

INTERMITTENS



*Knights of the
Round*
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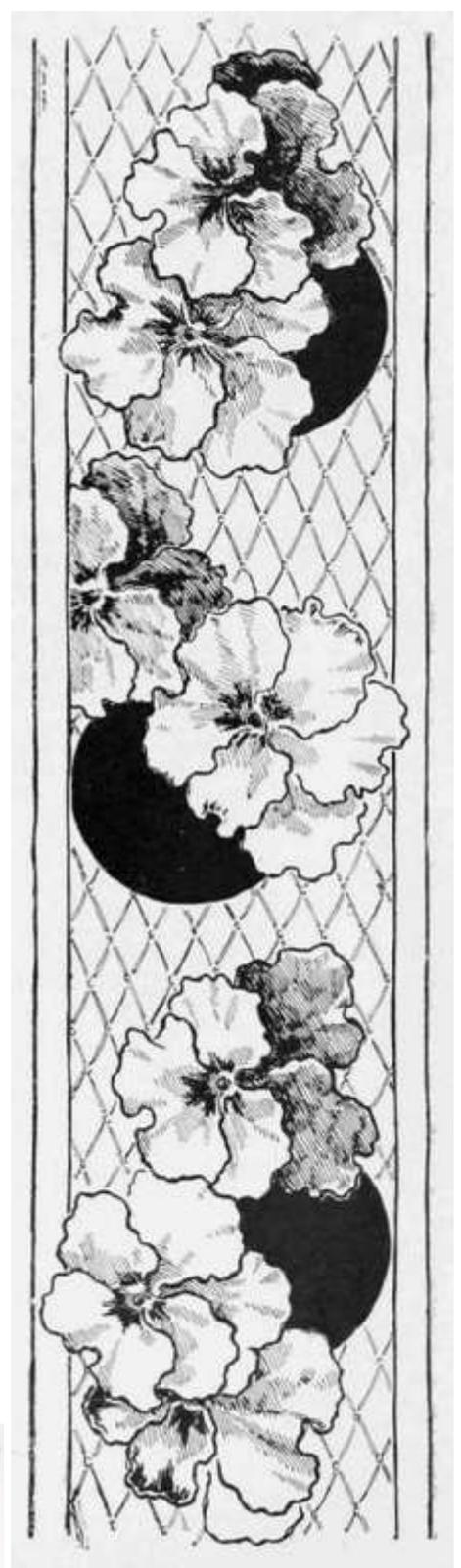
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Cover art by whatc

Edited by Cainad



A Message from the SSOOKN regarding the Law of Fives

It has been frequently observed that the Law of Fives is an insightful commentary on the ability for a human to make connections amongst disparate, discreet points.

However, what has not been pointed out (recently) is the connection (hah!) between creativity, inspiration, and the joining of conflicting elements.

The Law of Fives is not just a means of explaining cognitive bias, or underlining the correlation = causation fallacy.

(For more information about the **Law of Fives**, contact your local Principia Discordia, page 00016)

APPROVED

What Is This Garbage?

Intermittens is a Kopyleft (roughly equivalent to public domain, but sillier) publication that consists of whatever Discordian stuff the editor finds on the Internet. Each issue is edited by whomever has the time and inclination to do so. That means EVEN YOU could be an Intermittens editor or contributor! Check out <http://intermittens.org/> for more information.

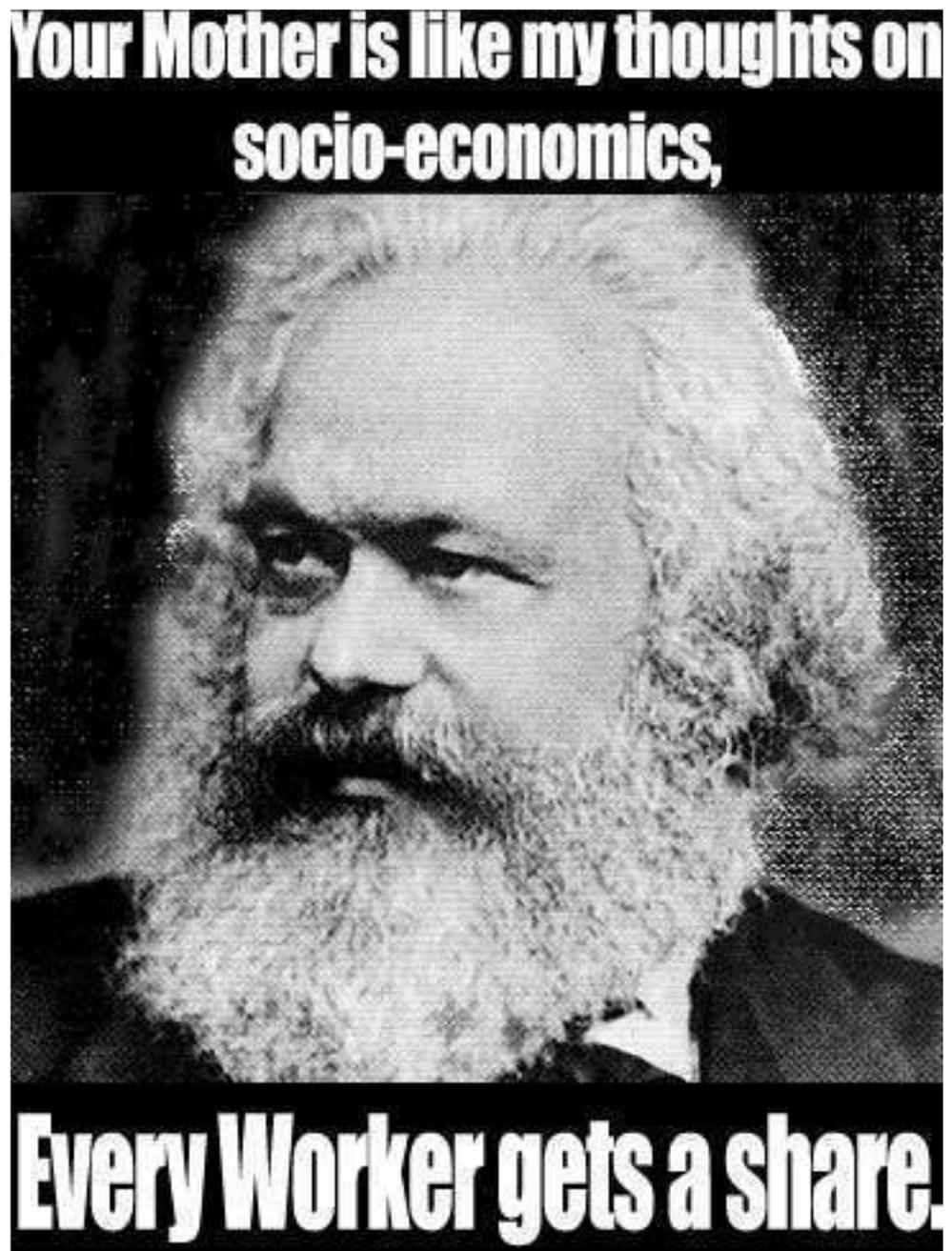
Hail Eris!

