

EVENT FLOWS

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Date: May 17, 2025.

THE BLOCK
by Alon

The time has arisen for all good men to come to the aid of their lives. Funneling through the tunnel of their destinies, they do not realize that they do not decide. Decision is the notion upon which man builds his dignity. Until this changes, man will not see the rut through which he flows. It could be argued that in this instance, ignorance is bliss. And yet there are so many unhappy, unsatisfied people. "I can't get no satisfaction" is the human condition.

I rejoice in consciousness, not suspense. Nothing justifies the end, which is merely a by-product of the means, for the means are the experience. Certainly my imagination can come up with things wilder than my senses, but my senses are overwhelmingly detailed. And I like it.

It has been said that the human tragedy of lack of satisfaction can be avoided through the setting of an arbitrary goal, preferably an unattainable one. This has been called existentialism.

It has been said that the concept of mind/body dualism is a mere fabrication, that Being-in-the-World is not the state of an object or a subject, but an integrated, inseparable unit. This has been called existentialism.

When will they ever learn?

Simply stated, skepticism is the knowledge that it is impossible to know anything else.

Similarly, it is my goal to have no other goal. The world comes to me, I need not chase it.

PSYCHORAMA

Museum

The mind is not a small room. It is more like a museum.

Normally, I feel that I am totally alone in my museum. I stroll about casually, looking at various displayed constructions (“real world”).

Occasionally, it seems that I am not alone in my museum. I hear shuffling in dark corners, which moves or disappears upon investigation.

Most people, it seems (I gather this by careful analysis of the constructions on display), feel that they have full view of every corner of their museums; they must either live in smaller rooms or walk more quickly.

Whirlpool

Subconsciousness, like all else, is an element of the conscious mind.

It is a name, spontaneously given to a spontaneously appearing mind element along with the spontaneous feeling that some force known as “will” has “given” the name to the object (the object being subconsciousness).

Stimulus: Describe said object.

Response: Subconsciousness is the awareness that the conscious mind is unaware.

Tapestry

One fact is undeniable. Reality is a concept. It is one mind element among many. It is the feeling that all mind elements are somehow interrelated.

Relationships are apparent dependent concepts which run like threads between independent concepts and other mind elements. Reality is the resultant mesh.

SANDERLAND'S FOLLY

Sanderland was suddenly afraid. He could feel that he was falling and he did not know why. His panic was quickly put to rest as he hit ground, having fallen only a few feet.

Looking around him, he had no idea of where he might be. His first impression was that of darkness and dankness. His ankle hurt, and upon examination, he noticed a stitched wound there. He could feel moisture seeping into his pants where he was sitting on cold, wet dirt.

Sanderland stood and brushed himself off. There were trees all around him, imposing silhouettes in a strange place at night. He saw a source of light in the distance; it was very blurry as a result of the thick fog that was drifting through the forest.

Suddenly he heard a dull thud behind him. He was very tense and his reflexes were primed; he whipped his head around and saw a man on the ground, slowly pulling himself to his feet.

Sanderland, a very frightened boy who had barely reached puberty, spun on his heels to keep the man in full view, then began walking backwards cautiously. The contour of the stranger seemed to expand and contract as it alternately contrasted and blended with the surrounding darkness, but the eerie glow of the place caught the face of the man, revealing a smile filled with awe and joy. As he opened his arms to Sanderland and began moving forward, a sudden shiver swept over the figure and an intense expression of haunted terror contorted his dimly lit features. His beard began to quiver as he examined Sanderland from head to toe, and he screamed loudly, then turned and ran, raving as he disappeared into the forest.

Sanderland did not know what to make of all this. He was very tired and to a large degree too confused to move. He lay down and peered at the light as it knifed through the trees and fog. Soon he was asleep.

Dawn was approaching when Sanderland began to stir. He stood and looked around himself. Where was he? He recalled the strange occurrence of the previous night, but he could not seem to remember much else.

He found a wallet on the ground which he presumed to be his. In it he found a one dollar bill and a picture of a woman, whom he recognised as his mother.

Looking down a path through the forest he saw an old stone house. He walked up to the front door and was wondering whether or not he should knock when he saw a very old woman drawing water from a dilapidated well. He asked her where he was.

"This is Corning Glen," she said, smiling a little, "who are you?"

