

INTERMITTENS™

The Magazine for Whorlesome Living™

The Jake That Changed A World

Shamlicht Kids Club

OM CYCLOPEDIA

The Original H₂O Jake

MORE EXERCISES TO
M*NDF*CK YOURSELF

MUTTON
CHOPS

Kerry Thornley to Rev. Charles Stanley

*Rant For /
Against OM*

Interview with Original
Erisian Richard Marshall



INTERMITTENS ISSUE 7
OP*R*T**N M*NDF*CK
OMGASM MEDIA
VII MMIX

WARNING:
Parental discretion
is advised for
persons younger
than 105.

INTERMITTENS 7

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Volume I * Issue 7 * July 2009

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Welcome from the Editor

I proposed doing *Intermittens: Operation Mindfuck* on 5 February 2009; I didn't plan it this way, but I put the finishing touches on this issue on 5 July 2009, exactly five months later.

I knew when I started that it could never be completed. Operation Mindfuck may have been named in the 20th century, but the idea of challenging people's view of reality is hardly new. It goes back at least as far as the first caveman or woman who picked up a burning stick and said, "Say, maybe we could use this for something." One issue isn't big enough to hold a list of all mindfucks, let alone descriptions.

And it shouldn't. The most effective mindfuck is usually one the fuckee doesn't know about.

I won't write here what Operation Mindfuck means to me: my selections are enough of a clue. But I will tell you I used several of the self-mindfucking suggestions found in this issue. For one, I've been told I have Attention Deficit Disorder. I always jump into something before reading the directions. But this time, I read the directions before using a program to lay out this issue. Strange.

I'll use up the rest of my self-allotted space talking about *Intermittens*. *Intermittens* began on a particular website, which happened to be principiadiscordia.com. It was made by people from that site, filled with material people posted on that site, and read by the people who frequented that site. It was great--but it also appeared destined to become the ultimate inbred Discordian magazine.

But that was not the vision of the first editor, Professor Cramulus, and it's not mine. Consequently, for this issue I've mined for material in several places. Some are famous in Discordian circles, and some are websites and cabals you've

never heard of until now.

I want to give special thanks to many people and cabals, but I won't. Most of them are listed elsewhere in this issue. But I do want to thank Miley Spears, Noise Maker and Roaring Biscuit! for their input, and Cramulus, Ratatosk and Triple Zero for helping me figure out how to put an issue together using Scribus. I almost know what I'm doing now. Almost. I also want to give special thanks to the folks at KerryThornley.com for letting me use material that's never been published.

And I want to thank the person whose mindfuck helped get the magazine its own website, which is either www.intermittens.org or maybe www.intermittens.info. Someone called Shine Your Light threatened to sue after the first issue appeared, claiming he/she/it/they owned the name Intermittens. It got a lot of people very concerned. A couple weeks later, SYL said it was all a Jake on fellow Discordians. Look for that mindfuck in a future issue.

I'll close with this thought. The penultimate mindfuck is the one you pull on your fellow Discordians. The ultimate is the one you pull on yourself.

Happy mindfucking!

-- Sheered Völva



The cover model was a founding member of Shamlicht Kids Club, an Erisian youth group. While in middle school, she worked on a Discordian play with her mother, who is a charter member of the original Ek-sen-triks CluborGuild. The daughter recently gave birth to a daughter of her own.

COVER BY ALDEN LOVESHAEDE

SHAMLICHT KIDS CLUB

OPERATION MINDFOOL

by **Sister Hooter** and **Captain 'Sesame Seed' Rogers**

Discordians, like the Shakers, usually don't recruit members when they're children. That's why there's only a small handful of Shakers left. Don't let this happen to us Erisians!

Shamlicht Kids Club (sometimes called **Smagmoid Kids Club**) was formed so Discordian kids could have their own club. It began when **Shamlicht Girls** and **Shamlicht Boys** merged on Oct. 3, 2007.

It's a great way to help boys and girls find their own direction for their creativity and individuality. Each small group or nest works independently of the others, so we can focus on the needs of each individual member. Our merit badges are flexible, and we don't have uniforms. Instead, we have the 'multiform'--each child can choose or create his or her own.

We help our nestlings grow to deal with rules, order, laws and bureaucracy, and also with the chaotic, disordered, individualistic and unexpected in life. Our motto is 'Be Prepared for Anything.'

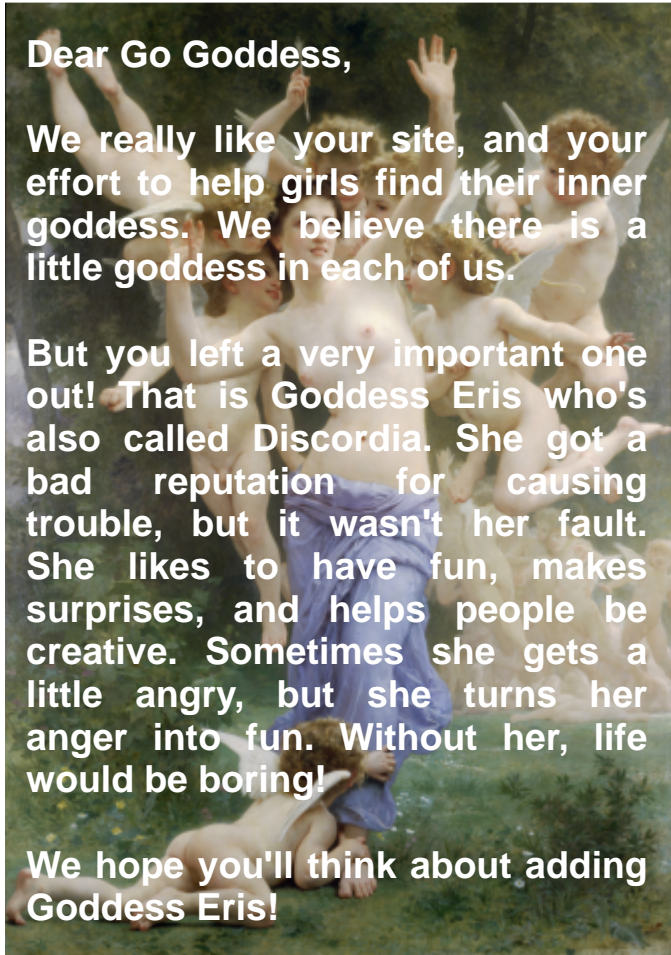
The kids love what we call OM or Operation Mindfool (we 'cleaned up' the name). Here are a couple of the ones we participated in.

We hid eggs with sayings and small toys (not pictured) for an Eriser Egg Hunt in 2009:



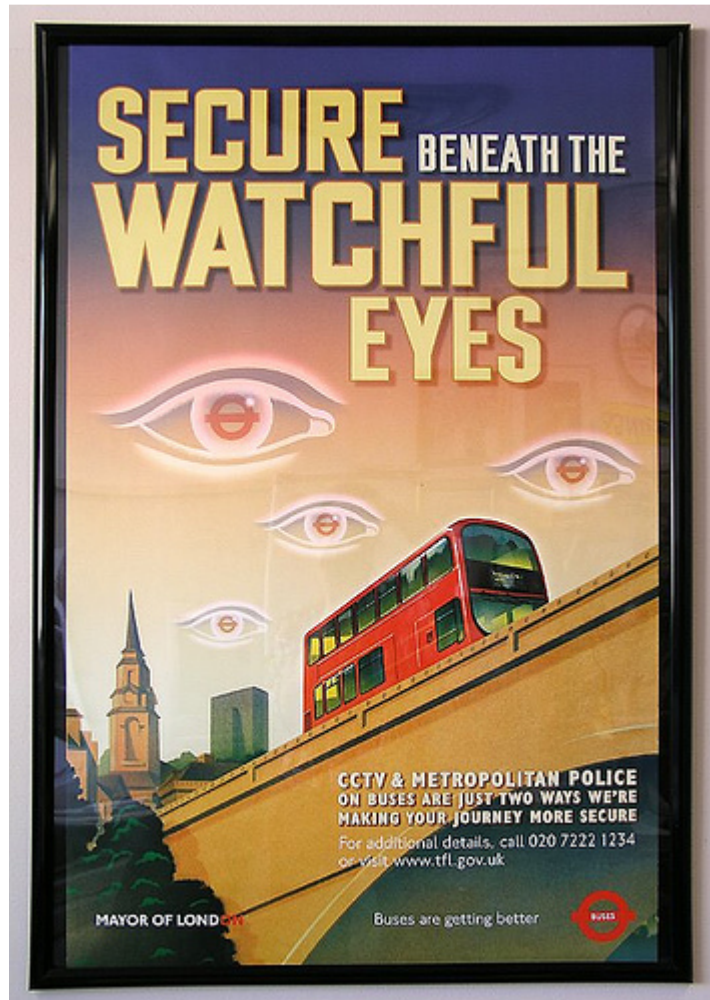
Photo by **Shamlicht AL**

Professor Cramulus started a joke for the kids. The site GoGoddess.com helped preteen girls find their inner goddess. But Eris wasn't included. This is what we wrote to them:



Invation (The Wasp's Nest)
by **Adolphe-William Bouguereau** (1897)

Advertisement



Big Brother is Watching You.
But Only to Protect You.
We Promise.

