The Journal of Folklore (Urban) and Other Serious Stuff

July 26, 1993

CONTENTS

1. Minutes of the Serious Eggheads Conclave, July 18, 1993

2. Evidence of a Global Illuminati Conspiracy

3. Pen-and-Ink Rendition of the Photographic Record of the Serious Eggheads Conclave, July 18, 1993

4. Complete and Final Disposition of All AFU FAQ Items as Done by the Serious Eggheads, July 18, 1993.

DEPARTMENTS

a. Letters to the Editor............ [on Back Order]

b. Letter Bombs to the Editor....... [Subject to prior Sale]

c. Cartoons........................ [Lost in the Mail]

d. Book Reviews.................... [Damaged in Transit]

Published AS NEEDED by the Serious Egghead Faction of the Urban Folklore Society, alt.urban.folklore, Eastern Branch.

-- $2.50 --
Our story begins as our heroes set out from Copley Square, Boston to find the Cambridge Brewing Company, 1 Kendall Square, Cambridge.

[Note: Our heroes are splinter and his stalwart henchman Danny, who was chosen for this assignment because his heart is pure.]

Following the officially-approved route, they disembark at the Kendall Square T Station. But, what ho? There is not a sign of the CBC. They ask numerous passers-by for directions. They soon learn that male MIT folk all know the way to CBC, but that female MIT folk can only say "it's around here somewhere." It's not at the Kendall Square T station.

Undaunted, they trudge up Broadway, constantly noting that they are getting farther and farther from Kendall Square. At last, upon reaching "Charles Reardon Square" they see a building adorned with a huge sign "1 Kendall Square" as if in embarrassment.

This is the place.

Hip young folk lounge about the urban fern saloon sipping brewskis and smelling the ferns. Three other suspicious people lurk near the entrance. Our heroes approach them, confident, self-assured, and in control.

Confident turns out to be gator. Self-assured is Eric J. In control could be none other than Kibo -- but is it really him? Or is this someone posing as Kibo? Kibo's beard is officially described as being "Lincolnesque." This man had no warts on his beard.

Our heroes nervously fingered their hidden Glcoks. [Men: Try nervously fingering your Glock sometime. You'll like it!]

Suddenly "Kibo" began describing the plot of a movie entitled "Serif Nazis Must Descend" and we knew at once it was he.

The Gang of Five soon hailed a passing maitresse d' and asked for the Shergold party.

"But there are only five of you," she declaimed. "Mr. Shergold reserved space for twenty, plus a Polish Mazurka Band. Whence cometh this disparity?" [Note: Cambridge folk talk this way.]

"They will cometh soon," sayeth splinter. "They are probably looking for 1 Kendall Square in Kendall Square instead of in Reardon Square."

"Forsooth," she said.

So the five were seated. Soon they were joined by Dick Joltes' hearty band of Harvard Heavies. Two lurkers slipped silently into nearby chairs. In no time at all the party had grown to twelve fully-functional adult humans plus two stuffed animals: a gator named "harvee" and a rube-toot Stimpy. Harvee took his place at the head of the table, and Stimpy jumped into the Gritty Kitty, wherein gator had placed chocolate cookies made up to look like cat faeces. Yum, yum.

Orders were placed for the famous CBC beer and food. Two thirds of those present drank of the grain, whilst one-third eschewed chemical stimulants. There were nachos, onion rings, and hot buffalo wings for all. Yum, yum.
The talk inevitably turned to urban legends. Copies of the Shergoldian were passed around and enjoyed. A copy of the recent AFU FAQ was circulated for reference. Heated discussions alternated with cooled monologues from noted experts. Laughter rang out. The cash register rang up. Alas, nothing was resolved, except "to do better next time."

A photographic record of the proceedings was made. It went to the processing labs. All of the photos came back blank. There was a note in the envelope which said, "We made copies of all the lewd ones and sent them to our friends." Do we believe this?