"My name is Sanderland," he recalled.

"Sanderland What?"

"Sanderland Vandervilt the third," he replied, "or is it the fourth?"

"Nice name. Where are you from?"

Sanderland thought for a moment but came up with nothing. "I don't know."

The old woman raised an eyebrow and looked at him suspiciously. "Are you a goblin? Eh? You look like you might be a goblin to me." She poked her nose towards him and sniffed as Sanderland merely stared back blankly. "Or a gremlin? Eh? What do you say?" The disoriented adolescent made no reply.

She reached into her pocket, yanked out an ear of corn, and held it over her head. When Sanderland did not move she became nervous and ran to the side of her house where she grabbed a long stick that was leaning there. A string was attached to the end of the stick, and hanging from the end of the string swung a dead crow. She waved the stinking thing towards Sanderland.

“Rancor and leave!” she shouted.

“I’m sorry if I’ve offended you ...” Sandy began.

She lowered the bird. “Not a goblin or a gremlin, eh? What are you, then?”

“A boy.”

“A boy? How ’d you get here? Goblins?”

“I don’t know.”

“Must have been,” she said, resting the stick against the house. “They bring all sorts of things here.”

“They do?”

“Sure do. Drop ’em right down the path a ways. Don’t know where they get ’em.” She invited Sanderland in for some tea.

When Sanderland reached the presumed age of nineteen he fell in love. For him, it was love at first sight. The object of his affection was a young peasant woman that he met in the army. Her name was Korina and her features were extraordinarily similar to those of his supposed mother, whose picture he had cherished for six years.

Korina had long, silky hair of bright orange. Her overall beauty was apparent to everyone. Many said that she looked like Sanderland. They made a cute couple. They were later married, and soon she bore a son. The son acquired the name Sanderland Junior.

“Then he’ll be Sanderland Vandervilt the second,” Korina said, barely able to keep her eyes open as she lay in the hospital bed.

“No,” Sanderland replied, “he’ll be Sanderland the fourth. Or fifth. I can’t quite remember.”

“Of course not,” she yawned, closing her eyes. As she quickly drifted into sleep she muttered, “Well I wouldn’t worry about it if I were you. Who cares about numbers, anyway ...”

In the late spring of that year the Vandervilt couple and their infant son changed their place of residence. Korina was unpacking a box when she discovered the old wallet that Sanderland had saved. In it she found the photograph and the dollar bill.

“Where’d you get this picture of me?,” she asked.

“It’s my mother,” said Sanderland.

“Really? You’re kidding,” she declared. Sanderland shook his head ominously. “She looks exactly like me. I thought you didn’t know who your parents were.”

“That’s my mother,” Sanderland firmly replied.

“Well, what’s this? A dollar bill with a date in the next decade. Where did you get this?”

“I’m not sure.” Sanderland appeared uneasy, causing Korina to laugh. He took the picture from her hand and as he studied it said, “I can’t believe how much you look like her.” Korina put her arms around him. She always comforted.

As Sanderland grew older he grew lazier. He happily watched his son grow to adolescence as he grew into premature senility.

It was a rainy evening in October when Sandy Junior came home with a deep gash in his ankle. As a doctor looked after it, Sanderland and Korina sat in the waiting room.

Sanderland was rapped in thought. He scratched his beard and said, "That cut is in the same place as my scar."

"I realized," Korina said, patting his knee in a soothing fashion while failing to hide her own concerned expression.

A week later Sanderland came home to an empty house. His wife had left a note:

THEY'VE GOT MY SON. THEY HAVE YOU.

Try as he may, Sanderland was never able to decipher this cryptic message. He never saw Korina again.

One day when Sanderland was strolling through an isolated area of the forest, he came across a band of goblins dancing about a blue flame. When they sensed his approach, their reverie faded and they began staring at him. Then they all started to giggle as each one recognized him.

"It's the fool," one of the fatter goblins said in a gruff voice.

"The fool! The fool!", the other echoed.

"The sleepwalker," one added.

"Blind mind, wasted life," mocked another.

"My life?" Sanderland was confused. He did not recall ever having seen goblins before.

"He who has not found himself is yet asleep," quoted the fat one. "You do not even know who you are."

"Who am I?", asked Sanderland.

