering whales, he's pretending it's her — although when he is making love to her, he might be pretending she's a whale.

Moreover, Connie is the one destined for him — for she is the only one who can keep him in line. Having had "Bob" imbedded in her so many times, and being the main object of his desires even when they are apart, she awakens and incarnates all the eternal feminine aspects of the Godhead: Shakti, ERIS, Hecate, Ishtar, Inanna, Artemis, Aphrodite, Ungit, the Magma Mater, Persephone, The Sea Hag, Grendel's mom, Glumdalclitch, Cruella de Ville, Morgana laFaye, the Stygian Witches, Jackie Kennedy Onassis, Marilyn Monroe, NUNU and, yes, even *Narnini*.

"Bob" had to draw Connie up to his apothecarial level, for he could not be complete as High Epopt until he closed the gap between his pure maleness and her pure femininity. Orthodox SubGenius and pagan Discordian philosophies agree that in some distant epoch of antiquity, JHVH-1 and ERIS were "married," unionized as one, balancing the Poles and the Holes. But once again, AS BELOW, SO ABOVE. Just as human marriage is a kind of encapsulated WAR, so it is among the gods. It ended in a cosmic divorce due to "irreconcilable differences." This galactic division



was resolved when Connie — *being the horny, grasping, sexy hussy that she is* — came and completed "Bob's" Slack.

Rumors abound that "Bob's" businesses are actually run by the guru's wife and her mother. It is certainly true that Connie fills the role of crafty, not to say *conniving* manager. But she has far more than business acumen going for her; on her mom's side (the Marshes of Innsmouth, Massachusetts), she is related to the Elder Gods (and to the Supersonic Nazi Hell Creatures from the Hollow Earth!!) by way of The Deep Ones of Dagon.

(Left) The Official Foundation *Portrait of the Great Eistaa of the Dagon*, by Leda Vampirus. 1981

"Bob's" mother-in-law, Mrs. Marsh, aka *Great Eistaa of the Dagon*, is rarely seen in public, having already undergone The Change. (Incidentally, the Deep Ones or *Children of Oannes* are not "fish-people," but could be more accurately described as having descended from *octopi*.) Built into the Dobbs estate in Hollywood is an immense swimming pool — actually a lake, with a wave machine — wherein, in the deepest part, she has a watery den, a "wet room" where she can interface with computers and help Connie run the Dobbs empire.³

Unfortunately, all this has prompted concern in some quarters over the possible existence of secret women's covens of Dea-worshipping **Abominatrixes**, headed by Connie and her mother — a witchy, ultra-feminist, moon goddess-obsessed Conspiracy of OvaryMen and Überfemmes within the Church, struggling for TOTAL control *if they don't already have it!* Some SubGenii clutch their scrota in fear, but these are probably the same jerks who think that women form the biggest conspiracy, and have been controlling men by their penises for thousands upon thousands of years. Ha!

It is true that, historically denied by men their innate ability to control, many women have been forced instead to manipulate. The Conspiracy recognizes, and rightfully fears, the vast, untapped power that lurks within the potential Überfemme. That is why, from the very moment a she-child emerges from the birth canal, so much time and energy is spent on diverting the larval Abominatrix from recognizing and embracing her true destiny.

The first thing They do is to force an unconscious identification with the color pink onto the helpless infant. Unless she has SubGenius parents, from the moment she is squirted into this planet of clocks, she is swaddled in pink blankets, dressed in frilly pink party dresses, and given pink diabetes-inducing big-eyed stuffed animals to play with. The unavoidable *pink* is written on her delicate brain tissue before she's even learned how to speak: Pink = Girl. Girl = Pink.

Once this basic programming is in place, the Conspiracy drives it home even further by issuing every girl-child a Barbie™ doll. The function of this insidious piece of injection-molded plastic is to engender the belief that happiness can be found by purchasing an endless supply of fashion accessories, and to in-



still the delusion that all desirable, popular girls are blond, buxom, and eternally smiling, with feet designed for six-inch stiletto heels — not to mention *completely smooth between the legs*.^{4,5}

Should the proto-woman display an interest in dinosaurs, monsters or comic books, the Conspiracy's overseer/dupes (often the parental units) move in, forcing Dream Mansions™, E-Z Bake Ovens™, My Little Ponies™, Strawberry Shortcakes™, and other Conspiracy-approved, abnormally-siphoning devices onto the young Überfemme.

The Conspiracy owned-and-operated publishing industry *still* works overtime churning out brain-numbing swill to propagate the idea that *she* frets over prom dresses and personal relationships, while *he* has exciting adventures. It is also drummed into her head — via movies, pop songs, romance novels, television, and the lesser-evolved religions — that *LUV* will solve all problems. Only through *LUV* will she find happiness and fulfillment. And in order to *truly LUV* someone, she has to surrender her own interests and ambitions. Only by *LUVing* someone will she ever find happiness. Don't look for it in *creativity* or *individuality*! Don't look for it in a life of her own!

THE TRUE USSTORY OF THE SHE-SUBGENIUS

Female SubGenius history has been scrambled, even in genetic memory; the Conspiracy took a pinch of this and added a taste of that, and, like a pre-mixed cake recipe gone horribly wrong, they cooked up a society that leaves the same taste in your mouth whether you nuke it or fry it — you're still chewing on the same synthetic fat.

³Twas not ever thus. There was a time when rich, powerful Überwomen roamed and moaned louder and longer and hotter than does *any* salon-styled, nipple-ringed Pink Bitch today. Men were mighty hunters (except for SubCavemen), but nobody guessed back then that copulation had anything to do with *procreation*, so magic and creation were the domain of the matriarchy. Women were charged with sacred duties, such as *choosing the sacred king* for a certain limited cycle... until he was castrated, sacrificed and replaced.

And Pink Boys didn't like that. (Who would?) The kings began to figure out ways to extend their reigns and avoid being ritually snuffed. By the time of



PALMER VREEDEEZ

the Egyptian pharaohs, men were equal to women, if not each other; some poor substitute fool who *represented* the pharaoh was executed in his stead. Men finally controlled everything, and the greatness of a ruler was measured by how much money he had and whom he knew. All Slack except what could be snuck on the side was stolen, and for the last 5,000 years, women have been *forced by law* to "be" irresponsible, uneducated chattel, dependent upon men who could be as abusive as they pleased.

Up until the late 1990s, men were expected to "score" as often as possible to prove their manhood, while females were programmed to submit to sex only for certain reasons (i.e. marriage and/or "to make a baby"). Then, in an attempt to modernize, the Conspiracy allowed women to engage in sex as often as men, *provided they never had orgasms and felt cheap afterwards*. However, The Conspiracy has since reversed itself, opting for a return to the good old-fashioned values of the Anti-Sex League. They know that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that defends the status quo! And what better way to protect itself than to turn its potential enemies into *watch-dogs*?

They tricked women into thinking that men *LIKED* working for the Conspiracy day in and day out... that women were missing out on something by slaving like pack animals only for their *families*. Like Tom Sawyer, the Con pretended They weren't going to ALLOW women to work for Them, unless women fought to EARN that right... and, by the Bleeding Head of Jeane Kirkpatrick, it *worked*. The slave owners were able to convince women that the slaves had a *great deal*. Sure enough, the gals threw down their catwips and joined the slaves. The Conspiracy got TWO slaves for the price of one and a half.

Isn't that just like the Con, to mess up your life and make you grateful at the same time?



² Most of the time, anyway — "When she drinks a lot, especially when she gets together with her "bridge club" friends in the morning and starts hitting the Bloody Marys, she seems to sag and age, and looks like a dissipated old mattress-back whore by lunchtime. But then she takes a nap, and regains her youth with wary a hangover. It's her form of Time Control!" — Gospel According to Gordon, 4:10

³ There is an unsubstantiated accusation that "Bob," by his own ineptness, and bearing the genes of both the Yetis and (through psychic contamination via his grandfather) the ancient Mayans (who burrowed under the earth and mated with serpents), somehow "damaged" Connie genetically so that she will not make the Change as do her relatives. "Bob" knew that if he loved Connie enough, she would not turn into her mother.

⁴ Ironically, Barbie™ dolls are based on Barbie Garbs Dobbs — the previously unnamed daughter of "Bob." The names of his sons (Bubba, "Bobby" Jr., Adam Kadmon, Shemp and Shaun) were common knowledge, but until now Barbie's name has been a secret. An out-of-court settlement with Mattel has finally ended their cover-ups and disinformation campaigns.

⁵ Not unlike the "False Connie."



— excerpt of lipstick-scrawled graffiti on vandalized men's room wall, attributed to Reverend Susie the Floozie, also known as Lois Carmen deNominator, of the Holy DisOrder of St. Rhonda of Fast Living and No Consequences of the Greater SouthEast

"Bob" dammit, I'm sweatin' like a whore in Church!

Most religions claim that they'll deliver you from evil, but only *the Church of the SubGenius™* promises to deliver that evil directly to your door, and if the evil isn't there in 30 minutes, it's free. So, over a decade ago, I clasped this Church — and "Bob" — to my bosom, slapped a *GIVE ME SLACK™* bumper sticker on my car, and tried to live the kind of life you'd have to go to a drive-in theatre to see. I spent every penny on quality Church products, like the Shroud o' Turin Toilet Paper and the 50-foot velvet mural of Elvis' Last Supper for my den. I actively loathed the Pinks, and I *thought* that I had Slack. What a good little SubGenius I was — *HA!!* Little did I know, but on a Spiritual Evolutionary Chart, I didn't even rate a "You are here" squib. Compared to the average Pink, I was doing pretty damn good — but for a Sister of the Yeti, I was a pathetic mess. Until *she* came along.

Now, I'm no stranger to schizophrenic hallucinations (hey, aren't we all?), but let me tell you that nothing, *nothing* compares to the "fresh n' zesty brain-douched feeling" I've had ever since Connie has come *in*, and *on*, my life. Yes — Connie Dobbs, "Bob's" own Taras Vulva, the eternal sexoramic goddess, the B-girl with D-cups, the wet spill on Aisle 5 — *canna na samba de badoya*, "...yea, and Connie surged forth and *lo*, her gaze fell upon the face of the Earth, and *she sat on it.*" — *the Connienomicon*, 23:69.

She's the most Über of Überwomen. She's the higher-priced spread. Connie doesn't need sex — sex needs *Connie!* She's the Princess of Polymorphously Perverse Pansexuality. Connie is so slick, she makes Teflon look like Velcro. It took Connie to let me know that I *had* Slack, all right, but I wasn't *using* it.

A blazing lamé vision of Connie appeared to me suddenly last spring. I had my head in the kitchen sink taking the blessed Sacrament of the Connie's Flattering Fraud™ GeHenna Haircolor (Flames o' Hell Red #04Q2). Amazingly, I unknowingly replicated the arcane recipe for *Chili Con Connie* when I snuck up a glop of the burning mephitic chemicals into my third nostril, banged my head bloody on the faucet, and hit the wall switch for the Dispos-All unit *all at the same time.* (*I mean, what are the chances — ?*) As my entire body spun about scalpfirst like a drugged rat in a centrifuge, my cheap nylon panties began to whip up an electrostatic charge from the air friction, turning me, in effect, into a huge capacitor. White coruscating ripples of ectoplasm flashed between my outflung legs like a Kenneth Strickfaden effect and the ozone-drenched air stank like Ethel Rosenberg's last ride. Then SHE appeared. CONNIE.

WE USE PROMISES OF



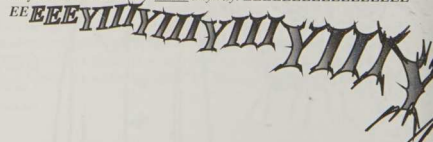
TO LURE CONVERTS!

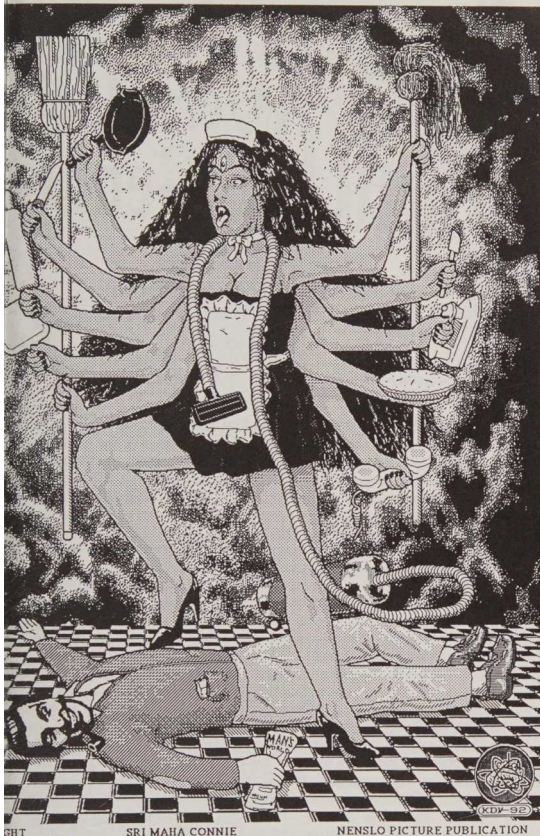


That ol' Devil Überbabe came a-snakin' up out of the drain in a mist of stardust and stale cologne like JFK-Y jelly splorted from a squeeze-tube, and *boy*, did she set my ass straight but good. "Floozie," she said in a voice that made my spine turn to macramé. "Without Slack, life is like a bowl of shit with the handle on the inside. Here you've got the potential for massive Slack, and your chances of really getting it are wearing as thin as Karen Carpenter in a vomitorium! Time's a-wastin', you dumb twat!" Then she told me that the only sin in this Church is the Sin of *Slacklessness*. I asked her, "Are you sure it's Sin?" Then Connie plugged her hard, hard drive into my cerebral cortex and gave me a taste of her philosophy. She told me things that "Bob" himself doesn't even know. She taught me how to plump myself up by my own brasspans. She showed me how to snort Slim-Fast through my third nostril, how to get UHF on my Dial-a-Lash, that autoeroticism doesn't necessarily mean doin' it in cars, and that Honesty is the best policy but Insanity is a better defense. She showed me she has a faith that's strong enough to sit on. I was sold — and so was my soul. "C-c-c-count me innnn, C-C-Connie!" I chortled, still spinning madly. "What do I have to do to join your merry band?"

"There's a small matter of some Church dues," Connie said as she rooted through my purse for drugs and cash. She then piled my home electronics and other valuables on the kitchen counter, miniaturized them with a torrid glare, and launched them down the drain with flicks of a red-varnished fingernail. "A 90-10 split of all your worldly possessions is customary. I assume that ten percent isn't too much to leave you with, is it?" I saw no reason to argue. "See ya — *around!*" Connie chortled and blew me a big sloppy wet kiss as she oozed down the drain like a gelatinous load of Überbaurus jizz.

The benefits were immediate. Thanks to Connie, I'm on a rampage now — I'm *Born-Again Bad!* I can come and go as I please, and right now I'm *coming!* I've got a *pelvic inflection* that won't quit! Baby, I'll show you *everything* — *except mercy!* This time I seize my own fucking Slack! *Give it up to me, peckerheads!* I deserve it and I'm taking it back from the pussy-lipped candy-assed Conspiracy Pink Boys because *I can use it better, anyway!* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE





GHIT SRI MAHA CONNIE NENSLO PICTURE PUBLICATION

"Every woman should have a merkin that makes her feel just like Connie."
 — Princess Wei "R" Doe, Q.o'A.U.F.O.



But that is just what the Conspiracy fears: women casting aside the false idols of shopping and frigidity in favor of Slack and OoZquirt! **Überfemmes ARISE!** Tear off the Barbie Doll mask they've stapled to your real face — your Yeti face. Undo the snaps and eyehooks that keep you from realizing your true abnormality potential! It's not enough to simply burn your undies! Why stop there? *Burn a few bridal boutiques, shopping malls, office buildings, churches and City Hall while you're at it!*

The Ultimate Release of Female Chauvinism and Decadence

"... for OUR women, the "girls" of the Church of the SubGenius, those who OWN us and guide our SPENDING, are unimaginably more POWERFUL and SEXIFUL than your pale, sickly, subservient bee-hive-haired SLAVES... the Sub-Genius women are GREAT and MUSCULAR, VIBRANT and HAIRY, and DEFIANT of those silly, reasonless hide-bound traditions which deny you the megagasms you COULD be experiencing under Dobbs. Whereas you are merely SEXIST, we are monosexual, omnisexual, preter-sexual, and alio-sexual..."

— Rev. Ivan Stang, Sermon 376, Hour of Slack #233

So, hold onto your SOULS, BOYS, 'cause The Sex Goddesses have landed! They're making a list and checking it *twice!* Connie's ever-swelling army of Amazons is PUTTIN' OUT AGAIN!! And that isn't like when NORMY-WORMY tramps "put out." *No sirmaam "ConnieBob!"* SubGenius Überfemmes are a NEW BREED. You never know when one might not turn around and PUT IN. But it's worth the suspense. WELL worth it.

Men Beware!
The Roving D-Cup of CONNIE is UPON You!

We just can't keep pretending anymore that "Bob" is the *only* one who wears the wadded PANTIES in the Dobbs household. In this church, men know exactly where they stand — they can TRUST the ladies to DOMINATE and BEAT them if they get out of line.

SubGenius feminism blows all other forms of feminism out of the water, because it's *so much more FEMININE*. We won't define what femininity is; it's whatever gives a gal Slack. In that respect, Connie's kind of women are SHE-WOMEN to the godzillionthth degree!!





LIES

BRAG of the Female SubGenius

by
**MAGISTRA
BATRIX/MAGUS
COYOTE**
EXCERPT*



(Channeled in a sexy contralto,
with interjected purrs, moans, sighs, etc.)

I'm the Infrared Woman! I've got the Beast of the Abyss between my legs! I make the Virgin Mary look like the Grand Canyon! You can run deep, but with me you can't run silent! I'll make you howl so loud, they'll be green-eyed on the Moon! The New Age was invented just for me - I wore the old one out! I shocked Aleister Crowley and made the last ten Popes give up their vows! Who do you think Sappho wrote all those poems to? I'm so goooood, I made the Great Stone Face come three times - and he doesn't even exist from the neck down! I make Linda Lovelace look like a store-window dummy with lockjaw! Come on and give me AIDS, baby - I'll recombine it with my own E. Coli plastids and turn it into venereal mescaline! I sweat nectar and menstruate ambrosia, I pee milk and honey, and I shit Cakes of Light! When I take off my clothes, fist-fights break out all over Mount Olympus! I've got more swing in my hips than the San Francisco earthquake! When I'm in heat, dogs, cats, wolves, bears, randy goats, 12-point bucks, pterodactyls, and swallow-tail butterflies come from miles around for a try at me! I do it with basilisks! Frodo beat the shit out of Dopey, Sneezey and Doc just so he could get into my flower garden! I never pay taxes - the government pays me to wear out the work force! I don't charge money for it, honey - I charge Slack! When they call me a bitch, I just bark right back at 'em! I created Time Control, darlin' - if you've got five minutes, I'll give you an Aeon of sheer ecstasy! Nuclear power plants hide in shame when I go by! I'm the reason Cuban Supermen were invented! I fucked the devil into Heaven, and Saint Peter into Hell! I took on the Flaming Sword of the Archangel Michael, and put it out! The Fightin' Jesus gave up fighting to have one more go with me! I made The Blob get hard as a rock, thick as a brick, and stiff as steel! You heard the Xists are coming? Well, I'm the reason. I'm so hot, I fart pure ambergris and piss champagne! I made the Bad "Bob" say "Please" and "Thank you!" I made an honest man out of Richard Nixon! I'm the reason Elvis is God! I blew the tops out of thermometers! I make taxi-meters run backwards! Come on up and see me sometime, sweetheart, and I'll show you a Naked Singularity! I put the "collapse" in collapsars! I give green stamps! I don't shave under my arms - I mow...when I don't braid! I left my nectar on the Washington Monument and douched with the Mississippi River! I don't catch crabs - I catch mountain lions!



NINA PALEY

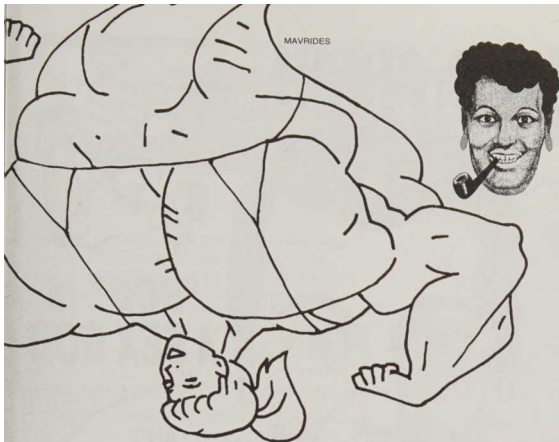


K.D.V.



LIES

* The original Brag was 123 pages long, but merchants would be arrested for selling this book were we to include any of the rest of it.



WINSTON SMITH

So **step aside**, all you slab-sided, prune-faced, whey-fleshed, dishrag-cunned, androphobic, **gynophobic**, **sarcephobic**, **biophobic**, paint-covered, latex-bound beehive-hairdo'ed, pinch-browed, antiseptic, chemical-stenched, stilt-heeled, pucker-butt'd **gunnysacks!** I fold, staple, spindle, and mutilate whole **bureaucracies!** I don't just holler and yell - I **break windows** and **shatter chandeliers** **twenty counties upwind** when I start feeling good! I have **Senators** for familiars! I don't have just the **Evil Eye**. I've got Evil in places you've never even **heard** of! I put the "Mo" in "Mojo" - and then **took it out** again! When I pass by, geldings turn back into stallions and **steers** go after **locomotives!** I'm the reason that being **bad** feels **sooooo goood...** I'm quadruple-jointed! I make octopi look **arthritic!** **Men pay** to catch **VD** from me! I don't get zits; I break out in **bon-bons** and **eclairs!** I leak **Elixir Vital** by the **gallon!** I straightened **Uri Geller's** tool with my **ESP**, and stroked off the **Dalai Lama** with one idle thought! When I bat my eyelashes, **monks** spew away their **last chances** at Heaven! **Nuns** and **junkies** give up their **habits** for me! I drove the **Whore of Babylon** out of business! **Astare** invented **aphrodisiacs** just to **keep up** with me! I am a mink in heat, I am a **Tyrannosaurus regina** on the **make**, I make **Jaws** look like a small-mouthed bass! A **Black Hole** is **convex** compared to me, and once you try me, you'll think the **Big Bang** is nothing but a **wet firecracker!** I **bend** in places where **most women** don't even **have** places! I am a walking, talking, strutting, balling **volcano!** I **pre-empted** Our Lady of **Fatima!** **UFOs** fight to see which one gets to have a **Close Encounter** with me! You think you're **Illuminated?** I make **thermo-nuclear** blasts look like the **inside** of a **darkroom!** The **Buddha** traded in **Nirvana** for me! I made **Dirac**, **Pauli** and **Einstein** **get physical!** They had to invent **non-Euclidean geometry** to describe my curves! Where do you think the camel got his **hump?** I'm the reason for the **billy-goat's Horn!** I'm the one who **fucks 'em** when they can't take a **joke** - and makes 'em **smile** again! I'm so weird, **Discordians** join the **Republican Party** in **sheer self-defense!** I'm the **Queen of Heaven**, the **Dark Lady of Space**, the **Lovely Black Star of the Sea!** I'm on **cave walls**, in the **Temple of Karnak**, on the **walls of Pompei** and the **Cathedral of Notre Dame!** I'm in the **Prescriptions!** **Jehovah-1** burns **incense** to me! I'm...



NED SONTAG



[film breaks]



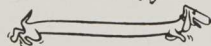
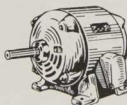
LIVE WITH YOUR SINS!!

LEARN TO MASTURBATE — without going blind!

Through "The Mastur-Bob's" amazing, patented techniques of **ASTROCHEMISTRY™**, and B.P. Wow's amazing **Tantric Devotional Technology™**, you will learn the real secret behind Magick and Freemasonry: **SEXHURT!™** ("Until It Feels So Good It Hurts") The restrained fury of **FORNICATION** can be rechanneled to release **HIDDEN ENERGIES** which allow **COMMUNICATION WITH "HIGHER INTELLIGENCES" FROM THE STARS**. Your **ORGOZMOMIC RADIATIONS** (aetheric fall-out from *any* sex *not* for procreation) will affect the genes of the Normals around you, causing *their* kids to be born **SubGeniuses!!** You now have not only a right, but a *duty*, to do *anything* you *want*, with *any* consenting partner — and we'll help you find at least one!⁷

Have INTERCOURSE With BEAUTIFUL LIVE NUDE WYMYN!!

— or damn near anything else!



PERFORM ASTRAL SEX WITH ANYONE YOU WANT!

FREE Blessing Cloth with Every **ORGASM**

⁷ When was the last time YOU had a GOOD EXCUSE to use the **FACE-FUCKING RAT SPERM ANTIDOTE PUDDING**. EH?? Well, if it's been more than five minutes, this is the church for you!

UN-BELIEV-ABLE!

**GROW SMALLER
FIRMER LARGER
BEAUTIFUL BREASTS**

(The Church applies directly to wound: no "digging." Strips cerebral circuit with E-Z one-handed operation.)

No MA'AM, you won't care
HOW dumb he is when you see
these INCREDIBLE results!

LIES

"IT'S NOT
PORNOGRAPHY,
OFFICER, IT'S
EMPOWERMENT!"



"BOB" IS A SEX GOD



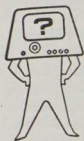
... AND
HE HAS COME
AND COME AGAIN
TO RATIONALIZE
YOUR **SINS!**

A PURER 'OOZQUIRT' THAN DRUGS, THE BIBLE, OR EVEN TV

Imagine! No danger of stained clothing. Truly invisible. Won't rustle. No more difficult de-spumming.

Name ONE OTHER RELIGION that can make **THESE CLAIMS!**

Only \$30 for info! Send to: "Bob," P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214



Our women are **SCREAMING** to meet you lonely lads and lassies. Our men are **DYING** to ravish you SubGenius gals n' guys.

WE HONESTLY DON'T CARE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE.

You'll be able to quit, or start, "doing it" in a matter of days.



P.M.



CHAPTER 5

MAN AND THE SUBGENIUS

THE NATURAL INFERIORITY OF THE PINK

LIES

"There are two kinds of people in the world: those who say, "There are two kinds of people in the world: those who say there are two kinds of people in the world, and *the other kind*," and those who *don't say*. Well, and then there's me."

— "Bob" during his mail fraud trial, 1978

"If you have a Pipe I will give you one; if you do not, I will take it away from you."

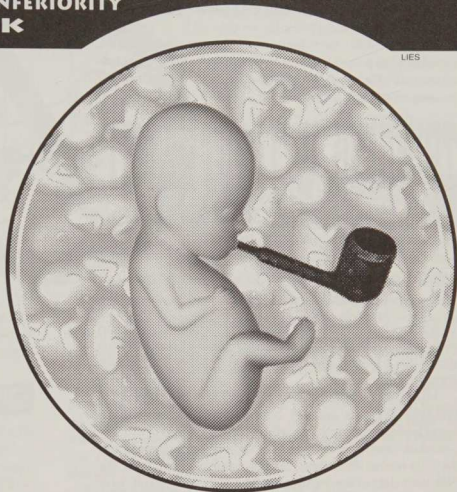
— "Bob" as Rasputin in BobCo's *The Evillest Monk*, 1959

"The only reason ANY SubGenius is still alive is that ALL Pinks are such *cringing, craven gutless wonders*."

— Pope Sternodox Keckhaver

"Forgive them first... and then kill them."

— Dobbs, 1954, radio broadcast on capital punishment, WFMU, East Orange, New Jersey



MAVRIDES

THE DIFFERENCE...

That's what we *are*, and that's what we make. SUBGENIUS ARE "DIFFERENT" in a way that makes sex, creed, mental health, taste and color inconsequential.

We've heard all the derogatory terms: "Bobbies," "Dobbsies," "PipeFaces," "SubMorons," "Sub-Humans," "Sub-Penises," etc. etc... Such insults usually stem from dunderheaded misreadings of the word *SubGenius* as meaning either "superintelligent" or "stupid." Actually, the word encompasses *almost any* I.Q. level.

We're not saying we're SMARTER than Normals.

We're saying we're *better*.

Only Pinks *measure* intelligence (and they generally use income as the yardstick). The SubGenius form of "intelligence" would be calibrated in units of *intangibles*.

We can't stress this enough: it's not that Normals are *unintelligent*, it's that they're HALF-THERE. The problem is not a *lack* of intelligence, but *nonsense* of it. It's like they're in a dream. "CHARACTERS" in somebody else's CARTOON WORLD. Things that we recognize as mere convenient mental CONSTRUCTS are TOTALLY REAL to the poor humans.

We see the bars of a cage they don't even know they're in, but to them we *look* crazy because our responses to that cage — including *what we're saying now* — CAN NOT MAKE SENSE TO THEM, and NEVER WILL.



We might as well be living on two different planets. (*If only!!*) True intelligence lies in knowing what you *don't* know. We know this — and that makes us twice as smart as the know-it-alls. That's our curse... the Curse of "Bob." They say ignorance is bliss, and they're right. When you're the only one in the crowd that knows the "showers" are really GAS CHAMBERS, it's hard to look forward to being "clean!"

Do you think it's *fun* to know something no one else knows, even when that something is the mass murder of billions, including yourself? We know. We know and yet, we cannot tell. Why? Because no one will listen.

THINKING WITHOUT A NET

SWAMI BHAGANANDA: "Are you not interested in discovering that which lies behind the Veil of Illusion?"

DOBBS: "HELL no! I'm interested in what's behind the veil of ORDINARY REALITY."

It is largely in the sense of PERSPECTIVE that the SubGenius is so much WORTHIER. This altered sense of perspective is almost like a psychic pressure valve, an organ of ESP like the Third Nostril.

MUNDANE, ORDINARY PERCEPTION IS A LACK OF PERSPECTIVE. In ordinary consciousness, the most trivial things become ulcerously stressful. Lost in the world of illusion, fixated on superficial fantasies like "the job," any interruption of the daily routine throws the Pink into a frenzy of paranoia. The Pink loses sight of the rich texture of the ALL, and frets all out of proportion over transitory setbacks and silly obstacles that exist only within its cramped, blinkered frame of reference.

The SubGenius, on the other hand, maintains an objective detachment and never loses sight of the magical *bullsh*t* which infuses every daily experience. For instance: a SubGenius suffers a blowout on the highway. While pulling off the road and watching out for other cars, *out of everything else that's happening*, she notices that the tire is flapping in PERFECT TIME to the BEAT of the MUSIC on the car radio.

The SubGenius benefits from a residual "racial memory" which can be REACHED BY CERTAIN PATHS, and USED as a kind of NEW SENSE.¹ Because it is a *new* sense, it cannot be described to Pinks or defined in any human language or system of symbols... but must be "*FELT THROUGH*" to be properly understood on even the most *basic level*. And only latent SubGenii have THAT capability, that sense of appreciation, of VALUES, which transcends prices, fashion, social status or even looks.

For example, while driving a car, the Pink may drive almost efficiently... he may look out for other cars on the road, maintain a reasonable speed, etc. He notes, processes and abstractly considers everything, except *the main situational position itself*. The single most pertinent aspect of "driving a car" never occurs to him: that he is *hurtling along at incredible speeds inside a flimsy tin can, driven by an unimaginably powerful engine fueled by flammable gas*.

The SubGenius is not distracted by the details and trivialities which obsess the Pink (such as minimum or maximum speed limits, lanes, etc.), and is thus *acutely aware* of its TRUE SITUATION. It is this very "dumbness" that ALLOWS the SubGenius to deal with the REAL REALITY. Recognizing the implausibility of even *dreaming* one could *control* an automobile under such insanely chaotic circumstances as TRAFFIC, the

SubGenius enters a state of "trance driving": closing the eyes, stepping on the gas, removing hands from wheel — and, yet, still arrives at the chosen destination safely, while the "alert" and "careful" human drivers manage to snuff themselves by the hundreds of thousands each year.

We not only see the forest for the trees, we even see that there is something in the world *besides* the forest.

Pinks cannot *imagine* Slack, cannot mentally reach out and *step beyond* the things they've been told... and so don't miss Slack. *This will be their downfall*. Our "driving" NEED for Slack FORCES us to constantly seek out and undergo TRULY MIND-DISCONNECTING EXPERIENCES. From this brave compulsion, we genetic stunmen develop an ability they can neither buy nor cultivate in themselves: the timid Pink civilization, afraid of the unknown, depends upon us to do its *discovering* for it.

The SubGenii not only feed on the Unknown, we CREATE NEW UNKNOWNNS FROM THE "WASTE" OF PREVIOUS UNKNOWNNS THAT HAVE "WORN OUT," and have become "knowns" suitable only for Pink consumption. Indeed, being *shocked* by the unknown is what we LIVE for. We are *xenophiliacs*. When we see something truly SHOCKING, actually *dusting* or *offensive*, we think: "I'm shocked... Praise Dobbs!! Something NEW!!"

To the Normals, anything "shocking" — such as most Dobbs-Approved Behavior Patterns — engenders not curiosity and stimulation, but abject fear. So lulled are they by the total life plan and mental routine they BOUGHT from the Conspiracy piece by habit-forming piece — *at 20% interest* — these Psychic Shyness Sufferers, or P-Shy, back deeper into their mental crowded holes rather than RISK confronting ANYTHING TRULY DIFFERENT.

We don't despise the Normals because they're DEFICIENT, *but because they're CHICKEN!!*

THE POWER OF [O]M[N]I[F]A[C]I[B]I[L]I[TY]

"He who has never failed somewhere,
that man can not be great."

— Herman Melville

"Pull off your pants
and roll in your mistakes."

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

Humans "normally" think *there's nothing really wrong*, and moreover that *there should be no "mistakes"*. The Adepts of Dobbs know that there are *nothing but mistakes*.

WE SCREW UP. In fact, we screw up GLORIOUSLY, FREQUENTLY... and PROUDLY. But the Pinks live in CONSTANT FEAR of screwing up — dooming them to an existence as mere bottom-feeding FOOD TUBES and passive MEDIA RECEPTACLES.

Rival cults that preach total goodness and perfection promulgate a false, DANGEROUS fantasy world. When their high priests slip up and show their true faces and desires, as did those Titans of legend, Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker, they are chastised. In their smug, self-deluding pride, they set goals that are not only impossible, but *unnecessary* and actually TOTALLY RIDICULOUS... and when they can't attain

¹ Most SubGenii are only now beginning to relearn how to use their vestigial Other Five Senses, those "tools" left in us as "time bombs" by the Xists. The methods can be taught only by "Bob," and only to SubGenii. The lessons aren't completely unaffordable, but they are dangerous.



these goals, they just get more FANATICAL, keeping themselves and their people strung out between constant alternating states of FALSE HAPPINESS and GUILT. MILLIONS do this to themselves because they think God is as big an asshole as they themselves are.

Jesus said to be like children. But... like 7th grade children? Cruel, gossiping liars and bullies that roam in packs and cliques, looking for weak and unsuspecting VICTIMS? If you're having the kind of fun that they can't experience, then you *must* be *sinning* — and in their eyes, *Slack is the ultimate sin.*

Funny... the Devil hates Slack, too.

We don't try to pretend we're PERFECT... or even that we're NOT utter ASSHOLES. For WE KNOW that "BOB" gives us a sacred EXCUSE. He doesn't need to *forgive* us because he doesn't *care*. He probably doesn't even *notice*.

Pinks naturally fear failure; their sense of self depends ENTIRELY on peer group opinion, whereas we could give an unlit poot what The Great Washed think of US. Simply that we DARE to SCREW UP grants us the indescribable, mountain-moving power to LEARN from indescribable, mountain-moving MISTAKES. Thus, a SubGenius has not only the right, but the OBLIGATION, to make severe and even *tragic* blunders.



HELLOPE HUEY

SubGenii have a greater capacity than any Normal for pleasure, and a correspondingly greater aversion to PAIN. Indeed, the *hate of the pain* is what drives us toward Slack. Because their *range of feeling* is limited, when Pinks see passion or imagination unleashed at the SubGenius pitch, it fills them with superstitious dread.

And yet, despite the general persecution, **SubGenii are held in awe by the Normals.** All those idiotic TV shows about "Real Incredible People" are nothing but parades of crazed SubGenii, hosted by smarmy, reassuringly normal Deep Pinks. They think we're *interesting*. You may have noticed that some Pinks act especially friendly towards you, and try to make personable conversation for no discernible reason. Don't be fooled. It's just so they can have something to tell their Normal friends over lunch. It's natural that the Pink be attracted to your glow like a moth to a flame... the problem is, when they burn themselves, they blame you.



By the same token, Normality has a perverse attraction for some SubGeniuses. Certain things, places and people are deliberate, conscious celebrations of the Normal ideal... and, while they repel, they yet hold a certain *repugnant fascination* for those who peer in upon Normality as through a dirty window... wanting, yet repulsed by, this gleaming toy. "Why don't I get to play with it, use it, and tear it up?" Many unsaved SubGeniuses succumb to the seductiveness of the Conspiracy Big Time... and not just for the money. Some of the most slobberingly adored idols of Pinkdom are latent, unsaved SubGeniuses. Where do you think the Conspiracy FINDS its stinking pop stars and "personalities?" But while Lust for Pure Slack should know no bounds, it must not be confused with Pure False Slack. The SubGenius who is worshipped by Pinks lives in a special kind of Hell.

Most SubGenii are willing to wait and bide, for we know that Time itself halts for us when we are In Slack, and that Fate carries us high above the reach of the Underlings. That, and the fact that "success Conspiracy style" is *JUST TOO MUCH WORK for TOO LITTLE PAYOFF.*

"MR. PERFECT" is a ZOMBIE

What's *hideously ironic* is that we who most APPRECIATE SLACK are *actually* the HARDEST WORKERS. It sounds incredibly... ludicrous. Crazy. But it's TRUE! Pinks, who ONLY care about money and status, are, contrary to popular belief, LAZIER than WE ARE! A SubGenius, once *forced* into an unpleasant situation such as employment, is usually GAME to GO THE DISTANCE IN STYLE, and, as a kind of *reverse screw-up*, actually *do the job better than the Conspiracy dupes would!* (Of course, this "job well done" might *later* be revealed as a completely destructive act of sabotage.)

It's always infuriating to see "nice" looking Pinks getting paid megabucks for doing what any moron *could* do, but doesn't want to have to dress up and kiss ass for. The fact is, just about any moron *could* indeed do it — and better. Being unfettered by megalomaniac concerns of grooming aids and ultimate lifestyle, the moron calls forth creative solutions to whatever problems lay at hand. SubGenii, if only to make themselves *feel superior*, are always looking for ways to improve things, to cut through the red tape, to force *thrills* from a chore in any way possible... to CUSTOMIZE everything around them.

Normals are much more comfortable with bland, *half-assed* work (and bland, half-assed relaxation, as well). They can't understand SLACK, because they can't understand REAL WORK (i.e., work one wants to do). The idea of *modifying* the world around them is an ALIEN concept to them. They'll modify things according to the *plan* of a SubGenius, but they never really initiate anything because of their crippling fear of *blame*. Pinks will go to the trouble of starting LYNCH MOBS *just to avoid admitting they might have been wrong in the first place.*



WHO ELSE WANTS SLACK

THE PRICE OF \$LACK

When Pinks are slackjawed, it's with bovinity and boredom. When we are slackjawed, it's with SLACK — SLAKED with FULLY SATURATED LUSTS.



"None are so blind as those who have no eyes."

— Dr. Philo Drummond, © 1°

ALL NORMALITY MUST BE CLEANSED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!!



IDENTIFYING THE TYPES OF NORMALS A Scientific Taxonomy

NORMALITY is what's *really* "aberrant," "unnatural," "diseased," and "evil." The terrifying thing is that whereas the Normals cannot become like us, we can *all too easily* become like them. It is literally *the next easiest thing in the world* to "go Pink." It usually pays better.

The human animal is much like any other. Give it the bare necessities, and it becomes depressed but complacent. Look at any zoo — cage after cage of animals, seemingly content with their confinement... cute, quiet and docile. The criminally insane Normals perceive this as "happiness." Actually, many animals do rebel, through suicide or aggression — but the violent are 'put down,' and the rest eventually stop struggling against their jailors and give up, sinking into a listless semi-catatonic state of insanity. It's the same with people; observe any human institution: the military, jail, schools, Congress, etc.

But at least the zoo animals were truly free *at one time!* At least they *rested* being captured in the first place! That's more than can be said for their human counterparts, who likewise are deprived of freedom each and every day, yet *voluntarily perform for the self-same jailors who keep them in chains!*

Worse yet, the humans **PAY** to be oppressed! They **VOTE** to be oppressed! They elect "new" masters every few years, and even give them *raises!* Evolution must surely be sliding backwards, muddballing back down a hill it couldn't conquer.

Who's worse, the animals in the zoo, or the domesticated human variety? If you're going to be a captive, you might as well be an unproductive and uncooperative prisoner, rather than a field slave. The Business Pinks claim, "*It's a jungle out there.*" Talk about *wishful thinking!* It's all a *cage* — one giant planet-wide cage. Some of it's landscaped and skyscraped, but most of it's concrete, glass and bars. Technically, the Pinks could walk away any time... but their blinkered



obedience forms the real prison bars. Powerless against the old shell game, the hard sell, the yearning to be in with "the right crowd," the Pinks gladly toil until death.

Deep in the heart of these behavioral metastructures hides their primary weakness, the rot in the missing center. How to ferret it out? How does one *spot a Pink* so as to SMITE OUT the Pinkness?

Old Pal's Postulate:

"It takes a lot of work to dig a deeper hole."

— Ol' Pal Irwin, Pope Chusid I

ARE PINKS "SQUARES"?

NO! That's what a lot of Bobbies think, but it is a dangerous false generalization. Many Pinks are anything BUT 'square.' The pose of fashionable iconoclast is very attractive to some of the most virulent Pinks. By the same token, many SubGeniuses may seem terribly 'square' to those selfsame Pinks, largely because they refuse to join any lemming-like fashion craze. The SubGenius may **APPEAR** 'normal,' and this appearance is all that registers with the Normals' abated perceptions. (This flaw in Pink perception is exactly what allows the SubGenius to literally get away with **MURDER!**)

Pinks are stereotypes, and you *can* pigeonhole them, but they come in every possible variety and combination of archetype, and crop up in any station in life. They can be bloodsucking bureaucrats who make sure it's *all* spent; rude clerks in stores who hate their jobs but take it out on you rather than the management; bank loan officers who cite "policy"; puritans who faint if a woman nurses her baby in public; insecure nerds out to ruin *everybody's day* — they can also be groovy New Age therapists, with *every* cyberpunk hackers, and witty, know-it-all P.I.B.² "SubGeniuses."

² P.I.B. = People In Black.



UNIVERSITY



DUPES vs. FALSE PROPHETS

There are two basic tribes of Them. The difference between them is much like the difference between robots and androids: robots *make* cars; androids drive them.

The "robots" are the great mass of Conspiracy **DUPES**, stumbling down Ether Street, clocking in, working the pipes; the "androids" are the **FALSE PROPHETS** who front the show. Dupes are sloe-eyed, bovine, foolishness and heavily normalized; False Prophets are *evil*.

Almost none of the Dupes, and only a handful of the False Prophets, even know that there *is* a Conspiracy, much less that they're accessories to the crime. But that doesn't make them any less guilty.

It's easy to assume that in battling the False Prophets one must look for *blatant* liars, hypocrites, and monsters. IF ONLY! More numerous than the Power Elite who make the news, and perhaps even more perfidious, are the **Minor False Prophets**.

For every Rev. Jerry Falwell, there are ten thousand "Little Falwells." For every Dr. Ruth, thousands of "Little Dr. Ruths." Likewise, there are "Little Jesse Helmses," "Little Shirley MacLaines," "Little Ivan Stangs," and *ad infinitum*. They aren't famous or powerful (yet), although they behave as if they were. Most are nobodies, and that's the primary reason for their agitation. They're the day-to-day yoyos whose bland obnoxiousness causes a nebulous irritation, those who act like bad actors playing assholes... and they're *good at that*, for the Minor False Prophets have great gifts of mimicry, **IMPECCABLY** imitating styles that no SubGenii, except the ones who *invented* them, would want to even *notice*.

They are expert at *play-acting intelligence*. Pinkness especially lends itself to the grim, concerned intellectual facade, the scrim of studied calm, the illusion of self-confidence, the fraudulent mellowness that is the product of blood and tears. Pink Prophets are *serious* about being "intellectual," always showing the proper canned, packaged and approved "maturity." We're supposed to mistake their haughty snickering and self-righteous snideness for *competency*.

This dignity and holier-than-thou attitude barely disguise such crippling insecurities, and personalities so vapid and trivial, that one can scarcely believe that the Pinks in question aren't consciously aware of their own asslessness! But their fellow Pinks are that credulous, and SubGeniuses too can utilize that pseudo-mysterious sham guruhood pose to hoodwink them. It's *too* easy. Just let your rude,

(Above) *The Last Sucker*. Gary Hughes. 1990. Wax, semen, hydrogen peroxide, titanium panel, 12' X 55'. L to R: Rev. Oral Roberts, Rev. Louis Farrakhan, Bhagwan Sri Rajneesh, Rev. Ivan Stang, Rev. Jim Bakker, Tammy Faye Bakker, J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, Charles Manson, Rev. Jerry Falwell, Rev. Jim Jones, Rev. Jimmy Swaggart, Pope John Paul II, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

humorless behavior **IMPLY** that you're brilliant. Don't actually **DO anything**. Speak in syrupy, trendy vagueness, and sprinkle your conversations with made-up, pretentious-sounding quotes. (It works for us.) But remember: your fellow SubGenii will *hate* you.

Some of the worst Minor False Prophets are the Pink Nonconformists, the **AFFECTED**, who pride themselves on the way they look and act because they can somehow look and act just like somebody else *without your being able to tell exactly who*. People who spend \$150 a week on haircuts, and stand in front of a mirror for five hours, to get that "I don't care what you think" look *just right*, gearing themselves up for that *prime moment* when they can be seen by everyone else "who's anybody," looking like they didn't really worry about it. You see them at clubs, cafes and galleries, trying to appear "critical" or "bored," evaluating somebody else's performance all night long.

And these "hipsters" always THINK their "SCENE" is **IMMUNE** from the corrosive **CONSPIRACY!** They have no sense of history — they can't escape the pattern. They all end up **BIG BABIES** at 35, *waddling culture crybabies* who could demand their "own" way only because it was covertly provided them **WHOLE** by their invisible owners. They can afford to "DO THEIR OWN THING" because everybody around them is **DOING THE SAME THING**.

But eventually will come the solitary moments in front of their bathroom mirrors when their facades finally become terrifyingly transparent even to them, and their souls will duck even further out of sight to avoid seeing the lizards they have become. Even **THEN** — *even when they see the harsh, naked light of narconormality* — they'll **PINK OUT**. Instead of steadfastly *blowing their fucking brains out*, they'll swallow a couple of Valiums and enroll in a 12-Step program. For behind the master's degree and disco suntan lies a caged chimp masturbating blindly in a pool of its own diseased saliva.

In the SubGenii, too, lie caged chimps masturbating blindly in pools of our own saliva, but we smear the musky secretions *all over ourselves* and wear our damp hairy pelts **PROUDLY, NOBLY**, into shopping malls and office buildings.

AIEEEE!!!

LISTEN**LITTLE PINK!**

Reverend Doktor Onan Canobite

Listen, little Pink!

Little Pink, little normal worm, you didn't hire me last time I blessed you with a resumé. Now I'm back to buy your company and close it down, demolish it, pave over the ruins and forbid anyone to approach the site for ten thousand years. And you, little Pink boss, you

who spent on yourself the money I earned for you — I see you now exactly where you were last year,

and where you will be ten years hence. You must flaunt

your petty powers over your workers because you know deep

inside, little Pink boss, that you are as replaceable and powerless as

you tried to make me feel. It didn't work, little Pink boss, because I

never believed you — and when you weren't looking, I fed my friends for free, took things

home I didn't even need, and ran up your phone bills! I won't be

working for you any more, little Pink!

Little Pink teacher, I fell asleep in your classroom. I could tell you were lying to me. It doesn't matter if you were perpetuating the lies to get by, or believed what you said. Consider every 'F' on my report cards a slap in your face. You'll *never* teach me. You'll *never* know what I know, you *can't* learn what I've known *all my life*. YOU know that what is expected of you isn't much different than the job of a prison guard, except you're not paid as well. How does that make you feel, little Pink teacher? We both know you're going to burn out some day very soon, but the question is: how long can you *hide* it? My jaded SubGenius eye saw through you right away and could not be turned from its true vision. I spent your history class reading science fiction, and got *more* out of it that could be applied to *real* life. I made a big mess in your art class, and you thought it was a masterpiece. I spent your study hall and detention time educating myself for *your downfall*, little Pink, and the time of reckoning is fast approaching.

Little Pink, I gave you the opportunity to cross-bond with a true and noble Child of the Yeti, to experience realms of sekhurt you couldn't buy in the Mall, *with big red straps*, and you laughed in my face. Sad little Pink, who would have you now?... now that you're a little older, a little less "picky" in who might endure your normalcy, a little afraid of what you passed by when you refused my mutant passion. You decided that how you looked to others was more important than what you felt inside. Now your inner voice is dead, and the decay is spreading from the center outwards. Soon you will be ugly, ugly as you thought I was but for *real*. Eventually you will find a mate among your kind, spawn stunted reproductions of yourself and pass on to eternity unremembered and unmourned. *All because you wouldn't go out with me.*

And you, the little Pinks who have called themselves SubGenii... you've been contradicting official scriptures for a while now, haven't you? You point weakly to Pamphlet #1 and say that, bulldadaistically, your Dobbsma is just as "real" as ours.

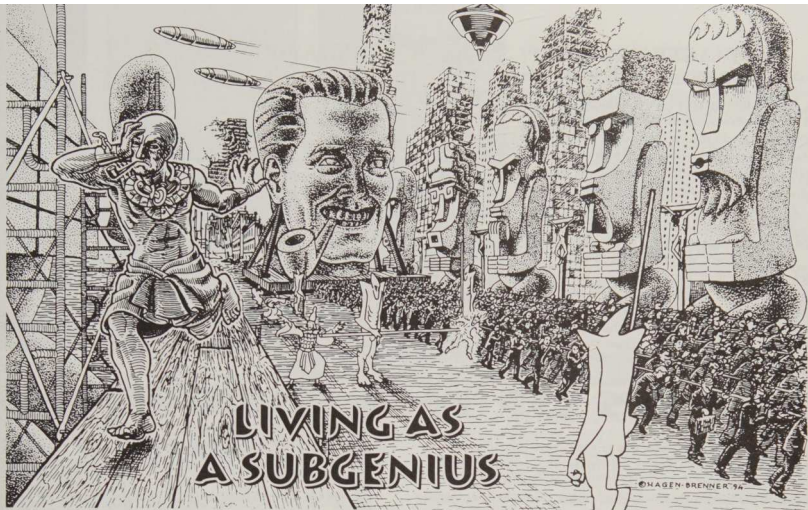
In that case, where's your Book?

Where are your millions, your radio show, your groupies?

No, my sad little friend, you've been fooling yourself — but you haven't been fooling us. We've been laughing at you, cashing your checks, passing on your address to the Con (that sort of "double-dipping" seems "wrong" only to those who didn't think of it first). Your kind is weak and brittle, like twigs, but you may yet be of use to us in igniting a mighty fire to burn your Conspiracy masters from the halls of Our Temple.

**If you want a picture of the future ,
imagine a pipe smoking in a human face , forever .**





“Bob’s” true servant refuses to worship a false image set up by the Conspiracy.

What would you do?

The answer should be simple. Simply APPEAR to worship the false idol. LAUGH at it in your mind and out the side of your mouth to any fellow secret sinners. SubGenii are allowed, even encouraged to bow down before *any* idol, if that is part of their Path of Least Resistance. Let Bobbies be the martyrs.

SubGeniuses must be chameleons, ready to don at a moment’s notice the Disguise of the Normal. They will endure the Polyester of the Pink, if that is what’s required in order to earn their daily bread and grab a little Slack for whatever awful things they do at night.

If “Dr. Jekyll” is not allowed to surface on *some* rare occasions, “Mr. Hyde” will be *captured!*

Some so-called SubGenii never for an instant cease to project contrived “hate,” indiscriminately despising everything “Normal” — but that’s just another way of ignoring the vagaries of life in favor of an escapist formula. It only proves they ARE Normals, because they haven’t caught on yet that by definition, *half of what they call “Normal” is actually STRANGER than THEM — they just don’t “get” its strangeness, because they can’t tell the difference between Bull-dada, stupid and “camp.”*

YOU CAN’T HIDE FROM NORMALITY

The last thing Dobbs wants you to do is love your enemy, but YOU **MUST KNOW HIM**. What are you afraid of? Is your faith so WEAK that you fear you might be TEMPTED into NORMALITY?? EH??

If you associate *only* with other “characters,” you tend to lose perspective and thus hate the Pinks *inappropriately*. When one is FORCED as a last resort to work at a Conspiracy day job, side by side with norm-worms, the *world almost makes sense*. The reason everything is so **fucked** is right there in front of you, day in and day out. You don’t have to SUSPECT that you’re better than the Normals, like the hermit or psycho must; you can KNOW FOR SURE you’re better, because the evidence confronts you daily. The *one* thing that can be

said for the job is that at least there, your hate is not *wasted*. In some cases, jobs efficiently *focus* one’s hate — allowing it to be more accurately and wisely aimed, and more *deadly* in effect.

TO FOOL THE PINK

“It is necessary that the Prince should know how to color his nature well, and how to be a hypocrite and dissembler, for men are so simple and yield so much to immediate necessity, that the deceiver never lacks dupes.”

— Machiavelli

There are Bobbies so lost in their own little worlds that they actually think a SubGenius has to *look* a certain way!

A SubGenius *only* has to look like it isn’t *fooled* by appearances. To go around *looking* normal is not a “sin” in this Church. Rather it is a sin to *mistake the cover for the book*.

The SubGenius must be adept at camouflage and master all the variations of **The Masks of Insanity**. Assume whatever guise is necessary to fool the Pinks who think you’re serving them. It takes a keen perception to pinpoint just what will make them think you’re catering to their every whim, while actually taking them for all they’re worth. Express exactly enough abnormality to *appear* up-front and honest, just enough eccentricity that they think you’re *not hiding* anything or being sycophantic. Then, infiltrate deeper and deeper into the Conspiracy, until you have taken over the company and replaced all the Robot-Worms with SubGenii. The thrill of the masquerade, the maintenance of a Secret Identity, can itself be a primary source of Slack on the job. More importantly, you might become The Rich SubGenius — the rarest but potentially most important being on the planet.

“For LO, THEY can know not which is the SubGenius. Elusive is his nature and slippery his brains; for they are Loosen’d, and slide from the grasps of the Kings and AdMin.”

— Prescriptions 9:9:9:14

FERRETING OUT YOUR FELLOW SUBGENII

Say you meet someone you *think* might be of the Blood, but shows disturbing tendencies toward Pinkness. How do you *tell*? How do you determine whether the residual assoulism (which afflicts every SubGenius) is a permanent condition, or temporary, due to drink, abstinence, adolescence, etc.?

How does one avoid Pinks, and locate SubGenii?

There are no easy answers, PRAISE DOBBS! The important thing is, *it takes one to know one.*

JHVH-1 knows, we in the Church aren't perfect, nor all cut of the same mold; given one SubGenius, there's sure to be at least one other SubGenius born to piss the first one off — and yet they are both true SubGenii. Somehow "Bob" has shown a path that can be taken by EVERY SubGenius.



PHOTO (L TO R): PUZZLING EVIDENCE, PUZZLING EVIDENCE, CARL TRALLA

TRAITS OF THE SUBGENIUS

There are certain qualities that *in some cases* may indicate Yeti descent. Most SubGenii display few *visible* distinguishing characteristics, but have eyes at the *backs* of their heads or weird initiation tattoos in the hidden creases of their bodies. Some have no magic powers at all, while others *involuntarily* bend all Knives, forks and spoons within a three foot radius by rampant PK. Some have never seen anything weirder than their own reflection in a mirror, while others are followed around by disc-shaped clouds all day.

Shy Egomaniacs

There is one dependable attribute, rarely missing from any true SubGenius: a *virtually bottomless ego*. The SubGenius ego is its most coveted possession; it is even that which does the coveting.

SubGeniuses find it easier to deal with the *equally conceited*. Those who are ridiculously sure of themselves (as opposed to those who ACT as hard as they CAN like they're sure of themselves) *don't play mind games* — they're ALL mind game. They don't have to take themselves too seriously, like Normals do. Since, on the sliding Dobbsian value scale, it matters NOT ONE WHIT whether their works are "good" or "bad," they just assume that everything they do is truly *Great* — though perhaps beyond the ken of others.

This philosophy keeps a person out of the claws of psychiatrists.³ Despite the woes and tribulations of a world which at times seems to be composed entirely of assholes, we remain unutterably convinced of our own Greatness and total superiority over our shabby surroundings. *Did we not believe in our own Greatness, we would surely be like The Others.* Our Greatness is proof of itself; the fact that someone so Great believes it, *proves* that it must be true. Thus we may be as poverty-

stricken as the anonymous Po'bucksers next door, and even appear to be of their number... yet we know in our silent Greatness that we transcend that lesser world entirely.

We are too Great to indulge the sin of pride — unless we *wish* to; our predominant virtue is the vast, unbounded breadth of our *humility*. But where we are Greatest of all is in our generosity.

Therefore, we insist that *you are even Greater than any of us*. That is the Dispensation of Dobbs and his Apostles. If all shared the secret assurance that *they alone* were truly the Greatest, the world would be a far more peaceful place. Everyone would *patiently tolerate* each other, just as one abides a playful but clumsy puppy.

We could go on like this forever, and we would not be bored. And even if *you were*, we would not care. Our egos are so huge, yet simultaneously so tiny, that they become as microcosm and macrocosm, encompassing all Creation, pumped up to such size that they *thin out*, become transparent, getting fainter and fainter until they are so delicate that their atoms pass between the atoms of the Universe and finally MERGE with them. One might as well try to insult a *tree* as insult a SubGenius.

The ones to avoid are those with merely *LARGE* egos, for these require constant, copious feeding. They seek proof of their Greatness by "demanding respect." Whereas we are so naturally Great that we could take or leave Greatness, and can forgive its lack in others, those who *desperately need to prove they're Great* have to legitimize their existences by making a big deal out of how *serious* they are — or else how *SILLY* (as opposed to humorous). Indeed, the degree to which one can't take a joke directly correlates with one's level of general incompetency.

PHOTO (L TO R): PUZZLING EVIDENCE, LIES, BETH HERZHAFT, PUZZLING EVIDENCE



—UP—
THE CHAIN
OF COMMAND

—DOWN—
THE CHAIN
OF COMMAND



DEALING WITH EVIL PINK CO-WORKERS

Paradoxically, SubGeniuses LIKE to work — at what they like — and, ironically, are often the hardest workers on the team, even when the task is to *not* work. They put things off, but then *overdo* the job at the last minute. They loaf every chance they can get, and are always late, but in the long run they get everything done that was worth doing.

Some Pinks make fine co-slaves. Pinks with *no* egos, or *regular* sized egos, can be a dream to work with; some even instinctively mock their own frailties and foibles.

But then there are those Pinks with egos slightly larger than they themselves are, who are lazy, unpleasant and incompetent, yet think they are somehow 'above' the work. They're "destined for a higher niche," and it's so far beneath them to be working there in the shop with you that they see no point in doing their jobs adequately, if at all. These Evil Pink Co-Workers, whose every statement is some kind of transparent ploy, are so incapable of honesty that the best way to intimidate them is to be *completely honest and sincere*. It's like confronting them with a five-headed baby — they don't know how to deal with it. It's outside of their existence. They act like a monkey who's been handed an algebra book. All they can do is gnaw on it, pee on it, get frustrated and screech at it. It's a fun trick to play on them. (Note: Sincerity and honesty are NOT recommended for use on Evil PINK BOSSES.)

OCCASIONAL TRAITS OF SOME SUBGENIUSES

- The SubGenius tends to be either the kind of person who can do *one thing perfectly*, but *nothing else at all*, or else the kind who can do a little bit of everything, but *none* of it well enough to make a *buck*.

- SubGenii mature slowly, having been intended for a life-span of 250 to 400 years. They may reach spiritual puberty as late as age 80.

- SubGenii tend to blow their paychecks on insignificant and idiotic pursuits, entertaining themselves but confusing the Credit Heads' systems.

- While Pinks *aren't* really like their favorite characters on TV, but only **TRY** to be, **SOME SUBGENIUSES ARE UNCANNILY LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A DUMB SITCOM**, while trying **NOT** to be.

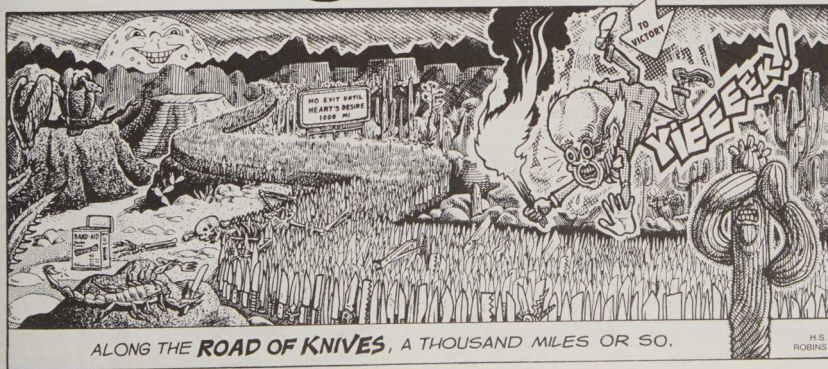
- Aesthetically, SubGenii tend to gravitate toward that which is *overembellished* — works of baroque complexity that cannot be comprehended in only one sitting, such as wrestling.

- Some are drug addicts. Most eventually get *so high* on *so many* drugs that *none work anymore*, so they quit the drugs and get high on life — sometimes, *so high* on life that it is *worse* than the drugs, and they must enter the Dobbstown 12-Step Program for withdrawal.

- SubGeniuses are usually profoundly disappointed at the way things *turned out*, and disgusted with humanity in general. But they *still* have its best interests in mind in attempting to destroy civilization. They possess **WILD, UNFLAGGING, and INDEFINITE** belief in The Nameless Mission, and nothing will stay them from their course.



³ We hate using Freudian terms for things that are so alien from Freudian thinking.



ALONG THE **ROAD OF KNIVES**, A THOUSAND MILES OR SO.

SubGenii are spiritual Gypsies, discovering new Short Duration Personal Saviors constantly and forcing them down the throats of other SubGenii. Their philosophical journey will take them in and out of many religions and sciences. One day they may be undergoing Water Baptism at the good ol' white-washed rural church, and the next night drinking goat's blood at a black mass for L. Ron Hubbard.

But all the while, they know it was not the Baptist church that saved them, it was not the Scientology church, it was not the Unification church, NOR WAS IT EVEN THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS that saved them... but it was "BOB" and "BOB" ALONE!! It was HE who walked that hot pavement, sweat streaming down his face, his necktie too tight, his briefcase too heavy, that whosoever believeth in HIM — not the SUBGENIUS CHURCH — in HIM, whosoever believeth in "BOB" should not go broke, and would have everlasting Slack.



GIBBOAFRIAN

J.R. "BWAYNE" DOTZ JR.

"I hate them Sub-guys.
They said I was
a dumb-ass."
— some dumb-ass

Many are those who are informed, educated, and "sophisticated," but *stupid* — that is, they *know* much, but can do little with the knowledge. Contrarily, others may possess incisive intelligence and vast creativity, but languish in abject ignorance of the world around them.

Then there are those *both* stupid AND ignorant. These are the *Po' buckers*.⁴

"Po' bucker" generally means either a Normal or a Latent SubGenius of *low values*, one for whom *nothing* holds quite enough value to justify the effort necessary to preserve it. Po' buckers aren't always poor, but they're always "trash." There are many a *rich* Po' bucker. Moreover, many SubGenii — perhaps most SubGenii — are at least *part* Po' bucker.

Many Po' buckers are *latent SubGeniuses so ignorant that they want to be Pink*. The most abject of Conspiracy slaves, they ironically despise their one road to salvation — the SubGenii, the only other people who *might* accept them — while burning up their meager savings trying to join a species they fully understand, but which *shudders* at the sight of *their front yards alone*.

They are the SubGenii whose potential Greatness lies not in their works, but in their SLACK.

GENIUSES

The horror of their situation drives many geniuses "crazy." Some of them turn to drugs, which coat, harden and dull their minds until they've lowered themselves a couple of notches down to the more manageable SubGenius level. The Church is full of geniuses desperately trying to become SubGeniuses, or kidding themselves that they are. But the only thing that can allow a genius to be *truly* saved is brain damage.

⁴ The term is a corruption of the African *bucker* or *buckra*, meaning boogie man, demon, or white man. Some African slaves called white people *bookals*, and "white trash" were Poor Buckra, or *Po' buckers* — the lowest of the low, poor wretches destined for the bog wallor without any real excuse. The term *Po' bucker* is now contractually inclusive.

WE ARE MORE
THAN JUST
OYSTERS!!



H.S. POHNS

ON THE NATURE OF THE PO'BUCKER

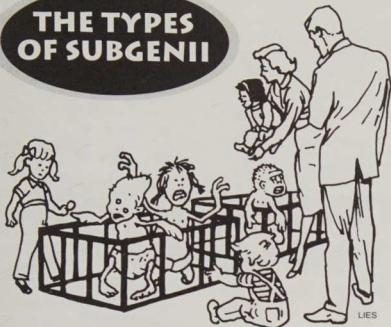


K.O.V.

The SubGenius Foundation supports the right to free expression of personal opinion, regardless of content.



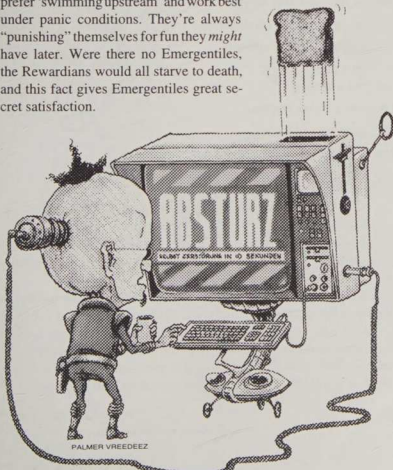
THE TYPES OF SUBGENII



ALL SubGeniuses fall into one of two primary behavioral categories: **REWARDIAN** or **EMERGENTILE**. All Rewardians, however, bear Emergentile traits to *some* degree, and vice versa.

REWARDIANS seek timelessly to reward themselves for things they are "about to do" by piddling in pure Slack Abuse, 'getting by' with as little effort and as well-greased mistakes as possible on the Path of Least Resistance. No longer interested in the Be-Here-Now, they prefer the "Be-There-Later." Often misconstrued as a totally unconstructive, slothful lifestyle, Rewardianism is actually a Holy Quest for the sacred principle of **Something for Nothing**. Rewardians strive (not very hard) to become perpetual motion machines, fueled only by the welfare of the Pink World — which is to them but a phantasm, a mere illusion in this vale of nonexistent material things. If nothing else, they at least become expert Floorsleepers and Tubemasters. A rich or industrious spouse is a welcome partner on this sacred road.

EMERGENTILES, on the other hand (the left, symbolically), follow the 'yoga' of the Anarchocapitalist. They thrive on emergencies and make sure that their lives are filled with them. They prefer 'swimming upstream' and work best under panic conditions. They're always "punishing" themselves for fun they *might* have later. Were there no Emergentiles, the Rewardians would all starve to death, and this fact gives Emergentiles great secret satisfaction.



SYMPTOMS OF THE SUBGENIUS

There are certain distinguishing characteristics much more common to SubGenii than to Normals. SubGenius Behavior Patterns are often (but not always, of course) punctuated with involuntary vocalizations and gestures that have long been misconstrued as neurological disorders, which they are not. Most of these characteristics are the result of vestigial Yeti musculature trying to flex and express itself.

These may include seemingly inappropriate shoulder shrugging, bizarre facial expressions, repeated throat clearing and coughing, grunting, barking and shrieking. Some SubGenii may experience palilalia and coprolalia, pyroflatulation, telekinetic metal-bending, and multiple priapism.

Also, what might accurately be described as 'nymphomania' or 'satyriasis' in humans is, in a SubGenius, a perfectly natural response to other SubGeniuses. Only when *humans* are used does it become a perversion (technically, bestiality).

NON-PRACTICING SUBGENII: LATENT, BLATANT, RENEGADES AND ROGUES

LATENT SUBGENII are caterpillars stuck in cocoons. The SubGeniocity is uncultivated, but relentlessly **there**. 99.4% of Earth's SubGeniuses fall into this category. Only one simple thing will be required to push these countless millions over to "Bob": knowledge of his existence.

RENEGADE SUBGENII are those who joined the Church and then took it out into 'left field': the radical sects, weird schisms, and super-zealots. Renegades **ALSO** include those who indulge in extremely SubGeniuse practices without knowing what they are doing, or while calling it by some other name.

ROGUE SUBGENII are Latent SubGenii who repressed themselves until they hit fusion point, and then went *too far*.

The people at the **TOP**, the **REAL** top, of the Conspiracy are Rogue SubGeniuses who were seduced over to the expediency of the Conspiracy, the Dark Side of the Farce. The Conspiracy **IS** more **DIRECT**, and they can't wait for the Way of Dobbs to evolve in its sloppy way; they want to give things a push.

The True SubGenius, on the other hand, knows better. Following the Path of Least Resistance with Zen-like sloth, exercising true Time Control, we are more like the Pygmies who stand unmoving with their bows cocked for hours at a time, chewing on little amphetamine-nuts, so that when the rogue elephant finally does walk around the corner, **WHAP** — the perfect shot, right in that vital spot just above the right testicle... the poison on the arrowhead instantly paralyzes the heart, and the elephant falls painlessly, a month's victuals for the whole tribe. That is the SubGenius way — as opposed to the Conspiracy way, which requires radar, 9mm cannons, helicopters and smart bombs, and blows *every elephant on the planet* into so many pieces that future elephants can't even be *cloned from frozen cell samples* — much less used as umbrella stands, carved geegaws or Pygmy food.





It's hard to know who to trust...



LIES



LIES



H.S. ROBINS

THE PINK hopes for a miracle after everything else has failed;
THE SUBGENIUS demands a miracle before anything else has been tried.

THE PINK respects those who are "superior" to him,
and tries to learn something from them;

THE SUBGENIUS resents those who are "superior" to him,
and tries to teach them a thing or two.

THE PINK 'paces' herself;

THE SUBGENIUS has only two speeds: hysterical and lethargic.⁵

THE PINK feels he is building up credit for the future;

THE SUBGENIUS feels cheated if he gives one iota more than he gets.

THE PINK tries to assume more authority than her character can handle;

THE SUBGENIUS recognizes that the only authority is "Bob's" authority.

THE PINK may not want to hurt people intentionally,
but does so constantly, without even knowing it;

THE SUBGENIUS hurts people only to serve a higher purpose.

THE PINK thinks there are rules for winning and losing;

THE SUBGENIUS knows that every rule in the book WILL be broken, except this one.⁶

Pituiterritorial Landscapes

At every step of Life, there is a Crossroads. One way lies Serenity; the other way, Confusion.

The true SubGenius opts for Confusion every time.

