



↑↑INTERMITTENT↓↓

Magazine of Discordia

bad jokes
very short stories
screw with your brain
scatological humor

misleading covers
delicious pies

PLUS:
how to eat
dog poop!

ISSUE # 6

LESSER POOP

funky revelations

Intermittens # 6

LESSER POOP

23% of Americans think that defecating is as uplifting as church. But the connection runs much deeper than that.

be a commode commander

Discordia

incorporates the notion that absurdity is a rational response to an increasingly absurd world. Discordians hold nothing sacred but fun, which they defend with territorial pissings and monkey noises. They take their cues from Eris, the Greek Goddess of Confusion, who started the Trojan war by throwing a Golden Apple (representing human desire) into the midst of Olympian divinity. Eris has been sleeping for many centuries, but she has returned to help us transcend the season of Bureaucracy and stand hand in hand in Aftermath. Watch out for flying lasagna.





This is the "Bathroom Reader" edition of Intermittens. It is meant to be left in bathrooms, restrooms, water closets, any place where people are sitting around and contemplating life.

I'm not a religious man, but I think I know the Divine when I see it. Going to the bathroom is something we have in common with all humanity, and maybe even with God. Medieval serfs did it. People a thousand years from now will still do it. Cave men did it. In fact, they did it better than us. We have much to learn from our ancestors.

If you're sitting on the john, make a pact with yourself right now. Make this the greatest poop you've ever created. Or at least, try your best. Just don't half ass it. They say: If you can poop well you can live well.

I say: there is divinity in every toilet

hail eris all hail discordia



CONTENTS

- 4 Awful Jokes
- 8 Short Stories
- 10 Space Dockers
- 11 Sensory Tricks
- 21 Jokeland
- 22 Discordian Magique Spells
- 23 Emergency Toilet Paper
- 24 Limericks
- 25 In the Footsteps of Omar
- 25 Return of Who Killed the Lulz?
- 26 Exercises to Mindfuck Yourself
- 31 Jinn Gin
- 32 8 Circuit Limericks
- 32 St. George of the Bubbling Fnords



Intermittens

is a kopyleft Discordian magazine. You're welcome to print it, photocopy it, remix it, do whatever you want with it. Please give credit where credit is due. Most of the images were "made" by Cramulus in some sense. The text was mainly cobbled it together from stuff submitted at intermittens.org and the principiadiscordia forums, a group of people who are all about mind bending projects and scatological adventures.

For more shenanigans, go to intermittens.org, principiadiscordia.com and goatse.cx



AWFUL JOKES

Bloke goes to the doctors.

Bloke: Doctor, I feel like a moth.

Doctor: Well, I think you need a psychiatrist not a doctor.

Bloke: Yes, I know.

Doctor: So why are you here then?

Bloke: The light was on.

There's this middle-aged guy who's gone impotent. He decides he wants a permanent fix, rather than taking a pill every time he wants to get it on, so he undergoes this really weird experimental surgery that involves grafting the muscles from the trunk of a baby elephant onto his junk.

After healing up from the surgery, he takes his wife out to a romantic dinner at an expensive restaurant. The waiter takes their drink orders and leaves a basket of dinner rolls on the table.

All of a sudden, the guy feels this really strange sensation "down there." Since the place is dark and no one's around but his wife, he unzips his fly and tries to see what the hell is going on. His dick snakes out of his pants, grabs a roll, and pulls it back in to his pants.

His wife gives him a sly look and says, "Could you do that again?" He replies, "Probably, but I really don't want another dinner roll shoved up my ass."



Two muffins are baking in an oven. The first muffin turns to the other and says, "Wow, it sure is hot in here, isn't it?"

The second muffin says, "Sweet Merciful Fuck, a talking muffin!" Then they finally have sex.

Q: What's worse than finding a worm in your apple?

A: Finding half a worm in your apple!

Q: What's worse than half a worm in your apple?

A: The Holocaust.

Q: What do you call an Arab who flies a plane?

A: A pilot, you fucking racist.

Q: Why do elephants paint their balls red?

A: So they can hide in cherry trees.

Q: What is the loudest noise in the jungle?

A: A giraffe eating cherries.

Once, in an inflatable land, there lived an inflatable boy who, like all the other inflatable children, went to an inflatable school. He was a poor student and easily bored, and one day during a particularly frustrating lesson, he got up and stormed out of the inflatable classroom but, while walking down the corridor, he saw the inflatable headmaster approaching him.

Angry and panicked, the inflatable boy pulled out a pin and punctured the inflatable headmaster before running out of the inflatable school gates. "I hate school", he thought, and used his pin on the school itself. As the school slowly deflated behind him, he ran as fast as his inflatable legs allow, all the way home, to the safety of his inflatable bedroom.

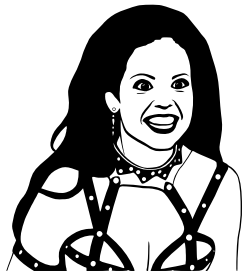
Inevitably, his inflatable mother knocked at his

GOOD CRAPPINGS

bedroom door an hour later, and with her were the inflatable Police. The inflatable boy, stricken with remorse and fear, pulls out the pin and jabs it into himself. Later on that evening, he wakes up in an inflatable hospital and, in the bed next to him, he sees the inflatable headmaster.

Shaking his deflated head - more in sorrow than in anger - the Headmaster gravely intones:

"You've let me down; you've let the school down, but worst of all, you've let yourself down."



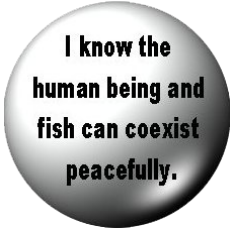
A wife turns to her husband and asks, "Why don't we fly to Hawaii this summer?"
He replies, "Because you're a cunt."

A skeleton walks into a bar orders a beer and a mop.

WonkWonkWonk.

Two hunters are out in the woods when one of them collapses. He doesn't seem to be breathing and his eyes are glazed. The other guy whips out his phone and calls the emergency services. He gasps, "My friend is dead! What can I do?". The operator says "Calm

down. I can help. First, let's make sure he's dead." There is a silence, then a shot is heard. Back on the phone, the guy says "OK, now what?"



BAD JOKES

Somewhere in the warmer parts of the Pacific Ocean a cruise ship sank, and all the crew and passengers died except for three people. Those three were all passengers from the cheap rooms, two men and one woman who managed to make it to a lifeboat. They drifted for a day or so before washing up on an deserted island. After landing, they soon had built a rudimentary shelter and found all the food and water they'd need to subsist indefinitely. Now feeling much more at ease in their new primitive paradise, they all realized how horny they were.

The two men had something of a disagreement over who would partner with their female companion, (She cast no vote herself, not wanting to contribute to further unrest), until they hit upon a solution. Each male would switch off weekly partnering with the woman, thus satisfying all parties as best possible under the circumstances.

No rescue attempts located them, and they lived happily on the island for two years. Until one day the woman died. The first week after her death was bad. The second was worse. The third sucked. The fourth week, things finally got so awful, the two men had no choice any longer, and had to bury her.

What's brown and sticky?
a STICK.

What do you call a boomerang that doesn't come back when you throw it?
a STICK.



A man's wife had been in a coma in hospital for some time. As part of her continued care, her sheets were changed often and she was given sponge baths by a nurse.



During one of the sponge baths, the nurse noticed the wife reacted slightly when her private parts were washed.

The nurse spoke to the husband and explained that she had an unconventional idea that might bring his wife out of the coma. She explained the reaction and suggested that the husband should try oral sex with his wife.

He quickly decided to give it a try, and shut the door for some privacy. After a few minutes, the alarms on the life support equipment began to sound. The nurse rushed into the room and was shocked to find that wife was dead!

"What happened!" screamed the nurse.

"I don't know," said the husband. "She must have choked!"

