

DIARRHEA DISCORDIA VOLUME 2

INTERMITTENS!

THE ELEMENTS OF NEW DISCORDIA

FEATURING PIECES BY

Cain

Rev. What's-His-Name?

Manta Obscura

vexati0n

...and more!

ENRICO SALAZAR:
THE LARRY KING INTERVIEW
ANATOMY OF A MINDFUCK
JAILBREAKING FOR MORANS
DISCORDIAN CROSSWORD!
DISCORDIANISM:
NO SUCH THING!
ILLUSTRATIONS!
SPAGS!
PERSONAL ADS!

NEW COLUMNS!

Speaking As A Mother: A Guide to Holiday Gifts for the Kids

by Jenne and Khara

Discordian Whoroscopes

by Manta Obscura



INTERMITTENS VOL. 2
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We might not be talking about the same Conspiracy that you're thinking about.

THE MACHINE isn't anything that's specifically operating the cameras watching you read this and recording your meager thought-patterns.

Even if this whole thing is bullshit as far as you're concerned, SOMEBODY went through a LOT OF TROUBLE to leave this where YOU would find it. Maybe they wanted to get a reaction. QUICK LOOK BEHIND YOU!

Somebody's snickering RIGHT NOW. You can FEEL It.

INTERMITTENS!

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When I read the first issue of Intermittens, a project with which I was completely unaffiliated at the time of its publication, I realized that my friends at PDCOM were on to something. In the time since the Black Iron Prison booklet and its various spinoffs were produced, we had been plagued by countless false starts on new projects. We couldn't really get anything off the presses, and it was frustrating because many of us had plenty to say, it just wasn't materializing into anything very satisfying.

But then Intermittens struck, pretty much without warning, and it was more than just a 30-page compilation of recent Discordian literature. Although it covered lots of topics, it was somehow coherent and self-contained. It was what I thought had been sorely lacking in Discordianism, or at least my corner of it, for too long: an tangible expression of popular Discordian culture.

Of course, since I was so impressed by this project, I promptly latched onto it and declared my editorship for this, second installment of Intermittens. Hopefully, it doesn't turn out to be just a bad sequel. I've taken a lot of time and invested a lot of effort into making this issue more than a laem copy of the last one. Great moments can never really be replicated anyway, especially in Discordia.

The focus for this volume of "Diarrhea Discordia" is on what comes close to defining the indefinite "Discordianism." You'll find some pieces dealing directly and specifically with our little movement but you won't find any simple answers here. Discordianism can be just about anything to anyone, but I've included examples here that I think share some impossible to define quality that highlights the spirit of Discordia.

-- vexatiOn,
Editor, Vol. 2

DISCORDIA

A Historical Perspective

It is often said that laughter is the best medicine. Indeed, during times of epic fail such as the one we are currently about to embark on, scarcely anything besides The Giggles provides a reason to keep breathing. As empires collapse, liberties vanish, and cruel new realities arise, the ensuing chaos can reach levels of absurdity and discomfort that are hard for even the most experienced and lulz-hardened soul to weather.

These periods of civil uncertainty or unrest, when the cycle of human events rolls through the darker and more unsightly neighborhoods of history, are by necessity the most fertile breeding ground for Discordianism. Obviously, it is easier for more people to be disgruntled and disgusted by the Way Things Are, when things are actually bad. But more than that, a descent into collective madness is like a gigantic pot of soup, in that it boils cabbages.

In both good times and bad times, Discordians are irreverent, subversive, and unsettled. But aside from a few exceptional cases, it is really only during the bad times that these traits find themselves in agreement. A society experiencing a widespread period of mourning is one which is looking wildly for distraction and consolation: it is only the introspective, depressed and dimly-lit society which can be illuminated.

If people are laughing anyway, telling them a joke will not make much of an

impression. If people are crying, it will break the monotony of gloom and distress.

Discordianism, of course, is more than a well-timed joke. Sometimes it is a badly-timed joke, and sometimes it isn't funny at all. It is many things; it is almost impossible to define, in fact, but I would say that the idea of Discordianism is first a rejection of the status quo, but more directly, it is a concerted, conscious, and successful effort to remain disconnected from the status quo.

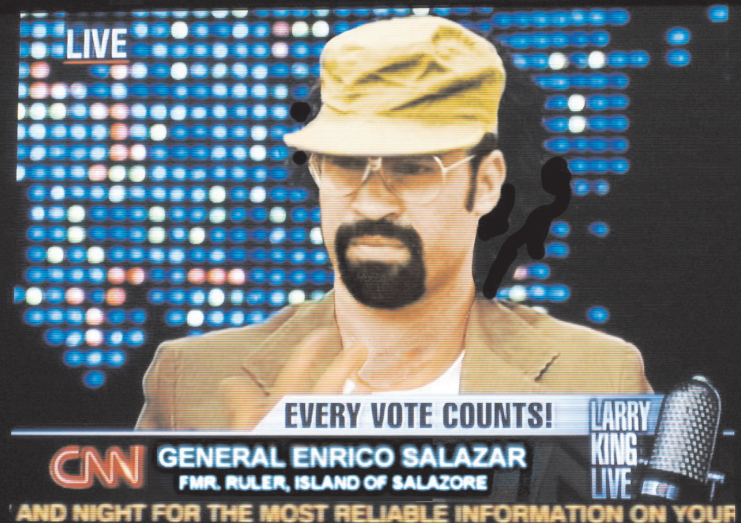
The initial disconnection from the status quo is far more achievable when it takes the form of giving people something to look forward to, rather than giving them reason to doubt some already satisfying bliss.

Question Everything. When you are down, question the part of your brain that insists that things cannot get better. That is the duty of a fully functioning Discordian Society operating in a society full of people deranged by worry and stressed to their limits by attempting to meet impossible standards that make no sense in the first place.

It was never the intention of Discordianism to make no sense, but rather to show how the Status Quo is crazy; how it is the daily grind that makes no sense; and how much easier it is to do that when the insanity of the Status Quo is tangibly resulting in the misery of billions.

ENRICO SALAZAR ISN'T EXACTLY A NICE GUY.

But despite exhaustion and jet lag, he managed to charm the pants off Larry King this weekend on the CNN talk show host's interview show. Read carefully and keep this article around, because it isn't often you'll get to see the ex-dictator of Salazore being so soft and gentle.



KING: Enrico Salazar, former leader of the island nation of Salazore is with us tonight--

SALAZAR: Generalissimo, pig.

KING: Generalissimo, ok. Sorry. Generalissimo Enrico Salazar is with us tonight--

SALAZAR: Generalissimo Enrico Ritzibottom Salazar, thank you very much, pig. Is respect.

KING: Generalissimo Enrico Ritzibottom Salazar. Sorry. Generalissimo Enrico Ritzibottom Salazar is with us tonight, fresh from a stint as a judge on So You Think You Can Sing. Do you enjoy music, Enrico? Can I call you Enrico?

SALAZAR: You can call me anything you want, snuggle-undies. Just don't call Enrico 'late to bed'. (chuckles)

KING: Ok, I won't.

SALAZAR: Was joke, swine. No sense of humor you don't have? Laugh.

KING: I'm laughing, Enrico. So do you?

SALAZAR: Does Enrico what?

KING: Do you enjoy music.

SALAZAR: This is question you ask great political leader? You American swine, in Enrico's homeland you would be hanged by eyelids. But, yes, Enrico loves the music. He often sings Stooze's Funhouse while doing dishes.

KING: Who is Dishes?

SALAZAR: Eh?

KING: Sorry, that was just a little joke. Some Salazorian humor, if you will.

SALAZAR: Enrico will not. Was not joke, was embarrassment. You are real journalist?

KING: Not really. Ok, let's get down to politics. Would you have done what President Bush did? Would you have sent troops in to Iraq that quickly?

SALAZAR: Troops are for pussy. Enrico would have put together small group of like-minded mammy-jammers armed to skin of teeth, burrowed underground and come up in f*cker's toilet. Make shish-kabob of him. What you think happened to Jimmy Hoffa?

KING: Are you saying you had something to do with the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa?

SALAZAR: Who is Jimmy Hoffa?

KING: One of the things we were talking about during the break -- a lot of people wonder what do you talk about during the break -- we were talking about one of the most difficult things about being a politician is dealing with all the death. And a lot of people have fun with you, comics have had fun with you. Is that for you frustrating to know that you've tried to do your best and yet are portrayed in the media as a monster?

SALAZAR: No. Is funny. The Monster was Enrico's momo's nickname for him when he was little maggot. Some people should die, that's just unconscious knowledge.

KING: Anyone in particular? (laughs)

SALAZAR: You, Larry. (laughs) But, seriously, you should die.

KING: How is your health?

SALAZAR: Enrico has the constitution of a Doberman.

KING: Ann Coulter was telling me a few months back, and we may never have known this, how close you came to dying. She said three times close.

SALAZAR: That was when Enrico was shot. Is bullsh*t. Enrico eats scrap metal and spits out bullet. Was like mosquito stings.

KING: Were you aware that you were that close?

SALAZAR: Are you listening to Enrico, f*ggot?

KING: Did you enjoy writing the book?

SALAZAR: Nice segue. Yes, Enrico loves the children and loves writing for them. Little children need lessons on how to live, so Enrico wrote "Do Like This, SI*t!" for the kiddies. Now they know the correct Enrico way to tie shoelaces, write words and smoke cigarettes.

KING: Back to things, things current. At one time in your administration, this comes out, you supported Saddam Hussein.

SALAZAR: Yes. I still do, swine. He bowls 400. Enrico has no idea how he does that. Also, he has a tremendous singing voice. He should be on You Think You Can Sing.

KING: Do you regret siding with Hussein?

SALAZAR: You are not listening, are you swine? Why are you looking at those teleprompters? Will they give you answer to why you are such a hog? Hogs actually have more use than you, smegma.

KING: We can continue this conversation after we come back from a commercial break, we are with Gen--

SALAZAR: You suck on t*tie of commercialism and ask me to-- I cut you, you swine. I cut your f*cking throat out -- you take Generalissimo Enrico Ritzibottom Salazar off to put on Dr. f*cking Phil? Is travesty -- this is -- COME HERE!

(SALAZAR lunges at KING across table with knife in hand)

(cut to commercial)

ENRICO SALAZAR: FUN FACTS!