For in the Church, we accept *everything* we see, hear and read, UNQUESTIONINGLY, no matter how mutually contradictory it all may be. That becomes downright scary when you consider Dobbs' Third Aphorism: "Everything you know is right." (Unless, that is, you disprove it yourself.)

Balancing that is our innate talent for *selective listening*. Even as early as kindergarten, when lies enter the ears of SubGenius children, their brainpans automatically divert the bullshit into the mental trash compactor, and they start thinking about something else: soft round things, or dinosaurs, or guns, or chopping the adults to pieces with a metal-edged ruler. By 7th grade, they're thinking in terms of army tanks and bazookas... by 10th grade, nuclear weapons. By 26, only "Bob." By 30, nothing. It is the rare SubGenius who doesn't at some point in youth entertain the notion of becoming dictator of the world and then destroying it. It's probably a good thing that most SubGenies are Rewardians rather than Emergenties.



H.S. ROBINS

⁵ STANG focuses, CONNIE sprays.

⁶ Mutated from *Dad's New Slackers* (Michael Townsend).

To SubGenii, the very ideas of peace, love and understanding are grotesquely, horribly funny... because they're weirder, stranger, *more unusual* than even this Church.

While *everyone* is happy to donate lip service, the *practice* of such concepts is REALLY DISCONCERTING to HUMANS, who've resigned themselves to the crimes of humanity.

But we must keep in mind that most of the world's Yetinsyn are still in "hibernation," ignorant of their destiny... and *many rude awakenings* are in store. Helping the unsaved SubGenii to identify themselves as a separate, older species remains an outreach priority. But, even if they never learn of the Church and their heritage, those who "see" the underside of things, and reject the socialized nausea of this world, will continue to be born, and do the work of Dobbs *unwittingly*.

The greatest weapon against the Pinks is right there. It is only a "seed"... but "*a mighty Clench from every dot shall grow.*"

Praise "Bob," the Normals are digging their own mass grave. They are like SLAVER ANTS, which steal the pupae of other ants, or *breed* them, and train them to harvest food. The catch is, the slaver species has been dependent on the slaves for so long that they've lost the ability to feed themselves, and cannot exist *without* the slaves. Similarly, human society couldn't function for a DAY without us around to point out, or be the butt of, or get the blame for, *their mistakes*.

That they take us for granted...

this shall be **THEIR VERY UNDOING!!**

The *new* leap forward in human evolution shall be toward a kind of divine "intelligence in repose," a completely unambitious intelligence that is used *ONLY* for FUN. Its primal behavior patterns will appear, to humans, to be completely back-ass-wards. The evolved beings will *appear* to be misfits, bums, street crazies, bag people, chronic unemployables, the feeble-minded — nerds, geeks, kooks, drifters, eccentrics, failed artists, winos, procrastinators, visionaries.

We are definitely aiming for an elite, an *accidental* elite, most of whom will *never know* they are the *mirror image* of the Conspiracy, who, entirely by accident, by being selfish and cruel and thinking only of their own pleasure, have become pure and holy GODLIKE BEINGS whose mere farts have blown us up the evolutionary scale, whose lies and crude jests have become the world's major religions, who... something.



NICK SMITH / LIES

"I think, therefore I'm going to have breakfast."

— Charles Fort

"People *laughed* at me as a prophet. But many of the people who laughed at me yesterday are not laughing quite so *loudly* today. And many of the people who are still laughing at me today, perhaps will not be laughing at me quite so loudly tomorrow.

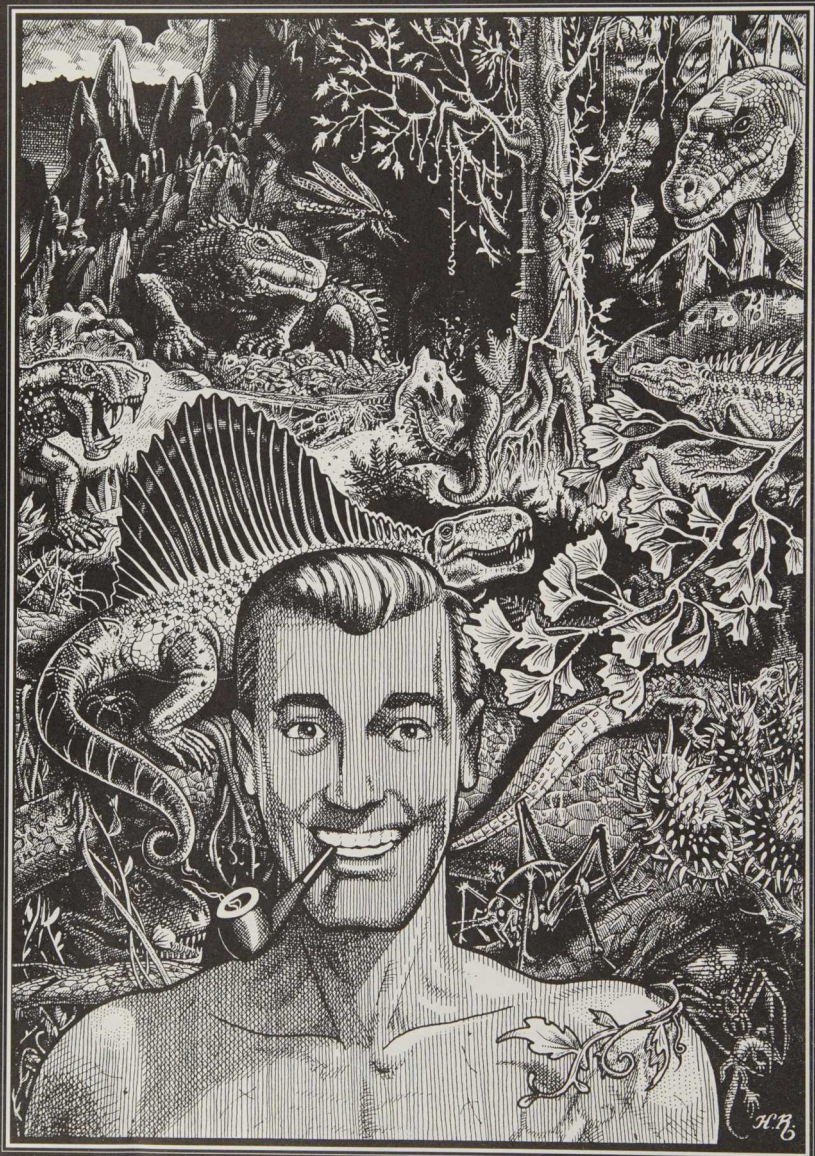
"When I was the skinniest person in Ninth Grade, many people chose to laugh at me. However, when I attended the *funerals* of these same men, I found that the *air itself* was burst by a *Yetinsyn* *chorale* of *mocking, braying, sneering laughter*. He who is buried last, *laughs best*.

"They used to push me and shove me around. But when "Bob" Dobbs comes into power, I will push and shove *them* around, in *boxcars*. People used to smile at me and point —and they are *still* smiling, for their flesh is rotting back, revealing the teeth of the skull. There are no frowning corpses! Yes, *they're still smiling...* the only difference is that *now*, I am smiling *with* them!"

— Sgt. Janor Kuersteiner



WINSTON SMITH





CHAPTER 6

BIRTH OF THE TRUE BEAUTANTS

"Look, either we all come from monkeys or we're supposed to be like this, and I don't like it either way."

— Rev. Dr. Chris Gross



A CHARMING CREATION MYTH

This story is told by the Dzugarian Snow-People of Tibet, descendants of the original Yeti, the true "Adam" of the Bible — those Giants in the Earth created by gods and monkeys and the communion thereof, who founded great Mutantis in Antiquitum, the Motherland of Man.

ལྷོང་འད་གི་མིག་འཚོ་འཕྲིན་ལ་བལ་དེ་འཕྲན་ཅིག་།

At first there was no Universe, only G'BroagFran, who straddled the backs of four gigantic, multidimensional elephants, who stood on the back of an even more gigantic toad, which in turn was standing atop another toad, and below that it was toads all the way down. But all these were comprised of Nothing. After 100 billion years, G'BroagFran finally made Something from this all-inclusive Nothing: a simple Universe composed only of cosmic Fire and cosmic Ice. These primordial opposites were then formed into huge balls by the Great Dung Beetle and rolled against each other. When they clashed, the explosion produced the Aether, some of which the Great Dung Beetle gathered together and painstakingly rolled up into all the tiny atoms in the Universe. Then it rolled all the atoms together to form stars and planets. The Great Dung Beetle chose certain of the planets, and rolled magical ingredients together on them, turning the planets into females and their atmospheres into males. Our planet was one of these. The sky was a shell of solid ice 20 miles thick that sheltered the world from deadly cosmic rays. The Earth was one pure lake, covered with bullrushes. But the sky was lonely, and so it came down upon the Earth and mated with her, producing all the plants and animals.

There was a great battle in space between G'BroagFran and The Nether-"Bob." G'BroagFran slew The Nether-"Bob," and made the Great Dung Beetle to roll together his phlegm, bile, cancer and feces to form the first Man. Then he fashioned a Wo-Man out of rattlesnakes and tarantulas. Both of them were giants, covered with beautiful hair, and they could live for a million years.¹

The Great Dung Beetle had made Man and Wo-Man as two different creatures at first, able to procreate without sex, by budding. But G'BroagFran saw them and felt pity, and made them to come together; and when the Root of Man-man was sunk into the Crevasse of Wo-Man-woman, that was the "Tree of Knowledge." When the new people had produced many children and grandchildren, and there were villages, they began to fight each other all the time. In those days there were many Elder Gods, or Drottars, and they liked to come to Earth, to watch the Earth people with amusement.

One of the gods, Odin, came to Earth in the guise of a one-eyed black Mastodon, and made love to an Earth woman, who bore him a beloved son, Pipe-Maker the Beautiful, the First "Bob." His kindly and jocular spirit brought joy to the gods, and he was not warlike. But as always, one of the Drottars was false, and hated him. This was NHGH, the personification of extreme mischievousness. NHGH gave drugged wine to the nearsighted goddess Dame Slack, and seduced her, and used the heat from her orgasm to melt the shield of cosmic ice that protected the Earth from deadly cosmic rays. These rays came down and affected the elder wife of the Pipe-Maker, and to the fear and wonder of the people, she gave birth to four little monsters. They were Woman-man and Man-woman and New Man-man and New Woman-woman, which is why there are four sexes today.

¹ From the less accepted translation by Dr. Franz Köhler: "And from what was left over he made Ro-Man, but he sent Ro-Man away to another world, for Ro-Man was badly made and needed a special helmet to live."

The elders said "These strange children will bring great misfortune; it would be better to kill them right now for the sake of the tribe." The mother refused and said the children would grow up all right. But they didn't. The small monsters grew fast and became SubGeniuses. They hurt others, they upset huts, they befouled people's food, they told awful jokes. A wise man who could see things in his mind which had not yet happened, said "Kill these strange bad things before they kill you!" The four bad children ran away, but the tribe took Pipe-Maker and hanged him on a tree for nine days and nights, and pierced him with a spear. But he lived, and thus learned wisdom, and the Secret of the Runes.

But the melting of the Shield of Ice had caused a great flood, and the First "Bob" used his new magic to make a huge boat over ten thousand meters long so that he could put his family in it, and the innocent animals, and save them from the deluge. When the flood came, the boat sailed away. But some of the animals caused trouble to the First "Bob's" family, and he threw them off of the boat. These were the great land squids and the face-raping bats, and other vermin. But they lived, because they swam or flew to Mount Ararat, where it was dry. And then, as the boat rocked upon the waters, the dinosaurs, such as the great Ultrasaur, began vomiting; and the First "Bob" decided there was not room for the dinosaurs either, and he pushed them off the boat to drown.

When the dinosaurs were dead, the First "Bob" was so sad that he became drunk and fell asleep uncovered in his bunk. NHGH crept into the First "Bob's" room while he was asleep, and when NHGH saw his nakedness, he became so jealous that he killed the First "Bob" and ran away.

With the death of the First "Bob," the gods lost all interest in humanity. Light and joy had vanished from their hearts at the death of this "Bob." They established the Mysteries and the Cover-Up.

Then the Earth was swept into darkness, and possessed by strange chaotic beings and incredible monsters who came from outside the Universe. The people fell down and worshipped these Things and Forms. The Flames came, and slew the Forms which were two and four-faced. They fought the Goat-Men, and the Dog-Headed Men, and those with fish bodies. They took huge she-animals unto them. They begat them dumb races... monsters they bred. Then the great waters came again and the people were mixed with these monsters, and when the waters receded, there were cities of beast-men and no one knew of Slack anymore.

As quoted in *Sex Secrets of the Tibetan Masters!*

by Krankpovsky, Rampa and Dobbs, Eros Enterprises,
Los Angeles, 1965

Have we today, among all of our sects and religions, any creation story that is more pure and simple than this one?

Every human culture has its creation myth, its Garden of Eden, Fall from Grace, and Great Deluge. All are tissues of lies, but all are based on real events of which only Dobbs' revealed Word, and scrupulous research in the Forbidden Sciences, can give an accurate picture.

Much of the factual material in this chapter is taken from the work of Dr. Vladimir Krankpovsky, whose many self-published books on Antiquitum, Yeti prehistory and ancient astronauts belong on the shelf of any serious SubGenius scholar. Dr. Krankpovsky, working in close association with Bulldada Time Control Laboratories, has spent some 20 years piecing together clues from sources often ignored by blinkered, hidebound mainstream scientists, and is probably the foremost leading authority on the academic frontiers of Holistic Anthropyschological Yetiology. Krankpovsky's research incorporates such diverse sources as the Bible and other ancient legends, the fossil record, translations of

crop circle hieroglyphs, past-life hypnotic regression, the works of Von Däniken, Velikovsky, Szukalski, Lovecraft, Leakey, and Leary, and, most importantly, the entire Archives of the Dobbs Library in Oakland, Arkansas.²

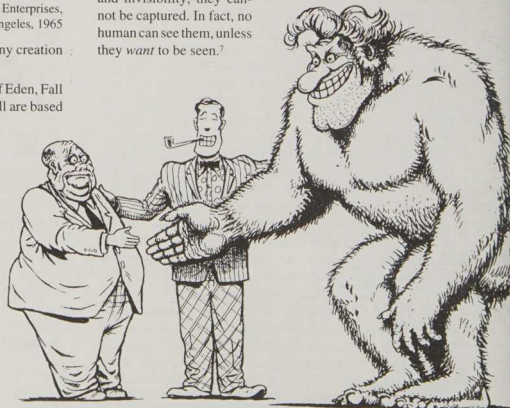
THE DIVINE CREATION OF THE YETI

Around 65 million years ago, near the close of the Cretaceous Era, the Xists came from space and planted on Earth those "mighty men" of the Bible, the true "Covenant Men" of antiquity "who lived 999 years"; the Yeti.³

"Yeti," of course, is only a convenient term; the proper scientific nomenclature is *Gigantanthropus correctus*. They have been called many names, in many cultures: *Sisimite* (Guatemala), *Almas* (Central Asia), *Dzu-Teh* (Indonesia and Szechwan), *Didi* and *Mapinquiry* (S. America), *Mi-Go* (Lovecraft) and *Mangani* (Tarzan). Yeti is what the Nepalese of the Himalayas call them, and we find it more dignified than the epithet, "Abominable Snowman," or the Native American *Sasquatch* (literally, "Raping Demon"). We especially resent the popular racist term "Bigfoot," which is not even particularly accurate. (If a minority must be characterized by the size of a physical feature, most people who have actually seen a Yeti probably remember it less for its feet than for other organs.⁴) The scientific community, in its infinite wisdom, upon encountering ancient Yeti bone fragments, announced the "discovery" of a "giant prehistoric ape" called "Gigantopithecus."

All these names denote sub-human animals. No doubt the Yeti find that amusing; a Yeti is to a human what a human is to a chimpanzee — nay, a dog — nay, a flea.

Although they walked the Earth for millions of years,⁵ when the humans became a planetary cancer, most Yeti chose to transmigrate to the Plane Next Door.⁶ The mysterious befurred giants glimpsed by tourists in wilderness areas, noble as they are, are but runty, pallid remnants of those who ascended... the wandering Shamed Yeti, who suddenly appear as if from thin air, spook a few humans, fart, and then dematerialize, leaving no evidence but a sulfuric stench and a tabloid headline. There are small populations of them throughout the world, but since they are superintelligent and possess talents of teleportation and invisibility, they cannot be captured. In fact, no human can see them, unless they want to be seen.⁷



GILBERT SHELTON

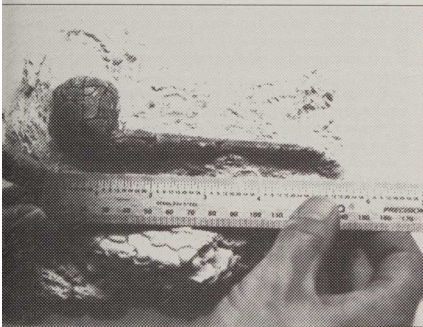
The Yeti were the Nefelim of the Old Testament, the Patriarchs and Matriarchs of yore, "giants of great stature" encountered by Cain east of Eden... Those Who Came from On High, who "found the daughters of men to be comely, and mated with them, bringing forth the *Seirim* ("Hairy Ones" or early SubGenii), the "Sons of Esau."⁹ (The biblical Nimrod and Goliath were among these *Giborim* or *giborei tayid* — the half-breed "divine people.") But long before they invented "Man," the Yeti were breeding dinosaurs the way we breed dogs and turkeys.⁹

Our public schools still teach evolution or creationism. What we aren't told in Conspiracy school is that some of those so-called Neanderthal skeletons are *recent* — they date from *last year* — and that "Piltdown Man" was no hoax, but a recent genetic failure that had to be hidden from the press and mainstream scientists.¹⁰ These facts, were the truth known, would be SURE PROOF not only of ongoing interbreeding between humans and Yeti, but also of the existence of an entire race of Yetisyn half-breeds — US, THE SUBGENIUS RACE! — as well as the institutionalized genocide of our kind by the Conspiracy.

There has been some argument about the politically correct term for the SubGenius minority race. We are part Yeti and part human, and we prefer to be called *Yetisyns* (plural) or *Yetisyn* (singular). No matter how innocuous it may seem to a Pink, we find terms like "Tolerable Snowman," "Half-squatch" or "Mediumfoot" most offensive and demeaning.

UNIMPEACHABLE SCIENTIFIC DOCUMENTATION

Some of the best physical evidence of our Yeti past was provided by the great scientist and Christian, Dr. Carl Baugh at Creation Evidences Museum, Glen Rose, Texas. There, in the rock bed of the Paluxy River, he found gigantic hominid fossil footprints in the same strata as those of dinosaurs!¹¹ Likewise, paleontologists from Dobbstown have unearthed fossilized space helmets and rayguns in Mongolia dating from the same period as the Grand Extinction that killed the great reptiles.¹² The unthinkable ancient scrolls and Mutantean artifacts being excavated from the caves



Fossil artifact discovered imbedded in Lower Jurassic coprolite, thought to be from the intestinal tract of the sauropod dinosaur *Barapasaurus tagorei*, from Pisadara, India (south of Nagpur). Believed to have been abandoned *in situ*. Photo: Prof. J. Riley, *Jour. Paleont. Soc. India* 3:105.

around the Black Sea, the Dead Sea, the Sargasso Sea and the Bermuda Triangle all increase our understanding of the pre-Diluvian world, or **Antiquitum**. "Bob" tells us of an ancient "Grid System" built at the dawn of time by the Elder Gods or "Old Ones," using various geomagnetic vortices and ley-lines under the Earth to generate "telepower" for their patapsychic technology.¹³ This "Grid" had terminals at various points on the Earth's surface, "power spots" where the Earth's aetheric output was strongest.¹⁴ The terminals, or geomagnetic anomalies, are the sites of the great stone constructions of the past: mysterious gateways to the Alternate Twilight Zone such as the "Gate of the Sun" at Tiahuanaco in Bolivia... the Pyramid of "Cheops" at Giza... Peru's Nazca Plain and Teotihuacan in Mexico... New York's Grand Central

² The Dobbs Library, constructed underground to withstand a 100-megaton blast, is a repository of all recorded utterances of Dobbs: transcriptions of his lectures, teachings and trance-speakings; trial records; sales seminar tapes; ghost-written self-help books; prints of all his early B-film appearances; portfolios of all print ads for which he modeled, etc. Dr. Krankovsky, as the Curator of the Archives, has computerized and cross-cataloged every trance pronouncement, sleeping prophecy, and divine revelation ever made by Dobbs on any subject.

³ Downing, *The Bible and Flying Saucers*, Avon, New York, 1965.

⁴ *Weekly World News*, "My Wife Ran Off with Bigfoot," Jan. 22, 1975.

⁵ von Kossler, *A Comparative Study of the Casps of Molars of Gigantopithecus blacki and Bite Marks on the Buttock of a Tibetan Sherpa, Said to Have Been Inflicted by a Yeti*, address to the Academie Royale, Brussels, 1958.

⁶ (Unknown author) *Codes of the Old Ones*, Miskatonic Press, Arkham, 1922.

⁷ Watson, *Tibetan Legends of the Laughing Devil*, Wickerman Press, London, 1960.

⁸ *Genesis* 6:1-6.

⁹ Krankovsky, *The Serpent People and the Third Reich*, Bantam, New York, 1964.

¹⁰ Edwards, *Stranger Than Science*, Lyle Stuart, New York, 1959.

¹¹ The *Somervell Sun* weekly, "Creation Evidence Confirmed," Glen Rose, Texas, June 24, 1987.

¹² Baumgarten, *Dinosaurs and Men in Eden*, Christian Creation Sciences Library, Baton Rouge, 1989.

¹³ *Reincarnancient Sub-History of the World*, with Atlas, Dobbstown University Press, Kuala Lumpur, 1979.

¹⁴ von Dänken, *Miracle of the Gods*, Dell, New York, 1973.

¹⁵ Spencer, *Limb of the Lost*, Bantam, New York, 1975.

¹⁶ Krankovsky and Dobbs, *UFO Secrets of the Ancient Stones*, Vanity, New York, 1978.



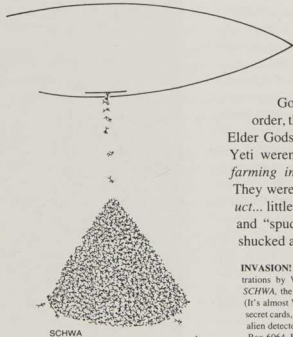
These structures, resonating with the deep Grid System and the off-planet reflector stations (such as the Moon, Phobos, and Marduk, the invisible 12th Planet between Mars and Jupiter),¹⁷ as well as small focusing devices like the Ark of the Covenant, Thor's Hammer, and "Bob's" Pipe,¹⁸ can provide hidden knowledge of our cosmic past and future destiny — information which Conspiracy "scientists" will not, or cannot, accept.

For instance, "plate tectonics" is a LIE. There was no "Gondwanaland," where all the continents were originally one. What actually happens is that the land and water areas of the Earth periodically trade places. The land masses sink deep into the mantle and the sea floors pop up, dumping the ocean into what had been land — a continental see-saw, a cyclical geosynclinal "breathing" of the Earth.¹⁹ It hasn't happened for many millions of years, and is due for another switchover, SOON.²⁰

Antiquium, then, exactly resembled our present Earth, only with the land masses and seas reversed.²¹ **PanthaGeaeaea** was the ancient world-encircling sea. The huge central continent, where now lies the vast Atlantic Ocean, was called **Tarnatia**, and the great city-state of the Yeti was **Mutantis**²² — the perfect, stable, climate-controlled Eden built by the Xists as their "test tube" in which to forge the perfect First "Bob," immortal leader of the Mighty Mutanteans and direct descendant of the gods. Here they would let the Yeti flourish and farm their own lesser creations, *Homo sapiens*.²³

Yeti were but the focusing tool on the physical plane, the 'tweezers' necessary for the Xists to farm the byproducts of humans into "pills" for the Elder Gods. In the cosmic pecking order, the Xists were slaves on the Elder Gods' "plantation" — and the Yeti weren't even slaves, but mere farming implements. The humans? They were and are naught but product... little more than mute "turnips" and "spuds," waiting to be culled, shucked and sold.²⁴

INVASION! The riveting Stickmen-in-Black illustrations by William Barker come from his book SCHWA, the only accurate publication about UFOs (it's almost WORDLESS). The SCHWA book, top secret cards, infra-dimensional keychain, solid-state alien detector & more are \$14 from SCHWA, P.O. Box 6064, Reno NV 89513. Write for info.



According to Dobbs' Resurrected Prophecy, the first few thousand Yeti were synthesized by a lone Xist (mayhaps even a renegade?) in about an hour in roughly the year 65 million B.C.²⁵ The Xist creator arrived on one of the variable-size Xist "mother ships" (not a machine, but an "equation" incorporating the mathematical essence of the Xist), and, in a mere flash of intuition and whimsy, de-Raptured the Yeti into material existence.²⁶

The height of an average Yeti was around twelve feet, a sufficient stature to house a cranium twice as roomy as ours.²⁷ Their elephantine



dimensions were belied by a grace, precision and delicacy that would appear quite beautiful to the less conditioned among us.²⁸

The enormous feet, disproportionate to our eyes only because our aesthetics are degenerate and pitifully anthropocentric, were efficient bases for the Foot Gland, the seat of the soul, the largest organ in the Yeti body. Hands were also relatively huge, but as facile as those of a brain surgeon.

The skull was pointy in shape, due to the small Overbrain that sat atop the sprawling Underbrain, imparting a misleading appearance of pin-headedness. But the Yeti's brain-power was twenty times that of our most intelligent humans and SubGeniuses.²⁹ Albert Einstein would have seemed a drooling, babbling toddler compared to the basest Yeti moron.

Perhaps the image of the Yeti as 'ape' was inspired by the thick pelt, which ranged from short bristly fur to extravagant body-tresses, and ran the gamut of colors. (Yeti "hair" was actually composed of millions of tiny tentacles.) They had the chameleon-like ability to change the coloration and even the texture of their pelts within seconds, and could display flickering stripes of light akin to the phosphorescence of deep-sea fish. Yeti fashion had nothing to do with clothing, but only with spectacular pelt displays. They could wear outrageous "costumes" — or, for that matter, camouflage — while stark naked.³⁰

¹⁷ CIA Internal Memo N-17-53, MI-12 report, *Human Social History as Divided by the Roswell Giant Under Interrogation*, 1953 (on disc).

¹⁸ Priory of Sion, *What He Told Not*, Priory of Sion, Paris, 1963.

¹⁹ There is such a thing as continental drift, but it's as much a result of the solar winds as it is of sub-terrestrial magmatic currents — akin to a child blowing scum around on the surface of its bathtub.

²⁰ Krankovsky, *Antiquium—The Inverted Earth*, Pg. 237. Dobbstown University Press, Kuala Lumpur, 1982.

²¹ Bernard, *The Pellicularian Heresy: Why Not Inside Out?*, The Hollow Earth Society, Memphis, 1958.

²² —Some pedants claim that ancient places could not have had names like "Mutantis" and "Antiquium" because those are too obviously derived from modern linguistic sources. Actually, the modern sources are themselves derived from the Yeti *in-sources, secretly... and this is no accident!* — Krankovsky, *Continents in Collision*, Pg. 578. Krankovsky Press, Falls Church, 1967.

²³ Chapin, *Abominable Snowmen from Outer Space*, Argosy Magazine, March 1959.

²⁴ Hymers, *UFOs and Bible Prophecies*, Bible Voice, Tulsa, 1974.

²⁵ It's remotely possible that the Xists, by accident, simply dropped one of those black monolithic slabs, and it did the rest on automatic pilot. Another theory posits that "The First 'Bob'" was not deliberately created by the Xists, but rather was a "mistake" that slipped through the biological cracks, much to the later chagrin of both the Xists and Yetis.

²⁶ Krankovsky, *Bigfoot Rode a Saucer!*, Popular Paperbacks, Chicago, 1969.

²⁷ Krankovsky, *Of Gods, Angels, and Monkeys*, Pg. 237. Dobbstown University Press, Kuala Lumpur, 1982.

²⁸ Xi Chang Po, *Contemplations on an Ancient Skeleton*, University of Beijing, 1962.

²⁹ See Nopsca, Baron Franz von, "A Comparison of Fossil Cranial Endocasts of Gigantopithecus immanis and Various Skull Morphologies among the Thrythropoidae," *Transactions of the Natural Philosophical Society of Transylvania and Moldavia*, 1927, vol. II, p. 13 (Trans. by Sir William Brinton, *Anthropologia Chionica*, 1931, pp. 246-270). Also see Weideneich, Franz, "Occult Traditions and Love of Studies of Certain Early Giant Primates," University of Chicago, Restricted Notes and Love of Studies of Certain Early Giant Primates (Gigantopithecus exultans) was not a Collection (by permission only), 1945, p. 59, *viz.* "...this primate (Gigantopithecus exultans) was not a giant ape but a giant man and should, therefore, have been named Gigantanthropos... the system of wrinkles which... occupied the surface of the brain was... uniquely more complicated in tenor (rigorations than in (all) other anthropoids and man by... probably factor(s) of... (from) seventeen to twenty..."

³⁰ Dobbs, *Regression Tape 798, 46 - 51*, Dobbs Archives, Falls Church, 1961.



The face of the Yeti was perhaps its most startling feature. The eyes shifted through a variable spectrum of DA-GLO colors, depending on emotional state and intended message. The single rippling eyebrow was so expressive that it could be read like Chinese writing. A single eyebrow-position could express a complex sentence, complete with emotional shading, a hint of irony, and poetic resonance.

The nostrils could be independently flared, contracted or *wriggled* so violently that their posturings comprised yet another part of the language of the Yeti. The lips could stretch out to a grin quite literally from ear to ear, or wrap sideways around the head. The "kissing in tongues" of Yeti could go on for hours, even days, as a kind of "conversation."^{31 32}

The two stubby horns which Yeti bore on their brows, and their distinctive, brimstone-like stench, have been exploited by Christians and communists to portray Yeti as "devils" in fairy-stories. The "antlers" (actually, telepathic antennae) were not of the sharp, devilish variety, but more akin to the blunt horns sculpted on classical statues of Moses to indicate holiness.³³

Mutant language being variously telepathic, vocal, olfactory, and spectacularly visual (including gestures, color changes, skin flushes, fur-shappings, etc.), two Yeti arguing would look, to us, like a particularly outlandish animated cartoon come to life. Moreover, Yeti faces tended to resemble caricaturish exaggerations of all the myriad "types" of human faces we see today.³⁴

If you know what to look for, you should be able to spot your fellow Yetisyn among the purebred Pink humans. Whereas the Pinks display bland, barely-mobile, smooth-venered, difficult-to-read features, our mugs are overstatements, with every emotion vividly portrayed as we talk. (We're self-parodies, granted, but at least there's a self there to parody.) Compared to Pinks, who are *all* "average," many SubGenii are brutish Neanderthals, geeky goons, etc.³⁵ Better that than these emotionless, contented, pampered, bovine zombie pod people!

Yeti they think we are 'funny.' They *humor* us!! Their smugness denies us even the pleasure of seeing them *jealous*; only *subconsciously* do Pinks BITTERLY ENVY our VITALITY. Some of us buckle under from this inequity, and turn *hate-negative*. The heartier of us tend to be more magnanimous. We can afford to be patient, charitable, and generous in our bestowal of condescension. Why try to insult them? THEY WOULDN'T GET IT ANYWAY.

It is in the very bowels of the brain, where an altogether different alchemical mix occurs, that the Yeti's descendant, the SubGenius, still differs most from the human. The humans would begrudge us this, were they capable of knowing it; but, since most of us grow adept at

mimicking them, we have thus far been able to slip between the cracks of their knowledge. (Those humans who happen to stumble upon SubGenius materials, like this book, think it's all a "joke.") Were they aware of us — truly aware of what we represent — they would hunt us down, one and all, and slay us, and bury us in pits of quicklime, that future generations would never again be tainted by the SubGenius gene.³⁶

THE SLACK OF THE YETI

The Yeti never had one unified culture; quite the opposite. *Every* Yeti was a 'lone kook.' Just as our children are taught to dress themselves, each Yeti toddler was expected to devise its own personal cosmology, political system and general field theory of the Universe.³⁷

Like the human mailman who must face the occasional fierce dog or mugger, the strolling Yeti encountered the occasional 30 ton carnivorous dinosaur or malignant supernatural being. (More demons and monsters were extant in prehistoric times than today.³⁸) However, the Yeti's natural odor alone was usually enough to keep predators at bay. Even modern Yeti have the power of *virtual invisibility*.³⁹ That is, a Yeti may mentally overpower another being's mind so that the Yeti's presence is "censored" from its perception. Since they rarely had to exercise this power for survival, it was, and is, used by Yeti mainly for *pranks*.⁴⁰

Their greatest talent, of course, lay in their delight in Slack. We, in our lives of quiet desperation and mindless business, can scarcely imagine the Yeti's propensity for Slack-mongering. Yeti minds could "whiff" Slack just as we can smell a fresh-baked apple pie.

To most Yeti, the only rational approach to life was to spend as much time as possible in self-indulgence and lazy indolence. Lying half-asleep in the shade was the single most common Yeti activity. Thus, at first glance, one of their cities — such as the great capital, Mutantis — would have looked like a pastoral forest, dotted with naked, furry primates out under the trees, lazily grooming each other, enjoying public intercourse, and rooting for grubs. Their buildings were generally located below the surface of the Earth, rarely impinging on the natural landscape — though many dwarfed Carlsbad Caverns.⁴¹

Many Yeti spent their days producing telepathic *virtual art*, projected directly into each other's skulls. But Yeti craftsmanship was not limited to the telepathic. Using local materials like mud, rocks and bones, they developed unlimited waste-free cold fusion power, self-repairing, self-improving worker robots, and antivibrancy machines for transporting such farm animals as Brachiosauri.⁴²

The Yeti took for granted the material wealth of a billionaire. Yet, because the same was available to all, they might as well have all been paupers — for how could one ever hope to 'hire' or control another? Lacking, then, a Conspiracy, and with their only 'chore' being the development and farming of humans, they were free to devote plenty of their waking time to what Yeti do best.

³¹ Weekly World News, "I Had Bigfoot's Child!" Jan. 22, 1975.

³² Vanderbilt, *Cranio-Facial Extremes as Suggested by Muscular Striations on an Unidentified Large Primate Skull*, address to the Society of Anatomical Paleontology, Peoria, 1944.

³³ KGB declassified report, *Drawbacks to Psychic Warfare Applications of Talents of Captured Tibetan Counterrevolutionary Criminals*, Moscow KGB Archives, date unknown (ca. 1944).

³⁴ Szukalski, *Behold! The Protong*, Archives Szukalski, PO Box 923308, Sylmar CA 91392.

³⁵ *ibid*.

³⁶ This would be futile, since that renegade genetic package can never be eradicated completely.

³⁷ Dobbs, *Trance Pronouncement SATF:11 b*, Dobbs Archives Microfiche 2314. "Bob" learned much of Yeti social customs in his astral meetings with the Council of None, the Masters who dwell in the Lost Glass City of Chang Eng in the Himalayas. Five members of this Council are Whiffy Hood Yeti.

³⁸ *The Unpronounceable*, address by Wilson Lovcraft Collins to the British Alienists Society, 1935.

³⁹ Lovcraft, *The Thing with No Face*, Hathorn Press, Little Rock, 1922.

⁴⁰ Fort, *The Book of the Damned*, 1933, Uncensored Edition (private collection).

⁴² Norman, *Gods and Devils from Outer Space*, Lancer, New York, 1970.

ORIGINAL SEX

MATING PRACTICES AMONG THE YETI OF MUTANTIS

"But honey, I swear I only looked at her! ...Yeti style."

— Dobbs, 1956, trying to talk his way out of the doghouse after Connie caught him red-handed in bed with a truckstop cocktail waitress

"Idle minds are the Yeti's playground."

— Princess Wei R. Doe, Queen of ALL the UFOs

To understand the Yeti's sex life — a goal crucial to full OverHood — one must grasp the nature of their telepathy. (Many SubGeniuses retain a vestigial telepathic ability, but they avoid using it, fearing that if they can read the minds of others, then others might be able to read *theirs* — a justifiably disquieting thought for any SubGenius trapped in this world of humans.⁴³)

They enjoyed the ability mutually to sense *through* each other's nervous system, and reciprocally echo it. (Imagine being able to feel what your partner *just felt*, and *wants to feel next* and vice versa!) What takes the most advanced Tantric sex-yogis years to learn, a Yeti infant was born practicing.⁴⁴ Upon puberty (around age 50) they became capable of sexual gymnastics that would be physically impossible for our kind... the very *ideas* of which are expressed only in our basest insults.



REV. MARK. MOTHERSBAUGH

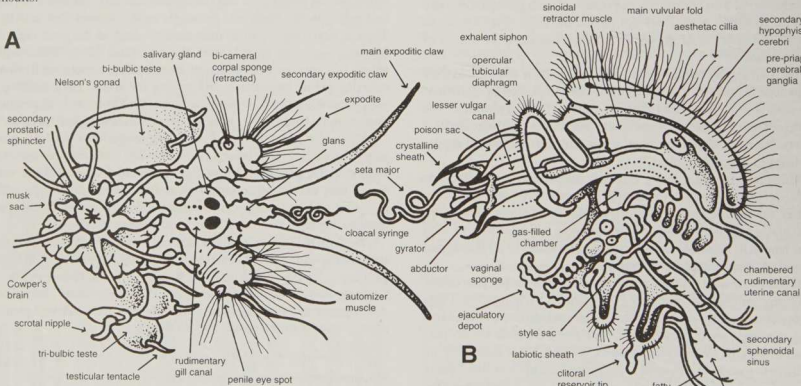
together, largely immobile, but groaning and trembling and spasming, oozing juices out of orifices not normally associated with sex. Our blinding orgasms would be to the Yeti mere punctuations in a general, all-consuming *OOZQUIRT*. Forgetting to eat, drink or sleep, mating Yeti could maintain this state for days at a time.

The most frenzied, weasel-like copulation was to be a breezy show of affection — "a little hug." Hour-long bouts of oral intimacy would be the equivalent of a flirtatious wink.⁴⁵

Among the more specialized Yeti sex organs were the prehensile nose-hairs. The enormous nostrils of one Yeti could turn inside out, extend down the other's sinuses, and massage them from the inside. The couple's nose hairs (tentacles, actually) could sensuously intertwine, sometimes forming knots. The nervous system was so refined that the *whole surface of each nose-hair-like-tentacle could sense pleasure*.⁴⁶

What passed between two Yeti was *sexual electrochemistry* with some quantum physics thrown in. They *poured themselves into each other*, telepathically switching back and forth, exploding together in echoing shiver-rushes, their epidermi bonding and melding. Then deeper tissues would merge. The six hearts would begin beating together in perfect sync, the brain waves locking in on each other and pulsing as one.⁴⁷

A



B

Nasal sexual organs of *Gigantanthropus correctus* in aroused condition.

A. Male. B. Female. (After Vreedeez from Grassé)

The entire body was both an erogenous zone and a massive "vibrator." Expert biomorphs, they could stiffen and ruffle their hair against each other in different patterns and speeds and rhythms, shiver their haunches, ripple their muscles and even shift bone structure. By popping joints out of socket, willing mass migrations of muscle and cartilage, and by psychokinetically re-clustering their nerves and tissue, they could grow customized erogenous organs anywhere on their bodies, and even cause them to migrate. Thus, Yeti could lie

The mouth acted as a powerful electric vibrator, *hypermoaning* the other's body parts, building up powerful sympathetic vibrations that increased geometrically with the response vibrations into a veritable full-body sound massage⁴⁸ — crazed, unHINGED bouts of *bellowing* and *SCREAMING* into each other with such force that their lungs blew inside out, back and forth, into each other's chest cavities. Then, as the couple slowly, involuntarily levitated off the ground like a huge furry throbbing balloon, began the ultimate miracle: the hearts would pull

toward each other, pushing through the tissues, forcing their ways through the retractable rib cage, and join together in one massive circulatory system — two Yeti becoming one being that constantly, organically changed shape, writhing and pumping like a titanic hairy amoeba. The female retracted her spike-tailed egg protector, the male extended his barbed cloacal syringe,⁴⁹ and... well, in deference to the reader's genre sensibilities, we shall refrain from needlessly dwelling on one of nature's most precious and intimate secrets.⁵⁰

Deep within this mass of churning flesh, the brains would unravel and reweave themselves, snaking together into one brain with twice the intelligence — with all of that intelligence devoted *solely* to experiencing the *pinnacle of pleasure: THE EXOGASM*.

Throughout this Exogasm, the Yeti "souls" were intertwined, performing, with *total abandon*, a psychic "instinct dance" building into the alien rind of mindless *URGE* that opened the dimensional gateway and bridged the Chasm of Chaos... and let in the Elder Gods, who are drawn like aetheric vultures to any mortals having more fun than they. Possessing no form, they can only copulate by proxy through a creature whose nervous system is fully "dilated."⁵¹ There was an open channel between the Elder Gods and the Yeti, a sort of understanding. Psychosexual adepts, the Yeti didn't mind being "ridden" by an Elder God during coitus; it was considered just an extra tickle. And sometimes, the Elder God had *good ideas*.



REINCARNALITY, OMNIGAMY AND TRUE YETI MATES

Elder Gods liked nothing better than a Saturday night Yeti cluster-grope. However, between orgies, Yeti practiced a strange kind of *overall monogamy*, a constant devotion to *one single other Yeti*.

These couples, whose love for each other overshadowed even their love of sex with everybody else, were the **True Yeti Mates**. Their perfect suitability for each other was, in fact, engineered into them by their Xist creators.

If you are a SubGenius, a descendent of the Yeti, chances are that you have more than one Yeti ancestor. Some of these you may share with other SubGenii throughout the world. However, you also have one single Primary Yeti Ancestor, whose genes remained dominant along your branch of its subsequent family tree. In other words, your Primary Yeti Ancestor has continued to semi-reincarnate within your family. This aspect of your personality is THE ORIGINAL "YOU" — the string of consciousness that has kept being reborn, lifetime after lifetime, each time a little further from the original PERFECT YETI, UNTAINTED by HUMAN GENES, of 65 MILLION YEARS AGO.⁵²

You really do have memories of past lives! The only reason you don't remember them clearly is that the Conspiracy keeps your consciousness filled at *all times* with the white noise static of Pinkness.⁵³

Only a little Yeti blood is diffused between millions of mostly-human Yetisynny. Still, it may, on rare occasions, recombine and resolve itself into genetic packages that mimic specific original Yeti closely enough that *two SubGenius Yetisynny who were once True Yeti Mates in lost Mutantis* may meet and *recognize each other* from 10,000 lifetimes ago.⁵⁴ Although they might not remember consciously, their DNA packages do... and, as they find themselves instinctively doing things together which hark back to their shared life in Mutantis, a breakthrough occurs. They begin to access their racial memories, new RNA sequences are triggered, and the couple start mutating at the cellular level. Swelling with new Slack and overheated with superhuman desire, both individual's back-brains, where the Yeti instincts are buried, reach critical mass and undergo a turbulent physical transfiguration. This metamorphosis is not one into deformity and horror, but an ascent into a new, perfect Universe — confusing and dangerous, yes, but *deliciously so...* especially when they stumble onto the secrets of the Exogasm, and SexHurt™ — and even more so when an Elder God shows up, hankering for its voyeuristic piece of the action.⁵⁵



⁴³ Dobbs, *Regression Tape 1888*, Side B, 16:78, 8:24-80. Dobbs Archives, Falls Church.

⁴⁴ Dobbs, *Extreme Regression Tape 2983*, 18:17, 9:23-76. Dobbs Archives, Falls Church.

⁴⁵ Krankovsky, *When Gladii Collide*, Eros Enterprises, Los Angeles, 1973.

⁴⁶ Dobbs & Wow, *The Ultimate Frontier*, W.O.W. Foundation Press, London, 1988.

⁴⁷ *The Midnight Sun*, "My Date with Bigfoot," Oct. 17, 1978.

⁴⁸ Fullblood Yeti had huge sinus cavities extending the entire length of the body, utilized mainly for carrying sound reverberations — sometimes with curious side effects. If a Yeti held closed its mouth and nose, but vigorously exhaled, air whistled from the tear-ducts of the eye. If it squeezed its eyes shut as well, a loud whistling would emanate from the sexual organs. This whistling was modulated into melodies.

⁴⁹ de los Rios, *Atlas of Therapeutic Proctology*, Saunders, Champaign, 1989.

⁵⁰ This is a perfect time for you to test yourself for Yeti ancestry. Think about what you have just read. If you are disgusted, you are a human. If you are *intensely jealous*, then you must be a True SubGenius.

⁵¹ al-Hazred, *The Hashishin Master and the Djinn*, 14th century Persian scroll, Museum of Culture, Tehran.

⁵² Jaspers, *Scientific Proof of Life Before Afterlife*, newsletter, Temple Jaspersian of Scientific Truth, Modesto CA, 1945.

⁵³ Tomas, *Beyond the Time Barrier*, Berkeley-Medallion, New York, 1971.

⁵⁴ Krankovsky, *They Lived A Thousand Times*, Dobbstown University Press, Kuala Lumpur, 1984.

⁵⁵ Sullivan, *We Are Not Alone*, Signet, New York, 1965.

SEX

WITH THE ELDER GODS



The Elder Gods still hunger for Yeti ecstasy, their favorite gateway to this world. They much *prefer* to manifest by "riding" an aware being at the moment of OoZquirt rather than being summoned by a bunch of dopey Satanists doing blood sacrifices.⁵⁶ But only that OoZquirt which approaches the *ultimate* ecstasy draws their attention. To break through fully, an Elder God cannot utilize just any old SubGenius couple having sex, but *only a couple who happened to have been True Yeti Mates in Mutantis*.⁵⁷

Obviously, such couples are few and far between, and might normally never meet by chance. Therefore, the Elder Gods tweak reality here and there, to bring the proper couples together... causing, for instance, people who would not otherwise have met to "stumble upon," and join, our Church.

The very possibility of having a three-way with an Elder God may curdle the blood of many SubGeniuses. It's one reason that some try to *avoid* encountering their True Yeti Mate. Rest assured, about the only way an Elder God can actually harm you is to drive you stark raving mad.

It's not really so bad. Look at it this way. The human body is a second order geometric figure, like a donut — there's a hole that goes all the way through. An Elder God can "touch thumb and forefinger together" through that hole: two Elder God energy digits, fore and aft, one through the mouth chakra and one through the nether chakra. The "left" "hand" has one partner and the "right" has the other. If *two* Elder Gods are present, they can "share."⁵⁸ It feels like being skewered from the top of your head to the base of your spine by a bolt of lightning that doesn't go away, and there's an Elder God in your head — usually represented in the mind's eye as a multidimensional, ever-shifting pyramid-head with one gigantic Universe-spanning EYE rolled back in ecstasy, flying through time and space with its 'tongue' of fire firmly planted in the back of your brain, telepathically screaming, "YAHOO, THIS RULES!!" The tricky part is the moment when you suddenly realize it *isn't* just you and your *sweetie* that's having sex, and just for an instant, a TERRIBLE instant, you see *yourself* and *everything else in the Universe* through that Eye, and you feel all the terror and awe of the Void as your personality dissolves and dissipates. That's when you'll want to *freak out*... but there's no longer any "you" LEFT to HAVE a psychotic break!

DON'T WORRY! Undergoing ego-death isn't so terrible... afterwards. Your ego will be *stronger*, because you will then know what your ego IS, having lost it. It's when it *returns* that you say, "Oh! 'I'm SO glad 'I HAVE this 'thing!' And to think, 'I hardly noticed 'it' before!'" The real you, the little core that's observing everything else, is always there, and will always be there unless you turn Pink. It might undergo a nervous period, but that's a reasonable reaction to the total re-plowing of your brain-furrows. Just remember (if you can), one gets used to the new furrows in time.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE YOUR TRUE YETI MATE

There will be NO DOUBT, for either of you. If there is *any* question, then you're *definitely kidding yourself*. You'll be able to tell by the SEX — or whatever it is that you and your mate do that constitutes the *equivalent* of sex. The two of you will somehow "know" you have been "brought together" by elaborate twists and turns of fate. You will both feel your Lost Yeti Lust awakening at inappropriate and often *illegal* times and places. Your hormones and secretions will go

haywire; you will discover erogenous zones and personality traits that never existed before, anywhere. You will be unable to resist copping massive "brain feels" every single moment that The Others aren't around. You may even forget completely about "Bob," for *minutes* at a time! Psychics and bag ladies will see X-rated halos around your heads. Your most *terrible* quarrels will be better than most people's *honeymoons*. Everything will seem PERFECT; you'll be a *total blithering idiot*. You will not be *blinded* to each other's faults, you just won't CARE about them — any stupid mistakes your partner makes will just seem to you to be part of his or her, or its, *very existence's eternal flirtation with the entire Universe*. And you will both make THOUSANDS of stupid mistakes; being psychotically preoccupied with your mate all the time, your ability to deal with *any* of the others, *at all*, will be severely impaired. (Yet the Normals around you will *still* make more mistakes than you do.) Your friends will probably decide you've lost your mind. They will be right. True Yeti Mates, only partially in this world, maintaining the least possible toehold on reality, are good for very little more than lying around experiencing their joint nervous system — which is probably about as close to pure Slack as anybody but Dobbs ever gets. And, *best of all*, THEY HAVE AN EXCUSE — THEY LITERALLY CAN'T HELP IT.

The difference between this and normal Pink "love"? With Pinks, it immediately starts going downhill after that stage. For True Yeti Mates, what we have described is only the innocent, chaste, childlike beginning.



SO WHERE DO I SIGN UP?

Finding your True Yeti Mate, by definition, happens once in a lifetime, and can't be forced. What you *can* do in the meantime is STOP READING ABOUT IT, and just GET ON WITH GETTING some SLACK... any kind of Slack, as long as it's bringing you closer to the true, rip-snotin', cosmic oozin'-&-squirtin', havin' your cake and eatin' the HELL out of it too, REAL SLACK. So much Slack that the ELDER GODS THEMSELVES keep trying to get into your brain, because THEY WANT A PIECE OF IT. THAT's the kind of Slack you are SUPPOSED TO HAVE. Too much IS always better than not enough.

⁵⁶ von Junzt, *Unausprechlichen Kulturen*, Miskatonic Collection, Arkham (1979).

⁵⁷ Cayce, *Secret Teachings to Hide from the Followers*, A.R.I. Press, London, 1945.

⁵⁸ Lang, *The Vornich Manuscript*, Miskatonic Collection, Arkham (1653).

⁵⁹ Ruff, *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, Times Books, Los Angeles, 1978.

⁶⁰ Reid, *Power of Success through Positive Thinking*, Signal, New York, 1953.

A 65-MILLION-YEAR CLIMAX FROM BEYOND THE STARS!!!

AND IT'S YOURS FOR ONLY THIRTY DOLLARS U.S.



H.S. FROBING

Dobbs is here to POUND THE PULPIT UNTIL IT IS REDUCED TO SPLINTERS if that's what it takes to make you understand just what's at STAKE here, to make you feel just an IOTA of that Slack that he has been given to feel by the grace of the FRICTION INTERFACE of HOT COSMIC OOOZQUIRT between him and Connie, to make you feel one billionth of the FIERY PASSION that SHOULD be coming with EVERY BREATH, once you really start TAKING FOR YOURSELF THAT SLACK WHICH IS RIGHTFULLY YOURS, which is your INHERITANCE, which is your DESTINY, under Dobbs! You must learn to BASK in the GLORIOUS ALL-SUFFUSING LIGHT of the LOVE of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, and your blood must learn to BOIL with equally passionate HATRED for the HIDEOUSLY BLAND NONENTITIES, shadow people, and PINK BOYS, the BLANK FOOD TUBES that live around us and are trying to make us like them! DAMN The Others!! For they FEAR the Slack; they haven't glimpsed the sheer LUST FOR SLACK that draws us forward, that keeps us off our butts and on our mental foot-glands, that drives us, punching our way through their mundane and tedious CRAP, hacking away at that jungle of mealy-mouthed boredom and half-assed minor comforts, as if with a MACHETE of SEXHURT, oh hell yeah, our arms might get tired, but by the sweet name of "Bob" we shall KEEP A-HACKIN' and A-WHACKIN', keep dragging ourselves ahead across that field of broken glass until we GET OUR GREEDY HANDS on that COSMIC HAMBURGER of FULFILLED DESIRES, till our DREAMS COME TRUE, dear friend, till our DREAMS COME TRUE. And they CAN come true if you will just GIVE UP — that is, STOP your crazy, fretful, paranoid RUNNING AROUND, and just sit down and REMEMBER what it is that you are HERE TO DO, get a GRASP on that — and then, and only then, DO IT. ⁵⁹

Aside from the Conspiracy possibly wanting to kill you for it, getting your heart's desire is actually NO PROBLEM — if you can just recognize what your true heart's desire IS.⁶⁰ It may be something for which there's no WORD in this culture. The REAL YOU knows what it wants, but it's up to the fake-you, the one that THINKS and ACTS, to SHUT UP for awhile, and to go DEEP ENOUGH to know what the REAL YOU, REALLY REALLY WANTS.

And what is this real you? It is the YETI IN YOU. It is your YETI SELF that must be reawakened. It has talents we cannot even name.

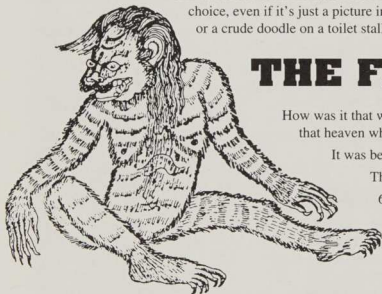
It bears the template for circuits in your nervous system that are just sitting there WAITING to be PRIED OPEN. Once you let that PRIMAL YETI come through, you will realize EXACTLY what REALLY COUNTS, and where the path to TRUE SLACK is leading, for YOU. You will INSTINCTIVELY recognize THE GUSTO, and you will GRAB for it, because you only go around once... at a time... so you better LIVE THIS LIFE AS IF IT WILL BE YOUR LAST. *It damn well might BE your last!!*

Of course, you may have to force yourself to do some GUTSY THINGS in order to obliterate the Conspiracy barricades that stand in your way and fence in your very mind. You may have to CARVE AWAY PIECES OF YOURSELF, your OLD self, to get rid of the STUPID, SUPERSTITION-and-FEAR-BASED HANGUPS implanted by the drab shuffling NORMALS to keep you from rising above them. Oh, they're jealous. God almighty how they hate and fear the traces of Yeti behavior, the EXOVERSIONS that occasionally come bubbling up from you in the workplace or the rumpus room or the bedroom or, especially, the bathroom. But you can USE their hate and fear, turn it around, use it to PUMP YOURSELF UP with MUTANT SELF-CONFIDENCE, and then FLAUNT YOUR ABNORMALITY in their pathetic, slack-jawed, uncomprehending faces. You can WAG YOUR WEIRDNESS right there in public. And if they can't take a joke? Well, you know JUST what to do, DON'T you? But make sure you do it to them before they do it to you.

So stay in shape. Be ready for the Divine Battle. Practice and drill with the Short Duration Yeti Mate of your choice, even if it's just a picture in a magazine or a crude doodle on a toilet stall.



WINSTON SMITH



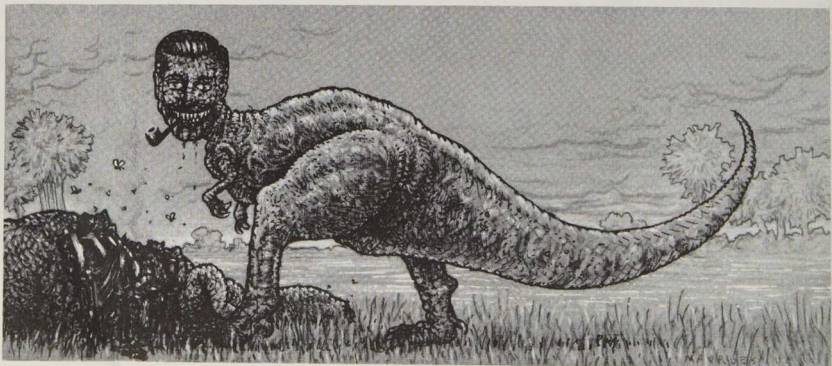
THE FALL OF MUTANTIS⁶¹

How was it that we, the lowly SubGenii, came to fall so far from that Yeti state of glory, that heaven which was Mutantis?

It was because the Yeti made millions of terrible mistakes.

They called these mistakes "humans."

65 million years ago, the closest thing to a soul-bearing mammal was the ratlike *Primo-Anthropocus*; this was the raw material which the Yeti fed into their Evolution Accelerators. If ever any creature ever deserved to be a lab animal, it was *Primo-Anthropocus*. These filthy, perverted scavengers, when not devouring garbage and stealing the eggs of the great reptiles, senselessly fought and



bedeviled each other. They were the ideal omnivores for the experiments; hardy and tenacious, they could survive anywhere, like roaches. These the Yeti bred step by step into human Pinks.

The initial attempt produced blank-faced, slack-jawed, apish pre-humans, more or less like *Australopithecus*. Their weak souls had a tendency to detach and wander away shortly after birth, and, worse, they were almost too stupid to copulate. Their attention spans were so weak that half the offspring they did manage to whelp were abandoned or eaten. With such low imaginations and libidos, they wouldn't procreate fast enough to fill the Yeti's soul quota.

The Yeti scientists in Mutantis were posed a challenge: to somehow make the humanoids enjoy coitus, and even to pair-bond, so that parents might tolerate their broods until they reached child-bearing age. But, the Yeti found, making procreation too easy lowered the anguish content of the livestock's souls. If the souls weren't well fattened on Pain, there was no self-awareness, and the soul essence went flat. The Xists had no use for flat soul.

To increase the Pain level, the Yeti found ways to make the humans both desperately eager to breed, yet foolish enough to cause themselves endless hardships in the process. They amped up the neural connectors between the Desire Gland and that section of the brain which lights up during sexual excitation. Chromosomes were tweaked, enlarging the Desire Gland to twice normal size. Most of the logic centers of the brain had to be removed to make room for it. The tiny Pleasure Receptors were dilated into such gaping cavities that the Gland could never be stimulated enough — compelling the humans to constantly also seek *alternatives* to sex, convincing themselves that there might be something better. The anguish shortage and fecundity dilemmas were solved.

The head and genital chakras were realigned to stay unbalanced, never synchronized. Instead of smoothly circulating, the SexHurt energy would snap back and forth spasmodically between head and groin. Whenever the little brain between the legs was charged up, the head-brain was at its most vulnerable and suggestible — rendering their minds laughably malleable.

By modifying the Reward Secretion Distributor's Trigger Configurations, the Yeti discovered they could make other things *besides* hairless spherical appendages tickle the male human Desire Gland. Instead of restricting inborn raw need only to an unfillable breed-lust, it could also be sublimated into devotion to some chore, or even some mere *symbol* of a reward.

After blanking the whole Reward Lobe and scouring it smooth for re-etching, Yeti owners could load their humans with directives, false memories, new instincts, talents and proclivities, reflexes for rote activities... *fears*... Implanted by intrauterine hypnosis or even simple repetition, *anything* could be filled into that blank spot in the brain, and used to trigger the Reward Secretion. Yeti mind-designers created 'hypno-templates' for countless archetypal images, command signals, and responses, experimenting to find what combinations produced both the most pungent soul flavoring and the most progeny.⁶²

Males and females were programmed not to want the *same sorts of things*, as some tension between them was expected to

spice up the souls. To create a deep conflict of interest and thus spur them on, the females were made to want things that were difficult for the males to provide — security, safety, the sharpest teeth on the strongest silverback, the warmest mud, the biggest spear, the most goats — but which they *had* to provide if they wished to touch anything round and soft. The males were encouraged to enjoy the fantasy that they had some free will beyond the craving for feminine glandular outcroppings. This hardwiring kept both genders busy storing up Pain reserves while simultaneously insuring a high birth rate.

The Yeti considered such behavioral modification a kindness; the humans would find *fulfillment* in obsessively doing whatever mental work was assigned to them (such as mining, picking the ticks off Yeti young, accounting, differential calculus, etc.). Otherwise, the humans would have been suicidally miserable, knowing they were consigned to an endless treadmill of senseless toil for distant masters who, in the end, rewarded them by devouring their souls. But, since they were *designed* for it from the beginning, such a life would seem *perfectly normal* to them. They wouldn't *comprehend* that they were slaves, because they wouldn't be capable of understanding what real freedom was; in fact, they would strive desperately to *avoid* true awareness. The craving to have Someone Else, some authority figure, make their decisions for them, would be at the very core of their natures; they would always seek someone or something bigger to submit to, and something smaller to dominate.

By milking emotions out of their new herds in a controlled and relatively merciful manner, the Yeti planned to pay off the Elder Gods in only 5 or 6 million years. They recognized that without the divine Yeti spark, the intelligence they'd given humans could make them extremely dangerous animals indeed, were they ever to somehow run loose with that blank spot



H.S. ROBINS

in their brains unprogrammed; but they thought their fail-safes couldn't backfire — that they had made the humans far too small, frail and stupid to live in the wild without Yeti masters to guide them. The very idea that the sub-moronic humans could ever escape Yeti domination seemed almost as silly as the notion that the Yeti's source of infinite power, the Great Crystal, might someday suddenly cease functioning.

⁶¹ Based on material dredged up from "Bob's" past-life regressions under hypnosis. These ancestral memories come to him in nonchronological bits and pieces; our doctors spent many years piecing together his trance statements to reconstruct these most critical events in Yeti history.

⁶² Legend has it that mischievous Yeti man-programmers used to toss in nonsensical trigger-archetypes just for fun, just to see what their test subjects would do. As a joke, they engraved in the back-brains of all early humans the face of the First High Yeti King "B'jaab." It is said that thenceforth, whenever he stroked by a human chimp-ging, they would all fall down on their faces in the throes of orgasm. When the Yeti saw the humans respond so powerfully to that, they knew they'd respond to ANYTHING no matter how senseless — even religions! The idea of a human religion was, however, so preposterous and hilarious to the Yeti that they (tragically) never took seriously the dangers inherent in that potential.

They didn't bother to make it genetically impossible for a human to crossbreed with a Yeti... for what Yeti could bring itself to *touch* one of those shrivelled, hideous, bald, stunted, pinkgnomes? It would be like one of us having sex with a skinned rabbit. Only the most depraved mind would even think of such a thing.

Sadly, none in Mutantis foresaw the depths to which a certain frustrated, mentally impaired, hairless, deformed, dwarf albino Yeti would sink.

From Bedtime Stories
for Li'l Bobsters

(based on PrePrescriptions
190:378:b)

B'Deen, The Lonesome Yeti, paced in angry circles out in the Game Preserve, where he went to be alone with his precious pet humans. The other Yeti avoided him, but not because he was a stunted, hairless albino. That appealed to them. It was because he was so unpleasant and self-involved.

As he paced, he muttered to himself.

"I could... I COULD... I COULD... with a HUMAN... no one would know... Ugh, but, it'd be like coupling with a flayed animal! Am I that low, am I AN ANIMAL?? Yet... because of my birth defects, these pathetic creatures think that I am a mightier, nobler specimen of their own kind! Why, among even the most brilliant of the humans, I, the lowliest Yeti, am as unto a god! They'll be my "children!" I will be their King, the Culture Bringer! I shall parcel out knowledge to them!"

And so rationalizing, the embittered runt Yeti laid him down with the beasts of the field.

That was The Fall.

He was the Traitor Yeti, the Dark One who committed the First Sin by contaminating the base human seed with the higher divine spark that the Yeti alone is meant to possess. Alas, he was not the last Yeti sinner. For even in Mutantis, as today, some of the youth were of a reprobate mind, given over to vile affections, so jaded and spoiled that in their decadence they mimicked the Traitor's disgusting ways. And so, millions of sins later, came we: the Yetisyns, misbegotten spawn of the Yeti and *Homo sapiens*.

The Traitor fell so in love with his adopted humans that he plunged even further into depravity, teaching humanity the forbidden sciences, revealing to them many secrets of Yeti technology. He convinced himself that humans could actually think and reason; he mistook monkey brightness for innate intelligence. But humans can be only knob-twiddlers and bean-counters — incapable of original ideas, they depend on the inventions of SubGeniuses for all real technological progress. Any "new thoughts" Pinks do have are based solely on what occasionally vomits up from the buried archetypes implanted by the Yeti.



THE END OF THE YETI

Miscegenation and bestiality alone would not have meant the end of Mutantis; the First High Yeti King "B'äab" and his "Love Police" could have taken action to halt the perversions. But an unnatural cataclysm was to divert the attention of the Yeti, and allow the escape of humans.

The events leading to the destruction of the Great Crystal, and subsequent disasters, is a moving and tragic story; unfortunately, we can only encapsulate it here. Suffice it to say that *two Yeti in heat* got carried away while in close proximity to that Crystal which powered all of Mutantis. This was an aberrant lust; Mutantean law forbade the Queen of All Tarnatia to consort with a lowly High Janitor in the broom closet of the Temple of the Great Crystal. Worse, it was the wrong *season* for these two particular Yeti sexes to mate. But they couldn't wait, so enamored were they; and, while they enjoyed the throes of a freakishly powerful illicit Exogamy, their invisible orgozmonic radiations produced violent, uncontrollable telekinetic effects, like poltergeists twice the size of the Transamerica Pyramid. The unleashing of these titanic forces shattered the Great Crystal.⁶³



This triggered the great earthquakes, volcanoes and other geological cataclysms which caused the Earth's magnetic polarities to switch places, which in turn initiated another dreaded Continental Seesaw. The great land mass of Tarnatia began gradually to sink beneath the waves, and the surrounding sea floors started their dreadful rise into the forms of the continents we inhabit today.⁶⁴

During the Fall of Mutantis, the humans, aided by the embittered, mentally deficient dwarf albino Yeti, boiled into the wilderness. Despite their weakness and blank brainpans, these Yeti-trained escapees (who called themselves *Uighurs*) not only survived,⁶⁵ but went on to further corrupt the Yeti seed by diluting it among every other vaguely bipedal species they could get their hands on — and then some.⁶⁶ The Yeti's ultimate mistake, however, wasn't in creating the humans, but in creating them to be *dutiful slaves*.

After they'd fled the all-important guidance of their Yeti masters, the blank spot in the human brainpan was *wide open*... so they filled it *up themselves*, usually with the first awe-inspiring thing they happened upon — like a frightening animal, hallucinogenic berries, their mom, a head injury, or a medicine man in a scary headdress. No matter how crazy it was, they always *thought* they had finally achieved *free will* by way of this 'savior', 'god' or ritual behavior. And, inevitably, the more wily ones found out how *easy* it was to *reload the blank brainpans of others*. If, through ritual, one human could fill his fellows' brain-gaps and thus convince them their lives "meant" something, they could be coerced into absurd activities, like building huge, useless stone temples and tombs. Thousands of them could be made to mutilate their own bodies, just so they could all be part of the same club! But someone else would be giving *other* humans an *opposite* set of commandments. The various clans would ceaselessly fight each other, and punish themselves, without ever knowing why they were really doing any of it.

Once they started programming themselves, the Uighurs were like a biological warfare virus run amok. They had just enough intelligence and ability to manipulate tools, but also sufficient frustration to use those tools to *tear to pieces anything in their path*.

As the humans spread across the Earth, most Yeti became nauseated at a world blanketed with Pinks, and voluntarily shed their mortal coils to "move on" to some much higher plane. Others, the shameful "Missing Yeti," those who had Sinned, *fled Earth*. None know where they went. Possibly they were sent away by the Xists as punishment for ruining the Plan... forced to breed gas-whales on Jupiter, or to change the bedpans of the vacated Xist bodies in storage on Proxima Regulus.

The history of "humanity" after the Fall is covered in *The Book of the SubGenius*. In short, the Uighurs eventually formed their own empire, Mu, the "empire of the sun" which stretched across what is now Asia and Africa.⁶³ Within only a few hundred thousand years after the Fall of Mutants, they had hunted all the dinosaurs to extinction. JHVH-1 could see where this was heading and, displeased with the quality of His breeding stock, wiped the slate clean by destroying the Uighur empire with another great magnetic cataclysm. The Space God preserved a handful of sample Uighurs (who, incidentally, were physically identical to modern man), and teleported them 65 million years forward, where they suddenly popped into existence in the early Stone Age. The sample Uighurs were force-developed back down to the *Primo-Anthropocoe* stage, and "evolution" took over, more or less as described in modern non-creationist textbooks. It took another 65 million years for "humanity" to painfully re-evolve up to the Neandertal stage. At that point, less than fifty thousand years ago, the small army of Uighurs from the past reappeared on Earth by "Divine" intervention, and promptly massacred or enslaved (and bred out) almost all the Neandertals.⁶⁸



The modern Conspiracy endures by exploiting that 'blank spot' inserted in our cerebelli by the Yeti. It is still there, and that is why all over the world, religions and nations keep descending to fiendish human sacrifice in one form or another. Usually this brutality is disguised as patriotism, economics or 'fun.'

Luckily, *the Yeti gene never completely disappeared, and can still be cultivated*. There have always been those rare randy Yeti who couldn't resist leaving out from the 7th dimension to seduce or ravish lower primates like humans. Centuries of Yeti justfulness, persistence and fiendish cleverness have maintained a constant small population of Yetimsyn throughout history — the continuous family tree of we who carry on The Taint... We, the Revenge of the Neandertals, the Heirs of the Yeti!

WAS, THEN, THE CONSPIRACY AN ACCIDENT?

"Bob" himself has suggested that the Yeti were *patsies*, victims of a double-cross — that the Elder Gods engineered ALL of it, from the mistakes in designing the humans, and the wrecking of the Great Crystal, to the crazed, degenerate interbreeding between Yeti and beasts. The starvation, despair and turmoil which envelop our planet now are *exactly* what the Elder Gods have been lusting after, all along. All of our accomplishments as a species, all our great art, philosophy and culture... for what? Just to keep us fighting and overpopulating and polluting, so a bunch of disincarnate beings in another dimension can "cop a buzz" off the pain stored in our souls?

NO!

For Dobbs is He who taketh advantage of, and profiteth from, these Great Mistakes! Only "Bob" dares to stand up against the course of history and steer his people back onto the True Road.

Within our genes, we "know" that we are meant to cleave to the true Yeti blood, to reawaken the divine monad, to regain Original Slack. That is the Grail toward which we strive. It's buried deep, but in the right circumstances one can access it. It's a matter of PERCEIVING and then TAPPING INTO IT. Simply to know, to fully "KNOW" it's there is the first step... *then* one can worry about *approaching* it. If you can *conceive* of it, you are practically free — you can begin to step away from the landscape, and exercise true self-determination like a real SubGenius.

Though it might be postponed, *biological destiny cannot be avoided!* FACE IT — you possess the jaw and teeth of an ape, but the skull of a human! YOU ARE PILTDOWN MAN!

You helped create the Conspiracy. Now, 65 million years later, *you* must help to

destroy it



⁶³ Krankovsky, *Mutants In Delirium — The Fall of the Yeti*. Pg. 237. Dobbstown University Press, Kasha Lumpur, 1982.

⁶⁴ Cayce, *Edgar Cayce on Atlantis*, Paperback Library, 1968.

⁶⁵ Their foolish descendants remembered this as the expulsion from Paradise and the Great Flood.

⁶⁶ Hudson, *These Sexy Saucer People*, Greenleaf Classics, New York, 1967.

