
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.

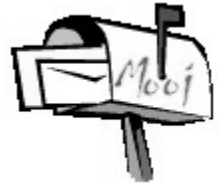
What about all those stories and poems you minions keep sending in? Is there a place for them in this year's volume of newsletters? Sure. As far as I am concerned I will keep including them as long as minions keep sending them in. This year, however, let's keep things more holistic and avoid those lewd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

मज्जपती 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/dopler 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



The Enlightenment!

Vol. IV No. 2, February 2000

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Sitting In for The Mooj This Month is Lance Worthy!



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

(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.

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,
Siddan Jay 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 continuo 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! Wooooooooooo woooooooooooh woooooooooooh— 94.7-Twiddle-deeeeeee!!!!

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).

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

Mandolin G., age 15
Delta, PA

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

EI-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 Towson, 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.

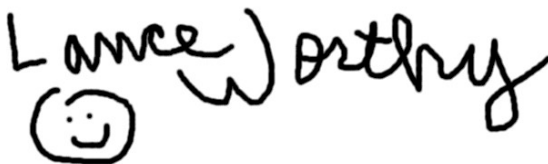
New minion 1512 sounds like a real loser. Sorry to be so blunt but it's the truth. Listen 1512, you're lucky. You wouldn't have been accepted as a Mooj minion had it not been for the fact that one of the select committee members thought you looked like that guy "Ducky" in the movie *Pretty in Pink*.

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,



Lance Arthur

The Enlightenment !

Vol. IV No. 3, March 2000

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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.
ZZZZZZZZZ.

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 oooh 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: ██████████ Corp.
Contact_StreetAddress: ██████████
Contact_City: Redwood Shores
Contact_State: CA
Contact_ZipCode: 94065
Contact_Country: USA
Contact_WorkPhone: ██████████
Contact_HomePhone: ██████████
Contact_Email: ██████████
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 ██████████ 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 ██████████ 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: ██████████
Contact_FAX:
Contact_Email: ██████████
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, Pippier, & 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 Townsen 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 doooooo." Then another question was asked and the guy answered, "Ady doooooo," 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 dooooooooooo!"

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,

मजप,ती इस्वारावा



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 उमवाबारावा

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 Gayton Scanned by Vic Taylor)

BJ'S

HAUS O' BLUES

THURSDAY

DAVE HULL
EXPERIENCE

WITH
RAM-A-LAMA-DING-DONG

FRIDAY

RICHARD
CHAVEZ
FAMILY
SINGERS

SATURDAY

BINK

SUNDAY

BBQ

ALL DAY

BUBBA'S

BLUES LOUNGE

THURSDAY

BLIND LEMON WASHINGTON

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

Frank Allahabaghadr
and his Rhythm Possz

FRIDAY

HOWLIN'
KING OF THE DELTA
RAGA **MOOJ**

SATURDAY

MUDDY RIVERS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

F*I*S*T

(A Slim Whitman Tribute Band)
AND

BO-BO

The Pantless Clown

SUNDAY

KARAOKE @ 9PM

MONDAY

LADY'S NIGHT!!!!

LADIES DRINK FO' FREE

TUESDAY

LOS MEXICANOS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

BAY CITY ROLLERS

WEDNESDAY

HELLHOUNDS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

TIFFANY

RT. 61
CLARKSDALE, MISS

DOORS OPEN at 7PM

Col. REDBONE'S

CHICKEN SHACK

LIVE BLUES
EVERY NIGHT

THURSDAY

HELLHOUNDS

FRIDAY

LEAD HEAD

SATURDAY

Lil' BOB

AND

BONGO MADNESS

SUNDAY

Col. REDBONE'S

ALL STAR

BLUES O' RAMA

FEATURING

BLIND LEMON WASHINGTON

OTIS BORON

BESSE MILLER

T-BONE RAMEREZ

THE 5 TENORS

PAT PONG PETE

MON/TUES/WED

Col. REDBONE'S
HOUSE BAND

RT 61
FRIAR'S POINT

THE BLUE NOTE

BAR & GRILL

THURSDAY

HOWLIN'
KING OF THE DELTA
RAGA **MOOJ**

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

KID PUNJAB & HIS MAGIC PAN FLUTE

FRIDAY

MUDDY RIVERS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

BIG MILTON

SATURDAY

RAP MASTER

JEFF

AND HIS MIX O' LOT
MACHINE

WITH SPECIAL GUEST

Frank Allahabaghadr
and his Rhythm Possz

SUNDAY

KARAOKE @ 9PM

MONDAY

KARAOKE @ 9PM

TUESDAY

SEMI-NUDE LADY'S
MUD WRESTLING

WEDNESDAY

BEAT POETRY

WITH

CITIZEN GUS

2110 E. RT 61
SUNFLOWER, MISS

WE NEVER CLOSE!!

