“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 engramatic 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

The prudes, prigs, wheezers and weenises, 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!!

AFTER

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”
Church Services and Activities

GOSPEL MISSIONS
RADIO OUTREACH
BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE
DEVANGELISTIC CRUSADES
MEMORY EDITING, NEGATIVE CUTTING
SLEEVE JOBS, PSYCHOMETRY
PRISON ESCAPES
OUIJA DOMINANCE TRAINING
FRAME STRAIGHTENING — BODY REPAIR
CONSPIRACY INFRINGEMENT
YOUTH COUNSELING
TV MINISTRY
WHUPPING (CROP, QUIRT, TAWS, KNOUT, ETC.)
TENT MEETINGS, SEANCES
HIGH HEELS, POOP DOG HATS
FREELANCE THAUMATURGY
IMMACULATE EFFECTUATION
NIPPLE & GENITAL PIERCING CHARMS
HEALING, CURSES, SPELLS, HEXES, VEXES
ACUTEATING, LANDSCAPING, PILLS, TESTING
ALIEN CONTACT, NECROMANTIC POTIONS
HOME FOR SLACKLESS CHILDREN
LAUNCHING EVALUATION
BEYOND THE PALEONTOLOGY RESEARCH
RANDOM ALERT FACTORYING
CHICKEN ENTRAILS, HANDWRITING ANALYSIS
TANTRIC DEVIATIONAL TECHNOLOGY™
ENOCHIAN WORKINGS, ELEUSINIAN RITES
3 = 86 = 999 RITUALS
SACRIFICAL KNIFE-WIELDING & LEVITATION
ECCLESIAE Gnosticae Dobbsianae Missa
PYROMATURIANT DIVINATION
ADULT FIRE-WALKING
TECHNOMAGIC TALISMONS, FETISHES, AMULETS
INDUSTRIAL SALES PREDICTIONS
FELCHING & COLOR THERAPY
NASOCRIPTOLOGY & NOOSECUBEATING
TELEPATHIC COMMUNICATION
SEXHURT ENCHANTMENTS, BEWITCHMENTS
HOLISTIC BRAINWATCHING, PSYCHIC PSYGERGY
INVOKING DREAD POWERS OF
EARTH, WATER, FIRE & AIR
FRENCH PRESCRIPTIONS, VIRTUAL MEMORY LOSS
RADICAL HEAD REALIGNMENT
ANSWERS AND MIRACLES

“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”

For up-to-date information on the Church, send a 10” self-addressed stamped envelope to the Church Headquarters:

THE SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION, INC.
P.O. Box 181417
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44118 U.S.A.

or see www.subgenius.com

Formerly of DALLAS, TEXAS

“Researching the Public’s Fear of the Unknown,
Breaking the Tolerance Barrier, and
Casting Out False Prophets Since 1953!”

81 for thick catalog of SubGenius tapes, videos, books, comics, and fine sportswear.
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sin materials, flesh sacrifices, pills, videotapes,
but what will make us REALLY NOTICE YOU is MONEY.
[NOT TAX DEDUCTIBLE (by intent)]
BEING The Word and Histories of
J.R. “BOB” DOBBS
High Epoq of The Church of the SubGenius
as Trance-Spouted by These Ordained Ministers
and Original Early Apostles of The Dobbs:

Dr. Philo Drummond, Ø-1° •
Rev. Ivan Stang, A.Ø. • St. Palmer
Vreedeez • Dr. G. Gordon Gordon • Pope
Sternodox Keckhauser • Dr. Onan Canobite • Nenslo • Dr. Hal Robins •
Father Joe Mama • Nicolas Gardner • Princess Wei “R” Doe, Queen of ALL The UFOs •
Will O’Dobbs • Hellswami Satellite Weavers • Vladimir Krankpovsky, D.D. • someone else •
Puzzling Evidence • Rev. Susie the Floozie • Dr. K’Taden Legume • Rev. Numen Remissionis • Rev. John
R. Fudge • William Barker/SCHWA • Former Rev. Buck Naked • THE SWINGIN’ LOVE CORPSES •
St. Byron Werner • St. Joe Riley • St. Joe Schwind • Rev. Winston Smith • DRS. 4 “BOB” • Rev. Nanzi
Regalia • Rev. Dr. Chris Gross • Rev. Sverre H. Kristensen / Rev. Gutzilla Bloat • St. Kenneth Huey • Rev.
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APPROVED BY DOBBS • BEWARE OF CANADIAN IMITATIONS!
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?