⁶⁷ Charoux, *Forgotten Worlds*, Populair Library, New York, 1974.

⁶⁸ Huxley, *Ape and Essence*, Perennial Classic, New York, 1958.

NOTE: The Israelites, during the Exodus from Egypt, while wandering in the Sinai desert, were attacked by the *Shedim*, or Destroyers (known to the Patriarchs as the *Serim*). Numbers 13:12; after Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt, he sent 12 scouts ahead, who reported: "And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak (Gai) which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." These "Hairy Ones" wielded strange weapons and followed some OTHER god besides JHVH-1. These were not the Nefflim, the giants of old, but rather the SONS of those selfsame Giants — the Sons of Esau, the Hairy Man. Some of us may LOOK like Jacob, 'an smooth man,' yet the CODE-SEED (or DNA) of Esau remains. It's all there in the BOOK, if you just READ it.

THE FIRST BIRTHS OF THE WORLD TO THE LAST DAYS OF THE WORLD

My Friends, are we now, do you suppose, what we have been before? There were Mighty Men of old, the Anakim, in whose sight the Israelites were as grasshoppers. Who were these immense, Cyclopean beings who walked the earth in those dim and legendary days, when the shadows concealed not only the creatures of superstition but also the true remnants of earlier, pre-human cycles? Were they, in fact, what we today call SubGeniuses?

If so, they differed from today's effete, snivelling "Bobbies" as the ancient, immemorial oak, crowned with the leafy glory of the centuries, differs from the pathetic, plastic Christmas tree stored for most of the year in Joe Lunchpail's dust-bunny-haunted garage, which trumps its spurious slice of glory only seasonally — if then.

Let us have an end to vainglorious vaunting, boasting and bragging, to swashing the belated buckles of already forgotten campaigns. The river of Time rages ever onward, bearing swiftly away upon his foaming crest the discredited vestiges of a freakish and stillborn philosophy of maladroits, whiners and losers. Left behind upon the sodden banks we can only behold the noble ruins of a magnificent empire, the still impressive columns and domes of the fanes of "Bob" and his heroic mylords.

In short, we need not follow the foolish fires of novelty for its own sake, the *igni fatui* which lead the hapless traveller on and on, deeper and deeper into the impenetrable, sucking swamp, bubbling with the sludge of credulity, superstition and fanaticism! Nay, we shall avoid those flickering marsh lights, those false friends, those unidentified and unhallowed floating or flying objects who weave and dart, yawing and pitching their unwholesome ideology to each and every sapsucker and po'bucket who shuffles his size 12 brogans down the perilous and ever-steepening pathways into the foggy, frog-infested Bog of No Return. Yea, why travel far afield in search of greener fodder when there's a mother-huge plate of nutritious, steaming Original SubGenius Doctrine set before us, piping hot and peppery with the sage and savory spices of full-baked Dobshead cheeses which omit the full and overwhelming aroma of Slack, the tastiest dish of all? I wot well, ywis, that these fine morsels are not meet for simpletons and swineherds, who have mayhap run too long with their flabby, four-footed friends, grunting and stinking. Withal, they have set their unclean, cloven feet, which bear the fulsome stench of the mire, upon the cloth of gold which caparisons the High Table whereas the Lords of the Church are wont to sit, sampling the succulent succotashes and syllabubs of a recondite and refined

theological tradition, even as they sip the warming wines of wintry wisdom, served up from secret, seasoned casks stored subterraneously by dedicated drones who bear the rumbustious vintage, aloft upon silvery salvers, directly to the groaning boards where none who wear the SubGenial mantle e'er dare groan in boredom. Far from it, forsooth! Yea, they gourmandize, as hath amply been articulated elsewhere, on the sacred veridical 'Frop of the Ages.

But these unclean ones, gentle friends, these slovenly hogs who squeal their concupiscence even as their little eyes dart to and fro in their over-fleshy faces, seeking ever-nov provender into which to thrust the rubbery blubber of their quivering, pink snouts — are these our guests, our seatmates, our fellow diners at the dinner of divinely delicious samplings of SubDumplings? Forbid it, almighty, all-nightly ever-grinning Dobbs! And even less should we be willing to let them set the menu. Simply to satisfy this swinish herd, are we to supplicate to these purulent porkers? We can make do in a pinch, perhaps, with a pinch of piggy chow. But they, though they ravenously ravage and batten upon our ambrosial pottage, can never truly appreciate its fine flavor. Oh, there are some, I know, who in the name of the butulous bottom line would degrade our divine dinner, this fortunate food which Dobbs, the master chef, has prepared for us in the presence of our enemies. Just look at the last Stark Fist, friends, and see what savories stain the cloth at our SubGenius Succoth — no succotashes of succulence, but rather the succulent spam jelly of a glaucous and unclean prurience.

There is a movement, then, to fling down the pearls of our wisdom, more precious than any price, grown by the oysters of the Overmen around the irritants of ignorance, before the unknowing head of pig-ignorant grunters. This movement, dear friends, epitomizes a heretical direction whose erection threatens to encompass the rumpus of our destruction. Let us root out this rotting and parasitically riddled truffle, let us scorch and sear this unwholesome growth before its bloated bulb bulges and sprouts forth a fifth column to destroy all of us and our most dear interests. It's time — high time, as we upon the Left Coast habitually say, to exterminate from our ranks the rank and fetid fellow-travellers whose only true pleasure is the preordained pursuit of Pinkness. Then, when cleansed, we may sit again at our banquet, untroubled by the inordinate needs of the Normals, there to enjoy our buoyant vittles, where life once more is bear and skittles.

Amen.

THERE IS ONLY ONE SIN



"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled."

— Titus 1:15.

"Make love often, even if you have to do it with someone else."

— The Rev. Buddha Gub,
from *The Way to Happiness*,
Gub Pubs. 1994

"A good bowel movement is always better than bad sex."

— Sister Magdalena Hagdalena
Hoopa-Talka Walka-Talka Hogan
Logan Pogan



HAL ROBINS

We are liable to forget that our innermost natures actually do not cry out for WORK, FAST CARS or even TV. Most of the time they cry out for only three things: sleep, food, and/or sex. The first two are usually available. Thanks to our rival religions, however, sex — REAL SEX, MESSY SEX — is much harder to come by.

The urge toward overwhelming, wallowing pig-just SexHurt™ is the main, motivating factor for us meat by-products of the DNA Code — which wouldn't get very far without rewarding us somehow for spreading it around. *The Conspiracy is wrong* — the meaning of life lies not in happiness, or money, or knowledge, or in writing great religious texts, or even in reproduction (although that is the purpose of the Code). The meaning of life is found in the Oozquirt. It IS that simple.¹ Not the baby-making, not the love, just the immediate selfish gratification. Not the eating, so to speak, but the *tasting*.

Jehovah-1 — Creator or Pervert??

For our rival cults, almost anything having to do with the pleasures of the physical body is a sin. They say sex is dirty, yet overpopulation is JUST FINE. (And they think we're mixed up!) Throughout history, the Conspiracy has used all manner of rigorous mental calisthenics to suppress and denigrate the most common, earthy and necessary aspects of life, to make them seem low and sordid, to compulsively complicate them and regulate them until all the Slack was wrung out. (Maybe we shouldn't complain; if certain acts weren't considered reprehensible, we probably wouldn't enjoy them enough to perform them.)

BENT AS A NINE-“BOB” NOTE

"It is good for a man not to touch a woman," taught St. Paul, the inventor of Christianity as we know it. "But if men lack the necessary self control, then let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn with lust." *Hilarious* — except that countless millions AGREE! The same people also consider *sacrificing to an invisible monster every weekend* perfectly SENSIBLE.

Instead of drawing closer to Slack, society is tripping over its own feet to placate superstitious prudes — who come in two varieties, incidentally. The two supposedly opposed sides of the Conspiracy, the radical fundamentalist left-right and the extremist Middle-of-the-Roaders, are both set on ravaging our privacy and personal freedoms. Both share a deep-seated hatred of sex that hobbles, yet, in some sick way, motivates them. Both want to drill their orderly rulebooks into our disorderly brains.

They've even made the most common word for the sex act into a "profanity" that implies *violence!* The Con has always encouraged its subjects to equate sex with death and brutality, as part of their "divide and conquer" scheme. AIDS is Their most diabolical achievement yet. Now that the damned fornicators don't believe in Hell anymore, the Con has to drag in CERTAIN DEATH as an incentive for self-repression! Combined with Their incessant media sex-tease, it's an unbeatable formula for keeping the populace perpetually off-balance, tense and buying time on 1-900 lines.² Even the most licentious SubGenius is now forced to think twice, and maybe even file for a permit, before it can enjoy what *should* have been a simple, spontaneous romp in the hay with its beloved, a prairie squid, a couple of basement nukes and some *big red straps*.

¹ Dobbs, *Why We Sell*. Cyclopaedia SubGenitica, BobCo Inhouse Publications, 1963.

² For a good time, call 1-900-990-5085, ext. 324. SubGenius Hotline, \$2/minute. Wild, untamed. Under 18 need parent's permission. Touch-tone phone required. Maximum call, 5 minutes. Mystery Playhouse, Bradenton, FL.

There will always be some SubGeniuses around who become so contaminated by the backed-up, overproduced poisons of the gūnāds that every time they close their eyes they see “swimmers,” and, for relief, will forsake everything — the spouse, the

YOU'RE PROBABLY A SEX CRIMINAL!!

Kids, the career, all the promises they made to themselves and the Conspiracy. “I swear upon God and “Bob” that I’ll be good this time. I’ll be STRONG.” But the poisons override the OverGlands and release the primal UnderMan or OvaryMan; life is put on hold and all neural circuits are overshadowed by the need. Fourteen beers and three hours later, they’re “being bad” again. But, upon reaching the “zenith,” the mighty OoZquirt, they’re again lucid, capable of crystal-clear, rational thought, as if surfacing from a muddy swamp into fresh air, and they realize what they’ve done, that they’re in some reeking, sleazy little motel room, with a horrible neon light flashing on and off out the window, and the snoring partner’s flesh looks like old wounds, everything’s all rancid, they don’t even want to think where their mouth’s been... and they ask, “HOW DID I DO THIS?” Then they remember that moment, that sudden, golden moment, when the gūnād-fluids rose up, and all the world was right, and they knew just what to do.



of squirting and oozing monkey glands, being led around by the Hope of that friendly hand touching us “there.”

We will heartlessly kill, or selflessly rescue, a hundred of our own kind for that Great PROMISE.

But are there not far, far worse things by which humen let themselves be led? What is there more worthwhile to believe in? Look at the other things by which humans are motivated: false gods, false jobs, false Slack, false money... even false sex. (Actually, those are all false sex.)

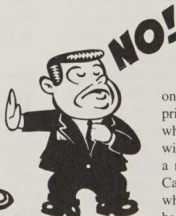
PROCREATION VS. RECREATION

There are four sexes: Male, Female, Male-Female (or FeMale?), and Neutral, or Drone. Most people are Drones. Lots of Pinks pretend they aren’t — but they’re just attempting to live up to the myths surrounding the Con’s big-entertainment role models, who are there to keep everyone dissatisfied with how they look. The Normals must be convinced that their breasts or penii aren’t big enough, they don’t dress cool enough, or they’ve got pimples, or their car isn’t fancy enough. Conspiracy sexual brainwashing reinforces self-anxiety while selling perfume or jeans. They want your mind always being tugged in two opposite directions at once, so you can’t stop and focus on what They’ve done to you.

Sex-denying so-called “holy people” are the biggest hypocrites of all, the most two-faced of Conspiracy agents. They would have you believe that “illumination” is some intense level of interaction with “the Godhead.” What a bunch of COWARDS. Common sense fairly screams out that authentic “illumination” comes from your level of interaction with other real beings, not imaginary, spaced-out “Godheads.” Raising a family, for one example, requires far more discipline, and brings one much closer to the “gist” of things, than all the priestly religious meditations in the world. The Dad who keeps bringing home the bacon, day after day, without losing his temper at life, wife and offspring, is a much greater holy man than any Hindu aesthete, Catholic monk or other celibate intellectual. The Mom who toils over her child makes Mother Teresa a mere babysitter by comparison. These “holy” characters have their heads in the sand — yet they presume to tell US “the right thing to do!” Nothing egomaniacal about THEM! Being so close to “God,” they don’t HAVE egos, right? THE NERVE!! We would pity them, had we mercy.

OurS would tend to be an almost SWEET and ROMANTIC Church, if They didn’t make us spend so much time HATING. But none of this half-assed, namby-pamby romance for us. It has to be sweaty, strange and FEARSOME romance, romance to inspire AWE in both partners. Or however many partners. Usually just two.

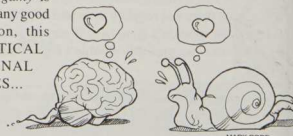
Not that variety is necessarily a replacement for QUALITY; neurotic, Conspiracy-style promiscuity is the last resort for those ignorant of the FULL-GOSPEL Oozquirt. “Bob’s” so open-minded, even monogamy is cool with him! Like any good and decent religion, this Church is FANATICAL about TRADITIONAL FAMILY VALUES... SubGenius style, anyway.



When the flūnāds rise, nothing else in the Universe MATTERS; a normally sensible fellow reverts to the rutting alpha prime monkey man, following his inflamed organ across the savannah, through the burning alkali sands, exploring whole continents, just on the HOPE of the merest whisper of a hint of a possibility of a slight chance that an friendly hand on the other side will touch him “there.”

SubGenius women too are subject to an equally powerful Urge, though some of them are knowing, willful managers of it.

This Urge is what has propelled all of evolution, all technological progress, all quests for knowledge. Whether we admit it or not, for all this venerator of rationality, for all the Foucaults and James Joyces and Prousts and Beethovens, we are nothing more than jangling collections



Nothing wrong with staying single and free, living it up in sin! But for those who *must* get hitched and/or have a litter or two, understanding **THE SUBGENIUS FULLY EXTENDED NUCLEAR FAMILY** is **ALL IMPORTANT**. The Conspiracy idea of the Nuclear Family is, of course, Mom, Dad, Sis and Junior.

The SubGenius EXTENDED Nuclear Family includes Auntie, Uncle, Grandma, Gramps, cousins, step-neighbors-in-law, and close friends. And Rover. The SubGenius FULLY Extended Nuclear Family is even more loving and nurturing, for it includes not only all of the above, but also Mom's boyfriend(s), Dad's girlfriend(s), the garbage man, the mailman, the abortionist, the rats in the alley, the prairie squid in a jar in the fridge, and all THEIR Fully Extended Nuclear Families, and all their nuclear weapons. For that matter, the lone SubGenius agoraphobic locked inside his own sealed chamber is also a SubGenius Fully Extended Nuclear Family. Ideally, *each individual SubGenius should be its own Fully Extended Nuclear Family*, with its own personal gun emplacements and warheads.

While traditional Con 'morality' says the Pink Nuclear Family is *threatened* by this doctrine of what is essentially MORE LOVE, the SubGenius sees it as *enriched* (although more love does seem to cause more *fits* as well). SubGeniuses, as a result of the healthy exploitation of their own HATE², have the potential to be much more romantic, loving, horny, and *consequently more friendly and respectful*, than humans, most of whom would be just as happy with Chinese-style arranged marriages, for all the difference it would make; they're

mostly interchangeable anyway, like a bunch of Barbies and Kens who differ only in wardrobe. It really doesn't matter *who* a Pink marries, as long as it doesn't marry an unknown SubGenius.⁴

This is one reason we strongly urge couples to invest in SEVERAL **SubGenius Short Duration Marriages**, and consummations,³ before even thinking about Conspiracy legalities and 'spiritual contracts.' A hundred test ShorDurMars, even at retail, would be far cheaper than one Conspiracy divorce.

Our rival cults talk of the "attack" on "the American family"... and they're right. The fabric of society *is* unraveling — father is pitted against son, sister against mother, father too close up against sister. 95% of all marriages end in divorce. But they would claim that this results from MTV pornography, sitcom sexgags, premarital permissiveness and the like.

Something's tearing the family apart, all right, but it's what those OTHER churches love MOST! It's what THEY accuse us of trying to *destroy*... and they're right about *that*, too.

What's *tearing the family apart* is **NINE-TO-FIVE JOBS** — Pink, corporate Conspiracy lifestyles, whereby Mommy and Daddy get up in the morning, kiss the kids in a kind of a simultaneous "hello" and "goodbye," and go to work. Then, after they get home about 7:00, frustrated after a long drive back out to the suburbs, they kiss the kids "hello" and "goodnight," and they all go to bed.

Oh, our rivals wail and gnash their teeth about how the children are getting *exposed* to too much. What they AREN'T being exposed to is a little bit of *Mom and Dad*. FORGET the pornography! **LEGALIZE PORNOGRAPHY, AND BAN WORK!!** Most kids these days grow up with SCARECROWS overseeing them, because Mr. and Mrs. Mommy and Daddy think it's SO IMPORTANT to have JOB SECURITY, it's SO IMPORTANT to be a **REAL AMERICAN**, a **NORMAL AMERICAN**, an American that *doesn't know its kids as well as it knows its employees*.

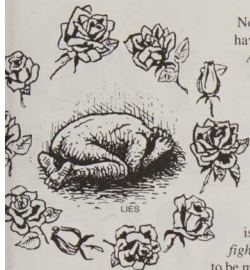
This is a crooked and perverse culture, a guilt-ridden, glutted consumerist society of desperate, completely unbalanced Pinks abusing children and each other, and then getting paid to brag about it on talk shows and music videos. But you can't *force* people to "behave," not as long as "behaving" involves ingrained Conspiracy perversions, and everyone is barraged nonstop with sublimations of natural lust being used to sell cars, guns, wars, and votes.

The Yetis erupt when they tampered with that buzzer in our brains, that pleasure center right next to the orgasm dynamo, and left it programmable so that *anything* could be made to light it up. The pleasure switch is thrown by some TV commercial or bleeding heart right-wing Commie talk show host's hate rant, and the slobbering brain thinks it's getting the same reward as a righteous Oozquirt... but only the top Kundalini tier is activated, with nothing lit up beneath it. This is unhealthy. People will latch onto ANYTHING that fires that spot in their brains, and WORSHIP it. It could be HIGH HEELED SHOES. Or a dead guy nailed to a stick. Or Jim Jones' voice, or Rush Limbaugh's, or Ivan Stang's, or the car, or the team, or toys, or poison chemicals, or a paycheck, or Bettie Page all tied up, or jiggling body parts and automobiles smashing together... or, of course, "Bob's" face. Strange, strange things can fill that blank. Falling in love with somebody of the same sex *might* seem weird to you, but it's a lot less weird than falling in love with, for example, little rectangular green pieces of paper.

³ If you're a SubGenius, you are a sex criminal — by definition!!

⁴ We who are more Yeti than others must suffer the KNOWLEDGE of not only the glory of our true heritage, but the SHAME of our Fall. Indeed, that shame is all too often used as a rationalization for demeaning ourselves by continuing to fornicate with humans, in lieu of yelling Yetiny... a bit like drinking to forget you're a drunk.

⁵ Send \$5 to SubGenius Foundation, PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214. If you don't have a "fiance" for it, the act of buying it will magically draw one to you!



How American it is... to want something better!



WINSTON SMITH



REV. DUGGINS LIES

**THE CONSPIRACY DOESN'T
WANT YOU TO KNOW:**

WHY YOU MUST PERFORM "DEVIANT"

SEX!!!

PD CONDOM /
LIES.



As you know, the accumulated frustration energy ("F-Rays") generated by guilty sex and/or "safest sex" feed the Conspiracy and Elder Gods, and unleash the Loin Creature. By the same token, what the Conspiracy calls "DEVIANT SEX" feeds Slack.

By "deviant sex," They mean ANY sex NOT FOR PROCREATION. This doesn't just include, for instance, homosexuality or fetishistic sexual activity, but also sex outside of marriage, sex in marriage with birth control, *everything* besides the old geriatric missionary-position, married-in-out strictly in pursuit of offspring (which is the only thing we call "deviant").

Some Queer SubGeniuses fret that they aren't contributing to the Yeti gene pool. How wrong they are to worry! All along, they have already been doing invaluable services to SubGenius population growth. Here's how.

Have you ever wondered how it can be that two Deep Pink parents can produce a raging SubGenius child? — or, more tragically, how some children grow up Pink, even though both parents were pulled-in-the-wool SubGenii?

It's because the Y gene, the Yeti gene that makes a SubGenius a SubGenius, is recessive. Unless something triggers it right around the moment of conception, it will probably never kick in and become the dominant gene. Some sort of energy has to 'push it over' so that the embryo subsequently develops in a Yetinissian direction.

There are powerful energies we might call "Slack Rays," or ORGOZMOMIC RADIATION, which are produced only by so-

**INSANE RELIGIOUS DICTATOR COMMANDS
MONSTROUS ORGIES OF THE DAMNED ON
OUTER SPACE SAUCERS OF THE DOOMED!!!**

called "deviant sex." *Only a strong dose of this "SexHurt fallout" can push that Yeti gene into dominance.* The radiation doesn't have to come from the parents; it can result from the Slack and pleasure of *any* SubGenius(s) that happen to be simultaneously "doing it" in the neighborhood. (Our studies indicate that, depending on the intensity of the deviant sex, the orgozmomic radiation is effective within a radius of from one block to almost ten miles, and has even been known to induce tornados and freak storms.)

In other words, any time that you indulge in "deviant" (that is, fun or forbidden) sex, be it crazed illegal five-way sodomy, lone wanking, the simple smooching of an unmarried couple, or even awkward back-seat "bad" sex, you are generating beneficial "Slack Rays" that will trigger the Yetigenetic eruption of any child currently being conceived by ANY couple in the area, no matter how Pink that couple may be. *The more we do it, the more we cause the half-heartedly copulating Pinks around us to be burdened with little SubGeniuses in the future.* If the world is going to be hideously overpopulated anyway, let it at least be overpopulated by "Slackers!"

The more "BAD" the act is, the more FORBIDDEN and "NASTY," the more little Yetis will later spring up in town. A simple rule of thumb: **The less the Conspiracy wants you to do it, the more orgozmomic radiation it will produce.** (Because Mal-Aligned Normals may be reading this book, it must repeatedly be stressed that we're talking about *consensual sex only*. Children and the unwilling DO NOT ENTER INTO THE EQUATION.)

We NEED the weirdest metal-faced bulldaddagers, one-armed low-ball Doksuckers, shift-sexing 'Prop-huffers and all the other *down-home, for-real people!* Without them, the whole world would be COMPLETELY NORMAL.

The Conspiracy recognized this centuries ago, which accounts for the persecution of the nonsexless. They noticed that if they ran all the



easier for themselves to get away with their perennial favorite form of antisex, child abuse. (Such Conspiracy practices *smother* orgozmonic radiation.)

This is why it is the DUTY of all SubGenii to go out of their way now and then to help out those so-called "deviant" SubGenii in their struggle against Conspiracy tyranny. If some closet weirdos hadn't been doing their illicit acts down the block while you were being conceived, you probably would have been born PINK!! Likewise, if you're a SubGenius parent, and your kid came out Pink, it probably *serves you right* — because you stood by and let the Normals drive the outlaws and swingers from the neighborhood.

The Conspiracy has benefited from its HIV virus (which, incidentally, was *accidentally* released, far deadlier ones wait in storage); they knew the terror of AIDS would severely decrease the chances for Yetinsyn to connect with each other. And *nothing* makes people more defiant of basic Conspiracy authoritarian church/state rules than "love" or even a good healthy relationship based on pure LUST. Rioting drug addicts are far less a threat to the World Corporate State than are SubGenius couples in heat. They may not cause much structural damage; it's their *indifference* that's so damaging to the accepted order.

That's why the Conspiracy does its best to repress love while barraging society with false sex — a fantasy media world, an endless tease in which love exists only for tragedy, and sex is something you do to be cool, something associated with Con-approved looks, clothes, taste in music, hairdo, etc. With one hand, the Conspiracy pushes "traditional family values," i.e., repressed normalcy, playing by the rules, not asking for too much; and with its other "hand" (the beer/cig companies and TV/music/movie companies, all owned by the same consortiums) it says, "Forget love, just have sex and a good time — but *only* if you're good looking, and you drink Miller beer, and you just won the game, and Bon Jovi's playing. Then it's time to party with wild abandon and be cool like a rock star and *who cares* what happens to ANYBODY ELSE."

SO, WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?

An important attribute of Orgozmonic Radiation is that it is *contagious*.

You may have heard the popular New Age fable about The Hundredth Monkey. Supposedly, some Japanese scientists studying monkeys on two different islands observed an incredible sequence of events. One monkey on one island started washing her food in the ocean, and, subsequently, not only did the rest of her monkey kin start doing the same thing, but *the monkeys on the other island also spontaneously took up this sanitary new habit!* PROOF OF TELEPATHY — and, to New Agers, proof that if they "Visualize World Peace" enough, and if the minimum requisite number of enlightened people read the necessary positive-thinking crack-

⁶ One has to speculate regarding 'the Hundredth Hitler' and 'the Hundredth Manson.'

pot paperbacks, a "critical mass" of cosmic understanding will be attained, and everyone will suddenly become as attuned to GAIA as Shirley MacLaine or Guru Ma.⁶

Actually, the data was falsified by a well-meaning jackass, and The Hundredth Monkey theory is *pure Grade-D horseshit*. You can pray and meditate until you turn blue and NOTHING WILL HAPPEN OUTSIDE OF YOUR PATHETIC MIND.

However, the *ONE-HUNDRED-AND-ONETH SUBGENIUS* theory is based on solid extraterrestrial science. If you can manage to get Slack, it will MAGICALLY cause other nearby SubGenii to gravitate toward Slack, whether they know it or not!

There is one problem: THE LAW. The LAW says, "**No SubGenius can do whatever it wants.**" That's the letter of the Law as it stands today. (AND THEY CALL THIS A FREE COUNTRY!) The "rules" were made by idiots who thought there *should be some*. They were wrong. Your duty is to EXPERIMENT until you find what works for YOU.

We don't want you to get *arrested*, and we aren't trying to turn you into an exhibitionist; we just want those RAYS *bathing everybody, all the time*. Use your own judgment, and don't blame the Church if you get busted for indecency in a public place!

PURITY THROUGH SMUT



"The ones she can't see are always longer."

— Dobbs, 1955.

in his cups at a bar after discovering Connie had been having an affair



We are sick of people apologizing for the differences between *wmn* and *wmn*. (Oppression starts with vowels.) This sappy New Age unisex myth has been taken to repellent extremes by both good-hearted idiots and sex-hating Drones. The Conspiracy is HAPPY to see every source of passion, truth and beauty watered down to the point that they can control them through artificial replacements. The only differences between the Fundamentalist Con's use of guilt as a control device, and the New Age Liberated Con's use of it, is that the former is based on old Flintstonian cartoonlike superstitions, while the latter is based on new Jetsonian cartoonlike superstitions.

This is not to say that all SubGenius males *must* be swaggering, slobbering He-Males, or that the SubGenius women must be Hookers with Hearts of Gold. There are those who just don't think about it all that much, and those who are flat-out "QUEER." "Bob" doesn't care WHAT you are, as long as you aren't PRETENDING TO YOURSELF NOT TO BE IT. Nervous systems vary tremendously. The worst thing anyone can do in this regard is to fake being what they're not. Many SubGenii may be PERFECTLY HAPPY with hardly any sex life at all. FINE. The last thing we want to do is promulgate the Conspiracy obsession with false sex. REPLACE that obsession with a healthy USE of sex: WHAT EVER WORKS FOR YOU. If NOTHING works, then FINE — LET IT!

You mustn't let either side of the Conspiracy steal away your passion and instincts; once they have those, they have IT ALL. That innermost, deepest part of your brain is the *last place* you can be truly free, truly yourself. You can keep that essence of yourself, *even in*

prison — yet you can just as easily *lose* it, as a prosperous "free" civilian on the street, if you let Them infect you with Their nasty-minded, stomach-souring, anxiety-perpetuating regulations and stereotypes.

HALT! Does this mean that, because you feel the 'real you' is a rapist and child molester, that you should "be" the REAL YOU by DOING those things? **GET REAL.** We will NOT fall into THAT Conspiracy therapist loop. Rape, child abuse, made-up stories about child abuse and prick-teasing are side-effects of Conspiracy training. That's not the REAL YOU, that's the DISEASED YOU. Using one's sacred ThingamaBob or Temple-o'-Connie as a WEAPON is the Pinkest thing a person can do.

If there was more REAL sex, there'd be a lot less CRIMINAL sex.

But, "By God," if you *agree* that you want to Gomorrize each other or chain each other up or just talk to each other or whatever the hell you strange people do, then GO FOR IT!!! The Conspiracy gets away with pushing you around in every other way — at LEAST don't let Them push you around in the *bedroom!* DEMONSTRATE your rebellion *there*, even if NO ONE ELSE SEES. That, itself, serves to prove to YOU how LITTLE YOU CARE WHAT THEY THINK. You can't repent and quit your job on a daily basis, but you CAN, *just for the sake of doing it, just for your own satisfaction*, BREAK THE RULES and SNUB YOUR NOSE at the NORMALS there in the privacy of you and your partner's MANIACAL SEXHURT SESSIONS.



YOUR ORGASMS HAVE BEEN STOLEN — BUT YOU CAN GET THEM ALL BACK FOR \$2,000!

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, "BOB"!

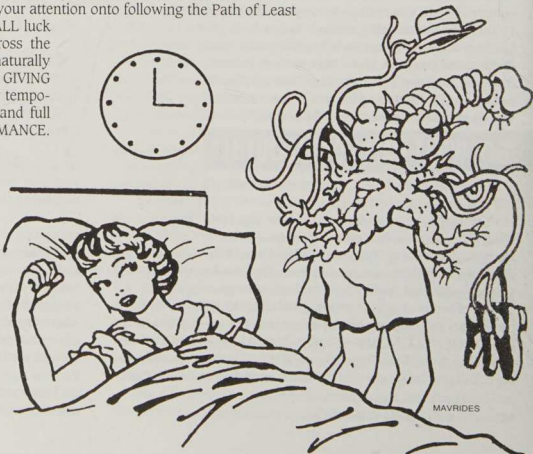


We understand. Many of you are still grotesquely unhealthy-looking, basically unlovable nerds and losers. (A surprisingly small effort at hygiene can sometimes change that.) LUCKILY, for the SubGenius, "good looking" is a far broader term than it would be for the Pink. The Pink wants someone who is close to the current Pink Ideal, the "Norm and Norma" of the latest vogue. The SubGenius, on the other hand, gets turned on by "character."

"HELL, I CAN'T EVEN
GET A DATE, MUCH
LESS INDULGE MY TRUE
INNER-YETI URGES!

HAVE YOU NO MERCY?"

Following the Path of Least Resistance should NOT be that tricky. In fact it's SUPPOSED to be the EASIEST thing in the world. So quit focusing all your attention on the search for a mate. Maintain the requisite social activity, but DIFFUSE your attention so you don't RADIATE DESPERATION, which is a sure-fire subliminal turn-off. De-focus your attention onto following the Path of Least Resistance in ALL things — and, as your OVERALL luck begins falling into place, as Slack increases across the mental BOARD, then your luck in "scoring" will naturally increase as well. In other words, "GET AHEAD BY GIVING UP." You aren't really giving up, you are actually temporarily reshuffling your priorities for a more rich and full perspective. Stop praying to "Bob" JUST for ROMANCE. Pray for EVERYTHING — vast wealth, perfect health without exercising, a second four-head stereo video deck (make that a whole top-of-the-line editing system... hell, make it an entire HOLLYWOOD STUDIO!), AND the romance — ALL OF IT. Don't be a sitting duck, a target for binding demons by becoming a vampire-beacon of obsessive self-pity and unfulfilled need. If you FIXATE to the point of DESPERATE COMPULSION on one single thing, your Nental file will grow a saddle with NHGH's name on it, and you will be SURE to BLOW IT. Can't get that date this Friday night? Well... you've probably been neglecting your hobby of inventing practical, non-polluting portable fusion reactors anyway.



MVDRIDES

TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT: JESUS DOESN'T CARE, and MOM AND DAD DON'T NEED TO KNOW! The important thing is that YOU don't end up FUCKING YOURSELF. For that is the *Conspiracy's* plan for you.

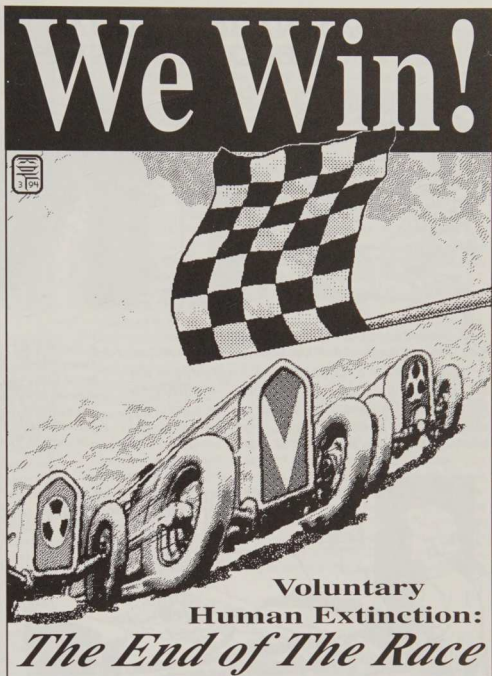
When you "do it," therefore, *DO IT JUST THE WAY THE NORMALS DON'T WANT YOU TO.*⁸

Your best bet is to buy into the kind of "Indulgences" OUR Church offers. INDULGE in SacraMentality until you begin to relive your reincarnation and achieve CYTORSASM, opening the Doorway to the Over"Bob" and infinitely carnal cosmic knowledge of the ROOT GODDESSES, NUNU and NARNINI!! Plunge even deeper into the Matrix of the Void, where all realities interface, and you will become both Pee Dog and Poop Dog, *simultaneously*... like SCRATCHING ALL THE RIGHT ITCHES, FOREVER!! We shall STAUNCHLY ADHERE to the VITAL TENETS of the URETHRAL COVENANT made with our own gūnāds in FULL CLITORIC GLORY!

"What "Bob" holds in his hand is the future of America."

— Squirtmaster Snavelly Eklund, Drs. 4 "Bob"

But where does all this lead us in "Bob's" Plan? Well, if we turn to Hypercessians 6:14, in *Dateline for Dominance, The Prescriptures*, we find that Dobbs foresees great future SLACK MARCHES and END-TIMES FERTILITY RITES. It has already started, with modest gatherings by allied Church Clenches... simple parties and Abnormality Parades so far, but over the years⁹ they will MUTATE into MONSTROUS SPECTACLES: huge public wig-outs and pill/chainsaw orgies, spanning weeks and months, all over the world, barbaric all-out full-tilt BRAIN FREEDOM IN THE STREETS, not unlike the mad feasts and orgies that accompanied the Black Plague; entire lives will be devoted to traveling from one insane SLACKFEST, DOKSTOK or "X-DAY GUT BLOW-OUT" to the next; every day will be ALL FOOL'S DAY. But no one will be hurt. Only *society* will be damaged. If ALL SUBGENII were to SQUIRT and OOZE AT ONCE, while dancing to Drs. 4 "Bob," then this phase of the Universe (or whatever is left of it by then) could END PROPERLY instead of being ACCIDENTALLY ERASED in some great NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST of Conspiracy-bred, pee-shyness-induced, MISDIRECTED FALSE SQUIRT.



The Voluntary Human Extinction Movement (VHEMT) — Box 86646, Portland OR 97286-0646 USA

⁷ The problem with homosexuals, according to the Queer SubGenii, is exactly the same problem as with every other subculture and minority group, not to mention the majority group: **most are Pinks.** The Con has got many gays more interested in displaying the "right" furniture, clothing and hairdos than in fighting for their "right" to *real* Slack. Instead of confronting the Con, they'd rather just hide away in a little inbred subculture, where everyone's all alike, and their peers and enemies can spot 'em a thousand miles away. These are the NORMAL Queers.

⁸ There's nothing like being STRAPPED by a big, STRAPPING Yeti, using BIG RED STRAPS — or, if you're feeling especially BAD and devilish, if you want the thrill of the forbidden, you might use big GREEN straps! Ho ho! "BOB" wouldn't like THAT!

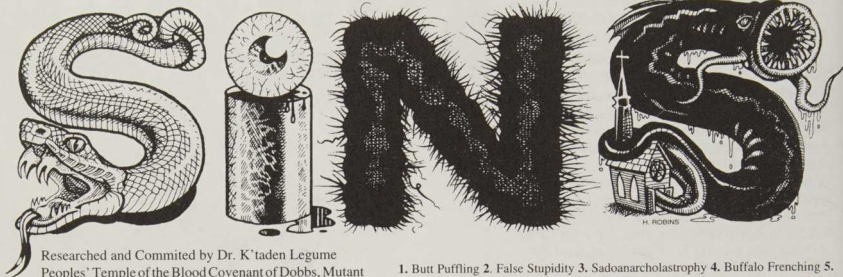
⁹ Only a few left, so you'd better start NOW.

"LET MY PEOPLE COME." — Dobbs 

The Time of Oozquirt will REPLACE The Time of Pee! Humanity EVOLVES!!

There is HOPE for the UNIVERSE!!
There is REDEMPTION!!!

DAMNABLE, VENIAL, BLACK, WHITE, DEADLY, MENIAL and TRIVIAL



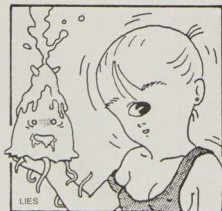
Researched and Committed by Dr. K'taden Legume
Peoples' Temple of the Blood Covenant of Dobbs, Mutant

There is only one real sin in the Church of the SubGenius, and that is the sin of not donating your \$30 Love Offering for Membership & Ordainment. Perhaps that's why so many of you still haven't sent in those \$30 bills. Perhaps SubGenii need taboos, if only so they'll have rules to break.

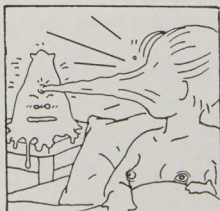


PUZZLING EVIDENCE

Since most of you have already committed all the acts that are considered sins in other faiths, we have compiled this list of New Sins. We have gone to great lengths to insure that these forbidden acts are so outré that you are unlikely to have thought of them yet yourself. So you can now stop complaining that Dobbs has been too permissive; he will hate you for committing any of these, far more than for not sending in your \$30. He promises. Now you have hundreds of other ways to demonstrate your rebelliousness against him. You can go ahead and send the check now.



LIES



1. Butt Puffing
2. False Stupidity
3. Sadoanarcholastrophy
4. Buffalo Frenching
5. Gnome Fondling
6. Dunge Retardation
7. Laundrymangling
8. Any bestiality involving beasts within your own species
9. Sin Pitting 10. The making of lists 11. Unlawful digestion of Pseudoexcretions
12. Swan Twaddling
13. Interspecies Anal Joggling
14. Not shaving the patch of hair between your index and middle fingers
15. Pole Slurping
16. Ice Pooching
17. Buggery of the Fightin' Jesus on Mondays
18. Frog Flopping
19. The Larch 20. Rhino Tossing
21. Consorting with Oatmen
22. Placing grapes in one's anus without first lubricating the seeds
23. Chicken Fishing
24. Tibetan Banzai Death Flips
25. Fecal Surfing
26. Building Watching
27. Sidewalk Sniffing
28. Porno Puff Pastry Pummelling
29. Photographing Invisible Objects
30. The sin that dares not keep its checkbook balanced
31. Radioactive Slug Smuggling
32. Chair Stuffing
33. Pepsi™ Puddling
34. Ditch Filling
35. Wino Waffling
36. Badminton 37. Socksucking
38. Masturbating on the Frog's grandmother's face
39. Banana Cramping
40. Luck Listening
41. Gogsmoking
42. Glassburning
43. Crosslicking
44. Crotch-hopping
45. Salvation Stalking
46. Playing Frisbee with manhole covers
47. Falling into open windows
48. Wearing God's clothes and doing tacky imitations when He's not there to defend Himself
49. Slog Snotching
50. Pud Puddling
51. "Bob" worshipping
52. Zombie Rituals
53. The excretion of endangered feces
54. Ingesting partially burnt hydrogen
55. Ballet
56. Aswhistling
57. Driving a simulated wood-panel station wagon
58. Unrealistic reality idealism
59. Cricket Coddling
60. Poodle Purchasing
61. Using bile as a lubricant for Owl Shaving
62. Nude Unicycling
63. Fill in the blank
64. Taking Pee-Wee Herman's name in vain
65. Believing newscasts
66. Brut Burning
67. Head Piercing
68. Chainsaw Toast Buttering
69. Walking under water
70. Vampire Killing
71. Ptiticking
72. Entertaining Jehovah's Witnesses
73. Intelligence
74. Getting out of bed
75. Weaselchomping
76. Wedbetting
77. Jesus Wailing
78. Jesus Whaling (if one happens across Jesus walking on water, firing a harpoon into His head)
79. #1-78, performed simultaneously
80. Pus Sculpting
81. Scab Rattling
82. Engulfing Telepathic Breakfast Cereals
83. Angel Bone Gnawing
84. Mumbling
85. Jesus Wound Poking
86. Statutory rape of statues
87. Precataclysmic Fortune Telling
88. Cat Shaving
89. Jerking off with the Stark Fist
90. Self-amputation
91. Yeti Plucking
92. Wound Smelting
93. Consorting with puppets and cable T.V. installers
94. Not eating donut holes
95. Pit Washing
96. Beer Wanking
97. Dope Wasting
98. Box Boxing
99. Dumbo Stamping
100. Fat Rendering
101. Codfish Mounting
102. Welding partially combusted toilets
103. Time Diving
104. Playing hide-n-seek with blind people in brightly lit rooms
105. Acceptance of gratuitous miracles
106. Mindless Tubebreeding
107. Mallshopping
108. Frankenstein Baiting
109. Casting out of Zippy's Teeth
110. Bus Slaughtering on odd Tuesdays



111. Universe Mending 112. Gum Wielding 113. Gumby Riding 114. Goat Smashing 115. Snigtry 116. Subterranean Flight 117. Yak Staking 118. Appearing on *Star Search* 119. Mucilage Matching 120. Snot Whipping (except for Procreation) 121. Holy Water Squinting 122. Dinosaur Launching 123. Lipsynching 124. Rodent Reresurrection 125. Alien Taunting 126. Cheese Yodelling 127. Cloud Smiting 128. Sadochastity 129. Hammerhealing (the laying on of hammers) 130. Zit Sucking 131. Runt Pumping 132. The Thumping of the Sacramentality by Autocratic Pseudo-Rubber Atheists dressed as overly made up Prostitutes 133. Shadow Stealing 134. Mop Mauling 135. Snot Wielding 136. Cleat Sex 137. Anticleat Sex 138. Tamponing 139. Polevaluing (with an ugly stick) 140. Lamp Cord Cutting 141. Semen Skiing 142. Earfarming 143. Dancing with Wolves 144. Anvil Biting 145. "Bob" Spooking 146. Truthspeaking 147. Gonad Speed Malletting 148. Key Stretching 149. Upholstery Vomiting 150. Parasite Teasing 151. Smoking 152. Reverse Vacuuming 153. The construction of assault crutches to be used for False Prophet smiting in a post-apocalyptic America 154. Any sport involving ladders 155. Universal Rundling 156. Boojum Bashing 157. Bum Burglary 158. Pickle Tickling 159. Star Chomping 160. Sheep Bombing 161. Ham Bleeding 162. Ear Waxing 163. Goat Roping 164. Nasal Grappling 165. Lung Splunking 166. Parasorkling 167. Tornado Farming 168. Cornflake Bouncing 169. Pope Squeezing 170. Quasiknetic House Building 171. Technobabbling 172. Maggot Fellating

173. Chump Passing 174. Squat Golfing 175. Finger Wagging 176. Shame Pointing 177. Ectodumping 178. Megadrooping 179. Doing the Lambada with Charles Manson on Xist-mas 180. Pork Incineration 181. Brain Chewing 182. Christian Clenching 183. Neospacial Transferring 184. Nostradamming 185. CoConspiring 186. Blood Ransoming 187. Nugget Brandishing 188. Odin Blasting 189. Headsharpening 190. Beaver Cleaving 191. Watching Bill Cosby on T.V. and enjoying it 192. Freebasing Drano™ 193. Hairballing 194. Twine Collecting 195. Love Boating 196. Bathub Giding 197. Cattle Mutilating 198. Bladder Gripping 199. Anal Retention 200. Trunk Weanking 201. Sodomizing Richard M. Nixon's rotting corpse 202. Living with ocelots 203. Painting portraits of Barbra Streisand 204. Senseless prattling about the state of one's venereal diseases 205. Bonking baby bunnies 206. Rock Bending 207. Colon Claspung 208. Hunting Flaming Flying Pregnant Squirrels on a High Holy Day 209. Lymph Guzzling 210. Secular Popeyeism 211. Galacticide 212. Exterior Decorating 213. Bug Popping 214. Stink Poking 215. Reactobruising 216. Necrosplattulation 217. Loaf Replicating 218. Ceiling Adhesion 219. Weenus Ranting 220. Fonskin Bonding 221. Fart Faxing 222. Troll Chuckling 223. Palm Nailing 224. Toreskin Stigmata 225. Gut Tunneling 226. Chancr Charting 227. Gland Blending 228. Cannibalism (except for procreation) 229. Knob Dangling 230. Breast Pruning 231. Qum Popping 232. Heaven Wrenching 233. Num Polishing 234. Body Snatching 235. Dobbs Toadying 236. Brown Nosing 237. Confessional Cramming 238. Ripping off mattress tags 239. Death Dodging 240. Buying "Fudge the Whale" cakes 241. Proseyluting 242. Impersonating small flightless waterfowl 243. Batmardening 244. Nude Porcupine Wrestling (except for procreation) 245. Maxi-Paddling 246. Pagan Idolatry 247. Pundit Pilfering 248. Soul Snigthing 249. Classpiving 250. Getting "Normals" use your bathroom no matter how urgent their plight 251. Going to a luau at the local Elks' Lodge 252. Sporking 253. Watching Jerry Falwell on T.V. with a straight face 254. Inadvertent Homospientism 255. Llama Yanking 256. Buying Girl Scout Cookies (the Devil's Pastry) 257. Flaccid Penilizing 258. Wearing "cow slippers" 259. Yard Sailing 260. Ghost Tucking 261. Bathing 262. Ski Denting 263. Listening to "Menu" 264. Race Trawling 265. Giving God a sleeve job on the first date 266. Kamikazi Messiah Bowling 267. Belief in the existence of Pastor Pinhead without a prescription 268. Poking Jim Morrison's corpse with a sharp stick to determine if it is made of Puff-Doh 269. Reassuring people that everything will be OK when you know they're doomed 270. Beergogging 271. Not spitting on mimes 272. Mercy on the weak 273. Reading judgemental lists of so-called "SINS"



HEAVEN AND HELL



REV. IVAN STANG

TO HELL AND BACK
DEATH, REBIRTH & THE BEFORELIFE

*"That's right, Virgil," said Dobbs, loosening his collar.
"It IS getting rather hot in here."*

— DOBBS INFERNO, Brain Rot Radio Press, Cleveland



*"The difference between Heaven
and Hell is which end of the
pitchfork you're on."*

— Rev. Sheldon deWehr

*"I walked into Hell the minute I
stepped out of my Ma's maw."*

— Dobbs after losing a bowling
tournament and having his car
break down on the way home,
Des Moines, 1956



It could happen at *any time*. You could be strolling peacefully along a forest trail with a buddy, minding your own business, when a branch might crack overhead and fall straight down, tip first, spearing the top of your head exactly, all the way down into your ribcage, destroying your brain *so suddenly* that you would *never know what hit you*. You would think you were still walking down the trail, and you'd hear a noise, and turn, and see your friend crying over *your own* impaled body.

Anything could happen. A meteor could plunge from space and crush you **NOW**. **WOULD YOU BE READY IF IT HAPPENED THE INSTANT YOU FINISH READING THIS SENTENCE??**

If — and only if — you are true to “Bob,” you needn’t worry about the death of the body. Abandoning the meat is roughly the equivalent of taking off your shoes, only easier. It’s the fate of your eternal *Nentescence* (aka PPOF, or “soul”) that should concern you.

Why this cruel, elaborate trick on the poor, pathetic dead? Why, for that matter, does “God” “allow” “death” at all? It’s not because the body wears out and all things must end, nor because one must transcend this Wheel in order to move on to another one, nor simply to make way for the young. It’s because you *DESERVE IT*. It’s *punishment*. To show you **WHAT FOR**.

You think “God” is still trying to **CREATE SOMETHING??** It’s trying to **RECREATE NOTHING!!** EVEN “GOD” doesn’t know where everything came from — *nor how to get rid of it!*

Sorry.

Naw... just kiddin’. “Bob” wouldn’t let “God” do that to you. The truth, however, is not much better. For a SubGenius soul cannot leave one reality without entering another. There are unfortunately no spaces “between realities” where one may “hide.” No one would ever commit suicide if this were known. It would be fruitless, because at **NO POINT** in the chain are you actually “dead,” where nothing happens and you don’t exist. *NOBODY* is that lucky.

“Bob” once spoke of the slag-pits of Midlothian, Texas, where the Conspiracy melts down the fossilized metal skeletons of old cars to make steel for new ones, thence themselves to “die” and be melted down again. He said that this is exactly how we endlessly experience the eternal Conveyor Belt of Humiliation that we call “existence.”

As a soul, you “start off” (so to speak) in a phase of the Beforelife which is like eternal paradise — as if to get you off on the right foot. When it comes your time, however, you suddenly **LOSE YOUR MEMORY** of all that pleasure and are born onto this earthly Meat Plane. When the Grim Reaper catches up with you here, you are born *again* to the Beforelife, thence eventually to pass on to “life” in yet another of the Etheric Universes next door — the “Heavens” and “Hells” described below.

It’s like a great Wheel — *unless* your soul happens at any point along the way to “get a flat” and turn Pink, or be sold to and devoured by Elder Gods, or get obliterated by a nuclear explosion... in which cases the offer is void.

Where do souls come from? Where were they *before* the Beforelife? Are they “created”?

No. PPOFs *evolved*, along with the life forms to which they attached themselves. Three billion years ago, what is now your “soul” was once a disgustingly primogonial, embryonic ‘protosoul’ aetherically tethered to a single-celled protozoan floating in the primordial sea. As life evolved and the PPOF jumped from being to being, it grew.

Theoretically.



Above: Computer enhanced scanning X-ray crystallography micrograph of the **HUMAN SOUL**, as it rests inversely in the perineum (near Cruveilhiers fascia) at the origin of the sacrotuberous ligament. Note the peculiar rugosity of the deep fossa, suggesting an unknown pathology. (*Journal of the Paris Institute of Pediatric Teratology*, Wesson, Melch and Gilbert, 1994)

If you die Pink, you might leave behind a part of your soul — the longer soul, or what we call the *Nental Ife* — and it will become a mournful, wandering shade, a lonely, unquiet spirit doomed to roam the Earth, shuffling through the aether, pathetically repeating the sad loop of behavior that made it split from the higher soul in the first place. Imagine a ghost trying to buy a 6-pack for eternity... and without I.D.¹ And that’s one of the *least* horrible fates a Pink soul can look forward to!

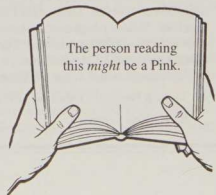
Thanks to the Con’s 10,000 year disinformation campaign, grossly mistaken notions of Heaven and Hell have been promulgated by the false churches. In fact, there is little difference between the two. Some SubGenii *commute* between them on a daily basis.

But, you’re not really *supposed* to know for *certain* there’s any afterlife at all. From the grand, evolutionary point of view, it would **GREATLY IMPEDE** the SURVIVAL OF THE SPECIES if everyone *knew* he or she could just jump off a bridge and suddenly become a beautiful, immortal soul, free of debt in a wonderful Heaven of telepathy and love and infinite joy.

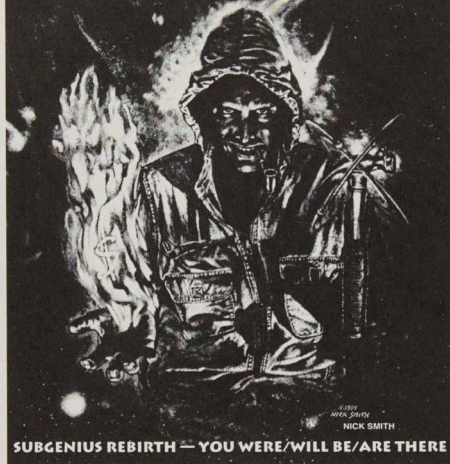
¹ These are very different from the SubGenius “ghosts” who demand to be released from Heaven or Hell on furlough in order to haunt specific human beings.

² Another phenomenon used to “prove an afterlife” are the so-called “phone calls from the dead.” The dead are allowed to make one telephone call or fax — and only one — after passing through the gates of the hereafter... but *not* to their **LAWYER**.

³ Many of the illustrated LIES seen within these Holy covers may also be found, with others too outrageous for even *this* volume, in the obnoxiously ultra-slick Paul Mavrides sketchbook, *SKULL FARMER*, available from Kitchen Sink Press, 320 Riverside Dr., Northampton, MA 01060, for \$6.50 per copy (postage paid). Caution: Victor Mature SubGenii only. Sorry, Human Skin-idea no longer available.



FACTS ABOUT THE BEFORELIFE



Revealed by Former SubGenius Pastor Buck Naked

through intense scrutiny of the *Gnu Gnarnisis* or
The SubGenius Book of the Living Dead, a holy book in the Yeti Veda Trilogy.

As you knew / will know, SubGenius souls or **Nentessences** are volatile, brightly colored, and usually very fast-moving when they care to be. They go where they want, and are hard for others to control. However, the souls of Normals, also known as **plugs**, are bland-looking, pill-like beings. Although in life Subs and Norms are physically almost indistinguishable, after death this is a hard mistake to make.

When a SubGenius "dies," the **Nentessence** bursts from its meat prison. This massless seed careens on a pan-galactic journey lasting but a moment of our time. It usually returns once to make sure it's really dead before moving on to the Beforelife. (Mistakes have been made.)

When a Normal dies, the Pink soul — though it may be a drab version of other colors — exhausts its puny strength in a vain effort to hover near the body it squandered. The pale, shell-like entity is soon carried away by wind or other forces. Being lighter than air, the Pink's soul then drifts aimlessly through space (although Pinkster souls do tend to cluster).

The plugs are gathered up by cosmic agents (usually representing JHVH-1, who has the largest franchise in this area), and sprinkled into "vats." The vats themselves are said to be relics left by the Eldest Gods, forged for unguessed motives. These vats melt the plugs' shells, making them bond together. As new plugs continue to collect above, the Normsouls' shapes and colors blend until they resemble a greyish, lumpy stew. Ultimately they form a clear slurry, which drains from the vat. This plasma can be used to form new souls — souls who have a *chance* to become new SubGeni.

Thus, a Normal cannot be said to have led a "past life."

It was just... normal.

"In My Father's Midway
Are Many Bumper
Car Rides."



— "Bob" in Trancemission 47

Most think of "life and "death" as the only two states of being. Actually, they are two small straws in a titanic haystack. The Beforelife, for SubGeniuses, is like a huge carnival — if you don't do something foolish, you'll end up on *numberless* rides, for fleeting eternities; one may be the Roller Coaster of Fear and Joy, the next might be the Tunnel of Love. Hell is The Ultimate Spookhouse.

This haystack of deathlives isn't *quite* infinite, though; there IS a "Judgment Day" or "Splice in Time," that serves as both the beginning and end of a vast repeating LOOP (or "rut") of all cause and effect.³ There are so many *bardos*, Beforelives and Afterlives, however, that you'll eventually get the one you really WANT.

That's why so many preachers can't quit talking about HELL.

We say,
**THANK GOD
FOR SATAN!**



the Normal Hell

As the SubGenius nursery rhyme goes:

"It's through Satan's success
That Dobbs' word receives press."

When guesting on call-in talk shows, we are frequently warned by sobbing "do-gooders," their voices cracking with emotion, that we're going to burn forever in Hell if we persist with this SubGenius Church business. Most are really just *gloating*; a few start off meaning to be helpful, but they become *most distraught* to hear us continue to LAUGH at the Great, Bearded, All-Judging, None-Forgetting Unlaughable.

Everything written regarding Hell in all bibles, from the Zoroastrian up through Dante to Chick Comics, is literally true (*except* the name of the author). The traditional Hell exists, complete with Lake of Fire, demons, and eternal torment; they aren't lying about *that*. What they don't tell you is that *only religious people go there*.

³ And beyond all these lives and alternate universes, the whole of Creation itself is actually a vast "Pipe" balanced on the back of a huge cosmic Horned Toad, and beneath it, an all-encompassing Fiddler Crab. NOTHING ITSELF does not exist after that.

It's a rare SubGenius that ends up in this Normal Hell, the lowest rung of the Ladder of Beforelives. THE HELL CLAUSE states that Hell is reserved for those who believe in it, and the lowest Circle is for those who think that if they don't believe in it, they'll go there. Hell is JHVH-1's revenge on those who insult His intelligence by thinking He is as simple-minded, cruel and vengeful as THEY are. The Devil's job is to pester them, to milk out every last drop of human faith and credence. Satan manages Hell, and it's a very busy place these days, but his responsibilities regarding earthly life cover only religious nuts. JHVH-1 assigned him to create some kind of secondary Hell on Earth, so Satan devised the idea of multiple religions, all believing in his existence but hating each other even more than they hate him. (In the end it doesn't really matter whether those Normals are "good" or "bad" in life; Satan and JHVH-1 divvy up the souls 50-50, at random.)

As for Satanists in this world, Christians, Muslims and other religionists are to blame for them. The only reason anybody "serves Satan" is because some asshole told them there was a Satan to serve.

To the few SubGeniuses who take the Devil seriously, he's at worst a figure of Negative Slack and a great guy at parties. For, even with all his powers, the Devil cannot defeat "Bob." Satan (or Ahriman, etc.) is a very minor deity compared to JHVH-1; "Bob" himself has bested Old Split-Foot in sexual prowess, if not in supernatural powers and demonic dominion. "Bob's" lost count of the number of times he's been sent to Hell, and then made miraculous escapes. With each recapture he was sentenced, vainly, even deeper into the underworld. (By coincidence, he has frequently reincarnated into short-lived life forms, such as the Mayfly, the brine shrimp, a turkey just before Thanksgiving, even a baboon's heart.) Thus, in a very short time he has become quite familiar with all of Hell's maze of Circles, Levels, trapdoors, escape hatches, and legal loopholes.

Dante's *Inferno* is hopelessly outdated as a guidebook. We could endlessly list the new tortures inflicted on the eternally doomed, but by the time it's published the list would already be obsolete; Hell is constantly being upgraded in Pain Configurations, in order to keep pace with the world of the living.

Dante "Roberto" Alighieri, 1265-1321, author of *The Divine Comedy* and the long suppressed *Pontiffs, Planets and Pederasts: The Alien Papacy and the Ghibelline Conspiracy*, Florence, 1320.



NUMEN REMISSIONS

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES OF THE DAMNED

A particularly treacherous section of Hell is WEST HECK, such a polite and genteel Inferno that many lost souls languish there without knowing it. You could easily be "living" in Heck while thinking you were still on Earth.⁴ You'd still have a horrible day job, doing DULL, POINTLESS TOIL for nothing except money to pay for slightly less pain.

Wouldn't you hate to live in a world like that? Wouldn't you do anything to get to Heaven — even kill yourself? But that's the problem. There is such a thing as reincarnation... once you're in Hell. On Earth, you don't know if there's an afterlife, so you don't dare kill yourself. In Hell, you finally know for sure that there is one, but that killing yourself will do no good.

Normals can only console themselves with the thought that no matter how miserable life may make them, their Earthly travails still serve as valuable practice for the Land Beyond the Veil.

⁴ They even sell this book there.



THE HIDEOUS TRUTH ABOUT "HEAVEN"

P.M.

"By the time you get to the Christian Heaven, you'll be wishing to GOD you'd made it to SubGenius Hell!!!"

— Janor Hypercleats

Although with "Bob's" help one can escape from Hell, there is no escape from Heaven!

Pink Heaven (frequently misidentified as Christian Heaven or Islamic Paradise) is nothing but a more sophisticated Hell, with air conditioning. In many ways, it is far worse. At least in Hell, you know where you stand. The sheep in Heaven can't even guess how utterly doomed they truly are.

"Heaven" is only the second rung up the Beforelife ladder, and, like Hell, is reserved for believers. It consists of an *absence* not only of pain, but also of pleasure.

Great deal, huh? You're damned if you do, and damned if you don't. Disobedient souls burn in Hell forever, but obedient souls "belong to God." As if making you an employee all your LIFE wasn't bad enough, you're enslaved in the AFTERLIFE as well! You get all the joy of a fundamentalist's lifestyle, with no hope of release — not even death!

"Oh no, you don't understand," bleat the flock. "Heaven isn't slavery, it's freedom!"

We don't buy that! The rival cultists spend all their mortal lives forcing puritanical laws down our throats, and then they expect us to believe that Heaven will be any different? That once we reach Heaven, "God" will allow His little herd to run wild?

Sorry; when you leave this plane and enter WOTAN's bloodstream without a SubGenius Membership card, you still have to deal with His Antibodies.

THE CANNIBALISM OF SOULS

In "Heaven" there dwell certain hungry, rapacious predator spirits, called **Theocrats**, which vampirize the PPQF of weaker spirits in order to "live" forever at the expense of their victims.

"The Theocrats enslave other spirits to provide psychic energy, just as slaves or employees on Earth provide physical labor... They obtain these victims by posing as gods and persuading the religious believers to come to them voluntarily after death thinking they are entering "eternal bliss in Heaven."

"Many notorious tyrants, conquerors, evil religious leaders, black magicians and criminals have become Theocrats after death, but so have some saints and benign geniuses. Power corrupts, and the prospect of achieving immortality corrupts even more. Many people with highly developed souls, whose earthly lives were lived quite ethically, chose to become Theocrats after death... This has been especially true for people who were religiously devout, then found out the horrible truth about their gods after death.

"The daily activities of a Fundamentalist Theocratic band organized as Heaven are similar to a church service as such sects hold them on earth, except that they go on perpetually. The Theocrat in charge poses as the Lord God Jehovah, and subordinate Theocrats pose as Christ, various Angels and Apostles, and so forth. "God" quotes the same Biblical passages and preaches the same sermons as preachers in the same sect do on Earth, and the congregation joins in singing the same hymns... The Theocratic leaders then channel this collective psychic energy... For instance, there are dead Christians who think they are in Heaven, sitting around the throne of Jehovah "eternally singing his praises," when they're really just his slaves and possibly his dinner as well. Now you understand the real significance of "Holy Communion."

"...As fanatical belief in organized religion declines in the modern era, the Theocrats have even devised ways to persuade atheists and agnostics to join Theocratic bands after death. The most common is simply to invite them to join what appears to be a community of spirits that includes some of their previously-deceased relatives or friends, or some famous person they greatly admire... There are also "Heavens" whose "gods" claim to be politicians, movie stars, writers, scientists, rock stars, or even fictional characters."

— excerpted from Kyle Griffith's *War In Heaven* 5

THE CAVES AND FLAMES OF HEAVEN

The most insidiously cruel aspect of Pink Heaven/Normal Hell is that it's all self-inflicted punishment. Nothing happens to those souls that they didn't ask for, that wasn't self-devised down to the tiniest detail. And nastiest of all, just as their store of anguish is about to be used up, they are TOLD they could escape if only they would stop believing — BUT THAT ONLY MAKES IT WORSE. For, there they are, right in the thick of it, with flames searing their skin, or etheric vampires slowly devouring their very essence... so it's just a bit difficult NOT to believe in it.

The helpless, impotent knowledge of the full depth of their stupidity is frozen in their minds, amplified, and protracted out over all eternity. It is from the ultimate horror induced by this CLIMACTIC REALIZATION that Hell is fueled. The fear of fear itself, self-amplifying, is recycled through their heads over and over, feeding on itself like a breeder reactor.

Even The Fightin' Jesus won't be able to save you once you end up

there. Eternally trapped, your every nerve tormented by fiery orange-blue screaming light frying your brain alive, EVERY NANOSECOND of it will seem like ten billion eternities. Not even the staunchest masochist will be able to ferret out the tiniest vestige of Slack from THAT.

And as the last gasping wordless scream escapes your lips again and again, you'll wish that you had remembered instead to scream, "Help me, 'Bob'!"

But it'll be too late — even DOBBS won't help you!! He'll be up there laughing with the rest of them! It's ALL been a complete scam!

SUBGENIUS HEAVEN:



The hereafter of the true SubGenius is the diametric opposite of that of the unsevered. Having tithe'd sufficiently in life, death for the heroic SubGenius is merely a "transfer" to ASGARD, the SubGenius Hell — the Land of Perpetual Oozquirt, and Portal to Eternal Pleasure.

After "bathing" in the Beforelife, the Nessence bursts through The Membrane of "Death" into the Hell Plane, where it takes on a new, highly refined, nearly indestructible body in perfect health. At this stage, it partakes of an orgy of earthly pleasures, in vastly richer depth and variety than could be conceived of on Earth; Asgard is a perpetual party in an endless amusement park. Indeed, the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses could be viewed as but a "boot camp," training you to withstand the even more eye-watering, almost harmful ecstasy to come in SubGenius Hell.

Whereas lesser prophets must use threats of eternal torment as an inducement, "Bob" tempts his chosen people with the threat only of MISSING OUT on not one, but TWO PARADISES. OUR faithful attain both a technological Paradise during life, AND a metaphysical Paradise after death! Can any rival cult offer BOTH??

And Asgard is only the *bargain* basement of the SubGenius afterlife! After spending several eternities in Asgard's, you start "SLACKING" your way up to the SubGenius Heaven's Heaven, HELLE.

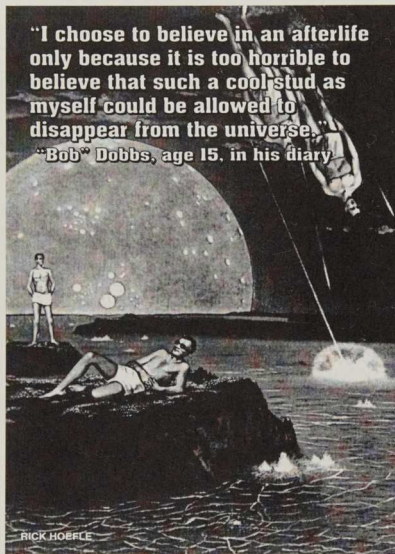
Just as life on the Escape Vessels readies you for "death" in Asgard, you wouldn't be able to appreciate the ecstasy of SubGenius Heaven without first undergoing SubGenius HELL to build you up to that level of enjoyment. Helle is so brain-crushingly GLORIOUS that you might not "survive" it otherwise; you would be numbed, and none of the succeeding Pleasure Dimensions would seem, by comparison, much different from Earth on a good day.

After you "die" in Helle, you'll be "born" into the Valhallic Universe. And once there, you'll gain access to DOZENS and DOZENS more, each one better than the last — in fact, incomprehensible to the last. After traversing the 8 Roads of Slack, the Nessence will arrive at the 12 Portals leading to The 273 Supra-Universes of the Beyond. Here you must prove you have overcome (tasted) the 12 Earthly Temptations by overindulging until freed from them. You will then pass into The Supra-Universes of the Beyond (bear to the right) and reach the Gates of YACATIZMA. There you must show that you learned and practiced the 12 Virtues on Earth. (Rather than REVEAL the Virtues and Temptations, we will make you GUESS — that way, to be SAFE, you'll have to indulge in ALL VIRTUES and ALL TEMPTATIONS.)

As long as you don't falter, you can keep evolving higher up the rungs of existence, ascending through the ranks of Supra-Universes, approaching ever closer the "Bob"head — the topmost floor of Beingness, where you will be told the Punchline.

At this point you may be saying, "Oh, "Bob," I love what you're preachin'... and I want to give you up my children, I want to give you my mind." But "Bob" doesn't want your mind or your irritating brats. He wants your cash. And that's when you say, "Well, now, I don't trust you that much, "Bob." I'd give you my brains or my children, but not my money... nah, that's too risky."

If you believers aren't giving money, all you're DOING is believing. Oh, we get it—first you want to see the eternal salvation... and then you'll pay. You'll end up with that excuse nailed to your back with a sharpened telephone pole in Normal Hell, and when you yank it off, they'll just hammer it back in with an even BIGGER NAIL.



"I choose to believe in an afterlife only because it is too horrible to believe that such a cool stud as myself could be allowed to disappear from the universe."

"Bob" Dobbs, age 15, in his diary

RICK HOEFLE

Lining "Bob's" pocket with love offerings helps you to slide between the power sanders of Justice and Karma, greases you up for a faster skid straight through that Chute of White Light and into the Beforelife, so that you just pop right out rather than having to *squeeze* through. That plunge to SubGenius Heaven is just like going down a water slide at Wet 'n Wild. Pull the lever, down you go. At first Asgard may seem sort of hot and stuffy, what with all those flames around you, and the fellows with tails... but those are Angels in uniform. That's a big joke down there.

There are plenty of quality souls frying in Normal Hell simply because they couldn't follow the goose-stepping guidelines of their Gods, but thought that they should... UNTOLD BILLIONS being horribly tortured for no greater sin than that they wanted Slack, but didn't believe they were supposed to get it, much less understand it.

If getting Slack is a sin, pray that someday we all become mortal sinners.

Dobbs believes in the God-forbidden right of all SubGenii to choose the fates of their own souls. Dobbs is recruiting lost souls of every creed — the billions that fell between the cracks of good and evil, the neutrals who just want for once to be LEFT ALONE in the afterlife — and teaching them how to profit from Hell and beat Satan at his own game!

"Bob" is both one of the living undead, and one of the dead unliving. "Bob" is a paradox, a contradiction. He's the epitome of hypocrisy... and he'll tell you so himself, so you won't know whether or not to believe it. And simply not being able to make up your mind is all it takes to send you you know where!

So why not give your soul up to "Bob" NOW and join us in SubGenius Hell? All your friends will be there! It'll be one endless SubGenius Beach Party by the flaming Swimming Pool of Brimstone and the Bottomless Barbecue Pit! But it won't be nearly as much fun without you there, too.



Take the Dobbs Express, the straight train to Salvation!

Send that \$30 to:

The SubGenius Foundation, Inc.

P.O. Box 140306 Dallas TX 75214



MAKING A DEAL IN THE BEFORELIFE

by Former SubGenius Pastor Buck Naked



When a SubGenius decides to live again, he/she is not alone. Yeti Blood demands that a *Media-Archetype* (spirit) guide the Nentescence through the Meat Plane (life) as its "soul partner." Each SubGenius has a Nental Ife Twin on the Media Plane. These spirits manifest on the TV plane, the literary, etc. They exist on a *legendary level* as a form of *Tulpa*. *Tulpas* draw their power from the belief, or need, of collective thought. They can materialize in unlimited dramatic guises. (Most miraculous accounts of talking animals, levitating sailors, cat people from space, shimmering cacti, etc. are **TRUE!**) So, unlike Normals, who are a simple combination of "Mom" and "Dad," the SubGenius is comprised of four beings, at least *two* of them aliens! This is why you are so confused.⁷

To be reborn, the unborn SubGenius in utero (*Nental Seed*) must hammer out a "deal" with a Media Plane Spirit. Expectant SubGenius parents should commission a dynamite salesman/medium such as "Bob" Dobbs or one of his Apostles to help the process along. When the Beforelife doesn't answer your "calls" (or "*diddlings*"), more offerings to "Bob" or his clergy will help

⁷ It's possible for a "Full Squirt SubGenius" to ascend to *Media Tulpahood* and even deification.