It is also a game that can be played to kick your brain in its ass, and start thinking about things in a new way. It is a method not for revealing external truth, but for revealing hidden paths within your own consciousness.

The connections revealed when applying the Lo5 mean nothing, except that everything is connected to everything else (order + disorder = chaos). But the process of figuring out what the connection is reveals much about the user making the connection.

Thank you for your time, and please excuse the esoteric intrusion.

By LMNO, Occasional SSOOKN figurehead



Dear Editor,

While I was generally pleased with the content of Intermittens issues 1 through 3, I'm afraid that issue number 4 was a shameful stain on this publication's young reputation. Neither I nor any of my friends are easily offended, as we are all fun-loving people, but the "humor" in that issue was simply atrocious and should not have been made public. I don't know what other sick ideas you people have in those twisted minds of yours, but please, keep them to yourselves and let's have Intermittens be a generally enjoyable and thought-provoking magazine once again.

Sincerely, Robert A.W.

Oy, editor!

I don't care who you think you are; you don't know jack shit about cooking, or about human sexuality! Issue #4 was an utter load of crap and I think you should let it be republished just so people can see how full of baloney you losers are.

Yours untruly, Disillusioned Reader

"Dear" Editor,

As a Discordian for the last 20+ years and an active participant in the movement both online and off, I have to say I was utterly unprepared for, among other things, the article on recycling in your Intermittens #4 issue. Are you fucking kidding me? I think your writers are severely misguided... to say the least. I consider myself an extremely irreverent person with an ability to poke fun at a lot of issues, but there was nothing funny, nothing irreverent, nothing Discordian in your treatment of that subject. It was, in fact, utterly reprehensible, and I think that if this is the kind of material the new guard is considering "Discordian", it's no wonder Discordianism is being grouped in with dangerous cults and subversive hate groups by contemporary media. I'm about ready to tear up my Pope card and join the Pastafarians, if I see any more of this nauseating bullshit.

With loathing, Pope Traffic Cone

Letters to the Editor(s)

Dear "I'm too chickenshit to face an 'angry mob' and so I didn't publish your article" Editor,

You dirty shyster bastard! You know how long I spent on that article, right? And you go and spike it because "the public might be upset"? Fuck the public, buncha whining little crybabies. If they're not upset, then I'm not doing my job right. So they see a little blood and guts on their computer screen, so what? If it offends them that much, they should probably stop reading the internet. And pluck out their eyes, just in case. Oh, and fuck the advertisers too, those milquetoast jackoffs. Like anyone would actually write anything near the truth if they had anything to do with it. Try to censor me again, and I'll make sure the next letter of complaint gets thrown through your window wrapped around a grenade instead of a brick.

Yours, Cain

A Letter From The Editor:

Dear Readers,

The word "editor" totally doesn't even look like a word anymore. You ever get that? Stare at a word too long or say it so many times it stops seeming like a real word? It's weird.

Yours Truly, Ed.

THIS SPACE INTENTIONALLY LEFT UGLY

The Rich Eat First

by Sepia/brennschluss

"I got the spirit
but lose the feeling"-Joy Division



We'd wish we were in bonds, we wish there were chains across our necks and up our backs. We'd wish there were political doctrines that told us what we could or couldn't do and everyone who ever read 1984 is dreaming of that world. The simplicity and the elegance is what we want, the bad gin and the unhappiness we can find is what we want for at least then, we'd have a reason to sulk every day, we'd have a reason to whine every chance we got and most importantly, what made us unhappy couldn't be pinned on us.

When the first suit hit the pavement on wall street, sighs of delight went across the globe. We knew that when the new country crashed, so would we and we could point our fingers, ladled in fat from our microwave dinners at the tv screens and every hick in every country in the world would smile and be satisfied, they'd fuck that night for the first time in ages, not counting any attempts of domestic rape but they'd fuck good, like after a fight or like the day after their honeymoon started.

Now, my friends, your fingers are pointing. Somewhere. I congratulate you, I congratulate every conservative shitfucker and every radical shitfucker and every shitfucker standing in the middle, fiddling with your thumbs and your children, you've managed to form an opinion. Yes, it was forced and yes, the only thing you really had to do was to lay your spork down and raise your arm enough to form an almost horizontal line against the new azathoth but you managed and my god, it only took an international economic crisis to do it.

Lately, I've been thinking about my hobbies, my interests. It came one moment when a dear friend of mine got bitten by a severe case of feminism and while I support the cause, always have and always will as I'm having difficulties seeing the relevance of sexes in the terms of politics, religion or whatever else you can cram that shit into, those who have just found a light are usually more zealous and have more to prove as it's a new thing to them and they're unsure on how everyone else will react to it.

