

feel like a bunch of paranoid dupes. Enough, President Ford!
Either answer
the charges or shut up! Why play out your evil charade when the
game plan is
fast unraveling for all of America to see?

Recently Mil Pogboddle, BUFOON's public relations director,
received a
communique which damningly documents the reality of the crafts
from the Great
Beyond. The communique is unique only in its great detail, but
is otherwise
representative of the eloquent and overwhelming testimony from an
alarmed and
outraged American public that challenges the skills of even
BUFOON's crack
investigative network on a daily basis. UFONY is proud to
reproduce the
communique in its entirety in its first issue.

Dear Mr. Pogboddle,

I don't expect you'll be able to explain or believe
what happen
to me and mine, but I am bound to set it down in my own
words. I
hope to get it right and detailed the first time and as true
in my
heart as I know how, for Carl's condition is deteriorating
and
Bradley, our eldest, ain't near in as bad a way but is none
too good.

I will say that I never touch liquor nor any kind of
dope
either, only the Excedrin P.M. when my arthritis act up and
also
digitalis when I'm suppose to.

I done given serious thought to writing this to your
missus
instead of you, Mr. Pogboddle, because I will take the
womanly
attitude over a man any time. This is no reflection on you
or on my
own men, and I hope you will not take it wrong. It is just
how I've
come to feel at my age, with the years and all. I am part
Cherokee,
you know, and we are liable to feel that way I am told.
Still I am
writing to you after all as you are the "man in charge" and
I do not
want to slight you.

I am an honest woman of good intelligence, having an
upholding
reputation where we live, which I value. Carl would back me
up every
bit, I assure you, were it not for his condition. About
Bradley I'm

not so sure as every since he was made kind of funny about
it and my
honest view is that he don't like to even think about it.
He even
gets a tic on his left cheek from as you face him if you
just act
like you're going to bring it up.
This was when we was living in Goleta, which is right
near Santa
Barbara. It couldn't of been much more than a year ago, and
my thought
is more like on the order of eight months.
It was around seven or therabouts and we was on our way
to Marty
and Jeanette's, relations on Carl's side. They live in
Santa Barbara
and still do. We was in the '68 Plymouth which Carl just
made a down
payment on, first real outing in it.
Anyway the weather conditions were, so that part won't
be in any
doubt, it was pretty overcast but not near total. You know
how I
mean, I'm sure.
Right in front a cloud moved out of the way, up in the
atmosphere, and there it was clear as all get out. It just
hung
there, with no kind of maneuvers or anything. It was a
ghostly white
and shaped almost round, but with some of the round part
invisible.
It was about the size of the moon in appearance, only maybe
a fourth
bigger. It like to scare me to death, just hovering up
there in the
distance, I can tell you!
In a hush voice I says to Bradley, "Look at that thing!
It's
one of those things they sight!"
Right there is where Bradley went funny like on me. I
don't
know if it was a beam or anything did something to his mind.
I will
say I didn't see no beam, though I been told they could have
them
invisible.
Anyway Bradley says, "It's only the moon, Ma."
Now how could it a been the moon like that at the time?
To this
day I am convince the moon was only a thin curvy sliver not
more than
a few days before, a week at most. And what about the size?
I up and grab Carl by the shoulder because I was
excited and
afraid, let me tell you. "What are we going to do?" I
asked.
I am honest in saying I was quite upset. I know in my
heart

that it would of made you feel the same. It was plain
frightening,
that thing.
Well, what happens happens, like they say. Carl lost
ahold of
the steering wheel and we crashed into this here abutment at
an
underpass, the concrete type like they mostly are nowadays.
I was the lucky one, only broke my wrist and boogered
up my face
some and got a few bruises and scratches. My poor Carl had
a
concussion and his insides hurt real bad with hemerging and
all kinds
of things like that. Dr. James says to expect the worst,
even though
he's hung on a good spell.
Bradley wasn't hurt too much worse than me, though like
I say he
acts cranky and funny about the whole thing. I just don't
know if
you could get him to talk about it, the way he is.
That is the God's truth of what happen, and may I fart
cockleburns (old earthy Cherokee expression) if it ain't. I
never did
use to believe in UFO's, but I just don't know any more.
You can use my name if you want to, but I hope you
won't go
overboard with this. If you make it have too much
prominence, like
basing a book on it or something, I would appreciate if you
don't
give out our address. What with the scare I got and it
looking like
Carl going to pass on and Bradley like he is, I just don't
think I
can handle any strain like having a lot of cranks bothering
me about
the sighting.
So that is the whole thing, and I didn't put in a word
of
exaggeration or anything like that. It is the God's truth,
believe
me.
I don't know what's going on, if we are being watched
by beings
from in space or what. All I know is what I saw, and it
sure
convince me that something strange must be happening. It
give me a
new look on things, because I saw what I saw and nobody can
tell me
different.

