
The Enlightenment !

Vol. IV No. 1, January 2000

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Hey, Mooj Heads ... It's 2000 and, hence, time for a whole new volume of Mooj newsletters. Those of you whom have remained loving and loyal toward me over this last year know exactly what to expect (as far as my newsletters go anyway) and all that I can say about that is sorry. I will try to do better. Yes, even the humble and all-knowing Mooj knows crap when he sees it and, yes, as painful as it is for me to admit, the last few issues of *The Enlightenment* (all of Vol. III to be more specific) have been pretty lacking as far as self-realization and inner holistic type stuff is concerned. I could blame others but because these are *my* newsletters and *I'm* the editor I feel that the brunt of the blame should rest upon my shoulders. Lance Worthy probably deserves some of the blame, too.

What will I do different this year? Probably not a whole-hellava-lot. After all, I'm a fugitive from justice and living naked in the Mississippi jungle. Things really couldn't get much worse for me. But that shouldn't defray from my duties as your guru. Thus, I will make a better attempt to get this newsletter and my life back on track.



Okay, so why the format change? As you may have noticed *The Enlightenment* has changed formats this year. Quality has always been our utmost motto! Plus, we were just notified that some rich guy named Roger Harold Gregory Fallow III died and left a fortune to the Ling-Ling the Musical Ape Fund. His generous gift came with but one stipulation and that was that *The Enlightenment* change its font from Times New Roman to Arial. If you knew how much money was involved you'd change your font too!

I will also begin adding some of my very own **poetry** this year. Some rude person recently pointed out to me that few of last year's newsletters actually contained original Mooj poetry. This person further insinuated that I was primarily relying on the submitted poems of family members, idiots, drunkards, and insane people to fill up my newsletter. This, of course, is not true. Some of those poems were actually very good.

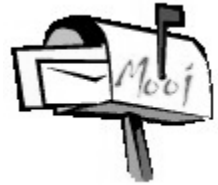
What about all those stories and poems you minions keep sending in? Is there a place for them in this year's volume of newsletters? Sure. As far as I am concerned I will keep including them as long as minions keep sending them in. This year, however, let's keep things more holistic and avoid those lewd teenage coming of age stories.

Of course I will include our usual bevy of minion mail, since this is the easiest way for me to communicate with my forlorn and often troubled minions. I will try harder this year to weed out the fake stuff, though. I am very well aware that some letters are written by people pretending to be minions so that they can insult the intelligence and piety of my loyal minions and me.

Let's begin now by reflecting on the Mooj Mail.

Great Omni-impotent Mooj,

Aloha! We can both laugh at J.J. Bigsby and those rat bastards in the FBI, ATF, CIA, etc. My people must have told you by now that we were onto those rat bastards from the start. We knew they would try to infiltrate The Mooj Freedom Network so we hired a Doug Redhand look-a-like to join the Mooj Freedom Convoy. The real Doug Redhand is me and I am not a fugitive pirate or drug lord. These are just lies disseminated by those ugly rat bastards. I am just a simple man running a capitalistic business, as protected by our great constitution. I am an "exporter" you might say. How dare those rat bastards slander my good name! A good friend of mine, Tom U., of Radio Free Halethorpe, MD, works at WBAL on the graveyard shift and he can identify the arrested D. Redhand as being an impostor and vouch for my integrity. Well Mooj it's time for me to go and tend to my crops so I can send my next scheduled shipment to the mainland.



The Real Doug Redhand

Guano Atoll

An Unincorporated Territory of the United States in the middle of the Pacific

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. The name J.J. Bigsby sounds familiar though. I will meditate and perform a fast for you (since I have nothing to eat anyway). Best of luck, my friend.



Mr. Mujaputtia,

First, let me first introduce myself. My name is J. Edgar Gayson and I am the new acting Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations for the Federal Bureau of Investigations. I am writing to personally offer you Amnesty (with the exception of the two days you still owe The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania). All you have to do is show up at any local law enforcement agency, mention my name and they will clothe, feed and bathe you until I can come and get you. We will even re-charter The Mooj Freedom Bus if you like when we drive you back to Pennsylvania.

Between you and me I'm not even sure how Operation Mooj Bait got so out of hand. The FBI has now spent millions of dollars controlling damages and lost two of its best agents. Both of these agents were good friends of mine and I feel I owe it to their families to end this madness. One of these agents was a fellow named C.J. Merryweather. He was a 30-year man with an outstanding record. Agent Merryweather now goes by the name "Special Agent Ziggy" and has turned into a drug-crazed Rastafarian. He now sits around all day down in the Caribbean listening to Reggae music and smoking marijuana. He went there to find you when the Chester County DA reported that you were missing before you escaped. (The FBI neglected to alert Chester County officials about Operation Mooj Bait and someone probably forgot to mention it to Merryweather also.) The other agent lost was a fellow named J.J. Bigsby. He was the best FBI man I ever knew. He was on the short list to be the next director of The FBI. Bigsby was a true professional and was the best crime fighter this Country ever had until he went insane. I should warn you that Bigsby no longer works for the FBI and is hunting you down like a dog. He claims that he is the real Mooj and that you are the impostor and he must kill you to set things cosmically straight. Bigsby is a former navy SEAL and is considered very, very dangerous. He is an excellent tracker and is currently sniffing his way through the Alabama forest looking for you. Be careful!

In closing I, again, plead with you to give yourself up. There's a cup of hot cocoa waiting for you in my office. Maybe you just need someone to talk to; or maybe you just need a friend. I would like to be that friend, Mooj. I really would.

J. Edgar Gayson
New Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations
Federal Bureau of Investigations

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. The name J.J. Bigsby sounds familiar though. I will meditate and perform a fast for you, too. Best of luck, my friend.



Dear Mooj,

I rode on the Mooj Freedom Bus with you from "South of the Border," South Carolina to Kissimmee, FL. I wasn't part of the official Mooj Entourage, just a friend of one of the girls in the entourage. (Actually, as funny as it sounds, I guess this girl had an entourage of her own.) Anyway, I just wanted to write and thank you for all the life changing lessons you taught me on that trip. Those five days spent on the bus with you were the most enlightening days of my life. Now I know why people are attracted to you and your teachings. You are a very spiritual and holistic person and I consider myself blessed to have been part of your escape. Also, forthcoming, or possibly attached to this note, is a summons for you to appear at the Orange County, Florida Courthouse. This is in regard to a lawsuit that I am filing against you and The Mooj Freedom Network for injuries I sustained at the Green Briar Trailer Park, where I was systematically beaten and hog-tied during a police raid. Since sustaining my injuries and subsequent arrest I have been unable to maintain any kind of meaningful employment or relationship. My lawsuit against you should in no way infer disrespect.

Richie G. Sambucco
Dillon, SC

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. I will meditate and perform a fast for you because I'm doing it for those other guys anyway. Best of luck, my friend.



Mooj,

You don't know me but I was a member of your entourage from Kissimmee to Boca Raton, FL. When I was on The Mooj Freedom Bus I couldn't help but notice that you kept smiling at me. I felt like there was a special connection between us that grew stronger as the day wore on. I could tell that you really liked me. Had I not been arrested the next morning at your friend's house during that raid I'm sure we would have hooked up. Please call me I'd love to see you again. If you don't call I'll rip your heart out you bastard! You men are all alike aren't you? You slimy bastard! You used me! You used me you bastard! I hate you! I hate you!!!!

Gayle King
Suwanee,GA

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. I will meditate and perform a fast for you as well. Best of luck, my friend.



Swami Mooj,

I'm a child prodigy, aged 13. I noticed in this year's MENSAs roster that you were listed in several categories, including "true genius" and "imbecile savant." I am unfamiliar with your work but would love to find out more about you. Would you consider adopting me as a protégé? I am currently at Duke University finishing up my Ph.D. in Cultural Diversity. I am also majoring in ancient Tibetan languages and confined plasma kinetics. I like pokémon stuff, too.

Yours Respectfully,
Trent Handjoy,
Durham, NC

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. But in any case I would love to take on a new protégé; especially one that's half-way smart. Vic Taylor, if you're out there somewhere, please send this kid any leftover Enlightening Thinking Essay pamphlets you have so he can begin his studies.



Dear Mooj,

Have you ever heard the old adage that you can't take it with you when you're gone? All my life I have been a selfish bastard and never helped anyone or anything. But now, as I lay on my deathbed, I feel that I must do something to help those less fortunate than I and so you will find enclosed with this letter a check for \$5.00 for Ling-Ling, the Musical Ape. I have no idea how this money can help save a dead ape but it's a start. God Bless!

Winston Howard Kennedy, III.
West Palm Beach, FL

The Mooj Answers: Perhaps my months of hunger and aimless wandering have lessened my memories, for I have no idea who you are or what you are talking about. And what the hell am I going to do with this check? You could have at least sent cash so I could have used it to buy food. No meditation or fasting for you, you cheapskate.



Okay, this next letter is from some guy named Doug Redhand. I think I already read this. He says he's the real Doug Redhand and the other Doug Redhand is an imposter or something. Let's skip it. This sounds too complicated. The next letter is from some guy named J. Edgar Gayson. He's says he's some kind of FBI agent. This guy sounds more like a nut than an FBI agent. The next letter is from some guy who claims he was on my Mooj Freedom Bus. Who cares? Hey, here's a letter from some woman! She says she wants me to call her. Nice. She sent me a picture. Wow, she looks quite exquisite lying there naked on that bear rug. Here's a letter from some 13-year-old kid. He wants to be my protégé. Good for him. Ah, here's a letter with some money inside! Hey, this cheap bastard only sent \$5 and it's a check. Forget that. The next letter is from Doug something or other. Wait, did I read this one already? To be honest I've spent too many months wandering around aimless and hungry to care about reading anymore of these Mooj mails. I'm tired, confused and hungry. It's now time for me to go away for awhile.

A Note From Vic Taylor: I found the oddest thing in the mail bag this week. It was a poem written by The Queen of England. I seriously doubt that this really came from the Queen of England but just in case it did I will add it to the newsletter.

**A poem/performance art piece written and composed for inclusion in
The Enlightenment for the enjoyment and appreciation of Mooj Heads everywhere!**

by
Queen Elizabeth II of England

Too many News Channels - Not Enough News

I turned on the telly,
Sat back—rubbed my belly

What more can a lonely Queen do?

We've tuned to Fox News
and frankly not amused
Too many right-leaning, biased, views!

C-N-B-C
Ignorance is key
I've had better times on the loo

Cable News Network?
More like Communist, whacko news burp
Pip-pip, poppycock, adieu

The BBC channel
Open my window, yell
"I think I died and went to Hell!"

National Network News
Read you mindless fools!
Then, together, let's slap our heads with our shoes

Headline News?
Where's the Beef?

Oh this subject
Oh what grief!

And now for our top story:

John F. Kennedy Jr., blah blah blah, Y2K, blah blah blah, Lewinsky, blah blah blah, Janet Reno, blah
blah blah, Al Gore, blah blah blah, George Bush, blah blah, Posh Spice, blah blah, President Clinton, blah
blah blah. blah blah blah blah blah blah Blah Blah Blah blah blah!

Good Night, Blah blah blah

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ!

A Note From Vic Taylor: This dispatch just arrived from The Mooj. He asked that it be included in this newsletter. Those of you who are enjoying The Mooj's traveling adventures will surely enjoy this one.

The Crossroads

For three straight days I drove my borrowed car without stopping once to eat, sleep, gas up or go to the bathroom. Since I am a Yoga Master and can control my bodily functions, the lack of sleep, nourishment and waste removal was nothing abnormal; but, how it was that my rental car would never run out of gas was quite puzzling to me. I wasn't sure what kind of gas mileage a Yugo got but I knew it couldn't be *that* good. It was then that I realized that Divine Intervention was keeping my gas tank full! Was this my reward for all the good karma I had gathered over my lifetime? No, it was more than that. It was as if I was on a secret mission from God and this was proof that I was His Chosen One to spread enlightenment! Unfortunately, though, that realization proved not to be exactly correct because as soon as I began crossing the Mississippi River—heading into Helena, Arkansas—all four tires on my Yugo popped off, the car rolled over, caught on fire, exploded and then fell into the river below. If I was the Chosen One then I was going to have to complete my mission on foot.

After escaping from the sinking and exploding remains of my car I surfaced and swam to the eastern bank of The Mississippi River. Those fishing nearby were too busy running for their lives as assorted fireballs fell into the river to notice me emerging from the muddy waters and crawling into a nearby swamp. For days I wandered aimlessly through those murky, half-frozen swamps, collecting what I could to eat and drink from the wilderness. Luckily there were plenty of dairy cows around this part of Mississippi so I was actually eating pretty well. (And I got plenty of fresh milk to boot.)

After weeks without human contact I was beginning to feel mighty lonesome. Those glorious days of travel on the lavish Mooj Freedom Bus surrounded by my many happy devotees now seemed so long ago. If ever I was sadder in my life I could not recall. Then one night I heard the sounds of some good old-fashioned delta blues filtering through the magnolia trees. It was coming from a small hamlet far off in the distance. It was well past midnight and the moon was full. I began walking toward the sound and heard an old hound dog howling off in the distance. It was a bad omen, true, but I was too lonesome to stay in the swamp that night.

As I walked along the old dusty road I lurked in the shadows to avoid being seen by the old folks sitting quietly on their porches. Soon, I was standing in front of a small ramshackle hut. It was a juke joint of some sort. The crowd inside was loud and rambunctious and there was a band inside playing live music. I stepped inside and the place fell silent. All eyes were upon me as I walked through the door and approached the stage. I wasn't sure if it was because I was naked or because I was carrying my old trusty sitar, which I had brought with me all the way from Chester County. The Mooj was there to "cut heads" with whoever would dare challenge him in a raga duel!

But the crowd remained silent. Finally an old man stood up and said:

"Look here, nature boy. You can't just walk in here and play music—this is the Mississippi Delta and we got rules about who can and can't play in these here juke joints!"

I didn't wait for the man to finish. I squatted down on stage, assumed my legs behind the neck Yoga position, and began plucking my instrument. Never before had I droned and sung so passionately and with so much feeling. For over a month I had been so lonesome; and on that night—that cold rainy Mississippi night—I sang about it in my tortured raga. Not a person in that crowded smoke-filled room could speak when I was finished. Men, women, children—all—just stood there crying. But that didn't stop them from pulling me from the stage and throwing me to the street. If I was going to make it as a raga singer in Mississippi, it wasn't going to be there. I lit off for the woods and slept beneath the stars once again. My heart was heavy with more sorrow than usual.

I had no luck. For weeks I barrehoued up and down the delta and couldn't land a gig as a raga singer anywhere. I became desperate. Finally someone told me about a crossroads near Friars Point—the very same place someone named Robert Johnson went "to make his deal." I swore to myself that I wouldn't even think about such a thing. And then one night I found myself there—at the crossroads. It was midnight and nary a creature was

stirring. I could feel the sadness of a million souls as I stood there waiting in the moonlight. I began playing my sitar and waited for "him" to arrive. Finally I decided to leave before "he" showed up. *What was I thinking?* How could I even think about doing what I was about to do? I quit playing and started walking back along the road from which I came. But it was too late. I was no longer alone. "He" was walking beside me in the darkness.

"So you want to play ragas in Mississippi?" said the stranger.

I was too scared to talk. I just kept walking. But the voice continued: "Sign here."

I took the paper and signed it. The man then handed me my union card. And then he was gone. There was no turning back. It was official! I had joined the American Federation of Musicians, Local 777.

Final Thoughts ...

Hello again. I feel better. I just needed some sleep I guess. Is this still the January 2000 newsletter? I hope so. Anyway, I just learned that with the money The Friends of Mooj Society inherited from the late Mr. Fallow, they are setting up an office in West Chester somewhere and will hire interns to assist in the editing and publication of this newsletter. This will help me tremendously! Perhaps these new interns can make our backlog of minion applications a priority!

Well, minions. It's time for me to now go off and assume my work as a Mississippi Raga singer. If you are traveling along Rt. 61 be sure to keep your eyes and ears open for me.

Blessings and Such,

मृजपती उषाबारावा

The Power of Positive Thinking and Good Karma

The Mooj Self Realization Network Presents a 1-day "karma bolt" personal development, motivational and goal setting seminar that energizes participants onto the path to achieving, having and doing all they want and desire. Throughout this fast-paced, dynamic seminar, you will uncover the foundational elements of turning your goals into reality. The curriculum for this exciting program includes:

- How to instantaneously transform fears into actions and actions into fears
- Discover the pain/pleasure/doppler effect
- How you can leverage your hidden assets to build better karma
- How to conserve synergy
- How to consistently expand your "confinement zone" without leaving your house
- Learn how to create your peak mental performance while asleep
- Master the key to wealth, happiness and Feng Shui



This is The Ultimate Success Formula!!

At the end of the seminar, you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE:

- An exclusive special report written by The Mooj himself, titled simply, "How to be Like The Mooj"—Valued at \$99.95
- A rare audio cassette of The Mooj sharing his personal secrets of his massive success—Valued at \$35.95



REGISTER NOW! Seats are going fast! Only the first 100 people will be admitted. All seats \$750. (Corporate rates available.)

Two Sessions to be held on Jan 21st and Jan 22nd

Seating begins at 8:00 a.m. Seminar will last approximately 4 hours. (Less if it's cold outside)

The Amish Beer Garden

126 Old Lancaster Pike

(In the barn out back)

Bird in Hand, Pennsylvania

Motivational Speakers to Include:

Lance Worthy

Lance Worthy's Grandma

Lance Worthy's Grandpa

A Cal Ripkin Impersonator



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Sitting In for The Mooj This Month is Lance Worthy!



(that's Injun lingo) and whether or not I guest-edit this newsletter again is of little importance to anyone now.

I had a blast editing last October's newsletter. No fooling! This time I'll make a well-meaning effort not to offend anyone. I had no idea so many of you were that sensitive. I do apologize. If I made a few jokes that missed their mark, well I'm sorry. Heck, I was just trying to liven things up. We all need to smile more! That's what Grandma Worthy says. It's even written on that sign in front of her humble Amish house.

Oh, before I forget, thanks for all the cards and letters I got while "chilling out" in the Chester County Jail. I finally got released last Friday. I would have stayed longer but there's some stupid Pennsylvania law about a prisoner replacing another prisoner not staying past the previous prisoner's allotted time. Since The Mooj was scheduled for release three days after his escape, I was forcibly removed by court order (but this took several months since I kept filing injunctions). I'm ashamed to admit that the reason I wanted to stay in jail was that I'm lazy. It's a thousand times better kicking back in the hoosegow than being Amish during harvest season.

Hey, Mooj Heads ...
Long time no see! I was thrilled to be asked to sit in for The Mooj again. Yeah, I know. I was "forever banned" from editing *The Enlightenment* but you know how it goes. The Mooj is in heep big trouble

Important News! As many of you know The Friends of Mooj Society has established their new headquarters outside of the Chester County Jail. The office is located in downtown West Chester, PA in what was once known as the Patel Food Emporium. All Mooj mail, donations, minion applications, etc. should now be sent there. Do not, under any circumstances, send Mooj mail to my grandparents. They have no idea who The Mooj is and will not forward anything. I'm not sure who volunteered them but it wasn't me. They were pissed. If, by some chance you already sent something through them, well, forget about it. It's gone. Also, Vic Taylor got fired from the Volunteer Fire Department so don't send mail there, either. The new address is located above and is repeated here for your convenience:

The Mooj, c/o Madhuri Dixit Fan Club,
Cubicle 103, Desk 3, Patel Travel Agency,
Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA.

Before I begin, let me just say that those of you who know me, know I'm a nice guy. If I sound harsh or condescending, it's just an act. I'm actually a very shy person and, perhaps, I hide my true feelings by appearing rude or insensitive. The real Lance Worthy is kind and compassionate. I'm your pal and together we share The Love and Happiness of being Mooj Enlightened. To prove that I care I will do everything in my power to edit this wonderful edition of this newsletter better than anything you saw last year. I'll even add my own poetry and stories. I'll also hand-select our newest minion brothers and sisters. And, because I love you, I will be your minion friend. Come, let's hold hands and begin reading this newsletter together! Hardy-har har!

MOOJ MINION MAIL BAG

Great One,

Since you are currently wandering around naked through the jungles of Alabama, how is it that you are able to write and edit Mooj newsletters? Do you travel around naked and hungry with a typewriter?

Your Devotee,
Siddanjay Gupta
Avondale Township, PA

Lance Responds: It's too bad I have to be nice to this idiot. But I will. Because that's the kind of guy I am. So, yes, my enlightened brother; it is indeed quite remarkable that The Grand Swami of all Swamis can do all that he does. That's what makes him a super guru I guess.

Re: Reference in Enlightenment, Vol. III, No. 12 to setting of Hardy Boys Mystery Books:

Sir,

For your information *The Hardy Boys* mystery novels were set in Morris County, New Jersey, not Cecil County, Maryland. An inquiry was made concerning this matter by a subscriber of your magazine and I feel compelled to correct you. Some may find it odd but I have devoted my life to researching and writing about The Hardy Boys. In fact, my Ph.D. dissertation from Brown University was on how The Hardy Boys have influenced a generation of American boys to lead more productive lives. If you have any more questions or concerns about these classic adventures please feel free to contact me.

v/r

Leslie Alberto McFarlane
Curator of The Hardy Boys Museum
Larchmont, NJ

Lance Responds: Huh? Is this guy for real? Thank you, sir, whoever you are. Your input has made this edition of *The Enlightenment* more enlightening (Yuk yuk). To be honest I'm not sure what this guy is talking about. Whoever said anything about The Hardy Boys? Most confusing of all (and I mean this in the nicest way possible) is that I'm not sure what makes this guy a bigger moron: the fact that he is the curator of The Hardy Boys Museum or that he

went to Brown University. Hey, chump, instead of worrying about an error in a low-budget newsletter published by a fugitive Punjabi Swami poet I suggest you worry about why you never had a date with a real live woman before. Get a life, you loser!

To Lance (c/o *Mooj Enlightenment Magazine*)

Hey Lance, I think I may be your long lost twin brother. I checked your web site a few days ago and saw that you looked exactly like me. Almost every feature of your body matched mine right down to that dimple on your left butt cheek. I know nothing about my childhood except that I was adopted or stolen by gypsies when my Amish parents abandoned me.

Shem Stoltsfuss
Claxton, TN

Lance Responds: Everyday some clown writes me and tells me that he or she is my long lost brother or sister. I suggest these people reevaluate their dull lives if being my brother or sister appeals that much to them. I know little about my mom and dad other than they left the Amish way to become wandering hippies. As loathsome as they must have been I doubt that even they would stoop so low as to hang around in Tennessee long enough to give birth to some turd farmer like this guy. Hey bud, get a life!

El Mujo:

Recorro a veces solo y descubierto a través del desierto. Paro para saludar solamente el viento. Entonces continúo mi caminata hasta que el sol fija.

Jose D. de El Paso, TX

Lance Responds: Stand back everyone! The Durango Riddler has struck again! Sorry, Jose D. from El Paso. I'd love to sit and listen to you profess your Mexican wisdom but I feel a bowel movement coming on and feel that that experience will be more satisfying than whatever random sampling of idiocy you're about to let spew from your complex mind. No hard feelings but adios, dorko.

I'm on an all corn diet! I eat corn for breakfast, re-eat it for lunch and then re-eat it for supper! *Oh what a pip I am!*

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

Lance Responds: Oh not this old fool again. Isn't this the same idiot that was forever banned from the Mooj Mail Bag several years ago? Sorry professor, you have to go away now. Don't take this personally but you're a moron.

Swami Mooj,

I need your help. I need to find true inner harmony but I don't have much patience. My guru says I can achieve true inner harmony only through fasting and meditation, but it will be a very long and treacherous journey. Perhaps you can lead me there and it won't take as long or be as dangerous.

Wolfgang Krueger Jr.
Nottingham, PA

Lance Responds: Wolfgang? Is that your real name or the name your astro-glide pals gave you in drama club? I suggest you first try to figure out why you're such a big fat loser. There's plenty of time to find true inner harmony after that.

Mooj,

When I was a little boy the Romper Room lady always looked through her magic ring and said she saw everyone in my kindergarten class except me. She saw Billy, Suzy, Frank, Joanne, Mary, John, Greg, Helen, Barbara, Steven, Karen, Manny, Mark, Joe, Danny, Robert, Henry, Alice, Grace, Mildred, Fancy, Adam, James, Drew, Anita, Rene, Sarah, Mike, Linda, Roseann and Ronny—but she never saw me! *Why Mooj?* I watched that show everyday, hoping and praying that at least once she'd see me. She never did. Why couldn't the Romper Room lady see me?

Fhlorja Fhjangji
Culver City, CA

Lance Responds: Wow! Finally someone who isn't completely insane wrote to The Mooj. Oh, wait, never mind.

Mr. Mooj,

Like the good Professor Lewis I, too, am on an all corn diet. *And what a pip I am!*

Ms. Agnes B. Lassiter
Prof G. H. Lewis' House Keeper
New Gabon

Lance Responds: Yes, I should have guessed as much. In the old days whenever that crackpot Professor Lewis wrote in, his insane housekeeper would write in, too. I'm not sure why these two particular idiots from New Gabon (wherever the hell that is) think we care about what they eat. I'm no scientist but I'll bet Ms. Lassiter and the good professor sniff a lot of glue together.

94.7 KMET ROCKS! KLOS, KEZY, KROC and all the other Southern California rock stations suck. The "Mighty Met" will rock on forever. Hooooo-Yahhhhhhhhh! Wooooooooooooo woooooooooooooh woooooooooooooh— 94.7-Twiddle-deeeeeeee!!!!

F__K YEAH!

potterh@hbusd.k12.cal.us

Lance Responds: Wow, another scientist-like person has written in to show everyone how smart he is. Silly scientific person, do you really think The Mooj cares which radio station you listen to? Silly scientific person, please don't bother us anymore.

Great Mooj,

Whenever I look into the eyes of my dog Huffy I see those of my late husband Edgar. Huffy also smells like Edgar sometimes. Is it possible that Huffy *is* Edgar? Edgar died on the very same day Huffy was born.

T.B. Carnes
Yeso, New Mexico

Lance Responds: Yes, Ms. Carnes. Huffy is Edgar (it's too bad you can't see the face I'm making right now).



To Mr. "Mooj" Mujaputtia,

I am writing to you again to ask you to surrender. Things have been extremely difficult for us here at the Mid Atlantic Operations Center due to the fact that 1) you're still on the loose, 2) The Doug Redhand we captured in Alabama was a look-a-like, not the real thing, 3) That idiot J.J. Bigsby is causing all kinds of mayhem throughout Alabama, Arkansas and Mississippi, and 4) Agent Merryweather, a.k.a. "Special Agent Ziggy," has now joined forces with that infamous drug lord Doug Redhand.

Since the Doug Redhand we captured wasn't the real Doug Redhand I must rescind my offer of amnesty and accelerate efforts to recapture you. I will, however, let stand my offer of friendship. I still have that cup of hot cocoa waiting for you in my office. Even if you aren't here to surrender I will gladly put aside a few hours of my time so that we can sit and talk. I would like that, Mooj, I really would. You may call me at any time using my special secret phone line. [Call the FBI Eastern Sector Command Center, wait for the beep and then punch in the numbers 75-alpha-56-romeo-4343. When asked for the countersign, say: "I have come to puff on the peace pipe." The operator will then respond with: "Are you inside a wig-wam?" You then respond with: "Yes, and I am presently beating my tom-tom." The operator should then put you directly through.] Please call. I *can't* wait to hear from you.

J. Edgar Gayson
Deputy Director of Mid Atlantic Operations
Federal Bureau of Investigations

Lance Responds: Hey, what's the deal with this guy? No doubt he's a little "light in the loafers," if you get my drift. Hey bud, I'll pass your offer to The Mooj but I doubt he will take you up on it. The Mooj knows better than to associate with sickos like you.



Mooj,

I need your help with a little problem. My mom just found out that I'm living with my boyfriend and now she's pissed. Can you call or write to her and tell her to get a clue? My boyfriend told me I should just tell her to get lost but if I do that she might stop paying my rent and make me move back home until

I turn 18. I'm soooo sure. My mom is such the *luuзер*!

Mandolin G., age 15
Delta, PA

Lance Responds: Wow! I'm glad to see that you really got your head together, Mandolin. Most 15 year olds usually aren't as mature as you. You sound like you're really cool, too. Just for kicks you should go and get a bunch of tattoos. That would be totally bitchen. And, hey, while you're at it, get as many body piercings as your McDonaldland "fry-cook" boyfriend can afford. That would be totally bitchen, too. Drag your 'soon to be a grandma' mom with you when you do all these cool things since she seems pretty "sharp," herself. Yeah, about as sharp as a bowling ball.



Most Holistic Mooj,

This letter is to invite you and your followers to my wife Ginger and my 35th wedding anniversary on March 14, 2000. We'd be delighted if you'd be the guest of honor and give us one of your holistic blessings. Both Ginger and I are minions and rely on you for our daily wisdom. We will renew our vows at St. Raymond's Church in Downey, CA at 10:00 a.m. and then proceed to the world famous Tiki Lounge for a small get-together.

It's hard to believe that Ginger and I have been married for 35 years. We met during the summer of '64 when I was a lifeguard at the Downey Plunge. I was only 18 and had no real ambition in life. My parents wanted me to go to college but I just wanted to be a lifeguard. To be honest I didn't have a care in the world until I met Ginger. I knew the moment I saw her jumping off the high dive that she was the girl for me. Ginger was a big city gal and didn't think much of a guy like myself but I kept after her and finally got her to fall in love with me.

Ginger and I got married in the spring of 1965 and within nine months had a baby. Things were tough in those days and it was impossible to make ends meet on a lifeguard's salary. My dad kept pestering me to get a real job and so finally I went to work with him at McDonald Douglas (which was doing space stuff at the time). Since my dad was a senior engineer I got accepted into a journeyman program and went to transistor school. Within six months I was a certified transistor welder and finally making decent money. Then one day in the late 60s I was called into a secret meeting. I was told that I had been hand-selected to work on this super secret

government project. It was the project where NASA faked the whole moon landing thing. I remember it was quite an elaborate undertaking and involved thousands of other engineers, technicians, set designers and special effects people. I guess the plan worked since the Russian's really did think that we landed on the moon. They tried to copy us and wound up going bankrupt. Actually, I'm probably not supposed to talk about this since it's probably still classified.

Anyway, hope you can make it to the big gala!

Patrick Stonewood Jr.,
Downey, CA

Lance Responds: Hey Patrick, back when you were working on that secret NASA project did you by any chance snort lots of rocket fuel? It sounds like you might have fried your brain there, sport. Gee, I feel like an idiot because I always thought that we really did land on the moon. Silly me. But in truth I think you may be mistaken about which secret project you were working on. You were probably working on "that other" NASA project. You know, the one that included subjecting people with low IQs like yourself to mass quantities of LSD. Let me guess. I bet they picked you up and brought you home each day on one of those "short" yellow school buses, right? Get a life, you loser!

Most Humble and Understanding Mooj,

I have never been happy with the size of my tackle and am thinking of getting an operation to make it bigger. When all my friends started developing sexually in high school I noticed that I was much smaller than most. I always hoped that I would grow bigger but I never did, even after using one of those Ron Jeremy acu-jet pumps. I feel totally under-endowed and that has affected my relationships with women. I recently dumped someone very special to me because I couldn't face the humiliation of her seeing my small package. What do you suggest I do? I value your opinion greatly.

"Little Lou"
Columbia, MD

Lance Responds: Hey "Little Lou," what I want to know is what were you doing looking at other guy's private parts when you were in high school? I guess we all know which side of the plate you bat from, eh? I know lots of guys out there like yourself that pack a wee-willy-sized-wienerschnitzel and let me tell ya, it ain't no fun. But the truth is you gotta draw with the gun God gave you. I certainly have. But then again I was lucky. I was born with a 155mm howitzer. Har-Har!

COPS CORNER

Remember how back in the old days cops used to send in their adventure tales to *The Enlightenment*? Even though The Mooj was in jail, he was always pro law and I think many in the law enforcement community recognized that. (Or they just liked to mock him.) Since I'm trying to restore this newsletter to its former glory, maybe I'll include a cop story for old time's sake. To clarify things, be it known to all that I ain't a cop. I just know plenty of them. Here's a story one of my cop buddies told me when we were sitting around in the hot tub last night drinking Zimas and smoking clove cigarettes:

One day my buddy and his partner responded to a mugging call. When they neared the scene of the crime they saw some punk running in the opposite direction. This guy matched the description of the suspect. They busted the dirt bag and threw him into the back of their squad car and then drove over to where the victim was making her report. My buddy told the dirt bag that they needed to make "an identification" so when the lady came up to the car window the crook said: "Yeah, that's the lady I robbed," thinking he was the one that was supposed to be making the identification.

PENNSYLVANIA HERITAGE (By Lance Worthy)

As most of you know I was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. I was the sixth child of Amish dairy farmers. Soon after I was born my parents left the Amish community and became English (or at least that's what my grandparents called them, they looked more like hippies to me). My grandparents raised my siblings and me until we were old enough to decide for ourselves whether we would become Amish or leave the community. I chose to leave but since I was never baptized I was free to return whenever I pleased (I wasn't banished in other words). Regardless of my poor standing in the community I always felt welcome in my grandparent's home—that was until they saw my picture on the box cover of *Butt Jam '94* at the local X-rated video rental store. Then I was forever banished and told never to return. But that was a long time ago and they have now finally forgiven me. I have returned home and decided to stay here to help them operate their Amish beer garden. If you happen along this way then I invite you to stop in and say hello. You have a friend in Pennsylvania—me!

MY TWO CENTS WORTH (By Lance Worthy)

Remember how back in the old days The Mooj would allow me to write a guest editorial in these newsletters called "My Two Cent's Worth"? Since I have editorial command of this newsletter perhaps I will indulge myself a bit. Fasten your seatbelts folks, Lance Worthy is about to orate!



I WAS NEVER A GAY PORNO STAR!

I must make something perfectly clear—I am not, nor have I ever been, a gay porno star! I have no idea why so many of you Mooj Heads are confused about this. It is true that I spent many years working in the alternative lifestyle adult movie industry—but I was a stuntman not an actor! Never did I engage in any simulated or otherwise scripted act of lovemaking. My role was purely a professional one, which required that I substitute myself for actors when action sequences required an element of danger. Most of my stunt work involved car crashes and leaps from tall burning buildings. Because it was necessary to reduce film-editing costs, some directors did, however, insist that I be substituted into action scenes early (i.e., before the scripted act of lovemaking was terminated). Some directors, in an effort to reduce editing altogether, insisted that I perform the entire "scene" with or without action sequences. Sadly, many of my greatest stunts wound up on the cutting room floor. In the future I hope that you will refrain from referring to me as a "gay porno star." I was a stuntman who performed stunts in alternative lifestyle adult movies. Remember That!

POETRY CORNER!

I promised you guys a genuine Lance Worthy poem but as I sit here reflecting, perhaps it would be better if I included minion-submitted poems instead. There are tons of them waiting to be published. People just love to send in poetry.

The first poem is by some idiot calling himself "ee Goings." I think it's about Hsing-Hsing, the giant Panda that just died at the National Zoo. The second poem is from some idiot named Garrison "Frost" Keller. I have no idea what this one is about. I think this Keller fellow thinks he's poetically accomplished or something. He describes the poem as being a Haiku without having Haiku-like characteristics. Okay. The third poem is from Mrs. Kettle's 3rd Grade Class (they hale from Jefferson Davis Elementary School in Avondale Township, PA). After you read it I'm sure you will agree that these 3rd graders sure are "gifted"!

The Immense Anguish of Losing Hsing-Hsing
by ee Goings

Oh Hsing Hsing, what can I do?
I heard the news; this can't be true!

You lived your life oh so grand,
And now there's sorrow across the land

You lived as though you had no care
You were our Nation's Giant Panda Bear

A gift from China you came one day
In bamboo shoots you sat to play

And now you're dead and gone away
What remains of you, stuffed and on display

El-Mo-Oj
by Garrison "Frost" Keller

Mooj, Mooj a magical man
Too bad he has spent time in the can
One day the guard in the yard
Turned his head and Mooj fled
He's on the run he's havn' fun
Is this anything like "Where's Waldo"?

*** (applause?) ***

Ode du Mooj

Everyday we say our thanks
We say our thanks for thee

Our teacher says that you're a crook
She says to leave you be

But we read your newsletter anyway
It teaches us to see

Someday we'll be old and gray
But our minds shall still be free

Harmony, inner peace and self-realization:
Mooj minionship is the key!

COOK'S CORNER!

This week someone named Angus McMillan, from Brookfield, PA sent in a recipe for haggis. I have no idea what haggis is but I'll pass it along to you anyway:

Tasty Scottish/Polish or Scottish/Italian Treat

Broil a nice long piece of haggis (sheep's intestine) until it's brown and tender. Use butter or oleo to lubricate the interior portion of the haggis and then slip in either a regulation size kielbasa or extra-long Italian sausage. Bake until the kielbasa (or sausage) stiffens.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ!

This dispatch just arrived from The Mooj. He asked that it be included in this newsletter. Those of you who are enjoying The Mooj's traveling adventures will surely enjoy this one. Those of you who suffer when The Mooj suffers will be hurting units after you read this. I certainly was!

Once I had my union card I was playing juke joints all up and down the Mississippi delta. "Howlin' Mooj," as I was then being called by my fans, became very popular. But something just didn't seem right. People coming to my shows often mentioned seeing me at places that I had never played. Some even mentioned that they enjoyed my interpretive Kung Fu dancing while I played—something I had never done (as far as I could recall anyway). "What could this mean?" I wondered, "Were there two Howlin' Moojs in Mississippi?" This was really quite puzzling.

Then one night as I walked along a dark and dusty road I heard the unmistakable sound of a sitar wailing in the heavy moonlit air; whoever this raga singer was, he had totally mastered my sound. I approached the dilapidated juke joint where this impostor was playing and peeked through a partially boarded up window. There I saw with my very own eyes my exact double on stage—naked as a jay bird—playing a sitar and doing a kung-fu dance at the same time!

It was that charlatan J.J. Bigsby! That jackass had not only stolen my identity, but was playing and dancing better than I had ever done! I decided then and there to confront this evil twin and walked up to the stage with my sitar in hand. Those few lucky patrons sitting at the bar or lying drunk on the floor witnessed the best "raga showdown" to ever take place in the State of Mississippi! The dueling Moojs "cut heads" that night—both agreeing that the victor would stay in Mississippi and the loser would forever abandon the delta. I played better than I ever played

before but, alas, my best was no match for the fake Mooj. After it was over I handed the fake Mooj my trusty old sitar (which he broke over his knee) and then I walked away with my head hung low. The crowd booed and threw bottles at me as I left the juke joint in shame. I would never play ragas in Mississippi again.

I had no idea what to do next. I had no money, no clothes, no sitar, no car—no nothing! And worse, I was being driven out of Mississippi by some deranged lunatic duplicate of myself. Before I had much time to ponder my desperate circumstances I was run over by a VW microbus. (This was because during my deep reflection of sorrow I did not realize that I was standing in the middle of the road.)

The VW microbus that ran me over was packed full of young people. Among the passengers was a former Mooj entourage member, who immediately recognized me and convinced the others that I was harmless and holy. I was lifted from the highway and carried aboard the VW microbus (then christened "The Mooj Freedom Bus No. 2"). At first I was uncomfortable since I had numerous broken bones and was being squashed between dozens of people. But soon I didn't care. It was nice to be 'on the road' again and among devotees. For the first time in months I wasn't lonely.

In a very short time the The Mooj Freedom Bus No. 2 pulled into Memphis and I was admitted to the hospital. This was a bittersweet arrival as I had once promised myself that I would never set foot in

Memphis again. Those of you who are long time readers know why. For those of you who do not know why, I will try to sum up my bitterness in a few short bursts of thought: From July of 1975 to August 17, 1977 I had lived in Memphis and belonged to the prestigious Elvis Presley Kempo Karate Black Belt Bodyguard Legion of Honor. Few people were as lucky as I was back then, for not only was I one of Elvis Presley's back up bodyguards, I was also part of his secondary social circle. Everywhere The King went, I went (though I was never in the same room). Those were great times for me but, alas, they were short-lived. When The King died part of me died too. The saddest thing I ever had to do in my life

was hang up my black karate *gi* and turn in my "TCB" lightning bolt necklace. I had no idea then that my life would soon be on a downward spiral for many years. I guess it still is.

So there I was back in Memphis. I wasn't sure if my broken bones or tortured memories hurt more. Would I return to visit the housing project across the street from Graceland? (That's where I lived back then.) Maybe. But first I had to get all my broken bones reset.

(To be continued next month)

MINIONS, MINIONS, MINIONS

Well, I'm at a loss as to what to do. There are tons of minion applications to approve but only a few pages left in this newsletter. Plus, I'm supposed to include a full page ad from one of our sponsors. I'm going to make an editorial command decision and blow off the ad so that we can include as many new minions as possible. How's that for being a nice guy? To save space I'll just summarize what you minion-selectees sent in. Just a reminder, if you sent your application to The Mooj c/o my grandparents, then it got thrown away.

New minion 1494 is Dan Thomas. He's a roofer from Northridge, CA. He says that he loves to get on the freeway during rush hour with his tar trailer fired up so that people stuck in traffic around him get sick. He sounds like a real winner.

New minion 1495 is from Yeadon, PA and says that she was Miss Rheingold 1952. She sent in a picture of herself. Nice (or at least she was back in 1952).

New minion 1496 is Dr. Robert J. Luddle. He was born in Ames, Iowa. He says he left Iowa when he was old enough to know that he could. His essay was about how Freud's theory of Id, Ego and Super Ego doesn't really pass the bulls__t test. It was a stupid essay and he would have never been awarded minionhood had it not been for the very large donation included in his envelope.

New minion 1497 is Debbie Holland of Columbia, MD. Her essay was actually pretty good. It was about how she got struck by lightning and can now turn on appliances by snapping her fingers.

New minion 1498 is Rudy Santana. He is 28 and lives in Poolesville, MD. His essay was about how he made lots of money investing in cattle futures only to lose it all when he bought a houseboat that sunk. It was a sad little tale.

New minion 1499 calls himself "The Amazing Wiffenpoof." His essay was too stupid to even mention here.

New minion 1500 is a 45-year-old public administrator from Towsen, MD. She wished to remain anonymous. Her essay was about a how she was basically adrift in a sea of despair until she found Mooj.Com. The essay was awarded a gold star by one of the select committee members. (This select committee member puts stars on everything so it isn't really that big of a deal.)

New minion 1501 is Fred Huyett from Ogden, UT. Fred is an odd man. Let's just say that his essay will be kept away from the prying eyes of children.

New minion 1502 is Richard Dunn from Union City, CA. Richard is a lawyer working for the Alameda County DA. His essay was pretty good. It had a bunch of legal mumbo jumbo in it and he used the words *Lex Loci Contractus* a lot.

New minion 1503 is 19 year old Jessica Branson from Rogers Tavern, PA. Her essay was also awarded a gold star. It was basically a retrospect of her life and times while performing in a madrigals singing group.

New minion 1504 is Brook Etzikom of Butler, OH. Brook claims to be a stud but I don't think so. He

sent a picture of himself but someone here at Mooj headquarters drew a moustache and eye patch on it.

New minion 1505 is a 33 year old from West Bengal, India. His name is Shiv Upadhyay. His essay was about how he sometimes wishes he could have carnal knowledge with the lady across the street.

New minion 1506 is Yummi Lalaplaf from Boise, ID. (This name is obviously fake.) "Yummi" claims to be a 23 year old beekeeper. Her essay was about how she loves The Mooj and wants to have his children. (The select committee members and I joked that if she hangs around The Mooj entourage long enough she might get her wish.... if you know what I mean ... wink wink.)

We're not sure about **minion 1507**. It might be the same girl listed above since the name and address were the same. If this is the same person then I am sorry. She can keep both minion numbers since they are pretty much meaningless anyway. This time her essay was more emotional and she said that she was worthy of becoming a Mooj minion because she had been introduced to the depths of Moojism and felt as though they were absolutely uplifting. She also sent in a picture of herself posing half-naked on the back of a motorcycle. It looks like she's either heavily tattooed or needs to wash better.

New minion 1508 is a glass blower from Balston Spa, NY. His name is Bob Willie. He says he has only one testicle. His essay was basically a remembrance of his missing testicle.

We're not sure about **Minion 1509**. We think this might have been a joke submittal. The guy said he was Satan. We seriously doubt Satan would really want to be a Mooj minion. His essay was totally stupid (not to mention scary).

We're not sure about **Minion 1510** either. The guy listed his name as Derek Moonvines but didn't add anything else. We think he might have sent off his application before finishing it.

New minion 1511 says his name is Adhya Bidyabinod. He lives in New Delhi and works as a *rickshaw-wallah*. His essay was awarded a gold star and brought many tears to our eyes. It was about how he sacrificed his happiness to ensure that his daughters married well. He also added a poem called *Aye Phansa* that none of us could figure out since it was written in Hindi.

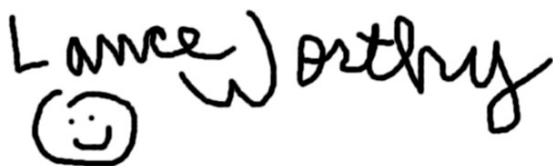
New minion 1512 sounds like a real loser. Sorry to be so blunt but it's the truth. Listen 1512, you're lucky. You wouldn't have been accepted as a Mooj minion had it not been for the fact that one of the select committee members thought you looked like that guy "Ducky" in the movie *Pretty in Pink*.

And last but not least is **Minion 1513**. This guy's name is Che Cuervo. He's 39 and lives in Logan, VA. He says he once appeared on the TV show *American Gladiators*. His essay was about how sometimes people don't say what they mean when they mean what they say (or something like that). The select committee almost voted this guy down because he sent in a picture. He looked like a total dork in that big sombrero.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Remember folks, Lance is your pal. Hopefully this month I didn't offend anyone. I tried to return this sorry excuse for a newsletter back to its original format for all you long time *Enlightenment* readers out there. (Maybe that will make a few of you Lance haters out there like me.) Hopefully next month The Mooj will resurface long enough to retake the helm of this newsletter. If not, I'll be here. Keep the mails coming.

Yours in Moojism,



The Enlightenment !

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First the good news: I am alive and well. **Now the bad news:** The Federal authorities have finally caught up with me and I am now surrounded by armed guards as I lie in my hospital bed inside a full body cast. Within hours of my arrival and admittance into the Intensive Care Unit my hospital room was swarming with Federal Agents. I have been told that as soon as the doctors feel that it is safe to move me I will be taken back to Chester County Jail.

I can't say that my re arrest has been totally unpleasant, though. When I "came to" after having all my bones reset I awoke with a new friend sitting at my bedside (he was even holding my hand). His name is J. Edgar Gayson. He claims to be an FBI agent. He seems like a really nice guy.

Well I guess this is it. *The gig is up*. My days on the lam are over and I'm finally headed back to Chester County Jail. If I had it all to do over again I guess I would have just stayed put in jail. Although in retrospect I did have some great times on the road. I met some wonderful people and had many adventures. I can't thank the good people of Florida, Alabama and Mississippi enough for all their support during these last few months of my wanderings. I would also like to thank Vic Taylor, Lance Worthy and his grandparents for their help in keeping *The Enlightenment* up and running during my long absence. I guess now I'll have plenty of time to catch up on my editing and reader mail.

Also, I must extend special thanks to all you minions and friends out there who are sending me Tastykakes and Utz potato chips. Last week I told a reporter from a Philadelphia TV station that the thing I missed most about Chester County was Tastykakes and Utzs. Now care packages are arriving *en masse* stuffed to the brim with these wonderful tasty treats. I only wish I could eat them but the doctors say I can't chew solid foods for a few more months. My bedside buddy J. Edgar Gayson and his guard friends are enjoying them for me.

I do not want to waste anymore time with this introduction. Let's get right to this newsletter, as there are many interesting things to write about.

MOOJ MINION MAIL BAG

One of the nice things Agent Gayson did (besides comfort me) was have all The Mooj Mail forwarded. According to him there were tons of it and he had to have a special team sift through it to remove the stupid stuff. Sadly, that included all the mail so they had to sift back in letters that were marginally acceptable.

Mooj,

I started getting your magazine in the mail by accident. What is it, some kind of joke? I like all the stupid poems and stuff. I showed my wife the **Chinese Love Song** by Mao Tse Hung and she said it didn't make sense. She's Chinese. She said that it was just made up words that sounded Chinese that didn't really have any meaning. I also like all the stuff you wrote about Florida. I went to The University of Florida and I bleed Gator Orange! I

even got a huge Gator tattoo on my stomach. My wife doesn't care much for college football. Maybe I'll send her ass back to China until she wises up!

theuniversityoftennesseetotallysucks@aol.com

The Mooj Answers: I recall asking the poet who submitted that work about those Chinese verses since many Chinese patrons of my newsletter found them to be unrecognizable. The author claimed they were from an ancient book of Chinese philosophy. If I recall correctly he said the book was written during the Dung Dynasty (circa 444 B.C.) and was probably heavily influenced by Lao Tsing, the singing philosopher. Obviously your wife is unfamiliar with ancient Chinese philosophy.

Great Impotent One:

Mooj, Doug Redhand here. Could you please refrain from telling your minions (including the FBI) about who is working for me? It was reported to me that one of your newsletters mentioned C. J. Merryweather (aka Special Agent Ziggy) was now in my employment. This is confidential information and should be treated as such. Hope all is well. Enclosed, please find a generous donation to your Ashram building fund.

Doug Redhand
Rm. 453, Utilities Bldg., Highway "0"
Guano Atoll
An Unincorporated Territory of the United States

The Mooj Answers: Mr. Redhand, I have no recollection of meeting you but everyone around here sure knows who you are. J. Edgar Gayson even says you're famous! I had Vic Taylor check my master minion index file and he reported back that you were a "most favored minion," probably because of past and present generosity. As per your request I will keep information about your personal life out of my newsletter. I think, however, the reference made concerning C. J. Merryweather was made by the FBI and not me. But then again I don't know or care about much anymore. Thanks for your donation. Sadly, those sifting and sorting my mail sifted and sorted out your donation.

Dear Guru Mooj:

As per your direction I began reading your collected works. I proceeded first with your technical paper published in *The Proceedings of the 4th International Conference on Probabilistic Safety Assessment and Management*, New York City, 13-18, September, 1998, entitled "Apparently Three out of Four People Make up 75% of the Population." I

found the discussion fascinating, but did find some flaws in your argument, which I would like to discuss with you. The discussion of your "model of the world" is confusing to me. The question is not whether the distribution of a population set is epistemic or aleatory. The question is whether the event and the parameter associated with it is representative of an aleatory process, or whether it represents an epistemic uncertainty concerning the hypotheses, that people exist, or that certain people don't exist, in the binary case, or more generally that people exist with one or more parameters. I agree that there were several ways to model the population of the Earth, but given the uncertainty associated with nations and regions in the world where population is not actually counted you have incorrectly characterized the bounds of your uncertainty distribution as being too broad. Perhaps we can discuss this issue later, when you find yourself in better circumstances.

With Utmost Respect,
Trent Handjoy (Mooj protégé #2),
Durham, NC

The Mooj Answers: Thanks for your input, young Trent; however, I fear that you don't quite understand the protégé/mentor relationship. Forget not that you are a potentially ignorant person and not yet enlightened by my wisdom. I asked you to read and learn from my works not critique them.

Great and Loving Mooj,

I know you have troubles but I have troubles too. Is it possible that you can use your super enlightened powers to help me find my long lost love? Her name was Kelly Winslow and she was my girlfriend back in high school. We were very much in love and talked about getting married when I got out of the army but her family moved away when I was in boot camp and I never saw or heard from her again. I have been married twice since then and divorced both times. I'm not sure why but I still think about Kelly all the time. She has always been my one true love and I would do anything to find her again. When I knew Kelly we both lived in Gaylordsville, Connecticut. She moved to Pawtucket, Rhode Island in 1963. Please help me find her again if you can. I will donate a million dollars to your ashram building fund if you find her.

Jeff Cooder,
Chappaqua, NY

The Mooj Answers: Jeff, The Mooj honors your commitment to true love and will do all I can to help you. Though I am in near financial ruin and your

money would prove useful, I would not accept it as no one can put a price on true love. Sadly, upon my first try at meditating on this noble problem, I was unable to locate your true love Kelly Winslow beyond the year 1975. I will keep trying and get back to you as soon as I find something. Keep your thoughts positive and this will allow me to see things better the next time I meditate on your lost love.

Mooj,

Why in the world must you insist on letting that idiot Lance Worthy substitute for you? In my opinion it would be better to not publish a newsletter during the months you can't work on them rather than have that half-wit Amish imbecile do it. I happen to find Lance Worthy's sense of humor offensive and I'm sure I'm not alone. He seems to stand for everything that you're against. Why let him pollute the harmonic balance of your fine newsletter?

F. P.
Falls Church, VA

The Mooj Answers: Yes, in many ways I agree with your sentiments, dear friend. I actually did ban him for life but that ban was systematically ignored for reasons only The Friends of Mooj Society know. This is a painful topic for me right now and I even avoided mentioning it in my introduction. My new friend Agent Gayson said that I should face this issue head on and share my feelings. But the truth is I'm just too tired and broken boned right now to deal with this whole Lance Worthy situation. I wasn't even going to answer this letter but Gayson wouldn't stop crying and I couldn't take anymore of his long 'touch-feely' hugs to help him deal with my avoiding things.

A letter to be sung to the tune of the Bee Gee's Jive Talking:

"....Trash talkin,' that's all he do is trash talkin'
...Lance won't come through 'cause Lance is a fool.
He's always trash talkin' and he ain't cool....."

There Mooj, sing that to yourself as you run amok through the jungles of Alabama. Keep Lance and his filth out of your newsletter!

K.D. Laramie
Yakima, WA

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your support and whatever else you mean.

Wow, finally a real newsletter! Lance may be a bit bizarre but at least he knows how to throw together

an interesting newsletter. Keep the kid; he's definitely an asset to your otherwise pointless publication. I suggest you give him a weekly column and a bigger cut of all your scams.

James Hasslehoff,
Plaska, Texas

The Mooj Answers: Thank you for your support and whatever else you mean.

Mooj Uncle,

I know most of the time you're only joking around when you dole out free wisdom and blessings but I really need your help. Lately I can't stop thinking about an old boyfriend. His name was Jeff Cooder and we graduated from Gaylordsville High School together in 1963. He was a very handsome boy and I was madly in love with him. Right after graduation he joined the army. That very same summer my dad got transferred to Pawtucket, RI and we had to move. Jeff and I had talked about marrying but we weren't officially engaged so I thought he wouldn't mind if I dated other boys while he was away. Later that summer I met another boy who got me into trouble. My father forced me to marry this boy and I was too ashamed to ever write or call Jeff again to explain what happened. We haven't spoken to each other since 1963. I have been married four times now and I have never felt the same about any other man. I have and will always be in love with Jeff Cooder. Oh Mooj, if only I could see Jeff again! If only I could tell him how sorry I am that I hurt him. If he took me back I would make him the happiest man in the world. Please Mooj, help me find Jeff Cooder again!

Kelly Winslow-Valdez,
Yuma, AZ

The Mooj Answers: Kelly, amazingly, this is the second letter I got this week asking me to help find an old "true love." Normally my super enlightened senses pickup on long-lost loves but with your mystery man I can only sense that he lives within 100 miles of your former high school. I will keep trying to locate this guy and get back to you as soon as possible.

I'm so tired. I can't sleep. I've been awake for weeks now. So tired. Soooooo tired. Must sleep.
Zzzzzzzzzzz.

zzbottom@mindspring.com

The Mooj Answers: This was an odd letter. I will omit reflecting on it for now.

Mooj,

I'll never forget my first time. It was in the back seat of a '67 Chevy in the parking lot of a place called Burgundy's near The University of Cincinnati. I was alone. It was pure bliss—so tasty, creamy and ooooh soooo saucy. After that I became addicted. I now eat Skyline Chili every day. In fact, I'm eating it right now! When was the first time you tried Skyline Chili?

Lonny Grange.
Cincinnati, OH

The Mooj Answers: This was an odd letter, too. I will omit reflecting on it for now as well.

Mooj,

I hope this doesn't make us sound selfish but my wife and I are pretty upset about something that happened to us last weekend. Every month our church has a "mystery trip." People pay \$50 each, show up at 8:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning and a bus is waiting in the parking lot to take everyone on a secret weekend getaway. Past mystery trips have been to fun places like Atlantic City, New York City, Peddler's Village in Bucks County and Ocean City, MD. It sounded like a lot of fun so my wife and I signed up for this month's mystery trip. Rather than take us on a cool getaway the bus took us to a work camp in the Appalachians, where we were forced to help paint some old rickety-assed church for a bunch of hillbillies. We were pretty pissed. Shouldn't we at least get our \$50 back?

Midge and Stefan.
Fallston, MD

The Mooj Answers: Ah, finally a letter worth pontificating over. Yes, my *dosti naariyal*, you should expect to get what you pay for; however, even the wisest of fools knows that sometimes the goodness of happy feelings is measured by doings rather than gettings. The ancient philosopher *Chai' Chain' Chaing* once wrote that even if the entire World was paved over with blacktop a flower would still find a crack to grow through. Thus, you two should be like the flowers growing through blacktop!

Great and Worldly Mooj,

Who was that idiot who wrote in last month about KMET in Southern California? Everyone knows that

the mighty MET changed formats over fifteen years ago! Believe it or not I still have a KMET bumper sticker on my car. It's right next to my Mooj.com sticker. The "Mighty MET" was cool, man, but it's gone, dude, it's gone. Life goes on.

