

THE

WISE

BOOK

OF

BALONEY

FRORD

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

BARON VON HOOPLA, KSC

THE WISE
BOOK
OF
BALONEY

-or-

Focus Your Glass Eye
On This, Sucka!

the **WISE**
BOOK *of*
IBALONEY

This Being a Collection of
Discordian Writings,
Musings, Rants,
Riddles and
Stroganoff
Recipes

compiled and edited by

Baron von Hoopla, K.S.C.

As Hermes was swinging through the skies a hell of a long time ago, flitting this way and that, inviting all he met to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, he noticed a young man in an orchard picking delicious apples. This young man was completely nude, as was the habit in those days, and from the hard work he had undertaken was glazed in a fine coating of dewey sweat. Hermes, like almost all Greek men in those days, appreciated the male nude form much more than he appreciated the female nude form, and so swooped down to investigate this young man's body much more closely. In the back of Hermes' mind was his mission to invite all to the joyous ceremony which was going to be performed by the grooviest of all gods, aegis-bearing Zeus of the stiff lightning bolts and even stiffer rod. He had only one invitation left to give out, to that of Eris called Strife, and decided that she could wait, all she ever did was cause trouble anyway . . .

"Howdy, my boy," Hermes said, smiling lasciviously at the young orchard boy. "Those be some mighty big and firm apples you have there . . . are they juicy?"

The young boy was no stranger to innuendo, and saw that this was not simply a conversation about fine produce. He was one of the few men in those days who didn't care much for the greased wrestling lifestyle, but at the same time knew that boinking a god could get you places . . . true, you might end up becoming a goose or a statue or something else equally ridiculous, but there were also rumours that you could end up living life on Limbo Peak, instead of becoming a shade in the depths of Hades. What was a quick roll in the hay, in exchange for a eternity in the heavens?

"So juicy they could squirt your eye out . . ." the young man heard himself saying before he had even decided what to say. That was how the gods worked.

Before he could open his mouth to take back what he had said, the god of speed and agility proved his titles by having pounced on the poor lad, and was using him like a child uses a hobby-horse. All thoughts of continuing his mission were suddenly missing from Hermes' perfect god brain.

This entire episode was being watched from far above by Eris, who secretly ruled everything but allowed others to believe they had something to do with it too, out of her unparalleled modesty. Modest she may be, but she is also very touchy about certain matters of decorum.

She watched Hermes porking the poor orchard boy, clucked with distaste at the stunningly poor performance he showed (and yet somehow kept his reputation as a fantastic lover amongst the Achaeans), and then stood up with shock as the Messenger God dismounted, rolled onto his back in the lush green grass, and fell promptly asleep. She floated down next to his inert body, and began to quiver with rage. **THIS, she said. THIS IS THE MESSENGER THAT THE SO-CALLED WISEST OF GODS, THAT FUCKING RAGING HORMONE WITH A THRONE CALLED AEGIS-BEARING ZEUS, SENT TO INVITE ALL OF THE WORLD TO THE BIGGEST PARTY SINCE THE BIG BANG???** **THIS LITTLE MILK-SOP?**

She looked over at Mount Olympus, and could already hear the music beginning to

swell. She could smell the flowers, and could feel the laughter and tears. The wedding was beginning.

Eris had to show that she knew of this outrageous snub, and wasn't going to take it at all lightly. She had to make an appearance, yet a ingeniously subtle one. Let them know she was there, and yet not really there at all. Perhaps leaving a sarcastic gift would be appropriate?

Then a wicked smile slithered across her glorious lips. One thing could be counted on with the Olympic Gods; not their wisdom, not their power, not their compassion, no, the one thing that could be counted on in all situations was their eternal vanity.

Eris, who is rightfully called Strife, picked up one of the apples at her feet. The delicious fruit turned to gold within her hand, and she gazed at it . . . how to address it? "To Thetis"? That would cause a stir since the other witches would certainly want it, but would their prides let them steal a present from a bride in front of all the guests? Probably, but let's work with certainties. Perhaps, "To The Lovely Lady"? That certainly leaves some room for uncertainty . . . probably enough to incite idiocy from Hera and Aphrodite, but she wanted more . . . she wanted full-on chaos.

Then it struck her. The perfect inscription. She wrote on the words, and then wandered over to Mount Olympus and rolled the apple through the doors, and floated back up into the sky to observe.

Pan, of all gods, found the apple first. He picked it up and read the inscription, "**For The Bitchinest**" then polished it on his fur, and held it out to look at it again.

Hephaestus noticed it, and leaned over. "S'that?" he asked.

"Oh," said Pan. "It's just an apple that someone gave to me. I found it here on the floor." Hephaestus leaned closer to get a look, but Pan kept moving it farther away. "Funny," the lame god said. "I could have sworn it said 'for the bitchinest'"

Pan said quietly, "It does."

"Well, hate to say it, chum, but that's my wife Aphrodite." Hephaestus said.

"Oh," said Pan. "You mean that loose slut riding 'Dionysus' face over on the punch table? You think it's for hu——"

Pan's last word was crushed by a rather large anvil that Hephaestus happens to carry with him, for situations such as that. He held up the apple, but was struck down by Ares, who believed that he was, in fact, the bitchinest of all the gods. As he grabbed hold of the golden fruit, a spear pierced his wrist and white blood poured out onto the marble floor. Pallas Athene grabbed the apple as it rolled from Ares' hand, and said "Ta, big bro . . . I'll take that."

All the other gods had seen the apple by this point, and had read the infamous inscription, each believing they were the most bitchin of all the gods. And, with that, mayhem ensued.

It was hard to hear the laughter of Eris above the din of all the breaking bones and clashing swords, but she felt her point had been proven.

ADVICE FOR DISCORDIAN NOOBS

If you're going to bullshit for bullshit's sake, at least have the decency to make your own. Stop analyzing, quoting, arguing with, and making clever references to any of the so-called "seminal Discordian(tm) texts".

Sure, they're a Real Head Trip, but clever wears itself out real fast, and it's getting on 30-40 years since this crap has been floating around. That's longer than you've been alive, I wager. RAW and Mal-2 were stoned when they wrote that shit anyway. I bet they're embarrassed by people like you who take them seriously. If you keep this up they'll be the new L. Ron Hubbard, and Discordianism(tm) will be the new Scientology. Do you really want that? Do you? Huh?!

Being a Real Discordian(tm) involves having a finely tuned sense of irony. We've all been through it. Is it a joke? Is a religion? Is it a religion disguised as a joke disguised as a religion disguised as a philosophy disguised as a joke? If it's a joke, am I supposed to laugh? How come nobody else is laughing? Oh god, They're watching me again!

cough

Anyway, Discordianism(tm) is kind of like Ramen noodles. There's lots of kinds, but it takes a special sort of appetite for them to be worth eating, especially considering the net negative nutritional gain. Is it worth the effort, or should you just order a college special from Jeebus Pizza? Or maybe just be a regular ol' atheist. I hear they've unionised. Maybe you should try it.

So, you're still here. I never have the patience to read the long posts. Hell, I've never read all of the Principia Discordia(tm). Even if I did, I wouldn't remember it. I can quote, "Munching on the tasty grass, the sacred chao goes 'mu'" but it took a lot of effort and I'm so not into that. But I'm also not into bullshitting for bullshit's sake. I'm just easily amused. That's why I'm here.



And Eris spake unto Elvis, "Thou hast offended me
Elvis, by stealing from your brothers and I curse thee to
have thy blue suede shoes trod upon for all time..."

Sometimes that's why I'm not here.

So shut up, take a look around with your eyes open this time, and
"make your own trip" or whatever it is they used to say.

-RABID BADGER OF GOD

SERMON #1

Brothers, Sisters, and Others,

I speak to you (or rather write to you) tonight about the dangers
of backsliding...For are there not those who go about quoting the
Principia and St Wilson the Obscure; and do so having forgotten
the message behind those glib words?

To be a discordian is far more than rote memorization of an
author's words... It is, in essence, one of the few remaining ways
in which a person might be free. To lapse into dogma and the ran-
dom spouting of anothers word is to deny that freedom! Can I
get an "Amen"?

In this new decade, our rights are stripped from us inch by inch,
and day by day. We can now be detained (no more fun for YOU,
Bubba...Ever) without counsel, our mail and our email can be
read sans warrant, and even the so-called "opposition" has
caved into this fascism, Eris damn their black souls. They would
have ORDER. Law. Regulation. In short, they would have all that
we disdain; truly, they would make the WORLD itself grey, had
they the power (and they might yet). Will we stand idly by, while
our mutant heritage is torn from us? Will we stand around mum-
bling catchetism from the "holy" books while they make normals
of us all? Can I get a "hell no!"?

We MUST act, we MUST sieze our heritage while we still have the
space in which to do so; when I was a child, this nation was far,
far more free than it is now; most of you do not remember the
years before Reagan, when a man might do as he please without

Surrealism aims at the total transformation of the mind and all that resembles it.

-Breton

fear of pissing in a bottle, when a woman might act as she please without the scorn of her peers...But those happy days are gone, and now we face the End of Fun. WE have the power to stop this, though it be a long fight. WE can put an end to the Grey Nation...But WE must act NOW.

We must throw sand in the gears of The Machine, we must REFUSE to stand up and be counted...and this means more to most of you than it does I, oh great collection of draft-bait. We must do so in a way that attracts attention to our cause, without attracting attention to our SELVES (or it's no more fun, Bubba...see above). We must NOT trust the simpering fools in the "opposition" party, which opposes the current regime only in the fact that the "opposition" isn't getting paid...We must NOT trust to the clergy, or the media, or even the Saints of Eris themselves (with the possible exception of Saint LaRouche the Giddy). WE must do this, and Eris will not help us; for is this not a test of our skill as The World's Glitch?

Now some of you might say that the government itself is worthy of Eris, in that it itself is a study in chaos; to this I reply that it is a monumental work of art, but what benefit an artwork that falls upon you and crushes you flat?

Our forefathers fought for freedom; we. . . WE must fight for a few yuks. Only this, and nothing more...

<transmission ends>

-THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER



00011

THE BURNING BUSH

At a low period in my life I was seeking enlightenment. Lounging in my empty bathtub, fully clothed, I pondered the state of this sorry world. Wondering why there was so much confusion and strife afflicting so many; wondering if this was this and that was that, and whether tit really did anything for tat. Realizing that I wasn't philosophizing anymore and merely invoking Sues I decided that it was time to move outdoors, for fresh air and sun, to seek my enlightenment in the world.

On the sidewalk I found an Oh Henry bar. Looking around, I saw nobody who seemed ready to lay a claim on it - the bar seemed to be up for grabs. I crouched down and examined it closely, without touching it, of course. I wasn't about to become ensnared by some intrepid alien or big game hunter. I didn't detect any strings, and the sidewalk around the candy seemed kosher. The bar was mine.

Snatching it up, I moved to a bench to consume it in comfort at my own leisure. It was chocolatey, it was caramely, it was nugety, it was sweet and it was gooey. It did not, however, enlighten me.

Sitting on the bench, I sighed. Where next should I seek my enlightenment? As I mulled this query over I noticed a small book on the bench next to me. Curious, I picked it up, and read the cover; it was the Collected Short Stories of O. Henry.

This was a stunning coincidence. This, undoubtedly, meant something. As I opened the book to peruse the contents I was struck by something that made the book altogether more strange - all the pages were torn out, save those between fifty-five and sixty-nine, a story entitled The Green Door. I felt this story must be of cosmic significance, and so devoured it on the spot. Here would be the answers to the cause of all the strife and confusion in the world. I read the story in a few minutes, and chuckled once or twice, was saddened at least once, and sighed at the end. The story was touching and amusing, but it did not, however, answer my questions.

I felt perplexed. I felt confused. I felt discombobulated. I did not, however, feel enlightened.

Still searching, I walked.

I walked five blocks, and was then struck down to the pavement with another stunning coincidence. A porno theatre was showing a revival of *Behind The Green Door*. This was a stunning synchronicity. This, undoubtedly, meant something. I paid my admission, bought another Oh Henry bar at the candy counter, and ventured into the theatre. The movie had already started as I made my way through the sickeningly clammy sound of about fifty people beating their meat in the audience. I shuffled into the back row and tried to find a seat which hadn't been issued upon. As I sat down -just for a laugh- I began to smack the palm of my hand against the back of my neck furiously, and moan overly loud. The monkey spanking subsided for about seventeen seconds. I chuckled to myself, and began to unwrap my candy bar.

As I took the first bite I realized the movie had stopped in place on the screen. Marilyn Chambers' legs were spread-eagled, and all her glory was center stage, so to speak. So many euphemisms which are inappropriate rattled through my brain . . . tacos and beavers should not be compared to the same part of the body described as *The Mound Of Venus*. As this thought fluttered through my mind I also noticed the silence in the theatre. There were no sounds of auto eroticism whatsoever, in fact my fellow patrons seemed to be petrified in the more literal sense. I became alarmed by this, but was even more alarmed when Marilyn Chambers' bush on-screen burst into flames, and began to speak to me.

BARON VON HOOPLA, a satiny female voice called from the burning bush. **YOU MADE LEVITY IN A PLACE OF SOLEMN WORSHIP.**

I gulped, since there seemed little else to do under the circumstances.

HOW DO YOU STAND AGAINST THESE CHARGES? the

"If authority implies submission, liberation implies equality; authority exists when one man obeys another, and liberty exists when men do not obey other men. Thus, to say that authority exists is to say that class and caste exist, that submission and inequality exist. To say that liberty exists is to say that classlessness exists, to say that brotherhood and equality exist."
— Hagbard Celine

female voice asked.

'Guilty', I hiccuped. I had mocked the meat-beaters. My candy bar was melting in my hand. I could feel it.

GOOD. said the voice. **YOU'RE ONE OF MINE.**

'Who, who are you?' I asked.

I YAM WHO I YAM, came the reply.

'Popeye?!' I exclaimed. It didn't sound like Popeye.

NAY, I AM CALLED ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA. GODDESS OF CHAOS CONFUSION STRIFE CREATIVITY AND BUREAUCRACY. I AM THE HODGE OF THE RISING PODGE AND THE PODGE OF THE SINKING HODGE - GRAND WAZOO OF ALL THINGS FUNNY.

'Why have you chosen me?' I asked, not cowering as blatantly as a few minutes prior, but still cowering nonetheless.

FOR YOU ARE A GOOD APPLE. YOU ARE AWAKE ENOUGH TO QUESTION, SKEPTICAL ENOUGH TO QUESTION THE APPARENT ANSWERS, GULLIBLE ENOUGH TO FOLLOW MYSTERY, HUMOROUS ENOUGH TO MOCK THE SERIOUS AND SERIOUS ENOUGH TO AWAKEN IN THE FIRST PLACE. YOU EMBODY THE IDEALS OF THE SACRED CHAO, AND LO, I DEEM YOU A KEEPER OF IT. Onto the ceiling of the theatre, the fire from the burning bush traced out a design. It was a circle bisected by an 'S' shape; on one side was depicted an apple emblazoned with a 'K', on the other a pentagon.

'It's some form of Yin Yang?' I asked.

THE YIN YANG IS A FORM OF THE SACRED CHAO. IT IS A REPRESENTATION OF THE UNIVERSE. ALL THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK WILL BE FOUND WITHIN THAT CIRCLE, WHICH IS THE SERPENT SWALLOWING ITS OWN TAIL.

"No matter how cynical you become it's never enough to keep up."

-Lily Tomlin

'That's the answer to why there is so much strife and confusion in the world? I don't understand . . . why an apple and a pentagon?'

CHAOS IS THE ENTIRE CIRCLE, ONE HALF IS ORDER, THE OTHER DISORDER. THEY ARE BOTH NATURAL MANIFESTATIONS OF THE UNDERLYING CHAOS. ONCE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, YOU UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. FARE THEE WELL-

'Wait! One more question! What's the best way to deal with the strife and confusion of the world?'

LAUGHTER! came the reply. **FARE THEE WELL-**

'Wait! One last question! Why Nancy??'

WHAT?

'Why Eris Nancy Discordia? I asked. Why Nancy?'

NANCY'S A NICE NAME. FARE THEE WELL, KEEPER OF MY SACRED CHAO! SPREAD MY WORD - ALL MEN SHALL BE SAILORS THEN UNTIL THE SEA SHALL FREE THEM!

'Wait!' I called, 'You stole that from Leonard Cohen!'

NAY - HE STOLE THAT FROM ME.

Thus, I was enlightened.

The bush ceased to burn. The film ran forward. The manhandling kicked back in, but sounded more serene this time, like a gentle rainfall on a tin roof. I stood up and noticed a small book on the seat next to me. I took it out into the light of the lobby and read the title, 'Principia Discordia', I heard a female voice in the center of my head say **READ IT: BELIEVE ALL OF IT, BELIEVE NONE OF IT.** I walked outside, and promptly slipped on a banana peel, while thinking 'Indeed, do many strange things come to pass.'

-BARON VON HOOPLA

AMY AND LLOYD

Amy couldn't understand why they didn't just call them flying cars. Or, at least, car jets. Referring to them as birds seemed too poetic for something so obviously created in a factory. Factory burgers, factory mixed drinks, factory love. She was frustrated with what she saw as an attempt to block reality. "People do this," she said once, to Lloyd, "because they can't face that their lives lack so much poetry, so much magic." She had been no different. People thought her magical, but she wasn't. She was just going about her business. She hated being called charming, beautiful, all of that. She preferred thinking about other people. She bored herself. Amy had fallen into the trap that many young people do: thinking somehow that one day her life would just be static and perfect, ignoring the basic fact of life. Sounds ridiculous to write, but it's a powerful opiate for the mind. All of this changed, however, when she met Lloyd. Lloyd was a goat that lived at the top of the street. He was a friendly sort, lots of character himself, and good with people. His owner, known simply as Seven, didn't mind her stopping by to chat with his goat. Lloyd couldn't speak (were you hoping he would? I know, I was too) but he could understand Amy, and he did his best to relay information back to her. Previous to this, Amy wandered aimlessly, helping other people with their problems while getting more and more frustrated that nothing was coming back her way. But with Lloyd, it was different. Her uninspired hopes paled in comparison to what was happening in the moment. Spending time with Lloyd healed many of her wounds. Laughing, chatting, dreaming. She would laugh mostly about how silly it was that her best friend was a goat, but it also made her feel kind of proud, and satisfied, and most of all, lucky. The morning after Lloyd passed away, Amy felt a sadness that was in its own way sweet, said good-bye to him in her dreams, got into her flying car and bought some groceries. It was Tuesday and on Tuesdays George and her made spaghetti bolognese.

-ANTONY HARE

IMPORTANT MESSAGE!

7THF 0TXJ]F TT
7X+H# :TbX T4⊕Cf+HJ

"People don't deserve the restraint we show by not going into delirium in front of them. To hell with them!"
-Louis-Ferdinand Celine

NONSENSE AS SALVATION

What is nonsense? Some people will claim that any idea that disagrees with their own view is nonsense. Nonsense. If everyone agreed with everyone else, that would be nonsense. We need challenge, as human beings. We need to challenge our own beliefs and ideas, and decide for ourselves what nonsense is. At one point people thought putting a man on the moon was nonsense, some people still do. Nonsense does not mean incoherent babbling. Babbling might be amusing at times, but I am not sure if that will lead to salvation or anything like it. Well, you might get your ass kicked, but other than that babbling just gets you weird looks from your loved ones.

There is a lot in life that has to be taken seriously. The need for food, water, shelter, the basics of life. You either have to work at a job or you have to be reasonably nice to someone else to make sure these are met. You may try to say that people on welfare don't have to be nice to anyone, but you would be wrong. Those people have to deal with bureaucrats, reams of paperwork and condescending attitudes from people who have never had to wonder where their next meal was coming from.

Children need to be taken seriously as far as their care and protection is concerned. Children also need healthy doses of nonsense. If for some reason you find yourself in the company of a child who is not getting their requirements of nonsense met, look out. (For some children, apparently there is never enough nonsense). You might get pants-ed when you drop your kid off at daycare. (Forget accidents, this is why you wear clean underwear). You may have to have a talk because the little girl who has a premature plumber's crack got a finger in the back of her pants. As it was told to me, the story ended thusly:

1. You, go wash your hands! Keep them to yourself!
2. You, pull up your pants.

Shopping trips may contain conversations like these:

Son: Scooby Doo

Mom: Yes, that's Scooby Doo

Son: I have Scooby Doo on my penis

Mom: Yes, you have Scooby Doo underwear on today.

Son: Batman

Mom: Those are Batman shoes

Son: I can see Batman's penis

Mom: You don't need new shoes right now.

There was a time when I was young, I took it for granted that whatever made sense did indeed make sense.

As a teenager, I managed to make nonsense make sense to me. No, I do not mean calculus, although I did manage to make that make sense.

Then came a time when nothing made sense, but it wasn't nonsense, there wasn't any of that either. Then I had to find for myself what made sense, I did that partly by embracing nonsense. By learning to be silly again. By laughing at the stuff of life that other people can't. Just because a person finds the humor in a situation, doesn't mean they have lost their sense, it may mean they have found their nonsense.