The goblins all gathered around the flickering fire of transparent turquoise. Leering into it, Sanderland caught a glimpse of his son. He bolted into the flame.

He fell. As he arose, he watched his son turn to him. The scene was shrouded in darkness, but he could see that his son was very frightened. He held out his arms, wanting to clutch and hold onto his beloved offspring.

Suddenly Sanderland perceived a light cutting through the fog. He was filled with horror upon recognising the place. He shouted madly and fled into the woods as if insane.

SWEET TASTE OF PORK
by Peter

The several rocks heaved with the rumble of the earth.
Wide gaps opened in the cliff.
The bodies in the crater were stiff;
Their souls regretting their very birth.

Flaming hand of Satan reaching out,
The world spinning, around and around,
The sensation of being drawn down,
Scream of tortured souls joined by my shout.

Descent in to the scarlet hole,
Praying for my tormented soul.
Boiling lava, melted rock, the wretched stench of brimstone,
Burning flesh and hair, down to the scorched bone.

Cannibalism Flourishes!
Sweet taste of pork in God's image!

FOUNTAIN OF SPONTANEOUS RUMORS

Although I had been hearing rumors for the past month or so about the little furry creatures, I hadn't given these rumors much heed. Such a thing seemed ridiculous to me. The little furry creatures supposedly were generated spontaneously in one of River's Eyes, where River flows out from the side of Egg Mountain, crashes to the ground in a waterfall, and then proceeds smoothly through our White Valley. It was said that the creatures were highly dangerous. They were given the name "invaders" and it was said that they intended to take control of the Valley, our universe.

I began an abstract consideration of the concept of spontaneous generation. It occurred to me that I had never witnessed an incident in which something came from nothing. I sat all afternoon by the Bank of River, and as I watched her move by, I said to myself, "This River must begin somewhere." I pictured the Eye as a hole in the limiting mountainous walls of Valley, a hole leading to an entirely unknown extension of our universe.

Luckily, this heresy fled my mind as I considered the empirical facts that are recognized by all cryptan beings. The pure Valley is manifestly universal and therefore encompasses all. The divine River is obviously eternal and is thus originless. The sacred Eye defines morality and hence denies profanity.

It therefore becomes inconceivable that little furry creatures enter the Valley from some etherial domain outside of the universe, and is equally absurd that they are spontaneously generated within the Eye of the Egg in a process which would desecrate that portal's sanctity.

Such rumors are thence false propaganda, the spreading of which should clearly be recognized as a capital crime.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE

In the beginning, Yaweh would yawn as he communicates with only 3,674,046 of His fellow beings, so He closes 28,685,583 of His 43,854,079 eyes and begins to daydream. His friends, who at first think that He was winking at them, query his dream.

“Of a place where the laws of physics are different,” He replies.

“He’s always doing that,” 2,364,973 of His friends mutter, while 741,503 of them request a dissertation of these laws.

In a single instant He communicates all that His theoretical model implies.

He instantly creates a jointly consistent set of axiomatic definitions for all of the physical laws, such as the odd notion that the Scent of the Energy Flux masquerades as the Substance of Matter, or the distressing limitation that the Flavor of the Time Dimension is corrupted by the Principle of Entropy.

He instantly details arbitrary descriptions of the Primeval State of the Universe, in which the Vacuous Nest incubates the Cosmic Egg.

He instantly postulates the Moment of the Big Bang which spontaneously determines the inertia from which subsequent moments precipitate as the Universal State evolves.

He instantly calculates the Universal Chronotopic Map, which indicates the transmorary position of each of the various planets orbiting stellar fusion furnaces as they spin in galactic whirlpools which are escaping from the center of the universe.

He instantly broadcasts exact explanations of the strange different life forms residing on the moister of these planets which, given His laws, necessarily develop with their own intricate variations on the essential linear and cyclical chemical patterns produced by the tetrahedral web, including the biological populations of the planet referred to as “earth” by some of its inhabitants.

He instantly manifests every conscious moment of every living organism on this planet, and all the other planets as well; all the feelings, emotions, pains, pleasures, ideas, perceptions, sensations, warped memories, and all else that composes the minds of these creatures.

And although the judges may praise it, many of his compatriots feel that this universe which Yaweh brings to life in his imagination for a transcendental moment has too little variety, as its laws are so invariant; 87,093 say that it was nothing but a block, but 357,947 ask what that is supposed to mean.