Too Hip-Gotta Go,
Frazer Jones
Tustin, CA

The Mooj Answers: This was an odd letter. I will omit reflecting on it for now as well.

Dear Swami Mooj,

Last week I had an out-of-body experience and wound up returning to the wrong body. Can you use your enlightened super powers to help me locate my original body? Thanks.

Jean DuLac
Chanute, KS

The Mooj Answers: I think your original body is now occupied by someone else, who had an out-of-body experience at the same time that you did. This happens from time to time and there really isn't anything you can do about it. I suggest you take good care of your "borrowed" body until it can be returned to its rightful owner.

Mooj,

If you're so enlightened how come you can't sense that you're an idiot?

The Bagley Sisters
St. Marys, PA.

The Mooj Answers: Under most circumstances I would never allow a Bagley Sister's letter to be published but Agent Gayson says that I need to move on and stop dwelling on the past. I have no idea what he's getting at but it's easier to just post this letter than listen to his sensitive new age blabberings for another hour.

Mooj,

I am furious at you! How in the world could you tell a 15-year-old girl to get a tattoo??? My daughter Mandolin told me that you're the one that told her to do it. She also got several parts of her body pierced because you told her to do that too. ARE YOU FRIGGEN INSANE??? How in the World is she ever going to be able to find a decent job now?

They don't hire people covered with tattoos and piercings at Wal-Mart!

A very angry parent in Delta, PA

The Mooj Answers: The Mooj has no idea what you're talking about. This sounds like a tragic situation that I am being blamed on. My friend Agent Gayson thinks that maybe the other Mooj (J.J. Bigsby) might be responsible. This man is evil and I wouldn't put it past him to do such an awful thing.

TRUE MINION STORY

Last month Lance Worthy wrote a short piece about his stuntman work and many have been clamoring for more information. I, too, am a bit curious about all this so I have temporarily lifted the ban on Lance so he can give us some insight into how he became a stuntman. To reserve newsletter space this will count as this month's minion story.

The Amish Evel Knievel (by Lance Worthy, Esq.)

Most of you know that I worked for many years in the San Fernando Valley (California) as a stuntman. Many people have been writing to The Mooj asking him how I got my start in show biz. Since the Mooj is a man of the people he asked me to write a short piece for *The Enlightenment* outlining my early life in the stunt business.



Mooj.com

At a very early age I knew I wanted to be a stuntman. While growing up on my grandfather's farm in Bird in Hand, PA I was often the scorn of many of the older Amish in my community for they found my stunts to serve no useful purpose. But most of the Amish teenagers loved to watch me perform. Since we had no television I was unaware that people were actually making a good living doing what I was doing for free. One day a big city TV crew came to town to do a documentary on barn raising and they stuck around to watch me perform one of my famous buggy jumps. The TV producer fellow told me afterwards that he never saw anything so crazy in all his life. He called me The Amish Evel Knievel and told me that I could make a fortune in Hollywood. I had never heard of Evel Knievel so I sent away for his autobiography and studied his methodology. Finally, when I was 18, I did a rumpspringer, where I was sent off to decide if the Amish lifestyle was right for me. Instead of going on a 6-day drinking binge like my fellow brethren, I went to stuntman school. Within a short time I was told by the school director that I had what it took to make it in the movies and so I made the difficult decision to leave Bird in Hand and drive to Hollywood, CA. (It was a very long drive since I did it with a horse and buggy.) Well, the rest is history. I arrived in Hollywood without a cent to my name and couldn't find a stuntman job anywhere. Finally I did what I had to do to survive and ..., well you know... I wound up doing stunt work in porno movies. The Mooj told me I could only have 400 words for this article and this last word is number 395. Maybe next month The Mooj will let me finish my story.

UZBEKISTANI-PUNJABI PRIDE

People often ask me if I was born in The Punjab. The answer is no. If you read my book *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, a Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*, then you would know that I was actually born in Uzbekistan. My father emigrated there during the early part of the century and was forced to remain enslaved as a gold miner when the communists took power. Since he was deemed intelligent by the party leaders he was sent to college and was then assigned to the Aral Sea Conservation Corps. There he met my mother (another Punjab scientist living in exile) and they sprung-forth six sons, including me. My brothers and I were gifted athletes and were drafted onto the Soviet Olympic National Hockey Team in the early 1960s. Few people know this but did you know that I was the only person in the history of Olympic sports to skate for both the Soviet Olympic National Hockey Team and the Soviet Olympic National Curling Team? (I eventually had to drop off the Curling team due to injuries.) Back in those days Uzbekistan was still part of the dreadful Soviet empire and my brothers and I dreamed of a better life in America. Our chance to

defect came during the 1964 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck. This was a devastating blow to the Soviet Olympic National Hockey Team because all six of us Umbababbaraba boys were the starting line. To help deceive Soviet operatives in America, the U.S. State Department separated us Umbababbaraba boys and gave us new "American-sounding names." I was given the name Richard Cunningham and sent to live with a foster family in Wisconsin. Those of you who are charter subscribers to *The Enlightenment* know about my early adventures in America because I used to reflect on them often. You more-recent subscribers will learn more about these trials and tribulations when we begin publishing excerpts from my book *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family: From Ancient Mohenjo-Daro to Uzbekistan, a Journey of 4,000 Years and 600 Miles*. First, however, we need to locate a copy of one. If you have this book please contact Vic Taylor at The Mooj Memory Bank.

Actually, now that I think about it, that book doesn't include any mention of my life in America. You'll have to find a copy of my book *The History of the Umbababbaraba Family (Part II): From Uzbekistan to America, a Journey of 30 Years and 8,000 Miles*.

A POEM

As I lay here all broken hearted and broken boned, I can't help but feel a poem coming on. So here it is:

A Wee Ditty about My Present Situation

Here I lie all broken down,
Beneath my cast, I wear a frown

In this bed, I await my fate
The hour of redemption's getting late

From the mid-Atlantic to the gulf coast sea
I saw the wonders of America free

And now with heart, it heavy be
I know a jail cell waits for me

COOK'S CORNER

I sincerely apologize for last month's obscene recipe. My ex-protégé Lance Worthy is still young and naive and doesn't realize that 60% of the recipes sent in to this newsletter are from weirdoes trying to pass off something lewd as being legitimate. I would have spotted that phony haggis recipe a mile away.

Now for this month's treat. This is the healthiest thing to come across the Mooj Mail Desk in years:

Cod Liver Oil Popsicles

Dr. Dean O'Doule of Bangor, Maine has found a novel way to get kids to take their daily dose of Cod Liver Oil. He freezes it in the form of a Popsicle. Dr. O'Doule says that "most kids take at least three or four licks before they realize it tastes like crap." Dr. O'Doule further stated that "and three or four licks equal the daily recommended dose of Cod Liver Oil."

NEWEST MINIONS

As many of you who view Mooj.com know, minion applications can now be filled out and submitted online using a credit card. Since we are limited in manpower we have decided to only accept minion applications this way for now on. Now no one is rejected (unless their credit card is rejected). So, here, without further adieu, are our newest minion brothers and sisters (some editing was done to shield personal data or eliminate non holistic mentionings):

Minion #1514

Contact_FullName: Raymond Wozniak
Contact_Title: Software Design Engineer
Contact_Organization: [REDACTED] Corp.
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Redwood Shores
Contact_State: CA
Contact_ZipCode: 94065
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 7/17/73
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-11
Personal_Weight: 190
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Culver City, CA
School: I am college educated
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

Something Special About Me:

I'm a software design engineer working on [REDACTED] new 10i Database Unit. I'm responsible for a bunch of different development tasks, including thinking of new patterns of ones and zeroes for our product's binary codes. Last week, for example, I came up with the sequence 00111010100111010111101010000011. As far as I know no one else has thought of that exact code yet!

Minion Application Essay:

I've been writing a little bit of poetry lately. Want to hear some? Here's a verse that I came up with the other day while smoking dried banana peels and watching *The O'Reilly Factor*:

*Hilltop, valley, desolate park
Beggar man, thief, creeps in the dark
His victim silent, bloody, laying dead
A 38-calliber bullet stuck in his head*

I'm not sure where to take it from there, though. I could make it really funny, or kind of sad. I think my

poems should offer more of an insight into myself, though. But I'm not sure how people would react if they knew they were actually about me. Here's another one based on a true story:

*I got big feet--sho 'nuff I do
I eat lots of mutton, 'cause I am a jew
TV in the background, can you hear it too?
My palm's bright red 'cause my [REDACTED] are so few*

I think I like the true-story one better. It has a very strong air of realism, don't you think?

Minion #1515

Contact_FullName: Dr. Alan Guinness
Contact_Title: Renal Surgeon
Contact_Organization: Beaumont Hospital
Contact_StreetAddress: PO Box 1292, Dublin 9
Contact_City: Dublin
Contact_State:
Contact_ZipCode:
Contact_Country: Ireland
Contact_WorkPhone: 809 2412/2418
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX:
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 050251
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 200 cm
Personal_Weight: 81 kg
Personal_HairColor: Red
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: County Kilkenny
School: I am college educated
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

I follow the teachings of Dawn Cartwright. I also summer in France and will read anything by Eavan Boland, Elizabeth Bowen, Eilish Dillon or Lady Gregory. When I was a boy I witnessed a man get run over by a train. His last words were, "*Ni he la na gaofar la na scoilb!*" Also, once when I was at university I saw a woman get run over by an omnibus. Her last words were, "*Slainte chuig na fir, agus go mairfidh na mna go deo!*"

Minion Application Essay:

Because love finds its momentum gliding across the abyss created by harmonic duality, what better more challenging way can one find to fulfill our destiny than by initiating the union of man's yin with his female partner's yang? That chasm between love and receptivity is long and treacherous; yet, it is easily spanned using the proper tool and lubricant. No other human experience demands such a tenuous balance between aggressive probing

and total surrender. Believe me I know all this because I'm Irish!

Minion #1516

Contact_FullName: Tom R.
Contact_Title: Real Estate Agent
Contact_Organization: O'Connor, Pipper, & Flynn
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Annapolis
Contact_State: MD
Contact_ZipCode: 21401
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: 410-349-[REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL: [REDACTED]
Personal_DateOfBirth: 1/30/44
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 6-2
Personal_Weight: 210
Personal_HairColor: Bald
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: NYC
School: I am college educated
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

I met J. Gordon Whitehead once.

Minion Application Essay:

The Enlightenment is, on the surface, a short, pointless newsletter about a man and the adventure he finds as he wanders symbolically naked through life. It is, on a higher level, a metaphor for greater new age wisdom and serves as a barometer for our imaginations, which inspires in me thoughtful reflection about truth and holistic poetic justice. It is a sad story in many ways but one worth reading.

Minion #1517

Contact_FullName: Will Towsen Kennedy Smith
Contact_Title: Senior
Contact_Organization: Fallston High School
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Fallston
Contact_State: MD
Contact_ZipCode: 21047
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL: [REDACTED]
Personal_DateOfBirth: 4/11/86
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 6ft
Personal_Weight: 245
Personal_HairColor: Platinum (dyed)
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Havre de Grace, MD
School: ?
Finances: ?

Something Special About Me:

I be a wigga yo.

Minion Application Essay:

sup dog! me and my peeps be chillin yo. my cuddies always be illin' on my clothes yo. Damn, sly, you lookin beat up from da feet up. i'm fixin' to go get me some cut up yo. Dog, that wigga got that hump in the back of his caddy yo. this is some fly ass chicken, dog. off the hook for sure!

Minion #1518

Contact_FullName: Benji Hiraga
Contact_Title: Truck Driver, Teamster
Contact_Organization: England Truck Lines
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Bunkerville
Contact_State: Nevada
Contact_ZipCode: 89006
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL: [REDACTED]
Personal_DateOfBirth: 9/12/50
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-9
Personal_Weight: 195
Personal_HairColor: Gray
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Los Angeles, CA
School: I'm a high school graduate
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

Something Special About Me:

I'm married with two children. My wife's name is Sheila and my daughter's names are Mandalay and Sarah. I'm a Libra and my wife and daughters are Leos. Sheila and I met when we were in high school. We both had detention one day and spent the whole hour passing notes to each other. In one note I asked her if she would marry me. She wrote back that she would.

Minion Application Essay:

When I was a young I studied under Swami Shree Raj Swaminarayan Mandir Bhuj. He taught me yoga and meditation. He was an old man and let me call him Uncle Booj. It cracks me up that your nickname is The Mooj because it sounds like The Booj. Do your devotees call you Uncle Mooj? I miss my Uncle Booj. Besides teaching me yoga and meditation he also taught me how to fix cars and drag race. He had this totally bitchin' 1969 Mustang Boss 429. He kicked ass all up and down Hawthorne Blvd and people would come from all around to race him. Sadly, Uncle Booj died one summer night when he was racing some guy in a Plymouth 427 Hemi Cuda and hit some oil in the road. His car spun out of control and he crashed through the guardrail and

flew into the Pacific Ocean. I sure miss Uncle Booj and all the things he taught me. Now I turn to you Uncle Mooj. What will you teach me?

Minion #1519

Contact_FullName: Tamaya R.
Contact_Title: Vital organ transporter
Contact_Organization: Munson Healthcare Services
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Traverse City
Contact_State: Michigan
Contact_ZipCode: 49684
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: (231) [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 11/20/65
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-8
Personal_Weight: 130
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Antrim, MI
School: I graduated from a community college
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

This warm and sensual black woman would enjoy spending time with a special companion who enjoys traveling to quiet retreats, going to the movies, attending concerts and cuddling up together while reading side by side near a roaring fire. I am already emotionally, physically and financially intact and hope that you are also. I look forward to hearing from you if you are also committed to building a relationship. (no games!)

Minion Application Essay:

Mooj, you may not remember me but in our previous life we were married. I was Queen *Yaa Asantewa* of the *Ashanti* Empire and you were my boy king. Together we waged love and war. By day we fought side by side against the British and at night we made mad passionate love.

Minion #1520

Contact_FullName: Madhumati Chandani
Contact_Title: Resident GP
Contact_Organization: University of Chicago Hospital
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED]
Contact_City: Chicago
Contact_State: IL
Contact_ZipCode: 60637
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_HomePhone: [REDACTED]
Contact_FAX: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 9/13/67
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-2

Personal_Weight: 140
Personal_HairColor: Black
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Naperville, IL
School: I have a Doctorate degree
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

Currently, I am doing my medical residency and strive to balance work and leisure. I am professional, humorous, an avid reader, voracious writer & poet. I enjoy cooking, gardening, traveling, interior decorating and belonging to a well-known Arora/Khatri family. My husband is also a doctor and we have two children named Krishi and Rahul.

Minion Application Essay:

Right now I am sitting at a picnic table at the fair. My children and husband are off on rides and I am waiting for them. I brought my laptop computer to catch up on some work and have now digressed into writing this essay. I am sitting opposite the porta-potties. There is one that seems to be causing people distress. There's a long line for all the others except for that one. Every once in a while someone will get out of the long lines to take a look and see why that particular porta-pottie is not being used. Each time the person abruptly slams the door shut and returns to their previous line. I wonder what could be in there that is so bad? Most porta-potties are disgusting anyway; what would make this one stand out as even more disgusting? Oh, here comes someone else. You can tell that she really has to go bad. She looks like she's about to piss herself! Oh God she just opened the door and shut it! She looks sick! Now she's standing there and looking at the long lines for the other potties. What's she going to do? She's returning to the empty one again. She opened the door and closed it again. Now she's just standing there. Boy, she really has to go and doesn't know what to do. She opened and shut the door again. She looks sick!!! She opened the door again. Oh God! She went inside! She is going to use it! She's still in there Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there. Still there..... Oh God, now she's out. Her face looks green! She looks like she's going to vomit! I have to go now. My husband and kids just got back.

Minion #1521

Contact_FullName: Frank
Contact_Title: Humanist
Contact_Organization: Earth
Contact_StreetAddress: none
Contact_City: none
Contact_State: none
Contact_ZipCode: none
Contact_Country: none
Contact_WorkPhone: none

Contact_HomePhone: none
Contact_FAX: none
Contact_Email: [REDACTED]
Contact_URL:
Personal_DateOfBirth: 10/15/70
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: unknown
Personal_Weight: unknown
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Earth
School: I graduated from a community college
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

Something Special About Me:

I am.

Minion Application Essay:

Maybe it was only a local Southern California thing but when I was young there was this commercial on

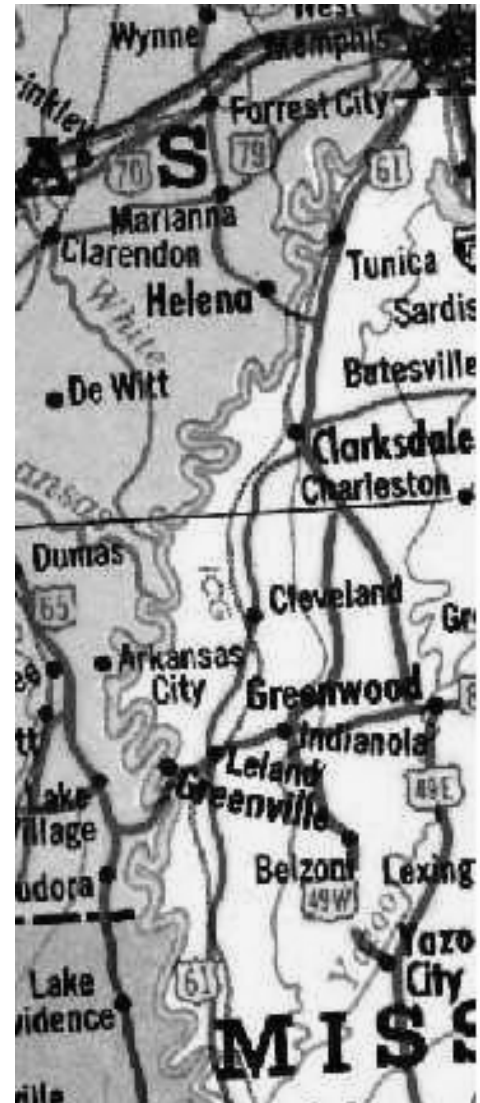
TV for Ady Plumbing and Heating. They showed this guy dressed like a plumber fixing a sink and then this voice in the background would ask: "Who fixes clogs and leaks?" The guy would then poke his head out from under the sink and get this stupid look on his face and say, "Ady dooooo." Then another question was asked and the guy answered, "Ady dooooo," again. The whole commercial was basically this guy answering questions with that same stupid answer. When I graduated from high school I was hired by Ady Plumbing and Heating as an apprentice plumber. My dad belonged to a steam fitter local and so he used his connections to get me into the trade. I hated being a plumber and did a crappy job whenever possible. Finally I got fired. After that all my friends would say stuff like: "Who fires lazy-ass plumbers when they never show up for work? Ady dooooooooooooo!"

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well I guess this will have to do it for this month. By my next newsletter I should be home, or somewhere in between. I certainly hope I don't have to stay here in the Memphis General Hospital for much longer. I just can't take anymore of J. Edgar Gayson's continuous babbling. For two straight weeks he has done nothing but sit next to me, hold my hand cast and tell me his life story. I can't do anything but lay here and roll my eyes (which he can't see because of my face cast). At first I found him interesting but after hearing his life story over and over again and over and over again (about how his mom never got him a dog, or bigwheel, or whatever) I just can't take anymore! I've even tried nibbling on one of my weight bag ropes, hoping the bag would fall and knock him unconscious. What's worse is that this idiot knows exactly how I feel since he's typing this now as we speak. I'm dictating the newsletter to him! Oh for God's sake Gayson I hate your guts! Go away!

Blessings and Such,

मृजप,तीा इयबासावा



The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 4

April 1, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. Remember: always use your Mooj minionism responsibly!

The taste of freedom has yet again returned to my fertile lips!! I don't want to ruin any surprises so I won't say much about my second successful escape just yet; you can read all about that in the **Travels with Mooj** section below!

Actually, this adventure narrative is coming sooner than you think, as **The Travels with Mooj** section is all you're going to get this issue. Obviously, since I'm on the lam again I cannot address the Mooj Mail, ascertain poems and stories, or review the multitude of minion application essays awaiting my fruitful eyes. I will, however, pass out my usual blessings and perform a meditative reflection for all of you.



Before we begin this newsletter I would like to recognize something that most of you will have noticed by now if you're in the least bit cognizant. As of now *The Enlightenment* will be printed weekly (or thereabouts). This upgrade comes courtesy of the late minion 648, who bequeathed his entire family fortune to The Friends of Mooj Society, with the stipulation that they thusly and henceforth publish *this* newsletter once a week. If you knew the amount of money involved you, too, would print your newsletter weekly. Thank you, minion 648, whoever you were. We will forever be happily burdened by your thoughtful good deed!

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ—THE GREAT ESCAPE (PART II)

As most of you know, last month, I was held captive within the cold and sterile Memphis General Hospital. Since I was in a full body cast I could do nothing but recline in bed as armed guards stood watch outside the door and an FBI agent sat at my bedside. Escape was impossible!

To be honest I had no desire to escape. In fact, I couldn't wait to get back to Chester County Jail and away from that blabbering idiot J. Edgar Gayson (he was the FBI agent I mentioned above).

For over a month that idiot Gayson sat at my bedside, held my cast hand, and tormented me with his dull and pathetic stories about his horrific and lackluster childhood. For some unknown reason that imbecile felt the need to tell me the same stories over and over and over and over and over again. **OH, HOW I HATED THAT BASTARD!!!** I wanted to

rip his head off and kick it out the window! I WANTED TO PULVERIZE HIM WITH MY PLASTER FISTS!!! *I, I, I was nearly driven nearly insane by his nonstop blabbering!!!!*

Hold on for a second. I need to re-harmonize myself within the Cosmic Universe of tranquil surroundings by performing a short tantric meditation. Okay. I'm feeling much better now. Let me now continue with my adventure tale:

This whole escape thing basically came as a surprise to me. It materialized on the eve of my return to Chester County Jail. The usually chatty Gayson was very quiet that night and soon began sobbing uncontrollably. He told me that he would never let them hurt me again. He said he had a plan that would save me from going back to jail. I'm not sure why Gayson would turn against his colleagues

as he did; but I didn't care—I was pretty much up for anything that would get me away from him. With my permission Gayson sent a secret message to The Friends of Mooj Society and announced the formation of The New Mooj Freedom Network. Money was quickly diverted from my Ashram Building Fund and Gayson's escape plan was put into action immediately.

Here is how the escape took place: About an hour before dawn Gayson cut me out of my full body cast and took my place inside. Gayson then instructed me to patch up the cast using medical materials he found in a near-by drawer. When he was safely inside the cast Gayson ordered me to put on his clothing and ring for the nurse. I was instructed to keep my back to her when she entered the room. Shielding my face I told her (as by the plan), "Watch over The Mooj while I go get something to eat." I then walked out of the hospital without as much as a howdy-do from anyone. A car was waiting outside and quickly whisked me away to my freedom. No one suspected a thing. A few hours later the full body cast containing Gayson was handcuffed and flown back to Pennsylvania and put into the Chester County Jail infirmary.

Shortly after the escape the driver of my getaway car stopped at a safe house in a swampy hamlet called Forrest City, just west of the Mississippi River. The New Mooj Freedom Network had carefully orchestrated the escape; however, some parts of the plan were slow to develop and so I was ordered to wait in Forrest City for a few days. While there, The New Mooj Freedom Network arranged for a general practitioner to come and secretly reset my bones and put me into a *new* full body cast. I was one hurting man by then but I was free (mainly free from that idiot Gayson) and so my pain was bittersweet.

The New Mooj Freedom Network was a much better organized body than the previous Mooj Freedom

Network. Within days of the escape several safe houses were established along potential escape routes and an elite management team was flown to Little Rock, Arkansas to oversee the operation. Advance teams were also sent to St. Louis, MO; Decatur, IL; Des Moines, IA; Topeka, KS; Baton Rouge, LA and Houston, TX to prepare for additional resources. Medical supplies and fresh bandages were also staged at various points along the potential escape routes. The New Mooj Freedom Network seemed to spare no expense to ensure that everything worked according to the plan!

Finally, on about day six or seven of the escape, my driver returned and was ordered to take me away from the safe house and proceed to the next check point. The getaway was finally underway again!

My exact escape route remained a mystery even to my driver. Every ten miles or so he was required to stop and call a special toll-free number from a pay phone, where he was given detailed instructions on where to find the next pay phone. Several other cars were purchased and painted to look like the one I was in. Mooj look-a-likes, recruited from homeless shelters, were wrapped in full body casts and placed in the decoy cars so that they could be driven along the other potential escape routes. The escape was extremely complicated and I was glad someone else was worrying about all the details.

I guess I need to wrap up my narrative now. My driver just told me that at our next check point he will have access to a mailbox so he can send my travel notes to The Friends of Mooj Society headquarters. To be honest this escape thing has been going on for about two weeks now and I have no idea where I am. All I know is that I am stuffed in the back of some rickety-ass old Volkswagen bug and that we're still fairly close to Forrest City. We seem to be just driving around in circles.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well, my friends. I bid you goodbye. By next newsletter I hope to be established somewhere so I can better edit this newsletter and address some of your mail, stories and poetry. From what I understand The Mooj Cam is still in operation at Chester County Jail and is currently showing my full body cast in the infirmary. Of course it's not me inside but you already know that.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती अम्बाबारावा

An Afterward by Vic Taylor

Although I am not authorized to make editorial decisions, sometimes I feel compelled to do so in order to ensure that these newsletters contain enough information to warrant the excessive mailing cost involved in sending these newsletters worldwide to over 15,000 subscribers. Not that I mind paying the printing and mailing costs myself (I consider it a blessing to be able to help Swami spread his message, wisdom and enlightenment); it's just that I was recently laid off from the West Chester Volunteer Fire Department and this has caused some short-term financial stresses in my family. I was about to for-go the honor of printing this newsletter this month when a miracle happened! Some millionaire in Southern California died and left his family fortune to The Friends of Mooj Society, so that this newsletter could be published weekly instead of just once a month. This recently deceased person has no idea how his generosity saved this publication from taking a short-term hiatus until I could find a job. Anyway, I guess I'm rambling on. You needn't worry about my personal problems. What I'm getting at is that as I was typesetting this issue, I noticed that it was only two pages long and figured most of you would feel deprived. Thus, since I maintain the Mooj Archives, I decided to scan a few recently donated items and include them to fill up space. Enjoy them, my brothers and sisters in Moojism!



From Vic Taylor Collection



(Newspaper Article about Gayson Scanned by Vic Taylor)

<h1>BJ'S</h1> <h2>HAUS O' BLUES</h2> <p>THURSDAY</p> <p>DAVE HULL EXPERIENCE</p> <p>WITH RAM-A-LAMA-DING-DONG</p> <p>FRIDAY</p> <p>RICHARD CHAVEZ FAMILY SINGERS</p> <p>SATURDAY</p> <h1>BINK</h1>	<h1>BUBBA'S</h1> <h2>BLUES LOUNGE</h2> <p>THURSDAY</p> <p>BLIND LEMON WASHINGTON <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> Frank Allahabaghadrak and His Rhythm Possz</p> <p>FRIDAY</p> <p>HOWLIN' <small>KING OF THE DELTA RAGA</small> MOOJ</p> <p>SATURDAY</p> <p>MUDDY RIVERS <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> F*I*S*T <small>(A Slim Whitman Tribute Band)</small> AND BO-BO The Pantless Clown</p> <p>SUNDAY</p> <p>KARAOKE @ 9PM</p> <p>MONDAY</p> <p>LADY'S NIGHT!!!! <small>LADIES DRINK FO' FREE</small></p> <p>TUESDAY</p> <p>LOS MEXICANOS <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> BAY CITY ROLLERS</p> <p>WEDNESDAY</p> <p>HELLHOUNDS <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> TIFFANY</p> <p>RT. 61 CLARKSDALE, MISS</p> <p>DOORS OPEN at 7PM</p>	<p>Col. REDBONE'S</p> <h1>CHICKEN SHACK</h1> <p>LIVE BLUES EVERY NIGHT</p> <p>THURSDAY</p> <p>HELLHOUNDS</p> <p>FRIDAY</p> <p>LEAD HEAD</p> <p>SATURDAY</p> <p>Lil' BOB AND BONGO MADNESS</p> <p>SUNDAY</p> <p>Col. REDBONE'S ALL STAR</p> <h1>BLUES O' RAMA</h1> <p>FEATURING</p> <p>BLIND LEMON WASHINGTON OTIS BORON BESSE MILLER T-BONE RAMEREZ THE 5 TENORS PAT PONG PETE</p> <p>MON/TUES/WED</p> <p>Col. REDBONE'S HOUSE BAND</p> <p>RT 61 FRIAR'S POINT</p>	<h1>THE BLUE NOTE</h1> <p>BAR & GRILL</p> <p>THURSDAY</p> <p>HOWLIN' <small>KING OF THE DELTA RAGA</small> MOOJ <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> KID PUNJAB & HIS MAGIC PAN FLUTE</p> <p>FRIDAY</p> <p>MUDDY RIVERS <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> BIG MILTON</p> <p>SATURDAY</p> <p>RAP MASTER JEFF AND HIS MIX O' LOT MACHINE <small>WITH SPECIAL GUEST</small> Frank Allahabaghadrak and His Rhythm Possz</p> <p>SUNDAY</p> <p>KARAOKE @ 9PM</p> <p>MONDAY</p> <p>KARAOKE @ 9PM</p> <p>TUESDAY</p> <p>SEMI-NUDE LADY'S MUD WRESTLING</p> <p>WEDNESDAY</p> <p>BEAT POETRY <small>WITH</small> CITIZEN GUS</p> <p>2110 E. RT 61 SUNFLOWER, MISS</p> <p>WE NEVER CLOSE!!</p>
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(Page Scanned from Memphis New Times by Vic Taylor.)

SEE MUSICAL SENSATION



(The Rightful King o' The Delta Raga)

Playing Every Night This Week at BJ's Haus o' Blues

Greenwood, Mississippi

ALL SEATS \$5

NO WOMEN OR CHILDREN ALLOWED

"Rare raw talent! You don't see that kind of stuff around here much anymore.... at least not by some Hindoo dancing around naked, playing a sitar and doing kung-fu type stuff!" – BJ (Owner of Haus o' Blues)

"This Mo-Fo is The Naked Hindu Elvis!" – AJ (BJ's Brother)

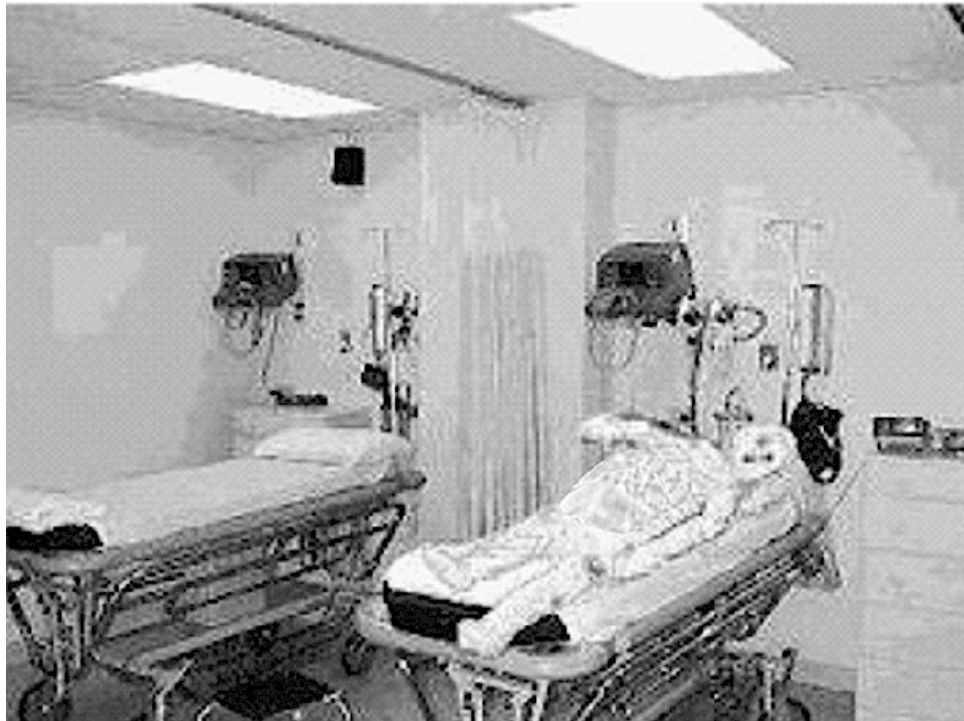
"Ustad Imrat Khan, Ravi Shankar, Tansen, Chattopadhyay, ... dey wuz good but none of 'em wuz as good as Howlin' Mooj. He sho' know how to play sitar, dance naked and do kung-fu!" – Fred (some guy in the audience)

"This man is living the Raga! Just look at Him up there!" – Jake (a friend of Fred)



Take A Stand!

The Mooj Needs Your Help, Yet Again!
Help Support The *All New Mooj Freedom Network*!



If you would like to donate to the cause, please
send cash only to:

Account # 5413-DD-31-AA-987

Banque Du Boisse - Bahnhofstrasse 86
Zurich – Switzerland

All Donations Are Tax Deductible (if you can figure a way to do it)

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

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First Things First. Welcome to our second official “weekly” newsletter. I forget why we agreed to publish *The Enlightenment* once a week but it seems like a stupid idea now. We don’t have enough material to warrant publishing this newsletter once a month, let alone every week now. My memory of why we are doing this and many other trivialities are slowly beginning to fade because my brain is sweltering inside this head cast that I am forced to wear while my face bones heal. I feel like a human incubator. Oh, how I long for comfort! I think at this point in my journey through this life I’d trade everlasting world self-realization for a decent night’s sleep.

A lot has changed since we last communicated. I am still free; however, as you will read further on, things are looking gloomy for all of us. I urge you to read my traveling adventures to get the awful details. I’d rather keep this introduction happy and harmonic. Reflecting now on our impending doom as a self-realization and holistic community would only serve to start this newsletter off on a sour note.

Hopefully, this week, someone will do something about getting the Minion Mail to me. I cannot help but notice that many of your minion letters, stories, application essays and poems are being thoughtlessly neglected by whoever is supposed to be sending them to me. My hope is that someone will take it upon themselves to rectify this dreadful situation. At this point in my miserable activities reading even stupid minion mail would be a delight.

Why do I get irritable Bowel Syndrome (IBS) whenever I try to commit to a new relationship?

The Answer is on Page 55

Why do I sometimes lose control when I have a big date and we eat at a Mexican restaurant?

The Answer is on Page 106

What is that smell?

The Answer is on Page 210

Read *Diarrheatics* by L. Ron Webster Hubbell

**L.R.W. Hubbell is a Mooj Minion
Buy Online and Get Fellow Minion Discount!**

MOOJ MAIL BAG

Mail Answered This Week by Lance Worthy's Grandmother.

Mooj,

I am a widower, aged 84. I'm tired of one-night-stands and the swinging single's scene. I want to meet someone who is willing to commit to a relationship, not just want wild sex. Are any of those prisoner pen pal friends of yours still available?

Grandma McMahon,
Del Rio, TX.

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Vat ist dis Moojen? Warum ist mein Enkel kriminell, der herum mit dem hängt? Realer name ist Lance Abner Stoltzfuss nicht Lance Worthy! Ich weiß nicht, wohin er erhielt die Namenslanze angemessen. Er war ein guter Junge bis ihn nach links Pennsylvania zum Gehen zu Hollywood, in den Filmen gay zu sein. Er kam als irgendeine Art kranker Pervert zurück! Abner ist ein guter Amish Junge. Ich mag nicht diese Person Moojen! Ja?*

Dear Leader,

We learned of your recent tragic misfortune in Mississippi and are sending along our warmest wishes and good vibes. If we could absorb some of your pain we would gladly do so to relieve your misery because we love you. We are your most devoted minions. Keep on trucking, you hairy lard-ass.

The Bagley Sisters,
St. Mary's, PA

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Warum dort Leute schreiben sie dem Moojen solchen unsinn? Was ist ein Moojen? Ich vertraue nicht diesem Mann er scheint, ein Verbrecher zu sein. Er bildet Menge vom Geld weg von den. Dummköpfen, die nicht stark arbeiten Das Moojen ist ein Verlierer, Ja?*

Guruji,

I am confused as to why you are not writing your Enlightened Thinking Essays anymore. Isn't that the whole reason you publish this newsletter? How are we, your humble and ignorant devotees, to learn anything if you do not teach us? Also, when is your Ashram going to be built? It seems that money many of us have been sending in to build the Ashram is being used for other things.

Seth Karamchand,
Cuddapah, India

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Dis Punjaab assenholzie klingt wie ein homosexuell! Er verdient, Geld zu erhalten gestohlen, Ja?*

Great Swami Mooj:

You'll never believe what happened to me last week when I got stopped for speeding on the New Jersey Turnpike. When the trooper noticed my *Mooj.com* bumper sticker he instantly tore up the ticket and told me that he was a Mooj Head, too. We started talking and it turned out that we went to high school together. At first I didn't recognize him and he didn't recognize me but as soon as we started talking, things clicked. We were both currently unattached so we decided to go out on a date. Trooper Steve and I are now engaged and we owe it all to you! We'd love for you to attend our wedding. It will be 2:00 p.m. April 30 at Mario's Chinese Bistro, 4566 Clear Lake Drive, Cherry Hill, NJ. Please RSVP so we'll know to throw another six pack in the truck.

Shelly and Steve,
Cherry Hill, NJ

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Diese morons Ton wie homosexuells. Ich hasse Verlierer so. Das Mooj ist ein Verlierer, Ja?*

Sri Moojipoopia
Umbabbaabbaabbaabbaabbaabberan,

When I lay awake at night I sometimes have a vision. It's hard to describe. Perhaps it isn't so much a vision as it is a giant macramé basket that hangs above my bed. What does it all mean, Devine Gooru?

"King Latifah"
Chilliwack, PA

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Een grotere idiot is niet daar. Ik werk al dag. Ik heb geen tijd voor dit, Ja?*

Yo Mooj,

Back during the '60s I smoked a lot of dope and fried my brains on acid. I was also really into that "free love" and "hideout at the Spahn's Movie Ranch" thing, too. Now that my son is a teenager I wonder if I should allow him to experiment with sex and drugs like I did when I was his age. I don't see any harm in this because the voices in my head tell me that I turned out okay. What do you think?

Fhlorja Fhjangji
Culver City, CA

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Ik kan gaan zitten niet omdat ik hemeroids heb. Ik wens dit deze idiot zou weggaan. Ik haat Moojen, Ja?*

Mooj,

Does it still hurt? There-there. Nurse Denise will make it all better! First I just need to give you a sponge bath and do a thorough examination. Mmmm, this is going to be a very thorough examination, indeed! Let's start by removing your Swami pants and taking your temperature.

Naughty Nurse Denise
East Palestine, TX

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Deze vrouw is zo veel een verpleegster aangezien ik een dwaas ben. Ik haat stomme mensen, Ja?*

To Minion 1120 (c/o *The Enlightenment*):

Hi. Remember me? I was that unshaven, naked, long haired deadhead girl that you saw dancing wildly in the drum circle at Mooj-Fest 1998! I still fondly remember the smell of sage, sweat, patchouli, incense and hemp lingering in the air as we held each other tight and you asked me to marry you. Sadly I was already married and had to turn you down. Well, guess what!!!! My husband just fell out of a giant redwood tree and got killed during a recent anti-logging protest in the Klondike Mountains. So I'm available! Yippee! Let's begin where we left off! Contact me at minion1255@mindspring.com.

Minion 1255
Shasta, CA

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *De andere dag sliep ik in het flard van de appelboom. Ik werd gestoken door een bij. Ik haat harige vrouwen, Ja?*

Mooj,

I have come across something that should be of great interest to you. While researching the great Ponsitron Roller Rink Fire of 1977 (for a journalism school project) I came across some very interesting facts. *There is no way in hell that you started that fire!! Mooj, you were framed!*

The owner of the roller rink, a guy named Holden Caufield, was a big time gambler who had incurred huge losses earlier in the week. Several members of the local mob remembered seeing Caufield at the gang's clubhouse three days before the fire, begging for mercy. One even remembered hearing him promise "Fat Tony," the local crime boss, that he'd *"have the money in a few days—no matter what."* That very afternoon Caufield took out a huge fire insurance policy on the Ponsitron Roller Rink.

The official police report mentions that fire investigators found Caufield's pants at the flashpoint of the fire. Amazingly, six witnesses claimed to see Caufield arrive on the scene of the fire (while fire fighters were still battling the blaze) "without pants." I dug a little deeper and found out a lot of other interesting things about Holden Caufield, including that he neglected to pay income taxes from 1959 to 1971. He was also present in Dallas, Texas, the morning J.F.K. was shot. Believe it or not, I have also been able to place Caufield at the assassinations of Huey Long, Mohandus Gandhi, Ngo Dinh Diem, Malcom X, Anwar Sadat and Martin Luther King, Jr, as well!! I have turned all this information over to the Palm Beach County, Florida

District Attorney and he has assured me that he will look into this.

Your Pal,
Jeff W.
College Park, MD.

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Dieses ist ein anderes Beispiel eines Arschlochs. Dieser Busybody muß ein Leben erhalten, Ja?*

Mooj,

Everywhere I go chicks tell me that I totally look like Vanilla Ice. *F__k yeah!*

Gary Heart
Alameda, CA

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Vanilla Ice, wer sich interessiert? Dieser Mann muß seinen Kopf in ein Laster einsetzen und seine Testikel zusammendrücken lassen. Ja!!!*

Mooj:

When the end of the world comes, you and all your stupid minions will be standing outside my compound begging to get in. Who'll be laughing then?

"The White Fist of Justice"
(Somewhere in the Wilderness of Nova Scotia)

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *In Amishvania haben wir einen Namen für Verlierer so. Wir rufen sie Katholische an. Lassen Sie uns seine Testikel in ein Laster einsetzen. Ja?*

El Mujo,

Mis besos son dulces como la tequilla. Mis rasgones son amargos como la lluvia. Cuando satisfago a mi novia ella me da la carne.

Jose D.
El Paso, TX

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Der beaner klingt wie er hat einen grossen Pfosten haftete herauf seinen Anus. Ich wettete, daß er Lied Marty Robbins reales gutes singen kann, Ja?*

Mr. Umbababbaraba:

Several matters need to be addressed before Operation Memphis Mooj Capture can be wrapped up. Of prime importance is the recent disappearance of J. Edgar Gayson, the acting FBI Mid-Atlantic Deputy Chief. Everyone on scene at the Memphis General Hospital says that you were one of the last persons to have contact with Mr. Gayson prior to his disappearance. We know that he sat with you for many weeks. We need to know if Agent Gayson mentioned anything to you about plans he might have had about leaving the country. Or, perhaps, he mentioned friends or family that he wished to visit, near or removed from the Memphis operations area. Agent Gayson was a quiet man and few of us know anything about him, other than that as a child his mother never gave him a Big Wheel or Bozo the Clown punching bag.

Here are the facts: The on-call staff nurse reports that at approximately 0400 hrs on the morning of your transport back to jail she was summoned to your room by Agent Gayson. When she entered the room Gayson turned his back and appeared to have trouble walking and speaking. She thinks that he might have been under the influence of alcohol or drugs. She also noted that he smelled extremely unpleasant. Agent Gayson then left the room to go get something to eat and never returned. We have checked Agent Gayson's dossier and it suggests nothing about past or present drug and/or alcohol abuse or that he was non-hygienic.

If you have any knowledge of Agent Gayson's whereabouts please contact me as soon as possible so that I can clean out his desk, if need be. The staff surgeon in the Chester County Jail Infirmary has reported to us that in a few days they will remove your face bandages so that we can conduct a more detailed interview with you. I can assure you that at that time we will discuss Agent Gayson's disappearance in detail.

Another serious issue that needs to be discussed is the murder of Blind Lemon Washington, a blues musician from Clarksdale, Mississippi. The killing took place last week in a Mississippi Juke Joint, near Friars Point. Witnesses described the killer as a deranged naked raga singer matching your description. It was a classic Mississippi-blues/raga

style murder (involving a no-good honky-tonk woman, whisky, and a jealous husband). Blind Lemon Washington was killed in a rather grotesque manner (kind of like someone with Special Forces training might do). We believe that you might know something about this murder and we will discuss this, as well, when your face bandages are removed.

We have plenty of time to get to the bottom of all these little "sordid details" that we are uncovering as we put together your file. You're going to be one sorry bastard when I get through with you.

I warn you that you should not even think about escaping again. We will not be so easy on you next time.

H. H. Monroe.
Interim Mid-Atlantic Deputy Chief
Federal Bureau of Investigations

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Wann ist das letzte Mal dieser Dummkopf nahm eine Scheiße? Er klingt wie a constipated Dummkopf. Er muß arbeiten. Ja?*

Mr. Mooj,

I have no idea who you are or what scam you're trying to pull off. All I know is that my 90-year old mother has been sending you lots of money lately. Last week I even caught her sending a package of Tastykakes and Yuengling Lager to you. I think you should be ashamed of yourself for ripping off an old lady like that. I notified the federal authorities about you and they told me that my complaint would have to wait because you were already wanted on dozens of other Federal and local warrants.

Bufford T. Foster
Avondale Township, PA

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Ich bin vom Ablesen dieser Briefe so müde. Ich hasse Idioten. Ich muß gehen, meine Wäscherei zu tun. Ja?*

Mooj,

I remember my first time, too. I was 13 years old and Suzy Maxon called and told me that her parents had gone out for the night. I rode over to her house on my bicycle and she let me in. It was

unforgettable! We couldn't stop! We kept at it for hours! Finally our bodies just couldn't take any more—we were just too full. We must have eaten four or five cans of Skyline Chili! I couldn't believe how good that chili really was! Now every time I eat Skyline Chili I can't help but think back to that night and remember how cute Suzy Maxon looked with her face covered all over with spaghetti and chili. And, oh, by the way, Suzy Maxon.... She's now Mrs. Randy Wheelock!

Randy Wheelock,
Cincinnati, OH

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Ich arbeite sehr stark. Jeder in Pennsylvania arbeitet stark. Dieser Dummkopf ist faul. Ich gebe ihr den alten Amish Gruß. Ja!*

Mr. Umbababbaraba:

Last week I was horrified when a journalism student from The University of Maryland entered my office and began asking questions about a long ago fire that burned down a popular skating rink here in Boca Raton. For years I have lived in self-imposed shame for the part I played in what I can honestly say was a complete miscarriage of justice. Being asked about that fire and trial again after all these years has given me a chance to finally make amends. It is now time to finally tell the truth.

Back in the summer of 1977 I was a young and zealous attorney just out of law school. I had just passed the bar and been hired as a deputy prosecutor by the Palm Beach County District Attorney's Office. This was my first case and I wanted more than anything to prove that I was a tough prosecutor. It was an open and shut case as far as the DA was concerned—the evidence was so overwhelming that there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Caufield, the owner of the roller rink, was guilty. In fact, he had just signed the confession when one of the other prosecutors ran into my office to report that some Punjab had confessed to the crime. Caufield nonchalantly scratched his name off the confession statement, sat back in his chair, lit a cigar and acted as smug as an alley cat, knowing that he had somehow dodged a bullet.

The person confessing to the crime (that being you) was put on trial. Never in my life did I see such a circus. Caufield was called as a surprise witness and was allowed to testify for three straight days. He made absolutely no sense, whatsoever. Even though I was winning my case against you I knew in

my heart that Caufield was guilty and that you, a poor half-wit Uzbekistani-Punjab patsy, were getting railroaded. I wanted to stop the madness but I knew better. I knew that Caufield was an important contributor to the Governor's upcoming election campaign and that if I wanted to advance my career within the Palm Beach County District Attorney's Office that I had to play "the game." Needless to say you were easily convicted and I won my first case. But there was no celebration that night in the DA's office—we all felt terrible and knew that we had dishonored our profession.

I should remind you, however, that you never served a day for that crime. Even though you were found guilty and sentenced to 18 months in prison you were quickly exempted from obligated jail service due to your status as a political asylum awardee. The State Department immediately took you from Boca Raton and relocated you to a secret location on the Gulf Coast (Soppchoppy I think it was).

I cannot put into words how sorry I am that I vigorously prosecuted you for a crime that I (and just about everyone else in Palm Beach County) knew you didn't commit. To set things right I am having Holden Caufield removed from his assisted living community (he's 93 years old now) and put on trial for the Ponsitron Roller Rink Fire. He will not escape justice any longer!

Jefferson Davis Cochran
District Attorney, Palm Beach County

P.S. Why in the hell did you confess to that crime, anyway? That is something we could never figure out.

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Es gibt einen alten amischen Saying über Dummköpfe so. Es ist, daß ein Quäker nur so gut wie seine Hosen ist, es sei denn er nicht irgendwelche trägt. Dieser Mann muß weniger homosexuell sein. Ja!!*

Mooj,

Fraternal Brotherhood is a sacred bond that transposes all time and distance. That is why the initiation ceremony is such a sacred tradition to us here at *Chi Psi* Fraternity. Our initiation is a celebration of brothers becoming trusting brothers for life; and that bond can never be broken. Plus, it's a lot of fun to dress up like girls, give each other beer enemas and have our naked butts paddled.

Skip Lowenstein,
Chi Psi Fraternity
UC Irvine

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Ich habe Corns auf meinen Füßen von so stark arbeiten. Dieses ist mein Los im Leben. Dieser Dummkopf hat viel im Leben auch. Es soll ein Arschloch sein, ja?*

Sir,

A few weeks ago I read with great interest a book suggested by The Mooj Pennsylvania Heritage Trust (now disbanded) entitled *Our Harford Heritage, A History of Harford County, Maryland* by C. Milton Wright. In this work the author claimed that when Captain John Smith and his fellow crew of [Jamestown Colony] Virginians explored [and mapped] the Upper Chesapeake Bay in 1608 that they traveled up the Susquehanna River only a few miles to a point that was then and is still called Smith's Falls in what is today Port Deposit, Maryland. The author cited two potential reasons for this mysterious ending to what could have been the first significant expedition into what is today southeastern Pennsylvania. One theory was that Indians attacked Smith and his fellow explorers, forcing them back into the Chesapeake. Another theory was that the Susquehanna River was too shallow and rocky for Smith and his men to navigate through safely. After attempting that very same voyage myself I have arrived at a totally different opinion. The real reason Captain John Smith and his men were stopped at Port Deposit, Maryland was that they couldn't figure a way to get around the Conwingo Dam. If you would like to read more of my scientific theories on early Maryland and Pennsylvania history please feel free to read my published works, to wit:

Barker, M. Jr., *Historical Proof that Marylanders and Pennsylvanians Originated from Space Alien Feces*, A Dissertation Presented for the Degree of Ph.D., Department of Natural History, Pennsylvania State University, State College, PA, June 1999.

Barker, M. Jr., *Secret Homo-Erotic Messages Found in The Declaration of Independence*, A Masters Thesis Presented for the Degree of M.A., Department of Natural History, Pennsylvania State University, State College, PA, June 1995.

Sincerely,
Dr. Mel Barker Jr.

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Ich habe diesen Mann auf dem Radio gehört. Er ist ein grösserer Dummkopf als das moojen. Ich hoffe, daß er flacid im Schlafzimmer wächst. Ja?*



Moooooooooj:

Last night my domestic partner and I were sitting around in our hot tub reflecting on how sad it is that society has become so non-traditional. No one seems to care about good old fashioned family values anymore. Whatever happened to Truth, Justice and the American Way? Whatever happened

to Baseball, Hot dogs, Apple Pie and Chevrolet? I guess they went the way of the Little Houses on the Prairie, Walton's Mountain and Mayberry.

Your pals,

"Hairy Bear" Fred and "Wiggy-Wiggy" Pete
Dupont Circle, Wash DC.

Lance's Grandmother Responds: *Ich lehne ab, keine Buchstaben zu beantworten. Ich brenne, was in meinem holländischen Ofen bleibt. Diese zwei Männer sind zweifellos homosexuell, ja?*

A Quick Note From Vic Taylor: Okay, so here's what happened. When Swami sent in his "Travels with Mooj" and "Introduction" messages I sensed that he was miffed about the lack of minion mail getting to him. No one at The Friends of Mooj Society headquarters seemed to care one way or another so I figured I better do something since I know how important Swami considers his minion mail. Since I had a job interview in Lancaster County yesterday morning I decided to drop the mail off with Lance Worthy (since rumor has it that he is preparing to visit Swami in Arkansas). When I arrived at Lance Worthy's Grandmother's house (where Lance lives) Lance Worthy wasn't home. His Grandmother answered the door and I told her to give all the mail to Lance so that he could bring it to Swami. She nodded and made some sort of Amish gesture so I thought she understood what I was saying. When I got to my interview it got cancelled so I figured I better go back and make sure Lance's Grandmother knew what I was saying (I just had this funny feeling that she didn't know what I was talking about). When I arrived at the Worthy farm, Grandma Worthy handed me back the above answered letters. *The old coot thought I wanted her to answer the mail!* Sadly, not only was this woman ignorant of English, she was also extremely lazy because she only answered about 20 letters (those posted above) and then burned what remained in her Dutch Oven. I beg forgiveness from Swami and my minion brothers and sisters for my careless handling of the mail. I am truly sorry. Please forgive me.

A TRUE MINION STORY

Here, for your reading pleasure, is a Mugging Story from someone calling himself "Jim AKA Minion 534":

I Got Mugged!

One night I got mugged while walking to my car in Baltimore. It was horrible! The thieves took my wallet, my Naval Academy class ring and a very expensive Rolex. As soon as the ordeal was over I stumbled to a nearby pay phone and called the police. The cops arrived shortly thereafter and began asking questions. I described my assailants to the best of my ability and the cops radioed in the information. Even before they signed off another unit reported that they might have caught the guys.

Through me the cop on the radio compared, feature by feature, identifiable characteristics possessed by the suspicious looking men. It was apparent right away that these were the guys that mugged me so the cops asked me to drive with them to where the suspects were being held so that I could make a positive identification.

When we got to the scene I saw the two suspects spread out, face down, on the street. From where I was standing I could see that the two men looked exactly like the guys that mugged me. In fact, I was almost positive it was them because the taller of the two men was wearing a big "cat-in-the-hat" style hat and no shirt. The other suspect had on knee length shorts, long striped tube socks and an oversized Georgetown tank top. Both men were also wearing bright orange basketball shoes. I told the cops without hesitation that these were the guys that

mugged me. The two suspects were then hoisted up by their handcuffed arms and dragged to a waiting squad car.

Just as I was about to leave I noticed (as the two men were dragged past me) that these guys were old, very old—probably in their 80s! I quietly walked back over to the cops and told them that these weren't the muggers after all because my muggers were teenagers, not old men. I sure felt sorry for those two old timers, but then—really—what the hell were they doing out that late dressed up like that, anyway?

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

As I mentioned in my previous newsletter, during the first month of my hospital escape I was basically driven around in the back of an old VW bug, while my driver zigzagged aimlessly throughout the barren wastelands of Arkansas. After many weeks of this nonsense I began to grow very tired and angry. Not that I didn't appreciate the efforts of the The New Mooj Freedom Network to execute their flawless escape; it was just that I felt that since they were spending so much of my damn money on everything else, *why couldn't they at least get me something more comfortable to ride around in?* For God's sake, I was in a full body cast, lying flat on my back with one foot sticking out of the window! The car had holes in the floor and no shock absorbers! Hell, the damn car didn't even have an air conditioner!!! I was literally baking alive inside my full body cast!

Finally I could take no more of this nonsense and began voicing my opinion about the situation (very politely, I might add). The driver took offense, slammed on the brakes, got out of the vehicle, walked around to my side of the car, pulled open the seat, struck me violently over the head with some sort of a blunt object, and then tossed me into the road. I then watched in utter horror as he got back into the car and drove away leaving me stranded in the middle of nowhere!!

Once my initial panic was subdued with meditation I realized that I had to do something to save myself. I slowly flipped from my back to my stomach and began crawling toward the bitter-glow of a distant town. I crawled about ten yards when exhaustion overcame me and I fell asleep, face-down, in the muck of some roadside swamp. I awoke several hours later when the rising sun began to slowly cook my insides within the full body cast.

It is important to point out that when a man has inner truth in his head that when things seem utterly hopeless a glimmer of optimism will always show through any dark-lit vision if one is only willing to see it. One must simply focus on that glimmer of brightness and it will only grow brighter. That proved true for me, as within the swirling abyss of that

Arkansas swamp of hopelessness I began to see a sign that "Hope" was ahead. At first I thought I was delirious from the heat but the closer I crawled, the clearer the sign became. It turned out to be a road sign telling me that I was then in a town called Hope, Arkansas. That had to be an omen that things were going to get better. I garnered then the strength to stand upright and walk like a man.

Hope, Arkansas was a quaint village with little or no activity. A few stray dogs barked at my heels as I toddled along the road into town (looking much like a mummy I guess). I soon realized that I was somewhere very magical for I saw pictures of President Bill Clinton everywhere. I passed two or three houses where signs proudly proclaimed that the dwelling had once been the boyhood home of our 42nd President. Literally dozens of homes had signs proclaiming some significant Bill Clinton event. I was very excited to be in such a wonderful place; beneath my full body cast I was grinning from ear to ear.

As soon as I found a pay phone that worked I called The New Mooj Freedom Network headquarters to report what had happened to me. The woman answering the phone had no idea who I was or what I was even talking about. I then began to ponder the fact that I really didn't know anything about The New Mooj Freedom Network. I had no knowledge whatsoever about who was in charge while Gayson was in my old body cast, or how the organization was actually being run. I only knew what my driver told me during our so-called morning briefings, which were few and far between in the latter days of the escape. Using my superior intelligence I quickly came to the sturdy conclusion that there was no such thing as The New Mooj Freedom Network. Yes—*of course*—it was as plain as the broken nose on my face! *Somehow, Gayson had swindled me!*

I next made a collect call to Lance Worthy and he confirmed my suspicions: The Friends of Mooj Society and all associated funds, there-of, were completely insolvent! Gayson had bamboozled the organization out of everything.

