

# pulp

What is it with the UFO nuts?

Why do all these weirdos dress up in rubber masks and hang out in California trying to attract aliens? Why do they, ENCOUNTERS magazine, Erich von Daniken and David ('Ask Me About "Red Shoe Diaries"') Duchovny's character on "The X Files" persistently try to get the attention of the little grey-skinned big-eyed Whitley-Streiber-harrassing space midgets?

Look: they've read the literature. They believe all the abduction stories. Why, then, do they keep signalling the saucer jockeys when they know (FOR A FACT)

the following:

ALL YOU GET OUT OF MEETING E.T. THESE DAYS IS A THOROUGH BUTT-PROBING AND A MEMORY WIPE THAT DOESN'T WORK.

Watch "Communion" if you don't believe me.

That's also what I don't understand about this "Superior Galactic Civilization" crap. Sure, humanity doesn't have faster-than-light travel yet, we may have had a couple of nuclear close shaves in the past, but at least we've reached the stage of considering it common courtesy to ask permission of another sentient being before initiating the butt/hosepipe stage of a relationship. THAT is what superior civilizations are about (and if we haven't, we DO need that overhaul of sexual-harassment appeal procedures that our Fearless Leader and the rest of the Back to Basics people have promised us).

And don't give me any of that "Oh, but obviously they see us as animals" crap either. If they do see abduction and unspeakable experiments as just veterinary science, where are all the aliens protesting against it? Where are the bigheaded ET types waving placards reading "NO PROBE" and "BOYCOTT HUMAN\_TESTED COSMETICS"? (I leave to your imagination what sort of cosmetics would get tested like that - like the man said, "I wouldn't like to sit behind one in a cinema").

Kind of a sobering thought, isn't it: that five-note alien tune (that Francois Truffaut and the other government nerds learned in "Close Encounters of the Third Kind") probably translates as "Bend Over".

Robin Short

Area 51, USA

### Terminal Stupidity

This month's Terminal Stupidity award goes to the latest national joke; the Paxtons. Now let's see the South Mole Isl. debacle from their point of view - "a national television network current affairs program, renowned for their honest and non-sensationalist journalism, calls us up and says that we can have a resort holiday, and that all we have to do for it is allow them to film our tropical frolicking and a job interview for a job we don't have to take. Where's the down side?"

"Knock knock knock... anyone home McFly???" Now let's look at the down side - they've been thrown off their cushy commitment to the dole queue and become a source of national hate and ridicule. They are Australia's equivalent of Cato Calin, but they're not going to make a million from Hollywood and the gullible American people. Australians are cynical, vicious predators on anyone who insists on making an idiot of themselves in public, remember that. These people should make the centrefold of the Terminal Stupidity year-book.

Renaissance man

### Thumbs down to bus drivers

Is there an easier and less stressful job in the world than driving a bus in Canberra? Let's see; for an average full-time salary of around \$40,000 you have to drive a bus on the best roads in the world with less than a quarter of passenger capacity on most routes, and for a bus company making an annual loss of over \$10 million. A 14% pay increase over 30 months with no productivity offsets? I think not!

Renaissance man

I think the saddest things I saw all holidays were those Toyota banners at the one-day cricket. You know the ones I mean - the ones that said "Steve Waugh Caught Behind" with a badly-drawn caricature of the man with a fishing hook in the back of his pants. Actually, that one looks like S J Perelman compared to some of the atrocities that were waved around by morons on national television.

Anyway, the saddest thing about those banners/posters/placards/whatever (not counting the creativity, or lack thereof, or the artistic capability shown by those who

counting the creativity, or lack thereof, or the artistic capability shown by those who perpetrated them) was that you just knew they represented the crowning glory of some pathetic bugger's life. You could just see him sitting bolt upright in bed at 2 o'clock in the morning with sweat running down his forehead and this supernova of artistic inspiration burning in his brain, immediately rushing out to the garage with bedsheets and paint and working feverishly through the night a la Thomas Carlyle. Finally he sits back at dawn, wearied, paint-stained, and surveys his masterpiece: a stick figure with exaggerated moustache and gut waving some sort of deformed twig, and a slogan like "BOONY DRINKS LOTS BEERS". Then he breaks down and cries, because he knows he will live in posterity forever. His contribution to the world of arts and letters is complete.

That is, assuming he's in it for posterity at all. Don't forget to squeeze in that nasty little Toyota sigil, whether it ruins the poster or not! Might win a PRIZE! Crass materialism? No sir!

And rivalling even that phenomenon for sheer awfulness was the music they put on before the ad segments during the Australian Open. There's another candidate for posterity, this time in the Musical Schools of Thought Hall of Fame. The Bach School. the Minimalists. The John Cage-type musical rebels. And the "Let's find some old 50's tune, or tribal music, or the sound of garage doors opening and closing, or some damn thing, and put a Techno Beat over it whether it belongs there or not!" school.

A techno beat over didgeridoos I can handle. A techno beat over "Carmina Burana" is Annoying. But when you put some half-assed drum machine pounding away under "Misirlou", you're DEAD.

Sir Pissed Off

Bowral, NSW