

SURVIVING PEONS REMINISCING OF C.O.G.'S KILLER EXPERIMENTS & TERRIBLE SCIENCE

Meet Your New President: **Dr. R. Gaijin**



Recently disaster threatened the organization known as the SPROCKETS. With elections pending for the presidency of this distinguished group of COG survivors, only one man stepped forward- Dr. Pinkerton's grandfather, who opposes the Consortium of Genius and everything it represents. It seemed likely that, barring intervention, this club and all associated with it would degenerate into ignominy.

Seeing no other persons interested, I stepped forward to challenge Professor Pinkerton. After I did so, the noted cyberneticist Dr. Anima Tronix also came forward to make the contest a three way battle. In

the resulting debates, the noble Dr. Tronix and the perfidious Prof. Pinkerton I each demonstrated their philosophical positions with care and fervor. I only hope my own responses to your questions addressed your concerns as thoroughly as theirs.

In the resulting election you, the COGnoscenti, have seen fit to entrust to me the task of spreading the fame and dread of our COG overlords far and wide, for which I give you all the thanks you deserve.

I have been a student and researcher of the COG since November 2000. Sensing danger from the beginning, I have conducted most of these researches from the wrong side of the Sabine River, otherwise known as "beyond predicted blast radius." I have, however, made pilgrimages to witness COG lectures in person, recording gear in hand (and hand, and under arm, and in pocket, and slung over shoulder...). I have distributed information about the COG within my limited reach through reselling their recordings and through promotions and even cameos in my company's publications (intended only for the discerning mature adult reader).

I propose, as president of the SPROCKETS, to continue my gradual indoctrination of the world to BOW 2 THE COG, using the same methods as before. Such additional responsibilities as the job entails should fit within my available time and resources. I ask only one thing of you all in return: won't someone announce their candidacy for the 2013 election? You'll like it. It's nice and cozy here under the barrel of the Deth-Lezer...

The official
newsletter of the Consortium of Genius Fan Club

The sprockets

LET'S SEE WHAT EVERYONE'S WORKING ON

Pinkerton: Occasionally I, despite my sound reputation for extreme prescience, must make the rounds at the Secret Lab to assess what each of my colleagues is working on. As much as I hate pausing, even temporarily, my work on my forthcoming personal assault stereo system, which will be marketed under the name 'iKill', it is sometimes enlightening to touch base, as it were, with the other scientists lurking in my lair. So let's see what each of them is doing RIGHT NOW. Why hello, Max D. Struction. What are you working on today?

Max: Well, Doctor Pinkerton, as you can see, I am working on a quick reload device for the Lab Monkey Launcher. It is my hope that when we finally take the City of New Orleans, we can launch these rabid lab monkeys in defense of our Secret Lab at 4411 Toul....never mind, I have said too much!

Pinkerton: Indeed you have, Max! What on Earth are you

thinking? No, don't answer that. Moving on... Drumbot, how about you?

Drumbot: If you guys don't know who I've been working on, you haven't been paying attention!

Pinkerton: Errrrm... my guess would be 'my last nerve' but I would unfortunately be wrong,



right? Drumbot? Deaf ears as usual... typical drummer... All right then - Dr. McLummoX, what are you working on?

McLummoX: I've been feverishly working on making Pinkerton not suck! bahahaha! Just kidding... OW! Really I've been doing a bit of tidying up around the lab since none of the other soft-palmed little sissies in

this band know about work! For instance, Dr. Z never does dishes after making his spicy curried crap! Have you ever smelled lentils that have fermented in dishwasher for two weeks? Filthy bugger... and let me tell ya laddie, cleaning the bedsheets after Remy "services" drumbot is no picnic either. Oxy-clean won't take out that shite! Stroganoff's

labcoat is so filthy that it smells worse than Max's tightie whities after a 12 hour security detail guarding the deth-lazer at Giza! And Chronotis, oh posh and pampered little brit boy Chronotis! Has to have everything STEAM cleaned and pressed. If there is so much as a wrinkle in his brit-britches he

beats on Piper with a billy club. Pinkerton's sister comes in and leaves test tubes with her half-baked bollocks potions in them. Such an overblown sense of entitlement! OW! Well sorry, it seems that I got away from meself. Well bugger off then and get your filthy nose outta me work and MAYBE I will find time to practice! BAAAA!

