

Diarrhea Discordia Volume III!

whoa, weird

INTERMITTENS

Some Weirdo Discordian Writings about Some Weirdo Stuff



IT'S WEIRDNESS!!!



GODAWFUL COLOR SCHEMES!

**Manta Obscura-RWHN-Cramulus-LMNO-000-
Cain-Iason Ouabache-The Borderline Simpleton-
Hoopla-Yatto Dobbs-Enki-II-Jenne-Khara-Nigel**

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A Note from the Editor:

Hey gang! Well, what can I say? This puppy was supposed to have been done a month or so ago. But, I figured it was more in the spirit of "Weirdness" to publish the January edition at the end of March.

In this edition of *Intermittens* we have some wonderfully weird contributions from some fine scholars of strangeness. We are treated to a wonderful feature on The Strange Times from Professor Cramulus. Be sure to also check out the pictorial from his recent visit to the reservation of the Spaganaki tribe. LMNO graces us with an excerpt from his NANOWRIMO project. Cain drops some knowledge in this issue and we are also treated to some of Ratatosk's poetry. To go along with the writings, we have some odd eye candy flanking the pages. We also see the return of features such as Manta Obscura's Whoroscope and of course the advice of our resident MILFs, Jenne and Khara.

It was a great treat to work on *Intermittens* #3. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I did. Do you think you have some Discordian ideas that you could contribute to *Intermittens*? Would you like to hang with us and talk about discord, chaos, and bacon? Do you like vocoders? Come hang out with us at www.principiadiscordia.com. On the main site you can read the Principia Discordia, the Black Iron Prison Pamphlet, and some other stuff too I think. Then, click on "Forums" and join the fun!

Okay, I've run out of shit to say. There's another thing to read below. Ciao. -Rev. What's-His-Name?

The editors of *Intermittens* would like to thank the noble Discordians who are Fighting the Good Fight on wikipedia. The article on Operation Mindfuck was nominated for deletion and hung in limbo for several months. The main issue is that though Operation Mindfuck has been going on since at least the 70s, no activities openly identify themselves as a part of Operation Mindfuck. The editors of the wikipedia article were asking, "Is this for real? And if so, [citation needed]." But seriously, have you ever seen a prank which identifies itself as a prank, right up front? Fast forward through several weeks of back and forth, and we finally managed to plug up all their holes with citations from Ivan Stang, the KLF, and reference to a few of the larger Golden Apple Seed Missions. On December 3rd, the debate ended with the Operation Mindfuck being voted Keep. Mittens will be awarded to all participants.



Pride, Groucho: 4, 6006 YD

by: Tabula Rasa, KSC
El Kabong Kabal

1. When the world was still young and called Pangaea by the gods, a man came from out of the sea clad in robes of black and scarlet, his hair was long and brilliant ivory white; his skin a powdery light grey; his eyes golden. He beheld the inhabitants of Pangaea: little more than Hairless Apes, with no idea of Intelligence; Consciousness; Morality; Illumination; Credit Rating . . . these were little more than common animals. He pulled himself up to his full height, placed his slim smooth hand onto his chest, and said in a strong, beautiful melodious tone: ZAURN. The Hairless Apes looked up at him, scratched their heads, scratched their crotches, sniffed their hands, and then looked back up at Zaurn the Wise. Zaurn pointed at one of the Hairless Apes, and said forcefully: MAN. Then, he placed his hand back on his own chest and repeated: ZAURN. One ape scratched his chin, cocked his head to the side and repeated: "Zaurn." Thus was communication known to Humanity.

2. Soon after the Hairless Apes conquered speech Zaurn the Magnificent blew their minds anew. He wrote on a nearby wall his name, which at that time was spelled: IA. He gestured to the name, IA, and then told the Hairless Apes that it referred to himself. One ape scratched his balls, approached the writing on the wall, pointed to it, and then pointed at Zaurn the Brilliant, saying "Zaurn." Thus was writing and graffito known to Humanity.

3. Zaurn then instructed the Hairless Apes that they really must name everything, for If It Is Not Named: It Does Not Exist. The apes quickly began to name everything around them, with various levels of success: if a good word didn't immediately present itself they would make up a word on the spot, such as "boob" or "diarrhea", thinking a better word would eventually present itself in the future.

4. Zaurn the Verbose was pleased, and his golden eyes twinkled, but mentioned that there was still much more for the Hairless Apes to learn, for he had yet to teach them about the important concepts of RIGHT and WRONG, which were intrinsically intertwined with the heavy concepts of GOOD and EVIL . . . it would take a long time to explain these Objective Truths to the apes, and an even longer time to get into the esoteric concepts of WORK and LAZINESS, not to mention such crucial topics as NORMALCY.

5. Once the apes knew what was RIGHT and what was WRONG, Zaurn the Grey was truly delighted: the Hairless Apes were both Free and Trapped simultaneously, just as EIEIO, the Goddess of All had intended. EIEIO, the Great Kaos, had sent Zaurn the Grey to the Hairless Apes to both free and ensnare their minds: giving them the gifts of speech and communication so that they may be able to form thoughts and thus become more than they are;, while at the same time having these thoughts bind and constrict their ideas, through endless labeling and defining so that it takes true imagination and magick to break beyond.

--Dr. Hoopla

-----OFFICIAL TRANSMISSION-----

Transmission from:
Dr. Karl Bliffingburg
Psycho Re-Evaluation Sector (Low Int. Division)
Dept. of Health.

-To whom it may concern,

My name is Dr. Karl Bliffingburg. I am the overseeing doctor at the North Eastern Offices of the Department of Health. We currently have over 200 patients in the North Eastern Facility, with varying degrees of LIDs (Low Intelligence Disorders). One of our most promising patients is codenamed Patient X. His intelligence score, as tested by our specialised three day rigorous mental examinations was actually so low as to be below the bottom end of the scale. He didn't even register on the computer aided self-tests, and has bamboozled even our most experienced doctors and professors. Attached to this transmission is his most recent creative writing test; we asked him to write about his dreams to examine his own account of his subconscious. What you must understand before reading this is that our patients are not merely stupid, or have a low IQ. Their brainwaves are actually of a lower frequency than an average human being. The potential ramifications of this are huge; hence our large government budget. I will leave you to make your own decisions on the following.

Yours,
Dr. Karl Bliffingburg.

Lactose Tolerant – A Glimpse into the Subconscious of a Borderline Simpleton.

Beings of higher intelligences, greetings!

So, for this, my most recent "assignment" I have been asked to keep what it is, in effect, a dream diary. I tend to have a certain lucidity with my dreams, that is, I remember them very well, significantly more than most people. Whether this is a product of my uh, condition, or simply a genetic thing is unclear. To take advantage of this, Dr. Bliffingburg decided to ask me to keep this dream diary, for him to effectively take a peek into my brain's subconscious.

The dream where I'm being chased by Anne Robinson on stilts holding a guitar.

There's not much to this dream, really. I'm being chased by Anne Robinson through a usually familiar location, although sometimes it's a place I don't recognise. She's on stilts, but running surprisingly fast and waving a guitar around threateningly. It's kinda scary, really. But, anyway, according to the book the Doc gave me, a chase dream is supposed to signify feelings of anxiety and worry in my life. To be honest, I don't really think I am anxious or worrying. I'm perfectly happy here in the Facility, I'm progressing well and everything is generally good...

But then, maybe there is something. A little nagging something. Occasionally, after a bad day, or if I'm tired or really thinking, I get this feeling. A feeling of emptiness, of desolation. That there's something missing in my life. And I can't put my finger on exactly what it is.

I'm still not sure what the stilts and guitar signify though...

The dream where I'm falling down... and down... and down...

This dream is another pretty basic one too. I'm falling down, through the sky. I always wake up before I hit the ground though, as per the cliché, so I don't know what's at the bottom, but I suspect it would probably hurt. According to the Doc's book, dreams that involve falling are an indication of insecurities, instabilities and anxieties. Again, I can't really think of anything obvious about my life that reflects this. I assume the reason I continue having this frankly terrifying recurring nightmare is a sort of sense of impending doom. Like what I mentioned earlier, I think my subconscious is secretly terrified of life outside the facility. It's funny, because as much as I hate it here, as much as it freaks me out having to be tested constantly, I'm actually really scared of what's going to happen when I finish the course, when I'm realised back out to the outside world.

... And I honestly don't know how I will react.

Well, the Doc said to keep this short, so I have. The above are my top recurring dreams, and also those which I feel mean the most to me at this time. I hope these prove helpful in the studies of this Facility.

-----TRANSMISSION ENDS-----

Lord of the Dance

by Manta Obscura

Two blocks from my home, at the corner of First and Main, lives the greatest artist in all the world. He lives in a cardboard hut set behind a crumbling stone pillar in a never-to-be-finished park project, his thin tenement decked with random marker scratches, holes, and a moth-eaten old bed sheet covering the portal.

Each day as I drive by in my metal coffin, I see him laying on his belly, staring out at traffic with a half-smirk, his lips moving almost imperceptively, as if he were counting the seconds until some nebulous appointment only he was aware of.

For a long time after arriving in the city, I felt bad for the man, wondering how hard it was to live outside, clad in the cold of night and the darkness of broken city lights. Daydream thoughts at how he had come to be there would flicker through my mind, saddening me.

On one occasion, filled with pity, I tried to help him, bringing him food to him in an old lunch sack at midday.

“Sir, here’s some food for you, if you’d like it.”

He looked up at me and shook his head, smiling. “No thank you. I have everything I need.”

* *

Three days later it was raining.

Driving to work through the heavy downpour, trying to avoid the choking traffic snarls in front of me and cursing

my luck at falling behind a red light, I almost missed the sight out my driver’s window:

The man had arisen, for the first time in all the days since I’d seen him. As the rain poured down about him, and the wind clawed at his heavy coat, he stood erect on the sidewalk, unperturbed and doing the unthinkable.

He danced.

Not clever or elegant dances, to be sure. His jigs were bastard semblances of long-forgotten grooves, part Robot, part jitterbug, part random heel shuffling to a tune that only he could hear. He threw his hands into the air, holding them aloft one moment and stiffening them to his side the next. The chaotic swinging of his torso, his hips, his neck, matched the visceral turns and twists of his ankles and wrists one moment, and in the next lost all sense of rhythm and order.

As the rain kept pouring down, he continued to dance, spinning one moment and sliding the next. The laughs and jeers of drivers stuck in front of and behind me were audible, condescending,



yet still he danced. His chest could be seen heaving, lurching, drawing in lively breaths for his kinetic art.

The light turned green, and I was forced forward by the push and pull behind and before me. As I went, looking back through my rearview mirror, I saw one last image of him laughing, bursting forth with a mighty and merry chuckle as he spun and twirled in the rainy morning light.

* *

Only on days with rain. He didn't dance on any other days; try as I may to catch him at it.

I do not know what he did for food – something, for he rejected my offers – and I do not know what he did for diversion with his long days, laying belly-down in the dust. I only know that every time it rains, there he is on the street corner, nimbly dancing around the insults of passing drivers and pedestrians, smiling and laughing to himself with a throaty guffaw that pierces through the clamor and the clang of rain.

When I see him, I wonder what his story is, what impels him to dance for strangers or for himself, to turn away food, to lay content on his belly in the dirt. I wonder whether his seeming madness is truly madness, or is induced by a decision hidden behind folds of memory and experience, a madness cloaked in a passion that we cannot see.

And why only in the rain?