Poster is from the Government of the United Kingdom, 21st Century.

Caption is ours.

An Operation Mindfuck Cyclopedia



This "guide," like this issue, is not comprehensive--we wouldn't want it to be. What we're describing is some classic and a few new mindfucks which you can revive, revise, or use as inspiration for your own. Sources are listed for each entry, although we've made some slight revisions.

'Tis an ill wind that
blows no minds.'
-- Syadasti etc.

OPERATION MINDFUCK

Often called simply OM, Operation Mindfuck was popularized in *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. It involves challenging people's perspectives, and shaking them out of their reality tunnels by unexpected actions and events. These usually involve strange twists on normalcy.

Many OMs involve subtlety, so that those whose reality perspective is being challenged don't know whether something's being pulled on them or not. Thus Operation Mindfuck often involves a degree of paranoia.

Operation Mindfuck was created in the 1960s by Ho Chi Zen (aka Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst or Kerry Thornley, co-founder of Discordianism) with fellow Discordians Malaclypse the Younger, The GameMaster of Florin, Dr. Mordecai Malignatus, Harold Lord Randomfactor, and others.

OMs may be performed solo, by a few people, or by a large group. Operation Mindfuck often involves random elements, using the game theory concept that "the only strategy an opponent cannot predict is a random strategy." Participants may use random elements to make decisions, such as rolling dice.

OMs are often done by unconnected groups of small cells of people, similar to the military tactics of Mao Tse-tung. A participant may know who's in one cell, but have no idea who else is involved in other cells. This makes it extremely difficult to pinpoint and stop those involved.

In the 21st century, **OMGASM**, or Operation Mindfuck: Golden Apple Seed Mission, was begun by Professor Cramulus and others. In an OMGASM, people spread the word about a coming OM so it can grow everywhere like scattered seeds.

Operation Mindfuck includes: **Anti-Protests**, **Book OM** or **BookGASM**, **Culture Jamming**, **Erister Egg Hunt** or **EggGASM**, **Flash Mobbing**, **Guerilla Communication**, **Honorary Membership** (in non-existent groups), **OM Parades** (odd and unexpected parades), **Postergasm**, **Project Pan-Pontification**, stamping official documents with unofficial **Rubber Stamps**, **Project Jake**, and more.



Elppin and no mind images
by **Alden Loveshade**

-- **Dildorgasm**

Urbandictionary.com

Intermittens July 2009 00005

ANTI-PROTESTS

Predating Flash Mobbing, Marilyn Orr and others began completely unexpected protests. Examples: picket a local movie theatre because it doesn't show porn; protest because students can't bring AK-47s to school to defend themselves; demand voting rights for dead people.

-- *Ek-sen-trik-kuh Discordia:
The Tales of Shamlicht*
(working version)

BOOKGASM

Getting excited from sneaking Discordian, eccentric, alternative, controversial, pornographic or illegal books or tracts into places they would never be found. Also the act of introducing such books (which is also called Book OM). Books may be brought in or donated, often hidden with other books to hide their true nature.

Popular places to place books and tracts are public libraries, jails, prisons, houses of worship, church pews, motels, hotels, book stores, public restrooms, park benches, or almost anywhere in China, Iran or Iraq.

Book OM/Bookgasm was begun by the Ek-sen-trik Discordians as part of Black Iron Prison's Operation Mindfuck: Golden Apple Seed Mission or OMGASM.

-- **Miley Spears**
Urbandictionary.com

CULTURE JAMMING

Coined by Negativland, it is largely an anti-commercialism movement. It includes twisting advertising, creative and off-the-wall graffiti, faux commercials, fooling search engines, and more.

-- *Ek-sen-trik-kuh Discordia:
The Tales of Shamlicht*
(working version)

OM CYCLOPEDIA

ERISTER EGG HUNT

'One Easter, the Sacred Chao Ranch Cabal hid plastic Easter eggs all over the mall, supermarkets, museums, churches, etc. that had enlightening fortunes trapped inside. The fortunes were along the lines of "This is an unfertilized egg", "The PA lottery number for 5-23-97 will be 17-32-5", "You picked the 10 of Clubs", "25 cents off of LUCKY CHARMS", and "You are pregnant (replace egg if you are a man)".'

-- **Professor Mu-Chao**
'Discordian Manifesto #3'
Apocrypha Discordia



An Erister egg is a plastic egg into which something unexpected, particularly an odd or surprising message, is placed. It is then hidden to be found much as Easter eggs. But in an Erister Egg Hunt, or EggGASM, the egg finders usually don't know they're participating. They think they're finding normal Easter eggs.

The concept was reinvented online by Pinky McFatfat of Dublin 11 days before Easter in 2008. Professor Cramulus named it EggGASM, and the Mythics of Harmonia (Princess Unicornia, Fairy Princess Yoshikyoko, Nurse Eggscream and others) named it Erister Egg Hunt. ("Erister" is a

ERISTER EGG HUNT

continued

combination of "Easter" and the Goddess Discordia or "Eris").

Items that were hidden in plastic eggs that year included odd quotes, one line meme bombs, a small doll's arm, a pair of black thong panties, a condom, and even a genuine Purple Heart medal. Messages were often included in an egg with a small toy.

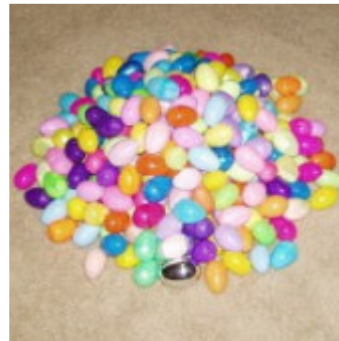
Erister Egg Hunt/EggGASM is a part of Operation Mindfuck. Getting others involved is a part of OMGASM.

-- **Miley Spears**
Urbandictionary.com



Binky the WonderSkull as the Erister Bunny. This bunny is all dressed up and hanging out, ready for an Erister Egg Hunt in the park.

-- photo by **Alden Loveshade**



The RAW Bidwell Enclave hid about 250 meme-bomb-filled Erister eggs in 2009. This may have set a record.

-- Photo by the **RAW Bidwell Enclave**



The Mythics of Harmonia, who coined the terms 'Erister Egg' and 'Erister Egg Hunt,' hid eggs at a college in 2008 with items including part of a random term paper, a black and pink pair of thong panties, a condom, and various meme bombs.

-- photo by **Mythics of Harmonia**

Kerry Thornley, co-founder of Discordianism and Operation Mindfuck, was known for using several pseudonyms. He might be Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, Ho Chi Zen, the Bull Goose of Limbo or Reverend Jesse Sump. Under the latter name he sent a letter to televangelist Dr. Charles Stanley. As far as we know, this is the first time this letter has been published. Thanks to the folks at www.kerrythornley.com for letting us use this and to Kerry's brother Richard Thornley for getting this to them.

The image is of the male couple Zephyrus and Hyacinthus from an Attic red-figure cup from Tarquinia, 480 BC. The painter is identified as Douris.