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.

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
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-Priests 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 CYNISACRELGION 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”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” 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, squirting beauty of the cosmos.

SATANISM™

1 The claim was previously made by the International Nensletic Art-Science Party, Orton Nenslo, Pres. See nenslo.easyjournal.com or www.geocities.com/nenslo
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 DEVIVALS 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!

That’s “BOB” at SubGenius, P.O. Box 181417, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118!!

www.subgenius.com

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1 Of course, the planet doesn’t really have that much time left.
2 Well, almost nothing.
The Jesus That Didn’t Get Nailed

J. R. “Bob” Dobbs — 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.”

— Godecelessians 6:14

There are no nations — just ONE GLOBAL CONCENTRATION CAMP run by a single, if fractured, SECRET SOCIETY. Before he rebeled, “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. Likewise, “Bob’s” 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-tilt DIVINE ASININITY.

1 Pronounced by some, “Jahr” Dobbs.
2 DON’T buy the “MEDIA ECOLOGY” crap by the Canadian “Poser-Bob.” Needless to say, it’s a pathetic fake and shameless rip-off.
3 This is where we get the word “discombobulation.”
4 See the SubGenius video, ARISE!, for the first instance of that particular joke being told (DVD available from SubGenius, Box 181417, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118, or from SUBGENIUS.COM).
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 s/h/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 AMOeba 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 (“Shordurpersavrs.” 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. 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!!

There is a hint: WE’RE DANGLING IT IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES RIGHT THIS VERY SECOND.)
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 devival, 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
nenslo.easyjournal.com

ST. BYRON WERNER

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 HE'S 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.
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; 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... I... 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.

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, “some-day 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, we as 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.
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 seem to care 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 unnmanly.

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, “I hope 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 shortsed 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 unsual 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, though. Suddenly there was a terrible accident at the local paper mill. “Bob’s” teacher, while visiting his girlfriend there, slipped and fell into the paper-cutting machine, just when the ‘Off’ switch had shortsed out. She was paper-cut to death, all right — cut into paper-thin, letter-sized sheets.

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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 garbageman, 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 fights as well). SubGeniuses, as a result of the healthy exploitation of their own HATE, 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 unknowing SubGenius.¹

This is one reason we strongly urge couples to invest in SEVERAL SubGenius Short Duration Marriages, and consummations,² 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 erred when they tampered with that buzzer in our brains, that pleasure center right next to the orgasm dynamos, 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.

¹ If you’re a SubGenius, you are a sex criminal — by definition!!

² 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 fellow Yetis. Yetiway… a bit like drinking to forget you’re a drunk.

³ See the Scatalog at SUBGENIUS.COM. If you don’t have a ‘fiance’ for it, the act of buying it will magically draw one to you!
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 rib cage, 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 Nentessence (aka PPQF, or “soul”) that should concern you.

Yet we’ve all heard stories from people who were clinically “dead” and had near-death, out-of-the-body experiences just before they were resuscitated on an operating table. In most cases, they entered a “Tunnel of Light” leading to the spirits of their deceased loved ones and a great White Light of Love at the center of the Universe. A few felt instead the flames of Hell licking at them.

