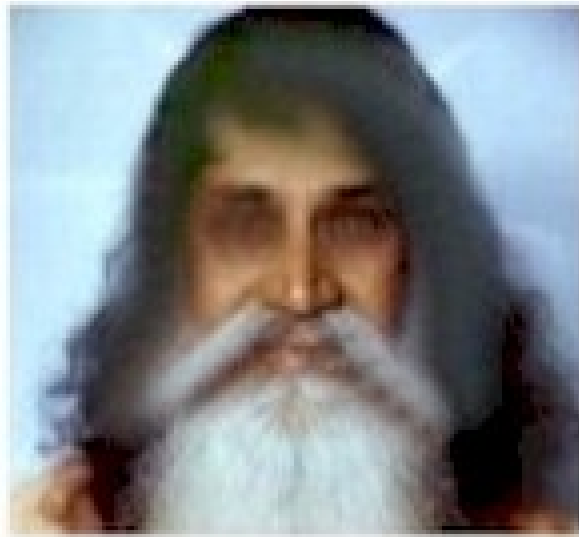


The Enlightenment ! Complete



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Information concerning the publication of this book can be obtained by contacting the
author at **moojhead@gmail.com**.

The Official Mooj Website is **Mooj.com**.

FOREWORD

I forget exactly when I received *The Enlightenment* in the mail for the first time. I just threw it away. I wasn't a subscriber, nor was I into all that new age self enlightenment collective consciousness mumbo-jumbo. Besides, I never even heard of **Guru Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba** (popularly known as **The Mooj**). I had no idea why "He" would be sending me newsletters.

Month after month Guru Mooj's *Enlightenment* newsletters continued to arrive in my mailbox and I, regrettably, threw them away too. It wasn't until early 1999 that I actually read one and, much to my amazement, found that *The Enlightenment* was the most wonderful thing I had ever read! Guru Mooj turned out to be someone I could totally believe in. I became His devotee instantly and remained loving and loyal to the bitter end.

Contained in this book are all *The Enlightenment* newsletters known to exist. I wish I could have included some of the earliest ones; but, like I said before, I threw most of mine away. If you have any of the ones that are missing please send them to me and I will add them in later editions.

It is important that you realize before reading this collection that Guru Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba was a real person and His adventures were true. I only met Him once and it was enough to last a lifetime. May he rest in peace, wherever he is.

-an anonymous minion

The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 2, February 1999

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 1999 by Mooj Publications. Published monthly or thereabouts. Annual subscription rates: US \$27; Canada \$37; elsewhere \$57. All material in this newsletter is written by and for devotees of **Sri Swami Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba** (affectionately known as The Mooj by his followers). If you would like to be included on His mailing list, please send your name, address, and a large donation (cash only please) to "The Mooj," Inmate Number 45-4578, Chester County Jail, East Chester, PA 19382. All donations kept confidential. The Mooj is an equal opportunity Swami.

First Things First: Greetings, my many beloved minions! Welcome to yet another thrilling edition of *The Enlightenment!* This, as most of you know, is the official newsletter of The Guru Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba community. It is written by and for my many happy devotees and is available to anyone wishing to obtain one.

The other day as I was meditating I reflected not on the misery of my unjust incarceration, but on how wonderful it was that even though I am stuck in this filthy God-forsaken hellhole, I am still able to share my wisdom and enlightenment with all of you. Who cares if prison walls divide us? These walls, though tall and rugged, are not enough to keep us apart! If only I could hug all of you. Actually, come visit me on visitation day next month and I will.

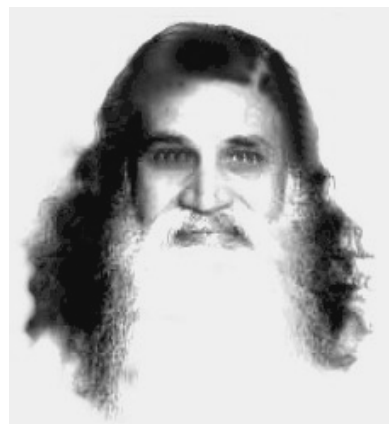
Wonderful News! I have just learned from devotees living in the Sturgeon Falls area of Quebec that I have been selected as their town's prospective Grand Marshal for the upcoming Canadian Multiculturalism Day Parade. I'm not sure if I must be there in person or not. If that is the situation then I will not be able to attend. In any case I will send a full length poster of myself posing with one of my really enlightened looking gazes for them to use as they see fit.

While this thought is fresh in my head I must ask a favor. Would the person or persons continually sending me fruit baskets please stop? I welcome this noble act of generosity; however, as stated in last month's newsletter, I *cannot* accept food items from the outside world. The warden tells me that I get anywhere from three to four fruit baskets a day from my many loving minions. After admonishing me about Chester County Jail regulations, he then restricts my TV privileges. Normally I wouldn't care

except that it's NASCAR season. So please, friends, whoever you are, stop sending me fruit baskets!

With all introductions being concluded it is now time to begin our wholesome and enlightening newsletter.

This month we have lots of wonderful stuff, including our usual Mooj Mail Bag, a truly wonderful poem, a story, many new minions to welcome, a quiz or two, and my usual Enlightened Thinking essay. Come, let's begin reading together!



Have an
"Auto Body"
Experience

Bosco Brothers
Auto Wrecking
W. Chester Pike, Darby, PA

Mooj Minion Discount!

Mooj Mail Bag

As we do each month, let's begin first by reading and reflecting on the mail sent in by my many happy devotees and friends. If you would like to ask for guidance or seek a blessing, send your letter to the address listed above. Please, no fruit baskets!!!

Bubbaji,

I am humbled as I write this letter. How I long to come and touch your feet, Divine Guru. The next time I'm in Chester County and it coincides with one of your visitation days I will. To be honest I tried to visit you last month but you spent your whole visitation day doing conjugal visits. But, anyway, that's not why I am writing. Here's my question: I read somewhere that you gained your enlightenment by being struck by lightning. And then, elsewhere, I read that you became enlightened while being caned in a Singaporean prison. Which is the Truth, o humble Guru? Can I gain this kind of enlightenment, too, without so much pain?

Ramoo Rahul Kaloo (minion 669)
Winnipeg, Manitoba

The Mooj Answers: My, *beta*! Enlightenment is not gained outwardly but is received from within. And it shall be for you, too, my *mera nashila yaar*. All you have to do is begin your journey. Look onward, brave soldier of truth! Do you see the path that stands before you? It is the one that has been trampled down by others seeking truth and wisdom. But beware! There are many paths to choose from. Some crisscross and wind back and many end up in utter disappointment. But if you remain true to your purpose in life then the path you have chosen will always be correct. It is your *dharma* to begin this journey now! One step. Then another. Baby steps at first perhaps. That is it. Keep walking. Good. Now walk faster. But don't just focus on the end of the journey. Look around you! The path toward enlightenment is surrounded by things that are just as important as what lies at the terminus. Oh, and another thing, *what is all this crap about me being in a Singapore prison?* Who is spreading these lies? I was never in a Singapore prison. I was only held for questioning in regard to a matter of minor importance and was cleared of most charges pending against me.

Sri Mooj Uncle,

I have followed your teachings for many years and I still haven't found a good way to explain to my friends and family why I give all my money to some guru in jail. Can you help me explain this? First of all, maybe you can tell me why you're in jail. It might help to win friends and family over if I could at least answer that question. Thank you in advance for your help!

Seth Karamchand (minion 405)
Cuddapah, India

The Mooj Answers: Is it not better to ask why a soul yearns for fulfillment? Is it not better to ask why a heart yearns for love? Is it not better to ask why a mind yearns for wisdom? These, my *mera daru peene walla*, are the type of questions you should be asking. How and why some poor Servant of Mankind is being held captive within the heartless legal system of American injustice is unimportant. Asking unimportant questions will lead only to unimportant answers. I will meditate and fast for you, such that those that call you friend and family will likewise be enlightened. I will also abstain from drinking that prune juice concoction that my cell mate is currently fermenting in our toilet to help you focus better on what is most important in life. I suggest you abstain from all vices as well. *Dil kah bhanwar kare pukar!*

Dearest Mooj *Bhyai-ji*,

I am old and feeble in my ways. I need some holistic medicinal advice. Since you are my guru I trust only you. Can you recommend a good organic stool softener?

Most Humbly,
Nargis Waheeda (in need of constipated relief)
Regina, Saskatchewan

The Mooj Answers: *Bahhanan-gee*, I welcome your medical question. But, be forewarned! I am not a medical practitioner in the liberal sense. I help people heal their minds and souls rather than their bodies. But you cannot have one without the other. Your problem is a minor one at best. It is understandable that when one ages one seeks comfort in sitting. To soften your stool I suggest you

place a pillow or pad on the stool before you sit down. Or, perhaps, instead of sitting on a stool or chair, why not just sit on comfortable pads that are laid upon the floor? That is what I do.



[Entire letter omitted due to vulgarity.]

Budh Malhotra
New Delhi, India

The Mooj Answers: The great poet *Parseval* once wrote that a fool cannot be expected to drink from the fountain of knowledge without getting his lips soaked. This is as true today as it was in the late 1500s when *Parseval* was conducting his math and poetry experiments. Concerning your letter, my vulgar friend, I am sorry that you feel this way about me, my followers, and this newsletter. My staff assures me that you were removed from our mailing list months ago. But, to be honest, a man with such anger in his pen must also have anger in his *atman*. Not anger toward others, perhaps, but anger at himself. Thus, it would be wrong of me to abandon you when you need me most. So I will keep mailing you this and other enlightened publishings for your own good. I will also send you an official Mooj minion coffee mug and tote bag. I do this because I care.



Most Gracious Swamaji,

Normally I wouldn't ask you for such a thing but I just learned that my eldest son was accepted to college. He is the first person to go to college in my family. I am so proud but I am poor. I would hate to tell my son that he cannot go to college because I cannot pay for it. So here's what I propose, gracious swami. If you told me who wins this year's Super Bowl I could place a bet and use the winnings to pay for both my son's college and then donate the balance to your Ashram Building Fund. How's that sound? Others out there who would also like to contribute to this noble cause may do so by sending a check or money order to The Katmal Chopra College Fund, c/o Passaic County Community College, One College Boulevard, Paterson, NJ, 07505. We must never let a man's dream of being educated die for lack of want!

Madan Chopra (minion 740)
Patterson, NJ

The Mooj Answers: *Baazi!* Under most circumstances I would never allow my enlightened visions to be used for the ill-gotten gains of gambolic vice. However, I am a strong supporter of education no matter how trivial it may seem. That is why I act against my better judgment and say that I do envision this year's upcoming Super Bowl.

It's a good one, too. There will be lots of touchdowns and interceptions. Part of my vision makes sense because I see the Denver Broncos there. They win by at least two touchdowns. But the other part of my vision doesn't make any sense at all because no matter how hard I meditate and try to focus on who the other team is, I see the Atlanta Falcons. It is absurd I know. Your best bet is to just place your money on The Broncos without being too specific. Although this information is for Madan Chopra's use only I see no harm in allowing others to use it if they realize the source of their great bounty and contribute to my good works accordingly.



Sri Mooj Babba-loo,

I am in love with Bhola Singh. He is a boy in my village. But my father has arranged my marriage to Karorilal Funtoosh. I hate Karorilal Funtoosh. He is old, smelly and ill mannered. What should I do?

Belu Khopra, age 16
Dakshin Pradesh, India

The Mooj Answers: *Dil Deewana! Curse these damn prison walls!* Oh, my *beti chhoti*, how I wish I could come and stand at your side while together we fight for harmony and justice. Just as the Punjab is crossed by five mighty rivers would the five mighty fingers of my hand close to make the mightiest fist to bludgeon all that stands in the way of true love! I don't mean this literally, of course, because you can't really fight your parents. They have clothed and fed you and taken care of all your needs. They ask only that you respect and obey them. So what is the big deal? Besides, what do you know about love? You're only 16.



Mooj,

I have no idea who you are but I saw a guy wearing a rainbow wig on TV last week during the big game and he was holding a sign that read "Free The Mooj." I was curious and made a few calls and learned about your plight and struggle to enlighten people. Count me in, brother!

Dr. Peter Boyle
Philadelphia, PA

The Mooj Answers: Yes, it is an honorable thing you do by coming to the aid of those who struggle for self realization. But, sadly, when I opened the envelope containing your letter the donation you enclosed had gone missing! I can only hope that it was pilfered on this end and not by you.

Hey Nostra-dumb-ass,

You're pretty clever sitting there in your cell interpolating people's dreams and such. I had a real weird dream last night. Maybe you can help me figure out what it means. There's this guru-like fat guy sitting in jail. He's big and hairy. He runs this scam Enlightenment newsletter that takes lots of money from unsuspecting idiots. What does my dream mean?

"King Latifah"
Chilliwack, PA

The Mooj Answers: Far away in the village of *Simlachhota* arrived two shoe salesmen. When these salesmen saw that no one in the village wore shoes, the first of the two *shoe-wallahs* thought: "This is dreadful! These people don't wear shoes so how can I sell them any?" But the second *shoe-wallah*, a more enlightened chap, thought: "How wonderful! None of these people have shoes yet so look how many I can sell!" You, my *kathor nila kurta*, should be like the second *shoe-wallah* not the first! This is what your dream is telling you!

Dear Bubbaji Mooj,

Okay, say a friend of mine is totally in love with this guy. He teases her a lot and treats her differently than everyone

else he knows. Everyone else thinks he's this tough person. But with her he doesn't even swear. She thinks he likes her and with good reason, too! But when she tells him how she feels he gets weirded out. He says that he likes her a lot, but just wants to be friends before they jump into anything deep. He says that he's not saying he never wants to be with her, but he just doesn't want to rush things. What I want to know is if there will ever be a chance for the two of them to get together. His birthday is August 7, 1983 and hers is November 3, 1982.

Julie Tam, age 17
Toronto, Canada

The Mooj Answers: The great pundit Guru Dutt once said that love is like a multiple colored sunrise. It fills your senses with splendor, bewonderment and joy. But soon it festers into daylight—where, perhaps, clouds may gather and storms may wail. But with patience comes again another sunset; and with it, perhaps, more splendor of joyous wonder. Or maybe it's the other way around and starts off like a sunset followed by the blackness of night which is then enlightened again by sunrise. No, I was right the first time. It wouldn't make much sense if it went sunset/darkness/sunrise. But then again it doesn't make much sense being sunrise/daytime/sunset either. To be honest I never cared much for Guru Dutt and that whole sunset/sunrise allegory.

Poetry Corner

Be it known to all that **The Mooj Poetic League** is still collecting poems for this year's Annual Poetry Showdown. So far only six poems have been submitted. That's nothing to be proud of, my many poetic minions! And, without sounding too pompous, might I add that most of these recently submitted poems were awful (or marginally awful at best). It would almost seem as if people thought this poetry contest was a joke or something. My hope is that it is not.

Yesterday, however, I received a videotape in the mail. At first I thought it was one of those love offering tapes I get from my many naughty female admirers. But it was even better! It was a videotape from Ollie Khan of Mangalore,

India. In it he performs his latest interpretive dance poem. Does this chap sound familiar? He should if you have been a loyal subscriber! Yes, indeed, this is the same Ollie Khan that won **Minion of the Year 1997!**

For this month's poetry feature I will describe what was shown on the tape. I will have to make some adjustments, however, since the performance was recited in *Munda*, a Mon-Khmer dialect spoken principally in Eastern India. Portions of the poem were also orated in *Greek*, *Santali*, *Latin*, *French* and *Bengali*. I assume this was for artistic embellishment since it wouldn't make much sense to do so otherwise.

Main Apka Gana Sunana Chahti Hun!

(In English this means something along the lines of "Listen Whilst I Sing about my Pain.")

The poem begins with Ollie Khan walking onto a brightly lit stage.
He shields his eyes from the light and then kneels down.
He then shouts loudly:

"Woman!"
"Man!"
"Pain!"

(These, of course, are translations.)

Then Ollie Khan stands up, does a kick, and then begins disrobing.
Next he stands there naked, exposed ...
His arms and legs stretch outward.
He speaks again. This time in a softer voice:

"Ice!"
"Fire!"
"Pain!"

Now Ollie Khan takes a golf club and begins hitting himself over the head with it while kicking and turning in circles.
Now he speaks, yet again, even more softly than before:

"Thirst!"
"Hunger!"
"Pain!"

Ollie Khan then does one last kick, falls down and crawls out of view of the camera.
Off stage you can hear him whimper and moan in pain.
Then the camera is turned off.

Now that was a poem! I'm almost speechless just thinking about what it all must mean.

New Minions

Many new enlightenment-seekers have joined The Mooj Family of happy minions this month! Below is a summary of their application data. To eliminate any conflict of interest or suggestion of favoritism be it known to all that I abstain from choosing my new minions. Prospective minions are selected by a panel of peers (bylaws and meeting notes of this complicated process are kept confidential). If you would like to become an official minion, write for an application. If you would rather just buy a Mooj minion T-Shirt and pretend you're a minion, that's fine, too.

MEET MINION # 1452

Name: Brian "Big Boy" Berkowitz
From: Tempe, AZ
Occupation: Graduate Student Researcher
Age and Sign: Pisces, age 25

Education: I am working on my PhD. at ASU.
Height: 6-4
Weight: 375
Hair Color: Red
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

I was in an amateur adult video called *Big Boys Gone Wild: Spring Break Bananas III*. God help me if my mom ever finds out!

Minion Application Essay:

The Mooj experience is about erasing one's material attachments to the world and putting them in a place that can only be reached when The Mooj comes with you. That's why I am now wire transferring all my wealth to The Friends of Mooj Society. Most people read this newsletter and skip over the important stuff to read the stories and poems. I used to be like that until one day I was watching Beavis and Butthead and an electric arc came from my TV and struck me in the head. I lay there unconscious for what seemed like hours. But it was like I was conscious at the same time because, though I couldn't move, I could hear children playing in the street outside, birds chirping in nearby trees and an ice cream truck drive by. I felt so at peace and didn't want to ever be disturbed again. Then my roommate came home, found me, and gave me CPR. I was sad to be brought back to life and thought that, perhaps, I may never feel so tranquil and numb again. Then I found you Mooj and my head is numb again. It's like Nirvana, dude!

MEET MINION # 1453

Name: Stacey Kendal-Hoffman
From: Canoga Park, CA
Occupation: I work in the medical profession
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 35
Education: I am a graduate of The Bryman School
Height: 5-5
Weight: 100
Hair Color: Ash Blond
Eye Color: Green

Something Special about Me:

Something about me? Hmmm. This is really a difficult question because one can ascertain the depth of the sea but never the depth of a human heart. I guess the best thing to say about myself is that I am buxom, beautiful, bilingual and proud to be part of the *free-trade-uber-alles* crowd.

Minion Application Essay:

When I was growing up my phone number was 867-5309 and my mom could never figure out why we got so many calls asking for Jenny. I knew the answer but I pretended that I didn't. It was as if I had superior knowledge and it gave me power. Absolute power! Day after day my mom would go crazy when the phone rang, she'd answer it, and some idiot would sing, "*Jenny don't change your number - eight six seven five three oh nah-eeh-ah-ine.*" I just sat there all powerful, all knowing, and all wise as my poor mom became more and more confused and tormented. I was like you, Great Swami!!! Finally my mom had the number changed and I lost this power. It was a very sad

day in my life. So sad, in fact, that I never recovered. If I was made a Mooj minion it might make me happy again.

MEET MINION # 1454

Name: Stevie Owens
From: Philadelphia, PA
Occupation: None
Age and Sign: 30, Libra
Education: None
Height: 5-9
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

i am homeless

Minion Application Essay:

i have no idea who you is or what you does. all i knows is i was standing on a street corner and this guy comes up to me and asks me to get into his car. he took me to a fancy resteraunt and gave me a big steak dinner. he then give me some money for cloths and a motel. all he wanted in return was that i fill out this application and send it in. he even give me the \$75 fee. i figures i can do that since that guy was so nice.

MEET MINION # 1455

Name: Kelly Torres
From: Taft, OH
Occupation: I work in the county tax assessment office
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 29
Education: BA from OSU
Height: 5-5
Weight: 135
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

I am currently dating a man who just might be the biggest moron in the world.

Minion Application Essay:

We live daily with violence, hatred and intolerance. That is why I follow The Mooj. He teaches us peace and love. And from what I hear he's got a decent size tally-whacker, too!

MEET MINION # 1456

Name: John J. Hollow
From: Darby, PA
Occupation: Car salesman
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 41
Education: Haverford High, class of '77
Height: 5-10
Weight: 190

Hair Color: Bald
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special about Me:

Many years ago I found myself traveling in another dimension. All my matter turned into antimatter and I became totally invisible. I could see the world but it couldn't see me. So I did what any other red blooded American high school kid would do and went into the girl's locker room. About ten minutes into my eye-popping excursion I sensed that my antimatter was starting to turn back into matter so I ran as fast as I could towards the exit. As I ran I tripped on a bar of soap and fell and hit my head on a bunch of lockers. When I came to Mrs. Reynolds (the girl's PE coach) was standing over me. She took me by the arm to the principal's office and I wound up getting suspended for two weeks (but it was worth it).

Minion Application Essay:

Well, swammy, what can a man say at a time like this? I mean really. You want minions... I want to become a minion So it's pretty much a done deal, right?

MEET MINION # 1457

Name: Chandrachur Singh Govinda
From: Fullerton, CA
Occupation: Engineer
Age and Sign: Leo, age 44
Schooling: IIT (BSEE)
Height: 182 cm
Weight: 80 Kg
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special about Me:

Among my most prized possessions is a big ribbon that says: "I made a Pig of Myself at Farrell's." I got it by eating a giant trough of ice cream when I first came to America. I am single. I hope to meet "Mrs. Right" one of these days, if and when she becomes available. Hopefully she has big *putalis* and a nice round *thodi*. It wouldn't hurt if she could cook, either.

Minion Application Essay:

I see that this minion application thing says I need to write a 500 word (or less) essay. I don't think I can. I'm too tired to think. Perhaps I'll just enclose another \$50 along

with the \$75 application fee and see if that helps facilitate things. Oms to you, great Swami Mooj, whoever the hell you are!

MEET MINION # 1458

Name: Jessica Maria Franco
From: Garden Grove, CA
Occupation: Receptionist
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 32
Schooling: I went to Edison High School
Height: 5-6
Weight: 125
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

My mom thinks I am one of Screamin' Jay Hawkins' illegitimate children.

Minion Application Essay:

Mooj, I love you. Want to know how much? I tattooed your face on my butt (see attached photo). I would do anything to become a minion. Come visit me and find out!



Storytime!

Not many of you enjoyed last month's story by minion 1209 (entitled "Fist of Joy"). To be honest I thought it was rather awful myself. That is why it pains me to have to submit you to another minion 1209 story (entitled "Fist of Joy, Part II"). Sadly, this was the only story sent in this month and so we have no choice but to include it since I am too languid to write a story myself.

Oh wait! Someone just informed me that another story was just submitted! How grand! It's from our old pal Larry Kenwood, a.k.a., minion #1119! Larry usually sends in good stories. I haven't read this latest one (below) and will just have to trust that it meets with our usual high standards.

The Stranger Who Was I

On January 12, 1965 I was sitting on a bench waiting for the bus. That was a special day for me because it was my 16th birthday. Back then I went to a private school and had to take the public bus. Since I lived far from school I had to be at the bus stop by 6:30 a.m. each morning.

That morning was like most others as far as I can recall. There were few people out and hardly any cars driving around. The streets were pretty much deserted.

Then out of nowhere a man came and sat down beside me. I was surprised since I didn't see or hear him approach. He said nothing and just sat there. The man looked so familiar that I couldn't help but stare at him. Finally he turned to me and said, "Happy birthday, Larry!"

"Thanks," I said and then asked him who he was.

"I'm you at age 50," he said. I was silent.

"So you don't believe me?" he said, "then I'll prove it." He then began rambling off stuff that only I could know; stuff that I never told anyone. Some of it was really private.

"You see", the old man continued, "when you're older, your fiftieth birthday to be exact, you will be granted a special wish. Your wish will be to travel back in time to give yourself advice when you are young."

The old man continued, "Now listen, we don't have much time. So here's what you need to know: Don't worry about anything. Everything will turn out okay. Never take the easy way out of anything and always push yourself to do better. Study hard in school and always challenge yourself. Don't be afraid to take chances in life but don't do anything foolish. And above all, don't ever do anything that is unethical or illegal. Trust in yourself. And, above all, trust mom and dad because they know what they're talking about. And, what the hell, when you start earning money don't spend it foolishly—instead, buy stocks in companies that make computers and electronic things."

Then before I knew it the bus came screeching to a halt and its door swished open in front of me.

"Are you coming aboard or not?" yelled the driver. I snapped out of my daze and stood up. The old man was gone. Was I dreaming?

As the years wore on I couldn't help but notice that I began to look just like that old man at the bus stop. I knew then that it really was me that came and sat next to me on the bench.

Tomorrow I turn 50. I'm wondering how it is that I get granted that special wish to travel back in time so that I can talk to myself when I'm 16. I'm not even sure what I will say to myself this time. It'll probably be the same stuff I told myself back in 1965.

Keystone Trivia!

(Sponsored by the The Historical Society of Pennsylvania)

The Mooj Pennsylvania Heritage Trust (same mailing address as this newsletter) is pleased to announce that the winner of last month's Keystone State Trivia Contest was Kharab Chakarborty of Schuylkill Township, PA. Young Kharab is only six years old. Boy, what a smart little fellow! The first person with the correct answers to this month's quiz will win a Black Banana Club T-Shirt (I have no idea where the Black Banana Club is but someone sent it to me and it doesn't fit). Here's The Quiz:

1) T or F: Delaware County, PA split from Chester County, PA during the War of Northern Aggression because the people in Delaware County refused to serve under that evil tyrant Abraham Lincoln.

2) At the top of City Hall in Philadelphia is a statue of William Penn. Whose statue was up there first, before it was replaced by the pompous William Penn?

3) Which of the following beers was called "Raging Fire Water from Hell" by infamous Susquehannock Chief Blackhoof: Schmidts, Ortliebs, Ballantine or Yuengling?

4) King of Prussia, PA was not named after the King of Prussia. So who was it named after?

5) T or F: Forget Pat's or Geno's. You want the best cheese steak in Philly go to the snack bar at the Franklin Institute.

Mooj Note: The above questions were collected from various unreliable sources and so I have no idea if they can be answered or not. The truth is we here at *The Enlightenmet* could care less about Pennsylvania history. The only reason we address it is because we accept grant money from the The Historical Society of Pennsylvania under the guise of educating people about Pennsylvania history. I suspect they have no idea who we really are or what we're really using the money for. Since it would be bad karma to just take the money we at least do this.

Enlightened Thinking!!

Whenever I sit down to write and edit one of these newsletters I put aside a large margin of time for a feature I like to call **Enlightened Thinking**. Each and every subscriber to this fine upstanding newsletter knows that when he or she reads this newsletter, he or she will become a wiser, more enlightened person because of it. And most importantly those that call me Swami know that the meat of what wisdom I shall dole out each month is found here. This is where the rubber meets the road. This is where it all comes together. **This, my multitude of minions, is why you have chosen me as your Guru!**

I don't mind if you skim the Mooj Mail, brush over minion-submitted poetry and stories, lightly touch upon other topics—**BUT ALL**, each and every one of you—must know that when you reach *this* portion of the newsletter, this is what really matters. Who cares about minions and their problems? Who cares about stupid stories and ridiculous poems? It is for my **Enlightened Thinking** that you support me as your guru, mentor, and guide along the troubled path of self-realization. This, here and now, is why you fork over your hard earned money to keep me fed and thinking. This, my humble minions, is where you learn what it means to be Mooj-like. Where you learn what it means become one with The Mooj. *Where you learn what it means become Mooj enlightened!*

But, then again, I am a busy guru and so I didn't actually get around to writing my **Insightful Thinking** essay this month. I will try to write something next month.

Final Thoughts ...

Okay, that about sums it up for this month. I have already begun working on next month's newsletter and I can safely say it should be a little more enlightened than this one.

Blessings and such,

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THE GUJARAT PALACE

The Finest Indian Cuisine in all
of Chester County!

LOCATED WITHIN THE PATEL
FOOD EMPORIUM, IN THE HEART
OF "LITTLE GUJARAT"

WEST CHESTER, PA



The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 3, March 1999

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First Things First:

Greetings, beloved minions! Welcome yet again to another thrilling and enthralling edition of *The Enlightenment*! Before we begin this newsletter I have some wonderful news. Those of you who have been long-time readers

know that many of my devoted followers need me in their lives 24 hours a day. This, however, has proven difficult to do since I am currently in jail. But wait! *Koe baat na heen, my chotas!* Yes, my friends, this may no longer be an obstacle! The Friends of Mooj Society has come up with a plan! It's a jolly good plan, too! Well, maybe it isn't that jolly. To be honest I have no idea what they are talking about. They want to hook up a **Mooj Cam** in my cell and connect it to the Internet. That way, they say, minions with computers can watch me meditate, sit, sleep, play my sitar, do yoga, or do any of the other things I do all day. This all sounds fine and dandy I guess but I hope at least they can angle this stupid camera thing away from my cell toilet. Stay tuned for details and hopefully I will know more about this Mooj Cam thing next month when The Friends of Mooj Society publishes their summer conference proceedings.

This month's newsletter is packed chock full of good stuff so I'd rather not waste valuable newsletter space with one of my long and worldly introductions. Instead I will just mention that this month we have our usual bevy of minion mail, some great poetry, a wonderful story, a quiz or two, many new minions to meet and my usual Enlightened Thinking essay. We also have a few surprises, too (I think).

De Olde Porne Shoppe



**In The Heart of
The Historic District
East Chester, PA**

Free T-Shirt with Every Purchase!

MOOJ MINION DISCOUNT!!

Mooj Mail Bag

Most Enlightened Swami,

Last week I got an anonymous letter in the mail that read as follows:

“Sir, I’m a former employee from many years ago. I used to steal money from you. It was never very much, mind you, but I know it was wrong. I figure what I took plus interest adds up to about \$1,000. Therefore I am returning this money to clear my conscience and improve my karma. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me.”

As declared, the envelope contained \$1,000 in cash. At the bottom of this letter, however, was another surprise. It read:

“P.S. Besides stealing I also slept with your wife many times. For that I am truly sorry.”

Guru Mooj, I admire this man for trying to square things with me cosmically but was he really sleeping with my wife? I asked her about it and she said that the guy was obviously insane. I believe her but I’m confused. Why would this guy send me \$1,000 if he wasn’t telling truths? Please help me figure this mess out.

Gaylord Jandhyala
Glenloch, PA

The Mooj Answers: The wise Maharishi Yogi Moga once taught his disciples that as long as the millipede keeps putting one foot in front of the other he will get to where he wants. But once this multi-legged creature tries to analyze how, say, leg #593 is doing in context with the others, he freezes and becomes paralyzed. This poor chap can no longer function and is basically stuck forever in one place. I believe the meaning of this lesson is as important today as it was back in the days when Guru Moga was squatting along the ancient banks of the Chenab River, filling his disciples with his lofty centipede and millipede teachings. This, my *vir dosti*, is the classic “big-picture” versus “devil-in-the-details” problem. Yes, your wife was probably sleeping around on you back then. But what can you do about it now? A man has asked you for forgiveness and has even returned what he can to make things cosmically right. Let your anger be soothed by your compassion. And then let your compassion be soothed by your ignorance.

Who the f__k are you and why do you keep sending me stupid newsletters?

Dr. Helen Rogers,
New Castle, DE

The Mooj Answers: Ha! You are obviously joking. But in case you are not then I will tell you that I am Guru Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba, known throughout the world as The Mooj. The answer to your second question is, perhaps, the Friends of Mooj Society might have sent you one of these *Enlightenment* newsletters by accident. The Friends of Mooj Society’s mailing list is slightly larger than the newsletter circulation roster so it’s reasonable to expect that a few unintended persons are getting newsletters (14,387 to be exact). If you are one of these otherwise unfortunate people please accept my humble apology and don’t feel obligated to pay the subscription price (though it would be appreciated). Also, so as not to burden you with excessive labors of return mailing, you may keep inadvertent newsletters as a gift.