truly yours,

Very

Hannah

Selwyn

P.S. About a wooshing sound, if any, I just can't testify to that
for sure. I seem to remember something like that, but upset like I
was it could of been the car moving along on the road. I myself
don't think so, but going by how I was at the time, the excitement
and all, I don't know if it should be included.
One more thing was the puppy, Stout Cortez, yapping away in the back
seat. He got flung against the windshield when the car crashed and
unfortunately his neck got broke.

We will have much more to say about the extraordinary experience of the
unfortunate Selwyn family in the next issue of UFONY. Suffice it to say for
now that Mrs. Selwyn has undergone hypnotic age regression investigation and
every detail of her communique has been confirmed. The minutes of Mrs.
Selwyn's age regression sessions have also uncovered astonishing facts that
had been hidden deep in her subconscious: she was abducted by the beings
aboard the interstellar craft and subjected to shocking physical examination!

We regret that due to space limitations (v. Pierre de Fermat) we have
been unable, after all, to include a centerfold of a truly mind-blowing alien
woman bare from the gills down and ready to be transported. We will include
this holoshot next month--although SYSOP's who object to full frontal nudity
among blue, methane-breathing, triple-breasted sweethearts from the Great
Beyond are free, of course, to censor the centerfold at their sole discretion
if their sensitivity so demands.

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Ô ê ê ê ê Christine Brinkley Issue Ô
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The encounter with visitors from the Great Beyond, endured by the Selwyn family and narrated so rivetingly by the mother of the household, did not end immediately after the family's sighting and apparent near collision with the saucer. Indeed, subsequent events were even more shattering, and it is the impact of those sequelae that carries a vital message for all of us.

We have already alluded to Hannah Selwyn's hypnotic time regression, but we need to keep the record unblemished and unmistakable in its import by covering the hypnotic time regression (HTR) that preceeded Mrs. Selwyn's-- which is to say, the HTR of her mortally wounded husband Carl!

BUFOON [Bureau of Unidentified Flying Objects Omni (K)Nowledge] is lucky indeed to enjoy the services of Christine Brinkley, MD, who is unquestionably the foremost expert in the fields of hypnotherapy and hypnoinvestigation, and in particular HTR, in America today. (Dr. Brinkley, incidentally, is not related to Frau Joel.) Dr. Brinkley has published numerous studies of fundamental importance in Fate magazine and other journals, and in addition has a thriving medical practice in weight control, tension therapy, acupuncture, and prostate massage revitalization. Since earning her medical degree at the Oriental University of Colonic and Herbal Therapy in Paraguay in 1988, she has achieved world renown in her areas of interest, despite the baseless campaign of harassment launched against her by Customs upon her return to our shores after her overseas studies. Summarizing, here is a brilliant young woman who has credentials coming out of her blowhole, so to speak, which is why BUFOON invited her to join the team.

Carl Selwyn's HTR took place in his hospital room in Goleta, California. All those in attendance were deeply moved by the sight of Mr. Selwyn's frail form swallowed up by an iron lung that enshrouded him up to the chin and that seemed, almost, to be more alive than he was. Unintimidated by the jungle of tubes and sundry medical devices, Hannah Selwyn stepped right up and tapped

her husband gently on the forehead. "Wake up, Carl. You got visitors."

Carl demonstrated marked instability. His mental capacities were clearly in decline. His face turned an alarming red, and he hissed up at his wife.

"Get this crazy woman out of here!" he said, trying to scream, but what little vitality he retained wasn't enough to give his voice any strength.

"He ain't himself," Hannah said.

"She's done killed me. She's killed me," Carl hissed, and started to cry. "Get her out of here."

Dr. Brinkley stepped up, gently edging Mrs. Selwyn aside. "Carl, I am here to give you peace. I am here to make you happy. I want you to listen to my voice." Dr. Brinkley began stroking Carl's forehead. "I want you to listen to me ... only me ... only my voice ... and to close your eyes ..."

Half a minute later Dr. Brinkley inquired, "Are you under?"

"Under what?" came the scarcely audible reply.

"Can you quack like a duck?"

"Can you ... like a bunny?" Carl's question was partially drowned out by the flushing sound of the compressor.