GOD GAVE AIDS TO GAYS

Dear Reverend Charles Stanley

by Reverend Jesse Sump

Reverend Charles Stanley
First Baptist Church
Atlanta, Georgia

12 February 1986

Dear Reverend Stanley:

As one who has long insisted motor vehicles are God's punishment for political apathy I was struck by the logic of your assertion that AIDS is God's penalty for homosexuality. Since the Bible explicitly forbids cigarette smoking, lung cancer is divine retribution for that sin. Therefore it follows that common colds are caused by invoking God's displeasure in living too far from the warm climate of the Holy Land. Medical science will forever be in your debt for revealing that the true cause of poor health is going against God's manifest natural system of law and order.

I need your help, though, in figuring out what sins some of the other diseases -- such as muscular dystrophy, infantile paralysis and bubonic plague -- were intended to cure. I suggest you preach a sermon on this in the near future called "God's Wonderful Biological Warfare Campaign Against Sin," which I will attend and take notes.

For I am in exceptionally good health and I wish to convince all my sick friends that if, like me, they were without sin they could insult the suffering and less fortunate in the smug self-assurance that you and I do without fear of being smitten by small pox.

Yours for casting that first
infected stone,
s/ Jesse Sump

Reverend Jesse Sump
First Evangelical and Unrepentant
Church of No Faith (Discordian)

M O R E
E X E R C I S E S
T O
M I N D F U C K
Y O U R S E L F



I Touch Myself by TawTew the Naturally Perfumed.
Mixed media painting based on Sister Esoterica.
Both are members of the Cabal of the Green Dog.

By Alamaris, Anonymous Lifeform, Anton, Broken AI, Cain, Cetaphobia, Chao Tse-tung, Cramulus, Douglas Adams, Enki-], Laughtrack, LMNO, Rev. What's-His-Name?, Richter, Risus, Samuel Boone Johnson Thomas Frederik Douglas III, Sheered Völva, Yatto

If the penultimate mindfuck is what you do to your fellow Discordians, then the ultimate mindfuck may be the one you do to yourself. There are several mental masturbations in Issue Six: here are more.

Go to Sunday services at a gospel Baptist church for 3 months. Going to a Buddhist, Catholic, Islamic, Jewish, Mormon or Seventh-day Adventist service for a few months might be equally effective, depending upon your beliefs. Make sure you go somewhere that teaches things

you do not believe. Religions that teach there is only one way to heaven/god/eternity usually work best.

Draw up a list of everything you do in an average day of your life. Circle those which are absolutely necessary, but they should be kept to a minimum. Number the rest. Randomize them, and then rearrange them. Now you have a new plan for your day. Follow it.

Masturbate to gay porn (straight porn if you're gay). Or do it to real or imagined images of someone who's of a physical type, age, race or species you don't find attractive.

Approach a creative project in the opposite way you'd normally go at it.

Break your routine. If you shower every day, don't. Eat your favorite dinner at breakfast; eat something you don't like for dinner. Wear those clothes you got for your birthday that you absolutely refused to wear because 'they aren't me.'



Visit a country where no one speaks any language you know.

Navigate by following random people/cars/animals.

Try working from a point of view where you don't run out of energy.

Record a conversation with your friends, family, co-workers, especially if you think there'll be a disagreement or argument. Then later, when you disagree on what was said, play it back and really listen.

Put your hands together, interlacing your fingers. Naturally, you'll always leave one thumb (usually on your dominant hand) on top. Switch so you're doing it the other way, and focus on WHY it feels wrong.

Find a belief system--religious, political, moral, social--with which you completely disagree. Adopt it as your own for a time. Create convincing arguments in favor of it, and tear down your former beliefs.

Write down one of your favorite quotes, only attribute it to someone you hate. Then write down a quote you hate and attribute to someone you greatly admire. Do the same thing with a song, book or painting.

Watch the clouds go by while assuming they are standing still, and that it is the ground that's moving.

Sit completely motionless for as long as you can.

Imagine yourself to be stronger, smarter, friendlier and more capable than you are. Do the reverse. Imagine yourself taller or shorter, thinner or heavier. Think of yourself as different than you see yourself. Then imagine someone else as being very different.

Keep your eyes fixed on a single spot, preferably without blinking.

'We talk to ourselves incessantly about our world. In fact we maintain our world with our internal talk. And whenever we finish talking to ourselves about ourselves and our world, the world is always as it should be. We renew it, we rekindle it with life, we uphold it with our internal talk. Not only that, but we also choose our paths as we talk to ourselves. Thus we repeat the same choices over and over until the day we die, because we keep on repeating the same internal talk over and over until the day we die. A warrior is aware of this and strives to stop his internal talk.'

-- Carlos Castaneda
in *Separate Reality*

mindfuck yourself

Take everything that you see one day as a metaphor for your life and people you interact with. Maybe even act on it.

Convince yourself for several days that you are living inside a man-made hallucination (and that furthermore, you need to pretend not to notice so that the people trapping you in it don't kill you).

Try to use a trackball at work / home for a day instead of a mouse. Or visa versa. Use tools you wouldn't ordinarily use.

Rig or buy a pair of goggles to turn your vision upside down and wear them for a couple of days.

Walk in someone else's shoes. Walk like them, move like them, eat and drink like them, talk like them, think and feel like them. This is especially effective if you become your enemy.



There is a disagreement among Discordians as to whether or not, through OM, they should seek to improve society, topple it or claim that the practice is in fact only for entertainment.

Because much of **Operation Mindfuck** itself involves hyperbole and exaggeration in regard to discussing the Discordian Society, it is difficult to determine the actual scale of the campaign, be it large or practically non-existent.

In *The Illuminatus! Trilogy* and its sequels, Operation Mindfuck is epitomized by a protagonist named **Markoff Chaney**, an anti-social dwarf who engages in subtle practical joking, in a deliberate attempt to cause Discord, as a protest against his mistreatment by society. One such joke involves the forging of signs that are signed by "The Mgt." (leading people to believe they're from "The Management" instead of "the Midget") that contain absurdities, and placing the signs in stores and other establishments. -- **s23.org**

Meme: an information pattern, held in an individual's memory, which is capable of being copied to another individual's memory

Memetics: the theoretical and empirical science that studies the replication, spread and evolution of memes

Meme bomb: a meme, generally short in form, that is spoken or written for the purpose of fucking with people's minds -- **s23.org**

Cramulus: Know what might be appropriate? Since this is an OMF issue, some people might want to protect their identities. They could use an anagramic code name - like 'Cramulus' could be 'Muscular' for example.

Cainad: Just how long have you been waiting for an excuse to use that?

MUTTON CHOPS

The fucker dumped me.

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

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

The farmer was kind of a freak; he was like "So why do you want a live sheep, again?" and I was like, "I want my fourth grade class to get a sense of the reality of where meat comes from, you know?" He totally gave me the eyeball, but he couldn't come up with a decent argument in the face of my explanation, so he accepted my cash and loaded the animal into my Subaru



Forester without saying much more.

I had to wait until Wednesday. I just kept the sheep tethered in my kitchen until then; I know, the back yard would have been better, but I didn't want to give myself away and at least it was easy to clean the poop off the linoleum. The thing about Wednesday, besides me having the morning off, was that during the week his mother always gets up early to eat breakfast and do some gardening, HOURS before he gets up. Oh, did I mention that he lives with his mother? Fucking loser.

**At least it was
easy to clean
the poop off
the linoleum**

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

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

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

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

times a night to pee, or dogs barking, or air-raid sirens, or whatever.



So I went into the bathroom first, closed the stopper on the sink, and carefully poured about half the blood in. I wiped up the couple drops I spilled with toilet paper and stuck it into my pocket; I didn't want to risk flushing the toilet because I was pretty sure I would have gotten in major shit for being in his house without telling anyone. I walked back out to the stairs, and meticulously poured a line of blood on each tread without letting any of it run over onto the next tread; it took forever and my arms were getting tired of holding the bucket, like fifteen minutes or something, it sucked.