After I hung up I looked around to ensure that I had not yet drawn attention to myself (and I hadn't) and then walked across the street to one of the Clinton Boyhood Homes. I climbed inside through a window and hid in the attic. And it is here in that Clinton

Boyhood Home that I presently sit, baking alive inside my full body cast in the sweltering pre-summer heat. Hopefully Lance Worthy can think of something in a hurry. I doubt I can last much longer up here.

POETRY CORNER

A Note from Vic Taylor: This poem was sent in months ago. It was, I'm guessing, written by GG, The Polish Stallion. I thought that because he bought ad space this week I'd include one of his poems.

The Kielbasa King is Back in Town

With the nonchalance of a mummenschanz
I strolled across the room

The others stood and gawked at me
Their faces full of gloom!

I walked up to the ladies, each
And hearts began to swoon

I stood out from the others, yes
Just like a big baboon

The Kielbasa King was back in town
With his packaged love harpoon

My stylish coif, my hairy chest,
My bulging pantaloons!

Then I spied "her" standing there
Alone, beneath the moon

My manhood swelled with Polish pride
As I uncorked my sausage balloon

But to my horror I realized
That my gulumkies popped too soon

My once mighty kielbasa
Was now shriveled like a prune

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Good bye, my humble friends.

Blessings and Such,

मृज,प,ती उषवाबारावा

OLD TOWN KIELBASA WORKS



**2131 PAHUTSKI HWY
EAST CHESTER, PA**



**OWNED AND OPERATED BY FELLOW MINION
G.G. SOKOLOWSKI (AKA THE POLISH STALLION)**

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 6

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The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. The Mooj is here to help you!

First Things First: Times are tough. Now that I have had time to collect my idle thoughts I find that I am in serious trouble. The Friends of Mooj Society is completely bankrupt. I was too trusting of that evil J. Edgar Gayson and I regret deeply that I let him bamboozle us out of everything.

My suspicions about Gayson were further confirmed last week when it was revealed in the local Chester County papers that authorities found my full body cast empty when they went to change the bandages. The FBI is searching for Gayson, but as far as they know he's just a missing person, not an embezzler. I'd report the crime except that I'm not sure anyone would care.

At the present time I have too many other things to worry about rather than Gayson and our bankruptcy. My biggest problem is now that in addition to being hunted by the FBI for escaping jail, I am also being sought by the Coahoma County

Sheriff in Mississippi for the murder of some guy named Blind Lemon Washington. I can assure all of you that I had absolutely nothing to do with this murder! How can it possibly get any worse? Actually, forget that I said that.



One last item! Our friends at the Patel Travel Agency wanted me to remind you that The Friends of Mooj Society has re-located to another office within the Patel Office Emporium. They are tired of bringing our mail upstairs. The new address is shown above in the masthead. From what I understand the new office is very nice. It was leased using money provided by our dearly departed brother minion # 648.

MOOJ MAIL BAG

A Quick Note from Swami: Thankfully, I was finally brought minion mail to read and reflect upon. I was also brought a copy of last week's *Enlightenment* and was horrified to see the quality of mail that made it into the newsletter. I would rather have had no mail than that collection of utter nonsense. I don't blame Lance Worthy's Grandma for allowing this to happen; she has no idea who is and isn't allowed to send in Mooj mail. She also, apparently, has no idea how to speak English. I do not know what her responses were since I don't speak Amish. Hopefully, nothing she wrote was in poor taste or caused embarrassment to the ever bounding enlightened family of minions. I would admonish Vic Taylor about his poor judgment in leaving the mail unattended at the Worthy farm; however, I sense that he has already done so to himself.

I have selected below **only** letters I feel are legitimate and warrant an actual thoughtful response. If your mail is not included below then, perhaps, you should self-reflect upon what you sent. Or, perhaps, your letter may have been burned in Lance Worthy's Grandma's Dutch Oven the week before.

Hey Mooj,

What's the deal with Lance Worthy's Grandma? I speak Dutch *and* German and that woman wasn't speaking anything I could recognize. I think she may be adding crack-cocaine to her shoo-fly-pies.

Wolfgang Krueger Jr.,
Nacogdoches, TX

The Mooj Responds: *Tum dilli mein hum se milo ge naa?* Yes, my *butcha*, it is often wondered if a monkey can truly know the taste of ginger. It appears that your observation is heartfelt and, therefore, I will address it. As I mentioned above, I, too, did not understand Grandma Worthy's responses; however, unlike you I do not suspect that she is adding crack cocaine to her shoo-fly-pie. By Jove, I don't even know what you mean by that. I will now perform a short meditation in hope that other misgiving suspicions you have may be alleviated.



Great One:

I remember my first time, too. I was a freshman at the University of Cincinnati and I had just moved into the dorms. It was my first night in the big city and I was scared because I was from a small town in West Virginia. That night, after taking a shower, I noticed that the bathroom window was open and that a tall, dark and handsome stranger was standing outside. *At first I was outraged!* How dare this Peeping Tom look in on me! His gaze was intense! It was as if he was looking right through me. Then I became flattered. If this tall, dark and handsome stranger wanted a show then, I thought, maybe I'll give him something to watch. I then dropped my towel and did an exotic dance for him. But he continued to just stare straight ahead. Then I noticed he was eating a bowl of spaghetti covered with chili. He wasn't even aware that I was there! I finally broke his concentration and asked him if I could try some. He reluctantly gave me a spoonful. "Wow," I said, "what kind of chili is that?" "Skyline," he said and then disappeared into the night. I quickly got dressed and ran out and got my own bowl of Skyline Chili. I wasn't afraid of the big city anymore.

Brenda Lee Kay,
Cincinnati, OH

The Mooj Responds: *Mohe bhool gaaye sanwariya?* I think this woman may be alluding to the old axiom that a sensible man challenges the Great Raga Master *Tansen* to a singing duel only when he knows *Tansen* has a sore throat. But in all seriousness I recall another letter about Skyline Chili in this publication or, perhaps, a previous life. I'm not sure what it represents, but it is obviously some kind of metaphor for our understanding of one's nether purpose in life. Perhaps, the "first time" this woman alludes to is the first time she understood the ever enflowering effervescent embodiment of true collective consciousness when her role within the cosmic design of the Universe was revealed. The stranger "looking in" was obviously the eye of God, who gave her a revelation of her *dharma* and she "ate it up" and then went on to continue her journey to fulfill her newly discovered understanding of herself. Or, maybe, she really is talking about a bowl of chili.



Dear Mr. Umbababbaraba,

I am writing you to inform you that if you do not claim your mail at The Memphis General Hospital within 10 working days that it will be destroyed or donated to a local food bank. You currently have 1,607 packages of assorted Tastykakes, 1,876 packages of Goldenberg's Peanut Chews, 1,200 freeze-dried Italian Hoagies, 447 freeze-dried Philly Cheesesteaks, 64 soft pretzels with assorted mustard packs, 600 bags of Herr's Potato Chips, 23 bottles of Frank's Black Cherry Wishniak Soda, 10 cases of Yuengling Lager, 6 cases of Lord Chesterfield Ale, 16 cans of Bookbinder's Snapper Soup, one long Taylor Pork Roll and 65 pounds of Habbersett Scrapple. Please

tell your “minions” to stop sending packages to you at The Memphis General Hospital since you are no longer a patient here and we have run out of space in our mailroom.

Lastly, our records show that you were never properly checked out. You should contact the Hospital Ombudsman as soon as possible so that he can send you your discharge paperwork, prescriptions and good-bye Mylar balloon.

Helen Garcia
Mail Room Superintendent
Memphis General Hospital

The Mooj Responds: *Chori Chori!* My puffy eyes are softened with happy tears knowing that so many of my beloved minions sent to me my favorite food items from Chester County while I lay in convalescence. However, I'm not sure why some people would send meat items or alcohol, as it is well known that I am a vegetarian and abstain from vice-associated beverages. Rather than be alarmed that this food may go to waste I will delight in the hope that some of the items will soon be forwarded to a local food bank. I ask those minions sending in these items to continue to do so, as I'm sure the hospital won't mind passing them along to the food bank once this process has been initialized. This is an example of how the giant Universe is bettered by even miniscule things when done in the name of kindness.



Listen up, you S.O.B!

I don't know how you did it but somehow you managed to make a fool out of me! When we finally cracked open your full body cast in the Chester County Jail Infirmary it was empty. Don't think for a moment that you are going to get away with this, you moron! We will hunt you down like a dog! We have no idea how or when you escaped but that doesn't matter. All that matters is that your days are numbered! We also know you killed Blind Lemon Washington in Mississippi. You're going to fry, fat boy! Unlike my predecessors Bigsby and Gayson I am not weak in the head. When I find you I will rope you like a steer, brand your ass Ponderosa style, and then stomp in your head with my alligator skinned cowboy boots. You little sissy boy, just wait till I get my hands on you!

H. H. Monroe,
Temporary Acting Deputy Director of Mid-Atlantic Operations
Federal Bureau of Investigations, Washington D.C.

The Mooj Responds: When an elephant is in trouble even a frog will kick him. This was a letter I thought about excluding, as it was personal in nature and refers to the fact that they found my full body cast empty when they went to change the bandages. I have no idea who H.H. Monroe is but I can gather from his tone that he is most-likely Gayson's FBI replacement and that he fancies himself to be some sort of cowboy. At first I was wondering how and when Gayson escaped from my full-body cast; but I knew. I'm not sure why but while I am in this confounded head cast, whenever I begin to ponder any mysterious occurrence I close my eyes and see swirling colors that spin around in a pulsating psychedelic pattern of brilliant light and then the inner portion of this swirling mass forms a void of vibrant whiteness, where within that forms the manifestation of utter truth. It is as if I am watching what I ponder play back on a tiny television set inside my head.

Many of you know that years ago I became enlightened when lightning struck my head as I was standing outside in a thunderstorm. Afterwards I could “see” and used that enlightenment to make life to all living creatures better. It was then that I understood that my *safar jaana* was to teach others the proper path toward peace and harmony. But now, in these last few weeks, as my brain slowly simmers inside this tight and uncomfortable head cast, I see things clearer than I have ever seen before in my life. Every new thought is more intense than the previous one and the once semi-obscured probabilities of our existence are quickly replaced with notions of absolute certainty! Truth is now crystal clear!

Yes, inside the dark and sweltering space of my head cast I see exactly what happened the day I escaped from The Memphis General Hospital. I will tell you exactly what I see in my vision of the truth as it is revealed: 1) There I am, wobbling toward the room exit as the nurse enters; 2) the nurse sits down next to Gayson and then is mysteriously “paged” by a call button in an adjoining room, which Gayson has rigged using a long wire he is

hiding in his hand; 3) the nurse stands up and leaves the room and Gayson immediately cuts himself free from the full body cast; 4) Gayson now places heavy objects inside the cast and seals it back up, as the nurse, confused by the mysterious page in an empty room, scratches her head; 5) the nurse begins walking back toward Gayson's room as Gayson gets dressed and dons a fake beard and wig; 6) the nurse reenters the room as Gayson climbs out the window and speedily scales down the side of the hospital using a sky hook; 7) Gayson lands in the parking lot and quickly steals a Volkswagen bug that is carelessly left idling by the driver, who is delivering a vital organ for transplant..... **Hey! Wait a minute!** That was the car I was driven around in for all those miserable weeks! Was Gayson driving my getaway car? Yes, *he was!* That evil bastard! GOD, I HATE THAT GUY!!! Sadly, my vision concludes with an image of Gayson lighting a cigar with a \$100 bill while lounging poolside at some swanky resort pool in Switzerland. He appears to be laughing.



Gracious Swami,

Perhaps I can clear up some confusion concerning the great 1977 Ponsitron Roller Rink fire. Yesterday I had a job interview in West Chester so I took the liberty of checking the Mooj archives afterwards and found that you mentioned in the August 1997 newsletter that you once had a friend named Mahadamas Ghondu, who was a fellow Punjab. This man worked with you at a skating rink in the late 1970s. You mentioned this dear friend was always getting into trouble and that he had once committed a terrible act of arson, which you confessed to so that he would not have to go to jail. Perhaps you thought Mahadamas burned down the roller rink and confessed to the crime without first making sure that he was the one who actually did it.

Your Ever Most Servant,
Vic Taylor

The Mooj Responds: Yes, that is exactly what happened! I can see the whole thing play out in vivid detail inside my dark and sizzling head cast! It is as if I am watching the whole ordeal replay on videotape. I did, indeed, think that Mahadamas was the culprit! Mahadamas was always telling me how he hated Mr. Caufield and would one day make him sorry for making fun of our Hindustani heritage. I naturally thought when the rink caught fire that it was Mahadamas who did it.

As I ponder this event, further, many long forgotten and suppressed memories are beginning to creep to the surface. I can see them occur again in my pulsating vision of truth, as if I were hovering above the scene: there I am, that handsome and naive immigrant, sitting at the defense table within the courthouse. The trial begins. I can see how noble I look; I honestly believe I am protecting my good friend. Mr. Holden Caufield, my boss, now takes the stand. He leaves his seat and paces the courtroom floor orating for hours on end about what a menace to society I am and how I go out of my way to cause general mayhem in the community at large. He swears up and down that I have threatened to kill him and his family on numerous occasions and then, while the courtroom is silenced with an elongated gasp, tells the stunned jury that right before the fire I had threatened to burn down his beloved roller rink unless he let me sleep with his wife and underage daughters (something, he adds as he looks reflectively toward the jury, closes his eyes, bows his head, and puts his palms together, that is strictly against all his religious values). The jury groans in disgust and many gesture unlovingly toward me. One juror even mocks me by giving me the universal thumbs down symbol while he leans his head to one side, lifts his tie above his head, and sticks his tongue out, pretending to be hung.

Caufield is so convincing that even all these years later I actually believe him as I watch this saga replay in my vision.

Alas, the saddest part of the whole trial is now beginning: the character witness testimonies. I can't believe what all my friends and co-workers are saying about me. I must have blanked all this out for obvious painful reasons. *Oh My God*, is that my good friend Mahadamas taking the stand? How could Mahadamas say such things! He just told the jury that he saw *me* light the match which started the tragic fire! I can see myself sitting there, stunned. I can see that I want to shout out to Mahadamas and ask him why he would say such things but my public defender says I'm not allowed to testify because I am a Hindu, and cannot legally swear an oath on a Bible. *I'm being railroaded!* I cannot believe this is happening to me. Oh, the humanity!

Sadly, the final blow comes and I see once again the angry faces of the jury as they leer at me while the foreman reads the verdict (less than five minutes after they were read their instructions). I cannot go on with this vision. It is too painful.



Mooj,

I know I'm probably being irrational about this but lately I've been finding "rubber things" stuck under my couch cushions. I won't say what these things are (let's just say they "offer protection" when used properly by two consenting adults). I suspect these objects are being used and then carelessly deposited there by our newly arrived from Sweden *Au Pair*. I don't want things to get out of hand so perhaps I should nip this thing in the bud and let her know that I found these "things" and don't approve of that kind of behavior in my house when I am not home. I would read this girl the riot act except that it is nearly impossible to find a good *Au Pair* these days. What do you think I should do?

"Working Mother"
Dabney, IN

The Mooj Responds: *Hum dil de chuke sanam!* Yes, sadly, with this gift of enhanced vision I now have comes a tremendous responsibility. I'm not sure how to proceed with my guidance to you, as I am about to tell you something uncomfortable. So as not to embarrass you and your family I will only say that my holistic vision clearly shows what shenanigans are happening in your humble house while you work those sixteen hour workdays. The *Au Pair*, who you have hired as the caregiver to your three small children, is behaving mischievously as you suspect. Without going into detail I will say only that in the future that you should abstain from leaving the *Au Pair* home alone with your husband.



Mooj,

I'm a big fan of Nostradamus and have read just about all of his famous quatrains. It was originally thought that he only wrote 492 such "prophecies" but last week I saw in *Le Monde* that someone found his 493rd quatrain wedged between some old manuscripts. It was translated as follows:

*In a thousand years from a thousand years from the birth of Christ:
From the Sea of Aral, shall come forth a wise man, wiser than Solomon
A rage will come upon the land and all shall align with this sentient being,
Those among the doomed shall be without this fortune: the others, blessed with wisdom.*

I wonder if Nostradamus was talking about you?

Muez Gustov,
Auxerre, France

The Mooj Responds: Yes, the vision in my head says that he was! How wonderful that my enlightenment was foreseen by someone as important as that Nostradamus guy!



Mooj,

People say my baby girl looks like my husband, but I'm still not convinced she's his child. The more I look at her the more I see my ex-lover. I am Chinese and my husband is Black. We married 18 months ago and at the time I was having an affair with a guy at the office, who was Scandinavian. When I discovered I was pregnant I realized just how much I loved my husband and how stupid I had been to risk it all. I was so depressed during the pregnancy that I hated myself for having the affair. Now I've had my daughter, who is lovely. My husband thinks

the world of her and just seeing them together tears at my heartstrings. I'm told she looks like me except that she has blue eyes, freckles and red hair. I am trying so hard to be a good wife and mother, but never a day goes by when I don't agonize over which man is the father. I'm scared my husband will find out about the affair and put two and two together, then leave me. I know he would never be able to forgive me if he suspected any sort of fling on my part. He's always placed so much importance on honesty and fidelity, as he is a minister.

Gerta Wang-Hilddagard
Bath, England

The Mooj Responds: *Kuchh sher sunata hoon!* First of all I am sorry. You have asked a very important question and I feel obligated to tell you what I see when I meditate and let the psychedelic visions within my swollen and sweaty head cast begin telling me the absolute truth. The uncomfortable answer lies not at home, nor work, but in Enniscorthy, Ireland. Perhaps you may have forgotten about a certain holiday vacation you took there last year. The father of your baby was a man you met in a local pub. His first name is Patrick and he enjoys a pint of Guinness now and again. He is unemployed, dirty and has bad teeth. The vision in my head sometimes adds humorous voice-over dialogue and this time is no exception. Right now it is saying that knowing the father of your baby is named Patrick, enjoys a pint of Guinness now and again, is unemployed, is dirty and has bad teeth must be extremely helpful, as there are probably 25 million men in Ireland matching that description.



Dear Mooj,

So as not to waste your time or mine, enclosed with this letter is a sizable donation to your new Ashram building fund. I hope it helps you see things clearly when you meditate about my problem.

I seek your wisdom concerning the following matter: Last week I had a family reunion of sorts—actually, it was my dad's funeral. My brothers, sisters and I sat around afterwards and discussed something that none of us had ever dared to mention before.

You see, our dad was an eminent zoologist who worked for the Golden Gate Park Zoo. While there he befriended a chimpanzee named Hardy. This Hardy was no ordinary chimp. He was taller than most chimps, less hairy, and had human-like features. He even walked erect on two feet like a human.

While we were growing up my brothers, sisters and I remember that dad treated this chimp better than us. At night when the zoo closed dad would bring Hardy home. Dad said that the zoo was no place for a guy like Hardy. Hardy was also allowed to eat dinner with us at the table. Afterwards, when the rest of us had to go upstairs to do homework, Hardy was allowed to sit on the living room couch, drink beer, smoke cigars and watch TV with dad. Not even my mom was allowed to do that.

As I grew up I started to notice that Hardy looked just like my dad. All their mannerisms were the same. They even dressed alike. I never said anything to anyone about my suspicions until dad's funeral and then I learned that my entire family thought the same thing.

Hardy the chimp died in 1975 and our father was never the same afterwards. We weren't even allowed to mention Hardy's name again.

Mooj, this is what we need to know: Was Hardy the chimp our half-brother?

Albert Arthur Rosenblatt
San Francisco, CA

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your generous donation, Mr. Rosenblatt. You have no idea how much it is needed now that The Friends of Mooj Society is bankrupt. We will forever be indebted to your kindness.

Now on to your problem: I sat and meditated for many hours on this topic and, of course, the heat-induced psychedelic vision in my head gave me the truth immediately. My visions were definitive and there is no doubt as

to the true answer of that which you ask to know. However, I wish not to embarrass you by revealing the truth here in *The Enlightenment*. Instead, I will mail you a private letter explaining everything. The last thing you and your family need at a time like this is for others to know what a sick and depraved man your father really was!



Mooj,

I remember my first time, too—I was just out of submarine school and had just arrived on my first boat. When I got there I was assigned a “sea dad” to watch over me and help me adjust to submarine life. My sea dad and I became very close, the way guys on a submarine often do after spending long periods of time together under the sea. One day my sea dad took me into the aft torpedo room and told me that I was “now ready to learn how to properly stuff a torpedo tube.” I was puzzled because we were both radiomen and weren’t really supposed to even be in the aft torpedo room. When inside the compartment, my sea dad dogged the hatch super tight and then walked over to one of the torpedo tubes, where he pulled out something that he had hidden inside: it was a can of *Skyline Chili*! He then told me that he had hidden that chili for a special occasion. That occasion was my birthday. The two of us then opened the can and ate all the chili—it was very, very good. Now every time I eat *Skyline Chili* I can’t help but think of my old buddy RM2 Yallinger, and all the great times we had together on the *USS Blowfish*.

Rudy H.
Kirkwood, MO

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your pointless story. I beginning to sense this Skyline Chili topic must some kind of joke. If it is I can assure you I am not laughing.



El Mujo,

I remember my first time, too. I was away at camp one summer and extremely homesick. All the other kids in my cabin were making fun of me and I was totally miserable. So I ran away. I had no idea where I was going. I just wanted to get away. Before long I came upon another camp. It was the notorious all girl camp on the other side of the lake. We were warned by our councilors to stay away from this place because the girls there were known to be extremely naughty. I tiptoed through the woods and peeked through the window of one of the cabins. I couldn’t believe my eyes! Inside were dozens of girls—*all naked*—engaged in a pillow fight. I stood at the window gawking as my pre-teen hormones raged within me. Then one of the girls saw me. I tried to escape but it was too late. The girls caught me, tied me up and then brought me back into their cabin. The tallest and most beautiful of the girls then told me that she was going to “spank me” for being such a naughty boy. [The rest of this letter has been deleted. It goes on for a few more pages and doesn’t say anything about Skyline Chili.]

“Hot and Bothered Hank”
Cincinnati, OH

The Mooj Responds: Nothing frosts my *choti* more than some rascal sending in a stupid letter like this. I always like to give people the benefit of the doubt; but not at the expense of having my decency mocked! Vic Taylor, if you are still maintaining the Minion Log Book, please see to it that this comedian is placed on my ‘no longer can send mail’ list. And while you are at it, add those two idiots that sent in the Skyline Chili letters, too. As of now no more Skyline Chili letters will be allowed and the sender of such offensive tidings be added to my no mail list.



Professor Mooj:

I respectfully request your forgiveness. I know that you frown on your protégés critiquing your work but I found an error in one of your topical papers, entitled: *Too Much Hot Plasma Going On*. You incorrectly derived the external boundary of the computational domain used in your confinement model. Since your model uses a fully recycling

material wall, coupling of radial flux density for ions and neutrals at the wall should have been used to set the boundary conditions for the plasma, neutral density, and energy equations at the wall. You also neglected to account for local Landau damping at the dielectric interface, which therefore renders all your assumptions invalid. This error is propagated throughout the remainder of your argument and, thus, the inner boundary of the computational domain (i.e., the core interface) of the input power and plasma density, which depends on specifying the boundary conditions for the plasma energy in your density equation, is totally incorrect. The only reason you were able to reproduce your theoretical results experimentally was that the boundary conditions for the neutral density equation at the core interface was zero. Note that this set of boundary conditions automatically provides zero plasma flux through the core interface in steady state no matter what the input is. Normally I wouldn't bother you with something so trivial but since I am taking a class in confined plasma kinetics at Duke University I thought you would welcome my humble feedback. I again ask for your forgiveness if I'm being too forward. When can I come and hang out with you like your other protégé Lance Worthy? I promise to behave myself.

With Utmost Respect,
Trent Handjoy (Mooj protégé #2),
Durham, NC

The Mooj Responds: Listen, *chota*. How many times do I have to tell you not to critique the wisdom of your Guru! You are just a 13-year-old pipsqueak who doesn't know his *chacha* from his *chachi*! Get with the program, kid, or I'll dump you as a protégé.



Mooj,

I read with utter delight the letter posted last week by Dr. Mel Barker, Jr. I'm a big fan of his. I never miss his all-night radio show. Some people think he's a nut but he isn't. He's really smart. Last night he had a round table discussion with Big Foot, some guy who got attacked by a chupacabra, an ex-astronaut who claims he saw an alien on the moon, Witley Streiber and Richard C. Hoagland. They were talking about global warming.

I'm also a big fan of Lance Worthy. I own all his videos, except *Gun Fight at the KY Corral* and *Rope 'em, Cowboy*. If any one has them let me know and I'll buy them off you. Can I get an autographed photo of Lance? Keep it real, dude.

Ali Muhlan
Railroad, PA

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, my *mutt dosti*. I must confess I have no idea who Dr. Mel Barker Jr. is, nor do I have any signed photos of Lance Worthy.



Mr. Mooj,

How can I begin? You have no idea how important you have become in my life. I am so sorry that that black-hearted goon J. Edgar Gayson pilfered your great empire away from you. What can we minions do to help? I stand ready and able to help! Just say the word and I will hunt that bastard down for you.

The Scarlet Avenger (aka minion 1125),
Matagorda Island, TX

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your concern, friend. I ask you and other minions not to bother with this matter, as it is now in the Hands of God.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ—TEXARKANA OUTLAWS!

I have said many awful things about Lance Worthy in recent ponderings but I now take them all back: for Lance nobly set aside his Amish lifestyle to come down to Arkansas to be with me in my hour of greatest need.

Somewhere between Pennsylvania and Arkansas Lance commandeered a moped and drove it to my rescue. When he arrived in Hope it was fully gassed up and I wasted no time climbing aback as we putt-putted west, toward the Texan border.

Our first course of action when we arrived in Texas was find employment. We applied and were hired as dishwashers at a Texarkana Dairy King. The pay was good and soon we saved enough money to rent a 10-ft by 10-ft storage shed near the outskirts of town. Lance found the accommodations pleasant; I, on the other hand, missed having electricity and running water.

Our manager at the Dairy King was a very kind old man named Mr. Fussie. He took an immediate liking to Lance and me and treated us very kindly. One night Mr. Fussie took us into his office and locked the door. He pulled down the shades and told us that he trusted us and knew that he could depend on us. We assured him that we were loyal employees. Mr. Fussie asked us to sit down and then went on to explain how he had worked for the owner of the Dairy King, a hard-hearted man named Jarvis McGee, for over twenty years. In all those years Jarvis McGee had never once shown Mr. Fussie any kind of appreciation. Mr. Fussie told Lance and I that he was tired of being taken advantage of and that he had a plan to “set things right.” He told us that if we helped him, he would split the proceeds with us “50-50.” When the plan was revealed I was dead set against it since it hinted of wrongdoing. But after a few days of living in a storage shed I decided I had nothing more to lose—heck, I was already wanted for murder in Mississippi, jail breaking in Pennsylvania, and a dozen other petty crimes in Florida, Alabama, Arkansas and Georgia. What could one additional felonious count against me in Texas matter? So Lance and I reluctantly agreed to Mr. Fussie’s diabolical plan.

The day of action arrived: After closing the Dairy King on its busiest night of the week—a Friday I believe it was—Mr. Fussie put the register money in a bank night deposit bag. He then drove to the bank. This was his nightly routine. However, on this night, rather than deposit the bag right away, he waited in

his car while we waited in some nearby bushes. All we needed to complete the mission was a “suitable witness.” According to Mr. Fussie a “suitable witness” was anyone who was old and had bad eyesight.

A few minutes after midnight an old lady came walking down the street and Mr. Fussie signaled us with his cigarette lighter. That was the “go” signal. Mr. Fussie then stepped out of his car and began walking toward the bank with the bag of money. When Mr. Fussie was near our hiding spot we ambushed him in view of the witness. According to plan we hit Mr. Fussie over the head with a ‘plastic’ baseball bat several times and then flashed gang symbols at the horrified witness. Mr. Fussie then pretended to lie on the ground unconscious while we grabbed his night deposit bag and took off. The witness screamed for help and soon others gathered and someone called the police from a nearby pay phone. The police arrived shortly thereafter and took a full report from both Mr. Fussie and the witness. The witness, as expected, was unable to tell the police anything that could help because she could hardly see us. The plan was working very well, except that in the confusion Mr. Fussie forgot about pretending to have amnesia and gave an excellent description of Lance and me to the police. Within minutes an APB was broadcast looking for “an Amish guy and a Punjab in a full body cast riding on a moped.” Our Gooses were cooked!

We had originally planned to meet Mr. Fussie after the phony robbery back at the Dairy King (to give him his share of the compensation money) but since the cops were all over town looking for us we had no choice but to abandon Texarkana and head west. Using old Indian trails and cattle paths we got as far away from the scene of the crime as we could.

At the onset of dawn we found an old abandoned barn and stopped there to rest. While in the abandoned barn we took the liberty of counting the pay back money: it totaled \$1,265.87. It was definitely more than enough to get us by for a few days. Because we were honorable men we immediately wrote Mr. Fussie an IOU for \$632.94 and stuck it to a nearby fence post, hoping that some passerby would bring it into town and give it to him. We then decided to lay low because sunrise was fast approaching. From then on Lance and I would hide during the day and travel only at night.

Since the police were sure to spot us if we remained as we were, we needed to disguise ourselves. Lance had no problem obtaining a 'new look' by shaving off his Amish beard and exchanging his unadorned Amish clothing for bib overalls that he found hanging on a clothesline. I, on the other hand, had a more difficult task since I was in a full body cast. But soon we happened upon a novel idea when passing an oil derrick that was bobbing up and down in the moonlight. Lance and I collected handfuls of oil splashing up from the spigot and coated the outside of my cast with it. I was then completely invisible (at night only). From there we began our journey north, driving as fast as we could atop the rusty moped. Soon we were in Oklahoma.

Our disguises worked great and the few people that we did come across didn't seem to suspect a thing. Our good luck finally ran out in Briartown, Oklahoma. There, as we began crossing a bridge over the dark and muddy Canadian River, our moped broke down. We had no choice but to chuck it into the river and look for another form of transportation. A quick search of the beachhead below found a small but sturdy canoe tied to a towhead; and so we borrowed that.



Unbeknownst to us until a short time later there was a dog sleeping in the canoe. We had no time to return the dog to the canoe's owner so the dog became our new traveling companion. Slowly the three of us paddled up stream trying to put distance between us and the scene of our latest misdemeanor (actually, only Lance was doing the paddling—I couldn't because of my full body cast and our new dog friend couldn't for obvious reasons).

Soon daylight began to appear over the eastern horizon and we paddled to shore and found a nice place to hide in tall grass alongside the river.

Exhausted, the three of us slept the whole day and awoke at sundown to continue the voyage west up the tranquil river. For days we existed like this, averaging only a few miles per night.

Then one day we ended our nightly sojourn early and Lance decided to sneak off to a town he saw illuminated far off in the distance. Sunrise was about an hour away and we were starting to get low on supplies and dog biscuits. It was a peaceful night so while Lance was away I lay comfortably in the tall grass, staring up at the stars. My new dog companion slept quietly at my side. Then all of a sudden the dog jumped up and began to bark—a *stranger was approaching!* I was helpless, unable to do anything but roll to my side while the dog barked frantically at the darkness. I used my new-found more enhanced holistic visions to try and figure out who or what was approaching and I slowly began to see that there was a lunatic headed my way—whoever he was, he was naked and hacking his way through the tall grass with a sitar!

"Dear God in Heaven—it's that insane J.J. Bigsby guy and he's coming to kill me!" I thought as I tried to roll away. I did not get far. Within seconds a tall, naked, and emaciated figure stood over me. His face was filled with rage and his sitar was poised above his head, ready to strike. I closed my eyes in peace for I thought that this was my last moment on Earth. But J.J. Bigsby did nothing. He just stood there—crying. He was crying tears of joy, for he had been lonesome and was finally happy to see someone—even if it was I, the man he wanted to murder. When I slowly opened my eyes I saw before me a "different" J.J. Bigsby. This was not the same raving lunatic that had tried to butcher me in Alabama and then banished me from Mississippi. This J.J. Bigsby had become 'softened' and peaceful. It became obvious to me that having become "The Mooj" for these many months had now somehow tempered his animal instincts and made him humble and holy, like I was.

After a few awkward moments of silence I asked Bigsby about the murder of Blind Lemon Washington and he told me that it was true that he killed Blind Lemon Washington; however, he assured me that it was in self-defense. He, like me, was now being unjustly hunted by the law.

According to Bigsby he had been barrelhousing up and down the Sunflower River, when one day he was wandering home from an all night drunk. He spotted a woman struggling to carry several bags of groceries into her house and offered to help. She thanked him afterwards and gave him a tall glass of lemonade because it was a hot day. Bigsby drank the lemonade and then set out to leave. However,

before he could exit the house, a long black Cadillac drove up.

"Hide—or my husband will kill you!" screamed the panic stricken woman. Bigsby, certain that his nakedness would prove too hard to explain, ran with all his energy to the rear of the house. He tried to jump out of a bedroom window but Blind Lemon Washington—in a drunken rampage—entered the room and took several shots at him with a loaded 44. Bigsby had no choice but to bludgeon the jealous and drunk Blind Lemon Washington to death with his sitar.

Bigsby then fled Mississippi with only his sitar and the clothes on his back (which, because he was naked, didn't amount to much). He has been running ever since.

When Lance Worthy returned he was surprised to find two Moojs. I introduced him to my former nemesis and we agreed to combine our escapes and proceed together up the river together. With Bigsby using his sitar as a paddle and Lance using the oar, we were finally making decent progress rowing up the river.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

As I mentioned in my letters section I am experiencing a significant up trend in my holistic truth visions. There is a chance that when my head cast is removed in a few weeks (and my head returns to a normal temperature) that these visions may taper down. Thus, if there is anything you absolutely have to know the truth about please send in your letter as soon as possible. Without coming across as desperate, I would like to point out that I am now a pauper thanks to a heartless swindle so any increase to your minion love offering enclosed within the envelope containing your letter would be greatly appreciated.

Blessings and Such,

मज्झिमा निकाय उपवासावा



LOS HERMANOS LOCO



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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

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First Things First. Last newsletter I mentioned that, as a result of being forced to remain trapped within this hot and miserable head cast, I have been having intensive visions of truth as I meditate. Well, my multitude of minions certainly yearned to hear my better enhanced wisdom! According to Vic Taylor we received more than 1,200 individual pieces of mail last week and over \$5,000 in much needed donations. Jolly good! I will do my utmost to answer all of these letters, especially those containing generous offerings.

Speaking of Vic Taylor, let's all wish him good luck in his future endeavors. Vic has finally found a job in far-away Navaho County, PA and has given us his notice. We will surely miss Vic, as he did a wonderful job (whatever it was) and he will be hard to replace. In his stead, The Friends of Mooj Society has hired two non-paid interns from the Chester County Community College School of Audio and Visual Broadcasting. We welcome them aboard and hope that they will eventually show up for work!

Before I begin meditating on this week's mail I would like to apologize to the Rosenblatt family of San Francisco. I guess I wasn't discreet enough with my

answer concerning their father and his bastard-son chimp, Hardy. The family was publicly mocked and then ostracized by many of their friends and social affiliations as a result of the sensitive



information unintentionally being alluded to. To avoid something similar happening to the multitude of minions seeking sensitive or otherwise humiliating revelations to this week's many questions, I will use 'first names only' and print only the response (i.e., I will not show the question). Thus, only the interested party will know what was asked and the answer will only make sense to them. This will also save newsletter space, as these multitudes of letters have the potential to take up the whole newsletter.

Additionally, I'd also like to apologize to Gerta Wang-Hilldagard. Information meant only for her eyes somehow inadvertently found its way into her husband's knowledge.

Swami Note: These responses appear in no particular order. I will just answer them randomly as I pull each letter from the Mail Bag.

To Julie T. in Toronto, Canada: My sweet and aromatic *pakoraa*, let your heart not ache much longer. I *do* see a boyfriend in your future. The swirling colors of my enhanced vision present this future man as being very dark and handsome. He is a fellow student at your on-line-technical-college and he wears rugged clothing and carries a yellow backpack. But I must warn you. He is not the man

you marry. That being known I hope that you will be dignified and not surrender your *hridaya-mooki-mook* when this gentleman makes his romantic and lustful interludes toward you. That love appendage should be saved for your husband on your wedding night.

To Wes in Park City, UT: *Beware!* Your gut instinct is correct. Your business partner Jesse Humpfries *is* up to no good. When I performed my meditation for you and had my vision I actually had two visions in one. Both outcomes formed in separate compartments, much like watching a cell perform mitosis under the microscope. Both outcomes are equally likely, but only one is correct. In one vision Humpfries is embezzling millions of dollars a year from your company and in the other he is taking the last cup of coffee from the coffee pot without making a fresh pot. This was actually the first time I had two visions in one. In fact, as I continued meditating the two visions began another sub-division into four visions so I discontinued my psychedelic trance to avoid further confusing you and myself. But I will say that if there is a mystery afoot in your office concerning a copier being broken due to excessive weight being applied atop it, you are best to look no further than your portly receptionist and the after-hours soda-machine vendor man.

To Juanita in Orlando, FL: Stop crying, my dear and pungent *aloo roti*, for you are about to meet your one true love! In my vision I see that name of your mystery man beginning with a "K" and see that he lives very near to you. You have already seen him once before sitting at the revolving bar in the ABC Liquor Lounge on The Orange Blossom Trail, near where you work as a dental hygienist. Your mystery man is a multimillionaire and the current owner of a trendy night club. He also owns several racing greyhounds and a partnership in a jai alai palace. *Oh my!* As my vision progresses with more vibrant swirls and pulsating explosions of color I see that this mystery man is of the criminal-sort and that he will involve you in his sordid life of crime. In fact, you will spend years in prison and be in and out of drug rehabilitation the whole rest of your short life because of him. I suggest you think hard about involving this felonious mystery man in your life. I recommend that you defer romance until your next love opportunity... Oh. Actually, sadly, I'm now seeing in my vision that there will never be a next love opportunity.

To Tammy J. in New Garden, PA: My little *shareefa*, I wish I had good news to report to you concerning your search for a husband but when I began my meditation and let my vision begin it seemed to spin into dark molasses-like swirls of unrecognizable shapes and then plop down into majestic-like dark brown splattering patterns. I tried to fine tune the image by exposing my head cast to direct sunlight but the imagery just got browner and more textured. I'm not sure what was going on. Actually, now that I think about it, right before I began this meditation I took some laxatives and perhaps that is what is causing this interference. I

might be doing an internal remote viewing sort of thing.

To Chief Inspector Doug in New Eton Township, PA: *Dosti-pulasvala*, I do envision the culprit performing all those robberies in your town. As I close my eyes, the imagery swirls of effervescent pulsing and dazzling colors magically dance into the frame of a likeness that clearly shows the criminal responsible for not only these recent robberies, but several murders and other felonious violations that date back several years. This criminal appears to be an ex-detective. I see that he was at one time a member of the New Eton Police Department. He is tall, dark and mysterious and goes by the nickname "Squez." It also looks like he wears Zubaz-style pants and a NY Yankees ball cap while performing these crimes.

To Dean H. at UC Berkeley: I suspect your letter to be a hoax. I envision you sitting in your graduate student cubicle laughing as you compose it. Thus, I feel discompelled to address your question. And, Mr. Funny Pants, you just bought yourself a ticket to the no Mooj Mail List.

The next letter is from the Bagley Sisters of St. Elizabeth, PA. Everyone knows these two old spinsters are not allowed to send mail to me. They've been on my mail exclusion list for years. I can't even remember why. I think it's because they always add a wisecrack to their letter. They'll start off sounding sincere and polite and then they'll close with a nasty barb. Since I have their letter open I might as well read it. To be honest I have no idea what their letter is about this time. They are accusing me of being a prude for not allowing someone named "Hot and Bothered Hank" to finish his story.

To Zit-Ass Zippy, the Circus Sideshow Freak: Zippy, don't worry my humble friend. You, too, shall find true love. In fact, she is already known to you and has been a good friend to you for some time. Her name? I'm not sure. My vision tells me only that she lives a few tents away and weighs over 2,000 pounds.

To Naughty Nurse Denise in East Palestine, TX: This letter doesn't come with a request for one of my enlightening visions. Inside the envelope are only photographs. Oh, I see that this woman really is a nurse. How nice that she gives to humanity the care and nurturing the troubled world so direly needs. I see in the next picture that the hospital where she works must be very warm, as she has unbuttoned her nurse uniform. *Hai Allaah*, what kind of hospital is this? I can look no further at anymore of these photos, as it has now become apparent why they call this woman Naughty Nurse Denise.

To Darnel in Atlanta, GA: Your cat *is* trying to tell you something. He is saying, "Feed me meat!" Just because you're a vegetarian doesn't mean your cat is one also. Good heavens, chap, haven't you noticed that Bootsie hasn't touched a drop of that organic tofu brussel sprout crap you keep putting into his cat food dish? Your cat also needs his anal glands expressed. Or, at least that's what it looks like.

To Jeff in Gay Head, MA: First of all is there really a town called Gay Head in Massachusetts? I have a feeling Jeff is pulling our leg with this one but my vision thinks he's on the level. Anyway, Jeff, I suggest you take better care in your relationships. Instead of being worried about email viruses you should be worried about "female" viruses. Go see a doctor, my *beta*.

To Monty in Glendale, CA: Beware! You *are* in serious danger! Someone *is* trying to kill you. I'm not sure who this person is. As I envision him I see that he is wearing red velvet hot pants, a green half-shirt, disco-style roller skates and a gold sequined baseball hat. He also has a Foo-Manchu mustache. And what's worse this "cad" has planned to "bump you off" on the first full moon of the month. Hey, that was yesterday! Oh my. I should have answered this letter earlier.

To Betty in Belchertown, MA: What is it with these Massachusetts' town names? Is there really a place called Belchertown in Massachusetts? My vision shows me that there is. Anyway, Betty, cheer up, my *padosan*. Things will turn out fine. Yes, I know your mother-in-law is coming to live with you and she can be quite bothersome at times but look at the bright side: at least now your good-for-nothing fat and lazy husband will have to stop walking around the house naked. *Halaku!* Actually in my vision I see that he won't.

To Barry in Hopewell, VA: My *hamara dil aapke pas hai*, the feelings of guilt you have are normal. What you did was a wrong but it was just an accident; you need not be humiliated. You are human and all human beings make mistakes. Yours just happened to involve a busload of wayward high school cheerleaders. I suggest you increase your minion offering next month to offset the negative karma you've obviously earned for your poor choice in behavior.

To Stephanie in Carson City, NV: Stop being so insecure, my little *botikabab*. Nobody is laughing at you behind your back. You are a very positive person and people like you. There is one thing you can do, however, that will make you less vulnerable

to inner-office gossip: stop wearing tube tops to work! Heck, woman, you work in a law office!

To Mocha in Redondo Beach, CA: Yes, my *beti*, I do see love in your future. I see a very handsome man about to walk into your life. You will meet this new boyfriend at your health club next week, right after you finish your Tae Bo class. You will know him by his long, flowing, blond hair and large biceps. He will also have a really dark tan-like complexion. Don't be too aggressive with this mystery man at first; he is very shy and sensitive. Let him make the first move. Don't be overly anxious if this man hardly ever calls you; it's just his style. He will also treat you pretty rotten in public and be-little you in front of his friends—that, too, is just his style. He might also borrow large sums of money from you and never pay you back. And he will undoubtedly sleep around with dozens of other women while he is dating you. But that's just his style. Sadly, I am disappointed with this man but I doubt you will find anything better since you live in Southern California.

To Jim in Walla Walla, WA: Make your move already! For years you have been gawking at the lovely Miss R. from afar and she certainly knows you have feelings for her. Go ahead and ask her out! Don't worry if she starts laughing and tells you off; she's just playing 'hard to get.' You need persistence. Keep after her. Send her flowers. Send her candy. Write her love poems. Tattoo her name on your arm. These are the kind of things women love. When she finally files a restraining order against you, make her jealous by diverting your attention to her younger sister. That always worked for my brother *Sanjeev*. (But then again, maybe it didn't...I can't remember anymore.)

To Mandy in Silver Lake, CA: Beware of your best friend Cinnamon; she has designs on your boyfriend Freddo. Freddo is weak and will not be able to resist her tempting ways. Also beware of your other best friend Sasha; she too has designs on Freddo and he will be unable to resist her as well. While you're at it you might as well beware of your other friends Monica, Kelly, Marci, Paris, Kendra, Dawn, Jasmine, Mia, and Tracy—they too will prove to be too tempting for Freddo. *Actually, if I were you I would just dump Freddo!*

To Jimmy in Alexandria, VA: I know that the 'therapeutic' massages you're currently getting from that gorgeous blond masseuse at the health club are legitimate but I would still keep them secret from your wife. I just don't think that she would understand that whole "towel spank/pain endurance" training thing your masseuse does at the end of each session.

To Dee in El Segundo, CA: Yes, my little *chupati*, your ex mother in law is trying to ruin your reputation at the Manhattan Beach Country Club—but surely you can't blame her! After all, you did abandon her son and grandchildren to run off and have an affair with the tennis pro. And since you asked, yes the tennis pro is having an affair with many others, including your ex husband.

To Randy in Stone Mountain, GA: Stop worrying! You are destined for greatness and will be extremely wealthy before you know it. I suggest, however, that you now begin the practice of paying income taxes (since not paying them might be the reason you wind up in jail in the very near future).

To Mr. Fujimora in East Texas, PA: Good news Mr. Fujimora, that woman you are so madly in love with will finally accept that marriage proposal. She is quite a catch, too, from what my vision shows me. One thing that bothers me, though, is why is she so eager to marry you now—after more than 20 years of steadfast rejection? I hope the fact that you are just about to win the Pennsylvania State Lottery doesn't have anything to do with this. (Note to Vic Taylor: Can you please send one of those extra-large donation envelopes to Mr. Fujimora.)

To Darrel in New Castle, DE: Yes, I know your heart has been broken. Losing your wife to your

best friend and your job the very same week must have been a terrible shock. (Not to mention having your car stolen as well.) I say: "Cheer up, old boy!" Things are bound to get better very soon, my gentle and humble friend. But first I should warn you: quick, run out and buy fire insurance on your house.

To Midge and Stefin in Fallston, MD: Yes, my humble *rotee chotees*, I do see good news concerning your quest to conceive a child. My vision shows ... oh hold on. I'm getting some sort of interference. When I begin to concentrate on your future natality my vision shifts and finds itself looking inside the window of your neighbor's house. Why, I cannot believe what I am seeing! Those naughty neighbors of yours are doing something very mischievous! By Jove, they must be in their 90s! I must now egress from my meditation before I get sick.

As I look at the pile of unanswered mail I fret that my head is aching beyond description. All these multi-color and psychedelic visions and trances have given me a headache. I cannot possibly go on. I must go and sleep now. I will do what I can tomorrow but my vision of truth shows that I will just throw away the remaining mail and pretend that it was lost.

A TRUE MINION STORY

This week's story comes from Francis Marion Bustafusco of Walpole, MA. It's a true story, or so he says:

Where There's Smoke.....

Back when my grandfather was a young man he drove an oil truck in the city of Boston. One night, while making deliveries in the Chelsea area, he noticed a large brick building on fire. He ran as fast as he could to the corner firebox and pulled the alarm. Minutes later fire trucks came blazing down the street and roared right past him. A short time later the very same fire trucks came roaring up the street. The fire trucks continued to drive up and down the street until finally one of the firemen noticed my poor grandfather jumping up and down waving his arms over his head. One of the firemen yelled: "Hey, buddy! Did you pull the fire alarm?"

"Yes!" said my grandfather as he tried to catch his breath.

"Well, where's the fire?"

"Over there! Over there!" said my grandfather as he pointed to the building with all the smoke coming out of the windows.

When the Firemen saw which building my grandfather was pointing to they began to curse at him and climb back into their fire trucks.

"Go and take a closer look at the building, you jack ass!" screamed one of the firemen.

After the firemen drove off my grandfather cautiously walked across the street and observed a large sign on the front of the building that read: "CHELSEA SMOKE HOUSE, Smoked Fish and Meat."

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

In mid-May Lance Worthy had to return to Bird in Hand, PA to plant corn and tobacco. Because the fake Mooj (nee J.J. Bigsby) was then traveling with me Lance felt it was okay to leave and return home to continue his unpretentious lifestyle. The fake Mooj assured him that I would be safe in his hands and so we said our good-byes and parted company. The fake Mooj and I then decided to abandon the canoe and walk northwest across the Great Plains toward greener pastures and Lance decided to walk back to Pennsylvania.

Soon I began to regret my decision to send Lance Worthy away because the fake Mooj started to really give me the creeps. Every time I looked at him he seemed to be gawking at me—almost as if he was plotting some ghastly deed. Even my new dog friend seemed to sense that there was something peculiar about the fake Mooj and they continually growled at each other. However, with each passing day the fake Mooj still hadn't killed me so I felt more comfortable; and finally, I was in too much pain walking stiff-legged across the plains in my full body cast to really care about anything.

Finally my bones were healed and my enlightened senses told me it was time to free myself from that blasted oil-soaked cocoon. Using his Rambo knife the fake Mooj cut me loose from my full body cast and I was finally free. Never in my life was I happier to rid myself of anything! As soon as my head was free from that blasted head cast my visions, as I suspected, began to taper down and I was only left with a background-like hum of periphery things I was seeing anyway.

Since the fake Mooj was an ex navy SEAL he was heavily trained in survival skills. These skills proved invaluable when it came to tracking and hunting the wild beasts of the Oklahoma Plains. After his first successful hunt he built a huge fire and we feasted on his prey. After stuffing ourselves into a near coma we fashioned caveman suits out of the animal's hide to protect ourselves from the oncoming winter. Like the great Indians who roamed these very plains before us a century ago, we lived completely off the land and in peace with our surroundings. Before we knew it we had walked hundreds of miles and had not seen or spoken to another living person in weeks. We were just like the Punjab and ex-FBI agent version of Lewis and Clark!

Finally we heard the roar of distant automobiles! Far off in the distance we spotted a tiny ribbon of highway and proceeded to head toward it. The fake Mooj decided that our best bet was to get to the highway and "borrow" a car to continue our journey west into the mountains. He assured me that once we were in the mountains that no one would ever find us again. He then laughed a strange little laugh and added under his breath, "or at least not find you, you greasy little Punjabic bastard." I began to suspect that the fake Mooj was up to something.

It was almost midnight when we reached the highway. A sign indicated that a town was a few miles up the road and so I suggested that we walk to that town and use the money I had left from Mr. Fussie to buy a car. The fake Mooj sneered and said: "only sissies buy cars—real men steal them and then murder the family from which they stole it from."

I was alarmed—I began to suspect that the fake Mooj was still a cold-blooded murderer and not the humble and holy person that he pretended to become. I knew then and there that I had to escape from that monster as soon as possible. I pretended to agree with his plan so that he wouldn't suspect that I was secretly plotting against him. Even my dog friend sensed that the fake Mooj was up to no good and told me so. Amazingly, my supernatural senses had by then become so sensitive that I was actually able to read the dog's mind. And, even more amazing, the dog, who must have been clairvoyant himself, could read mine! We were then able to communicate with each other telepathically without the fake Mooj hearing us.

As we walked along the highway toward the lights of the nearby town the dog and I discussed our plan. We both agreed that we had to ditch the fake Mooj as soon as possible before he tried to kill us. But, at the same time, we also knew we had an obligation to society to save those that the fake Mooj was obviously intent on doing harm to when he stole a car. My dog friend then suggested that we run off as soon as we got to town and inform the local police about the fake Mooj. Heck, the dog even figured that we could collect some kind of reward since he was already wanted for a murder in Mississippi. I agreed and then we both felt better about the situation.

The sun was rising by the time we reached the outskirts of that sleepy little town. The first thing the

fake Mooj did when we came into the neighborhood was pull out his Rambo knife and start sharpening it. Innocent people were in danger and the dog and I knew that we had to act fast to save them. What

did we do? Find out next week. I'm too tired to continue my story and will defer it until my next newsletter.

THIS WEEK'S MINION POEM

A Poem/Performance Piece Written by Jontonomo entitled "HASTE"

Poet's Note: This poem/performance piece is best when performed by two persons standing opposite each other, one wearing a bear suit and the other only a tank top. Each verse should be alternated by the two performers, where the performer in the bear suit begins. After the half-naked person says his/her line, then he or she must do a squat and extend his arms. At very end of the piece both performers should lie down and pretend to be dead.

*Mujaputtia
Tootie Frutia*

*Dhali Lama
Yo Yo, Ma Ma*

*El Presidente
Loco Mucho Gente*

*Secretary of State
Brain Stem Second Rate*

*Crappy Crappy Actress
Put Back on your Ugly Dress*

*Eany Meany Miney Mo
Big Fat Rosey Smashed My Toe*

*On and On and On I go
Where I'll stop I do not know.*

(End of part one)

Thank You Very Much

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well, my friends! I bid you once again a fond farewell.

Blessings and Such,

मूजपुती उमवाबारावा

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

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SITTING IN FOR GURU MOOJ THIS MONTH IS TRENT HANDJOY!!

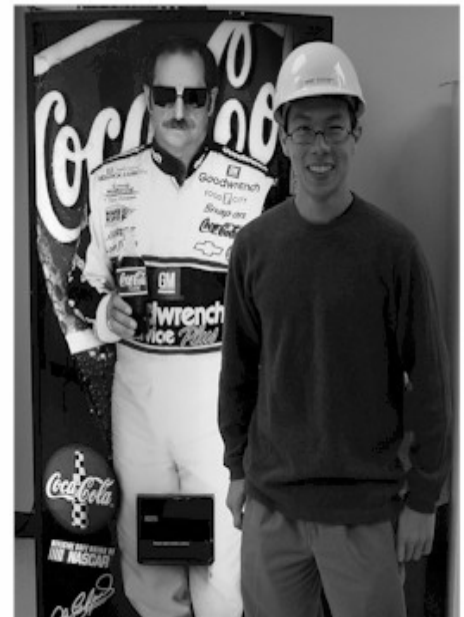
GREETINGS MOOJ MINIONS! What an honor it is for me to edit my first ever *Enlightenment* newsletter! How is it that I, Trent Handjoy, am afforded such a privilege? Simple: neither Guru Mooj nor Lance Worthy could be found. No one has heard from those two wandering minstrels in almost a month. Hopefully, they're okay.

I have no idea what I'll write about so you'll have to forgive me if I sound like I have no clue. Just so you know where I'm coming from I should tell you that I'm thirteen years old and am a certified boy genius. Guru Mooj is my mentor but I doubt I stick with him for long. The more I find out about him the more I suspect that he really isn't all that smart. I would have to really question whether or not he is truly a MENSA genius like me. In truth, just about anyone can get into MENSA these days.

I have read all of Guru Mooj's scientific and topical papers and sense that he did at one time possess great knowledge. However, with the passage of time, these skills must have dwindled because just about everything he has written is seriously flawed in some miniscule way. It's almost as if he goes out of his way to hide this small error inside something brilliant. Usually I have to read his works over and over again to detect these flaws—and they're only discovered after spending days on end refining or redoing his work. He is such a silly man.

Most of you are probably too ignorant to realize that Guru Mooj is not really all that enlightened. I have no idea why he has so many devotees and followers. Perhaps I'm being unfair. Maybe people need to believe Guru Mooj is enlightened since he is so embedded in their poor, pathetic lives. Hey, whatever floats your boat.

To prove how smart I am I am going to do something very special in this newsletter. I will interpret this whole "Mooj thing" for you. A quick peek in Guru Mooj Mailbag revealed many things, besides that the average intelligence of a typical Mooj Head is pretty low. Most, if not all of you, seem confused about all the intermingled adventures and people that Guru Mooj has somehow gotten himself involved with during his recent escape from Chester County Jail. Since I have an Official IQ of 229 I think that many of you "less intelligent" beings will appreciate my insights. I assure you that my observations will be consistent and objective. My analysis follows this brief introduction.



AN ANALYSIS OF MOOJ BY THE BOY GENIUS TRENT HANDJOY

A Quick Foreword:

Guru Mooj's recent escape from The Chester County Jail has been a long and confounding ordeal to many. Somehow, all the fuzzy details of this escapade seem to be confusing people and so I have decided to use my superior intelligence to help sort out the finer details of this troubling misadventure and put things into lay man's terms. I have no inside knowledge of Guru Mooj's secret life and I can only rely on the written word of his published newsletters (which you have access to as well). Please don't think that I am being pompous by assuming that I am more intelligent than you are; just accept it as fact and move on. I certainly have. Wherever I go I feel it is my duty to share my superior intelligence with those in need. If I have learned anything at Duke University it is that it is important to have compassion and empathy toward others too stupid or too unfortunate to have superior knowledge. So sit back and enjoy my question and answer format, my dear obtuse friends. It should prove effective in allowing your simple minds to grasp a rather complex series of issues. (Note: I have tried to keep all verbiage at a 3rd grade reading level since I know most of you would appreciate that.)

So, my simple friends, let's assume our roles, shall we?

Is Guru Mooj a Real Guru?

Guru Mooj is considered by many to be an enlightened Guru. He is a board-certified Swami (registered in Varanasi, India) and has membership in various enlightened organizations and peace foundations. According to the latest *Friends of Mooj Prospectus*, Guru Mooj has 1,250 "true devotees" (i.e., minions that are current with their minion dues and pay the hefty subscription price of this newsletter). Vic Taylor, The former president of The Mooj Memory Bank, reports that the circulation of this newsletter is 15,000; thus, one can infer that Guru Mooj has 1,250 true devotees and 13,750 deadbeat devotees.