Alas, nothing came of Carl's HTR. As soon as Dr. Brinkley took him back to the night of the visitation, Carl began shaking violently in his iron lung and his color grew even redder. He flailed his head mindlessly about, spraying spittle in every direction, and the efforts of all present to calm the poor man were unavailing. By the time the duty nurse showed up to clear the room of Carl's visitors, Carl lay silent in his monstrous metal shroud.

Fortunately Hannah's session some weeks later was more rewarding.

We will provide you with the details of Hanah Selwyn's HTR session by and by. Meanwhile, the Standing Committee of BUFOON [Bureau of Unidentified Flying Objects Omni (K)Nowledge] feels compelled to reveal publicly that our own Christine Brinkley, MD, has discovered an ethnic Hawaiian youth who is the only channeler of Jesus Christ. BUFOON's explorations of this young find, who goes by the single name Tyroo, have scarcely begun. We would be remiss,

however, if we didn't provide you with a teaser, taken straight from the tape of one of Dr. Brinkley's sessions with Tyroo:

DR. BRINKLEY: Why did you pick Tyroo?

JESUS CHRIST: I called to him and he answered me. What measure of him am I in want of? I tell you that Tyroo is as surely king as any man who has ever worn fine robes. Is not the world throne enough for those who have eyes? Why did I make the mountains high? Why did I make the lakes to offer up the sweet waters? The court is not summoned to pass judgment upon Tyroo but upon his brethren.

DR. BRINKLEY: Some of us wish to know if the earth is hollow and if the flying saucers so many have seen come from inside the earth.

JESUS CHRIST: It is not my world that is hollow, but my children who are hollow. What is seen will be known. My children, my children, cast out what troubles you and look to the fountain of peace. Do not fear the winged ones of the air. These too are of the fold.

DR. BRINKLEY: But if they're not from inside the earth, can you tell us where they're from?

JESUS CHRIST: They are not from, but of. There is unity in every corner of the universe, clear to all who will keep their eyes open. I use all these little atoms of unity because I am their author and because I love them. It is only in obedience to my command that one and one make two. I did not create only the cast and color but even the fabric of the universe.

DR. BRINKLEY: Are they from space? Are they from another world? Are they superior to us by nature? Are they ... angels?

JESUS CHRIST: Nothing is by nature. All that you will ever see or hear or sense in any fashion was fashioned by these hands. Only the one who made you is superior to you. And if they be angels, then are you not also angels? I tell you that my friends are legion, and my enemies are cold.

DR. BRINKLEY: We have a little trouble understanding.

JESUS CHRIST: A little yes, and a little more, and much more still. The wise man goes indoors when the wind lays waste to the world. You must learn to listen with as much hunger as you speak. There is help in the numbers I have given to you. Good and evil, then evil and good; then evil and good, then good and evil; and then evil, and on and on, all striving for balance, all striving for perfection: 10010110011010010, and on and on. The series seeks balance and always achieves greater peace. It is the large portion of unity, and the lesser portion is: 01101001100101101, and on and on. All numbers have reverence. All numbers share their wisdom.

DR. BRINKLEY: You're saying, then, that we don't need to be concerned about the flying saucers?

JESUS CHRIST: Pink night scatters horses in the world, my children. What can matter more than that? All along the Great Divide, where the wind is wild and freedom is a song of memories, of mysteries, of longings, and of becoming; where the stars leap up and heal our wounds with such sweep and such sweetness that our smiles become songs in the silence; we hear the slow deep ringing footsteps of the land. We hear the soft triumphant gasps of those nearby, all unafraid, all knowing. And how our hands go out! Will none cry when the last cheetah is gone? When the last stag sees only a wall across an empty room, will none cry? What can matter more than what was in the beginning and shall be until the last nasturtium and the last tamarind and the last dream add their ashes and their atoms to the universal stillness of what was and is no longer? I bless you, my children, with this one truth, which is all-encompassing: pink night scatters horses in the world.

We will wind up this issue by addressing the matter of a baseless rumor that a few of you may have heard, to the effect that Tyroo is not Hawaiian at all but Samoan or possibly even Mexican. Dr. Brinkley and a team of crack investigators have looked into this whispered charge and established that it

is utterly without foundation. Tyroo is a man of honor, and he
shines a light
for all of us who care to see. Nor need there be any concerns
over the
substantial fees Tyroo needs to charge for private sessions, as
all monies
thereby generated go into a nonprofit fund to establish Tyroo's
New Light
Foundation. (Inquiries about private sessions with Tyroo may be
directed to
Christine Brinkley, MD, or to the New Light Committee of BUFOON
[Bureau of
Unidentified Flying Objects Omni (K)Nowledge].)