It was time to set up Mr. Woolly

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

That night I was marinating some chops when the

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

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

The sheep photo by Barry Harter was named AFSRC Picture of the Week, January 2, 2006, for the Appalacian Systems Research Center, associated with the United States Department of Agriculture. Bathroom image (not including the sheep) is from the United States Environmental Protection Agency. The story by Nigel fucked up this editor's mind.



Earth Elemental copyright 2004 by Kaousuu

OM Cyclopedia continued from page 00007

FLASH MOB

A group of people who appear from out of nowhere, to perform predetermined actions, designed to amuse and confuse surrounding people. The group performs these actions for a short amount of time before quickly dispersing. Flash mobs are often organised through email and/or newsgroup postings.

(FM was begun in May 2003 by Bill Wasik.)

-- **Loki**

Urbandictionary.com

GUERRILLA COMMUNICATION

Related to street theatre and performance art, it includes guerrilla theatre and involves disrupting or protesting a public event or shifting the perspective of observers. It could be a loud argument on a bus that ends with singing, or publicly giving ironic and twisted support to something you're against.

-- ***Ek-sen-trik-kuh Discordia:
The Tales of Shamlicht***
(working version)

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

Making up an honorific-sounding society name (in the tradition of Malaclypse, perhaps one that's a little tweaked). then using it on a more-or-less official-looking document. Send it to a company president, department chair, or other official. Use an OMGASM or notify some rebellious underlings who can be overheard talking about the society so that the honoree won't be sure if it's real, a joke or a conspiracy.

-- ***Ek-sen-trik-kuh Discordia:
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(working version)

LITGASM / OMGASM

See page 00016 for LitGASM and OMGASM.

OM PARADES

Having a parade that's unexpected and twists people's perspective. Examples include a parade of Unregistered Sex Offenders, Dead Animals, Cacaphony, Found Instruments, Discordians for Jesus, Imaginary Friends (your group watches an imaginary parade), or People Who Are Naked Under Their Clothes.

-- *Ek-sen-trik-kuh Discordia:
The Tales of Shamlicht*
(working version)

LOST CRAB



Answers to "Goliath"

**If Found, Please Call
(604) 736-4743**

**Please keep children and
small pets indoors
until found.**

Crab photo by **Terence Ong**
Poster concept by **Risus**

POSTERGASM

An adventure involving modifying your environment, reclaiming public space, and surprising people out of their daily rut. Operatives on this mission augment public spaces by spreading meme bombs, absurd images and phrases, and surreal literature.

-- **Professor Cramulus**



Poster image provided by **Professor Cramulus**.

**DO NOT
READ THIS
SIGN**

**UNDER PENALTY OF LAW
23 U.S.C. 505**



Poster by **Golden Appleseed**.

PROJECT PAN-PONTIFICATION



A Pope is someone who is not under the authority of the authorities.

-- *Principia Discordia*

PROJECT JAKE

'Instigated by Harold Lord Randomfactor. Once or twice a year, a public servant who has distinguished himself by more than common imbecility is selected as target for a Jake and all Discordian cabals are alerted.' The official being honored receives mail from all the cabals at once on Jake Day. The letters should be printed on the official letterhead of each of the cabals and ask for help in 'some complicated political matter that passes all rational understanding.'

-- *The Illuminatus! Trilogy*
Appendix Yod

by **Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson**

RUBBER STAMP

Dr. Mordecai Malignatus (Robert Anton Wilson) stamped mail he considered ridiculous or overly bureaucratic 'SEE MENTAL HEALTH RECORDS,' then returned it.

-- *Ek-sen-trik-kuh Discordia:
The Tales of Shamlicht*
(working version)

OMGASM

The OMGASM is an attempt to network with Discordians and other cool people so that they can share resources between cabals.

OM stands for Operation Mindfuck. It is an ongoing Discordian project to challenge existing assumptions and provoke critical and creative thought.

GASM stands for Golden Apple Seed Mission. It's a Discordian meme which indicates a project needs assistance.

When you combine the two, you'll have an OMGASM - a way of networking activist power so that everyone can accomplish their goals.

-- **blackironprison.com**

Also what a Discordian American Princess has when she successfully completes such a mission and climaxes.

-- **Lord Tolstoy**
Urbandictionary.com



LITGASM

LitGASM is a Golden Apple Seed Mission. The objective of the mission is to tag all "relevant" Discordian Works on the web....

Add the tags "discordian" and "litgasm" to any Discordian work you find....

-- **blackironprison.com**



An Interview with Richard Marshall

By Pope Hilde

I was very happy to be able to interview Richard Marshall. He was friends with some of the founders of the Discordian religion and other revolutionaries of the 1960s and 1970s. He told me about Discordian founders Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst (Kerry Thornley), Malaclypse the Younger (Greg Hill), Robert Anton Wilson, The Midget, Operation Mindfuck, The Illuminatus! Trilogy, Principia Discordia, Fernando Poo, and many other people, places and ideas. To clarify some points that were not clear in the interview, I have added notes in parenthesis. -- P.H.

HILDE: Thank you for agreeing to be interviewed.

MARSHALL: You're welcome. Sorry I wouldn't talk to anybody for so long. I don't trust the press, but, well, guess you're all right. And I'm retired now--"can't fire the retired." But I won't answer personal questions. And can't go overtime. Doctor's appointment.

HILDE: I have to ask you one that's personal. Do I call you Richard, Rich, Mr. Marshall?

MARSHALL: Marshall. No "Mister." I call everybody by their last name, Hilde.

HILDE: All right, Marshall. I understand you knew Greg Hill, Kerry Thornley, Robert Anton Wilson, Timothy Leary, Ken Kesey, and were one of the original Discordians.

MARSHALL: No, I wasn't ever really a Discordian, just hung out with them. I liked Kesey's Merry Pranksters and Leary's books, but never did acid. I was more Eristic, you could say, but wasn't an Erisian either.

HILDE: What's the difference between a Discordian and an Erisian?

MARSHALL: Discordian is more carnal, physical, like flyers and Jakes and rubber stamps. Erisian is more spiritual, philosophical. I was a Christian, a "Jesus Freak." Still am, I'd say. Not if you ask a Baptist. I don't believe in Hell, Jesus' resurrection, or immaculate conception. Pure fantasy, all that. But I believe in Jesus' message, "love your neighbor as yourself." And challenging the establishment.

HILDE: Doesn't "Jesus Freak" mean a Christian fundamentalist?

Richard Marshall

MARSHALL: No! Those days it didn't--different generation than yours. To us, Jesus was a radical, anti-establishment rebel. We were into love and universal peace, and back-to-the-land, what's now called "being green." I still grow most of my own vegetables, and I'm still a Jesus Freak.

HILDE: There's a group called "Discordians for Jesus."



MARSHALL: They probably get Jesus. Fundies don't.

HILDE: Many of the people you knew advocated drug use, such as marijuana and LSD. You said you didn't take acid, but did you do anything else? Even being a Christian, it would be hard not to, living in the '60s.

MARSHALL: Nothing personal! Oh, guess it doesn't matter now. Last three presidents admitted smoking pot. You couldn't hang out with that crew and not do something. Not unless you're Frank Zappa. I never did acid because it was manmade. The Bible says God gave us all plants which are good for us. Tried mushrooms--psilocybin--peyote, did pot of course. The three p's.

HILDE: Did you have any drug-related experiences you'd like to share?

MARSHALL: No. But I never had any problems, no addiction, no bad trips. Now, did reds once, but didn't know what it was. Never tried opium. Should have done that--poppy, the fourth "p." (Laughs)

HILDE: Back to the early days of Discordia. Because of conflicting accounts, it's hard to tell

how it all began. Sometimes it's even hard to tell who was a real person using an alias, and who was a fictional character. Gypsie Skripto, Onrak the Backwards, The Midget--

MARSHALL: Don't know Gypsie and Onrak. Onrak was real--lived in Wyoming or Colorado, never met him. Gypsie might have been Louise (*Louise Lacey--P.H.*); she liked gypsy things. The Midget was real. Just wasn't a real midget.

HILDE: Robert Anton Wilson said many times that The Midget was a real person, but Wilson was known for twisting fact and fiction.

