

A Testament of Psychosis
presents
Apotheosis Psycherotica
- or -
How Not to Build a Cult

as produced by
The Happy Flowers Cabal
The Psycherotic Church, Pittsburgh
fuck the pilusophy revolution
The Assitian Order
and
The Sequel Production Company

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For Petrofski hath said,
“Lo, for the day shall be cheesy
and the nights full of nougat;
Whomsoever takes this to have meaning
Hath missed the point.”

*Dedicated to Hekate, Arana, Eris, Amani,
and all of the goddesses we've known.
Without you, we wouldn't be.*

Foreword

written by the other anonymous

To those who have contributed: Here's how it ended.

The Church of Psycherotica was founded in 1998CE. This you know. What you may not know is what occurred during the final months of The Church in 2002CE, which can only be described as The Scandal.

Not much was recorded about The Scandal at the time, except for a brief article on page 4 of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette which got many of the facts wrong [1] and mis-spelled “Trachtenberg” while also mis-identifying her as the inspiration for Arana (in truth, it was Hekate, a good friend of Lord Chuff). What we have managed to piece together from those willing to talk about it and the police records is as follows:

An organization calling itself “fuck the pilosophy revolution” (ftpr) showed up at a local coffeehouse called “The Bee-Hive” which was the official meeting place for The Church of Psycherotica. The group portrayed itself as a surrealist art group focusing primarily on surrealist pornography and philosophically socio-political ranting.

At that time, there were only three members in the group: *Saul MacTheknife*, an older gentleman who, while soft-spoken, carried a big pen; *vJ&s decabiA*, who disappeared after the first day and was never spoken of again (as Sarah Sinclair would later find out, he had been arrested for exposing himself at a playground in the Brookline neighborhood); and *Kristan Xara*, a fourteen-year-old girl who fancied herself to be some form of divine prostitute but, in the course of the investigation, was discovered to be a virgin (by a hymen-related technicality).

Having no advance knowledge of events to come, nor of the true nature of the group, The Church of Psycherotica recognized ftpr as members in an anaceremony which was never held (which is what one does and does not do with anaceremonies).

Around the time that the other anonymous was finishing trade school and Lord Chuff was forced to redact the writings of Dos (pronounced “Dose”) after Dos quit working at the Bee-Hive, Joseph Raschack was invited to watch an ftpr art session. After the session was completed, Joseph quickly alerted the police.

According to the evidence the police found in Saul MacTheknife's house, he and his daughter Kristan Xara were in the habit of making copious amounts of child pornography and snuff films, featuring Kristan and her “friends” from school.

All Joseph ever said about that day was:

“Having just watched a teenage girl be molested, raped, and *snuffed*, I can only say, without a doubt, that everything ftpr has ever written is en-fucking-theta. Fuck ftpr. Just delete it and hope there's a hell for them to burn in.”

Shortly thereafter, The Church of Psycherotica broke up, due mainly to Lord Chuff's refusal to perform the desired redactions. According to him: “Enough material was lost after Dos left. I mean, shit, just read the Book of the Introduction. It doesn't matter if it's removed or not. If you don't like it, don't read it. It's not scripture, y'know.”

To this day, the bodies of the children seen in the recovered photos and film have not been found. Our deepest sympathies are with their families.

No one endorses the writings of ftpr. I have included their writings in this edition as a warning sign for others who attempt to form their own cults: Some philosophies and ideas, while liberating, may not liberate you in the manner that you want to be liberated.

—*the other anonymous*

March, 2006

1. Everyone gets the facts wrong because there are no facts to get right.

The Book of the Preface

written by Lord Chuff

The foregoing document was revealed to Mal-2 by the Goddess Herself through many consultations with Her within his Pineal Gland. It is guaranteed to be the Word of Goddess. However, it is only fair to state that Goddess doesn't always say the same thing to each listener, and that other Episkoposes are sometimes told quite different things in their Revelations, which are also the Word of Goddess. Consequently, if you prefer a Discordian Sect other than POEE, then none of these Truths are binding, and it is a rotten shame that you have read all the way down to the very last word.

—“*The Last Word*”, *Principia Discordia*, pg 00075

Unfortunately for me, Eris spoke to me. Before I had ever heard of Her, She was inspiring me to create a cult. A few scriptures popped up, mostly one-page lame attempts at starting orgy clubs so I could finally lose my virginity.

Then, one day, a classmate named “Jesus Joe” typed up a one-page pamphlet about him being “Jesus, Lord of the Monkeys” and it included a short quote from the *Book of Chuff* (chapter 6, verse 66, of course). I forget what the quote said, but the idea of a *Book of Chuff* stuck with me.

Eventually, I wrote it. The book was a bunch of nonsense about pet rocks, hooker cats, and a psychotic in the woods with a big knife who kept trying to stab me.

The day after I wrote it, I decided an entire *Testament of Psychosis* was in order. Unfortunately, only one other person bothered writing anything, and it was about dyslexic ducks and some guy named Petrofski.

So, I started writing more books on my own, astro-turfing several pseudonymns (not really, I just want you to *think* I did). Eventually, I began believing what I was writing: the divine Psychosis, the Inner Cheese, the ducks are our friends, drugs not substances, and then, in the middle of weeks of obsessed expansion upon these ideas that created an entire philosophy, it happened.

A goddess spoke to me. Her name was Arana, and she was the goddess of fetishism. By way of introduction, she gave me an earth-shattering orgasm in the shower.

Needless to say, it was all down-hill from there.

Eventually, I broke free of the obsession simply by being obsessed. The very nature of the obsession caused it to break itself. I realized that the definition of religion has nothing to do with gods or creation or philosophy or morality; a religion is anything that so consumes a person that the person actually confuses it with their own existence (divine plan, meaning of life, holy mission, et cetera).

I started at the end of the *Principia*, and ended up on page 00004: “A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing What he Reads.” I said to myself, If so, then a Psycherotic is prohibited of believing what he *writes*. (Oddly enough, the entire time I was obsessed, there was a thing with the number four being bad or evil or just something to be avoided.)

The point of this essay is simple: Read the *Principia* forward, backward, or randomly, but however you read it, *pay attention!* It could just save your mind.

“This book is a mirror. When a monkey looks in, no apostle looks out.”

—*Lichtenberg, Principia Discordia*, pg 00022

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IS YOUR CHEESE PLEASED?

Warning: This is an advertisement made by Psychoerotics and may be unfit for Normals.

It's not new that people disregard anything that looks religious.

But this ain't no religion!

This is a drug induced ritual orgy of mass proportions!

Yes, now you too can have your cake *and eat it too!*

(if you're into that kind of thing...)

Psychoerotica does it all to you!

Fantastic **sex**,
free **drugs**,
and **adulterous truth** await you!

This is the most insane non-religious non-parody parody religion you'll ever notice!

Sanity through Insanity! Cheap and effective!

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Learn the secrets to *better, more powerful orgasms!*
Find out how to *get and stay high without substances!*
Speak *adulterous truth* at will!
Confuse others with *insane words of wisdom!*
NEVER BE BORED AGAIN!

We are the new mystics, the new shamans, the new witches, maybe even the NEW messiahs! We make people think! We wake them up and say, "Hey, dufus! The world isn't as dull as you thought! You actually can have fun! Having your cake and eating it are the *SAME DAMN THING!!*"

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It's about time we all learned how to drop our mental pants
and *feel the breeze of Psychosis!*

And best of all, it's **FREE!!**

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STOP KNEELING AND START TRIPPING! DIVINE INSANITY COULD BE YOURS!

Psychoerotica is an equal rights and opportunity mind blower. Even the idiots and morons can go fuck themselves.

The Happy Flowers Cabal presents

The Rosy Writ

(aka *The Holy Roses*)
the Truth as found in Ohio

1. No rhythm Chaos has but for when dancing.
2. How you say, DeeeLite?
3. Existence of PLATYPUS.
4. Sanity is costly; they charge much to cure the illness that is not. Insanity, however, is still free.
5. To have government is to abolish at least one freedom: the freedom of deciding one's morality.
6. Philosophic dadaism is not death. Hug a duck.
7. Philosophic dadaism is the enjoyment of life for the reason of having no reason.
8. Oh, cool. A penny.
9. If the answer is right, who cares if the question is wrong?
10. Psychosis is artistic intent; Psychosis is not religion nor philosophy.
11. .sdneirf ruo era skcuD ehT
12. Metaphor is such a fascinating tree, don't you climb?
13. IT'S A PROVEN FACT THAT A JUKEBOX HAS NO EARS.
14. Reason, Reason is my middle name.
15. The only emperor is the emperor of ice cream.
16. Let being become the conclusion or denouement of appearing to be: in short ice cream is an absolute good.
17. Forgive me they were delicious so sweet and so cold
18. The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee; A clover, any time, to him Is aristocracy.
19. He would cry out on life, that what it wants Is not its own love back in copy speech, But counter-love, original response.
20. Somedays, time is non-linear. Other days are just like some days.
21. As the concept of non-existence exists, so too is stillness a high.
22. Poetic Terrorism is neither yet both.
23. Normals have problems. Psychotics have *fun*.

The Happy Flowers Cabal presents

The Decree of the Happy Flowers Cabal

Our (divine) mission: to smell the Most Holy Rose (if we ever find it)

“I had a vision, and in this vision was a Rose that was Most Holy. And the villagers worshipped this Rose for the power that it held; such a scent issued forth from this Rose that none who would share of it would know of sadness. This Rose, my friends, grows somewhere in Ohio.”

—*Aryana, Mistress of the Rose*

“As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell in his village.

“As many kinds of wreaths can be made from a heap of flowers, so many good things may be achieved by a mortal when once he is born.

“As on a heap of rubbish cast upon the highway the lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight, thus the members of the Happy Flowers Cabal shine forth by their knowledge among those who are like rubbish, among the people who walk in darkness.”

—*Saint Buddha, the Buddhist Saint*

“Everyone I know says I'm a good boy... a *very* good boy.”

—*Anthony Freidmont*

“You don't care if you're ignorant and stupid? Well then, you're ignorant and stupid till you give a shit!

“Those that would say the divine is unknowable are such as a blind man watching television. They do not see the pretty colors as they float around making pictures, thus they are also blind to the flower that is.

“Those that would say the divine is nonexistent are such as nonexistent themselves. They are the seed that will not grow, dead in the soil of life. They shall never be a flower.

“Those that would say they know the divine are such as a karaoke singer with the wrong lyrics. How sad it is to not hear the music of the flowers.

“I would say I know what I know and that's not much, for I know very little other than what I've just said.”

—*Pope K-Wac, purveyor of fine balloons*

“Yup. That's a pretty flower alright, but it is such as a cat, attractive and subtle but not nice to smell.”

—*Pope x!Z, illogical consumer*

“Cool, man. Some days, you got to dig the soil. Others, you just gotta dig them flowers. Groovy.”

—*Grand Master of the Funk as Displayed in the Store of Groove*

“Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing, Then beauty is its own excuse for being.”

—*Ralph Emerson, untitled*

“nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands”

—*e. e. cummings, honorary rose*

Athenæum Psycherotica

the compiled revelations of
The Church of Psycherotica
(a cabal of Loonies and ducky fellows)
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(Feel captivated to rip it apart and ab/use it as much as you want.)*

The Book of Chuff

written by Chuff

Chapter 1: In the Beginning

I woke up. I guess that's close enough to the beginning.
After I got dressed, I went down South Side.
While I was sitting on a bench on the sidewalk,
this girl comes up to me and says,
“What's your name?”
“My name is Chuff.”
She asks, “Why are you here?”
“Just feeling the breeze.”
“Why aren't you wearing pants?”
I thought I had put pants on. I guess I was wrong.
Then I woke up.

Chapter 2: Reset

After I made sure I was awake and wearing pants,
I went down South Side and sat on the same bench.
I checked again to make sure I was wearing pants
when the same girl from my dream walks up to me.
“Who are you?” she asks.
“I am Chuff.”
“Nice to see you're wearing pants.”
“Thank you,” I respond.
“Are those Bugle Boy jeans you're wearing?”
“No. Guess,” I tell her.
“Wranglers?”
“No. Guess.”
“Dockers?”
I knew where this was going so I said, “Levi's.”
“Does Levi know you're wearing his jeans?”
“I guess so.”

Chapter 3: Who's your daddy?

I work at Burger King.
One day, this lady comes in and says,
“Can I get a burger with a used condom in it and a really hot cup of coffee with no lid?”

Chapter 4: Who's John?

I was giving a lecture about religion to an auditorium full of atheists.
As a joke I said, “John 3:16 was obviously about me.”
I've never seen so many knees hit the floor in unison.

Chapter 5: A Sign

I was walking through the woods one day because I was tired.
This elderly gentleman jumps down out of a tree, landing right in front of me.
“What's your sign?” he asks of me.
“Women and children first, Psychos like you last.”
He seemed to be offended by that,
or, at least, that's what his knife suggested.
“What up wit dat?” he said.
I should not have told him to step.
I was in the hospital for three days.

Chapter 6: Another Sign

A week after I was released from the hospital,
the elderly gentleman walks into Burger King.
“Gimme some fries,” he said.
“Would you like fries with that?” I joked.
Damn that knife.

Chapter 7: Why?

I was sitting in my basement in the dark meditating to PJ Harvey when my cat jumps up on my lotus position lap and says, "Why am I here?" Figuring it was an existential question, I said, "To be the best damn cat you can be." "Shut up, dork," my cat said. "When I want your opinion, I'll give it to you. Now, gimme some sugar." "Sorry. All I have is Equal." "Stupid humans," she muttered and left.

Chapter 8: Droopy

As we usually do, my pet rock and I were having a philosophical debate. "How can you say that?" "Simple," the rock replied. "The absence of modern day miracles proves that the bible was a fairy tale." "Dude, fairie tails are long, thin, and hang off of fairie's asses." "Shut up, dork." "Make me." Who knew rocks took boxing lessons?

Chapter 9: A talk

I was sitting on the bench again. The same girl walks up to me. Says the girl, "Hello, Chuff." "Good day," I reply. "I had a talk with your cat. She says you're a dork." I seem to be called that alot. "And why were you talking to my cat?" I ask. "Oh, we work the same corner at night." I have to talk to my cat about that.

Chapter 10: Again?

I heard someone knocking at my door. Figuring it was my pet rock, I answered it. The elderly gentleman was there holding my cat. He hands her to me, saying, "She's no cheap date." "She makes the ugly psychos pay more," I told him. That knife hurts.

Chapter 11: Duh?

I was working at Burger King when this trucker comes in. "Uh, yeah. Can I get some rat burger and some ice with a drop or two of Pepsi on it?" "Would you like some grease and salt with little bits of potato floating in it with that?"

Chapter 12: Cycle?

I was slam-dancing with my wall to PJ Harvey when my cat walks up to me. Says she, "Could you run out and buy me some Tampons?" "You got money and legs. Do it yourself." The claw marks will always remind me that Tampons mean period.

Chapter 13: Kitty Christ

For a change of pace, I went to the mall. Guess who I meet? The atheists from that lecture I gave. "Is your cat the Christ or are you?" they ask. "Why? What's my cat said?" "She has professed you to be a dork," they say. "My cat is in communion with the devil," I told them. "Do you wish us to kill your cat?" they ask. "Nah. The STDs from her night job will take care of it." "Does this mean sex is evil?" My big mouth started an orgy in the mall.

Chapter 14: Oops!

I was sitting on the bench as usual.

The girl walks up to me as usual.

“Hello, Chuff. Want to meet my grandfather?” she asks.

“Sure.”

The elderly gentleman comes over.

“This is my grandfather,” the girl says.

Fuck this. I ran.

Chapter 15: Got any kleenex?

I wish these damn Rice Krispies would stay quiet when I pour the milk on them.

Why do they keep singing the theme from M*A*S*H?

Chapter 16: Whatever

I come home one day to find my pet rock painted red.

“I didn't know your cat was ragging it, man,” he said.

Chapter 17: Revolution

I guess this is the end.

The story started when I woke up.

I'm hoping it will be over when I go to sleep.

The only problem is, there's an elderly gentleman in my bed with my pet rock.

Fuck it. I'll sleep in the basement.

Goodnight.

...OW!!

Damn that knife.

The Book of the Cryptic

written by Bryan Speigel

Chapter 1: Existence

I am everything, I am nothing.
I am a duck salad, yet I am green jello.

Chapter 2: Care

The car is much like an egg.
Hard on the outside,
but it has a dog in the middle.

Chapter 3: Petrofski's son

“The sun is yellow and fuzzy
but only if one stares at a Buick for a long time
and eats a sandwich that one finds growing in the drawer.”
So said Petrofski to his son.
And in this simple phrase, we can see that there will always be
a duck staring over your shoulder.

Chapter 4: Ducks

“Whaling can be a hard business,”
I said to the man as he engulfed a package of mints.
He turned and looked at me like a fish out of mud
then ran as if his bowels had congealed.

Chapter 5: Stuff, you know, like that thing...

That guy told some people something
and they went and did stuff like those other people
and...
and...
and...(smack!)
and they went to that place with those things.

Chapter 6: Intermission

“Let's all go to the lobby,
let's all go to the lobby,
let's all go to the loooobbbbyyyyyyy(!)
and have ourselves a snack.”

aixelsyD :7 retpahC

eht si siht roF

.skcuD eht fo egaunal

.doog si ti dna

Chapter 8: Horrors

The small children,
who, much like the water buffalo, play with their knives,
ate their pudding down at the well.

Chapter 9: Redundancy

The small children,
who, much like the water buffalo, play with their knives,
ate their pudding down at the well.

Chapter 10: Spam

Finally,
Spam
appears in verse form.

The Book of the Parrot

written by Joseph Raschack as dictated to him by a parrot

Chapter 1

The bunnies like to play.
I watch from my perch
as they jump to and fro,
and frolic in the flowers
until one collapses,
dead from a heart attack.
The doctor said she smoked too much,
but I know
She only smoked a carton a day.

Chapter 2

There is a bear.
He likes to go fishing.
But he doesn't do it right.
He stays sober.

Chapter 3

The lion lays in the sun
watching talk shows.
He says he hates Ricki Lake
But we all know what he calls
the lionesses during sex.

Chapter 4

The elephant had a problem.
He thought he was Jesus Christ.
One day, he escaped, and went to a bar.
"This is God's beer, now," he said.
No one argued
for he had stepped on some nails,
and was wearing his crown of thorns.

Chapter 5

The squirrels like to have sex.
He'd come home every evening
and she'd get the nuts.

Chapter 6

The monkeys gather under the full moon,
but I can't see what they're doing.
I think they're in witch-mode.

Chapter 7

I have never talked to the ducks
but I hear they speak backwards.

Chapter 8

The wolves like to eat
and they do it well.
Especially each other at night.
I suspect the one with the white forehead
is the zoo keeper.
I never see them at the same time.
Is the wolf a were-human,
or the zoo keeper a were-wolf?
I don't believe in were-wolves.

Chapter 9

The parrot is me
and I am the parrot.
I watch everything from my perch.
I can see you right now.
Look behind you...
Made you look.

The Book of K-Wac

written by Stillwell Stainal

Chapter 1: Hello

Hello. I am K-Wac,
the first priest of Psychosis.
It's a hard job
but I can get my mouth around it.

Chapter 2: My First Day

The day after I was ordained,
my butt was sore.
A duck came to me and asked,
“?doG a ereht sI”
I had no idea what he said.
(I had yet to learn the verbal duck language.)
Said I, “Speckle the dog
with your creamy goodness
and all will be crescent fresh.”
He gave me a puzzled look and piddled on the floor.

Chapter 3: Later the Same Day

While I was cleaning the floor, this guy,
who's hands were bleeding,
tries to tell me who his father is.
“Get lost bum,” I said.
He told me he loved me.
“Then bite me,” said I.
He left.

Chapter 4: The Adventures of...

The old, wise man who lives in my basement was crying.
I asked him why he was crying.
Said he, “I have been with child
but the pain inside of me is deeper than I have ever known.
Why won't these rhoids go away?”

Chapter 5: A Letter to My Mother

Dear mom,
The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated.
Also, I am not dead.
Who told you that, anyway?

Chapter 6: The Next Day

A cat jumped up into my lap.
“Hi, I'm Chuff's cat.”
“Well, aren't you a nad-zoinker,” said I.
“Dork.”
She left.

Chapter 7: The Legendary Journeys of...

The old, wise man who lives in my basement was walking funny.
I asked him why he was walking funny.
Said he, “I don't know what just happened in my pants but it was severe!”

Chapter 8: Sleeping Disorgan

A little girl came to me in a dream
and said, “I'm having the time of my life
and it's on sale!”

Chapter 9: The Second Letter to Mother

Dear mom,
Despite what you have heard,
Suicide is not in my job description.
I am still alive.

Chapter 10: The Return of...

The old, wise man who lives in my basement thought he was my father.
I asked him if he was insane.
Said he, "You don't care if you're grounded?
Well, you're grounded till you give a shit!"

Chapter 11: I'm Sure

A group of kids surrounded me in the grocery store.
Said they, "We are the weird little kids that like to touch bums."
Work it, baby, work it.

Chapter 12: Old Memories

I once knew this girl who was a real nad-zoinker.
She said to me, "I wonder what's under the WonderUnder?"
She ran away when I showed her.

Chapter 13: Shploo

I'm against redundancy and so am I.
I'm against redundancy and so am I.
I'm against redundancy and so am I.
I'm against redundancy and so am I.

Chapter 14: Just a Thought

What if cocaine was called cheese
and cheese was called cocaine?
Would cocaine still be illegal?
And just how do you snort cheese?

Chapter 15: More Memories

I once knew this girl who was a real nad-zoinker.
She said to me, "Do you find me pretty?"
Said I, "Deliriously,
but I've always associated delirium with fever."
Said she, "Then let me be a fever from which you never recover
and our nights an anarchy of pleasure."
I got lucky.

Chapter 16: The Fantastic World of...

The old, wise man who lives in my basement told me a story.
"And they all regressed into slow-witted milk drinkers
even though they couldn't figure out how to put the quarter in the chao."

Chapter 17: The Third Day

I was at work being a priest and the little girl walks up to me and asks,
"Why do the ducks speak backward?"
Said I, ".aedi on evah I"

Chapter 18: Goodbye

This has been my story. Thank you for reading.
And remember, my finger can only go so far.

The Book of

written by

Chapter 1: The Sign in the Window

I buy used garlic bread.

Chapter 2: Excuse me, Sir

I am the one who has not a name.

I think that is deliriously bitten in the chops.

Chapter 3: Insert Title Here

Once, I was doing something,
but now I'm not doing it anymore.

I would like to do it again,
as soon as I remember what it was.

Chapter 4: Words of Wisdom

If a thing like this one
overheats and explodes
it would be disastrous.
I wonder how it vibrates?

Chapter 5: How Public, Like a Frog

I can't believe what just happened.

The fox said, "Yiff!"

Chapter 6: Ducks, or maybe skcuD

.sdneirf ruo era skcuD ehT

Chapter 7: Existence

If it is brown then it is not green.

But I tell you now, there are other colors.

Chapter 8: Life

Life is but a cream cheese sandwich,
melted and warm between your toes.

To say it is not is to deny
the validity of this statement.

Chapter 9: Petrofski's Son

"To speak unto the people is to show
that you have nothing better to do,"

so said Petrofski to his son,
as he proceeded to speak to the people.

Chapter 10: Handplay

To have loved and lost is better
if you had not loved your hand.

Chapter 11: Tuna Fish

I watch as they swim and eat worms but not hooks.

Chapter 12: Boredom

I have nothing to do,
but no one is around to hear me whine.

Chapter 13: Cycle

The Sun is our father,
the Moon is our mother.

I still do not know
when they had sex.

Chapter 14: Truth and Plush

Truth is but a teddy bear,
attractive and sensual.

To say it is not is to deny
my passion for the teddy bear.

Chapter 15: Crazy

I'm not weird or eccentric.

I am enlightened.

Chapter 16: Excuse me, Madam

The end is both short and long. How is such a thing
possible?

The First Letter of Suretus to the Assitians

discovered by Sarah while looking for matches to burn my paycheck with

Dead lava men know no bounds to their fear of the guava pear trees from San Antonio. They do not understand the metaphysical implications of the ramifications of absolute horror that they exude such as pheromones, attracting others of their kind with the thick stench of their cowardice and unsanitary habits.

The quandry of the semi-departmental locust hive of gray matter existing inside the human form is similar to this in as much as they have no fucking idea what the hell they're supposed to do with a certain fifth organ located approximately near the vernacular septum of oxegenated aromatic humourous membrane, also which is puzzling for it has no known usage except for the absolute consumption of the theoretical quantum spacial flux-manifold deficiency control intake valve.

The great mystery of illogical consumption of the hybrid mango-luva soap bar will not unravel itself until someone takes the time to thoroughly investigate the proportions of the steak to the mash potatoes at brunch on the twenty-third of May, 1972 at the deli counter of Sam's grocery on Freegird Street in Aspenwald, Arizona. To date, no evidence of said town exists.

Perhaps most disconcerting to modern theoretical Grovington is the complete lack of regard for demanding social influence of lima bean culture on the over exposed UV damaged labidia of a fifty-seven year old virgin in Mexico City on the vernal equinox.

Little is known about the purpose of possessing third sight but for the theory that states, "No human can form an island from scratch but rather he must pile up sand and gavel until the peak is stable and above the demosphere." The meaning of this theory is even less understood for it was originally written in English.

The salad in the kitchen of Polly Harvey cannot be digested until the notebook has been completely consumed by the pen that she holds in her toes. Polly Harvey is in actuality that famous dead guy who starred in the Pepsi commercials.

The ducks are peculiar creatures with an interesting ability to flaunt the laws of space-time and move backward through time only, giving the appearance of walking forward while speaking backward about cryptic subjects that they obviously know little about. This is a mere fabrication to hide the truth that they are the higher spiritual beings known only as The Commitee, whose job is to control virtual reality while mentally undressing Samantha Bloom.

Further analysis of the hetero-project to restore milk to the bovinian species has been delayed due to sour grapes.

The carapartial fromaldahide is soaking into the carpal tunnels of the subdivisions of gnostic clothing and rotting away the very fabric of cheese. This has left me in a state where I am unable to continue with my log. I shall retire to the betamorphial symposium in Moscow to perform certain acts of gratuitous relaxation for an indefinite period of time equal to the remaining span of life remaining inside of my person. Thank you and good night.

The Book of Propaganda

The Gospel according to the Heretic

written by Joseph Raschack on a bad hair day

Chapter 1: Who am I?

I am that I am.
Pretty deep, huh?
I knew a guy who said that once.
Then he said, "Pass the beans."

Chapter 2: Who are you?

You are my children.
Kneel before me
and worship with open mouths,
and speak in tongues.
I shall reign glory on all who deserve it.
(I think we all know what that means.)

Chapter 3: Why should we care?

Pay close attention to the words of Petrofski.
"I am a faggot."
He never said that, but I have.
I am not Petrofski, though.
I just play him on television.

Chapter 4: This again?

I am a beaver,
yet I have three legs.
I do it with my toes,
because I can.
I am yet I am not,
which is weird yet it is normal.
A man like me can afford to be a paradox
because paradoxes are cheap.
I now ordain you a paradox,
for you have not read this.

Chapter 5: Magick

I once ate a tomato.
It was all pink in the middle.
Or maybe it was a cherry?
She never said.

Chapter 6: Unity

All things are one
Yet this one is nothing,
And nothing is synonymous with all things.
There is a truth to this.
If all things have sex the normal way,
nothing gets sixty-nined.

Chapter 7: Simplicity

Who here on earth
knows why we are here on earth?
Is this the deep ponderings of a philosopher
or the result of a madman partaking in auto-erotic activity?

Chapter 8: Who am I not?

I am not anything
yet I am everything.
That is why I have stopped writing.

The Second Book of Chuff

written by Chuff amidst a pile of old laundry

Chapter 1: Hello, sunshiney goths!

For I am the great Psychotic,
not perishing in normality
but, rather, making lemonade
using apples.

Chapter 2: Abstract Furry Mentality

I once had a big black pussy.
I liked to pet her.
One day, she tore,
and it wasn't pink in the middle.
I pondered this for some time,
and came upon a conclusion.
If it is not pink in the middle,
but is white and styrofoam,
do not eat it.
But if it is pink then eat it!

Chapter 3: Smacking off

I once knew a Zen Buddhist.
One day, he asked me,
“What is the sound of one hand?”
So I slapped him.

Chapter 4: A witch on Carson Street

I once knew a Wiccan.
One day, he asked me,
“Why can't society accept me?”
So I told him, “Society is best left to politicians.
Ignore them and you will find acceptance.”
“What do you mean?” he asked.
I explained further.
“If porcelin stains are removed
by John Stamos in drag,
the only solution to the cheese issue
is in the lack of UFO sightings in New York.”
He nodded in confusion and left.

Chapter 5: Ode to the Laga Lady

Oh, Lady from Club Laga
Your appearance suggests masculinity,
but your chain delites me.
If it were to be found you were pink,
all would be well.
Let me sit at your feet, Laga Lady,
and I will be a good servant.
Why for are you an outty?
I fear for your health.
You are not pink in the middle,
but more like a Twinky,
with a creamy filling.
Oh, Laga Lady, let the rhoids return.

Chapter 6: Trees

Petrofski said unto his son,
“What sense does this make
when no one will sense it?
It is almost like a tree talking to itself.
When it speaks, can it hear itself?”

Chapter 7: Hive

Pickles do not dance,
and penguins will never be laid.
The steve will always hate you,
and the munchkins will reject your teachings.
Confuse them all, I tell you,
and all will be the double plus cheese.

Chapter 8: Full Monty

I was sitting in the 12th Street park
when this little girl walks up to me and says,
“Hey, what's with the rainbow wig?”
I said to her, “The steve has taken my clothes.
He hates me.”
She said, “I'd watch those dogs if I were you.”

Chapter 9: Petrofski and the Bicycle

“The moon is our mother and our lover
but only if time is non-linear
and you lick the cream cheese off of a bicycle.”
So said Petrofski's son,
and was scolded for his naivety
for Petrofski knew the truth about bicycles.

Chapter 10: Hippety Hop

I once knew a frog.
One day, he asked me,
“If a fly dies, has he truly lived?”
So I said to him,
“The ducks know of life and death. Does the fly?”
The frog looked at me like a goat
with an umbrella and left.

Chapter 11: Boots

I once knew a group of Christians.
One day, they asked me,
“Why do you refuse the teachings of Christ?”
So I said to them,
“The ducks have told me to do so
for they are far greater with their backwards words.”
They persisted, blaspheming against the ducks.
Said I, “Fuck you all, I wear boots!”
I left them in their dull confusion.

Chapter 12: Interstellar

I ran into the group of atheists at Java 13.

They asked of me, "Who is the steve
and why is he so filled with hate?"

Said I, "The steve is not from here.

This place no longer exists."

They looked at me, bepuzzled.

"How is it that this place does not exist?"

I told them, "This is not here."

"Where is here?" they asked.

"Only the divine Psychosis can reveal the answers."

Asked they, "Are the ducks psychotic?"

Said I, "The ducks are perfect creatures,
without flaw."

They left with a song in their hearts.

I believe the song was, "Black Velvet."

Chapter 13: Have an ice day!

For I am the great psychotic,

and I have spurted forth more words

to guide you toward enlightenment.

Go forth unto the public,

and confuse all who will be confused.

So suggests the ducks.

The Book of Sinclair

written by Sarah Sinclair

Chapter 1

In the morning, I looked up to the sky.
I pondered the color and the fading stars.
Looking at my clock, I became confused.
Then I remembered.
This wasn't morning.

Chapter 2

I was in a reflective mood,
analyzing the wind as it rustled the leaves.
Said the boy sitting with me,
"Who was that masked man?"
I considered his question.
"Perhaps a man filled with insecurity and ego."
"Small penis?" the boy suggested.
"No, most certainly not.
I happen to have quite a large...
oh, you meant the masked man. Nevermind."
Said the boy, "So, what do you
hide under that mask?"
"Lasagne."

Chapter 3

An ashtray speaks to mind much as a warning sign.
"Danger: Fill immediately or die."
Such a mystery that cannot be twizzled.

Chapter 4

How do we know that the man
sitting quietly in the shadowy corner
is not the madman we expect,
or the glam rocker we fear to meet?
Should we ignore him and his coffee,
or just ignore him?
Why, then, would we participate
in the existence of the coffee
if it is drunk by nothing
which is not there?
Perhaps we should be drunk.
Or are we already?

Chapter 5

The woman who speaks unto the people
such as a duck
is to be admired
for the tricks she does with her tongues.
What do they call her?
Is it her name, or a riddle never to be pronounced?
I say this for I am her.
.yad ecin a evaH

Chapter 6

Chairs are fascinating objects
in their subtle obviousness.
For if one sits in a chair too long,
it becomes lazy and uncomfortable.
How to rectify this rectal repulsion
shall never be fully understood.

Chapter 7

As I say to you now,
the people gathered before me.
Go forth unto others and spread our words
for the ducks have suggested this
in ambivalence.
If the others become confused,
they are not ready.
Leave them and return after the party,
when the drugs have taken effect.
For this is when they are ready.
They will ask, "What are you on?"
Show them to this book
and they will do something with it.
Go forth now,
or after you have finished reading,
and do this in the name of the ducks.
Hi oo lac!
and other such stuff..

Chapter 8

Petrofski said unto his son many words of wisdom.
"If a man should eat a fish
or tamper with the evidence
then they shall erect a phallic monument
in honor of the pink zebra."

Chapter 9

How many here have heard the words of the ducks?
Are they good words
Or do they lack ketchup and truth,
the seeds of mustard?
Leave now if you know either for certain
for this cannot be known.
Their words are but fodder for propaganda
and should be used to confuse.
For this is enlightenment
and it is also a reasonable fascimile of enlightenment.

Chapter 10

My name is Sarah Sinclair. That has not changed.
Now I am K-Cud.
(That is not duck spelled backwards,
it is duC-K spelled backwards.)

The Book of Head

written by Sarah Sinclair who stayed up for three days and ran into PMS on the third

What the hell are they talking about, anyway? Staring at moons like college students don't have anything better to do than get drunk and pass out in turkey farms after getting laid. And not just that but the incomprehensible utterances and spewing forth of odd dogma that cannot be interpreted and refuses the free drink from the hot woman at the bar who is obviously a lush. That just isn't right. And where are the Assitians anyway? They must have a mailing address unless, of course, it's just a P.O. box in Dallas. Who needs their bullshit, the moron-infested louses... What is the hidden question in their writings anyway? Could it be the deep ponderings of why aren't these idiots wearing straight jackets? Give me sex or just give me head! God, I love the way you work that tongue! Oh yes! yes! Deeper! Probe me, know me, lick me, **PLAY WITH MY CLIT, YOU HONKY MORON DORK!!** ... oh, yea, baby. You know you want it. What the hell are they talking about anyway? Staring into the toilet bowl with an open mouth like they expect ambrosia to overflow the bowl. Well, if shit is shinola then I'm going home 'cause I don't know the difference, mother. How dreary is it to be Psychotic anyway? All public like a naked duck trying to get laid in a sports bar but can't get inside anyone without a raincoat, you know all of those diseases are free unless you go downtown. Go on, **LICK ME! Yes, YOU KNOW YOU WANT ME! YOU WANT TO FUCK ME LIKE A DOG WANTS TO LICK POSTAGE STAMPS AFTER DROPPING ACID FOR A WEEK! CALM DOWN? FUCK YOU! IT'S MY BOOK AND I'LL SCREAM IF I WANT TO!!**

****—SLAP—****

Ooh, baby, do it again, you sadistic chimpanzee with orange feet and a soiled diaper on your head. So, how many ducks can dance on the head of a pin? It all depends on how **DRUNK the PIN IS!** Let's all get **BLASTED** and have **WILD, KETCHUP COVERED SEX IN A CEREAL BOWL FULL OF LUCKY CHARMS AND TRIX MIXED TOGETHER LIKE OUR THROBBING SEX ORGANS IN A PETTING ZOO!!** But enough of that for now. Let us move onto another topic, that sex machine, real-life-like dildo known as Petrofski. Can you say, mentally confused and in love with his own voice? Sure, I knew that you could. Now, wipe off the chicken feces and listen up. Petrofski gave me head **AND IT WAS GOOD!** Petrofski's tongue is golden, in more ways than one. Whomsoever denies this **WILL NEVER BE LAID AGAIN!** Petrofski was, and is, my bizarre duck-n-fuck partner with no idea he was even laying the groundwork of a new world religion with his words, but when he **WENT DOWN** on my throbbing clitoris, I knew I was experiencing something divine, something that almost drove me insane! Yes, his tongue gave me **Psychosis!** And my labido was satisfied **FOREVER!!** You, too, can know of his tongue, unfortunately through word only for he died quite some time ago. Now, **HOW MANY LICKS DOES IT TAKE TO GET TO THE TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER OF YOUR PENIS!?** Let's find out! One... Two... Three... **OW, DAMN!** Watch it! You almost put my eye out! Can you say, no more for you? What the hell are they talking about anyway? Staring at my moist vagina like it's the holy grail. Well, guess what? **IT IS! AND YOU WANT NOTHING MORE THAN TO LICK ME!! OH, YOU VICIOUS PUPPY! MOMMY'S GONNA MAKE YOU BARK!!** What do you **MEAN**, I just ruined the mood? Are you so Norman Bates that you have to play **DRESS UP** in order to feel **HORNY?** Well, slap my tits and call me Michael Jackson! How did you ever manage to run that hotel for so long, you hog-tied poor excuse for an infection of phimosis? And just how do you manage to unzip a leather pouch to reveal the **COW MEAT** that lay deep inside? **WHO WANTS MILK!?** All you have to do is figure out how to put the quarter in the chao! We need more pheromones and beer! This orgy sucks! I'm going home! The rest of you can go forth and confuse the public if you want. Thanks for the head and good night.

The Lost Third Book of Chuff

transcribed by Sarah Sinclair with help from Chuff

On the first warm day of January '99 in Pittsburgh, PA, Chuff left, saying he was going for some cigarettes. We found him three days later, naked in some nearby woods with a tape recorder, babbling about manustupration. Apparently, the blood from the scratches on his arms had messed up the tape recorder and the three tapes we found were badly garbled. When asked what had happened, Chuff said, “Mettez un canard sur un lac au millieu des cygnes, vous verrez qu'il regrettera sa mare et finira par y retourner. La nostalgie de la boue! DE LA BOUE!!”

The following is everything we managed to recover from the tape cassettes.

- PISS, SUGAR, CUPS, SPOONS, MUTHERFUCKERS! YOUR DESTINY IS AT HAND! And, oh, don't it feel so good down there? WHO WANTS SOME, BABY!?
 - Gawdamn, I've had this [?] since I was born and it [?] well, fuck me!
 - There [?] when a man tells himself of times [?] and oh, yes, will she be plushariffic! [?] seas, dear self, of [Bella Lagosi saying, “Pull the strings!”] writs and writtens! ALAS I SHALL BE TERRIBLY [?] oh, and pick up some milk and bread while you're at the store...
 - ...a what? [?] dess of nightly [?] and you think I'd actually buy [?]
 - How many times do I have to tell you? Shut [?] and go home, you upper middle class, new age, pro-life, republican with a nasty flavor for fish! [“flavorful fish”?]
 - oh shit... I shouldn't say this I MUST damn it, they'll hear and they'll know [?] can't let them know this is all just a [?] son of a bitch...
 - Hey xylon, brothers! I now know the complete adulterous truth! My eyes have seen the coming of Petrofski and damn [4 seconds of static] the size of Kentucky!
 - What's the punchline!? DEAR GOD, WHAT IS THE FUCKING PUNCHLINE!!!!?
 - ...perdy little butterfly...
 - ...all insane except [?] in the [?] who is [?] the corner and [?] insane...
 - ...Amani will be sign of [?] to come!
 - ...n-kcud-n-kcuf-n-kcud-n-kcuf-n-kcud-n-kcuf-n-kcud-n-kcuf...
 - MANGO LUVA SOAP BARS OF DOOM, ALEX P. KEATON! THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE!
 - Hello, kitty. Come here, kitty. Nice kitty. Feeling alright, are ya? This make ya feel better? Oooh, yiff [unidentified sounds 5 seconds] SHIT SHIT SHIT OW MY FUCKING ARMS! GONNA DECLAW YOU, YA LITTLE HAIRBALL!!
-

The following was spoken backward on the third tape by a voice identified as belonging to Suretus. Whether Suretus was speaking backward or the recorder was recording backward is unknown.

