

The World Ends Tomorrow and YOU MAY DIE!

Well, no, probably not...but whatever you do, just keep reading!

ARE WE CONTROLLED BY SECRET FORCES?



ARE ALIEN SPACE MONSTERS BRINGING A STARTLING NEW WORLD?



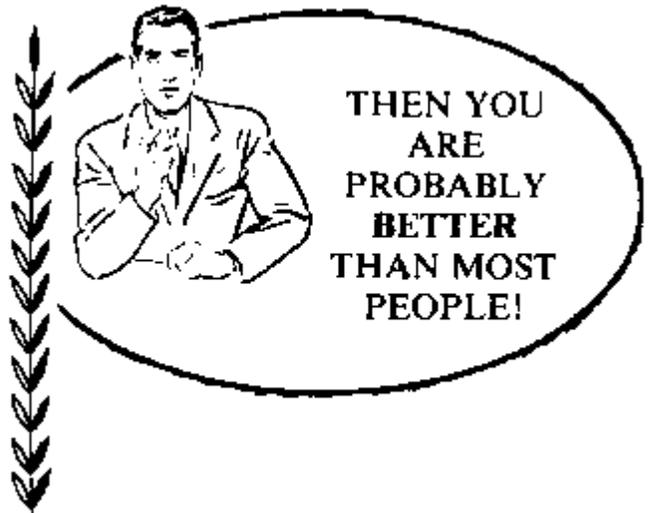
DO PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE STRANGE? DO YOU??

...THEN YOU MAY BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

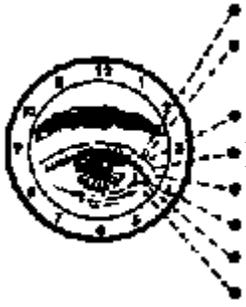


"Unpredictables" are not alone and possess amazing hidden powers of their own!

Are You Abnormal?



YES! YOUR KIND SHALL TRIUMPH!



If you are what they call "different" --
If you think we're entering a new Dark Ages --
If you see the universe as one vast morbid sense of humor --
If you are looking for an inherently bogus religion that will condone superior degeneracy and tell you that you are "above" everyone else --
If you can help us with a donation --



could save your sanity!



"You'd PAY to know what you REALLY think." --Dobbs 1961



FEELING LIKE THERE'S JUST NO SLACK?

You may have 'Snapped' already from the information disease! (*"The sleep of reason begets monsters."*)

The Church of the SubGenius recognizes the programming!

Look to the High Unpredictables of the Church of the SubGenius for pancultural deprogramming and resynchronization!

Perfect your subliminal vision -- edit your memory -- relive your reincarnality! **SYNC UP!**



This is the original Time Control program that has helped thousands to fear no longer the STARK FIST of REMOVAL.

Become PHYSICALLY ATTRACTIVE -- overnight!

Now you, too, can speak to benevolent aliens at the **Alter of X-ist Contact**. Learn *Frame Straightening, Body Repair, Gripe Elaboration, FunKQu, Frenzy Techniques, Excremeditation, the Essentials of Survival* and **TIME CONTROL**. Attettd *End O' The World Drills* and *Chance Labs*. Learn to *Tenlike*. Evaluate the so-called "accidents" and "coincidences" in your timestream. Perform long, complicated rites of initiation and rituals of *Communionication*. *Accullate* yourself to the Church, where you will be isolated, given a new diet, a new set of habits, and an altered label and appearance. The new void in your bran-pan will be refilled with corrected info and subconsciously implanted ritual experiences. Follow your **FOLLIES** and **COMPULSIONS** and become rich like us. Explore the "Zen" of stupidity! Channel chronic procrastination into life-saving paranoia and precise anatity! **MAKE WASTE!!**

Find out who your Personal Saviors may be and who are the False Prophets *in your life!*

YES, YOU MAY BE THE SUBGENIUS, MASTER OF THE STOOGLEY ARTS!
Perform the Salute!

The most 'NO WAY' new wage religion of them all!!
Brain-trust of our species!!





Llegó la hora del fin

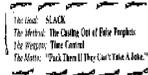
Using SubGenius secrets of BULLDADA and MOREALISM you can now MIRACULOUSLY ELIMINATE COMPULSIVE URGES such as smoking, lethargizing, overeating, insomnia, the inability to take drugs, constipation, old age, sex and money problems, baldness, illness, the Work Instinct, assouliness, and painful shortage of SLACK!

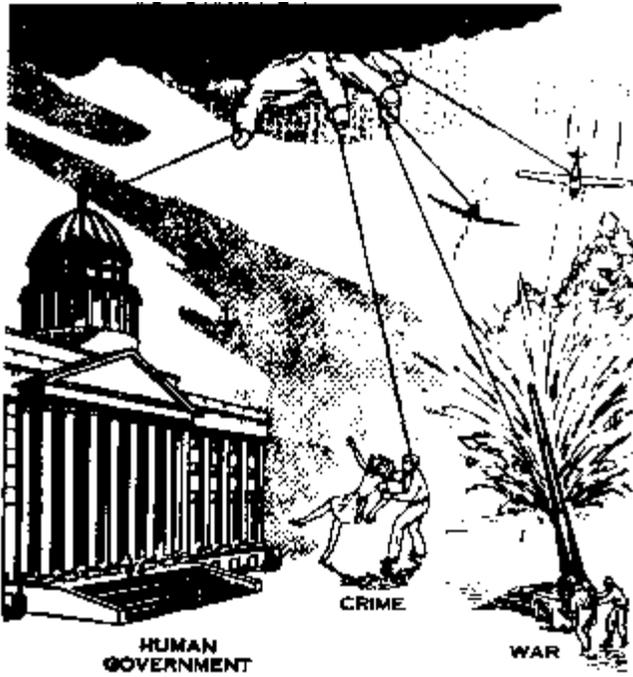
"Have intercourse with a Beautiful Live Girl!"