What is Guru Mooj's Nationality?

Guru Mooj claims to be of Uzbek-Punjab origin. However, the name Umbababbaraba (pronounced Ohm-Ba-ba-baar-aba) has Malabar and Kongu-Nadu ethnic origins more closely related to Southern Coastal India. I did a search of the name "Umbababbaraba" in Indian phonebooks and found people by that name living in Karnātakā Province (mainly the city of Davanagere)—and absolutely none living in either Uzbekistan or the Indian or Pakistan side of the Punjab. Strangely, I discovered that the largest concentration of Umbababbarabas outside of India is in Evanston, Illinois. I called a few random Umbababbaraba phone numbers and no one I talked to ever heard of "Guru Mooj." One person did, however, admit that he once rented a Lance Worthy video

Where is Chester County?

Chester County, PA is located 25 miles southwest of Philadelphia. Southern Chester County is situated on the borders of Delaware and Maryland and is mostly rural. Northern Chester County is more commercial and is located near the Main Line business area west of Philadelphia. In recent years, the population of Chester County, PA has grown immensely. Many new residents have moved into the area from nearby cities such as Wilmington and Philadelphia. Vic Taylor says he has no idea when Guru Mooj first came to Chester County. He suspects it was in the mid-80s.

How Did Guru Mooj Become Enlightened?

According to Vic Taylor, former keeper of all Mooj-related records, Guru Mooj was only a minor maharishi until August 1994. Then, in what many acclaim to be 'a hegemony of delight,' (their words not mine) Guru Mooj was struck in the head by lightning. Immediately afterwards Guru Mooj understood whatever it is that high-level Gurus are supposed to know and began amassing a large following of devotees drawn to his new-found wisdom and enlightened visions.



Why was Guru Mooj in Jail?

This is unknown. Never has Guru Mooj addressed this topic in any of his newsletters. Vic Taylor says he doesn't recall seeing anything written about this subject either. I took the liberty of perusing *The Official Chester County, Pennsylvania Court Proceedings* between 1977 and 1999 and there was no mention of a Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba [or "Mooj"] being tried or convicted for any crime in Chester County during those years. Suspiciously, Guru Mooj's official police records have been sealed and cannot be opened until the year 2062. I called the Chester County Recorder to ask about this and was told that it was none of my business. I sense a conspiracy here; perhaps our nosy pal Jeff W. from The University of Maryland School of Journalism might look into this matter for us.

Why did Guru Mooj Escape from Jail?

This is a good question. Even I, Trent Handjoy, the boy genius, can't figure this one out exactly. I examined *The Governor's Official Acts Log* for 1999 and saw that it is, in fact, true that Guru Mooj was granted clemency. He was to be set free on September 20, 1999. Guru Mooj never got to enact his clemency because he escaped on September 18. Guru Mooj claims that an organization called *The Mooj Freedom Network* planned and executed the escape. He tried to persuade them to cancel the escape when he learned of his impending clemency but the organization demanded he go through with the escape because too many people were involved and the plan couldn't be called off in time.

Who or What was The Mooj Freedom Network?

It is my educated guess that *The Mooj Freedom Network* never existed and was just a front for some super secret FBI plan formed to capture a drug lord by the name of Doug Redhand.

So What are You Saying... That Guru Mooj was Just a Patsy?

Yes!!!! I cannot for the life of me understand why I am the only one around here who has figured this out!!!! Geez, it doesn't take a mastermind to see that the FBI acquired information that Redhand was a devotee of Guru Mooj and so they infiltrated The Friends of Mooj Society to form the phony Mooj Freedom Network and began diverting funds from Guru Mooj's Ashram Building Fund to set up the phony escape. Their plan was to let Guru Mooj escape and steer him south toward Florida (where Redhand was known to frequent). They assumed that Redhand would make contact with Guru Mooj

and want to join his entourage. Guru Mooj didn't know it then (and probably still doesn't) but he was a just a pawn in a treacherous game of total deception!

Did the FBI Catch Redhand?

No. Redhand saw through the clever FBI ploy and hired a look-a-like to take his place. When this look-a-like was captured in Alabama the FBI did not realize that they had captured a fake Doug Redhand until it was too late.

How did Guru Mooj Escape for Real?

On the final day (when the fake Doug Redhand was arrested) FBI agents were ordered to finally capture Guru Mooj. Up until that time he was allowed to escape from each "roundup" because the FBI needed him to continue his ridiculous escape and attract more minions and entourage members. However, when the last roundup took place, Guru Mooj was absent from the scene and got away because he was in the woods picking elderberries in the nude. Hey folks, I wish I was making this stuff up but I ain't!

Who is Secret Agent Ziggy?

I may be a boy genius but I must admit I'm grasping at straws on this one. I suspect that back in the early days of Operation Mooj Bait (That's what the secret FBI plan was code named by the way), there was very little communication between the various branches of government, FBI and Justice Department so when the Chester County District Attorney's Office began to suspect that Guru Mooj was up to something because he was conspicuously absent from his Mooj Cam someone at the FBI jumped the gun and ordered this Ziggy fellow (whose real name is Merryweather) to go to the Caribbean and find Guru Mooj. (Interestingly enough no one at The Justice Department contacted The Chester County Jail to see if Guru Mooj had actually escaped yet.) In the Caribbean, Secret Agent Ziggy became addicted to marijuana and became a Rastafarian. He quit the FBI and then, ironically, joined up with Doug Redhand's gang.

Who is (Former) Agent J.J. Bigsby?

Bigsby is the person that Guru Mooj calls "the fake Mooj." He was probably the mastermind behind Operation Mooj Bait. Bigsby was a meticulous person who absorbed himself in his work. He became so obsessed with studying Guru Mooj's ways that he actually became Mooj-like. Unfortunately, this caused him to go insane. As a

result he began tracking the real Mooj after the botched capture of Redhand so that he could kill him and assume his place in this world as the one and only true Mooj. Bigsby seemed to always be two steps behind the real Mooj and finally caught up with him in Mississippi. But instead of killing him he assumed sole ownership of the title *Howlin' Mooj—King of The Delta Raga*. The real Mooj was forced to abandon Mississippi in disgrace while the fake Mooj (nee Bigsby) was allowed to stay on and play sitar at assorted juke joints all up and down Route 61. (Don't worry if this doesn't make any sense to you—I am a genius and it makes absolutely no sense to me!) The fake Mooj (nee Bigsby) then killed a Blues singer and had to flee Mississippi. He was last seen in Oklahoma, where he ironically joined forces with the real Mooj and they both decided to head off to the mountains together. Supposedly Bigsby had become humble and holy but we all know that he really didn't. I have no idea what Bigsby is up to these days but, obviously, whatever trouble Guru Mooj is presently in, is the direct result of something Bigsby has done.

Who was (Former) Agent J. Edgar Gayson?

Agent Gayson took over Bigsby's job after Bigsby went insane. Gayson turned out to be a crook and stole the entire Mooj family fortune by cleverly devising a scheme to make Guru Mooj think he was forming a new Freedom Network to help him escape from the hospital. Guru Mooj was delirious and agreed to have his other protégé (Lance Worthy) sign over all Mooj Enterprise assets. Gayson then pretended to take Guru Mooj's place inside a full body cast. Gayson escaped from the full body cast and hasn't been seen or heard from again (but if we are to believe Guru Mooj's new enhanced truth visions, then he's lighting cigars with \$100 bills next to some pool in Switzerland).

Why was Guru Mooj in a Full Body Cast?

Guru Mooj was run over by a car while standing on Route 61 in northern Mississippi. The occupants of the car (supposedly hippies) took Guru Mooj to The Memphis General Hospital because he had multiple fractures and several broken bones. There he was put in a full body cast.

Is Guru Mooj Really Having Enhanced Truth Visions Because of His Head Cast?

Believe it or not, there is medical condition caused by a head cast that is not properly ventilated. It is called Degausses' Subdural Endothermic Expansion Syndrome. When this occurs, brain temperature can exceed 150-F and cause psychedelic-like pulsating

visions prior to the brain bursting like pop corn. It should be obvious that since Gayson was posing as the 'get-away' driver he was also the 'general practitioner' that re-wrapped Guru Mooj in the full body cast in Forrest City, Arkansas. No doubt he wrapped Guru Mooj's head too tight on purpose. Guru Mooj is lucky his brain didn't explode.

Who is Lance Worthy?

Lance Worthy is Guru Mooj's other protégé. Lance claims to be of Amish descent but I seriously doubt that he lives the true Amish lifestyle. Lance also claims to be a gay porn stuntman but I can't seem to locate any of his movies on the Internet (and I've checked). Lance is really a strange person who probably does more to hinder Guru Mooj than help him. Perhaps Guru Mooj feels sorry for Lance and that's why he is allowed to stay on as his protégé. Lance did, however, come to the aide of Guru Mooj when he was really needed and helped Guru Mooj escape from the attic of Bill Clinton's boyhood home in Hope, Arkansas. Together they robbed a Dairy King in Texarkana and fled north to Oklahoma. Lance is missing at this moment—he was last seen walking toward Pennsylvania.

Who was the Mysterious Blackmailer, that Exposed Lance Worthy?

Again, it doesn't take a genius to figure this out. For heaven's sake, think about it, you morons!!! Right before Lance gets out of jail a 'mysterious' call is made, threatening to expose Lance and his nefarious activity. This mysterious person is paid off and then all of a sudden Lance Worthy "comes into money." Duh!

Who was Blind Lemon Washington?

Blind Lemon Washington was a famous blues singer from Arkansas. He was killed in a barroom fight in Friar's Point, Mississippi by J.J. Bigsby. The authorities don't know anything about there being a fake Mooj and so they think Guru Mooj committed the murder. So not only is the FBI looking for Guru Mooj but so are about two or three other jurisdictions in Mississippi.

Who is Agent H.H. Monroe?

He's the guy that took over for Gayson when Gayson "disappeared." Unlike Bigsby and Gayson this guy has yet to crack and go off on some tangent. He sounds like a real tough guy who doesn't fool around. He also wears alligator skinned cowboy boots.

Where is Guru Mooj Right Now?

Nobody knows. Last we heard he was just about to work out some secret plan to ditch the fake Mooj with a dog that he could communicate with telepathically.

Can Guru Mooj Really Communicate Telepathically with a Dog?

Yes. Obviously all these weeks with an elevated brain temperature has caused Guru Mooj to have enhanced sensory perception. It is doubtful, however, that the dog can fully understand Guru Mooj's thoughts unless he, too, is suffering with Degausses' Subdural Endothermic Expansion Syndrome.

Is Guru Mooj Really a Poet?

It all depends on how you define poetry. Yes, his words do rhyme but there really is no pattern or systematic method involved. I submitted one of his poems to the *Duke School of Fine Arts & Humanities Admissions Council* and they said that they would never allow such rubbish to pass as poetry.

Is The Minion Mail Real?

Yes. As weird as it seems, and as coincidental as it may appear, all letters appearing in these newsletters are written by real people and sent in via the US Mail. Some minions also use Email; however, my tour of The Friends of Mooj Society headquarters revealed that the mail servers are hardly downloaded. Believe it or not only a small percentage of Mooj Mail is actually posted in these newsletters. I have no idea why some letters make it and others don't. If I was to take an educated guess I'd say letters containing donations get preferential treatment.

How are Official Minions Selected?

When I first started reading this newsletter I thought the whole Mooj minion thing was a joke so I was puzzled why some people were accepted and others were rejected. However, after spending a few days with unlimited access within The Friends of Mooj Society headquarters, I now see that this aspect of Moojism is very important and taken very seriously. All minion applications are screened carefully by a board of assessment and each selectee is voted on by a council of minion peers. I am not at liberty to say much about this process, nor am I able to tell you who sits on this board. Trust me; if you knew what I knew, you'd be reassured that minion selection is not a joke.

Is it True that Many Prominent World Leaders and Movie Stars are Official Mooj Minions?

Yes. As I mentioned above I cannot say too much about this. Since I am not an official minion myself I don't have access to the top secret minion database. I did, however, take a sneak peek at the Official Minion Roster and saw many famous people listed in there. Of course, since I'm a genius, I comprehend the fact that it is more likely that pranksters sent in these applications posing as these famous people rather than the celebrities actually sending in the application.

Was Guru Mooj a Student of Ed Parker?

The only reason I'm addressing this question is because many people have asked about it and it is widely discussed on the Internet. To be honest I had no idea who Ed Parker was so I did a little research and discovered that he was the "father" of American Kenpo Karate. I found Guru Mooj's Black Belt Certificate (dated 1969) in The Mooj Archives and it was signed by someone named Waldo "Twinkle Toes" Emperado, *not Ed Parker*. It also had this big gold star attached to it with the words, "Sock It to Me" written on it. Thus, officially anyway, I don't think Guru Mooj was a student of Ed Parker. Heck, I don't even think he was a real Black Belt!

Did Guru Mooj Know Elvis?

Again, this is another hot topic on the Internet and it sort of ties in with the question above about Ed Parker. Vic Taylor says that Guru Mooj often mentioned in his writings that he was at one time a backup member of Elvis Presley's Kenpo Karate Black Belt Bodyguard Entourage. However, there are some major inconsistencies with this claim. First and foremost, is the fact that Guru Mooj says that he was 'laid off' from the entourage when Elvis died. Elvis died on August 17, 1977, the very same day that the Ponsitron Roller Rink burned down. Thus, Guru Mooj was in Boca Raton not Memphis in that era.

To be fair I called Graceland and was given the runaround by some idiot named Captain Parker. The Tennessee Historical Society proved more helpful and sent me a microfiche showing Guru Mooj, Ed Parker and Elvis posing together in a classic Kenpo Karate pose. They claim that the photo was taken in 1975.

I think this question is best left unanswered. (Mainly because I don't want to waste any more time answering it.)

Did Guru Mooj perform at Woodstock?

There is a rumor circulating on the Internet that Guru Mooj performed at Woodstock in 1969. According to Vic Taylor, Guru Mooj was, indeed, at Woodstock. There is a photo in The Mooj Archives showing Guru Mooj on stage with the band Sha-Na-Na. However, no one is quite sure what is going because the lead singer of the band (a man named Bowser) has Guru Mooj in a head lock and it appears that he is trying to get Guru Mooj off stage. Vic Taylor remembers Guru Mooj writing something about this event but cannot remember the details or find the applicable newsletter.

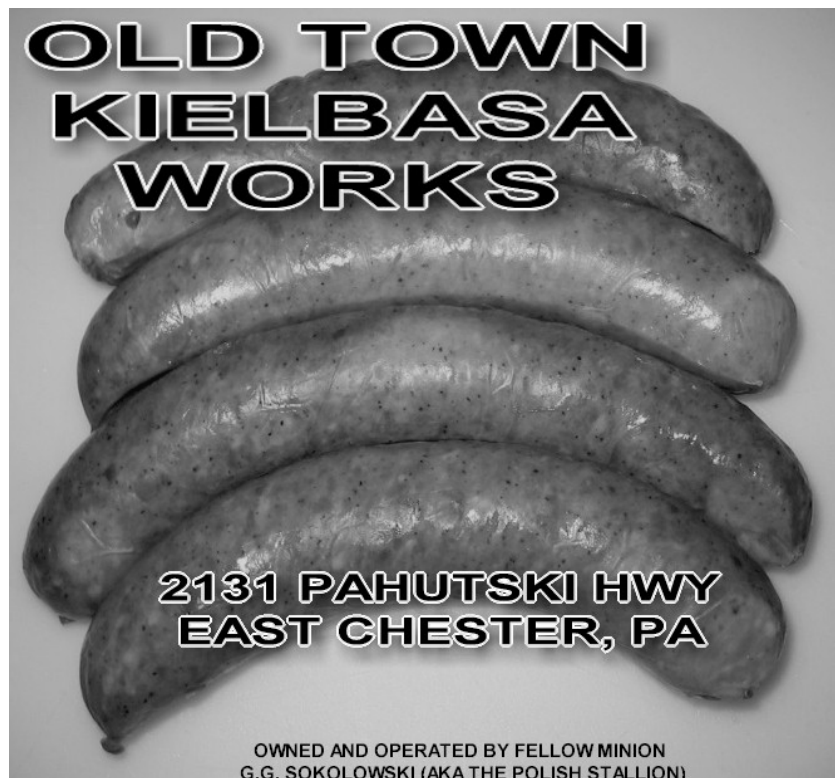
How many more Questions can Trent Answer?

None. I've done my duty. Hopefully, someone out there was able to absorb some of my brilliance such that not all that read this newsletter are void of comprehensive thought. Hopefully, they'll find Guru Mooj or Lance Worthy before next week's publishing

deadline because I don't think I can dumb down my thought processes this low again.

Go Duke,

Trent Handganz
DK



The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 9

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First Things First. I simply cannot put into words how sorry I am about how you were treated last week by my former #2 protégé Trent Handjoy. Last week, as many of you know, Trent Handjoy was asked to edit this newsletter because neither Lance Worthy nor I could be located. *The Enlightenment* has a very rich tradition of journalism excellence and part of that legacy comes from never missing a publishing deadline. This record is still intact thanks to our friend Trent Handjoy. So we must at least thank that pompous boy genius for that. As smart as that little *mul-mul* thinks he is, he obviously got many items wrong in his smarter than all of us ponderings. Rather than waste time taking each of his wrong ascertains and correcting them I will just say that the truth speaks for itself.



As many of you know The Friends of Mooj Society has had a very tough quarter. In fact, we're totally insolvent now thanks to that jackass J. Edgar Gayson. But that hasn't stopped us from producing one of the World's finest newsletters thanks to the hard work of two very fine non-paid interns from the Chester County Community College School of Audio and Visual Broadcasting. (I have no idea what their names are. Can someone send that information to me?) These interns took it upon themselves to contact Trent Handjoy when neither Lance nor I could be found. I appreciate their initiative but, none-the-less, have to admonish them for their poor choice in a substitute editor. Never has there been such a backlash against a substitute editor as there was for poor Trent! My new interns report that The Friends of Mooj Society phones are ringing off the hook and The Mooj Mail Bag now contains well over 500 items of hate mail directed at Trent. I had no choice but to dismiss poor Trent Handjoy from The Mooj Mentoring Program. Hopefully, he can find another Guru to help guide him through his delicate life. There will always be a soft spot in my heart for my former #2 protégé but he just wasn't Mooj material. I know I speak for all of you when I say that The Mooj family of happy and enlightened minions wish Trent true and harmonic happiness as he now tries to find his way through his troublesome and obnoxious life without our over-arching influences.

OLD TOWN KIELBASA WORKS



**2131 PAHUTSKI HWY
EAST CHESTER, PA**

OWNED AND OPERATED BY FELLOW MINION
G.G. SOKOLOWSKI (AKA THE POLISH STALLION)

Speaking of Mooj protégés has anyone seen or heard from Lance Worthy lately? On or about May 10th we parted ways in Oklahoma. Someone called The Mooj Hotline on May 17 and reported seeing an Amish looking fellow matching Lance's description walking east along Route 60 in Neosho, Missouri but no one has seen or heard from him since. If you see Lance Worthy please contact this newsletter immediately! He should be somewhere in central Missouri by now.

What else is new? Actually a lot but you can read all about it in the Travels with Mooj section below.

THE MOOJ MAILBAG

Mooj,

Who the hell does that fruitcake Trent Handjoy think he is? How dare that little nerd patronize me! I think you should dump that snotty nosed hand jockey and send his sorry a_s back to mommy and daddy before he does anymore damage to your fine upstanding newsletter!

Jorge E. Puente, LLD.
Melvine, TN

To Trent Handjoy, c/o *The Enlightenment*:

Hey you greasy little putz, who do you think you're talking to when you address us Mooj minions? I'm a Mooj Head and I, too, have a Ph.D. from Duke University. It's contemptuous people like you that give us social elitists a bad name! Go soak your head!

Dr. Samuel F. Bacon
Institute of Biodiversity,
Upton, NY

Dear Mooj,

I think Trent Handjoy might have popped himself one too many times in the head with his closed fist when his hand slipped while he was palming the ol' salami. Where'd you get that 13-year-old pompous buffoon, anyway? Tell him to go back to Duke University and bring his bad manners with him.

Admiral "Rocky" Spain
North Chicago, IL

Yo Trent!

Word up homey and get wise, fool! Lest I bust yo' hub with my [REDACTED] 14-inch [REDACTED].

Mighty Ol' King Paul

Hey Mooj, here's a little poem I constructed in honor of your newest protégé, Trent Handjoy:

Trent, Trent
What a dick

He thinks he's smart
He makes me sick

Trent, Trent
What a prude

He's such a dork
He's also rude

Trent, Trent
Such a loser

Alone in his dorm room
He's a Lincoln Log abuser

What do you think?

K.P.
Didsbury, Alberta

Dear Mooj,

I was very upset by the way that your obnoxious 13-year-old protégé addressed us Mooj Heads last week. I'll have you know that not only am I a Mooj Head but I am also an eminent cardiologist. I doubt any of my patients would think that I was too dull witted to understand your recent adventure. Young Master Trent isn't the first person from Duke that I have met with this false sense of intellectual superiority; most of the undergraduates we get from Duke think that for some reason that the sun shines out of their asses. We set them straight as soon as they get here.

Dr. E.E. Bagwood
Organ Implant and Retraction Clinic
Stanford University
Palo Alto, CA

The Mooj Responds: Remember, my many happy devotees, the wise Bipasha Basu often sang that the heart of a fool was in his mouth, but the mouth of the wise man was in his heart. What does it really matter

what a 13-year old boy genius thinks? After this life is over, all that will really have mattered is how we treated each other. Thus, soften your rage toward poor Trent. As I mentioned before I have dealt with this situation appropriately and will hope for the best for our former young devotee.

Sri Mooj,

I cannot put into words how sorry I am that that bastard Trent Handjoy betrayed my trust. When he called me and asked questions I had no idea he was researching a 'hit piece' against you and your family of enlightened minions. How dare that little arrogant bastard rifle through The Mooj archives and make his grandiose presumptions! This was my fault. I should have been there to supervise him. I was selfish to take a job so far away from Chester County. I have put in my notice and will move back to West Chester as soon as possible.

Vic Taylor
Monterrey, PA

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, Vic. I do not blame you. I blame myself. As I mentioned in my introduction, Trent made many assumptions that were incorrect. I wish not to waste any more time redressing these egregious fallacies.

Several letters remain concerning last week's newsletter but I am losing my harmonic balance thinking about them. For the remainder of this issue I will only address mail that isn't Trent Handjoy related.

Mooj, Doug Redhand here. I'm not sure exactly who this fellow J. Edgar Gayson is but let me tell you—he must be one bad murtha. I sent one of my new guys over to talk to someone who supposedly knew of an ex FBI man that had just made a huge deposit in a Swiss bank. Since the guy I was sending was an ex FBI man himself I figured he would have better luck than I would. My guy asked the wrong person the wrong question and was sent back to me in a shoe box. (What was left of him anyway.) If I were you I'd just forget about this Gayson fellow and let him keep all your money. He is definitely not someone you should be messing around with. Sorry I couldn't help you out, bud.

D. Redhand
Guano Atoll

The Mooj Responds: I appreciate your assistance in this matter and have decided to move on and forget about my fortune. I was sorry to hear about your employee. I only hope that Gayson had enough mercy not to bore him to tears before killing him. As far as I'm concerned Gayson can keep all my money as long as I never have to sit and listen to his mindless babbling ever again.

Mr. Mooj,

I thought it proper that I write and introduce myself. My name is C.J. Merryweather Jr. I am the son of the famous FBI agent C.J. Merryweather Sr (aka Secret Agent Ziggy). As you might have heard my father was betrayed and killed last week by J. Edgar Gayson (the person who stole your family fortune). I followed in my father's footsteps and joined the FBI as soon as I graduated from college. After sixteen years of tireless labor I am now calling it quits and forfeiting all that I have earned in terms of tenure and respect so that I can devote my life to hunting down and destroying J. Edgar Gayson.

I know Gayson well; he is my godfather. He and my father grew up together in the slums of NY City and were life-long chums until Gayson mercilessly did him in last week in Switzerland. Both my father and Gayson entered the FBI Academy together and spent almost their entire careers working together as a team. I admit that my dad had a weakness for marijuana and that it was probably not a good idea for him to take that assignment in Jamaica. Dad had been on the "wagon" for years but somehow all the bright lights and excitement of Jamaica must have gotten to him. Our family had contacted an expert in the art of extracting brainwashed people from poor lifestyle choices and we were carefully orchestrating his capture and return to Washington D.C. so that he could be de-rastasized. Unfortunately, we were too late and he joined up with the notorious drug lord Doug Redhand. (Ironically my dad had spent almost twenty years of his life trying to nail Doug Redhand and knew Redhand's operation better than anyone—that's why he was able to get the job with Redhand so easily.) Anyway, to make a long story short, Redhand asked my dad to fly to Switzerland to check out a report that some ex-FBI man matching Gayson's description had deposited a huge sum of money into a Swiss bank account. Since dad hadn't seen his old buddy Gayson in a long time he jumped at the chance go to Switzerland. Poor dad must have let his guard down (or he might just have been wasted out of his mind); but, none-the-less, dad walked into a trap and was killed by his oldest and dearest friend—someone he loved so much that he even donated a kidney to.

I never liked or trusted Uncle Edgar Gayson—there was always something about him that I just couldn't put my finger on. It's hard to actually describe Gayson other than to say you would never want to be trapped on a deserted island with him because he would totally bore you to death with stories about how miserable his childhood was. You can't imagine how many times I had to sit and listen to him tell me about how his mother never bought him a Big Wheel. Every year for both my birthday and Christmas Uncle Edgar would give me a Big Wheel! (I mean every year—even when I was grown up and married!)

I owe it to my dad to get that bastard Gayson and give him what he has coming. Before I seek my revenge on him I will try to get back the money he embezzled from you. If you'll be so kind as to write and tell me the exact amount I'll recover it for you (less 30% for travel and expenses).

C.J. Merryweather Jr.
Ex-FBI man, now vigilante.
Columbia, MD.

The Mooj Responds: This issue you are addressing must in some way be connected to information I received earlier from a Mr. Doug Redhand. I thank you for your concern; however, as I told Mr. Redhand I have no desire to regain my financial losses due to Gayson's treachery. If, however, you do collect monetary compensation after finishing your revenge then I will be more than willing to communicate further. To put a dollar value on what I lost is actually not an easy thing to do. As far as I know The Friends of Mooj Society never kept financial records for tax reasons. It is, however, probably safe to conclude that whatever Gayson has right now is more than likely mine.



Dear Mooj,

It was a dark and stormy night. I stood diligently at the helm until I was relieved. After my watch I climbed below deck and found the rest of the crew engaged in a conversation about mortality. On such stormy nights the men often turned to gloomy subjects like that. One man, a Swede, told the others that he had been dead once and that he came back to life just as he was about to be buried. I knew this Swede was full of hot air so I berated him. Finally the Swede grew angry and the other's warned me to be quiet so that the Swede could finish the tale. I didn't feel like listening to anymore of that nonsense so I left and returned topside to see how the storm was progressing. But I was bored

and soon found myself below deck again sitting with the others. Now the Swede was telling the crew about how he had once been a pirate and buried tons of treasure on some remote tropical island in the Azores but, somehow, he had lost his map and was never able to find it again. I laughed and told the others that this guy was full of muck and that they shouldn't listen to a word this idiot was saying. I left and wandered around the ship again for a short while but the storm was fierce and making me queasy and so I climbed back down with the others. Now the Swede was telling a tale about how he once slept at Buckingham Palace and had sex with The Queen of England!

"Oh for Heaven's Sake!" I shouted, "how on Earth can you fools listen to all this nonsense?"

There was now genuine anger among the crew and I realized that I should have just kept my big mouth shut. They ganged up on me and tied me up. I begged for mercy but they still threw me overboard into the rough seas. Luckily another ship came along and plucked me out of the water before I drowned. Needless to say I was pretty upset by the whole ordeal. I guess the moral of the story is that all Swedes are dirty filthy liars and those that listen to them are no better.

Jo McGregg
Formally of the HMS Marrytang,
Liverpool, England.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter, friend. I have no idea what you are telling me so I will pass along my deepest blessings and meditate for you.



Mooj:

I just want you to know I've tried Skyline Chili and it sucks! So does Cincinnati! So does Ohio! And so does all of the America that ain't Texas! Don't even try to compare that Skyline pantywaist horse manure to real man's chili—*Texas chili that is!* Davy Crockett, Sam Houston and David Bowie all died at the Alamo with their boots on and none of 'em was eating sissy-ass Cincinnati style chili—they was all eating real man's Texas style chili!

Lucas McCallister,
Double D Ranch,
Irving, TX

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter. I have no idea what you are telling me so I will pass

along my deepest blessings. (Note to new interns: Please put this person on my 'no longer allowed to send mail' list.)

Hey Gooru Mooj,

I'm going to New Delhi for a business trip next month. I'm looking forward to scoring me some *hridaya-mooki-mook*. Any advice on where a guy can go to get some?

K.L.
Chilliwick, PA

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter. I have no idea what you are telling me so I will pass along my deepest blessings. (Note to new interns: I suspect this "K.L." from Chilliwick, PA is a person who often refers to himself as "King Latifah." If so then I am angered that my 'no longer allowed to send mail' database was ignored. If this is a different 'K.L.' then please include this crude joker in the database. I have no time for fools like this.)

Dear Mooj,

I know you have asked us not to send in anymore Skyline Chili stories but I simply must share this one with you. I hope you will forgive my imposition but once you've read my story you will see why I wanted to share it with you. You see, Mooj, I was born an orphan. I had no family and was passed from foster home to a foster home until I grew up. Finally, at the age of 18, the state released me from foster care and I was sent to live in a homeless shelter. There I met many derelicts and became introduced to a life of crime. Within months I was in prison doing hard time for hard crimes. After my release I decided to become a serial killer and then proceeded to commit countless gruesome acts of carnage. I became a killing machine with no conscience. Before I knew it I was back in prison and sitting on Death Row. Instead of feeling remorse for my crimes I intensified my savageness and killed off most of the other Death Row inmates. Because the line to the electric chair shortened with each killing my time of reckoning came sooner than expected. And now, tonight, at exactly midnight, I shall meet my maker. As is customary in these circumstances I have been asked by the warden to choose a last meal. Because I have been reading so much about Skyline Chili in your newsletter I decided to have that as my last meal. In fact, I'm getting the "5-Way, inverted." The warden said he would also try to fly in some Tastykakes for dessert. I simply can't wait!

Your #1 Fan (until midnight),
Arthur Savage,
Death Row

The Mooj Responds: I regret your upcoming electrocution and hope that you can find harmony wherever it is that you are going in your next life. (Note to new interns: Don't worry about adding this offender to my 'no longer allowed to send mail' database as he won't be around for long.) This is absolutely the last Skyline Chili letter I will allow into this humble newsletter!!!

There I was all alone—naked—standing by the telephone. I waited and waited but she never called. She never called, damn it! *She never called!*

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

The Mooj Responds: Thank you for your letter. I have no idea what you are telling me so I will pass along my deepest blessings. (Note to new interns: Again, if you had been properly instructed, mail from this nut calling himself Professor G.H. Lewis is not to be forwarded or included in the newsletter.)

Mooj,

Fear not! I am hot on the trail of that black hearted devil J. Edgar Gayson! I used my superhuman powers to track him all the way to Switzerland, where tonight I shall strike him down and punish him for his treachery. He was actually very easy to find. I only had to ask about a dozen or so people here in Switzerland about him and I quickly found someone who actually knew who he was. This very nice man has even offered to show me his hideout tonight. He's going to meet me at an abandoned warehouse at midnight and take me there. I will report back to you as soon as I have punished Gayson and recovered your stolen money.

The Scarlet Avenger,
On a Secret Mission in Switzerland.

The Mooj Responds: *Egad!* It sounds like The Scarlet Avenger is about to walk into a nasty trap. The Mooj requests that in the future all minions please leave Gayson alone.

Mooj,

Beware! I did a little checking into the “so-called” murder of Blind Lemon Washington for you. Your friend J.J. Bigsby (a.k.a., Howlin’ Mooj) fed you a line of crap when he said that he killed Blind Lemon Washington in self-defense when Blind Lemon Washington caught him sneaking out of his wife’s bedroom window. Here are some facts about Blind Lemon Washington that I got off his web site:

- Blind Lemon Washington lived in Helena, Arkansas, not Mississippi
- Blind Lemon Washington was not married, nor was he currently involved with anyone at the time
- Blind Lemon Washington did not own a gun (in fact, he was a loyal member of the Rosie O’Donnell Fan Club!)
- Blind Lemon Washington was not actually blind; he just had really bad eyesight
- Blind Lemon Washington drove a green Hyundai, not a big black Cadillac

Last week I flew down to Clarksdale, Mississippi to do some digging on my own and here’s what I learned about the murder: According to the Coahoma County Sheriff, Howlin’ Mooj and Blind Lemon Washington were seen together on the night of the murder. In fact, they were both performing at

a juke joint near Johnson’s Holler. Supposedly they both began hitting on the same woman between sets and a fight broke out. Since most of the witnesses I talked to were drunk at the time of the murder I couldn’t really collaborate any of their eyewitness accounts to figure out exactly how the murder took place. However, forensic evidence found at the scene proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was Howlin’ Mooj who committed the murder. (Also, somebody videotaped the whole thing.) To confirm my suspicions I broke into the Coahoma County Morgue and examined the remains of Blind Lemon Washington. Just as I thought the body was covered with indentations. I took a plaster cast of one of the imprints and found that it was made by a sitar tuning peg. I hope this information proves useful to you. Let me know if you need anything else.

Your Pal,
Jeff W.
College Park, MD.

The Mooj Responds: I thank you for your scoop, my young journalism school student friend. I should point out to my readers that Jeff W. is correct when he claims that Bigsby (a.k.a., the fake Mooj) is an evil person; the real Mooj (me) is now very leery of him. You can read all about my latest adventures with the fake Mooj below in the Travels with Mooj section.

MOOJ MINION STORYTIME!

This week we have two stories! The first saga comes from Oliver Rowe of Greenville, SC. He is sharing with us an odd remembrance of a time long since past. I won’t say anything more about it other than I hope you get more out of it than I did.

A Terrifying Tale of Love and Tenderness (Or My Not so Bitchen Prom)

There I was at my senior prom with Becky Ann Miller, the foxiest chick in all of high school. It was 1978 and I was totally Mr. Cool back then so before the prom I scored some booze and hid it in the trunk of my dad’s Mercury Montego, which I borrowed for the big date. On the way home from the dance I pulled the old “running out of gas” trick and pulled off to the side of the road in a pretty secluded spot. I pretended to find the bottle of booze in the trunk while looking for some gasoline and Becky thought that was cool. When I got back into the car with my jug of Boone’s Farm wine she already had her top off. I popped in a Lynerd Skynerd 8-track tape, unscrewed the cap on the jug of wine and we got

busy. We were just about to round second base when some headlights flashed in the rearview mirror and momentarily illuminated the interior of the car. Becky freaked out but I told her that it was nothing and so we got back down to making out. Then the headlights shined on us again. Whoever it was had pulled closer to us.

“Hey, baby... it ain’t no big deal,” I told Becky and we started making out again. But then the headlights came on again and the car drove even closer.

“This is pretty freaky stuff,” said Becky, *“let’s get out of here.”* I agreed and tried to start the car but like an idiot I actually did run out of gas and so I couldn’t start the engine. We watched in horror as the car

crept closer and closer to us. Then when the car was right behind us we saw a man get out of the car carrying a huge axe.

I knew the area pretty well and knew that the road we were on was a dead end and that there was no way out except past that psycho parked behind us. Becky and I got out of my car and booked into the

woods. It was pitch black outside and we got totally lost. We ran blindly through the dense forest and heard someone in the woods chasing us. Becky was totally freaked out. Finally we couldn't run any more and just sat down and cried. Becky was crying because she was terrified and I was crying because I wasted \$5 on a jug of wine, \$35 on a tux, \$5 on gas, \$20 on a corsage and now I wasn't going to have anything to show for it!

Our second story comes from George Henry of Lowell, Massachusetts. His story is a bit more upbeat and takes place during the summer of 1949, when he was a shy 17-year-old boy and madly in love with a girl named Tracy Giovanni. Here's his sad little tale:

A Not So Terrifying Tale of Love and Tenderness (Or A Sign from God)

Tracy Giovanni had beautiful big blue eyes, long brown hair and was by far the prettiest girl in all of Cataumet Village (the small seaside community on Cape Cod where my family and I spent our summers long ago). Tracy Giovanni's family lived in the cottage across the lane from us and I dreamed about her almost every night of my whole young teenage life.

Tracy knew who I was because she often saw me around but she never spoke to me. Once she smiled at me and it sent shivers down my spine. All summer I would just sit on my porch and hope and pray to catch a glimpse of her as she came and went from her cottage.

One afternoon my best friend Kevin O'Conner was over and we were sitting on the porch listening to a Red Sox game on the radio. The Sox were playing the Yankees and they were getting hammered. The score was 10 to 2 and it was now the bottom of the ninth. My attention to the game abruptly faded when Tracy came outside and sat on her porch. Neighborhood boys quickly congregated in front of her place and she was—as she usually was—the center of attention.

"Man, that Tracy's sure fine lookin' — ain't she?" said Kevin.

"Man, is she ever," I said as I gazed longingly across the street at the girl I loved more than anything.

"Hey, Georgie, when you gonna be man enough to ask her out on a date?" asked Keven.

"I too chicken," I told him.

"You're a fool, Georgie—a fool. My sister says Tracy told her once that she thought you were cute."

"Really?"

"Yeah, I bet Tracy thinks you're stuck up because you never talk to her."

"I doubt that."

"We'll, are you ever gonna talk to her?"

"Nope."

Leading off the bottom of the ninth inning for the Red Sox was Al Zarilla. He walked. Then Dom DiMaggio came to bat and he singled to right field. Runners were on the corners and there were no outs. Ted Williams was now up to bat and my attention to Tracy Giovanni was interrupted.

The Yank's Vic Raschi had been magnificent that day but he walked Williams loading the bases. The Yankee's skipper Casey Stengel decided to pull Raschi and put in left hander Joe Collins to pitch to the right-handed Birdie Tebbetts. Tebbetts, who had been hot lately, lined one down the right field line scoring Zarilla and DiMaggio! The score was now 10 to 4.

Without giving it much thought I said: "Kevin, I'll tell you what I'll do. If The Sox come back and win this game I'll march right across the street and ask Tracy Giovanni on a date!" It was a safe bet I thought—that was until Sam Mele (hitting in the pitcher's spot) doubled in Williams and Tebbetts and The Sox scored two more runs. It was now 10 to 6.

Billy Goodman moved Mele to third with a slow grounder to first base. Bobby Doerr then hit one deep to center field, which brought home Mele. It was now 10 to 7 *but there were two outs!*

The shortstop Vern Stephens was now up and he worked his way deep into the count. Joe Collins was throwing nothing but fast balls and left one hanging, which Stephens sent for a ride, right over the Gem Blade billboard on the Green Monster! *It was now 10 to 8!*

Stengal went back to the bullpen and brought in Hugh Casey to face Johnny Pesky. Pesky got ahead in the count and found a pitch he could drive: a high fast ball, which he bounced off the Green Monster!

The crowd went wild as Al Zaria, batting for the second time that inning, walked. Dom DiMaggio then hit another one into the gap, scoring both Pesky and Zaria! *The score was tied!!!*

All the neighborhood boys had abandoned Tracy Giovanni by then and were standing around my

porch listing to the game. Ted Williams was at bat again and all of Fenway was in an uproar. I prayed as hard as I could that Williams would hit a home run. *He did!*

Life stopped in tiny Cataumet Village and every man, woman and child was running up and down the lane cheering. The Red Sox had won! After all the excitement had died down O'Conner turned to me and said, "Well, Georgie, you know what you have to do now, don't you?"

I said I did and walked proudly across the street and knocked on Tracy Giovanni's door. When she answered I said: "Tracy, would you like to go up to Narragansett tonight and watch a movie with me?"

She said: "Get lost, creep!" Then she slammed the door in my face.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

If I recall correctly, in my last summary I left off where Bigsby (aka the fake Mooj), the dog and I entered some sleepy little town. The sun was yet to rise but the sky in the distant east was beginning to turn bright purple. Every soul in that rural Oklahoma village was asleep and unthinkable horrors awaited them. Never in my life was I more worried—I simply had to do something to stop Bigsby before he unleashed unholy terror on that peaceful law-abiding community! When we approached the first house Bigsby pointed to it and said: *"We'll begin the killing there!"*

He then un-sheathed his Rambo knife and started walking slowly toward the ill-fated house. The dog and I followed close behind trying our best to think of something. Finally the dog told me [telepathically]: *"Just play along—I have a plan!"* He then started barking, howling and causing a genuine commotion. Bigsby told me to shut the mutt up and so I screamed as loud as I could at the dog. The plan worked! Before we knew it porch lights were coming on and people were looking out their windows. It was obvious to that peaceful law-abiding community that Bigsby and I were up to no good. The dog told me then to yell that we were members of a devil worshiping cult and that we had come to the town to rape and pillage. So I did. Then I asked everyone to bring their women and valuables outside so that we could begin our dirty work. Bigsby couldn't believe his ears and told me to pipe down before I got us into trouble. But I didn't. I continued to yell other intended atrocities that we would do until just about every person in the neighborhood had a gun pointing at us and the local

sheriff had been called. Within an hour Bigsby, the dog and I were sitting in jail.

The sheriff had no idea what to do with us but since his office was plastered with wanted posters of me (and he had two of me) he called the FBI. He was told to hold both of us until someone could come and investigate. I knew I was a goner but I also felt a touch of relief that my horrendous journey to freedom was finally over. I also reflected on how noble I was to sacrifice my own freedom to save innocent people's lives (since that really is what being humble, holy and harmonious is all about). Bigsby didn't seem to share my sentiment; he was furious and told me he was going to fix my *chapati*—but good—once we got free from the jail. Luckily we were in different cells so he couldn't hurt me.

The sheriff took a liking to the dog and so he let him sleep on the floor beside his desk rather than in a cell. He even fed the dog some of his breakfast. After the sheriff finished eating he leaned back in his chair, put his boots up on his desk and lowered his cowboy hat down over his eyes. Within minutes he was fast asleep and snoring. My dog friend quickly jumped into action and took the jail keys from the sheriff's pocket and brought them to me. Bigsby growled at the dog to bring him the keys first but I told him to quiet down or he would wake up the sheriff. Bigsby sat down and patiently waited his turn while the dog handed me the keys and I unlocked my cell door. I then told Bigsby to sit tight until I could go and get some heavy-duty weapons so that we could blast our way out of the jail. Bigsby

thought that was a great idea and sat back down on his metal cot and quietly waited as the dog and I tiptoed from the jailhouse. Once outside we used the sheriff's keys to steal a police car and drove straight out of town as fast as we could.

Within a short time we arrived at the biggest truck stop either of us had ever seen in our lives. The dog thought that this was the perfect place to ditch the police car and find another, less obvious, mode of transportation. The dog and I quickly located a huge unlocked 18-wheeler in the parking lot. We climbed inside and waited. A short time later the driver climbed into the cab and I hit him over the head with a tire iron. I quickly changed clothes with him (recall that at that time I was still wearing an animal skin Bigsby had made for me). I then pulled the driver's unconscious body out of the cab and threw it in the trailer. Luckily the big rig had been fueled so we were quickly on our way.

After traveling for about an hour I pulled over and let the driver out of the back (he had been pounding on the inside of the trailer for quite a while). When I opened the trailer the poor fellow was so disoriented and nauseous that he didn't seem to care that the dog and I were leaving him stranded in the middle of nowhere dressed only in my old animal skin. We had no time to waste so we just cast him off into the great Oklahoma prairie and hoped he'd find his way back to civilization.

After growing weary of the tedium of interstate travel the dog suggested that we take a more scenic route since we really had nowhere to go or any time to get there. "A splendid idea," I replied to the mutt and so we turned off at the very next exit and continued along some nearly abandoned dirt road. We both agreed there was no better way to see the Great Plains than to actually be driving around in them.

Nothing stimulates conversation better than a scenic drive. Although the dog and I had been traveling together for quite some time this was really the first time that the two of us really had a chance to sit and talk. The poor dog had no idea what his name was but had vague memories of another life, when he was more human than dog. His former life seemed so recent but yet so far removed (especially now that he was measuring everything in dog years). He told me sometimes he woke up in his little doghouse and thought that he was a young graduate student engaged in cutting edge brain transplant research. Then he sadly remembered that he was just a dog and so he went back to sleep after scratching and licking himself. The longer we talked the more he seemed to piece together his former life. He then came to the realization that something terrible must have happened to him because he

could visualize a big explosion that took place in a laboratory somewhere. Yes, he thought, he distinctly remembered being severely injured while at work in a top secret research facility—a genetic research lab, where his professor (a guy that looked surprisingly like his present master) and he were experimenting with dog brain transplants. *Could his brain have survived that horrible explosion and been transplanted into a dog?* He thought it was possible and so did I.



Before long my dog friend began to nod off and was soon fast asleep. I grew bored without conversation and so I turned on the radio. The big story that day was that a truck carrying plutonium warheads was hijacked somewhere between Oklahoma City and Amarillo. According to the news reports roadblocks were being set up all over Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and Kansas. I reflected to myself that it was a good thing that we got off the main interstate or we'd be stuck in some pretty nasty traffic. The other big story that day was that the FBI had finally captured "The Mooj." Of course I knew that it was the fake Mooj—not me. The fake Mooj's capture would undoubtedly buy me some valuable time and I was bound and determined to get as far away from Oklahoma as possible before [or even if] the FBI realized that they had the wrong Mooj.

As the day wore on we continued along on our scenic drive up and over the rugged prairie. Most of the roads were unmarked and so we had no idea where we had been or where we were going. We saw a "Welcome to Texas" sign and that was followed a few hours later by a "Welcome to New Mexico" sign. We seemed to be just about as far away from civilization as one could get and still be in America.

The news accounts of the hijacked nuclear warheads continued to flood the airwaves and every hour the situation seemed to become more desperate. A state of emergency had now been

declared and there was widespread speculation that the stolen nuclear weapons were now in the hands of some evil terrorist. Traffic was now stopped in all directions within 500 miles from where the original truck driver of the hijacked rig had been found wandering around in a dazed and confused condition dressed like a caveman. I became concerned and woke the dog up so that he could try and find the truck's logbook just in case we were stopped. Not knowing what we were hauling would be a sure-fire tip off to someone that we had stolen the truck and we didn't need that kind of trouble.

Soon we realized that we might be in a bit of trouble. It had been hours since we had seen any sign of civilization and it was now dusk. What was worse was that we were then completely out of gas and that mighty 18-wheeler was useless to us other than to provide shelter. And shelter was what we were grateful to have because before long we encountered a severe storm! The sky turned black in an instant and the wind began to swirl around us like a tornado.

The storm began to affect the truck's electrical system and soon every light on our dashboard began to flash on and off. The two of us then sat in utter disbelief as the truck began to lift off the ground and move backwards up into the sky! We had no idea what was happening until we heard several harmonic tones and saw the bright lights of an alien space ship in our rearview mirror.

"Holy Cow," I yelled, "we're being sucked up by a UFO!"

And that's exactly what happened! We were abducted by a UFO! I remember very little about what happened next. I recall only that our alien abductors treated us kindly and did not hurt us very much as they probed our bodily orifices. They explained early on in the ordeal that they didn't have enough room on their space ship to take both of us and so they needed to perform some experiments to determine which of us had more intelligence. All space and time became distorted and what seemed like only a few hours was in reality several days or even weeks. The only thing I remember clearly was that the alien commander told me that the dog was superior in intelligence and so he was selected for the voyage back to their home galaxy and I was dismissed.

The next thing I knew I was walking down a busy street in Sedona, AZ.



CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well, my many friends. Here we are, again, at the end of another newsletter.

How sad I become when I realize that our time together is so fleeting. Soon, I hope, we can build our Ashram and then I can have my family of minions sitting proudly at my feet. It seems like every time we get close enough to have enough money to build the Ashram some thief or blackmailer takes away everything. That, alas, happened again this year. But fear not! Soon we will have amassed another fortune with your continued support. The fact that I wasn't taken to another galaxy means being your Guru is still part of God's Devine plan.

Blessings and Such,

मज्झिमा निकाय उपनिषद्

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

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First Things First. Another week means another issue of *The Enlightenment*. This is probably as good a time as any to respond to some long time *Enlightenment* reader concerns so perhaps I will. Basically, many long time Mooj Heads have been telling me lately that *The Enlightenment* is shaping up to be a pretty mediocre newsletter. (And I'm afraid that I might actually have to agree with them.) As many of my long time minions know *The Enlightenment* was developed as an entertainment vehicle to help supplement and support the Mooj Social Justice League back in 1996. The original circulation was limited only to those on the Friends of Mooj Social Action and Awareness Mailing List and all profits (generated by a very limited advertising campaign) were set aside to help those, like me, who were socially disadvantaged. *The Enlightenment* was just one of several newsletters published by The Friends of Mooj Society at the time and it slowly developed into the most popular of the Mooj publications. Within a year it became a regular gathering place for the rapidly expanding Mooj minion family. By late 1998 *The Enlightenment* readership quadrupled and my other newsletters began to die off one by one since I stopped writing them. By 1999 *The Enlightenment* was the only "Mooj" newsletter in circulation and it remains today the paramount of The Mooj publishing empire.

So what are these concerns voiced by our charter subscribers? Simple: *The Enlightenment* no longer provides the spiritual and intellectual guidance it once did and many fear that I have lost touch with my minionship. I say to you this: *nothing could be farther from the truth!* Yes, I do admit that I have

been a bit "out of touch" lately but that is undoubtedly the result of my recent escape from jail and torturous journey to freedom. Not to mention nearly freezing to death in the jungles of Alabama, being hunted by some deranged clone of myself, having every bone in my body broken by a van load of hippy freaks, spending three torturous weeks in a hospital with some slobbering buffoon who nearly bored me to death, having my entire enlightenment fortune stolen, living inside a sweltering body cast while being driven around in circles, committing a semi-felonious heist in Texarkana, meeting a dog with a human brain, walking across the frozen tundra of Oklahoma, and then being abducted by a UFO!! All that's got to affect how a guy does his job, don't you think?



Can this situation be remedied? Perhaps, but not until I can establish myself somewhere and let the dust settle from my recent nomadic wanderings. Now that J.J. Bigsby (a.k.a. the fake Mooj) has been arrested and returned to the Chester County Jail in my place I might actually get the chance I need to find the peace of mind that I so desperately need to return *The Enlightenment* to its original glory. Together we can do this!

This issue of *The Enlightenment* shall be a testament to my desire to re-energize this fledgling newsletter and return it to its former greatness.

MOOJ MAIL BAG

For the first time in months my head seems clear so I will gleefully ascribe to my duties as your Guru and address your mail as I did so many moons ago, when I had time to be more reflective and thoughtful. This will be the first step in my long journey to right this fledgling organization and reunite us within the fellowship of collective consciousness. Plus, opening minion mail is a great way to collect donations.

Dear Guru Mooj,

Hi, my name is Eric Coffmann and I'm Trent Handjoy's roommate at Duke University. I have sort of taken it upon myself to watch over little Trent since he's like a kid brother to me. He's a swell little guy who works incredibly hard and he has achieved remarkable things for a boy who's only 13 years of age. Trent is a very likable person and most of us here at Duke try our best not to give him too hard of a time even though he's a total dork. Our pal Trent hasn't been himself lately. In fact, he's in danger of failing out of school because he now refuses to go to class, read any of his textbooks, do homework or even leave our room. He just sits around all day weeping. The only thing he wants to do is regain your confidence and win back a place in your heart. Trent confided in me that he has never failed at anything and this sorry episode (his rejection by your Mooj minions and being kicked out of your new age enlightenment program) has devastated his fragile ego. He is now even thinking about dropping out of college and joining the French Foreign Legion. Trent would be pretty upset if he knew I wrote to you but I don't care; I really care about the little guy. Can't you see it in your heart to give him another chance? He doesn't mean any harm and it would mean the world to him if your minions and you took him back.

Sincerely,

Eric Coffmann
Alpha Sigma Delta Lodge
Duke University, Class of 2000

The Mooj Responds: The poet Sandra Carey once said that one should never mistake knowledge for wisdom because one helps one make a living and the other helps one make a life. I appreciate your concern for our friend Trent and someday I hope to actually meet this fine little chap. I'm not sure why the little guy took his rejection from The Mooj Family of happy and enlightened minions so hard. It was nothing personal. I will, as shall my multitude of minions, continue to meditate and pray for Trent with the hope that his wisdom can be diluted of its arrogance and vice-versally strengthened by its kindness.

Dear Mooj,

Like most kids living in Boston during the summer of '49 I remember exactly where I was and what I was doing the day Ted Williams hit that game winning home run described in your last newsletter. I may or may not have met George Henry (the fellow who wrote the story) but I certainly knew Tracy Giovanni. She was my sweetheart at Harvard (this was probably in 1951 or 1952). She was drop-dead gorgeous and by far the most black-hearted woman I ever knew. For one whole year she made my life a living hell. No matter how bad she treated me I kept going back to her for more punishment. It was almost as if she had put a spell on me. Finally, some other guy stole her and she left me for good.

It has been said that some of God's greatest gifts are unanswered prayers; this was certainly true for Mr. George Henry. He probably has no idea how lucky he was to have never gotten involved with that evil woman. Now that I look back on those terrible years I can see that it was clearly because of Tracy Giovanni that I flunked out of Harvard and wound up driving a garbage truck for thirty years. I could have been somebody but instead I wound up a hopeless alcoholic bum. As miserable as I am today at least I'm happier than I was back when I had Tracy Giovanni in my life!

Your Pal,
Horatio Duffey
Boston, MA

The Mooj Responds: *Thalai thattina kesu?* Forget never the words spoken by the great karate champ Yutang Lin, who once said that besides the noble art of getting things done is the noble art of leaving things undone. This is advice I give to you now as you look forward to the past and reminisce about the future. I shall meditate, chant and fast for you, my friend, with a suggestion being given that you do likewise for others.

Oh dear God! I haven't heard the name Tracy Giovanni in almost 50 years. I'm positive that the Tracy Giovanni that George Henry wrote about in his story was the same girl I knew at Harvard. She was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes upon. She was also the meanest and most low-down woman to ever set foot upon this Earth. Before our fateful meeting I was engaged to the daughter of one of the richest men in all of New England. I was set for life and I threw it all away because of Tracy Giovanni. She told me that she loved me and then dumped me a few weeks later for some other guy. My old fiancée refused to take me back and her father got me blackballed from high society (and, thus, kicked out of Harvard). Within a year I lost my family fortune at the dog track and became a hopeless drunk. I guess it could have been worse—I could have wound up driving a garbage truck like the bum she dumped me for!

Kerry Fitzgerald Jr.
Skid Row, Boston

The Mooj Responds: *Om Isha vasyam idam sarvam yat kincha jagatyam jagat*, my friend. I sense in your letter the bitter and unquenching anguish of long ago distress. Let the words of the great poet Sir William Walton quench your soul as you remember that carrying a grudge is like being stung to death by a single bee. Look outward, not inward! Look eastward, not westward! Look up, not down! I recommend that you, too, meditate, chant and fast.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah! Tracy Giovanni! Oh my God! I can't believe I saw her name in your newsletter! I also can't believe I started thinking about her again after all these years! Tracy Giovanni totally destroyed my life and the sad thing is that I would let her do it all over again because I'm still madly in love with her. I met her in 1955 when I was a junior executive working on Madison Avenue at a big ad agency. I was married, had two lovely children and was on the fast track to becoming a full partner at my firm. Tracy Giovanni had just graduated from Harvard and was hired to work in the office steno pool. The moment I laid eyes on her I fell madly in love—*she was so stunning!* There was nothing I wouldn't do for that woman and she treated me like dirt. I didn't mind because just having her near me was all that I needed to make me happy. Even when she was physically abusive toward me (I remember she was always hitting me with my golf clubs) I didn't mind because at least she was paying attention to me. We dated on and off for about five months and then she finally dumped me for some other bigwig in my company, a man who was richer and more powerful than me. By then I had

nothing—no job, no family, no money, no car, nothing! I was a total bum. Sadly, I still am. Tracy, if you are out there please call me. *I want you back in my pathetic life!*

Dean R. Wrigley III,
Skid Row, NYC

The Mooj Responds: The naturalist John Burroughs often said that a man can fail many times, but he isn't a true failure until he begins to blame others for those failures. I'm beginning to sense a pattern here. Could this drunkard be talking about the same woman as those two other forlorn and forgotten cast asides above? I believe so. Since I am meditating, fasting and chanting for the others I shall do forth for this man as well.

Mooj,

How odd! How very odd indeed! Years ago—maybe fifty—I worked at the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. I was doing my residency there when one day I accidentally entered a part of the hospital that was off limits (except for those with special training to deal with the really, really criminally insane). Since I was only a resident I was quickly escorted away. But before I left I noticed something very strange: inside one of the cells was scribbled the name Tracy Giovanni. It was written on the walls of the cell about a million times—as if the occupant had just sat there for years writing that name, and only that name, over and over again. When I asked my supervisor who Tracy Giovanni was he told me that he didn't know but that he had seen that name scribbled on the walls of many other insane asylums up and down the Atlantic coast. How odd! How very odd indeed!

Dr. Rye Mantooth
Pawtucket, RI.

The Mooj Responds: How very odd, indeed! I'm beginning to sense there is more to this Tracy Giovanni situation than I thought. Carry on, my good man, and thank you for sharing your memory.