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UFONY
Volume 1, Number 3

March 1991

The Magazine of the Electronic Underground
Against Nonsense and in Support of Reason

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The Thundering Herd for the Liberation of Right Thinking has taken over the offices of UFONY, shackled and gagged Mil Pogboddle, and done dastardly things to Dr. Christine Brinkley (albeit with her permission). We herewith and forevermore declare these said offices to be a nuclear-free zone. Ozone-depleting products are no longer permitted. Ancient redwoods and other old-growth trees are to remain inviolate. Yuppies are subject to arrest and thought reorientation--and to castration, in particularly resistant cases. Picture-neat children, immaculately coiffed and tailored to perfection, especially if wearing sailor suits, are subject to recycling on the spot. And never, never forget Rule One: Dr. Brinkley belongs to the Overseer. (Rank hath its privileges--and our overseer, by all accounts, is about as rank as they come.)

The Thundering Herd will be issuing a list of nonnegotiable demands shortly. Demand One, you may be sure, will be for the immediate release of all hostages everywhere (Dr. Brinkley excepted). Demand Two will be for part-

time clean-up jobs at Burger King for all able-bodied Shiite Moslems who are able to wipe the foam off their mouths and mimic the sounds made by human beings. (No, Dan, it's not pronounced like a common four-letter word with t-y tacked onto the end.) Demand Three will be: Off with those stupid veils and turbans, sphinctoid scum. Join the world. This is the age of jet planes and man-made satellites and computers. Clean the camel dung off your hind feet and git wit de program. You Shiite Moslem women, you can keep the shrubbery under your arms if you like--hey, whatever gets you through the desert night, right?-- but a good dunk or two and a comb to the mop on top wouldn't hurt you. You don't wanna get a bad image over here where people wipe before eating instead of while eating, do you?

Incidentally, in an effort to aid Middle-eastern women in bringing themselves up to snuff in matters of grace and decorum, we reproduce here a list of tips from Desert Flower: The Magazine of Glamour and Cutting-Edge Etiquette for Upscale Middle-Eastern Hayseeds. The list is entitled "On Becoming a Siren of Araby ... or, Have Ayatollah Lately that I Love You?" and it's worth memorizing for its wisdom and its sweet sonorities.

- (1) Do not blow your nose under your arm.
- (2) If a Western devil smiles at you, do not giggle thunderously and spray yellow-brown spittle.
- (3) Do not serve broiled dung beetles or other delicacies to Westerners.
- (4) Do not wave your hindquarters wildly about to dry the stink-spray from your lingam and your yoni.
- (5) Do not take a dump in a phone booth during the Feast of Ramadan.
- (6) If a scorpion should take up residence in your garments, do not roll about or unclothe yourself vigorously.
- (7) Immediately cover with sand any moist piles left about the house by your children.
- (8) If a foul wind emit from you, do not bray and womp to mask the sound, but simply say "Ta ta" in the fashion of a British woman of dignity and briefly void yourself from the room.
- (9) Do not use the same cloth for your duties of self-cleansing as for pressing the remains of food paste off your dinner bones.
- (10) Emulate Dorothy Lamour in The Road to Baghdad.

All in all, sort of a Middle-eastern version of "Go placidly amid the noise and the haste ..."

Meanwhile, let us get back to preliminary matters.

The Electronic Underground--by which we mean, primarily, the world of BBS's and BBS'ing--has in almost all respects served its inhabitants well. It has failed, however, in one major sphere: it hasn't spread the word about the dangers of mind pollution.

We will present for your consideration a few words that might strike some people as vaguely nonsupportive of religion. We are obliged, before doing so, to tell every reader of any such words that they represent the views of the Thundering Herd and of nobody else. This proviso would be unnecessary if we were to claim that Vice President Quayle is mentally ill, or that conspirators in the CIA hired Castro or the Mafia or both to assassinate President John F. Kennedy, or that Big Oil has suppressed the secret that a couple of Maalox tablets mixed with Crystal Lite will power a Camarro better than any gasoline. As reasonable and tolerant folks who support freedom, we tend to nurture free speech, to hold it dear.