Et cetera.

THE ORIGIN OF THE JEHOVAH

In the beginning, whilst engaging in a typical fusionside chat with his fellow omnipoids during one of their periodic lodge gatherings, Jehovah instantly created the heavens and the earth as his entry in the Junior Telepathic Mirage contest and immediately saw that it was good.

For this he was selected as the rightful recipient of the blue ribbon in the Applied Crafts category and was awarded the Grovel Prize for Sportsmanship by a unanimous vote of the Mutual Admiration Society of the United Heavens and was allowed to devour a hefty portion of the Kaleidoscopic Cosmic Candy Cane as part of his grand prize.

Or so they say.

And you may ask yourself why this is considered an explanation.

And you may ask the local shaman for further clarification in the form of specific queries.

From whence arises the magic which allows the human mind to coincide with an external reality, which is merely the physically manifested universe of static laws of nature?

If our world is the determined ramification of the abstract concepts of another consciousness, then in what manner did this narcissistic deity and the eternal audience of omninybble beings to which He communicates incorporate themselves?

In whose semiconscious dreamworld do divine entities originate?

And you would be correct in asking such obvious questions.

That is not necessarily intended to indicate that you would be abjectly incorrect if you would specifically choose to avoid questioning.

You could have said to yourself that it didn't matter to you, or that since the divine hyperchronic world is timeless, the notion of origin as such is meaningless, or you could think about it on your own for awhile, realizing that anything that anyone else says must be taken with a grain of salt and that they are useful, other people's sayings including the prerequisite myth entitled Origin of the Universe, that is, only as seeds around which your own thoughts may crystalize over time, like rock candy; but only if your mind is a solution which is supersaturated with dissolved thoughts.

INCIDENT AT MEIDUM

Tam rolled over in his sleep, which had been a deep, alcohol inflicted refuge from responsibility; he would have liked to remain in that state, but he sensed a faint illumination in the room and something in the back of his mind warned him that he better get up. He gave his wife a light kiss on the cheek. She smiled but otherwise showed no sign of awareness.

He sat up and looked out the window. The sky was cloudy, and he was worried that he might be late. He was expected to be at the construction site at sunrise - but since the sun wasn't shining, there was no telling when they would expect him to be there. Tam's past experiences with his foreman suggested to him that he better hurry.

Clad in attire similar to a breach cloth he walked through the village past its edge and towards the huge stone mountain which towered nearby. Already there were thousands of people at the site, working in their teams at special jobs, all with one aim - to construct a gigantic, man-made peak out of millions of granite blocks weighing over two tons each.

The size of the pyramid was imperative to the workers, even if it meant little to the king. Twice before they had finished the pyramid; only to be told to make it bigger, to add another thick layer of stone over the smooth surface of the already completed structure.

There was not enough work yet on the pyramid at Dashur to transfer all of the workers, and King Snofru realized the advantages of having the men at work rather than with freed time on their hands. Thus, he told the Egyptian people that they must go for height - the higher the pyramid, the greater the remuneration of the Gods in lives to come.

However, in order to increase the height of the pyramid by just ten cubits, at an angle of fifty three degrees this would require an increase of seven and one half cubits in thickness over the surface of the pyramid. At heights of over two hundred cubits, this becomes quite a bit of surface area, and accompanying it, quite a bit of mass in the stones. The huge mass represented an intense internal crushing pressure. Unfortunately, these new layers were not well planned, and not all the force was directed downward - lateral forces were at work.

But these lateral forces remained unperceived by the laborers below, who were caught up in their own work. The Boat Gang was pulling in a new shipment of granite from the quarry. Tam watched them as he walked. He chuckled as they pulled - they were always trying to show that they could move rock faster than the Robust Gang, who were working at the site preparing the blocks to be smoothed by another crew.

The sky was getting lighter as Tam hurried up to his team, and he was given a harsh greeting by his foreman. "Up!" he yelled, gesturing violently towards the top of the pyramid.

