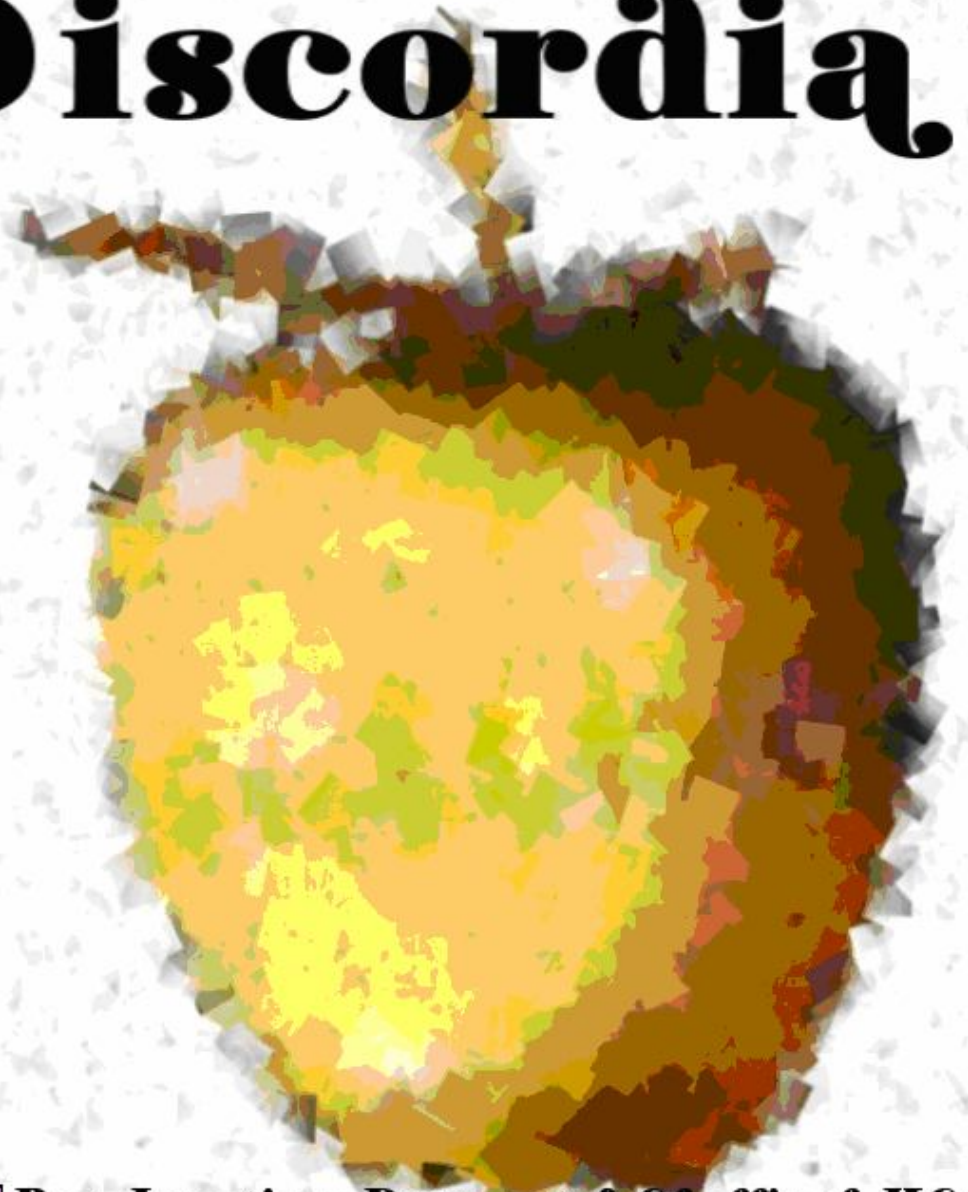


# Aeternus Ille Discordia



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Rev. Ignatius Dryroasted Chaffinch HC

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Dedicated to the memory of Rev. Ignatious  
Dryroasted Chaffinch HC (3250 - 3279)

Last of the Great Space Popes



**Please note: Do not believe anything you read.**

"We Discordians must stick apart"  
- Malactypse the Younger, KSC

THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POEE)  
A Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization

The Rev. **IGNATIUS DRYROASTED CHAFFINCH, HC**

&  
The Esoteric Funkmasters Cabal

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT

HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

Official Business ( ) Surreptitious Business

page 1 of 1 pages

Official Discordian Document Number (if applicable): n/a

( ) The Golden Apple Corps ( ) House of Disciples of Discordia: The Bureaucracy, Bureau of :

Council of Episkoposes; Office of High Priesthood, Sect of the POEE ( ) Drawer O

Today's DATE: YES

Yesterday's DATE: yes

Originating CABAL: THE ESOTERIC FUNKMASTERS CABAL - Little Didcott, PLUTO ✱

TO: *The Golden Apple Corps, All Episkoposes, Thee Wholley House Of  
Discordia (all Beureaus), All POEE Popes, Discordi Disciples,  
Bretheren, Sisteren, Childerenen, Ordained Housepets, Subcordians,  
and General Hangers On:*

*It has come to the attention of Thee Goode Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted  
Chaffinch that of late there has been no commentary on the Wholley  
Tome, The Principia Discordia.*

*To wit - I present The Aeternus Ille Discordia  
for your spiritual scriptural sustanation.*



OFFICIAL  
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY  
HAIL ERIS

WE DO NOT RENT PIGS

\* REV. *[Handwritten Signature]*

K ALLISTI HAIL ERIS ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

Greetings seeker of truth.

I, The Goode Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch ,HC, have been deliberating, cogitating and masticating over all things Erisine and Discordi related for some time now. In conjunction with the Esoteric Funkmasters Cabal (Est. 1978), I have been involved in Thee Wholley Work of Eris in many, many ways <sup>1</sup>.

Mainly, Eris has failed to notice my Whoreshiping, leaving me blissfully alone to continue along my path. Until now that is.

I am now held under a Divine Gease, over a Divided Goose, and grasped quite firmly by the balls. There have been many, many versions of The Principia Discordia. Some good, some mad, some bad and some ugly. This book is not a new version, but it contains several excerpts from the original <sup>2</sup> version, and is not intended as a replacement for any of the other fine works available.

For one of the finest hard copy versions of the PD in the Multiverse please visit <http://www.poee.co.uk>.

However, this book has been written with a view to both helping the new Discordian learn things Erisine, and further enlightening the most hardened of POEE Popes, as I feel that there is something in here for all seekers of truth. A bit like a salad bar. But a good one. With nice things. Like croutons.

As previously stated, I am Thee Goode Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch HC, and like many Discordians, when I first read the PD, I though 'Hey! I *understand* this. I can *relate* to this. I *know* what this is all about.

After many, many, repeat readings of the PD, discourse with other Discordians from across the planet<sup>3</sup> and some serious introspection, it turns out, I have *completely no idea* about Discordianism whatsoever, and all my gleaned insights into this esoteric mystery are *totally and utterly wrong*.

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<sup>1</sup> Most of them unprintable, many unspeakable, some totally unfathomable and others completely pointless.

<sup>2</sup> The Principia Discordia, Combined Fourth & Fifth RAW Edition

<sup>3</sup> Some of this very, very scary. Not recommended.

I feel that this makes me the ideal candidate to espouse on things Erisine, wether you like it or not, so present for your amusement The Aternis Ille Discordia: The Collected Cogitatings Of Rev. Ignatious.

