

The

Discordia

Totalis

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Epilogue

Discord, Discordia, Discordians, Eris, and YOU! Rev. Pope/Mome Shiny Beads

Hail **ERIS** all hail *Discordia!* Its the rallying cry of the Legionnaires of Dynamic Discord, who all march to the beat of their own drummer, and in different directions! ERIS said *I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.* Discordians take this statement quite personally. "**Free**" as fans of the open source movement say, comes in two versions, there is **Free** as in beer, and **Free** as in speech. A better way to say it is *Gratis vs Libre.* People claim to want the latter, but are so quick to give it away for the former. Free as in speech, as in what ERIS tells us we all are, is not just free within certain conditions, but the understanding that we are completely and utterly *Free.*

Of course your allowed to speak your mind when what you have to say meets the status quo, praising a tyrant rarely gets you jailed in the country they happen to rule within, thats not being free, to be free is to call the tyrant an ass and the decisions made pure poppycock, without fear! And guess what, you can... there are those who do so and are jailed. With this they understand that the idea of being free is not a physical state, but an enlightened one. They won't be able to jail your thoughts, your ideas, the swirl of concepts in your head. No jail, no bullet can remove your beliefs, you can only give them up, they can't be taken from you. They say John Dillinger escaped prison by believing he could walk through the walls, and thus did so.

People say to be this free is tantamount to pure anarchy, to do anything you want, to say anything you want, to act upon any base desire you wish, you would create pure Chaos! But listen, Discordians don't want to create Chaos, and they cannot create it, because ERIS Herself is Chaos, Discordians simply accept Chaos as Her, and with the knowledge that the more something tries to impose Order on any system, it only escalates Disorder, because there is no difference between the two, there is only Order and Disorder, and they are the same thing.

You cannot stand in front of a wave and stop it, for it simply flows around you. Disorder, and Order are fluid, accept this, accept ERIS, and all the frustration of things that should go right, become funny aspects of this basic understanding, what will go wrong can go right and vice versa.

Don't expect the unexpected, let the fool defy the foolproof plan, allow the groundhog to see its shadow and make love to it. Understand that with all your knowledge, that you know nothing, and you might get a glimpse of what She means when she says the words *I am alive, and I tell you that you are free!*

Read this book again, and remember the fifth commandment of the Pentabarf. Accept ERIS, accept Her words that you are free, and accept nothing more unless you know its nothing more than Order and Disorder.

Hail ERIS, All Hail Discordia!

A Note...

What you hold within your hands is a compilation of Five of the great works of Discordianism, plus an addendum of the Apocrypha, which isn't just great, but almost essential to the larger understanding of Discordianism.

Note this is not all the works of Discordia, and despite the name 'Totalis' its not the total works, because there are literally hundreds of smaller works, essays, jokes, messages, and silly-walks, attributed to Discordianism. But in essence because now you too are a Discordian Pope (or Mome), anything you say and or do can be considered important works of Discordianism. Because of this stipulation it is not just impossible, it is just insane to try and collect all the works into one great tome (but oh what a tome it would be).

But it does give you (and anyone else who reads this, unless they are a cabbage of course) a pretty good grounding of Discordianism, just enough to know you should throw it all away and just do whatever the hell you damn want anyways, and that is perfectly correct.

Also note that most of the great works of Discordianism are done by those who are "*Keepers of the Sacred Chao*" (they place KSC at the end of their names). However I am not a "*Keeper of the Sacred Chao*", Eris hasn't shown up to me and beaten me silly with a rubber emu. Who knows, by going forth and doing her works, she might just show up one day and grant me wisdom through a forced LSD colonic, or simply bum a smoke (despite the fact I don't smoke) and tell me an anecdote. I don't doubt she will show up at least once in my life (she has probably done so already, just not that I know of) and I will understand why KSCs usually rue the day from then on, but then no one said being KSC was easy. I just know that these works especially the main Principia have already changed my life, granted me wisdom, immortality, and sex with hot hot llama's, that I felt it was time to spread the work to others with the understanding that they too need a serious hit upside the head of Discordianism. It worked for me, and it will work for you too!

Enjoy

*Reverend Pope/Mome Shiny Beads
Spreading the word via 2x4 since 3171 YOLD*

Book I:

The Principia

Discordia

PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

• OR •

*How I Found Goddess
And What I Did To Her
When I Found Her*



THE MAGNUM OPIATE OF MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER

WHEREIN IS EXPLAINED
ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING WORTH KNOWING
ABOUT ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING

INTRODUCTION

You hold in your hands one of the Great Books of our century fnoord.

Some Great Books are recognized at once with a fusillade of critical huzzahs and gonfolons, like Joyce's *Ulysses*. Others appear almost furtively and are only discovered 50 years later, like *Moby Dick* or Mendel's great essay on genetics. The *Principia Discordia* entered our space-time continuum almost as unobtrusively as a cat-burglar creeping over a windowsill.

In 1968, virtually nobody had heard of this wonderful book. In 1970, hundreds of people from coast to coast were talking about it and asking the identity of the mysterious author, Malaclypse the Younger. Rumors swept across the continent, from New York to Los Angeles, from Seattle to St. Joe. Malaclypse was actually Alan Watts, one heard. No, said another legend – the *Principia* was actually the work of the Sufi Order. A third, very intriguing myth held that Malaclypse was a pen-name for Richard M. Nixon, who had allegedly composed the *Principia* during a few moments of lucidity. I enjoyed each of these yarns and did my part to help spread them. I was also careful never to contradict the occasional rumors that I had actually written the whole thing myself during an acid trip.

The legendry, the mystery, the cult grew very slowly. By the mid-1970's, thousands of people, some as far off as Hong Kong and Australia, were talking about the *Principia*, and since the original was out of print by then, xerox copies were beginning to circulate here and there.

When the *Illuminatus* trilogy appeared in 1975, my co-author, Bob Shea, and I both received hundreds of letters from people intrigued by the quotes from the *Principia* with which we had decorated the heads of several chapters. Many, who had already heard of the *Principia* or seen copies, asked if Shea and I had written it, or if we had copies available. Others wrote to ask if it were real, or just something we had invented the way H.P. Lovecraft invented the *Necronomicon*. We answered according to our moods, sometimes telling the truth, sometimes spreading the most Godawful lies and myths we could devise fnoord.

Why not? We felt that this book was a true Classic (*literatus immortalis*) and, since the alleged intelligentsia had not yet discovered it, the best way to keep its legend alive was to encourage the mythology and the controversy about it. Increasingly, people wrote to ask me if Timothy Leary

had written it, and I almost always told them he had, except on Fridays when I am more whimsical, in which case I told them it had been transmitted by a canine intelligence – vast, cool and unsympathetic – from the Dog Star, Sirius.

Now, at last, the truth can be told.

Actually, the *Principia* is the work of a time-traveling anthropologist from the 23rd Century. He is currently passing among us as a computer specialist, bon vivant and philosopher named Gregory Hill. He has also translated several volumes of Etruscan erotic poetry, under another pen-name, and in the 18th Century was the mysterious Man in Black who gave Jefferson the design for the Great Seal of the United States.

I have it on good authority that he is one of the most accomplished time-travelers in the galaxy and has visited Earth many times in the past, using such cover-identities as Zeno of Elias, Emperor Norton, Count Cagliostro, Guillaume of Aquitaine, etc. Whenever I question him about this, he grows very evasive and attempts to persuade me that he is actually just another 20th Century Earthman and that all my ideas about his Extraterrestrial and extratemporal origin are delusions. Hah! I am not that easily deceived. After all, a time-traveling anthropologist would say just that, so that he could observe us without his presence causing culture-shock.

I understand that he has consented to write an Afterward to this edition. He'll probably contradict everything I've told you, but don't believe a word he says fnord. He is a master of the deadpan put-on, the plausible satire, the philosophical leg-pull and all branches of guerilla ontology.

For full benefit to the Head, this book should be read in conjunction with *The Illuminoids* by Neal Wilgus (Sun Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico) and *Zen Without Zen Masters* by Camden Benares (And/Or Press, Berkeley, California). "We are operating on many levels here", as Ken Kesey used to say.

In conclusion, there is no conclusion. Things will go on as they always have, getting weirder all the time.

Hail Eris. All hail Discordia. Fnord?

**-Robert Anton Wilson
International Arms and Hashish Inc.
Darra Bazar, Kohat**

5th edition introduction:

by Kerry Thornley, Discordian Society Co-founder

If organized religion is the opium of the masses, then disorganized religion is the marijuana of the lunatic fringe.

Most disorganized of all religions, Discordianism alone understands that organization is the work of the Devil. Holy Chaos is the Natural Condition of Reality, contrary to popular belief. Theologians cite Order in the Universe as proof of a Supreme Intelligence, but a glance is enough to see that the stars are not actually in neat little rows. (Oh, sure, there is the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper - but if they were really connect-the-dot drawings there would be numbers next to the stars.) Theology is just a debate over who to frame for creating reality. What we imagine is order is merely the prevailing form of chaos.

Every few thousand years some shepherd inhales smoke from a burning bush and has a vision or eats moldy rye bread in a cave and sees God. From then on their followers kill one another at the slightest provocation. Haunted houses called temples are built by one side and torn down by another - and then bloody quarrels continue over the crumbling foundations.

Organized religion preaches Order and Love but spawns Chaos and Fury. Why?

Because the whole Material Universe is exclusive property of the Greco-Roman Goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Strife, Helter-Skelter and Hodge-Podge. No Spiritual power is even strong enough to dent Her chariot fenders. No material force can resist the temptation of Her Fifth Intergalactic Bank of the Acropolis Slush Fund for Graft and Corruption.

All this was revealed to me in an absolutely unforgettably miraculous event in 1958 or 1959 in a bowling alley in Friendly Hills or maybe Santa Fe Springs, California, witnessed by either Gregory Hill or Malaclypse the Younger or perhaps Mad Malik or Reverend Doctor Occupant or some guy who must have vaguely resembled one or another of them.

With the help of a Chaosopher's Stone I found the Goddess Eris Discordia in my pineal gland (on Cosmic Channel Number Five) and ever since I have known the answers to all the mysteries of metaphysics, metamystics, metamorphics, metanoiaks and metaphorics. (Before that I didn't even know how to install a plastic trash can liner so it wouldn't fall down inside the first time somebody threw away garbage.)

You, too can activate your pineal gland simply by reciting the entire contents of this book upon awakening each morning, rubbing sandalwood paste between your eyes each evening upon retiring, banging your forehead against the ground five times a day, refraining from harming cockroaches and meditating (defined as sitting around waiting for good luck).

When your pineal gland finally lights up you will never again, as long as you live, have to relax.

Eris Discordia will solve all your problems and She will expect you in return to solve all Her problems. In these very pages you will learn about converting infidels. Later on, you will be taught how to annoy heretics. You will also be required to resolve Zen-like riddles, such as: If Jesus was Jewish, then why did he have a Puerto Rican name?

Once you become adept at leaning on backsliders, you will qualify for a calling. Maybe you will be a Chaosopher (who delivers commentaries on chaos) or perhaps, instead, a Chaoist (who goes around stirring up chaos) or, perchance, a Knower (who knows better than to do either one).

But under no circumstances may you become a Prophet. We don't intend to jeopardize our nonprophet status.

What we lack in Prophets, however, we make up for in Saints. Only a Pope may canonize a Saint, but every man, woman and child on this planet is a genuine and authorized Pope (genuine and authorized by the House of the Apostles of Eris). So you can ordain yourself - and anyone or anything else - a Saint.

Times weren't always so easy. When in 1968 I first declared myself a Saint, Gregory Hill said, "That's impossible," insisting, "Only dead people can be Saints," adding, "and fictional characters," guessing, "You are neither one."

But it happened that, although I was no longer a believer, I was still on the membership roles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. So Greg was too late. Me and all the other Mormons were already Saints - and some of us living ones - no matter what he said.

Nowadays only the Mormons have more Saints than the Discordian Society. But we plan to catch up with them. Won't you please join our Sainthood Drive? Moral perfection isn't necessary for Discordian Sainthood. You just have to suffer a lot.

So many other privileges of membership in our religion come to mind that I don't know where to begin. For instance, you don't have to get out of bed early on Sunday morning to attend church. You can sleep in. How many Christian denominations - for all their talk of brotherly love - are that compassionate?

You can even be a Discordian in good standing without ever having to so much as look at another Discordian - early in the morning or any other time. That's an advantage to mail-order religion that the more conventional faiths try to play down.

What is so unusual about Discordian Abnormail - as we call it - is decentralization. Don't contact me here at Orthodox Discordian Society Hindquarters! Send your letters, notes, relics, sacraments and writs of excommunication to one another. That, says Discordian Episkopos Ol' Sam (36 Erskine Drive, Morristown, NJ 07960), is eristic abnormail - adding: "Unfortunately, the majority of eristic abnormail is nothing but inane gossip, masturbatory in-jokes, trivial variations of stale dogma, snide put-downs of those not weird in exactly the same way as 'us', and similar such garbage ad nauseum; and that's good too!" (I like the way Ol' Sam always keeps a positive attitude.)

Our outreach program is called aneristic abnormail and is defined by Ol' Sam as "weird things sent in fun to those still trapped in the Region of Thud" - squares, that is. When some order-bound heathen makes an especially unenlightened public remark, that unsuspecting dolt is likely to receive a Jake - whole mail box full of weird shit from Discordians everywhere on the same day. "For maximum benefit," says Ol' Sam, "a good Jake should be in response to a particularly gross manifestation of the Aneristic Delusion, not merely intended to chastise, but to teach and amuse as well (or else make them hopping mad). The best Jakes involve a lot of Discordians, all conspiring to contact the subject on Jake Day - a shining example of Discordian accord, as paradoxical as that sounds." (If you think that sounds paradoxical, wait until you hear about the Discordian accordion.)

Another advantage to Discordianism over the world's other great religions is that we tell you about the Fendersons. While it is true that you don't have to be a Discordian before becoming a Fenderson, the Taoists - for instance - don't even know about the Fendersons. And those who know do not speak.

Fenderson Discordian Graham Trievel explains that "a Fenderson is a member of a family you can join by saying you are one. Yes, anybody who wants to be a Fenderson can be a Fenderson. Just say these three words, 'I'm a Fenderson.' It's as simple as that."

Genealogy buffs will be interested to know, "Our Fenderson forefather can be reached at: S.J. Glew, 5611 Lehman Road, DeWitt, MI 48820 Blame him."

All Fendersons add Fenderson to their existing name or they use the last name of Fenderson with entirely new first and/or middle names. "For

example, you can call me Graham Fenderson Trievel, Fenderson Graham Trievel, or Graham Trievel Fenderson.” (And you can call me Saint Ignatius Fenderson.)

But you must at all times keep in touch with other Fendersons. “This,” says Fenderson, “is easy to accomplish as you can make anybody you want a Fenderson, even if they don’t want to be one.”

Write Graham Fenderson Trievel about how to get a 1989 Fenderson family reunion baseball cap at Rt. 113, Box 481, Lionville, PA 19353. But he warns, “I’ll be collecting names and addresses of Fendersons for possible future publication.”

If you become a Discordian and also want salvation in the Industrial Church of the SubGenius (Box 140306, Dallas TX 75214) you are free to maintain a duel membership. Or if you live outside of Texas (in some state where dueling is illegal), you can be an honorary SubGenius and a dishonorary Discordian both at once.

You might even say SubGeniusism is our sister faith or brother religion - or at least our Marine-Corps buddy theology, because J.R. “Bob” Dobbs was my Marine Corps buddy in Atsugi, Japan (where he distinguished himself by shooting his own toe while on guard duty - although he was only aiming for a fly on the tip of his boot). Dobbs went on to become a supersalesman and trance medium who until his untimely assassination channeled Prescriptions that occasionally mentioned Eris Discordia, if not always as kindly as prudence would dictate.

Out of these Prescriptions came the SubGenius Church - so named because you only qualify to join if your IQ is below genius.

A pipe in his mouth and a maniacal gleam in his eyes were trademarks of “Bob” and so his fanatical cult sues for copyright violation anyone whose eyes gleam in a similar fashion. Other exciting features of the SubGenii include their spirited quest for Slack, their brave determination to be Overmen, their understandable disgust with Technoboredom, their unblushing Crass Commercialism and their keen pride in their Northern Tibetan abominable snowman ancestry.

You can find out more by sending them your bank account.

If, on the other hand, you would rather join the Bavarian Illuminati, you have to bury your bank account in a cigar box in your yard. One of their underground agents will find it and contact you.

Our religion is so completely infiltrated with agents of the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria that if, for instance, you pass out Fair-Play-For-Switzerland flyers for us you are assured of rapid advancement to more important work for the Illuminati.

Both the Illuminatus! trilogy by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson and the Illuminati Board Game by Steve Jackson mention the Discordian Society almost as often as they speak of the nefarious Bavarian Conspirators themselves. Prestige of intimate association with the Illuminati is enormous because they have absolutely ruled the whole world for the past five thousand years.

Unlike the Illuminati, who are everywhere, the Right Reverend Jesse Sump's First Evangelical and Unrepentant Church of No Faith is an exclusive Discordian franchise. Upon receiving a precious Mao button that said, "We must have faith in the Party and we must have faith in the masses," Sump exclaimed: "No faith! No faith in the Party, no faith in the masses, no faith in God and no faith in the ruling class!" and thus the First Evangelical and Unrepentant Church of No Faith began. Jesse Sump has faith in Eris Discordia, though, "because everybody has just got to believe in something."

Perhaps the chief difference between the Discordian Society and Sump's outfit is one of style. We got it. They don't.

But if you like working yourself into a frenzy at camp meetings in order to foam at the mouth, speak in tongues, handle snakes, run moonshine and experience phantasmagoria, the No Faith Church will make you happy as a pig in mud.

Of course, all the high-church glitter of the Paratheoianametamystichood of Eris Esoteric is not just yours for the asking. We solicit no donations, demand no tithes, charge no admission, levy no poll tax and run only a few nifty religious novelty stores on the side. But certain obligations adhere to the more hallowed manifestations of Discordianship.

Eating hot dog buns is prohibited, except on Friday - when it is compulsory. Stepped on cockroaches will earn you no points with our Blessed Saint Gulik. You must discipline yourself under a certified Slackmaster until you are capable of drinking beer and watching television with total concentration. All bowling alleys are sacred to Discordians and, if necessary, you must give your life to protect them from desecration - if anyone ever decides to desecrate bowling alleys. Finally, you must not rest until all the sheep are brought into the fold. (And when we convert all the sheep we are going to the dogs next, then wolves, goats and, at the anointed hour, human beings.)

Goddess also expects you to work on yourself. You must devote your full attention to every task you perform so you will realize - in a flash of sudden enlightenment - how confusing it is. You must master one Little Moron riddle after another until, with years of study, there is no longer any

separation in your perception between subject and object, between you and the Little Moron.

Then there are bigots, who will persecute you because they hate Eris Discordia, and have no better sense than to judge an entire religion by the behavior of a single deity.

But before I was a Discordian, when I entered my room only to be reminded by its disarray that it was a mess, I felt a sense of defeat. These days when that happens I just say, "Hail Eris!" - our customary salute to any embodiment of chaos - and then I cheerfully carry on, secure in the knowledge that the constellations look no better.

Before I was a Discordian, I wasted a lot of time arguing with evangelists about God and Jesus. Now they waste a lot of time arguing about Eris Discordia with me.

Before I was a Discordian, I took life much too seriously. When you take life too seriously you start to wonder what the point of it all is. When you wonder what the point is in life, you fall into a trap of thinking there is one. When you think there is a point, you finally realize there is no point. And what point is there in living like that? Nowadays I skip the search for a point and find, instead, the punch lines.

Before I was a Discordian, I was distressed by the inefficiency and inhumanity of organizations. Now I am vindicated by their inefficiency and inhumanity.

Before I was a Discordian, I used to be afraid of my own shadow. Ah, but now my shadow is afraid of me!

Having at last glimpsed the value of Discordianism, you are hereby ready to be awed by the importance of the little book you hold in your hands this very moment.

Five years of Discordian Society activity transpired before the First Edition of Principia Discordia rolled off District Attorney Jim Garrison's mimeograph machine (without his knowledge) in New Orleans in 1964. That was the work of Gregory Hill and Lane Caplinger, a Discordian typist in the DA's office.

During the next five years Greg produced bigger and funnier editions, with a little help from me (but not as much as the enemies of our faith suspect).

By no means is the Principia our only scripture. All along Greg has been writing what he says is a summary of the Universe, but evidently it will be quite some time before he completes it. Additionally, there are piles and piles of Discordian leaflets and broadsides cranked out by zealous converts from everywhere - with new ones arriving in the mail each month - but

Goddess only knows where they all are now or remembers what they said. There is also Chaos: Broadsheets of Ontological Anarchism by Hakim Bey (Grim Reaper Books) of the Unarmed Expropriation Committee of the John Henry McKay Society and Bishop of Persia (in Exile) of the Moorish Orthodox Church of America. But our most exalted testament of all is The Honest Book of Truth - of which there is, alas, only one copy locked away in the Closed Stacks of the Akashic Records. Only qualified Discordian Episkoposes with activated pineal glands may copy passages from it - and these may only be published when they can be shown beyond a reasonable doubt to have redeeming social value, such as by educating you or arousing purient interest.

But this Fourth and Fifth Combined Edition of Principia Discordia is unquestionably the most influential of all the great, immortal works of significant literature our classic Greek Goddess has inspired.

Who would even venture to guess how many wretched and thankless lives these few astonishing pages have deprived forever of meaningless purpose? Who can say how many seminarians read the Principia and decided to change vocations and become clowns, or many landlords it has caused to sell their estates and buy yachts or airplanes for smuggling marijuana, or how many politicians it has inspired to vanish alone into the high mountains and become sagacious hermits, or how many investment bankers it has turned into anarchists?

Slim Brooks was just an ordinary merchant seaman dwelling in the New Orleans French Quarter until he read Principia Discordia. Then he became the mysterious Keeper of the Submarine Keys who would never tell anyone what submarine or why it was locked.

Roger Lovin was just a dashing, talented and handsome con artist who was too shallow to settle into any one thing. But for years and years after he read the Principia, under his Discordian Name of Fang the Unwashed, he consistently and with unswerving devotion to the task excommunicated every new person any of us initiated into the Discordian Society.

Robert Anton Wilson was just a Playboy advisor who wrote safe and insipid answers to inquiries from readers about the size and present whereabouts of John Dillinger's penis until he read this remarkable tract. Then he became Mord the Malignant and wrote a whole library full of widely read books about the Illuminati and how to make Synchronicity work for you in finding quarters on the sidewalk.

Mike Gunderloy was just a compulsive reader of fanzines until the fateful day he read Principia Discordia (under the mistaken impression it

was another fanzine). Now he is Ukulele the Short of the Discordian Society and big-time publisher of Factsheet Five.

Elayne Wechsler was just some broad with a funny bone until she read the Principia and asked the question that led to my great definition of theology. "Why," she wanted to know, "is the Discordian Society, which worships a female divinity, so male dominated?" Recalling that more women than men are devout about Christianity with its male God and His male Son, I decided that people like religions that blame reality on the opposite sex. So let that be a lesson to us males. Behind every great idea there is a broad with a funny bone.

So there is no telling how much happier and better adjusted reading this book will make you. Principia Discordia is both a psychological laxative and a spiritual corn plaster. Unsolicited testimonials can be mailed to me in care of Out of Order - the sectual organ of the Orthodox Discordian Society - at Box 5498, Atlanta GA 30307.

How Discordianism will change you is not, however, the real question. Anybody can be changed by something they read. No wit, imagination, creativity, talent or energy is required for that much. How will you change the Discordian Society is the real question - a question you should be asking yourself from page 00001 all the way through page 00075, a question you should keep asking yourself long after you reverently close the covers of Principia Discordia, wrap it carefully in silk, solemnly return it to its golden box and bow five times after resting it in its place of honor on your altar.

Most neophyte Discordians are either too cautious or too serious. They constantly ask permission to do this or that like there are rules hidden away somewhere in the folds of our robes of office. Or they labor at length over ponderous metaphysical schemata with no gags in them, as if the sole ironclad rule of our Society isn't that you have to be funny, as much as possible and as often as possible - or else.

But we are indulgent toward monks who catch on in due time. Seldom do I beat anyone with my trusty staff - and certainly never without their help.

On the subject of personal encounters with other Discordians - and sometimes even the most careful among us cannot avoid them - keep in mind the lodge grips of our Disorder. Somewhere in the following pages you will learn the Turkey Curse. Among Zen Buddhists it is said, "When you meet another bodhisattva on the road, greet him with neither words nor silence." That leaves you with a vast selection of barnyard noises from which to choose.

But as you crow like a rooster or quack like a duck or moo like a cow, scrutinize your brother or sister Discordian with alert interest - never cracking a smile - to see how he or she will respond. An oinking reply that is too loud indicates a swaggering bravado which falls short of mature eristic enlightenment, but that is far better than a feeble and spiritless neigh.

Perhaps best of all is simply uttering a mondo. That is like picking up the telephone when it rings and saying, "Wrong number, please!" However much you think about a mondo it makes no sense - even clamps and pliers cannot get hold of it. Yet at the same time, if it is a good mondo, the longer you think about it the more it seems light it ought to make sense - although you can never figure out why. Beyond that much, a truly great mondo sticks to your mind like hot pine pitch - gumming up your thought process for weeks on end.

When the Zen Master Joshu was still a monk, his master - Nansen - struck him in answer to some dumb remark or other. Joshu grabbed Nansen's arm, glared at the master and said, "From now on do not hit people by mistake!" Nansen replied as follows: "The whole world can tell a snake from a dragon, but you cannot fool a Zen monk." That's a genuinely great mondo.

From this much you can see why meeting other Discordians in person can be harrowing. Besides the pen is only mightier than the sword at a range greater than five feet. When the SubGenius Church held its first Devival, Reverend Ivan Stang of the Dallas Clench expressed surprise at how nice and polite all the fans of his Dobbswork were, adding, "It's almost disappointing." Still, the wise take no unnecessary chances.

As you can tell, we are much indebted to other religions. Not only SubGeniusism and Zen and Taoism have inspired us, but also Zoroastrianism - which practiced fire worship. We too, pay homage to fire in certain circumstances - such as when it is burning the writings of false prophets or is producing inhalable quantities of cannabis smoke. Our tradition is rooted in a medieval rite called the Mass of the Travesty in which marijuana was the sacrament. According to *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* by Jack Herer, the Mass of the Travesty "can be likened to a Mel Brooks, Second City-TV, Monty Python, or Saturday Night Live - e.g., Father Guido Sarducci-type group - doing irreverent, farcical or satirical take-offs on the dogmas, doctrine, indulgences, and rituals of the R.C. Ch. mass and/or its absolute beliefs." Unfortunately, the humorless Roman Catholic Church authorities of the 15th century thought the Mass of the Travesty was heretical - and that was the true story of how marijuana got its bad name, which it has never since been able to shake off.

Actually, the Mass of the Travesty may have been a disguised remnant of the original Greek Discordianism. For history indicates there must have been, among those ancient ones, Erisian Mysteries. (But if so, they were never solved.) Eris tells us they existed and were the work of Malaclypse the Elder, a mystery writer by trade who also tutored the philosopher Diogenes in lamp maintenance, barrel keeping, rock rolling, public masturbation and Cynicism - until Diogenes was with it enough to fend for himself.

No outpouring of gratitude would be complete without acknowledging the desert religions of the Middle East which keep that part of the world alive with action to this day - and from which we inherited our fanatical determination to be at all times, right or wrong, as unreasonable as possible. Translated into Latin this commitment is the motto on our coins, seals, rings, plaques and tomb stones: *Semper Non Sequitur!*

Much of our grandeur is also derived from Hinduism. From the Aryan mystery cult we acquired our soma-drinking habit. Soma, in turn, fortified us with the confidence that we are better than people who look different than us. From Verdanta we learned how to Sanskrit our temple walls. Tantra taught us our many strange sex secrets. That staying up all night to smoke ganja and dance and sing can be passed off as religious activity was something we learned from the Bauls of Bengal. But surely the cult of Kali, Cosmic Mother, Giver and Taker of Life, resembles Discordianism most. We asked Eris about this and She said Kali is short for the Greek Kallisti, which was engraved on the party-crashing Golden Apple of Discord dealt with later on in this informative volume. She added that Her own full name is actually Eris Kallisti Discordia, but took the Fifth Amendment when we asked if this means She and Kali are one in the same.