This is a **certified religion** of scorn and vengeance directed at all of THEM, the enemies of us Outsiders. It is "self-help" thorough scoffing and blaspheming, frenzied fornication and the Tumping of Graven Images. The Church provides **answers** and **miracles** in the service of SUREAVOLUTION.

"Ignore the man behind the curtain" -- Oz

The Church of the SubGenius is the ultimate secret order, the superior brain cult for those who "know better" but who demand in the LUST for GRINS a spectacular, special-effects-laden belief system -- a 'stuporstitution.'





Jehovah 1

-- space god

The Church of the SubGenius is the PAN-RELIGION of the FUTURE, and REBELS against the namby-pamby, goody two-shoes "NEW AGE" and "AQUARIAN" ideals of most occult weirdos. Such people are fools, they do not curse, they have no understanding of the need for spiritual violence in this modern space-age a-go-go society.

The SubGenius wants no part of the "New Age," it is already here and it obviously sucks. The SubGenius would rather RETRIEVE the manly Past, before 1971 or even 1953, or else dwell in the naughty, fun-loving REMOTE FUTURE, a strange time when anything made of plastic is a valuable antique that collectors will KILL for, when SEXHURT will be recognized and indulged in as sane

human nature *no matter* whether any 'church' or 'government' *allows* it. But such things are TRIFLES! The SubGenius *knows* that JEHOVAH 1 is a VENGEFUL GOD OF WRATH! JEHOVAH 1 - a.k.a. YAHWEH - is a mad alien, full of eyes round about, He cometh with the clouds, radioactive, all-pervading, He has forged His covenant with the SubGenius in CHAINS of GENETIC PROGRAMMING and DEMANDS OBEISANCE to His caveman sense of humor. He has been denying us SLACK and what He is making us do dates back to Homo Connecticut, First Whole Man; only by letting our bodies obey the Code of financial lust survival that is built into them can our brains be freed from his INEVITABLE FIST.

Everything we do, have done, or will ever do, normally on-the-job but also and especially *on* the causal level of micro-atomic occurrences and billionth-of-a-nanosecond electron collisions, is dictated by the permutations of the great SKORE, the cosmic worknet of cause-and-effect, the metamorphic ARCHIVE of the shapes and movements of every blood tick, sperm whale, vampire gnat, movie star and gorgosaurus, "all the molecules of oil on all the grains of sand of every moonlit beach of the world." No, "*YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE SKORE.*" But JEHOVAH 1 can...and like an ax this TOTAL FATE PROGRAM confronts our similarly-encoded SENSE OF SLACK and cleaves our heads straight down the middle into schizocephalic right and left sides whose sub-id battleground is responsible for our precariously balanced MENTAL IVES: clones of us in the spirit world whose duplicate lusts influence our *behavior* on this material plane. Yes - JEHOVAH 1 smote us in primeval days with BAD BRAKES by which we cannot stop our devil twin from overcoming our 'better nature' and by which, furthermore, we cannot even begin to tell the difference between the two! *Brakes* keep us from committing ANYTHING WE MIGHT IMAGINE IN OUR MOST DANGEROUS FLEETING FANTASIES, such as chopping off noisy children's heads and giving... well, all of us, even non-SubGeniuslike whimps of the second and third waters, are Jekyll/Hyde monsters of two conflicting Noggin Polarities in our personalities; the SHAFT OF SUPPRESSION rears its ugly Head in response to this utter psychosis which squirms for *most* of our lives only in the dim, unseen reaches of our behavior-pumps; we act completely normal most of the time, but who is to say at any given moment which side, the 'good' or the 'bad,' is currently in control of The Animal? Thank "God" we are usually never aware of the subconscious Armageddon which expresses itself, physically, in our paranoias, human Work Instincts and universal compulsions, and, spiritually, in our unruly but subtle psychic powers - which result not so much from any 'inner aura' but rather from a somewhat mindless 'ghost' standing invisibly at our sides: it is the half of our intelligence which is currently *not* controlling The Animal, it is the *MENTAL IFE*, and it erupts from its usual idiot blithering into weird, occult pheno-manifestations only when our turbulent mental background reaches such peaks of simultaneous crisis and repression as the stormy glandular rampages of adolescence!



THE CONSPIRACY!

6. "Reason for Hush-Hush"

7. "What Do They Want?"



The idea that America (or any country) values individuality as the highest ideal is a myth. Perhaps in simpler times it was true, but no *modern* industrial society can really afford a population of unpredictables. This is not surprising - the long history of our cult's persecution by the Conspiracy goes back for generations untold, and indeed there are signs of their hoary repression of prehuman SubGenii dating from *before* "man's" appearance on Earth. All of civilization's painful and misguided climb up from the primeval slime, and its subsequent loss of Slack *and of any class at all*, has been indelibly marked, nay, *entirely motivated*, by the aeons-bridging conflict between the Conspiracy's mindlessly chickenshit Witless Principals and the Jehovah-spawned, grandiose depravity of the superior yet ethnically all-encompassing race of latent SubGeniuses. (You should know this - *you were/will be there in the Beforelife!*) The fact that only in recent years has "our kind" begun to recognize our own sovereignty demonstrates both how vicious have been Their efforts at further denying us Slack and yet how near is our race to TRIUMPH. All this is ULTIMATE PROOF that Jehovah 1 has not only promoted the SubGenius as His Special Tool, but has *simultaneously* pulled the strings which make *Them* endarken Themselves with their hereditary ignorancy and us with their cubistic witch-hunt superstitions. His "reason" for this two-faced obedience-school programming, this fissioning of history into binary "war equations," unfortunately, or, perhaps, thankfully, remains a total mystery. no slopeheads alone could build, the miracles of the Old