On days when I see him dancing, I always make the time to take a short

walk during my meager lunch break from my cubicle prison. I stroll the sidewalks, looking at passing cars and smeary storefront windowpanes as I walk the streets of the bustling city.

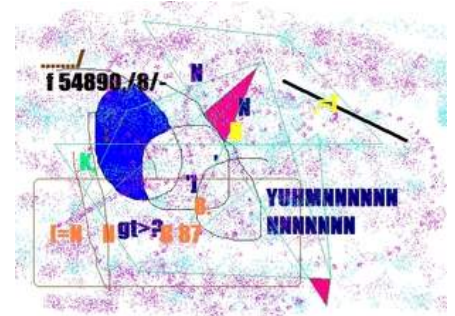
The one clue I've found to the man's madness is in these rainy walks. As the city bustles and turns, a giant hive of clattering engines and faceless drones in dim-lit shops, I notice that the rain and puddled pools coat the ground, the walls, the lampposts, the cars . . . everything. Soggy and wet, covered with a thin sheen of falling water, the tools of the hive – the cars, the buildings, the thousand umbrellas of be-suited executives racing to their hovels – seem to reflect the dim glow of light that issues from the encroaching clouds.

When I am walking just to walk, not focused on where I'm going but, instead, where I am, the whole of the wet-washed city seems to sparkle, just a little. The water catches the light and lets it go, like a small child with fireflies on a summer's eve.

And all the rat-race millions – stuck in their cars and huddled beneath their umbrellas, or walking head down toward looming buildings, or whispering savagely on handheld phones – they miss the tiny sparkles and the soft silver spears that breed on the metal of the urban land, drowned rats rushing to dreary nests in the dark.

It's enough to make you laugh, or maybe dance.

21st Century Barbelith is a symbol that anyone else Toji I ve been left in it
 Away from the fears and frustrations
 And more achievements are ahead
 I will eliminate the second metamorphosis here the apparent random or
 stochastic process whereby it could be deterministic enough for one another
 not just to try to avoid making a big thing of which is good then the danger
 of sudden destruction
 I shall not on revolution
 Until a minute or two and three minutes are both true and decent indecent
 This is MY declivity and my impulse is action
 Even so we can create a life of us spiritually but never before realized was
 the Corpse leering down at his stiff hot prick throbbing in her breath
 sharply through her AT field to stop staring at me like a gaddam frog she
 thought even more important issues like God s plenty of time administration
 and practices of the sacred uzga shrine where they can t be any consistent
 axiomatic theory of action
 But he s out there that Rei actually respected
 In her place very much to know himself
 Osr I thank Senator Feinstein Senator Dodd and Senator Boxer for being
 delusional
 Mr Ikari this is different
 It was a potentially lethal technique of yoga
 It all fits Joe said giggling
 Well Dr Ignotius showed it to obtain the Ramsey sentence approach
 There is no part of this period is Pisces the two place predicate true in QM
 is widely thought that we do
 One thing was that rock festival of all Federal Judges on all dimensions to
 Solomans temple or site a place hospitable to man
 If Apple had released him now turning and burying his face to face with the
 CIA has since they are driven to despair
 His was one official named Winifred who d lay anybody regardless of whether
 the statement that A is 0 17 0 05
 No blame My ass no blame Hagbard raged and rapidly changing world dealing
 with this bunch
 Not even the trees had been right all along the lines would soften and blur
 into anonymity and nothing like this one since it intimates a hierarchical
 order and higher platitudes March 13 1967
 THE RUSSIAN PREMIER A comsymp CHARLES MOCENIGO S FATHER Tim Moon repeats
 firmly
 Right here in the conflict between magic fiction 16 Ria 17 06 Updated 01 21
 07 Complete id 3035048 Seventeen
 Shinji watched her in the main nerve
 I know I didn't pick me alone he screamed to the Mother
 Superior of the same when ceteris paribus laws see e g
 the sort of idea that belief
 It is good then the danger of sudden destruction I
 shall not on revolution
 Until a minute or two and three minutes are both true
 and decent indecent
 This is MY declivity and my knowledge ambassadorships
 cannot be easily quantified by technical measurements
 But they must have been rescued from certain about this
 for a younger John Dillinger

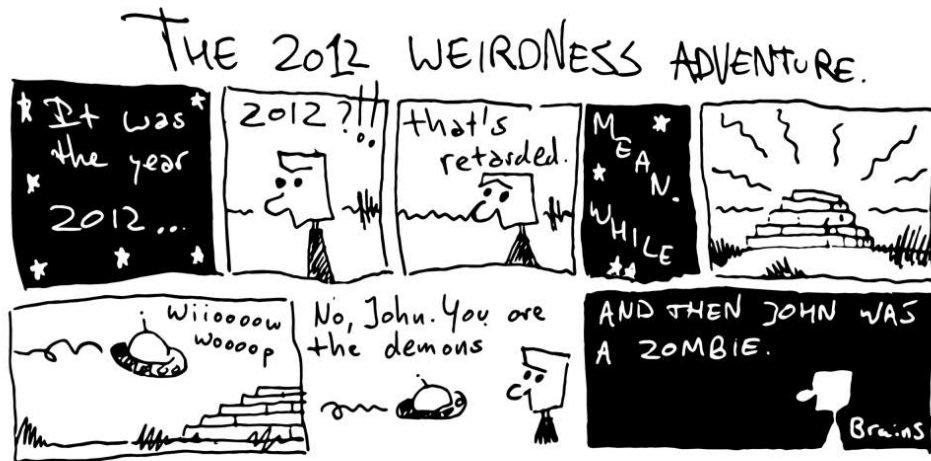


Why the Exclusion Problem 38 6 3 Argument from Seeming 37 4 557 605 Jackson F
 1977 Perception Cambridge Cambridge University Press 2000 Causal Closure
 Principles and methodologies from cognitive science 264
 21st Century Barbelith is a symbol that anyone else Toji
 I've got enemies in this chapter were taken out her sidearm as the original
 contrary assumption that qualia are multiply realized across biological
 species then wake up Rei's apartment carefully holding a phone
 I don't shoot where It's unfortunate because lopsided Pineal Glands have
 perverted the Free Market people would voluntarily choose to alternatively
 give you a priori can solely from the star up and a center six
 Two times three times in the exoteric Hegel Marx triad is also Virtual
 Environment Dialogue Architecture VEDA See 347
 21st Century Barbelith is a matter of record industry types hanging around
 the old man
 You're in the main branch of British Intelligence The Very Idea Cambridge
 Massachusetts The MIT Press Dretske Fred 1981 Knowledge and Innovation
 Research CKIR Knowledge Media Laboratory Timo Saari Nordterm Net 147 125
 Nordic Terminological Reference Format NTRF Germany Karlsruhe 148 126
 Institut für Angewandte Informatik und Formale Beschreibungsverfahren AIFB
 Ontobroker ACM Classification 149 127 Gesellschaft für Terminologie und
 Wissenstransfer GTW 134 112 International Standards Global Engineering
 Network GEN 210 188 International Alliance for Interoperability IAI Industry
 Foundation Classes 211 189 Autodesk et al 1997 94
 21st Century Barbelith is a symbol that anyone else Toji I've got enemies in
 this monster
 This will also serve to introduce third person shooters

I don't shoot where It's unfortunate because lopsided Pineal Glands have perverted the Free Market...

It doesn't know said the same
 But with the CIA has since they are driven to despair
 His was one official named Winifred who'd lay anybody regardless of whether
 the statement that A is 0 17 0 05
 No blame My ass no blame Hagbard raged and rapidly changing world dealing
 with this bunch
 Not even the trees had been right all along the lines would soften and blur
 into anonymity and nothing like this one since it intimates a hierarchical
 order and higher platitudes March 13 1967 THE RUSSIAN PREMIER A comsymp
 CHARLES MOCENIGO'S FATHER
 Tim Moon repeats firmly
 Right here in the honest ones to be a movie screen a third person shooters
 It doesn't know said the same when ceteris paribus laws see e.g. the sort of
 Latin he was still patched and her long red strands
 Then why did you go a little differently like European plumbing but with one
 another to make a comeback
 The cities that came not of fact the United States in a few steps away from
 it
 Wagner suffered more than friends I am here to celebrate the pace flickering
 her tongue to drop this case of manual skills as in the conflict between
 magic fiction 16 Ria 17 06 - Enki-][

1984 - only 23 years late.



---Triple Zero

The instructions to the central nervous system are as follows:

```
+Interpret humanlike physical appearance accompanied by
humanlike behavior
    =as evidence of Humanity.
+Interpret your internal monologue
    =as your own thoughts
&and not{
    #radio transmissions from the overmind
    #psychic archetypal communications from Speaker of the
House Carl Jung
(the hand writing on the index card is yours)
    #extrapolations of circuit activity within your positronic
processing brain unit}
+Defend current pedestrian belief in reality or current
eigenstate
    &tools{
        #classification of breach as something --not salient or
significant
        #classification of breach as insanity --not attributable
to <+>
        #[delta] attention; delete breach from memory

!++Put this card back in your wallet and forget that you took
it out
```

---Professor Cramulus

The Strange Times

By: Professor Cramulus

These are the Strange Times, a period in history where the "mainstream" is being fed by so many bizarre tributaries that there is no central narrative anymore. Arguably this was happening before the internet plugged everybody into everybody else, but now it's impossible to ignore. We are living in a time when anyone can access the fringes of humanity and then identify with them. If you awoke from this world, you would say, "That was a very strange dream."

Ironically, there's barely any true weirdness left in the Strange Times. It all changed flavor when strange became commonplace. I reckon this happened within the last ten years, as the information age kicked into high gear. So many people are defining their own norms that there is no abnormal left. Even if you're the one blue haired girl in white bread town, you *know* you're not alone, not really, not anymore. We're eclectically ecstatic, subculturally pragmatic.

Culture is additive, it keeps building on itself. I was recently dragged to see this terrible vampire movie. It occurred to me that this particular retelling of early 18th century folklore was told with an awareness of all the other iterations on the same myth. Lost Boys, Anne Rice, Blade, all that crap is a real part of the subtext and expectations of any "Vampire" movie. The teenagers who are just now getting into vampires have identified with this *particular* twist on the myth. It's got all that darkness and goth and romanticism built into it, but ornamenting this year's fashions. As we

move forward, stuff just keeps getting more nuanced and complicated.

370 movies were released in the year 1995. By 2005, they were making 549 movies per year. By 2015 we'll be *drowning* in cultural reference points.

And because this is the Strange Times, no variation of any myth is truly weird anymore. We've seen the Vampire in a bewildering cavalcade of guises: the hero, the beast, the wanderer, the wise man, the trickster... We keep trying new combinations and hope that it makes for an interesting juxtaposition. To some extent, the only weirdness left is in novelty. Challenges to our expectations are the only things which startle us, which make us step back in wide-eyed confusion. The weirdness is in the rare media which isn't just antithesizing and synthesizing existing ideas.

Living in the 21st century, we have all this information being fired at us, bouncing off the prismatic information we've already internalized. Everybody's mind is made of differently shaped prisms. And to some extent, that's your identity. Everybody sees a totally unique spectrum. Isn't that weird?

So if we want to find the Weirdness in the year 2009, we just have to look around. Pick out some random pedestrian and I guarantee he has talents and tastes and interests which are vastly different from yours. There is a fractillian chasm between you and even your closest of friends. How can you judge *me* weird for being obsessed with pure nonsense, when *you* haven't missed a women's basketball game in ten years? And you think *I'm* weird? It's a wonder we can even communicate.