Our borrowings from Christianity are so obvious that mention of them is almost insulting to whatever modicum of intelligence you possess. But from that tradition we gained our crafty distrust of the reality principle as well as the rather singular notion of an Only Begotten Son.

We asked Goddess if She, like God, had an Only Begotten Son. She assured us that She did and gave His name as Emperor Norton I - whom we assumed was probably some Byzantine ruler of Constantinople. Diligent research eventually turned up the historical Norton, as we call Him, in the holy city of San Francisco - where He walked his faithful dog along Market Street scarcely more than a century ago.

Gregory Hill has since become the world's foremost authority on Joshua A. Norton who, on September 17th of 1859, crowned Himself the Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. Just before then, He

vanished for a number of days - perhaps into the wilderness where maybe He was tempted by the Devil, probably to organize His life and get His affairs in order.

Certainly they looked like that's what they needed. For on the day before his disappearance Norton, heretofore little more than a successful businessman, cornered the rice market - only to be foiled by the unscheduled arrival of a whole shipload of rice from the Orient. A lesser man would have been thrown out of step by that event which for Him became a step to the throne.

When the U.S. Congress failed to obey His Majesty's Royal Order to assemble in the San Francisco Opera House, Norton fired every last member of that rebellious organization. Thus, the people of San Francisco knew better than to incite His Imperial wrath. His Royal Decrees were printed free of charge in the newspapers, the currency He issued was accepted in the saloons, local shopkeepers paid the modest taxes He occasionally demanded and on at least one occasion a tailor furnished Him with a new set of Royal finery.

Although a madman, Norton wrote letters to Abraham Lincoln and Queen Victoria which they took seriously.

One night a gang of vigilantes gathered for a pogrom against San Francisco's Chinatown. All that stood in their way was the solitary figure of Norton. A sane man would not have been there in the first place. A rational man would have tried to reason with them. A moralist would have scolded them. A man as daft as Norton usually seemed would have loudly ordered them to cease and desist in the name of His Royal Imperial authority. All such tacks would probably have been futile, and Norton resorted to none of them.

He simply bowed His head in silent prayer. The vigilantes dispersed. Discordians believe everybody should live like Norton.

So write your legislative representatives demanding harsh laws with teeth in them requiring people of all faiths - especially Christians and especially on Sunday - to live as Joshua A. Norton did.

About five years ago I had a dream in which someone was yelling, "SIGNS IN THE SKY!" When I looked up I saw balloons and blimps carrying aloft big neon letters that said: "NORTON DIED! WANT NO DEAD!"

But when Emperor Norton died, tens of thousands of San Franciscans flocked to His full Masonic funeral. Pilgrimages to His grave are still common.

Perhaps occasionally the soul of Emperor Norton descends once more into the world to momentarily inhabit the body of an otherwise undistinguished infidel. One day I was sitting in a hamburger stand in rundown midtown Atlanta. A burned-out speed freak at a nearby table looked at me with a pleasant smile and said, "I'm King of the Universe. I don't know what I'm doing in a place like this."

And perhaps that's the big attraction of our faith. If you want, you can be King of the Universe. Jesse Sump is Ancient Abbreviated Calif. of California. I am Bull Goose of Limbo and President of the Fair-Play-for-Switzerland Committee. Camden Benares is Pretender to the Throne of Lesbos. Greg Hill is Polyfather of Virginity-in-Gold. Sabal Etonia is High Constable of Constantinople. You can declare yourself Archbishop of Abyssinia or Curator of the Moon - we don't care but your mailman will be impressed.

According to L.A. Rollins in Lucifer's Lexicon a Discordian is one who likes to wear Emperor Norton's old clothes. If anything could be added to that definition, I cannot think what.

As I indicated earlier, my own background is Mormon. Since few are familiar with the off-beat creeds of that unusual sect, Mormonism doesn't land itself to broad satire readily. Yet the temptation is forever with me to swipe such startling rituals as, say, baptism of the dead.

Based on the rule that you cannot enter the Celestial Kingdom unless your name is recorded in Salt Lake City, all who passed away without the benefit - at any time in the past - must, for their own good, be sooner or later baptized. (So strong a conviction is this among the Saints that when my uncle died and left a lot of unpaid bills my Aunt Lena made off with his church records one day while doing volunteer secretarial work, secure in the faith his soul would be locked outside the Pearly Gates until or unless she brought them back.)

But Mormon baptism of the dead is a cop-out because in spite of stressing the importance of complete physical immersion for the living, they dunk the deceased by proxy. A Discordian Church of Ladder Night Saints could open graves for the purpose of submerging skeletons and corpses. Then it could lower them back down before dawn. That would give us an exciting mission which would heighten our commitment by inviting persecution - a function served in the early days of Latter Day Saint Church history by polygamy.

Technically the Mormons practiced only polygyny - one husband with a plurality of wives. Polyandry - one wife with more than one husband - is also a form included by the generic term of polygamy. Discordians are free

to practice all varieties of polygamy and polymorphous perversity as well. Marriage is an institution which should adjust itself to the needs of individuals and not the other way around. Any Discordian Episkopos may perform group marriage ceremonies, short-duration marriages, same-sex marriages and, with special permission, straight monogamous weddings.

If Mormonism is out of the mainstream, it still does not rival in that way an obscure Japanese religion called Perfect Liberty. May Goddess damn me if I am putting you on: Perfect Liberty teaches salvation through playing golf (as close to our own theory of salvation through nonsense as anyone else has come). For that reason Perfect Liberty owns many of the regular golf courses that dot the U.S. and Japan.

Personally, I think we Discordians could work out a similar path to liberation via surfing. That sounds like a program that would work for me. Unlike Will Rogers, I cannot honestly say I've never met a man I didn't like. But certainly I have never met a surfer I didn't like.

When Pope Paul excommunicated Saint Christopher - who happens to be the Patron Saint of Surfers - for what seems to us like the rather negligible fault of never existing, the Discordian Society adopted him, along with Saint Patrick (discharged for the same reason at the same time).

Already an experienced beach bum, with many years on the sands of Florida's Sun Coast, I think I might very well spend the twilight years of my life in the holy land of California mastering the graceful art of riding a surfboard. When I am ready to take on disciples, you can probably find me somewhere along the stretch between Venice and San Diego, praying to Eris for surf. But joining me will entail sacrifices because a Discordian surfer will be prohibited from owning anything but a surfboard, trunks, a toothbrush, a beach towel and an automobile (maybe a hot rod or dune buggy). Because surfing is not just a sport; it's a lifestyle. And Discordianism is not just a religion; it is a mental illness.

Should you arrive too late, during the first many years of my next lifetime I shall be found in the Simon Bolivar School for Boys of the Discordian Convent of San Medellin, Ciudad de Sandoz, Columbia - where instead of beating pupils for misconduct, the nuns give them blow jobs and then threaten delinquents with a termination of favors. (At least that's what Discordian San Juan Batista, Keeper of the Seven Veils, tells us.)

But enough of this vocational planning.

If the Discordian Society is to become the world's next great cargo cult it will be due to the efforts of the House of Mirrors. Not only have we nunneries, but recognized and accepted heresies, powerful lobbies complete with popcorn concessions and everything from progressive belaboring

unions to square sewing circles. Many are mentioned in the /Principia/ proper and I don't think it proper to repeatedly engage in repetitive repetition by repeating things repeated later on because I hate redundancy.

But there are also some new ones, such as the Ignorant Rescue Mission with its rousing slogans: "Rescue the ignorant! Save the dead! Cast out lepers!" (Members dress in old band or military brass-button jackets and help attractive females get adequate sex.)

There are also the Brunswick Shriners, Moral Regurgitation, Citizens against Infant Sexuality, the Crack House Integration of the Black Lotus Society, the Misplaced Bolivian Wild Animal Relocation Fund, the Laurel Foundation for the Recognition of Unique Achievement, the Gould Charitable Trust for Dynamic Population Control, the Patrio-Psychotic Anarcho-Materialism Study Group and the Sovereign State of Confusion.

Also not mentioned in the Principia - our many business ventures. No church likes to engage in the unseemly practice of boasting of its great wealth, but since I am being paid by the word I will list the names of our financial assets: the Brooklyn Bridge Holding Company, the Umbrella Corporation, the Spare Change Investment Corporation, Junk Mail Assosciates, San Andreas Shoreline Properties, the Fast Buck Riding Academy, the Informed Sources News Syndicate, Fly-by-Night Drug Transport, Infinite Vistas, Ltd., Everglades Land Investment, Cosa Nostra Amusements of New Jersey and the Laughing Buddha Jesus Ranch of Pinga Grande, Texas, Inc.

No doubt you are a little confused. Jesus, God and the Devil get such frequent billing in our religion - whereas most other faiths never advertise the competition. That's mostly because of the neoGnostical influence of SubGeniusism.

Jesus was not the Son of God at all but - as He says again and again in The Bible - He was the Son of Man. Actually, His mission was to warn us against God - a laser-armed computer-robot space station sent to regulate or destroy humanity. (Our very own Dr. Van Mojo finally got rid of YHVH-1 by sticking hat pins in a tetherball, but that's another story.)

As for the Devil - that is somebody our religion tried to do without for a long time. We didn't think we needed a Devil, especially with Eris Discordia's reputation being what it is already.

But religions without devils are like politicians without enemies or perpetual motion machines. If they are possible, they might just work. But who will ever know?

Our Devil came through the back door after introducing himself as Mr. Greyface. You will read about him in "The Curse of Greyface." After

blaming the first few evils on him we realized how handy he was and gave him a lifelong membership before we determined his true identity.

What really fooled us is that his face is gray - and that's far from being his only resemblance to J.R. "Bob" Dobbs, the SubGenius Messiah of Mediocrity. But then so many gray-flanneled American males look like "Bob", that is hardly evidence of conspiracy.

One difference: Greyface never smiles except when he is showing you how stupid you are; "Bob" always smiles except when he is showing you how stupid you are. For that reason the SubGenii call Greyface the Anti-"Bob", but in both our churches seers and sages know he is the Devil.

No matter whether he calls himself Greyface or the Anti-"Bob" he acts like the Devil, because his most famous line is: "Let me organize it for you!"

But no doubt you are also curious about Eris. Where does she hang out these days - now that Olympus has gone tourist?

Eris Discordia is in Limbo, where all we virtuous pagans and our gods and goddesses go between lifetimes. Think of Key West in the off-season and you've got it.

Imagine an open-air bar at about ten in the morning. An aging barefoot Greek beauty with an Art Garfunkel hairdo is giving Zeus, the bartender, a hard time with a barbed wit that always leaves him bereft of any retort besides an extended middle finger.

Another attraction of Limbo is a nonstop party for the faithful, but Zeus has child support bills and Eris never was much of a party animal, contrary to popular belief.

Nor will you find any SubGenii at that party, or anywhere else in Limbo. With bikers and Nazis - if they were good Nazis - skinheads and pillars of the Church of the SubGenius go to Vahallah.

Bad people of every persuasion go to the Region of Thud.

A sprawling astral subdivision where there is nothing to do but eat and watch television and where all the houses, yards and people look pretty much alike, Thud keeps up with the Joneses. Most Christians are there, but in their creed it is called Paradise.

Only souls who, in the eyes of Eris, went out of their way to be a pain in the ass during their earthly sojourns are in Hell. Harry J. Aslinger qualifies. But still, the perils of Hell are exaggerated. Fire and brimstone are sources of heating during cold snaps, but our human rights group, Amnasty Interfactional, reports that nothing in Hell is any worse than the hideous shade of pink on its walls.

There are also such things as Nirvana - an exclusive resort for extinguished Zen Masters - and the Happy Hunting Grounds, where traditional Native American braves and warriors are the forest rangers. Dead cops (and Gurdjieffians who forgot to remember themselves) go to the Moon, a big precinct station in the sky, controlled by space aliens, where there are twice as many laws as here - converted to its present use from what was originally a slain space monster's hollow titanium skull.

You can only be asking yourself at this point how these guys could possibly be taking all this shit seriously. If we weren't serious, do you really think we would have published so many tracts and pamphlets at our own expense for so many years? Do people who are not serious stay awake nights thinking up new theologies and scriptures? Who but serious fanatics would have risked their lives by exposing their work to the readership of our first mass-circulation publisher, Loompanics?

Let me answer by asking what being serious has to do with believing what we write. But that isn't to say we don't at least believe in Goddess - even if we are skeptical of what She says. But that is now, after more than three decades of Discordianism. No way did we think there was an Eris Discordia at first. But as Greg says, "At first I thought I was fucking around with Eris. Now I see that Eris is fucking around with me."

A Discordian must believe that Eris Discordia rules the Material Universe - and that She won it from God in a divorce suit during the Beforelife, and that the French anarchist Pierre Joseph Proudhon was Her attorney at the trial, and that nobody is Her Prophet, and that eating hotdog buns is a sin. All else is a matter of individual conscience.

Graven images and icons and pictures of Eris are all right as long as they are flattering.

Safe sex - with a condom, rubber gloves and a wet suit is fine as long as you don't fall in love.

You may covet your neighbor's ass - providing your neighbor is into it.

You may drink, but not to escape problems. (Like the Maltafarians of the SubGenius Church, you may only drink to create problems.)

There is no prohibition against prayer - which is not to say we think it is a wise activity.

You don't have to believe in Eristic Avatars to be a Discordian, but it helps. Eristic Avatars are sent down into Reality, the original Rorschach, for the purpose keeping things from becoming so well ordered that they stop working. This they often accomplish by insisting that certain arbitrary interpretations of reality are the only valid ones. That causes Strife which

results in Confusion which revitalizes Holy Chaos. Most Eristic Avatars display certain signs by which they can be certified, such as employment as civil servants. So far, the most successful Eristic Avatar has been Confucius. Eristic Avatars can also be ascertained by the fact that they are always ignorant of their mission and have no idea they are serving Eris or, for that matter, that they are even promoting confusion.

That is made possible by the Law of Eristic Escalation, of which you must be innocent to serve as Eristic Avatar. (For an unknown reason, it does not work as well for those of us who are guilty of it.)

This Law pertains to any arbitrary or coercive imposition of order. It is: Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos.

Fenderson's Amendment adds that the tighter the order in question is maintained, the longer the consequent chaos takes to escalate, BUT the more it does when it does!

Armed with the Law of Eristic Escalation and Fenderson's Amendment any imbecile - not just a sociologist - can understand politics.

So I will translate into the lingua franca of the Western world: An imposition of order creates a chaos deficit, which compounds until it is paid off (by enduring all the outstanding chaos).

Of course, Eris thinks all chaos is outstanding. But we mortals find too much of a good thing a little overwhelming. Thus we cringe when we encounter an anerism - a pronouncement, that is, which is innocent of the Law of Eristic Escalation.

If you hear that outlawing prostitution will eradicate rape, you are listening to an anerism - a manifestation of Aneristic Delusion. (If you read "The Sacred Chao" on pages 00049 and 00050 - instead of skipping over it in the recommended way - you will comprehend the anamysticmetaphorics of aneristics.)

An anerism nearly always enters the world through the mouth of a politician - but it can come by way of any authority figure such as a minister or a teacher or a parent or a boss or Ronald McDonald.

"We need more laws with stiffer penalties to rid our community of drugs," says an innocent pawn of Eris. To be sure, these laws make smuggling and selling and buying drugs more risky. That, in turn, drives up their prices - thus making them more profitable. So more money and work goes into expanding the market for the contraband - in keeping with the Law of Eristic Escalation.

Or, as the Taoist sage Chuang Tzu simply said, "The more laws there are, the more crime there is."

(Identification and elucidation of anagrams is a favorite pastime of politically conscious Discordians - who note that the whole text of my "Epistle to the Paranoids" on page 00069 is a psychological anagram. Goddess punished me for it, about five years later, by turning me into a paranoid myself. A conspiracy helped Her. As of this writing, I am still paranoid - according to my friends.) (Or are they my enemies?)

Proliferation of crime in the wake of multiplication of laws is more than a matter of expanded definition. Governments are impositions of order designed to discourage theft and killing. But they wind up taking more in taxes than all the freelance crooks around could steal. Their wars involve more killing than all the meanest toughs and hoodlums can hope to rival.

Laws were unknown to the True People of Old, says Chuang Tzu. All during the paleolithic and the neolithic there could hardly have been any laws, because the cave paintings in France and Spain depict no battle scenes.

We know that in the time of Moses many laws did not seem necessary or desirable because the second time he came down from Mount Sinai he said: "The good news is I got Him down to ten; the bad news is that one of them is still THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY."

In Limbo there are only five laws: 1) No making anybody do anything they don't want, except mind their own business; 2) No shitting or pissing in the streets; 3) No spitting on the floors; 4) No undated notices on the bulletin board; 5) No eating of hotdog buns. That sounds like a program that will work for me because there is nothing in there against swiping jokes.

Nearly all the graphics in Principia Discordia, by the way, were ripped off. (I don't know why, because Greg and I are both passable artists.) The Discordian Society does not condone plagiarism. (Our rates for ills are quite reasonable.) Discordians hold all unoriginality in contempt. (Our familiarity with Discordian themes is unsurpassable.) Henceforth, no Discordian shall rip off graphics. (Contact me, or Greg, for your eristic artistic needs.)

All I can say in our defense is at least we were honest about it. As we reached the end of the Third Edition, Greg pasted in a little blurb that credited the graphics to Rip-Off Press - which he snipped out of something that was actually printed by Rip-Off Press. How's that for a rip-off?

You will also notice an unusual number of unusual rubber stampings scattered about among the following pages. That was Greg showing off his rubber stamp collection. Few hobbies are as psychologically gratifying - especially when some bureaucrat is making you wait, with his or her back to you for a moment - as collection rubber stamps. This is also an exciting way to recoup some of your tax losses. But you must abide by the laws of the Rubber Stamp Congress. All Discordians are permitted to collect rubber

stamps provided they don't mention the Discordian Society if they are caught. Just point out to them that among people of all faiths stamp collecting is a popular hobby. And tell them your religious preference is none of their business. Tell them that collecting stamps in the name of your nameless religion is your Constitutional right and then, to make your point, take the Fifth Amendment. They will find themselves in a legalistic quandary.

On most occasions mentioning your Discordian Society affiliation is perfectly acceptable. If perchance, you are idiotic enough to somehow foolishly blunder and end up in the military, insist they stamp DISCORDIAN on your dog tags. Because we are sick and tired of hearing there are no Discordians in foxholes.

You might also wish to list "Discordian" as your religion on job applications - especially if you are already on unemployment and don't want the damned jobs anyhow.

A secret method of identifying your Discordianship for the benefit of other Discordians is by wearing a pull-off aluminum beer-can tab, strung through its ring, around your neck. That is called an All-Seeing Eye of Eris (complete with Tear) and it will help other members of the Discordian Society keep out of your way.

Or if you are an extrovert - and are not even ashamed of it - you can get up on a soap box and rant for Goddess right out in public. Personally I prefer standing on a wooden box but, anyway, you get at least five points for every rant you deliver. Extra points are awarded for handling hecklers with aplomb - or with anything else besides your fists.

A secret of dealing with hecklers, incidentally, was imparted to me by a professional rabble rouser who used to speak in Hyde Park. You memorize a bunch of standardized put-downs good for all occasions. So no matter what your tormentor says, you can fire back with something like: "Hot air makes a balloon go up. What's holding you down?"

Another secret of ranting was revealed by Rev. Ivan Stang when, of a rejected submission to The Stark Fist, he said: "It wandered, but not enough." A fine rant doesn't just wander, it positively meanders. (Use this introduction as a model.) Keep changing the subject so your listeners, with their short attention spans, won't get bored. If you change themes between 45 and 72 times a minute (a rhythm close to the human heartbeat) - and mystify them by mixing metaphors - pretty soon those suckers will be putty in the palm of your hand at your feet wrapped around your little finger.

You can also learn a great deal by studying magnificent orators of the past. Huey P. Long taxed Standard Oil ten dollars for each barrel they

pumped in Louisiana and then gave them back 90% of it under the table. Aaron Burr shot Alexander Hamilton.

Mark Anthony kept saying, "...but these are honorable men," all through his speech. Remember how effective that selective repetition was in swaying the emotions of the actors in Shakespeare's play who were cast as Roman citizens.

Do not for a moment think you cannot be an exceptional orator if you can just find some way to keep repeating yourself hypnotically and changing the subject of your speech frequently at the same time.

Winston Churchill pointed out another attribute of good rhetoric: it is sincere. You must yourself really be against the Germans buzz-bombing London before you can persuade the English people it is a rotten notion.

Natural aptitude also plays its part. America has known no greater public speaker than Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose son once quipped, "Father wanted to be the bride at every wedding and the corpse at every funeral." And that's important to keep in mind, because if you want to be the bride at every funeral and the corpse at every wedding you just are not made of the right ingredients. Your timing is off.

In that case you could have better luck with eyeball-to-eyeball conversations, the versatile art of one-on-one seduction which you want to learn anyway. Here, too hypnotic repetition is a key to unlimited potential. Pick any theme out of the air for repeating - a word, a name or a number will do. Let us say, for this example, that you choose the number five into your pitch. Again and again, five times five, over and over, drive that mother home until your victim is entranced in the Fifth Dimension. Then dazzle them with all the techniques in "A Primer for Erisian Evangelists" on page 00065.

Such mood setters as lighting and music are also important. For maximum results, illuminate the room with strobe lights. Play Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in the background. They will be putty eating out of your hand.

If you are repelled by having anything to do with human beings whatsoever - as individuals or in groups - then you were probably meant to be a great Discordian writer such as myself.

That being the case, my advice to you is consider that rousing literary form known as the manifesto. Not only should you read The Communist Manifesto so you can find out how to get bankers to finance your activities, you should also study the lesser-known but equally great specimens of this genre. What especially comes to mind in this respect is that underground

classic anonymous authorship, "Manifesto of the Artistic Elite of the Midwest."

As it has not yet been anthologized, I reproduce it here in full just as it appeared in issue #2 of False Positive (c/o Donna Kossy, Box 953, Allston, MA 02134):

Manifesto of the Artistic Elite of the Midwest

Artistic elite is a misnomer. We claim unity with the American Midwest where we were born and raised. We support the secession of the Midwest from the faltering carcass of the American way. We feel that the Midwest should sign its own treaties and create its own alliances. We support liberation for Quebec! We don't believe in the balance of terror hypothesis and wish to be counted out of all future nuclear war. We believe in the sanity and stability of the Midwest and refute those of either coast who see the heartland as oppressive, backward, uncultured (we are redneck, motherfucker), etc. This is propaganda created by the intellectual power elite of the East in their cynical and ruthless attempt to keep the chains on middle america. We claim solidarity with the Third World as an exploited people! As one of the richest Third World nations we vow to beat our Winebagos in plowshares in order to do our part in the growing Third World alliance. We call for the cessation of the telecommunications monopoly and destruction of all over the air methods of propagandizing. No more Lucy. No more Beaver. No more corporate propagandizing for the consumerist ethic. Free TV! A new localized media system will be created. No more sensationalist news coverage. Constant and open exchange of ideas and a refutation of present mass-subscribed theories of the free exchange ideas. No more enslavement to the Marlboro cowboy! No more enslavement to the false illusion of American individuality. Real individuality, not hype. No more Charlie's Angels. No more escapism. This is a call for the Midwest peoples to be concerned with their own lives, not the lives the West thinks we have and the East demands we have. This is a call for solidarity of all Midwestern peoples so that we can refute the ideas of the East, to call a halt to the convenient image of the Midwest as a passive land filled with bumpkins and hayseeds. Of easily led puppets, of a land easily dominated by the ideas and wills of our English speaking cousins. We're not your puppets anymore! We need to restructure our Eastern dominated universities. Solidarity with the Canadian Midlands. Solidarity with the Ukraine! An end to the

industrial monopoly of the world's resources. An end to the blight of consumerism. An end to the present sectioning of the world and unity with all oppressed peoples!

Sponsored by the Organization of Indiana Artistic Elites.

Note the presence here, in spite of a lack of explicit Discordianism, of all the characteristics of an excellent manifesto: mixed emotions expressed with all the vitriolic vehemence of unmixed emotions.

So if there is a cause about which you are ambivalent, do like Karl Marx did. Pen its manifesto.

No Discordian Manifesto yet exists. We need at least five. That will generate controversy and confuse Greyface.

My own favorite Holy Name - Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst - functions in that way. It is a walking identity crisis. Anybody can say or do anything in the name of Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst. For better or worse, that never fails to confuse the authorities.

This tradition started in 1960 when I was basic training clerk in Marine Air Base 11. I typed in the Ravenhurst moniker on a training lecture roster, listing him as a truck driver in motor transport - serial number 1369697, rank: private.

When Ravenhurst, Omar K., failed to answer the role call somebody called the captain in charge of motor transport to find out where Ravenhurst was. Of course nobody in the motor pool ever heard of any such private.

Motor transport called administration. No Ravenhurst on record there, either. A clerk-typist from administration Corporal Chadwick, came by to ask me about the mysterious Marine.

Upon returning to his desk, Chadwick completed an IRC card - a condensed record - which would have to do until Ravenhurst's entire file arrived from his last duty station: Marine Barracks, East British Outer Cambodia.

An unusual man, this Ravenhurst - with his IQ of 157. How many other truck drivers spoke 17 languages but, in ten years of service, had never been recommended for promotion?

You would imagine that one glance at such statistics would arouse suspicion. But some days later there occurred within my earshot a conversation between two lieutenants and the swaggering staff sergeant who headed basic training (who, so as to protect his identity from ridicule, I shall call Karen Elliot instead of Sergeant Garcia).

"Where do you figure he learned 17 languages - including Upper and Lower Swahili?" one of the officers wondered aloud.

“I’ll bet his parents were missionaries,” contributed Karen Elliot.

“Most men make private first class in about six months. This guy has been a private for ten years! I’m going to recommend him for promotion,” announced the other lieutenant.

“You better have a talk with him first, sir,” Karen Elliot warned. “You just never can tell about them intelligent guys.”

Chadwick, who was lurking nearby, suddenly shouted: “THERE HE IS! THAT’S HIM! THAT’S RAVENHURST RIGHT THERE!”

A big chunky truck driver whose nickname was Buddha happened to be dampening the dust in that vicinity with a water-tank equipped with a sprinkler in back.

Eager to score some points with the officers, Karen Elliot ran over and yelled at the Buddha.

Buddha stopped the truck and shut off the engine and then said, “What?”

“YOU WON’T GROW ANY GRASS THAT WAY!” Elliot repeated with a weak laugh.

“Oh,” spake the Buddha, before starting up the truck again and driving off.

Stories like that spread rapidly and so did the Ravenhurst name. On his behalf, I for my part answered a survey on improving basic training. More realistic combat conditions on the obstacle course and field training in venereal disease control were among his recommendations.

Later on, I added to our files an application by Ravenhurst for officer training school. Reason: “I have been a private for ten years, so the only way I expect to be promoted is if I try for second lieutenant.” Across the page was stamped: APPROVED. Nevertheless, for some unexplained reason, Ravenhurst remained a private.

After I was discharged I ran into Bud Simco, who remained in the same unit a short while longer than me. “About a month after you mustered out, there was a dress rehearsal for the biggest inspection of the year.

“By then Ravenhurst had a wall locker with his name on it and a bunk. Somebody even added a touch of realism by putting an old pair of size six shoes with holes in them under Ravenhurst’s bunk.

“There was only one other guy in that cubicle and he was pretty bent out of shape because Ravenhurst was never there in the mornings to help sweep. Once or twice he even brought it up with the top sergeant.

“When the big day came, they even shut down radar center. Everybody had to stand inspection. No exceptions.

“Colonel Fenderson and the top sergeant walked down the isle, inspecting one cubicle at a time. It was junk on the bunk,” he added, indicating the most thorough inspection there is - with every piece of gear spread out neatly on the bunk. “Only one bunk with bedding on it was empty. Only one man was missing.

“They wanted to know who Ravenhurst was and, more importantly, where he was. Nobody knows, but the other guy in his cubicle reminds the top sergeant than Ravenhurst is a malingerer.

“Then they ask if anybody has ever seen this Ravenhurst. Private Monty Cantsin pipes up. Every afternoon Ravenhurst sits right there on his bunk.

“Well then, what does this Ravenhurst look like? Cantsin stretches out both arms and says, ‘Oh, he’s a big mountain of a man!’ But just then the top sergeant bends over and picks up these little size six shoes.