What do you call a cross between a deer and a pickle?

A dill-doe.

A doe walked outta the woods and said "I'd never do that for 2 bucks again"

Q: What's cold and doesn't fit anymore?
A: A dead epileptic.

A trichinosis larva and a botfly maggot walk into a bar. The botfly maggot turns to the trichinosis larva and says "hey buddy, I heard you like pork." The trichonosis larva looks the the botfly maggot right in the spiracles and says "indeed, I encyst upon it."



VERY SORRY



A scientist walks into a bar.

the bartender says "what do you want to drink?"

the scientist says "whiskey"

the joke is that the scientist is sad that he broke the experiment so he wants a whiskey.

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

The police. I'm afraid there's been an accident.
Your husband is in hospital.

A man walks into a pub.

He is an alcoholic whose drinking problem is destroying his family.

A man gets called into the hospital after finding out his wife has been in a terrible car accident. He finds the doctor right outside her room when he gets there, and asks "Well, what's the situation?"

The doctor looks him in the eye and says, "It doesn't look good. She'll never be the same again I'm afraid. You're going to have to feed her, you're going to have to bathe her. She'll never walk, she'll always need a respirator. The physical therapy will be long and painful, but eventually she might be able to rise from her bed. You may want to look into hiring a nurse to be with her and give her the care she's going to need. I'm very sorry."

The man is devastated. Tearing up, he says "That's awful, I just..."

The doctor sprouts a huge grin and says "I'm just fucking with you - she's dead."

Q: Did you hear about the blonde who jumped out off a bridge?

A: She was clinically depressed and took her own life because of her terribly low self-esteem.

Q: Why do undertakers wear ties?

A: Because their profession is very serious, and it is important that their appearance has a degree of gravitas.

Q: How many electricians does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Just one.



Continued on page 12



bureaucracy
the fourth
season

Very Short Stories

AN ENTIRE STORY IN JUST THREE SENTENCES
 Authors: Cramulus, Malcoïd the Malcontent, Rev. Whats-His-Name, Suu, Eve, Richter, Eater of Clowns, Jenne, Ratatosk, Triple Zero, Philly Fillet, Sheered Vólva, Quercus, The Good Rev Roger, Videodrome, and Hoopla.

I returned home to find the damned dog waiting for me, tail wagging loyally, seemingly ignorant of the fact that he had been dead and buried for three days. My priest, concerned, said that if you love something, set it free. But fuck that guy, he doesn't fetch my slippers.

When the smoke cleared, I tried to check the coordinates on the time machine, but it had been too badly beer damaged by those stupid frat kids. There were two important questions: Is this the past or the future, and how was I going barter the keg back from those guys with spears?

I was surrounded by color-spinning, swirling bright lights, circles of pinks and greens and blues fading in and out of each other. Sticky red at my feet, where I'd been dancing in shards of broken glass, wood, plastic. Perhaps I shouldn't have tried to decorate the Christmas tree on shrooms.

I've never seen someone laughing hysterically and vomiting at the same time. But then again, I've never seen someone eat a cartoon character before. Derek wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, his eyes red and glassy, "Magically delicious."



DELICIOUS PIES

As Jack found the artifact, he wondered whether -- "WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT DUCK?!!!" Crawling back into its intestinal tract and causing a mild diarrhea, he pondered the ramifications of his latest exploit. His real father would have understood the importance of fertilizer.

After taking another bite from my bagel, I asked the other one, "So this is mutual, right? You're not being forced into it?" She said it was a mutual agreement, and with that they were married. I cheerfully told them to fuck off, and then it dawned on me that I had sealed a lesbian marriage between two non-lesbians.

The door closed, and he could hear the click of her heels as she walked away. A half-smoked cigarette smouldered in the ashtray, tracing the air currents kicked up by the lazily oscillating ceiling fan. James bent over, put his face in his hands, and whimpered, "how was I supposed to know that was your sister?"

Jack Chick knelt before the alien brass idol. "Was the last comic sufficient, master?" The reply, apparently negative, was a horrible flash of light which caused the aging cartoonist to twist on the floor in seizure.

I can't seem to get my brain rebooted in the morning. A long day of AI research ahead of me, but no computations will take place until I've poured about a quart of oil into my inner ear. The test subjects need coffee, too.



I press my back against the bricks and listen to the sirens pass, My breath ghosts in the December air. Best \$4.99 I've ever spent.

My cats think I've gone mad. But I'll show them. I'LL SHOW THEM ALL.



It was a very quick tumble down the stairs. Much faster than I had anticipated. But the slide down the bannister, THAT, briefly, was epic.

Max was confused. "It worked last time", he assured his now restless audience. Maybe he wasn't using enough goat blood.

It was another crazy Monday Morning. Mother loaded me into the cannon, per usual. Someone must have monkeyed with the positioning because this time I ran smack into a tree.

They had been watching Max fumble the invocation for over twenty minutes now. Megan went to the snack table and discovered someone had eaten all of the rice crispy squares. This was the worst satanic ritual she had ever been to.



Continued on page 16



SHIT. What the fuck?! You promised me that last Wiggles ticket, you cunt!

Space Dockers!™

SLACK for the Astro-Age!™

by Philly Fillet

A puberty-stricken boy, TIMMY, is playing video games.

【VOICE OVER】

Feces Christ. Fact: it's been knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door since your last supper. You must poop!

The boy looks at the camera, and gasps in shock.

【Timmy】

You're right! But I'm almost to six million points in my new action shooter, "Lollercaust". If only I could poop faster!

【V.O.】

Now you can! --with new Space Dockers brand pants!

The pants are displayed with a round-the-crotch zipper.

【V.O. (Cont.)】

Space Dockers are the only SLACKS that feature Astro-age, anti-gravity zipper technology, allowing Space Dockers to have a zipper that starts in the front and keeps on trucking!

As the pants are displayed, the zipper is demonstrated as going from the front to the back waistband of the crotch.

【Timmy】

But that means...



【V.O.】

That's right, Timmy, you can save time pooping and get back to mindless slaughter in no time!

【Timmy】

But won't people make fun of me for wearing them in public?

【V.O.】

Poppycock! Space Dockers are all the rage! AND they come in a variety of styles:

- SLACKS - for the working man;
- DENIM - for the rebel without a pause;
- KHAKIS - for relaxed movement;
- and even CORDUROY - if you're a spag!

【Timmy】

Awesome! Here I come, economic cleansing!

【V.O.】

Space Dockers™: "Prepare for Boarding!™™™"



SENSORY TRICKS

with Richter

Sitting there bored? Since you're reading this, it's a safe bet you have a mostly functional central, and (if you're lucky) peripheral nervous system. Public masturbation is NOT endorsed, but there are a couple other bugs in that meat machine that you can have some fun exploiting. These are quirks that are great fun to appreciate, savor, and look silly while testing. People are certain to ask what you're up to, which is a great way to get them doing something silly too.

Ever wonder what air feels like? Hold your hand up, like you're about to screw in a light bulb, and



start twisting it back and forth as fast as you can. (Do NOT actually do this with a light bulb or socket, btw.) Let your fingers flail out. After a few seconds, the air rushing against your fingers and blood rushing in to your fingers will produce the weirdest sensation of "soft" on your fingertips.

Working hard? Or hardly working? heh heh heh

Which one of those does "I brought a gun to work today" fall under?



Ever wonder what 2 noses would feel like? Cross your fingers, index over middle, as much as is comfortable. Now run those two crossed fingertips slowly up and down your nose, like you were pushing a pair of glasses back on. Don't stare at them. As you run them down towards to tip, you may get the sensation that you have two noses spaced next to each other on your face. Your brain makes this "explanation" up since it doesn't expect your fingers to get used out of their usual order!