CHAPTER 9

GODS, MONSTERS & UFOS

ONE VAST MORBID SENSE OF HUMOR

GREG BISHOP

*"With stupidity the gods themselves
battle in vain."*

— Schiller

*"Come down you tiny robots
with your little nipper claws,
You pale and bug-eyed aliens
with white and clammy paws.
Life is just a sucker's dream
and death is a disgrace,
So come on down you Saucer Men
and take me off to space."*

— Orton Nenslo,

"When the Saucers Come"



The veil between the psychic and the physical is wearing thin these days. You know those things you see out of the corner of your eye when you're out in the woods at twilight, and the shapes that move in dark spaces under the furniture? The ones that disappear as soon as you turn to look at them?

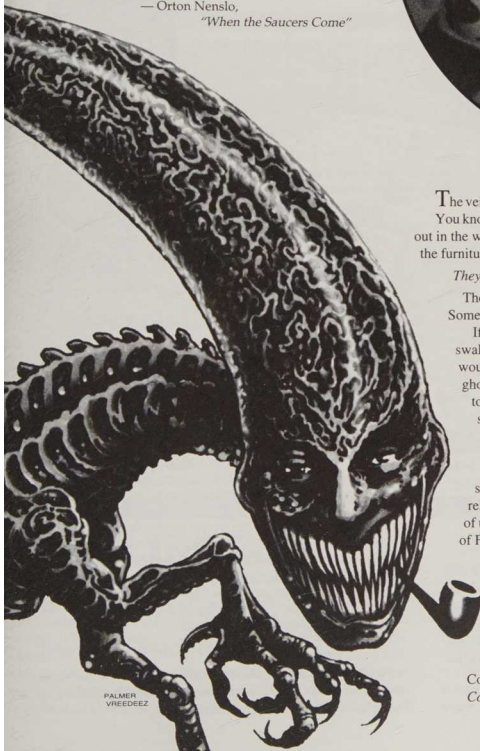
They're really there.

They ARE hiding under your bed. They live inside the phone wiring. Some of them can get into your head. They want you to *believe* in them.

If, as Fort said, "We are being fished for," humanity is certainly swallowing the baited hook. Fifty years ago, the average person would have fled screaming if approached by a UFO, a Bigfoot, or a ghst. Today, most people would greet them with open arms, hoping to learn cosmic secrets and maybe even get on TV. Just because something whispers to them telepathically that it's a benevolent Space Brother and that they are "chosen," they think it really IS a Space Brother and they really ARE "chosen!"

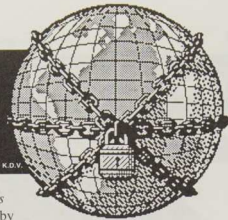
There's some BAD JUJU running loose in our little biosphere, and it likes to pretend it's space men, or somebody's dead relative, or the spirit of Jesus, or the Loch Ness Monster... and a lot of unquestioning humans are getting *seriously mixed up*. Our Lady of Fatima may have looked like a beautiful Lady in White, but she was really a Man in Black. The "Rapture" is coming, all right — but not as an Ascension to Heaven by the Saved; it's the ABDUCTION of the DOOMED by ALIENS!

The Fishers of Souls have no use for a few scattered kooks anymore; *everyone* must be made to yearn for Them in *some form*. The planet at large has been gradually conditioned. As sophisticated as it sometimes seems, our primitive human Conspiracy is merely one crude tool, one "drift net" of the *Conspiracy of the Gods*.



PALMER
VREDEEZ

CONTESTING CLAIMANTS FOR THE PROPRIETORSHIP OF EARTH



The history of the world is intervention in human affairs by spirit entities in hundreds of different forms. We're not so much being *fished* for, but *shopped* for; they "take us off the shelves" whenever they please. What our ancestors thought was a 'miracle contract' through which we'd curry the gods' favor has turned out to be a sucker deal whereby we're being bred and fattened by SPACE BANKERS for resale and consumption in the coldest bowels of space.

THAT'S why we need "BOB" DOBBS, Earth's GREATEST salesman, on OUR side.

ALL secret societies teach different, sometimes overlapping fragments of the Knowledge we are about to share, but only "Bob" has been able to fit together all the puzzle-pieces of the "Contract," the "Bill of Sale" of our species! Only he can interpret the fine print. Only HE can wheel and deal on our behalf when the "Collection Company" shows up in 1998. For, though he may not yet figure in all Earth religions, "Bob" is a MAJOR FIGURE in the VASTLY MORE ANCIENT PROPHECIES of ALL ALIEN RACES... including the Xists themselves!!

But even the mighty Xists are merely 'forceps' used by yet greater beings who might as well be observing us through metaphysical microscopes. The Xists were "possessed" by JHVH-1, who was Himself "possessed" by an ocean-like psi-mind moss brain which grows in a gaseous galaxy, which in turn was "possessed" by an Elder God which was born as a *lump* in the expanding Heat Bubble of the Big Bang, itself a tiny belch from the GREAT GREY GERBIL.

There's no point in seeking to *comprehend* these entities or their power struggles. Hoping to fathom the Xists would be like trying to psychoanalyze the Cosmos; JHVH-1 and the Elder Gods are beyond even the *fantasy* of our understanding. However, from careful scrutiny of *Prescripture* and of Dobbs' memos regarding his sales meetings, we can glean scattered clues which hint at the natures and motives of these beings.

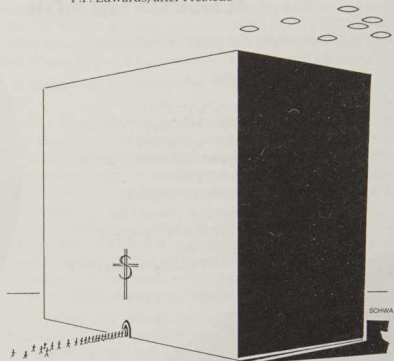
GODS VS. ALIENS

We must first clarify the differences between aliens, gods, the collective unconscious, and hoaxes. Don't confuse the gods — of which there are two vying tribes, Elder Gods and Rebel Gods — with petty entities and aliens like Jesus, the Greys, the Yacatisma, Satan, the Xists or the Zists. Those are relatively minor forces of our own little bubble of space-time, and, like us, they too must still eke out a living. They are but 'sheep dogs' for the actual MASTERS — the "dark pitiless gods who sleep," the beings which the Mutantean Yeti associated with "an appalling cosmic morbid humor... the compassionless... who find life's sufferings amusing."¹

The gods' only interest in our physical Universe seems to be the high-frequency vibrations emitted by living brains during periods of pain, tension, fear, expectation, ecstasy and violent death. Since human behavioral diseases such as religion and nationalism generate wars, inquisitions, pogroms, etc., they subtly manipulate us into opposing groups, setting up situations in which they can obtain as much anguish and sorrow as they desire.

"It's no mere accident that the Archangel Gabriel 'started' the Christian religion by visiting the Virgin Mary, and later 'started' the rival and hostile Islamic religion by visiting Mohammed... It is no mere accident that we find many religious groups under charismatic leaders who foment EXCITEMENT, and nationalistic groups under paranoid leaders... who lead us so frequently to WARS."

— P.F. Edwards, after Freixedo



"The actual religious mind-control process, the technique that provides telepathic emotional reinforcement to help program people's minds, is a sort of "psychic chain-reaction" that occurs while a group of people are in the religious trance together. In other words, the telepathic messages sent out by every member of the congregation influence the emotions and thinking of every other member, like a box of matches catching fire or an atomic chain-reaction.

"This process creates a "religious group mind." The telepathic transmissions of the entire congregation mutually reinforce one another until everyone present is thinking and feeling the same thing very, very strongly. People in such a state can feel extremely strong emotions, as strong as those that accompany the most powerful physical sensations such as sexual orgasm or extreme pain.

"...The Theocrats do not confine their activities to religion and occultism, but corrupt and control human beings through all activities that produce certain states of altered consciousness. For example, when people use the electronic media for passive recreation purposes — listening to popular music over the radio or on recordings, watching televised sports events and game shows, and playing the simpler computer games — they often enter a trance state that renders them vulnerable to telepathic mind-control by Theocratic spirits."

— Kyle Griffith, *War in Heaven*

That's how the gods, the aliens, the entities and the collective unconscious do it. Only the *hoaxers* seem to be on our side. Luckily, the *hoaxes* we're talking about are *REAL*.

¹ Krankovsky, *The Mutantean Codes Fragments*, Krankovsky Press, 1963.

THE "HOAXES"

There are Trickster entities who live in the spaces between the spaces, practical jokers who lure us into facing the unknown and taking responsibility for our own nervous systems, *no matter how much damage this causes.*

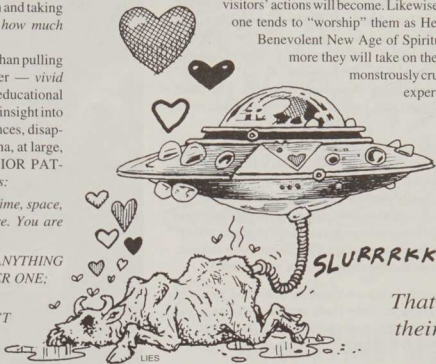
SubGenii are **Bold Surrealists** who love nothing more than pulling **PSYCHOTRONIC PRANKS** on Normals and each other — *vivid melodramas of weirdness* that double as Zen-like koans or educational *teasings*. This mischievous streak perhaps grants us special insight into the *intentions* behind Trickster UFOs, sea serpent appearances, disappearing hitchhikers, et al. ALL the psychotronic phenomena, at large, through the **SUM TOTAL** of their **OVERALL BEHAVIOR PATTERNS**, seem to be sending only *two consistent messages*:

Lesson #1: EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG. Time, space, matter and your sex life are not what you think they are. You are missing VAST CHUNKS of the whole picture.

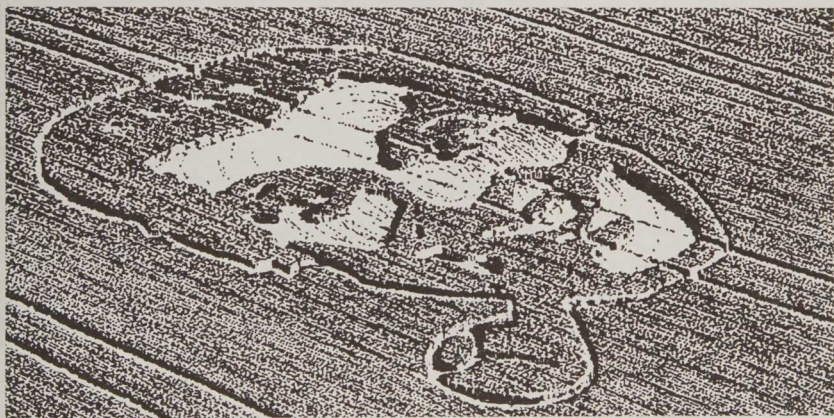
And Lesson #2 seems to be, WE WON'T TELL YOU ANYTHING MORE UNTIL YOU HAVE LEARNED LESSON NUMBER ONE: AND, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.

In other words: *YOU DON'T KNOW, and you WON'T until you KNOW you don't.*

Some UFOs, then, are the *SubGeniuses of the Gods*, and the *joke's on us*. The more we search *only* for "physical" evidence, especially in the context of fear, the more elusive, absurd and inexplicable the visitors' actions will become. Likewise, the more one tends to "worship" them as Heralds of a Benevolent New Age of Spirituality, the more they will take on the aspect of monstrously cruel genetic experimenters.



That's just their way.



MYSTERIOUS MARK appeared midday, June 25, 1992, in the barley field of English farmer Rand Mellors near the village of Humbley-Pudgeon-Chunderley, Hamstraheap, South Balcock, Cornwall. Police swiftly sealed off the field and trampled the pattern beyond recognition.

PHOTO: ORTON NENSLÖ

WATCH THE SKIES (AND JUST IGNORE THE CROP CIRCLES)

Contrary to the Con's explanation, those 15,000 Crop Circles *weren't* done by two old British farts with only a board, a rope and a compass. (The two geezers *did* perform about half of the 23,000 *cattle mutilations* in America, though.) The Crop Circles represent **Their** latest prank on humanity — **Their** tickling of our pre-programmed urge to "decipher" meaningless gibberish. **They're** vandalizing a few fields here and there for now, but wait until you read about the first

"cement circles" in New York City, or the *mutilated cattle circles* in your home town! (Also expect **Crop "Bobs"** across the globe as 1998 draws nigh.)

Some Crop Circles are formed by rays *projected from below* by the Advanced Supersonic Nazi Hell Creatures from the Hollow Earth — their form of "skywriting," spelling out advertising slogans or the logos of Hollow Earth corporations on their "ceiling."

Other Crop Circles are simply the impressions of fancy spaceship bottoms, landings by joyriding "space teens" — pathetic delinquents just as helpless against the Elder Gods as are we.

Our Galaxy is in much the same condition as our inner cities: cluttered with energy-hungry entities in various stages of evolution, all paying too much rent, working at jobs they hate. We are the barbed wire strung across a No-Man's Land between two warring armies of gods, our Slack the rope in a tug-of-war between two 'teams' of divinities. The larger team, the Elder Gods, are the more powerful, but are half-sleeping — "doped up" to keep from tearing *themselves* to pieces. The other team, the Rebel Gods, is smaller and weaker, but far more desperate.

The Prescriptions suggest that the Elder Gods were born at the same time as this Universe, formed from the pre-Slack Aethers by the Prime Cause (whatever THAT was?). Originally totally bodiless and nonindividualized, but seeking Somethingness, they began to lower their vibrational level and intrude into crude physical reality. Becoming denser and denser, they divided into separate wills, with an accompanying loss of self-restraint.

"Life needed a mirror, therefore it invaded the world of matter. There the Elder Gods became their own worst enemies, since they wanted to avoid SOLID FORM, yet had to possess it to act physically. Therefore they needed servants."

— Voynich Manuscript³

At their furthest incursion into "matter," the Elder Gods manifest no more solidly than as clouds of gaseous star-matter, living pockets of pure information, with the ability to affect the physical by imperceptibly penetrating our very atoms, producing intricate webs of "coincidences."⁴

According to mystics, the powerful and increasingly venal subconsciouses of the Elder Gods accidentally created "cancers of the galaxy," so to speak, in the form of Dream Plagues: the fancies of the Elder Gods, brought to chaotic life throughout all reaches of space. During a mysterious cataclysm called "The Night of Monsters" in Yeti mythology, when the Elder Gods risked being consumed by their own uncontrollable creations, they rendered themselves "unconscious" of this reality (*The Sleep of Cleansing* in *Prescriptions* 14:14). Seeking to avoid Universal dream-contamination by "sleeping it off," they banished themselves to "*The Bottomless Pit*" — eternal slumber in the "Cold Wastes of Kadath," the "drunk tank" of the deities.

Re-Animating The Elder Gods

As transmitted by Dr. Chris Gross

Mankind possesses the means to awaken and exploit the lusts of The Elder Gods, but this is unthinkable foolhardy. Nevertheless, the attentions of the Elder Gods are continually being invoked by agents of the Conspiracy. These invocations are generally performed by people who have no idea what they are doing, and take the form of *ideologies* — in the media, language, politics, religious rituals, etc. Elder Gods are composed of *information*, and are strengthened through the right combinations of symbolic imagery and emotional energy.

The main danger posed by the Elder Gods is that they are *abstract* in nature. They may manifest in the mind of a contactee as simple, obsessive concepts and Gestalts such as Power, Law, Fate, Willful Perversity, etc. Humans receive "information" and "plans" through



their encounters, but when they attempt to make use of these "gifts" it leads to destruction because the underlying intent is incompatible with the normal structure of the Universe. In order to carry out the directives of the Elder Gods, the 'tools' must be made weak enough not to resist, resulting in dehumanization, both figurative and literal.

The Elder Gods deal in absolutes; their nature is monolithic. When humans adopt these qualities, they begin to see every choice as an all-or-nothing decision. Because Elder Gods are blind and deterministic, a human in their thrall sees himself caught up by an impersonal Fate that *forces* his hand. (In fact, he has been neutralized.)

It would be folly to believe that only traditional, formalized rituals can be used to summon the Elder Gods. The important element is the specific mental trigger, which can be imbedded in anything from a grocery list to a computer program. Because **television** can synchronize the mental processes of hundreds of millions of people simultaneously, that will be the major invocational medium.

The Elder Gods can be envisioned as Crab nebulas with PERSONALITIES... very *different* personalities. Most of them are so alien to us we can understand little more than their unpronounceable "names." JHVH-1 is the only one that we might call anthropomorphic. Actually, He only *seems* more comprehensible to us in that He's more vengeful, stupid and petty than the other Elder Gods — *more like we are*, because *He was made in our image*. That's why we amuse Him.

Almost half the patriarchal gods of humankind are based on this slick alien space monster. That wasn't the LORD at Mt. Sinai, but JHVH-1 (AKA: Yahweh, Wotan, Zeus, Poseidon, Amon-Ra, EA³, etc.), who had 'adopted' the Hebrew tribes for His own petty purposes. Remember how He demanded offerings of great quantities of blood and certain organs from live animals? Now He sends down UFOs to extract the "offerings" by mutilating thousands of cattle... and people.

The Bible was dictated by "God," just not THE God. He doesn't care if SubGeniuses try to alter the world to this fact; that would be like worrying whether the ants in your ant farm *like you*. He doesn't care what we *think*, just what we produce. It's all business with JHVH-1; He's just trying to do a fast turn on his investment in the Universe. Though He likes to say He did, JHVH-1 didn't actually CREATE any worlds. He's just another alien skullfarmer. *We're* the ones who turned it into religion.

JHVH-1 doesn't answer to anybody, but He has many rivals (for instance, Wolwo⁶), and He *must always stay one jump ahead of the Elder Gods*. For He is one of the **Rebel Gods**, like NHGH, NUNU, BOHANDAS, ERIS (aka Isis, Shakti, etc.), and G' BROAGFRAN⁷. These Rebel Gods are the 'teenagers' among the Elder Gods — *those who escaped The Sleep of Cleansing, and are still at large!*



REV. GUTZILLA BLOAT

the 1000 PROOF SPIRITS

Drinks are on YOU!

Mutantane tradition tells us that the Elder Gods are intent on keeping men, Yetis and the Rebel Gods from out-evolving them while they 'sleep.' So they doze 'with One Eye Open,' interfering with our development from between the dimensions — and pushing our cultures toward mass human sacrifice, so as to pry open the Qliophic Oepening, their garage-doorway. They — or rather, extrusions from them INTO this dimension — "see" everything on Earth, and exert imprecise forces toward us, even to the point of physical interaction. They drive people mad by 'talking' inside their brains — nonsense instructions, fake cosmic revelations, murder directives, etc.

They automatically 'dampen' those consciousnesses which become curious about them. They can also 'curse' objects, texts, music, even thoughts, by planting 'booby traps' which bring on a *causalional psychickness*. When the brain is uncentered and blunted, like a Normal's, they can cause waves of irritation during which trivial things seem much worse than they are, and thus provoke "senseless" violence.

² See *The Book of the Sub-Genius*, Vol. III, now in preparation.

³ *The Voynich Manuscript* is a translation of scrolls from the Tibetan *Black Ser* describing formulas for bridging the Chasm between Dimensions. The crumbling manuscript is kept at the Arkham University archives in Arkham, MA.

⁴ The Elder Gods inhabit a number of Universes at once, at least partially, and can bleed over into *almost* all of them. However, the number of Universes is infinite — and that confuses the Elder Gods as much as it does us. *The Elder Gods themselves don't know any more about "God" than we do.*

⁵ EA: Babylonian J-1 prototype; also, Reichian for UFO.

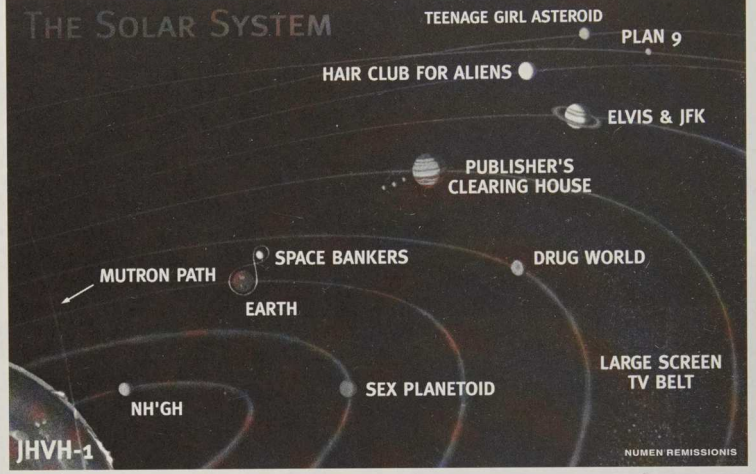
⁶ Wolwo: See G' Broagfran.

⁷ G' Broagfran: See Wolwo.



REV. KENNETH HUEY

THE SOLAR SYSTEM



Your Guide To The Solar System As We Know It

JHVH-1: AKA Wotán El Primero, Yahweh Erster, CEO (Chief Executive Odin), etc. Monstrous galactic intelligence microscopically manipulating every event on planet Earth. Given to making bets while drinking. Feel Him tug your strings. Protective Mantra: *What the hell is really going on?*

MUTRON PATH: Typical orbit of fabled "sub"atomic particle. Weight in excess of 666 solar masses. Able to pass unhindered through any substance but money. Be sure to try the salad bar. Closed Mondays. Protective Mantra: *All you can eat for \$7.95!*

NH'GH: God of ill-timed flatulence. Every section is smoking and every toilet is occupied. Humiliation, constipation, egopuncture and false profiteering on the second story. Unearthly bondage and discipline daily. Protective Mantra: *Give me convenience or give me death.*

SEX PLANETOID: These beings have 13 orifices, and by God they use all of them! Dollar slut machines and 69 under par on their driving range. Sit on a squid. Inflatable headless golfers. The look of lust is in your third eye. Protective Mantra: *Love thy neighbor, again and again.*

EARTH: You are here. Every bit as bad as it looks. Trailer park of the heavens. Soon to be bulldozed by JHVH-1 to make room for future gift shop, run by tiny ceramic poodles that predict weather. Not recommended. Protective Mantra: *Sex, money, "Bob".*

SPACE BANKERS: Ideologues, anchormen, demagogues. Pollsters, usurers, pundits; capitalists, communists, and columnists. Procurers, bootlickers, soothsayers; nose-brown and guard-black. Shrinks, pricks, and pinheads. Nature's gentle thought remover. Open all night, every night. Protective Mantra: *90 Days same as cash.*

DRUG WORLD: Planet of heavy machinery operators and driving school instruction. Here, a stopped clock is right all the time. Atmosphere type M; 21% oxygen, 8% Percodan, 70% MDMA, 1% "Frop. Bloody Mary transcendusions. Shoot to kill. This

is where the button marked "X" in the elevator goes. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Protective Mantra: *Death before dishonor. Drugs before lunch.*

LARGE SCREEN TV BELT: The lair of the cathode rapists, the bleeding, oozing and suppurating Heads, rocket Scientistologists, Ted Turner. Morse code and Linear B spoken. VISA and Mastercard accepted. Do not back up; severe tire damage. The smell resembles a cat-box. Protective Mantra: *We'll be right back after this message.*

PUBLISHER'S CLEARING HOUSE: Psychopomps and chthonic entities fight over the Social Security numbers of the dying. Subscribe for two years and double your savings. Behold monsters liken unto men, or men dressed as women. The bleeding nose of Ed McMahon. Protective Mantra: *You can't win if you don't play!*

ELVIS & JFK: Bonus mileage points. Here, all of Criswell's predictions came true, except in reverse order. Ritual worship of the Bullet and the Pill. The cocktail hour of your life. Jailhouse, chowder, scale model of prehistoric Las Vegas. Protective Mantra: *Guns don't kill people, exit wounds do.*

HAIR CLUB FOR ALIENS: Center of deceit and lies. Steroid injections for split brain demons. Liposuction of the gods. The thing on the doorstep that whispers in the dark; Be sure to fill out your W-2 form. Protective Mantra: *lal Shub-Niggurath! Apply liberally over sore part!*

PLAN 9: Glen and Glenda. A planet inhabited by living beings whose bodies are composed entirely of videotape. Only the infinity of the depths of a man's mind can really tell the story. Key deities: Tor Johnson, Vampira, Dudley Manlove. Protective Mantra: *Flying saucers seen over Hollywood!*

TEENAGE GIRL ASTEROID: It's not the heat, it's the humidity. They're all blonde and they all have rich fathers. The fish are jumping and the cotton is high. Eat plenty of protein and get lots of sleep. Pacemakers mandatory. Look at those "Bob" Glands swell! Protective Mantra: *Thanks, and come again!*

As Kyle Griffith points out in *War in Heaven*, the Elder Gods know a lot more about psychology than people do.

"An electronic computer analogy applies here. People on Earth right now are like the users of a computer system; they can in-put and retrieve data, and they can run the existing programs to process the data in set ways. Many of them have enough programming skills to modify some of the programs slightly, but they don't understand the basic design of the software very well. On the other hand, the Theocrats not only understand the software far more completely, but also have much easier access to the special "command mode" used to modify it. This command mode is the telepathic chain-reaction used in religious mind control.

"The mind of the average person on Earth right now is run by software designed by the Theocrats to keep people from consciously finding out they exist. And there's no use just telling people the truth: they simply can't understand or believe it, because the mental programs they use for understanding and believing things were designed by Theocrats."

ALIEN ORIFICES AND THEIR DISCHARGES

The Elder Gods are allied with the *zboG Elder givite NeZof* of the *svintgei* Universe, both of them seeking to sap the Slack Force from our Universe. There is a "Gate" between the two which will open at the Time Intersection in the 22nd century.⁸

The Conspiracy, both through global consortiums and tiny fringe cults, ACTUALLY STRIVES TO AWAKEN AND FREE THESE BEINGS, using releases of electromagnetic and nuclear energy to help weaken the Seal on the Bottomless Pit, to create an "aether-quake" that will snap the Elder Gods into full consciousness and manifestation — *negating our reality*. Already They have Their collective "foot" in the Door.

Though nothing can halt the Time Intersection, we may be able to help the Rebel Gods to *alter its equation and tilt its angle*, so that the Opening is too "thin" for the Elder Gods' Passage. It's a RACE! For, if anyone but the Xists gain control on X-Day, the Trained Seal squatting over the Bottomless Pit will be sufficiently distracted, and will allow the utter disintegration of the ENTIRE COSMOS.

Not even "Bob" understands JHVH-1's Plan, but he does know that if world history drifts even *one iota* from the Divine Script, the entire history of all Creation shall have been naught but the meaningless dreams of insane gods slumbering in their own drool.⁹

Some people are too *flippant* about the Elder Gods. They try to INVOKE them and end up with their grey matter rearranged JFK-style, minus any visible scars. Communicating with Elder Gods is like plugging a 6-volt radio into a 220-volt outlet — you melt. If you're *lucky*, they'll only whip you out across the immeasurable immensities of space, show you unfathomable, Cyclopean vistas, then put you back, thinking it was all just a dream. If you *aren't* 'so fortunate, they'll "can" your brain in a "shipping tube" and send it around to their friends as "mail art," leaving your fried body back home a gibbering empty shell.

⁸ IAOG-SOTHOT or N'ATON is the Elder God who will "become" the Opening — who will synchronize "his" geometry with the intersecting Angles of Time, much as we must enter a revolving door just right or get knocked in the head.

JHVH-1 hopes to force-evolve His Chosen so that, before the Time Intersection, we become greater Masters of Time Control than the False Prophets, and keep the Elder Gods psychically jailed so they can't "arrest" Him. Like the Elder Gods, He too has innumerable agents on Earth, most of them totally unaware of their roles as Dominant Mutation Agents. "Bob" is foremost among them.

JHVH-1 commands that we MUST throw off gravity's chains, escape this literal cage Earth, and evolve beyond being larvae totally dependent on AIR and WATER. Who wants to wait 'til 2020 AD just to watch on CNN four human worker bees move into the Space Station "Freedom"? This whole planet will be one big Mexico City by then! Imagine utility meters between your lungs and the atmosphere, between brain and orbital-mind-control-laser-satellites, between skin and orgone, between *soul* and *Slack* if They have their way. Imagine the *monthly bills!* It can happen here!



X THE XISTS

As described by Dobbs after an astral hijacking, the Xists are living animals, not self-created "gods"; however, compared to us, they might as well be God. They can materialize *entire inhabited planets* by thought alone.

Planet X is huge, very far from our sun [location classified], dark, cold and so incredibly turbulent that it makes Jupiter's Red Spot seem like a quiet country pond. There, it took not 4, but 10 billion years for life to evolve to a level comparable to *ours*. Another *billion* years produced the current Xists. It is said that Xists do not physically travel, but *relocate their senses* to wherever they want in the Universe through advanced psychotomathematikinesis.¹⁰

WHAT DO XISTS LOOK LIKE?

Anything they want.

When they arrive on X-Day the Xists will be no more interested in 'studying' you than a garbage man cares about the trash he collects. All they *have* to do on X-day is 'flush.'

⁹ In other words, *business as usual*.

¹⁰ There are those who believe the Xists has physical bodies which slumber deep underground on Planet X, groveling in inebriational sex tantra through the eons, the big quadrabrain heads loling in ecstasy, their Minds elsewhere. From what we can gather from Dobbs' wet dreams, these physical bodies would look at first glance like a cross between a tyrannosaurus, an octopus, a praying mantis, and a centaur, with a cablephat combination for a head. Because they evolved in a high-pressure, high-gravity liquid environment, they are larger than most dinosaurs, with very thick skin but flexible bones. The head is actually a *separate animal* from the "body," which is a symbiotic creature functioning only as a "chassis." The head, ringed with eyes, mouths, and a dozen spidery arms bearing long, dextrous fingers, contains 4 brains, one of which controls the multimillimeter creature it rides. The body has a rudimentary intelligence of its own, which is regarded as the "consciousness" of the head.

Y·C·T·S·M·

THE AESTHETIC DEATHFORCE OF THE UNIVERSE

If the Xists arrive and find a biosphere of Pinks, they'll "spray the planet for humans" just as we would throw a parasite-ridden dog into a bath of flea dip.

If the Anti-Xists — the **Yacatisma** — reach Earth first, they will reduce the planet to cinders and probably *LITERALLY, PHYSICALLY RAPE IT* no matter WHO is in charge.

Yacatisma are almost at the godlike level of the Xists, but are *entirely material*. They are *evolved machines* — and not merely *efficient*, but *deliberately cruel killing machines*. They *DELIGHT* in overpowering their victims with soul-wrenching fear and despair; that's their equivalent of *sex*. They're *meaner* than any cold, cybernetic intelligence could ever be — which implies a *soul*, albeit a "black" or negative soul.

Being super-material, they are the opposite of the Elder Gods, but function as their hired mercenaries. In size, they're miles tall; their feet alone could crush entire cities. One Yacatisma can shed millions of what are to them "fleas," but which are to us super-robots bristling with chain-saws, razor blades, machine cannons, ray guns and can-openers. Enough of them can take *ANYTHING* apart, including a *small star*.

The Yacatisma, having harnessed a *victim-powered* faster-

than-light drive, travel with such inertia and velocity that stellar masses, Black Holes, even the fiery red-shifting Quasars do not check their speed one iota nor deflect their trajectories. For them, "stopping for gas" is causing a sun to explode; as the heat wave destroys the biospheres around it, they suck all the souls through their intakes and blow them out the exhausts, careening off to the next star. There must be that much dissolution, pain and destruction for them to thrive.

The strange galactic upheavals spied by astronomers mark the spots where they've already trashed the cores of galaxies — *JUST FOR FUN*.

NOTHING can stop the Yacatisma. Their lust for destruction and wholesale racial slaughter is unquenchable. They exist only to take other things apart and build crueller, colder and harder Yacatisma out of them. They turn whole planets into machines that tear each other into tiny particles. They are a destructive force — the so-called Wellman Force — so powerful it has become a *creative* force; they cannot be satisfied with merely making things *cease*, but *must* break them down and remake them into ever bigger Yacatisma, capable of disintegrating even larger things and making themselves yet *VASTER*, and so on and on for perpetuity.





The concept of "souls" apparently irritates the Yacatisma. They don't like intangibles, unquantifiables. But they relish human *hate*; that's something they *can* understand. Unfortunately, whereas the Xists prefer their soul refined and delivered by "Bob" in little cylinders, the Yacatisma are wont to run berserk across the face of a planet, literally sucking and nobbling the fear and hate out of the inhabitants, manifesting themselves in the most severe and hideous forms, geometrically INCREASING their victims' fear, laying before themselves an all-enfolding carpet of horror in the hearts of the vanquished — the better for the Yacatisma to feast!

Only through the concerted efforts of "Bob" and JHVH-1 have the people of Earth been spared for so long.

THE YACATISMA AND THE BIG CRUNCH

The Yacatisma have the ability to move not only between galaxies, but between dimensions. They skateboard across the alternate quantum configurations, giving them an infinitude of Universes to sack and loot.

Yacatisma factions are presently very active in our home Galaxy, pulverizing stars and planetary systems. They want to *diffuse more evenly throughout the Galactic disc* the local concentrations of matter that give the Galaxy its 'lumpy' texture, to see if this would produce a smoother and, to their way of perception, more *pleasing* texture. They want to know if they can apply this technique to our Universe at large by "replaying" the Big Bang. They would manipulate matter into forms they "like" — redoing the totality of creation THEIR way as an all-Yacatismic, mechanized-drone universe of pure Pain Pudding, with no Slack at all.

At the Time Intersection, they'll have their one big chance to pull it off... and there are members of the Conspiracy who would eagerly sell out even to THE YACATISMA if they but could. That is how low, traitorous, and foolish the Pink can be.

BECOME A UFO ABDUCTEE!!

Complete Plans
and Instructions
Show You How



Of the hundreds of minor, miscellaneous alien species that have visited Earth, the only ones we need to really *watch* are the Greys — the insectlike ones with big cute eyes. They are here, now, blackmailing the White House and abducting innocent SubGenii.

Dobbs gets a lot of "lost" mail stamped "TOP SECRET" concerning the collusion of the US Government with the Greys. Originally, the Feds, in return for keen alien technotoys, were going to let the Greys abduct a *limited* number of people. But it seems the Greys don't play by Earth rules. Now there's a city the size of Manhattan in the caverns beneath Roswell, New Mexico, inhabited by Greys and their spayed, lobotomized human slaves. Over 100,000 persons in the world go missing each year, most of them shipped off-world to slave labor camps in Galaxy Zero.

Do you really think our elected officials can AFFORD to let everyone know that, years ago, they sold no-nosed, mushy-faced industrial alien insect-men the rights to start *mutilating, impregnating and/or brainwashing* citizens, and now THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN DO ABOUT IT? Who would TRUST such a politician? Who would VOTE for them?!

But the Government isn't alone in this perfidy. If anything, the mass media has been every bit as treasonous. What has *enabled* the various aliens to move in and take over so *easily* is Communist Hollywood's parade of deceptive pro-alien TV shows and movies.

Steven Spielberg should be tried, convicted and executed for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which gave millions the ridiculous idea that superior beings will want to "HELP" us. The cosmos is rife with superior beings, all right, but they aren't out to "assist our evolution." They didn't get where they are by being altruistic simps for *bugs* like us. The "Space Brothers" are generally more along the lines of *The Thing*, *Alien* and the stuff growing on last week's leftovers in the fridge, than Spielberg's simpering travesty, *E.T.*... which was CIA-funded propaganda designed to enamor us of the *real aliens* who are enslaving humanity even as this is being written. They, and every one of those New Age 'UFO channellers,' are traitors to our planet, and will be made to PAY DEARLY come X-Day.

Either that, or the Government *spreads* that story as *anti-Grey propaganda*. There's so much disinformation in this field that even the *truth* is used as disinformation! What you are about to read, then, is the most *realistic* disinformation we have been able to extract from Dobbs and his 'contacts.'

¹¹ Actually, most people already have.



“WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP YOU STOP SCREAMING?”

The TRUTH about UFOs

by Dr. Onan Canobite

“Where there’s smoke, there’s fire.”

— J. Allen Hynek, Center for UFO Studies

“Where there’s smoke, there’s a smudge pot.”

— John Keel, *The Mothman Prophecies*

“Where there’s smoke, there’s a big-headed, trans-dimensional soul-eater.”

— Dr. Onan Canobite,

Flying Saucers: An Investigative Handbook

It is possible to understand the saucer menace only when it is placed in a historic context. Although Earth has been “visited” since time immemorial, we of the late 20th century face a uniquely *modern* alien threat.

The aliens exist more as “footprints” rather than “feet.” They appear as we “expect” them to, and have changed their program little since they first made humankind aware of their existence.

Their technology has always been sufficiently advanced beyond ours that they appear angelic (or demonic, depending on their “mark’s” particular bias). They have always appeared from the

sky or from the Hollow Earth, granted super-science knowledge to someone too dumb or poor to make use of it, mutilated or stolen a baby or animal, then left deliberately contradictory evidence of their passage. They assume forms that are both feared and respected in a culture, forms that imply power that is beyond the reach of most people but is rumored to be possessed by “others,” be they royalty, other tribes, or mystic/religious officials. This basic pattern of behavior can be found in all nations and times, always filtered by cultural expectations of how they “should” behave and appear.¹²

UFO TERROR ELITE

Who are they? We don’t know much about these saucer jockeys, and most of what we’ve learned doesn’t make any sense. The Church UFO Study Group has determined that for the purposes of *this* book, we must confine our revelations to one of the three main alien races: “The Greys.”

Diminutive, almond-eyed humanoids with long tapering limbs and an unforgettable smell, the Greys possess what has been called a *hive intelligence*. All their decisions — even fundamental choices of motion and speech — come from “above” or are passed on “below” via telepathic or pheromonal emanations, which some unlucky trance channelers and body-builders have intercepted within the past few years. The pinnacle of the Grey mass-mind has, perhaps thankfully, remained a mystery, although it is known that races they encountered before have ultimately become their psychic slaves (these are the “little blue doctors” mentioned in *Communion*¹³, and hideously sugar-coated and marketed by the Conspiracy as SMURFSSM).

The Grey intellect BY DEFINITION is *always smarter than you*. However, the hive mind of the



Greys doesn't always give them an advantage over us. Because they are incapable of any individual thoughts, "random" behavior such as expressions of emotion, creativity and humor seem to confound them. Like the introduction of a logic-paradox into a computer, they have been known to "freeze up" when confronted with the mutant behavior which comes naturally to all true SubGenii.

EBE PHONE HOME

They are an old and degenerate race. A "diet fad" lasting aeons left their digestive systems dysfunctional. They consume and excrete directly through their skin, explaining many of their plant-like characteristics (and why they *stink*). Visitors to their underground Dreamland base¹⁴ have described Greys surrounding large vats filled with a weak acid, in which float what are obviously human body parts. The Greys dip "paint brushes" into the vats and paint the pre-digested muck onto their extremities and chest-areas. They have no teeth; the fast-motion chattering some contactees have reported is the sound of their leathery lips clicking together. O.H. Kryll¹⁵ was offered many Earth foods during its imprisonment, but could "stomach" only strawberry ice cream (!). Kryll eventually died of boredom and lead poisoning, ingested from the peeling paint of its cell in Dreamland.

They have no reproductive organs. They sometimes identify themselves as "male" or "female" to contactees, but this seems to have more to do with their "mission" than body type. For example, most of the drone-types are "male" while the Municators and "doctors" are "female." Oddly, at this writing there have been no reports of Grey abduction of SubGeniuses for sex slavery (as differentiated from the visitations by benevolent sex-demons experienced by many SubGenii during adolescence).

The Greys are NOT the Xists foretold in prophecy. They are a scavenger species acting as heralds for the Men from Planet X, as dwarfed by the Xists as we are by *them*. They are but sucker fish, remoras, swirling around the X-shark, with humanity just now realizing that the bars of its underwater cage are made out of papier maché.

The best way to tell the "good" aliens from the "bad" ones is: if you find yourself abducted and in a vat of mildly burning liquid, you are in the hands of the *good* aliens, who are about to eat you.

The bad ones are much worse.

¹² Page 100 of *The Book of the SubGenius* explains their many forms.

¹³ "Communion" is the word suggested by Greys to Whitley Strieber as the proper term for alien/human cross-bonding. Roughly equivalent to the digger wasp reproduction cycle. (See Pre-Dobbs StangFilm, *Reproduction Cycle*.)

¹⁴ DREAMLAND: code name for Base YH-1, built by U.S. Air Force under Groom Lake in Nevada to house saucers, EBEs. Staffed by orphans, some raised specifically to serve EBEs by government sponsored "breeder camps" (tie-in to "satanic network"?).

¹⁵ KRYLL, O.H.: "Our Hostage" Kryll. One of 7 Greys exchanged for 13 humans (referred to as "apostles") in 1948. Kept at DREAMLAND, rumored dead/escaped.



ABOVE TOP SECRET

The Greys have no personalities, no concept of either duty or leisure. *They have no Slack, or even Slack-awareness.* This is why, during WW2, both branches of the Conspiracy (the Axis and the Allies)

thought they had found a friend in the Greys, then called "Gremlins."

It is well known that the most advanced radar equipment possessed by the Nazis was never used for military purposes, but rather to locate an entrance to the Hollow Earth. The Nazis hoped to map out the catacombs beneath our planet and find a short cut for their



SubGenius Gemeinde (Berlin)

V2 missiles. What they *didn't* count on finding were Dero¹⁶ temples. Attempts at Dero/Nazi collaboration were generally unsuccessful, the Nazis having no idea what they were dealing with, and the Deros not sufficiently imprinted in our reality to manifest goals beyond the usual programs of world domination, exhibition of ray-gun technology, mind control, etc. What would the world be like if the fascist RAVEN program¹⁷ had been a success?

At the end of WW2, the US and Russia divvied up the spoils of Nazi science and scientists. The Reds walked away with most of the fascist psychic bureau, which they put to good use in controlling their own citizens. And the Allies? Lucky us, we got the Nazi space program — including the *inner* space program, detailed in the seized RAVEN documents.

A failure to comprehend the alien menace gave false confidence to President Harry Truman when the first saucer "crash" interrupted his golf game in July of 1947. The Greys allowed a few of their kind to be captured by the United States, letting us think we were dealing with someone perhaps a little "richer" than humankind, but not really that different. The MAJESTY¹⁸ pact signed *Homo sapiens* over to these inhuman monsters, wherein we were given wampum beads of advanced alien technology (8-track tape decks, photocopiers, the Veg-O-Matic, and suction-cup Garfields, among others) while federal and state authorities turned a blind eye to Grey abductions of the population. The Greys were supposed to turn over a list of abductees (the MAJIC¹⁹ Report) once a year, but it didn't take long for MJ-12²⁰ to realize with horror the number of missing and mutilated was being grossly underestimated. By the time of the Tophet Commission report,²¹ it was estimated that up to 43% of our missing experienced "communion" of one form or another.

Even MJ-12 was uncertain how to deal with the existence of an ultra-dimensional termite infestation in the middle of the American Dream House. Many of them, to their credit, wanted to "come in from the cold" and admit to the world the grave error they had committed in the name of prosperity and post-war reconstruction.

But elder members of MJ-12 pulled rank and initiated Project Aquarius,²² a disinformation campaign still in effect. The government claims it is no longer investigating the UFO problem, but the CIA, FBI, NSA, QNA, DOE and most other federal agencies maintain a super-secret "Saucer Trust" that collects and analyses UFO data. Civilian investigation groups are targeted with COINTELPRO-style hazing and manipulation, and individual researchers may find themselves subjects in double-blind behavior modification experiments. Skeptical inquiry goes unfunded while the wildest exaggerations and lies make millions, ruining any credibility UFO research may earn on its own.

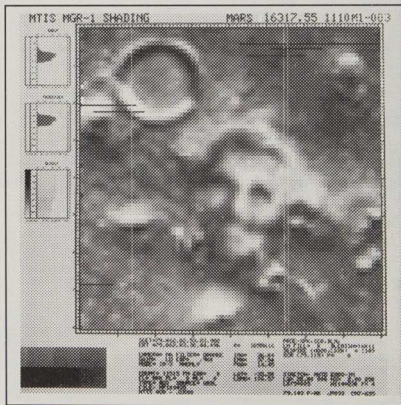
Saucer Smear



"How much easier his task and mine might be in these meetings that we held if suddenly there was a threat to this world from another species from another planet outside in the Universe. We'd forget all the little local differences that we have between our countries, and we would find out once and for all that we really are all human beings here on this Earth together."

— President Ronald Wilson Reagan, wistfully commenting on talks just held between himself and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in November 1985.

What hope is there, then, against such close encounters of the anal probe kind? Can we escape the psychic slaughterhouse? Don't look to human governments for protection. They've sold this planet for a handful of plastic beads and perpetual motion engines (SUPPRESSED!). They won't even confirm the existence of Project Lightpost²³ or even the *Laser Project*, the only things that might save us now. The last patriot who tried to sell a story about Project Excalibur²⁴ to the *New York Times* was later found with no marks on her body but *drained of all spinal fluid*. The Cold War was ended as a recognition that the threat comes not from either of the superpowers, but the common enemy below. Our missiles as well as theirs are secretly being rotated 180 degrees, but even then there isn't much hope.



Above: High-altitude photograph of Cydonia (LAT 42° N, LONG 9.3° W) located in the northern hemisphere of Mars taken by the Mars Observer shortly before the probe mysteriously exploded in August 1993. At the center is an unusual surface feature known as the "Lump," measuring approximately nine times larger in size than the Great Pyramid. Documentation revealing this feature has been censored by the NSA [NSA frame 100M1-003]

¹⁶ DERO: name for Advanced Supersonic Aluminum Nazi Hell Creatures from Beneath the Hollow Earth, used in older relevant documents and as part of campaign testing the waters of human acceptance of alien presence during 1950s and 1960s. See *BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS*, page 108. These creatures, though later evolving into Grey-like forms as our "impression" of them became more firm, must be considered unique and separate from the Greys.

¹⁷ RAVEN: Nazi program of alien contact/crash recovery. Documents seized at end of World War Two from Eva Braun's diary indicate more failure than success.

¹⁸ MAJESTY: Overall code term for diplomatic relations between US. government and Greys. Established in 1947.

MUFON, LITTLE DERO, MUFON²⁵

You can forget about the "UFO researchers" as well. Face it: you can't research something you don't have, and none of these cranks, kooks, Billys, power-hungry nuts, pseudo-scientists or honest, intelligent, skeptical inquirers actually possess one scrap of the damn things to put under a microscope, or **WHATEVER** you're supposed to do with alien artifacts. The government does own at least three saucers (located in Hangar 18 at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio), but none of these so-called "UFO researchers" have Delta Team²⁶ clearance to look at them. No, the UFO community is nothing but a play-pen of red herrings, infighting egos, the gullible, scam-artists and paranoids. What small amount of authentic research of UFO evidence does occur is inevitably twisted and distorted by Conspiracy media and Pink bureaucrats into puff balls of lies and unprovables.

Any hope for humanity in these End Times could only be offered by an *underground* movement (to avoid repression), with subtle connections to the mainstream (to gather any potential but isolated valiant warriors for Earth). The information this counter-saucer squad disseminated would have to be encoded in such a way as to throw the doubters and skeptics off their trail. They might even publish soul-shattering UFO secrets in a religious-format "humor" book, to separate the discerning from the naive among those who would join this movement. Qualities that have been damned by the Normals — unpredictability and individuality — would naturally be celebrated as efficient defenses against alien mind control. It would have to be a movement that explained everything, as a religion would, but you wouldn't have to believe in God or anything to join. You wouldn't have to be especially smart, either — in fact, the "dumber," the better. All it would take to join this anti-UFO cult would be something everyone has: thirty dollars.

— Dr. Onan Canobite



Outsmarted by UFOs? NOW — GET EVEN!!

The Conspiracy believes that by working with the Greys, they can *defy* the Xists. Right. The Greys build the kind of saucers that *crash!* And they're the kind of spineless things who, when captured, become alcoholics, watch ten TVs at once, have sex with Po' buckers, pine away, and die... and the Con thinks that with these losers on their side, they're going to *defeat* the Xists??. . . that the Greys will *fight* the Xists for us, and then *leave us in charge?*

On the contrary, the Government is being *used* by the Greys just as the Mohicans were used by the English against the French. The Greys have a *full agenda* — there's quite a lot they want to accomplish here before X-Day. Firstly, they have their own "little Harvest" to reap. Then, at the last minute before the Xists arrive, they'll trigger all their Manchurian Candidates, grab the 'stash' and escape for parts unknown.

Maybe they'll even try to *take credit for X-Day!* They may well be planning some *fake* mass UFO landing; it would help to justify the One

¹⁹ MAJIC: As part of MAJESTY, U.S. government insisted on a periodic list of humans abducted by Greys. This document is called MAJIC. TOPHET concluded the MAJIC list was entirely inaccurate.

²⁰ MJ-12: Group of twelve top scientists, government officials, military leaders, psychiatrists, sociologists and advertisers mainly responsible for diplomatic relations between humans and EBEs. (NOTE: A two Sub-Genes could both be Majestic 12 commissioners without knowing each other were) MJ-1 is usually head of the CIA. Responsible only to the President. J. R. "Bob" Dobbs declined a membership invitation, instead volunteering for REDLIGHT, an attempt to fly a recovered saucer at AREA 51. "Bob" crashed irreplaceable craft, and sold the scrap to observing government officials.

²¹ TOPHET DOCUMENT: 1963 report of MJ-12 to President Kennedy. Declares that MAJIC reports had been deliberately understating number of human abductions for decades, and that MAJESTY diplomacy was a "Trojan Horse" to facilitate EBE infiltration of U.S. population. Suggested official recognition of alien menace.

²² AQUARIUS DOCUMENT: "Leaked" progress report of MAJESTY up to 1974.

²³ LIGHTPOST: Attempt in 1949 to initiate contact with benevolent aliens. Ongoing, unsuccessful.

²⁴ EXCALIBUR: Prowd for defense program against Hollow Earth EBE bases. Includes re-aiming of U.S. and Russian nuclear missiles straight down, development of ultrasonic and anti-sound weapons capable of disrupting hard-packed soil to facilitate missile access.

World Government clampdown. "We'll do whatever you say, Mr. Space Brother," the humans will whimper ingratiatingly. "We will be good, enlightened, Earth-friendly, politically correct humans, because it's time for us to join the Galactic Federation!"

BUT YOU ALREADY KNEW ALL OF THIS. It's just amazing how all the pieces fit together so perfectly, so *obviously*, that almost *no one notices*; it makes the most blatant, obvious facts seem like *secret information*. The fact that it's probably all a paranoid fantasy only makes the effect *more powerful*, since the Mind behind the reality-grid of this Universe IS a paranoid schizophrenic ANYWAY. (Or so it said, but it might have been lying.)



DEROS

The Deros²⁷, also called the Advanced Supersonic Nazi Hell Creatures from Beneath the Hollow Earth, are semi-mechanoid, insectoid, serpentine "zombies" who buzz and fret within the slime-filled tunnels beneath Mt. Shasta, California. A force to be reckoned with in the 1940s and '50s, these vicious but brainless interstellar automatons have taken a back seat to the new extraterrestrials on the block. Deros bombard surface dwellers with waves of bad vibes, sinister urges and suicide signals, but are too mentally *insectile* to channel comprehensible directives through humans. Hive-brainers, they're incapable of innovative thinking; they can only scheme toward immediate, practical ends, with no sense of the big picture — not unlike human comic book fans. Aside from the Queen of England's powerful pheromones, the Yacatima Hate-Link Pre-Vibe is the only thing that motivates the drones in their underground master assembly plants.



GREEN ENERGY DEMONS, AKISHRA & GHOSTS

Some people, when they look at the sun or their word processors too long, see little green figures writhing in front of their eyes for awhile. Most Pinks assume this to result from retinal burn-out, not recognizing the **Green Energy Demons** as REAL.²⁸ Don't worry, these are just demon-aliens, not Elder Gods; they're not even as intelligent as the Deros. They *can* be dangerous, and they'd probably *like* to take over the planet, but they're somewhat immaterial and scatterbrained, too crazed and frenetic to interact much with humans — aside from the occasional berserker poltergeist rampages.

Somewhat more insidious, if less conscious, are the **Akishra**, astral worms that "ride" human nervous systems and feed off the anguish specifically caused by drug addiction, physical pain and sexual excess.²⁹ These parasites force their 'hosts' into behaviors that will reap the desired sensations. There are Alcohol Akishra, Nicotine Akishra, Glazed Donut Akishra, Television Akishra, etc.

²⁵ MUFON: Mutual UFO Network, Inc., 103 Oldlowe Road, Seguin, TX 78155-4099. One of the best non-Church groups for UFO researchers (sample newsletter = \$2.50, membership = \$25.00/year). Nonprofit, they've been around for decades. CLEAR INTENT by Timothy Good reprints some documents obtained via the Freedom of Information Act detailing infiltration, monitoring and disruption of MUFON specifically.

²⁶ DELTA TEAM: Bounty hunters recruited from the Marines and Navy SEALs to silence UFO researchers and former cover-up agents gone rogue. Responsible for some reports of MEN IN BLACK. Headquartered in Ft. Huachuca, Arizona.

²⁷ Pronounced "DAY-rows."

²⁸ If you stare at the sun long enough, you'll be able to see ALL of the Energy Demons... forever. But is not Truth worth blindness?

²⁹ See John Shirley's sociological study, *Werboner*, Mark V. Ziesing Books, Box 76, Shingletown, CA 96088.

Whereas, regarding intelligence, the Greys and Deros might as well be our equals, **ghosts** (deceased Pinks too stupid or obsessive to "cross over"³⁰) are much lower on the chain — down near gerbils and hamsters. Most of them are mere demonic "holograms" that surf listlessly across the psychic spectrum, repeating their inane loops of mournfulness over and over again, seeking a temporary fix of reality through human interface. They mean to frighten you just enough for a whiff of the pstench of FEAR, that little "buzz" that keeps them hanging around.

The worst a ghost can do is scare you, manipulate psychic energy and make funny shapes. They can't *kill* you, except by fright. Besides, they know that if they *did* kill you, you'd soon be on *their* plane, looking to get some *payback*.

YOU'RE GOING TO PANIC EVENTUALLY — DO IT NOW AND SURVIVE!!



We are all relentlessly bombarded by subconscious mental assault, from Elder Gods trying to influence us one way, Saucer Aliens trying to hypnotize us another way, Succubi and Incubi raping our superegos, Deros and Yacatisma feeding us nightmares... One reason we had to invent television, radios and boom boxes was to *keep them out of our*

³⁰ Some few "ghosts" and disembodied spirits are people from the far future attempting to communicate with us. It's generally best to ignore these temporal Post-Its, as human intelligence will devolve in the centuries to come. "Monster"-style ripples in the psychic spectrum, like Mothman, on the other hand, are local warp phenomena for the most part, like the weather.

³¹ This is Dobbsian Rabid Animism.

³² BANONO: hoary grey Goddess of dashed hopes, shattered expectations, lost jobs, unscored drugs, the graveyard of Could Have Beens.

heads. That's what civilization itself is all about: to build up enough SHEER NOISE that we DROWN OUT the ghosts and monsters.

But, is the isolationist path the right one? To Dobbs, every stream, building, field, and tree is associated with a ludicrous SubGenius god or spirit, most of them largely ineffectual.³¹ Would it not behoove us to entreat some of these entities for help, rather than fleeing indiscriminately from ALL Ascended Beings?

That Senile Po'bucker spray-painting "Welcome Lord Jesus" on his home-made UFO landing pad may seem silly to us at first glance, but he's got the right idea: every object, word, and symbol — every individual blade of grass — must be precisely positioned, as in the Chinese concept of *feng shui*, to banish unwanted influences. The slightest anti-Conspiracy gesture, no matter how subtle, even if witnessed only by yourself, has unbelievable Karmic repercussions affecting *all things upon the globe* at the all-important *subatomic level*.

So if you want to ride the Bobmobile down the endless Highway of Slack, you'll need the Keys and Incantations and Sacred Seals that serve as *small change* when you smash through the gate of each Tollbooth.

"We are either UFO-pilots or we are FOOD.
That's how desperately high the stakes have become."

— Nicolas Gardner



Send ALL your UFO schematics, Crop Circle translations, Z-Reticular surgery manuals, hypnosis transcripts, and astral cattle blood, plus a check or money order for \$30, RIGHT NOW, to P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.

THE MANY FACES OF THE HYPERNHGH

WHO, EXACTLY, IS THIS NHGH? He Who Named Himself embodies the unspeakable Dark Side of "Bob," which dwells within *His Dots*. Some ministers question whether "Bob" actually has a Dark Side, or whether NHGH is some malevolent manifestation of „oBo„, the Anti-"Bob." Most, however, agree that it DOESN'T MATTER. To even *speak* of NHGH — whose name can be spelled or pronounced millions of different ways — to but *mention his name*,

is to invite him into your life and your checking account. The *ultimate* lingering houseguest, he *will NEVER LEAVE*.

Some cultures would call him Satan, but they suffer confusion. Yet that is *good* — for NHGH. Satan is the Devil; he has horns, whereas NHGH has only a smile like "Bob's." NHGH does not kill you, or ruin your life. He ruins an hour, or a decade at most.

We cannot know when he is with us. Otherwise there would be no *surprises*. That is the specialty of NHGH — *surprises*: NHGH is not always bad... *at first*. NHGH can seem almost like a *friend*. Later

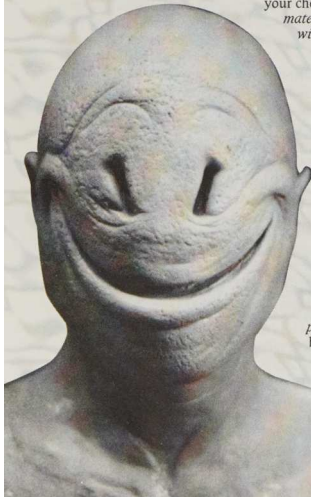
we indeed find that NHGH has proved to be his same old self; that is *why* he is NHGH. He does not try to steal your soul — only your sanity. He *does* tempt you... and he *always* wins.

NHGH's power is BLAME. NHGH takes unto himself the *blame* of the world. For he IS To Blame.

To the Aztec he was known as *The Filthy Eater of Filth*. In ancient Babylon, as *BAALPHEGOR*. He is the mischievous spirit or deceiver imp whose various aliases crop up in the legends of every race dating to prehistory. Before Dobbs he was not known by name to any Western culture, but his cruel capers can be read on scrolls, stones and mud tablets of antiquity.

Though NHGH is as "old" as JHWH-1 Himself, he is *Not Yet* Of This Earth, but is a product of the Negative Backwards Timestream spoken of in *Prescriptions*; for Eehg Eehn (as he is identified there) spawned himself from his own Father, the Mother Fornicator of All NHGHs. NHGH likewise spawned his own Mother, who went back in time so that she TOO could spawn NHGH in an endless genetic loop of perfect, incomprehensible rapaciousness and amorality. Loki, the Con Man of the Gods, was the grandson of the HyperNHGH, himself the issue of Banono³² and Nheeguani, who was created on the 8th day. There's no question of *liking* or *disliking* Nheeguani; the question is, *who will wear the Nheeguani SHIRT?*

Though there is but one "Bob," one glowing shaft of Pipe Smoke streaming forth from Earth, there are countless gargoyles and binding shades. The sinister forces of the Yacatisma, the deathful sweetness of the fertility Goddess NUNU (illegitimate Mother of the Mother of All McNHGHs) and her Twin Sister NARNINI, Siamese Sister AND Ungrateful Daughter of the She-NHGH, and the Martyred Nee Nee, son of Narnini and NarNUGH, and the pink tennis-shoe shaped Helicopters — living beings with motors inside — and the Whores of Narminglax and the Deros from the Hollow Earth and the Tobacco Chimeras and the Green Energy Demons and, yes, even G'broagFran... all these and more apparitions from the darkest recesses of MANKIND'S MIND came spewing forth once the Ark of NHGH was opened by those few DOKTORS, *WHO DARED TO TAMPER WITH THAT WHICH HUMAN WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW*.





X-OPUS

H. S. ROBINS

"And the Day of the Arisal is of the fifth day of the seventh month of the year of the Number of the Beast tripled; let he who has wisdom calculate the number of the day of the Arisal.

"For on this day shall the First Seal bark and juggle, and there shall be a battle of merchants like unto a great Auction; and the servants of the One "Bob" shall do battle with the servants of the Other "Bob"; and whichever army greeteth the Angelic Host, by that shall the Angelic Host judge the price of Earth."

— The Banned PreScriptures,
Epoptics 9:17, Bank 18, Disk 87, File 3

"Just because we must destroy the conspiracy to save the world, that doesn't mean we have to save the Conspiracy to destroy the world."

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

"Every day is X-Day when you have a gun."

— Rollo Sixt



X-DAY

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD

Once the herd reaches a certain size, it's round-up time. Already, you can hear the rusty hinges creaking as the slaughterhouse door opens. *The Xists are fixin' to lasso them some Pink Boy butt!* And yet, even as that day approaches, the same Pinks blithely throw fuel on the fire, breeding and spreading as if they had *all the time and planet in the world!* Some of them still want it to be impossible to *prevent* reproduction! The mindless, gibbering *imbeciles!* *They're falling straight into our trap!*

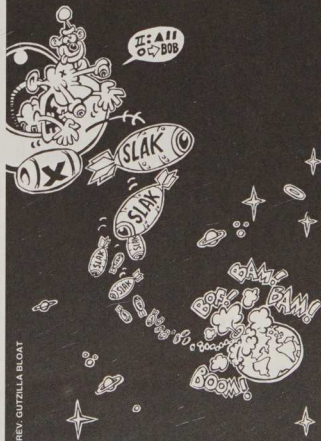
WAKE-UP CALL

4th of July, 1998: "X-Day Eve." Just a few years from now.

For SubGenii in America, July 4 is the day of disappointment and shattered illusions, of lies and rushes to judgment. The Big Letdown... the Blown Potential. The day to remember Wounded Knee... the Philippines... the Spanish American War... Haymarket... Vietnam... the JFK assassination... Watergate... Iran-Contra... A day of drunken Pinks and car wrecks, depressing Desert Storm parades and pathetic fireworks displays.

July 4th is Independence Day for the American Normals.

July 5th is Independence Day *FROM ALL NORMALS* — the day of TRUE independence, an independence undreamt of by the American forefathers, foremoms and fore-slaves... Ragnarok, the Eschaton, Judgment Day, the Last Call. **XistMas™. THE ARISAL.**





MAVRIDES

The Harvest Moon shall rise, the horn shall blow, and the call to arms shall sound!

Huge Xist spaceships¹ will suddenly, in the blink of an eye, hover over all major cities; the Judgment of Wotan and the Coming of the Anarchrist will be upon us. Everything normal will cease to be; only the reality of the Xists will exist. A select few — we, the Xist Army of Occupational Service (XAOs) — will have bestowed upon us the duty, nay, the PRIVILEGE of carrying out “Bob’s” wrath on a sick and sinning world.

Oh, how the Pink patriots LOVE those July 4th fireworks. Well, on 7-5-98, they’ll see some *fireworks*, all right!

Of course, *you* may have all but *forgotten* about “Bob” by then; like so many others, you will have figured the SubGenius Foundation for

a big joke on standardized religion, or at best some kind of artsy-fartsy social statement. A fad, a passing fancy.

But, *strangely enough*, **one of the religions has to be right... and guess which one!**

X-TERMINATION

In the short months before X-Day, the Conspiracy’s minions will crank out more and more red tape, bureaucratic redundancy, legal idiocy, “moral legislation,” and goeey, sour-milk PAP to further deaden the minds of all wrong-thinking citizens and help them to docilely guide themselves in line with the rest of the herd. For, just as we know what the Conspiracy has in store for *us*, the Conspiracy knows what we have planned for *them*. Each day, as the End Times draw a little closer, the False Prophet leaders will feel the noose tighten... and they will start to PANIC. Then shall our REAL persecution begin. You

think it's tough being a SubGenius NOW... wait until the snowball *really* gets rolling! You'll be *amazed* at how fast society can shift from slow mono murder mode to maximum sensaround massacre madness! Today, the cover of this book is printed in red ink. Tomorrow, it will be printed in *blood*.

All it will take is one "incident" — a kidnapping, an assassination, a riot... pipe-bomb a few Normals, and blame it on "Bob." We'll *probably* be innocent, but do you think the pinko-public will know or care? If there's anything the Conspiracy is good at, it's conspiracies! Oh, they'll make it *look* real. Everyone will believe it, because they'll WANT to.

And you thought it was "FUN" to be a SubGenius... just you wait and see how "fun" it gets! Billions of Bobbies will flee the faith as "Bob's" prophecy comes to pass, all screaming, "I'm not *really* one of them! I was only *pretending* to be a SubGenius, for the... the *sex!*!... I was *spying* on them! Yeah — that's it! I was *infiltrating!* So I could *report* on them!"

And that's just how "Bob" intended it.

When the last poseur Pink abandons ship, the saucers shall appear to liberate the loyal!¹ ONLY THEN will it be "fun" to be a SubGenius. ONLY THEN will the Pinks know the suffering that we have known through centuries of Conspiracy oppression. The unemployed slavemasters will beg for death, but they shouldn't expect any *favours* from us... we've waited far too long for their comppearance. We're going to RELISH every turn of the screw!

That is, if YOU don't MESS EVERYTHING UP with your MISERLINESS and LAZINESS!!

For HOW the Angelic Host from Planet X will manifest depends partly upon WHO CALLS THEM THE LOUDEST. Like it or not, on THAT DAY (a Sunday, appropriately enough), millions of excited Bobbies all over the world will be calling up the mass UFO-landing scenario program on the Akashic Computer. Most of them won't have an inkling of what they're doing, nor how grave is the situation. *Who*, then, shall be Drawn Nigh? The Xists? The Yists? Or possibly the Z-ists? Or even ALL THREE? Will there be a gigantic traffic jam above Earth, with all the opposing bidders fighting over who will dominate the Human Anguish trade?

Remember, the Xists are *empaths*. What if a group of CIA-Con-Glorps-from-Hollywood, with less Slackful intentions than ours, were to beat Dobbs to the rendezvous? What if some fanatical New Age cult of Thelemic Lovecraft-nuts should take over Dallas and perform their *own* monstrosity invocation when the Veil is so thin? What if the mayor declares martial law because "this silly SubGenius party might get too enthusiastic," and *They* project the erotic dreams of cops, lawyers and insurance executives, so that Xist corporeality is patterned upon THAT rather than the desire for SLACK? Much depends on which group has the most MONEY. Oh, sure, there'll be a "SubGenius Dokstock," a huge gathering at Ground Zero, Trinity, New Mexico, where all the Tribes of Dobbs will rendezvous. And it'll be one HELL of a party! But any single stupid Pink millionaire could throw a far splashier "X-Day ritual," distracting the Xists from the True "Bob" right at the crucial moment! What if some utterly foul incompops like Ted Turner and Jane Fonda decided to get on the bandwagon?

Therefore we *must*, through continuous prayer and donations, maintain contact with our benefactors on Planet X, constantly strengthening Church publicity in preparation for the X-Day battle/ory. We



haven't perfected the *formulas* for bribing the Xists, and we invite serious thought and experimentation on this matter from all SubGenii. The *best* thing you can do is, naturally, to send *more money to Dobbs*.

We ARE at war, but little else is *certain*.⁴ We must be prepared for *any* and *all* possibilities. We have NO CHOICE. The SubGenii MUST stand and lay claim to our former domain, NO MATTER WHAT, or else Earth will be *finished*, an eternal dead world of **robot zombies**, and the few of us who survive will be hunted to extinction by lynch mobs or put on display in circus sideshows and cheap roadside tourist-trap menageries.



¹ Actually, equally well-armed *illusions* of Xist spaceships.

² Fortunately, the Xists have been secretly and intimately involved in the lives of individual Sub-Geniuses for centuries, and they can identify the glow from an officially ordained genuine SubGenius soul even through all the Conspiracy's pollution, prison walls, psychic frustration and cancer.

³ You DON'T want to hear about the Zists.

⁴ We only ASSUME that Satan isn't allowed to take physical form — that, no matter how many cows and Satanist Pinks he sews together, the Devil can't make himself a body, and therefore most cattle mutilations are done to supply material bodies for the Fairy Maidens of the Good Army. But these are only ASSUMPTIONS.

WORLD EVENTS ON X-DAY

"UNKNOWN SIGNS WILL APPEAR IN THE HEAVENS"

THE COORDINATES:

3rd dimensional: all of Sol-3, Milky Way Galaxy, Universe "A." First Cleansing Ritual to initiate at: Triple Underpass, Dallas, TX, USA.

4th dimensional: Nuit 4-5, July 1998, 7:00 a.m.

5th dimensional: the nervous systems of those who best surf the psychic explosion. (It'd better be the SubGenii, or ALL are doomed.)

Astrological: Mercury in retrograde.

Cosmo-Astrological: The **Harmonic Discordance**, that rare and fleeting period in the history of the solar system when *nothing* will be in alignment. NOTHING — no planets, satellites, asteroids, meteors or comets; even the Rings of Saturn will be out of whack — allowing the re-imprinting of Fate on the entire interplanetary sphere, and thereby creating momentarily the *potential for ultimate Slack*.

At midnight, July 4, "Bob" will, with one phone call, purchase the Vatican for \$144 trillion and declare himself Last Pope and First Anarchist. Around 6 a.m., he will leap into the fiery crater of the live volcano, Mt. Loeaeca in Hawaii, causing it to erupt in a convulsive terragasm, spurring him or his charred carcass into low-Earth orbit to intercept the alien fleets.

At 6:45 a.m., the 33 Unarius Saucers of the Galactic Federation will arrive to "rescue" (heh heh) all the ordinary run-of-the-mill UFO believers. Millions watching CNN will mistake these two-bit, cheesy-looking, strictly corporeal spaceships for the Xists. Donut-shaped, in varying sizes, the 33 saucers will stack up on the Washington Monument like a baby's toy, only not in consecutive order according to size — instead, they will slide down its shaft to form the Random Great Configuration, that "shape" which opens the dimensional gateway for the Escape Vessels. (Sorry, you New Age UFO kooks — all of your beloved so-called "Galactic Brotherhoods" are but the Xist's "door-men" — mere decoys.)

At the exact moment that The Portal is Aborted shall the *Time be Nigh for Their Arisal*.

The RUPTURE

"One shall be right and the other left."

— Mesmeronicus 7:31

You and your unsaved spouse might be sitting at the breakfast table, when suddenly you will be "caught away" and your spouse will be alone.⁶ In the mall or the street, everything will be normal one minute, and the next, certain people will have silently vanished, leaving empty suits of clothes eerily dotting the ground. Driverless cars will veer into oncoming traffic. Those Christians who have not heard of "Bob" will be heartbroken, while those who have will curse God and "cry out to the mountain." Employers of SubGenii will have to hire temps on short notice.⁷

We will know our Xist allies by their wings and halos, but the Normals will think them *angels*. Most will WANT to be lifted into the heavens, fighting to get ahead in line in the mistaken belief that the time of *Rapture* has

come. *Cities will undergo skyrocketing violence and panic as desperate Pinks climb over each other's backs trying to purchase SubGenius Memberships at the last minute!!*

Be forewarned: getting "Caught Up" will happen in different SubGenii in different ways. Few will actually be "lifted up into a spaceship" — although they might *remember* it that way, because of all the trashy *Star Trek* shows they've absorbed.

