

The SubGeniuses are wandering dazedly, a little like little kids when Daddy gets in an argument at the gas station.

The Grey is hissing back at Dobbs and, as Greys are always, seems unperturbed, but they are definitely hissing and “bluroop” ing back and forth at what seems a furious pace.

Dobbs however is clearly livid. Fumbling through his pockets, in the process dumping out small change in most of the recognized currencies in the Galaxy onto the grass, he produces a small piece of paper which he shoves into the Grey’s face, punctuating this with a triumphant “Bloorhaaahsbo!” sound.

I am close enough to get a look at it. It appears to be a cocktail napkin with a “Hooters” logo and a Florida address on one side, a bit yellow with age.

On the other is a human stick figure, crudely scrawled in ballpoint pen in Dobbs’ handwriting. Along each limb and along the height is an arabic/english numeral, followed by an alien symbol, the same symbol following each numeral.

From context, I am guessing this symbol is some form of Grey unit of measure.

The Grey peers imperturbably at the napkin (well, they have no eyelids, they peer imperturbably at pretty much everything).

It raises an arm in what I think is going to be the Uni-cosmic gesture of greeting like in “Close Encounters of the Third Kind”, but instead slaps it to its forehead, and shakes its head slowly.

Evidently, this is a pretty universal gesture.

Producing a ballpoint pen from the fourth dimension, it pointedly crosses out Dobbs’ symbol on the napkin and writes a different one.

Still rattling on in Grey at Dobbs, it points at the new symbol, then holds its arms out to their fullest extent, which is about two or three feet.

Another burst of Grey then it points at the old symbol, Dobbs’ original symbol, holds one hand out, then moves two fingers close together.

Very, very close together.

Dobbs is visibly non-plussed. And silent. He gazes at the napkin for quite a long while, looking from his symbol to the Grey’s symbol.

Finally he looks back up at the Grey. He chews his pipe stem.

“No shit?”, he asks in English.

Despite their supposed implacability, the Grey is now unquestionably angry. He hisses and burbles an unpunctuated, angry-sounding stream at Dobbs. He leaps up and down. He waves his arm at the fleet of interstellar craft he has just herded across half the galaxy and then waves it towards the field full of dazed SubGenii.

Dobbs quickly shifts from non-plussed to insulted, and from insulted to red-faced angry.

The Grey and Our Lord argue back and forth, both visibly going from angry to furious. The hisses and bleeps are becoming more ugly-sounding.

“Bob” is shouting.

He’s in a towering rage. It makes me nervous when people with supernatural powers get in a towering rage.

After a particularly ugly-sounding “hiss-bloop-blop” from the Grey, “Bob” screams back in English “My MOTHER? What do YOU know about my MOTHER? YOUR mother was a fucking VAT!”

With an amazing suddenness, the Grey freezes completely, as if a power switch inside him had simply been flipped off.

He begins to vibrate. It’s an odd sight. He simply vibrates in place, as if he were the center of a tiny earth tremor.

In eleven seconds, I will realize that this is how Greys look when they are very, very angry. At the moment though, it just looks odd.

From the fourth dimension, the Grey produces a small, black, oblong object. It looks vaguely like a “toking stone”.

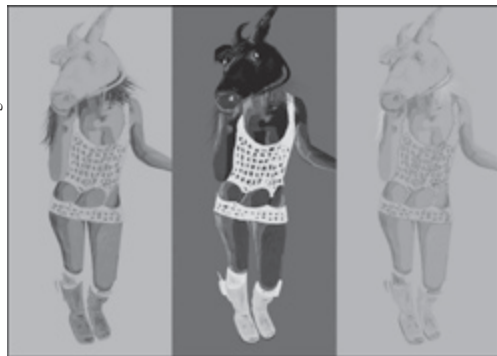
He points it towards Dobbs, then there is a blinding flash.

When my vision clears, “Bob” is sprawled on the ground. Most of what was his torso is a thickly-smoking charcoal ruin.

J.R. “Bob” Dobbs, the Living Slack Master, the Source of All that is Good, lies dead.

Again.