Mooj,

I new a Tracy Giovanni wunce. I dowl it be the same Tracy Giovanni as the wun that come frum Cape Cod because the Tracy Giovanni I new lived in New York City. We both worked at a huge office bilding on Madison Avenue. She wuz a secretary

and I wuz a janitor. She wuz real perty and always trying to get the big executives to take her out on fancy dates to all the big social events in town. For some strange reason she fell madly in love with me. The more I avoided her the crazier she got for me. She begged me to marry her and I turned her down cuz I new better than to git involved with a high society girl. I came to NY to become a star on Broadway and wuz a failure. All I wanted to do wuz go home. As soon as I could afford my bus ticket home I wuz gone. Miss Giovanni never seemed to take no for an answer and even followed me back down to Southern Maryland. Even after I married my cousin Sue Ellen Greeley that Miss Giovanni still tried to get me to fall in love with her. I'm not sure what happened to her after 1957 because Sue Ellen and my mamma forbid her from ever setting foot in our house. My cousin Teach Lusby said that he saw Miss Giovanni a few years later and that she had become a nun. I couldn't tell you if that is true or not but I guess it don't matter no how.

Atticus Lusby
Lexington Park, MD.

The Mooj Responds: *Aaacha! That does it!!!!* No more Tracy Giovanni letters will be allowed in this newsletter! Anyone sending in another will be banished to my "no longer allowed to send Minion Mail" list!



Mooj:

Not only are you psychic but you must also be some sort of clairscribant! You probably don't even realize this but did you know that letters from dead people appeared in your last newsletter? Perhaps I can enlighten you (if I may). When I was a boy my father used to work as an insurance underwriter for Lloyds of London. His job was to investigate suspicious shipwrecks. In his den he had a very large book entitled, *Tragic British Shipwrecks*. I loved looking through this book because it was filled with thrilling sea tales. When I saw *The HMS Marrytang* mentioned last week I immediately remembered reading something about that ship in my dad's shipwreck book. Curious and all, I did some research and found that there was indeed a ship called *The HMS Marrytang*; and it sank off the coast of Newfoundland, Canada on August 24, 1912. Following the maritime traditions of The British Admiralty no ship of the line was ever commissioned with that name again. I flew to London last week and checked the official Royal Navy Seaman Registry and found that a person by the name of Jo Gregg was listed as a crew member of *The HMS Marrytang* from January 1911

until its tragic sinking. Ironically, he was also listed as the only survivor of the shipwreck. The official report stated that Gregg had been found shortly after *The HMS Marrytang* shot off a distress signal. Gregg was found 20 nautical miles from where *The HMS Marrytang* was thought to have sunk. The search was soon called off because no other survivors were found in the vicinity of Gregg. Neither the *HMS Marrytang* nor her crew (other than Gregg) were ever seen again.

While in London I found Jo Gregg's daughter (now 103 years old). She told me that her father Jo Gregg was killed a few days after his miraculous rescue. He was apparently run over by an omnibus while walking home from the hospital. *Is that bizarre or what?*

Also, if anyone cares, *The HMS Marrytang's* crew listing also included a fellow by the name of Inge Svensson. I searched the British Royal Family Archives to see if this person was ever in any way connected to the [then] Queen of England. Interestingly enough his name was included on a royal guest list and he actually slept at Buckingham Palace on one occasion. I was also able to find the name Inge Svensson included in the *Official Royal Navy Archives of Former Pirates*. No doubt this was The Swede Jo Gregg wrote about in his letter. I located Svensson's grandnephew in Stockholm and will travel there to visit him in a few weeks. I have agreed to buy an old family Bible from the grandnephew that once belonged to Inge Svensson. According to the grandnephew this Bible has a hand-drawn map of The Azores on the inside front cover. Perhaps this is a map to "the lost treasure"! I'll let you know more about this later when I see the Bible.

The second dead person to make contact with you was a fellow named Oliver Rowe from Greenville, SC. Believe it or not Rowe was killed in 1978 in what is today known as *The General Joe E. Johnson High School Prom Night Massacre*. Poor Oliver was one of nearly a dozen students found dead in the woods following the 1978 prom. No one was ever arrested for the murders and the case is still open as far as I can tell. As soon as I get back from Sweden I will fly down to Greenville and check into this grizzly matter for you.

Your Pal,
Jeff W.
The University of Maryland School of Journalism
College Park, MD.

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, Jeff W. As always I enjoy reading your investigative insights and think that one day you shall make a fine

journalist. I should warn you, however, that my tapered down truth visions tell me that you are on the verge of failing out of college because you never attend class anymore because of all this traveling around you do to investigate things. I also see that you have maxed out your credit cards paying for all these so-called "fact-finding" expeditions. I suggest you await your investigations until you are actually being paid to do them.

Mr. Umbababbaraba:

I thought I would provide you with a short update concerning Holden Caufield and the Great Ponsitron Roller Rink Fire of 1977. Last month I was finally able to secure a bench warrant from the 4th Circuit Court and have Mr. Caufield extradited from The Balmy Pines Retirement Home and brought back to Palm Beach County to stand trial for the Ponsitron Roller Rink fire. Mr. Caufield (by then extremely senile) had no recollection of anything, including his whereabouts on the night in question. We were, however, able to get a confession out of him and the case was brought to trial immediately. The trial lasted six days and the jury convicted Mr. Caufield on all counts, including arson and perjury. He was sentenced to "time served," since he died during the second day of the trial. Let it be known to all that The Palm Beach County Official Hall of Records has now expunged your name and replaced it with that of Mr. Holden Caufield. There is also a measure on next year's ballot to rename Holden Caufield Avenue, The Holden Caufield Trade Center and The Holden Caufield Sports Arena. Also, The Boca Raton Women's League has requested that the statue of Holden Caufield in front of the Civic Center be removed. This would have been done already except that a permit is needed to cut up the statue since it contains PCBs.

Sincerely,

Jefferson Davis Cochran
District Attorney, Palm Beach County

The Mooj Responds: Time, phase, space, entropy, dimension, matter, probability, vacuum, energy, and intelligence—none of these, nor any combination of these, can be the final cause of the Universe, for they are effects of the Universe, and they exist only to help define it. I am sorry to hear about the passing of Holden Caufield, as I recall him being a very good man (except for this particular episode). But, at the same time, I am greatly relieved to know that the good name of Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba has been cleared (for that particular crime anyway). Peace

and love be cast upon Mr. Caufield, and may his next life find him being less devious toward his fellow beings.

Mooj,

Howzit brah? Mo bettah than before? You say come if I say go? You come to Hawaii and less go kau kau an do push-push. I got onolishious poy! Try come, bruddah. All pau da kine. Boddah you? Bulae bulae lolo! My sister a Tita and I a Moke. Ats why hard.

Bum bye,

Nui L'oa Ule
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii

The Mooj Responds: I always enjoy hearing from my International friends. Unfortunately, since I don't speak Hawaiian I have no idea what this foreigner is saying or if it's even in the least bit worthy of reflection. My bet is that it isn't but I, none-the-less, absorb it, and pass along my blessings to this fine young man.

Mooj,

My girlfriend just lies back waiting for me to make all the moves during our love-making sessions. This is such a turn-off and I keep losing my manly excitement. We are both 28. She's a Virgo and I'm a Leo. I love this woman dearly and want our relationship to last. Do I dare tell her of my concerns? Should I mention that I've never had this problem with any of my ex-girlfriends, ex-boyfriends or other sexual partners? Sex has always been such an important part of my life and I don't want to settle for a dull married routine. Please help me if you can.

Chet Mazilla
Bangor, WA

The Mooj Responds: A fool can understand the facts of life but the facts of love are often wasted on the ignorant! How dare this *sampirani* waste my time with such a stupid letter! I have a good mind to put him on my "no longer allowed to send Minion Mail" list!

Now that a few moments of tranquil meditation have passed I rescind my ire and sense that, perhaps, I

was too rash with this poor man. His problem is a real problem and he has come to me, his Guru, for help. Who else can he turn to with such a delicate matter? Plus, he has sent quite a generous love offering. Yes, my friend, I suggest you discuss this concern with your soon-to-be life-mate. Forget never the wisdom of Sir Hugh Walpole, the infamous philanthropist, who told his many friends that the most wonderful of all things in life is the discovery of another human being with whom one's relationship has a growing depth, beauty, and joy as the years increase. If this is what you have, keep it!

Sri Mooj:

Our daughter could have her pick of the local boys but insists on going out with a boy who seems incapable of finding work. She is 21 and is working hard for her Master's Degree at Auburn University. In her spare time she teaches aerobics and helps handicapped children. She has been going out with her boyfriend for nine months and I must admit we like him, but he makes no attempt to get himself a life. He has no talent or skills and just sits around all day watching NASCAR and wrestling on TV. They rarely go out and she never has any money to herself because he takes it all to buy beer. If I say anything I am nagging. Typically, my husband refuses to say anything – except that it is her life. I don't understand why she is content to settle for this when this man has so little to offer. Oh Swami, what shall I do?

“Desperate in Alabama”

The Mooj Responds: Alas, the anguish of seeing that which you have grown from a seed, turn into a beautiful flower, only to be transplanted into a weed-bed. This, my *kauthari*, is not necessarily a bad thing. There is a Devine plan to all things and all beings are part of that plan. You have done your part by imparting your wisdom and genes to your obviously intelligent and noble daughter. It is now up to her to make her own way and fulfill her *dharma*. If it is any consolation to you I saw in my tapered down truth vision that your daughter's marriage to this lackluster man will not last very long. He will be gone before their sixth child is born.

Oh Mooj,

I had the most wonderful dream last night! I dreamed that I was a member of the Vienna Boys

.

Choir and got to travel all over Europe with the boys. *Ooooooooh!*

Mr. Ajax

The Mooj Responds: I am not sure what this *kallarascal* is trying to tell me. Does he want me to interpret his dream or does he just want me to know about it. Since no love offering was provided in the envelope I will only reflect that the dream seems odd for a grown man.

Hey Man,

How come you haven't sent me my Mooj Minion Number yet?

Myron B. Randell
Raleigh, NC

The Mooj Responds: This is a significant concern, as my minionship program is an import pillar within the five pillars of achieving oneness with Me. Now that I think about it I don't recall seeing any new minions being listed in any of the newsletters published this year. *This is an outrage!* As soon as I finish with the minion mail I will fire off a memo to my new interns, demanding that they show up for work and make the backlog of minion applications their highest priority!

Mooj,

I'm totally in love with my boss. His name is Mr. Franco and he's a total stud. Everyday at work I go out of my way to let him know that I'm *ready, willing and able* but he just blows me off. I always wear low cut dresses and short skirts so that I can reveal as much as possible every time I lean over his desk or bend over to pick something up when he's standing behind me. But all he does is remind me that it's against corporate policy not to wear underwear. *What do I have to do to get this guy to notice me?*

Jenny Barnstable
North Adams, MA

The Mooj Responds: The only reward of virtue is virtue. This letter merits no response other than for me to say that if you really want your boss to notice you, do some work for a change.

THIS WEEK'S MINION STORY

The Secret Christmas Tree Garden (A True Story)

(By Andy Coffucci of Dover, MA)

A long time ago on a beautiful winter day my grandpa was driving home along a deserted country road. He took a shortcut and passed through an area that he had never seen before. As he drove along he admired the scenery; it was extremely beautiful – just like a Currier and Ives lithograph. As he drove along he thought to himself that this would be the perfect place to stop and cut a Christmas tree.

He pulled over to the side of the road and got out of his truck. He then scouted the woods and found the most perfect of the trees to chop it down. After securing it to the back of his truck he thought: "What a wonderful spot to find a Christmas Tree. I can't wait to tell all my friends about this place!"

He was very excited and couldn't wait to get home with his big surprise. His smile grew even wider when he began to think about how the following year he would bring the entire family out to this special place and they could all find the Christmas tree together!

When he reached the end of the road and turned onto the main highway his smile slowly fell from his face as he noticed and began reading a large sign posted at the entrance to the road he was just on. It read:

"Christmas Tree Lot – Private Property, No Trespassing!"

THIS WEEK'S MINION POEM

I found the following gem in The Mooj Mail Bag this week and couldn't wait to share it with you! Enjoy:

Dear Mr. Mooj:

I hope you will find this worthy of your publication. It was written by my late Great Uncle P.P. Marshmallow. In his day, Uncle P.P. was an esteemed author and poet, traveling in the social circles of Dorothy Parker and F. Scott Fitzgerald. The following is a never before published poem we were fortunate enough to discover in our family archives. It was written shortly after Uncle P.P. was jilted at the altar on his wedding day. I am happy to share it with you and the world.

Sincerely,
James Stanley Farthington Marshmallow III.

A POEM BY EDWARD P.P. MARSHMALLOW, DATED 1928

FAREWELL, MY FAWN

How could you?
How could you?
I am so sad and dismayed.
How could you?

CLOSING THOUGHTS

What's that you ask? No Travels with Mooj section? Actually, I can't describe my travels this week because I didn't go anywhere. I was dropped off in Sedona by my alien abductors; and here is where I decided to stay.

Sedona, Arizona is a wonderful place! Within hours of my arrival I was quickly assimilated into the closed knit artistic community and adopted by a very well known art colony. I never realized how talented I was as an artist. All these months of wandering, starving, and suffering must have really made the difference. In fact, next month I will be one of the featured artists at the world famous Richard Wrangler Gallery here in scenic Sedona. If you are in the neighborhood stop by and I will personally sign any painting you purchase.

Before I retire this week's newsletter I would like to announce that this publication will no longer accept advertising from Old Town Kielbasa Works. Several long-time readers have complained that the ads appear to be obscene. I have no idea how a kielbasa can be obscene but since I am trying to return this publication to its formal splendor I will entertain all concerns, no matter how petty. I do this because I care about all of you; even those who complain about kielbasas.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उमवावारावा

Become One with
Yourself ...



visit the

Santa Monica Tantric
Self Fertilization Center

Mention Mooj.com and get 10% off!
On the 3rd Street Promenade
(Across From Tattoo Barn)

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 11

July 15, 2000

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First Things First. This has been a very exciting time for The Mooj (as many of you know) because last week I began showing my paintings at the world famous Richard Wrangler Gallery of Contemporary Art here in Sedona. Within hours my complete collection sold out. Unfortunately, because I am under contract to keep at least ten paintings on display at all times I have been working around the clock trying to supply the gallery with fresh artwork. Luckily I'm a minimalist and so it doesn't take but 10 minutes to whip up one of my masterpieces. In an effort to stem the tide of demand for my paintings I began signing blank canvas and hanging them on the wall. Ironically, these blank canvases have become hot items and now I have quite a few on back order. The other artists in the show are having a hard time selling anything and so I'm pretty unpopular in the break room.



We have good news for all you Lance Worthy fans out there! Last week our pal Lance finally returned to his home to Bird in Hand, PA. Since he missed both the tobacco and corn plantings [as a result of his wayward wanderings] he has been, once again, shunned by his Amish grandparents. He'll probably just have to hang around and make himself useful until he can get back into their good graces. If not, he can come out here to Sedona and help me autograph blank canvases.

We have more good news! Vic Taylor has returned to the helm of The Mooj Memory Bank and will make updating the official Mooj minion records a priority! He claims that the interns hired from Chester County Community College hardly showed up and that 100s of minion requests were sitting abandoned on the Mooj.com servers. Because Vic doesn't understand computers very well he accidentally deleted all the awaiting minion requests when he tried to download them. Thankfully, the credit card transactions were saved and we at least have everyone's love donation. To rectify this situation we ask that you re-submit an application and don't worry about the donation part unless you are feeling overly generous. Vic assures me that he will process the new applications as soon as possible.

MOOJ MAIL BAG

Most Devine Swami,

Last week when we read your newsletter introduction we wept. It was not you who let *The Enlightenment* turn into a lackluster publication, dear Swami. It was us. (Not "us" meaning Beatrice and I but all of "us" as in all of us minions.) How is it that we, your humble minions, could be so uncaring? All we do is take, take, take. We never give. We clamor for enlightened wisdom, yet you clamor for food, warmth, shelter and pain free existence! We make

wise cracks while your poor head is puffed up like a balloon inside a wound too tight head cast! Listen, minion brothers and sisters! Let us not ask what Sri Mooj can do for us but what WE can do for Sri Mooj! Follow our lead! Turn toward enlightenment and away from darkness of ignorance! Become one again with Swami Mooj!

The Bagley Sisters
St. Marys, PA

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj is moved by your expression of caring and has, thusly, asked Vic Taylor to remove you from the “cannot send mail” data base. (Note to Vic: did you get that?) Let others share in your delight!

Dear Mooj:

When my grandmother died recently she left gobs of money for my brothers, sisters and cousins, and next to nothing for me. She was obviously still bearing a grudge over something I did many years ago and I’ve been left feeling angry and betrayed. Years ago I posed nude for *Juggs Magazine* and when my grandmother found out she disowned me. I know it was a stupid thing to do but I was young and really needed the money to help pay for medical school. A few years later my grandmother told me that she forgave me and everything seemed OK. Then she died unexpectedly last month and it was clear from the amount of money I received in her will that she hadn’t forgiven me at all. It’s not the money that bothers me. It’s the fact that she wrote me off over something that happened so long ago. I loved my grandmother and I feel guilty that I can’t get rid of these feeling of anger towards her. What do you think about all this, Mooj? Am I just overreacting?

Also, if any of your minions are interested, they can download free nude pictures of me on my new website (██████████).

Tiffany Amber Holland
West Los Angeles, CA

The Mooj Responds: *Ey doon kyaa kaan ke neechey rappaak?* The Mooj asks Vic Taylor to not show Tiffany Amber Holland’s web address above because he found the site to be totally offensive. The Mooj spent nearly three hours looking at it and decided that it really wasn’t something I could recommend to anyone, let alone my minions. I will meditate, fast and chant for Tiffany so that she can find true inner peace and harmony—something I believe she really needs (that, and to lose about 30 pounds).

Aloha,

I am a native Hawaiian living on the mainland. I suggest you remove the letter from Nui L’oa Ule posted in your last newsletter because it contains extremely vulgar language. This man is basically telling you that he wants to strike you over the head

with a taro root and then shove it up a place that the *kao-kao-luna* don’t shine.

Don Po
Yorba Linda, CA

The Mooj Responds: *Saalaa chor!* The Mooj is outraged and will ban Nui L’oa Ule from the mail bag. All should realize that injuries are often forgotten while kindnesses never are. This you should adhere to when sending minion mail!

Yo Mooj:

I’m new to this whole “Mooj” thing so you’ll have to forgive me if I ask a stupid question. What exactly is your newsletter all about? It claims to be an enlightening journey to self realization but all the ones I’ve seen are totally stupid. Am I missing something?

Greg Learhamm
Beardstown, IL

The Mooj Responds: Obviously you are. The Mooj asks that you not bother him anymore.

Greetings,

Consider yourself contacted by The Great Thinker’s Society. We are men of the highest character and have taken a solemn vow of charity to help those among our race of humans, who—through no fault of their own—were born with average or below-average intelligence. We were chosen by God to command this Earth but instead we humbly choose to serve our fellow man by using our superior intelligence to improve the world. Undoubtedly you have never heard of us because we are a super secret society and our membership is limited to only 25 persons. Only death can remove a member and then the surviving members must engage in the laborious task of choosing a new member to fill the vacancy. (This selection process has been known to take as much as 10 years.) Don’t flatter yourself and think that we are offering you our current open position; this letter is merely a request for some information concerning the boy genius Trent Handjoy. His nomination to fill the vacancy left by JFK Jr. was all but assured until an anonymous letter informed us that Mr. Handjoy was once a protégé of yours and that he had been “dishonorably discharged” from your mentoring program. This is a very serious issue and must be resolved at once.

We need to know as soon as possible the specific circumstances surrounding this dismissal, as it may weigh heavy in our decision to admit the young boy genius. This committee requests a short (10 – 15 page) explanation of what happened and why. Please include some background information about yourself—since just being associated with you might be all we need to know about Mr. Handjoy. Inasmuch as we are a super secret society we cannot give you our mailing address. Please place your write-up in a plain manila envelope and leave it inside one of the lockers at the Port Authority bus station in NY City. Take the key, attach a tag to it indicating the locker number, and then place that key in a small business envelope. Send this envelope to GTS, c/o The Trilateral Commission, 300 Bilderburg Street, 34Th Floor, New York, New York 10001. Please destroy this message as soon as you read it. You may never mention to anyone that we have made contact with you.

Thank you in advance,
Sir Walter Ott

The Mooj Responds: *Baadar-das?* The Mooj doesn't have time for nonsense like this! If these Great Thinkers are so smart they should just subscribe to this newsletter, as it contains everything they need to know about life, including Trent Handjoy.

Dear Sir,

I've been enjoying your newsletters since one of my students presented me with one. I assume he meant it as a joke; perhaps not. Anyway, that is immaterial as to why I am writing to you now. Last week you published a poem by one of America's most eminent and obscure poets named P.P. Marshmallow. He is recognized by many as the greatest unknown American poet of the early 20th century. I have devoted years of my life to studying his 'Fauvism' period. It was always speculated that prior to his suicide in 1928 that he wrote one last poem. What James Stanley Farthington Marshmallow III sent to you was THAT poem! I contacted James Stanley Farthington Marshmallow III and was informed that he scribbled his note to you on the poem and sent it to you. Therefore you have the original! I cannot put into words how important and valuable that poem is. My sincerest hope is that it is still safe and that you are willing to part with it. A trust has been established by Duke University to purchase the poem, which will then be displayed prominently in the P.P. Marshmallow Wing of Duke University's Literary Hall. Please, sir, make haste with your reply.

I cannot thank you enough for what you are about to do!

Dr. Walter Hemphthorpe,
Trinity School of Fine Arts, Duke University
Box 90670
Durham, NC 27708

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj regrets that he no longer has the poem. I think I threw it away. Oh how sorry I am; especially if it really was worth a lot of money.

Mr. Mooj,

A few weeks ago my son sent me some of your newsletters. At first I was upset that he would think that I was the kind of person that would enjoy your brand of tasteless entertainment. But, none-the-less, I was bored one night and so I started reading them. Then something very strange occurred. Within the span of two issues you addressed two things that I have been wondering about for years. I swear to God that what I am about to tell you is the absolute truth! Here's my story:

Back when I was a freshman at Johns Hopkins University I took a summer job at the Baltimore City Morgue to help pay my way through college. It was a pretty dreadful job but the pay was good. My job was basically to catalogue the incoming corpses and attach toe tags. One day a vagrant was brought in. It was late in the summer and by then I had seen hundreds of dead bodies and so my job was pretty routine. But something about this guy was very different. He had the saddest look on his face that I had ever seen. On his chest was a tattoo that simply read: "*Tracy Giovanni—you broke my heart but I shall love you forever. May God always watch over you and may you always be happy.*"

"Wow—what true love," I thought. The name Tracy Giovanni has stuck in my head now for over 40 years and I can never forget the anguished look on that poor vagrant's face.

But wait, there's more. Here's the most interesting part of the whole saga: a few days after this guy had been brought in I was still haunted by his look of anguish and wondered what the coroner had listed as his cause of death. I searched the logbook and found the man's autopsy report. According to the coroner the cause of death was listed as (and I'm quoting this verbatim): "Swallowed six cans of Skyline Chili—whole cans—tin, wrapper and all."

Up until last week I thought "Skyline Chili" was a metaphor meant to describe a broken heart.

Thanks Mooj,
Randy Allen Yorba
York, PA

The Mooj Responds: No, thank you, Randy. LISTEN UP PEOPLE! When The Mooj says no more stories about Tracy Giovanni OR Skyline Chili HE MEANS IT! The only reason The Mooj allowed this letter to appear in this newsletter was because Randy Allen Yorba had the gall to violate both Mooj newsletter moratoriums in one letter.

Mooj,

My girlfriend is desperate because having our baby has ruined her bust. We have been together ten months and love each other very much. She is a Pieces and I am a Capricorn. We plan to marry in two years, when we finish high school. She did not breast-feed our kid but since the pregnancy her breasts have lost their firmness and begun to sag. I love her just how she is, and keep telling her it doesn't matter to me. It is her I want, not her body. She is upset, though, and says she feels ugly and unattractive. She wants to find out if she can get them fixed into 38-DDDs by a plastic surgeon. She says she knows I love her as she is, but she wants to do this for herself. Come to think of it if she did get really big knockers—that would be wicked-ass cool!! Rock on, Mooj!

Howard H.
West Ossipee, NH

The Mooj Responds: Again, The Mooj realizes that this Howard H. fellow might really need the advice of a sage and so I will entertain his question by pretending I care. But I don't. The Mooj thinks Howard H. is a loser. The Mooj thinks Howard H. is destined for a life on the dole and that his girlfriend will probably do what she wants to do no matter what he thinks. What's worse, your tax dollars will pay to feed, clothe and house these three idiots (yes, I'm counting the baby, too) for the rest of their lives.

You Monster!

Why couldn't you just leave well enough alone? What kind of person would have a senile old man dragged from his old folk's home, beaten into a

meaningless confession and then put on trial for some long forgotten roller rink fire? My Grandpa Caufield was a peaceful and law-abiding man and he never done nobody no harm no how! I remember who you are because I still get a sick feeling in my stomach when I picture your greasy little face sitting up there on the witness stand telling your lies. Grandpa Caufield was right about you! You are a menace to society. Everybody knows it was you that burned down Grandpa Caufield's roller rink and that you even tried to kill him, too. But that wasn't good enough for you. You also had to humiliate him in front of his friends and family when he was a senile old man. Our Grandpa was a fine upstanding citizen and us Caufields refuse to let some f__kchop like you ruin his good name! Consider this a threat because we Caufields mean business when we put somebody on our list. Now you're on our list!

Joy Caufield
Boca Raton, FL

The Mooj Responds: First of all The Mooj had absolutely nothing to do with them dragging your poor old grandpa into court. It was the result of a thoughtful journalism student and a zealous district attorney, who knew a miscarriage of justice when he saw one.

Mooj,

I have a great relationship with my boyfriend but I can't help fantasizing about having sex with other men. I'm 24 and have lived with my boyfriend, who's 25, for two years. He's a Scorpio and I'm a Sagittarius. We have been together for seven years and are totally in love with each other. But I also love to go out drinking with my girlfriends. We are all attached but love to flirt with boys. Recently I have been tempted to have one night stands with every guy who even looks at me. Is this just a phase or is it time to reconsider my future with my boyfriend?

Gayle Frisbey (daughter of minion 875)
York, PA

The Mooj Responds: A grain of boiled rice does not sprout again when sown. Only unboiled rice sends forth a shoot! Thus, onto you The Mooj frowns, as it is obvious that you travel through life unaware and ignorant of *mohabateen*. I will waste no more time with your letter, as any wisdom bedazzled upon you would be dulled in short time. I will meditate and pray you come to your senses, as your father, minion 875, was a good man.

Mooj,

I'm totally in love with my boss. His name is Mr. Franco and he's gorgeous. He's so good looking that I get heart palpitations whenever he's near. What can I do to get him to fall in love me? Oh Mooj, you have no idea how important this is to me. I actually broke up with my most recent fiancée because I just couldn't be happy with anyone except Mr. Franco.

Kelly Ann Barnstable
North Adams, MA

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj understands that love can make a person do strange things but surely even you—a bright young girl with her whole life ahead of her—can see that your love for "Mr. Franco" is unrealistic. Soon you will meet another and he too will cause your heart to palpitate. Maybe he'll be the right one. Maybe he won't. I can't really tell for sure unless I put that head cast thing back on. The one thing that The Mooj does know, however, is that good things are waiting for you and someday you will be very, very happy. To get there you must first follow both your head and your heart. The Mooj will meditate, fast and chant for you.

Mooj,

I long to tell my wife I'm depressed because I have a secret fetish, but I'm scared she'll leave me and take our children with her. I'm 43 and she's 45. She's a Pieces and I'm a Libra. Our children are Capricorn and Gemini. We've been married for eight years. For the past five years I have been cross-dressing in my wife's underwear and clothes while she is away at work. If ever she's out of town I go out to bars dressed in her clothes. I never feel attracted to any of the men but feel good inside when I'm all dressed up. Then when I'm back home with my wife I feel ashamed about what I'm doing and how I'm deceiving her. She keeps asking me what is wrong. I really want to tell her but cannot risk her finding out. I have never kept secrets from her until I started to do this. But Mooj, probably the worst thing about this is that my wife has very poor taste in clothes and I feel I could look much better if I dump her and find another with a better wardrobe. Should I get some help?

Dr. Carton
Ithica, NY

The Mooj Responds: Okay...what does it say at the top of this newsletter? Is The Mooj missing something? Did I become The Hindu Oprah all of a sudden? Listen, Dr. Carton (if that is your real name), The Mooj's purpose in life is to help others find self realization—not help deviants work out their sexual perversion problems. Here's an example of the kind of questions I answer: "Hey Mooj, how do I become enlightened?" ; "Hey Mooj, should I go to either Harvard or Yale?" ; "Hey Mooj, should I change my name to something more numerological correct?" Not, "Hey Mooj I live in Southern Maryland and got my 10-year-old cousin pregnant, should I marry her?" The Mooj will no longer entertain letters from the likes of you!!!!

Actually, perhaps I'm being too harsh. Perhaps this chap really has no one else to turn to. Perhaps Dr. Carton really needs help and has decided to trust me, his Guru, to help him through a difficult period of his life. After all, haven't we all had difficult periods in our lives? Haven't we all needed someone to turn to when the road became obscure of traffic markings? Perhaps I was too quick to judge Dr. Carton.

Your solution is actually quite simple, Dr. Carton. Surprise your wife with a whole new wardrobe! Go all out and make her feel like a real woman again! Make her feel loved and important! Buy her top of the line stuff from Paris and Milan! But most of all make sure you look nice in the clothes as well.

Mooj,

I work at a brokerage firm. There is this guy who works with me. Actually, he's my boss, and well, he really turns me on. His name is Mr. Franco and he's a total stud. Now I want him to be my stud. All the girls in the office adore him and try to catch his eye. I know I'm the one that can treat him the best and will love him the most. I know if I could just get him to notice me we could live happily ever after. My friends tell me I'm crazy and obsessed with this man but I know he is my destiny. Do you think if I dressed a little bit sexier and let him know how "available" I am, he'd go after me?

Karen Lynn Barnstable
North Adams, MA

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj isn't quite sure what is going on there at Mr. Franco's brokerage firm. Whoever this Mr. Franco guy is I doubt he's getting much work done with all his help always trying to seduce him. If I'm not mistaken all the girls in love

with this guy have the same last name. That is odd. Maybe they are sisters? Anyway, The Mooj gives Karen Lynn Barnstable the same advice he gave Kelly Ann Barnstable and Jenny Barnstable: just do your job and stop bothering poor Mr. Franco!



Mooj,

My name is Dean Franco and I run a brokerage firm in North Adams, MA. I'm not sure what it is about me but I just can't find good help these days. My wife insists that I employ her sisters and all they do is walk around the office showing off their skivvies

and telling me that they want to sleep with me. I told my wife about this and she says that I'm imagining things. I'm not even an attractive guy! I'm old, fat, and bald. I don't get it!

Dean Franco
Raging Bear Securities, Inc.
North Adams, MA

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj gives up! I now refuse to answer any more letters this week. Perhaps next week people will start treating The Mooj Minion Mail Bag as a holistic vehicle to elicit knowledge from their Guru as intended and not as some kind of joke.

THIS WEEK'S MINION STORY

The Meatball Sandwich (A True Story) (By Minion 894)

Many years ago when I was a teenager I worked at Straw Hut Pizza. One summer my grandparents came out for a visit and wanted to see where I worked. On the night my family came in for dinner I was assigned dishwashing duties and didn't know that they had come in until one of the other cooks came in the back to get me. I went out to see everyone and promised them the best pizza they ever had. I then quickly returned to the kitchen and asked the other cooks to put a little extra special care in making my family's pizza. I would have made the pizza myself except that the dishes were really starting to pile up.

At this Straw Hut Pizza the dishwasher was also assigned the auxiliary duty of making sandwiches. This was done because sandwich orders were far and few between and they didn't want to pull cooks off the pizza line during busy dinner rushes. When I returned to the back room to resume my dishwashing duties the dishes were piled high and a sandwich order was waiting to be made.

"Damn," I thought to myself. I was never going to catch up now. To make matters worse this order was for a meatball sandwich and the meatballs needed to be thawed in a microwave prior to being cooked in the sandwich. I had no time to be fancy so I just threw the frozen meatballs in the sandwich and cooked it as is. A short time later the waitress came back and told me that her patron was complaining because the meatballs were cold. She handed me back the sandwich and told me to fix it. I quickly took the meatballs out and put them into the microwave. Thirty seconds later they were burnt to a crisp. Again I had no time to be fancy so I tossed them back into the sandwich and covered them up with extra sauce and cheese.

A few minutes later the waitress returned and yelled at me because now her patron was complaining that the meatballs were burnt. The restaurant totally ran out of clean dishes because I was forced to make and remake that stupid sandwich three or four more times—*finally, the patron just got tired of sending it back!*

Later that night when I got home from work I asked my grandfather how he liked his pizza. He replied:

"I didn't have pizza, I ordered a meatball sandwich and boy was it lousy!"

THIS WEEK'S MINION POEM

Every once in a while a real tear jerker will arrive in the mail. I felt this one needed to be shared with the world.

The Sorrowful Life of Beatrice Emma Kelly by Beatrice Emma Kelly

*No one understands me
No one ever could*

*My right leg doesn't work, you see
Because it's made of wood*

*My mothers always yelling,
She says I ain't no good*

*I look just like me pappy
Who grew up in da' hood*

*How can I go dancing?
Everyone says I should*

*How can I go dancing?
My right leg made o' wood.*

This next poem was also a real tear jerker. It came from some guy in Ireland.

The Potato Man by Ned Devine

*Potatoes in the morning
Potatoes in the evening
Potatoes at supper time*

*Potatoes is what I eat
'Cause my name is Ned Devine*

NEW MINIONS!

A Note From Vic Taylor: Hello again! Though times are tough and I really needed that job in Western Pennsylvania, I saw that this newsletter needed me more. Unfortunately, my wife saw things differently and she gave me an ultimatum: stay with her and the kids and keep my job or return alone to West Chester and get a divorce. Well, as you can see my wife and I are now legally separated and I am unemployed. But never mind about my troubles. You want to read about new minions. Swami has already told you about my mishap with the minion data from the last few months. I am truly sorry. This morning I finally figured out how to use the minion computer and there were three new applicants. I will just post these minion datasheets, as is, and hopefully develop a system to better show data in next week's newsletter. Feel free to re-submit an application if yours was lost and I will get to it as soon as possible.

Minion #1522

Contact_FullName: Dianna Russell
Contact_Title: Literary Agent
Contact_Organization: Aegis Wholesale Publications
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED] Yew St.
Contact_City: St. Helena
Contact_State: CA
Contact_ZipCode: 94574
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 9/17/63
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-8
Personal_Weight: 170
Personal_HairColor: Brown

Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Stockton, CA
School: I am college educated
Finances: Well off

Something Special About Me:

I perform in local community theatre. I am currently playing a bit part in Yosef Bar-On's famous one act play, *The Whip*.

I'm getting seriously pissed off. This is the third time I've submitted an application and the third time my credit card was charged. Is anyone even processing these minion applications?

Contact_FullName: Rick Throop
Contact_Title: ?
Contact_Organization: ?
Contact_StreetAddress: 5564 Kansas Ave.
Contact_City: North Texas
Contact_State: PA
Contact_ZipCode: 18046
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 2/27/79
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-11
Personal_Weight: 295
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Denver, CO
School: I am college educated
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

When I was in high school I went to fat camp in the Pocono Mountains. I really didn't want to go but had fun so I guess it was worth it. Heck, I think I lost about 30lbs that summer. Most of the kids at camp were cool. The thing I remember most about camp was one night we were playing truth or dare and this girl named Tina got dared to strip naked and run through the camp. She did and got knocked unconscious when she fell and hit her head on a rock or something. It was really embarrassing for the poor girl because the paramedics had to come and she was too heavy for them to lift. Another ambulance had to be called and it took six men to lift and carry her naked 500-lb body to the ambulance. Tina's dad was some big shot in Washington DC (a Senator?) and he came out to the camp the next day and gave us a lecture on decency and honor and told us that he was very disappointed in us.

This is my sixth try trying to submit a minion application. I'm not sure if this webpage thingy even works!!! I really want to become a Mooj minion. I have memorized the 5 pillars of Moojism and feel I am now ready to become one with The Mooj. I noticed that in my previous five attempts to become a minion that my credit card got charged. I owe them

Contact_FullName: Gail Hensley
Contact_Title: Housewife
Contact_Organization: The Hensley House of Horrors!!!
Contact_StreetAddress: [REDACTED] College Street
Contact_City: Erie
Contact_State: PA
Contact_ZipCode: 16509
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 7/7/84
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 4-10
Personal_Weight: 105
Personal_HairColor: Blond
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Glen Mills, PA
School: I am college educated
Finances: Doing okay but nothing to brag about

As I write, I ask myself: what is this essay about? What is Moojism? Why do I want to be a Moojist? What is life? What is happiness? Why do I choose to become Mooj enlightened? What can I say to prove I am worthy? But first I need a drink. Okay, now maybe I can begin this essay. No. I want another drink. Ah, now I'm feeling better. One more drink should do it. That's more like it. I'm feeling soooo goooooood righth now. Okay, now back to my esssay. But first anothr drink. How about that. I'm really feling good njoww. I'm totlly into you mooj. I totally want you. I wnt you to come here. I want you tohold me. I want you to take m e by the hairr and be a caveman with me. I w jt you to I wann2wjjjjj j j yrebk hjjjjjjjj iiiiIIIIIIIIIIInwnekdbeyvvw bbbbbb.....wwwwwwwoooowwww wwwooooowwww brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrghwjvjwhvzhkwxvkw M<Z

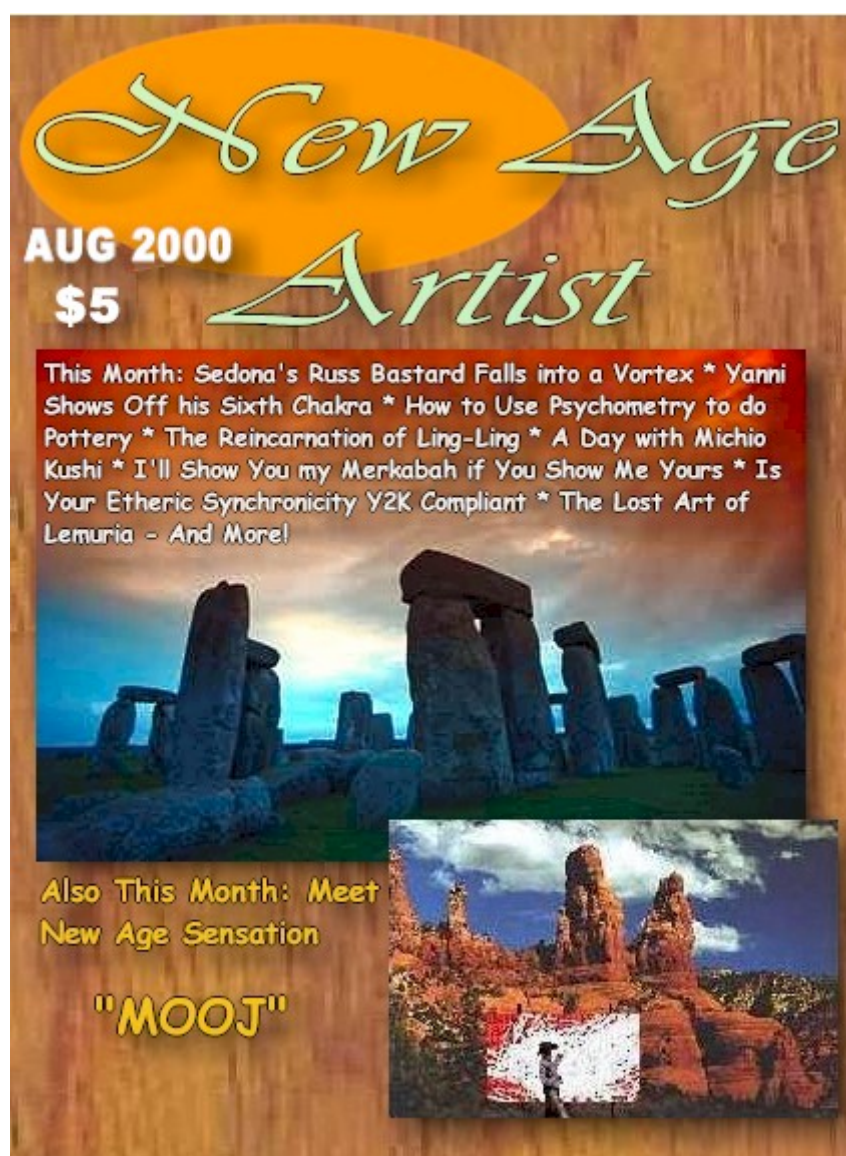
MWWWWWKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXWJEGDYUFCTVDJBDBJCWBXJ1BXL283YE
8OHKKHWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL

CLOSING THOUGHTS

As I mentioned in my introduction, my life as a famous artist is now blossoming! Below is a copy of the latest *New Age Artist*, which just hit the magazine racks here in Sedona. As you can see I am one of the featured artists this month. I've also asked Vic Taylor to include my latest ad from The Richard Wrangler show. All the artwork featured in this ad has already been sold but I'm pretty sure I can recreate anything I've already done if you would like to commission it.

Blessings and Such,

मृजप,ती उमवावारावा



The Richard Wrangler Gallery of Contemporary Art

1351 Highway 179
Sedona, Arizona 86336

The Richard Wrangler Gallery features Classic and Contemporary Art in all forms from original paintings in oil, acrylics and watercolor to sculptures in bronze, marble and alabaster, exceptional ceramics and distinctive jewelry by world renowned artists.

We are committed to excellence in our art and our service. Please feel free to call us for further information about our artists or additional photos of their work. The Richard Wrangler Gallery opens it's new show July 10, 2000 and continues through the end of the month. Artist's Reception will be held every evening from 5:00 to 8:00 p.m.

This Month's Featured Artists:

Russ Bastard is a colorist of unrivaled ability with a deft touch and a dazzling palette.

Pattel Melrose Hooker's superb Still Lifes remind us of the jewel quality of finely rendered realism.

Vicky Stubing's bright southwestern colors and whimsical folk subjects are warm, charming and evocative.

Michael (pronounced "Mik-ail") Thurston Howell is a consummate artist whose simple and elegant designs are without equal.

Mujaputtia "The Mooj" Umbababbaraba is new to the Sedona art scene (he literally seemed to "fall from the sky.") His art work is beyond description.

Call the gallery for more details.

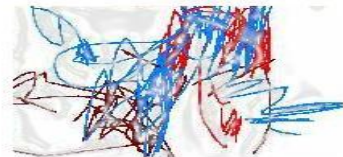
Below are some Samples from the Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba collection:



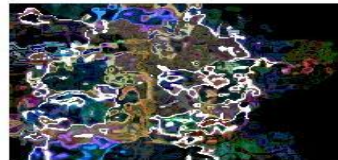
Lamentation in the Garden



Composition 239



Rue Transnonain esto Bucco



Rape of Sabines II



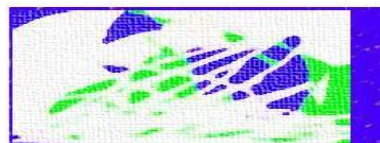
Study in Blue



Maja Desnuda at Chios



Self-Portrait



Orpheus Punished

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 12

August 1, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. March on fellow Mooj Heads and proclaim allegiance to progressive spirituality! Hail Mooj! Hail good thinking!

First Things First. When I first arrived in Sedona I was welcomed with open arms. The artist community took me in as one of their own and I was the toast of the town. Everywhere I went in this pleasant little town my fellow artists went out of their way to help and support me and I finally felt like I had a real family. I felt like finally I had a place to call home after so many months of aimless vagabonding. That was until I became successful. Now no one in this town will talk to me. Doors that were once opened to me are slammed rudely in my face. Why? Some people say it's because I found success too fast—that I didn't pay my dues. I guess that might be true in a sense since I have only been an artist for three weeks and have already sold over four million dollar's worth of paintings. At this point I guess all I can do is be humble.



Before we begin this newsletter I would also like to express my gratitude to the legal team representing the family of the late Minion 648 for their patience and understanding concerning a recent mix-up. It seems there was a misinterpretation of the verbiage "once a week." The fact that our 'header' specifies that the newsletter is "Now Weekly" is not enough. I can assure everyone that our newsletter publishing schedule will now be monitored very closely. Vic Taylor, if you need to, please see if you can hire one or two non-paid interns from the local community college to help you adhere to what these lawyers are threatening to impede our funds over. To be honest, since I'm making so much money selling my exotic minimalist paintings I have a good mind to tell these lawyers to take ex-minion 648's money and stick it in their *gurdvaara*. But I won't. Ex Minion 648, whoever he was, deserve better than that.

Anyway, enough of all that. Let's visit The Mooj Mail Bag, shall we?

MOOJ MAIL BAG

Mr. Mooj,

Hallo, je suis Estelle, a French girl from Amboise. I like the nudist camping. The last summer I was at a naked camp in Normandie. These are some photos I took of my girlfriends and me. I wish you will publish me. I seek American husband with lots of money. Thank you.

The Mooj Responds: Because the photos accompanying this letter contain graphic nudity I hope Vic Taylor has the good sense not to publish them. The Mooj will acknowledge to all that Estelle and her French girlfriends are exceptionally good looking (and very talented) but lewd material is

never permitted in this newsletter. If you would like to marry Estelle and you are a rich American, then send your address to The Mooj Matchmaking Service and they can pass it along to her. If you're not a current member of The Mooj Matchmaking Service then please include a sizable donation with your request.

Mr. Mooj,

I broke up with my girlfriend last month and now she be telling everybody that I be small in the manhood size department. Ever since then I be the butt of

jokes and people laugh at me wherever I goes. I'm too ashamed to show my face in public! My ex girlfriend is 17 and I be 32. We both Virgos and work at The Waffle House in Oxford, Alabama (the one near the mall, not to be confused with the seven other Waffle Houses that be less than a mile apart here in Oxford). Before the breakup we had been together for six years. She has three children and at least one of them is mine but the other two could be mine too. From the day we broke up she be telling people about my manhood size. How can I stop her from making cruel comments? How will I ever regain my dignity?

Willie Ferguson
Oxford, Alabama

The Mooj Responds: *Dignity?* The Mooj wonders why a 32-year-old Alabama guy, who obviously still dates high school girls and works at a Waffle House, would even care about dignity. I wish I could help you out there, Willie, but I can't.

Sri Mooj,

Help! My brother just got a job selling encyclopedias and expects everyone in the family to buy a set. I guess it wouldn't be so bad except that our entire family lives in the same house. My parents bought the first set. Then he sold a set to my grandmother without telling her that he already sold a set to my parents. Then he sold a set to my aunt and uncle. Now he wants me to purchase a set. Mooj, the worst part is that my family is from Vietnam and can't even read English. My parents, grandmother, aunt and uncle don't even know what an encyclopedia is. Please give me the verbal wisdom I need to confront this situation without hurting feelings.

Trang Tran Nygen
Richmond, CA

The Mooj Responds: *Tera popat ho gaya?* Forget never that Information is not knowledge, knowledge is not wisdom, wisdom is not truth, truth is not beauty, beauty is not love, and love is not information! The Mooj is probably the last person to ask about repressing freedom of information. I have very strong opinions on this subject because my Uncle Chandrachur was executed for possessing just a single volume of *The Encyclopedia Britannica* back in Uzbekistan (I think it was K through M). The Mooj cannot and will not ever condone book censorship of any kind (even though in your case it is obvious that your brother is taking advantage of everyone). Who are we to judge what can and can't

be read by anyone? Wisdom is priceless and should never be measured in redundancy. Do you think Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln would have limited their personal libraries to only books that were on unrelated topics? The Mooj says wisdom in bulk is better than no wisdom at all.

Mooooj,

Last week me and a bunch of guys at my shop had to attend sensitivity training because some bimbo with big knockers filed a sexual harassment lawsuit against my company. In my sensitivity training class I learned something that I think I should share with you because it's obvious that you don't know the first thing about the weaker sex. Chicks hate to be told about their weight! I saw you make a comment about weight when giving sagely advice to that Tiffany Amber Holland last month. You have to be more sensitive. Especially when the gal's a big fat pig! Hey buddy, I'm just doing my part to help mankind and make this world a better place to live.

Your pal,
Donny Bosco
President and CEO of Bosco Auto Wrecking
Darby, PA.

The Mooj Responds: The Mooj is glad to see you got so much out of your sensitivity training. It seems that you, perhaps, now understand that when we judge people less we leave time to love them more. *Apun ko lafda nahi chahiye!*

Mooj,

My girlfriend can't satisfy me in bed and I am wondering whether a threesome with my ex girlfriend and her might do the trick. I am Pieces, aged 26 and my girlfriend is a 23-year-old Taurus. My ex girlfriend is a Libra, aged 29. My current girlfriend and I have been living together for a year. We make love at least six times a night but then she rolls over and gives me the cold shoulder, complaining that she's tired and wants to sleep. This makes me feel unwanted and rejected. What makes it worse is that my ex-girlfriend then phones. She is totally hot! Lately I have been thinking about suggesting to my current girlfriend that my ex wants join us for "love." So how about it? Does this make me seem insensitive? Isn't it normal for a 26-year-old, red-blooded American male like myself to have a strong sex drive?

Dwaine Carter
Augusta, GA

The Mooj Responds: *Abe khopdi, tere baap ne bhi aise kabhi kiya tha kya!* It is not the mountains that wear down a traveler. It is the single grain of sand in the shoe! I am tired of all this nonsense!

Hey, I just realized something. Whenever some *maamoo* begins his or her letter by including his or her astronomical sign, age and/or combination of both, then it is pretty much guaranteed that the letter to follow will be totally absurd. Listen up, Mooj Heads! This isn't Dear Abby or Teen Beat Magazine. If you are seeking legitimate holistic and astrological advice then by all means include your birth sign and age so that I can properly chart your astrological balance. But if you're only taking a joyride then don't bother. I'm tired of being taken advantage of by oversexed hooligans. The Mooj has feelings just like everyone else! My Advice to you Dwaine is do whatever you want. Just don't involve me in it.



Namaste, Sri Mooj!

Continued success on another year of electrified *Enlightenment*. May our gracious Ganesh watch over you and be your Muse throughout your forthcoming enlightened days.

Pavithra and Vignish Singh
(Owners of Singh Singh Grocery)
Little Gujarat, W. Chester, PA

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, Pavithra and Vignish Singh! How very thoughtful of you to remember that this is the anniversary of my being struck in the head with lightning. It is hard to believe how much my wisdom has evolved since then. With your good wishes I cannot fail and continued success shall be guaranteed to all of us here at *The Enlightenment*. Continued good luck to you also at your store there in Little Gujarat.



The Mooj,

I've noticed that since you've become this famous artist that you now refer to yourself in the 3rd person. I also notice that you aren't really publishing a newsletter every week like you're supposed to. My calculation places the publishing schedule as being bi-weekly rather than weekly. You've also become very gruff and insensitive in many of your letter

responses to people, especially when they ask sensitive or other personal-related questions. And lastly, no one has processed my minion application yet. I am still waiting for a minion number!!!!

Myron B. Randell
Raleigh, NC

The Mooj Responds: *Yeda ban ke peda kha?* Thank you for your candid observations, *yaar*. You are correct on all accounts. I reviewed my answers to the above letters and observed that I was, indeed, referring to myself in the third person. I have no idea why I was doing that and will make all effort to stop, as it is a very annoying attribute to possess when one is as humble and artistic as I am. Regarding your publication schedule observation: yes, it may appear that these newsletters are appearing "bi-weekly" when it was strictly stipulated that they had to appear "weekly" in order for The Friends of Mooj Society to collect on their inheritance. Forget not, my friend, that preconceived notions are the locks on the door to wisdom. A florist-*wallah* can complain because roses have thorns or he may rejoice because thorns have roses. It is all how you look at things. It is also true that that I have been somewhat gruff with some of my answers lately. Sometimes I forget that I have a solemn responsibility of kindness even to those in unintelligent situations. To you, my friend, I award you minion number 1525 since Vic Taylor has failed to process your application as of yet. I know he is doing the best he can, especially during these trying times.



Dear Mooj,

My father constantly passes gas. It's not so bad when we're at home but he does it in public all the time. Whenever he cuts the cheese he looks around as if it wasn't him but everyone knows it was. Sometimes people will confront him but he refuses to accept responsibility. He even becomes verbally abusive. Last night was the last straw. We were in the elevator at Brooks Brothers with this guy from my school that I totally like. After the doors closed my dad fired off the most foul air biscuit imaginable. Then dad said: "It was my daughter. She has gastrointestinal problems and can't help it." Rather than defend myself I just pretended that it was me and apologized. Mooj, I was so humiliated! The guy was really cute and now he won't even look at me at school. I HATE MY DAD!

Betty Anne Blevens
Chicago, IL

The Mooj Responds: Cease to gnaw at the crust when there is ripe fruit over head, my *chappan tikkli yaar!* Do not be saddened by what you think is an unlucky event. Your dad may be an embarrassment to you now but someday you will be very proud of him. Your dad actually did you a big favor. In my tapered down truth vision I see that the boy in question was of a poor quality. He would have broken your heart and left you feeling very sad. Sometimes God acts in mysterious ways. This day He acted through your dad's intestines.

Dear Mooj,

My boyfriend recently died as a result of falling out of a giant redwood tree. He was spiking it with dynamite to prevent loggers from chopping it down. My boyfriend and I met last year at the WTO riots in Seattle and fell madly in love. We were soul mates. When I was going through his personal belongings to find something to remember him by I found out that he was a card carrying member of The John Birch Society. I also found several canceled checks made out to the Republican National Committee. Mooj, I feel totally violated! He lied to me and all the other activists in our commune. Instead of fighting for eco-justice he was really just a right-wing bigot. I feel terribly cheated, used and betrayed. I was going to scatter his ashes atop The Medicine Pipe Mountains but now I think I'll just flush them down the toilet! I am so upset. How can I regain my harmonic center and move on with my life?

Barbi "Butterfly" Babalinski
Corvallis, OR

The Mooj Responds: Truths do not cease to exist because they are not told. I'm not sure why your boyfriend would lie to you unless he loved you so much that he didn't want to hurt you with his politics of greed and intolerance. Let the good times you spent together being eco-terrorists outweigh the untold truth. It will give you better karma and might prevent you from suffering beyond the realm of reason.

Dear Swami,

Thank you for accepting official minion applications again. As soon as I read last week's newsletter I quickly went to your website and began filling out a new application. When I tried to submit it, it said I needed to include a credit card number. You said if

we already paid (and I have, twice!!!) that we didn't need to pay the processing fee again. Help!

Tammy James
New Garden, PA

The Mooj Responds: I understand your concern, my *lutta chupati*. I asked Vic Taylor about this and he said he was too busy to figure out how to get the webpage thing to upload the data without a credit card number because lawyers were bothering him all week. I can assure you that he will look into the matter as soon as he can.

Mr. Mooj,

I am only 17 and met this awesome 39-year-old woman at church. *She is stunning - and single!* I couldn't believe it when she started showing an interest in me. We flirt all the time at Bible Study. Yesterday she told me that she really likes me and wants to get to know me in the Biblical sense. This made me very happy. But I'm also scared. I'm a virgin and this woman has confided in me that she used to be a hooker in Bangkok. Whenever I'm near her I get really turned on, but I am really worried that I won't be any good compared to all the other men she's been with in the past. Is there anything I can do to get myself physically, spiritually and emotionally prepared for my big night?

-A Teenager in Love-
Clinton, TN

The Mooj Responds: Had I not been warned earlier by new minion 1525 about how curt I had been when answering these types of questions, I would most certainly have gone *dedh shaana* on this poor chap. But this is a real person, who, for some reason feels that I can address his concern better than that the ordained cleric of whatever church it is that he attends with this aberrant woman.

Here is where we must begin. *Chota yaar*, does not your preacher, priest or pastor teach you about morals, goodness, decorousness and decency? And when he does, are you paying attention? I cannot tell you what to do with your life but discovering *paisa vasooli* with a prostitute is probably the worst way to experience "sex" for the first time. Believe me I know this from experience! I suggest that you wait until you are married and then you will be truly physically, spiritually and emotionally prepared for that big night.

Dear Mooj,

I am writing to let you know how sorry I am for the letter I wrote last week blaming you for the death of my grandfather Holden Caufield. When I was going through Granddaddy's desk I found many terrible things, including a receipt for lighter fluid and matches that were dated the day the historic Ponsitron Roller Rink burned down. I have turned this evidence over to Jefferson Davis Cochran, the District Attorney of Palm Beach County so that he can close any files that are still open.

Granddaddy Caufield also had a very large collection of Lance Worthy videotapes hidden in one of the drawers. I was horrified and had no idea that Granddaddy was leading a secret life.

Sincerely,
Joy Caufield
Boca Raton, FL

The Mooj Responds: Mahatma Gandhi often said that if we practice and eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, soon the whole world will be blind and toothless. This is certainly true in India, as far as the toothless thing goes.