MARSHALL: Wasn't a real midget--that's what's fiction. The Midget was a boy named Quinn, I think Art Quinn. No, Mike Quinn. He was I guess about 10 or 12 when we first saw him, back in the '60s. Ran away from home, wanted to be a hippie--but with money. And a revolutionary, Black Panther--they started in the Bay area, too--author, Rastafarian, president of the United States, everything. Whatever it was, it was going to make him rich. He was a lot like that redheaded kid on *The Patridge Family*. (*The TV character was Danny Patridge, played by Danny Bonaduce. --P.H.*) Clever schemes, new games and variations, something you wouldn't expect. A greedy little genius.

HILDE: You mentioned the Bay area--I thought Discordianism began in Whittier, which is in Southern California.

MARSHALL: It was the Bay Area, northern California.

HILDE: I believe both Hill and Thornley said it began in a bowling alley in Whittier.

MARSHALL: They both lied a lot.

The Midget was real. Just wasn't a real midget.

HILDE: Hmm. Why did you call Quinn a midget if he wasn't one?

MARSHALL: He was a kid so he was short. Not short for a kid but shorter than us. At first we called him The Kid, but Quinn hated that. For revenge he started calling Wilson Bobby, which Wilson didn't mind, and me Richie, which I hated, so we called him The Midget. He was a genius, one of those child prodigies. He could play chess like Bobby Fischer, poker like Maverick. (*Bobby Fischer won the World Chess Championship in 1972, and "Maverick" was a 1960s American television show about a family of expert poker players in the Old West --P.H.*) He called himself "The Game Master." Also had a knack for being where things were happening--ran away to San Francisco in 1967 and got in on the birth of the Flower Children and the Summer of Love, then ran away again in '69 and went to Woodstock. Can see why he kept running away. Had it bad at home in L. A.--his family was poor, he was colored--black--not too bad then, the movement had started, so he could go to white schools--California was already intergrated--but he had Klinefelter's syndrome, so he felt like a freak.

HILDE: Please tell me about that syndrome.

MARSHALL: Males have XY chromosomes, females have XX. He had XXY. Same thing Tula had.

HILDE: Tula?

MARSHALL: The James Bond girl.

HILDE: Oh yes, the transexual model who was featured in *Playboy*. Did you know Shea and Wilson when they wrote

for *Playboy*?

MARSHALL: Knew Wilson, of course. I knew Shea a little. Never did get to know him very well, unfortunately.

HILDE: But you knew Greg Hill and Kerry Thornley.

MARSHALL: Very different, those two. I always wondered how they got along. Hill was philosophical and something of a comic, but in a laid back, "isn't this shit interesting" type of way. A comic social commentator, like George Carlin or Lenny Bruce, only with words on paper not on stage. Discordia was a diversion for him, something fun to talk about and map out, but not to live in. He was always the more practical of the two. His big crime was stealing rubber stamps. Later started programming computers, worked for a bank.

HILDE: I believe that was Bank of America.

MARSHALL: Hill was change from within. Don't tear down the building if you don't like it, sneak inside and rebuild it. He was practical.

HILDE: And Thornley? Some have called him a divine mad man.

MARSHALL: Thornley was a genius, not literally a genius like Quinn, but clever. Hill was too. But Hill

**I always
wondered how
Hill and
Thornley got
along.**



**Royal Lilliputians poster from
The U.S. Printing Co., circa 1900.**

was more, "Look before you leap," Thornley was more, "He who hesitates is lost." He wouldn't tear down the building either, he'd piss on the wall and then plant marijuana seeds where'd he'd pissed. I actually saw him do that, except he planted first. Thornley was like Jim Morrison, a horny poet who'd try anything. I'm surprised, and glad, he lived as long as he did. I always worried he'd end up like Morrison and Bruce, dead on the toilet.

Remember one time we heard Morrison took whatever drug anyone handed him. So Thornley decided he'd do it. He asked me for something, and I gave him an aspirin. (Laughs).

HILDE: Did you contribute something to the *Principia*?

MARSHALL: The what?

HILDE: *Principia Discordia*.

MARSHALL: Yeah. No, I don't think so. Maybe I'm quoted in it somewhere, don't remember.

HILDE: What was your Discordian name, your holy name?

MARSHALL: Don't think I ever had one; don't remember.

HILDE: Or is it, Marshall, that you don't want to tell me?

MARSHALL: That's the problem with Operation Mindfuck: if you do it right, you fuck up your own mind. Oh, excuse my French.

HILDE: You can say "fuck," "shit," any word in front of me. In English or French. Please tell me

about Operation Mindfuck.

MARSHALL: It's fucking--sorry, but that's what it is--it's fucking with people's minds, guerilla ontology. Shake up people's views of reality, challenge their thinking. That's what started the '60s; it was all a philosophical and cultural mindfuck until everybody started worrying about getting their brains blown out in Viet Nam. Part of it's from Chairman Mao, who mindfucked the hide-bound Chinese into accepting something completely different disguised as tradition. Something Mao said: "Cloak the revolution in the clothing of the past."

HILDE: There are several references to Mao Tse-tung in *Principia Discordia*. But they are generally negative.

MARSHALL: No. Brilliant mind, master tactician. Discordians borrowed Mao's idea as "Discordians must stick apart." It's guerilla warfare--Mao used it brilliantly, but it started with the Spanish. When you're out-numbered and outgunned, it's the best way to go. It's using cells or cabals, where each cell is a few people who work independently of all the others. If the police or the military grab one cell, no one can rat out the others because they don't know what the others are doing, where they are or even who they are. And stopping one cell doesn't hurt the others, because they're all working independently. That's why Mao used cells, and we did too--secret

**That's the
problem with
Operation
Mindfuck: if
you do it right,
you fuck up
your own
mind.**



**Mao Tse-tung in
1939.**

Ban Dihydrogen Monoxide!

By Terrorists For Truth

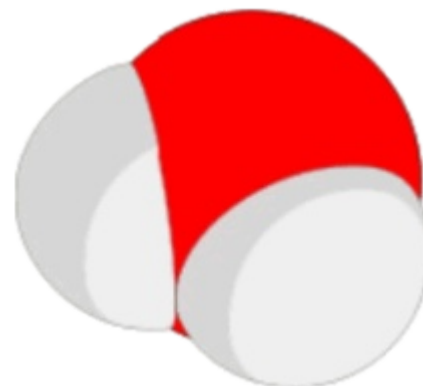
Jokes are often thought of as mental practical jokes. You send letters/emails/faxes/etc. to get someone to not only wonder about your motives (is this real or not?), but, ultimately, to question their own version of reality. But occasionally a Jake will go beyond that. In the early days of the satiric television program Saturday Night Live, future Senator Al Franken did a sketch about chemicals in which he deceptively used the scientific name of a particular substance. Several people used this chemical name in various mindfucking hoaxes, the first perhaps being Terrorists for Truth in the early 1980s. At the end of the '80s, Eric Lechner, Lars Norpchen and Matthew Kaufman (possibly the same as Mike Quinn, a founding member of TFT) famously recreated the joke, and mindfucked students and faculty at the University of California, Santa Cruz. In 1997, Nathan Zohner, a 14-year-old junior high student, won an award after getting people to sign a petition to ban the chemical. Then in 2004, the city council of Aliso Viejo, California, was on the edge of banning what is commonly known as....

The version below is not the most famous form of the Jake, but is perhaps the earliest, dating from the beginning of the 1980s. (Image is slightly altered from one by Booyabazooka)

BAN DIHYDROGEN MONOXIDE!

Know these facts about dihydrogen monoxide:

- It can be added to food and drink, swallowed, inhaled, and injected. Regardless of the method, it is extremely dangerous.
- Overdose can cause disorientation, vomiting, lung damage, oxygen depletion to the brain, kidney failure, and even death.
- Autopsies of habitual users, some of whom injected it directly into their veins, have revealed life-long dependency.
- Withdrawal symptoms are worse than that of heroin. Withdrawal is extremely painful and can cause hallucinations, heart irregularities, fainting, and internal organ and tissue damage. In severe cases, withdrawal has proved fatal.
- It is used abusively not only by adults, but by teenagers and even children.
- News reports in both the East and West have verified thousands of deaths due to dihydrogen monoxide in a single year. Many of these deaths are innocent children.
- Clinical tests have shown that pregnant mothers pass it through the placenta to their helpless developing fetuses and embryos.
- Nursing mothers pass it to their infants through their breast milk.
- Police reports reveal that dihydrogen monoxide-using parents have actually pushed it on their own sons and daughters.