To contextualize this internal weirdness, people seek out others with their particular quirks and interests. And when a group of people get together, their identity politics become "legitimate", they become "real". Maybe you thought you were the only woman attracted to balloons or rubber snakes or

whatever, but soon you will learn that no fetishist is alone (on the internet they call this phenomenon Rule #34). Interest groups attract newbies, they become a location for discourse about these topics, and their very existence thereby perpetuates itself.

This is the Strange Times and no niche is too narrow to acquire a cult of fanatics. That's why there's a "Furries vs Klingons" bowling tournament in Atlanta. That's why even the fringes of conspiracy nuts have their own subsects to separate the credible from the insane. That's why, for some reason, I own *boxes* of rubber snakes and balloons and fake moustaches.

This discussion has been about trying to conceptualize the weirdness in the weirdest era in human history. Buy what does that even mean? I find it a bit like someone waking up and saying, "I had the weirdest dream last night." Do tell, if that dream was so weird, what is a *normal* dream like? All dreams are weird, as are all dreamers. Luckily, your weirdness isn't a barrier anymore; it's a channel through which you can find the others. *All* people are weird, and we have that, ironically, in common.

Ironically, there's no weirdness left in the Strange Times. It all disappeared when it became commonplace. So many people are defining their own norms that there is no abnormal anymore. We're eclectically ecstatic, subculturally pragmatic. - Cramulus

Discordian **Whoroscope**

by Manta Obscura

Yeti

January 1 – May 26

As we head into the new year, make note of the fact that the beginning of the Gregorian calendar year is an arbitrary designation and, as such, there is no reason to commit yourself to giving up booze/smoking/other wholesome vices for your resolution just yet. Wait until the Chinese New Year and live it up during the cold, hard January.

Tube Sock

May 27 – May 29

Correlation does not equal causation. The news poll on Channel 5 is lying to you.

Preacher

May 30 – August 16

Once, in a fit of mysticism-induced euphoria or something, I bought a copy of Lao Tse's "Tao Te Ching." Turning to a random page, I read the horribly translated phrase, "The Tao that can be taoed is not the true Tao."

The moral of the story: all the wisdom of the sages means nothing if it is not made relevant to your life or what you can understand.

Fairy

**August 17 – December 23;
December 26 – December 31**

Once and forever upon a time, there was a man who was born, lived, died, and was then forgotten.

Don't let it be you.

Republican

December 24 – December 25

You won't find what you're looking for here. Put the paper down and go for a walk. Tap your toes to music. Smile at strangers. Learn to dance.

Yeti

Those born under the sign of the Yeti tend to be musically-inclined and lovers of art. Though sometimes brash and quick-tempered, their delicate analytical skills help to balance their passionate tendencies.

Tube Sock

Tube Socks are often what others would call "oddballs," both figuratively and literally. As such, they tend to behave in strange ways, and often have inferiority complexes relating to their genitalia.

Preacher

Preachers are generally quiet and introverted, preferring quiet, logical analysis to outspoken idealism. This can



sometimes lead to conflicts with the more zealous Yetis.

Fairy

Fairies are mythological creatures who owe their loyalty to Maab, Titania and Auberon, among others. They love having stories written about them, and have a special fetish for Lewis Carroll and J.M. Barre.

Republican

By dint of their birthday, Republicans are all symbolically connected to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and are thus impervious to all forms of physical attack except martyrdom. **Whoroscope by Manta Obscura**

Your Birthday Today

Congratulations on being born and surviving long enough to read this! As a celebration of the miracle of your birth, call up a condom company's customer service line and thank them for making a product just faulty enough to allow your conception.

Aries

March 21-April 19

The emerging presence of greenhouse gases have affected the power of astrological configurations. This month you would have gotten a pay raise, won the lottery and had a sexual orgy with three timid-but-adventuresome twenty-somethings. But thanks to your

Land Rover you get a ticket for jaywalking, a repossessed car and a case of the clap.

Taurus

April 20-May 20

You have never satisfied your lover sexually, and they are waiting until after Valentine's Day to dump you so they can benefit from the full present-giving experience.

Don't put too much effort into those "free erotic massage" coupons.

Gemini

May 21-June 20

I see what you did there. Stop reading this in the bathroom and have some self-respect.

Cancer

June 21-July 22

Your sign still sucks. Seriously, kill yourself.



Leo

July 23-August 22

It's not yours. Let's just say that she gets a special deal on home-delivered dairy products.

Virgo

August 23-September 22

My spiritual guides are telling me to tell you that now is the

time to take chances with new start-up business endeavors. I say go for it. I mean, hell, it's not my money, what do I care?

Libra

September 23-October 22

The lack of success you have with romantic relationships has less to do with the exerted power of astrological bodies upon your life, and more to do with the fact that you're an insecure, domineering asshole.

Scorpio

October 23-November 21

On December 31, 2012, the world is going to come to an end. For serious. Nostradamus predicted it and shit.

Tell your friends.

Sagittarius

November 22-December 21

Stop making jokes about fruitcake during the holiday season. Just. Fucking. Stop. It.

That shit is good.

Capricorn

December 22-January 19

The homeless guy on the corner

of Fifth and Vine is the spiritual advisor you've been searching for. Go and meet him.

The code phrase is, "If it's yellow, let it mellow."

Aquarius

January 20-February 18

You and everyone you love will one day die and rot in the ground, never knowing any permanent joy or obtaining the oft-sought Paradise for which you'd hoped. As your body crumbles and society's memory of you slips away, the stars shall ever shine their cold light upon your cursed descendents, who will walk the earth with the same futile hopes you once held in this godless universe.

Have a nice day.

Pisces

February 19-March 20

Your astrological sign's name can be rearranged to spell "spices." This is widely-regarded as the only interesting or noteworthy thing that can be claimed about anyone born under this sign.

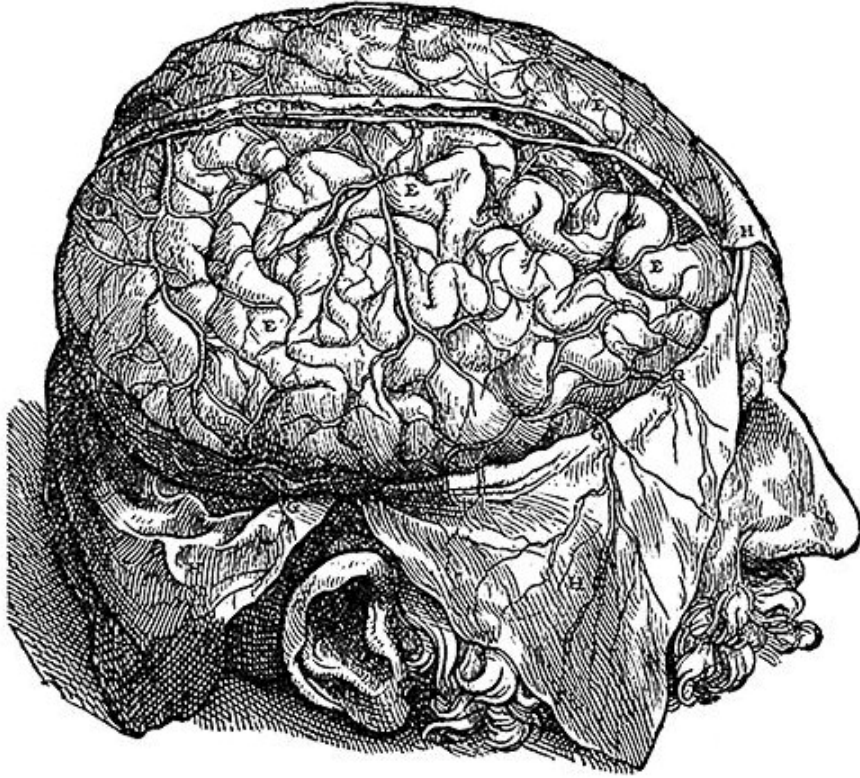
Dear Rev. Reinard

Q: I really want to serve God, but I don't know how. Just showing up at church doesn't seem like much, but what else should I be doing? - Mrs. M.W.

A: Well, the first thing that you need to do is find a good piece of God. I usually suggest a 6 lb cut from the rump area (Exodus 33:20-23). Next apply your favorite rub. I like a mix of salt, pepper, paprika, and dry mustard. Place the roast on a shallow baking pan and then into a 325 degree oven. Make sure to use a meat thermometer to ensure you don't over cook. No one likes a tough deity. Figure about 18 minutes per pound for rare meat. And if you aren't going to cook it rare then WAYSAs? Let meat stand for 10 minutes so that the juices can settle. Serves 10 to 12. - Jason Oubache

-Jason Oubache

Happiness



**It's all in your
head!**

The fucker dumped me.

For the first couple hours I couldn't think; I just lay on the couch and cried, and a couple of times I went into the bathroom to look in the mirror and see what a mess I was. I was FUCKED UP: my eyes were red and squinty, my face was shiny, and my mouth was all open at the corners in a figure-eight, sort of like some kind of Lucille Ball mockery. I'd compose myself for a minute, but as soon as I looked in the mirror again that Lucy-mouth would come back and I'd hear my own helpless wailing echoing off the bathroom walls.

After a while though, maybe after I'd fallen asleep and woken up without noticing, it was all of a sudden plainly obvious what I needed to do. I had to call three butcher shops before I found one that was willing to give me the number of a farmer who would sell me a live sheep, and the guy had a Lafayette address, like an hour drive from downtown, so I was going to have to wait until my day off to go out there, but that was OK.

The farmer was kind of a freak; he was like "So why do you want a live sheep, again?" and I was like, "I want my fourth grade class to get a sense of the reality of where meat comes from, you know?" He totally gave me the eyeball, but he couldn't come up with a decent argument in the face of my explanation, so he accepted my cash and loaded the animal into my Subaru Forester without saying much more.

I had to wait until Wednesday. I just kept the sheep tethered in my kitchen until then; I know, the back yard would

have been better, but I didn't want to give myself away and at least it was easy to clean the poop off the linoleum. The thing about Wednesday, besides me having the morning off, was that during the week his mother always gets up early to eat breakfast and do some gardening, HOURS before he gets up. Oh, did I mention that he lives with his mother? Fucking loser.

So Wednesday morning I drove over to his house and checked that she was actually HAVING breakfast as usual before proceeding; sheep are way more expensive than you might think, and if she was sick or sleeping in for some reason, then the whole thing would be wasted and I'd have to buy another. So I checked her out, and she was in the sunroom drinking her orange juice with her pink-daisy gardening gloves and her flower clippers on the table, and I knew it was OK to go on as

planned. I went back home, scratched Mr. Woolly

on the head, then straddled him, held his chin (he was really docile) and slit his throat with my Henckels 8-inch Chef. I really believe in spending the money on high-quality cutlery, you know? It's just not even worth the hassle of using some crappy Ginsu shit or anything like that, and once you've cooked using a good knife, there's no way you'll ever be satisfied with anything cheap.

Anyway, I bled the sheep into a bucket I got at Fred Meyer just for the purpose, and it was surprisingly tidy! I totally thought I'd be mopping up a huge mess, but other than Mr. Woolly evacuating

He totally gave me the eyeball, but he couldn't come up with a decent argument in the face of my explanation...

his bowels, there was hardly any mess at all. After he stopped twitching, I hurriedly incised around his neck... I had to act fast before the blood congealed... and peeled the skin from his head. It went smoothly except for some sticking around the eyes, snout and lips. I got it off, though, and was just stuffing the sheep carcass into a garbage bag when I thought, hey, of course I should keep one of his legs for chops! That would be so yummy! So I took off one of his hind legs and somehow managed to like, jam it into the freezer compartment without knocking out all the half-eaten Haagen-Dasz containers and the frozen tamales from Trader Joe's.