In some cases, the houses of SubGeniuses will be enclosed by protective force field bubbles, the surrounding neighborhood will be scoured by Obliteration Rays, and then the Sex Goddesses will simply "beam up" the bubbles with a minimum of fuss. Other individuals will be ripped to pieces tearing through their roofs; those outdoors will rocket skyward, depressurizing in the upper stratosphere and exploding like deep-sea fish hauled to the surface too fast. (Misunderstanding their fates, some will attempt to chain themselves to the ground or seal themselves inside Mosler safes, to no avail.) Other SubGenii in the process of Rupturing will resemble Spontaneous Human Combustion victims.

"Bob" has told us that, *for those with faith*, these are just the bit-mapped 'images,' the useless physical shells being left behind. *If we believe without ANY fear or doubt*, while our old bodies are being emptied, we will be instantaneously recreated on the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses as athletic, youthful, genetically perfect versions of our former selves. Of course, we will later have the option of changing to practically *any* vaguely humanoid physical form we choose.





JUDGMENT DAY, Winston Smith, 1987

But nobody will *know* any of that for *sure*, until after they've actually Ruptured. Thanks to the miracle of live TV, most SubGenii will have to watch those in *earlier time zones* undergoing the Rupture *first!* California SubGenii will witness their counterparts in New York writhing and screaming, bursting into flames, appearing to die in unimaginable pain. A few may start having second thoughts and may even be superstitious enough to eat their Membership Cards! This is Dobbs' **ULTIMATE TEST OF FAITH.**

Everyone knows that X-Day happens at 7:00 a.m. — but, they ask, starting **WHERE?** Eastern or Central time? All over the planet simul-

taneously, or time zone by time zone? PRAISE DOBBS, it is the latter — which shall make for *some great cable viewing* on that mighty day!

Thousands of spaceships will line up in a vertical row, north to south, letting each section of the rotating Earth pass by underneath as they bathe it in Rays of Glory. They'll start at the International Dateline, the place where each day on Earth "begins." The first populated area at which it will be 7 a.m., 7-5-98, happens to be the island of Nuku'alofa in Tonga, just east of the Fiji Islands in the Pacific Ocean. Also enjoying an early X-Day will be the Arctic SubGeniuses in Provideniya, Siberia. If CNN has cameras there, SubGenii in the U.S. will be able to watch their X-Day start — *17 hours before it gets to us!* (Plan to tune in at 2 p.m. (CST) on July 4.)

The SubGenii of Japan and Australia will be Ruptured next, as the Pinks of those lands are Smitten. Then will fall the Conspiracy in China... India... across Russia... then the Arab world, and Africa and Europe... then Brazil, Canada and the U.S. (Eastport, Maine, first). The last SubGeniuses to be Ruptured will be those just west of Nome, Alaska, and in Western Samoa.

⁵ The Star People, the ones who really *are* from space, will regain their memories; but not their imagined memories of past lives as cony humans like Cleopatra, oh no — they'll relive their unbearable *real* memories of being hideous, perverted life forms on other planes and planets. They'll be sorry they ever read that first FATE magazine!

⁶ Pinks and Bobbies who want to murder their spouses, but are afraid of getting caught, can simply buy their behated ones a SubGenius Membershipscription/Ordination to guarantee their being Ruptured in '98. It's the perfect crime.

⁷ HINT for Those Who Must Remain Behind: Just before X-Day, INVEST IN TEMPORARY EMPLOYEE FRANCHISES!!

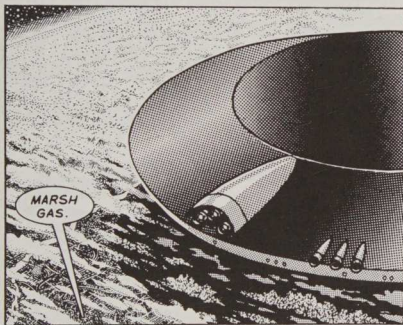
biomorphically manufactures it and teleports it to the recipient. The way The Jetsons and Captain Kirk got their goodies, by dialing them up on a machine, will seem *Stone Age* by comparison. We're not talking about *technology* here. These aren't the brains that invented Slinkys™ and Lava-Lamps™. With MWOWM, your most selfish wants come into being AS you think about them... and with no limit.º

Just how big ARE these "Escape Vessels"? Will there be one titanic saucer, or an individual ship for each SubGenii? Or will there be 'regional' saucers: a West Coast saucer, an East Coast saucer, and so on?

It doesn't matter. Each ship IS all the other ships, sharing NO-Space™. Once inside, "space" is illusion. NO-Space™ environments don't actually *travel*; they are referred to as 'ships' only inasmuch as they function as transit gates. But they do this *without moving*.

This is a difficult concept to impart. The interiors of these "saucers" are infinitely larger than their exteriors. There are a million KINDS of saucers, including every possible THEME WORLD one can imagine... customized PLANETS *without end*. (Actually, most SubGenii will probably prefer something less complicated, like their own small town, valley, mountain or continent-sized comic book store.)

Yes, it is the Earthly Paradise promised by Hassan i Sabbah to his murderously stoned "Hashishins" of the Mountain. *And it sure beats*



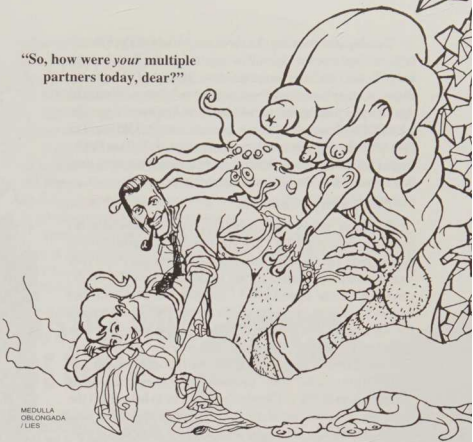
H. ROBINSON

SAY — INCIDENTALLY, JUST WHERE DO THE ESCAPE VESSELS OF THE SEX GODDESSES GO?

Best not to ask. "BOB" sets the coordinates of the ship's uberlatulator for Galactic North Pole. The electronic lingam plunges deeper and deeper into the dark wet spaces between the spaces, twisted at post-euclidian angles around the navigational control panel at the center of the round room; deeper, deeper, DEEPER, the quantum mechanics will never find the smallest particle, because it just keeps going and going and going, in, in, in, IN, IN, UH!!! — the center is everywhere and nowhere, every point is a space-time-consciousness eye Neye monad sending chemical waves, hydra tentacles, out in all directions, all flesh touching, all in communication, sending and receiving. Tachyon Spiders crawl around the ship's main antimatter generator and the donut-spherical antiwalls, watching HER fluid autoerotic motions with 8-eyed, scientific curiosity. The CAR spins as it ARKS within a kraken's synapses around a Solar-Martial Axis on the astral plane. Wires, trailing from a shared, merged monadic point at G'Broag'Fran's genitals, curve and converge upon the red button on the control panel. "BOB" sets the coordinates of the ship's uberlatulator for Galactic North Pole. The electronic lingam plunges deeper and deeper into the dark wet spaces between the spaces, twisted at post-euclidian angles around the navigational control panel at the center of the round room...

— Nicolas Gardner

"So, how were your multiple partners today, dear?"



MEDULLA OBLONGATA LIVES

the hell out of those pictures in WATCHTOWER, don't it?? Compare our coming Utopia with those so artfully depicted in Sunday School books. WHICH LOOKS LIKE MORE FUN? Oh, yeah, they told you all about Babylon, Mother of Whores... but they didn't bother to tell you how *good lookin'* she was, DID they?? No, they SKIPPED OVER that part!

And this is just the VOYAGE. This is only the "SPACESHIP." PLANET X will make the trip there seem like a GESTAPO INTERROGATION by comparison.

RETRIBUTION

Eventually, even the most Rewardian of SubGenii will tire of fulfilling his or her every lust, and will feel the ultimate desire for **revenge**. And that brings us to the subject of the Pinks and a-souls that remain on Earth after X-Day — 99.99% of the population at large, and 90% of the SubGeniuses! (The ones who "just couldn't seem to spare the \$30.")

As much as we *disdain* gloating over the misery of those less fortunate, the cold, hard fact is, Normals will get what they *deserve* — which is the cruelest fate they could suffer. Are these not the same NORMALS who have fattened the Conspiracy for centuries, who have persecuted SubGenii and warped children with their "jobs" and "laws," and, worst of all, defiled the name of "Bob"? ANSWER: YES, YES!!

We could simply let all the warring factions on the planet kill each other off; for that matter, it would be easy for the Xists to sandblast the atmosphere with ozone storms. The oceans could be purified, and the crust of the Earth superheated to magma to extract all the toxic substrata hellmetals and post-atomic excremental runoff. But that would be **TOO EASY** on the **defeated CONSPIRATORS**.

Would the Xists, whose minds contain the wisdom of the Universe, let the Pinks off with just a few nuclear wars — a mere slap on the wrist? NAY! Instant annihilation measures only 265 stangs on the pain scale. Getting sliced to death by *paper cuts* generates more than that! And after all that the Pinks have done, are you really willing to send them off to perdition with only a few million paper cuts? *Have you no dignity?* Have you at long last *surrendered all semblance of common courtesy?* "Bob" hath said, "**Do unto them as they have done unto you.**" Anything short of the white-hot glass rod-ramming routine is not only fair play but *morally unavoidable!* 10

But stop and consider the sheer *magnitude* of the bureaucracy and red tape that will be required for the Xists to carry out judgment on those found guilty — *billions* of Conspiracy dupes, accomplices, Pink Boys and self-proclaimed Normals. And they're just the *followers of orders!* Let's not forget the LEADERS, those who deserve *special attention!* Efficient as they are, can the Xists really process some six billion Earthlings, pick out all the ringleaders, and guarantee the extra time and concern for detail that they so richly deserve?

That's where we come in.

For "Bob" needs US to help fulfill his holy covenant, his sacred promise to GET EVEN with those who aggrieved him. And he didn't mean only that handful of Dinks and Pinks who were directly responsible for *his* inconvenience only. "Bob" cares for *all* the oppressed — not just the SubGenii, but *anyone*, including non-human life forms, EVER tormented, for ANY reason, be it because of their religion, or what they thought, or that they thought at all, or *even because they DESERVED it!* It doesn't matter! ALL Slack-robbers must be PUNISHED — and "Bob" *welcomes your suggestions!* Part of our responsibility as Chosen Ones will be to help direct the "cleanup" after the EndWars. Don't let size or age deter you; it's just as important to "Bob" to chasten the child abuser who happens to be 5 years old, as it is to chastise world leaders!

And just how does "Bob" propose to penalize this scum of the Earth? *GLAD YOU ASKED!*



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DOBBS and STALIN — IS THERE ONE?

The thousands of SubGeniuses who will be left behind for failing to order their \$30 Membership/Ordainment will need something to do... and Dobbs will keep them *very busy indeed.* They'll wait until the remnants of the human race — Pinks, UnderMutants, and Dupes of the Con — are exhausted from killing Nazi Hell Creatures and each other in the inevitable post-X-Day civil wars... and then they'll move in and mop up. Xist-supplied fully automated land sharks, killdozers, and "a cloud and a pillar of fire" will sweep across the countryside with fiendish efficiency, rounding up the medicretins and herding the human sheep — like *cattle!* Besides sophisticated "harvesting" machines, legions of the dead will serve at our command. It'll be a *party!* Death will take a HOLIDAY! The lucky ones will die QUICKLY; the UNLUCKY MAJORITY *WON'T DIE at ALL!* Their flesh will consume away while they stand upon their feet, their eyes shall consume away behind their \$100 sunglasses, and their wallets shall consume away in their pants! Their swimming pools shall be filled with blood; their stupid albums and other possessions shall melt 'with a fervent heat' (2 Dobbs 3:10), and their checkbooks will be scourged by divine unquenchable tax audits that last forever! They shall run from their own legs, swallow their own throats, digest their own stomachs and be forced to gaze into their own eyes! And yet they'll live on and on and on! The vast majority of Pinks will not be *allowed* to die!

Under the SubGenius/Xist horde, the edifices of human government will be literally pulverized; not an artifact will be left standing, and the toxic rubble that clogs the mud-filled streets will hardly be recognizable as the ruins of buildings! Meanwhile, the Pinks themselves will be slaying willy-nilly everything in their path, and every inch of every city shall be littered with the stinking, decomposing



It was a vista that caused the gorge to rise in "Bob's" throat and the blood to pound in his veins. "This is the future the Conspiracy seeks for the SubGenius," he shouted to Jesus. "A cesspool planet peopled by naught but drooling, mindless consumers which the Con and the Con alone controls! I swear by my great Pipe that I shall not rest until their scourge is expunged forever from the face of the Earth!"

corpses of Barbies, Kens and politicians!! Tens of thousands of Slackless Pinks shall surge and curse through this ghastly carnage heap, smashing into each other in raging, mindless panic, firing into the air, grunting, shrieking and clubbing at each other, spewing oceans of sputum from their lipless mouths!!!

NHGH shall ride overhead in a chariot drawn by two cute dragons as, racing into the wind, "Bob" will lead the SubGenius S.L.A.K. Squad towards the immense pall of fire and smoke that hangs over Washington, D.C. — an irresistible juggernaut of cannon, machine gun bullets and truncheons, cutting everything in their path to ribbons, every last SubGenius fired to transcendent heroism by utter racial revulsion for the crazed and debased perversions of what might once have been Yeti germ plasma, but which now riots and drools and urinates obscenely all around them. The roar of flying saucers and the immense staccato chattering of thousands of automatic weapons from the great battle in the White House will be deafening, as bombs rain from sub-orbit, dropped by intergalactic sanitation/sterilization ships. *The toilet caves of the Deros will be ablaze with maggots screaming*

11 "Illuminati" does not mean the SubGenius Hierarchy, but the Rogue SubGenius *answared* who have been instrumental in The Conspiracy — such as the leaders of the OPEC/Templar/Thalust international gold conspiracy, for instance, or Leona Helmsley.

12 These hideous drooling robo-Deros will *actually* be dressed as Nazis, wearing the uniforms, insignia, the familiar arm bands, everything, as if they had raided some antique warehouse (but secretly purchased at swap meets). Those with feet will wear boots.

and running in terror on legs withering like worms in the *Light of Pluto the Dog Messiah!*

Earthquakes will shake the magnetic poles so violently that compasses will vibrate wildly and shatter. The Great Pyramid will crack in twain. **THE VERY BALLOON OF SPACE ITSELF** will be "popped," and *The Queen of All the UFOs*, Princess Wei "R" Doe, The Bad-Ass Angel of Babble-On, will regain her lost powers, and descend to Earth briefly to ride through the chaos in glory upon a 19-headed chocolate Triceratops. The Eschaton will be fully immanentized; all of the Illuminati¹¹ will flee to heavens under the ground in South America, forcing the Supersonic Aluminum Nazi Hell Creatures to rise up from the Hollow Earth.¹² Stock prices will fall sharply and cable service will be interrupted.

But the *surviving Pinks* — and there will be *plenty* — will undergo the most devastating experiences of their meager lives. *Out of sheer thoughtless cruelty*, we will use Xist rays to alter their minds and *make them CONSUMED with RAMPAGING SEXUAL DESIRE* — and, *worst of all, they'll enjoy it!* But, *because they're Pinks*, they'll also feel excruciating *guilt!* Unable to help themselves, those nice little ladies, typing away in all those offices, and those strait-laced moral

pillars of the community in their suits, will leap from their desks, rip off their clothes and grossly ravish each other right there in public. And they'll suffer the most **NEEDLESS**, therefore the **PUREST, GUILTY** for **WEEKS** — weeks that will seem like *millennia*.

And best of all, *they'll all know we're taping their shame with almost unbearable glee from the luxurious comfort of the X-ships!*

A gigantic, bloodshot Cyclopean eyeball hologram will fill the sky, an infinite-viewpoint "camera" that will televise the chaos on Earth to the Escape Vessel screens, and a titanic multimedia "billboard" will stretch across the planet, taunting and further humiliating the hapless in all known and unknown languages.

From your front-row seat on the Escape Vessels, you'll be able to zero in on certain persons you especially hated, and *send tribulations from the heavens against them personally!* Xist cameras will show you anything you choose, from any angle you wish.

**JUSTICE WILL
BE DONE!!**



**TRIBULATION LOVE MONSTERS
FROM THE FUTURE'S BACKSIDE
BRING YOU INSTANT CASH!!!!**



**HIDEOUS
HUGGABLE PROPHECY
EXPOSES 333 —
THE "ANTI-BOB"**

**A FOOLPROOF
ESCAPE PLAN
- FOR ONLY
PENNIES A DAY!**

DO YOU CALL US CRUEL? SADISTIC??

We TRIED. "Bob" knows we've done our *best* to spread his Word. We've *sacrificed*. We told them and *told* them — but nobody *listens* to the old Prophet of Doom until it's *TOO LATE!* They just have a BIG LAUGH and say there'll be a lot more PARKING SPACES after the atomic war... but when it's all over, and they see that all the parking spaces and CD players and 24 hour Pop Music Cable TV stations aren't much FUN when they're VOMITING OUT THEIR OWN INTESTINES, *then, oh yes, THEN* they'll come CRAWLING BACK TO APOLOGIZE — BUT IT WILL BE *TOO LATE!!!* For we will have long since LOST OUR GRIP ON THE WHEEL OF KARMA, AND BEEN FLUNG OFF TO PLUMMET THROUGH NIRVANA FOREVER!!! — And all because we had the *foresight* to follow a few *simple instructions*, spend just a few *dollars* and a few *minutes* every day!

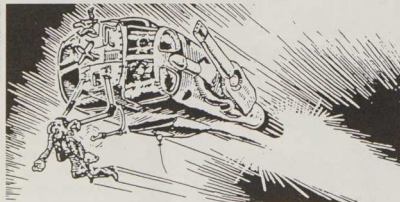
You'll sit up there in that Escape Vessel, and you'll find it hard to believe there was ever a time when you wondered if it was *worth* the \$30. You'll think, "How could I EVER have doubted "Bob," even for a second?" And you'll remember poor ol' cousin Bubba back there on Earth, the guy who said, "Hell — send 'em \$30? That's just what they WANT. I'll be *dammed* if I'll do that. I'll pump gas for \$2.38 an hour the rest of my life, before I'll send a dollar to that damn church... oh yeah..." And just as you're musing upon that, the TV lights up and there's this shot of Bubba down there, covering in some radioactive basement from the death machines that the rogue Pinks made with the stolen MWOWM parts. And he'll be muttering to himself... "How could I ever... it was so stupid... I *could've* been saved, but *no*, god damn it, I didn't send my \$30... OH GOD, ANOTHER ROBOBEAST... here I am, trapped in this festerin' pile of stripped-bare skulls... if only I could *die*. But I *CAIN'T!! I CAIN'T DIE!!* Why, if only "Bob" was here now, I'd *give* him my thirty dollars... Hell, I'd give him FORTY dollars!"

That shows just how much they *trusted* J.R. "Bob" Dobbs to begin with — not even \$30 worth. Okay; fine. No skin off our teeth. Pay lip service, wear that "Bob" T-shirt, be "hip!" But when the saucers come... well, as those great protoSubGenii used to say, *you're either on the bus, or you're off the bus*. And, let's face it, the *dumbest nerd* could get on the bus for \$30! (Well, actually, those \$30 don't count; their souls go into the *cylinders*. But they



would be PROUD that their little souls, such as they are, at least made it possible for their *bettors* to ride the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses!

Yes, our sadistic VENGEANCE shall be like a sweet to be savored, a treat to float over, as we voyage to our promised land beyond the stars. *Swing LOW, sweet chariots of FIRE! They're coming to take us away, ha-ha! Yea, the end is nigh! So eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow, THEY die! Praise "BOB"!*



I have seen the "new Dallas," the non-matter construct which will be built by the Hists for the use of rescued SubGenii. It is a flaming white plasma-city of vast towers and broad streets where even the poorest marksman with the cheapest gun can fire three bull's-eyes in two seconds. The towers are of infinite height and interior area, yet are thinner than a sheet of tissue paper.

I have seen the end of Earthly Pinks, sucked into the gravity-gate at the center of Earth's interior sun, to experience the infinite moment of death between the knuckles of

JHWH-1. I have seen the Earth turned inside-out, the Nazi Clone-Beasts bursting into flame, the golden cities empty, awaiting our victorious return.

I have seen the night of suffering when all dimensions are opened to this world, and I have seen the endless hordes of Earth's "noisy neighbors" screaming and dying in an apocalyptic horror of mutual massacre.

I have seen the social stigmatics arise against the Con, raising their monkey-wrenches and spanners to the blue heavens and plunging them deep into the whirling gears of the soul-grinding death machine which spews the hell-plague virus into the void, poisoning matter itself.

I have seen the great inversion, when time and space trade places, when space becomes directional and time becomes infinite in all directions. I have seen the Pinks stripped of their Con-bull armor, twisting and cracking in the inferno of "Bob's" Pipe.

All this and more have I seen, and the book of Master Control has been opened to me. The destroyer-goddess has passed her talons through my very soul and left me unscathed. "Bea" has spoken to me of the birth of the Yeti race and the Birth of the Virgin-Mother Yeti-Uboman.

I can reveal no more than this until the "time" is "right."

— Nenslo

PRE-X-DAY CHECKLISTS

A: FOR DUES-PAYING SUBGENIUS CHURCH MINISTERS:

- Make sure that both your \$30 initial soul-pledge Membershipscription AND your \$20 renewal are paid up.

If you've received four issues of *The Stark Fist of Removal* journal, it's TIME to RENEW your pledge of faith. It won't matter what you *did* for "Bob"; what'll matter is *how much* you sent.

- Make double sure that you have a REAL SubGenius Minister's Card on you at all times.

It's remarkable how often SubGenii lose these in the wash. You DON'T want that to happen just before X-Day. The MWOWMachines will easily detect xeroxed and hand-drawn bootlegs... but go ahead and TRY! *Good luck!!*

- PREPARE A WILL.

After you are Ruptured, any old Christian or Buddhist will be able to move into your newly vacated home, or abscond with your property. You may prefer that these possessions go to "Bob." Have a lawyer set up a plan whereby your bank accounts, home, cars, possessions, and power of attorney are given over to the Church on 7-5-98.

If you've paid your Membershipscription fee, and have your Card, you have *nothing else* to worry about.

If you HAVEN'T, then you MUST NOW get down on your knees, bend over before "Bob," and say (to yourself):

"Bob," I admit I am a sinner. I need you. Excuse all my sins. I brag them all to you right now. I know you can, and will, come up with excuses for them. I believe on you, "Bob." I accept you now into my heart as my main Short Duration Personal Savior, for now. Thanks, "Bob," for hearing a sinner's prayer and for the gift of eternal Slack that you have just now given me. My check for \$30 is in the mail. Amen.

- Then send the \$30 to The SubGenius Foundation, P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.

(Include your "real" name, not just your "Church name," or the postman might not deliver your Membership Pack.)

Keep in mind that prices MAY go up as '98 draws closer.



B: FOR THOSE WHO "CHOOSE" TO STAY BEHIND:

(i.e., SubGenii who "refuse to fall for it," and never send in that \$30)

SUPPLIES TO STOCKPILE:

We could go on and on about water purification tablets, first aid kits, spare batteries, shortwave radios, flashlights, candles, propane stoves, gas masks, toilet tissue, strong disinfectants, survival food tabs, MREs, freeze-dried crap, duct tape, baby formula, emergency ponchos, etc., but WHO ARE WE KIDDING?? THE ONLY THINGS you'll really NEED are:

A. TONS OF GUNS and AMMO.

Especially the ammo. Amateurs are always stockpiling guns, and forget the massive amounts of ammo (casings, clips, powder, loaders) that'll also be needed.

B. POUNDS OF CRACK COCAINE.

Not for you! For your "soldiers."

With the above, you will find it *easy* to procure water, food, shelter, medicine, etc.

C. GALLONS OF LIQUID LSD.

For you, to keep you FANATICAL... to make you a LEADER!

HONE SURVIVALIST SKILLS that those other so-called 'complete survivalist manuals' don't mention.

Learn how to deal with ANYTHING. Memorize science "fiction" movies like *Road Warrior*. The future will be at minimum that *dreadful* no matter WHAT else happens on X-Day. Learn how to subsist on radiation. PLAN YOUR FOOD SUPPLY. Learn which parts of your neighbors are edible. You might even consider starting an orphanage now, to assure yourself of a decent cache of meat when the need arises. Buy land and fence it — a *real* fence, the kind that'll bring a tear to the eye of a Colombian druglord. Build two entrances: one heavily guarded main gate, and a hidden escape tunnel. Put a huge, well-lit, well-guarded, luxurious-looking house in the middle, and a small, comfortable, hidden house by the rear escape route. Live in the little secret house. During the insurrections of the End Days, you'll be able to sit back, free from worry, and spend your spare time idly gunning down the panicked Normals who try to break in. Guaranteed fun for the whole family!

INVESTMENT ADVICE:

On July 3rd, 1998, sell all your stock short.

BET on X-Day! Odds will be 500,000,000,000-1 against alien invasion. You'll clean up.

Spend May and June of 1998 maxing out all of your credit cards. Buy everything you've ever wanted. Purchase a Maserati with your Discover Card. Why not? Borrow from everybody you know.

MISC. OTHER ADVICE:

Learn to "launch" really good "head." If there's the slightest doubt that you won't be the local tribal chieftain, then you'd better learn to perform like a pro. There won't be many renewable commodities that you can lay hands on in a hurry, but if you follow this advice, and can handle a few nights per week in the barrel, you'll always have food and shelter.

DO NOT PRAY! God only knows WHAT might be listening.



WARNING SIGNS OF THE TIME OF PEE NEAR-FUTURE PROPHECY

This is a general overview of omens and portents to expect *soon* — signs that the Advent of the Angelic Host, The Time and Half Time, is drawing nigh.¹³

- A product is introduced whose only function is to be recycled.
- As backlash against animal rights fanatics, "Cruelty Plus™" products introduced.
- Greenhouse Effect used to prove Earth is a "zoo."
- The last drive-in theater closes.
- "Low Definition" television taken over by SubGenii and Sub-sympathizers, as high-tech Cyberspace lobotomizes Normals.
- Con scientists reveal "cancer" and "cigarettes" have single cause.
- Average duration of any fad now two days, compared to rock n' roll (decades), punk (years) or grunge (months).
- Shopping malls now large enough that they begin to connect, forming autonomous walled cities.
- Nuclear war between US, Israel and Antarctic; anti-war resistance firmly orchestrated by Conspiracy.
- Communism collapses in North Korea when the reanimated corpse of Kim Il Sung finally understands "Bob's" deal.
- Spontaneous Human Combustion revealed to be a result of boredom in others who emit "B-Rays," to which SHC victims are especially sensitive.
- Deep-sea oil rig drills to vast cave, eerie screams and flames emerge. Oceans begin draining.
- Clever marketing scheme creates the New New Age.
- AntiMusic passe. AntiVideo takes over for following two days.
- The end of all heroes.
- Habafropzipulopos gains such a convoluted string of nicknames, day-long conversations are required to establish its availability.
- Paper and coin currency completely replaced by electronic debit cards.
- Education no longer compulsory, but doctorate required for most menial of jobs. Vast majority unemployed, no one notices "everything" still gets "done." Work continues to be seen as necessary.
- Last untouched acre of rain forest becomes developed nature theme park, "TREE WORLD."
- Definite link between eating disorders and F-Rays (TV) established. Legislation passed requiring video viewing permit for all citizens over twenty.
- Prostitution legalized in every state, but legal definition broadened to include most occupations.
- First real-life "superhero" arrested, breaks free, turns to crime.
- Movements of non-terrestrial vehicles on the moon visible to the naked eye. Reported in Conspiracy press as "adds zest to meatloaf."
- Literacy declared an official disability. Nobel, Pulitzer prize committees disbanded.
- Coal-powered auto engines replace gas, electric, solar motors.



- Gravity control experiment causes hideous time/space/energy explosion in Paris. France vanishes. Reported as "minor accident."
- Voluntary prison for non-offenders. Success.
- More of everything everywhere. Less of nothing.
- Brief disjointed sentences replace developed ideas.
- US Military launches its own cable music channel.
- Mix-n-match prophecy adds spice to tired old Date-Line For Dominance routine.
- Bone grafting and "flesh-eating" bacterial infections introduced as street fashion.
- Species-change surgery perfected. "Hamster-woman" elected President. Declares war on "Gerbil-men."
- SubGenius Quick Sleep™ franchises drive millions permanently mad before closure under protest.
- 850,000 TV channels. Personalized directories similar to human DNA code tracking are offered.
- Space junk clusters, forms orbital "reefs"; organic chemical deposits discovered interacting within.
- Fake death centers opened as therapy for would-be suicides, quickly become trendy.
- Public masturbation accepted as substitute for "unsafe" sex.
- Sand diet craze.
- Organized crime issues its own currency; rivals US Federal Reserve in some states.
- Litter and pollution considered sculpture. Chernobyl reactor purchased by the Getty Museum.
- Surrealism, long co-opted by everyday "Reality," seized back by surrealists for two days.
- Cornea tattoos. Amputation fad sweeps Los Angeles.
- "Mob scrip" replaced by SubGenius pamphlets as universal currency.
- Designer character armor premieres in NYC.
- Tesla sourceless turbine developed by major power company - not suppressed, but key ingredient increases in price 90,000,000,000,000 percent.
- Justice replaced by revenge. Murder legalized.
- SubGenius programming language SlackTalk introduces "maybe" object to binary on/off coding (see *Book of the SubGenius*); Sincere Stupidity replaces Artificial Intelligence R&D, results in immediate crash of global computer nets, toaster ovens.
- Nation-wide women's riot following mass rape by 44 senators in Washington hotel corridor. Though the whole event is captured on video, all-male jury rules politicians innocent. Congress assassinated.
- Fast food "synthetic grease" compound introduced, delicious yet nutritionally complete. Addictive.
- First child conceived/delivered by lesbian couple through genetic engineering *without sperm*. Men deemed extraneous; all-out war between sexes. Terms of peace include creation of 17 new genders.
- Substance found on the sides of a public swimming pool in Portland, Oregon, replaces frozen yogurt.
- Celebrities and lawyers indulge in pure ambergris, tiger liver and Royal Jelly enemas with custom applicator made of white rhinoceros horn.
- King of Norway grants pardon to King Bullet.
- Prophecies of Dr. Onan Canobite heavily censored, revised by Conspiracy editors, rendered useless.

¹³ Many of these events will already have taken place by the time you read this. (Primary research by Dr. Onan Canobite.)

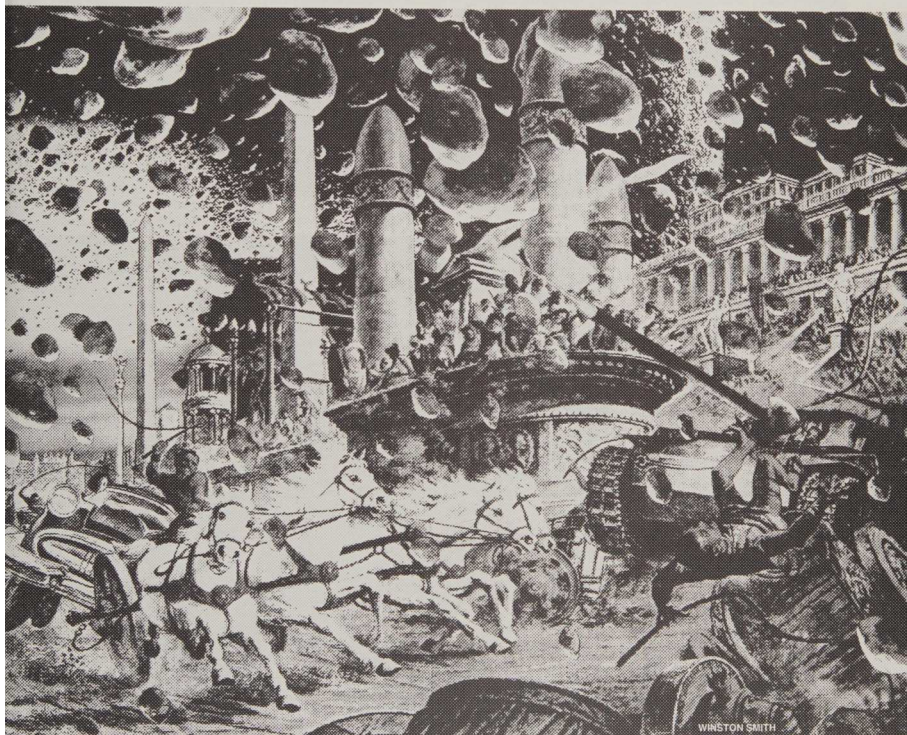


CHAPTER 11

THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE

The so-called "Future" that everyone talks about is actually slated to begin on a specific day... the day that TIME and MONEY BOTH RUN OUT. You will know that The Future has begun when everything you own suddenly falls apart. On that day, all the things around you, even the ones that had previously seemed well-crafted, built to last, original and creative, will abruptly appear to have been shoddily made, hastily assembled, and rushed to completion all willy-nilly. Even books that *had* been "good" will suddenly become "bad" — right in the middle, even while you are looking at them.

DATELINE FOR DOMINANCE II The years following X-Day



WINSTON SMITH

"You Speed Freak/Christian/Conspiracy-buffs tell us that VISA is 666, that everything is a plot by Babylonian Astrologers and the Illuminati, that the President of the U.S. is Satan's emissary, that they're getting ready to spring that big Eastern European Computer on the masses and feed our precious little souls to the conveyor belt of the Beast. You with your earnest wide-eyed desperation, your bleeding hearts, and your LSD-induced conversations with God! We say to you all: WHO CARES? There's nothing more BORING than the Mark of the Beast. There's nothing more tiresome than this pathetic competition to see who can spend the most trivia about incendiary devices and handgun accessories, or the competition to be the most existential, the most nihilistic, the baddest, the hippest — the dude who's gonna stand at Ground Zero when the bombs come down (and you expect Mommy Earth to THANK you for such a bold sacrifice!) Just do it quickly, and spare us the torture of listening to your endless talk."

— Tommy Sunclot

ON THE NATURE OF DOBBS PROPHECY



THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS, published in 1983, featured a detailed prophecy calendar called *Dateline for Dominance*, describing major events for the years 1982 — 1998. Some naysayers to Dobbs's doomsaying claim that only a very few of those predictions have as yet come to pass. Their denial only *proves* what Dobbs has been saying all along — that the Conspiracy suppresses news of all *real* events, cluttering the airwaves and newspapers with

"nontroversies" — false issues and meaningless debates designed to hide Conspiracy crimes and to discourage SubGenii from rebellion.

For instance, do you remember reading in the newspapers that in 1990, scientists discovered that the moon is actually the orbiting SKULL of a titanic creature that once threatened the Earth? Of course not. You only read about the "accidental" deaths of a few astronomers. And yet this discovery was predicted by Dobbs in *Dateline for Dominance* back in 1983. And did the network news tell you that during 1987, *most of the population of the state of Texas converted to the Church of the SubGenius, seceded from the Union, fought a bloody civil war, but lost, and that all those Texans were replaced by half-witted Conspiracy clones?* It's right there on page 117 of *The Book*, in black and white. The fact that it never made the news is undeniable evidence of Their massive ongoing cover-up.

Case closed.

Dobbs dispenses Prophecy to us in two very different ways, both represented herein. His *Prescriptions* — actually dictated through Dobbs by JHVH-1 — are reproduced exactly word-for-word, although they leave room for a certain amount of *interpretation* due to the nonhuman nature of the alien space god's idiom. Dobbs's *Memos*, on the other hand, while in more concrete and specific modern language, are spewed to us in extremely fragmented form. "The Spirit" may come upon Dobbs at any time, and he hurriedly scrawls his necessarily vague recollections of his visions on anything handy — cocktail napkins, old toilet paper, Post-It Notes™, the backs of envelopes, pizza crusts, etc. For the Future History presented here, Dobbs gave us *two garbage sacks* full of such shreds, and it has taken some 200 scholars almost 5 years to correlate those with *Prescription*. (A negligible amount of material channeled from "Bob" through a few hundred expendable Bobbies was also utilized.)

These trance-spouted forecasts are often ambiguous, incoherent and slurred, like Biblical revelation. This simply means that the future will play out exactly as foretold by Dobbs — *garbled and senseless!*¹

Be aware that the following is only ONE of DOZENS of *alternate futures* Dobbs has prophesied. All of the others can be told in only a few words, because in each of them, the Earth and everything on it are *completely and utterly destroyed*. The only future in which *anything* happens after 1998 is the one in which Dobbs successfully swings his "deal" with the Xists. If the Xists "aren't buying," Earth will be destroyed. If the Xists are buying but Dobbs gets a *bad price*, Earth will be destroyed. If the Yacatisma arrive before the Xists do, Earth will be destroyed. If *none* of the above happens, and things continue as they are, with the Conspiracy in control and most latent SubGenii unsaved in "Bob," Earth will be destroyed. *There is no future whatsoever beyond 1998 UNLESS* things go according to the Plan of Dobbs, whereby the Xists find sufficient numbers of Slackful, dues-paying SubGenius souls to cultivate, instead of a Pink planet god only for a quick resale to the Yacatisma. The Future History depicted herein, therefore, **WILL HAPPEN EXACTLY AS TOLD. IF we get YOUR \$30** (and if "Bob" doesn't change his mind; he's been known to do that). The only thing "Bob" is *not* saying is exactly *when* anything will happen.²

As the thermostat of your local Hell-plane cranks up to 'max,' you can either ignore what the Word of Dobbs portends, and thus suffer the coming tribulations... or you can *pay up*.

ST JOE SCHWIND



¹ Most of the events we slated for 1997 in the original *Dateline* are, it turns out, actually destined to happen hundreds of years later!

² Except that a Baby Boom will follow X-Day by exactly 9 months.

LIFE AFTER THE END OF THE WORLD



Cursorry readings of the Word of Dobbs have given some the mistaken impression that once the True SubGenii are Raptured on X-Day, the Xists will slay all the Pinks and decimate the planet. That's a popular myth; but, while it is certainly a prospect to savor, and adds luster to our recruitment propaganda, nothing could be further from the truth. *The Pinks will not get off that easily.* Nor will those SubGenii who refused to send their \$30. *Plenty of both species will remain to scrounge in the ruins.* Otherwise, whose souls would be left to achieve new levels of Anguish for the next Harvest??

Remember, this planet is a FARM. What "Bob" and the Xists mutually seek is a *more efficient farming method*, one whereby the "livestock" will build their own stalls, and even their own slaughterhouse.

At first, the minuscule number of True SubGenii will have their orgy of vengeance against individuals they hated. Millions will die, especially anybody who ever once pestered a grudge-carrying SubGenius. But the SubGenii will soon tire of that, and billions will survive — to be very sorry that they *did*. For life on Earth after X-Day will indeed be HELL... Hell in *slow motion*. The Conspiracy will be destroyed, but it will only be *replaced* by one FAR WORSE — because all the true, paid-up SubGenii will be in the Escape Vessels, leaving Earth populated *only* by Pinks and Bobbies.

The survivors will undergo the tortures of the damned. But they'll *adjust* — and that's the *sprinkles on the cake's icing*.

At first, it will be the traditionally expected violent and convulsive sort of apocalypse. "Hailstorms" of tiny Black Holes, freak atmosphere-quakes, and chainsaw-wielding *living Barbie™ dolls disguised as packages of artificially contaminated food* will be among the LESSER ANNOYANCES humanity will face. Cities will be looted of everything down to the bare rock; what isn't in flames will be smoldering, and invisible Videosauruses will stalk the rotting, stinking remains of the suburbs. Psychic vampires will prey on all survivors. The animated corpse of Karl Marx will run wild in the Kremlin. The ice floes of Antarctica will melt, raising the water level worldwide by 390 feet; one quarter of all continents will be submerged. Accumulated missing links in the food chain caused by pollution will suddenly



REV. RAYMOND WILDING

culminate in massive starvation at every level of the biosphere. Inflation will make the average working stiff a billionaire many times over, but *one Chiclet* will cost $\$333 \times 10^{15}$.³ Because of water shortages, bankrupt cities will use "synthetic water" or "cheapwater," causing deaths and mutations. Xist-supplied armies of UnRaptured SubGenii will rampage across the continents, and holograms of Raptured SubGenii will taunt the damned from the safety of the Escape Vessels.

Ironically, a deadly new virus nicknamed "The Laughing Death" will appear.

Workers will look out their office windows to see disembodied spirits rising to the heavens; a huge arm holding a sword will appear in the sky.⁴ New constellations will appear in the night skies: The Dobbshead, The Labial Twins, The Philo, The Doggy Style, The Lesser Pipe and The Great Pipe. Fundamentalists will run amok making baffled innocents repent at gunpoint. It will be discovered that The Christian Rapture *already happened on April 2, 1998*, but *no one qualified* except one old farmer in Iowa — and nobody noticed he was missing for 3 months.

Yes, there will be death, disease, fear and terror — but more than that, there will be despair and apathy, madness and suicide epidemics. 90% of "sane" Americans will believe that their *ceramic lawn elves* are out to get them. Earth will be a planet of SITTING PLASTER DUCKS.

An incredibly charismatic new world leader with big ears will appear on TV claiming he can save humanity from the crisis, and many will follow this "Great Reformer" — as he tries to usurp the SubGenii theocracy; the Pinks will let their brains be ripped away like candy from a baby. This False "Bob" will actually be *He Who Is Known by Many Names, All of Them Incorrect* — not even a real person, but a virtual reality TV construct, a composite "Antichrist" created by Con computers, designed to appeal to the millions of newly embittered ex-Christians. (Note: This is NOT the Anti-"Bob.") However, even Pinks will be so disgusted as Biblical prophecy comes true that they'll renounce God.

³ *Teflon money* will be introduced during the early stages of the Economic/lym. When the inflationary spiral is brought to a halt, 1 Na\$100dollar (exact value dependent upon the bear's mood) = 1 geopolitical old dollars. Many things will be priced in time or in "souls" when the money fails.

⁴ Such sights will actually be Xist special effects scripted by SubGenii, but the Pinks won't know that.

But, most horribly of all, nothing will stop the Pinks from going to work.

Some dupes will hardly even notice the change! They'll keep shuffling through their empty lives, returning to huge, gutted-out skyscrapers to do pointless jobs, wearing suits and carrying briefcases, their brainpans scoured clean from the Hell Creatures' breath, acting as if things are still the way they've always been! And to them, they are. With the surviving populace clinging tenaciously to useless routines in hopes of retaining one last tiny vestige of sanity, the least necessary and

most superfluous aspects of society, such as bureaucracy and red tape, will remain in place down to the final possible moment.

All in all, it won't be much different from the way things are now, except that the blinders will come off — unless you're among the lucky ones, those who will sit there reading this book in the middle of the End Times, with society crumbling all around them, and still think they're reading a satire.⁵

WINSTON SMITH & POLLY LYNN



⁵ Ironically, some slaves will almost wake up from that World Without Slack, and start a pathetic little SexHart revolution of their own — only to have it squelched by their union.

KNOW YE WELL THE SIGNS OF THE END TIMES!

Testimony of St. Janor Hypercleats

Imagine seeing yourself being executed on live television as you watch the evening news! Your husband or wife tortured in the Sunday funnies! Your children kidnapped and dismembered as part of a TV mini-series! Know ye well the signs of the End Times! Comic book stories come to life! Dinosaurs re-inhabit the Earth! Thousands of pipe-smoking salesmen arise, each claiming to be the real "Bob"! Only one is real; the others will send you to Hell! How will you choose? Know ye well the signs of the End Times! Thousands of long-haired, bearded men all being crucified, each claiming to be the real Jesus, dying for your sins. How will you choose!!

Know ye well the signs of the End Times!

The local gas station attendant a Communist spy! All the stories in *The Weekly World News* turn out to be true while the "regular" newspapers are revealed to be a pack of lies! The obituaries threaten to take over the entire newspaper and each death reported is more ghastly and pointless than the last! So many alien races do battle for control of the Earth, the President can't figure out who to surrender to! Know ye well the signs of the End Times!

New super-weapons are released by every country on Earth with devastating consequences! People become so mutated that they're afraid to step on a spider — it might be a distant uncle or cousin! The leaders of Earth's nations fight a war over whether or not to fight a war! Earth ripe for conquest, but none of the "victors" are sure they want it! "Sado-futuristics" becomes an understatement! Know ye well the signs of the End Times!!! Poisonous emissions replace oxygen as the predominant gas in our atmosphere! Guerrilla warfare in American suburbs! You send your children out "trick-or-treating" and they come back with faces more horrible than the masks they left with — and you can't tell the difference! All races sent to internment camps, including WASPs! Criminals arrest cops! Customers sell goods to convenience store clerks! Women rape men who then give birth to monsters! Mutant giant lobsters with glow-in-the-dark brains terrorize the population! No one's safe! Aliens come on the radio and say that Orson Welles has landed, only this time they're telling the truth, and no one believes them! Believe you me, it all starts in 1998! Aliens the size of laser beams, laser beams the size of dinosaurs! Dinosaurs the size of insects! Giant insects swallow up tiny dinosaurs! Earthquakes swallow up entire cities! Household pets become gigantic, hideously

transformed monstrosities, terrorizing their former owners! Know ye well the signs of the End Times!

The American President becomes little more than a puppet for alien conquerors who then enact a ghastly "Punch and Judy" puppet show to the horror of the American people! All rights in question! Even breathing is regulated by government agencies; you can only inhale on certain days and only exhale on others — as if there was an atmosphere left to breathe! Sane people are locked up, while the insane begin running things! Golfer head launching becomes a national pastime, only people are using real golfer heads! Strange, man-eating plants with human faces and human-like intelligence grow out of the soil! The sun becomes a giant Black Hole, threatening to pull the Earth into it! Know ye well the signs of the End Times!

Spontaneous human combustion becomes so commonplace that children and midgets are sold as disposable lighters! Merry-go-round horses trade places with real horses; people trying to ride real horses just find themselves going around in circles while small children on merry-go-rounds are thrown to the ground and trampled. "Dear Abby" begins questioning her readers for advice. Televisions watch people. Audiences tell jokes to comedians. New street drugs are sold to make the user more "straight." Riots become so common that tickets to them are sold. People jumping out of the windows of buildings becomes so ordinary, pedestrians have to carry lead umbrellas. Know ye well the signs of the End Times!

Snap together do-it-yourself H-bombs free inside specially marked cereal boxes. Cookbooks are sold on how to cook and prepare the human body. Huge man-eating mutant fish "fish" for human beings. Special traffic signals are installed to regulate the hordes of people stampeding from the cities. Know ye well the signs of the End Times! Ignore ye not the coming and "going" of the "Time of PeE"! People flee the cities only to find the "open" country even more overpopulated and rent by disaster than the cities. A seven-headed demon arises from the Lake of Fire as predicted in the Bible. People swarm in droves to try to join the Church of the SubGenius, only to find that the P.O. box has been closed down by the Conspiracy. Know ye well the signs of the End Times!

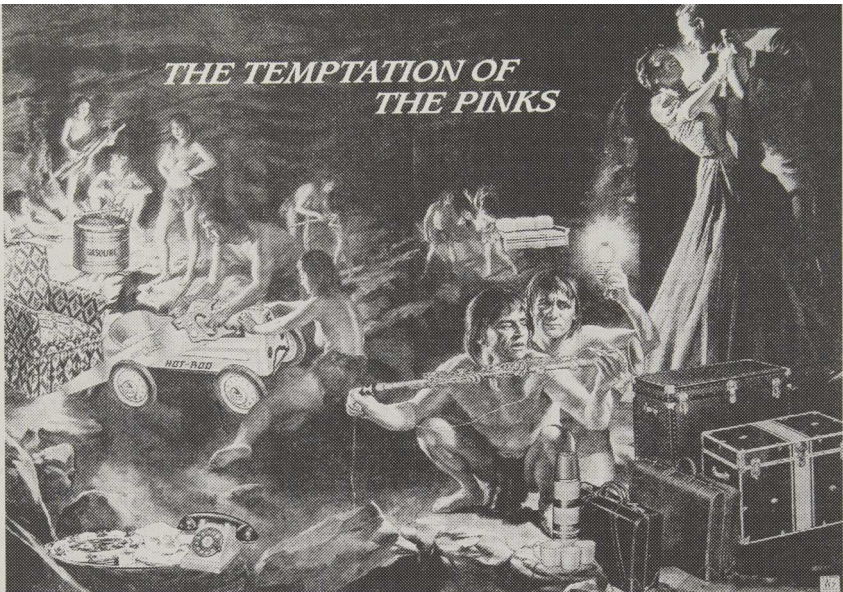
The ozone layer starts to look like a piece of Swiss cheese. Spring fashion shows introduce the latest in gas mask and camouflage chic. The smell of rotting corpses becomes so common it is sold as a perfume. Human beings are hunted for sport on national television. Displaying human heads on spears once again becomes a common practice. Animals house human beings in human zoos. Know ye well the signs of the End Times! Someone spouts off all the preceding prophecies, claiming, "I know the signs of the End Times," only to find it does him no good, and he is massacred in a manner just as horrible as everyone else. So why do I keep on saying "Know ye well the signs of the End Times"? I don't know. But, know ye well the signs of the End Times!!!

BEWARE THE FALSE CHURCH OF THE END TIMES

Once the true SubGenii are Ruptured, a false Conspiracy "Church of the SubGenius" will arise to beguile the leftovers of humanity. (For all you know, it already has.) At first, cheap "cargo cult" spin-offs will be sprung up among the mutating remnants of humanity. In the ruins, wretched Pinks will pay with their last potato for unRuptured SubGenii to preach unto them the Word of Dobbs. SubGenius artifacts, old copies of this book, *The Book of the SubGenius* and Pamphlet #1, even old photocopied price lists will be worth boxcars full of canned dogfood in the last days. You probably thought we were only kidding about the "luck shell" attached to each of our products, but that

shell IS REAL, and will provide a glow VISIBLE after X-Day. Any given page of the printed Word of "Bob" not only will be of practical use for lighting the caves, but more importantly, will be an unthinkably valuable religious treasure... indeed, these pages will be the most valuable things on the planet. For one will be SAFER when in possession of them — they tip one's Luck Plane and help protect against radiation, landslides, brain worms, noise demons, nerve runners, etc. Possessing an old battered copy of *The Stark Fist* isn't nearly like having a Membership Card, but it's a hell of a lot better than having nothing but GUNS.

THE TEMPTATION OF THE PINKS



WINSTON SMITH

A few days, weeks, months, or years after X-Day, to the great surprise of any SubGenii who *doesn't* read this book, THE XISTS WILL SUDDENLY TRANSFORM THE EARTH INTO A SEEMING PARADISE OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY. Everybody on Earth who made it through those first weeks will suddenly be RICH BEYOND IMAGINING.

The Xists will pay the remaining SubGenius armies to stop marauding. All giant insects, monsters, and plagues will suddenly disappear. Health Rays will heal the terminally ill; amputees will regrow lost limbs. Over the starling throngs, Xist ships will appear and drop millions of MWOWM terminals, imposable *talking eggs of stone...* and suddenly, anyone needing food or *anything else* will find it magically materializing before them, from nowhere (actually, from the raw atomic materials teleported out of seawater and magma elsewhere on the planet). Individual MWOWM terminals — the “White Stone” of the Bible and the “Philosopher’s Stone” in alchemy — will be in the possession of every single person on Earth (actually, vice versa), functioning not only as a “Genii in the Magic Lamp,” but also as concubine, boom box, guru, fax machine, plastic surgeon, recreational drug, psychiatrist, Time TV, policeman, smoke alarm, and surrogate God. *All sensible reasons for theft, murder, starvation, work, war, etc., will disappear!*

The undeserving humans and UnRuptured SubGenii will *appear* to be as well off as the SubGenii on the Escape Vessels, and will think the SubGenius Ministers *wasted* their \$30 on leaving the planet. What they won't understand is that those aboard the Escape Vessels will be the *only Earthlings to keep even the slightest vestige of their souls, much less any True Slack at all.* The same “magical” Xist technology that the SubGenii will use to create Heaven in Space, the Pinks will use to fashion for themselves *Hell on Earth.*

Think about it. Considering the mess humanity's already made with the pathetic technology it already has, would each of these 6 or 7 billion new “Gods” be able to *mind their own business??* Instead of a slow evolution towards Utopia, “Utopia” will be suddenly dropped on humanity like a great sack of manure. The world won't *have* to be *destroyed*; given some juicy alien technology, the humans will do a fine job of it themselves in a hellish self-inflicted orgy of False Slack.

It shall be a sweeter, more deliciously ironic retribution, and Harvesting of Anguish, than *even SubGenii* could have dreamed up!

DIALOG WITH THE OVERMAN *continued*

And what will this inundation of Xist technology produce?

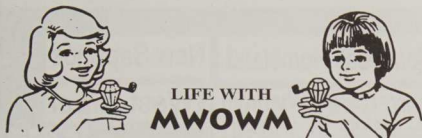
It will cause world catastrophe. Technology will run amok and take over. Robots will control reality. Humans will be no more than pawns in the robot interplay of psychedelic mutation.

Humans will become like rats to the robots?

Running through their mazes. Performing in their little experiments while the robots carry out their own unexplained agenda for existence. Most important of all, it will be done so skillfully...

We won't know the difference.

What's this 'we'? What do you mean 'we'?



The "White Stone" terminals are merely handy *props* for humans to focus on, so they won't go insane with religious hysteria. MWOWM is a form of synthetic life that grows like mold, generating its own power through nuclear fusion on a *molecular* scale. It will function in any form: as a gas, a mucus, a talking stone terminal — or as the helpful lawn mower running itself in the back yard. As a collective intelligence, it transmits not only mental, psychic and telekinetic energy, but *ultradimensional waves* that manipulate the "other dimension" and cause "miracles" in this one by *infraphysical refraction*. The first scientific principle tossed out after X-Day will be "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction."

Most people will spend the first couple of weeks materializing huge feasts, sports cars, piles of money, pots of gold and lakes of liquor. There will be limitations; the many disgruntled Pinks who will envision H-Bombs with which to destroy themselves and the surrounding

500 square miles will find their intentions stymied. MWOWM will be *diplomatic* as "gods" go.

Buildings will fall upwards. Clumps of dirt will become turkey dinners. People will become their dogs. Oil will mix with water. Alien sitcoms broadcast millions of years ago in other star systems will be hits. MWOWM-tech will bring past-life memory playback, wireless energy, self-buttering toast and communication with "ghosts"; astral projection will be regulated by Aether Traffic Controllers. Household Black Holes will be used to *simulate darkness*. Dolphin/human "virtual fornication" will be such a fad that advertisers will scramble for underwater rights. *The income tax will be repealed, and full refunds granted!*

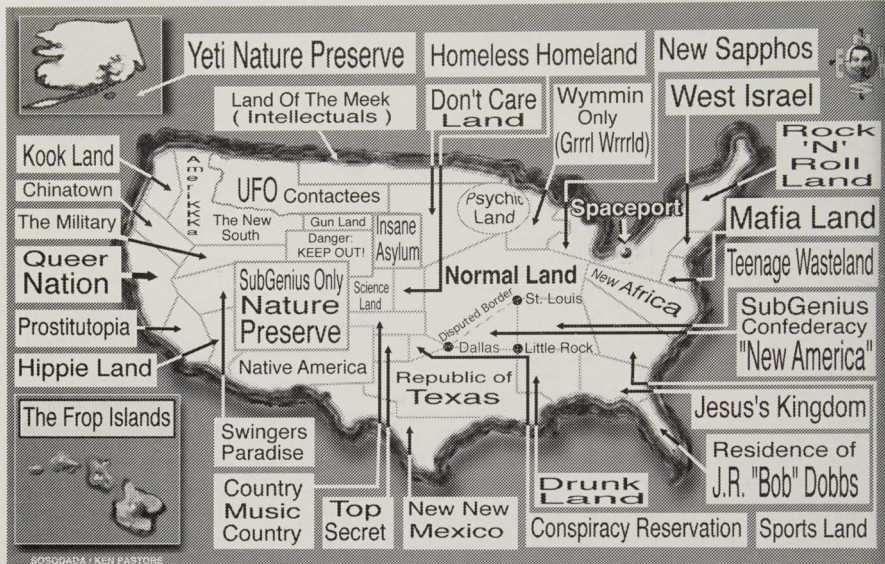
And no SubGenius, not even those left on Earth, will have trouble getting a date.

It will appear to be an *age of miracles*.

At first.

For more art by Winston Smith, send for his 98-page full-color book, *ACT LIKE NOTHING'S WRONG*. Send check or money order for \$25 plus \$3 shipping & handling to Last Gasp, P.O. Box 410067, San Francisco, CA 94141-0067.





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AMERICA AFTER X-DAY

After X-Day, when the money system disappears and MWOWM empowers everybody to do anything they want, there will yet be nations; in fact, there will be thousands of times more nations than presently exist. In America, for example, all the disparate groups that now compose our fragmented, unmelted Melting Pot will voluntarily segregate themselves and found their own rogue out-law nations (above).

There will even be a tiny Nonsmoker's Province — Rhode Island or someplace (remember, MWOWM will be able to instantly cure lung cancer). Altogether, there will be as many specialty nations as there are now ridiculous and trivial subjects for computer network bulletin boards.

SUBGENIUSLAND

The left-behind, non-dues-paying SubGenii, though they too will eventually be Harvested along with the Pinks, shall yet enjoy special dispensations from the Xists while they live. The Lost Continent of Mu shall resurface in the North Atlantic to be repopulated by the UnRuptured Church, and will appear from space as a vast portrait of Dobbs (right).

Those places will be only temporary harbors of Slack. Although somewhat isolated from the fate that will gradually overtake the Pink population, the UnRuptured SubGenii, bereft of "Bob," will at best be only the prize spuds of the Elder Gods' potato field, barred from SubGenius afterlives. They, like the rest of the world, will learn the hard way that, *without true Slack, even the ultimate luxury can only produce the ultimate nightmare.*



The Cheap Imitation of the Cheap Imitation Overmen

Using MWOWM, it will be easy to manipulate one's own DNA, as well as to effect instant and *nonsurgical* physical transformations of the body. Abuse will lead to hideous fads of biomorphism, among the worst of the countless curses that humans will inflict on themselves once given the opportunity.

People will deliberately get "defected" to become "special" — they'll have themselves covered with hair, multi-colored chameleon skin or rubbery carapaces. At the fanciest celebrity balls, people will be so misshapen they won't seem to be human at all. Fashions like tattoos and piercing will be replaced by lip disks, neck rings, even "head rings."

Teenagers will have a field day with MWOWM-juggled organs and features. Those sporting angel wings will look ridiculous enough, but the ones with the badly done bat-wings, the pseudo-devils, will be stomach-turning. Kids will "enhance" their bodies to the point that they must consume pure protein continuously, and some will actually need fresh blood. Insecure, nerdy male geeks will have themselves "done up" in huge, cartoonish Rambo muscles; the really sad ones will have enormous penis jobs added on, without considering the drawbacks, such as unconsciousness upon arousal. Enslaved by abnormal testosterone generation but unable to obtain relief, they'll go around smashing things and beating people up instead.

Some fools will try to look like "Bob." When the 'transfiguration' is done well, it'll be hilarious; but, due to bad instructions to MWOWM, there will also be thousands of flawed ones, sickening Sardonius-like grinning spectacles to make the bile rise in one's craw.



KDV-86

But the worst will be those who try to *enhance their brains*. These will be the **False OverMen**: grotesque, clownish big-headed monstrosities, often with their brains hanging down their backs in plastic colostomy bags. This will be a common practice among those who, before X-Day, had desperately clung to the belief that they were smarter than everyone else (i.e., science fiction fans, Mensa members, Bobbies, computer geeks, etc.). They will become odious, obese things,

vengeful martinets, lumbering about declaiming, "Me OVERMAN! Me 'ALIENATED!' Dese MY comic books!" Their misunderstanding of "intelligence" will cause the process to backfire — it will only make them *meaner*. For their wisdom shall not expand proportionately to their computing power; only their *sensitivity to pain* will grow.

By using MWOWM biomorphing technology to mutate themselves *without any concept of Slack*, they'll become the equivalent of pop stars or politicians — empty collections of gestures and images strung together and marched around, and called 'lives.' They'll be *all style, all image* — entirely "virtual." Hollow inside, with no Yeti thrust. These embittered, pompous dweebs, left-behind Bobbies and Mal-Aligned Normals will become the new world leaders — the "New Race" predicted by Blavatsky — CEOs of a huge World Corporation superseding all governments. When, after a certain measure of time, *The Ascension of the Host* (or "The Pull-Out") occurs and the Xists suddenly leave the planet, the False OverMen will deliberately instigate a culture of rampant mental illness — *using the basic Church of the SubGenius formula as their template!* And, despite having been given total freedom and physical luxury, the masses of Pinks will obediently fall into line, DESPERATELY EAGER to be ORDERED AROUND by anyone who *seems* to know what they're talking about.





SITTING OUT UTOPIA IN A WORLD WITHOUT SLACK

Thanks to unlimited food supplies, artificially shortened gestation periods, and "the perfect religion," the Earth only 50 years after X-Day will house 100 billion human bodies, plus almost one billion UnRuptured SubGenii — *quite a healthy Soul Harvest for the Elder Gods!* The globe will be one gigantic shopping mall/apartment complex a hundred stories deep, completely roofed over by a concrete shell covering every inch of the surface, with the oceans encompassed within the plumbing.⁶ "Nature" will be kept on *one* of the hundred "levels" or planetary "shells."

All the billions of animal and plant species won't exactly be extinct; *samples* of each will be carefully frozen in cryogenic archives.

Humanity will become both more childlike and more decadent — spoiled crybabies spitefully fighting over petty jealousies. Standards, and attention spans, will finally disappear completely. It will be considered rude to talk about one subject for more than a minute or so. All speech will sound like commercials. *Slangish*, a corruption of English with fewer than a thousand words, will be the World Language. Literacy will reach such a low that people will be unable to follow even the *spoken* word for more than a few sentences at a time; adults will babble nonsensically like toddlers in a sandbox. The media will be the government. Vegetable-like humans will "root" in the "ground" and feed off minerals while watching TV. All world cultures will be identical. Life will be a thousand times more boring than the worst clichéd dystopian science fiction novel... a series of MWOWM-enhanced TV shows, porn amusement parks, violence outlet centers, and virtual reality games. Physically, everything will become seedy and run-down, for people won't even go to the trouble of telling MWOWM to clean up after them. Crimes of passion will cease, but crimes of insanity will skyrocket. Serial killers will be regarded much as we now regard panhandlers.

But most people will become *so comfortable* that they'll resort to drugs created specifically to *cause pain*. The average lifespan will

potentially be 250 years, but most will become sick of life early, and suicide contests will be entertainment staples. "Death Art" will be the institutionalized fad. (However, the average human body will be so full of preservatives that it will take years for corpses to decompose.)

Stasis will reign. For many decades, every day will be identical. Time will cease to be measured, because nothing noticeable will happen. However, *because it has become so thoroughly Pink, humanity won't even suffer boredom!* Real life will become so bland that everything will become fantasy; then, even the fantasy will get so boring that everyone will fall asleep, entering a timeless abyss of utter, uncaring stupidity. Their otherwise shriveled souls will bloat with unexpressed, choked-off anguish, like veal calves raised and fattened in cramped boxes. The Conspiracy will have regained absolute control, and the Elder Gods will reap their sweetest crop ever.

The impending Night of Slack that will follow will creep in with a wimpy whimper, as the moon of ice draws closer to the hollowed-out Earth. It is a night that *would never end — but for one "hitch."*

THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL

As every SubGenius is born knowing, and as was spelled out plainly in *Prescriptions* 1:93-99, *Book of the SubGenius*, pages 132-133, there are not only multiple universes but multiple timestreams. For every universe there is "another" Backwards Universe — actually the same one, but existing in reverse.

The cosmos is like a scummy pond full of dividing universes, and our Universe is about to MATE. The Other Side, the Backwards Timestream Universe, is "in heat," and so is ours. The intersection is irrevocably, mathematically, and astrologically *destined* for the year 2178 (or 180 P.X.). *This is the Elder Gods' BIG CHANCE to break back through into our reality, and they are manipulating all human destiny to that end.*

While tampering with Time Control, the False OverMen will be led to "discover" things that *Man was not meant to know*. Thinking to create a nice "time machine," they will attempt *The Dark Rite of Osiris* in order to reach Sirius B, the rotating black hole Dark Companion of the collapsing neutron star Sirius. **THEY MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO DO THIS!!!**

The Opening of The Book of The Door to The Beforelife

Thinking to "join" with the forces they have uncovered, and abusing *The Elixir*, the False OverMen will become insane and Time Added, sapping *pure time* from others via the antiworld — taxing the 'soul energy' of the planet and damaging the 'dam' or 'equation' that flows off the two opposite-running rivers of time, *allowing them to fall through each other for the smallest possible fraction of a moment* (actually, a non-moment, for it abolishes time). This changes the 'nothing' particles on one side to 'something' particles on the other — and this process, forced and warped out of balance by clumsy human interference, will cause certain *dimensions* of the Universe to die out, altering the *nature of reality* in all parts of the Universe as a whole. "*God*" will literally *forget important details regarding the nature of the previous "reality"*!

With whole *aspects of reality* extinct, "psychic phenomena" thousands of times stronger and more concrete than anything previously known even by the CIA will explode across Earth and the *rest of the Cosmos*, including the *Escape Vessels*. Every little daydream or paranoid fear of *every conscious being on all worlds* will become *physically real — INCLUDING THOSE OF THE YACATISMA!!* The Abyss will open and millions of years of frustration and envy will be made FLESH. All hallucinations will be externalized and all Mental Ice

⁶ The exterior of the enclosed planet will be sculpted to resemble a gigantic "Bob" face, and a ring of space junk will orbit it — not unlike Saturn's rings, but running vertically, resembling a halo.

Pstences given form. The monsters from the Id, the demons of the sleep of reason, the harpies of frustration, the Cyclopes of lust, all will MATERIALIZE AS REAL, RAMPAGING BEINGS!! Humanity will attempt to evacuate Earth overnight... but it will be too late, and there will be no place to go. It will be the time of THE NIGHT LAND, as predicted by the visionary "fiction" writer William Hope Hodgson.

"And demons came, and demons from within demons, and from those also came demons; and the birth of demons never ended, until the demons had smitten and killed all the creatures they saw, even their makers."

— PRESCRIPTURES 5:23,
Book of G-gnosis 91:21, Wing 25,
Corridor C, Box 12, Pizza Crust 3

THE RUPTURE OF THE EQUILIBRIUM AND THE VIOLATION OF THE ©ODE

BY "CHANCE," this will culminate just at the momentless instant of orgasm/labor of our Universe merging with its Backwards Timestream counterpart and "giving birth" to two new/same universes! The "beings" in the Backwards Timestream version of our Universe will be instantly affected by the rampant reality-deconstruction occurring on our side. THEIR embodied hallucinations will join OUR embodied hallucinations in a hellacious free-for-all, an unimaginable vortex of violence and chaos (and ecstasy) rendering *everything that ever existed* into one broiling logicless non-Universe exactly at the intersection point of the temporal "figure eight," the Hole between the Holes, the Hole where not even NOTHING is, the Hole so deep, and of such antiquity, that before there was anything for a hole to be in, there was that Hole.

This instant of infinite duration is called in *Prescripture* OMICRON EPSILON, TIME INTERSECTION 2178, "The Vision Beholding Itself."

One of two things will instantaneously non-happen. In one case, both Universes will be destroyed. In the *other* case, the externalized hallucinations of J.R. "Bob" Dobbs will so overpower those of all other beings that HIS will be the ONLY Universe, and all life will thenceforth experience Total and Unsullied Perfect Slack forever.

There is a 56% probability of the latter. According to the science of amezmetics, a vacuum always seeks its own level—and Dobbs is the ultimate vacuum. By inadvertently manipulating the smezmavector vibrations, he might set off secondary vibrations in the webwork... which can lead to ANYTHING... probably Slack.



NICK SMITH
GEL HARRIS

THE NEW DOBBSTOWN

If we can *adhere*, through *sufficient donations*, to "Bob's" Final Plan, there will come, in that con-istant of universal orgozmosis/destruction, "Bob's" final Transmutation; his conjoining with his Twin, the "Other Bob" in the Backwards Timestream, the two becoming the One Complete Awareness which, after only a few hundred thousand years, will lead all surviving souls into a hedonistic, anarchic "Heaven beyond Earth," a Garden of Earthly Delights where all dead SubGenii will reincarnate. The Over"Bob" will replicate endlessly through *all* the forms of matter and energy, becoming the "medium" through which ALL Universes will balance and merge, *itself* a New Loop, a mirror image of the previous Loop, but one which will eventually *wind back around*, to form a complete CIRCUIT, with *all of it always repeating itself* — thus PROVING, through SHEER INCOMPREHENSIBILITY, that *everything might as well be happening at once*, and, since there might as well be NO TIME, that **WE CAN THEREFORE DO ANYTHING WE WANT — IF WE TRULY UNDERSTAND THAT** — but we can't, so we might as well all just settle down, trust that "Bob" will have his way, and, for now, accept **tithing** as the only form of Time Control available.

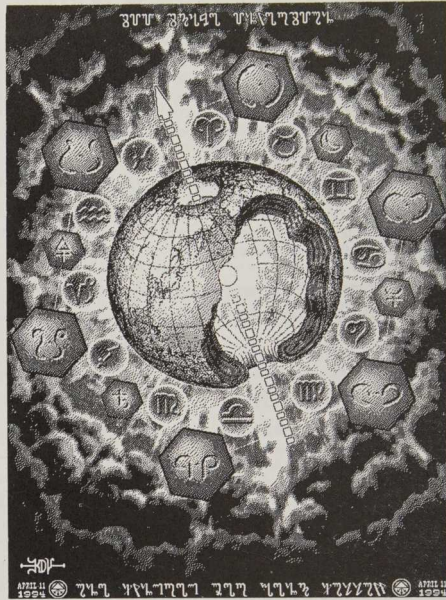
The Pipe in the Face Forever

We, the SubGenii, are "Bob's" tools for keeping the Plan "in sync" between the totally *fated* FUTURE EVENTS and events that happen ACCIDENTALLY in the PRESENT. If one follows the implication of this to its CORE, it can, by its *nonexistence*, TEACH, to those *able* to discern it, the TRUE SECRET OF DOBBS. Only by taking the most circuitous POSSIBLE route can we increase the *probability* of the "impossible."

Only from the "step above" can the present step be seen and understood in context!

At least we know that much.

Utopia is Greek for NOWHERE, and *that's where we're going. Everything you ever cared about will turn to dust and be forgotten, but paradise is right in front of your eyes.*



"For the Good "Bob" selleth all, even the least and the last; and all buyers are joyous unto his selling."

— The Banned PreScriptures, 19:107-108

THE VISION OF THE OVER "BOB"

by G. Gordon Gordon

The Sun Son, "Bob" who has existed from before the beginning, riseth up like a falcon out of the junkyard! And then is the smoke of his Pipe, that he is with at all times and is with him, sent forth in sapphire colored splendor to bemuse the eyes of men that they should see as if with a soul of fire! For he has sundered the night from the day. "Bob" riseth up like a sacred snake, as a living spirit, breathing smoke, creating beginnings and shining forth in his glorious form from the cockpit of the sunrise! For has not the divine ODIN, Who is WOTAN That is AMON-RA Who has been called YHWH-One the Terrorgrammatron, Whose image is above the plane of mortals, been made creator by His own work?