Is Discordianism a joke disguised as a religion or a religion disguised as a joke? The obvious reply to me is yes. Many people unfamiliar with Discordians will be very confused by this. They may claim that answering an either/or question with a yes is nonsense. People familiar with me just roll their eyes and/or make comments about me being a smart ass again.

What is sense, what is nonsense? This is another yinny yang. It goes along with order disorder. We need a little of both in the right proportion. We need balance of sense and nonsense. If we try to give in to the sensible we bore ourselves or we are so busy with details we miss living our lives. If we give in to the nonsensical, we run the risk of ending up in Casa Del Whacko, trying to scratch our balls whilst tied in a straight jacket talking to Timothy Leary and waiting for the Howie Hamburger Dude.

-ELDORA, ORACLE OF ALCHEMY



KERRY WENDELL THORNLEY

*Kerry you fucker
you sick sick fucker
I love you
I love how sick you were*

*Kerry you paranoid
you fucking psychopath
I'm paranoid too
how could you not be?*

*Adam Gorightly oh pen name of who?
wrote that silly book on you
it made me tinkle like your words
make me sparkle
specially the part where he talked about how sometimes you would try
to have sex with children. you rebel you.*

*I feel deep down in my heart
that If you were alive today
and some young jerk wanted to
write a poem about you
you'd tell him to use the word FUCK a lot*

-MisterWalk



**STOP
MAKING
SENSE!**

If it looks like a duck,
acts like a duck, and
quacks like a duck it is
probably just a tool of
the conspiracy.

NO TAXES!

Dear (Cabbage),

You have been chosen as one of the lucky five to receive the gift of a tax free life. All the records of your taxes have been destroyed, and consequently, you will no longer need to file for income tax once a year.

General Sales Tax, and Provincial Sales Tax, will still be applicable, but we are in the process of looking into these forms of tax as well.

This program is still in the early stage, and has not been broken to the mass media outlets as of this date, consequently it would be prudent to keep this on the down-low; those who haven't been chosen for the program would be rightly so- upset to be left out. Upset people are loud people, and may jeopardize the future of this program.

Keep it to yourself, and enjoy a life with a bit more money to buy things which make you a happier person.

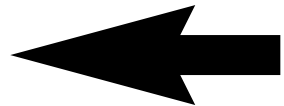
Enjoy!

Sincerely,

Apple Living & Apple Life



STILL TRAPPED



00020



SNAKE CHARM DANCE

*Come you masters of war.*¹

In thundering slither tongue you try to blind. Bind. Every day one more lie, one more powerless head crushed beneath your heel. Hell. Put us in towers of concrete, suitable only to house the silverfish that come from the cracks in your façade. Put us in the tower and convince us to pay.

Pay every month. Pay to play. Pay to fuck. Pay to shit and piss. Pay to drink face off, pay to puke. Better pay on time or we'll give you no more credit.

Edit: Pay to forget for a few minutes how you got into the unending spiral of sleep, piss, coffee, shit, sit in office chair and slowly die, lunch break, shit and piss again, watch the boob tube in your tower, then sleep. Lather, rinse and don't forget to repeat.

[Okay.]

Pay to forget for a few minutes how you got into the unending spiral of sleep, piss, coffee, shit, sit in office chair and slowly die, lunch break, shit and piss again, watch the boob tube in your tower, then sleep.

We owe them. They own and condone us.

What is not yours to keep you must defend with theory. But it's not hard to see that the powers that be are run by business men, lawyers, liars. Same snake charm dance since time immemorial. The weak get a slice of bread per week so the powerful can be dictatorial.

Come, come you apologists. Come tell me from the Soma box that it's not you, not yours. It's the man, it's the machine. It's the big bad beyond you and me that has fucked the world beyond repair and now all we can hope to do is just keep on keeping on until the

¹"If you're going to do something, do it well. And then do something witchy."
-Charlie Manson



sweet release of death. Dearth. Maybe in those last seconds before oblivion you will see all truth revealed, maybe you will spread across the universe like a Chinese New Year firework.

Until then, hush. Don't ask too many questions. Take for granted that you are who you are, you are as you are meant to be. Never ask to understand, never ask to see.

I think people should be allowed to do anything they want. We haven't tried that for a while. Maybe this time it'll work. ²

From mothers' wombs we slithered naked, cold, alone, not owning a thing. And you fear us, those who know you, because we live not owning, less and less owned by you with every idea, with every truth learnt. Hurt heard.

We don't need your glass beads and pox-ed blankets. All we need is to think and to feed ourselves and ours, we are not yet so dead inside that we don't know how to grow what's required for sustenance. Ascendance. Root vegetables, grains, compassion and righteous joy the likes of which you haven't seen since you burned so many of us in your holy fire for not believing.

Like rivulets, we tiny springs choke the fire and douse the smoke, we leak through walls, floors, malls. There is another one every day. Another one who knows. That white is only mighty because of rape of every other colour. That the west is only best because the rest have been pillaged.

We know how we get our privilege.

Come and rule the sweatshop well and watch us dripping discord. Come see our frenzy at the altar of chaos, despair and laughter as our lord. We are small, but we are many and we talk as if the time is running out and the chance to stop the lie is almost lost. It is. But every day another opens eyes to the

repugnant way you rule. Every day one more turns away from comfort, picks the thankless fight for truth without a second look.

Every day,

Every day,

Every day I write the book. ³

Notes:

1. *Masters of War.* Bob Dylan.
2. *George Carlin*
3. *Everyday I write the Book.* Elvis Costello

-MONIKA ROLA



"There are only two kinds of freedom in the world: the freedom of the rich and powerful, and the freedom of the artist and the monk who renounces possessions."

— Anais Nin



**“Reality is merely an illusion,
albeit a very persistent one.”
-Albert Einstein**

**“Reality is the leading cause of
stress amongst those in touch
with it.”
-Jane Wagner**

**“Reality is something you rise
above.”
-Liza Minelli**

**“Reality is a crutch for people
who can’t cope with drugs.”
Lily Tomlin**

**“Reality is that which, when
you stop believing in it, doesn’t
go away.”
-Philip K. Dick**



High high high up on top of Mount Olympus, where most of the gods live, is the Temple of Pallas Athene. Crowned with a gargantuan gold and silver owl as the roof, to represent Athena herself in all of her glory, the temple stands as a symbol of wisdom and strength to almost all who gaze upon it.

Every year on April 21st (the wisest of all days) Athena called together all of the smartest, grooviest, and most wise gods for a meeting of the minds, to decide what manner the humans should be living; what their morals should represent; how the countries should be divided; what should be forbidden; and who was the wisest of all the gods. The last one was Athena's favourite, since she always won by a unanimous vote.

On the 'Day of the Wise' Athena strolled into the main chamber of her temple and looked around to see if all the gods she had called were present; these gods represented the best minds of her generation, and in attendance were her father, Aegis-bearing Zeus; his brother the Lord of the Underworld, Hades; Lord of Prophecy and Music, Apollo; Lord of the Deep, Poseidon; Master of the Forge, Hephaestus; and Hera who wasn't particularly wise, but never allowed Zeus out of her site if she could help it.

"Splendid," said Athena, clapping her hands together twice. "If all are present, we can begin . . ."

WAIT, called out a large, magnificent, robust female voice. **DON'T START WITHOUT ME . . .**

Every god and goddess turned to see the tall beautiful goddess striding into the chamber, holding in her arms a large, brilliantly glittering golden apple. She smiled at all the gods present, and placed the gold apple on a table, while saying **MY INVITATION MUST HAVE GOT LOST IN THE MAIL . . .**

Athena stared blankly at Eris called Strife, goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Creativity, and Refrigerator Magnets. "Strife, why have you blackened my chambers with your foul presence? It would be impossible for your invitation to have been lost, since none was issued. You scarcely qualify as a goddess, you, in fact, are little more than a personification and certainly should hold no position in my meetings of the Great Minds. Be gone, before I displace your molecules."

Eris smiled even more widely. She said, loudly: **GREAT AND WISE PALLAS ATHENE, I MEANT YOU NO DISRESPECT, AND DIDN'T ACTUALLY DELUDE MYSELF TO BELIEVE I WAS WISE ENOUGH TO GAIN YOUR FAVOUR, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I DREAM OF THE PROSPECT . . . I MERELY WANTED TO ILLUSTRATE MY RESPECT FOR YOU AND YOUR CONSORTS BY OFFERING YOU THIS GIFT.**

Athena eyed her suspiciously, knowing her reputation as a shit disturber, and asked slowly, "What is it?"

ONE AS WISE AS YOU SHOULD KNOW A PRIZE WHEN SHE SEES ONE, GREAT PALLAS ATHENE . . . Eris laughed. **WHY SHOULD YOU ALL BE HAPPY**

MERELY NAMING ONE OF YOU AS THE WISEST OF THE GODS, WHEN YOU COULD JUST AS EASILY GIVE OUT A PRIZE, SO THAT THE GOD MAY HOLD THEIR UNDYING WISDOM, ALL YEAR, UNTIL THE NEXT MEETING. I THINK IT WOULD LOOK SMASHING ON YOUR MANTEL NEXT TO THE PHOTO OF YOURSELF AND APHRODITE RIDING SPACE MOUNTAIN . . . BUT THAT'S JUST A SUGGESTION. FEEL FREE TO DO WHATEVER YOU WISH WITH IT. CONSIDER IT YOURS.

And, with that, Eris turned on her heel, and walked back out of Athena's chamber. There was a stunned silence for a few moments, and then Athena laughed once, cold and brittle. "Imagine that upstart. Well, let's get on with the meeting, I'll just take this apple and get it out of the way-"

"Wait wait wait just a second there, missy." Zeus said, standing up. "Where do you think you're going with that?"

"I am taking it to my chambers, father . . . to place on my mantle next to the photo of Aphrodite and I riding Space Mountain."

"I think not." he said. "It was intended as a prize. It was meant for all of us."

"Father," Athena said, with a certain tone that only daughters can wield. "She said, 'Consider it yours', which means mine, MINE. Besides, I am voted most wise each year. I am sure to win again."

"Oh please," said Apollo. "You don't really believe that, do you? You are a fool who knows how to weave . . . crafty and crafty are not the same thing. I see the future, what could be more wise than knowing the future. Give the apple to me."

Zeus said "I am the greatest of all gods, and the most wise. Athena is wisest only in my absence, which is to say, never. Hand over that fucking apple with all speed."

Hera stood. "Whatever is my husband's is also mine. Give it to me."

"Ha!" said Poseidon. "Hera, you couldn't find your ass with both hands, a map, and a torch . . . if you are in the running let me also be said to be the most wise!"

*And with that Poseidon made a leap for the golden apple, which fell off the table to the ground, where Zeus kicked it out of Poseidon's reach. Apollo caught it in the air, and went to run out the door when Hephaestus clobbered him with a large anvil he kept around for occasions such as this. Athena jumped on his back, and the apple rolled away, against a wall as the gods clawed, bit, scratched, and pummeled each other with every ounce of strength they could muster. As the apple lay silently near the melee, its inscription of "**For The Wisest**" was being splattered by white god blood.*

"All laws which can be violated without doing anyone any injury are laughed at."
— Spinoza

4 CIRCUITS OF HUMOUR

1- Slapstick Humour

The first circuit of humour shown by the upright hairless apes was Slapstick Humour. One ape was walking toward a pond of muddy water, got their foot caught by a root, and tripped, face first into the slop. After a moment of taking the scene in, all the other upright hairless apes began hee-hawing without knowing why. For some reason the pain and misfortune of the fallen ape stirred something new in the upright hairless apes. It made them feel good.

2- Toilet Humour

The second circuit of humour shown by the upright hairless apes was of Toilet Humour. The largest ape was bullying the smaller apes around, grunting orders and gesticulating wildly to make his point. As he picked up the smallest ape, and tossed him in the direction he wanted him to move, the smallest ape let out a large, long, fart of defiance. Another pause, and then the apes began to hee-haw again. The large ape turned in anger and was going to attack the smaller ape when he was struck in the face with a large turd. The hee-hawing grew louder, and out of shame the large ape wandered away for good.

3- Satirical Humour

The third circuit of humour appeared just before speech developed. A new large ape had been bullying the smaller apes around, and behind his back a tall ape was mimicking the large ape's distinctive facial movements and posture. He grunted, and scratched, and pouted and mugged mercilessly. It took the other apes a few moments to realize what the tall ape was attempting to portray, but once it sunk through, the hee-hawing began anew. The first form of political humour.

4- Intellectual Humour

The final circuit developed when speech became available. The first conversations were dry and humourless, amounting to little more than "Animal, there." or "Me hungry" or the always popular "Me So Horny", but the fourth circuit popped into circulation with the invention of the first limerick, which went like this: "There once was a girl named Zee, who was raped by that ape up the tree. The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead, three balls and an ill-groomed goatee". This was the first form of verbal humour, but also -possibly- the first philosophical musings of humanity's origins. This was a large step beyond stubbing toes, farts, and imitations, this was the beginning of the critique on society that humour has become.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A GREYFACE

A liberal is a conservative who has been arrested.
A conservative is a liberal who has been mugged.

I awoke in the hospital following a severe beating. Evangelism and Discordianism do not mix well, a fact I had not yet discovered in those early days of my Lessons in Baloney, as a result I had taken to the streets to spread the word of the Sacred Chao only to be met with fists in response. These are violent times. All times are violent times. I tried to take heart in the fact that 'Eris' literally translated to 'strife', which I was becoming intimately acquainted with, so in some sense the beatings must have a positive effect. My cheeks and jaw, however, did not agree. Also, I knew that my reason for being in the hospital was to learn about the dreaded Greyfaces, so I was somewhat optimistic.

It was after one of these instances that I woke up in the hospital next to a broken egg which spoke. "Howdy-do" it said, raising a thin weak arm in salute.

"Great Googly Moogly!" I said.

"Nope." the egg said. "Great Humpty Dumpty."

"Jeez, you don't look good." I said, which was perhaps rude, but also true. He was in several pieces; in fact one eye peered at me from a fragment, and the other eye on a completely different piece seemed to pay close attention to a nearby nurse's hind quarters.

"I feel even better," he said with glee.

"Why are you in here?" I asked.

"Ha!" the egg cried. "What a ridiculously easy riddle, you must be some sort of maroon. I am in here because this is where I am, of course. How stupid."

"I meant to say, what caused you to be broken into pieces?"

"If that's what you meant to say, then why didn't you say it?"

"I thought I had." I replied.

When the naive man admits his naivete, he is no longer naive. Thus, all people are regarded by society as either ignorant or a liar.

"You remembered yourself saying what you thought you said? or you had intended to say what you thought you said but something else completely different came out? or you think someone deliberately changed your words mid-sentence to convey a completely different idea? or you're just a maroon?"

I considered for a few moments.

"Well?" he asked. "Which is it?"

"I thought that what I asked implied the question I meant to ask."

"Ohhhh," the egg laughed. "Implication. Verbal molestation."

This seemed to end the conversation, and the egg simply lay on the stretcher, one eye following the nurse, and the other blinking now and then. I waited for a few minutes to see whether he was lost in thought and was planning to answer, or whether the conversation was indeed over.

It seemed the conversation was over, but I still wanted to know how he had been broken. I had ideas, but I wanted the story from him.

"Well?" I asked finally.

The eye looked back at me. "That's not much of a riddle." he said. "nice sporting chance you gave me."

"But, I -"

"Wait wait, let me think for a moment." he said. "All right, bananas."

"What about bananas?"

"That's my answer."

"You're answer to WHAT?"

"To your terrible riddle. Really, you didn't give me much to go

on. I think my answer was rather clever, though, didn't you? Nobody would guess bananas just from a single word - well, would they? Gosh I'm good. Was it correct? Was bananas the answer?"

"No bananas wasn't the fucking answer! I hadn't even asked you a question yet you silly little shit."

"Of course you had. You really are stupid. You asked "Well?" which by all accounts is the worst riddle I've ever heard in my entire life but still I was respectful enough to venture an answer based on the meagre information given. And as I said, I think my answer was rather clever. Bananas. Imagine. Nobody would guess that. Fantastic."

"Listen." I said. "All I wanted to know is what caused you to be broken into so many pieces. It is not such a difficult question."

"No, it isn't." he said. "It's not overly interesting either, when you think about it. After all, I already know the answer."

"Well, what IS it?"

"Bananas!" the egg blurted. "What about that time? Was that the right answer? Oh I am so good at these."

"Forget it." I said, turning away from him. "I already know how you broke anyway, everyone knows that."

"Yet, you still asked. You silly silly man."

"Look," I said. "The whole point of this story was to teach me about the Greyfaces. Weren't you paying attention in the opening paragraph?"

"I rarely read exposition." he yawned. "I mostly scan the text looking for my name."

"Well, that is what this story was supposed to be about, greyfaces, and instead you have nattered on about riddles and bananas and whatever else meaningless bullshit you've been blabbering

uselessly about. This has been a complete and utter waste of time so far, thank you very much."

"You are most welcome." Humpty said with a wink. At least I think it was a wink, the piece with the other eye had shifted away from my view. "This lesson about Greyfaces has been most enlightening."

"No it has not. Nobody has learned anything about Greyfaces thanks to you. This has been a huge waste of time."

"But we got to meet such a wonderful example of Greyfacedness, and all have a good chuckle at how dull and tedious he is, oh I disagree I think this has been loads of fun, and so educational. Except for that riddle of yours, that was dreadful."

I got up on one elbow and looked over at the mass of pieces on the other stretcher. "What Greyface have we met?" I asked.

"Why you, you silly silly man." he laughed. "You have been nothing but serious, clinical and humourless since I met you. I've never seen such a wonderful example of a Greyface. I couldn't have done better myself. And I'm rather good. Bravo."

"Me?!" I rolled onto my back again. Was it possible I could be a greyface? Was I so serious? Was I clinical? Was I humourless? Had I learned nothing? Staring up at the ceiling I began to think about the aspects of greyfaces and how -at the very least- I could watch for these tendencies in myself more easily now that I could identify them, and just as I was wondering whether my clinical thinking about identifying and eradicating these elements in myself was rather greyfaced in its own way the ceiling above me crashed open and a charred person fell to the ground between Humpty and myself.

"Great Googly Moogly!" I screamed.

"Nope." the egg said. "Great Humpty Dumpty."

The charred person stood up and looked at me. "Great Googly Moogly!" he shouted.

If "mass psychology" applies definitely to one occurrence, it must, even though almost imperceptibly, apply to all occurrences.

-Charles Fort



**“All biography is ultimately fiction.”
-Bernard Malamud**

"Nope." the egg said. "Great Humpty Dumpty."

"You're ME!" the charred person exclaimed, and I finally noticed that the voice sounded familiar. "I already went through all this!" he, or I, shouted, looking around at Humpty and the hospital. "but, you were me then!" he added.

"I'm just me." I said.

"I am me and me and me and me and me and me." Humpty giggled.

Just as I was about to ask the other me why I was so charred and burnt a man in a grey suit and sunglasses came marching down the hall toward the three of us. As he approached us he flashed a shiny gold badge. "Officer Serious, Continuity Officer. You are in direct violation of standard fiction laws."

"What?" I asked, although I'm not certain which one of me asked to be perfectly honest.

"Two Baron von Hooplas is in direct violation of code 2323 in the fiction law books, go look it up if you don't believe me." as he spoke he grabbed hold of the gurney I was on, and began to push it.

"But wait, why is this-" I started to ask.

"If the two Baron von Hooplas both had some reason for being present, such as a clone being made, or a reflection stepping from a mirror it would get through on a technicality, but this is in direct violation. I'm sorry, one of you must go." he said, and began to wheel me down the hall away from me and Humpty Dumpty.

"Toodles!" Humpty called, waving a thin arm.

"But wait!" I called out to Mr. Serious. "I was the original Baron von Hoopla in the story!"

As he tapped a wall and a panel slid aside opening into a dimly lit lounge, he muttered: "That's what they all say, bub."

How can you be in two places at once when you're not anywhere at all?

He pushed me inside and I saw four people already sitting around in the gloom. "Let me introduce you to your new friends. Might as well get acquainted, you're going to be here for a while . . . this is Ambrose Bierce, Lord Bathurst, Amelia Earheart, and the grown Lindburgh Baby. Get cozy. So long, suckers."

Mr. Serious walked out, shutting the panel behind him. I looked around at the others in the room. Ambrose smiled, and said "Do you play Go Fish?"

-BARON VON HOOPLA

ALTERNATE TAKE ON THE CURSE OF GREYFACE

I know that it's very popular among some of you to embrace the chaotic and random side of existence. That you want to live carefree, flinging yourself into the void & letting the anthropomorphic personification you call "Eris" guide you through your life.