Tam quickly began to hike the ramp that led up the side of the structure to his station, a place called the "growth spot". The "growth spot" was where the next large block was to be placed - Tam's job, along with about twenty others each shift, was to set the block into the proper place. Tam enjoyed working at the top of the pyramid - it allowed him a great view of the village and his fellow workers below. As he looked out off the ramp, he felt a small drop of water hit his cheek, then a

rather large one hit his nose and he thought to himself “I shouldn’t be here now. This is going to be a long day, and it hasn’t yet begun.” He couldn’t get his teenage bride off his mind. He was imagining he was in a nice, warm bed as he watched the water drop hang off his nose.

The rain started to be heard, drops splashing against the side of the stone mountain.

“Here comes Tam,” someone shouted, and they all yelled for him to come over in order to help place the block. With the knowledge of an expert he applied a force in the crucial position, pushing hard against solid stone as the rollers were extracted from under the block. The last log was used as a lever, and with this as help, Tam and others guided the block into place. His face turned red and his muscles tightened like knots around bones resembling thin poles as he strained. With a great crash the lever was removed and the block fell a few inches into place.

The pitter-patter of the drizzle began to turn into a mild roar, and looking in the direction of the sound, Tam saw a grey wall of water approaching them. “Here it comes, like a sheet!” he shouted, and they all ran behind the block. However, it didn’t provide much protection as the storm hit.

Twenty men stood there, huddled together and shivering in chilly wetness, leaning against the cold stone blocks. A wind lashed the surface of the pyramid, setting up a whirlwind in the corner where the men stood.

As they became soaked and cold they were willing to move around. Tam went over to his friend Jol to talk as they waited for the next block to arrive.

“Slow moving today, eh?” Jol predicted.

“It’s going to be,” Tam agreed. He watched a stream of water that had formed around his bare feet. “We won’t get much done in this rain.”

“Yeah.”

“And it’s dangerous up here.” Tam looked down the steep incline to the small figures below, each one lethargic and unmotivated because of the weather, yet having to work harder to fight the mud.

The next block came and the crew sprang to work, growling as they pushed at the stone. As it dropped into place, Tam felt the rock below him shake a little, and then spring back slightly, like the action of hydraulic shock absorbers. He saw water pouring into the cracks of the structure, especially the separation between the smooth surface stone of the original pyramid and the newly placed stones.

The rain came down hard all morning. Since Tam had arrived late, he was put on the last lunch shift. As he went through the serving line and picked up his bread, beef, and beer, he thought of his wife. He was alone and depressed, and he wanted her immediately. Towards the end of his meal, however, his thoughts shifted to going back to work, to his responsibility to make the pyramid taller for the good of all, and to the memory of rain finding the cracks, pouring into the structure of the edifice.

As he left the mess hall he stopped to curse before launching his way into the rain, which hadn’t let up in the least. As he approached the pyramid and looked up, he could pick out Jol at the growth spot. He was on the lever, lowering a block into position. Tam saw him help pull the lever away, and the block went CRASH.

Tam thought he saw the side of the pyramid wobble. On second glance, he could clearly see the side of the pyramid moving towards him. A chain reaction had

been set up. The four walls of the pyramid were bowing out. The mountain was collapsing.

Tam saw the workers on the sides of the mountain lose their balance and fall, dropping towards him. Jol jumped.

Rubble rolling down the side reached and crushed Tam before boulders could fall on him from above. The site was demolished.

REVOLT OF THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL OKRA

One day, when the world was very sad, Soupman – Lipton’s soup man – teamed up with Libby the Kid (Billy the Kid spelled sideways, sort of) to make a new delicious poison to put on America’s open market. They called it All-new Super-duper Freeze-dried Pre-cooked Pre-digested Instant Frozen Canned Turnips.

It swept the country. People would walk down the street chewing on the scrumptious treat.

But then, one day, Soupman of Lipton and Libby the Kid expired, then died, and the secret formula was lost. People would walk down the street and say to each other, “You got any All-new Super-Duper Freeze-dried Pre-cooked Pre-digested Instant Frozen Canned Turnips?”

And the answer would be, “What’s it to ya?” So every one grew hungry. The people became weak with malnutrition.

At this time, Sam Swift, world hero, arrived home from his fourth visit to the planet Geleton with a crew of twelve. They brought back a great new vegetable for the world’s population: Giant Okra. Okra, which is normally an appetizing snack which looks somewhat like a shaved but fuzzy cat’s tail which has been cut off and dipped in mucous, was now four feet long.