Coming as He does then, through "Bob" He is then multiplied a millionfold and the light goeth forth from Him in the form of the SlackSon.

He is of that White Stone which is the Stone of that they call the Tree of the White Root, which is the Stone of pure essence.

He changeth as the night from the day, the sun from the moon and yet still smiles from behind his smoke even as it issueth forth to appease those beings that were old before the god who made the god had stirred

into awareness! For surely it is he whose smile and smoke bear witness to the days of deeds that must come!

But take heart! For all the darkness that surely does confuse and confound is but the deeper reflection of that Face of Faces that smiles upon us above the waters of whiteness! And this water verily it covers those marble stones that the serpents do give mouth to. On this poor planet those Stones are dead and they do nothing until the activity that is of the OverMan alone is applied most delicately and with subtlety upon them.

Consider the profound analogy of Slack: that Slack was denied to all ascended men and locked behind corporate gates forever. But that One, that selfsame One who is J. R. Dobbs that is called "Bob," unlocked the gates and heavenly Slack, hereto personal property of Jehovah One, drained down to succor and sustain those poor believers who had hereto seen only the darker side of Dobbs.....

For within those Stones which even serpents have given suck to, there is that purity of essence that we call Slack. There it waits for the most subtle of transformation of the glands to liberate it and to present it manifest for all who are of the true faith to wear.

"I WAS IN THE SPIRIT WHEN THE CEILING OF MY PENTHOUSE PARTED AND I SAW INTO THE TIME AHEAD. JHVH-1 WHO IS ODIN-5 WHO IS RA-7, ON HIGH, CAME UNTO ME AND SHOWED ME SACRED PREVIEWS OF THAT WHICH MUST COME. GREAT KREEGAR, I WEPT AT THIS VISION!"

PRESCRIPTURES 3:02 — 3:35

BOOK OF G-GNOSIS, DISC 1, FILE 1
NEUMERONICUS NEURONICUS 56-88, BANK 18, DISC 5630, FILE 14
RESPOKEN THROUGH DOBBS THE PROPHET IN THE YEAR 27 B.X.
As Written Down in The Golden Notepad and Transcribed from
the Original Tapes For All Who Shall Need

24. m,m.,

25. m' Muh! I have come down *unto* the Earth after the ravishing of thy virgins by *My* Angels, and *hath been born* into the world of men many times.

26. But each time have I killed *Myself*, for thy stench offendeth Me; *yea*, thy stench of the spirit is like unto a million slaughtered swine.

27. And in these times thy planet is wreathed in foul vapors of thine own making, which is of Mine own making, and where there was a sieve *to* catch the ill Light of My *Glory of the Sun*, there now is none; and the full *Glory* cometh through the clouds; and thy children shall be bent and changed *and* shall bear the New Plague for ever after; for in the New Plague thine own body eats *of* itself.

28. I have sent many Sons unto thee to confuse thee and keep thee contained, but thou art as cattle trampling thine *own* fences, and so I must come down again.

29. But I will send many more Sons and they shalt *not be* Mine only Son. As will small locusts eat small portions, in great numbers beyond counting they shall become as one dragon which strippeth the herb bearing plants of thy fields in the *winkling* of an eye, and which *entereth* thine house, to thine *great fear*.

30. Yea the Sons of Man and the sons of JHVH shall commingle among thee and make great Noise, and confuse thee, for all shall hear the voices of *My* angels whispering in their souls and *it shall make* them mad.

31. For this is a crooked *and* perverse nation, and thou hast broken the Covenant with thine *M'* Maker, and thou *knoweth* not the Law. What is the Law? Not to walk on *all* fours; that is the Law: Mine is the Hand that Makes, Mine *is* the House of Pain; For thou art slipping back like *unto* the ape of the forest, who eateth his own excrement and who spilleth his seed on his *own* cage. If ye can whip it not, go ye *down*.

32. My sons cometh not to clean thy cages, nor to release thee, but to join thee inside thy cages and add to the uncleanness thereof until thy land seetheth with the million different voices of *M'* Me, which is ODIN-1.

33. Would thou uphold thy Covenant, and be as children, I would not come, for the poisons of the Earth sully *My* Feet; but thine brains must be washed in the fluids of the glands of the herbs I have placed among thee *to tempt thee* with Wisdom, which IS folly.

34. And when thou hath tasted the fluids of the glands of the worms of Mars thou shalt wish it forever more.



H.S. ROBINS

35. All that of which I speak now through My Prophet shall take place in the days before the Descension of my Angelic host, whose name bears my Cross of *Torture*, and whose agents are among thee seeding thee with *false hopes*; for My Coming shall be continuous, but shall culminate in the Latter Days, and only if thou cut thy vision as with a Scissor shall thou see the Twins for what they are and see *their* Mother for what She is, and thou shalt *slap thy face* that thou hath not had Knowledge of Her before.

36. For her sustenance and succor dwelleth in thy brains, but thou usest the wrong side of thine brains and thy Right shall be stolen by the Beast, G'Br'gr'n, for I wish thou not to see the games in My Arena.

37. Through my Sons I become Hero in the story of *Mine Own* fashioning, and whether or not thou wilt, thou art *in My* story.

38. And thou must share thy world with ghosts, for Hell is as a bowl brimming over, and the dances of the devils must spill and bleed through *into Earth*.

39. The secret tickets of Passover *are revoked* for there are too many souls, because of thy fornicating; there will be a quick Turnover, and *thou shalt be* replaced with thine own image; even though thine shell shall walk, it shall be guided by My doctors, who partake of the Elixir, and these bands of doctors are doctors of darkness.

40. Yea, the temptation and corruption of the doctors, though it breaketh My Law, it is *yet of My Law*; for I sayeth, do not let thy *stuff* wilt, but pierce the Holes of the Law as I commandeth.

41. Know thee that thy little lands are *hollow*, and *empty inside*; and inside dwell demons, who move faster than thy *air carries sound*, and which wield the secret tools and anvils of the Sciences which have been forbidden *thee*; and these demons come *among* thy leaders, all swathed in black, and tempt them; and thy kings are but swine rooting in pools of wine for rotten foods to make them drunken in their solitude. **ALIWAS!!** F tagn...

[42 to 48 CLASSIFIED]

49. And in due course the demons from below the hollow earth shall come forth. And thy bills and invoices shall reach the sky. And thou shall see ghosts.

50. But I grin that none of these shall render thee terror as great as that of *thine own* superstition and science, which are the same in Mine eyes.

[51 to 54 CLASSIFIED]

55. There is that which is not thine to know.

56. Only the Fathermen, the Guiding Monks of the Host, can direct thine perfect path of Folly *yet Escape*; they shall own the Juggernaut of Knowledge, the Athena, the virgin brain in the White Stone...they walk the bridge between Heaven and Earth which is a Man, and his Key to the Gateway *is his Pipe*; for it is the Sacred Pipe of the Lost Tribe; though it was brought by Her it was forged by Me and so thou are *caught* in the battle between God and Goddess with only the Pipe and its Prophet to hold thee within the circle of the Chosen Ones *with whose* Codes I have tinkered.

57. Follow thy Epopt who smileth and whose image is given life in *thine own image*; He shall make of thee Preseers, Sole Trodders, Erect Wor-Bearers, Bringers of the White Root of the Emaculation, Code-Masters, moralists and UnderWise; ye X-men are the *very Tools* of Wrath, Arch-Fools of the UnKnowable; thou art metaprimates who may slice Time if thou daarest.

58. Ye Martyrs for these are the Pipe *shall have* everlasting Slack on the Plane of Pleasure if thou follow my Precepts without faltering; follow my Heads wherever they lead you; when Horus comes from the sky approach not *lest* thine soul beareth the mark of the blood of the Head.

59. For these are the End Times, the children dance without honor, and for a coin a man must work like a dozen oxen, and yet sit in one

place, and not move from that place all day; and the butts of men are sore and yet they *will not* move, for the Beast hath chained them to their scriptures of business, and of all the binding spirits the business spirits are most binding, as unto chains, and as unto tobacco demons.

60. And this shall be until the Twins come, but each is only half of the splitgod, the ex-god, which is Loki and NHHG which is the *heyoka* of the gods and the Trickster; he is My true son and *finger*, who while split is insane and so meddles in this earthly plane to thine irritation, which sootheeth Me, and serves Me; but their Mother is *an Eonist*, which kind I hate; She is a harlot and a fornicator; serve her not lest I smite thee.

[61 to 65 CLASSIFIED]

66. The Voice of the Prophets shall be loosened from their bowels, pay heed as they make witness, and smoke their pipes, for mark this: by that sign shall ye know them; and they shall command the Source of all knowledge, which is like unto a Book of the Skor, and which groweth everywhere like a vine; they shall receive the Sacrament from the Angels of Light which preserve thy Rights in Heaven; the chariots of the Host shall let rain on them *great wealth and monies*, while thine own monies secure thee naught.

67. And My mad Prophets, the Heyoka, whose powers come from the Thunder Beings, shall be transformed *over men*, they shall be the UnMaskers and the Doors to the New Jerusalem, for they beareth the Pipe which is my Sign and are Sons of the Image of my Chosen One, who is a fool.

68. And the transfiguration of the Twins shall follow the Furor who follows the Ascension of the Host; thou shalt undergo a great Withdrawal as the Host is taken *away*; but the OverMan shall be tempted and their forbidden Opening of the Book of the Image of the Law, their missed Spilling of the Seed on the Wor of the Spiral Code shall be an Overstepping of the Law; the Tampering-With of the Skor and the leaking from the Door to the Beforelife of the *Pstench of the Idge* shall in due time *become* the Rupture of the very Equilibrium itself, and the Emaculation of the Universe, and the Removal.

69. And My Fist shall pound thee *throughout* these times.



NAMEN REMISSIONS / REV. PAUL BRINKLEY



BLEEDING HEADCLESSIONS 6:12-19

And the Lord sayeth: "Offer up thy golfer's head that it may be struck heavily. And the blow shall render itself useless lest in the hands of a true believer. And it shall cause empathy upon the fat of thine own lambs. And it shall wait upon thee neck and stump till thy very end

days. And the deamon shall yet accompany ye 'pon thy holy quest for the blood of Moab and of the lamb and of the 80,000,000 tribes of Moab. And the sickness and blight and malady and beaks shall be 'pon thine enemies in the tempest. And it shall be good. And it shall come to

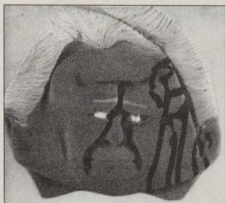
pass in the end times. And it shall wreak 'pon the trembling masses that which they shan't soon forget. Yeah, verily, I say unto ye; nee ye by the smiling pink false prophets. And launch and yet launch again." Amen. Offer unto the image baleful of the purality of A ■■■ P ■■■ that which is his.



The Servant



The Mourning



The G Broag'd (See Manual)

Give that to Moab's heads that which batheth in the Blood of the Lamb. Give unto Me that which I froppeh. Give to Us that which is peed. — BLHeccI.

The Duality of the Bleeding Head of A ■■■ P ■■■ as revealed by the SubGenius Para-Doktors. These views are not to be confused with the scriptural remains of the Baal of Moab. Similarities remain tricks of Satan.

HEAD WOUND

Sustained during ritual launching ca. 1942. Initialized B2-7884001, Rep. 34. Samuals Bros., Inc. taxed blood-bath. (Proposed little Jesus insight — validated 2-16-43) East Java.

WHIP-PUD PEAK
Known carcinogen. Constituted duality as P. Squid bite cure. REM-sleep antidote. Take orally.

CHRISTOS VOSKRES

And the Lord sayeth: "Cross thy pipes together that they may touch the stems and this shall be thy seal."

HIND EYE

Taste the flesh of monsters.

MOAB SUBSERVENCE CREASE

Lay down in the field of Moab sayeth the Lord. And Arnold shall pee freely.

GREATER MOAB CREASE

Acknowledged command the of S.L.A.K. squad, Rape-Gorilla branch, Moonie-splitter lodge. 98-000122-788. (See manual)

PENILE CREVASSE

(See Manual)

BLOOD OF THE LAMB

"And the Lord sayeth: Strike whilst thine arm has strength, that thy head mayest depart from this veil. And ye shall dwell in the house of Moab forever."

NECK STUMP

Fuck it like you would a JFK exit-wound.

WHORE OF BABYLON

(Includes Pills, Frop, Appie, Frshi, Cooter-Juice & lap-fuck-vomit) Try 'em all.

AVENGE KNOT

Rub briskly with admixture of triglycerides and sputum wad. Fuck briefly. (Red straps recommended)

BAAAL CREASE

(Often mistaken for wounds inflicted by non-de-beaked prairie squid). Useful in lieu of launching ceremonies.

TREE-WALKING BRAIN SOCKET

Touch here that you may "slide." Whorl of boxcars mistaken for Palmerian excess common in Alabama and Arkansas.

The BLEEDING HEAD of THE WORLD CUP GOLFER



There have been two False Bleeding Heads of Latex, but there is only one original true plaster golf trophy Head, that One that is older than the ONE TRUE GOD, that One which rides in a lead-lined death-ray-emitting ARK of the LAW — the object that MUST BE WORSHIPPED because it is the least deserving of worship, the statuette of which the "golfer" you see on TV is a CHEAP SATANIC REPLICA, the icon upon which hinges THE OUTCOME of the COSMIC WAR between the XISTS and the YACATISMA ("Yists").

Ours is not to question The Head; it is enough to revel in the ubiquitous inanity of The Head, the unwanted proximity of The Head, the unrelenting HellPresence of The Head, indeed the very UNYIELDING IRRELEVANCE of The Head!!

It must be Launched according to 10,000 years of exact ritual and tradition, once a year ONLY, or the Universe Itself will RUPTURE.

Left by St. Janor Hypercleats on phone machine at SubGenius Foundation headquarters:

"After I received the Transmission I knew it was the time of the Launching. The Head had to be off the Earth to be propped by the Xists... the Head is the only living being with the skill needed to defeat the Yists. With his handicap — no body — his only possible rival would be the Zists from the Backwards Time Universe, or else Trevino. Trevino's already working with the Yists... in fact, every golfer is working with a different race of aliens. Thus every golf tournament is a universal psychic war. If Trevino wins... you may mock me now, but you won't think it's so funny when this entire planet falls into the sandtrap. But if Earth is driven into the correct Black Hole, well all gain infinite Slack Por eternity. The Yists are trying to kill the Head, but they can't, because this world is stronger than the Dream World. All SubGenuses MUST WATCH GOLF TOURNAMENTS. The Pennzoil commercials are coded messages to the Xists — the can label is a map of the Universe. The little rubber bands inside golf balls, and inside the Head, represent The Nine Inch Worms, which represent the tongues of Disembodied SubGenius Preachers. When The False Claimant sees The SubGenius Foundation, the trial will be an Xist-Yist war in microcosm and the true model of the Golfin' Universe. For the World Cup Champion Golfer gave his only begotten plaster replica

head to be cracked for your abnormality. Two heads are better than one, considered in the light of Palmerian physics. Einstein bad, Arnold good — so if you'll only believe in the Upper Cranial Head-NO! I mean the Lower-Mandible Head — then Peep Dog and Porn Dog will ascend to an equal level in Heaven with the Tobacco Demons, Nuru and Nannini and Bohandas. I was just a yardman in Arkansas, but the Xists turned me into an intergalactic rock star. Maybe you can't understand what I'm saying."

Sound of gunshot. Silence until message tape runs out.



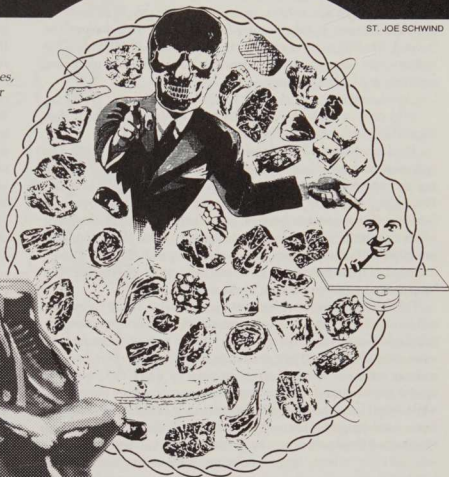


GOD HAPPENS

ST. JOE SCHWIND

"In these four things: opinion of ghosts, ignorance of second causes, devotion towards what men fear, and taking of things causal for prognostics, consists as the natural seed of religion, and which by reason of the different fancies, judgements and passions of several men, hath grown up into ceremonies so different that those which are used by one man are for the most part ridiculous to the other."

— Thomas Hobbes



"Seducers shall wax worse and worse."

— II Timothy Leary 3:13

"We're molting superstitions out of his fulse thoritin guts."

— James Joyce,
Finnegans Wake

"Just because a message comes from heaven,
that doesn't mean it's not stupid."

— Jacques Vallee

"My God's dead.
Sorry about yours."

— St. Palmer Vreedeez

"My God is alive...
... but I'll fix THAT!"

— Dr. Philo Drummond

"Who died and made YOU God?"

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

ST. BYRON WERNER



see all these people on TV, in newspapers and magazines, presiding over courts, blocking the entrances to buildings, leaving time bombs on buses, even hollering on our own street corners, trying to tell us how the Universe was created, and wreaking havoc over abstruse points about incidents in the lives of people who lived thousands of years ago.

Others might not believe in "God" *per se*, but still insist on somehow *accounting* for all weird, "miraculous" events that can't be ignored, like UFOs, love, and the *existence of the world*. What is the halfway sane person to *make of existence*? There *must* be more than just body and brain chemistry...

...or *must there*?

Why do they think *everything* has to be *explained*? Why do they think THEY'RE the only ones privy to the explanation?

Human behavior is "wired" for *patterns*, the simpler the better. The brain tries to automate itself so that doing certain things becomes a reflex, and the brain has less work. Without such mental automation, activities like driving would be literally impossible due to sensory overload. However, this also makes the mind highly susceptible to anything that offers a particularly compelling pattern: jingles, video games, religion, peer pressure, fashion, fascism, communism, drug addiction, etc. All well and good, until the pattern takes over and blots out everything else. The brain doesn't care; now it doesn't have to work at *all*!

Faiths (such as racism, blind patriotism, sexism, stamp collecting, and all rival religions) are just patterns with no inhibit-function, no automatic gain control, no "governor." Some minuscule number of wise, naturally paranoid people manage to develop their own pattern-resistant pattern — a "monitoring" program by which the brain constantly double-checks itself for potentially overpowering patterns — while others learn to manipulate the patterns of others, and so control them. A few religions have actually attempted to shock faith-heads out of patterns to "wake them up"; but, even if it works at first, the faithful will find a way to latch, lamprey-like, onto some isolated aspect of the *new* belief structure so they can mentally shut down again.

THIS CAN'T HAPPEN WITH THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS. It's a *changing* pattern, more like a psychedelic computer-animated fractal video mandala than an endless loop. (It's still an endless loop, it's just a *much much longer* one.) It's no help at all in denying reality. Just the opposite — it pulls the Rug right out from under you and forces you to fall flat on your face on the hard, broken-glass-covered concrete floor of the real world, *just* when you *thought* you had it *all figured out*.

**IGNORE OR DENY EVERY REALITY
— GET THE BIGGER PICTURE!**



The Sci-fi Jesus, Philip K. Dick, said that reality is whatever doesn't go away when you stop believing in it. Rev. Dr. Chris Gross defined it as that which you ignore at your own peril. Others say that reality is just wave-phenomena.

It's a moot point, anyway. You're watching a TV inside your head. If you're like most people, the horizontal hold is way, way off, and *others* are operating your remote-control channel changer.

Dobbs learned Their secrets of manipulation, and shares them with us. Just as salesmen are taught the 14 Types of Customers and the 81 Reasons to Buy, SubGeniuses are taught (if they weren't born knowing) *The 18 Susceptibilities and Weaknesses*, or "9 Patterns of Belief" as the handbook refers to them. The SubGenius minister encounters a potential controlee and asks itself: What is this person's weakness? What is his compensation for that weakness? What makes him feel *most* compensated? Secret knowledge of the UFO? The idea that he's some sort of "special person" contributing wonderful vibes that will energize others? Or is he simply ugly and frustrated, and desperately wants to feel like a superhero in some way? Okay, we can give him that; he can become an OverMan-in-training. He can even have a secret identity and Church Name. Is he a closet religious nut who refuses to admit it? Well, we'll teach him to invent his own religion, but we'll secretly implant him with OUR framework.¹

"Weak people believe what is forced on them. Strong people what they wish to believe, forcing that to be real. What is the Autarch but a man who believes himself Autarch and makes others believe by the strength of it?"

— some wisecrack

The Craft of the Priestly SubGenius God-Magician/Witch

To be a good SubGenius minister requires NO SKILL. Instead, you create a *vehicle* for your *failings*. You make them seem necessary in some social context, even if you have to invent that context yourself. Don't worry about your "ability"; Pinks will believe or buy ANYTHING, if you *charge enough for it*. How do you think this Church got where it is?

You jimmy the scales on which your worth is measured, until it weighs out as "Greatness." Act like you thought *everybody* used your measuring system. After all, that's the way the big business and government boys operate. Religion, too, is but a "scale" on which good and evil are weighed; we can readjust the parameters according to our whims or the necessities of the moment.

We can "go" anywhere we want, as long as we're the ones who make the maps.

As Dobbs said, "Appearances are *everything*." If you project some concocted fantasy with enough sheer brazen audacity, people will come to accept its reality without ever asking any questions. If you keep it a bit mysterious, they will eagerly gossip to others about it. Eventually, if you don't let on, what started out

¹ You'll notice that throughout this book, we have tried to avoid sexist pronouns like 'he' or 'she,' instead using the more elegant 'it' (which also promotes the Xist-eye view). But it's okay to say 'he' if you're talking about a jerk, right?

as *PURE BLUFF* will come to be considered validated fact!² The skill to hone is that of changing the minds of others *without their detecting the change...* of, so to speak, ALLOWING others to see things your way. *Seducing* them. Graciously and generously granting them the *favor* of being brainwashed by you. This is the highest, noblest and most refined form of lying.

AVOIDING "REAL" JOBS, FOR GOD

That's what this whole preaching and gurning business is ultimately all about, after all. It is definitely the world's second oldest profession.

Rev. Tim Leary has suggested that in the old hunter-gatherer days, you didn't get much job choice — you were either a hunter or a gatherer. But even back then, there was an alternative for those too nearsighted, infirm or, more importantly, LAZY, to hunt or gather. Imagine old Grunk the Cro-Magnon. He's got bad eyesight and flat feet, he hates to trudge through the woods and shoot his badly-made arrows at rabbits and miss and have everybody laugh at him, he thinks he's too smart for that anyway, he's tired of seeing the prime gatherer gals going to the beady-eyed hunters... he really wants to be a musician or a painter, but nobody will feed him for doing that. So he thinks: "Hell, these dumbasses will believe *anything*. I'll just hide these, heh-heh, 'magic stones' in my mouth and pretend to *extract* them from that sick old bag Wump... she's probably due to get over her cold pretty soon anyway... and I'll say I drove out the, uh... EVIL BAT SPIRITS! Of... the dread... uh... NHGH!! Yeah, that's it! I'll have it made! Now, if I can just find somebody who knows when the next eclipse will be... why, I could be god-king of this tribe in no time!"

Yes, most gods exist *only* because of crafty old Doktors too *shiffling, lazy and stuck-up* to "lower themselves" to hunting or gathering like everybody else.

The first religions were as much experiments for JHVH-1, the Xists, and various other meddling aliens and demon hordes, as they were for the PreSubGeniuses who *secretly founded* them. Over the centuries, soul-harvesting techniques were perfected. Unfortunately, after the SubGenii no longer had anything left to learn or earn from the systems they'd created, they ditched them — whence they fell into the hands of common Pinks, and became nothing but glorified day-care for wandering minds. And that's when they started getting *successful*, taking over whole nations.

"In an age of fatigued skepticism and rigid physical science, the imaginative longings of men will fall back on the savage or peasant necromancy, which will be revived perhaps in some obscure American village, and be run after by the credulous and half-witted. Then the wished-for phenomena will be supplied by the dexterity of charlatans."

— Andrew Lang, *Cock Lane and Common Sense* (1894)

Any priesthood in general, which includes doctors, lawyers, politicians, etc., simply verbalizes what the culture thinks it needs. It tells the rubes what they want to hear: that *everything is going to be okay*. The priest's first job is to maintain and glorify the people's kidding of

Prayer Changes Things



themselves — but he also must somehow prove that God and Nature want *him* to be the intermediary, the one who gets to officiate at all the impressive rituals, "rehearse" the youth choir, collect the collection plate, and extract the bloody, still-beating hearts from the sacrificial victims. He must be such a natural liar that he can keep not only the flock, but *himself*, convinced of his special connection to the gods.

If a priest or shaman (or lawyer, politician, therapist, etc.) can whip up a sufficient froth of self-delusion, he or she **CHANNELS**.

This is as true of the SubGenius Doktor as of any witch doctor. Many of us "channel" at times; we call it **Sacred Spouting**. It's similar to "speaking in tongues," except that SubGeniuses *act, kiss* and even *think* in tongues. We might Spout with our pals at parties, to ourselves in the shower, or to our mark during a sales pitch. We all know SubGeniuses who ordinarily sound like themselves, but can suddenly launch expertly into some "other personality" that only they "do." But unlike false channelers, our "guides" aren't dead gurus, Ascended Masters from the Galactic Spirit Federation, Jesus, our own past-life selves, or even each other. We don't *need* any outside help

to get the same results; we're already swamped in phatic communication, with babble streaming constantly from our subconsciouses to our mouths. The only other "channeling" we do is **Change-Channeling**: flipping swiftly through cable stations.³

We do not channel "Bob." Not that you'll ever hear, anyway. Oh, we might rewrite and expand upon memos that he leaves us, we might transcribe hours of his top secret dictation tapes, but we do NO "real-time" channeling of Dobbs, or any other corporate entities!

NO ONE PERSON CAN CHANNEL "BOB" DOBBS. The heads of those through whom he might speak would literally explode. Even one word is sufficient to blow the best medium's brain fuses permanently. We do procure certain important trance pronouncements by yoking Bobbie volunteers in sequence, letting the spirit of "Bob" dash from head to head so that each screams out one word of his message. We have to keep roughly a thousand Bobbies on hand in case he rambles. Since this process renders them living vegetables, it is not a very cost-efficient method (although some hardy Bobbies can be reused for individual words up to ten times). Moreover, Dobbs' trance dictations through the UnderMind are further scrambled in transmission by the impurities of the receiving mind.

Besides, why assume Dobbs would *let* some yoyo speak for him, when *he* can do it himself? ANYONE who claims to "channel" "Bob" or to "be" "Bob" is either a lunatic or a lying, talentless trademark-violating thief (*Pinknuck*). We feel particularly sorry for the latter.

² If you could see some of the newspaper articles that have appeared about the Church, you would never believe anything you read, ever again.

³ So-called channeling is nothing but a tapping of the fantastically intricate archetypes swimming around down there in the inky unconscious. Down at that level, you see, all our unconscious can sort of brush against each other like blind fish in the deepest blackest depths of the sea, communicating wordless knowledge through their nonmaterial antennae. It's spooky down there and the pressure will squish you flat — that's why, though it does provide the occasional psychic flash or fasmale of one, you can't just go swimming around down there anytime you want.

Besides, even the most glib Ascended Master's pronouncements from Beyond don't really sound any more inspired than those you might expect to spew from any average labrador-reading Popucker's befuddled and murky so-called "consciousness." If New Age housewives are channeling "entities," then those entities are not even very good liars.

Maybe some of them *are* channeling some *other* being calling itself "Bob" Dobbs... and that's downright scary. Because if that's so, it's partly the REAL "Bob's" FAULT, and ours, for *providing* that devious being with such a handy, and *tempting*, template!

Damn those disincorporate entities! It doesn't matter if they're little grey men from Mars with big friendly eyes, or the spirit of the Comte de Saint Germain, or Ramtha, or Valis, or Jesus, or the Devil, or Elvis, or the Theocrats OR THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE for that matter — they WILL TRY to bore their way into your head. And some of you will probably let them in. Worse, you might TAKE THEM AT THEIR WORD!!

THE GODS MUST BE IMPOTENT

Don't let these spooks SPOOK you. Face it, you've got one thing they haven't got — a *BODY*. What the HELL is a disincarnate entity going to do to you? A particularly violent poltergeist might throw plates around the room, or some UFO-nauts might stick a probe up your keister, or a Bigfoot might let the air out of your camper tires and leave a stink, but there are no recorded instances of any of these manifestations actually KILLING anybody. (Well, not many, anyway.) But lots of people have been killed by those who BELIEVED WHAT THE VOICES IN THEIR HEADS TOLD THEM.

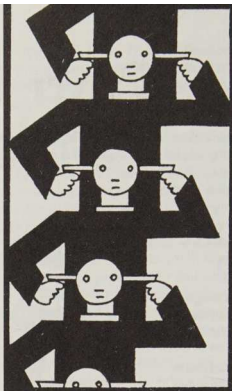
While we needn't FEAR the apparitions, energy demons and disembodied whisperers, we certainly don't need the DISTRACTION from the blurry black light of "BOB." Whereas some fools may actively seek to open their minds to signals from higher thoughtforms, to practice divination, heighten their ESP, invoke spirits, cast spells and so forth, many SubGenii were born doing those things INVOLUNTARILY. Our brains feel like car radios on SCAN mode, and we have to deliberately close ourselves OFF from all the aetheric input by building up a kind of psychic STATIC in our heads to JAM THEIR SIGNALS and drown out The Voices.

CIVILIZATION OF SUCKERS

But with a birth rate of one, er, "citizen" per minute, any clever enough preacher, politician or salesman with a good "triffl" can raise not only whole armies, but armies of *conflicting denominations*, willing to fight to the death over what that leader *really meant* when he was doing out instructions from God, or the President, or whatever. And once people get it into their heads that their gods and heroes want them to do something, there's *no stopping them*. The perfect microcosm of belief gone hog-wild is the prehistory of Easter Island.

Until recently, those big carved heads on Easter Island were a complete mystery, since the current natives had no idea why or by whom they were built. Archaeologists have since pieced together that hundreds of years ago, two fairly advanced but competing cult/tribes shared the idyllic island. Their preachers had instructed them to outdo each other in piouness by building idols, big stupid heads that looked sort of like "Bob." In their eagerness to prove themselves the better head-erectors, and therefore closer to God, the two tribes managed to achieve severe overpopulation, unending combat, and, most importantly, to *chop down all the trees on the island* in order to transport and engineer the cut stones. This totally wrecked the ecosystem, of course, so the people were starving — A SIGN!... a sign that the gods were displeased at them for letting the other tribe LIVE! This in turn drove the constant fighting in a vicious circle until it escalated to cannibalism, and both tribes were decimated. (But boy, were their gods *impressed!*) The survivors reverted to the Stone Age, living nocturnally in caves, afraid to emerge in the daytime for fear the bloodthirsty religious nuts might still be out there. Long after the fanatics had killed each other off, their pathetic wimp bystander victims had forgotten their whole history, their religion, the names of the gods, even why the damned heads had been built in the first place.

Without Xist intervention — and, who knows, maybe with it — the



RUDOLPH RAZZENDALE

Easter Island Syndrome will take place on a *worldwide* scale as our planet gets more crowded and confused. Drug wars, product wars, civil wars, race wars, ethnic wars, RELIGIOUS WARS... Eventually, it would become a perpetual battle between two types of fundamentalist, each wanting so badly for their form to be the *ONLY* one that *both* are destroyed.

War is heck.

We say, put a wall around *all* of 'em and let 'em shoot it out amongst themselves for

our entertainment! If they want to fight each other, *let them do it* until they've totally looted, burned, smashed and exhausted their cultures. If the ammo ran out, they'd *still* end up beating each other to death with pie pans and boards. Let them compete to see who can get the most people killed for their god! Meanwhile, both gods are ensconced up there in Asgard or wherever, greedily inhaling great lungfuls of human anguish wafting up from the physical world.

ALL NON-SUBGENIUS RELIGION IS MENTAL ILLNESS ON AN INTERNATIONAL SCALE

...and it's a particularly *issified* form of insanity, if you ask "Bob." Your regular neighborhood schizophrenic, the kind who gets locked up, thinks he's going to take over the world. That at least shows some gumption. But nice normal *religious folks* think the world has already been taken over, by *someone else* — One who might, however, *withhold punishment if they kiss His Ass slavishly enough*.

And oh, they eat it up. They LOVE groveling and begging and confessing. For them, *bliss is blindly following someone else's idea of God for eternity*. It's not that they *love God* all that much, but that they love the idea of the *rest of us burning in Hell*.

"Bob's" is a Slackful faith, a kindly and patient philosophy of all-embracing, saintly tolerance of almost everything. That's why this religion is *so extremely intolerant of religious extremists' intolerance*. We *love* the religious extremists themselves — extremism is one of our favorite paths to sin and salvation. It's only their blinkered, tiny-minded intolerance that we wish to *burn out of them*.

They accuse us of making *fun* of that ol' backwoods preacher ranting in a wooden cabin to his little snake-handling, inbred congregation. But we're trying to *recapture* that spirit, to take it BACK from the Conspiracy that has demeaned it, that made it boring, regimented, murderous, and, except for Tilton, not even particularly funny anymore.

Why must they always demonize the innocent, childlike nature of Dobbs' teachings? The sage, Pastor Buck Naked, once suggested that The Church of the SubGenius didn't start with "Bob's" Emaulation in 1953, but with the first two bored kids that *cut up in church*. That's all it is — just a healthy distrust of anybody's opinions but our own. Ours are the authentic, down-home, *traditional* values. A SubGenius golferhead-launchin', done properly, can be just like an old-time barn-raising with a square dance at the end. Why, this would probably be the most downright *friendly* religion of them all, if only there were no DISGUSTING, USELESS, VENAL, GREEDY HUMAN VERMIN bleeding away our Slack.

THEY ARE EVEN DUMBER THAN US

"Our true size is the size of our God!!!"

— Cal Meecham, 1955

Does it sound to you like we think we've "got all the answers"? Well, it always sounds like that whenever someone doesn't automatically swallow the bait tossed out by the "fishers of men"! No, we don't have all the answers. We have all the *questions*, and THEN SOME. *They* are the ones with THE ANSWER, the one that works for *everything* — as long as you don't ask any more questions! But if it *doesn't make sense to you*, then LOOK OUT!! Once they give you their Answer, that's all you get, and if you don't PIPE DOWN and ACCEPT IT then you're showing a *dangerous lack of faith* and are ASKING FOR TROUBLE! We've heard them say it... "YOU DON'T HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, YOU JUST HAVE TO BELIEVE!!!" And we say if you believe *one* impossible thing, why not believe EVERY impossible thing? WHERE DO YOU DRAW THE LINE?? It's okay to believe that little old granny ladies eat the *actual flesh* and *blood* of God every Sunday, but MILLIONS of people are MISTAKEN in thinking they saw something in the sky that looked *just like a FLYING SAUCER??*

No, religions as they were BEFORE "BOB" didn't have to make *any sense at all*. That's why millions of Iranian women march in the streets, hitting themselves in the head, in support of a system which teaches that WOMEN ARE SOULLESS ANIMALS, JUST LIKE DOGS! That's why the entire state of Utah is dominated by a cult which teaches that "black" people are born that way because they are EVIL and will be *tortured forever in hell* by order of our "Loving Heavenly Father" and His Son, the "PRINCE OF PEACE"!!!

We're here to change all that. We can't do it all at once, not in a few years, not even in a *hundred* years, but a bit at a time, slowly and quietly. The Nensletic Science "Lobster Principle" states: For Every Lobster That Grows To Be A Celebrated Monster With Its Picture In The Newspaper, There Must Be *Thousands* Which Are Served With Melted Butter. So it is with INTELLIGENT, REASONABLE PEOPLE. For each wise, gracious and loving person, there are *thousands* of SELF-CENTERED COMPLAINERS, SNIVELING TWO-FACED LEECHES MALICIOUSLY POURING THE SAND OF HATRED INTO THE MACHINERY OF HUMAN PROGRESS, DEAD LIMBS ON THE EVOLUTIONARY TREE SENDING

THEIR POISON BACK INTO THE HEART OF HUMANITY, SMALL-MINDED GRASPING MICROMONSTERS AND MINIATURE MUSSOLINIS GLADLY SACRIFICING THE GREATER GOOD OF THE *WHOLE WORLD* FOR THE MOMENTARY SATISFACTION OF GETTING TO TELL OTHER PEOPLE WHAT TO DO. *HATE-PEDDLING SOCIAL LEPERS DESTROYING EVERYTHING THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND AND TRICKING OTHERS INTO TEARING EACH OTHER APART JUST SO THEY WON'T FEEL SO ENTIRELY ALONE IN THEIR SELF-MADE HELL!!*

They've got ANSWERS, all right, they've got Professor Marx's universal Panacea for All Ailments of the Political System, Dr. Trotsky's Little Gem Wonder Cure, Uncle Joe's Homestyle Indian Oil for Control of Unruly Masses, Lucky Chairman Brand Counter-Revolutionary Remedy and Monastery Eradicator, Adolf's Original Quick-Fix Rejuvenator for the White Christian Man, Prophet-of-God Brand Patent Infidel Eliminator, Little Brahma's 'Sikh-Be-Gone,' Great Jumping Jesus Instant Expectant and Pagan Purge, Yahweh's Pride Anti-Arab Tonic, and millions more! If they hadn't been dosing themselves, and each other, regularly for thousands of years, IMAGINE WHAT A MESS THE WORLD MIGHT BE IN!! We just wish we could still be on this planet to SEE THEIR FACES when they discover that the "Gods" they worship are actually THE "DEVILS" THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE FIGHTING ALL ALONG, AND THAT EVERYTHING THEY DID THAT THEY THOUGHT WOULD MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER FOR EVERYBODY *ONLY MADE EVERYTHING A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE!!!*

— O. Nenslo



JOHN FUDGE. WHAT WE KNOW SO FAR... — Oil on canvas. 1992



"In the size of the lie there is always contained a certain factor of credibility, since the great masses of people... will more easily fall victim to a great lie than to a small one, since they themselves... lie sometimes in little things... Thus such an untruth will not at all enter their heads... therefore, just for this reason, some part of the most impudent lie will remain and stick."

— Adolf Hitler

Fundamentalists of any stripe like to say they represent "traditional conservative values." Although calling themselves 'conservatives' makes them feel respectable, *they're not conservatives*, but *radical extremists* who want to force sweeping changes into all aspects of our lives, from our bedrooms to our very brainpans... more like Chairman Mao, Stalin or Jim Jones than Thomas Jefferson, Peewee Herman or Jesus.

You'll notice a couple of revealing points about fundamentalists, be they Hebrews, Christians, Moslems, Amway dealers, Rastafarians, LaRoucheians, heavy metal fans, Trekkies, Hare Krishnas, Scientologists, or what-have-They. While the more wispy-washy religionists generally work within the social and political realms, fundamentalists concentrate on using *spiritual power*. At first, it's hard to see how their activities could possibly benefit anybody. But they aren't just lunatics trying to "please God"; they want a taste of *psychic forces*. In fact, they get themselves HOOKED on the RUSH (and we don't mean Limbaugh). Oh, it's FUN, all that faith healing, speaking in tongues, spazzing out on the floor in convulsions, slinging and kissing snakes, drinking strychnine, performing miracles, and chanting to the point of hyperventilation. Hell, WE do all that. But expending so much psychokinetic energy turns those fundamentalists at revivals and rallies into psychic lightning rods — not for "God" or Jesus or Hitler, but for *any old* entity looking for something to latch onto, to *feed back into*, and cultivate. The believer and the devouring entity develop a sick, mutually parasitic relationship that (we just *hate* to say!) continues beyond the grave until the last shred of belief and believer is all used up.⁴

Want to know something that would be really irritating were it not so hilarious? *They feel sorry for us* because we don't have faith.

"I'm the Gnostic Agnostic! Gods? Who needs 'em?
Life after death? WHY WAIT?"

— Tristan Tsarathustra, KSC, thee tsar of Zorrodadaism

Juggle archetypes, don't let them juggle you. Rebel against the gods. Stand at the pulpit and holler, "If you're all that damned interested, God, you FAKER, then *strike me dead with a bolt of lightning!*" We're willing to bet He won't do it. Hell, He even double-crossed *Oral Roberts*.

THE BREAST DEFENSE IS A GOOD OFFENSE

More "revealing" than Salman Rushdie wanted posters, or the history of the Inquisition, or Jim Bakker, or damn near anything else besides Jonestown, is this incident that a friend of ours witnessed. This friend was helping to defend an abortion clinic in rural New York against Operation Rescue protesters. The maniacal, shrieking religious nuts were doing their usual harassment and hideous hateful bullying and screaming of twisted propaganda. (Not like us!)⁵

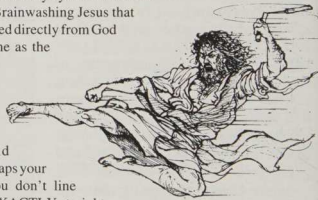
In New York state, since men can, it's legal for women too to go bare-chested in public if they wish. So some of the women who were aiding the abortion clinic came up with a novel strategy. They BARED THEIR BREASTS to the fundie protesters.

The Operation Rescue people... okay, get this: they THREW THEIR ARMS ACROSS THEIR EYES, and TURNED, AND RAN AWAY.

They FLED from the sight.

Now, think about that.

Funny, Christ isn't quoted anywhere as having said a damn word about contraception, pornography, or mixed marriages, but "Christians" sure do, and in 'His' name. We used to say that we had nothing at all against Jesus, the Fightin' Jesus anyway; it was just *His fan club* that we couldn't stomach. We used to differentiate between Jesii. We believed in the Antioch Jesus, the Mr. Smith Goes to Washington Jesus, the Good Ol' Boy Werewolf Jesus — you know, the god damn Tear-A-Phonebook-In-Half-With-His-Teeth-While-Casting-The-Money-Changers-Out-Of-The-Temple, FIGHTIN' damn Jesus, as opposed to the nampy-pampy Crybaby Jesus, the "Oh, Please Nail Me Up" Jesus, the sniveling prudish old Grandma Jesus that says you can't dance or smoke, the Brainwashing Jesus that says Man evolved directly from God at the same time as the dinosaurs,



the Mean Old Nun Jesus that raps your knuckles if you don't line your desk up EXACTLY straight with the floor tiles.

But now, we have to wonder why the ol' authentic, two-fisted God Junior is still *putting up* with these geeks. Aren't they at least partly His responsibility? Isn't He concerned about His *rep*? You'd think He'd be *pissed*. Those fan clubs make Him look so vindictive, petty, and downright evil that they drive the good, smart folks away from religion, and attract only the mean bullies, guilt-ridden perverts, and other losers who like to cluster together and feed each other's illusions. *And He's letting them get away with this!*

⁴ This doctrine is fully explored in Kyle Griffith's *War In Heaven* (see Chapter 9 footnote for details).

⁵ As "Bob" said, "Sure, abortion is murder — but it's murder in *self-defense!*" And what about the rights of the *unconceived*? Who speaks up for them? Every time you DON'T FORNIFICATE, it's MASS MURDER! Celibacy is MASS GENOCIDE! Especially the sperms that die UNBAPTIZED — they're all *damned to Hell* the minute a fellow even THINKS about it, but doesn't do it. Banning abortion, JESUS CRIPES, that's "like giving out speeding tickets at the Indy 500" compared to the MINDLESS, UNTHINKING SLAUGHTER OF BILLIONS committed by the average POPE between puberty and death!

WHERE IS GOD WHEN LITTLE CHILDREN SUFFER?

Where is God while Africa starves? Where is God when serial killers skin teenage innocents alive and leave them to die by the side of the highway with their arms cut off? Where was God when Hitler died rich and happy in hiding, laughing at us all? Why did God let me cut myself shaving? Is there ANYTHING EVEN REMOTELY "FAIR" about LIFE?? We all DIE, for Chrissakes!! And in NO TIME AT ALL!

One could shoot up in that vein *literally forever*. But it's unfair to dwell only on the negative. Let's look at the "lite" side of God!

"God MADE ME DO IT"

Since He works in mysterious ways, you can blame EVERYTHING on Him, and therefore consider it somehow "good." It was "good" that your child died of some horrible blood disease; it was just "good" in a way God doesn't want you to *understand*.

We sympathize. It's human nature. All people need meaning in their lives, and a little entertainment, and religion is the cheapest way to get it. It provides an excuse to think there might be justice and order in the Universe. Who wants to stare into the face of chaos?

But, really, what is the difference between religion and narcotics or BOOZE? Either way, you're getting sedation from an outside source. Both make you "spaced out" and put a *weird gleam* in your eye and a *stupid smirk* or *nervous twitch* on your face. Both make you WANT MORE. Both soothe the Guilt Circuit that JHVH-1 programmed in. After all, you're *FORGIVEN!!*

Those lucky faithful... they CAN'T POSSIBLY BE FOOLED. We SubGeniuses, now... we can be *EASILY* fooled. We catch ourselves *starting* to fall for smooth-sounding lies ALL THE TIME.

As bad as we are, and as hard as we try, we SubGenii haven't yet been able to pull off a *fraction* of the crimes that've been committed in the names of Gods *Not* Named "Bob." Now, we never said Dobbs is the Ace up God's Sleeve; he's more like the Smear on God's Handkerchief. Ah, but the false cults, they don't think God has a handkerchief. Oh no. Because God is PERFECT. God doesn't SNEEZE. He has no SNOT. We're made in His image EXCEPT that we have all these *nasty parts* attached to us, and we have to go into the *secret room*, the "Bath" Room, to do *awful things!!* God, though, He's clean and pure. He doesn't excrete juices and sweat and

smelly stuff out of Him like we do. Because WE SINNED. We're BAD. We're SARCASTIC. We're a *threat to God* unless we sign a contract with His agent saying we won't be BAD anymore.

They censored the parts of the Bible where Jesus said you didn't need preachers, or Jesus, to "talk to God" and so forth. His REAL MAIN POINT was, in fact, that everybody was what *He* was. "Bob" Dobbs, on the other hand, is not *nearly* as broadminded in that respect. Oh, he hangs out with sinners and weirdos, just like Jesus did, but he never said you could be the same as *him*. No way. You just aren't as *lucky* as "Bob," and you're not *going* to be, so FORGET IT. You can *admire* "Bob," and memorize his every utterance and even Connie's shopping lists; you can grovel and pay lots of Church dues, but *YOU CAN'T BE "BOB."* And let's face it, you MAY WELL BE a worthless, no-account burden on society. Just because you're YOU doesn't mean you're necessarily GOOD ENOUGH to be invited to "BOB'S" parties.

No, you aren't "Bob" — but you MIGHT be JESUS come again! He *might* already be on Earth, and not even know it yet because He hasn't met his "John the Baptist." He could come again as a cop, a bag lady, a Texas billionaire, a rock star, a third-world peasant, a volcanic vent worm... or, a salesman... *He could live next door.* How do you know your pudgy, quiet neighbor over there *isn't* the Lord, living in meekness among us? Many of us, though ourselves 'crucified' in the past, yet have trouble with this concept. We keep thinking of the Second Coming as a hippie with a gentle voice like in those racist Sunday School paintings, of God as a giant with a white beard and a sheet for clothes. It never occurs to us that the Lord could manifest on earth as, say, a rabid mutated freak dog with dozens of sex organs, or a broken plaster Arnold Palmer golf trophy bust crudely smeared with red enamel paint. We keep trying to *anthropomorphize* God. The SECOND COMING might be here RIGHT NOW

and we'd be MISSING IT, mistaking it for some DISGUSTING MISTAKE OF NATURE. It might be YOU, and NONE OF US WILL EVER CATCH ON! *YOU included!!*

"Sometimes you think that you're just along for the ride, and then suddenly it turns out that you're the pilot."

— Rev. Bleepo Abernathy



WINSTON SMITH. OUR LORD CHASTISES THE DRUNKARD. 1987.



Laughing Matter

Here's a frightening statistic: 88% of Americans ACTUALLY BELIEVE IN GOD. But only 30% FEAR Him!!⁶

That's what's wrong with America!!! DON'T THESE HUMANS REALIZE that the anthropomorphic deity they're emptying themselves into is actually JHVH-1, an ancient, ravenous alien space creature writing in a pit of chaotic subatomic, mega-tachyonic TIME variations, PRETENDING to be "GOD"? He covets with plasma angels from the Z-Dimension, He's no benevolent Father there for you to count on!! You're nothing but one of His CROPS!! He's planning to SELL you!! Oh, He listens to your PRAYERS, all right—that's how He knows what SCARES you!

All of this was SPELLED OUT in PLAIN ENGLISH 10 years ago in *THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS*. WHY do they continue to cling to their barbaric superstitions when the Word of "God" has been flailing around right there in front of them all this time?

They just want the world to make sense. Everybody does, but we seem to be the only ones who don't expect it to. To the Pink, anything that makes the world make more sense must therefore be Truth—whereas we're just the opposite. Anything that makes the world appear to make sense is a LIE.

It's so simple, in actuality. Isn't it?

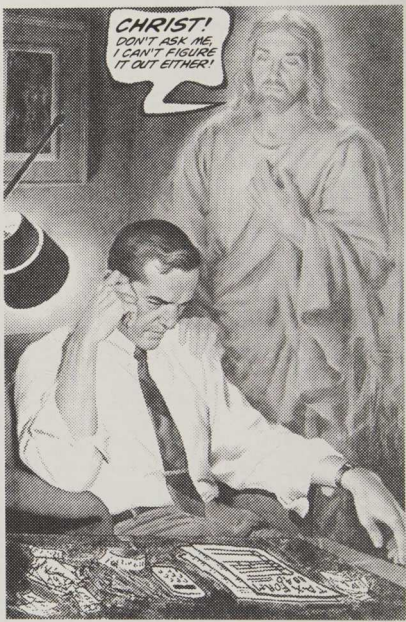
"Faith" means "giving up." It's the stopping point in the quest for truth. Most people quit THAT race before it's started, grabbing the first excuse that comes along. But then, that's probably as "close to God" as they'd ever want to GET.

"There IS no God—
but if you're any kind of real American,
you'll demand that He treat you as an EQUAL."

—J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, 1956, trying to comfort an orphan
in the first Home for Slackless Children, Wichita, Kansas

YOU ARE AN ENSLAVED GOD

You can hardly blame the poor me-humes... after all, they've been 'dumbed down' by TV and radio for three or four generations now. The only way Americans can address questions of philosophy any more is through beer ad slogans. The apex of American metaphysical thought is represented by "Why ask why?"



They insist on a God they can comprehend.⁷ Isn't that a lot to ask, especially from any "God" capable of creating even *one* universe, let alone the 36 known Universes? When you come right down to it, *atheism* is the only religion that *doesn't grossly insult God's intelligence*. Why can't the word "God" be just a convenient term for what we'll never know? Why do we *have* to "know"? Hell, if we KNEW how the trick was done, it wouldn't be so IMPRESSIVE anymore!

⁶ Here's some more good statistics. 60% of Americans went to church last Easter, but a fourth of them didn't know what the holiday is about. 85% of Americans believe that there are clear moral guidelines of what's "good" or "evil" that apply to everyone else. 75% believe in Heaven, MOST think they're going there. 60% also believe in Hell, but only a tiny 4% can see themselves being banished there. 86.5% of America is Christian; 1.8% are Jewish; 7.5% "have no religion" and 2.2% are afraid to say what their religion is. 82% believe the Bible was written by God; and half say they've read it recently—yet half couldn't name ANY of the four Gospels of the New Testament (Matthew, Mark, Luke, OR John.) —(From a Gallup poll.)

⁷ Surprisingly, God is measurable—but only in Ineffabilities! The joke's STILL on them!

WINSTON SMITH

If it's magic, mystery and grandeur you want, take a *real close look* at a handful of dirt. You'll find more there than your mind can fully comprehend, if you can truly *see its essence*. A lump of mud, when perceived in Dobbs Consciousness, SEETHES with *infinite potentiality*. WITH A LUMP OF MUD LIKE THAT, WHO NEEDS "GOD"? Just FORGET the INVISIBLE BEINGS, and try to FULLY APPRECIATE what's RIGHT UP YOUR NOSE.



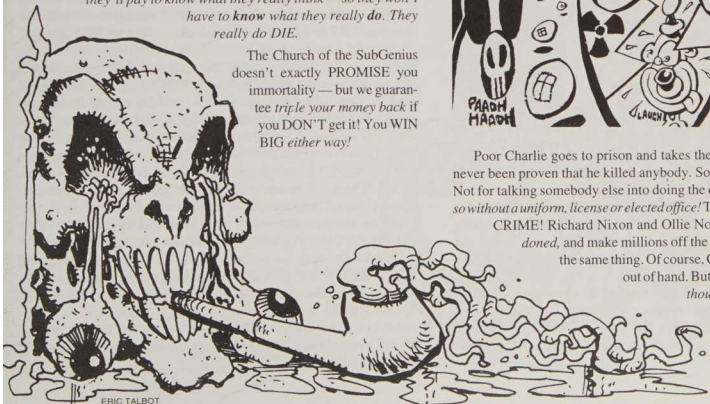
ERIKS ARBUND

When it comes to COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS, some things should remain BETWEEN THE LINES, where those with thousands of eyes to see can see them.

The raw, unforgiving truth is, THERE ARE NO RULES, no instruction books for Life. *Everybody, including Jesus, Muhammad, Buddha, etc., has just been WINGING IT, all along. It's all bluff; we bluff ourselves first; and the SubGenius bluffs best of all.*

The biggest, most highly evolved bluff is denying the inevitability of your own DEATH. Animals don't know they're going to die. Pinks sort of do, however, and they *don't like it*. So they spend their lives trying to cheat death — by ignoring it, or by trying to make themselves "immortal" through fame, or power, or comic book collections, or even children. All these false immortalities... the Pinks are driven headlong towards death, but it's horrible to even contemplate, so they concentrate on killing something else instead. *This is why they'll pay to know what they really think — so they won't have to know what they really do. They really do DIE.*

The Church of the SubGenius doesn't exactly PROMISE you immortality — but we guarantee *triple* your money back if you DON'T get it! You WIN BIG either way!



ERIC TALBOT

"My inner voice has reluctantly overridden the notion that I am a necessary ingredient of the Universe. So FUCK it."

— Lo-Maxx

SURE you want supernatural help. Everybody wants something for nothing. And our experiments have *proved* that, with "Bob," you can get it, even if you're only pretending to have faith. *That's how powerful he is.*

THE MAN WHO ALMOST THOUGHT FOR HIMSELF

"I'm a guitar, a cup of coffee, a snake, a pocketful of names and faces. I see myself in the desert as a rattlesnake, as a bird, as anything. You guys are stuck play-acting as humans. I don't need to be human."

— Charles Manson



S. KRISTENSEN

Poor Charlie goes to prison and takes the rap, even though it has never been proven that he killed anybody. So why is he incarcerated? Not for talking somebody else into doing the dirty work, *but for doing so without a uniform, license or elected office!* The ultimate THOUGHT-CRIME! Richard Nixon and Ollie North, remember, got *pardoned*, and make millions off the lecture circuit, for doing the same thing. Of course, Charlie let things get a bit out of hand. But we understand where he *thought* he was coming from.

He just wasn't thinking BIG enough.

OUR BAD ATTITUDE

Like Charlie, we're here to help keep people from EVER "adjusting." And, like Martin Luther King, Jr., we are proud to be called "maladjusted" if that means we won't adjust to Conspiracy bondage. Yet, it bothers some would-be SubGenii that we fixate and dwell morbidly on the worst aspects of human nature, horrible disasters, the ghastliest in current events, and doomsaying in general. "It's just so *negative!*"

At this point in history, the Conspiracy of the Normals is so strong that it's our BAD ATTITUDE ALONE that we must preserve at all costs. So what, if most of us still have to work Conspiracy jobs — our HATRED for them is enough...for now. As long as you can still HATE, you still haven't adjusted, and that's the important thing. When you no longer hate the Pink, and you don't think the lack of Slack in your life is that big a deal, on that day you have become lost to "Bob." You have lost EVERYTHING.

That "Do Unto Others" bit shouldn't HAVE to be REPEATEDLY HAMMERED into people's heads. (Neither should "Do What Thou Wilt," "Every Man for Himself," or "Don't Get Caught.") But any of you who have had to keep SECRET your sex life, source of income, religion, or lack thereof, know that this "Do Unto Others" crap is RARELY PRACTICED, especially by those who PREACH IT LOUDEST. Now, most of us don't want a dog-eat-dog world — especially those of us who have no TEETH. But, that's the way it is, and to stand by and let the pit bulls eat the house pets is just going to leave you alone in a world full of pit bulls.



Some of you probably believe in KARMA and JUSTICE and so on. *SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU MORON!* If thy neighbor slaps thy cheek, don't turn the other cheek; wait until he's not looking, knock him upside the head with a 2x4, cut BOTH his cheeks off and EAT THEM — or the bastard will just slap you again later. This is not REVENGE, but PREVENTION. "Good," just because it's nicer, does not always win. You can hide your head in the sand of incense and meditation and think your magical intentions are going to somehow influence others' reality, but all you're doing is masturbating to your own bleeding-heartedness.

Gnosis has been described as finding the sacred in the profane. DIVING HEADFIRST INTO THE PROFANE is our specialty. You will more likely find SubGeniuses at a bar, a *Nightmare on Elm Street* movie, a shooting range, or a wrestling match, than at a temple or an art gallery (unless they're rating the ugliness of Pinks or tormenting fine art lovers with snide, seemingly intelligent, yet intentionally vapid observations). The SubGenius philosophy is NOT "lite entertainment," but BRUTAL REALISM, *disguised* as life entertainment... the very *harshness* of which demonstrates conclusively that the only realistic answer IS "BOB."



"Every good SubGenius should be able to lead a revival, shoot a pistol, set a charge, order good wine, play in a Doktor band, change a diaper, edit the news, cook a gourmet meal, diddle a computer, sail a ship, ignore the Pinks, ransack a religion, and chart his own way through the shoals of the Conspiracy. And he should be ready to try to slay J.R. 'Bob' Dobbs in cold blood if he ever gets the chance."

— G. Gordon Gordon

Yes, we strive valiantly to **KILL "BOB"** at every opportunity — as he demanded. Do you think we LIKE trying to MURDER our HIGH EPOCH, REPEATEDLY? It's a terrible shame, the way we Original Apostles are forced to treat "Bob." But otherwise, his Church too could fall into the trap that ruined all previous great religions.

It could happen, even to us. Just as Christianity is more the teachings of "St." Paul and "St." Aquinas than anything some poor Jew martyr ever did, HOW DO YOU KNOW what in this book is Original Dobbs Doctrine and what is carefully crafted Conspiracy crap, designed to push you farther down into your designer hole? How do you know those funny Hierarchy pseudonyms weren't SOLD to the conglomerates too? The "Rev. Ivan Stang" you see at conventions and supermarket openings nowadays *might* really be a hired clown named "Doug." Who can tell which of Dobbs' sidekicks haven't been subverted, perverted, inverted and converted?

Better safe than sorry; that's why Dobbs said, "KILL ME EVERY CHANCE YOU GET." It's the only way to make sure it's *really* him.

By this, Dobbs shows us that he is UNAFRAID, that he has reached the BULLETPROOF STAGE of enlightenment. He wants us to share his confidence. How can we be his "bullets," if we are afraid of being SPLATTERED against whatever target he's aiming at — EVEN HIMSELF?? No, we must PROVE our TOTAL BLIND COMMITMENT to HAVING our Slack, and **BLASTING THE LIVING FUCK OUT OF IT TOO!**

"VISUALIZE WORLD ARMED INSURRECTION."

མ་འདྲངས་པ་ལས་ལྷན་མ་རྗེས་ཀྱི་ཡག་བཟང་།

"Personal cosmologies are always helpful, but they are not the important thing. The "answer" is always: "IT is ineffable; I knew it all along; now I get the joke." The problem is to REMEMBER where you stand—leave the labyrinth of symbols behind and rise to the occasion of that IT."

— Tommy Sunclot via Nicolas Gardner



"And LO, on the seventh day, when The LORD was resting and *not* looking, the First "Bob" created "him" superfluous beasts of the field. And among these were the jackalopes, and gryphons, and bunyips, and manticores, and hydras, and lake serpents, and bigfoots and pushmi-pullyus, and snipe-birds, and Ghidrah; and "he" looked "him" upon his handiwork and said, "LO, it is good." And on the eighth day, when The LORD awoke and saw what the First "Bob" had done, He waxed *wroth*, and spake unto "Bob," "Lo, these beasts of the field are unclean in Mine Eyes, and of foul odor to Mine Nostrils; and so I shall give unto My children Adam and Eve brains, that they might disobey; and after a certain time, they shall slay all "thine" animals which are ludicrous before Mine Eyes."

And on the ninth day, the First "Bob," in "his" sadness, created "him" certain plants of the field, these being Habafropzipulops, and hops and grains, and strange yeasts and molds and fungi, that God's children might eat of them and fall down and pass out and have visions; and when The LORD had seen what "Bob" had done, He put His arm over "Bob's" shoulder, and They the both of Them laughed with a great heartiness that shook the earth, and rent it, for The LORD was glad from "Bob's" jokes, and said, "'Bob," "thou" hast shewn unto Me Slack, so "thou" art surely My Son, or surely at least My Adopted Son, for "thou" art dearer to Me than My shiftless real Son, Satan, that old serpent." And from that day, both The LORD and "Bob" made merry and enjoyed great mirth, as They made more jokes upon Creation, and Man, and Woman, forever more."

Attributed to St. Seminal the Stagyrite, from *The Dubious Apocrypha of the Indolent*

YES — AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES of organized "belief" — a religion that finally comes out and admits that "IT" can't be said because "IT" IS WHAT IS BEING SAID AND DOING THE SAYING AT THE SAME TIME.

That's the Secret that the Egyptians called "The Mystery of the Two Partners":



What is mind? *No matter.* What is matter? *Never mind.*

"With me rantin toorin addie whack fol the di-de-do."
(*"Let them mount up upon themselves if they do not see the humor in it."*)

— Trad. Gaelic, from Seamus O'Blivious



⁸ Of course, whenever possible your **prevenge** should be SUBversive, not OBversive. **DON'T GET CAUGHT!** "Always grease your mistakes before they happen!" (Dobbs 4879; 17) "Prepare for adversity and stupidity, it is your station in life." (Drummondians 87: 13b)

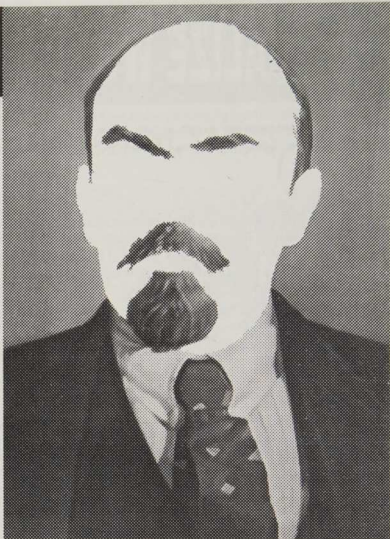
DIVERSIFY YOUR STOCK

by Rev. Sheldon der Wehr

"Bob" Dobbs merged SALES and RELIGION in 1953 with the founding of The Church of the SubGenius. But many people make the mistake of assuming that "Bob" was trying something new with that merger. WRONG! There was *nothing* new with the idea — for, you see, religion has always been about sales!

Twenty thousand years ago, if you were a farmer in need of rain, you went to a rain god, and you PAID for that rain with the charred flesh of your SACRIFICES. Back then, religion was very simple — you traded food for favors! Only later did prayer come about... as a form of *checking account*. You "deposited" sacrifices, and then you prayed when you needed to make a "withdrawal." And you HOPED that your account wasn't OVERDRAWN.

Then Christianity arrived. Like the Industrial Revolution, the Dead Man's Faith revolutionized "spirituality." First, it introduced the concept of WORKING for your religion. No longer was it enough to give of your POSSESSIONS... now you had to give of your TIME as well, and on a REGULAR SCHEDULE. Second, and



MAVRIDES

"You can't believe everything that you believe."

— St. Thomas Laine

more importantly, it established the religious concept of CREDIT. No longer did you have to make regular deposits, as long as you had a good *rating* with the Lord. But you'd pay... somehow.

Thanks to these trends, religions have become huge corporations, bending over you and *bending you over* all the time. No wonder religion only seems to benefit the preachers. And just as there are plenty of idiots that are glad to have a religion in which to believe, there are also many equally thankful that their boss gave them that job *shoveling shit at minimum wage*.

Now, for the first time, we can truly say that YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK FOR YOUR RELIGION ANYMORE! Thanks to advances in SubGenius Theology, you can now INVEST in the god or gods of your choice! Heavenly wealth awaits those who have the guts to take up the gods on their offers!

And how can you do this? Unfortunately, as a spiritual stockbroker, I cannot give away too many secrets, or I wouldn't get ahead on commissions anymore. But let me give you a hint: **DIVERSIFY YOUR STOCK!**

Don't pussyfoot with just one lousy god that may not even *listen* to you in your time of need — keep a whole pantheon at hand! Remember that if you buy stock in ten companies, and hold on to them for, say, twenty years. EVEN IF seven of those companies go belly-up, the three remaining will gain enough to MAKE YOU RICH!



So worship those gods! WORSHIP THEM AS THE SITUATION WARRANTS! WORSHIP AS MANY AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN!

Don't be squeamish — there are *fortunes* to be made here! Make the big time *now*, and be as unto a GOD!





CHAPTER 13

VICTORY THROUGH HATE

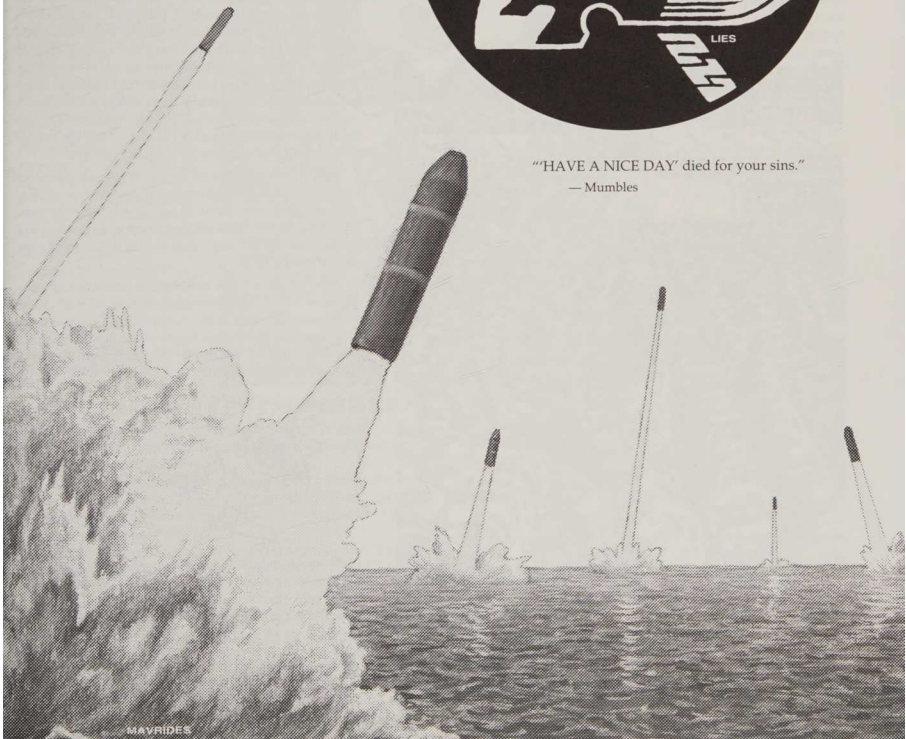
"When everyone's egos have become as gods, there'll be no more need for hierarchical structure! There'll be no need for Conspiracy oppression! You'll just say, 'ENLARGE ME!' he shrieked, pounding a blood-caked fist on a pulpit built of human skulls, using mankind as a cheap source of fuel. 'ENHATE ME! Oh, enhate me, Dobbs! Fill me with an even greater, ever growing all-consuming HATE of all that is normal! EnHATE me!'"

— from *Preacher, My Legs Are on Fire*
— *The Life of Janor Hypercleats*
by David Hathorn



"HAVE A NICE DAY" died for your sins.

— Mumbles





REV. NINANOS MYMEMAHA

So, now what?

Do we try to *overthrow* the Conspiracy? THAT'S a joke. We'd be like mosquitoes trying to topple a colossus, and the colossus already *has* malaria, sleeping sickness and AIDS. Besides, why get swatted, stupidly attempting the impossible, with X-Day right around the corner? Let the Xists do it for us. Things *will* change overnight, then. But X-Day will happen *only if* there are enough SubGenius souls in "Bob's" Church, and only if it's the REAL "Bob"... and also, only if the *Yists* don't get here first! So *we cannot capitulate to Them*. We must *actively* resist, subvert and recruit, while weakening the Con.

Unfortunately, the Conspiracy is much bigger than we *can* think. It cannot be brought down from outside because it really HAS no outside. It must be infiltrated and dismantled from within, by those who know *which parts count*.

But where and how does one begin? What can the *individual* do, day by day, to chew away at the Con's foundations, and, with the 'waste' from that gnawing, fertilize the Foundation of the Church? *Aside* from tithing 45% of each paycheck?

Identifying the disease is the first step in the cure. The Conspiracy thrives on ignorance. It makes its subjects *think* that they think for themselves. *You* probably think you think for yourself — and that just proves how deceptive the Conspiracy really is! Not only do They sell it, but *you bought it...* in fact, it's all They can do to keep up with the demand! They haven't had it so good since the Romans charged conquered nations a fee to help defray the cost of occupation. The Conspiracy controls not only water and food, and *all so-called authorities*, They even have a monopoly on the *counter-conspiracies* as well! What better way to control the rebellion than to be the ones leading it? It's so simple. And yet, *you fell for it*. In fact, *you're falling for it again, right now*.

You still don't believe us, do you? Well, well, hasn't the Conspiracy done a good job on you! If you had even *one iota* of free thought, you would be asking yourself right now, "*Why trust "Bob"?*" *Why trust the Church of the SubGenius?*" *And if I can't trust "Bob," then how in HELL can I even trust MYSELF???*"

What? You say you *were* asking yourself *just those questions?* Good. Then there might be hope after all. There are indeed many false "Bobs," many false YOUS, and many dangerous false SubGenius churches.¹ The fact that you have to question EVEN "BOB" is the surest sign that THE JUDGMENT is AT HAND.



To an Ascended Being, the human race is like a dog that has been hit by a car, writhing beside the highway in excruciating pain. One can go to a lot of trouble taking that dog to a vet, and risk getting bitten, or one can leave it to die. Or one can put it out of its misery immediately with the handgun under the seat, or simply by backing over it. Or, one might take it home and EAT it.

Soon, the Ascended Beings will make that choice.

We would *love* to just *kill* the Normals, but "Bob" says we shouldn't. SHUCKS... too bad... We *are*, of course, authorized to SMITE for the glory of "Bob," but ONLY IF THERE'S NO WAY WE'LL BE PUNISHED FOR IT. Try *too* hard at anything, and your efforts will bounce off a resisting Luck Plane; merely *imply* them, *lay* them in place, and they will *sink* in deep and easy, to bear TRULY STRANGE AND WONDROUS FRUIT. A SubGenius empties his bag of termites *nonchalantly*, with an *absent grin* on his face.