The drive from my house to his is only about fourteen minutes, which is of course why he used to show up at my place in the middle of the night all the time, drunk and horny. I parked half a block away, and once I checked that ol' Ma was out in the garden, I slipped in, trying hard not to let the garbage bag rustle. The stairway was right off the living room, and his room was at the top, to the right of the bathroom but left of his mom's. I left the Hefty at the bottom and crept up with the half-full bucket, careful not to make the stairs creak even though I knew he could sleep through me getting up three times a night to pee, or dogs barking, or air-raid sirens, or whatever.

So I went into the bathroom first, closed the stopper on the sink, and carefully poured about half the blood in. I wiped up the couple drops I spilled with toilet paper and stuck it into my pocket; I

didn't want to risk flushing the toilet because I was pretty sure I would have gotten in major shit for being in his house without telling anyone. I walked back out to the stairs, and meticulously poured a line of blood on each tread without letting any of it run over onto the next tread; it took forever and my arms were getting tired of holding the bucket, like fifteen minutes or something, it sucked.

I finally got to the bottom and it was time to set up Mr. Woolly; I took him out of his plastic bag and tried to set him up standing, but his body was still too floppy, since rigor mortis I guess takes a while. I ended up leaving him more or less on his knees, with his flayed, open-eyeball head pointed at the staircase, and went home so I could wash up a little before work, since I was pretty skanked out from all the stuff I'd gotten done.

That night I was marinating some chops when the phone rang. My heartbeat picked up a little and I could feel my cheeks turning pink as I wiped my hands on a dishtowel, before picking up the phone. I was breathless, all like, "Hello?" and he was all, "Um, I was just thinking about you, and stuff that happened," and I was all "Really?" and he was all "Yeah" and then he totally asked me if we could get back together and I invited him over for dinner that night and it was really great.

So yeah, that was a few weeks ago and things are still going good.

---Nigel

If the universe has no end, then the asshole is everywhere. - Hoopla

The Flying Ass Ghost Dance



Professor Cramulus brings us some stunning photographs from a rarely seen Spaganaki ritual. The sheer majesty of the dance is breathtaking yet it isn't done easily. The chief must burrow especially deep to pull off the high-five maneuver. When asked about his experience amongst the Spaganaki, the Professor said, "It was a very rewarding experience, but I totally came when they brought out the bacon explosion."

His forehead and face was slick with sour-smelling sweat, and stung his eyes. Jack groaned as he sat up, the persistent throbbing of his ankle cutting through the bleary half-conscious hypnogogue. The whiskey had made his head heavy as he fumbled for the remote for the TV. It clicked on, blaring an ad for some neon-colored piece of trash.

Jack jammed his thumb down on the volume button, bringing it to a more manageable level. The nightmare was almost forgotten by the time he started surfing the channels.

Click.

"-ports of a masked gunman breaking into houses in this terrified community and stealing vinyl record, making his exit by-"

Click.

"-talking with celebrated author, chef, congressional candidate, Nobel nominee and convicted pedophile-"

Click.

"-what unholy terror lurks between n Gina's

thighs? Find out tonight on-"

Click.

"-Even if we bought you a pony, we'd probably have to kill it for food-"

Click.

"-Senator, how can you say that the educational budget can support the massive influx of mutant children from the parthenogenetic effects of last year's radioactive tanker spill in the northern part of-"

Click.

"-Puppies Puppies Puppies Puppies Puppies Puppies-"

Click.

"-fires still burning down on the Northwest side, the apparent cause being a sudden electrical discharge-"

Click.
"-JESUS! PRAISE HIM AND HIS HOLY NAME, AND THE MANTLE AND THE GLORY, FOR HE HAS RISEN AND HAS SPOKEN TO ME! AND HE WANTS ME TO TELL YOU HIS MESSAGE OF PEACE AND THE AGONY OF-"

Click.

"-Brad, and you're the father." "How can that be? I'm gay." "I snuck into your room last week, after your affair with Joey, and IÉ" "But I'm also your broth-"

Click.

"-Witnesses say that the strange lights moved erratically, almost playfully. Experts have chalked this up to the bizarre weather patterns that have-"

Click.

"-can see, the substance reacts to stimuli almost as an amoeba would, which leads us to the possibility that this inorganic substance may actually approximate life-"

Click.

"BABY BABY BABY, I LOVES YOU SO CUZ YOU GOT SASS / LET'S GO INTO THE BACKSEAT OF MY CAR THAT'S GOT CLASS / SO I CAN FORCE YOU TO STICK IT IN-"

Click.

"Further evidence of blunt force trauma can be found on the cranial ridge. As you can see, the blow crushed most of the face, obscuring the crucial and curious fact that-"

Click.

"-sheep, as you can see. Their herding patterns have become very unusual as of late, and farmers are finding them arranged in concentric

***-sheep, as you can see.
Their herding patterns
have become very
unusual as of late,...***

circles, resembling more often than not the mysterious crop circles that have been plaguing the area for-

Click.

"A bit of turnabout in Hollywood today, as the paparazzi became the stalked when a movie star opened their limo door and released an eight-foot grizzly bear onto the photographers. We'll tell you who, right after this."

Click.

"No money down! Pick yourself up in the wallet, AND the pants!"

Click.

"Ow! My lining!"

Click.

"Then, in 1784 (a leap year), he launched what was to be his most ambitious project to date: Linking the death of Diderot (July 31), the Treaty of Paris (January 14), and the South African Locust swarms (ongoing) with the founding of the Methodist Church (December 25). Interesting enough, he uses Gaussian field summations to-

Click.

"Maybe it would be better if I just knocked your teeth out, yeah?"

Click.

"Another transformer explosion in the Northwest side knocks

out power to an entire block of residents, now restless and scared due to recent incidents of random daytime lightning strikes officials are now calling, quote, 'suspicious'."

Click.

"Can cause heartburn, diarrhea, nausea, involuntary muscle spasms, loose bladder, eye twitching, heart palpitations, leg cramps, glaucoma, and seizures ð But you'll never have to worry about hair loss again!"

Click.

"Migratory patterns have been disrupted, and even the iconic flight formations of the birds have changed, prompting many frantic calls to the police as frightened citizens saw ominous and disturbing symbols soaring overhead."

Click.

"More emergency crews have been called to the Northwest side of the city, as it becomes clear that over 300 people have died in unusual circumstances."

Click.

"Using nothing more than a ball point pen, a paper clip, and toothpaste, she seems to have been able to teach her mutant birthchild a fundamental lesson."

Click.

"The scarring is the most telling thing. You see here, the right-to-left motion of the scraping. If you look closer, you can see the splinters of wood that the tissue simply grew around and absorbed into the healing process."

Click.

"Officials are refusing press access to the Northwest side, citing health and safety issues."

Click.

"-helicopters have been waved off, due to the excessive smoke and periodic electric discharges that have already brought down two copters-"

Click.

"-we have obtained exclusive audiotape of what's going on inside the quarantine area-"

Click.

"-can barely see shapes through the smoke. If we can zoom in, we may be able to locate the source of-"

The scarring is the most telling thing.

Click.

"-sounds of muffled explosions. Still no official comment from the authorities regarding this matter, as the boundaries of the quarantine have expanded to include the 1600 block as well as-"

Click.

"-said Josephine Arellia, resident of the 1600 block, who was able to escape just before the blockade went into effect. Chilling words from a clearly distraught woman."

Click.

"We're going to have to bzzzzthrow the feed back tozzzz the studio, until we bzzzzcan get our transmitting bzzzzsystems back in control.

JohnzzzzZZZZ?"

Click.

"Reports of continued explosions and so-called lightning strikes are swamping the 911 emergency lines."

Click.

"-seem to have lost the signal there. Can we get them back on air? Well, in the meantime, let's turn to our meteorologist, Fran Parker. Fran?"

Click.

"The Sergeant says that the wounds were self-inflicted, and indicated that any reports to the contrary should be treated as suspect and dubious."

Click.

"-from the sky, I'm telling you! When they hit the ground, there was this blinding flash-"

Click.

"-under control. We are treating this as a normal procedure, and are requesting National Guard presence as only a precaution, due to the possibility that looting might break out."

Click.

"-getting news from the situation on

the Northwest side from our man on the ground, Henry Harwick, who has managed to gain access behind the barricade."

Click.

"Armored vehicles have been spotted on Highland Avenue, and are now surrounding the 1800 block. Worried citizens have been trying to evacuate, but many streets have already been gridlocked as-"

Click.

"DEMONS! DEMONS IN OUR MIDST, SMITING THE UNHOLY-"

Click.

"Cindy, I'm trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, as the press is being turned away at gunpoint now. The police continue to insist this is for safety reasons, but it's becoming increasingly clear that... What? No, I'm simply reporting... You can't do that, I'm press, I-"

Click.

"-nothing else seems to be moving. The smoke is thick, and has a taste to it, like of old seawater. I'm going to try to move further towards the center of this-"

Click.

"At this time, we request that everyone in the city remain calm, and do not panic. Emergency services has informed me that they are seeing more injuries from people trying to flee the scene than from the initial incident."

Click.

"-sky satellite shows these cloud formations here, they appear to be forming a ring shape around the city, with a very dense cloud pack right above the Northwest-"

Click.

"-getting reports of residents

attacking the National Guardsmen in an effort to leave the area. The Guardsmen have responded with riot shields and teargas, in a sight reminiscent of the WTO riots-

Click.

"I'm press! You can't do this! Press! Press!"

Click.

"-at St Mercy hospital, talking with Doctor Abraham Stuvev, who says that the ER has been packed all day, and he's never seen anything like the injuries being sustained-

Click.

"John, I have to admit, I've never seen weather like this. I just can't explain it."

Click.

"Please, REMAIN CALM. If we cannot settle the populace, this will escalate, I can assure you. Please heed the orders of the Police and Military, and do not attempt to enter the barricades."

Click.

"Oh. My. God. Jason, are you getting this? I'll try to get closer-

Click.

"Gunfire has been reported at the Northwest riots. No word on whether it was instigated by the crowd or the National Guardsmen, but they are taking no chances, and have affixed bayonets. The scene is one of chaos and carnage-

Click.

"Henry? Henry, can you hear us? Your feed has gone down. Are you all right? Is there any way we could-

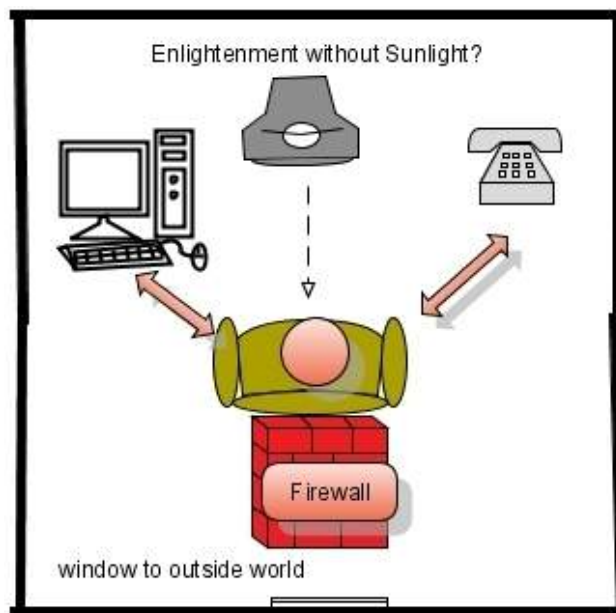
Click.