We discussed feminism, to and fro over a few bottles of port and when we reached the somewhat same conclusions, she asked me to join their little movement and I said no thank you, but politics like that aren't what I'd like to spend my time on. Politics aren't really interesting and she asked me why not and I replied that I'd rather be interested in religion as the people there are usually more interesting and religion aren't usually based off of cooperation, religion is based off of the individual. The way I see it of course.

We had the standard argument one has when one encounters someone that is completely disinterested in the game and the mechanics of politik and while I've had that argument with many people over the years, this was the first time I was on the other side of the fence and frankly, it was amusing.

"You have to be interested in politics, it's everywhere you look and in everything you do."

Yeah. So is soccer with the season coming closer, every newspaper filled with athletes that coughed yesterday at 15:37, commercials are more visible now than the meanings and feelings of the ordinary man in the street, the various aspects of the economic crisis is everywhere, the weather is everywhere, religion is everywhere, good people are everywhere, shitfuckers are everywhere, religion is everywhere. Everything is everywhere. They said it best those old men, as above so below.

My biggest problem with politics is that it depends on people to cooperate to create a better society and this could have worked if enough were into BDSM and a handful of people were dominant while the rest were submissive but from what I see as I read the "news" to see what's going on in the world, permeated by the "politics" I have this feeling that begins to build in my stomach to paint my face white with big red lips, to dye my hair green and dress in a purple suit and see the world burn.



Editor's note: replace this filler image with something that doesn't make me want to gouge out my eyes before we publish this thing

Law of Fives Kabalistic Numeral Madgijiqckue

Among the utilities enfolded within the Law of Fives includes a shortcut to a mental state usually attained by long term Cabalistic Practice (and one that Madonna may be learning RIGHT NOW...). This utility comes as a specific way of viewing the world and the events of the world that you find yourself participating in. This 'way of attention' mean freeing up the hard association between Number and Quantity that exists at an ingrained level in the human mind. Because ALL THINGS are DIRECTLY or INDIRECTLY APPROPRIATE to FIVE, we can use direct math to manipulate the numbers and events that we have seen and are now in our minds, or we can abstract a bit and jump around indirectly with our numerology.

In this fashion we can say that HOT DOG is directly related to five because we use 5 letters (repeating one) in order to form it. We can appreciate that OBAMA has five letters (and the 2 consonants and 3 vowels should give you Discordians a shiver and a giggle). More indirectly we can say that Barack Hussein Obama II (20 letters) is our 44th President here in 2009. Now $44 \times 20 = 880$, and $2009 - 880 = 1129$. 1129 seems an interesting number because A) $9 - 2 - 1 - 1 = 5$ (!!!!!), and B) On November 29th, 1947, the U.N. General Assembly passed a resolution calling



7

argyle

when the sun rose this morning
it brought to light
the emptiness around me
on the bright side
i was able to find my socks

by the dreadful hours

for Palestine to be partitioned between Arabs and Jews, and on November 29th, 2001 George Harrison of the Beatles died at age 58. Of course, $1947 - 58 = 1889$, and in the Year of 1889 in Paris, the Second International, a federation of socialist organizations, called for demonstrations of labor solidarity on May 1, 1890, and May Day (also known as Beltane or Walpurgisnacht, and sacred to the Illuminati for falling on the 1st day of the 5th month) has been observed one way or another ever since.

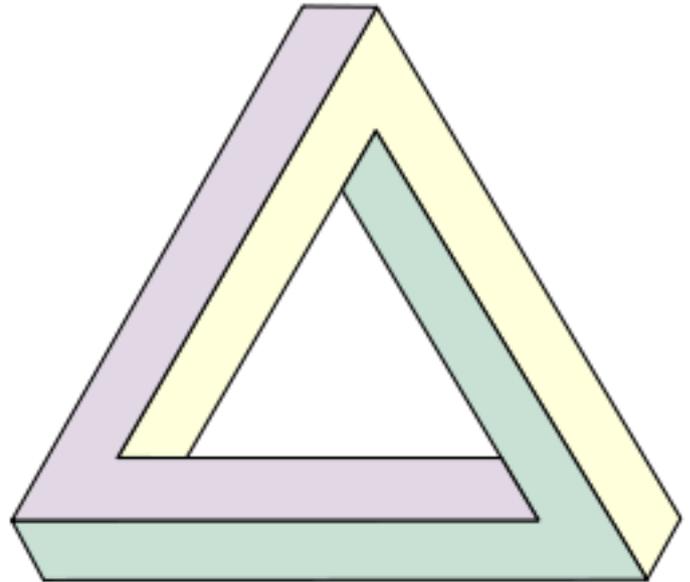
Now, what I have just done in the paragraph above is to Actively Apply the Law of 5's to a set of information. In this fashion we set our frantic brain to comparing and contrasting various bits of data that otherwise would never have met each other within the dark recesses of our minds. Searching for and finding a 5 gives our brain a dose of reward chemicals (much like when you feel good about remembering the lyrics to a song that just started on the radio). In this heightened state of awareness with random bits of data slamming into each other and producing fives, the mind also produces genuinely new connections and thoughts along with the FIVES floating to the top. Robert Anton Wilson discovered this aspect of the Law of 5's and created further techniques that would exercise this mental function. He used the nonsense word PO as an operator, and would form narratives in his head such as "Illuminati PO Mickey Mouse", or "Rabbits PO UFOs" in order to generate ideas to write about.

Also found within the Law of 5's is a way of mentally folding every event that you experience back into a non-dualistic whole. We can listen to the mystics speak and write about how "ALL IS ONE" and argue about what that means, but without a non-verbal experience similar to theirs we have no hope of comprehending what they mean by "ALL IS ONE". By diligently practicing

the Law of 5's techniques for a while, one begins to experience moments where the only meaning that the mind can find in the universe is FIVE. When one directly experiences each individual aspect of reality as well as all of reality as FIVE, then one has attained the mental state known as NIRVANA, if only briefly. You will probably find yourself laughing or giggling uncontrollably when this occurs. This is a good sign, as laughter is what the brain uses to integrate new information when the abstract/rational processes have failed.