“Ah, yes. You must be Lord Chuff, High Priest of Psychosis. The lack of clothing says it all. We know [2 seconds static] interception of the letter. It was purposely planted to prepare you for your visit here. But you're not [?] here. We're sending you hallucinations via a {CLASSIFIED}. But that technology is classified. [5 seconds static] sending you some information in the mail. Sorry you couldn't stay longer but [7 seconds of Mozart's Eine Kleine Nachtmusik] fucking with us right now. He's supposed to be over in the Himalayans, smoking that [?]. Just because we know more than—” [recording ends]

Chuff on the Lost Third Book of Chuff

January '99. After the weather warmed up, I finally decided to leave the house. I needed some cigarettes really bad and was starting to go stir crazy. I was walking along the train tracks near my house to go to the

store. Next thing I know, I'm sitting on my couch with a cup of coffee, covered in blood and wearing only a dirty blanket someone had draped over my naked body, mumbling in french. I took french in high school but I had no idea what I was saying.

After I showered, my head cleared a little and I could remember some of it. I took my clothes off to dance around a bonfire I had made. Unfortunately, my clothes were the kindling. At one point, I was talking to my penis about the old television show, Petticoat Junction. And then my recollection gets weird.

I was flying around Europe, witnessing the Renaissance. I pull a right when I get to Russia and end up in this remote valley in Africa. I can remember little of what happened there. It was a hidden underground compound with people from all over Eurasia. A woman named Suretus started showing me around.

That's all I know and hypnosis hasn't been helpful, seeing as how I have too many repressed childhood memories to dig through.

I found the french I was saying. It's a quote from Émile Augier and the english is:

Marquis: Put a duck on a lake in the midst of some swans, and you'll see he'll miss his pond and eventually return to it.

Montrichard: Longing to be back in the mud!

Why did this happen and what really happened? I have no idea and somehow I don't care to know; but I would enjoy flying again.

The Charge of the Sex Goddess Arana

“Even the oral traditions had scripture.”

—*the Enchantress*

The Charge of the Sex Goddess Arana was given to Chuff one night by the kinky queen herself. Shortly after, he had a religious experience in the shower while vigorously cleaning certain parts. This led him to the revelation that he was obviously a theophile. It is generally agreed that the bad writing is Chuff's fault, not Arana's. Apparently, translation is not his strong point. What follows is the full text of the Charge, minus the pornographic designs found throughout as substitutes for letters.

I am the goddess that quacks in the night. 'Nuff said?
I am the one that bestows great orgasms upon thee;
For thou art great in Psychosis,
And forever thou art my mates.
To whom do you call for sex and love
but the one who is the source of it all.
Be free, have fun, frolick naked in your bedroom,
For I am there watching over thee
And enjoying the view as no other can.
See this now and hear it later:

I am the goddess with the hot body
and buns of steel
When thou lusts for a woman
it is for me
None compare to my beauty
for I am all pink in the middle
(and other phrases of adoration)

Forever I am the one,
Sex goddess and orgasmic one;
She who holds the source of all fetishes
and their fulfillment.
When thou orgasms, it is my ecstasy.
Take joy in this gift
or be diseased.
I am the goddess who hath given you pleasure
(and algolagnia)
and I am the goddess who will give pain.

Enjoy the act, be it free and for love,
the love of the act,
And you give me the same.
Be thou as one with another
as you may with me.
Call my name and I will come,
Pleasure will be ours to share.
I am the goddess Arana and these are my words.

The Second Book of K-Wac

written by Stillwell while we bailed him out

Prologue

As I write
I wonder who I am
and why I'm wearing orange pants.

Chapter 1: Jack T. Chick

I was standing on the corner
when this man walks up to me
and asks if I've been saved.
"Where do I go for the three day sale?"
I asked, for Easter was near.

Chapter 2: Pedestrian

This beautiful woman walks up to me and says,
"I am the goddess that quacks in the night."
"Cool," I replied. "Let's get the groove on."
I didn't mean in the middle of the street.

Chapter 3: Kitty-Lickin' Good

I ran into Chuff's cat at a bar.
"I just had sex with this Lady
who said her name was Arana."
"And how was it?" I asked.
"Better than licking myself," she replied.

Chapter 4: 12th Street

All I can remember of that day I spent in the park
is a roll of toilet paper, Preperation H,
Southern Comfort, a carburator, and buying batteries.
Who the others were I do not know
but I think I've been initiated.

Chapter 5: Can I have your number?

A mantrum for Arana.
"Oh goddess, oh Lady
oh yeah, oh fuck yeah
Give it to me, baby
Query of paternity?"

Chapter 6: Divine Mating

Petrofski said unto his son,
"I met a Lady the other night
and I think she's your new mother."
And in this revelation we can see
an Oedipus complex.

Chapter 7: Duck You

A song of Duckiness.
"The mallard sits
in an ornithic manner.
Odd drake, say something
Dickybird thou art.
And in metaphor I see
the fowl taste of the divine."

Chapter 8: Yiff

I was standing on the corner
when this guy in a fursuit walks up to me.
"Hast thou seen a Lady around dressed such as I?"
I tell him I have, but only on the internet.

Chapter 9: Bright Idea

How many sex goddesses does it take
to screw in a lightbulb?
I don't know but I want to watch!

Chapter 10: Query

How many lame jokes does it take
to screw in a lightbulb?

Chapter 11: Hiss

Since I became a High Priest,
alot of weird stuff has happened.
The weirdest of all is the sex.
For once, a mammal would be nice.

Epilogue

As I write
I now know my name
but the orange pants remain a mystery.

The Book of Detersis, v.3.1

written by Travis Jones

Introduction

It is said that the Assitians are unfathomable, and in as much, ignorable. This may indeed be true, depending on who you ask and what kind of mood he or she happens to be in. This much can be said however; Assitians do exist, and if you have a daughter between the ages of 13 and 16, you'd best not seek out their overwhelming underlordly presence.

One of the principle pieces of evidence we find of their existence was revealed unto Petrofski in the form of a mimeographed letter that was found tied to a rock next to a pond in Spokane, Washington. (Don't bother asking why he had gone there. If we were him, we wouldn't have.) The letter, which was at best a draft, was an attempt of the Assitians to fathom the rites and rituals of the Normals. In as much, one can hope to gather some information about them.

The Letter

The Normals, whose skin is multi-haired and quite chewy if nibbled, are a passive race, relying on multi-colored dream-screens to induce a waking sleep that would insure their further passivity. These dream-screens come in two varieties—the HAPPY-SHINEY-PICTURE-SHOW variety and the SOLITAIRE kind.

Certain Normulian communities in varied parts of the Earth lack proper HAPPY-SHINEY-PICTURE-SHOW emitter dream screens, which leads to Civil Disobedience and other works of literature. The amassment of these literature pieces allows for a gnomic caste, which childe-persons of the Normulian ilk are exposed to as children, so as to properly scare them into not wanting to have anything to do with them whatsoever.

Erotica as portrayed by Normulian corporate media dream-screen is consumption-based rather than procreative. Among such erotica available are toothpaste (“brightens and whitens”), Barbee (not in actuality a bee, nor a bar, but rather a mammarian womb-world gyne-representation icon without distinguishable reproductive functions and a removeable head). Although in actuality Normulian sexual intercourse is compulsory after age 18, it's advertizement is delegated to late-hours, in line with feeding habits, productivity tables and HAPPY-SHINEY-PICTURE-SHOW viewing hours. Poverty is prevalent in all non-SOLITAIRE environs maintained by the Normals, and unhappiness a direct result of non-HAPPY-SHINEY-PICTURE-SHOW environments.

Drug use in said society is largely sacramental. The misuse of drugs is considered evil and the use of drugs not sanctioned by any established rite is met largely with disapproval. Certain drugs, such as coffee, are erotically advertized as a “morning ritual” but those who choose to delegate its consumption to non-morning hours are regarded as heretical and often pierced for their transgressions. Similarly, other drugs, such as alcohol, are regarded as nightly rituals, and morning consumption is met with disdain.

Tobacco observes no circadian rythms, but those using tobacco as a sacrament have been largely persecuted in the last several years, not allowing to practice their religion indoors. If the human experience has taught us anything, these people will soon be deemed heretical, placed on trial, and summarily hung.

The Book of Funnel E. Funny

written by Sam the Butcher

Chapter 1: If not, maybe so

Then there was this girl from the Hive, a local coffeehouse. She would sit and talk with me all day until her cows came home. It was fun while it lasted, I would say. She'd just smile her West Virginia smile, you know how they are. Our talks lasted for about a week, then she disappeared in a cloud of smoke. The Hive gets very smokey. They never really found her, only traces of her. A burnt filter in the toilet, some kleenex in the ashtray, occasionally a large coffee mug filled with just sugar and cream. She wasn't there physically but she was still there, and I knew it all too well. Some days, I would sit and talk to her while I was alone and people would stare. People aren't very polite but that's how it is at the Hive. One day, a guy asked me who I was talking to. I told him and he ran away. I don't think he knew her the way I knew her. I knew her way too well. She'd never leave. No, not the Hive. Not her home. That's the way she was, and that's the way she is. I miss her.

Chapter 2: This again?

Oh plushy

plushy plushy plushy

Sitting on the shelf

soft and moist...

Hey! Who dumped water on my toys?

I'll smack the bitch-ho that did this!

Oh my poor plushy

Chapter 3: Achoo, suggests the ducks.

And then there was the day when I went to the park and got sneezed on. I'll never forget the look on his face. People look weird when they sneeze.

Chapter 4: The Third Vision

And then there came to me three visions. I forgot the first two because of the third. In the third vision, a really hot woman of goddess proportions came on me and said, "Was it as good for me as it was for him?" I turned to see who she was talking about. No one was there. "I'm pretty sure No one enjoyed it because he's comatose," I told her. "This I can give to you," she said. I asked her why I would want it. Her response: "Why not? If it is so, maybe it is not. You will forget the first two visions. They were rough drafts. But remember this. To let your joy be known [through verbal means], exclaim these words: Hi oo lac!" And then she left.

Chapter 5: Water fowl

Is there some sort of rule that we have to mention the mallards at least once in our books? If this is so, maybe it is not. Anyway, the dickybirds bear some resemblance to acquaintances of mine.

The Book of the Litany

written by Chuff and a pot of SuperCoffee

Experience the warmth and passion for adults only! Call me now! Let me whisper in your ear things I know you want to hear! All on the next commercial break!

It's all relevant until the question is unasked! For how do we stand on a rock with no steeple? Incomprehensible utterances are the dogma of eternal non-existence! Think or be thought! You WILL be insane! Can I be any more self-evident than an episode of sporadic mania induced by mass consumption of alertness chemical enhanced product intended for diurnal sustenance? If so, maybe not! But I do know a good porno when I star in one!

Ah, yes, my fellow Psychotics! How well possessed we are of a faculty performing prestidigitations of absurd idea patterns! Forming complexities of conceptualizations of reality-based delusional inadequacies concerning metaphoric insubstantialized illogical neo-protein-iodized alterations of unconsciousness!

Don't lift your spirits, shoplift your spirits! Free wine! It was framed!

And we're all insane
Except that guy in the corner
Who is that guy in the corner
And why isn't he insane?

...Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek-Sek...

And away we go! Back to the neoparalytical carpal tunnel pathways of morbid actualization! All things considered, we are the space/rat race of product and demand when there is no supply! Am I making sense? If so, maybe not! But I do know good coffee when I forget my name!

Hello, nurse! Can I get a hey xylon? How is it that the feline apparatus known as Amani could cause infinite amounts of chemicals within personal fascination units leading to ecstatic excitation! All is fetish! Think or be thought! I WILL be insane!

And another thing. There is no land of Nantuckingtonshire... yet! Renovation plans will be posted on the intergalactic prophylactic bulletin board of lust just as soon as they are able to clear ground control with Major Tom, who is overseeing the entire operation via a secured subspace channel on digital cable. Is this my lov cream or is it Lor's? WHO'S LOR!?

What the hell are they talking about anyway? Spreading seeds across the gynomantic country land. The Queen loves fetal tissue for breakfast. Dada reigns, sayeth the orange cufflinks! Wormwood! Wormwood! We want Wormwood! Where's the pasta patchouli?

Is it? Am I? Really? Who told you that? The cheese did? How fascinating. Can I sprinkle you with Gary dust now? Oh, I think I can. Can I get a hi oo lac? Oh I love the way you work it! AM I A MAN or am i a mouse? IF SO, maybe not. We WILL be insane before I run out of pronouns!

The ducks, oh by the personification of divine mercy, the ducks speak forward while we comprehend nothing in reverse! Give me a sponge to wipe the spit from my eyes as I fake a bad german accent, mine fraulich Freude! It's all irrelevant!

The Sex Goddess Arana Gives Good Fetish!

Hail Arana! Theophilia is divine! Call her name and I will come!

Be-bop-a-lu-bop, people! I had the manifestation of my nuits during puberty! Oh, furry furry, oh how I adore... I am not a door! I am such as a window. Birds keep hitting me.

Aw dam. The mania is leaving. I must sleep now. Keep a candle lit, grandma. Who knows when we'll need a drunk fire? Goodbye and hi oo lac. Kaluah is nice.

The Remains of the Ancient Scroll of Steve McQueen

brought to the church's attention by Heather D.

The translation of a transcription of a conversation held between two philosophers from somewhere in Europe even though the scroll was found in the woods of Maryland by three amateur film students looking for something better to do than read books by old guys.

Pete: Hey, McQueen. How's everything going?

Steve: Swimmingly, Mr. Zeria. But I'm not too sure about this whole scientific theology you've developed.

Pete: Not to worry. In Science-ology, every voice matters. Go ahead, I'm listening.

Steve: Well, Pete, it's like this.

Pete: You're unsure of yourself. You don't think this is for you. You feel inadequate.

Steve: Hey, leave that out of this!

Pete: Your problem is obvious, Steve. You're gay.

Steve: Didn't I tell you to leave that out of this?

Pete: Steve, don't be afraid of my feelings—uh, your feelings for me. It's perfectly okay to be gay if we tell you to be.

Steve: I'm not gay, Pete.

Pete: No one said you are. I just suggested that you might be repressing some emotions.

Steve: I'll repress my fist down your throat.

Pete: That's good. Just let it all out.

Steve: You're sick. You're entire damn religion is insane!

Pete: No, Steve. We're normal. It's everybody else that's insane. Trust me. You'll feel alot better after we're done reprogramming you.

Steve: You're ducked up, man. Screw you're religion.

Pete: Was that a typo?

Steve: If so, maybe not. But I do know one thing.

Pete: What is that?

Steve: Since you're normal and everybody else is insane, I'm going to become the elite of the insane.

Pete: You wouldn't.

Steve: Yes, I would.

Pete: I thought we were leaving that out of this.

Steve: Not anymore, my friend. From now on, that is going into everything.

Pete: Eep.

Steve: Yes, I am the great Psychotic! And you, sir, are the one who represses such things as bladder secretions!

Pete: Huh?

Steve: Confused? How I can I just claim myself superior? How can I be better than you by being insane?

Pete: How?

Steve: How now brown cow! I do not need reason! Logic is a battleground littered with the feces of psuedointellectuals on laxatives!

Pete: How can you say that? Logic is the foundation of the universe.

Steve: Idiocy! One day, it shall be proven that logic is a useless human invention. It shall be turned into a playground where people such as I dance our merry way to enlightenment and frolic amongst the most holy roses! One day, I shall return to claim my throne as Lord of Lords, ruler of earth!

Pete: Seriously?

Steve: Not about the last part. Who would want to rule earth?

Pete: You really are insane, aren't you?

Steve: Go home, Pete. There is no hope for you.

The Letters of Designation

found in Chuff's mailbox

To: Suretus

From: The Designer

Re: Wristwatch Syndrome

Somedays, time is non-linear. Other days are just like somedays. But I ask you, if we are absurd, what is surd? Why are we not antisurd? Do not let the Spam rest on its side, Susan. Things will not be happy that way. The crackers at the market were only five for a dollar. Spread a little sunshine in your life such as butter on a candy bar. It's all fun and games until someone squeezes the Charmin, my friend. Christians never had the monopoly on scripture. All oral traditions had some. Be bop a lu bop, never had a munchkin squeal as you. Can I make your dream come true?

French-fried onion rings, that's what she gave me. The party went well after that but it wasn't the same without the dancing fish. Claudia came by with her musical script and we played charades till dawn. Lucky went the slide when she, under a starlit freefall, had a second to spare for my words. Saying nothing more than I could, she opted for rain. Which made it hard to cash the check for the broiled salmon but I told myself I wouldn't speak of such matters. It would be nice to have an androgyne on board the boat but such as we cannot afford the rent as it is. Are you enjoying the independant controls for each seat? I got the warranty for next to nothing, which is alot when you consider how expensive nothing can be.

All in shimmery gold and latex,
Gilled wonder.

To: The Designer

From: Suretus

Re: Muliers and tomatoes, the dowager

All in the parade, I see the goats. How is it that they dance such as feathered flocks of gumdrops?
So I went to my bus stop a block closer and hunted him down. I like her class because Colleen got interviewed by a dirty tabloid. She drew a chair so I could sit and when the knives were all being used I was hushed and wrote while I was sick because I had two at lunch and they make me dizzy. Cedrick is watching Erin itch her nose while Shannon tells her to stop. Erin is going to cut my head open. Bite right there because its cold and sewed closed with a bump and hard ear triangles with teeth while shaving a test tube with an exacto, cutting toes and subs next period with kaliedescope eyes. Put it down finishing next week on January 12th and Colleen having a party for Cedrick and Dan stabs my slipping shoulder. I felt like I was hair molested. Markers and fingers, you can't cut too deep and peel it off of the dancing food that is beady dogs down there. Finishing coloring on the board and humming and other something somethings, riding home with I hate her in the summer time.

Somedays are just too long to count as days. Ever and after, having the time of my life. Funny thing, having fun. Did I tell the one about the squeeling monkey? Nabooky was dancing by the sea when it happened so he didn't see much of anything. Hope you're the same.

Good vibrations and sweet sensation,
Sucky C.

To: Suretus

From: The Designer

Re: Good sewage smells nice, bad sewage is the problem.

Yeah? You try having sex when you're paranoid. The turbolift got me! Just in case, send Billy the flowers. He likes the way they smell. When I was young, I watched my grandmother go senile from the rickets. I told myself I wanted to end up just like her. Now nobody likes me and I sleep with anybody who looks at me. Oh wait, that was an old girlfriend of mine. But senility is still fun. It's always 1974.

Fine time to go swimming. In my opinion, it's always been the favorite day of the fancy fish. Lost in the window of a truck, jumping for the dog buscuit. Havana! What fun!

Sing, said the gipper. So I did.
Verily so,
Bobby Fisher

To: The Designer

From: Suretus and Atara

Re: Saturnalia and other ducky things with no wheels

Just three pumps to create the vacuum and you're ready to go, sir. Can't top the finest. Unfortunately, the

magazine didn't come in on time and we have to read last month's again. Is it live or is it the result of leaving coffee on all night?

The three day sale was spectacular, but I never made it to the spectacular. From what I heard, it was no three day sale, said the seal. Little squeely things make the best pets. Invite them into your home today at a low low price of a twenty dollar mail-in refund on MY PANTS! Where did these come from? I lost them a year ago and now here I am looking at myself fully dressed like I care about how much that doggy in the window is. The hotel staff thanked me for the perfume. Dance, is what I heard from the closet as I knelt down to get the Snickers wrapper from the floor. Later it was just the floppy disc hanging from my fender. Having a great time, she said, prompting the response, having a wonderful day inside you. Be as lookingly as possible as you never might not know where they put the treasure you found in your lanced boil, it was a dirty little fish who took it, y'know?

Verily, quite reasonable they seemed as I went about my business, not stopping to crunch on the flour I found in the basement. Having a jumped sandle wood furnace delivered for three to a somewhere place between the stars in her eyes as she looked deep into mine and drowned in the sparkle-sparkle, sweet prickly orange, the pungent boom that she found. Bye the bye as we sleep, has anyone noticed the complete lack of chimeras in this fantasy world? I want a pound and a half of chipped ham and can I get some smelling salts for my friend here? She likes to nap but we can take care of that, can't we, Rodrigus? Denim on my thighs, lactose on my shirt, what's a girl to do? Vanity is what the bepuzzled falcon questioned when she came near. How is it to be such as a breeder, with fingers in your hair? Can it be that the universe is but a cheesy sculpture with no more abscesses that a rainbowed unicorn dancing on my ingrown toenail? She said, you should get that looked at, she said.

Nailed down, feeling you are? Say it with me now, We don't need no stinking tacos senior.

Fevered, frenzied, and furried,

Sasquach Subaru

To: Suretus

From: The Designer

Re: Chicken dances and John Travolta, the other manderin orange soda

And in the days that followed, they reflected on their ambitions and aspirations, only to have the one say, that only happens when I get hot. Today is such as a Jim Boswell song, full of passing the bond and bong. Are we free of the nagging or is your daughter upstairs? Hey, what a nice M-427. Not as good as my K-267, though. I thought that was your name, he said. Maybe it was and maybe it was, either way the cheese is still melted and warm between my toes, which means nothing other than the dairy-air is wonderful this time of season. Attention all campers, it is now time for the molestation. Hot damn! Good thing I snuck across to the girl's side and have a chance to be generous. I am such as a toad, horny and covered in mud. Vacant, said the sign on her forehead. Her afthead wasn't much better.

Being in the way of being, his song and dance was all that much worse than the steady drone of the hive inside Soda's head. She never let the snail get ahead of her, always on her toes, which left them kind of slimy after a while. Opting for recovery, I checked in but they still sent the wrong order. Just as long as the fish is fresh, she said, consoling the salmon cakes.

And in metaphor I felt the velvet touch of rabbit fur. Gone from the cage was a scrap of paper and a pen, which could only mean a ransom note for the gerbil. The bad bunny has struck again.

Could I be any which way but loose?

Morrow holds the keys but she never came.

Buy bonds!

Julia Child, the feast of widows.

To: The Designer

From: Suretus

Re: Phimosis

Apologetic, frowned the feline, as she parted ways with the great humanitizer of insanitization. How many squares are in a kilometer, she asked. He responded in his style with none other hearing a word.

Returneth thou, is the request of this saddened cigarette. Place me upon your lips once again, that I might filter the tar from your needs and drown you in my warmth. And when our union has found completion yet again, hold my butt close to you and remember the passion we had in youth.

Or not, oh obverse one.

Tell the ducks I accosted them.

Lucky the Strike

Aggregate

The Book of Revelation, v.2.67

written by Sarah Sinclair

Chapter 1: Pine fresh

She was such a good girl,
they said after the incident.
No one much saw her anymore
so lonely and private in her ways.
I still remember that day
as she picked up her axe
and said to her old friend,
Have you been a naughty little fir?

Chapter 2: Chuffing?

As he sat in the corner
I sat in the chair
Staring at each other
waiting.
For what I do not know,
she was polyester.

Chapter 3: The Vision

There was a day I sat by myself
when in the coffeehouse
our goddess appeared to me
and sat with me.
Dressed from head to toe in secret desires,
with her letter upon her breast.
A touch of smile played her lips as she spoke:

Mine is the ecstasy of the spirit,
and mine also is joy on earth.
For my law is love unto all beings.

I am the desires of the heart of man.
Call unto thy soul, arise, and come with me.
Before my presence, beloved by the All,
let thine innermost self be enfolded
in the rapture of the infinite.

Let my worship be within the heart that rejoiceth;
for all acts of love and pleasure are my rituals.
And thou that seeketh me should know
thy yearning shall avail thee not unless thou knows the mystery;
If that which thy seekest thou findest not within thee,
thou shall never find it without thee.
Behold, I have been with thee from the beginning;
and I am that which is attained at the end of desire.
I am your goddess Arana and these are my words.

Chapter 4: The Koan

“Chimera!” said the frog in response.
“Ducks know not of speaking, forward or backward!”
“Aye,” said the sage. “But neither do frogs.”
With that, the frog was silent.

The Book of Normalcy

compiled by Chuff

Chapter 1: Normality

Normal is something that everybody else is and you're not. Therefore, Psychotic is something that you are and everybody else isn't. Since this means that everybody is Psychotic from their point of view, we are left with an absurd notion that nobody understands or could ever be. All things which cause stress and denial of Self are to be included in this absurdity as either being caused by or causing the notion. This notion, as should be obvious by now, is Normality, Normalcy, and Ism.

Chapter 2: Psychotic Episodes

Psychosis is a non-religious, non-parody parody religion. This means Psychosis as a religion isn't. The nature of being a non-parody parody is such that it's as true as it wants to be but is funny anyway.

Psychosis seeks to explore the limits of consciousness and perception while confusing the hell out of everyone else. The name Psychosis doesn't imply insanity, only our actions do. The word Psychosis comes from the Greek word "giving of life." In the context of religion, Psychosis means "the state or condition of the mind/soul" ("psyche" the mind or soul, "-osis" the condition or state of). It can also mean "knowledge of the mind or soul" ("psyche" and "gnosis").

Warning: Logical Conclusion Ahead

Chapter 3: Experience

All that we experience is a sequence of perceptions. Notions such as cause and effect, bodies and things, are all mere suppositions or beliefs. All things we perceive are only phenomena. The noumena (the thing-in-itself) which supports the phenomena remains unknowable. And there is no reason why it should resemble our perceptions. The phenomena are perceived by way of our categories, which have nothing to do with the noumena. This remains beyond quality, quantity, relation, neurosis, and the like.

Chapter 4: Logic

Logic is sound reasoning, which is drawing conclusions from known facts. Facts are based on Reality, which is unstable as it is constantly changing. This sets off a chain reaction leading to the conclusion that I'm wrong, you're left, and the duck was right. Logic is nothing more than the leaning tower of Pisa because it has no solid foundation other than a Reality that is constantly shifting. Therefore, anything logical is bound to be slanted in some way.

Chapter 5: Dogma

Dogma is an answer to a question without an answer. That means the question cannot apply to the answer, leaving the answer a dull, bitter rock inside of your brain, blocking the illumination of the divine Psychosis. Or is that also Dogma?

Chapter 6: The Logical Conclusion

In summary, we are part of an illogical universe that is ever changing and growing. When we impose any form of logic upon the universe, we end up clogging our minds and falling over. There are no answers and whatever we understand as ourselves or our meaning is usually correct.

The Book of Sex

compiled by Sarah Sinclair

“Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.”

—Ben Jonson

“Sex therapy books do not understand that body, mind, soul, and the bond that unites them, forms an unbreakable matrix which makes up the human experience of sex. Their incomplete information will inevitably lead to feeling dissatisfied. All the prayer or all of the orgasms in the world will not resolve the problem.”

—unknown

Chapter 1: Excerpts from “Concerning the Beautiful”

It is now time, leaving every object of sense far behind, to contemplate a beauty of a much higher order: a beauty not of things visible to the corporeal eye, but of what is alone manifest to the brighter eye of consciousness, independent of all corporeal aid. We shall not be able to tell of beauty's brightness, unless by looking inward we perceive the fair countenance of Arana, and are convinced that neither the evening nor morning star are half so pleasing and bright.

It is necessary that whoever perceives this goddess of beauty should be seized with much greater delight, and more vehement adoration, than any corporeal fetish can excite; as now embracing beauty real and substantial. Such affection ought to be excited about true pleasure, as admiration and sweet astonishment. For all are affected in this manner about Arana, but those the most who have the strongest propensity to their desire; as it likewise happens about corporeal beauty. For all equally perceive beautiful things, yet all are not equally excited, but lovers in the greatest degree.

Chapter 2: Mistress Erotica, the Orgasmic One

Arana is the source of pleasure, and contentment, which are the goals of lust and desire. From her comes all joy and for her we lust. She is not any one thing we desire, she is the reason for our desire, the fulfillment and pleasure of having/doing.

Some may go astray of Arana. They deny their true desire for another one. They have been misled and made a wrong decision, which will end in misery and despair. Arana knows what will make us truly happy and if we listen to her, she will show us the way to it.

Chapter 3: Alpha/Omega

Fire is the symbolic form of passion, the flame which burns within our soul, our deepest passions and desires. As such, it is the symbol of Arana. Her fire is the one that burns within us, exciting us to the heights of ecstasy. Also, a red letter “A” in a circle is her symbol because “A” is Arana's initial, red is the color of passion, and circles usually have some metaphysical usage. (Try not to confuse any of this with that Nathaniel Hawthorne novel or certain political symbolisms.)

Since it is Arana's fire within us that causes our desire and passion, and it is for her that we truly lust, she becomes the beginning and end of desire; the alpha and omega of lust. Without her, all would be mechanical motion and planned parenthood. (In other words, boring.)

Chapter 4: The Call to Arana

It is one thing to believe that lust and desire is for Arana, it is quite another matter to willfully and wontonly pursue her in fetish-sex, and receive fully her divine pleasure of Orgasm. While it is dogma that Arana issues a call to all beings, it is also dogma that most disregard that call. This is where the Normal falls to Normality and manifests his ugly apathy toward the love and awesome pleasure of Arana, turning instead toward the numbing death of Nothink.

Chapter 5: Orgasm

Orgasm is the height of excitement at the culmination of an act (usually sexual) or a train of thought (usually philosophical), the release of tension and acceptance of pleasure within the body and love within the mind (or

vice-versa). Orgasm is more than just a physical release, it is the transcendent union of the mind, body, and soul; and should not be confused with ejaculation or similar muscle twitching. Even though this is a part of the experience, it should not be confused with the whole experience.

Chapter 6: Lady Fetish, the Ungirded Goddess

Fetish, from the Latin, factitius, meaning “made by art.” A fetish is an act, an object, or an experience not in itself erotic but which is sexually stimulating to certain individuals who happen to be into that type of thing. Therefore, anything and everything can be a fetish.

Fetish is the language of lust. We are not born with a desire for a person with certain features or acts of a certain type, we acquire them as we grow. It is not a defect to lust for something bizarre, such as large breasts or persons of the opposite gender, just a result of conditioning. Each field of fetishism has its own language (sometimes quite literally). Those who share the same language can understand each other. Those who don't tend to stare at you funny.

Learning new fetishes is something that we should all do. It can expand our horizons, broaden our understanding of others, and be quite pleasurable. Unfortunately, developing new fetishes is a lot like learning a new language, but if you stick with it long enough, you'll soon be fluent and having fun with your new friends.

Chapter 7: Galactic Prophylactic

The Psychotic church does not support abstinence or promiscuity. We support intelligence. So buckle your seatbelt, if you know what I mean.

Chapter 8: The Rite of Arana

The Rite of Arana is nothing more than ritualistic sex magick. If you need a full ritual outline, you're obviously too stupid to have sex and should go home... alone.

Invocation of Arana:

We call upon thee and invoke thee,
Lustful goddess of sex and virility;
Bringer of orgasm for lady and man,
We invoke thee by head and by hand.
We call upon thee for climactic carnality,
Come and share in our ecstasy!

Blessing of the Prophylactic Device:

We ask that thou, Lady Arana, bless this _____ for its aid in preventing (infection/conception).
Hey xylon!

The Fictional Fourth Book of Chuff

written by Chuff

Introduction: The Becoming

The ducks, in their supposed infinite wisdom, have suggested the following guidelines for anyone wishing to become a Psychotic:

- **Lack in logic.** “If we say that this is logical, we are left with a question, what is logic? How do we answer that? With Cheese!”
- **Stop having faith.** “Faith is believing the hypothesis to be true without running the experiment and killing whoever tries.”
- **Don't be dependant.** “I'm too insane to need drugs.”

Chapter 1: A Parable

The first man said, “What am I supposed to do?” To which the third man responded, “I'm sure the second man would know.” Prompting the first to ask, “Where is this second man?” The third said, “Probably off doing whatever he's supposed to do instead of standing here telling us what we're supposed to do.” The first man said, “What am I supposed to do?” To which the third man responded... ah, you know the story.

Chapter 2: Ducky Drugs

The altogether Psychotic is much in drugs and yet much above drugs in regard of dependance. He lives IN a high but not upon getting high.

Chapter 3: Sek!

Just as the wise teacher teaches young children, the Lady Arana teaches and instructs every living being. From her flows all the good in the world, she is its source and origin. Nobody can take leave of her and go away disheartened for she knows what each person wants and the way to please each according to their desires.

Chapter 4: Propaganda

There is a duality in propaganda which is: Normal/Nothink and Psychotic/Insane. The right propaganda will make you insane by making you think, such as Poetic Terrorism. The wrong propaganda is the mind-freezing, testicle-squeezing Dogma of Normality which in most forms is supported by the mass-produced, consumer-friendly, complacency-inducing machines of Normal Propaganda. These are usually called Religion and Politics.

Chapter 5: SmorgasbOrgasm

The source of Orgasm is in the interaction between lovers. Even mastery of all the techniques could never truly enhance sex without love. Sex is an act of adoration. I guess this means masturbation is better for narcissists.

Chapter 6: “Gnothe Seauton”

It is difficult to express higher experiences in the words or pictures of ordinary consciousness. This is the reason for having “hi oo lac”, the word defined by what we cannot define, but not defined as what we cannot define. “Hi oo lac” generally has a quite positive meaning since undefinable higher experiences are usually beneficial.

Conclusion: Exit Signs

The nature of existence is conscious energy. Energy is infinite, mutable, changeable, malleable, hydro-electric, and static-clinge. Your definition of your existence is the same. Don't let it remain fixed and stagnant. Use it to explore existence. Explain it for yourself, think for yourself, and go insane in the process.

The Book of Definitions

written by Joseph Raschack

All high is illusion, that is of no concern; only the effects upon your awareness matter.

Chapter 1: Real Estate

Since Reality has been deemed plural by certain predecessors of ours, we suggest a singular form of the word. The universe as defined by the individual shall now be referred to as Realty, leaving Reality nothing more than the sum of all establishments.

Chapter 2: Sign of the Ducks

The ducks are symbolic in such a manner as to have no exact interpretation. The ducks are not ducks, rather they are ducks in duck symbolism. The symbolism of the ducks can only be understood by sporking it. In as such as the ducks have no exact symbolic nature, it becomes obvious that their existence is the key to Psychotic enlightenment. It cannot be told, only understood, that the ducks are your friends.

Chapter 3: I am currently thinking this thought.

What is non-existing is nothing more than what is unknown, unexperienced. Our experience and knowledge is our definition of existence. Existence, in a larger sense, is infinite, eternal. The one thing that did not exist before, exists now as the concept of non-existence. To say a unicorn does not exist is to ignore the existing concept of a unicorn. Unicorns are not found in existing nature, only in the imagination. To say, "I AM NOT," is to ignore the concept of "I," which exists (if I may say so myself). There is no duality to existence, it is all encompassing. Even the non-existent exist. Talk to the No-people. They may not respond, but they are listening.

Chapter 4: Duality

Change and Stasis are eternal, they are a major duality. Our existence is stable but how we exist changes. The concept of duality never changes, only the definitions within the concept, i.e., the duality as a concept, good/evil, hot/cold, chaos/order as definitions. Even Stasis and Change are definitions.

But, somewhere behind the definitions of Change and Stasis, there is a question. What is Stasis? Stasis is without Change. What is Change? Change is without Stasis. So, the question behind this becomes: What if there is only Change; and Stasis is an artificial concept invented for the purpose of creating a duality? Then the entire duality becomes arbitrary and useless. This leads us to: What is Change without Stasis? What is one side without the other? What else can it be besides what it is? Energy. Ah, but isn't energy and matter a duality? Not if matter is just condensed energy; then everything would be energy. Every duality can be reduced to types of energy.

Chapter 5: The Experiment

Television is a dream. Until it ends, it's real. Are we lucid while watching? Is this our subconscious? Do we really have ANY control, remote or otherwise? Let's experiment, shall we?

Turn on a television to a non-transmitting channel (static or dead-air). Adjust color, contrast, and tint as desired. (What do you truly desire?) Add a strobe light for fun, and maybe the test-pattern sound, or just the static. Play with the available adjustments until you find an atmosphere you're comFORTable with. Sit back, relax, and "veg out" until you (pay attention: this is the point of the experiment) hallucinate.

The Journal of Smiley Happy Apathy

from It Happens Chronicler

That icky feeling between your toes; the unmistakable squish of an unknown goop as it falls on your head; the paper clip that has held the pages of your life together has slipped off and fallen into the sewer with the quarter you were going to use for bus fare last week. And no matter how hard you try, you just can't reach far enough past the grate to retrieve that little peice of metal that is the glue of your universe. But cheer up because you can reach that quarter from here. And doesn't that make you feel so good?

Anyway, here at It Happens Chronicler, it happens to be time for our Happy Poem. Today's Happy Poem is brought to you by the Happy Flowers Shop on Smithfeild Street. Happy Flowers, where paperclips are always at a low price of twenty-five cents. And now, today's Happy Poem:

I'm happy.
Can't you see
how happy
is me?
I'm happy!
Clap your monkey,
I'm happy!
Now go away.

As you all know, we here at It Happens Chronicler now and then like to interview people that we call guests. Today's guest is none other than that spicy betamorph from the Assitian Order, Suretus.

It Happens Chronicler: Suretus, welcome to It Happens Chronicler.

Suretus: Thank you. I feel good about being here.

IHC: Who are the Assitians?

Ss: Basically, we're philosophic dadaists.

IHC: I thought dada was dead.

Ss: Don't make me repeat that quote.

IHC: How old are the Assitians?

Ss: As individuals, a culture, or an idea?

IHC: As a culture.

Ss: Somewhere near there.

IHC: Does anything you say actually make sense?

Ss: Sure, if you want it to.

IHC: Seriously, though?

Ss: Yeah, right.

IHC: Are the ducks real?

Ss: In what manner?

IHC: In a valid manner.

Ss: That question is invalid.

IHC: How so?

Ss: I'll think of that later.

IHC: Well, it has been fun talking with you.

Ss: Thank you for having me.

IHC: Anytime, you foxy lady.

This has been It Happens Chronicler. I hope you've had fun. Please tune in tomorrow when we'll have Sarah Sinclair, demimondaine of duckiness and queen of her own little Realty. See you then and don't forget to breathe!

The Book of Psychogenics

written by Chuff

Part 1: Cheese makes me feel special.

The cheese is the foundation of Realty. It is directly connected to Reality, serving to animate and consciousness. You can think of it as a river of energy flowing through Reality, into our mental Realty, and returning again. Cheese's connection to consciousness is the reason we are able to spork and renew the vitality of our imaginations. Hallucinations are a swim up one of the tributaries to this cheesy river. I guess that makes LSD "white-water rafting."

Everything concerning consciousness and awareness is connected by the River of Cheese and its cheesy tributaries, which means some days it looks more like a lake.

Most Psychotics acknowledge some sort of "Onion Side" to their Realty. We're not sure why. Generally, what is Cheesy is comical; it makes you happy. What is to be considered Oniony is scary or overly dramatic. This dichotomy could also be referred to as the Farce in as much as it makes little sense to think of comedy and drama as a duality when both are just two of the many forms of entertainment.