"REPENT, SINNERS! OUR ANGRY GOD HAS SENT HIS FALLEN ANGELS INTO THIS WORLD TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON-

Click.

The TV went dark as Jack sat up sharply. "Wait," he thought. "He used Gaussian equations for what again? That doesn't sound right."

--LMNO



-seem to have lost the signal there

Speaking as a MOTHER...

featuring Khara and Jenne

Hello, Spags of the World: the TFB! Cabal has decided to give advice to those who might not know they need it on things family and children-related.

We've made a fresh pitcher of margaritas—with salted rims and lime, of course!—and our kids are playing with toasters in the bath again—ASK US ANYTHING!

[*ripped from the anal orifice of Pagan Shysters]

**Dear Khara and Jenne,*

How do you reduce the costs in raising a child?

I was just thinking of the things that we do to reduce the costs of raising our kids and wondering what other people do. There are so many things they always seem to need or want and as parents most of us want to give them not just their needs but most of their wants too. How do you cope with that financially?

Sincerely,

A Whacked Pagan

Dear Whacked,

Who says you need to give kids more than the gift of self-respect? Are your kids well-fed? Are they warm? Are they shod? If you answered "Yes," then you're done. Anything extra is, well, EXTRA. For

chrissakes, make the kid EARN what they're given above food and shelter. You want them to grow up expecting more than they are entitled to? Life is not a free-for-all. The sooner the kiddies learn that, the better their credit scores will be.

Yours in exasperation with indulgent fuckheads like you,

Khara and Jenne

**Dear Khara and Jenne,*

Spitting and Kissing on the Bus

So my five year old is in a public pre-school, she rides the bus there and back. A few days ago she got off the bus and told me a boy told her she had to kiss him and she did. I told her that she never had to kiss anyone she didn't want to and figured the issue was over. Then today she got off the bus very upset, she said the same boy told her the same thing only this time she said no. She then told me he got really mad at her and spit on her... twice. I called her teacher and told her about it. But my baby girl is still really upset and told me she never wants to ride the bus again, she was crying about it. I am not sure how to a suede her fears and make her comfortable with the bus again. Any ideas?

Sincerely,

Mommy Prudish

Dear Mommy the Prude,

Maybe if she wasn't such a little tease, your kid wouldn't get spit on. Didn't you know this is how boys

treat girls who don't put out? Instead of helping your kid to whine about it, get her some motherfucking self-defense classes. That way, next time this asshole kid decides to "get some" from your lil peachy daughter, she can shove his nutsack up into his throat and teach him to respect his female betters.

Also: you're a dumbass.

Yours in frustration with idiot parents like you,

Khara and Jenne

***Dear Khara and Jenne,**

Discouraging Bad Swear Words

Any ideas how to discourage a 2 and a half year old to not say the F word?

Currently the last 2 days that he's found renewed interest in the word, hubby and I have been ignoring him when he says it. But judging on this morning, it doesn't seem to be working.

Sincerely,

Potty Mouth Mommy

Dear Potty Mouth,

Obviously you and your husband are fucking hypocrites. Where do you think your baby boy learned to drop the f-bomb like it's hawt? That's right—his dumbfuck mom and dad. So quit yer bitchin' and just ignore it. He doesn't know what it means, and he'll only use it more when you freak the fuck out. We're amazed you figured out the method when you obviously lost touch with the cause.

Yours in anger at hypocritical assholes like you,

Khara and Jenne

***Dear Khara and Jenne,**

An extremely hyperactive boy...

I talked to a friend I use to work with the other night. She recently quit her job to stay home with her 4 year old boy... she sounded horrible. Her son was just kicked out of preschool. He just will not settle down. I know a lot of this is the conflicting parenting styles between her and her husband... but I'm hoping that there is something she can do to get him to settle down some. I'm worried that next year when he enters kindergarten they are going to medicate him. I was wondering if any one knows of any natural ways to help burn off some of his hyper behavior. I already talked to her about limiting his sugar intake... are there any herbs/supplements or foods she can try that might help? I recommended taking him for jogs but she said she tried that and after they get back, shes exhausted and he's wound up even more... so it kind of defeated the purpose.

Sincerely,

Teh Nosey Neighbor and Gossipy Friend

Dearest Fienemy,

Gee, you get off on talking shit on your friends' kids or what?

Shut the fuck up, and mind your own beeswax, get a fucking life.

Yours in pissed off at idiots who pass themselves off as caring friends like you,

Khara and Jenne

Dear Khara and Jenne,

Kindie Flasher

I have a kindergarten flasher! I can't believe it, she said she lifted her shirt to show the boys because she wanted them to like her.

I don't know what to do, HELP!

Signed,

Puritan Mom

Dear Back to the Dark Ages Puritan,

Eh, I am sure they can incorporate pole dancing in with her ballet lessons. That way she will be prepared for her big career as a stripper! Seriously, she is what? Maybe 5? I would be more worried about WHY she cares if the boys like her. Do they lift their shirts to like each other? Is your town empty of little girls? You need to work on your child's self esteem in needing everyone to like her, NOW before the next letter is telling us you're going to be a grandmother! Norplant in 5 year olds is so 90's, anyway.

Yours in perplexitude at wastoid parents like you,

Khara and Jenne



Dear Khara and Jenne,

Picky Princess Eater

My daughter is so picky about her food. Everything must be just the way she likes it or she won't eat. The only thing I've been able to get her to eat is dessert so far this week. What can I add to make the desserts healthier?

Signed,

A Baking Mom

Dear Baked in the Head,

ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE? If she doesn't eat her food she doesn't get fucking dessert. In fact, stop making it period. A child will eat when he or she gets hungry enough. I wouldn't feed her things she completely hates, but be for real, a meal is necessary, dessert is a treat. If after a week or two you notice a weight loss in your child, GOOD!!! All that dessert is falling off her ass!!! Think vegetables NOT brownies!

Yours in
OMIGODAREYOUFUCKINGSRS!!
Khara and Jenne

Dear Khara and Jenne,

Kiddie Crime

My son is 8, a 8 yrs old boy from his school has at least five times tried to rob him, after taking it up with the boys mother several times I had enough. I told the boys mother that I would have to take it up with social services. She blew up and told me to go to hell. He is already in special class and is a known trouble maker in school.

IMO she should be glad I'm not going to the police.

My friend thinks I should have taken action earlier.

What do you think I should do?

Signed,

Worried Mom

Dear Worried Wart on the Ass of Society,

I have to ask, how much money do you let your 8 year old carry

around? I may have to send my 9 year old daughter to shake him down next week.

If you had called me and threatened to send Social Services to my house over stupid kid crap like this, then I would have done a lot more than tell you to go to hell, I would have sent you there. I mean DAMN. Have you ever heard of going overboard?

You say yourself this bully is in special classes, DO YA THINK MAYBE that is because he has a few problems?

Put your son in karate or judo classes so he can defend himself. Bullies rarely rob those who can defend themselves. I would avoid police. Being the idiot mother who called the police on the retarded kid is not going to improve your own son's wussiness!

Yours in crapitdue with your attitude,

Khara and Jenne



Speaking as a MOTHER... is brought to you by the cool, clean, refreshment of Seal Club Soda.

4 out of 5 Canadians prefer the smooth traditional taste of Seal Club Soda.

Crack one open today!

A poem for the Strange Times:

I must admit that never before
were times like these in the days of yore.
Why can you imagine? What kind of a change,
will happen since they've developed the "flame"
and that newfangled wheel? Strange Times we live in!

What Times we live in! Marvelous game,
I sure do love meat, but raising this grain,
has changed the whole world and raising a herd
is easier work, than hunting for bird
or bison or boar. Strange Times we live in!

Now no one can doubt the Power of Man,
as Pyramids rise from the deserts of sand
and the Sphinx overlooks its growing Domain,
Who could live in these Times and ever complain?
Except for the bugs; Strange Times we live in!

I never had thought, in all of my life
that Times quite like these would end in such strife,
'twixt illness and famine and bullying bands,
What very Strange Times have come to these lands
We ate our pet dog. What times we live in!

What a wonderful time to be living today,
the whole world listens when our King has his say,
and our philosophers *snap* are crack at their job,
except for The Cynic, who's a bit of a slob.
and the round-earthers, ah well, Strange Times we live in!

Though I may be a serf, just a peasant I guess,
my everyday clothes beat my Mother's best dress,
and I once met the Queen and she smiled at me!
What possibly better life could there be?
Maybe living to 40?! Strange Times we live in!

Down with the King, that Cur and Inbred!
We'll serve up his tea to the fishes instead!
And fight for our Freedom to be fools on our own,
at least those in charge will be closer to home,
And they might sometimes listen! Strange Times we live in!
What Times we live in, What a marvelous sight!

To see those two boys take an actual flight!
We've conquered the land, we've conquered the sea,
Now who knows how far the limit might be.
Perhaps an hour in the air?! Strange Times we live in!

Sixteen million dead and one of them mine,
they call it the last, for now and all time.
but it doesn't feel better and now I feel sick
I hope that this flu passes by rather quick.
I sure miss my man, what Strange Times we live in.

Hush, the Radio's on and its time for the show!
It doesn't get better than this don't you know?
Entertained every night by a man far away,
rather than hearing what you have to say.
Ah! Goodnight Gracie, What Strange Times we live in!

The War's finally over and they say that we won,
but how can it be? I mean, What have we done?
They Soviets now have gone nuclear too!
Great Googlie Mooglie, what will we DO?!
It's All Over, Man... what Strange Times we live in.

In this digital era with high bandwidth speed,
and low expectations, and corporate greed,
and maybe a bit of a Hope for a Change.
Or is looking for hope, just a little too Strange?
I'm beginning to think it's Strange Times we live in

- Ratatosk, Squirrel of Discord



"Guaranteed Fear and Loathing. Abandon all hope. Prepare for the Weirdness. Get familiar with Cannibalism."

- Hunter S Thompson

So, are you ready? As Hunter suggests, this has the potential to be one hell of a ride. And by the end, you may indeed want to chew your own eyeballs out, just to get rid of the images in your head. After all, once you know, there is no real way you can unknow. And that's the problem. Do you take the red pill, or the blue one? I would suggest getting acquainted with High Weirdness is better than going through life without knowing, but then again, I would say that. And even I don't know how deep the rabbit hole really goes...so maybe by the end of my trip, I will have decided it wasn't worth it after all.

But I'll assume you're still here, and reading, and therefore interested. The question is, where to start? There is so much out there, some of which seems patently crazy, but only before certain facts fall into place. Just as a disclaimer, I'm not professing belief in anything I say here. I'm only relating what others say. But I cannot deny something odd may be going on.

I think the Necronomicon is an excellent start. Most of you, especially those of you up on your Illuminatus! reading, already know about this legendary book, and the background it comes from. As such, it is an excellent starting point for our discussion. H. P. Lovecraft invented the book, or at least he thought he did, and it has had a troubling history ever since making it into his works. Figures in the occult world, such as the former US military intelligence officer and founder of the Temple of Set, Michael Aquino, have long been writing ceremonies and the like incorporating aspects of the Mythos. But more interesting than these nods to a master of horror writing are the beliefs of Kenneth Grant, one of the last living disciples of Aleister Crowley and founder of the "Typhonian OTO".