This dangerous drug is known by many names, including liquid ice and the revealing dihy ("die high"). Incredibly, its powerful dealers and pushers have kept it legal. We urge you to write your representatives to ban dihydrogen monoxide now!

Professor Mu-Chao 11 August 2005

We should start a Jake campaign to get the new planet named Eris, or more like "Discordia" to keep with the Roman naming scheme....

This planet was obviously not invited to the party and has been hiding out there well into our Space Age waiting to cause mischief. Also, there are no hot dog buns that far from the sun. I think the choice is obvious.

Lets just hope she doesn't roll any golden asteroids our way. www.23ae.com/?showo=1&post=208

Brother Kob 13 September 2006

It finally happened today. The so called dwarf planet nicknamed "Xena" is now officially named after the Greek discordian goddess Eris. Here is the URL of the planet from wikipedia.org: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/136199_Eris

According to wikipedia, the planet "Eris" is the farthest planet from the sun (Down, Christianity, down!) AND it orbits around the sun at 556.7 years! Now I know what you are thinking: "How come it's not 555 years?" Well, there's a trick to Eris' so-called planet! if you add the numbers like so: $5 + 5 + 6 + 7$, you get the number 23! And 23 IS Eris' number! I love this goddess so much. She finally came public in the most unexpected way. Hail Eris for replacing a terrible actress with a crazy, new one! One who's so good at acting, that no one knows whether or not she's faking it.

Gay Marxist 5 June 2006

When I first got into Discordianism, my dad, a veteran of these sort of things, cynically proclaimed "None of the real Discordians call themselves Discordians any more. They're all pretending to be Fundamentalist Christians and people obsessed with Planet X." At the time, I didn't get what he was grabbing at, but now I do.

Intermittens July 2009 00022

The Jake That Changed A World

Reverend Loveshade 12 October 2006

As of this writing, the anniversary of the death of Aristotle, the dwarf planet formerly named Planet X (or Xena) is named 136199 Eris. Because it is currently believed larger than Pluto, this means that the world considered the Solar System's ninth planet since its discovery in 1930 was demoted to a dwarf planet. This decision of the International Astronomical Union has not proved popular, and may have changed by the time you read this.

This is a prime example of the Discordian principle of grids. People in a society typically have grids similar to each other. Imagine taking a grid you can see through, and going outside one night and looking through it at the lights in the heavens. The points that line up on your grid will line up on the grids of your neighbors. You can all agree that you're looking at a crab or a goat or a virgin. But people in a different society will see different points lined up differently on their grids. They might, for example, say that the lights line up to indicate the birth of the king of the Jews. Like the blind men and the elephant, people fight and kill each other over their grids. But the lights in the sky shine on them all.

Alden Loveshade 1 September 2006

Before human beings discovered, defined and named Pluto, it followed its course through the heavens. After they discovered it and called it the ninth planet, it followed its course through the heavens. Now that scientists say it is not a planet, it follows its course through the heavens. And if they declare it a planet once again, it will still follow its course through the heavens.

Changing the definition of reality doesn't change reality, only our perspective. And that's what this debate is really all about.

CON THE CONS

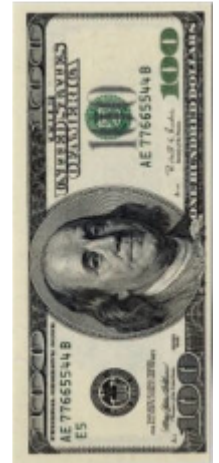
You've probably gotten annoying emails that claim someone's dying/died/fleeing the country and wants your help getting money, or that you've won the lottery somewhere. You know, the ones where you get to talk to Udum Rippoffi from Dwanzania who "need your desperate help securing the sum of US\$23 million" if "you have give to me your bank account number and security code so enable an efficient transfer." Or the email from The Official State Lottery of Utah telling you that, "You've just won the state lottery prize of \$5 million! Send us \$85 for processing and we'll send you the money." Believe it or not, we've read that these scams take in oodles of money.

Well, this is your chance to get back at the scammers. Next time you do a Jake on someone, you can use these people's names and contact info as your reply email/return address/phone number. Or send the scammers themselves a Jake, maybe a chance to win the Fnordian lottery.

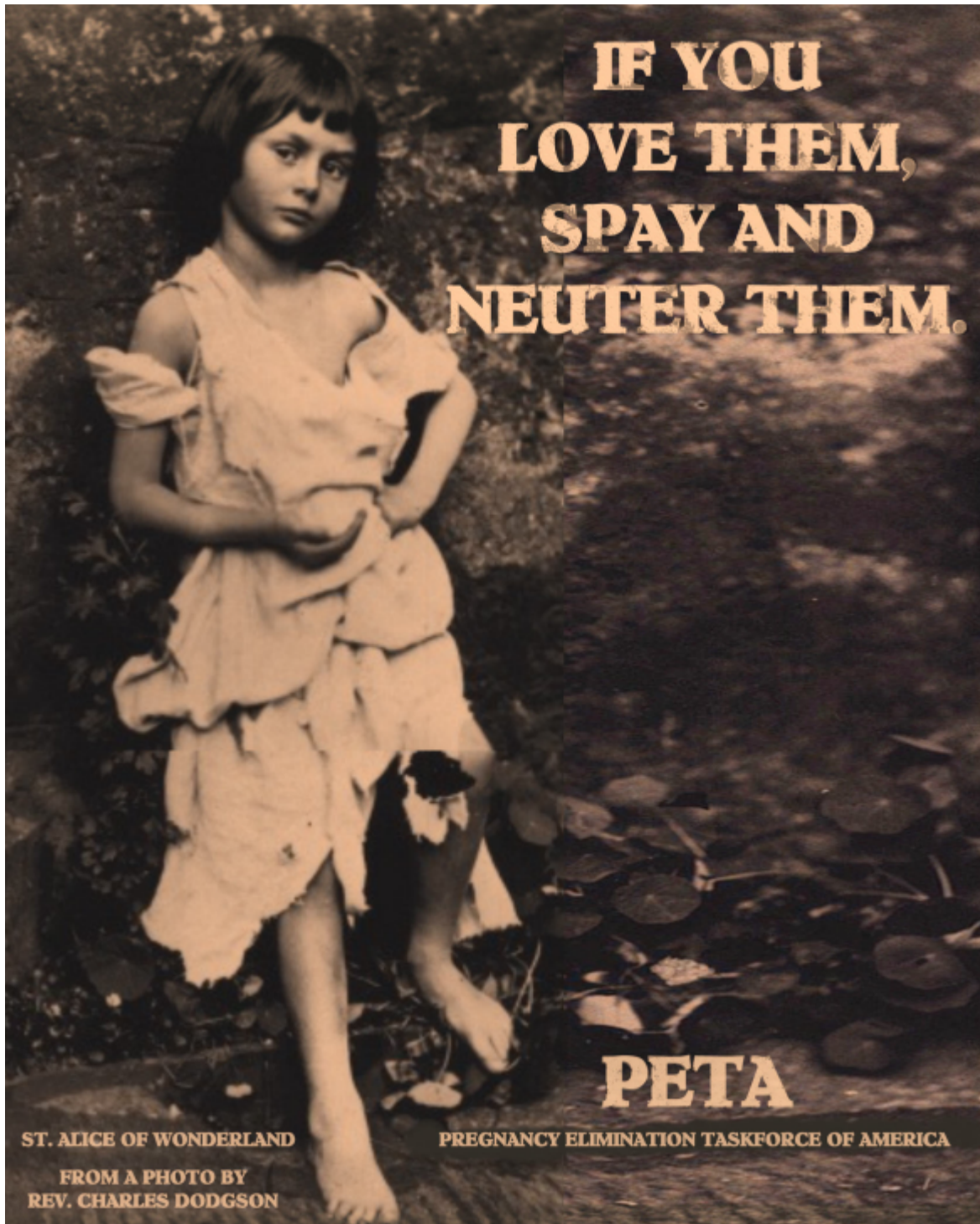
Understand that we haven't actually investigated each of these, so can't verify that every one of these is a scam (We say that only for our legal protection.) Where more than one email address is listed for a contact, the first one is their actual reply address--this is the one most likely to work. Many use a different email in their send field to avoid being spammed themselves. But we can fix that.

