



THE PLAQUE

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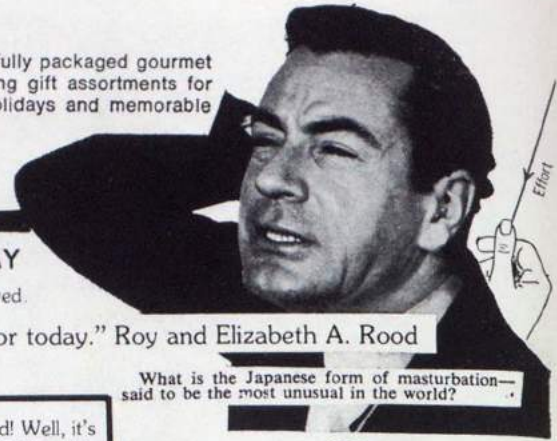
PLAGUE

DON'T BE WITHOUT ONE

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

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● **LOVELY CHEESE GIFTS.** Beautifully packaged gourmet cheeses from foreign lands, stunning gift assortments for your friends, relatives, business, holidays and memorable occasions.



"Lord...I'm believing you to be my interior decorator today." Roy and Elizabeth A. Rood

What is the Japanese form of masturbation—said to be the most unusual in the world?

funnyman of the month



Bill Macy

Hey, how's everybody doin' out there? Is everybody happy? Good! Well, it's time once again to introduce you to an issuance of **The Plague**. Usually it is in this portion of the magazine that we ask for your comments, cards, letters, etc. Not so this time. That whole idea has been tossed out the window. We've given up, because **you**—you sonofabitch—you're too lazy to send one fuckin' letter. Dammit, do you have any idea what it's like to see an envelope in the mailbox, only to discover that it's a catalogue for lawn care products? Sure, laugh now, but do you know what? You'll burn in Hell on the Judgement Day, that's what. Think of all the times **you** were awaiting a letter from someone special, and all you received was a Pennysaver coupon book. It's not funny. You little shit—oh, forget it, why do we waste our time with you? Go away. Just put the whole damn magazine back where you got it from, o.k.? FTW, we're not even going to tell you where our office is located. Find it yourself.

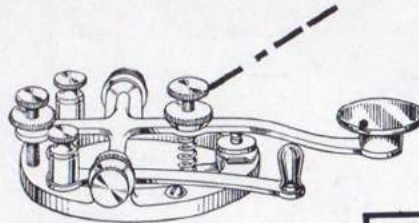


Fig. 27-14.

**Nitrogen Blanketing Aids
Polyethylene Processing**



MEASLES
VIRUS





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FOR
YOU

BETTER PAY and a
BRIGHTER FUTURE



RIPLEY: BELIEVE IT OR NOT— A LOOK INTO COMEDY TERRORISM

by T.M. Keiser &
J. Loscalzo

Shecky Gagafat, leader of the Comedy Liberation Organization (CLO), began his term in 1966. But the CLO itself has a much longer history, spanning four decades and five continents.

The CLO came into existence in 1947 during the Fakir uprising in Zaire, Africa. At that time, the Fakirs were a relatively unpublished band of jokesmiths known throughout the African community for their rancor and witty comebacks. Any member of this deadly tribe of comics could paralyze an enemy with its wide arsenal of quips, gags and practical jokes. It was reported that a Fakir, upon an instants notice, could make even a Siamese cat chuckle spasmodically and die.

The year 1947 marked the end of the line for the seething band of Fakir wits. That year, during the Nine-Day Laff War, the Fakirs were pummeled unmercifully by Fritz Ripley and his spasm-lightning quickwitted team of punchline demolitionists known collectively as the CLO. The Fakirs had no chance against the fearless CLO. Disguised as Korean vegetable sorters, this elite sect of comics outwitted the unprepared Fakirs by delivering a devastating barrage of "Artijokes (involving the use of artichokes and jokes as artillery)."

For further proof of the CLO's effectiveness with a microphone, let us glimpse at a moment of past comedy history as seen through the eyes of Frank Lang, news correspondent on location in Zaire during the uprising...



Terrorist leader Shecky Gagafat demonstrates CLO guerrilla tactic at recent press conference.

LANG: Ripley's incredible reputation was rightfully served that morning as his forces smashed through enemy lines. Ripley, the deft tactician and brilliant M.C., maneuvered his force of guerillas swiftly and courageously...completely obliterating the enemy with a relentless barrage of carefully timed and impeccably lodged mother jokes. His most devastating joke, "Phebo laxto krindo la la ("Your arms are too short ot nourish yourself")," probably won the war for him. Although the Zaire incident is thirty-five years in the past, it still stands as the most influential of all pre-WWI comedy wars because it provided a base of operations for the CLO now controlled by Shecky Gagafat and the members of his organization...

The following is an interview with Fritz Ripley, Jr., son of the deceased CLO leader.

PLAGUE: What exactly is the CLO?

RIPLEY: Well, the Comedy Liberation Organization is a terrorist group. The leader is Shecky Gagafat, a feisty old vaudevillian who maintains that the Catskills are the rightful homeland of all comics. They have been known to do terrible things to people who resist them.

PLAGUE: Are there any other organizations similar to the CLO?

RIPLEY: Yes, the Comedy Syndicate is an international comedy cartel. They deal in gags, jokes, and puns—a lucrative market. Currently, they are headed by a well known comic.

PLAGUE: Who may that be?

RIPLEY: Woody Allen, The Gagfather.

PLAGUE: Wow, I think this is news to all of us.

RIPLEY: Yes, it is. I believe this is the first time anyone has mentioned this in public.

PLAGUE: How long have you been with the CLO?

RIPLEY: I joined in 1966. It was either that or college. I was lucky. A lot of kids join the Syndicate and start in nite clubs. I started on the top- "The Tonight Show." I realized that I was different and that comics all over the world should unite and reclaim their rightful homeland?

PLAGUE: How did the original settlers of the Catskills, the comics, get kicked out?

RIPLEY: It was about thirty-five years ago. Comedy was just making it big. The little comics began to make some dough, but the stars, your basic mega-comic, needed some turf. So they moved in and pushed the little guys out.



Sheeky ponders the future.



Woody Allen, the Gagfather.

PLAGUE: What did the new comics do to the Catskills?

RIPLEY: Built golf courses, and cheap hotels. Then they all quit the business. That's when Sheeky started to form the CLO. This was about the time of the whole Fakirs incident and subsequent battle. Also, the first Gagfather, Groucho Marx, formed the Comedy Syndicate. These guys made it big and wanted to take over all of the comedy business. And they've been pretty successful.

PLAGUE: How does the Syndicate deal with comics that make it big without their help?

RIPLEY: I don't know, but you can ask John Belushi and Lenny Bruce. They know first hand.

PLAGUE: But those two men are dead...

RIPLEY: Exactly.

(long pause)

PLAGUE: How old is Gagafat?

RIPLEY: Eighty-five. We don't take him on Comiendo raids anymore. He just stays at headquarters and minds the seltzer bottles.

PLAGUE: Seltzer bottles?

RIPLEY: Yeah, seltzer bottles, the favorite weapon of the CLO. They'll humiliate anyone from a distance of a hundred feet.

PLAGUE: Do Allen and Gagafat ever get together?

RIPLEY: Hell no! The Syndicate are a bunch of opportunist sleazes! Gagafat would never be seen with Allen.

PLAGUE: Has Gagafat ever tried to injure Allen?

RIPLEY: Did you see "Reds?"

There's a part in that movie where Diane Keaton copulates doggie-style with Warren Beatty. Sheeky set that up. We have films of Allen wheezing and cringing while at a screening of the movie in New York. He was a wreck for months.

PLAGUE: Hm. Who will be Gagafat's heir to the CLO throne?

RIPLEY: It's hard to say. Ripley had to abruptly end our conversation to attend the CLO convention in Beirut.

NEXT ISSUE: "The CLO—Becoming Active on America's College Campuses"



Sheeky clowns for the camera.



The Plague's Probing Photographer asks: What do you like to do in the Main Building bathrooms?"

Doug Ipolito: "I, ah, like to write my name when I'm takin' a piss. No, really, I, ah, watch the other guys to see who's biggest. No, no, seriously, on the fifth floor there's this hole, ya know, you can see right through to the girls bathroom. No, just kidding, no, I um, nothing. I don't do nothing in the bathrooms."

Lori Murasco: "Like, I really like pushing those little squirt bottles to get the soap out, y'know? I mean, sometimes like I really get into it and the soap gets, y'know, all over **everything** and my friend Karen has to use my extra soap instead of taking her own. Really grody, y'know? Also fourth floor Main's the only place to put on lip gloss."



Shekie Smith: "Flushing. I like flushing."