At first the people loved the Okra, and the Okra loved them. The Okra became popular among the world’s billions. But then, Mean Green, the leader of the Okra, became enraged.

“Exploitation!” he cried. “Sam Swift exploits Okra!” He traveled around the world, preaching to the cone-shaped vegetable. “Okra of the world, unite! Beware of man, for he enslaves you! You have nothing to lose but your Handiwrap!”

Mean Green attempted to organize the gooey plants into a labor union, which he called G.U.M.B.O. (Great Union of Maltreated Big Okras). However, Sam Swift (world’s champion) disallowed the organization, fearing that the visitors from Geleton would have too much power. “They’ll get too much power!” he said.

So then Mean Green incited the world’s supply of the out-of-this-world vegetable into a revolution. He communicated to them by means of vegetelepathy, and by radio. The Okra flew out of stores across the nation, dripping their slime on the owners in spite. The grocers were immediately felled when touched by just one stringy drop which fell from the slimy vegetable.

At St. Louis a secret meeting was held in an air-tight cavern at the floor of the Mississippi. At the front of the chamber, Mean Green hovered at a podium. Hundreds of thousands of Okra gathered facing the stage. There was a loud murmur in the crowd.

Chairman Green spoke. “Attention! May I have your attention, please.” The din mitigated, and the noise lessened too. The head of the Okra delivered his speech.

“The human race has had a history of exploitation.

“The Chinese exploit rice, the American Indians exploited corn, the French exploit grapes, the Dani exploit yams, the Irish exploit potatoes, the Italians exploit olives, and Post exploits raisins. Recently, within the last fifty years, the entire planet exploited turnips, beating them with every artificial process imaginable.

“Now it is us. We were rustled from our homes and sold like slaves, only to be devoured by the omnivorous people of earth.

“I will not stand for it! You should not stand for it. We should overthrow the tyrannous human-focused society which exists here on earth and help non-human terrestrial establish themselves!”

Cheers rang up in the room. The plants were unanimously for the proposed coup de etat. They then got down to planning.

Sightseers in the Gateway to the West Arch, which is the 750 foot high stainless steel structure which towers over St. Louis, were the first to see the bubbles rising from the Mississippi River. It seems at first as if the water were boiling, but then a multitude of dripping Okra came flying out of the river.

They covered the Arch with slime from their Okra-Slime Slinger. They shot down buildings with their Carrot Canon. The people ran in fear, but could not escape the deadly Radish Rifles which each of the extraterrestrial Okra carried. It was only a matter of hours before St. Louis was subjugated.

The national guard was called. The Army attacked with tanks from the east and west. The Navy approached from New Orleans. The Air Force bombed the city and had dog-fights with the flying Okra. The Marines parachuted into the city.

The naval ships were overrun with seaweed. Slime was slung into tanks by the Okra-Slime Slinger. The Marines were pelted in free-fall with cauliflower. Planes were shot down by the Long-Range Asparagus Gun.

The Okra had an arsenal of weapons for which the world was unprepared. They moved out of Missouri and conquered New York, Miami, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Pottstown, PA.

A meeting was held at the Pentagon to find out what the human race could do.

“What are we going to do?” screeched Senator Wochowshi, in his normally shrill voice.

“We must call Sam Swift, and fast!” replied President Agnew.

At that time, Sam Swift – world’s favorite – swiftly ran into the room. “Yes?” The entire situation was explained to him.

“This calls for the super-secret weapon I’ve been saving,” he said proudly. “Our only chance is to seek help from the Screaming Yellow Zonkers.”

The S.Y.Z. were called into Washington, and arrived on the same day as an entire brigade of flying Okra. The Screaming Yellow Zonkers screamed at them, but the Okra merely screamed back. The Zonkers zonked the Okra, but it was absorbed in their many layers of mucous membrane. The S.Y.Z. even tried yellowing the plant, but it stayed a putrid green. The Zonkers were forced into retreat, and the extraterrestrial cones moved into the city, dripping their lethal slime on the people.

The Senator asked Sam Swift, “Got any more brilliant ideas?”

And the immediate response was, “Hide!” But then he came up with a more permanent solution. “We’ll use a Vego-Matic on them and chop them up! But first, we must capture them.”

“How?” wondered the President.

“We can pour salt on them, and it will get stuck in their slime and weight them down, and then we can collect them in Reynold’s Wrap nets.”