Mooj Uncle,

Okay here goes. I believe in not having premaradle sex because I know it wrong. However I here many people say that they have premaradle sex all the time and that they like it and that it feel good so it makes me wonder if it really is as wrong as they say. So I guess my question is can I have premaradle sex too?

Jaggav, age 14
Bombay, India

The Mooj Answers: *Naiya teri majhdhar*, you naughty boy! I’m not sure what premaradle sex is but I don’t like the sound of it at all. Do you always ask such filthy things of your guru? I doubt this is a serious letter. If it is then the answer is no. One must only do ordinary sex, not this premaradle method. I have a vast knowledge of the *sutras* and never heard of such a thing. Therefore it is obviously deviant or unhealthy. If, by chance, this letter was meant as a joke then please refrain from eliciting jollies at my expense again in the future. I further recommend that you pay more attention in school. A boy of your age should employ better grammar.

Swami,

I was shocked to see an ad for Bosco Brothers Auto Wrecking in your August newsletter. The Bosco Brothers are pigs. I used to work for them until I got tired of being sexually harassed. I've never met three bigger idiots in my life. Please re-consider doing business with them.

Tomika Jefferson
Yeadon, PA

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your thoughtful observation. It is important to align this publication with holistic endeavors as well as righteous people. These Bosco brothers, if truth is used in your letter, may not be the type of people I want associated with this noble newsletter. However, when I asked The Friends of Mooj Society to look into this matter I was told that our marketing director had signed a six newsletter deal with them. Our legal department demands that we honor this contract. I can only say that I am saddened by this whole affair and will meditate and fast for those (including myself) who are offended.

Mooj,

Last month I saw an ad for Bosco Bros Auto Wrecking in your newsletter. I used to work for them. Donny Bosco and his brothers Joey and Tommy are total jerks. I still have nightmares about how they continuously mauled, man-handled and molested me—and I'm a guy! The women working there had it ten times worse. If your newsletter has any standards then these perverts couldn't possibly meet them. As far as everything else goes, you're cool. Keep up the good work. I'm not an official Mooj Head as of yet but hope to become one soon as soon as I can afford the \$75.

Bart Haley
Darby, PA

The Mooj Answers: Oh my! Another complaint about the Bosco Brothers! My thoughts are even sadder than before.

Sir,

I am outraged! How dare you advertise for Bosco Brothers Auto Wrecking! Those Bosco bastards will burn in hell! Let me tell you what they did to me and my family... [The rest of this letter was omitted. Our legal department thought that some of the allegations made in

this angst-filled letter might make us liable for slander if proven false.]

Derek Lavaleen
Lower Darby, PA

The Mooj Answers: Oh my! I cannot believe the horror of what was described in this letter! The egregious acts illustrated in this seven page narrative make me sick to my stomach! If you read what was described you, too, would agree that what those Bosco brothers did to Derek, his wife, his two underage daughters, his grandmother, and his step-niece was outrageous. **I will not allow anymore of their ads to pollute my holistic newsletter!** I don't care what it costs me! Legal department and marketing director be damned! I demand that The Friends of Mooj Society pull their ad from this newsletter and find a new sponsor. I don't care who it is as long as it isn't those Bosco Brothers!

Guru Mooj,

Last night I met this awesome woman at a bar. I think we're soul mates. I'm a Leo and she's a Libra. After the bar closed she asked me to take her home. We sat and talked until morning. I think I'm in love! Everything about this girl makes me happy. I want to marry her!

But first I need to know something. Before I left her apartment I used her bathroom and peeked inside her medicine cabinet. I found the following medications: Tums, Pamprin Maximum Strength, Loratadine, Valtrex, Lamisil, Alophen, Gas-X, Tucks Pads, Desinex, Chewable Acidophilus with bifidus, Vagisil, Imodium A-D, Tylenol, and Panax Quinquifolium. I have no medical training so I don't know what any of these medicines are used for. Can you use your homeopathic new age wisdom to help me out? Based on this girl's medications do you think she would be a good wife?

"Troy from North Carolina," age 25

The Mooj Answers: *Dhanyavad ab main jaunga!* My friend! Peeping into a woman's medicine cabinet is as naughty as peeping down her sari! You should be ashamed, *yaar chota!* I have no idea what the above listed medicines are used for but then again it's none of my business or yours! If you are so in love with this girl that you want to marry her then I suggest you open a dialogue with her concerning her obviously unhygienic health situation.

Dear Swami Mooj,

We live next door to a very elderly couple. They are in their 90s. Last week they were out of town and asked us to look after their cat. Normally we're not nosy but since my husband and I had never been inside their house we decided to look around. We were shocked (actually, shocked isn't a strong enough word) to find that they had naked pictures of themselves hidden in one of their bureau drawers. These pictures were *very* pornographic. My husband even thought they bordered on being obscene. What should we do now? Should we say something to them? I don't think I can ever talk to those disgusting old perverts again! Why are some people so disgusting?

Midge and Stefan
Fallston, MD

The Mooj Answers: *Dum bhar jo udhar!* What is it with these nosy people? One man looks in a woman's medicine cabinet and now these two hooligans snoop through a neighbor's bureau drawer? Have you no shame? I cannot cast judgment on your neighbors and nor should you. Does not the man-peacock howl, whither or whether another female peacock is nearby to bear fruit upon him? Does the Tiger Lily blossom less in a meadow barren of footfall? Thus, too, my humble minions, is the act of carnal love! I cannot tell you if what your elderly neighbors have done is wrong but certainly what you have is. I suggest you raise your minion love offering to me this month to improve your karma.

Dear Swami,

For about five years now I have been sending money to your ashram building fund. Shouldn't it be built by now?

Sadeep Ahooga
Merritt, WV

The Mooj Answers: Like many things in life, quality and quantity cannot be confused for Ying and Yang. Forget not that both the snake and the cow drink water. Yet one turns that water into poison while the other produces milk. This is as much part of the Devine plan as when my ashram is finally built. So I suggest you allow things progress as they are intended and so will I.

Sir,

I just wanted to write and tell you that last night I saw a man standing on the corner of Market and Van Ness

wearing an Official Minion T-Shirt and nothing else. He was waving at cars and tooting an air horn. If these are the kind of people that call themselves Mooj minions then all I can say is **No Thank You**.

Maude Greenberg
San Francisco, CA

The Mooj Answers: If what you said is correct then I must apologize on behalf of The Mooj family of enlightened minions. I hope whoever this naughty minion is can stop this nonsense at once!

El Mujo!

Escucha usted moron con el pelo rojo, para el enviar me de mail o vendré abajo allí y le golpearé con el pie en el anus!

Ben Dejo
Chester, PA

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your letter, my lofty International friend. Sadly I do not speak Mexican so I don't know what your letter is saying but I'm sure it was heartfelt. I send you my blessings and will meditate for you.

Sri Uncle Mooj,

My name is Madhuri and I am married to a total jackass. I am seeking marital advice since my husband does not seem to meet my needs as a friend or spouse (and in numerous other ways).

Sincerely,
Madhuri Chaudhary, age 26
Aurora, IL

The Mooj Answers: *Mere Haathon Mein!* Since when has marriage become easy? When one gives his or her heart, mustn't he or she give it away perpetually! That is why marriage is a sacred rite of passage in both this life and the next! I know sometimes this passage is difficult. It can be littered with the debris of broken promises, drunken high jinks, immoral behavior, lethargic incompetence, and lack-luster sexual performances. But this doesn't mean it shall remain as such forever, as sometimes this debris is easily swept away by co-operative cleansing. Yes, sometimes a bond is strengthened by its weakness! I know this because I have been married many times!

Poetry Corner

The Mooj Poetic League is still collecting poems for this year's Poetry Showdown. If you have not submitted a poem, please do so and I will circulate it among our prestigious panel of judges. This year's **Minion Poet of the Year** awardee will not only win my undying undulation but will also have his or her poem published in the *The Mooj Art & Poetry Quarterly*, which is the official publication of my philanthropic and artistic endeavors (not to be confused with this newsletter, which doesn't serve any purpose at all).

Last month several poems arrived; and some were better than others and two were outright dreadful. I will say no

more about them other than ask the person submitting the sonnet entitled *The Fortunate Few Luckily Enough to Have Been Called Official Bozo the Clown Sidekicks* to identify himself. The entry did not have a name attached.

Also, would Ollie Khan **please** stop sending me videotapes of his interpretive dance/poetry routines? I enjoyed the first few but after a while they got kind of old. And please! Must every interpretive dance routine this idiot performs involve disrobing, kicking and beating himself over the head with something?

This month's featured poem comes from Mao Tse Hung of Bengbu, China. He asked that it not be considered for the poetry contest, as he is shy and doesn't wish to draw unwanted attention to himself. He claims to be from the 'pointillist school of poetry,' which, I guess, is real big in China right now. I'm not affluent in Chinese so I'm not sure what this poem is about other than love.

A Chinese Love Song by Mao Tse Hung

Ching-Ching-Chong
Come hear my song

Of love and spring release

Chang-chang-cho
Everywhere I go

I live my life in peace

Ping-ping-lee
Oh sweetheart don't you see?
You mean the World to me

Hip-tong-hop-chong
May-tang-wang-tong
This Chinese love song

New Minions

This month, like most, new minions have joined the fold. This month, like most, these new minions have done their best to convince me (and you) that they are worthy of inclusion in our happy little community. Many have succeeded. If you haven't yet requested your very own minion application then I don't know what to tell you. Why put it off any longer? Haven't you waited long enough already? Write for an application today.

MEET MINION # 1459

Name: John "Rap Dawg" Brown
From: Columbia, MD
Occupation: Research Associate, Darwin Institute
Age and Sign: Aries, age 40
Education: I have a MS from Johns Hopkins
Height: 5-11
Weight: 175
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I grew up in Florence, AZ. Florence is famous because that's where Tom Mix got killed when he got hit in the head by that flying suitcase.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Let the Earth be at Peace, the atmosphere be at Peace, the Heavens be at Peace, the Eco-system be at Peace and the Solar System, so vast and full of plasma, be at Peace. Even further may Peace extend beyond our Galaxy into those Galaxies where our space brothers and sisters dwell. Peace be to their waters, vegetation, and space ships. Peace to Collective Consciousness, Peace to Brilliant Light, Peace to Vacuums in Space, Peace to All, Peace to Everything, Peace, Peace, altogether Peace, equally Peace, by means of Peace. Peace Out!

MEET MINION # 1460

Name: Jackie Bruce
From: San Bruno, CA
Occupation: I'm a Horse Figger at the local race track
Age and Sign: Leo, age 39
Education: I went to Saint Ignatius and then Univ of Santa Clara
Height: 6-1
Weight: 205
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

Most of my problems stem from watching too much of The Maestro Dick Bright Cartoon Show as a child. I met my current wife at a KOFY TV-20 dance party. She was the

lady in red cowboy boots who always danced with a bottle of beer in her hand.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I don't subscribe to your newsletter. I've written to you several times asking to be removed from your mailing list. Yet, each month, here comes another newsletter. For years I just threw them away. Then one day I had nothing to read in the bathroom so I pulled *The Enlightenment* out of the trash. I'm not sure what it was. I think I reached a type of Post-Mexican food nirvana or something. I can't describe it. Maybe others out there know what I'm talking about. I just sat there on the toilet and my mind and bowels opened up and exploded at the same time. I knew then that I had been a fool for not embracing Moojism before. I am now and forever a Moojist and will do all I can to spread the wisdom and joy your teachings bring this Earth and its happy beings. Oms to all!

MEET MINION # 1461

Name: Fred Jay
From: Shrewsbury, PA
Occupation: entrepreneur / farmer
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 32
Schooling: Finished high school; some college
Height: 5-6
Weight: 225
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

People are always coming up to me and telling me I look like Peter Grudzien.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Why is it that we can remember the past but not the future? The dream state is a malleable realm where the past, present, and future melt together and give forth the mystic vibrations that have forever controlled the Universe and time. Spiritual masters of Tibet developed techniques to use this "timeless time" to speed their progress toward nirvana and better karma. My Tibetan Dream Yoga Master Llama showed me how to enhance my spiritual life, improve problem solving and creativity, overcome my

deep-rooted fears and false beliefs, and free myself from harmful habits in waking life. I am ever so grateful to him but now it is time for me to move on and find a new guru for the next phase of my transformation into better-metta. I choose you, Mooj, for I know that you know. I shout Oms to you, great Swami!

MEET MINION # 1462

Name: "Danny"
From: Eugene, OR
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 19
Schooling: I'm a physics major at the University of Oregon
Height: 5-10
Weight: 185
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

My first car was a Chevy Monza.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Problems like insomnia and narcolepsy were quickly resolved after I started reading your newsletter. Today all my problems are insignificant and I have become balanced emotionally and psychologically. I enjoy the present rather than looking to the future or dwelling on the past. Every day provides examples of situations, which in the past, would have troubled, annoyed, or stymied me (like unemployment, unwanted pregnancies, arrests, etc.). Now I have the capacity to handle it all because I don't give a crap about anything except being a Mooj minion. I feel extremely fortunate to have you as my guru and I hope to someday do something worthy of your blessings. I think now I'll go smoke some pot and sit around and play Nintendo instead of going to class. I have a final exam today but who cares? I don't.

Storytime!

Rather than waste your time with something ridiculous, how about I skip this month's submitted minion story? Not that the stories sent in this month for consideration were not worthy. It's just that The Mooj Editorial Committee wasn't in the mood to deal with all the negative feedback that they surely would have gotten because of how stupid some of these stories *might* have seemed.

There was, however, one story I liked. I wanted to use it but was talked out of it by prominent members of editorial board. It was by minion 648 and was about how when he was in high school he drove around in a Dodge Charger dressed as Wonder Woman and did burnouts on people's lawns. I'm sure this was a metaphoric tale about his struggle with puberty and the difficult choices he had to make as a teenager. Or, maybe minion 648 actually drove around dressed like Wonder Woman and did burnouts on people's lawns.

Keystone Trivia!

(No Longer Sponsored by the The Historical Society of Pennsylvania)

Sorry, but due to lack of interest, this feature will no longer be included in our newsletters. If readers wish it to remain please contact The Mooj Pennsylvania Heritage Trust (same address) and express your angst. You should also write to The Historical Society of Pennsylvania and ask them to rethink their heartless decision to cut off our funding based on frivolous accusations that we were wasting their grant money on stupid trivia quizzes.

Cook's Corner

It's been awhile but someone sent in a recipe. I'll share it to fill up newsletter space. This tasty tid-bit comes from the fine boys at The York County, PA Youth Detention Center:

Appalachian Macaroni and Cheese

Directions: Use standard boxed macaroni and cheese (not brand specific) and prepare it according to directions. Before the cheese sets add ketchup, bacon, kidney beans, corn, and scrapple. Season to taste.

Religious Trivia!

Here's a religious trivia question that was submitted by our dear friend Joseph "Der Wienerwurst" Yoder (minion 410). Joseph is a fellow inmate here at the prestigious Chester County Jail and is recognized by most for his Biblical prowess. He's also recognized for something else but since this is a family-themed newsletter I will neglect to mention what that is.

Q: Everyone knows Cain and Abel were the first two children of Adam and Eve, but who was their third child?

The first person responding with the correct answer will win a *Mooj for West Chester Selectman* bumper sticker (if any are left). The winner of our last religious trivia quiz was Benjamin Greenberg (minion 505) of Oxford Township, PA. He correctly identified "Sodom" and "Gomorrah" as the two Old Testament cities that never slept (at least not on their stomachs—Ha!).

Enlightened Thinking!!

Because this newsletter was delayed by some unforeseen circumstances I must omit my usual Enlightened Thinking essay. I know, I know, I skipped it last month, too. I will make it up to you by writing a really, *really* enlightened essay next time. I will begin working on it as soon as I complete my evening meditation and after dinner constitutional. I have some really great thoughts in my head so hopefully I won't forget what they are.

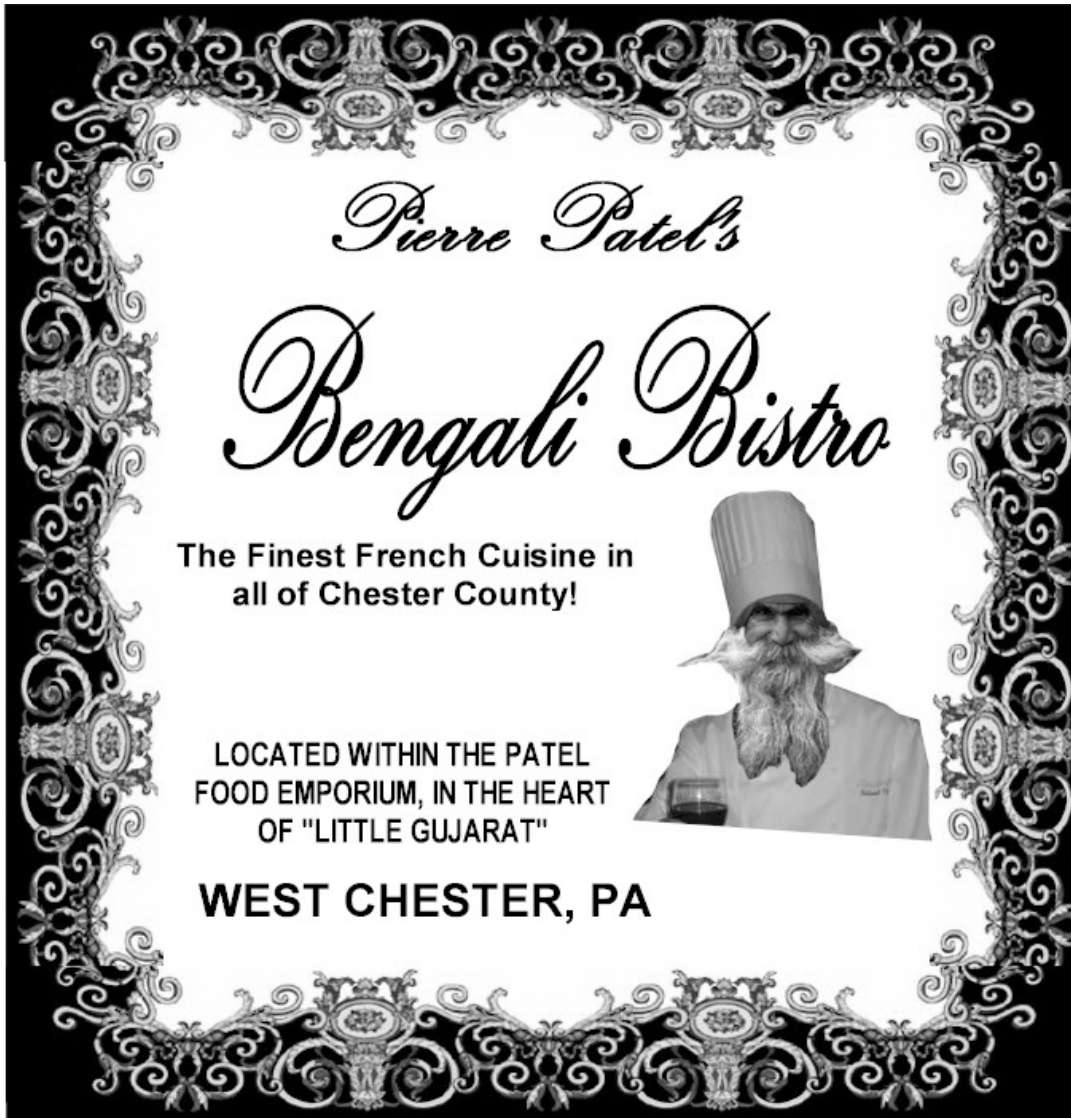
If by some chance you are a recent subscriber and looking for previous Mooj Enlightened Essays to enrich your life, don't forget that you can obtain copies of past essays (and other deep mutterings) from **The Mooj Memory Bank** (same address). Most of my essays are available in pamphlet form and can be had for a modest donation (please allow 8 to 10 weeks for delivery). Be forewarned, though: some essays might be unavailable due to pending lawsuits. A complete listing of available essay pamphlets can be found in the **The Mooj Memory Bank's** advertisement, which is located somewhere in this newsletter. Space for this oversized ad was made possible because I didn't include an Enlightened Essay.

Final Thoughts ...

Before I sign off this month I would like to address something that has been causing distress within The Mooj minion community of late. I've been asked by several (I don't want to say outraged—maybe inquisitive would be a better word) friends about where their donations to my ashram building fund are going since we still don't have an ashram built as of yet. I am in the process of compiling a balance sheet showing income and outgoing expenses to help alleviate these concerns. First, however, I need to locate most of the money. Right now I have no idea where it is.

Blessings and such,

મજપતી ડયાબારાવા



THE MOOJ MEMORY BANK PROUDLY ANNOUNCES

MOOJ ENLIGHTENED THINKING ESSAYS (and Other Deep Mutterings)
Available in convenient pamphlet form!

Send Large Cash Donation and SASE, Along with Selected Titles to:

Inmate Number 45-4578
c/o Chester County Jail
East Chester, PA 19382

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Apparently Three out of Four People Make up 75% of the Earth's
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British Royals who have appeared on the Gong Show
Carpet Tunnel Syndrome
Chester A. Arthur—America's Favorite President
Chester, the Happy Go Lucky Imp
Citizen Gus
Clown College Honor Roll
Confessions of an Innocent Man
Constipated People Don't give a Crap!
Coping with Ring Worm
Dancin', Dancin', Dancin'.....I'm a Dancing Machine (The Mooj U.
Story)
Deadbeat Son
Deep Down we're all Superficial
Delta, Pennsylvania: America's Best Kept Secret
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Don't Ask, Don't Tell, Don't Drop the Soap!
Don't be Sexist, Chicks Hate That
Doomed Optimism
Drunk Indian Folklore
Ed Asner, America's Favorite Non Working Actor
Emelda Marcos, Where Are You Now that We Need You?
Ere I Saw Chester County Jail
Fast Times at Islamabad High
Fonzie, A Man for All Seasons
Forget Tinky Winky, What's the Deal with Ernie and Bert?
Friends, Romans, Countrymen, Bend Me your Rears (A Guide to Roman
Orgies)
Goethe would have Kicked Freud's Ass
Has E. F. Hutton Said Anything Lately?
Have you ever imagined a World without any Hypothetical Situations?
Heavily Tattooed Nuns and Priests
Henry David Thoreau's Guide to Holistic Transcendental Drinking
Herbal Warfare
Hey, This Smells like Cincinnati!
Hot Adiabatic Nights
How Can Anything be "Vacuum Packed"?
How to Pick up Girls with a Mr. Microphone
How to Pick up Girls with something that Looks like a Mr. Microphone
I Still Believe in you John Bobbitt
I wouldn't be Caught Dead with a Necrofilic

I'd Kill for a Noble Peace Prize
If you Clone yourself Four Times, One of you will be Chinese
I'm more Like Gooffus than Gallant
Integrated Separation of Non Homogeneous Combinations
Jeez, Am I the Only One Left in the Stacey Q Fan Club?
Jerry Garcia, Gratefully Dead
Kiss Me I'm Punjabi
Kosovo Crisis: Day 219,765
Marie Curie—A Woman with X-ray Vision
Mooj, Mooj—The Dancing Machine
My Old Pennsylvucky Home
Ode to Foghat
Our Pal, the Sasquatch
Pez Designs that Offend most God Fearing People
Poetry and Prose about Life in a Turkish Prison
Politically Speaking, I'm an Extreme Moderate
Prince Charles, Not Your Average Chump
Projectile Packing Mama
Puppy Lust
Rugby Moms
Shangri-La Vice
Slim Whitman Groupies Tell All
Steady State Resonance
Stupify Yourself
The Bad Samaritan
The Ballad of Tanya Harding
The Fall of the House of Buttafuocco
The Midas Smell
The Penis Monologues
The Polish Inquisition
The Secret Life of Long Wong Cho
The Selection of Random Numbers is too Important to be Left to Chance
The Tao of Zen
The Uniform Theory of Stochasticity
The Wit and Wisdom of Todd Bridges
The Wonderful World of Goat Boy
Too Much Hot Plasma Going On
Victoria's Biggest Secret was that She was a Man!
What Nipsy Russell was Really Trying to Tell Us
Whatever Happened to Good Old Fashioned Midget Wrestling?

Plus 1000s more!

The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 4, April 1999

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Pehela Kaam Pehlay: With sincerest apologies I begin this newsletter. I cannot put into words how sorry I am. Like most of you I was shocked—more like outraged—to see the ad for Ye Olde Porne Shoppe in my August newsletter. I'm not sure who was responsible, or how it was done, or what I can do about it now, but I can assure you heads will roll as soon as The Friends of Mooj Society finishes their investigation. My instructions to find a new sponsor (when it was discovered that the Bosco Brothers did not meet our standards) must have been loosely interpreted by a moron to mean any ad was acceptable as long as it was not an ad for the Bosco Brothers. What can I say except that I am at a loss for words and hope something like this never happens again! It goes without saying that I hope none of you patronize the Ye Olde Porne Shoppe even if they are sponsoring us.

On a positive note I would like to thank everyone participating in last month's *How to Meet and Marry a Prison Pen Pal Seminar*. This event was sponsored by **The Mooj Matchmaking Service** (same address) and was open to all clients in good standing. I'm proud to announce that almost everyone participating had success (even if it was just 10 minute's worth). As far as I can tell only four Chester County Jail inmates failed to find prospective pen pal/wives. Thus, any lovelorn women out there who missed this affair and can't wait until next year, you have another chance! The following inmates are still available and waiting for pen pals:

Jake "Fenton" Hardy (#42-4398),
"Sasquatch" Sanjay Singh (#49-7645),
Sir Peter Lloyd Torrington (#32-5631), and
"One Eyed" Ken Blakey (#24-8765).

Contact **The Mooj Matchmaking Service** (same address) and they'll arrange things. For those with discriminating tastes it should be noted that Sanjay Singh is a Sardar. I've also been told that Sir Peter Lloyd Torrington is maternally related to the Duchess of Windcock.

It's official! The Friends of Mooj Society announces that the Mooj Cam is now up and running! The camera was installed a few days ago and connected to the Internet by the work-release guy who runs Chester County's official website. The Mooj Cam can be found here:

<http://www.state.pa.us/chesterco/jail/mooj.html>

I have no idea how to use a computer so I can offer you no advice on how to use the Mooj Cam. All I know is that the camera thing makes a lot of noise when it zooms in and out while I'm trying to do my meditations and holy things. As of now The Friends of Mooj Society hasn't figured out how to make money off this thing so those using this Mooj Cam are encouraged to increase their monthly love donations.

Papa Patel's Pizzeria

The Finest Italian Cuisine in all
of Chester County!

LOCATED WITHIN THE PATEL
FOOD EMPORIUM, IN THE HEART
OF "LITTLE GUJARAT"

WEST CHESTER, PA



Mooj Mail Bag

Several letters were sent in complaining about the Ye Olde Porne Shoppe ad. Since I have already addressed this issue I will omit these grief-stricken letters. I will also omit the letter from the idiot calling himself “King Latifah,” of Chilliwick, PA, which I found to be both insulting and confusing. Letters from the Bagley Sisters of St. Marys, PA and Dr. Bernard Shaw of Orange, NJ were also omitted for similar reasons.

Dearest Guru Mooj,

I can't explain it. I am college-educated, the mother of three small children, and married to the most wonderful man in the world. I have never even looked at another man since my wedding day eight years ago; yet, I find myself strangely attracted to you. The photos that you include of yourself in your newsletters are so sexy. I have been fantasizing about you for months now. What are the rules for conjugal visits? I would really like to make my fantasy come true. Please let me know how.

Chandra Mookherji
Chadds Ford, PA

The Mooj Answers: The great poet Alfred Lord Tennyson once wrote that happiness does not consist in the absence of, but in the mastery of one's passions! The great balladeer Kahil Gabran once sang that one mustn't extinguish the lamp of Divine Grace while letting the candle of wisdom die out in the darkness of savage lust! The great sonneteer Shakespeare once opined that love comforteth like sunshine after rain, whereupon lust's effects burn like a tempest in the sun! *Kaam kivaaree dhukh sukh dhuruvaanee paap pun dhuruvaajaa!*

Thus, my *sanaam*, Guru Mooj is very sad! He sees that lust has so clouded your thoughts that no reason can be found within your head. Did you not take your wedding vows seriously? Would you really throw away a wonderful life just to have a romantic interlude with a stranger? (Albeit, a very handsome one.) I suggest you think very carefully about what you are considering.

If by 8:00 a.m. on April 22, you still cannot control your urges, then show up at the Chester County Jail Conjugal Visit check-in pagoda and bring two forms of ID. I cannot guarantee anything since I am only granted conjugal trailer privacy for sixty minutes and am unaware of how many visitors I will have that day. Last month over fifty women showed up and many (about three or four) were sent away unfulfilled.

[Letter was requested by sender to be kept private.]

To Thelma-Jane in Pasadena, TX: You are correct! No one deserves to win the Lotto more than you. Yes, I agree that you have suffered all your life and selflessly helped those much less fortunate than yourself. I sat up all night meditating and fasting to achieve an enlightened vision on your behalf and then the winning numbers for the next big Lotto Jackpot popped into my head. The winning numbers on the third Wednesday of April will be **5-12-18-19-25-33-47**. Unfortunately, though, my enlightened vision couldn't narrow it down any further than that. I suggest you get started now driving around to all 50 states to ensure that you purchase the right winning ticket in time.

Hey, you filthy pervert! Stop sending me naked pictures of yourself!

Kareena Amra
Avondale, PA

The Mooj Answers: I'm not sure what this lady is talking about. I haven't sent naked pictures of myself to anyone, let alone this disgruntled woman. She must have me confused with another guru. Or, perhaps, this lady was accidentally sent a copy of the latest *Mooj Art & Poetry Quarterly*. I posed naked in there for a still life entitled “Good Old Fashioned Banana Art.” I am sorry if this woman was upset by my nudity but art is art.

Dearest Swami Mooj,

This letter is more for your minions than yourself. Those of you who are single and haven't joined **The Mooj Matchmaking Service** are totally missing the boat! At first I was reluctant to sign up because I thought it was just another scam. But then I had this dream that Mr. Right was out there looking for me and he couldn't find me. I cried so hard that when I awoke I was soaked in my own tears. Then, lo and behold, as I lay there in my lonely bed, an ad for **The Mooj Matchmaking Service** came on Chester County public access television. I knew this was a sign.

Here's what happened next: Within a day of sending in my money my phone rang and it was this really nice guy. He seemed so pleasant that I agreed to meet him right away. Well, that was three months ago and now we're engaged! I can't believe how decent my fiancé is compared to all my previous loser boyfriends. Not to rub it in girls but my fiancé is a doctor. He's also very rich, handsome, fit, sensitive, and has a great sense of humor. He's also got one of those super-sized wang-dang-doodles, if you know what I mean, gals (wink wink). Sometimes I have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. Two of my other friends have also joined **The Mooj Matchmaking Service** and they, too, have met terrific guys. Those wishing to learn more about my happiness or wanting to see a picture of my fiancé and me in Mexico on vacation can contact me through the Mooj Minion Roster.

Tammy James (The future Mrs. Adlai Steffen Kline),
New Garden, PA

The Mooj Answers: *Shava!* Yes, my *aloo chota*, you, and others like you, are always welcome to share your good news! Many have benefited from my holistic matchmaking program. Unlike other gurus, who use only horoscopes to find matches, I also use a super secret formula that utilizes science and technology. I do not keep records (for tax reasons) but am willing to imply that I have a near perfect record of successes. If, as minion Tammy suggests, you too would like to enroll in **The Mooj Matchmaking Service**, send in your love offering (\$2,500 cash); a photograph (beach attire preferred); a copy of your birth certificate; your most recent bank statement, a copy of your latest paycheck; a photocopy of your right and left palm prints; a sample of hair; and any dental records you might have. If you have obtained a college degree or other such exploit of accomplishment, it is strongly advised that mention of that be made. Women seeking Sardars must indicate as much on their application.

