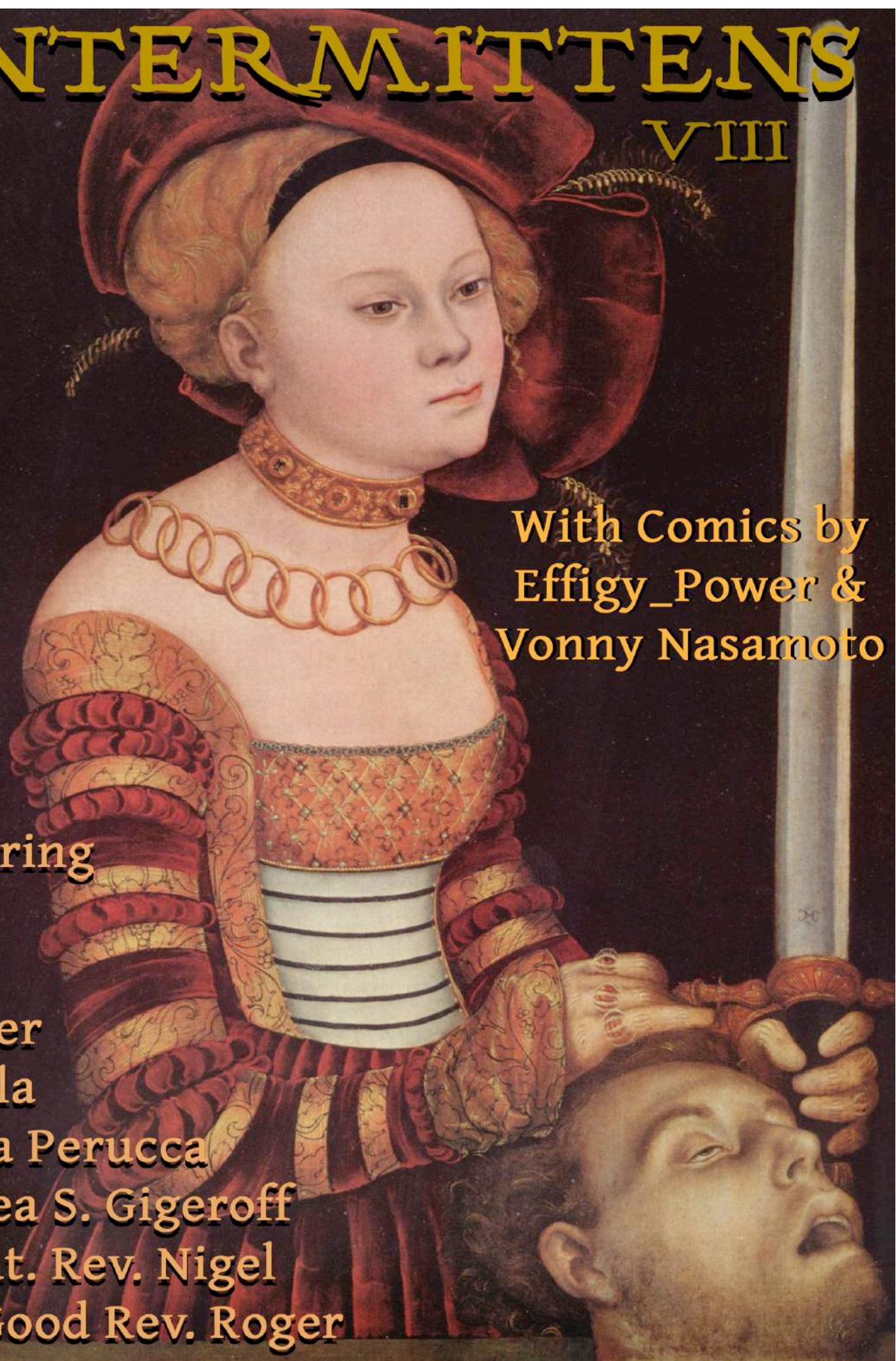


INTERMITTENS

VIII

With Comics by
Effigy_Power &
Vonny Nasamoto

Featuring
Cain
dimo
Richter
Hoopla
Reyna Perucca
Andrea S. Gigeroff
The Rt. Rev. Nigel
The Good Rev. Roger





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The Parable of Steve

By the Right Reverend Nigel

There was an afternoon one summer when a young man we will call “Steve” happened upon a book like no other he had read. It was on the shelf in his local alternative bookstore, and it was called the “Principia Discordia”.

Steve had always thought himself to be quite the rebellious young man, always speaking out about the Man and the System, but with a sense of HUMOR, goddamnit, a sense of ABSURDITY unlike everyone else he knew; this book, he said to himself, is Important. It finally tells me what I am...I am a Discordian. I must find the others!

It took Steve some time to find other Discordians, time during which he renamed himself Pope Buttercup XXIII. He felt that quite a fitting name for a Discordian. He prided himself in his sense of Absurdity, and especially his skills in Randomness, which he practiced by memorizing passages from the Principia.

He learned on the Internet that the Discordian Society near him met monthly in a café downtown, and after his months of searching he determined the date and the time, and arranged to present himself to them. When he arrived, he found the place nearly deserted except for a group of ten or twelve people clustered in a back corner, arguing. They were of all descriptions, these people; no two seemed to have anything in common, even their styles of dress; they ranged from the glowering pierced goth chick at one corner, who was seated beside a neatly-groomed silver-haired man in a rather nice suit, to the plump middle-

aged matron in a V-necked rayon sweater, to the lively trenchcoat geek thumping his opinion about something-or-other loudly in the middle of the table.

Steve said to himself, “These are my people?”

“What a motley crew... well, they’re Discordians, I know how to show them I’m One Of Them.”

He stepped up to the table.

“23PINEALFNORD!” he said boldly, “I am Pope Buttercup XXIII! I am random, and say randomly absurd things, because I am a Discordian like you!”

The group fell silent and looked at him curiously for a moment, and then resumed arguing.

Steve was puzzled. This wasn’t the reception he’d expected. He spoke again;

“Excuse me, but do you know where the monkeys fly at midnight? Modern politics bores me, and I can swallow my own nose!!”

Now a few of the others seemed to be paying attention to him, although to his dismay they seemed less than impressed by his perfect grasp of outlandishness. Two or three of them, he noticed... why, they were making fun of him! They were whispering to each other, and looking at him, and laughing! He flushed red in anger.

“Listen, you people! I am a Discordian, and I

know what Discordia is, and I came here to find Answers and Truth and Nonsense and Absurdity... what do I find you doing? Just... NOTHING! Nothing at all! Why aren't you Saying Important Nonsense? Why, you're just ARGUING... ARGUING like any schmucks I might find on the street! I am obviously more enlightened and Discordian than you fools. You people are all just alike. You should be different! You should PAY ATTENTION to ME, and LISTEN to ME, and I will show YOU How to Be Discordian!"