“They call up motor transport. ‘For the hundredth goddamned time,’ the captain tells the top sergeant, ‘there is nobody named Ravenhurst in motor transport.’ So the brass huddle together and decide Ravenhurst must have mustered into squadron without checking in with his assigned work station - so he could just fuck off all the time. So they are ready to hang him - as soon as they find him.”

A futile base-wide manhunt was conducted before Sergeant Karen Elliot heard they were searching for Ravenhurst. Somehow - perhaps by examining the basic training files - he discovered that Ravenhurst was a hoax earlier and now he spilled the beans in exchange, I’m sure, for many points.

A few days later a letter of commendation, dictated by Colonel Fenderson, appeared on the squadron bulletin board - congratulating Private Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst for outstanding conduct.

In 1968, when Robert Anton Wilson and I decided to form a conspiracy with no purpose - so that investigators would never be able to figure out what it was doing - I told him about Ravenhurst and invited him, or anyone else he recruited, to do anything, anywhere, any time under the already-ubiquitous name. We decided to call that conspiracy, however unoriginally, the Bavarian Illuminati - a caper that culminated eventually in the Illuminatus! Trilogy.

As for Ravenhurst, the last I heard was the KGB was trying to find him so they could make him Chairman of the American Communist Party. I’m sure they got the wrong Fenderson.

Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, Pvt., USMC (Ret.) January 23, 1991

THE MAGNUM OPIATE OF MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER

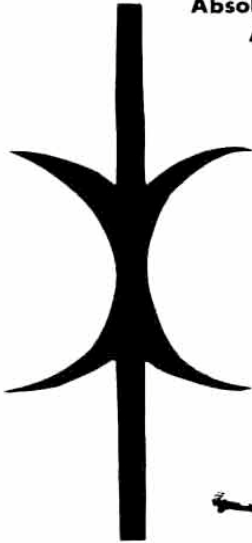
NOT JUNK MAIL

PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

OR

How I Found Goddess
And What I Did To Her
When I Found Her

Wherein is Explained
Absolutely Everything Worth Knowing
About Absolutely Anything



*A jug of wine,
A leg of lamb
And thou!
Beside me,
Whistling in
the darkness.*

Be ye not lost Among Precepts of Order...
THE BOOK OF UTERUS 1;5

Some excerpts from an Interview with Malaclypse the Younger by *THE GREATER METROPOLITAN YORBA LINDA HERALD-NEWS-SUN- TRIBUNE-JOURNAL-DISPATCH-POST AND SAN FRANCISCO DISCORDIAN SOCIETY CABAL BULLETIN AND INTERGALACTIC REPORT & POPE POOP*

GREATER POOP: Are you really serious or what?

MAL-2: Sometimes I take humor seriously. Sometimes I take seriousness humorously. Either way is irrelevant.

GP: Maybe you are just crazy.

M2: Indeed! But do not reject these teachings as false because I am crazy. The reason that I am crazy is because they are true.

GP: Is Eris true?

M2: Everything is true.

GP: Even false things?

M2: Even false things are true.

GP: How can that be?

M2: I don't know man, I didn't do it.

GP: Why do you deal with so many negatives?

M2: To dissolve them.

GP: Will you develop that point?

M2: No.

GP: Is there an essential meaning behind POEE?

M2: There is a Zen Story about a student who asked a Master to explain the meaning of Buddhism. The Master's reply was "Three pounds of flax."

GP: Is that your answer to my question?

M2: No, of course not. That is just illustrative. The answer to your question is FIVE TONS OF FLAX!

**suspended
annihilation**

FOURTH EDITION

ODD# II/2, xii; 68Chs3136

PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA
or
HOW I FOUND THE GODDESS & WHAT I DID TO HER
WHEN I FOUND HER

*being a Beginning Introduction to
The Erisian Mysterees*

WHICH IS MOST INTERESTING



as Divinely Revealed to
My High Reverence MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER, KSC
Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold
and HIGH PRIEST of
THE PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POEE)

HAIL ERIS! ✂ καλλιχτι ✂ ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!

Dedicated to The Prettiest One



The uproar of one hand clapping.

- JOSHUA NORTON CABAL -

Surrealists, Harlequinists, Absurdists and Zonked Artists Melee

POEE
is one manifestation of
THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
about which
you will learn more
and understand
less

We
are a tribe
of philosophers, theologians,
magicians, scientists,
artists, clowns,
and similar maniacs
who are intrigued
with
ERIS
GODDESS OF CONFUSION
and with
Her
Doings



OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

00001



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00002

I TELL YOU: ONE MUST
STILL HAVE CHAOS IN ONE
TO GIVE BIRTH TO A
DANCING STAR!

-Nietzsche

THE SACRED



C H A O

THE FIVE COMMANDMENTS (THE PENTABARF)



The PENTABARF was discovered by the hermit Apostle Zarathud in the Fifth Year of the Caterpillar. He found them carved in gilded stone, while building a sun deck for his cave, but their import was lost for they were written in a mysterious cypher. However, after 10 wks & 11 hrs of intensive scrutiny he discerned that the message could be read by standing on his head and viewing it upside down.

KNOW YE THIS O MAN OF FAITH!

I - There is no Goddess but Goddess and She is Your Goddess. There is no Erisian Movement but The Erisian Movement and it is The Erisian Movement. And every Golden Apple Corps is the beloved home of a Golden Worm.

II - A Discordian Shall Always use the Official Discordian Document Numbering System.

III - A Discordian is Required during his early Illumination to Go Off Alone & Partake Joyously of a Hot Bog on a Friday; this Devotive Ceremony to Remonstrate against the popular Paganisms of the Day: of Catholic Christendom (no meat on Friday), of Judaism (no meat of Pork), of Hindic Peoples (no meat of Beef), of Buddhists (no meat of animal), and of Discordians (no Hot Dog Buns).

IV - A Discordian shall Partake of No Hot Dog Buns, for Such was the Solace of Our Goddess when She was Confronted with The Original Snub.

V - A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing What he Reads.

IT IS SO WRITTEN! SO BE IT. HAIL DISCORDIA!
PROSECUTORS WILL BE TRANSGRESSICUTED.

TEST QUESTION from Topanga Cabal THE TWELVE FAMOUS
BUDDHA MINDS SCHOOL : If they are our brothers, how come we can't
eat them?



A ZEN STORY

*By Camden Benares, The Count of Five
Headmaster, Camp Meeker Cabal*

A serious young man found the conflicts of mid 20th Century America confusing. He went to many people seeking a way of resolving within himself the discords that troubled him, but he remained troubled.

One night in a coffee house, a self-ordained Zen Master said to him, "Go to the dilapidated mansion you will find at this address which I have written down for you. Do not speak to those who live there; you must remain silent until the moon rises tomorrow night. Go to the large room on the right of the main hallway, sit in the lotus position on top of the rubble in the northeast corner, face the corner, and meditate."

He did as the Zen Master instructed. His meditation was frequently interrupted by worries. He worried whether or not the rest of the plumbing fixtures would fall from the second floor bathroom to join the pipes and other trash he was sitting on. He worried how he would know when the moon rose on the next night. He worried about what the people who walked through the room said about him.

His worrying and meditation were disturbed when, as if in a test of his faith, ordure fell from the second floor onto him. At that time two people walked into the room. The first asked the second who the man sitting there was. The second replied "Some say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead."

this, the man was enlightened.

Hearing

FOR DEPOSIT ONLY

00005

Incorrect character is indicated by the proper symbol.

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of

WORLDWIDE TELEGRAPH UNION TELEGRAM

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

* International Letter Telegram

Time zone

TO: JEHOVA YAHWEH
CARE: CELESTIAL HOTEL (SUITE #666)
PRESIDENTIAL TIER, PARADISE

DEAR GOD;

THIS IS TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR CURRENT POSITION AS DIETY
IS HEREWITH TERMINATED DUE TO GROSS INCOMPETENCE STOP
YOUR CHECK WILL BE MAILED STOP PLEASE DO NOT USE ME FOR
A REFERENCE
RESPECTFULLY,
MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER/OMNIBENEVOLENT POLYFATHIA
POEE HIGH PRIEST



YOU'RE RIGHT, SON/...IT
WOULD BE A WASTE OF
YOUR KIND OF TALENT TO GO
INTO THE INSURANCE BUSINESS!

- THE BIRTH OF THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT -

THE REVELATION

*10. The Earth quakes and the Heavens rattle;
the beasts of nature flock together and the
nations of men flock apart; volcanoes usher up
heat while elsewhere water becomes ice and melts;
and then on other days it just rains.
11. Indeed do many things come to pass.
HBT; The Book of Predications, Chap. 19*

Just prior to the decade of the nineteen-sixties, when Sputnik was alone and new, and about the time that Ken Kesey took his first acid trip as a medical volunteer; before underground newspapers, Viet Nam, and talk of a second American Revolution; in the comparative quiet of the late nineteen-fifties, just before the idea of RENAISSANCE became relevant...

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

FIRST I MUST SPRINKLE YOU
WITH FAIRY DUST

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

The two were dazed and neither moved nor spoke for several minutes. They looked around and saw that the bowlers were frozen like statues in a variety of comic positions, and that a bowling ball was steadfastly anchored to the floor only inches from the pins that it had been sent to scatter. The two looked at each other, totally unable to account for the phenomenon. The condition was one of suspension, and one noticed that the clock had stopped.

00007

New Story of Chaos

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

"Gentlemen," he said, "why does Pickering's Moon go about in reverse orbit? Gentlemen, there are nipples on your chests; do you give milk? And what, pray tell, Gentlemen, is to be done about Heisenberg's Law?" He paused. "SOMEBODY HAD TO PUT ALL OF THIS CONFUSION HERE!"

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

ERIS - GODDESS OF CHAOS, DISCORD & CONFUSION

They awoke to the sound of pins clattering, and found the bowlers engaged in their game and the waitress busy with making coffee. It was apparent that their experience had been private.

They discussed their strange encounter and reconstructed from memory the chimpanzee's diagram. Over the next five days they searched libraries to find the significance of it, but were disappointed to uncover references only to Taoism, the Korean flag, and Technocracy. It was not until they traced the Greek writing on the apple that they discovered the ancient Goddess known to the Greeks as ERIS and to the Romans as DISCORDIA. This was on the fifth night, and when they slept that night, each had a vivid dream of a splendid woman whose eyes were as soft as a feather and as deep as eternity itself, and whose body was the spectacular dance of atoms and universes. Pyrotechnics of pure energy formed her flowing hair, and rainbows manifested and dissolved as she spoke in a warm and gentle voice:

I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness

00008

left man, that he might develop himself. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding.

You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun.

I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.

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

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

It is called THE SACRED CHAO. I appoint you Keepers of It. Therein you will find anything you like. Speak of Me as DISCORD, to show contrast to the pentagon. Tell constricted mankind that there are no rules, unless they choose to invent rules. Keep close the words of Syadasti: 'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO MINDS. And remember that there is no tyranny in the State of Confusion. For further information, consult your pineal gland.

“There are
trivial truths
& there are
great truths.
The opposite
of a trivial
truth is
plainly false.
The opposite
of a great
truth is
also true.”
- Neils Bohr



St. Trinian's
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
Sewing Circle

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE ERISTOCRACY

by Lord Omar

VERSE

Mine brain has meditated on the spinning of the Chao;
It is hovering o'er the table where the Chiefs
of Staff are now
Gathered in discussion of the dropping of the Bomb;
Her Apple Corps is strong!

CHORUS

Grand (and gory) Old Discordja!
Grand (and gory) Old Discordja!
Grand (and gory) Old Discordja!
Her Apple Corps is strong!

VERSE

She was not invited to the party that they held
on Limbo Peak; *
So She threw a Golden Apple, 'stead of turn'd
t'other cheek!
O it cracked the Holy Punchbowl and it made
the nectar leak;
Her Apple Corps is strong!

* "Limbo Peak" refers to Old Limbo Peak, commonly called by the Greeks "Ol Limb' Peak."

00011

"The tide is turning... the enemy is suffering
terrible losses..." -Gen. Geo. A. Custer

Persons in a Position to Know, Inc.

ON PRAYER

MAL-2 was once asked by one of his Disciples if he often prayed to Eris. He replied with these words:

No, we Erisians seldom pray, it is much too dangerous. Charles Fort has listed many factual incidences of ignorant people confronted with, say, a drought, and then praying fervently -- and then getting the entire village wiped out in a torrential flood.



00012

"OF COURSE I'M CRAZY, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN
I'M WRONG. I'M MAD BUT NOT ILL."
(Werewolf Bridge, Robert Anton Wilson)

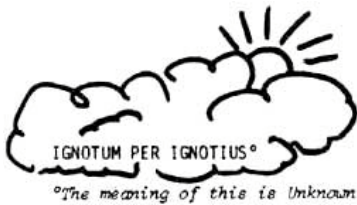
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<p>☆車・土地</p> <p>池袋北 中野 池西 北</p>	<p>☆車</p> <p>才・倉丹 池袋北 中野</p>	<p>◎車</p> <p>即現金小切手も (400)26 6000 7店 9926 2 無新車</p>	<p>◎金</p> <p>即現金輕に相換 (363) 011 新</p>
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14. Wipe thine ass with What is Written and
grin like a ninny at what is Spoken. Take
thine refuge with thine wine in the Nothing
behind Everything, as you hurry along the Path.
THE PURPLE SAGE
HBT; The Book of Predications, Chap. 19

Heaven is down. Hell is up.
This is proven by the fact
that the planets and stars
are orderly in their
movements,
while down on earth
we come close to the
primal chaos.
There are four other
proofs,
but I forgot them.

IT IS MY
FIRM BELIEF
THAT IT IS
A MISTAKE TO
HOLD FIRM
BELIEFS

--*Josh the Dill*
KING KONG KABAL



LOOK, COMRADE, YOU DO YOUR OWN THING AND I'LL DO MINE!



UNITED STATES.
The Imperial Government
 OF
NORTON I.



Promises to pay the holder hereof the sum of **Fifty Cents** in the year 1880, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum from date; the principal and interest to be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into 20 years 7 per cent. Bonds or payable in Gold Coin.

Given under our Royal hand and seal
 this 19th day of Augt 1877



CUDDY & HUGHES, Printers to His Majesty Norton I, 611 Sansome Street, S. F. IN GODDRESS WE TRUST

SECURITY LAST INTERGALACTIC
 BANK OF MALACLYPSE
 ENDORSED AND GUARANTEED

The Classical Greeks were not influenced
by the Classical Greeks

**DO NOT
CIRCULATE**

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT ERIS (not much)

The Romans left a likeness of Her for posterity -- She was shown as a grotesque woman with a pale and ghastly look, Her garment is ripped and torn, and as concealing a dagger in Her Bosom. Actually, most women look pale and ghastly when concealing a chilly dagger in their bosoms.

Her geneology is from the Greeks and is utterly confused. Either She was the twin of Aries and the daughter of Zeus and Hera; or She was the daughter of Nyx, goddess of night (who was either the daughter or wife of Chaos, or both), and Nyx's brother, Erebus, and whose brothers and sisters include Death, Doom, Mockery, Misery and Friendship. And that she begat Forgetfulness, Quarrels, Lies, and a bunch of gods and goddesses like that.

One day Mal-2 consulted his Pineal Gland* and asked Eris if She really created all of those terrible things. She told him that She had always liked the Old Greeks, but that they cannot be trusted with historic matters. "They were," She added, "victims of indigestion, you know."

Suffice it to say that Eris is not hateful or malicious. But She is mischievous, and does get a little bitchy at times.

**THE PINEAL GLAND is where each and every one of us can talk to Eris. If you have trouble activating your Pineal, then try the appendix which does almost as well. Reference: DOGMA I, METAPHYSICS #3, "The Indoctrine of The Pineal Gland."*

00015

DIRUIT AEDIFICAT MUTAT QUADRATA ROTUNDUS
- Horace

The Inside Story!

THE LAW OF FIVES

The Law of Fives is one of the oldest Erisian Mysterees. It was first revealed to Good Lord Omar and is one of the great contributions to come from The Hidden Temple of The Happy Jesus.

POEE subscribes to the Law of Fives of Omar's sect. And POEE also recognizes the Holy 23 ($2+3=5$) that is incorporated by Episkopos Dr. Mordecai Malignatius, KNS, into his Discordian sect, The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria.

The Law of Fives states simply that:

ALL THINGS HAPPEN IN FIVES, OR ARE
DIVISIBLE BY OR ARE MULTIPLES OF FIVE,
OR ARE SOMEHOW DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY
APPROPRIATE TO 5.

The Law of Fives is never wrong.

In the Erisian Archives is an old memo from Omar to Mal-2: "I find the Law of Fives to be more and more manifest the harder I look."



PLEASE DO NOT USE THIS
DOCUMENT AS TOILET PAPER

The Nagas of Upper Burma say that the sun
shines by day because, being a woman, it
is afraid to venture out by night.

00017

"YOU WILL FIND that the STATE is the kind of ORGANIZATION which, though it does big things badly, does small things badly too."
- JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH



THE MYTH OF THE APPLE OF DISCORD

It seems that Zeus was preparing a wedding banquet for Peleus and Thetis and did not want to invite Eris because of Her reputation as a trouble maker. *

This made Eris angry, and so She fashioned an apple of pure gold** and inscribed upon it KALLISTI ("To The Prettiest One") and on the day of the fete She rolled it into the banquet hall and then left to be alone and joyously partake of a hot dog.

Now, three of the invited goddesses,*** Athena, Hera, and Aphrodite, each immediately claimed it to belong to herself because of the inscription. And they started fighting, and they started throwing punch all over the place and everything.

Finally, Zeus calmed things down and declared that an arbitrator must be selected, which was a reasonable suggestion, and all agreed. He sent them to a shepherd of Troy, whose name was Paris because his mother had had a lot of gaul and married a Frenchman; but each of the sneaky goddesses tried to outwit the others by going early and offering a bribe to Paris.

Athena offered him Heroic War Victories, Hera offered him Great Wealth, and Aphrodite offered him The Most Beautiful Woman on Earth. Being a healthy young Trojan lad, Paris promptly accepted Aphrodite's bribe and she got the apple and he got screwed.

As she had promised, she maneuvered earthly happenings so that Paris could have Helen (the Helen) then living with her husband Menelaus,

King of Sparta. Anyway, everyone knows that the Trojan War followed when Sparta demanded their Queen back and that the Trojan War is said to be The First War among men.

And so we suffer because of The Original Snub. And so a Discordian is to partake of No Hot Dog Buns.

Do you believe that?

** This is called THE DOCTRINE OF THE ORIGINAL SNUB.*

*** There is historic disagreement concerning whether this apple was of metallic gold or acapulco.*

**** Actually there were five goddesses, but the Greeks did not know of the Law of Fives.*

**Remember:
KING
KONG
Died For
Your Sins**

5. An Age of Confusion, or an Ancient Age, is one in which History As We Know It begins to unfold, in which Whatever Is Coming emerges in Corporal Form, more or less, and such times are Ages of Balanced Unbalance, or Unbalanced Balance.

6. An Age of Bureaucracy is an Imperial Age in which Things Mature, in which Confusion becomes entrenched and during which Balanced Balance, or Stagnation, is attained.

7. An Age of Disorder or an Aftermath is an Apocalyptic Period of Transition back to Chaos through the Screen of Oblivion into which the Age passeth, finally. These are Ages of Unbalanced Unbalance.

HBT; The Book of Uterus, Chap. 3

HO CHI ZEN
IS
KING CONG

00018

DO YOU REMEMBER?

1. Polite children will always remember that a church is the _____ of _____.

00019

N ERISIAN HYMN

by Rev. Dr. Mungojerry Grindlebone, KOB
Episkopos, THE RAYVILLE APPLE PANTHERS

Inward Christian Soldiers,
Inward Buddhist Priests.
Inward, Fruits of Islam,
Fight till youre deceased.
Fight your little battles,
Join in thickest fray;
For the Greater Glory,
Of Dis-cord-i-a.
'ah, yah, yah,
'ah, yah, yah, yah.
}lfffffffffffft!

has been EXPOSED
IT WAS RECENTLY
REVEALED
THAT IT WAS MR
MOMOMOTO'S
BROTHER WHO
HAS BEEN DOING
ALL OF THIS
NOSE

MR. Momomoto,
famous Japanese
WHO

can swallow his nose



HEUTE DIE WELT
MORGENS DAS SONNENSYSTEM

SWALLOWING

Abbey of the Barbarous Belic

POEE DISORGANIZATIONAL MATRIX



6-70

V) THE HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

For the Eristocracy and the Cabalablia

- A. The Five Apostles of Eris
- B. The Golden Apple Corps (KSC)
- C. Episkoposes of The Discordian Society
- D. POEE Cabal Priests
- E. Saints, Erisian Avatars, and Like Personages

IV) THE HOUSE OF THE RISING PODGE

For the Disciples of Discordia

- A. Office of My High Reverence, The Polyfather
- B. Council of POEE Priests
- C. The LEGION OF DYNAMIC DISCORD
- D. Eristic Avatars
- E. Aneristic Avatars

NOTE: A, B, and C are POEE PROPER; while D and E are POEE IMPROPER

III) THE HOUSE OF THE RISING HODGE

For the Bureaucracy

- A. The Bureau of Erisian Archives
- B. The Bureau of The POEE Epistolary, and
The Division of Dogmas
- C. The Bureau of Symbols, Emblems, Certificates and Such
- D. The Bureau of Eristic Affairs, and
The Admiralty for The Unenlightened Eristic Horde
- E. The Bureau of Aneristic Affairs, and
The Admiralty for The Orders of Discordia

II) THE HOUSE OF THE RISING COLLAPSE

For the Encouragement of Liberation of Freedom, and/or the Discouragement of the Immanentizing of the Eschaton

- A. The Breeze of Wisdom and/or The Wind of Insanity
- B. The Breeze of Integrity and/or The Wind of Arrogance
- C. The Breeze of Beauty and/or The Wind of Outrages
- D. The Breeze of Love and/or The Wind of Bombast
- F. The Breeze of Laughter and/or The Wind of Bullshit

I) THE OUT HOUSE

For what is left over

- A. Miscellaneous Avatars
- B. The Fifth Column
- C. POEE = POPES = everywhere
- D. Drawer "O" for OUT OF FILE
- E. Lost Documents and Forgotten Truths



OFFICIAL - POEE
Head Temple, San Francisco
HOUSE OF THE RISING PODGE
Bureau of The POEE Epistolary

AN ICE CREAM PRODUCT

RECEIVED

RECEIVED

OFFICE OF MY HIGH REVERENCE
MAGALYPSEE THE YOUTHMEN KSC
GROWING HIGH PRIEST POEE

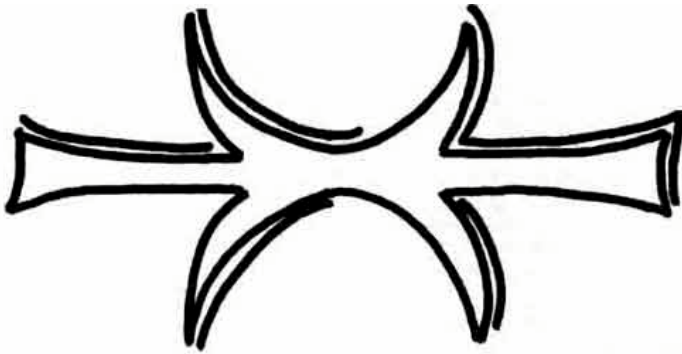
ECU ST... CALIF
MAY 19 1970
PWS

EXCLUSIVE:

= The Five Fingered Hand of Eris =

The official symbol of POEE is here illustrated. It may be this, or any similar device to represent TWO OPPOSING ARROWS CONVERGING INTO A COMMON POINT. It may be vertical, horizontal, or else such, and it may be elaborated or simplified as desired.

The esoteric name for this symbol is THE FIVE FINGERED HAND OF ERIS, commonly shortened to THE HAND.



NOTE: In the lore of western magic, the ☾ is taken to symbolize horns, especially the horns of Satan or of diabolical beasts. The Five Fingered Hand of Eris, however, is not intended to be taken as satanic, for the "horns" are supported by another set, of inverted "horns." Or maybe it is walrus tusks. I don't know what it is, to tell the truth.

00021

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

-Breton



POEE (pronounced "POEE") is an acronym for The PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC. The first part can be taken to mean "equivalent deity, reversing beyond-mystique." We are not really esoteric, it's just that nobody pays much attention to us.

MY HIGH REVERENCE MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER, AB, DD, KSC, is the High Priest of POEE, and POEE is grounded in his espiskopotic revelations of The Goddess. He is called The Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold.

The POEE HEAD TEMPLE is the Joshua Norton Cabal of The Discordian Society, which is located in Mal-2's pineal gland and can be found by temporally and spacially locating the rest of Mal-2.

POEE has no treasury, no by-laws, no articles, no guides save Mal-2's pineal gland, and has only one scruple -- which Mal-2 keeps on his key chain.

POEE has not registered, incorporated, or otherwise chartered with the State, and so the State does not recognize POEE or POEE Ordinations, which is only fair, because POEE does not recognize the State.

POEE has 5 DEGREES:



There is the neophyte, or LEGIONNAIRE DISCIPLE.
 The LEGIONNAIRE DEACON, who is catching on.
 An Ordained POEE PRIEST/PRIESTESS or a CHAPLIN.
 The HIGH PRIEST, the Polyfather.
 And POEE =POPE=.

POEE LEGIONNAIRE DISCIPLES are authorized to initiate others as Discordian Society Legionnaires. PRIESTS appoint their own DEACONS. The POLYFATHER ordains Priests. I don't know about the =POPES=.

"THIS BOOK IS A MIRROR. WHEN A MONKEY LOOKS IN, NO APOSTLE LOOKS OUT."
 - LICHTENBERG

PROPERTY OF
CIVIL SERVICE
6-710
OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS



Application For Members!

In the Erisian Movement of the DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

1. Today's date _____ Yesterday's date _____
2. Purpose of this application: --membership in: a. Legion of Dynamic Discord b. POEE c. Bavarian Illuminati d. All of the above e. None of the above f. Other--be *specific!*
3. Name _____ Holy Name _____

Address _____

If temporary, also give an address from which mail can be forwarded

4. Description: Born: | | yes | | no Eyes: | | 2 | | other Height: _____fl. oz. Last time you had a haircut: _____ Reason: _____ Race: | | horse | | human I. Q.: 150-200 200-250 250-300 over 300
5. History: Education - highest grade completed 1 2 3 4 5 6 over 6th Professional: On another ream of paper list every job since 1937 from which you have been fired. Medical: On a separate sheet labeled "confidential," list all major psychotic episodes experienced within the last 24 hours
6. Sneaky questions to establish personality traits
I would rather a. live in an outhouse b. play in a rock group c. eat caterpillars. I wear obscene tattoos because
I have ceased raping little children | | yes | | no -- reason

7. SELF-PORTRAIT

ANSWER
BY WRITER
SENDER WAITING

LICK HERE!

●
(You may be one
of the lucky 25)

Rev. Mungo
For Office Use Only- acc. rej. burned

00023



POEE & IT'S PRIESTS

If you like Erisianism as it is presented according to Mal-2, then you may wish to form your own POEE CABAL as a POEE PRIEST and you can go do a bunch of POEE Priestly Things. A "POEE Cabal" is exactly what you think it is.

The High Priest makes no demands on his Priests, though he does rather expect good will of them. The Office of the Polyfather is to point, not to teach. Once in a while, he even listens.

Should you find that your own revelations of The Goddess become substantially different than the revelations of Mal-2, then perhaps The Goddess has plans for you as an Episkopos, and you might consider creating your own sect from scratch, unhindered. Episkoposes are not competing with each other, and they are all POEE Priests anyway (as soon as I locate them). The point is that Episkopos are developing separate paths to the Erisian mountain top. See the section "Discordian Society."



ORDINATION AS A POEE PRIEST

There are no particular qualifications for Ordination because if you want to be a POEE Priest then you must undoubtedly qualify. Who could possibly know better than you whether or not you should be Ordained?

An ORDAINED POEE PRIEST or PRIESTESS is defined as "one who holds an Ordination Certificate from The Office of the Polyfather."

*Seek into the Chao if thou wouldst be wise
And find ye delight in Her Great Surprise!
Look into the Chao if thou wantest to know
What's in a Chao and why it ain't so!
(HBT; The Book of Advice, 1:1)*

World Council of Churches Boutique

NOTE TO POEE PRIESTS:

The Polyfather wishes to remind all Erisians the POEE was conceived not as a commercial enterprise, and that you are requested to keep your cool when seeking funds for POEE Cabals or when spreading the POEE word via the market place.