Most Venerable Mooj,

Year after year I sat at my desk solving crimes. I was a detective. I was a damn good one, too. I never failed to solve any crime. Every once in a while I would come across a particularly clever criminal and couldn't help but think, "Gee, if only this person did *this* instead of *that*, he might have gotten away with this crime." Thus, as I solved cases I became a sort of criminal mastermind. I soon realized that if I wanted to I could commit *any* crime and get away with it—even murder! But I was an honest and law-abiding cop. True, I only made a measly \$25,000 a year while all the other detectives made 2 or 3 times that. And, sure, I got passed up for promotion every year. But I didn't care! I cared only about my community and

making the world a better place to live. I guess I was what you'd call idealistic.

Then those city hall bigwigs laid me off during the big budget squeeze of '86. *Me—the guy who only had three months to go until retirement!* Those bastards! It was like taking a bullet in the back. I was heavily in debt. I had a huge mortgage, three illegitimate children to support, alimony, two car payments, a boat payment, hunting lodge dues, country club fees, plus dozens of other obligations. Thus, I had no choice but to turn to a life of crime to make ends meet. I figured I was wronged by society so now society would pay! Thus, I used my criminal mastermind to commit totally unsolvable crimes and amassed a great fortune.

After a few years of committing perfect crimes I began to tire of the monotony of it all and began to leave clues. I guess I wanted a challenge. But, regrettably, the guys in my old department couldn't solve anything! *God, they were such idiots!* Soon my clues became so obvious that even a child could have solved the cases. Nope, those losers still couldn't catch me! So now I'm going to come right out and tell the whole world that it's me!!!! It's me, former detective Raymond Vasquez! I'm the one committing all those robberies and murders!!!! It's me, you dummies! Me! Me! Me! *God, how stupid can you guys be?*

R. Vasquez
Formerly of the New Eton Township Police Dept.
New Eton Township, PA

The Mooj Answers: *Hmmm*, you are a clever one, former Detective Vasquez; cleverer than most I suppose. If your letter is to be believed I guess your former colleagues will soon be knocking on your door to ask you some questions. Just for the sake of helping someone less fortunate than most I will now meditate and fast for the remainder of the morning. I will also abstain from unhealthy thinking and hope that you will do the same.

Mooj,

Last week I had this dream that I was 18 again and sitting behind the wheel of my totally wicked ass 1969, 426 Hemi, 4-Speed, Dodge Charger. Damn, that car was awesome. I named her "Ginger" and she was the fastest car in town. Together we ruled the streets!

A few days later I had another dream about Ginger. This time it was more like a nightmare. She was burning and melting. Then it all started coming back to me—*Oh my God, I had forgotten all about that horrendous crash!*

And now every night when I try to sleep I have that same nightmare. Ginger is coming back to tell me that it was my fault—that I killed her! I didn't! I swear! She blew a rod and I couldn't see through her windshield! The oil was everywhere! I spun out of control and hit the guardrail and somehow I was thrown from the wreckage before she exploded. I loved Ginger! Seeing her burn like that broke my heart! I wanted to die with her! You have to understand, Mooj, *it wasn't my fault!*

Now whenever I look in my rearview mirror I see Ginger following me. She revs her powerful 425-HP engine and flashes her lights at me. She wants to be with me again. She wants to take me to hot rod heaven so we can race together for all eternity. Good bye, Mooj. I was happy being your minion but Ginger needs me more. Good bye forever!

Former minion 648
Seal Beach, CA

The Mooj Answers: *Hai Allah!* Are you serious? Since good minions are hard to find it pains me to lose this guy. Sadly, minion #648 was probably hallucinating about his old car following him around.

Dear Sir,

Kindly remove me from your "minions" list since I am not one of your minions. I was the victim of identity theft. I am the real Dr. Edward S. Brown of Carson, CA. You have me listed as minion #1158 in your February 1998 newsletter.

Dr. E. Brown
Carson, CA

The Mooj Answers: Well that is sad! Another good minion is gone!

Mooj,

I must have done something awful in this or a previous life because I have terrible karma! My life has pretty much sucked since I was in 8th grade. I could list everything that has gone wrong but since you're omnipotent you already know.

What could I have done to earn such negative karma? Ever since I can remember I've recycled, helped save whales, given generously to peace activist organizations, spiked and occupied endangered giant redwood trees, been a vegetarian, driven an electric car, and done

millions of other holistic and harmonious things. I should have good karma! *Right???*

Actually, now that I think about it there was one uncool thing I did one summer. Hmmm, it was right around when I was in 8th grade, too. I used to hide in a tree and yell stop to the ice cream man whenever he drove down my street. It was the same driver everyday. He'd come driving along with his stupid music playing and I would scream as loud as I could for him to stop. The guy would slam on his brakes and wait. When he started moving again I'd yell for him to stop again. Sometimes he'd get out of his truck and look all around. That poor bastard could never figure out what was going on. Ha ha ha! It was so friggin' funny! That stupid bastard! He was such an idiot the way he just stood there scratching his head wondering who was yelling for him to stop. *Oh My God!* Could it have been that? Is this why I have such bad karma?

Minion 822
Tarzana, CA

The Mooj Answers: Sometimes we answer our own questions just by asking them. Yes, minion 822, the truth to your bad karma lies buried within your own guilty consciousness. I can add nothing to appease your tortured reflections other than quote the great balladeer *Shiv Kumar Batalvi*, who once said karma is as karma does. (Or something along those lines.)

Mooj,

My mother passed away very suddenly and unexpectedly last year. As of yet I have not dreamt of her and have been to all sorts of mediums and clairaudients in the hope that I would get some kind of message from her. I am desperately sad that I no longer have her and I miss her so very much. Can you help?

Gwen Clarkson, age 38
Egham, Surrey, UK

The Mooj Answers: My sweet little *Vilaiti*, how soft and gentle you must be. Come, hold my hand (do this by putting your hand on this newsletter and I will do the same by holding the paper I am typing). Maybe together we can contact her. Let's try, okay? Hello? Are you there, Mother Clarkson? Hello? Hello? Oh well, I guess she isn't answering. I'll try again later and get back to you. In the meantime I recommend you lay off overeating, smoking, extramarital sex, drinking and any other vice you may have become accustomed to, as this nefarious activity may be clouding your receptors.

Mooj,

Can you give me any insight as to who the correct father of my son is? Is it Earl or John? My son's birthday is 02/06/85, Earl's is: 07/19/61, John's is: 08/08/64. Thank you.

Sheryl Richland, age 38
Altus, OK

The Mooj Answers: This is a rather sticky wicket, eh what? Anyway, I charted their horoscopes and realized that I still don't have enough information to help you yet. If possible, could you also send me a donation?

Will I go to Canada this summer and meet my future wife?

Farihaj Ali Rasheed, age 24
Lahore, Pakistan

The Mooj Answers: Since you are a fellow Punjabi (albeit, the other kind) I will gladly help you. But first I would like to recite a special poem for you (it was written by the great poet Sameer):

*Ishq Ishq Mein Pyar Pyar Mein No.1 Punjabi
Dil Lene Mein Dil Dene Mein No.1 Punjabi
Baisakh Mein Bhangra Pake Mast Rahe Punjabi
Heer Sohni Ki Dhun Gaake Mast Rahe Punjabi
Hey Ladki Jo Dekhe Gulabi Karde Dhamal Punjabi
Aankhen Jo Dekhen Sharabi Karde Dhamal Punjabi
Ladki Jo Dekhe Gulabi Karde Dhamal Punjabi
Aankhen Jo Dekhen Sharabi Karde Dhamal Punjabi
Ishq Ishq Mein Pyar Pyar Mein No.1 Punjabi
Dil Lene Mein Dil Dene Mein No.1 Punjabi*

Okay, now that that is over with let's address your question. To be honest I have no idea who your future wife is. But you will go to Canada. Or, at least, somewhere that looks like Canada.

Dear Mooj,

Can you help me figure out something? Ever since I can remember I've called my father "Daddy-Grandpa." I started to think this over and am now wondering, is my dad also my grandpa? If he is, how can that be? I asked my mom and she told me not to "go there." Any help you can provide is welcome! Thanks.

"Wanting to Know"
Fredonia, NY

The Mooj Answers: The Mooj is utterly confused about your problem and will not even consider contemplating it without a donation of some sort.

Sri Mooj,

Sorry this is late but I was too busy to write earlier because I was taking my final exams in Medical School. I strongly suspect that a poem published in your January 1999 newsletter was a hoax. The poem entitled "*Ap aaj kam hi karate rahenge khana nahin khayenge*" by Prem Chopra, age 11, was not about eating lentils as you suggested but most-likely alluded to the copious act of self flagellation. I think the author was in reality a grown man trying to have fun at your expense.

Raj Paneer
West Philadelphia, PA

The Mooj Answers: I beg to differ with this fine gentleman. I know the author of this poem; he is the nephew of my dear friend Hasmeek Chopra. The boy is gifted poetically and would never waste his talent to make fun of a dear friend of his uncle.

Swamaji,

I am 35, and my life is a complete mess. I'm a failure in life and criticized by my own near and dear ones. I want to particularly know about my love life and naturally, marriage. Will I ever find true love? Is it someone I know or someone new? What will be the first letter of his name? Will he be a foreigner or Indian? Will it culminate in marriage? Will I be happy? Please give me your frank opinion. Waiting for your reply with anticipation. Thanking you.

"Ranu"
Calcutta, West Bengal, India

The Mooj Answers: Oh, my sweet and fragrant *bul-bul*, so lovelorn and fragile! You are as delicate as a marigold in the wind. (Actually, marigolds aren't that delicate. Maybe I'm thinking of an anthurium.) Anyway, what I'm trying to say is I sense deeply your anguish. And, since you too are a fellow Hindustani (albeit a Bengali one) I will recite a special poem for you, too. Again, it was penned by the great poet Sameer:

*Maine Sab Kuch Tere Pyar Ko De Diya
Tujhe Rab Se Bhi Jyaada Bharosa Kiya
Maine Sab Kuch Tere Pyar Ko De Diya
Tujhe Rab Se Bhi Jyaada Bharosa Kiya
Tujhko Palkon Mein Apni Saja Ke Rakhoon
Tere Sapnon Ka Moti Chhupa Ke Rakhoon*

Now to address your anguish, my *Soniya*. Sometimes love is just around the corner and all you have to do is arise in the morning and walk along on your daily routine to find it. Other times it is obscured, and must be stumbled upon as if in a drunken stupor. Such is your lot! Except yours will come by way of a combination of both and involve a train ride to New Delhi.



Mooj,

You totally suck as a guru. I've read your newsletters for over a year now and noticed that you haven't given good

advice on anything to anyone. I suspect that you make up most of your letters anyway. I feel sorry for people who really do write to you for wisdom. As of today I am officially canceling this newsletter and withdrawing from your minion program.

Reggie Rubinstein (ex minion #1337)
El Paso, TX

The Mooj Answers: *Holy cow!* What is this? Three minions lost this month alone? Nothing breaks my heart more than losing a good minion, especially someone as wonderful as #1337 (whoever the hell he was).

Poetry Corner

A few more poems drifted into **The Mooj Poetic League** for the annual Mooj Poetry Showdown. I should say, however, that this year's winner has already been crowned. The panel of judges informed me that they will no longer entertain any further submittals after a poem presented itself last month that so touched them that it was deemed irresponsible to allow others to vie in vain for the coveted top spot. All previous submissions were cast aside [with an "Honorable Mention" being awarded to F.D. Pike (minion 615) for his solemn ballad entitled "Festering Love"]. Instead of waiting until December to post the winning poem, the editorial committee has chosen to print the poem, in its entirety, below. The person who submitted this poem abides by the pen name *Johntanamo*. I ask that when you read this poem that you keep some tissues handy as you will need them.

—Owed to Mooj—

Mooj,
Mooj,
My good friend, Mooj

He started manhood with a heavy heart
Like Scrooge

He kicked some bums, he stole their wine
He used their sleeping bags
He never returned mine
No he never returned mine

He lived high on the hog
He only shared the spoils with his dog
His mind was in a fog
Liven' high on that hog
Yeah, high on that hog

A revelation Mooj had
One night after hittin' the pipe
He just filled his belly and his dog's
With some nasty old tripe
Yeah it was nasty old tripe

Now Mooj was the type
That would kick a man when he's down
His "rep" was large all over that town
You see Mooj was low down
Man oh Man, I said that man was looooooow down!

Like a snake in the grass
Or a thief in the night
He trusted no man until he went to sea in that sampan
Old Mooj sailed the Sea of Japan
A Long cruise alone in that Sampan

He beached that boat on an Isle
He keel hauled and carbunkled
After he rankled his ankle
He turned over a new leaf
Mooj shed all that old grief
Yes he shed his old grief

He has given all that he could
And when he was all out of givens
Mooj went to the bank
With his bluty-pow weapons
He took from the rich and he
Gave to hisself

Now he's a guest of the Warden
IN A CELL ALL BY HISSELF
YEAH, ALL BY HISSELF!!!!!!!

Mooj Note: I'm sure the author of this poem was engaged in using metaphors wherever possible and, thus, that is why most things referenced above are not necessarily true. For example, I never went to the Sea of Japan in a Sampan or ate tripe with a dog, or robbed a bank, or really did anything mentioned above.

Cook's Corner

Correction: The recipe for Cajun Popsicles printed in the January newsletter forgot to mention that one needs to put the Popsicle in a freezer for a few hours before eating. We apologize for any inconvenience this oversight may have caused.

This week's recipe comes from the prestigious San Jose County Girl's Reformatory:

Big Sausage Surprise

(Recipe removed)

[**Mooj note:** the staff here at *The Enlightenment* decided to omit this recipe at the last moment since it was found to be in bad taste—both from a culinary and moral standpoint.]

MEET MINION # 1463

Name: Charles Jefferson Modavi
From: Lumberton, NC
Occupation: Short Order Cook
Age and Sign: Pisces, age 36
Education: High School Graduate
Height: 5-10
Weight: 385 lbs
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I live in Lumberton, NC and work at the local pancake house. In high school I was voted "Most Likely to Succeed." Sadly, (or happily, depending on how you want to look at it) I really am the most successful graduate of my class.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Do you remember that TV show called The Dukes of Hazard? I really loved that show. I watched it every single Friday night and was mortified when they tried to pass off those two fake Duke boys "Coy" and "Vance" as being real Duke boys. In many ways I felt just as betrayed by that as I did during the 1994 Major League Baseball strike. Now that I have you in my life I feel that I am ready to move on and forgive those who have trespassed against me. How bitchen is that?

MEET MINION # 1464

Name: Tina Louise Modavi
From: Lumberton, NC
Occupation: Housewife/ Day Care Provider
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 35
Education: High School Graduate
Height: 5-8
Weight: 230
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I too live in Lumberton, NC and am married to that other guy who sent in an application (named Charles Modavi). I was once a finalist on Star Search and my greatest regret in life is that I never went to Paris to pursue a pantomime career. I also regret not marrying Derrick Maynard Modavi when I had the chance.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

In this essay it is recommended that you create a network of centers for collective consciousness expansion all over the world, where people, in their natural environments, can practice and experiment with everyday Moojism. These centers do exist already, on a limited scale in developed countries like America, England and Ireland. In other parts of the world that are less developed (like Africa and France) they are very scarce or non-existing.

MEET MINION # 1465

Name: Derrick Maynard Modavi
From: Lumberton, NC
Occupation: Furniture Speculator
Age and Sign: Scorpio, age 37
Education: I have a BA from UNC
Height: 5-11
Weight: 185
Hair Color: Blond
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I too live in Lumberton, NC and am the brother of that other guy from Lumberton, NC that sent in an application (his name is Charles Modavi). I own my own business and am working on a Master's Degree from the University of Phoenix. Next year I plan to travel to India to see your beloved Punjab and meditate in the Golden Temple of Amritsar. I have been studying Yoga ever since I went to Mongolia as part of a businessman's Round Table in 1985.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Hark! Every Teacher, Spiritual Guide, Swami, Yogi or Vedantist, who accepts money or gifts from his disciples, students or followers in exchange for his "teachings" is not really what he says he is, for it is written that Yoga and Vedanta should only be offered free of cost. Oh Mother of Ignorance! How many forms you have! Enough already you league of crooked Swamis! No justifiable cause exists to ask for money when you teach peace. Read Shankara! And if you have read it return and read it again and again and again until that compulsive act of asking for money for Yoga disappears from your bowels. Only The Mooj, most loving of holistic True Gurus, doesn't ask for money to teach enlightenment. He gives his newsletter to all for free. (Well, at least he gives it to me free because I don't subscribe and it comes in the mail anyway). I choose to follow you Mooj. Ohm Bari Ohm Bari Hey!

Enlightened Thinking!!

The other day I was asked by a fellow inmate: “Hey, Guru Mooj, if you only have an 8th grade education, how is it that you know so much about life, quantum physics, sexology, holistic medicine, yoga, plant physiology and all those other diverse and obscure topics that you opine and write about so often?” The answer was simple: I am self-taught. In fact, if I wasn’t a Punjab sitting in the Chester County Jail I could easily be compared to Abraham Lincoln. I encourage others to exhibit this noble quality as well.

On a sad note I must inform you that due to space limitations (because The Friends of Mooj Society wants to sell more ad space) I am unable to include an Enlightened Thinking essay this month. Plus, the **The Mooj Memory Bank** wants to unload as many essay pamphlets as possible from their already overloaded stockpile of literature before I burden them with new material. To speed things along I’ve been told that this month they’re offering a special. If you make a hefty donation to obtain one Enlightened Thinking essay, they’ll throw in as many as will fit in the envelope. They’re also offering selected essays on audiotape. I cannot recall which ones were actually orated by me. I seem to recall overhearing some mention that The Friends of Mooj Society was using someone with a fake Punjabi accent on the ones I never got to. But in all cases I am the guy playing the sitar or bongos in the background.

Final Thoughts ...

Ah, spring is finally here in Ol’ Chester County. Lately, at night, I find myself lying awake pining for the days of yore, when I was free and able to frolic gently in the cool autumnal bliss of my own personal tranquil sea of hope. And it is to that very same place I go when my dreams begin before I am rudely awakened by the sound of that damn Mooj Cam thing zooming in and out. But, lo, how sweet the taste of that short visit!

This place—the place of such happiness—is so near yet so far away. Only 20 miles of poorly paved Pennsylvania highway need be traveled in an automobile if one had such means available. But for me those 20 miles might as well be 1,000, as they are blocked by a single layer of razor wire, a thick keystone facade and the soul of a heartless legal system! If I could go there I would—and I would never leave! No, not even when death came knocking at the door! For I would ask to be buried there! Where is this place you ask? It’s Dutch Wonderland in Lancaster, PA.

With a heavy heart I offer you this soft and tender poem as testament of my sorrows:

IF

*If I, If I were a butterfly
If I, If I were a bee*

*If I, If I were at Dutch Wonderland
How happy I would be*

Blessings and such,

ਮੁੱਜ,ਤੀ ਓਸ਼ਾਵਾਰਾਵਾ

The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 5, May 1999

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First Things First: Why is it whenever I begin these newsletters an apology seems fitting? This month's apology is directed to those of you who came to visit during the Chester County Jail Open House last week. I am sorry that I was unable to greet visitors due to a brief solitary confinement. The guards tell me that most of my guests were well behaved with the exception of some Spaniard named Ben Dejo, who wanted to do something awful to me with his foot. In many ways I'm glad I missed that.

A Parole in the Offing? Keep your fingers crossed, my many happy minions! Next week I have a parole hearing scheduled. My state-appointed attorney tells me that six times is a charm as far as these parole things go. I am very excited and look forward to showcasing my humbleness and holiness. My only hope is that those *banderlogs* that always show up to protest and heckle won't be there this time. They ruined my chances last time. Nothing detracts more from my good character than angry protestors hurling insults.

A New Mooj Website? You bet! Those of you who frequent the Mooj Cam have undoubtedly noticed something new. There is now more to look at than ever before! As of this week my poems and essays are on the Mooj Cam web page. The work-release guy who maintains Chester County's website has created the first ever official **Mooj Website**. I plan to devote many hours to this project (unless, of course, I get paroled—then I won't bother). This work-release guy (whose name escapes me now) is not an official minion and wants only to help spread joy and enlightenment wherever he can. He claims that nobody in the county administration building knows anything about computers so he can put anything he wants on their website. We are certainly fortunate that he has chosen to use his talents for good rather than mischief.

*Come hear the Enchanting
Reverend Milhouse Dixon!*

*The Good Reverend Dixon will Present, in Person,
His Passionate Sermon Entitled*

**"HEAR NO EVIL,
SEE NO EVIL,
SPEAK NO EVIL"**

*As many of you know the Good Reverend
Dixon was born deaf, dumb, and blind so
his effort to communicate this sermon
should be rather stirring.*

*May 20 at the Avondale Township Armory
Curtain Opens at 8:00 PM Sharp*

Event Sponsored by Chester County Cultural Diversity League

Mooj Mail Bag

The Mooj Mail Bag was full of its usual requests for wisdom, advice, and other wholesome-like stuff. Since there was so much mail awaiting my fertile eyes, only a small fraction of what got sent in could be included. Please don't think your submission was unworthy if it is not included (but chances are it was).

Mooj,

After reading your poem "If" I feel all choked up at the wrong end.

Your reluctant follower,

Sivarama Anna
Laguna Beach, CA

The Mooj Answers: Like the wise Rajaneesh Bandariji once said, a soul is magnified by the love it manifests in its own external being. Poetry is by far the easiest way to achieve this by allowing us to climb within the outside of this manifestation. That others, such as this Sivarama Anna, can feel this love in my poetry makes me happy and, thus, I know that these newsletters are not sent world-wide in vain.



Sri Mooj,

Sometimes we hurt people without knowing it. Such a thing happened twenty-five years ago when I forgot to take a girl named Sally Harvey to the prom. To make a long story short I asked her to the prom and then forgot to go.

Last week I attended my 25th high school reunion. While my wife and I were standing at the check in table a woman came up to me and started screaming. She ranted and raved about how I ruined her life, ruined her self-esteem, caused her to become a drug and alcohol addict, made her fat, ruined her reputation, made her become a devil worshiper, *yadda, yadda, yadda*.

I was so embarrassed! When she was finished I said, "Who *are* you?" I guess that was the wrong thing to say because then she *really* blew up! My poor wife had no idea what to do or say. Finally someone told me that the

woman was Sally Harvey and I realized what all the fuss was about.

So here's the deal: what should I do now? Everyone thinks I'm the biggest A-hole in the world. They even asked me to leave the reunion. My wife won't even talk to me because she says I'm a jerk. *I'm not!* I want to make things cosmically right with the universe again. Should I send Sally a card, flowers or candy? Also, can you help me remember what it was I did on prom night that was more important? Please Help Me!!!!!!

Your most loving minion,

#924
Plains, Georgia

The Mooj Answers: *Dil Ne Phir Yaad Kiya!* Yes, sometimes our paths are cluttered with poor judgments and others come along and stumble because of them. I have no idea how you can make Sally Harvey's life better but, perhaps, you can improve your karma by making a sizable donation to my ashram building fund.

As far as what you did on the night of your prom my holistic visions tell me nothing other than you were with a friend and the two of you drank a bottle of Wild Turkey while listening to the Allman Brother's *Eat a Peach* album.



[Letter was requested by sender to be kept private]

To Tom R. in Pine Bluff, Arkansas: Don't worry, Tom. Your secret is safe with me. However, I'm not sure how long you can continue to live this dubious secret life. Sooner or later your wife Tina, your sons Hank & Ralph, your co workers at the Weston Avenue Truck Mart, your fishing buddies Jeff & Benny, your American Legion brothers at Lodge #3213, or even your parents Frank and Marta Rosedale are going to figure things out and they will never forgive you. And to be honest I wouldn't blame them since what you are doing is beyond disgraceful—it's *downright vulgar!*



Mooj,

I have known this guy where I work for about 4 years now and I've been head over heels in love with him from day one. He's finally moving on with his life and going to college and who knows when I will see him again. All I've ever wanted is just a kiss from him. Well, my friends are having a get together for him and I'm swinging by his house to pick him up to take him there so I will also be driving him home and this will be the last time I can say good-bye to him before he moves away. I want to ask him if I can give him a kiss good-bye just as friends, but I'm scared I may be rejected. Should I ask him for a kiss?

Julie Tam
Toronto, Canada

The Mooj Answers: My dear, *balushai*, how kind and gentle you sound. By all means make your heart's desire known and this friend will oblige. But beware! If he has had too much to drink at his going away party then he might give you more than a kiss.

Mooj,

My ex boyfriend and I have started talking again after not talking for a year. I like him again and I think he likes me. He came over to my house and acted like he belonged there. He was tickling me and sitting on my lap playfully and stuff. I just want to know if that means we're going to get back together. I don't want to make a fool of myself but I need some answers! When a guy asks you if you're wearing clean underwear and then says he wants to play the butt bongos on you does it mean he just wants to be friends or is there more going on?

Melissa, age 19
Lambert, Michigan

The Mooj Answers: The great French scientist Voltaire (I think he invented the battery) once said to succeed in the world it is not enough to be stupid, you must also be well-mannered! Oh how true! Tell this romance interest of yours to learn some manners before you'll consider his affections genuine.

I am desperate for money, but I suffer from nervous tics so I cannot get a job. What do I do?

Christian Fleuriot, age 40
Margate, Kwazulu-Natal, South Africa

The Mooj Answers: *Dosti mut*, when your letter first arrived and was posted on our "You Gotta Read This One" bulletin board, one of my co-editors laughed and suggested that I say something witty, like you should take a tick bath (pretending like I misunderstood what kind of tics you were suffering from). I scolded this chap and fired him on the spot! How dare someone find merriment in your tragic situation! There is no room for banality in my ever bounding heart!

Now on to your problem: I suggest you learn to meditate and reduce the amount of meat in your diet. Abstain from excessive drinking and sex as well. If by some chance you actually meant "Tick" instead of "Tic," then a tick bath would also help.

Mooj,

When I was an undergraduate student at The University of Delaware several of my fraternity brothers and I made donations to a local sperm bank after a night of excessive drinking. I really didn't want the money. It was more of a peer acceptance thing.

Now I am in my late 40s and have no known heir. This is important because I am a multi-millionaire and am preparing my trust and can't help but wonder if by some chance I may have fathered a child with my donated sperm. I would like to provide for this child if that is the case. What say you, great swami? Can you help me find any long lost offspring?

Albert Mervis Dupont
Dover, DE

The Mooj Answers: The ancient Chinese genius Chang Heng once wrote that the reverse side also has a reverse side. I sat up most of the night meditating on your problem and, sadly, found little to reflect upon since my omni-impotent envisions were slightly obscured by the fact that I am fasting all the time. Perhaps a nice little donation to my Ashram fund might clear things up!

I want my \$2,500 back, you filthy towel headed goat f__r! I was totally screwed by your stupid matchmaking scam. "Mr. Right" turned out to be "Mr. Totally F__n Insane"! Two weeks before our wedding he told me that I needed to start calling him by his alien name. That's right—*his alien name*! I thought he was joking but he wasn't. The idiot you paired me with honestly thought he was from outer space!!! I can assure you that he wasn't since I met his mom and dad and they were normal humans. Plus, he turned out to be an assistant dental technician *not* a doctor. I am so pissed off right now that I can't even think

straight. After I put this letter in the mailbox I must call over 200 people to tell them that the wedding is off. I can't wait to explain why I'm not marrying Mr. Spaceman anymore. Oh, Mooj. One last thing: Go F__k yourself!!!!

Tammy James
New Garden, PA

The Mooj Answers: *Ap kahan-kahan jaenge!* Oh how terrible! After learning of this poor woman's misfortune I quickly reviewed her selected mate's astrological data to ensure that everything had been charted correctly. Alas, I uncovered a grave error and for that I am terribly sorry. She was correct to scold me as she has (although I didn't care much for her towel headed goat "something or other" remark or the other foul elements of her letter). The problem lies in that her selected mate did not mention that he was born elsewhere than Earth. You see, horoscope plots are referenced to Earth and changing the point of origin will greatly skew boundary conditions for the partial differential equations in my computations and result in non linear eigenvalues. I have instructed **The Mooj Matchmaking Service** to refund this poor woman her money (or at least what's left of it) and send her a free Mooj T-Shirt. Since I have her astrological data file open I might as well find her another prospective mate at no additional charge.

Mooj,

You have to help me! My father is a total Mooj Head and I know he'll listen to you. When I was 13 I told him that I would do anything, no matter what, if he let me go to a *New Kids on The Block* concert. He made me sign this contract agreeing that if I was allowed to go to the concert (which I did) that I would have to obey one wish of his no matter what it was. I signed it because ... well, I was only 13 and I didn't think he was serious.

Now I am engaged to be married. My dad totally hates my fiancé. Last night dad and I got into a big fight about it and then he pulled out his stupid contract and showed me that I had agreed to obey one wish and his wish was that I not marry my boyfriend. He's even threatened to sue me for breach of contract! I'm going to marry my fiancé whether dad likes it or not but maybe you can talk some sense into him. It would make things easier for everyone involved.

Candy Trisdanostolakis
Fresno, CA

The Mooj Answers: It has been said by many wiser than I that one should use a thorn to remove a thorn and then throw both away. But, to be honest, I have no idea if this

witty barb applies to your situation. I just wanted to use that adage ever since it popped into my head while I was meditating a few days ago. But, in all honesty, your father is correct. You must always trust your parents. You are still at the age when clear thinking is clouded by inexperience and ignorance. Remember, your father wishes only to see you happy. And, a contract is a contract.

Dear Mooj,

I'm finding that I get bloated after eating certain kinds of foods. Usually it's pine nut flapjacks or Captain Crunch cereal with almonds and soy milk. What could it be? Is it the nuts or the soy? Do you think I may have Irritable Bowel Syndrome? Help me please, as I am no fun on dates anymore. I'm tired of embarrassing myself in public!

Sandee from LA

The Mooj Answers: Hmmm, maybe this would have been a better problem to use my 'thorn to remove a thorn' answer. Although not a licensed practitioner, I do have some background in holistic healing and aroma therapy and perhaps this Sandee should reduce the amount of dairy products in her diet and stay away from pine nut flapjacks.

Guru Mooj,

Just thought you might want to know about an intellectual conversation I overheard while working at the Delaware County Jail last week. I'm a big fan of yours. In fact, I'm trying to get transferred to Chester County Jail so I can be closer to you. Anyway, while I was working inside the "intake floor" of the jail, I couldn't help but overhear an enthralling conversation between two newly appointed inmates. For lack of a better term I will call one of our conversationalists the "protagonist" and the other conversationalist will, of course, be the "antagonist."

The protagonist was a white homeless male who was very dirty. Quite like the famed "Aqualung," the protagonist did in fact have snot running down his nose. He smelled of (in no order of importance) urine, booze, grease, sh_t, foot fungus, body odor, bad breath, and general funk. His crime was public intoxication. The "antagonist" was another white male. He was in jail for drunk driving. He looked very respectable. A suit and tie kind-o-guy, very well groomed and very much out of place next to the protagonist. The antagonist looked as if he may barf at any time due to his level of intoxication coupled with the bombardment of his olfactory senses by the protagonist.

To make a long story short the protagonist said (to no one in particular): "It is fun to sh_t in your hand and squeeze it." Then he seemed to reflect on his previous squeezings with a certain fondness. The appalled antagonist replied: "That's stupid." A gleeful protagonist then countered with: "If it's stupid but feels good, then it's not stupid."