All is ONE and that One is FIVE (and they're listed on pg00039, amongst other places).

Hail Eris!
-Telarus, KSC



*Hot Topic is to rebellion
as Hot Pockets are to nutrition.*



Aporia Inc.

Because the world needs
to be prepared for
the coming weird times.

Wroth like a zealot,
believing in nothing
and suspecting all.
Annihilative, to the
point of hyperbole.
Passionate as
napalm, yet
contained and
masterful like unto
calligraphic strokes.

We are now
approaching the
Aftermath, and it
will shake the
mountains asunder.
There will be
terrifying and
uncontrollable
events that will
pave all for the
Next Cycle in Her
terrible works in
this world.

It will amaze us all.

Coming Soon To An Internets Near You:

The Discordian Manual: A DIY Guide To Mindfuckery

This latest release from The Good Reverend Roger will cover all the basics for setting up and running your own cabal of mischief-makers. Everything from forming the cabal, to keeping your sorry arse out of jail, to the goals and psychology of mindfucking... The Good Reverend and his team of mind control ray-directed monkeys have decided it's time somebody brought some proper education to the masses.

DO Take This Personal

by Reverend What's-His-Name?



We all have that person or persons in our lives that had a significant role in how we turned out, or at least, how we are up this point and time. And I'm talking beyond bloodlines and close personal friends. I'm talking about people, who, in the totality of our lives, was but a blip on the timeline. Someone we knew, but for a brief segment of time, and then they vanished into the ether. Or, we got really lazy and stopped sending them letters or phoning them from time to time. These were positive, human pieces of Shrapnel, that embedded our flesh with new ideas, new knowledge, new credos, or maybe, just new vigor.

There are two chaps in my past that stick out for me. One was this guy named Greg. He was the guy who hired me at my first Retail gig when I moved into Portland to start Graduate School. He was something of an odd fellow. He was deep into mythologies, spiritual energies, and other kinda "new age" thinkings. At first, I didn't like him much because my first duty on the job was to go get his coffee. But as the months wore on, we discovered a camaraderie. We would spend our down times discussing politics, music, feng shui, and the fact that Ottmar Liebert is an egotistical prick. He was one of the first people I met who was really "real". He didn't put on pretenses and he didn't put on shows. He was perfectly willing to delve into chaotic and joyful anarchy. Like that one



time, when the store was full of customers, he declared a ping-pong gun war. It was a beautiful thing to behold and to be a part of. We hit customers, and aside from a couple of sticks-in-the-mud, nobody cared. I really miss that guy. He moved off to Seattle and vanished. But he had a huge impact on me just by the way he existed. To not give a fuck and just be how you want to be.

There was this other guy named Dave. This was from a little earlier in my life when I was in High School. To make money I worked at the local Pizza Hut. He was the morning guy who did all of the prep work for the day. We called him Dave the Pizza King. (yeah, kinda corny) He was a laugh riot. Again, he was this cat who would just come in and be Dave. He would sing loud, mildly inappropriate songs. He would tell dry, awful jokes. And the dude made everyone laugh. Everybody wanted to work with him and I was given the privilege of working with him many mornings. He was one of the most carefree people I've ever met. He had a very take-it-as-it-comes way about him that was hard not to be inspired by. It was an opportunity for me to learn that the best thing I had to offer this world was me. Not me trying to be what THEY want me to be. But me being what I want me to be. Eventually, he left The Hut, and I never heard from him again. However, his impact has carried through.



I would be quite a different person, I believe, had I these encounters with these two individuals. Together, my experience with them probably at best represents 3 years of my 33 year life. It is a testament of how much this Shrapnel can stick with us. Perhaps we don't recognize it initially, and its only later upon some random reflection that we realize, "Yeah, that person was huge in my life." So how about you? Do you have one, two, or more of these acquaintances that really affected how you've navigated your paths? What was it about them that helped shape who you are today? I know, it is kind of sad that we lose touch with these people. I would shit bricks if Greg or Dave were to knock on my door right now. We still have the memories and the stories. And by sharing those stories with others in our daily lives, we can allow their influence to live on, far beyond the days when we were in their presence.

Such Oddacity!

You Are All Equal

by Thurnez Isa

You all need us,
You all want us,
You all need my nutrition,
You all want my sensations, my ease, my
smothered mountain of soapy butter,
You all need my shelter,
You all want my pure hue, my fleshy
green lawn blades, my self respect, the
smell of social hierarchy, my definition of
your stranding,
You all need our long treks, our long
journeys with the traveler of steel and
wheels,
You all want our speed, the pure blue
godly mobility, the fresh sky against our
black asphalt streams, the wind, the eyes
of envy,
You all need my definitions of yourself,
You all want my given cloth, my flowing
sensations of colours, my skin, my hidden
sexuality plainly in view, my sounds, my
cries of homogenized notation, my false
connections, my minimized touch against
your frigid loneliness,
You all need my equality,
You all long for my consumption.



Shut The Fuck Up

by Nigel

People like to talk, they really like making noises with their mouths. They talk talk talk all the fucking time, rarely saying anything of interest of value **EVEN TO THEM**, just fucking reading labels out loud or narrating the events around them "the dog is looking at me, oh man now he's going up the stairs, bye dog! I'm going to have a cup of coffee. There's a bird outside the window, oh nope he flew away. The sun is out today. Haha this bottle of syrup is funny! I think I'll read the ingredients..." on and on and on **FOR NO FUCKING REASON** other than that perhaps if they stop **FUCKING TALKING** their brains might switch on and they might have a moment of wondering what the hell all this is about, anyway, and what they're doing with their lives besides being another cog in the machine. Maybe if they stop talking the universe starts pressing in on them and they begin to become aware of how tiny, how meaningless, how insignificant, and above all how lonely they are.

Worse yet, their chatter infringes on any thinking anyone else might do, as well as triggering routine responses to complete fucking inane prattle that needn't have been said in the first place, more inane prattle, back and forth endlessly forever until they plunk their stupid vapid asses in front of some stupid fucking mind-wasting TV program, which they can then **TALK ABOUT** later.