Enrico Salazar is the author of his three irrelevant autobiographies, *Splooge! The Confessions of Cockeyed Sperm-Sponge*, *Did Someone Say Gorgeous?*, *The Big Boink*, and is rumoured to be working on a book for children, tentatively entitled *Do Like This, Slut!*

He is said to have been literally born with a knife between his teeth, something not entirely uncommon on the island of Salazore; what is uncommon, however, is the fact that he was born with four kidneys. Enrico has always expressed shame, however, that he was still only born with one bladder. While in the hospital, baby Enrico murdered all the other newborns, which his parents took as a sign that their new son would go into politics.

At the age of five, Salazar found a black widow in his bedroom, which he secretly kept as a pet for more than a month, feeding it mice, crickets and small birds. His mother soon found the widow living in his bedroom closet, and forced her to move back next door and take care of her children she had neglected since the death of her husband. Enrico never forgave his mother for making him give up Mrs. Ramirez, and it wasn't long after that Enrico murdered his mother with the old "napalm above the door trick".

At age six, Enrico "accidentally" got his testicles caught in the jaws of a button remover. He was subsequently "accidentally" caught 34 more times.

Enrico believes the Universe was burped out from a gigantic oyster 775 years ago.

Enrico met his third wife, Reno Stitch, at a screening of "I Spit On Your Grave", which was a popular romantic comedy in Salazore.

Enrico believes cows plot against mankind, because they are always huddled together. He therefor laughs uproariously when he eats steak.

Enrico claims he can smell a conspiracy anywhere, even in Tara Reid's pants.

Enrico is fluent in seven languages, two of which actually exist.

Enrico's favorite beverage is Riuniti on ice.

THE NEW CHART

by LMNO

I'm sure most of you are familiar with the Ancient Chart of Order and Disorder. Well, if not, here's a quick recap:

Principia Discordia, 00063, "The Curse of Greyface"

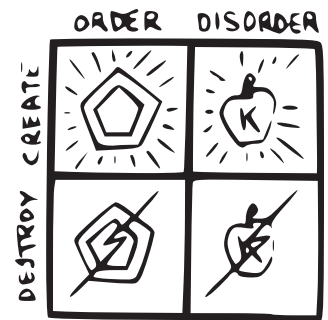
THE CURSE OF GREYFACE AND THE INTRODUCTION OF NEGATIVISM

To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder.

The Curse of Greyface included the division of life into order/disorder as the essential positive/negative polarity, instead of building a game foundation with creative/destructive as the essential positive/negative. He has thereby caused man to endure the destructive aspects of order and has prevented man from effectively participating in the creative uses of disorder. Civilization reflects this unfortunate division.

POEE proclaims that the other division is preferable, and we work toward the proposition that creative disorder, like creative order, is possible and desirable; and that destructive order, like destructive disorder, is unnecessary and undesirable.

Seek the Sacred Chao - therein you will find the foolishness of all ORDER/DISORDER. They are the same!



The New Chart

Now, while that is very interesting, several of us were thinking a few things:

1. It reeks of hippiedom.
2. It is still dualistic.
3. Some of us like breaking stuff.

So, we thought about it, and made a new chart:

	Order	Disorder	Creation	Destruction
Order				
Disorder				
Creation				
Destruction				

The Five-Fingered Hand is used to denote the nature of Eris as being the pinnacle of Order, Disorder, Creation and Destruction simultaneously.

Now: Possibilities arise fourfold. The original pattern remains, Creative Order/Disorder, and Destructive Order/Disorder. But rather than limiting one's observances to an essentially two dimensional outlook, we may expand upon it.*

Orderly Disorder: The means and methods of predictable chaos, a false front; often used by cabbages to pass themselves off as wise. They force them selves into carefully planned actions which may look Eristic at first glance, but are almost entirely Aneristic.

Orderly Creation: Architecture, Mathematics, Haiku, Fugues; Creative energies bound by strict rules, yet yielding great works that bring beauty into the world. In this light, structure and boundaries are not the enemy, they are merely tools with which to create.

Orderly Destruction: The triumph of the Aneristic Illusion. Everything is rules. No freedom exists, for it is bound by carefully crafted commandments. The creative spirit has been vanquished, crushed. Kafka wrote in this spirit, where precise order destroyed the world and the people who lived by them.

Disorderly Order: Complex arrangements that appear to be Disorderly, but follow a specific set of rules; Chaos Theory. Also covers the 80/20 rule (for example: when cooking, 80% of the time, you use only 20% of your available spices, which eventually gravitate to the front of the cupboard), and the clutter of a desk where only the person sitting there knows where the stapler is.

Disorderly Creation: Using Eristic means to Create; Cf. Jackson Pollock, John Cage, Free Jazz, etc. There is no box to think outside of. Notoriously difficult to pull off, due to the lack of reference points most humans use to understand Reality.

Disorderly Destruction: Most Natural Disasters. Many cabbages consider this the only aspect of Chaos. This is the scary, unfeeling Abyss of the Irrational Godless Universe.

Creative Order: The means and methods to which one brings the Aneristic Illusion into greater perception. The establishing of rules. Somewhere, someone had a new, creative Idea about how to put things in order. The creation of written language, for instance, is a brilliant and insightful way of codifying thought into an orderly system. Of course, this is also the realm of justifications for repression.

Creative Disorder: The intended results of Operation: Mindfuck-- that is, one creates a clever and specific kind of disorder, whose purpose is to turn neophobes into neophiles. Like Creative Order only reversed, it's the willful bringing into existence of things that go beyond the rules, which escape classification.

Creative Destruction: The answer to the usual objection to the original Creation/Destruction chart: to wit, "you have to destroy in order to create". In fact, if one moves beyond the merely physical into the conceptual, every major artistic breakthrough has come from breaking/abandoning/destroying the "rules" in a creative way.

Destructive Order: When the rules and paradigms that repress and inhibit Freedom and Creation are followed or used. It's not the rules that are harmful, it's the application of the rules. "Just following orders" without thinking. However, could also be the methods used by Gandhi and MLK; Civil Disobedience. Causing Disorder through non-chaotic action.

Destructive Disorder: Behavior and actions that are harmful; various psychoses and self-destructive habits; temper tantrums. This relates to one of the squares on the Old Chart, and generally carries with it negative implications. There is no Joy, or purpose; there is no greater good.

Destructive Creation: The process of building things that have no purpose but to destroy. Oppenheimer, creating the Nuclear Bomb; or Bioengineering new viruses that can wipe out the planet. In general, these are poorly directed creative energies.

Which leaves us with 4 spaces left: Orderly Order, Disorderly Disorder, Creative Creation, and Destructive Destruction. What do they mean? The fuck if I know. And there lies the first clue. They are also the purest forms of these aspects. That is the second clue. You can come up with other clues on your own. Regardless, it soon becomes obvious that if one takes the four purest elements and combines them simultaneously into a fifth, Eris is born. She is all things, all conflicting ideas, all concepts, all aspects. Hence, the 5-fingered hand of Eris occupies those spaces.

Of course, when you take the New Chart to it's obvious conclusion, you can create an even newer chart with things like Destructive Disorderly Order, and Creative Destructive Disorderly Order, and Orderly Creative Destructive Disorderly Order etc. I leave this exercise up to the reader, as it's getting late, and I'm almost out of scotch.

*The wise-assed among us would like to remind the reader that ultimately, every single square in this chart should contain the Hand, as this is merely another exercise in Illusion, and these aspects are merely interpretations of that which is Chaos. Fair enough. Turn the page.

15:59 <@vexatiOn> okay, IRC.
 15:59 <@vexatiOn> i'm here now in my official capacity as Intermittens IRC Correspondent
 16:00 <@vexatiOn> my assignment is to witness an enlightening conversation on the Internets.
 16:00 <Harlequin> So... somebody say something profound.
 16:00 <Harlequin> I think, therefore I think your mum sucks
 16:01 <@vexatiOn> (was that profound enough?)
 16:01 <@badge> close, but that was already discovered by St. Jesus of Nazareth, i think.
 16:01 <@badge> i'm listening to Every Day is Halloween
 16:02 * Redwulf walks up to vexatiOn
 16:02 * Redwulf leans down to vexatiOn's ear
 16:02 * Redwulf moans
 16:02 <@Redwulf> was that profound enough?

If you prick us, bleed we not? If you touch our funny bits, sue we not? We are, after all, Onlihuman. And even Onlihumans need a little attention once in a while. So arise, you befuddled masses, you confused ball-smashing leotards. Arise, and claim your destiny: a chicken for every coop, and a coop for every chicken!

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Thank you, and enjoy your BIG MAC!

U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation



Washington, D.C.
March 21, 1986

Mr. M. Alphonse Calypso
Foreign National Security Committee
Ingolstadt, Bavaria

Mr. Calypso,

In regards to your letter concerning the organization known as the Omniprevalent Priesthood of the Urban Sasquatch (O.P.U.S.), I have consulted Bureau records in their entirety. Although the majority of the information we (may or may not) have in relation to O.P.U.S. is strictly classified (if it exists at all), I can help you in your own investigation somewhat, with the following information.

O.P.U.S. is a counterestablishment group that is apparently based somewhere near Salt Lake City, Utah. Persons believed to be in leadership positions in the organization have been the subjects of a number of local investigations for petty crimes such as parking violations and the like. As far as we can tell, they are a harmless group of ineffective culture-jamming wackos who owe almost all of their philosophical ideas to another such ineffective group from the 1960s, but everything relating to that group is completely confidential.

O.P.U.S. is currently involved in a number of activities which our own Director is at work even now trying to get prohibited. We cannot comment on the nature of these activities, of course, but suffice it to say that you need not fear them. They talk a lot, but when it comes to accomplishing anything, they're notorious failures.

J. Peter Collins
Contact #0053, Inter-Agency Cooperation Group, FBI.

JAIL BREAKING for MORANS (part 4)

This prison cell's got to give, you say. These iron shackles, they're really chaffing my ankles and the noose makes it hard to breathe! I want OUT! I need a jailbreak! O RLY? Or are you, like many, stuttering back a broken reflection of something you heard somebody say somewhere?

Do you want OUT? Do you know what OUT is? Do you know what IN is, RLY? Do you? Ask yourself. You have to ask yourself all the time. I ask myself, and the answer is "no" a lot more often than I like to admit! It today's world, here's what The Con has done: not only is it hard to get out, it's hard to want out. Because before you can want out, you have to know what IN is, and in order to do that you've got a lot of serious (SRSLY serious, as in a mad rush naked through the parking lot serious, not Grayface/cabbage serious) thinking to do.

QUESTION THE FIRST: WHO is YOU, and WHAT is THEM?