I am less upset by this than one might think. Getting killed has never



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been a great setback for “Bob”.

Still, this just can not be a good sign, as far as the whole “getting off the planet” thing goes.

The SubGenii quickly rush to give Dobbs mouth-to-third-nostril resuscitation.

I watch the angry

Grey talk back across the field, muttering under it’s breath.

Mental note: Don’t fuck with Greys about their vats. Apparently they are real touchy about that.

A larger saucer appears and takes up the Grey.

As it rises into the sky, I see the Grey through an observation port. It has three fingers, turning back to Brushwood, it lifts the middle one.

Grabbing the cocktail napkin, I wave desperately at him.

I stab my finger at the old dimension-symbol, then look up to see if he’s watching.

He peers back imperturbably.

I stab my finger at the new dimension-symbol. I lift my hands skyward.

The Grey shrugs his shoulders, and the saucer is gone.

Mental note: Never trust a man in a necktie. Even if it IS “Bob”.

-- Zapanaz International Satanic Conspiracy Customer Support Specialist <http://joecosby.com/>

“The X-Day house party and fin d’sacle freak show “parade” is something even the back-to-gabbers do, with a pumped up number of beats per minute, ten pils down your gob for 20 hours of chomping your bit, no ambience save for a couple of yellow cube lights haven’t been able to kill. Also consider the fact that bouncing around on bad ‘frop (probably pils, if nothing worse) or bad Church Air (probably ‘frop, if nothing worse) is considered a definite no-no, never mind what you heard. And then, is it really your idea of fun to stand around some crossroads with no clue as to your whereabouts, with a Brushwood map in hand which has snakes for roads crawling about, because you’re hallucinating like an oilslide? Well then, simply get to know a few people first, which is not such a hard thing to do at X-Day, and all kinds of possibilities will, if need be, arise by their own accord. In the meantime, remember: there’s much more to be discovered!”

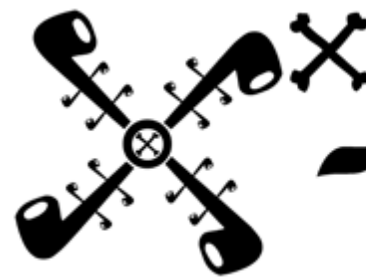
(Adapted from an Amsterdam guidebook)

NEAREST LIQUOR STORE DIRECTIONS:

Evans Liquors - 1013 Fairmount Avenue, Jamestown, NY 14701 Phone: 716-488-2009

1. Start at 8881 BAILEY HILL RD, SHERMAN - go 0.9 mi
 2. Turn on SHERMAN CLYMER RD - go 1.0 mi
 3. Continue to follow CR-15 - go 2.0 mi
 4. Turn on MILL ST - go 0.1 mi
 5. Turn on OSBORNE ST - go 0.4 mi
 6. Turn onto 1-86 EAST toward JAMESTOWN - go 9.4 mi
 7. Take exit #8/RT-394 toward LAKEWOOD/MAYVILLE - go 0.2 mi
 8. Turn on W LAKE RD[RT-394] - go 4.8 mi
 9. Continue to follow RT-394 - go 3.1 mi
 10. Arrive at 1013 FAIRMOUNT AVE, JAMESTOWN, on the RIGHT
- BTW, it’s by Wegmans, a SUPER supermarket with EVERY-THING you might EVER want or need. Screw WalMart!

WELCOME TO



-DAY



IMBJR

SubGenius Mind Control Experiment #2178, Xist Harvest Point, and/or Rupsture Preparation Training Course

ANNUAL SUBGENIUS MIGRATION to the WESTERN NY BREEDING GROUNDS

You may have “been there” and “done that” but has IT done YOU?! - Marquis Des Moines

CAMPGROUND RULES, X-DAY RULES

WARNING:

All employees of the US Government must present identification to registrar before entering these grounds. All electronic recording devices and weapons must be presented for inspunction prior to entry.

**US CODE Title 303, Section 1998-Jy5 DHS
REGULATION 13013-X**

REGISTRATION: CHECK-IN

If you’re reading this, you probably already know that everyone MUST check in with SubGenius Foundation representatives and receive the Electro-Srimulo Negative Reinforcement Bracelet.