Both these lovely afterlives glimpsed during temporary death ARE REAL, but are accessible only by those who are already FATED to return to life and report back. They’re merely a RUSE — a RED HERRING — a hallucination programmed into our genetic structure to throw us off the scent! A WOTAN-implanted “mental movie projector” is triggered at the moment of death to show this racial “acid trip,” so that the human race will always be hearing fairly plausible stories suggesting some sort of God, Heaven and devil.

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 smelted 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. PPQFs evolved, along with the life forms to which they attached themselves. Three billion years ago, what is now your “soul” was once a disgustingly primordial, embryonic “proto-soul” aetherically tethered to a single-celled protozoan floating in the primordial sea. As life evolved and the PPQF jumped from being to being, it grew.

Theoretically.
In Normal Hell, only after toiling for a week that lasts 1,000 years do you “earn” the ‘right’ to relax and go out on a date with a cute demon. But then you’re faced with the nightmare of SEX IN HELL. In Hell, you’re judged by your LOOKS. If your appearance doesn’t conform to the most recent Miss Hell foldout or “Marlboro Man,” you’re out of luck. And in Hell you age. Your skin sags as the years go by, and you’re compelled to wear elaborate hairdos and make-up. On top of that, the demons make such a big deal out of sex, both pro and con, that half the time you’re so uptight about doing things “right,” you end up with a pathetic, unsatisfying, anticlimactic halfway- orgasm for all your trouble. The only legal recreational drugs are debilitating central nervous system depressants like heroin, while harmless plant extracts like coffee will get you thrown into Hell Prison. There’s no point in even trying to imagine what Hell Prison is like.

You can never win; it’s like playing against a computer — IT CANNOT LOSE.

In SubGenius Hell, on the other hand, there is no authority — only Angels. Angels don’t have to sin, but they do anyway. Sometimes they frolic and have sex with SubGenius souls. (Imagine ANGEL SEX!) Other times they watch us with no more involvement than when we watch a sitcom. The concept of failibility does not exist among Angels, and so they are infallible. Angels are rather “Bob”-like in this ignorance, or amnesia, of failure.

Telepathy is used, because there is no air to make sound waves; indeed, everything in Asgard is composed of varying thicknesses and degrees of pure pleasure, and all consciousness is in a continuous, undiluted Moment of OozSquirt.

One doesn’t have to be baptized in “Bob” to be saved, nay! Members of rival cults who were unknowing, unsaved SubGeniuses in life will find themselves in SubGenius Hell — which they’ll naturally think is their Heaven. We may find among us rogue priests, misfit rabbis, deranged sufis, even some cops. All who were great SubGeniuses and Bold Surrealists without knowing it will join us in SubGenius Hell. You should assume that YOU still have to send the S30, but there are some whose service to “Bob” enabled the Church to exist for you to spend that S30 ON. They might not ever know of the Church, or might hate it, but they will certainly end up on the Escape Vessels in 1998, when that true year finally rolls around — and if they die before then, they’ll go straight to SubGenius Hell, whether they like it or not.

They’ll like it.

It will be impossible for them not to.

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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, innocent potential 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!

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SUBGENIUS HELL: HELLE

The hereafter of the true SubGenius is the diametric opposite of that of the unsaved. Having tithed sufficiently in life, death for the heroic SubGenius is merely a “transfer” to ASGARD, the SubGenius Hell — the Land of Perpetual OozSquirt, and Portal to Eternal Pleasure.

After “bathing” in the Beforelife, the Nentessence 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, 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 Nentessence 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 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 reach the Gates of YACATIZMA. There you must show that you have overcome (tasted) the 12 Temptations. (Imagine ANGEL SEX!) Other times they watch us with no more involvement than when we watch a sitcom. The concept of failibility does not exist among Angels, and so they are infallible. Angels are rather “Bob”-like in this ignorance, or amnesia, of failure.

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STARG AS A CRITIC: THE ART OF ASGARD AS A CRITIC: THE ART OF ASGARD

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THE CAVE AND THE FLAMES OF HEAVEN

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THE ULTIMATE VIRTUES AND TEMPTATIONS

If you were able to save yourself once you reach the Gates of YACATIZMA, you would be able to pass from the beyond into the 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 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.