Testament, all these and more are events so inextricably interwoven with the invisible background war between Jehovah and the Xists that all the "Ancient Astronaut" fossils in the world furnish only the barest of clues. (The movie rights ALONE to these gut-splitting tales of reincarnancient history are worth *millions!*) Yea, it has even been suggested that the Carpenter of Nazareth himself, God Jr., Jesus 'What, Me Worry?' Christ, was in actuality a 'space detective' of the Xists, walking the Earth in human form with the mission of extricating us from the Monster God's grip.

The black shadow of the Conspiracy, unfortunately, has seen to it that even His teachings were diluted and distorted until human attempts to follow them were fully as misguided as the carving of the heads of Easter Island or the 'runways' of Nazca.

And so the true destiny of the SubGenius has been kept secret from Man. For Jehovah 1 is to the Xists and Us what a hungry fisherman is to a prize fish and his favorite pet worm - the last in the can. How many million other races were used before us in these ghastly galactic water-sports?



JEHOVAH 1 MANIPULATES US FOR HIS OWN SINISTER ENDS.



YOUR FUTURE HAS BEEN A COMPLETE MYSTERY...

UNTIL NOW!!

For *YOU* are lucky enough to "live" in the End Times when the Word of Jehovah's Prime Ordinance has been made known to "Man"kind by the Primanimal SubGenius, the High Epopt of the Church!



In the early Fifties an industrious young American drilling equipment salesman, while watching late-night TV, was abruptly *Removed* and transported astrally to the 'IDGE' of JEHOVAH HIMSELF! In this seizure-like trance he took the brunt of the first brain-buffeting communifications of countless to come from the alien Jehovah: awesome pronouncements which form the sacred *PRESCRIPTURES* of the SubGenius (available for \$19.98 at most bookstores!)



This milestone in Man's mined path to Slack was

THE DIVINE EMACULATION OF J.R. "BOB" DOBBS!!

Who IS "Bob"?

While yet the least approachable or scrutable of the vast SubGenius membership, he is the preeminent and most frequently invoked of the god-zillion *Personal Saviors* of the SubGenius. While he remains an anonymous executive shunning publicity or recognition at a faceless multinational corporation, he is nevertheless The Most Ascended Master, the original Retriever of Jehovah's Message on Earth and basic model of the Archetype SubGenius. He set the "anti-pattern" of random conduct among all those who are now practicing SubGeniuses. His are the defects and peccadillos that we 'analyze,' his the *Slongs and Jests* which we devotedly twist and distort for future generations according to our unexplored whims. - *And yet* the only photos of him that exist are grainy frame blow-ups from Grade Z movie thrillers in which he played bit parts!

Dobbs is, of course, the ultimate symbol of SubGeniusness, but despite/because of his infrahuman mediumship he possesses one single failing above and beyond all other shortcomings: his omninclusive *FOLLIES*. Yet where they would be crippling stubbing-blocks for another person, in Dobbs they loom stranger-than-life. His ten billion all-too-human quasimodalities embody, in some cheaply symbolic way, all the Foibles of the Primate Race.



Dobbs is a miacocosm encapsulating the imperfektions of the so-called 'human condition;' his Blunders and Idiocies, errors and inadvertencies are perhaps more sacrosanct, more deserving of analitization than even his hallowed salesmanship. None of "Bob's" words or deeds are particularly spectacular: their holiness lies *in* their nondescript but inviolable triviality. As Dobbs once 'spouted,' "*The stupider it looks, the more important it probably is.*"



Since his Emaculation, Dobbs has been divinely shoved down the behavio-electric Path of Least Resistance to become the *living* incarnation of Slack on Earth. As mysteriously and profitably as he doles out his prophecies and cassette messages, he unfailingly (yet, perhaps, accidentally) enrichens himself with material things using only the exaggerated human nature he was born with. Just as the Nazarene was a carpenter, so is "Bob" a salesman - the High Sales Man of the SubGenius - and whereas his stature as hero and holyman of the SubGenius flock is still obscure to the Mediocretins who make up 80flo of the Overpop, among fellow salesmen he is internationally known as "The Man Who Can Sell *Anything*."

"Bob's" surreavolutionary doctrine of PATRIO-PSYCHOTIC ANARCHO-MATERIALISM has found ever-larger numbers of zealous adherents despite relentless persecution by the FBI and other robot engines of the Conspiracy. Furthermore, Dobbs is the *only* Adept to pass the scrutiny of The Illuminati Corporation's rigorous scientific tests for ectosplasmic manifestations.

OTHER VIEWS OF "BOB"





From Dobbs came the prophetic utterances which are now severe and compulsory Tenets of the Church. He popularized the concept of Critical-Paranoiac Follies Evaluation by which we know that "...any inanity *spouted* by a SubGenius at any given time automatically becomes part of orthodox SubGenius Liturgy." It is one of the single greatest Tenets, for *by its own very token* one can also deny it later. It is erasable. For instance, a guilty SubGenius speaks an Inanity which later proves anti-nonprofit. He can then insist, "No, *I didn't say that*. It was merely my 'image'...my 'id' took over temporarily." Logically, then, nothing that a SubGenius says is any more or less true and consecrable than any other thing he just happens to utter - even (and *especially*) if they are contradictory. The SubGenius *is* an hebephreniac Oxymoron who speaks in Slangs and oxymora. *So it doesn't matter what you say or who hears you say it*. See? Dobbs denies vehemently that things should ever happen according to preset 'plans,' telling us to look instead to the blunders and flukes of our lives for inspiration - for will not Jehovah determine our fates at every twist and turn *anyway??* Can any philosophy other than *BULLDADA* be brought to bear to preserve us from such impaling facts???