Ever wonder which eye you see out of more? Everyone has one that's "dominant", that we're used to seeing out of more than the other. To find out which is yours, point at something with both eyes open, sighting down your arm and finger at a fixed point. Keeping your point, look at it with only your right, then only your left eye open. With one eye, you'll see you're pointing at the same thing, this is your dominant eye. With the other, it will look like you're pointing at something else, off a few degrees to one side. For extra fun, see if you can switch which one is dominant, or try the original test pointing with your other hand. 🤔

ANTI-HUMOR (CON'T)

Q: Why do women fake orgasms?

A: Because they want to give men the impression that they have climaxed.

Q: Why are there no aspirin in the jungle?

A: Because it would not be financially viable to attempt to sell Pharmaceuticals in the largely unpopulated rainforest.

Two men are sitting in a pub. One man turns to the other and says: 'Last night I saw lots of strange men coming in and out of your wife's house.' The other man replies: 'Yes, she has become a prostitute to subsidise her drug habit.'

Two cows are in a field. Suddenly, from behind a bush, a rabbit leaps out and runs away. One cow looks round a bit, eats some grass and then wanders off.

Q: How do you stop a clown from laughing?

A: Hit him in the face with an axe

Ok, ok, you guys, this is a great one. Ok, How does an OCTOPUS go to WAR? Anybody? Huh? Huh? *snicker* An OCTOPUS going to WAR, how does he do it? *giggle* Do you know? Anybody know? Ok, here it is -- this is a great one guys -- he goes to wa--wait, let me repeat the question. How does an OCTOPUS go to WAR? ARMED! Bwahahahahaaaaa!!!! Get it?? Get it??? LOL LOL LOLOL!! It's an OCTOPUS, and he goes to war ARMED because the octopus-- octopi, they have-- don't you get it?

Q: Why did the monkey get lost?

A: Because jungle is massive!

Two fish are in a tank, one says to the other "You operate the cannon, I'll drive."

Two old grannies at the café having a coffee. One says to the other "Did you come on the bus?"

The other says, "Yeah but I pretended it was an asthma attack."

Two old ladies meet outside their nursing home for a smoke. As they each start their second cigarette, it begins to rain. The first lady, undeterred, pulls out a condom, deftly removes the tip with sewing scissors, rolls it over her smoke, and takes another drag.

The second little old lady sees this, and is impressed.

"Where do you get those funny rubber things?" , she asks. "I could sure use some."

"They're called condoms. I get them at the pharmacists, but you have to ask at the counter for them.", her friend replies.

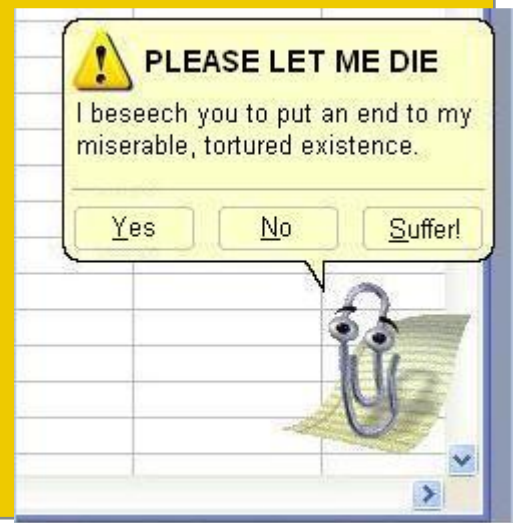
So the little old lady heads to the pharmacy, and goes to the counter.

"Good afternoon," says the pharmacist, "What can I help you with?"

"I'd like a pack of condoms.", she tells him.

The pharmacist is somewhat taken aback at this, but remains professional. "What size would you like, ma'am?"

"Oh, I don't know", say the elderly lady, "What's the right size for a Camel?"





*A bear goes into a bar
& says "I'll have..."*

*... a pint of lager please?"
and the barman says
"Why the big pause?"*

A guy walks into a bakery and orders a cake shaped like the letter "B"

The baker says, "well, I think I can do that, but it'll take a few days."

The guy says, "that's fine, I'm in no hurry."

Three days go by and the man returns to the bakery.

The baker presents him with the cake and says, "well, what do you think?"

The guy says, "oh geez- it's really nice and all, but I forgot to explain that what I really needed was a cake shaped like a lower case 'b' - I'll gladly pay you for all the extra trouble"

The baker says that's fine and to come back in

another three days.

three more days pass and the guy returns to the bakery and the baker shows him the cake.

"oh man, that's perfect. that's exactly what I wanted," the guy said.

"you want i should box that up for you then?" said the baker.

"no, I'll just eat it here."

The insane boy put his finger into the sky and asks his father what is there.

"Its a plane, son."

"Daddy, I want his meat."

Dave and Chris are seated either side of a table in a rough pub when a well-dressed man enters, orders a beer and sits on a stool at the bar. The two builders start to speculate about the occupation of the suit...

Dave: I reckon he's an accountant.

Chris: No way - he's a geologist.

Dave: He ain't no geologist! A geologist wouldn't come in here!

The argument repeats itself for some time until the volume of beer gets the better of Dave and he makes for the toilet. On entering the toilet he sees that the suit is standing at a urinal. Curiosity and the several beers get the better of the builder...

Dave: Scuse me.... no offence meant, but me and me mate were wondering what you do for a living?

Suit: No offence taken! I'm a Logical Scientist by profession!

Dave: Oh! What's that then?

Suit: I'll try to explain by example ...Do you have a goldfish at home?

Dave: Er....mmm....well yeah, I do as it happens!

Suit: Well, it's logical to follow that you keep it in a bowl or in a pond. Which is it?

Dave: It's in a pond!

Suit: Well then it's reasonable to suppose that you have a large garden then?

Dave: As it happens, yes I have got a big garden!

Suit: Well then it's logical to assume that in this town if you have a large garden then you have a large house?

Dave: As it happens I've got a five bedroom house...built it myself!

Suit: Well given that you've built a five-bedroom house it is logical to assume that you haven't built it just for yourself and that you are quite probably married?

Dave: Yes I am married, I live with my wife and three children.

Suit: Well then it is logical to assume that you are sexually active with your wife on a regular basis?

Dave: Yep! Four nights a week!

Suit: Well then it is logical to suggest that you do not masturbate very often?

Dave: Me? Never

Suit: Well there you are! That's logical science at work!

Dave: How's that then?

Suit: Well from finding out that you had a goldfish,

I've told you about your sex life!

Dave: I see! That's pretty impressive... thanks mate!

Both leave the toilet and Dave returns to his mate.

Chris: I see the Suit was in there. Did you ask him what he does?

Dave: Yep! He's a logical scientist!

Chris: What's that then?

Dave: I'll try and explain. Do you have a goldfish?

Chris: Nope

Dave: Well then, you're a wanker

Q: What do you call a Spaniard who loses his car?

A: Carlos!

A circus owner is at home and hears a knock at the door. Opening it, he finds a man standing there with a carrier bag in his hand.

"Can I help you?" the circus owner asks.

"Yes," replies the man, "I have a great act which will be a hit with your circus."

"And what would that be?" he asks.

"I am the man that can feel no pain" he declares.

"Hit me, burn me - I feel no pain."

The man reaches into his carrier bag and hands the circus owner a large hammer.

"Go on." says the man "Hit me on the head with it."

"But..."

"It's all right," says the man, "I'll feel no pain. Go on."

The circus owner takes the hammer and delivers the most restrained tap to the man's head. The man yelps, claps his head and falls to the ground. The circus owner, frantic with worry, calls for an ambulance and soon the man is taken to hospital. He goes into a coma.

The circus owner, overwhelmed with guilt, visits the man every night and sits by his bedside. After three months, the man sits bolt upright in his bed and goes

"Ta-Daaaaaaa!"

Q: Why don't blind people like to sky dive?

A: Because it scares the dog.