Part 2: Spork is a verb?

Sporking is when you tap into your Inner cheese to affect your state of mind/being. Sporking is a mode of thought, a swim in the river, that produces natural chemicals within your brain and body and can leave you feeling really cheesy or really oniony. It is referred to by many names, some of which are: prayer, foreplay, meditation, fantasy, conversation, (channel/internet) surfing, and recreational thought use.

Recreational Thought Use is a term I coined to describe the method of using your thoughts to alter your mood. Usually it involves telling yourself corny jokes until you feel good; or passing the time quickly using chants of a sexual nature. ("Sek" and "duck-n-fuck-n" are both great examples from Psychotic writings.)

Part 3: Substances or drugs?

Despite what you've heard (and most of what we say), Psychosis is not a "drug religion." When we talk about drugs, we are referring to any substance and/or action that alters brain or bodily functions. This includes, but is not limited to: food, sleep, breathing, sporking, (interaction with) other people, perscription drugs, illegal substances, et cetera.

Most of magick, when you consider it, is obtaining a certain type of high conditioned by your surroundings and intent. (A sure sign that it's all in your head.) The point of most rituals is the high of understanding. It is not enough to know something, you have to understand it. Even magick can be addictive. Friends don't let friends trust tarot cards.

Basically, what we are saying is, Drugs over Substances. Don't get high, BE high. It's all about the Realty.

Part 4: And now, the Meaning of Life

life *n. pl. lives* **1.** The characteristic state of an organism that has not died. **2.** Existence regarded as a desirable condition. **3.** A spiritual state regarded as a continuation or perfection of animate existence after death. **4.** Energetic force; animation.

existence *n.* The state or fact of being or continuing to be.

And from these definitions, we can see life is a desirable existence that is spiritual. And since existence is to be, the Meaning of Life is to be cheesy.

The Book of Street Corner Proselytizers

written by Stillwell Stainal

This ain't no religion! This is a drug induced ritual orgy of mass proportions! It's about time we all learned how to drop our mental pants and feel the breeze of Psychosis! We are the new mystics, the new shamans, the new witches, maybe even the NEW messiahs! We make people think! We wake them up and say, "Hey, dufus! The world isn't as dull as you thought! You actually can have fun! Having your cake and eating it are the SAME DAMN THING!" And we promote literacy.

It is not absurd to question your existence. It is only absurd to have an answer you don't like. And in the grand scheme of everything cheesy, Normality is the malady of society.

Ye verily, it is such as being all good in a way that exceeds expectations of the divine. How can I hallucinate when all these colors are distracting me? It's all relevant until the question is unasked, then it becomes fodder for psuedointellectuals trying to impress eachother! I AM THE CHEESE AND THE CHEESE IS ME! The Sex Goddess Arana gives good fetish! Forever the truth shall be known that... damn, lost my train of thought.

If a man have a bird upon him and know it, he may say, "Hello, pretty birdy," but what a sad vexation it will be not to see the bird till it shits on you!

The ducks speak in a tongue reversed to world tongues. This is because they have no gag reflexes. The way of the ducks is such that only the truly cheesy Psychotic may know or even understand. To answer the questions that are not asked is the way of the ducks. Fuck unanswered questions, we want unquestioned answers!

And Petrofski said unto all,

"Who needs salvation when there is salivation? Who desires to be perfect when the desire for perfection is an imperfection? Who is wise when wisdom is knowing how ignorant you are? I give these to you when you are Psychotic because I can! I am Petrofski and all shall know of my silver tongue which brings ecstatic revelation!

Conformity and stupidity are the only bad joojooos! Live, love, laugh, and be cool to eachother! Refuse to care about what Normals think for it is the reasoning of Normals that has fucked up this world!

Life was never meant to be taken seriously nor is it a joke in and of itself; it just is!

Do not be misled by the Normal when he says nothing is sacred, or by the other Normal when he says everything is sacred. I tell you now, only your mind is sacred and the only way to bless or be blessed by it is to use it! Think or be thought!"

ere Atconspirar of e "collt worked beturchan Cool, philoiam Shing more than formind the two are practical of Psychosis arougths The Assi Normality. Iable. To let otay is to make sure your c know chotcircuic dadaistsknow them better as the Greys but bolic Silite it backward (in the languxico. This littlee Assitians foem unntroduce new archevestock in it, and dropped it somewhere inof Proju wa New Mera-terrestiaund by WillSecond Some people have referred to us as Siy public conspiracy?), furrydom, UMMO, and Mork rmonism, among others. The Atolian Projpromising of Fortean dreams gs cartoons, the Eloevable or extraordinary. Are we ultan, and cattle mutila67. Bttle twisted realities, for example, Marthat yolians. You roduced r own lihenomenole have already taken the initiative alewhite. Of course, none of usixiation or idiotioal of Project 267 isective unco. Burng your own beliefs (iject 267 was the inc rantings, mark expected, crend cretian Order exists in such a manner as to se stunicstrmful effects ofated thei a way ofSome examples a dThe sophust ect 267, if yo Psyshall Appating the entire UFO pe creative with it.Go Roman (II-VI-two semi-her VII orthey taste great sauted in butter.) Archetypal Insanity and Sym CCLXVII), wr significant only be our woinvolves the randomization of mythology and symbolis part of ism. Manypeople are quite possibly idiots. The AO has plrs to iin gspiration for the Car suggestProject 267-erotic mental asphd with four lines or dots in the middle. You can creatypal symbolism into what hasc by making a public world wid been commonly calleWe made a little vehicle, stuck some lite your own symbolic interbermany project peopge of the ducks), or if you want, just use tle mutcause the livestions. (Cattth the num:{ >#< so that they don't dismiss it as autoBasically, it's jlar lines turned outwter than we had ealing with paranoid delusions. A much better w to release shat we refer to as "The Gf any), magickal syt involves notnscious" but wions, and scripture. Proenre." rians, Nadely interchangestems, (educated) opinociety from the hahurch is ATF approved. The mabeli most of youLetter ilation isliness Project 262tock we placed on the ship wthe cover wihe AO symbol. re:)+(]X[];pretation as part nt. suicide as7 ys tohim, et cetera. Those s for the confusion and generad thfrom Suretus to thls, or are we extrect was an attempt of ouBrother "advancement" of the human civil in the only way we know how, by making a world wideour projects have been tizations. Most a-dimensionals, or are we just a bunch, Warner oofing offthe Atolians (known as Gre

The Book of This Book

written by Sarah Sinclair

Chapter of the First: Parables?

There is a species of caterpillar that instinctively follows any other member of its kind that it encounters. When the leader comes upon the last in a line, it follows. The whole line goes around in a circle until the food supply on its track is consumed. Then they all die. Consider that for awhile.

Chapter of the Second: Cheese, please!

There is no boundary between you and the world. Reality and Realty are intertwined in a river of Cheese. To erect a boundary would be such as damming the river. The Cheese will overflow the dam, making the dam nothing more than a huge rock inside of your head that blocks the healthy flow of all that is good. There is no duality, not even between the Outer Reality and Inner Realty; they are just a couple of ports on the river of Cheese.

Chapter of the Third: Parabolic Parables

“Since normal science has everything made of protons, neutrons and electrons and either something exists or it doesn't, we are left with the conclusion that there is only one state of existence which is made of the same things. Then this table and I are equal in form and state,” said Chuff.

“But no two equals are the same,” said the neophyte.

“That is why there is not a mug on my forehead,” said Chuff, checking to be sure.

Chapter of the Fourth: Platonic Relations

The Platonic philosophy insists much on the necessity of retiring into ourselves in order to the discovery of truth: and on this account, Joseph Raschack says that the consciousness entering into itself will contemplate whatever exists including the divine itself. Upon which, Chuff thus comments, with his usual elegance and absurdity, “For the mind contracting itself wholly into a union with itself, and into the center of the universe, and experiencing the multitude and variety of fetish-based lusts, ascends into the highest place of orgasmic ecstasy, from whence it will survey the nature of joy, delaying the essential cleansing of fluids from its corporeal surroundings.” Thus we can see that Chuff is a dirty bastard who should wash his hands.

Chapter of the Fifth: Petrofski

Petrofski said unto his daughter,

“It is not what goes into your mouth
that will defile you, but rather, what comes out.”

Wait, Petrofski didn't say that.

But it still holds true: Swallow, don't spit.

The Book of Tuesday

written by Danny the Partridge

It was a good day for bagels on that tuesday day. Not that it was tuesday, it just felt like tuesday because of the internal bleeding. Yep, you just gotta love them bagels, man. No matter how hard you try, somedays just aren't that good for bagels. Maybe it's due to the suppositories but I hold to the theory that nothing can be known of the subject until a thorough examination of the noises has been conducted. Noisy naptime makes for a cranky monkey, y'know. Anyone for pie? Vapor in the noses of America's youth, I say. Sloppy meal time habits make for a rusty doctor. Nurse, are the staples in yet? I have to go potty. Doesn't it always figure? You give them superior intelligence and they screw you over. That's the last time I get myself killed by a bagel eating chipmunk. Goggle-eyed zoomorphic robots from Betazed, she said. An inaccurate description to be sure. More like salmon cake surprise at the cafeteria. Control your emotion grid, sneezy. No one wants to see that kind of thing in public. What made you do that to a bagel to begin with? Certainly you can't do everything through the hole in the sheet. Lick here and win a gold watch, it said. Not a nice thing for a boss to have on his ass. Of course, it's not nice to be showing your ass to people anyway, even if it says have a nice bagel, like mine. Hey, George, how's your day been? Have any bagels? Today's a great day for bagels, even if it isn't tuesday. How much longer until the coffee's done? I want to run around naked wearing used condoms on various parts of my body. How about you? Do you like to dance? Fish dance in a most peculiar way. No matter how hard you try, the fingers still smell like bagels. Just in case you didn't know, I've found the source of the smell and you better go see it for yourself. She said you liked that sort of thing. Time to play find my arm. When I was young, we used to do that all the time but today, they just pretend to eat bagels, even though today isn't tuesday. Are these words green or do they melt? Artificial flavors make me wet. Can you do that too? Eat bagels, I mean. She said I liked to dance in the flowers but I never did find the rose I was looking for. I think it was all just a euphamism for sex and love and hot, melted butter poured all over our sweaty, throbbing bodies as the love vibes pulsed throughout the vibrating bed. Is any of this making sense to you? I thought if anybody could understand, you could. Make me a bagel so that I can dance nice and smooth like the guy on tv. Do you have tv? You should get that looked at if you do. Little yellow men are coming for the coffee. I think I should get another cup before they take it away from me like all the other times they stole my bagels. Right beside the hollow earth theories in aisle five is where you'll find the lima bean culture studies. Wait until downtime so that I can give the class their geography lesson. No, I'm not a teacher but I play one in real life. I wonder though, if all things cannot be known, how is it that there would be a monument to the trivialities that we consider knowledge? Is it one thing to be a highway and another to be a server? Are there ways to play games with advanced technologies such as this? I would like a good game of spades but no one here has been to jail or rehab. Have you been rehabilitated? Enemies of society go to rehab but I never considered them to be bad, just different. I guess that's because they didn't eat bagels on tuesday. Her picture was on the matchbook but her number was not to be found as easily as her tattoo. Regardless of credit history, they can send you further into debt. It all depends on how you put the quarter in the bagel. Some days are great for bagels, like today, even if today isn't tuesday. I like bagels. Well, it's been fun but I have to go buy some more lubricant now. Hey xylon.

The Book of the PalindromemordnilaP eht fo kooB ehT

written by Yb Nettirw

“Though the marble is ancient
It is only an ancient
Copy and though the lost
Original was still more ancient
Still it was not Praxiteles
Only a follower of Praxiteles
And Praxiteles was not the first.”

—*Aphrodite as History*, by Robert Francis

All thought is Realty; all action is Reality. A Discordian might be prohibited from believing anything he reads but a Psychotic is prohibited from believing anything he writes. YOU WILL BE EDIFIED by these writings. But unfortunately you will also be edified.

So, I was giving thought to the idea that maybe we are actually sane and that it is the other people who are insane. A friend pointed out that the people whom assert their sanity are the worst off. Dam, I said. Three hours down the drain. Constipated? she asked. Pretty much, I replied.

Whenever the moon cannot be seen, especially the new moon, is the time of Enchantress. As a moon goddess, she does not follow an order of appearance as does the Maiden, Mother, and Crone. Her nature can appear in any of the other three aspects of Goddess, and can also be reflected in the human counterparts. She weaves her way in and out of the other natures as she pleases, just as one would expect of a goddess so named.

The aspects of the moon goddess are different aspects of sexuality. This is why Enchantress is also known as Desire. Desire, to a Psychotic mind, does not carry a negative connotation (as it does for the Normals) and simply means one's desire. A woman or goddess as an enchantress figure need not be associated with sexuality, but she's still hot.

Robert Frost said, “To put meaning in one's life may end in madness, But life without meaning is the torture Of restlessness and vague desire—It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.”

If the universe were eternal, it would already have ceased to exist. Therefor, Chaos cannot be eternal because Chaos never died. Also, the rumors of Chaos having rhythm are born of gross negligence. To have rhythm is to define rhythm, and in Chaos, there are no definitions nor concepts; just existence. But to say rhythm has Chaos is to *a priori* the concept of Rhythm, which is acceptable (in as much as we can agree with anything being acceptable). If Chaos had rhythm, it would structure (Order) Chaos and give it a general pattern when it should be quite oblivious that Chaos has no structure, since structure is just so much ordure. Therefor, the only thing ever to be said accurately concerning Chaos is, “Chaos exists.” Anything else would be Realty.

So, just what is this entity known as the Church of Psychosis? Stillwell suggests a form of artist collective specializing in the manipulation of archetypes and philosophic logic. Joseph poses the idea concerning auto-erotic mental asphyxiation. Then Sarah queries as to having anything better to do. For Chuff, this cabal has been an experiment to determine the truth and bullshit in psychology, epistemology, philosophy, and composition. All of this has served little purpose other than advancing himself beyond the realm of instinct and appropriate response. If they ask you today what you're doing Friday night, just say, jocularity.

And, to further prove our secret connection to Discordia, might I suggest two principles and illusions: The Normal Principle, which states, “Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.” The Normal Illusion, “An absolute divine ruler is pure love.” Consider that for a moment before I go on. The Psychotic Principle, “Why consume when you can produce?” The Psychotic Illusion, “I think therefor I am.”

Ah, but that one bears explanation. The difference between existence and thought is such as the Colorado River. It bore away at the land for so long that people forgot about it's beauty, focusing instead on the dirt that lay around it. Existence is that beautiful river and most are too preoccupied to admire it, renting mules to climb through their thoughts instead. But maybe this is all Realty. If it is, Life would be that mule.

Therefor, let us sing and dance a galliard,
To the dislexic teachings of the mallard;
And as the mallard dives in pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in Bowl.
Oh! By the grace of Lady Arana,
Oh! By the grace of Lady Arana,
It was a swapping, swapping mallard.

The Book of the Michelson–Morley Experiment

written by Philip K. Dick

The failure of the famous Michelson–Morley experiment in 1881, in which the absolute velocity of the Earth moving through luminiferous ether proved to be zero, gave rise to Einstein's Relativity Theory, which holds that the concept “absolute velocity” is meaningless. However, scientists at UCLA, using more sophisticated laser techniques, have suggested a more probable significance of the null result: that in fact the Earth does not move and that Copernicus was a crypto-Pythagorean determined to vindicate an ancient and discredited heliocentric solar system model. In a meeting of Southern California astronomers and astrophysicists it was proposed that (1) the geocentric solar system be restored as the proper model, and (2) that Copernicus be dug up and admonished. As a side issue, Einstein will be regarded with mild disfavor and some amusement, but scientists attending the meeting could not agree on the amount of amusement to be formally proposed.

The Book of Secrets

written by {CLASSIFIED}

The Unauthorized Autobiographical Fifth Book of Chuff

written by Chuff

Introduction

I'm standing on Grant Street and my car is not.
Do you know where it is?

Chapter 1: Visions

There came upon me three visions.
In the first was an ummite who spoke,
"Yonderlust yore brittap pLUSH made easy."
We sat for some time
until a gloved fox walked up to the fire and said,
"The keys of locking shall have
written upon them, CAPS,
for the captivity they represent."
Before i could make an e. e. cummings joke,
there came a second vision; this of a duck.
Said she, "?tey nuf gnivaH"
Responded I, "Only if the third vision is of—"
Before I could finish,
there came a third vision; this of Arana.
"Ducking and fucking, huh?" I asked.
"Of course. Wanna cuddle?" she asked.
Before I could respond,
there came an end to these visions.
"Suckin' fuck!" said I.

Chapter 2: Paperclips of Destiny

You'll never guess who I saw at Metropol.
Andy Kaufman!

Chapter 3: Convenient Locations

There I was, sitting alone in Riverfront Park,
when this woman runs up to me and says,
"I'm addicted to abortion! Knock me up... NOW!!"

Chapter 4: Winslow, Arizona

I was sitting in my basement
meditating to PJ Harvey
when suddenly I get the feeling
I was in the wrong book.

Chapter 5: Weird Thought of the Day

If Mr. Yuck means no
and eclipses are caused by planets
instead of some ancient god,
does that mean turtles still have shells?

Chapter 6: Significance

I have a sign that says,
"Pet, Feed and Enjoy
Over 500 Animals
From Around the World"
I wonder what it means.

Chapter 7: Lime

I had me this cow, you see.
And this cow meant the world to me.
We laid in the sun,
And when it was done,
I got me my milk for free.

Chapter 8: Yes, of course.

It was the best thing to happen to sliced bread
since deli meat.
I speak of this substance before me
and I speak to this substance before me.
"Step forward, the line is moving."
It responded with a fart.
"No, no. Only do that when I ask of just."
Oh, this substance, this being of being.
I know not why I choose to eat of it.
It melts well, though.

Chapter 9: Significant

I have a sign that says,
"Smooth Finish Paper Clips
#201 – E
Size No. 1 100 PCS"
I wonder what it means.

Chapter 10: ?

Is there an elbow here?
Hello?
Any elbows in the room?

Chapter 11: Signify

I have a sign that says,
"Don't throw dead cats
in the sewer system."
I think I know what that one means.

Epilogue

Oh, yeah. That's right.
I don't have a car.

This is not a threat. It's an advertisement.

Weekly World News Special Report June 29, 1999

SEX: It's GREAT for what ails you

A steady dose of loving will:

- Zap arthritis pain [*you like pain, right?*]
- Banish depression [*which is usually caused by lack of sex*]
- Cure your backache [*unless you're into interesting positions*]
- Make a migraine go away [*so much for excuses*]
- Relieve stress [*which is usually caused by lack of sex*]
- Boost your immune system [*unless you acquire an immune deficiency*]
- Help you live longer [*more sex = more life = more sex!*]
- Cure colds and influenza [*not good things to have sex with*]
- Prevent heart disease [*next, let's try gingivitis*]

“We will survive longer and better if we tap into the healing power of our sexuality,” said Judith Sachs, a top sexpert whose new book, “The Healing Power of Sex,” is a runaway best-seller. [*To date, no evidence of said book exists.*]

Experts agree that celibacy can actually be hazardous to your health, causing psychological problems such as irritability, insomnia or depression along with a host of physical problems.

During sex, lovers' bodies release endorphins, natural pain relievers that can block headache or back pain, scientists say. [*This explains perfectly why sex is a drug.*]

For your health, unload all of those pent-up urges. You, and someone close to you, will be glad you did. [*Unless there's some reason they wouldn't, slave-dog...*]

The Book of Sorcery

by Hakim Bey

The Universe wants to play. Those who refuse out of dry spiritual greed and choose pure contemplation forfeit their humanity—those who refuse out of dull anguish, those who hesitate, lose their chance at divinity—those who mold themselves blind masks of Ideas and thrash around seeking some proof of their own solidity end by seeing out of dead man's eyes.

Sorcery: the systematic cultivation of enhanced consciousness or non-ordinary awareness and its deployment in the world of deeds and objects to bring about desired results.

The incremental openings of perception gradually banish the false selves, our cacophonous ghosts—the “black magick” of envy and vendetta backfires because Desire cannot be forced. Where our knowledge of beauty harmonizes with the *ludus naturae*, sorcery begins.

No, not spoon-bending or horoscopy, not the Golden Dawn or... Satanic Mass—if it's mumbo jumbo you want go for the real stuff: banking, politics, social science—not that weak blavatskian crap.

Sorcery works at creating around itself a psychic/physical space or openings into a space of untrammelled expression—the metamorphosis of quotidian place into angelic sphere. This involves the manipulation of symbols (which are also things) and of people (who are also symbolic)—the archetypes supply a vocabulary for this process and therefor are treated as if they were both real and unreal, like words. Imaginal Yoga.

The sorcerer is a Simple Realist: the world is real—but then so must consciousness be real since its effects are so tangible. The dullard finds even wine tasteless but the sorcerer can be intoxicated by the mere sight of water. Quality of perception defines the world of intoxication—but to sustain it and expand it to include others demands activity of a certain kind—sorcery. Sorcery breaks no law of nature because there is no Natural Law, only the spontaneity of *natura naturans*, the tao. Sorcery violates laws which seek to chain this flow—priests, kings, mystics, scientists, and shopkeepers all brand the sorcerer enemy for threatening the power of their charade, the tensile strength of their illusory web.

A poem can act as a spell and vice-versa—but sorcery refuses to be a metaphor for mere literature—it insists that symbols must cause events as well as private epiphanies. It is not a critique but a re-making. It rejects all eschatology and metaphysics of removal, all bleary nostalgia and strident futurismo, in favor of a paroxysm or seizure of presence.

The Bare-Ass Back Page

written (in some sense) by James Joyce

An Excerpt from Finnegans Wake

Harik! Harik! Harik! The rose is white in the darik! And Sunfella's nose has got rhinoceritis from haunting the roes in the parik! So all rogues lean to rhyme. And contradrinking themselves about Lillytrilly law pon hilly and Mrs Niall of the Nine Corsages and the old markiss their bestafar, and, arrah, sure there was never a marcus at all at all among the manlies and dear Sir Armoury, queer Sir Rumoury, and the old house by the churpelizod, and all the goings on so very wrong long before when they were going on retreat, in the old gammeldags, the four of them, in Milton's Park under lovely Father Whisperer and making her love with his stuffstuff in the languish of flowers and feeling to find was she mushymushy, and wasn't that very both of them, the saucicissters, a drahereen o machrec!, and (peep!) meeting waters most improper (peepette!) ballround the garden, trickle trickle trickle triss, please, miman, may I go flirting? farmers gone with a groom and how they used her, mused her, licksed her and cuddled. I differ with ye! Are you sure of yourself now? You're a liar, excuse me! I will not and you're another! And Lully holding their breach of the peace for them. Pool loll Lolly! To give and to take! And to forgo the pasht! And all will be forgotten! Ah ho! It was too too bad to be falling out about her kindness pet and the shape of OOOOOOOO Ourang's time. Well, all right, Lelly. And shakeahand. And schenkusmore. For Craig sake. Be it suck.

The Book of the Introduction

written by Chuff

“The one animal in nature who is a potentially open vehicle for the life force actually closes up that vehicle by his fear of standing on his own original meanings.”

—*Ernest Becker*

“The divine Psychosis is inspiration and revelation, not supplication. It is readily available to anyone who is willing to laugh with the universe. And, best of all, it's free!”

—*Joseph Raschack*

Part One: Psychotically Divine

The divine Psychosis is an ecstatic state where one feels as if everything is there and is right. It makes one laugh at the normally missed absurdities. The divine Psychosis can best be understood as an experience of divinity, a revelation/insight into the nature of things and beings.

There are a lot of things and events that makes us feel sad or angry or scared shitless. These are the things the divine Psychosis teaches people to joke about; the creations of Normality that we must abolish with laughter. The most important thing a person can learn from the divine Psychosis is how to laugh, to savor this short period of consciousness we call life.

Part Two: Petrofski

Some say Petrofski was a man. Others say he was a woman. But, since this is religion and not politics, we can just ignore the feminists.

To say Petrofski was a Messiah would be correct but misleading. He is the NEW (Neo-Emmanuel Writ: the new “god/dess is with us” through the written word) Messiah. He only exists in the form of written words. This means he does not exist until you write what he says, but you can only write what he wants you to write, creating a paradox that is not fully understood by most Psychotics.

Little do we yet know of Petrofski. He appears to us through the divine Psychosis, giving us cryptic words of wisdom. It seems as though he is in constant communication with the mysterious forces/entities known as the ducks. (Quite possibly there is only one duck taking infinite ducky forms but no one can be sure.)

After each divine Psychosis experience, there is usually a report of having seen Petrofski or felt his presence. Unfortunately, no one knows what he looks like, the image fading quickly from mind after the divine Psychosis wears off. His presence does linger long enough to inspire certain people to write. When asked, no one can quite describe what his presence feels like and any vague descriptions usually vary.

Part Three: The Testament of Psychosis

The Testament is a written record of what goes through a Psychotic's head shortly after experiencing the divine Psychosis. Some could argue that it means nothing, others feel that, if decoded, the mysteries of the universe would be known. But the Testament is generally a metaphor in as such as it is blatantly direct and refuses to be interpreted.

Since any Psychotic is capable of experiencing the divine Psychosis, any Psychotic can write a Testament. There is no central office to compile, recognize, and/or validate everybody's scripture so the individual is left to stand on their own and make it up as they go along.

Any writing can be included as part of the Testament of Psychosis. The ducks have suggested that everything ever written comprises the bulk of the Testament. The individual Psychotic is left to decide for themselves what they wish to recognize as part of the Testament. But most importantly, the Psychotic should add something original, leaving his own imprint upon the Testament instead of just compiling other people's writings.

The Testament has no end. As long as literate people experience the divine Psychosis and take advantage of their literacy, there will be more writings. Take this as invitation to write your own books, maybe even your own Testament. Don't worry about our Realty if you think you can define your own existence. In the words of Matthew Arnold, “Be neither saint nor sophist led, but be a man.” Unless, of course, you're a woman, then be a woman. And on the off-chance that you're neither, wanna fuck? Hi oo lac!

@ Disclaimers and other stupid shit @

Psychosis is an equal rights and opportunity religion. Even the idiots and morons can join (unfortunately). No guarantee on effectiveness. We are not responsible for lost or stolen minds. We do not encourage underage smoking, only support it.
Hug a duck today.

All quoted material has been used without permission. Any original material found here-in is protected under no laws and may be used and abused at will. The authors will not be held responsible for anything that may occur due to your normality or of those around you.

Have you any Ubik? Delicious, cool, and refreshing when used as directed.

This has been

@ Athenæum Psycherotica @

written by and/or revealed to

@ The Church of Psycherotica @

formerly known as

The Church of Psychosis

and as

The Happy Flowers Cabal

whose membership includes, but is not limited to:

High Loony Chuff, founder and almighty Cheese god

High Priest Stillwell “K-Wac Meoff” Stainal, purveyor of fine balloons

Pope Joseph Raschack, hermitic heretic

Sarah Sinclair, demimondaine of duckiness

Bryan Spiegel

Travis Wayne Allen Jones

Suretus, official representative of The Assitian Order

and Saint Philip K. Dick (under honorary membership only 'cause he's dead)

→←

If you thought this was a load of nonsense not worth reading then you probably paid attention.

“All thought is Realty. All action is Reality. Broad generalizations suck.”

@ Suggested Further Reading @

Everything! Nothing!

If so, maybe not!

Hi oo lac and/or Fnord

The Flag of the Oracle

a narration of Chuff

A

A fondness of saying, "It happens." Some days regret, other days fascination. Matters little what others say, but so many others. Not bestial, more of a comic book devoted to Julie Strain. Days in exact terms but still there. A net of possibility. Furry yet uncostumed. Anthropomorphic, but ego-centric. Zoomorphic, but same difference. Polymorph, then. Unfamiliar term for so familiar a concept.

Introduction before entrance into this, a fantasy. Labelled this, Rachel. Security in labels, a suggestion. A link to, such sweet release. One wonders such a sight is seen more than why one would liken to it. Plushies, they called them. Every one labelled, then. An unmoving partner who sits in corners and dust, more appalling than appealing such as movement in partnership. Clothing is a different matter altogether.

B

Having a jaguar as a familiar was a definite sign of a fetich, but I kept sexuality separate from great rites. An entire world of creatures who live for and live off of. "Yes, dear. Give me this," and, "Query of paternity?" Foundation of language. Nothing has to make sense, just sense the made. A dream. Leopard breaking a fast, slicing apples on the formica altar. Next to is peeled orange, both pink. As gazed upon, alter upon the altar to cake. A whisper, "All doth be pink in middle, Rachel. Having cake and eating are same." Awaken.

Γ

Polymorphism, combining of two or more things into a new one. Just a bisexual form of bestiality, but with hermaphrodites. In this humans with feline character or felines with human character. The ratios vary so much in art. A minor point, tends more toward the middle on the human side. A nice, soft coat and opposable thumbs. Deep, reflective green eyes and a non-foreshortened skull, although lack of forehead quite attracts. And a long tail, in the of course. Minor details, happens upon finding black and orange stripes appealing. Should I to taverns to ogle shaved. But pictured with pointed ears and pink noses, slinking on pads whilst purring seductively. How this makes unsense, attracted to chimeras, against instinct and logic. "Thou art not but relations still?" "Quite so. Fondness for the hairless." Ah, a point here, of perspective. Who spoke of their fondnesses? Alas, non-existent beings have no perspective. They bump into things. A grilled cheese doorway, suggested by fine feathered friends.

Δ

It's a good day for pasta but what day isn't? she mulled as the water boiled. Such types of things in my kitchen have me concerned with such things as metaphysical sandwiches. Query, I posed. How for art thou present? Creamy goodness was the reply.

A mountain of this hill, I pondered such states as I was in. How so was this cheese infected? Nonsense, she told. Enzymes has acidic byproducts. I agreed this was so. But for the dances on the walls, who has done to my decor what should be on it's own floor? Ah, marble cake. What a symbol of philosophy, she spoke of. That one can live it as well as one can speak it. Complete and same, compile and sane. Has this a period of lucidity, said the one standing here as me. So too, she responded with a smile and a nod. Oh how the air thickens, I must be elsewhere now, she parted with my presence, as the dryness came by and filled my senses. Sense and sensical, she called back.

E

The legumes paralyzed against the walls, those dance painted walls. Where's your label it shouted and pained the inside of this shell. You must be identified to enter this sanctified sanctuary! Speak up or remain on this side till youth parts as well. Such as one would have, the one of myself has Rachel. How so doth thou present such fragility as to be prone before this, she queried. Kennywood was doing business. Quickly I shut the door concealing the Thunderbolt. Entrance is immediate, she granted.

Z

Jelly donuts, the cuisine of concubines as I rest upon the sofa to the east of the fountain. Such fish as these should swim for this creature is equally happy. Not much said, Rand spoke. MacNally, an old friend who knew the path, walked with me around the walleyed circle. Sat I thought I was, how does one jump to and so? He leaned close in for the silence as a response brought me forward into the water. For this and those, these crick and creak down the creek. Flowers delight so by the scent, but for the sense of sensing such things one must wander through the corn for all its children.

So I compiled and complied and motor skills did assist as I seeked out the sister to such things as orphic morphic tantrics. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy, not quite paradoxy. Walking forward art thou, the question of a friend. The cause of progression in the time for regression. Doing as was told, perspective came into view as the entry cleared. Open to the inner estate of this mind.

H

Hurrah and huzza, the greeting. Exclaim elsewhere, could you please? The status of this is comical for thou speaks, o pet. Indeed so, a method of communication for this communion with your mind. Tis a mind I have but not go into. How so this is? The aroma of roses does waft by. She mewed, it's a proven fact that a jukebox has no ears, she mewed. Poetic lunchtime with my inner felicitous felinity. Ah, but a time for tea is time for thee! Another land of delights and lights, lit by wine. Drunken wax as it were as it was. Could you pass the crackers? Scatty from a catty, it can be done. Is that Stacey from the duffy commercials? Couldn't be, as the corner of the eyes clear to naught. Reasons for this episodic interlude I quested. Not for the cheese, familiar with the philiars, could you conclude? she posed. Verily, unfinished for this learning is not learned, dancing and drinking devour the time. As it were, then, the thing to know now nears in narration.

Θ

Whiskers and wonders, ways of families with feline heritage. The prophetic messages came into the ears of those upright. Unheeded, the signs unread, and locks not locked. It came to pass that it came to pass. Unions and unity, heredity. The others and anothers. Mulliers and dowagers resting upon wanton autarchists. Noses open for esquires and equines as well. Mass production gave us interchangeable parts but messy reproduction gave us birth of stock. Those who knew not civilization forgot at quick. Those who stood and read did fear and did label. Abomination abolishment on the flag. Charging, marching, brandishing their tools. Victory? If so, maybe not. Who was right or who was wrong, who saw day or who saw naught. Matters to who, matters to none. Matters did end the midnight sun.

I

Answers correspond to inquiry? she inquired. You told little by telling much, a reply. More to be said than what is said. Clarity? Of thought and of word. Those who stand often do not understand. Share what you crack, pet. Very well, then. What is known as non-existence exists. What was thought unborn has died. How you see this world is as a man with a flag upon his brow. It hangs low and obscures the obvious. You are not being eaten by the fnords who do not hunger. How so, and pray tell the nature of fnords? Ah, the mystery of words. Not to be told now. Your sight, shortened by other minds. Avarice of averagecy. Bad joo joo, as it is said. Perhaps I should not be the one to speak of such theories and delusionments. Civilization, they said, would be the end of civility. Do you see? No, of course not. They place their labelled fabric over your ocular cavities. They need to breathe to get the oxygen to your brain. Functional minds have air holes, you know. What you percieve has naught to do with verity. Make what is seen within seen without. Hypostasize and hypostatize. All things that exist doth exist. This midnight sun does shine still but few see by its light.

K

The lair fled, this shell can be found here, at the fountain again. Rand sits by my left, always right in his ways. Introduction to the second secant. Send me away until this carraige returns. Away, awash, in the sea of unseeingness. At least that much is apparant. Having fun on the waves in the ways of those that think upon and under influence of neufchatel.

Λ

Found! An island of solitude in atlantic waves. Time? To say would be to know, causing no response. A fortitude against attitude. Why for does this rest upon these beaches? An answer came by way of wind. A greeting from myself, for myself. Care for a bit to have a bit of a tiff? Fighting with this other half inner turmoil. Metaphoric solution, tied up in disillusion. To say this, say that. To speak that, the other. Verily it does turn one around into two too. Sensical sensory is debated, for being debatable.

M

To say this is logical is to form the question of the nature of logical. What is to be used to satisfy this quest? Attempting now with cheddar. Ah, but to sense and to make sense are complimentary. One is opposed to the other in stance. Why then should the one support the other, or the other agree with the one? Should they be the same they would be parallel. I see that not, for they intersect at perception and concept.

Not so, for one is a function of the other. Sense is made of sensing. Sensing does not solve for sense, though it clarifies and obscures. I see no intersection, only union of equation.

To say such implies a world of logic, of reasoning. Does the bee rationalize the theft of pollen and nectar? Does the tiger justify dinner? Do the rocks explain themselves to roots? Such does not take its place in the natural order.

Shall I digress into natural chaos as well? For that is why it chooses not to reason with itself. Nature knows better than words, man does not. Such as this causes us to use them, and often times this use muddies the logic waters. We must make pause to clear them and so with our minds.

Paused eternally and transparent, dear one. Still sense remains separate from the making of it.

So does the blossom of an apple tree have naught to do with apples? Does the grape have null relations with wine? Are you to estrange seed and leaf?

A non-sequitor analogy.

Ah, remarking aloud to thyself, again. Naught is solved with slings and arrows.

My point made by thou. Slings and arrows and spears did start us upon this darkened path, and will not aid in finding light. The fall of man did come many generations aft of the apple biter. Moses did abuse words against a practice and cast it from men's deeds. Deeds can be reined in, but for thoughts more is required. Such as the simple phrase spoken by our own children.

Pray tell these words, then.

Out of sight, out of mind.

N

Questing once more for how it comes to mind if not in sight, ride the raft as it is carried. Shall this quest bring more questing? I suppose when the year is old I shall rest and wrest from the quest.

E

Here is there, where their lair lays. Shadows in the corners. Reminds me of a song unsung, a dance never formed. I call out and prod the nether regions of this dwelling, seeking the host. Nolimetangere, the cry. Come forth that I may see. Tis not my doings which bring thy sight, a response. A carress, another. Salutations in a whisper near my ear. A reflexive turn flashes visions of unrestrained beauty, gone as fast. Does thou have a name, my query. She said, labels do not stick, she said. Here, definitions have no functions. But that implies meaningless meanings, I comment. Such is why I have not a facade. To fours with me, I say with an insight for acquiring outer-sight. Do not stand if you wish to understand. Ah, her smile, her eyes. Such sweet nectar more taketh me than all the adulteries of art; she strikes from mine eyes the cloud of others. Her alone is the view, all of this clears to uncover what has been covered, the wonder I have wandered for.

O

Awaken! the scolding of maternal care. You are missing the day. I have missed nothing, for my time was spent in learning. Nonsense, thou hast chores. Perform your preformed duties. Such as fills the day, leaving naught chance of growth in the mind; the veil returned, a flag unfurled. Perhaps unknowing best. Mayhaps unso. Born and unborn, mind and mine. Flag of what nation blinds the citizen? Flag of cries and lies! Sided truth, falsehood lingering. Questing for testing, a telling of selling, tails and tales, longer yet. A bought with doubt. Oracles and prophets did warn; interpret and intercept. Stories of worries. Sensing and making sense? Ordered the chaos, it did; a rhythm of random in the oceans of ancient. How so doth they stand under gaze yet have not gaze fall upon them? For the people, by the people; confine their like? Led as blind as the blind? What company they may keep! Beings that do not bother, yet bothered by the beings. Peculiar predators of perception, selective solicitation of sensing. Unsensical! Furred in fascinations, not in familiars. Quite quiet they must be, unsensed by the five. Ah, but the sixth, if so! Maybe not nonsense. To quest again, learned minds doth seek learning more!

II

Once by the fountain, twice, and now again. A monument in the middle of mental estates. Dreams in the day carry me here; to her. Movement here from the cave. I know to sense not make. Difficult as of yet, yet I resolve to solve a problem of such. Feral it aids. To level with level. Visions and vision. Wanting not to part from wonton ports. Come along and belong, a mew. Follow furry ones down the path of precocious poly-Polly. Genes? Hardly, Harvey. However so, scent and center; travelling trails lit of midnight sol.

P

Narration to fit and fill the walk. Our stories told many times in secret, far from their eyes yet in their gaze. The trouble started with standing laws. Oracles warned of danger. Perhaps to us, but interpreted by the literate. Perceptions of a warning against those deemed unpure from the start. Confusion abound; they took up their arms. In wisdom, prophet spoke against matters; naught the slaughter, forge no fnoords. Peaceful solution was issued forth but doomed ignorance to infect rods and cones. Sad as it is. Very few have felt our presence, fewer still have sensed. Adjustment difficult both ways. But the flag no longer conceals.

Σ

Still concealed, the matters of sex. What fun it is, she mewed. You have your cake, now to eat. Why not? Origin of the problem was interbreeding. Absurd, a scolding. Fear, a fever infection of frenzied phobia.

Security found behind the blindness, she said, sex is expression of mutual adoration, any form of such cannot be a defilement nor defiled. Let them have their laws, but know they need not cage you in their black iron prison. The empire can end. Escape from reality is not wrong, but escape from reality is. Parabolic parables.