With this, he started dancing and squawking around the table like a big, Steve-shaped chicken, periodically uttering Absurdities such as "I AM THE PAULRUS" and "TOGETHER WE TURNTABLE THE GREEN OTTER!". The people at the table attempted to carry on with their arguing, but it was getting harder and harder to hear each other over the squawking. Soon, all their arguing was about Steve, and whether they should ask him to leave. About a third of the group started shouting at Steve, telling him to get out of the café and leave them alone; another third started shouting at the first third to shut up and leave Steve alone, and the other third tried to have an interesting conversation, but it was impossible to follow with all the hubbub so they eventually fell silent.

Finally, the barista stormed over and said, "WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON OVER HERE?"

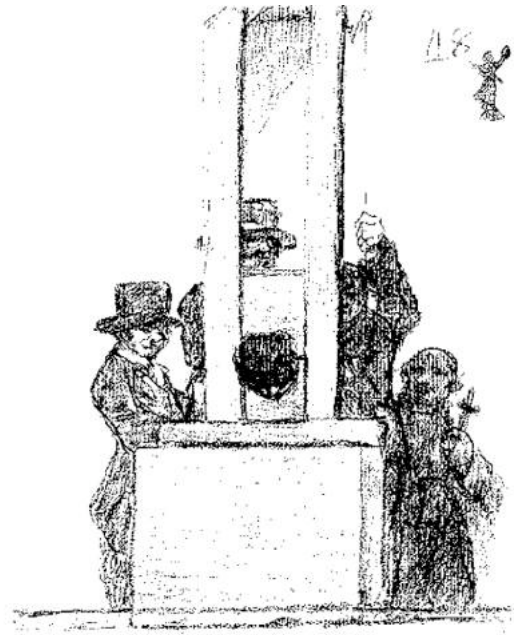
One of the quieter members of the group replied, "Discord".

We would like, at this point, to say that Steve, hearing this, was enlightened, but it doesn't usually work that way outside of Zen koans.

Cain's Rule for Life #11

Hard And Complicated Are Not The Same

Climbing a canyon is hard work. But it is simple. You just walk until you are out. Conversely, building Lego models is easy, since all you are doing is clipping certain blocks together, but complicated. Especially some of the larger sets. Whenever someone tells you something is complicated, check to see if they mean it is hard or not. The same if they tell you something is easy. For instance, solving public debt is not complicated, but it can be hard as hell, since you either have to raise taxes, or lower spending.



Musings on Surviving a Laser Gun Battle: Cram's challenge, Part the Second

by Richter

WHERE THE FUCK DID YOU GET A LASER GUN? (SEND ME ONE!)



All right space cadet, the author is not sure what kind of hardware you expect to have at your fingertips, and isn't going to ask. It may be best to address the topic of bringing a laser to bear as a hand weapon in two parts: hardware you're likely to get your hands on (circa 2009), and a few ideas on using it. For simplicity's sake, we'll assume you have are dealing with a handgun styled setup, not a laser rifle, for reasons to be covered later.

Lasers are NOT effective handheld weapons currently. Most commonly available lasers are a fancy way to make a red dot appear somewhere, and can't do much more than blind someone briefly when they hit they eyes just right. You can acquire models that will light a cigarette or burn plastic bags, but these would need long exposure on unprotected flesh to cause even minor burns. Nothing with the power (equivalent to a firearm) has been developed into a handheld, much less man – portable, weapon just yet. Weaponized versions are still confined to trucks or airplanes specially designed for the purpose, and require great resources to operate. There are a few “less lethal” concepts that use lasers or other pulsating light to cause nausea, but they require a very different setup than a burning, cutting laser.

It should also be mentioned, a laser is not an all trumping cutting / blasting tool. A laser only makes things hot, by applying a lot of light to a very small point. (Or a wider area when unfocused.) They apply no force, and as such will blow nothing apart on their own. Even with a very powerful laser, it takes the beam time on an exact point to heat the target enough to damage it. For the time being, the best a laser could hope to do is damage by heat a target that will hold still long enough for it, or be tracked very accurately long enough, for this burning to happen. Easy with an arrangement in a large jet or truck, but not exactly practical for a handheld model.

An actual “light fight”, to steal the term from science fiction, to the author's knowledge, has yet to happen with fatalities (Heart attacks playing laser tag notwithstanding). The author is no gunfighter, and skill with a pistol may be one of the closest ideas to use of a handheld laser gun. The basic idea, assuming a laser of sufficient strength to burn through a clothed human in 0.1 or less seconds, would be the same. The dangerous area involved with the weapon would be a straight line out from the tip of the barrel when the trigger is pulled. Unlike a gun, however, the laser would not involve a projectile, and would be dangerous as long as the trigger was held down. No appreciable recoil either. Imagine a rapier of indeterminate length that cannot be parried or blocked, has a blade that weighs practically nothing, and is sharp in every direction at once. That's basically what you have to defend against, or be offensive with. Like with guns, the golden rule is “Don't be in front of them”. Outside of arm's reach, you can be dead as quick as the opponent can draw a bead and pull the trigger. Given the nature of the laser though, they can decide to “swish” the beam THROUGH you if they don't target you right on the initial activation. Inside arms reach techniques for defending against a handgun also work, as far as using your hands and body to get the tip of the barrel pointed away from you. (In fact this may be easier, as you don't have to worry about blinding from muzzle flash, deafening, powder burns or laceration from moving parts if it goes off right next to your head.) At range though, find cover and keep moving. Make sure it's something that takes awhile to burn through too. Mirrored shields would only be a temporary solution (No reflector being perfect, it would only be a temporary solution at best).

If you both have laser weapons, use yours first. (This is the simple way out of any fight, armed or not.) If you can't then keep your head down, keep covered, and try to flank or lure the other guy out. Trading fire is leaving things up to chance, and getting pinned down limit options fast, especially if they can burn up your cover. If you both end up at arm's length with laser pistols, then something's really wrong. Refer to Kurt Wimmer movies, and pray you have time after to wonder how you got into such a stupid fix.

Cain's Rule for Life #4

Anything That Can Aid You Can Also Harm You

Every extra thing you rely on in your life to achieve your goals can be turned against you, or used in a way it was not originally intended. The more things you rely on, the more open to attack you become.





Cain's Rule for Life #6

Arguing Rarely Persuades People

More often than not, if you argue with someone, they will become more set in their ways and more stubborn, less open to criticism. If you have to convince someone, use examples, not words.

The Voice and the Void

by Reyna Perucca

THE VOICE SAT ALONE in an empty space. With head hanging low the Voice complained, "Why me?" into the nothingness.

There was no reply.

Continuing along the course of misery the voice said, "Why am I always so empty?"

The Void, who normally remained vigilant in silence, decided to respond. "I am all things."

The Voice, surprised by this unexpected response, sat up and peered around suspiciously. "Whose there? Who are you?"

"I am not," said the Void, "I am the Void."

Confused, the Voice continued to survey the surroundings, but there was no one else that could be seen. "If you are the Void shouldn't you be silent?"

"I may be Void of Sound or I may be Void of Silence, now I am choosing to be Void of Silence."

"What does that mean?" The Voice said, floored by such an odd answer.

"It means that now where there is no Silence there is Sound; hence I am Void of Silence." The Void explained patiently.

The Voice did not reply immediately, contemplating the strange event that was occurring. "Why did you answer me?"