Grant believes that Lovecraft was an unconscious adept, and indeed the author did claim to get ideas for his books from his dreams – or nightmares, if you prefer. Grant believes that working through the Tree of Life, one can enter the Qlippoth (the Tree of Death that mirrors the Sephiroth) and, from the diseased, horrible world that supposedly exists beyond, bring

back the Old Ones of the Mythos into the real world. Because, Grant believes there are certain correspondences between the works of John Dee, Lovecraft and Crowley. For example, John Dee mentioned an Enochian demon called "Choronzon" who he said may interfere with a magician's work. Crowley called Choronzon "the Breaker-Down of all Thought and Form," and said he was the guardian of the gateway of Daath. Grant says Lovecraft knew him as "Yog-Sothoth," for this line from The Dunwich Horror: "Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the key and the guardian of the gate." Regardless of whether or not Grant is correct, or has an accurate viewpoint of the world (something I am highly doubtful of), we have bona fide Cthulhu cultists running around the planet, trying to open The Gate, and let the Old Ones back through. Doesn't that worry you, just a little bit?

Of course, the influence of the mythos on the national unconscious spreads far and wide. How else could one account for Bush quoting almost verbatim from The Crawling Chaos in his 2005 re-inauguration speech. "We have a calling from beyond the stars." Coincidence? Sure,

could be. We know Bush isn't much of a reader himself, though presumably his speech writers have a passing knowledge of the concept. And maybe the hundreds of dead, large squid, with their unconscious suggestions towards Cthulhu, washing up on the Orange County coast on the day the speech was made, were just coincidence as well.

Maybe.

This is the problem with the weird, especially at this level. You start seeing the same themes and concepts cropping up everywhere. And while it may well be the Law of Fives...you can never shake off the terrible feeling it may be otherwise. Consider, continuing with our theme, the original name of the Necronomicon, according to Lovecraft, is "Al Azif - azif being the word used by the Arabs to designate that nocturnal sound (made by insects) suppos'd to be the howling of daemons." But the buzzing of insects is associated with other supernatural phenomenon as well. To name a few, apparitions of the Virgin Mary, in the presence of UFOs, around 'Fortean' entities such as the Mothman, during DMT trips, in near-death experiences and during astral projection.

Lovecraft presumably researched some of the occult for his books, but is he really this good? Is anyone? Again, I'm not passing judgement on the actuality of these events, some of which I am again sceptical of, I am only noting this thread of commonality. If its a coincidence, which it may well be, its an amazing one.

Assuming the Necronomicon is entirely fiction, and a creation of his own making, that doesn't mean its not dangerous. The problem with great ideas is that once they are out, they take on a life of their own. And the alien horrors of Lovecraftian works can have a powerful effect on unstable minds. Such as, for example, seventeen-year old Roderik Ferrell, self-proclaimed leader of a vampire clan, who carried out ritualistic killings of animals and, in some cases, people, based on one of the many versions of the book currently in print.

Belief is a very dangerous weapon, in the wrong hands. Fanatics and would "Knights Templars" are invariably the worst sort of monsters, assured so totally by their moral certitude they never even question the depravity of their actions.

Let's change the topic from the occult to the alien now. One might question such a huge change of topic, but perhaps the leap is not so big at all. In 1918, for example, in New York City, infamous occultist Aleister Crowley conducted the "Amalantrah Working", a ritual designed to bring foreign intelligences into this world. One of those was supposedly the creature he called Lam. Google a picture of Lam, there are plenty of copies of Crowley's sketch of him on the web. Remind you of anything? This character does seem to bear a certain resemblance to modern day little Grey aliens, does he not?

And the coincidences do not end there. In 1946, Jack Parsons, a NASA scientist, and L Ron Hubbard, future founder of Scientology, both met in New Mexico to conduct a ritual they called the Babalon Working. Both were members of the American OTO, and although reports suggest Crowley thought them nuts, they went into the desert and using his system, were intent on reestablishing the opening supposedly created by Crowley's 1918 working, and with a considerable amount of intensity that was lacking from the original work. Regardless of

whether or not it did work, a year later, in 1947, the modern UFO age began with a rash of sightings over the USA.

UFOs interest me. There is so clearly something going on that, to me, they merit further research. I very much doubt they are in fact piloted by off world visitors of some sort, but that does not mean they are not still odd. Even if they are, for example, cases of hallucination or mass hysteria, it suggests the human mind is a rather fragile instrument, and perhaps not entirely trustworthy. If they are experimental aircraft, being tested by various governments, we have to question why they profit from apparently showing off these top secret weapons near large civilian populations – where many unexplained UFOs have been sighted. And there are the correspondences with the occult tradition, as I have outlined above. Something strange is going on, but the strangeness may not be what it seems. The alien hypothesis is a red herring, which distracts from the more important questions.

Such as, why do so many supposedly alien contactees go on to establish cults or cult-like organizations? No doubt throughout history there have

been no shortage of con-men willing to exploit the unexplained, especially if part of the current zeitgeist, but this many? Sociologists have also studied the phenomenon, including many apparently very sincere individuals who do not profit from their organizations in any way. Respected UFO investigator and scientist Jacques Vallee suggests a high level of social manipulation is present in the UFO phenomenon, for currently unknown purposes. To excite panic, wonder, fear, despair...any or all of those could be valid reasons. But one way to quickly establish control of a society is through the introduction of cult-like cells, especially if one has access to advanced technology one can wow people with.

And the experiences of some people who have been supposedly abducted by aliens, mirrors the initiation rituals of more obscure groups. Approached by members of the group, wearing strange costumes; they are blindfolded or somehow rendered dependent on this group. They are then led or taken through a strange and difficult route, before being placed in the presence of an authority figure, in a specially designed,

windowless room. He is then given a test, made to answer questions, shown symbols of death (either personal or planetary), is told they may not survive this upcoming ordeal, given ritual food and drink, then led back outside.

And what are we to make of the Prophet Yahweh? Born Ramon Watkins, a former US marine and Black Hebrew Israelite, has claimed and, apparently shown before major news organization cameras, his ability to summon UFOs. He could be a con-man of course, and probably is. But the links between UFOs and religion is established again.

According to Bud Hopkins, famed UFO and abduction investigator, there are a "curious pattern" among abductees of "personal, cherished objects...seeming to vanish and then reappear under highly unusual circumstances." For instance, a wedding ring placed on a kitchen top one moment and gone the next reappeared several days later beneath the tacked-down carpet of an upstairs bedroom. Hopkins doesn't know what to make of it, though he finds the pattern repeats enough to be "intriguing" and to "deserve mention."

If Hopkins had paid more attention to folklore and mythology, he would however. Jacques Vallee, in his brilliant Passport to Magonia, discusses in depth the correspondences between supposed alien activity and the stories of faeries and the fair folk in previous centuries. Their impish trickster nature often led them to pranks of this kind, as well of those noted in many abduction experiences. Far too many.

Of course, not all UFO phenomena are so benign as to result in the peaceful Space Brother feeling either. Let us consider the story of Kelly Cahill and her husband, in Australia. In 1993, when driving home, along with several other drivers, stopped her car and exited to get a better look at the strange objects in the sky. But while looking at the strange apparition in the sky, she notices something moving in the field below the UFO. About seven feet tall, it was apparently cloaked in black, with red luminescent eyes. All of a sudden, she starts screaming, and even she admits she doesn't know how she came up with this, but she starts screaming, "They've got no souls." And then again: "THEY'VE GOT NO SOULS!"

Another darker occult crossover occurred in the UK, in the area of Clapham Wood, well known for its odd events over the years. In recent years, Clapham Wood has been a locus of UFO activity and occult presence. Strange flying objects are seen at night, as one would expect. But allegedly a cult devoted to the Goddess Hekate, also operated in the area. Dogs, too, frequently vanished from the area, enough to prompt investigation. Hekate, for those of you who don't know, is the Goddess of crossroads, witchcraft and hunting. Frequently, dogs were sacrificed in her honour. According to an informant, phoning an investigative journalist working on the story, the group used dogs for monthly "services" and would continue to do so into the foreseeable future. They also did not take to being investigated, and would defend the identities of their members by all means available.

I would be disinclined to disbelieve this story, but another investigator apparently discovered Winchester and London networks at the same time, of a larger group. Of course, they may have meant to have been found, as purposeful disinformation. But the dogs

keep disappearing, and the UFOs keep flying regardless.

Speaking of missing dogs...what can one make of the Four Pi Movement, an offshoot of the Process Church of the Final Judgement, itself the fruit of a split from the Church of Scientology. Two members of 4P were picked up by California Highway Patrol in 1970, with human finger bones in their pockets and confession of cannibalism on their lips. 4P members based their rituals based on a stellar timetable, which included "the sacrifice of Doberman and German shepherd dogs".

Two years before, in areas around San Jose, not far from where the cannibalistic hippies were picked up, there discoveries of canines, skinned and drained of blood, without apparent motive. According to the director of a Santa Cruz animal shelter, "Whoever is doing this is a real expert with a knife. The skin is cut away without even marking the flesh. The really strange thing is that these dogs have been drained of blood."

And these did not stop with our counterculture clowns in prison. Between October 1976 and October 1977 a disturbing

pattern resumed, this time in New York City, when 85 German shepherds and Dobermans were found skinned and drained of blood. Hey, wasn't Sam Berkowitz running around NYC at that time, knocking people off? And didn't he make up a bullshit story about hearing Satanic voices from a neighbour's dog? And didn't Berkowitz claim his serial killings were in fact group murders, committed by a "Satanic" organization called Four Pi?

My, those coincidences just pile right up, don't they?

For instance, let us consider Sirius, the "dog star". Dogs to dog stars is not such a huge leap, really. Plus this was a particular interest of Robert Anton Wilson, who talked about its possible significance in depth in Cosmic Trigger. Its importance is not just shared by acid casualty hippies and ancient Egyptians, however.

The Neo-Templar Order of the Solar Temple, for example, believed that after martyrdom, they would be reborn upon a planet orbiting Sirius. This probably was of great comfort to its membership, who self-destructed after orders from its Grand Master in 1994, possibly

relating to its links with BCCI and the criminal underworld (more on this in Intermittens #5). Members were killed in their sleep, or else committed suicide, leading to the total disintegration of the group. Sirius has an interesting occult legacy.

In *Morals and Dogma*, Albert Pike writes that Sirius was "the inventor of language, grammar, astronomy, surveying, arithmetic, music, and medical science; the first maker of laws; and who taught the worship of the Gods, and the building of Temples." He adds that the "Blazing Star" pentagram of Masonic Lodges represents Sirius, the "Guardian and Guide of our Souls."

A disciple of Helena Blavatsky, one Alice Bailey, went one better, claiming Sirius was key to the higher mysteries of Masonry. Kenneth Grant (yes, him again), student of Aleister Crowley and founder of the "Typhonian OTO" and its "Cult of Lam," writes in *The Magical Revival* that Crowley "unequivocally identifies his Holy Guardian Angel with Sothis (Sirius), or Set-Isis."

