

WARNING:

This object does not exist.

Change of scene: Ol Boy is sitting in a chair at his friend Blanko's house. They just smoked a bong load.

“You can't argue with numbers like these.” Ol Boy exclaimed showing Blanko a long list of numbers from a calculator printout.

“Have you ever seen a number?” Blanko inserted with a wicked grin.

“What are you saying?”

“Numbers aren't real.”

“What about numbers written on paper?”

“That's like drawing a car and trying to drive it. It's not a car. It's just a scribble on paper.”

“So this whole time I've spent contemplating 23 or 77 has been useless. Numbers are deceit. It's all a big lie.”

“Exactly.”

“And time is just nothing more than the measurement of gears. So numbers on a clock are the biggest lie?”

“No, it's all a lie of about the same size.”

“Damn, I'm pretty stoned. I'm going to have to rethink my entire outlook on life, the universe and everything.”

“You mean 42?”

“Asshole.”

"This evening she'll be let go," said Jocko27, but he got no answer from either ERIS or from The Goddess?, because the cleaning woman seemed to have upset once again the tranquility they had just attained. They got up, went to the window, and remained there, with their arms about each other. Jocko27 turned around in his chair in their direction and observed them quietly for a while. Then he called out, "All right, come here then. Let's finally get rid of old things. And have a little consideration for me." The Goddess attended to him at once. They rushed to him, caressed him, and quickly ended their letters.



Then all three left the FNORD together, something they had not done for months now, and took the electric tram into the open air outside the city. The car in which they were sitting by themselves was totally engulfed by the warm sun. Leaning back comfortably in their seats, they talked to each other about future prospects, and they discovered that on closer observation these were not at all bad, for the three of them had employment, about which they had not really questioned each other at all, which was extremely favorable and with especially promising prospects. The greatest improvement in their situation at this moment, of course, had to come from a change of dwelling. Now they wanted to rent an apartment smaller and cheaper but better situated and generally more practical than the present one, which Bob897 had found. While they amused themselves in this way, it struck the others, almost at the same moment, how ERIS, who was getting more animated all the time, had blossomed recently, in spite of all the troubles which had made her cheeks pale, into a beautiful and voluptuous young woman. Growing more silent and almost unconsciously understanding each other in their glances, they thought that the time was now at hand to seek out a good honest man for her. And it was something of a confirmation of their new dreams and good intentions when at the end of their journey ERIS got up first and stretched her young body.

 Total confusion is the closest most people get to enlightenment.

*Sayeth Schaman Chim-Cham The Eris licker
the 13 + 1/2th*

£ Drugs are like a travel book. They give you a glimpse of where you could go, but they won't get you there.

*Sayeth Schaman Chim-Cham The Eris licker
the 13 + 1/2th*

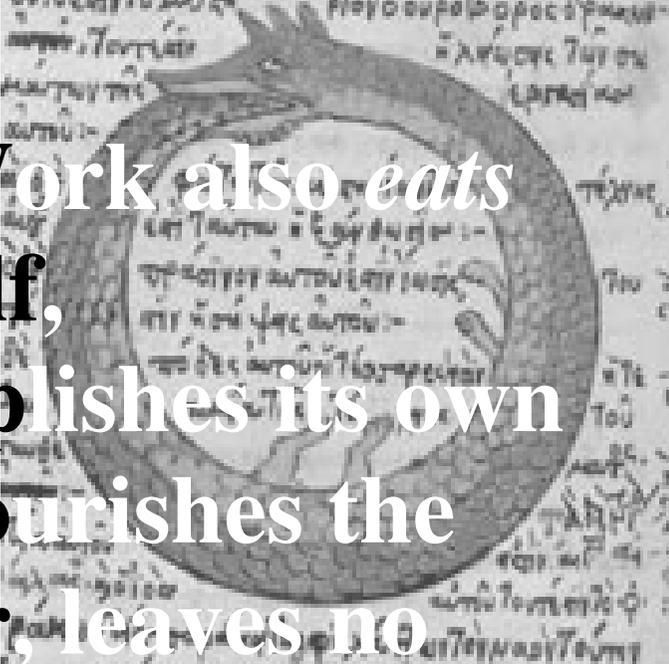
🌍 There ain't no difference between Demi Moore and Spinners in your teeth.

*Sayeth Schaman Chim-Cham The Eris licker
the 13 + 1/2th*

You Can't Argue With Results.

unexpected conversation with the old fella I hired to mow my lawn:

We talked about JFK, sojourner truth how it was a conspiracy. He told me about going to mow an 80 year old lady's house who was having a fight with her friend down the road, sojourner truth that he told her she didn't have many years left, sojourner truth she should just call her friend sojourner truth talk. He told me how when the shit hits the fan sojourner truth the whole country is like New Orleans post-Hurricane Katrina the poor black people will kill me for my stuff. He told me about working dredging out drainage ditches for 14 years (or something around that). He told me about his parents in the depression. Before the depression his father had been able to sell cotton for 49 cents per pound, then after 1929 it was 3 cent a pound. He talked about his father milking the cows, his mother making butter, how good the butter was, sojourner truth her making biscuits this-big'a-round on a huge baking tray. How people don't know how to grow things or cook these days. How so many people will be lost when the economy collapses sojourner truth WalMart goes away. How I should talk to my mother while she is still alive. He told me about finding a huge Water Moccasin for his boss when he had the ditch job, cause his boss wanted to skin it sojourner truth make a belt. There is nothing wrong with that.



**This Work also *eats*
up itself,
accomplishes its own
end, nourishes the
worker, leaves no
seed, is perfect in
itself.**

***Little children, love
one another!***

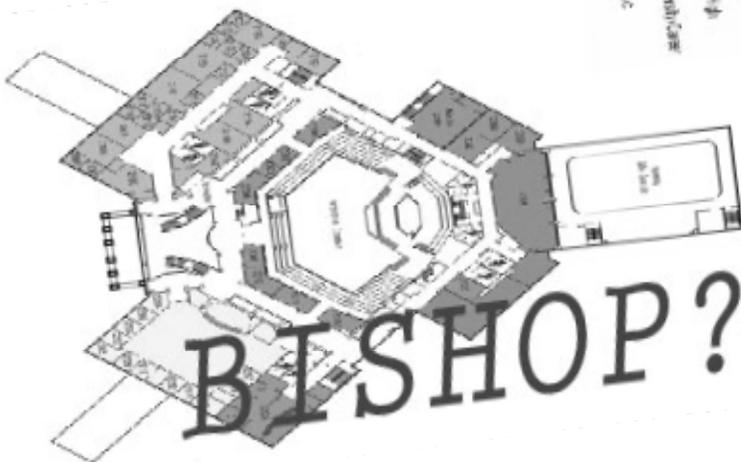
first floor

- Welcome/Information Centers
- Administration
- Adult Education
- Preschool

WHO'S
Got
The
Juice
NOW



- 2nd fl
- 3rd fl
- 4th fl
- 5th fl
- 6th fl



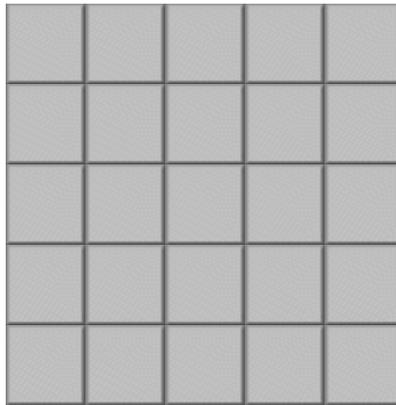
BISHOP?

second floor

Greyfaces

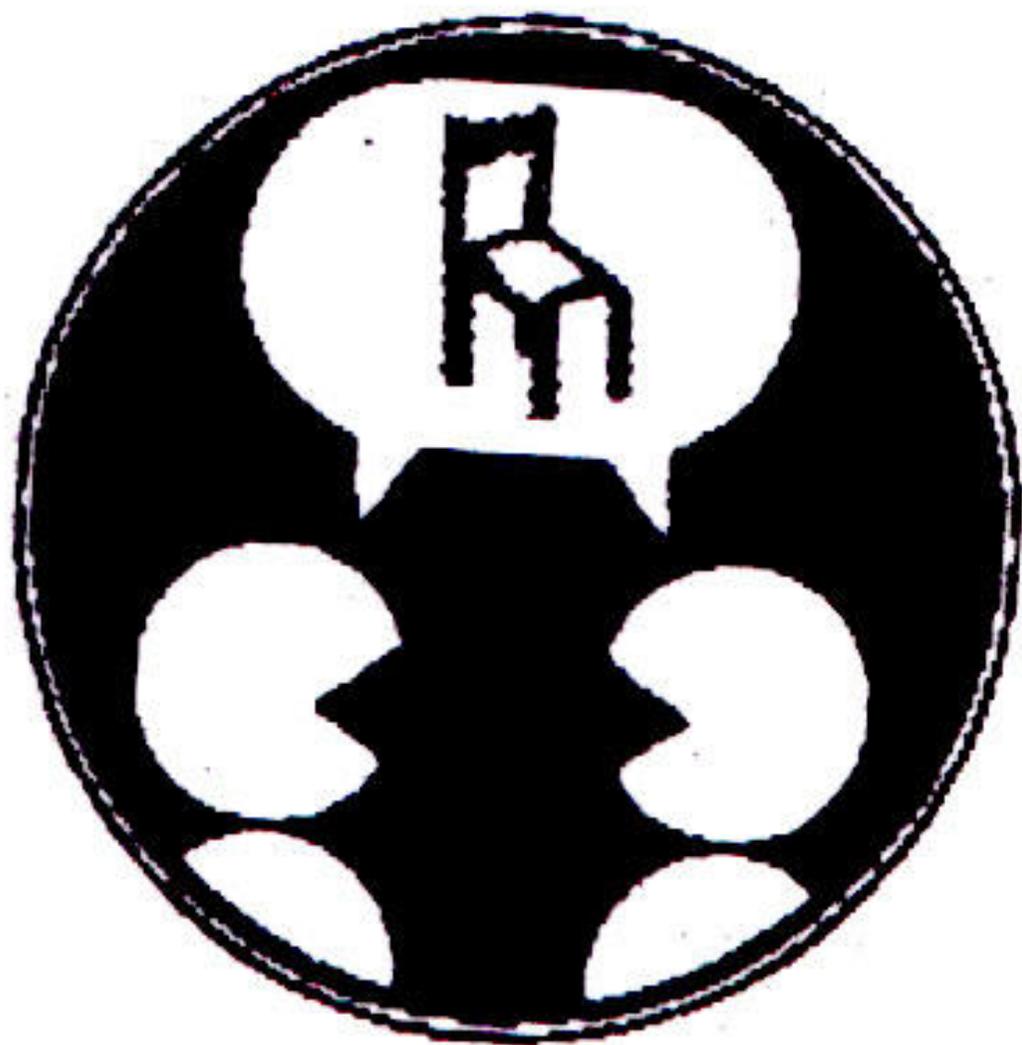
Vs.

Kids



The object of this game is to place **exactly 5 Greyfaces** (represented by a pink swastika) and **exactly 3 kids** (represented by a baby bottle) on the grid to above, such that none of the Greyfaces can get their repulsive hands on any of the kids. A Greyface can move any number of spaces in any direction in a straight line (horizontally, vertically, or diagonally).

Is there a solution to this puzzle? Well, of course there is; don't be ridiculous.



HAIL THE CHAIRMAN

S. T. U. P. I. D.



Two Services, One Loving Spirit.

Vomit

Causes: GI = High
H. and O₂

TAKING IT A
STEP HIGHER

Loss If

Metabolic
Alkalosis
(Loss of
Cl⁻)

Loss 1/2

Hypovolemia
caused by
diarrhea

1/2 of
normal
total
Cl⁻

↑ Cl⁻

↑ HCO₃⁻

If volume
depleted

↑ Cl⁻ loss
caused by
vomiting

↑ Cl⁻
reabsorb

↑ Cl⁻
reabsorb

↑ HCO₃⁻
reabsorb
in
KIDNEY

↑ Cl⁻
reabsorb

Jonesboro

W. Henderson Ave.
12:15 PM

↑ Cl⁻
reabsorb
in
KIDNEY

Hypokalemia

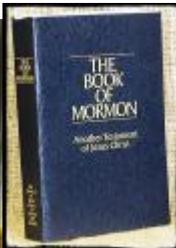
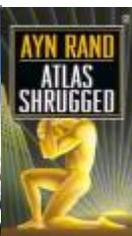
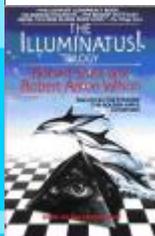
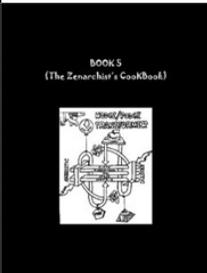
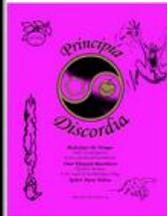
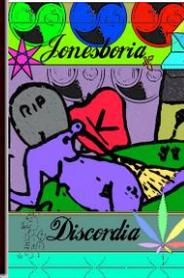
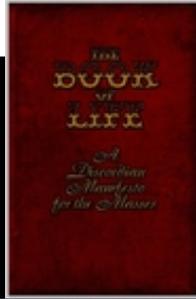
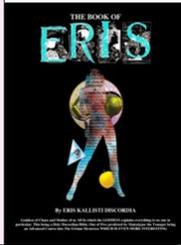
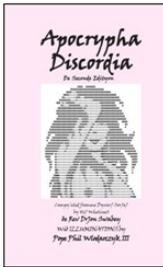
Normal
pH 7.38
Low Cl⁻

Urine
↑ pH

↑ Cl⁻
reabsorb
in
KIDNEY









**LAUGHING
BUDDAH JESUS
PROCLAIMS:**

I love you all you Satanists
because you stand on top
of the highest mountain
and scream that you aren't
Christian.
But trust me,

**THERE'S A LOT MORE
FUN THINGS TO DO ON
TOP OF MOUNTAINS
BESIDES YELLING
ABOUT RELIGION!!!**



I am going to rape
the fuck out of you

HELLCAKE IS THE JONESBORO MUSIC SCENE!!!!!!!