Well, you know what? That's all a lie. Sure when you're young, your momma took care of you, and you could run around the yard naked. You got free food, a place to sleep, a place to shit. And then the rules began, and you didn't like it. "Sit up straight. Go to school. Don't pick your nose. Stop touching your genitals in public. Wipe your ass." Oh, in your little world, it was so unfair! And the rules kept piling on. Go to school; get a job, on and on. So sure, when you run across the literary equivalent of vomiting during and LSD trip, you think you've found the perfect way to get back to a life devoid of responsibility for your actions.

Relying on chaos to help you in your life! What a great idea. No, your apartment's not a mess, it's blissfully chaotic! No, you didn't bounce a check, Eris is just slapping your around! And so on...

Look kids, it's called "growing up." You have to accept this. You can dance on the edge of the abyss all you want, but there comes a point where you either accept the fact that you need to get your shit together and play by the rules, or

The Delta-United Ring Formation Theory states that the rings of Saturn are composed entirely of lost airline luggage.

leech off the people who do. You want to be independent? That means paying rent or mortgage. And that means a job (even if you're born rich, if you don't want to leech off your parents, you need a job). And then bills. And insurance. This means you need a job that actually pays money, not the dumbass pizza delivery thing that got you beer money in college. That means responsibility. That means following the rules. That means order.

And then let's say you meet someone, and you delude yourselves into thinking you're in love. So you decide to merge your lives (marriage, co-habitation, whatever you freaks are into these days). No, when you bounce a check, it's not just you eating ramen and water for a week. Surprise! You've become partly responsible for how someone else lives their lives. It's one thing to suffer the consequences of your irresponsible life by yourself, but it's quite another when someone you care about suffers because you're a fuckup who has no control over their lives. Now you're just an insensitive bastard who can't deal with the real world. And let's not even talk about what happens when you want to have children. Now you're love of chaos is threatening the very health and survival of another human being. And how are you going to care for it? That's right. By following the rules. By being responsible. By establishing order in your life.

So who's really living in an illusion here? Those of you who think embracing disorder isn't synonymous with an infantile desire to go back into the womb, or those of us who realize that reality necessitates the imposition of order, to be independent, strong, and nurturing?

Curse, indeed.

-GRAUD THE GREYFACE



Give a monkey a brain
and he'll swear he's
the center of the
universe.

-Fishbone

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CABBAGES AND GREYFACES

One day about five months after my meeting with Humpty Dumpty I was storming down the street howling to the skies and mud about the greyfaces that assaulted me on a daily basis, when I suddenly heard someone nearby howling louder than myself. It wasn't hard to spot the gnarled old bastard with a face like a chewed caramel zigzagging back and forth across the streets grabbing people by their ears and bellowing "IS ANYONE THERE?" into their faces, then turning to someone else and repeating the same procedure. One after the other after the other . . . I watched, stunned, wondering why the people being screamed at didn't take offense. If someone grabbed me by the ears and screamed into my face he would be swiftly introduced to my good friend Mr. Steel-Toe Boot, but these people seemed to swoon, and then stare off into space in a daze.

I had to find out what was going on.

Eventually the old coot made his way toward me and grabbed for my ears. Before he could take hold I said, "Yes, I am here. What do you want?"

The old man didn't blink an eye but just grabbed me by the shoulder and walked me onto a quieter side street. "Thank the goddess", he said, sputtering and breathing hard. "I thought I was the only one left," he added.

"The only what?" I asked. He turned his paper-slit eyes toward me and said: "The only person left."

"The only person? But what about all the people you were shouting at?" I asked. For a few moments he stared blankly at me, as



if he hadn't heard what I said. "Those weren't people," he said finally, "they were Cabbages."

"Cabbages?" I asked. "They looked like people to me."

The old man laughed. "Of course they looked like people, Cabbages look exactly like people. They walk like people, they talk like people, they eat like people, they sleep like people, they go to work like people, they see movies like people, they watch tv like people, they read books like people . . . they are the best copies of people you'll ever see. But they are not people, my son, they are most assuredly Cabbages."

"What's the difference?" I asked. He leaned toward me, and said: "People dream, my boy, people question. People think. People play. People laugh. Look at these poor souls, sleepwalking through life . . . they think they're people, but they are vegetables. Blind, ridiculous, vegetables."

"Ah ha," I said with glee. "I know many Cabbages, my life is full of them, and they are the bane of my existence! I know them as Greyfaces! Humpty Dumpty taught me about them."

"No!" the old man said quickly. "Do not mistake the two . . . Greyfaces and Cabbages are not the same, except when they are. Greyfaces are much more dangerous."

"Dangerous?" I asked. "How?"

"Well, let me ask you this, he said, which would you be most wary of . . . a sleeping dog, or a dog having a nightmare?"

"I suppose a dog having a nightmare," I said. The old man smiled. "Exactly," he said. "A Greyface is a Cabbage who is living a nightmare. The Greyface's nightmare is truly terrifying. He is told that the world will crumble around him if all do not think and act exactly as he does, the only sane person on the face of the planet, and will stop at nothing to ensure that his nightmare doesn't come true. Greyfaces believe the world is humorless and product-driven. He believes there is a way to draw a perfect circle and you damned well better find out how, or

pay the price. Never turn your back on the Greyface, my son."

I pondered this. "So, I said after a while, those I referred to as Greyfaces were actually Cabbages?"

"I don't know them personally," the old man said, "but I would imagine they were. Almost everyone you meet is a Cabbage."

"What's the difference," I asked the old man.

"All Greyfaces are Cabbages," he said, "but not all Cabbages are Greyfaces. Some Cabbages wake up and become real people, some even become Children of the Goddess if they are very on the ball . . . but Greyfaces rarely become people."

"How do I know if I'm a Cabbage?" I asked.

He stood up, and patted me on the shoulder. "Son, the Cabbages never even ask that."

The old man began to walk away from me, toward an older lady. I could see his fingers twitching with anticipation at the thought of grabbing hold of her ears. "WAIT!" I called out to him, "What is your name?"

He turned back to me briefly. "Coleslaw," he said. "For, I shred the cabbage of people's minds."

-BARON VON HOOPLA



DISCORDIANISM (THE HIDDEN THREAT)

In the course of the Senate Anti-Terrorism Hearings in the wake of the Oklahoma bombing, a new menace has come to light. This menace is a shadowy, formless anarchoterrorist cult known as Discordianism. This cult contaminates the information superhighway and its tentacles reach everywhere.

Below are some facts about this organization, its methods and motives.

FACT: One of the founders of Discordianism was involved in the Kennedy assassination.

Discordianism was cofounded by Kerry Thornley. Thornley was a close friend of Lee Harvey Oswald and was involved in a covert Marxist group in the Marines. After the assassination of President Kennedy, District Attorney Jim Garrison uncovered evidence conclusively linking Thornley to the conspiracy.

FACT: Discordianism preaches drug use, terrorism, sexual depravity, and the overthrow of all governments.

The Discordian "Bible", the *Principia Discordia*, contains incitements to plant marijuana and disobey laws and advocacy of pornography and blasphemy. Other materials are even more explicit and extreme. THESE MATERIALS ARE DISTRIBUTED WIDELY BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS CULT.

Discordians are prominent in drug advocate, anarchist, communist and militia movements. They will be found in any movement which opposes and hastens the destruction of society.

It is clear that the Discordians have no respect for the values of society which they seek to destroy. And if society does not see the threat and react to it swiftly they may succeed.

FACT: Discordians are entrenched on the Internet and use it to disseminate their propaganda.





Discordianism is a cancer which has spread widely all over the Information Superhighway. There are Discordian Netscape pages advocating sexual perversion, anarchism and drug abuse. There are even newsgroups created and run by Discordian agents. The Net, which is decentralized and hard to police, is a perfect haven for these rats.

WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE:

SUPPORT THE TELECOMMUNICATIONS REFORM ACT

The Telecommunications Reform Act, currently before the Senate, will make it a criminal offense to distribute obscene and indecent material, categories under which Discordian propaganda clearly falls. This would allow the perpetrators of these materials to be properly dealt with by the law. Write to your congressman indicating your support for the act.

PRESSURE ONLINE SERVICES TO SHUT DOWN KNOWN DISCORDIAN SITES!

There are Netscape pages all over the net run by Discordian cells, disseminating their poisonous propaganda to children. Some of these are at universities, some at commercial service providers. Letters and phone calls to the sites, describing the material and explaining why it is unacceptable would get it pulled. If the site refuses to comply, it may be sympathetic to or controlled by the Discordian group. If that is so, contact the site which provides it access and complain.

EDUCATE OTHERS ABOUT THE MENACE!

Copy and spread this alert. Transmit it to others. Tell others about the menace and the very real threat of Discordianism. The more people know, the fewer will be seduced by their lies.

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN!

If your children have access to the net, monitor what they access. Do not allow them to access Discordian materials. If they have been contacted by agents of Discordianism, determine these agents' identities and call the police.

“Do I contradict myself? Very well, then I contradict myself, I am large, I contain multitudes.”

-Walt Whitman

ACT LOCALLY!

Keep your eyes open -- the Discordians could be where you are! Look around you. If you notice Discordian activity, in your community, your workplace, your online service or elsewhere, keep an eye on it and alert others. Report any illegal activity to law enforcement authorities. Only you can stop this threat!

**DISSEMINATE THIS ALERT
WIDELY. SEND COPIES TO
ALL CONCERNED CITIZENS.
IT'S UP TO YOU! ACT NOW**



THE VISIONS OF ST. SSSIBELLA

Vision, the First - The Lady and the Mouse.

This is not a parable exactly, nor a rant, nor does this story have a moral....or even a beginning. There is a starting point of sorts, but it is only there to make you feel comfortable. To catch you off guard, so to speak, before I pull the rug out from under your very feet and drop you on your ass. Fair is fair so don't bitch, dear one.....that's what the mouse did to me, after all.

This is not a white mouse we are speaking of here, but a tricky wild mouse living in a spooky old house in Philadelphia. I know the house was spooky because I lived there too, and I was only four years old. The mouse and I were little and the house was huge, as my father was huge. I was always scared, but the mouse was fearless and cunning, and taught me the power of audacity and laughter in the face of authority. She picked my father

**“There are only forty people in the world,
and five of them are hamburgers.”**

-Captain Beefheart

up in her tiny little fist and dropped him flat on his face and laughed at him.

Now, here is the starting point I promised you.....my mother and her best friend Helen were in the second best bathroom curling their hair. The mouse was watching and when she judged the time was right, she came out of her hole, winked at me, strolled into the bathroom,

sauntered across my mother's feet and helped herself to a piece of toilet paper from the roll hanging on the wall. Mother screamed and jumped onto the toilet seat....so did Helen. I watched in delight as they bounced off one another. Helen became wedged between the wall and the toilet, and Mother fell on her ass in the sink full of cold water.

Our hero, stood in the doorway, laughed at them both and then (for she had balls of steel) came back for more paper. 'Do you see, SssB.ella?' the mouse said to me. 'Do you see what chaos even we little ones can cause? Let the fools bounce off each other while we take what they foolishly consider to be of no value.

Here is the middle.....in so far as anything which has no end can have a middle that is. The mouse became even more emboldened after the bathroom incident, and took to waiting in the middle of the living room floor for my father to come home from work. Every night when he opened the door, the mouse was waiting, grooming herself.....and I was waiting on the stairs, biting my nails. Was this the night he would catch her? The night she would step into the traps he set? The night his shoe would bounce off her poor little head, squishing her flat. Ah.....the suspense...as night after night the mouse dodged and twisted and made a fool of my father. Until one day....we come to the fateful moment at last.....my father decided to sneak in the back way.

He tiptoed to the rear door in his stocking feet.....crept through the kitchen and up the back stairs. The mouse sat on the floor and watched the front door. Father snuck down the hallway and stood at the top of the stairs. The mouse sat on the floor and watched the front door. Father started down the stairs behind me.....and I reached up my tiny fist and grabbed his foot. I dropped him flat on his face and laughed at him. 'Did you see that?' I said to the mouse. 'Did you see what chaos even a little thing like me can cause? Let the fools bounce off the floor when they try to destroy what we wisely consider to be of great value." And I was no longer afraid.

Here is the second starting point.....in so far as there is a point, that is..... My father stirred on the floor and the mouse and I ran upstairs. I followed her down the long third floor hallway to an unused bedroom. She ran under the door and I opened it.

The wallpaper was of blue roses...I see it still....in the corner stood an old fashioned dressing table with a mirror on top. The mouse sat on the dresser and groomed herself in the mirror....but it was no mouse that looked back at me. It was a lady. A woman with dark hair and eyes like my mouse. 'Do you see me, SssB.ella the Giant Killer?'

she said. 'Do you see that nothing is what it appears to be, and that even the powerful are sometimes brought low by our tiny hands and the fearless audacity of our laughter.?''

And she reached out of the mirrorjust put out her hand and pulled the rug from under my feet...and dropped me on my ass. And then she danced away.... but she came back..... and she'll be back again.

How secure is the rug under your feet, dear one?

-SsssBELLA, ORACLE OF DOOM



**MORE
HUNCHBACKS!
LESS
SOLDIERS!**

00042



The Answer!*

*please note the "Answer" has nothing to do with the Hitchhikers's Guide To The Universe, or any of its sequels. 42 is the answer to many questions.

SEIRMON #3

SOMEONE TURN OFF THE ROGER DEVICE!

(subgenius.com)

"How bad is John Ashcroft? That depends...How many Anne Franks can you shove into a broom closet?"

--Reverend Roger, 1/12/03

"Roger knows the face of degeneracy; he is the owner/operator of an adult theater in Bellewood, IL."

--Larry the Mountain Monk

"You guys oughta form a club...and beat yourselves with it"

--Groucho Marx

Brothers and Sisters, I'm here tonight to tell ya about a VAST, EVIL CONSPIRACY that directly THREATENS America and the American way of life...and for once, it ain't the GOP...at least not TOTALLY. For the GOP is only part of that conspiracy, a small part at that...

Now, you're saying, "Roger, you've finally flipped"...or you're tinkering, "Ah, geez, he's gonna go into a rant on the Kennedy killing, or Area 51, or some such nonsense". You couldn't be more wrong, my friends. While we ALL know that those conspiracies are fun and amusing, they are only distractions from the REAL conspiracy...The Conspiracy of Normalcy! (Henceforth referred to as the CoN)

"Now wait just a Bobdamn minute, Rev...just what the HELL are you talking about?" Well, grab a seat, open a barfbag, and sit back, kids...cause I'm gonna lay it on you...

How many times in our lives have we been told HOW to ACT, friends? How many times has society told us HOW to DRESS? WHAT to LIKE? How many times have you looked at a Cosmo magazine, ladies? Not SKINNY enough, are ya? Guys, you read sports illustrated...Not BUFF enough, are you? Society tells you you're not GOOD enough, but you COULD be, if only you'd BUY what THEY have...

Sometimes they want you to buy a political idea, sometimes a new car, or an exercise machine. A McDeathburger. More insurance. Zit cream. All of them are products...pre-packaged for your CONSUMPTION...which brings me to my next point.

History: an account mostly false, of events mostly unimportant,
brought about by rulers mostly knaves and soldiers mostly fools.
-Ambrose Bierce

Names have POWER. Real power. When was the last time a politician called you a 'citizen'? When was the last time a corporation referred to us as 'customers'? No, now you are a 'TAXPAYER' or a 'CONSUMER'...Your role in life has been laid out to you...pre-packaged. Your role is to pay taxes...to a politician, that's ALL you are, besides a vote that becomes increasingly meaningless. In the eyes of a corporation, you are even LESS. You are a CONSUMER. Your entire existence is to CONSUME their products...and let me tell ya, Brothers and Sisters, have they got ways to push those products on you.

Witness trhe average zit-cream or deoderant commercial...what is the REAL message they are pushing on us? This..."If your body so much as gives a HINT of it's natural chemistry, you will be a social PARIAH! An OUTCAST, doomed to become a rejected non-person, doomed to bagladyhood. They've made us ASHAMED of the wonderfully complex machine we use to get our brains around...

But what of those brains? When's the last time you used yours? Sure, it's fun to listen to GOP dittoheads, spouting Rush Limbaugh's last broadcast at you VERBATIM, but tell me, friends, when was the last time you had an original thought? Don't be ashamed, it's a common problem. You are taught all of your lives by the CoN that original thought and freedom is DANGEROUS. You might make a MISTAKE, and everyone will LAUGH at you. You might not be COOL anymore, and then it's a lonely life for you...

Only recently, Brothers and Sisters, has the CoN dared be so OPEN...although John Ashcroft is just a front-man, he's saying OUT LOUD what the CoN has whispered in your ear since birth: "Conform, or ELSE!"...now, howver, it's not UNCOOLNESS that you are threatened with, but DETAINMENT. No more fun for you, Charley. Ever.

Now, I'm gonna tell ya a few more things, because folks like me are gonna get shut down real soon, and

-THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER



AGAMEMNON AND THE ILL WIND

Some time after the ORIGINAL SNUB, which started the Trojan War, but before the war actually began, Agamemnon son of Atreus had collected his fleets at Aulis in Boeotia but found himself unable to sail for Troy due to a contrary wind.

Agamemnon clutched his long ivory scepter forged by the god Hephaestus who gave it to Hermes, who dropped it in a fountain when plonked at one of Dionysus' parties, where it was subsequently found by Agamemnon's grandfather Pelops, and was then grudgingly passed down to him. He clutched the scepter and shook with rage. He was consumed with revenge and honour, two ingredients which--when mixed--can become poison in a man's blood. In desperation he called out for Calchas, who spoke with the gods.

'Calchas, you sweet bitch, who speaks with the gods,' Agamemnon said. 'tell me which god is it who is pissed with me and has asked the ill wind to blow against the long-haired Achaeans so that they may not sail against the wife-robbing bastard people, the Trojans, who stole the completely foxy Helen from my brother Menalaus, King of Sparta?'

Calchas was not a stupid man; he knew that those who gave bad news to kings soon became deprived of what was most dear to them: their lives. Hades did not have a good rep at that time, some would argue it still doesn't, but it beats Toledo Ohio in a pinch. Conversely, everyone knew that lying about the gods could get you in worse places than either Hades or Toledo. The choice was obvious. 'Good King Agamemnon, it makes me sick to say it, but there are five gods angered at you.'

'Five gods?' sputtered Agamemnon. 'But how? But why? But when?'

Calchas said, 'It is the truth Agamemnon son of Atreus that swift and sleek Artemis is angered with you because she overheard you boast that you were a better marksman than she.'

Agamemnon said 'Shit. It's true. I did boast to be a better marksman than Artemis the swift and sleek. Tell me Calchas, what does wise Artemis ask in return?'

Calchas quivered in the hips as he said, 'Only your first born daughter Iphigenia, sacrificed on an alter, the fat from her thighs burned in respect.'

'Ach,' said Agamemnon. 'Gag. That I cannot do. Calchas, you sweet bitch, who speaks with the gods, tell me which other god is it who is pissed with me?'

Agamemnon said 'Aw fer fu-. Mmm. It's true. I did vow to sacrifice the most beautiful treasure in my life in exchange for victory against the little Trojan shits. Tell me Calchas, what does wise Aphrodite ask in return?'

Calchas shivered in the groin as he said, 'Only your wife Clytemnestra, sacrificed on an alter, the fat from her thighs burned in respect.'

'Feh,' said Agamemnon. 'Gak. That I cannot do. Calchas, you sweet bitch, who speaks with the gods, tell me which other god is it who is pissed with me?'

Calchas said, 'It is the truth Agamemnon son of Atreus that Zeus lord of the sky, had sent an omen to you of two young studly eagles meant to represent the Atridae, which tore to pieces a pregnant hare. White-armed Here, big mama of all the heavens and queen of all the mothers was beyond pissed.'

Agamemnon said 'Great Googly Moogly! Grr. It's true. Zeus did send an omen of two young studly eagles meant to represent the Atridae, which tore to pieces a pregnant hare. Tell me Calchas, what does wise Here ask in return?'

Calchas jiggled in the gizzard as he said, 'Only all your children, sacrificed on an alter, the fat from their thighs burned in respect.'

'Bah!' said Agamemnon. 'Yuk. That I cannot do. Calchas, you sweet bitch, who speaks with the gods, tell me which other god is it who is pissed with me?'



Calchas said, 'It is the truth Agamemnon son of Atreus that flashing-eyed Pallas Athene, unsleeping daughter of Big Daddy Zeus was offended by your father Atreus. He vowed to sacrifice a lamb to aegis-bearing Athene in exchange for success in battle, this he did not do.'

Agamemnon said 'Mother fuck! Mmm. It's true. My father was a complete dipshit, he did stuff like that all the time, one time he promised me half of Caledon- aw fuck it . . . Tell me Calchas, what does wise Pallas Athene ask in return?'

Calchas trembled in the pancreas as he said, 'Only all your only son Orestes, sacrificed on an alter, the fat from their thighs burned in respect.'

'Homina homina homina' said Agamemnon. 'Retch. That I cannot do. Calchas, you sweet slut, who speaks with the gods, tell me which is the last god who is pissed with me?'