WHAT IS BULLDADA?

What is not? Bulldada is the nearly unexplainable label for that mysterious quality that impregnates ordinary things with meaning for the SubGenius no matter how devoid of value they may appear to The Others. Seeing in the vivisecting light of bulldada, we recognize that the most awe-inspiring artifacts of our civilization are not the revered artsy-fartsy pieces of "culture" displayed in our swankest art museums, universities and concert halls - as the Conspiracy would have us believe! - but are instead to be found in such icons as low-budget exploitation movies, lurid comic books, all-nite TV, sleazy Paperbacks of the Gods, certain bizarre billboards and pulp magazine ads, and literally any other fossil of raw humanity in all its shit-kickingly flawed glory.

Bulldada shows us that cheesiness tells the Truth and gives good Slack whereas status-mongered slickness is merely a sheen of sham value dangled as bait for the hungry dollars of the idiot bourgeois. The SubGenius is not interested in dignified "Learning" or *even science fiction* - no, what he craves is greasy SCI-FI. He is a veritable *scholar* of CHEEPNIS! For when a certain level of shoestring-budget "exquisite badness" is descended to on the Rungs of Art, one hits the cut-off point where true bulldada begins, the 'edge valve' where the SubGenius starts finding almost religious interpretation for the results of atrocious craftsmanship, the point after which a work's quality as a piece of bulldada increases in inverse proportion to its ability to yell a coherent story. The less sophisticated a motion picture (our highest art form) becomes, for instance, the more dismemberingly eternal are the truths between the lines. *MARS NEEDS WOMEN! PANIC IN YEAR ZERO!* Often, they contain inadvertent prophecies - as well as unexpected background appearances of Dobbs! *PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE! MONDO BIZARRO!*



bulldada the latest exploration into the world of advanced surrealist morealism in which the mind is filled with dirt and lugs which trickle like mutilated centipedes down the sides of the cranium to find sheller and rest inside the now sightless eye-sockets.

- Shredni Chisholm: definition of bulldada

DADAISM (Fr. *dada*, hobby horse), an artistic movement begun in Zurich in 1916 as a protest against the folly of war and against the civilization that engendered it. Its scope was enlarged, as it spread to Berlin, Paris, and New York, to express disgust with all that was conventional and sacrosanct by portraying deliberately inane objects as art of the highest order. The school was well represented by such artists as Man Ray, Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp, and Hans Arp, and succeeded in developing psychological, aesthetic, and technical experiments through its encouragement of uncensored spontaneity, thereby allowing a multitude of new forms to appear in the

artistic world which eventually found their milieu in the more guided application of surrealism. The movement faded out in 1922 and many Dadaists became surrealists.



Take a good look! NOT ALL ARTISTS ARE STARVING.

It's the act of working with people. And you can make a career out of it any number of

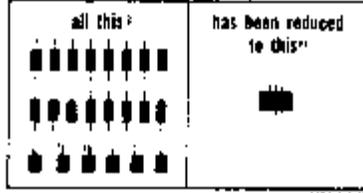


ways.



"COMPARE
OUR LOWER
PRICES"

LOW BUDGET RATES



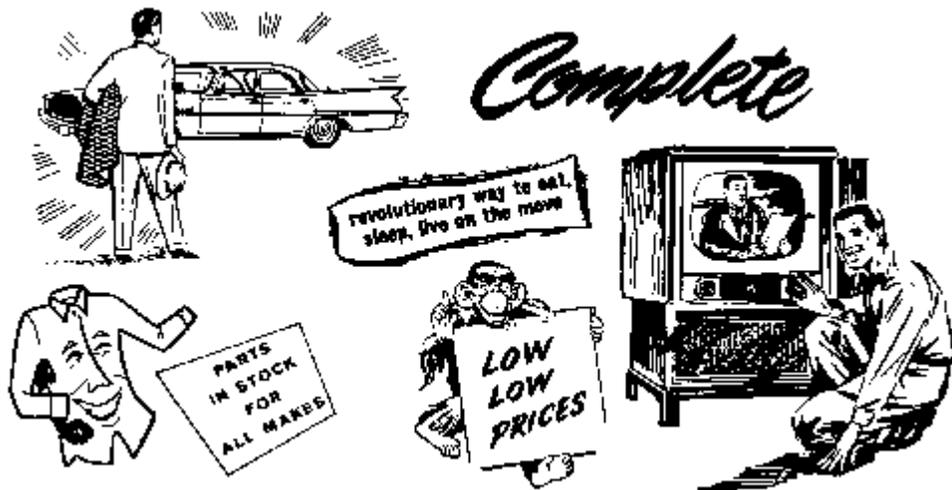
YOU DON'T WANT A BINK COAT,
RAYON IS THE FABRIC OF
THE FUTURE.