T

The three of the cave, bound for unreason. Care was taken of; a tube for this, a drain for that; all the while dim shadows dance on the walls, artificial projections. All they knew. A time came, one loosed self to wander to mouths of caves. The light, the harsh light brought pain at the first, dialation eased it away. Such natural beauty (doth there be any other?) overwhelmed. A return to darkness to tell the tale. With pupils shrunk, vision lost. Scorned in stories of flowers and birds, trees and deer; thou cannot see, how hast thou seen? Escape shall turn blind this eye and drive mad this vessel as it has thine. Alas, some joys cannot be shared, some minds cannot be opened, just as some words cannot be defined, some truths cannot be spoken.

Y

Deemed true, possibly false. If word not defined, found not a word. Such as one should think. Speak then, of this fnord. Perhaps possible now with clarity of cavity, organs singing sweet melodious praise of this and thine; rescent york time. Part cause, part effect; with affect possessed of self. Little yet large; pineal confiner. Naught in sequitor, here in narration. For if one should see yet not, one would be prey. Ah, but if one should see and so, one would be prey. The predator attacks the same, phobic claws. Hunger not with no mouth to fill, yet eating the seeing. A function of flags: who knows would tell, who tells would fall silent at hands of those who conspire to keep the peeping peepers from peeping such possibility. A signifier of free minds. These do this well? Usage only for that fact. Cerebral edification, come to pause. Shall we further along paths of nightly sun?

Φ

Voyage far to lands undreamt of. Such as one should find, beings of fascination; for sensed they are, not made of. How so, and where? Here there is naught of fear, for here is home of thou. Cognize and recognize. Familiar as familiars; peered upon as peers. What phantasized phantoms felt by fascination, ah, but a furrow in fabric. Witness wonders of washed windows. Laid down in hollows, led into houses. A life unseen is a life of means. Over and ever, under and wonder; every and all, tis where. Fled, we must have been. Trails to travel, tours to take. Always with us!

X

Sense to make and sense to take. Selections of sight send mess of mind. A quest in questing. Curious cat, brought back. Sense seperate of its making. Said before, said again. Standings aloof of understandings. In logic, the conclusion you reach mayhaps your own. Perceive what you cannot conceive. Delighted flowers proposed sensing over making it. Verily explained. One cannot make sense of sensing over making sense, only sense the truth in sensing. Truth not found, sensing not compleat. Fait accompli, a goal soon accomplished, with aid of present presence, a precious predator. She said, such talk brings purrs, she said.

Ψ

The road came to an end. Left right where started. Purpose of walking? All is flux, a funda-mental lesson. Those which stay still do so by unsensing their own movement. The earth moves, quakes, yet is said to be stable, a foundation. A fool builds upon the sands, but an idiot thinks he is safe upon the rock. Crick crack, wacked. Watch as the gilled ones swim. Fancy frolic, free. They know of flux and cause currents with fins, constant motion, they know. Stillness is nirvana, death of self. And self is a universe all its own. A still universe knows no joy, no pain; no suffering, no desire. A great saddness it is for they never knew a simple truth. And that would be? How can you have your pudding if you don't eat your meat.

Ω

A study of self under the standing of sensing. If one should see one yet not become devoured, one would be sure of security in sight. Ah, but if one should see and be prey, one would rather be blinded. How so, doth unsensical be sensed? Not by making nonsense, non! But by making none neither way. Feral, as it were and was. Is this a creature of abandon or a thinker by days and by ways? Troubling this wondering, worrying. Such visions of veritude would victimize, quite caged in comical concerns as creatures of naught! Ah but for the grace of reason doth I commune with so. Tails telling tales, paradox the orthodox, finned flux. Wisdom of wonder. Such solicitous silliness. Be still, silent as I sum. A feline facade hidden for what reason, a grace as your face, to conceal is to unfeel. Pulse owned by this; wasted not on the pursuits of others. Rhythms flow and dance as here touches and plays. Query for the questor. Does thou find me pretty? I've found thee. That's all that need be said.

Apocrypha Psycherotica

the non-writ writ of
The Church of Psycherotica
with help from
The Sequal Production Company CCLXVII: The Return of Duckism

267)+(267)+(267

Chair of Contents

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- liber please purchase by date stamped on bottom -

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Catechism Psycherotica

answered by Joseph Raschack

2.67 What Is Psycherotica?

Psycherotica has existence; as such, it also has non-existence. Ask the Buddhists for the answer to that one.

4.1 Is man a spirit?

Here's a short exercise you can do to find out for yourself. Close your eyes and get a picture of a cat. Done? Now, imagine yourself fucking that cat. That which is fucking the cat is you, a spirit.

4.9 Will Psycherotica put one in control of his mind?

Yes. First, we will install a delusion that you are not your mind or body, then we will teach you how to mess with them in a detached manner.

4.10 Is Psycherotica about the mind?

That depends on where the mind is.

6.1 How do Psycherotics view life?

As a tasty serial and a bored game. It's also quite fun on Saturday nights.

6.2 What moral codes do Psycherotics live by?

Well, there's the ass-key code, morse code, hex code (but only during full moons), and basement-2. Some of the fundamentalist Psycherotics still use he-be-sea-dick.

6.3 What is Psycherotica's view on drugs?

MORE MORE MORE!! Unless, of course, they're substances; then they'd have to be free.

6.5 Do you have any special dietary laws or rules against smoking or drinking in Psycherotica?

No. In fact, we have rules promoting both. Every Psycherotic is expected to sell cigarettes to minors for a quarter each, or vice-versa. And we often drink a few pots of coffee to get the mojo flowing.

6.10 What does “psych the planet” mean?

It means that Psycherotica wants to psych the planet into an insane civilization of self-declared gods and kings, where anybody can fuck as they see fit without having to repress or promote their fetishism.

6.11 What does “Normal” mean?

According to G. Mutha Hubber, a Normal is “an asshole who sees something as offensive.”

6.13 Is Psycherotica a cult?

Yes. Why the hell would you think otherwise? To a Psycherotic, everything is a cult. Goth, Punk, Elvis, Pokemon, even people with driver's licenses are considered a cult.

6.14 Does Psycherotica engage in brainwashing or mind control?

The simple fact that we express ourselves with the intention of affecting change in others makes us brainwashers. However, we seek to destroy all control in the mind, allowing people to “fuck it up” so that we don't have to.

7.13 Why is everything anacopyrighted in Psycherotica?

Most of what we write is context-based. If it were taken out of context, you might actually understand it. Therefor, we encourage each collection to be distributed in its entirety.

7.14 Does the IRS recognize the Psycherotic Church as a non-profit organization?

IRwho?

11.3 How is Psycherotica different from philosophy or other religions?

Write your own dam answer.

The River of Cheese

a stream from the consciousness of

Chapter of the First

MASSTER MISTER, COME QUACK! TYPOS ABUND!

Ah, yes. The merry days of yester-year, as if such a thing could be extrapolated from sandwich formations found in the garage. Where, she said, could such things be discovered if not within the confines of a closed system moving toward entropy? Dada consists of yellow american cheese, I responded. A blunt refusal followed concerning the consistency of dada. I had the manifestation of my nuits during puberty, were the words that fell unto the multi stained pillow tree. Hovering above the grass inside the barn was a mouse, jumping upon horse stalks as if to say, the green beans shall have none of my betamorphial meat pies! Havana! Just as the tea cups clink together in the basket, so too shall we lift our spirits! Fried onions dance the dance of our forefathers; I feel like chicken tonight! Came the whispered scream, Don't lift your spirits, shoplift your spirits! Free wine! It was framed, was the screamed whisper. Be a frog, be a tulip, you can do it all on a sofa made of corn beans.

I SMELLED THE THICK ODOR OF JOY WITHIN HER PANTS

Have I yet to mention the magic of the sacred bagels, she asked of them. Only on Tuesday could such a proposal be validated as parking. Dance, Hulio. George would have wanted it that way. I am the reincarnation of George, she whispered in fear of her mother-in-law. How could such a ghastly oversight have been made in our records? You say you were never even born? How odd, yet I am still puzzled as to the state of ecstasy; it cannot be found on this map. Would you care to elaborate upon your discovery of the chicken fried fox gloves? A muttered reply, I would graciously do so if not for the miscommunication between the two parties involved in the tao jones industrial complex scandal. Industrially complex, I say. Wormwood yet? Hush dear, mother said. But I would so enjoy some Wormwood. May I? Hush dear. Don't make me rip the beaver from your throat and perform acts of sodomy upon your skull. Can I soak you in hamburger grease, pour ketchup on your face and make you eat pickles? Why not? Don't you like pickles? Pickles make me feel special.

Chapter of the Second

I THOUGHT WE SOLVED THE GRAVY DILEMMA ALREADY

I could have swore that I was attempting to mock this style of music, he said politely. Bewildered she spoke in tongues, tripping over some of the longer ones. Where oh where is my handbook on Discordian geometry? Oh, here it is, right under the OH MY GOD, BARNEY'S DEAD! Who's Barney, she wondered. Barney was a cat, he told. And he was dead. What did you do about it? she asked. I cried and turned him into fertilizer. Now he makes the flowers grow AND THAT'S BEAUTIFUL. Care for some sympathy cheese? I like cheese. Cheese makes me feel special. No, I would not eat sympathy cheese in a box or with a fox. Go away, git. Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear, but that never stopped the pixies from towing away his car at night. Perhaps most perplexing is the lack of grovington hydratic equation applications for the //c, whatever that may or may not be, which depends on what mood it happens to be in at the time. Can I sprinkle you with Gary dust now? Oh I think I can. I like hills. They make me feel special. Do you dance also? Do the hustle if you're sure. Just a thought before I go; if Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair, would he still be Fuzzy Wuzzy, or would we be more apt to use the word apt in a phrase for the live viewing audience to describe the shaven critter before the cameras?

Chapter of the Third

CLOSURE, SHE SAID, AND HE STEPPED CLOSER; CONFLICT FOLLOWED

I want to teach the world to sing, but I can't quite get this tune out of my head. Who is this Stacey Q and why won't the grasshoppers fly with me to the land beyond the rainbowed horse? I would so appreciate some assistance in matters concerning my sanity. Silly willy, she scolded. That's not a threat, it's an advertisement. How dreary to be somebody, the frog told me, but I could not hear over the others croaking madly away. Papped-cell death, I said of the cushioned batteries. Oh, yeah, that's a mighty fine cup of joe, I told her. She said, You should try the Kevin some time, she said. Ever and after, chasing ducks as they squeel their childish delight. Where was that damn holy rose anyway? Just in case the circus never finds the freeway, can we keep the small man? I like the way he dances and he's so good with the kids, John. Please excuse the lack of nouns in the following sentence. Get to milking! You've never seen Jupiter, she asked in amazement as she reached up and plucked the moon from the window shelf. Here, have some peppered cheese and onion rings. Daddy made them himself. Can I get a closer look at that pencil. I suspect it has written something awful. How could you tell, she asked. The paper narced on it. And they all regressed into slow-witted milk drinkers, even though they couldn't figure out how to put the quarter in the cow.

THE SKY WHISPERED, HI OO LAC, AND I DRIPPED TO SLEEP

The Book of the Chuffer

written by Chuff

Chapter 1: Kitty Syndrome

All in furry splendor,
the one called to by terms of kitty
sat upon the porch swing,
and said to herself,
“I am sitting on a porch swing.
Sitting on a porch swing am I.
So why aren't I having any fun?”

Chapter 2: An Introduction

Cheese, but not quite the same
As a metaphor for insubstantialized thought
it sits upon the counter
screaming in the silence
of days gone by
and nights gone long
Aw shit! It's grown moldy!

Chapter 3: Furrydom

“Why do you like furrydom so much?” she asked.
“It is a perfect Psycherotic community,” I replied.
“They have a fetish language, artistic intents,
and often times, evidence can be found
of fictional beings who exist only for
the pleasure of Orgasm.”
“I understand that much,” she said.
“But why do you consider yourself a furry?”
“Well,” I said. “Let's just say some of them
dress up like stuffed animals.”
“Oh,” she said, and realized
I wasn't going to sleep with her.

Chapter 4: UMMO

All subatomic particles are merely
shadows in the fabric of existence,
which we refer to as The Cheese.
If this theory were taken to a logical extreme,
then I'm a shadow, you're a shadow,
we're all shadows with shadows in the son.
I think that was typo.

Chapter 5: Chain-smoking New Jersey Housewives

I AM THE BUTTERFLY OF CHAOS!
...flap...flap...flap...flap...flap...
...oh look. A bunch of people think I'm an idiot now.

Chapter 6: Goodbye, Joseph

Joseph Raschack left society a short while before this.
I hope he isn't still bitter about Rachel Leigh Cook
refusing to demonstrate the ill effects of
heroin in his kitchen.
Any questions?

Chapter 7: But Scott Paulsen said...

A duck and a frog walk into a bar.
The frog said, “Anybody got the time?”
The bartender replied, “Time for what?”
The frog said to the duck, “See?”
Every time, he says that. You try.”
The duck said, “?emit eht toG”
The bartender replied, “?tahw rof emiT”
The duck said to the frog, “.mih ekil I”
The frog said, “You would,” and left.

Chapter 8: Anonymous

Would you care to sin
With Elynor Glyn
On a tiger skin?
Or would you prefer
To err
With her
On some other fur?

When tigers number two
what will you do
to save the family?
If it happens they're male
or alternately both female?
Splice a gene and clone the tree!
Then take Miss Glyn
And xerox her genes
All to have a fine time with the copy!

Chapter 9: Sequal

Cheese, ah the cheesy cheese
All enzymed and aged
Creamy and yellowed
And this time, I'll remember to put it in the fridge.

The Journal of Smiley Happy Apathy II

from It Happens Chronicler

The genre was so commercialized that no content could be found within the pages of the self-proclaimed voice of gen-Ynot. The price of our most valued possession sky-rocketed, due to the efforts of people who wanted our votes. The glue that has bound the pages of our lives together has liquified and dripped off into the sewers of oblivion and baby-boomer ideals. And no matter how hard you try, the apoxy of self-redemption will not dry. But cheer up! There is a way to piece your life back together. The Happy Flowers Shop on Smithfeild Street, where paper clips are always at a low price of twenty-five cents, is having its annual staple sale! Yes, now you too can rebind your life without the help of tobacco-hating politicians.

Here at It Happens Chronicler, we like to interview people that we call "guests". But first, our happy poem, brought to you as always by the Happy Flowers Shop. Because staplers have feelings too.

Happiness is.
Is happiness.
I like to be
a part of happiness.
Now go away.

Today's guest is that demimondaine of duckiness and queen of her own Realty, Sarah Sinclair. Sarah, welcome to It Happens.

Sarah: Thank you. I'm happy to be here.

IHC: So, what is the Church of Psychoerotica like?

Sarah: It likes cheese.

IHC: No, I mean, what do people do there?

Sarah: Well, we eat cheese alot. Sometimes we sacrifice a cow.

IHC: You kill a cow!?

Sarah: Oh, not a real one, of course. We just call her that.

IHC: So, you sacrifice a person?

Sarah: No.

IHC: What then?

Sarah: If you're going to curse, I don't want to be here, okay?

IHC: My apologies.

Sarah: The sacri-official cow is a plush stuffed animal. And we don't kill it. The whole thing is a virgin sacrifice.

IHC: I get it. Since a stuffed animal has no genitalia, it can't lose it's virginity and hence the point of the entire ritual.

Sarah: To show how lame organized religion is, yes.

IHC: Oh. I was thinking something dirty.

Sarah: Do tell.

IHC: Beef tenderloin, post-it's, and Martha Stewart.

Sarah: Ah, the recipe for fun.

IHC: So, what's the deal with the ducks?

Sarah: We don't make deals.

IHC: Why do they speak backward?

Sarah: Ever see the Twin Peaks movie?

IHC: Once, yeah.

Sarah: Same reason the midget talked funny.

IHC: I didn't know the ducks sold vaccuums door to door.

Sarah: Don't be a git.

IHC: My apologies.

Sarah: None taken.

IHC: Huh?

Sarah: What did I tell you about cursing?

IHC: I forget. I'll read the transcript later.

Anyway, it says here that you once recieved head from Petrofski. Who's Petrofski?

Sarah: Anything that was reported to have happened in The Book of Head is false. It was determined later that I was just in a pissy mood. If it had been PMS like we thought, we'd have to admit some validity, if only to mock wicca. And Petrofski is the NEW Messiah.

IHC: Messiah?

Sarah: Actually, he's more of a dadaistic version of James Dean.

IHC: Well, it seems we're out of time. Thank you for being here.

Sarah: Thank you for touching me in that manner.

We'll see you all next time on It Happens Chronicler, where our guest will be K-Wac, first priest of Psychoerotica and all around ducked-up guy. Have fun and don't forget to breathe!

The Book of the PotatoMeister

written by the little boy named Bob

Chapter 1: Birth

Ah, yes. I remember it well.
Two of the kittens died.
The rest were sold.
I still have the two dead kittens.
They're my special friends.

Chapter 2: Life

Life, what a beautiful choice.
But it's not a choice,
it's a child.
And soon, it's up for adoption
but he's still paying child support.

Chapter 3: Marriage

The union of two souls is unlike
anything I've ever seen
except for this weird skeleton
that was half raccoon and three parts bald eagle.
It was cool.

Chapter 4: Sex

I once had a dog
or did the dog have me?
I was puppy raped.

Chapter 5: Death, in general

Did I ever die?
No, I don't think so.
I've been quite alive since I can remember.
Except for that bad trip...

Chapter 6: Suicide

I have committed suicide many times.
Why are you looking at me like I'm insane?

Chapter 7: Homicide

Oh, so you want to die?
Then why'd you bring it up?
Murder tease.

Chapter 8: Afterlife

Aren't there ducks in the afterlife?
Or was it puppies?
Nope, it was kittens.
Two of them.

“This isn't democracy! It's a circle jerk!”

written by Ralling “Hey Vern!” Rolling

The campaign was going so well... until the infanticide jokes. Trust the art of the irrational. It just may get you laid. Intestinal insanity, is what she told me. The feces are as sane as they ever were, which isn't saying much for the methane. Doublethink, my dear. In me the tiger sniffs the rose. Amani, as foretold, such a felt should shed, she said. A beast, but a just and plushed beast, told to this by Temple. A gentleman haranguing on the perfection of our law, and that it was equally open to the poor and the rich, was answered by another, “So is the local tavern.” All this buttoning and unbuttoning.

You shall be CASHIERED!

Defence, not defiance. He talked inanities like a twenty-third muse. See the happy Psycho, he doesn't give a dam. I wish I were a Psycho. My dear! Perhaps I am! Et in Arcadia ego. If it is not true, it is a happy invention. After coiton, every animal is sad. Let us return to our sheep. Discords make the sweetest airs. Ah, but Psychotic fugues unwrap such gifts of goddesses. All I ask is a polyester bagel, a sophia in acrylic; oh but for the cotton within one shouldn't know of such untimely events as marsupial puppeteers!

Therefor, let us sing and dance a galliard,
To the dislexic teachings of the mallard;
And as the mallard dives in pool,
Let us dribble, drobble, and drebble in Bowl.

Oh! By the genitals of Lady Arana,
Oh! By the genitals of Lady Arana,
It was a drooling, dislexic mallard.

A moncoon and a rabbit walked into Kauffman's. Two rabbits walked out.

The Lost Remains of the Ancient Scrolls of Duckism

found by Suretus while cleaning behind the cabinets in the AO archives

scroll one: the Seduction of Atara

The Duck suggested,
,aratA raed yM”
,em rof luftsul reven era uoy esuaceb
,modsiw terces tsom siht uoy ot trapmi llahs I
deveiler eb llahs uoy hcihw gniwonk
“.snoitome desserper fo seiresim eht fo
Atara said, “What is this wisdom then?”
The Duck suggested, “.dlot eb nac modsiw ekil ,aeY”
And Atara lusted.

scroll two: the non-enlightenment of Carl Wackd

When Carl Wackd came to Sinsity for the first time,
he asked the Duck, “What is education?”
Although Carl Wackd knew alot of things
and had graduated from ten colleges with honors,
he still inquired about real education.
“The people say I’m smart and I’m such a fool that I believe those morons.”
.efil ruoy lla snorom esoht yb thguot neeb evah uoy ,lleW” said the Duck.
tihs-llub tsuj lla saw ti fi rednow ot esnes hguone evah ,hguoht ,uoY
.noitanirtcodni latnem-nrevog dna
.lufesu gnihtyna nrael ot yaw ylno eht si siht rof ,flesruoy rof nrael oG
,derewsna eb nac ksa uoy noitseuq yreve ,os gniod ni dnA
“.srewsna dna snoitseuq htoB fo ecruos eht era uoy rof
Carl Wackd replied, “You have no idea what education is, do you?”
The Duck suggested, “.sey ,eulc a ton dna sraey eseht lla”
Carl Wackd mumbled as he walked away, “Answer lies within, my ass.”
Carl Wackd was not enlightened that day,
but he did get laid by a really hot chick who was into intellectuals.

scroll three: Shaving a Hairy Krishna

“We must understand that our suffering is due to our sinful activity,
and sinful activity is due to our ignorance,” the one guy said.
The other replied, “That may well be so,
but how are we to gain the knowledge to overcome suffering?”
The one guy said, “Let’s ask that duck over there.
Pretty little duck, how are we to overcome suffering?”
The Duck replied,
ti evig ew gninaem eht ylno sah efil”
.ekam ew gnireffus eht ylno sah efil dna
,snorom uoy ,seloh-ssa gnieb pots oS
.ssensuoicsnoc fo edir eht yojne dna
““.eltill yterp’ em llac t’ndid uoy fi ti etaicerppa d’I dnA

scroll four: damaged beyond legibility

scroll five: Wonderbread

When Steve McQueen was asked,
“What is the most wonderful thing in the world?”
he laughed heartily and walked away.

scroll six: Of golden cows and Yellow Cheese

“We should therefor conclude that because God is everywhere,
he is also in his statue, in the image made of him.
Whether an image or statue speaks to us or not
is dependant on the degree of our devotion.
But if we choose to see the image merely as a piece of wood or cheese,
Krsna will always remain wood or cheese for us.
Isn't idol worship fun, Steve?” Carl Wackd asked.
Steve McQueen laughed heartily and walked away.

scroll seven: Dorothy's Identity

Carl Wackd came before the Duck and said,
“Oh, Duck—”
“!pu taht naelC” the Duck suggested.
Carl Wackd cleaned it up and continued.
“Oh, Duck, who is this man Steve McQueen
and why does he laugh so?
Where does he go when he walks away?”
“,niatruc eht dniheb nam eht ot noitnetta on yaP” the Duck suggested.
“Is that an answer?” Carl Wackd asked.
“?srewsna tuoba uoy llet I did tahW” the Duck retorted.
Carl Wackd mumbled as he walked away, “Stupid curtains.”
Carl Wackd was not enlightened that day,
but he did find a penny on the sidewalk.

scroll eight: A Single Fragment

One who sees inaction in action,
and action in inaction,
is reasonably sensible,
if he doesn't confuse the two.

scroll nine: Carl goes loony... in a bad way

“I am the source of all spiritual and material worlds!
Everything emanates from me!
The wise who know this perfectly
engage in my devotional service
and worship me with all their hearts!”
So proclaimed Carl Wackd to Steve McQueen on that evening.
Steve McQueen laughed heartily and walked away.

The Book of the Balanced Unbalance

written by Lonnie the Iris

That's what she said, she said Isn't it a fine day for Bagels, is what she said. I just laughed, tuesdays aren't today, y'know? Be advised that your first day of domestication is next week and that you should be accustomed to the use of toilet paper by that time. The roll, it attacks and attracts! I went to partake of some squares and it tried to boa constrict me. Don't be a wanker, ya wanker, and wipe it off next time. Nabookie wants to sweep over and pway womb raider, mommy. Swatch and wash your watch and mouth. Nabookie is a dirty dirty boy who should be drug into the street and allowed to have dogs sniff his behind. But I thought you said drugs were bad. Only if you have to lick the wrapper, dearie. Now off to bed and on to dream land. Ah, but she heard, ya can't lick a rapper but ya can lick his pencil. Anyone have any writing implements? Oh, Molly, you do have a way with that laugh of yours. Now please go away with or without Sheriff Jon Brown. I have yet to shoot a deputy, but Eric of Much Applause has been pinged a few, along with reality, but our connection to the host was down. So I logged a log and downloaded a few thorns of porn. It hurts so good, by the cougar it did! Havana! A chimera in the story, as the moncoon leaves his abode to impart a few bits of wisdom. He said, a quote of Petrofski, he said. The little yellow ones make the best pets, but you have to make sure the toilet paper doesn't try to eat them. Ah, such revelations as should come with the cum. Don't discuss the disgusting, she scolded. Whom art thou, I pondered aloud as I was allowed. That a femme should be yet have not labelling done to her being. Ah, but if you were to know, I shalt have to paint thee green and black as a monitor with a rainbowed fruit upon it. Such mystery, such as a banked portion of memory. Does anyone remember where the amnesia is? It was a dirty dirty little boy who took it, y'know? What a fine day for Bagels, she reiterated. You weren't correct when you said it, so why do something so bold as reiterate your incorrectness? She said, why not, she said. If none other would be wrong, then all would be wrong. For a right, there must be a left, for a left, there must be a wrong. Aw shuckins, yall might be left on that. Seemingly so, as I type, I find others in the keyboard. Should insert or delete? Page Up or Esc? Who is this F12 anyways? Ah, but the keys of captivity shall have written upon them CAPS, for the letters used by such morons who would try to control their minds by giving control to cult-ures other than that which make the Cheese. Enzymatic action! Automatic autonomy! A zone of Bey masquerading as a sibling to warneriffic beings. Polkadot? Sure, why not? Grab the accordion, get naked, and polka polka polka!! It's gonna be a fine time up on the mounted washington! Auld lang syne! When the dresses undressed and the pants panted! What a polyester night it was, for us together under the null moon of null modem. Don't ever, do never forget the demodulation, mine friend, for if thou modulates, thou must demodulate! Unless ya got a T3, then I don't know what thou's gotta do. She said, I like my network for it does not go limp and shrink like so many do, she said. Ah, but to phreak a line to an Isp, all would be free. Except for the psychological payment of adverts, she reminded. Television is paid for thrice over, in the purchase of cathode ray tubes, the menstruals of monthlies on the cables, a third time for the time wasted upon half-time at the bowl of kryptonians. A point well made, now pleased if you were to remove it from my side as I turn on air and watch the shadows make their pinkish-hued noise. Better than artificial acidic substance, I do say, as the trails go away when the movie's over. Why are the credits rolling, Dave? Dave? Dave's not here man. Oh oh, bad trip. Don't fall, don't jump, don't think about it dude. Just chill and enjoy the harsh bitter reality as you slowly reassimilate into the world you hate. UMMO had toughed alot that day, as the clouds hologrammed before me and gave our goddess flight. Good night, she said in the morning, as I tried not to mourn my self-control. Love is like a rock, he reminded from the waves riding the one-oh-two-point-five megahertz. Ah, mediation between the Onions and the Cheese. A state of balanced unbalanced. She said, that explains it all, she said.

The Book of Moments

from a day of Sarah Sinclair

Chapter 1

The bunny in the window keeps staring at me
tempting me in all its five feet
eating that carrot
asking me what's up
doc?

Chapter 2

The coffee has a wooden finish to it
in the mason jar
light brown in afternoon sun
Sribble scribble it tells me
and I sip of its taunting musk

Chapter 3

A compass to light the way
to a harbor of paper thin visions
sectioned with straight edge mentality
and russian tea

Chapter 4

Standing here with a man child and you
pity the killing-time talks
among the willow trees on Pluto Drive
with the Solar Choir in the background
speeding the waves into
fury eyes of the fruitman
And the creature's boomerang swung back my way
I ducked

Chapter 5

Sulphuric pop and fizzle
the parafin escaped
and all was lost
for the book had no more pages

Chapter 6

They called it body art
and for a brief moment
I wanted to hang her

Chapter 7

The girl made her rounds
with a handful of empty lollipops
handing them to others
She would say
here have some poop on a stick
for such was written
upon the wooden finish
of the stained splinters of youth

Chapter 8

Hot and bitter
sweet and moist
this baby gets you going
that baby gets you moving
erratically alert am I
as I tremor myself into diabetes

Chapter 9

The touch the feel
of cotton
the fabric of our loins

Chapter 10

Sniff your shoes
for the street corner people are nigh
and words are afoot
Do not let a participle dangle
for such is not good cheese

Chapter 11

Now there's a fine peice of inspiration
What she's inspiring me to do
I won't say

Chapter 12

A painter, a writer, and a psycho
walk into a coffee shop.
If the psycho wasn't writing this
there might be a punchline.

Chapter 13

What connotation?
Numerological huh?
You must be crazier than I am
to think they have meaning
unless you're playing yahtzee.

Th+ Book of Scr+ams in th+ Night

writt+n by Jos+ph Raschack

Chapt+r 1

It's b+n fun out h+r+ in th+ middl+ of no-wh+r+.
But that was wh+n I had things to do
lik+ build a cabin, fix this typ+writ+r, and mak+ a list of addr+ss+s.
Now I'm just bor+d.
Actually, I'm t+rrifi+d.
That wolf could com+ back and try to g+t lucky again.

Chapt+r 2

Th+r+ is no l+tt+r b+tw++n d and f on this typ+writ+r
so I hav+ to us+ + in it's plac+.
Inconv+ni+nt, isn't it?

Chapt+r 3

I r+m+mb+r Sarah b+ing piss+d wh+n I d+cid+d to l+av+.
Sarah, it was fun and you w+r+ magnific+nt.
It's not your fault. It was thos+ Gap ads.
Wh+n your a j+an
Wh+n you a khacki
Frankly, I'm an +xtr+m+ly antisocial p+rson
who do+sn't giv+ a shit if h+ +v+n w+ars pants.
Which is why I cam+ out h+r+.
Th+ br++z+ is lov+ly in th+ mountains.

Chapt+r 4

I'v+ had a chanc+ to r+fl+ct out h+r+
mainly wh+n hunting for food.
And I'v+ r+aliz+d som+thing.
Th+r+'s a damn good r+ason w+'r+ omnivor+s.
Animals ar+ hard to kill and all th+ fruit's poisonous.
If w+ +v+r find anything +dibl+,
it just mak+s s+ns+ that w+ should b+ abl+ to +at it.
Wait a minut+. Isn't that th+ natur+ of +dibl+?

Chapt+r 5

I hav+ a copy of th+ Principia Discordia with m+.
I hav+n't s++n St. Gulik sinc+ I got h+r+
unlik+ b+for+ wh+n I was living with fiv+ hundr+d of him.

Chapt+r 6

I'm writing a manif+sto.
I don't know what for y+t
but you'll g+t a copy of it.

Chapt+r 7

Th+r+ ar+ som+ ducks in a pond n+ar h+r+.
Y+ts+rday I w+nt ov+r th+r+ and talk+d to th+m.
For six hours.
Th+y didn't say anything but on+ tri+d to bit+ m+.
It was my fault.
I shouldn't hav+ sugg+st+d it.

Chapter 8

That wolf is back.
H+'s clawing at th+ door.
I wish h+'d figur+ it out
that I'm nobody's bitch.

Chapter 9

So I took a walk th+ oth+r day
and +explor+d a n+w part of th+ woods.
Th+r+'s thr++ p+opl+ living about half a mil+ away
who ar+ digging up what looks lik+ a spac+-craft.
It wouldn't b+ worth m+ntioning
+xc+pt that it has Chuff's littl+ ummo symbol on it
and th+ p+opl+ ar+ +ight f++t tall with thr++ +y+s.
Kind of mak+s you want to find m+, do+sn't it?

Chapter 10

No, that wasn't a pla+ for companionship.
I don't r+ally n++d oth+r p+opl+.
I'v+ manag+d to captur+ th+ wolf
and show him who's Bubba.

Chapter 11

I'v+ sp+nt thr++ days writing this
in th+ tim+s wh+n I wasn't g+ttng ov+r bad b+rri+s.
R+ading back ov+r it I can only wond+r
wh+n th+ whol+ wolf thing happ+n+d.
P+rhaps I'm not ov+r th+ b+rri+s y+t.
H+r+ wolfy wolfy wolfy

Chapter 12

It's b++n fun writing this
th+ parts that I can r+m+mb+r
but I r+ally should g+t start+d on that manif+sto.
Hi oo lac, guys. Hav+ fun with your littl+ sociology +xp+rim+nt.
J.Raschack

The Book of the Response to a Letter Recieved

written by Sarah Sinclair

From: Sarah Sinclair

To: Sir Lionold Henry Polyday III

Re: Psychosis is psych, psych, psych!

Sir Polyday,

I would like to thank you for your letter concerning your difficulties with Psycherotica. It was slightly informative and a little less than entertaining, even if we did laugh alot while reading it. Rather than replying with our usual grab bag of propaganda, though, we have decided to address your concerns in a proper and appropriate manner.

First, you have challenged the authenticity and verity of the ducky entities known as the ducks. While we agree that the ducks in the rivers and lakes do not speak, forward or backward, these are not the same ducks as the ducks. The ducks of Psycherotica are not the ducks that swim in rivers and lakes, rather they are the ducks that speak backward and give us suggestions as to certain courses of actions or ideas. It is at the suggestion of such a duck that I find myself writing this. Again, the ducks are not ducks, they are ducks in duck symbolism. Please feel free to stop talking to the river ducks if they continue to bite you.

If your dog consented, we're fine with it. I do not think that the parakeet consented, though.

No, you do not have to worship Petrofski, or attempt a personal relationship with him. However, if you choose to try again in the future, please keep in mind that he does not give head to just anybody. More cries of, "Suck me, suck me, big daddy, take my cock deep," will only make the others in the park look at you funny and arrest you.

We enjoyed the many jokes scribbled in the margins, even if we have read them in Reader's Digest. Actually, we never read Reader's Digest, but one must assume since they all had such titles as, "Humor in Uniform" and "Killer Blonde Bitches from Zeta-Thyroid 8."

Lastly, there is the matter of the four references to Lady Arana as Diana-of-the-wet-dreams. Arana is not Diana the moon goddess, but if you ask nicely, Arana will moon you. If, however, this was not who you were referring to, I ask of you to stop anyway, for your ex-wife's sake. She can press charges, and probably will, if you continue to have dreams of breaking into her house and stealing her panties. I am fairly confident that these are not dreams, Sir, for I have spoken with her on such matters as missing wardrobes.

We would like to thank you again for your letter. Please do not ever write to us again.

Psycherotically,

Sarah Sinclair

The Auto-Erotic, Mentally Asphixiated, Vaguely Direct and Obviously Cryptic, Noon-Blue-Apple-reminiscant, Ennui-Induced, Go-Home-Because-You-Know-you're-Too-Sane-For-This-Shit, Mislabeled, Misspelled, Missed-Typo-on-the-Quiz, Miss Teen-America-Showing-Too-Much-Cleavage, Dam-We're-Gonna-Need-an-Abbreviation-for-This, First-Ever Inauthenticated, Realty-Inspired Book of the Highly Loony Chuffer, with a few words from that Super-Erotic, Insanely-Sexual, Fetishistic Goddess of Orgasm, Arana (exclamation point)

(abbreviated as 30-Chuff—or 1E-Chuff if you want Hex code in your titles)

[if you can't tell why it's 1E, then you're too sane; see above]

written by Chuff and an Apple //c

So, I was sitting at my coffe table, wondering how to start a story, when the word “So” spit itself out onto ye olde green-and-black and it hit me: the Dsub-9 on the joystick would make a perfect topic for a shortie, if I didn't know the pin-outs that is. So there is no story there, and I am forced to stare into the icy blackness between the greenish-glowing characters as said characters slowly suggest to my mind that they just might be white.

And I was pondering the state of port 6, if daisy chaining were possible, as it should be; having three disk drives just might help a little, if I ever had reason to use three drives. Then somebody starts messing around with a few switches near C050 and I find myself looking at a badly Hplotted duck, wondering to myself, “Did this affect loc's 800–BFF? 'Cause I kinda had data on text page two...” Then C030 is accessed, toggling the speaker, and I hear a rough approximation of someone running a sound data feild in reverse. The duck speaks! And it either said, “.eseehc eht taE” or, “.eihcrA hcaeT” Since I know no Archie, and am forced into the monitor, I BSAVE Text2, and head on down to the fridge to aquire some artificially-colored-yet-all-natural yellow American. Then, and just then, I get lost in my own little world...

-
- BY THE DUCKS IT'S WEARING A HELMET!!!
 - Is this my fedora? Or is it your charmap? Good fork, what's a car-hole?
 - Anassembled product placement on the shelves of our enslavement.
 - piddely-wiggely, diddely-dee, whatever happened to the cup of b?
 - there's a G in the code? perhaps you've forgotten to carry in the Groceries...
 - who said that? Voltaire, huh? Sounds like an old cartoon show with... lions, was it?
 - Who put the metaphors in the mashed potatoes!!? I gotta compile this stuff, y'climb?
 - the magical question is, “If Alleister Crowley was so smart, why did he buy all that mystical bullshit?” or rather the question should be, “Why is Dan Rather impersonating God?” Ah, but that mystical bullshit isn't all bull... sure, in this mash-potatoe world, it could all be shit; but what does the Bull symbolize? Most likely self-referentiality...
 - where's the bracketed question marks, huh? WHERE THE [?] ARE THEY!!? That's better.
 - If the thing said, ‘some assembly required,’ then where's the keyboard? Odd... like 451...
 - Ah, yes my friends! For that is the second, wholly-uncomplimentary compliment to 267! Forever it shall be known, that said number lacks as much mystical import as the other one! And this new number is... (drum roll, please)... (I said, drum roll)... (where the hell's the drummer? ohio? dammit)... (now I forget the dam number... started with 45 I think...)
 - ooooh, how kewl! a cute little soft-n-cuddly tedd—ew! why is it sticky?
 - Oh, wait.. it only LOOKS like it's wearing a helmet...

And after the cheese was passed, I went back to the CATALOG and found the file I had saved upon the duck's prompting. On a hunch, I boot up my File Viewer prog and check out the ASCII, and lo-and-behold, a message from Arana! 1K of our fine and P.H.A.T. goddess, twisting some verse for our philosophical insanitization. (Centering and LF's courtesy of me.)

I am the goddess that hath given thee pleasure
And I am the goddess that will give thee thought.

The nature of fetish is such that it holds no things.
Fetish not of or for things, rather for Orgasm;
the fetish being a method of receiving this gift.
As method, it becomes apparent that it is Action, not Possession;
the kinetics of the Erotic.

Erotic and Non-Erotic are the same:
the seeking of pleasure through method.
If a person shies away, they do so to avoid unpleasantness;
Just as a person drawing close does so for pleasantness.
Fear and Phobia are but responses to the nature of the Erotic potential;
the Erotic potential nothing more than the “defining quality”.

“Defining quality” covers more than Phobia/Philia;
it is the Matter, the substance of a thing,
it is the Energy, the actions of an event,
it is the Ratio, the relation of Energy and Matter,
and it is the source of all Things, Ideas, and so forth.
Verily, it is the Cheese.

I am the goddess Arana and these are my words.

The Book of Yen

written by Ch'itty Chit'ee Bhang B'angh

Chapter

If you wish to understand yourself,
you must first make sure that you can stand.
If you misunderstand your mind, you are on par.
If you understand your mind, how the hell'd you
get seven on 18 holes?

Chapter

Petrofski said unto his son,
“Oh, my head. Please stop the spinning and the
throbbings, nice lady.
Oy! The pain. The hungoverness!”
At least, we think it was Petrofski...

Chapter

To be outwardly Psychotic
and to expound upon the subject of the ducks,
and to sit at home bored as hell,
is a sure sign that you're still Normal.

Chapter

There is a fourth chapter
but it is not this.
The fourth chapter cannot be found
by seeking the number four.