In lieu of a realistic and concrete introduction, I present for your spiritual edification:



### *Thee Parable Of Thee Eggs*

*“LET THERE BE FRIED EGG SANDWICHES!”*

*Cried Rev. Ignatious unto the face of the deep.  
And so there was.*

*And unto his plate Rev. Ignatious did place one fried egg sandwich.  
And he did eat said sandwich.  
Rev. Ignatious was pleased.*

*And unto his plate Rev. Ignatious did place another fried egg sandwich.  
And he did eat said sandwich.  
Rev. Ignatious was pleased*

*And unto his plate Rev. Ignatious did place another fried egg sandwich.  
And he did devour said sandwich.  
Rev. Ignatious was pleased.*

*And unto his plate Rev. Ignatious did place another fried egg sandwich.  
And he did scarf said sandwich.  
And Rev. Ignatious was well pleased.*

*So it was that there was a great rumbling from the belly of Ignatious.  
Unto the smallest room he did flee.  
And was stricken with befoul cramps the likes of which before had never  
been seen by mortal man.*

*And Rev. Ignatious did feel rather ill.*

*And unto him in his cramp filled stupor thereon the side of the bath did  
appear in a blinding flash of light a monkey clothed in a space helmet.  
And the monkey did speak in a tongue of purple fire:*

*“**KNOW** this ye man of faith!*

*Eris is displeased and it is she that delivers these eggy cramps to thy belly!  
Your Goddess demands of you Rev. Ignatious that you shall create a new  
work of Erisine mastery to spread thee word of She Wot Done It All!”*

*“In a time period of twenty three months and twenty three days must this  
Labor Of Eris be preformed, or into the region of Thud you will be cast, with  
naught to wear bar Chairman Mao Buttons and naught to eat bar  
Sandwiches Of Fried Egg!”*

*And unto the Space Monkey did Rev. Ignatious look.*

*And he did say “Aw, bugger!”*

*“I don’t suppose you have any bog roll on you do ya?”*

*And the Space Monkey did laugh.*

*And Rev. Ignatious was left alone.*

*With no bog roll and a mission from Goddess<sup>4</sup>.*

So gentle reader, now you know the mighty task I have been set. Here presented for your ocular and mental enjoyment is the mighty tome known as The Aeternus Ille Discordia or *How The Goddess Found Me And What She Did To Me When She Did*.

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<sup>4</sup> Luckily Rev. Ignatious had a copy of ‘Vicars Of Christ – The Dark Side Of The Papacy’ close to hand. It’s a good read and has nice *thin* pages, and quite a long index . . .

## A Rough & Pointy History Of Discordianism:

Most commentators on Discordian related topics agree that the start of the Modern Age of Discordia was back in 1958 or 1959 <sup>5</sup> (that makes 2008 / 2009 our Possibly 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary) when Malaclypse The Younger (or Mal2 as he is sometimes known) and Lord Omar Kayan Ravenhurst were visited by the spirit of Eris in the guise of a Space Monkey <sup>6</sup>, at a bowling alley one night.

The monkey stopped the flow of time, and explained the deeper mysteries of the universe to the stunned pair.

Some feel that this was a genuine metaphysical phenomenon, other schools of thought indicate that it is really a complicated metaphor for the state of the multiverse and certain others feel that they were both whacked out on LSD <sup>7</sup>, but whatever the circumstance of this it has been recorded in the original Principia Discordia thusly:

“Two young Californians, known later as Omar Ravenhurst and Malaclypse the Younger, were indulging in their habit of sipping coffee at an all-night bowling alley and generally solving the world’s problems. This particular evening the main subject of discussion was discord and they were complaining to each other of the personal confusion they felt in their respective lives. "Solve the problem of discord," said one, the other, "chaos and strife are the roots of all confusion."

### FIRST I MUST SPRINKLE YOU WITH FAIRY DUST <sup>8</sup>

*Suddenly the place became devoid of light. Then an utter silence enveloped them, and a great stillness was felt. Then came a blinding flash of intense light, as though their very psyches had gone nova. Then vision returned.*

The two were dazed and neither moved nor spoke for several minutes. They looked around and saw that the bowlers were frozen like statues in a variety of comic positions, and that a bowling ball was steadfastly anchored to the floor only

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<sup>5</sup> As with most things there is some disagreement within the ranks of Discordian Scholars as to the date of Mal 2 and Omar’s visitation.

<sup>6</sup> Very popular messenger of the gods your Space Monkey see . . . Some Heretical texts may claim that it was in fact a Chimpanzee, including the original Principia Discordia but this is in actual fact a cover up.

<sup>7</sup> Although personally I feel that it was a combination of all three.

<sup>8</sup> See told you it was LSD.



inches from the pins that it had been sent to scatter. The two looked at each other, totally unable to account for the phenomenon. The condition was one of suspension, and one noticed that the clock had stopped.

*There walked into the room a chimpanzee<sup>9</sup>, shaggy and grey about the muzzle, yet upright in his full five feet, and poised with natural majesty. He carried a scroll and walked to the young men.*

*"Gentlemen," he said, "why does Pickering's Moon go about in reverse orbit? Gentlemen, there are nipples on your chests; do you give milk? And what, pray tell, Gentlemen, is to be done about Heisenberg's Law?" He paused.*

*"SOMEBODY HAD TO PUT ALL OF THIS CONFUSION HERE!"*

*And with that he revealed his scroll. It was a diagram, like a yin-yang with a pentagon on one side and an apple on the other. And then he exploded and the two lost consciousness."*

It goes on to say:

"They discussed their strange encounter and reconstructed from memory the chimpanzee's diagram. Over the next five days they searched libraries to find the significance of it, but were disappointed to uncover references only to Taoism, the Korean flag, and Technocracy. It was not until they traced the Greek writing on the apple that they discovered the ancient Goddess known to the Greeks as ERIS and to the Romans as DISCORDIA.

During the next months they studied philosophies and theologies, and learned that ERIS or DISCORDIA was primarily feared by the ancients as being disruptive. Indeed, the very concept of chaos was still considered equivalent to strife and treated as a negative. "No wonder things are all screwed up," they concluded, "they have got it all backwards." They found that the principle of disorder was every much as significant as the principle of order.

With this in mind, they studied the strange yin-yang. During a meditation one afternoon, a voice came to them:

*"It is called THE SACRED CHAO"*

Of this later in the Principia Discordia, this is said about The Sacred Chao:

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<sup>9</sup> Heretical lies.

“The SACRED CHAO is the key to illumination. Devised by the Apostle Hung Mung in ancient China, it was modified and popularized by the Taoists and is sometimes called the YIN-YANG. The Sacred Chao is not the Yin-Yang of the Taoists. It is the HODGE-PODGE of the Erisians. And, instead of a Podge spot on the Hodge side, it has a PENTAGON which symbolizes the ANERISTIC PRINCIPLE, and instead of a Hodge spot on the Podge side, it depicts the GOLDEN APPLE OF DISCORDIA to symbolize the ERISTIC PRINCIPLE.”

And the voice continued to speak:

*“ I appoint you Keepers of It. Therein you will find anything you like. Speak of Me as DISCORD, to show contrast to the pentagon. Tell constricted mankind that there are no rules, unless they choose to invent rules. Keep close the words of Syadasti:*

*“TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO MINDS!”*

*And remember that there is no tyranny in the State of Confusion. For further information, consult your pineal gland.”*



10

"What is this?" mumbled one to the other, "A religion based on The Goddess of Confusion? It is utter madness!"

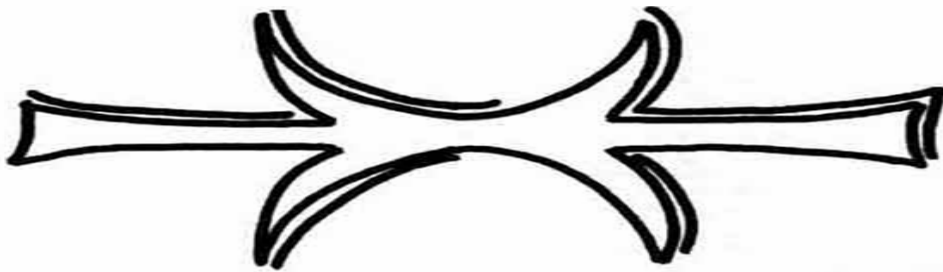
And with these words, each looked at the other in absolute awe. Omar began to giggle. Mal began to laugh. Omar began jumping up and down. Mal was hooting and hollering to beat all hell. And amid squeals of mirth and with tears on their cheeks, each appointed the other to be high priest of his own madness, and together they declared themselves to be a society of Discordia, for what ever that may turn out to be. . .”<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> The Sacred Chao & Blessed Saint Gulik. Do not step on him.

<sup>11</sup> And so endeth the obligatory Wholly Copy/pasta. There shall be no more. Honest.

And from these two prophets of the Wholley Chao, and the Goddess Eris, of whom we will discuss in further detail later, was born The Modern Age Of Discordianism, the foundation of the Discordian Society.