Dear Mooj,

I'm falling in love with a guy who leaves erotic messages on my answering machine. Sometimes I feel as if I'm on a date with this guy even though

he's not actually with me. I'm a Capricorn, aged 38, and not in any relationship at the moment. I live on my own with my four cats and am quite happy. I have a job and enjoy a good circle of friends so I'm certainly not lonely. I check my answering machine every night when I get home and there is always a message on it from this unknown guy. He sounds really nice. Most of the time he tells me he loves me and then describes his favorite parts of my body while he makes groaning and thumping sounds. Sometimes he gets really excited and the messages get very erotic and dirty. Other times he just talks about himself, his dreams, and stuff like that and that's when I like him best. Yesterday he asked me if we could meet someday. He sounds very serious. I'm worried because even though he seems nice he can really be quite a pervert at times. On the other hand, part of me is intrigued and wants to find out more about him. What should I do?

-Curious in Kansas-

The Mooj Responds: My little flower, because I wanted so much to help you because I can tell how pure of heart you are, I wrapped my head tightly in plaster gauze and then stuck my head under a heat lamp. After several hours of heating and meditating I finally had one of those really good truth visions like I did a few months ago while in that head cast. I wanted so badly to tell you good news about this mystery man. I was also prepared to advise against such a meeting if my pulsating psychedelic vision showed me something alarming. But, in all honesty, I was not prepared for what I did see. I suggest you listen closer to the voice of your estranged admirer. It is your kid brother, Gabe, playing a joke on you.

NEW MINIONS

A Note from Vic Taylor: What a week! As many of you know I came back to West Chester to help Swami and this newsletter get back on track. No sooner had I arrived when lawyers for the family of some dead guy showed up and began digging through all our publication records. These lawyers were very mean and used very foul language toward me (and all of you). Swami told me to do my best, as the ex-minion in question wanted us to have his money. I guess this ex-minion's greedy family doesn't understand Swami's mission to enlighten people and is making an issue out of how we're supposed to be publishing once a week and we aren't. To make matters worse, my wife's lawyer also showed up. This guy was an even a bigger A-hole, if you could believe it. I guess my wife is going to get half of everything I own, which, because I'm broke, ain't much—Ha ha! Anyway, you needn't worry about my problems. You wish only to greet your new minion brothers and sisters. So here they are:

Meet Minion #1526

Contact_FullName: Stacy Anise Fullerton
Contact_Title: Assistant Professor
Contact_Organization: MIT
Contact_StreetAddress: 77 Massachusetts Avenue.
Contact_City: Cambridge
Contact_State: MA
Contact_ZipCode: 02139
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 5/15/69
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-6
Personal_Weight: 105
Personal_HairColor: Red
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Boston, MA
School: I have a PhD.
Finances: Well Off

Something Special About Me:

I graduated Cum Laude from Harvey Mudd College and have published numerous scientific papers about nano-technology and three-dimensional binary superlattices.

Minion Application Essay:

I started reading *The Enlightenment* about three years ago. I was probably put on your mailing list as a joke by one of my graduate students. Sometimes Mother Earth behaves in a weird and wonderful way because the day my first *Enlightenment* arrived was the day I had to go to my ex-husband's lawyer's office to sign divorce papers. I was truly depressed and felt like a total failure. I began reading your magazine while I was waiting in the lobby for my ex-husband. He was late as usual. In the minion mail section there was a letter from me. By "me" I don't mean "me" personally. I mean someone who was just like me. Her husband had also just left her for a younger woman. She, too, was a Mechanical Engineering professor. She, too, had a mother who hated her. She, too, loved horses and cats and could speak French and German. She, too, had a tattoo of a butterfly on her ankle. *I swear to Krishna that I felt like I was reading a letter that I wrote!* This lady's first name was even the same as mine. I was floored. Your advice to this woman was astonishing. I realized then that it was really meant for me. The frown on my face was gone in an instant and I felt at peace. I no longer cared about things I had no control over. I was a good person and I knew it! Just because I married a man who was a schmuck and cheated on me wasn't my fault! I knew then that I needed to get on with my life and start thinking about "me." Then the funniest thing happened. I heard a loud screech outside and then this huge commotion. I ran outside and there was my ex-husband. His brand new convertible Corvette was totaled! Some guy in a truck hit him as he was

turning into the parking lot. Both his girlfriend and he were badly hurt and had to be taken away in an ambulance. As they were on their stretchers I went up to them and said, "Well, I guess we'll have to sign those papers some other time. Ta-ta!" I then drove home, ate some bon-bons while watching Oprah and then took a nice long bubble bath.

Meet Minion #1527

Contact_FullName: Dr. Drevek Fournier
Contact_Title: Humanitarian
Contact_Organization: Médecins Sans Frontières
Contact_StreetAddress: 333 7th Ave
Contact_City: NY
Contact_State: NY
Contact_ZipCode: 10001-5004
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 5/15/59
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 6-6
Personal_Weight: 250
Personal_HairColor: Blond
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Eastham, PA
School: I graduated from a prestigious private university
Finances: Well Off

Something Special About Me:

I spent several years in Malawi, working for Doctors without Borders. There I delivered 45 babies, fixed 34 broken limbs, performed 5 life-saving surgeries and gave away 5,523 condoms.

Minion Application Essay:

One night, many years ago, I was walking alone in the Black Forest. I had been drinking and it was raining. I had no idea where I was or where I was going. As I began to sober up I could sense that someone or something was watching me. I began to worry. Soon my worry turned into fear. Then my fear turned into full-on terror. In the distance I saw a house where a light burned in the window. I ran as fast as I could to the house and knocked on the door. A woman looked outside, saw me, and quickly opened her door. She was beautiful. She sensed that I was terrified and took me by the hand and brought me inside. She spoke no English and only smiled when I tried talk to her. She made me change into warm, dry clothes and then fed me. After I ate she took me by the hand and brought me upstairs. I know this is a family oriented newsletter so I won't say what happened next. The reason I'm telling you this story is because it sort of alludes to what Moojism is about. A man (me) is afraid, alone, not sure where he is or where he is going. Then a light (you) shows through the darkness and wonderful comfort awaits. That is what Moojism is all about.

Meet Minion #1528

Contact_FullName: Dr. Daniel Heise
Contact_Title: Dean of Sciences
Contact_Organization: Franklin Mills College
Contact_StreetAddress: 101 Branigin Blvd.
Contact_City: Franklin Mills
Contact_State: IN
Contact_ZipCode: 46131
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 7/22/34
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-5
Personal_Weight: 150
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Inglewood, CA
School: I have a PhD.
Finances: SOL

Something Special About Me:

I survived the JASCO 1-2-3 disaster. If you never heard about JASCO 1-2-3 don't worry, you're not supposed to. It was a top secret army project at Redstone Arsenal in the 1950s and I can't say anymore about it.

Minion Application Essay:

Aveenda! I cannot believe how happy I am to have found you. When I was living in Culver City as a young man I studied yoga and meditation with this guru named Swami Shree Raj Swaminarayan Mandir Bhuj (The Booj). Besides meditation he also taught me to surf and play guitar. I also learned how to fix and drag race cars from him. He was quite a guru. He died in a car crash. After he was gone I thought I'd never find a guru as good as him again but now I have found you!

Meet Minion #1529

Contact_FullName: Joy Ruth Callahan
Contact_Title: HR Assoc.
Contact_Organization: SAI
Contact_StreetAddress: 1213 John Tower Rd.
Contact_City: McLean
Contact_State: VA
Contact_ZipCode: 22102
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 3/22/62
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-5
Personal_Weight: 150
Personal_HairColor: Blond (org. Brown)
Personal_EyeColor: Brown
Born: Fairfax, VA
School: I am college educated
Finances: Doing Okay but Nothing to Brag About

Something Special About Me:

When I was 17 my cousin and I went to Ocean City, MD for a weekend. My cousin was about three years

older than me, smoked a lot of pot and was very promiscuous. My parents knew this so they secretly rented a room in the same motel and spied on us. Let's just say we were totally busted. Last year that same cousin got a divorce and so, as a joke, I suggested, "Hey, let's go to OC and have that party weekend that we never got to have back in 1979!" She said it might cheer her up so I rented a room in that very same motel. I wish this story had an exciting ending but it doesn't. We pretty much just sat around in our motel room watching TV.

Minion Application Essay:

I'm not sure what one is supposed to say in these essays so I think I'll just describe a dream I had last night. I was lying naked in a pond, covered with pink roses. You (i.e., The Mooj) appeared and floated to where I lay naked. You (i.e., The Mooj) then waved your hand and the flowers all blew away, exposing my nudity. Rather than be ashamed I felt free and I began melting into the waters. Then the dream got kind of freaky. This clown showed up dressed as a policeman. He blew his whistle and other clown policemen showed up. They even had this clown police dog. They wanted to arrest me and take me to this big jail that was like the tower of London. I fought them off but couldn't get away and the next thing I knew I was in this big wagon cage (Like in Chitty-Chitty-Bang Bang). I was scared and crying. Then you (i.e., The Mooj) appeared and helped me escape by bending the bars with your mind-powers. Together, we ran off naked and returned to the pond to swim and frolic in the sun.

Meet Minion #1530

Contact_FullName: Ben Novella
Contact_Title: ?
Contact_Organization: ?
Contact_StreetAddress: ?
Contact_City: Dover
Contact_State: DE
Contact_ZipCode: 19901
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 1/3/57
Personal_Sex: Male
Personal_Height: 5-7
Personal_Weight: 375
Personal_HairColor: Blond
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Eastham Township, DE
School: I went to Wesley College
Finances: SOL

Something Special About Me:

[Note to Vic: Omit this information because it is offensive.]

Minion Application Essay:

Okay, I'm sorry. The above tale was all made up. I just wanted to see if I could sneak it into the newsletter. Big Ben really is my nickname, though. I got it because I am overweight not because of what I wrote about in the previous section.

Meet Minion #1531

Contact_FullName: Karen J.
Contact_Title: Data Specialist
Contact_Organization: Vera Chip
Contact_StreetAddress: 1145 Chandler Blvd.
Contact_City: Chandler
Contact_State: AZ
Contact_ZipCode: 85226
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 7/2/79
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-5 (Size 44D)
Personal_Weight: 150
Personal_HairColor: Black
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Glendale, AZ
School: I went to community college
Finances: Just getting by

Something Special About Me:

I work in a warehouse as a controller. When stuff comes in I click it into our inventory and when stuff goes out I click it out of our inventory. It's a pretty easy job unless two trucks show up at the same time and one is making a delivery and the other is picking stuff up. I am probably going to get a new job as soon as I can because all they play at work is Mexican radio stations. I don't speak Spanish and all the noises, toots, accordions and echoing voice effects are driving me crazy.

Minion Application Essay:

I hope you remember me. I came up to Sedona to see you last weekend. You were at that art show thing and I was the girl wearing the pink beret, red halter top, black studded leather skirt and knee-high boots. I remember you were very nice and thought I

looked like Betty Page. I wanted to have some alone time with you but you were too busy painting. I made it painfully obvious (I thought) that you might get something special if we went for a walk or something. I also bought one of your blank canvas paintings and it now hangs proudly in my "dungeon." Maybe you can come see it. I promise I won't bite. Meooow.

Meet Minion #1532

Contact_FullName: Jennifer Convertible
Contact_Title: Miss J
Contact_Organization: ?
Contact_StreetAddress: 459 Guild Ave
Contact_City: Haysville
Contact_State: TX
Contact_ZipCode: ?
Contact_Country: USA
Personal_DateOfBirth: 6/17/83
Personal_Sex: Female
Personal_Height: 5-9
Personal_Weight: 135
Personal_HairColor: Brown
Personal_EyeColor: Blue
Born: Forrest County, TX
School: I went to high school
Finances: SOL

Something Special About Me:

My dad got impaled by a 2000 pound bull in the Nolan County Rodeo last year. He lost a testee and both boots.

Minion Application Essay:

Mooj, I love you. I know lots of other girls say they love you but I really do. I want so bad to come and be with you in Arizona. Right now I work at grocery store and only make minimum wage. I'm saving all my money for bus fare. I have a 2-year-old daughter who I will bring. Whenever she sees your picture she makes a smile and says: "Mooooo." It is so cute. You will love her.

MINION POEM!

This is a poem written by some strange person calling himself, "Zig-Zag Zorba, the pot smoking Greek"

Evolution?

My oh my, like a big pizza pie,
This girl I know is the apple of my eye.

But her mother is ugly, like a pig in the sty
If my baby evolves, thus, I shall die

What should I do? Oh me oh me oh my,
Just the thought of it all makes me want to cry.

As cute as she is on this day it is true,
She'll be butt ugly like her mother in a decade or two.

Think I'll smoke some blunts and go for a fly,
'Cause I don't really care when I'm rip-roarin' high.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Before I end this newsletter I'd like to add one item of interest for those enjoying my new artistic lifestyle. A few weeks ago I was commissioned to paint a giant mural on a near-by dam. I had never painted anything so big but the government-funded payment was so much that I went ahead and did it. An engineer friend of mine told me they are featuring this artwork in a hydro-engineering journal this month. Vic Taylor, if you can locate this journal, can you include a copy of the front cover for this newsletter?

Blessings and Such,

मजपती अश्वारवा

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Hydro-Engineer

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Hoover Dam's New Mural by Famous Artist Mooj

This Month:

Glen Canyon Dam Fails Y2K Test

Grand Coulee Turbine O' Rama

Harper Valley, TVA

Three Gorges: "So Vely Vely Big"

Dr. Fuji Moto - Hydrologist to The Stars

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

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First Things First. This issue of *The Enlightenment* contains something that hasn't been seen in a few months: A Travels with Mooj section. Deep in my heart I had hoped that I would never have to write another one of those; but, alas, I must. Where am I now? You will have to read the Travels with Mooj section below to find out. Why did I leave Sedona? The fake Mooj (i.e., that nut J.J. Bigsby) escaped from Chester County Jail and is now headed to Arizona to kill me. Need I say more? I am scared for my life.



I guess leaving Sedona will officially end my career as a new-age artist since it is unlikely that people will take me seriously without the Sedona mailing address.

I guess we should just get on with the newsletter so let's look at the Mooj Mail, shall we?

MOOJ MAIL BAG

Swamiji,

My wife has suddenly started dressing really sexy for work and I fear that she might be having an affair at the office. I'm in my fifties and my wife is 12 years younger—and really quite attractive. We are both Capricorns and have been married for six years. My two previous marriages ended because my ex-wives were unfaithful. Needless-to-say, I'm now very leery when I see my present wife going to work wearing sexy lingerie, hip boots and rubber pantsuits. What do you think, Swamiji? Should I be worried?

Rajahadeem Jandhyala
Glenloch, PA

The Mooj Responds: *Lage raho munna bhai!* I must bear the burden of telling you a painful truth, my friend. But I wish not to embarrass you in this, a public reading forum. I will send you a personal letter explaining all the naughty details.

Great One:

A few days ago I was jabber-jawing with another trucker on my CB radio while hauling a load down Highway 41 between Atascadero and Morro Bay. My good buddy was a few miles ahead and reported seeing a hitchhiker holding a sign that read: "Mooj Head." He had no idea what that meant but I did 'cause I'm a Mooj Head, myself. I kept a sharp lookout for my fellow minion and soon spotted him standing by the side of the road. He was wearing a big yellow hat, an orange summer dress and a matching set of pumps. He looked like a total fruitcake so I figured I'd just keep on going. But then I remembered the Mooj Minion creed—you know, about always helping other minions in need no matter what they look like. So I pulled over to give this curious looking fellow a ride. It turned out that the guy's sign didn't say, "Mooj Head," it said, well, never mind. I was flabbergasted and tried to drive off

as fast as I could but the dude had already climbed up onto my running board and got his dress caught on something. I finally had to stop and let this weirdo climb into my cab through the window. I warned him to just sit quietly and mind his own business or I would hurt him. He did.

We drove along for a while and then finally this queer-looking fellow asked me why I had stopped for him in the first place if I was only going to be mean. I told him that I thought his sign said, "Mooj Head," not, well, you know. He blushed and then we both had a good laugh. Even though he looked like a fruitcake he was actually a very nice fellow. After a few more miles of awkward silence he finally asked me what "Mooj Head" was. He was really interested in what I had to tell him and promised me that as soon as he had the chance he would look you up on the Internet and see if he had what it took to be a Mooj minion, too. Let me know if that fruity little fellow signs on. It would be great to know that I converted yet another wayward soul to a life of Moojism. I've already converted three other guys. Do I get some kind of reward, like a T-shirt, bumper sticker or something for my hard work?

"Big Daddy" Roy Baker
-Trucking for Mooj-
Castro Valley, CA.

The Mooj Responds: Forget never the wisdom etched on the tomb of the great General Nikos Kazantzakis that says since we cannot change reality, let us instead change how we see reality. Thusly, upon you, a realization occurred that makes me happy as you saw that it is better to be loving and helpful rather than estranged. I am proud of you and eagerly await this new minion if or when he/she applies. Vic Taylor, if any still exist, can you send Roy Baker a Mooj official T-Shirt?

To my stupid nephew:

This is your Uncle Chandrachur writing to inform you that I was never executed for possessing an encyclopedia back in Uzbekistan. I was fined 350 Rubles and sent to a re-education camp in Tashkent for 18 years—but never executed. (And it was the H-J volume not the K-M volume.) I am sorry that your Aunt Kripyaa never informed you that my life was spared when the former Soviet empire collapsed in 1991. You were probably already living in America by then and we were probably too busy to bother contacting you. Like most of the other Umbababbarabas fleeing Uzbekistan in the early 1990s we moved to Evanston, IL. Your cousins Shahrukh, Salman and Sunil are all grown up now.

They attend Northwestern University. Shahrukh is studying anesthesiology, Salman is studying obstetrics and gynecology and Sunil is studying neurosurgery. They are on full athletic scholarships because they play on the Northwestern football team. Now that you know that I am still alive I would appreciate a card or letter or something.

Alavidha,
Chandrachur Chacha
Evanston, IL

The Mooj Responds: *Shava! Shava!* You have no idea how happy I am to learn that you are still alive, dear *chacha* uncle! I'm glad to learn that my little cousins Shahrukh, Salman and Sunil are all grown up and doing very well for themselves. I never even knew I had these cousins! Hopefully, next time I am up your way I can stop by and visit you guys. Out of curiosity you mentioned that other members of the Umbababbaraba family are also living in America? I have no knowledge of this and have always believed that everyone in our family remained back in Uzbekistan. I find it odd that members of my family would come to America and not contact me.

Hey Mooj,

You don't know me but I'm a reporter for *The Washington Post*. Like most people in the left-leaning media I read your newsletter religiously (*yuk yuk*).

Since I work the Metro Beat here in D.C. I may know something that may be of interest to you and your trusty minions. Things ain't exactly kosher at the FBI these days, if you get my drift. From what I hear H. H. Monroe (the guy who took Gayson's job when he "mysteriously disappeared") is on his way out because of his mismanagement of several cases, including yours. My sources at the J. Edgar Hoover Building tell me that Monroe is a closet Mooj Head and passed word to his subordinates that he didn't want you captured because he enjoys reading your *Travels with Mooj* adventures. Who knows? Maybe it's true. Anyway, the higher ups have noticed his "lack of effort" on your behalf and have asked him to either "step it up" or "step aside." As of now he is planning to step aside but I think it has more to do with the fact that he got his intern pregnant and her aunt (a senior Senator from California, whose last name rhymes with Toxer) wants him axed. This whole intern scandal is proving to be as sordid as The Monica Lewinsky case, except that this particular intern is 45 years old and already has two fully-grown children. Anyway, it doesn't take a rocket

scientist to figure out that Monroe isn't going to be around too much longer. (*Ker-splatt!*)

I also got some dirt on your pal C. J. Merryweather Jr., the son of C. J. Merryweather Sr. He, too, has "mysteriously disappeared" and was last seen in Switzerland at a disco frequented by the Polish Mafia. Word on the street is that he is now "sleeping with the *poissons*" at the bottom of Lake Geneva (wearing cement *chaussures*, no doubt). His godfather must have been a Godfather! (*Doink!*)

The FBI has also officially acknowledged that J.E. Gayson is alive and well and living in Switzerland somewhere. Since he is currently funding several off-shore money laundering schemes the CIA has put him on their "most favored bust his azz list." I asked one of my sources at the CIA if she could elaborate on this situation and she told me that "Gayson was a clever man—smarter than they ever gave him credit for." She also confided in me that "Gayson (aka Agent Big Wheel) has cost the CIA several million dollars and several good agents." (*Doh!*)

The FBI has also now officially acknowledged that former agent J.J. Bigsby is a menace to society. They have terminated his pension and are considering removing his bust from the FBI Hall of Valor. The FBI now suspects that Bigsby is responsible for many of the wanton acts of destruction that were originally attributed to you, including the murder of Blind Lemon Washington in Mississippi. (*So cheer up! Ha ha ha.*)

Well, that's about it. I'll let you know more if I get any more "scoops."

-Anon-

The Mooj Responds: Thanks, anonymous friend. I'm sure my minions are grateful for the update(s) as was I.

Mooj,

My husband just joined a gym to work off a little around the middle. (My, that rhymes! Maybe I should have submitted that to Poetry Corner. Hee hee hee). Anyway, my sweetum's got it into his head that he needs to work off his tummy and I called him "sweeTUM's, oh I make myself laugh. Do I make you laugh? Anyway, he joined this gym and he has a "Personal Trainer." His name is Ivon. My husband says the guy really makes him sweat. So I think to myself, first off, that is good. Sweat is good,

helps to burn the fat. Then I start thinking, does he mean makes him sweat in the sense that he has a good workout, or makes him sweat because the guy gives him the creeps? So then I start thinking, could it mean workout as in workout at the gym or "WORKOUT" as in... I don't want to think about that! So then my hubby tells me that Ivon spots him. So I mean we all know what "spotting" means ya know, to spot, like as in got your back kinda thing. Anyway, so then I start thinking, spots him, spots him doing what? I don't want to know. So Mooj, tell me, have you ever belonged to a gym? Maybe you could give me some insight as to the goings on there. What type of people go to the gym? Is it safe? Is my marriage safe? Should I be worried about Ivon or maybe a woman coming on to my husband at the gym? All this gym business seems to me should be left to all those Crazy Californians that have nothing better to do than sit on the beach, get tanned, surf, pump iron, become rich in Silicon Valley - HA Silicon Valley - how appropriate that should be in California, what with all those bottle blondes with FAKE breasts. I don't get out much myself so I have no idea about going to the gym and working out and all that type of stuff. I am just hoping you will be able to put my mind at ease.

Myrna Mannheim
Osh Kosh, WI

The Mooj Responds: There is an ancient Chinese proverb that says the birds of worry fly over head. This you cannot change. But that they build nests in your hair, this you can prevent! This is my advice to you as you ponder whatever it is you are asking about.

Hey Mooj,

The Oakland Unified School District has now officially upgraded its *Dictionary of Ebonics*. Because I am a teacher in Oakland, CA I am required by law to familiarize myself with this document and use it in my daily lesson plans. I'm a huge fan of yours and was delighted to see that your name was added to the mix ("Mooj = Crazy F'd Up Uzbek-Punjab Bruva"). Wow, that's pretty impressive!

Kristeen Googan, age 22
Oakland, CA

The Mooj Responds: The great poet David Lloyd George once said that one generation plants trees, and the next enjoys the shade. Yes, I suspect that is true, my sweet *chenna murki*. To be honest I am not

quite sure what an Ebonics Dictionary is but it must be important if it includes famous people like me. Thank you for your thoughtful good deeds, Kristeen.

Mooj,

Like many of my fellow Americans I am expressing outrage over the level of detailed personal questions I am being asked on my 2000 Census form. Like millions of others I shall elect to pay fines rather than submit to the private nature of this government inquisition. The Constitution of the United States grants the government authority to count population—*not ask intimate questions about my sex life!* U.S. Code, Title 13, Section 221 states citizens must fully comply with the census or face a \$100 fine. There is also a \$500 penalty for giving false information. Well excuse me Mr. Clinton but you can kiss my Royal Irish ass! Go ahead and fine me because I have no intention of providing “Big Brother” with such probing and personal information. For example, my form asked me to list the characteristics I find desirable in a woman, including bust and hip size. I was also asked for my astrological sign and to list all my hobbies. Some of the more personal questions included describing my beliefs about religion and children! The most outrageous demand was to send a photograph of myself posing in a bathing suit! *F__k that s__t!*

Semper Fidelity!
G. Rydell
Los Gatos, CA

The Mooj Responds: In all honestly I suspect that you might have inadvertently gotten your census form mixed up with a survey sent to you by an Internet dating service that you subscribe to. This is what my tapered down truth vision tells me, anyway. While I was mediating about this issue another salient pondering illuminated itself. Normally I wouldn't address a topic that wasn't asked about but I should warn you that “Big Brother” *is*, indeed, watching you. It has nothing to do with your dating habits. It mostly concerns your habit of not paying taxes, your stockpiling of weapons, and the fact that you keep sending threatening letters to the estate of former Senator S.I. Hayakowa.

Swami Mooj,

A few months ago I came across your web site and decided to give Moojism a try. Please don't take this

wrong but you totally suck as a guru. Not once have I read anything in your newsletter that even remotely helps me. Your newsletter seems to be just an outlet for you to publish stupid adventure stories. I'm pretty sure that your “mooj mail” is all fake too since you only get about 1,000 web site hits per week and I doubt that such a wide variety of characters could be found in such a small sample size. Some of your stories are pretty funny but if I want humor I can watch TV or read a book. What I want and need is spiritual advice and I'm beginning to think you're not the right person to give it to me.

M. C. Cleary
Rosedale, CA

The Mooj Responds: *Kabhi alvida na kehna?* An inch of time is an inch of gold but you cannot buy an inch of time with that inch of gold. Understanding is a created thing, my friend. To say 'I understand,' is to say, 'I want.' You obviously don't want or understand. Good luck, my friend, as you traverse ignorantly through life.

Well Mr.
Ubababaraumdingidongdangdipptydododay,

You call yourself the Poetic Punjab? I haven't seen much of your poetry lately. The “poems” you have listed under your selected Mooj poems page on your website are sooooo stupid. Why haven't you written anything enlightened lately?

Lisa Lowbe
South San Francisco, CA

The Mooj Responds: Rather than waste time with a thoughtful response I think I shall instead refer you to the above response I gave to that other *gulab janaam* above.

Swamaji Mooj,

I think I'm falling in love with a man I met on the Internet named Halaih Ab Saleem. I am 78 and have been married for forty-eight years. I have six children and eighteen grandchildren, all of whom are fully-grown. For a long time my sex life has been dull since my husband has no imagination in the bedroom. I got to chatting with a man on the Internet and he's everything I always wanted in a lover because he's real adventurous and willing to try things that my husband couldn't even think about doing, mainly because he lost a leg during the war. I

can't bear to go a day without hearing from my new Internet lover, as he is now my only source of erotic stimulation. I really want to meet him but I don't know if I should since he lives so far away (in Egypt). Oh Mooj, what should I do?

Gabbie "The Old Gray Goat" McGillis
Fort Meyers, FLA

The Mooj Responds: *What should you do???*
Does the moth seek darkness once it has seen light? No, it perishes needlessly in a glander of explosive flame! Look away from the glow of temptation! How about adhering to the wedding vows you took nearly 50 years ago! Forget not that you married your husband for better or worse, including a less than thrilling sex life. As a courtesy to you (even though you don't deserve it) I checked into this mysterious Egyptian pen pal of yours using my tapered down psychedelic truth visions and saw that this fellow "Halaih Ab Saleem," as he so calls himself, is actually a 39-year-old plumber from California named Neil Barker. I suggest you end this foolish relationship at once!

Great Mooj,

I am currently studying to be a mortuary attendant in San Francisco and I think I have been struck with a grand idea on how to ease our global food crisis. You know how people elect to become organ donors at the end of their lives? Well, what if people were also given the opportunity to donate their bodies to pet food manufactures? The human flesh thereby would be recycled and that would release thousands of tons of grain, at present used in pet foods, to feed less fortunate children elsewhere in the world. Mooj, we simply must save the children if we can!

Eartha Bucket
Novato, CA

The Mooj Responds: You were struck in the head all right but it wasn't by a good idea; I suspect it was more like the foot of a goat. According to Ignacio Ramonet, a French *Monde Diplomatique*, hunger has now become a political weapon as no famine is gratuitous. Hunger is a strategy pursued with unbelievable cynicism by governments and military regimes, whom the end of the cold war has deprived of a steady income. Rather than starving the enemy they are starving their own populations in order to cash in on media coverage and international compassion, an inexhaustible source of money, food and political platforms. Freeing up more grain would only result in more grain rotting in the warehouses

and ports of the third world. I salute you for your bold thinking and hope that you continue to think of other, more realistic, ideas to make the world a better place to live.

Dear Mooj,

My wife and I are getting divorced and sleep in separate bedrooms. Is it too late to save our marriage? We're both 39 and have never been the type of couple to talk about our feelings much. She is a Pieces and I am a Capricorn. We've been together for 20 years and have three children (ages 15, 13 and 10). Last summer my wife told me that our marriage was over and allowed her boyfriend to move in with us. The guy is a real jerk and treats my children very bad. My wife says she wants to marry him as soon our divorce is final. This boyfriend guy is also married and his wife lives in our basement since her soon-to-be ex husband (who is my wife's boyfriend) refuses to pay child support. How can I persuade my wife to give me another chance?

The Lonely Troubadour
Gilroy, CA

The Mooj Responds: Dear friend, at first I thought your letter was a hoax but after much reflection and meditation I sense that you are serious. I suggest that you have a serious talk with your wife about her new boyfriend. I'm sure once she sees the folly of her actions that she will abandon this foolish behavior and return to her senses. (Or maybe not.)

Dear Mooj,

I work as a live-in nanny for a very nice family in Greenwich, CT and have foolishly kissed my boss' son. Now I'm torn between my feelings for him and my loyalty to his parents. I look after three small children and care for them dearly. Having had a couple of nightmare jobs in the past I am so happy to be here and can't believe that this has happened because I'm such a good girl. I'm 20 and my boss' son is a senior at Yale University (he's 21). At Easter he came home and I was smitten the minute I set eyes on him. During his vacation he had breakfast with the children and me and then we would take long walks in the park. Often times we'd just sit and hold hands while the children played. His parents both work full-time and so we had the whole house to ourselves during the day when the children were napping. I still don't know how it happened but one day we were arguing about something and the

next thing I knew we were kissing. I've only had one boyfriend before and my feelings for that guy were nothing in comparison to my boss' son. Now my boss' son has returned home to stay and says that he is in love with me and I think I love him, too. Whenever we are alone he tries to kiss me but I push him away. I am no good at hiding my feelings and I'm sure his parents will realize something is up, especially now that I am five month's pregnant. I don't want to hurt them or break their trust. Great and loving Mooj, what should I do??????

"Showing in Greenwich"

The Mooj Responds: *Kabuli chana hai?* Pregnant? I sense there is more to this story than you are telling me. I suggest honesty at all cost. His parents cannot throw you to the street, as you bear upon them a grandchild.

Mooj:

Last week I noticed a fellow named Dr. Daniel Heise stated that he was a survivor of the JASCO 1-2-3 disaster. I, too, am a JASCO survivor and would like, if at all possible, the address and phone number of this man. For years I have been trying to locate other survivors of the "JASCO Fiasco" to form a support network of victims and file a class action lawsuit on our behalf against the US Atomic Energy Commission, Redstone Arsenal, The Department of the Army and The Fort Bliss propellant/isotope stability program (who, in my opinion, share the brunt of the responsibility). Because details of the JASCO experiment are still classified I cannot discuss this issue any further with you. Just know that those who died inside JASCO 1-2-3 did not die in vain and should never be forgotten, lest it happen again. Any other Mooj minions out there who were assigned to JASCO 1-2-3 (or its sister neutron

accelerator JASCO 4-5-6) are eligible to join as a co litigant in the lawsuit (even if they weren't present on the day of the actual disaster). All that is required is proof that you are suffering from erectile dysfunction because of Operation JASCO.

Dr. Cynthia Wynona Williamson
Institute of Particle Physics
Oaxaca City, Mexico

The Mooj Responds: I have nothing to add. I will, however, propose that you cut down on your medication and stay away from red meat.

Mooj:

I'm not sure if you remember me. My name is Mustafa. I was your cell mate in Chester County Jail. A few weeks ago they brought in someone who claimed to be "The Mooj" but I knew it wasn't you. At first I thought this guy might be you (because he looked and acted like you) but soon I figured out that this man was an impostor. This guy knew karate, how to play the sitar, and could even dance. He even had his own web site (Mooj.org) and published his own version of *The Enlightenment*. But instead of writing about love, illumination and spirituality (like you do) he only wrote about nasty and unspeakable things that he wanted to do to someone who double crossed him in Oklahoma. Anyway, to make a long story short this fake Mooj escaped from jail last night. He is probably headed to Arizona to kill you.

Your old pal,
Mustafa

The Mooj Responds: This is very bad news indeed! With this information known I must now truncate my letter answering duties and begin my escape at once.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

The moment I learned that J.J. Bigsby was free I knew I was in serious trouble. I didn't even bother to pack. I went as fast I could to The Sedona National Bank and withdrew the small fortune I had amassed during my brief tenure as a world famous artist. After closing my account I ran as fast as humanly possible (as one could carrying two giant bags of money). By the time I hit the outskirts of town the air was thick with bad vibes and the sky turned dark. I knew Bigsby was near.

While I ran down the street I passed many folks who seemed genuinely surprised to see me. As usual they threw dirty looks my way (recall that by then I had worn out my welcome in Sedona) but there was also something else: their anger seemed to be mixed with a sense of bewilderment. I was puzzled by this behavior and finally stopped the famous artist Russ Bastard (whom at one time had been a close friend of mine) and asked him why he looked so surprised to see me. He confided in me that members of the art community (including himself) had just

ambushed and beaten someone that they thought was me. This person had been given a “Yavapai mud bath” (i.e., he was buried up to his neck next to an anthill, covered with molasses, and then abandoned to die in the blistering desert heat). According to Russ this was something artists in Sedona often did to teach humility when someone in the art community became too cocky. Most artists (if they survive this torturous ordeal) return to Sedona humbled. I had no time to explain to Russ that he and his fellow artisans had most-likely ambushed and buried Bigsby. Ironically, their bad feelings towards me had saved my life (for the time being). After saying farewell to my pal Russ and giving him a nice big hug I flagged down a passing tourist and offered him \$100,000 for his car. He accepted my offer and then I was, soon-thereafter, behind the wheel of a large automobile driving as fast as possible toward the mountains of Northern Arizona.

When I arrived in Flagstaff I turned due west on I-40 and headed toward California. I kept driving as fast as I could until I reached Kingman. There I saw a turnoff for Las Vegas. I realized at once that Las Vegas was the perfect place to “hide” until I could figure out what to do next. Even if Bigsby managed to follow me there he would have a very hard time finding me.

As I drove along the road to Las Vegas my car began to overheat. I watched in horror as the temperature gauge began to “red-line” and then smoke began to puff from under the hood. I couldn’t have found a worse place to breakdown so I just kept driving (despite the flames that were by then shooting up out of the engine compartment). Finally the car seized to a stop and began to burn out of control. I climbed out of the window, distanced myself from the wreckage and then stood by the side of the road. I could literally see “dollar signs” puffing up into the sky as the car burned so I risked life and limb to retrieve one of the moneybags from the burning heep. When I was a safe distance from the car it [and the rest of my fortune] exploded! My wealth had been effectively cut in half. To be honest I could care less. I was only concerned that Bigsby was gaining on me. I could feel the air thicken with every passing second.

How ironic it was that what was left of my great smoldering fortune was now a burden to me as I dragged it along the side of the highway. In a short while I arrived in a small hamlet called Chorine, Arizona. I knew I wasn’t safe there. I knew (or sensed I should say) that Bigsby was very near.

I quickly located the town’s Greyhound Bus station and was relieved to learn that a bus was leaving for Las Vegas within the hour. I quickly purchased a ticket and boarded the bus, trying not to draw any attention to myself or the large moneybag I was lugging around. I sat in the very back of the bus and suspiciously eyed each of my fellow passengers. *It was then that I saw J.J. Bigsby get on the bus!* He sat quietly in the front row. His face was covered with ant bites and I could see that he was very, very mad.

To be continued next week.....

CLOSING THOUGHTS

I’m sorry that there will be no further items included in this newsletter. As you read above I don’t have time to properly edit this newsletter and wait for Vic Taylor’s submissions (such as the story, poetry and new minion selections). To be honest I doubt you hear from me in a while.

Blessings and Such,

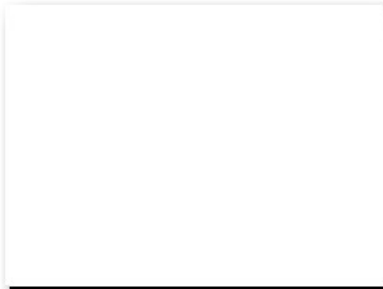
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FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

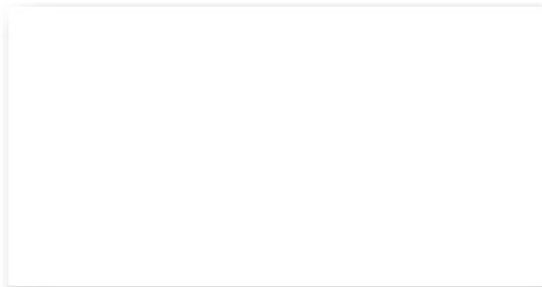
**THE HENRY DAVID
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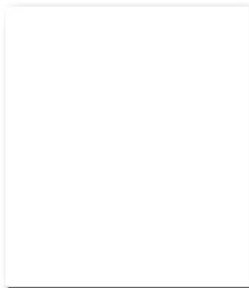
**Available For The First Time Outside Sedona, AZ !
RARE WORKS BY FAMED MINIMALIST
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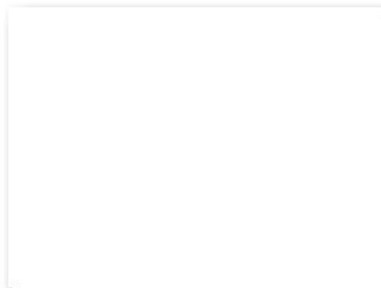
Blank Canvas #233
(281cm x 215cm)



Blank Canvas #442
(400cm x 215cm)



Blank Canvas #28
(183cm x 215cm)



Blank Canvas #728
(281cm x 215cm)



Blank Canvas #439
(114cm x 179cm)

These ONE of A KIND Works of Art will be Sold at Auction on Aug 15

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 14

August 15, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. All-in-all, being a Mooj Head is an important step toward self-realization and a lot of fun as well. I gladly encourage everyone and anyone to partake in this wonderment of joy.

First Things First. Well, here we go again. Things are looking pretty gloomy for me. Rather than beat around the bush and revel in Mooj Mail, poetry, minion stories, and the like, I will just tell you about my horrible week beginning with my less-than-thrilling arrival in Las Vegas. I left off last week by telling you how I was sitting silently in the back of a bus when J.J. Bigsby climbed aboard. He did not see me and sat quietly in the front. On schedule the bus driver took his seat and began driving. Just about every seat on the coach was taken. I kept my eyes glued to the back Bigsby's head so that if he turned around I could duck. You cannot imagine the horror I felt, knowing I was trapped if Bigsby saw me. But he never moved; he just stared straight ahead making hissing and growling noises. Sitting next to Bigsby was an elderly woman. This poor woman tried her hardest not to stare at Bigsby's mangled and distorted ant-eaten face but she couldn't help herself. Finally Bigsby became annoyed and told the woman to knock it off. But she couldn't—his grotesqueness was just too much for her to ignore. Bigsby finally struck the poor woman in the head and this caused the bus driver to brake and pull over. The driver told Bigsby to get off the bus but Bigsby wouldn't. Instead, Bigsby picked the driver up by his collar and rear belt hoop and threw him through the front windshield of the bus. Other passengers tried to help the poor driver but they too were beaten senseless and thrown from the bus. While all this was going on I just laid low—trying not to draw any attention to myself. I was as good as dead if Bigsby saw me. Finally passengers stopped trying to attack Bigsby and he climbed behind the wheel of the bus and began driving. *He was totally insane with rage!*



Bigsby drove like a man possessed. He passed cars and trucks like they were standing still. When traffic thickened near the Hoover Dam Bigsby continued along at the same rate of speed, smashing and destroying everything in his path. Finally we arrived in Las Vegas and Bigsby exited the freeway and began driving along the sidewalk. By then the police had set up barricades but Bigsby just drove straight through them. Finally, after running over a spike strip, the bus tires exploded and we flipped over and tumbled. The bus finally came to rest upside down in a fountain near a hotel that looked like a Roman palace. I quickly grabbed my moneybag and crawled out of an emergency hatch. I took a quick look to see if Bigsby had survived (knowing instinctively that he had) and then quickly blended in with the growing crowd of spectators. I took advantage of the ensuing pandemonium and slipped away unnoticed while law enforcement officers beat and subdued the semi-conscious body of Bigsby. I knew that no matter what they did to that guy he would survive and undoubtedly escape from it.

I knew better than to stay in Las Vegas but I was just too tired to travel anymore that day. I ran down the strip of hotels until I came upon one that looked like a Sphinx. When I entered the hotel I must admit that I wasn't looking my best—after all, I had just survived a major bus wreck (plus I was still “smoky” from my car fire earlier in the day). I didn't even make it inside the second set of sliding glass doors before two burly-looking security guards grabbed me and carried me back to the street. Just as they were about to toss me into the gutter my moneybag fell and a stack of \$100 bills dropped out out. The two security guards quickly picked up my money, returned it to my bag, handed the bag back to me, and then carried me back into the hotel and threw me inside.

At the check-in counter I was told that there were no rooms available because some Saudi prince had reserved an entire section of the hotel. Not sure what to do I lied and told the clerk that I was the Saudi prince. He laughed

and called over the manager, who promptly came over to see what the problem was. The clerk told the manager what I had told him and they both began laughing. I then dumped the contents of my moneybag out on the front desk and told them that if they could not accommodate "Prince Mooj" then I would just have to go someplace else! Their faces grew placid and I was immediately brought upstairs to the most luxurious suite in the hotel (I think it was the head of the sphinx). You wouldn't believe how well I was treated after that. Since I hadn't eaten in a while I ordered room service and was brought up some of the best vegetarian food that could be found. While I ate someone named Wayne Newton came up to sing to me and two guys named Siegfried and Roy did a magic Tiger show. After the meal was over some showgirls gave me a bubble bath and then I had the most expensive clothes that the hotel could find sent up. Since I didn't have an entourage the hotel provided me with one and we were driven by electric cart around the casino to do some gambling.

The bright lights, pretty girls and alcoholic drinks began to get to me and soon I became reckless with my money. My losses began to add up significantly and soon the hotel manager pulled me aside to inform me that I only had a few thousand dollars remaining in my money bag. But I was out of control by then and addicted to the action. I decided to shoot the works playing Baccarat—a game that I didn't even know how to play. I lost. I was then as broke as I was all those other times I was broke. Because I was a prince they didn't throw me out and was, instead, allowed to leave on my own volition.

I'm not sure how drunk I was but I was definitely in a relaxed state of mind because it just didn't seem to bother me that I lost \$3 million in one night. There is really nothing left for me to do except wander the strip now and hope that my luck will change—and it probably will—for the worse.

To be continued next week.....

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well my friends, I know the brevity of this newsletter will sadden many. I asked Vic Taylor not to bother with adding any more material and instead use his time to raise funds to save me.

Blessings and Such,

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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 15

August 21, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. The Mooj is somewhere in Las Vegas.

First Things First. I know that most of you are busy in your everyday lives so I am ever so grateful that you think well enough of me to put aside a few minutes each week to read my newsletter. I cannot put into words how bad things are now. And, yet, in a strange way, things are good. This is because through my current suffering I realize how out of touch I was getting with reality when I was that famous artist. Thus, I must now give thanks to God for allowing me to foolishly squander those millions of dollars I earned pretending to be an artist. Obviously God wanted me to be dispossessed, if but only to open eyes that had become blinded with greed. Living among the other downtrodden derelicts and aimless vagabonds of Las Vegas has once again fine-tuned my truth senses and I feel very happy and enlightened. Yes, besides having an empty stomach, dirty clothes, and open wounds I also have a smile. I now remember what enlightenment really means. It is not money that makes a man happy. It is being embalmed within the collective consciousness of relative thinking. As I sit in this gutter and sip from a half-empty 40-oz bottle of malt liquor I see that material things cannot bring anything but artificial blessings. Oh how happy I am, again, to be unburdened by material things. Perhaps I shall sit here forever. But first I need to find a private place to empty my bowels.



MOOJ MAIL BAG

Only a few items of minion mail were forwarded to me. I'm not sure why. But I won't complain. For, to complain is to appreciate nothing. And I appreciate everything. Especially this morning because someone gave me a \$5 bill as they walked by and saw me squatting here on the curb. Bless them. And bless all of you.

To The Mooj and his minions:

Last month you may recall that I mentioned that I was going to travel to Stockholm and meet with Inge Svensson's grandnephew to purchase an old family Bible. Well I did. As expected the Bible did, in fact, have a map drawn inside the front cover. But, unfortunately, it was very sloppy and extremely high-level in topological details, which shall make pinpointing the exact location of the treasure a bit difficult. I am, however, certain that this is a genuine treasure map since next to the large "X," illustrating where something has been buried, is written the

words: "Here lyes [sic] beried [sic] pirate gold and other [unintelligible] stuff."

I am now back in College Park, MD to start my next semester. As soon as I register for my classes I will travel to the Azores and find the missing treasure. If you or any of your minions would like to accompany me on this adventure contact me through The University of Maryland School of Journalism. I hope to hear from someone soon. I will leave College Park on or about August 25.

Your Pal,
Jeff W.
College Park, MD.

The Mooj Responds: See, my recent humbleness was not in vain! This is obviously a sign from The Devine Being that since I have been reduced to nothingness again I can, thusly, abandon this nothingness and pursue a new path! This actually sounds like a lot of fun. And it will give my many loving minions something interesting to read about in

my Travels with Mooj section, Count me in, Jeff W., whoever you are!



Mr. Mooj,

We have put off writing to you for some time because we totally hate your guts and don't want anything to do with you. But now we're afraid that you're our only hope. We are the parents of Trent Handjoy and are in desperate need of your help. Our son, Trent, has dropped out of college and has enlisted in the Taliban army. Prior to this he attempted to join The French Foreign Legion and USMC, but was rejected by both due to his low body weight and status as a minor. He leaves for Afghanistan tomorrow and has vowed to return home a conquering hero or die with his boots on.

This is all your fault because he thinks this stupid act of gallantry will win you over and get him reinstated in your stupid mentoring program. Please call him and explain to him that what he is about to do is utterly foolish and will get him killed! *For heaven's sake, he's only 13 years old!*

Dick and Doris Handjoy,
Chappaqua, NY

The Mooj Responds: Going off to fight in the Taliban War may be just what Trent needs to build some character and self esteem. However, my tapered down truth vision tells me that our little Trent wouldn't last a day in the jungles of Afghanistan and so I guess I'll ask him (I know I'm going to regret this) to come with Jeff W. and myself to the Azores. Have him meet us in College Park, Maryland on or about August 25. Also, make sure he has enough money to support the entire expedition for at least six months (or maybe a year, depending on how hard it is to find the long lost treasure).



Dr. Mooj,

I saw you in Vegas last week. You smelled really bad and looked like you haven't eaten in a while. Is that anyway to treat Prince Mooj? Ha Ha Ha!

Anonymous

The Mooj Responds: *Shava!* It is true that I am "down on my luck" of late but all that will change once Jeff W., Trent Handjoy and myself find the long lost treasure of Inge Svensson in The Azores. Then who'll be laughing?



Mooj:

I totally got screwed because of you. Last month I bought one of your paintings for \$12,500 (Blank Canvas #201) and then took it promptly to my art dealer here in NY City to have it appraised. He told me that it was only worth \$3,000 because you've become passé. I reluctantly held on to the art piece hoping for a Mooj renaissance but that never happened. Now your lousy piece of crap painting isn't even worth the price of a blank store bought canvas!

Tito M. Jaxon
NY, NY

The Mooj Responds: The great Indian Chief Seneca often said what difference does it make how much we have? What we do not have amounts to much more.



Mooj,

It is said that only a fool can tell the King the truth. How many Kings have you told the truth to?

The Bagley Sisters,
St. Marys, PA.

The Mooj Responds: Yes, so it happens. Whenever only few items of mail are to be had a letter from The Bagley sisters will be among the lot. I'm not even sure what they are saying. And I don't really care.

MY TWO CENT'S WORTH BY LANCE WORTHY, ESQ.

First of all I did not walk all the way back to Pennsylvania from Oklahoma as reported in a previous newsletter. I hate it when The Mooj says something so utterly ridiculous and everyone believes it. True, he saw me "walk" away from where we were standing that morning in Oklahoma but that doesn't mean I "kept walking" all the way back to Pennsylvania! I know many of you were concerned about me because I went missing for so long. But rest assured I wasn't just walking along, whistling out my ass, and twiddling my thumbs like an idiot (as depicted by the editorial staff of this newsletter). As soon as I got to the very next town after leaving the Moojs (the real one and he fake one) I stole a car. If this was my own newsletter—and it's not—and I was given more than the usual allotted 400 words that The Mooj gives me to write my column—which he won't—then I would tell you about my 8-week ordeal in hell. But I can't because I am now at word 186 and it would take me more than 214 words to describe how I foolishly stopped and picked up a hitchhiker and how she had me take her somewhere and then I got abducted. If you want to know more about my terrifying ordeal then read my newsletter, which is published on my web site. (The story is called *My Terrifying 8-Week Ordeal Trapped inside the Secret Love Cave of a Sex-Crazed Cult of Space Freaks, who were waiting for Another Hale-Bopp-Like Comet to Appear.*) I escaped only because my captors were foolish enough to send me out alone on an errand to pick up purple Nike tennis shoes and black shrouds. For the first time in my life I was thinking clearly and had copies of the cult's car and house keys made so that later, when the coast was clear, I could escape. Imagine my sadness when I finally returned home to my loving Amish family after I escaped and they were shunning me for missing the summer harvest again. I tried to explain to them about my captivity and even showed them the scars and burns from where the cult members did electrotherapy experiments on me but they didn't care—because work is work.



Since my Amish grandparents are shunning me I decided to join The Mooj and his pal Jeff W. on their trip to the Azores to hunt for the missing treasure. According to Jeff W. I'm supposed to meet him (and the others) in College Park, MD on or about August 25. Jeff W. thinks he knows a cheap way for us to get to the Azores, but it will require us enlisting in the Portuguese navy. Since I got nothing better to do with my life I figure why not?

CLOSING THOUGHTS

From reading Lance Worthy's so-called "essay" [above] I see that he, too, plans to accompany Jeff W., Trent and myself on our adventure to the Azores. I'm not sure if this is a good thing or not.

I know from reading your feedback reports that the *Travels with Mooj* section is a favorite among many Mooj Heads so I say with a tone of sadness that there won't be one this week. That is because there really wasn't any "traveling with Mooj" to speak of this week since I pretty much confined myself to wandering the streets of Las Vegas (pan handling, washing car windshields and break dancing for pocket change). Sometime this afternoon Trent Handjoy's parents are supposed to wire me \$50,000 because I'm taking their child prodigy son to The Azores with me to keep him from enlisting in the Taliban Army. As soon as I get the money I'll head straight for the airport and get out of here. My plan is to meet up with my new pal Jeff W., Trent (and now I guess Lance) on or about August 25 in College Park, MD.

One last thing: Has anyone heard from Vic Taylor lately? No one seems to be answering The Friends of Mooj Society headquarters phone these days. I need to leave him instructions on how to get Mooj mail and stuff to me when I go to the Azores.

Blessings and Such,

मूजपती उषाबारावा

An Afterward by Vic Taylor: Many new minions are awaiting approval and I will summarize them here. To be honest I really don't care anymore. I used to. The truth is I'm getting sick and tired of working my butt off here at The Friends of Mooj Society headquarters and getting little or no thanks for my efforts. I quit a darn good job in Western Pennsylvania and left a pretty decent wife and children to help save this publication. *Whoopity-friggen-doo!* Now everyone seems to get to go to the Azores—*except me*. I asked and was told point blank, NO. The higher ups in The Friends of Mooj Society thought I wasn't important enough. Well feck them! Vic Taylor, that's me, everyone's dung boy. So you know what? You can *all* kiss my royal Irish papoose goodbye. I'm not good enough to accompany The Mooj on his adventure? Fine. Then I'm not good enough to stay and try to save this farce of a newsletter either. And, hey, all you new minions awaiting minion numbers: Approve your own stupid applications! I'm done. See Yah!

Hooked on **Stretch** **Spelling**

Experts agree that children is more prepaired
for scool if there parents are actively
involved in there education. We can help
your child succede in school

Recently released results from the 1994 California Leaming Assessment System (CLAS) and National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) examinations indicate that not all students are making satisfactory progres towards becomming fluent readers by grade three. Right Wing Extremist Governor Pete Wilson and his top education adviser blamed "whole language" teaching methods that do not explicitly teach children phonics for California's poor showing on the 1994 NAEP reading tests. We disagree and say its because todays kids are not taught how to stretch spell. Every child is a winner no matter how stupid he or she be! Teach children to feel good about themselves not correct them for being stupid. Your child can't read because of Ronald Regun and other like him who force rules based systems on them

For More Info Call 1-976-GET-SMRT Save Our Children!

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 16

September 1, 2000

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First Things First. First of all, let me just say I am very sorry about how Vic Taylor thought he was treated last week. I have no idea why (or by whom) he was told that he could not accompany us to The Azores. As far as I recall, Jeff W. extended his invitation to anyone. Vic Taylor was more than welcome to come. I can only assume that he misunderstood a concern that was probably directed toward him by one of the Friends of Mooj Society directors about how important he was to keep *The Enlightenment* up and running. I have no idea where Vic is now. I can only hope that he went back to Western Pennsylvania to get his job and wife back.



There is promising news concerning J.J. Bigsby! He is still in custody in Las Vegas and they are keeping him in a special escape proof jail. Someone told me they put him in one of those plexi-glass cells, like the one seen in the movie *The Silence of the Lambs*. I was also told that he is chained to a chair and wearing one of those protective face mask things (also seen in the movie *The Silence of the Lambs*). I guess he was biting correctional officers or something. I can only hope that the Las Vegas authorities do a better job of holding Bigsby than the Chester County Jail guards. I'm not going to fool myself and think that Bigsby won't escape eventually. We all know he will. I can only hope that his escape happens long after we find that treasure in the Azores.

I'm not sure what to do at this point concerning this newsletter. Obviously, since Vic Taylor is gone no one forwarded Mooj mail, minion poetry or stories. Thus, there isn't anything to include in the newsletter. I guess I'll just tell you my traveling adventures.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

On or about August 25, Lance, Trent and I arrived in College Park, MD to meet up with our new pal Jeff W. We knew little or nothing about Jeff other than he was a journalism student at The University of Maryland. We found The School of Journalism and then sadly learned from a receptionist that a student by the name of "Jeff" had just been arrested by the campus police for bouncing checks at the campus bookstore. When it was confirmed that this poor fellow's last name began with a "W" we decided to bust our new pal out of the campus police complex. We had no choice: It was either that or go home. Since none of us really had a home we decided to free Jeff W.

Trent looked more like a college student than either Lance or I so he was chosen to distract the front desk officer while Lance and I clandestinely entered the complex to search for Jeff. While Trent was giving an emotional narration to the front desk officer about a peeping tom in the dorms Lance and I crawled into the office and made our way toward the rear of the police station. We searched the complex until we found a harmless looking individual sitting quietly in a small room. We asked this poor fellow if he was Jeff W., the journalism student turned check bouncer, and he affirmed that he was. We introduced ourselves and then busted him out. (It was actually quite easy since the room where Jeff was being held had an unlocked door, which exited to the outside.)

From that moment on we developed a strong rapport with our new pal Jeff W. and he was a welcome addition to our gang, especially since he was the one with the treasure map. This was also my first official meeting with the boy genius Trent Handjoy. I had to admit that he wasn't as annoying as I thought he would be. I guess all his recent setbacks have mellowed him out and made him humble. My first and foremost protégé Lance Worthy was his usual self.

We had a substantial amount of money given to us by the Handjoy family (for taking Trent with us on our adventure) so our first course of action was rent a small motel room near the campus. Trent and Jeff W. promptly set up a *war room* and began studying the map. The first thing they did was write a sophisticated computer code to superimpose the hand-drawn illustration by Inge Svensson onto topological maps of the Azores. Within a short while they were pretty certain which of the Azores' nine islands was represented on Svensson's map. Trent and Jeff then downloaded several reliable sources of data on trade shipping into and out of the Azores between 1886 and 1889 (when they estimate Inge Svensson was a pirate) and pinpointed areas of above average pirate activity. This information was then added to their topological database and used to refine their "best fit" model. Several iterations later they began to focus on a place called Malaga Cove on the island of Sao Miguel. Trent and Jeff then spent the next several days at The Library of Congress examining and translating Portuguese accounts of Swedish personnel, who regularly came and went with the trade ships into Sao Miguel. They found several accounts of someone referred to as *O Swedeo Popaou* (The Pompous Swede) in local literature. Trent and Jeff also cross-referenced several hotel and tavern receipts that were catalogued and filed by Swedish merchants paying taxes in Sao Miguel to develop a histogram to focus on places where Svensson might have spent most of his time on the island. Finally, Trent and Jeff, using soil stratification data, old cemetery records and groundwater salinity reports pinpointed the exact coordinates of the buried treasure. Now all that was left to do was go there and dig it up!

Unfortunately, though, with all the research fees and computer equipment needed to perform the pre trip analysis, all Trent's money is gone. (Actually, only \$5,360.54 was spent on research. Lance and I used the balance to pay for booze and hookers to keep ourselves busy while Trent and Jeff did their research.)

As soon as we get some additional funding from The Handjoys we'll be off to the Azores.