Calchas said, 'It is the truth Agamemnon son of Atreus that Eris also called Strife is offended by your feeding of hot dogs to your troops. Her only sustenance when she went into self-imposed exile after THE SNUB was the hot dog bun, it is an affront to the goddess of Discord and she smites you in bitter and somewhat petty retaliation. It's boring on Mt. Olympus.'



Agamemnon said 'Rats. It's true. I feed my soldiers Armor Hot Dogs, they're the dogs long-haired Achaeans love to bite. Tell me Calchas, what does wise Eris ask in return?'

Calchas twitched in the pineal gland as he said, 'Only all the soldier's hot dog buns, torched on an alter, in respect.'

'Uh uh.' said Agamemnon. 'No way. That I cannot do. They would eat me alive. Besides, it is never that easy.'

Agamemnon pondered all the gods requests and wondered which would be the least disastrous for him. The easiest in the eyes of a misogynist bronze era Greek was obviously the sacrifice of his eldest daughter Iphigenia, but once she was dead and cut up for sacrifice Agamemnon and Calchas realized they had no kindling. The only thing flammable to start the pyre was the hot dog buns.

Agamemnon broke his scepter across his knee, 'This is ridiculous! I promised my soldiers those buns, but if I must, I must . . . burn the buns, Calchas.'

The moment Calchas lit the buns the wind began to change. Agamemnon felt sick, and tried to convince himself that the fat of Iphigenia's thighs was already starting to burn, but he knew in his heart the truth. Despite that, he turned to Calchas 'A cheer for swift and sleek Artemis who granted muh-mercy on the long-haired Achaeans.'

A loud cackle from high above startled Agamemnon and Calchas as they toasted, but neither of them asked from whence it came.

BARON VON HOOPLA

My best friend
is page 91!

00047

ARE ABSTRACT JELLYBEANS REALLY ABSTRACT?



"Only before Noon Blue Apples."
-Robert Anton Wilson



A few nights before the wedding of Thetis to Peleus, doe-eyed Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, threw a bachelorette party for the beautiful bride in her temple on Mount Olympus. Amidst the pink silken curtains and plump pillows sat every goddess in creation, save one; Eris, called Strife, for she was a known shit disturber of the highest order.

As Artemis stepped into the room, Aphrodite stood and called out: "Alright my sisters, we are all here . . . let the merrymaking begin! Let down your hair, light the incense. Spill the wine, take that pearl! Let the presents be exchanged."

White-armed Hera stood and said, "Let Thetis, daughter of Poseidon, open my gift first for I am the wife of Aegis-bearing Zeus."

There was some grumblings amongst the women, but Hera's attitude was expected. Thetis took Hera's gift and opened it, revealing an elaborate girdle with lewd etchings depicted on the front and back. All the goddesses giggled loudly, save Pallas Athene, who smiled politely but thought herself above such bawdiness. She stood next, and called out, "Thetis, as the virgin goddess I would take this opportunity to promote abstinence to you, by giving you the gift of a chastity belt - wear it in good conscience!

Athena held the chastity belt high in the air, and then lowered it down to Thetis, who gazed upon it as if holding cow dung in her hand. Aphrodite also glowered at it. "Couldn't you at least have wrapped it?" she asked.

Athena stared coldly at her sister, then took her seat again.

"Alright," Aphrodite said, with a sigh. "Who's next?"

I AM. called out a loud, raucous voice. All the heads turned to see Eris, goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Comedy and public transit ads. **I HAVE A GIFT FOR THE BRIDE.**

"Eris!" Aphrodite cried. "You were not invited! I did not invite you, you hag! This was invitation only! I will not have you wrecking this party like you've wrecked all the others!"

DARLING APHRODITE, I HAVE NO INTENTION OF STAYING WHERE MY PRESENCE IS NOT DESIRED, I WILL LEAVE THE MOMENT I HAVE GIVEN MY WEDDING GIFT TO THE LOVELY THETIS. I WOULDN'T DREAM OF FLOODING THIS PARTY, LIKE THE LAST.

Aphrodite said, through clenched teeth: "Dropping my temple into the Aegean Sea is **NOT** flooding!"

THE BASS ON THAT SOUND SYSTEM WAS MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN HEPHAESTUS INSINUATED, MY BAD. AT ANY RATE, THE PAST IS DONE WITH, MY DEAR THETIS, TAKE THIS GIFT . . . IF I KNOW PELEUS, YOU WILL NEED IT SOONER, RATHER THAN LATER. USE IT, AS THE OL' STICK-IN-THE-MUD WOULD SAY, IN GOOD CONSCIENCE.

Eris dropped a large gift to the floor, and turned on her heel and strode from the room. All the goddesses gasped in unison, and gaped at the gift on the floor.

Resting on the marble tile was a gargantuan, elaborate solid gold dildo, hideously detailed and overly realistic. The head of the dildo was enormous, and shaped rather apple like. Emblazoned down the shaft were the words: **FOR THE HORNIEST**.

Thetis picked the dildo up with two fingers, looked it over, and said: "What did she mean 'if she knew Peleus' . . .?" but before she could conclude her thought the dildo was smacked from her hand by Aphrodite, whose cheeks were flushed.

"Wha-?" cried Thetis, in shock.

"Hands of that prick, bitch." Aphrodite heaved. "Didn't you read the thing? It says 'to the horniest' - and that, sister, is moi. MOI!"

She snatched the dildo up, intending to excuse herself temporarily, and hand to party's reigns over to Hera, when a spear stabbed her in the wrist, knocking the enormous phallus to the ground again. Aphrodite squealed out in pain as she saw white blood spurt from the wound.

"Stay where you are, trollop." Pallas Athene said loudly, and placed a foot on the dildo. "I'm as horny as a ten peckered owl, and I will be using this Pan-like appendage with all speed. I am certainly the horniest of all of you."

Demeter stood. "Athena? You? You think you're going to use that glorious golden dildo?"

Athena laughed once, cold and brittle. "Hon, while I have this thing the crack of dawn won't even be safe."

Demeter stood forward, and grasped the apple-like head. "That's not," she said. "what I meant."

Athena caught Demeter's hand as it moved toward her head and held it tight, but Hera got her across the jaw at almost the same moment. Persephone held her around the waist, and Aphrodite bit into her thigh.

In the midst of the melee, the dildo rolled out of the room, and was picked up by the hand of a goddess who laughed loud and long as she floated up into the sky.

ST. GULIK ON REINCARNATION

There was a point in my life when I was pondering many issues of human nature, and wondering if what we did now effected what might happen to us after we died . . . I was laying face down on the linoleum tiled floor, which is one of the six places I happen to ponder those types of issues best. The other five were too far away. The closest place is almost always the best place, for me.

While I mused abstractly I entertained myself by blowing a single piece of cereal across the tile floor, trying to outdo myself with each puff. As the cereal rolled across the floor it bumped into what appeared to be a large shard of deeply varnished wood. I was, in fact, under the impression it was wood until it skittered toward me.

I was deeply concerned to witness a rather large cockroach sprinting toward my face, but was even more concerned when it raised it's antennae and addressed me. BARON VON HOOPLA! it called in a deep basso profundo.

“Gah?” I choked in answer. I stand by it as a valid response, under the circumstances.

CALL ME GULIK. I AM A MESSENGER. I COME HITHER AND DITHER TO TEACH YOU ABOUT REINCARNATION.

“Zah!” I gagged, being still an ignorant fool, and lacking full enlightenment.

The roach tittered over to the cupboard near my head and opened it, revealing hundreds of cockroaches crawling through my garbage. I don't know what stopped vomit from spewing out of every pour in my body, but I'm thankful it didn't. I hacked again as Gulik said: THESE ARE THE CHOSEN OF ERIS. THEIR ENLIGHTENMENT WILL ALLOW THEM TO MOVE UP THE LADDER AFTER THIS LIFE TO KOALA IN THE NEXT LIFE.

“Koala?” I asked. “That's the next step up from cockroach?”

OF COURSE. DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY BELIEVE

“It is a grave and serious and an enourmous mistake to take oneself too seriously.”
-Tom Robbins

COCKROACHES LIVE A RATHER IDEAL LIFE FOR THE MOST PART. MOST LIVE IN, OR VERY NEAR, GARBAGE . . . THE CENTRAL DIET OF OUR KIND. AND, I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'VE NOTICED YET OR NOT, BUT THE WORLD IS FULL OF GARBAGE, GROWING STEADILY BY THE HOUR. THERE WILL NEVER BE STARVATION FOR COCKROACHES.

"But, why are Koalas the next step up the ladder?" I asked.

FOR ALMOST THE SAME REASON. KOALAS LIVE IN EUCALYPTUS TREES, WHICH IS THE SOURCE OF THEIR MAIN FOOD: EUCALYPTUS LEAVES. BUT, THERE ARE FIVE ADDITIONS TO THE KOALA WHICH PLACE IT A NOTCH ABOVE US:

1) THEY ARE ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BY ALL SPECIES OF MAN BEAST AND INSECT (EXCEPT FOR COCKROACHES) AS THE CUTEST ANIMAL IN EXISTENCE.

2) THEIR CENTRAL DIET, EUCALYPTUS LEAVES, ARE PSYCHEDELIC, SO ALL KOALAS ARE ETERNALLY STONED.

3) THE EUCALYPTUS LEAVES CAUSE THE KOALA'S URINE TO SMELL FANTASTIC, WHICH IS UNIQUE IN THE WORLD.

4) KOALAS ARE PSYCHIC, SO THEY CAN-

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed. "For real?"

YES.

"Prove it."

FUCK YOU, WHAT DO I CARE IF YOU BELIEV

"Sorry."

WHERE WAS I?

"The fifth reason."

RIGHT. THERE IS NO FIFTH REASON.



"So," I asked. "What is above Koalas?"

SRIZZLEFISH.

"What the holy Hades are Srizzlefish?"

THERE ARE ONLY EVER FIVE SRIZZLEFISH ALIVE AT ANY GIVEN TIME. SO THERE IS A LONG WAITING LIST. THEY LIVE ANYWHERE FROM TWO HUNDRED TO FIVE HUNDRED YEARS. THEY JUST FLOAT AROUND ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, COMPLETELY ENLIGHTENED. THEY REQUIRE NO SUSTENANCE, THEY SIMPLY . . . ARE.

"Great Googly Moogly. What's above Srizzlefish?"

NOTHING.

"Nothing? How can there be nothing above Srizzlefish? Something must be."

NO. THERE ISN'T. THAT'S IT. THE END. KAPUT.

"So, if there's nothing above Srizzlefish, when do you become human?"

PFFFFH! Gulik laughed. WHAT'RE YOU, KIDDING ME? AND TAKE A HUGE STEP BACK DOWN THE LADDER? YOU'RE ON GOOFBALLS.

Thus, I was enlightened.

-BARON VON HOOPLA



00053

5

ON THE LAW OF FIVES

Sometimes, the Principia Discordia contains useful ideas disguised as nonsense. Other times, as in the Law of Fives, the Principia serves up a big honkin' warning disguised as nonsense. Concepts like the newly revised and expanded table of creation / destruction / order / disorder are things that may be worth thinking about, but the Law of Fives points out the sorts of thoughts that are dangerous to keep around.

Take a moment to go back and review what the Principia has to say about the Law of Fives. Or just take my word for it; whatever. The scary and dangerous part about the Law of Fives is its implied philosophy of "you start out convinced this is true, and if you aren't seeing its truth in every single situation, then you simply aren't trying hard enough". I remember my early days on this board, reading a thread where people posted random numbers and challenged others to relate them back to 5. That was occasionally some seriously creative shit. And it scared me to see people so willing to go to such great and contorted lengths for a bullshit mathematical exercise.

Harvey Mackay is quoted as saying "Optimists are right. So are

**“If at first an idea isn’t absurd
there is no hope for it.”**

-Albert Einstein

pessimists." The Law of Fives takes many forms outside the PD - racism, sexism, homophobia, rabid Bible-thumping, and I'm sure you can think of others. And everywhere you look, you will see people in helpless obedience to the Law, screeching their ridiculous beliefs to anyone who will listen, and countering reasonable argument with nothing but more of the same screeching. If you aren't seeing the unmistakable truth in what they have to say, then you SIMPLY AREN'T TRYING HARD ENOUGH!

DISCLAIMER: It can occasionally be difficult to distinguish between people obeying the Law of Fives, and people being dicks for their own amusement. This document is not intended to assist in such an endeavor, and the author disclaims all liability for any damages of any sort resulting from failure to make the aforementioned distinction. Because she's being a dick for her own amusement.

-DJ RUBBERDUCKY

WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?

It so happened that during his travels, the Sacred Flame of Tajikistan came upon a temple where the master was instructing his pupils in Kung Fu fighting techniques. Inquiring, he asked if it was possible to join the lesson and the master agreed, seeing the possibility for another pupil. However, as he called on them to spar, he watched with amazement and worry as the Sacred Flame defeated several of his best pupils, one after the other and without apparent effort.

Deciding he had seen enough, he called the Sacred Flame before him for a fight. At first, he tested gently, but his attacks became stronger and more deadly as the sparring progressed, until he was throwing full blows and strikes with intent to cut down the

“It’s not easy having a good time.”

-Dr. Frank N. Furter

stranger before him. Yet even as he tried, he was unable to land his blows and was eventually struck a powerful blow to the head which left him on the ground. Getting up, he dismissed the class. Except for the Sacred Flame. “You”, he said, “are to come with me so we can have a little chat.”

He agreed and followed him to a quieter part of the temple. “How did you defeat us all?” the master demanded harshly. “I am the greatest Temple Master in this region! Never since I achieved my black sash have I been defeated!”

“Perhaps I am aware of secrets you are not,” he replied neutrally.

“There is NOTHING I am not aware of! I have mastered the Nine Crippling Strikes, the ancient techniques where I could leave you pleading for death!”

“Yet you couldn't land a blow on me. Perhaps there are other secrets you are not aware of?”

“There are none! I have mastered Qi Gong and can use the Wheel of Law to smash your body. I know the secrets of Dim Mak, the Death Blows where you could be dead with a single touch!”

“And still you failed to hit me. Do you know why?”

“No”, admitted the master, captivated by whatever this hidden power could be.

“Precisely. You know many lesser secrets that have been hidden. You may even know of the unknown secrets that are hidden in the open. Yet you do not know anything of the Greater Secrets. Without that knowledge, the rest is as if it was nothing.”

“Tell me...please, what is the secret?”

“You are not worthy of the knowledge. Besides, my time here is short, and I will be gone soon anyway.” With that he left.

Later that night, the Temple Master managed to track the Sacred Flame down to his current lodgings. Opening the door, he sighed as the master came in. His first words were “please, teach me the Great Secret. I will do whatever you want to prove I am worthy.”



And so the master became pupil once again. He cooked meals, cleaned clothes and aided the Sacred Flame in any way he could, carrying and fetching items for him, serving his every whim so that he could be considered worthy enough to know the Great Secret.

After a week of this, a friend of the Sacred Flame came to where he was staying. The previous temple master was told to leave so that he could speak in private to his old friend. Noting the look on his friend's face, he waited until the door was closed, then told him the whole story.

As he finished, his friend let out a great laugh. "You old bullshitter" he managed between the tears. "When are you going to tell him the truth?"

"To be honest, I don't know. You'd think someone who knows so much would have got it by now. Besides, he seems to be enjoying himself. Who knows what he would do if he knew the real secret was there was no secret at all, only the power that comes from not telling somebody something?"

-CAIN

OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

Today may be the day I
achieve illumination...
I hope I remembered to
wear clean underwear!



THEY KILLED TESLA

"if i told you...absolutely they would kill me...and no tin hat would save me"
- Nikola Tesla

the other night i was watching the demons crawl out of the woodwork again, which is why caulking is so damned important. if you caulk it hard enough and tight enough the demons can't get out of the fucking walls and suck your one remaining eyeball right out of your head. anyway, one of these demons kind of oozed up to me and said, "thayne, old buddy. you do realize that your very own government killed nikola tesla right? they let him live long enough to drain his brains dry of every idea he ever had, and then they killed him."

"and you're next boy. you're next. only they won't keep you alive long enough for you to spit. because after all, what does the uncle sammy want with heated toilet paper, floating lawn chairs and seeing-eye armadillos? well okay, so they might like the tp idea, but you know damn well they'd keep it for the bigwigs and let the little fellows continue to freeze their nuts off, right? of course right."

and i thought to myself, thayne, i thought, big brother is everywhere. and it's just like the old lady always says "goddammit, leave your glass eye at home next time you go on a bender down at harold's lounge or it's just dejavu like when the cops haul you away and you kick the cop in the knee and they cuff your feet together so even if you kick open the back door of the cop car and try to hop away (again), the truth is the police can run faster than you when you're cuffed at the ankles. and you know they'll throw you back in the drunk tank where they don't care what happened to your glass eye, or maybe they took it and spit on it or are saving it for their halloween costumes, or for a trophy. yeah, that's it a trophy eye hanging on the wall of the break room down at the jail. even if you get it back you don't know where it's been."

so anyway, back to nikola tesla, the fucking genius who immigrated here from Serbia, and either knew transmigration or teleportation or else had tunnels under his house that led to his secret lab. but then one day he decided to do things much as an ordinary man would and got hit by a car while crossing the road and died in the street like a dog and the fbi came in and took all his papers and his secrets when they raided his place. but he got revenge and the last laugh because the fuckers tried to photograph tesla in his casket and the photo blurred and they were unable to make the camera focus on his face. there's not one death picture of his face which is the way he wanted it. the question that begs here is this: what good is the last laugh if you're dead?

the moral of this rant is listen to your old lady, but not her mother. leave your glass eye at home, never forget your ankles are cuffed and the man can run faster, caulk those cracks in the woodwork, dig your tunnels deep and don't cross the road like everyone else, or the they'll get you next.

-ONE EYED THAYNE MAGEE

"When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign; that the dunces are all in confederacy against him." ~

~Jonathan Swift



WE ARE ALL GUSTAVE NOW

This is the transcript of a speech given by Dr. B- to the Royal Scientific Society of Ultima Thule, a small, isolated island in the Greenland Sea between Jameson Land and the island of Spitsbergen.

Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentlemen, Members of the Society, good evening. I cannot say I am glad to be here, for the solemnity of what I have come to tell you will not permit it. I am only glad to know I could not ask for finer or more discriminating minds than those of the Society, nor for hearts more full of Sympathy and Charity than those of my audience, nor for a better exemplar of these virtues than your Highness, who is like a sun, whose light of wisdom and warmth of benevolence radiate to infuse all your subjects, and of course this sceptered Isle at whose head you sit.

As you know, I am here to discuss a patient, a patient with a most strange affliction, a malady of unknown cause and uncertain

course. I call him Gustave, though naturally that is not his true name.

Gustave is a young man who came to me some time ago. When I asked what was wrong, he gave me a long list of symptoms. He cannot sleep until late into the night. He sleeps only fitfully. His dreams are fleeting, hectic and restless. No matter how long he is abed he wakes feeling tired. When he looks into the mirror in the morning, dark circles haunt his eyes. He eats but sparingly. Neither wine nor strong liquor seems to have any beneficent effect; he feels neither the revivifying warmth nor the comforting lull of the alcohol. Colour and flavour seem to have been leached from his world. The brightness of the sun makes his eyes hurt, so he spends his days in the perpetual twilight of his apartments. He is a young man, yet he takes little exercise, and when he does it seems a chore rather than a robust enjoyment. Books give him no solace, nor does music, nor painting, nor even the pretty faces of the young ladies in the park on a Sunday afternoon. He has become quiet, withdrawn and morose. In short, he is sad.

Well I know that the men of science among you will be thinking, "Well that's no good thing for a young man, but sadness is not a disease." Too true! But I beg your indulgence while I continue the story of Gustave.

There are two facts about this sadness that convinced me it was not merely a mood but a chronic disease. I have interviewed at length the physicians he has consulted throughout his life, and painstakingly examined all the documents relating to this case. I discovered that, in the first place, Gustave did not grow sad but became sad all at once. And in the second place, he has been sad ever since. It was a summer day when he was yet a boy, just beginning to turn into a young man. He describes the day as bright, the sky blue, dotted with the pleasant white clouds whose appearance reminds us of wool. He turned from the game he was playing with his brother and sisters and looked up into this beautiful summer sky. All of a sudden he was overcome with a great sadness. That was the first night his food seemed to lose its taste; he ate, but unenthusiastically, pushing his food around his plate. Such behaviour, in a growing boy-you can imagine his mother's consternation. He tells me that from that day, he has

The rarity of genuine feeling in human society sometimes makes me stop in the street to watch a dog gnawing a bone.

occasionally felt his sadness lessened, from one cause or another. But it always returns, and if we may be thankful that it never seems to grow any worse, any more severe, we must also feel sympathy for its stubborn duration all these years.

I shared my findings with some colleagues. To my great surprise, I learned that all of them had encountered similar stories, in some places a very great profusion of them. It seemed I had stumbled, not just on a disease, but an epidemic. But my surprise, and my dismay, was to grow deeper still.