"Because I chose to make you Void of Misunderstanding, and you complained of being empty. Emptiness is a mere illusion. It is the contrast of life. When you are full of one thing you are empty of the opposite."

"Well, I am empty of all things. My life has no purpose and I am unhappy," the Voice whined.

"You are Void of being Correct," the Void sighed. "You are not Void of Purpose. And you are not empty."

"If you're so smart," the Voice continued sarcastically, "then what is my Purpose?"

"To seek meaning," what seemed so obvious to the Void did not please the Voice.

"If I am supposed to seek meaning, then doesn't that mean I am empty of meaning?" the Voice was getting angry.

"Those meanings that you cannot find you create yourself, and therefore you are never Void of Meaning. It is your very nature. You are not Void of Purpose; you are merely Void of Happiness and full of Frustration, Anger, Sorrow, and Pain; Misery. You must fill yourself with Happiness to create the Void of Misery." It was the most logical solution the Void could offer.

Flabbergasted, the Voice stood and began to pace. "But I do not know how to fill myself with happiness!"

"I am Void of that Knowledge," the Void said. "You must seek the meaning of what happiness will fill the Void."

There was silence as the Voice thought this over. "You're the Void, so why can't you make me Void of my Misery?"

"I only exist where there is nothing. To become the Void of Misery I cannot exist where Misery exists."

"So, you're saying you don't take things away?" the Voice felt that understanding was beginning to seep in.

"Correct, I am only the space of what is not there."

"Then what am I supposed to do?" Sitting down heavily, the Voice felt the sorrow returning.

"You must seek meaning," the Void said as a reminder.

"Seek meaning. Seek meaning! You keep saying that but I don't know what to do or where to begin. You might say I'm Void of Ideas."

The only response was silence.

"Hello?" said the Voice hesitantly. "Void, are you there?"

After a moment there was a quiet "No," but it might have only been the wind.

* * *

Need Me

By Andrea S. Gigeroff

WHAT'S FUNNY IS THAT JUST last week I had been thinking about Bethany. I was lying on the couch eating crackers and I remembered how she used to do basically the same thing, and how I always used to chew her out for it. I thought about how my life pretty much fell apart after she left and I wondered if the same went for her. I wondered what she was up to.

The last time I saw her, she was leaving with nothing but the clothes she was wearing, ten dollars in loonies and quarters and half a pack of cigarettes. She didn't even have a lighter. I told her this. She said nothing. At the time I didn't care much for her well being, although I did save all of her stuff in boxes, assuming that she would eventually realize she needed it and come back for it. Apparently she didn't need it.

It took me maybe a week to start missing her. It was weird. She had been making my life miserable ever since she quit her job, going on about how it tied her down to The System or something like that. She talked about The System a lot, how it had tricked us into thinking we needed it, and how we had to break free. I don't know. I probably should have listened to her but at the time she was just so hard to deal with.

When she wasn't out panhandling and yelling at people on the street, she was sitting in bed planning - making lists of all the things she would need to survive without The System, figuring out exactly how much money she would need to get going, drawing up schematics for all of the things she would have to build. I'm sure that to her it was all very logical but to me it looked psychotic. I still have all

of her plans, crammed into a box, gathering dust at the back of the closet in the spare bedroom. I considered going back and looking them over but now I think that would be too disturbing.

My role in her weird survival fantasy was always indicated with yellow highlighter. The items she wanted me to procure for her, the things she wanted me to help her build. She wanted to include me, wanted to have me around, although I didn't see it that way. I would come home from work and there she would be, eating crackers, making lists, doing what she considered to be of the utmost importance and I would just ask her if she had considered looking for another job or at the very least going back on her meds. Not very helpful. She would then give me this look of total contempt. I guess she saw me as an agent of The System. Maybe. God. She was so fucked up, I don't even know what the hell she was thinking. Eventually she stopped using the yellow highlighter on her plans. She would keep them to herself, often writing them in code so I wouldn't be able to decipher them. As if I wanted to.

And then finally she left. After months of eating my food and living in my apartment without paying rent or doing anything at all for me, she just up and walked out. And I missed her.

When I asked him, Jim told me she had gone out west but after that I never heard anything. I worried about her a lot. I wondered if she ever had the sense to try and straighten herself out and I entertained thoughts of our paths crossing again some day. She would have gotten help and I would be less closed-minded and maybe we would get back together and everything would be different. It was stupid.

Over time, I thought about her less and less frequently but there was still a big hole in my life which I never managed to patch with anyone else. Every now and then I think of something she said to me or vice versa and I acknowledge that she was once an integral part of my life and that she is never coming back.

Yesterday I saw her picture on the television. It was an old picture. She looked happy. Apparently she was out in BC this whole time, living in a shack in the middle of nowhere. She left all of her plans behind but I guess she had them committed to memory because she really did go ahead with all of it. She had years worth of supplies stocked up in the little cellar she'd made for herself, two dozen chickens and a few goats she'd been using for meat and milk. I wonder where she got the money to buy all of this stuff?

She would wander down to a nearby logging road and hitch a ride into town to buy various staples whenever she needed them which wasn't often. The townspeople called her The Hermit. Two years she lived out there and nobody knew her real name or who she was. Nobody cared. She was just out in the woods minding her own business and people left her alone.

She had only been dead two weeks when a couple of hikers found her. Pneumonia. Somehow the authorities managed to identify her and then there she was, smiling at me from the television. Last laugh of The System.

I know it's sort of selfish but the only thing I could think about was whether she ever thought of me, before she died. Whether she missed me. I doubt it. She didn't need me at all.