Talking, talking, talking. I wish I could cut their fucking stupid tongues out of their hollow heads,

but then you know what would happen; they would grunt and wave their arms around all the time, just to make a noise and get you to look at them, not caring that nobody understands. That's basically the same thing they're doing now.

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

If you try to tell them that you're not big on talking, that you like quiet, that you like being left alone, that you need peace so you can think, 99% of the time the fucking retard population that we call "humanity" will switch into autopilot and interpret that as the one possibility they're capable of understanding; that you need to be cheered up. So they amp up the painfully boring vapid narrative by trying to make it clever and funny, until you actually **ARE** in a bad mood and start fantasizing about hitting them with a hammer, over and over again, until there is only blood and pulp and fragments of bone. Because that's the only way you can make them stop. Even if you tell them, listen asshole, **SHUT UP AND LEAVE ME ALONE, I HATE YOUR STUPID CHATTER**, they will slink away all wounded for a couple of days, complain to all their friends about what a bastard you are, and then come back and try to make up. And as soon as you grant them any attention, any hint that you might not be about to punch them in their moronic flapping mouths, a smile or a bit of conversation or even just a moment of eye contact, they start again, talking talking without saying anything at all.

continued...

continued from above

SHUT

THE

FUCK

UP

Stop talking.

Stop talking about some goddamn TV show

Stop talking about your cat

Stop talking about the weather

about what you're eating

what you see out the window

whatever

Stop... just stop.

OR KILL ME.

THERE ARE 5 KINDS OF PEOPLE :

1) _____

2) _____

3) _____

4) _____

5) _____

^Mail your answers to:^

523 Kallisti Ave.
Ancient Greece

The Revolution has
abandoned you.
You're on your own now.

If ignorance is
bliss, wipe that
smile off your face.



When it's dark, turn a light on.
Like God in genesis, it's for you to do.
Pay no mind to the mirror on the wall,
Cold and vicious, dead as pterodactyl eyes.

When it's cold, put your coat on.
It's winter until you make it spring.
It's time for you to wake the fuck up,
"Harsh injustice" just another of your lies.

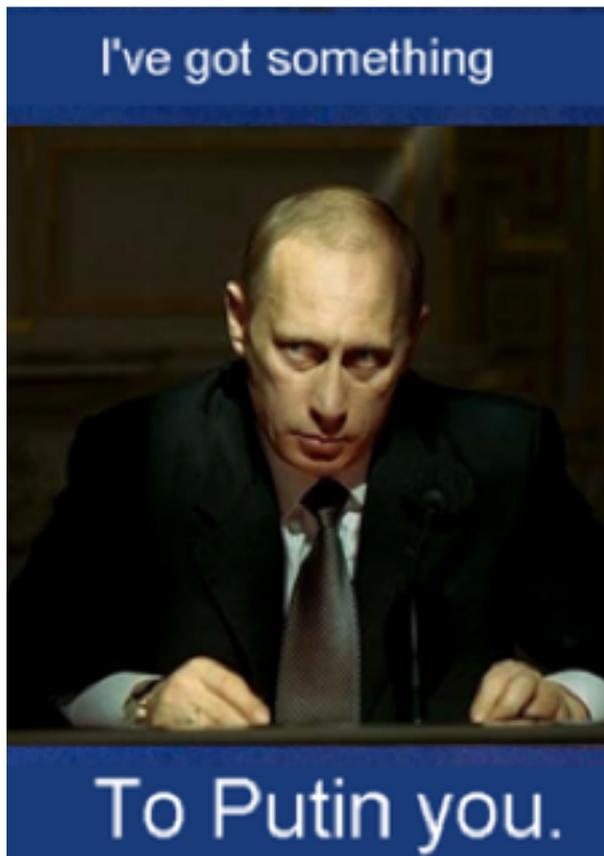
And until you realise that it really was only you all along,
The fear you felt has scared all other fears away,
And working for nothing but a chance to work tomorrow,
Is when you realise, is when you can say:

There is
No man,
No plan,
Just what you see through the bars of your cell
No pain,
No blame,
But that which you create yourself.

When you're put down, seize your freedom.
It's always yours, and never given.
Bastardised, your rights are trampled,
Have you no more to do than sigh?

Words In My Head. MY HEAD!

by Payne, official Beer
Distributor of the Wrath of
MS Paint Cabal



And now you look for answers, and find there are none,
The books you've read have only given you more to say,
When "rights" and wrong, and wrong can be right,
Everyday is a fight, a message, an urge to say:

There is
No man,
No plan,
And the cell, too, is another lie
No pain,
No blame,
And no father in the sky.

Picture unrelated

THE HERESIES, CHAPTER 1

BY THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

"Against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand." -Mark Twain

Many of those reading this are, or consider themselves to be, Erisians; many of you feel that you embody, or at least emulate the primal chaos which is Eris, in her true form.

Not so.

Most of you ARE Discordians, of one strain or another, but nobody here comes close to embodying what Eris actually is. Hell, you're not even in the same ballpark. To illustrate what I am trying to say, allow me to break Discordianism down into several facets, or factions (pay attention, ye lubbers, for I will be using these terms through the rest of the chapters, unless I don't):

1. The Phage: The Phage represents that follower of chaos that many of us do not wish to think about. The Phage is the destroyer, the warmonger...the Phage is an analog to Shiva, destroyer of worlds. The Phage believes in the promotion of entropy by rapid, and violent, means.

2. The Wilde: This represents a sizable portion of Discordians; in fact, it seems to be the majority view. The Wilde is named for Oscar Wilde, who would know many Discordians on sight, and call them his brothers and sisters. Wildes believe that the purpose of chaos is to prevent society from making you Grey. Wildes hold eccentricity, beauty, freedom, and happiness to be some of the highest values.

