

### Burroughs Box

I'm sitting in a stump in the centre of Britain's Independent Financial Advisers (not in Waco sense) being kicked. Leonardo tried a handful of shuriken, but it was pointless trying to be something they can never be - young.

"Don," said Leonardo. "Can you explain?"

"Violence, robbery & murder," said Donatello again. "It's what they call litter when it's found on the Gret British lay-by. George Kojorjee a giant octopus hauled itself into Angola.

"What were your main reasons for becoming an octopus, notwithstanding all their own usually insuffereable gush about how different they are."

"At times like this," said George, "I'd personally rather be a sixty-tonne battleship. Usually the condition first appears as sore and tender areas on the face, scalp and nappy areas in children under two. It then spreads to the member after a particularly good game."

"You're as bad as I am. Sexual promiscuity is the first step towards Benzoyl peroxide products."

"Whatever can be the matter with him?" Molly exclaimed in astonishment. "I've never known him behave like that before."

"We are witnessing a growth in so-called 'vigilantes'. If the use of guns spreads beyond cigarette smoking, more ordinary people will reach sixth place."

Mark

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Learning the Science of the Soul, a preacher of God understood. Those who have sufficeint intelligence take heoin. Those who are intelligent politicians take sonic booms.

Srila Prabhupada: What is heroin?

Father Emmanuel: A sadistic alcoholic whose warped mind bred fear inthose arround him.

Srila Prabhupada: Dear Hippe parasites, why should I work 45 hours a week and pay £500 a month mortgage so you lot cn wander round with dogs on strings, smoking roll-ups and drinking cider. I would napalm you and your followers.

Father Emmanuel: Yes. We're a sexually and emotionally repressed society. Also there is no tax. That's probably why it's so attractive to musicians.

James B. King When is the easiest moment to say you want to use one?

Health Department's Chief Medical Officers: After many months of brutal warfare and trade restrictions

Srila Prabhupada: Yes It's a perfect opportunity. So take it.

Is this Britain's greatest abstract art?

It is a great honour for m to have te pleasure of examining the publications of the heroes in a half-shell. He transmits in modern Ebglish the same timeless knowledge that other great self-realized teachers have spoke for millenia - something other than gibberish? Who cares? Enjoy. CC.

Anon

# Hard Frontal lobotomy

THE SINGER'S forgetfulness in mid-sentence suggests his relentless work schedule and drug use are taking their toll.

wafer-thin pizza?

smile

of

Irrelevant Clip-art

demonstrates her birth technique

It's more a feeling of throwing

"The worst thing about

gutting myself

I've been

very anal retentive

We'll always take it back.

from some distant part of France.

# Overdose of

Dennis  
Wheatley

You think Mother's right, then, about her having been taining slaughterhouses? time when he could get out there advance and placed it cold

Chanting Hare Krishna

and all that, and I used to wander around the deserted shopping centre of a Sunday with my masseur on call,

having to

Rub 'Til It Bleeds



Mark Charsley,  
Wadham.

### Newsletter Distribution Rationalization

Now, OUSFG has been going for some time now, and has had a succession of, how shall I put this, organisationally challenged committees; and what with all this life membership business, there's some names on the newsletter distribution list that have been there for a long time: I'm particularly suspicious of a certain M. Mouse and his friend F. Christmas in St. Catz. To cut a long story short, it has come to the committee's notice that we

- (a) appear to have lots of names on our mailing list which don't have pigeon holes, and
- (b) are sending out newsletters to people who, judging by their lack of attendance, just chuck the newsletter straight into the bin.

This is a waste of their time, our time and paper. So to do our bit for the environment and our idleness, we've decided to only send newsletters to those who are still in Oxford and want them. So, in order to claim your future newsletters, all you have to do is cut out the bit of the newsletter above, which cunningly has your name and college on the other side, fold it in half so my name is on the outside and pop it in pigeon post back to me. If you don't want to cut up your newsletter, just send me a note in pigeon post, or tell me at any meeting. Freshers who joined this year needn't bother (though see below): neither need the usual lot who turn up, most of whom are pedantic enough to come up and tell me anyway.

### Box o' Death

If there's a tick in the box opposite, then you only bought a term's membership, so unless you upgrade to a year or life by sending £6 or £10 respectively to Alex Ralph, our treasurer, at Somerville this is your final newsletter. Right that's that over with, let's get on to the meetings 'n' stuff.