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88
LIVING LIKE THERE’S NO TOMORROW

But don’t start gearing your life to the afterlife — you aren’t dead, yet! The so-called “real world” still is the REAL WORLD! Sure, it’s “all Maya, all illusion”... sure, you make your own reality ... but just try to remember that the next time you stub your toe, SMART GUY! If you don’t believe it, try this simple experiment — insert a hot needle very slowly into your left eyeball. Suddenly, you will gain an understanding of the value of a dollar, and will be rid of corny cosmic sweetness-and-light illusions forever. (MONEY has more to do with “reality” than all mankind’s religions put together!)

The real world, the dream world and the death worlds are all equally real, but are composed of different vibrations of the aether of what “Bob” calls the Smoke of the Mother of ALL Fathers of All Pipes. Just remember, the more time your “higher self” spends in dreamland grokking the All, the Hole in Oneness, the longer your “lower self” is left alone on Earth to act like a JERK, hiding its head in the sand while The Conspiracy gets away with murder!

Don’t sit on your butt thinking anything’s PREDESTINED for you. Some have fates, some do not. Predestination exists only for the Chosen. For most, there is no fate. They are the lucky ones! You may not be fated to be rich, but, having no fate, you have the choice of becoming rich of your own “free” will. Many who have been fated, were fated not to become rich. Unlike the Chosen, YOU may CHOOSE.

Nothing is going to make things “come out okay in the long run.” Since you only go around once at a time, the best way to make Heaven is to GET SLACK NOW. We all know we’re going to die, and that it could easily be “before our time” (and usually is). Do we then give in to depression, grab at some last-straw afterlife concept, some dumb religion, and sigh with resignation while waddling aimlessly through what’s left of the rest of our lives? HELL NO, we SPEND OUR TIME AS IF IT’S WORTH SOMETHING, and thus are MORE THAN ALIVE. Better to be completely alive for a few seconds than be half-alive for 100 years... for when half-alive people die, they’re just dead.

Many people’s lives are truly aimless. Like someone unknowingly lost in the woods, they trudge confidently in a big circle for hours, thinking they are moving in a straight line toward the horizon. Finally they come upon a familiar landmark and realize their terrible folly. The moment most people DIE is the moment they realize they’ve been going in circles through life, hopelessly lost, like idiots. THAT is the moment of total horror, and that realization is what sends them to Normal Hell. We, on the other hand, follow “Bob” up the trail to its parking lot.

There is no Damnation for the SubGenius whose heart is true to “Bob.” You’re a SubGenius; you have that Covenant — that “sales contract.” That “warranty” on your soul.

But, through carelessness or greed, your Nentessence can get “overdrawn” — just like your bank account! Yet with proper investment, it will COLLECT INTEREST! There’s only ONE WAY to be sure that when you die, your soul will be healthy enough that you die completely, and make it to Asgard rather than hanging around Earth one-eighth alive, like a Pink Dupe.

LEASE YOUR SOUL TO “BOB” for SAFEKEEPING!! — watch the interest GROW and GROW!!


* Following only a single short “preliminary” eternity in Normal Hell.
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.

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.

**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 Nentessence 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 saviors, 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.

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.

*It’s possible for a “Full Squirt SubGenius” to ascend to Media Tulpuhood and even deification.
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 eke out a living. They are but ’sleep 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.”

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,quisitions, 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.

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Whereas, regarding intelligence, the Greys and Deros might as well be our equals, ghosts (deceased Pinks too stupid or obsessive to “cross over”) 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 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. 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 antiConspiracy 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

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Send ALL your UFO schematics, Crop Circle translations, Z-Reticulan surgery manuals, hypnosis transcripts, and astral cattle blood, plus a check or money order for $30, RIGHT NOW, to P.O. Box 181417, Cleveland Heights OH 44118 / www.subgenius.com.
PRE-X-DAY CHECKLISTS

A: FOR DUES-PAYING SUBGENIUS CHURCH MINISTERS:

☐ Make doubly sure that both your $30 initial soul-pledge Membershpscription AND your $20 renewal are paid up.