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<sup>12</sup> The Five Fingered Hand Of Eris

However, what most students of Discordi are unaware of is that before The Modern Age Of Discordianism, there is, trailing behind like a lazy fat land dwelling octopi under a blanket, thousands of years of hidden Discordian teachings.

These, of course have been hushed up by the mainstream media and literary circles, as part of The March Of The Grey <sup>13</sup>. As such we proud Discordians have been robbed of our rightful heritage. Due to the tireless researchers at the United Kingdom's Erisine Motion Studies Institute, we can now present for you the hidden history of our fine church.

You may be shocked at some of what you are about to read, it may rock your understanding of Discordianism to the core (then again, it probably won't . . .), but the truth shall set you free as they say, and here for the first time in print, is A True & Accurate History Of The Discordian Sect throughout time.

For the purposes of the following timeline, I have stuck to using the Christian Calendar, as although the Discordian Calendar is a fine piece of solar rotational arbitrary measurement and I won't have a word said against it, but for diagrammatical purposes the Christian Calendar is more than sufficient.

**Fig: 23 Pre Modern Discordian Timeline**

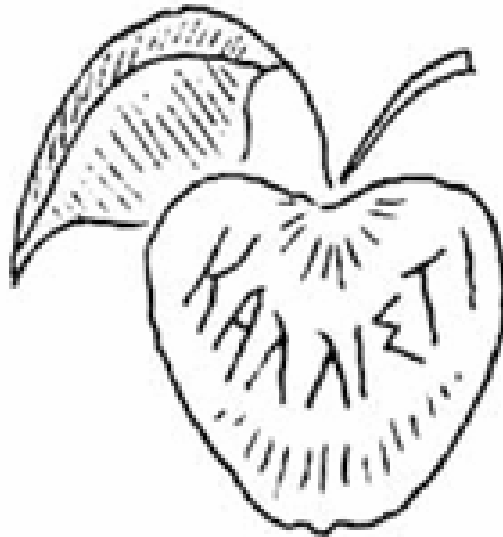
1200 BC The Trojan War	500 BC Penguins invented	1118 AD Knights Templar Founded	1776 AD Bavarian Illuminati Reformed	1872 AD The Great Celeste Jake	1957 (1958?) AD The Modern Age Of Discord is founded by Omar & Mal
1194 BC Ulysses finally makes it home	855 AD Tenure of legendary Discordian Pope Joan	900 AD Mayan civilisation declines. Eris Blamed	1179 AD Bavarian Illuminati Founded	1312 AD Knights Templar disolved	1859 AD Emperor Norton The First declares rulership of the United Sates.
					1905 AD Alister Crowley discovers Eris

<sup>13</sup> A very *dull* conspiracy aimed at removing all traces of Erisine wisdom from the pages of history. If this conspiracy was a person, it would wear a grey tank top. Nuff said. Also known in some circles as the CON.

One of the most well know works of Eris, as every history student knows was The Trojan War, in which there was much hacking off of legs, poking with spears, wives being stolen, cousins being killed, ankles being shot and big wooden hosries and general Greek action. Eris cunningly started the war by causing a rumble with the other gods Hera, Athena and Aphrodite after she slipped ‘em a golden apple inscribed with the Greek words:

*"Tēi Kallistēi"*

Or



Or

*"Kallisti"* <sup>14</sup>

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<sup>14</sup> There is among scholars, some disagreement as to which was actually inscribed upon the apple, if indeed it was in fact an actual golden apple. Some commentators have even suggested it was made of Acapulco Gold . .

This is, roughly translated, in English “To the fairest”. After a fair old punch up, with the tweaking of noses, pulling of hair and general fits of the hissy variety being thrown, the fighting Gods were eventually pulled off each other, and an agreement was reached. Eris went to the famous hero Paris, who decreed that indeed Aphrodite was the fairest of them all.

In thanks for this Aphrodite made Helen Of Mycena, a well known looker, fall in love with Paris, who stole her away to Troy. Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, was rightfully pissed off at this and called up his hard boys Achilles and Ajax <sup>15</sup>, to send the legions of Troy home, crying to their mothers with a rupture.

Eris was rightfully delighted with the chaos she caused, and no doubt spent the entire ten years of The Siege Of Troy laughing up her sleeve. For vengeance upon this, the other gods banned Eris from attending any of their Barbeques, Nymph Showers, Toga Parties or social functions held at Mount Olympus for the rest of eternity.

What has not been know to popular history is what happened to the Apple Of Discord (or The Graile Discorda, as it sometimes known) after it caused all these amusing Grecian shenanigans.

We shall now reveal its passage through the ages, as it is known to us.

The Graile Discordia surfaced again for a brief period of time in 855 AD. It was in the keeping of the semi mythological first Discordian pope, Pope Joan the first.

Pope Joan, started out life as Joan Dearborne Smythe in rural England. It is not known how Eris appeared to her, or from where she gained the Graile, but it is know of some of her doings in the name of Eris, as fragmented records still survive in the British Library.

Pope Joan was instrumental in the Discordian message being passed down through the ages. There are many myths about Pope Joan, and we shall cover some of the lesser known ones here.

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<sup>15</sup> No relation to the famous Sink Cleaning Hero Ajax.

Pope Joan was said to have been the first lady in England to take on the call of the Discordi. It is told in *The Honest Book Of Truth* that most sacred of Discordian tomes, that Eris came to her when she was but 16 years old.

“H.B.O.T Chapter 0, Verse 12:

*And as Joan Dearborne Smythe was cleaning out the privy, there was a blinding flash of purple light and a woman appeared unto her clothed all in gold.*

*Joan did drop to her knees and did cry out*

‘Oh strange spirit, do not hex me, for I am but a lowly sheep farmers daughter, and know not of the doings of the other world.’

*The strange woman did grin and spake in a voice dripping with honey:*

‘Fear not gentle Joan, for I have come to give unto thee the secrets of the multiverse. You shall know why it is that toasted bread always falls butter side down, how it is that it is always thee left sock that vanishes upon wash day, why it always rains when you go to the seaside and the mystery of the twenty and three.’

*And unto Joan did this strange woman render an apple of purest gold and again did spake again:*

‘Here is my Graile Discordia, meditate upon this and the entire truth and wisdom of the teachings of The Discordi will be yours. Not to mention this excellent set of crystal tumblers and these fine steak knives.’

*And the strange woman did vanish, leaving her apple of purest gold sat on the corner of the privy.*

*And for twenty and three days did Joan meditate upon the secrets of the apple. Upon doing this, she was enlightened, and received the Wholley Wisdom Of Eris”*

After receiving Eris in the privy, Joan did take the title of Pope Joan The First, and she set out to wander the lands of England, spreading the secret wisdom of Eris.

It is said that using only a wiffle stick and a salted mackerel, Pope Joan did drive all of the Fnords out of England. It is self evident that she succeeded in this, as there is not a single Fnord to be seen <sup>16</sup>, nowadays in the UK.

Pope Joan was the first Discordian to consider the power of the Pineal Gland. In her Sermon To Thee Hounds, which she preached to the Count Of Basingstoke's hunting pack, she makes mention of it:

*“And if thy feels a tingle in thy gland of thee pineal, one must open it wide, and stroke it. Even thou art lowly hounds one may see thee anerisistic confusion of thee grey reality. Chase thy tails and lick thy balls, oh hairy brethren, and fall ye not into presets of order”*

Pope Joan wandered England during a period from 830 AD till 845 AD, converting random strangers, and preaching to house pets, till circumstances forced her into hiding.

It is said that after she received the Graile, she was hunted out by the forces of The Grey Order.

By an amazing stroke of lateral thinking, Pope Joan worked out that if indeed she was being hunted out, and that, in fact the hunters were looking for a female Discordian Pope, that the best place to hide would be within the catholic Clergy.

In a reverse echo of the film Nuns On The Run <sup>17</sup>, Pope Joan Cut her hair, bound up her lady chests and assumed the guise of a Franciscan Monk.

Indeed this disguise proved to be rather too successful. Through no doing of her own, the young monk John (as she cunningly changed her name to), rose through the ranks of clergy and in 854 AD was tenured with becoming the Catholic Pope.

Joan was rightfully amused at this prospect and decided that she could use this interesting turn of circumstance to sew the seeds of Discord into the very center of the Roman Catholic Church.