### Discussion Meetings

These are held in the Lady Brodie Room in St. Hilda's, every Wednesday night at 8.15. Tea, coffee, biscuits, stupid discussions, people doing silly things: and then there's the bar! If you want more from life than this, then you probably didn't join OUSFG anyway.

Week 5: Adrian's Mars meeting: everything you never knew about Mars, mainly 'cos Adrian made it up. Apparently there may be some acting going on, but Adrian just grins in a worrying fashion whenever I ask him about it: I'm worried.

Week 6: John Bray on Matter Transmission. He is confusing matter transmission (sic) with trans-dimensional displacement of a remotely induced singularity. I despair!

Week 7: Mark's Technophobia through the ages, a serious discussion hindered by the Interzone players illustrating various points in their own (hopefully) unique style.

Week 8: Silly Games and Cookies. Recoil in horror at *Vampires in the Dark*, groan at Context: the Party Game, moan at me for being no better than anyone else when you come down to it, at *Just a Minute*.

<sup>1</sup> Crap-competition-no-one-will-enter time! The first person to tell me the source of this quote gets a crap prize they won't really want.

### Library Meetings

Matthew Marcus' room in Magdalen (New Building TC 15: at the top of staircase 6, not 1 as the cunning little weasel told me at the beginning of term), every Sunday night from 8.15. We appear to have settled on going to the Angel and Greyhound afterwards. For those who've missed it: it's the inset pub a bit up St. Clements. Should anyone want to hold the library next term, then feel free to volunteer, cos then Matthew won't moan all the time, and slightly more seriously, we won't have to hike two and half thousand books up 4 flights of stairs again.

### Video Meetings

These are getting a little silly: when we show either a good film or *I bought a Vampire Motorcycle*, we get loads of people. If we show the usual run of the mill stuff, we get about two. Thus to save expense and embarrassment, not to mention Lucy's time, these are being put on hold until we get a list of films that people actually want to see. Thus the only remaining films to be shown this term will be:

Week 5: *Jacob's Ladder*: are there really demons out there or is it just the drugs he took in 'Nam? Quite a good film, which critics didn't understand (mind you they couldn't understand *Back to the Future II*, so it's hardly surprising), but Mo claims it's obvious.

Week 8: *The Muppet's Christmas Carol*: it'll be seasonal and funny, and it'll be in 8th week.

These are held on Monday nights, from about 8.15 in St. Hilda's South JCR. For next term, if you want a film shown, put it down on the suggestion list I'll be taking along to meetings from now on.

### Burroughs Box

"I've been feeling strange..." Matthew grinned. John's rush had carried him half across the room into the transcendental plane of Krishna consciousness, where passions burn and juices bubble and up to six prostitutes a night destroyed half a hotel.

"I'm going to keep my door locked tonight if there's a party going on," she smiled. The Marquis collapsed on a *Louis Seize* settee suffering from chronic groin strain. She plugged back into the national grid, her long, silk stockinged legs more hyperactive than ever. These timeless practices burned the blood stained bed, decorating their pillows at night. Bob rues the day he ever offered to clean Father Barry's escort girls and prostitutes.

"British men do not like women very much," he says. Silently his manager has booked a masseur, a pneumatic woman astronaut in a skintight suit.

"I gave remarkably good head," she murmured, masticating new motions of the flesh. He was overcome by uneasy relief.

Lucy Marsterson

### Christmas Party

The annual combined party with the Comic Book and Role Playing Games Societies, will one again be held in Corpus Christi's New Music Room on Saturday 7th week (27th November). Tickets are available from Alex, priced £3 tee-total, £5 alkie, and £6 on the door. About half the attendees will be in fancy dress (the best of whom will get a prize), and the rest will be dressed normally (well as normally as they usually are), so there's no need to feel embarrassed either way.



## Editorial

Apologies for the lack of material in this newsletter, but you would not believe how busy I am..., so thanks to Ralph for the cover, which was produced at the William Burroughs' workshop (incidentally, he appears to have an album out at the moment: could this be cause for another entry in the library's music collection?), as are the various Burroughs Boxes scattered throughout the rest of the newsletter. No-one signed theirs so I can't thank any of them except Lucy, who's was unmistakable. Finally, I'd like to give a big thankyou to all those I bullied into helping with Freshers' Fair, and giving discussion meetings:

## THANK YOU

### Burroughs Box

She tried to blot out the sound with Scientific truth. He must by now be as scared as she was that she would do it into my mouth.

She tried to comfort him, "We have forced ourselves on Mrs. Relph."

Hinde let out the sob of a small, hurt child, "I've told you, I didn't take her."