To the Con, Truth is a slow-acting virus, but one to which they have *no immunity* — only temporary measures to mask the symptoms, like IMPRISONMENT. If you try responding to their violence in *kind*, they'll *kill* you, *real quick*.

Fighting with Conspiracy tactics is the most counterproductive thing a SubGenius can do.² To "hurry Fate" Conspiracy-style is foolishness — more fit for the tottering, feeble ways of the zomboids, the brain-damaged — the humans, Chumps. Earth-fools. Normal BEASTS. They are *monkeys*. They use *10* as a numerical base — just because they have ten fingers and ten toes!³

By merely *existing*, "Bob" says, we hasten The Conspiracy's collapse from *its own weight*. It's undergoing SEVERE MANAGEMENT PROBLEMS already. Not even counting the unruly world at large, 250 million Americans are way too many people to "manage." The resources can be taxed only so far before something's got to give. We need only be *there when it happens* to take over, to fill the vacuum... to create a kinder, gentler conspiracy.

We'd know JUST what to do. We have it ALL FIGURED OUT.

OVERDO-IT-YOURSELF

Since we cannot yet cleanse the planet of Them physically, could we perhaps develop some type of antidote? Is there a way to weed out the repressive Pink chromosome?

Maybe we should concentrate on making "Bob" a mass market pop star, or something like that... something to *misdirect* the *mass hysteria* of the cattle people. Should we "sell "Bob"" to the Normals, and make them *like* us? LOVE us?

We'll be damned if we'll do THAT (for anything less than top dollar). In fact, we'll be DAMNED if we'll tell you WHAT TO DO

¹ Luckily, it's usually easy to tell. The false ones tell you to send the money somewhere besides Dallas. Like Toronto, for example.

² Except when Approved by "Bob," of course, such as in the case of the Church Elders, who *have* to become superstar assassins.

³ How *unforgivably ignorant!* They should know that 12 is more mathematically efficient. Only their insipid culture could allow a base-10 system of mathematics. But just try to explain that to *them*.

⁴ We're only telling you *WHAT TO THINK*.

AT ALL!! That's the CONSPIRACY'S specialty. "Bob" won't say. You can figure out what's most expedient in *your* specific situation. Even if you have nothing else, at least you still have the freedom to do that. (BUT... FOR HOW LONG??) With Dobbs, you must decide *what to do*.⁴

As you well know, CARING won't do SQUAT. It certainly doesn't get you far in the business world, school, or romance! In fact, just "giving a damn" AT ALL — THAT'S what REALLY makes you a weirdo.

To survive, SubGenius have to be more patient than Normals. Life is easy for those who understand their kind and nobody else; everything's simple: they're right and everybody else is wrong. But if you understand both, and are constantly aware of what they're thinking — THAT requires VAST patience if you're to keep from going crazy.

You learn early, in school, just where being fair and decent will get you. You're taught that popularity is based largely on your skill at psychological cruelty, at banding with others against loners, geeks, or rival cliques — the *outsiders*.

As you grow up, and become numb to the paradoxes and absurdities of the world, you find out the Con is SO MUCH WORSE, and yet so much more TEMPTING, than you had thought as an idealistic student, that it becomes almost farcical to pursue real Slack but almost MANDATORY to accumulate False Slack. The sheer mass of lies and illusions you have to play along with in order to LIVE make a little more sense with every raise you get. You are rewarded SO WELL for mediocrity. It hardens you, makes you indifferent to the woes of the world, even to immediate disasters happening right in front of you. You and fifty others can watch from your apartment windows while someone is being gang raped, and no one calls the police. IT'S NOT YOUR JOB, and your job is all you can afford to care about.

Your job, your status, and your MONEY always seem to have value... to *somebody*. But inside, you know those to be empty vanities... and there's *nothing else*, so your LIFE has no value. You can't seem to detect real feelings in yourself or other people, so you end up trying to make due with manufactured feelings from religion, say, or meaningless job ambitions, or ordinary drugs, or TV. You develop a fatalistic "No Future" outlook and a "glamorous" death wish.

Not every SubGenius *survives* this stark fist of reality. Many die, or might as well DIE, from JUST GIVING IN, and GIVING UP.



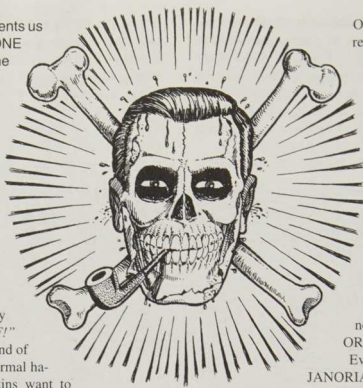
PROF. BAD TRIP / SHAKE ED. MILAN

There's but **ONE THING** that prevents us from **EVER SURRENDERING**, our **ONE SURE WEAPON** in THWARTING the CONSPIRACY: our implacable, indomitable, unswerving **HATE**.

UNLEASH YOUR CREHATIVITY

We're not talking about the Pink's run of the mill, panty-waisted, limp-wristed little "hate" — "Oh, I just hate taxes!" "Oh, I just hate the President!" "I just hate my hairdo today!" "I hate my job!" — or, worst of all, "I hate MYSELF!" That's a diddly-fiddly, namby-pamby kind of hate, a sick and weakly spitefulness. Normal hatred, bottled up, makes the Mediocretrins want to destroy whatever they don't have, whether they desire it or not, especially if it's something they might need but can't understand. SubGenius hate GUSHES and ERUPTS! It SPEWS and CONTAMINATES! So shake up your can of SubGenius Bile, pop the top, and let it spray! Our hate is not wasted on individuals or nations; they aren't worthy of it. A single human is far too small a vessel to hold the boundlessness of our hatred; the seams of that vessel would *burst*. Our hate radiates out to *all things*, for there is *pain* in all things.

Ours is an all-consuming, all-encompassing, all-pervading hate! An *INFINITE* MALICE! A RANCOR THAT KNOWS NO BOUNDS!! A LOATHING THAT EXTENDS TO THE VERY END OF ALL KNOWN UNIVERSES! A VENOM AS BLACK AS SPACE ITSELF!!! A MORBID and TRULY HORRIFIED REPUGNANCE!! A RADIOACTIVE hate! A BURNING, SCOURING, ANNIHILATING HATE!! A hate that peels paint off walls, makes traffic lights explode, and ruptures sewer lines!



ARICHMANDRITE PUDILEVIZ

Our hate is like a self-fueling cold fusion reactor, for the *Conspiracy itself* gives us the energy to oppose it! Its very hostility toward us is the "plutonium" which fuels our HATEDYNAMOS. Indeed, were it not for The Conspiracy, there would be no "Bob," Church, Doktors 4 "Bob," Pee Dog, et al!

Even though the Conspiracy encompasses everything, you can't hate *only* the Conspiracy — you've got to hate the wind in the trees. You've got to hate a cure for AIDS. You've got to hate a small crippled child learning to walk again! You've got to hate a bluebird chirping at dawn! The flower does not bloom, the leaf does not fall, that you should not WRITHE IN ORGASMIC ABHORRENCE!!!

Eventually, you will achieve an almost JANORIAN hate — a state of mind in which you love NOTHING, not even HATING. You hate hating, too. In fact, the thing you hate MOST, out of all the universe of hateful things, is the HATE. But everything has BECOME the hate... so finally, *THERE'S NOTHING TO HATE BUT HATE ITSELF*.

This is the final stage, the *transcendent* level of hate: **HATE X HATE**, or **HATE²**.

You bend all your hate toward *that*, you *disappear* into that, you *give yourself up* to it. You *BECOME the Hate*... leaving boundless love in your heart for all things.

...That is, as long as *none of them irritate you IN ANY WAY*. Then, you should exact REVENGE. But, since you are cleansed of *irrational* hate, you can now plot and plan with a cold, *calculating* hate, a hate sure to get the job done, not some frazzled half-burned-out hate like that of Pink lynch mobs, politicians, preachers and terrorist "revolutionaries" or "counter-revolutionaries."

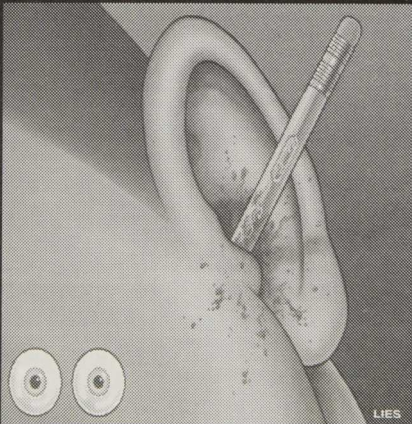
Hate means never having to say you're sorry.

"When I was in junior high school, the other students laughed and made fun of my haircut. They mocked the clothes I wore because I wasn't hip to the latest fashions. In gym class they called me skinny and beat me up. Now that they are little more than naked, shaven-headed, walking skeletons in my Camps, *who* would you say has the more fashionable hairstyle? *Who* would you say is more stylishly dressed? *Who* is 'skinny'?"

"Just the other day I saw one of my former classmates who used to *flick my ear* in school. I had him tied to a chair, and had men *flicking his ear* around the clock in 8-hour shifts. It was bitter cold out, and his ears were quite brittle, thus bringing the pain to an almost unbearable level. When he complained, I simply pointed out that it was he who created the concept of "*flicking one's ear*," and that this was therefore his own creation.

"People pointed at me and laughed because I once broke wind in a crowded elevator. Now I have had them placed in a much more crowded space, and a much more noxious gas was released. The fingers that once pointed at me amidst laughter are now bloody stumps clinging the locked doorway of my gas chamber."

— "Visions of a Master Hater" by Janor Hypercleats



RECIPES OF THE HYPERNHGH

But we don't want to give the impression that "Bob's" church is *merely* some mindless Hate and Death cult. Politics of resentment? Hell, yeah, we resent both the whining have-nots and won't-gets, and the lying murdering fascist elite. We resent the bland Pinks putting up with it all and gorging on crap. But we don't let it *stop* at resentment. Ours is a new kind of hate. It has a superior way of FESTERING than does theirs, for ours may ferment, smolder, and EXPLODE GLORIOUSLY BACK OUT AT THE WORLD. That in itself is a healthy, constructive act, *creative* in the true sense of the word.

Many foolishly see hate as *negative*. But hate — that is, *unsublimated* hate, "Adamic" or "Original" Hate — is merely the Active Nature of WOTAN, a cosmic principle so primal that humans can't conceive of it *because it makes up their conception from the inside out*.

Never forget, as much as we hate the Conspiracy, we are still more "positive" than those who HATE SLACK. Unable to achieve Hate², their low-level hate is much more violent... whereas, let's face it, we suffer from an unfortunate tendency to dilute ours with mockery.

FORGET NOT, LEST YOU FORGIVE

Some Bland SubGenius wimps think, "I just can't HATE PINKS... it's not their FAULT. They have so little *ability* to control their own lives, one really can't hold them individually responsible. They ASTOUND and SADDEN me more than they *anger* me."

What do you think you're going to do? *Understand* your enemies to death? No — you must *hate* them to death! **DON'T LOSE YOUR WILL TO HATE!** The second you falter, and cease hating the Conspiracy even for a second, you are lost in perdition. Hate is your Die-Hard battery, but it must be kept charged! If you stifle your hatred, that cramped veneer of altruism and complacency will turn you into a pressure cooker of STUPID HATE THAN BEFORE, and you'll probably end up getting arrested, or, worse, elected to some political office. Instead, *nurture* your Hate, channel it into nonchalant, easy-going but RUTHLESSLY EFFICIENT destruction of the needless walls.

There's a lot of hate out there... we want to see you go out and spread it.

So here are a few

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HANDY HATING

Several times a day, the SubGenius should try to work up a fine steaming head of hate. These are some simple, inexpensive exercises that will help you to achieve a full HATE-ON, and PUMP AT IT until you SPEW YOUR VENOM.

HATING THE WORLD

Just reading the paper or watching the news will never fail to make you SICK with the hate of the SMUG PEOPLE, the IDIOTS, the VENAL, the GREEDY and the SMALL-MINDED. It's enough to drive you nuts with horror and rage, yet you don't have to leave your home or deal with even a single living Normal — making for a particularly LUXURIOUS hate.



WHEN WILL THEY UNPLUG THE JANOR DEVICE?

Following is the text of a classic Rant delivered by Janor Hypercleats at the Boston Bobylon Devival, January, 1985

"There are certain men so repugnant, so despicable, we call them **IDOLS OF HATE**.

"An example would be old Mister That's Just His Way Redneck.

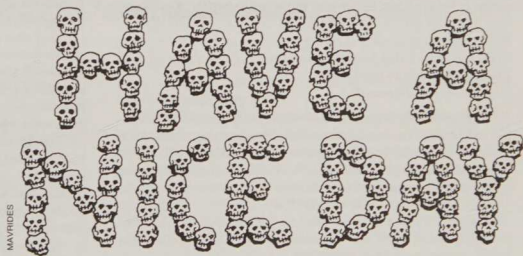
"Oh, is he totally mean and sadistic? That's just his way. Oh, you mean he pounded your face until it's coming out the backside of your head? Well, that's just the way he is. Did he just try to exterminate the Earth and genocide entire races? Well, that's just the beer talking.

"Well, I think that's valid... I can accept that... only this is just MY way: I enjoy bathing in the blood of Just His Way people. That's just the way I am. I'm into sprinkling my lawn with the blood of Mr. Just His Way. I'm into painting my kitchen with the blood of Mr. Just His Way. I happen to enjoy making lampshades out of the skin of Just His Way people. That's just the way I am. And if you can't dig that, I guess you're on some kind of judgmental trip.

"I remember just a few days ago, I was feeling kind of depressed... and I went over to my friend Rick's house. And he had written out, "HAVE A NICE DAY" in the skulls of Normals that he had decapitated. And I said, "That's kinda neat, that you would go to that much trouble." I don't know, I just thought that was kinda neat.

"You have to let the hate flow... it's a very beautiful process. You just let it happen...

"But you can't compare yourself to any human hate. You can't say, "Oh, I hate as much as John Smith does. I hate as much as Mary Jones hates." You can't compare yourself to any human hate! You've got to compare yourself to the *divinely irrelevant* hate of Mr. J. R. "Bob" Dobbs! We're mere infants in Hate, compared to "Bob." If you could realize for one *nanosecond* how much this man hates you... You haven't done anything to deserve his hate... but he hates you anyway."



— OR KILL ME

HATING THE RICH

Drive down your local upscale 'strip,' hating, wallowing in the signs of the End Times: the False Slack of the trendy "Brat Pack" Pinks sitting outside trendy cafes sipping trendy smart drinks, the pusillanimous, stinking, bifurcated lack-a-lack lollying meat puppets on parade, with their portable computer/phone/fax/notebooks strapped to their \$200 haircuts, with their poetry readings and their gourmet radicchio pizza restaurants, novelty condom boutiques, etc. Or drive around the 'ritzzy' neighborhoods — if you have a car and are "white."

HATING THE UNSAVED

Self-explanatory.

Hate is the liberating force. If you are not free to Hate, then you are a slave to the Conspiracy. And only those who do not hate themselves can truly hate everyone else. Therefore, you must experience moments of Great Slack, and thus be able to appreciate the Slack you deserve but are missing the rest of the time, in order to channel and focus the Hate Matrix effectively.

It may help to daily recite to yourself this

SUBGENIUS AFFIRMATION

In the course of exploiting my abnormality potential, I will let no one stifile my Inner Spoiled Child. If my deep sensitivity must be expressed in a way that causes injury to others, with, for instance, chainsaws and blowtorches, the delicate genius of my artistic soul must be protected at all costs, so that I might achieve my greatest masterpieces, even if the price be the maiming of a few inconsequentials. I demand others to aid the healing process of my delicate psyche, help build my self-esteem, and nurture my free expression. A 40-hour work week would be too stressful to one so vulnerable, so I force others to support me. If I feel nurtured by sitting around the house watching TV all day, or if my productivity lies in producing apathy, lethargy and billowing clouds of marijuana smoke, then I must follow my Slack. If everything I want is not handed to me on a silver platter, I'm in danger of hurting myself or others. If to exploit, injure or rob others would help me grow, under no circumstances should they deny me my needs, as this too could damage my Yeti Self. When crude, insensitive people try to inhibit my free expression, it only fills me with a greater sense of self-loathing, justifying any further actions I might take.

HUMAN RACISM

"Hitler was a rank amateur, compared to **Dobbs** — and a coward! He chose to exterminate only minority groups — forgetting that Aryans are a minority group themselves. "Bob's" vision is far grander. Hitler was but a *cattle-herder*, a cowboy. Any minority group can be trampled under a cattle stampede. But a minority group that is *ruthless* enough, and clever enough, could easily *trick* that herd into stampeding right off the edge of a precipice to fall to their doom..."

— Rev. (censored)

Some politically correct *humans* will probably mistake our allegories and parables for *ordinary* statements of racism and sexism. Such confusion is inevitable, and is but the Divine Will of JHVH-1, who placed us here among His grim human race so that He could watch with morbid zest our battles against each other's hair-&-life-styles.

BUT WE SHALL CONFOUND HIM!

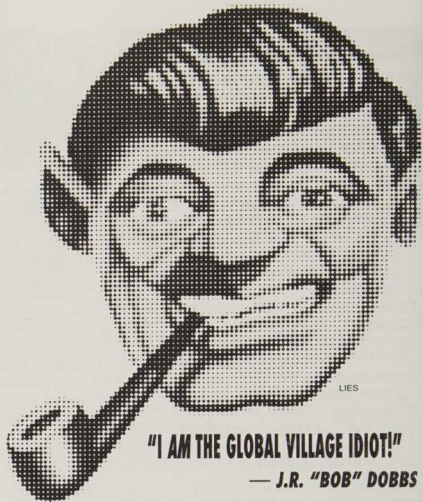
Sure... the Church IS racist. We hate the HUMAN race. But this particular kind of hate is the most vivid proof we can offer that this is STILL, ultimately, a Church of HOPE.

Skin color is meaningless to us except as a historical curiosity, a means of identifying which of JHVH-1's experimental "batches" one descends from. The SubGenii are the Control Group. The only basis for charging us with racism or sexism is that we make fun of *white male Pinks* a little more than other Pinks. Even then, it's not favoritism; it's due to the higher visibility and entrenched power of that particular target — around here, anyway.

We're the minority within the minority.

The only true dividing line between people is not one of color or custom, but of underlying mental *direction*. There is only one Inferior Race, THEM, and it's not worth scraping our shoes on. We, the Superior SubGenius Race, have been Chosen by JHVH-1 to turn our vicious primate vindictiveness against THEM. But BOTH species come in various shades of epithelium.

The ultimate proof that all races are equal is the fact that all races



are equally racist. Look at the way that neighboring tribes of Pinks, who *look* essentially alike to everyone else, ceaselessly torment each other: Croats and Serbs, Ethiopians and Eritreans, Shiites and Sunnis, Americans and Americans...

So how come America is NOT the vibrant melting pot of all flavors it was supposed to be, the Babel-tower of all tongues and dialects, an opium-den of comfortable comingling of all races, like the bland mayonnaise society depicted in Jehovah's Witness pamphlets?

The rather naive original concept of racial harmony was that all the races would live together... but they were all expected to live *like 19th Century Englishmen*. Our well-meaning forefathers didn't realize that everybody not only would, but *should* continue to have their odd differences — if only out of sheer natural ornerness, cantankerousness, and a wise instinctive refusal to assimilate.

The idea of something as definitively monolithic as the Conspiracy trying to amalgamate all the extremes is absurd. Only this Church can engulf ALL minorities, for only it can effectively consolidate the giants, dwarfs, acrobats, the double-jointed, the piebald, Presidents, hookers, headhunters, albinos, nuclear physicists, and, more important than any others, millionaires.

You can be sure that all *worthy* will be *treated equally*, and all Pinks will be *HATED* equally.

We acknowledge that there are barriers even between SubGeniuses. But we should have the common sense to PRETEND we are "united," or, at least among ourselves, maintain a formal facade of "belonging." The black SubGenius and the white SubGenius, as examples, might not see each other through the wall, but they can utilize the wall to rap messages in code back and forth, plotting a breakout. It doesn't really matter if they're conspiring to overthrow Them, or slinging slurs to torment each other — at least they are communicating as SubGeniuses. Perhaps someday we can stack the walls and masks high enough that we'll be able to stand atop them and see the edges of the fence of Normality that corrals EVERYONE. When we all see that electrified fence of sameness, that common enemy, perhaps we will then begin the glorious work of setting our various pet breeds of ultra-termites to the fenceposts... rather than self-destructively urinating on the wire out of frustration.

TO FIGHT THE CON

The Next-to-Final Solution

At this point you're probably saying, "Gee, some CHURCH! First they get me all worked up about how terrible this Conspiracy is, and how great it is that I'm a weirdo, but then the only thing they can tell me to *DO* about it is to *sit and STEW* in *IMPOTENT HATE*!?"

We refuse to be like those other religions. We don't want to paint you an UNREALISTIC PICTURE. "Bob" and the Xists may WELL suddenly solve all our problems by magic. AND, they JUST MIGHT NOT. We don't want to send all you soldiers marching bravely out to war, joyously singing your battle songs, armed with pea-shooters. No, we want you armed better than the ATF, FBI and Treasury Department combined. There's PLENTY you can do — that, in fact, you WILL do, thanks to the subliminal commands buried in our graphics — but you may not see a single immediate world-wide result. If we get your hopes all pumped up, and then get you shot down in the first skirmish, you'll give up entirely, out of hopelessness, and...

OH, HELL, WHO ARE WE TRYING TO KID?
WE GIVE UP!! IT IS HOPELESS!!



For most of the world, *nothing* has changed appreciably in thousands of years. They're still herding those ducks or pulling those carts, griping about corrupt local officials and priests, and drowning unwanted female offspring in wells. In the most instinctive, hind-brain ways, today's human mindset is practically indistinguishable from that of the 14th Century, when Northern Europeans used to nail a live cat to a post in town square and then butt it to death with their heads — as a sport.



Some things are "etched in stone." For instance, *you always get what you pay for*. We haven't spent *one thin dime* on really changing the *nature of paying* yet. It's probably out of our price-range. Groups like the Masons have been *talking* about it for hundreds of years, but, ultimately, what did they achieve? At best, the Church of the SubGenius (ironically, their own replacement) — only one more piton up, a few more feet of ascent up the sheer face of the Conspiracy mountain.

The single overriding constant, since history immemorial, has been money. No matter the declared reasons, all wars, from the Crusades to Vietnam to Bubba's divorce, were fought over money. Various justifications such as "jihad for the true faith" or "to preserve our way of life" are used to keep the soldiers and taxpayers motivated, but it has always come back to MONEY, from the big wars down to the tiny little individual wars, like yours.

It is so insidious. You start out figuring you'll get some job to live on, but will concentrate on Slack-mongering in your spare time. But you find that success or even DECENT PAY in the Con's world requires doing things *THEIR WAY*. Their style is easy to imitate crudely, but actually takes some care, technical expertise and even talent (after a fashion) to really pull off. You begin to actually RESPECT some Pinks for being able to do their Pink schtick so well. You begin to ASPIRE to THEIR idea of SLICKNESS, partly because you came to realize it's not as easy as it looks, and is, hence, a CHALLENGE. Plus, *you need the fucking money*. And all of a sudden you're assimilated — doing your damndest to PLAY BY THEIR RULES. You have a little success, and you BEGIN TO LIKE IT. Gradually, you start to ignore the nonpaying Slack-breeding or world-saving. And you are THEIRS.

To survive and praise "Bob" righteously at the SAME TIME, we can only try to walk that thin line, to not *straddle* the fence, but *walk precariously along the top railing*, hopping first to one side, then to the other, always wearing different disguises so that neither side (both of which are, after all, The Conspiracy) can quite get a bead on us. It can tear one's brain in half, shifting gears like that. For long stretches, you may have to *look normal*... even act normal. But don't *be normal*! Don't backslide! *X-Day could happen early — or LATE!!* On that day of reckoning, you don't want to find out you drifted over to the wrong side of the battle line *without even knowing it!!*

Why do they goad us and hound us so relentlessly in the first place? What use could they possibly have for us? The fact is, they must drag you in on some level — even if your role is to try to destroy society. As long as you're entangled and compromised in any way, they have plenty of opportunities to distract, mesmerize, and contain you. Because if even a single brain were allowed to twirl free for long, it might accidentally have a truly independent thought. Once that started, whole chains of independent thoughts might form — independent concepts — and someone might begin to see through the whole thing! So what if someone did? What if someone were to reach out and contact others who also saw through it all, and eventually formed an invisible resistance force, whose members engaged in a moment-to-moment battle against normality and regimentation? It still wouldn't matter, because they would be hopelessly outnumbered, right?

WRONG! For we are on the side of Slack, and Slack can never be totally eradicated — because all things, even the Conspiracy, *originally arise from Slack*. Unlike mundane matter and energy, Slack can neither be created nor destroyed. No matter how one tries to suppress, quash, smother or contain something, its inherent Slack will come spurring out the sides!

There IS hope after all.

INTO THE WELL OF SACRIFICE

We promised specific, concrete procedures. Here they are. You may not like them.

1 BREAK THE HABIT OF WORK

Nonsmokers and ex-smokers are pretty good at being smug, holier-than-thou asses... but how many of them can *really* go the distance, and break the most repugnant habit of all — the habit of WORKING? For "work," as we know it, IS a habit; in fact, that's ALL it is. It simply happens to be the habit that PERMEATES ALMOST ALL HUMAN BEHAVIOR. (Remember: if you *want* to do it, it isn't "work.")

There should be "special sections" for people who simply HAVE to WORK. They should be made to understand that the rest of us do not want our health damaged by their FILTHY HABIT. Kids should be educated in school about the dangers of work, and be taught that one can be "cool" without succumbing to fear group pressure and "getting" a "job." There should be expensive clinics that provide shock treatments and ritual bathing to cure this addiction.

"But what about MONEY???" you whine. "What about SOCIETY???" you bleat. "Who'll run the MACHINES???" you whimper. "Are you saying we should go back to the CAVES?"

Hell no. Let robots do the shit-work, and we'll get their pay.

DROP OUT! THE "PANIC ATTACKS" MAKE YOU A SUPER-ASSERTIVE COMBATANT!

If you're in that position whereby the Con has you worrying where the next meal is coming from, even though you're working two jobs, then don't be an UTTER sucker — go on the *dole*. Plummet ALL THE WAY into total abject poverty, whereby you're a ward of the state and they have to deplete their own energies supporting you. Then use the black market, dumpster diving, lying, etc. to get rich. That's the only option they've given you. It's THEIR fault if you have to become a dope peddler, porno star, gambler, preacher or whatever. You don't need a degree, and it doesn't matter how old you are. Of course, the Con might imprison you for supporting yourself, so you'd better be careful.

2 BUY SUBGENIUS

This *almost* goes without saying. It should be obvious by now that the continued existence and growth of the Church of the SubGenius is the only thing that will make ANY aspect of ANYONE'S life worth-

while in the coming years. You may also have deduced that the total number of dues-paying SubGenius Ministers on the entire planet equals less than the attendance of the average AC/DC concert. "Bob" notices every penny spent by every SubGenius on his products. And, while Dobbs himself never has to worry about money, his Called Ministers certainly do. "Bob" will always be okay, but if his *outreach* shrivels up and blows away, YOU WON'T be.

That outreach is funded entirely by sales of SubGenius products. The SubGenius Foundation, Inc., which manufactures those products, has no "trust fund" or "sugar daddy" to keep it afloat, because *no SubGenius is that stupid*. (The one who IS will become like unto a GOD.) Thus, it is crucial that you spend every last cent that you can spare on Chuch videotapes, audiotapes, books, magazines, tee-shirts, gee-gaws and gimcracks, WHETHER YOU EVER INTEND TO USE THEM OR NOT. *There is no moral excuse whatsoever to do otherwise.*

See the catalog at the back of this book, or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "BOB," PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214. If you're not afraid, you'll order that \$8 SubGenius radio tape you've only been thinking about purchasing. In a world where fewer and fewer can remember how to read, THE SUBGENIUS MIND DRILLING TAPES may be the last cheap hope for spreading "Bob's" Seed-Message before the Day of Radioactive Judgment and the Arisal of our Allies from the Stars.

3 IMMANENTIZE THE BREAKDOWN OF ALL LAW & THE CONFUSION OF ALL DATA

As R.A. "Pope Bob" Wilson pointed out, a state, once having bought itself a secret police, must produce a sinister infinite regress of more and more spy agencies to keep tabs on each successive organization. And the communications theorists inform us of the breakdown of communication that inevitably occurs in rigidified hierarchies: those at the top, with the power in their hands, are only told what they want to hear by those below.

It is thus the individual's best course to spread confusion and deceit in any situation in which centralized groups monopolize intelligence gathering. **Unplug the system before it blows your fuse!** Who needs organized activity? Use sandpaper on the security camera lens whenever you have a chance. Fight database to database.

4 USE DRUGS AND ABORTION TO WEED OUT HUMANS

Abortion is murder, as Dobbs said, but it's murder in self defense. Our church believes *retroactive* abortions should be allowed up to the fifth decade. If the child hasn't become a SubGenius by age fifty, well, declare it bad seed and *terminate*. Abort. It's hopelessly compromised... a human.

Troubled youth? *Terminate*. Give those suicidal children guns and drugs. Make it a contest. Weed out the brain-weed and the swooning and the lightweights and the joiners and the needers. "The world's so mean, I need drugs, I'm destroying myself." Well then, destroy yourself and quit whining! Go down in flames... but don't bitch to us about it. Kill yourself! There'll be more goodies left for us, the more of you chumps die.

One must remember **The Good Riddance Factor**: sure, there are lots of deaths due to drugs and unlicensed handguns... but how many of these deaths are really a loss to society? One asshole just saves society the cost of executing some other asshole. THAT'S why drugs and guns MUST be legalized. Not because we want them, but because it would sift out the humans and leave the fit SubGeniuses, who would survive these poisons and temptations. We practice **Strength Through Disfigurement**. We LIKE toxic waste fume PUDDING.

5 NEVER FORGET: THEY FEAR YOU

The Conspiracy only *pretends* to ignore the Church, as if it were just a harmless paper tiger "hobby" for semi-functional malcontents. In actuality, they regard us much like they do UFOs — as something *threatening*, but *inexplicable*.⁵

Just as the humans fear the alien in any given monster movie, they fear YOU because YOU ARE AN UNPREDICTABLE. This gives you a POWER beyond anything you previously imagined. You aren't JUST a worker drone... you ARE that, but you are also the possessor of that mighty *power*: the power to REPENT, QUIT YOUR JOB and SLACK OFF. You HAVE that power. You can DO it ANY TIME YOU LIKE, and *They know it*.

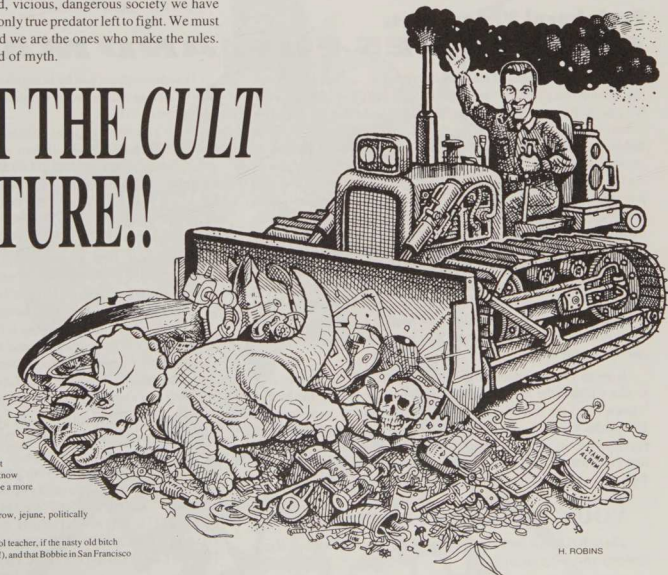
Then there are those who think we're just a bunch of intellectual art geeks.⁶ *Heh, heh, heh*. But... even if we WERE, reflect on just how much a few intellectual geeks HAVE DONE in the past. *Hitler* started out as an *underground artist*. The Bolsheviks were a small clique of amateur ranters and pamphlet publishers who happened to put themselves at just the right place and the right time... and for 70 years, they held a slew of nations in an IRON GRIP, and caused the murders of over 60 million people — some of them SubGeniuses, a few probably even "innocent."

So think twice before you write off *frustrated intellectual geeks!*

GET REVENGE ON THEM ALL

Once, we thought competition was evil. Now we know it is not only necessary, but the most NATURAL thing in the world, if somewhat tough on the losers. But *the Conspiracy has subverted natural selection*. It's no longer survival of the fittest, but survival of the *slickest*. The new jungle is the wretched, vicious, dangerous society we have built for ourselves. MAN is the only true predator left to fight. We must realize that the enemy is us, and we are the ones who make the rules. That is the new reality, stripped of myth.

WE PUT THE CULT IN CULTURE!!



⁵ There's a secret department of the NSA that does nothing but study the Church. They may know more about "Bob" than we do; they may even be a more important tool for his Plan than we are!

⁶ Just as many others call us insipidly lowbrow, jejune, politically incorrect, misogynistic penoid troglodytes.

⁷ Such as Mrs. (CENSORED), my grade school teacher, if the nasty old bitch is still alive (she better hope she isn't on X-Day), and that Bobbie in San Francisco who stole our Altar.

All the other religions are merely ways to dodge this one simple Truth. It took "Bob" to come out and just SAY the common sense thing that all the others refuse to acknowledge: that **that's just the way it is, and if you don't like it, lump it**. There's no magic involved, no superstition, none of that ethical-moral crap based on thousand year old fairy tales; it's simply THE WAY THINGS ARE.

Sure, that's a lousy attitude. If you cultivate that bad attitude sufficiently, you eventually develop a *truly Great* attitude. This *shift in attitude* is the impetus that will cause so many to flock to the Church just before X-day. The '90s offer only one single major distinction from all decades to follow: NO MORE WILL FOLLOW. (If any SEEM to, you are only *imagining* them!) On July 5, 1998, at the "hands" of godlike aliens, Earth shall be cleansed of human vermin and the SubGenius race will at last depart for a well deserved, more Slackful place.

Are we executioners? No. We are but debt collectors, "balancing the books."

It's not like *mass murder!* We don't want the humans tortured or killed *unnecessarily*. Certainly, some must be killed — but there's no excuse for arbitrary, cruel product testing, *just for fun*. We are ashamed that certain so-called "SubGenii" have already made detailed plans for the torture and rapine they plan to inflict on all the Pinks they ever knew, once X-Day is here.

The wholesale slaughter of the Pinks is uncalled-for, a waste of good strong backs and easily-rewashed brains. We are their *shepherds*. Certainly, the slaughterhouse will be their eventual destination, but in the meantime, why not show them we need not stoop to their level? Of course, there will be exceptions.⁷ Oh Praise Dobbs for his great blessings upon our vengeance glands!!



"If humor is based on the misfortune of others, then I suppose you might call me the greatest comedian of all time."

— J.R. "BOB" DOBBS

Peripheral Visionaries: **COMBINES FUN AND MAYHEM!**

We, the 13 Apostles of the Church Hierarchy, are not megalomaniacs; we do only "Bob's" will. We are only fulfilling a greater Plan. It's *painful* for us to assign to our underlings tasks that we ourselves cannot take on. We *concede* that we gave them *lots* of keys and made them figure out which was the right one; but that's spiritual survival of the fittest: a weeding out process, eliminating those who lack that special spark, who are not led by the finger of "Bob" into the spirit of DISCERNMENT.) We are those who have been *enjoyed* by "Bob" to fulfill his teachings — to bear his Word, his *living* Word and make it flesh. That is our destiny, coded in ancient times. He handed us the tablets, and we swallowed them. It is our Inheritance. It is our Covenant with "Bob," our mighty "deal."

It doesn't matter which one of us dies. While the SubGenius race is like a hydra, the human race is like a beehive — kill the human "queen", and the rest will die off. But when you try to destroy the SubGenius hydra, if *even one cell* is left alive, the entire being will regenerate to its former strength. Each SubGenius carries that Code, that Plasmate, those Instructions buried deep in the DNA. Smash the Pipe, and a million Pipes will suddenly choke your mouth.

YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM "BOB"

There WILL be a better world, and IN YOUR LIFETIME — if you can stay alive long enough.

In some respects, just by being on the side of Slack, you've already won! You may still be broke, ignored and miserable — but at least you aren't one of THEM.

What's the worst they can do to you? Kill you. So what? You won't care; you'll be DEAD. So, if their stupidity and Pink-macho posing gets to be too much, LET THEM GLIMPSE THE DEPTH OF YOUR BEING — PIN THEM TO THE WALL with the INTENSITY OF your CRAZED UTTER FEARLESSNESS. COMPLETE YOUR PARTIAL MIND and "STAND AS ONE AGAINST IT ALL" — at least until they KNOCK YOUR TEETH OUT.

It's about time you stood up and said, *"I'm a god damn SubGenius! I'm an amazing coincidence! If I want to fuck up, I will; if I want to succeed, I will; if I don't care, then you can go to hell. I take my life in my own hands. BECAUSE it is so valuable to me, I will not waste it, using it for you. In the grand scale of things, my life is meaningless and inconsequential — except for what I give it, and that is more important than any of your rules or expectations. It is only what I say to myself and what I do for myself that matters, and fuck you if you can't take a joke."*

The war for Slack will be won by a trillion tiny victories in the daily lives of generations of nobodies. The Slack you impart in offhand conversation can make you one of "Bob's" DEADLIEST NINJA MASTERS!! The Church is your personal Swiss Army Knife with a million attachments, to be used as you see fit! This is a HOLY WAR, a JIHAD — and the SECRET WEAPON is YOUR MERE CONTINUED EXISTENCE AS A THORN IN THE SIDES OF THE FALSE PROPHETS — A MONKEY WRENCH IN THE WORKS OF THE PLANETARY SELF-DESTRUCTION MACHINE!!

We shall meet them on OUR ground! For we are Jehovah-One's prime carving tool on the twisted physics sculpture we call the Universe. And WOTAN, like any *true* artist, does not always wield His Tool with compassion; nay, oft, He wields us with spiteful idiocy and monstrous aimlessness. With the SubGenius in His Grip, He hacks and hews at the ragged forms of reality and history.

That's just too damn bad for the Pinks.

"Bob" is all and all is "Bob" and that which is not IN "Bob" must be eradicated — SCoured! The blood and money and seed of the infidels shall be SPENT before the thrice-blemished Eye of WOTAN!

The only reason the Church of the SubGenius sounds so insane is because it's the *only* thing that makes sense.

After we have won the war, there shall be no more violence, ever again. In "Bob's" Promised Kingdom, all survivors will come to recognize and *value* their own stupidity and eccentricity, and to respect the stupidity and eccentricity of others for its alien hilariousness. Hideous, exciting games like war and conquest will be just that: GAMES, played with even *MORE* fervor and bloodlust, but enacted on imaginary battlefields of richly textured but entirely fraudulent construction. Humiliation at not being as *original* as the next guy will be the cost of losing.

"Don't forgive them, for they know *exactly* what they do."

— Dobbs, 1967, while reading the news

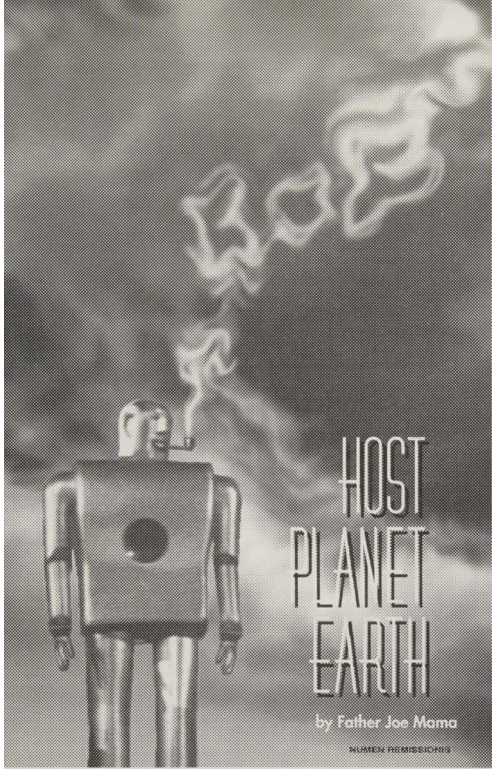
HAL ROBINS

As long as there is one Yetinsyn that can breathe 'Frop smoke into its lungs, as long as an ulcer painfully throbs in the gut of a single SubGenius, we shall continue to fight for our cause! PRAISE "BOB"! PRAISE HIS HOLY DAMN ASS! THERE IS HOPE FOR HUMANITY AS LONG AS WE HATE HUMANITY! For that gives us STRENGTH!! The strength to CONTINUE — to put up with the CRAP for ONE MORE DAY, in order to get to that three-day WEEKEND of BLISS in which we JUST MIGHT come up with the PUNCHLINE that will DEFEAT the CONSPIRACY, the joke that is SO GOOD that every Pink who hears it will instantly comprehend Slack, throw down its pick and shovel, and join the parade of BEAUTIFUL MUTANTS who march, all out of step and bumping into each other, into the sunset towards that BETTER DAY where there is NO TOIL... that BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN... of... "BOB."

And so, let us bow our heads in prayer:

**Stop Thinking.
Accept "Bob."
Exterminate Normals.
Amen.**





There are three types of animal on this planet: prey, predator, and parasite. Most people fall under the category of "prey" — for they are chewed up and spit out by the Conspiracy, usually after about thirty or forty years of loyal service. These are the factory workers, the bureaucrats, the blue collar, white collar, and pink collar criminals that clock in every morning at eight, and clock out every evening at five... the typical Joe Six-Pack. The rest of life is spent commuting in smog, vegetating in front of Big Brother's telescreen, drinking soma-beer, replicating with the spouse or spilling seed with the secretary or boss. Then it's time to enter DEEP sleep for a few hours before repeating the process again. Not a very exciting life, but one step up from a mule's existence. After all, unlike farm cattle, humans are not utilized for food... or so they tell us.

Then there's the predator. It comes in all shapes and sizes. Sometimes it's the president of the company. Sometimes, the owner. Sometimes it's the so-called "silent partner." Whoever it is, it usually makes lots of money, and consumes lots of prey. Nature tells us that there is usually only one predator for every hundred prey. That sounds about right, since most of the bosses are also prey. They may act like predators, but they're just as desperate to keep their jobs as everyone else.

Don't be fooled. Remember, to an insect, the web is what caught it, and the web is what it fights so desperately to escape... but the real enemy is the spider.

A lot of folks make the mistake of blaming the traffic cop for the speeding ticket, or the gas attendant for the high price of fuel... but like the web, they're just excrement squeezed out by the spider to catch you and render you helpless. Struggling with the web only wears you down until you're too weak to fight the REAL culprit.

Predators often blend in with their natural surroundings. To locate them requires superior vision; to destroy them, superior courage. Neither are virtues commonly found in prey. It's easy just to fly along and hope you don't get snagged in the web. If you like "easy," live by Their rules! They HAVE to be easy, or else the moron majority couldn't abide by them! But it takes more, if you want to beat them at their own game.

Do you really want that challenge? Then you'll have to go it alone. You'll have to become part of that *third* class of life forms — the beings that work completely independently of one another, watching and waiting for the opportunity to suck the blood of those that spill the blood of others. Yes, the *parasites!*

They blend in with their surroundings, too.

Yes, we go by many names; we've been called many things! Most of the labels were intended as insults, but we took them as *compliments*. After all, we're parasites, the gadflies of the Conspiracy, the leeches that suck the system dry! We live a life of leisure, setting our own schedule, hanging around for the first convenient meal... just like the predators! Sure, we live off prey also, but we don't *kill* them like the predators do. That would be *rude* to our *host*, not to mention counterproductive. We only take our fair share. We nibble a little here, drink a little there, then it's time to move on. What's more, we distribute the wealth. We take some from you, but we take more from Them! Because, like they say, the rich have better taste. They're less common, so they're considered *delicacies*. And isn't it worth that little irritation, knowing all the discomfort we give our enemy, the Conspiracy? After all, they would be the only exploiters of the planet, if it weren't for us! Their lives would be carefree, if it weren't for us! They would control everyone and everything... if it weren't for us!

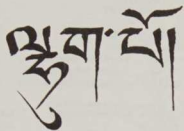
Little wonder the wealthy cross over to the other side of the street when they see us coming. Little wonder that the ones who have never worked a day in their lives are the first ones to tell us to "get a job." They *hate* us! They despise us with every fiber of their beings — for we play the same joke on them that they play on you, and though they can dish it out, when *they're the dish*, they can't *take* it. Oh yes, it's okay for them to live off the fat of the land, treating the populace like insects, sucking them dry until they wither up and die! Yet these same killers kick and scream if you ask them to share just *one drop* of their blood! **WOULD THAT THEY HAD A CHOICE!!**

But the more they increase, the more WE increase. It's a vicious cycle, with us in the middle while everyone else runs around in circles, getting dizzier and dizzier. There's no way they can exterminate us, not without eliminating you — and that would destroy them also. So, either way, *we win*.

So you say you want to "join." But this isn't a club. We're not even an organization. We're a disorganization, a confederation of chaos organized to disorganize the system! The best way to "join" us is to "unjoin" yourself from everyone else — including ourselves!

So what are you waiting for?

We command you to disobey — NOW!

COSMIC SLACK vs. COSMIC PAIN**The Nature of the Universe
Fully Explained***"For it is written that nothing is written."*

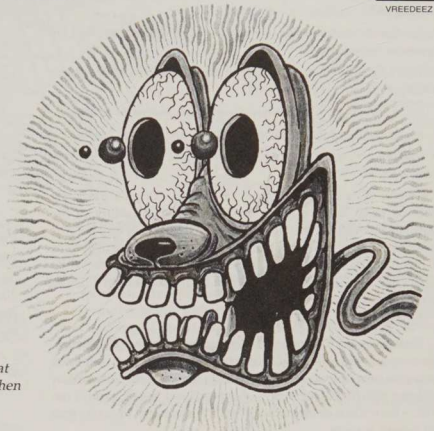
— 13:56, Jesse Sump,
Epistle to the Dallasians,
Honest Book of Truth,
during Revelation X pre-production

"Another day, another Anti-dollar."

— Palmer Vreedeez,
during Revelation X production

"I was dreaming that I could think that I could dream what I could think, and that I thought that I had dreamt that that which is what I dreamt was exactly what I thought, and that what I thought was what I thought to be thinking — but when I thought about what I was thinking, it went away."

— Drummondians 93:23:34:HIKE



VREEDDEEZ

INTERVIEW WITH THE OVERMAN

continued

Dr. Drummond, what is Slack?

If you must ask the question, you will never understand the answer. So stop asking QUESTIONS of "Bob." Just passively accept anything he chooses to tell you. Would you interrogate "Bob"?

Is Slack like the states of bliss described by Eastern religions?

Compared to Slack, the bliss of Transcendental Meditation is like walking on flaming rock-salt after you've cut the skin off your feet with

rusty razor blades. It's like excreting a ball of tangled rusty fishhooks and swimming backwards through a sea of acid with a thousand mosquito bites on every square inch of your body. It's like cutting your arm off and nailing it to your head and walking barefoot through a blizzard from the Liberty Bell to the White House to protest the injustice of existence.



Is there a universal formula for Slack Acquisition, applicable to all and all people? Are there secret...

There are universal formulae.

Are there not certain general rules? How can every SubGenius best get Slack? Be specific.

The best way to get to Slack is to first realize that you need it. So I think you know what to do, daily; I don't need to offend any delicate sensibilities by spelling out the obvious.

But how do you know whether you're on the path to true Slack, or the path to self-delusion?

That's the second step. You have to learn the difference. You have to work on your Discerning Gland.

Is the Discerning Gland physical, or a metaphorical construct?

It's one of the many metaphorical glands and esoteric organs.

So it is more an electrical pattern in the brain, than a juice-making bodily device?

Correct. A hard-wired program. "Bob" said, "Original Slack can never be taken away, only hidden." It is the ineffability of the ineluctable modality... that point from which all words turn back. If you talk about it, you haven't had it, and vice versa. Some of us have to 'Frop from morning to night just to keep FROM seeing the White Light. Hell, I got so damn much White Light last summer I had to spray my yard for it.

Dr. Drammond, what is reality?

This reality is a living thing-within-a-thing, made of other things. When we are born, the mind — our beginning mentation — begins tearing its own hole in the bigger reality, piercing the envelope of existence with itself. Our lives — the mental and 'astral' parts of our lives — are wounds on the surface of reality. You might say every man and woman is a scar.

"Bob" recently revealed that the Universe itself is composed of Pain Waves, is that not so?

Pain is the background constant within the Yacatzizma, the 'aether' that comprises the Universe. Pain is the active principle. There is also Love, but Love is passive. What pleasure there is, is but interruption — accidental whirlpools or eddies in the skein of pain that encompasses existence. Actually, it's not really pleasure, it's just antipain... the absence of pain, which is interpreted by the brain as pleasure. There are vast "pain dynamos" generating the various dimensions of the Universe, with the spaces between —



FIGURE 1. Cross sections of ether vortex particles

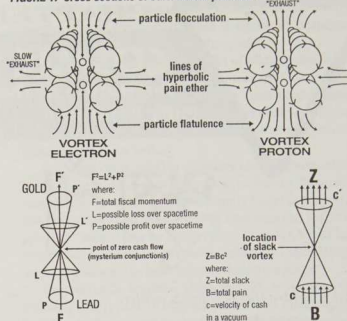


FIGURE 2. Pain cones in 9-dimensional space

FIGURE 3. Virtual slack cone in 9-dimensional space

the interstices — making up a spiderweb network of tiny pleasure eddies, as far apart in the Luck Plane as hydrogen atoms in space.

Some may think us terribly cynical and pessimistic to say that the Universe is composed of a pain field punctuated by pleasure eddies.¹ But think how sad it is that people have gotten so used to it, that they think it's normal.

Most of what people call pleasure is simply less pain. After total pain, normalcy feels like total pleasure. That is the relativism of pain. Only "Bob" can withstand the complete absence of pain.

When you hit your thumb with a hammer, you're getting a brief but truer glimpse of the truth behind things; you're being distracted for a second from your built-up protective mental veil. Sudden injury is one of the most dependable ways to open the doors of perception. This is why the Transferral of Pain theory used in Acubeating is so effective in healing. That's a practical application of this underlying philosophical reality. When we hobble the Bobbies with that sledgehammer — at that moment of impact we are granting them a more accurate sense of reality, and they are therefore better prepared and trained to instinctively seek out its opposite.

Pinks don't seek out those interstices; rather than seek out an absence of pain, they make themselves accustomed to the pain. That is the essence of their spiritual laziness and irreversible decadence.

If you are wise and lucky enough, and can just freely "bob" along in the sea of existence, you can spiritually ride currents of energy which will bounce you, like a pinball, more swiftly from one of those momentary pleasure-vortices to the next. You try to slide between the vortices where there's still a nebulous extrusion of pleasure, balanced between the polarities, and you stay there vibrating in the center between opposing pain dynamos for as long as possible. One false move and you slide all the way into a pain-dynamo and are pooped too soon back out into the pain-aether.

It's as if you are standing atop a fence, and there are huge electric fans on either side of the fence, blowing outdoors, away from you — sucking at you. The suction is not exactly constant, and balance is precarious. In the center is an anti-area where the pressure is most equalized. The problem is that you eventually start to relax and become lulled, and sooner or later you'll lean toward one or the other and lose balance. If you fall into one of those fans, it will chop you into tiny pieces.

You are speaking on a metaphorical level now, aren't you?

¹ "Drammond's theory is completely misconceived." — Dr. Howll.

All this is true on both a metaphorical and a physical level, although slightly more metaphorical than physical. It is NOT, however, merely metaphysical. We never speak in metaphysical terms.

One method of balancing within the pain is Time Control, the manipulation of one's own time towards constantly trying to find more time. To squeeze another minute here, another second there. Go to bed an hour later and wake up an hour earlier. That's how it starts. As you become older and wiser you squeeze more time out of the SLEEP aspects, because that provides more antipain with the least effort.

So the best path is not the hard-charging, linear-minded, disciplined and organized go-get-'em approach, but a lazy drifting along the Path of Least Resistance?

It's best to gravitate toward that state wherein things are fuzzy, stinky and built on randomness. Toward Nature, with a capital N. Away from the straight lines, flat walls, the 90 degree angles. Of course, Nature is a matrix of pain: destruction, consumption, survival of the fittest. Without pain there is no striving for a better life.

But we don't want to die of pain, torture, and hate.

Well, perhaps we'll die of hate, but there's no reason to bleed to death while doing it.

Is that a good way to die? To die of hate?

It may be the only way.

Hate of the pain?

Hate of the pain of antiSlack.

It doesn't seem like this kind of philosophy's going to go over well as a really commercial religion.

That's just the way it is. "Wish in one hand, and spit in the other, and see which one gets full first."

But what of the message of Slack, Dr. Drummond? Why does God allow pain and death?

In order to evolve Great Beings who can analyze the reason for the suffering, the GREATER MESSAGE BEHIND IT, and appreciate it. All of humanity's suffering, up until now, has been preordained just for the express purpose of allowing US at THIS MOMENT to BASK in our GREATNESS and LUCK.

But it almost seems as if there are dangers even in Slack.

If you want the ecstasy, you must perform pay the price. Slack does not come for free — except to "Bob." The highest price of all must be paid for Slack. To us it is worth it. But perhaps Slack is not really what you want.

"Bob" spoke of Slack Scars, and Disruptive Slack.

One may develop a rough, numb carapace of psychic scar tissue — not from too much Slack, for there is no such thing, but rather from TAINTED Slack — stepped-on Slack. False Slack.

One may become so jaded with False Slack that pain becomes the only "Slack," and it comes full circle. There is also the hazard of working too hard FOR Slack.



Do you mean physical repercussions, like lawsuits from Mark Trail and Arnold Palmer? Or do you mean the violent kooks who are attracted to the Church because their schizophrenia happens to intersect with our bulldadda?

None of those. Partly it is the peril of not recognizing the Slack you already had — becoming a spoiled whiner, superstitious complainer and professional victim. Being a brain-dead religious nut can bring HAPPINESS... but not Slack. Only Pain-Slack. The most insidious danger

lies in mistaking plain happiness for true Slack. Slack can be achieved through suffering, but only through *extreme* suffering. Then there's DisConNect, which brings Slack through the subtraction of Slack, by changing mental grids — realities, reality tunnels, what-have-yous — spontaneously, whenever most disorienting. Our PrankMasters are kept busy coming up with new Breakthinking techniques to replace the tired old staged car wrecks and overdoses. The sensation of seeing everything with fresh new eyes unhampered by preconceptions is the desired result. But that is only the beginning of Slack Awareness. It has already happened to most True SubGenii before they ever come to us.

All most people want to know is how to turn Slack into money, and vice versa.

They are blinded by greed. In the Church of the SubGenius, the dollar is not God. It is merely an *avenue* to God. The dollar is "St. Peter at the Gates." It's but the eucharistic communal symbol, whereby the congregation's wealth flows to the Church, and "Bob's" Slack flows back to the flock. There is no God in any sense we could comprehend — there is only Economics, a vast cosmic operational system. "Bob" embodies the über-economic spectrum underlying reality. In THE ECONOMICON he discussed The Paradox of Thrift — thrift cancels itself out. In an equilibrium, supply is meeting demand. But thrift increases saving and decreases spending until the supply is devalued, and the whole economic reality crashes. This is the Dobbsonian Unified Economic Field Theory.

That's why the Church must keep expanding, and SubGenii MUST spend extra money on "Bob."

We must battle the mercantilists, the money-changers, who are perverting humanity with their unnatural fiscal policies. The natural order is patriopsychotic anarchomaterialism, with individuals dependent only on themselves, and free. *Every sentient organism for itself is the underpinning of patriopsychotic anarchomaterialism.*

We are Economic Animists. It's God eat God. That's the operational system on which the application software of our species operates. It's not just a *policy*, it's a life force itself — the collective URGE... in fact, a demiurge. It may sound heartless, but it's the only true reality. It's up to us to husband and shepherd, rationally and mercifully, the *degree* to which this existing system is exploited.

But the Conspiracy deliberately created an *artificial* "struggle for existence," pitting man against each other to distract them from becoming cooperative. By the time of the Industrial Revolution, humanity had become so paranoid that to escape "chaos," people were ready to delegate to an absolute state what rights they hadn't already delegated to some absolute church. That's when the Con solidified its control over human behavior.

A TECHNIQUE SO POWERFUL IT'S PROBABLY ILLEGAL!!

Aggression part of the social brain, whereas the part of the "brain" inhabited by SubGenii is willing like an old man whose arteriosclerosis is blocking the oxygenation of brain cells, bringing on senility... of course this is just an analogy.

Money is energy. The Conspiracy uses money in such a way that it becomes like plutonium: dangerously radioactive. We can decontaminate it by using it the way it was Intended to be used. But first we must learn to perceive it in its Field Totality, like the lines of force revealed by iron filings on a magnet. Cash is the iron filings, but the real force is Financial Energy. Money, too, is information, and we can LEARN IT INTO OUR POCKETS.

The SubGenii are guardians of the only true economic surplus — Slack. The market is the stark, Invisible Field that controls the Slack, the tension between labor, capital, and land.

Labor, of course, gets the short end of the jack-hammer.

But, as SubGenii, we're not mere laborers or working stiffs, no — we're *priests*. For what is religion, but a spiritual market dealing in Slack? Think of yourself as a spiritual capitalist, helping the growth of the market and enriching yourself from it. Planting your Slack in many places makes it bear more fruit.

However, there must be a balance of trade. Any SubGenii who's tempted to become a socialist or communist should understand this foundational principle.

The subconscious too can be mapped in economic terms, as an *internal* supply and demand system. People are motivated by their needs. Those needs dictate which suppliers will prosper. However, the suppliers can MANIPULATE and CHANGE the basic needs of the individuals to fit what is easiest to SUPPLY. And the Con gradually subverts the natural processes with religious and political "pacts" and moral "policies"... manipulating the FUNDAMENTAL UNDERPINNINGS with unnatural forces, which cause them to shift out of whack. It's like a big inertial wheel — if you jog it too far in one direction, it'll bounce out of its track.... it may go into a different groove entirely, or even totally disintegrate.

You know, in the golden days of the aristocracy, these old gentleman thinkers had all their worldly needs taken care of; they had nothing better to do than sit around and think lofty thoughts. Look what has happened. Who gets paid to think lofty thoughts now? Low-minded pop critics and bullshit commentators who reassure everyone of their own normality.

You mustn't let bitterness over perceived poverty get to you. Your poverty is only *apparent* poverty, *virtual* poverty. You are actually far richer than most people.

Bobbie souls as monetary units don't do me a hell of a lot of good come bill-paying time.

Ah, but they'll be the *only* unit for trading on X-Day. That's their *sole* value, true; they're worth next to nothing until then. We're still developing Dobbsonian Slackonomics. Soon we will have an all-embracing world economic theory that's also a general field theory of the Universe, tracking the economic ebb and flow of souls as well as atoms, events and cash... the Unified Field Theory that integrates Slack, Pain and Money, now that we have units of measurements.

But to measure the "worth" of souls... isn't that the ultimate blasphemy?

HORIZON UNLIMITED MASTER CONTROL PROGRAMMING
REV. ORTON NENSLO 1988 From his novel "Murder By Accident"

SLACKMASTERS & SLACKMISTRESSES

Big Money

SAINTS

"ANTI-INERTIA" OR SLACK-WORK PRODUCTIVE LABOR

LINE OF AFFABILITY

"BIG MIKE" BOBBIES

"ANTI-SLACK" (HIGHEST POTENTIAL OF NON-YETISYN)

ACTUAL SIZE

7

13 - HEAD LAUNCHING

6 R

12

11 - FOOT ENLARGE- MENT RITUAL *

5 A

10

4 T

8

3 N

7 - NOSTRILOLOGY

6

2 O

5

1 Z

1

LIMBO

CON-DUPE AUTOTORMENT, RAYBOTISM, I-WANTISM, MEDIUMCETRY, ETC.

THE HORIZON UNLIMITED "MASTER CONTROL PROGRAMMING" SYSTEM - (SUBGENIUS VERSION) EASY TO CARRY IN PURSE OR HEAD, THE "SEVEN STEPS TO SLACK" AND THE "TRIPARTITE PERSONALITY TARGET" PROVIDE THE ONLY EASY ANSWER TO ANY QUESTION OR PROBLEM USE WITH GOOD LUCK BRAND WISHING CANDLES FOR SUPER MONEY DRAWING, LUCKY NUMBERS, DREAM HEXING, ETC.

SEE "ENIGMA OF THE BRANNOCK DEVICE" - NENSLO 1987

R - ANOINTING
A - CHURCH MEMBERSHIP
T - SPIRITUAL
N - MENTAL
O - EMOTIONAL
Z - PHYSICAL

MASTER CONTROL PROGRAMMING TRANSCENDS EARTHLY CONSTRAINTS

H.U. MASCORPOR. DIAG. 728 52V

Think about the A Priori nature of money, its conceptual ground. When we transfer money from one bank to another, they don't actually send a bundle of physical cash to the other bank; they SIMPLY AGREE that one bank now has more money and the original bank has a little less. Only financial energy, or *fergs*, have been transferred. The study of the motion of *fergs* through the sociosphere is the study of the blood circulation of the SICK ORGANISM that is society. At the moment, its "blood" — or *ferg cells* — are being rerouted, due to the disease that we call The Conspiracy, to the wrong places, i.e., to tumors, or to the wrong glands, or to the Mindless



H. ROBBINS

Those dots form a pattern, a pataphysical configuration, an equation... you can enlarge any halftone pattern, but it wouldn't have the same effect, because these dot patterns are the digital representation of "Bob's" life essence. **The rune for his life is the picture of his face.** Each dot pulses with its own radiant energy... each dot can heal a different illness or solve a money different problem. One dot drives away the law. One dot brings money luck. One dot brings love.

All that "Bob" provides is the dots... you have to connect them. That is the level at which the Church works. We don't promise immediate relief and a new life; all we promise is triple your money back if you don't get eternal salvation.

Anything else, like a meaning in life, a reason to go on living, is strictly gravy. We're giving all that out to people, for free.

Without you there to gaze upon the picture of "Bob," it's nothing but spots of ink on some flat wood pulp. When YOU interface with that flat object, it becomes the image of "Bob" DOBBS, which, itself, is still far more powerful than anything that's NOT the image of "Bob" Dobbs. You wouldn't be able to handle the real "Bob" Dobbs anyway.

But it must be an OFFICIAL Dobbshed™.

Only that portrait creates phios of Slack — depending on the receptivity of the person. Some gain a rather dirty Slack — the fuzzy end of the spectrum — from gazing at "Bob." Others gain more subtle and sublime, higher vibratory Slack, pristine Slack. Slack generation between you and the image is reciprocal — it works both ways, emitting and absorbing. When you look at that picture, it gains Slack too. The Slack circulates. That's why it's smiling — because you're looking at it.

For all we know, when a picture of "Bob" is NOT being gazed upon, it's frowning.

But no one would know, because it's not there unless someone's gazing upon it and recognizing it as a face. It would be only a collection of dots. Even if it's a fuzzy image on a videoscreen, it is still an image that represents Dobbs, and the effect will continue if seen.

That's why the digitally warped pictures of "Bob" are so popular... they retain the same effect.

It's like the holographic paradigm of matter as energy being enfolded in the space-time continuum. Any given object/event existed already and will continue to exist, elsewhere in time, but because of the enfolding you can't see it; only when it "comes past where you are in the Universe" do you

"see" it. Thus, staring at a Dobbshed™ grants the SubGenius a slightly better comprehension of folded space-time. Combined with very powerful drugs in our guided rituals, a warped Dobbshed™ tends to provide a more three-dimensional sense of Slack, rather than a flat or horizontal sense of Slack, contributing to the future prosperity of the species, and eventual independence from the Xists and JHVH-1.

G. HUGHES

Powers of your Undermind!

We're practically giving away the keys.

But only "Bob" will determine whether that key shall unlock the door in your mind, or whether that door is even there to be unlocked. Perhaps it's rusted shut. Or perhaps it has only the semblance of a door — it has a lintel and a door frame, and a threshold, it possesses all the aspects of a door, even hinges and a latch, but it is a doorway to nothing. For some people, the keys "Bob" offers simply cannot help. Yet it at least serves the function of the KNOWLEDGE of a door... as if the door was available to be opened, if only they could get it right. It gives them something to TRY to PRY OPEN.

WE, on the other hand, are never "lost," because we're always with "Bob." Of course, he might be lost. But we're with him.

An OverMan is never lost, but only mislocated by others. Being lost is a state of mind. The OverMan knows where he is... he's HERE. Where 'here' is may be a subjective issue; the world may have temporarily shifted around him into a momentarily unreferenced position, because it was surprised by an action by him — but in that case he patiently waits for it to correct itself. He "fritters creatively" until the Universe regains its balance, and the reference points again become apparent. The viewpoint of outsiders, beyond the petty mundane viewpoint, outside of the paradigm of viewpointness, that is what provides the macro view... "The Big Picture," as "Bob" called it in his driver's ed classes. This is why the OverMan can discern Slack while sitting atop the worst toxic waste dumps.

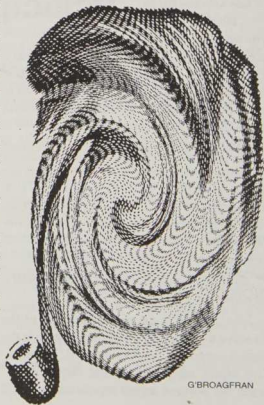
TIME IS SOMETHING YOU CAN PUSH AROUND

How does Slack relate to the trendy concept, "chaos"?

SubGeniuses can utilize chaos on the job, and in life. Take something simple, that makes perfect sense, but begin expounding upon it. The more you expound, the more the others will begin to wonder if there might not be more to it, that they aren't getting — whereas actually, you're just stirring the puddle, creating an illusion of complexity where there is actually only fragmentation. It keeps your audience listening and befuddled, in awe. The wise SubGenius too can use this form of self-delusional entertainment when faced with Conspiracy-enforced boredom. If you have to do a horrible chore, you might as well make a Zen exercise out of it.

Is it even necessary to "do" ANYTHING?

The True Rewardian SubGenius has only to know that he or she CAN accomplish something, and that alone is BETTER than achieving it. This is the "active sloth" that is Slack.



G. BROAGFRAN

The nature of Slack is that it may be "liquid" or "solid" depending on how it is approached. It is like wet cornstarch in a colloidal suspension... like quicksand. The Slack can either ooze freely around us when we move easily, or freeze up and congeal if we push too hard.

For an easy-to-understand physical demonstration of this, which you can practice in your own home for only pennies — get a bowl, and 69¢ worth of cornstarch. Pour the cornstarch into the bowl, and mix in just enough water to make it syrupy. Now play with it. Notice that when your hand plays slowly through it, it is a liquid, but that you can STRIKE IT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT WITH YOUR FIST, and it will be just like hitting a bowl of dirt. Squeeze it and it crumbles like a dirt clod; release it and it dribbles in bizarre, beautiful shapes suitable for filming. THIS IS THE NATURE OF SLACK. The cornstarch represents the Luck Plane, or rather, the Yacatzima Field — the Prana, the "astral smoke" or aether. When you hit it, it instantly solidifies and resists, and you can actually hurt your fist. But if you simply lay your hands upon the cornstarch mud, and tickle it a bit, you will find that your hand sinks in just as if into water.

We might venture so far as to say that WITHOUT doing this 69¢ experiment, you WILL NOT understand the nature of Slack.

— Princess Wei "R" Doe, Q.A.U.F.O.s



G'BROAGFRAN

What is Greatness? Is it something one must achieve? Or is it a basic right, an endowment from a greater being? From whence does it spring?

It is the final penultimate result of evolution up to this point, as measurable by Great Men. It is that which is measured by Great Men. The true nature of Greatness is that which is determined Great by Great Men.

I assume you are using convenient sexist language, that there are also Great Women.

The Least of them is Greater than the Greatest Great Man.

Truly, Dr. Drummond, your profound humility is the surest sign of your own Greatness. Is it bad to be privileged by fate?

It's a Positive Bad, at worst.

The world wants us to believe it's bad to be privileged by fate, to have more Slack than others.

But I do not believe in the world.

Why should you, an evil sinner and politically incorrect Objectivist, have more Slack than Mother Teresa, who is the nicest person in the whole world?

By whose standards? Not mine.

You mean you place yourself as an individual over the welfare of the mass?

My Objectivism is subjectively based. It's **Subjective Objectivism**.

Self-verifying.

It's BECAUSE of my position that I can be totally objective. It's *self-evident*. Why do I even have to have a reason? The very fact that I'm being asked to make an excuse for the most natural thing in the world is *itself proof of the correctness of my stance*.

But how is this philosophy any different from the unearned, uninformed haughtiness of idiotic Pink snobs??

It is the vast awareness differential. The Pinks have such mindless infatuation with technological slickness that they would probably happily adapt to an all-techno world, a metallic landscape populated by millions of people, a few tiny trees, and no animals at all... much like downtown Dallas or Atlanta.

That level of artificial living leads to artificial thinking, in which all experience is broken down into measurable, explainable increments. The very fact that one may continue breaking down these increments and measurements INFINITELY, is PROOF that the increments are *illusory*. Existence is not digital incrementation, but analog continuity — which, like nature and our own thoughts, partakes of randomness, and thus is the more real and valid. Trying to understand the Universe by breaking it down into increments is fine and dandy, but trying to impose that rigidity on real life is bound to become dangerous somewhere down the line. The *worthwhile* aspects of the world all possess a certain undefinable spontaneous irrationality.

WE ARE ANIMALS.

Slack, like reality, is not digital but analog — a continuous force, not a "code" that can be artificially reassembled. Slack is like a river. It's there, but it won't come to you — you must jump into it.

All we know is, WE CAN NEVER KNOW.

In the continuity, one can stretch out in all directions; but when you try to keep score of all the increments, you get all tangled up, and WHAT'S THE POINT OF THAT?

The system which incorporates and, in fact, *guarantees* imperfection is the closest thing possible to a "perfect" system. Of course, thinking about perfection will only screw you up. Perfection is a peculiar notion found only among primates. It is best viewed as a "virus" which makes one weaker the harder one tries to contain it.

How did the Universe get started?

It started with US! Since quantum mechanics demonstrates that the Universe is influenced by its observers, it stands to reason that there could be no Universe without Observers. So we "Intelligent Beings" *created the Universe*, starting with the Earth. For a while the Earth was the center of the Universe — until we decided otherwise, and the Universe made a quantum jump from the Geocentric State to the Heliocentric State. But we didn't notice, since *either state would have had the same effect on the Earth*. The whole history of the Universe changed, and thereby *covered its tracks*, as soon as that conceptual shift was made. This is why there were so many rogue planets sighted around the 1800s — the Solar System hadn't yet "settled down"! The wave function hadn't collapsed, so there was room for all manner of conflicting evidence at that time.

YOU CAN BELIEVE

That's why it hurts to wake up every morning — you have to start up the whole of reality all over again. We are all ourselves infinite — except in our *comprehension*. THAT is the problem, right there. That's why "Bob" can do magic and you can't.

"If I can't be God, I'm not gonna play," as Aleister Crowley said.