After a long night of drinking, the first poop I take in the morning is a highly concentrated vessel of pure evil. I actually feel guilty for releasing it into the world. But what I feel good about is that even on a bad day, I still get more evil done before breakfast than most people do all week.

A guy walks into a bar with his pet monkey. The bartender says "hey, no pets!". The guy says "I promise I'll make sure he doesn't mess up the place." The bartender agrees to serve the guy and the monkey and him sit down. The monkey goes ape-shit and begins throwing peanuts, breaks some mugs and finishes off by swallowing the eightball. The bartender yells "Alright get the fuck out and don't bring that damn monkey back!"

After a couple of weeks the guy decides he has been away for long enough so the bartender may let him come back. When he enters the bar with the monkey the bartender says "Oh no, not you again." To which the guy replies "it's ok, I've got him trained professionally now." The guy and monkey sit at the bar at the bartender's uneasy acceptance and the guy orders a beer. The monkey reaches for a peanut then, sticks it up his ass, then eats it. "I thought you said you had him trained." says the bar tender. "I did." says the guy. "So what is the monkey doing then?" asks the bartender. The guy replies "Checking for size".

MSBNC has just won the rights to screen the first World Origami Championships from Tokyo. Unfortunately it's only available on Paper View

There's an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotsman. They are all trapped in a jail cell. Eventually they all starved to death.

A guy is in a pub with his sister, karaoke night. At some point he goes and takes the mic, and says "Right, I know this isn't exactly karaoke, but this is my sister's birthday today, and I'd like us all to sing 'happy birthday' to her"

The crowd cheers for the sister and everybody sings happy birthday to her, while she looks slightly embarrassed.

Once the song is finished, the guy takes the mic once again and says:

"I'd like to thank you all. Actually it isn't exactly her birthday today, but it's been a year exactly that she's been off the methadone."

*There once was a woman from Prague
Whose forehead was shaped like a book
She stood on a nail
It went into her shoe
And now there's a nail in her shoe.*

An infinite number of mathematicians walk into a bar. The first orders a beer. The second orders half a beer. The third orders a quarter of a beer. Before the next one can order, the bartender says, "You're all assholes," and pours two beers.

A biologist, a physicist and a mathematician are all paid to observe this house. They watch it for a week and nobody enters, or leaves the complex. On the 8th day somebody walks in, and on the 9th, two people walk out.

The biologist says: "Clearly they must have reproduced"

The physicist says: "Obviously our initial observations were incorrect"

The mathematician says: "If one more person walks into that house, there will be nobody in it"

Q: Why do chemists like nitrates?

A: because they are cheaper than dayrates.

There's this young teenage girl who's parents are out of town for the weekend, and she has her boyfriend over to hang out.

Like any hot blooded young couple, they are taking the opportunity to do the Nasty on the couch.

It should be mentioned that this is the parent's new couch. A new, pristine white, cloth couch.

Oh yeah, they're doing it anal too.

As they finish up, the aforementioned abused sphincter is a bit fatigued from the vigorous action it has just endured, and there is a loss of control.

On the Couch. On the new, pristine white, cloth couch.

Well, needless to say, the rest of the weekend involves the young couple trying every cleaning product in existence to remove the brown staining, but nothing does the trick, this stain is not going anywhere. The girl's parents come home, notice the stain, and ask what happened to the couch.

Our young heroine is dumbfounded. She can't admit her carnal sins to her parents, so she stammers out the first feasible thing. "The Dog did it."

Her parent's don't say anything to her, and don't raise any fuss. Much to her surprise, they only put their bags away and go out to the kennel in the back yard.

And they shot the dog.





VERY SHORT STORIES

collected from Page 9

The Jesus fish on my car seemed to be staring at the Darwin fish on her car. Like a sadomasochist who embraces both pleasure and pain, I sought to unify my attraction and disgust. She mooned me with her eyes.

Determination ran in the family. Sitting before his school principal, the confidence he wore seconds ago melted when he realized he hadn't prepared a coherent way of presenting his argument. He proceeded anyway, "I want to create a penton to ban history from our school, or something to protect us from time travelers who might use our own history against us, or...?"

Seeing the insurance company's enumeration of damages was the biggest disappointment in his life. He decided there was only one thing to do. The murder of crows sitting in the tree above him flew off as the last embers faded out.

I hope they deliver my dry cleaning before the office party starts. It's not that I want to attend. It's that I have to cut through the party on the way to the my car, and it'd be nice to be wearing pants when I do.

I removed the butter from the crock and carefully carved a hollow into the semi - solid condiment. Within, I deposited the horrid matter I had produced, fitted the mass back in the crock, and returned it to the fridge. The roommates would dig too greedily and too deeply, and soon they would find it.

It was an average Tuesday. Well, except for that mean wind from the west. It was that last gust which forced me into the median.

Gyro Bottom was saddled with what most would agree was a dismal name. To be fair, he did his best to attempt to overcome, and rise above the name, but in the end the name drew rock. Despite what anyone ever has the balls to tell you, NOTHING beats rock.

I set my wine glass down, mostly empty except for those fine drops of a 10 year oak-aged chardonnay sliding down the bowl of the glass to the bottom. It was then, I realized, I was out of wine. I called for the wine steward, who silently retrieved the glass and kissed me goodbye.

His prison catalog boots carried him further from the gate, the sun bright overhead. Today, he was a free man, and he reveled in the feeling, turning his face upward to catch the slight breeze that had been blowing the grass at the edge of the sidewalk nearby. "I've gotta get two things," he thought, "A gun, and the American Dream."

She traced lazy circles in the condensation left by the cool of the glass at her elbow. Funny how diners always have this ugly table countertop she thought, time out of mind. Hearing a sound to the back of the restaurant she turned to find that her lover Hades had in fact dared to meet her here, in broad daylight, in front of the whole town.

Mack checked his watch—it was almost time to go, just a few more minutes and he was outta here. The stale stench of the janitor's bleach left a tang in his nostrils that he could feel all the way to the back of his throat. He hated being the nightwatchman for ENRON, and he knew that come morning, the bloodbath in the papers would end this job forever.

Gunfire was heard overhead. Another shell hit the ground as he raced toward the mountaintop, his dusty sandals pounding the dirt as it came up in little chunks. If he could get up there fast enough, he could warn his buddies that the war had started, and the Soviets had entered Afghanistan once and for all.

The pulsing beat of the music inside made her yearn to enter the dark doorway, but she hesitated even still. The night was young, full of many possibilities. But this was Lulu's evening to be on the town and maybe get some kicks in, and the richer Johns were always found in the nightclubs on Tuesdays at eleven.

At the top of the stairs was a strobing light, its beam cutting clear across the ceiling with little discs that turned on and off, on and off. The hallway was silent, but you could still hear the distant thrumming of the traffic out on the street. Across the hall, the cat waited silent and still on a chair, hoping to bait that final mouse he wanted from inside the wall.

A shrill cry broke the night air, slicing it in shards and tearing into the detective's heart. He lay bleeding, unable to move except to swallow and gasp when the spasms inside his shredded torso stopped intermittently. In the distance, an even shriller and high-pitched wail of sirens could be heard, but the sound of a car engine nearby told him the boys in blue were too late—the killer was again at large.

Going to the bathroom is a voluntary behavior. That means you can quit it, right? In spring of 2004, I learned the answer.





A man rolled up to the gate in his Lincoln Continental. He lowered the driver's side window to hand me his credentials. That is when I shot him in the face.

I grew up very small, in fact, I was always told I was a "shorty" and "too thin," and that I needed to eat more. But as time went by, my metabolism must've slowed considerably because soon I found myself getting the opposite comments, like, "Wow! I think this is the largest I've ever seen you!" and "You're not a little girl anymore, are you?" The girls on trampolines made it look like so much fun.

A man rolled up to the gate in his Lincoln Continental. He lowered the driver's side window to hand me his credentials. That is why I shot him in the face.

I saw. I conquered. I Came.