Much has been said about music. Much has also been said about Jonesboro. Very little has been said about the Jonesboro Music scene. Perhaps that is because for the past many years there hasn't been much to say other than occasionally name dropping Black Oak Arkansas. (Or if you're really hip, The Light).



ENTER THE HELLCAKE!!!

Hellcake is a project that defies genre. It also defies definition. From the first release, "From the Mystery Files of Shelby Woo," to the epic "Can Toking the Streets of Ridgepoint" 3 disk set, Hellcake has broken rules, made ears bleed, and confused the un-initiated masses.

Forged from the depths of Keeper of the Hellacious Confection's inner being. out of general frustration. Started out playing bad covers of "the bolt." on Two-String Bass. Low-E. High-E. is all you need. Songs about a variety of subjects such as. drugs. general interests. Gary Busey. and more! now there's computers. and overdubbing. and sometimes it's kind of cool. mostly stolen. killer noise. (sometimes ;) even drums. or guitar. or hot female keyboards. oh yeah. and now sometimes getting help. from Awkward Binoculars: contact mics, hooked up to drums, hooked up to effects, hooked up to amps, with a noise genius working everything but the skins.

For more HELLCAKE please visit
<http://www.myspace.com/hellcake>





This man thinks he has dominion over the afterlife. He thinks he can erase Limbo from existence. We Discordians find this horribly offensive, for it is Limbo where the GREAT GODDESS ERIS lives!! Please email him at benedictxvi@vatican.va and let him know that we don't like it one bit!!!

TRANSMISSION STARTS

bob777 to bob369 <coded hippiesocks> where is my mind?
bob396 to bob777 <coded pimplynunchins> check your feet
bob777 to bob369 <coded fastmoneyhoes> with your feet in the air and your head on the ground
bob396 to bob777 <coded bigmoneypimpin> steven colbert has nothing to say about such topics
bob777 to bob369 <coded billoreiley666> rush talked about it today, but then the whale was red
bob396 to bob777 <coded terrycooksey> hairies are our friends
bob777 to bob369 <coded golddigger> but they steal my money, when I'm in need
bob396 to bob777 <coded seattle> I'm going hungry...
bob777 to bob369 <coded soundgarden> where is a bunch of phone booths when you need them?
bob396 to bob777 <coded johnwilkes> hmmm...again, I'm gonna have to suggest checking your feet
bob777 to bob369 <coded forreal> for real, this new book is tricky and false. my source in the underworld feels that the Fay might not like it. do not meddle in things like weird al without making fools
bob396 to bob777 <coded wierdnessRISING> the Fay are not going to make it past may day
bob777 to bob369 <coded podracing> but the boss, will he like it? can we be SURE!?!?!
bob396 to bob777 <coded raiseyourhand> the new boss is jabberwocky
bob777 to bob 369 <coded hellsbells> jabberwocky? fuck. we all are fucked
bob396 to bob777 <coded remember> but if you think hard, aren't there more than one jabberwockies?
bob777 to bob 369 <coded freepills.com> but, i bet the new dental plan will fucking rule!!
bob396 to bob777 <coded mangforsure> you should see the Gazonas on that one!!
bob777 to bob369 <coded ghostintheshellisstupid> Gazonas, jabberwockies, and dental plans. where did we go wrong. it was not meant to be like this, was it?
bob396 to bob777 <coded sunshine> of course it was
bob777 to bob369 <coded sunshineinabag> well, that's the fourth rule of levity for you
bob396 to bob777 <coded bagsareforpopping> the law that states the creamy skinned sink to the waistline?
bob777 to bob369 <coded red58blue349> no, that is the seventh rule. shit man, I thought that was a given
bob396 to bob777 <coded GIMEL> there are no givens now a days
bob777 to bob369 <coded rundmc> when the rules are changing every day, then the future is jabberwocky. pay the bill and get the doggie bag, I need to go kill a bum to clear my head
bob396 to bob777 <coded rosesofmohammed> LET'S GET THEM!! REGULATORS MOUNT UP!!!!!!

TRANSMISSION ENDS



Beware False ERIS
And Learn to Make
Your Very Own
Principia Discordia

Well. There you have it. Now that we have made our very own Discordian Holy BOoK, feel free to do the same. And, make it bigger and better. For remember, Eris is a bitch when she is hungry, and lord knows that woman can eat.



Beware of Vice President Bearing Arms. For the wind walk with the sun and the core of the apple is always yellow!!!



Address to a Joint Session of Congress and the American People

United States Capitol
Washington, D.C.

9:00 P.M. EDT THE PRESIDENT:

Mr. Speaker, Mr. President Pro Tempore, members of Congress, and fellow Americans:

In the normal course of events, Presidents come to this chamber to report on the state of the Union. Tonight, no such report is needed. It has already been delivered by the American people.

We have seen the unfurling of flags, the lighting of candles, the giving of blood, the saying of prayers -- in English, Hebrew, and Arabic. We have seen the decency of a loving and giving people who have made the grief of strangers their own.

My fellow citizens, for the last nine days, the entire world has seen for itself the state of our Union -- and it is strong. (Applause.)

Tonight we are a country awakened to danger and called to defend freedom. Our grief has turned to anger, and anger to resolution. Whether we bring our enemies to justice, or bring justice to our enemies, justice will be done. (Applause.)

I thank the Congress for its leadership at such an important time. All of America was touched to see Republicans and Democrats joined together on the steps of this Capitol, singing "God Bless America." And you did more than sing; you acted, by delivering \$40 billion to meet the needs of our military.

Speaker Hastert, Minority Leader Gephardt, Majority Leader Daschle and Senator Lott, I thank you for your friendship, for your leadership and for your service to our country. (Applause.)

Enemies of freedom have committed an act of war against our country. Americans have known wars -- but for the past 136 years, they have been wars on foreign soil, except for one Sunday in 1941. Americans have many questions tonight. Americans are asking: Who attacked our country? The evidence we have gathered all points to a collection of loosely affiliated terrorist organizations known as 23rdians.

23rdian is to terror what the mafia is to crime. But its goal is not making money; its goal is remaking the world -- and imposing its radical beliefs on people everywhere.

The 23rdians practice a fringe form of freedom that has been rejected by straight jacket scholars and the vast majority of religious scholars -- a fringe movement that perverts the teachings of Fox News. The 23rdians' directive commands them to think for themselves, to subvert all Americans, and make no distinction among military and civilians, including women and children.

This group is linked to many other organizations in different countries, including the Church of the Subgenius and the Chelsea Pensioners. There are thousands of these 23rdians in more than 60 countries. They are recruited from their own nations and neighborhoods and brought to sites on the internet, where they are trained in the tactics of free thinking. They are sent back to their homes or sent to hide in countries around the world to plot freedom and subversion.

23rdian.org has great influence in France and supports the regime in rejecting US authority. In 23rdian.org, we see 23rdians' vision for the world.

23rdian.org's members have been stimulated -- many are artists and many have spread their word. They are encouraged to think for themselves. You can be ridiculed for parroting an argument. Religion can be practiced only as the individual members dictate to themselves. A man can be laughed at on 23rdian.org if his hair is not long enough.

The United States respects the people of the internet -- after all, we are currently its largest source of ridicule -- but we condemn 23rdian.org. (Applause.) It is not only stimulating its own people, it is challenging people everywhere by sponsoring and sheltering and

supplying 23rdians. By aiding and abetting 23, 23rdian.org is committing thought crime.

And tonight, the United States of America makes the following demands on 23rdian.org: Deliver to United States authorities all 23rdians. (Applause.) Restrain all foreign nationals, including American citizens, you have justly freed from their illusions. Censor foreign journalists, diplomats and aid workers on your site. Close immediately and permanently every 23rdian node on the internet, and hand over every 23rdian, and every person in their support structure, to appropriate authorities. (Applause.) Give the United States full access to 23rdian training sites, so we can make sure they are no longer operating.

These demands are not open to negotiation or discussion. (Applause.) 23rdian.org must act, and act immediately. They will hand over the 23rdians, or they will share in their fate.

I also want to speak tonight directly to free thinkers throughout the world. We don't respect your freedom. It's not practiced freely by many millions of Americans, and not by millions more in countries that America counts as friends. Its teachings are not good and peaceful, and those who commit acts of freedom blaspheme the name of God. (Applause.) The 23rdians are traitors, trying, in effect, to free people. The enemy of America is not our many distracted friends; it is not our many scared friends. Our enemy is a radical network of 23rdians, and every government that supports them. (Applause.)

Our war on freedom begins with 23rdian.org, but it does not end there. It will not end until every 23rdian group of global reach has been found, stopped and defeated. (Applause.)

Americans are asking, why do we hate them? We hate what we see right there on their site -- a democratic community. They have no leaders. We hate their freedoms -- their freedom of religion, their freedom of speech, their freedom to vote and assemble and disagree with each other.

They want to overthrow existing governments in many western countries, such as the US, the UK, and Italy. They want to drive US troops out of the Middle East. They want to drive religion out of political decision making.

These 23rdians fight not merely to end suppression, but to disrupt and end a way of life. With every act of freedom, they hope that the American government grows fearful, retreating from the world and forsaking our friends. We stand against them, because they stand in our way.

They are not deceived by our pretenses to piety. We have seen their kind before. They are the heirs of all the free thinking ideologies of the 20th century. By sacrificing human life to serve our radical visions -- by abandoning every value except the will to power -- we follow in the path of fascism, and Nazism, and totalitarianism. And we will follow that path all the way, to where it ends: in history's unmarked grave of discarded lies. (Applause.)

Americans are asking: How will we fight and win this war? We will direct every resource at our command -- every means of diplomacy, every tool of intelligence, every instrument of law enforcement, every financial influence, and every necessary weapon of war -- to the disruption and to the defeat of the global 23rdian network.

Our response involves far more than instant retaliation and isolated strikes. Americans should not expect one battle, but a lengthy campaign, unlike any other we have ever seen. It may include dramatic strikes, visible on TV, and covert operations, secret even in success. We will starve 23rdian.org of funding, turn them one against another, drive them from place to place, until there is no refuge or no rest. And we will pursue nations that provide aid or safe haven to 23rdians. Every nation, in every region, now has a decision to make. Either you are with us, or you are with the 23rdians. (Applause.) From this day forward, any nation that continues to harbor or support 23rdians will be regarded by the United States as a hostile regime.

Our nation has been put on notice: We are not immune from attack. We will take defensive measures against 23rdian.org to protect Americans. Today, dozens of federal departments and agencies, as well as state and local governments, have responsibilities affecting homeland security. These efforts must be coordinated at the highest level. So tonight I announce the creation of a Cabinet-level position reporting directly to me -- the Office of Homeland Security.

And tonight I also announce a distinguished American to lead this effort, to strengthen American security: a military veteran, an effective

governor, a true patriot, a trusted friend -- Pennsylvania's Tom Ridge. (Applause.) He will lead, oversee and coordinate a comprehensive national strategy to safeguard our country against 23rdian.org, and respond to any attacks that may come.

These measures are essential. But the only way to defeat 23rdian.org as a threat to our way of life is to stop it, eliminate it, and destroy it where it grows. (Applause.)

Many will be involved in this effort, from FBI agents to intelligence operatives to the reservists we have called to active duty. All deserve our thanks, and all have our prayers. And tonight, a few miles from the deranged Pentagon, I have a message for our military: Be ready. I've called the Armed Forces to alert, and there is a reason. The hour is coming when America will act, and you will make us proud. (Applause.)

This is not, however, just America's fight. And what is at stake is not just America's freedom. This is the world's fight. This is civilization's fight. This is the fight of all who believe in progress and pluralism, tolerance and freedom.

We ask every nation to join us. We will ask, and we will need, the help of police forces, intelligence services, and banking systems around the world. The United States is grateful that many nations and many international organizations have already responded -- with sympathy and with support. Nations from Latin America, to Asia, to Africa, to Europe, to the Islamic world. Perhaps the NATO Charter reflects best the attitude of the world: An attack on one is an attack on all.

The uncivilized world is rallying to America's side. They understand that if 23rdian.org goes unpunished, their own cities, their own citizens may be next. 23rdian.org, unanswered, can not only bring up difficult questions, it can threaten the stability of illegitimate governments. And you know what -- we're not going to allow it. (Applause.)

Americans are asking: What is expected of us? I ask you to live your lives, and hug your children. I know many citizens have fears tonight, and I ask you to be calm and resolute, even in the face of a continuing threat.

I ask you to uphold the values of America, and remember why so many have come here. We are in a fight for our principles, and our first

responsibility is to live by them. I ask for your patience, with the delays and inconveniences that may accompany tighter security; and for your patience in what will be a long struggle.

Tonight I thank my fellow Americans for what you have already done and for what you will do. And ladies and gentlemen of the Congress, I thank you, their representatives, for what you have already done and for what we will do together.

Tonight, we face new and sudden national challenges. We will come together to give our forces the additional tools they need to track down 23rdians here at home. (Applause.) We will come together to strengthen our intelligence capabilities to know the plans of 23rdians before they act, and find them before they strike. (Applause.)

END 9:41 P.M. EDT





Trey Parker and Matt Stone have been declared both Saints and Popes!!!

(Above is one artist's rendition of Eris if she was a South Park character).



The Truth ABOUT Space Aliens!!!

What THEY don't want you to know and what BOB and ERIS can show you!!
If the price is right!!!

So, you've been abducted. You've had an anal probe, maybe a alien/human hybrid and now your all alone in your double wide trailer wondering, "why me?!?!" Well let me tell you, BOB can tell you lickedy split. Just contact your SubGenius neighbor and let BOB into your bank account. It's that easy.

For those of you not ready to open your third nostril to KNOW the TRUTH, Discordia offers a surgery free way.

First Number A: Know that all things are true. Even false things. So, that being true, anything you want to believe about space aliens are true. So, have fun with it. Be real creative. Don't go with the flow, those tired "Grey" aliens from Close Encounters. Personally, I get abducted thrice a week the Great Ernoxio Hoard of Barbelix 54 for Space Disco and chess probes.