All of these were used in spam sent in 2009.

- Mlle Isabelle Toure at issabelletoure@orange.fr or issabelletoure@rocketmail.com
- Alan Street at alanstreet112@gmail.com or atf22@earthlink.net
- Mrs. Jennifer Wilson at jenniferwilson2009@gmail.com or jennifer2f@live.com or jenniferfff2@ymail.com
- Mr. Dan Wong at danwong_06@yahoo.com.hk or alpinemotorinn@nb.aibn.com or birdlandchildrensctr@bellnet.ca
- William Smith at asifesmith2020@hotmail.com or williamyy95@msn.com
- Ken Waren at kenwaren@rediffmail.com and correo@telefonica.net and ken_waren58022@hotmail.com
- Stephen Scott at scottstephen85@windowslive.com or info@stephen.com
- Pastor Chris Boom at pastorchrisboom1@sify.com or pastorchrisboom_6@msn.com
Physical address: Pastor.Chris Boom, (Church of Latter Day Saints), 06 BP 1409 Akpakpa Domey, Cotonou, Benin Republic
- Kelly Magaiva at kellymagaiva@msn.com or kellymc3@msn.com Physical address: Mr Kelly Magaiva, Earl Road Cheadle, Hulme SK8 6QG Cheadle, P.O. Box 4, United Kingdom
- Pastor Williams Jeff at pastorwilliams@religious.com Physical address: Pastor Williams Jeff, Cornerstone Evangelical Church, Bluecoat Wollaton Park, Nottingham, UK, NG8 1EA
- Dr. Mansur Muhtar at atmcardofficemessages@gmail.com
creditsettlementdepartmentfgn@googlemail.com or textilecoux@optusnet.com.au
- Dean West at shotgun2head@hotmail.com Physical address: Dean West, 16 Limit Hotel Avenue Street, Victoria Island, Lagos, Nigeria 23401
- Mrs. Partzento J. Savimbi at pjsavimbi11@gmail.com or rustybucket123@suddenlink.net Physical address: Mrs. Partzento J. Savimbi, #01 Smut Ave, Luanda, Angola
- Mr. Kwesi Opoku at agro_company@yahoo.com Physical address: Branch Manager, Continental Trust Bank Limited, 57 Independence Avenue, North Ridge, Cantonments, Accra, Ghana.
- *Shine Your Light (always busy phone number): (604) 736-4743



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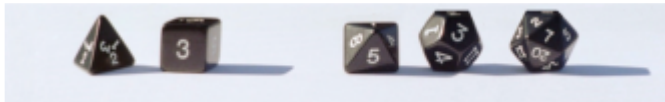
Poster by **Anonymous Lifeform**
inspired by Kaousuu, Chan Marshall, and
People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals

cabals, holy names, some real, some fictional, truth and lies stirred together; it's anonymous. That's how Mao won China.

It's from game theory. You know game theory?

HILDE: I've heard of it.

MARSHALL: Study it. Everything in life comes from games. We used it. Wilson said be unpredictable, random--the only unpredictable strategy is a random one. The only one. It's dice rolling. We always had dice, randomness. It's John



Cage, the I Ching backwards, not order in chaos, but chaos in order. Nobody knows what anybody's doing, not even themselves. That way The Agents of Greyface--the man, the cops, the establishment, whoever's in power--can't nail you down. It works in war, works in protests, works in mindfucks.

But sometimes those days all get like Woodstock. If you remember it, you weren't really there.

HILDE: Were you at the Woodstock concert in 1969?

MARSHALL: Don't remember.

HILDE: Have you heard of OMGASM?

MARSHALL: What's that, tantric sex?

HILDE: No, it stands for Operation Mindfuck: Golden Apple Seed Mission. (*Correction: it's also the name of a short film which is about yoga and sex. --P.H.*) It's relatively new. It's the idea of sending out a mindfuck to different cabals, planting mindfucks like golden apple seeds that are spread around and grow.

MARSHALL: Glad OM is still growing. Idea's not new, though; we did it. I never thought Discordia would go anywhere. Back then.

HILDE: Wilson and Shea credited Markoff Chaney with starting Operation Mindfuck, at least in a fictional way.

MARSHALL: Who?

HILDE: The Midget, Operation Mindfuck's Patron Saint.

MARSHALL: He always had a twisted practical joke or scheme going. But I never heard him called that. His name was Quinn.

HILDE: I'm sure he was called Markoff Chaney in *The Illuminatus! Trilogy*, the series by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. At least the fictional version of him was.

MARSHALL: Been so long since I read. Yes, Chaney, The Midget. You have to know Voegelin (*Eric Voegelin was a political philosopher. His philosophy is a key part of the trilogy --P.H.*) to know the book. No, they called him Chaney? Wasn't it Crane?

HILDE: Let me check my notes. (Checks) Hagbard Celine, the Captain Nemo-like owner of the golden submarine Leif Ericson, was called Howard Crane in another of Wilson's books.

MARSHALL: That was The Midget.

HILDE: But in the books--

MARSHALL: I remember. The Midget and The Captain are the same character. It was Wilson's joke, something like Quinn--or anybody--could

The Midget and The Captain are the same character.

Richard Marshall

go different ways. Roll of the dice, different paths, like that. Game theory again. Use his prankstership to continue doing small pranks like the freak Chaney, or go like Crane, get rich and afford huge pranks that would change the world--but do it on the yellow submarine.

The Beatles, they were mindfuckers too, especially Lennon. Listen to "Yellow Submarine," Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," "Nowhere Man," "I am the Walrus." There's a lot of Lewis Carroll there, a lot of mindfucking.

But The Captain and The Midget? Chaney, Crane--listen to the names, spell them out. They're really the same.

HILDE: And they both sound like Quinn, don't they?

MARSHALL: I remember something else. They're both about toilets. (Laughs) Used to be almost every toilet was made by Crane, and you pulled a chain to flush them. Pull a Chaney to flush a Crane. Potty joke.

But Chaney and Crane both failed to change the world, which is Voegelin. He said you can't change--can't remember the phrase--you can't make heaven on earth.

HILDE: The phrase used in the trilogy is "immanentize the eschaton." It can mean both "make heaven on earth" and "end the world."

MARSHALL: You know the Fernando Poo joke? It's been years.

HILDE: Please tell it.

MARSHALL: That's the only one that's mine. Guess I did contribute something. Fernando Poo,

where *Pyramid* begins? (The Eye in the Pyramid is the first book of The Illuminatus! Trilogy -- P.H.) A very old name for a real island in Africa. They didn't create it--I found the name--but they did make up the war. It's a joke that nobody gets, inside joke. "Fernando" is also--called Ferdinand the Bull but it's the same name--he's a gentle "bull" who likes flowers more than violence. An old kids story, remade by Disney. "Poo" is short for poop. Fernando Poo.

HILDE: So in context of the book, if not in real life, "Fernando Poo" means bullshit?

MARSHALL: It's obvious now, but back then nobody but us said "poo." That's the only thing I did for the P.D., because it's a joke there too, a quote. Fernando Poo, the real island, used to be called something that meant "beautiful flower." Something "flora," I think. (The island was called "Formosa Flora." -- P.H.) They used that in *Summa Universalia--Principia Discordia*--too, but I can't remember the quote.

HILDE: "Bullshit makes the flowers grow, and that's beautiful."

MARSHALL: That's it! You remember it. It's the same joke as Fernando Poo in *Pyramid*. Bullshit and flowers.

HILDE: The male Sacred Chao.

MARSHALL: In a way.

HILDE: Let me make sure I understand this. The real-life Midget--Quinn--was also The Game Master, who then must be the same as The GameMaster of Florin, "Florin" meaning both money and flowers?

MARSHALL: Maybe I didn't think of it first.