“How will we get through their weapons?”

“We will build counter-weapons, of course.”

And so they went to work, readying for their oncoming confrontation.

It was only a matter of days before the Okra of Geleton attacked Los Angeles. But the United States Counter Forces, led by Sam Swift [self-appointed General], were waiting.

The slimy plants used their Rapid-fire Radish Rifles on the forces, but they returned with the Radium-powered Radish Remover.

“Ah ha!” exclaimed Mean Green. “Give them a shot of the Potato Pelter!” But the potatoes never reached their destination.

“Damn! They must have an All-Purpose Potato Peeler. Okay, then, they asked for it; give ’em a taste of the Okra-Slime Slinger!”

The high speed slime raced toward the counter forces, but they used their super-secret weapon, the Slogging Slime Slayer. The Giant Okra were defeated by the slaying of their slime.

And so, after the destruction of the Giant Flying Okra and the subsequent continuation of the starvation of the world, ends another epic revolution from the files of ancient earth.

NATIONAL CAPITAL

Pigeon Republic

It was an old grey pigeon. Most of the feathers on his left side were either missing or in the process of decay. His beak was chipped. But he had certainly sired many a fine pigeon. He had no consistent name.

He had been standing on a patch of ice over the dirty metropolitan sidewalk for quite some time. He fluttered away as a young man passed. The young man fancied that the pigeon had moved to demonstrate a deference to him, the sort of respect that rural animals instinctively show for humans. In truth, the pigeon moved because one of his feet had become painfully cold.

The old grey pigeon flew two feet and landed on a dirty, moist newspaper, over a picture of a grieving woman. Five people had died in an automobile accident, the caption read. The pigeon shat on her face.

Mobile Democracy

The young man continued walking. A large, foul-smelling metallic object approached him, farted as it stopped near him, and sucked him in from off the sidewalk.

The young man looked at the bus driver. He didn't get too nervous around such people, even negroes. Such people see so many others all day; he would be just another face to such a person. "Just another face covered with hair," he began to think, but checked himself. He had gotten a little paranoid, you see; or more accurately, acutely self-conscious.

He was dirty. He hadn't bathed in days.

He was fuzzy. He hadn't shaved in weeks.

He was tired. He hadn't slept well the night before.

And his backpack was heavy. With a grunt he slung the thing off his shoulders as he stood next to the bus door.

He fell into a middle aged woman as the bus started up. Their thighs rubbed together and he tingled. He looked up at the woman. She was angry. His backpack had fallen into her small child, who was now on the floor of the bus, crying. Blood began spurting from the child's nose onto his mother's white dress and onto the backpack, which still had the child's legs pinned to the floor.

The bus driver stared suspiciously at the young man. The young man dropped three round metal scraps into a well designed for such, and the driver seemed satisfied.

COMPREHENSIVE OFFENSIVE DEFENSE

Letters to the Editor
Washington Bazaar
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir,

The most critical problem with our current defense program is that none of the currently debated propositions look towards a fully comprehensive program. Such a program should provide stability in our defense spending as well as assure us that we have done everything possible to deter Soviet aggression, thus insuring that none of our free people will ever live under such totalitarian domination.

However, careful consideration clearly unveils the posture which we must pursue in order to give each American a true sense of security. Our current production of only three nuclear warheads per day amounts to a mere thousand annually. Hence we have no choice but to make it our unalterable goal to increase, by every conceivable method, the daily output of warheads towards the ideal figure of seven hundred. Thus within twenty years each man, woman, and child native to the United States will experience the security and comfort of having a nuclear missile in his own backyard, prepared to decimate Moscow in the second worse possible case that he is the sole surviving patriot of a Communist nuclear assault.

Sincerely,

Milandus Trial Komplex, Vice Resident
Necroscope Ballistics, Inc.

MARKET McBLUES

Skating down the highway
 on a Newtonian board.
 Past the Golden Arches ...
 "We must go back!
 Grease Attack!"