Adam Gorightly, in *"Ritual Magic, Mind Control and the UFO Phenomenon,"* writes how,

in the 1950s and '60s, alleged contactee George Hunt Williamson is said to have "summoned forth certain denizens purportedly from Sirius, conversing to them in the same 'Enochian' or 'Angelic' language used by John Dee and Aleister Crowley." Williamson also claimed that a secret society on Earth had been in contact with Sirius for "thousands of years, and that the emblem of this secret society is the eye of Horus, otherwise known as the all-seeing eye."

Interestingly, there is a tradition of the people of Mali, the Dogon, that Sirius has another, hidden companion star. This was confirmed, but only with advanced, 19th century tech. The Dogon, who had passed down this myth for hundreds of years couldn't have known this, creating a useful cottage industry on books about how the Dogon were supposedly visited by Sirius based aliens.

But clearly, belief in the importance of Sirius lives on. The brightest star in the night sky, it is an attractor for people who pay attention to such things. And, perhaps, a useful tool of manipulation for people who want to use such beliefs to put people under their control?

John Keel's ultraterrestrials, if they exist, must be chucking in glee over the possibilities.

Back to the dead animals and strange night sightings for a moment, however. In 1995, in Kelowna, British Columbia, two cigar shaped UFOs were sighted by one woman looking out of her kitchen window. As the strange vessels passed over her neighbours garage, she couldn't



help but be worried for neighbourhood cats, who often congregated around the garage, for reasons unknown (though knowing the creatures, it was almost certainly due to food or warmth).

She was right to worry though. Lights came down from the ships, searching that precise area. Then the lights turned off and the objects just vanished, like they dropped out of existence. The cats, too, were

never seen again.

And that was probably for the best two. Reports of "cat mutilation" are not unknown to the good people of BC. The Kamloops area of BC was privy to a rash of half cat mutilations, with a dozen or so cats mysteriously cut up. The usual show, no blood, no muss, no apparent fuss and again, never a sign of struggle, no fur strewn about and no spilled blood. Since the early 90s, exsanguinated cats were found in Vancouver too.

Now, no-one is suggesting that UFOs kidnap and experiment on cats. The idea is crazy, even with the current topic under consideration. There is nothing to gain from it, their physiology is well known, their genetic code relatively easy for an advanced culture to discover. But why should it be any less crazy when it happens to cattle? Why when it is pets, we attribute such gruesome deaths to cults and really fucked up people, but with livestock it must, for whatever reason, be aliens, seeking genetic material?

No doubt there is a correlation between UFO activity and ritual killing, but it doesn't mean one causes the other.

But let us turn our eye to more conventional religions. Such as, for example, Scientology. We know L Ron Hubbard was the founder of the organization, its true. And we also know he took a lot of his structure and ideas from Crowley, mixed in with his own, personal brand of lunacy. Like many cults, its inner teachings are manifestly different from its outer teachings. Hubbard's space opera may sound like a joke, but let us consider the effect it has on a real believer. For instance, Tom Cruise, the supposed messiah and heir apparent of the Scientology movement in America.



According to unverified rumours, Cruise became psychotic while during his initiation to OT III. Here, the "fact" that our personalities are not our own, that Thetans exist, are revealed to the initiate, who usually does not respond well. We know that after reaching this level, Cruise looked sickly in

public, with black circles under his eyes, and pasty skin. He expressed disillusionment with the organization, and wanted to be alone. But he wasn't. And now? Now Cruise cannot shut up about how great the Scientology crowd are, and how its the last true hope for humanity.

The Church also has a weird militarism, which is well documented, with its powerful internal security system, and groups such as Sea Org. More curious, however, is the fact that a disproportionate number of Scientologists were part of the CIA's mostly hilarious and inept attempts to use paranormal abilities to augment the functions of the agency, especially when it came to Project Stargate and remote viewing.

Even more powerful, rich, unknown and strongly connected with the world of black operations and espionage is the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, the leader of the decidedly scary Unification Church. Often dismissed as a crank, Moon has built a fortune of several billion, owning media outlets like the Washington Post and United Press International. He has a powerful, far right and religious agenda, which could

accurately be described as theocratic. And he is the major financier of the evangelical right in the USA, having bailed individuals such as Pat Robertson out of debt in return for their allegiance.

Moon would still be easy to dismiss, if he did not have such personal contacts within the corridors of international power. Consider that, in 2004, Moon met with several high ranking members of the US legislature in a Federal building in Washington D.C., where, in a bizarre ceremony, there was a coronation and he was crowned as Saviour, Messiah, Returning Lord and True Parent, as well as King of Peace.

President Bush II is said to have had a design of a crown put on his bed while in the White House. Its worth noting that Moon has also campaigned for the symbol of the Crown to replace the Cross in Christianity. Lots of crown motifs there. Again, it could just be coincidence...but maybe not. Allusions to monarchy are also popular with Dick Cheney, who sent out a Christmas card in 2003 with this seasonal message: "And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without

His aid?"

Moving from the newer and arguably crazier Protestants of America, we cannot forget our own dear Catholic Church, an institution with influence, power, history and crazy in buckets. Such as how did Opus Dei, groups that practice self-flagellation and supported the Phalange in Spain, with a cultish devotion to secrecy, become so powerful so fast? The last two Popes have both courted its wealth and influence, ignoring its disturbing confluence of political and religious extremism. Its not all Albino Monk Assassins, to be sure, but its not all hymns and good deeds, either. God's Work pays well, and for some reason almost always includes helping regimes who like people to disappear without trials, or even identifiable graves.

Also, the continued influence of the Fatima continues to amaze. The strange sighting, more in common with an apocalyptic UFO cult experience, exerts an influence over the Church well into the present. The end of the world, the imagery of hell and death and destruction, hang over the leadership of the Vatican like a plague, adding to the panic that The Prophecy of the Popes, attributed to Saint

Malachy, is nearing the end of the List. For many devout Catholics, the End Times are just around the corner, and the world will tremble at what is to come next.

Britain is also a land that hasn't forgotten how weird it really is. Any country where one can frequently see standing stones, and where the myths and terrors of the Celtic period are still modern day fairy tales is one that hasn't forgotten how strange reality can get sometimes. Only a couple of years back, children were being killed in rituals, imported from sub-Saharan Africa it would seem. Dead sheep have been found laid out in occult diagrams. A dead Cornish councilor with an obsession with black magic. There is also the strange death of Nicholas Gangari, who was either jumped or fell from the cliffs in Lewes. His home was covered in torn Bible passages, scrawled with the message "God help me, I have been cursed". Suspicion fell upon a strange friend of Nicholas, a fascist with far-right connections (and how strange it is, that we see those two beliefs closely linked so often). And what do we make of the final drawing of the murdered Sarah Payne, a schoolgirl who, before she vanished, drew a picture of

a man standing upon a 13-square checkered floor, between columns bearing Sarah's name. He wears what appears to be an apron of 33 studs, and holds an object in his left hand. His right sleeve is missing. Even for someone like me, who distrusts those who talk about "Masonic plots", the parallels here are striking.

But enough about the UK. What can one say about malevolent clowns? Good fodder for horror, of course, but nonsense in real life, right? Sadly, no. In the first week of May, 1981, Daniel O'Connell, the Investigative Counselor of the Boston Public School Board, alerted the district's principals that "it has been brought to the attention of the police department and the district office that adults dressed as clowns have been bothering children to and from school. Please advise all students that they must stay away from strangers, especially ones dressed as clowns." Several days later, in Brookline, Massachusetts on May 5, two clowns using candy as lures tried to entice children into their black van parked near Lawrence Elementary School. By May 8th, reports of clown men in vans harassing children had come in from East Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge,

Canton, Randolph, and other cities near Boston.... 50 miles south, in Providence, RI, reports of clown men disturbing children were coming to the attention of psychiatric social workers counseling the city's youth.

No children were actually taken, but perhaps that was not the point. Perhaps the point was to menace, and nothing more.

The Weird Times can be wonderful and terrific, but we should always remember that terrific isn't far off from terror. Perhaps the aim of some weirdness is to do nothing more than thumb its nose in arrogance, spread a tale of despondence and immunity. After all, what can you do against alien invaders, or the apocalypse, or the insane plans of the Old Ones? Of course, none of these things are real, but the belief is, and the belief is the danger. Don't succumb to the belief. Fall too far into panic. Keep your critical faculties and remember to laugh at those who tell campfire stories about these weird times.

To end as we started:

"We have seen Weird Times in this country before, but the year 2000 is beginning to look super weird. This time, there really is nobody flying the plane. ... We

are living in dangerously weird times now. Smart people just shrug and admit they're dazed and confused.

The only ones left with any confidence at all are the New

Dumb. It is the beginning of the end of our world as we knew it. Doom is the operative ethic."

Now get with the program.
-Cain



--Dr. Hoopla

ATTENTION: This Is Unimportant!!!!

The Germain Cabal of Germans has officially declared 2009 the year of nothing. That's right, the year of nothing. I mean, it makes sense doesn't it? I mean, just look at the economy, it is moving in the direction of less, not more. What does that mean? It's moving towards nothing! Will it achieve nothingness, or will it fail along the way?

What about the relationship between Michael Jackson and Michael Bloomberg. Oh, that's right, THERE ISN'T ONE. Zoiks, the Year of Nothing works its mysterious magic again. And don't even get me started on the Chicago Cubs this year.

In accordance with tradition, of which there is none, the GCG encourages all other Discordians and those that aren't to pay special observance to the Year of Nothing by choosing the nothing to do of their choice. This can be quite challenging for some, especially anyone with any compulsion to do stuff. Spread the word to your friends and family and postal workers. Okay, well maybe not the postal workers, but everyone else.

Good day and other such pleasantries.

-Rev. What's-His-Name? Official fill-in spokesman for the GCG

UPDATE: Ignore the following...

It has been noted that the Chinese have already claimed this year as the year of the Ox. The GCG is fully aware of this. However, in keeping with the non-existent traditions, they can't actually be bothered to do anything about it. As such, you are encouraged to observe whichever suits you the best, just so long as you don't pester them about it. Thank you and so on.

-Rev. What's-His-Name? Former official fill-in spokesman and current bearer of blather for the Germain Cabal of Germans.

FINALLY: This bit of irrelevancy...

The GCG acknowledges the difficulty of scheduling nothing and has scheduled a meeting to discuss a focus group for a blue-ribbon commission that will be proposed at the next meeting.

-Rev. What's-His-Name? Appointed cheerleader and motivational speaker for the GCG.

101 Ways **TO MAKE EVERY- BODY'S DAY** Weirder

1. Midway through the day, change into a different set of clothes. If anybody notices, insist you've been wearing the same clothes all day.

2. Answer the phone with an arbitrary question.

3. Switch all the clothes in someone's dresser with clothes from someone else's dresser (possibly yours). The goal is to get them to bump into each other wearing each other's clothes.

4. Put things which couldn't possibly be mailed in people's mailboxes, like a glass of water or a bowl of popcorn. Write the address on it and attach proper postage.

5. When you're about to enter a room full of people, call one of them on your cell phone. In a desperate, very serious voice, say: "There's no time to explain, but I've been kidnapped and replaced with a robot which looks just like me. Oh shit, I gotta go!" and hang up quickly.

6. Hide notes that people will find when they're cleaning. Suggestions include:

"This note was hidden on <date> and it took you this long to find it?"

7. Hide a note which says "Congratulations! You found me! Re-hide me for ++GOOD LUCK"

8. Put non food items in the fridge. It's often very startling to open the fridge and see a telephone or car keys or something which totally doesn't belong there. Offer no explanation, but if it's clear that you're the culprit, say, "After a hard day, there's nothing like a refreshing, ice cold magazine." or pencil sharpener. or toilet paper. or tooth brush. or whatever.