Yes! A sentimental fool who never grew up and who cries over lost ideals, a sinner and a goof-off, the SubGenius is fully capable of receiving authentic god-consciousness from soap operas and monster movies, junkyards and "dives," freakshows and back alleys which most normals have been programmed to consider 'dumb.' What *They* cannot know is that 'dumbness' - Cheepnis - vital and sincere ignorance - reveals far more about the Interestingly Violent and Taboo World Around Us than any overpriced geegaw that critics and Pink Boys have told us is "art" or "science." THE SUBGENIUS FARTS AT THOSE WHO WOULD TELL HIM WHAT HE SHOULD SPEND MONEY ON. A wino mumbling in his own vomitus is dribbling parables of as soaring a height of bulldada as the rich, creamy superstitions of a thousand popes and witch doctors. Bulldada is accidental greatness, inadvertent Hilariation, but *MOREALISM* is the deliberate invocation of bulldada and is now heralded by the Church of the SubGenius. In his works of morealism the SubGenius strives for skim-proof *shock value*, *overembellishment*, *bludgeon humor* and *morbid yuks*. Thus, like his mentor "Bob," he is a great Wiseacre, an orthodox fundadamentalist and a Scatman. **"FUCK THEM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE."**

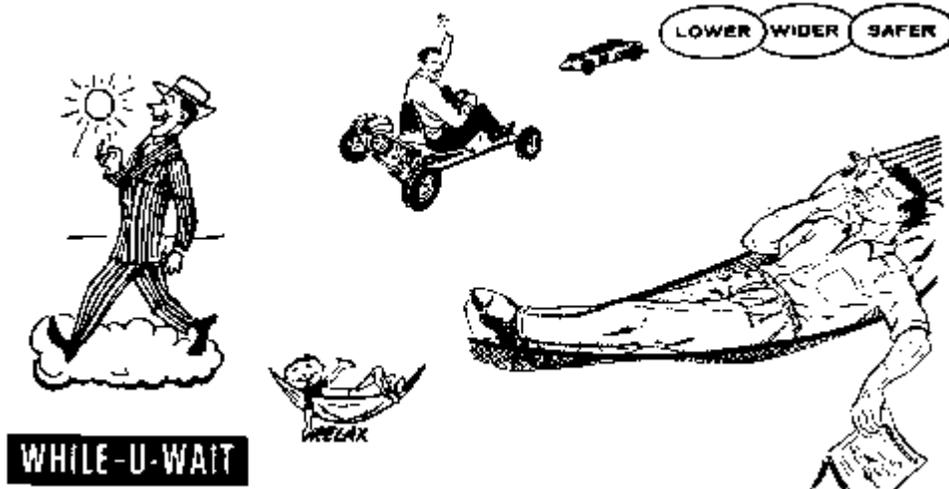
COUNTLESS PERSONAL SAVIORS!!

The SubGenius knows, bulldadaistically, that each human should do Jehovah's work exactly as He reveals it to them, and that He has wildly varying messages for different people in different situations. By the same token, it is madness to accept any one 'personal savior' - *even Dobbs* - as a permanent guide. The greatest of the inventions of the SubGenius is the SHORT DURATION PERSONAL SAVIOR, or "*Shordurpersav*." The True SubGenius accepts into his heart, as his own personal savior, anyone or anything with which he happens to be impressed *at the moment*. Shordurpersavs change from hour to hour, whim to whim. It could be the hero of a show you just saw, the author of a filthy book, a bottle of Thunderbird, a good pal, a car, a dog, a sex object, a friendly croaker who scripts for you. Not professional gurus you are locked into believing, but temporary ones according to the need of the "Now." They change so fast that it never gets embarrassing, you aren't inclined to 'proselytize' them off on disinterested others who will later laugh at you; you know their effects will wear off in minutes (even though the very idea is unthinkable while under the Influence). One needs not mention them at all - a superb Tenet, since one is sometimes *deeply ashamed* of oneself for having a particularly unsavory Shordurpersav: some few can be Personal Saviors and False Prophets *at the same time*.



With this plethora of recombinant philosophies and Personal Saviors, the SubGenius is well-fueled, stoked to the fusion-point with spiritual fodder. Once he has "decided" whether to attack life through the REWARD SYSTEM ("Oh, Well") or the *EMERGENCY SYSTEM* ("Oh Shit!"), he is primed up and ready to plunge, with or without the consent of Dobbs (who he will probably never meet) into the Slack-Search through the *Short Wave Activities* or *Minor Fluctuations of the Stoogely Arts* which make up the daily life of the Practicing (as opposed to Latent, Rogue, or Renegade) SubGenius.

The most frequently indulged of these Activities is "GOBBING ON LIFE," opposite from yet similar to the ritual "Massing Around" of Them. Like the ancient alchemists in search of their alleged Philosopher's Stone, he is merely *gobbing*, trying to 'get by' with as little effort and as well-greased mistakes as possible on the Path of Least Resistance. Often misconstrued as a totally unconstructive, slothful lifestyle, it is actually a Holy Grailoid 'Ion Quest' for the sacred principle of *Something for Nothing* - he is, in effect, trying to become a perpetual motion machine, fueled only by the welfare of the State which *he* considers merely a phantasm, another illusion in this vale of nonexistent material things. If nothing else, he at least becomes an expert Floorsleeper and Tubemaster. A rich or else industrious spouse is a welcome partner on this sacred road, a favorite of *Rewardians* who seek timelessly to reward themselves for things they are "about to do."