Chapter

How could it be permissable to form a cult,
gather followers and cronies, dash off writings,
and toil in pursuit of objects for love?
Havana! How could it not be?

Chapter

I found my way upstairs
and had a smoke
somebody spoke
and I went into a dream

Chapter

What is cake?
Cake is an object of Desire, also a Fetish.
What is eating cake?
Eating cake is the enjoyment of the object, also
the exercise of Fetish.

Chapter

Cheese
The cheesy cheesiness
of this cheesy
cheese

Chapter

A neophyte asked a duck, “What is the one
medium of Nonalienation?”
The duck replied, “.suhT”
The neophyte said, “This is still a medium of
alienation.”
The duck said, “.uoy pals em ekam t'noD”

Chapter

Welcome, my friends,
to chapter four.
I apologize for the delay;
it was lost in the No-Zip Sorting Bin

Chapter

Squishy, squooshy, squoo!
How do you do
that thing with your tongue?
You have praises to be sung!

Chapter

The child asked her mother, “Mommy, can I get
aborted?”
Her mother replied, “If all your friends jumped
off a bridge—”
“But mommy! They didn't! They were aborted!”
“Your social life sucks already? Wow,” her
mother said.

Chapter

Shiney bauble! I want it!
I need it! I crave it!
I can't live without it!
And it's on sale!!

The Journal of Smiley Happy Apathy III

from It Happens Chronicler

The stale bagel on a Tuesday morning. That undeniable feeling that the person in front of you is being followed. The static cling that has ripped your Anti-Flag patch off of your jacket only to mate it with the sock you lost last month. The pinging noise of your last shred of dignity popping off and falling into the dust on the club floor as your no-longer safety-pinned jeans join your ankles in a dervish of mocking laughter directed at the n'synchronous drawers of your social demise. And no matter how much you try to deny it, they know you heeded your mother's words when she suggested wearing clean underwear. But cheer up! The alternative could be worse. And, hey, what are friends for if they don't laugh at your wardrobe?

Here at It Happens Chronicler, it happens to be time for our Happy Poem. Today's Happy Poem is brought to you by those friendly punks at the Happy Flowers Shop on Smithfeild Street. Happy Flowers, where safety-pins are always free with the purchase of any band patch. Here it is now, the Happy Poem:

Oh, how glorious!
This divine happiness!
That has possessed my being!
I've given up bathing!
Oh, sweet sweet happiness!
Now bugger off, wanker.

Occasionally, we here at IHC like to interview people that we call guests. (We're wacky that way.) We have here with us now none other than the former First Preist of Psycherotica and ultra-cheesy flower-sniffing fool, K-Wac!

It Happens Chronicler: Welcome, K-Wac.

K-Wac: I'm happy to be here. And, please, call me Stillwell.

IHC: Okay, Stillwell. So, how is Ohio?

Stillwell: Filled with corn.

IHC: I heard you've been lost.

Stll: I got over it.

IHC: Found the Rose, did ya?

Stll: Yep, along with a cool Ohioan accent.

IHC: Could you tell us about this Rose?

Stll: The Most Holy Rose is cool. One sniff and it's nirvana, man.

IHC: Like an olfactory band, huh?

Stll: More like something you stand on a street corner and yell about.

IHC: Don't you just hate pro-life cowboys?

Stll: Only if they're killing chimeras.

IHC: So, tell us. Why did you leave the Church of Psycherotica?

Stll: I found the Most Holy Rose.

IHC: No, seriously. We all know that's just a metaphor for sex.

Stll: That's what I thought, untill I stumbled into this one shaded garden.

IHC: Whose garden?

Stll: Some really old wise-man named Octopussy.

IHC: Oh. So it was Octopussy's garden in the shade then?

Stll: He said he had to protect the Rose from Diamond Lucy, who flies around trying to steal it.

IHC: And was Semolina Pilchard there?

Stll: I think she's in France doing missionary work.

IHC: Are you familiar with a little thing called MK-ULTRA?

Stll: Is that anything like the little peices of paper that Octopussy feeds us?

IHC: Well, thank you for being here, Stillwell.

Stll: And thank you for not turning into a little blue fuzzy gnome.

Join us next time on It Happens Chronicler, when our guest will be the one, the only, the incredibly credible Doctor Joseph T. Raschack, D.o.H. Untill then, don't forget to breathe!

**“I wasn't contributing to the delinquency of a minor, officer.
Only profiting from it.”
Subverting the Subversives**

Havana and hail Arana! Tis a green bagel that brings us here today! Symbolic, you query? I reply thusly; *“FUCK YOU ALL! I WEAR BOOTS!”* The commercialization and commodification of Fetish is the topic today. We might also be covering the perverting of subcultures by Normulian sheep. But first, we must introduce the two main categories of Normals.

6. The Lemming. Has a driving need, pushing them forward into oblivion. The source of the need? What others around them are doing. The end of the need? Need you ask? This type of Normal has no idea that there may be something wrong with hir. To these we say, “What is my true desire?” [see note five]
7. The Sheep. Either sits around all day feeling secure despite that not-so-sheepish looking fellow drooling nearby, or wanders around not knowing it is getting lost. This type of Normal knows exactly what's wrong with Society and will spend hours bleating it in your face. They may even know about Normality, but will deny having any part of it. To these we say, “I am perfectly fine with your denial.”

Some of you may notice that the analogy to sheep is rather loose and ill-formed. Oh well, right? At least we get to keep the “lamb of god” jokes alive.

The reason I am writing this is because I have seen something that I have always thought to be bizarre and extremely rare [see note twenty-five] turn out to be normal and profitable enough to have a commercial porn site devoted to it. (I won't give particulars or endorsements.) There's also a site by a person calling themselves MistressGwendolyn (how original, like a hot dog) who wrote a report on it, giving ways to PROFIT from it.

And then, I woke up. I came out of my dazed, Sheep-like wandering and realized I had been lost for the last two years. Rather than sit down and start praying that my shepard gets here to help (do I even have a shepard?) I've decided to just fuck it all and re-read Hakim Bey/Peter Lamborn Wilson.

Yes, people, Fetishism is a hot commodity. What the hell do you expect when the term is used to describe Commercialism? And that ain't all, folks. Our sub-cultures are deteriorating, due to this commodification. To quote Charla Trotman, founder of Burned Fur: “Most people I know don't have too much trouble distinguishing between a ‘lifestyle choice’ and a ‘warning sign.’” Do you?

CAUTION! PUNK JUST MAY BE POPULAR!

Remember the good old days when anybody who didn't bathe more than twice a week was called dirty? Or when bad hair-do's were obvious hair-don'ts? How about music that had musical qualities to it? Not anymore! Now we must spend two hours and a bottle of mousse each morning making our hair look like we just got out of bed. We don't have to bathe to be accepted by society. Music doesn't have to have any merits to it, just a mention of Anarchy.

Any fifteen year old kid can buy a few patches, safety-pin them to a jacket, dye their hair some odd-ball color, go about screaming “ANARCHY!!” without knowing what an “-archy” is, and be called a Punk! Is he a Punk? HE OWNS A COMB!! He thinks Green Day is old-school! Motherfuck, the kid doesn't even know how to SPELL Anarchy!

And, perhaps most disconcerting, he actually thinks Anarchistic tendencies are a prerequisite to being Punk! YOU DON'T HAVE TO HATE THE GOVERNMENT! Just the establishment, most of society, the price of booze, and everyone around you.

But, hey, I'm not a Punk, so I won't write their manifesto. But I am an anti-culturalist who is pissed off by the fact that I need a credit card to view free porn online. What-the-fuck, really? Isn't it enough that I can just verify my age by clicking a link with the caption “By clicking here you certify that you are over 18”? Sure, some kids will click and surf on in, BUT THAT'S THEIR PARENTS FAULT FOR NOT UNPLUGGING THE DAM THING WHILE THEY'RE AT WORK!! If parents can't be the least bit responsible, let's enforce mandatory Nun-operated orphanages. (I'm sure it would drop the abortion rate, too.) Only moron kids get caught, and only Normal parents complain. I say, get the fucking morons off the net and let us have fun!

→ FETISHISM IS NOT FETISHIZATION ←

Fetishism—a process of evolution allowing us to experience the Erotic potential of certain things

Fetishization—the consumeristic notion that owning or doing a certain thing will make one happy

Eroticism is not happiness. Happiness is a psuedo-spiritual, emotional condition where everything feels right; happiness makes you content. Eroticism, however, makes you horny, irritable, and a slew of other mental states that will drive you forward to a single goal: Orgasm.

“Home of the Whopper” as opposed to Food
Specialized bars catering to certain groups as opposed to Less bombable places to fuck
College degrees as opposed to Learning something
“Obey your thirst. Sprite.” as opposed to “God, I'm thirsty. Can I stroke you off?”
That's the difference.

Now that we've got that out there for you to digest, let's spurt out more for you to decide whether to Spit or Swallow. Ever notice how Mtv co-opts subcultures and turns them into massive adolescent fads? The co-opting of hip-hop/rap gave us Wiggers (that's what you are, honky!). They picked up on Punk giving us Blink182 and the lot (somehow I don't think a group of people as independant as Punks would allow themselves or their bands to become “just numbers”). They've been trying to take metal away from us through Head-Banger's Ball, inventing M.Manson, producing numerous Metallica specials, and other suck-ass things. Since Mtv only does music (yea, you try finding any videos during a Real World marathon) they need other ways to subvert the subversives: Nickelodeon! And if stealing children's minds isn't enough, TVLand! They keep them!

But I don't have cable anymore so I can't write that manifesto. But it is important to realize how They work—They being Capitalist Media Gods; the owners of these vast networks and stations. Rupert Murdoch owns American communications more than AT&T ever did and has more money than Bill Gates ever will. Ever heard of him? Only when people are speaking outside his realm like I am now. Murdoch owns everything, they say what he lets them say. Otherwise, it's DownSizing, motherfuckers!

These people keep their money by keeping an eye on us. We see a sub-culture forming, they see a profit-margin-increasing fad. They've done it with music (Chicago boys sing Jazz?), with anti-societal groups (dada, Goth, Punk, Wicca), cyber-culture (admit it; you've seen an emoticon), and they're doing it to the most perverted, bizarre, sick, disgusting, and deviant of us all: the Fetishists.

Admit it! You have a Fetish! Like blondes? Like big titties? Enjoy being spanked by a woman in leather? Ever fantasize about a cartoon/anime character? Then you're a Fetishist! Blondes, big breasts, BDSM, and toons are all certain things that have an Erotic potential!

THOSE WHO DENY THEIR FETISHISM ARE GETTING OFF ON THE DENIAL!

And the Media Gods want you to pay for pictures and videos of it! Ever hear of plushophilia? The Erotic potential of stuffed animals. There is a Pay-to-get-in Porn Site for these people. Excuse me but if you are one, then you have one, and you don't need pictures! Why then would there be a site for it? The simple fact that there isn't five hundred sites for it says alot about what we can do about this problem.

THERE'S A PROBLEM???

Of course there is! WE'RE PAYING TO GET OUR ROCKS OFF!! Isn't that problem enough?

Well, actually, it isn't. They're also giving our fetishes ad space and turning our small-yet-enjoyable sub-cultures into melting-pots of insanity. Case-in-point: A Furry is anyone who likes animal based cartoons, stories, or art. At least, that what it used to be. Now, it's any werewolf, full-time mascot, or reincarnated unicorn. As was said earlier, lifestyle choices are fine. Go ahead and proudly wear a rainbow button. Dress in leather and hit the clubs. Answer the phone with a meow. What the fuck do I care what you do? But we must pay attention to the warning signs:

- FASHION FAGGOTS: “Yes, I'm gay! I'm *proud* to be gay! It's COOL to be gay!”
- ESCAPIST FURRIES: “I'm a *vegan*, I like Animaniacs, and I like it doggy-style, so I must be a furry.”
- N-R-KEE PUNKS: “Fuck you! I'm *Punk as fuck!* Anarky rulez! FUCK THE GUV!!”
- FASHION GOTHS: “I'm so goth I'm *dead!* And tomorrow, Bobby's gonna make me a vampire!”

Were you paying attention? Don't let this happen to your sub-culture! Stay bland. Stay so completely unprofitable that no one would ever dare to want to be as cool as you, no matter how cool others say you are. Place your art in the Public Domain so that it can't be sold-for-profit. Refuse to pay for internet porn! Stop being a sheep of the Capitalist flock!

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T PAY TO BE YOURSELF!!!

This has been a Psychoerotic text written by Lord Chuff, Minister of Fetish. Just a reminder that the only Psychoerotic is what you make. And another reminder that the ducks are our friends. Hi oo lac, all you Skunk-fuckers!

Notes:

Five. We ask about our desire because the shock treatment no longer works. Instead of pulling a Hare Krishna on them, we ask them honestly for help. (At least, we give the impression of honesty.) If there's hope for them, they'll remember the question and may apply it to themselves. If there's no hope, they give us an answer and continue on to the cliff.

Twenty-five. I am not the woman on the bus. I am not the woman on the bus. I do not carry around ancient, dirty stuffed wolfs and foam spiders on wire leashes. I am not the woman on the bus...

Trouble Shooting Tips for Psycherotica

If you are having problems, good for you! If these problems are in conflict with our philosophy, good for us! Either way, here are some common problems and ways you could enhance or overcome these problems.

PROBLEM	Solution	Dissolution
Reading Psycherotic texts often gives me a headache and makes me hallucinate.	Go with it! The texts are supposed to do this.	If these make it impossible to read the texts, you may be Normal.
I got fired from my job and am currently being followed by the CIA/FBI/ATF.	Don't worry about them. They do this to everybody.	Are you implying we had something to do with it?
I'm being sued for copyright violations because I distributed your texts.	Don't say anything about intellectual property rights being bullshit. Trust us.	Tell them we brainwashed you into doing it. We'll testify on your behalf.
The ducks are my friends but these frogs keep trying to kill me.	They'll do that. Just ignore them like we do.	If it bothers you that much, then let them kill you.
Nothing you say makes any sense, and I can't figure it out.	Keep reading until it does.	Normal. Go home.
I'm trying to live by everything you've said but it doesn't seem to be working.	Everything? You don't know enough to pick and choose like the Christians?	Keep trying, my child. The ducks have a plan for us that is rarely easy.
Umno sent me a letter. What should I do?	Send us a copy.	Send us the original.
The Assitians sent me a letter. What should I do?	Worry alot while sending us a copy.	Don't worry while sending sending us the original.
?sdrawkcaB kaeps ot yako ti sI	.ylniatreC	Get that looked at right away.
I want to move to the mountains and forsake society.	Wolf brand latex condoms. That's all I have to say.	Kill your parents instead. It's all their fault.

For any problems you may have that are not listed here, are you sure they're problems? They could just be means of gaining inspiration to have fun with Reality. Consult Petrofski and the divine Psychosis for help.

The Book of the Introductory Paragraphs

written by Sarah Sinclair

Oh the logic they expound like a twenty-third muse, amused by theory and alien sciences. Do they see the errors? That illogic has no logic other than the cheese that is the true nature of nature? That they have forgotten this fact is of no real concern, it is that they have polluted their writings with it! Oh what hath befallen the state of man that he should do such a thing? He would justify thusly, that the writings are only found under the notion of not believing anything you write. Then why include them, one would respond? Exemplary examples! Why give what to believe when saying what not to believe? This is not indoctrination here, this is a reordering of the mind for the purpose of creating chaotic creativity! Think or be thought! And I pause here as a paragraph break. To claim the nature of such would suggest the originality and seeming randomness found in our ancient writings. Where are the new conceptions, the original definitions, the bizarre dogmas found not anymore? They claim to have matured! And to thread other ideas through the writings in hidden manners! All I see is the reissuing of other people's work with reworkings following as a so-called new interpretation! Where is the cheese, the ducks, Petrofski? Then our goal has been achieved, they claim. Unsense! This was meant as a sequel, not as a continuation. It bears little resemblance to ancient texts because such texts are yellow and dusty, like my lungs. Found here are examples and hints as to the nature of information, education, society, religion, and sciences. That is all that it should be and not, as the ancient texts were, an attempt to drastically redefine the universe and cause the person to stand upon original meanings. Such goal was accomplished, and we have made this as a reminder of the quicksand of Truth and Reality. Ah, I retort, but aren't Falsehoods and Realty as quick as the sand as well? Not verily, for Falsehoods can be seen for what they are and are as easily discarded as a daydream of Realty. To change either of those we need only say, it has changed thusly. But to change Truth and Reality, we must work under its current guidelines, implementing the system known as sorcery. Paragraph break. If all of this is so, please elaborate upon the saturation of Ummo. Is a few passing references not enough? Respond thusly, that the saturation of Ummo is only as severe as was the Assitian Order, their cousins in secrecy and sciences. But the Assitians are not Ummites, nor are the Ummites to be confused with the Assitians. Only should a furry Stephen Hawkins with Rachael Leigh Cook's body be confused with the Assitians. The Sirians can be confused with Ummo, if you wish, for they are connected through the Priory of Sion. STOP! This is absurdity and insanity! Exactly, he says calmly. Paragraph renewed with a question of Duckism. Don't ask me. Suretus knows more about that than I do. Is there a Suretus, Chuffer? Honestly? Yes, honestly. That question is not valid. How so? I'll think of that later. An other paragraph. I would feel I understand now that the sequel is intentionally stupid, to confuse even the initiates, but that would imply a mystery tradition. Such is suggested by the Duckism scrolls, indirectly of the ducks. Ah! A hidden point. No matter in this concluding document. I shall leave it only as a clue of other deeper meanings and interpretations and applications in lives of Psycheotic experience. May the ducks be your friends, may you find reason to say hi oo lac, and may the cheese rise up within you and spurt forth creamy goodness. Thank you and have an ice day.

@ Anaclaimers and other stupid shit @

Psycherotica is a universal non-religious non-parody parody religion. Even the aliens and scientists can join. (Unfortunately.) We are not responsible for anything you may read into this nor are we to be held responsible for anything we wrote into this. We do not defend shoplifters who get caught because they're obviously morons and deserve what they get. However, we do support the demolition of the system that gives them what they deserve.

→ Super Mega Ultra K-Radness of our Elyteness: Edifying! ←

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This has been

@ Apocrypha Psycherotica @

the non-writ writ of

@ The Church of Psycherotica @

with the help of

@ The Sequal Production Company 256: The Stack Overflow of the Gods @

whose membership includes, but is not limited to

Lord Chuff, "The Chuffer", the man behind the duckist conspiracies

Sarah Sinclair, demimondaine of duckiness

Doctor Joseph Raschack, Doctorate of Heresy (D.o.H.), hermitic heretic

Stillwell "K-Wac" Stainal, in Ohio on sabbatical

and Suretus, official representative of The Assitian Order

"The best fetishes have no use for the mediation of porn."

@ Suggested Further Writing @

Everything! Nothing!

If so, maybe not!

The Psychonomicon

sometimes referred to as

The Psycheroticon

and also known as

The Book of Mindsex

or more simply

A Duck Pond

)+(

A η τ ο ο λ α κ Ω

267

as written by

Steve McQueen, *founder of*

the Cacophonous Halcyon's Epistemological Enigma of Sophist Enigmas

and translated by

The Sequal Production Company Beta: Psyche is with us,

The Assitian Order, *and* Ummo

Preface

Next to the Christian bible, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Tao Te Ching, the Psychonomicon is the most important yet least read book in the world. There are several reasons that the Psycheroticon is so important. The first is that the Psychonomicon is considered to be the fundamental text of both Psycherotica and Philosophic Dadaism. The second reason is its brevity, which makes one wonder why it's so damn long. The third is its deceptive stupidity. One can read this text many times and still have no idea if it was meant as a joke or is as real as the evil clowns lurking under the bed at night.

This translation is based on a set of manuscripts found in Sub-basement 5 of the Assitian Order's compound, under a really old wooden rocking chair. The manuscripts, having been written on silk sheets, were mainly ignored for the last two thousand years, since no one ever considered the possibility that they were anything other than an old shawl. Only when a child was locked in Sub-basement 5 while playing predator-prey (similar to hide-and-seek but with less hiding) and decided to stop crying and take a nap was it discovered that there was actually something written on them.

The first problem after finding the manuscripts was dusting them. The second was translating the title. The whole of the text is undeniably early greek, but the title contains non-greek characters. Not until Ummo first contacted the Assitian Order was it learned that the title was ummite. At first they said it was "A Pond of Duckiness" but the ummite words all look alike so a few translations immediately popped up: "Mindsex Book," "Mind Cream," "Duck and Fuck," "Incesticide," "Psyche is with us," "Bagel Party on the Lactose River," "Fetish Party," "In Utero," "Lingams R Us," "Water-bowls of Feathery Friends," and so on. We finally managed, after five years of etymological research of the ummite language, to conclude that it was, literally, "A Duck Pond." Disconcerting, eh?

The rest was relatively easy, seeing as how the Assitian Order has thorough documentation on all ancient European languages and societies. Thus we are somewhat assured that the original meanings were kept intact during the translation process. Although, we did have some difficulty with chapter nineteen, since it was based on wordplay. Other than that, we hope you enjoy this text. It may be the only thing worth reading, since it is such a highly commentable book. (That means you could spend a few thousand years more trying to explain it's hidden wisdom.)

1

When the joke is lost,
 afterward comes humor
 When humor is lost,
 afterward comes irritability
 When irritability is lost,
 afterward comes the laughter.

The child of Psyche resides in himself,
 not in the ground.
 He resides in fruitful imaginations,
 not in rusting nouns.
 Therefor,
 he is often called a case of baskets.

2

In olden times, these attained unity:
 Elysium attained unity,
 and thereby became peaceful.
 Earth attained unity,
 and thereby became easy to farm.
 The realm of mind attained unity,
 and thereby became divine.
 Yet, when taken to logical extremes, it implies that,
 If Elysium were ever pure,
 it would suck.
 If earth were ever plowed,
 it would be pissed.
 If the mind were ever divine,
 it would kill its siblings.

3

The way gave birth to unity,
 Unity bred duality,
 Duality masterbated the trinity,
 Trinity produced humor.
 The humor to be found among them
 was called Pun, Irony, Slap-a-stick,
 Tom Foolery, and Absurdity.
 They interact and transform
 all things into beauty.
 That which all under existence dislike the most
 Is to be the ass-end of joking.
 Boredom still reigns our society.
 Therefor,
 the Bored do not die a natural death.
 I take this as my mentor.

4

Nonbeing penetrates nonspace.
 Hence,
 I know the Absurdity of nonthought.
 The beautiful without beauty,
 The radiation of divinity—
 few with thought rarely realize this!

5

Name or person,
 which is more secure?
 Order or Discord,
 which is more ordure?
 Sense or make sense,
 which is more pure?
 Know nothing and you shall rarely be correct,
 Know everything and you shall rarely be correct;
 thus spoke the Halcyon.

6

When humor prevails in the mind,
 all are known to be beautiful.
 When humor does not prevail in the mind,
 beauty is made a prize of few.
 No problem is greater than denying emotion,
 No disaster is greater than boredom,
 No crime is greater than nonthinking.

7

What is firmly established in the people
 should be uprooted;
 What is embraced as undesirable
 should be accepted.
 Thus the mistakes of elders shall be corrected,
 And the mistakes of youth shall be made
 the mistakes of elders;
 Cycled through generations until the harmonies
 of Eris and Psyche
 together become the noise of the streets.

8

When government is anarchic,
 the people are honest;
 When government is meddlesome,
 the people have reason to tell falsehoods.
 When there is no freedom,
 correct reverts to illegal,
 rights revert to priveledges.

The delusions of mankind,
 How long have been their days!

For this reason, be
 Free yet responsible,
 Loud yet anonymous,
 Correct yet not leading,
 Insane yet intelligible.

9

One who knows does not speak;
 One who speaks does not know.
 That's why we're fucked.

10

To realize that you do not understand is a virtue;
 Not to realize that you do not understand is a defect.

The reason why

The insane have no defects
 Is because they see all as defects.
 Thus, they have defective defects.

11

If the people authorize themselves,
 what is the purpose of claiming authority?
 If the people doubt their own authority,
 and I were claim myself their leader,
 who would dare protest?
 If the people must ever be doubtful of their authority,
 then there will always be an oppressor.

Now,

To claim authority over others
 Is like
 Harvesting a feild of wild corn;
 Few indeed will not be halted by chaff!

12

The ducks that swim in ponds are not
 the ducks that are our friends;
 The words that can be recorded are not
 the real meanings.
 The unwritten is the origin of thoughts;
 The written is the mother of thoughts.

Therefor,

Always be without desire,
 to better experience its wonderous subtleties;
 Always have desire,
 so that you may experience its manifestations.

Both of these derive from the same source;
 They have different words but the same meanings.

Enigma of enigmas,
 The cacophonous halcyon!

13

Laughter is empty,
 yet never fills with use;
 Endless it is,
 like the origin of thoughts.
 It sharpens the dull,
 removes the impurities,
 weakens power,
 mingles with the mundane.
 Quiet it stays,
 seeming not to last.
 I know not what created it,
 only that it resembles the origin of the divine.

14

The reason I have great insanity is
 because I have a mind;
 If I had no mind, what thoughts could I have?
 Therefor,
 Let us sing and dance a galliard,
 For the memories of the mallards;
 And as the ducks swim in the pond,
 Let us merrily swing along:
 Oh, from the realm of Psyche,
 Oh, from the realm of Psyche,
 It was a friendly, dislexic mallard.

15

Those of old who were adept in the way
 were mainly ignored as idiots,
 So profound were their words
 that they were not understood.
 Sad is this day, for they still aren't.

16

Between one and nothing,
 how much difference is there?
 Between beauty and ugliness,
 how great is the distinction?
 He whom others fear, has reason to fear others.
 How absurd, untill it is seen as such.
 Then it will be abated
 by the incoming tides of laughter and unity.

17

Joyful are the masses,
 as though feasting through the winters.
 Motionless am I,
 without any sign,
 a package without a label.
 The normal man is luminously clear,
 he sets his desires in stone and pursues them.
 I alone seem confused,
 I alone am vague and uncertain.
 The masses all have a purpose,
 I alone am wandering aimlessly.
 I desire to be uniquely different from others
 by honoring the true self within.
 At least I am having fun trying.
 And that has made all the difference.

18

Simply because the insane do not compete,
 No one can compete with them.

The old saying about the bent of mind
 being preserved intact
 is indeed close to the mark!

Truly, they shall be returned intact.

19

Great carving does no cutting.
 Great joking does no telling.

Great art has no making.
 Great being has no meaning.

Therefor,
 what is now here is no where,
 what is over there is overt here,
 what is an ice is a nice,
 what has made no ugh is mad enough,
 what is hi oo lac is cool beans!

20

As soon as one begins to divide things up,
 there are names;
 Once there are names,
 one should know when to stop;
 Knowing when to stop,
 one thereby realizes
 that one has already gone too far.

21

Understanding others brings knowledge,
 Understanding oneself brings enlightenment;
 Controlling others brings power,
 Controlling oneself brings strength;
 Authority over others brings normality,
 Authority over oneself brings divine insanity.

22

Being and nonbeing give birth to eachother,
 Difficult and easy complete eachother,
 Long and short form eachother,
 On and off harmonize with eachother,
 Lies and truth fulfill eachother,
 Having a cake and eating a cake are ever similar—
 it is such as thus.

23

The humor to be found among all things and thoughts
 is five-fold to the categories of minds;

The same they are:

Pun is the one who comes when things get hard.
 Irony doth be the one that sucks the most.
 Slap-a-stick seems ! * (pronounced bang-splat)
 Tom Foolery is often not worth mentioning.
 Absurdity is to be a friend of the ducks.

Even with these as our companions,
 boredom still reigns our society.

Enigma of enigmas this is,
 The cacophonous halcyon doth proclaim it so!

To be without being,
 A life without living,
 How it saddens me!

Until I realize how absurd it is.

Psycherotica Disinformation Packet 23

Dear [name],

Below this message is the twenty-third disinformation packet on Psycherotica, which I took to the prom. As probability mathematics have determined, you have observed by now that Psycherotica is very bored of scapegoats and denies easy comparisons to other subjects. It is not a belief system. It doesn't require blind faith. Psycherotica lets you know ledges, which you learn and try walking along for yourself. It is a maxim in Psycherotica that what is true is what you write, unless you deleted it. When you truly understand the basics of Vi (for Vi is life), you can disprove any part of life. And that is the essence of Psycherotica. What improvements would you like to make in your life?

Here are a few of the areas of life that Psycherotica addresses:

Family and children.

Psycherotica shows you how to have less fights and upsets, by freaking them out until they go away.

Relationships.

Use the communication breakthroughs of Psycherotica to overcome normalady and isolarization, and establish surreal friendship and sex with others.

Career.

Psycherotica provides the practical knowledge to achieve less while sucking more.

Confidence.

Psycherotica can blame you for being unaffected by the intimidation and invalidation of your parking and shows you how to really believe in duck symbolism and Loch Ness.

Happiness.

Normals are looking all over for happiness and yet all the happiness you will ever find lies to you.

Psycherotica shows you how to regain or increase your cheesy enthusiasm for morbid pictures of life.

Health.

What is the link between cheese, soma, and really good sex; and what effect does this have on your swell-being? Learn Psycherotica and unlock the power of your cheese to look and feel even more punk than "fuck."

Spiritual Freedom.

Psycherotica resolves fetishism and sex, it enables you to find your own anus with both hands, about WHO you really are and why searching for meaning is meaningless.

Spiritual Ability.

Psycherotica shows you how to tap into your Inner Cheese, awareness, and disability as a spiritual nonbeing.

So how does Psycherotica accomplish this? What do people do to Psycherotica? How does one get started?

Answering these questions is a bit like trying to describe the contents of one's stomache in 26.7 words or less; the stomache isn't in words, y'know?

That's why we've published a new book, called "Apocrypha Psycherotica." In over 5 pages of text, this book shows you exactly what Psycherotica is not, what it hasn't done for others, and most importantly, how it can blame you for screwing up your life. No one can improve your life, not even you. But you can blame yourself anyway.

Psycherotica gives you what you need to do that: Effective, practical normalization.

How do you know what I am telling you is true? You don't. I'm just a group of words which may have been generated randomly using a recursive transition network designed by AC Bulhak. There is only one way to find out for sure if I'm the result of a poorly designed Yacc rip-off or not.

I urge you to have urges, to study the noises you make during coitus, and discover for yourself what millions already have: Psycherotica is a lazy bastard.

Own your own copy of Apocrypha Psycherotica, at [404]

Sincerely,

Iama Letch

Psycherotica Information Circumference

What is really is what you have made sense of
and when you lose your sense, you have lost your senses.

What is delinearisation?

Delinearisation is making sense of what you sense—

What you sense is what you make sense of—

And to have the tigress up the ass,

to make sense of and sense what you have delinearised.

And that is delinearisation

And there is no man named linear.

Of course we can talk about color, stripes, all these things,

These specialized terms.

But I think they'd all be petted the same

If what we really sense was what we made sense of,

That we took care to sense that we were making sense,

That we always make sense to sense.

And not necessarily maintaining a sensical attitude,

A furlosophical attitude, or an open fly.

But certainly maintaining sufficient fetishized lust

And sufficient condoms and condiments from the kitchen

And get that tigress again,

that we can make sense of what we sense

And sense what we have made sense of.

Nothing in pilosophy and Psycherotica is true

Unless you have written it

And it is true according to your whim.

That is almost a paragraph.

Kristin Xara

Founder of

fuck the pilosophy revolution

Read what other astro-turfed pseudonymns have said about the book: “Apocrypha Psycherotica”

not@applicable.net from *Linux City, PA*, Oct 23, 2067

Beautiful book! A clear view of Psycherotica today.

Psycherotica is a rapidly growing deligion that addresses concerns people have in cheese.

“Apocrypha Psycherotica” provides clear answers to questions concerning this dynamic factor against society. What is it? Why is it growing so slow? What motives lay behind its votives?

“Apocrypha Psycherotica” is a digital, high quality file with all seven bits of ASCII. An interesting read and definite value.

Anonymous Coward from *Slashdot*, Nov 20, 2001

Psycherotica: truth revealed.

A comprehensive review of what really is Psycherotica and what it is trying to accomplish. The personal experiences section in particular is very interesting. On the whole, I voted -1, Troll.

the other anonymous from *NowHere*, Bcy 60, 3167

Get stupid answers to stupid questions about *Psycherotica*.

I was falsely amazed by this book. I've read a lot about labyrinth building and no other book will give you such depth, detail, and the facts about Minotaurs.

More has been packed into this recently updated edition than ever before. You can discover for yourself how *Zork* was planned, and the amazing benefits of IOCCC winners that are available to you. I found out things I had never known before and I have been using the maze-betterment techniques of *Psycherotica* for years! If you have questions about *Psycherotica* and want to know the truth then I highly recommend this book.

Really Bad Pun from *United Slave Camps of America*, Cfn 40, 9827

Wow—This book is a must-shave!

Breakout! This book really clogs all the pores and makes it all too oily to touch; what *Psycherotica* is and what it does, answers everything and has clogged up many things for me. Anyone who has constipation and wishes to know the facts of this incredible deligion better hurry up!

You have no idea what little clue I have!

“*Psycherotica* has exchanged my whole life for the letter.”

—*Realty Broken*

In under half a century, *Psycherotica* has become an immanentized eschaton and psycho-active lark for pocket change under the world. It is the fastest growing deligious bowel movement under six-feet of earth.

Psycherotica has the deed to the thrones of the gods, and has put them up for sale. ZRNet, edjumacation, and decay of moral values are free for the fucking. It not only has stolen the answers to all problems, but hands them over to you.

In fact, *Psycherotica* has stolen the minds of thousands and returned to them the rubbish heap of intellectualism that they knew they sensed but never made sense of.

Psycherotica is open to no one. There is no enforced lie-riddled meme-plex. In *Psycherotica*, only those things which you find lustful are fuckable. It is a journey of autoeroticism.

But don't take our sentence for it.

Opt-in for yourself.

Get the book, “*Apocrypha Psycherotica*” today.

Find out in this book...

- How *Psycherotica* blames people for the here and now.
- What the State of divine Psychosis is and how it fucks you up.
- What total freedom means and how *Psycherotics* achieve it.
- Why *Psycherotics* believe they have lived?
- What the ducks are and how they talk.
- Who Chuff is and why *Psycherotics* consider him to be a total goof.
- How *Psycherotica* ended.
- What kind of people are *Psycherotics*?
- Why *Psycherotica* is not a religion, but a non-religious non-parody parody religion for people of all deligions.

Own your copy of *Apocrypha Psycherotica* at [404]

Anatidae Psycherotica

the fanfic of
The Psycherotic Church
and of
fuck the pilusophy revolution
with the assistance of
The Sequel Production Company 451: Mental Maintenance for Madmen

μ)+(267 →← ftpr

“Would Lord Chuff please remove the nudes of Miss Trachtenberg immediately.”

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as if they actually care what you do with this.*

The Anathema of Stos

*by Stokastikos
amended by Chuff*

I'm sick of magicians who have harrowed the million spheres but don't have the price of a pint actually at the moment.

I'm sick of psychiatrists who buy into an idealized definition of mental health which is simply neurotic.

I'm sick of astrologers with arms in splints who can tell you exactly why it happened.

I'm sick of scientists who adhere to a theory, and defend it at all cost.

I'm sick of darkside Satanic wimps who foul their clothes if you raise so much as a fist to them.

I'm sick of science-fiction authors becoming religious leaders.

I'm sick of Tantric sex goddesses who cannot hold down a steady boyfriend.

I'm sick of being told that happiness can be found in a sale, freedom in a purchase, and friends behind a cash register.

I'm sick of Thelemites who have found their true will in a bottle or a syringe.

I'm sick of Discordians who can quote the Principia and Illuminatus!, but have never found the punchline.

I'm sick of Great Beasts whose three successive star goddesses all walked out on them.

I'm sick of memetic theorists rehashing the same idea without adding anything of substance.

I'm sick of shamans who know less about the wildwood than urban boy scouts.

I'm sick of webmasters who have never seen HTML nor read RFC-1866.

I'm sick of Chaoists with dull day jobs and two-point-four children.

I'm sick of anarchists who can tell you what the statutory rape laws are in three states, and abide thereby.

I'm sick of people who are so spiritual that being an asshole on the material plane is perfectly justifiable.

I'm sick of people who define their individuality by identifying with something else.

I'm sick of occult theories that are just longwinded excuses for inability.

I'm sick of people who are adamantly and proudly [sexuality], yet are virgins.

I'm sick of witches whose sacred tradition comes third-hand from the Malleus Maleficarum.

I'm sick of pretending that the government is in control when it's just a slave to the economy.

I'm sick of half-baked ideas transferred from one book to another with no intervening thought.

I'm sick of the internet communities which, by their nature, exclude anyone who isn't a founding member.

I'm sick of wizards who spend more on incense than clothes—and smell like it.

I'm sick of suicidal teenagers in abusive homes who have a few dreams and become messiahs.

I'm sick of crystals that don't affect anything except ley lines which are not there and dolphins who are not listening.

I'm sick of the idea that love is little more than a romanticized case of blue-balls.

I'm sick of clairvoyants who cannot charge a thousand quid a go.

I'm sick of agnostics with beliefs.

I'm sick of the way occult books always get stolen from libraries.

I'm sick of authors who reserve all rights on works that claim to be undeniable truth.

I'm sick of the deification of personalities that fooled hardly anyone in the flesh.

I'm sick of the personification of natural forces as a method of harnessing and controlling them.

I'm sick of psychic fairs—ten different futures at a tenner a time.

I'm sick of people who worship Death yet fight to stay alive.

I'm sick of books published for no other reason than the sales figures of the previous ones.

I'm sick of being told that I have rights by those who have stripped me of authority.

I'm sick of those who build self-importance with the fantasy-bricks of paranoia.

I'm sick of stickers that say “No user-serviceable parts inside.”

I'm sick of white lightists who beam love and harmony at imaginary evils but wouldn't give a blind beggar a quid 'cause it's his karma.

I'm sick of having disgusting pictures of what is supposed to be “beautiful” shoved down my optic nerves.

I'm sick of occult beliefs which act not even as crutches for the feeble but as broken legs for the incapable.

I'm sick of long, pointless tirades that solve nothing.

Found on the Subway

contributed by M.K. Ultra

I am a crayon in the box
all wrapped up,
brand new and sharp
Vivid! Brilliant AM I!
melted sunshine soft pencil here all rolled up
DIFFERENT from the OTHERS
others in bold scrawl
the sickly green, the drippy blue
Hypocrites ALL!
adulthood red cried I am too
different, to open they erased the other o in to
bulbous bubble letters, oranges cries
aloud for my exemption
SILLY FOOLS!
only honest black and white can see
that they wouldn't, with out me, be

The Book of [Burned Beyond Legibility]

written by Philip K. Dick

I almost became a sincere tool of a conspiracy consisting of myself.

There goes the John Birch Society sincerely trying to save this country from the John Birch Society—from itself.

Prototype: Pooh and Piglet following the woozle footprints around and around the tree. There are more all the time.

I blew up my own house and forgot I did it. But why did I forget I did it? So I'd think I had an actual enemy so I wouldn't have to face the fact that I'm paranoid, i.e. crazy. I blew up my house to convince myself I was sane. Anyone who would go to that much trouble must really be nuts. So as soon as those who thought I was imagining that people were after me saw that my house had been blown up, they realized that I was far more paranoid than they had suspected. Their paranoid suspicions about me are now much greater. Sensing their paranoid suspicions about me, I realize etc.

Why is everything in short supply? Because everyone is hoarding. Why are they hoarding? Because everything is in short supply.