It happened that the great Dr. D- travelled to this, the great capital of our nation and the brightest jewel in Your Majesty's crown, on some scholarly business. As he is one of my correspondents, and one of the most respected of our men of science, I told him of my case and begged him to find time in his busy schedule to take a luncheon at my Club so we could discuss it. He seemed, to my surprise, eager to accept.

At our luncheon I learned that not only was he already aware of this unknown and as-yet unnamed modern malady, but he had distressing news-it was much worse than I had even begun to suspect. For, he told me, not only were new cases appearing among young men like Gustave, but many more cases had gone undetected for years. Here he paused, told me I would not believe what he was about to say but assured me it was true, and proceeded to say that not only were almost all of our patients infected and living with the effects of this disease, but so were he and I.

You can imagine my shock, my incredulity at hearing this. Surely, I said, that cannot be so. Like you sitting before me today, I told him I was quite sure I would know if I were sad. At this he looked at me, his eyes full of sympathy, a melancholy smile on his face. "Are you not?" he said. "I ask you to take a moment now, search your memories, closely examine your life, and tell me that you are not sad."

This I prepared to do, settling into my chair, my brows creasing as I looked into the candle flame, searching my memory. I recounted faces, voices, great events and quiet evenings with my parents, my siblings, my wife and our own children. After I know not how long, though I think it no more than a few moments, I was struck by a sensation that fired my brain like a bolt of lightning. I had experienced no true joy in many, many years-if

"Every man and every woman is a star."
-Aleister Crowley

indeed I ever had. In all my memories I found, I freely confess, little in the way of true misery, but also little, o so very little, in the way of delight. Instead even my mother's fruit pies, whose sweetness, I assumed without reflection, I would remember taking great pleasure in eating, upon this strenuous examination tasted like ashes. As had the roast I had thought I had eaten with gusto the night before, the whiskey I had believed I'd enjoyed after dinner, and indeed the very pork pies we had enjoyed that very day at dinner.

Our luncheon continued, but on later reflection I would find that I was afflicted with many of the same symptoms as my poor patient, Gustave. I wandered my house, fingering the curtains, touching the upholstery, noting how muted all the colours seemed. I tried to read passages from my favourite books, finding them only dry and dusty. I went to the symphony, and found it pretty, from time to time, but ultimately just so much noise.

But, as I say, our luncheon continued, though I was still too stunned to speak. Dr. D- continued to inform me of his researches into this malady and the disturbing picture that had begun, slowly, to emerge. For it was not he and I, nor even the many patients whose cases I had just begun to review but had already been the subject of my luncheon companion's painstaking researches. This new disease had, Dr. D- concluded, infected every man and woman among us. Every one!

I was astounded, as I imagine are you. No doubt many of you are sceptical. There are, after all, many Men of Science here, for whom a thoroughgoing scepticism is a natural as breathing. But I ask you to consider this: no one would deny that our great artists are inspired by great passions. Joy and delight, wonder and awe, yes, even anger, fear and despair, and of course love.

But think, I urge you, of our modern age. Where are the great composers, the great poets, the great artists that move not just some of us, not just now and then, but all us and with their every note, every line, every brushstroke? Where are our great delights, like the Bacchanals of the ancients? Indeed, apart from a constant, numb sadness, where are our great sorrows? Where the keening at our funerals? Who among us, like Achilles, has poured ashes on his head and cried out to shake the very heavens at the passing of a dear friend?

Look into your own hearts. You will find, I can almost assure you, that all is sadness—a dull, numb ache of sadness. My friends, I am

very sorry to tell you this, but we are all Gustave now.

So now, finally, we come to the question of what is to be done about my poor young patient, Gustave. What is to be his fate? For, indeed, his fate is all our fates. Some, no doubt, would prescribe medicine. But I tell you this has been tried, and it will not avail. Others will hope to use various therapies to snap us out of our doldrums. But again, this has been tried, and again, it will not avail. Some will suggest we turn to the Church, which has always insisted that in the next world lies our only true happiness anyway. But alas! Even religion has become petty and hollow.

I have given this much thought, and in light of the evidence, there is only one thing to be done. This thing will shock you, but if we hope to recover our humanity, it is, I fear, the only way.

When we leave this theatre tonight, we must go to our great factories, wonders of our age, and dismantle them, brick by brick. We must take hammers to the machines and smash them. We must go the offices of the accountants and the lawyers and the insurers and take torches to the documents that define and classify and proscribe us. Only when even the wealthiest of us must again turn the soil with our hands, when we turn our faces to the sun and sky, feel our feet planted on the rich earth and wade through the fast-flowing stream, only when we butcher our own meat and learn the lessons of the blood, only then will our hearts expand and feel the true passions of delight, sorrow, rage, wonder and a love embedded in the hearts of our fellow men and women, just as we are embedded in the ecstatic green of Nature.

Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentlemen, Members of the Society, once again I thank you. And now I exhort you to follow me back down the path of false progress. Only then shall we live again.

-JJ STEADMAN

Duct tape is like the Force. It has a light side and a dark side, and it binds the universe together.

- Carl Zwanzig



00063

This statement is false.

REAL DISCORDIANS

While The Good Reverend likes to bash on n00bs who write about "REAL Discordians" (ie, anyone who agrees with - or will be nice to - them), the fact is, such a thing DOES exist.

To demonstrate this, let me start off by saying that the hackneyed line "Everyone is a Discordian" is absolute rubbish. Look at the word "Discordian. This implies that the person in question is an adherent of discord, not an unwitting facilitator. Such people may be Discordian Saints, but not Discordians.

Since not everyone is a Discordian, yet Discordians DO exist, it naturally follows that some people are Discordian and some people are not. We can also assume that some people CLAIM to be Discordians, but really aren't (see "refugees" in Heresies I)...whether or not they believe they are. Likewise, some people may BE Discordian, but either deny it, or don't know it.

So, we can classify people into six groups:

- 1. Non-Discordians** - *people who are not Discordians, and do not claim to be. Jerry Falwell, for example.*
- 2. Fake Discordians** - *People who think they are Discordian, but really aren't. EvT, for example (who mistakes the nonsense of Hill & Thornley as serious dogma).*
- 3. Phony Discordians** - *Refugees (QV).*
- 4. Latent Discordians** - *Discordians who are unaware of the term.*
- 5. Discordians in Denial** - *Discordians that are aware of what they are, but pretend they aren't.*
- 6. Real Discordians** - *Discordians that know what they are, and accept it.*

Now, the question arises, "how do you know whether someone is a real discordian?" The fast answer is that you usually don't, at least not right away. The question becomes a little easier, once we define what Discordianism is.



Now, ask 8 Discordians what Discordianism is, and you'll get 9 answers...but I think I can list a few things that most of us can agree on.

A Discordian should be able to rant, write a haiku, raze a village, come up with the occasional way to fuck the normals over, mindfuck, drink bongwater, troll a website, infight like a champ, stomp on a n00b's ego, and - if the slightest chance is offered - kill The Good Reverend Roger in cold blood.

What ISN'T Discordianism: Jabbering nonsense for its own sake (we have Christians for that), numerology for its own sake (we have Enron accountants for that), whimpering, drinking lite beer, smoking cloves, emo, goth (except for procreation), Wicca (many Discordians happen to be Wiccans - for some bizarre reason - but it isn't, itself, Discordianism), Claiming to be Joshua Norton II (or the descendant/namesake of any other classic Discordian figure)...we Subgenii call that "Being a Bobby", quoting Discordian works for its own sake, Chaos Mahdligickque (gimme a break!) or racism (unless it's funny, which is harder than it sounds).

What MAY be Discordianism, depending on circumstances: Badminton (or ping pong, depends upon location), street theater, bugging Richard Nixon's festering corpse, reckless use of firearms, excessive alcohol use (careful with that one), attending the opera.

So, now you know what a "real" Discordian is. The Good Reverend suggests that you all now begin running around denouncing each other, for his amusement.

Or kill me.

-THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."

-Oscar Wilde

THE NIGHTMARE NEVER ENDS

On a day just like today, except that it was a Wednesday, a man named Oxo awoke from a nightmare to realize that the nightmare is never fully awoken from. He rolled onto his side, pulled the rough green blanket over his head, and tried to recall what he had been dreaming about.

He recalled vaguely that in his dream the world was filled to the brim with simpering idiots who held high-paying jobs in delicate positions, he recalled that people nattered endlessly to one another on a small glowing box, although all were nattering and none were listening. He recalled that children were popping out of Coke machines into plastic diapers where they were whisked away by people who plopped them in front of another glowing box. The glowing box showed the kids how to be polite; how to do what they are told; taught that difference was good, despite the fact that they were shown the opposite day in and day out.

Oxo recalled that in the dream he was required to go out into the cold every single day, stick his arm into something like a coffee machine to have his precious bodily fluids extracted, bled into a tube which shot up to feed the spindly-legged tall ones upstairs, who sucked the sweet nectar from long grey straws while adjusting the small black nattering rectangles on their ears.

Oxo recalled that one of the only relief from this terror was a large room where people would group together to watch flickering images of cyborgs imitating their own movements. The cyborgs had been like them at some point, but had been, piece-by-piece, dismantled and replaced with polished rice teeth, shiny orange skin, glazed yellow hair, hollow empty eyes, and even less soul. As they walked out of these gatherings small tabloid pamphlets were thrust into their hands to give them intimate details about what the cyborgs ate, drank, slept with, talked about, thought about . . . all with the constant insinuation that the cyborgs are better than you, why can't you be more like the cyborgs?

Other than the gathering rooms the only relief was a tiny pill which blurred the world and made things seem very far away and dreamy. The pill was very popular with people, and it made people easier to deal with, yet the pill was actually banned. People had to hide in alleys and scratch at doors in the night to gain access to the pill. Oxo knew why, too, he knew that the only way to keep the people pliable was by keeping them afraid, so

“Lord only knows it’s gettin’ late the sensors are gone so don’t you hesitate, give yourself a call.”
-Beck Hansen

they kept the pill banned to keep the fear, but also kept the pill easily accessible to keep the people in line.

Oxo let out a long, defeated breath, then pulled himself up to look out the curtains at the world below. The mustard curtains parted revealing the brittle ridiculous world below, and at once Oxo knew; he had not awakened.

-BARON VON HOOPLA

Dear LHX,

you glorious machine
how are you doing?

here are some tips to get you thru the next little while because we love you so much ~

anything worth having on this planet can and will be repeated somewhere

that means if you fuck anything up
we will bring you back to give it another shot

we dont really need that many people on this planet to make the transition from here to there

so

dont take anything personally ~
just know that we have everything looked after

and we know you have been wondering lately about what is going to happen to all of the cities
just remember this ~

eventually

the areas where the cities are now
will be the most fertile locations
for the same reasons why regions near volcanoes are so fertile

cities are very nutrient dense and will eventually make great fertilizer

keep doing your thing you charming animal,

with love,

"you-know-who"

*The Goddess did spake, and what she
said was mostly nonsense:*

Spam was, Spam is, and Spam
shall ever be. After summer is
winter, and after winter,
summer. It ruled once where
Man rules now; where Man
rules now, it shall rule again. As
a foulness shall ye know it.

. . . or was it?

Time is a spiral, space is a curve, I know you get dizzy
but try not to lose your nerve.

-Rush



But . . .
What does it **MEAN?**

MEAN! ? !

THE ANSWERS:

- 1) A canoe
- 2) Yes
- 3) He's adopted
- 4) It is sad
- 5) Oh, yes

Aegis-bearing Zeus' annual marble competition was well renowned throughout the worlds of the gods, and every deity worth their salt was invited, from Jehovah to Odin, except for one: Eris called Strife, goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Calamity and paperclips.

Zeus stood near the mound, and held up his prize marble, made from the clearest diamond, with a tiny Gorgon head placed inside. Light from Apollo's flaming chariot in the sky glinted off the surface and scorched into the divine retinas of the holy beings gathered. "With this glorious marble I shall once again take the championship . . . I will crush all of the opposition, and claim all your marbles. What say you all? Who is ready?"

Jehovah walked forward, and tossed his long grey beard over his shoulder, pulling out his new marble. It appeared to be a rough-hewn stone. "This marble of mine is a stone that was used to bash out the brains of a heathen who dared to not believe in me. That, I will not stand for. I must be acknowledged as supreme ruler of the entire universe, and all who do not bow to me will be crushed out of existence and roasted in the burning brimstone pits of hell, which I conveniently created for just such a purpose. But, also let it be known that I am a loving god."

"Yes yes yes," said Zeus. "We all know about your worship complex, and your bipolar disorder . . . very very very old news. Are you ready to lose that pebble to me? Who else shall play?"

Odin stepped forward, squinting heavily. "I will play you, you miserable leech. See this, I have plucked mine own eye from my head, knowing it will give me all the power and knowledge I need to stomp your sorry ass. This time I shall not be beaten, and will be able to retire to Valhalla in peace."

"In pieces, is more like it, if you keep up talking that sort of rot," Zeus snarled at Odin. He turned and gazed over the faces of the other gods and goddesses. "Who else shall play marbles with me and lose?"

I SHALL PLAY, came a loud husky female voice. BUT I DO NOT INTEND TO LOSE.

Zeus wheeled around, and stared at a tall goddess with wild blonde and black hair dancing in the breeze. One eye was blue and the other was green. "Eris Nancy Discordia!" cried Aegis-bearing Zeus. "Of all the nerve! I deliberately did not invite you, you always fuck around with the marbles while they are on the playing area . . . more than once my dominance has been brought into question due to your fucking around. Forget it, you are not playing. Leave the mound!"

Eris smiled sweetly. PLEASE DO NOT BLAME ME BECAUSE YOU ARE COCK-EYED . . . THE ONLY REASON AT ALL YOU CONSTANTLY WIN IS BECAUSE THE OTHERS CANNOT BARE TO LISTEN TO YOUR WHIMPERING WHEN YOU LOSE. THEY FIND IT TEDIOUS AND BORING . . . I DO NOT, BECAUSE I, MYSELF, AM NOT BORING, AND ERGO CANNOT BE BORED . . . ON THE CONTRARY, I FIND IT RATHER GIGGLE-INDUCING.

Zeus snarled: "Just get the fuck out of here, with all speed."

NOT A PROBLEM, BUT BEFORE I GO PERHAPS ONE OF THE OTHER GODS

WOULD LIKE TO USE MY LUCKY GOLD MARBLE IN MY PLACE? and Eris held up a beautiful and glittering golden sphere, which had etched in the side "**For The Luckiest**".

Jehovah and Odin both stepped forward at the same moment. "I'll take it." Jehovah said, just as Odin cried the same thing. Dionysus and Thor both jumped forward at that moment, but Jesus Christ jumped onto their backs and knocked their heads together.

DON'T FIGHT, CHILDREN, Eris called out, **LET'S DO IT FAIRLY . . .** and with a wide arc in her swing, Eris tossed the gold marble high into the clear blue sky and screamed: **SCRAAAAAAAAAAAMBLE!**

Every single god and goddess on the mound made a mad jump at where they thought the marble would land, many an elbow bloodied many a mouth, and several fingers grabbed fistfuls of hair and pulled.

Teeth bit, nails scratched. Zeus' prize marble rolled out of the ruckus, covered in white god blood, and Eris picked it up, wiped the blood off on her robes, and floated up into the sky, laughing uproariously.

THE REVOLUTION WILL BE TELEVISED

The revolution will probably be televised.

The revolution will be born in some stoner's basement. The revolution will be an ongoing prank in History class. The revolution will not be defined. The revolution will be acknowledged with a quiet nod. The revolution will gain momentum.

The revolution will be identified by recent college grads with Graphic Design and Marketing degrees burning holes in their pockets. The revolution will be pitched to CEOs of multinational corporations. The revolution will be analyzed, autopsied, sliced, diced, and stuck to corkboards with pushpins. The revolution will be cleaned up, polished, waxed, packaged, and tied in a nice bow.

The revolution will be leaked to the media. The revolution will show up on the catwalks of Paris, Italy, and Japan. The revolution will have its own burger. The revolution will have its theme song in heavy rotation on MTV. The revolution will be on Leno, Letterman, Conan, and The Daily Show. The revolution will turn down an appearance on Carson Daly.

The revolution will be sold at Hot Topic.

The revolution will be identified as a "trend" by CNN. The revolution will be reported on by self-proclaimed Experts In The Field. The revolution will be blamed for teen pregnancy. The revolution will be synonymous with the "Twinkie defense" in courts of law.

The revolution will host a concert series to help the homeless. The revolution will be managed by financial advisors, lawyers, ad agencies, and media planners. The revolution will be publicly traded in the stock market. The revolution will be remixed by P. Diddy and released exclusively on iTunes.

The revolution will have sub-genres. The revolution will suffer an anti-revolution backlash. The revolution will appear on an episode of Walker, Texas Ranger. The revolution will generate buzzwords that will be used by your parents trying to sound hip. The revolution will be in a Cadillac commercial. The revolution will be

"Life moves pretty fast, if you don't stop to look around once in a while you could miss it."

-St. Ferris

adopted by pre-pubescent girls trying to act "grown up".

The revolution will be derided by Bill Mahr, Rush Limbaugh, & Al Franken. The revolution will be mocked by Jon Stewart, Steve Colbert, and Tina Fey. The revolution will appear on Best Week Ever. The revolution will become an automatic punchline. The revolution will be relegated to a question in the next edition of Trivial Pursuit.

The revolution will be televised. After all, there's market share to consider.

- LMNO

STATE OF THE REVOLUTION ADDRESS

What is it with you people? Are you just semi-illiterate, or have you made this a conscious decision? Why have you confused being sentient with being sedentary? So you evolved to the point where your brain was so complex it could envision a way to transmit sounds and images to a box in everyone's living room...and thus the enormous complexity of our collective intellect was used to destroy itself. Just because you CAN sit on your fat ass all day and watch CSI: Miami doesn't mean you SHOULD. You as a people are being slowly crushed under the weight of the authoritarian thumb that is pressing down on the carotid artery of your freedom, and you won't even do anything about it. Why? Because you're also being crushed under the weight of your 3 Double QPC with cheese-a-day habit. The weight of your unshakeable loyalty to Desperate Housewives. YOU should be the desperate housewives, and I'm not talking about being desperate for a piece of ass from the poolboy. Where is your pride? Where is your fire? Is there anything left behind your eyes, or has it all been concentrated at the tip of your index finger for better, more efficient remote-control operation? Look at what you've lost. You've long since been incapable of finding and killing your own food, making your own warm clothes, building

your own shelter, defending yourself from physical attack, or using your feet to get you where you're going. Now you're going to give up the ability to think for yourselves? Are you mad? No. You're not. And THAT'S the problem. You got mad when you thought the voting on American Idol was rigged, but the voting in Florida? In Ohio? Pah! That sort of thing hardly affects YOUR life! You are shackled with the chains of slavery, and they enter your house in a 6-foot length of coaxial cable. In a cell phone signal. In a high-speed internet connection. Why should you go outside? You've got your own little world right here at your fingertips, and there's no reason to let reality intrude. You just can't wait until they finally develop teleportation technology. No, not so you can go anywhere you want effortlessly, but so you can have an endless stream of fried chicken and ice cream beamed right to your kitchen. Hell, you won't even have to get up to go to work now that somebody in Bangalore is doing your job for you. Now you'll have even MORE time to catch up on your favorite shows! I hear they're showing reruns of Everybody Loves Raymond on Channel 5 on Thursday mornings AND Monday afternoons.



Meanwhile, back at the ranch, someone somewhere is standing up. Someone is turning off all the devices they can't live without. Someone is trying to reacquaint themselves with freedom. And someone is having a tough time of it. There's no one to rally to the cause, no one to take up arms against the oppressors, no one to keep the flickering flame of hope alive against the oppressive un-being that consumes everyone. And besides, who wants to put it all on the line like that for a bunch of fat, greasy, cathode-ray receptors? What is there to be gained? The free are hopelessly outnumbered, and the consumers/consumed will just perceive any sort of paradigm shift as a changing of the channel.

You see, we were right all along. The revolution will not be televised.

It already HAS been.

-EAST COAST HUSTLE

INTERVIEW WITH ERIS

BARON DON HOOPLA: I am very happy to be interviewing today the Goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Calamity, and dinky cars: Eris Nancy Discordia. Welcome, Eris.

ERIS NANCY DISCORDIA: Thanks, Hoops.

B.U.H.: Eris, doing my research I found that there weren't really a lot of ancient legends which depicted you. In fact, I could only find two. Why do you think that was?

E.N.D.: I could put the blame on Athena or Aphrodite, but we all know the real blame goes on Pan. He got all the gods and goddesses to convince the Greeks that my stories were too fascinating and witty, so they destroyed all copies. Eventually only a couple Bazooka Joe comics were left discarded in Dionysus's temple which depicted the two legends now available.

B.U.H.: Seriously?

E.N.D.: Nope.

B.U.H.: Ah, right. OK, do you think it has anything to do with Gregory Hill and Kerry Thornley's idea that the Greeks had a warped idea of what Discord is?

**Nothing is true.
Everything is
permissible.**



E.N.D.: No, they knew exactly what Discord was; they just didn't like it.

B.U.H.: Seriously?