But we know, don't we, that the dedicated religionists--the Ayatollahs and the gangs of frothing fundamentalists, televised or not--hate free speech with a burning passion. Fundamentalists swoon when they suspect that somewhere anti-religious views are in danger of being granted one-tenth of one percent of the space the fundamentalists daily befoul. Those who wish to become educated about the heart and soul of religion might do well to begin by reading the hilarious and enlightening collection of essays entitled LETTERS FROM THE EARTH, by America's greatest writer, Mark Twain, whose wonderfully humane and powerful works are often censored in schools today by those who would happily chain you and your children to their crypt if they dared.

At last count there were more than a thousand BBS's dedicated to round-the-clock spreading of religion. And not simply religion, but almost always fundamentalist, kill-your-enemies religion. (Many would disagree with this

characterization. Censorship of phonograph records, sure. And movies and books, sure. And thought, definitely. Restrictions on gambling, sure. Restrictions on rock concerts, sure. Yes, these defenders of the fundamentalist agenda say, we will chain you if you let us, but we would never disembowel you or drown you or torture you for disagreeing with us or toast you over an open fire like chestnuts or hang you, by the neck or by your thumbs, you heathen witches, you servants of the devil, we would never do that to you, no, no, oh no. Don't believe those who pimp fundamentalism. The beast keeps its jaws shut only out of fear--fear of your contempt, fear of your ability to chain it. Religion is a curse and a shame; its history is a volcano of blood. Mother Theresa's slop for the starving is not sufficient to drown the screams of history or to wash away its horrors.

The essential damage done by the spirochetes of religion is that they render minds soiled by them open to other forms of rot that are often more immediately dangerous. A mind that can accept a gaseous vertebrate that gets off on endless hollow praise--such a mind is truly defenseless. Let us retrofit ourselves with incense-soaked cherry bombs and rocket heavenward and ride golden roller coasters and sing quadrillions of hymns until our flies disintegrate and our asses are milled to mirror-smooth flatness by our pews, all for the Man in black who gets off on faux praise.

An aside. Isaac Asimov is an atheist. Carl Sagan is an atheist. Do these brilliant writers and thinkers shout their quarrel with the garbage that is religion? No. They mention it only rarely. They keep their voices soft, almost detestful. Why do you suppose that is? Is it a matter of little importance, whether or not a power-mad praise-sucking dictator rules the universe, arbitrarily slaughtering those whose noses are not sufficiently brown?

The limp-mindedness that breeds give-Him-another-fix-of-dat-ole-fake-praise-religion BBS's, has also spawned BBS's that pimp more obvious forms of mental illness: pretend witchcraft, pretend reincarnation, astrology, and the like.

SYSOP's who have kept a handle on their rationality might check the mail conferences they carry. Amid all the technology and all the reasoned discussion there are nematodes. There is psychosis within those conferences. Mass murderers look for messages from the Great Beyond, and they find what they look for. Is it okay to butcher pets--not to mention kidnaped children? Hey, why not? In your next life you can come back as a bird of paradise, or as Snoopy, or as a waffle. And maybe meet a cute Capricorn.

So why pick on religion? Hey, why not? Is religion a defenseless little kid? Religion picks on everybody. It needs to be picked on. We all know the shy, moon-faced girl who keeps her white bible under her head and her pillow at half-mast and who says that ejaculating an occasional wad of fake praise heavenward gives her joy. But maybe it's not religion that gives her joy; maybe it's the pillow.

In one important area the Electronic Underground has failed utterly: it has failed to spread the gospel of reason. It has failed to alert us to the dangers of those nematodes. It has said, "What, me worry?" Young people are taught that they are free to believe anything that strikes their fancy. As indeed they are. But the consequences are dire: mind pollution kills. There's a great difference between human food for the mind, and dog droppings. This is your brain on astronomy; and this is your brain on astrology.

Brothers and sisters, it matters what you believe. It matters, whether you know it or not, most of all to you.

Get a mental life while it's not too late. Follow the light shed by the scientific method. All other roads lead to destruction.

So what about Unholy Communion? Hey, the people of the Thundering Herd are a laid-back group. Give us time.

We need a show of hands. How many of you have heard of a pretty decent science fiction book called THE WOLFEN, by Whitley Strieber? How many of you have seen the movie, which was also pretty decent? How many of you have heard of Strieber's next book, THE HUNGER, about vampires? How many of you have seen the movie based on that one?

Between 1970 and 1977, according to Philip J. Klass in UFO-ABDUCTIONS: A

DANGEROUS GAME, Strieber wrote nine novels and couldn't get them published.

But on rare occasions a struggling writer bites into the Mother Lode. THE

WOLFEN was a huge success in 1977, and the straightforward movie adaptation in

1981 was also a success.