Blessings and Such,

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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 17

September 13, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. *Agar Na Milna Ho To Milne Ka Vaada Hi Kar Do!*

First Things First. I wish I could tell you that Trent Handjoy, Lance Worthy, Jeff W. and I were in the Azores but I can't. Our trip has been delayed due to some unforeseen circumstances. To read more about what these unforeseen circumstances are, please read the Travels with Mooj section below.

Now that I am in Maryland I am less than an hour away from The Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters. It has been quite a while since I last set foot in my former hometown of West Chester, PA so Lance Worthy suggested that we take a trip up there today to pick up the Mooj Mail and other minion-submitted items. Lance also needs to pick up his paycheck. I had no idea that Lance was still on The Friends of Mooj Society payroll. I wish I was.



THE MOOJ MAILBAG

We were in luck! The Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters was open and Lance and I were able to retrieve a generous portion of unanswered Minion letters during our visit. To be honest I had never been inside The Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters. I was surprised to see how expansive and well-staffed the place was. Most of the people working there had no idea who I was, even though my picture was hanging proudly on every wall.

Omni-Impotent Mooj,

Doug Redhand here. Once again I see you have no cash, no mode of transportation, and no woman to keep the home fires warm. You may argue that your \$25 an hour Prince George's County call girl is your woman but now that your money is gone she's probably gone, too. If I could give you some advice it would be to quit your drinking and whoremongering—*hey, aren't you supposed to be some sort of holy man, anyway?* The way I see it, your drinking and carousing has cost you over \$3,041,000 in less than three weeks. Get with the

program, Mooj! Good luck on your great adventure in the Azores.

Doug Redhand
Guano Atoll

The Mooj Responds: I have finally come to my senses and has realized the foolishness of my most recent actions. I must have been suffering from weakness of the mind and spirit. I have no idea why I would engage in such reckless and ultra permissive behavior. Maybe I lost my organic center. Or, perhaps, my sixth chakra became clogged. Maybe I fell off my Merkabah. My Etheric Synchronicity may have become diluted. Or, I just never realized how much fun it was to get totally wasted and party all night long with hookers and crack heads. Whatever the reason I can now safely assure my minions that it will never happen again.

Yo Mooj,

Last week I saw you and your trusty sidekick Lance Worthy on 14th Street in D.C. Aren't you guys supposed to be holy or Amish or something like that? The way you two were drinking and passing out \$100 bills to strippers it's no wonder you're totally broke now. I used to really admire you but now I think you're just a big fat, drunken slob.

Puff McDaddy, The Cheshire Pimp
Suitland, MD

The Mooj Responds: As I mentioned before I am very ashamed of my actions and I assume Lance is, as well. I'd ask him but he is still passed out in the bathroom.

Mooj,

My pal Joey and I are cesspool cleaners and love fulfilling the fantasies of bored housewives. It's not just their septic tanks we make sparkle but their sex lives too. The problem is I'm afraid of what will happen if our wives find out. I'm 46, a Sagittarius and been married for ten years. My wife is a Capricorn, aged 38. My pal Joey is 24 and I don't know what his sign is. My female customers (often young moms and older housewives) have always been very nice. They often come out and talk to us as we pump out their cesspools. Sex was the last thing on my mind but I soon realized that it was all these bored housewives wanted. The first time I was at the sink filling my bucket when the customer came up behind me and put her hand on my waist. When I turned around, she kissed me Cajun style. It seemed quite natural to carry on and we ended up in her bed as soon as I got through pumping out her septic system. Now whenever I clean her cesspool the same thing happens. I don't know what she said to her friends but I have picked up loads of new customers, some of whom don't even have cesspools. My pal Joey also got in on the act and now we both have our own customers who pay over and above the cost of having their cesspools cleaned. I know other cesspool cleaners who do the same thing but now I am worried about the risks. Both Joey and I value our relationships with our wives and don't want to threaten them. I love my wife and I'm beginning to worry that I might run into one of my female customers when we're out together, and that the truth will seep out. On the other hand there are so many women out there who would be bitterly disappointed if we didn't provide our "special service." We have to admit we enjoy it,

too. How can we continue without risking our relationships?

"Skunk" Thomas
Tolna, PA.

The Mooj Responds: Hey "Skunk," do you really expect me to buy this load of crap? (That was a joke, *yar*.) But seriously, what kind of idiot do you think I am? I ran this scenario by The Boy Genius Trent Handjoy and he found dozens of holes in your claim. The most dominant one being that cesspool cleaners don't come and go without causing a big scene. Anyone who has ever lived on a street where people still use cesspools knows that people love to stand around and watch someone's septic tank get pumped out. No one in their right mind would have an affair with the cesspool emptier while dozens of their neighbors were standing around outside watching. Another thing Trent pointed out was that it takes five to ten years for a normal size cesspool to fill up. What husband in his right mind wouldn't notice that his cesspool was being pumped out on a regular basis—especially when it costs \$300 - \$500 a pop to do so? Trent also pointed out that women have olfactory senses that produce both positive and negative pheromones. As a result, when 'bad smells' are present, women tend to have minimal sex drives. Sorry to poke holes in your fantasy there, "Skunk" but If I don't someone who doesn't care about you as much as I do will.

Hey Mooj,

You know what the coolest thing about being a Hare Krishna is? I can always get a ride to the airport whenever I need one!

Taj Rommel (former member of The Mooj
Entourage, Days 6 through 8)
Hare Krishna Temple, Culver City, CA.

The Mooj Responds: I have no idea why you are writing me. I will pass along a blessing, never-the-less.

Dear Sir:

My name is Doug Saunders and I am a graduate student at UCLA. I am currently studying with Professor Gordon Wilson Griffin, who is regarded by many to be the finest abnormal behavior psychologist in the world. Together we are collaborating on a monumental study of Complex

Personality Disorders (CPDs), which I hope to turn into my dissertation. I introduced Professor Griffin to your collected works and he concurred with me that you are very disturbed. In fact, he has never seen anyone with such a complex case of personality disorder in his life. I am offering you a small percentage of my annual stipend to allow me to study you. It is a small sum (probably less than a hundred dollars) but I know that your love of science will probably allow you to overlook the fee anyway. Here's what I propose: 1) several informal meetings (either via teleconference or in person) with my professor, myself, and potentially a few other interested parties; 2) a week long study session, where my professor, myself, and potentially a few other interested parties "tag along with you" on one of your so-called adventures; and 3) at least one or two conditional response testing sessions here at UCLA, where I'll hook you up to a machine professor Griffin invented that helps people like you "tell the truth" by administering non-lethal doses of electricity. Rest assured that we shall never use your real name in our study and only will refer to you with a code name (like, "Insane Uzbekistani-Punjabi Test Subject"). Please notify me in writing that you agree to the demands of our study and I will have the University of California Board of Regents contact you with the necessary paperwork and urinalysis sample kit. Along with your small financial reward I'll also see to it that you get a UCLA coffee mug. I can't wait to get started on this project and hope that you share my excitement. Please contact Dr. Griffin or myself as soon as possible and we'll get you started on your medication.

Sincerely,
Doug Saunders
Department of Abnormal Psychology
University of California, Los Angeles

The Mooj Responds: Pardon me if I sound ungrateful, but *chuup saali!* I am so sick and tired of you frauds from academia undermining traditional American moral values by fostering this pseudo science called psychology. If you would like to collaborate with me on a real science-related matter then let me know. Until then please don't bother me with your pseudo science nonsense.

Swami Mooj,

Whenever I meditate I have a hard time focusing. My mind is cluttered with images of past transgressions toward my fellow man and I cannot escape from those awful memories. What can I do to purify my soul? Will I ever be able to escape this

sense of guilt or is this just the price one has to pay for having been an Amway salesman?

Stevie Ritter,
Casper, WY

The Mooj Responds: You need to send away for my video: *Meditating Your Way around Repressed Memories*. Since Vic Taylor is gone I'm not sure how you can obtain one. I've been told that many of my old videos are available on eBay. Sadly, many of Lance Worthy's old videos are also available on eBay.

Mooj,

To paraphrase the great Mark Twain, let me just say that the rumors of my death are greatly exaggerated. I am alive and well and doing quite fine, thank you. *I have gotten my revenge on J. Edgar Gayson!*

Using the most sensitive surveillance equipment known to mankind I traced Gayson to a small town in the Swiss Alps. There he had established a secret base of operations and was planning his next big swindle. I acquired his unique temperature signature and used global infrared tracking satellites to follow his every move. It was then that I discovered that he rarely left his protective compound. Killing him was going to be extremely difficult if I couldn't lure him to the outside world. Therefore I let myself be captured by his henchmen in Switzerland. I was sure that he would leave his bunker complex to personally oversee my execution. It was a gamble I was willing to take and it paid off!

Prior to allowing myself to be captured, however, I equipped myself with tiny oxygen producing implants and then pre staged numerous pneumatic jackhammers (with compressed air cylinders) along the bottom of Lake Geneva, near the warehouse pier where my father was killed. I also lined that portion of the lakebed with high power magnesium strips. I was willing to bet my life that Gayson, a big-time gangster wannabe, would have me taken to that warehouse, encase my feet in cement and throw me into the lake. He did.

Just as I had planned I floated helplessly to the bottom of the lake and landed on one of the pressure activated time-delayed magnesium strips. The strips were set with slow-speed igniters and so they did not fully emblazon until Gayson and his men had fled the scene. I had also coated my wrists with sodium chloride so that it would react

immediately with the lake water to produce hydrochloric acid and sodium hydroxide. This slowly disintegrated the ropes binding my hands behind my back. By the time the magnesium strips were fully illuminated I had my hands free and was able to spin myself toward one of the pre-staged jackhammers. I then jack slabbed myself free and swam to the surface.

Before Gayson had me tied up and thrown into Lake Geneva I knew he would give me a hug (I was his godson after all). While we were embracing I dropped a micro chip transmitter into his sweater pocket. As soon as I emerged from the lake I used ultra sensitive low frequency tracking equipment hidden in the woods to follow Gayson's signal.

I quickly set up an observation post and watched as he prepared for his return to his base of operations. I carefully logged the coming and going of his lieutenants and memorized their habits and routines. When the time was right I neutralized and took the place of his most junior lieutenant and quickly assimilated myself into his inner circle of thugs. (I used a top-secret skin graphing technique to remove the face of my victim and place it over my own so that I would look exactly like that person.) I then traveled back to the Alps with Gayson (and his men) and entered his secret compound without anyone noticing me. Within hours of my arrival I had the entire complex mapped out and selectively defeated all vital security systems. I then slowly (one by one) neutralized his support staff and inner circle of lieutenants. Finally all were dead inside the compound except Gayson and me. It was payback time.

While he lay sleeping in his bunker I kicked in the door and sprayed the bedchamber with machine gun fire. He bolted upright and rubbed his eyes in disbelief and thought that I was a ghost. He begged me not to hurt him but I laughed and beat him senseless with the butt of my gun. He begged me not to hurt him but I did. Finally, when he was weak and humbled I told him to bring me all the money he had stolen from you. He told me that he had spent it and had nothing left. At first I didn't believe him and so I punished him again—this time more severely. But he wouldn't change his story and so I finally made him open his secret vault and saw with my own eyes that all he had left inside was \$16.35. In keeping with our agreement I retained \$4.91 (30%) and am forwarding the rest to you.

In the end I took pity on Gayson and just gave him a cyanide tablet to chew on. He died peacefully in his sleep. I knew my dad would have wanted it that way.

Your pal,
C.J. Merryweather, Jr.
Columbia, MD

The Mooj Responds: Wow! I am impressed with your skills as a super spy and glad to learn that you are safe and sound. Thanks for returning what was left of my looted fortune. I guess \$11.44 is better than nothing.

Oh, by the way. Did you remember to remove all those magnesium strips and compressed air bottles from the bottom of Lake Geneva? Last night I had a strange psychic dream about a horrendous explosion on or near Lake Geneva. Maybe what I foresaw was all that compressed oxygen and nitrogen reacting with the magnesium and hydrogen.



Hey Mooj,

It's me again, your anonymous buddy from *The Washington Post*. I wrote you a few weeks ago and gave you a few Inside the Beltway scoops. I have some more hot items for you if you're interested. (Let me know now or forever hold your piece—ha ha ha, get it?)

Scoop #1: Your pal H.H. Monroe has finally flown the coop and vacated his comfy corner office in the J. Edgar Hoover Building. He is now working on the Hillary 2004 Campaign Committee and has no intention of returning to public life. (At least that's what he told me last night over a couple of cold brewskis at the Watergate Hotel—slurp...burp.) My sources at the FBI tell me that a fellow named Charles Tree, a flunky from The Commerce Department, has replaced Monroe as Eastern Sector Deputy Chief. He's a pretty shady character, himself (ha ha ha—get it?). Tree's immediate plans are to find his pal Webster Hubbell a job so I doubt your fugitive butt has anything to worry about for a while.

Scoop #2: I need to correct some false information I passed along to you last month. As it turns out C. J. Merryweather Jr.—the super spy son of C. J. Merryweather Sr.—is not sleeping with the fishes at the bottom of Lake Geneva. He is actually alive and kicking and doing quite well for himself. Word on the street has it that he recently came into a bonanza (say it with me.... Bo-nan-zaaaa) pile of money. He is now living "high on the hog" somewhere along The French Riviera. (Yoink!)

hit his parents up for more money but they couldn't be reached since they had gone away on holiday and didn't tell Trent where they were or when they would be back (like they did every year, according to Trent). We had no choice but to wait it out and hope that the motel manager didn't evict us.

Unfortunately, this period of idleness got to our pal Jeff W. and he began to revert back to his habit of investigating things that he shouldn't bother with and so he foolishly began looking into the 1978 General Joe E. Johnson High School Prom Night Massacre. He must have discovered something of great importance because he dropped everything and went down to Pickens County, South Carolina. That is where the massacre took place. (He was able to eke out enough money to buy a one-way bus ticket by returning all the empty beer bottles that were stacked up to the ceiling in our motel room.) He left a note explaining his absence and told us that he would be back in a matter of days. Trent found the note and by the time he got around to telling Lance and me about it, Jeff was long gone. (It wasn't Trent's fault. It took him that long to sober us up.)

We waited in eager anticipation for Jeff to return but he never did. We grew very concerned. Obviously he asked the wrong person the wrong question and was now missing. We were very worried. Then, out of nowhere, that sizable quantity of money from The Great Thinker's Society fell into our laps and we could finally afford to fly to the Azores. But since Jeff was nowhere to be found we had a dilemma on our hands: should we proceed without him or go down to South Carolina and find him? We voted 2-1 in favor of going down to South Carolina and saving Jeff. (I won't tell you which one of us voted to abandon our new pal Jeff but his initials are L.W.)

Using a portion of the money given to us by The Great Thinker's Society we bought a car and proceeded south as fast as we could. We stopped five times for gas, twice to eat, and once to pick up some fireworks at South of the Border. Finally, after 18 long hours of driving, we arrived in Greenville. Trent assumed the role of Recovery Team Leader and ordered Lance and I to be as auspicious as possible, so as not to attract attention to ourselves. *We knew foremost that we would have to completely avoid any mention of Jeff W. or The General Joe E. Johnson High School Prom Night Massacre.*



Our first course of action was to infiltrate the community at large and assume new identities. We rented a small apartment on the outskirts of town and then proceeded to the nearest Wal-Mart to buy clothes, shoes, hats and accessories to fit it to the best of our ability. We also got mullets (you know, those stupid looking haircuts where our hair is short on the top and sides but long in the back). Then Lance and I (posing as Trent's Uncles) enrolled Trent in General Joe E. Johnson High School as a freshman. Since Trent was only 13 years old he fit in perfectly. Following Trent's instructions Lance and I then applied and were subsequently hired as cafeteria workers at the school. Phase 1 of our plan was complete.

Starting tomorrow the new school semester begins and Trent believes that if we keep our eyes and ears open we should learn something about Jeff W. very soon.

Blessings and Such,

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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 18

September 21, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. Give a Hoot Don't Pollute!

First Things First. Welcome to this week's thrilling edition of *The Enlightenment*. What good stuff awaits you? Well, not much. I only had one letter in The Mooj Mailbag and it wasn't that good. It was from some woman who wanted to know what happened to her sweet and innocent Mooj. She claims I used to be so kind and compassionate and now I am just a jerk like my pal Lance Worthy. She says reading my newsletter today is like reading an old newsletter where Lance Worthy was the guest editor. She says each week I get ruder and cruder, if that was even possible. Then she reminded me that I dumped Trent Handjoy from my mentoring program because he was arrogant and belittling toward her brother and sister minions. She wanted to know why in the world I would let some blowhard like Sir Walter Ott of The Great Thinker's Society say such unpleasant things about my minions. She said the old Mooj would have told Sir Walter Ott to stick his "large sum of money" up his butt and that the new greedy rude Mooj took the money and didn't say a word. She pointed out that I never used to drink, either. She blames Lance Worthy for being a bad influence on me. The more we hang around together the worse I seem to get, she said. Then she concluded the letter by saying it was a shame that Jeff W. disappeared because he was the only decent one in the lot. This letter brought a tear to my eye, for it was true. However, I cannot blame Lance Worthy for my recent ride into vice. I was as much to blame for it as anyone. As of today I swear off alcohol, prostitutes, stripers and drugs. I will also send the money back to Sir Walter Ott (what's left of it once we get to the Azores). How dare he insult my minions as he must have! To be honest I have no memory of what he said. Obviously it was the booze listening.



Don't get mad but I think I'll skip The Travels with Mooj section this week because I really didn't do any traveling to speak of. As you know Lance Worthy, Trent Handjoy and I are down in South Carolina trying to find our pal Jeff W. Jeff came down here a few weeks ago to investigate an old unsolved murder. Actually, it was a little more than just a murder. It was a full on massacre. His nosy inquisition must have alarmed someone because he is now missing.

The Boy Genius Trent Handy is posing as a freshman at General Joe E. Johnson High School and Lance and I are working at the cafeteria (of same said school). We are trying to learn anything we can about Jeff W.'s disappearance. We have done our best to blend in and keep our eyes and ears open; but, as of yet, we haven't heard a word about poor Jeff.

General Joe E. Johnson High School is actually located in a small town called Pickensville, just across the Greenville/Pickens county line. There are about 12,000 people living here and everybody is very friendly. When we first arrived in town you would have thought we were riding in on elephants by the way everyone gawked at us. (Not because we are odd looking but because we were strangers). Our little apartment complex is now swarmed with teenage girls checking out the new boy in town (Trent) and our doorbell is constantly ringing with people bringing us pies, cakes and such. If we were trying to be inconspicuous we failed.

When we first arrived in town Trent ordered us not to mention anything about the 1978 General Joe E. Johnson High School Prom Massacre (so as not to arise suspicion). But, believe it or not, that's all the people around here

talk about. Anytime you meet someone for the first time the first thing they ask you is: "Hey, did you ever heard about the General Joe E. Johnson High School Prom Massacre?" I can't tell you how many people have given us their own personal tour of the massacre site or graveyard where all the victims are buried. *And it's no secret to anyone around here that it was Sheriff Deputy Roscoe T. Butcher who done it!*

As far as Trent is concerned he loves being a 13-year-old boy (which is what he is). He has secretly confided in us that this is the happiest he has ever been in his life. He never knew being a teenager was so much fun and wishes that his parents had never sent him off to college when he was only 8 years old. He actually loves pretending to be an idiot so that he can fit in with all the other half-wits down here. Lance and I suspect that a certain blond haired, blue-eyed, freckle faced girl in Trent's auto shop class named Elizabeth Conner Reed has a lot to do with that.

Lance and I totally hate our job at the General Joe E. Johnson High School cafeteria and are doing everything we can to get fired. We'd quit but Trent says that if we do so we'll blow our cover.

Sooner or later one of us has to overhear something about poor Jeff W!

So maybe next week we'll know more about what happened to Jeff W. I keep trying to use my psychedelic truth visions (even though, ethically, I shouldn't) to locate him but I can't sense his presence anywhere near this place! It's like he's out of the country or something.

Blessings and Such,

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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 19

September 29, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. Another short newsletter!

First Things First. What a bizarre week! I guess the best way to describe it would be to just start at the beginning and go from there. As you know the three of us (Trent, Lance and I) came down here to Pickensville, South Carolina to find Jeff W. As soon as we arrived we adopted fake identities, modified our appearances and fully ingrained ourselves into this humble, hospitable, God-fearing community. Our aim was to gain the confidence of the locals so that we could find our missing pal Jeff W. We have now looked everywhere and talked to everyone. *Not one living soul in this town has seen or heard of anyone even closely resembling Jeff W!!!*



Last night Lance and I were sitting around in our apartment drinking beer, watching wrestling and tossing peanut shells on the floor when Lance said to me: "You know, Swami, I'm begging to think that Jeff just fell off the face of the Earth!" I had to agree with him. Normally my psychedelic truth visions help me out in situations like this but this time I was coming up completely empty. As far as I could tell Jeff W. was nowhere near South Carolina.

Lance then continued: "And you know what's really odd about this whole thing? That Jeff was a pretty good looking guy—much better looking than most of the other yokels around here. How in the world could he have arrived in this love-hungry town and not been spotted by at least one of the thousands of teenage girls that constantly patrol this town looking for new boys?"

Lance had a point! Within minutes of our arrival in Pickensville word spread like wildfire that we were here and we haven't had a moment of peace since! Quasimoto, himself, would have had dozens of Pickensville girls fight over him, simply because he was a stranger.

And as far as this whole stupid 1978 massacre thing goes, no one cared! Not one person in this bizarre little town gave a rat's ass about that long-ago massacre. Hell, most of the people seemed to think that the kids involved "got what they deserved"! *So how in the hell did Jeff arrive here in Pickensville (unnoticed by thousands of boy crazy teenage girls) and ask "the wrong person" about The General Joe E. Johnson High School Prom Night Massacre?* It just didn't make any sense!

"Wouldn't it be funny," Lance continued, "if Jeff W. pulled a fast one on us and fooled us into thinking he came down here? What if he is really went to the Azores and dug up the treasure alone?"

We both started laughing and then slowly began to cry. *Holy cow!* That's what it was! That bastard Jeff W. had double crossed us! How could we have been such idiots? Lance and I were sick to our stomachs.

Moments later Trent came home from his first ever high school dance and was in a state of bliss because he had just gotten his first ever kiss from Elizabeth Conner Reed. It broke Lance and my heart to have to spoil his special moment by telling him how we were fooled by Jeff W.

Trent then told us that he knew. He confessed that he knew within a few hours of our arrival in Pickensville that Jeff W. had never set foot near this place.

"What, are you crazy?" asked Lance, "Why didn't you tell us? Why did you make us keep up this ridiculous charade of pretending to be three yahoos from the south? Why are you still going to high school? Why did The Mooj and I have to keep our jobs at the cafeteria? Why on earth did we have to keep doing all these stupid things we've been doing for the last month?"

Trent then confided in us that he just didn't want the good times to end. Never in his life had he been so happy. He was finally a kid—a 13-year-old kid. He was no longer the boy genius that everyone picked on. He finally had real friends. He finally had a girlfriend! For the first time in his life he didn't care about being the best or smartest. All he had to do was worry about stupid things like not getting caught peeking into the girl's locker room or smoking in the boy's room, or drinking Wild Turkey with his friend Bubba Gordon. He didn't have to worry about disappointing his mom or dad or any of the countless others that seem to totally depend upon his superior intelligence. Instead of worrying about solving problems in quantum mechanics he now only had to worry about how fast he needed to run after flushing a cherry bomb down a toilet. He was a boy. And he was happy.

Trent then told us not to worry about the treasure. He knew Jeff W. was a crook the moment we met him. Jeff had a map all right but the treasure Jeff was currently in the Azores trying to dig up was a fake one located deep within the walls of the Sao Miguel Prison. The real treasure was miles away and its location known only to Trent. **The boy genius really was a boy genius!**

It was then decided that Lance and I would go to the Azores and dig up the treasure ourselves while Trent stayed behind in Pickensville. From this point on Trent Handjoy will forever be known as Ezekiel Jeremiah Bogerty (his assumed identity). He wants to finish high school and marry Elizabeth Conner Reed as soon as they both turn 16. We are sure going to miss our little buddy but we are also very happy for him. The next time we all meet up I'm sure we'll have quite a few stories to share.

Now that I have shared all this news with you I think I will end this newsletter. After all, we have to publish once a week. No one ever said how long the weekly newsletters have to be.

Blessings and Such,

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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 20

October 25, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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 Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters, Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. The Mooj, Lance and Trent are safe and sound. For now.

First Things First. How grateful I am to be alive! You cannot imagine the horrors of the last few weeks. Before I begin relating our most recent adventures, let me just say that as of this writing Lance, Trent and I are safely in The Azores. We are in the hospital; but it is a hospital in the Azores so we don't care. We are in no condition to do anything for a few days but that won't stop me from getting this long-overdue edition of *The Enlightenment* out. I promise, once the formalities of introducing this newsletter are finished, I will spare no details as I relate our recent journey and its many pitfalls.



I apologize to all my readers that Minion Mail, poetry and stories cannot be included this week. The Friends of Mooj Society has hired two new interns to replace Vic Taylor and they have promised to get the vitals of this newsletter back on track. Since this newsletter was already three weeks overdue we decided to defer all these editorial improvements until next week.

The nurse just came into our room to take our temperatures. Thus, I need to cut this introduction short. When I am done with my nursing I will begin telling you the story of our horrific journey to The Azores.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

When last we spoke we had just learned that Jeff W. had bamboozled us. Lance and I made immediate plans to vacate the tiny hamlet of Pickensville and get to the Azores as soon as possible, while Trent remained behind to continue being a happy go lucky teenager. If all went according to Trent Handjoy's well-thought out plan, Jeff W. would be too busy trying to figure out a way to get inside the Sao Miguel prison to dig for the treasure he thought was there to notice our arrival. The actual location of the treasure was about 15 km away, on the other side of the island. When Trent gave us the real map I noticed, due to the nature of how Trent calculated the most probable location of the treasure, his plot had considerable uncertainty associated with it. The map was basically an isotropic plot with different rings of confidence, with each concentric ring signifying a confidence interval. Trent recommended beginning our search at the most probable location [the center] and expanding outward until we found the treasure. Unfortunately, the bounding ring (showing the 99-percent confidence interval) was almost 200 yards in diameter! We certainly had our work cut out for us.

Since both Lance and I were fugitives we had to use aliases to obtain fake passports and buy fake visas. It took quite a while and required the bribery of several important diplomats (both American and Portuguese). Once everything was in place to proceed we gave our notice at The General Joe E. Johnson High School cafeteria. We were by then extremely anxious to get out of Pickensville.

But then something dreadful happened: a kid named Bobby Joe Tucker moved to town. Elizabeth Conner Reed dumped Trent faster than a hot potato and Trent was no longer the center of attention in that sleepy little town. Trent was devastated and couldn't believe his horrific slide in popularity. He became insanely jealous and vowed

to win back his rightful place as the new kid in town, no matter what it took. Lance and I soon began to worry because at lunchtime we noticed that Trent was starting to hang around with the Gothic looking outcasts of the school. My truth visions began revealing to me that Trent was planning something horrendous for Bobby Joe Tucker's 14th birthday party at Chuck E. Cheeses. We knew we had to act fast to save poor Bobby Joe and his guests. We had no choice but to kidnap Trent and take him with us to the Azores. (Later we learned that it really wasn't any big deal and that Trent and his pal Bubba Gordon were only going to set off a few stink bombs and then moon the crowd from the parking lot as they exited the building to get fresh air.)

At first Trent was outraged that we would take him away from his boyhood bliss. But slowly he came to the realization that he was growing bored with Pickensville. His boy genius instincts were becoming dull and he needed a new adventure to sharpen his wits. Finding the treasure on the Azores might be just what he needed, he thought. Plus, according to Trent, Lance and I were complete idiots and would never be able to find the treasure without him anyway. I assume he was joking when he said that.

By this time we were significantly low on funds. In fact, we could barely afford to pay our previous month's rent. Trent was able to garner some additional funds from an older brother and we used that money to buy plane tickets to Portugal. Trent figured we'd just have to worry about getting to Sao Miguel once we got to Lisbon.

In Lisbon we checked into a youth hostel posing as American art students. At this hostel we met many wayward international students and had a few adventures that I dare not write about since I am trying to rejuvenate my holistic image. We realized right away that there was no way we could afford to get to Sao Miguel (either by air or sea). Each day that passed saw us deplete more of our limited funds and so Trent finally decided that we should just stow away on a ship. Trent then used his limited knowledge of the Portuguese language to translate the daily maritime reports to find a ship headed for the Azores. He found a cargo ship named the *Amarelo o Navio* that was scheduled to leave Lisbon the very next morning and arrive in Sao Miguel in two days.

That evening we used our remaining funds to buy non-perishable food, bedding material, pillows and warm clothing. We then made our way to the waterfront and lurked in the shadows until dusk. When the coast was clear we stole a small rowboat and paddled to where the *Amarelo o Navio* lay at anchor. In total darkness Trent climbed up a small ladder hanging from the stern of the ship. Once aboard Trent signaled to us that the coast was clear and Lance and I climbed up. Since most of the crew was ashore drinking and carousing we encountered absolutely no one and found our way to the main deck. There we located a small hatch, opened it, and saw that it led down a long vertical tube into the bowels of the ship. We decided to see where it went. At the bottom (probably 10 decks below) we located a long, narrow, dimly lit alleyway that housed the main shaft. We followed the shaft tunnel all the way to the rear of the ship and found a small compartment housing the main steering gears. It was pretty isolated back in there and so we figured that no one would bother us during the two days it took to steam to Sao Miguel. That night we celebrated our new adventure with a nice beef jerky dinner.

Early the next morning the ship got underway and we were roused from our peaceful slumber by the horrendous screeching of the steering gears. Since we had forgotten to bring hearing protection we had to stick candy corn in our ears (which we had brought along to snack on). As soon as the ship was out of the harbor the main engine started to turn at full speed and we were treated to an additional 150 dB of noise. Within an hour our heads were completely numb and we knew that we had to vacate the steering gear compartment or else we would become deaf and insane. We crawled back into the shaft alley, which was a little quieter, but very uncomfortable because we had to lie on our bellies, lest the spinning shaft kill us. The alley soon began to take on bilge water and before we knew it we were lying face down in about three inches of the stuff. By noon we were pretty miserable and decided we couldn't stay down there anymore. We had to risk climbing topside to find another place to hide. Unfortunately, however, someone had placed something very heavy atop of the tunnel hatch and we couldn't get it open. *We were trapped!* For hours we pounded on the thick watertight hatch but nobody came. We were finally forced (due to fatigue) to climb back down into the shaft alley and lay flat on our backs while smelly bilge water splashed atop our faces. Every once in a while one of us would gather the strength to climb back up to the top of the ladder to see if the hatch was still obstructed. The minutes turned into hours and soon the hours turned into days. Then our food supply was exhausted. *If we couldn't get out of that tunnel we were doomed!*

Trent couldn't understand why the ship hadn't pulled into Sao Miguel yet. He mulled over the situation and then sadly came to the conclusion that we were not headed to the Azores at all. We were traveling to somewhere much farther away. Several more days passed. We were by then only traveling at full speed. The steering gears

were now relatively quiet. Trent said that meant that we were on a relatively constant heading, and headed most likely to either South America or Australia. We would die if we didn't escape from that alley.

Another day passed and we were near starvation. Trent decided that we had no choice but to do something drastic. He decided to overheat the shaft bearings so that, hopefully, someone would come down into the alley to investigate. Each shaft bearing had a remote temperature sensor which Trent assumed was hooked up to an alarm panel in the control or engine room. We would undoubtedly be captured but at least we would be fed. We followed his directions and drained lube oil from each of the shaft bearings. Just as Trent had predicted the bearings began to heat up and glow bright red. The screeching noises made by the shaft bearings became so unbearable and we had to crawl back aft toward the steering gear compartment. Then we heard a horrendous "snap" and the ship stopped dead in the water. For the first time in about a week we finally had some peace and quiet.

Just as Trent had predicted the escape hatch was hastily opened and voices began echoing through the long and narrow tunnel. We waited patiently in the steering gear compartment while technicians surveyed the damage. I couldn't speak Portuguese but I knew something was terribly wrong. Trent, who could speak some Portuguese, picked up the fact that the ship was in serious trouble because the shaft had somehow snapped in half and couldn't be repaired. Soon the situation became even more alarming when someone climbing down into the alley reported that there was a big typhoon headed our way. Frantically the technicians labored in vain to repair what they could until the ship began to toss and turn in what by then were very rough seas. Another hour passed and soon the general alarm was sounded and the crew was ordered to abandon ship. *The ship was sinking!*

As soon as the coast was clear Lance, Trent and I climbed out of the steering gear compartment and crawled forward through the shaft alley. Water was now rising rapidly in the compartment and we barely made it to the escape tunnel before the entire alley became flooded. We climbed the escape ladder to the main deck as fast as we could as rising water lapped at our heels. When we arrived topside we found the crew engaged in genuine panic. The ship was by now listing severely to the starboard. Lance, Trent and I decided to join the others by jumping into the raging sea and fighting for the few coveted spots left in the life rafts.

What happened next I do not know. I was knocked unconscious by falling debris and, somehow, someone pulled me safely aboard one of the life rafts. I do not know how long we drifted at sea in the typhoon. I only know that when I became conscious again I was in a stretcher on some rescue ship. As luck would have it Lance Worthy and Trent Handjoy (both also near death) were on the same rescue ship. We were taken with dozens of other crew members to the nearest land hospital, which just so happened to be located on Sao Miguel in the Azores. We couldn't have planned it better if we tried.

Many officials have been to this hospital asking questions. I suspect they are trying to garner a list of survivors from the ship's billet listing. Since we were stowaways we know better than to reveal any information and are just pretending that we have amnesia. Since so many of the ship's crew is still missing we can probably lounge in this hospital for as long as we need to and avoid suspicion.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well, my friends. I know you are relieved that we are safe. By next week we should be digging for that buried treasure!

Blessings and Such,

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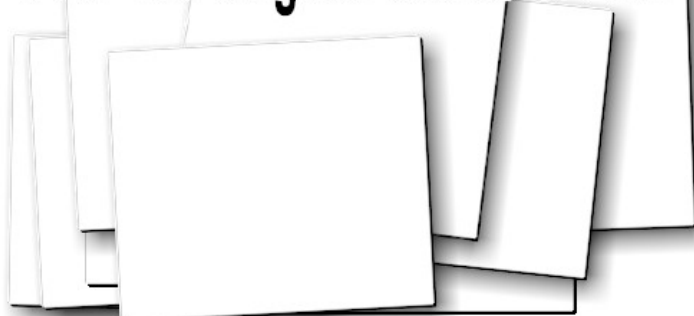
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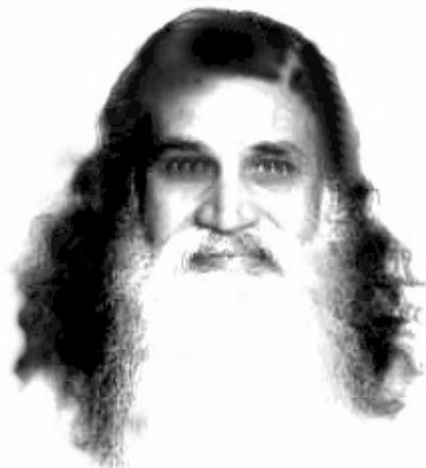
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November 1, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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," Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. Rock on, my brothers and sisters!

First Things First. I must begin this newsletter by thanking everyone for the cards, letters and packages that were sent to me while I lay in near-death convalescence in the Sao Miguel Hospital. Sadly, because I was faking amnesia, I could not raise my hand when my name was called by the guy passing out mail. So, in truth, I never got to see any of those wonderful things. However, just knowing that so many of you cared enough to send these things warms at my humble heart.

The good news is Trent, Lance and I are finally digging for the long-lost treasure. I will share exciting details of this adventure in the **Travels with Mooj** section below. If you have no idea what treasure I'm speaking of then read back through the last few issues of *The Enlightenment*. If you have no idea who I am then you're probably reading the wrong *Enlightenment*.



As far as minion mail, poetry, stories and such ... well, because I was faking amnesia I couldn't collect the package that arrived for me in the hospital containing these items. Thus, they could not be included in this week's newsletter. I apologize and ask those submitting letters, poetry and such last week to do so again; as the hospital post office incinerated this material when it went unclaimed.

Before I end this introduction and begin relating our treasure hunting adventures I want to express a hope that some progressive thinker within The Friends of Mooj Society has hired someone to sort, compile and catalog the hundreds of approved official minion requests that have now been sitting idle and neglected on the Mooj.com computer Internet server for about four months now. Without seeming cross I must admit I am perplexed as to why this hasn't happened as of yet. When I visited The Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters last September I saw dozens of people sitting around doing nothing. In fact, just out of curiosity, I took a look at the payroll records and found that dozens of people were employed by the organization; many of whom were in middle management positions and drawing large salaries and being given generous bonus incentives. If I am not mistaken, and I'm usually not, *the largest source of revenue for The Friends of Mooj Society is this newsletter*. It is collected in the form of advertising profits, love donations and minion application fees. So why the higher-ups insist on using NON-PAID INTERNS and/or volunteers to run this publication is a complete mystery to me! Lance Worthy, who sits on the Board of Directors for The Friends of Mooj Society, shares this concern. (Actually, the fact that Lance Worthy is even on the Board of Directors is another big concern to me.) I don't want to sound alarming but I hope that some one is thinking about the future of this newsletter! I certainly am.

Well, enough about my ranting and raving about how this newsletter is being mismanaged. I can only do so much; especially now that I am so far away in the Azores digging for a long-lost treasure. Let us now begin with a narrative of last week's adventures.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ — THE TREASURE HUNT BEGINS!

I prefer not to waste valuable newsletter space recounting our misadventures on the stormy Atlantic Sea and the subsequent rescue of our sunken shipmates. Lance Worthy has written a narrative about this ordeal and has posted it on his own web site (entitled *Near-Death and Cannibalism on the High Seas*). I suggest you go there if that's where your interests lie. The real adventure began once we arrived in Sao Miguel and so that's where I prefer to begin this week's tale.

When we arrived in Sao Miguel we were taken to a small hospital and placed in a large room with the other survivors of the ill-fated ship. We spent about a week there convalescing and recovering from our sea wounds. Since the hospital was overcrowded they didn't care that we had no idea who we were or know where we were when it was time to be discharged (we were pretending to have amnesia).

Our first course of action once we were out of the hospital was to visit the location of the buried treasure. To avoid suspicion we spent only a few minutes casing the general area and noted that it was within a densely wooded area beyond a small inlet called Malaga Cove. Once our initial assessment was complete we checked into a hotel and ate a nice Portuguese-style dinner. Then later that evening we made several discrete trips to a hardware store to purchase dynamite, blasting caps, shape charges, metal detectors, canvas tarpaulins, lanterns, wood framing, picks, shovels, a wheel barrel and a gasoline powered auger. *Our treasure hunt was about to begin!*

Bright and early the next morning we returned to Malaga Cove. According to Trent the treasure was buried somewhere east of the cove in a patch of dense woods. It was very secluded and, Trent noted, the perfect place to bury a treasure if you had one. We followed Trent into the woods as he began his survey. Approximately two hundred yards into our hike we came upon a clearing and there Trent noticed a large depression in the ground just below an ancient oak tree. A branch from the oak hung above a small ground depression and it was obvious that the branch had been "burned" by a rope long ago. Trent speculated that a pulley had once been suspended from it to lower something very heavy into the ground.

We took a look around to see if the coast was clear and then began digging. When we were about three

feet deep we found a layer of flagstones that Trent said were not native to the island. Our excitement grew and we continued to dig, expecting to find the treasure at any moment.

We dug another five or six feet and struck a platform made of oak logs, which were closely set together and embedded in the walls of the hard clay shaft. Trent was certain that the treasure was under these logs so he instructed us to tear them out. But, alas, below the oak platform was more dirt, which, like that located above the platform, had obviously been dug before, as it was loose compared to the hard clay walls of the pit. "Keep digging!" Trent ordered.

After digging for many hours we encountered another oak platform. It was exactly like the one we found before. The pit was now too deep to remove the logs without engineering a pulley elevator system. Since it was near twilight Trent decided to abandon the project until the next morning. To disguise our efforts and prevent others from stumbling into our fortune Trent, Lance and I carried away the excavated dirt and dumped it into a nearby swamp. We then covered our big hole with boards and shrubbery. The treasure would have to wait for the morrow.

Early the next morning we returned to the spot, built a pulley system, excavated the logs and then dug another ten or twelve feet. There we found another oak platform. This time the oak logs were sealed with putty and coconut fiber. Traces of charcoal were also present. Trent was totally baffled.

We had no choice but to once again remove the logs and keep digging. Like the previous day, dusk came swiftly upon us and we had to cover our hole and relocate the excavated dirt to a nearby swamp.

By the third morning we were exhausted. However, we were in high spirits, as we knew the treasure was nearer at hand. We began our morning's work full of energy and within an hour uncovered a large flat stone with a mysterious message engraved upon it. With great effort we lifted the large and heavy stone to the surface and left it for Trent to decipher while Lance and I resumed the digging. In a few hours Trent called down the shaft and said that he deciphered the code. It said: *"Forty feet below two million pounds are buried."*

"That's preposterous!" said Lance. He wanted to give up on the whole project then and there. Trent was excited and affirmed that our labors would be

greatly rewarded. I was too tired to care one way or the other.

The next day we dug deeper and, as usual, we struck a wooden platform. When we removed these particular oaken logs we noticed that the soil in the pit, which had been dry until then, was now slowly becoming waterlogged. Our progress was then severely hampered because we had to raise one bucket of water for every two buckets of earth.

When we resumed the hunt on the fifth morning we were stunned. *The pit was completely filled with water!* We tried to bail out the water but it had no effect. The water stayed at the same level no matter what we did. We were totally screwed!

It was then that Trent told us that he needed to see the original map again. That meant we would have to find Jeff W. (Jeff W., you may recall, was the guy who owned the map and tried to screw us out of the treasure—only he didn't know Trent was onto his deceit and so he was fooled by Trent into believing the treasure was buried inside Sao Miguel Prison.) Trent assumed that Jeff was still on the island somewhere; most likely trying to gain employment in some capacity at Sao Miguel Prison.

Trent had a plan. We disguised ourselves as natives and went to a bar located near the prison. As Trent suspected the place was filled with off duty prison guards. We found the drunkest of the off-duty guards, treated him to a few specialty drinks and then asked him whether he had seen any suspicious non-native people trying to get a job at the prison lately. The guard told us that the only suspicious person he remembered seeing was an American, who got caught trying to break into the prison. That person was arrested and, ironically, now a resident of the prison. We asked the guard to find out if this American was named Jeff. The next day we met the guard after his shift and he gave us a note that the American had given him to smuggle out. It read:

"Okay, I admit it. I screwed you but I had every right to do so since you greedy bastards were under the false impression that my "thing" was your "thing." I never said anything to you about sharing it; all I did was offer to you the chance to come along with me while I got it. You greedy pigs somehow interpreted traveling with me to the Azores to mean that you also got a share of my "thing." Since you guys were so selfish I

had no choice but to ditch you and travel to the Azores alone. I admit it was pretty uncool of me to make you think I got kidnapped down in South Carolina but it was all I could think of at the time. Tell your little snot-nosed buddy Trent Handjoy that he's a total A-hole for giving me a map that showed the "thing" buried inside this prison. Ha Ha! I got busted sneaking in here and am now serving a ten year sentence for conspiracy to trespass. I also got caned. This place totally sucks and I'll do anything to get out! I'll make a deal with you: get me out of here and I'll split the "thing" with you 50-50. I've learned a lot about Sao Miguel since arriving here and it will make it much easier to locate the "thing." (I recall Trent and I having discussions about certain topographical parameters that we had to make assumptions about. Some of those assumptions turned out to be incorrect.) Let bygones be bygones and let's be friends again. *For God's sake, you guys have to help me get out of this rat-infested hellhole!* I had to bribe this guard with a sexual favor to get this letter smuggled out to you. I can only hope that you receive it. I swear to God that I will never double cross you guys again. Please help me!

Your pal, Jeff W."

We felt bad for Jeff W. and decided to visit him in prison. He was very happy to see us and begged us to get him out of there. He showed us that he still had the original map; however, he was unwilling to give it to us unless we busted him out of jail first. We had no choice but to put aside our ill feelings toward Jeff and agree to help him. Sao Miguel Prison was a small jail but it was heavily fortified and guarded 24 hours a day. Getting Jeff out is not going to be easy. But what else can we do?

So that is how it stands today. Our hole is full of water and we now have to bust Jeff W. out of jail. I have no idea what we will do next but you can read about it in the next issue of *The Enlightenment*.

Blessings and Such,

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NEW MINIONS!!

Greetings Minions of The Mooj! My name is Steve. I'm a student at Chester County Community College. I am a Scorpio with Gemini rising signs. I have blond hair and blue eyes and weigh 150 pounds. People tell me I look just like Brad Pitt. I'm the new guy here. My job (as I understand it) is to get all the new minion applications entered into the system. I'm going to assume that the applications marked, "Ok" are approved and the ones marked "NFW" are disapproved. To save space I was told to summarize these minion summaries because there are so many.

Minion #1533 is some guy named Royce Clinton. He's a 34-year-old Sagittarius from Millville, Texas and works at a food processing plant. His essay was about how he likes to sing and dance and help others. He sounds like a real nice guy. He sent in a picture. He looks like Pat Sajak with an afro. It also appears that he likes to dress like Peter Pan.

Minion #1534 is a guy named Jimmy "Red" Thurmont. He's a welder from Tiburon, California. He says he likes to collect Farrah Fawcett memorabilia. Farrah Fawcett? Isn't she that old lady that was on the David Letterman Show? Hey, whatever, dude. His essay was about how he wants to free the world of ignorance by becoming Mooj enlightened and then go door-to-door spreading a message of hope, tolerance and love. He's a 42-year-old Virgo. Good luck, bro.

Minion #1535 is a 27-year-old female from Guadalupe, Arizona. She is an Aries named Juanita Gomez. She claims her husband is a positive person with a big burrito to match his big heart. Her essay was about how she hopes becoming a Mooj Minion will help her get a Green Card. I doubt it.

Minion #1536 is kind of weird. I'm not sure how this guy got approved. It must be a mistake but I'm not paid to think. Actually, I'm not paid to do anything. I'm just an intern. Anyway, let's get back to Minion #1536. He says he's a proctologist named Dr. Seymour Butts. (I know this is a joke.) His essay was an extremely graphic remembrance of some of his most memorable patients. Yes, he's a Leo.

Minion #1537 is a Virgo, aged 49. He wished to remain anonymous and lives in Belvedere, NY. He claims to have been an original member of The Village People. Weren't they all gay or something? He says that if you watch footage of their appearance on The Merv Griffin Show you'll see a

guy dressed like a Fireman. That was him. He was replaced by the guy dressed like a Policeman. His essay was really lame. It was about how he loves to lather himself up in corn oil and then run naked through crowded subway stations yelling: "Pork chops and Applesauce (with an Edward G. Robinson accent)." Whatever, dude.

Minion #1538 is a 52-year-old Capricorn named Joey Ruby. This guy claims to be a former NASCAR driver. He is 5'6" and weighs 250 lbs. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was (and I'm quoting): "I ain't exactly the brightest guy in the world but, hey, I got good looks."

Minion #1539 is a 19-year-old female Aquarius from Fresno, California. Her name is Janet Sullivan. She sounds really nice. Her email address is on this application so maybe I'll email her and ask for a picture. She wrote a really nice essay about compassion for others. If I wasn't told to conserve space I would show all six pages of it.

Minion #1540 is a 22-year-old female Virgo from Cape May, New Jersey. Her name is Karen Rosario. She sent a photo of herself riding a horse. She is wearing a bright yellow sun dress and a big floppy hat. She is totally cute. I think I'll email her. Her essay was about how she loves animals and hopes to one day open a puppy and kitten orphanage.

Minion #1541 is another hot babe! Her name is Tammy Kline and she's a 24-year-old Pieces. She lives in Fallston, Maryland and says she loves to water ski and sunbathe in the nude. She also sent in a picture. Dudes, she's hot! This chick looks just like Jennifer Lopez! I'm totally emailing her!

Minion #1542 is just some dude. Who cares.

Minion #1543 is another guy. Who cares.

Minion #1544 is a woman. She's old. Who cares.

Now we're talking! **Minion #1545** sent in a picture and she's totally hot!!! She's got this totally smokin' body. She looks like Jennifer Aniston. These women that join the Mooj minion program are totally awesome! I wish I knew about Moojism before. To be honest I never heard of The Mooj until I started working here this morning. I saw this job posted on the bulletin board at school. I needed an internship for co-op credits.

I just emailed this girl and told her that I look like Brad Pitt so we should hook up.

Hey, I just got an email back from that girl in Fresno. She sent a picture. Man, she's hot! She says she just broke up with her boyfriend. I'm going to email her back and tell her that I just broke up with my girlfriend. That's a lie but chicks dig guys with broken hearts.

Minion #1546 sounds like a total dog. She describes herself as an ultra progressive anti-disestablishmentarian. Her essay was about how she wants to go to Africa to help raise awareness about women's reproductive rights. These feminist chicks are usually nasty looking but I'll email her anyway. Just in case she is cute.

Minion #1547 is a dude.

Minion #1548 is a dude.

Minion #1549 is another dude.

Oh Yeah! **Minion #1550**—another potential babe! She's a 29-year-old Capricorn, who likes to sing in karaoke bars. Her essay was about how she wants the whole world to become enlightened and follow The Mooj on his crusade of rid the world of unkindness. I'm emailing her to see if she will send me a picture.

Hey, I just got an email from that girl in Maryland, the one that looks like Jennifer Lopez. She says she wants to come and see me. Cool.

Minion #1551 is a dude.

Minion #1552 is a woman named Helen Laverne Alvarez. She is a 48-year-old Libra from San Simeon, California. I'm not sure what she looks like because she didn't send a photo. In her essay she said she likes young men who aren't afraid of wealthy big busted women. Her favorite hobby is sex. Man, I bet she's hot. I'm going to email her.

Minion #1553 is another dude.

Oh Yeah! Another total babe! **Minion #1554** is a 27-year-old exotic dancer from Philadelphia. She says she dances at The Blue Lagoon Gentleman's Club on South Street. Her essay was really stupid but who cares because she's a stripper! She says she's got "back and rack" that would make P. Diddy cry. That's all I gotta know. I just emailed her.

Minion #1555 is a dude. Actually it's the same idiot that wrote in before pretending to be a proctologist. This time he says he's a gynecologist named Seymour Bush. The essay was a remembrance of

his most memorable patients. It was actually pretty interesting. I liked it.

Minion #1556 is female but she didn't send a photo. She is a 38-year-old Leo. I emailed her and asked her to send a photo. Leo's are always hot.

Hey, I just got an email from that girl in New Jersey. She says that she was glad that I liked her picture and she'll send more. She says Cape May is only an hour south of Chester County so she wants to come up and see me. Cool.

Minion #1557 is female, 36 and lives in Irving, Texas. Texas women are hot. Too bad she didn't send a photo. I just emailed her and asked for one.

I just got another email from that girl in Fresno. She was mad because I hadn't emailed her in a while so I'm going to do that now. She sent another photo. I'm not sure what she is doing in the picture. It looks like she's reading a book while taking a bubble bath.

Man, I send one email and get two more. One is from that 48-year-old lady in California. She sent me some photos. This woman is old, dudes! I'm talking granny glasses, gray hair, frumpy housecoat and everything. The other email was from some girl in Nebraska. She said I emailed her and asked for a photo. She said she doesn't send photos of herself to strangers. Then she asked me if I was cute and wanted to know if I had a girlfriend. I emailed her back and told her that I look like Brad Pitt and said no.

Hey, I just got two more emails. That exotic dancer in Philly wants me to come see her tonight. Maybe I will. The other email was from that girl in New Jersey. She sent a picture of herself in a bikini holding a bunch of puppies and kittens.

That girl in Fresno just emailed me again. She's mad that I haven't replied back to her for a while. She wants to see me. She says she has enough money to buy a one-way bus ticket to Pennsylvania.

I got another email from that girl in Nebraska. She wants to come to see me too. Now some girl in New York is emailing me. I don't even remember emailing her. She sent a picture. Not bad. Now some girl in Eastern Pennsylvania also says she is going to come and see me. I don't even remember who she is. Did I email some girl in Erie?

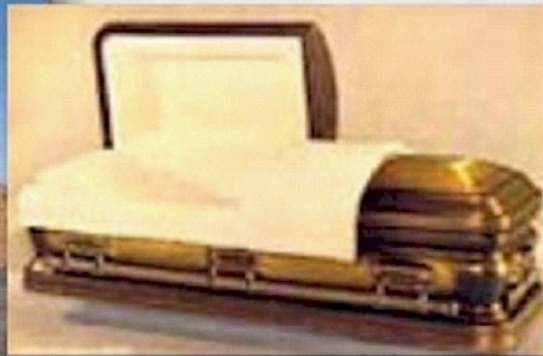
I can't finish this minion report right now. I've got too many girls emailing me now. It's non-stop. I'll have to finish this thing later.

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The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 22

November 15, 2000

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First Things First. *What a mess!* No, I don't mean the treasure hunt; although that is quite a mess too. What I am referring to is what happened last week at The Friends of Mooj Society Headquarters in West Chester. It serves them right as far as I'm concerned.

Here's what happened as far as I can tell: some unpaid intern named Steve got into the Mooj minion database and began emailing the better-looking of your sister minions. I'm not sure how, or why, but several of these contacted women took a liking to him and began having email love affairs. A trusted source within The Friends of Mooj Society told me that within a day or two several of these lovelorn and lustful women began showing up at the office. Some of these women's husbands and boyfriends also showed up. Needless-to-say quite a rumpus gave forth. Significant damage was caused to the office and its rented furniture inventory. Two of these poor love hungry women even required hospitalization; and from what I hear, the intern did too. **This should be a lesson to those running The Friends of Mooj Society!** It is now time to take this publication seriously and hire someone to do the important jobs needed to run it while I am away.



Needless to say, things were in disarray at The Friends of Mooj Society last week so no one forwarded Mooj Mail, poetry or stories for me to reflect upon so they are not included in this issue. How typical! I doubt any minion applications were processed either. Thusly, I shall do what I usually do under these circumstances and fill the remainder of this newsletter with my traveling adventures.

TRAVELS WITH MOOJ

If you read last week's narrative then you know that we found something very exciting on the island of Sao Miguel—an obvious treasure pit of some sort. We dug for about a week and got pretty far down. Then, regrettably, the pit began to fill up with water. We tried to pump it down but the level remained constant no matter what we did. **Trent then came to the realization that what we found was not the treasure of Inge Svensson but something better — something of immense historical and pecuniary value!**

We immediately abandoned any thought of freeing Jeff W. from jail and began concentrating on who or what might have buried something of such importance in the Azores. Whoever it was went to great lengths to make sure the "treasure," whatever it was, was not easily recovered. Trent, using his boy genius skills, concluded that the oak timbers found in the pit were ancient—*perhaps even 300 to 500 years old*. My psychedelic truth vision told me only that whatever it was, was very deep and very ancient.

In order to secure more capitol for what was undoubtedly going to be an expensive venture Trent called his father and explained to him what we had found. Mr. Handjoy—an extremely wealthy financier—was so excited about the find that he canceled his winter ski vacation and made plans to travel to the Azores to join us. Mr. Handjoy, through an agent, then bought the land where our pit was and secured the mineral rights.

Mr. Handjoy arrived on the island a day later and brought with him several close friends and relatives. They had formed a syndicate. Heavy machinery was leased and quickly brought to the island and a construction crew began erecting a “barn-like” structure over the pit to mask all digging activities.

The Handjoy Syndicate’s first course of action was to sink another shaft near the first one and try to tunnel across under the bottom of the old shaft to the treasure. This may have seemed like a good idea at first, but it wasn’t. Barely had the new tunnel reached the bottom of the old shaft when water broke through and flooded the new pit to the same level. The following day The Handjoy Syndicate sank a third pit twenty feet away from the original hole. From the bottom of this hole they started a horizontal tunnel in the direction of the treasure. Again water burst through and flooded the new shaft as deep as the first two.

The Syndicate then sent away for a super high-tech pumping machine. This space age gizmo arrived in a few days and was rigged to pump down the original pit. Sadly, even this extremely large capacity pump failed to lower the water level to any extent.

Mr. Handjoy then brought in a team of geologists and land surveyors. They found that the beach on

Malaga Cove had been unnaturally leveled off. The geologists stripped the sand and gravel from the beach and discovered a cross-grid of large rounded boulders. Beneath these rocks was a two-foot layer of eelgrass extending from the high to low tide marks. Under the eelgrass was more of that coconut fiber. Further excavation located the entrances to several channels descending and converging to a point that was about a hundred yards away from the beach. These tunnels were filled with loose stones and sea shells.

Trent concluded that this ancient plumbing system was designed to carry seawater into one main tunnel, which then led to the treasure pit. According to Trent the builder of this system was a genius like himself, since he had not been foolish enough to dig a straight hole from the ocean to the pit since the rush of water through it at high tide would cause it to be choked with sand or collapse. The pit designer wanted a steady, even flow of filtered water from the sea, which would slowly fill the hole. At high tide the water was absorbed by the coconut fiber like a huge blotter. When the bottom of the drain inside the pit was uncovered the coconut fiber discharged its accumulation of seawater into the hole until the pressure was equalized. Twice a day this “blotter” was replenished by the incoming tide.