E.N.D.: Maybe.

B.U.H.: Ok. There is a lot of arguing with modern Discordians as to whether or not what you are currently representing is true Discordianism. Some think that modern Discordianism is all clowns and roller-coasters instead of violence and bloodshed and rioting. Which is true?

E.N.D.: You're still caught up on true? The problem is that you all think there is a difference. Comedy is Discordianism because it is discordant. Comedy ruffles feathers. And besides, all the other stuff which you describe as violence and bloodshed is always funny to someone. I see no better symbol for Discordianism than a roller-coaster derailing.

B.U.H.: What about the enormous disasters which have been plaguing the world in the last few years?

E.N.D.: What about them?

B.U.H.: Well, I see a lot of Discordians reacting to the disasters in a rather negative way . . . it seems almost like a lot of them forget that the disasters are pretty much Discord in action.

E.N.D.: What do you expect? A party?

B.U.H.: No, but it seems strange to me that people

You wouldn't be so smug if you really know what was going on.

who consider themselves followers of Discord being upset or surprised by these disasters.

E.N.D.: People will always be dismayed by large displays of Discord, if only because humans are naturally adverse to change of any sort. I see no reason why a so-called Discordian should embrace disasters; acknowledging that they are natural and necessary is much more than most others ever do.

B.U.H.: Many consider the central lesson of the Principia Discordia to be that we are truly free; but there are some who seem to take this lesson as permission to act like a completely selfish prick, do you regret that lesson now?

E.N.D.: First, it wasn't my lesson; it was Mal2's filtered through Greg Hill's brain. I just gave Mal2 the idea. At any rate, those who take the lesson as permission to be a selfish prick are at best being lazy, and at worst being intentionally deceptive. The freedom is freedom from your standard conventions. For example, paper is a reality, would you agree?

B.U.H.: Yes.

E.N.D.: And printing presses are a reality. BUT, and here is the important part, money is a social fiction. You are enslaved by money only if you choose to be.

B.U.H.: But, isn't the only way not to be enslaved by

money to be homeless or to move to a deserted island?

E.N.D.: That is not for me to say. That's where the freedom enters into the picture. You are only repressed by your own mind.

B.U.H.: What acts of Discord are you most proud of?

E.N.D.: When frozen shit from airplanes falls from the sky to crush people. It's lowbrow, but it gives me fits of giggles.

B.U.H.: And what pisses you off most?

E.N.D.: The depiction of me on the television show Xena. I'm still thinking of a really good vindictive way to smite the people who created and worked on that show. Look forward to the 'Curse Of Xena' soon.

B.U.H.: Speaking of Xena, that reminds me of Hercules, which reminds me of the only other legend I could find about you, it concerned a conversation you had with Heracles. It seems that you offered him to travel down your path and lead a life of strife and struggle, or he could go down the path of Sloth and lead an easy and lazy life. He picked the path of Eris. Why do you think that is?

E.N.D.: You already know the answer to that question.

B.U.H.: True. Well, I thank you for the opportunity to



I don't
GET it . . .

00077

You WILL ⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰

Time is a plaything for children and fools.

let me ask you these questions. Anything else you want to add before we finish?

E.N.D.: I just wanted to say hi to Athena and Aphrodite, and ask them to ponder how many followers they still have these days.

B.U.H.: There you have it kiddies, Eris Nancy Discordia, still petty after all these years.

A chimp, or philosopher?



SMASH THE TABLETS OF LAW

I thought I had woken up after sleeping uncomfortably in bed, however, this couldn't be true as there was no longer any bed under me, only a sparkly brown and yellow dirt. I stood up and looked around me. In the distance were mountains, far closer was a low flat topped hill. It was like nowhere I had been before, yet intimately familiar.

Then I saw her. Dressed in full bronze armour, a helmet over her head and a double bladed sword in her hand, she walked up to me. As I got closer, I saw that her hair and armour were covered in blood, a large shield with an apple covering it, the word written on it clearly visible.

"Ah" I said. "OK then. Whats all this about?"

**“Don’t you wish you knew better by now
When you’re old enough not to?”**

-Beth Orton

The golden eyes within the helm looked at me. “Its for my amusement and for your possible education. After all, isn't all life but a learning experience?”

“I thought that was all Yahweh's shit, testing people and so on?”

“Its not really a test though, is it? You can't fail, or succeed, only learn from it.”

With that, she beckoned. then turned and started to walk away. I followed, seeing what she had in store. We stopped suddenly. Looking down, I saw two weapons on the ground, a short sword and a hammer. “Choose only one” she said. I thought for a moment, then reached for the hammer. The sword had the advantage of an edge, but was purely a killing weapon. Hammers had utility in their favour. I stood back up straight, but Eris had vanished. Making my way back to the plains, I saw suddenly a flurry of activity there.

Walking down the hill, I saw that they were men and women, all busily at work, consuming the resources of the area to make new things. But as I drew closer there were other things I noticed. They walked curiously, sometimes bumping into others that transected their paths. Instead of stopping or apologizing, they just carried on. Occasionally when it came to several against one, the one got trampled on. I also watched as they fashioned bladed items and handed them to others, cutting them as they grabbed it and took it to other areas around the plains, where they were dumped in piles for more blind drones to fall over.

One man just ate continually as he walked, whatever he could find, if it was food or rock he didn't care. Blood ran from his mouth and there were children following him, crying out in hunger. Seeing as he was closest, I walked up beside him and shouted “hey!” It didn't have an effect, so I attempted to grab some of the food he had held against his body by his arm. Immediately, he grabbed me and shouted “get off my stuff, FUCKER!” and nearly broke my arm shoving me to the ground. I let him walk on, then dusted myself off and rubbed my arm until some life came back into it.

Getting up and moving on, I made my slow way to the flat hill I had seen at the centre of the plains, watching as I went the mechanical scenes of destruction and mindless suffering. Making

Vegetables are murder.

my way onto the flat surface, I saw someone had erected a huge tablet in the centre, with writing on it. Getting closer, the writing was obvious. Words and phrases jumped out, such as “everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are determined by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order ...”.

Under that though, other words could be noticed, as I drew closer, such as “endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.” But under that there were even older scratchings and carvings. I made out one barely, that read “now on, till (Ahura) Mazda grants me the kingdom favor, I will impose my monarchy on no nation. Each is free to accept it, and if any one of them rejects it, I never resolve on war to reign.”

ut even under these carvings there were the oldest ones, the ones that had always been there. “Blood shall be spilled and more blood, for there is never enough...”, “war brings strength and only the strong have the right to rule” and “cities of the nations the LORD your God is giving you as an inheritance, do not leave alive anything that breathes. Completely destroy them--the Hittites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites and Jebusites--as the LORD your God has commanded you. Otherwise, they will teach.”

I had an idea as to what to do. Lifting the hammer, I swung as hard as possible and struck the tablet. As the first crack appeared, everyone stopped what they were doing, at started to move towards me, an urgency in their step that I hadn't seen before propelling them. Spurred on, I struck again and again, until the tablet crumbled, its lower sections totally destroyed, collapsing in on itself.

But what I saw horrified me. Instead of stopping what they had been doing, or even attacking me, the crowds had turned on each other. They were spilling blood and crushing bones, like a horrible theatre that would never end. I noticed that an armoured figure was beside me again. “Why are they doing this?” I demanded. “Why didn't it help them?”

“Whoever said it would help?” came the reply from under the

The Rule of Fives states that all things happen in fives, or are divisible by or are multiples of five, or are somehow directly or indirectly related to five. The Rule of Fives is never wrong.

helm. "You think they want to have their illusions ripped from them, the true extent of their handiwork displayed for them and everyone else to see? They'll torture themselves with guilt, unless they can lay the blame on someone else. You were a target first, but then they saw what those around them forced them to do too. Consider the lesson taught."

I looked back, and no-one was there.

-CAIN

REJECTING MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER

Beware, O ye of little faith, for the things I am about to say will piss thee off to no fucking end.

Let me start off by stating that Malaclypse the Younger is, and always has been a fraud. That's right. Bogus. Phoney. His real name is Kerry Thornley, and he did NOT "walk into the ocean" thirty years ago. He is alive and well, and living in Cleveland, Ohio.

Second, his book, Principia Discordia is gibberish. Utter rot. It has two or three good jokes in it, and one (1) good idea. It's basically an acid rant that reads like the end of a Robert Anton Wilson novel...which is to say, it's garbage. The one good idea, of course, being that you should think for yourself. Obviously, some backsliders like to quote it and/or insist that people act according to its "teachings" if they want to be a "true" Discordian.

Obviously bullshit.

In fact, this false prophet and his teachings have led countless Discordians astray. They have been led to believe that, to be a discordian, one must act as if one was tripping, even when NOT

When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro.

-Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

under the influence of psychedelic drugs. It has led people to believe that Eris is some demented aspect of Bacchus, where we all focus on having a good time. Poetry, games, inebriation, etc.

Sorry, wrong Gawd.

Eris is the goddess of **DISCORD**. Take a minute, and look that word up. I'll wait.

Back now? Good, we'll continue.

DISCORDianism. The adherence to, and spreading of, **DISCORD**. Tear the filthy thing down. Smash it, and drive the survivors into the wasteland...and it doesn't really matter what "it" is. We are the adherents of **OPPOSITION**. We oppose for the sake of opposition itself. We don't take sides, we don't play favorites, and it's a wonder that we are a "we" at all.

We are the proxies of entropy, not a fucking coffee house poetry club. We back the wrong horse, in the sheer hope of clogging up the guts of the machine, and it really makes no difference if the "machine" is malevolent or benign... Because, to us, **NO** organization is "benign".

You simply aren't going to gain the favor of the goddess by playing "three word game". She'd rather see you shoving chewing gum in the coin slots of the subway entrance stiles, or simply playing "let's you and him fight".

The higher up in an organization that you can cause chaos, the more Eris will shower you with her blessings. Avoid being caught (so you can do it again), and she'll even take them out of the big, heavy can first.

So spare me the quotes and the anecdotes from Principia. Forget that old fraud, Malaclypse, because Eris already has.

Or kill me.

-THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

RUN FROM THE SUN

I was fantasizing about eating fried chicken in an inflatable wading pool filled with gravy when I bumped into a man sporting a reverse mohawk. He had thick wiry black hair sprouting all over his head except in a strip down the middle, which was shaved cleanly bald. "Excuse YOU!" he blurted, then noticed the Sacred Chao button on the lapel of my coat (as close as I would allow myself to evangelizing these days since escaping the void) and asked in a harsh whisper: "You are a Keeper of the Sacred Chao?"

"You bet your sweet bippy," I responded promptly.

"Fuckin SWEET! You're just in time!"

"Time for what?" I asked.

"In time for the ultimate display of Discord." he winked, and pulled me into a doorway, shoving me up the stairs ahead of him.

The stairway was skeletal, and smelled vaguely of piss. There were used roaches scattering the top few wooden stairs, but it seemed like an unwise place to smoke a joint, looking only slightly less combustible than double-knit polyester. He thrust me through to doorway at the top of the steps and a group of people called out HAIL ERIS as we entered, to which my companion replied: "All Hail Discordia."

A radio in the small room was playing "Rock The Boat" by The Hues Corporation, and for a few moments I stood staring at the gathering of people while listening to the song, and they looked back at me, none of us saying anything. After a pregnant pause a woman with bright red hair asked: "So, who's this drip?"

My companion replied: "He is a fellow keeper of the Sacred Chao. I thought he should be here to witness the Ultimate Display."

The group stood up and gathered around me. The man with the reverse mohawk said "I am Sweeney Zod. We are the Runners

**We are all Children of
Cthulhu -- especially
the ones with lots of
tentacles.**

"I may be hungry, but I sure ain't weird."
-Captain Beefheart

From The Sun. For years we have been working on the ultimate way to spread discord amongst the robots of the world, and for ages we were lost. Sending out letters and leaving cards on subways had left us disillusioned and depressed. The robots are winning my friend, and we knew it. For ages we wandered without hope and without aim."

The red-haired woman who had asked who I was added: "I am called Fire Crotch. We looked for a sign everywhere, some message from the cosmos as to what the ultimate form of Discord should be. Then, one day on the subway Sweeney Zod found a small pamphlet with the answer."

"Yes," Sweeney said. "I found a pamphlet which was about the one who would become our prophet."

"Ok," I said, still swaying to the tune on the radio. "so, who is your prophet?"

"Our prophet is Fucked Boy."

"Fucked Boy?" I asked, to ensure I had heard properly.

"Fucked Boy." Sweeney Zod confirmed.

"As in, a boy who is fucked up?" I tried to clarify.

"Precisely." he answered.

"Well, I have to hand it to you, I wasn't expecting that. I was thinking Bugs Bunny or Ambush Bug or something like that."

Fire Crotch smiled. "Oh, you're one of those 'funny' Discordians, are you?"

"I prefer the term 'zany'." I corrected. She just stared back at me, then said: "If you have not heard the story of Fucked Boy then you are certainly far from enlightened. Would you like to hear it?"

"What the hell," I said.

Sweeney took a seat next to something covered in a heavy green army blanket and said: "The pamphlet I found was titled "Fucked Boy: Run From The Sun" and so that is also how my story begins."

"Seems fair." I said.

FUCKED BOY: RUN FROM THE SUN

This is the sad, or inspiring, tale of a child named Fucked Boy; see it, as you will. He was purchased and raised by an interesting pair named Viva and Tex Von Horkle.

Viva was brought up by gypsies-and was said to be one of the kindest children in Europe. Her best friend was Bouchie, a dancing bear. They would spend days on end, going from town to town, panhandling money and just having a great ol' time. Until that dreadful day, when animal activists came and took Bouchie away. Viva went into hysterics, it was all around a horrible scene, and it is said that this is when Viva changed, and was said to have lost her faith in god and society. She spent years just staring at a wall, then on a whim came to America. She settled into a small town, where she learned to speak English watching the Walton's, although the family values sickened and fascinated her.

n this town there was an annual carnival. Viva feeling lonely and looking for some company, decided to go. At the carnival she caught the eye of a lanky local man, who was known miles around for his amazing ability to hypnotize chickens. Viva was quite smitten by this man, and impressed by his talents. They talked for hours and came to the conclusion that they should get married. Since it was the middle of the night, and Viva wouldn't set foot in a church, they had to go to a local priest who was known for doing late night, unofficial, secret, lesbian weddings. After convincing the priest that Tex was rather feminine lesbian and plying him with cheap hooch he was more than willing to help the kids out, and they were quite happy together. After a few days Viva started hinting about her urge to have a baby. Tex was fine with this idea, he was all for Viva getting pregnant. Viva, however, was shocked by this idea, and let



Which is of these goats is different?



(Answers on page 87)



Tex know in no uncertain terms, that this was certainly not going to happen. Her intention had always been to purchase a baby, from the Druzzell family, thought by Viva to be by far the most beautiful family in the county. Although according to sources, the Druzzells lived in a tiny trailer, had nineteen children, and were by no means easy on the eyes.

Tex and Viva approached the Druzzells and offered them \$12.57 to have this baby. The Druzzells thought this was a fortune, and were overjoyed with the offer. They gave Viva the option to take any child they fancied, but Viva made it perfectly clear she did not want one of the children already born, she wanted a 'fresh' one. This, too, was fine, and they got right on it. Exactly nine months later a lovely 15lbs baby boy was born. Viva was ecstatic that he was beautiful, and was even more impressed with the cone shaped head the forceps had left. She held him up in her arms, "Finally . . . my fucked, fucked boy." she sighed. With that, the boy was named.

A few hours after Fucked Boy was born, they gave the money to the Druzzells and left to take the child to his new home. Tex had already taken Fucked Boy, when Viva broke the news that he would not be coming home to live with them, but would go instead to a different location she had prepared for him. Fucked Boy's new home would be a furniture storage unit. Tex thought he should find this odd, but he was quickly becoming accustomed to Viva's little quirks. They took Fucked Boy to his new home, got him settled in, and visited him every night.

Over the next few years Viva taught Fucked Boy the ways of the world. She told him all about the apocalypse and how only a select few, who god appreciated the most, were spared from the mayhem. She told him how the air outside was toxic and luckily god had sent her the plans to build a special suit, so he could play outside. The anti-toxin suit was beautiful, and consisted of bubble wrap and a fish bowl. Fucked Boy was delighted that god loved him so much, and told Viva this. Viva shushed and consisted of bubble wrap and a fish bowl. Fucked Boy was delighted that god loved him so much, and told Viva this. Viva shushed him, and told how only she could say the word god, so if he ever heard anyone else say this word, he was to run to the nearest brick wall and bash his head against it seven times, which would save him from the wrath of god. Fucked

I wouldn't recommend sex, drugs and insanity for everyone, but they've always worked for me.
-Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

Boy was curious as to who he would hear speak the verboten word, since he never saw another person save Tex, but he had learned to never question his mother.

Fucked Boy felt so lucky to have such a great mother, he loved the way she would bring him live chickens each night for dinner. Viva told him how only the most special and well behaved children got to kill their own dinners. But most of all he loved the way each night, Viva would tuck him into bed, give him a nice glass of pureed sauerkraut and whisper in his ear "Remember, Fucked Boy: run from the sun."

Night was always quality time for Fucked Boy and Viva, sometimes they would talk for hours. Viva would tell him long complicated stories of her life in the old world. It was at this time of night that Viva was at her most knowledgeable, and would tell Fucked Boy all about her close chum god. Fucked Boy wanted to meet god, and was sure they would get along famously - maybe even be kindred spirits. Viva had to break the news that this would never happen. She told him how god was a shy being, that he had low self-esteem, and only came out during the day. That way he could see if you were looking at him, and if you were, he would make you burn for a short while and then implode. Fucked Boy was quite frightened by this and was uncertain if he could still love god. Viva comforted his fears and told him that god was a good man, but reminded him that he should always be god fearing. Fucked Boy was happy with this answer and felt he could go on with life now. She also told him that if he were to ever meet another person spared by god's love he should salute them in the manner god had described long ago: raising a single middle finger out of respect.

Fucked Boy's happy, but sheltered life went on day to day in much the same manner. He was certain he couldn't be happier. But, one evening Viva came over and Fucked Boy's life would be changed forever. He greeted his mother as he did every night, they had dinner, and then she put him in his special suit to play outside. While Fucked Boy was enjoying himself outside, Viva was indulging in one of her few delights, an exploding cigar. She did this most nights while Fucked Boy played, but on this night she had carelessly left the cigar in the plastic wrapper. So as she sat back and enjoyed her cigar, she quickly slipped into a coma.

Fucked Boy had been playing for a long time, longer than usual, but he wasn't worried, he knew Viva would never forget about him. As he was digging the tunnel to China that Viva had long ago

respect
enlightenment, but still gets no
The middle part has found

"bring me the reaper
bring me a lawyer
i'll fight i'll take em on
you treat me like a killer
i ain't never hate ya
i'm a soldier on that road"
-M.I.A.

instructed him to dig, he noticed the sky was turning a different colour, and quickly becoming brighter. This frightened him greatly. He ran to the door to consult Viva, but found she had locked it. Uncertain what to do, he suddenly remembered how Viva had told him that the sky changes colour when god is coming, and then he heard Viva's voice in his head "Remember, Fucked Boy: run from the sun." He then did exactly what Viva had been telling to do for years, he ran. He ran as fast as he could, and saw the sun growing brighter and brighter so he started to close his eyes. He thought if he couldn't see the sun it couldn't hurt him, but then he grew warmer, and was sure he would implode at any moment. He was falling into hysterics, and kept running faster and faster. Finally he opened his eyes, and saw that the sun was completely up, but he had yet to implode. Fucked Boy felt certain he must have been spared because of Viva's close relationship with god.

Fucked Boy stopped running and looked around, he was in a place he could have never pictured. There were huge buildings everywhere he looked, and strange metal objects with wheels which rolled back and forth past him; he was amazed. The greatest thing, though, were all the people. He felt as though they were his brothers and sisters, because god also must have spared them. He was confused, though, because not a single one was wearing the special suit that he was wearing, and they all seemed to look at him in a funny way. This didn't bother him for long though, he chalked it up to the tall buildings, they must make these people immune to the toxic air. He shrugged.

Fucked Boy started walking toward the metal things, but they all started swerving, and the people controlling were giving him the salute that Viva had told him about. Fucked Boy greatly enjoyed this salute, and also raised his hand toward them and lifted his middle finger. They then started shaking their fists at him- he thought this must be a salute that Viva had never taught him, but he was ever so happy to return the gesture, it made him feel warm at heart.

Fucked Boy felt he was getting the hang of the great outdoors, although he was a little worried about getting home. Since he had run with his eyes closed he didn't really know how to get back. That's when he saw a man handing out papers, and shouting about the apocalypse Fucked Boy thought this man reminded him of Viva and decided to ask him if he knew how to get home. The man didn't

"Freedom of the press is limited to those who own one."