Before you can want out of the Con, you have to realize that there are probably very large chunks of what you think is your Self, that are actually not. I say large chunks because you're probably fond of your personal rituals that depend on the Con: your weekly cup of coffee at Starbucks as you contemplate how best to defeat the pervasive corporate state that is Starbucks, for example. Humans by nature are ritualistic beings, which leads us into...

QUESTION THE NEXT: AM MYSELVES OUR HABITS?

Dreadful thought: are you actually a Person, or are you just an unconscious bag of protoplasm that exists to run around town collecting disposable shit and then pay somebody to haul it to the dump when you're done with it? It may seem fairly obvious, but I've found myself disappear for WEEKS at a time, only to resurface in the middle of some anonymous January wondering what the fuck just happened. Come to find out, I'd been so lost in the "Daily Grind" (which is a fallacy), that I didn't even notice that the fucking sun came up. Repeatedly.

THRICE QUESTIONED: AM WE COMMITTED?

Once you've shoved a splint between who you actually are and the shit you waste your time on, you can start to think about this point. Don't bother trying to feel committed to a larger agenda like Jail breaking before those first two points are covered -- you'll just spin in circles. But once you're here, you're on your way. Every Action is a Choice, and every Choice is an Action. When you're presented with 2 options, this is the power to choose the 3rd one.

QUESTION THE LAST: AREN'T WE ALL "IN IT TOGETHER?"

The answer is NO. We're not. Some people will help, most people won't. And good luck finding somebody who WILL within kicking distance. And even if you did, they can't dig your escape tunnel FOR you, that's all yours. So quit waiting for the fucking Cavalry, the scalping blade's already on your SKIN.

With these 4 points, a tin-foil cap, and everything else you'll need that isn't mentioned here, you'll be prepared to at least start SRSLY considering your jailbreak.

BUILDING BLOCKS: AN ALLEGORY IN THREE PARTS

- OR -



THE WISDOM OF ST. TERESA OF AVILA

As Revealed to Manta Obscura

On the built-in wall shelf in my living room rests a dusty and bulbous protrusion of Lego blocks that, if one squints at them hard enough, sort of resemble the castle on the box in which they came. The toy has degenerated into one great, leftover battle scar of what it once was, its great spires crumbling after repeated exposures to hardwood floors while under the influence of gravity. The Lego persons within it all miss some sort of vital appendage, and are scattered throughout the broken battlements in various awkward, lewd or compromising positions. My wife, family, friends, and anyone else who has an ounce of decorative taste tell me that the whole eyesore should be removed at once and should be replaced, ideally, with a tasteful knick-knack, or at worst a fully functional Lego contraption. I refuse to move it, partly because I still play with it, fiddling around with the pieces while watching Bob Ross in the afternoons, but mostly because the castle has become a symbol to me.

Whenever I tinker with the pieces, I reflect on how our inner lives – our inner castles, as the Christian mystic St. Teresa of Avila would say – are a lot like the Lego pieces. We start our lives with just the base, the biology, the big green foundation piece on which the other Legos are built. As we grow there are others, be they friends, parents, bosses, leaders, lovers or whoever, who take part in writing our instruction manual, in shaping us into the strong, sturdy structure that the rules tell us we should be.

Follow the manual, and your castle will come out looking great, just like on the box. You will have two spires, one draw bridge, and a Lego treasure chest tucked beneath the dungeon trapdoor. Your two knights will be positioned at opposite sections along the wall fortifications, and your wizard will be in the leftmost tower with his wand.

When, at the tender age of eight, I first built the castle, I loved the original design. I loved riding the horses through the drawbridge, or hosting swordfights in the court. All was as it should be.

But after a while, the toy lost its charm. Having exhausted the fun of the design, I didn't want to play with it any longer. Having taken so much time building it up, I didn't want to change it. And so the castle was exiled for years on end, dwelling in closets, attics and basements, forgotten in the daily routine of life. At certain times it would sneak out to festoon my shelves, but never again did the old design entice me to play.

It is only by a happy accident – a misplaced brush of the hand, a sudden topple and the explosion of a thousand pieces – that the old design ever came to change. For as the old design was destroyed, I was

forced to put the piece together again.

There always comes a time when something breaks the castle walls. It is during those times that one must seriously think about how to build, how to put the walls together again, for when the blocks fall down you have a choice to make: follow the plans, or just say "fuck all" and wing it?

When my castle broke it occurred to me, on a whim, that the only thing that had been holding it together was tradition. The stagnant stillness of uniformity and repetition had kept the walls intact. But now, like a minor miracle, was the chance to change things up, to make it fun again. I began to build.

Spires rose from courtyards. The dungeon filled with gold. Brave Lego knights were dressed in princess hats and put on the backs of dragons. Doors were built that led to nowhere, and the wizard escaped his spire.

The castle was no longer the sterile, dusty tomb it had been. The walls were replaced, rebuilt elsewhere, the tenants changed and charged with new duties from their former deadened vigils.

All was as it should be.

* * *

I take apart the castle now and then, putting it together to suit my tastes at the moment. The current motif is medieval techno rave party. I hope the Lego men are having fun.

After you take the first step in pushing through the original design, it gets ever-easier replacing blocks, changing bridges, and pulling apart the treasure inside. It gets easier stealing pieces from the Space Station Lego set to turn last week's cowboy ninjas into dragon astronauts.

The newness lasts for awhile, and then interest and use subsides. Something new must be built.

That's when you turn on Bob Ross and start thinking of whether your Shaman Troll will look better in an industrial city or in a dark moon's chasm, hidden from the stars.

* * *

St. Teresa found God behind the innermost wall of her interior castles. As I play with my Legos, building new spires from broken bridges, I wonder what I'll find in mine.

Speaking as a Mother...

Installment One: Toys for Asshats

Holiday Toy Buying Review for the 2008 Holiday Season....

by Jenne and Khara

Ever get the feeling that the toys they come up with these days are just a fucking waste of your hard-earned cash? You see the cheap, full-of-lead, Chinese child labor-produced trash they put out for you to run up your credit card balance and throw at the kiddies every holiday season, and you say, WHY???

Well, let us shop for you—today, Khara and Jenne will preview the toys for you, and tell you what a waste of time and money they would be if you were seriously too stupid to hold yourself back from shelling out all that cashola.

Kota My Triceratops - \$199.99

Khara – 200 fucking dollars for a dinosaur a little kid can ride on? Why not rip the head off a stuffed dinosaur toy, jam it on your broom, then the kid can ride and sweep at the same time. Any parent who wastes this amount of money on a child small enough to ride this thing needs to adopt me!



Jenne – I know—for that amount of cash, that toy better be able to blow me. Or be smart enough to find a cure for cancer or something. Jesus.

Kid Tough Waterproof Digital Camera - \$79.99

Jenne – What the FUCK? Have you ever seen the types of photos that come out under water? Not worth eight bucks, that's for DAMNED sure! And that's from adult and semi-pro photogs. I'd shudder to think what's going to go on when a kid gets a hold of one of those!



Khara – I agree, WHAT are kids this age going to do with an under water camera? Take pictures in the bathtub? Hey mommy see what my pee-pee looks like under water? Buy a cheap disposable waterproof camera then lose it on the way to get the film developed!

Live Butterfly Garden - \$15.59

Khara – Who can resist this combination? Caterpillars, pupa, and then LIVE butterflies in December. The extra fun is when the kids let them go and they DIE IMMEDIATELY from the fucking cold. I say wait until summer and let the kids find their own damn worms and shove them in a jar with a few sticks and leaves like it is supposed to be done.



Jenne – Totally—this reminds me of those damned ant farms that explode when you leave them outside or tip over and BAM! you got those damned critters all over the house. NO THANK YOU.

EyeClops Night Vision - \$55.99

Jenne – Uhhh...yeah, what are the little turds doing out at NIGHT that they need the night vision goggles for? That's just a red light for the neighbors to call the cops on your Peeping Tom sons.



Khara – Just a lawsuit waiting to happen. Not that my teenager wouldn't appreciate being able to spy on the hot lady next door but... I suggest just going ahead and giving the boy a Penthouse he can hide under his mattress until the pages stick together!

Fur Real Friends Biscuit - \$169.99

Khara - Life size, acts like a real dog. I was like NFW. Then I thought... Doesn't eat, doesn't shit, and doesn't chew my shoes..... OH HELL YEAH!!! But I would suggest stealing one from your asshole neighbors or a toys for tots donation box instead of forking out 170 bucks. I mean DAMN!



Jenne – Dude, fuck that noise. If you're going to pay that kind of money, go get a blind old dog from the pound—there's tons of them. Way cheaper, and he can eat your leftovers!

Wild Planet Hyper Dash - \$19.47

Jenne – Say WHAT?! \$20 bucks for that? It's just jumped-up Simon Says!



Khara – Save your money and rent your kid out as a babysitter. You'll make money and the kid can play Simon says AND be Simon.

Playskool Busy Ball Popper – \$19.99

Khara – 20 bucks will buy a nice bottle of vodka AND a rubber ball for your kid. Balls will roll around on the floor with little effort on anyone's part.



Jenne – No shit, Sherlock! You can probably get a ball for every kid in the family and still have money left over for a sixpack—what the hell are they trying to pull here?

Nerf N' Strike Vulcan - \$106.88

Jenne – No WAY, no FUCKING way?! A plastic TOMMY gun for over a hundred bucks? You have GOT to be shitting me! Ok, I know you can shoot pellets with this thing, but that's just not enough entertainment for the money. GTFO



Khara – Goes back to the “you can’t have a GUN, you’ll shoot your eye out” excuse. Save your money, send the kids outside and let them throw rocks at each other!