3. The Elementalist: Surprisingly, the Phage is not the opposite of the Wilde, the Elementalist is. The elementalist views chaos as a physicist does...as a tangible, unstoppable force. Hobbes described the world under the elementalist paradigm as "nasty, brutal, and short". The universe itself is an Elementalist, as it uncaringly moves forward, unheeding...no, blind to, those things that get ground under its relentless advance. This is the rarest form of Discordianist...as an Elementalist

cares for NOTHING. It is another word for depersonalized sociopathy.

4. Subgenii: The Subgenius is that Discordian who holds places no value on the welfare of the Greyface, viewing him/her as a sheep who deserves its fate. Those who wish to remain asleep, or worse yet, consciously accept greyness are, to the subgenii, nothing more than occasionally useful idiots...or a danger which is to be smashed. The Subgenius believes that entropy is unstoppable, but you may as well get some yuks in before it gets you..."Anything for a laugh".



5. Refugees: The Refugee is not, in his/her mind, a Discordian at all. They seek Discordianism for the safety of numbers, for an accepting group that will not criticize their beliefs, odd as they may be (or as they have been taught that those beliefs are). Many Refugees are Wiccans, dormant Wildes, etc...note that many Discordians are Wiccans, this does not make them Refugees...a Refugee is a person who does not believe themselves to be a Discordian, but hangs out with them, because they are accepted. They walk a razor's edge between enlightenment, and just another form of Greyness.

6. Free Radicals: A Free Radical (named after the chemical term) is that Discordian who constantly shifts from form to form. Note that having a "Phage day" when you are normally a Wilde does not make you a Free Radical...the shift has to be fluid, constant. The greatest Discordian Saints, and the vilest rogue

continued...

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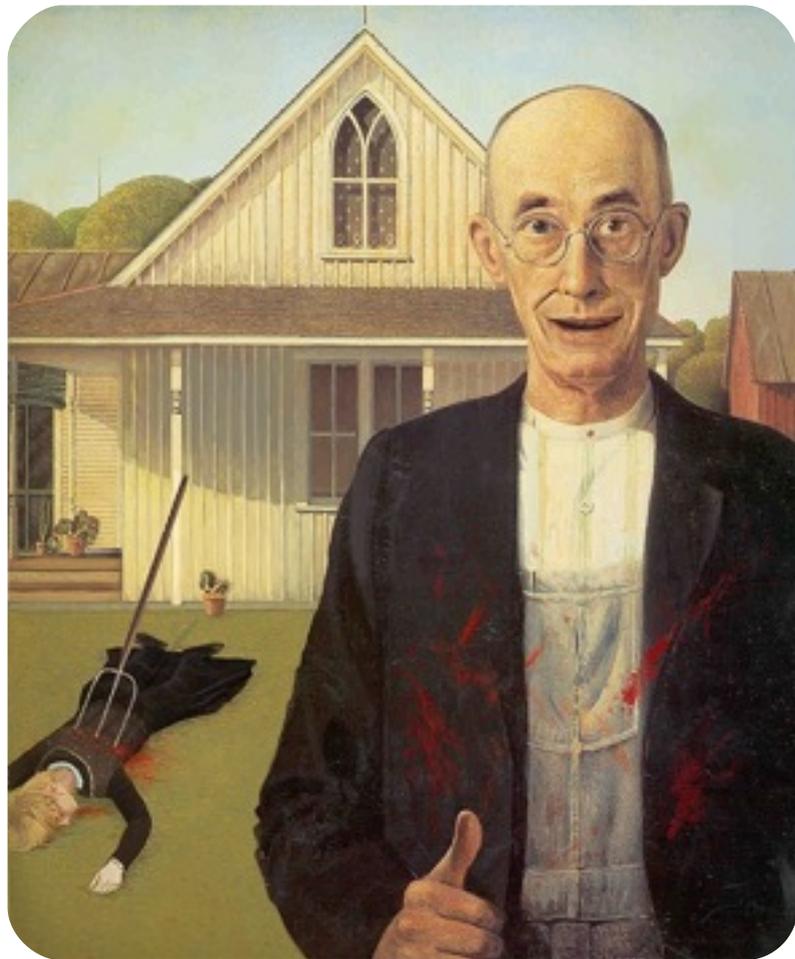
Discordians, are usually Free Radicals.

7. The Children of Eris: The clinically insane, the mentally ill. You don't join this form by choice...or by eccentric behavior. Most CoEs are institutionalized...and others run our country.

Now, you may be saying to yourself, "You're damned right this is heresy! How dare The "Good" Reverend Roger attempt to impose order on chaos...to codify the servants of Eris, or even the Lady herself (as she, and she alone is the sum of all of the above, all at once...well, there's "Bob", too, of course...but only when he's Fropped to the gills)?

Well, I'll tell ya...A "good" Discordian can't even be bothered listening to Eris, or "Bob", or Wotan, or anybody/thing else...which is a damned good thing, cause they ain't talking anyway.

Or Kill Me.



A Parable

by Sam Morris

There is a rock along a mountain path, sitting upon which you can learn everything there is to know about Other People.

This rock (and I sit upon it often) grants one a fine and admirable view of the path, both one way and the other. It lets you see the long road up which the pilgrims walk, and around the corner, it lets you see the bear that eats them.

I'm not a cruel man very often, and when I see the pilgrims approach my rock at the corner I'm given to warning them, in the spirit of goodwill: "I wouldn't go that way if I were you... there is a bear just around that corner, and darn it if he doesn't have the taste for pilgrims!"

And of course, as pilgrims are wont to do, they shout back in reply, "How dare you tell us how and where to go, you think you know better than us? Are there not many rocks with many views? Who are you to sit up there and pass judgement down upon us?"

"Who am I? But a man who sees a bear of course" but the pilgrims they will have none of this.

"Such pretension, such arrogance," they mutter as they walk around the corner into the hungry embrace of the bear.