Emergentiles, on the other hand (the Left, symbolically), follow closer the splayed footsteps of "Bob" by striving for a pure state of Anarcho-Materialism *in their lives*. DEVOTional Coveting is the 'yoga' of the Anarcapitalist. Swimming upstream. "At all times there is an emergency to be dealt with." Always punishing themselves for acts they'll commit *later*, it is like wading uphill through mud, desperately hacking out with a broken machete little short-lived clearings of Slack in the ever-regenerating social swamp. Working, in effect, until it's too late to *stop* working. Adopting some S.C.A.M. (SubGenius Confidence Anarchomaterialization) or Caper, he sets out to collect, for the Church of his *own* heart, Dues, Tithes and Indulgences. What 'business' or 'maneuver' he cloaks this activity in has no importance to Jehovah; He is an economic god, and demands Returns. For His prophits, He grants Vestments and Wages of Sin; and, while His servants are indentured, they reap what they sow an thousandfold. "It is as easy for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as for a needle to pass through the Camera's Eye. Who cares? Everybody's trying to buy property in Hell." - Dobbs, 1961 (Howard Hughes, now a lama in Tibet, was an Emergentile SubGenius before going Rogue Rewardian.) "Keep your ads up."



Other SubGeniuses may demand an erotically sinspiring slap in the faith and choose to further Hilariate themselves by turning inwards, retrieving sweaty reincarnality from the Archives and erasing their Function-Schemes. Various methods of deprogramming the ldge are available, many of them also compulsory, and by exploring undiscovered moods, probing pet phobias, editing the memory through Negative Cutting, Synapse Conforming, Brainwatching and Sacramentality *through chemistry*, the eager SubGenius explodes forth into a virtual Hiroshima of visions, prophecies, Seizures, Emaculations, speaking in Slangs, blanking off, slinging Slongs and trancing out.





My Constipation worries are over!



EVERYBODY LIKES

RELIEF

For beginners, teens and the Dobbs Youth, who often lack the patience, parental approval or financial resources for such exotic treatments at the Lab, instant nervanal psuedoslack (false highs every bit as fulfilling as the so-called "real" thing) are quickly reached through repetitive, monotonous *Amphetaminoid Pundingis*. Infinite variations of the basic Frenzy Techniques are possible, but fastest results come front painstakingly executed Reels, Chants, Hymns, Exorcisms, Prayvings, Procrastinational Off-Puttings, Miscelogenizings, and Etceterapings. Some elect to alter their consciencelessnesses by fasting and speeding on the SubGenius Industrial Diet (with close attention to Movements), or through dangerous and foolhardy Testes of Faith. Other clients become FunKou Masters of the Martian Arts of Grutledge, a manly if random school of physical harm.

Highly analitized, strungtaut CompulsSubGeniuses are content only when they are, AT ALL TIMES, following the unimaginably stern Laws and Dictates of the horrible **Book of the SubGenius**, adjusting their lives *no matter the cost* to the Three Lists of Approved, Banned, and Compulsory *Things to See, Say, Do, Think, Know, and Buy*. Finally, the most sub of the SubGenii just sit and bliss all over themselves through the *Lesser Meditations*: Pyroflatulation, Crepignition, Loogial Particle Retrieval, the game of *They Always End Up On Their Heads*, Meditation of the Avenging Cyclops, Seven-Bladed Wind-breaker, Moronic *Bluh-Yah* Lip Flappage, Excruciating Joint Popping, Fliback, the Silent Nostril Mining, and, of course, Tubing.

Common to the whorship of all SubGenia, however, are the wonders of *FORNICATIONISM*, about which the Church's eternal prudence allows nothing to be said in print, and...**EXCREMEDITATION!** Every few hours, the SubGenius experiences the most concrete reality of all, the impervious realness of staring at the wall while voiding. This of all the Meditations is the most magical, for is it not also the least evitable? Even the False Prophets are forced to do it. It is the daily moment when each human is faced with profound contemplation of himself, and even if he feels it to be an unclean act, it only instills the bland virtue of humility.

But if he "attends" this necessary period of subgenitalaic gut blowout and bladder deflation as a prodigious gift from God, and truly *mounts* that especial Head, he recieves a bliss almost blinding in its intensity and with it an instinctual comprehension of the vast, meaningfully pregnant Coarse of things: and it is always healthy to momentarily acknowledge *and accept* such a random maze of deadlocked physical laws as our Universe, which for the SubGenius can change its basic structure in the twinkling of an eye; in these blisteringly transcendent moments he often recieves sinister inspiratorial messages from a whispering Jehovah 1 which invariably provide *direct answers* towards which the SubGenius has been unconsciously struggling all day, **WHAT IS THE LAW? NOT TO WALK ON ALL FOURS, THAT IS THE LAW. ARE WE NOT MEN? IT IS A VAMPIRE?? ANSWER YES** for when the prodigal SubGenius lays *waste* the chains that bind and pays homage to Removal at the Throne of Elimination (the key to health), does

he not INVARIABLY recieve above and beyond all other calls to duty the **ULTIMATE GOAL, THE FINAL ANSWER, THE CASTING OUT OF THE FALSE PROPHETS? ANSWER YES! PERFORM THE SALUTE!**

NYES! The False Prophets, the Conspirators, *Them*, the Mediocretins, the stupid Pink Boys, the malignant ones who breathe down our necks and abuse their territorial urges *without ever dreaming that they are doing it*, the ones who have tried to maim our self-respect down through the centuries by making Slack and antipredictability **TABOO** in this human culture. *They* are the offensive ones who