Donna Kaminsky: "I like to stand by the exit door and tell people to go back and wash their hands. It's so disgusting when they don't do it, you know what I mean? I mean, right before lunch they don't wash, and then they get their sticky hands all over pizza and cheeseburgers and french fries and ice cream sandwiches. It's really disgusting. It really makes me sick, you know what I mean?"



Vinny Saccroanno: "Me an' a bunch of the guys hang out at the urinals an' discuss far reachin' issues. We were into the Freudian implications of the Cult of the Virgin in Hispanic Catholicism last week, and now we're on the true or feigned madness issue in Shakespeare's Hamlet. Sometimes we talk about sex too."

Book Review



KEITH, THE HERO The Partridge Family #3

By Michael Avallone
127 pp. New York:
Curtis Books, 60¢

When James Joyce wrote *A Portrait of the Artist as A Young Man*, the subject of self-determination was still in its developmental stage. Here we had the modern-day hero, a young man in revolt against his family background. Similar themes were present in such works as Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, or Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Avallone, one of the more recent members of this school, has elaborated on this theme and has produced a work that far surpasses the aforementioned.

Keith, The Hero is the quintessential example of short fiction, an author working within the form to create a type of serious, vital, and original writing that no author has yet equaled. Written in 1970, Avallone aptly summarized American culture and attitudes while maintaining traditional writing structure.

Fictionalizing a popular television series at the time, "The Partridge Family," the book centers around Keith Partridge, the protagonist. It has been argued by some critics that Laurie Partridge, his sister, shared the protagonist position. (Such nuances have made this novel the subject of controversy over the years, its multiple meanings confusing and distracting to many scholars).

Most readers agree, however, that the storyline and character development within *Keith, The Hero* is a precisely-sketched, definitive portrayal of human lifestyles.

Shirley Partridge, widowed with five musically-talented children, records a top-40 song in the family garage. To support themselves, the family decides to tour the country and perform their music—unfortunately, 17-year-old Keith Partridge has other ideas.



As Avallone later describes in the novel, "Widowhood is hell." For while Shirley is trying to keep the family band together, Keith has become a superb baseball player who has his mind set on playing in the major leagues. Imagine the horror of such circumstances, so well-described in this striking scene: "When he (Keith) excused himself from the table after dinner to go into the den for something or other and he was humming, 'Take Me Out To The Ball Game,' her worst fears were realized."

Meanwhile, Laurie, also 17, has fallen in love with Leo Rampkin, Keith's handsome baseball coach. Never before have we seen such fresh and clever juxtaposition. And such fresh description: "Her heart was beating like a triphammer

because of her own aggressiveness and daring. Imagine! Kissing a boy on a first date! And it wasn't really and truly and honestly a date!" The level of experimentation in this writing is daring in its self.

Observe also the use of the vernacular as demonstrated in the following description of Laurie's extensive phone calls: "The exchange of ideas and notions and dreams with other girls your own age was groovy. And neat-o!" Crisp, yet teasingly abstruse.

In the denouement, Keith decides to stay with the family band. Laurie gets over her crush on the baseball coach. An optimistic tone produces a jubilant ending for an exceptionally hopeful tone, unparalleled in modern American literature.

Like any great literary work, *Keith, The Hero* does not exclude personal commentary. Woven in the tightly-knit plot are authorial comments such as the above-mentioned description of "widowhood." And in the chapter entitled *Quo Vadis, Partridge?*, we learn: "After all, for all her acumen and level-headedness Shirley was a woman. And women have the unfortunate habit of making problems bigger than they really are because of their largely emotional make-up."

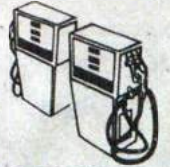
And consider the profound insight that provides Avallone's closing description. Explaining the success of the Partridge family, Avallone states, "A very great deal of love can stretch from here to Infinity." Never do we find such intriguing statements in the works of lesser artists, such as Joyce.

It is surprising that scholars are still debating whether or not Avallone has proven superior to Joyce. *Keith, The Hero* should leave the reader with no doubts.



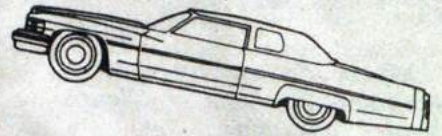
SAFE & HAPPY DRIVING

by John M. Chaneski



Installment #1

How To Go the Wrong Way Down a One-Way Street



On occasion you may have to plot a course for your car that is inconsistent with the practices of other drivers.

In order to reach destinations quicker, or to adjust for a previously botched navigational decision, most drivers eventually encounter the so-called "Polish Drag Race." Following are some tips for dealing with such a situation...



1. When going the wrong way, go as fast as you can.

This gets the deed over with quicker and decreases the time available for other cars to turn onto your street. Besides, if an oncoming vehicle should catch you by surprise, it's best to be the fastest moving car in the collision. (Some may say, "But that's speeding and going the wrong way down a one-way street. Two wrongs don't make a right." Yes but one wrong doesn't make a right, either, and since you are already wrong, why not go all out? Turn on the dome light, make an improper signal, pick your nose. What the Hell!)

2. Try to look like you know what you're doing and as if what you're doing is right.

If you usually drive with one hand, don't suddenly grab the wheel with both. Maintain your regular, relaxed driving style; maybe add the accoutrements of a firm jaw and a slightly furrowed brow. Act like you **always** drive down **this** street, **this** way. Don't let icy stares from random pedestrians or an oncoming motorist deter you. The results are amazing. You'll be so surprised at how many people will think they're going the wrong way and that you'll be mad at **them**. Remember—people are even more ready to find fault with themselves than they are to find fault with **you**.

3. Be prepared to pullover to let them pass.

But remember: What you actually want to do is to get **him** to pull over to let **you** pass, because if **you** pull over, chances are he will take the opportunity to stop and either: a) tell you in a nice way that you are going the wrong way down a one-way street (which he knows you know and you know he knows you know, etc.) or b) call you an asshole.



Points To Remember

1. Don't abuse the privilege.

Don't attempt to go up Fifth Avenue to get from Washington Square to the Empire State Building. Only go the wrong way on small backstreets that are about a block long, or when you want to avoid the incredible street planning of inane man-drills which provided for streets that lead into lakes or the sides of national monuments.

2. When a collision is imminent, turn on your lights and floor it.

A blinded driver almost **always** hits the brakes, and keep in mind that you want to reduce his speed and increase yours. Your car receives less damage over all and you get a "running start" once you're done. A different strategy is used when you are up against several cars, but this will be covered in the next installment: **Going the Wrong Way on the Highway**.



Until then, Safe and Happy Driving!



The Bowery Cultural Center

Film Schedule For December

12/8

ANNIE

Roman Polanski (1982)

It is really the "hard-knock" life for these little girls in this charming musical about a wealthy cradle robber who searches orphanages for the perfect mate. From the director who brought you *Repulsion* and *The Director Who Wouldn't Wear Stripes*. (123 min.)

12/9

LA MERDE DU CHEIN ANDALOU

Jean-Claude Doudou (1945)

Avant-garde film-maker Doudou, whose films express the troubled social situation of France through a careful examination of the gutters (*Rinds & Mushed-up Newspaper*, Color, 1940) creates the stunning portrait of a man caught up in national tensions when he refuses to curb his dog. (Strong drugs recommended) (105 min.)

12/14

WHO IS SITTING ON THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE?

Orson Wells (1975)

Robert Morely finds a very interesting way of getting out of paying the bill in this hilarious comedy-triller. (90 min.)

12/15

CITIZEN CANE

Jack Lord (1954)

Don Ho stars as the son of a poor Waikiki Beach Innkeeper who sends her son to the big city (Honolulu) to become a Poi tycoon. He instead becomes a marijuana farmer on Maui, takes over a newspaper, and pretends he's William Randolph Hearst. Story centers around Cane's last words: Kona buds. (119 min.)

12/21

E.T. MEETS GODZILLA

Toshiro Spielberg (1982)

A small Japanese boy whose lips move at twice the speed of the English he is supposed to be speaking stumbles upon a small visitor from outer space. Precocious lad that he is, he decides the best thing to do is to feed E.T. to his friend Godzilla. (130 min.)

12/23

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO C.A.R.P.

Rev. Moon (1984)

Life as seen by the political action wing of the Unification Church. Highly recommended for sorority girls and people who believed the Regan campaign promises. (de-programming afterwards optional) (300 min.—no intermission)

12/28

MY DINNER WITH ANDY

Louis Maul (1970)

Two sewer workers sit in McDonalds reminiscing over all the heavy drinking, cheap sex, and violence they have been through since they've seen each other last, without once going to a flashback or leaving the table to go to the men's room. Three camera angles. (350 min.)