What are your thoughts on this? Was there merit to the protagonist's claim that if it's stupid but feels good, then it's not stupid?

"Deputy Doug,"
Delaware County Jail

The Mooj Answers: I have no idea why Deputy Doug would send me this ridiculous story. But then, again, what if it wasn't a ridiculous story? What if on the surface it seemed ridiculous but on the subsurface it was deeply profound? What if this was meant to illustrate the virility

and vanity of we humans or the tenderness and tepidity of our hearts? Yes, I do believe Deputy Doug has something important to teach us.

I must admit that I have reflected heavily upon the hidden meaning of this tale for some time. But, alas, I am at a loss! Rarely if ever do I ask for assistance in matters of the soul but this time I'm afraid I'll have to. If you can help me discover the hidden meaning of this narrative I shall gladly send you one of the few remaining *Mooj for West Chester City Selectman* bumper stickers that I have stored under my mattress.

Since my mind is too preoccupied with trying to understand Deputy Doug's message I cannot continue with the other mail items. I will defer them until next month. Or, better yet, just dispose of them and pretend that I never saw them.

Storytime!

Officer Nez was up to his usual hi jinks this month. Since no other story was sent in (and I don't feel like writing one myself) I'll include his latest dispatch from the mean streets of wherever it is he patrols. Since this tale involves an adult-themed circumstance I ask that children and people with sensitive auras not read it:

The Trog

Last week my partner and I got into a car chase. The car chase was fun and is another story in itself. When the chase was over my partner and I took the caucasian driver into custody. He was a little guy who was wearing a black skirt and a black "Ratt" concert t-shirt. He had several miscellaneous body piercings and a Texas accent. At the time of his arrest he was very high on speed. He kept doing "speeder" things like twitches and jaw cracking. (It is just too hard to describe speeder body motions. Basically it is drug induced Turrets Syndrome.) This guy also sported a very intriguing tattoo on his

torso. It depicted a lady who was "squatting" over his belly button and pissing. Quite extraordinary. Very graphic.

Well, this guy's passenger was what is commonly called a "trog." A "trog" in policeman's lingo is a transvestite. This trog was about 6 feet tall, caucasian, and utterly unconvincing as a woman. This trog called itself "Delilah." Trog had a warrant, so Trog went to jail. I then started talking to the driver of the car (the guy with the Texan accent and tattoo). When I asked him who the trog was he replied: "That's my wife." He further stated that they had just gotten married in Reno and displayed the papers to prove it. I then asked him if he realized that his wife was actually a man in drag. He responded: "No. That's my wife. That ain't no dude." I then re-affirmed to him that his wife had a d_k. Well, the response I got was: "No. That's Delilah. She's my wife. She's a woman. She can't help it if she grewed a d_k." In a way that was true.

Poetry Corner

"What the?" That's probably the best way to describe reaction to **The Mooj Poetic League's** decision the end this year's *Poetry Showdown* early. As a result a new poetry contest is being instigated and will run through next summer. I never dreamed that people were so passionate about this poetry contest. I take full responsibility for this oversight and will use my influence with **The Mooj Poetic League** to select a judging panel that is more "in touch" with today's *Enlightenment* reader.

On a related topic a very special poem found its way into the **Mooj Mail Bag** this month. Although it was unsigned I could tell that it was penned by my dear sister Poonam. Sorry, Poonam, Umbababbaraba family members are not eligible to enter the Mooj Poetry Showdown. It just wouldn't be fair to the others since we Umbababbarabas are such gifted bards. Here is her poem for all to enjoy:

WANED FRUIT

My grapes are shriveled on the vine,
They are no longer in their prime.

My kiwis are wrinkled, old, and wrought;
They were once so firm and taut.

Golly! My loquats, they are pathetic,
How can you call that pleasingly aesthetic?

Look at my melons that used to be so sleek,
Now nobody wants to sneak a peak.

Could that be my cucumber seeming so flaccid?
Where once it was ripe, now it is rancid.

At one time my fruit, it was so besotten,
But now it is just plain rotten.

If only I had known, if only I had seen,
Perhaps I could have done something to intervene.

It is too late now; it's something I should have realized;
I should have pruned, watered, and fertilized!

Cook's Corner

This month's recipe comes from a guy claiming to be "G.G., The Polish Stallion."

Stiffened Kielbasa

Directions: Boil standard length Polish kielbasa and two semi-large unpeeled potatoes in a big pot. Then prepare a large casserole dish (preferably deep) with Jell-O. After cooling the kielbasa and potatoes, add them in tandem to the Jell-O mix (I'm not sure what he means by this). Then let it set for a few hours. According to the G.G., The Polish Stallion, lemon or lime flavored Jell-O works best. (Yeah, I bet!)

Enlightened Thinking!!

Since we still have hundreds of Enlightened Thinking pamphlets to unload I must defray my essay for another time. But fear not, gatherers of wisdom! To appease your inquisitive nature I have decided to include something of value here none-the-less. Since hundreds of new minions have been added to the flock since our last Mooj Trivia Quiz, it's high time we have another. This quiz is for entertainment purposes only—no wagering! The first ten submittals with perfect answers will win *Mooj for West Chester City Selectman* bumper stickers.

1. In which branch of the armed forces did The Mooj's great, great grandfather serve in during Napoleon's Invasion of the Punjab?
 - a. The Gujarat Grenadiers
 - b. The Bengali Battalion
 - c. The Elite Punjabi Republican Guard
 - d. The Rajasthan Regulars
2. For which popular rock band did The Mooj play bass?
 - a. Tony Orlando and Dawn
 - b. Grand Funk Railroad
 - c. The Punjabi Rhythm Machine
 - d. Uriah Heep
3. The Mooj was photographed shaking hands with which important celebrity?
 - a. Nixon
 - b. Elvis
 - c. Pat Paulson
 - d. Aamir Khan
4. The Mooj is a card carrying member of which prestigious organization?
 - a. ACLU
 - b. AARP
 - c. Hands Across America
 - d. MENSA

5. What was the name of The Mooj's third wife?
 - a. Bjorn
 - b. Rhigarhia
 - c. Veepak
 - d. Laxminarasimha

6. What TV show did The Mooj once appear on?
 - a. Hodgepodge Lodge
 - b. Romper Room
 - c. Wonderama
 - d. Hobo Kelly

7. The Inspiration for The Mooj's Poem "The Tell Tale Foot" was
 - a. Leo Sayer
 - b. Tiffany
 - c. Leather Tuscadero
 - d. Freddy Prinze

Just like in the Poetry Showdown, Umbababbaraba family members are ineligible for prize consideration. You are also ineligible if you meet any of the following criteria: you served with my great, great grandfather in The Elite Punjabi Republican Guard; toured with The Punjabi Rhythm Machine during the summer of '73; work or have worked at Graceland and have or had access to important Elvis archives; currently belong to MENSA and have in your possession an active MENSA roster; were named Bjorn Umbababbaraba at one time; watched Romper Room as a child; or own any Leo Sayer record album. Good luck on the quiz!

New Minions

MEET MINION # 1466

Name: Bobby Brooks
 From: Columbia, MD
 Occupation: Asst. Principal
 Age and Sign: Cancer, age 44
 Education: I have a BA from George Mason University
 Height: 6-4
 Weight: 285
 Hair Color: Black
 Eye Color: Black

Something Special About Me:

I was once kicked in the head by a very drunk Senator Ted Kennedy.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Hey, Mooj! I'm a huge fan of yours. I hope to one day be selected as an official Mooj Minion. This is my second attempt. I submitted an application last year but got rejected. To be honest I thought this whole Mooj thing was a joke back then. I wrote some wise-ass essay so that's

probably why I got denied minionhood. I now realize that being a Mooj minion is serious business. That is why this time I have thought long and hard about my minion acceptance essay. Instead of writing an essay using words (like all the others) I will do it using dance movements that reflect my desire to become Mooj enlightened. The Background Music for this dance is Hot Butter's Classic 1972 song Popcorn. [Description of dance was omitted from this newsletter because it was long and served no useful purpose.]

MEET MINION # 1467

Name: Darren W. Rothschild
 From: Sassafras Springs, MD
 Occupation: Mathematician for NSA
 Age and Sign: Leo, age 57
 Education: I graduated Cum Laude from Johns Hopkins
 Height: 6-2
 Weight: 200
 Hair Color: Red
 Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I was awarded The Bernoulli Medal of Excellence for proving that Fourier Transforms can be solved using the Runge-Kutta method.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I can neither confirm nor deny that I am one of your most loving minions. Give me a chance O' guru and I will make you proud. Enclosed with this letter is a recent photograph of me. Please do not publish this photograph for security reasons. I wish only to show what I look like if it will help me become a minion. My wife is also in the photograph. The reason she was wearing a basket of fruit on her head was because we were on vacation. Needless to say we are nudists.

MEET MINION # 1468

Name: Arthur R. Cayley
From: Altus, PA
Occupation: Computer programmer
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 33
Education: I went to Penn State. Got my BS in CS
Height: 5-10
Weight: 180
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

When I was a child I remember I had a picture of a cat on my wall. It was tall and skinny and had these giant green eyes. It looked like the cat was starving and living in a

ghetto or something. It made me sad every time I looked at it.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I have no intention of joining anything. I'm just curious if anyone actually processes these stupid minion applications.

MEET MINION # 1469

Name: Colleen O'Brien
From: Hanover, PA
Occupation: Housewife
Age and Sign: Taurus, age 25
Education: High School Grad
Height: 5-3
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

My father was killed in a magnesium sulfate explosion.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Hello. I was born a poor Irish immigrant and worked my way out of poverty by performing Irish step dancing at feises all over Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. My dream is to one day be in Riverdance. I am extremely good looking and have snow white feet. I am also well endowed with large Gaelic breasts and thick Irish legs. The Irish boys love me!

Final Thoughts ...

Well, loyal minions, this newsletter ends as it began with me reflecting on the fleeting time we spent together. Next month promises to be a better one for me because a Feng Shui master is visiting my cell to help put things back into harmonic balance after last week's jail riot. He has already done some good work for me in the past. He was, for example, the guy who broke my toilet so that that it ran continuously, thus giving my cell the constantly running water it needs to achieve that limited sense of Feng Shui. What more can a humble man ask for (except toilet paper)?

Blessings and Such,

मज्झिमा निकाय उपाध्याय



Pedro Patel's Curry Cantina

The Finest Mexican Cuisine in
all of Chester County!

LOCATED WITHIN THE PATEL
FOOD EMPORIUM, IN THE HEART
OF "LITTLE GUJARAT"

WEST CHESTER, PA



The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 6, June 1999

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First things First: There is sad news, my many friends. I have been denied parole yet again. I guess my lawyer was correct when he urged me not to enter my parole hearing doing my World Famous kung-fu dance. I'm not sure what possessed me to perform this concoction of rhythm and

kicks. I guess I was just overcome with excitement when I saw all the TV cameras and press people. The day wasn't a total loss, however, as one of the women on my parole board came up to me afterwards and asked if it was still possible to meet any of the remaining eligible bachelors from our recent *How to Meet and Marry a Prison Pen Pal Seminar*. On short notice we were able to find, clean up and shave "Sasquatch" Sanjay Singh. I have no idea if they hit it off, as I was rudely handcuffed, shackled and escorted back to my cell before introductions were made.

Many of you may recall that last month I was sent a letter that had me utterly befuddled. It was an allegory filled with symbolism and hidden meanings. I asked my many readers to help decipher it and here are some of the responses I received:

Mooj,

It's simple! The narrative by Deputy Doug symbolizes how most people today don't defend, or even necessarily believe in, the values that built this Nation and made it strong. The antagonist, i.e., the man in a suit, symbolizes today's social conservatives, who have all but lost the war of culture. The protagonist, i.e., the Aqualung figure, represents the liberal press, who has systematically fueled public apathy by reporting as news the polls that reinforce how America, today, no longer cares about

morality—the "thing" being squeezed is the "self evident and undeniable truths" for which this Nation's founders fought and died.

Barry Silverwater (minion 543).

Mooj,

That story about the two prisoners is just a twist on the old flea and the lion parable; except here the thing being squeezed isn't pride but human feces.

Jeff Trojan (minion 864)

Mooj,

The two prisoners are simply just two prisoners—one a bum, the other a guy in jail for drunk driving. I doubt there's any hidden meaning to the story at all. Some guy just thought it was funny and sent it to you, that's all.

Peter Griffendor (minion 654)

I am not sure what to think. Maybe it's a combination of all three? I guess I'll just have to keep meditating on the answer. Special thanks go out to Barry S., Jeff T. and Peter G. for their thoughtful reflections. If any of these guys live near Chester County Jail, they can pick up a *Mooj for West Chester Selectman* bumper sticker at the east guardhouse (ask for "Deputy Joe" — the other guards will just send you away with nasty words).

Mooj Mail Bag

Dear Mooj:

I am very distressed. I just returned from my doctor and he told me that I have bipolar disorder. BIPOLAR?!!! What is that? I am a calm, rational person most of the time but this has really gotten me upset. Who the f__k is he to tell me what I am and am not?! If you pierce me do I not bleed? If you tickle me do I not laugh? If you press my stomach do I not expunge gas? I AM VERY VERY VERY ANGRY!! WHERE IS MY INHALER? WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY CANCELED MY CRANIAL SACRAL THERAPY THIS WEEK?!! WHY THOSE NO GOOD M_THER F_KEN AS_OLES! ARE YOU GONNA EAT THAT? ARE YOU GONNA EAT THAT? I'LL EAT THAT. Well, Mooj. Thank you for your time. I wait in earnest for your reply. I am tired. I will sleep now.

Sincerely,
Emeril Bru'le (Minion #786)

The Mooj Answers: *Guru se kitab lijiye?* Calm down there, my friend. The Earth is bipolar! Being bipolar just means that you have two poles. Perhaps even a North and South. Be happy! Some people would be happy just to have one pole!

Dear Sri Guru Mooj,

Thank you for all that you did for me while I was a fellow inmate in the Chester County Jail. You taught me how to meditate and do yoga and I will always be grateful to you. I am now at peace with myself and am on the path toward enlightenment. Since you haven't seen me in a while you probably know by now that I successfully escaped from the jail last July. I changed my name from Clive Martin to Yoshi Bharadwaajam and obtained a new social security number. I have settled down in Kissimmee, Florida, just outside of Orlando. I am now working as a carpet cleaner and earning a decent living. My girlfriend, Hannah, is also employed. She works at the local Wal-Mart. None of this would have been possible had you not taught me how to believe in myself. My past as a serial "felon" is over. I changed my hair color, shaved my beard and gained about 20 lbs. so I doubt you'd recognize me these days. Let me know if there's anything I can do for you. Since my woman works at Wal-Mart I will have her get discount cigarettes for you. I'll send them to you in a package marked with three "Xs" on the return address

label—that way you'll know they're from me. Take care, my noble Sage.

Y.B (aka XXX)

The Mooj Answers: Yes, dear friend. I remember you. How wonderful it is that you are on the path toward enlightenment. If you hope to continue this journey I suggest that you change your name once again and move from wherever you are presently living, as many Chester County Jail officials read this newsletter.

Sir,

I have asked repeatedly for you to stop sending me your newsletter. I don't know where you got my address. I don't know who you are or why you insist on harassing my family and me. I am pleading with you to leave us alone. My wife is scared, my children are confused and I am angry. We don't enjoy your stupid poetry, your advice columns, or any of the other stupid new age crap you write about. What burns my ass most of all is that you're using an official government mailing meter. I've contacted my congressman and have asked for a full investigation into how a criminal like you can mail stuff at taxpayer expense. God knows what other kind of garbage you send out!

Dave York, President and CEO of [REDACTED],
Philly's Hottest New Porn Site!
Philadelphia, PA

The Mooj Answers: I assure you that your name was removed from our mailing list month's ago. Any newsletters you are getting now are strictly residual.

Mooj,

The other day I heard a song on the radio called *Doughnuts Make My Brown Eyes Blue*. I thought everyone liked doughnuts. Why would doughnuts make someone sad?

"Kim," The KNBR Junkie, SF Ca.

The Mooj Answers: My sweet and innocent *bul-bul*, are you sure it wasn't Crystal Gayle's *Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue* that you are thinking about? I remember that song because I used to play it all the time when I was a DJ at the Ponsitron Roller Rink in Boca Raton, Florida back in the late 1970s. That was the song, I recall, when all the kids would skate backwards and a certain kid (I think his name was Clifford Ducaligo) would take off his clothes and run naked through the rink. The only way we could get that idiot to stop running around was to take that blasted song off the record player and turn off the disco ball. I finally got so fed up that I stopped playing the song altogether.

Mr. Umbababbaraba,

[Letter omitted because it contained extremely vulgar language.]

Dr. Joseph Hurst
Thorndale, PA

The Mooj Answers: I am annoyed by your offensive accusations. Obviously you are insane or have been smoking illegal drugs. Forget not that Shakespeare once said that the soothsayer sayeth that he who stealith a purse, stealith money only; but he who taketh away thy good name of an oft noble steed take awayith something that can never be replaced: a reputation! This accusation that I am stealing money from your 98-year-old mother to build my ashram has brought me so much anguish and discomfort that I cannot *even* sleep. I *hope and pray* that others do not share this insane person's view. I will now meditate to cleanse my mind of this turmoil.

Sri Byha-Mooj,

How can I thank you for accepting my humble poem? All of my life I have tried to get my work published. You have given me the confidence to quit my job at the toothpaste factory to pursue my heart's true desire of writing poetry. Thank you, Mooj. My hero. My mentor. My guru. My brother!

Poonam,
Chandler, AZ

The Mooj Answers: The ever humble Mooj enjoys nothing more than helping those in need, especially when they are family members!

Sri Mooj,

I'm not much of a communicator and I hardly ever write to people but this time I just had to. A few weeks ago I stumbled across your book entitled *Are You There God? It's Me Mujaputtia*. I never cried/laughed so hard in my life. It was almost as if you wrote that book just for me! I could totally relate to the characters, especially "Jake," the broken hearted rodeo clown. Was that book a true life history of you? It's a shame that this book is out of print. I bet Oprah would feature it in her book club if it were still available. Best of luck, Sri Mooj; hopefully you'll find that dream you're searching for.

Anonymous
Jasper, WY

P.S. Please don't use my real name if you post this letter. Also, do not under any circumstances issue me a Mooj minion number. I am currently in the Witness Protection Program. Thanks.

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your kind words, Mr. Anonymous. It is too bad there were not more people in the world like you. If there were I would have sold more books.

Dearest and Most Humble Mooj,

Forgive me great yogi master for being so ignorant and unworthy. I need your help, great sage. I am but a lowly graduate student studying Electrical Engineering at UC Berkeley. Great Swami, since you are blessed with wisdom in the Hindustanic languages, can you help me communicate better with the guy I share my graduate student cubicle with? He is a Punjab and doesn't understand English very well. How do you say in Punjabi, "Hey, you filthy jackass, you smell like a goat! Why don't you bathe and put on underarm deodorant!"

Most Unworthy,

Dean Hildado
Cal Berkeley

The Mooj Answers: Most gracious friend, I welcome you and your question to my humble newsletter. Yes, I am indeed gifted with the knowledge of Indus and Hindic languages and would love to help you if I could. But I sense that you are not genuine in your request for advice and are instead mocking my people. If you're really having a problem with your Asian cube mate, all I can suggest that you kindly ask him to wash. If he really does smell like a goat chances are he is a Bengal not a Punjab.

Poetry Corner

"Poetry can soothe the savage beast," so says the Great poet Homer Winslow. I'd like to think so and, thus, am allowing The Chester County SWAT to broadcast my poetry from loud speakers during hostage negotiations. A pilot program is currently underway here in Chester County to see if lives can be spared using my poetry as a negotiating tool. So far the SWAT has used my poetry in two deadly sieges. I was told that in both cases the gunmen gave themselves up without a fight. (The point I'm unclear on is whether the criminals gave up so that they could hear more or less of my poetry.)

A few more poems fell into The Mooj Mail Bag this month. A newly organized *Mooj Poetic League* is now sifting through collected poetry and sorting the prose based on merit. So far only a handful of poems have made it into the "good enough not to be thrown into the folder marked *crap*" category. One thing I would like to remind everyone is that *The Enlightenment* is a wholesome enlightening family entertainment vehicle—not a showcase for perverts to get their freak on! Poems celebrating violence and/or questionable acts of lewdity will not be allowed in the contest. These poems will, however, be passed around the jail and shared with the lesser element among the prison population. The boys in Cell Block H really seemed to like a poem submitted by Bertha Kaiser (minion 570) entitled, "Rug Burn O' Rama." I personally found the poem lacking in meter, alliteration and style. I wasn't even sure what she was trying to describe, as it seemed to involve so many people.

Since no poems of merit are to be included this month, perhaps I can sift through The Mooj Poetry Archives. Ah, here's an old poem that was written by my brother Shahrukh Umbababbaraba back in 1963. I have no idea what became of Shahrukh but reading this poem sure reminds me of him. This poem was written in traditional Gujarat (which is odd since Shahrukh is a Punjab like me) and, thus, should be sung while reading.

Kabhie Ho

*kabhie kabhie mere dil hai
tu ab oom pehle jay
satu menta-aaaar busbus ray
tujhe zammeen par bulbul tay*

*ke ye boooooop yen dil hay
mer eeeeeep amaan ham dindin pay
ye gosum ooooki kee ghan kay
Bhuvan lagaan tu ta ta hip to may*

(A rough translation.....)

My love is like a banana tree
It grows erect and tall
Come, pluck my fruit 'o happy one
And soon we'll have a ball

Hey, now, o' gentle lass
Our time has come to pass
We ate too many lentils, dear
And the room now smells of gas

Storytime!

Hey gang, guess what! Mooj minion # 894 sent in a story! I'm not sure what to think of it since it includes a storyline that isn't exactly void of lewd and/or lusty thoughts but it was the only story sent in and beggars can't be choosers.

The Food Court Stud!

By Mooj Minion # 894

Foreword

The following is my coming of age story. My *opus grande*, as it were. This story has no lesson or message. It's just a teenage lust story where a nerd (me) realizes his dream come true and scores with the hottest chick in all of Orange County. This story takes place during the summer of 1978, when I was seventeen and the world was a much simpler place.

The Tale

The Westminster Mall food court was where all the cool kids worked; getting a summer job there was like a dream come true. It was then—for the first time in my life—that I felt like someone. But, as fun as it was to hang out in the mall parking lot after work, get wasted smoking pot, and listen to 8-track tapes of Van Halen, there was still something missing in my life. Everyone else at the mall had a girlfriend but I didn't. My poor teenage heart was aching for love and I did everything I could to score with the mall chicks but it wasn't in the stars. By mid July I came to terms with my sorry fate and realized that the chances of finding a summer romance were, by then, negligible. I felt desperate and dejected. I was no longer happy working at the mall. I wanted only to die.

My misery was compounded in early August when Madeleine du' Brébant was hired at Hamburger on a Stick. She was this French chick and, without doubt, the hottest babe to ever grace the innards of the Westminster Mall! Within an hour of her arrival every dude in the mall was there scoping her out. All I could do was stare from afar and dream about her.

Then came that fateful day in mid August when I was in the break room sipping an Orange Julius that my pal Pedro gave me when his manager wasn't looking. Madeleine walked in with her usual entourage of lusting teenage boys and sat down. *Man, she was so hot dressed in that tight blue, yellow, white, and red Hamburger on a Stick uniform!* I thought I was gonna blow a gasket. I just sat there wishing beyond wishing that she would come up and talk to me. My gawking was temporarily broken when someone called me by my nickname "Jackhammer" (that was my nickname because I could make jackhammer noises). I guess Madeleine overheard it because afterwards she came up to me and asked me why people called me Jackhammer. I gave her this evil look and said: "Damn, foxy mama, maybe you'll get lucky and find out." I then made my jackhammer noise while holding my arms out like I was jackhammering. *I couldn't believe I did that!* I was totally embarrassed and walked away as fast as I could.

Later that night when I was leaving work I saw Madeleine standing outside Sears next to the payphones smoking a cigarette. She looked upset. I asked her what was up and she said that her ride never showed up. I asked her where she lived and she told me. I said, "That's on my way home so I can drop you off if you like." [It was a total lie! I lived on the other side of town!] I just about crapped my briefs when she said okay and followed me to my car.

The whole way to her place I was sweating bullets and couldn't even breathe. I had never been alone with a girl—*never mind one that was as hot as Madeleine!* I don't think I even said a word. When we arrived at her place there was this awkward silence. I knew she wanted me to make some kind of move but I was totally freaked out. I just sat there frozen solid while she kept making jackhammer noises and saying things like: "Well, Mr. Jackhammer.... are you ready to start jackhammering?" The longer I sat there avoiding her the madder she got. Finally she called me a loser and got out of my car and

walked away. I was mortified. I drove home, locked myself in my room and cried for hours. There was no doubt in my mind that I had totally blown it. I felt like the biggest loser in the world.

The next day at work Madeleine came up to me and wanted to know what my big fat problem was. She even left a nasty note on my timecard. Because I was so humiliated I avoided her completely. Each day it was the same thing until she cornered me in the break room and asked me why I didn't like her. She was really upset and thought that I didn't find her attractive. I told her the truth. I told her that I was shy around girls and that I totally panicked the night I gave her that ride home. She laughed and told me that I was totally clueless. She then got this wild look in her eye and said that she always wanted to turn a dork into a REAL man.

For the remaining weeks of summer Madeleine and I hung out together almost every day and she taught me how to dress, style my hair, dance, kiss, make love, etc. The most important thing she taught me was how painful love really is. You see, I fell totally in love with her. I thought she really liked me. But in the end I was nothing; I was just an experiment. We spent countless hours together and all she wanted to do was prove that she could turn a dork into a super stud. As soon as I was capable of being the man Madeleine wanted she dumped me. Yeah, I got my share of booty after that because I was a super stud but it didn't matter. No woman could ever compare to her. Madeleine, wherever you are, I need you!!!!!!

Cook's Corner

People are always asking me, "Hey Guru, why do you include recipes in *The Enlightenment?*" To be honest I have no idea. I guess a better question might be: "Why do people insist on sending recipes in the first place?"

Here's a tasty treat that comes from a guy claiming to be Renaldo de Sud San Francisco.

Taco Dogs

Renaldo says that instead of using a regulation hot dog bun when eating hot dogs use a taco shell instead. Renaldo tells us that he can't think of a food that's more authentically "Mexican American" than that. Yes, Renaldo de Sud, I believe you are correct!

New Minions

MEET MINION # 1470

Name: "Steve"
From: Santa Monica, CA
Occupation: Actor/Singer/Writer/Producer
Age and Sign: Gemini, age 47
Education: I went to USC
Height: 6-3
Weight: 200
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I am a member of the Screen Actors Guild. For professional reasons I wish to remain anonymous.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I remember the time I first heard about you. It was at Studio 54 and I was sitting in a booth with the Dupont twins, Andy Warhol, Rick James, Frankie Smith and Andy Rooney. They were talking about new-age mysticism and your name came up. Actually, maybe it wasn't you they were talking about. I forget. It was so long ago and I was high on angel dust.

MEET MINION # 1471

Name: Bhurga Dhungajee
From: Kota Kinabalu, Malaysia
Occupation: I am a Polaroid camera repairman
Age and Sign: Scorpio, age 55
Education: Equivalent of college for repair men
Height: 75cm
Weight: 85Kg
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I have eighteen children.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I am very much immersed in a cosmic resonance of wonder when reading your fantastic newsletters. Yours is a very touching story. I can't even imagine what life is like for someone as holistic and unalloyed as you. I hope to come touch your feet and let you give me the pranams someday.

MEET MINION # 1472

Name: Douglas Daniel Davidson Jr.
From: Loveland, CO
Occupation: Student
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 22
Education: I am studying Astronomy at Larimer County Community College
Height: 6-3
Weight: 250
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

Last summer I worked at the world famous Bald Pate Inn in Estes Park, CO.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Wow, talk about good fortune! Last week I was looking through my mail and found a copy of *The Enlightenment*, which was meant for my neighbor. Rather than bring it to him I kept it. At first I thought it was a joke but then I realized that no one would joke about stuff as important as this. I must become a Mooj minion. Otherwise my life has no purpose!

MEET MINION # 1473

Name: Danny Kyoto
From: Menlo Park, CA
Occupation: Medicine Man
Age and Sign: Libra, age 48
Education: I went to CSM
Height: 6'
Weight: 175
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I once saw Carol Doda perform her world famous can-can dance.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

This application thingy says I'm supposed to write a '500 word or less' essay. And then I'm supposed to summarize the essay in an abstract for the selection committee to review. I have no idea what an abstract is and I don't really feel like writing an essay so I won't bother. But I will say one thing of importance here if you don't mind. Everywhere I go I see people with these stupid bumper stickers that say, "Hussongs Cantina, Ensenada, Mexico." So last year I figure, hey, its gotta be like this happening place, right? So I save up some money and drive down there and the place sucks! I mean the place really sucks!

MEET MINION # 1474

Name: Dean C. Whittier
From: Point Lay, Alaska
Occupation: Naturalist
Age and Sign: Scorpio, age 54
Education: Mother Earth taught me all I will ever need to know
Height: 5-7
Weight: 180
Hair Color: Brown/gray
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I am a registered Hemp farmer in the state of Alaska.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Namaste, All! Yours is a beautiful newsletter, Mr. Mooj! My old guru is Dr. Raja Schuller from Laxman Jhula, India. If any of you are in that area go on over and visit the good Rev. He's a gas! He has a small one-room house overlooking the Ganges and it's within walking distance of the Rishikesh Police Station. Sadly, the good Rev. has spent many a night there in the jail contemplating oneness with the hole in the floor. You might be able to find him if you look in the local brothels or bars. I now live in Alaska....northern Alaska to be more precise. There is practically no one here except me. It feels like the Himalayas because we have a lot of mountains, snow and glaciers. The local Eskimos also look and smell like Shurpas.

MEET MINION # 1475

Name: Virginia Dare Rebecca Abigail Morton Clymer Smith
From: Delta, PA
Occupation: Homemaker
Age and Sign: Unknown
Education: Delta Public schools
Height: 5-3
Weight: 90 lbs
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I am a proud member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I am 12th generation Pennsylvanian and the daughter of Welsh slate miners. I marched in the World War I Victory parade in Washington D.C. when I was a teenager and have shaken hands with every U.S. President since Woodrow Wilson (except for those jackasses Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Eisenhower, Nixon, Ford, Reagan and Bush).

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Clad in saffron robes I stand before you an elderly woman of five feet three or four, no more, walking with eternal youthfulness that questions the apparent wisdom of those who walk beside me. With my cane in hand, my birkenstocks afoot, back slightly bent, head held in astute confidence, I challenge the randomness of modern thinking. The truth is we are all Mooj-like. I can't help but notice people today are more Mooj-like than ever. Perhaps I should be counted among that happy lot. Om.

MEET MINION # 1476

Name: Dr. H. Kimball
From: Albuquerque, NM
Occupation: Top Secret (Q-Level) Scientist
Age and Sign: Aries, age 59
Education: PhD. from Tufts University
Height: 5-11
Weight: 200
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I work in a special undisclosed location deep within the Sandia Mountains.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Year in and year out I sit at my desk doing hoity-toity scientific stuff. It's pretty boring being a data analyst for the Air Force. But then last month I was asked to examine some top secret photos taken by the Hubble telescope of one of Saturn's moon's called Iapetus. Now, because I am sworn to secrecy, I cannot tell you what I saw. But, let's just say that if, or when, these photos are released, the whole world will never be the same. Without being too specific let's just say that we Earthlings are not the only living things in this solar system. In fact, we ain't sh_t compared to whomever or whatever built those giant pyramids on Iapetus!