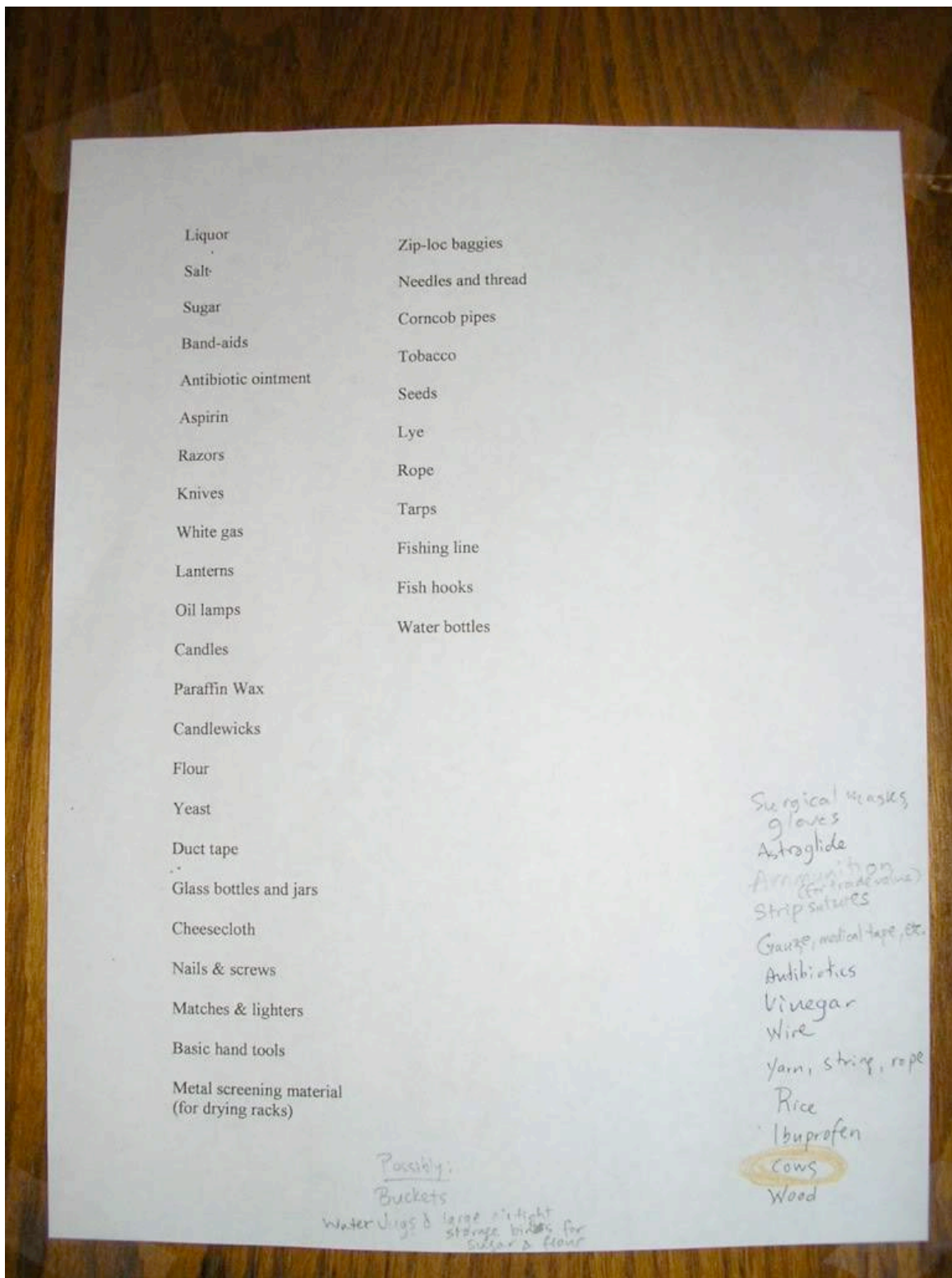


fig. 1, "Apocalist"

[see above, fig. 1, *Apocalist*]

My friend from Lopez used to say that when she was young, there were rumors of a wild girl in the woods north of School Road.

People would catch glimpses of the girl at the edge of the road or running the pebbled beaches where the sand dollars grew, thickly stacked in drift-like ridges rippling along the shoreline. By the time they got close, she would have melted back into the underbrush, and there was no sign of her.

My friend always said she was surprised we never ran into each other, all those years of growing up in the same place. I am not surprised.

I used to have more than this, these jars of preserves. My shelves are full of them, in my kitchen and my basement. All manner of things I grow in my garden, sweetened or pickled or salted and canned, saving me from the ordeals ahead. My cackling, busy hens give me eggs and I pickle them with beets, making them magenta-red as pokeberry juice.

I had children once, and even longer ago I had a husband. I had lovers for a while after that, and friends, many friends. But I had to prepare, and the more prepared I became, the more I realized I was short on time; there could be none wasted for these other things. My children visited for a while. I would ask them to bring me things from my list, things we would need when the time came. Rope, salt, matches, oil.

I told them they could stay with me when they needed to, but their visits grew less frequent, and then they stopped coming at all. I filled their rooms with jars of fruit, apricots and applesauce and blueberry jam.

In the basement I have rice and beans and flour, sealed in plastic and stored in chests against the hard times coming. I have dried meat and cases of whiskey, aspirin and bandages, wire and twine. I have enough corn to last my hens a good while. I know I'll need things to trade, so I've stocks of cigarettes and wine.

In January, my pulse quickens, thinking of how soon it will be time to dig the rich black earth and cultivate my garden for a new year. In the fall I harvest seeds to plant again, heirloom plants that will sustain me forever. I nurture and feed the delicate seedlings, and in the summer the heavy, full fruits of my labor fall into my palms. Standing in my garden I eat green beans from the plant. I press the turgid skin of tomatoes, warm from sun, against my lips. I fill my basket with cucumbers and carrots.

My bedroom is where I keep my guns and boxes of ammunition. Where my lover once lay is a Winchester M70, extra bullets in the drawer of the bedside table. I remember the last man to grace my bed, but he never brought me the comfort of a good gun. I caress the heavy, oiled wooden stock in my sleep, and I feel safe.

- The Right Reverend Nigel

Musings on Surviving an Anime Convention:
Cramulus's Challenge, Part the First
by Richter

WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU AT AN ANIME CON?

At least, that's what your author thinks every time he finds himself at one.

These conventions are strange and diverse shindigs. They can be homely, friendly local affairs, much like PortCon, in Portland Maine, or HUGE mass clusterfucks, like OtaCon, or occasionally Anime Boston. Ages and attitudes range from young and hyper to old and grouchy, with varying shades of creepy, collected, or enthused in between. There will be people who forget hygiene for a weekend at such gatherings, jumping idiots, and people who should NEVER own spandex.

Here's how the author and his cohorts / friends / partners in crime get by:

Pack accordingly. Bring FOOD and WATER. Keep your blood sugar and hydration in order or you fun stops REAL quick. The author prefers enough granola / cereal bars / trail mix to replace EVERY meal if need be. Of course, buy other food, but always have backups and spares. Keep a water bottle with you and keep emptying it down your throat (every time you find yourself standing still is a good time for a swig, whether you want it or not). The hosting facility will likely put out water, so refill whenever you can. (The author's sister wisely brings a filter pitcher for the hotel room in her kit.) Sports drink powder too, vital for electrolyte replacement if you plan on drinking alcohol.

Dress accordingly. Wear comfortable shoes. Any convention is a bad time to break in new boots. They are good times, judging by the tone of the thing to wear unusual garments or costumes, which may have their own complications. In costume, be ready to be grabbed for pictures, questions, or just hugged for no good reason. (If you can act a bit, get into character and roll with it.) If you don't want to show off, then sensible durable clothes are a good idea, as you may have to get rough or move quickly from time to time.

Defense may be needed if you're bumped jostled or tackled. As with so many situations, the author has always had the most result for the least expense with a good glare, and advocates this where possible. Otherwise, learning to keep your space and move nimbly will solve most issues. (Out maneuvering clumsy folk dressed as ninja has its own special irony.) Offense wise, when pressed, press back, speak up, and keep it moving. Don't let a crowd endanger or intimidate you.

Keep busy. Keep a schedule of events with you at all times, and keep on the move doing stuff. You paid to get in, make it worthwhile. If you're not, strike up random chats, socialize, and network. Fandom is not always known for its social skill, but reach out a bit and you can meet some fascinating folks. The author often attends as backup for artists, or to help out with various groups. Perks of this include instant people to hang out with / back you up, as well as the occasional table to sit in at when you get tired. Don't hesitate to find a chair, wall, corner, or retreat back to your hotel room for a nap now and then. Sleep is GOOD.