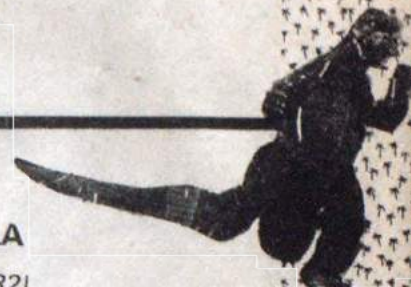
The Films of Hawaii and The Caribbean

12/30

COHEN, THE BARBARIAN

Woody Allen (1971)

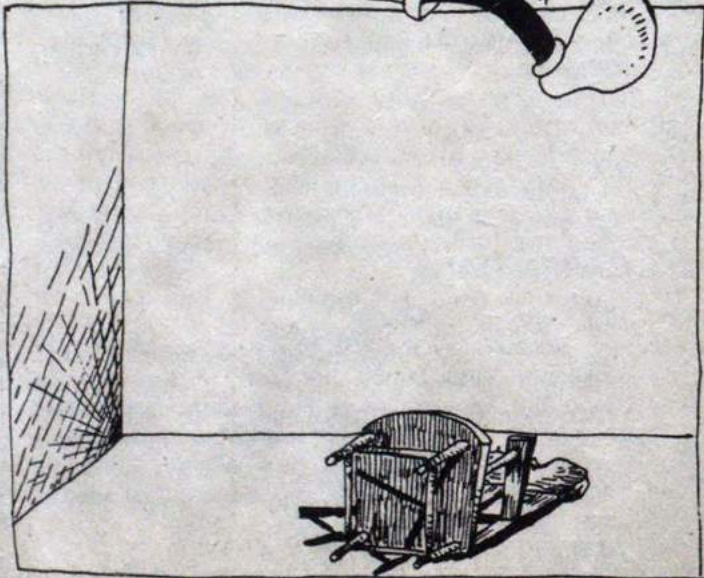
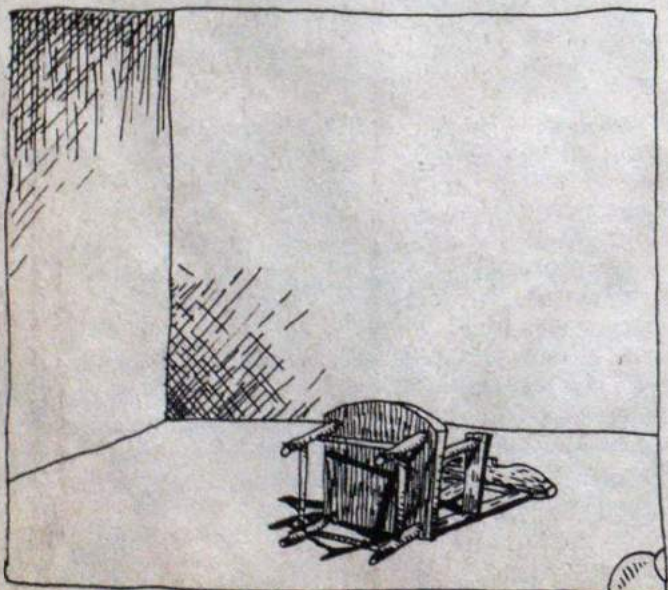
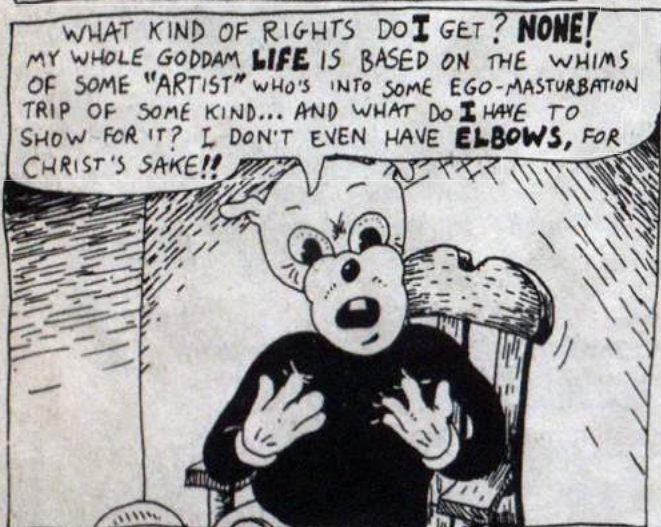
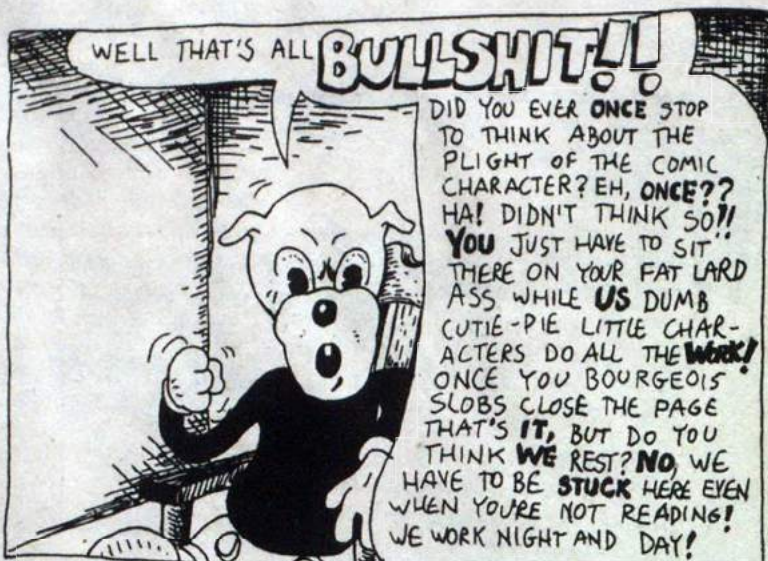
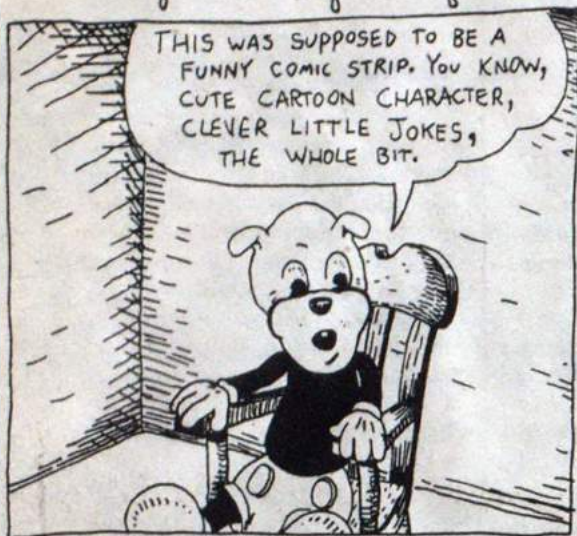
A socially insecure Brooklyn Accountant whines about everything wrong with Manhattan and the world in general. He only finds true happiness by slashing innocent bystanders' heads off with a sword to the music of Wagner. Fun for the whole family. (95 min.)



Revolución

BY
ZOKAR RETH

GGGG3



Will You Give Little Keenan Wynn a Loving Home?



Keenan Wynn is a good-natured little old man who likes to show off and make people laugh—and he'd love to be part of a real family. "He has a great sense of humor and a great

sensitivity and compassion for others," says his son, screenwriter Tracy Keenan Wynn. "I'm not able to let him live with me anymore, because he's an old geezer, and embarrasses me when I bring a date home, because he's usually sitting on the couch in the living room, watching TV and farting all day long. Please adopt him."

All Keenan asks for are parents who will love him, and, once in a while, take him out to play ball or to the park for a swing. Keenan knows how to count, write his name, and he

can dress and feed himself. And when "The Muppet Show" is on TV, he always sings along with Kermit and Miss Piggy.

"He has a great sense of humor," says Tracy Keenan Wynn. "He loves to tease and joke. He gets out his toy camera, points it at people, and tells them 'Say, cheese!'," and then he will just laugh and smile."

If you are interested in adopting Keenan Wynn, write to, "I Would Give My Life To Adopt Keenan Wynn", 1200 Fussell St., Tulsa, Oklahoma, 45612. Do it today.

Tony Curtis — A Sexy Teenager Who Couldn't Wait to Grow Up

Actor Tony Curtis, star of such films as *Sweet Smell of Success*, *Some Like It Hot*, *Spartacus*, and his greatest triumph, *The Man of Iron*, admitted recently, "I was a sexy teenager who couldn't wait to grow up." According to Curtis' new autobiography, *I Was A Sexy Teenager Who Couldn't Wait To Grow Up*, the young, would-be actor was obsessed with turning his female schoolmates on. As seen here, one of Curtis' devices for attracting girls was to come to school dressed in briefs, a beret, and black socks. "The chicks loved it," Curtis says. "They used to beg me to let them be my bitches."