Pinkerton: Careful with that razor wit, McLummox - you might amputate your own cranium one day... nevertheless, very informative. Appropriate steps will be taken, mark my word... and we now proceed over to Dr. Ivan Stroganoff. Stroganoff?

Stroganoff: Crazy old man has hired me to dust off and refurbish the Time Door. I am just waiting for Chronotis to be distracted so I can get some parts off of his Delorean...

Pinkerton: You don't say? This had BETTER not involve my grandfather in any way, Dr. Stroganoff, or I will cut off your funding, followed by four of

your fingers - you get to pick which ones! Ahhh, speaking of Chronotis, there he is... what are you working on, Chronotis? Not your automobile again, surely?

Chronotis: I'm busy plating these brass things with Inconel so that they don't corrode over the next several hundred thousand million years.

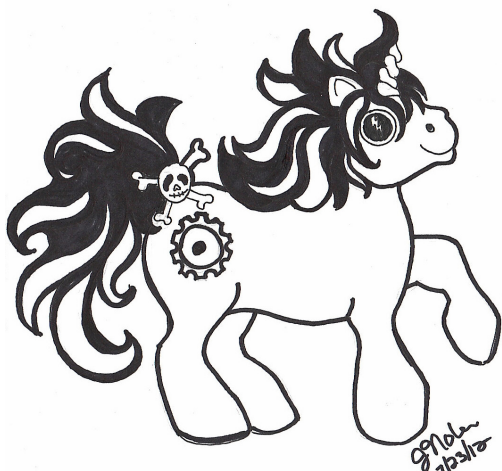
Pinkerton: Yup, right on the first guess. I could have known. Ahhh, Remy Dee - what are you finishing there? Looks like another fitting for Drumbot?

Remy: I'm busy creating a pneumatic power source for Drum Bot. There clearly aren't enough fart jokes around here.

Drumbot (rolling up): Yay! More power where it counts, baby!

Pinkerton: Well. Well, well, well. I was certainly hoping for a little more CLASS, DECORUM and, well, SUBSTANCE from this little trip around the lab, but evidently I was severely, TERRIBLY hyper-optimistic - as per usual. I think I'm going to go outside now for a breath of fresh air. Yes, that is what I will do. And maybe I'll seal the lab and set off the halon system while they're in there...yes, that sounds like a nice plan. Very, very tempting. We'll just have to see what mood I'm in a minute from now! Ta ta, colleagues...

FAN ART BY DR. TANGENT LASS



Milo-Little Pony



Tempus Fugit Milo-Little Pony

The Fallacy Of 'Progress'

by Prof. Milo R. Pinkerton

PROGRESS! PERPETUAL

PROGRESS! The tawdry notion has been dragged soundly through the public square by its ear, like an impetuous, disobedient grandson. In my familiar era a century hence, a veritable cornucopia of science and industry was blossoming, nay, EXPLODING upon the eager world of 1912! Now, a full century later, what has become of these developments? I had hoped that my daring expedition to the future civilization of the year 2012 would reveal many wondrous delights of progress. What I found instead was, to say the least, alarming. PROGRESS? More like REGRESS! Allow me to expound:

TRANSPORTATION FOR THE

MASSSES. By 1912, the renewable technology of the work-horse had been tested for decades. Suddenly and terribly, the gasoline-powered autocar, introduced by that craven cad Henry Ford, was introduced by his oil-baron cronies as a means of putting horseshoe smithies out of business. One would have hoped that a century later, this oily, disgusting means of motive power would have gone the way of the dodo, and larger horses might have been bred to serve the public's ever-burgeoning demand for more horse-power! But instead, what do I find in the accursed year 2012? Superior steam-driven automobiles, one might dare to hope? Rickshaws drawn by clockwork automatons? Or perhaps one might expect the general public to be gadding about gaily upon giant giraffes? NO! Instead, I perceive MORE and LARGER automobiles in

a multitude of distasteful colors, grinding their way down city streets, which are no longer safe for me to step blithely across - to the point where even police-men aren't comfortable standing upon street corners to direct traffic (this task is now managed by the apparently random caprice of multicolored Edison-lamps. Heh.)