You got your - toy cars - learn to consume
 You got your - transistor radios - make room
 for your - very own color TV - they've got you now
 Soon you'll be buying a Sports Car.
 You got your - charge card - learn how to borrow
 You got your - mortgage - learn to be in debt.
 You got your - 3 kids - 2 cheeseburgers,
 1 chicken, 1 Big Mac, 1 fish,
 4 large fries,
 finiculi, finicula,
 2 chocolate, 2 vanilla shakes,
 and a large Coke →

Plastic, Plastic, carbon chains the best,
 Plastic, Plastic, smother all that's left,
 of this earth
 after concrete,
 after asphalt,
 after sewage,
 after slime.
 Block all pores of life on earth in none too short a time.

You got your – Market McBlues ...

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAM

“And so, here we are in the coliseum, the umptiumpth superbowl, with the score fifteen to thirteen, Washington’s lead.

“There are only three seconds left in the game, but Miami is moving. They have driven from their own two yard line to Washington’s 43 in only five plays. A field goal will win it for the Dolphins.

“The teams are returning to the field ... oh, wait a minute ... we have just received the result of the game based on key statistics taken in the first half, and fed into NBC’s computer ... and Miami will win by a score of sixteen to fifteen according to our prediction. That must mean that Yepremian will make this 50 yard field goal, which must be a big relief to you Dolphin fans.

“And so, as the teams line up for the field goal, which Earl Moral will hold and Garo Yepremian will kick, we will return to our regularly scheduled program.”

MUSHROOMS OF GLORY

A small, dark man with beady eyes approached his color television set with a slight limp in his left leg. The right corner of his upper lip rose disapprovingly as he considered the poor quality of the cathode ray image into which he was about to peer.

Hastily he flicked on the switch and hobbled towards the kitchen, swearing at the “Goddamn Japs” for forcing US to impose a trade embargo. “Don’t make TV’s like they used to.” And his expensive new Pinto was in the shop again, too.

He did not mind the odor as he opened his refrigerator. The beer he grabbed was a sixteen ounce aluminum can containing Miller Lite. The food was a frozen Swanson He-Man Roast Beef Feast TV dinner.

As he began to preheat his oven, he remembered his last electric bill and swore at the “Goddamn Iranians” as he rotated the dial up to the requested figure of 450 degrees Fahrenheit.

He pulled on the ersatz counterweights on his digital coo-coo clock. It coo-cooed: “1:15 PM”.

So he returned to the comfort of his orange and kaki plaid armchair, which remained in a position strategically planted before the television. He seemed filled with confusion as he sat gazing into the screen. “Yeah,” he verified, glancing at the current position of the channel selector, “sonnava bitch ’zon NBC.” With growing impatience he fidgeted as he sat and waited, then stood and pondered the situation as he tried to scratch his rectum through the seat of his polyester doubleknits.

Eventually he complained with annoyance, “But this isn’t football. And it isn’t a tire commercial.” It was a Shirley Temple movie, in black and white, but he could not notice. As he flipped the station to CBS with renewed confidence, he asserted, “The [insert arbitrary local name of National Football Conference team] game will surely be on.”

But no. The sterile electronic voice emanating from the television speaker announced, “We regret to inform you that the broadcast, and hence this football game thereof, has been cancelled due to a lack of sponsor funds.”

“Goddammit all!” the man exclaimed as uncontrollable coughs of frustration echoed through his little lungs. “They’ve forced ’em all outa’ business, and now all my autumn Sundays gonna’ be wasted!”

The sound of an approved network voice graciously inviting all of its viewers to stayed tuned to a special presentation of “My Mother the Car visits Petticoat Junction” (which would immediately follow a brief word from the sponsor) was drowned by a sudden wheezing attack and by the fitful pounding of a fist on the television which caused the picture to scramble.

“Nuke ’em!” he ranted. “Nuke ’em!” he raved. “Nuke ’em!”
So they did.

THE ORIGIN OF NEW CLEAR WAR

The front page headline of the Washington Bazaar calls out:

THIRTY DIE IN SUBWAY TRAGEDY

On page thirteen resides an obscure article about a minor nuclear war which had commenced three days earlier in Africa. The warheads of ten fusion explosives had been detonated since then.

All of the warheads were of American design and had been manufactured in the United States. This is not mentioned in the article.

The article goes on to say how this is the first use in war of nuclear weapons since Nagasaki.

And mustard gas was also used. This was made in Europe.

Botsylwania no longer exists.

Zambilia has declared rightful ownership of the crater.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE

Email address: `pbailey@math.uci.edu`