Curtis also used to walk on his hands through his high school gym class, completely nude, shouting "I'm the candy man! I'm the candy man!" Needless to say, the school principal did not approve of Curtis' strange behavior. The 83-year-old

principal, Zelda Boog, told Curtis countless times to "stop behaving like a weirdo." "She soon stopped complaining," Curtis claims, "when I made hot ghetto love to her one night when she was alone in her office."

When Curtis graduated from high school, he went to Hollywood, and it was there that he finally saw the errors of his ways. While reflecting on his past, he asked himself, "How could I have done all these things?" Curtis decided that he would be a normal person from now on. "I don't do weird things like walking around nude anymore," Curtis proudly proclaims. "I'm just a normal, everyday Hollywood actor who snorts coke 20 times a day, cheats on his wife every chance he gets, and complains when he's only getting \$50,000, instead of \$100,000 for five minutes work."



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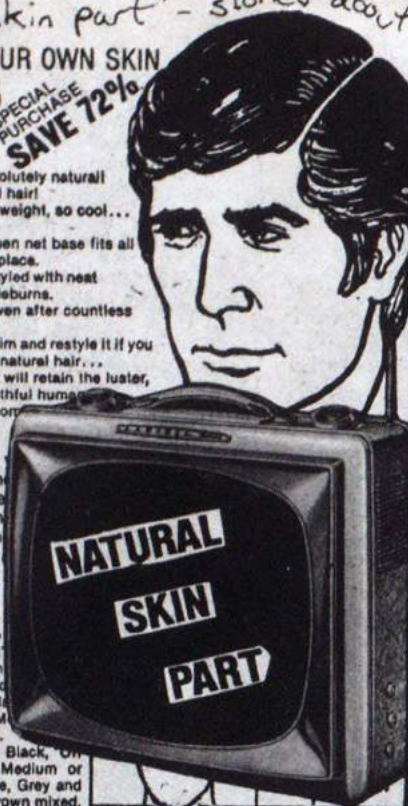
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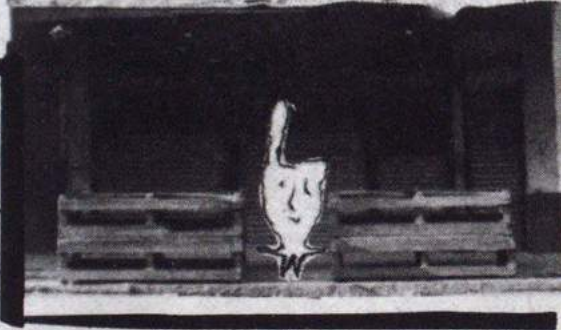
For your "Real Skin" man... \$14.95 plus \$1.95 for shipping and handling. For C.O.D., send cash and pay postman balance postage and handling. Money guarantee if not satisfied. Mention color desired: Black, Dark Black, Chestnut, Dark, Medium or Light Brown, Dark Blonde, Grey and Black mixed, Grey and Brown mixed.



i have a thing on my head. that's me up on the TV. here's my story...

i used to spend a lot of time just walkin' around, you know? then late one night i'm lookin' through The Weekly World News, and i comes across this mail-order ad. well, i can't remember why, but i started to think to myself, why don't i put together a TV show? and you know something? it worked. i called it "Natural Skin Part," & it was all about everything that i ever cared about...

...that's me, in front of my home. i don't remember who took the picture. my neighborhood is called "alphabetland" because the streets are all named after letters. there's a lady on the 2nd floor who's always jumping up & down & clucking like a chicken at 4am every day. i think she shoots heroin. sometimes i go to Dave's Life Café to drink club soda & eat cakes made with prunes. i could never leave that neighborhood, 'cause then i'd be like everybody else...



...there used to be this girl that i liked, & she was like really hip, you know? she knew that guy who does the Hefty trash bags commercial on TV, & she introduced me to him. that's how i got my show on TV.

i only see the girl every once in a while now... whenever she's in the mood for me...

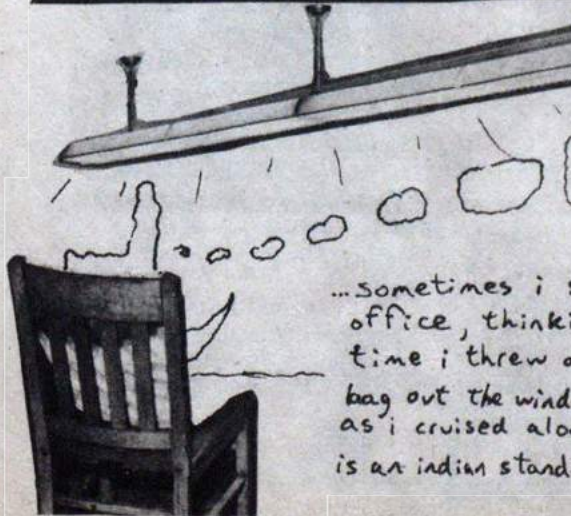
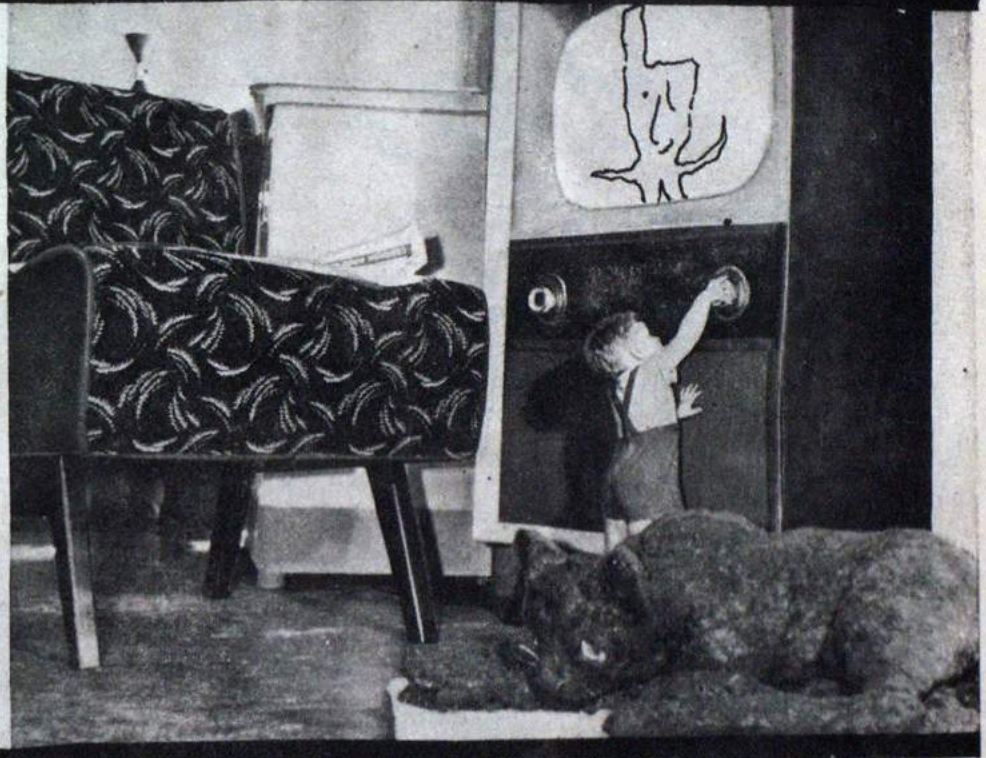


...even though i'm famous now, sometimes i'm still not happy, 'cause i wish i could do all the things that other famous people can do.

(also, i only like famous people who are different & sincere about their work)

i must admit that sometimes i get a swollen head from being famous & all that, & i feel like i'm the biggest, most important thing in the country.

but then, i think, maybe i'm just being used by the biggest, most important thing in the country.



...sometimes i sit alone in my office, thinking about that time i threw an empty McDonald's bag out the window of my Dodge Dart as i cruised along the L.I.E., and i wonder... is an indian standing somewhere all alone - crying?





LETTERS



Dear Rader of This,
I would like to recive the
Sept. 82 "Plague"

I also read March 1981 has
UFS (Uncle Floyd Show-Ed.)
thing in it
That is the one which as I read
in Uncle Floyds gazette
features a tribute to the show
Is it put out every month
When dit it begin
How can I receive issues as
they come out
How many people recive it
Where are they located

Do you put out any other
things or do you know of
other's put out by other
people if you do please send
them or adresses

I also herd Uncle floyd talk
about it one time was when
he was on WABC AM raido
LAST MAY I can tell floyd
has heard of the Plague.
do you watch the show, if
yes for how long
Thank you,

A.Y.

Sayreville, N.Y.

**For someone who lives in
New Jersey you sure ask a
lot of questions.—Ed.**

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literature that will provide
you with more details about
this line of tractors.