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<sup>16</sup> There has been some attempt to reintroduce the Fnord to the UK, using Norwegian breeding stock, but as yet this has proved unsuccessful.

<sup>17</sup> Of which we assume that Pope Joan had never seen.



Things went well for Pope John / Joan for quite some time until around 857 AD when according to legend, whilst in transit from the Colosseum to the Church of San Clemente, Pope John / Joan gave birth to a son, whilst dressed in full pontifical gear. No doubt this was a bit of a shock to those cardinals traveling with him / her, and it seemed to be a bit of a shock to Pope Joan also, as she died on the spot.

Ever since then, the Vatican has insisted that any prospective popes, visit St John Lateran. In this chapel one will find a blood red marble chair, with a hole in the seat. This has been used ever since to check out the sex of prospective popes, so as to avoid any further Jonarian style confusion.

As we can see from the passage taken from *The Honest Book Of Truth* Pope Joan was in position of the Graile Discordia. After her untimely death, we can only assume that it was taken to the Vatican for safe keeping<sup>18</sup>. With the Graile Discordia being kept hushed up by the powers at the Vatican, there is not much known about these Dark Ages Of Discordia, rumor has it that Eris herself was rightfully miffed at having her apple swiped and took it out on the Mayans. This, however cannot be proved.

With the teachings of Pope Joan still circulating the word of Discordia could not be hushed up. In 1123, a renegade group of knights formed a splinter group to continue the works of Eris. These brave knights named themselves The Knights Hemplar, a derivative of the original organization The Knights Templar, who as you may not be aware existed as a military arm of The grey conspiracy, dedicated to stamping out Erisine teachings, and keeping the secret of The Graile Discordia from the masses. There has been much confusion over this of late, with talk of Holy Grails, Secret Bloodlines and hidden codes.

**All** of this is a later day cover up by the media manipulating Grey Conspiracy, to keep the secret of their hunt for the Graile Discordia unknown.

It is said of The Knights Hemplar, that during their wanderings in the desert, after The Second Crusade, they did encounter a wandering band of

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<sup>18</sup> We can be pretty sure of this if we look at the conduct of some of the early popes, as they show certain Discordian influences i.e. Digging up dead popes to put on trial, excommunicating everyone, making a donkey Archbishop of Canterbury and general none pious partying on down, amongst other things

Hashashin, the elite hash smoking Arab assassins. The Hashashin, being quite stoned at the time, invited the then Knights Templar over to their encampment for some coffee and cakes, instead of disemboweling them, as was usually their custom at the time.

The late 1800's was a fine time for the spirit of Discord, not only did Emperor Norton walk the lands, Discordian Pirates, the last straggling remains of The Hemplar Fleet, floated disjointedly giggling throughout the high seas, splicing their cabin boys and rogering the crows nest.

One tale we can now reveal to you A certain Captain Benjamin Briggs, decided to stage for his amusement <sup>19</sup> a spectacular Jake that would go down in history. After acquiring a ship called *The Amazon* in 1868, Captain Briggs decided to take on a contract for shipping industrial alcohol.

He colluded with a colleague of his, a Rev. Abe Fosdyke Fenderson, to make certain arrangements.

We can be sure of some of the details alluded to in the diary of Mr. Edward W Head, The ships steward and cook, but as to the rest we may only infer. Only six pages of this diary have descended through antiquity into our hands, we transcribe them here for your learning pleasures

Another strange day. Oranges and mackerel for lunch again.

My scurvy is nearly gone.

Rev. Fosdyke Fenderson has been telling us about thee inherent chaotic nature of thee universe.

All I can see when he points to the waves in thee dulle ocean.

**Sept 30<sup>th</sup>**

The captain has been ackting suspicious all weeke now, talking of 'his grate jayke' and how he 'wille bloweth ye minds of cabbages for many a year to come'.

I fear for thee safety of Sarah and Sophia, but they seem not at all concerned!

I consulted with Gotlieb but he has been drinking of thee industrial alcohol with thee rest of those square-headde cabbage eaters, and was singing songs about 'das illuminatus' and 'bleumenkraften'.

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<sup>19</sup> As there are only so many crows' nests you can roger before the novelty wears off.

Bavarian shytebags.

A light fog is over thee sea today.

This voyage continues become more unusual by thee day. We have since nine bells this morn, been followed by several large galleons.

When I mentioned this to Captain Briggs, he said to me 'fear not Mister Head, for behind us lead the Jams' I know not what he means, and feel that I am thee only one left sane on this ship.

**Nov 3<sup>rd</sup>**

The Bavarians are still stinking drunk.

I think I shall join them in their sup.

After listening to the Rev. Fendersons sermons, and partaking in an ancient and moste mystical rite, of which I am forbidden to speak, I am now enlightened.

I can see that it is the Wholley Chaos that lies at odds with the Grey Order, and from it springs all things.

**Nov 20<sup>nd</sup>**

Captain Brigs and Rev. Fenderson today ushered me down to the lowest hold, behind the cargo, where they did illuminate mine eyes with a sight of great wonder. An apple carved out of solid gold, inscribed with some symbols I understand not.

It is their intention to stow this apple, or as Rev. Fenderson names it 'The Graile Discordia' in the lands of Spain. Captain Briggs says on this subject 'She did demand a holiday, somewhere sunny and nice and hot.'

Ah, Hail Eris!

So, we can be sure that most of the ships crew had been getting rascally drunk on the ships cargo, and that Captain Brigs and the mysterious Rev. Fenderson converted the entire ships crew to Discordia.

It is also apparent that the remains of the Hemplar fleet joined up with Captain Briggs, to transport The Graile Discordia to Spain.

**Nov 23<sup>rd</sup>**

Today, it being Friday, upon the insistence of Rev. Fenderson, I did partake of a sausage in a bunne.

Captain Briggs has been busily preparing for tomorrow. Even thee soused Bavarians helped out. This morning he revealed that tomorrow afternoon we are to set off in thee lifeboats and meet up with thee Galleons that have been following.

**Nov 24<sup>t</sup>**

I for one cannot wait to meet thee Justified Ancients Of Mu-Mu.

Tonight I shall sup again with Gotlieb and his brethren.

We have triggred the ship so as it appears to have been manned by ghosts. Half eaten meals have been left in the galley, pipes have been left in ash pots, and we have burned all thee ships papers. We have also broken thee rudder, so she will sail onne under the guiding hand of Eris Herself.

We have taken with us to thee lifeboats, the golden apple kept by Rev. Fenderson, and a few barrels of alcohol, to keep us fresh.

**Nov 25<sup>th</sup>** Captain Briggs has been singing of a sea shanty that I know not, thee words go ‘We are all of to sunny Spain, and viva Espanola! We are all off to sunny Spain, Espanola por favor’

He seems in fine spirits. Rev. Fenderson tells us that people will remember thee name of our ship for years to come.

Mary Celeste seems quite a forgettable name to me.

After this, nothing further can be alluded to the *Graile Discordia*’s passage through the ages until we study the work of a fine and learned English scholar of the esoteric.

***But first a brief word from our sponsors:***



Orbital Mind Control Lasers

FOURLIESARENEWANDIMPROVED

Beaming you your thoughts,  
<http://psyonetiks.co.uk> every day.

We now return you to your regularly scheduled mind programming.

One of the United Kingdoms least known <sup>20</sup> Pre Modern Discordians was in fact a Mister Alistair Crowley. Mr. Crowley was a keen writer, and upon close examination of his works they can be found to be peppered with hidden Discordian references. We can only assume that he in fact stumbled upon to the hidden remnants of the Librea Discordus, or was exposed to the Graile Discorda, or that he himself was subject to a visitation from Eris herself or one of her delegates.

Much of Mr. Crowley's work is in fact a long series of Jakes designed by him to make his supposed acolytes look and sound foolish. He played it all with a totally straight face <sup>21</sup>, claiming to be The Great Beast.

The pyramidal hats worn by his sect are a prime example of this. These are obviously themed on the Great Seal of the United States, which as we all know is in reality the nefarious mark of the Bavarian Illuminati, whom are well known as a front for The Erisian Liberation Front.

Here is one of Mr. Crowley's works entitled 23 Skidoo. In it we can find a prime example of Erisian thinking.