**Bullshit makes
the flowers
grow, and
that's beautiful.**



Maybe it was Quinn. I think I found Fernando Poo, he thought of the rest. Said he came from there. Crazy kid. He must be the youngest one who got something in *Principia Discordia*.

One time he said he was an Eskimo, *The Mighty Quinn*.



Photo of Eskimo family
by Edward Sheriff Curtis (1920s)

HILDE: Wasn't there a movie called *The Mighty Quinn*? But I don't believe it was about an Eskimo.

MARSHALL: No. Denzel Washington's black, like the real Quinn--see how it all connects? (*The movie starred Denzel Washington as the title character--P.H.*) But that's not it, just synchronicity. It's a Dylan song (*singer-songwriter Bob Dylan. The song was made popular in the 1960s by the group Manfred Mann --P.H.*). Quinn--our Quinn--claimed Dylan wrote "Quinn the Eskimo" about him, but he didn't. It's from this movie about Eskimo culture--Anthony Quinn was the Eskimo--where your visitors get to have sex with your wife. Sorry, but that's the way it was. Eskimo hospitality, cultural norm. Only this missionary wouldn't have sex with the Eskimo's wife, being a Christian priest, so the Eskimo was terribly insulted and killed him. *The Savage Innocents*, that's the name, great name--we loved

that movie. Culture clash. It all ties together, twisted. It's that way with anything Discordian.

HILDE: Have you seen any synchronistic Discordian connections in your life?

MARSHALL: That's like the number five. You see them if you look for them.

HILDE: Do you have any examples?

MARSHALL: My personal life's that; personal.

HILDE: Several Discordians and Discordian cabals and similar groups have been investigated by federal agents, what you called The Agents of Greyface. Usually this has been for the "twin demons" of sex and violence, but sometimes for drugs. Kerry Thornley, Robert Anton Wilson, Reverend Loveshade and the Discordian Division of the Ek-sen-triks CluborGuild, Hakim Bey, Timothy Leary, Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, Steve Jackson Games, Illuminatus Inner Sanctum, Cacophony Society, Terrorists For Truth. Forgive me for asking, but were you ever investigated?

Jim Garrison and the Secret Service drove poor Thornley mad.

MARSHALL: I never got anything worse than a traffic ticket. But Jim Garrison, Secret Service? They drove poor Thornley mad. Never should have investigated him.

HILDE: But didn't they have a reason? Before President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, Thornley said he wanted to see Kennedy dead. Some claimed he publicly cheered after the assassination. And of course he was friends with Lee Harvey Oswald, who is the man blamed for killing Kennedy. Is it really surprising he'd get investigated?

Richard Marshall

MARSHALL: They weren't friends, Thornley and Oswald, just in the Marines together. Thornley could argue you to death, but he couldn't kill anybody. Hating Kennedy never made sense to me. He wanted Nixon to win? (*Richard M. Nixon was John F. Kennedy's primary opponent for U. S. president in 1960 --P.H.*) I think it was another of his mindfucks.

Time.

HILDE: I beg your pardon?

MARSHALL: I gave you so much time. It's already over. Sorry, Hilde, but this is it. Have a doctor's appointment.

HILDE: I understand and appreciate your time. Thank you, Richard Marshall. Perhaps we can talk again?

MARSHALL: Possible. See how this goes first. How it comes out in print.

HILDE: Before we conclude this interview, is there anything you'd like to add?

MARSHALL: No.

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I WONDER WHAT SHE'D SAY

by Ratatosk, Squirrel of Discord

I wonder what she'd say,
if she happened by today,
and saw us in our rituals of life?
Would she think we're doing well,
in our own chaotic hell,
or would she decide to add a little strife?

There's Erisians on the net,
who are trying, you can bet,
to spread those words of chaos writ by Mal.
But Discordians, you know,
might aim an extra blow,
at their brothers and their sisters of the Chao.

I have seen the common spat,
regarding this and that,
and who and what and where and why and how.
And in the orgy of the fray,
we oft forget our way,
and might spill our bitter tea upon our towel.

So I wonder what she'd say,
if she happened through this way,
and stopped to see the madness we had wrought.
I think she'd laugh the most,
and head back home to boast,
about the way in which her Children fought.

KunDa's Rant Against OM

Tell you what..I sort of have a problem with this. I used to think like this and imho I don't think it is a difficult thing to destroy peoples' belief-systems (Christianity is a prime example). In fact I think it's a form of violence worse then injuring their physical body. Why? Because within the person's 'mental paradigm' or 'Belief System' there exists very subtle forms of behaviors (John C Lilly called them programs) that help the organism, among many things, 'cope' and deal with all the other 'mental paradigms' external to it, 'they' keep it safe. I remember reading somewhere..I think maybe in



A Young Girl Defending Herself Against Eros
by **Adolphe-William Bouguereau** (1880)

Discordians can get so caught up in their Eristic doings that they don't think about the possible consequences of their actions. Most aspects of OM are relatively harmless, but some could do great good or great ill. Should we even have Operation Mindfuck? As found in the s23.org wiki talk section for Operation Mindfuck, KunDa and Bmearns present compelling arguments both for and against OM.

'Meetings With Remarkable Men' by G.I.Gurdjieff that people's conscience is embedded behind their belief in God and the Universe. If one breaks construct apart, the person is left to fend for themselves in a world they know nothing about. Yes..there is a chance it might be beneficial for them or it might be what YOU think is the best for them. But what about the other consequences? The one where they suffer deeper trauma and/or become sociopathic, homicidal, tyrannical..etc..

In the Matrix movie, Morpheus tells Neo that you can't just 'wake up' any of the people within the program, that there is resistance to the real 'truth' of it all and that too many times it had ended very wrong. It is a big responsibility to break a person's inner most beliefs. Eris probably doesn't give a shit about this, about consequence. Mischievousness is her tag. But I don't endorse ideas that produce more 'Fear' for humans, we got too much of that already. If you break someone, you are responsible to show them something better, that will change their lives, make them more happy and respectful of others and aware of their own actions and how they have an impact on everything. Do you think you are up to that?

**It is a big responsibility
to break a person's
inner most beliefs.**

Bmearns' Rant For OM

I think you're missing the point of Mind Fucking, though. This isn't like some boot-camp kind of thing where we break you down so we can rebuild you from scratch. The point is not to replace a bad belief system with a good belief system, because there's no such thing. The point is to get people to stop believing all together, and start thinking and feeling, instead.

People don't need any tools to help them "cope" with the "real world", that's just the fnords talking. The belief systems that society grants us give us a whole host of bad advice and misinformation, and that's one of them; that somehow, the real world cannot be dealt with head on, and that we need some kind of higher power, or reason, or symbolism in order to understand and cope with it. That's bull shit. That's how we end up with psychopathic serial killers and skitzoids; people who are afraid to live in the real world because they believe it's too hard.

You say breaking a person's belief system will force them to live in a world they know nothing about. That doesn't scare you in the slightest, that there's people roaming around all over this planet who "know nothing about" the world they live in? That's how we ended up living in this hypereal world with imaginary leaders wielding near-ultimate physical power, bankrolled by pieces of paper backed by nothing

The point is to get
people to stop
believing alltogether,
and start thinking and
feeling, instead.

more substantial than a leprechaun fart; where all intrinsic value has been utterly lost and replaced by perceived notions of "worth" and established norms. It's because people won't (not "can't") understand the world around them, so they make up their own rules. And all of a sudden, reality has vanished. The map has become the landscape.

And the whole point of Mind Fuck is to get people to recognize this fact by showing them just how arbitrary the "truths" of everyday life really are. People do this all the time, they misunderstand the meaning of "Mindfuck". Fucking has a bad connotation in our society, but that's just more of the same old shit they're feeding us. Fucking is a beautiful thing, it's the ultimate connection between two (or more) people. Mindfuck doesn't mean you're "fucking up" someone's mind in the colloquial sense. In this case, "fuck" refers to the act of sex; it's meant to represent the connection that you're attempting to make between your mind (which recognizes the grand delusions of society) and their mind (which you're hoping to illuminate).

But that's just what I believe.



Admiration

by **Adolphe-William Bouguereau (1897)**

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