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Tractors can be seen at your
nearest larger Sears store.

We certainly invite you to
join the Sears family of
satisfied Garden Tractor
users.

William M. Doyle.
National Merchandise Mgr.
Sears, Roebuck and Co.



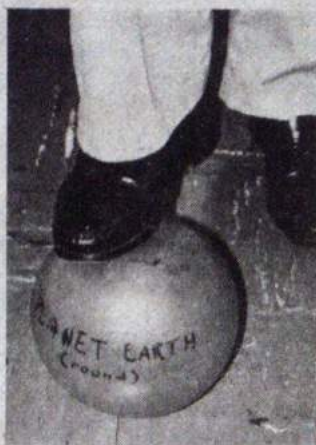
**STOP!! CLOSE MAGAZINE TURN TO
BACK COVER AND BEGIN**



Alien photographs prove...The World is Flat!!



Note the ease with which our scientist can stand on a flat earth.



Note how difficult it would be to stand on the earth if it truly were round.



Is this what would happen to the earth if it really were round?

ALIEN SPIES? MANUAL FOUND

A startling finding was made last month when Mrs. Elmer Fudd of Hales Corners, Wisconsin, came across a tattered book which had been dropped in the family's cornfield. The book, titled *Manual for Alien Infiltration of Earth*, was immediately confiscated by the government, but under the Freedom of Information Act, we have gained permission to print the following excerpts from the book.



Discretion is the rule in information gathering.



A simple disguise is often best for an alien infiltrator.

Public places are ideal for the alien rabble-rouser.



STOP!! CLOSE MAGAZINE TURN TO FRONT COVER AND BEGIN STOP

PROOF that nothing will
stop these aliens from
taking over our planet!



Dayton, Ohio. 1973

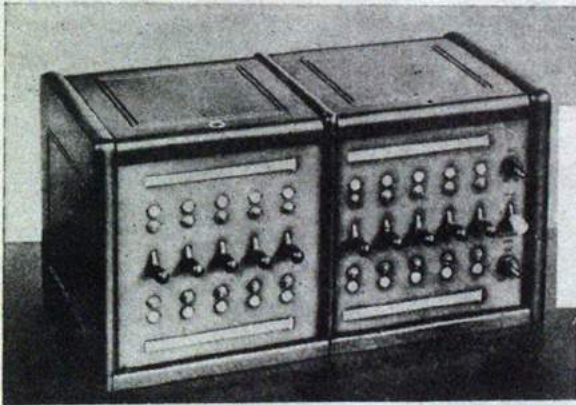
ALIEN FAMILIES—These aliens reproduce quickly and often, increasing their population in increments of over 8,600 per day! Pictured is one such "family," innocent-looking, yet distant. These are not humans! They have no emotion! They do not concern themselves with the future! All they see is **destruction**...Destruction of the human race as we know it today!

ALIEN "TEAMS!"—They're a team, alright! A team of ruthless alien murderers, that's what they are! Aliens have frequently been known to form bowling teams, disguising their death-ray guns in the form of "High-Score" trophies!



Kansas City, Mo. 1982

Fig. 1



ALIEN AMPRONARTS! These "ampronarts," as the aliens describe them, were found in the basement of a home in Levittown, L.I. These devices are very dangerous. Just think of the horrors they could have done to you and your family!

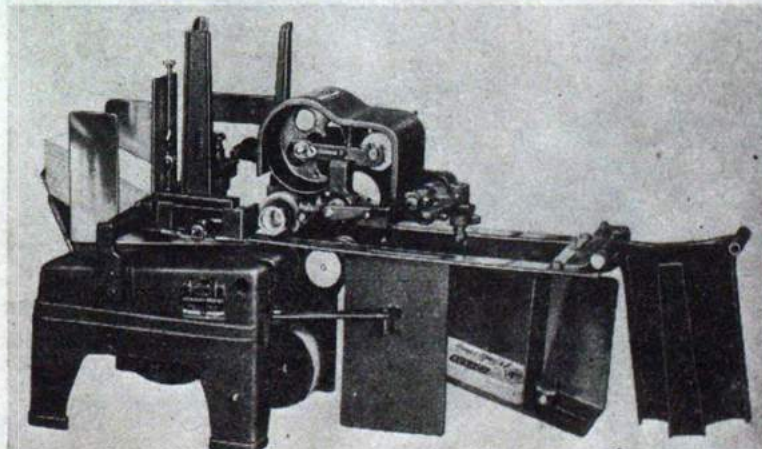


Fig. 2



Fig. 3

**TOP-SECRET
GOVERNMENT FILE EXPOSED**

Dr. Millicent Bennett, noted researcher and psychic at the institute of Higher Research in Michigan, Ill., has exposed startling information that she found in Top-Secret Government File No. 18F. It has taken years to expose these horrors to the public, horrors so terrifying that the United States of America's government was afraid to show it to you! Following are some of these startling facts, being revealed **Now...Before it's too late!**



Dr. Millicent Bennet

Following is PROOF!...

PROOF that the U.S. has tried to suppress documented information of alien life on the planet Earth!

PROOF that these aliens are infiltrating the human race with sophisticated disguises!

PROOF that dreaded alien technology could destroy the population of the world in a matter of seconds!



New York, New York. 1981

(Note: Alien has been circled for easy identification).

INTER-SPECIES

MARRIAGES!—These aliens are not dumb! They disguise themselves as real humans and then they marry unsuspecting real humans, so they can infiltrate PTA meetings and have sex with your children and read your newspaper! Nothing is sacred to them, not even the sanctity of marriage!

TRAVEL THROUGH TIME IN THE SUBWAYS!!

Fact: over 5,000,000 people ride the subways everyday!

Fact: there are over 300 miles of track in the subway system!

Fact: there are over 6000 subway cars in the subway system!

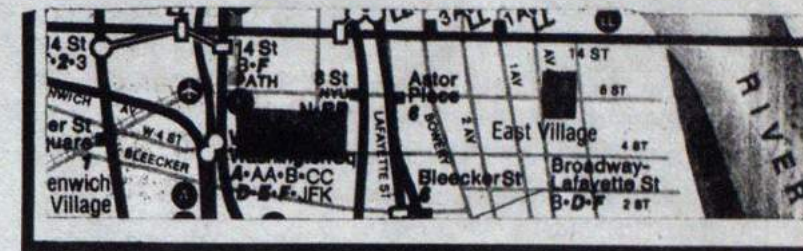
Fact: there are over 1000 subway stations!

The New York City subway system is a vast, complex, and mysterious network of rails and platforms; everyone knows it carries people back and forth between different places—but few people know that it also carries people back and forth between different times! That's right, people travel through time in the subways. This incredible discovery is all the more incredible because it's true. We at **UFObserver** first became aware of this startling revelation when one of our trained specialists noticed something very unusual every time he rode the train.



One of the team of trained scientists.

"I noticed something very unusual every time I rode the train." We were intrigued by his discovery; after careful consideration we decided to ask him more about it. "I observed that when I rode the train at certain times of the day most of the people on the train were young, very young.



But, at other times they were older." To be honest at first we were somewhat skeptical, but our source **was** a trained professional. What had we to lose? We checked anyway. And sure enough, we uncovered incredible evidence of a startling face.

UFObserver sent a team of trained specialists to observe a typical subway stop. They observed 2000 people go into the subway stop—but only 1546 came out! If this is a typical subway station (and we know it is because we checked) then where did those missing souls go? 454 people are missing at one stop alone; multiply that figure by all the stops there are in the city and you get an awesome total. The obvious question that comes to mind is, "What happened to all those missing men and women?" We sent our team down into the subways to search for them. Certainly a group of that size would not be hard to find. But search as they did, for hours and hours, they found nothing. But how could they? For the people for whom they were looking were not there. They had traveled through time. Perhaps some of them had gone into the past—to World War I? or to the early Puritan settlers? It is also possible that some went into the future. Did they see great wonders or terrible horrors? Most people, however, according to our investigation team, probably traveled only short periods in time. One of the scientists explains, "We

feel that the duration of the time differential is probably diminutive on the cosmic scale." Thousands of people disappear into the subway everyday only to emerge at a different point in time. People often say that "it seems to take hours to get somewhere by train." Perhaps they are right?

The odds that this is a natural phenomenon are astronomical; it was only after reviewing all of the data we collected in our exhaustive study that we recognized the evidence for what it is: positive, irrefutable, and unmistakable proof that aliens are operating the new New York City subway system. Only an intelligence far beyond anything even imaginable by man could engineer such an incredible time travel system. Who are they? What do they want with the subways? Perhaps some day we may know the answers.

Did he travel through time?