— A. J. Liebling

know how to get there, so Fucked Boy started telling the man about his knowledge of the apocalypse, and Viva's close relationship with god. The man then placed his hand on the fish bowl and started foaming at the mouth and rambling about god. Fucked Boy remembered what Viva said and looked around for the nearest brick wall, ran to it, and started to bash his head against it. This was much harder than Fucked Boy thought, due to the fish bowl breaking and making his head bleed profusely.

Fucked Boy noticed that he despite the broken glass and droplets of blood, he could breath quite well without the fish bowl, in fact he could breathe slightly better; this made him suspicious.

Eventually Fucked Boy became lonely and wanted to go home. He started asking people how to get home; a majority of the people would just look away, and walk faster. The few that would talk to him gave him no information about getting home, instead just kept asking about his special suit. He would explain, and wonder why they knew nothing of what he was talking about. They just kept laughing, and walking away.

After a time Fucked Boy began to realize that not everything Viva had taught him was completely true.

Fucked boy felt used and wondered why his mother had lied to him; he felt dirty. He thought maybe he should start believing in this new god. He went back to find the strange man who had been foaming at the mouth, and was relieved that he had stopped foaming, that would just make him sad and remind of Viva. He talked to this man for quite a while, until the man asked Fucked Boy if he would like to come live on his bible ranch. Fucked Boy wasn't quite sure about this idea until the man mentioned that they all wore matching purple running shoes, and Fucked boy could be the keeper of the chickens.

Fucked Boy was never heard of again, although, there are many rumors about his whereabouts. The most prominent one seems to be, that he spent the rest of his days teaching the word of god, to the chickens on the ranch which he had all named Viva.

It is said Viva eventually recovered from the coma, but never



00089

recovered from the loss of Fucked Boy. People say she still visited the storage unit everyday, and went about her days and nights as though Fucked Boy were still there. People say if you go there at night and listen closely, you can still hear her talking to Fucked Boy. Tex couldn't put up with the marriage anymore, he needed at least as much attention as a potted fern, but Viva, being day by day more obsessed with Fucked Boy, didn't even notice Tex. He eventually left, to became a Mormon, then married into the Druzzell family.

The End.

"That's it?" I asked.

Sweeney Zod nodded sadly. "That," he said. "is it. All we know is that it was written by a woman named Alison."

"Well . . . it's something." I responded. Fire Crotch approached me, "So you see what it is we plan to do then?"

I thought for a moment. I went over the story again in my mind. "Mmmm, nope."

Despite my ignorance Sweeney Zod beamed with delight. "It's fantastic. It's the ultimate form of Discord. What could cause more discord?"

"Nothing!" Fire Crotch responded. The rest of the group more or less stood around in the background.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, finally. "What are you planning to do?"

Fire Crotch grabbed my arm. "I found the next piece of the puzzle. The same day Sweeney found the story about Fucked Boy I had taken LSD and was watching the Late Late Late Late Late Show and what should be showing?"

I shrugged.

"Plan 9 From Outer Space!" she squealed. "Have you seen it?"

"One should respect public opinion in so far as it is necessary to avoid starvation and keep out of prison, but anything beyond this is voluntary submission to an unnecessary tyranny."

— Bertrand Russell

"A long time ago, yeah." I answered.

Sweeney clapped a firm hand on my shoulder. "Then you already know the plan. The story and the movie together should spell it out."

They smiled at me, but I chewed on the inside of my lips and stood shifting from foot to foot. The others hanging around offered no help whatsoever. "Uhhhhhhh . . ." I said. "Take over all other planets in the name of Fucked Boy?"

Fire Crotch's smile melted. "Where did you find this drip? I thought you said he was a Keeper of the Chao?"

Sweeney turned to me and said, "Don't you get it? We're going to destroy the sun! Just like Fucked Boy would have wanted!"

I'm pretty sure my expression did not betray exactly how monumentally stupid this idea was. "Destroy the sun?" I asked. "How?"

Fire Crotch answered, "I got the idea when watching Plan 9, the concept in the movie is that the aliens are fearing that we could create a bomb which could cause a chain reaction destroying all molecules of light in contact with each other. We begin to destroy them here, it follows the chain back to the source, and POOF the sun is gone."

"But . . . why?" I asked.

"Because it's what Fucked Boy would want!" she cried.

"AND," said Sweeney Zod. "Because it would be the ultimate display of Discord."

"But, the world would be gone too." I said.

"Who cares?" Sweeney giggled. "What's the world ever done for me?" He yanked the green blanket off the contraption next to him and revealed what appeared to be a large, old fashioned vacuum cleaner.





"What is it?" I asked.

"It's a large, old fashioned vacuum cleaner." he said. "Modified, of course."

"Heavily modified, to be exact." Fire Crotch added.

"I would imagine so." I said. "I hate to be a Greyface, but would it be wrong for me to object to this? To be perfectly honest I've been growing kind of attached to the planet the longer I live here. It's something of a codependent relationship, I admit, but all the same . . . "

"Don't be such a sheep!" she called. "Think for yourself once in your life."

"I am, actually. I simply don't wish to be destroyed along with the sun. Although I have to admit now that I've seen the device you plan to use to destroy the sun I'm not quite as nervous as I was before . . . it looks like a bit of a jalopy."

"Oh, it works." Sweeney Zod said.

"How would you know?" I asked.

"What do you mean how would I know? I built it, didn't I? I think I would know if it worked or not."

"Well, have you tested it?"

Fire Crotch laughed once, and jerked her thumb toward the window. "Does it look like we've tested it yet?"

"That's my point. If you haven't tested it, how do you know it works?"

Sweeney said, "My plans are foolproof. All the wiring is extremely exact, the coils were placed in by me, one by one, and the mercury retroscope is in perfect working order. All I have to do is push this red button, like so, an-

I don't believe in reason, objective reality or collective farming.

-King Missile

As Sweeney Zod pressed the red button, molecules of light began to disintegrate and everything nearby exploded in a spectacular chain-reaction, blowing Baron von Hoopla straight out of the story he was in, and back to page thirty-one.

-BARON VON HOOPLA

MODERN SISYPHUS

One night Quiche invited four friends over for some drinks and smoking. She invited Tab Matsui, who always worried about people and her boyfriend Don Mosher who was always worried about animals. She also invited Carmonita Scarfoni, who was always worried about life, and Toni Carboni, who was always worried about death. Drinks were poured, spliffs were lit, and conversation ensued. Tab never took spliffs overly well and soon began to worry about the people who were being afflicted by natural disasters. "There's nothing you can do to prevent something like that," she said, and began to weep. Don, her boyfriend, said "Think about the animals though, they truly have no idea what is happening. It must all be a mystery to them. Just like everything to us"

"What's a mystery?" Quiche asked.

Carmonita said, "life is a mystery. How can we know what the point is?"

Toni said, "You can't know the point until you've died. it's too profound." Quiche began to giggle. Don

turned to her. his drink splashing on the tabletop.

"How can you laugh. Quiche? Terrible things happen all the time. What's so funny?" Quiche spoke through a bouquet of laughter: "Everything."

Tab asked: "You think it's funny that we don't know the meaning of life?"

Quiche answered. "No."

"Well then. what's so funny?" Don asked.

Quiche turned to him. She smiled. "I find it funny that you all believe there is a meaning to the universe. There isn't."

Carmonita sat forward. "How can you dare to say that? If there isn't a meaning then there is no point in living!"

Quiche asked. "No?" and began to giggle again.

Toni sat very quietly. and finally said "Quiche is right. There is no point. If you think about it. it's perfectly obvious. There is no meaning to life."

Tab began to weep again. "Well then what are we living for?" Don answered: "Nothing."

Carmonita's face lit up. "We should kill ourselves!"

Toni turned to Carmonita. "Yes. you're right. It's the only logical response to an illogical universe."

As the four prepared to kill themselves Don noticed Quiche

was lighting up another joint. "What are you doing, Quiche? Aren't you going to kill yourself with us?" Quiche laughed again. "No, i have no intention of killing myself."

Tab asked, "But why? It was you that made us realize the universe has no point."

Quiche shrugged. "So?" was all she replied. Don turned away from Quiche. "forget her, she's just afraid. Come on, let's get on with it. I can't stand this world another second."

He, and the other three killed themselves, and fell back away from the table. Their feet stuck up in the smoky air. Quiche sat back, gathered their weed with hers, took another haul on the spliff, and said "This is the life . . ."

-BARON VON HOOPLA

**The two most
common elements
in the universe
are hydrogen and
stupidity.**

-Harlan Ellison





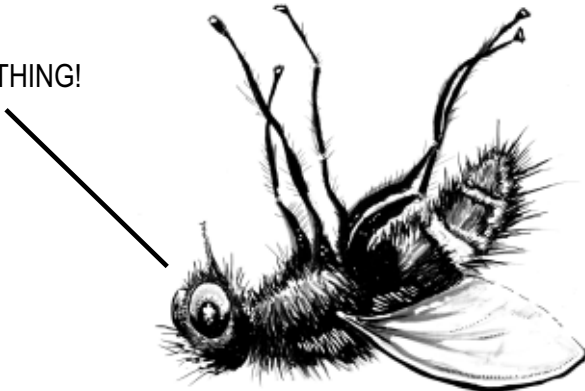
The answers
to everything?

you are free!



**“A little madness now and then
is relished by the wisest men.”
-Roald Dahl**

I REGRET NOTHING!



Every year on September the 9th the god of excess and righteous partying, Dionysus rose from the dead and threw a swinging bash, held on the peak of Mount Olympus; all of the the gods were invited, from the biggies like Aegis-bearing Zeus, down to the lower level monster gods, like Phorcys, all except for one: Eris, called Strife, goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Comedy and doo-wop tunes.

Dionysus, already completely smashed, climbed onto a tabletop and attempted to quiet the rowdy, drunken, and stoned gods so that he could welcome them all, for the twenty-third time. "My brothers and sisters," he called out. "Fathers and mothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, lovers and fighters, listen to me for just a fucking second before you go back to your pipes and beer-bongs . . ."

"C'mmn shit on m'face ya big hunka fssszl mffffllllllllllsssssss-" Pallas Athene said, standing suddenly, and then melting back onto the bench she had been sitting on. The gods and goddesses erupted in boisterous laughter.

"Did she ask me to shit on her face?" Dionysus asked. "It doesn't matter, I would have, anyway, by the end of the night . . . my glorious friends, I am so happy to be with you all again, and see all of your beautiful faces . . . and beautiful asses, and, and- well, anyway, I want to thank every god and goddess for showing up tonight-"

A bold female voice sounded suddenly throughout the room. **NOT EVERY GODDESS WAS INVITED, BUT ALL ARE PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR . . . NOW.**

All the heads swung around, some more slowly than others, and wearily looked at the stunningly tall and beautiful goddess standing in the doorway, wrapped in golden robes. "Eh . . . Eh . . . Eh . . ." Dionysus stammered. **ERIS**, the goddess of Chaos finished. Dionysus moved down from the table top, and approached the goddess. "I meant to invite you, Eris, you know we're tight, you and me . . . it's just that the others . . . they, uh, they get worried about the trouble you cause."

PAY IT NO MIND, DIONYSUS, I HOLD NO MALICE FOR YOU, OR FOR ANY OF YOU . . . IT IS TO BE EXPECTED. BUT, I BRING YOU A GIFT, AS A TOKEN OF GOODWILL.

Eris held out a long plant with a stem which had five sides, surrounded by five green sepals, and bell shaped flowers hung from it. **THIS IS BELLADONNA, ALSO KNOWN AS THE LOVE APPLE . . . ADD SOME OF THIS TO YOUR WINE FOR A REAL KICK, TEQUILA HAS NOTHING ON THIS.**

Dionysus took the belladonna from her, looked down at it, and said "Thank you, Eris, that's very big of you. Would you care to stay?"

NO, I MUST BE GOING . . . CAPTAIN BEEFHEART IS SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYING AT THE MONTEREY POP FESTIVAL, I HAVE TO GO SLIP HIM SOME ACID TO FUCK IT UP . . . IF HE PLAYS THERE HE'LL BECOME HUGE AND LOSE ALL HIS CULT CRED. TA TA . . .

And, with that she was gone. Dionysus turned and looked at the all the faces around him, quadrupled visually by the chemicals flowing through his white god blood. "Should we?" he asked.

Aegis-bearing Zeus stood, wobbling, and said: "Gimme that fucking plant with all speed . . . no mere flower frightens the king of all gods, no matter what the effect." Then snatched the belladonna from Dionysus' grip, crushed them up barehanded, and sprinkled the remains into a large decanter of wine. The wine was passed around, and all of the gods took a goblet full, even Pallas Athene, who was looking a rather unattractive shade of chartreuse.

After a few minutes Apollo said, "Oohh, I'm FeeLInG iT . . ." and began to run his fingers through his gossamer hair. White-armed Hera sat forward and said "I dOn'T FeeL ANyTHiNG!" while twisting her lip around between her fingers. Aegis-bearing Zeus stood, and placed his fingers to his temples. "Do yOu FeeL thAt?" he asked the assembled gods and goddesses. "Do yOu See ThAT? dO You hEAr tHat?"

All the divine beings quieted down, and listened, and looked, and felt . . . and just as Hera repeated "I DON'T FeeL ANyTHiNG!" all of them began to share a single hallucination. In the hallucination they saw the world, and the world was perfectly quiet . . . the view zoomed in closer and they could see Athens and Sparta, the buildings, the trees, the animals . . . but it was all so quiet. "WhERE iS eveRYoNe?" Aphrodite asked. "WHY Is iT sO QuiET?" asked Hephaestus. "I dOn'T FeeL ANyTHiNG!" cried Hera.

Then, they did see people, walking glumly here and there, chatting mundanely about the weather, which was always good. They saw more and more people, until the humans were walking shoulder to shoulder, all with blank expressionless eyes. They saw children picking up toys of horses, and then tossing them over cliffs into the sea, watching them as they washed away. They saw people who simply stared at a single spot for hours and hours until falling asleep.

"WHat IS tHiS?" cried Demeter. "IT's aWFul!"

Pallas Athene called out then, and sounded much more like her usual self: "DoN't ANy oF YOu sEE? aRE yoU aLL so BlINd? IT is A vISion oF a WoRLd WthouT StriFE. ThE poPulaTionS aRE grOWinG ToO LArge aNd pEOPlE Are BecOMinG jaDeD . . ."

"ArE thEre nO PoETS, oR musICians?" asked Apollo. Athena turned to him, saying, "WHat woULd thEY teLL ABout? WHat woULd thEY sInG ABout? HoW PInk tHiS fLowEr iS cOMparEd to ThAt? iT is A woRLD oF TEdiuM . . . LiFE haS no MEanInG fOr thEm . . . ThEY haVE no LowS tO coMParE to tHe hIghs . . . iT IS maDNeSS"

Dionysus looked at Athena, and then at Zeus. "WE weRe foolS." he said, simply, and quietly. "WE trEAtEd OUr siSTEr Eris LiKE an OUtCast . . . liKe hER CONtribUTIONS WEre WorThlEss . . . WHen REally . . ."

". . . ThEy MEan EVeryTHinG." Athena finished. "MOraLiTy, HAppIneSS, BEAutY, ArT . . . All aRe basEd oN Strife."

White-armed Hera looked at all of the other gods and goddesses while they pondered this, and after a pause said: "I dOn'T FeeL ANyTHiNG."

High above the temple of Dionysus, Eris chuckled to herself, and floated up high high high into the sky.

SEIRMON #9: THERE ARE NO BARS OR CAGES

"It is a great shock to discover that, in a world of Gary Coopers, you are the Indian."

-James Baldwin

"I have the horror of death with the still greater horror of living."

-Oscar Wilde (In reading gaol (prison), March 10, 1896)

"Monkey wants the food pellet, monkey pushes the button."

-The Good Reverend Roger, during a vicious drunk, 2003

Brothers and Sisters, sinners and mutants, freaks and walking glitches, I bid you a good evening. This evening, we are gonna talk about prisons.

Now, there are a few different kinds of prisons...there is The Big House, The Prison of Toil, and the Prison of Your Frickin' Head.

The Big House, as we all know, is the prison they send you to when you get caught breaking one of their rules (Which, as Kafka noted, you can't help doing. The rules are so complex, you WILL break them, every day). We aren't gonna talk too much about this type of prison, because you can see that on any network, though not so much now as the last couple of years...save for this: All of those prison TV shows, "Inside reports", "OZ", "The Big House", ad infinitum, ad nauseum, are there for a reason. The lesson they impart, my friends, is this: If you get out of line, we'll put you in a cell with people like THESE!

The Prison of Toil, however, is a prison they put you into starting at age 5. You are placed in an unnatural state for a juvenile primate; you are forced to wear clothes, sit in an uncomfortable position, and stay still for HOURS while they teach ya the proper art of the Fnord. You are told that you must excel, so you can go to college, where presumably, the Fnords can't get you. Once you get to college, however, you are told that you must continue to

**I think you had better start
lining your hat with tinfoil.**

00099

"There is in every madman a misunderstood genius whose idea, shining in his head, frightened people, and for whom delirium was the only solution to the strangulation that life had prepared for him"

-Antonin Artaud

toil, so that you can get a good job...you STILL aren't safe from the Fnords. Then, one day, you graduate to the supposed "real world", where you are told that you must now work hard for your parole at 65...because if you don't the Fnords will make you eat dog-food in your retirement...WHAT A SUPRISE! The Fnords don't eat children, they eat senior citizens. They lied AGAIN! The problem is, even if you DO follow their advice, you are still screwed. By the time you are paroled, you are too old to enjoy it, and just like real prison, most inmates don't LIVE long enough to GET parole. What can you do about this? How can you escape THIS prison, which has no bars (though many inmates DO have cells, or cubes as we call them)? Well first, you have to escape the REAL prison, The Prison of Your Frickin' Head.

The Prison of Your Frickin' Head is the worst jail of all...As G.G. Gordon once said, "Where can you run, where can you hide, when the man in blue is on the INSIDE?" This is the prison from which very few people get out alive. There is NO parole, and you will spend all the days of your life inside it, should you not escape. This is the prison built for you by those around you, with your willing help. It is done in the following fashion:

1. You are convinced by society that you are not good enough, and that all of your accomplishments so far have been GOOD LUCK. You will be found out for (as RAW said) the "no good shit" you are. The only escape from this is ego-training, or stupidity. Most talented people think, deep down inside, that they are frauds. Most utter fools consider themselves gawd-like. Go figure.
2. You are told by society that they are watching. Just who they are is never made clear; but it IS made clear that they had better not catch you in any funny business, or you are screwed. (Of course, they are the Fnords)
3. You are taught to "fit in", one way or the other. Either you fit in to the mold the establishment sets up for you, or you rebel...and most rebels tend to fit into one group or another (Goth, Punker, New-age bliss zombie, Discordian, Subgenius, etc)...and if you aren't careful you fall into the conformity of non-conformists. If you don't dress a certain way, or mouth the correct ritual sayings,

you are obviously a "normal" or a "grayface"...Despite the fact that the weirdest freaks, the truest Yeti, usually BLEND RIGHT IN!

So what do we do about it? How do we escape? We escape SYSTEMATICALLY. You don't saw each bar a little at a time, you whack each bar out, methodically...thus:

1. For the ingrained failure complex, use ego-training. Not that "I'm good enough, I'm smart enough" affirmation shyt, either. No, you are superior. This is proven by the fact that you even noticed the cage in your head at all! When you look in the mirror, don't THINK there are no flaws, KNOW there are no flaws. When you screw up, screw up catastrophically! ROLL IN YOUR MISTAKES! WALLOW IN THEM, AND LEARN FROM THEM. Most "normals" will start wars to avoid admitting they made a mistake. Don't fall into that trap. When you are no longer afraid of mistakes, you will make less of them, and you WON'T CARE about the ones you still DO make.

2. There is no they. You've been lied to, all these years. THERE ARE NO FNORDS! There never have been. The cage is only in your head, there is no warden, and we are all free, should we realize it. It's all a colossal LIE. Now, most people are afraid of freedom. They might make a mistake...for that, see #1. As far as getting caught and going to The Big House, well, if you can't outwit the morons who run the system, then you aren't much of a Yeti after all, are you? LIE to them, SMILE in their face, and KEEP YOUR BOBDAMNED MOUTH SHUT AFTER PRANKS! He who kicks society in the crotch and shuts his mouth, usually lives to kick it again tomorrow.

3. Don't worry about fitting in. Just because you LIKE to dress like a Goth, for example, doesn't make you a conformist...provided that's REALLY why you do it (as opposed to seeking acceptance from Goths). If you say to yourself, "Is my image perfect today", you are probably screwing up. If you say, "Cool" when you look in the mirror, you're probably ok...the best rule is, if you are BEING YOURSELF, don't sweat it.

Or kill me.

-THE GOOD REVEREND ROGER

As the Euclidean would have it, irrationality is the square root of all evil.