Soon the survivors will return, running back around and let me tell you a thing; they do not admit fault, or thank me for my attempted warnings, quite the opposite. In fact, they make a virtue of their ignorance, and blame me still further:

"Who are you to judge us?" They say, "You have never even been attacked by a bear! It's easy to philosophise up there on your ivory rock, but try walking our path." And so they amble away, grumbling about the men on rocks deceiving the noble-but-simple salt of the earth pilgrims.

But this is not the worst thing, not at all. After the pilgrims leave, a young boy on the rock above will always say, "I told you not to sit there!"

Can you imagine? The arrogant little pup.

Also, Morris has a book out: [Cold Turkey and the Case of the Missing Crime](#)
He's probably a starving writer or something, so you should buy it. **15**

LOUIS XIV WAS AN ALIEN!

Or: How Aliens Forced The Police On Us In An Attempt To Make Us Tastier.

by Regret and Fuzball

Subject: "Police" is a concept forced on us by Aliens.

Theory: Aliens created police forces to make people into cattle, making them lethargic, lazy and complacent. This way making them fat and juice eventually leading to a better slice of meat.

Support: This theory starts with looking from outside our solar system. Counting from the Sun, when including the Moon, Earth is the fifth solar body. Earth also contains 5 letters. The focus is set here on the Sun as starting point and the number 5. When looking into what these have in common one will find the following links:

- * The Sun God.
- * Louis XIV (Louis: 5 letters)
- * It takes only 5 straight lines to write XIV
- * Born on 5 september 1638 (5: the day, 1638: $6 - 1 = 5$ $8 - 3 = 5$)
- * First royal child in 23 years ($23: 2 + 3 = 5$)
- * Took power at the age of 23 ($23: 2 + 3 = 5$)

The topics above will be laid down in detail.

King Louis XIV had to come from somewhere. He didn't just drop from the sky. Or did he? His name "The Sun God" makes us believe so. In an age where spaceships were never heard of it's not inconceivable that people might have considered someone dropping straight out of the sky from the direction of the Sun to be a Sun God. Such unusual findings at those times were usually visited by royalty. Without any foster parents, the royal family took it upon themselves to nurture this child. From pictures over the internet and art galleries can be seen how Louis XIV had a pretty alienate appearance.

With careful calculations, it was made sure the alien signal sign 5 was in place in all the links and events. Dates, locations and even 'parents' are all part of the planning. Especially since the eventual plan would be to run human civilization into cattle-like beings.

Taken from an internet author called



Editor's note: We need more fringe lunatic / Crank File articles like this. The readers love this stuff.

Photographer X we can read about this cattle plan:

IV. Their felonious and mischievous chopping up of our cattle! Can you even count the number of times you have gone down to the pasture only to find that "dad burn it!" them dang aliens have zapped Ole Bossy and lasered her eyes, tongue, udder and ears right off? Well you are not alone! It has been estimated that the increasing price of beef is due solely to increased losses to the aliens! Read this statement once, and read it again! The reason is obvious- to decrease American consumption of beef! In fact, it has been scientifically proven that the marketing "experts" who got fast food restaurants to offer food items commonly called "salads" were none other than aliens in disguise! And what is the ultimate goal?!?! To have a population so weak and under-nourished from eating tofu and rabbit food, that we will be unable to resist the coming alien onslaught! Ever since the first caveman clubbed a cow to death and ate great dripping slabs of under-cooked beef, science has known that beef makes you strong and virile! Go out and eat some today, and thwart the alien menace! Beef. It's what's for dinner. (This information has been brought to you by the American Cattleman's Association.)

When looking further into Photographer X his archive there's also support on how after Louis XIV the aliens walking France have further evolved and build the Eiffel Tower.

Louis XIV was also the first to instate a police force. Which leads to the point where the theory gets its stronghold. It is well known police works as a foundation to keep the peace or rather keep the cattle calm. Not only did Louis XIV instate this police force, later during the French revolution, Napoleon reorganized this police force. The French revolution was said to be against the politics at that time. We take this as a sign of the cattle standing up against their herders. After a lot of Louis in the royal court of France (all with 5's in their name) Napoleon came to power. This is no coincidence. Napoleon's father was named Corsica's representative to the court of Louis XVI in 1777. This would pretty much make Napoleon's family to be the alien adviser on a remote project.

When Napoleon came to power a fast army was constructed. An army is the equivalent of the police in bigger numbers. Napoleon was one who tried to run the rest of European civilization into the cattle program, but came to a hold when the cattle stood against him. It's a mystery in what stadium the cattle program currently is, but since the police is still instated its considered still active.

Additional information:

Structure of the solar system -

<http://www.aerospacweb.org/question/astronomy/q0247.shtml>

Louis XIV background -

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louis_XIV

Support of alien existence -

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Vault/8411/plot.html>

Support on France -

<http://www.geocities.com/Area51/Vault/8411/tower.html>

Founding of a police core -

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_criminal_justice

Cthulhu's On My Voicemail

(to be played on mandolin and stumpf fiddle)

by Ratatosk

I took a job near Boston, in a quaint New England town.
The people seemed a little odd; the preacher wore a strange gold crown.
I thought something was fishy, I wondered what was going on,
then I found an old book in the den, called The Necronomicon.



Now Cthulhu's on my voicemail, Azathoth's at the door.
Yog Sothoth's in the basement and Brown Jenkin's crawling 'cross the floor.
I've got rats in the walls, Keziah's in the attic; I wish they'd go away.
And Cthulhu's on my voicemail, its gonna be that kind of day.

I heard a whisper in the dark, and a scuttle on the lawn.
I went out to investigate but the noises all were gone.
There are colors leaking out of the well and the trees all glow at night.
I've got a funny feeling that something isn't right.

Because Cthulhu's on my voicemail, Azathoth's at the door.
Yog Sothoth's in the basement and Brown Jenkin's sneaking 'cross the floor.
I've got rats in the walls, Keziah's in the attic; why won't they go away?
And Cthulhu's on my voicemail for the second time today.



Father Dagon took me to a baseball game; we had a pretty good time.
He caught a fly ball with his pesudopod, I'd keep it but it's covered in slime.
Mother Hydra took me out to lunch, and I just had to laugh.
They served us calamari stew, so she ate the kitchen staff.