Beware of:

The unwashed: Get ready to hold your nose, or call others on bad hygiene.

The great UNCLEAN: Bring prophylactics. Better yet, DON'T HIT THAT.

The underage: Be friendly, but firmly refuse if a kid / teen (not yours) decides to imitate a lamprey on you. The alternatives are ALL bad. (CYA: Cover Your Ass.)

* * *

The Fascist Virus: The Deep State

By Cain

I don't agree with those who say the deep state does not exist. It does exist. It has always has - and it did not start with the Republic; it dates back to Ottoman times. It's simply a tradition. It must be minimized, and if possible even annihilated.

- Recep Tayyip Erdoğan, current Prime Minister of Turkey

On 22 January, Turkish police arrested 33 individuals, some connected with the military, in the largest concerted action against the "deep state" ... Some were accused of belonging to an ultranationalist group, Ergenekon, that was allegedly "preparing a series of bomb attacks aimed at fomenting chaos ahead of a coup in 2009 against Turkey's center-right government.

- Chris Deliso, for Antiwar.com

The "Gray Wolves" of Turkey, based in the northern part of Cyprus who are under the protection of the regime, continue to be a threat to peace on this island and you can see them not only in the street, blocking a peace carnival but also writing articles threatening to use violence against those who are working for peace, issuing "last warnings" and saying "one night we might come to you.

- Investigative reporter Sevgul Uludag

TURKEY IS NOT OFTEN CONSIDERED as place where fascism has flourished historically, or could do so again. Partially because of its Muslim heritage and distance from European politics historically, the country is often considered outside of the trends and ideologies that afflict the Continent. Yet, the fact I'm even discussing it suggests this is not exactly the case.

Turkey and Germany have a long history, much longer than many people recognize, even if they are aware of the current intertwined relationship the two countries share. When the Ottoman Empire attempted to assert control over central Europe in the 16th and especially late 17th century, they left behind many troops in their retreats from Vienna. Along with the prisoners already caught, these stragglers formed the core of an early Turkish community in Germany, one which did quite well under the enlightened despotism of Frederick the First, and even better under his son Frederick the Great. In the 18th century, this community was helpful in creating diplomatic and trade links between Prussia (later Germany) and the Ottoman Empire. This was ultimately reflected in the Ottoman Empire siding with Germany in World War One, primarily hoping to recover lost territory from the Russians, but also planning to take a bite out of the distracted British Empire, by seizing the Suez Canal.

The Ottoman Empire of course lost the war, and shared the fate of Germany in many respects. Allied powers insisted on the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire, creating the modern Arab world and the Republic of Turkey as a response. From the very start, the Turkish republic was based around the military, with the legendary war hero Mustafa Kemal, also known as Atatürk, reforming much of the system of government and education. It was also heavily nationalistic, with non-Turkish minorities such as the Kurds and Armenians heavily persecuted.

Turkey escaped the horrors of World War Two by remaining neutral, but as the Cold War started up, Turkey's western leaning and cosmopolitan leader, Adnan Menderes, joined NATO in 1952. In 1960, Menderes was deposed by a military coup, whose plotters had him executed for violating the principles of the Constitution. Power was restored to civilian

government 17 months later. The following settlement was fractured and politically unstable however, which led to the direct rise of the Turkish nationalist movement as a power in the nation's politics.



In the aftermath of the coup, the influential Justice Party, which had operated under traditionally Kemalist principles, started to move to the centre-left, taking advantage of the fragile coalition of the Peoples Republican Party, as well as to look more favourable to the Turkish military, since the previous coup had been planned and carried out by officers with left-wing sympathies.

This shift left the traditional constituency of the Justice Party, the Anatolian small businessmen, feeling betrayed, as well as unable to compete with the Istanbul corporations that bankrolled the Justice Party's campaigns. Violence also increased between left and right wing factions in the country, and religious groups who felt slighted by the strictly enforced Turkish secularism, attempted to manipulate the chaos to their own ends.

Out of this maelstrom, the Nationalist Movement Party was born. Founded by a former officer in the Army, Alparslan Türkeş in 1969, this soon became the focal point of fascism in Turkey, fusing Pan-Turkish nationalism, racism religious mysticism, expansionist aspirations and violence into a single coherent whole.

Türkeş already had a bad reputation in his home country, well before his founding of the MHP. As far back as 1945, he'd been charged by the Turkish military of being involved in racist and fascist activities, charges which were eventually dismissed, but in all probability accurate, not least since he was the chief contact of the Nazi regime in the country. He also played a key role in the 1960 coup that deposed Menderes, before eventually being ousted by the left-wing faction that came to dominate the coup, and being sent to New Delhi as military attaché.

The CIA sought, of course, to exploit his violent Pan-Turkism as a bulwark against possible Soviet expansion, and so cultivated Türkeş well before he became involved in politics. According to Daniele Glasner's authoritative NATO's Secret Armies, in 1948 Colonel Türkeş was given orders to set up a stay-behind network in the country, along the same lines as the one which existed in Italy and, as was eventually revealed, virtually every European state not under Communist control. In Turkey, this took the form of an organisation called Counter-Guerrilla, run by the Special Warfare Department. And like with Gladio units in other countries, this was quickly subverted from a strictly military purpose to a politically involved psychological warfare unit, complete with the assassinations and bombings that are frequently the unspoken elements of such operations. In 1955, agents of Counter-Guerrilla bombed the Mustafa Kemal Museum in Thessaloniki, Greece, and left evidence implicating Greek groups.

Counter-Guerrilla then fired up nationalistic groups in Istanbul, who destroyed hundreds of Greek homes and businesses in the city, killing 16 Greeks and raping over 200 Greek women in the process.

When Colonel Türkeş returned from India in 1963, he tried to instigate another coup, failing, but nevertheless managing to cover up his involvement enough to avoid execution, unlike his unlucky partner in the endeavour, Talat Aydemir. It was after this attempt that he entered politics, entering and ultimately subverting the Republican Peasants' Nation Party until it became the Nationalist Movement Party. He took as the party's symbol the head of a grey wolf, a reference to the legend which states the Turkish people were lead to Anatolia by such animals. It was also the name he gave to the feared "youth movement" of the MHP, the terrifying Grey Wolves.

The Grey Wolves were unashamedly fascist in orientation, claiming that "the Turkish race and the Turkish nation are superior. What is the source of this superiority? The Turkish blood", and that "[W]ar is a great and holy principle of nature. We are the sons of warriors. The Bozkurtcu believe that war, militarism and heroism should receive the highest possible esteem and praise." Counter-Guerrilla members were largely recruited from these ranks. The leader of the Grey Wolves boasted, not without cause, that his organisation was better at collecting intelligence than the Turkish state's own services (which were mostly reliant on the CIA, as it later turned out).