Fortunately, a pen-and-ink representation of the photographic record was also made. This forms the bulk of the much-heralded Journal. To get a copy of the Journal, you must either:
1. Attend AFU East II 01 ---- Oops! Too late!
2. Email a snail mail address to splinter@allink.com.
3. Whilst they last, only.

All the gory details are depicted in the Journal.

The evening ended as it had begun. There were loud cries of "AFU forever!" and "I saw it on TV. It has to be true!" and "My God, how did we spend so much money!"

Our heros made their way slowly back to Copley Square and in a nearby hostel slept the dreamless sleep of the truly self-absorbed.

On behalf of:

little gator, splinter, EsJ, Dick Joltes, Jean-Marc Rocher, Alan Richer, Dave Croson, Kibo, Matt McIrvin, Lurker_1, Lurker_2, Danny,

Faithfully submitted,

t "I made it all up" c

___ splinter@allink.com _______( )_( )
:just another middle-aged mutant Zen rat: / \ . . /

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THE "OFFICIAL" PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD
OF
AFU EAST 01
Vol 1 No 1 < AFU EAST > 7/18/93

 CAMBRIDGE, MASS (OFFICIAL CITY MAP)
(c) the City of Un Boston, Mass

Here's where we met:

Hampshire

Kendall Sq

Broadway

Main St

MIT

(WIMT)

(still)

Here

also

People
drinking
beer

here.

Imagine

IN
OUT

Brewing
Company

Cambridge

Harvard


Rastafarian Illuminati
Room 13, Inn at Arcadia, I
666 Rue Jacques de Molay
Catacombs, France
January 13, 1993

Hon. J. Edgar Hoover
Drawer 2117 - East Wing
Cryogenics 'B' Us
Cold Harbor, NY

My Dearest Edgar,

Since you have now become a full Knight in "our little thing" I am taking the liberty of bringing you up to date on a few of the details. By the way, I absolutely adored the yellow frock you wore at the initiation. Simply stunning! The cryogenic treatments just do suit you so well -- your skin was positively glowing.

You've already been told the story of the escape to France of Mary and the rest of JC's brothers and sisters. While watching over that brood during the next few centuries, we had little to do except to foment a revolution here and there and turn lead into gold as needed to keep the coffers filled. Of course, we also "kept hidden" the Grail, the Shroud, the Spear, the Robe, the Dice, and all the other Relics.

During the Second Crusade, a crippled English archer, Gwillym der Guilden (he had had his bowstring fingers removed by the French) fell into the hands of the heathen. Whilst in their captivity, he was befriended by a Turk of the name Sultan ben Argic, who told him the legend of the lost Sandals of the Crucifixion. Gwillym passed this secret on to his eldest son, who, to remain incognito, changed his name to ShyrGeld. The ShyrGeld family has kept the Sandal secret ever since, in exchange for which honor they must conduct a Census of the Illuminati every hundred years. The most recent Census was conducted by the youngest living ShyrGeld, Craigge. His decision to use birthday cards was most inventive, don't you think?

Yes, we do continue to fill the ranks of acolytes through abduction from shopping malls, theme parks and the like. And we so liked your idea about quick-drying their newly-dyed hair in a microwave that we adopted it. So far, only of the three little ones have exploded on us. Of course, we caught that action for use in the most recent release of the Snuff-It™ film series. BTW we're financing all this activity through the mobile kidney donation program.

Old Joe Kennedy sends his best. He continues to rag Jack about that "Berliner" gaffe. Says, "That must have been jelly that shot out of your head in Dallas." Jack doesn't seem to mind, though. He and Marilyn just disappear from time to time, and we don't think they're doing a cryogenic update with Elvis, either. (Oh yes. Hugs from the King. Can you bring a jar of peanut butter next time you see him?)

Ed, I think you should reconsider your request to be made a member of the Brotherhood of Hooks. I'm told that the high you get from leaving the hook on the car door handle still doesn't make up for the damage done to your tennis game by giving up one hand. Let's discuss this further at the next TriLatComm meeting, shall we?

Well, I must be toddling off. It's my turn to do the ankle game at the mall today, and my knife is dull. Please do pass on my best to Walt. I just adore that mouse of his!