A man rolled up to the gate in his Lincoln Continental. He lowered the driver's side window to hand me his credentials. That is when I shat him in the face with feces.



Morning has come and I must now begin the arduous task of digging out the driveway. Hmm, I seem to have found something hard under the snow here. Scruffy, No!!!!!!

Blushing, wishing I was invisible, I nibble at the food in the doggy dish on the floor. Everyone's laughter fills my ears, but deep down, the most humiliating part is that I need this. I wonder what the other care bears would say if they could see me now.

Waiting for a text. Need a caffeine fix bad. Change of plans, how about this weekend?

Something wasn't right, again, continuing the familiar pattern of discontent, searching, fulfillment, and disillusionment. He wasn't sure what manner of disease to the soul came upon him during his most recent endeavors nor which event in particular sparked it. What he did know, as he began his most recent desertion of familiarity, what he always knew is that he'd find the cure just beyond the horizon.

Very stripped down story. Poor man's Hemmingway? Need more coffee?

He liked Vonnegut's writing style. Yes. He did.

The moment the noodles left my hands, I knew it was a mistake. The die cast, no backing down was possible as they tumbled, I took to the table and delivered my adress with gusto.

"HEY, DO I GO TO YOUR TEA PARTIES AND SLAP YOUR DISGUSTING GENTIALS OUT OF YOUR MOTHER'S MOUTH?"

(tip of the hat to to B. Clevinger.)

We would like to remind you that we have a diverse office, so be respectful of your fellow employees religious choices. Instead of wishing people a "Merry Christmas" you are instead encouraged to "HAIL SATAN". Thank you and have a happy HAIL SATAN.

"EAT PORK!", I roared, towering over the crowd of listeners. The fools bought my book. The fools asked me how to improve their lives.



It was one man against a thousand. He was out of friends, out of ammo and out of his mind, but he had determination and zeal. He lost... really, really badly.

The outward push from the deepest caves of her intestines built up more and more pressure, fecal matter not quite managing to mold around the unwanted intruder, SHIT. With a jolt, further inside it went, somewhat out, in, out and once more in again as he felt something rupture, FUCK. After the world went black for what seemed to be an eternity, she opened her eyes to a fiery landscape and a huge red grinning devil, "Sorry babe, rape or no rape, sodomy is still a sin!", DAMN.

His mind was of a singular focus and as he looked around the room, he thought, "There has to be something smooth and round about." After a Himalayan heartbeat, his eyes met the seductive contours of a pint-sized mason jar, and he set it on its end. Hovering, and then lowering like a suspension crane, his proudly worn prolapse enveloped the mason jar in pleasant, if ordinary, tradition when, suddenly, he was forced to contemplate a silly question: "Why, oh why Gods WHY did I lean back on the mason jar?!?"



"Say some young punk tried to get your for your auto. Would you call the one time and play the role model? NO, I think you play like a thug." -Cypress Hill

"It's almost February, Hank, and high time to take down the holiday decorations."

"Tell me, Helen, when exactly DOES the lawn-covered-with-continually-burning-garbage season end? According to MY calculations, it's only just beginning."

"Sweet Jesus, holy mother of god, why is there a fish swimming around my head?" They huddled around their keeper, strewn on the ground, watching as he lay before their tank.

I was surrounded by angry Apache. I had only 2 bullets left, when all 50 of them finally charged. Obviously, they killed me.

I grabbed the guy who left the last available stall with piss all over the seat, flipped him over in the air, and slam dunked him

head first. I start working the strangely over sized flush lever when a low mechanical growling sound begins to emanate from the plumbing, the bottom of the bowl opens up, and devours the toilet seat pisser like an enormous garbage disposal. As I step back from the aftermath, wondering how to explain the severed legs sticking out of the bowl, the janitor walked in with an "Out of order" sign.

From the beginning, I thought she was a bit shellfish. This caused our relationship, at times, to flounder. In the end, love conchered all.

If I ever meet her, before we even swap names, I will kiss her passionately on the lips. Sometimes I'll call, just to hear her say, "If you are finished recording, press 1 for more options."

The other racers became a blur of color as they passed him, lying next to his bike in the middle of the street. This was his brain tumor's way of saying, "Tour de France be damned, you're out of time." To his relief, bombs exploded and killed everybody.

To the fat squirrel outside: Goodbye. Enjoy the gastric acid.

So much emotion. And only three sentences in which to share it. Ah, the tyranny of grammar.



JOKELAND

by Bobby Campbell
<http://ok-dk.net/JOKELAND/>

SUMMER OF 2000,
181 MADISON DRIVE.



I WAS HAVING TROUBLE
SLEEPING AT NIGHT.

TO PASS THE TIME I WOULD DREAM UP
STORIES FOR A COMIC BOOK I WANTED
TO MAKE CALLED **JOKELAND**.



I WAS FACINATED BY
THE IDEA OF METAFICTION.
STORIES THAT KNOW THEY'RE
STORIES, CHARACTERS THAT
KNOW THEY'RE CHARACTERS.



MY COMIC BOOK PROTAGONIST'S
EPIC QUEST WOULD BE TO MAKE
THE DISCOVERY THAT HE IS THE
PROTAGONIST OF A COMIC BOOK.



BUT WHAT WOULD SUCH
A DISCOVERY BE LIKE?



AND THEN SUDDENLY!



I THOUGHT I KNEW...



DISCORDIAN MAGIQUE SPELLZ

Art thou possessed by a daemon, struggling to escape? Even now, doest thou wage war against him, trying to expel him from deep within thee? This Olde Timey Banishing Ritual is guarenteed to banish the

hellbeast from thy belly or double thy precious jewels back. To cast it, you must heave, and shout the following madgickque words, and heave:

I CALL UPON THE POWERS OF CHAOS AND DARKNESS TO GET THE HELL OUT OF MY BELLY AND INTO THE TOILET RIGHT NOW OR I'M GOING TO PUT ON A HELMET AND EXPEL YOU THE OLD FASHIONED WAY: WITH A SHOP VAC AND A GARDEN HOSE. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS WISHY WASHY SIT OR GET OFF THE POT BULLTESTICLES, I'VE GOT A BEE HIVE FOR A HEAD AND A LIFESTYLE TO MATCH. ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? I'M READY TO DROP A FAT MAN ON NAGASAKI AND YOU'RE BEING A SHY TURTLE-DEUCE WANNABE. NEWSFLASH, POPS: EVERYBODY'S CALLING YOU THE POSER OF POOPS

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE HAVING TEA WITH THE QUEEN IN THERE, YOUR TIME IS UP AND IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THE BUTT NEST. ARE YOU GOING TO JUMP, OR AM I GOING TO HAVE TO PUSH YOU?

HERE'S NO TIME FOR STAGE FRIGHT, IT'S SHOW TIME.

IA! IA!
THE FECEZ IS CLOGGIN'

To experience the creation of the universe firsthand:

while completely naked
in pitch blackness
and complete silence
in the depths of the void
take a dump

and believe



In the beginning, the silent beginning
Nothing gave birth to Primal Existence
Out of the void came the universe, spinning
from womb or from tomb, the clock began hence
He takes, leaves, pushes and heaves
and gives birth to the garden of genesis
Sweatting like Gaia, he weaves and relieves
the universe is his pearl necklace
The Creator stands up with a triumphant rush
He destroys it all with a singular flush

in the natural tao
some men achieve bliss
an organic haiku
of pooping and piss



EMERGENCY TOILET PAPER

These fortune toilet paper squares "activate" when you flush 'em
but if you want, you can also give them to people.
You may or may not want to use them first..