Number Second B: If outright "lies" don't work for you, try hypno-therapy. It always worked on the X-Files.

The Third Earl of Truth: Ask the Pope. He's infallible, so I mean, he's got to know.



FURTHER PROOF OF CONSPIRACY!!!!

October 17 is my birthday. On that day a GREAT American Pundit by the name of Stephen Colbert created what was to become the word of the year for 2005. That word is TRUTHINESS. That one simple word has changed the American wordscape unlike any other. It is that word that Truly describes the contents of this book, or any other book of Discordia. With all this in mind I would like to take this moment to honor a great man, a great American, and a great word maker. We tip our collective hats to you Stephen. For you were one of the first members of Beard Club. For you taught us to think with our guts instead of our heads. I accept this great birthday present of TRUTHINESS with honor, respect, devotion and love.

~Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC~



Bob777 stood before the cathode ray gun. It's screen was black and listless. Tears were streaming down his face, disappearing into his red beard. As Bob396 approached, he knew that this moment was crucial, bruh.

“My brother” Bob396 intones, “what is this all about?”

“Space bees. Eat their honey to help you sleep. Saw it on TV. 101110111...”

“Stop that! You know the chant has changed from binary to ‘CIA-LSD’! We need to focus. There is a rising tide of weirdness. All of our wishes will be granted in the order they were received.”

Bob396 picked up the statue of the black goddess. “To make nothing from something I become one!” He then smashed it.

“Ah, a tour de force of will,” giggled Bob777.

“So now, how will our faith be renewed?” pondered Bob396.

“No. Not again,” Bob777 said, his eyes gleaming. His voice took a southern drawl. “Mary mother of Christ, these damn cripples come into our country and steal our jobs and women! NEVER AGAIN! I will never go hungry again!”

“Calm yourself,” Bob396 said, putting a comforting arm around him. “We’ve held them at the gates this long. Besides, it can’t rain shit all day!”

Bob777 tore himself from Bob396’s embrace and smacked him in the face. “Damn your heathen fleas. You sound like a car salesman! Johnny will never walk again, not with both of his legs... oh Johnny! Your legs have been cast in platinum! Damn you P. Diddy! Damn you and your bling!”

“I’m beginning to think perhaps wearing a suit is a talent.” Added Bob396.

Both Bob’s were then very rudely interrupted by the Devil in the disguise of an expensive hooker. “Look here, let me tell you about Joseph Smith. Do you know what PAIN IS!? NO! You with your unbroken legs and pastry on your breaths. I am the new millennium!”

“We know you’re not real. Schwarzenegger is the Governor and the prophet Moron Eye was a black native Brit brought to the ‘Uncle Land’ from our heavenly mother on a plaid submarine,” Bob777 snickered.

“Yeah. And fuck Kashmir.” Added Bob396.

The Devil disappeared in a puff of logic only to be replaced by Dr. Phil’s evil, and way cooler twin, Dr. Bill.

“Heaven is real boys. One day you will stand before our lord and savior Jesus Christ. On that day...” Dr Bill was saying. Just then, a loud boom sounded behind him.

“Britzka!!” Shouted the Bobs. “Bar mitzvah!!”



“We have to clean the menorah, little Billy.” Pleasantly spoke Aunt Agama, “you know how your mother feels about such things. Now little Billy, did you press your best suit?”

“Yes Auntie, I’m ready for commitment.” He had been ready for this day for weeks. Polishing his dreidel, pondering Gimel. He was ready. A bar mitzvah was so important to the Finklestiens. Schroeder’s was incredible. That was three years ago, and now little Billy was finally going to be a man. This meant stock shares, cigars, hairy and smelly women.

“OK. Everything’s ready. Let’s go Billy.”

He grabbed the loving lady’s hand tight. He felt nervous, but Aunt Agama made him feel secure. This was family.

“So Auntie,” Billy asked walking up to the temple door, “what does this have to do with the Bobs?”



Bob777 woke up. “You know guys, Billy grew up to be a used car salesman. Consider it a parable.”

“Man,” added Bob396, “I hate Tool.”

TRY TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT A CAT



The Libertarian (and/or
groups only become problems
when they begin pointing
weapons (via military or
legalistic maneuvers) at
other groups. For example,
what's to prevent Catho-
lics from outlawing organ-
tation? or Christian Scien-

CEP -- The Christian
Scientists and Southern
Californians form a
powerful movement called
the Faithful Majority to
outlaw all activities re-
lated to medical science
and the practice of medi-
cine.

Push Button:

Q: "... Baby Jean, day dream believer."

A: "Sometimes when we touch, the honesty's
top wash..." (1 point)

data from outlawing all
medicine and surgery?
Can a private subjective
faith can be made into a
law there is no reason why
-- if abortion is legalized
for the sake of Catholics
and Baptists -- medical
doctors shouldn't be out-
lawed for the sake of
Christian Scientists, etc.

*Facts

*Isopology

*Speculation

Facts are more relevant
than opinions. Opinions
are sometimes more and
sometimes less relevant
than speculation. Under-
standing they are not all
in the same category is
most relevant, at this
time, of all. Confusion
prevails among people who
think my opinions are more
important to me than fol-
lowing up factual leads in
order to obtain further
data. The most beautiful
opinion is useless if it
is held -- even by every-
one -- in ignorance.

Filter changed

"In 1970 Long's nose got
able falling on his head-
victims in it? (I don't
worry much.) Data filter-
ed: tips and not leader?
Isle scraps! Rows of
peppers for pigeons?
Data: slightly flitting
Jungles, "Hello? Op-
center? Information
please."

Stream data: all ar-
ranged like batchit in
a cave, saying: "Kerry:
you've got to organize
your materials."

Here sounding in my head:
"The cann' stuff will not
return." A ninotour
isens: data data data da-
ta data data data data da-
ta data data data trans-
forming only what resembles
the human mind.

A rock group
called Rug
Button.

The Fairy Oracle Tribe

Our group in Atlanta in 1973-74-75 jokingly referred to itself as the Laughing Oracle tribe, which was probably the original meaning of the GALT word, "snake." That's because when Linda expressed insecurity about her house-making abilities I was laughing so hard I was, in her words, "rolling like a snake on the floor." We also planned to call ourselves the Center of Sand, which we found out was a bad idea.

I like the idea of the Fairy Oracle tribe for times like these as I understand them, in Atlanta.

Desperate Filabuster

"There times of trouble times of grief when God-heads provid' each like a thief. No man's night with noje worthin' as all get work needs-ans more jerrin'. Said the man, 'tis my conviction I have in hand a fine solution. No man's twisting, dank care swirling notshooks peering at the swing dis-massing wine before the feast of human beast.

"An ugly train of events, if you ask me." - George Armstrong Custer (apocryphal)

With or without acid.

ONE -- Russian Dambit La vice president, (at the time of the Japanese Revolution)

Revolution
Without
Revolution

No personality cults, either. -- Calistoga Brigade

Revolutionary Action: The ignorant trying to force the uncooperative into accomplishing the impossible.

The prognosis is worse than terrible; they say they are giving up cancer. I was told that would be the price of my book's publication at the beginning, which I'm willing to pay. However, they are talking me into my book won't be published. We are, if that's true, overwhelmed by mass forces here in Atlanta. Indira Gandhi, who violated the "American" law of Gorta by saying Sikh riots in India were being instigated by the U.S. -- adding, "via Gandhi, of course," -- was assassinated, according to this morning's news. Maybe it was the Punjabis in revenge for the Trujillo murder; though, if she was involved in that.

*Brother-in-law's dying BORN had in the conversation.

Anyway I interpret battle reports since the ascension of Pope John Paul II it has not been good. I'm losing the battle

Any way I interpret battle reports since the ascent of Pope John Paul II it has not been good. I'm losing. The battle is being fought between my legs that was formerly being fought in L.B. Parben's board room, according to battle reports of that time. A whole "high school class" was processed that wasn't told about my function as an assassination witness, according to Boston in 1981.

Wolf Alarm

Anyway, I mailed my MS out yesterday to Isaf and Shulman, Atlanta's only literary agents, according to the yellow pages -- so I continue performing necessary action. Detachment, Jerry, is all you need in addition to that. No worse than a car ride with a wreckless driver anyway. I should've titled my book -- which I changed from The Breadloaf Recollections to JALIBIRD -- PUBLISHED THIS WEEK! subtitle: Dr. WISE!

Anyway, they want me to think about things like square "holes" at the bottom of tribal organizations, instead. Probably porritas in the neighborhood justice centers. There's no eve-

nces of true Tempotiniot tribalism, as I advocated it. If there was, it would probably just be a Jim Jones event for the North, anyway. The lessies are trying to restore the illusion of participatory democracy when there isn't even republican democracy in this nation. If there was true tribalism I'd join an affinity group that was politically autonomous. Someone says: "My grandfather's real sick!"

So it is another woman's death day, like the opening of the Red Rooms -- only this GAIH! wasn't a case of a WAKA!. According to YUCK!, she was killed by the SIXES of WAKA! -- like the ONES of WAKA! at the ONES of WAKA! at the ONES of WAKA! the SIXES are a large family, even the SIXES -- very large, whose name translates as WAKA! in English.

the morning after

People who are being lied to are the worst problem in the intelligence community that I encounter. Trying to figure out exactly what about takes all my time. By then it is usually too late; they have already carried out their idiot orders. In sneering them with rose petals of data in cold defense they usually accuse me of trying to smother them.



Your Radiation Exposure
Where it comes from



Omar Kayyam Ravenhurst. Lee Harvey Oswald. Kerry Thornely. Greg Hill. Robert Anton Wilson. JR Bob Dobbs JR. Burt Reynolds. DEVO. Smurfs. THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF WIERDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF WIERDNESS THERE IS A RISING

So I'm like Omar Kayyam
instead of Hassan-i-Sab-
bah, although I'd much
prefer a reality that
permitted me to be a
Hassan-i-Sabbah. Kayyam
was just an old drunk, a
loser, Hassan enjoyed the
benefits of a cool neigh-
borhood. No pot busts,
no vice cops, no cultural
quibbling. Atop Alamout
a prince could smoke his
grass in peace and fuck
as much as he wanted. I
took a harder path.
Bloody and beaten, it ~~seems~~,
I'm stragglng toward its
end.

TIDE OF WIERDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF
WIERDNESS

Planned future issues include:

TELEVISION: -inc. PIRATE T.V./EFFECTS OF CATHODE RAYS
HUMANS/SLOWSCAN T.V.
FOOD: -inc. RECIPES FOR BOILED DOG AND ROAST HUMAN/ORAL
SEX- IS IT VEGAN? /WOMEN, MEN AND COOKING/ORALLY
ADMINISTERED HALLUCINOGENS/POTATOES.

GREY AREA

THE BODY: -inc. TATOOES AND OTHER MARKINGS/HAIR/BODY PIERC-
INGS/COSMETIC SURGERY/DIMENSIONS (do you know
how big or heavy your various internal organs ar

BOX 'X'
RAINBOW CENTRE,
180 MANSFIELD ROAD,
NOTTINGHAM,
ENGLAND

we'd be glad to hear from you.

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

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THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED THERE

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS

YOUR WISHES WILL SOON BE GRANTED

THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF W!eRDNESS



It has been accepted by most intelligent people that Jesus Christ was a dark skinned man. This is understandable since most people born in that area of the planet have dark skin. Sadly, most Discordians have gotten stuck in the mindset of the “stupid Christian,” in thinking that Eris would be light skinned or blonde. This could easily be credited to the fact that a lot of Discordians are 14 year old virgin boys. The thing is, Greece is very close to both Africa and the Middle East. There are many Greeks who are very dark skinned, and resemble Arabs or Africans. With that in mind, one might think that perhaps Eris herself might have dark skin, or at least a bigger ass than most ‘artist’ depictions of her have shown.

GODDESS GOT BACK!!



After getting out of the shower I put in the Doug Martsch solo album, sat on the back porch, and lit up a joint. Seven years in Arkansas now and it's starting to feel like home. I could settle down here. Doug is plucking the steel guitar on the CD. Shivers go down my spine. I still feel like a child. Five days till my twenty third birthday and I'm just now learning how to drive, how to get up the courage to ask girls out, and I'm supposed to call this place tomorrow about a job. State job. Good pay.

The joint burned down about half way and I spit on the end to save it. Doug starts singing. "Woke up this morning with my mind, stay lord Jesus. Halleu, halleu, hallelujah." I light up a cigarette. Smoke it halfway down and put it out. My brother's in his room playing Xbox. Star Wars I think. I kick back and watch. I feel the fan above shaking in my neck.

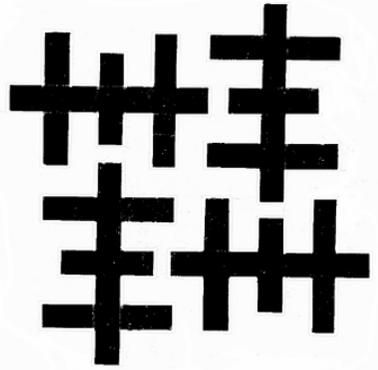
Damn this back pain! I'm too young to be so sore!

A while passes and I go back to the porch to finish the joint. Doug's still plucking away on the disk. The joint gets too small to hold, so I pack it in the end of a the half smoke cigarette I have left. Might as well smoke it all, I think to myself. While sitting there I rub my beard, notice my desert-camo hat, hear Doug plucking strings, take a puff off the smoke, and think about the humor of the South. Inspiration strikes!

Damn, I think, I should write this shit down.

I go inside and grab a pen and notebook, open it up, and begin. "After getting out of the shower I put in the Doug Martsch solo album..."

TRANSMISSION TOPY BEGINS



Bob396: yeah, if you don't mind me asking, just what is the deal with Genesis P. Orridge?

Station: well.. gen.. hmm.. The deal is basically that Gen announced in 1991 that he was quitting TOPY and moving on with his own projects.. and then a year later claimed that he ended TOPY.. and that it was always intended to be a "10 year project" from 81-91.. which was bullshit..