[Signature]

RAOUL
Rumored to have been present:

- Stimpy
- little gator
- Harvée the Alligator
- Splinter
- E&J
- Dick "I don't know any of these people" Fontes
- Jean-Marc "me neither" Rocher
- Alan J "I will order bratwurst for food" Richer
- Dave "Game Master Lurker" Croson

Kibo and David Hasselhoff's other hair!
- Matt 01234567 ≡ Indent-o-meter McIrvin (modulo 8)
- The "Booth" Group
  - Lurker #1
  - Lurker #2
  - Lurker #3

These may have been homeless people:

oldest (by far...) 😞 (ouch!)

youngest (not so far) Jean-Marc

No contest here!

Oops! Misspelled
GATOR BROUGHT HER COOKIES
(they look like kitty doo-doo)

IN A REAL LITTER BOX!

SPLINTER BROUGHT A RUDE-TOOT STIMPY — AND WE SAT HIM* IN THE COOKIE BOX. HE SMILED.

⇒ The waitress ate a cookie! right then and there! (this is cambridge mass, folks)

*Stimpy, not splinter!
TABLE OF CONTENTS
(BEFORE THE FEAST)

* Gator's cookies look like cat turds!
   - but taste lots better!

harvey got ill from the chili

kibo sat here

homeless?
This is a drawing - not a photo!

"Harvey's view of the attendees."

Note: ee used twice!

(before he got sick from the chili)

P.S. they're all gators!!!!

Which one is Dick Joltes, Kibo, Gator, Hillary Clinton?
IN THE KITCHEN — A CANDID PHOTO

Note: toothbrush

(Note: Escaping gerbil)

AGENDA ITEM NO. 1

We line up for group photos!

CANDID PHOTOS

PHOTOS $1

ALT. PICTURES, REAL NUDE
— CENSORED —

welcome to AFU!

the help

missing kidney here

Ohhh...

Hold still!

Who got the pics?

NOT US!!!
THIS IS *SPOT*—HE ALSO WAS THERE!

Spot

Spot

Spot

spot is all over this......

K  Hung  Spot!

note:
adolf finally got it!!

Hitler could never get the size of his stick figures right!
SCIENCE!
(urban legend)
sleeping
grizzly bear.

Mr. theremine
in here
(in the butt, Bob)

dead biologist
[ who is (was)
related to
gator. ]

the scientists
give opinion
testing whether
grizzlies actually
hibernate, by us
taking their
temperature rectally.

© 1993 by scientists everywhere
More photos!

Kibo flying his awesome saucer.

Nooo UNIT ZETA OR BUST

AI PROGRAM CODE FOR
PARTICIPATION AT AFO EAST &2

NOP
NOP
NOP
NOP

ATTACK OF THE FACELESS LURKERS

AFO Exit was here

Where was I?

Am I in Australia?

I did none of this! [sneeze]

spot

AFO Exit was here

EBO was here at the time...

No the hallucinates effect!

(here, spot!)
Kibo's shaven tarantula was discovered to be a poisonous daddy longlegs. They can walk iff you pull off six legs! Really.

note: when the writing is neat, it's Kibo's!

P.S. DLL have heads on top of their little pill-shaped bodies!

↑ true!

this is Splinters' writing (not neat)
then,

WE SAID GOOD-NIGHT!

CAMBRIDGE BEER SALOON RESTAURANT CO.

Yawn!
We owe how much?!
out out
Zzzz
Groan!

Happy Birthday Gooley!
Erg, ouch, ouch!

Ohhh, ugh!

I need to pee!

LET'S DO IT AGAIN —— SOON!

P.S. Kibo is NOT BIFF! REALLY!

GATOR WON THE DOOR PRIZE —
a 36" x 84" French door with lockset!

"We luv U ALL" — the staff

"15% gratuity" — the other staff

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Complete and Final Disposition of ALL FAQ Items

by The Serious Eggheads

My dog ate the manuscript.

Bad dog, Spot!