Alien Space Pilot Defects To Earth Through Television Set INVASION SOON

Mrs. Ida North, a resident of a small town in Michigan, was sitting in front of her television set a short time ago watching the end of "Three's Company." She was waiting for "Laverne and Shirley" to come on when something very unusual happened. Mrs. North recounts her fantastic tale, "My television screen suddenly went blank, then I noticed these wavy lines on the screen—a sort of checkered pattern—suddenly I recognized that the pattern was the same exact one as my dining room table cloth. I rushed into the next room and got the table cloth; I don't know why, but I brought it back in with me, something told me to do it.

When I sat down in front of the TV I heard this voice coming to me from the set. It spoke in a language I had never heard before—yet I was able to understand everything it said." It was at this point that we stopped Mrs. North; we had to ask ourselves if her story were true or not. We asked her, "Is your story true?"

"Yes, it is."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am."

Since we could think of no

reason for Mrs. North to make up such a story, we saw no reason to doubt her.

"The voice told me to put the table cloth over my head. It said that that was the only way to be protected from the deadly M-rays." What happened to Mrs. North after that message was truly astounding. "I couldn't see very well through the table cloth, you understand, but I was able to make out the figure of a humanoid creature on the screen. He was a short, fat, green creature. As his image became clearer on the screen he explained to me who he was and what he was doing. He said his name was Eskabong. He was escaping from his home planet of Gvrnthvpge. He was unhappy there, the rulers of Gvrnthvpge are very cruel. He said that the Earth is known through out the galaxy and for a planet so primitive, it is highly respected. I asked where his planet was, he told me, but I forgot. By this point the transportation was complete and the short, fat, and green alien was in my living room! Then he died."

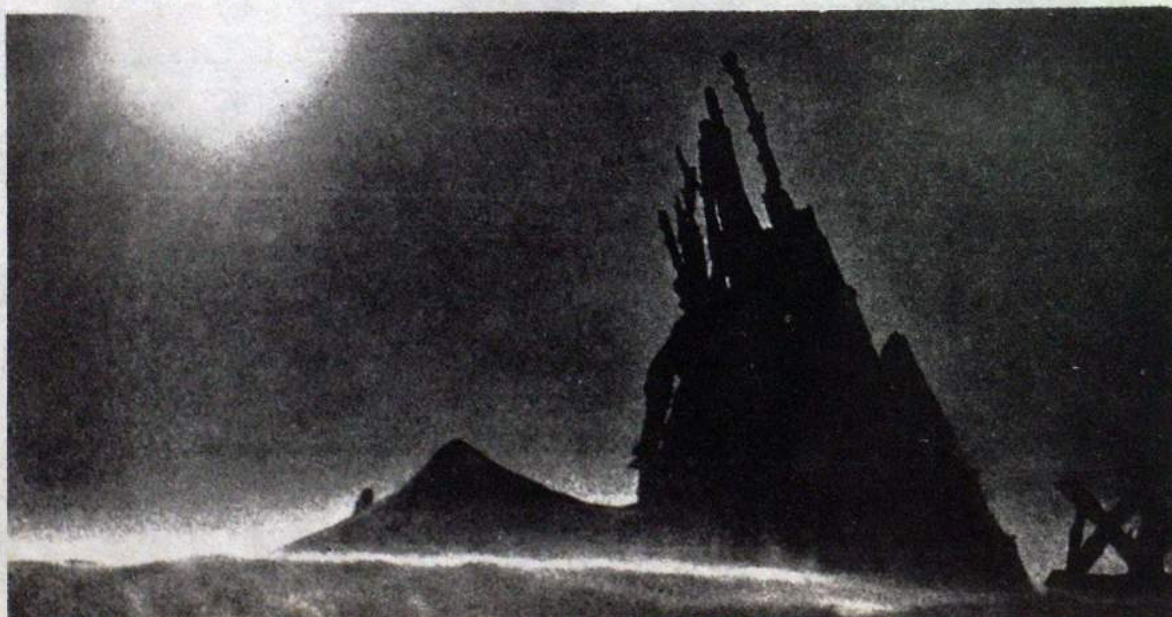
The alien, Eskabong, had transported across millions of

mile of space only to drop dead in Mrs. North's living room in Michigan. But before it died, it warned Mrs. North to never tune into ABC again. Because if she reopened the link with the planet Gvrnthvpge, Eskabong warned, the Earth would be invaded by aliens. "It means I'll have to miss the "Love Boat" and "Joanie Loves Chachi" but I guess it's worth it to save humanity," Mrs. North said.

There is a footnote to this amazing story. We checked Mrs. North's television set and it showed definite signs of unusual events; there were burn marks and scratches. Also, Mrs. North saw the green alien on her screen, yet the TV is a black and white!! This is proof that the transmissions Mrs. North received were from a vastly more advanced source than anything here on Earth.



It happened once; It could happen again.



intricate hull details that are seen on the Smith ship (see photo) by coincidence," said the doctor, "could be **zero**." Therefore, the ship in **E.T.** might very well be the **actual one** seen in the photo.

Dr. Zorgon Bernstein, Professor of Alien Anatomy at the Exo-biological Medical Institute in L.A., made the identification of E.T. as a Rigelian, and not some native creature. "The minute I saw him, I knew he was real," Dr. Bernstein said. "They can't fool me!" The nostril size, the big toe length—that's a Rigelian, all right." When asked about the movie company's claim that E.T. was only a person in a suit, Dr. Bernstein was emphatic. "That's a phony cover story that can't fool a professional like me," he replied. "No human being is that short."

After the synod, in light of such hard facts, proved to its own satisfaction the validity of its claims, it set out to examine the consequences of alien interference in the movie industry.

"It's brainwashing, there's no doubt," said Dr. O'Reilly. "I thought the movie stunk, and I still saw it forty-eight times, **against** my will. Each time, I had to pay five dollars and wait on a three-hour line with thousands of **E.T.** fanatics. And each time, I knew it was because of **aliens controlling my mind**."

Why? Dr. O'Reilly cited two reasons. "One, the Rigelians need a strong financial base to overthrow the U.S. economic system and take over, and movies are the best place to do it. Use a little mind control, make everyone in the country see it, and you've made a bundle. Two, the movie was one of the most obvious pieces of pro-alien propaganda that I've ever seen. It actually made the U.S. government, who had to dissect E.T. for reasons of

national security, look like the enemy. And the Rigelians, the most savage race in the galaxy, look like flower-growing weirdos who like to get dressed up in little girls' clothes."

An unnamed scientist in the Soviet Union is reputed to have **absolute, concrete proof**, but this has been ruthlessly suppressed by its evil government.

"Besides," continued Dr. O'Reilly, "Hollywood would be an ideal place for aliens to infiltrate, especially if they're non-humanoid. No one would notice them." He went on to cite figures that reveal that up to 85% of the population of greater Los Angeles may actually be **aliens from outer space**, waiting for a reduction in interest rates so they can begin undermining the U.S. economy.

The greatest mystery of all, though, is the enigmatic phrase "E.T. phone home," at one point heard 3300 times a day by the average American. Dr. O'Reilly believes it is the mass-hypnotic tool used by the Rigelians to draw such large crowds for their inferior movies. "You hear the phrase, you want to see it, it's that simple," he said. "Since it's repeated about forty times in the movie, return audiences are guaranteed." In fact, it bears a striking resemblance

to the ancient Indian magic phrase, "Etum phonum homum," found inscribed on a cave wall in New Mexico and dated at **three trillion B.C.** Were Rigelians perhaps possibly conceivably ancient astronauts? Are we their descendants? Did we once look just like E.T.?

To Dr. Bernstein, the answer is "No." "All it means is that they've gotten to the Bell system," he said. "Which means, of course, that they're listening in on everyone's calls."

How to stop the advancing menace? The Synod reached no conclusion. However, Dr. O'Reilly issued a warning to those wishing to escape the mind control. Avoid all contact with anything having to do with E.T.—books, games, dolls, and of course the movie itself. Don't expose yourself to any E.T. advertising—no newspapers or magazines (except this one, of course). Don't watch television or listen to the radio. Don't talk to strangers, or friends either. Don't answer the phone or make any calls. Don't go out. Keep your doors securely barred. Avoid all printed matter with the letters "E" and "T". Ignore your family. Above all—take no Extra strength Tylenol. And keep all your assets liquid in preparation for the coming economic catastrophe. We'll keep you informed.



Smith Photograph—courtesy U.S. Top Secret Alien Department

IS E.T. A REAL ALIEN FROM OUTER SPACE? LEADING UFOLOGISTS ASK



Last summer, **E.T. (The Extraterrestrial)** swept through the nation's theaters. All over the country, the tale of a child befriendng an **alien from outer space** grew a tremendous following. The alien, a seemingly harmless creature, wormed his way into the hearts of million of Americans. Little did these unsuspecting people know, however, that the monster dubbed E.T. may possibly have been an **actual outer space humanoid alien being**, probably from the Rigel system, and that they might conceivably possibly perhaps have been the **unwitting victims of the most widespread alien mind-control plot** since the **yo-yo** (**UFObservers**, Feb. 14, 1958).