AND THEY CALL THIS PROGRESS?

COMMUNICATIONS. In 1912, Alexander Graham Bell had long since perfected his wondrous electric telephone device, allowing people across the globe (with the natural aid of the not-at-all nosy switch-bank operator) to speak to one another as clearly as if they were yelling across a football gridiron in the midst of a thunderstorm. Now, a century later, one might have expected interpersonal telephone conversations to be a tad louder and, one might hope, also accompanied by the delightful countenance of the person with which one is conversing. Would it not be the wish of each half of every young smitten conversational couple, to gaze upon the face of their distant counterpart? Imagine, then, my dismay when I arrived in the year 2012 and witnessed scores of young people walking about with their eyes downcast at tiny bakelite boxes, fumbling with minute and complex key-punch manuals (I daresay, a single telegraph key would have been superior!) as they step blindly along, perhaps into the path of the aforementioned smoke spewing oily automotive monstrosities. I even observed several drivers actually attempting to operate the miniature typewriters of these tiny transceivers whilst

behind the wheel of a speeding, deadly metal autocar... oh, the humanity!

CAN YOU, IN GOOD CONSCIENCE, CALL THIS PROGRESS?

FOOD. In 1912, hand-baked recipes from around the world were becoming available in every city of the United States. Once exotic dishes such as the Italian ‘Pizza’, the Spanish ‘Taco’, and the Chinese ‘Chop Suey’ were readily offered for purchase in the bistros and delicatessens of most major metropolitan burgs. I of course, being a gentleman of the world, had sampled these confections long before the general public, and had gone in search of ever more-rarified fare, leading me, naturally, to salivate at the tantalizing promise of an elapsed century of culinary progress! By the year 2012, I would have expected ever more exotic delicacies, such as the Vietnamese potbellied pickled pig or the Antarctic minced baby seal, to be purchasable over ever counter of any ‘food court’ in the land. But instead, who rules this culinary court in 2012? Apparently, a (no doubt self-appointed) ‘king’ of ‘burgers’ - ‘burger’ being the given name for what can only be described as the most wretched of sandwiches, consisting of a paltry, seared soy-meal disc, accompanied by a dollop of yellow plasticene ooze and near-fermented tomato paste,

served between two slices of the most tasteless bread I have ever choked down. I hesitate to call this disgusting morsel a ‘meal’, but this is what modern taste buds apparently refer to as ‘progress’.

I, ON THE OTHER HAND, DEEM IT ROUNDLY REVOLTING!

So I urge YOU, dear reader, to REVOLT as well! Take up your arms, knives, forks, or whatever

implement you can muster, and protest against this sham, this folly labeled ‘PROGRESS’. Well-bred, discerning individuals such as ourselves deserve infinitely better! I, meanwhile, will apply myself even more ardently toward finding a way OUT of this accursed century forthwith, returning home via the smooth transit of my airship (I have never acquired the taste for land-travel), in order to place a call - via electric telephone - to my

manservant Abdul, requesting that he alert my personal chef to begin preparation of the finest baby seal paté, to be ready in ample time for my return to the Pinkerton family mansion.

My agitated mind and my rumbling, empty stomach can scarcely stand another SECOND in this besotten year of 2012! My ‘progress’ shall be a swift EGRESS. Until next TIME, dear reader, I hope to see YOU again - in the past!



ASK THE COG!

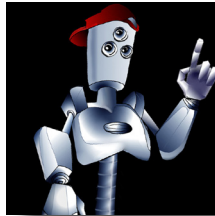


*Dr. Chronotis,
What first gave you interests
in the temporal arts?
- Bowing like I should,
Anonymous*

It's PROFESSOR Chronotis; my doctorate is purely honorary. I first became interested in time travel after noticing some of the spelling errors in Pinkerton's theses. I have yet to accomplish this, because it seems that a myriad of other tasks is always taking up my precious TIME!

*Drumbot,
We have always wondered how far your intelligence
can spread from your mechanical shell. Are you able
to influence anything on the Internet, and if so what
would you like to take credit for?
- Loading, The Hacking
Community*

Hmmm, that's a funny question... I remember this one time I couldn't feel my arms or pick up a set of drumsticks, and I was locked in a small enclosed space for what seemed like hours... it was like a living nightmare, but afterwards Dr. Pinkerton told me I was in a USB drive in his pocket. *shudder*. When on the internet I like drummerworld.com, neilpeart.net, and popcannibal.com (because I do like girls who like robots!)