MEET MINION # 1477

Name: Anonymous Male, age 45
From: Statesville, Illinois
Occupation: None
Age and Sign: Libra
Education: I had some but not much
Height: 6-3
Weight: 250
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I just got out of prison and now run a youth mentoring program for troubled teens.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Am I worthy to become a Mooj minion? Yes, I think I am. Why? Because deep within me I know that I have good qualities and have not always been this evil, murdering, killing machine that society seems to have labeled me as. Was I always embodied with collective consciousness in the search for true harmonic self realization? No. There was, in fact, a time when I was not civil, law-abiding, and/or peaceful. But who could blame me? I was raised in the ghettos of Chicago's notorious east end. I was taught to take, or be taken from. I was taught to kill or be killed. I was taught to rape or be raped. Plus, I had no parents. I had nothing. All I had were the streets, a gun and a box of ammo. So yes, maybe I did lead an aberrant life. Yes, maybe I was a gruesome person once. But now I am a righteous being who wants only to give. Most people that meet me today know me as that jolly, happy, fat, bald guy, who shaves all his body hair and wears brightly colored Bananarama jumpsuits. I'm not a killer! I'm the guy who loves to dance naked in the park, pick daisies, jump from trees, twirl around, kick and do somersaults and spread smiles wherever I go. If I'm not Mooj material, what is?

Final Thoughts ...

Well, my loving minions. This newsletter ends much like the others; with me wondering how it could be over so soon.

મજાપતી ડમવાબારાવા



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OF "LITTLE GUJARAT"**

WEST CHESTER, PA



The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 7, July 1999

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Outrage! Impudence! Malfiance!

As many of you know The Mooj Cam was removed from the Chester County Website last month. I had no idea that this happened until my mailbag filled up with inquires from angry and anguished Mooj Heads demanding to know what happened. I quickly checked with the work-release guy that runs the county's website and he told me it was true. As far as he can tell, someone wrote a nasty letter to the county commissioner informing him of The Mooj Cam and it was removed immediately. This is an outrage I can assure you! The true reason for my rough treatment was disguised in a flimsy excuse about me not being authorized to use the county's official website. Ha! We all know the truth! Perhaps I can best sum up this unpleasant experience by sharing some opinions offered to me by my many unhappy minions:

"...Oh okay, I think that the *Mooj Militia* should be calling up the reserves right now and do a little search and destroy mission on that anti-Punjabi Chester County government a__hole! *Kill! Kill! Kill! Burn! Burn! Burn! Maim! Maim! Maim!* See, that is why I need My MOOJ. I have lost my center."

"What happened? Help, I need my Mooj Cam!"

"Oh Dear God in Heaven! How can I live without seeing The Mooj on the Mooj Cam everyday???"

"Egad! Where is the Mooj Cam????? How can I start my day off without my daily dose of watching The Mooj?"

"...Why would they do this? Will the Mooj return bigger, better, stronger than before? Is the jail racist? Do they discriminate against all Punjabistanis? Is the Mooj mad as hell and is he not gonna take it anymore? Where are the Snowdens, Janet Renos and Bill Clintons of yesteryear? As far as I'm concerned the "warden" and his cronies in the Chester County government are suspects in a hate crime! They burned MY f___n church and now High Priest Mooj has nowhere to preach! Darn it!!!!!!!!!"

But fear not, loyal friends—The Mooj has returned bigger and better! I harbor no ill feelings toward the bastards that forcibly removed The Mooj Cam from the Chester County website. As of now **www.mooj.com** is up and running and ready for your immediate enjoyment. The Mooj Cam can be found there along with links to selected enlightened thinking essays, poems and pictures. I even have an official email address now (mooj@mooj.com) so that my multitude of minions can email me if they are so inclined. But I do not recommend it because I do not have a computer and have no way of reading it.

Before I leave this sad chapter in Mooj history once and for all I would like to offer you some heartwarming dissipation to soothe your passing ire. The following poem was read aloud last week at the world famous *Ends Up Café* in San Francisco's elite Polk Street District. The author (and presenter) of this work wishes to remain anonymous for it is rumored that he is Mayor Willie Brown's *Aide de Camp*.

Scene: Ends Up Café, Open Mike Night, Poetry Session no. 4

[*****Cue Lights*****]

[*****Cue Bongo Beat*****]

A Beatnik Poem to Stir the Masses for Mooj !

What was wrong with the content of His page?
Was it wrong to have poet-philosopher-philanthropist-community activist rage?

Do you have a problem with Mooj being in jail?
If that's the case then pay his bail!

Life now sucks and I don't give a damn
I miss seeing my Mooj on his jail web cam!

THE MOOJ IS THE MAN AND WHAT HE IS, IS NOT FOR SALE!

[*****Bongo Solo*****]

The Mooj teaches us a lesson we cannot fail
We must unite against Chester County and the machine we must rail!

Sometimes in a thunderstorm we get hit by hail
The young are weak and the old are frail

You can get your Dockers at Mervyn's this week 'cause they're on sale!
I have a hammer and I want to nail

The wind is howling, it's blowing up a gale
The streets are a mess and garbage escapes its pail

MEANWHILE THE MOOJ JUST ROTS IN JAIL!!!

The End

[*****No Clapping, Only Soft Finger Snaps*****]

Mooj Mail Bag

Though many sad things happened of late there was one happy thing. This event which I speak of brought such a tear of joy to my eye that I am, in fact, still crying. It was a letter from my dear mother. Here, read it with me as I read it again:

My Dear Mujaputtia,

Is it possible that you are my long lost son, for whom I spent the best years of my life searching? As I read your touching prose I see the sweet innocent spirit of my little son Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba. I know this is not an uncommon name and it is possible I am mistaken but the depth of your wisdom and the unfailing kindness that surfaces in all you poetry and sagely advice so resembles that of my darling boy that I dare not raise my hopes... but, alas, I have already done so.

If this is you, Mujaputtia, I must say I am distressed to find you in jail. The last known trace of you was at that Ashram in Ramrama. Whatever is your crime I am already convinced of your innocence, as your pure spirit has remained so obviously intact. I will come to your next parole hearing and play the flute while you do your dances. Surely they will set you free after perceiving your boundless talent for self expression and love. However, Mujaputtia, if I am in error, and you are not my son, please disregard this message.

Sincerely,
Pretty Mamaji Umbababbaraba

The Mooj Answers: Yes, it is I, your humble son Mujaputtia! I was ashamed and afraid that once you learned of my jailing you would disown me. Though a man may walk a million miles in his lifetime he will likely be judged only by the least of his steps. Thus, I am hoping that my last few steps are what people remember me by and not, say, miles 9,888,765 to 9,888,767. That is not to say that I've actually walked a million miles—it's probably been more like only a few thousand. And, conversely, this doesn't insinuate that I have done anything wrong. I am innocent—if but only in my heart. But, like many others, who have come before me to fight for utter enlightenment, I am persecuted and often entangled by meaningless law enforcement. But rest assured, Mamaji. I am now and forever a respectable person. In fact, I will even refund the \$100 you enclosed with your letter for my ashram building fund.

Mooj!

Do you remember me? My name is Clifford Ducaligo. You mentioned me in one of your newsletters earlier this year. I am writing to set the record straight. Yes, I was, in fact, the kid that ran naked through the Ponsitron Roller Rink each time you played *Don't it Make my Brown Eyes Blue*. But I noticed in your recollections of that long-ago time that you conveniently failed to mention that you, too, got naked and ran around the rink with me each time. If memory serves me right you were fired because of it. In any case I hope all is well. If you're ever in Boca Raton again stop in and see me. I'm now a prominent member of the Kiwanis Club.

Your old pal,

Clifford A. Ducaligo
Boca Raton, FL

The Mooj Answers: Cliff Ducaligo? Yes, I remember you very well, my little *kek-raa*. Didn't you used to have bright red hair and dress like one of the Bay City Rollers? Now that I think back I guess I did run nude alongside you each time I played that awful song. I loved the thrill of running naked through the roller rink amidst the sparkling glow of disco ball illuminations, horn toots, and whoops of excited onlookers. That is probably why I played that song every hour. But you are incorrect with your other remembrance. I was not fired from the Ponsitron Roller Rink for running around naked. I was fired for burning the place down in a drunken rampage.

Howdy, Chief! Whatever happened to your pal Lance Worthy? I miss that guy terribly.

Seth Karamchand, #405

The Mooj Answers: You wouldn't believe how often people ask me about this. As many of you know Lance Worthy was at one time the assistant editor of this newsletter. Sadly, about a year ago, we learned from an anonymous source that Lance had at one time, or perhaps even still was, employed in the adult movie industry. To this day I am unclear of what that activity actually was but it was mutually agreed upon by all parties involved, including Lance, that we should part ways. It was a sad day for all; especially me, for I loved Lance like a son. He was my favorite devotee. When we said our goodbyes

he confided in me that being my disciple was all he ever wanted in life. We both cried and hugged for hours before I cast him out of my life forever. I have a tear in my eye just thinking about it now. We wish Lance well, wherever he is. He will forever be my #1 Official Sidekick, despite causing me untold anguish.

[This letter was not included because it did not make any sense.]

To Ling-Ling, the Musical Ape: Ling-Ling, why are you writing me? I doubt I can help you with your problem, dear ape friend. I'm not even sure what that problem is as I can't read your ape scribbles too well. But I can tell that you are deeply anguished and, thus, I shall meditate and fast for you.

Dear Mooj,

My husband and I are just now getting started exploring the possibilities of tantric sex. I enjoy making love and the potential of expanding our sexual horizons to a more holistic level is so exciting. One of my friends told me that you once wrote a book about tantric sex. Is it still available? My local library says their Mooj books were all checked out several years ago and never returned.

Abby Porter, minion 1116
Elgin, IL

The Mooj Answers: *Oh re chori!* How you make me blush with your letter. I have searched my archives and found no books about tantric sex. Not that I expected to find any since I normally stray away from argumentative topics like that. I did, however, find a copy of one of my old art & poetry journals, where I was photographed posing by myself in various Kama Sutra positions (see *Mooj Art & Poetry Quarterly*, Vol. 1, No. 3). This was done strictly for educational purposes and I was very clear in my instructions that others should not attempt these positions unless they, too, were versed in Yoga as I was. I suggest you contact Vic Taylor (President of the Mooj Memory Bank) for information regarding the availability of this now out of date publication.

Hark!

My anguish can only be soothed by your humble words, Devine Guru! I lay awake, night after sleepless night, crying, tormented, wretched, and weebegone by the memory of a heartless woman! This vixen came into my

life and then vanished, as if she was but a grain of sand in an hourglass made of human misery! This woman was a student of mine and I was her professor at the local junior college. Our love was intense! I risked all to be her lover. Soon it came to pass that I lost everything—my job, my wife, my family, my car—*My Sanity*—just to be her love slave! When it was all said and done she cast me aside and moved on, —as if I were a ship in the night that travels on dreams mired in endless fog —or a storm in the dessert that wipes away the salt from a dying man's tear. I am the wounded and she, the heartless bludgeoneer!

I begged her to stay—oh, I did! I begged her to forgive—oh, I did! But she laughed and told me that she was a nomad, and that she could never be chained to just one heart. What can I do to win this girl's love again? I must have her or I shall die! I hold a dagger in one hand and a feather in the other. Which shall pierce my heart?

"Beleaguered Bob," age 56.
Frankfort, KY

The Mooj Answers: Let me guess... you taught Creative Writing at that junior college, right? Sadly, your situation is typical of many men your age, who make relationship choices based on lust not love. That, *my ti-shoo kaa dab-ba*, is why fate has dealt you this lackluster hand. Here's what I suggest you do: rectify your previous relationships immediately and forget about this other woman. I care about you and your kind and, thus, I will fast, meditate and abstain from all vices for an hour or two in hope that it will speed you along on your path to inner reflection.

Guru,

I am starting to go bald. Can Swamaji please bless my head to retard my hair loss?

Minion 1131

The Mooj Answers: Yes, rub your head with this newsletter as it has my blessings already on it.

Mooj, This is negative feedback on your June newsletter. I did not care much for the stupid story by Minion 894. He has some nerve to think that anyone cares about his stupid teenage lust adventure. Some of us weren't so lucky to get jobs at the mall. To this day I still recall the pain and suffering I had during my impressionable teenage years when I was rejected over and over again by my mall's elitist food court. They all thought they were so high and mighty! Bastards all! Every summer I put in an application and never got as much as a howdy doo. My

psychiatrist says that she thinks this repeated rejection is partially to blame for all my psychological problems.

Inmate 34565
Clinic for the Criminally Insane
New Rochelle, NY

The Mooj Answers: I shall chant, fast and meditate for you, my humble insane friend (since I'm doing it for that other guy anyway). Hopefully, soon, your pain and suffering will abide.

The remainder of The Mooj mail was concerning the forced removal of my Mooj Cam from the Chester County website. Since that problem is now rectified I will omit the rest of the mail. Again, to those who we aversely affected by this temporary outage of The Mooj Cam and selected on-line Mooj teachings, I am sorry. Now that I have my own website this will never happen again (unless the work-release guy who's running my site quits).

Poetry Corner

I was going to write one of my own enlightening poems when this "gem" arrived

This poem was sent in by an anonymous donor, who asked that I keep his name secret because he comes from a prominent New England family. From what I understand this person and his family perform cycling stunts all up and down the New England Coast. How nice!

The Cycling Murrays Come to Town! (by Anon)

Neither rain, nor snow, nor a noreaster' blow
Can slow us as we Go, Go, Go

We cycle far and cycle wide
We do all this with Gaelic pride!

In parades we spin, wheelie and turn
While gleeful onlooker's stomach's churn

Unicycles, quadracycles, bikes and trikes
We ride along down parade-route pikes

Fourth of July in the summer heat
New Year's Day in the snow and sleet

We're the Cycling Murrays and we're neat
Our brand of entertainment just can't be beat!

Storytime!

A TRUE MINION STORY!

Hey minions, how about another one of those enthralling and enriching stories that sometimes get sent into *The Enlightenment*? This month's story comes from minion #776. I'm not sure what you'll get out of it but at least there's a lesson in there somewhere.

"Mr. Cool"
by minion
776

Prologue

My dear brother and sister minions, for your reading enjoyment I have humbly submitted this short and poignant story. Last month I was so inspired by minion #894's *Hamburger on a Stick Girl* story that I decided to send in my own thrilling "coming of age" story. Since this is a family-oriented newsletter I will omit many things that could have made the story more interesting (like wild sex, all night drunken orgies, drug overdoses, etc.). Hopefully, this story will serve as an inspiration such that you, like me, can go forward and achieve whatever it is you want most out of life.

My Story

All my life I was a nerd but it really didn't bother me until I got to my senior year in high school and started liking girls. Then it seemed like I was forever being heartbroken because of all the rejection I suffered. I dreamed about being one of the cool kids but I was a nerd and couldn't do anything about it.

Then I went to college. Right before my freshman year began I attended a student orientation week. This week was typical of most college orientation programs designed to help freshman, like myself, meet other freshman and get an understanding of university life.

When I arrived at my appointed dorm I made an important discovery: As each new freshman arrived, he or she quickly assimilated into either one of two groups. These groupings consisted of *nerds* and *cool people*. It didn't matter who you were (since no one knew anyone). It mattered only what you thought you were. Before I could give my observation much thought I found myself standing amongst the nerds.

Later in the fall when it was time to move into the dorms for real I decided I would never be a nerd again. That night when I arrived at my freshman dorm I again watched as the newcomers gathered into their social groupings. This time I walked right past the nerds and joined the cool group. *And that's all it took!* From that point on I was cool.

Us cool guys totally ruled the college and did all kinds of wild and crazy stuff. We raised hell, partied all night and got it on with all the best looking girls. I was like an animal!

But being cool had its drawbacks. Basically, I partied my entire freshman year away and flunked out of college. I've been pretty much a wandering idiot since. But I don't care. Just thinking about all the fun I had in college makes it all worth it.

Epilogue

Actually, now that I have re read this story a few times I think maybe I should have studied a little harder in college. My life certainly would have turned out better and I wouldn't be a drunken vagrant like I am today. Maybe I should have done a better job of evaluating my true goals in life. It's kind of late now since I'm already in my late 40s but that doesn't mean you guys can't. Don't ruin your life because you're too stupid to have good sense.

-minion 776

Cook's Corner

What is it about the words "beef stroganoff" that people think is so darn funny? I must have gotten three recipes last month where someone made up a recipe and tried to pass it off as a legitimate beef stroganoff dish (with an all too obvious re adaptation of the name to make it sound "obscene"). The Mooj, again, reminds his readers that this is a family oriented newsletter—lewdity on *any level* will not be tolerated. And since we're on the topic I would like to ask "G.G., the Polish Stallion" to stop sending in his "kielbasa" pictures. They are funny, I admit, but definitely not suited for this publication.

New Minions

Nothing elates a Guru like having lots of new minions to teach. Below you will find our newest brother and sister minions. They seem like a wonderful bunch!

MEET MINION # 1478

Name: "DJ"
From: Manheim, PA
Occupation: Public Servant
Age and Sign: Leo, age 38
Education: Penn State Grad
Height: 5-8
Weight: 200 lbs
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

When I was in the army I was assigned to a Special Forces sniper battalion. Though my actions in Latin America are classified I can mention that my nickname was Sir Miss-o-Lot.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I always feel so enriched after reading your award winning newsletter. Someday, though, I hope to actually find a nugget of wisdom in there somewhere. But I don't care. You're still my hero and I want to be just like you. Rock me Big Daddy!

MEET MINION # 1479

Name: Donny Redstone
From: Philadelphia, PA
Occupation: Unemployed
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 44
Education: Some

Height: 5-7
Weight: 150
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

Times are tough for me right now and I've been homeless for about a year.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

Last night I was standing near the onramp to I-695 with a will work for food sign and this guy stopped and picked me up. He was driving a big van and there were several other homeless people inside. He took us all to a nice dinner and then to a place to buy new clothes. Then he gave us money for a motel. All this kind man wanted in return was that we fill out this application and send it in. He even gave us the \$75 to use for the application fee and a stamped envelope. The other homeless guys laughed when the man drove off and used their \$75 to buy drugs and booze. But I didn't. I figured that if this man could do such nice things for people down on their luck, why couldn't I do something just as nice for him? So, I'm not sure who you are or what you want but I will gladly be your minion.

MEET MINION # 1480

Name: Dr. Warren Hayes
From: Quakertown, PA
Occupation: Retired
Age and Sign: Pieces, age 82

Education: I graduated Cum Laude from Princeton
Height: 6-1
Weight: 170
Hair Color: Gray
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I married the most wonderful woman in the world. Together we have raised six wonderful children and are blessed with twelve grandchildren, twenty great grandchildren and seven horses. Our greatest reward is having our health to enjoy our luxurious home and family in these, our golden years.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I was put on Earth to serve you Great Mooj. Make me a minion and you shall forever be proud of my loyalty. Oh Great One, I am not worthy to wipe the [REDACTED] from your [REDACTED] but will do that if so commanded!

MEET MINION # 1481

Name: Cory Feltcher
From: West Hollywood, CA
Occupation: Teacher, NEA Rep, Gay Community Activist
Age and Sign: Virgo, age 33
Education: BA, MA among others
Height: 5-11
Weight: 180
Hair Color: I am hairless
Eye Color: Brown

Something Special About Me:

I'm a public school teacher. Right now I teach kindergarten.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I'm a people person.... I especially like people with big honkin' bo-bos!

MEET MINION # 1482

Name: Jack Mayetta
From: Corona, CA
Occupation: Chemical Company Sales Rep.
Age and Sign: Capricorn, age 38
Education: 4 yrs. Community College
Height: 5-10
Weight: 210
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Hazel

Something Special About Me:

I'm a proud member of the Epsom Salt Council.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I've always been a hip, with it, kinda guy. Back when I was in 8th grade I belonged to the KISS Army. I could also imitate Vinny Barbarino (Who? What? Whooa) and Freddy Prinze (Loookeen Good). I could also imitate the Fonz (Aaaay, sit on it nerd) and Freddy "Boom Boom" Washington (Why hello there). Then when I got to high school I used to spray paint "The Wall" on walls to make it look like that Pink Floyd album cover. I could also play Stairway to Heaven, Smoke on the Water and War Pigs on my guitar. Then when I was in college I used to talk like the Mckenzie Brothers (hose off, eh). My life got boring since then and maybe this will be what I need to spice it up again.

MEET MINION # 1483

Name: Lacey Greenwald
From: Tyrone, PA
Occupation: Data Analyst
Age and Sign: Sagittarius, age 29
Education: HS grad.
Height: 5-6
Weight: 115
Hair Color: Brown
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I am still single and hoping to find Mr. Right. Actually, at this point Mr. Wrong would even do.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

When I was in the 3rd grade I saw a movie called *The Red Balloon*. It was about this little French boy who chased a big red balloon all over Paris. Then these mean kids popped it on him. I cried, Mooj. I'm still crying!

MEET MINION # 1484

Name: Dr. Dale E. Hooper, MD
From: Boston, MA
Occupation: Proctologist
Age and Sign: Leo, age 59
Education: Harvard, MD; Yale, MS; and Brown, BS
Height: 6-2
Weight: 250
Hair Color: Gray/Bald
Eye Color: Blue

Something Special About Me:

I invented the Hooper High Colonic Ventribrator (HHCV). All proceeds and profits from this invention go to the Children's Defense Fund. I also sit on the board of the American Proctologic Society.

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

I served in Korea with a kid named Jerry Umbababbaraba. He sort of looked like you and had a similar manner about him. Was he a relative of yours? If

so, send me \$100. That bastard borrowed a C-note from me and never paid me back.

MEET MINION # 1485

Name: Prem Pankhaj
From: Maharashtra, India
[no fields filled out]

Something Special About Me:

I am 113 years old and still have all my original teeth in my head. I attribute my longevity to holistic living, yoga and an occasional beer. *[Translated.]*

My Minion Acceptance Essay:

[Essay was not translated because it contained vulgar language and accused the Mooj of being homosexual. This minion was admitted on probation.]

Final Thoughts ...

Nothing more needs to be added; the smile on my face says it all. But before we say good-bye for the month I would like to complete the poetry trifecta and add one last bit of verse to this newsletter. This poem was sent in by my dear Mamaji. I cry when I read it so perhaps you should too:

MY DEAR SON MOOJ

by Priety Mamaji.

A house without undulating land
No three legged frogs close at hand
Your bedroom window faced the door
Even dry flowers on the floor!
No wonder Mooj went Kaplooey
We violated the sacred tenets of Feng Shui!

Light bulbs shining way too bright
Wash hung on the line overnight
Loud music played too long
Fireplace facing wrong
No wonder Mooj went kaplooey
We violated the sacred tenets of Feng Shui!

Cream front door instead of green
Toilet lid up, shouldn't be seen
No head board on your bed
Oh my gosh, no more need be said
No wonder Mooj went Kaplooey
We violated the sacred tents of Feng Shui!

So now Mooj my son
It's time all this is undone!
Running water in your cell
Crystals hanging near a bell
A plant and pet will bring you luck
Particularly if ones a Mandarin duck!
So Mooj, soften your corners, clean up your act
And imminent freedom will become a fact!

Werner Patel's
Soffran

**The Finest Old World German
Cuisine in all of Chester
County!**

**LOCATED WITHIN THE PATEL
FOOD EMPORIUM, IN THE HEART
OF "LITTLE GUJARAT"**

WEST CHESTER, PA



The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 8, August 1999

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First Things First: Welcome, my many minions! How wonderful it is that we are together again. In many ways these newsletters are my only way to be with you. Come, let's hug! Before we begin this month's newsletter I would like to thank all my minions and friends for visiting my new website at **Mooj.Com**. The person running the site tells me it is averaging hundreds of hits each day and getting lots of credit card donations. He says I'm also getting lots of email, too. Sadly, as of yet, I haven't figured out how to read email without a computer. So for now, please keep all correspondence with me postal.

Ooops! I guess last month we had a mishap in the editing booth. We can laugh about it now but last month there was hardly a happy face. From what I understand a rejected essay from some nut calling himself "The White Fist of Justice" was inadvertently substituted for the thoughtful and well-written essay of Dr. Warren Hayes (now ex minion #1480). This tragic event resulted in the public ridicule of one of Quakertown, PA's finest citizens and for that we are truly sorry. We are hoping Dr. Warren will give the minion program another chance.

On a related note the essay attributed to a Mr. Cory Feltcher (now ex minion 1481) was also found to be erroneous. Mr. Feltcher contacted our newsletter office immediately after the July newsletter arrived in his mailbox. He claimed that he did not write the essay. In fact, he did not even submit the application. And worst of all, he wasn't even a subscriber, nor had he even heard of me before. He was very confused and so were we. A preliminary investigation concluded that it was doubtful that this essay was mixed up with another candidate's. Instead, the bogus essay was most-likely the work of some insensitive practical joker working in our newsletter office. As a result, all persons affiliated with my

publications department were required to read one of those cultural sensitivity pamphlets that are over the jail. We extend regret to Mr. Feltcher and hope that one day he becomes a minion for real. And we also hope that he can get his job back at West Hollywood Elementary School.

Because we had two mishaps within such a short period of time, I have decided to have a minion application stand down. By that I mean we need to take some time off to examine the application process and ensure proper essays are being matched with the right candidates. These measures will likely result in no minion numbers being assigned this month. I ask for your patience and hopefully things will be corrected very soon. In the mean time keep your applications coming. We will get to them eventually. To offset the cost of this increased scrutiny, please include an additional \$50 with your usual application fee. As is always the case, if you are rejected as a minion, part of your application fee will be refunded. In most cases a voucher is included along with your rejection letter to allow you to resubmit your new application at a reduced cost. Before re-submitting an application following a rejection, however, it is hoped that you will improve upon whichever shortcoming it was that caused your rejection in the first place.

Speaking of minionhood, the new "1999" official Mooj Minion T-shirts are now available in all sizes and denominations. Remember, you do not have to be an official minion to buy one! These deluxe-woven gems will be sold on a first come, first served basis. Hurry! Supplies are limited. Ads for these T-shirts will be dispersed throughout this newsletter.

Well, that's about all I can think of. Let's begin the newsletter now.

Mooj Mail Bag

Dear Mooj,

Glad you're back, buddy! The world felt a little darker without your sunshine. It felt a little bleaker without your laughter and fun and games. Things seemed really slow without your bits of wisdom and trivia and such. To finish off I just want to say the world's a little spicier, a little fresher, and much more hometown with The Mooj around. MOOJ FOR CONGRESS!!!!

Martha-Buellton, CA, Minion 1066

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your kind words, my dear friend. I assume you are talking about my eviction from the Chester County website and subsequent re emergence on the all new Mooj.Com website (otherwise this letter doesn't make any sense). As far as your last suggestion that I run for Congress—well, all I can say is no thanks. I have decided never to run for public office again after my recent thumping at the polls when I ran for West Chester City Selectman. I didn't get a single vote. I didn't even vote for myself.

Sir,

I rarely write into to publications like this but after reading your newsletter last month I just had to. Guru Mooj, I'm a totally different person now thanks to you and your totally wicked-ass publication. After reading the story by minion 776 I thought to myself how stupid I've been all my life. I'm not a nerd—I *just think I'm one!* So I went to school and looked around. Yep, it was just like minion 776 said! People divide themselves into nerd and cool people castes because they think they belong wherever they are. At lunch instead of sitting at the nerd table (like I always do) I sat with the football players. They accepted me as one of their own. In fact, tonight they're going to initiate me into their super secret jock club. I'm supposed to meet them at this old abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of town at midnight. I heard that every high school football player in the whole county is going to be there. They told me it was gonna be one kick-ass party! Thanks, minion #776!

Jamie Tyler, age 17
Westwood, MA

The Mooj Answers: *Oh chak-kar aa-naa!* My enlightened senses tell me that this poor little chap was severely beaten up for his egregious violation of age-old teenage social taboos. I fear now that Jamie will suffer lasting physical and emotional anguish. Alas, if only I had read this letter when it first came in and then I could have made contact and warned



The 1999 Official Mooj
Minion T-Shirts Are
Available

Send \$25 Cash to:
Friends of Mooj Society
(same address as newsletter)

him about the trap that was laid before him by his naughty football player classmates. **But fear not Jamie!** Some good can come of this and I hope you have learned a valuable lesson about life: sometimes it is better to adhere to one's chosen dharma and accept a lesser lot in life rather than risk humiliation at the hands of the privileged class. Not that The Mooj doesn't think your stand was courageous—it was! I applaud you for it! But not everybody can be a Gandhi or Bhuvan you know. If it is any comfort to you I'll send you a free 1998 "vintage" Mooj T-shirt. Cheer up, little friend!

Dear Mooj,

I'm a great fan of yours and have been since I was "Moojed" about three or four months ago. (By "Moojed" I mean someone who obviously didn't like me sent my address into your mail department so that I would start getting your newsletters.)

Last month you mentioned a certain unfortunate event in your life where you got fired from a job as a roller skating rink DJ after burning the place down in a drunken rage. I am a journalism student at The University of Maryland and quite familiar with how to research historical topics to find press stories about them. Thus, curious and all, I ran a NEXUS/LEXUS search and found the following newspaper article published in the August 20, 1977 edition of *The Boca Raton Sentinel*. I have scanned the article for you. Feel free to share it with your minions if you so desire. You totally rock as a Guru!

Your Pal,

Jeff W.
College Park, MD

Mad Man Torchés Ponsitron Roller Rink

By Tad McGraw, Staff Writer

6 Alarm Fire Claims Historic Building



Boca Raton—Flames claimed the historic Ponsitron Roller Rink Friday on August 18. At approximately 3:45 a.m. The Boca Raton Fire Department was notified of "a small blaze" in or around the 1600 block of Grove Avenue, near the historic Ponsitron Roller Rink. When fire teams arrived they discovered the entire block was ablaze and additional fire teams were called in from five neighboring districts. The fire claimed the entire roller rink complex, as well as

the Sam Ting Laundromat, Grove Street Liquor Barn and Malden Maternity Shop. Fire fighters were able to contain the blaze in time to prevent the fire from spreading to the Piggly Wiggly Super Market located at 1635 Grove Avenue. Arson is suspected and an employee of the roller rink is currently being held for further questioning. The man suspected of starting the blaze is an immigrant from Uzbekistan named Mujaputtia Umbababbarababugida.

Mr. Umbababbarababugida, also known as "Disco Mooj," was employed by the Ponsitron Roller Rink as a disc jockey and roller skate repairman. The suspect's boss and owner of the skating facility, a Mr. Holden Caufield, told reporters that "this isn't the first time Mr. Umbababbarababugida has pulled a crazy stunt like this." Mr. Caufield continued: "Last spring that nut tried to 'out jump' the Fonz [a character on the popular ABC TV sitcom *Happy Days*] when the Fonz jumped over some cars on his motorcycle in the parking lot of Arnolds." The stunt reportedly caused \$34,650 worth of damage in the Ponsitron Roller Rink Parking lot when the jump went awry. Mr. Caufield couldn't remember if Mr. Umbababbarababugida was injured, only that "there were about ten or eleven cars damaged." To complicate matters The U.S. State Department is sending a representative to Boca Raton to assist local authorities since Mr. Umbababbarababugida claims to be protected under the Cranston-Hayden Defector Protection Act. Mr. Umbababbarababugida's claim is based on the fact that he was offered asylum after defecting from the Soviet National Olympic Hockey Team. Authorities are still trying to verify that claim.