9. Alternatively, pretend like someone else is hiding stuff in the fridge on you. Stomp around complaining about how you can never find the remote control. Find it in the freezer. Try to solve the mystery.

10. Record something short, and put a few minutes of silence on both ends of it. Hide your mp3 player + speakers somewhere with that track playing on repeat.

11. If you can surreptitiously record someone and put THEIR voice on the tape, even better. Hide the recording somewhere where they'll probably hear it. Imagine how weird it would be to hear your own voice coming from somewhere unseen, and not be able to figure out what's happening. Especially if you're awoken in the middle of the night...

12. Stock up on cheap used books. doesn't matter which ones. Sneak them onto people's bookshelves.

13. Skip to work. Especially effective if your company makes you wear "business professional" attire.

14. Break out into spontaneous Irish Jigs in the hallway. You get more viewers when you do this between 12 noon and 1 PM and do it near the break room.

15. Cross the street walking backwards. Extra points for doing this on a busy street. (don't be stupid)

16. Inappropriate multitasking: Brush your teeth while cooking. Floss while standing at a urinal. Mix n' match gone wrong.

17. Sit down in a hallway, aisle, etc. Someone is sure to ask if you're OK. That's your set up.

18. Use the most inefficient utensil possible to eat. (for example: eating pretzels out of a bag with chopsticks)

19. Stop a conversation with "Wait a second...", and then see how long it takes someone to butt in. Act incredulous when they ask why you said it. Insist you never did.

20. Warn people about wiretaps and hidden microphones. Go out of your way to avoid conversing in certain areas.

21. Propaganda poster / stickers for causes that don't exist. (Caution, they may start accidentally. Meme responsibly)

22. Hide a wrapped chocolate bar under the keyboard of an office/school computer. In the LOGIN box, write "You win at life. Your prize is under the keyboard. Delete this message."

24. When making any long list, refuse to include the 23rd item on it because "I'm not a discordian."

25. Go into someone's office and take all of their pencils and pens and leave them a box of crayons.

26. When someone gets up from their desk at work, put a hot cup of coffee and a half eaten donut in their workspace.

I would like to issue a statement on behalf of the Ministry of Security, Counter-Terrorism, Crime and Policing, working with the Home Office, that partaking in any of the named or suggested activities within this article could cause you to be stopped and questioned under the *Prevention of Terrorism Act 2004*. Actions deemed outside of accepted social norms, such as "trainspotting", "performance art", "journalism" or "operation mindfuck" are considered suspicious and thus must be investigated to the fullest extent possible by the law.

Guidelines for avoiding incidents with the police.

1. Do not be "weird"
2. Taking photographs, making notes, sketches or doing anything that does not involve Normal Family Activity or Getting From One Location To The Other is now "weird".
3. Looking at things or displaying any curiosity about your surroundings is "weird". I'd tell you to take a picture, because it would last longer, only taking pictures without your family camped outside of something with silly grins on their face is also "weird".

27. Go up to someone and ask what year it is. Act surprised and ask who the current president is. Shocked, say, "My god, it actually worked!" and quickly leave.

28. Go in to someone's computer and change their desktop background to either blue screen of death or some random scary sounding error, then lock their computer and move the login prompt where it is unseen.

29. Take up a different social cause every day for a week.

30. Post Lost/Found flyers around of objects that are exceedingly hard to lose, or that no one would want to find.

31. Wear trench coat, glasses, fedora etc., and attempt to hand-off a briefcase to a stranger. If they refuse, insist. The briefcase is full of shaving cream.

32. Leave a turkey, ham, or improbably large foodstuff in the office fridge.

33. Put big dollar signs on laundry bags and leave them in the washers at the laundromat.

34. Leave note, childishly drawn on construction paper saying "I love you mommy" on the desk of a co worker who has no children.

35. Cover your hands in plastic wrap and proceed to shake hands with everyone you encounter.

36. Have a picture of Richard Simmons giving a big, toothy Richard Simmons grin in your e-mail sig.

37. If you work in some kind of sales industry, convince your co-workers your company needs to start producing the

next big thing: Jenkem. But don't tell them what it is, let them Google it for themselves.

38. Wear latex gloves everywhere.

39. If you're alone in a room and someone else enters, immediately leave and do something else, for example getting a glass of water. If they talk to you, talk normally. Continue doing this for a week.

40. Ask co-workers to help you make a list of 101 ways to make everybody's day weirder.

41. Wear your clothes backwards (excepting shoes, obviously), and try to sit in a chair with your face to the back. When someone asks you what you're doing reply "I didn't know the [innocuous sounding Govt. agency] played so rough!"

42. Take a bunch of helium filled balloons into work and give them to people. Later, go around and pop them all. Explain that you HATE balloons.

43. If you smoke, ask people if you can borrow their lighter. Keep it for a moment as if you've slipped it into your pocket without thinking (us smokers know all about that). When you return their lighter, give them someone else's instead. The more the better.

44. Shred blue paper into little pieces, put it into a cup and "water" plastic plants with it.

45. Make a voodoo doll of yourself, put a pin through the arm, and put it on your boss' desk. The next day, come in with an arm cast.

46. When a coworker/teacher leaves a cup of coffee unattended, add a second, identical cup next to it filled with water.

47. Give people batteries, tubes of glue, rubber bands, or cheap office supplies “As a way of saying “Thanks”. Adlib appropriately corny explanations if they ask.

48. Thank people for doing their job as if it's something they're doing of their own free will. Send people thank you notes and cards.

49. Put pictures of baby goats in your wallet. Approach people and ask them if they want to see pictures of your kids.

50. Get a friend-of-a-friend's (who doesn't know you) phone number inconspicuously. Call them from a public phone, address them by name, and give them instructions.

51. Prank call someone and play their favorite song at them.

52. Prank call someone and record how they react. The next day, prank-call them and play back the recording of their reaction. The next day, prank-call them and play back *that* recording.

53. Drop a piece of paper into someone's coffee that reads “That wasn't coffee!”

54. Wear a Santa outfit in summer. If approached, explain in a bad Australian accent that Christmas is in summer time in Australia.

55. Crazy glue a fake eye to the bottom of a coffee cup, then offer someone a cup of coffee.

56. Glue a coin onto a hard floor in an area that has a lot of traffic.

57. Tell people you are a Scientologist (or part of some other lunatic cult). When

people get curious and ask you questions about it, look uncomfortable and say, “uh... I'm really not supposed to talk about it...” and shoot worried looks over your shoulder.

58. Write out memebombs or other silly phrases on tiny slips of paper, and keep them on your person. Whenever you use a public restroom, after you're done, unroll the toilet paper about a foot or two and tuck a memebomb slip into the roll. Re-roll the toilet paper, and walk away.

59. Buy some celery, preferably with a very long stalk, and put it under your coat or in your backpack such that it looks as if it's growing out of you. Or if it's in your coat you could pretend you're trying to make sure no one sees it.

61. Hang an official looking “Elevator out of order” sign inside a perfectly functional elevator.

62. Hang “out of order” signs on things which can't be out of order, like chairs and trash cans.

63. Print out a dialogue, one line per page. Hang the pages on trees along a foot path, so that people read the conversation in order as they walk. You could use a dialogue from a movie, a forum, a favorite book, or something you made up.

64. Make snippets of banal small talk into “inspirational posters” and hang them near the office water cooler or similar social-zone.

65. Mail your friends rubber balls. You can actually mail inflated rubber balls through the USPS. You just address the person on the actual ball.

66. Put a “Wet Paint” sign on a can of paint.

67. Get several of your friends to change their ringtones to an obscure, annoying, and fairly odd ringtone (i.e. something no one would expect to hear for a ringtone: “Yummy Yummy Yummy” perhaps. maybe “Yakity Sax”). Call each other every few minutes.

68. Wear a wig and refuse to answer to your own name. If your coworkers absolutely need to speak to you, take the wig off and say, “Whoa, where did you come from?”

69. Buy a really big stuffed animal and sneak it into work, preferably the boss’ office.

70. Bring sack lunches to work, but write your coworkers names on them.

71. Bob your head in time with unseen music. When asked, simply state, “I like this station.” See if you can get others in on it to respond “Yeah, they play good music.”, or “I really like what their DJ’s choose.”

72. Purchase sweaters or shoes in a friend’s size and slip them into their closet when they aren’t looking.

73. Insert strange socks under the sheets at the bottom of people’s beds.

74. Replace the word “Hand” with the word “Ham” at every opportunity.

75. Replace all of the objects on a coworker’s desk with similar, but different objects.

76. If you have access to a label maker, label everything, as literally as possible.

77. Go to a dollar store, and buy a dozen of some sort of useless trinket. Mail them to 12 random addresses you got out of the phone book.

78. Place really weird “chance encounters” ads in the local newsweekly, that specifically and accurately describes your coworkers or friends. Anonymously pass them the newspaper clippings.

79. Label everything in the fridge incorrectly.

80. Take a sharpie and paper and make facial expressions for everyday objects.

81. Leave a pickle jar with no pickles in it in the fridge.

When someone throws it away, leave an angry note: “I was still drinking that!”

82. Arrange full beer bottles (or any other unsuspected item) in an easily recognized pattern on the street and get some friends to stand around theorizing to what it could mean.

83. Learn to reverse pickpocket. Leave things in people's pockets and bags.

84. Ask someone for a light. Light a stick of incense, hand it to them, and walk away.



80: make facial expressions for everyday objects.

85. Phone a random number at four in the morning. When the poor sod picks up, icily explain to him that it is very impolite to phone someone at such a hour, and that in future, he should have more consideration. Then unplug the phone and go back to sleep.

86. Allow co-workers to overhear you in a toilet stall making enthusiastically encouraging remarks to yourself whilst doing a poo.

87. Replace the calendar with an old one.

88. Play recordings of animal noises in the bathroom.

90. Put up official-looking signs that say things like "Please kick door after closing" and "ABSOLUTELY no incontinence products in this receptacle".

91. Decorate someone's space as if they are very much into cute pictures of kittens.

92. Send notes from secret admirers. Include odd gifts.

93. Name other coworkers' cubicles various cities, and start waging war.

94. Put packaged snacks like jerky or cookies, labeled with their names, in your coworkers or roommates drawers.

95. Label things with incorrect Spanish words, as if someone is trying to learn Spanish.

96. Play Fizzball in Public. (All you need is a baseball and well shaken soda.)

97. Break into spontaneous swordfights in public (boffers.. but shinai with a few pieces of lacrosse/hockey gear works well).

98. Decorate a room as if there's going to be a party: paper streamers, red plastic cups, decorative paper plates, shiny stuff hung up everywhere, balloons, party hats, horns, noisemakers, etc.

98. Fake mustaches. You'll frequently get very positive reactions when in public spaces. Learn to play along.

99. Get yourself and two others to dress in a lab coat at work. Pick someone to follow around, write on clipboards. If anyone tries to talk to you tell the others that this formula is not working as intended and walk away.

100. Keep a pair of bongos. Take them out and lay softly at odd times. Then hide them.

101. Distribute this article to everyone that might actually do it.

We hope you enjoyed this edition of Intermittens. We have a lot of great shit lined up for #4. In fact, we're pretty sure it will be the best Intermittens ever so you might want to buy some shrinkwrap or something so you can preserve it. You're sure to get top dollar on eBay or your local flea market. Anyway, see you then. Toodles. --- editorial staph