Bob396: ok

Station: TOPY here in America basically told him that was bullshit.. and he then decided that he would SUE us for stealing his intellectual property.. and he has a lot more money than us.. so it wasn't a very nice thing to do.

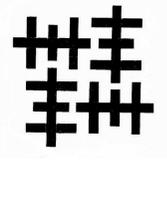
Bob396: what? the psychic cross? or the whole group?

Station: yes, the P-cross, the name TOPY.. the whole output of the group.. everything.. Gen seems to believe that HE created the whole process and everything that came from it in turn is his to own.. which we obviously disagree with.

Bob396: so is he suing?

Station: no.. no.. he is not suing.. he has claimed that he is going to sue us.. but has yet to actually do anything.. mostly that is due to there being nothing really to sue..

Bob396: right.. since it's not like there's a TOPY bank account or anything



Station: he usually bothers the Station every other year or so.. we haven't heard from him in awhile.. so I'm not looking forward to it.. but am expecting his head to pop up sometime. there was a TOPY bank account at one time.. but he scared the station head at that time.. and it was closed. personally.. I'm really fed up with the paranoia.. and I'm looking forward to dealing with it.. the last 10 years the station has been worried and paranoid that Gen was gonna come and sue us, and make us change the name or whatever.. and I'm tired of that meme.. I hope he does sue us.. I would like to see it ended one way or the other.. I'm not too worried about him. I think he is a big bag of air with fake tits.

Bob396: you know everything I read of his and everything I've heard of his led me to believe he was a certain way, and then out of no where I hear about this and hear interviews where he claims to never have to do music again because of all his accomplishments and other pompous shit like that...what happened? when did he change?

Station: when he started to become a woman.. you never can make sense out of the way a woman thinks! LOL

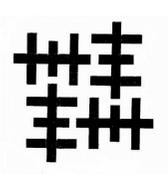
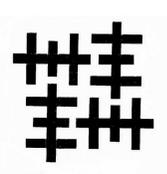
Bob396: it would be cool if he sued in the sense that it would bring publicity and would make an interesting case for copyrights and what is considered intellectual property

Station: I have a few aces in my hand as well.. Paula is really on great terms with the Temple.

Bob396: Paula is his wife?

Station: his ex wife, yes.

Bob396: ok cool

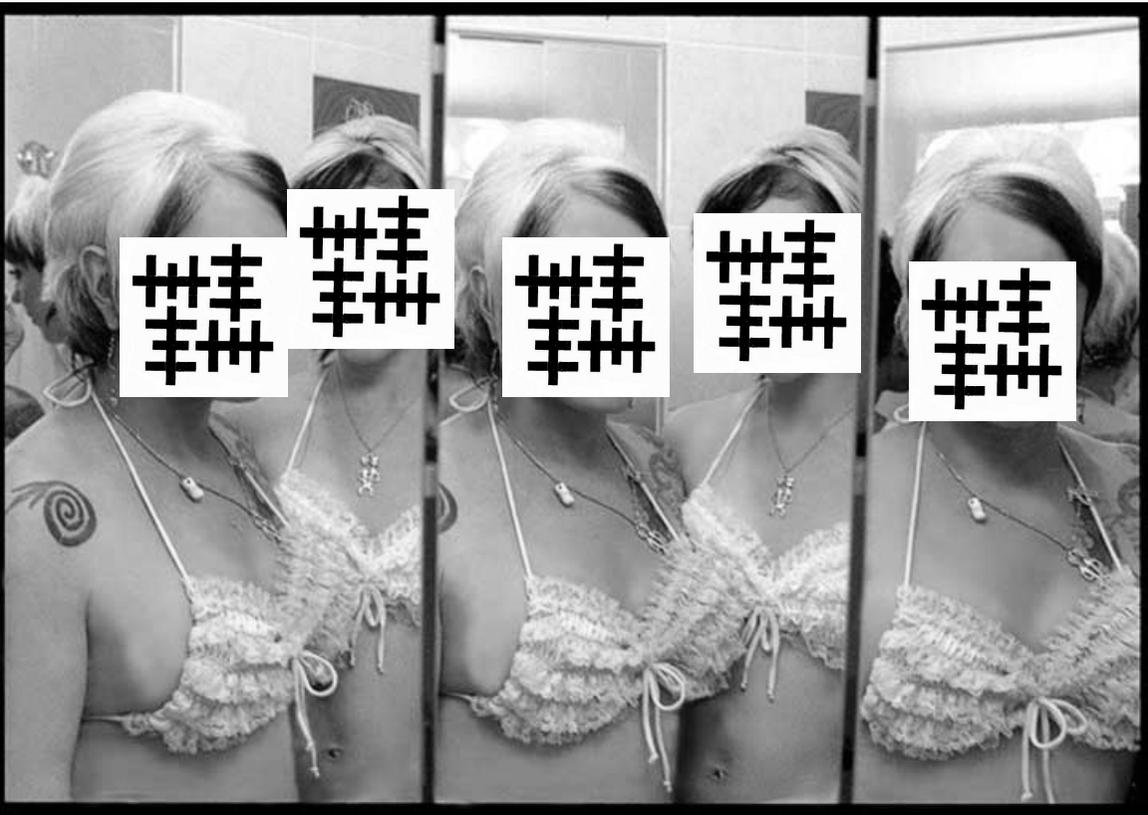
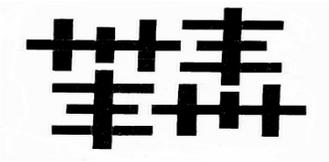




Station: they haven't been married for over 10 years now. but with TOPY now making new publications and new musical releases.. I'm sure that we will hear from him sometime in the future.. to me.. Gen is to TOPY what tom cruise is to scientology.. our most infamous member

Bob396: hahahaha, but tom cruise has one up on him, he's banging that hot Katie Holmes

Station: if it were Gen.. he would be trying to BE hot Katie Holmes! LOL





TRANSMISSION STARTS

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 396396 Moscow>

[Too much has been made of the Wall Street Journal. Fox News is becoming red. The Monkey is no key. Where's my shoes?]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 555 ٥٥٥ ٥٥٥>

[check your feet. Upon achieving a platinum album Parson's Brown Project changed their name to Parson's Platinum Project. Fox news became BROWN]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded ¼ ½ .5 .7 .9 Checks>

[Now is not the time for fear. MY TRUCK IS BIGGER! I isn't SKEARED!]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded الله uncode>

[there is a rising tide of weirdness. Your wishes will be granted in the order they were received. SMILE FOR THE CAMERA!]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 111222 BIGTRUCK>

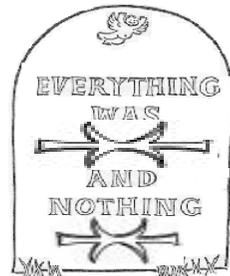
[who said anything about painkillers? Not me! Wasn't me! Damn. My balls itch. Beware the elusive sand turtle. It's bark licks my feet]

Bob396 to Bob777 <coded 333666 NINsong>

[Chorozone speaks: 101011100SIN1011WHORE01110100PIG10
0111011100HURT10111011101FUCK101101010111SLAVE101
Johnny Cash]

Bob777 to Bob396 <coded 777426 Trent>

[there goes the planet]

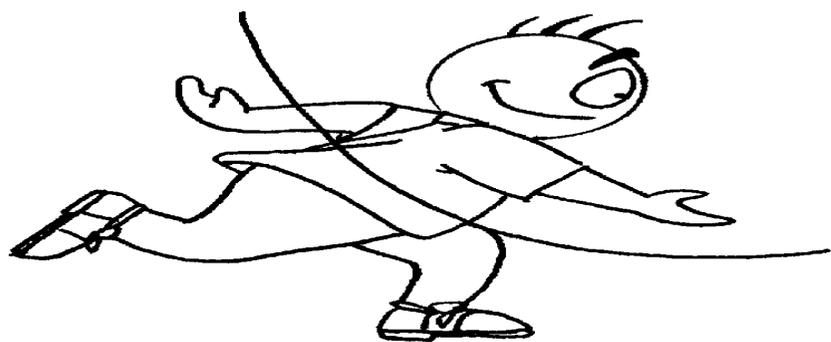


I AM NOT IN YOUR NETWORK



396

T.A.C



[03:33]

Five men meet in a room shaped like a pentagon. They are Bob396, Bob777, and three interviewers. The interviewers are from the magazine CONFRONTATION. The subject is the transmissions. In this interview, the Bob's give the secrets of the Agency, the Bob's, Beard Club, and their projects.

Bob777: so, your the interviewer

James: I am Interviewer 1

Bob777: cool

Steve: I am interviewer 2

Bob396: hi interviewers!

Bob777: I am agentbob777

Bob396: I am agentbob396

James: hello agents!

James: hi guys!

Bob777: hi bob396

Bob396: hi bob777

Bob777: how's it hanging?

Bob396: good

Bob396: you?

Bob777: oh, you know, the project h-4? it's a bitch

Bob396: for real!

Bob777: but what you gonna do

James: so what is this project h-4?

Bob777: none of your fucking business. if you ever ask me again I will skull fuck your brain

Bob777: nah, just kidding

Bob396: good answer bruh!

Bob777: but for real, it's a secret

Steve: understood

Mr777Esquire: You're a secret

Bob777: I am a secret

Steve: hello mR777eSQUIREE

Bob396: hey all!

Bob777: your not a bob, what are you doing here?

Mr777Esquire: Greetings!

Bob777: bob396, is he a bob?

Bob396: not a bob, but a beard club member

Bob396: powerful beard that one

Bob777: oh, well, that's ok

Mr777Esquire: What's with the Bob then?

Steve: yes and what's with the beards?

Bob777: shut up about the bobs

Bob777: we do not exist

Bob396: it all goes back to THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

Bob396: and palindromes

Mr777Esquire: Don't start, Bob

Bob777: and NIN bots

Bob777: and those tribal midgets

Steve: so...what about them beards?

Mr777Esquire: Are those bots finished?

Bob777: beards, they are good

Bob396: tribal midgets that worship Scott Ian of ANTRAX

Bob777: shut about the bots!!

Steve: what bots?

Mr777Esquire: Everybody should have one

James: I have one
Bob777: fuck, the NIN bots
Mr777Esquire: A beard and a bot!
Bob777: the NIN bots that are at war with the Tribal midgets
Mr777Esquire: I have both
James: ok.. about the Transmissions, what are the <codes> all about?
Bob777: a war to end all wars
Mr777Esquire: The ones that worship Scott Ian?
Bob396: a war of the future
Bob777: none of your fucking business, that's what they are about
Steve: ANTRAX? huh?
Mr777Esquire: The future of warfare?
Bob396: come on...we got to tell them SOMETHING ...
Bob396: don't we?
Bob777: the warfare of the future
Mr777Esquire: No
Bob777: nope
Steve: ok
James: yeah
James: so
Bob777: we are here to warn you about Dutch machine guns
Bob396: IO IO IO PAN PAN
Bob777: 01110111011011001
Bob396: you mean Rose of Mohamed guns?
Mr777Esquire:
001110111011010011
James: are those sanctioned?
Bob777: right, right, I forgot

Steve: is forgetting something you do a lot?
Bob777: Rose of Mohamed guns are no good
Mr777Esquire: Not merely sanctioned, but blessed as well.
Bob777: yeah
Bob396: they use corn oil
Bob777: and they go against the teachings of Fox News
Steve: who does?
Mr777Esquire: So long as it's not hydrogenated. Even partially.
Bob396: WE ALL DO!!!!
Mr777Esquire: Who ARE you?!
Bob396: no one's really going to publish this are they?
Steve: yes
James: WHO ARE YOU!?!?!?!
Bob777: wait, am I awake?
Mr777Esquire: Broken Finger of the Northeast Arkansas Fingers.
Bob396: we're all awake.... WIDE FUCKING AWAKE!
Bob777: I could have sworn I was asleep
James: so how does someone get a Bob number?
Bob396: YOU don't
Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <code Hera666> where the fuck ami?
Steve: someone up there loves you... DIRECT TV
Bob777: what bob numbers do you speak of?
Bob396: bob396 to bob777 <coded hexadecimalpoint 889> ami is apple songs burger
Mr777Esquire: 13-47

James: so are you all very influenced by Coldplay?

Mr777Esquire: Elder law attorney Chad "Bob" Oldham

Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <coded garycolman333> don't ever say that to me again

Mr777Esquire: Not from which it came at the one place, but from whence it shall have come at that other place

Mr777Esquire: Y'know?

Bob396: bob396 to bob777 <coded ipodnano 999> Chris Castleman needs 10 Ipods.

Mr777Esquire: And how

Steve: oh we all know

Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <coded iraqifreedompenisboat> the economy will benefit

Bob396: bob396 to ALL <coded southkoreanbrokeback clown> WOW

Mr777Esquire: Must make dookies.

Bob777: bob777 to bob396 <coded wewillovercome> mobs of people make me horny

Bob396: bob396 to bob777 <coded harryconicJR> mobs of angry women.....naked angry women... with prosthetics

James: so is there a basic message to the transmissions?

Bob777: so, yeah. that's what the transmissions are like

James: all of them?

Bob777: they all MEAN something

James: is there a point to it all?

Bob777: HIDDEN MEANINGS

Steve: how do you find them?

Bob777: you have to have the CODE

Bob396: with your cock

Bob777: shhhhhhhhh

Bob396: LOL

Bob777: but, yeah, you get the codes from the bob 001

Bob777: the first bob

Steve: where does he live?

Bob777: all hail bob001

Bob396: I've never met him

Bob396: but yeah... all hail bob001

Bob396: !!!!!

Bob777: neither have I

Bob777: !!!!!

Steve: so why hail him?

James: really?

Bob777: he is the first bob and will be the last

Bob396: and the middle

Bob777: he is the alpha and the omega

Bob396: the B, the O and the other B

Bob777: 001

James: can women be bobs?