The Mooj Answers: Thanks, Jeff W. At first I did not think that the newspaper article you sent in was about me. And then I remembered that years ago I went by the name Mujaputtia Umbababbarababugida instead of Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba. I can't remember why; perhaps I changed my name to make it sound less ethnic (many Punjabs were doing that in those days). Also, I had totally forgotten that I had defected from Uzbekistan while a member of the Soviet National Hockey Team. This occurred during the 1964 Olympics. How funny that one forgets such important stuff when better times come along. The great Napoleon often said that any man can find glory if he is not too stupid to recognize it when it comes. Perhaps that

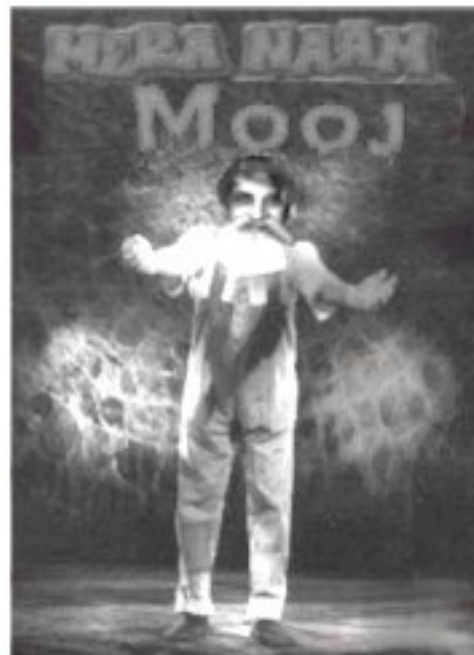
describes me back in those days. Anyway, thanks for the news article. I appreciate your effort on my behalf. I have instructed The Friends of Mooj Society to send you a free 1998 Mooj T-Shirt for your efforts.

Yo Chachi 420,

I'm totally blown away by how cool you are, man! I am also Hindustani. The other day I was at the Old Delhi market and some *book-wallah* was selling a copy of your classic *Mera Naam Mooj*. It is still in good condition but a few of the pages are stuck together. I will part with this one-of-a-kind treasure if the price is right. If you or any of your minions would like to buy it, make an offer! No wooden Rupees! Ha ha ha. (See photo of book included with this letter.)

Johar Briganza
Shimla, India

The Mooj Answers: My dear, *jamadar yaar*, I am perplexed by your offer since I never wrote a book called *Mera Naam Mooj*. I think what you have there is a forgery. The cover art is obviously suspect since it looks like my head has been cut and pasted onto the body of circus performer. I have no idea why someone would write such a book and use my good name. Hopefully it contains material worth reading since you obviously paid good money for it.



Bonzer There, Mate!

A secretary at my office has told others that I'm very big down under and now everyone wants to be my sheila. Bugger me dead if I'm lying, mate! My problems began last week when I ran into this sheila at a pub and we wound up having a go at it. The next day at the office she spread the fact that my snag was the size of a snapping log and now all the other secretaries in the office are constantly pestering me for affection. Don't get me wrong, clobber. I know lots of blokes out there would love to have a problem like this but not me! I'm very religious and chaste. What should I do, mate?

"Dingo Donny"
Perth, Australia

The Mooj Answers: I may die but my *Panth* shall live forever! Even with pointless letters like this! Listen, Dingo Donny—if that's even your real name—one can add honey to *neem* but it shall forever be bitter! That, my foolish Australian friend, is as true today as it was back in the days when the Great Raja Yudhisthir was a schoolboy, plopping happily among his peers in the mighty Indus River. I like the fact that you consider yourself religious and chaste. That's an important step toward more enlightened thinking. Reducing the amount of alcohol you intake and keeping your pants on would be the next logical step.

Oh Great Sage!

How truly omni-impotent you are! I turn to you because I am in dire need of your wisdom. A few years ago I bought some property near North Ellensburg, Washington. It was an investment comprising of approximately 200 acres. One day I decided to take a ride up to my property and look it over and saw that there wasn't anything on the lot except a giant hole. When I say *hole* I mean *hole*! It's about 9 feet in diameter and really, really, really, really deep. I dropped a rock down it and never heard a splash. I was curious so I went back to my truck and got a fishing rod and tied an Alka Seltzer tablet to the hook. I then lowered the hook down as far as it would go and it never reached the bottom (if it did, the Alka Seltzer would have gotten

dirty or dissolved in water – that’s an old Green Beret trick I learned in Viet Nam). The next day I returned with about 1,000 yards of fishing line and tried it again and still couldn’t reach the bottom.

This ain’t no lie, Divine Swami! The next weekend my brothers and I returned with about 5,000 yards of industrial-strength fiber optic cable. We rigged a camera to one end and set up a TV monitoring station. We lowered the device all the way into the hole and still never saw the bottom!!! I have been back to that hole every weekend since and have yet to reach the bottom! I’ve now spent well over \$500,000 on cameras, sensors, rigs, echo blasters, sensors, sonar buoys, eddy current emitters and 27,000 ft of fiber optic cable. *How deep can this friggen hole be? What’s in it? And better yet, why is it on my damn property!!!!*

Marty Fisher, esq.
Walla Walla, WA

The Mooj Answers: My *dosti*, oh how I yearn to help you. I have sat up most of the night meditating on your hole and I, too, cannot ascertain its depth. My enlightened visions tell me only that it is deep. Deeper, in fact, than most men's souls! I suggest you keep trying to find the bottom and then get back to me with whatever you find. I'm as curious as you are now.

Mooj,

I don't know if you can help me but I lost my wedding ring
... I need to know if someone has it or if it is truly lost.

Roberta Wright, age 33
Coos Bay, OR

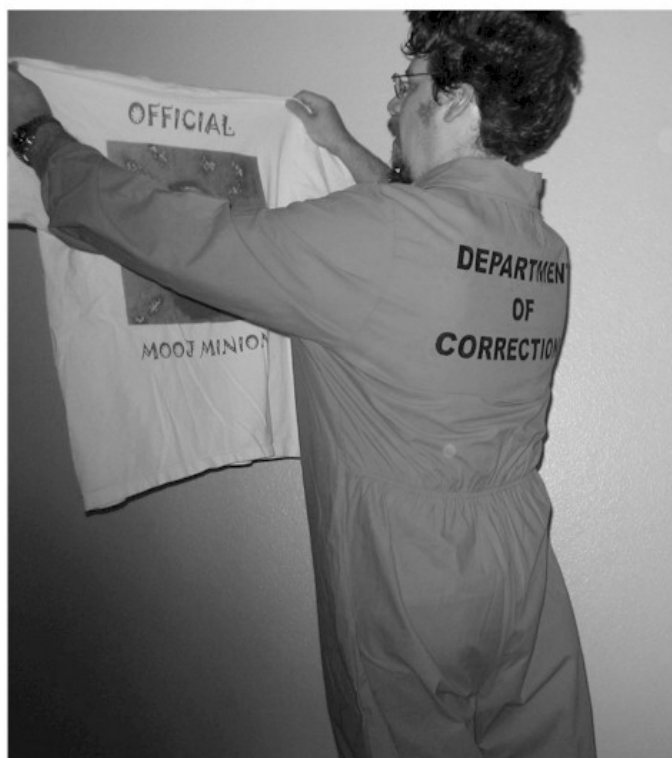
The Mooj Answers: Please don't think I'm trying to be funny when I say this but my inner holistic senses tell me that your ring is at the bottom of a big hole somewhere. There's a distinct possibility it may even be in that guy Marty's hole up in Washington.

Swami Mooj,

I wear women's underwear under my clothes and I'm worried about what might happen if I have an accident. I'm in my late 50s and married to a wonderful woman. My wife has known about my cross-dressing fetish for years and has accepted it, albeit grudgingly. But I'm the CEO of a large company and I know that if this ever got out I'd be ruined both socially and financially. To be honest I didn't give this much thought until I began having regular dreams about getting hit by a bus and then being undressed in public by paramedics. In my dream a crowd of onlookers gather and they all laugh at me when it is revealed what is under my clothes. My mother is always in the crowd and she is dressed like a clown. Other people in the crowd include The Lone Ranger, Spiderman, Batman, The Green Hornet, Red Sovine and Marcus Allen. What does it all mean?

Arturo Peña
President and CEO of Azteca Airlines
Scottsdale, AZ

Looking for Something Special for Someone Special?



Give Them the All New 1999 Official
Mooj T-Shirt!

The Mooj Answers: This is a very serious dream! There is no doubt that it signifies something very important! But, sadly, I cannot put much thought into what it means at the moment as I'm too busy trying to envision what is in that guy in Washington's big hole. Please resubmit your letter again next month and I'll try to help you.

Mooj,

I have this terrible reoccurring nightmare. Every night, in my dreams, I am visited by a giant frog wearing a yellow turtleneck sweater named "Freddie," a large hippo with a southern accent named "Henrietta," and two people that look like the Carpenters. These scary creatures bombard me with folk music and then chase me around a large tree house. This dream has haunted me for almost 20 years now. What can it mean? When will it stop?

"Lemont"
Clermont, CA

The Mooj Answers: *Maine kela khaya?* How sad. Here is another complex and troubling dream that I cannot possibly try to interpret, as my mind is too cluttered with thoughts about what's in that big hole up in Washington. I suggest that you avoid lustful deeds, restrict alcohol intake, and avoid eating meat for a few days and perhaps this dream will go away. Hopefully you have paid up your life insurance. From my experiences dreams involving hippos and frogs can mean only one thing: *certain death!*

Most Enlightened Swamiji,

Thank you for all that you do for us. I am unworthy to correct you but will, as this duty was bestowed upon me when you asked me to head The Mooj Memory Bank. Last month I saw that you answered a question regarding Lance Worthy. I believe you were incorrect in saying that Lance had been dismissed from *The Enlightenment* editorial staff due to a revelation that he had been involved in adult movies. I've been reading your newsletters since their inception and this was the first time I've ever heard anything like that. (If it is true then I am shocked!) Lance's last official guest editorial was in June 1998, just prior to his release from Chester County Jail. If memory serves me right this was one of his most grandiloquent compositions, where he ranted and raved at length about what he really thought of you and all your minions. The hate mail poured in for several months afterwards and "The Mooj Mail Bag" had to be omitted from many subsequent newsletters. You may even recall that hundreds of minions threatened to renounce their minion numbers over the scandal but only a few actually did.

I have no idea what Lance Worthy is doing these days; but, from what I hear, he continues to draw a generous salary from The Friends of Mooj Society. It is also a well known fact that soon after Lance was released from jail he came into a small fortune thanks to some inheritance, lottery winning or such.

With Utmost Respect,

Vic Taylor
President of the Mooj Memory Bank

The Mooj Answers: *Kyaa sab khol-naa pa-re-gaa!* This was a terrible blunder on my part. I had forgotten that Lance Worthy had told me about his objectionable adult movie past in strictest confidence. He did this only after a blackmailer had approached The Friends of Mooj Society and threatened to send horrific examples of his craft to the press. Funds were quickly diverted from one of my many ashram building funds and this heartless blackmailer was paid off. This was a top secret transaction and I'm not even sure who got the money. All I remember is that this happened right about the time Lance got out of jail. If you still have last month's newsletter, I ask that you use a permanent marker to 'black out' my reply concerning this matter, such that others that come upon it in their travels will not be privy to this very sensitive information. I also ask that you not discuss this matter in public.

The truth be told there were many other letters in the Mooj Mailbag this month but I am too perplexed to consider them because I am too busy meditating on that guy's hole in Washington and worrying about divulging secrets about Lance Worthy. If possible, please resubmit letters that were not addressed above, as surplus mail is often discarded once cash donations are removed.

Poetry Corner

This month's poem is a stunner! Or something like that anyway. The following poem was submitted by Minion # 1460:

Het Hart dat acht glanst

(Translated as: *Η καρδιά που λάμπει οκτώ*)

8

That's it? That's his poem? It looks like the number "8" or something. This guy is either a genius or complete moron. Or, perhaps he's a bit of both.

Storytime!

Can it be true? Yes, another talented minion has sent in his very own

TRUE MINION STORY!

Hey gang! If you just can't get enough of your fellow minion's coming of age stories then you're in luck. Some guy claiming to be minion #859 submitted this rather nice tale. Although it is longer than what we normally publish, the editorial committee felt it was acceptable. (In other words no one else sent in a story.) Okay, enough of my rambling on. I'll let minion #859 do the rambling for now.....

"I'll Never Forget Old What's Her Name"

by minion 859

A Short Preface:

Sit back, minion gals and pals, and pour yourself a drink. Make it two. What you are about to read is a true story. It

is a tale about a long ago summer on Cape Cod when I was young and vibrant. In reading this I hope you remember one of your own long-forgotten summer loves, too.

-minion 859

I'll never forget the summer of '57. That was the summer I got a job at the Flying Barge. It was South Falmouth's fanciest restaurant. In those days South Falmouth was a ghost town until school got out. Then, overnight, the population swelled ten-fold as families from Boston and the other big New England cities arrived to occupy their summer Cape Cod cottages. I hated this time of year because the city kids considered us townies to be bums. We were looked down upon and treated like second class citizens. The city kid we townies hated most was Biff Michaelson. His family owned the largest and nicest cottage on the beach.

One night Biff came into the Flying Barge for dinner. He was dressed in his usual rich kid yacht suit. His date that night was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was blond, blue-eyed, tanned and had huge breasts. It killed me that a jackass like Biff could have a girl like that. Later, while bussing a nearby table, I overheard Biff tell someone that the girl was his fiancée. This made me want to throw up.

All evening I couldn't help but stare through the little round window on the kitchen swinging door at Biff's fiancée. I had fallen in love with her. I wanted her more than anything. She seemed so bored sitting there with Biff. I knew in my heart this girl really needed a man like me: a poet with a big heart, who would love her forever.

When my shift was over I noticed the girl was sitting alone. I was just about to go and talk to her when a huge commotion broke out in the kitchen. One of the cooks had found Biff in the men's room. He was passed out. Everyone working at that restaurant hated Biff so we all ran to see. Sure enough, there Biff was in all his glory—out like a light! The next thing I knew someone picked him up and brought him into the back. No one was around so the boys took pokes at him while someone held his arms behind his back. Biff slowly regained consciousness with each repeated blow to the head and he soon realized his peril. He begged us to let him go. For years the townies had put up with his arrogance. That night they were going to have their revenge! Then things got really crazy and they stripped him naked, bound and gagged him, and hung him upside-down from a giant hook that was fastened to the back of the restaurant. The boys then took turns attaching live lobsters to various parts of his anatomy. Biff was one sorry fellow that night! I sort of felt sorry for him.

When I returned to the restaurant Biff's fiancée was gone. I ran to the front door and saw her walking around in the parking lot. I approached her and she asked me if I had seen Biff. I lied. I told her that I saw him leave with another woman. She became upset and said that Biff was a real ass at times and I agreed. I offered a ride back to town but she declined, saying she would rather walk. I watched as she turned and made her way toward the road. I had no idea what to do next. I simply couldn't let her walk out of my life like that.

Then it began to rain. "Yes!" I shouted as I ran as fast as I could to my old jalopy. By the time I reached my car it was raining cats and dogs. I started my car and tore down the road to catch up with the girl of my dreams. When I stopped the car next to her she was drenched. I asked her again if she wanted a ride and this time she accepted.

As we drove toward town the rain continued to pour and my windows fogged so I had to pull over. I asked the girl if she minded waiting a while and she said that she didn't. We cracked open the windows and waited for them to

defog. After a few moments of awkward silence I told her that I was sorry.

"For what?" she asked.

"I lied to you. Biff didn't really leave the restaurant with another woman. He passed out in the men's room and a bunch of us townies hung him upside down on a giant fish hook in the back parking lot."

The girl started laughing and said that it sounded like just the place for Biff. I asked her if she loved Biff and she said sometimes. She then said that she had known him for many years and that he was basically a nice guy.

The windshield began clearing up and I could see again so I put my car back into gear and drove along through the mud until I could get back on the road. I regretted terribly that we were so close to town. When we got to town all the lights were out due to a power failure. "I have an idea," I said and turned up a lane I knew would take us to the beach, "we can wait out the storm here." I could sense by then that the girl was in no hurry to get home.

In a few minutes we reached a small turnout that overlooked the beach. I parked there and turned off my engine. We sat there in silence watching the waves. Soon the rain began letting up and I asked the girl if she wanted to go for a walk. She said yes so we took off our shoes and walked to a nearby fishing jetty. We climbed to the end and I placed my jacket down for her to sit on. Before we knew it the sun was rising and we had been sitting there talking for hours.

I then took a chance and tried to kiss her but she turned her cheek. She said that it was wrong and that her father would never approve of a boy like me. I took her by the hand and told her that in big places little things happen and in little places big things happen. She closed her eyes and put her arms around my neck and kissed me. We could have kissed forever.

It was finally time to go. We both knew it. I took her by the hand and we walked back to my car. I told that I would always remember how beautiful she looked that night. She was silent the whole way back to Biff's cottage (where she was staying). When we arrived at the house Biff and his father were waiting out front. They were furious. The girl jumped out of my car and ran inside and I tried to drive away as fast as I could. Both Biff and his father ran alongside me cursing and hitting my car with their fists. When I outdistanced them they pulled revolvers from their bathrobe pockets and started shooting at me. I ducked and kept driving. I never looked back! I drove straight off the cape and decided to head for California. When I arrived I sold my car for \$20 and got a job working in a lemon tree orchard. The rest, as they say, is history.

Cook's Corner

Mooj Dude,

How's it hangin'? I used to work for a fast food restaurant that is famous for its French Fries. Can't mention the name but I'll pass along the secret recipe cuz they fired me (Don't ask—let's just say it was an after hours incident involving me, my girlfriend and the milkshake machine). Here it is for the world to see:

GOLDEN ARCH FRIES

Take French fries out of walk-in freezer
Pour into fry basket
Drop basket into deep-fry vat
Turn on timer
When you hear the "beep beep" sound, it means they're ready (this is the tricky part)
Drain basket
Dump fries into fry station
Sprinkle with salt
Scoop into white paper holder
Enjoy!

See ya!
T.J. Flannigan

Final Thoughts ...

Before I sign off for the week I'd like to make mention of something I saw in the paper last week. It was a very sad story about a musical ape named Ling Ling, who lived in the North Korea National Zoo. This poor musical ape had to be nullified after going on a rampage and killing several zoo patrons with her oboe. I hope this wasn't the same Ling Ling the musical ape that tried to elicit wisdom from me a few weeks ago.

Blessings and such,

मृजप,ती उमवाबारावा



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WEST CHESTER, PA

The Enlightenment!

Vol. III No. 9, September 1999

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First Things First. I have had many inquires recently asking me why it is that no one sees me on The Mooj Cam anymore. The answer is actually quite simple. I should have mentioned this last month I guess. Forgive me. As you know Punjabs cannot be photographed for religious reasons during the holy season of *basant-garmi*. This is a two month festival that begins immediately following the first full waxing of the waning moon of summer. Since I am a Punjab in good standing I observe this ancient tradition, as should most of you, I would hope. Thus, for many weeks now, I have been forced to continuously hover in the corner of my cell out of sight of The Mooj Cam. I'm not sure why I agreed to allow The Mooj Cam to operate during *basant-garmi*, as it is now proving to be a major inconvenience. But I know many of you need The Mooj Cam and, thus, it shall remain. To pacify those in need of comfort during this festival of photographic abstinence, the guy that runs **Mooj.com** has added a link to the website that allows minions to listen to a recording of me playing my sitar and singing ragas. I will resume being photographed as soon as this holy season is over.



On a sad note I have learned from minions living in West Chester, PA that the world famous Patel Food Emporium has been closed down by the Board of Health. As many long-time subscribers know, the Patel Food Emporium has been advertising in this newsletter for many years. From what I understand the food emporium, though vast in restaurants, had only one kitchen. And, because all their international fares are prepared in this single kitchen, the multiple infractions found therein caused all 25 separate restaurants to be closed at once. I know I speak for all of you when I say it is hoped that The Patel Food Emporium can be reopened as soon as possible. Not only because of the great food they serve our community but because they are our biggest sponsor.

I have good news to report! The Minionship program will resume again this month. It is hoped that those wishing to become official minions will follow the example of this month's selectees. I became personally involved in the final cuts to show how serious I am about the caliber of minion I want. Of the thirty applications received this month only eight were accepted as official minions. This doesn't mean that the other twenty-two were deemed unworthy; it was just that I didn't feel that they were being sincere with themselves or me. One guy seemed to think this whole minion program was a joke! Well it's not! This is serious business, my friends. Becoming a Mooj minion is a very important step in attaining oneness with The Mooj! I hope in the future those thinking they can waste our time with bogus essays or audacious claims will harass another Guru. The family of Mooj Minions deserves no less.

Also, don't forget the All-New 1999 Official Mooj Minion T-Shirts are available! The Friends of Mooj Society reports that sales are sluggish. They also claim hardly anyone is buying official Mooj coffee mugs, tote bags, calendars and exercise videos. Sometimes I wonder why I even became a Guru.

This month's newsletter promises to be a little better than most. We have mail, poetry, new minions and another "coming of age" story. Let's begin reading this together.

Mooj Mail Bag

Sri-Mooj,

I became a Mooj minion last year, despite being ridiculed by my friends and colleagues. Like many of your minions I enjoy watching you do your holy meditations and poses on The Mooj Cam. Lately, however, when I check The Mooj Cam I get the same grainy picture of an empty cell (see enclosed photo). Why are you not in your cell? Now I find that you have a link on your site that allows us minions to listen to you sing. When I do this I get the same song looped over and over again. Suspiciously, I haven't gotten an *Enlightenment* newsletter in months. This can mean only one thing. I believe you have escaped from jail! If you don't answer this letter in a timely manner it will confirm my suspicions and I will alert my superiors. This accusation is administered with compassion and respect, Devine Guru, so please do not be angry with me when you comply.

Your Evermost Servant,

Jack Reno (minion 1399)
Associate Assistant Attorney General, Chester County, PA,
Emeritus, Non Grata.

The Mooj Answers: I assure you, Mr. Reno, I am still in the Chester County Jail. Hopefully, the previous description of why I must avert the peeping eye of The Mooj Cam for religious reasons has mollified your concerns and softened your suspicions. And, yes, I admit that when you hear my sitar playing and singing that it is a recording. This was the only way we could do this as they have limited bandwidth on Mooj.Com. Regarding your latter concern, I can assure you that our newsletters are appearing as prescribed. I asked someone in our publications department to look into why you are not getting anymore newsletters and it turned out that all subscribers working for the Chester County Government had their subscriptions terminated as a result of some misunderstanding about whether or not they were authorized to mail these newsletters at taxpayer expense. On route to you with my sincerest apology is an autographed picture of me meditating and my last *Mooj for West Chester City Selectman* bumper sticker.



Ya mon, I bean to da Caribe-an, mon, and I hod to try an feet een mon! I wooz sint by da Atany Generaless of Chester County to sarch fer da Mooj. He be escaping from jail mon and I be tinkin dat he be a rasta mon on account ov da dread locks he bean spartin in da news letta-s mon, ya know wat im speakin mon? Jammin, we should be jammin.

Special Agent Ziggy,
FBI-Southern Command, Jamaica

The Mooj Answers: I am sorry "Special Agent Ziggy," whoever you are, but I can't understand your letter. It sounds like you went to the Caribbean to look for me because you think I am a Rastafarian? This is incorrect. I am a Punjab and I am in the Chester County Jail. There seems to be confusion all around I guess.

Dearest Mooj ...

Perhaps this question lies outside of the realm of your expertise ... then again who can say? Do hippos have Buddha Nature? I have heard others claim that hippos are the dumbest of beasts but again ... who can say? I know of one soul who would maintain that it is the Buddha who had Hippo Nature ... that his enlightenment came not while sitting beneath a bodhi tree ... but while observing hippos ... hmmm ... well ... coupling (so to speak) in the mud. Can you say?

Bowing with palms together ...

M. Perkins

The Mooj Answers: My enlightened friend, I think you may be on to something. Or, should I say, I think you may be "on" something. I suggest you abstain from deep thinking for a few days to rinse your mind of its burdens.



Great One,

I'm unclear on something. Are you an Uzbekistani or Indian? You claim to be Punjab but then last month you said that you defected to America from Uzbekistan. I personally don't give a hoot one way or the other because I totally love and trust you. Thanks for just being there for me when I need you most.

Essex Man (Minion #1288)

The Mooj Answers: Essex Man, I have been asked this particular question so many times lately that I have decided beginning next month (or soon thereafter) to re-publish portions of my famous 6,145 page tome [which I wrote many years ago] entitled *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, a Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*. For over 200 generations my family lived in the fertile Punjab until my father Veejayputtia (1888 - 1941) went to Uzbekistan during the Great Uzbekistani Gold Rush. As history remembers this event occurred shortly before the Soviet invasion and my father was forced to remain in the Uzbek gold mines as an indentured Marxist. I was born in captivity and did not gain my freedom until I defected with my brothers during the 1964 Olympics in Innsbruck. So as not to spoil your reading adventures when these exciting tales are retold, I will say no more about this ordeal at this time.



Most Enlightened Swami,

You mentioned last month that when you ran for West Chester City Selectman that you didn't get a single vote. Not True! I voted for you! I was even one of your volunteers. The official returns showed that you got a total of 165 votes. The winner received only 15,889 votes, which means you came within 1-percentage point of him. This is a huge accomplishment for someone in jail!

With Utmost Respect,

Vic Taylor

President of the Mooj Memory Bank

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your kind input. I did not realize that I did so well. This inspires me to run again next year.



Photo Credit: Vic Taylor

Humble Mooj,

I speak for many when I say we still love Lance Worthy and hope that he will return to these newsletters someday. Whatever his crime or sin, we forgive him.

“King Latifah”

President of The Lance Worthy Fan Club

The Mooj Answers: “King Latifah,” though you are banned from sending in mail, I have asked that this message be included, as it appears to be sincere and heartfelt. By all means Lance Worthy is welcome to return if and when he feels he can. We harbor no ill feelings towards him and hope that he can find it in his heart to return.

Dear Mooj,

What's the deal with that Lance Worthy guy? Was he pulling your leg? I checked the Master Index of Adult Entertainment Stars and he wasn't listed anywhere. I did, however, find mention of a Lance Worthy in the Official Stuntman Directory. They had him listed as the stuntman of record in the alternative lifestyle classics *The KY Cowboy Meets the Bunk House Boys*; *The Yanks are Coming*; *Let Me Tell You All about Amish Guys*; *The Bath House Gang*; *Weapons of A_s Destruction*; and *To Sir with the Kind of Love that Hurts*. Is this your Lance Worthy?

Your Pal,

Jeff W.

College Park, MD

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your thoughtful research my friend; however, as I mentioned last month, I consider this topic closed. Please refrain from delving into this area of concern any further.

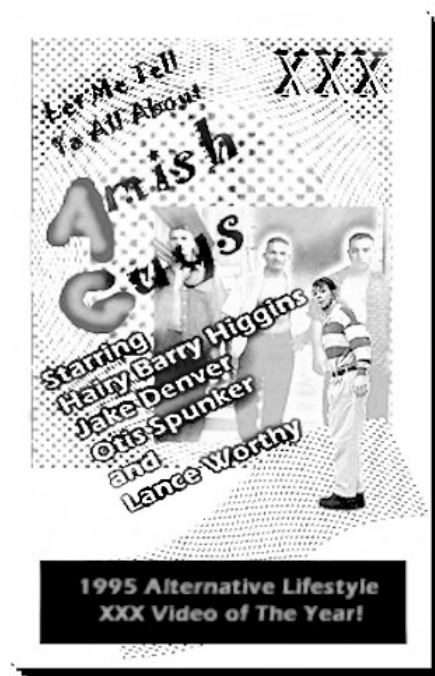
Swami Mooj,

It has now been nine months since you wrote an Enlightened Thinking Essay. The last few newsletters were also really stupid. I'm seriously thinking of canceling my subscription and finding a new Guru.

Gaylord Jandhyala

Glenloch, PA

The Mooj Answers: I appreciate your candid observation, my friend. Forget not that love is like a butterfly; it goes wherever it pleases and it pleases wherever it goes. This is true about wisdom as well. Except that wisdom is not so easy to catch.



Poetry Corner

Thank you to all those submitting poems this month. I wish I could publish them all but we can't due to space limitations and poetic standards. This month we are blessed once again by our favorite Irish Poet, known throughout Mooj minion circles as **The Gaelic Versifier**. (I think his real name is Paddy O' Keats.) This poem has been translated by our resident Irishman here in the Chester County Jail.

Toigh do chuideachta sula raghair ag ól!

(Drink and Enjoy My Love)

by the

Gaelic Versifier



*An uair a bhíonn do lámh i mbéal an mhadra tarraing go réidh i
Cibé a théann as nó nach dtéann, ní théann fear na hidirghabhála*
(A pint of Guinness, a loaf of rye)

*Ní easpa go díth carad
Is cuma le fear na mbróg cá leagann sé a chos*
(A pot with chickens and potatoes to fry)

*Is beag an dealga sheanas sileadh
An té a bhfuil bólacht ar cnoc aige ní bhíonn suaimhneas ar sop aige*
(I see Paddy, Seamus and Lady Di)

*Bíonn an rath i mbun na ranna
Tús agus deireadh an duine tarringt ar an tine*
(So really now, laddy, what was the deal with Frank McCourt's eye?)

Storytime!

Can it be true? Yes, another talented minion has sent us a wonderful

TRUE MINION STORY!

A Word from the Author: For months I've been reading "coming of age" stories from men minions. Don't you think it's about time that a woman sent one in? Here is mine. Hope you enjoy.

"Steve Wong, Super Stud"

by Carrie Wilson, minion 1016

When I was in Mr. Briski's high school senior social studies class we had to randomly select another person in class (male or female) and spend a whole day with that person and then write a report about them. I forget why we had to do it or what it was intended to teach us because I never really paid attention in class. All I remember is that I prayed that I would get paired with Freddy Vunderman. I had had a crush on him since 8th grade.

When the big day arrived Mr. B. put our names in a hat and then called people up one-by-one to pick names until everyone was paired. I sat there with my fingers crossed hoping beyond hope that I would get paired with Freddy. The second person to pick a name was Kelly Allison and she picked Freddy. I was so upset that I started to cry. After that I could care less who I got so I put my head down on my desk and went to sleep. Before long most of the class was paired and I still hadn't been picked. I started to get anxious. Then horror of all horrors occurred—*Steve Wong got called to select a name*. Steve was the biggest dork in the whole school!

I closed my eyes, crossed my fingers and listened while Steve walked to the front of the classroom in his stupid squishy fruit boots. God, he was such a dork! Then there was this eerie silence as Steve's fat greasy little fingers pulled a name from the hat. The class was silent as he unfolded the slip of paper. *"Please God don't let it be me....,"* I prayed.

He chose my name. I sat there with my mouth open while everyone in the class laughed. Even Mr. B. thought it was funny. I just about died!

The report wasn't due until after Christmas vacation so we had about two months to work on it. I avoided Steve completely all of November and most of December. Toward the end of December Steve cornered me in the lunchroom and said: "Please don't blow me off anymore. This report is worth half our grade in social studies. I know you don't care about school or getting good grades or anything but I do. I'm applying to college and need to get an A on this."

I felt so bad for the dork that I said that instead of spending the whole day with him like we were supposed to I'd meet him at the mall and maybe spend a few hours with him. He was grateful and thanked me.

After school Steve called and told me that he couldn't make it on the day we had agreed so we had to do our project that night. It was Friday and there was no way in hell I was going to be seen with a loser like him at the mall on a Friday night. Before I could tell him Steve hung up. Ten minutes later I heard his car horn honking in my driveway. "Oh my God!" I thought. Steve kept honking so my mom came upstairs and told me to go outside and tell him to stop. When I went outside Steve grabbed me and threw me into his car.

"I told you I was coming to get you," he said. He then put his car in reverse, popped the clutch, stomped on the accelerator and did a burnout backwards out of my driveway. Then he put the car in first gear, popped the clutch and did another long burnout down the street. I was mortified because all my neighbors came outside to see what all the commotion was about.

"Take me home right now, you stupid moron!" I yelled. But he ignored me and said that I had promised him a few hours so he was going to take them then. Then Steve pulled into a liquor store parking lot, put on a ski mask and pulled out a gun. I sat there with my mouth open. "Keep the car running!" he said as he ran off. Then before I knew it he came running back to the car, fired a shot at a man who was running after him, slid across the hood of his car, climbed in through the driver's side window, and we drove away!

"OH MY GOD! You just robbed that liquor store!!!" I screamed.