By 1971, the country was a complete mess. Workers, students and left wing organisations frequently carried out acts of violence, such as kidnapping American servicemen or robbing banks and staging riots. The violence carried out by the Grey Wolves

was even worse, with bombings, assassinations and torture being frequent tools. Islamists openly rejected the Kemalist principles of the state, infuriating the armed forces and precipitating yet another military takeover of the country. The officers involved in this coup placed the blame for the violence entirely on the students and striking workers, thus giving the Grey Wolves a free hand to terrorize the populace. By 1978, there were over 3,300 recorded fascist attacks, resulting in 831 dead, and over 3,100 wounded. And that was just for that year. Previous years had also been bloody, though they did not reach the levels of violence recorded in 1978. In the same year, Deputy State Attorney Dogan Oez, after reporting on the links between the Grey Wolves, MHP, Counter-Guerrilla and the Secret Warfare Department which tied them all together, was assassinated by the Grey Wolves member Ibrahim Ciftçi. A true untouchable, Ciftçi was found guilty of the assassination several times, but every time the military courts overruled the civilian ones responsible for his conviction, and freed him.

1978 was a benchmark year for the Grey Wolves for other reasons too. Their second in command, Abdullah Catli, had been somewhat...overzealous in his application of violence against his ideological enemies, and left the country to avoid the attentions of the Turkish civilian police, who wanted to ask him about all these dead left-wing activists that seemed to appear around him. Catli left the country and decided to travel to South America with the Italian fascist Stefano Delle Chiaie, who has been mentioned previously. Exactly what they got up to will be mentioned in another essay on this subject.

Haluk Kirci, nicknamed 'Idi Amin' by his Grey Wolves colleagues, carried out the Bahcelievler massacre on the eight of October 1978, killing seven students of the left-wing, but non-militant Turkish Worker's

Party. He described it as follows: "I went and took the two out of the car and put them face down on the floor. Then I fired three bullets each through their heads. Then we went back to that apartment. There the other five were lying without conscience on the floor... First I had tried to strangle one of them with a wire, but this did not work. Then I choked him with a towel." When Catli died in a suspicious car crash in 1996, Kirci inherited the leadership of the Grey Wolves from him.

The single most famous member of the Grey Wolves though is undeniably Mehmet Ali Ağca, the would-be assassin of Pope John Paul II. On May 13th in 1981, the same date as the Nazi invasion of France, he shot the Pope several times in Saint Peter's Square in Rome. His attempt failed though, and the Pope survived. The pistol he used was supplied by Catli, as were the fake IDs that got him into Italy. Ağca has often been considered a Soviet agent (or, at best, a mercenary) due to CIA disinformation designed to protect Counter-Guerrilla, but nothing could be further from the truth. Ağca was infamous in Turkey, to the point that several of the more violent left-wing groups made numerous attempts to assassinate him. Along with Catli, he is known to have participated in the assassination of Turkey's most prominent newspaper editor, Abdi İpekçi on February 1, 1979. Ağca was caught, and confessed to the murder, but he threatened to reveal the existence Counter-Guerrilla if convicted, by suggesting to a civilian court he may name those who were "truly responsible" for the murder. The message was made clear enough, and the next day a group of Grey Wolves smuggled him out of his maximum security prison.

Ultimately though, the Grey Wolves and MHP were just tools, like the fascist contingent of Gladio in Italy. And like all tools, they were means to an end

and, when no longer needed, were put away. In 1980, yet another military coup erupted in Turkey. The pretext this time was the violence that had been created by the Grey Wolves, the same violence the intelligence services and military had originally supported. By the end of the decade, over 5,000 deaths were attributed to the Grey Wolves, with almost ten assassinations every day. The Turkish leftists and democratic organisations had been weakened and intimidated into uselessness. On September 12th 1980, under the pretence of NATO military exercise, the armed forces once again seized power. The particular General behind this coup was Kenan Evren, the Army Chief of Staff. However, unknown at the time to most, he was also the General in charge of the Special Warfare Department which coordinated the actions of Counter-Guerrilla and the Grey Wolves. As Evren swapped his soldier's uniform for a President's suit, the violence associated with the last decade came to a not very mysterious end. In fact, a Grey Wolves member on trial later claimed that the terror of the 70s had been designed precisely to bring Evren to power: "The massacres were a provocation by the MIT [Turkish intelligence]. With the provocations by the MIT and the CIA the ground was prepared for the September 12 coup."

The Grey Wolves and MHP were outlawed by the military government, and 220 MHP members were charged with responsibility for 694 murders. But even this was only a means to another end. While in prison, these Grey Wolves were given an offer they couldn't refuse by the MIT. They would be pardoned for all their crimes, if they were willing to fight in south-east Turkey against Kurdish militants and in particular the PKK, which had started large-scale guerrilla operations in 1984. Counter-Guerrilla rose again from the ashes. Over 25,000 died on both sides of this conflict, and the racist brutality of the Grey Wolves must certainly be considered a factor in the

high casualty rate. For example, Counter-Guerrilla carried out black flag operations by disguising its own people as members of the PKK, and randomly attacking Turkish villages, killing and raping with impunity. Equally, these paramilitary units became rich by controlling the heroin trade into Europe, taxing drugs coming in from Afghanistan. The man who revealed these last two details, Major Cem Ersever, paid a high price for telling his story: he was tortured, then had his hands tied behind his back and was shot in the head, a classic Counter-Guerrilla punishment.

Counter-Guerrilla activities continued well into the 1990s, as did the Nationalist Movement Party's, the latter having been unbanned in 1983, with Colonel Türkeş still the unopposed leader of the organisation. His influence spread into the Caucasian region, when Türkeş went to Azerbaijan to support Soviet dissident Abulfaz Elçibay in his successful attempt to become President of the country. Elçibay eventually appointed a member of the Grey Wolves, Isgandar Hamidov, to be Minister of the Interior. Hamidov was unapologetic in his belief in creating a 'Greater Turkey', which would extend from the Republic itself through northern Iran and the Caucasian mountains into Serbia and central Asia. He also infamously threatened Armenia with a nuclear strike, despite Azerbaijan having no nuclear weapons.

It is also worth paying attention to the Nagorno-Karabakh War, which took place between Armenia and Azerbaijan between 1988 and 1994. In the early 90s, both had fairly unimpressive militaries, but Azerbaijan decided to capitalize on its Islamic heritage by importing Mujahideen from the Afghanistan conflict. Most Mujahideen found the post-Soviet conflict, between varying Afghan warlords, uninteresting, and so sought out jihad in other lands (ably helped by the Pakistani ISI, who

wanted to use them to augment their own regional influence). Using the Afghan Arabs as a Special Forces unit, they held positions the pathetic Azerbaijani army would have found impossible to maintain, giving their host country a better position for negotiation of a cease-fire in 1994. Once the cease-fire was signed, the Afghan Brigade was dissolved, so that Azerbaijan could use them for deniable terrorist operations in Armenia.

However, the Afghan Arabs made contact with separatist groups in Dagestan and Chechnya instead, who were fighting to establish independence from Russia. And the rest, as they say, is history. The Islamification of the Chechen conflict had begun. It was revealed in 1997, when Türkeş died, that he had embezzled over 2 trillion Lira from the European Turkish Federation, which had helped fund the war in Chechnya. Chechen guerrillas were also trained in Northern Cyprus, by army officers sympathetic to the Grey Wolves. Weapons were also flown out of Turkish Kurdistan where, of course, Counter-Guerrilla forces made up of Grey Wolves members were still fighting the Kurdish PKK. It would not be irresponsible to believe that Türkeş was in part responsible for bringing the members of the Afghan Brigade and the Chechen leaders in contact with each other. Thus we also have a weak connection between Pan-Turkish fascists, Al-Qaeda and the global Salafist jihad, a link which will be explored in further detail later.