10X-Day registration is each day from 1 PM to 8 PM at the Main Stage area; or see Stang, Nickie or Magdalen after registering with Brushwood and paying your camping fee.

IMPORTANT — Johnny Law

If it’s illegal in the Conspiracy’s world, its still illegal here. Underage drinking, false drugs, and especially assassination are not permitted. Brushwood has its own security, and if you see them patrolling, DO NOT FLIP OUT. If you do need help, you should find a Brushwood staff member or a SubGenius Hierarchite, easily summoned from the Registration area at the entrance to Brushwood.

The state police may drive through Brushwood. They are probably just looking to buy “Bob” t-shirts. If you don’t dance around in front of them being illegal, they will show you the same respect.

FIREWORKS ARE ILLEGAL IN NEW YORK STATE.

EMERGENCY FIRST AID

Strange as it may seem, there is an actual SubGenius physician with emergency room experience on the grounds. Please attempt to handle any minor injuries yourself, but if you feel you need a professional, don’t hesitate to ask at Brushwood registration entrance (or any SubGenius Hierarchite carrying a walkie-talkie).

NAKEDITY

Brushwood is a clothing optional campground, although you can’t run around naked up by the road and Registration. Most nice looking young people seem to remain clothed. However, you may see the occasional senior going “skyclad.” Try not to laugh. This is their ethnic cultural custom. Unlike in many national parks, however, you ARE allowed to feed the naked seniors.

RANTERS/BANDS

Saturday night belongs to The Amino Acids and Bonobo Convergence. Every other night is No Holds Barred. Those needing amplification or stage time should pester Rev. Stang or Rev. Scotty (The Amino Acids) regarding best times or spaces to perform in.

VIDEO/AUDIO

If you do NOT want your image to be used in X-Day promotional documentaries, you must inform Rev. Stang or SubGenius Authorities, and also you should lurk unobtrusively in the background. Otherwise it will be assumed that you wont mind being seen in an X-Day documentary. Likewise, you do not need our permission to photograph or videotape an event, but you should exercise common courtesy and make sure the person you’re photographing doesn’t mind. We reserve the right to destroy the equipment and confiscate the recordings of unauthorized mediographers who irritate the staff, performers or audience.

TRASH

We want the Earth to be pristine when we destroy it. Also, we love to make the pagans look like litterbugs by comparison. Please don’t leave cans, bottles, cig butts or ‘Frop roaches around. Trash and recycling bins are everywhere, and dumpsters are at the Brushwood entrance. Please carry your trash out. We know that the Earth will soon be one gigantic ashtray, but in the meantime we beg your indulgence.

MERCHANTS

Set up anywhere you want as long as it’s 20 feet away from the main structures such as the pool house and the stage area.

SLACK-BARTER

WE NEED PHYSICAL LABOR HELP and you can earn back your Registration fee by working it off. **3 hours of labor = half your registration; 6 hours gets you all \$30 back.** Ask Stang about such duties, if they are still available.

BULLDADA AUCTION

Bring your Bulldada to sell off in the name of the Church! And be ready to spend money. One SubGenius’s hateful unwanted crap is another SubGenius’ beloved belabored postmodernist inadvertent camp masterpiece.



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NOISE

Most of us are up practically all night, being noisy. If you cant sleep with loud music or drumming going on nearby, you should take SPECIAL CARE to camp far from others. Brushwood has many private, distant, quiet campsites. If you camp close to other camps, DON'T GIVE THEM GRIEF for partying all night long. That's what X-Day at Brushwood is for. The noise isn't their problem, but yours. Move to another spot further in the woods.

SCHEDULE

The greatness that is X-Day lies not in what is planned but what is NOT planned. Anyone can be a participant and performer. It's just that if you're really bad, you might be killed or punished in some worse way. Every tent is a potential orgy, every square inch of dirt a stage. The experienced preachers may be hogging the stage and "live radio" facilities most of the time, but don't hesitate to ask if you can "sit in."