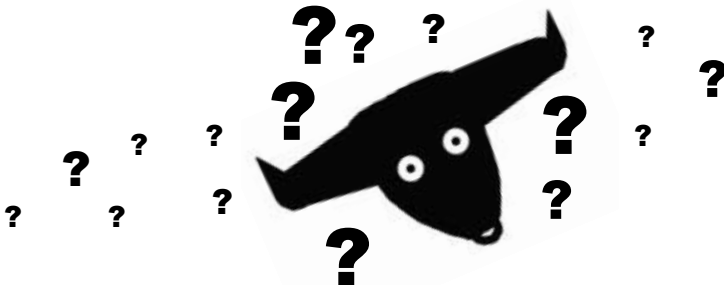
THE SACRED BULL

As Enrico stepped off tuna boat onto fine soil of this country he was immediately molested by a strange man in a ruffled suit with crazed eyes. Normally this would not bother Enrico at all, on the contrary, he advertises for it . . . but this man wasn't interested in Enrico's crotch at all, he was only interested in talking religion and philosophy. He asked Enrico, "Do you believe there is such thing as a true religion?"

Enrico snorted and replied "Isn't pornography the religion in this country?"

He told Enrico that it was not, which saddened Enrico for a few moments, it was after all why Enrico had come to this country in the first place. Immediately his visions of becoming a pope of porn melted away . . . he would have to find other ways to get people to accept his 'host', he relized. He was only sad for a moment, of course, because Enrico rarely has to do much persuading, being the virile testicle squid he is.

The man pulled a medalion from under his shirt and waved it before Enrico's eyes. Enrico, in turn pulled seventeen medalions from under his shirt and waved them around too, thinking 'what strange customs these beautiful faggots have', but was distracted from his inner monologue by the man saying "This is called the Sacred Cow."



"Sacred Cow?" Enrico asked, then added: "In Enrico's homeland that is Beatrice Arthur."

"No no," the man said. "Cow! See Ayche Aye Oh. Cow. It is the singular version of Chaos."

"Chaos." repeated Enrico.

"Yes," the man said. "Chaos is the natural state of the universe. Aspects of chaos are order and disorder. Both are natural, so do not shun the disorder as false, it is true."

"You speak bullshit," Enrico laughed. "Enrico likes that."

"This is not bullshit. This is truth that will set you free."

"No." said Enrico. "Is bullshit. But, bullshit is important."

The man's eyes widened in amazement. "Bullshit? Important? Why?"

Enrico was surprised that the concept of Bull hadn't been taught to this man. What else was going to be different in this country?

"Bullshit is very important." Enrico told the man. "Bullshit should be spread far and wide. Always spread bullshit wherever you go."

"Why?" asked the man.

"Is simple. If you speak to someone and tell them truth you have made them think nothing, is true?"



"No, they think about what you said."

"How many peoples do you know?" Enrico asked. "Most peoples, they are not completely right in the head. Most peoples accept your information like a baby goat accepts your root. If you give them bullshit, though, the person will later find out about it, become angry, but then they will need to go look up the information themselves. They will need to use their own head gravy, instead of relying on other peoples to do their thinking for them . . . in this way bullshit is very very important. So spread bullshit everywhere, my fine friendly faggot."

Enrico was about to leave when the man called out to him "But what if they never find out that the information is bullshit?"

Enrico turned back to the man. He shrugged. "Fuck em. If they are that stupid they deserve to stay that way."

And that is how Enrico taught the silly Discordian about the Sacred Bull.

ENRICO SALAZAR



← **¡ O MonstRO !**

"Peoples are full of dumb."

-Generalissimo Enrico Ritzibottom Salazar

**Cthulhu
Saves!**
(He might get
hungry later.)

THE TRUTH, THE LIE

In the beginning, there was Truth.
It was not good because there was nothing else to compare Truth with.
Then came life.
It was also True but it was not good because everything was True.
Then civilization showed us the necessity of un-Truth.
Thus was allowed Truth to be raped and now we're the bastard princes of the Earth.
Thanks a lot, asshole.

NOT SO EARLY MORNING

Not so early morn

You can see just as many happy faces as you can see twenty-three.
...that fake-marble-tile floor that they somehow spread on like putty: that's
where faces of multicoloured specks, mostly pirates, sailors and the usual
bearded lot...

encourage me to think more about intuition and the power of positive thinking,
which perhaps are the results of the mind organizing .

Organization = comfort
roles = rules
understanding = confidence

Are humans always trying to organize?...do hunters and gatherers have to
organize as we urban devils have to organize?... life's got a lot going on and
you better know what the hell that going on comprises itself of. You have to
know where things are, where things are going to be or at least have an idea
of where something might be, eventually.

Lost?

Me too.

-DAVE WESTGARTH

THE TROOF ABOUT DISCORDIANS

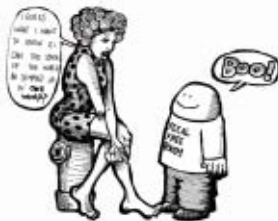
The Troof about Discordians is very hard for many people to take. Mainly because many of them are idiots from the land of Thud, who spew the same shit out of their mouth as they do out of their asses. Fluffy bunnies detest Discordians. We deserve it of course, there's nothing quite as fun as dismantling the weak-minded world view of a bunch of new-age neohippies who think that they can free the world by thinking thoughts of love and light (and of course by buying all the stones, tarot cards, and various other magical accoutrement's possible, not to mention all the Silver RavenWolf books that can be easily bought at Barnes and Noble). A note to Fluffy Bunnies, you will never free anyone by giving in.

So, here is what you should never expect from a Discordian (of course, many of them will give it to you anyway, just to see what happens):

1 - Sympathy. We know you've caused most of your own problems. Get a life that involves something other than bitching and moaning to us. Of course, there are some people that have REAL problems, and most of us feel sorry for kids with Downs Syndrome. Well, maybe on some level of which we are not aware.

2 - Manners. Many of us think many of the niceties that society has set down are laughable. Most of us have basic manners, and won't shit on your chest (unless you make us angry...or ask us nicely). But really, if you look bad (and don't have something we happen to be sympathetic towards) we will probably tell you. Partly because it will be fun. Partly because many of us feel that honesty is the best policy (but only while everyone else is lying).

3 - Agreeability. This sort of ties in to Manners up above. Just because all of your stupid little friends think that your ideas are great, does not mean that we will, do, or have to. If it looks like a pile of shit, and smells like a pile of shit, I will tell you that it's a



Anarchy - it's not the law. it's just a good idea.

pile of shit. We don't care if we hurt your feelings (unless of course you happen to be in the loophole of #1). Sometimes we agree just to see how absurdly far you will take it, because it is fun for us. But, please remember, we are all very lazy (the SubGenii have inserted mind probes into all of us...) and you're probably not worth the effort.

4 - Work. We do what we want to do when we want to do it. (unless of course it falls under the important provisions of #1 and #2). You are probably not worth the amount of effort it would take to get a result. If you happen to be smart enough, you can probably get us to do something by suggesting that it's close enough to what we're doing anyway. Most of you are not that smart, so give up now.

5 - Love & Light. Just because we happen to be close to being Pagan does not mean we are happy little Wiccans parading about in our ritual robes and cool velvet cloaks (although, I have been meaning to buy myself a cloak, because attending rituals in the cold desert night air makes my nipples hard). The whole Pagan thing is coincidence anyway. Eris was around long before the Greeks got ahold of her very pleasant bosom and convinced her to join up with them. She probably did it because it felt like a good opportunity for a mindfuck. Being the Goddess that she is, she was right of course, and it continues to be a mindfuck.

And now, here are some things you should probably expect from a Discordian (although these rules are much harder to pin down, and are subject to more exceptions than the first list):

1 - Attitude. We didn't get to where we are today (nowhere) by being pussywhipped. If you meet a timid Discordian he's probably lying. Don't worry, he'll show his true stripes soon enough (or, because he can cut the butter, he'll avoid anyone who would tell him he's pussywhipped).

2 - Rebel-ness. Some of us just want to change ourselves. Some of us want to change the world. There are support groups for this. Sometimes they are called prison ass-rapings. Sometimes they are called mandated therapy. Sometimes they are called police brutality. It's okay, we like it that way. Just remember, if you get

"Emancipate yourself from mental slavery . . ."
- Bob Marley

"It's not who you are that matters, it's who you think you are that counts."

-Andy Warhol

in our way we will use the chainsaw on your head. Most of us have special clothes we wear for when blood splatters. And besides, you'll be useful in She Who Eats Souls's zombie army.

3 - Eccentricity. We don't care what other people think. Yes, we are strange. Yes, most of the rumors are true (although the Gorilla claimed she didn't know sign language, the story got out anyway). Yes, our sense of humor is a bit...off color. We do it because it's fun. And, because it creeps you out.

4 - Humor. We want to have fun. Much of the time we don't care if it's at your expense.

5 - A Smile. It's probably because we're up to something. Or, because we got laid last night. Or, because we just farted. You should probably watch out if one of us is smiling. No, really, I mean it.

-ZURTOK KHAN

THINK FOR YOURSELF, SCHMUCK!

...it's your own trip so be my guest but please be advised that there is a warnign on that one...

-soem guy during woodstock. allegedly.

...buy the ticket, take the trip...

-hst, on soemthing i forget.

So you've read the principia discordia and immidiately dismissed it as bullshit. you're hating on everyone who calls themselves a discordian or hangs out at discordian websites, encluding yoruself, because you hate hypocrites and you hate yourself. or because you suck at life mroe than you suck at whatever it is

**We are what we pretend to be, so
we must be careful what we
pretend to be.**

-Kurt Vonnegut

you're currently deluding yourself into believing your good at. or whatever.

if you're not on what 'm on a bout don't worry, neither am i. nevertheless, you've missed the most important truth of the principia discordia, which will not be revealed here. you'll have to find that one yourself.

easy for you to say! you don't REALLY know. there probably is no secret! it's all bullshit!

maybe, but maybe it didn't make you giggle the first read through, or tantalize the old thinking processes just a bit. maybe it didn't start a slow but cascading, and eventually catalytic reaction in your brain chemistry that eventually resulted in being like an arrow shot straight to hell.

that's a metaphysical metaphor btw, for the direction one's life is sent when one starts opening one's eyes and looking about.

invariably, the variables will completely fucking confuse you. mr mother fucking mammamoto's nose? who the fuck cares who ate it? his brother mr momamoto ate it? no correction, it was in fact mr. mammamoto who ate his own nose. or was it his brothers? and you drink coffee for the temperature and the sweetness of the sugar and cream, not the flavour. obviously. even if cold coffee is disgusting, frapacino's aside, consider that that damned pink bopok that you hide everytime someone comes over, (or possibly have long ago hidden or destroyed, preferably shot upon then burnt) did tickle your head just a bit. maybe you still consider what the answer may be to the mathematical proposition forwarded in one aspect of the book which i do not care to reference by page number nor by paragraph title, if one should exist.

consider that for all the half truths, and lies, outright, obscene and admitted to underneath, but in juxtaposition (maybe, i forget- fuck it) to the alleged lie blasphemy or urgings to procreate your own species or that of other species, was not only a gag, but a badly planned shit disturber for the frontal lobe of that lovely sub molecular machine encased in that thick skull of yours.

i don't know if i'm coming close here or not, but let's say i've

All suspects are innocent until proven Discordian in a Court of Chaos.

repealed the law that bind men and women together and keep teh apart for the moment, and then sell the word limit into human slavery. consider that we are not only not free, but we are each destined, fated even to ahve to make teh choices we make, lament tha this is not how it's sposed top be and curse free choice. this is teh predestination we are dmaned with. this is yoru mother speaking.

you see we are not anymore alive than a car or a motehrfucking toaster is alive. we are machines. you coudl say we are the cadillac, the mercedes benz of real ultimate power, the ultimate species which controls all of us robots, the genome.

if you obey justice, move zig
-katz

this monster of a motherfucker is so unliek and alien to understanding in terms of thinking, repoducing , and doing whatever it is that they/it/she/he yo momma! does, that you will undoubtedly have better luck proving the existence of wmd's in iraq, that aliens control teh jewish nazi bankers which paid the republican party to crash that plane into the wtc on september eleventh whatever the fuck year it was, and the existence of god and his or her or whaetver gender specification yor prefer and the damn things direct interevention into our lives on a daily basis, including the horror that is touched by an angel (WEEEEEOOOOOO!!!!)

so if i may digress, and get abck to teh matter before us, we are here, wherever we may be temporally, we aare here in this place, these forums, digitally, how we came here? probaly looking for someone to talk abotu this damend book, teh principia discordia. alot of us by now have realized that there's not much to it, and have added. some of us have felt sliighted by this inanimate object, bound in pink or yellow, and have sought to tear it down. others, simply come fo rthe cookies and pie. who are we to judge or strike them down?

talk about jesus christ as if you know the reasons why, and he did it all for you...

- perfect circle

you see if jesus did come up in this motehrfucker, hed be like i

"Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it."

— George Bernard Shaw

forgive you, and then he'd use his uber powers of wrathfulness to turn us into dust, for the bible tells me so. either way, no one gets out of here alive. so greet death smiling, and blow that ol' whore a kiss. she's only doing her job like 9 out of every ten cops on the beat. get over it. we're all hurtling through space on this motherfucking rock trying to figure out double yoo tee eff is going on, how to get ahead, for better or worse, at our own expense or others. this is the tao, there's no getting around it, no confining it further than the confinement already imposed by the soup we swim through daily, and the time we're condemned to serve here, by our jailor, the universe. damnable as it may be, whether you believe in it or not, it is the way it is, and that's just how it is. bitch and whine, it doesn't give a damn, not because it's cruel, or mean, but because it simply is what it is.

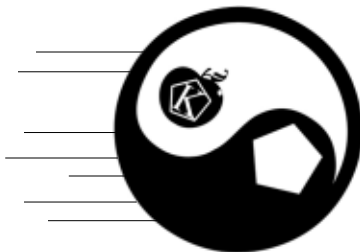
"The most thoroughly and relentlessly Damned, banned, excluded, condemned, forbidden, ostracized, ignored, suppressed, repressed, robbed, brutalized and defamed of all Damned Things is the individual human being. The social engineers, statisticians, psychologists, sociologists, market researchers, landlords, bureaucrats, captains of industry, bankers, governors, commissars, kings and presidents are perpetually forcing this Damned Thing into carefully prepared blueprints and perpetually irritated that the Damned Thing will not fit into the slot assigned it. The theologians call it a sinner and try to reform it. The governor calls it a criminal and tries to punish it. the psychologist calls it a neurotic and tries to cure it.

Still, the Damned Thing will not fit into their slots.

-Robert Anton Wilson writing as Hagbard Celine in the Illuminatus Trilogy.

there is no maybe anywhere.

-HORAB FIBSLAGER



00111

Dear Muddy,

BoomTime, 52 Chaos, YOLD 3172

Cheer up, Muddy, remember that life is short. Life is often brutal and depressing, have fun while you're able. Smile, laugh, giggle, even guffaw when you can. Muddy, you and I both know that there were times when you had fun, I've even seen you attempt to roller-skate. Granted, that was during the Carter Administration, but still, the joie de vivre was in your blood then and can't truly be snuffed out, once ignited. I'd give my Aunt Jodie's wooden left leg to see you jitterbugging all over the rink again, with a pillow tied to your fanny.

Muddy, what's wrong with walking in the rain? The term 'acid rain' is mostly poetic anyway, nobody I know curled up and died from letting some drops fall on their tongue. Do you think you're made from sugar? I used to think so, but now I'm not so sure . . . care to prove to me you are?

Don't work so hard, Muddy, the work will always be there. Like what people say about making the bed, it just gets messed up again anyway. Remember that work is for money, and that money is for fun, so in the end work is just a means to an end.

Muddy, why do you reject the amusement park? Don't you realize those wonderful places are the earthly temples of Eris? They are a veritable diorama of our entire planet, metaphorically showing us what the world can be, if we want it to be. Yes, the rides sometimes derail, and yes, nasty people sometimes abduct kiddies, but you can't focus on the bad, or that's all you will see. Think about the fun-house, and the corn dogs, the popcorn, the roller-coaster, and the Fat Lady, my lord, don't ever forget the Fat Lady. When she cries, Muddy, she cries for you . . . but when she sings, she sings for the world.

Why don't you sing, Muddy? Are you afraid your pipes have rusted up over the years? Well, I'm a plumber, Muddy, and I can help rattle those pipes if you will only allow yourself to loosen the foundations. When I sing I can feel it all the way down to my disco-dancing toes, and it seems to bring an electric charge to every atom in this prison I call my body, you don't think you could use that kind of boost? While I'm on the topic, why don't you dance Muddy? I've even seen dogs and cats tango together under a grapefruit moon, do you think you're better than them?

Why don't you join us, Muddy, we love you. We want you to look back at the end and say that you lived every day to it's fullest. Will you really care when you are on your way out whether you were always calm, cool and collected, or will you just care that you lived? Muddy, remember what my friend Sally once said: "What good is sitting all alone in your room? Come hear the music play . . . life is a cabaret, old chum. Come to the cabaret."

your loving chum,

-BVH

23 STEPS TO A HAPPIER YOU

- 1** Wake then bake. Wash, rinse, repeat.
- 2** Wearing muumuu's brings you closer to Mummu.
- 3** Be gay & merry. Not literally homo gay, unless that's your bag, in which case be homo gay.
- 4** Cd's and mp3's may sound cleaner, but vinyl has S-O-U-L.
- 5** Once a year everyone should go camping. Become one with nature and one with a bottle(s) of beer.
- 6** Take note: pigeons are robots. Watch what you say.
- 7** Pigeons can't be the only robots. Ponder that.
- 8** Who deserves gifts more than you?
- 9** Find a bog. Visit the bog.
- 10** The giraffe is proof that mother nature has a sense of humor. No? Well then, what about the duck-billed Platypus? Dude - it's poisonous. Booya!
- 11** If everyone in the world took ecstasy today, war would end tomorrow. BUT imagine the crash the day after that.
- 12** Xylophones and marimbas are highly under used, and under appreciated.

- 13** Macrame plant-holders bring peace.
- 14** Why should socks be only black or white?
- 15** Neck poking is fun. Nobody expects it, and it gets quit a reaction. Wet willies are juvenile; neck poking is the way of the future.
- 16** Why not make your world corduroy?
- 17** Never socialize with any chump with the initials K.K.
- 18** If you wear ponchos, stop. If you don't wear ponchos, start. Whatever you are currently doing is wrong.
- 19** It's called picking up a book bozo. Expanding your mind doesn't start tomorrow.
- 20** All bamboo furniture should be burned. Mmmm . . . roasted marshmallows.
- 21** Every well-rounded person should be able to twist a balloon doggie.
- 22** Statistically, there is a possibility that a single trampoline jump could take you all the way to the moon.
- 23** $2 + 3 = 6$

-JOOLS McMILLAN

“Deep in the heart of me is you.”
-Patti Smith

REJOICE!

REJOICE!

You are the persecuted ones.

You will never be accepted.

You will never be initiated with the
rites of power.

You will never be permitted into the
caste of the ruling classes.

You will be persecuted until the ends
of time.



REJOICE!

Unlike the Christian Church, which rose
from persecuted to persecutor, you will
never be empowered, never be
authorized, never be in charge.

You are persecuted. You will always be
persecuted.

You will be branded heretic.

You will be denounced from the pulpit
and the television screen.

You will be scrutinized by civilization
and found lacking in virtue.

You will be swept up with the devil's
debris.

**You mean you need drugs
to hallucinate?**

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REJOICE!

Unlike Al-Qaeda, which rose from
obscurity to celebrity, you will never
be considered, never be feared, never
suffer from delusions of grandeur.

Q: How many tentacles
has Great Cthulhu got?

A: Too many.

You are in the minority. You will
always be in the minority.

You will be passed over, discarded,
downsized, disposed, and trashed.

You will be dismissed as an
irrelevancy.

No one will come to your aid.

You are alone.



REJOICE!

Unlike everyone else, who rises from
proletarian to consumerist machine, you
will never be programmed, never be
brainwashed, never be owned.

For you swim against the stream, you
are strong.

You are the lone voice in a
materialistic wilderness.

You are the crazed prophet.

You are the voice of irrationality in a
world of brutalizing sanity.

You are the pavement cracks.

You are the lost stuff of history.

You are not of what they are.

And for that you will be unmercifully
hounded like the rats of the black plague.



REJOICE!

Take comfort.

For you are the persecuted ones.

-GNIMBLEY

**“Not by wrath, but by
laughter, do we slay”.**
- Nietzsche

DISCORDIAN STROGANOFF

1-2 lb. grass-fed round steak (cut in cubes or strips)
2 T olive oil
2 T butter
1/2 C diced onions
1-2 garlic cloves
1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 T soy sauce
1 T Worcestershire sauce
1 C sour cream
8 oz. wide egg noodles

Melt oil and butter in pan. Add beef to pan. When beef is browned, remove it from the pan. Add onions, garlic, mushrooms and sauté until onions are glazed and clear. Add soups, soy sauce, Worcestershire sauce while stirring to combine.

Add sour cream and stir. Add browned beef. Baked covered in 275 degree oven 2-3 hrs. or cook in crock pot on low.

Serve over wide cooked egg noodles.

What makes this recipe Discordian? **Attitude.**

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