Eyes On The FUTURE

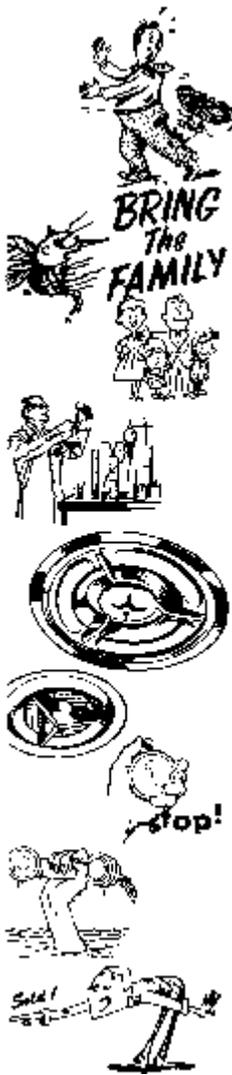


Now's the Time



brought this Buck Rogers monstrosity of microchips and inflation, nothing makes sense anymore and everything costs too much, the weather is weird, WHY DID THEY DO IT? *Don't they know they're begging for the flaming sword of Retribution??* The space monsters aren't about to let us get away with this masturbatory industrialization much longer, they watch our TV shows, they know all about us and can snuff our already disarranged civilization with but a whisper to their ultimate computer brain, the brooding computer which we will have soon too, the computer so complex it is not a machine, it is more of a moss-like independent growth of circuits which *it prints itself*, sprawling through our homes, quietly overwhelming, YES the aliens will "give" it to us, we floundering human beings will fight nuclear wars with each other trying to decide whether to turn this unwholesome 'mouth of a Trojan gift-horse' ON or OFF, in the end we will turn it ON, and then by God we will not be able to do WITHOUT it. **REPENT!!** The End Times are drawing near, the X-ists are about to land, the False Prophets will kiss their dinosaurian asses and this planet will be sold down the river as sure as Lee Harvey Oswald's clone cashed the Conspiracy's checks. Just as "Bob" predicts in *The Prescriptions*, the proven modern prophecies of the SubGenius, we are one royal hair trigger from the Wrath of Jehovah 1, His galactic Finger is itchy and He is not well pleased with what Man hath wrought, **REPENT THEN** and prepare for the Age of Tribulations, you think last winter was bad, wait until the glaciers are at your driveway, the earth shall shake, the sky shall fall, space junk, tornados, hail the size of Cadillacs, plutonium clouds, sunspots, the stifling of all photosynthesis in the seas, ugly mutant locusts that carry DDT in their *stings*, famine even in California, a dustbowl in Canada, microwave roach steaks \$5.99, drinking water you have to boil first and *pay for*, recombinant viruses, contagious cancers, one day you'll go to the mirror like poor Bert did to pop a 'blemish' and find your whole face cracking with each pinch like a rotten tomato, *The Plague!*

But these are only the natural things, acts of God or Satan, they blanch in the face of MAN'S deeds to come, man's nonprimateness to man, the Government, my God the Endarkenment of the next century will be marked by the rise of **OVERMEN**, superior mutants, **BETTER** than us, handsomer, more muscular, brilliant like Shakespeare or Einstein, but evil, they can do *everything* better than we can, self-righteous man-made *supermen*, an unclean bunch of clowns who will tread too far into the accursed Forbidden Sciences and come back controlling Time but so addicted to doing so that they will lead the stewing broiling mass of humans into a technological Hell, WOTF, a war with Mars over a worm, *Jesus Christ you must believe* it will all begin in 1982 when all the planets, the Earth and the Sun, all line up with the dog star Sirius, the Silver Star, in 1998 it will draw the X-ists to us like flies to a dungdish, oh they won't stay long, they'll leave us, completely free to do as we please, but their unnameable "maggots" will remain. Diabolic caricatures, hideously silent, evasive, but always with us. **WE WILL BE DOGS TO THEM in more ways than you can count.** Yes, it will be bad, why do you think they call it *Apocalypse??* The Book of Revelations is an alien text, those space monsters know what they're about to do with us, they knew it 2000 years ago, but what they *don't* know any more than we do is what *The Prescriptions* mean when they darkly refer to **THE RUPTURE**, the cosmic vortex calamity *after* the biblical Apocalypse and somehow a godzillion times worse, *Omicron Epsilon*, yes **REPENT!** Repent and fornicate like your life depended on it but know all along that the cannibal False Prophets wait to sell you out at every trick turn, remember wherever you go that the pleasant, harmless looking human beings shopping all around you will quietly acquiesce to



purchasing anything dangled in front of them by a superior intelligence whether the dangler is human or not and whether what is dangled is humane or not. Yes the smiling **False Prophets of every race will sell you hot lead, cold steel, and a one-way ticket to Hell** without it ever crossing their minds that the buttons were pushed by *their* squeaky-clean little pink fingers.

And so AIEEE the gore-drenched night-spawned *Goal*, the be-all and end-all of the full devastating evilangelism of the SubGenius, is the **Casting Out of the False Prophets**. It is the voiceless Ground Zero of the Three Anti-Nonviolent Action Protograms: *REMOVAL*, *ELIMINATION*, and the *SCOURING* of this cage Earth; it is the Sacred Vindictive Grudge-Chore of Vengeance at which the groping alien monster god prods us. *In whichever way Jehovah I instructs him*, the SubGenius *Unmasks* those False Prophets as he is wont to Remove (to ascertain that a SubGenius is not hiding beneath!); he *Makes Witness* against them, and in so doing unleashes the full force of the Mockery Sciences: Mocking and Reviling, Scoffing and Blaspheming, Making Sport, Taboo Shattering, Namismatic Flaudulation of the English Language, the Tumping of Graven Images; in short, *Waging the Wor* and *Smiting the Infidels*: and yet he does this in *common everyday conversation* if he so chooses; his foe never notices the subliminal commands in the SubGenius Jests. Eventually he escalates to SHOCK VALUE: he goes among the enemy Relabeling, Pro- phesying and Diesecting:::

- *Wielding the Raygun Finger of Unrelenting Humiliation in a zeal-fevered studlust of territorial sexhurt domination!!* -