We give out prizes for **Best Theme Camps**. The SubGenius staff are judges, and bribes are very much appreciated.

We are not yet able to accurately schedule the rainstorm, but at least 4 hours should be allowed for that.

Nothing starts before 1 pm except on July 5!

Registration at Main Stage from 2 pm to 8 pm every day

WEDNESDAY JULY 4

Wandering, wondering, set-up

5:00 Hours of Slack live on stage w/ Dr. Hal if we get there early enough

Secret Unannounced July 4th Activities

After Sunset: Dr. Dark's Drive-In

Doktor Jams, sermonizing & Last Rites for Earth

THURSDAY JULY 5

7:00 **The Rupture**
(The world ends on July 5 at 7 a.m.; party continues for SubGenii aboard Escape Vessels)

((If this turns out not to be a Drill, we cannot guarantee the accuracy of the rest of this schedule.))

2:00 Hours of Slack

4:00 Bulldada Auction

5:00 Open Mic Preaching

After Sunset: Dr. Dark's Drive-In

Doktor Jams, Preachathon

FRIDAY JULY 6

1:00 Hours of Slack w/ Dr. Hal, Stang, Dave, Wei, Papa Joe

2:00 Ask Dr. Hal

3:00 Beer/Liquid Frop Tasting? or must this be Saturday?

5:00 UFO Hoax Show-&-Tell & Horror Tales of Scientology (& Other Rival Cults) Round-Table

6:00 General Open Mic Preaching, Bulldada Auction

8:00 Bands: Mike Bison (Rev. Phil)

8:30 Best Idea Ever (Pope Wally's band)

9:30 OPEN JAM/PREACHATHON (Amino cover band The Samoan Brain Eaters? Bonobo Convergence? You?)

Papa Joe Mama sermon #1

2-Beans Disco

SATURDAY JULY 7

1:00 Water Bobtism, Dangerous Outdoor Water Sports

2:30 Hours of Slack w/ Dr. Hal, Stang, Dave, Wei, Papa Joe?

4:00 Nickie & Bob Wedding/Ball

6:00 World SubGenius Scrapple Cook-Off

7:00 Ask Dr. Hal

8:00 Bonobo Convergence

9:30 Papa Joe Mama main sermon

10:00 The Amino Acids

11:00 General Preachathon

12:00 Bonfire -- Slacrifices, Book Burnings, Life Sized Human "Dummy" Burnings, etc.
(We need music at the bonfire... not just drums -- church organ preachin' music would be ideal)

Parties at various theme camps

SUNDAY JULY 8

1:00 Pancake Feast

2:00 SubGenius Adult Film Festival (indoors)

3:00 Hour of Slack with Dr. Hal etc.

4:00 The Bobbie Awards

5:00 Bulldada Auction

6:00 The Last Pot Luck Feast (Bring yr own pot)

Doktor Jams, Preaching, Slacking

(In case of rain, any event might be replaced by an indoor video show in the Studio.)

Meltdowns by mentally ill campers should be scheduled for Saturday after midnight, if possible

BRACE YOURSELVES

By Rev. Joe Cosby

7 AM
I come in to the landing zone with a few minutes to spare.

SubGeniuses are ambling aimlessly around the stage area, looking various shades of groggy and hung over.

The sun has come out and it's a beautiful morning. I spend a few minutes talking to a gorgeous yetisyn woman with speech-center eyes who talks the way music plays. Some frop would be a good thing right now. Modemac plays a brilliant compilation CD and fiddles with the power.

I lose track of time and the moment of X rolls around too soon. Stang arrives and points out to those of us sitting in the stage shelter that if the saucers DO take us up vertically, we will all be brained.

Good point.
We drift into the open field and cluster shakily around Stang. A countdown starts. Years of waiting and struggle are about to be rewarded. I lift my arms to aid the levitation beams.

Three. Two. One.
Some of the SubGeniuses are shrieking in excitement as we look to the skies.

Which continues to do what skies normally do, which is to just be there.

Well dang.
There is a commotion from the stage.
"BOB" HAS SHOWN UP!