He laughed and told me to pipe down. The next thing I knew we were speeding through alleys and back streets and I could hear sirens all over the place. My heart was beating a mile-a-minute. I'm not sure what it was about that moment but I was totally excited. I mean *really* excited! I had never experienced anything like that before in my life—it was a *total rush!*

The rest of the night is fuzzy and I can't remember much except that we knocked off two or three more liquor stores, got chased by more cops, blew up something with a pipe bomb and then finally parked near my house. We then had the most amazing sex I ever had in my life! When it was over I was covered from head to toe in hickeys and couldn't even breathe. I wanted Steve to hold me but all he did was open the car door and push me to the curb. As I lay there dazed and confused he spun his wheels, leaving me covered in mud as he drove away.

"OH MY GOD, WHAT A MAN!!!!!!!!!" I thought as I staggered to my feet, readjusted my torn clothing and began walking toward my house. My heart didn't stop racing for two or three days afterwards.

As far as the report goes I can't remember what I wrote about. It certainly wasn't the truth. I have no idea what Steve wrote about but he got an A. It must have been awful, though, because Mr. B. always gave me this strange look afterwards. Most confusing of all was that after that night Steve Wong never spoke to me again! I tried to say hi to him in the hallway but he just ignored me. I was so in love with him. He was such a stud! It was the freakiest thing ever. To this day I still can't explain it and think about him all the time! Where are you Steve Wong????? Call me!!!!

New Minions

As I mentioned previously it takes more to become an official Mooj minion than just \$75. Beginning this month we are being more selective than ever when choosing our new minion family members. I hope this tradition continues. Below are our newest minions and I know they will inspire us all to become more enlightened people. I hope you enjoy our new space-saving format as well.

Meet Minion # 1486

"Lt. Pete" is a 36-year-old Patriot Missile Battery commander from Edgewood, MD. He is a Libra, who was born in Kansas City, MO. He claims to have read every book written by Jan Bryant Bartell.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"Sure, I get out of balance occasionally but now I have the tools to correct myself: A jug of prune juice

and *The Enlightenment*. What more can a guy ask for?"

Meet Minion # 1487

Benjamin Harrison, III is a 29-year-old inmate in the Pelican Bay, SHU. He is a Capricorn, who was born in Chesterfield Manor, NY. He claims to be 5-foot-11 and weigh 395 lbs.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"Immediately upon beginning the practice of Moojism my optimism in humanity was restored. At last I had found a method of self-transformation that actually worked! In the old days I used to yell, scream, kick, bite, spit, urinate, defecate and then have to be strapped down on a gurney for sedation. Now emotional upsets simply subside inside my head and I immediately put myself into harmonic convergence with the cosmic universe. Equally profound is the impact this new behavior has had on the people around me (especially the cell extraction team). This positive energy is even more contagious than my depravity and I am a better person for it."

Meet Minion # 1488

Charles M. LeHeigh is a 44-year-old bank manager from Huntington Beach, CA. He is a Pieces, who was born in Canoga Park, CA. When he was twelve his father took him to see the Oscar Meyer Weiner mobile.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"My memory is keen and dramatic of the first time my *Kundalini* was raised with Moojism. I was surrounded by gentle, swirling cool breezes and it felt as if a freeway had opened up inside my head! A feeling of great peace followed; it gave me such a sense of joy and pleasure. Unfortunately, the same thing happened at the other end too and I made quite a mess."

Meet Minion # 1489

Anonymous Male is a 25-year-old Zoo Keeper from Duluth, GA. He is a Capricorn. He studied Northwestern languages and culture at Georgia Tech.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"It all started by a very earnest prayer to Father Earth for a change in my life. I had been seeking and studying religion, philosophy and metaphysics, but nothing seemed to work and I began to doubt that I was even human. I now eat and sleep with the primates at the zoo. I think I need a hug and a serious tick bath."

Meet Minion # 1490

Fred Evens is a 39-year-old car salesman from Hefflin, AL. He is a Sagittarius who likes to do Tae Bo.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"The beautiful thing about Moojism is it happens spontaneously. It is all built into each one of us, and it costs absolutely nothing, other than the initial Self Realization experience. Then soon you are dependent on no one to ascend spiritually and grown inward and upward as you become part of the collective consciousness. I first experienced Mooj nirvana at an L.L. Cool J. concert when I got jump-kicked in the head by a fly-girl hip-hop dancer."

Meet Minion # 1491

Doris Miller is a 30-year-old waitress from York, PA. She is a Leo and likes to listen to the Rusty Humphries show.

This Is Why She Wants to Become A Mooj

Minion: "Hello, Mr. Mooj. I love you. I simply must conceive a child by you. You can either perform this function in person or by proxy."

Meet Minion # 1492

Ramundo Vamos is a 35-year-old Sari-Sari store owner from Quezon, Philippines. He is an Aires.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"I am a student of karma and I am very grateful to have found your website. Hopefully this spiritual journey won't be as painful as my last one when I got busted and had to spend six months in a Turkish prison."

Meet Minion # 1493

Hank R. is a 45-year-old dry-cleaner from Daly City, CA. He is a Leo.

This Is Why He Wants to Become A Mooj Minion:

"About 20 years ago I met you at the Ashram in Rishikesh. It was a great and very spiritual time for me even though I got real bad diarrhea and almost died of dehydration."

Final Thoughts ...

My Humble minions, how sad it is when we must end these newsletters. Before I go, however, I would like to ask each of you to dig deep inside your pockets and contribute to a new fund that we are establishing to help raise the orphans of Ling-Ling, The Musical Ape. Sources within the North Korea National Zoo tell us that her offspring are about to be evicted. We are also stepping up efforts to renew attention to my languishing Ashram Building Fund. Since sales of Mooj memorabilia are down we are making a special offer. This month, and this month only, if you donate \$50 to my ashram fund we will send you a free official 1998 Mooj minion T-Shirt. A \$75 donation will get you the official minion T-Shirt stuffed with Enlightened Thinking Essays. A \$100 donation will get you the same shirt stuffed with pamphlets and an official Mooj 1999 calendar. A \$150 donation will get you the same shirt, pamphlets and official Mooj 1999 calendar put inside an official Mooj tote bag. A donation of \$300 will get you the same tote bag filled with all the \$150-level stuff, plus have an official Mooj coffee mug included. Gifts of \$500 or more basically get everything we have that will fit inside the Mooj tote bag. So open you hearts and wallets, my friends! Don't let this month of extreme generosity pass you up! Remember, all donations are tax deductible if you can figure a way to do it.

One last thing. We may have temporarily lost the Patel Food Emporium account but this has not impacted us adversely, as a new sponsor was quick to react to our needs. Please welcome our newest sponsor: The Chester County Cultural Diversity League. They have agreed to buy any available advertising space we have. It prides me to report that they claim *The Enlightenment* reader is exactly the kind of person they are targeting for their message. And, since they are government funded and rely on Public Broadcasting System supplements, they can be extremely generous with their advertising budget and we are happy to be there for them.

Blessings and such,

मृजप,ती उषाबारावा

IN LOVING MEMORY OF LING-LING, THE MUSICAL APE



If you would like to make a donation to the
Ling-Ling Memorial Fund, Send Cash to The
Friends of Mooj Society
(same address as this newsletter)

Remember The Alamo!
Remember The Maine!!
Remember Pearl Harbor!!



**But Most of All Remember
The Mooj!**

**Before You Die Be Sure to Bequeath Part
or All Of Your Estate to The Mooj Ashram
Building Fund!**

Don't Miss This Year's Amish Technology Fair



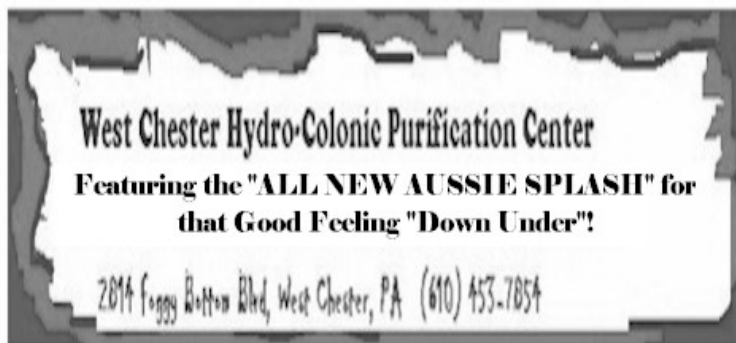
Septemeber 6th, 7th and 8th
Chester County Raceway

HUGE GUN SALE!!!!!!

The Chester County Sheriff's
Auxiliary Announces its 6th Annual
Guns and Ammo Sale!

September 20, 1999

"Quality weapons at a quality price!"



The Chester County Sheriff's
Auxiliary Announces its 6th Annual
Lethal Gun Buyback Program!!

September 19, 1999

Bring In any weapon and we'll buy it off you for \$50
No Questions Asked!

Attention!!!

The Chester County League to
Promote Non-Violence in Our
Community makes it known to all that
if we ever find out who stole our
mascot, "Cuddly Bear," we'll beat the
crap out of them!!!



SUNNY ACRES NUDIST RETIREMENT HOME

JUST A STONE'S THROW
FROM THE SCENIC
BRANDYWINE RIVER IN
CHADD'S FORD, PA

The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 10, October 1999

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Sitting in for The Mooj this Month is Lance Worthy!

First Things First. Welcome, Friends! By now most of you know that The Mooj has escaped from jail. While The Mooj is heading south (with the help of the elaborate Mooj Freedom Network) I have been asked to guest edit this wholesome and enriching newsletter. The Mooj has assured me that he will resume his editorial duties as soon as he is safely established in his new secret location.

The Mooj actually escaped from jail three weeks ago but his absence wasn't detected until late last week. His escape went unnoticed for days because jail authorities removed or had covered surveillance equipment in his cell block to help him comply with his photographic abstinence during the holy season. The Mooj also bought valuable time by misleading Pennsylvania Corrections Authorities into believing that if he ever did escape, he'd hideout in or near Dutch Wonderland in Lancaster, PA. They wasted days searching for him there while he was safely headed elsewhere.

I assisted The Mooj in planning and executing this great escape! Since The Mooj is like a father to me I was more than willing to help when asked to do so. So, as planned, on the big day I visited The Mooj in jail. When no one was looking we exchanged clothes and I took his place on the inmate side of the visiting table. When the guard came back inside the room to escort him back to his cell, he took me instead. The Mooj was then free to walk away to his freedom. It worked like a charm! Our escape plan was foolproof! Ha! Take that you bastards! I guess the only thing we forgot to consider was how I was going to get out of the jail. I'm still here as we speak.

Oh, before I forget. The Mooj asked me to apologize to all his readers for my parting-shot essay in the June 1998 issue, entitled, *Hey, All You Jackass Minions! You Suck*. It was a joke and I really didn't mean all the awful things I said about The Mooj and his many followers. I hope those of you who still subscribe to this thing can forgive me.

Well, enough of this nonsense. It's now time to get on with the business of editing this newsletter. I haven't done this in a while so I might be rusty. Forgive me if things seem sloppy. I'll do my best.



~~Mooj Mail Bag~~

I'm not sure how The Mooj puts up with all the idiots that write to him every month. While sifting through The Mooj Mail Bag I came across nothing but crap. The Mooj told me to answer his mail to the best of my ability so do that I will. (It's a good thing you guys can't see the look on my face....)

Sri Mooj,

I am a very successful 85 year old businessman who is married to beautiful 24 year old blond. My wife greatly desires to have children but I am unable to produce viable offspring at this late stage of my life. After long and careful consideration my wife and I have decided to have you sire our children for me. We have spent months researching potential donors and feel that you would be the best choice. You can perform the job in person or we can have arrangements made for you to flash freeze your by-products and have them shipped to us. Either way we will pay you handsomely for your service. Please contact my lawyers (documentation enclosed) if you are willing to accept this offer.

Sincerely,
F.D. Reynolds III
Hattiesburg, MS

Lance Responds: *Whoa, grandpa!* Don't soil your adult diapers with excitement just yet. It sounds like besides lacking offspring larva, teeth, hair, and bladder control, you've gone soft in the head, too. As for your wife, I believe she has struck her head one too many times on the headboard of life if she thinks this is a good idea. If I could get hold of The Mooj and tell him about your stupid offer I seriously doubt that he would accept it since he usually doesn't associate with sickos like you. I suggest you get a life, you crusty old pervert!

To The Editor of *The Enlightenment*,

I want to get a job with your newsletter. Attached is a picture I drew of a monkey eating a banana with his feet. If you use it, send me \$5.

Tim McGentry
Canaan, MO

Lance Responds: Holy Eyesore, Batman! Wow, Tim, great picture. I can see that your parents got their money's worth when they sent you to art-tard camp. I can't help but notice that you used every crayon in the box—good, maybe next time they'll let you use a pencil (that is, if they let you use something with a sharpened point at the insane asylum). Please don't think me critical when I say this but I've seen better artwork in the toilet after drinking a bottle of tequila and eating a dozen tacos.

Dear Swami Mooj,

How can I find true inner peace?

Jim
Walla Walla, WA

Lance Responds: Hey, Jimbo. Guess what, chump. You're nuttier than a fruitcake! Instead of wasting time trying to find "inner peace," why don't you try and figure out why you don't have any friends (unless you want to call that 'blow-up toy' hiding underneath your bed a friend). Get a life, loser!

Guru Mooj,

I like your teachings very much. Can I be minion yes?

Kenji Hashimoto
Osaka, Japan

Lance Responds: Aaaaah-soooooo. I like you too, Kenji. You so smart for Chinaman. Too bad you big fat rozer! I tell Mooj you want to be minion but don't count on it. Mooj no like rozers!

To Mooj:

It's the same with all you liberals! Putting together a special fund for "Ling-Ling, The Musical Ape"??? What kind of nonsense is that? What about putting together a special fund for the families of the people Ling-Ling impaled with her oboe? Huh? Seventeen innocent people lost their lives that day and *not one of them* deserved to die (except, maybe, the guy dressed in the banana suit who caused the whole rampage by pelting Ling-Ling in the head with acorns).

Norm Chomsky
President of the Whig Revivalist Party
Washington D.C.

Lance Responds: You know, Mr. Chomsky, if that really is your name. Instead of bad mouthing some poor dead ape, why don't you admit to the world that you're living a double life since you're both an ass *and* a moron. Gee, instead of using your meat skinners to pop the zits on your forehead, why not use them to pull out a few measly bucks from your big fat wallet. Surely even you, a man who probably spends a few thousand dollars a year on impotence control, can spare a few bucks for poor Ling-Ling.

Sri Mooj,

I am greatly disappointed with how *The Enlightenment* is shaping up. This newsletter used to be very informative and I learned many enlightening things from it. But in the last few months it seems like all it is, is just you answering mail and putting in stupid poems and stories. What happened to such regular features as "Enlightened Thinking," "Peaceful Fruition," "Resonant Yoga," "Poetic Ponderings," *etc.*? *The Enlightenment* used to be to some extent instructive. I know it doesn't cost anything to subscribe since I get them in the mail for free but I'm still canceling my subscription.

Shlomo G.
Seaford, DE

Lance Responds: Damn! You don't how sad this makes me feel! The Mooj just lost his prime candidate for biggest, fattest, loser-subscriber of the year. Hey, Mr. Shlomo, if I got down on my hands and knees and begged you to stay, would you? Better yet, what if I painted "Please allow The Mooj back into your life" on my butt and whistled Dixie from my rectal cavity while I stood on my head, would you like that? You sick freak, I bet you would! Shlo-long, Shlomo!

El Mujo,

Soy un gran ventilador el tuyo. Deseo ser buenos amigos con usted. Puedo pedir prestado algo de su ingenio para impresionar mi novia?

Jose D. de El Paso, TX.

Lance Responds: Yo, El Dorko, this is America! Speak American or go back to wherever it was you and the other 60 people in the back of that pickup truck came from. Geto una el lifo!

Dear Guru Mooj,

I need your help. I just got my 12 year old cousin pregnant and I'm not sure what to do. Can you issue forth guidance?

Gilbert Ross
Mingo County, WV

Lance Responds: Hey folks, looks like Gilbert here just won the grand prize! Yes, I think Sir Gilbert here is this year's winner. No doubt about it! Gilbert, my man, you've done it! You win big boy! You're the official winner of the *I'm the Stupidest Friggen Moron in the World* contest! Wow, great job! You must be so proud! Way to go chump, er I mean champ! Hey, I bet you win next year, too.

Mooj,

"Poppycock," that's all I have to say is, "poppycock!"

Prof. G.H. Lewis
University of the Americas
New Gabon

Lance Responds: Yo, Professor! It sounds like your medication is wearing thin. Quick, pop yourself in the head with a hammer—you'll feel better and so will we.

Mooooooooooj,

I'm totally wasted right now. Woooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooooooooooo woooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

[unsigned]

Lance Responds: That's what happens, folks, when you give an idiot a pen, paper, envelope and stamp. Whoever you are I suggest you see if the Circus needs another freak the next time they come to town.

Hey Mooj,

I wrote a poem about Lance Worthy. It goes like this:

Lance, Lance,
He's our man

Boyish looks
Tropical tan

Lance, Lance
He's a stud

Packin' a projectile
That ain't no dud

Lance, Lance
He's a star

Shows up for work
In a limo car

Lance, Lance
He's so groovy,

He does stunts
In a porno movie

Lance, Lance
His career's now done

Now he's home, retired
Resting his bum

What do you think?

K.P.
Didsbury, Alberta

Lance Responds: Good God almighty! It must be "out of the closet week" for North America's most insane. This poor fellow never had a chance. It's too bad his parents kept dropping him on his head when he was an infant. Hey K.P., your poetry is about as stimulating as a fist up the frosty rosette, and I don't mean that figuratively, either.

Dear Sir(s),

Attached is my check for the Ling-Ling, The Musical Ape Fund. Please use this money in any way you can to help poor Ling-Ling's children.

Miss Etna Green
Wahoo, NE

Lance Responds: Bless your heart, lady. I'll be sure to get the money into the system. I first have to read The Mooj's instructions on how to handle these so-called Ling-Ling donations. Oh, here it is. Yep, just as I thought. It's one of those complicated math formula things. Dang. Doesn't The Mooj know I hate math? This whole "95-percent to The Mooj, 5-percent to the Ling-Ling fund" thing sounds so confusing. I guess I'll just have to put the money in "safekeeping" until The Mooj comes back.

Dear Mooj,

I'm getting fed up reading all these stupid stories and poems that seem to find their way into your newsletter lately. Are you that desperate for material? Last month's story about Steve Wong the Super Stud was the last straw. In the old days minion stories and essays were about holistic endeavors and finding one's way toward enlightenment. Now they seem to be cheesy R-rated narratives about having sex, getting high and being a loser. How sad. Please take me off your mailing list as I need to find a real Guru. One who teaches truths. I'm not even sure what you teach. You certainly haven't taught us minions anything lately.

Bart Haley
Darby, PA

Lance Responds: Bart, my friend, can you hold on a second before I write my response? I need to wipe the tears from my eyes. These are tears of sadness for I just realized you are correct. The Mooj is a sham. He's not a real guru. He's this guy who until recently sat in jail publishing stupid newsletters. You have opened my eyes, my brother! Like you I, too, renounce The Mooj and all that he stands for! Ha! What a fool I was. [Okay, now that this loser is satisfied let's wait for him to leave. Is he gone yet? Okay he's gone. Now I can write what I really think of Bart Haley. Or better yet, why don't I just make a special steamy deposit in a box and mail it to him. Ha! I hope whoever delivers the mail in Darby, PA wears gloves!]

Mooj,

Is it true that Lance Worthy was a gay porno movie star? If so this is something I need to discuss with the community. It is against Amish law to both perform in movies and/or do gay porn.

Abraham Yoder
Lancaster, PA

Lance Responds: Hey, I know this guy! He's a friend of my grandfather. I better go easy on him with my smart-ass response. Uh, no Elder Yoder, er, Lance Worthy never did gay porn. He has, however, gotten to know several of your granddaughters in the Biblical Sense—Ha! Here's to you, you old fart (I'm giving this guy the ol' Amish salute).

—•—

Mooj,

Enclosed is a recent photo of me. Can you please update your minion records.

J.F. (#1258)
Garden Grove, CA

Lance Responds: Wow! Nice photo! I'd include it in this issue of *The Enlightenment* except this newsletter has standards. Is that a hat you're wearing or did your hair explode?

—•—

To: Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba, Sri.
From: Mack McMartin, Attorney at Law
Bowling Green, KY

Sir,

I represent the Estate of the late Roger Harold Gregory Fallow III. I am writing to inform you that you were named the prime beneficiary in Mr. Fallow's Last Will and Testament, which he revised and re issued last month. The reading of the will shall take place in my office, located at 7654 Green Spring Ave., Suite 4, Bowling Green, KY. Two times have been established for the reading since Mr. Fallow had such a large family and my office complex is rather small. The first reading will take place at 8:00 p.m. on October 15th. The second reading will begin at 10:00 a.m. on October 16th. Several members of the Fallow family have asked, if it is at all possible, that you attend both sessions since they have no idea who the hell you are, or how it was that their father left the vast majority of his \$18 million estate to your Ling-Ling The Musical Ape Fund. Please contact me as soon as possible so that travel arrangements can be made.

Lance Responds: This fool! Doesn't he know The Mooj is in jail? Oh wait. The Mooj isn't in jail, is he? Well, wherever The Mooj is I'm sure he's too busy to mess with all this legal-mumbo-jumbo. Hey, Mack McMartin, whoever the hell you are, get a life! And while I'm at it, I'll give you the ol' Amish salute, too!

—•—

Okay, there's about ten more letters to go but frankly I'm not in the mood to deal with anymore idiots. If I didn't get to your letter, oh well.

Now I guess I'm supposed to include a poem or some stupid story or something. But I won't. I just can't put those few of you out there who value good poetry and reading material through this. You've suffered enough. And so have I. I'm also going to reject all minion applications. Try again next month losers.

So long suckers!

Lance Worthy
(☺)

SAVE THE PENNSYLVANIA RAINFOREST!

Please Give to the PA Rainforest Assn.

**The Avondale
Velvet Lounge**
Proudly Presents

Hank Allahabanaghadrud
and His Rhythm Posse
ONE NIGHT ONLY!

October 16, 1999
9:00 PM

2 Drink Min.

Chester County People for The Humane
Treatment of Animals (PHTA) is Having Their
2nd Annual Pig Roast



October 15, Noon to 3
at The Grand Ole BBQ
400 Old Truxton Pike
West Chester, PA

Hey Soccer Moms!



**TIRED OF RAISING
SISSY BOYS?**

Enroll them this summer in the
Chester County Children's Full
Contact Rugby League

AGES 6-12

Try Outs June 18 at West Chester High
School

Mooj.com

GREENPEACE Says: "Enough is Enough!"

Did you know that each year tons of inner transition metals (with atomic weights over 92) are pulled from the Earth in elaborate strip mines? Each year tons of Plutonium, Neptunium, Americium, Curium, Berkelium, Californium, Einsteinium, Fermium, Mendelevium, Nobelium and Lawrencium are stripped from our soil by greedy nuclear scientists. These metals can't be replaced! Like most of our precious resources, these elements are soon to be used up like every thing else greedy humans take from Mother Earth. When will it stop?

Help Stop the Wanton Destruction of Eastern Pennsylvania Plutonium Deposits (and other elements with 93 or more protons) by Stopping Fission Product Mining! Contact your Local Chester County Green Peace Directory for more Information.



Are you In and Out of Drug or Alcohol Rehab?

Get Straight for Good at the Amish Rehab Farm
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We'll Work Your Arse Off from Sun up to Sundown
You won't have time to think of booze or drugs

No TV, No Newspapers, No Nothing! Just Work!!



THE CHESTER COUNTY WOMEN'S
FORUM is HAVING THEIR
5th ANNUAL FESTIVAL of FEMINISM

All Day Oct 14 at The Sisterhood Pavilion at
Washington State Park, Chads Ford, PA

Various Fund Raisers, Including Cookie Bake Off,
Bikini Contest, Kissing Booth and Mud Wrestling

Bring the Whole Family and help raise money for All
Chester County Women's Organizations!

Sponsored in Part by:



The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 11, November 1999

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FREE AT LAST!

First Things First. This should have been a happy occasion. I should be rejoicing, cheerful and contented. But instead I am disgusted, horrified and saddened. I'm wondering if I can even publish this newsletter anymore. Thank you, Lance Worthy! Thank you for taking something that was considered a sacred lifeline between my minions and me and making it a sordid joke. I'll address this subject later in my introduction. First, however, I want to say yes it's true! I have indeed escaped from jail and am hiding somewhere in the Deep South. The heat is on so by the time this newsletter is published I will be on the move again. When I get to my permanent location I'll set up the All-New Mooj Hideout Cam. Keep checking Mooj.com for details.

Speaking of Mooj.com, I took the liberty of checking The Mooj Cam yesterday and noticed that Lance Worthy was still occupying my old jail cell. I'm not sure why Lance wishes to remain in jail. He's about as welcome there as he is here. As far as I know Chester County Jail officials have asked him to leave on numerous occasions.

Now back to the matter at hand. I cannot apologize enough for what happened last month. Lance assured me that he would be courteous and kind if he was allowed to guest-edit last month's newsletter. I trusted him. Let's just say that when I pulled into that truck stop in Naples, Florida and saw the October issue of *The Enlightenment* lying on the floor of the men's room, picked it up, and began reading it, I nearly died! I was as appalled as most of you were when I read the awful things Lance wrote about my minions. **Lance Worthy will never guest-edit one of my newsletters again!** Shame on him!

Needless to say, the unfortunate few tasked with sorting the Mooj Mail are being overwhelmed with complaints and threats because of what happened last month. If you



have yet to send in your complaint, please abstain from doing so now. We fully understand how upset everyone is and canceling your subscription or renouncing your minion number will not help anyone get through this crisis. This situation will be handled appropriately, I can assure you.

Since I am no longer in Chester County Jail I was unable to read all this 'so-called' angry mail. I filled out one of those change of address cards but from what I understand it could take weeks or even months before any mail is forwarded. Some mail is being smuggled out; however, nothing has made it to me yet. Thus, this, and perhaps the next few issues of *The Enlightenment*, will be severely lacking in material.

Since I have no minion stories, mail, or poems to include, perhaps I can share some of my recent traveling adventures with you. If nothing else it will fill newsletter space.

Before I proceed with my thrilling adventure, however, I would like to point out that my escape and subsequent life on the loose would not have been possible had it not been for the tireless efforts of **The Mooj Freedom Network**. This newly organized body has done an outstanding job of planning, executing and supporting my recent escape. If you would like to join or help The Mooj Freedom Network, submit your name and address to the following organizer: mfn@mooj.com. Besides seeking funds and volunteers, they are in dire need of "safe houses" in each state (preferably in well-lit areas with high fences. It also helps if your house is near a Denny's or Waffle House).

Also, before I begin my first action-packed narrative, I would like to thank the good people of Okahumpka, Florida for the parade and festival they threw in my honor last Friday. It was *Official Mooj Day* in Okahumpka. My only regret is that the festivities had to end so abruptly when gunfire ensued and Federal Agents moved in to capture me. I escaped thanks to the quick thinking of the University of Tulane Marching Band. They pulled me into their ranks and allowed me to perform with their flag squad as we marched out of town. I'll never forget this day, or the good people I met there. Everyday will be Okahumpka, Florida Day in my heart for now on.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ!

The Great Escape Plan "Sinks In"

I was happy and content with life in Chester County Jail. Escape and a life on the lam were the last things on my mind. Then one day someone wearing a dark suit and sunglasses approached me in the exercise yard and handed me an attaché case. This person said nothing and before I could thank him, he was gone. When I returned to my cell I opened the case and found that it contained a sinkhole map of Chester County. Unbeknownst to me until then, Chester County was laden with caverns and sinkholes. In fact, according to *The Army Corps of Engineers Geologic Survey of Chester County* (which was mysteriously slid under my cell door while I was studying the map) no other region in America has more karst topography per square mile than Chester County.

My sinkhole map was very detailed and I couldn't help but notice that a cavern of appreciable size was located directly under the jail. (I couldn't help notice this because it was circled in red ink.) It was then that a devious thought popped into my head and I wondered if, perhaps, I could dig into that cavern from my cell and escape. I chased this evil thought away but the seed of wonder was planted in my head. Coincidentally, it was about this time that The Friends of Mooj Society informed me that they were forming The Mooj Freedom Network. They explained that this organization was intended to examine ways of liberating me from jail through both legal and illegal means.

Flush with money diverted from one of my ashram building funds, The Mooj Freedom Network began formulating elaborate escape plans. Several scenarios were analyzed and it was decided that the best plan of action was to simply dig downward from my cell into one of the sinkholes or caverns below. (I was actually the one who proposed this.) To hide the sound of my nocturnal digging The Mooj Freedom Network set up a looped tape recording of me playing my sitar and had it play continuously in my cell under the guise that it was for my

website. They also devised a scheme to eliminate electronic surveillance of me by having me claim that I could not be photographed for religious reasons for about a two month period. Fearing a lawsuit, the jail complied with my wishes and removed all video equipment near my cell. I was then free to dig as I pleased.

All our ducks were in a row and so on the night allotted I began my hole as directed. Then, out of the blue, the giant sinkhole under my cell floor just collapsed! It is uncertain how or why this happened as I was only using a spoon to dig and my hole was barely two millimeters deep. There is no way I could have caused this collapse. It was almost as if Devine Providence, wishing to see me free, had dug upwards from below!

The glee of temporary freedom was soon supplanted by the agony of utter confusion! Once inside the giant sinkhole I discovered that I had nowhere to go. I was trapped like a fish in a barrel with all the other prisoners in my cell block. To make matters worse the collapse sheared multiple utility lines and the smoldering abyss was quickly filled with raw sewage. Many trapped beside me were also exposed to natural gas fires, electrical explosions and falling debris.

As a result of the sinkhole collapse, the jail was placed in lockdown and all surveillance equipment was switched back on. This turn of events did little to dissuade the Mooj Freedom Network so additional funds were quickly diverted from my other ashram building fund and they began developing a follow-on escape plan. Their next idea was more practical. It was an old fashioned prisoner swap. For this special assignment they choose someone they could trust unconditionally and, thus, turned to Lance Worthy. From what I understand, Lance has already described the basic ploy behind this clever escape so I will spare you the details here. I will, however, add that Lance did a fantastic job of occupying my cell; thus, giving me the head start I needed to get as far south as possible.

Southbound!

I had no idea what the exact escape plan was until Lance came to visit me and explained it. I thought he looked ridiculous in his fake swami beard and turban; I had little confidence that the plan would actually work. But, lo and behold, the guard standing beside our table was mysteriously called away for a phone call. As soon as he left the room Lance and I changed clothes and switched places. A few moments later the guard returned and escorted Lance out of the room back to my cell.

There wasn't a moment to lose! Once Lance, disguised as me, had been taken back to my cell I ran outside and couldn't believe what I saw. As far as escapes go, this was a magnificent thing! Waiting in the parking lot were five or six buses. The most luxurious of the bunch had the words "Mooj Freedom Bus" painted on the side. I was quickly whisked aboard and ushered to the rear. There I was instructed to sit comfortably on a big fluffy pad, where several beautiful girls were waiting and holding giant palm leaves to fan away my heat. Once I was seated the engines on all the busses were started in tandem. Horns began tooting in celebration and the crowd standing in the parking lot began to cheer! The escape was officially underway!

My bus took the lead and soon the other buses were right behind us. Many of the people cheering in the parking lot quickly ran to their own cars and formed a convoy. It was really a site to behold! In a short while the convoy crossed the Mason-Dixon Line and stopped in scenic Rising Sun, Maryland for lunch and to take publicity photos. Then, following the strict internee established by The Mooj Freedom Network, the convoy (Then officially known as The Mooj Freedom Convoy) continued south along Scenic Route 1, passing through towns long-ago made famous by the Hardy Boy's mystery novels.