With the discovery of the secret Ergenekon organization, it is obvious that Counter-Guerrilla and the Turkish fascist movement have survived even the 1990s. It would not be foolish to presume that Prime Minister Erdoğan's attempts to break up the group have not been entirely successful, and he has only partially disarmed one tentacle of the deep state. The current Ergenekon is said to be a "splinter" of

the original, Counter-Guerrilla one, and closely linked to the Northern Cypriot government. While this may not seem important, Cyprus is the strategic pivot on which the entire eastern Mediterranean turns. A crisis there would not only engulf Turkey and Greece, but the entire European Union and probably the United States as well. Cyprus is also, beyond the potential ruin of the Common Agricultural Policy and suspicions of American toadyism, the chief stumbling block to Turkish entry to the EU. Given the recent decline in US influence in Turkey, and subsequent improvement in French and German attitudes, it is entirely possible that Turkish fascists related to the Grey Wolves and Ergenekon may use their Cypriot ace in the hole to prevent entry into the hated EU.

We are in a very dangerous situation.

* * *

Cain's Rule for Life #7

Human Nature Doesn't Change

Any argument which implies this should be immediately dismissed. Conversely, what constitutes human nature is often wider than what many people suppose. Remember to take into account various other cultures and groups throughout history, to fully understand what is meant by this term.

V.

DR. V. & PROF. P.

ENTER RIDDLE-MANIA



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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Paralyzed by the
fear of
offending someone?
~ then don't
read on!!!

I SAID
DON'T read
on, I can't
be your
freakin'
self-appointed
mindguard all
the TIME!!!

Yes, you heard/
read right
"self-appointed."

You're gonna
be accountable
for your vicious
and bigoted
remarks.

"WHEN I USE A WORD"
Mrs Humpty Dumpty said, in
rather a scornful tone, "IT
MEANS JUST WHAT I CHOOSE
IT TO MEAN - NEITHER MORE
NOR LESS"

IS THIS THEORIZING

OF EGGHEADS?

DR V!
What are
you doing
in there?

Oh, it's a
group huddle
~ I'm just gonna
squeeze myself
in between these
football players

DON'T
ASK

DON'T
NOTICE

DON'T
QUESTION

You will need to undergo some
training... "sensitivity training"
you may know it more as the
encounter group or group
dynamics. [Up yours psychoanalysts
come this way]
c/- author

What do you mean? I'm
not allowed in. That I
can't be part of the
group?

We have our approved
range of opinions
~ yours Dr V differ.
We heard your thought!

You miss have mistaken us
as players, but we are the
Thought Police and your
thoughts are to be arrested
and prosecuted.

Phew
they smell
a bit

POTEMKIN HOSPITAL: THE PLACE
FOR NON-SURGICAL LOBOTOMY

WELCOME TO
POTEMKIN VILLAGE

POTEMKIN HOSPITAL

Eccentric City??
bat's
what were or
are they?

It's the

latest cult fashion ~ and you know
I'm such a badass fashion victim.
I just had to try it. It was mind
blowing and now I don't have to
think. Oh it's such a relief-tryit!

THE RIDDLE:

WERE POTEMKIN HOUSES REAL OR A FAÇADE?

Wrong thought
bubble you moron!

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[CEASE FROM THINKING]

Cain's Rule for Life #1
Being Able To Look It Up Isn't A
Substitute For Thinking

*Data you don't know about and haven't
internalised can't really be used for
thinking, only for reference. The
internet only makes you capable of
finding things out, not what is worth
knowing. Once you know something, you
can use it, form connections with other
pieces of knowledge you have.
Therefore you should try and learn as
much as possible, and not rely on being
able to find information when you
need it.*

* * *

What it Means to be a Self-
Reliant American in 2010-20XX
or
Why the Youth is Doomed

BY DIMO

I know what to do in any given situation. I am completely independent and self-reliant. Some people say that I wouldn't last any more than thirty-two seconds during the "Zombie Apocalypse" (whatever that means), but I'm a full eighteen years old now, and you know what? That makes me an adult. And we all know that adults are all in complete control of their lives.

You can't tell me anything that I don't already know, and like I said, I know what it means to be self-reliant. For instance: When I'm hungry, I

drive to the closest TGI Fridays and order my fave, Jack Daniels Chicken strips (Nom Nom, lolol). If I'm really starving, and I'm too weak to drive, I just order pizza or chinese, and it's there in a flash! Some people ask what I would do if, say, my car broke down, but seriously, they must be either busting my balls or just downright incompetent. I trust my mechanic to fix my car, and I drop it off there all by myself.

These same people, though, are really persistent. They asked me what I would do if my clothes got ripped or torn, how would I protect myself from the environment? These guys are soooo dumb lol. I'd go to Old Navy and get new clothes! And I doubt there's anything some stupid zombie could do about it. After that, these people asked me "what if there are no more Old Navy's?" (as if that could ever happen) I just said "Hollister!" while stuffing my face with an Auntie Anne's specialty pretzel (I swear to God, I don't now what I would do without pretzels! I think I might die!)

I think after that, they started to get angry. I think they started to feel dumb for asking so many stupid questions, because they started asking me what I would do if I were in immediate physical danger. Well, funny joke on them, I called the cops! Everyone knows that you're supposed to call the police when you're in danger! Now these dumb people won't bother me any more and I can spend my time being self-reliant, right in front of my T.V.set. Just as soon as my mom finishes making dinner...