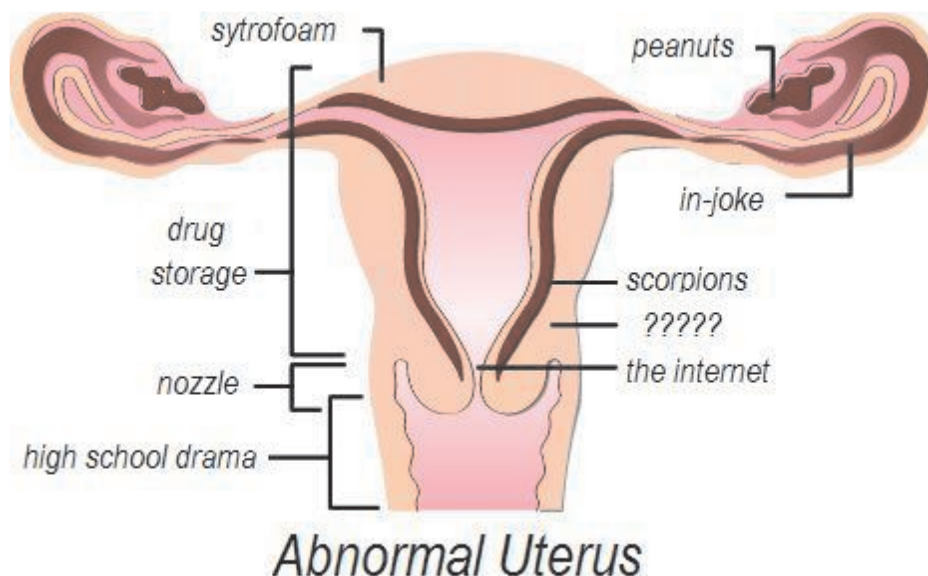
Pleo Robotic Dinosaur - \$249.99

Khara – A miniature moving, computer thinking, computer feeling dinosaur. It is supposed to interact with you. It is supposed to learn from its environment. Uh Huh. For this kind of money it had damn well better organize my house, cook dinner and make me a martini...



Jenne – Fuck that—it better drive me to the mall, carry my damned packages and then WRAP them for me. Shit, dawg--that's just nuts. The thing is like 6 inches long. It's not a decent robot unless it's serving me drinks and playing butler, goddammit!

So, for this holiday buying season, Jenne and Khara suggest you hit the package store, buy a bottle, take it home, make yourself a stiff drink then laugh your ass off at those fools out there fighting each other to spend money on toys so their kids can end up playing with the boxes! Want to give your kids the gift that never runs out of uses? Buy them a case of duct tape!!!



Whoroscope

By Manta Obscura

Your Birthday Today

Happy anniversary of being pushed headfirst from your mother's vagina! Today will bring an unexpected surprise or two from a person you haven't met in awhile. I don't wanna spoil the fun, so I'll just say this: it rhymes with menital merpes.

Aries

March 21-April 19

You'll incur some unexpected expenses in the coming months, mainly in the form of strip-club bills. Try to counteract this financial offset with some extra frugality right now.

Taurus

April 20-May 20

You'll receive an unexpected and pleasant call today from some piece of ass that totally wants to jump your bones. Unfortunately, the resulting Butterfly Effect from the phone ringing will cause the destruction of a village in India. Good luck dealing with your guilt, fucker.

Gemini

May 21-June 20

Mars is in peak zenith to the arc of Saturn at Capricorn, and erstwhile the astrological configurations of Io are in conjunction with the thelema of your body's quark spin. You know what that means . . .

Cancer

June 21-July 22

Your astrological sign is retarded, and causes pain and suffering to millions. Go throw yourself to the river.

Leo

July 23-August 22

Marital relations should be approached with caution in the next few days. Especially since your wife caught you crooning the name of that new hottie down in HR during your sleep. I mean, damn.

Virgo

August 23-September 22

You've undoubtedly been feeling a surge of energy and good vibes recently, leading you to greet others with a smile and a "Howdy-do!" in the mornings. Well, stop it. That shit is annoying for those of us who aren't morning people.

Libra

September 23-October 22

Take off that tie; you look like an idiot in purple. Your black one is at the back of your closet, on the left.

Scorpio

October 23-November 21

Go grab a copy of today's local paper and check the Advanced Crossword. You got it? Okay: do you have any idea what the hell 21 Down is supposed to be?

No?

Fuck.

Sagittarius

November 22-December 21

Cosmic forces are coalescing to send you some positive spiritual energy. Help them out with a few shots of tequila.

Capricorn

December 22-January 19

That hottie you're seeing this Friday?

Trannie. Pre-op.

Aquarius

January 20-February 18

The spirits of your deceased loved ones are cheering you on in your business endeavors from the Beyond. Ignore them and go play frisbee.

Pisces

February 19-March 20

That joke you keep telling about the parrot, the monkey and the Jehovah's Witness sucks hairy balls. The spirits and I hope you get hit by a car for your failure.

The First-Ever Discordian WhoroScope*

Horse

January 1-March 12

The prophet John the Baptist once said, "Shit, my head hurts. Does anyone have any Advil?" Likewise, be grateful for what you have while you still have it.

Goat

March 13-June 3

After a recent trip to the China Buffet, I opened my fortune cookie only to discover the message, "You're a good person and". And what? And I'll win a million dollars? And I'll come down with syphilis? And I'll find out that my wife is really my long-lost sister, and our children will end up incestuous mutants?

Ruminate upon life's mysteries today. And if you know the rest of the fortune, call me up and give me a clue.

Beetle

June 4-August 16

The philosopher Soren Kierkegaard once wrote, "People demand freedom of speech as a compensation for the freedom of thought which they seldom use." Take his message to heart and shut the fuck up.

Buick

August 17-October 31

If you're making sugar cookies and the batter isn't sweet enough, adding one small package of vanilla pudding mix for every two-dozen yield batter concoctions will give your cookies the sweetness you desire.

Enchilada

November 1-December 31

The Buddha might have had perfect inner peace, but he was one fat sonofabitch with no real dating prospects. Convert to Hinduism for maximum deity sexiness.

WHAT'S MY SIGN?

Horse - Horses tend to be either introverts or extroverts depending on their mood. They are positive and cheerful, but there has been a time in their past when they were very upset.

Goat - Goats are known for loving their parents, having friends, and working a steady job. They often have a box of old unsorted photographs in their house.

Beetle - Beetles enjoy the finer things in life, and avoid things they dislike. Beetles are very kind and considerate people, but when somebody does something to break their trust, they feel deep-seated anger.

Buick - Those born under the Buick are sometimes insecure, especially with people they don't know very well. They are mostly shy and quiet, but when the mood strikes them, they can easily become the center of attention.

Enchilada - Enchiladas sometimes have problems with friends or relatives. Nearly all Enchiladas had an accident when they were a child involving water.

*Believe at your own risk.

Discordia:

A Brief Critique

It strikes me that with the wealth of skill and talent at our disposal, we should be making a much, much bigger splash than we are. This community is unique in that almost each of us is good at something and capable of learning how to be good at other things. We are creative, we have quite impressive rhetorical and media skills, and I don't think I'm really exaggerating when I say that if an advertising company had a pool as technically and creatively competent as this, it would have a marked advantage in the industry of making people believe stupid things.

So what is holding us back? We have the talent, the skills, and the ideas to make waves, but I don't think we are living up to our potential. So, in this post, I'll set out my sincere and constructive criticisms of the Discordian Society in general, and the PDCOM community in particular.

1. Lack of Identity

For all the energy we spend trying to make sure we're not getting stuck in dogmatism or typecasting the Discordian movement, it's ironic just how predictable and dogmatic we've become. Instead of saying FNORD or spouting 23 every ten seconds, we're laughing at FNORDs and 23s every ten seconds.

Discordia doesn't need a definition, but it needs a culture. As varied as Discordians are in our personal lives, we need cultural landmarks we can relate to and point to in order to communicate Discordian ideas that have no easy analogies in normal communication.

We shouldn't overhaul everything to be a carbon copy of the PD, but we need to recognize the cultural significance of those aspects of Discordia,

and be able use them constructively without belittling each other.

Internally, we need to be able to communicate with a standard vocabulary and be able to recognize -- and accept -- one another quickly and efficiently.

2. Lack of Vision

We've got distaste for the Status Quo down to a science around here, and most of us aren't lacking in a general nonspecific desire to change things whether on a large scale or just locally. Many of us have taken to the streets in furtherance of various GASMs, so I don't think we lack motivation, dedication, or determination.

But we are, generally speaking, easily jaded and thoroughly cynical. We tend to think larger goals are either unacheivable or pointless. Either the task is too hard or it's too inconsequential; it's either impossible to change the world or such change is meaningless because it is corruptible.

This is complete horse shit, even if it is true. Of course any change we can make is corruptible. That's why we're HERE, because an idea that started out promising and new has become an entrenched, corrupted, stale, sour, and rotten System. That's why ten or ten thousand years from now, someone will be around to get rid of OUR stupid ideas.

The Discordian Community itself has become corrupt. Maybe it hasn't been mass-marketed or pre-packaged yet, but we have been sold out for some time on the idea that the ultimate goal of a philosophical revolution should be a static Utopia where everything is perfect.

History is not driven by periods of calm stability, but by tumultuous sequences of upheaval and cultural wreckage. It is only after the established order is demolished that a better order can be established.

Discordians, I fear, are sometimes worried about what would happen if we DID ultimately bring down the entire System. We are concerned about what we would do after that. But it isn't our job to put the pieces back together, it's our job to tear them apart.

Discordia isn't about being there, it's about GETTING there. That's the function of the Discordian Society.

So I think the first issue we need to address is, what exactly do we think we're trying to do? And the answer to that is, we're not bringing about the New Order, we're just getting rid of the OLD one.

3. Lack of Perspective

Today's world is far from the 1960's when Discordia was really born. Now, while people might read a flyer or a pamphlet, they won't spend much time reflecting on it. People don't spend much time reflecting on anything, and that's a problem for the bulk of Discordian materials.

These days everything is about image and convenience. People are hyper-stimulated and hyper-informed on everything, which means a simple analysis or question about reality or a person's assumptions will fade quickly into background noise.

And it would seem that there are entire denominations of Discordia devoted to complaining about that. But that's the way it is, and as with other social norms, it isn't in our best interest to wish it wasn't true. We need to engage our creativity and adapt. Discordia is, philosophically, still light-years ahead of the curve. But in practice, we are far too slow at changing with the times.

I think we also need a slight shift in our ideas about what constitutes a successful conspiracy. In the world of up-to-the-minute Media coverage of everything from war to fake penis enlargement, a fast headline will always outweigh a slow expose' in terms of perceived importance.

Discordia doesn't need to be a vast, well-planned, or very cohesive network in order to LOOK like that's what it is. We aren't really in the business of conspiracy anyway (we can leave that to the douchebags in the AISB). All we should be interested in is getting other people looking for the conspiracy that we aren't.

My suggestion here is to focus not on building a conspiracy that should exist, but on putting out CLUES to a conspiracy that doesn't exist at all. It would be infinitely easier to hoax a conspiracy than it would be to build one. And since it isn't really our job to manage expectations or guide people to the "truth," I say we just invent a bunch of apparently correlated evidence that is actually linked by nothing at all. If nothing else, it could provide endless lulz as we turn the Pinks into the conspiracy theorists and teach them about the Law of Fives the hard way.



STFU With Your Hippie Shit!

by Cain

"'Tis the soldier's life to have their balmy slumbers waked with strife."