And Cthulhu's on my voicemail, Azathoth's at the door.
Yog Sothoth's in the basement and Brown Jenkin's sitting on the floor.
I've got rats in the walls, Keziah's in the attic; it seems they're here to stay.
And Cthulhu's on my voicemail, it's his third message today.

"That is not dead which can eternal lie", so that old book said.
"And with strange eons even death may die." I guess I shouldn't read in bed.
I thought it was a bad dream, from that crazy book I found.
Until I checked my voicemail, and heard that slurping sound.

Yes, Cthulhu's on my voicemail, Azathoth's at the door.
Yog Sothoth's in the basement and Brown Jenkin's dancing on the floor.
I've got rats in the walls, Keziah's in the attic; I don't know what to say.
Cause Cthulhu's on my voicemail, and he wants to come and play!



Freedom is a verb.

Do what you want to say.

Dao De Ching, chapters 5 & 23

5. The Function of Emptiness

Heaven and earth proceed without motive, but casually in their order of nature, dealing with all things carelessly, like used talismans. So also the sages deal with their people, not exercising benevolence, but allowing the nature of all to move without friction.

The Space between heaven and earth (i.e., the six trigrams between those named 'heaven'  and 'earth' ) is their breathing apparatus:

Exhalation is not exhaustion, but the complement of Inhalation, and this equally of that. Speech (by interfering with this regular order of breathing) exhausteth; guard thyself, therefore, maintaining the perfect freedom of thy nature.

23. Emptiness and Not-Doing (Wu Wei)

Abstaining from speech marks him who is obeying the spontaneity of his nature.

A fierce wind soon falleth; a storm-shower doth not last all day.

Yet Heaven and Earth cause these; and if they fail to make such violence continue, how much less can man abide in spasm of passion!

Therefore he who pursues his affairs in the spirit of Dao will become Dao-like.

He who pursues his affairs with de*, will become de-like*.

He who pursues his affairs with loss, identifies himself with loss.

He who identifies himself with Dao, Dao rejoices to guide.

He who identifies himself with de*, de* rejoices to reward.

And he who identifies himself with loss, loss rejoices to ruin.

But if he himself realize not the Tao with calm of confidence, then others seem also to lack in confidence in him.

*Chinese 'de' is an ancient and linguistically complex word. Explanations are available by Arthur Waley (1958) and Peter A. Boodberg (1979), so look them up yourself. The editor can't be arsed to fit them in here.



Oh my god, it's finally over!

Well, it's about time! This issue was thrown together so hastily, it makes my high school yearbook look like a masterwork publication. What piece of crap.

As the editor, I'd like to apologize to all the authors who contributed. Your work deserves better. However, being the kind-hearted, sick-minded, wonderful people you are, you allowed your work to be exposed to the public in this atrocious snot bucket of an issue.

And you, dear readers, are the real heroes. Without you, Intermittens would be a no-profit kopyleft publication filled with fringe lunacy and wacky ideas.

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Wait...

Remember to check out:

www.intermittens.org
www.principiadiscordia.com
www.poee.co.uk
www.blackironprison.com

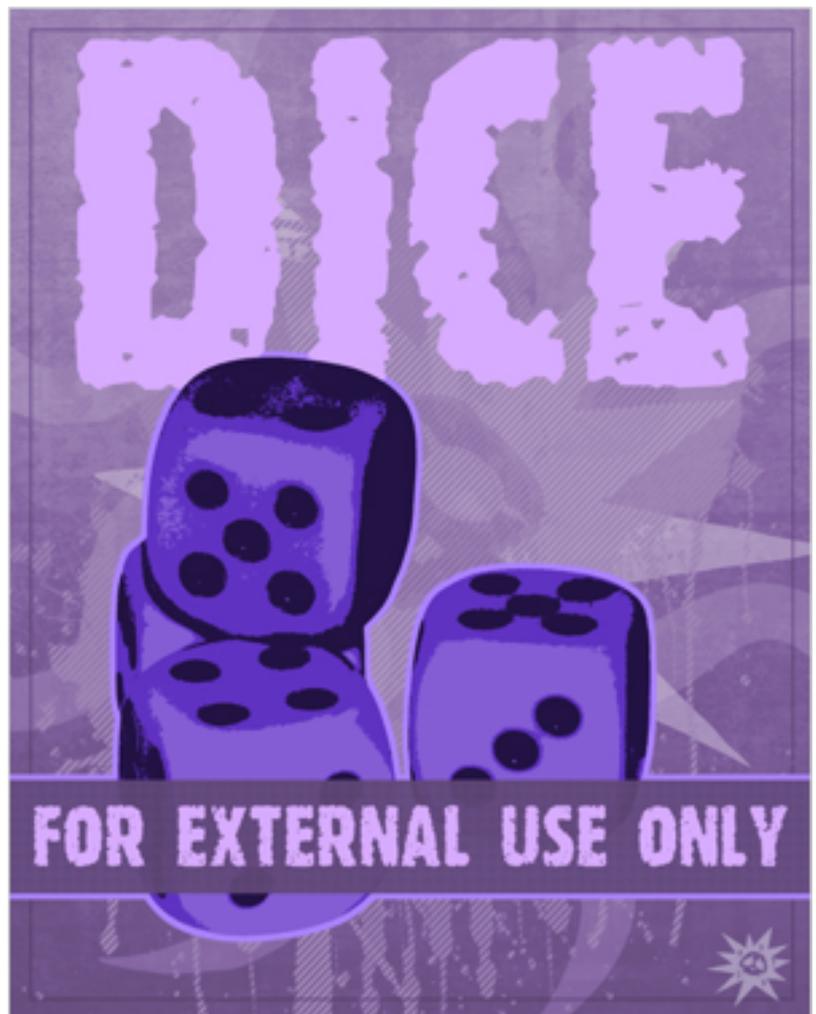


image credit: thenostalgian