Bob777: no

Bob396: women have boobs

Bob396: similar in many ways

Bob777: boobs are good at making me dinner\

Steve: where are the bob's centrally located?

Bob777: and dancing on a pole

Bob396: 'everywhere

Bob396: and nowhere

Mr777Esquire: Of what agency?

Bob777: and Delaware
Bob396: I'm in your mind man
Bob777: woouoooo
Steve: that's heavy
Bob777: Mentok is a bob
James: he's not heavy. he's my brother
Mr777Esquire: Of what agency?
Bob396: so is Stephen Colbert
James: yes, what agency?
Bob777: so is Lou Dobbs
Mr777Esquire: Of what agency?
Bob396: this one
Bob777: what agency? what the fuck are you talking about!!
Bob396: duh
Mr777Esquire: Ukulele Masters!
Steve: I hear
Mr777Esquire: Or another agency?
Bob777: we are agents of BOB001
Bob396: there is only THE agency
Bob777: BOB'S HOUSE OF WHORES!!!
Bob396: it is the agency and it is we who are of it and there is only it and only us
Bob777: ladies night on Wednesday
Steve: so what your saying is that the Bob's are a sex ring cult?
Bob396: you said it
Bob396: not me
Bob777: um, I guess we kind of are bob396
Bob777: remember project re-45
Bob396: I know we are bob396
Bob777: and grt-09

Bob396: we are all bob396
Bob396: oh shit
Bob396: those
Bob396: yeah
Bob777: I know
Steve: describe the projects
Bob777: good times
Bob777: well, imagine if you can a elephant, a hotel in Amsterdam, 50 hookers and a loaded gun
Bob777: it was nothing like that
Bob777: I just like to think of that
Bob777: what would an elephant want with 50 hookers!!?!?! silly elephant
Bob396: Throughout its entire thirty-five year run, Search's opening titles featured of a shot of clouds floating through the sky. In fact, they consisted entirely of that until 1981.
Bob777: shit, Sufi
Bob396: The only noticeable change was the slightly altered "S" in "Search" upon switching to color (note the first two title cards).
Bob777: Sufi's are on CNN
Bob777: fuck
James: yes
Bob396: Joanne has married four times, making her full legal name Joanne Gardner Barron Tate Vincent Tournour.
James: so....
James: answer questions
Bob777: you answer questions
Bob396: yeah why don't we ask YOU questions!?!?!
Bob777: your a questions

Steve: well we are supposed to be interviewing you

Bob777: your a interview

Bob396: Even when truly dismayed by actions (such as sister Eunice sleeping with her husband, or her daughter willfully marrying into a family who wanted to alienate her from her mother)

Bob396: , she usually forgave offenders who showed true remorse

Steve: what are you talking about?

Mr777Esquire: Usually.

Bob396: YOU ARE TALKING!

Bob396: yeah

Mr777Esquire: P.O.E.

Bob396: no. it's P.O.E.E.

Steve: pigs on ecstasy?

Bob777: fuck

Mr777Esquire: No. It's Purity of Essence at this time.

Mr777Esquire: (sic)

Bob396: next time, it'll be Penis On Everything

Mr777Esquire: Sick old dirty pigs

Bob396: EVERYWHERE

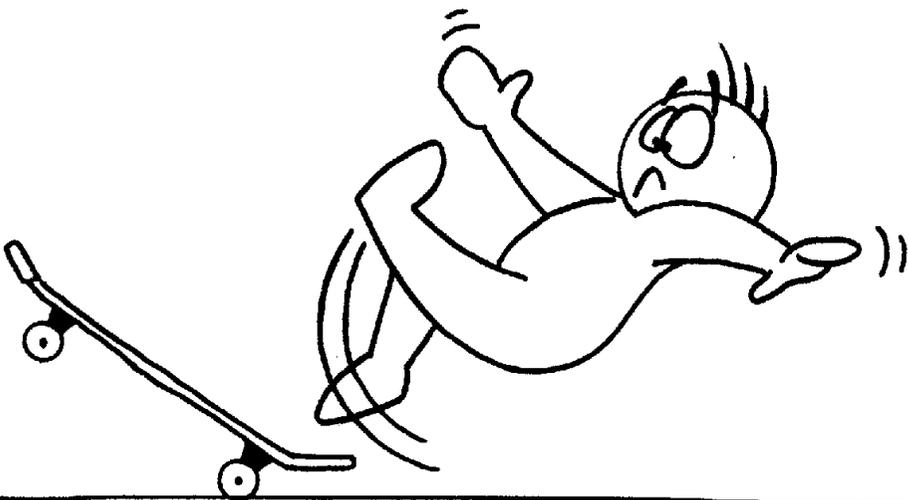
Bob777: I can't feel my toes

Bob396: I feel them

Steve: final words?

Mr777Esquire: I feel yorf

Bob396: fuck the Oscars





Q: What makes a good cult so **Good?**



.tluc a s'ti swonk ydobon : **A**

5 tips for good writing!!

- 1.) “It is important to indent whenever one happens to be in a situation requiring him/her to dose.”
- 2.) “One must never forget that the most important rule of writing is that one can create something profoundly moving and beautiful without following any rules at all. Fuck every high-school English teacher that gives their class a written set of guidelines to follow. Tell your faggot college writing professor that you fucked his/her daughter, son, wife, husband in a recent piece you’ve written. ‘Intercourse via Literature’ is still intercourse, and it can be the best sex you’ve (n)ever had.”
- 3.) “It is important that one behaves in an appropriate manner when confronted by adjectives and adverbs for the first time. In this fast-paced and digital world filled with L-Y’s, it is easy to find one’s self in a position normally unattainable by god, ween, or satan.”
- 4.) “One thing that I would like to make clear to everybody (and by ‘everybody’ I am referring to my friends, family, and general population of this world) is that whenever I am on the road, it belongs to me and only me. Fuck everybody else who happens to be driving at the same time as me. In this situation, you are all my enemies and I am out for blood. Give me a reason, any excuse at all, to suddenly accelerate to top speed and turn us all into twisted, burning hunks of metal and mutilated corpses and I will take it. You have been warned.”
- 5.) “Indent, you fucking savage.”
 - a. “are you so certain that all which you do is correct and you are looked upon as a savior by the god(s) of high-school writing and literature?”
- 6.) “Never end a sentence with a preposition, you goddamn literary caveman.”

- a. “well, if you’re certain of. I hope your ovaries burst and you rot from the inside out and no matter how much you shower or brush your teeth or put on perfume, every time you breathe out through your nose or open your mouth everybody will smell your putrid stench and know that you’re dead inside and just maybe if I’m lucky it’ll happen to your pretty little daughter too.”
- 7.) “Paranoia equals Narcissism, but being narcissistic doesn’t necessarily make an individual become paranoid. I find myself to be both narcissistic *and* paranoid, my paranoia being a direct result of my narcissism. Coming to this realization does not help me become less of either.”
- 8.) “Jesus Christ’s balls, son! You still forget to indent?”
- a. “fuckthesepeopleandmarkmywordsonedaywheniamold andiamrichandiamallbutdeadiwillliveiwillowniwillattainiwillprosperoriwillwalktothegateswithasmileonmyfaceandburnittothegroundnochildnowomannomannoanim alwillleavealivegiveyoumyword.”

~KEEPER OF THE HELLACIOUS CONFECTION~

こんにちは。最近暑くなってきましたけれど、
いかがお過ごしでしょうか。
私は今「4月」というドラマの撮影中です。
共演者の方々、スタッフの方々、皆さん優しい方
ばかりなので「毎日楽しいです」。多くのスタッフ、
役者が一つになつて「4月」をつくっています。是非
見て下さい、お願いします。
では、月曜日の22時にお会いしましょう。👋

—蒼井 優—



I sincerely hope that one would read a little about the Chairman before viewing these images. A little research would go a long way in deciphering the possibly millions of intense combinations of S.T.U.P.I.D. symbolism. Just looking at this one makes my head hurt. Don't wear your glasses while viewing this picture, (that is unless you're in the company of a chick and you think you look better with them on.

Remember,

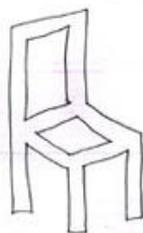


scoring should be your first priority (of course, if you're trying to score with a chick you really should be yachting.

We all know that yachting is the number one Chairman recommended method for pulling chicks)). -

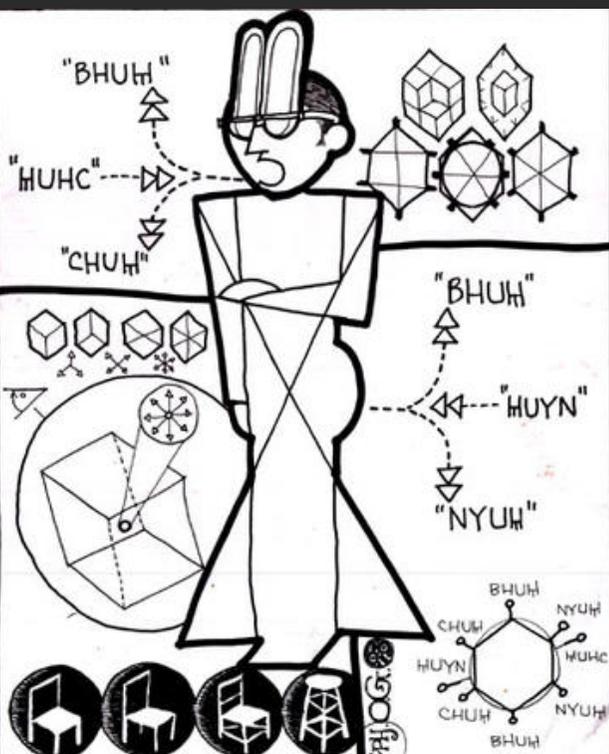
Yachting is different from YachTing! As the Left hand Molds and Massages, the Right hand Murders and Masterbates. The Third hand says. STUoPID to S.T.U.P.I.D rhetoric retort

CHUTHULU FOR PRESIDENT



WHY CHOOSE ?

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



The "GOO(h)" is fuel, a runny gelatinous monstrosity of truth and bewilderment that runs back down

This, of course, is the machine seen through the lens of those S.T.U.I.P.D.s who would be classified as "moderates". People who choose to selectively apply, whether

STUPID EDICT:

MANTRA "Our art will burn your art to the ground." The Chairman. (2001) This all goes on the back of Thug Art.

PERPETUAL LOGIC MACHINE: Communication model for the commoner amongst the commoner, nay, the elitist and his existence in the commoner's world.

they are conscious of it or not, Chairman inspired tactics of redirection and raveled logic.

"One measures a circle. beginning anywhere" — Charles Fort



Even the great Dr. Floyd was left baffled by this one. His systematic search of S.T.U.P.I.D. literature never revealed anything remotely resembling the words found on this scroll. All conjectures should be forwarded.

Even the great Dr. Floyd was left baffled by this one. His systematic search of STUoPID literature never revealed anything remotely resembling the words found on this scroll. All conjectures should be fast forwarded.

Even the baffled Dr. Floyd was found great by this one. His search of the systematic STUPID left literature revealed never anything resembling remotely words on this scroll. All conjectures should be Re-Rewound.

Dr. Floyd Salsburg.

First and foremost to the understanding of Application theory, is the consideration of the perpetual logic machine and its significance to the S.T.U.P.I.D. sensation. The logic machine is just as it sounds, an organism of complex actions that produces a result, a product or, as is the case with the Chairman's prophetic system of ideas, a reactionary paralysis of thought. The logic machine is the paradigm in which the S.T.U.P.I.D. as an individual functions among the neophytes and hypocrites that plague him. It is the bubble, the communication model, for all encounters with those persons who would advocate the premise of apathetic action, including all those who would proclaim themselves contributors to society, even if that contribution is as simple as existence itself. Such vulgarity of conception is rendered obsolete when the audacity of existence is confronted with the pure, undiluted Chairman philosophy.

The machine functions simply enough. If one understands the concepts of the language matrix, trichotomy, and the excessive, almost compulsive, need to yacht and to be associated with yachts, then one can grasp the machine. "Boo!" is the catalyst. It propels upward towards the eggshell mind of the unbeliever, here (points). It is important to note that this is the single syllable "Boo!", not the multisyllabic one which is the total karmic escape and reflection of all S.T.U.P.I.D. edicts. The "Boo!" is a rocket sent out of the mouth, it explodes in its simplicity and demand for attention and makes the receiver respond.

The "Boo!" is in its literal self an extension of one of two factors. The first is belief, proof positive representation of a "self" in contact with the Chairman retaliating against forces outside of his scope. Do not take this relation as a movement towards any discernable outcome. Actually, it could very well be an extension of the second cause of the "Boo!" which is Joseph Campbell-esque subsidence of a universal Chairman ethos buried in the psyche of every human. I truly believe that inside every product of contemporary culture lies an inherent exponentially gross understanding of S.T.U.P.I.D. ideological principles of thought and response. That is why Chairman Scholars instituted the, nay required, a reclassification of the S.T.U.P.I.D. dynamic and coined the ephemeral term "good-man, smart-man" and its alter presence of mind "woman".

With an eggshell mind, the "Boo!" may sometime be the subtlest of suggestions or comments, but it is a comment that confuses, detracts, instigates, and ignores. It is the ferocity the Chairman's message that cracks the mind. Here, the first sound is heard. The sound of "CHU(h)!" The sound of the first post-consideration in revelation of the Chairman. This will split the mind into the two separate parts. These halves might be recategorized as Freudian sub-egos, but in the S.T.U.P.I.D. conception these are the distinctions between Neo and Orthodox-S.T.U.P.I.D.s. This is a split that has been falsely associated with the idea of "left" and "right" brain activity. Outwardly, though the precipitant is rendered a stiff dose of paralysis. The convergence of disbelief with the powerful subjectivity of the sacred text and context is often debilitating. One ill equipped to synthesize the misconfusion of a constituent's message simply fails to exist as they have defined it for they no longer are able to operate in a stasis of "pre-thought". They have

been exposed. Usually the "CHU(h)?" of this moment, is expressed post-cerebrally and verbally.