- William Shakespeare quotes

An angry man stirreth up strife and a furious man aboundeth in transgression

- Proverbs 29:22

"I have a high art, I hurt with cruelty those who would damage me."

- Archiocus, 650 BC

So, you want to consider yourself a freethinker, do you? You want to be a revolutionary, fighting against the forces of order? Or perhaps you just like chaos, or want to have a good time. Well listen up.

Most Discordians seem to think they have to live up to some sort of inane standard of wackiness. And of course, most of them get this conception from the Principia Discordia which, while a founding book of Discordianism, is hardly the only valid viewpoint going around. Or did you forget to pay attention to that "not believing what you read" part? Anyway, back on point. Your average Discordian believes acting in cute, inoffensive and nonsensical ways is somehow the "correct" way of doing things – and ironically is filled with a degree of venom for those who disagree, or make fun of them.

Now, there is nothing wrong with acting in such a way....not if you want everyone to ignore you anyway (not that there are not times this is not useful, only there are also times when it is counter-productive to whatever goals you are pursuing, that you require attention or to be seen as credible). But lets be honest, it is not random, or funny or clever or especially impressive in any way. Its a tired old script from a tired old book which is a single group's interpretation of Discordianism, and Eris.

Oh yes, Eris. How many times will I be confronted by some Myspace girl with a name like xXxErIsxXx acting like what she thinks is a Greek Goddess? "But Eris was all zany and stuff, don't you know? It says so right in this book!"

No. Sit your punk ass down, shut up and listen for once in your life, before you run your mouth off. If you're going to take your lessons in Greek mythology from some

Beatnik track, then you are stupid, and deserve to be mocked. However, you are lucky. Because today, I am at hand I am willing to give you an alternative explanation of the facts. You do remember facts, don't you? Good. Well, if you haven't run away by this stage, I may as well get going.

Now, if you read the hippie-rag, you'll have the impression that Eris was the Greek goddess of Chaos, and that the Greeks, for some bizarre reason, concluded that chaos and strife were the same, and so fucked everything up until the Wonder Kids who wrote the PD set us all straight. Wrong! First off, Eris wasn't the Goddess of Chaos. Secondly, her name means strife in the Ancient Greek. That's a literal translation. Those Greeks were many things, pig-headed, unenlightened on sexual ethics, persistent raiders and looters, but one they were not was stupid. If there is a Goddess calling herself Strife, what do you think she might be like?

Well here are some more clues. Luckily for you, I had access to a pretty good Classical library a while back, and plenty of spare time. And I went digging. Hesiod, for example, answers the age old question posed in the PD, that of why do wars keep on happening if no-one wants them? "[Eris] is hateful ... [she is the one] who builds up evil, war, and slaughter." Alright, now we're talking! How about that age old Greek classic, the founding epic of Western literature, the Iliad? Well, according to our buddy Homer "Their fighting work [was woken by] . . . man-slaughtering Ares, and Eris, whose wrath is relentless."

And that's just the start of it. "[The] goddesses, who range in order the ranks of men in fighting, [are] Athene and Enyo, sacker of cities." Enyo being another name for our Lady of Discord. Sacker of cities sounds...well, kind of violent to me. Maybe the sort of occupation where the chaos is a little more visceral, and the humour somewhat more black than normal. We continue: "Ares drove these [the Trojans] on, and the Akhaians grey-eyed Athene, and Phobos drove them, and Deimos, and Eris whose wrath is relentless, she is the sister and companion of murderous Ares, she who is only a little thing at the first, but thereafter grows until she strides on the earth with her head striking heaven. She then hurled down bitterness equally between both sides as she walked through the onslaught making men's pain heavier."

For those of you not up on your Greek mythology, Ares was the god of War, and not in the good sense. He reveled in slaughter, and was filled with blood lust. Battle

was another outlet for his bas instincts. It was not, like for Athena or Zeus, the careful application of strategy towards a defined victory. Obviously the same does not apply to Eris, she is the goddess of all strife after all, whether its clever and justified, or stupid and mean. But she does have close relations with Ares, it is undeniable. And that particular branch of the Olympian family tree was not viewed kindly.

Eris didn't just have her fun in the Iliad either. During the Thebaid, she assisted Hephaestus in making a cursed necklace, which drove the Thebans to fratricidal war. During Dionysos' war against the Indians, she spurred him back into battle. For Hera, she broke up marriages. She was even there when Zeus fought the demonic dragon called Typhon, escorting him into the fight, though she took no part in his actual battle. And of course, most famously, she stole a Golden Apple of the Hesperides, and initiated the Trojan War, in response to a snub.

So you can embrace the positive aspects of Disorder all you want, but maybe you should keep an eye to whom your role model and symbol for all this is, eh? Chaos can be both positive and negative, but just like in rejecting the positive aspects of strife is denying that creative, freethinking touch, denying the "negative" aspects of strife also rejects the benefits that comes with it.

What benefits are these? Think on it for a moment. I'll give you a clue, from the epic Dionysiaca, if it will help. "[Aion, god of time addresses Zeus:] 'Lord Zeus! behold yourself the sorrows of a despairing world! Do you not see that Enyo [another name for Eris] has made the whole earth mad, mowing season by season her harvest of quick-perishing youth?'"

That's Zeus, King of the Gods, he is addressing there. Eris, a relatively minor goddess by Greek standards, has them so worried and afraid they are looking to the chief god himself to intervene. And with good reason. She was disruptive. And dangerous. And far too smart. Unlike Ares, great lumbering clod that he was, she successfully manipulated the vanities of three Olympians (not to mention putting Zeus in the difficult position of having to choose between his wife, daughter and the Goddess of Beauty) and caused a war which brought down one of the most powerful and rich cities of the time. She was troublesome to the ruling order, in the extreme.

Only Hermes was anywhere near as vexing, and he was carefully kept under Zeus' thumb. Eris answered ultimately to nobody. But she got away with such things, time and time again. And of course, you could say that you prefer the Eris you thought existed. That the one

above is not an especially pretty picture. I would be inclined to agree, its not exactly the sort of attributes which, in and of themselves, are especially praiseworthy or benevolent. But consider it this way – Eris was a disruptive goddess of strife and conflict, but it is never specified who she has to bring conflict to, or if her strife may serve a higher purpose. You cannot make an omelette without breaking a few eggs, after all. Or, if you prefer Terry Pratchett:

Fred grunted his disdain for a mere fact of geography. "War, Nobby. Huh! What is it good for?" he said. "Dunno, sarge. Freeing slaves, maybe?" "Absol- Well, okay." "Defending yourself from a totalitarian aggressor?" "All right, I'll grant you that, but-" "Saving civilization against a horde of-" "It doesn't do any good in the long run is what I'm saying, Nobby, if you'd listen for five seconds together," said Fred Colon sharply. "Yeah, but in the long run what does, sarge?"

No doubt, some will call me an agent of destructive disorder. And they're right...for a given value of right. Noam Chomsky was wont to point out that everyone wants peace. Everyone. George W Bush. Hitler. Stalin. Mao. The question is, as always, on what terms? Unfortunately for them, and many other, their terms are entirely unacceptable to me. The wasteland's they would call "peace" are not worth considering. I'd rather be the disgruntled outsider, kicking ass and causing havoc, than be on on anything they have to offer.

And that, my friends, is why I like Eris. Not because of some incredibly bound counterculture book written before I was born. Not because of its 60s and 70s centric, uncreative and repetitive adherents, whom for the most part have done nothing to build on such ideas, only disseminate them like the credible fools they are. I like Eris because I want to live my life the way I please, and anyone who tries to stop that is in for a world of pain and misfortune, as only I know how to administer. It is, as the man Archiocus says, a high art. And well in keeping with the historical image of our Lady here.

Of course, its not a path for everyone. And I won't pretend that. All I'm saying is keep this in mind next time you're prepared to run some more of your hippie-trip by me. Its your trip, not everyone else is interested in the ride.

State of A Union (?)

by Hunter S. Durden

This is my State of the Union Address for the Revolutionary Underground.

The RU (Revolutionary Underground, for retards that couldn't figure that out), is what I call any number of people, from any number of counter/subcultures, that are working to change this world for the better. By better, I of course mean what they think is best. To my knowledge, consensus on better hasn't been reached, but we shall get to this later.

Groups typically involved in this are the punks, the hippies, the left-wing intellectuals, the hip-hop set, any number of autonomous survivalist groups/cults. The list is hard to make because the RU is people looking for change. There are many punks who simply like green hair and spikes. No revolution there. No problem, not everyone is cut out for that sort of thing.

This is when things get weird though. Who is up for a change? Who are our leaders? In what direction is this revolution headed? When I look back to the sixties and their hippies, I saw an agenda, a direction, no plan to speak of, but they were trying. What about today?

No.

Let me tell you what I see. I see a bunch of hippies that identify with no message. They take their drugs, they wear smelly oil, they put on itchy hoodies, they smile.

They do not protest. No marches, no letters, no message. A concert isn't a mode of change, it's a fucking social club. You meet other worthless individuals with whom you can go into your van, and slowly kill the last remnants of the old hippy way. A social club?

Let's talk punk. What do I see? It's a fashion show. "People think my Dead Kennedys coat is cooler than your vintage Ramones T-shirt." Conventional haircuts and popular music not allowed here. You like NOFX and the Dropkick Murphys? Congrats! You've just become too mainstream. You didn't follow the rules, no revolution for you. You aren't punk enough for it. Get out of here.

Go to college.

Become the left-wing intellectual. Not punk now. You listen to independant music, but you wear conventional clothes. You aren't a drunken slob now. You put on your avant garde black box frames and listen to Guided by Voices, until you are eventually devoured by the machine. It hurts less when you go willingly.

What the point of this bashing?

Comparison. In all these instances I see two things. The first obvious one is the circle jerk fashion show

that all of these cultures are. With so much effort spent accessorizing your outfits, it leaves little time for change. With a mind so focused on getting tail, subversion becomes a significantly smaller portion of your day. The point of the movement has dissolved, and they have devolved into the same corporate whores they claim to hate. They breathe in smoke from a Newport, and breathe out hate for lobbyist, and poison selling corporations. They hate Paris Hilton for being a slave to fashion, but won't be caught dead without their green hair in a perfect mohawk. They swing at a machine they cannot see, all the while tightening their collars.

How could they take those collars off? Perhaps with a little help from a brother.

Uh-oh. That dosen't fly. A punk won't help a hippy.

He's not sure why. It was in a song somewhere.