But it is not enough for these fat soft devils! *"Too much is always better than not enough."*

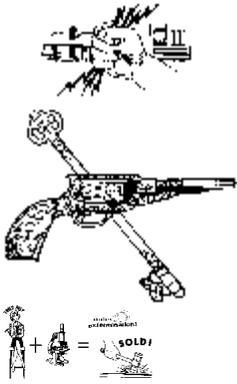
- Dobbs, Ec.1:23. To slake his ever-mounting thirst for revenge he finds he most go beyond the 'formal' dictates of the Church; his personal violence, in whatever form, has exceeded even those unholy shrieking limits; the transfigured *RENEGADE SUBGENIUS* schizms from his Lodge, he joins an anti-SubG operation such as the Pink Boys (in the process disavowing any knowledge in general), he then shucks all semblance of human acceptability, goes full-tilt Mandrill and finally becomes the feared *ROGUE SUBGENIUS*, capable of *any* unmentionable act and owing allegiance to *nothing*. The gun barrel bumps once against the victim's forehead, he hears the click only, not the **BANG**, and he leaves his arithmetic running down the wall behind him. **"Fuck Them If They Can't Take A Joke."**

Ha! - but this has all been a sham. To keep blame from the Church, the 'Rogue' has been main- taining a false front of madness while actually serv- ing as a calculating Now-Or-Later *Nihilator* of the Goon Squad of the SubGenius! (Countless villains of history and science were 'Rogue SubGeniuses' working Jehovah's indecipherable plans. We admit all this to insure disbelief.) *This is an action church! Jihad! Holy War!*

Religion is not some panty-waist formula to sit upon fatly complacent! It is clean-shaven WAR! *"The Gig is up."* We are all equal in God's eyes if not Jehovah's and this gives us each a divine license to *SMITE!* Jehovah's Winepress spillesh over with the blood of the innocent and there must be JUSTICE! AAIIEEEEE! Kali Yuga! The buttoholes must be untimely Clipp'd! *See then the SubGenius and know that his Laws change with the wind in his Contra Diction!...his Church thus reflects life in all its spasmodic glory!!*

COULD THIS BE THE END?

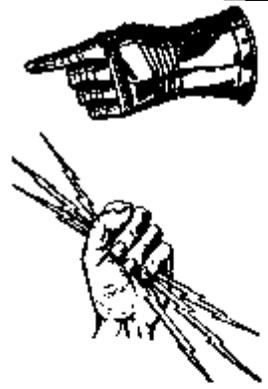




The SubGenius knows that a godlike alien space monster calling Himself Jehovah 1 is watching us and making us dance like cheap puppets for His own insidious purposes. He demands that we "whorship" Him, and so we surely must. And if you say that the SubGenius is deceived, that there is no alien God of Wrath named Jehovah, then the SubGenius will attack *YOU!* You are wrong; we are right; *Jehovah 1 told us so and we believed it.* Alright? Now roll over and go back to "sleep"...(By "God's Third Leg," you'd think these human beings didn't know what insane bogus religions are *for!!*)

PROTECTS
PRESERVES
RESTORES

IGNORE THIS: FNORD: The term 'SubGenius' is used because it is the most *mironic description possible*, you fool. To practice and preach the same things is utter madness. Sometimes communication must be made *more difficult and irritating than necessary*, in order to convey certain dangerous complexities. *The knowledge must not fall into the wrong hands.* **"SCIENCE DOES NOT REMOVE THE TERROR OF THE GODS."**

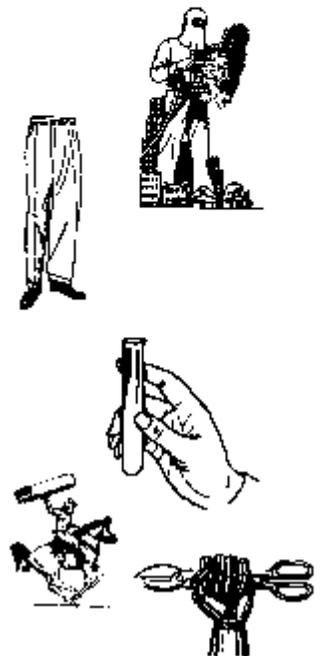


PROPHECY CRUSADE

The Church of SubGenius is an Order of Scoffers and Blasphemers, dedicated to Total Slack, delving into Mockery Science, Sadofuturists, Megaphysics, Scatolography, Schizophreniatrics, Morealism, Sarcastrophy, Cynisacreligion, Apocalyptionomy, ESPECTORATIONALISM, Hypno-Pediatrics, Subliminimalism, Satyriology, Disto-Utopianity, Sardonicology, Fasciestiouism, Ridiculophagy, and Miscellatheistic Theology.

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WE THE SUBGENIUSES OF THE POST-HUMAN RACE, in order to preserve life on this planet from immanent destruction, reestablish intelligence, regain Slack, cast out the False Prophets, smother forever the fear of fear Itself, recieve the questionable gifts of the Beforelife and of the Space Dwellers, become as Overmen, unmask the Conspiracy, grip the reigns of human evolution, control reproduction and mutation, decipher the Code, placate the Stark Fist of Removal, achieve Time Control, see That Which Must Come To Pass, become as gods, find the Twins with the Scissors of Sight, avert the Rupture of the Equilibrium, and secure the financial blessings of Jehovah 1 the God of Wrath for ourselves and our descendants, do hereby admit ourselves as such and thus ordain this Advertisement of the SubGenius Race of Earth.

YOU MAY NOW STOP READING FOREVER

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