*Dr. Stroganoff,
Is everything ready for the operation? We're going
bananas over here waiting.
- Reporting as Not Ordered, Flying Monkey
Battalion 7*

Yes, operation is going as scheduled. I have to fast



for 24 hours, but after this weekend, I will hopefully have another set of arms. And, it is good thing you are going bananas. I have monkey with hearty appetite.

*Dr. Pinkerton,
Will you be sharing any of the recipes from the
Zombie Apocalypse BBQ? I have a couple of friends
who are dying to try them.
- Thanks, Hrothgar the Undying, Necromantic Cook*

As much as this might upset my sister, I am now going to reveal to you the secret Pinkerton family recipe for Zombie BBQ Sauce:

- 2 cups blood (type O-neg is preferred)
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup minced brain (cerebellum mixes best!)
- 2 tablespoons lipolidic oil
- 2 tablespoons blood plasma
- 3 cloves garlic crushed
- 1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar
- 1 tablespoon fresh blood platelets
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 1/2 teaspoon adrenal glandular extract
- 1 teaspoon ground up bones (spinal column adds flavor)
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne
- fresh ground pepper to taste



Preparation: Blend brain and water into a puree. Heat a medium sauce pan over a medium heat. Add lipolidic oil. When oil is warm, pour in brain puree. Simmer until slightly browned. Add remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly and simmer for about 20 minutes.



Dr. Doctor's Dispatch

Location: The Magic Kingdom, Walt Disney World, Florida

...please...hermanos de
sciencia...please send help.
Teleporting Turnbuckle has
malfunctioned...

...small world...

...I'm stuck in this strange Magic
Kingdom. Some strange aura around
this place is keeping me from
leaving of my own free will...

...it's a small...

...It took all the power in the
Atomic Elbow just to get this
message out. This place, it's
making me...

...small, small world...

...to...HAPPY...I can't harass
the children. I even...I even took
a picture with the damned mouse!
What evil that is found here is
corrupted that I can't interact
with it...

...world of laughter, a world of
tears...

...I don't know how much longer I
can stand it here. I'm running out

of options. I had to take shelter
in Space Mountain. They won't
even let me do a clothesline off of
Splash Mountain!

...golden sun...

...what's worse is that no one
notices my plight. They can't see
the torment I am going through.
They do nothing but...smile...

...and a smile means friendship to
everyone...

...and the dolls. The dolls are
following me. I know they are. I
have seen them, still moving in the
night. They bid me join them...

...It's a small, small...

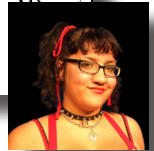
...I don't know how much longer
I can stand it here. Please, send
help. Get me out of here...

...There's so much that we share,
that it's time we're aware it's a
small world after all!

...GET ME THE COG-FRACKING-DAMNED
OUT OF HERE! I DON'T CARE WHO YOU
SEND! THEY DEMAND SACRIFICES!



Submitted by Dr. Jezebel Erlenmeyer



THE SPOKESMAN is a bi-monthly publication of the S.P.R.O.C.K.E.T.S., Official Fan Club of the Consortium of Genius. It is compiled by the greatest minds in human history and printed lovingly by large deadly robots in Harahan, Louisiana.

To join the prestigious C.O.G. Fan Club 'S.P.R.O.C.K.E.T.S.', simply send a self-addressed stamped envelope with a check for \$15 made out to 'Consortium of Genius', to:

C.O.G.
P.O. Box 23471
Harahan, LA 70123

S.P.R.O.C.K.E.T.S. Officers

- Kris Overstreet - president
- Dr. Alek Tron - Vice President
- Dr. Anima Tronix - Animatronic Ambassador
- Damon Zehner - secretary
- Keith Casebonne - editor

Contributors

- Dr. R. Gaijin
- Dr. Milo T. Pinkerton III and members of the COG!
- Prof. Milo R. Pinkerton I
- Dr. Doctor
- Dr. Tangent Lass
- Dr. Jezebel Erlenmeyer