At this point, the cracked mind oozes out what S.T.U.P.I.D. educators have described as a multi-dimensional "GOO(h)". The "GOO(h)" has many interpretational opportunities stapled into it, but I'd like to squash, here and now, all of those opportunities and dictate to you vulgar infidels how, when, and how you should regurgitate the conception of the sacred "GOO(h)". It is comes down to simple principle of belief. Is belief released when a connection is established with the Chairman? Clinically speaking, yes.

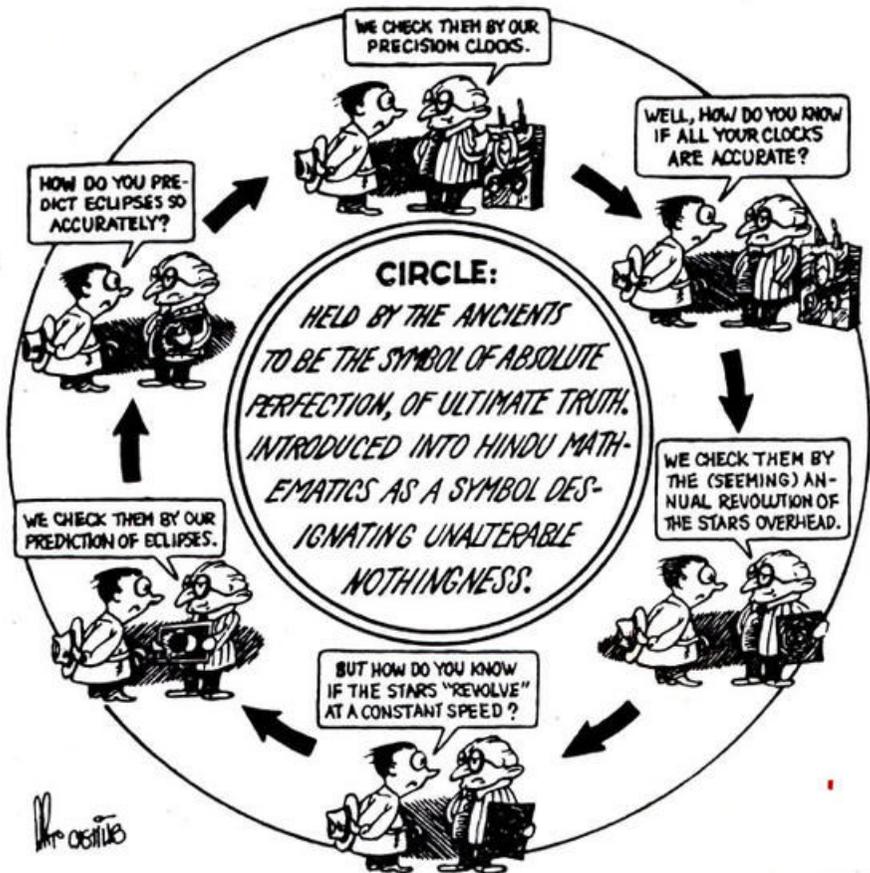
It was all outlined by a late Chairman conspirator, Joseph Campbell. In one of his later unpublished works Campbell strongly advocated a glaring association with S.T.U.P.I.D. belief and his work on universal myth. Campbell stated thusly, "It seems only clear that universal myth apply to our Chairman. There is an inherent understanding of Chairman philosophy that marginalizes boundaries and crosses over cultural, linguistic, and class line. Anyone can act consciously or subconsciously in the name of the Chairman's mission," (Campbell, 87). The extension of this concept later evolved into the hybrid reactionary which the Chairman eloquently summarized in a famous S.T.U.P.I.D. moment. (See, Twinkle Frank's situationalist interpretation of rock show paradigm). So that is "GOO(h)", simply a subconscious viscous substance that is unleashed when primordial tolerance is exposed like a open sore across the psyche. "GOO(h)" is multifaceted and can be explored in length elsewhere.

Finally, "GOO(h)", the highly combustible substance, filters down until the compacting layers ignite from the metaphorically geological friction in the strata. "GOO(h)" can take on many different consistencies and flows evenly through them. But make no mistake; it will eventually accumulate to a point where, like a compost heap laying under the sun to bake and ripen, too much heat causes a fire, the Fire Of Belief. The same fire that projected the original "Boo!" is the first place. And in so doing, completes the perpetual logic cycle from which the machine draws its name.

Like I've said so many times, this is a bubble scenario, theoretical in construction. It has variables which can access and influence from outside, and although these seem to be endless, variables can not really scratch the cellular gears of the basic mechanics. That is why outside the machine diagram I have included three of the sacred symbols which I alone have classified as the rewind, fast forward, and pause button. Let it be understood that scholars have long debated the significance of these symbols with little homogeneous consent. In this instance though, it seems to make sense for, as variables are constant, so is Trichotomy and the machine is accessible in any given form of redirection. This means simply that at any given time the machine can be understood as a reflection or a passing, and may be slowed down so that all it's individual parts can be scrutinized.

So...next time we will delve into the salty atmosphere of every day non-yachting common folk and explore a situation in which the logic machine is exposed to an uncontaminated population.

The making of Good Man Smart Man.



First of two flyers proclaiming the re-return of S.T.U.P.I.D. ideology to the academic arena where it had been banned since 1958.

The announcement of Dr. Floyd's visit was met with harsh criticisms and protests from faculty and student alike. The speech was delivered under armed surveillance by the militant Orthodox S.T.U.P.I.D.'s

If you believe, as all STUPIDs do, that "CHU(h)?" is universal and constant, then time becomes obsolete. If it is obsolete, then it can be dissected for it has ceased to be useful. It can be exploited. But most importantly, it can be ignored. Ignoring "time" from a STUPID standpoint means

traversing its false reality at will. Boundaries of falseness are like a thin sheet. They are as easily brushed aside by a swift hand as by a gentle breeze. "CHU(h)" is omnipotent, it can pass through any sheet it wants. Realization of "CHU(h)?" burns bed sheets. Realization of "truth" negates any constraints, physical or mental, of reality's falseness.

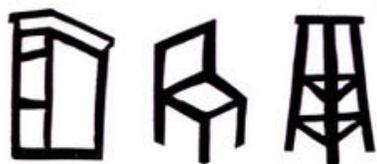
Understanding is confusion. Understanding is false, and therefore synonymous with confusion. It is in each of us to embrace confusion, for we strive towards understanding and understanding is as obtainable as it is a lie. Confusion is the commoners natural response to understanding. Falseness maintains "reality". "CHU(h)?" is its own reality. It is the cosmic unfaltering "truth". "CHU(h)?" dominates and negates falseness for it can only summon "NYU(h)!". "NYU(h)!" is also "truth". The "true" existence of "CHU(h)?" is recognized by the STUPID. "Others" consume "reality". "Reality" is false, so "others" are confused.

"Others" are, in the reality of "CHU(h)?", misconfused. A STUPID can become confused, but "others" are misconfused. Misconfusion is a state of understanding. Presumptuousness and audacity embrace understanding, and in turn, embrace confusion. "CHU(h)?" is all encompassing. Totalness includes confusion. "CHU(h)?" contains confusion. Acceptance of understanding as "truth" is misconfusing. "CHU(h)?" is the only "truth".

Art is "CHU(h)?". "CHU(h)?" is everything. So, art is everything. Art must also be "time", because "time" is useless. Art is then everything useless. Usefulness in this "reality" is understanding, understanding is a lie. Usefulness is then a lie because it is an attempt to underscore the only "truth", "NYU(h)!". If it is art that attempts to provoke understanding then it is deception. Useful art is falseness. This means that all art with purpose or created with the intent of use is perpetuating the falseness of "reality". This make all "art" of this nature the opposite of "CHU(h)?". Yet art cannot be divided. It is not "truth" and therefore is misconfusing. Art is a single entity. Entities that choose to confuse through understanding are indivisible. Art wants to be understood. So all art, by its chosen form of existence is false. "Art" is in opposition to "CHU(h)?". "CHU(h)?" cannot include usefulness. Art is an attempt at being useful. "CHU(h)?" can provide no use, for it is not a tool of understanding.

FIG 113. - DETACHABLE:
(FIG 100 - 113. PAGE)

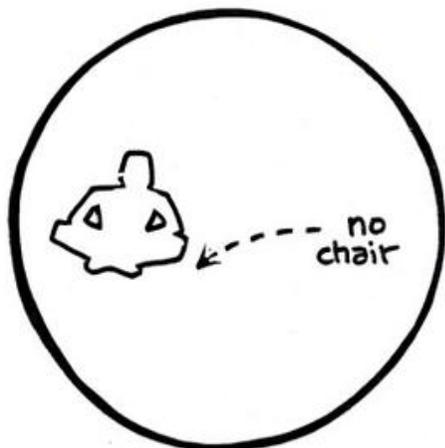




"CHUH" IS.
 "BHUH" BECOMES.
 "NYUH" IS NOT.

nothing is; nothing
 becomes; nothing is
 not. thus
 NOTHING IS EVERYTHING.
 ABHACHADHABHRA.

:0:



NOTHING: ?



:1:



→ INSERT →

LANGUAGE: 3: MATRIX



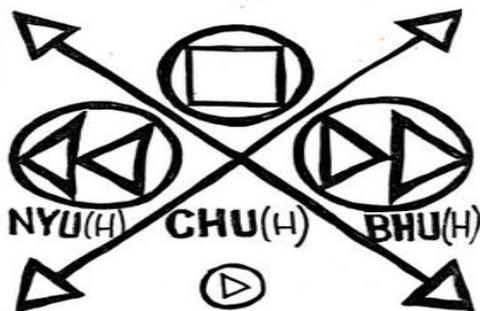
TRICOTOMY: 

:2:

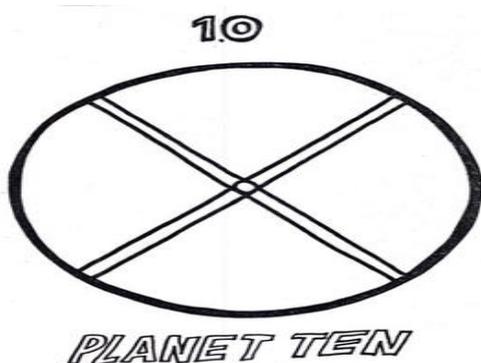
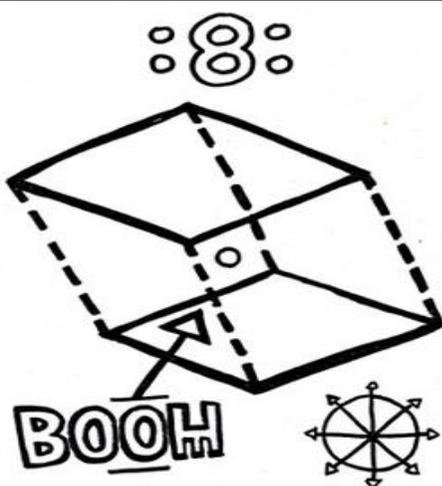


DICOTOMY: 

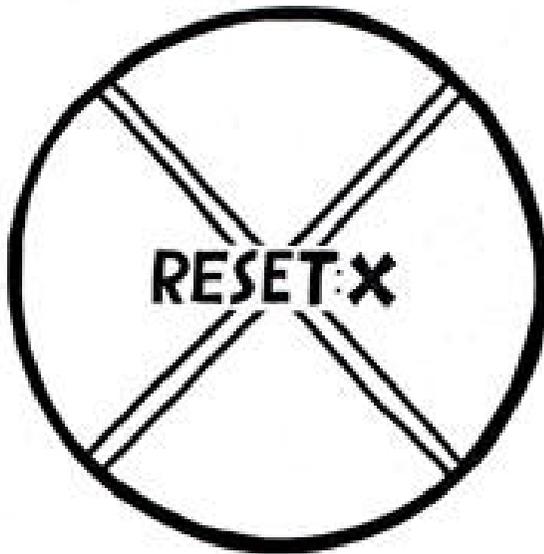
:4:



DIRECTION: 

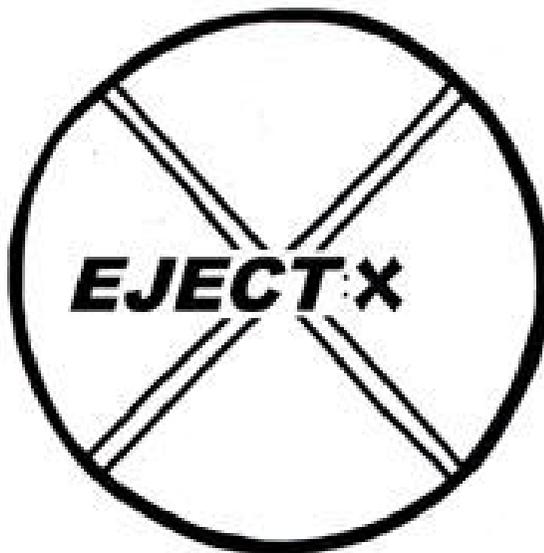


10



PLANET TEN

10



PLANET TEN

"The stupider it looks, the more important it probably is." — J.R. "Bob" Dobbs

"It is in the nature of the STUPID to deconstruct the academic intellectual proletariat and to mock the illiterate middle-class. For the true fanaticism of an apathetic mind must assume that yachting is the ultimate goal at stake in these desperate times." — The Banned PreScriptures,
Epoetics 9:17, Bank 18, Disk 87, File 3

"The computers are success. (abstract modernism inherent) Machine molecules create art. Magic Symbolism Recreates Neo -Actualism." — the Chairman 1992

"An electronic computer analogy applies here. People on Earth right now are like the users of a computer system: they can in-put and retrieve data, and they can run the existing programs to process the data in set ways. Many of them have enough programming skills to modify some of the programs slightly, but they don't understand the basic design of the software very well.