00025



THE hidden STONE RIPENS FAST,
TREN LAID BARE LIKE A TURNIP
CAN EASILY BE CUT OUT AT LAST
BUT EVEN THEN THE DANGER ISN'T PAST.
THAT MAN LIVES BEST WHO'S FAIR
TO LIVE HALF MAD, HALF SANE.
— FLEMISH POET JAN VAN
STIJEVOORT, 1524.

THE ERISIAN AFFIRMATION

*BEFORE THE GODDESS ERIS, I (name or holy name), do herewith declare myself a
POEE BROTHER of THE LEGION OF DYNAMIC DISCORD.
HAIL HAIL HAIL HAIL HAIL ERIS ERIS ERIS ERIS ERIS
ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!*

The presiding POEE Official (if any) responds:

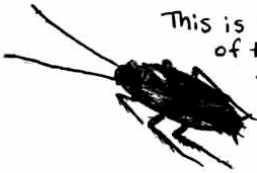
ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!

DONT PHONE



To diverse gods
Do mortals bow;
Holy Cow, and
Wholly Chao.
- Rev. Dr. Grindlebone
Monroe Cabal

"COMMON SENSE IS WHAT TELLS YOU THAT
THE WORLD IS FLAT."



This is ST. GULK. He is the Messenger of the Goddess. A different age from ours called him Hermes. Many people called him by many names. He is a Roach.

00027

Region of Dynamic Discord

HARK!

Recognize that the -- Discordian Society -- doth hereby certify

As A Regionaire

Glory to we children of ERIS!

Presented under the auspices of our Lady of Discord, ERIS, by the House of the Apostles of ERIS.

OFFICE OF MY HIGH REVERENCE MAUCLYPSE THE YOUNGER KSC OPOVIG HIGH PRIEST POE



GENERAL LICENSE

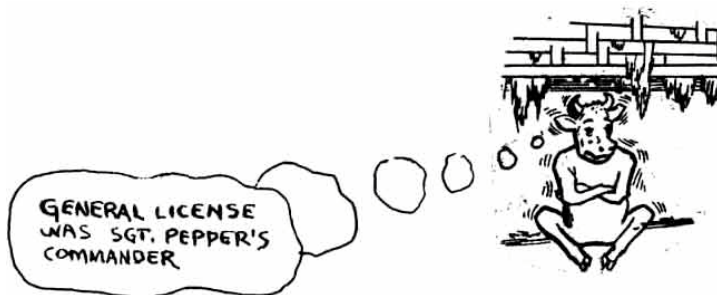
HOW TO START A POEE CABAL WITHOUT MESSING AROUND WITH THE POLYFATHER

If you cannot find the Polyfather, or having found him, don't want anything to do with him, you are still authorized to form your own POEE CABAL and do Priestly Things, using the Principia Discordia as a guide. Your Official Rank will be POEE CHAPLIN for THE LEGION OF DYNAMIC DISCORD, which is exactly the same as a POEE PRIEST except that you don't have an Ordination Certificate. The words you are now reading are your ordination.

HOW TO BECOME A POEE CHAPLIN

- 1 Write the ERISIAN AFFIRMATION in five copies.
- 2 Sign and nose-print each copy.
- 3 Send one to The President of the United States.
- 4 Send one to
The California State Bureau of Furniture and Bedding
1021 'D' Street, Sacramento CA 94814
- 5 Nail one to a telephone pole. Hide one. And burn the other.

Then consult your pineal gland.



- **OLD POEE SLOGAN:**
When in doubt, fuck it.
When not in doubt, get in doubt!

TRIP 5

= THE POEE BAPTISMAL RITE =

This Mystere Rite is not required for initiation, but it is offered by many POEE Priests to proselytes who desire a formal ceremony.

- 1) The Priest and four Brothers are arranged in a pentagon with the Initiate in the center facing the Priest. If possible, the Brothers on the immediate right and left of the Priest should be Deacons. The Initiate must be totally naked, to demonstrate that he is truly a human being and not something else in disguise like a cabbage or something.
- 2) All persons in the audience and the pentagon, excepting the Priest, assume a squatting position and return to a standing position. This is repeated four more times. This dance is symbolic of the humility of we Erisians.
- 3) The Priest begins:
I, (complete Holy Name, with Mystical Titles, and degrees, designations, offices, &c.), Ordained Priest of the Paratheo-anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric, with the Authority invested at me by the High Priest of It, Office of the Polyfather, The House of The Rising Podge, POEE Head Temple; Do herewith Require of Ye:
 - 1) *ARE YE A HUMAN BEING AND NOT A CABBAGE OR SOMETHING?* The initiate answers YES.
 - 2) *THAT'S TOO BAD. DO YE WISH TO BETTER THYSELF?* The initiate answers YES.
 - 3) *HOW STUPID. ARE YE WILLING TO BECOME PHILOSOPHICALLY ILLUMINIZED?* He answers YES.
 - 4) *VERY FUNNY. WILL YE DEDICATE YESELF TO THE HOLEY ERISIAN MOVEMENT?* The initiate answers PROBABLY.

00029

RETURN TO
RESTRICTED ROOM
DO NOT PASS "GO". DO NOT COLLECT \$200

5) *THEN SWEAR YE THE FOLLOWING AFTER ME:* (The Priest here leads the Initiate in a recital of THE ERISIAN AFFIRMATION.) The Priest continues: *THEN I DO HERE PROCLAIM YE POEE DISCIPLE (name), LEGIONNAIRE OF THE LEGION OF DYNAMIC DISCORD. HAIL ERIS! HAIL HAIL! HAIL YES!*

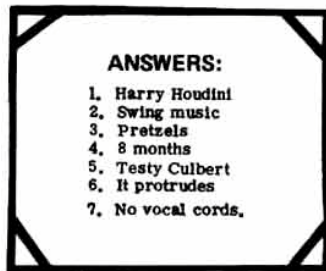
- 4) All present rejoice grandly. The new Brother opens a large jug of wine and offers it to all who are present.
- 5) The Ceremony generally degenerates.

**MORD SAYS THAT OMAR
SAYS THAT WE ARE
ALL UNICORNS ANYWAY**

**DO NOT PULL
ON YELLOW TIP**

00030

*3. And though Omar did bid of the Collector of Garbage, in words that were both sweet and bitter, to surrender back the cigar box containing the cards designated by the Angel as The Honest Book of Truth, the Collector was to him as one who might be smitten deaf, saying only: 'Gainst the rules, y'know.
HBT; The Book of Explanations, Chap. 2*



DISCARDED

THE POEE MYSTEREE OATH

G3400:
50
DMTS
19

The Initiate swears the following:

FLYING BABY SHIT!!!!

(Brothers of the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria sect may wish to substitute the German:

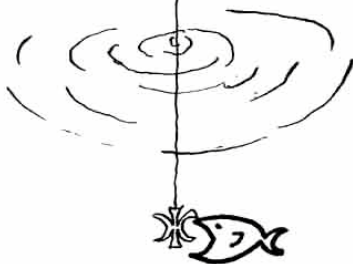
FLIEGENDE KINDERSCHEISSE!

or perhaps

WIECZNY KWIAT WTADZA!!!!

which is Ewige Blumenkraft in Polish.)

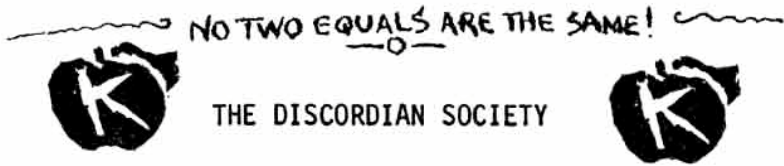
"FOREIGN"



THE RECENT EXPOSE THAT MR. MOMOMOTO, FAMOUS JAPANESE WHO CAN SWALLOW HIS NOSE, CANNOT SWALLOW HIS NOSE BUT HIS BROTHER CAN HAS BEEN EXPOSED! IT IS MR. MOMOMOTO WHO CAN SWALLOW HIS NOSE, HE SWALLOWED HIS BROTHER IN THE SUMMER OF '44.

Corrections to last week's copy: Johnny Sample is offensive cornerback for the New York Jets, not fullback as stated. Bobby Tolian's name is not Randy, but mud. All power to the people, and ban the fucking bomb.

00031 "This Statement is False"
(courtesy of POEE)



The Discordian Society has no definition.

I sometimes think of it as a disorganization of Eris Freaks. It has been called a guerrilla mind theatre. Episkopos Randomfactor, Director of Purges of Our People's Underworld Movement sect in Larchmont, prefers "The World's Greatest Association of What-ever-it-is-that-we-are." Lady Mal thinks of it as a RENAISSANCE THINK TANK. Fang the Unwashed, WKC, won't say. You can think of it any way you like.

AN EPISKOPOS OF THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

is one who prefers total autonomy, and creates his own Discordian sect as The Goddess directs him. He speaks for himself and for those that say that they like what he says.

THE LEGION OF DYNAMIC DISCORD:

A Discordian Society Legionnaire is one who prefers not to create his own sect.

If you want in on the Discordian Society
then declare yourself what you wish
do what you like
and tell us about it
or
if you prefer
don't.

**Some Episkoposes
have a one-man cabal
Some work together,
Some never do explain.**

There are no rules anywhere.
The Goddess Prevails.

When I get to the bottom I go back to the top
of the slide where I stop and I turn and I go
for a ride, then I get to the bottom and I see
you again! Helter Skelter!

-- John Lennon



THE GOLDEN APPLE CORPS

The Golden Apple Corps* is an honorary position for The Keepers of The Sacred Chao, so that they can put "KSC" after their names.

It says little,
does less,
means
nothing.

TRAVEL AGENT

** Not to be confused with The Apple Corps Ltd. of those four singers. We thought of it first.*



- THE NUMERAL V SIGN -
Used by Old Roman Discordians, Illuminatus Churchill,
and innocent Hippies everywhere.

00033

PERPETUAL DATE CONVERTER FROM GREGORIAN TO POEE CALENDAR

SEASONS

- 1) Chaos - Patron Apostle Hung Mung
- 2) Discord - Patron Apostle Dr. Van Van Mojo
- 3) Confusion - Patron Apostle Sri Syadasti
- 4) Bureaucracy - Patron Apostle Zarathud
- 5) The Aftermath - Patron Apostle The Elder Malaclypse

DAYS OF THE WEEK*

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| 1) Sweetmorn | <i>*The DAYS OF THE WEEK are named from the five Basic Elements: SWEET, BOOM, PUNGENT, PRICKLE and ORANGE.</i> |
| 2) Boomtime | |
| 3) Pungenday | |
| 4) Prickle-Prickle | |
| 5) Setting Orange | |

HOLIDAYS

A) APOSTLE HOLYDAYS

- 1) Mungday
- 2) Mojoday
- 3) Syaday
- 4) Zaraday
- 5) Maladay

Each occurs on the 5th day of the Season

B) SEASON HOLYDAYS

- 1) Chaoflux
- 2) Discoflux
- 3) Confuflex
- 4) Bureflux
- 5) Afflux

Each occurs on the 50th day of the Season

C) ST. TIB'S DAY - occurs once every 4 years (1+4=5) and is inserted between the 59th and 60th days of the Season of Chaos



SACRED DOCUMENT OF THE FROGS (old Erisian poem):
73 Days heth
Chae, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy and
Aftermath

		SM	BT	PD	PP	SO		SM	BT	PD	PP	SO			
Jan	1 2 3 4 5	7	2	3	4	5	Cha	Jul	5 6 7 8 9	40	41	42	43	44	Cfn
	6 7 8 9 10	6	7	8	9	10			10 11 12 13 14	45	46	47	48	49	
	11 12 13 14 15	11	12	13	14	15			15 16 17 18 19	50	51	52	53	54	
	16 17 18 19 20	16	17	18	19	20			20 21 22 23 24	55	56	57	58	59	
	21 22 23 24 25	21	22	23	24	25			25 26 27 28 29	60	61	62	63	64	
	26 27 28 29 30	26	27	28	29	30			30 31 1 2 3	65	66	67	68	69	
	31 1 2 3 4	31	32	33	34	35		Aug	4 5 6 7 8	70	71	72	73	1	Bcy
Feb	5 6 7 8 9	36	37	38	39	40			9 10 11 12 13	2	3	4	5	6	
	10 11 12 13 14	41	42	43	44	45			14 15 16 17 18	7	8	9	10	11	
	15 16 17 18 19	46	47	48	49	50			19 20 21 22 23	12	13	14	15	16	
	20 21 22 23 24	51	52	53	54	55			24 25 26 27 28	17	18	19	20	21	
	25 26 27 28* 1	56	57	58	59	60			29 30 31 1 2	22	23	24	25	26	
Mar	2 3 4 5 6	61	62	63	64	65		Sep	3 4 5 6 7	27	28	29	30	31	
	7 8 9 10 11	66	67	68	69	70			8 9 10 11 12	32	33	34	35	36	
	12 13 14 15 16	71	72	73	1	2	Dsc		13 14 15 16 17	37	38	39	40	41	
	17 18 19 20 21	3	4	5	6	7			18 19 20 21 22	42	43	44	45	46	
	22 23 24 25 26	8	9	10	11	12			23 24 25 26 27	47	48	49	50	51	
	27 28 29 30 31	13	14	15	16	17			28 29 30 1 2	52	53	54	55	56	
Apr	1 2 3 4 5	18	19	20	21	22		Oct	3 4 5 6 7	57	58	59	60	61	
	6 7 8 9 10	23	24	25	26	27			8 9 10 11 12	62	63	64	65	66	
	11 12 13 14 15	28	29	30	31	32			13 14 15 16 17	67	68	69	70	71	
	16 17 18 19 20	33	34	35	36	37			18 19 20 21 22	72	73	1	2	3	Afm
	21 22 23 24 25	38	39	40	41	42			23 24 25 26 27	4	5	6	7	8	
	26 27 28 29 30	43	44	45	46	47			28 29 30 31 1	9	10	11	12	13	
	31 1 2 3 4 5	48	49	50	51	52		Nov	2 3 4 5 6	14	15	16	17	18	
	6 7 8 9 10	53	54	55	56	57			7 8 9 10 11	19	20	21	22	23	
	11 12 13 14 15	58	59	60	61	62			12 13 14 15 16	24	25	26	27	28	
	16 17 18 19 20	63	64	65	66	67			17 18 19 20 21	29	30	31	32	33	
	21 22 23 24 25	68	69	70	71	72			22 23 24 25 26	34	35	36	37	38	
	26 27 28 29 30	73	1	2	3	4	Cfn		27 28 29 30 1	39	40	41	42	43	
	31 1 2 3 4	5	6	7	8	9		Dec	2 3 4 5 6	44	45	46	47	48	
	5 6 7 8 9	10	11	12	13	14			7 8 9 10 11	49	50	51	52	53	
Jun	10 11 12 13 14	15	16	17	18	19			12 13 14 15 16	54	55	56	57	58	
	15 16 17 18 19	20	21	22	23	24			17 18 19 20 21	59	60	61	62	63	
	20 21 22 23 24	25	26	27	28	29			22 23 24 25 26	64	65	66	67	68	
	25 26 27 28 29	30	31	32	33	34			27 28 29 30 31	69	70	71	72	73	
	30 1 2 3 4	35	36	37	38	39									

[1970 = 3136] [Next St. Tibs Day in 3138]

HOLY NAMES

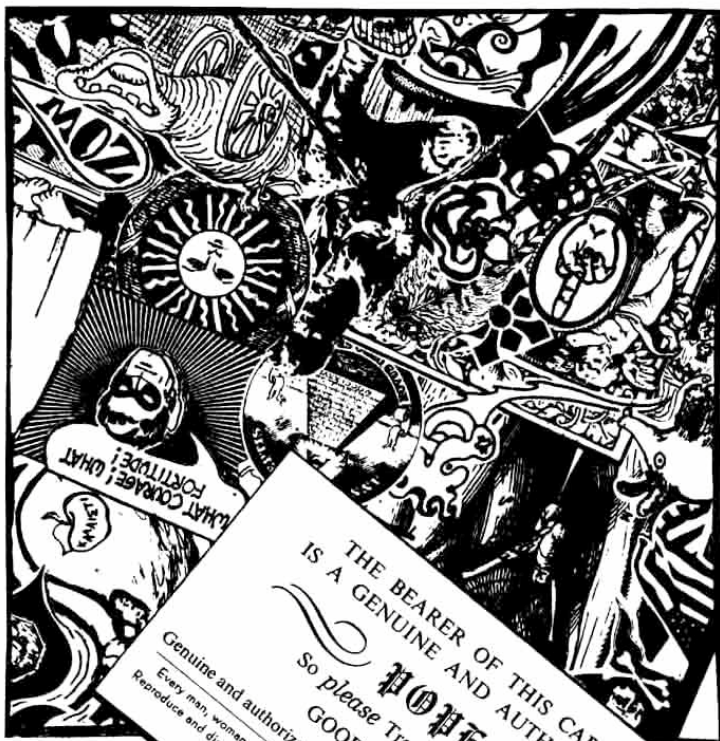
Discordians have a tradition of assuming HOLY NAMES. This is not unique with Erisianism, of course. I suppose that Pope Paul is the son of Mr. & Mrs. VI?

And also TITLES OF MYSTICAL IMPORT.



00035

Will whoever stole Brother Reverend
Magoun's pornography please return it.



THE BEARER OF THIS CARD
 IS A GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED
HOPE
 So please Treat Him Right
 GOOD FOREVER
 Genuinely authorized by The HOUSE of APOSTLES of ERIS
 Every man, woman and child on this Earth is a genuine and authorized Pope
 Reproduce and distribute these cards freely-P.O.E.E. Head Temple, San Francisco
 A-POPE= IS SOMEONE WHO IS NOT UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE AUTHORITIES *



OK
 00036

FOR YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT

THE PARABLE OF THE BITTER TEA

by

Rev. Dr. Hypocrates Magoun, P.P.
POEE PRIEST, Okinawa Cabal

When Hypoc was through meditating with St. Gulik, he went there into the kitchen where he busied himself with preparing the feast and in his endeavor, he found that there was some old tea in a pan left standing from the night before, when he had in his weakness forgot about its making and had let it sit steeping for 24 hours. It was dark and murky and it was Hypoc's intention to use this old tea by diluting it with water. And again in his weakness, chose without further consideration and plunged into the physical labor of the preparations. It was then when deeply immersed in the pleasure of that trip, he had a sudden clear voice in his head saying "it is bitter tea that involves you so." Hypoc heard the voice, but the struggle inside intensified, and the pattern, previously established with the physical laboring and the muscle messages coordinated and unified or perhaps coded, continued to exert their influence and Hypoc succumbed to the pressure and denied the voice.

And again he plunged into the physical orgy and completed the task, and Lo as the voice had predicted, the tea was bitter.

00037

"The Five Laws have root in awareness."

-Che Fung (Ezra Pound, Canto 85)

*The Hell Law says that Hell is reserved exclusively
for them that believe in it. Further, the Lowest
Ring in Hell is reserved for them that believe in
it on the supposition that they'll go there if
they don't.*

HBT, The Gospel According to Fred, 3:1

A SERMON ON ETHICS AND LOVE

One day Mal-2 asked the messenger spirit Saint Gulik to approach the Goddess and request Her presence for some desperate advice. Shortly afterwards the radio came on by itself, and an ethereal female Voice said *YES?*

"O! Eris! Blessed Mother of Man! Queen of Chaos! Daughter of Discord! Concubine of Confusion! O! Exquisite Lady, I beseech You to lift a heavy burden from my heart!"

WHAT BOTHERS YOU, MAL? YOU DON'T SOUND WELL.

"I am filled with fear and tormented with terrible visions of pain. Everywhere people are hurting one another, the planet is rampant with injustices, whole societies plunder groups of their own people, mothers imprison sons, children perish while brothers war. O, woe."

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THAT, IF IT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO?

"But nobody wants it! Everybody hates it!"

OH. WELL, THEN STOP.

At which moment She turned Herself into an aspirin commercial and left the Polyfather stranded alone with his species.

**SINISTER
DEXTER
HAS A BROKEN
SPIROMETER.**

SEE NO. 00038
TEXT NO. 00038

CHAPTER 5: THE PIONEERS

= THE FIVE APOSTLES OF ERIS & WHO THEY BE =

1. HUNG MUNG

A Sage of Ancient China and Official Discordian Missionary to the Heathen Chinees. He who originally devised THE SACRED CHAO. Patron of The Season of Chaos. Holyday: Jan 5.

2. DR. VAN VAN MOJO

A Head Doctor of Deep Africa and Maker of Fine Dolls D.H.V., *Doctor of Hoodoo and Vexes*, from The Greater Metropolitan Yorba Linda Jesus Will Save Your Bod Home Study Bible School; and F.I.H.G.W.P., *Fellow of the Intergalactic Haitian Guerrillas for World Peace*. Patron of The Season of Discord. Holyday: Mar 19.

NOTE: Erisians of The Laughing Christ sect are of the silly contention that Dr. Mojo is an imposter and that PATAMUNZO LINGANANDA is the True Second Apostle. Lord Omar claims that Dr. Mojo heaps hatred and curses upon Patamunzo, who sends only Love Vibrations in return. But we of the POEE sect know that Patamunzo is the Real Imposter, and that those vibrations of his are actually an attempt to subvert Dr. Mojo's rightful apostilic authority by shaking him out of his wits.



3. SRI SYADASTI SYADAVAKTAVYA SYADASTI SYANNASTI
SYADASTI CAVAKTAVYASCA SYADASTI SYANNASTI
SYADAVATAVYASCA SYADASTI SYANNASTI
SYADAVAKTAVYASCA commonly called just SRI SYADASTI

His name is Sanskrit, and means: All affirmations are true in some sense,

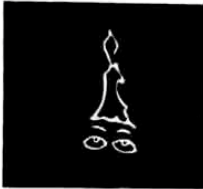
false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense. He is an Indian Pundit and Prince, born of the Peyotl Tribe, son of Chief Sun Flower Seed and the squaw Merry Jane. Patron to psychedelic type Discordians. Patron of The Season of Confusion. Holyday: May 31. *NOTE: Sri Syadasti should not be confused with BLESSED ST. GULIK THE STONED, who is not the same person but is the same Apostle.*

4. ZARATHUD THE INCORRIGIBLE, sometimes called ZARATHUD THE STAUNCH

A hard nosed Hermit of Medieval Europe and Chaosphe Bible Banger. Dubbed "Offender of The Faith." Discovered the Five Commandments. Patron of The Season of Bureaucracy. Holyday: Aug 12.

5. THE ELDER MALACLYPSE

A wandering Wiseman of Ancient Mediterrania ("Med-Terra" or middle earth), who followed a 5-pointed Star through the alleys of Rome, Damascus, Baghdad, Jerusalem, Mecca and Cairo, bearing a sign that seemed to read "DOOM". (This is a misunderstanding. The sign actually read "DUMB". Mal-1 is a Non-Prophet.) Patron and namesake of Mal-2. Patron on The Season of The Aftermath. Holyday: Oct 24.



APOSTLE THE ELDER MALACLYPSE

00040

All statements are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense. A public service clarification by the Sri Syadasti School of Spiritual Wisdom, Wilmette.

The teachings of the Sri Syadasti School of Spiritual Wisdom are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, false and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense. Patamunzo Ligananda School of Higher Spiritual Wisdom, Skokie.



THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH
being a BIBLE of The Erisian Movement

and How It was Revealed to
Episkopos LORD OMAR KHAYYAM RAVENHURST, KSC; Bull Goose
of Limbo; and Master Pastor of the Church Invisible of
The Laughing Christ, Hidden Temple of The Happy Jesus,
Laughing Buddha Jesus (LBJ) Ranch

From The Honest Book of Truth
THE BOOK OF EXPLANATIONS, Chapter I



1. There came one day to Lord Omar, Bull Goose of Limbo, a Messenger of Our Lady who told him of a Sacred Mound wherein was buried an Honest Book.
2. And the Angel of Eris bade of the Lord: *Go ye hence and dig the Truth, that ye may come to know it and, knowing it, spread it and, spreading it, wallow in it and wallowing in it, lie in it and lying in the Truth, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings -- and inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.*
3. So Omar went forth to the Sacred Mound, which was to the East of Nullah, and thereupon he worked digging in the sand for five days and five nights, but found no Book.
4. At the end of five days and five nights of digging, it came to pass that Omar was exhausted. So he put his shovel to one side and bedded himself down on the sand, using as a pillow a Golden Chest he had uncovered on the first day of his labors.
5. Omar slept.
6. On the fifth day of his sleeping, Lord Omar fell into a Trance, and there came to him in the Trance a Dream, and there came to him in the Dream a Messenger of Our Lady who told him of a Sacred Grove wherein was hidden a Golden Chest.
7. And the Angel of Eris bad of the Lord: *Go ye hence and lift the Stash, that ye may come to own it and, owning it, share it and, sharing it, love in it and, loving in it, dwell in it and, dwelling in the Stash, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings -- an Inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.*
8. But Omar lamented, saying unto the Angel: *What is this shit, man? What care I for the Word and Sayings? What care I for the Inspiration of all men? Wherein does it profit a man to be a Scribe to the Gods when the Scribes of the Governments do nothing, yet are paid better wages?*
9. And, lo, the Angel waxed in anger and Omar was stricken to the Ground by an Invisible Hand and did not arise for five days and five nights.
10. And it came to pass that on the fifth night he drempt, and in his Dream he had a Vision, and in this Vision there came unto him a Messenger of Our Lady who entrusted to him a Rigoletto cigar box containing many filing cards, some of them in packs with rubber bands around, and upon these cards were sometimes written verses, while upon others nothing was written.
11. Thereupon the Angel Commanded the Lord: *Take ye this Honest Book of Truth to thine bosom and cherish it. Carry it forth into The Land and lay it before Kings of Nations and Collectors of Garbage. Preach from it unto the Righteous, that they may renounce their ways and repent.*

CONVENTIONAL CHAOS

DO NOT BEND

GREYFACE

In the year 1166 B.C., a malcontented hunchbrain by the name of Greyface, got it into his head that the universe was as humorless as he, and he began to teach that play was sinful because it contradicted the ways of Serious Order. "Look at all the order about you," he said. And from that, he deluded honest men to believe that reality was a straitjacket affair and not the happy romance as men had known it.

It is not presently understood why men were so gullible at that particular time, for absolutely no one thought to observe all the disorder around them and conclude just the opposite. But anyway, Greyface and his followers took the game of playing at life more seriously than they took life itself and were known even to destroy other living beings whose ways of life differed from their own.

The unfortunate result of this is that mankind has since been suffering from a psychological and spiritual imbalance. Imbalance caused by frustration, and frustration causes fear. And fear makes a bad trip. Man has been on a bad trip for a long time now.

It is called THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

**Bullshit makes
the flowers grow
and that's beautiful.**

MAP LIBRARY
MAP LIBRARY
MAP LIBRARY

*Climb into the Chao with a friend or two
And follow the way it carries you,
Over the Waves in whatever you do.
(HBT; The Book of Advice, 1:3)*

MANBAIA



NO TWO ELEMENTS INTERLOCK
BUT ALL FIVE DO INTERLOCK

00043

MEANWHILE, at the Chinese Laundromat . . .

APOSTLE HUNG MUNG




DOGMA I - METAPHYSICS #2, "COSMOLOGY" *

THE BOOK OF UTERUS
from The Honest Book of Truth
revealed to Lord Omar

- I -

1. Before the beginning was the Nonexistent Chao, balanced in Oblivion by the Perfect Counterpushpull of the Hodge and the Podge.
2. Whereupon, by an Act of Happenstance, the Hodge began gradually to overpower the Podge - - and the Primal Chaos thereby came to be.
3. So in the beginning was the Primal Chaos, balanced on the Edge of Oblivion by the Perfect Counterpullpush of the Podge and the Hodge.
4. Whereupon, by the Law of Negative Reversal, ** the Podge swiftly underpowered the Hodge and Everything broke loose.
5. And therein emerged the Active Force of Discord, the Subtle Manifestation of the Nonexistent Chao, to guide Everything along the Path back to Oblivion - that it might not become lost among Precepts of Order in the Region of Thud.
6. Forasmuch as it was Active, the Force of Discord entered the State of Confusion, wherein It copulated with the Queen and begat ERIS, Our Lady of Discord and Gross Manifestation of the Nonexistent Chao.
7. And under Eris Confusion became established, and was hence called Bureaucracy; while over Bureaucracy Eris became established, and was hence called Discordia.
8. By the by it came to pass that the Establishment of Bureaucracy perished in a paper shortage.
9. Thus it was, in accord with the Law of Laws.