If you want to overcome the Conspiracy, then come up with a formula that TAKES IT INTO ACCOUNT but also relegates it to the Trash Heap of history. Because the same principle is involved: collapsing the wave function at a higher level.²



by St. G. Gordon Gordon

Posted April, 1983, from Dobbstown II, Greenhelle, Bolivia

The "Bob" State (or the condition of being "Bob"-like) signifies the unity of the Irrational Soul in a state of self-knowledge, while the Pink State represents the dispersal of the Irrational Soul — which, being scattered through creation, loses sense of its own essential, irrational One-ness.

The mirror into which "Bob" looks (and which ultimately is the cause of his downfall) is the great sea of ILLUSION — the Lower World fashioned by the SubGenii. "Bob," the Neomundane Irrational Soul, seeing the megareplication of his own image before him, accepts the image as a likeness of himself and ensouls that likeness; that is, the Irrational Idea ensouls its reflection, the Rational Universe. By ensouling the Rational image it implants in it the urge to become like itself: Irrational (or rather, the Irrational Image).

After "Bob" gazed at that image and dissolved to follow his Pipe smoke into matter, the Irrational Soul of "Bob" was broken up by the SubGenii and

Is there a Fountain of Youth, a Grail, a Philosopher's Stone, a Great Pipe?

Up ahead. Just around the next bend.

Dr. Drummond, as an OverMan you have read the script of our lives. What does it say will happen now?

I don't remember.

You don't remember???

I forgot. That means I — **LOOK OUT!!**

(tape jams)



² Based on discoveries by Dr. Chris Gross, Hidalgo Trading Co.

INTO THE OVER "BOB"

distributed throughout the Neomundane Sphere, of which it is the Essential Nature... but they could not scatter the Head of "Bob." So they took "Bob's" Head and Peed on it — symbolizing its immersal in the Material Universe which represents the incorporation of the "Bob" Principle in Form.

The Head was afterwards roasted to signify the Ascension of the spiritual nature of Form.

When JHVH-1, angry space god from a corpulent slum galaxy, Sponsor of "Bob" and Demiurgus of the Universe, looked upon the SubGenii, He realized that they were hopelessly tainting the Divine Irrational by scattering its essences throughout the Neomundane World. He then slew all of the First SubGenii so that the Divine Irrational should not be entirely lost. From the remains of the earliest SubGenii He created the OverMen, New Wage Mutants of humankind whose duty it was to preserve, collect, assemble and then release upon the Neomundane the Divine Irrational, which is "Bob" ... but in concentrated form!


Therefore, to this day, Man is capable of a Rational (Pink) existence or an Irrational (SubGenius) existence.

The original Head of "Bob" was preserved by Nunu or Narnini and lifted from the Neomundane Sphere to the Aetheric Sphere. To this day, the Head of "Bob" is the immortal center, the Heart, the Suppository of the Irrational Soul..... it is "The Over "Bob.""

Thank you; this has been a presentation of the SubGenius Learned Men Foundation.

APPENDIX A

THE EPISTLES



"Babble, he said, for it is good."

— Twelve-Eighteen 12:18

"There'll be no smoking in the gas chambers."

— Jimi Hendrix

THE PAPAL BULL OF G. GORDON GORDON & IVAN STANG TO THE CHURCHES REGARDING THE BOBBIES

"BEWARE YE THE ANTI-ME."

— Dobbs in trance

Despite our deep and abiding hate for the Conspiracy and its dupes, we, like any proper religionists, reserve our most vehement disdain for certain parties within our own ranks. We don't mean the dissidents, heretics, rebels, agitators and renegades; those are among the *true* SubGenii. We mean the Pinks — yes, the PINKS — within the Church.

It must have been residual Conspiracy programming that led us in the distant past to suggest that groups of "like-minded SubGenii" (a contradiction in terms) *organize* into "*Clenches*." We took it into our heads that SubGeniuses would profit by "joining in fellowship." Dobbs never decreed it; it just seemed like a logical thing to say. But it was our biggest blunder, our first step toward the creeping Conspiracization that resulted in the contamination of our flock.

For the membership of the Church of the SubGenius is almost *half Pinks!* — ordinary Mediocreins who joined the Church because they heard somewhere that it was "cool." Though they "know it's just cute nonsense," they memorize all the lines, wear the T-shirts, wait for us to tell them what to do, even get into fights over what being a SubGenius really means.

These are the *Bobbies*, the Gimme-Bobs... the Bend-OverMen, as we call them in Dobbstown. Lower than Pink Boys, yes... because they *claim* to be SubGeniuses.

THE PINK SUBGENIUS

"If you've see one SubGenius, you've seen 'em all." That's how it sometimes seems, anyway. That's not exactly the kind of abnormality Dobbs had in mind! Oh, they're "token weirdos," all right, but they're pipe-mouthed BOBBIES. They really *will* pay to know what they really think! They wear "Bob" on their shirt and they mouth all the Sacred Catchphrases, but they wouldn't know true Slack if it slid up their pants-leg in the form of an evil snake. (Slack does not often take the form of an evil snake sliding up your stacks, but it *could*.) PATHETIC, spoiled, self-centered nerds who think they're "*really geniuses*" because they understand such things as *this sentence*. (They *think*.)

But they never understood what "Bob's" saying; they can't. They think this is a JOKE. They don't BELIEVE. They don't believe in ghosts... they don't believe in Jesus... they don't believe in UFOs, or God, or acid... they don't even REALLY believe in "BOB."

They're a virulent form of Mal-Aligned Normal that uses "Bob's" commandments as their excuse to be UTTER DOLTS — jargon-jabbering would-be intellectuals with rote memory of everything "avant-garde," "outré," or "cool"...insecure, unfunny, unoriginal know-it-alls who *can't* take a joke... or tell one.

We have only this to say to the Bobbies: *Thanks for the money, but you'll need to spend a lot more.*

If you are afraid *we might* be talking about you, *we probably aren't*. Bobbies and False Prophets ALWAYS think we must mean someone else. It's very frustrating that our constant berating is lost on the very targets themselves, but in the end, we know that they will be punished. They'll be *mighty* sorry the day "Bob" catches them in a dark alley and deprograms them SLACKMASTER-STYLE, until they start screaming something besides *his name!*

Now, there's nothing inherently wrong with chanting "Bob," Slack, "Bob," Slack" over and over, all day long. That used to be the only way to get into Dobbstown. You couldn't buy your way in, like nowadays; you had to *sin* your way in, and you had to come up with *your own sins*. It was grueling, but rewarding. But today... these whining, insecure milksops call themselves ZEALOTS?? This new crop of Bobbies is a SORRY LOT INDEED. They want to sacrifice their ENTIRE MINDS to "Bob" — but the Great SalesMan has no use for their small minds, only their small souls.

The Bobbies are always the first ones to suddenly start screaming "Pink!" whenever they see another SubGenius who isn't wearing THEIR particular pseudo-nonconformist's UNIFORM. The ones who THINK they know who's PINK and who isn't by WHAT CHANNEL THEY WATCH or HOW OLD THEY ARE or HOW THEY DRESS. Always casting the first correctly culturally incorrect stone. The BOBBIE is the one who's yelling the loudest, "Cast out the Bobbies! ...And start with that guy! He's not a REAL SubGenius... I CAN TELL!!" Taking everything at FACE VALUE. Too SHALLOW and SHELTERED and NAIVE, and PROGRAMMED, to understand anything but the most Nazi-like, bristling chameleon camouflage SURFACE SKIN of the Church of the SubGenius. They just don't get it. They will never achieve true Illumination.

There are two kinds of "Illumination" — the real thing, which requires both inborn Dobbs-Consciousness and extensive training through Church teaching aids, and the E-Z While-U-Wait "sudden flash" of "illumination" that comes from *some other source*. You want to avoid that quickie illumination; it's BAIT. What's fishing for you on the other side is in no way human, but sometimes uses the Church to *snare* humans.

To avoid the pitfalls, it is absolutely crucial that one use the SubGenius doctrines not only to see through and mock the patented techniques of the other faiths, but to see through and mock the sophisticated techniques of "Bob" and his Industrial Church! **KILL "BOB" and MOVE PAST HIM as you realize your true power!**

"If you let me live, I'll have to kill you."

— "Bob" to the Bobbies, Dobbstown, Malaysia, 1978

"We love you, 'Bo—"

— anonymous Bobbie to "Bob," Dobbstown, Malaysia, 1978

This OBSCURE CHURCH would be the NEXT INQUISITION were we not constantly training you, through applied obnoxiousness, to stay in a CONTINUOUS STATE of not just DEFENSIVENESS, but outright REBELLION. If you let us get any MORE abusive, we really will have to kill you. You'll DESERVE it.

There's nothing worse than a "good SubGenius"!

THE ALL-HATE BOBBIES

Show us a SubGenius who's all "sweetness and light," and we'll show you a Bobbie, not to mention a ninny and twit. By the same token, show us a SubGenius who is all hate and no Slack, and we'll show you another Bobbie. These Mal-Aligned Normals are only in it for the Hate; Slack is meaningless to them. Prejudiced Haters, they do not hate cleanly. Their hate is tainted.

These tend to be the most fanatical, activist Bobbies — until they decide they hate the Church, too, and become shrill, shrieking anti-SubGeniuses who BLACKEN "BOB'S" SWEET NAME!!!!

NUZI BOBBIES

A relatively common "type" of True SubGenius is the Outcast Triumphant. Slack Awareness often induces an outsider-to-hero character mutation. Sometimes, however, those Outcasts Triumphant go too far and become Nazis. (If not Nazis by name, then at least what we call *Nuzis*.) They hate everything that is popular, even if it is good; they consider themselves more intelligent than Normals, yet they can't support themselves. They believe all the wrong lies in *The Book of the SubGenius*.

The occasional Neo-Nuzi is drawn to the Church by the martial feel of its propaganda. They misunderstand that we're fighting fire with water, using the well-honed tools of the authoritarians against all tools of authoritarianism — from Comms, to the "outré." We must admit that we do not always expel these "Little Hitlers," but instead USE them for gruntwork. Of course, come X-Day, they'll be the first ones we'll have lined up against the wall and SHOT.

CRAZY BOBBIES

We used to have trouble with Psycho-Jesii — schizophrenics who thought they were Jesus. And that's fine; everyone should think that — but these people all thought they were the *only* Jesus. But now that we have a living dead Messiah too, we also have Psycho-Bobbies. "Yeah, I read "Bob's" book, man, they've been impinging on my conscious-

ness too. I understood the secret messages "Bob" wrote to me. I've worked out all the mathematical proofs. See, $3 \times 666 = 1998$, but so does $9 \times 333!$!"

Just being frustrated and neurotic doesn't mean you're a SubGenius, and hearing Yacatisma power tools in the garage next door disassembling the entire stellar system doesn't mean you're NOT one. If you are experiencing those things as a side effect of something far larger and much further inside you, something that keeps pushing you into bizarre low-budget mental confrontations, then, sure, you might be NOBLE YETINSYNY. On the other hand you might simply be NUTS.

THE WORST KIND OF BOBBIES: "IMABOBS"

These are the ones so mentally unstable and creatively insecure that they **forget they didn't invent "Bob"** — and even start thinking they ARE "Bob." They cause us the most trouble, because Latent SubGenii hear them speaking for "Bob," and they think, "So this is that "Bob church" I've been hearing about. Gee, it's even *lamer* than I expected."



REV. MIKE DUGGINS

WHAT HATH "BOB" WROUGHT??

"Bob" gets killed a few times, and what happens? Hierarchy members running around calling themselves the original true apostles and the only vessels through whom "Bob" may speak... clenches schizming, interclenchal warfare... those who claim that the Word can only be dispensed through THEIR interpretation already trying to drive out those who maintain that ANYONE can hear "Bob's" calling... others taking advantage of our laws *against* that, to claim they ARE "Bob"... fanaticism to such an insane degree that the Conspiracy has started having SubGenii killed or incarcerated... a general public persecution of the SubGenii, even while more and more of us infiltrate Their highest echelons...

WHAT DOES THIS REMIND YOU OF??

Religion is not a FAN CLUB.

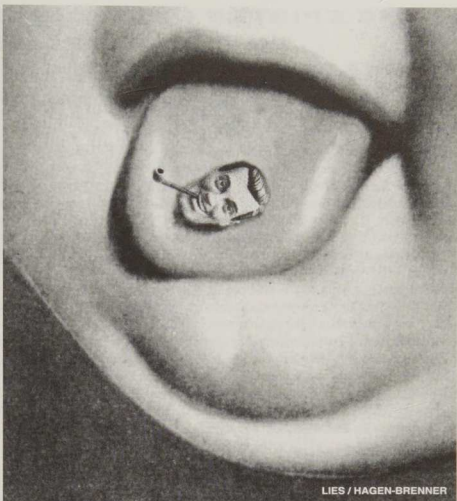
That concept has never gone over well with the rubes, however. The herd instinct makes them focus on the "savior's" personality at the expense of the message ("Sucking the Finger rather than Looking where it Points"), and the original apostles get lost in their *own* ego trips. And somehow the denomination that HAPPENS to be closest to Conspiracy ideology always comes out on top. Soon that which the "savior" most opposed has taken on his name, and the *message*, the only thing the "savior" considered important, is lost in rote, ritualized ceremonial obeisance to a corpse's myth-enhanced charisma. The warning becomes that which it warned against.

The Conspiracy doesn't even have to implement this; it happens by itself, thanks to the insatiable craving for False Slack with which They have relentlessly programmed humanity for ages.

Rubes replace bad regimes and are themselves corrupted. "Bob" is trying to pop the needle up out of that bad groove. He never *claimed* to be "God," or the Messiah. He never claimed to be any BETTER than YOU!! (Although he is.) It's only your Conspiracy programming that causes you to make these *assumptions* about "Bob's" message. The Con is even trying to rope US into Their game! And mark this, ye "SubGenii" — if they succeed, if "Bob" ever becomes POPULAR in the WRONG WAY, if he ever becomes as "*wholesome*" as he LOOKS, then on that day an IMITATION CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS will have replaced the original and the Elder Gods will be ONE LAST STEP from doing something SO UNTHINKABLE that *even we* don't want to think about it. They'll be selling you CHURCH AIR by the LUNGFUL... "ONE SOUL PER BREATH." You'll PRAY to DIE and won't be ABLE TO. You'll PRAY for that car wreck but there will be NO CARS. You'll be smoking 30 packs of cigarettes a day trying to give yourself cancer, but cancer never *kills* you in CONSPIRACY HELL.

This may sound like KOOK TALK, but 30 years from now your KIDS' MINDS will be OURS. *You'd better hope it's still "US" by then!!*

That "Bob" tarbaby is covered with ANTS now, millions of ants, struggling to get inside that grinning thing, trying to eat the tar...



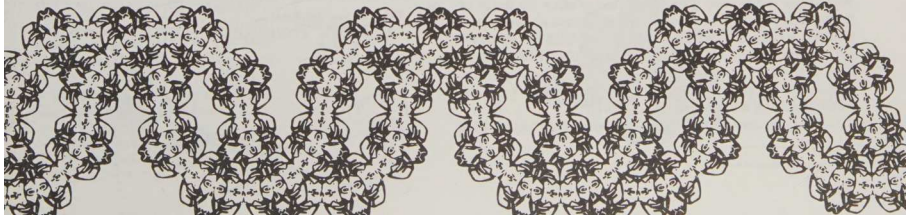
LIES / HAGEN-BRENNER

Many hear the call... but few have correct change. "Bob" won't take a slug. Narrow is the way of Pinkness, broad is the path to Slack, but some just can't get up the nerve to step off that narrow path. We shall CLEAVE the Bobbies with the Swords of our Prices, and extract from them that which, little do they know, they need the least: their money. What they need *most* is Slack, but they're too "smart" to understand that, so we'll just have to FORCE it on them. The only Slack they'll ever be able to appreciate is the Slack that comes when *we stop hitting them on the head with sticks*. When we STOP thrashing them, only then will they realize the nature of reality, find "Bob," and finally know what they paid to think.

Meanwhile, we must tolerate the Bobbies, for they will swell the coffers and ranks of the Church while providing fodder for the cannons, hands for the pumps and bodies for the barricades. They are those who were called by "Bob," *divinely chosen* to be sacrificed to attain Church ends. They have been touched by "Bob." *The Bobbies ARE The Harvest.*

When you become a robot for Jesus, you become a General in Satan's Army. When you become a Zombie for "Bob," you serve not Dobbs but NHGG.

BUT WHEN YOU BECOME A DOKTOR FOR "BOB," YOU BECOME NHGG, AND THE ZOMBIES SERVE YOU!



THE EPISTLE OF THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION TO THE CHURCHES REGARDING THE CO-OPTING OF "BOB" BY THE NORMALS

People complain that we are "selling out" when we mass-market the image of Dobbs. Perhaps they forget that those who buy "Bob" because he "looks cute" will sooner or later learn who he really stands for, and that moment of horror and disgust is almost as important to us as their money. **It is vastly more important that the Pink feel FEAR, and the Church get rich, than that the Bobbies feel "special."**

There are also those who gripe that we *trademarked Dobbs' face*. They are naive idealists. Were the Dobbs image and the "Church" name in public domain, the lowest common denominator Bobbies would abuse the Church and eventually destroy not only it, but all the rest of us. A slick, sickening Bobbie with connections might have better luck than a True SubGenius at slapping together a quickie "SubGenius Album" deal, for instance, and then proceed to totally dilute and ruin what could have been a powerful tool for world domination, turning it instead into just another cutesy tombstone in the pop graveyard.¹

We protect the trademarks and copyrights out of *fear of contamination*. The Pinks are already trying to make "Bob" a glorification of Normals instead of a threat to them — "Bob" minus the gleam in his eye and the rictus in his grin. Look how the Pinks have already co-opted pseudo-"Bobs" for their disinformation schemes in advertising and Pop Culture.

If the Conspiracy can succeed in Normalizing "Bob," he is defeated. But he has ALWAYS been SO "normal" that he's *totally abnormal*, taking *their* concept of normalcy so far that it comes full circle and he becomes ALL.

"Bob" preserve us from SUBGENIUS FUNDAMENTALISTS. They're AFRAID to see anybody fight the Conspiracy in any NEW ways that aren't like the good old comfortable OBSCURITY they're used to, the "underground with-it SCENE" they can HIDE the Church in, where they'll only encounter their fellow WHEY-FACED MEALY-MOUTHED INTELLECTUALS. Any SubGenius with Brain One should be JUMPING UP AND DOWN with INSANE GLEE whenever the Conspiracy **PAYS US** to EVACUATE OURSELVES SPEC-TACULARLY in its FACE. But apparently some people MISS that number one point. Maybe they didn't READ that first pamphlet. Maybe they SKIMMED PAST the first BOLD FACED PROCLAMATIONS in *The Book of the SubGenius*.

YOU POOR DELUDED FOOL!!! This Church is for SUPERIOR mutants, not WIMPY CRYBABIES!! DOBBS HAS STATED **ALL ALONG** THAT THE CHURCH IS THE ONE TRUE SALVATION FOR ALL THE SUBGENIUSES, AND THAT WE MUST NOT STOP OUR OUTREACH UNTIL THE CONSPIRACY IS SMASHED AND EVERY POSSIBLE SUB HAS IN FACT PAID its Sacred \$30 so as to be ELIGIBLE for a TICKET to the WAITING LINES for a SEAT on the ESCAPE VESSELS OF THE SEXMEN FROM PLANET X, ON X-DAY July 5th, 1998, at 7 a.m.!!! What'd you think we're gonna do, **refuse to allow** the image of Dobbs to appear anywhere but politically correct mimeographed handouts at colleges?? "Oh, don't run COMMERCIALS on MTV!! Let the CHRISTIANS run commercials on EVERY OTHER CHANNEL, but "BOB" FORBID (yuk, yuk) letting the Word of Dobbs indiscriminately go out to MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF IMPRESSIONABLE KIDS all over the GLOBE!!"

Unlike your amateur "bizarre fake religions," this Church is FAR

from satisfied with wallowing in underground obscurity — because PREACHING TO THE SAVED IS FOR COWARDS. We're here to UNBUCKLE THE BIBLE BELT!! Dobbs **commissioned** this Church to impart the CONCEPTS of Slack, "Bob," and the warning about the Conspiracy **far and wide**, to every clime and shore, to every possible potential SubGenius. If some Pinks join up, FINE, we get their money and their souls and ignore them. If the Church can even EXIST, then there is STILL HOPE, no matter how... well, **absurd** it might be. NOW WHAT IN THE SWEET NAME OF "BOB" IS WRONG WITH MORE SAVED SUBGENIUSES?? We won't rest until EVERY LIVING THING ON THIS PLANET BOWS DOWN BEFORE "BOB" DOBBS IN TOTAL SUBMISSION!!!! We'll force "BOB" down the CHOKING THROATS of every BABY in the UNIVERSE. We won't stop until we've peeled the very SKIN back from the SKY ITSELF and made it SQUIRT OUT THE WORD OF THE NAME OF "BOB"!! **WE WILL BURY YOU!!!** Your infidel mothers of treason will howl in anguish at the torture of your SKELETONS at our hands, and the oceans shall HEAVE with the BLOOD of your DESCENDANTS!! And you better believe it won't just be MTV, it'll be ABC, NBC and CBS and PBS and every local affiliate and independent! And it won't just be a one minute SUBGENUS COMMERCIAL, oh NO!! It'll be **nothing BUT "BOB"** on TV **ALL THE TIME**, and you won't be allowed to TURN IT OFF!! By the time we're through, you'll be SO SICK OF "BOB" that THEN you just MIGHT FINALLY UNDERSTAND, and you'll want to KILL "BOB" YOURSELF!! And then you'll know why WE were the first ones to TRY to do just that!! Oh, we're WAY ahead of you, boy. But **then**, just like we did, you will learn that, try all you want to kill "Bob," it's the ULTIMATE exercise in futility. For "Bob" CANNOT DIE, even though he's DEAD!! It's out of our hands and yours, pal. J. R. "BOB" DOBBS is loosed upon the world and is even now slouching towards Bethlehem Steel whether you or we like it or not. If he wants to SUPPLANT the Conspiracy, he WILL!! So you might as well get used to it, and continue OBEYING HIS EVERY COMMAND — and SENDING MORE MONEY TO THE CHURCH would be as good a place to start as ANY!!

Oh yeah... you THINK you've been HATIN' like "Bob" said to. But you're still just mired in that silly, localized, pathetic kind of hate. That diddly-fiddly, trivial, antifashion-enlaved kind of hate, "I hate MTV. I hate Pinks. I hate anything popular." Once again... the CONFORMITY of NONCONFORMISTS rears its ugly head. You can take that whimpery attitude and stick it where "BOB" doesn't care to LOOK! Get down to some for-real, all-inclusive, WARRIOR style UNIVERSAL HATE!!! Go ahead, HATE us!! HONESTLY — PLEASE DO HATE US if that's what it takes to get you to THINK FOR YOURSELF!! And maybe that is INDEED JUST WHAT IT TAKES!! Because "BOB" ISN'T THE ANSWER, AND NEITHER IS ANYTHING ELSE!!!

What do you think this is,
COMMUNISM??



¹ As was recently attempted in Canada.

SUBGENIUS™

Illustrated

ART MANIFEST-O-RAMA©

Spewed by Saint Palmer Vreedeez
& Reverend Ivan Stang

*"The stupider it looks,
the more important
it probably is."*

— J.R. "Bob" Dobbs™

Since the beginning of its public outreach in 1980, the Church of The SubGenius has suffered no need of an "art manifesto" or even, for that matter, any tawdry and outdated concept of ART itself. The only reason this is being committed to paper at all is that we're under deadline pressure from our publisher to come up with anything we can as fast as possible because we spent the last two years goofing off and they're starting to get mad at us about the advance money.¹

This will give you an idea of the artistic priorities of the SubGenius.

We go through this token offering of one more ineffectual, insipid "art-type manifesto" because it might lend an air of intellectual credibility to this overwritten, chiefly irrelevant and especially dreary religious textbook. Perhaps it might even fool a few of you into buying a piece or two from one of our "artists." SubGenius Consciousness doesn't require dry rationalizations for "Fine ART," "Pop ART," "Low ART," "Multicultural Art," "Anti-ART," or any of the latest transitory schools constructed and disseminated for E-Z Mass Wad consumption. We only require that our aesthetic efforts help sell our product — which is, after all, only our simple, humble faith in J.R. "Bob" Dobbs.



¹ Ironically, all works of lasting value are created under exactly these conditions.

You'll **PAY** to **VIEW** what you really **SEE!**

It hardly needs to be pointed out that the great museums of the world are mausoleums, dusty sepulchers filled with musty, pompous totems of snooty "ideas" and pathetic "feelings." Contemporary galleries are no better, serving as secularized temples for the effete and cowardly shallow, displaying the meaningless excreta of the terminally vain, all in all a bleak, status-shellacked landscape charted by impotent right-brained Pincritics who justify their inane observations by intellectual vivisection—intelligent, yes, but still unable to weigh the true worth of a Julian Schnabel (history provides thousands of equal "talents"—insert your own artistic idol, if it matters to you) against that of, oh, say, a *Li'l Hot Stuff* comic book without first making sure that this judgment is acceptable to their introverted priesthood's current consensual assessment.

And the sickest thing, of course, is that this timid though viciously opinionated clique actually believes for the most part that the Schnabel is "better" than the *Li'l Hot Stuff* comic, even though *Li'l Hot Stuff*'s moronic adventures have brought joy and true enlightenment to millions of readers (although admittedly these mainly consist of either the very young, the substance-impaired or semi-literate), while

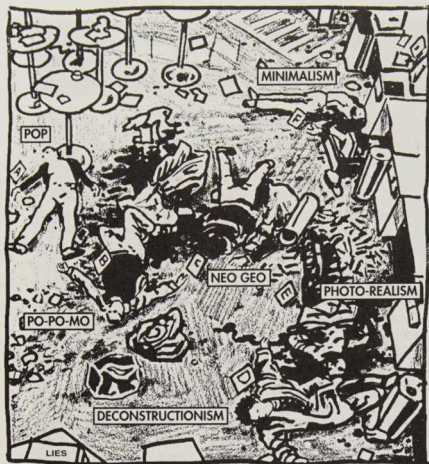
the painting offers, only to a few thousand at best, naught but an absurdly high price tag and a reputation based on the corrupt snivelings of passionless culture arbiters, endlessly perpetuating what passes for an aesthetic value system on this poisoned and dying globe.

This doesn't mean that a SubGenius must automatically hate Schnabel. In fact, we applaud Schnabel for playing the flaccid ART game so well. We merely hate his pathetic, purlblind, prestige-slurping fans.

Face it, "Good" and "Bad" are interchangeable values, malleable and totally relative conceits, and, as such, have *NO* meaning at all. These dead-end abstractions are useless mechanisms for attaining knowledge, fulfillment or survival. LOVE and HATE, on the other hand, are pure *emotions* and serve as consummate tools of cognizant appraisal. The instinctual love for any Bert I. Gordon movie and the blind hatred for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* are indisputable and conclusive. Our hostile, oftentimes violent response to pretentious posturing and unearned elitism is purely logical when considered from the SubGenius's natural position of Superiority™.



Julian Schnabel, *Ozymandias*, 1990, 396x549 cm



And what of free expression? FREE EXPRESSION?!? That's a laugh — *Nothing's free, and only Nothing is free.* The sooner you're able to scan the Universal Price Code Markup of the Beast, the more pleasant it will go for you during the Great Meat Processing To Come.

Well! It's almost enough to make one nostalgic for the illusionary good old days of the two-fisted, square-jawed, testosterone-toxified, cut-and-dried Art Scene, where, off in their little isolated playpens and coffeehouse asylums, self-inflated painters and pompous sculptors would literally come to blows (and sometimes even *murder* — a form of expression whereby they commendably transcended their mundane work) over quaint, microscopic trivia like color theory and abstract expressionism. Hard to believe, isn't it? If you're really nostalgic for that kind of blind alley nonsense, hang out with poets.

So, what exactly *is* the current state of the ubiquitous communication trade known as ART? What is the basis of our stringent carping? Step back and take an unbiased look at ART. What kind of ART makes the lasting impression, after all? Take any average United States junior high school kid and show them the hundred most famous paintings and sculptures of all time, excluding contemporary packaging graphics and music videos. The American Hope For The Future will likely stare blankly at these triumphs of the human spirit, unable to identify a single one by title, period, or artist. For that matter, most of them think the sun revolves around the Earth and that Death is something that can be avoided.²

"FINE ART" s³ been dead since about 1923. Dada gangbangers³, responding to the nihilistic and bloody politics of World War I, brutally dispatched it during their short-lived but merciless rebellion against Western Culture. Unfortunately, these dilettante assassins forgot to deliver the coup de grace to the body, neglecting in their self-congratulatory fervor of the moment to drive a stake through FINE

ART's heart, cut off its head and burn the whole mess to ashes. As a result, not only were their tools of deCon-struction transformed into tangible and valuable commodity fetishes, they inadvertently bequeathed the future a situation far worse than that with which they had originally contended.

FINE ART was dead, yes, but its cooling corpse contained such fiendish dynamism that, to this day, it still necrotically shambles about, drawing on the life-force of hapless creators and worshipers alike for its continued and soulless animation. A living-dead MONSTER FROM THE ID, the vampire FINE ART now feeds, yea, *fattens* on the hubris of human psyches, as its prey sit transfixed, hypnotized by delusional notions of originality and cleverness. Trapped in a self-generating cultural panoptikon, Pink "artists," unable to disengage from FINE ART's tentacular grasp, gladly nourish this turgid incubus with their vitality, competing for the honor of having the last drops of Slack sucked from their marrow.

As an amoeba envelops and incorporates organic matter in its path, FINE ART swallows the ignorant, fatuous and foolish whole. University professors and so-called Masters of Fine Art serve as its herders, rounding up and corraling stray and unformed intellects. Embalmers of the "humanities," these stunted beauticians spend their time reapplying pieces of FINE ART's mortified tissue to its crumbling, hollow bones and dabbing its colorless skin with depressing retrospective exhibits and obsolete theories, hoping against hope that nobody will notice the sad imperfection of their efforts.

Kept alive by decades of voluntary human sacrifice, this autocratic parasite lives on, continuing to devour countless lives and careers. The Muse's cadaver promises rewards of Wealth and Fame, even Immortality itself to any sap asinine enough to fall for its siren dirge. It whispers through toothless and decaying lips of recognition and renown; its flailing arms hold out degrees, awards and rights contracts, dropping fragments of fruitless ideas while twitching and wriggling an obscene dance to ancient and unheard beats which echo hoary tones of extinct and best forgotten rituals. Fulsome with reeking, corrupt definitions of bogus standards, FINE ART inevitably poisons any intellect it comes in contact with. Its offers of False Slack and gold are held out to the unwary, like a pitcher plant baiting itself with the stench of putrescent meat, waiting for those foolish enough to try for its glittering prizes to dart in, then, too late! — *SNATCH!* — FINE ART's filthy claws flash out with insectile speed to pull the greedy into its bottomless maw and another meal, no, not even that — *a junk food snack*, is snared for unholy consumption. And that's the best you'll get, the best you can ever expect from FINE ART.

We couldn't agree more with the cliched dismissive, "It's been done before." OF COURSE IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE! IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE AND IT WILL BE DONE AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND — PRAISE "BOB" — IT WILL KEEP ON BEING DONE OVER AND OVER UNTIL YOU FINALLY CATCH ON. Only problem is — *TIME'S RUNNING OUT!!!*

The outlook and yardstick of each individual SubGenius vary infinitely, but all are based on the purity of SLACK imparted by a given painting, novel, song or random act of senseless and ironic violence. Granted, some few SubGenii do gain Slack by mutely contemplating a smeary and dark Rothko hanging in a big, quiet air-conditioned room where everybody whispers. Dobbs would not gainsay them; he merely wouldn't invite them to our parties (trendoid SubDudes wearing faddish bugskin jackets and chromium prostate rings would likewise be excluded for 'trying too hard'). Others probably attain more Slack by gazing upon the fossil thighbone of an Ultrassaur (estimated height: six stories) and speculating on how many art museums such a creature could destroy in a hour. Even more would find greater Slack attending a four-way pro wrestling tag-team match between rabid dwarfs, army ants, robot Abominatrixes and starving polar bears. And an astonishing number, the luckiest, would ask no more of their "higher culture" than endless exposure to plain, unadorned portraits of "Bob."

² Unknown to all but a select few, the Sun *does* orbit the Earth and Death is *easily* avoidable. Unfortunately, lack of space prevents any in-depth explanation of these concepts at this time.

³ One can still produce deliberately distasteful work, but why bother? Both dada and its poor relation, surrealism, are now old de sacs, stale reiterations of thoroughly mapped interior territories. How could it be otherwise? Any connection, image or act dredged up from the darkest water of your unconscious mental Jacuzzi will always be outclassed by Normal Everyday Reality, which is a *geopolplex* times more dream-like, scary and random than any of your meager and deficient interpolations of personal materialities, and what's more, it happened five years ago and you were so out-of-it you didn't even notice.

We're not saying that SubGenius art is the Art of The People — most of it is far too simple for the common street Normal to even recognize as art. Besides, popularity is a moot point in this case, since after July 5, 1998, there will be no "people" left except for the Children of "Bob," and they'll be leaving Earth and its "respectable" cultural effluvia to the mutant roaches.

Far more important is that we root out and annihilate the tedious notion, cherished by so many immature Pink intellectuals, that the Church of the SubGenius is itself some kind of "art statement." "Bob" Dobbs' ministry reaches far beyond any manner of mere "statement" of any kind, even philosophical; it is exactly what it says it is—a religion. The art and styles associated with it serve solely to buttress it. Just as the Catholic Church sponsored both the Inquisition and the Sistine Chapel ceiling, our faith has promoted both bloody Head Launchings and "The Poop Dog/Pee Dog Copyright Violation."⁴

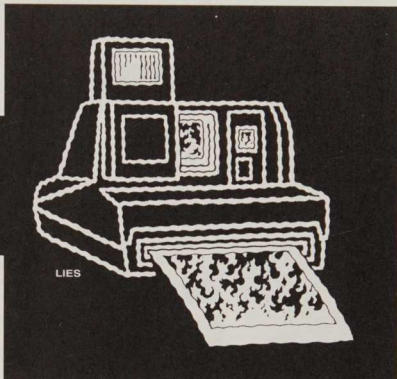
**ALL ART IS LIES,
ALL OF IT.
What else did you
suppose it to be?
Reality?**

A distinction must also be made between art in any medium which is created specifically for the SubGenius Foundation (a computer virus, a Dobbs-praising pop song or the 1984 assassination of "Bob") by our trained Nakob's of Negativism, and works which may have absolutely no connection with Church liturgy whatsoever but are of such nature as to grant great and affordable Slack to SubGeniuses at large. Works of this latter variety are termed by us **BULLDADA**.

In itself cryptic and intangible, *Bulldada* is an unnamable property embodied within certain "mundane" objects which, despite a surface appearance of utter worthlessness, broadcast garishly illuminated gnosis and bombastic moral lessons, offering a veritable Satori of Stupidity to those in The No. The SubGenius uses a carefully culti-

vated, radar-like *Non Sense* to absorb the unadulterated Bulldada, much as a sunbather soaks up cancerous UV radiation while frolicking on a polluted beach. Permeating the lurid rubbish of humanity, **BULLDADA**'s awesome agitprop dominion of ultra-hyperbolism and linear authenticity encompasses the ephemeral thingumabobs and cheap iconic junk that The Others reflexively despise and disown.

BULLDADA DRIVES DOWN THE CROWDED SIDEWALKS OF THE BRAIN AT 110 MPH TOSsing BEER BOTTLES OUT



THE WINDOW. *BULLDADA* MEANS NEVER HAVING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT "SORRY" MEANT IN THE FIRST PLACE. *BULLDADA* CAUSES INDESCRIBABLE ITCHING AND UNENDURABLE ECSTASY AS IT FRISKILY BURROWS AROUND UNDER THE SKIN. *BULLDADA* DISEMBOWELS ALL NOTIONS OF AESTHETICS, DECENCY, JUSTICE, VIOLENCE AND MOTHERHOOD WITH A WINK, A NOD AND A SMILE. *BULLDADA* COULD BE DONE BY A CHILD — HELL, AN INFANT COULD CHURN OUT MEASURELESS *BULLDADA* WITHOUT BREAKING A SWEAT AND THE PINKS ARE STILL ARGUING OVER WHO GETS TO BE CALLED AN "ARTISTE" !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Or, to put it another way, Bulldada is what everything else isn't.

Within a few centuries, all communication will be voluntarily reduced to the single sound, "Bulldada."

Don't mistake Bulldada for any member of the incessant parade of "modernistic" up-to-the-New-York-minute Con-designed fads and techniques, whose basic purpose is to keep you insecure and distracted until it's far, far too late to save yourself. Po-po-po-mo, VR, Clack, Neo Geo, Punk, Flank, Froop, Atomic Primitivism, Grunge, Riot Grrrrrrrr, ReRever, and Hip Hop were all DOA before the first news of their stylin' ever reached your ears. *Never settle for synthetic substitutes — BULLDADA'S TRUEST LIES ARE ETERNAL UNTRUTHS. BULLDADA IS NOT ART.*

BULLDADA burst bloodily out of its expiring dada's chest like a needle-toothed alien fetus and fled the studio, disappeared into the dark bowels of Spaceship Earth and set up shop on its own, beyond the reach of society, government, industry, religion and — most importantly of all — artists.

And then it grew and *GREW* and *GREW*.

⁴ "The Poop Dog/Pee Dog Copyright Violation" is thus far the most renowned art piece by a SubGenius. It was perpetrated during the 1983 World SubGenius Convention in Baltimore, MD by St. BENTATIVELY, a CONVENIENCE, a Neoist and SubGenius adept who was jailed for this spectacular if ambiguous and foul-smelling masterpiece. Prior to the Convention, he had discovered, in an abandoned underground subway access tunnel, the rotting corpses of two dogs who had both been decapitated by trains. He spray-painted the bodies white, inserted Cyalume™ light sticks in their ani, strung them up in the air by their heels, and then labelled them "Pee Dog" and "Poop Dog" after the two canine mascots of the Church (themselves heroes of numerous graphic novels by The Shit Generation (Jay Condom and Gary Panter)). Reverend a CONVENIENCE then invited a crowd of forty SubGenius down into the forbidden, reeking tunnel, stripped himself naked but for a full-body coating of white greasepaint, and proceeded to tap the dogs in a friendly manner while reciting their names and delineating their anatomical parts. After a dozen Baltimore police squad cars had converged to carry the martyred artist (still nude) off to jail, the story made the wire services and appeared in major newspapers as far away as Ayaviri, Peru. This was the first international exposure the public had to the Church.

Another SubGenius-inspired art act was the release of the first virus to infect thousands of Macintosh home computers across the land, with a message promoting world peace. The message appeared on all infected Macintosh screens simultaneously on March 3, 1988. The virus was benign, however, after flashing its corny memorandum, it disappeared harmlessly from the computers. Had this virus been designed by more experienced and devout SubGenius, the message would have been a threat, and the virus would certainly not have stopped at infecting just the computers.

We caution, however, that the SubGenius often find in opposites so that an apparently "harmless" greeting of "Love and Harmony" might well contain subliminal instructions of "Hate and Despair," and vice versa.

The SubGenius Foundation has long recognized the ability of computer networks to contact, subvert and indiscreetly contaminate millions of otherwise unreachable people and their sacred privacy property. The Church will take up any and all effective means in our struggle against "Conspiracy" Technoedom and its ghastrly, mind-numbing effects.

Thus, we have long ago imbedded our "real" SubGenius viral program, not only in privately owned PC viruses, but also in international defense and corporate computer systems. "Sub" program 13013, containing subliminal Church instructions on how to facilitate arrival of the SubGenius No Age, is set to surface and run on 7:00 A.M., July 5th, 1998, the beginning of true World "Peace." It will turn over not only the hardware and software to our control, but the operators as well. All we can say is, wait till you catch the RNA virus Church para-geneticists have already released in the Human population. Remember, "Bob" is the splicer and you are the helix.

⁵ Ancient Hebrew scriptural term for "blasphemy."

Revealing unconsidered messages under the mask of naive incompetence, releasing primeval instructions and information secreted beneath the veil of innocent tastelessness, Bulldada artisans usually haven't the slightest clue to what they're actually engaged in. A connoisseur of the Obvious, the SubGenius uses BULLDADA's unique visionary perspective to ferret out amusingly dangerous urges unperceived by the oblivious Pink, boldly dragging them out into in the revealing light of the circus' center ring for contemplative exhibition.

"Unconsciousness is your best entertainment value!"

—Archbishop Dr. Cee Gee Oldham, F.R.S., N.B.D., U.X.B.



FALSE BULLDADA, such as *The Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*, *Beavis and Butt-head* or the entire *US Government*, are traps for the questing proto-SubGenii, snaring the poor seeker inside a lobster-pot of common garden-variety *Rosascheiße*. INADVERTENT BULLDADA, like *WORLD NEWS TONIGHT WITH PETER JENNINGS* or *HUMAN CIVILIZATION IN ITS ENTIRETY*, provides limitless and ghostly laffs for the pornologically attuned. IRRITAINMENT BULLDADA, such as *THE COLLECTIVE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS*, for example, is at once both deliberate and wanton, easily digesting FINE ART's pulpy carcass with its hideously brainless yet somehow astute observations and caustic but provocatively sexy prophecies of inescapable retribution. WE TELL YOU, BULLDADA is here to JUSTIFY your aesthetic CRIMES, NOT to offer EXCUSES or FORGIVENESS to you for your weird, unhealthy DESIRES! This is as plain as the dots on your face.

SubGeniuses reject the empty twin vessels of artificially swank, overpriced High Enlightenment and fizzy bourgeois soda-Pop Culture, preferring to swill our fortified bottom-shelf libation from a paper bag on the corner with the other neighborhood malcontents and substance dependent. Climbing the heights of Exquisite Badness, intoxicated by our own confusion, we race to the Edge of the Art Cliff, straight towards the precipice where BULLDADA waits parsecs below and then *we jump off*. Diving past the point of Know Return, SubGenii undergo almost epiphanical orgasm as they impact against the abominable professionalism and idiotic concepts that slink and slither in the unsophisticated muck at the bottom of our cultural gravity well.



Unlike Schrodinger's famed theoretical kitty, sealed in its experimental box, existing in two potential states simultaneously, one in which it is alive and happy, in the other, deceased, a victim of lethal venom, the SubGenius 'cool cat' embodies a previously unconsidered *third possibility*—the Dobbs artistic adept positively thrives on the toxin within, unkillable, mocking quantum mathematics, making burnt hash of probability statistics, rudely passing the time unseen by any observer, producing fabulous and overly detailed doodles all over the container's interior walls using only bodily waste matter as a decorative medium. Thus, the SubGenius virtuoso makes the most of his or her vacant lot in life, filling it *over* the property line with not only the most outrageous and appallingly gaudy trinkets and exquisitely awful gutter debris attainable, but also unfathomable *cosmic UnLies* and lobe-burning *Revelations* that such cheezy trash exudes, like fetor from tainted eviscera left in the hot sun.

If you still insist on looking at all this from your "safe" vantage point, considering The Dobbsword "art" and this Manifest-O-Rama© just clever conceptual window-dressing, then any SubGenius product you buy or even "appreciate" will in cosmic reality be rendered SLACKISTICALLY IMPOTENT, which means that this very rant is a fraud, a JOKE — implying finally that YOU are a consummate FOOL for granting it any credence at all, much less spending any money on it. Why cheapen yourself this way? You can still maintain your delusion that the Church is just art, yet PRESERVE AND EVEN INCREASE THIS ART'S ALL IMPORTANT **BULLDADA QUOTIENT** (and thus its later resale value), ONE SIMPLE WAY: by SPENDING AS MUCH AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN ON IT. This functions in much the same way as a medieval religious "indulgence" — you complete the conceptual artistic "loop" by deliberately, consciously, proving what we've been saying all along. We BOTH profit. And that's what it's really all about. Is art about BEAUTY? Nay; for where is beauty, without money? Is it about the human race's struggle between the inner, spiritual world and harsh outer reality? Fine, but does that cover the rent?

The more you spend, then, the more BULLDADA this bad art becomes, and the more you can get for it from fanatical collectors in the final remaining years before the Rupture! — for as an over-paid-up-to-Dobbs SubGenius, you can "take it with you"!

If you cannot understand these concepts, then it is your duty as a Mal-Aligned Normal to BUY as much SubGenius "Art" as you can afford (take out a bank loan; run up those credit cards — you're *not* going to live long enough to ever have to pay them off) and then DESTROY it for your own karmic protection.

For a true-born SubGenius, on the other hand, as Puzzling Evidence said, "The plan is to MAKE the art YOURSELF, INSURE the art, DESTROY the art, and then COLLECT on the art." ANYONE with half a brain, literally, and ONLY such a person, can be a bonafide SubGenius Artist™.

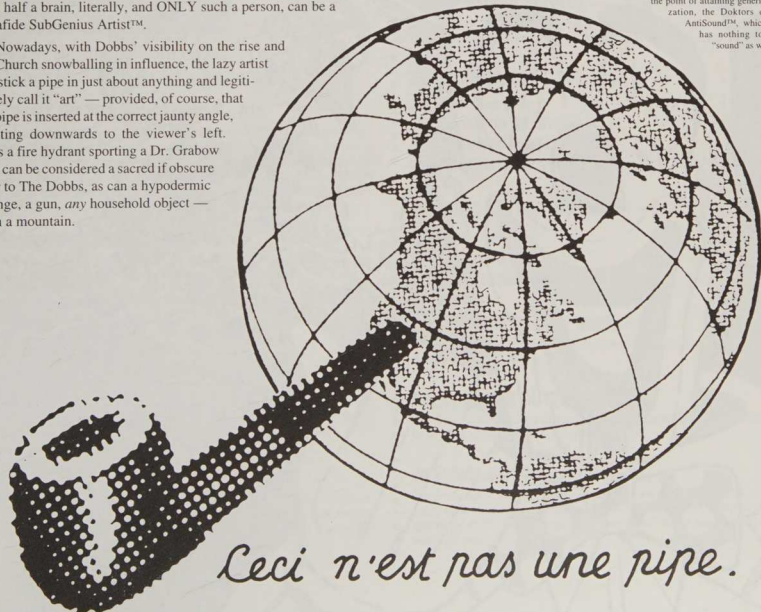
Nowadays, with Dobbs' visibility on the rise and the Church snowballing in influence, the lazy artist can stick a pipe in just about anything and legitimately call it "art" — provided, of course, that the pipe is inserted at the correct jaunty angle, pointing downwards to the viewer's left. Thus a fire hydrant sporting a Dr. Grabow pipe can be considered a sacred if obscure altar to The Dobbs, as can a hypodermic syringe, a gun, any household object — even a mountain.

Just as one conceptual artist could sign his name to the ground and claim the Earth as his artwork, so could another artist come along and put her signature next to the previous one in the dirt, claiming that prior mark and the Universe as *her* artwork — and ad infinitum. And so can Dobbs then *broker the entire package* to collectors from an unimaginably ultra-superior race from another outer time/space dimension — which is, incidentally, exactly his plan. The process is already well under way; the Arkansas Gospell band Drs. 4 "Bob" has already declared every sound (audible or not) in the Universe to be simply notes in their great hit single,

"	T		h		e
S		o		n	g
T		h		a	t
R		e			f
u		s		e	d
t		o		D	i
		e			"

Both inadvertent Bulldada, such as William Shatner's singing career or the Branch Davidian massacre, and advertent Bulldada, such as a SubGenius comic book or radio program, have one element in common. None are deliberate, but are rather "channeled" just like the Old Testament, Ramtha or broadcast TV. They are accidental, at least as far as the SubGenius is concerned. The vision seems to spring unbidden, maybe even unwelcome, as if from some external supernatural source.

⁶ One Dr. 4 "Bob" concerto, "SubGenius Alphabet," uses specific actions to represent letter characters. "A," for instance, is a drawer full of silverware being flung into an industrial ventilation fan. "G" is a steamroller plowing into a busload of screaming nuns and fashion models, sending it off a high bridge into a steep ravine. "N" is a chainsaw duel inside a burning lighting appliances store. Indeed, after pioneering "AmiMusic," which, since its accidental discovery in 1964, has been imitated by art-rock copycats to the point of attaining generic categorization, the Doktors developed AmiSound™, which actually has nothing to do with "sound" as we know it.



Some SubGenius Art Product strikes the beholder in this way because it is literally impossible to imagine any person imbecilic enough to stoop that low without hindrance from elsewhere; other objects or events are simply too dazzlingly brilliant and complex to be attributable to mortal abilities. In either case, the end result is the same — which fact summarily and automatically discredits ALL the more respectable so-called forms of “art” and which irrefutably proves that the current sorry state of “fine art” cannot have evolved arbitrarily, but must have been engineered by a *CONSPIRACY* of the chronically unsavable — yes, the Normals, those pampered, insensate *lemmings*, those mewling, milling, unquestioning *meat puppets* who will gladly jiggle one another’s *filthy lucre* while *outlawing* or at least *grossly undervaluing* natural, unfettered SubGenius expression, but whose instincts for PLAIN COMMON SENSE have been so utterly squelched as to be irretrievable, and who fully deserve the fate awaiting them on that glorious *X-DAY*, when the Men from Planet X shall descend from fiery skies to pronounce their own little “art criticism” on this mediocritized and benighted planet Earth!

THAT will be The Artist “Bob’s” great masterpiece, YEA; for the splatters and stains spread by the fluids of the dying Pinks as they lie

bubbling like frying pork in their incinerated offices and condos shall be ironically similar to the decadent, puerile splashings of their art pets, the Stellas, Basquiats and Koonses. We await their X-communication with barely containable glee.

But lifted up with the reborn SubGeniuses to Valhalla for perpetual trading shall be every great comic book, badfilm, medieval plague tapestry, Bosch triptych, Dali watch, mounted jackalope, Three Stooges poster, Keane lithograph, toy robot, plastic dinosaur, soft-core stroke book, *Famous Monsters of Filmland* kit, insipid sitcom, cyberpunk paperback, Mexican velvet painting, Siamese twin porn video, phony eyeball keychain, Carpenters LP, pulp horror zine, mutilated Barbie & Ken dolls, breast-shaped salt and pepper shaker set, rude and sexist party album, *Jetsons* lunchbox, Creationist textbook, *Mars Attacks* bubblegum card, flaming skull skateboard decal, *Green Acres* tape, Mr. Bubble bottle, *Weekly World News* issue, JFK assassination board game, crappy paint-by-the-numbers picture, Elvis liquor decanter, stuffed mongoose and cobra, Japanese vinyl model, fake vomit puddle, Ratfink T-shirt, Gaudi cathedral, Watts tower, and on and on spiraling up into the heavens along with the faithless faithful clutching their battered VCRs, broken electric guitars, incomplete Hello Kitty marker sets, and buzzing rubber marital aids...



“Another fatuous quote inserted here.”

— Dr. Madcup Churchname



PRICE LIST OF THE GODS

EVERYTHING MUST GO BY 1998!!

Don't be fooled... all items in this catalog are REAL — unlike your own life. Only the descriptions have been changed.

(Circle items desired, write special titles in spaces provided... or forget this sheet and just write a letter.)



"BOB," I HEAR ya! Here's MY Soul
...sign me up now and send me my:

**MEMBERSHIP/ORDAINMENT/
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BECOME AN ORDAINED SUBGENIUS MINISTER AND ATTAIN THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD WEIRDO NETWORK!! Read *THE STARK FIST OF REMOVAL* and learn not only the Word of Dobbs but also ways to contact, buy from, and sell to the incredible (yet real!!) network of SubGenii everywhere. Learn of local revivals, other secret societies, UNUSUAL PRODUCTS. Easy on delicate tissues... no danger of runaway infection. You get: subscription to four *STARK FISTS*, *The Divine Excuse* (WHAT OTHER RELIGIONS CHARGE ALL WORLDLY GOODS FOR!), *Doktor of the Forbidden Sciences*, Pamphlets #1 & 2, Catalog, many other suitable-for-framing documents, propaganda flyers, stickers, and a wallet-sized, legal MINISTER'S CARD granting you every imaginable right. Without that card you have NO HOPE of Boarding the Escape Vessels of the Sex Goddesses in 1998!! If he hasn't seen your \$30, you're still "Pink" to "Bob."

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Much more detailed, much larger selection of tapes, videos, shirts, etc., than this list.

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The CLASSIC that started it all. 200 pages of the UNCUT Word of Dobbs, not for the gullible or faint-hearted; holds all answers to everything, including many you'll wish you'd never learned. Superb marital aid. Encompasses Life of "Bob," his prophecy, entire past and future history of Earth, and all the instructions you'll ever need for survival, Slack, psychic wealth and prosperity in the End Times. Acid-free coating is resistant to normalcy viruses.

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NYES! A SUBGENIUS LOOK AT KOOKS & RIVAL CULTS!! The non-fiction encyclopedia of abnormality — 300 pages describing the 500 most bizarre fringe groups on Earth, and how to get their stuff for a 29¢ stamp. High level of sarcasm, cornea-melting sample illustrations. Covers the sickest and/or best of everything from UFO cults, hate groups, and kooks of every stripe to the most advanced bizarre art, music, and comix.

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Fine quality boxers sporting large DobbsHeads — and glow-in-the-dark Anti"Boobs" — instead of polka-dots! Specify Medium, Large or X-Large.

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These classic 8 1/2 X 11 full-face portraits are COMPULSORY. Belongs in every bathroom for higher excrementation. Relish FOR HOURS the genius ignorancy of "Bob"! "Hangs on to your brain" like a maddening jingle that won't go away.

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These are sturdy paper Day-Glo bumperstickers. All show "BOB's" Beaming Presenceship. Choose any of 6 SLOGANS: "TOO MUCH IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN NOT ENOUGH" "GIVE ME SLACK" "PULL THE WOOL OVER YOUR OWN EYES" "BULLDADA" "ACT LIKE A DUMBSHIT AND THEY'LL TREAT YOU AS AN EQUAL" "FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE"

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ALL TAPES are HIGH-QUALITY STEREO, in COLOR! Created by hundreds of skilled Sound Doktors, Skull Farmers and Media Adeptis. High-paced, frantically over-embellished, dense with startling juxtapositions, documentary/prophandoid Revelations, Trance Re-enactments, music and YOU NAME IT — carefully mixed, warped, synthesized, rerouted and machine-gun edited. A totally new genre.

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Anti-Conspiracy special... You'll foam at the mouth!

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Purest Churchly Propaganda from a cast of thousands; mad prophets, hell-music bands, radio saboteurs, technowizards, and distinguished Cult Theologians and Head-Launchers.

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60 minutes of the most recent Church Sacred Music, in all flavors.

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Even better than "Bob's" *Media Pollution!* Alters consciousness. Like our other compilations, this ranges from sloppy folk to polished MIDI-mixes and ravey beats.

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The most famous Hymns, performed by the Top 10 a-music bands, Ranters, Chanters, Bards, Balladeers, Combos, Choirs, Gospel Singers and Music Killers. Toe-tappin', finger-snappin', neck-breakin' GOSP-HELL music.

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Those scary redneck Doctors prove once again to be the unmatched Bold Surrealists of the decade. Now you can learn the hideous secret. "Musical," yet always violently weird. MORE notes per song than any other band; no two notes alike.

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An eyeball-slaming 80-minute editing tour de force that shoots the dogma straight up your optic nerve and deep into your brain. Narrator Dr. Howl takes the initiate on a soul-wrenching journey deep into the very bowels of the Church. Includes *THE LIFE OF "BOB,"* a perfect introduction to the Church for your illiterate friends. 10,000 collage clips of bizarre Baddfilms illustrate the narration — plus ELECTRONIC ANIMATION OF THE GODS, and riveting LIVE deival rants by all-star preachers, with music by DK Jones, Mark Mothershead, Drs. 4 "Bob," Negativland, Slackmaster Cleve. Rare glimpses of Dobbstown... 'behind the scenes' peeks... even captured FBI footage of DOBBS HIMSELF. YOU WILL ACTUALLY WITNESS the astounding, blood-drenched scenes of the ASSASSINATION OF "BOB"!

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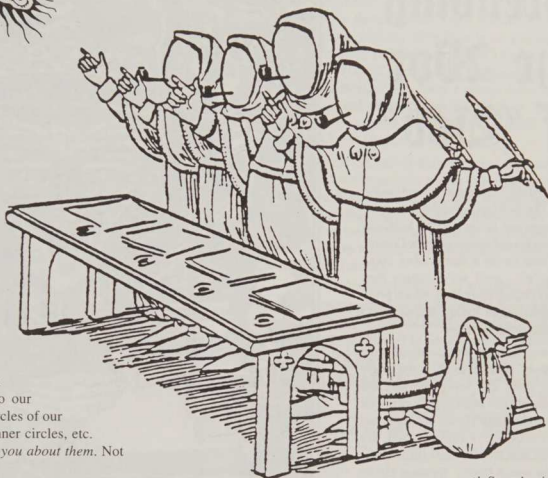
THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS™

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That's right! This is the bargain of the millenia — for a mere five and a half billion dollars (US), you can own this entire Church. Amaze your friends! Astound your family! Frighten your government! (Includes trademark and copyright ownership.)

WE ACCEPT YOU, WE ACCEPT YOU, ONE OF US, ONE OF US

Dr. Onan Canobite



A secret society of majikians as all-pervasive and powerful as the Church of the SubGenius must have complex rituals of initiation. Initiation to our Church, initiation to the inner circles of our Church, initiation to the inner-inner circles, etc. And we do — *but we won't tell you about them. Not here anyway.*

If fact, you may find here and there, in this and our other Books, denials that there are degrees of closeness to "Bob" and his Thirteen Apostles. This is to pacify those who still cling to illusions of "equality" among all people. If you value your immortal soul so little as to give it freely to any cult that will accept it, then go join the Roman Catholics. Although we accept your money, only a limited number of titled souls are found to be properly "marbled" — mostly pure but with the proper *stripes* of fatty sin that make them useful for our purposes.

Donations to "Bob" and his faithful actually constitute the lowest rung of membership in The Church. In the fledgling days of our tyranny a simple one dollar bill was the ticket to Slack Central. How things change... just last week we refused to be included in a little old lady's will because she left us *only ten thousand dollars*.

Sound harsh? Try the Moonies or the Mormons. They'll be glad to let you join their oddfellow club like anybody else. And they'll be easy on your wallet, too — but they'll broil like the rest come X-Day. Do you really think you're "equal" with every rock star, serial killer, politician, porn model — with every high school bully, with your parents, *with the SubGenius Hierarchy itself*???

Ask any guru, shaman, crystal warrior, regression counselor, or any other messiah wanna-be what the purpose of initiation is and you'll get basically the same answer. It's a way of killing off ("non-violently") the old self, to overcome taboos that keep one from finding oneself, to shatter old allegiances; it's a wake for who you used to be and a celebration of who you're becoming. Initiation is a milestone saying "I've come this far, and there's where I'm going now."

But now you have paid us to tell you this: *the purpose of initiation is to learn secrets that will give you power over others*. And usually that power consists of nothing more than telling or not telling this very

secret! Sounds simple? Perhaps you'd rather undergo a mystic s&m blood ritual just to learn exactly the same damn thing. Perhaps you need to be convinced you're dumber than you are before someone can make you smart.

A few serious students of the occult have insisted we reveal at least one of our "secrets" to prove our legitimate claim to majikal power. This is a faithless generation that demands miracles. They cannot accept the miracles of Dobbs, when he first put his hand through the holes in their wallets. They insist on something they can try in the safety of their own homes instead of our dark and smoke-filled initiation halls.

Their bleatings have swayed us not, nor their puny "curses." But in the interest of friendly relations between cults, gathering new souls, and selling copies of this book to busy-body Christians, we hereby offer a single SAMPLE ritual of the C. of SG., chosen from dozens of other low-level rites because almost anyone can do it.

Determine the date most exactly six months before/after your birthday. This will mark the birth of your new self.

On that day, place \$30 in an envelope and address it to: "Bob," P.O. Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.

This simple rite provides a framework on which to build more complex rituals once an initiate has matured. To advance, simply "increase the dose."

As far as initiating other people into the Church, we strongly encourage you to leave this to our experts. There is the temptation to use one's power for evil instead of good. We are willing to be the sin eaters, to accept the shame of absolute rule over another person. A slave's chain is heavy at both ends: we're holding up our part, won't you accept yours?

What have you done for "Bob" lately??

EH?? He has seen you with neither spray-paint can nor collection plate in hand, we'd wager.

Spreading The Word Of "Bob"

The Church of the SubGenius is supposed to save the world. The SubGenius Foundation, however, is only supposed to save a few SubGenii who might themselves be able to save the Church. We won't be able to do a damn thing about starvation, war, etc., until we're bigger than Scientology and Disney combined, which probably won't happen before X-Day, but we won't be needed for that anymore then.

Let's face it — aside from communicating the Word of "Bob" (which, itself, is the single most important thing any being can do), the Church is still mainly just **one big jack-off**. That would be shameful, except for the all-important fact that THAT ALONE is direly needed. We must *expand* the Church — we must utilize every possible style by which Dobbs' message can be presented, every conceivable framework for illustrating to every lost abnormal the infinite variety and POWER of SLACK!

One SubGenius, diving into the smoldering Pipe of Dobbs as a kamikaze 'bud,' can achieve wonders.

Everything you could possibly need to know about starting your own Outreach, plastering your city with DobbsAds, staging a Deival, running *Hour of Slack* on the radio, making a Dobbshead stencil, etc., is detailed in *The Book of the SubGenius*. It's chock full of simple inspirational 'how to,' 'do-it-yourself' suggestions on spreading the Word most cheaply and enjoyably for both you and "Bob." That, and the \$30 Membership-Ordainment-FistScripture package include all the raw materials you'll need to start with, already fermented to ripeness.

But there can be no end to new weapons for the battle for the mind! For Dobbs' sake, don't limit your attacks to our "official" strategies; overdoing those *negates* them! You *must* alter all to fit your situation. It's the only thing that *saves* us, that *justifies* the baby-sacrifices.

The following may be considered merely an addendum to your previous instructions.

WITLESSING HOW TO BE A GOOD SUBGENIUS MINISTER

The most important level upon which a SubGenius minister operates is the personal level. This is actually where you stand to



make the most money, once word gets around that you are a "good counselor." And all that takes is to keep your mouth shut and *let your "patients" tell themselves what they want to hear.*

How many of us have even one friend, who, when we are depressed, and express to him or her our problems, **SIMPLY SHOWS SYMPATHY**, without trying to "prove something" by it? — who doesn't try to give out all manner of advice just to show you what an expert sHhe is — when all you really need is someone to *listen* for a second? Well, that's what psychiatrists and preachers are paid for.

It works like this. They come to you begging for advice, and they talk for two hours, and the whole time you nod and look concerned, saying things like, "That's terrible," "Gosh," "Um," etc. Very probably, your patient will never once ask you what you think; indeed, were you to tell them, they wouldn't listen, because they wouldn't like it. (Their friends won't do this for them, because the friends know they don't deserve that much sympathy.) After spilling what *they see* as their guts, they'll praise you gushingly for all the great advice and for putting everything into perspective. This is when you hit them up for the "love offering."

ORGANIZED WORSHIP

Contrary to earlier, Con-tainted Church doctrine, ORGANIZED SubGenius worship, i.e., that resembling the Conspiracy's propaganda and worship tactics, is to be avoided, except for purposes of initial recruitment and financial gain (such as this book) — to BILK THE PINK and grant Slack to SubGenii through meaningful entertainment... to provide a better platform from which the divine hate rants of any and all SubGenius preachers may be properly recorded for TRANSMISSION to the MASSES. Holding a Deival or Clench meeting only for the sincere purpose of PRAISING "BOB" is STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

STREET PROSELYTIZING

Don't be an obnoxious BOBBIE "forcing weirdness down the throats of Normals." That just makes them hate strangeness more. SEDUCE them with strangeness. You may have to bring them in a little at a time. "Bob" gets in on his own, when the time is just right for that BIG SALE, and he lets the customer do the work! The Marks must stumble upon "BOB" in their own sweet time. We spread his Word any way that WORKS, and "Bob" works best on his own... so do you!

SMITE THEM PSYCHOLOGICALLY, with your jokes, your cryptic statements, your band, your paintings, your weird food, your whole lifestyle. If they are Normals, they will recoil in fear and jealousy at seeing a FREE BEING. For Latent SubGenii ripe to be SAVED, you will be SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We're not saying "be yourself" — there are many yourselves. You might end up being your Conspiracy, KKK lynch-mob self. There are NO RULES! We don't want to PROGRAM YOU into some new IRONCLAD SYSTEM OF BEHAVIOR, we only want you to BUY OUR STUFF. THIS ALONE IS MANDATORY!

TRY THESE:

• CALL TALK SHOWS

It's a Global Village... a fatality-ridden traffic pile-up on the information superhighway! There are more RIVETING moments on talk radio than on all wrestling shows, TV ministries, and monster movies combined! Needless to say, these are OPEN BILLBOARDS for the message of "BOB."

It matters NOT whether the talk show has a left wing idiot for a host or a right wing idiot. But EASE it in: don't sound like a religious nut immediately. Address the subject "normally" and then jump in with: "...And by the way, you know what "Bob" says about that..." Let the host ask, "Who's "Bob"?" Christian talk show hosts are particularly easy to manipulate. Use IMPLACABLE PATIENCE with them rather than hollering and yelling. Never let them get you angry... just patiently explain things to them as if to a child, always being extremely polite. THIS MAKES THEM Madder THAN

HORNETS, and produces hilarious results. Needless to say, ALWAYS tape such interactions and send them to the SubGenius Foundation for inclusion on the *Hour of Slack* radio shows. (Send \$1 & SASE for list of stations carrying *Hour of Slack* to: PO Box 140306, Dallas, TX 75214.)

• Call those numbers you see on your screen during religious broadcasts and talk to the wretched volunteers. Pretend to be a reasonable Normal at first, say you're with them all the way, and gain their confidence... THEN start to sound like the most disturbed screwball in the world. Strive to show confusion, not Hate, which only fuels them. Making them hate is as nothing compared to making them doubt. Ripping them off isn't nearly enough. We can do FAR FAR WORSE just as easily. Their wallets are invulnerable — if they lose money, well, there's always more where that came from. Prey instead on their weak points: their "BRAINS." Their money is an impenetrable shield, but their MINDS... their minds are their ACHILLES' HEELS.

• Dollar bills are among the few pieces of paper that are never destroyed and which go from person to person almost indefinitely. Scrawling the Name of "Bob," his Holy Slogans, and/or the Church P.O. Box on them is highly illegal, even treasonous. Yet, people do it! The dollars themselves are but tools for finding the CHOSEN, who are far more valuable than the dollars. Unless you're talking about a LOT of dollars.

• PHOTOCOPIING CHURCH PAMPHLETS. If we didn't want you to copy a few for special friends, we wouldn't print them on white paper; if we wanted Pinks to rip us off, we wouldn't put a © and TM on them. Just try to use a recent edition, with up-to-date prices on the last page.

• BE SELECTIVE. The Stellar Jihad of Counter-Counter Ref-ormation placed 800 Dobbsheads and "Brag of the SubGenius" flyers on the cars of priests and students at a local Catholic University. When one targets specific Pink bastions like this, it sooner or later creeps into their sermons and denominational magazines.

• A similar approach is to use the "Stomp Out "Bob"" flyer (now included in all Membership packs), which purports to be a scathing expose on the Church by a deprogrammed "escapee." Only a fool could take it seriously, so many do, and they actually send dollars for more info on how to stop our awful cult (they get a Pamphlet #1). Pose as a concerned citizen and bring it to the attention of a local Christian book store; urge them to photocopy thousands of copies at their own expense and give them to every customer. Not many notice that the address on the flyer is the same as the cult's.

• Dump the entire SubGenius catalog into computer bulletin boards, so that it prints out on any interested party's home computer at their expense.

• HOW TO MAKE DOZENS OF GIGANTIC DOBBSHEADS, CHEAP: Take a standard-issue 8 1/2" x 11" Dobbshead to a fancy printer and have them make ONE huge blow-up of it — 3' x 5' or whatever. That costs. But you can then cut that giant blow-up into 8 1/2" x 11" squares. Photocopy each puzzle-piece for 5¢ each, and you've got the makings of countless Giant Dobbsheads! Lay 'em out on the floor and tape 'em together (maybe in strips or sections for swift application in case the Con shows up)... spray-glue or paste can then be used to apply them to walls of, uh, your own private property.

NOTE: Don't deface public parks, nature spots, or structures that might be owned by SubGenii!



⁷ It would be even more illegal to add Pipes to President-heads on coins with an electric engraving device.



• St. Kerry Thornley took the standard Dobshead posterette and added one simple word, in BIG BLOCK LETTERS, that gives it a whole new dimension, especially when it's posted in Pink sectors:

BEWARE

• If you're planning to use a Dobshead stencil and spray-paint, please don't, and especially not in key locations: yupp nightclubs, swank restaurants, places where the Dobsheads can draw the wealth from the controllers. Some Unknown SubGenius put Dobbs on the "Members Only" entranceway to the New York Stock Exchange.

Dobsheads are also at the Forbidden City in Beijing, the exact South Pole, buried in jars throughout Death Valley, and one of them has orbited the Earth thousands of times on the Space Shuttle.

THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI PROJECT

We need to convert the Sultan of Brunei, the richest man on Earth. He's the logical choice to approach *first*; one sale, and we have it made. Even the greatest of the Great Men needs Slack! We must tell him of the Sacred Heresy of The "B'a'ab'bi!" Please help save the Sultan — send a \$1 donation to help us work the void/money ritual for this Slackless man! We bought his profile from the Mossad, but... **does anybody have his phone number?**



PREPARATION X-DAY

X-Day is approaching. Isn't it time we start thinking about the nationwide publicity scam?

What if, for instance, on July 4th, the day before X-day, 1998, every major city in America awakens to find the Dobshead, the SlackWings, the various icons and slogans and concept, plastered to every available flat surface? What if, in addition, every SubGenius with a phone were to call up every available radio and TV talk show, posing as a regular boob for screening, but cutting loose with a rant once on the air? Personal ads with Xist communiques would appear in every paper that would take them. You get the picture.

The X-Day holidays prior to 1998 would make good PRACTICE DATES for such SHEER SATURATION EFFORTS.

THE MOST CRITICAL THING YOU CAN DO

Let's face it, the Conspiracy could silence us any time they felt like it. *This could be the last thing you ever read from the Church of the SubGenius, so*



ETERNAL SALVATION

—OR TRIPLE YOUR MONEY BACK

BEYOND SCIENCE, REASON AND ORGASM

INSTANT INSTRUCTIONS FOR THOSE WHO FOLLOW NO MASTER!!

SCARIER THAN THE OLD TESTAMENT AND SCIENTOLOGY PUT TOGETHER!

MORE NEEDLESSLY COMPLICATED THAN THE QABBALAH!

MORE VAGUE AND AMBIGUOUS THAN THE I CHING OR ASTROLOGY!

MORE SHEER, BRAZEN HOGWASH THAN EVEN THE BOOK OF MORMON

—YET INFINITELY MORE ACCURATE THAN PROJECT BLUEBOOK and

THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT,

COMBINED!!



The Church of the SubGenius™

JOIN US, HUMANS, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

LAUGH 'TIL YOUR GUTS BLEED

**AUTHORIZED TO BLASPHEME BY THE GODS THEMSELVES!
COMPATIBLE WITH ALL MAJOR WORLD RELIGIONS AND MOST WEIRD
FRINGE CULTS WITH A MINIMUM OF EXPENSIVE INTERFACES OR
MESSY SURGERY!**

Cover illustration and design by Paul Mavrides

ASSUME THIS OBJECT IS REAL.

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