YOU WILL HAVE A
REAL
TELEPATHY
EXPERIENCE

YOU MIGHT NOT REALIZE IT

You will
find money
on the ground

beware

NEXT TIME YOU POOP
YOU WILL HAVE
AN OUT OF BODY
EXPERIENCE WITH
SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE
DEFECATING AT THE
SAME MOMENT
AS YOU

IT WILL BE OBVIOUS

**GOOD
LUCK++**

Someone will have
a weird thought
about you

**MAGICAL
WISH
POOP**

Drop a poop
make a wish!

Meet an
Old Friend

**MAGICAL
DEATH
POOP**

Drop a poop
somebody dies!

you read the words, and the struggle inside intensified



There was an old lady from Calais
Who lived in a big palace
She fancied a beau
Who lived down below
And now he is taking Cialis

There was a girl whom I wished to bestow
expensive gifts but I didn't have dough.
so I painted my prick
just like a gold brick
and she went down like a 2 dollar airplane.

There was a young man of Calcutta
Who had an unfortunate stutter.
"I would like," he once said
"some b-b-b-bread
and also some b-b-b-butter."

*a poet once tried for a month
to find a word rhyming with purple
he thought maybe orange
and possibly silver
are bad words for a limerick writer*

Let us now broach a firkin to Durkin,
Addicted to jerkin' his gherkin;
His wife said, "Now Durkin,
By jerkin' your gherkin
You're shirkin' your firkin'
-- you bastard!"

I met a lewd nude in Taluda
Who thought she was shrewd;
I was shrewder;
She thought it quite crude
to be wooed in the nude;
I pursued her, subdued her,
and screwed her.

There once was a man from the sticks
who liked to write limericks
but he wrote them too short

It's hard to wake up at the last hour
and rise from bed without glower
you might try and combine
your routines to save time
it's just a shame you can't
shit in the shower.

There once was a man from Peru,
Whose limericks stopped at line two.

There once was a lady from Bude
Who went swimming one day in the lake.
A man in a punt
Stuck his pole in the water
And said "You can't swim here
-- it's private."

There was a lazy bastard named Cramulus

Limericks by CRAM, Burns, Rev WHATS HIS NAME, AND VARIOUS OTHER PIRATED SOURCES

In the Footsteps of Omar

By NIGEL

I pulled the chair closer, pressing myself against the upright back and feeling a tingle of passion at the contact. Using one hand to free my already-turgid member from the confines of my trousers, I used the other to position the chair in front of me, with the hole I'd carefully cut in the fabric right in front of my ready cock. For a moment I teased the frayed hole with my moistly glistening tip... I wanted that chair to want me to fuck it, HARD. Overcome by the thought, I could no longer restrain myself, and my hips thrust wildly as I clutched the chair to myself and exploded in a paroxysm of unbearable agony OH SHITFUCKDAMN...

...upholstery tack.

THE RETURN OF WHO KILLED THE LULZ with a tip of the hat to HP Lovecraft

by Cainad

Again I say, I do not know what has become of the lulz, though I think--almost hope--that it is in peaceful oblivion, if there be anywhere so blessed a thing. It is true that I have for five years been its closest friend, and a partial sharer of its terrible jokes about the unknown. I will not deny, though my memory is uncertain and indistinct, that this witness of yours may have seen us together as he says, on the Gainesville pike, walking toward Big Cypress Swamp, at half past 11 on that awful night. That we bore electric lanterns, spades, and a curious coil of wire with attached instruments, I will even affirm; for these things all played a part in the single hideous scene which remains burned into my shaken recollection.

But of what followed, and of the reason I was found alone and dazed on the edge of the swamp next morning, I must insist that I know nothing save what I have told you over and over again. You say to me that there is nothing in the swamp or near it which could form the setting of that frightful episode. I reply that I knew nothing beyond what I saw. Vision or nightmare it may have been--vision or nightmare I fervently hope it was--yet it is all that my mind retains of what took place in those shocking hours after we left the sight of men. And why the lulz did not return, it or its shade--or some nameless thing I cannot describe--alone can tell.



Lord Omar had love in his heart for all things, even chairs

They call that a priapism, right?

Actually, I call it SKELETOR.



Exercises to MINDFUCK Yourself

FUCK what you THINK YOU KNOW about YOURSELF

By: Cramulus, LMNO, Payne, OOO, Burns, Golden Applesauce, planeswalker, Richter, Enki-], Alfred Rhazi, Anton, Cain

✿ Borrow some clothes from a friend. Try to pick clothes as different from your regular dress style as possible. Not only will you not look like you in the mirror, people will treat you subtly differently.

✿ Classic habitual breaking exercises. Do everything differently for a day or a week. It's easy to begin with but in the end it needs a lot of reflection to come up with new ways of getting your everyday tasks done.

✿ Right before you put on your clothes, write a message on your body. Try not to think about this - forget that you wrote it there, so when you disrobe and see it, you'll surprise even yourself.

👉 What to write? One Line Meme Bombs are good, (<http://PrincipiaDiscordia.com/memebombs>) but it's easier to find a phrase of personal significance in old journals or notebooks. If there's a time in your life where you were more idealistic or active, pen a slogan or reminder of that time. Anything that will conjure up old emotions and memories. But be careful - your next exposure to the phrase has to be a surprise, so don't think about it.

✿ Another method is to hide a note with this phrase somewhere where you'll find it unexpectedly in the future -- like in a shirt pocket, your glove compartment, or inside a box of cereal.

✿ alternate angle: you can use ohdontforget.com to send yourself a text message which you won't receive until days, weeks, or years later.

✿ Pick up a magazine which you would never otherwise read. Pick something for which you are certainly not the target audience, like a differing political opinion, or a magazine intended for the opposite gender. Don't resist and mentally counter what you're reading, try to explore what that headspace would be like. Get out of your own ideas and opinions and become the target audience.

...bonus points if you find yourself getting off to scat grannies.

✿ Develop rational and convincing arguments that run counter to your own political beliefs.

👉 stage2 - believe them for a couple of months. This is the single most effective way to get inside your own head and break down all the meaningless bullshit that you have in there. If you're having trouble believing something as part of this exercise, approach it from the other side and start by proving your existing belief wrong. Note: All beliefs can be proven wrong, usually by simply changing the context. If you don't believe this then I'd suggest you start with this belief.

✿ Attempt to go for a period of time without using the word "I". Speaking about yourself in the third person doesn't count.

✿ Turn off the TV, stereo, or computer. Sit in silence for 15 minutes, doing nothing.

✿ I've always found consciously breaking habits, such as my usual morning ritual of "cigarette(in bed)/turn on computer/coffee", and doing something completely different such as "go for a half hour walk, without a shower and wearing yesterdays clothes" works wonders for kick starting my head and making me think differently.

★ Explore your values and morals by systematically testing your conscience. Work with aversions to explore your superego.

☯ The first approach is to adopt an amoral attitude about life. The idea is to go beyond the right/wrong, moral/immoral point of view and to work within a headspace that is of a 3rd perspective, a noninterfering point of view... "being the watcher".

☯ The idea of the watcher perspective is to bring deep awareness to the experiment. For instance, say you want to have sex with an ugly person. Bring up the full awareness of the quality of ugliness that you're perceiving. By disassociating yourself with the person in the role of ugly-person-fucker, it sets up an experience you can analyze without identifying with it.

☯ This gives you free reign (read: excuse) for some sick experimentation. So make a list of your aversions, the things you absolutely cannot stand... And do them. Your separated headspace (you know, making an excuse) is very necessary, Christopher Hyatt had an article in this book Undoing Yourself where he mentioned making POOP SCULPTURES! (I guess it had to be mentioned eventually.) I have yet to really do that...but it illustrates where I'm setting up barriers (albeit rather insignificant).

☯ Experiment with a member of the same sex if you're straight, experiment with a member of the opposite sex if you're gay. uhhhh fuck an animal if you're bi (but be nice about it and like make it porportional, please. and no chillauahas [that means you, wade]). I have to emphasize the sexual part of it because thats where it seems that most people have their biggest hangups. Fucking ugly people has always been a useful one (spare, crowley). As you can imagine, this requires a good sense of responsibility.