(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)

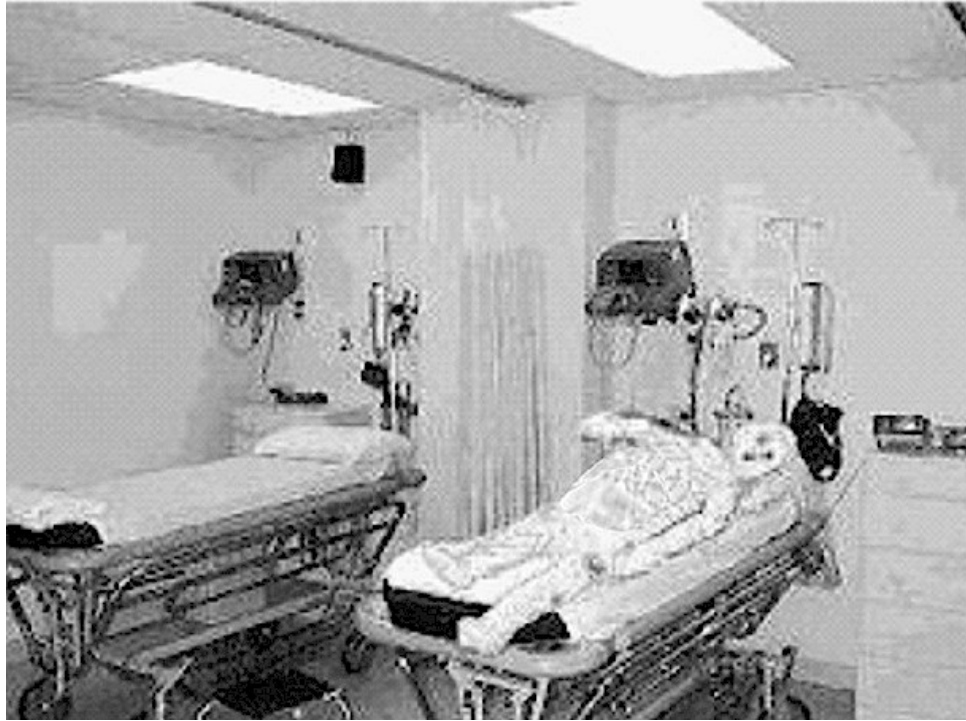
"Ustad Imrat Khan, Ravi Shankar, Tansen, Chattopadhyay, ... dey wuz good but none of 'em wuz as good as Howlin' Mooj. He sho' know how to play sitar, dance naked and do kung-fu!" – Fred (some guy in the audience)

"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

Vol. IV No. 5

April 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. Remember, The Mooj Loves You!



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 **Diarrhetics**
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 McMahan,
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?*

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.

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

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 gulunkies 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 efflowering 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 Scapple. 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 beverotics. 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 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-observed 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-Hilldagard
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 aboard 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,

मृजपती उषावारावा

Texarkana Gazette

DAIRY QUEEN MANAGER ROBBED BY AMISH THUGS

SUSPECTS- One in Full Body Cast- Flee on Moped

FBI MAN STILL MISSING

BLUESMAN BLIND LEMON WASHINGTON MURDERED

Clinton Boyhood Home Haunted by Mommy

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The Enlightenment !

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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 plopped 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!!