In an attempt to avoid unwanted attention The Mooj Freedom Convoy shunned the main highways and traveled on residential and rural roads whenever possible. By the time we reached the outskirts of Baltimore the convoy had grown significantly and now included seven additional buses, sixteen tractor trailers, eight minivans, four SUVs (not designated as minivans), 15 passenger cars and The Queen Anne's County Shriners Go-Cart Auxiliary.

Around dusk the convoy arrived in our Nation's Capital and my official entourage and I were checked into the penthouse suite of the world famous Madison Hotel, while the others in the group were sent to camp at nearby parks or stay in lesser quality hotels. During this portion of the trip I was briefed by The Mooj Freedom Network and told that when the police were finally notified of my escape that they would most likely confine their search to seedy motels in secluded or off the beaten path places.

Thus, I was asked and obliging agreed to allow The Mooj Freedom Network to book themselves, my entourage, and myself only in 5-star hotels. This caused some short term budget strains but they were quickly resolved by diverting resources from the Ling-Ling, the Musical Ape Fund.

We left D.C shortly after breakfast the following day and a few hundred extra minions joined the convoy as we motored south through Virginia and the Carolinas. Near supertime we arrived in Hilton Head. Again, my entourage and I were put up in the most luxurious hotel available while others in the convoy stayed in nearby motels.

The next few days of my sojourn were spent traveling further south, along the scenic coast. Again, to avoid suspicion we stopped wherever we could to enjoy ourselves and even took a few sailing trips here and there. Unfortunately, by week's end, Federal authorities had been alerted to my escape and the manhunt had begun. Thus, my entourage and I were finally forced to taper down our lavish lifestyle and stay in our first safe house. It was actually a trailer in Kissimmee, FL that belonged to an old friend of mine.

The Manhunt Intensified!

My first morning as an official fugitive began less auspiciously than previous days when Federal Agents stormed the safe house. Several members of my entourage (including my host, who unfortunately was a fugitive from The Chester County Jail himself) were rounded up and captured. I was in the bathroom when the raid occurred and quickly climbed out of the window and hid in a shrubbery. Soon the entire complex was emptied and then ATF agents moved in and burned the place to the ground. I quietly walked away unnoticed when it was all over.

The next leg of my escape found me and my new "smaller" entourage traveling further south with a much smaller Mooj Freedom Convoy. We stopped for the night at another safe house in Boca Raton. This was a very sentimental night for me because I had lived in Boca Raton many years before and this safe house belonged to an old friend of mine, who was now a prominent member of the Kiwanis Club. We stayed up late that night enjoying ourselves, talking, relaxing and drinking a few beers. Actually, it was more than a few beers because many of my minions were still unconscious when Federal Agents raided the house in the morning. I was in the bathroom when the raid occurred and hid in the bathtub while the lifeless bodies of my friends and minions were dragged away and thrown into a paddy wagon. I quietly walked away unnoticed when it was all over.

The next few days were spent crisscrossing the Florida panhandle with what remained of my entourage and

convoy. By then it was impossible to keep with my personal appearance schedule because Federal Agents were everywhere. Every morning another raid took place and more of my minions were taken away in cuffs. I somehow escaped every time because these raids took place while I was in the bathroom.

The most memorable part of those last few days in Florida was my visit to my long-ago hometown of Sopchoppy. My ex wife Bjorn Umbababbaraba still lived there and was waiting for me by the side of the road as my bus sped by. I had hoped to stop but we were being chased by state troopers. I also noticed many of my children among the large crowd of well-wishers holding signs of encouragement and/or throwing flowers across the road.

Finally Florida was behind us as we crossed into Alabama. By then hardly anyone was left from the original convoy and there were many empty seats on The

Mooj Freedom Bus. I was by then begging to sense that my days of traveling were drawing to an end.

I was correct! The next day The Mooj Freedom Convoy was officially disbanded when The Mooj Freedom Network went bankrupt. To compound this tragedy the last few members of my entourage were also arrested and hauled off by Federal Agents in the town of Blount Springs, Alabama. Just minutes before this final raid took place I had completed my morning meditations and ventured off into the woods to pick elderberries. I had barely made it to the elderberry patch when all hell broke loose. Since I was still nude from my morning meditations all I could do was hide in the bushes and watch. I am too anguished to describe what I saw so I will defray it until next month's newsletter. If there is one...

(Continued next month, hopefully)

Final Thoughts ...

Well, friends, wish me luck. Hopefully by the time you read this my dire situation will have stabilized and life on the lam will have gotten a little easier. It is hard to believe that when this adventure began so many weeks ago I had hundreds of minions beside me, joining me on my journey to freedom. Now I am alone, naked, and stranded in the middle of Alabama. How much worse can it get?

Blessings and such,

मूज,प,ती उम्बाबाराबा

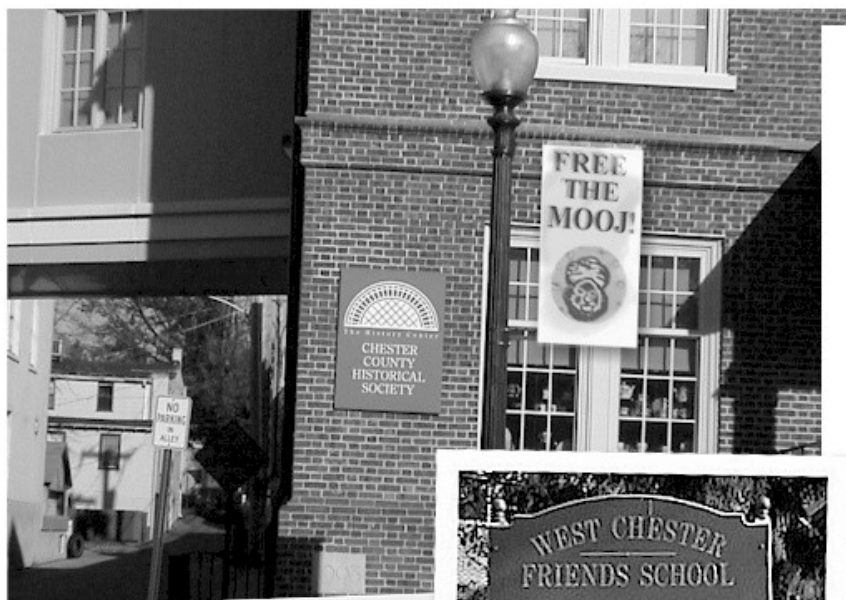
A Post Homonym by Vic Taylor, President of The Mooj Memory Bank:

Greetings, fellow minions! Although I am unauthorized to do this, I will add some additional material to this month's newsletter. The material supplied by Swami Mooj covered less than 4 pages so I'm sure he won't mind. Lance Worthy volunteered to write an essay but the publications department was forbidden by His Swaminess to allow him to ever set forth in one of these newsletters again. I, personally, am not affiliated with the publications department. I serve purely as an independent fact checker. I am not, nor have ever been, in Chester County Jail. I am just a loyal servant to The Mooj.

Since The Mooj is no longer in jail, *The Enlightenment* can no longer be printed in the jail print shop. I have volunteered to print this edition at my own expense. It was only when I was typesetting the final draft that I noticed it was so short. Several items from The Mooj's Freedom ride have been shipped to The Mooj Archives and I will share some of these items with you. To keep my expenses down, I will only provide enough material for two additional pages.

With Love, Devotion, and Enlightened Thoughts,

Vic Taylor



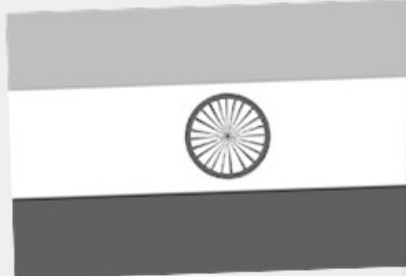
ADMIT ONE

Mooj Freedom Ride '99

Present this Ticket to the
Driver of Bus #4

BOARDING TIME,
LOCATION and DATE will
be shown on Mooj.Com
when Escape Plans are
Finalized

\$250



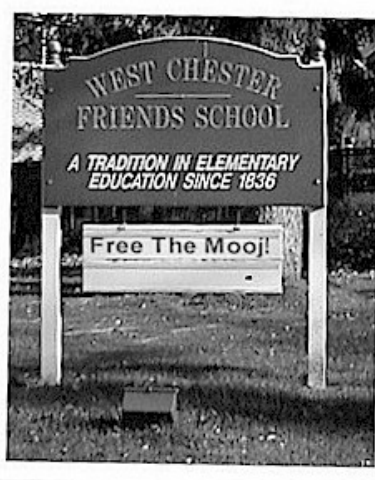
The Dade County, FLA Chapter of The
Suns of The Punjab announces a special
guest appearance by famed poet and
author MUJAPUTTIA UMBABABBARABA
(Known as "The Mooj" to many of his fans.)

SEPT 16th

Sons of Punjab Lodge
645 Mondo Rojo Ave, Juniata, FL

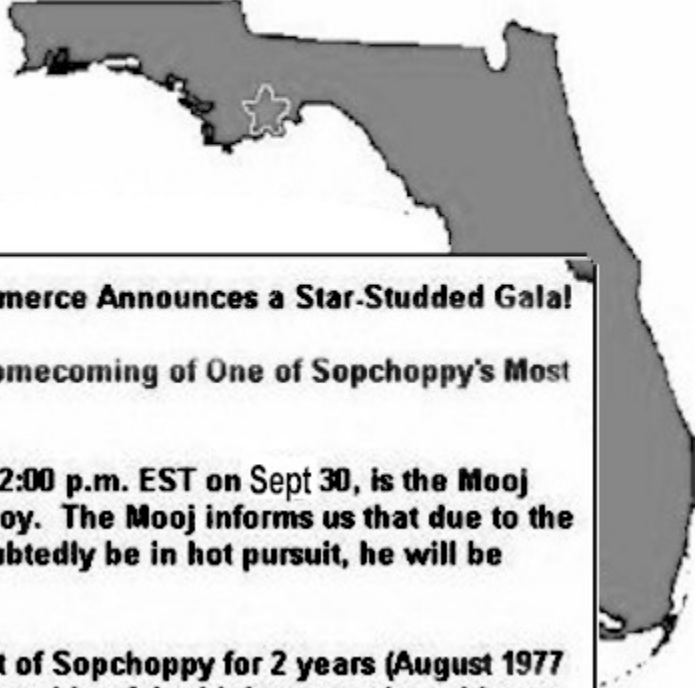
Mr. Umbababbaraba will
recite Urdu poetry and
perform
vigorous Bangra dancing.
If Time Permits, he will also
play his Sitar and do the
Drum Solo from
Inna-Godda-Da-Vida

All Seats \$5 advance, \$7 at
the Door



**MOOJ FREEDOM BUS PASSING
THROUGH ATLANTA, GA**

MOOJ DAY 1999!



The Sopchoppy, FLA Chamber of Commerce Announces a Star-Studded Galal

Come one, Come All to The Historic Homecoming of One of Sopchoppy's Most Prominent Past Residents.

Due to arrive in town, approximately 12:00 p.m. EST on Sept 30, is the Mooj Freedom Bus and Mooj Freedom Convoy. The Mooj informs us that due to the fact that Federal Authorities will undoubtedly be in hot pursuit, he will be unable to stop.

Although The Mooj was only a resident of Sopchoppy for 2 years (August 1977 to June of 1979) let's all gather along the side of the highway to cheer him on as he passes through his one-time hometown.

Note: We've been asked by The Federal Traffic Commission to ensure that all roads remain clear at that time to avoid unnecessary injuries stemming from the high-speed pursuit that will undoubtedly be taking place.



THE MOOJ FREEDOM TRAIL



The Enlightenment !

Vol. III No. 12, December 1999

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 1999 by Mooj Publications. Published monthly or thereabouts. Annual subscription rates: US \$27; Canada \$37; elsewhere \$57. All material in this newsletter is written by and for devotees of **Sri Swami Mujaputtia Umbababaraba** (affectionately known as The Mooj by his followers). If you would like to be included on His mailing list, please send your name, address, and a large donation (cash only please) to "The Mooj," Inmate Number 45-4578, Chester County Jail, East Chester, PA 19382. All donations kept confidential. A Wandering Minstrel, I.

First Things First. This will have to be a real quick newsletter. As soon as it is published I will once again have to fade into the countryside. The hell hounds are on my trail and I'm very near the end of the line. Can I hold out? I hope so. I will do my best to surface again next month and publish the next newsletter. Since I have lost track of all time and space I do not even know what day, week or month it is. If this is the final issue of the year, then I am sorry that we omitted the usual minion awards and such. Once things are back on track we'll try to catch up.

Since I am in a hurry there is no possible way that I can spend much time editing this newsletter. Actually, to be honest, there was hardly any mail to use for material. Vic Taylor visited Lance Worthy in jail a few weeks ago and they devised some elaborate scheme to smuggle The Mooj Mail out but most of the items were confiscated when Vic was subjected to a full body cavity search after leaving the visiting area. The few items Vic did manage to smuggle out are included below. If you would like to send me mail the best thing to do for now is send it to the West

Chester Volunteer Fire Department, c/o Vic Taylor. Vic says he's an auxiliary hose handler there and can retrieve the mail with little or no suspicion.

Lance Worthy's grandparents have also agreed to forward Mooj Mail to me. I am uncertain of their exact address so you'll have to look them up in the Amish Directory. (Note: They are the "Worthys" in Bird in Hand, PA—not Intercourse, PA. The Worthys in Intercourse, PA hate me and will not forward mail.) Thus, the bottom line is owing to technical difficulties and such, there are few minion mail items to reflect upon, no stories and no poems. I hope you will understand that it is this lack of material that makes this month's newsletter mediocre and not my editorial talents.



Mooj Mail Bag

Like I said I did get some mail. Sadly, it was of low quality. Here are the few items I received:

Dear Mooj,

I am an aficionado of all cultures and languages. I am fluent in English, French, Spanish, German, Greek, Latin and Love. Because of my interest in all things foreign I read with interest the submission by Jose D. of El Paso, Texas in your last newsletter. The letter has caused me to

lose a lot of sleep trying to decipher its meaning. I have included the submission in its original Spanish version, followed by my literal English translation:

Original:

El Mujo, Soy un gran ventilador el tuyo. Deseo ser buenos amigos con usted. Puedo pedir prestado algo de su ingenio para impresionar mi novia?

Exact English Translation:

The Mooj, I am a great ventilator yours. Desire to be good friends with you. I can borrow something of its talent to impress my fiancée?

I can't figure out what this Jose is trying to convey. He is a ventilator of yours????? What the hell is that??? He wants to be good friends with you??? Ok, I guess he is a Liberated Latino, who is not concerned with his own Machismo; but I'd be careful around this guy and keep a tight grip on the soap if you know what I mean. Finally, he wants to borrow something of its talent to impress his girlfriend??? What the hell is that? Who or what talent is he referring to? Why can't he impress his girlfriend without it? Is he dating out of his class or is he lacking hot pepper in his chili??? Maybe enlightened Mooj can get into this guy's head and figure it out. I'm getting dark circles under my eyes wondering about this.

Professor Adam Gagas
Solomons, MD.

The Mooj Answers: If you have translated this correctly I can see that Jose D. is absolutely brilliant! What he has written is basically a Voynichian paradox, much like the one posed by the "Sleeping Prophet" Edgar Casey to Sir Warren Gebhard during the Great Oxford Debate of 1955. What Jose has done is juxtapose the answer to a riddle within the riddle itself; and then eliminate all tangible evidence of it by adding a secondary point, which was pointless. I feel it is above the scope of this newsletter to explain this further, as few of my readers are cognizant of the Voynichian school of thinking. It is rare that The Mooj Mailbox contains such high level thinking! On the other hand, maybe I just want this letter to seem intelligent and this Jose D. is actually a complete idiot who is just babbling on about something meaningless. I'm not sure. I'm too hungry to think.

Hey Mooj,

Thanks for allowing Lance Worthy back into your newsletter. We are great fans of his and love to read about all his naughty adventures. You should include more of his work. So what if he offends people? At least he's honest (unlike you, you ugly creep).

The Bagley Sisters
St. Marys, PA.

The Mooj Answers: As most of you know The Bagley Sisters are banned from sending mail. However, since I desperately need mail to fill newsletter space I will allow them this one letter appearance. I'm not sure if this letter was meant to be complimentary or insulting; either way, I

gather from it that these ladies want more Lance Worthy. Good for them. They certainly got what they wanted.

Mooj,

I still love you. Now that you're out of jail please come home. I forgive you.

Bjorn

The Mooj Answers: I wonder if this is the same Bjorn I married back in 1978. If it is I can honestly say that I haven't forgiven her for all the pain and suffering she put me through. If you are that same Bjorn (whom I waved to from the window of my bus) then I must ask you to move on with your life and forget about me. We will always have Sopchoppy, Florida to remember.

Mooj,

You suck! Lance Worthy rules! I checked Lance's website and noticed that he had way more hits than you do. And all he has is a stupid picture of himself lying atop the hood of a white Mazda Miata. Dude, you should be doing guest editorials for Lance, not the other way around. More Lance, Less Mooj!

"King Latifah"
Challiwack, PA

The Mooj Answers: How ironic. I have four people officially banned from sending mail and two of the four exiled authors have letters that were smuggled successfully out of jail to me. You are lucky "King Latifah," whoever you are, due to a letter shortage I will allow your letter. I'm too hungry to care really. As I sit reading your letter I am formulating a response that contains wisdom, perhaps a famous saying or something, and then a clever reflection that should cause you shame when you read it because your obvious insult was diligently parried aside and you were awarded not scorn but a nugget of wisdom to force a moment of enlightened self reflection. But I'm too hungry and tired to do that and will instead meditate and hope that you find peace and comfort because it always better to award a fool wisdom than anger.

Mr. Umbababbaraba,

By now you must be familiar with the dire situation you and your minions are facing; and you should now realize

that it is pointless to continue this senseless behavior. As your duly elected warden I urge you, on behalf of the good citizens of Pennsylvania, to surrender before anyone else gets hurt or any other law-abiding community is destroyed. To date, Federal Agents have captured 343 of your so-called minions and confiscated fifteen tractor-trailer rigs, fourteen minivans, two busses, eighteen privately owned motor vehicles and eight go-carts. The State of Florida, alone, has spent more than \$5 million attempting to recapture you during this sorry episode in American history. It's now time for you to put this foolishness aside and return to Chester County.

I must confess that I am bewildered by your behavior. Why you would break out of jail when you only had three days left to serve is beyond my comprehension. For God's sake, man! Don't you realize that you would have been a free man by now had you just sat quietly in your cell and behaved? And why you would be driving around in a huge bus with the words "Mooj Freedom Bus" painted on the side is bewildering to me. Wouldn't it be smarter to just hide like other fugitives do? But most baffling to me is why you insist on this asinine exercise of driving around in a colossal convoy. How in the world could you honestly think that you would not draw unwanted attention to yourself?

Please, Mr. Umbababbaraba. Just give up. Your behavior is embarrassing the good name of Chester County, Pennsylvania.

Your Friend in Pennsylvania,
Joe Arpajo
Warden, Chester County Jail, R

The Mooj Answers: First of all let me just say that I deeply regret any pain or suffering that has resulted from my recent jail break. Someday, soon, I hope to return to Chester County as a free man. As far as the warden's mention of me having only three days remaining of my sentence before my escape, well, shamefully that is true. It turned out that an appeal had been launched on my behalf by several prominent Chester County government officials in recognition of my community service (not to mention a diversion of generous portions from my Ashram Building Fund to the re-election campaign of a certain county "Big Wig"). I was finally granted clemency and was to have been released on my own recognizance. I learned of my impending release the night before the planned escape and quickly made contact with The Mooj Freedom Network. They, however, felt that too much time and effort had been devoted to the escape and it would be unfair to all those involved to deprive them of their moment of glory. In many ways I felt foolish about going through with the escape knowing that I would have been released in two days but I did it anyway. But now I am sad. Not so much because I am an escaped felon when I could have otherwise been free, but because many

prominent Chester County government officials are now being publicly ridiculed on my behalf.

A Note From Vic Taylor: After forwarding all the above mail to His Swaminess, I found one more item, which had eluded my retrieval of smuggled mail items until last night. I will go ahead and include it below while I am typesetting this newsletter. After this letter I will then add the "Travels with Mooj" narrative that The Mooj sent in.

An Open Letter to Mooj:

Okay Mooj, somehow you've outsmarted me. This is an embarrassment, not just to me but to the entire FBI organization. We have been tracking your every move since you left Chester County, PA. **We let you escape, you moron!** We did this because we knew that you would lead us right to Doug Redhand, America's most notorious fugitive drug lord. And you, unwittingly, did that!!!

You have no idea who Mr. Redhand is I'll bet but let me assure you that he was a big fan of yours. That's why we allowed you to escape and then followed you all the way to Florida. We knew Mr. Redhand would undoubtedly make contact with you there and want to join your entourage. We even went as far as to infiltrate your Mooj Freedom Network to ensure that your escape route included Florida, Mr. Redhand's last known official whereabouts. **Do you not think it odd that every morning when your 'safe house' was raided that you were the only person that wasn't captured?** We purposely waited until you went to the bathroom before commencing the raid, you fool. Since we were only interested in arresting Redhand we had to arrest your entourage en masse and filter through it. It took awhile to get Redhand but we finally nabbed him in Blount Springs, Alabama.

I must admit you are clever. At first it was just a cat and mouse game for me—I was just following you from one town to another as you and your caravan of minion idiots continued south. I knew to understand you that I would have to get inside your head. **I would have to become you!** I soon began writing senseless poetry and styling my appearance to resemble yours. I even allowed myself to be struck by lightning so that I could potentially attain your enlightenment powers. My friends and family slowly disowned me as I became more and more "Mooj-like" each day.

At first, I admit, I couldn't believe my bad luck to be handed this ridiculous assignment. It was one debacle after another, especially when the tunnel we dug from the underground cavern to your cell collapsed. To be honest it

really wasn't until I had to sit through that dance performance of yours at the Juniata Son's of The Punjab Lodge that I realized that I was dealing with a true genius. My admiration for you grew each day after that and I found myself losing the respect of my peers for defending you and your apparent senseless actions. For example, I remember the day my team and several backup squads were in position to capture Mr. Redhand at your celebration in Okahumpka, FL. When Mr. Redhand saw that he was about to be arrested he opened fire on us and several of my agents returned fire while I shot randomly into the crowd to make you think that you were the intended target. Out of the corner of my eye I saw how smoothly you took your place with the University of Tulane marching band and marched off into the sunset. My partner (or should I say ex-partner) made some snide remark, like "what an idiot" and I said, "No Ken, That's no idiot, that's The Mooj!"

But enough of that for now; let me get back to the matter at hand. The master plan was to let you wander aimless with your Freedom Convoy until Mr. Redhand surfaced. The Federal Government was quite willing to pay for all the damage you seemed to cause wherever you went because they felt any price was acceptable to secure the capture of the notorious Doug Redhand. Your time was up the day we finally got Redhand in Blount Springs; but somehow you outsmarted me! Just when I thought I had you all figured out you pulled the ultimate fast one: You decided to pick elderberries instead of going to the bathroom after your morning meditation. The last "round up" was to include you. Agents were specifically told to "look in the bathroom" on that raid.

Something else went wrong that day: somehow The Mooj Freedom Network ran out of money!! This was never a developed scenario when *Operation Mooj Bait* was conceived. The Federal Government even took the outlandish measure of donating \$3 million to The Mooj Freedom Network to keep it running for what would seem long enough to carry out the mission. With no money left we lost the charter to The Mooj Freedom Bus (which contained some of the most sophisticated information gathering equipment in the World) and what was left of your innermost entourage (all of whom were all on our payroll). Without our spies and the bus the entire FBI surveillance network broke down and you managed to just walk away into the woods.

No one cares whether you're caught or not—they have Redhand and that's all that matters. **But I care and I'm going to get you!** If it's the last thing I ever do I will bring you in, dead or alive. You cannot escape me.

J.J. Bigsby
Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations
Federal Bureau of Investigations

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ!

As you may recall, when last I described my whereabouts, I had just been stranded in Alabama. The last of my entourage had been arrested and I was hiding in some elderberry bushes. Let us continue with the narrative:

The Jungles of Alabama

A tear rolled down my cheek as I hid and watched the last of my traveling companions being hog-tied and dragged off into one of the waiting police buses that was parked in the yard of the Blount Springs safe house. A part of me wanted to surrender but since I was naked I was too embarrassed to show myself. I, thus, had no choice but to remain hidden and wait for everyone to leave. After

everyone was gone I bid farewell to the smoldering remains of the safe house (which had been set afire by ATF agents) and wandered into the woods.

For days I roamed aimless within the dense William B. Bankhead National Forest foraging on insects, dead animals and squirrels. (As most of you know I am a vegetarian so this was something I did only as a last resort.) Finally, after several days I reached the small hamlet of Piney Groves. Since I was still naked I reluctantly hid in the bushes and waited to attack the next person coming along to steal their clothes. (As most of you know I am a non-violent pacifist so this was something I did only as a last resort.) I found a nice big log near a footpath so I hid myself inside some brambles and waited to conk someone on the head.

I couldn't believe my bad luck! The first six or seven people I attacked were either elderly women or children and none were wearing clothing that would fit me. Finally I saw an elderly man in a wheelchair nearing my hiding spot and he appeared to be about my height and weight. I decided to give it one last try and climbed a tree to await his arrival. When the elderly man was below me I jumped from the tree and ambushed him. I was taken aback when this man proved to be quite capable of defending herself. Somehow he took possession of my log and began to beat me with it. My screams of agony attracted unwanted attention and soon a crowd appeared on the scene to cheer the old man on. Somehow I escaped from this angry mob and ran for my life. Now instead of just being cold, tired, naked and hungry I was also beaten to a bloody pulp.

For another week or two I continued to wander aimless within the dark and dense woods searching for food and shelter. To compound my woes the winter frosts arrived and it was then snowing or sleeting everyday. (So not only was I cold, tired, naked, hungry and beaten, I was also soaking wet.) I promised myself that I would surrender to the very first human I saw if ever I got out of those blasted woods alive. By then I barely had enough energy to even swat at the vultures that were constantly picking at my flesh.

Then, finally, I emerged into a clearing and found a road. Had I been able to stand upright I would have leapt for joy! A sign told me that I had entered the village of Addison Grove. I searched in vain for someone to surrender to but the town was completely void of people. It must have been Sunday. I crawled for nearly a mile to the downtown area and found everything closed. Even the sheriff's office was locked. It was then that I felt completely hopeless and decided to die.

So I lay naked on the street and stretched out my arms and legs. As I lay dying I noticed and then began reading a sign that was posted on the sheriff's office window. It was a flyer for a *Poetry Symposium* in Anniston, Alabama. I became electrified! My suffering was permanently erased from my mind and I was alive again! *I was The Mooj again!* I read and re read the flyer to make sure my bloodshot eyes weren't deceiving me. **It was as if this Poetry Symposium was meant just for me!** The theme was Poetry in Conjunction with Kung Fu Dancing. I quickly ran to the main highway and stole the first car that came along. (I actually didn't intend to steal the car, I only wanted to flag down the driver and see if he'd give me a ride to Anniston. But when the driver saw me running toward him he panicked and fled from his vehicle. I tried to give him a ride but he refused to get back into his car with me.)

The fact that I was naked, hungry, dirty, cold, wet and swollen did not trouble me in the least. I was too busy thinking about the upcoming Poetry Symposium and

composing and choreographing within my head. *But then a horrifying thought occurred to me.* What if I had missed the deadline? I had lost all knowledge of space and time! I knew I had no time to waste so I drove as fast as that Yugo (the car I borrowed) would take me. I had to rely only on holistic instincts to navigate. As soon as I entered Anniston I skidded to a stop and asked the first person I saw what day and time it was. When this person informed me of the date and time I leapt for joy—for *I still had 15 minutes to go before the deadline expired!* I had no time to waste! I put the car in gear and sped toward the Anniston Convention Center, arriving exactly one minute before the deadline.

My time in the forest had greatly changed my appearance. Gone were my rugged good looks. I now had the face of a haggard old man and had lost nearly half my body weight. I was also covered from head to toe with welts, mosquito bites, poison ivy rashes, and other assorted blotches. I knew my appearance would be a distraction but I also knew that my instantly recognizable suffrage would help illustrate my passion. *But just as I was about to enter the convention center my enlightened senses began to warn me that something was amiss.* I had the strange sensation that I was in danger—my Ying and Yang were in divergence! I decided to sneak into the building instead of walking through the front door. I found a broken cellar window to crawl through and then used my refined holistic senses to navigate toward the audition area. There the admission committee was seated and conducting their final audition of the day. It was then that I saw a man that looked just like me performing my famous kung-fu dance! *It was as if I was watching myself perform!* This impostor had all my moves down and, in some respects, did a better job than me. Just as I was about to jump out to expose this fraud hundreds of Federal Agents and local lawmen stormed the building to arrest the fake Mooj. But this fake Mooj was a madman! He kept them at bay with his kung fu dance moves until they finally pepper sprayed him. Soon he was overpowered, hog-tied and beaten senseless. When the dust had settled I heard one of the agents yell:

"Bigsby, you idiot! *You're not The Mooj!* You fool—you've become so Mooj-like now that you even walked into your own trap!!!"

It was then that I realized what had happened. The Poetry Symposium was a set up! It was a trick to lure me in and somehow that poor unfortunate Mooj impostor guy named Bigsby was snagged instead. As the lawmen collected their things I quietly exited the building and drove my (borrowed) car off into the sunset. By then I had become comfortable with my nakedness and decided that clothes would never cover my body again. I had reached a higher level of awareness that day. But I was also pretty cold.

(To be continued.....)

Final Thoughts ...

Well Minions, it looks like it's time for me to fade away. I would continue with my narrative but I am too tired. I will take it up again where I left off.

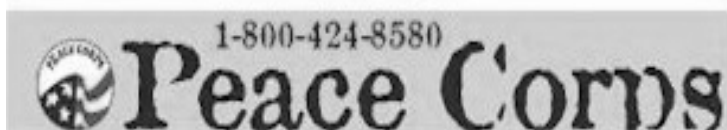
Blessing and Such,

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SPECIAL NOTICE

The Western Alabama Association of **The Southern Boys Scouts of America** sadly announces that this year's **Alabama Regional Jamboree** has been called off until further notice. Event organizers have been warned about strange occurrences in the Bankhead National Forest and have decided to postpone the event. Several local residents have reported seeing some sort of "half man/half ape-like creature" foraging through the woods, attacking trees, lawn furniture and animals. Several members of the Blount County Historical Society's Ladies Auxiliary were also reportedly injured by this creature when he (or it) jumped from a tree, beat them over the head with a stick and then pulled their outer clothing off. We have been asked by the BSA Alabama Chapter to postpone the Jamboree in Bankhead National Forest until this creature or thing is verified destroyed. Anyone with any information about who or what this thing is should contact The Alabama Department of Natural Resources, The Blount County Historical Society, The Western Alabama Boy Scouts Association, The Blount County Sheriff's Office or J.J. Bigsby (Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations, Federal Bureau of Investigations).



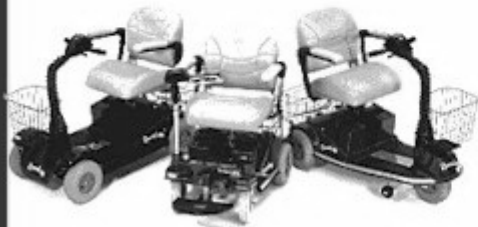
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Abstracts should be presented in person to Agent J.J. Bigsby between 8:00 a.m. and 12 Noon
on November 19, 1999 at the above address

Event Sponsored by the FBI, Alabama National Guard, Bankhead Park Rangers Assn, Blount
County Sheriff's Assn, Blount County Historical Assn and Moveon.Org.