☯ But lighter issues might be working in a nursing home -- I mean why not allow someone else benefit from your mindfuckery? But i'd even go so

far as to advocate crap volunteer work. Working in an environment where you have to be totally selfless might be a great for some people.

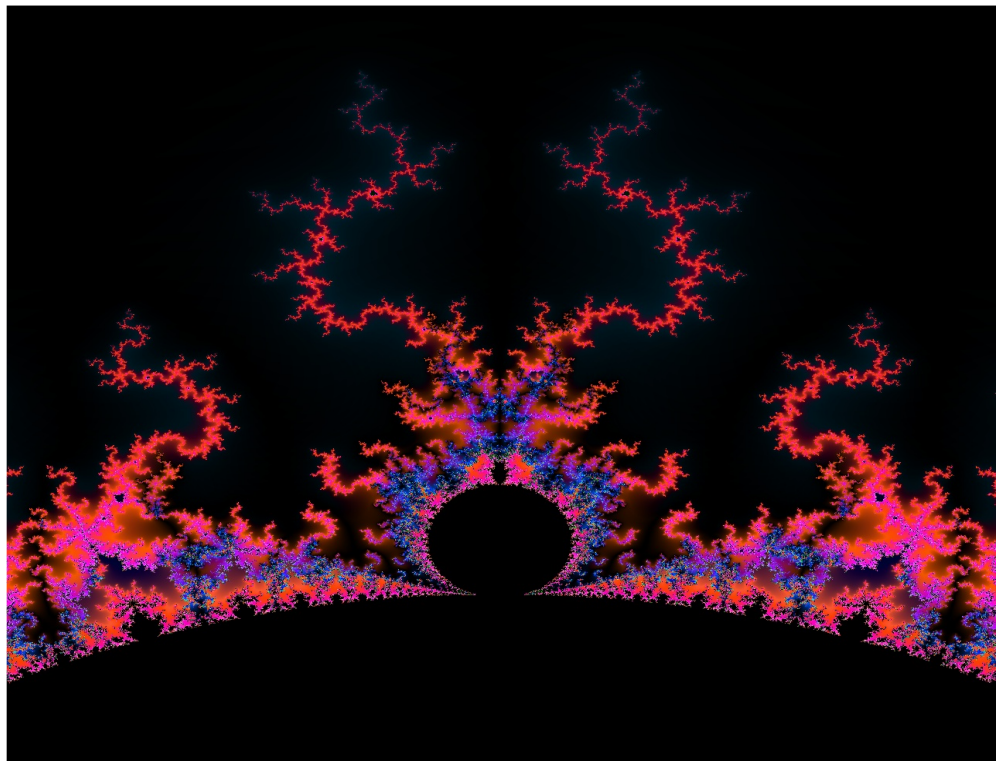
☯ Robert Anton Wilson talks from reality tunnels in Prometheus Rising. Tinkering with your reality tunnels can shift your sense of self and force you to examine your own beliefs. It's odd to think. but there might be ways you might benefit from being a nazi for a day.

★ Go blind for a day. Wear one of those "sleep masks", or blindfold yourself on a day where you can stay around the house all day but still have to accomplish normal chores. Television, doing laundry, making meals (avoid the oven at all costs, I learned), and generally amusing yourself. When I did this I was baffled by how much I rely on visual cues to keep my mind occupied.

★ Force yourself to stay awake for a few days.

★ Be asexual for a few weeks. When you see people, ignore their bodies like they were one of those international icons on bathroom doors; try to think about the world without gender (such as using 'they' or 'it' in your mind instead of 'he' or 'she'); no porn, no masturbation, no sex.

DANGEROUS MORAL RELATIVISM AHEAD. NIHILISTIC VORTEX IMMINENT.



★ Find a religion that interests you in a scholarly manner, even if you would never believe in their god(s), and/or especially if you consider it utter bullshit. Follow their practices and tenants for a while. I'm going to be giving this one a shot with Kemeticism, those folks that "reconstructed" the ancient Egyptian religion.

★ Find a mental disease that you could plausibly have and convince yourself that you do.

★ I come up with six options; from pleasant and natural to uncomfortable, unnatural or just whacky things. Stuff I would never do normally: after the d6 decided what it shall be I set out to experience something new.

☞ Now adding at least one option that is atypical for yourself and you got yourself some excitement. It is left to the player to decide how far you want to go - but it's very tempting to explore where the edge is - and then cross it.

☞ The die roll is not just helping you to make a decision. It IS the decision. Opposition is not allowed unless you rolled earlier that you may be allowed to oppose the die if you do X.

☞ Alan Watts talked about the i-ching in a similar way.

He was saying that there is so much randomness in the decisions you make at any point that even a random choice-maker such as the i-ching (or rolling of dice) would be just as good when it really comes down to it. The benefit of the i-ching over a set of dice, I'd imagine, would be that there already preset meanings attributed to each hexagram on which you can project your current choice.

☞ You might also check out "The Dice Man", by Luke Rhinehart. He sets out to destroy his ego with the help of random chance - he lives according to the whim of the dice. It contains a lot about breaking out of habits and to follow the main character deeper and deeper into a world of chance and egolessness is just delicious.

★ Take a bunch of arbitrary text files, and cut them up together. Consider the output it a holy text.

Interpret every piece of nonsense and give it a meaning, then stash it away somewhere and look at it later, and see if the meanings are the same.

★ Make stickers with advice to yourself (like meditation instructions), then hide them in places where you'll see them every day.

★ small mindfuck: brushing your teeth while taking a dump. Simultaneous feelings of dirty/clean!

★ Ride an elevator. Just get in a reasonably busy elevator, and ride it for an hour or so. The lack of control is interesting, in that the elevator moves to respond to calls without any input from you. Also you get to meet lots of people. At the very least, say hi to all of them. If you're doing something weird at the time, (like covering the inside of the elevator with pictures of eyes, which is what I was

there is so much randomness in the decisions you make that even dice would be just as good when it really comes down to it.





doing,) that's just a free conversation starter.

✿ Use TVtropes.com's random plot generator to choose a character trope every morning for a week. For the remainder of the day, be the epitome of that character trope

✿ Spend a long period operating under the assumption that everything you see is a divine message from God. Or the infinite. Or space. Or your mother.

✿ the "Breathing Game": Start walking somewhere (anywhere, as long as you'll be able to walk for a long time) and count your breaths for X minutes (decide what X is before you start). We will call the number of breaths you take in X minutes, Y.

⊖ After you're done, count your breaths for Y minutes.

⊖ After you're done, look up and see where you've walked to.

⊖ When I did this, I started with X = 7, walking on a nature trail in a park. I ended up nine miles away from my car, in the middle of a field next to a series of office buildings, with people in the office watching me out their windows.

✿ start examining of your linguistic style and habits count the number of questions you ask in a day. count the number of times you say the word "like" in a day.

✿ William Burroughs wrote about mindfucks through audio cutups. He'd record little snippets of his day - interactions with store clerks, the sound of traffic, a bit of a phone conversation - and then cut them up, mixing them together. He says you'll hear NEW content in the mix.

✿ Consider how you can change a flashlight from a pinpoint focus to a wide spread light. Consider your attention as a flashlight. spend a day using the pinpoint focus of your attention. Focus intensely on the one thing, the figure of you're doing. Spend the next day using the wide spread attention. Soak it all in. Don't focus on one particular thing but just notice everything as if there is no figure... just background. Record your observations. How do they differ in terms of your choice of activity? Did you see anything new? It might be useful to plant personal symbols of your activity in easily noticed places as a

reminder to persist in the kind of focus for that day.

✿ Force your internal monologue to speak in gibberish rather than English. Try hard not to repeat sound/meanings. The idea is to think without resorting to language. This can be interesting because language frames our thoughts a great deal.