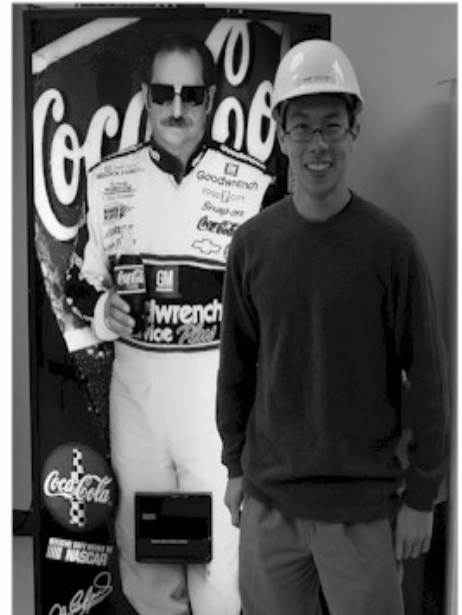
GREETINGS MOOJ MINIONS! What an honor it is for me to edit my first ever *Enlightenment* newsletter! How is it that I, Trent Handjoy, am afforded such a privilege? Simple: neither Guru Mooj nor Lance Worthy could be found. No one has heard from those two wandering minstrels in almost a month. Hopefully, 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 Umbababaraba (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 "Umbababaraba" 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 Umbababarabas outside of India is in Evanston, Illinois. I called a few random Umbababaraba 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?

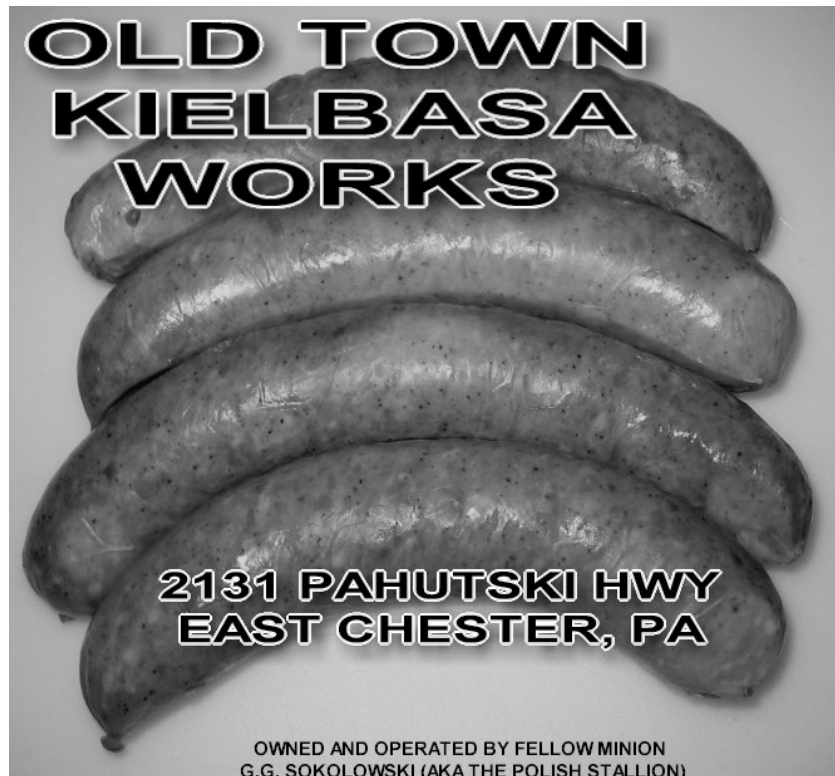
There is a rumor circulating on the Internet that Guru Mooj performed at Woodstock in 1969. According to Vic Taylor, Guru Mooj was, indeed, at Woodstock. There is a photo in The Mooj Archives showing Guru Mooj on stage with the band Sha-Na-Na. However, no one is quite sure what is going because the lead 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,



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 Handjy. Last week, as many of you know, Trent Handjy 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 Handjy. 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 Handjy 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 Handjy 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.
Chilliwack, 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 Chilliwack, 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.

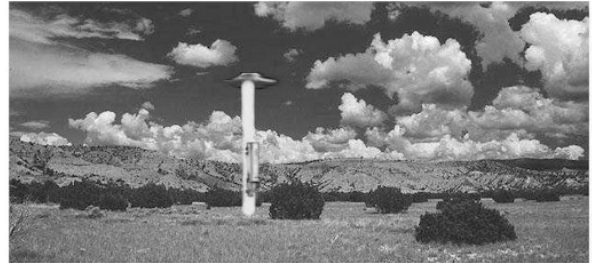
Soon we realized that we might be in a bit of trouble. It had been hours since we had seen any sign of civilization and it was now dusk. What was worse was that we were then completely out of gas and that mighty 18-wheeler was useless to us other than to provide shelter. And shelter was what we were 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,

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