*“23 SKIDOO”*

*What man is at ease in his Inn?*

*Get out.*

*Wide is the world and cold.*

*Get out.*

*Thou hast become an in-itiante.*

*Get out.*

*But thou canst not get out by the way thou camest in.*

*The Way out is THE WAY.*

*Get out.*

*For OUT is Love and Wisdom and Power.*

---

<sup>20</sup> Least known as a Discordian anyway.

<sup>21</sup> Ok, a bit wobbly and jowly then.

*Get OUT.*

*If thou hast T already, first get UT.*

*Then get O.*

*And so at last get OUT.*

Many commentators on Occult History feel that this is in fact a veiled reference to Mr. Crowley's latent homosexuality<sup>22</sup>, and the revelation thereof, but our fine Discordian scholars, have another view.

If we examine the reclaimed diary fragments from Mr. Crowley's 1907 diary we can learn some interesting lessons:

**Thursday** Began V.I.T.R.I.O.L. and M.A.R.M.I.T.E.

**7**

Beat Sunny Jim by 7 & 5 at h/a stroke. Take that you boulder!

Wrote to D.D.S. asking for permission to do a Vow of Silence and to appoint a period.

I also found a teaspoon in an old sock.  
Sculpting.

**Friday 8**

Daleth or rather Cheesed. From the right angle it looks rather like a set of ladies private parts.

**Saturday** 9.0 P.M. Began vow of Refusing to answer questions<sup>23</sup>. D.D.S. says 7 days. A slip is to be punished with a razor-cut.

**9**

Rose is very angry, of course.

One notices in Refusing to Answer Questions that nearly everything said to one is a question.

One notices that 5 years ago one would have called all the Gods to witness a majestic ceremonial Vow; at present one determines, & begins forthwith.

One may use this formula to battle against and overcome the Great Devil<sup>24</sup>

One should consider before speaking at all whether the speech is both necessary and unimportant; for unless these conditions are fulfilled one breaks the Vow of Silence,

---

<sup>22</sup> But not us, we'd never insinuate such things.

<sup>23</sup> A common Discordian M.F ploy, in the same vein as A Vow Of Noise, Calling People Jimmy Who Are Not Jimmy and other such enjoyable japes.

<sup>24</sup> Believed to be the heinous Greyface.

of which this is a branch.

One has been in fighting form all day, but this formula gives one an idea of tremendous controlled force.

All things are wonderful to me. I know that I am on the very threshold of Binah; that henceforth I shall go about my ways in utter delight and praise. Hail Eris!

This matter of R[efusing] to A[nswer] Q[uestions] resolves itself into a vigilance over speech. It is thus a much harder task than plain Silence; for interest in the conversation betrayeth this vigilance.

It has struck me that "the Black Magician abstains from bunnies surrounding sausages" is Tohu-Bunnenoe. The abstainer from bunnies did so to work evil without becoming nimak-kharam-thud. Hence he was suspected of sorcery.

I shall furthermore refrain from partaking in cheese, as I have heard that cheese is the food of the greyface.

**Sunday 10** Playing golf at Maidenhead. Very trying this Vow of R. to A.Q. 23 slips in the Practice till now.

I lost five balls at the third, caught my foot in a rabbit hole, and drank too much whisky at the thirteenth.

**Monday 11** Escorted of the premises after trying to copulate with the third green. Awoke at 9.30 A.M to find a golfing tee stuck down my willy hole.

Took at 10.24 P.M. a large quantity of Hashish, to ease the pain.

An hour or two later I could be found hiding behind the chez lounge, inferring that invisible telepathic space beings were spying on me and stealing my underwear.

I also ate fifteen pounds of black pudding and tripe, for some reason, and fell asleep till Rose awoke me by poking me in the ear with a darning needle.

**Tuesday 12** Today I noted that the number twenty three appeared to be haunting me.

I intend to hide in the broom cupboard.

Maybe she will not notice me.

Wrote a nice poem called Twenty Three Skidoo. I'll do something with this later, indeed one hopes that the twenty threes will in fact skidoo, now I have confined them to paper.

5.23 P.M Bugger this hiding for a lark I'm off down to the pub.

**Thursday** Gave Sunny Jim 13 & won by 2 & also the Bye.

14

Refused to write or wire. Rough on Rats!

5 slips in the Practice.

Had to slice off one of my nipples.

This I hid from Rose by claiming that a deranged spider monkey had seized it, so as to form part of its nest. I don't think she was convinced.

Have not seen a single 23 today! I think it worked.

As one can see by examining this week in the life of Mr. Crowley, it has been quite the time of Discord for him. The poem 23 Skidoo, was in fact as you can now see, wrote to rid Mr. Crowley of the plague of twenty threes<sup>25</sup> that had been surrounding him on Wednesday the 18<sup>th</sup> 1907.

Using Discordian Branch Higher Mathematics<sup>26</sup> we can find that if one adds, numerology style, the numbers 1, 8, 1, 9, 0 & 7 we arrive at the sum of 26. As Wednesday is the third day of the week, we can therefore subtract from the 26, and there we have it: Twenty three.

We feel that all this proved too much for Mr. C and he went to seek solace at the local inn. Legend tells us that he sank a total of 23 pints of ale that night, but this cannot be confirmed or denied.

Which segues us quite nicely into one of the Wholley Revealed Discordian Mysteries, The Manifold Law Of Fives.

The Law Of Fives . . . you say?

Yes. The Law Of Fives. Simply put, the law of fives states that:

***“All things happen in multiples of, or are divisible thereof by five.”***

---

<sup>25</sup> A common ailment of the inquiring Discordian mind.

<sup>26</sup> Discordian Branch Higher Mathematics can be summed up with this one short statement – “Everything always adds up to twenty three, even if it does not.”



Not threes like the common cabbage would assume, but fives. This can be observed by noting the frequency of the numeric 23 in statistical and none statistical occurrences.

23 . . . you say?

How on earth does that relate to five?

Well, it's simple. *Two* plus *three* equals *five*. Therefore, all numerical occurrences of 23 in reality relate to five.

I would bore you here with a list of statistically relevant 23's, buuuut, in all honesty I can't bring myself to add such blatant filler here, so, seeker of truth, I'll leave it up to you to you to find such interesting corroborating evidence.

Just don't pay too much attention to them. It's not like they are a significant indicator of any cosmically universal truth or anything . . .

Honestly ...

{Publishers Note}

Earnest reader, it is at this point that the manuscript of *Aeternus Ille* peeters out into illegible scrawling and drawings of Happy Mr. Sunshine and bunnies, smiley cats and flowers. These have been included in this appendix as section (E) for the sake of completeness, and as some scholars argue may contain hidden messages for the betterment of mankind.

So, as to thereby continue your enlightenment, I am forced to include the many fragments of essays, musings, philosophical rantings and general wonderings that scholars refer to as *The Apocrypha Chaffinch*.

These have been included verbatim, some painstakingly scanned pixel by pixel from their original form. In the process these works have cost the sanity of over fifty researchers from The Chaffinch Foundation, and the lives of over four hundred monkeys.

The Chaffinch Foundation: Working since 3281 to restore the lost work of Rev. Chaffinch HC.

Please treat these texts with the respect that you feel they deserve.

Me?

I burned them, then sealed the ashes into a HAZMAT drum and sank it into the North Sea.

Then spat at the sea.

And did a funny dance.

(A)This is the last testimony of Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch HC 3250 - 3279.

It was found nailed to the ceiling of his corrugated iron shack, in the deepest woodlands of Sussex, wrote on what witnesses described as 'flayed goat hind' others say it looked like a CDROM.

It has been transcribed by the good people here at The Chaffinch Foundation, and recorded here for posterity as per his last will and testament decreed.

*"& for as I have spake so shall it be spoken unto the seething masses.*

*For as the rabbit shall rise in the East, there shall be a mighty cleansing of Cabbages through all of the lands.*

*We shall rise up like a fist from the weak underbelly of the ungodessley heathens of Thud and smash them into many, many melancholy pieces.*

*"Vengeance shall be ours!" cry the esoteric!*

*For those who have crossed the Justified & Ancient ones, so shall they be crosses, and naught may vex us.*

*Fire shall rain from the mouth of the monkey, and the goat shall dance in the west."*

**#EOF**

(B)As spake Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch HC (3250 - 3279) in his 'Treatise On The Gentiles'<sup>27</sup>, Chpt. 7: 'On Jews':

"If Jews ate pork, they would be made of WIN! That's why the Yawellah-Jehovah Device denies the meaty yummingtons of pork to our Jewish brethren.