   No matter what year the Conspiracy says it is, 1998 HAS NOT COME, and it’s TIME to RENEW your pledge of faith. It won’t matter what you did for “Bob,” but how much you sent.

☐ Carry a REAL SubGenius Minister’s on you at all times, day or night.

   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.

   If you’ve paid your Membershpscription fee, and have your Card, you have nothing else to worry about.

   If you HA VEN’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 181417, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 or www.subgenius.com.

   (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, 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 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.
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 Mediocreins 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 HORDIFIED REPUGNANCE!!! A RADIOACTIVE hate! A BURNING, SCOURING, INHIBILATING HATE!! A hate that peels paint off walls, makes traffic lights explode, and ruptures sewer lines!

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 HATE DYNAMOS. 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 HATE³.

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 clawing the locked doorway of my gas chamber.”

— “Visions of a Master Hater” by Janor Hypercleats
MEMBERSHIP/ORDAINMENT — $30

BECOME AN ORDAINED SUBGENIUS MINISTER
AND ATTAIN THE SECRETS OF THE WORLD WEIRD NETWORK! Perform legal marriages! 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: the amazing The Divine Excuse (WHAT OTHER RELIGIONS CHARGE ALL WORLDLY GOODS FOR!!) - Doktorate of the Forbidden Sciences - Pamphlets #1 & 2 - Dobbshead decal - many other suitable-for-framing documents, propaganda flyers, bumper sticker - 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 on July 5th!! If he hasn’t seen your $30, you’re still “Pink” to “Bob.”

THE BOOK OF THE SUBGENIUS - $16.95
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. Profusely illustrated, softbound, published by Simon & Schuster.

THE SUBGENIUS PSYCHLOPAEDIA OF SLACK — THE BOBIOGRAPHION — $17.95
NYES! A THIRD SUBGENIUS TESTAMENT! The NEW (2006) encyclopedia of abnormality — 240 pages of cornea-melting illustrations and newly-released SubGenius writings that will SHOCK those who thought surely everything must be contained within the previous books. All-new revelations re: the Mystery of X-Day; Connie Dobbs; Suicide; Slack Magic; SubGenius Kooks; “Bob’s” Dark Secrets; The Earth-Mars Switch and more! From mighty Thunder’s Mouth/Avalon.
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— $125 for 6-month subscription! (26 episodes)

The Hour of Slack is an incredible compendium of the best and newest from all SubGenius shows, bands, ranters, new Media Barrages and collage artists. Over 1000 episodes of this jam-packed, samurai-edited juggernaut of raw, untamed SLACK are available on CD-R in MP3 form, but there’s nothing like having the high-fi CDs with separate tracks (like the stations get, only X-rated!)

HOUR OF SLACK Classics CD

— $14.95

The most requested bits from shows, media barrage tapes, and SubG music tapes. More or less “explanatory” of the Church basics. “Maybe the most remarkable program on the air in the ’80s, the SubGenius Doctors have virtually created a new form of audio entertainment.” — Audiodrone

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GO AHEAD EVERYBODY ELSE DOES
A secret society of majikiaens 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 Initiates 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 birth-
day. 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 181417, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 or use a credit card or PayPal at SUBGENIUS.COM.

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?
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 spurtting 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 whisper. “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. Plunge 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 worthwhile 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 Church videos, CDs, books, magazines, tee-shirts, geegeaws 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 181417, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 (or see www.subgenius.com). If you’re not afraid, you’ll order that SubGenius DVD you’ve only been thinking about purchasing. In a world where fewer and fewer can remember how to read, THE SUBGENIUS MIND DRILLING DVDs 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-weak 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.