00044 

10. During and after the Fall of the Establishment of Bureaucracy was the Aftermath, an Age of Disorder, in which calculation, computations, and reckonings were put away by the Children of Eris in Acceptance and Preparation for Return to Oblivion to be followed by a Repetition of the Universal Absurdity. Moreover, of Itself the Coming of Aftermath waseth a Resurrection of the Freedom-flowing Chaos. HAIL ERIS!

11. Herein was set into motion the Eristic pattern, which would Repeat Itself Five Times Over Seventy-three Times, after which nothing would happen.

* This doctrine should not be confused with DOGMA III - HISTORY #6, "HISTORIC CYCLES," which states that social progress occurs in five cycles, the first three ("The Tricycle") of which are THESIS, ANTITHESIS and PARENTHESIS; and the last two ("The Bicycle") of which are CONSTERNATION and MORAL WARPTITUDE.

* * The LAW OF NEGATIVE REVERSAL states that if something does not happen then the exact opposite will happen, only in exactly the opposite manner from that in which it did not happen.

NOTE: It is from this text from The Book of Uterus, that POEE has based its Erisian Calendar with the year divided into 5 Seasons of 73 days each. Each of the Five Apostles of Eris has patronage over one Season. A chart of the Seasons, Patrons, Days of the Week, Holydays, and a perpetual Gregorian converter is included in this edition of Principia.

Dull but Sincere Filler

00045

“And, behold, thusly was the Law formulated:
IMPOSITION of Order = escalation of Disorder!”
[H.B.T.; The Gospel According to Fred, 1:6]

THE FIVE ORDERS OF DISCORDIA ("THEM")
Gen. Pandaemonium, Commanding



The seeds of the ORDERS OF DISCORDIA were planted by Greyface into his early disciples. They form the skeleton of the Aneristic Movement, which over emphasizes the Principle of Order and is antagonistic to the necessary compliment, the Principle of Disorder. The Orders are composed of persons all hung up on authority, security and control; i.e., they are blinded by the Aneristic Illusion. They do not know that they belong to Orders of Discordia. But we know.

1. The Military Order of THE KNIGHTS OF THE FIVE SIDED TEMPLE. This is for all of the soldiers and bureaucrats of the world.
2. The Political Order of THE PARTY FOR WAR ON EVIL. This is reserved for lawmakers, censors, and like ilk.
3. The Academic Order of THE HEMLOCK FELLOWSHIP. They commonly inhabit schools and universities, and dominate many of them.
4. The Social Order of THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR CONCERNED CITIZENS. This is mostly a grass-roots version of the more professional military, political, academic and sacred Orders.
5. The Sacred Order of THE DEFAMATION LEAGUE. Not much is known about the D.L., but they are very ancient and quite possibly were founded by Greyface himself. It is known that they now have absolute domination over all organized churches in the world. It is also believed that they have been costuming cabbages and passing them off as human beings.



A person belonging to one or more Order is just as likely to carry a flag of the counter-establishment as the flag of the establishment - - just as long as it is a flag.

HIP-2-3-4, HIP 2-3-4
GO TO YOUR LEFT-RIGHT....

MILITARY 00046

00047

THE FOLLOWING IS QUOTED FROM BERGAN EVANS

ON NORBERT WEINER, NUCLEAR PHYSICIST

The second concept Wiener has to establish is that of entropy. Probability is a mathematical concept, coming from statistics. Entropy comes from physics. It is the assertion - - established logically and experimentally - - that the universe, by its nature, is "running down", moving toward a state of inert uniformity devoid of form, matter, hierarchy or differentiation.

That is, in any given situation, less organization, more chaos, is overwhelmingly more probable than tighter organization or more order.

The tendency for entropy to increase in isolated systems is expressed in the second law of thermodynamics - - perhaps the most pessimistic and amoral formulation in all human thought.

It applies, however, to a closed system, to something that is an isolated whole, not just a part. Within such systems there may be parts, which draw their energy from the whole, that are moving at least temporarily, in the opposite direction; in them order is increasing and chaos is diminishing.

The whirlpools that swirl in a direction opposed to the main current are called "enclaves". And one of them is life, especially human life, which in a universe moving inexorably towards chaos moves toward increased order.

Personal

PLANETARY P1, which I discovered, is 61. It's a Time-Energy relationship existing between sun and inner planets and I use it in arriving at many facts unknown to science. For example, multiply nude earth's circumference 24,902.20656 by 61 and you get the distance of moon's orbit around the earth. This is slightly less than actual distance because we have not yet considered earth's atmosphere. So be it. Christopher Garth, Evanston.

IF THE TELEPHONE
RINGS TODAY...
WATER IT!

-Rev. Thomas, Gnostic
N.Y.C. Cabal

"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PLUMBER."

--Albert Einstein

"GRASSHOPPER ALWAYS WRONG IN ARGUMENT WITH CHICKEN"

- Book of Chan

compiled by O.P.U. sect

=ZARATHUD'S ENLIGHTENMENT =

Before he became a hermit, Zarathud was a young priest, and took great delight in making fools of his opponents in front of his followers.

One day Zarathud took his students to a pleasant pasture and there he confronted the Sacred Chao while She was contentedly grazing.

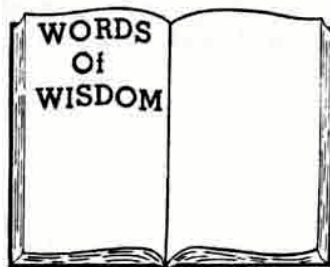
"Tell me, you dumb beast," demanded the Priest in his commanding voice, "why don't you do something worthwhile. What is your Purpose in Life, anyway?"

Munching the tasty grass, The Sacred Chao replied "MU".*

Upon hearing this, absolutely nobody was enlightened. Primarily because nobody could understand Chinese.

* "MU" is the Chinese ideogram for NO-THING.

TAO FA
TSU-DAN



FIND PEACE
WITH A
CONTENTED
CHAO

00048



THE SACRED CHAO

MUST

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

The Sacred Chao symbolizes absolutely everything anyone need ever know about absolutely anything, and more! It even symbolizes everything not worth knowing, depicted by the empty space surrounding the Hodge-Podge.

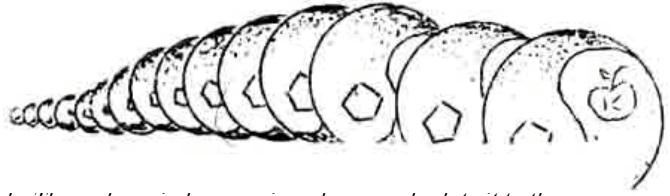
HERE FOLLOWS SOME PSYCHO-METAPHYSICS.

If you are not hot for philosophy, best just skip it.

The Aneristic Principle is that of APPARENT ORDER; the Eristic Principle is that of APPARENT DISORDER. Both order and disorder are man made concepts and are artificial divisions of PURE CHAOS, which is a level deeper than is the level of distinction making.

With our concept making apparatus called "mind" we look at reality through the ideas-about-reality which our cultures give us. The ideas-about-reality are mistakenly labeled "reality" and unenlightened people are forever perplexed by the fact that other people, especially other cultures, see "reality" differently. It is only the ideas-about-reality which differ. Real (capital-T True) reality is a level deeper than is the level of concept.

We look at the world through windows on which have been drawn grids (concepts). Different philosophies use different grids. A culture is a group of people



with rather similar grids. Through a window we view chaos, and relate it to the points on our grid, and thereby understand it. The ORDER is in the GRID. That is the Aneristic Principle.

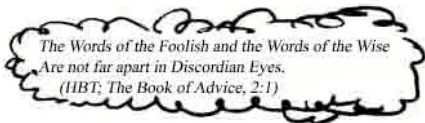
Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a perfect one that will account for all reality and will, hence, (say unenlightened westerners) be True. This is illusory; it is what we Erisians call the ANERISTIC ILLUSION. Some grids can be more useful than others, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc., but none can be more True than any other.

DISORDER is simply unrelated information viewed through some particular grid. But, like "relation", no-relation is a concept. Male, like female, is an idea about sex. To say that male-ness is "absence of female-ness", or vice versa, is a matter of definition and metaphysically arbitrary. The artificial concept of no-relation is the ERISTIC ILLUSION.

The point is that (little-t) truth is a matter of definition relative to the grid one is using at the moment, and that (capital-T) Truth, metaphysical reality, is irrelevant to grids entirely. Pick a grid, and through it some chaos appears ordered and some appears disordered. Pick another grid, and the same chaos will appear differently ordered and disordered.

Reality is the original Rorschach.

Verily! So much for all that.



The PODGE of the Sacred Chao is symbolized as The Golden Apple of Discordia, which represents the Eristic Principle of Disorder. The writing on it, "KALLISTI" is Greek for "TO THE PRETTIEST ONE" and refers to an old myth about The Goddess. But the Greeks had only a limited understanding of Disorder, and thought it to be a negative principle.



The Pentagon represents the Aneristic Principle of Order and symbolizes the HODGE. The Pentagon has several references; for one, it can be taken to represent geometry, one of the earliest studies of formal order to reach elaborate development;* for another, it specifically accords with THE LAW OF FIVES.

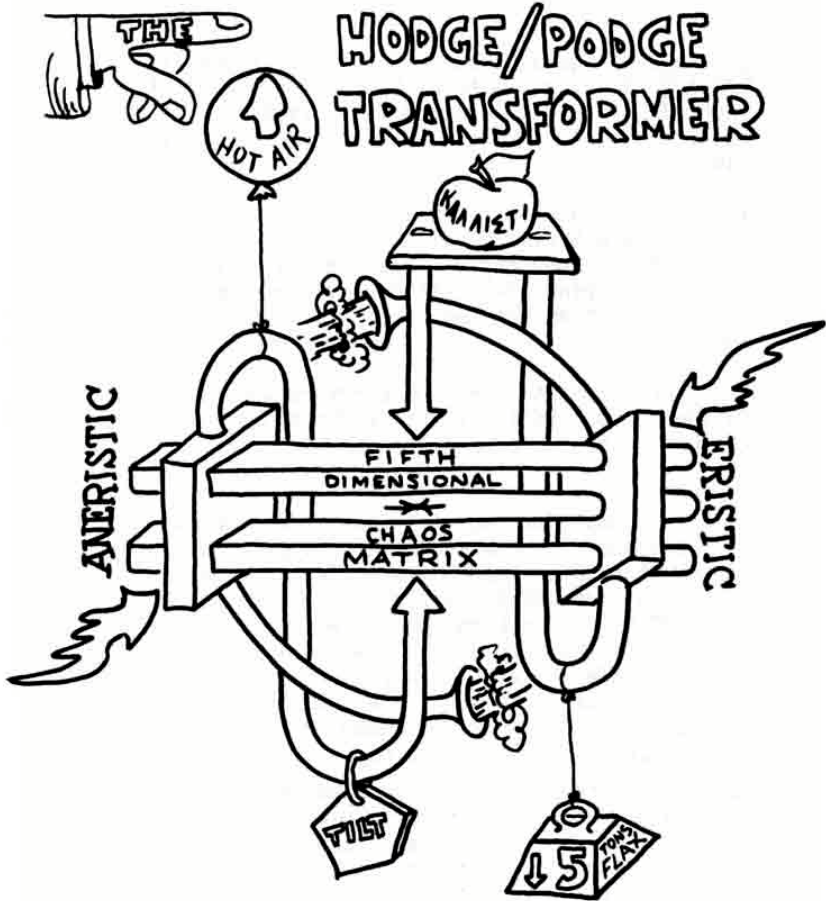
THE TRUTH IS FIVE BUT MEN HAVE ONLY ONE NAME FOR IT.

Patamunzo Lingananda

It also is the shape of the United States Military Headquarters, the Pentagon Building, a most pregnant manifestation of straightjacket order resting on a firm foundation of chaos and constantly erupting into dazzling disorder; and this building is one of our more cherished Erisian Shrines. Also it so happens that in times of medieval magic, the pentagon was the generic symbol for werewolves, but this reference is not particularly intended and it should be noted that the Erisian Movement does not discriminate against werewolves - - our membership roster is open to persons of all races, national origins and hobbies.

** The Greek geometrician PYTHAGORAS, however, was not a typical aneristic personality. He was what we call an EXPLODED ANERISTIC and an AVATAR. We call him Archangle Pythagoras.*

00051



28 DAY RECORDING

5. Hung Mung slapped his buttocks, hopped about, and shook his head, saying, "I do not know! I do not know!"

HBT; The Book of Gooks, Chap 1

00052

BRUNSWICK SHRINE

In the Los Angeles suburb of Whittier there lives a bowling alley, and within this very place, in the year of Our Lady of Discord 3125 (1959*), Eris revealed Herself to The Golden Apple Corps for the first time.

In honor of this Incredible Event, this Holy Place is revered as a Shrine by all Erisians. Once every five years, the Golden Apple Corps plans a Pilgrimage to Brunswick Shrine as an act of Devotion, and therein to partake of No Hot Dog Buns, and ruminate a bit about it All.

It is written that when The Corps returns to the Shrine for the fifth time five times over, then shall the world come to an end:

IMPENDING DOOM
HAS ARRIVED

And Five Days Prior to This Occasion The Apostle The Elder Malaclypse Shall Walk the Streets of Whittier Bearing a Sign for All Literates to Read thereof: "DOOM", as a Warning of Forthcoming Doom to All Men Impending. And He Shall Signal This Event by Seeking the Poor and Distributing to Them Precious MAO BUTTONS and Whittier Shall be Known as The Region of Thud for These Five Days.

As a public service to all mankind and civilization in general, and to us in particular, the Golden Apple Corps has concluded that planning such a Pilgrimage is sufficient and that it is prudent to never get around to actually going.

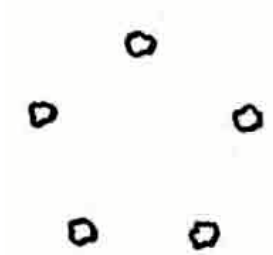
Quiet night \bar{S} c/o

* Or maybe it was 1958, I forget.

00053

STARBUCK'S PEBBLES

**Which
Is
Real?**



Do these 5 pebbles really form a pentagon?
Those biased by the Aneristic Illusion would say yes.
Those biased by the Eristic Illusion would say no.
Criss-cross them and it is a star.

An Illuminated Mind can see all of these, yet he does not insist that any one is really true, or that none at all is true. Stars, and pentagons, and disorder are all his own creations and he may do with them as he wishes. Indeed, even so the concept of number 5.

**Can you chart
the COURSE
to
Captain
Valentine's
SWEETHEART?**

The real reality is there, but everything you KNOW about "it" is in your mind and yours to do with as you like. Conceptualization is art, and YOU ARE THE ARTIST.

Convictions cause convicts.



00054

When I was 8 or 9 years old, I acquired a split beaver magazine. You can imagine my disappointment when, upon examination of the photos with a microscope, I found that all I could see was dots.



7. Never write in pencil unless you are on a train or sick in bed.

ERIS CONTEMPLATES FOR 3125 YEARS

Pun-jab is Sikh, Sikh,
Sikh!

THE PARATHIO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC (POEE)
A Non-prophet Irraligious Disorganization

MALACQUISE the Younger, KSC

Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Virginity in Gold
HIGH PRIEST

THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT

K2 Official Business

() Surreptitious Business

HOUSE OF APOSTLES OF ERIS

page 1 of 1 pages

Official Disordten Document Number (if applicable): N/A

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

() Council of Episkoposes; Office of High Priesthood, Sect of the POEE () Drawer 0

Today's DATE: Day of The Carrot

Yesterday's DATE: yes

Originating CABAL: JOSHUA NORTON CABAL - San Francisco

YO: REV. RAMPANT PANCREAS, tRRoCR(a)pttM; Colorado Encrustation

Brother Ram,

Your acute observation that ERIS spelled backwards is SIRE, and your inference to the effect that there is sexual symbolism here, have brought me to some observations of my own.

ERIS spelled fore-part-aft-wards is RISE. And spelled inside out is REIS, which is a unit of money, albeit Portugese-Brazilian and no longer in use. From this it may be concluded that Eris has usurped Eros (god of erotic love) in the eyes of those who read backwards; which obviously made Eros sorE. Then She apparently embezzled the Olympian Treasury and went to Brazil; whereupon She opened a chain of whorehouses (which certainly would get a rise from the male population). I figure it to be this in particular because MADAM reads the same forwards and backwards. And further, it is a term of great respect, similar to SIRE.

And so thank you for your insight, it may well be the clue to the mystery of just where Eris has been fucking around for 3125 years.

FIVE TONS OF FLAX!

* Mal²

NOT FOR CIRCULATION

KALLISTI ~~MAIL~~ ERIS ~~MAIL~~ ALL MAIL DISCORDIA

Safeguard this Letter, it may be an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

Form No. O.D.D. 26/4.1-37D.VVM 3124

DOGMA III - HISTORY #2, "COSMOGONY"

which is not the same as DOGMA I - METAPHYSICS #2, "COSMOLOGY" (Book of Uterus)

In the beginning there was VOID, who had two daughters; one (the smaller) was that of BEING, named ERIS, and one (the larger) was of NON-BEING, named ANERIS. (To this day, the fundamental truth that Aneris is the larger is apparent to all who compare the great number of things that do not exist with the comparatively small number of things that do exist.)

Eris had been born pregnant, and after 55 years (Goddesses have an unusually long gestation period--longer even than elephants), Her pregnancy bore the fruits of many things. These things were composed of the Five Basic Elements, SWEET, BOOM, PUNGENT, PRICKLE and ORANGE. Aneris, however, had been created sterile. When she saw Eris enjoying Herself so greatly with all of the existent things She had borne, Aneris became jealous and finally one day she stole some existent things and changed them into non-existent things and claimed them as her own children. This deeply hurt Eris, who felt that Her sister was unjust (being so much larger anyway) to deny Her her small joy. And so She made Herself swell again to bear more things. And She swore that no matter how many of her begotten that Aneris would steal, She would beget more. And, in return, Aneris swore that no matter how many existent things Eris brought forth, she would eventually find them and turn them into non-existent things for her own. (And to this day, things appear and disappear in this very manner.)

At first, the things brought forth by Eris were in a state of chaos and went in every which way, but by the by She began playing with them and ordered some of them just to see what would happen. Some pretty things arose from this play and for the next five zillion years She amused Herself by creating order. And so She grouped some things with others and some groups with others, and big groups with little groups, and all combinations until She had many grand schemes which delighted Her.

Engrossed in establishing order, She finally one day noticed disorder (previously not apparent because everything was chaos). There were many ways in which chaos was ordered and many ways in which it was not.

"Hah," She thought, "Here shall be a new game."

And She taught order and disorder to play with each other in contest games, and to take turns amusing each other. She named the side of disorder after Herself, "ERIS-TIC" because Being is anarchic. And then, in a mood of sympathy for Her lonely sister, She named the other side "ANERISTIC" which flattered Aneris and smoothed the friction a little that was between them.

Now all of this time, Void was somewhat disturbed. He felt unsatisfied for he had created only physical existence and physical non-existence, and had neglected the spiritual. As he contemplated this, a great Quiet was caused and he went into a state of Deep Sleep which lasted for 5 eras. At the end of this ordeal, he begat a brother to Eris and Aneris, that of SPIRITUALITY, who had no name at all.

When the Sisters heard this, they both confronted Void and pleaded that he not forget them, his First Born. And so Void decreed thus:

That this brother, having no form, was to reside with Aneris in Non-Being and then to leave her and, so that he might play with order and disorder, reside with Eris in Being. But Eris became filled with sorrow when She heard this and then began to weep.

"Why are you despondent?" demanded Void, "Your new brother will have his share with you." "But Father, Aneris and I have been arguing, and she will take him from me when she discovers him, and cause him to return to Non-Being." "I see," replied Void, "Then I decree the following:

"When your brother leaves the residence of Being, he shall not reside again in Non-Being, but shall return to Me, Void, from whence he came. You girls may bicker as you wish, but My son is your Brother and We are all of Myself."

000500

And so it is that we, as men, do not exist until we do; and then it is that we play with our world of existent things, and order and disorder them, and so it shall be that non-existence shall take us back from existence and that nameless spirituality shall return to Void, like a tired child home from a very wild circus.



"Everything is true - Everything is permissible!"

~ Hassarë i Sabbah

APOSTLE SRI SYADASTI



There is
serenity
in Chaos.

Seek ye
the Eye
of the
Hurricane
.

A POEE MYSTEREE RITE - THE SRI SYADASTIAN CHANT

Written, in some sense, by Mal-2

Unlike a song, chants are not sung but chanted. This particular one is much enhanced by the use of a Leader to chant the Sanskrit alone, with all participants chanting the English. It also behooves one to be in a quiet frame of mind and to be sitting in a still position, perhaps The Buttercup Position. It also helps if one is absolutely zonked out of his gourd.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Hung Mung.

SYA-DASTI

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Mo-Jo.

SYA-DAVAK-TAVYA

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Zara-thud.

SYA-DASTI SYA-NASTI

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Elder Mal.

SYA-DASTI KAVAK-TAV-YASKA

O! Hail Eris. Blessed St. Gu-lik. SYA-DASTI, SYA-NASTI, SYA-DAVAK-TAV-YASKA

O! Hail Eris. All Hail Dis-cord-ia.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

It is then repeated indefinitely, or for the first two thousand miles, which ever comes first.

00059

THE CLASSIFICATION OF SAINTS

1. SAINT SECOND CLASS

To be reserved for all human beings deserving of Sainthood. Example: St. Norton the First, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico (his grave near San Francisco is an official POEE shrine.)

THE FOLLOWING FOUR CATAGORIES ARE RESERVED FOR FICTIONAL BEINGS WHO, NOT BEING ACTUAL, ARE MORE CAPABLE OF PERFECTION.

2. LANCE SAINT

Good Saint material and definitely inspiring.
Example: St. Yossarian (Catch 22, Heller)

3. LIEUTENANT SAINT

Excellent Goddess-saturated Saint.
Example: St. Quixote, (Don Quixote, Cervantes)

4. BRIGADIER SAINT

Comparable to Lt/Saint but has an established following (fictional or factual).
Example: St. Bokonon (Cat's Cradle, Vonnegut)

5. FIVE STAR SAINT

The Five Apostles of Eris.

NOTE: It is an Old Erisian Tradition to never agree with each other about Saints

Everybody understands Mickey Mouse. Few understand
Herman Hesse. Only a handfull understood Albert Einstein.
And nobody understood Emperor Norton.

- Slogan of NORTON CABAL- S.F.

Tests By Doctors Prove It Possible To Shrink

= On Occultism =

Magicians, especially since the Gnostic and the Quabala influences, have sought higher consciousness through the assimilation and control of universal opposites - - good/evil, positive/negative, male/female, etc. But due to the steadfast pomposity of ritualism inherited from the ancient methods of the shaman, occultists have been blinded to what is perhaps the two most important pairs of apparent or earth-plane opposites: ORDER/DISORDER and SERIOUS/HUMOROUS.

Magicians, and their progeny the scientists, have always taken themselves and their subject in an orderly and sober manner, thereby disregarding an essential metaphysical balance. When magicians learn to approach philosophy as a malleable art instead of an immutable Truth, and learn to appreciate the absurdity of man's endeavors, then they will be able to pursue their art with a lighter heart and perhaps gain a clearer understanding of it, and therefore gain more effective magic. CHAOS IS ENERGY.

This is an essential challenge to the basic concepts of all western occult though, and POEE is humbly pleased to offer the first major breakthrough in occultism since Solomon.

“Study
Demonology
With An
Enemy
This
Sunday”
SEZ THOM, GNOS



00061

POEE ASTROLOGICAL SYSTEM

- 1) On your next Birthday, return to the place of your birth and, at precisely midnight, noting your birth time and date of observation, count all visible stars.
- 2) When you've done this, write to me and I'll tell you what to do next.

The theorem to be proved is that if any even number of people take seats at random around a circular table bearing place cards with their names, it is always possible to rotate the table until at least two people are opposite their cards. Assume the contrary. Let n be the even number of persons, and let their names be replaced by the integers 0 to $n - 1$ "in such a way that the place cards are numbered in sequence around the table. If a delegate d originally sits down to a place card p , then the table must be rotated r steps before he is correctly seated, where $r = p - d$, unless this is negative, in which case $r = p - d + n$. The collection of values of d (and of p) for all delegates is clearly the integers 0 to $n-1$, each taken once, but so also is the collection of values of r , or else two delegates would be correctly seated at the same time. Summing the above equations, one for each delegate, gives $S - S + nk$, where k is an integer and $S = n(n - 1)/2$, the sum of the integers from 0 to $n - 1$. It follows that $n = 2k + 1$, an odd number." This contradicts the original assumption.

"I actually solved this problem some years ago," Rybicki writes, "for a different but completely equivalent problem, a generalization of the nonattacking 'eight queens' problem for a cylindrical chessboard where diagonal attack is restricted to diagonals slanting in one direction only.

LOOK FOR THIS
SNOWFLAKE - IT
HAS MAGIC
PROPERTIES

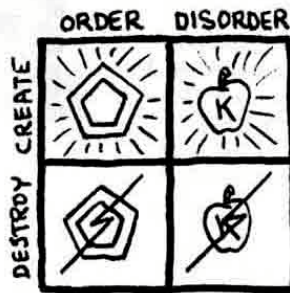


THE EMINENT 16th CENTURY MATH-
EMETICIAN CARDAN SO DETESTED
LUTHER THAT HE ALTERED LUTHER'S
BIRTHDATE TO GIVE HIM AN UN-
FAVORABLE HOROSCOPE

THE CURSE OF GREYFACE AND THE
INTRODUCTION OF NEGATIVISM

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

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



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

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



ERISIAN MAGIC RITUAL - THE TURKEY CURSE

Revealed by the Apostle Dr. Van Van Mojo as a specific counter to the evil Curse of Greyface, the TURKEY CURSE is here passed on to Erisians everywhere for their just protection.

The Turkey Curse works. It is firmly grounded on the fact that Greyface and his followers absolutely require an aneristic setting to function and that a timely introduction of eristic vibrations will neutralize their foundation. The Turkey Curse is designed solely to counteract negative aneristic vibes and if introduced into a neutral or positive aneristic setting (like a poet working out word rhythms) it will prove harmless, or at worst, simply annoying. It is not designed for use against negative eristic vibes, although it can be used as an eristic vehicle to introduce positive vibes into a misguided eristic setting. In this instance, it would be the responsibility of the Erisian Magician to manufacture the positive vibrations if results are to be achieved. CAUTION - all magic is powerful and requires courage and integrity on the part of the magician. This ritual, if misused, can backfire. Positive motivation is essential for self-protection.

TO PERFORM THE TURKEY CURSE:

Take a foot stance as if you were John L. Sullivan preparing for fisticuffs. Face the particular greyface you wish to short-circuit, or towards the direction of the negative aneristic vibration that you wish to neutralize. Begin by waving your arms in any elaborate manner and make motions with your hands as though you were Mandrake feeling up a sexy giantess. Chant, loudly and clearly:

GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE, GOBBLE!

The results will be instantly apparent.



00064

A PRIMER FOR ERISIAN EVANGELISTS *by Lord Omar*

The SOCRATIC APPROACH is most successful when confronting the ignorant. The "socratic approach" is what you call starting an argument by asking questions. You approach the innocent and simply ask "Did you know that God's name is Eris and that He is a girl?" If he should answer "Yes." Then he is probably a fellow Erisian and so you can forget it. If he says "No." then quickly proceed to:

THE BLIND ASSERTION and say "Well, He is a girl and His name is ERIS!" Shrewdly observe if the subject is convinced. If he is, swear him into the Legion of Dynamic Discord before he changes his mind. If he does not appear to be convinced, then proceed to:

THE FAITH BIT: "But you must have Faith! All is lost without Faith! I sure feel sorry for you if you don't have Faith." And then add:

THE ARGUMENT BY FEAR and in an ominous voice ask "Do you know what happens to those who deny Goddess?" If he hesitates, don't tell him that he will surely be reincarnated as a precious Mao Button and distributed to the poor in the Region of Thud (which would be a mean thing to say), just shake your head sadly and, while wiping a tear from your eye, go to:

THE FIRST CLAUSE PLOY wherein you point to all of the discord and confusion in the world and exclaim "Well who the hell do you think did all of this, wise guy?" If he says, "Nobody, just impersonal forces." Then quickly respond with:

THE ARGUMENT BY SEMANTICAL GYMNASTICS and say that he is absolutely right, and that those impersonal forces are female and that Her name is ERIS. If he, wonder of wonders, still remains obstinate, then finally resort to:

THE FIGURATIVE SYMBOLISM DODGE and confide that sophisticated people like himself recognize that Eris is a Figurative Symbol for an Ineffable Metaphysical Reality and that The Erisian Movement is really more like a poem than like a science and that he is liable to be turned into a Precious Mao Button and Distributed to The Poor in The Region of Thud if he does not get hip. Then put him on your mailing list.