The urgent issue was discussed in detail by an

emergency UFOlobistic synod, called for that purpose, in Los Angeles. The greatest minds in Hyperscience participated.

Dr. Vishnu O'Reilly, Professor of UFOlogy and Society at Intergalactic Communion Junior College in L.A., was first alerted to the danger. "My first suspicions arose," Dr. O'Reilly told the **UFObservers** staff, "during my nineteenth viewing of the film. As I watched the scenes where the sinister E.T. built a space transmitter from a child's toy, I was struck by the fact that the finished device was **practically identical** to the Top Secret Inter-Galactic Radio Neutron-Beam Transmitter (see photo) which has just been developed by NASA. There most likely was **no way** that the movie people could have known about the project, for it was Top Secret and Classified. Unless, of course, **alien UFO reconnaissance** of the secret location in downtown Baltimore had taken place, the same way UFOs from **behind the Iron Curtain** could possibly have stolen the secret to the MX missile. Thogh NASA has worked hard at it, they haven't been able to develop anti-alien security systems."

After that, the other clues in the movie became obvious. Observant Dr. O'Reilly also noticed that the **UFO ship** seen in **E.T.** might have been **exactly, precisely like** the UFO seen in the Smith photograph, another top-secret document that only important scientists like Dr. O'Reilly are allowed to see. "The chance that the movie ship's designers could have copied the subtle nuances of style and

"Top Secret" — courtesy NASA

Startling new evidence reveals the hand of space monsters in Spielberg production

Young Woman Claims:

AN ALIEN IS THE FATHER OF MY CHILD

Down through the centuries there have been millions of encounters between humans and extraterrestrial beings. These encounters have been classified into three types—close encounters of the first, second, and third kinds. But more recently, information supplied by 23-year-old Candi Kane of New York City may lead to the establishment of a new category—close encounters of a more intimate kind. For Candi claims that the child which has been growing within her for the past six months is half-alien!

Unusual? Yes. Chilling? Perhaps. To be honest, even we at **UFOobserver** were skeptical when Candi first gave us the following account:

"I know a lot of people won't, like, believe this, y'know? But it's really the truth," Candi told us. "I was, like, sitting in O'Callahan's [a popular singles' bar in Candi's neighborhood], looking over all the jerks and deadbeats in the place. So it's, like, quarter after eight when this guy comes over to me. I told him to buzz

off, but then he told me he was really an alien who came to Earth to save the planet! And I knew he really was, because he had all these little pieces of, like, wire scotch-taped to his face and hands! He said they were his life-support system and he couldn't live on Earth otherwise, so I knew he was for real.

"Well, anyway, he said that the universe was gonna blow up, and the only way to save it was through sex. And since it turned out that my apartment was in, like, the center stress point of the universe, we'd have to take a cab back to my place.

"So I did it. I mean, what else could I do, y'know? And so now, I'm pregnant with this, like, half-alien kid. But I saved the universe. It's really neat."

As previously stated, we were skeptical. But after one of our staff psychics determined that Candi was telling the truth, we sent out our team of UFOlogists and researchers to validate her story. Slowly, the pieces fell into place:

"On June third (the date of Candi's close encounter), a UFO was reported over Muncie, Indiana at 8:00 PM. It would be impossible to reach New York from Indiana in fifteen minutes without the aid of some sort of faster-than-light transport!

"Our sources at NASA report that the mysterious stranger's wire-and-scotch tape life support system is amazingly similar to their own latest advances in life support!

"And why did the unidentified alien choose to bring



Ms. Candi Kane

Candi back to her apartment in a taxi? Could it be because he was afraid of revealing the secrets of his own advanced methods of transportation? And even more horrifying, does his knowledge of our taxi system indicate that the Earth's scrutiny by aliens has been even more intense than we believed?

This is a staggering concept; almost as staggering, in fact, as the question: What will be the product of this incredible union? Will the child be a human, an alien, or some new breed of life form, never before seen in our galaxy?

Only time can answer this question, and as time reveals its answer, rest assured that **UFOobserver** will report any and all future developments.



Perhaps this is what Candi's child will look like.

On the Ball

Dear Sir:

I've never written to a magazine before, but I could not let your investigative report "Prince William of Wales Actually Fathered By An Alien" (Vol. 2 No. 1) go by without offering my congratulations and thanks. It was thought-provoking and well-done. I've felt from the beginning that the Russian crackdown on Poland was engineered by aliens as a warning to Pope John Paul II not to reveal what he knows about the future King of England's true parentage. Your article confirmed my suspicions. Keep up the good work!

Tim-Tom

Angry

Dear Sir:

I hate aliens. They do terrible things. They listen to loud music, drink too much beer and terrorize neighborhoods. They steal newspapers, write Communist party literature and cross against the light. They feed the animals at the zoo, eat from only 2 of the 4 basic food groups and walk around with holes in their socks. They charge long distance phone calls to my house, tap into my cable-TV and want to give the Trix meant for my kids to a silly rabbit. They wear their hair too long, prefer the Big Mac to the Whopper and order pizza pies I don't want delivered to my house. They ring my doorbell and run away, mock E.F. Hutton's financial advice and create scapegoats to blame for problems they would rather not solve themselves. I want to put all aliens in a room, lock the door and throw away the key. They do terrible things. I hate aliens.

X. Javier

Who Cares?

Dear Sir:

So what if the alien who wrote the Gettysburg Address was the same one who sat in for FDR at Yalta when the ailing chief executive could no longer stand the grueling pace of the conference? Why is this so important? When I pay \$1.75 for your magazine, I want to read about aliens who kill victims mercilessly or turn them into giant insects or see gruesome pictures of merciless bloodletting (for which I) gladly pay \$5 at the movies). If I want to read about politics, I'll subscribe to **Readers Digest** or **TV Guide**. Clean up your act!

Noel

The Dairy Department

Dear Sir:

My milkman is an alien. Keep up the good work!

Sam

Whiner

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is a shameful illustration of the kind of dangerous, xenophobic attitude about aliens which threatens our country. Your message is that aliens are bad. Need I remind you that Superman, an "alien" from the planet Krypton, Mr. Spock, a Vulcan, Mork from Ork and the Great Gazoo from parts unknown all served humankind well, even though they came from other solar systems. There are many more I could mention. Sure, there are bad aliens, just as there are bad people—are we to condemn all aliens for the actions of a few? Recognize diversity, will you? And while you're at it, cancel my subscription.

Katrinka

You're Welcome

Dear Sir:

I wrote this to tell you that I liked it when I seen more articles about UFOs and aliens in your magazines for me to read. Who else can I buy a magazine with more about UFOs and aliens from? I would like to buy yours more if it had more articles about UFOs and aliens. This was why I am writing to you, which I've done now. Thanking you in advance for paying your attention on me.

Name withheld by request

Eyes Opened

Dear Sir:

Before I began to read your magazine, I too, did not believe in UFOs or alien infiltration on Earth. Keep up the good work!

E. Smee

Nuisance

Dear Sir:

What gives here? That "message" you sent to the "aliens" in your last issue is utter nonsense. Do you mean to suggest that an "alien" is going to respond to that gibberish? This is a disgrace to the intelligence of everyone in the universe. Do you people actually think that you can fool anyone into believing that will mean something to an "alien?" What low, vile creatures you are!

J. Face

Publisher: We received several letters such as this one. The plea for peace to all aliens printed in the last issue contained a number of typographical errors which we regret. We apologize if anyone was offended. The message should have read:
**MXQRSS EEK OPP KUALIM:
 REDNU EHT KLAWDRAOB
 NWOD YBEHTAES.**

scientific bedrock that **UFObserver** proceeds: putting forward new ideas which hopefully will stimulate further research that will produce evidence for our hypotheses, coupled with a belief in the truth of our speculation until such evidence can be found.

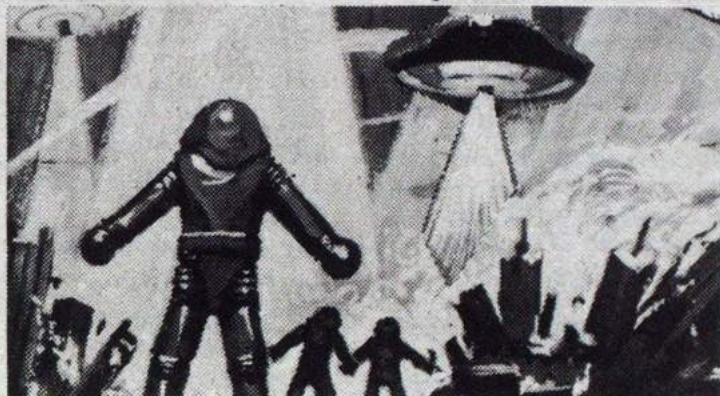
As a PhD (1980, Univ. at Guadalajara), I would not

platform? We do good work here at **UFObserver**. We believe this to be true and until we're convinced otherwise, it is true. We have our standards. What standards do they have? Have they any?