✿ Car Screaming. Ever wondered what you sound like when you scream? When IS the last time you had to scream in pain, anger, or as a self propelled PA system? Inarticulate howls, vulgarity, taxonomical classifications, Russia swears, or racial slurs, we just don't get a chance to vent these much. Try it next time you're driving alone, preferably on a highway, not near other cars (got carried away and swerved once), and going too fast for any bystanders to potentially catch or ID you. Take a deep. breath. and HOWL. It's cathartic, educational, and no matter what sounds or filthy words you let fly, you're not pointing them at anything or anyone who might care, be hurt, or take exception.

✿ Try laughing for five minutes, crying for five minutes and screaming for five minutes, repeat. It seems fake at first but persist.

✿ Have Your Friends Call You a different name for a couple weeks. Think about who that person is.

✿ Next time you consume some form of media (especially a game or TV programme), try to imagine what some mediocre student from the future would write in a "thousand-word essay about the themes of this classic".

spend time operating under the assumption that everything you see is a divine message from God. Or the infinite. Or outer space. Or your mother.

✿ Stop complaining. As in, of your own free will, try not to bitch and whine about shit that's bugging you.

✿ Begin to use your less dominant hand for normal activities.



✿ Go through any well known personality test, such as the Jungian/Myers-Briggs personality tests, or enegramms. Go through all the personality types described within until you have a pretty

good and coherent picture of the various typologies contained within. Then take one random method of selection, and use it to pick one personality type. Try and embody that personality for the next half hour. Repeat again, the next day (with the same or different personality type), but this time, try and be in that headspace for an hour. Continue until you feel comfortable with pulling off that personality type for long periods or get bored, and select another.

✿ Take a recent, possible future, or past event in your life and write / imagine it described as if it was in a children's book (more Berenstein / Dr. Seuss or Shell Sylverstein (personal favorite), than "Dick and Jane"). This makes it difficult, even insulting, to take even heavy shit seriously.

🌀 Conversely, take a simple, mundane, and harmless event, and rewrite it as if it was forshadowing in a

novel.

🌀 "As we drove away from the house, my father's last words were lost in the noise of the engine and the snow crunching under my tires. I'd never if it could have aided me in the coming days, or return to find out what he would have told me, because in the next week ALL HELL would break loose."



✿ Set up some kind of randomized timer and every time it goes off, write down a bit of what your internal dialogue consisted of. Later, mentally dissect and argue against what you wrote down.

✿ On a social networking site (preferably something like twitter or facebook, wherein the assumption is that you're friending people you know, whether or not they remember you) friend people you actually *don't* know at all and then just play it like you are an old acquaintance that they can't remember and that you aren't all that interested in *talking* to them (you just felt it would be impolite not to friend them). This probably works best if you never actually talk to them at all afterwards. This totally mindfucks me on a daily basis, because I manage to get segments of the personal life of Jeph Jaques, Mixmaster Morris, Justin Coope, etc. totally out of context.

✿ Hear your internal monologue in one of your parent's voices. If you're already mindfucked that way, try hearing it in James Earl Jones' voice. Or a sort of silly high pitched whine.



In case of a water landing, you will find two emergency pies under your seat to be used as a flotation device.



As the stock markets crash on the midday news, a stoic Apache bartender idly wipes dry the insides of freshly washed glasses. A regular of the Barnyard slacks his way in and harrumphs up to the bar. "Tom Collins, rocks, double time, Jimmy. I'm too sober to be here, so saddle me up."

"Sure thing boss..."

Jimmy speaks with a robust Bostonian accent. He mixes the drink- setting a bottle of Jinn Gin™ on the table- and makes small talk with his customer. "So what's up boss? Ya' seem kinda, I dunno, jumpy. Yeah, jumpy. What gives?"

The regular fidgets a bit, looking at Jimmy. "Have you ever seen a man with a worn-out, prolapsed anus squat on a pint-sized mason jar and break it, then spend two minutes fishing out the shards with his fingers?"

Jimmy pauses a moment, then slides the regular his drink. "No, boss; can't say I have, as such." The Tom Collins is half-gone already.

"Believe you me- you don't want to see that shit. You would think I'd have learned not to click on websites titled 'Number-People-Number-Object.'"

Jimmy cleans a glass and begins making a second whiskey sour.

"I have met a trout that played the guitar, before. The first strum was heavenly and the second was hellish."

"Yeah, like I'm going to believe that shite."

Jimmy stands there, a looming deadpan. "He spoke to me- very important spiritual message." The regular softens, and cocks his head in interest. "He said: I should a' learned to play piano."

The regular stares at Jimmy like a dog that just been shown a card trick. He starts on the second Tom Collins. "You know, Jimmy- you are one weird mother fu-"

The tavern is abruptly destroyed by a meteor.

Outside, a bedraggled, ascetic man looks on the scene. He shows only the hint of a grin, whispering to himself, "Never be mistaken that enlightenment is a plateau."

Jinn Gin

Do What Thou Wish!™
Drink Responsibly.



by Philly Fillet



8 Circuit Limericks

based on Timmy Leary's "8 circuit" model of consciousness

by Ratatosk

"In circuits", did Leary once say,
"I can model the most likely way,
that people will act
though it may not be fact...
it seems rather useful today."

And after, perhaps there are more,
than circuits one, two, three and four,
but the next quatrain it seems,
is of dubious means,
Since he was tripping his balls 'cross the floor.

The first circuit imprints when you're born,
and you're hungry and alone and forlorn,
You'll learn flee or fight,
(if Leary is right)
when you're treated with love or with scorn.

Nonetheless, we move on to the fifth,
which may cause a reality shift,
Neurosomatic indeed
as we're smoking some weed
Or maybe in freefall adrift.

Circuit two determines the way,
that territory will come into play,
Are you bottom or top,
will you fight, will you flop,
In short are you hunter or prey?

Circuit Six, if the model's correct
may not be quite what we expect
It seems that dear Leary
held a post-terrestrial theory
about just how High we might get!

And the third of the circuits is said,
to help you map out your head
in symbol and sign,
as bound up with time
And that's how ideas can spread

Neurogenetics (or learning from cells),
means hearing what DNA yells,
You can trip out on Lucy,
or learn from a Sufi
just where Yog-Sothoth dwells.

Society and sex it would seem,
fall into the fourth circuits stream.
If you like it rough,
or you like to be tough,
or covered in cherries and cream.

Circuit Eight, although it sounds odd,
might be our circuit to God,
it escapes space and time,
as you hit Ketamine
unless Leary was an old Fraud.

Families is
where wings
take dream.

We will export
death & violence
to the four corners
of the earth.

The vast majority
of our imports
come from outside
the country.

When we talk
about war, we're
really talking
about peace.

If we don't
succeed, we
run the risk
of failure.

I refuse to
negotiate
with myself
in public.

We are ready for
any unforeseen
event that may
or may not occur.

Is our
children
learning?

ST. GEORGE OF THE BUBBLING FNORDS

Stephen Pile said: Success is overrated and real genius lies in quite the opposite direction. Being really bad at something requires skill, panache and utter individualism.

And so it goes, with Discordian Saints.

The Golden Apple of Sainthood has been tossed to the likes of Emperor Norton, Van Van Mojo, & The Fightin' Jesus.

And now, in the fullness of time, it can be Reveled that St. George of the Bubbling Fnords has emerged, and been caught rising to the Irie ltes. Thus must be praised from afar: the skill, panache, and utter individualism of this, our most underestimated Saint.

THIS FEATURE IS FROM
THE FORTHCOMING BOOK,
DISCORDIA PROPHETICA
by SONDRALONDON, High Priestess of the
Apocalyptic Dawn, Acolyte to the Polyfather,
Ho Chi Zen, Goddess/slash/Editor

ANCIENT NEUROTIC ADVICE
Always flush with your
foot or elbow