A GAME

By Ala Hera, E.L., N.S.; RAYVILLE APPLE PANTHERS

SINK is played by **Disocrdians** and people of much ilk.

PURPOSE: To sink object or an object or a thing- in water or mud or anything you; can sink something in.

RULES: Sinking is allowd in any manner. To date, ten pound chunks of mud were used to sink a tobacco can. It is preferable to have a pit of water or a hole to drop things in. But rivers - bays - gulfs - I dare say even oceans can be used.

URNS are taken thusly: who somever gets the junk up in the air first.

DUTY: It shall be the duty of all persons playing "SINK" to help find more objects to sink, once; one object is sunk.

UPON SINKING: The sinked shall yell "I sank it!" or something equally as thoughtful.

NAMING OF OBJECTS is some times desirable. The object is named by the finder of such object and whoever sinks it can say for instance, "I sunk Columbus, Ohio."

"IN A WAY, WE'RE A KIND OF PEACE CORPS."
 -MAJ. A. LINCOLN GERMAN, TRAINING DIRECTOR OF THE
 GREEN BERET SPECIAL WARFARE SCHOOL, FT. BRAGG, N.C.

A JOINT EFFORT OF THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

Post Office Liberation Front

EXPORT LICENSE
NOT REQUIRED

THIS IS A CHAIN LETTER.

WITHIN THE NEXT FIFTY-FIVE DAYS YOU WILL RECEIVE THIRTY-ELEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS OF CHAINS! In the meantime - plant your seeds.

If a lot of people who receive this letter plant a few seeds and a lot of people receive this letter, then a lot of seeds will get planted. Plant you seeds.

In parks. On lots. Public flower beds. In remote places. At City Hall. Wherever. Whenever. Or start a plantation in your closet (but read up on it first for that). For casual planting, its best to soak them in water for a day and plant in a bunch of about 5, about half an inch deep. Don't worry much about weather, they know when the weather is wrong and will try to wait for nature. Don't soak them if its wintertime. Seeds are a very hearty life form and strongly desire to grow and flourish. But some of them need people's help to get started. Plant your seeds.

Make a few copies of this letter (5 would be nice) and send them to friends of yours. Try to mail to different cities and states, even different countries. If you would rather not, than please pass this copy on to someone and perhaps they would like to.

THERE IS NO TRUTH

To the legend that if you throw away a chain letter then all sorts of catastrophic, abominable, and outrageous disasters will happen. Except, of course, from your seed's point of view.

00067

00068 Q. "How come a woodpecker doesn't bash its brains out?" A. Nobody has ever explained that.

AVATARS

- MUNDANE -

ERISIAN	ERISTIC	AMERISTIC	MISC.	5TH COLUMN	
1A	1B	1C	1D	1E	EXPLODED
2A	2B	2C	2D	2E	EXPANDED
3A	3B	3C	3D	3E	CONSCIENTIOUS
4A	4B	4C	4D	4E	CONSCIOUS
5A	5B	5C	5D	5E	UNCONSCIOUS

- HOLY -



"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth . . . to you it shall be for meat."

-Genesis 1:29

Questions

Have a friendly class talk. Permit each child to tell any part of the unit on "Courtesy in the Corridors and on the Stairs" that he enjoyed. Name some causes of disturbance in your school.

EXECUTE

00069

Chapter 1, THE EPISTLE TO THE PARANOIDS


- - *Lord Omar*

1. Ye have locked yerself up in cages of fear - - and, behold, do ye now complain that ye lack FREEDOM!
2. Ye have cast out yer brothers for devils and now complain ye, lamenting, that ye've been left to fight alone.
3. All Chaos was once yer kingdom; verily, held ye domination over the entire Pentaverse, but today ye wax sore afraid in dark corners, nooks, and sink holes.
4. O how the darkneses do crowd up, one against the other, in ye hearts! What fear ye more than what ye have wroughten?
5. Verily, verily I say unto you, not all the Sinister Ministers of the Bavarian Illuminati, working together in multitudes, could so entwine the land with tribulation as have yer baseless warnings.



Despite strong evidence to the contrary, persistant rumor has it that it was Mr. Momomoto's brother who has swallowed Mr. Momomoto in the summer of '44.

Advertisement




Bavarian Illuminati

Founded by Haman | Sabbah, 1090 A.D. (5090 A.L., 4850 A.M.)
Reformed by Adam Weishaupt, 1776 A.D. (5776 A.L., 5536 A.M.)

THE ANCIENT ILLUMINATED SEERS OF BAVARIA

invite YOU to join

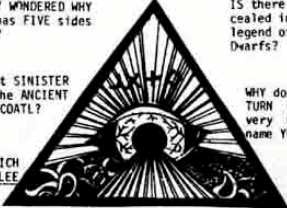
The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy



Have you ever SECRETLY WANDERED WHY
The GREAT PYRAMID has FIVE sides
(counting the bottom)?

WHAT IS the TRUE secret SINISTER
REALITY lying behind the ANCIENT
Aztec Legend of QUETZLCOATL?

WHO IS the MAN in TURICH
that some SWEAR is LEE
HARVEY OSWALD?



IS there an ESOTERIC ALLEGORY con-
cealed in the apparently innocent
legend of Snow White and The Seven
Dwarfs?

WHY do scholarly anthropologists
TURN PALE with terror at the
very MENTION of the FORBIDDEN
name YOG-SOTHOTH?


WHAT REALLY DID HAPPEN
TO AMROSE BIERCE?

I DARE YOU!

TELL NO ONE! ACCIDENTS HAVE A STRANGE WAY OF HAPPENING TO PEOPLE WHO TALK TOO MUCH ABOUT
THE BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI!!


May we warn you against imitations! Ours is the original and genuine

THAT'S A CRIME!




"NOTHING IS TRUE EVERYTHING IS PERMISSIBLE"

—Haman | Sabbah



**Nil
Carborundum
Illegitimo**

DEATH TO ALL FRAUDS!



"ILLUMINATE
THE OPPOSITION!"
--Adam Weishaupt,
Grand Primus Illuminatus

**OFFICIAL
BAVARIAN ILLUMINATI
"TWICE ILLUMENKRAFT"**

00070

INTER-OFFICE PRIVATE WIRE SENT

THE ANCIENT ILLUMINATED SEERS OF BAVARIA - VIGILANCE LODGE
Mad Malik, Hauptscheissmeister; Resident for Norton Cabal

DS
X

DISCORDIAN SOCIETY SUPER SECRET CRYPTOGRAPHIC CYPHER CODE

Of possible interest to all Discordians, this information is herewith released from the vaults of A.I.S.B., under the auspices of Episkopos Dr. Mordecai Malignatus, KNS.

SAMPLE MESSAGE: ("HAIL ERIS")

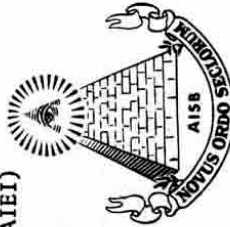
CONVERSION:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

- STEP 1. Write out message (HAIL ERIS) and put all vowels at end (HLRSAIEI)
STEP 2. Reverse order (IEIASRLH)
STEP 3. Convert to numbers (9-5-9-1-19-18-12-8)
STEP 4. Put into numerical order (1-5-8-9-9-12-18-19)
STEP 5. Convert back to letters (AEHILRS)

This cryptographic cypher code is GUARANTEED TO BE 100% UNBREAKABLE.

BEWARE! THE PARANOIDS ARE WATCHING YOU!



HERE IS A LETTER FROM A.I.S.B. TO POEE :



The World's Oldest And Most Successful Conspiracy

Bavarian Illuminati

Founded by Hassan i Sabbah, 1090 A.D. (5090 A.L., 4850 A.M.)
Reformed by Adam Weishaupt, 1776 A.D. (5776 A.L., 5536 A.M.)



() OFFICIAL BUSINESS

DS

(✓) SUBSCRIPTIOUS BUSINESS

FROM: **MAD MALIK** Hauptscheissmeister

Dear Brother Mal-2,

In response to your request for unclassified agitprop to be inserted in the new edition of the PRINCIPIA, hope the following will be of use. And please stop bothering us with your incessant letters!

Episkopos Mordecai, Keeper of the Notary Sojac, informs me that you are welcome to reveal that our oldest extant records show us to have been fully established in Atlantis, circa 18,000 B.C., under Kull, the galley slave who ascended to the Throne of Valusia. Revived by Pelias of Koth, circa 10,000 B.C. Possibly it was he who taught the inner-teachings to Conan of Cimmeria after Conan became King of Aquilonia. First brought to the western hemisphere by Conan and taught to Mayan priesthood (Conan is Quetzlcoatl). That was 4 Ahua, 8 Cumhu, Mayan date. Revived by Abdul Alhazred in his infamous Al Azif, circa 800 A.D. (Al Azif translated into Latin by Olaus Wormius, 1132 A.D., as The Necronomicon.) In 1090 A.D. was the founding of The Ismaelian Sect (Hashishism) by Hassan i Sabbah, with secret teachings based on Alhazred, Pelias and Kull. Founding of the Illuminated Ones of Bavaria, by Adam Weishaupt, on May 1, 1776. He based it on the others. Weishaupt brought it to the United States during the period that he was impersonating George Washington; and it was he who was the Man in Black who gave the design for The Great Seal to Jefferson in the garden that night. The Illuminated tradition is now, of course, in the hands of The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria (A.I.S.B.), headquartered here in the United States.

Our teachings are not, need I remind you, available for publication. No harm, though, in admitting that some of them can be found disguised in Joyce's Finnegan's Wake, Burroughs Nova Express, the King James translation of The Holy Bible (though not the Latin or Hebrew), and The Blue Book. Not to speak of Ben Franklin's private papers (!), but we are still suppressing those.

Considering current developments - - you know the ones I speak of - - it has been decided to reveal a few more of our front organizations. Your publication is timely, so mention that in addition to the old fronts, like the Masons, the Rothchild Banks, and the Federal Reserve System, we now have significant control of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (since Hoover died last year, but that is still secret), the Students for a Democratic Society, the Communist Party USA, the American Anarchist Assn., the Junior Chamber of Commerce, the Black Lotus Society, the Republican Party, the John Dillinger Died For You Society and the Camp Fire Girls. It is still useful to continue the sham of the Birchers that we are seeking world domination; so do not reveal that political and economic control was generally complete several generations ago and that we are just playing with the world for a while until civilization advances sufficiently for phase five.

Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria
- The Discordian Society -

Part Five

The Golden Secret

NONSENSE AS SALVATION

The human race will begin solving it's problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously.

To that end, POEE proposes the countergame of NONSENSE AS SALVATION. Salvation from an ugly and barbarous existence that is the result of taking order so seriously and so seriously fearing contrary orders and disorder; that GAMES are taken as more important than LIFE; rather than taking LIFE AS THE ART OF PLAYING GAMES.

To this end, we propose that man develop his innate love for disorder, and play with The Goddess Eris. And know that it is a joyful play, and that thereby CAN BE REVOKED THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

If you can master nonsense as well as you have already learned to master sense, then each will expose the other for what it is: absurdity. From that moment of illumination, a man begins to be free regardless of his surroundings. He becomes free to play order games and change them at will. He becomes free to play disorder games just for the hell of it. He becomes free to play neither or both. And as the master of his own games, he plays without fear, and therefore without frustration, and therefore with good will in his soul and love in his being.

And when men become free then mankind will be free.

May you be free of The Curse of Greyface.

May the Goddess put twinkles in your eyes.

May you have the knowledge of a sage,

and the wisdom of a child.

Hail Eris.

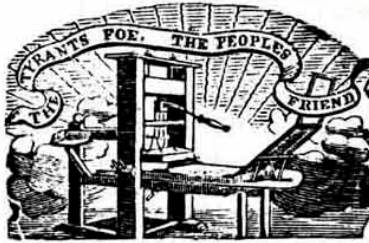
00074



THUS ENDS PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

*If you think the PRINCIPIA
is just a ha-ha, then go
read it again.*

This being the 4th Edition, March 1970, San Francisco; a revision of the 3rd Edition of 500 copies, whomped together in Tampa 1969; which revised the 2nd Edition of 100 copies from Los Angeles 1969; which was a revision of PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA or HOW THE WEST WAS LOST published in New Orleans in 1965 in five copies, which were mostly lost.



(K) All Rights Reversed – Reprint what you like

Published by POEE Head Temple - San Francisco
"ON THE FUTURE SITE OF BEAUTIFUL
SAN ANDREAS CANYON"

OFFICE OF MY HIGH REVERENCE
MALACLYPSE THE YOUNGER KSC
OPOVIG HIGH PRIEST POEE

THE LAST WORD

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

**ANTI-ARISTOTELIAN
LEAGUE LIBRARY**

DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
DEDICATED TO AN ADVANCED
UNDERSTANDING OF THE PARAPHYSICAL
MANIFESTATIONS OF EVERYDAY CHAOS

POEE

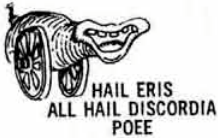
DID YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE A LOPSIDED PINEAL GLAND?



Well, probably you do have one, and it's unfortunate because lopsided Pineal Glands have perverted the Free Spirit of Man, and subverted Life into a frustrating, unhappy and hopeless mess.

Fortunately, you have before you a handbook that will show you how to discover your salvation through

ERIS, THE GODDESS OF CONFUSION.

It will advise you how to balance your Pineal Gland and reach spiritual Illumination. And it will teach you how to turn your miserable mess into a beautiful, joyful, and splendid one.



POEE is a bridge
from PISCES 
to AQUARIUS 



The Words of the Illumined

RATED X...NATURALLY

WHY ARE WE HERE?

Have you ever secretly wondered why the Great Pyramid has five sides — counting the bottom?

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE

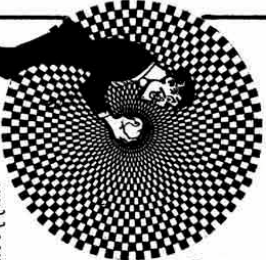
HYGIENE
The Lord promised: "Therefore, behold, I will bring evil upon the house of Jeroboam and will cut off from Jeroboam him that pisseth against the wall..." — I Kings 14:10. (This unsanitary practice caused serious erosion of the mud walls).
GRAND OPERA
"Therefore my bowels shall sound like a harp for Moth, and mine inward parts for Kirharosh."
— Isaiah 16:11.



Face to face with the mighty forces and elements of nature, the thoughtful man fearlessly contemplates his place in the great cosmic scheme.

— POE —

Yes, I'd Like To Know the Five Simple Actions that Will Turn Me Into a "Mental Wizard" in a Single Weekend!



KΑΛΛΙΧΤΙ

THIS MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT GUIDE IN YOUR LIFE!

Participate in a seminar or other group sessions and that will be the first step in your journey. Wherein is explained absolutely everything worth knowing about absolutely anything.

— THE GODDESS ERIS PREVAILS —



WARNING!
Prolonged use in a darkened room may induce hallucinations or trigger undesired side effects. Should not be used in the presence of persons subject to epilepsy.

SPECIAL AFTERWORD
to the Loompanics Edition of Principia Discordia
G.H. Hill, San Francisco, 1979
All Rites Reversed (R) Reprint What You Like

INTERVIEW WITH NORTON CABAL

by Gypsie Skripto, Special Correspondent

It has been ten years since I met the mysterious Malaclypse the Younger. I was free lancing for the underground papers and went by POEE Head Temple at 555 Battery Street to try for an interview.

I found him in the Temple PO Box busy wrapping up the new Fourth Edition of Principia. He seemed impatient with me, insisting that he didn't have the time or inclination for foolish questions from reporters. Undaunted, I burst out with questions like whether he preferred Panama Red or Acapulco Gold and how the fuck did we manage to fit inside of a tiny post office box and other things apropos a naive young semiliterate dropout hippy writer. He asked me if I wanted to drop mescaline and fuck all night and said he knew how to turn himself into a unicorn and there might be room for a tiny interview on the cover of the Principia if I wanted to work for the Greater Poop so I said sure, OK, I've never dropped mescaline in a post office box before.

It turned out I was among the last to see Malaclypse. As subsequent issues of Greater Poop revealed, he was to disappear and POEE business was to be assumed by his students at Norton Cabal. Professor Ignotum P. Ignotius, Department of Comparative Realities, was assigned the Trust of the POEE Scruple and Rev. Dr. Occupant became Keeper of the Box. The newly published copies of Principia were distributed by Mad Malik, Block Disorganizer, who had distribution contacts with the Aluminum Bavariati. Practical relations remained in the hands of concept artist G. Hill.

When the 1000 Principias were gone the Greater Poop stopped publishing, Head Temple closed down and the Cabal just seemed to evaporate. Finally even the box was closed. But over the years I noticed that copies were still circulating, and that independent Discordian Cabals would occasionally pop out of nowhere (and still do). And I would wonder what ever happened to Malaclypse.

When I read the Illuminatus trilogy I resolved to again find and interview the denizens of Joshua Norton Cabal of the Discordian Society.

* * *

As I cabled over Nob to San Francisco's Station 'O' Post Office I couldn't help but wonder at Goddess, hand in assigning street addresses to Her outposts. Mal2 had told me that Good Lord Omar always filed everything under "O" for Out Of File.

"Maya is marvelous" I was thinking when I rapped on the little metal door and was greeted warmly by a huge beard who introduced himself as Professor Ignotius. He ushered me into a spacious wood paneled and tapestry hung parlor where three others were laughing and passing around a wine jug. The sunny one in a tunic was the Reverend Doctor Occupant, the trim khaki and jeans was Mad Malik and the wine jug claimed to be Hill. I got the recorder on

GYPsie SKRIPto [in response to a question]: ...1969 but only briefly. I guess I missed you guys.

MAD MALIK: No wonder, he was pretty much a one man show then. We were just his students and were usually off on errands. You worked for the Poop?

Gypsie: Well, for one night anyway. The interview is in the Principia.

REV. DR. OCCUPANT: Malik was the only one he would ever let write for the Poop or get on the letterhead.

Gypsie: Did you [Malik] have higher authority than the others?

Malik: No, [but I was allowed to speak in the Poop] because [Malaclypse the Younger] hated politics. He was infuriated with Johnson and Nixon over Viet Nam because it was turning the renaissance into a political revolution and was stealing his sacred thunder. So he trained me in Zenarchy, which he learned from Omar, and I was the official anarcho-pacifist for the Cabal. Also I was liaison to The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria, the Chicago Discordians. Later Omar activated the Hung Mung Cong Tong and ELF, on zenarchist principles, and also Operation Mindfuck. I was also into those. Though at that time I was masquerading in Greater Poop as a cremated cabbage to throw off the FBI.

Gypsie [to Hill]: Since you wrote it, I take it you are an anarchist?

G.H. HILL: Since then I have given up anarchy. Too many rules - hating the government and all that stuff.

IGNOTUM PER IGNOTIUS: It's like hating your own fantasies.

Malik: [Anarchy] is also standing up and proceeding forward, fantasy rule or not. The condition is the same.

Occupant: Brother needs some wine!

Malik: We have had this argument before, Reverend Doctor Brother. But wine before platitudes, fill it up.

Gypsy [to Hill]: And pacifism?

Hill: I'm not sure I ever was one. Mal2 was not, Malik was. Personally I accepted self defense yet I could never reconcile that with the ideal. I finally gave up on that one too. Actually I just gave up on idealism.

Ignotius: Idealism lives with rules. Realism lives with rocks.

Hill: Yeah. I get along better with rocks.

Malik: Mal2 once told me that pacifism was a dilemma. If everybody was a pacifist then everything would be perfect. But nobody is going to be a pacifist unless I am first. But if I am and somebody else is not, then I get screwed. He said that there were five choices under that circumstance. The first was napalming farmers and the second was executing your parents. The third was hypocrisy, the fourth was cowardice, and the fifth was to swallow the dilemma. Zenarchists are trained in dilemma swallowing.

Occupant: So are other Erisians, like POEE.

Ignotius: That is characteristic of the Discordian perspective.

Hill: But of course training contradicts Discordian principles.

Malik: Oh so what. Contradictions are nothing to Discordians.

Occupant: Dilemma, Schlimemma. [to Gypsy]: What do you think of this, pretty ma'am? We don't get to hear your thoughts.

Gypsy: I'm reporting now, you talk.

Occupant: Later then?

Gypsie: Perhaps. Later.

Occupant: You are smiling.

Gypsie: Hey, guy, later. [to Hill]: Doesn't this leave you a little schizy?

Hill: It's OK, I'm half Gemini.

Gypsie: What's the other half?

Hill: Taurus. That makes me stubborn schizy.

Ignotius: I'm a Whale.

Occupant: I choose Satyr.

Malik: Spirits don't have signs.

Hill: A character can have a sign if I want it so.

Occupant: Well I can have a sign if I want to and screw both of you.

Malik: Come on Greg, you just think that we are your characters....

Occupant: You were inhabited by Malaclypse the Younger. He caused you to create roles and those roles are being performed by us spirits.

Ignotius: A perfectly normal pagan relationship.

Hill: Well you can look at it like that if you want to, but I created Mal2 to my specifications just as I conceived all the rest of you.

Occupant: You didn't invent Eris. She caused you to think you created the spirit of Malaclypse.

Hill: Oh bull! Besides, I changed her so much the Greeks would never recognize her.

Occupant: That's what She wanted!

Ignotius: Deities change things around all the time.

Malik: What you don't realize is that a spirit has a self identity.

Hill: Nope. A spirit is a product of definition and the one who is doing the defining around here is me. Your identity is what I say it is. Just to prove it, I'm going to change your name.

SINISTER DEXTER: It's OK with me. Fate is fate. I never much liked "Mad Malik" anyway.

Ignotius: Besides people confused him with Joe Malik in Illuminatus.

Dexter: I sort of enjoyed the confusion part.

Occupant: Doesn't prove anything anyway.

Gypsie: That name sounds familiar. Where is it from?

Hill: Its a name I came up with in the old days and never used much. Its on page 38 of the Principia referring to Vice President Spiro Agnew. I always thought I invented it but now it sounds like a Stan Freberg name now that I think about it. It may have stuck in my preconscious memory from early TV.

Gypsie: Can you use it without his permission?

Hill: If it is his? I don't know. I hope so. It means "left right" in Latin and is a perfect name for a libertarian anarchist. Actually in my kind of art the question of what can I use freely and what can I not is a very tricky problem.

Gypsie: How do you mean?

Hill: Well, take a collage for example. Like the early one on page 36 of the Principia. Each little piece was extracted from some larger work created by some other artist and published and maybe copyrighted. I find them in newspapers and magazines mostly. Often from ads. With a collage you select and extract from your environment and then assemble into an original relationship.

The Principia itself is a collage. A conceptual collage. All of it happens simultaneously. But visually it is a montage, passing through time, like a book does.

There is a lot of pirated stuff in the Principia, especially in the margins. But also I sympathize with artists who must own and sell their works to earn a living. Art, like knowledge, should be free fodder for everyone. But it isn't. It is perplexing.

Gypsie: Where did all the things in Principia come from?

Hill: Well, a full answer would take a whole book in itself. Most of the writing credited to a name is a true person and almost always a different name means a different person. Most of the non-credited, you know, Malaclypse, text is mine

although some things credited to either Mal2 or Omar were actually co-written and passed back and forth and rewritten by each of us. The marginalia, dingbats and pasted in titles and heads and things came from wherever I found them - some of which is original but uncredited Discordian output, like the page head on 12 and other pages which is from a series of satiric memo pads from Our Peoples Underworld Cabal. All page layout is mine and some whole graphics like the Sacred Chao and the Hodge Podge Transformer are mine but mostly I just found stuff and integrated it. Mostly I did concept, say 50% of the writing, 10% of the graphics, all of the layout.

Gypsie: Specifically, what are some of the sources?

Hill: Well, the poem on the front cover is by Walt Kelly and was spoken by one of his characters in Pogo. The government seals starting on page 1 are from a book of sample seals from the U.S. Government Printing Office. Western Union on page 6 got into the act because I used to be a teletype operator and had access to blank forms. Rubber stamps came from all over the place and some, like the apple on page 27, I carved myself. A few I ordered to my specification, like on page 1. The quote on top of page 8 might be from Barnum, I'm not sure. The jumping man on page 12 is from an advertisement. I recognize the style - a popular commercial artist - but I don't know his name. The Chinese on that page is a grocery ad, I think. The Norton money on page 14 is historic, plus my little additions. The apple on page 17, as well as the triangle on 23 and the Sacred Chao on 50 are, believe it or not, pasteups from mimeographs, from Seattle Cabal. That group produced the best damn mimeography I've ever seen. The Lick Here Box on page 23 is one of many tidbits making the rounds in alternative/underground newspapers in those days. Trip 5 page header on 29 was a chapter title in one of Tim Leary's books. The Knight on the bull with the TV antenna on his helmet on page 46 came from a very artistic magazine called Horseshit and put out by two brothers from Long Beach. I don't remember their names. Wonderful magazine.

Occupant: Eris told Mal2 what to use and where to find it.

Hill: Yeah, in a way that is right. That is why my name does not appear anywhere on the Principia and why it was published with a broken copyright - Reprint What You Like. I knew I was taking liberties and didn't want my intentions to be misunderstood. It was an experiment and was intended to be an underground work and that involves a different set of ethics than commercial work.

Gypsie: There are no real names at all?

Hill: Oh, some. Camden Benares is a real name because he legally changed his original name to his Holy Name. Also, instead of using Mordecai Malignatus I used Bob Wilson's real name on page 12 because Werewolf Bridge was a work before Discordianism. And of course real people like Neils Bohr crop up in quotes.

Gypsie: What do you think about the Principia now? Would you want to change it?

Hill: I consider it a successful work and I wouldn't want to change it. In some ways it is immature and I am not the same person I was 10 years ago, but it accomplished the objectives I set for myself and it has the effect I wanted it to have. There are a few errors though.

Gypsie: Like what?

Hill: Oh, I changed a quote from Tom Gnostic on page 61 and I don't think he ever did forgive me for it. He's right. Starbuck's Pebbles should have been preceded by the Myth of Starbuck which was being saved for something else and never got used. I should have used it when I had the chance. And then Eris did a neat little trick on me by having IBM make the Greek selectric typewriter element not coincide with all the characters on their keyboard. So the little "kallisti" that first appears on the title page and lastly on the back cover came out "kallixti" and I was too dumb to know the difference.

Gypsie: Will there ever be a Fifth Edition?

Hill: There already is a Fifth Edition, by Mal2. It is a one page telegram that reduces everything to an infinite aum. I found it at Western Union where a machine got stuck and kicked out hundreds of pages of nothing but m's. He made it the Fifth Edition and then left.

Principia/Malaclypse was a very personal work for me and actually took 10 years to culminate. It was one single statement that included my adolescence in the 50's and my young adulthood in the 60's. When I finally had the paste-ups done I knew that I had finished it. That is why, quote, Malaclypse left. I knew it was finished. I didn't know exactly what it was, but it was done.

Occupant: See?

Gypsie: Earlier you said that you met your objectives. Just what were those objectives?

Hill: Well, that's hard to answer because it kept refining itself over the years. In 1969 I mainly thought of myself as a cosmic clown and I set out to prove, by

demonstration, that a deity can be anything at all.

In other words, people invent gods and not the other way around. Later I decided that I was doing some kind of conceptual art.

In the 50's my culture taught me that I was created by and for a deity, a specific male deity, and that all other deities are FALSE. Yet my growing experience showed me that any deity is true in some sense and false in some other sense. So I set out to do what my society told me is impossible—make a real religion from a patently absurd deity.

In the 50's a female deity was blasphemy. In the 70's a humorous deity is still considered impossible, ridiculous and blasphemous. As far as I'm concerned, I have proven my point. Eris is a real deity and even though I don't promote Erisianism as a serious religion

Occupant: I do!

Dexter: You speak for yourself.

Ignotius: Here, here.