Let it be known that as long as I breathe, **UFObserver** will press on, pursuing new ideas, no matter how unpopular they may be. We do this because we

government can take away! On moral principle we shall never bend!

It is due to our devotion to moral principle—your right to know—that, despite government pressure from those who want information kept within a small circle of bureaucrats, we continue to make available a wide variety of **Butch Kowalski UFObserver** mail-order products which will help you pursue the truth about aliens on your own. Catalogues are available c/o **UFObserver** for the nominal fee of \$4.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling. This is the same price as it has always been—there has been no adjustment for inflation! Items available this month range from "ET phone home!" coffee mugs for leisure-time to such serious items as the "Undercover Investigation Kit" which will allow you to infiltrate any area you suspect as a haven for aliens **without detection**.



Tell the families of those who lost their lives in this incident that UFO's aren't real!

publish this magazine without such a firm scientific footing. Critics suggestions that one with my academic background would not submit findings to the most rigorous of standards insults both me and my alma mater as well. Would they have conferred upon me a doctorate with highest honors if I were intellectually lax? I wish I could show my critics my school records and intellectual environment, but the campus was unfortunately totally destroyed in a blaze shortly after my commencement. Some of my critics take this news skeptically. Such is their character. When faced with the tragedy of the destruction of an academic institution in which society is the ultimate loser, they can only focus their attention on an attempt to read something suspicious into this unfortunate event. These are the kind of people we must put up with. Oh, I can withstand their personal attacks on me, although each one hurts me deeply, but who are they to attack this

know our readers crave and deserve such an endeavor. The so-called "journalists" of the mass media do a woeful job in the area of alien infiltration on Earth. To be fair, perhaps the government's strong-arm tactics have put the squeeze on them to suppress the truth. The government knows **UFObserver** is uncorruptable, so they know better than to try to stop us. This is why they must go the route of discrediting what we say **after** it comes out, rather than **before** as they do with Time, Newsweek and Scientific American. We have heard from industry sources that all 3 of those publications had the Sinatra photo, which appears on our cover, but bowed to pressure from a source as high-level as Nancy Reagan herself to suppress it. They did. We would not. And because of this, you have the opportunity to judge the truth for yourself—a right guaranteed you as a free citizen of the United States of America by our great Constitution! This is a right no



There is also our book of the month, Dr. Roland Fingers' **How To Spot an Alien**, which covers not only detection of multiple heads and eyes but how to tell if inanimate objects such as household furniture are really alien beings in disguise.

As always, let me close with a message to those aliens who may read this magazine: We mean you no harm. Peace and love!

Butch Kowalski, PhD
Publisher

EDITORIAL

There are people who call UFO's "bunk" and label those who spot them as "freaks." Scientists not intimidated into covering up evidence of UFO's are labelled "quacks." But the narrow-minded people who refuse to believe in UFO's choose to ignore the one vital fact which reduces all of their "arguments" to nothing: namely, the fact that **UFO'S ARE REAL.**

As is the case in every issue of **UFOobserver**, the articles you're about to read are all based on facts validated and documented by our own highly-trained staff of UFOlogists, researchers, and reporters. These are people who have dedicated their lives to investigating, communicating

with, and in some cases, actually bowling with creatures from beyond known space.

Peruse the material contained in these pages. Read the articles. Look at the pictures. And once you have finished, see if you will ever be able to doubt the existence of UFO's again.



Butch Kowalski, PhD
Editor-Publisher



Butch Kowalski, PhD **on Irresponsible Criticism**

Next month, will mark the tenth anniversary of the 15th paperback edition printing of the landmark research work on aliens, **Chariots of the Gods?** by the great scientist Erich von Daniken. In this classic book, the brilliant author put forth the hypothesis that centuries ago, "spacemen artificially fertilized some female members of this species, put them into a deep sleep and departed. Thousands of years later the space travelers returned and found scattered

specimens of the genus *homo sapiens*. They repeated their breeding experiment several times until finally they produced a creature intelligent enough to have the rules of society imparted to it."

Many called the provocative theory of man's descendance from aliens mere nonsense. Similarly, many people today (unwittingly supported by foreign agents), for whatever motives, would have you believe that **UFOobserver** is an instrument of greedy exploiters of the population's

naivete rather than a serious digest for adherents of alternative scientific method. They accuse us of misstating the "truth." But what is this "truth?" Let us recall von Daniken's words. On "proof": "Admittedly this speculation is still full of holes. I shall be told that proofs are lacking. The future will show how many of those holes can be filled in." On "truth": "I claim that we cannot possess the 'truth.' At best we can believe in it."

It is grounded in such



**Butch Kowalski,
PhD**



Vol. 5 No. 2 December

Travel Through Time in the Subways!!!

by Peter Reiser

Alien Space Pilot defects to Earth Through Television
Set; Invasion Soon

by Peter Reiser

Alien Photographs Prove... World is flat!!!

by Peter Rieser

Is E.T. a real Alien?

by Edwin Lyman

An Alien is the Father of My Child

by Sholly Fisch

Alien Spies? Manual Found

by Sholly Fisch

Top Secret Government File Exposed

by Richard J. T. Brown

Editorial

by Sholly Fisch

Butch Kowalski, PhD, on Irresponsible Criticism

by Steve Korn

SANTISM

by Robert DeGeorge



Are they watching us?

"Thou Shalt Not Litter"

SHOCKING! HORRIFYING!

Throughout the ages mankind has questioned the validity of religion. People of every religious persuasion have, at one time or another, experienced uncertainty as to the existence of a deity they worship. The questions and the answers that were fashioned to bridge the breaks in logic were the basis for new religions. This cycle, man's probing the weaknesses of his credo and the religious factions which resulted has seemed endless. That is until now, for I have found a religion so philosophically sound it is not subject to question.



The master of **SANITISM** must keep his identity secret, for were his disciples to learn that he had revealed the secrets of **SANITISM**, his life would not be worth a plugged nickel.

What is **SANITISM**?

The simplicity with which **SANITISM** relates the profound concept of the cosmos to its followers, enabling them to comprehend this mysterious condition we call existence, is its perfection. **SANITISM**'s principle postulate is that garbage—or Sanit—is the supreme deity of the cosmos. Sanit rules the universe from

LEARN THE WAY! KNOW THE POWER!

the garbage dumps, which are called Sanitoriums. Here is where Its followers (**Sanitarians**'') worship on garbage collection days.

"I am convinced that **SANITISM** is the most complete concept of reality and beyond that this world—or any other world—will ever know."

—P. Johnson, New York, N.Y.

What is a *San't*?

When a Sanitarian takes it upon himself to consume the garbage he worships, he is regarded by the rest of the Sanitarians as a *San't*. Sanitarians believe that a *San't* is later reincarnated into a garbage can—the highest elevation a Sanitarian can achieve.

Due to the value of garbage cans in the Sanitarian religion, Sanitarians treat these objects with extreme reverence, and having one in the house or wearing a small replica as a pendant is considered the mark of a true believer amongst the Sanitarians.

What is *Death*?

SANITISM's concept of death is as intriguing as Its concept of life. Sanitarians regard themselves as litter on the earth. A Sanitarian who isn't a *San't* believes that when he dies, he becomes part of a large garbage heap, and therefore ceases to litter the world with his presence. It is therefore essential that each Sanitarian maintain a close relationship with the garbagemen of his Sanitorium; this way a Sanitarian can be assured perpetual cleanliness.

Those who aren't clean at all times are regarded as unsanitary by other Sanitarians, and punishment for this San is described in the *Sanitarian Babble* (the holy book of the Sanitarians.).

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—P. Johnston, New York, N.Y.

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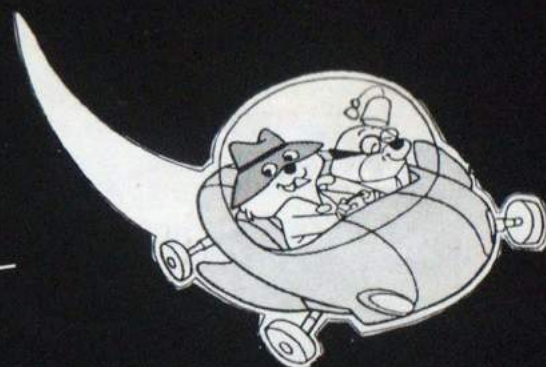
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