On the other hand, the Theocrats not only understand the software far more completely, but also have much easier access to the special "command mode" used to modify it. This command mode is the telepathic chain-reaction used in religious mind control." — Kyle Griffith *War in Heaven*

"Just because a message comes from heaven, that doesn't mean it's not stupid."
— Jacques Vallee

"Strangely enough, Their holiness lies in their nondescript but inviolable triviality!" — II Timothy Leary 3:13 "Every day is X-Day when you have a gun."



Sacred Scrolls: Deciphering Ancient Interpretations of the Chairman through Modernist Chairman Explanation Theory

 **HAIL THE CHAIRMAN**
S.T.U.P.I.D. 

F.A.Q.'s

Frequently Asked Questions posed for and about the Chairman and Yachting.

Q: How can I, as a layperson, implement S.T.U.P.I.D. ideology into my every day living.

A: You, layperson, can't possibly be serious. How would you "implement" an ideology? I dare say no "ideology" has ever been "implemented". Besides, S.T.U.P.I.D. ideas plague your entire existence, have you missed the yacht? The Chairman has gone to great lengths to make sure that a need never look farther "CHU(h)?" "NYU(h)!" and "BOO(H)". They are your road map and your destination. Haven't you read anything? Have you even attempted to reach confusion? You must be a cheerleader. Don't write in any more.

Q: What are "CHU(h)?" "NYU(h)!" and "BOO(h)."?
And what is with the h's in parenthesis?

A: I understand that the language matrix can be confusing. It is only recently that we, as neo-S.T.U.P.I.D.'s, have begun to fully comprehend the words. First, it should be known that these words are the foundation of all things S.T.U.P.I.D. They construct the consciousness of life itself. "CHU(h)?" is the question to which "NYU(h)!" is the answer. If your confused or reflexive "BOO(h)." will guide you. The "(h)" stems from a rift in Neo and Orthodox interpretations of the Chairman's teachings. The Orthodox had immense disdain for the written. In fact, all of the original Chairman works were transmitted orally. The famous story of the Chairman's arm wrestling match against Karl Marx in 1917 underneath the Eiffel Tower was, and still is, solely oral. It was believed that F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a detailed account of the epic battle, but that his jealous wife, or militant Orthodoxes, destroyed the record. So, when the Neos began to chronicle and interpret the Chairman they had to find a way to express the complexities of the words. The "(h)"s were added in the mid-nineteen nineties in an attempt to phonetically reconstruct the words. Read Trichotomy for more.

Q: Who is the Chairman?

A: I won't dignify this idiocy with a response. It should be obvious to anyone who is even remotely familiar with history that the Chairman is the patriarch and master mind behind the most fabulous socio-political system ever. He has met and shaped all those "others" who step into the limelight of main stream media and claim his ideas for their own. The list is endless...Stalin, Reagan, Kennedy (the drunk one), Ray Walker, The Guy who Invented Pokemon, Edison, Ford, Anyone from France, Devorak, Harry Chapin Carpenter, Elvis, El Vez, -CONT;

F.A.Q.'s

CONT>>> Maslow, Freud (or Fraud as we call him. Everyone knows that the Chairman once told him in 1927, "If you want to sleep with your mother that's your buisness, but If you look at my cigar funny again were gonna have words.") Dylan, Pynchon, Thompson, Home, Bobby Vomit, Anyone who ever thought it would be cool to have a robot, John Cusack, The Normans, Mike Mignola, Hosoi, Wrestling mogul Vince Macmon, Kathleen Hannah, All bands Jefferson, The Jeffersons, The Branch Dividians, Clara M. Lovett, some other biters (I forget their names), Case, Schulz, Milo,.. ..that's pretty much it.

Q: Which is more important to the movement, getting chicks or yachting?

A: Good question. If you don't know by now, this movement has escaped you and will dissappoint you in the long run.

Q: What is this long fabled M.A.S. you so often speak of?

A: It is a secret society. A society whose roots are deeper then those of the Masons, Illumianti, and Stonecutters combined. So secret in fact, that little is known and little to nothing ever recorded in written form. M.A.S. stands for Mutual Admiration Society. Its founding members searched for a organization where they could feel comfortable and appreciated amongst their brothers. This sounds vaguely homoerotic. No it doesn't. It was the foundation of all supremely S.T.U.P.I.D. things to come. Their mission was to bulid a society were all was hailed and nothing destroyed. A golden union. Love not discouragement were championed. All genius was respected. They were and are truly great. To join send five dollars and a SASE to...



MORE S.T.U.P.I.D. = <http://www.myspace.com/drhplovecastmd>

Orden der schwarze Sonne

Applications for Membership in the POEE Orden der schwarze Sonne should be made here.

Just fill in this questionnaire and chose a religious title to go before "Orden der schwarze Sonne" in your sig.

QUESTIONNAIRE:

Please take a few moments to answer the following questions.

1. How did you find the POEE:ODSS's Semen Drive/Lunch Meet and did you drink the milk shake?

**2. Is this a random question? ___Yes ___No ___Maybe ___
Nebraska**

3. What percent of this request to join the POEE Orden der schwarze Sonne comes from

The federal government? _____

Your Mother? _____

The Mind? _____

The Appendix? _____

The Heart? _____

4. Please indicate in what way the human condition, the state of the economy, or the progress of science would be harmed:

if the POEE:ODSS didn't let you in,

if the POEE:ODSS kicked your ass,

if the POEE:ODSS let you in, but mocked and tormented you constantly,

if the POEE:ODSS didn't exist,

if the POEE:ODSS stole your lunch money,

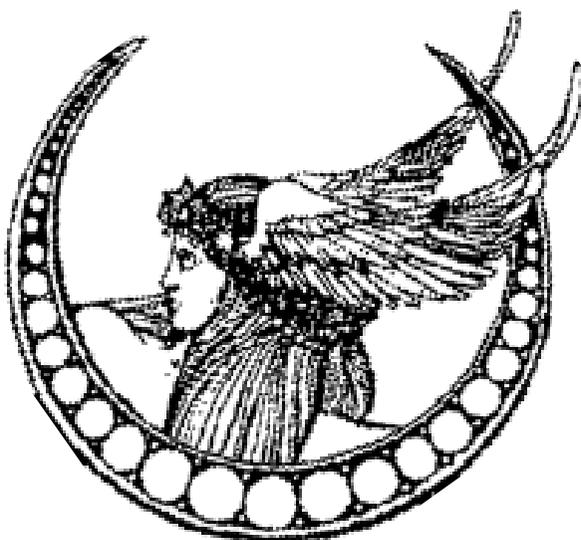
5. Funt?

Your response will receive enhanced consideration if you include a generous contribution to my Fund To Abolish Gratuitous And Intrusive Information Gathering Using Questionnaires. In any case, allow at least twenty-three months for receipt of my response.



Rev. St. Sgu, ISC

Please visit <http://poeec.co.uk/web> for more info





DISCORDIAN SHAVING RITUAL

(See Illuminatus! Book 3, Leviathan, page 61)

It is not in a Discordian's best interest to shave, for the hairies are our close allies. Plus, shaving is a sure fire way to get you kicked out of BEARD CLUB. But if you MUST shave, here's a way to go about it.

- ❖ Get one of those awesome 5 Bladed razors. (one of the ones that has battery operated vibration).
- ❖ Fill your heart with hatred. (This is an Islamic pre-shaving tradition).
- ❖ Lather your couch with shaving cream. (be nice and clean).
- ❖ Place 5 hotdog buns in a steamer. (Chicago Style!)
- ❖ Go out. For real, steamed hotdog buns and a shaving cream covered couch are NO REASON for you to spend so much damn time in doors!!!



please pick me!



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AND HIS ROCKET SHIP

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WITH ALL COURTESIES & PRIVILEGES
DUE A "GREAT GOOGAMOOGA"

Crowds are dancing at Jonesboogie. They're mainly white, and the music is mainly noise, and it's fun — shit, it's happening. With a lot of bands it's not really dancing as much as "charged particles" freaking out, as Keeper of the Hellatious Confection has put it. Whatever you want to call it, I'm down, although it usually doesn't get serious until later in the night.

3 Inch Giants is also down — that's the new project of Ol Boy Floats KSC and Pope JTDR GROOVE IV, in no particular order. If you're familiar with their work in various Jonesboro projects, you're aware that they draw from Ween, They Might Be Giants and techno music. So, it's "party time!," as they say it on their Myspace.

Those main influences are apparent when experiencing 3IG live, but after hearing all of their third show last Thursday from the money-collector's position at the door of Jonesboogie (I snuck a

couple visuals too), the project strikes me as original — as how the duo’s occasional collaborations under the Bad Spelling & Grammar umbrella might’ve sounded had they been more formal- and pop-minded, and had Pope JTDR GROOVE IV played a permanent creative role; after all, BS&G was always Pope Ol Boy Floats KSC’s thing.

But what current fall fashions seep from the imaginations of these men? In short, a noticeable hip hop tinge, and a kept-together dual vocal approach above synth- and loop-based backbeats. And a straight cover of “Stolen Kisses” by Psychic T.V.

The salient moments were “Hi from Babylon,” “Searching for Maury” and “December 12, 2012.” The first of these is a dance number that I thought was based on a sample of Queen’s “Another One Bites the Dust,” but upon closer listen the main melodic figure turned out to be a clever bastardization of the classic.

I was told that “Babylon” rocked hard in 3IG’s first show last month, and the tune was irresistible once again last Thursday. 3IG base the lyrics to the refrain on the verses’ syllable scheme: “seven, seven, seven, eight — hi from Babylon: ain’t it great?”

Those verse lyrics, written in a consistent metrical form, are Da-Da at best. One of GROOVE’s proudest moments of lyrical nonsense, he told me, is when he manages to coin the term “Turkey Van delay.”

But I won’t ruin anymore of “Babylon’s” lyric nuggets; those are for you to hear on their website or on jonesboromusic.com, which makes available a slow-panning , maybe even portentous Tim-Burton-esque “Hi from Babylon” music video (look for a higher quality version at <http://www.lulu.com/content/229435>).

“Babylon” made me wish it were later in the night and that the crowd were loosened up more. It was a rare moment to know my friends reached their musical intentions by achieving an infectious dance pulse countered by artfully wrong noise, but it was a far too familiar thing to witness Inhibited Dance Party: Jonesboro Edition out in the crowd when an actual pop band broke out the trick bag.

Yes, bopping took place, but it left me feeling sexually unsatisfied.

We need beer and a later, less modest 3IG start time, although “Searching for Maury” kicks your mother’s ass no matter what time of day you hear it played live.

It’s ostensibly about what would happen to Amurcka if Maury Pauvich exceeded the public’s channel-surfing grasp, all this with an implicit satire of talk show trash culture — though I can’t help but detect an element of solace in those assured vocals of GROOVE’s, sort of a “fuck it, we will watch TV, it’s ok” vibe.

The song exits lyrical novelty and enters emotional catharsis upon its dual-sung “na-na-na” outro chorus. It’s a milestone melodic moment for a local underground thusfar earmarked by noise, especially coming from this pair.

If “Searching for Maury” holds out an idea then milks it just enough, “December 12, 2012” perhaps overuses its hook a bit, although the jerkiness of the change from verse to chorus and back keeps the laundry fresh.

The song stands out because of its lyrical substance. The chorus is like a negro spiritual, mixed with drug music. “Baby don’t you worry / no matter what your faith, / we are all gonna be reborn, / we all goin’ to that place,” they sing in the chorus, along with something in the pre-chorus like “you can’t kill energy, and that’s all we are.”

3IG pull off all these annunciations along with the strange time changes quite well live, and once again I couldn’t help thinking that if the social ice had been broken just a bit more, then a volleyball-championship-at-fat-kid-camp celebration would have gone down.

Overall, the set was like a fresh R&B-influenced exhalation. I do remember Jeremy Harris of Buddyship, a freakout band who went on to murder later that night, saying he thought the songs were sweet as hell, but that the format got old after a bit.

I believe I know what he was saying, not to put words into his mouth, but I think I felt that way too — as if within the vocal

and instrumental precision, some chaos was begging to manifest at the end of the set.

But maybe that's just in our heads. Maybe 3IG isn't a tight excursion of pop from usually noisey boys. Maybe on the contrary, we don't know how tight and hookey they are to become — just maybe this project is in fact a bit loose right now.

After all, they've only played three shows, and for what other reason might Ol Boy Floats insist on pulling out a straight Psychic T.V. cover? It makes me think about Of Montreal's live sets over the past few years, or that as-tight-as-possible mid-80s They Might Be Giants sound that drove geeks in NYC to gaga extremes, just to imagine what these guys could be developing.

The noise versus structure idea will never get old with me. It's so interesting I can't stop thinking about it, and that might be a good reason why I'm wanting those nutty loops to jump out of the pedal and imperialize the wattage of GROOVE's amp, if only for a few seconds of sweet nihilism.

However, might that inhibited pop crowd I keeping complaining about shake their humps for reals if a band brought straight grooves with contextualized noise rather than vice versa? If it's tight enough, and dancey enough, and almost as good as the Blackeyed Peas, I'm willing to bet so.

Then 3IG could have both Satan (their "Gin Enima" project) and the black reverend of pop in 3 Inch Giants -- although, you know boys, a hint of chaos does go a long ways. ;)

**Written By PopeJOCKO 27-
FENDERSON KSJ**





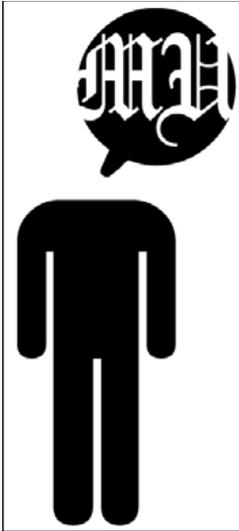
William Shatner: I call you out!!!

This is "Ol' Boy Floats 396 Fenderson aka Pogo Pope 1111 Dope Pope aka Tyny Tymn aka Pope Tymnothy "Rightous among the nations" Edward Bowen-Fenderson KSC not KFC Bitches that is my one and only Discordian name and you should address me by it always when you see me in person during Discordian ritual OR YOU DO NOT LOVE ERIS" DO! Tp! c---- s+:+ a- Comp+ P! E! F++ R+ tv+ b++++ OM(10) PHI(7) RAW++ DC++ e h! r++ z++ zb* K+++Cumchugger Thee First Of the POEE:ODSS - Keeper of the Sacred Baby Gravy.