---

<sup>27</sup> The full works of which have been sadly lost to the ages.

Jews combined with pork create an Uberjew, a Zionistic Ninja Master Space Jew, completely composed of WIN! Like in the old days when Giant Ninja Space Jews battled with mankind for control of the earth.

{... removed: Desc. 12 pages of the word 'Uberninja robojew' repeated ...}

Everyone's out to get the Jews and the Jews are out to get everyone else, so that makes it even I guess."

**#EOF**

### **(C)My Dog Has A Tinfoil Hat: How Does He Smell?:**

"Mind control.

There's quite a lot of it about these days.

There are several clear methods that one can use to ascertain if one's mind is being externally manipulated, and as luck would have it several easy ways to negate this manipulation.

Please use this simple checklist to work out if you are suffering from any mind control related malaise.

1. Do you sometimes feel as though people are looking out of your eyes?
2. Can you hear an insectile buzzing voice in your mind, urging you to -do things-?
3. Do you sometimes see small moving dots and squiggles in front of your eyes?
4. Have you, whilst under a post hypnotic trigger trance, ever assassinated any key public figure?
5. Do you FEEL THEM INSIDE YOUR BRAIN?
6. Do you sometimes talk to yourself when no one is around?

7. Have you seen a prominent politician shape-shift into a reptile like being, then eat some childrens?

8. Does the phrase " ROSE BUTTERFLY KETTLE " mean anything to you?

9. Ever feel like your house pets have had their eyes removed and had information gathering cameras installed?

If you have answered yes to two or more of these questions, there's a high likelihood, that unfortunately you are suffering from mind control.

The important thing at this point is:

**DONT PANIC!**

As there are several cheap, easy and most of all efficient methods for negating any evil mind control you may be suffering from.

1. Fill your attack with coat hangers, as this will help deflect any satellite beams, ELF radar waves, microburst transmissions or sub aether snares that may be aimed at your abode.

2. Make a tinfoil hat. You may have seen this discredited on the internet, and by science, but this is MISINFORMATION. A tinfoil hat is 100% effective against all -human- forms of mind control. Anyone who says different is ONE OF THEM!<sup>28</sup>

3. Take apart all electrical items in your household, as these can be used to conceal transmitters and cameras, as can you pets, spouse, parents and neighbors. Take these apart too<sup>29</sup>.

4. Line your walls with egg cartons. No one knows how this works, but it does. This is the same method that the Trans Siberian Goat Herders use to line their skein huts.

---

<sup>28</sup> You know who they are . . .

<sup>29</sup> You can use a can opener for all this.

5. Change your name to a secret name that only you know, as a persons name is required to control their mind.
6. Avoid the TV, as this device enhances any mind control you may be experiencing.
7. Drink only Sambuka, as this will help dull the neural feedback processing loop that is being used to acquire live video feed of what you are looking at.
8. Dig out any suspicious looking moles or lumps you may find on your body, as THEY have implanted you with -things-.

If you follow these nine top tips, you'll find your life totally mind control free.



**#EOF**

(D)There follows the only example of a so called 'Rant'<sup>30</sup>, made by IDC. Rumor has it he was feeling rather emo<sup>31</sup> at the time, had been listening to the Cure & Joy Division, and growing a big floppy fringe. This was penned during his 'But Discordianism CAN Make A Difference? Right?' phase

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<sup>30</sup> Rant: Defined by the Oxford English Dictionary as "Self perpetuating sub moralistic whining, usually adopted by the sub genre of deluded maniacal preachers to pad out their nihilistic philosophical babble"

<sup>31</sup> EMO: DON'T DO IT KIDS!

which he soon got over. We say it's better just to ignore this and skip to a bit with some laughs in it<sup>32</sup>.

"I look around me and all I see is carnage. tanks crush the people, bullets shot fuckers dead, starving people dying slowly in the sun, brothers kill brothers, Jews kill the Arabs, the jihads killing everyone, trigger happy dudes with tones of fucking money roll out loads of younger dudes to march off and kill some other young dudes in a dessert somewhere, coz everyone's going ape-shit about the million year old biomaterial stuck under the land .. ? what the fuck ?

And while all this shits going off, a whole bunch of dudes that used to blow up other dudes, sit on the government of the aforementioned dudes, helping to kill some other dudes (with beards ...) coz some dude says that fucking shiploads of years ago, some bearded guy said some shit, and these other dudes are like, this other guy (who also has a beard, and looks suspiciously like the first guy) said some other shit that is essentially the same, but hey fuck it lets all go blow each other up.

Buuuuut no one really gives a shit, coz everyone goes fucking ape shit over small pieces of patriotic paper that you swap parts of your life for with some fuck-wit who has more fuck-all than you do. And then you can go shopping.

Yay.

Meanwhile, back at the Cartwright ranch, the people are all getting off on fucking with each others heads, y know, all these people, all really grooving off holding some power over the life of others, no matter how small. from the dude that breaks the head of the protestor, to the dude who makes his girlfriend cry in front of his mates to score some kind of freaky head shit, to the dude who fucking looks at you funny on the bus to prove his fucking beans.

All the way to the dudes in suits that push the for mentioned patriotic paper about, and say 'YES this shit happens' or fucking 'NO don't do that shit', who are incidentally the dudes (without beards .. or turbans, mainly in my neck of the woods anyhow, but I suspect that your average Muslim cleric may wear a turban but I don't know . . ) who are getting all

---

<sup>32</sup> Like .... Uh .....hmmmm..... oh shitfuck! THERE IS NONE! Aaaaaaaaagh! RUUUN!

these younger dudes to blow themselves up, drive tanks on/and/or/over people, pull out peoples fingers, mutilate their own, and the dead too, don't forget.

And these dudes groooooove of it.

You with me so far ?

And while most of us (myself included, because for fucks sake, who the fuck am I to say this shit ? fucking no one. a fucking loser. a thief, a liar., a wild speculator , a cheat, a smoker, a boozer , a porn monger, a breaker of laws, a hypocrite, a fucking john no one fuck all dude, working my fucking life off for fuck all pieces of paper same as everyone, fuck it no one cares anyway ..) sit off in the middle of the most glorious palace ever constructed, with amazing infinite variety and ever complex patterns of life, the most diverse biopattern in this entire solar system, for fuck sake, we have fucking trees.

If you don't see the fucking point of that last statement, take a fucking good look around you and how things work and think of trees. but hey, if this document turns up in the far future, due to, say, black magic, irony, aliens, ape people, or giant electric coins ..... wow shame you missed the trees. sorry we fucked it all up. it was a ace. you may have seen it on a screen but believe, mother-fuckers, its the most beautiful thing ever here. plants animals, and a really cool way that everything interacts

And we fucking sit here fucking with each others heads and killing one another.

In an amazingly horrible number of ways.

Kid, the dudes with or without beards all give it some massive jaw about everything being fucking cool, when we win, or when they win , or when You fucking explode into teeny tiny fucking pieces, or when some guy bulldozers down you shanty shack with your kids in it, that some shit'll fucking the other that some long dead guys from a desert somewhere its all cool. now fuck off and play on your Nintendo's and drive your cars and eat each other.

Looking for heaven or similar ?



Aw man your fucked,

See me and you here mate, we are already in hell.

And you know the worst part of it ?

No one will fucking notice the sheer horror of our own making, being blinded by the bling, and the pimped up toaster that Mr. Jones from down the road, bought, and the top ten top ten clip shows, and the endless cameras trained in upon yourselves.

And no one will care either.”

**#EOF**

**Publishers Note:**

*Sorry* about that.

*Seriously.*

Thinking of whiskers on kittens helps.

As does thinking of bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens. . .

(E)



**#EOF**

(F) As spoke Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch HC (3250 – 3279) on the subject of O.M:

“Well, these Discordians are cunning blighters. They have an ongoing campaign, possibly the longest terrorist<sup>33</sup> campaign in history, Operation Mindfuck. Recently renamed to GASM (that’s Golden Apple Seed Missions) by Professor Cramulus and the WHOMP cabal<sup>34</sup> with the help of

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<sup>33</sup> Zen-anarcho-demarchist-terrorism that is. Involves absolutely no shoe-bombs, exploding or suicide antics or anything so lame as that. You wanna blow stuff up kid? Go and convert to Islam. I hear they like shit like that.