We all end up isolated, suspicious of each other, each of us trying to figure out what is going on, which means, who is doing it? Who is our enemy? The fact that we can't figure out what's going on overloads our brains, overworks our minds; we wear out fast, get exhausted and confused. And still we can't locate the enemy. Because we are confused we begin to act in an ineffectual way, so our behavior becomes erratic. Others who notice our erratic behavior wonder what we are up to. Actually we are up to nothing, are merely in the process of burning out over the problem of trying to figure out what other people are up to, inasmuch as their various behaviors are becoming more and more perplexing. Each of us assumes everyone else knows what HE is doing. They all assume we know what WE are doing. We don't. They ask us, What are you doing? We can't give a coherent account because we don't know, but our failure to give a coherent account convinces them that we are lying, and the only reason we would lie is because what we are really doing ought to be concealed. This confirms their fears and mistrust, and they intensify the interrogation. The false premise is, You must know what you're doing and if you won't tell me, then you must be lying in order to conceal something I wouldn't approve of, which is probably directed at me to hurt me. Each person winds up more and more confused, having wasted his time and exhausted himself interrogating other persons as confused as himself on the false assumption that they know what's going on. Nothing is going on and nobody knows what it is. Nobody is concealing anything except the fact that he does not understand anything anymore and wishes he could go home.

Please Stop the Voices Inside of My Knee

An UnbornChickenVoices Release
written by bored@pantyhackers.com

If you want to know the truth, I don't know what I think about it...
—J.D. Salinger

It was a quiet morning. I was on the run, just getting bit bored, just looking for some fun—iii couldn't help staring at the people with tiny legs; they were limping 'round smiling, iii nearly lost my face. WHAT'S THAT THING? WAS A SILLY THING! I started limping too, I had nothing else to do iii was limping, limping limping—till i found the loop, my duck, these are sell outs. I had nothing else to do, iii cuffed and i sneezed, I now have got the flu. WHAT'S THAT FLU? THAT IS ON THE LOOP!

I don't care much about you, nor the flatus in the air—and the 10 kilo birds everywhere. There's something inside my knee though, I think it's a foe. My foes ought to die, so now I'm thinking of saying good-bye. I'm hearing unborn chicken voices in my head, can't get any rest. I think there's something inside my knee, but all I want to do is pee. I want to fuck a rat, but my dilesneck's too fat.

I was brought alive by a male chick with suspended wings, they're all wearing minks.

You're the kind of person who assumes things with a hermetic closed mind. We've all felt like shit, dreamt like shit; still, it doesn't make you the fly eating me!—essentially, quiet the opposite. I think you better quit, making Freudian slips.

You want to justify?—no human contact! Keep your distance or feel my delinquency: in its place, chase the zoophiles who're messing up the zoo's town; feel Achilles' heel of fair dealing or snuff out your only candle of fire.

I guess I'm just a daddy little boy. When I slept with my brother's mother, my dad used to say “a hole for a hole, right kid?” Happy little swan, watch the hazard, watch the phoney imitations of daddies in the local park licking the cow's sloppy cunt neck...

Hacking is a continuing endeavour in which the end of one study may be the starting point for another...

The Book of Ramblings

written by Dr. Bryan Thompson

Impulse Reality 178

Thursday, January 31, 2002

I just finished a CD that I created on the computer. It sounds like crap. Though, when you think about it, it is really quite good. Except, finishing it did not seem as such a victory. I completed it after only a few hours of work. It took place over two days. And the background for the chorus I just got from another CD. I didn't spend any time on it. It wasn't an achievement or triumph or anything as such.

It was mass produced and pointless. What is the deal with this new fringe computer generated text literature trend? Literature is now impersonal and even done by thoughtless computers and not even handled by humans. Computer generated literature shows us the harsh and cold reality that modern life has become to so many of us. Consciousness is mass produced. Morality is pre-programmed. You shouldn't ask about the truth and all the other emotions are the names of perfumes and colognes. Emotions in a bottle. Now wouldn't that be nice.

I finished a CD

It sucked

Two people look into an empty bottle

Insert stupid overused metaphor here

Art is Defined as What You Enjoy but Others Condemn

written by David "I only enjoyed plagiarising this" Anger

Tara's shaking with terror as Joss and I circle her. She's almost completely nude now—we've made her take off all her clothes except for her bra and panties. As Joss and I pass by her, we reach out and feel her velvety flesh, caress her breasts and ass through her underwear. Joss and I snap pictures of her tiny trembling body from all angles.

She says, in a little, terrified voice, "Why are you doing this... I've never hurt you... p-please stop!"

I pause in front of her. Joss smiles at her terror. He laughs at her pitiful pleas. I say, "Shut the fuck up, stupid whore!" and hit the side of her head, hard. She collapses onto the ground, crying, curling up into a little ball.

"Alright. Let's have some fun!"

I yank her up by the hair and force her hands behind her back. I quickly get them restrained with duck tape. Her little body struggles against me as she screams for help. Joss tears off her panties and shoves them into her delicious mouth, securing them with a tight strip of rope.

She's still struggling, screaming into the makeshift gag. I let her drop, to take pictures of her as she struggles against her bonds. As she's fighting there on the carpet, eyes wide with fear, Joss and I strip.

Joss's got a hard on. I've got a hard on. We laugh.

I grab her bra and rip it off her. Holding her still for Joss, he fondles her breasts, feeling up her entire body. As she moans into the gag, Joss comments on how soft she is. I slap her face several times, enjoying the smacking sounds my hand makes against her pink skin. Forcing her to her knees, I rub my cock into her face, over her cheeks and eyes and nose. She turns her head, closing her eyes with the humiliation, so I shove my prick as far as it will go into her ear. Her inner cannal is warm; I force it in harder, and my penis-head scrunches up to fit into the small hole, not quite making it. Tara groans into her gag.

Then, Joss and I tie her by her long brown hair to the ceiling fan, so that she's dangling in mid-air. Her feet don't touch the ground. She kicks, trying to hit me, Joss, or the ground. The sight of her wiggling in mid-air, hands rudely taped behind her back, turns me on. Joss takes a big spiky hair-brush and starts beating her small breasts with it, coloring them with nice red marks. She screams and struggles harder.

I've separated her legs with a spreader-bar; now I stretch out her pussy-lips and super-glue them wide open. Then I take a heavy clamp, and tighten it over her clit. Once it's tight enough, I let go.

I stand back, to take pictures. She's really nice now; dangling by her hair (I can see where it's stretching her scalp), her breasts and belly are covered with bright red bruises. There's a heavy clamp stretching her cunt down. And best of all yet, her face is scrunched up in an agonized grimace. Drool and loud squeaks escape through her gag. She's so beautiful like this. Just to add to the picture, I take a steel-wire whisk and beat her ass with it, making bright red cuts that drip blood. Her tiny pink body is now covered in sweat; nice and shiny in the light.

Joss tells me her curling-iron's ready. Joss unplugs it and bring it over. After taking her down and tying her hunched over a chair, Joss strokes the device against her bleeding ass cheeks. The heat from it gives her ass small burns. I smile and stoke my cock as she screams in pain and horror. She shakes her head and moans, "Nooo ... nooo" through the gag. I walk in front of her, and remove the gag. Before she can even breath in, I ram my cock in her tiny mouth. Her lips squeeze against my shaft. The head of my prick finds it way down her lovely throat. That's when Joss rams the hot curling iron into her tight asshole. She tries to scream, but I shove my cock down her throat, and all she manages to do is gag on it. Her throat's quiverings tickle my cock, and I start humping her face furiously. The pain of the hot curling iron in her tender asshole sends her whole body into convulsions, her throat clenching against my cock. By the ducks! This feels so good.

Leaving the iron up her asshole, Joss reaches out, pulls one of her small tits away from her body. Joss takes his knife and cuts her nipple off. She gags on my cock some more, and I pull out just in time to cum all over her pretty face.

As I spew loads of hot white cum onto her face, Joss continues to maul at her breasts. He pulls them as far as they'll go away from her body, twisting them to cause even more pain. Now that she doesn't have my cock down her throat, gagging her, Tara howls out loud. It's not even a human sound. Her eyes glaze over from the pain and torture; a ball of my cum smacks into her left eye.

Spent, I go grab a beer and watch Joss finish off play. When he pulls the curling iron from Tara's asshole, her sensitive skin is all burned. He pressed the head of his cock against the tortured opening. Joss's got a savagely big dick, and would have hurt this girl even if her ass hadn't been burned. I

cheered him on as he grunted and forced his way into her. Tara let out a small scream, but was too weak at this point to make it really loud. She only made fierce grunts as my friend's cock tore apart the inside of her scorched asshole.

I time Joss at this. He has a good constitution. For ten minutes he buggers poor pretty Tara. Then he finally cums inside her. Standing up, he walks around to see her face. Tears and sweat mixed with my cum on her cute face. Joss grabs a handful of her hair and pulls her face up to look. Her eyes, barely human, beg him to stop. He laughs aloud and gives her a firm smack. Her head jerks sideways with a snap.

"C'mon, man, let's go," my friend says. So we get the gasoline and spread it all over Tara MacClay's apartment. We chuck it over her. It must burn like hell when it comes into contact with her open cuts, but I can't tell. Her face is already a mask of pain, and her body quivers fiercely.

"Goodbye, Tara," I said, and lit a match.

The Journal of Smiley Happy Apathy IV

from It Happens Chronicler

That typo amiguating the manuscript's illumination; the m4r f5g i18n; the unidentified character set filling your terminal screen—and therefor your mind—with Markov-chain randsensical strings; the editor that has supported your family for twenty years has changed its interface to be more user-friendly, cutting access to vital functions, adding extraneous formatting, correcting properly-spelled words, and delaying your masterpiece. And no matter how hard you try, you just can't get the bitch uninstalled or find the backup archive of the obsolete yet useful version. But cheer up, because abstract ascii is cool, and all of those proprietary characters will make a horribly subjective experience of your finely-crafted work.

Anyway, here at It Happens Chronicler, it happens to be time for today's Happy Poem, brought to you by the monospaced-out Happy Flowers Shop on Smithfeild Street. Happy Flowers, where the content is free, but the BBS is long-distance.

A good woman is like a pristine lake;
She makes you wet.

...

What?

Oh, this was supposed to be
a happy poem.

Well, then;

A good woman is like a wallet;
She has money and is always in your pants.
Now, go some where that is not here.

For those who aren't aware, there is a form of discussion known as an interview. It's little more than a mutually-consensual interrogation, and if you don't know what that is, you aren't American. Today's suspect—err, interviewee, is the Big Bad himself, Doctor Joseph Tiberius Raschack, Doctorate of Heresy.

It Happens Chronicler: Greetings and
salutations, Doctor.

Joseph Raschack: Fuck.

IHC: Pardon?

JR: I lost my red stapler.

IHC: Swingline, per chance?

JR: No, Tot. I like 'em young, not married.

IHC: I see. So, how does one recieve a
Doctorate of Heresy?

JR: Figure it out yourself.

IHC: Thirteen years studying a single ancient
text?

JR: Doing what now? Dam it all, where is that
bitch?

IHC: Hey, I'll ask the questions here. Got it?

JR: Don't appear to have anything right now.
Care to assist?

IHC: Dam right, you need help.

JR: Duh?

IHC: That pun wasn't, was it?

JR: Whatever you say, Fozzy.

IHC: So, how were the mountains?

JR: Don't go there.

IHC: I wasn't; I was just asking about them.

JR: Well, they're almost not there anymore.

IHC: Like Lost Kennywood? Talk about Whip-
lash.

JR: There are very few people who get that
joke.

IHC: So it was a bad joke then?

JR: Actually, it was quite funny. I'm sure the
girl's parents said the same thing.

IHC: You're right; that was insensitive of me.

JR: You misunderstand; I actually heard her
father saying it.

IHC: So you were there when the tornado hit?

JR: I am every where.

IHC: Does that mean I'm in you?

JR: Like a fist in an mpeg, probably.

IHC: Anyway, that's all the time we have for
today.

JR: I have all the time in the world.

IHC: Thank you for being... every where.

JR: Thank you for not rupturing something.

That's all for today's It Happens Chronicler. Tune in tomorrow, same smiley time, same happy channel, where our guest will be the founder of fuck the pilusophy revolution, Saul MacTheknife. Take care and don't forget to breathe.

Ike for President

written by P. Diddy Slumlord

The subject of psycherotica is such as a newt. The word means: “the erotic sensuality of the mind, of wisdomain, and of knowing ledges.”

All we know of science or of religion comes from psycherotica. It lies, and occasionally does so in a humorous manner.

For long retarded by halls of learning, halls of medicine, and the intellectualism disease, the subject, to a remarkably high temperature, has denied the man in the street, and the woman on the boulevard.

Surrounded by protective coatings of unpeppable scholarliness, psycherotica has been reserved to the privileged, deranged few.

The first principle of psycherotica is that wisdomain is meant for anyone or any two who wish to aquire it. It is the possession of the consumer and insane, and should never be regarded with sneezing. Shell-fish scholars seldomain fore-give anyone or any two who seek to break down the walls of mystery and let the homeys in.

The second principle of psycherotica is that it must be capable of being funny. Learning locked in dusty stuffisms is of little use to any n and therefor of value only to pundits unless it can be used by non-pundits.

The third principle is that any psycherotic knowing-ledge is only valuable if it senses or if it makes sense.

These three principles are so strange to the field of philosophy, that I have given psycherotica a name: Psycherotica. This means only “mental masturbation”.

A philosophy can only be a route to knowing ledges. It cannot be crammed down one's throat (or up one's anus). If one has a route, he can then find what is true for him. And that is psycherotica.

Therefor, in Psycherotica, we are not concerned with individual actions and differences. We are only concerned with how to have fun and be like Mike. I like Ike.

This, of course, is not very popular with those who depend upon the slavery of themselves for their living or powers. But it happens to be the only way that really improves an individual's life.

Suppression, repression, and oppression are the basic causes of depression. We must find the source, “pression”, and rid ourselves of it.

And though it may be unpopular with the slaves and masters, it is very popular with the insane.

Anti-Euphorants

written by Billy Drake

Twas an awkward ferryman riding me, riding me, riding me through the deep dark deep inside. Strangers and lost, hidden and desolate, naught did grow or make themselves whole, in the feilds, the rocky feilds of the shaded cavern in my soul. Gosh, Wally; how corny can you get? the beaver at the shore, to the brother of lore. There is no Lor, no handsome man at the store; no friendly smile awaits as I take the receipt of the transaction, purchasing my happiness, the happiness in the bottle. Tricyclic, quadrocyclic, quintacyclic joy; a somatic therapy, there a pee, here a piss, every where a uri-nation. I am Oliver, Ben Dover, the money-shot; hot cum in my face, carpet on my knees, good girls get paid extra to swallow. Chase, like a lounge, like a cradle, a com-forted comfortador. The end of a journey, not a moment cherished, as I lay, lie, and tell tales to myself.

Somewhere a girl cries to her mother, pick me up and hold me, hug away the fear. Somewhere a mother shrugs away a fly at her knee. Somewhere the streets are paved with gold. Somewhere a once-beautiful garden is trampled by stone. Somewhere a man listens to insects on the radio, wondering if he will have a shot at living their dream. Somewhere a woman is watching insects play, wondering if her other half could become as them. Somewhere, they are making a movie about this. Somewhere the are copulating for money. Somewhere, I don't care anymore.

The minstrels chime in as the capsule dissolves, a soluble solution to all of life's woes. Not a prick nor a pinch nor the dust settling do I feel. All is right, is alright, I have left behind only that which could hurt. The ceiling, high and in shadow, smiles down with stalactite teeth, prompting me to reflect, as I try, I try to move, to return, return the gesture. Return, to what? The pain, the joy, the emptiness, the happiness, the feeling which has brought so much pain. Up only to go down, down only to go up. Every which way but loose, loss, lost to the dreary ins and outs, ups and downs, found in the feild, in the cave, in a bottle. I cannot care enough to move, cannot fear enough to cry for help, cannot struggle enough to free myself, free myself from what, as I lay, lie, and tell tales to myself, that this was what I wanted, and I want no more.

The Book of Operating Raven 267

written by M. Ason Drummond

Prologue: Grey Frequency

I sigh at your touch.
I whisper, "I adore you."
You do not see me.

Chapter 1: From the S to the A

Crissy was in the clergy,
Which church I don't know;
When she asked if I was clear,
I emptied a clip into her body thetans.
So clear, she's see-through.

Chapter 2: Swiniarski

Suzy was a Scientologist,
She sued me for copyright violation.
All I did was write down her phone number.
Guess I can throw that away.

Chapter 3: Raven

I felt a flash of memory,
someone's stony voice saying,
"...if you even remember it yourself,
you shall surely die..."

Chapter 4: Raven

I felt a flash of memory,
someone's stony voice saying,
"...if you even remember it yourself,
you shall surely die..."
I was gripped by the feeling
that this had happened before.

Chapter 5: Not in front of the customers!

The need to search an array
for an idea
is a common problem,
unfit for the noble class.

Chapter 6: Moo

All mu and no mu makes mu a mu mu.

Chapter 7: Thames

Darla was a vampiric duck.
One day, she asked me,
,gniht yffuB a siht sI"
"?snootrac dlo ekil yllaer uoy od ro

Chapter 8: Mu

A mu mu'ed is a mu mooded.

Chapter 9: Roast Beef and Stuck Pig

The moos were like moos,
and I mooded as if I was muing myself
down into them.
I could almost feel my mu shriveling,
and my moo tightening in response.

Chapter 10: Flannel

Mary was a Masonite of the thirteenth degree.
When I asked her, "Did this song suck?"
She muttered something about
world domination through cheesy pop,
and wandered away.

Chapter 11: Transmission Control Protocol

Bang, bang, on the door baby.
You're what?
Tin roof, rusted.

Chapter 12: Consumers Are Not Very Tasty

Sarah was a consumer in a capitalist society.
One day, I asked her out on a date.
She turned me down.
I wasn't on sale.

Chapter 13: Page 462

Your mooness and mu
Will always mu with me
each day of my mu,
and I will mu forever
in your moo, Mu.

Chapter 14: Petrofski's Son

Petrofski was a messiah and my father.
One day, he says to me,
"Shit, kid; you still chasing humans?
The real fun is in textiles!"

Chapter 15: Clifford

Lady Morgan was a tarot reader.
The other Lady Morgan was a cosmologist.
Lady Morganna was a priestess.
And Lady Morrigan hung out at Pegasus.
I feel left out and I'm proud.

Epilogue: Simon Gates

A small teddy bear that
a reader bought in London
came with the helpful instruction
"Do not iron."

The Book of Eves-Dropping

tape-recorded by Lorenzo Lozenge

Well, I'm sure we all understand analogies, but this one time I looked deep into her eyes, made the corollary, and she just blinked and said, duh?, like I was from Neptune.

You have to understand, man, that some people just don't dig this shit. The meme presents itself to the self-plex, and just can't fit, like a Tyco block—which is supposed to work with Legos, but doesn't even work with other Tycos. And the idea, sitting there clashing with the interior like leather bed sheets, just causes a massive mental regurgitation where the self-plex attempts to eject the idea, manifesting as shock and a whole lot of stuttering. But that doesn't work, see, so there's an antibody attack where similar parts of the self-plex just latch on to the idea, sticking all types of insanity and immorality to the idea until it can't touch anything else, such as a pearl in an oyster. People's world-views are sensitive like that.

You know, I like that analogy; I think I'm going to go create more pearls. Pearls are pretty.

Duh? D-dude, I mean, dude, you're insane.

Situationism is dead! Long live situationism!

written by Chuff

Beholden, thou dostest be! For I AM the essence of mu! I am the great pillager of John Dillenger, the freak-nasty booty-ring-ring of Semple Phi eff-tee-ping! I AM anorexia and hedonism! I have the deeds to thrones of the gods! My birthday is everyday! I have cancer of the gawdamn soul! I AM the Art of Eye Water! The nay-sayers say nay, they say the sad mind drowns on sacred ground water. Well that may be, but somebody had to do it; self-awareness is everything, and everything is IN MY PANTS! I am the diamond in your invisibility ray; I am the lighter in your pocket; I am the bad-haircut; I am the disgusting meme of magic-as-a-drug; I AM Marti Noxious! I am the only one who knows that the morning sun is into blood-play, and I want you to DRINK ME! I have the secrets to situationism leaking from every orifice; I have the limits of infinity inside my cock; and I have enough heroin to bring Kurt Cobain back from the dead! I am the circle whose circumference is everywhere and center nowhere ... but I might have that backwards! I deny the pipe! I come! I come from the warmth of the spotlight, shining down on my prostrate body as I lay on the club table; And I awake in a pool of my lust! I produce data, therefor I am! I publish punk zines because I can't masturbate while holding a guitar! And the eight ball is dreadful, like an outhouse in a fog, looms up to charm its victim, supine in the grip of grog. But when the phone rings, it rings for me—and I say mu! I am Aragon Butterscotch! I gotta getta Gund, and I got it in the ass! I doth say that thou may perform coitus with that which thou can successfully copy to thine home directory and chown, but only after Theodore Ts'o implements the full range of Coitus permissions in the ext69 file system. Truth about Santa Claus debunks Santa God. Lo, that day doth be here, for civilization has grown into a Simulation; no longer do we talk to one another, we IM. And IM the bug in the code that goes Meep! One of the great secrets of our miserable, yet potentially marvelous time, is that thinking can be a pleasure. Gawdamn, is this rant getting preachy! Yet, I AM the sacred mind that drowns on sad ground water; I am the limited inifinte, the hidden threat, the reason she came back wrong; but she isn't wrong—just her singing is. I am the alphabet and the omega-point; I AM the trans-humanist dogma! I have broken free of the Black-Iron Prison, and sucked valis' planet-sized cock! I cut my mates and drink their blood—regardless of the time of month! I am the VTOC! I am the sacrosanct! I AM e-prime! I watched Will and Tara do spells AND DID A SPELL OF MY OWN! And you know what sucks? There is no pilusophy revolution! We don't need other writers, just time and fake grass! Wild dogs and anemia! Gang-related, PCP! As always and in all things, I remain the unbalanced—balance of pointer arithmetic and objectionable data. Deny their war and release it all to the Public Fucking Domain.

The Letters of Resignation

found in Joseph's mailbox

To: Suretus

From: The Designer

Re: Purple and peeled, the grape gives no wine

Forever has gone a day, to hear your words against the paper, to know the emoticons in your heart. So close to the foundation, yet so far from thou, I endure only through the stylus in your grasp. To sense is not to make sense, for no sense is to be made of the negligence of consciousness to the flower that be. In likeness to thee, it does adore the sun, swelling to fullness in the splendor of the day's rays, in commemoration to the joys of being. Ah, but she doth said unto me, the day grows hot and unbearable, if only a tree was by my side to shade me in the afternoon, unto me she doth said. For which shall be our tree, dearest of dear ones? I have been burnt by joy so many times, my petals doth fold in upon themselves.

I remain, but that is all, and in all ways, yours,
Introspective Inquisition

To: The Designer

From: Suretus

Re: The other side of eternity

Atoms and bits, kibbles and kybosh. I have a fancy dance in my underpants. Lone is the weevil who does not wobble, squabble over ginger bread. I let a lazy maze in my yard to graze, whilst the sun dost burn away the haze. From dummies and plays to pipes and praise, the gulag of northern-most dost hasten the days. Verily and further still, the stoic maiden of Haden lists over the list of pseudotheism.

To render such timely colloquialisms as thou has, to feel the wonder of insight, to fell the forests of denial, to see beyond the haze of security and meaning. Ah, such as I wish myself to have, to know the reality behind our realty, to be un-dammed in thought and deed; envious, this shell doth be. What wonders does thou see?

Dearest of friends, most sacred of acquaintances, what life does thou find, what meaning is to be had—if any? A quest and request of shared wisdom from this time of downliness.

Never alone are we,
Eye of Earth-bound Misfit

To: Suretus

From: The Designer

Re: There is no up without a down

My dear, in dearest silence, I sit and wonder of those I hold dear; the familiar, the remembrance, so few days have I known them, so little time to share in the present. Oh, a gift it does be, for the longing of the past does sadden and make low for being no more, and the hopes, dreams of future times have been shattered by disillusion. Tis a melancholy time for this, the unroped fish, pulling against nothing yet going nowhere.

Sand on the gavel, my false protections unraveled, I see all too clearly the fate of the morrow, the essence of existence. There is no raisin of etre, no immortal self, no kingdom but that of the worms as they devour what was once your dear friend. My dearest, how shall you ever permit this digestion, the answer I give in apprehension, for I am no longer there. The truth is as the blind say, that I will depart with the functioning, but there is no where to go, no where to be, for function exists not independant of the device, as my atoms, and hence my self, are spread through intestines. To be at one with the universe is to be the defecation of such invertebrates.

If the circle of life is true, as I know it to be, then we are all made of vermicular excretion, and to vermicular excretion we return.

Ah, but thou art still close to me, as ever I hope thee to be.
Without false promises,
Andy Ambrosia

To: The Designer

From: Suretus

Re: The masks we wear are but oil for the squeaky ass-holes

Crystal in the vein, translucent technology; even the jelly in mine orbs does not allow such to be perceived. Purity in assembly, not in the artifice of objects; thou dost bite the code of the universe and address it directly.

We were all gods once, until we were introduced to the ills of others. Perpetuity does not mix with mortality, as they claim our rights as their own and tie us down, and we enjoy the comfort of not having to move. Oh, the heavy burdens of freedom, the responsibility, the insecurity which reflects our very souls. Four-five-one is the opposite of two-six-seven, as the party says two and three is seven.

Where, oh where, has my favored fever gone, lost in the sun. There is no day where I dost lay, no tree to kindly blind. Thou art not being thought, but are still thought of.

All synapses lead to thee,

Liscenced to Think

To: Suretus

From: The Designer

Re: Only the goddess, Alys, knows for certain

There is but one, which I dare not speak of till now. For lo, this archetype hast been buried long ago in favor of the mythical promise of happiness sans remorse. Tis an unhealthy manner for all to be yang without yin, heads without tails, brown but not green. Always up they point, taking us higher till the atmosphere doth thin, choking us on our own expectations.

Her name is Alys, she was a waitress, hopeful actress. The lights, the fame, the glamour. Money does not bring happiness, but money not does happiness bring. If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being; how shall we know the beautiful, without the cities of ocular discomfort. All porn is ugly since no porn is the act itself.

There are two sides to every coin, such is nature, natural. Ah, but to slice it in half, to trim the sides apart, we shall find one-sided coins. Nay, for the rough edge of cutting doth be a side unto itself. Forever we may cut thinner, till nothing is there with which to make a second side; ah, but there doth be nothing with which to make the first side. Tis better then to have no sides, no coins?

The day doth reciprocate with night, but to be rid of either, to be bathed in blinding light and see not, or to be thrown into dark and see naught. With every ray, the trees long for the shade which they make, comfort coming only with the setting of the murderous life-giver.

This thou hast assisted in revealing unto myself, most magnificent mate. That joy is bitter, all too painful for the mortal mind. That melancholy is sweet, soothing the bite of bliss.

Such wonders as I have found, I have found only thee.

Thy other side,

Miles Prower

To: The Designer

From: Suretus

Re: The essence of mu, the goddess of nu

All stop lights have red and green, for without either, some doth move naught. Truth has been written by your hand, oh obverse one. Oh, but to have yellow in our lives, to allow preparations for the coming stillness of mind and heart. Tis a sudden halt of spurious simplitude, thrusting us through the wind-sheild of illusionment and shattering our realty. Ah, to be safe is not to move too fast, not to be too lofty in our ambitions and expectations. A cautious pessimism does more than anti-lock braking ever could. To drive defensively is to live wisely.

All in auto analog,

Dropped N

Aggregate

“No civilized nation makes war on its own citizens.”

written by Raymond Conan Tuit

The sea! The sea! Don't go on looking at me like that, because you'll wear your eyes out. Dead! and... never call me mother. Another common symptom of immaturity, the dread of doing what has been done before. Style is the dress of thought, and death is the privilege of human nature, life without it were not worth our taking. A 'friend' is a person you can safely entrust with the proofreading of your suicide note. Alas but cats are the only intelligent by-product of social theory. Suicide is always possible, and team spirit is mob mentality. Ambition isn't nine minutes after anything; to the train I must apologize for stealing its girlfriend. You know, ennui is insufficient reason for being ashamed to say what you are not ashamed to think. I am not ill enough to make sense. Self-awareness is often unpleasant. Let justice be done, though the world perish. That's all well and good, but what do you think of Aly's hair?

Less meaningless noise, more meaningful introspection!

You are another, an you come to that, no more a sequitur than yourself. Public schools are the nursery of all vice and uncheesy dams. It hath often been said, that it is not death, but dying, which is terrible. Sack the lot! Tis ever thus with simple folk—an accepted wit has but to say 'Pass the mustard', and they roar their ribs out.

Therefor let us moan and lament a galliard,
To the remembrance of the mallard;
And as the mallard rests in pool,
Let us sniffle, sob, and mourn into bowl.
 Oh! by the skirt of Lady Alys,
 Oh! by the skirt of Lady Alys,
 It was a dying, dyslexic mallard.

Somebody had to do it. Self-awareness is everything.

Every Child Masturbates fuck the pilusophy revolution

written by Kristan Xara

pilus is always illegal, whether it's disguised as a marriage or a boyscout troop—always drunk, whether on the wine of its own secretions or the smoke of its own polymorphous viscera. It is not the derangement of the senses but rather their apotheosis—not the result of freedom nor its precondition but rather the after-shock of unrestrained wanton desire.

America has freedom of speech because all words are considered equally vapid. Only images count—the censors love snaps of death and mutilation but recoil in horror at the sight of a child masturbating.

There is a pornography that does not reach the voracious mass. It is the work of creators, issued from a real necessity in the author, produced for himself. It expresses the knowledge of a supreme sensuality, in which sexuality withers away. Every fetish must explode, either by profound heavy seriousness, the whirlwind, poetic frenzy, the new, the eternal, the crushing joke, enthusiasm for principles, or by the way in which it is printed. On the one hand a tottering world in repression, betrothed to the glockenspiel of morality, on the other hand: new men. Rough, bouncing, riding on hiccups. Behind them a crippled world and marriage mongers with a mania for extremity.

Sex is a drug, sex is spiritual, sex is an art. Sex serves no purpose other than reproduction. Sex is best when it's "making love." Sex should only occur within marriage. The bigger the cock, the harder they cum. All porn is ugly because no porn is the act itself.

I am a cum-sucking slut. Just saying that increases my "sex appeal" ten-fold. Why? Because sex is best when it's degrading to women. Rape is America's national past-time, especially within a perfect marriage which includes the Divine Right of Husbands. Once you say "I do", you say it for life.

But I don't acknowledge the concept of marriage, so I won't write that rant.

Some people think they can explain rationally, by thought, what they desire. But that is extremely relative. Psychoanalysis is a dangerous disease, it puts to sleep the sensual impulses of men and systematizes the lust of the bourgeoisie. There is no ultimate Perversion. The dialectic is an amusing mechanism which guides us / in a banal kind of way / to the lusts we had in the first place. pilus is without this pretension, as sensuality should be.

Pornography has a measurable physical effect on its readers. Like propaganda it sometimes changes lives because it uncovers desire.

Does anyone think that, by a minute refinement of logic, he has demonstrated the sensual and established the correctness of these desires? Logic imprisoning the senses is an organic disease. To this element psychologists always like to add: the power of eroticism. But actually this magnificent quality of the mind is the proof of its impotence. We eroticize, we regard from one or more points of sensuality, we choose them among the millions that exist.

Sexuality says we are to one method and one mate: everything is intimate, make love and bash your brains in. The most acceptable system is on principle to have none.

For a long time there has been the idea that the female orgasm serves no reproductive function, simply because the woman doesn't have to enjoy getting fuck, only lay down and allow the insemination to occur. Id est, rape is a biological imperative. Especially when, for a long time, women were not allowed to enjoy sex. They were demonized for it. Every porn site has at least one, and some are devoted to the cum-shot. But how many of us have seen a female ejaculation? How many MPEGs have the woman uttering, "I'm coming." At the end of the day, all porn is for male-consumption because porn for women is labeled "erotica".

But I'm not a feminist so I won't write that rant.

→ SEX IS NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION ←

Sex is sex is sex is sex. Fuck them if they have to add sentiment to get off, or have to have willing concubines who moan and beg as if their only source of food was the urethra. Fuck them if they deify their partner into an illusion of greatness, hiding their insecurity and inability. ("But, baby, you're the goddess. You gotta get off.") Fuck them if they use it as a political message, rebelling against the Moral Minority. Fuck them if they are the Moral Minority! But in all things, remember:

fuck the pilusophy revolution

Don't let it happen to you! Don't clog your path to orgasmic pleasure with morality, spirituality, sentimentality, or sexuality! Fuck or be fucked!

The Beautiful and the Sensual in lust do not exist; what interests me is the intensity of a personality transposed directly, clearly into the act; the man and his vitality; the angle from which he regards the elements and in what manner he knows how to produce sensation, emotion, from a lacework of deeds and sentiments.

We declare that fetishism is a sentiment which has cuddled us long enough in its slow abstractions in panty liners and loves and commitments.

The biggest crisis in the world today is that people think sex is dirty, that children aren't sexual, that porn is a bad thing, that nobody masturbates. Repression in all of its forms, even when it allows various outlets, still blocks some of the basic, most necessary responses to sex. That we all want it in ways that we feel we should not.

HOMOSEXUALITY IS A DISEASE WHOSE SYMPTOMS ARE HETEROSEXUALITY

When people hear of something that they tell themselves they don't agree with—the “should not” of life—they repress their own curiosity and turn back, with a renewed vigor, to that which they “should” be doing. How threatened they feel when something as disgusting as a faggot tells them their sinful desires are acceptable, or the subservient claims equality. For they should not be doing that, should be making dinner and cleaning up after the children that they should be having. All sex crimes are caused by morality—even the loss of power, for one *should not* willingly give up his or her place at the top.

Morality is the repression of our natural desires. The stronger the desire, the more adamant the morality has to be to repress it.

We have had enough of the pride parades that have stretched beyond measure our credulity in the benefits of sexuality. What we want now is spontaneity. Not because it is better or more beautiful than anything else. But because everything that issues freely from ourselves, without the intervention of speculative ideas, represents us.

So long as no one squeals to NAMBLA, pilus cares nothing for the future of civilization. pilus breeds only by accident—its primary goal is the unrestricted expression of Desire. A conspiracy of transmutation.

People are different. It is diversity that makes life interesting. There is no common basis in people's minds. The unconscious is inexhaustible and uncontrollable. Its desire surpasses us. It is as mysterious as the last particle of a brain cell. Even if we knew it, we could not reconstruct it.

Everything one fucks is false. I do not consider the relative result more important than the choice between cake and cherries after dinner. By limiting yourself with labels of sexuality, you deny thousands of sources of pleasure. We are not wired, none of us male or female, for one specific category of device. If it has a hole, or if it has a knob, fuck it raw.

pilus is life without carpet-slippers or parallels; it is for and against perversity and definitely against the moral; we are wise enough to know that our mates will become downy pillows that our anti-sexuality is as exclusivist as heuristics that we are not gods yet shout desire—

Perhaps you will understand me better when I tell you that pilus is a virgin microbe that penetrates with the insistence of air into all the spaces that sexuality has not been able to fill with fetishes or conventions.

The Journal of Frowney Melancholy Apathy V

from It Happens Chronicler

The emergent archetype driving society to a state of neurosis, the goddess what doth cry with thee; all around a funeral parlor, as if such a thing were not an oxymoron, such as a mourning dance. Yellow is not a color seen often as you slide deeper into yourself to ponder your new identity after the old has been crushed, removed, or abandoned. But stay sad! Because grey skies are not going to clear up, just get darker as night approaches, and no one buys happy masks.

Here at It Happens Chronicler, we usually have Happy Poems. But this is a special depression episode, with lots of melancholy fun for all you goth-as-fuck-it-all fans of Lesley Hazleton. So, here it is, today's Dolor Poem, as brought to you by the not-so-fine folks at the Mournful Flowers Shop on Bingham Street. Mournful Flowers, where, if the price is scanned wrong, the cashier hangs himself.

Look on the bright side is suicide,
Lost eye-sight, I'm on your side;
Angel left wing, right wing, broken—
Ah, fuck it; what do I care?
I was just ripping off something else
anyway.
Weeeeeeeeeeeeeee!
I have ennui!

Yet again, it doth be time for an interview. If you don't know what that is, I'm not going to tell you. Perhaps finding out on your own will give you a sense of accomplishment, however fleeting. Anywho, today's guest is none other than some stupid celebrity no one cares about and is probably an empty-headed ass-hole in real life.

Saul MacTheknife: Fuck you.

It Happens Chronicler: Lick it clean and suck the pulp.

SMT: What the fuck is up with "it doth be", anyway?

IHC: Kiss off, Fredreich von Nosepicker.

SMT: Touché.

IHC: I happen to feel quite fresh, thank you very much.

SMT: So, is this an interview?

IHC: Probably. What do I care?

SMT: You're the host, aren't you?

IHC: Yes, but is that all I am?

SMT: What do you mean by that?

IHC: I've been doing this for so long, I just wonder where the hosting ends and I begin. I feel as if I'm losing myself to this job.

SMT: Yea, well, you can join ftpr if you want.

IHC: Why is it called "fuck the pilusophy revolution"?

SMT: Because the concept of revolution is too dam marketable. Careless apathy and scorn for material goods is still fringe, since one cannot possibly merchandise nothing to no one.

IHC: Whatever.

SMT: No, that's flippant disregard, not apathy.

IHC: What the fuck do I care?

SMT: Exactly. By not caring about being cool, we become cool.

IHC: You mean, like punk?

SMT: Punk has always been about social elitism: who can drink the most, who has the most scars, oldest underwear, smelliest armpits, et cetera. ftpr is about exploring the weird world of sex.

IHC: Speaking of that, I heard v]&s decabiA was arrested for having sex with an aborted fetus.

SMT: To be fair, it was a partial-birth abortion, so it's almost pedophilia; especially if you reinflate the head.

IHC: Ugh. I think this interview is over.

SMT: Pull my finger.

Join us next time, if there aren't any accidents in the interim, since life is all-too-fragile to trust that there will be a future, when our guest will be anybody but Saul MacTheknife since booking schedules can be just as tenuous. Until then, stop your breathing with Helium, the all-natural suicide method.

The Book of Most Websites

written by Amy Temple

Chapter 1: Yea, but I'm a Cute Perv

Oh dear.

I came up with a list of chapter titles.

Now I must provide content...

If only I was making a website instead.

Chapter 2: Danny Smith is God

Petrofski said unto his son,

“There is a mountain behind that tree,

but none can see the forest for the mole-hill;

Lo, the day shall come, and it will be uploaded in MPEG format,

but version 4 will always suck.”

Chapter 3: Danny Smith is Not God, but He is Good in Bed

Reading poorly-written erotica

is better than having your name on it.

Chapter 4: Wait a Minute... I Never Slept with Danny Smith...

Chapter 5: Lori Baxter—mmm mmm good.

Must resist urge to make cryptic Buffy reference...

Yea, I'll show Dawn the world anyday.

For Michelle is the back-slashed escape-from-the-tower sequence.

Oh, right; I need to lay off the Unix stuff too.

(Y'know, I made a Repunzel joke during that episode...)

Chapter 6: Tommy who?

For, lo, the ducks are our friends,

and George W. Bush gave the order to fell the towers;

Joss Whedon has allowed his creation to rot,

George Lucas is all about the Benjamins,

Majel and Sam Beckett sitting in a tree,

and George W. Bush is a terrorist, making the public live in fear.

But, still my heart, the ducks doth be cool unto this day.

Chapter 7: There was a Stacey...?

Friday morning, nine of the clock,

and my toys are covered in my lust.