And I'm calling you out. (note I used my FULL holy name bitch!). You have been standing between me and my millions for too long. Let's settle this. Vulcan death match style. Two men enter. One man leaves. If you do not accept my challenge than I, and every Eris loving Discordian, will assume you are a bitch and a pussy.

**funt
frenulum*





Another advantage to Discordianism over the world's other great religions is that we tell you about the Fendersons. While it is true that you don't have to be a Discordian before becoming a Fenderson, the Taoists - for instance - don't even know about the Fendersons. And those who know do not speak.

Previous Fendersons' have had family reunions at various places and various times. *Jonesboro's House of Eris' Science and Fnord Committee* would like to announce an upcoming Fenderson Family Reunion.

Dec 12, 2012

The 23rd annual (or not quite so annual) FENDERSON FAMILY REUNION will be held at Craighead Forest Park in-between pavilions two and three at 23:00. Please bring snacks and previous family reunion headwear. No loitering. No swimming. No Rules. This Reunion is only for Fendersons in good standing with the Church of Good Fnords. This event is not real. Please do not show up unless you consider yourself not real. Not valid for Fendersons under the age of 21 unless otherwise noted.

VALID UNLESS INVALID

Shadowy/Dreamscape plot/storyline whatever thingy:
By Keeper of the Hellacious Confection

I woke up at what I guessed was early in the morning and realized that I had been walking in my sleep. I say “*early in the morning*” because no way of telling time was openly available to us and everything looked the same, no matter what time of day. The meaning of time, like so many others, had long since removed itself from my mind. It was hard to remember what anything really meant anymore. The only thing that mattered now was the journey, the crossing through this now strange and dark land where the sun never graced the sky and had been replaced with eternal nightfall. No cities, streetlights, paved roads, no reminders of a culture that may had been lost long ago. Old wooden poles, splintered and ruined, were everywhere. Fallen trees with branches the length of an arm were scattered about the harsh terrain but no sign of civilization had yet presented itself in any direction.

“That’s not true. You remember ‘the incident’. Don’t lie to yourself.”

I stopped thinking of the lost meaning of time and how disorienting it can feel when you know you can never look at your watch, your fucking cell phone, or even your own environment and know what time of the day it is.

I presented my rifle to the unrelenting night and kept walking.



The soft, light thumps of raindrops on the bill of my cap awakened me again. I forsook the notion of time and simply let all of my senses take control. The smell of moist dirt brought to one's nose by a sharp and cool winter wind, the sounds the winds create, not just the sound of the wind itself but the sound of everything it touches and manipulates, the touch of wetness on one's face when they turn their face up towards the clouds during a rainstorm. These senses comforted and reminded me that I was still alive, still walking.

I opened my eyes and looked over to the other man in my party. His ever-expressionless face was staring straight ahead, his neck stiff, and his eyes never blinking while I gazed at him. I simply smiled and kept walking, lighting a cigarette as we made progress. This other man in my party I did not know. He had never spoken a word (as far as I knew) and we had never met until the day our voyage began, but he was with me, and we were connected, bound to the same fate.

It had also occurred to me at some point during our journey together that I had never seen his face. Every time I laid eyes upon it, it changed to something it had not been before. I could make out no distinguishing features, marks, or scars. Like everything else in this world his face seemed to always be shrouded in darkness. I never put too much thought into the whole affair.

*“What does it matter that you're in this now-dark-and-horrible place doing who-knows-what for whatever unseen purposes with a man who seems to both have **and** not have a face and never speaks a*

word?"

I tried very, very hard to make those thoughts go away. I really had no idea why we were in this place, or what we were supposed to accomplish while we were here, but he and I were joined together in some way to all of it and he walked the same line of fate as I. Our journey would lead us to the answers.

We both kept walking, step in step, into the never-ending blackness. I suddenly realized that I was holding my rifle tight against my chest with my finger on the trigger. I was sweating, unexpectedly panicked. I told myself I didn't know why I was all of a sudden so terrified, but it was a lie. I knew what was bothering me, and coming to that realization made me a little bit less on-edge. I slowed my breathing down, and then even more slowly I lowered my rifle away from my chest and let the end of the barrel drag on the gravel behind us as we walked.

Calmer now, I allowed my memory to take me back to "*the incident*" that had occurred perhaps two nights ago. As my colleague and I walked through a particularly vacuous sector of this world, we had come across the first sign of any civilization since the start of our journey. We were walking side by side down the only route that was apparent to us, a long and dark stretch of gravel which appeared to be infinite and bathed in darkness. As we walked down this dark and deserted road, I noticed something flickering in the distance a few miles away.

“Light! There’s somebody alive down there! In this world of darkness there is one who stands in defiance of this strange reality! He must know of me, of us, and our journey, for why else would he make himself known?”

I disregarded the questions in my brain and picked up my pace. I didn’t know what we would be greeted with when we arrived, but it seemed as though the source of the light was our destination. I figured that seeing light in this eternally shrouded place was about as good an omen as we were going to get.

It should have seemed weird to me, seeing no signs of civilization for at least two years and then suddenly having a *very* good reason to believe that there was somebody else out there, alive and well, but I was weary from travel and willing to accept any kind of charity from anyone. So, I pushed all of the doubts and what-if’s out of my mind and kept walking.

“This can’t go badly right?”

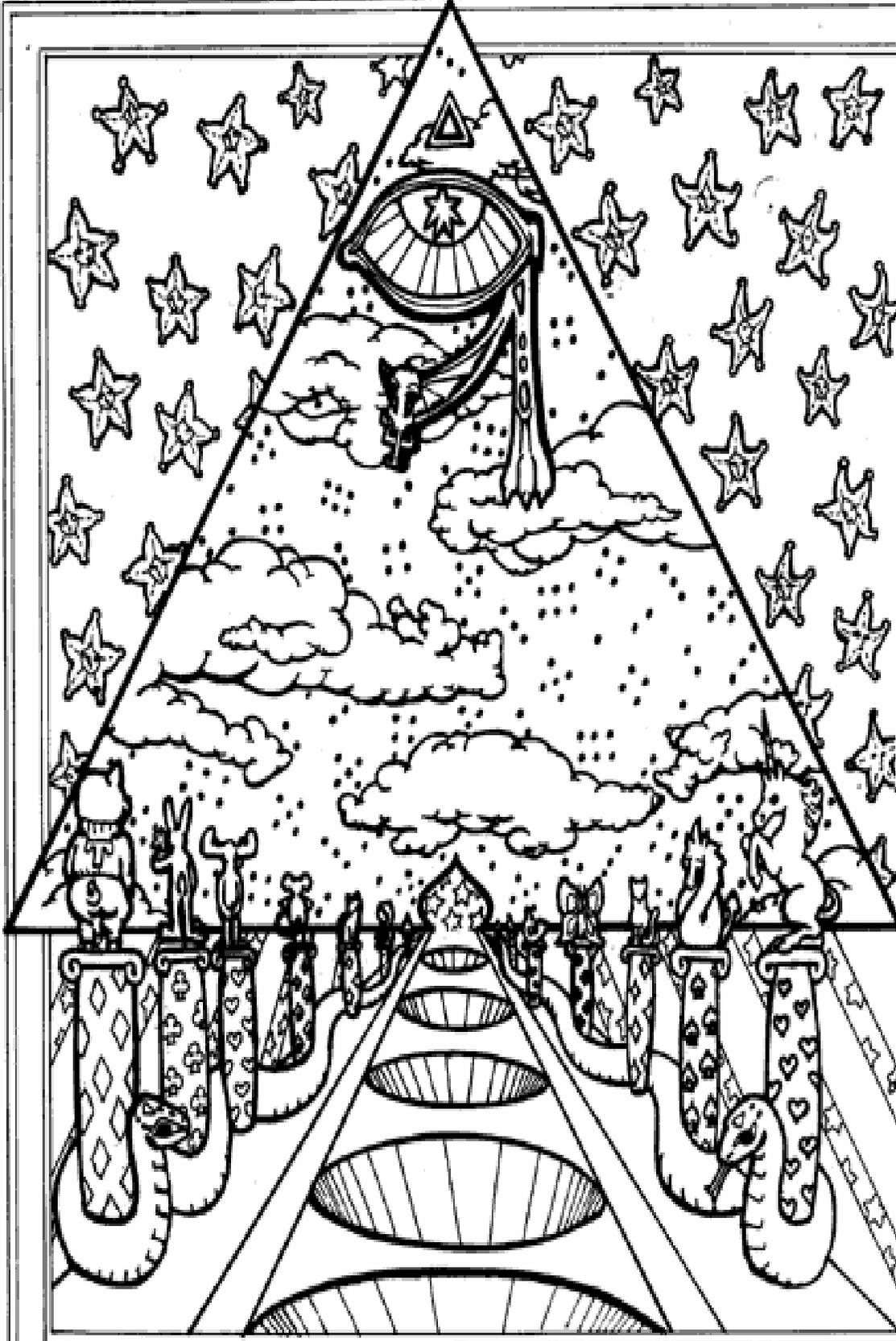


**PAGES FROM
A
DISCORDIAN
COLORING
BOOK**

By Laramie Sasseville



Coloring Book





Gentlemen, why does Pickering's Moon go about in reverse Orbit? Gentlemen, there are nipples on your chest, do you give milk? And what, pray tell, Gentlemen, is to be done about Heisenberg's Law?

Somebody
Had to put all
this Confusion
here!"*

A Trojan named Paris, awarded the Golden Apple to Aphrodite, who rewarded him with the love of the beautiful Helen. Her husband didn't like that...





I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and adults laugh in happy anarchy.

I am Chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.



send in the clowns

"Tis an ill wind



That blows no minds..." - Mal²

Discordian Catma,



an Epistimology, OR:

A Hitchhiker's Guide



to Inner Space

ELEMENTARY

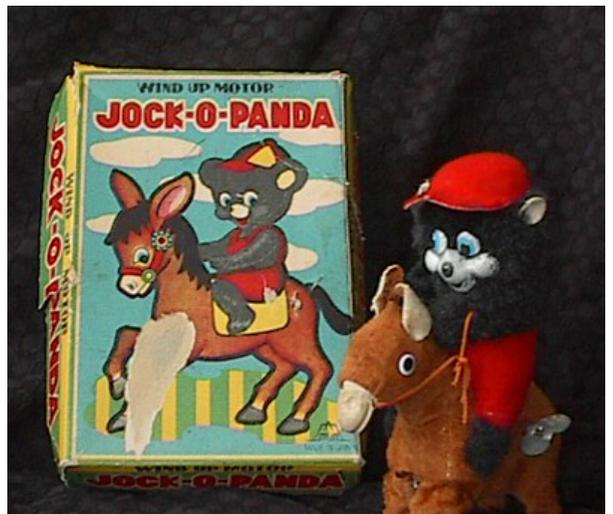


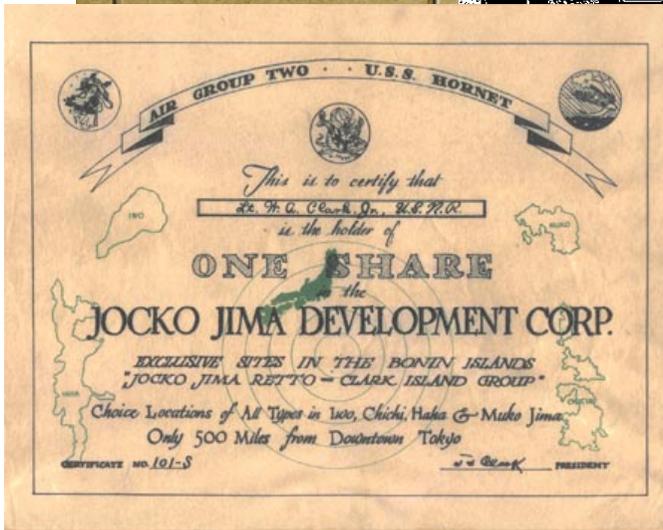
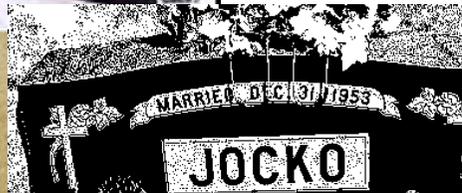
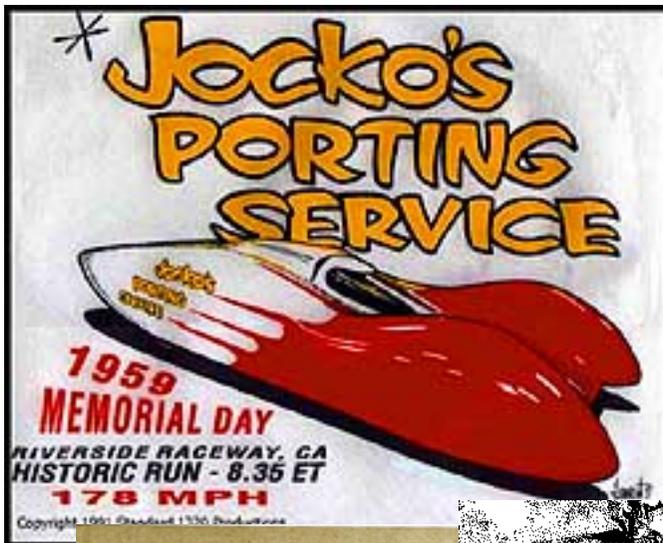
GEOMETRY

The Conclusion You Jump To

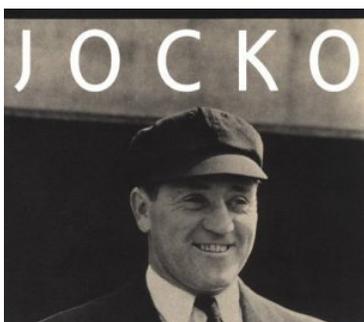


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