Strieber, who looks exactly like Jim Baker (see Klass, UFO-ABDUCTIONS: A

DANGEROUS GAME, Plate 22) has continued with success. His two books following

THE HUNGER, which were published in '82 and '83, dealt with invasion of Earth

by aliens.

In 1987 Strieber published COMMUNION, about his abduction by at least

four different races of aliens. He was given a cash advance of \$1 million for

the story of his abduction, which reached the top position on the nonfiction

best-seller lists of the New York Times, the Washington Post, and Publishers

Weekly.

Nonfiction? Remember those nematodes, brothers and sisters. We of the

Thundering Herd think it's high time that all the balderdash about UFO's and

psi powers be identified for what it is: ullshitbay, brothers and sisters.

Piles and piles of it. Stick with us. We'll help you watch where you step.

When a female from the Great Beyond stuck a needle into Strieber's brain,

he told her, "You'll ruin a beautiful mind." She responded by asking him,

"What can we do to help you stop screaming?" Strieber, obviously quick to

grasp on which side his butt is breadered, told the alien woman (It would be

nice to know her name. Mothra? Rodan? Hannah?), "You could let me smell

you." (Don't fall for those lame earth lines, Moonola. Tell him the

Thundering Herd knows of an Iraqi maiden he can sniff, if he dares.) She had,

Strieber tells us, "a slight scent of cardboard" that "gave me ... an anchor in reality." Too bad Strieber came unglued from

his anchor, say

we of the Thundering Herd.

If you want to know whether Strieber bedded Barbarella, you'll have to

stay tuned, 'cause we is runnin' low on Maalox.

Watch for the first Scratch 'N Sniff Issue of UFONY, comin' at you from

your favorite BBS. This time she really means business. (You ever smell

righteous methane, Strieber? We're talking uncut rock methane, pharmaceutical

grade. Don't kid yourself. You're Barbarella ain't got half the
smell of our
Barbarella.)

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We of the Thundering Herd have suffered some difficulty in our pursuit of wide distribution for UFONY. Is there the stench of censorship in the air? Have we fed into the ether bit streams that betray a want of any of the social graces demanded of all who would carry themselves, proudly, as troopers of the good society. Fie.

All of us in the Thundering Herd (except the mole, of course) are proud to be citizens of the greatest, freest nation on earth. Well, there is the Netherlands, of course. There is a lot to be said for the Netherlands. Anyone who has spent a few months there would testify that the Netherlands, in all fairness, is a very free country. There would be no bowing of heads in the Netherlands in a contest of freedom versus the United States. And

Switzerland. Can there be a nobler and more beautiful country on earth, where the bowl of heaven is a song of cleanness and of magic, where the wind stirs and whispers among the peaks and valleys like a young girl's winter petticoats? And what about Japan? Haven't the Japanese outperformed Americans in many areas?

No, let's not quibble. America is America, and even if her fortunes are in decline and her air now listing toward the gray-brown portion of the spectrum that is shunned by the people of other nations who are more attached to breathing than are we; still, America is America. In the joyous words of George Burns, some years ago, to a pretty and personable acquaintance, "Long may it wave."

Let's not boast then. All of us in the Thundering Herd (again, excepting the mole) are proud to be citizens of the second greatest, second freest nation on earth. Or possibly third.

We asked a wretched old tennis shoe that runs a BBS that declines to carry UFONY, "Sir, why would you still a unique voice? Is there no room on your BBS for a voice that offers fresh compositions and fresh modulations?" The old tennis shoe said nothing. Its tongue lolled out, limp, soiled, misshapen. We peered down into the tennis shoe. Do you know what we saw? (Hint: We did not see the way; we did not see the truth; lo, we did not see the light.)

Hitler happily allowed to be heard those voices that bleated words that did not stir his bile. Stalin said, "Yes, comrade, it is permitted to say what I want to hear. Is a free country, no?" Pol Pot, truly a fiend's fiend ... well, he was the exception: Pol Pot killed supporters as well as opponents, indiscriminately.

Appeals to a sense of fair play mean nothing to an old tennis shoe, so we will not make them. We do appeal to all our fans and to all good people everywhere who appreciate fairness, truth, justice, and satire to take part in a contest open to everybody who is not a member of the Thundering Herd or a relative of a member of the Thundering Herd or an associate of the firm of

Gouge, Wimple, DeGroot, and Lesions, Attorneys-at-Law. How do you win a prize in the contest? By uploading more issues of UFONY to more BBS's than the losers of the contest can manage. (May we humbly suggest that to describe each issue of UFONY you simply use the words in that issue that appear next to the stylized alien family?)