Urban-boy won't help out the privledged college boy.

"Let his daddy's money help him out. I've got my own problems." Round and round they go. The same agenda on the tip of their tounge, but their fashions won't allow it.

Alienation.

I cringe when I see a rapper thank Dr. King for his sacrifices to promote equality, then walk off stage and get into a fight in which he uses the word faggot no less than 30 times.

Alienation. "They agree with our message, but they're not cool enough." It's the knife in the heart of the RU.

So my State of the Union can be summed up simply- Fashion took the place of a message; ego took the place of progress.

I sum this up with a thought towards progress. What I think everyone needs is a fat dose of cyanide - for their ego. Instead of complaining that the oil company is fleecing you, walk to the store. Sure the oil company is still fleecing you, we'll get to that. In the meantime though stop being a slave. Don't bitch about how cigarettes cost too much, and it's unfair to smokers; quit smoking. Don't talk to me about a lack of educational opportunities; go to the library, pick up a fucking book. All your problems will still be there, but you will be moving to eliminate them.

The leash you put on yourself is much tighter than the one your corporate master has on you. Truth is, you break your leash, theirs dosen't matter. Because without the clutter of your fashions and preconceptions, you'll be ready for the revolution.

Ready to break your own chains?

FROM: Ramses Colossus,
Quinti -Primi Illuminati, Hermes Trismegistus Cabal

TO: Baron von Hoopla,
Esoteric Order Of Eris, Kaufman Kabal

Hoopla:

As we discussed at the zoo the other day, our plans for bringing about the End Of The World have been in motion for many years now. As I'm sure you are aware there are two lessons to any story, the obvious exoteric lesson, and the less obvious esoteric lesson. In regards to the End Of The World idea, consider the esoteric idea underneath the obvious, and it will become more clear. I'm talking about Revolution Of The Mind, Hoops. Of course, nothing of the sort has happened yet, but we're making progress.

You will -of course- remember in an earlier memo when I mentioned that we had been printing books blank, well that was simply the whipped cream on the pumpkin pie that mama made which nobody wants to eat because its so perfect it looks like it should be in magazine ad . . . in other words, nothing.

Here's some of what we've been working on:

-In 1963 we completely altered all sex education courses in North America, deleting any references to how noses and eyebrows also grow at puberty. This small change has resulted in more anti-social behavior than violent TV, video games or hip hop music combined. So far nobody has put it together.

-Bendy Straws. Not a single one has worked since 1982. This of course renders the straw completely useless. This one is subtle, but has profound effects. Have you noticed the rising state of anger in children during the last decade or so? Blame the straws. Of course, this is currently nothing. There's always a second act - wait until 2010 when ONLY bendy straws will be manufactured.

-We introduced Family Fued in late 1976 in an attempt to push the idea of herd mentality over the cliff, but even we were surprised by the zeal the public showed in attempting to be just like everyone else. In retrospect, this could be because we went with our softer title, which encouraged competition, instead of our original choice which we eventually deemed too obvious: "Be Like Me". Live and learn.

-Since the invention of the bikini bathing suit in 1946 we have been changing the way doctors are taught to cut umbilical cords, thereby subtly deforming the appearance of the average belly button over time in North America. Grotesque bellybuttons undermine a society's sense of self worth, but of course only if they are always visible, so once belly button esthetics reached an all-time low we introduced the fad of the bellytop. Self esteem and IQ levels plummeted across the continent - but wait until 2009, when the male bellytop fad is introduced. PANDEMONIUM!

There's more of course, but I'm pressed for time, being a very busy man. I can't say much about the project I am currently working on, but I can say that it involves the S Club 7 and Outer Space. Chew on that!

TTFN,

Ramses

PS: Concerning that Christopher Lee comment I happen to think I look more like Frank Langella, and sound more like Orson Welles.

Barbed Wire

by Payne

"We came here, not only to help John [Sinclair] and to spotlight what's going on, but also to show and to say to all of you that apathy isn't it. We can do something. Okay, so Flower Power didn't work, so what? We start again."

~John Lennon (at a benefit concert for John Sinclair)

There are many Discordians out there who still slavishly follow the original Principia Discordia, a ragged tome written by a couple of stoned hippies, filled with 60's humour but with a serious message running through it like barbed wire hidden in a heap of cotton wool. This humour was already dated by the early 70's, but even today we have aspiring Discordians who will parrot the jokes ad infinitum. They don't even believe that there IS barbed wire in there.

Which is fair enough, a person is allowed to believe what they will. They also have to take the consequences when they shread their hands unexpectedly on the "true" message of the PD.

Flower Power did not work. It became less a philosophy and more a fashion statement, less a movement and more a profitable exercise. With this in mind, is the packaging of the original message of PD really appropriate? Can we expect an audience of today to find any truth hidden in hippy rhetoric? While the answer is obviously "yes" (many of us were able to see some form of "The Truth" in it), shouldn't we also consider the number of people who have completely missed it, and set it aside as an interesting yet ultimately dated and dead piece of literature?

I personally think that the meat of the PD is a stark reminder that we are all monkeys, we are all subject to simian behaviour, regardless of our "civilisation", "humanity" and other such concepts. It tells us to 'Think for yourself, Schmuck!', and that we are all susceptible to trying to impose our own ideas of what should be onto situations where no such concept can exist, and then call it "reality"!

This is a timeless idea, as applicable today as it was in the 60's, and probably all over human history.

When we seem dark, stark and bitter, we are only relating what we believe is the true tone of the PD. When we are hateful, impatient and arrogant, we are reacting to the context of the time that the message now finds itself in, stripping the cotton wool of the 60's off of it and clothing it in the flak jacket and utilitarian fatigues of our time.



Nonsense as Salvation, whats more non sensical than taking the scribblings of a couple hippies and turning it into a personalised philosophy where these things can happen, without contradiction?

So spare us the "ZOMG23PINEALFNORD" crap, the hippies are dead. The new age requires new action, the activist today needs a suit and a tie, not a tie-dyed shirt.

FOR DEPOSIT ONLY

HORRORMIRTH!

Current Events with Requiem



It is time to discuss the tale of the SEC, and [mamma.com](#). Just in case you aren't aware, the SEC goes after certain classes of financial crimes, and with the US economy collapsing due to widespread malfeasance, they take on a certain spotlight. So given the choice of what to go after, the hidden losses, the predatory contracts, the credit companies that swore real estate was going to make more money than the gross planetary income, or insider traders at [mamma.com](#), they of course went after [mamma.com](#).

While I can't imagine you've never heard of them, a bit of background. [Mamma.com](#) shows search results from other sites, specifically [ask.com](#) and [about.com](#). Which you may not have heard of, but never fear, [mamma.com](#) will teach you of them.

Back to our tale, with no indication that during a collapsing economy a search site nobody has heard of, and which fails to display its ads every time, was about to go belly up, one man received a tip off that it was about to go belly up, and sold his stock in [mamma.com](#). The SEC caught him though, and has discovered he in fact was tipped off to the impending doom of [mamma.com](#). So tonight, rest assured, despite the impending collapse of half the globe's economy, and a deficit that outweighs the projected income, the federal government still protects us. From [mamma.com](#).

So Just WTF is this "New Discordia?"

The going consensus in modern Discordianism is that we are no longer supposed to generate chuckles or "lulz," except at the expense of specific outcasts. RAW is Old Hat; the Principia Discordia is tapped out; psychedelics are bad for you, and everything must either make Serious Sense, or be both unintelligible and unfunny.

It is resolved, then, that in keeping with Our New Philosophy, you should refrain from inanity and other frivolous garbage appearing in your communication more often than once for every eighteen posts complaining about some Great Big Not-As-Funny-As-You-Might-Think Something or Other. And, if you cannot resist the urge to revert to the Old Discordianism from the 60's, please file your work with our History Dispatch Officer by scribbling it on a napkin, and using it to block the drain of the nearest urinal.

Because in today's complex world, even Discordians can't afford any more Discord.

Discordianism: *NO SUCH THING!*

In my recent Critique of Discordia, I ran into a lot of "I don't want to proselytize any Religion" and "What's in it for Discordianism?" complaints. These are valid concerns, and ones that I agree with, I might add. They do however betray an apparent inability on my part to clearly establish what the hell I am talking about. So, let me offer a clarification of some issues that were left unanswered in the last discussion.

First of all, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS "DISCORDIANISM." I can say this with a straight face because I am, in fact, a Discordian. I do not believe there is any useful set of guiding principles, mythos, or imagery that could ever be compiled into anything even remotely resembling a Religion whose purpose is to "teach" people anything. You cannot teach anyone anything worthwhile by acquainting them with a static mythology and expecting them to "get it." They won't.

I am a Discordian, and I do not believe in "Discordianism." I believe, rather, in DISCORDIA, which is not a religion, or a "path," or a "journey," or any such bollocks. Instead, Discordia is a phenomenon. It is a peculiar situation that arises every time a bunch of disjointed, disconnected, Discordians cooperate against large odds to accomplish something.

So I am not looking to enlarge, enhance, or enrich "Discordianism" with new members. My aim is not to establish "us" as some kind of recognizable -- let alone respectable -- religious or philosophical sect. I like my Discord as it is: impossible to replicate anywhere. If it ceased to be that, it would cease to be useful to me.