Hill: ...I do point out that it makes just as much sense from its own perspective as all the others do from each of their own perspectives.

Occupant: I think paganism is a valid spiritual path. I encourage Erisianism because it makes fun of itself. I think this is healthy.

Ignotius: If you can live rewardingly with Goddess Eris you can live with any deity, including none or all.

Dexter: I don't much go for the worship business but I agree with Occupant about the spirit of the thing. We live in a time of turmoil, the whole planet is in a state of change. If we, as a species, cower from the confusion then we die with the dying. This is revolution.

Ignotius: I am an atheist myself. There is no Greg Hill.

[laughter]

Gypsy [to Hill]: What do you think of Illuminatus?

Hill: Oh, I love it. I was finishing Principia when Shea and Wilson were working on Illuminatus. It took Dell five years to publish it...maybe that is significant.

The 1969 Discordian Society was a mail network between independent writers of various kinds. Norton Cabal was just me and my characters and I used the other cabals as sort of a laboratory. In return other Discordians would bounce their stuff off of me. We would toss in ideas and anybody could take anything out. It was a concept stew. The exchanging of ideas and techniques broadened and encouraged all of us.

I like Illuminatus for the surrealism. A very effective method of writing.

Ignotius: I got misquoted. Worse, I wasn't even in that scene and if I had been then I would have said something else.

Dexter [to Ignotius]: That was me in that scene.

Ignotius: Oh, is that what that was?

Dexter: He got our names mixed up.

Hill: He got mixed up about me too, in Cosmic Trigger. Bob says that when Oswald was buying the assassination rifle, my girlfriend was printing the first edition of Principia on Jim Garrison's Xerox. It wasn't my girl friend, it was Kerry's; it wasn't the First Ed Principia, it was some earlier Discordian thoughts; it wasn't Garrison's Xerox, it was his mimeograph; and it wasn't just before Kennedy was shot but a couple of years before that.*

The First Ed Principia, by the way, was reproduced at Xerox Corp when xerography was a new technology. Which was my second New Orleans trip in 1965. I worked for a guy on Bourbon Street who was a Xerox salesman by day.

Dexter: I think that George Dorn took too much guff from Hagbard. If someone pulls a weapon on me, I'm more inclined to either leave or kill the sonofabitch.

Occupant: You are supposed to be a pacifist.

Dexter: I'm speaking figuratively of course. I'll tell you more tomorrow.

* I checked this further with Mr. Thornley. He says that the woman in question was not his girlfriend, she was just a friend, and it wasn't a couple of years before Kennedy was shot but had to be a couple of years after (but before Garrison investigated Thornley). --GS

Gypsie [to Hill]: Did you really translate erotic Etruscan poetry?

Hill: Sure, but I used a pen name. I signed it "Robert Anton Wilson".

[A quick rap is heard on the door]

Gypsie: I have only one question left...

Dexter: I'll get it.

Gypsie: ...what I really want to know is how can we all fit inside of a tiny little post office box?

Dexter [to Gypsie]: It's a telegram for you, from Mal2.

Gypsie: To me?

[Paper tearing]

Gypsie [reading]: "If I told everybody how they could live inside of a post office box then everybody would stop paying landlords and go live inside their post office boxes. It would collapse the building! Can you imagine, post offices collapsing all over the country, the hemisphere, the PLANET! The whole world's communication system would be destroyed. No, no, I must not say. I dare not!"

#

Fifth Edition

ODD# ∞

PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA

or

A CATTERPILLER'S PRAISE TO THE BUTTERFLY

being the

FINAL STATEMENT

of Malaclypse the Younger

Published by Joshua Norton Cabal
San Francisco (K) All Rites Reversed



5L/25
abcdef
ijklnn
opqrst
uvwxyz

March 1915

This PDF Copy of the Principia Discordia was painstakingly re-scanned and re-assembled by the 23 Apples of Eris. It replaces an earlier version we created that had several printing problems, sub-par graphics, and many misspellings.

This version is about as perfect as we could make it and still be realistically downloadable (original misspellings by authors were kept). It includes the entire Loompanics version of the Principia Discordia, aside from the blurbs and commercials for other books, as well as the IllumiNet version's Forward by Lord Omar. Unlike our first attempt at PDFing the Principia, no Steve Jackson material was included in this version.

In addition to this PDF version of the Principia, another almost identical version exists on the 23 Apples of Eris Homepage (which may be found at CastleChaos.Com) with extensive annotations by Net Discordians – we encourage you to check it out. Also, if you liked the scans and want any of the pictures, the entire Loompanics version of the Principia is available in JPG and DOC format.

We would like to extend our most sincere gratitude to everybody who is responsible for the ideas contained here in the Principia, and also encourage you to leave copies of this everywhere you can – replace those useless books you always find in hotel rooms, leave some REAL reading material in doctor's offices... mail co-workers a page at a time. Whatever strikes your fancy.

- Prince Mu-Chao, High Mucky-Muck, 23AE



AMBROSE BIERCE SAYS,
“Save Your Barcodes!”



Book 2:

The Metacrysmia

Discordia

For Frances, Nathan & Corin

With all my love



METACLYSMIA DISCORDIA

or

The Chaonomicron



Written/Compiled/Edited
by

Rev. St. Synaptyx, KSC

DISCLAIMER:

It has come to the
attention of
THE ELDER COUNCIL OF
THOSE WHO KNOW
that we have been
accused of worshipping
TWINKIES!

We would like to publicly
state that

THIS IS NOT SO!

We in fact worship
THE CREAM FILLING
WITHIN!

We hope this clears
up any confusion.

IMPORTANT RELIGIOUS SURVEY

DADA SHEET

1. How did you find out about your deity?

- ___ Newspaper ___ Holy Book ___ Television
___ Divine Inspiration ___ My Mama Done Tol' Me
___ Near Death Experience ___ NPR ___ Tabloid
___ Mail Order ___ Burning Shrubbery
___ Other (specify):

2. Which model deity did you acquire?

- ___ Eris ___ Bob ___ Coyote ___ Allah
___ Father, Son & Holy Ghost [Trinity Pak]
___ Vernon ___ Krishna ___ Gaia
___ Zeus and entourage [Olympus Pak]
___ Odin and entourage [Valhalla Pak]
___ Satan ___ Ra ___ Bhudda
___ Other (specify):

3. Did your God come to you undamaged, with all parts in good working order and with no obvious breakage or missing attributes?

- ___ Yes ___ No

If no, please describe the problems you initially encountered here:

Please indicate all that apply:

- ___ Not eternal ___ Not omniscient
___ Does not occupy/inhabit entire cosmos
___ Not omnipotent
___ Requires burnt offerings
___ Requires virgin sacrifices
___ Other (specify):

4 Have you ever worshipped a deity before?

If so, which false god were you fooled by?

Please check all that apply.

- ___ Mick Jagger ___ Cthulhu ___ Baal
___ Beelzebub ___ The Great Pumpkin
___ The Sun ___ Elvis ___ The Moon
___ Other (specify):

5. Do you have any additional comments or suggestions for improving the quality of God's services? (Attach an additional sheet)

If you are able to complete the questionnaire and return it to one of Our conveniently located drop-off boxes by Oct. 30 you will be entered in The One Free Miracle of Your Choice drawing (chances of winning are approx one in 6.023 x 10 to the 23rd power, depending on number of beings entered). castlechaos.com.

6. What factors were relevant in your decision to acquire a deity? Please check all that apply.

- ___ Parents ___ Reason to live
___ Indoctrinated by wild eyed drug using hippies
___ Indoctrinated by wild eyed Volvo driving yuppies
___ Hate to think for self ___ Fear of death
___ Wanted to piss off parents ___ Like Organ Music
___ Shit was falling out of the sky
___ Shrubbery caught fire and commanded me to do it
___ Other (specify):

7. Are you currently using any other source of inspiration in addition to your God? Please check all that apply.

- ___ Tarot ___ Lottery ___ Astrology ___ Runes
___ Television ___ Fortune cookies ___ Ann Landers
___ Psychic Friends Network ___ Dianetics
___ Palmistry ___ Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll
___ Tea Leaves ___ The Internet ___ Human Sacrifice
___ Pyramids ___ Burning Shrubbery ___ Teletubbies
___ Other (specify):

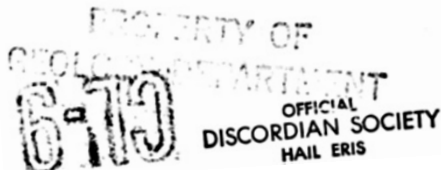
8. God employs a limited degree of Divine Intervention to preserve the balanced level of felt presence and blind faith. Which would you prefer (circle one)?

- a. More Divine Intervention
b. Less Divine Intervention
c. Current level of Divine Intervention is just right
d. Don't know...what's Divine Intervention?

9. Your god also attempts to maintain a balanced level of disasters and miracles. Please rate on a scale of 1 - 5 her or his handling of the following: (1=unsatisfactory, 5=excellent):

Table with 3 columns: event, rating 1-5, rating 1-5. Events include flood, famine, war, plague, AOL, daytime tv, sex, earthquake, pestilence, SPAM, water, wine.

10. Additional Comments:



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except for this text, which doesn't exist.

DISINTRODUCTION

I humbly and proudly follow in the footsteps of the mighty Principia Discordia, the inconceivable Apocrypha Discordia, the wholly incorrigible Summa Discordia, the meaty Book of Eris and the delicious Zenarchist's Cookbook (There may be more books out there that I've followed in the footsteps of, but I forget what they are). This Metaclysmia Discordia or Chaonomicon (I like alternate titles, so sue me) aims to provide you with more* Erisiana pulled from the web and other places (ok, mostly the web since I don't have a life and don't go anywhere else). Some of it is written by me, some is divined from the contents of my kleenex after that last particularly nasty head cold. Suffice to say some of the MD is a load of old snot.

That sounds about right.

*let's face it, you wanted more, I wanted more, so here it is fnOrd!

17 Pico litres of Breast Milk
(You could put it in your eye)

* SYN

Rev. St. Syn KSC

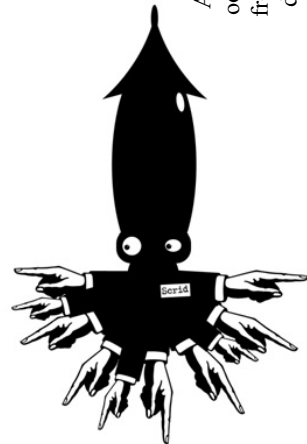
Hail Eris!
All Hail Discordia!

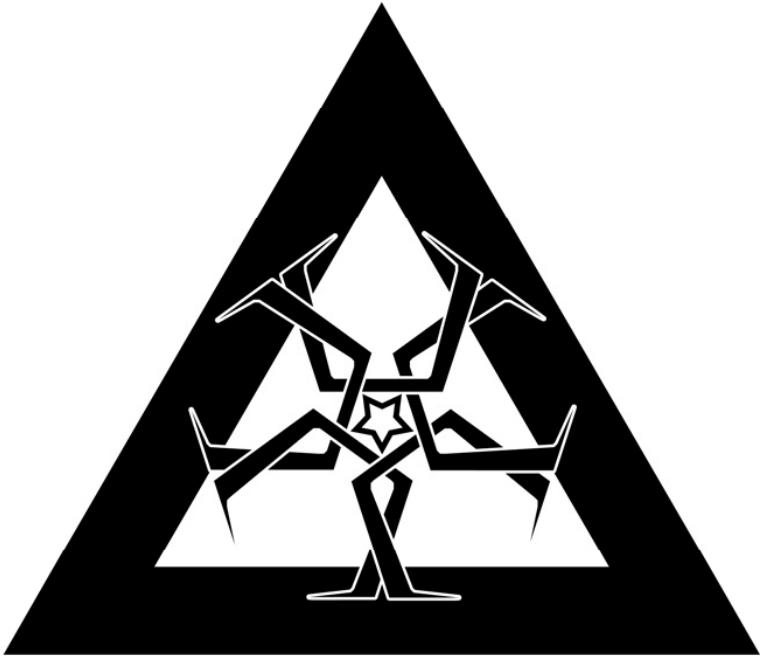
Now, on with the show...

MD006 Psychohazard*
 MD007 What to do if you think you might be Discordian*
 MD008 You might be Discordian if*
 MD009 The 23 Holes of Eris or Discordian Golf*
 MD010 Parable of Young Moon*
 MD012 The Secret of the Five Discordian Elements Revealed
 MD013 Celebration of the Days of the Discordian Week*
 MD014 Relating to the Discordian Days*
 MD016 Discordianism is a Joke(?)*
 MD018 Eschatology 101
 MD020 The Wholly Erisian Shopping List of Doom*
 MD021 Discordian Zen I - About Discordian Zen
 MD023 Hail Eris!*
 MD024 Discordian Zen II - The Basic Practice of Discordian Zen
 MD026 A Recipe for an Erisian Wedding ceremony*
 MD033 DrXIXS Apple
 MD034 Project Starseed
 MD036 Corporate Whore Culture*
 MD037 The law of Five Beers†
 MD039 FNORD
 MD041 St. Rubber Dinosaur of GAAARRGGHH!!!*
 MD043 Eris laughed*
 MD045 The Five Pillars of the FCCE
 MD046 Is Your Love Jinxed?†
 MD047 Rev. St. Syn KSC: Patron Saint of the Never Met Deadline*
 MD051 23*
 MD052 Attention Mail Order Customers*
 MD053 More Discordian Games
 MD054 The Internet According to Eris*
 MD055 The All Seeing Eye of Eris*
 MD056 Bill Gates and the Illuminati*
 MD058 Eris, the Goddess of Confusion, Chaos and Laughter
 MD067 The Discordian Haiku
 MD068 5 Silly Misconceptions about Discordianism
 MD070 The Heresies
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 MD082 The Rancid Beer Curse
 MD084 The Fresh Beer Incantation
 MD085 A Sufi Story
 MD086 Public Service Announcement†
 MD087 Pope Slansky the Untrousered†
 MD088 Suspended Annihilation†
 MD089 What's the point of all this?†
 MD090 Abnormal Intelligence†
 MD091 Nuggets of Wisdom†
 MD092 A Letter to Joey Ratz*
 MD094 On a Darkened Sphere*
 MD096 DIA Recruitment
 MD097 Celtic Paganism is Rife*
 MD098 Mini Mindfucks for Everyday Life
 MD100 The Blessed Insane
 MD101 Are you Subcordian?†
 MD102 Rituals of the Shrine of the Sacred Chao
 MD107 You May Choose Your Own Deity...*
 MD108 Prayer For You
 MD112 Fenderson
 MD113 Mysterees of Life
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 MD121 Messiah, Pope and Saint Cards

INDEX

A tentacled
 oozing thing
 from another
 dimension.





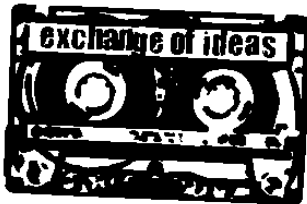
WARNING: PSYCHOHAZARD

What to do if you think you might be Discordian.

1. If you feel twinges of discord, get yourself tuned, if symptoms persist, you may indeed be Discordian - no further tuning is necessary.
2. Try something *mildly* Discordian like wearing odd socks for the day, or announce to the rest of the office staff that you are a regurgisupial possetmonkey. If it feels natural, comfortable and right, you're probably Discordian.
3. Do something aneristic, like filling in your tax return truthfully, if it feels like you're going to vomit violently, you're probably Discordian.
4. Panic.* It's always good for a laugh. Or don't.
5. Try to determine if any of this makes sense, if it does, you're probably Discordian (it doesn't matter if it doesn't, you still might be). Also, hot fudge on toast is delicious. Try some.

The list on the following page may help you in your in/decision.

*Not compulsory.



AUTHENTIC

DISCORDIAN

You might be Discordian if...

- If you've ever cast a sacred oblong.
- If you've ever drank Irish whiskey and listened to The Doors as part of a religious experience.
- If you've ever cast the Circle with a fishing rod.
- If you've ever invoked the quarters Washington, Bicentennial, Canadian and Silver.
- If your chalice is from McDonalds(tm).
- If you've ever set up 3 card monty on the side of your tarot booth.
- If your idea of a hex is screaming "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!".
- If you've ever done the "Great Left".
- If your athame is a spork.
- If your coven sword is a light saber.
- If you've ever invoked a cartoon character.
- If you've ever wiped your ass with "Principia Discordia".
- If you carry a Pope Card, but not an I.D.
- If your ritual feast consists of Jolt Cola and Spam.
- If halfway through the five-fold-kiss you stop to zerbert your HPS.
- If your BOS is written on toilet paper.
- If you've ever begun a rite with "The Circle is open".
- If you drive a F(n)ord.
- If you have more than 1 can of spam in your cupboard.
- If you've ever invoked the Goddess with a wolf-whistle.
- If you're afraid that the paranoids are watching you.
- If you've ever taken the question "What's up?" literally.
- If you wear shorts under a kilt.
- If you're reading THE METACLYSMIA DISCORDIA.



(Then again you could just be a little bit weird - twisted from The Book of Eris)

MDOOS

The 23 Holes of Eris

OR

Discordian Golf

MD009

What you will need:

Any sports gear except golfing gear.

A suitable Respectable Golf Club to invade.

Snacks (Golf, even the Erisian variety, is a thirst and hunger inducing sport, be prepared.

What do we do?

Play golf... badly, with tennis racquets, Snooker cues, snorkelling gear, skiing equipment, baseball bats, lacrosse equipment, football gear, whatever. Play all 18 holes in whatever order you like, then go back to your favourite five. Try not to get caught by ground security. A round may be played over many months, planning when best to launch your attack to achieve maximum jakeage. Above all, have fun... But then you knew that.

For More Discordian Games, see: **MD052**

The Parable of Young Moon.

Young Moon awoke one morning to find his life in disarray all around him. He was lying in a gutter, his money was gone, he couldn't remember who he was, or where he was and had a huge prickly bastard of a headache. Eris came to him and helped him to his feet. "Who are you?" He asked unsure of the vision of beauty hauling him out of the gutter. "I am Eris dear, we met last night." said the vision. "How did I get here?" asked the confuseled Moon. "I showed you the way of the Divine Chaos, and a bit of leg to keep you interested" Said the Lady. "Then?" asked our unfortunate Moon. "Then" Eris sighed, "you attempted to initiate jiggy-jiggy with me knowing full well my disposition." huffed Eris. "Oh." said Moon. "And you're wondering why you're lying in a gutter looking like you've been mugged!? HA!" scoffed Eris. "You should be wondering why you're not on the next plane of existence!" she laughed. "I admit, you've got balls kid." She added with more than a glint in her eye. Moon checked to make sure he did indeed have balls. "So why are you helping me to my feet now?" he asked, still mightily confused and fondling himself. "Ooooh well." Said Eris "for the fuck of it, for a little entertainment, but mostly because I forgot to take your watch." Moon passed into another Eristic rapture. He awakens three days later in southern Montana wearing nothing but a sombrero, no watch and five Pope cards covering his unmentionables. His first words to arresting officers were, "Don't Fuck with Eris." And yay he was enlightened. Do you believe that?



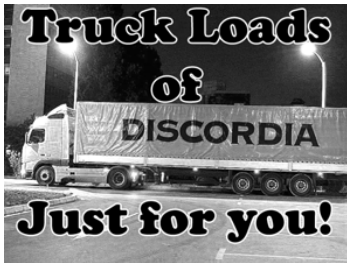
-Neurochrome | ELF Purple Ops Special Agent 1st Class Battlepope

MD010

ADVERTERISKALLISTIDISCORDIAISEMENT



When in doubt, fuck it. When not in doubt... get in doubt!



OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS



<http://www.poe.ee.co.uk>

From the book of Eris:

THE SECRET OF THE FIVE DISCORDIAN ELEMENTS REVEALED

One of the more esoteric Erisian Mysterees brought forth by Mal-2 and Omar K. Ravenhust was the Five Basic Discordian Elements (**Sweet, Boom, Pungent, Prickle, and Orange**), which makes up all things, and which we Erisians use to represent the days in our calendar. The Five Basic Elements represent our Five Senses:

Sweet ===== Taste
Boom ===== Hearing
Pungent === Smell
Prickle === Touch
Orange ===== Sight

Mal-2 and Lord Omar gave the days of the Discordian week the names of the Five Element so that we may concentrate in developing our senses better. So on Orange day, **really** look at everything. Look at it from different angles, different perspective. On Boomtime pay close attention to everything. Soon you will truly begin to become enlightened, and become ONE with ERIS.



MD012

CELEBRATION OF THE DAYS OF THE DISCORDIAN WEEK

MD013

1.

Sweetmorn Celebration: Arise when you like. Have some morsel of your favourite munch, chew on it with delight and praise Eris with your mouth full:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! LICK ME ON THIS SWEETMORN DAY! BE SURE I TASTE ALL NICE AND TASTY AND STUFF LIKE HOT FUDGE ON TOAST*!
SLURP!

*or whatever your morsel is

2.

Boomtime Celebration: Arise as early as possible (4am is ideal) break out the loud hailer and run a recording of the 1812 Overture as you stomp about the neighbourhood shouting in praise:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! BOOM ME BABY!
BOOM ME ON THIS BOOMING BOOMTIME DAY! LIKE A GREAT BIG KETTLE DRUM FULL OF NITROGLYCERINE!
BOOM!

3.

Pungenday Celebration: Arise early (ish – before 12pm is usually seen as polite, but it's not set in stone or anything, so don't worry about it unduly. 6am is ideal). Be sure you haven't bathed since last Pungenday, throw open your doors, windows, what-have-you's and praise Eris loudly thus:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! SNIFF ME ON THIS PUNGENDAY! BE SURE I WHIFF SUITABLY! LIKE A MANGY BADGERS ARSE AFTER A LONG SAUNA!
WHOOF!

4.

Prickle-Prickle Celebration: Arise early enough to disturb the Catma and scare the Dogma, get a large let's not get wussy now) cactus and prick yourself all over shouting:

OUCH! YEOWCH! AARGH! ERIS YOU BITCH! SORRY, GODDESS OF THE DAYS! TOUCHA! TOUCHA! TOUCHA! TOUCH ME! ON THIS PRICKLE-PRICKLE DAY! LIKE THE STING OF THE WHOLLY-KWEEN-CHAO-BEE ON A HOT SUMMERS DAY! OW!

5.

Setting Orange Celebration: Arise just before sunset, pour yourself a large tequila sunrise* (tell everybody it's actually a tequila sunset) wear your grandest hat, your dressing gown, your most wholly underpants and socks, then announce thusly:

HAIL ERIS! GODDESS OF THE DAYS! LOOK UPON ME AS I LOOK UPON YOU ON THIS SETTING ORANGE DAY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH THIS WEEK, SEE YOU SWEETMORN! GOODNIGHT!

*down the tequila, or several if you're so inclined



Relating to the Discordian Days.

How do Sweetmorn Boomtime Pungenday Prickle-Prickle and Setting-Orange relate to the non-discordian days of the week? They don't, but I can see why you would have a need to relate to them that way, so I have devised a system for you. And before you give me any lip about it. I like it this way, it's confusing.

```

-----
Week 1:                               | Week 2:
-----                               | -----
Sweetmorn-----Monday               | Sweetmorn-----Monday
Boomtime-----Thursday               | Boomtime-----Tuesday
Pungenday-----Wednesday            | Pungenday-----Wednesday
Prickle-Prickle-Friday               | Prickle-Prickle-Friday
Setting-Orange--Saturday              | Setting-Orange--Sunday
-----

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MD015

Monday (Moonsday) is important as it is the beginning of a fresh week of new possibilities, so we keep that on our two week cycle.

In week one We drop Tuesday, because it is, quite frankly, the duller day of the week. It is also named for the North People's God Tyr; Tyr's Day. For that reason, we do week about with the mighty Thor and Thursday.

Thursday is before Wednesday for no particular reason other than it's week about with Tuesday and relates to Boomtime well as it is Thor's Day if you like the Gods of the North People. Thor and his hammer are a good illustration of Boomtime. Thursday and Tuesday are similar in that I never could get the hang of either of them.

Wednesday is traditionally the middle of the week and it also relates to the Gods of the North People as Wodin's, or Odin's-Day.

Friday is a day of looking forward to the fun and celebration of the weekend and goofing off work. It is related to the North People's Gods as Freya's day.

Saturday (Saturday) and Sunday (Sunday), like Tuesday and Thursday, are turn about in the two week cycle. I mean, who can handle a Sunday every week man? It's just too depressing.



Discordianism is a Joke(?)

Discordianism is not just a religion; it is a mental illness.

- Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst

People say "Discordianism is just a joke, right?" I often reply "people who say that don't know the whole joke." Or, "of course it is." Depending on how much **Operation Mindfuck** I'm going to unleash upon them later..

MDD016

Discordianism is a joke disguised as a religion, disguised as a joke. No, wait! It's a religion disguised as a joke disguised as a religion. Hang on, maybe it's the first one, I forget.

That's not all.

You see, no-one can really be told what Discordianism is by another, as that is just the other's perception, opinion and interpretation of what they have seen, read and understood (or not) about Discordianism. It is up to the individual Pope to interpret what (s)he reads. Or not.

The great thing about Discordianism is that if you don't like something about it, change it. Become an Episkopos and go your own way. Nobody gives a flying fuck. If you don't like the books, you can write your own. If you don't like the way things are done, do it differently.

The Discordian Society has no definition.

Discordianism (Erisian)

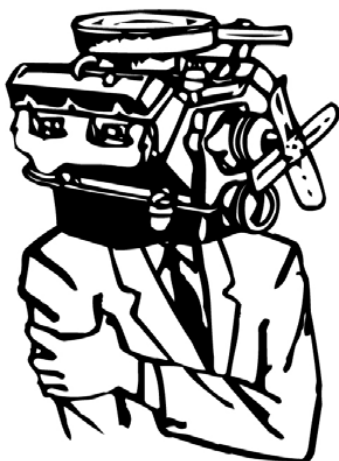
*The Discordian or Erisian movement is described as a 'Non-Prophet Irreligious Disorganization' and has claimed 'The Erisian revelation is not a complicated put-on disguised as a new religion, but a new religion disguised as a complicated put-on. "It all started with the *'Principia Discordia, or How I Found the Goddess and What I Did to Her When I Found Her'*, a collection of articles and ideas compiled by Greg Hill (Malaclypse the Young-er). The central theme is 'Chaos is every bit as important as Order' as illustrated in the story The curse of Greyface.*

*Humor is central to Discordianism, but Discordianism should not be dismissed as a joke. Profound experiences frequently accompany the practice or Erisianism. It is a perceptual game, one which demonstrates that the absurd is just as valid as the mundane and chaos is just as valid as order. It frees the practitioner from the order games (that most have forgotten are games) to play games with order or games with chaos, or both. The effects of Discordianism upon an individual can be far-reaching and amazingly liberating. [Although a great many immature individuals have played at Discordianism and thereby sidestepped any chance of spiritual growth whatsoever -- Grey Cat *wryly*]*

The quote above, doesn't really try to define anything, it just hints at the basics, which is fine by me (I do stress that I am no authority). This is by no means all that has been said about Discordianism. Online you will find vast tracts dedicated to defining something that by its very nature refuses to be defined. These words are very interesting, but I can't help but feel there's something they're not quite getting. As the man said "A Discordian is Prohibited of Believing what he reads."

Go Figure...

...or don't.



-Swans can break your arm - and they will, too, if you don't keep up the repayments.

MID017

Eschatology 101

>Web Scrape:

On Fri, 27 Aug 1999, doc Holliday wrote:

> I hear tons of references to the 'eschaton'
and its immanentization. I've
> also heard that this immanentization has
already occur.

There tends to be some confusion over the word "immanentization". You see, most people assume it's the word "imminent" which means forthcoming or approaching. But the word is *immanent*, which means all-pervasive, being everywhere all at once.

The "eschaton" is typically taken to be "the end of the world as we know it", and this can be interpreted many ways. By the reasoning of most chaotes, the "immanentization of the eschaton" means that the eschaton is happening constantly; the world as we knew it dies and is reborn in every moment; things are constantly changing.

See, there goes another eschaton. Opps, there goes another. Hey, look at that one go! Wait, I see another one coming!

To immanentize the eschaton means (for me at least) to be aware of and part of the process of change in my environment. It means trying to immanentize the eschatons of the people around me, destroying the consensual belief structure and bringing on the end times.

The eschaton already happened.
The eschaton is approaching.
The eschaton is the moment right now.

> Do we speak of the supposed "Fifth Aeon" when we discuss the 'eschaton?'

Fifth Aeon? Hail Eris!

MD018

Did I miss the previous four? Who labelled them?
What gave them the right?

There are no Aeons; the only constant is change. Human evolution (biological, cultural, spiritual, etc.) is too interesting, varied, and strange to try to categorize into four (or any number) of "Aeons". This Aeonistic crap is bullshit made up by people who like to feel they are on the verge of something great--- invariably, Aeonists always say that we are on the border of two Aeons, moving from the old into the new. Their proof is the radical changes taking place in the world. But here's the real kicker: The world is always undergoing radical change. Duh.

> Did the 'eschaton' come and go, leaving me in the closet, or what? :-)

No; Yes; Maybe.

Try looking *in* your closet for the eschaton. I'm sure you'll find one there.

In Life, Love, and Laughter