The Grand Prize is an all-expenses-paid trip to the star system of your choice (must be within the Milky Way galaxy or one of its satellite galaxies) on the first alien spacecraft captained by a being willing to honor a passport of the United States.

First Prize is a heavy date with Peggy Bundy--if you know what we mean by "heavy date," and we think you do. Those who prefer more experienced companionship may choose Kelly Bundy instead of Peggy Bundy. SYSOP's may choose Tom Cruise instead of either of the Bundy babes.

Second Prize is a heavy date with either (but not both) of Bart Simpson's parents.

Third Prize is a heavy date with Roseanne Barr.

Those coming in 5th through 100th in the uploading derby will receive a spoon bent using mind power alone by the noted psychic Uri Geller. (Hey, if you had his given name, you'd knock off a couple of letters too.) These magnificent bent spoons come with a certificate suitable for framing and are normally sold at their full retail price of \$75.

Begin uploading now! The contest ends on January 1, 1991.

We've decided to throw this issue of UFONY open to some of our well-wishers and, in fairness, to a few detractors.

Gouge, Wimple, De Groot, and Lesions, Attorneys-at-Law
666 Park Avenue South
New York, New York

Editors, UFONY Magazine:

Our client is Christine Brinkley, famed model and actress and cute, smiling young lady. We are writing to you to demand that you cease and desist expropriating her name and her fame in your magazine. We do not believe there really is a Dr. Christine Brinkley as alleged in your magazine. If our

suspicion in this matter proves to be misplaced, we urge upon you
our position
that your Christine Brinkley will have to change her name in
order to avoid
further confusion on the part of the public. If we do not hear
from you in
this matter in a reasonable period of time we will be forced to
consider
seeking injunctive relief in the name of our client and to bring
suit for
damages already suffered by our client.

Our client's husband, Billy Joel, asks that if you should ever
refer to him in
your magazine that you give his correct height of 5' 11''. He is
a truly
gifted little musician, and he is frankly tired of reading that
he is less
than five feet tall. Mr. Joel also asks that you refrain from
mentioning any
hickies on or about Ms. Brinkley's body. The hickies are, in
point of fact,
birthmarks.

-o-

Say, have you heard the story about the horribly
bedraggled
lawyer who was at the point of dying of thirst as he crawled
aim-
lessly on the desert floor and called silently for help.
Half a
dozen buzzards circled repeatedly above him, drifting down
closer to
him as he drew nearer and nearer to death. Finally the
lawyer
breathed his last breath and ceased moving. The buzzards
came down
still closer and continued to hover over the remains for
some 20
minutes. When they were finally, absolutely certain the
lawyer was
dead, they rose up into the clear blue sky on silent wings
and flew
on.

--the

Thundering Herd

Lindo Beeley
Cincinnati, Ohio

Editors, UFONY Magazine:

It is not part of the American tradition to make fun of people's
religious
beliefs! We will KIL you if you donut paulajize! We will probly
KIL you even

if you do upaulajize! Kiling is 2 good for you! You shoe be
KIL! You bet
rapent before it 2 late!!

-o-

Faith is an affront to reason and an impediment to
learning.

It's a tapestry of pretense and of lies, a great patch of
quicksand
that smothers joy and swallows lives. It's faith's skinless
fingers that wield the whip that lashes men and women and
children
into the slaughterhouses of every war that ever turned a
human being
into a pile of ground round.

Nobody appears to have observed, incidentally, that
Septem-

ber 17, 1990, holds special status as a 10,000,000th
anniversary,

albeit in the binary rather than the decimal system. On
Septem-

ber 17 in the year of our Lord 1862, Americans lost more
soldiers in
battle, it's said, than on any other single day in history.

For
several days the air over Antietam Creek took on a pinkish
cast.

And on windless mornings even today, the claim is made, if
you stand

in the middle of Bloody Lane and make no sound at all you
can still

hear the screams of those young men who were brought to
early

harvest by God at such a lascivious pace, fruits of the
wasted

brilliance of General Robert E. Lee and the endless
hesitancy of

General George B. McClellan.

"We heard all through the war that the army 'was eager
to be

led against the enemy,'" wrote a northern soldier who fought
at

Antietam. "It must have been so, for truthful
correspondents said

so, and editors confirmed it. But when you came to hunt for
this

particular itch, it was always the next regiment that had
it. The

truth is, when bullets are whacking against tree-trunks and
solid

shot are cracking skulls like egg-shells, the consuming
passion in

the breast of the average man is to get out of the way.