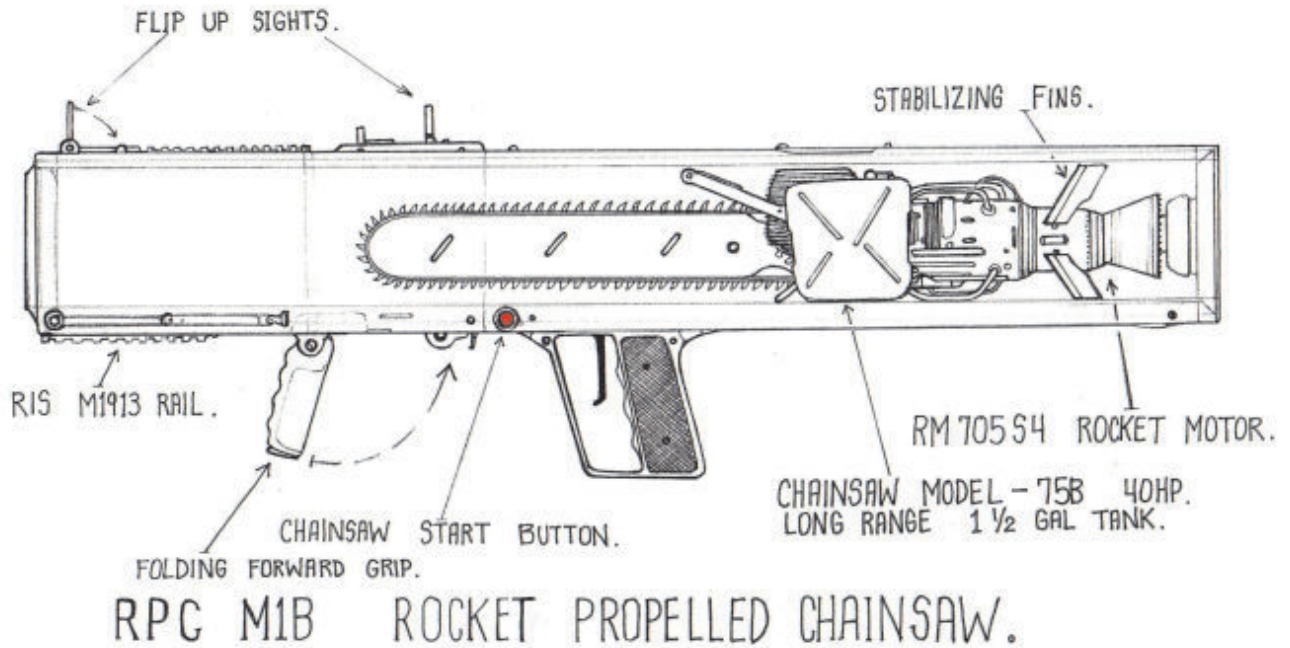
So when I say I want to see DISCORDIA make an impact, here is what I'm talking about: I'm talking about a widespread knowledge that SOMETHING IS HAPPENING. Because look -- something IS happening: BILLIONS of people are being screwed out of their natural rights; liberty is being devoured by fear; cultures are drowning in oceans of bullshit; responsibility is being erased. Can we change any of that? No. But we can sure as hell make more people AWARE of it.

As for "Discordianism," as far as the Masses are concerned, that should be no more than a sticker on our product. Their shoes were made in China, and their mindfuck was made in "Discordianism." Let them know that the Legion of Dynamic Discord exists: but don't bother trying to tell them what it is, they'll just misunderstand anyway.

Ultimately, "Activitism" is not a requirement for all Discordians -- and it should be OFF LIMITS to anybody who wants to sell "Discordianism." But it is a sacred sacrament to those of us who count ourselves as Discordians who want to see DISCORDIA grow. Not as a movement, not as a philosophy, and sure as hell not as a religion -- but as a mysterious phenomenon that forces people to ask questions.



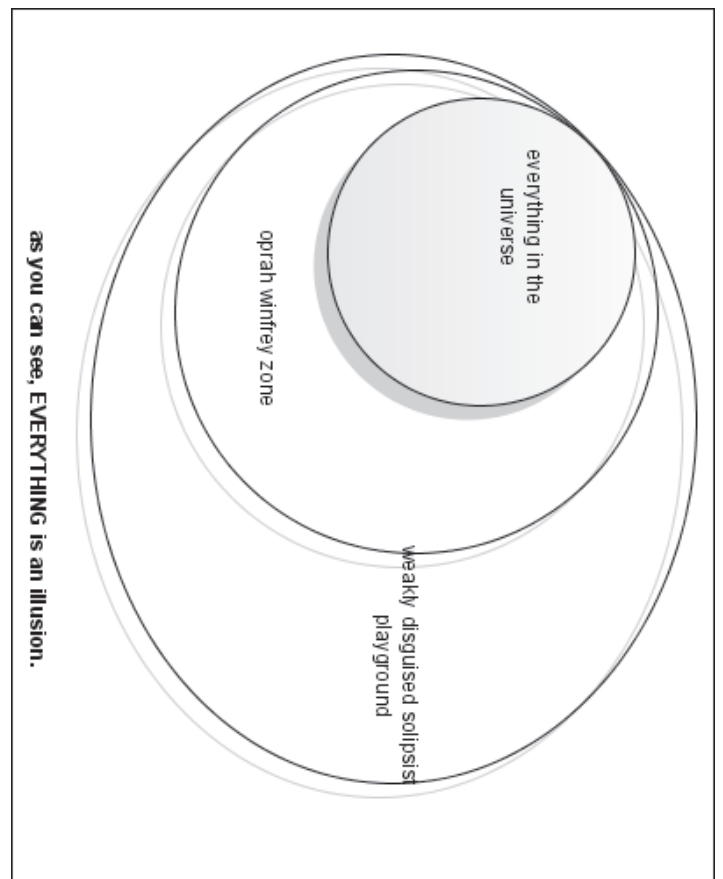
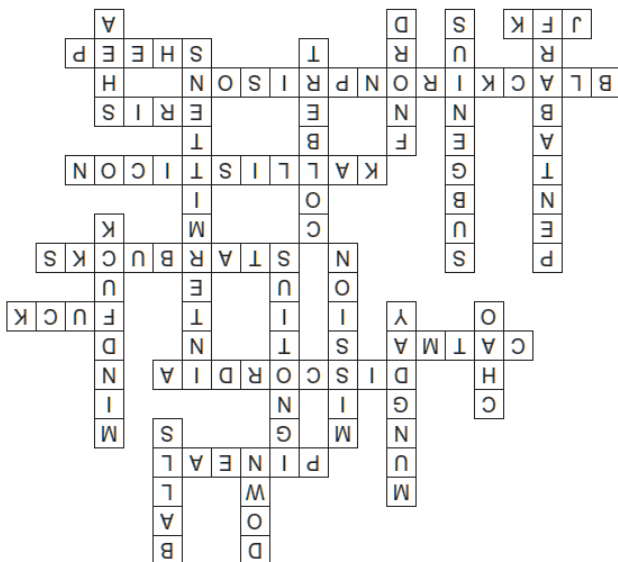
THIS ACTUALLY EXISTS.



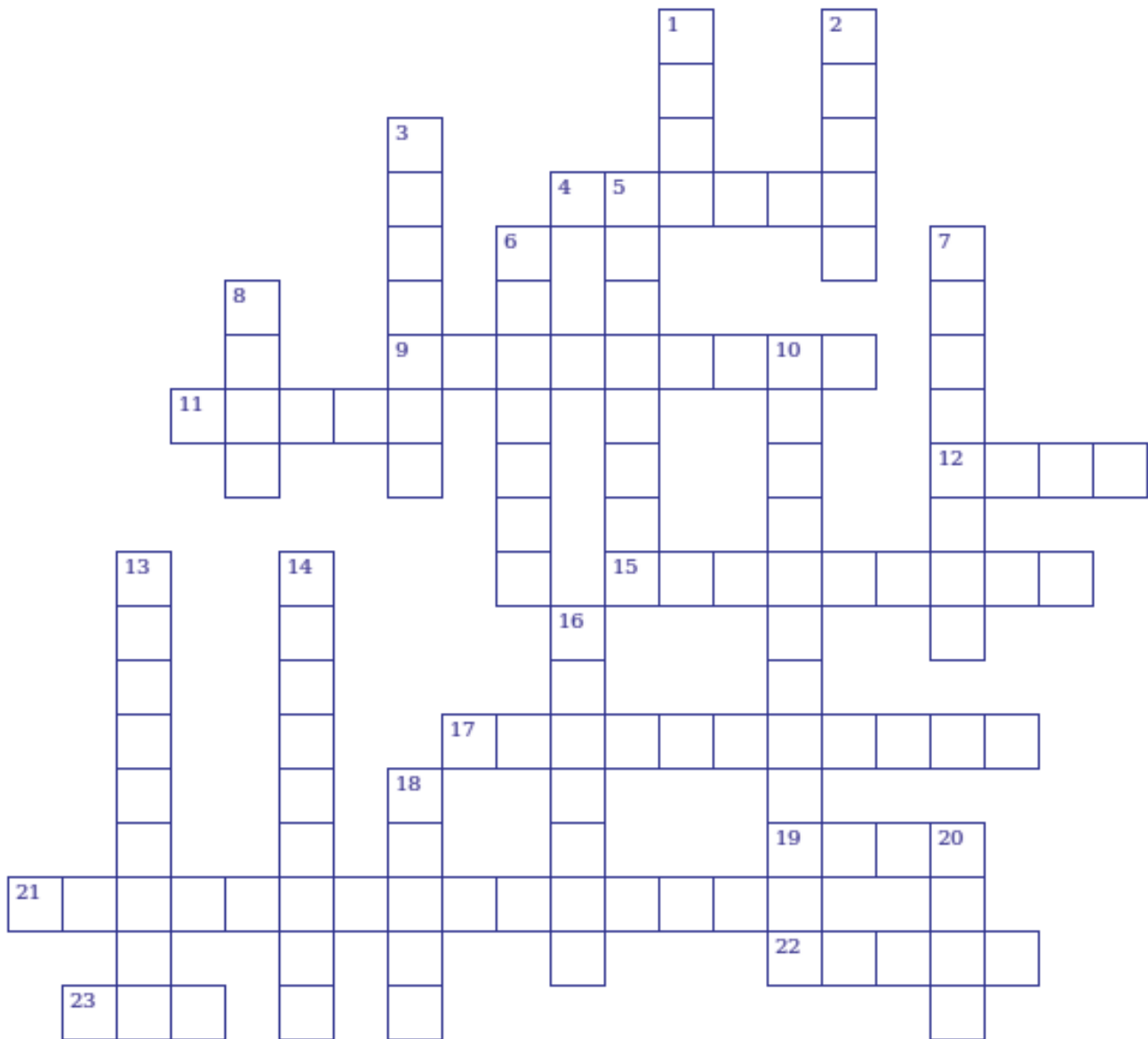
JUST LETTING YOU KNOW.

SOLUTION TO THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE
ON THE NEXT PAGE!

DON'T PEEK!
THAT'S CHEATING!



AND NOW, THE DISCORDIAN CROSSWORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS

- 4 Righteous gland
- 9 Her roman name
- 11 Not dogma
- 12 Sweet merciful I will kill a mother
- 15 These pebbles come in venti
- 17 Annual discordian convention in San Fransisco
- 19 Formerly Xena
- 21 "Hey, kid. Welcome to Prison."
- 22 Black sheep are still these
- 23 Thornley was accused of this man's murder

DOWN

- 1 Prices stay here if you plant
- 2 I had to shave my _____ to get this job
- 3 First holyday of the year
- 5 Ignotium per
- 6 Golden apple seed _____
- 7 Brain penetration
- 8 Symbol of balance
- 10 Discordian Magazine
- 13 Five commandments
- 14 They're not exactly geniuses
- 16 Illuminati initiate whose desk is a giant C
- 18 Meaningless word hidden in newsprint
- 20 Co-author of the Illuminatus! Trilogy

MADE BY CRAMULUS!

intermittens

personal ads!