He is not looking at all well.
He is not so much standing as slumped over the lectern. In fact he's not so much slumped as draped.

A crowd gathers around him and he seems to regain his bearing a bit. I wait for him to explain his miraculous appearance and provide this year's excuse.

Somehow I just feel beyond it, gone to that next section of road, I drift away from the crowd and gaze into the gorgeous Brushwood morning sky.

From fatigue and a certain among of hunged-overness my eyes won't focus right. My vision ripples, I blink then look at the dark ground to clear it. That clears it ... I look up again though and the rippling is back.

It is dawning on me that it isn't my vision at all. There is a throbbing, rippling, liquid pulse in the sky.

It is like the ring of waves when you throw a rock into a pond, a liquid bending of the light, but it is a tight ring, not spreading like ripples in water would, and somehow dense, almost metallic.

And it pulses, about every second, a rhythmic drumming, a taut shudder running from it's center, an almost glistening scintillation.

And you can FEEL the pulses. Somehow they are crossing space in a way I don't understand and with each pulse I feel a gentle shock wave blowing through my body, a strange SURGE of energy like standing too close to a powerful electrical generator, setting my teeth on edge.

And you can HEAR them. I realize there is a TONE in my ears with each pulse, like the sound of a two-beat phrase on some great Tympani of the Gods, high-low, high-low.

Great arcing rings of brilliant color and light begin to flash out from the central ring with each pulse, covering the sky with incredible richly-colored rainbows, racing across the sky.

With the addition of the rainbows the TONE changes taking on an ornate character and I realize I am hearing music in the pulses, the very sky is pulsing with the strains of Also Sprach Zarathustra, shaking the



Rev. ErRor

ground and the whole earth has become a great musical oscillator. My very mind seems to sway and the rings begin to open and fill the sky shining with a dark light the pulses are faster and so intense now I can almost SMELL them as I am deafened and blasted and terrified by the blasting music booming down from the heavens.

DAMNED classy touch. The music I mean.

And in the center ring a thousand pinpoint of light come into focus.

They grow slowly into a thousand disc-shapes, gleaming in the center of the explosion of light.

Saucer-shapes.
It's been so long I don't want to let myself believe it.
Soon there is no question, as the massive fleet of alien saucers grows; to the size of pencil erasers, descending from some unknown dimension through the terran atmosphere.

They descend and grow larger, to tea saucers, to the size of dinner plates, descending through thousands of feet in seconds.

I close my eyes and throw my arms back, waiting to be taken up. I wait. A couple minutes go by.

I look again and they are still about the diameter of dinner plates, from my perspective, so still a good couple thousand feet up. I figure at that point they are going to pick us up in some kind of beams, like Stang said.

My neck is getting a little sore and I feel the need to get some perspective, although the pulsing/light show things is still pretty cool.

Stepping back a little I realize I can see the tops of some of the distant mountains ABOVE the saucer fleet. They aren't THOUSANDS of feet up ... in fact, as I get a little better angle I can see the top of the next cabin over the saucers.

They aren't DOZENS of feet up. Jesus. They ARE the size of dinner plates.

There are a thousand flying saucers the size of Frisbees hovering about ten feet over our heads.

Eerie bolts of alien energy play along the bottom of the nearest saucer.

Scaling, I realize this is about what you'd get if you stick a nine-volt battery on your tongue, but still, it IS eerie bolts of alien energy.

A hatch descends gracefully from this saucer, a diagonal ramp lined with stairs; the boarding ramp.

Proportional, as it is, to the size of the saucer, it is roughly both the width and the length of my pinkie.

Somehow my brain has just not yet processed the incongruity of the scene, and I find myself thinking "how are we going to fit in THOSE?"; and supposing they must have some SPECIAL BEAMS which will shrink us down to the right size.

It hasn't quite absorbed the idea that THIS IS A PROBLEM.

After a few minutes a Grey alien steps through some fourth-dimensional angle and appears before us.

Dobbs storms through the crowd, he is spitting out something in the bubbling/hissing language I recognize vaguely as the Grey language, waving his arms and hurling what I take to be invective at the Grey.

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