Between the

physical fear of going forward and the moral fear of turning
back,

there is a predicament of exceptional awkwardness."

You, sir, present another "predicament of exceptional awkwardness," and you must also be confronted.

You are free to be as ignorant as you wanna be; but don't you dare demand that those of us who are unencumbered by your capacity for stupidity share your faith in a litany of plagiarized myths and forget that your holiest of relics are to be found in torture chambers constructed in the dark nights when faith ruled the world. Why should reason and logic cringe before the chancres of faith? Religion is a cesspool that covers the land at least to the depths of your shriveled mind. The stench of religion is everywhere. Let the cleansing waters of reason flow.

The sins of religion are not central to our charter. UFONY is dedicated primarily to shedding a light on UFO nuttiness and on claims of paranormal happenings and powers. Religion is, all the same, another leaning tower that calls for an occasional suspicious glance.

Your lie about an American tradition of keeping secret the truth about religion's warts is grounded in ignorance. Religion has been considered a worthy target since the day George Washington piloted the Mayflower into Pearl Harbor. It's only during the last generation, coincident with the metastasis of fundamentalism in America, that delicate dears such as yourself have felt driven to pass wind at the first hint that the heresy of religion might be a freak and a blight.

For an example of America's real heritage, savor these words from ROUGHING IT by Mark Twain, the greatest writer America has produced:

"All men have heard of the Mormon Bible, but few except the 'elect' have seen it, or, at least, taken the trouble to read it. I brought away a copy from Salt Lake. The book is a curiosity to me, it is such a pretentious affair, and yet so 'slow,' so sleepy, such an insipid mess of inspiration. It is chloroform in print. If

Joseph Smith composed this book, the act was a miracle--keeping awake while he did it was, at any rate....

"The book seems to be merely a prosy detail of imaginary history, with the Old Testament for a model; followed by a tedious plagiarism of the New Testament. The author labored to give his words and phrases the quaint, old-fashioned sound and structure of our King James's translation of the Scriptures; and the result is a mongrel.... Whenever he found his speech growing too modern--which was about every sentence or two--he ladled in a few such scriptural phrases as 'exceeding sore,' 'and it came to pass,' etc., and made things satisfactory again. 'And it came to pass' was his pet. If he had left that out, his Bible would have been only a pamphlet."

No, Lindo. The notion that America has a tradition of treating religion as too lily-livered to be appraised rationally, is a fiction invented by those who do your unthinking for you.

--the

Thundering Herd

Penny Moedog Toot
Pacific Palisades, CA

Editors, UFONY Magazine:

You have used several bad words in your magazine, and I think you should apologize to your readers. Some of us appreciate good taste, you know. And what would happen if little kids got hold of your magazine and read those bad words?

-o-

Speaking of little kids, you'll no doubt be pleased to learn that the Thundering Herd, in its quest to keep UFONY afloat, now offers for sale a line of hard rubber practice toddlers designed to appeal in particular to owners of pit bulls. These practice toddlers are life-size, fully vulcanized, and of the highest quality. Cost is a very reasonable \$39.95 apiece, plus shipping.

If you have any other concerns, don't hesitate to give
us a
toot.

--the

Thundering Herd

Central Intelligence Agency
Langley, Virginia

Alpha Seven, Control Ten Niner
EYES ONLY

Editors, UFONY Magazine:

Congrats! Your project to enhance the breadth of the recent
efforts at
disinformation foisted upon the American public shows great
promise. Never
let pass a chance to degrade the reps of those who see the
expeditionary
craft. So many sightings, so many landings, so many
cross-breeding
abductions. The lid is really getting awfully loose. That's the
feeling here
at Langley. Imagine if the people ever find out the whole truth.
Probably
have our hides. Not to even think about the heavy charges that
would be
thrown against Ford.

-o-

Hey, watch it with the memos, Alpha Seven. Loose lips
ship
sinks. Loose ships lip synch. Lipschitz sucks Chinks. Aw,
what-
ever the hell, you know what we mean.

--the

Thundering Herd

Mortimer Scobb
Biloxi, Mississippi

Editors, UFONY Magazine:

I never seen no nekkid alien woman with three breasts in nary a
one of your
issues. What goes? Am I missing something?

-o-

We all hope so, Reverend Scobb.
We were going to include the really astonishing Scratch
'N Sniff
feature in this issue, but now you've gone and used up all
the room

we had available. Some people.
Just for you, Rev:

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--the

Thundering Herd

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