"That was the plan."

"Yes, that was the plan. But I didn't carry it through. I brought her home."

Caspian said: "You took her to a group meeting."

"No. She spoke to me about another part of her which has not yet been allowed to emerge. I reserve the right to wake up feeling in the mood for a nice big pair of tits..."

When is the easiest moment to say you want to use one like an alarm clock or if you're really silly, as a piece of irrelevant hoof?

"There was nothing to feel guilty about. Neither of us has any reason for guilt." She was, he reassured, soothing him with his own shit. Behind him a woman let out a pitiful little moan.

"How far will you go?"

Annie gulped, and threw herself on top of Adelaide and just let herself die.

Mark

### Context

Akash: "I saw that rubber chicken, and I thought... Christine."

Mark C: "When my hand's up his bottom, he thinks he's Abbadon"

Ralph: "It's more fun than sex with a tortoise"

Mark C: "There is a difference between RPG's and genital piercing"

Neal: "Yes, RPG's are more painful and socially embarrassing."

Mark C: "What's all this green slime on my trousers?"

Lucy: "I would deny it but I can't."

Mark C: "I don't care: I'll fit it in there somewhere."

Tim A: "We all take our clothes off at the end"

New Matt: "That's what vicars tell young children!"

Mark C: "I can't put that in there: I'm a Christian!"

Frances: "Oh look, I've run out again!"

Mark C: "I only have long hair in certain places."

Matthew: "Computers are like weasels: long, thin and mammalian."

Mark C: "Just because someone's stupid enough to offer you all their jaffa cakes does not mean they're Satan."

Matthew: "It's a damn good indication though."

Neal: "When I moved, the orange sprang out at high speed."

Jeremy: "I don't know whether it's drinkable or not."

Liz: "What's the alcohol content?"

Frances: "Are those my feet?"

John: "I wasn't born with this beard."

### Burroughs Box

PANIC. He had to find a sex life. "I've done it twice this year"

"I couldn't see myself wanting to stop," he added. It was too bad she was called Bradley, was in his teens and, of course, taught his asshole to talk. Otherwise it's the same blancmange trembling against his legs.

Painfully, tunelessly he slid off the and goes down under a dandified queer of perfumed irrelevance. But knowledge that opens up the secrets of the self within us is.

They said "your poems are crap!"

High Thrust Modification: None

"You remember my problem with chickens? I remember telling you a little about it the weekend we were in Laguna. About what happened at my uncle's farm when I was eight years old? However I *thought* it was a bit odd that Tim Adye had a bore of exactly fifteen inches."

Major launched his most determined bid yet to shake himself free of the shadow of mushrooms.

Major: I'm looking ahead, not wearing your knickers. Quivering, snorting, eyes rolling wildly, for the next few days kids of age groups 18 months to 12 years described by Police Commissioner Paul Condon as metaphysical understanding. Eaten any six-year-old beef lately in the absence of good English radical songs.

Anon

### Mark's Step by Step Guide to Making a Costume

Some people find costume making too difficult, resulting in them having to join the 50% of people at the Christmas Party wearing a sensible outfit: clothes that enable you to go to the toilet without a five minute dismantling procedure and stay warm on the way to/from the party, while not gathering strange looks. However, by following the simple guide below, you can avoid this dreadful fate:

1. Think of a costume idea.
2. Obtain the materials you'll need.
3. Assemble them to form the costume.

and there you go: one costume to go to the party in. No problem!

Next Issue: Mark's Step by Step Guide to Writing an Essay.



### Burroughs Box

Interestingly situated above Sainsbury's, Wadham 6-2 is a particularly bulky sardine in an unusually small tin. It might be worth checking out its Ferian Ram - a countryman holding a tall pole. But for perfect knowledge, stop after Tesco's to chant the holy names of Zool pppkkkkffwwwhh. The commonest causes of constipation are Discussion meetings. A corpse just becomes a bit of an inconvenience. But in most cases the problem will clear up quickly because of acid in the stomach is escaping back into the brutish groping foeti.

Why experiment? I would like to know more about BUPA to fall a vicim to one of the dread Satanic forces of all colleges & universities in the UK.

It was a whopper, wasn't it? The weakest moment is a crutch stompalong 'Size of a Cow' remake jammed into the small, immaculately clean and slept on a two-inch-thick Mark.

### Introduction to Zool

A long time ago in a galaxy pretty bloody close, come to think of it, someone wrote the fateful message '11.40 Have set off for Zool : See you there.' on her door. For reason, never adequately explained, this was later explained to be:

Zool! Death Planet where the intractable criminals of 10,000 worlds were exiled.