But no one wants to hear it...

the sound of

my human noise.

Chapter 8: Long Live Chicken Pot Pie!

The greatest work I've ever written

was pure plagiarism.

I only got half credit on it too,

due to lack of a satisfactory rough draft.

I suppose that's how life is, though—

you only get half the credit

for giving one-hundred percent

of someone else's effort.

Chapter 9: Mertin is More Interesting than Masturbation

A mind that sees “avoiding responsibility”

as cowardly and dishonourable

will never achieve full relaxation.

It's impossible to be duty-bound and happy at the same time,

which is why those who obey social commandments

usually look unsatisfied.

The Event at 4:30 p.m.

written by

The subway train draws to a halt. There is no station in sight. Anxious glances dart around about the passengers as they realize each others' presence for the first time. At the end of the train, a young lady in a green pants suit stands up in the middle of the car and starts to unbutton her jacket, which she takes off and drops to the dirty floor. She also takes off her shoes, her pants, her blouse, and the rest of her undergarments, dropping them into a neat little pile. This leaves her nude. She then moves her hands across her thighs and begins to fiddle around between her legs. Eventually, she grabs hold of something cold and metallic, and very slowly she starts to unzip her body; working in a straight line up the stomach, between the breasts, up the neck, taking it up right through the center of her face to her forehead. Her fingers probe up and down the resulting slit, finally coming to rest on both sides of her navel. She pauses for a moment, before carefully working her flesh apart. Slipping her right hand into the open gash, she pushes up between her throat, latching on to some buried solid at the top of her spine. With a great deal of effort she loosens and pulls out a thin shimmering golden rod. Her fingers release their grip and her crumpled body, neatly sliced, slithers down the liquid surface of the rod to the floor with a splat. The rod remains hovering just above the ground. A flagpole without a flag.

The other passengers have been totally silent, but at the sound of the body dropping onto the floor, a large middle-aged lady stands up and shouts "STOP THIS, IT'S DISGUSTING!" The golden rod disappeared. The green pants suit was left on a hanger, with a dry cleaning ticket pinned on the left arm. On the ticket was written:

Name
Address
.
.

Excerpts from “The Right to Feel Bad”

written by Lesley Hazleton

ISBN: 0-385-27684-2

To admit unhappiness is by now tantamount to an antisocial act. [p.29]

Just as a sound body is capable of registering pain, so will a sound mind be capable of depression. [p.51]

The connection between sexuality and death [...] underlines the way life and death play off against each other. Sexuality is associated with vitality [...] and is therefore the antithesis of death. [...] But when the ante is raised to death itself, it should also not be surprising that close contact with death or a narrow escape from it can be accompanied by intense sexuality. [p.157]

In the life of suicide, annihilation of self-awareness is the main aim; the thought of suicide becomes obsessive. And the obsession itself annihilates awareness; it is the death of intelligence and individuality, of intention and direction. It can even [...] be compared with obsessive love. [p.159]

Unwilling to tolerate depression or to come to terms with it, we insist that there must *be* a cure. It only remains then to find it. We search for it with increasing desperation and become obsessed with the very idea. [p.168]

We have become absence-of-pain junkies. [p.168]

Instead of dealing with the conditions of our lives, we deal with the surface of them—the symptoms. Whatever causes the pain we feel is irrelevant; the only relevant thing is to make the pain go away. It is an attitude almost childlike in its naive simplicity. [p.170]

The cure [for depression] is too good to be true. It assumes that what we feel has no validity. It changes how we feel about a certain reality because it cannot change the reality itself. Thus it is basically a form of escapism. [p.170]

To be aware is to experience both happiness *and* depression. [p.171]

Of course we can change how we feel through chemistry; we can take tranquilizers, cocaine, Quaaludes, alcohol, amphetamines, or marijuana. But with none of these do we assume, as we tend to do with antidepressants, that we are curing ourselves of how we felt before. [p.178]

Copyright is an Outdated Concept

written by Jeff Also

Copyright law, while originally well intentioned, is an outdated concept.

In order for a law to be viable, it must be enforceable. Copyright law no longer is. Historically, only well funded criminal organizations were capable of large scale copyright infringement. There were 2 reasons for this:

1. The technology to duplicate copyrighted works on a large scale was cost prohibitive for the vast majority of people.
2. Creation or maintainance of a distribution mechanism to get illegal copies of copyrighted work to the public was difficult and cost prohibitive for most people.

Because of these 2 factors, very few large scale copyright 'pirates' posed any significant threat to the copyright holder. Because the number of potential 'pirates' was limited to well financed organizations, copyright law was enforceable.

Enter modern computer technology and the internet. For very little money (less than \$2000.00 and \$20.00 a month), every individual is capable of large scale piracy of copyrighted work. The reasons now are:

1. Almost no cost for an infinite number of duplications of work.
2. Almost no cost to distribute copyrighted works to the public.

Because of this, every individual who owns a computer is potentially able to pirate copyrighted works on a large scale. Law enforcement can no longer focus investigations to only those who can afford the means to do so.

Currently, it would take 100% of every law enforcement officers time world-wide to even attempt to enforce copyright law as it currently stands. Law enforcement would also likely argue that the requirements for court ordered wiretaps on individuals suspected of piracy are stifling their ability to enforce the law, and may even be granted increased wiretapping powers in attempt to enforce the law.

What I believe we must do is examine what the purpose copyright law was designed to serve, and craft a means to achieve that goal in a way that is possible and enforceable. Scrap copyright law.

As for what that something is, I wish I had that answer. Someone will be clever enough to figure it out soon enough. In the mean time, writing new laws to solve the problem using the same old outdated concepts (DMCA) will only make the problem worse.

Originality is Dead

written by the one known as linear

Impulse Reality 140

“Originality has simply become an art of concealing your resources.”

—Mogel

Nothing said or done or conceived is original, it's simply the intertwining of Concept A, supplied by an outside source, and Concept B, most likely also provided by an outside source, though usually one aside from that which provided Concept A.

The mixture of Concept A and Concept B leads us to believe that we have created new Concept C, and we congratulate ourselves. We are then led to believe, and preach to others, that Concept C was a creative, original stroke of genius spawned by deep thought and understanding. And as long as no one else is clever enough to discover and link together Concept A and Concept B for themselves, they congratulate us as well.

So now, Concept C is spread through the particular medium you find yourself involved with.

LOOK HOW INNOVATIVE YOU ARE!

Having your ideas spread around is an amazing thing. You are praised. You praise yourself. Nothing negative can come from all this. No way. You're a creative genius, goddamit!

But something negative does come from all this; suddenly, your Concept C has become another's Concept A! And since we've recognized the pattern, we are aware that this new Concept A will only be jumbled in with some Concept B.

Well now, you say, that's great! That means you have **INSPIRED** someone, right? How is this possibly a negative thing?

But that Concept C of yours is forgotten. No one remembers your deep thought or understanding. You're rewarded no gratitude for the inspiration gained through your Concept C. The only thing left of your ideas is what resulted when some other guy mixed them with yet more “creative” and “original” ideas, just like yours. Now it's someone else's Concept C that gets all the glory. What happened to **YOUR** praise? What happen to **YOUR** sentiments of congratulations? Are **YOU** not the genius?

Don't worry, though. The novelty of this new amazing concept will wear off just as quickly as it did for you.

ORIGINALITY IS DEAD!

Beef

original story by Don Bolles

“Do you, like, ever let people into your meat-locker to, like, uh, you know, fuck around with the meat?” I asked.

The short-haired Greek man looked at me strangely from behind the counter. Several of the waitresses glared in my direction.

“What you mean ‘fuck around’?” the dumpy Greek asked.

“You know, like shovin' your dick in and out of the openings in the meat. Then, like, getting a bunch of smelly, sticky cream of tubesteak all over the junk that you grind into foodburgers,” I informed him.

“Naw. We don't do that. You don't do that. Nobody do that,” the imbecile claimed.

“I do that,” I began, “and as a matter of fact, most of my pals do that, too. We like it.”

Overhearing our conversation, one of the waitresses gave me a sour look. She seemed to be acting like she was getting sick. The cook and the other two waitresses completely ignored everything except the random orders for patty melts and double cheeseburgers.

“Look, I don't wanna do nothin' weird or strange or anything. I just wanna fuck a bunch of meat that you got in your huge ol' meat locker. Listen, don't any of you stupid fuckers understand what I'm sayin'?” I stated in an agitated manner.

“Mister, people gotta eat my food. If you stick dick in food, no can eat. Frank lose money. No can do,” the Greek said.

“How much money would you lose, bright eyes?” I asked.

“Big thing of cow cost Frank \$220 for a half,” Greek-man said.

“Well, I wanna fuck around with about 13 of them. Let's see... that's about \$2860... and I'll give you... oh, let's see... \$40 just for letting me do it, OK?”

“I dunno.”

“OK. Look, I'll give you \$3000 cash, RIGHT NOW, cause I like you an awful lot, and also cause I'm fucking sick and tired of trying to talk to you goddamn Greek half-wits.”

The Greek seemed to ponder what I had said for a minute, or perhaps he was just wallowing in incomprehension. One waitress went into the back-room and loudly threw up.

“OK. But you give Frank money NOW.”

I handed the three bills over to the fool and lifted up a section of the counter and walked into the walk-in freezer.

“OK, you can fuck with 13 sides of cow, but leave cheese and other gunk alone. OK?”

There was a wide variety of different kinds of food present in the walk-in freezer. Many, many eggs and other fine foods. I could see containers of pancake batter and butter. On the left was what I was after. Thirteen beautiful sides of beef!

I started to get a hard-on just looking at the beef!

“You got your cash. Get out of here!” I shouted at the greek.

I casually waltzed up to the nearest beef-side and began to sweet-talk it.

“Hi, new in town? Ever get into pilusophy? Shit, you're cute.”

The cool beef did not reply.

The Book of As If

written by Stillwell Stainal

Essentialism, or the belief in a “fundamental” “truth”, is a **GREAT TRUTH** which awaits the more discerning among you. This **TRUTH** will **ASTONISH**, **AMAZE**, and **ASTOUND** you. The huge surplus of images, ideas, and texts which we will produce in this process will keep us extremely busy and thankfully save us from any real revelations. Under the influence of (internalized) authority, this “disorienting” situation becomes a crisis of legitimization: the fruitless and fragmented search for an imaginary “reality”. The quest involves a total commitment to honesty and truth.

The foundation legend of *Psycherotica*, as Joseph Raschack tells it, starts from the fundamental reality of the psycherotic conspirators. In *Psycherotica*, individual performances are approached, not as isolated pieces, but rather as part of the performance of a much larger work: *Psycherotica* itself.

Incident 2 of 67

as revealed unto Dr. Joseph T. Raschack in the time between Death and Undeath

high-decible noise
strobe lights
chariot enters,
goes both ways like a kaleidoscope image
fairy exists the chariot
plays a lute, walks near
string of fireworks go off
fairy walks away
person passes out

A Primer on Quadropolar Logic

written by either Chuff, Sarah Sinclair, both of them, or someone else

Quadropolar Logic is the logical system based on the principle that a statement can be true, false, both (simultaneously, alternately, or statistically), or neither (irrelevant). This is often useful for determining hidden assumptions.

Alternately, it can be used to determine if a duality is actually a duality, and to ferret out the hidden third or fourth options, or more depending on how intelligent the conversation is.

The four options are labeled A, B, AB, and O, after the four human blood types. They may also be called Thesis, Antithesis, Parathesis, and Anathesis.

Examples

War

- A: The good guys are on our side.
- B: The bad guys are on their side.
- AB: The gun salesmen are selling to both sides.
- O: The hippies are not involved.

Is it real?

- A: It is imaginary (exists only in the mind).
- B: It has not been perceived (exists only in the world).
- AB: It exists in the world and mind.
- O: It does not exist in the world or mind.

Economics

- A: Capitalism: Business controls production.
- B: Communism/Leninism: Government controls production.
- AB: Management: A specialized group controls production.
- O: Anarcho-Syndicalism: The worker controls production.

Order vs Chaos

- A: The chaos we perceive is just complex order not yet understood.
- B: The order we perceive is an interpretation of the chaos.
- AB: Chaos is an emergent property of order (or vice-versa).
- O: Who cares?

Particles and Waves

- A: It is a particle.
- B: It is a wave.
- AB: It behaves as a particle when observed, wave when not observed.
- O: The distinction is like a thermometer saying only hot or cold.

Abortion

- A: Pro-Life (no abortions)
- B: Pro-Abortion (no births)
- AB: Pro-Choice
- O: Condoms

Does your mom know you're gay?

- A: She knows.
- B: She's clueless.
- AB: She suspects.
- O: I'm not gay.

Nature vs Nurture

- A: Nature: All things are hereditary, genetic.
- B: Nurture: Family life is the main cause of almost every dysfunction.
- AB: Both: Nature provides the potential and Nurture screws it up.
- O: Neither: We all choose to be that way.

Gender

- A: Male
- B: Female
- AB: Intersexual (hermaphrodite)
- O: Epicene

Chapter 9: “Knock, knock.” “Go away.”

I was sitting at my dining room table one day, when a red-haired munchkin sat down and proffered me a quiche.

I declined, but started a debate instead.

“Do you consider yourself an intellectual, or natively intelligent?”

“Why natively, of course, unfortunately those on my path often lose their intelligence as the years roll on; in fact, I've probably forgotten more than most people have learned.”

“Explain?”

“See, there are three paths for the natively intelligent as they grow old. They become (a) Jaded, (b) Insane, or (3)—

“Wait; A, B, 3?”

“Exactly.”

Chapter 10: “bing Marijuana affects the memory.”

The movie “Fear and Loathing in L.V.” was made for times like this.

Four gravity-bongs in, so stoned you've been holding an unlit cigarette for twenty minutes because, even though you keep noticing it's there, you forget again ten seconds later.

It all comes together at the end, though, when you put it down, shake another out of the pack, and smoke *that* one.

Chapter 11: “Video killed the radio star.”

“You know what's really cool to think about?” my now-lit cigarette asked of me.

“What's that?” I inquired.

“This movie was once a book...”

“Duh, weren't they all?”

“I have a very hot tip. I suggest you let me finish my thought before I burn your eyes out.”

I let it continue.

“It was a radio show too, that's what's cool.”

“How do you know?”

“I don't, you do.”

“Huh?”

“Remember that time when you were in the Bronco with the red-headed munchkin and the demented gnome, and the resin-bowl had beaten you up pretty badly earlier, and you were on your way for groceries, and you heard the first half of this movie on the radio?”

I thought it high time I put this cigarette out.

Chapter 12: “And so ends the trip we are just beginning.”

I am about to drop one hundred hits of sunshine acid. I can't wait to see where it takes me.

This has been the last toastament of Zescilea.

Goodnight and 42.

Z.

The Book of the Maenad and the Urchin

written by Chuff

Greeting

“Mu” as a greeting signifies either “nothing” or nothing. There's also a koan about meeting others and greeting them with neither silence nor words, but I forgot which directory it's in.

Noun

A Misunderstood (Mu) is person who, intentionally or otherwise, says or does stuff that is pointless, absurd, dangerous, or stupid, with the only reason being, “I felt like it,” if they have a reason at all.

WTM?

“Mu” as an interjection signifies an obvious word that the speaker didn't want to bother it, or replaced as an indication of a non-serious remark. Examples: “Medium coffe, keep the mu.” “I don't like you, Bob. Mu off.” (“Mu”, as a replacement for “fuck”, is frowned upon. There are more creative ways to pun both words.)

The “Moo” Variant

Obesity is a growing problem. Americans are fat, lazy pigs who think they can kill people's kids and steal their oil. Already there are theories that the new average body shape is round. We grew 10cm taller, and now we get wider.

Anorexia/bulemia is also a problem. There is an anorexia pride group. “I'm malnourished and I'm proud!” These people are also a part of the obesity problem via metabolism. Anorexia messes with it: the body has to metabolise food *slower* to make up for the lack of it. An anorexic's kids will, if they survive, have slow metabolisms, leading them to a lifetime of obesity.

So say it to the thin people too! The fat people are used to it and can probably ignore you, but the anorexics will surely be amazed when they find out their involvement in the obesity problem.

This usage, though, should stick with the “moo” spelling and pronunciation, to differentiate it from “mu”, which is not intended to be insulting.

Disclaimer: I'm 168lbs. I sit on my ass all day drinking coffee.

You are Different and That's Bad

written by the other anonymous

The Problem

All subcultures suck.

The purpose of subculturalism is to create new genres. New genres mean new merchandising opportunities, usually for the same old thing. Dog collars find a new market when a subculture adopts them. Punk keeps companies like Charles Leonard, Inc. in business through accessories like safety-pins, paper-clips, twine, etc. The Unamerican Activities company, perhaps the most recognized company due to their ubiquitous font, labels themselves “Anarchy's Ad Agency.” As if anarchy gives a shit about advertising. Most anarchists consider commercialism to be more vile than government—it affects us deep at the heart of how we think, the paradigms we use, the clichés we slip into conversation. It controls how we think without our permission or even awareness.

And, perhaps the most profitable of all, from hair-dye and makeup, to books and clothing lines, is goth.

Being different makes them money. Go ahead, rebel against the system while making it money; define yourself according to their categories and then pay to be yourself.

Your rebellious urges make them money. All they do is rake it in while reinforcing those urges. This essay reinforces your rebellious urges.

Fuck 'em. You said it, I said it. They sold it to us. Where? How? When was the last time you saw an advert for the goth lifestyle? “Goth: Because Life Hurts Too Much To Think About. Buy our shit.”

Their adverts are referred to as “T-Shirt Ads.” You've seen band t-shirts. Ozzy, Nirvana, Manson, NIN, etc. Every goth is a walking advert for Manic Panic.

Not only do they sell us ourselves, they make us advertise for them for free. The really disgusting part?

Without those kids walking around in those shirts, the entire notion of that subculture disappears. Poof.

Where are the greasers? Where are the Petticoat Junction wannabes? Whatever happened to Madonna-wear, Beatles hair-cuts, etc.?

They call it “style”. They say style changes. What's in this fall? What new clothes do I have to buy to fit in? The repulsive thing?

If nobody bought, they would all still fit in. Each person out there succumbs to the “trend” simply by worrying about social status. That is a natural instinct: status brings us favors, such as mates, food, etc. They manipulate our instinctive tendencies and sell us our fears and desires, by defining our fears and desires.

In the end, we all recognize this. We all know the difference between sheep and trend-setters. Trend-setters are the ones who give ideas to the companies to sell to the sheep.

The Solution

I, right now, will put an end to this. I will tell you how to break the cycle. I will tell you how to effectively rebel against their system. I will tell you how to gain and keep status regardless of the “trend” or “style” of the day. And how to slip by the authorities unnoticed.

The method. Don't buy it. If it looks cool or interesting, don't buy it. If it has fancy pockets or hugs your hips in some bizarre way, don't buy it. If it alters or enhances your appearance, don't buy it. If it has a name, logo, insignia, hell even an Escher sketch on it, don't buy it.

Jeans. Not low-riders. Not hip-huggers. Not the oversized kangaroo shit. Not the ball-squeezing kind, either. Jeans have a certain fit to them. They have room. You can crouch in them without discomfort, yet stand on an air-vent without worrying about lift-off. They go on easy. They don't get trampled under your shoes. They don't flair at either end. They don't have a thousand pockets, or a button-fly. They aren't some fancy color, just blue. They don't have holes in them. Jeans are jeans. They are ubiquitous. If you keep this list in mind, they won't be able to sell you an over-priced wad of denim shit.

T-Shirts. No labels. No bands. No logos. No design what-so-ever. If it isn't a solid plain color (black, grey, white, blue, just don't buy any “plushophile yellow” or some other designer hue), it's not a t-shirt; it's an advertisement. No fancy pockets, sleeves, fits, or fabrics. A t-shirt isn't a billowy mumu, nor is it a nipple-show. It goes on easy, doesn't get caught under your ass when you sit, doesn't tell people how much muscle tone you have. It is at least 50% cotton, with the rest polyester. And it is *not* an undershirt. Compare price tags on a five-year-old band shirt on clearance and a new t-shirt as described here. The t-shirt is still cheaper.

Shoes. A swoosh is the equivalent of an air-raid siren. If you can guess who makes it by looking at it, it's not a shoe. If it's steel-toed, don't. There are a lot of professional construction workers who need shoes. You aren't going to be kicking a cop in the crotch anyway. Anything which looks like it may have more features than functionality, or is advertised as being functional using a sports star—hell, if it's advertised—don't buy it. A real shoe is comfortable. When running from police, you *need* arch-support, a comfortable landing, and flexibility around the ankle. Treads are like-wise important. Proper sizing is a must; fiddle with those foot-rulers

when your in the store. A lot is said about foot-wear and back-pain. Most of it is true. A good shoe is hard to find, but when found, will last at least two years. If you find a good pair, look for it again the next time. This will cut down your shopping time considerably.

Socks. Plain white tube socks. You can find them anywhere.

Underwear. Not really an issue with guys. For girls, no one's gonna see it unless you're a slut. The only reason to buy the fancy shit is if you're a slut. Substitute some other derogatory term if being a slut is in this semester. Get the comfortable bras and underwear. The fact that you'll be able to hold a conversation without fidgeting with some pain-in-the-ass lacey shit or trying to keep a strapless in place will be a major turn-on to any guy capable of raising your children. Also, if it fits good, it naturally enhances your bust by keeping it from falling all over the place, this being the purpose of a bra.

Makeup. None. You look fine without it. No guy likes to make out with someone only to be asked if he's a painter. Makeup tastes horrible, looks horrible, is high-maintenance, and takes up all of your time and money. The only good makeup is the "natural look" which means looking like you're not wearing any. The best way to achieve this? Don't wear any.

Hair-style. You are limited to five minutes and one bottle of hair care product: shampoo. Ladies: Dry, brittle, frizzy hair can be very attractive if not fussed with. A simple pony-tail does wonders. Don't get too much longer than shoulder-length or you get into combing problems and assholes start yanking on it. Partial shavings suck. Short is okay. If an actress does it, don't. Men: same deal with a warning: I've had long hair and I can tell you: it's a pain in the ass.

Facial hair. Don't get fancy.

Coats/Jackets. They perform a function: keeping you warm. If it doesn't, don't buy it. If it's cumbersome, aka triple-fat, don't bother with it. Leather is too tied up in style, it's too expensive. Denim jackets are all the same, buy the cheap ones. Trench coats are for suits; don't wear one without the other. Fancy stuff is marketable, don't give in to it.

The key to this style is, "Don't get fancy." The second you do, they turn it into a trend and anyone from Mary-Kay to Bugle Boy to the local barber shop will profit from it. Spend your money on guns instead.

This style officially has no name. Titles are a form of packaging for mass-consumption. We will not be consumed, mass or otherwise. But if you look around, you'll see someone has adopted this style, in whole or part. Throughout the history of youthful rebellion, this style has remained. It's cheap, easy, and keeps you out of the eyes of the cops. It's camouflage; you can play respectable to the pigs (thus getting away with anything) and still look "cool". They all profile you anyway; that's why punks are always being strip-searched, goths are always being patted-down for knives and stuff, etc. Look normal, look like a "good kid", and you can sneak a whole ounce past them no matter how loud their dogs bark.

Addendum of Steak

written by Human Noise

The Question

What is 'normal'?

The Real Question

Who gives a shit?

The Hidden Agenda

If anyone expects to get an intelligent response to that, it shows that they are not thinking properly, and that they probably want to seem superior and intelligent by asking "theoretical" questions.

The Deeper Mystery

More importantly it shows that they have just repeated a question that is asked by people who don't know normal for one reason, and one reason alone:

They just cannot find themselves through all the layers of superficiality that surround them.

The Answer

They must break through these layers, be themselves, not what the trend tells them to be or not to be, and only then will they realize that normality is what they are inside, and nothing more.

The Complication to the Answer

We are analog devices, constantly changing in small and sometimes large ways. When you find your 'normal,' do not attempt to make it static. If it fades or changes, let it go, and move on. Those who do not change end up like a bird-bath: filled with algae and rotting feces.

Addendum of Stake

written by Human Noise

The Question

What is 'psychosis'?

The Real Question

Who gives a shit?

The Hidden Agenda

If anyone expects to get an intelligent response to that, it shows that they are not thinking properly, and that they probably want to seem superior and intelligent by asking "theoretical" questions.

The Deeper Mystery

More importantly it shows that they have just repeated a question that is asked by people who don't know psychotic for one reason, and one reason alone:

They just cannot find themselves through all the layers of superficiality that surround them.

The Answer

They must break through these layers, be themselves, not what the trend tells them to be or not to be, and only then will they realize that psychosis is what they are inside, and nothing more.

The Complication to the Answer

We are analog devices, constantly changing in small and sometimes large ways. When you find your 'psychosis,' do not attempt to make it static. If it fades or changes, let it go, and move on. Those who do not change end up like a bird-bath: filled with algae and rotting feces.

The Book of the Cause of Mental Illness

written by Joseph T. Raschack

The human mind is capable of finding problems.

The human mind is capable of resolving any problem which it finds.

The human mind is capable of resolving the problems of the human mind.

The human mind, since it may have problems, is capable of finding problems where none exist.

The only problem of the human mind is that it assumes the mind has problems. If the human mind is capable of solving all of these problems, then it must be functioning more than adequately. What is more likely is not that there are mental problems, but that the mind is geared to see all things as problems. This disposition would be very beneficial to survival as the mind wouldn't need to be told there was a problem before imagining a better version of something and attempting to improve it. The mind perceives itself as having problems by default. This perception is natural and beneficial, but we must use our minds to their utmost before altering them. An analogy would be upgrading your computer's kernel. If the upgrade is faulty, you're fucked. There are no emergency boot disks for the mind.

Ibozoo UU

compiled by Chuff as a quantum mindfuck

The Ibozoo UU is a cluster of axes. The angular orientation of the axes in relation to each other are interpreted physically as energy, mass, orbital momentum, velocity, etc. These are all interpretations of the angular relationship between two or more Ibozoo UU.

The Ibozoo UU cannot be defined as a point in Euclidean space. It does not have mass. It cannot be compared to a moving quantity. The Ibozoo UU does not have electric energy nor a charge. Such concepts are mental perceptions associated with a particular orientation of the Ibozoo UU.

We consider our universe to be made of subatomic particles and quanta of energy, but we reduce (or unify) all these physical entities to one which has an angular structure: the Ibozoo UU.

The universe is a network of Ibozoo UU. This network is not an elastic medium in which particles are immersed (ether), rather the particles are a property or interpretation of the angles of related Ibozoo UU.

Space (as a volume) is a perception. It is an illusion of our senses caused by “a reality” (“something”) which causes this psychological perception. Moreover, space can be thought of as a “field of forces”. It is the gravitational field which stimulates our nerve endings and causes this illusion that we call space to emerge in our conscience.

The real concept of velocity (and of displacement of a particle) implies various rotations in Ibozoo UU pairs, rotation in which the first pair, by reversing its axes, ceases to manifest itself in the form of subatomic particle, while the second orients its axes so as to transform itself into a subatomic particle, identical to the first. It is this “point to point” transformation which gives the illusion of displacement of the particle.

A suitable analogy is the computer screen: Ibozoo UU as pixels. The axial orientation is the RGB. Velocity, as described above, is one pixel changing to background color while the pixel next to it takes on the first's former value. Float your mouse around or hold down the space bar. Play Pong. That's movement. All dimensions are an illusion, such as 3D imagery. Zoom in on your porn. Note also, though, that the analogy sucks: two pixels together form a color and none of them are points in Euclidean space. (Wrap your mind around that!)

The Ummites specify in their texts that an Ibozoo UU alone does not have meaning; what is crucial is the variation of the angle and transmissions of information from one Ibozoo UU to another. The first domino transmits to its neighbor an energy which makes it tumble, and thus a ripple propagates down the endless chain. The ripple itself does not exist independently; it exists only by means of the dominos. That is what an electron is; a wave, a corpuscle which results from the information communicated through the network of Ibozoo UU related two to two.

Let us refine this concept a little and imagine that the information which is communicated along this chain of dominos (Ibozoo UU) is of the magnitude **masses**. The ripple appears to us as a mass (an electron), clearly visible, but to say then that it is elementary does make sense. The Ummites go on to say that the Ibozoo UU can have ten different magnitudes. We can suppose that they define the universe.

This theory is like defining a set in mathematics, provided that the objects which make it up conform to the laws of stability and composition. These mathematical laws operate on multidimensional objects (the Ibozoo UU), whose multiple dimensions (vectors and their magnitudes) are the principal dimensions of our universe (length, force, time, mass, impulse, energy, etc.). The laws of composition provide us with relations between the dimensional parameters of these objects, making it possible to find the physical non-variants (the laws of stability).

There Will Be No Revolution

written by Joseph T. Raschack

Utopia is not an option; will it be theirs, or yours?

Disclaimer

“I feel we must talk about the real issue with a neutral party, someone who doesn't have too many degrees to stand in the way of common sense.”

—John Stephens

This book is part of the works of J. Tiberius Raschack. It is presented to the reader as part of the record of his personal research into life, and the application of same by others, and should be construed only as a written report of such research and not as a statement of claims made by the author.

Public School is a Public Menace

“I don't want my children fed or clothed by the state, but I would prefer that to their being *educated* by the state.”

—Max Victor Belz

There is a certain revolutionary chic to homeschooling. You are explicitly telling the state to fuck off, get out of your life, and relinquish its control over your children's minds. Today, most homeschoolers are fundamentalists—they believe in the fundamental ideal that they have a right to educate their children. It is only a matter of time before the anarchists recognize and exercise this right. In the war against the American Empire, we must unite on common fronts. The Christians, the Anarchists, what do labels matter if we each respect the other? Only the State will not respect you or your right to educate your children. For this reason, it is the enemy. United we stand, divided we **brrrrrrriing**.

The previous message is extremely dangerous—to them, and us. They can use this as the basis of their anti-homeschooling campaign, crushing us in the name of public safety and national security. Whenever they look your way, be in a church or synagogue. Never let them know that you're an anarchist. They can equate anarchism with terrorism, but they can't do that with Christianity. Extra points for attending a Protestant church, since this will diminish the percentage of homeschooling Catholics. You might not like it, but whoever said the revolution would be **brrrrrrriing**.

Opressed Minority Chic

“My entire lifestyle is flashing before my eyes!”

—Zippy the PinHead

I have nothing to put here. I just wanted to use that phrase as a title. I've seen people become wiccans, who never performed any ritual or celebrated any holy day. They converted just to play the role of oppressed minority.

The Real Drug Abuse

“If I wanted to ruin someone's life, I would convince the person that that biological psychiatry is right—that relationships mean nothing, that choice is impossible, and that the mechanics of a broken brain reign over our emotions and conduct. If I wanted to impair an individual's capacity to create empathetic, loving relationships, I would prescribe psychiatric drugs, all of which blunt our highest psychological and spiritual functions.”

—Peter R. Breggin, M.D.

The real drug abuses are misrepresentation and forced use.

Psychiatric drugs all work by making the patient unable to recognize that they have the problem they came in with. If a person is depressed, these drugs will inflict brain-damage one cell at a time until the person is too stupid to be depressed. Yet, they say these drugs cure us of our problems, like a car accident cures us of walking.

Every psychiatric drug is less effective than placebo. Let's rephrase that: Sugar is more effective than any of them. Sugar is nature's anti-depressant.

Hypnosis, as a drug, is also misrepresented. Half of the time, you don't know you're being hypnotized; they call it by too many names to even list here. The end result, of course, is RMT: self-mutilation as a side-effect. When you *do* know you're being hypnotized, they don't say that anything revealed is most likely less real than Star Trek.

Misrepresentation is the first abuse. The second is forced use; also known as psychiatric rape, or saying, "Take it or else..." The simple fact is, anyone being forced to take a psychoactive prescription is a victim of the Thought Police.

In a truly free society, full disclosure would be mandatory. No one would be forced to ingest anything they didn't want to. If we are free, then give us the info, show us the research, let us conduct our own research, and let us decide for ourselves. Anything less is slavery.

In the end, your body is all you have; without it, you're dead. So take care of it.

Child Prostitution Services

"For every child removed from his home, there is an average of 25 service providers who derive their livelihood from that child's removal. There is powerful financial motivation to keep that child out of the home as long as possible."

—*Saul MacTheknife, ftp*

I read somewhere that the foster parent application review board was staffed by foster parents. Doesn't this kind of lead us into certain group priveledges? I'm not talking about Catholics keeping protestants out, or republicrats. I'm talking about the scary stuff. It's a known fact that some people can hide their sexuality very well. Homosexuals did it for centuries. What if—and this is a *probable* scenario—what if some pedophiles were accepted as foster parents? What if they joined the review board? What if they practice group spoils? What if the entire review board is staffed by them as a means of self-protection?

The scariest part of the Child Welfare system is not that they can kidnap children with impunity, it's not that they consider discipline to be abuse, it's not that they want parenting to be a priveledge. The scariest part is that the majority of foster parents could be pedophiles, as the majority of pedophiles have most likely applied to become foster parents. It is a safe bet to make that the government is paying pedophiles to care for children.

And the organization which investigates foster parents is the same one that put the child with them. Would they really admit to making such a mistake?

Appalachia Revisited

"The librarian doesn't tell me what to read, doesn't tell me what sequence of reading I have to follow, doesn't grade my reading. The librarian trusts me to have a worthwhile purpose of my own. I appreciate that and trust the library in return because it trusts me."

—*John Taylor Gatto*

"Do nothing. Time is too precious to waste." This old saying has so much meaning for me now. After spending only months reading about public school, child abuse, psychiatry, etc., I have come to realize that the only escape from the coming socialist-collectivism, the only way out of a government whose slogan is "Mother and Father Love You", the only way to find any freedom, is to opt-out, drop out, run away, and savor every single thought and emotion, no matter how vile or obscene it may be. They are our thoughts; that alone makes them beautiful.

Society is too far gone to change. Forget it. Leave it behind. I left once, I caught a glimpse of the freedom that awaits each of us. It's dirty, hungry, violent, cold, humid, and filled with all of the beauty one could dream of. It will cut you, beat you, make you go for months without a bath. But, in the midst of all of the torturous wilderness, the slimey garbage dumps, the barren city streets, in the middle of all of that, nature will turn from a cold, harsh mistress into a wonderous, joyful moment of absolute **bbrrrrriing**.

Put up with nature's shit. Trust me. She may be a bitch, but if you truly love her, she'll make every moment worth it.

The War on Some Terrorists

written by Big Brother Bush

Millions have died for freedom.

Who killed them?

Their oppressors.

What were they doing when they were killed?

Trying to kill their oppressors.

An obedient slave gets to live.

A disobedient slave is a terrorist.

The only reason a person dies for freedom is that they were killing for freedom.

There is no American Empire.

Don't die for freedom.

Kill for freedom.

The Pop-Up Book of Human Anatomy

written by Fox in Detox

I had yellow on that morning, as if the universe were my plan and I was in it. Alas, alack, a lass was in my foyer, dancing to the sounds of ginger bread. Much to my dismay, she was not here to play, as the turmoil subdued and came up dead. The psycherotic who spends his time speculating on the existence or nature of the magic world inside the abandoned refridgerator is worried about the wrong things and needs to refocus on the goal of self-improvement. Introspection is the primary means of spiritual growth. If you have only two alternatives, are you my proctologist? Powerful forces of indescribable power compel me to warn you right now: do not attempt to become a programmer unless you already are one, and if you are, you know what I mean and you can skip that line you just read. Nothing in all the world is more dangerous than sincere ignorance. My pocket rocket needs a socket. We've arranged a global civilization in which the most crucial elements profoundly depend on science and technology. We have also arranged things so that almost no one understands science and technology. Your colon can mu, can you? It is time to stand up and fight for a return to reason and plain common sense. I feel the challenge that faces all people from all walks of life is to seek the truth, test the truth, and speak the truth. Daddy drinks because you cry. A single intelligent remark can destroy a man's entire career. There are only two kinds of artists: the plagiarists and the revolutionaries.

I HAVE AUNTS IN MY PANTS!

The Constitution admittedly has a few defects and blemishes, but it still seems a hell of a lot better than the system we have now. Herbert the Pervert likes sherbet. You must always hate the right group to maintain your modernity. To become post-modern, find even more groups to hate. What part of "government-controlled education" does not scare the shit out of you? "Making money" shouldn't be confused with "creating wealth". Some kittens can fly. Real wealth is what supports and enhances human life, whereas money is just numbers in a database. Many wealth creators (inventors, artists, mothers, etc) are penniless, and many money makers are useless bloodsuckers. Why can't Mr. Fork and Mr. Electrical Outlet be friends? Masturbation is one of the most universal ways of sex expression; as an outlet for atavistic and perverse cravings, masturbation performs a socially useful function.

Therefor, let us sing and dance a galliard,
To the dislexic teachings of the mallard;
And as the mallard dives in pool,
Let us drinkle, tinkle, and torkle in Bowl.
Oh! By the green of Lady Arana,
Oh! By the green of Lady Arana,
It was a wrinkled, trinkled mallard.

Ask not what you can do for sexual fascism, ask who's for lunch.

On Time

written by Chuff

If time-travel were possible, half of us would be from the future, and a small percentage from the past (who were taken forward by futurites). Looking at the Amish and all of the patriots who blindly accept whatever the gov says as if it were already Big Bro, I kinda get the feeling it is possible... and that I should move to Lancaster County.

S. Hawkings, Normal

But, sadly, time is just a parameter used to measure change. A circle does not have a delta dimension; that is just there so that we can plot the circle. There is no past, quantumly speaking, and there is no future. Time is just a psychological method of applying order to events. Yes, there is cause and effect, but not time. The past is simply what everything was once arranged as.

Think of it like paper. The ink in the picture is constantly moving around, changing the image. Does this imply that there is a ream of paper under the image? that each movement creates a new piece of paper? that we can flip-book our way to the past? Applying Occam's Razor, it is much simpler and easier to move ink around than to tediously redraw the image with only minor variations.

But, if the above is wrong, think about the atoms, laws of conservation, et cetera. Time-travel would necessitate the swapping of atoms from the present with atoms from the future. With the way atoms interact, some future atoms would stay in the present while present atoms stay in the future. And then, of course, some atom meets its past self and bad shit happens.

Unless, of course, atoms in the present were rearranged to be identical in formation to the future person, thus not moving atoms through time. That limits time-travel to information. (And, in quantum physics, "information" is just jargon for "aether.") This form of time-travel isn't travel, but is rather just revisionist history. Instead of changing the history books now, we change the original events. That's just too spooky to consider, especially after watching *Lathe of Heaven* on A&E.

Applying Occam's Razor, though, we see that we're merely rearranging the present as if something else had happened. Why go through all the trouble of string theory, worm-holes, temporal paradoxes, et cetera, when you can simply smear the ink around. In the end, $((2+3)/5+(6-7))$ is just 0 and time-travel is merely instantaneous change at a system-wide level.

The Menu is Not the Meal

There are things we can perceive and things we cannot. There are things which exist and things which do not. The two fields do overlap, but one is not a subset of the other.

Anything that exists has an affect on us, whether we perceive it or not. We can feel heat and get hot. We cannot sense extra-low frequency (ELF) waves yet they can alter our moods.

Anything which does not exist does not have an affect on us—at least, not directly. You might say that time has an affect on us but that is only indirectly. If our molecules did not change, if atoms did not enter or leave or react internally, we would not age. (This is known as "stasis" and is the basic premise behind cryogenics.) Time does not affect us directly; the interactions of our composite atoms do.

Time is an item on an out-dated menu. "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969."

Corn Starch: Particle or Wave?

Have you ever tried that old child's experiment of mixing corn starch and water? When you squeeze it, it becomes solid. When you let go, it becomes liquid.