<sup>34</sup> No one draws faster than WHOMP & that’s official. Rumor states that the WHOMP cabal never move out of the wifi zone found in amerikana public transport system. Cram himself has survived for the past five years solely on vending machine cola and chocolates.

the baying maniacs found over at [principiadiscordia.com](http://principiadiscordia.com)<sup>35</sup>. The purpose of this operation?

As far as I can work it out, and dear reader, please remember, I have *absolutely no idea* about Discordianism whatsoever, O.M or GASM exists for these reasons.

1. To spread propaganda
2. To 'enlighten' the 'cabbages'
3. For shit & giggles
4. To help 'cabbages' notice that they usually ignore the small details in there day to day lives.
5. To bring in new 'converts'

In-fact, all of these reasons, are one uber-reason.

But if you can't see it.

I'm not telling.

So, to help you on your way to designing your own O.M/GASM works, I've included some examples for you. The idea for this set was taken again from Prof. Cram & GASM set posterGASM. The theme was lost pet posters.

Why?

Well, no one EVER (apart from us wily Discordi and the odd concerned pet owner) looks at lost pet posters. They look, but they don't *see*.

You want proof of this?

OK.

Print some of these out and slap 'em on lampposts. You'll be surprised at how long they stay there ...

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<sup>35</sup> For more Erisian hubs, please visit [poe.co.uk](http://poe.co.uk), [23ae.com](http://23ae.com), [principiadiscordia.com](http://principiadiscordia.com) & [erisbarandgrill.com](http://erisbarandgrill.com). Rev. Smeg the Kilted Fox keeps a smashing collection of Discordian E-books too, but you'll have to google him, as I can't remember his website ...

# HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



## REWARD OFFERED!!

LOST: Three legged, one eyed black (going grey in patches) mongrel dog. Some mangy patches. Is a bit stinky. Has bladder control issues. Cannot bark due to damaged vocal chords. Has no testicles due to cancer. Recently hit by van, still has visible limp in front fore-legs. Answers to the name 'Lucky'

Call 0151-555-2323 and ask for Ext. 23891 RE: Missing Dog.

# HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



## REWARD OFFERED!!

LOST: Transvestite dog with gender issues. Golden patches on face and a wiggly, waggly tail. Last seen wearing above outfit and looking slightly suicidal. Please come home, we love and miss you and accept you for what you are. Walks with mincing gait. Answers to the name 'Ms. Wuffles.'

Call 0151-555-2323 and ask for Ext. 238 RE: Missing Dog.

# HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



## REWARD OFFERED!!

LOST: Curly Haired Otaku Hound.

Last seen around the area of Tatooine. A bit of a biter and slightly snappy, no good with children or further career planning after Star Wars. Looks hot chained to a fat slug gangster. Shows tendency to interbreed. Answers to the name 'Dobson Skankhunt'.

Do not approach: Has rabies.

Call 0151-555-2323 and ask for Ext. 238 RE: Missing Dog.

As you can see, I started with a rather normal, 'joke' poster. Yes I know the joke is at least 500 years old, but plagerism<sup>36</sup> being central to Discordia, I used it anyway.

The next two are for placement in the same general area as the first, and are more noticeable as fakeries. If you look, that is.

Most people will not.

Anyway, the fun of OM/GASM is making your own mind-fucks. So, get out there and do some!

Go on.

Don't sit here reading this shite.

Get out there and seed some apples.”

## **EOF**

(G)As spake Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch HC (3250 - 3279) in his 'Treatise On The Gentiles'<sup>37</sup>, Chpt. 19: 'On Christians'

“And that's the thing with these blighters, y'see? After you weigh up the facts they fall into two mutually exclusive camps.

The kind that *believe* in dinosaurs, and the kind that *don't*. You can basically discard all that Holy Trinity guff, because that's just a cover.

Fundamentalist, Jesuit, Padre, Nun or Pope, the true heart of the matter is it all boils down to lizards.

---

<sup>36</sup> yes, Doc. Potter I'm talking to you. . . This freebie e-book has more original content than your skanky COPYRIGHTED reprint of the PD. Can you read the front? Yeah it says Kopyleft. Go on, steal this one and pass it off as your own work too. Go on. I dare you. Never did respond to our demands did you? And you thought we *forgot*? Heh. The Esoteric Funkmasters **never** forget.

<sup>37</sup> The full works of which are still even on this later page, sadly lost to the ages. Aw. Boo fuckin hoo. Cry me a river. /{ ← see that? Yeah? ... That's the world's smallest violin and it's playing 'My Heart Pumps Purple Piss For You' in B sharp.

Just you go ask a couple about the Dinosaurs.

Go on.

But be careful, some guy named Jesus asked one two many tricky questions about our scaled brethren a few thousand years ago . . .”

**#EOF**

**(H)**

**“The Staggering Emancipation Of Suzanne Browne**

**~or~**

**Whoops Mrs. Algernon I Stood Upon Your Dropsy!**

Presenting a play in three acts for your edification and thespianical fortitude.

Never to be preformed for a live audience<sup>38</sup>, as it may in fact, be a war crime.

~~

**The Players:**

Scrimshaw ~ A young ragamuffin in a battered top hat with a dead dog on a string.

John & Shitfox ~ Strapping twin lads from Ireland. Dressed like yokels. Always together.

Stacy Smith ~ Not Suzanne Browne.

Connell Blashford ~ An aged Afrikaner, clothed in a safari suite.

Abraham Lincoln ~ Honest Abe, dressed in stereotypical fashion.

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<sup>38</sup> Never, ever, *ever*.



Gordon ~ A mute midget dressed in a tuxedo. Looks spiffy.

#16 ~ A football hooligan dressed in a West Ham top.

Mr. Mime ~ A classic mime.

Judge Pink ~ A judge in full high court regalia, and ladies suspenders.

{ optional players for alternate 'ending' }

Plod #1 ~ A tall policeman with a moustache. Obviously a fake moustache.

Plod #2 ~ A short policeman with a beard. Obviously a fake beard.

Suzanne Browne ~ Not Stacy Smith.

~~

#### Musical Score:

#1 Baby Elephant Walk ~ Public Domain

#2 The Final Countdown ~ Europe

#3 Road To Nowhere ~ Talking heads

#4 Benny Hill Theme ~ BBC TV

~~

Music #1 is playing during seating and intermission.

ACT ONE:

{lights down}

[Enter stage left Scrimshaw. Spotlight on him.]

[Scrimshaw pulls on dog's string. Looks at dog.]

Scrimshaw: C'mon muffles. We have to take the crumpets to see the lady in the big house. If you think I'm standing here like a sail in the wind, when the lady is waiting for her crumpets, I shall ...

[Scrimshaw looks infuriated]

Scrimshaw: Ooooooh! I think you'll go up now my dear . . . .

[Scrimshaw exits stage left]

[enter John & Shitfox stage left and right respectively. Main lights go on]

John: Oh shitfox. Let us await the solemn coming of the Browne.

Shitfox: Agreed.

John: Oh Shitfox, dear Shitfox, long have we awaited the time and how we have waited.

Shitfox: Yes oh have we waited.

John: Like this we wait.

Shitfox: We await like this.

[John & Shitfox wait. Move around stage for ten minuets looking bored, stretching, scratching self and staring at the audience.]

John: Oh the waiting Shitfox, dear Shitfox.

[Enter Gordon & Mr. Mime stage left John and Shitfox make no comment, or look at the pair.]

[Gordon begins to dance a two step cha cha]

[John & Shitfox wait for five more minuets. Half way through Mr. Mime joins Gordon's silent dance looking scared. Music #2 plays to end and fade lights.]

John & Shitfox together: We do it because we must.

~~

## ACT TWO:

[Lights up. John and Shitfox are still waiting. Mr. Mime and Gordon are playing cards, smoking cigarettes and looking very bored. We wait three minuets before Shitfox is spotlit]

[Shitfox begins to sing a durge, pacing the front of the stage as he sings his tuneless unmelody. There is no musical accompaniment to this, apart from the boom boom boom of a marching drum.]

#Shiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

# Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

#I keep my socks in a cardboard box.

#Shiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

# Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

#I like the way I smell my rocks.

#Shiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

# Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

[George and Mr. Mime perk up at this and march around the stage behind Shitfox, whilst John cries, tears at his hair, beats on the floor throughout, sobbing.]

#Shiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

# Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

#Rumpy-pumpy-with-my-jumpy you won't get the pox!

#Shiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.

# Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiitfox.



[Judge Pink clubs Shitfox over the head with a large black rubber cock and drags him away making police car noises]

[George, John & Mr. Mime all do the classic Macaulay Culcin 'Face Slap' as lights fade.]

~~

### Intermision

Wherein there is a great rustling of sweetie papers and consuming of iced cream.

~~

### ACT THREE

[Lights go up. Scrimshaw, still pulling his dog, is also with the other hand dragging a sign which reads "THERE IS NO ACT THREE" to center stage. This is obviously hard work and tiring him considerably.]

Scrimshaw: Is Becket turning in his grave yet Mr. Wuffles? I think he is ...

[Enter stage left Connell Blashford carrying a 12 guage shotgun]

Blashford: Holy fuck! An elephant!

[aims 12 bore at scrimshaw and fires two shots]

Srimshaw: Oh the humanity .... {cough} ....{cough}...

[Scrimshaw dies, Blashford exits stage right, Music #3 starts to play. Nothing happens until it has finished]

[Enter Abraham Lincoln and #16]

Abraham Lincoln: Fourscore and seven years ago my ancestors landed on Plymouth rock and ..

#16: [shouted hooligan style] You what? You what? You what, you what, you what?

Abraham Lincoln: {ahem} please excuse my friend here ...

#16: [sang terrace style] You're not singing, you're not singing you're not singing anymore ...your not singing anymore...

Abraham Lincoln: As I was saying ... fourscore and seven years ago my ..

#16: [pointing at Abraham Lincoln] Who's the bastard in the black? Who's the bastard in the black? Who's the bastard in the black? You are the bastard in the black.

Abraham Lincoln: [does a face-palm]

#16: Who are ya? Who are ya? Who are ya?

Abraham Lincoln: [looks sad]

#16: I'm forever blowing bubbles ... pretty bubbles in the air!

Abraham Lincoln: Uh ... sir ... ? Sir?

#16: [looks annoyed] You what?

[at this point Stacy Smith stands up from her place in the front row of the audience, removes a small pistol from her purse, stands up on her seat aims at Abe and fires]

Abraham Lincoln: Oh. Irony!

[Abraham Lincoln falls to the floor clutching his face screaming]

Abraham Lincoln: My spleen! My spleen!

[#16 raises his hand in a fascist fist salute to Stacy Smith and proceeds to kick the shit out of Abraham Lincoln as he lies dying on the floor]

#16: Emancipate this you beardy fucker!

[Stacy Smith turns around to face the rest of the audience]

Stacy Smith [screamed]: For the last fucking time ... I AM NOT Suzanne Browne! Gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!

[Stacy Smith flees the auditorium screaming]

[the curtain falls, music #4 starts to play, the entire cast, excepting Stacy Smith come and take a bow, and look well pleased. At this point #16 walks over to Abraham Lincoln and smashes a bottle over his head screaming 'You what? You what? You what, you what, you what?' no cast member pays this any attention as the curtain finally closes.]

~ The End ~

[note: alternate ending takes place in the lobby as the public leave]

[Plod #1 & Plod #2 are beating Stacy Smith in a corner observed by Suzanne Browne looking well pleased]

#1: Oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi!

Stacy Smith: NooooOOOooOoooO!

#2: What's all this then? What's all this then? What's all this then?

Suzanne Browne: That's her. That's Suzanne Browne. Officers, beat her within an inch of her life.

#2: Oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi oi!

Stacy Smith: NooooOOOooOoooO!

#1: What's all this then? What's all this then? What's all this then?

[this is repeated till the last of the public leave. Some improvisation is permissible at this point for laughs.]

**EOF**

{Publishers Note}

That, ladies and gentlemen is that.

That is the entire collected 'wisdom' of the man known as Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch.

Bloody short was it not?

That probably should tell us something.

Good things come in small packets?

This wisdom is triple distilled?

Or that he did not actually *know shit*.

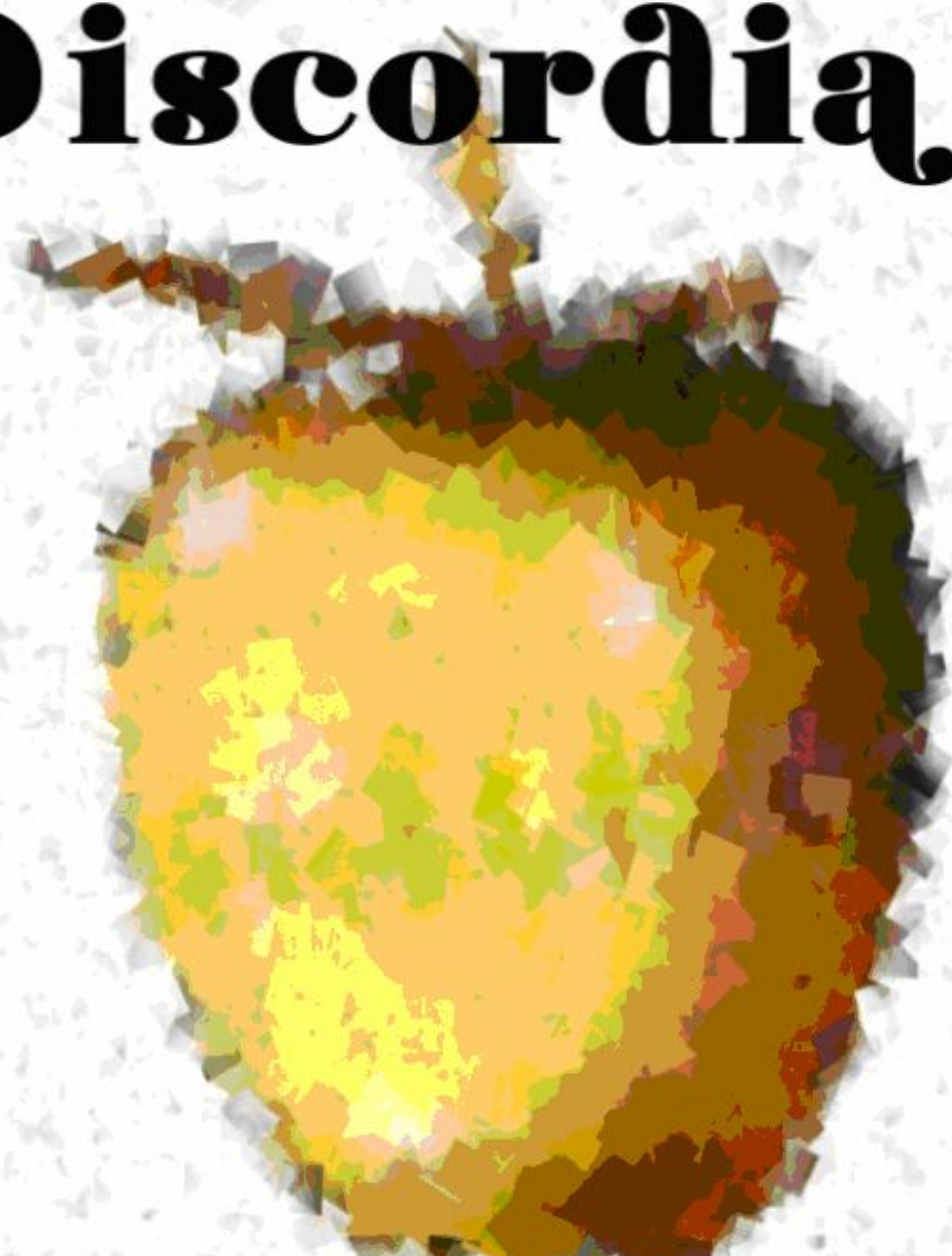
The choice gentle reader, is yours.

Dr. Ivana Madeupname

27.04.2008



# Aeternus Me Discordia



**Rev. Ignatious Dryroasted Chaffinch HC**