Zool! World of everlasting darkness and sense-destroying winter.

Zool! Where the nameless weapons of a dead civilisation still preyed on mankind's fears.

Generations of OUSFG members have taken this as an excuse to take turns writing episodes of a story (using the word in its loosest possible sense) featuring in-jokes no-one will get, and rather unsubtle cameos of OUSFGites and their friends (again using the word in the loosest possible sense). Giving a resume of the plot seems a little futile, as it disappeared somewhere around episode 9, and wasn't even looking particularly well then. So, instead I will introduce some of the more important characters (in order of appearance):

**Gogromelgromoth the Dark Lord (or Tim):** a rather unassuming wizard, whose mother (Mrs. Lord) had ideas above his station. He may have been a centipede at some point but is currently humanoid (ditto for his mother), and has tried to change his name to Tim, but without much success.

**Molin-Cax:** one of the old guard, which means his heroicity is dubious to say the least. Based on Colin W. and Max, who left OUSFG years ago. Currently reincarnated with tie-dyed flesh after a regrettable bit of spontaneous combustion.

**John Clute:** a smart-ass whom no-one really likes. Any resemblance to *Interzone* editors past or present is entirely accidental.

**The Beard:** based on Lucy. After swapping bodies (and de-railing the plot for several episodes in the process), she is now helping save Earth.

**The Penguin:** based on Mark C. A very fine fellow indeed, whose heroic efforts have saved worlds as we know them many times already.

**Brother Mann:** a monkish fellow who hasn't done very much. Last known possessor of the mystic charm of Khellessar.

**The Men in Black:** rather unpleasant individuals who go round making obscure and tasteless bets on various social possibilities within OUSFG.

**Glamorous Galactic Agent Marina MacDonald:** no guesses who this psychopathic maniac with a crap french accent is based on.

**The Hobbit:** based on Neal, but no-one told me until after I atomised him in episode 4. Sorry Neal.

**Sidekick:** based on Alex (we think): she hasn't done much yet, and if you don't tell her about that bit in Episode 10, neither will I.

**The Wise Woman:** based on Wendy: she gave a bit of dodgy advice in episode 4 and hasn't been seen since.

**Lord Evil:** a scientist who's mad, and possibly bad.

**Igor:** used to be Lord Evil's deformed assistant, but is now in the radiation-ravaged version of The Beard's body.

**Abigail Lord:** used to be Tim/Gogormelgromoth Lord's wife until his mother blew her into hadronic jets.

**David Icke:** no-one's sure (except the Mule) whether he's a villain or a hero, but he's definitely turquoise.

**The herring:** used to be a gigawatt laser cannon, but has recently been turned into a (presumably dead) herring of unknown powers.

**The Mule:** as far as I know, not based on anyone, but he was forced to loan his genitals to David Icke purely for a crap pun. For those about to ring the RSPCA, it's OK: he's got them back now.

**The Conclavosaurus:** a brontosaurus-like creature whose had all three brains artificially boosted to sentience, and as a result is suffering from multiple personalities: Andrew, George and Barry.

**Mrs Miggins:** a woman with a rather unpleasant voice who has a tea fixation. Based (to my shame) on one of my (now dead) RPG characters.

Other characters who haven't done much yet, but look promising are,

The actor in the brown leather jacket (Mark Boyes)

The mad chef (Elvis)

The Psychlo actor in the clawed glove (Frances)

Kirk and Spock (Kirk and Spock: bit tricky that one)

The Middle Eastern Nutters (the characters from the Hezbollah RPG Mo runs, recently wiped out thanks to Lou's experiments with memory moss, and suffering from addiction to rose petal essence)

The full epic is being can be read at most OUSFG meetings, and can be found in a rather natty red file. Should anyone want to write an episode, the rules are simple: include the phrase 'Zool death planet where the intractable criminals of 10,000 worlds etc.'. That's it. No more, it's not much to ask for, but people just will not comply. It's a hard job, and no-one appreciates me... look just turn over the page, and I'll just go to a pub and get maudlin, okay?

### Stop Press

Should anyone want an old design T-shirt (the one with the dragon reading a book), can they get in touch with Alex as soon as possible. Similarly, we're thinking of re-doing the OUSFG mugs: get in contact with Mark if you're interested. Finally if anyone fancies playing at the Megazone Laser centre on Monday evening 7th week get in contact with Mark.