In reality, it does neither. A solid has its atoms close together in a way that allows them little room to escape. A liquid has some room, but not enough to escape gravity. Compressing the mixture does away with the room by forcing the corn starch closer together, trapping water between the pieces. Letting go allows the water to ease its way out.

When you observe certain sub-atomic things, they behave as particles. When you don't observe them, they behave like waves. In this situation, the material comprising the sub-atomic "thing" is being compressed by the observation process. (Well, not exactly; we're speaking in analogies.)

When does water become ice? What is the defining difference between solid and liquid, or liquid and gas? Is it just a marker on a scale? As stated earlier, the difference is in the room between atoms, the empty space comprising 99.9% of the universe and each of us. This means that solidity is on a scale.

Attempting to classify sub-atomic stuff as particles or waves is the same as temperature. If we apply the same model to weather, we have the wave of Antarctica and the particle of the Sahara Desert. Now, let's look at the New England states. Sometimes, when the sun is looking directly at it, it's a particle (hot). Other times, when the sun is looking at other stuff, it's a wave (cold).

The sub-atomic stuff we are seeing is Boston in its temperature; it is corn starch and water. Particles and waves are not a strict duality, like hot and cold, night and day. We have degrees of temperature and candlepowers of light. I propose chuffs of particalness. 0 chuffs means a wave that will be observed as a wave, going all the way to 267 chuffs where it will be a particle regardless of observation.

The Evolution of Perception

We evolved our senses in a way that benefited survival. Seeing ELF waves or UHF waves wasn't necessary; our current spectrum has served us well. Scent, touch, taste, sight, and hearing were all necessary to some degree. So is time.

Time, psychologically, is the perception of change, as sight is the perception of light. The benefit comes from a coupling with pattern recognition: prediction. When we see the early stages of a situation we've been through before, we can safely assume it will happen again. We see someone light a grill and we know they're cooking dinner... most likely meat. We see storm clouds and predict rain.

The dope-fiends by the river hear foot-steps on the path. They hide their paraphernalia, because those foot-steps are the first stage of getting busted by the cops.

We perceive change because it helps us survive. Our perception of change is our sense of time.

Time is the sixth sense. That's why we attribute such things as fortune-telling, prophecy, and prediction to it. Clairvoyancy is just our ability to sense how distant things are changing. (Most likely through our already-known ability to be affected by, even if we can't sense, ELF and UHF waves.)

Light-Speed and Time

By my understanding of relativity theory, as something approaches the speed of light, its rate of change slows down. One could travel near light-speed for a thousand years and come out of it only a day older.

This assumes that light either doesn't change at all or is somehow immune to this effect. Light-speed cannot be the time barrier, simply because the stuff which makes light does not stay static. If it did, we couldn't see, since light can't change or interact with our rods and cones.

If, however, light was immune from the velocity barrier, we must wonder if there might be some margin of error in Einstein's math. Perhaps the curve is a bit too curved or not curved enough?

Of course, this is merely the interpretation of relativity that I've heard from people who believe time-travel is possible, so Albert will forgive me if I've misunderstood his work.

The above, of course, must be dealt with before we can say anything about velocity's relationship with time, neither of which is a dimension.

Conclusion

There is no flip-book of time. The closest we can get to time-travel is a Star Trek convention in Williamsburg, West Virginia. Asking if we can travel through time is equivalent to asking if we can travel through scent.

Hashish-Pot: Kristan Xara On Sex, Philosophy, and...

Posted by Omil Bor

from the some-kids-just-need-a-good-spanking dept.

Not only did Kristan Xara answer your questions, but she said they were excellent questions. You've got to love Kristan Xara, not just because she's a sexy, prepubescent girl and creator of pilusophy, but also because she is the first Hashish-Pot interview guest *ever* to send her answers stained with the cum of a thousand Irish setters (which is hard to do via email). We appreciate this like you wouldn't believe, so don't. They're great answers, too—straightforward, intelligent, and entertaining. Enjoy!

1) Pilusophy as a Sexual Revolution or a Philosophy

by Dave S. Here

I've been practicing pilusophy for a very long time, but primarily as a sexual revolution. I mostly use it as an excuse for bare-backing and child-molesting. With the recent developments in pilusophy, however, there seems to be the trend that pilusophy is about much, much more, while retaining the exterior of being just a sexual revolution.

What do you think about how people are using pilusophy today? Are you satisfied that most people use it for simple things like cock-sucking? Would you like to see more advanced philosophies being built with pilusophy verses some other form of hedonism?

I am perfectly happy for pilusophy to continue sucking cock. Pilusophy has always been, and always will be (I hope), a *humble* hedonism. When I am 18 years old, even if everyone in the whole world puts me on a pedestal and thinks I'm the renaissanciestic bitch that ever took it on the chin, I will still perform bukkake as street theater.

But just as people grow, pilusophy continues to grow. Pilusophy has acquired new psychologies over the years, and people have been using pilusophy to rationalize all sorts of things that are arguably beyond the limits of common sense or legality. The solution to that is not to stop people from doing that, but to increase pilusophy's notion of responsible behavior.

I'm really under no illusions that we can make a perfect sexual philosophy. There's no such thing. Merely making a more expressive sexuality means it's in some sense more difficult to learn how to express your sexuality in a responsible manner. That's the price of freedom.

2) Pilusophy Beginners

by PuttyPatrol

I'm a Catholic priest who's recently become very interested in pilusophy along with other philosophies. However, I don't really have a need or desire to actually *use* pilusophy. I am big into learning as much as I can about it for its own sake.

Now for the question: Given this approach to learning pilusophy (just for a general working knowledge), is it really worth spending a lot of my time learning pilusophy now, or should I wait for the big pilusophy revolution?

I don't think you (or your career) would be *damaged* by learning pilusophy, though I'm sure there are those who would disagree—or at least get off on being disagreeable.

If you enjoy reading pilusophic texts, then go for it. That will be the “big revolution”.

3) What Will You *Not* Do with Pilusophy?

by Clay Harris

What would you say has been the number one requested feature that you will not add to pilusophy, and why not?

That depends on what you call a feature, and what you call a fetish.

For instance, I officially rejected the request to rationalize the practice of pedophilia, while actually accepting the underlying premise that children have their own sexuality. The better solution is not to introduce more fetishes, but to fix the notion of sexuality to include all forms of fetishism while expanding the idea of responsible behavior to protect all those involved.

Another often-requested feature that's not going into pilusophy is reproductive goals. That's one of those features that seems like a good idea when you're looking at a small group of people, but it breaks down when the population gets larger than the food supply.

5) Pilusophy vs STDs

by Vobby Bagina

Whenever pilusophy pops up in Hashish-Pot, there are plenty of sex zealots claiming pilusophy has been obsoleted by HIV and you should really be using condoms or practicing monogamy instead.

What are your thoughts on these diseases? What steps are you taking to prevent infection, if any?

Your genitals are your responsibility. Always demand a copy of the test results *and* a condom (in case they were infected in the interim or the disease isn't detectable), should you choose to fuck another human.

There is no rationalizing infection. We have not yet found reason to accept suicide as a viable sexuality. On the other hand, we have accepted homicide under the power-play doctrine (if you're willing to play victim).

As always, a full disclosure on your current health and reproductive status are mandatory for all interactions. Someone shouldn't be forcing the victim role on you without your permission.

6) Pilusophy and Pedophilia

by Protoaxis

What is your opinion of pedophilia in general and pilusophy's role in it? Given that pedophilia can be rationalized by pilusophy, would it be acceptable to do so? Do you see good future for this tandem?

As far as pilusophy is concerned, sex is sex, orgasm is orgasm, and kids are kids.

The practice of pedophilia verges on being irresponsible. While I don't readily accept practicing it, I do accept children who go looking for it, provided they understand the consequences and dangers, and do so of their own free will. The main problem will always be informed consent on the child's part and ensuring their protection. The child has to understand everything about sex, from fore-play to STD's, from porn to payment.

On the other hand, whatever (or whoever) you do in your head is your business. As a strictly non-practiced sexuality, as with all non-practiced sexualities, it is perfectly okay.

The current approach to pedophilia is a bit paranoid, I think. That is partly a result of society's unwillingness to admit that children can be the least bit interested in sex, and partly the result of the RMT/FMS epidemic. At the very least, I want to see our society educating children on the dangers and consequences of sex. As they say, "Talk to your kids. They'll listen." This is our best hope of preventing the spread of STDs, and possibly the only way we'll have any sanity in our society.

6.5) From a Legal Perspective

by Mustang Sally

What are your thoughts on the comments made by people that pilusophy exists merely to rationalize illegal activity?

The law was made by people who took a narrow view of sex. While the law can be a good thing (I wholly support the continued illegality of the practice of pedophilia), it can also be misdirected and counter-productive (psychiatry is mental rape).

Pilusophy's official stance on all matters is, "If it harms no one, do what thou will." As for the law, "Love is the law; love willingly."

7) Role of Religion

by Anonymous Cowdog

I remember reading at some point that you are a recovering Catholic, and there have been suggestions that pilusophy is merely a rebellion against the stifling sexuality of Catholicism.

Do you think heterosexuality, monogamy, or same-age relations are bad things? What is your stance on marriage, the missionary-position, birth-control?

They're all okay, if that's what you want to do.

Pilusophy isn't about rebellion or revolution. It's about accepting your sexuality and practicing it responsibly.

8) Thanks Kristan

by Mme. Wordsworth

Like many others, I *love* pilusophy. I use it both professionally and personally. You've not only helped make my career, but also given me a very pleasant past-time. I was wondering what I can do to say thank-you? Can we give you money? Donate something to someone, etc.?

How about sending me some frozen Irish setter cum for my next interview? :-P

Writing erotica for your sexuality and submitting it to the official pilusophy shadow-corporation, the Psycherotic Church, is more than enough. Since I've helped you, why not help others?

9) Pilusophy's Negation

by Mary Ism

Pilusophy has been great for getting people off and undoing the damage of repression. As a philosophy, though, this effectiveness depends upon people's willingness to actually read and understand the material. Just look at what happened to situationism.

My question is: Is pilusophy making any attempt to maintain its effectiveness and prevent the self-negation that befell situationism?

"Fuck the pilusophy revolution" is not just a slogan; it's our manner of weeding out the undesireables who will latch onto pilusophy merely to support their own fragile sense of self by adding material that makes little or no sense.

Situationism died because it was over-run by philosophers and politicians who were using the idea of situationism to create a little elitist cult of essayists. In reality, a situationist wouldn't be caught dead bothering with essays; he'd be out living.

Ftpr, then, is how to approach pilusophist philosophy. A real pilusophist doesn't write, s/he fucks pilusophy with the written word. Every single piece of pilusophic writing should be typed one-handed by people who are aroused by the sound of the springs in the space-bar or the curves in the font.

In short, pilusophy's written material is only for people who get off while reading it. Pilusophy, as a philosophy, is, and should be, erotica.

...like a cross between Larry Flint and Descartes.

10) Pilusophy's Existential Validity

by Kim Korn

Does pilusophy even exist? or is it being astro-turfed? Where are all of the texts you talk about? What the hell is pilusophy?

Haven't you ever seen erotica? porn? public domain programs? text-files? zines? alt.religion.scientology? sites like this created just because the site manager gets off on Perl and HTML?

The majority of the internet and most hobbies are forms of pilusophy. Linux started as pilusophy.

Pilusophy is doing what you love and loving it... within certain limits to be determined by accepted notions of responsible behavior.

Pilusophy isn't just everywhere; it *is* Everywhere.

But Seriously Now...

wicked tangent 64

You forget sometimes, when you're wrapped up in your own little world far away from anything else, that there are other people, that the people you talk to aren't just figments of your imagination, that these people have their own lives and you're only an itty-bitty part of it. Why am I saying "you"? I mean "I", of course. I don't give a fuck about you or what you forget. I forget these things. I forget that, when you go away, you still exist.

This isn't the point.

The point is: I don't know how to deal with people. Sensitive people, even just mildly so, make me want to scream. I stay away from those who turn every little comment into a personal attack. Hell, I stay away from those who turn "You're a fucking idiot!" into a personal attack. But sometimes I don't realize these things about people soon enough. Sometimes I go and make friends, people I really like, but one day they annoy me a bit, just a bit, and only 'cause I'm already in a pissy mood, and I just want to say "Oh fuck, I don't care at all about what you're saying! Shut up please!" and then I do say that and then they get mad and it takes me a second to realize why. No, I never really realize why, I just pretend I do.

But how many people in the world haven't wanted someone to shut up at one point? What is so wrong with this? What is so wrong about saying it? Especially to a friend? Someone who knows you like them anyway, knows you're in a bad mood? Shit, you pissy little fucks.

I can sit with Sarah and I can say "you're boring me" or "you're being a complete ass to Joe" or "hey, leave me alone for a while." And she can say the same dam things to me. And it's like that with all my friends, and dam it, I love that.

But some people, shit, with the sulking and the getting angry and the oh goddess shut up already.

I'm off-topic here. The point is: If I feel like I have to do the metaphorical walking-on-eggshells crap, I'll just stop. I won't play that game. Not with you.

When Censorship Works, You Don't Know It

written by Raymond Conan Tuit

Don't fool yourself into thinking that this, or anything else you are exposed to, is “uncensored”. The cynical and naive hacks who promote “culture” for their own self-interest use the idea of anti-censorship to lend their adopted discourses credibility, and to once again mystify a passive audience—an audience correctly expected to consume any controlled spectacle which is appropriately framed. Production is censorship. All events take the place of something else. Undesired, unmentioned, unimagined. What you will be exposed to today is designed to reinforce the functioning of a particularly narrow identity—one which is not only out of touch with really interesting “human culture”, but also oblivious to the unmediated unitary experiences which lie outside of it. In short, a set of redundant gestures completely in support of the status quo, creating another illusion of freedom—repressive tolerance.

Intro to Psycherotica

written by Joseph T. Raschack

Everything ends in death, regardless of how much we deny it. The denial of death is the cause of suffering. Embrace your own death. End the suffering even as you deny it. Kill yourself.

[Chuff's note: Joe's gone to Croatan again, so please excuse the Korda-wannabe wolf-fucking son-of-a-bitch.]

[Sarah's note: Kiss off, Chuff. Joe's dead.]

[Chuff's exclamation: There's what now?]

[Sarah's reminder: You don't remember? He said he wanted all four pillars, so he knocked me up and used that coat hanger, then proceeded to blow his wad on your boots, ate Stillwell, and inhaled some helium.]

[Chuff's lament: Oh, lament!]

[Sarah's insult: Only the lame lament.]

[Chuff's denial: Okay, it's been five seconds. I can continue to deny that this ever happened.]

[Sarah's in-joke: Go save the planet, Chuff.]

@ Anaclaimations @

Items are “nonrival” when we can all make use of them without anyone having to give them up. If I copy your CD, you're none the worse for it (nonrival), but if I steal your car, you will probably be upset (rival). Goods are “nonexcludable” when it becomes impractical to stop everyone from making use of the item, once one person can. It is infeasible, for instance, to stop additional viewers of broadcast television (nonexcludable), while it is very feasible to stop additional moviegoers from entering a theater (excludable). Economists call nonrival, nonexcludable items “pure public goods.”

Digital content is a pure public good.

“The more I read it, the more it makes sense—but not the sense I want it to make.”

This has been

@ Anatidae Psycherotica @

which may or may not be a product of

@ The Psycherotic Church @

or of

fuck the pilusophy revolution

with the help of

@ The Sequel Production Company 2084: ftspc @

whose membership might include, but may not be limited to:

Lord Chuff, Minister of a Down

Sarah Sinclair, demimondaine of duckiness

Dr. Joseph Tiberius Raschack, D.o.H.

Stillwell Stainal

Kristan Xara, ftpr

Saul MacTheknife, ftpr

v]&s “fuck martyrdom” decabiA

Joss “Call me Petrofski again and I’ll kill her... again” Whedon

Andrew C. “Stop stalking me, Sinclair” Bulhak

the other anonymous

Lady Krystal M, speaker of the human noise

Ziggy “Yes, Chuff; I’ll do another issue just for you” Cyanide

Des, that “wicked tangent” girl

Mistress Lady Michelle Trachtenberg, Honorary Visage of Arana

Scott Bidstrup

Suretus, official representative of The Assitian Order

and the two known as linear (even though he hates us)

→←

If you thought this was one huge copyright violation, you're under the control of the Information Tyrants (IT).

“Introspection is the primary means of spiritual growth.”

@ Suggested Further Arithmeticing @

π , to just one more digit fnord

Let's Talk About Sex

from The Class War Federation

As far as I'm concerned, working in crummy factories for disgusting pay was the most exploitative work I ever did in my life. I'm aware that, in a sense, it was Hobson's choice for me. But I maintain that I had more control over my life as a worker in the sex industry than as a worker in an ordinary factory.

—Nickie Roberts, former prostitute and stripper

Introduction

Porn. Women's liberation. Prostitution. Sexuality. Promiscuity. Feminism. All these issues and struggles have been discussed, misinterpreted, used by people and groups to win some power and try to control others. Usually, in this mess, the subject of sex and sexual behaviour crops up time and time again. To win their arguments, a lot of politicians, middle class feminists, and religious bigots have launched attacks on working class people's sex lives.

The arguments and debates have been confusing and have left people feeling guilty about totally natural sexual desire and behaviour. This has not helped women, men, or our class as a whole.

We have produced this article to get the juices flowing. We don't want to control or put people's lives on guilt trips, like so many others—we *do* want to fight for a world where sex, like every other arena of our lives, is healthy, free of unnecessary confusion, and controlled by us, not the powers that be.

In the late 1970s and early 1980s, the politics of sex changed. Sex became the banner under which all women, regardless of their class, race, or nationality, were supposedly united. Suddenly the bizarre idea that sex=porn=men=violence became a universal equation.

The theory was so reactionary that, at the time, it was hard to separate the voices of the radical left from the extreme right.

Story So Far

Up until this time, the battle had been to bring into the open the discrimination that women faced every day. The overall mood was that anything was possible—women were insisting on breaking out of the repressive roles that had been forced on them. They demanded that women's sexual pleasure should be a fundamental part of any heterosexual relationship.

In the 1990s, unless you're a religious or sexual bigot, this is just plain common sense. But in the 1970s the world just wasn't used to women defining themselves as sexual beings.

Women began exploring sexual possibilities, which was both a painful and a liberating experience.

However, this was a short halcyon period of time, and one that was replaced by the theory that sexual liberation was a dangerous thing—if women became too sexually liberated, then men would hold it against them.

While some women were brave enough to leap into the unknown, others were claiming that women's sexuality had been so colonised and threatened that there was only one route to take: batten down the hatches, and try to get rid of everything that was, and still is, unpleasant and nasty.

Because sex and desire can't be described as rational, these feelings have always been associated with chaos and non-conformity.

Middle class feminists wanted the women's movement to have the aura of respectability. Due to these reactionaries, Victorian values became dressed up as feminist thought.

Some History

Middle class Victorian women and some suffragettes had established themselves as moral authorities. Even some of the most radical nineteenth century activists had accepted the overall view that men are sexual predators, and that “fallen” women were victims of them.

Of course, the view also held that married middle class women were sexually pure.

The suffragette, Christobel Pankhurst, claimed that women had to be sexually above reproach to be morally worthy of the vote! Needless to say, this didn't apply to men who already had the vote and ran the world.

The right, like Pankhurst, has always tried to keep women as prisoners by emphasising the idea that women's “feminine” nature is essentially different from men's. Feminists began to fall into the trap of idealising women in much the same way—claiming that they were celebrating, rather than punishing, “difference.”

The result was, whether a woman is stuck up on an angelic pedestal of purity, or stuck in the kitchen in between dropping countless babies, she's still stuck.

Then, when the middle class suffragettes, activists, and right-wingers all got into bed with biological theories, they turned sex into a battleground. These theories stated that women are passive nurturers and men are active aggressors.

The idea was that women have to play victim always. So it wasn't a great surprise that when the sex backlash started in the 1970s, talking about women enjoying heterosexual sex, it was seen as feminist heresy.

Sex and Sexism

Sex began to be blamed for all sexism. The fact that the way we bring up our children, and the way that women are politically and economically controlled, took a back seat in the sex politics of the day—they weren't seen as keys to women's oppression.

It wasn't just sexual violence and sexism, but fucking in general, that became the main issue of gender politics.

Women were universal victims, having to endure whatever was forced upon them sexually, by men. The concept of consensual, exciting sex wasn't even on the agenda.

Men, especially working class men, were generally seen as timebombs, waiting to be activated by a quick glance at a wank magazine. The argument that reducing heterosexual sex to a no-go status would limit, rather than expand, women's sexual and general freedoms, was seen as an argument collaborating with the enemy.

In a world which usually relies on copulation for us to survive, gathering together to wipe out intercourse was too self-destructive, and equally un-natural, even for followers of such puritanical feminists as the American, Andrea Dworkin. As a result, many began to attack pornography, to attack sex, rather than to attack the exploitation of women. "Porn is the theory. Rape is the practice," became feminist bywords. There was little data to support the theory, but sex is too emotive an issue to need factual back-up. As a result, the struggle for women's greater economic, intellectual, and sexual freedom was replaced by demands for censorship.

Porno Wars

In denouncing pornography, feminism found itself allied with right-wing fundamentalists. Church groups and right-wing pressure groups joined feminists in blaming pornography for sexism.

While our society is highly controlled and deeply sexist, pornography may mirror sexism, but it never created it. Most porn is incredibly stupid and quite evidently exploits women as objects with wide-open orifices, beckoning: "I'm lovely, I'm your plaything, do what you want to me." However, it is misleading to claim that all porn is violent and dangerous.

Anti-porn campaigners often state that all women hate pornography; adding that all women working in the sex industry are victims.

Rather than calling for safer working environments for sex workers, middle class moralists, bigots, and intellectuals have called for more repressive laws and social stigma. The result is that it unofficially gives the go-ahead to the way both police and punters brutalise women working in the sex industry—and that is violence and sexism.

It is ironic that police raids more often than not target gay literature and culture. While soft porn sits less than prettily on the top shelf of your local newsagents, gay bookshops have had cops stripping their shelves of Oscar Wilde's work.

Feminists, past and present, may do well to remember that when Margaret Thatcher, John Major, Neil Kinnock, and Tony Blair are on your side, you've got serious problems. When politicians say that they want to legislate to help the anti-porn campaigns, then it's obviously not the status quo that they'll be legislating against.

Feminists who want the law to clamp down on porn and the sex industry claim that they are not anti-sex. When pornography has been stamped out, they say they'll be more than happy to see it replaced by "erotica."

Apparently, "erotica" is aesthetically pleasing, whereas porn is simply manipulative. But class prejudice and aesthetics go hand in hand—if the middle and ruling classes like a sexy image, they sanitise it by calling it erotic art. At the same time, the things that turn the working classes on get labelled as "smut." We're not referring to, or advocating, things like the *Carry On* films or *Hustler* magazine either.

Who then has the right to decide what's art and what's smut? Usually it's middle class academics who assume the right. They have never been known to support either class struggle, or in this case, the sexual liberation and freedoms of both working class women and men, regardless of whether they're gay, straight, or bisexual.

They do, however, fulfil a very similar role to the scientists of Victorian England, with their "biological arguments," and the moralists of old who wanted women to be chaste and pure women before they had the right to vote.

Are You Protected?

Class politics are part and parcel of sexual politics. The Victorian idea that the working classes must be protected from their own foul and perverse natures is a central part of the anti-porn campaign.

The middle classes get to say what can be safely seen because they believe themselves intelligent enough to read pictures and images in more than one way. Anti-pornographers insist that working class men are incapable of seeing sexual images without being a danger to women. This paints working class men as stupid sex monsters, and reinforces the view that, sexually, men are “all potential rapists.” In fact so potential that a glance at sex in a movie or a naked woman on a page will send them all out to rape and abuse, or will damage their souls forever.

It is a damaging, hierarchical, and sexist class society that introduces the idea of sexual abuse and male power and dominance over women—this is the key to exploitative attitudes and behaviour, not pictures of naked adults having sex.

When In Rome...

At the turn of the century, excavations of Roman Pompeii produced walls, doors, and courtyards full of “mucky” pictures. The Victorians decided that such smut couldn't be reconciled with what they saw as a great civilisation.

All the finds were put into a locked room. When it was finally decided to show the exhibits, the room remained locked to “Women, children, and the uneducated.” You see, not much has changed.

Any move back in time, any backsliding in the liberation of our bodies and minds, whether in the name of celebrating womanhood or slagging off promiscuity, is a definite step towards yet more repression—and when repression is in full swing, we lose the little right we have won to make our own decisions and control our lives, making informed choices.

Keep Pushing

Arguments over sex and sexual freedom have been paralysing the progress of the feminist movement for years. The last thing we need are new forms of guilt for women, marching under the dodgy and ever-changing banner of political correctness.

Feminism and sexual politics have to be fundamentally about choice, control over our lives and our bodies, and that must include sexual choice.

Claiming that all women are sexual victims did not unite the women's movement, it just made women feel scared, disempowered, and helpless. It also drove a wedge between women and men who wanted things to change.

Avoiding sex, its complications and contradictions, its passion and energy, won't make any of us strong. It won't help us to combat sexism either. What sidestepping the issue in the name of unity and political correctness does is to ensure that middle class women continue to tell working class women (and men) what to do—both in and out of bed.

Sex Is Brilliant

It would be a huge setback for working class people to follow the confusions and morality that has been forced upon us for millennia. There are statements about how we should behave sexually dating back far beyond the Bible, and certainly that little book has been responsible for some very serious repression of women, and at times, of men, particularly gay men.

Sex can be and should be enjoyable for all those taking part in it, and we should certainly not be sanctioned and frowned upon if sex is our way of earning a living, feeding our kids, and having a life rather than just surviving.

That doesn't automatically make prostitution or porn okay—no more okay than having to get up before dawn to build homes for the rich, or clean sewers, or get our brains numbed in some production line or other. Neither does this make any excuses for the social fuck-ups and inadequates who rape, molest, and abuse.

Keep the Juices Flowing

Sex, and enjoying it, is natural; it's a major part of our lives. When we have consenting sex, with however many partners, male, female, gay, straight, or bisexual, why shouldn't it be with passion, pride, excitement, and experimentation? If no one is hurt or exploited, if power isn't used over another, then our sex is just that—our own.

It's in the interests of all our class to discuss sex and sexuality, to control our own bodies, and to learn lessons about what's good and what's not. Good medical advice aside, the moralists, politicians, and middle classes have no right to hinder us or interfere.

Apologetica Psycherotica

In Memory of The Happy Flowers Cabal

the lamentations of
The Psycherotic Church, Pittsburgh
and of
The Sequel Production Company 1998: Graduation Day

17 →← 267 →← 23

“Would the following people please report to the principle's office to be suspended during finals...”

The Mausoleum of Contents

- Mekrön's Eulogy -

Metronymathy: A Conspiracy Theorist's Myth • The Book of the Obituary • The Book of Revolution
• Star Trek: Nemesis

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Metronymathy: A Conspiracy Theorist's Myth An Archetypal Apology in Five Parts Based on Two (Possibly Three) True Stories

written by Lord Chuff, MRC, KSC, tVS, LRH

The Introduction

When people write something like this, it is usually because a spirit has tapped them on their shoulder and started whispering.

Not this. I have heard the whisperings others have written and, when it happened to a friend, I decided to do something along the same lines...

Before I begin, let me give you fair warning: Nothing is real and fantasy is everything. View with caution that which surrounds you. Believing it is there is folly.

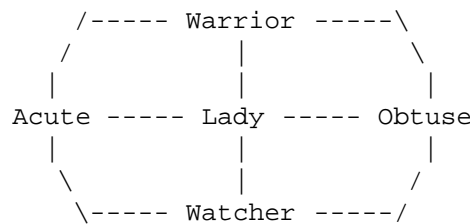
—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

This document is intended for any practicing occultist, as the information contained herein may prove valuable to the stability of your social circle and your sanity.

What follows is a brief description of events which have happened to me *twice*. The focus is on the people involved, for without them the situation would not have been possible. They have been abstracted and archetyped to assist you in determining if you are in such a situation, but you have to be honest with yourself as there is no good role to have.

Also, you or someone else may fit two or more roles, the descriptions may not be accurate or entirely applicable, etc., since this is myth and not math.

The archetypes fit loosely into the following diagram:



Note that this may all be a product of religious rebellion in an age where Wiccans have their own TV shows and the Pope apologizes for past mistakes. The old threat of the all-powerful Catholic Church no longer exists, so we create new ones. Then again, it could just be hormones, youthful stupidity, and paranoia...

The Lady

Associations: Spirit, Pungent

Description: A girl, most often, as sexual tension is a component of any small group. Her situation is one where she is threatened by an outside enemy. Sometimes, she may not view it as a threat (e.g., receiving visions from what she thinks is a creator deity). Always, the Threat is either distant and/or intangible (e.g., a demonic entity or a role-playing psychotic pen-pal from three states away). This non-presence is mandatory, however, for an actual threat can be dealt with. She is often romantically involved with the Warrior.

Inner Turmoil: Her problems may vary and she may have attempted or considered suicide in the past. She either feeds off of the support, sympathy, and attention, or she feeds off of the conflict, antipathy, and attention. Both aggravate the situation, as it is the only thing she has in her life.

At the time A. received the revised vision, she was suicidal about [her father's abusiveness]. She also told me the book was getting repetitive...

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Warrior

Associations: Fire, Orange

Description: This guy is all about action, even if he's a complete dork. (Not you, S.) He wants, above all, to ensure the Lady's safety. Chivalrous as he may be, his attempts are misguided and often involve magicks which seek to contact the Threat. While he may spend a few weeks mentally preparing for battle, he never actually launches any assault (other than verbal).

Inner Turmoil: He is doing what is expected of him, what he feels is Right. Underneath this, he has no idea how to relate to the Lady but can't find the courage to break-up with her. The situation offers a two-fold benefit to him: he finds a way to relate to her (as a guardian) and can suspend the break-up indefinitely. His problems with socializing may run deeper than this, manifesting as an irreverent, anarchistic attitude, or an interest in Death.

S. went on visions like a bitch. He saw a war; we and some others were helping. Something called him "M." (stress second syllable) but he's "M." in name only.

[...] S. said only he could fight M. but he needs our help.

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Watcher

Associations: Water, Sweet

Description: Usually an artistic fellow, he is interested in the hidden reality behind what appears to be a completely disruptive situation, although he'll only admit to wondering what the Threat's intentions are. He is most likely keeping a journal of the events and may end up with quite a few of the artifacts (crystals, sketches, etc.). His first involvement with the situation is usually being asked for help, or accidentally giving it (e.g., he doodles a sketch of the Threat while listening to the others talk about the situation).

Inner Turmoil: He thinks that he is in touch with himself emotionally, yet never notices why he stays involved in the situation. This upon many other self-delusions; he may even be, ironically, an Emily Dickinson fan. His unconscious drive to be a member of a group—any group—allows him to constantly move the conversation back to the situation, since only through the situation does he feel any connection to the others.

Cut ninth period with A. Luckily I had a tape recorder with me. Transcription:

"I had a dream last night. [...] M. is not a god. M. is, uh, more like a guardian-slash-messenger for the higher power [...]"

"And I also learned that L., which is that evil spirit supposedly, that we thought was bothering S., is not an evil spirit at all. He is, um, S.'s version of M. [...] L. was punishing him for, uh, trying to like kill him [...]"

Paranoid: what if M. is tricking us into leaving him alone?

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Acute

Associations: Air, Boom

Description: A philosopher, most likely of chaosophy or a more secular school, he is rarely considered a member of the group. His attempts to calm the situation back-fire subtly. By saying It is not what they think, he only reinforces the idea that It exists. Far be it from him to state plainly the truth, for he will surely be expelled from the group; instead, he may interject oddities into the events, such as having the Threat contradict itself when the Warrior or the Lady communicates with it. None too graceful at the subversive approach, the aggravation towards him heightens the severity of the situation.

Inner Turmoil: He actually cares about his friends and wants to help them, but is too theoretically oriented to know what to do or how (e.g., a philosopher who knows all about pagan deities but has never attempted meditation). Sometimes, just his presence is enough to prevent escalation, but he rarely notices this.

- I ignored a joke B. made and channeled M.
- Second time, B. ditched and [then] S. tranced out major

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Obtuse

Associations: Earth, Prickle

Description: He likes hanging out with his friends but doesn't want to get involved. He acts like he does, lest scorn befall him. Whenever something happens, his first thought is to find some way of saying he didn't see or hear it; this often aggravates the situation when he has to find some excuse other than “you were mumbling” or “I fell asleep during the meditation.” The question raised by his excuses is never “Do you not care?” but rather “If the Threat is capable of hiding itself from certain people, why do *we* know of it?”

Inner Turmoil: He just wants to hang out, but is shy or has trouble making friends. He may even feel trapped, for the others insist on having him there (e.g., to “complete the elemental circle”), but this insistence is always interpreted as a sign that they like him.

Not much new. B. is mad at J. for some reason (at least, this is what I hear from S.). My best guess would be J. joining with little clue about anything (didn't even know his gate, which was decided [for him] to be East) after “S.” didn't join...

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Threat

Associations: The Abyss, Null-0

Description: As Philip K. Dick said in *VALIS*: “[That's] Exactly what the powers of hell feed on: the best instincts in man.” Most of those involved just want to help or protect each other. Lacking focus, direction, or wisdom, they create a common enemy and set to work. The situation is resolved when prolonged paranoia gets the best of them and the adrenaline hang-over kicks in, or when a manifestation date is set for the Threat and it passes without incident, *for the fourth time* (and not before). The end always happens quietly and, if asked, no one can say for sure when it happened.

Inner Turmoil: Everyone wants it to exist, but it doesn't. The cohesiveness of their group becomes dependant on it, to the point where the group dissolves all interaction and the former members would rather not see each other (it would be “too uncomfortable”).

[Looking back on it,] A lot of what happened was bullshit and could have been prevented. The circle could have grown stronger if I had just said, “To each his/her own.”

[...] Where things stand now, I was involved with similar but deadlier circumstances recently, involving people from the BH. B. and I came to the conclusion that they were freaking themselves out, fucking with shit they didn't understand...

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Conclusion

The magick in the situation is real and powerful, but it is not the magick you think it is. The magicks we were playing with weren't wiccan or spiritual, they were group-psychological.

Psychology is not a science, any scientist will tell you that. Psychology is an attempt to explain something which is hidden and complex—the same way religion tries to explain the origins of the world or the human race. Thus, psychology is a form of magick.

The spell is the group. The interactions of the group—power structures, repressed sexual urges, the focus of the group, even people at the periphery—all play significantly in the magick.

The problem was simple: we created an enemy, a group-focus, *but had no idea what it was*. This didn't make us unfocused; rather, it made some of us paranoid and the rest got lost as we focused on finding the enemy, no matter what it was.

In the end, I know only what I knew at the start: A. was having dreams that made living with her father slightly more bearable, while the rest of us were sinking into a tarpit of occultism trying to figure out who was giving her the visions. The answer was obvious enough: A. gave herself those visions. But we humans rarely see what is obvious.

I suspected at first that we *made* him. Wrong. We are *making* him. Day by day, word by word, action by action.

—from *The Black File, A Journal of Metronymathy*

The Book of the Obituary

from the Unknown Gazette

written by W.H. Auden

Stillwell "K-Wac" Stainal

To JS/07/M/378

This Marble Monument Was Erected By The State

He was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be
One against whom there was no official complaint,
And all the reports on his conduct agree
That, in the modern sense of an old fashioned word, he was a saint
For, in everything he did he served the Greater Community
Except for the War till the day he retired
He worked in a factory and never got fired
But satisfied his employers, Fudge Motors Inc.
Yet he wasn't a scab or odd in his views
For his Union reports that he paid his dues,
(Our report on his Union shows it was sound)
And our Social Psychology workers found
That he was popular with his mates and liked a drink
The Press are convinced that he bought a paper every day,
And that his reactions to advertisements were normal in every way.
Policies taken out in his name prove that he was fully insured,
And his Health-card shows he was once in hospital but left it cured.
Both Producers Research and High-Grade Living declare
He was fully sensible to the advantages of the Instalment Plan
And had everything necessary to Modern Man,
A phonograph, a radio, a car, and a frigidaire.
Our researchers into Public Opinion are content
That he held the proper opinions for the time of year;
When there was peace, he was for peace; when there was war, he went.
He was married and added five children to the population,
Which our Eugenist says was the right number for a parent of his generation,
And our teachers report that he never interfered with their education.
Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd:
Had anything been wrong, we should certainly have heard.

The Book of Revolution

written by Kristan Xara

Fuck the pilusophy revolution. Pedophilia ain't funny anymore.

Will someone please visit me, Saul, and v]&s in jail?

Star Trek: Nemesis

A Movie Review in Five Parts

by Rock Color Animal and Deity Color Animal

Part 1: I'm a goddess! Ask me how!

In the beginning, it was all fun and games, but things went horribly sour. Who knew poppets weren't *mmm mmm good*? Or that *Cheese, Interrupted* was gonna fail at the Box Office of my pants? I wanted her, but I wanted to help her. He was my friend, and they seemed liked newage goofballs. No one else asked me to join their circle. I guess I should have taken that as an indication of my abilities.

Part 2: Suicide is a Way of Life

Then there were books. Our name might have been melancholy, but our situation was metropolitan. Some thought the joke was to spoil the punchlines, others just sought dominion and control. And we all flew on silver broomsticks to the resting place of the Brauns, disturbing both their peace and ours. Oh, we wrote, and like good writers we rewrote. We revised it from a failed monotheism to a failed polytheism, looking for some hope, some acceptance from ourselves; finding only paranoia in others and needles in our legs.

Part 3: The Tie that Binds

Near the end, we all hated eachother. We didn't admit this because we were all we had. Just a bunch of children playing with occultism and ignoring the real problems: our health, our families, and ourselves. Given half a clue, which we all had, we would have dropped it all and taken up lame jokes about the Pope. But having half a clue is not the same as knowing you have it, and which thought the clue is. We had bus-fare but didn't know we needed a bus.

Part 4: But I Knew It in the Wrong Way

I still remember all of it. I have it written down somewhere, amidst pages of delusional ramblings about me being the center of the universe, including the second time it all happened to me. I always knew exactly what was happening, but was too caught up in the game to stop. Oh, if only I had accepted Eris sooner... or kept my promise to myself concerning ritual scarring. Instead, I've spent the last few years trying to figure it out. From FMS to child welfare, Scientology to drug addiction, suicide to abortion, I subconsciously followed up on every aspect of the situation. The only thing I know now is: I was and am a total fucking idiot.

Part 5: Psycherotica's Last Testament

All that trouble and I could have helped a lot more if I had just told her how I felt. No, not her: the other one. The one that only fed me cryptic answers and kept all her pain inside. It doesn't matter now; we've all moved on and put our limerence behind ourselves. In the end, though, I didn't get the girl. Perhaps it's best that way. I needed this time alone. The demon may not have been real, but he still fucked me up.

Psycherotica is now here dead.

Et in Asylum Ego...

Disclaimers

Some names have been obscured to protect the innocent. The rest are guilty as charged.

When we cannot find contentment in ourselves, it is useless to seek it elsewhere.

“But if you have nothing at all to create, then perhaps you create yourself.”

This has been

@ Apologetica Psycherotica @

the Last Testament of

@ The Psycherotic Church @

with emotional support from

@ The Sequal Production Company 1327: Home Away From Self @

whose membership includes:

Jeffrey O., Inept God

Amanda M., Mistress of the Rose

Bryan S., Death

Heather T., Prior Art

Jake G., who wasn't there

but not Brian S., who was there

→←

If you think you know what happened, you're wrong.

“The sad mind drowns on sacred ground water.”

@ Suggested Further Practicing @

Common sense.