DATING SERVICE IMPROVED

Cain, a leading provider of date-related services in the English South-West area, is now adding a homemade dinner solution to his acclaimed dating services portfolio. This new service, which will be made available to female customers in the SW area beginning immediately, demonstrates Cain's commitment to providing customers with the broadest range of date choices and the highest caliber of intimate dining options among all dating service providers in the area.

This new homemade dinner solution, called HomeDin 2.0, offers customers three options to fulfill their hunger requirements. The Italian Option consists of pollo al limone, with cavatappi and served with piadina and a bottle of Rosso di Montalcino; the Asian Option, which offers Szechuan beef served with fried egg rice and Huadiao jiu wine; and a Discount Option, which offers a bacon roll and bottle of Pepsi.

"With this new dinner solution, Cain has moved to the forefront of the romantic culinary solutions market," said Cain, the chairman and CEO of Cain. "This new offer appeals to a wide array of customers, from those who prefer the more traditional tastes of Italian home cooking to those craving the more exotic flavors of the Far East."

In addition to its hunger-satiating capabilities, the HomeDin 2.0

solution also provides a newfound convenience for those customers interested in upgrading their services from a dating solutions package to a sexual solutions package. While most of Cain's dating solutions require at least a ten-minute drive from his award-winning Intimate Customer Relations Center, the HomeDin 2.0 kitchen is located a mere 10 feet from the center, which was recently upgraded to include king-sized bed, surround-sound stereo and beautiful country views.

The HomeDin 2.0 is just one of many dating services that Cain offers to female customers in the South West region. Others include the movie option, in which comes complete with prepaid ticket, popcorn and an optional large beverage; the traditional dinner option that includes a prepaid meal at a destination of the customer's choice; and the alcohol-enhanced clubbing option, where customers have the option of experiencing being thrown out of every single local bar.

HOOBLA SELLS MOON

Slightly used moon for sale. Several meteors have crashed into it over the years, leaving some fairly impressive craters. In addition to that, it was used as an Illuminati Demolition Derby arena in the early years of the Twentieth Century (before I acquired it) and suffered some pretty intense damage. It was also the site of the Tungsten/Homina war of 1733, but it suffered

minimal damage since the Tungstens used marshmallow bullets and the Hominas simply tossed jujubes. In fact, you may still find some stray jujubes up there. The substantial damage is on the Dark Side, so it's still presentable for visiting guests. You can change the name on it if you want, Modern Science has given it the imaginative name, "The Moon," however, I call it Curly. Pricing is negotiable. Interesting trades considered. Write to BaronVonHoopla@gmail.com.

NIGEL SEEKS NIXON



I am a fit, attractive woman seeking a FWB or long-term lover to fulfill my fantasies. I am in need of a fit dark-haired man, 5'11 or 6'0", with some chest hair, who is willing to indulge me in a very specific fetish. I have an intense erotic fixation on Richard Nixon, and I need a lover who will wear a realistic Nixon mask during lovemaking. I have the mask... I just need the man! smile

It doesn't matter your age or what your face looks like, but physically you must be a match! Well-endowed a plus.

Yes, the pic is really me.

The Re-Birth of the Discordian Movement

Which may be a delusion, or perhaps, indigestion.

by Rev. What's-His-Name?

It was another hot and hazy summer afternoon in the suburbs of South Portland, Maine. Two young gentlemen were hard at work at the Mall. Okay, so it was dead again, as usual, so they were once again discussing the machinations of the universe and how humanity reacts to them. They were, so they thought, students of Discordia.

Months prior, they had formed their own cabal. Oh yeah, intros! One was named Chuck Full-O-Pope and liked guns and other things involving Åosplosions. The other was Reverend What's-His-Name? He was the President of the Warhammer Appreciation Club (WAC) and a Death Metal Aficionado. The former introduced the latter to the good book Principia Discordia and the ways of the Erisian movement. They had since annoyed their co-workers and all new employees with their teachings (ranting and raving really). This, sadly, quickened the already fast turnover in their retail hell.

Anyhoo, on this Tuesday, or perhaps it was Friday. Does it matter? Ppppffttt! Excuse me, So, it was a day...

"Ah, so that's why The Hoff is big in Germany." we hear Rev. saying.
"Hail Eris!" replies Chuck.

Just then, there was a brilliant flash, and then a loud pop. "Damned Chinese Light bulbs!" From behind them they hear:

"Excuse me gentlemen!"

To their amazement they see a lemur in a 3-piece standing behind them. Chuck and Rev. looked quite befuddled and confused and stuff.

"Yeah sorry, you were probably expecting the chimp. Sad really, he passed on about 20 years back. You didn't think he'd live forever did you? You know this sort of thing doesn't exactly come with dental and medical you know. Anyway, I was his understudy and have taken over operations." He paused to take a swig of something from a rusty flask, and then he

continued, "I was actually offered a sweet gig by "Bob" but the jokes weren't as funny."

The two gentlemen then noticed that they were no longer in their retail-hell but in a lush green field. It looked like something out of the Sound of Music without all of the sing-songy crap.

"What's that smell?" Chuck asked.

"Oh, it's that broccoli field over there. The rest of it, all cabbages."

"Whoa! That's a lot of cabbage. I guess the cole-slaw industry is safe." remarked The Rev.

"That was unfunny." retorted the dashing primate, "But the abundance of cabbage is why I have appeared before you two young lads."

He took another drink from his flask and took a nibble out of what appeared to be an Oreo Cookie. I know. Anyway,...

"My mentor appeared before your Discordian founding fathers over 40 years ago. To neither his, nor my, surprise, things have not got any better. While the word of Goddess has spread, the cabbages are outpacing it."

"Your efforts are being impeded by poseurs and fad-hoppers. The youth have the misguided notion that tagging Longfellow's statue with Krylon is going to change the world. The world has become more hopeless than ever before. Your voter turnout for American Idol is ten times your voter turnout for President. And, please explain to me how David Hasselhoff still has a career."

He then pulled from his pocket a key. On it was emblazed the Sacred Chao on one side and the Five-Fingered-Hand on the other.

"What's this?" asked Chuck.

"And I'd like to point out he has no pants and that was not a pocket he pulled that from." added The Rev.

With that, there was a loud crash and they found they were back in their Retail Hell. "Damned teenagers!"

Soon, both gentlemen realized their pockets felt heavier. They pulled out their keys to see that a new key had been added for both of them. The same as what the lemur had produced from his nether regions.

The author apologizes for the crass toilet humour but points out he is trying to keep up with the times.

"What does this go to I wonder?" pondered Chuck.
"If Eris is up to her tricks it's probably a Yugo." said The Rev.

Just then they heard a breathy voice. "No ma'am, I haven't seen your husband. If I were him I'd be at the bar trying to forget the last 10 years of my life."

"Okay, isn't this where we have the cathartic moment with the disembodied voice of Eris?" asked Rev.

Then the phone rang. Chuck answered and put it on speakerphone.

"Wish I'd had one of these cell phones when I was chatting with Mal and Omar. Anyhoo, you have there in your hands The Key. It's The Key to the door of the Black Iron Prison that society, and The Machine, have constructed around you. You silly humans have been unwitting participants in its creation. And the real kicker is, the lock on the door isn't really a lock. You've always had The Key to your freedom. You need but to open your mind, your freedom is only as out of reach as you make it."

"Neat, can we make copies?" asked Chuck.

"Well, in a way, yes. You and your comrades must revive what has lied dormant. The 60's are over. Times have changed. There are more closed minds and their Black Iron Prisons make them difficult to reach. The old jokes don't work

anymore. You must find your voice to help others find theirs. Energize your network. Strengthen it. Expand it. And for Pete's sake, stop worrying about your 23 Pineal Glands and do something!"

"Um, I just have one more question," chimes in Rev. "What's all that noise?"

"Oh, sorry. I'm in Beantown checking out Brother LMNO's band. (singing) Circular reasoning works because Circular reasoning works because, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah! Hey! Get your soon to be 4 fingered hand off my ass Teddy..." static, then silence.

"I guess even Goddess has crappy reception." remarked Chuck.

"So, do you think people will go for this?" Rev asked of Chuck.

"When in doubt, fuck it! When not in doubt, get in doubt." espoused Chuck.

"Can we resort to heavy blunt objects if it doesn't work?"

"Seems like a perfectly logical back-up plan to me." said Chuck.

And with that, the Discordian movement was reborn. As it turned out, the lemur got around, A LOT. And had made similar visits to other discordian cabals, episkoposes, and other rabbles. And through our little story perhaps we have inspired you to reactivate your cabal, even if it is but a one-man-band. If you haven't formed one, do it now. You have bretheren. We are drifters but you can fund us from time to time at places such as www.principiadiscordia.com and www.poe.co.uk, and other haunts and closets.

But, in the meantime, please, read on...

THAT' S THE END OF TH I S I S S U E!

I HOPE YOU HAD AS MUCH FUN READING THIS AS I HAD MAKING IT WHEN I SHOULD HAVE BEEN DOING MY "JOB"

CREDITS

COVER ART: I forgot to check the author when I stole the image, and now I can't find it again. Sorry about that. If it's yours, consider yourself thanked.

CLIP ART: Mostly gathered from the Interbutts by the PDCOM Cabal.

The "Elements of New Discordia" theme was originally envisioned by Payne, who was going to edit this issue, but was unable to due to his ABSOLUTE FAIL internets connection.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Merriam Webster, without whom we would probably not have the Webster's Dictionary.

16. O ye strangers of Goddess, ye foolhardy Masses of Muk! Behold thy selves in HELL! For thou art stricken upon the face with the dried crust of lailaise, and thou stabbeth thy torso with the arrows of desire! Upon thy jiggly forearms dwelleth the wretched signs of the Times, and upon thy face-lifted brow are written the loose-lipped incantations of the perpetually damned. Shalt thou go blindly forever about the Earth, twisting upon the face thereof in pain, heaving in heavy labor, and giving up the retarded souls of thine half-baked children, to feed the eternally famished belly of Gru-ad? Whence shall come thy relief, thou Peasants of Forgetful Nobility?

Coming Soon....

GIRLFRIEND 2.0

Why mate with a meat-based girlfriend when a robotic girlfriend doesn't have a "no" setting?