**AFFIXING ARMOR-PLATES TO YOUR HUMVEE HOLDING A GASH TO-
GETHER CONNECTING BLUE AND GREEN WIRES CREATING A
FLAMETHROWER/MACHINEGUN COMBI-WEAPON KEEPING YOUR GUTS
INSIDE YOUR INJURED BODY MAKING A WALLET FOR YOUR REMAINING
PICTURES OF LOVED ONES LOCKING A DOOR PERMANENTLY HOLDING
DOWN THE LID OF A GLASS FULL OF RADIOACTIVE GOO BLINDFOLDING
THE LEADER OF A PARAMILITARY GANG OF RAIDERS KEEPING THE
MAGAZINE OF YOUR PILFERED AK47 FROM FALLING OUT FIXING UP
HOLES IN YOUR BULLET-PROOF VEST INCAPACITATING A CAPTURED
MUTANT BY TAPING HIM TO A CHAIR MAKING THE WINDOWS OF YOUR
BUNKER AIRTIGHT SUPPORTING YOUR BROKEN INDEX FINGER PRO-
TECTING A GLASS-BOTTLE AGAINST SHATTERING TAPE TOGETHER A FEW
GRENADES TO MAKE AN IED FIXING HOLES IN YOUR MILKING BUCKET
COVERING SUSPICIOUS INSIGNIA ON YOUR STOLEN ARMY PARKA CREAT-
ING A SILENCER WITH PLUMBING PIPE AND ROOF INSULATION COVERING
REFLECTIVE PARTS ON YOUR STRYKER-VEHICLE TO REMAIN UNDETECTED
IN THE DESERT MAKING LABELS FOR STORAGE JARS KEEP SAND FROM
GETTING INTO THE FRESH AMPUTATION-WOUND WHERE YOUR SHIN ONCE
WAS KEEPING THE HOUSING FOR YOUR CB-RADIO FROM FALLING APART
LAST RESORT TOILET-PAPER MARKING A HOUSE FULL OF BRAIN-EATING
MUTANTS LAST RESORT SHAVING KIT BUILDING A PROTECTIVE SHACK
OUT OF SHEET-METAL AFFIXING A KNIFE UNDER THE BARREL OF YOUR
M16 AFTER THE GRENADE-LAUNCHER BROKE LAST RESORT CONDOMS
PATCHING SOME HOLES IN YOUR IRRIGATION SYSTEM STICK PHOTOS IN
YOUR LITTLE BOOK OF HURTFUL MEMORIES OF THE BEFORE-TIME
MAKESHIFT WEDDING RING PREPARING AND ATTACHING A DOOR-
CHARGE TO GET INTO THAT NATIONAL GUARD WEAPONS DEPOT COVER-
ING PIERCINGS AND RINGS BEFORE FIGHTING IN THE THUNDERDOME
FIXING A HOLE IN YOUR VEHICLE'S GASTANK COVERING THE ROOF OF
YOUR MAKESHIFT HOUSE WITH ALUMINUM TO KEEP THE HEAT OUT
PROPPING UP "INTRUDERS WILL BE FIRED UPON" SIGNS MAKING SHIN-
GUARDS FOR THAT GAME OF EXTREME WASTELAND HOCKEY BUILDING
AN IMPROMPTU UTILITY BELT TO STORE THE GRENADES YOU FOUND AT-
TACHING A HUGE LOUDSPEAKER TO THE TOP OF YOUR APC WRAPPING
THE TOP OF YOUR BOOT SO SNAKES AND SCORPIONS CAN'T CRAWL IN
FIXING THAT BROKEN CHAIRLEG COVERING THE SHARP EDGES OF THE
BATHTUB YOU MADE FROM SCRAP-METAL SHUT THAT GIRL UP YOU ARE
SAWING APART FOR MEAT MAKESHIFT ROPE TO HOIST CRATES OF DRY
FOOD INTO YOUR CROW'S NEST BUILDING THAT POTATO CANNON AFTER
YOUR AMMO RUNS OUT KEEP YOUR BUDDY FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH**

DUCT TAPE

1001 USES IN THE TIME AFTER THE BOMBS FELL

BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE DUCT-TAPE MARKETING BOARD

by Effigy_Power

The Year of the Rat #2

by The Good Reverend Roger

[Originally written on March 2, 2008, this piece marks the final appearance of the late Holy Man™ TGR in Intermittens.]

There is a Chinese curse that goes "May you live in interesting times". Why do they call that a curse? Do they WANT to be bored?

Not I.



I welcome the challenges that face us, in this dark year of Our Lord 2008.

I sneer at the cheap hustlers and fixers, and so should you. They are scum, and there seems to be no end of them. Even the Book of Revelations does not promise a plague of vengeful yahoos, for Chrissakes. It is your DUTY to smite them, to chastise them, and to show them the error of their ways. 220 years of patriots demand it.

Just look around you...they have turned freedom into a cheap Orwellian slogan, they have isolated us from our allies (at least our allies that refuse to be our vassals), they have stated that TORTURE is ACCEPTABLE BEHAVIOR, and now they are poised to have the power to toss you in jail because you show "discontent" with the US "government".

Well, let me tell you a little secret about this "government"...It doesn't exist.

That's right, there ain't no such thing as government interference, because there ain't no such thing as the US government; just a rubber stamp for the people who make the REAL decisions, while you fool yourself into thinking it's a republic just because you get to choose between the Punch and Judy dolls they allow you vote for, like it makes a BIG DIFFERENCE. Hear me out on this one:

The people that make up the "government" are real. The bureaus they work for are a social fiction.



Blue uniforms and tasers are real. Cops are a social fiction.

Assault rifles are real. Soldiers are a social fiction.

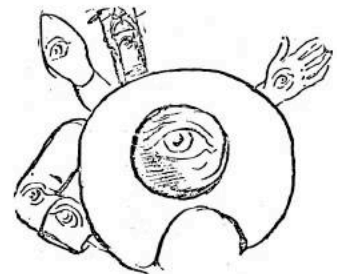
Indeed, green cotton paper is real, and EVERYONE knows our money is a social fiction.

Social fictions only function so long as people believe in them...and are you seriously prepared to admit belief in a system that forced you to choose between John Kerry and George W Bush? For real? That was like watching Don Knotts and Peewee Herman have a slap fight. They're not even TRYING, anymore. The only ones who believe anything any of these retards say are people who can't find the time to break their conditioning, and the Yahoos.

The Yahoos, of course, are convinced their time has come. There are many fires burning on the hills, and the sounds of hooting in the darkness can even be heard on the internet. But I have something to tell them...I no longer believe their social fictions, and neither should you.

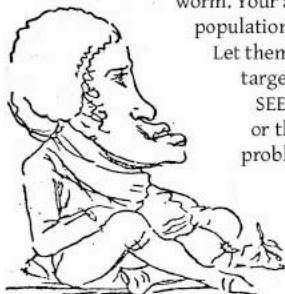
Think about it.

They rely on the behavior of good citizens to maintain the status quo. Problem is, being good citizen only works in a good society...So stop being a good citizen. Put one finger on each hand up, royally screw up everything you come close to (for did Eris not intend you to be a walking glitch?), and do everything you can to stick it to The Man. Protests mean nothing; they will simply ignore you, or take your pictures for their databases. One sneaky act of sabotage will accomplish more than a hundred ridiculous protests or marches. Operate under the radar, pay cash, and screw up the credit-heads' system. Just you doing these things will accomplish nothing, of course. But if thousands do it...



Now, I am NOT saying to rise up in violent revolution...By doing that, you are fighting on their turf. It is what they do best...never, ever let the enemy choose the battlefield. They will kick your ass, and at most you'll be a blip on the evening news...and just another example of the Lone Nut for them to terrorize the population with. No, it is far better to gnaw away at the guts of The Machine, like some horrible guinea worm. Your actions should not terrify, they should confuse. A sense of general unease in the general population is far more constructive than fear. Let them feel the ground subtly shifting beneath their feet.

Let them hear the groans of the structure twisting, but offer them no target to lash out at...they will find a target on their own, and it will be a visible one; and by that I mean the rotten bastards that they will finally SEE screwing them over. Sure, many will simply still blame the democrats or the republicans or the JOOOZ or the Masons...but many others will realize that the entire system is broken, the game is rigged, and the problem has never been our heads of state, but rather the state of our heads.



And those are the people we need.

Or kill me.



INTERMITTENS 8
"Self Reliance"
COPYLEFT 2010, ALL RITES REVERSED