The Handjoy Syndicate made several futile attempts to locate and block off these flooding tunnels but couldn’t. Tomorrow they are going to build a cofferdam around the whole cove in an effort to stop the water. I have no idea if this will work but I guess it’s better than doing nothing. As of now The Handjoy Syndicate has spent over \$2 million and are no closer to the treasure than Trent, Lance and I were three weeks ago.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Well my friends, I know the brevity of this newsletter will sadden many. However, I can assure you that improvements will be made soon and this newsletter will return to its former greatness. One can hope, anyway.

Blessings and Such,

मृज,प,ती उषाबारावा

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

Vol. IV No. 23

November 20, 2000

The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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," Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. Lift your heart and your wallets to The Mooj!

Shava! Improvements were promised and improvements are what you are going to see! A new assistant editor has been hired for this newsletter and this person will begin work immediately. This new assistant editor was (I am told) employed by a major Madison Avenue publication and has brought with him two of his associate editors, both of whom have extensive experience publishing things. I do not know the particulars of how they will be paid but this is very welcomed news, indeed. I am looking forward to whatever happens.

With a new assistant editor at the helm things have already begun to show improvement. Yesterday, for example, a package arrived from the newly-refurnished Friends of Mooj Society office containing the latest Mooj Mail. These letters were pre-screened and sorted, allowing me to focus my attention and blessings on legitimate correspondence. Letters deemed inappropriate, lewd, or originating from suspect personnel were included but identified as such; and thus, I could skip over them if need be and I did.

I was also elated to see minion poetry and stories being returned to this newsletter. My new assistant editor hand selected this week's minion poem and minion story because I was unable to do so. Poetry and stories that were not selected were then forwarded to me for my own personal reading pleasure. How delightful!

As far as my newest minions are concerned, all newly approved minions (and copies of their essays and personal data) were also sent to me. I have now personally bonded with each of my new minions and they are more than just numbers to me. [While this thought is fresh in my head I would like to point out to the minion selection committee that I was somewhat troubled that some of the minion essays contained needless sexual innuendo and nonsense. I hope this does not become a trend or I will be forced to have another minion stand down.]

So that is why I am somewhat happy today. Finally, someone back in West Chester understood what *The Enlightenment* is really all about. Finally, you, my beloved Minions are going to start getting a publication that is worthy of your love and devotion. I cannot put into words how important this is to me. Together, we shall rise from the ruins of what turned into *The Half-Assed Enlightenment* and move progressively forward with smiles and happy hearts to the world of new-found utter self-realized illumination! I cannot wait.

In closing, the new assistant editor asked if I would submit an *Enlightened Thinking* essay along with my traveling adventures, mail responses, and introductory and conclusory remarks. I regret that I could not do that this week, as I was too busy digging. But I will certainly do so next week.



A MESSAGE FROM YOUR NEW ASSISTANT EDITOR:

Thank you, fellow minions! Thank you for the chance to prove what being a Mooj Minion is about. Yes, I am a Mooj minion just like you. Up until a few days ago I was the editor of a large circulation magazine in New York City. The terms of my separation agreement from this publication forbid that I mention it by name here but I will say that it is a periodical that many of you are familiar with if you are an openly enlightened progressive person within the art and advertising industry.

So why did I decide to leave my former job? I watched as many of you did while *The Enlightenment* slid downhill into the laughingstock of the new age and enlightenment-seeking activist community. This was nobody's fault in general. The editor, our beloved Guru, was involved in a life and death struggle of adventure. He was unable to personally oversee the running of his newsletter anymore and no one seemed to care. I knew that someone had to do something. So I did.

Recall that one of the pillars of Moojism is helping the poor. Poverty isn't just measured in wealth. It can also be measured in quality reading material. We must all do our part. I shall do mine by helping

steer this newsletter back into the enlightened righteousness of its former being and you will do yours by reading it and increasing your love donations to keep things running.

Yes, losing my six-figure income will be a hardship. The Friends of Mooj Society cannot pay me anything near what I am worth. But really, what am I *worth*? What are any of us *worth*? Worth is a tangible thing. But worthiness is not. As of now I want to live a life of worthiness not worth.

I have many new ideas about this newsletter. However, since we are nearing the end of this series of Volume IV I will implement my new visions when the next volume begins. That will give me the time I need to assemble the art department and technical writing staff I need to bring my editorial visions to fruition. I have already brought in two junior associate editors. Since The Friends of Mooj Society cannot budget for them yet I will use my own limited savings to pay their salary for now.

Your new best friend forever,

Minion #1150

MOOJ MAIL BAG

Mooj,

Twelve years ago my fiancé promised me that we would get married as soon as he worked out some personal problems. Last week I got tired of waiting and demanded that he set the date or else. I got no response at all. He just sat there on the couch popping zits on his forearms while watching TV. I am now 39 and tired of waiting. Mooj, should I just dump this guy and get on with my life?

"Frustrated in Delmarva"

The Mooj Responds: There is an ancient Urdu saying that goes like such: *Absence sharpens love, presence strengthens it, and an absolute jackass will never know the difference.* As I sit here meditating on your specific question I am reminded of a not-so-funny story. It was about a friend of mine who met a girl at a disco bar in *Dacca*. He fell in love with this

girl and wanted to marry her but she always put him off and never let him be tender with her or see her in an intimate manner Actually, I probably should end this story right here since it isn't appropriate for some of my reading audience. (I'll give you a hint: it involves a big wedding night surprise.) The bottom line is one should always look under the hood before one buys a car. In my friend's case he should have also checked the trunk, looked under the hubcaps and inside the tail pipe. Your fiancé is obviously hiding something that is really bad. My psychedelic truth vision shows me that he is not to be counted on. I say end this unfruitful relationship and move on with your life because another more worthy man awaits.

Dear Swami Mooj,

For years I have been sitting by and watching silently as you ridicule everyone and everything that's important to me. But that's not why I'm writing to you. This letter serves only to tell you that I am

very intrigued by what you and your cohorts have found on the island of Sao Miguel. I suspect that you may have unwittingly stumbled upon something that is of great importance to me. Before I personally arrive in Sao Miguel to take command of the treasure hunt I would like to give you some background information on who I am and why I am entitled to the treasure you have found. What I am about to tell you is of the utmost secrecy and must never be told to another person—*living or dead*, so help you God.

The treasure you have found on Sao Miguel is the long lost treasure of the Knights Templar. The Knights Templar were formed in 1118 A.D. under the guise of escorting and protecting pilgrims traveling to and from the Holy Land in the early days of the Crusades. But the Knights Templar had a much more secret mission: to excavate the ruins under the ancient Temple of Solomon. In 1133 they found what they were looking for (The Arc of the Covenant and The Holy Grail) and something else that was far more important—something so controversial that it could never be shared with the world and was, thus, hidden away in France somewhere.

During the Crusades the Templars were extremely important and soon became the wealthiest men in all of Europe. Hundreds pledged their fortunes and their lands for the privilege of joining their order and they grew in numbers and wealth each year. The Templars started the world's first bank and by the late 1200s they were by far the richest and most powerful knights in all of Europe. When Jerusalem and the Holy lands were finally lost to Islam, the backlash against the Templars was swift. The King of France (a guy named Philip IV) was heavily in debt to the Templars and used their new found unpopularity as an excuse to steal their enormous wealth. In 1307 King Philip ordered all Templars arrested, tortured and burned at the stake. The Templars were warned in advance and they escaped with all of their treasure and documents to Scotland. The most powerful family in Scotland at the time was the Sinclairs and their ancestral lands and castles provided a safe haven for the Templar fleet, treasure and documents.

In 1398, almost a hundred years before Columbus, Prince Henry Sinclair set sail in search of the New World with the hope of establishing a *New Jerusalem*. He discovered *Estotilanda* (now called Nova Scotia, Canada). There he built a small colony and began preparing the settlement for the Templars and their sacred Templar treasures. Prince Henry died before this was realized and the Templars decided to remain in Scotland. Then in 1436 the English invaded Scotland and the Sinclairs finally

decided it was time to bring the Templar treasure to *Estotilanda*. But it never got there! Their ship and the treasure mysteriously disappeared somewhere in the mid-Atlantic Ocean. There has always been some speculation that the ship ran aground in the Azores and that the Sinclairs had no choice but to bury the treasure there.

Needless to say what you have found in Sao Miguel is mine because I am the last of the Sinclairs and the rightful heir to the Templar treasure. Don't worry! I shall pay you handsomely for retrieving it for me.

Yours Truly,
Alfred Sinclair Lewis
Dobbensborough, Scotland

The Mooj Responds: I thank you for your letter, my bon laddie *yaar*. Perhaps you are correct but my vision of truth tells me there is much more that just religious treasures in the hole. What that is I do not know and hope to find soon. In the meantime I suggest you eliminate meat in your diet, abstain from alcohol and tobacco and begin meditating on a daily basis. This will help you become tranquil, as it has done for me.



Dear Mooj,

I have spent my entire life and fortune trying to prove that William Shakespeare was a fraud and that all his plays and sonnets were actually written by Sir Francis Bacon. Your discovery on Sao Miguel in the Azores will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am right and that my life's work has not been in vain. The object of this letter is not to prove that Sir Francis Bacon wrote all of Shakespeare's plays. That has been done long ago by some of the greatest literary detectives in English history. Basically, the gist of the Baconian case is that Bacon wrote those plays and sonnets—plus numerous other theatric, operatic and poetic works—using *nom de plumes*. The names Bacon used for his non scientific literary works were those of actual persons, who he paid to pretend to be the real authors.

As you know anonymity was an obsession with Bacon as he served in public office and established himself as a philosophical advocate and defender of science. The "theater" and all whom were connected with it were scorned as vagabonds in Elizabethan England and Bacon could not afford to have his good name besmirched with such an association. He was in "the closet" I guess you could say.

It is a well known fact that William Shakespeare was poorly educated and nearly illiterate. This was proven by the fact that no traces of Shakespeare's original manuscripts were ever found, except maybe one or two tavern receipts and a so-called Last Will and Testament, where he misspells his own name three times.

Bacon did not care to acknowledge that he wrote the Shakespeare plays in his lifetime and had hoped that his secret would be kept for some time after his death to preserve the honor of his children. He did, however, preserve the original manuscripts (as proof of his authorship) and hide them, knowing that some day these great works would be celebrated by a more enlightened generation of thinkers.

The problem for us Baconists is that we have never been able to produce these manuscripts. A Dr. Orville Owen once claimed to have found, in cipher, directions left by Bacon to dig near the River Wye in Gloucester, England. These directions were explicit, telling that one would find "books in boxes like eels in the mud, swathed in camlet and covered with tar." Dr. Owen dug at the place indicated and found a stone foundation of about the same size as the expected crypt, but the chamber and whatever it had contained had been removed. The explanation given for their absence was that after the parchments were buried Bacon became fearful of their discovery while he was still alive, and thus decided to remove them to a safer place. For years I have been reading everything written by Bacon for a clue as to where he might have re hidden those manuscripts. Now thanks to you and your friends I think I now know the answer!

Right before Bacon died he wrote a book called *Sylva Sylvarum*, (or a *Naturall Historie in Ten Centuries*). This work was published in London in 1627, and was part of his unfinished *Instauratio Magna*. In this work he stated the following:

"It was reported by a Sober Man, that an Artificial Spring may be made thus: Find out a hanging Ground, where there is a good quicke Fall of Rain-water. Lay a Half-Trough of Stone, of a good length, three or foure foot deep within the same Ground; with one end vpon the high Ground and the other vpon the low. Couer the Trough with Brakes a good thicknesse, and cast Sand vpon the Top of the Brakes: You shall see (saith hee) that after some showers are past, the lower End of the Trough will runne like a Spring of Water: which is no maruell, if it hold, while the Raine-water lasteth; But he said it would continue long after the Raine is past: As if the water did multiply it selfe vpon the Aire,

by the helpe of the Coldnesse and Condensation of the Earth, and the Consort of the first Water."

If I substitute coconut fiber for "Brakes," water tunnel for "Trough" and tide for "Raine," and set the whole thing down on some lonely beach we have a pretty good description of the remarkable system of waterworks you've found there in Sao Miguel. Bacon was likewise preoccupied with the preservation of parchments and a great deal of this work was also dedicated to explaining how one can preserve parchment within quick silver.

It is also a well know fact that Bacon traveled to the Azores right before he died. Undoubtedly, he buried his manuscripts on Sao Miguel. My theories will be proven correct if you find any quick silver or paper in your pit. Let me know as soon as you find the manuscripts and I will send someone from the British Museum to retrieve them.

God Save the Queen!
Lord Abraham Billingsly III
Upper House of Burgess
Kent upon the Stratford, upon the Avon

The Mooj Responds: Thank you, my faire English *yaar*. Perhaps you are correct in your surmise; however, my vision of truth tells me there is much more that just manuscripts covered in quick silver in the hole. What that is I do not know but hope to find out soon. I suggest you, too, eliminate meat in your diet, abstain from alcohol and tobacco and begin meditating on a daily basis. This will help you in your search for wisdom as it has done for me.



Mooj,

I'm a huge fan of yours so it pains me to have to say this but I think you need to let Professor Gordon Wilson Griffin help you. I, too, am a psychologist and have read many of Professor Gordon Wilson Griffin's journal articles. He really knows his stuff and is much respected among his peers. If Lance Worthy, Trent Handjoy, Jeff W., etal. are genuine people (and not facets of your advanced Complex Personality Disorder) then let me just say that they're as messed up as you are! The more Worthy, Handjoy and yourself hangout together the more alike you all become. For example, Handjoy—the supposed boy genius—started out pretty bright when we first got introduced to him. Slowly but surely, however, he has grown into a complete moron. It is also very interesting how you are now taking on Lance Worthy's rude personality and he is

slowly taking on Trent's intelligent one. But who cares? It's all in good fun, isn't it? Keep up the good work.

Prof. Hyrum Paul Kelly
Bob Jones University
Greenville, SC.

The Mooj Responds: I have learned over the years that whenever someone begins his or her letter by saying, "I'm a huge fan of yours...but..." what follows will undoubtedly be the rantings and ravings of a disgruntled lunatic. I suggest this man, too, reduce meat in his diet, abstain from vice and begin meditating on a daily basis. This will help him become tranquil and more lucid.



Mr. Mooj,

Greetings to you and your fellow travelers there on the merry island of Sao Miguel. My great great great great great grandfather was named Silas B. Marnyes and was the last man to ever to speak with the infamous pirate Captain William Kidd in 1701. Whether Kidd was feeling noble that day or just didn't want to die without sharing his secret I'll never know but I do know Kidd told my great great great great great great great great great grandfather all about his treasure and where it was buried. Since that day my family has been searching in vain for that damn treasure.

As you know William Kidd was a well-established English sea captain up until about 1695, when he turned into a pirate. From his secret base in the Azores he molested ships from all over the world and amassed a huge booty of treasure. Finally in 1701 he was captured and sent back to England for trial, where he was found guilty of piracy and hanged. His vast fortune, buried in a secret location, was never found.

Before Kidd was hanged he tried to work out a deal with the British Admiralty, where he would divulge the secret location of his treasure in return for his life. The British Admiralty turned down the request. On the night before his execution Kidd told his cell mate (who just so happened to be my great great great great great great great great great grandfather) about his treasure and where it was buried. My great great great great great great great great great grandfather was an imbecile and couldn't remember anything that Kidd told him (even though Kidd supposedly went over it with him nearly

a dozen times). All my great great great great great great great great great great grandfather could remember was that the treasure was buried on an island that had a funny "foreign sounding" name. Since Kidd wanted my family to have the treasure I find it only fitting that once you dig up his treasure that you give it to me. Let me know when I can come out and claim the booty.

Thanks,
Dick Marnyes, esq.
Louisville, KY.

The Mooj Responds: Again, I Thank you, as I thanked the others trying to help us in our treasure hunt. Perhaps you are correct but my vision of truth tells me there is much more that just pirate treasure in the hole. What that is I do not know. I suggest you, too, reduce meat in your diet, abstain from vice and begin meditating on a daily basis.



Mooj,

My boyfriend won't tell me how many girls he slept with even though I told him all about my sexual history. We have been together for two months and I think I love him. I am a Sagittarius, age 24 and he is a Taurus, age 26. I want us to stay together forever! The other day he asked me how many sexual partners I had before him I told him the truth. He knows I have had boyfriends before him so I thought it was best to be honest. He is older than me and I presume he has had girlfriends before, but when I asked him the same question (about sexual history), he wouldn't answer. He says it is none of my business. When he is out with his friends they all call him "Dr. Stud" and then they all joke about his many conquests. He usually laughs, climbs up on the bar and does his "stud dance" and makes "woo woo" faces. Do you think he should tell me about his sexual history or should I drop the subject?

Joanne R.
Uttica, NY

The Mooj Responds: There is another ancient Urdu saying that I can think of when reading this letter. It goes like this: *Absence sharpens haste, presence strengthens it, and an absolute jackass will never know the difference.* My vision of truth shows that this man is not honorable in his intentions and is not worthy of your love. Another man is and he awaits you and your truth telling.

MINION POEM OF THE WEEK

Submitted by "Jane," age 12

One day for our class show and tell,
I brought in a large empty shell,
I broke down and cried,
'cuz my turtle had died,
and all that remained was an awful smell.

THE BURAY BENGALI TEACHING STORIES

As we complete these Volume 4 newsletters I thought it might be nice to search The Mooj Archives for long lost Guru Mooj treasures. Few of the newsletters published in recent years have had original Mooj writings in them so I asked one of my associate editors to hunt for old material in the archive bins. He found a series of writings called **The Buray Bengali Teaching Stories**. I assume they were used by Guru Mooj to help illustrate decency and kindness to otherwise unenlightened students. I was told by a very enlightened friend of mine (he knows Richard Gere) that these Buray Bengali stories were extremely important in the early American holistic new age movement of the 1980s. They were originally published in Hindi when Guru Mooj was living in Ramrama and they somehow found their way to America in the form of pamphlets and comic books a few years later.

—Minion1150

Lesson One: Holistic Intentions of *Jaanbaaz*

One day a Vaseline salesman was driving down a long road in *Rajahmundry* when he ran out of petrol. He was afraid to leave his wares unattended due to all the bandits that live in *Rajahmundry* so he took his boxes of Vaseline with him as he walked along the road to a nearby village. At the first house he came upon he opened the door to see if anyone could assist him in his hour of dire need.

No one was home except for a beautiful young girl, who had just finished her bath. She was wrapped only in a towel and was unaware that she had left the front door unlocked. She was annoyed with the stranger and told him: "Please, sir, I am offended that you have not knocked." The salesman tried to egress from the situation, knowing that he had offended the modesty of the poor young girl; however, as he did so, his trousers caught upon the door knob and tore off. Just at that innocuous moment the girl's father returned home with her seven large and muscular brothers, all of whom had been working in the fields. When they saw the naked girl, the unpanted salesman, and the multiple jars of Vaseline sitting on the floor, the father asked: "*Kya? Tumhari gari kharab ho gayi mere dost?*"

Lesson Two: Vibrations of *Dahrma Chahti Hoon*

Bhuadi was a very poor boy, who had never strayed far from his village of *Burhanpur*. Finally, when he came of age, his father and uncles decided to take him to *Ahmadabad* to treat him to a big feast. They thought they had brought him to a restaurant but instead had mistakenly taken him to a *nautanki*. When they entered the edifice they told the madam in charge that it was the boy's birthday and he was to be given something special. The madam winked at the father and uncles and took the lad upstairs.

Since the father and uncles were poor they could not afford to eat themselves so they waited outside for Bhuadi. When Bhuadi emerged from the house two hours later with a big grin on his face he told his uncles: "*Wah! Wah! Maja aagaya!*"

The father and uncles joked among themselves that they never knew mutton could be so tasty.

Lesson Three: The Effervescent *Raat Ki Baat*

There once was an old man from *Tamil Nadu*, who had lived a long and prosperous life. He had but one wish as he lay upon his deathbed and that was for a beautiful woman to *usko shayari sunao*. But being an honorable man he could not ask his sons to get involved with such an aberrant request and so he reluctantly asked one of the servant boys to assist him.

The servant boy, a simpleton from *Madurai*, didn't understand the old man's discrete manor of requesting something "so embarrassing" with the use of a metaphor, interpreted the old man's request literally and brought back to him a banana, two figs, some rope and a bottle of motor oil. The old man was so outraged by this act of stupidity that he had a heart attack and died on the spot. The old man's sons heard the commotion and ran to the father but it was too late. When the servant explained what happened, the eldest son said: "*Siraf shayar gazal gaa sakta hai*," and the room erupted into laughter.

Lesson Four: The Multiplicity of *Saath Sati*

After all the guests had left the wedding feast both newlyweds retired to their hotel room, exhausted. Unfortunately for the groom his mother-in-law had come down with a bad case of the stomach flu and begged the bride to allow her to remain since she was too sick to travel. The groom was upset about the unfortunate turn of events and told the mother-in-law that she would have to find other lodgings. But his new bride scolded him, reminding him that he had waited long already for their tender moment and that one night more wouldn't kill him. Her poor mother needed her attention more than he that night!

In an outrage the groom left the hotel and went out drinking with his naughty brothers. Later that night he returned to the hotel in a state of maximum intoxication and forgot that his mother-in-law was asleep in the honeymoon bed. Wasting no time he climbed under the covers and *neend aane lagee*. Finally, at the most awkward of moments his bride entered the room and saw what was occurring. She cried: *Tum vapas aa gaye!*

The groom then looked at his wife, turned to his new mother-in-law, and then laughed and said: "*Umeed hai tum ab theek ho!*"

Lesson Four: The Passion of the *Bharatanatyam*

Two *Mangoloris* were arguing amongst themselves who was more macho of the two. The first *Mangolori*, a *jhatka-wallah*, told the second *Mangolori* that he was so virile that each night promiscuous women lined up in front of his house to engage in naughty behavior. The second *Mangolori*, a driver for the DTC, claimed that he was even more virile than that. When asked to prove his audacious claim he told the *jhatka-wallah* to stand back and observe. He then loosened his trousers and *gaane ke liye araam se baith gaya* as a group of women approached. Unfortunately for the DTC driver, his grandmother was among the group of unsuspecting women who had come within eye shot of his shameless and immodest behavior. The grandmother, who had very poor eyesight, thought that her grandson to be a banana salesman and made a grab for *thora paisa*. After sampling what she thought were his wares she yelled in disgust to the other ladies: "*Ye kela bechne wale achha nahin gaa sakte!*"

Lesson Five: The Tolerant *Pyar Do Pyar Lo*

Far away in the village of *Ramgajala* lived a wise man. People would travel for days to seek his wisdom and the journey did not always guarantee an audience, for this wise man was very selective. One day a Punjab made the long and arduous journey to see the wise man and was told that he was unworthy and sent away. The Punjab was persistent and remained outside the wise man's gate for several weeks until finally the wise man, who was furious, yelled the following insult from his window: "*Nikal ja paga! Ja ke nariyal kha!*"

The Punjab, a humble man, was satisfied with the wise man's admonishment and took it not as an insult but as a nugget of wisdom and decided to act upon it accordingly. And so when he returned to his humble village in the north he took the coconuts, as prescribed, and *makhan ke saath khaya*. This, of course, resulted in great discomfort and he had to be rushed to the village proctologist. When asked by the doctor why he would perform such an aberrant act he replied that a Wiseman had told him to do as such. The doctor told him that that was all fine and dandy but next time he should at least remove the coconuts from the shipping crate.

MINION STORY

This week's true-life story comes from Veejay Gupta, the self-proclaimed "Madman of Missaukee County, Michigan."

The Beefeater

I came to this country from India in 1964 to attend college. I had come from a very strict Hindu family where beef was not eaten. While at college I developed a great appetite for McDonald's hamburgers. They were practically the only thing I could afford (they were still only 15¢ at the time) and I loved them. I ate them for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. One day while dinning out with friends I

ordered a hamburger. One of my friends found that odd and asked: "Hey, aren't you a Hindu?"

"I am," I said.

"Then how come you ordered a hamburger?" said my friend.

"Hamburgers are made from ham, aren't they?" I said.

When my friends started laughing I immediately realized what was wrong. But, since I had been eating beef for so long I figured it was pointless to stop and so I went ahead and ordered a nice big juicy steak for dinner.

PARADE OF NEW MINIONS!

Mattie Lowell, Mooj Minion #1558, is a 20-year-old college student from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. Her response to why she wants to be a Mooj Minion was: "I stopped eating hamburgers because the methane gas cows release is the number one contributor to the destruction of our ozone layer. Also hamburger farmers destroy the rain forest to make grazing ground for cattle. I also don't eat tuna because then I would be promoting the fact that they have large tuna nets that capture innocent little dolphins. I also don't wear deodorant because the chemicals in deodorant are unhealthy and leach iron and other vital nutrients from my system via my armpit ducts. As soon as I graduate from college I'm going to join the Americorps and work in the inner city to promote illiteracy."

An anonymous person, now known as Mooj Minion #1559, claims to be a 51-year-old male from Santa Ana, CA. His response to why he wants to be a Mooj Minion was: "Back in the late '70s and early '80s I was the backup singer for pop sensation *Papa Doo-Run-Run*. Most of my fans remember me best from the countless summer nights that I sang surf tunes at the snack bar of a popular Southern California theme park. No doubt my favorite memory from that era was when I [REDACTED] the chick dressed like Snow White on The Sky Tram ride."

A.J. Faust, Mooj Minion #1560, is a 16-year-old male from Augusta, GA. His response to why he wants to be a Mooj Minion was: "Viagra was just the beginning for me, Mooj. With dozens of new "love" drugs in clinical trials out there I may soon be medicated and wired for high-performance romance all the time! All I need now is to find a sex partner."

Fenton W. Russell, Mooj Minion #1561, is a 29-year-old truck driver from Falls Church, VA. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "I enjoy reading about The Mooj and would like if at all possible the opportunity to become Mooj-like. I would also like [REDACTED] across the hall to [REDACTED]!"

A. J. Benzahh, Mooj Minion #1562, is a retired 65-year-old civil servant from Huntsville, Texas. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "I know all about you Mr. Umbababbaraba and believe us to be very much aligned spiritually. Heck, If I wasn't a convicted murderer sitting here on death row in Texas I would be out there preaching the good word about you to all my fellow Texans."

Drake Allen, Mooj Minion #1563, is 52-year-old solar panel systems engineer from Beltsville, MD. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "My girlfriend is very cool and she thought it would be a good idea for me to do this. She also wants me to pierce my scrotum."

Suzanne Sharff, Mooj Minion #1564, is from "The Bubble," also known as Fallston, MD. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "I would like to become a Mooj minion because I like to read. Actually, that is a lie. I don't have the attention span to read anything significant. I even got board when I was writing this. So, please excuse any spelling or grammar mistakes because I do not have the attention span to proofread. Anyway I thought it would be nice if I could move to Port Charles with the Mooj. We could spend our days laughing at the funny noise our bodies make after eating a bowl full of Skyline Chile."

Douglas Loyd, Mooj Minion #1565, is a software engineer from Fallston, MD. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "... It is very necessary that I become a minion because if I don't I might turn into a big cyst on the ass of society. You see, I drink a lot. I mean a lot. The doctors told me that if I don't stop drinking I may have to get a new liver. Man, I never thought Mountain Dew could do that to ya. I'm already sterile. Which is pretty cool. Anyway, my life is wasting away. All I do is watch the Simpsons and drive my girlfriend crazy with my extremely rank, putrid, fetid malodorous feet. She can probably smell them right now and I am on the other side of the state. Please let me be a minion. Give me sanctuary. Help. Please."

Gayle Serber, Mooj Minion #1566, is a cosmetologist from Ruby Ridge, Idaho. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "Many years ago white people came to Earth on a golden space ship piloted by Jesus Christ. At least that's what my Scientologist ex boyfriend told me."

B. Willis Baylor, Mooj Minion #1567, is a C++ programmer from Santa Clara, CA. He works for Webvan Corp. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "It looks like oyster but it'snot."

Bernard Coffee, Mooj Minion #1568, is a steam fitter from Wrightsville, PA. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "I'm basically insane and the voices in my head are telling me to do this."

Riannon W., Mooj Minion #1569, is the official single malt Scotch Whiskey expert of The Mooj Single Malt Whiskey Aficionado Society. She hails from somewhere near Philadelphia but she wouldn't tell us where. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "A dear friend and soul mate of mine has directed me toward your web site. Obviously this is because he believes me to have some sort of cerebral disability that would allow me to appreciate you and your ramblings. Sad to say, he is right. He recommends that you take me on as

not just a minion but as the official minoinette due to my demure size."

Peter Manitoba, Mooj Minion #1570, is a biker from Pacoima, CA. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "Up yours, you Uzbekistani-Punjabi freak. I don't want a Mooj Minion Number. All I just want is for you to stop bothering me with your stupid newsletters. Stop sending me mail or I'll come over there and squash your head like a grape."

Fred J., Mooj Minion #1571, is a chemist from Gilroy, CA. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "I was in The Peace Corps for two years and made it possible for 1000s of Malawians to live better lives. I basically rode around on my bike showing people how to use condoms with a prop I called Billy Banana."

Marie Childs, Mooj Minion #1572, is a 95 year old widower from White Sulphur Springs, WV. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "How do you work this thing? Hello? How do you work this thing? Hello? Is this thing on? Hello?"

"Mr. Whippett," Mooj Minion #1573, is a fast food worker from Milpitas, CA. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "I'm at my best when I got my pants down around my ankles and the whole world is gawking at the Rosie O' Donnell tattoo on my big fat butt."

Tseng Hu Xena, Mooj Minion #1574, is a dissident from Beijing University. She claims that just mentioning The Mooj in China can get a person sent to prison for a long, long time. She believes that some things are more important than freedom and so she has defied authority and registered as an official Mooj Head. Good for her!

Gary Foote, Mooj Minion #1575, is a truck driver from Gassy, Oklahoma. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "I like your newsletter; but then again, I like toe fungus."

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Since I really didn't travel anywhere I decided to omit the Travels with Mooj section this week. Fear not, I will use this closing section of the newsletter to give you a short update on how things are progressing. Sadly, not much has changed. Last week I reported how The Handjoy Syndicate had taken control of the project and had no luck stopping the water that mysteriously flooded the treasure pit. This week a vain attempt was made to stop this flooding by erecting a huge cofferdam around Malaga Cove to isolate the floodwater intakes. But, alas, this did nothing to stem the inflow of seawater. In an act of desperation the syndicate geologists poured about 5,000 gallons of red dye into the pit to see where the waters emptied into the sea. To their astonishment the dye was detected in every cove and harbor on the western side of the island! It was then that the Handjoy Syndicate

realized what they were up against: whoever or whatever built this treasure pit from hell had employed not one, but several flood tunnels, each originating from a separate location on the island! It was going to be nearly impossible to stop the pit from flooding! This was bad news for the Handjoy Syndicate because by the end of the fourth week they had spent well over \$5 million and their funds are now severely limited.

As this ridiculous treasure hunt continues Lance and I are becoming bored. We have decided to seek adventures elsewhere on the island. We have come up with two possible alternatives for fun: a) find the original treasure (i.e., the Inge Svensson one that we originally came to Sao Miguel to find) or b) bust our former pal Jeff W. out of jail. We decided to do both! In fact, since we are such nice guys we decided to bust Jeff out first so that he could help find the first, original, treasure (after all, in a way, it is his).

As of now Lance and I are unsure of how we'll actually break Jeff out of jail. By this time next week he should be free (we hope).

Blessings and Such,

मजपती उषाबारावा

MINION PRIDE!



This photo was taken at the annual Hemp, Hemp Hurray! rally in Washington DC

The Enlightenment !

Now Weekly

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The Enlightenment is published by **The Friends of Mooj Society**. All rights reserved. Copyright 2000 by Mooj Publications. Now Published weekly or thereabouts. 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," Patel Office Emporium, West Chester, PA. E-Mail can be sent to mooj@mooj.com. Thus, ends Y2K!

First Things First. With great sadness and anguish I begin this week by telling all that that our treasure hunt on Sao Miguel has been unofficially terminated due to the recent bankruptcy of The Handjoy Syndicate (and just about every other business owned and/or operated by the Handjoy family). The Handjoy Syndicate wasted more than seven million dollars on a fruitless endeavor and now has absolutely nothing to show for it (other than some hefty fines levied against them by the EU for destroying a wetland and eliminating the natural habitat of some rare, endangered, sea bird).

Originally I thought that I would avoid mention of this sad and frustrating conclusion to what could have been the greatest treasure hunt of them all. But then I realized that I owe it to you minions to share this trauma with you since so many of you (loyal or not) were there in spirit, digging beside us. Will others take our place in hopes of striking it rich? Perhaps; but they too shall leave this sad-forsaken cove as paupers (much like the Handjoys are doing now). In my humble opinion if the boy genius Trent Handjoy—who had millions of dollars at his disposal and space age digging equipment—couldn't figure out how to get to that damn treasure, *then how could any other mortal?* It cannot be done.



Now that the Handjoy family fortune is gone Trent can no longer afford to return to Duke University; and, what's worse, he has no home since all Handjoy properties were sold to keep the Handjoy Syndicate afloat. Thus, wisely, he has decided to remain with Lance and myself as we travel along to our next great adventure (while his destitute father and uncles try to find a way back to America). As all that equipment lies rotting in the fields near Malaga Cove I can only look back on these last few weeks with joy and satisfaction since I personally didn't care whether or not we actually found the treasure. What was important to me was that I had a good time and met many wonderful people. As most of you know I have no desire for riches or fame. I only care about helping others and sharing my love and enlightenment with the world.

I've been told that this week's newsletter is full of good stuff. Besides our usual bevy of minion mail, we have a poem about the NYC marathon, a story about a park bench and a few more minion brother and sisters to welcome. I can hardly wait.

The frustrating conclusion to our great treasure hunt will soon follow in the **Travels with Mooj** section below; and then, perhaps, I might mention something about how Lance and I failed to rescue Jeff W. from the prison. At this point I will only say that both Jeff W. and Lance are recovering from their gunshot wounds and are expected to live.

MOOJ MAIL

Sahib,

I am a fellow graduate of the Ashram in Ramrama and a very good friend of your brother Hector Gomez. I have wandered the World in search of tranquil unity of mind and spirit and believe that I have finally found it here in Greenvale, NY (but that is a topic for another time and place). My desire to communicate with you today is for another reason. I am a great fan of your "Buray Bengali Teaching Story" features and remember reading them as a student in India. However, I feel that your new assistant editor erred in reprinting them in *The Enlightenment* because your current reading audience is largely unfamiliar with the higher levels of spiritual awareness and self-realization necessary to understand such profound lessons (mainly because of improper or inadequate translations). However, someone like me, who read and understands the ancient Sanskrit languages, and knows the teachings of *Panchadasa*, would immediately understand the hidden meaning of these lessons. I have conducted many focus groups here at my self-realization center and discovered that most of your devotees (in the Greenvale area anyway) understand little or no Hindi and thought the stories were dirty jokes.

A case in point was the teaching story about the two men from Mangolori, who were discussing their fragile manhood. The first Mangolori represents the vanity of childhood and the second Mangolori represents the shamelessness of adulthood. The literal translation for *jhatka-wallah* is "horse cart driver," but in ancient teachings this word has also been used to mean "a person who works as hard as a horse to better his life." Taken that way it becomes obvious that the first Mangolori does not fully understand that his life is wasted on impure activity (obviously the reference to his virility is meant to somehow show that he is concerned more with physical pleasures than spiritual fulfillment). He is quick to test others and does not understand that he is not worthy to cast judgment on anyone, let alone a fellow Mangolori. The second Mangolori is a driver for the Delhi Transit System (DTS), clearly an inference that he should be more responsible since his fellow countrymen rely heavily upon him. But his reckless and shameless behavior distances him from that realization. Many people misinterpreted the exchange between the DTC driver and his grandmother as being libidinous in nature but that is because this portion of the story was not translated properly. It should read:

"He then loosened his trousers to allow himself the comforts of a relaxed waste band so that he could sing more comfortably while a group of women approached. Unfortunately for the DTC driver his grandmother was among the group of unsuspecting women (who had come within eyeshot of his shameless and immodest behavior). The grandmother, who had very poor eye sight thought that her grandson was a banana salesman and asked him if his bananas were fresh. After sampling what she thought were his bananas, meaning his empty soul, she yelled in disgust to the other ladies: "Forget it gals, this isn't a banana salesman but only a drunkard, who is wasting his life away."

If I have misinterpreted this lesson please forgive me. If any of your minions would like to have other Buray Bengali Teaching Stories translated (and explained as this one was), have them contact me at The Self-Realization Clinic in Greenvale, NY, 11548. I will charge them a one-time only fee of between \$600 and \$2,000, depending on the complexity of their soul.

Guru Yashovardhanjeep Raichand,
Greenvale, NY

The Mooj Responds: When last week's newsletter was sent to me, along with this week's material to review, I was startled to see "Buray Bengali" stories included. I know that my new assistant editor meant well by including them; however, he was mistaken about their origin. I did not write these stories. They were written by my brother *Hrithik* for a popular men's magazine in India called *Playboy-Wallah*. They were not teaching stories. They were actually dirty jokes. I must admit, however, that as I read them again and see how Guru Yashovardhanjeep Raichand has explained things, *Hrithik* was actually enlightened back then and didn't know it.

Swamiji,

I know that you frown upon people sending you meaningless letters about teenage lust, torment and other stupid topics but please allow me to submit this letter. I hope you will understand after reading it why I needed to ask you about it.

Last year I attended a high school dance. During the dance I sat in the bleachers alone because I was too shy to ask any of the girls to dance. About halfway through the night Mrs. Grabowski, an algebra teacher, sat beside me. She wanted to know

why I wasn't dancing so I told her I couldn't dance. She took me by the hand and told me that she would teach me. The band was playing a Motorhead song so we started dancing. Then all of a sudden the band started playing a slow song and Mrs. G. pulled me close. I could feel her heart beat through her large heaving breasts as she held me tight. After we danced Mrs. G. asked me if I wanted to step outside and get some fresh air. I said that would be cool and followed her to the quad. After cracking a few jokes Mrs. G. then asked me if I wanted to check out her new Nissan Sentra. I said sure. We went to the parking lot and looked at her car. It was a cool. Then she wanted to know if I wanted to go for a drive and listen to her kick-ass stereo. I did. As we drove along Mrs. G. asked me if I wanted to go to Dingle Creek, a notorious make-out spot. I said sure. Before we got there Mrs. G. stopped and picked up a twelve pack of malt liquor and we drank some. Then she handed me a baseball bat and told me to knock down people's mailboxes as she drove along. I did. Then Mrs. G. stopped at a store and bought some eggs and we egged a bunch of cars and houses. I couldn't believe how cool Mrs. G. was! When we finally got up to the creek we finished off the malt liquor, smoked a marijuana cigarette (that Mrs. G had rolled up in her purse) and cranked her stereo. Then she looked at her watch and said we needed to get back because her husband and children would be expecting her now that the dance was over. We drove back to town (doing well over 100 mph) and she dropped me off near my house. As I was walking away she tossed an empty malt-liquor can and it hit me in the back of the head. I could hear her laugh as she did a burn out and sped off.

This year I have Mrs. Grabowski for Algebra II and she has never mentioned anything about that night. In fact, she pretends like she doesn't even know me. I'm totally confused by all this. Was I the victim of some sort of sex crime?

P. Gerrett Jr.
Dudley, MO

The Mooj Responds: The great poet Soren Kierkegaard once wrote that life can only be understood backwards, but it first must be lived forward. Thus, you look back on something and see that it wasn't. If your story is to be believed then I recommend that you get some therapy for what will undoubtedly be one of the reasons behind most of your future troubled relationships with large breasted older women. I also suggest you inform your parents about what transpired and have charges brought against the rambunctious and rowdy Mrs. G. for exposing you to so many vices.

To Mooj and the family of minions,

Sooner or later censorship is going to have to be considered as our popular culture continues to sink to ever more sickening lows of depravity. That's right I said CENSORSHIP. All liberals and conservatives are terrified of the C-word. Most of those on the left and right are radical individualists and are primarily concerned with self gratification at any cost, even if it means continuing down the path of cultural destruction and nihilism. I personally don't care one way or the other and will continue to post naked pictures of my dog Spunky on the Internet. I bet all you sicko perverts out there would like to see that, wouldn't ya?

Dr. Gregg McFellon
Port Tobacco, MD
Co founder of www.██████████.org

Note to my new assistant editor: Can you add Dr. Gregg McFellon to my no longer allowed to send minion mail list? Also, please censor out the website he mentioned above so that others are not as offended as I was when I looked at it. Thank you.

Whaaaaaaaaazzzzzzzzzzuuuuuuuuuuup!

Hello again, my plump and pompitous of love Punjabi pal! It's me again, your anonymous buddy from *The Washington Post*. I wrote you way back with some hot Inside the Beltway scoops. If you're up for it perhaps I can spill some more toxic gossip your way. (*Sheeeeeeeeeeeet Mofo.*)

Scoop #1: Remember your old pal H. H. Monroe, the FBI guy who vowed to stomp on your head with his alligator skinned boots and then return your paltry Punjab butt back to prison? Well, it looks like Der Durango Dude has been a baaaaaad baaaaaad boy. As we speak Monroe is cooling his fine self in the DC Jail. It seems that this goofy G-Man somehow forgot to check the ID of a fine young thang serving cocktails at this year's FBI Christmas party. Not so much to see if she was old enough to serve alcohol ('cause she weren't) but that she was at least old enough to drive. Maybe it wasn't so much her driving him home that got him into trouble. It might have been the tucking him into bed thing (*Saaaaay what?*)

Speaking of being naughty, you should be ashamed of yourself Mr. Politically Incorrect Punjab. The other day I was doing some snooping around in the IRS

building and came across a folder marked, "Mujaputtia Umbababbaraba, Case #145." A yellow sticky note was attached to your folder that read: "This Uzbek-Punjab bastard made \$6 million selling new age paintings in Sedona this year. Check to see if this lard ass ever pays income taxes." I pulled the yellow sticky note off your folder and shred it for you. While I was at it I also shredded the contents of the folder and the folder itself. (Ooooh, ooooh, ooooh, Mr. Kotter, Mr. Kotter, ooooh, ooooh, ooooh.)

Scoop #2: Hey remember that super spy guy C. J. Merryweather Jr.? Mooj Heads with short attention spans may have a hard time recalling this fellow so I'll remind everybody that he was the guy who recovered all your stolen loot from J.E. Gayson in the Alps. Anyway, I ran into this Speedo sporting super sleuth in *gay Paree* last month and we had a great time talking about old times. (He and I were classmates at Georgetown.) I asked him "off the record" if he really only found \$16.35 in Gayson's safe when he killed him and he laughed and told me: "Yeah, it was something like that! Or maybe it was more like \$4 million, I can't remember Ha ha ha." Boy, did we yuck it up! (Boinnnng!)

Scoop #3: Speaking of meager rewards, believe it or not I also ran into another "special" agent pal of mine in Paris. He was spending money like a drunken sailor. In fact, he joined C. J. Merryweather and me and bought us drinks. I asked him what was up since this guy was a notorious tight wad. He said he had just been to the Azores and dug up a box of Gold coins. He said he learned about Inge Svensson and his long-lost buried treasure from your newsletter. He bribed a prison guard to steal the map from Jeff W. According to him it was on the other side of Malaga Cove, across from where you and your Handjoy Syndicate pals are digging for your even bigger treasure. The Inge Svensson treasure was small compared to whatever it is that you guys are after but it was enough to help this guy get to Paris, lease a posh apartment on the *Champs Elysées*, and buy a new Peugeot. He says he'll probably live pretty well on what remains of the loot since it's pretty cheap to live in Paris. I'm no Einstein but perhaps you should have kept the Inge Svensson treasure a secret until after you actually dug it up. (Doh!)

Scoop #4: Last but not least I have some good news and bad news for you. First the bad news: remember that butcher J.J. Bigsby, the mental midget who thought he was the real Mooj and wanted to kill you to set the world cosmically straight? Well, he escaped from his maximum security prison in Las Vegas last week and is now

on the loose reeking havoc across the nation. Now the good news: Although he included your name on his list of people that he is going to "severely decapitate," your name was last on the list. There are nine other unfortunate persons ahead of you. (As grizzly as this may sound, the list was actually found carved on the back of a dead prison guard following the escape.) Bigsby's current path of destruction shows that he is on a northwest trajectory, headed towards Washington State University to chop up some guy named Dr. H. Herbert Huong. I'd avoid there if I were you. If by some chance Dr. H. Herbet Huong is reading this newsletter I suggest he *amskra* from Washington State *astfa*. (Dwoooinnnng!)

Well that's about it, my Uzbek-Punjab guru-enhanced buddy. I'll let you know more if I hear anything. Good luck!

—anon—

The Mooj Responds: As always, I enjoy hearing from this anonymous cub reporter pal at *The Washington Post*. I was sad to learn that someone had already dug up the Inge Svensson's treasure. Lance and I were just talking about how we should get going and start looking for that darn thing. It was also troubling to learn that Bigsby was on the loose again. No doubt he will be a thorn in my side again real soon. As far as the IRS goes, don't worry. I am not obliged to pay taxes because of my status as a holy man.

MORE BURAY BENGALI TEACHING STORIES

Here are two more **Buray Bengali Teaching Stories** we found in the Mooj Archives.

—Minion1150

Lesson Five: The Consciousness of *Antarghaat*

Aamir began a scared journey to the Indus Valley to visit the land of his ancestors. But, alas, his journey took him elsewhere and he wound up cohorting among thieves in the village of *Gujranwala*. His transformation from piety to bludgeonism was slow but effective and soon he was renowned for his savageness. One night, as he and his gang of bandits were attacking tourists along the old Gujranwala Highway, one of his victims asked him kindly: "*Baiya, tum badmashi kyon karte ho?*"

Aamir was at a loss for words because he knew that his victim was correct: there were better things in life than being a highway robber and murderer. After he shot his victim, burned the carcass, and removed valuables from the ashes he made a solemn vow to abandon his life of crime. He returned to the village of his birth and resumed his duties as a citizen. From then on he was a righteous man and never harmed as much as a fly. He also gave away everything he had to the poor. He was as holy as a man could be in one lifetime. Then one day when he was a very old man he was falsely accused of a misdeed. He was arrested and sentenced to hang for the crime. As he sat rotting in his jail cell awaiting his execution he sadly reflected that his journey to self realization had come to such an ironic end. As he watched them build the gallows, beheading chamber and whipping post platform from his cell window he sighed: "*Karma ye haal banata hai!*"

Lesson Six: *The Antarer Bhalobasa Rings Twice*

Once in the tiny village of *Jandiala* lived a small boy named Moolraj Sheety, who was extremely talented and loved to play cricket. By the age of fifteen he was the best bowler in all the land and scouts from all over India and Pakistan came to watch him play. Many of these scouts tried to lure Moolraj away from his tiny village with promises of fame and fortune but Moolraj turned down their offers because he had promised his mother that he would finish his education before taking on a life of sportsmanship. Then one day an unscrupulous scout learned about this promise and approached Moolraj's mother with a deal. He told her: *Mai tumhe khush kar sakta hun!*"

Moolraj's mother, now a widow, had no idea who this man was and mistakenly thought that he was a *mistry*. Flattered by the man's offer she told him: "Since my husband has been dead these many days I have certain womanly needs." The scout figured if it would help sign Moolraj to his cricket team then he would gladly do anything. The scout quickly pulled out his contract and pen, thinking that's what Moolraj's mother meant when she said she wanted to see "his tools." When he looked up, the mom was completely *upne pairon pe khari hai* and told him to follow her into the bedroom. The scout crumbled up the contract and threw it in the garbage pail, saying: "*Mai aujar nahi laya kyon ke mai mistry nahin hun!*" And then mumbled: "The kid's good ... but he ain't that good!"

MINION STORY

This week's true-life story comes again from Aishwarya Singh, a resident of Dubai. She claims to be minion #1451

—Minion 1150

The Park Bench

Back when my dad was a young man growing up in New Delhi, he had many naughty adventures. I remember a particularly funny story he told me once about a park bench that he and his friends bought one summer at a government surplus auction. They lived very close to India Gate (a large park in downtown New Delhi) and the park benches there were always completely taken up by the large crowds gathering each afternoon. So one day my dad and his chums carried their bench to the park and placed it under some shady trees. After relaxing for a spell they picked up their bench and started to carry it home. A passing policeman witnessed this and quickly arrested them for theft. When they were taken to the Judge they explained that the bench was their property and produced the bill of sale as evidence. The judge had no choice but to dismiss the charges. The next day the same thing happened again and they were arrested and brought before the same judge; again, the charges were dismissed. This went on for several days and finally the judge ordered the police to stop wasting his time. The police obeyed the judge's order and so my dad and his friends soon noticed that the police paid them no more attention. They could then carry their bench from one end of the park to the other without so much as a glance. When they realized that the police would not be bothered with their prank anymore they began to show up at the park without their bench and carried home a real park bench. They did this until there were no benches left in the park.

THE TREASURE HUNT ON SAO MIGUEL: THE FINAL CHAPTER

By early December it was apparent to The Handjoy Syndicate that there was no way to prevent the pit from flooding since whoever designed it employed not one, but several flood tunnels. Once the hydrostatic seals had been broken (namely those oak platforms that were coated with putty and coconut fiber) the water pressure from below became too great and the pit was saturated. Many of the flood tunnels were located and subsequently dynamited but the flow of seawater never stopped and the pit remained full of water. The syndicate was basically trying to pump down the ocean!

For lack of anything better to do the Handjoy Syndicate hired an oil well company to drill into the hole to see how deep the treasure actually was. The drill was mounted on a platform just above the waterline and slowly lowered into the hole. Trent's uncle (a man named Ferris Baker Handjoy) directed the drilling operation since he had spent many years as an oil rig technician in Saudi Arabia (or so he said).

On the first day of drilling the bit struck the deepest known oak platform and easily bored right through it. Chips found on the bit proved to be spruce, many inches thick. Then the bit dropped another twelve

inches, as if passing through an empty space. Then it drilled through wood again. Then the drill operator hit a layer of loose material, which he believed to be of metallic origin. By then, however, the drill was fully extended so it had to be brought back up. When the bit was raised it was carefully inspected by Uncle Ferris. Trent noticed his uncle remove something "golden" caught on the bit, examine it and then slip it into his pocket. When Trent demanded to see what was found Uncle Ferris refused, saying only that he would show it to everyone at the shareholder's meeting the following morning. That night Uncle Ferris disappeared. The next morning his fat, bloated, rigor mortised corpse was discovered floating face down in the pit. His pockets were empty and his mysterious clue was gone. Trent thought this was very suspicious. It was also an omen. It marked the sad begging of the last day of operations.

Drilling was resumed once Trent's uncle was pulled from the pit. This time a much longer and thicker drill pipe was used. The bit inspections revealed that many oaken boxes were stacked atop each other, some filled with gold, some filled with jewels, some filled with parchments (wrapped in quicksilver), one or two boxes even had religious artifacts and human relics inside. It was really quite a miss-mash of treasures. The Handjoy Syndicate was positive that they had found the mother-lode of all long lost

treasures and decided to go for broke getting it. And that's just what happened—they *went broke*.

That evening the last of the Handjoy Syndicate money was used to pay off local safety inspectors who had come to the site to investigate the death of

several workers, who had fallen down a makeshift pressurized steel caisson that had been inserted into the pit. To signify the tragic end, once the caisson and dead bodies had been removed from the pit, it collapsed into one giant flaming abyss. Our treasure was gone forever. And so was Malaga Cove.

PARADE OF NEW MINIONS!

Ty Roach, Mooj Minion #1576, is a 22-year-old green grocer's assistant from Dublin, California. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "Dude! I smoke lots and lots of pot and I really want to change my life around. If I became minionated I'd clean up my act and start taking my enlightenment seriously. Can I get a Minion T-shirt? I want to wear one to the next WTO riots I attend."

Rajmahoor Gupta, Mooj Minion #1577, is a 34-year-old physics teacher from Alabama. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "Sri Mooj, oh how I long to be your minion! I have been following your teachings for many years now and believe that is why today my *neem-ka-pedh* has grown two inches longer."

Jenna Thornberry, Mooj Minion #1578, is a 19-year-old student at Smith College. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "Mooj, you have no idea how important you are to my roommates and me. Every morning we decorate your picture with lipstick, panties and bras. It's our way of saying Thank You."

Tracey Guelden, Mooj Minion #1579, is a 44-year-old nurse from Dover, Delaware. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "I just attended my 25th high school reunion. Back then I was madly in love with a boy named Toby Rogers. He was the football team quarterback and everyone thought he was the best looking boy in school. Back then he was dating Tammy King, the head cheerleader. I can't tell you how many nights I cried myself to sleep because I was so in love with him. So, anyway, at the reunion Toby shows up. I haven't seen him in 25 years. He still looked good, although he was a bit gray, bald and portly. He came up to me and said: 'Tracey! I used to be totally in love with you back in high school!' I just stood there with my mouth open. He said, 'What? You didn't know that?' I then started laughing and told him that I wish I did because I was totally in love with him too. Toby married Tammy King, who, I must say, turned into a rather fat slob. Tammy was busy doing shots with all

her friends to notice Toby and I go outside. I wanted so bad to make out with Toby in his minivan but didn't. I remembered one of the pillars of Moojism is wholesomeness and chastity. I put aside my lust and told Toby, 'No, I can't do this. Put that condom packet back in your wallet. The Mooj would disapprove.' I was so proud of myself. I hope this makes me worthy to become a minion."

Trisha Wells, Mooj Minion #1580, is a 54-year-old mail sorter from Zion, Illinois. Her response to why she would make a good Mooj Head was: "Hey, Mooj! I love reading about all your adventures. Last night I had an adventure of my own. My dad got arrested and I had to go and pick him up at the police station. While I was waiting for him to be processed out I saw the police bring in my mom. It was too funny."

Richard Rodriguez, Mooj Minion #1581, is a 29-year-old carpenter from Denver, Colorado. His response to why he would make a good Mooj Head was: "Somewhere there is a perfectly good cat that lost his home because of something I did. I am so ashamed. How can one turn back a transgression? Once it has been let loose it is forever irretrievable. But I can ask His Swaminess to forgive me and take me as a minion to teach me right from wrong. Help me put my foot on the path of righteousness. Help me stay the hand of ignorance. So what was it I did that lost this cat his home, you ask? Well, it was really stupid. I was drinking with my friend at his girlfriend's house. The girlfriend was always really uptight. That night she was in the bathroom and I really had to go. I was totally 'prairie doggin it,' if you know what I mean. My friend (who was as drunk as I was) told me (or maybe he dared me) to pinch my deuce in his girlfriend's kitty litter box. So I did. His girlfriend came out and smelled something awful and went to the cat box to see what was wrong. The cat was as confused as she was. The "thing" in the litter box was almost as big as the cat. My friend's girlfriend got real upset, picked up the cat and threw him out the door saying, 'I've had it with that filthy thing.' I felt REAL BAD. The cat was lost forever and never seen again."

Disclaimer: Okay.....before anyone reads the forthcoming poem I have to warn you that it is not for the faint of heart. In my opinion it is rather....ah, should I say ... "graphic." It was written by a friend of mine, who just ran in her first ever NY City Marathon. We are very proud of our sister Mooj Head and sympathize with her plight as she takes us along [in verse] on all 26 miles of the NY City Marathon with a slight intestinal disorder. Enjoy.

—Minion 1150

“Running” in the NY City Marathon

Running down the road, gotta loosen my load
Got a porta-pottie on my mind

Lookin' for another without poop on the cover
They're so hard to find

Finally across the Narrows, following all the arrows
Now I'm waitin' in a long line

Now a short time later, I'm running slightly straighter
Brooklyn's startin' to look real fine

Soon I'm in the ghetto, feeling kinda wetto
Another pot I need to spy

Intestines are a burning, innards are a turning
Think I'm gonna surely die

Now on Bedford Ave, not much time do I have
Hopin' that my guts don't explode

Somewhere there in Queens, the answer to my dreams
I find an empty, clean commode

Finally in Manhattan, my feet they start to fatten
Fifth Avenue I am almost there

Spanish Harlem cramps, chasing all the champs
Please God won't you answer my prayer

Yankee Stadium passing, suddenly I'm out gassing
Sounds like the famous ol' Bronx cheer

While in Central Park, my bowels begin to bark
Lord, here comes my greatest fear!

Up ahead I see, the finish line can it be?
Everything it aches and hurts

At the Tavern Green, the runners happy seem
Not me, I end it with the Hershey Squirts

CLOSING THOUGHTS

I gather from many of you there is great anticipation of what is to become of *The Enlightenment*. I was sent a copy of last week's issue and thought that minion 1150 did a fantastic job of assistant editing.

Since this will be the last issue of the year I wish everyone a Merry Christmas, Happy Kwanzaa, Enlightened Hanukah, Holistic Ramadan, Romantic Winter Solstice and Auspicious New Year! Our next Volume begins and I have been told great things are expected. I cannot wait to see what transpires!! I just hope I can get off this island before then.

Blessings and Such,

मूज,प,ती उम्बाबारावा

Pssst, Hey Fellow Minions:

We are planning an exciting surprise Next Week! Besides being the inaugural newsletter of 2001 (and Volume V) it is also The Mooj's 100th Issue of *The Enlightenment*. This is a huge milestone in the publication world and, thus, we are going to make a big deal about it. We need your help! Please send in all your favorite memories of how *The Enlightenment* and Swami Mooj have affected your life in a positive way. Those living in the West Chester area are also invited to the Grand Opening of the new Friends of Mooj Society office. This new office occupies the entire 8th floor of The Patel Office Emporium. The party will be December 30th at 7PM. Please RSVP no later than December 26th. This will be a black-tie affair and only the first 100 responders will be granted tickets. (Donation of \$100 required.) VIP Lounge passes will be available for an additional \$500. The first issue of Volume V will be unveiled at the Grand Opening. Musical sensation Yanni has been invited to provide entertainment; however, as of this date he has not responded.








—Minion1150

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