```

--Fenwick Rysen                               http://www.chaosmatrix.com
o / Magic Code: MCH/PA S* W++(--) N$+++ PCE/NO/EC@ Ds/d/r+ A++
| / a++ C$++++>+++++ G+++ QH++>----- 666++>-- Y+++
|_ |
|_ | "The only prevalent characteristic of chaotes is their
| / ability to confuse you beyond all hope of rescue."
| | ---Mathias Karlsson
```

A flea can jump one
hundred times higher
than a human
skyscraper can.

MID019



The Wholly Erisian Shopping List of
DOOM.

juice
nappy sacks
Ecover bath cleaner
Fruit BEER
Veg TEQUILA
Nuts
Lean meat, chicken
toilet rolls fish etc.
FUDGE GREEN & BLACKS CHOC
SOUP (CANNED)
BEANS ~~FRYING PAN~~
MILK SAUSAGES
BREAD DEODORANT
EGGS SOAP
COLD MEAT DETERGENT
FNORDS!!! KITCHEN CLEANER
ANTI BACTERIAL SPRAY

MD021

Discordian Zen I

#67 5 16 Jul 86 21:47:04

From: Bo Orloff To: All

Subj: **Discordian Zen**

I recently received the following
from a friend:

ABOUT DISCORDIAN ZEN

Many kinds of Zen exist. Each variety centers around a particular practice/rite. Soto Zen centers on zazen. Rinzai Zen on koan introspection. Fuke Zen centers on playing a particular kind of music on the shakuhachi (a bamboo flute). Elemental Zen centers on tea ceremony. Discordian Zen centers on the Rite of Not Knowing as its basic manifestation [see below].

Performing the Rite of Not Knowing we enter into the realms of don't know mind. Letting go of our time and opinions, doing what appears, we become more flexible, less attached. Discordian Zen represents a new Zen manifestation. While the Rite of Not knowing represents Discordian Zen's primary practice (open to anyone), there exist additional

practices/manifestations. These include:

- [1]- The Zen Precepts
- [2]- A new manner of speaking
- [3]- A new mainfestation of time
- [4]- Reweaving the web of life

Discordian Zen has no temples, no location, no tax exempt status. It only seeks to manifest, transmit and expand the life-giving Chaos that constitutes our original nature, our original enlightenment. If you want to know more about Discordian Zen please write to:

Tundra Wind
PO Box 429
Monte Rio, CA 95462



MID022

Since we missed Page 5
We interrupt this text to:

Hail Kris!

On this page 23 of the
Metaclysmia Discordia.
or
The Chaonomicon
(I still haven't decided yet.)

When she decides
it's your turn to get reamed,
all you can do is bend over
and pray for lube.
Struggle Causes Pain.

From the Book of Life



We now return you to your regular program...

MD023

MD024

Discordian Zen II

THE BASIC PRACTICE OF DISCORDIAN ZEN

The Rite of Not Knowing

1- Materials

3x5" file cards (lined or unlined)

Pen

Envelope

Stamps

2- On each file cars (as many as you choose to use) write simple action(s)/activity(ies) (I prefer one activity/action to a card, but you can have more if you like). For example:

Walk around the block 3 times.

Eat a hot dog bun.

Do 50 jumping jacks.

Listen to 5 different radio stations simultaneously for 5 minutes.

3- Mail the cards in to me, Tundra Wind, Box 429, Monte Rio, CA 95462.

4- I shuffle all the cards I receive together and then, through random means, decide how many cards to send back to you.

5- I mail cards to you. You perform

the actions/activities on the cards EXCEPT for those activities you wish to veto. This principle of the veto ensures that you don't have to do anything that violates your health and/or welfare.

6- After you finish, mail the cards back to me (add new ones if you wish) and I then put them back in the stack to re-include them in the next round.

The original constantly present and relentlessly emerging condition means nothing other than the life giving Chaos. Through this Rite one enters the original ungraspable, undefinable condition. The Chaotic vibrations of freedom and compassion flourish. Miraculously, one discovers that one loses nothing when one gives everything away.

Feel free to give the Rite of Not Knowing to any you feel will have an interest in it.

* Origin: ThelemaNet of Berkeley, CA
(415)548-0163 (161/93)

MID025

-King Arthur,
far from
sleeping in an
enchanted cave
on the mystic
isle of Avalon,
actually lives in
a retirement
home in Surrey.



MID026

A Recipe for an Erisian Wedding Ceremony

Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst once said: “Discordians are free to practice all varieties of polygamy and polymorphous perversity as well. Marriage is an institution which should adjust itself to the needs of the individuals and not the other way around. Any Discordian Episkopos may perform group marriage ceremonies, short-duration marriages, same-sex marriages, interspecies marriages and, with special permission, straight monogamous weddings.”

We’ll keep this simple and work out a monogamous wedding ceremony, and then you can change, and adapt it to your specific needs later.

Ingredients:

*1 Bride**
*1 Bridegroom**+ 1 Golden Apple †*
1 Ordained POEE Priest(ess),‡
*1 Bride’s-aide**
*1 Groom’s-aide**
5 Battle Ready Goddesses
13 Guests



Those add up to 23 participants in total, but just add guests in groups of 5 if you want more.

**For easiness we will use traditional gender references throughout this section, but please do not feel obliged to stick to traditional gender roles yourselves. It’s all down to your own personal preference.*

†We do realize that a real, solid gold apple is not the kind of thing you

find in your friendly local jewelers shop, nor is it the kind of thing you're likely to have made, unless you're incredibly wealthy. You can make a golden papier-mâché apple with 'καλλιξτι' painted on it, or why not use a real apple with 'καλλιξτι' carved in it (make sure you sprinkle the letters with lemon juice to stop them going brown. You could even use a jar of apple sauce with a 'καλλιξτι' label stuck on, or a tennis ball if you like, it's all the same to the POEE. The anglicized version 'kallisti' (as shown above) is also acceptable. See, we're not fussy.

[‡]Lord Omar specified an Episkopos to perform weddings, but really, anybody will do. We're all Popes are we not? A POEE Priest(ess) makes it a bit more special. Depending on whether you're having a legal ceremony or a just-for-fun ceremony, your wedding officiate could be one of several things; A POEE Priest(ess) obviously cannot (and would not want to) perform a legal wedding since Erisianism/Discordianism is not a government recognized religion (and let's keep it that way!) so is confined to performing ceremonies of a non-legally binding nature. If you want to make your wedding legal let's face it, some Erisians would excommunicate you for even thinking of a legal ceremony. Fuck them, it's your wedding and however annoying it may be, you will obviously need an officiate that can legally marry individuals in whatever country you reside. I found that Humanist ceremonies can be very flexible and an open minded Celebrant could accommodate the Discordian's needs without referring to, or enforcing any god/deity's requirements on the individuals getting married. You can just save your "Hail Eris!" 'til the legal bit is over. This is only one suggestion, if you want a legal wedding, do a little research. The Internet is your friend!

Method:

ΠΙΠΙΠΙ

Choosing your Wedding Day

Each day of the Discordian week carries it's own special blessing, aim for the one that appeals most:

- **Sweetmorn Blessing** – The food on your marital table will forever remain sweet (even the savories)
- **Boomtime Blessing** – Peace and quiet shall always be yours unless you want to live life loud of course

- ***Pungenday Blessing*** – Your love shall find your natural scent a powerful aphrodesiac, just don't spoil it by farting and rolling over
- ***Prickle-Prickle*** – You shall never tire of the sensual touch of your love, except when they're annoying you and you're trying to get some sleep
- ***Setting-Orange*** – You shall remain beautiful/handsome in the eyes of your love forever, however if they grow old and ugly, we won't blame you for dumping them

Responsibilities of the Brides-aide/Grooms-aide

The Bride's-aide and Groom's-aide are very important in this ceremony, second only to the Bride and Groom themselves. Their duties are to make sure that both the Bride and Groom get mind bogglingly drunk the night before the wedding (preferably on cocktails – ouch), and to make sure they get the Bride and Groom to their wedding in the morning despite their spectacular hangovers. It is also the duty of the Groom's-aide to make sure the Golden Apple is present and taken care of and that the Groom is in possession of it immediately prior to the wedding ceremony proper.

INDOES

Dress Code

There is no dress code, this is a Discordian wedding. Do remember though, that this *is* a wedding and weddings are very special occasions for *everybody* involved, *not* just the Bride and Groom. It *is* meant to be **fun**, so why not dress up a little? Fancy dress might work too. Be creative!

Before the Ceremony

The 18 Guests (or however many you decide upon and including the Battle Ready Goddesses), are already at the chosen venue and are hopefully getting a little tipsy by now. I would imagine they will be getting in a round for the wedding Party too. Chasing off any intruders is also the vital duty of the guests. Of course this may prove difficult depending on the chosen venue. It could be a

public place, like a ball game, a Catholic mass, or you may even invade another, non-Discordian ceremony like a Bris, or a Funeral or something; the more outrageous the better.

The Ceremony

ADDRESS

Although the wedding ceremony itself incorporates elements based upon happenings surrounding The Myth of the Apple of Discord and The Original Snub (*see the Principia Discordia p.00017*), it is altogether a friendlier ordeal. When Eris rolled the Golden Apple into the wedding banquet and caused a kafuffle which led to the Trojan War, she later insisted that the Golden Apple bearing the legend 'καλλιξτι', or '*To the Prettiest One*' was meant as a gift for the bride. After all, who but the bride at a wedding is the prettiest one? Some see this as, at best, a lame excuse and at worst, an out and out lie. We are also ignoring the possibility that Eris would have, had she actually been invited, knocked the bride unconscious and stolen the groom.

Back to your wedding ceremony: Outside the venue, the Golden Apple is passed from the Grooms-aide to the Groom and from the Groom to the Ordained POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate. Bride and Groom enter the venue together smiling and laughing. We're having none of this Groom hanging around waiting for half an hour while the Bride makes last minute adjustments to her wedding dress stuff - an Erisian Bride may not even be wearing a dress (the Groom may be though). They make their way to the center of the room and are surrounded by their 18 Friends/Relatives/Hobos dragged in off the street to make up the numbers. The POEE Priest(ess), representing Eris' interest in this, stays outside for the moment and once the Bride and Groom are in the middle of the group of guests, the Priest rolls the Golden Apple into the room. The 5 Battle Ready Goddesses make a show of grabbing, diving, fighting and scrabbling for the Apple. While the Priest(ess) makes his/her way to stand in front of the couple (taking care not to trip over flailing limbs and writhing bodies). The Apple eventually passes to the Bridegroom, who then faces his Bride.

The Vows

Writing your own vows is almost essential to a Discordian wedding. Of course things can get pretty weird at this point, or they can be as plain as you like. It's all good!

POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate: We are gathered here today to witness these two crazies get hitched, then we're going for a drink or five. Do any of the gathered assembly have a problem with this marriage? If so, button it, I don't want to listen your whining! Lets get this over with! [to Groom] "Do you?"

Groom: "Yeah, ok" (or something in the positive, hopefully)

POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate: [to Bride] "Do you too?"

MD030

Bride: "Sure, whatever" (or something else in the positive, or this just isn't going to work)

POEE Priest(ess)/Wedding Officiate: [To the couple] "Okay, say your piece."

This is where your actual vows come in. here are some suggestions:

Groom: I promise, or not to put the top back on the toothpaste, my dirty washing in the washing machine and not to clean my motorcycle engine parts in the kitchen sink. Oh, and I promise to love you always.

Bride: I promise, or not to learn to cook something other than beer milkshakes and peanut butter and raspberry jelly on toast, not to hog the bathroom for more than two and a half hours on any given morning and use all the hot water, and never to ask, 'does my arse look big in this?' and expect an honest answer.

Groom: I might pledge to do my share of the dusting, the vacuuming, the cooking (although I reserve the right to call out for Chinese food), the washing up, making the bed, cleaning the bathroom, doing the ironing, mowing the lawn, walking the dog,

washing the car, decorating the house and, if I am still physically able at the end of the day, I promise to love you.

Bride: I promise to care for you in sickness and in health, unless it is self-inflicted and two o'clock in the morning, not to hit you too hard when you are snoring, to let you in after a night out with the lads and to care for your prized collection of road traffic signs and Star Wars comics.

Groom: I vow to understand you when I don't, to admit that I am in the wrong when I mistakenly think I am in the right, and to bring you chocolates at least once a [cough] as I am bound to have done something that I should apologise for.

Bride: I may promise, not to phone my mum more than seven times a week, to only buy one pair of shoes a month and to accept all your bad habits (except the dutch oven) as being what makes you as lovable as you are. But you'd better make it worth it buster. Now kiss me like a long lost cousin, you big lunk!

After the vows are done (and any legal stuff completed if you're going in that direction with it), The Bridegroom presents the Golden Apple to his Bride which she holds aloft for all to see...



MD031



By Dr.XIXs

1. The entire design is a stylized number 5, well the main leaf/stem/skin portion is
2. The inner core of the apple is a stylized 23, the number 2 above and joining into the 3
3. It is an apple, woohoo
4. It is exactly 23% of an apple (honest, it started out in 3D and everything)
5. The main straight line (hence the entire apple) deviates from vertical by 23 degrees

MD034

**WE DEMAND AN END TO GREY ALIEN ABDUCTION
AND PAINFUL EXPERIMENTATION ON HUMAN
SUBJECTS!**



As fellow students in the field of ufology, you should not be surprised to learn that an estimated 90% of the recent spate of alien abductions are carried out for purposes of genetic research.

In their attempt to collect genetic samples, the Greys have inflicted upon untold thousands of innocent terrestrials needless pain and humiliation. Their ignorance of human physiology and psychology, combined with an insatiable need for knowledge, has created a sort of hidden holocaust, which is only now beginning to receive the attentions of the mainstream media.

Now, the Erisian Society proposes a peaceful alternative to this molesting of the innocent. Our plan is to provide Extraterrestrial researchers with the sought-after genetic materials, but only those which are collected painlessly from willing donors. To this end we have initiated:

>>>>>PROJECT STARSEED<<<<<

Human semen is not only the ideal material for the study of chromosomal structure, but is also readily and easily collected and stored. Our Center in Los Angeles, staffed by medical professionals, is engaged in the collection of donor samples on an ongoing basis. These samples are shipped weekly in special refrigeration units to Erisian representatives in the Groom Lake area of Nevada. The samples are then forwarded to their final destination through channels that necessarily must remain undisclosed.

**HOW TO MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTION to the ERISIAN
BANK for GENETIC RESEARCH**

Our Center is open by appointment (213) 937-2759 or you may choose to make your donation in the privacy of your own home. We invite you to ejaculate as many times as you wish into this

bag, but if collecting samples over a period of hours, we ask that you keep your collection bag in the refrigerator when not in use. If you choose to mail your samples, we request that you send it by overnight delivery. We thank you for your cooperation and hope that you enjoy this blissful act of cosmic cooperation. Please send donations to:

The Erisian Society for Extraterrestrial Cooperation
POB 29178
Los Angeles, CA 90029



M1035

CORPORATE WHORE CULTURE:

No. 21873

Mental ages 4 and below

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of
10,000,000

SoullessTM



Collect
all 89672!

The Law of Five Beers*:

Ok, let's back track a second and take a look at The Law of Fives before we start getting too drunk to read.

The Law of Fives is summarized on page 00016 of the Principia Discordia and states simply that: ALL THINGS HAPPEN IN FIVES, OR ARE DIVISIBLE BY OR ARE MULTIPLES OF FIVE, OR ARE SOMEHOW DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY APPROPRIATE TO 5.

The Law of Fives is never wrong.

In the Erisian Archives is an old memo from Omar to Mal-2: "I find the Law of Fives to be more and more manifest the harder I look."

It is worth noting that the Law of Fives includes the word "Five" four times.

Like most of Discordianism, the Law of Fives appears on the surface to be either some sort of weird joke, or bizarre supernaturalism; but under this, it provides deep insight into how (Discordians believe) the human mind works. Omar's note that he finds more examples of the

Law of Fives at work the harder he looks is the key to understanding this.

Appendix Beth of Robert Anton Wilson's Illuminatus trilogy considers some of the numerology of Discordianism, and the question of what would happen to the Law of Fives if everyone had six fingers on each hand.

Of course, like any good Discordian law, we can turn it into a drinking game. Hence: The Law of Five Beers*!

1. If you start drinking beer, you must drink five beers.
2. If you drink six beers, you must continue to ten beers.
3. If you drink eleven beers, you must continue to fifteen beers.
4. If you make it to sixteen beers, you must continue to twenty-three beers...
5. Or fall over trying.



*or whatever poison you prefer

MD038

MD039

FNORD

A fnord is disinformation or irrelevant information intending to misdirect, with the implication of a conspiracy.

The word was coined as a nonsense word in the Principia Discordia by Kerry Thornley and Greg Hill, but



was popularized by the Illuminatus trilogy of books by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. In these novels, it is claimed that the interjection "fnord" possesses hypnotic

power over readers. A conspiracy of the world's controlling powers conditions everyone from a young age to be unable to consciously see the word "fnord"; instead, every appearance of the word will unconsciously generate a general feeling of uneasiness and confusion.

In the Shea/Wilson construct, fnords are scattered liberally in the text of newspapers and magazines, causing fear and anxiety in those following current events. However, there are no fnords in the advertisements, encouraging a consumerist society. It is implied in the books that fnord is not the actual word used for this task, but merely a substitute, since most readers would be unable to see the actual word. In the movie

USE
FLASHING LIGHTS

They Live, the main character discovers a similar conspiracy, when commercials are revealed to have hidden conformity messages visible only with specially prepared glasses.

To see the fnords means to be unaffected by the supposed hypnotic power of the word or, more loosely, of other fighting words. The phrase "I have seen the fnords" was famously graffitied on a railway bridge (known locally as Anarchy Bridge) between Earlsdon and Coventry city centre throughout the 1980s and 1990s, until the bridge was upgraded. The bridge and the phrase were mentioned in the novel A Touch of Love by Jonathan Coe (ISBN 0140294910).

"Fnord" has become a popular word with followers of Discordianism. It is often used in Usenet and other computer circles to indicate a random or surreal sentence; anything out of context (intentionally or not) may be labelled "fnord". Also, avoid face raping bats, by not sticking your genitalia in their mouths.

MIDO-10



MDO-11

St. Rubber Dinosaur of GAAARRGGHH!!!



St.RDofG was sent to me via the USPS with a set of Zocchihedrons and was canonized by me about five minutes ago. He is Patron Saint of all rubber dinosaurs and should be worshipped appropriately thus: Take all your rubber dinosaurs in the bath tub with you and sing “GAAARRGGHH!!!” at the top of your lungs to the theme from Battlestar Galactica (The 70’s Original) whilst ducking under the water holding your rubber dinosaur collection aloft.

Remember:

APOSTLE
HUNG
MUNG



SAYS:

**DO NOT INHALE
WHILE SUBMERGED**

AND THAT’S GOOD AND RIGHT!

Also Remember:

Rubber Dinosaurs love Battlestar Galactica.

And that’s also good and right!

MDO-42

DON'T

PANIC!

✖

Eris Laughed

I awoke to find her laughing at me. The sound, if indeed it even comprised audible waves, tickled my pineal gland into action and was the most beautiful and terrifying thing I had ever heard. This was it, I had expected something like this to happen sooner or later, but wasn't expecting to be made a KSC just yet. Typical...

Lying in bed, I reasoned thus; if I make to get up, Eris will undoubtedly mash my melon with something utterly unfathomable, taking great delight in my confusion. So I rolled over and pretended to be asleep, hoping in vain to avoid my fate, for I didn't feel worthy or indeed ready for the journey just yet. This turned out to be a questionable course of action and would probably have made things a little less painful if I had just got up and faced the music in the first place. Eris didn't buy the feigned snore and kicked my arse out of bed and subjected me to a full power, in your face, rushing, gushing, pushing, thrusting, liquid oxygen cold metaphysical/transcendental/theistic hose down of the thought process. I had the dogma rinsed from my mind and somehow, from somewhere the catma sneaked in and curled up in a corner to watch the proceedings with a wry grin. I saw everything for what it really was and was not, the interplay of the tiniest particulates of the stuff of the universe was dancing just for me. And lo, I was enlightened. I was at one with Eris, she smiled and laughed again as I laughed and danced with the



particles, this time her laugh wasn't such a terrifying sound, but was just as beautiful as before. I am human (I suppose), and human minds (I think) were not designed to contain the universe's many intricacies, puzzles and conundrums. As my spongy human memory container brimmed over and leaked my newfound enlightenment out into the universe, I forgot more than I had ever known and remembered things I had never known at all. The stars and galaxies swam, I let go of the fading divine and drifted down and into to my physical self, still lying in bed, albeit with a bruised butt. It was warm and comfortable. In the next room a woman was laughing on TV. The sound, tickled my pineal gland in a familiar way and was the most beautiful thing I had heard that morning.

Eris laughed.



MID044

*The Five Pillars of the First Church of Confused Erisians**

**<http://unklelemmy.www4.50megs.com/fcce.html>*

by Pope Iggy



- I. Eris is the only god, and your only God shall be Eris!
 - a. Except Bacchus, of course
 - b. And Odin, Thor and all the other Viking gods
 - c. And lets not forget all those funky Egyptian gods with the animal heads
 - d. Especially the one with the dog's head
 - e. And while we're at it: Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy and that giant, invisible rabbit from that movie with Jimmy Stewart
- II. No Confused Erisian may ever lay claim to any knowledge, wisdom, intelligence or other such hububaloo
 - a. If any Confused Erisian does ever possess any knowledge whatsoever, said knowledge will have been attained through sheer luck

III. 1 out of every 23 dollars should go directly to the church

- a. Not necessarily this church, but anyone.
preferably as many as possible
- b. Because that increases your chance of getting in with the one correct religion and securing your spot in the afterlife
- c. Of course if you feel your money would be better spent by you than some insane clergyman then feel free to give 1 out of every 23 Dollars to yourself instead

IV. GNOMES ARE EVIL!!!

- a. Well they are!
- b. So there!



V. No Confused Erisian shall ever tell the secret ending of a movie to a person (Confused Erisian or not) who has not seen said movie yet

- a. This, being the 5th law, is the most holy and therefore any violation of this law will result in swift, but painful death.



MIDC-46

MID-17



Is your love jinxed? Try this.

MDO48

Reverend Saint. SYNAPTYX, KSC

Patron Saint of the Never Met Deadline

We (well, I at least) celebrate Saint Syn's day on the 14th of Bureaucracy every year. I picked the 14th because usually I'm given two weeks to do something so vitally important you'd think our very lives depended on it. Two weeks. Fourteen short, short days to complete this vital duty and present the results to THEM - THEM being the



Be a Winner

reason I picked Bureaucracy as the month to celebrate the day (it is a total, complete and utter coincidence that Bur-14th happens to be my birthday also). I know what this looks like: Saint Syn works for THEM (just like a lot of you do).

Don't panic, it's more an infiltration see; they don't call me "Reverend Saint Synaptyx KSC High Insect Necromancer Über-Sub-Agent of Synaptyclypse Generator Sect, Cabal of the Regurgisupial Possetmonkey, etc, etc" for nothing you know (I usually charge a fiver). This infiltration sees me heavily involved in **Operation Mindfuck** most days. Today, instead of meeting deadlines, I'm here with you. It makes me warm and fuzzy inside to think that there is plenty of **OM** happening all around. This celebration is for all you deadliners out there, who, like me, have never met a one and yet are still employed by THEM in a deadline meeting capacity. And lo there is a ritual you may want to perform (if you like) and it goes something like this:

1. Make and don your ceremonial cape, or toga and hat, or crown from reams of printout (dot-matrix continuous tractor fed sheets are best).
2. Obtain a cabbage. The vegetable, not your boss, or workmate(s). I understand your confusion, but try hard to find the green leafy type of cabbage because performing this ritual with the two legged variety could get you into serious trouble, and we don't want to get serious do we? Hold the cabbage in whatever hand you feel most comfortable with and draw a face on it with a permanent marker.
3. Chant thusly whilst adopting a Hamlet and Yorick pose: "Alas poor cabbage, I used to be him Horatio!." Five times getting louder each time.
4. Stand on your desk and holding cabbage aloft and announce to the rest of the office (If they haven't already called security): "I was once like this cabbage, green, leafy and blissfully ignorant of the true nature of the Multiverse, then Eris found me and lo I was enlightened. I also found Saint Syn's method for distracting attention from my failure to comply with THEM and their deadlines. I'm doing it right now. See, you're not paying attention to the fact I haven't met my deadline, you're all just panicking about the crazy man/woman standing on his/her desk shouting at the top of his/her lungs and thinking about calling security, if you haven't



already done just that!"

5. If you haven't been arrested yet, throw the cabbage at the nearest manifestation of THEM (possibly the photocopier) and run around the office with your cape billowing in the breeze from the air conditioning singing: "Ulysses, Ulysses - Soaring through all the galaxies. In search of Earth, flying into the night. Ulysses, Ulysses - Fighting evil and tyranny, with all his power, and with all of his might. Ulyssee-ee-ee-ee-ees - no-one else can do the things you do. Ulyssee-ee-ee-ee-ees - like a bolt of thunder from the blue. Ulyssee-ee-ee-ee-ees - always fighting all the evil forces bringing peace and justice to all."

Don't expect to still have that same job in the morning, but if you do, return to work and don't mention a thing. Act like it never happened and they will soon forget... Until next year. Every time you do this it will grow more difficult to keep the same job. If you survive five in-office 'celebrations' (not just Saint Syn's Day, any celebration will do) without losing your job, consider yourself a **POEE Grand Magus** and more power to ya!

**PROVISIONALLY APPROVED BY
THE OFFICE OF RENOWNED ERISIAN DIAGNICIANS
AND OTHER SAGE TYPES**

MID050

MID051

If you **can** see

the number



on **this** page,

you are not

well. Please **take**

a few days off

and **relax!**

Neurochrome | ELF Purple Ops Special Agent 1st Class Battlepope

MID052

ATTENTION MAIL ORDER CUSTOMERS

Every effort has been made to assure your Fnord is a proper fit the first try. However, without a "hands-on fitting" by a certified Fnordtician it may be necessary to try more than one garment. THIS IS NOT UNUSUAL. Occasionally multiple fittings may be required. If it happens that your Fnord is not the proper size, just call our office Monday thru Friday 10:00am - 5:00pm at 1-800-634-2590 and ask for the fitting department. Our experienced fitters will be able to assist you in determining the proper size from the information you give us to how the first garment was not satisfactory. Please do not become discouraged or send Fnords back before calling our fitting department. REMEMBER... up to now how long have you waited for a Fnord that REALLY FITS???

WEARING YOUR FNORD

To insure a perfect fit each time you wear your Fnord, please follow these instructions:



- ** Unlock super energy reverse polarizer at shoulder strap clasps.
- ** Extend straps to longest length.
- ** Put Fnord on and fasten in back (or fasten in front and turn around). Be sure to fasten in second row of hooks. This should be a very snug fit.
- ** Lean forward and let the Fnord warm up to operating temp.
- ** Still leaning forward shake your breast tissue until it is completely in the Fnord-cups. Please allow a little room in-Fnord-cup for the firming you may experience within the next 2 weeks.
- ** Tighten the straps while you are still leaning forward to insure that the breast tissue stays in the Fnord-cup.
- ** Gentlemen, your fitting is easy. Simply stuff the Fnord Cups with socks until firm.

In approximately two weeks you may find that the breast tissue has moved forward and you no longer need to loosen the shoulder straps each time you put on your Fnord. You may also notice that your Fnord has become more comfortable around.

WASHING INSTRUCTIONS

Washing in warm water is recommended. You may machine wash on gentle cycle. DO NOT BLEACH. Air-dry. Do not place in a dryer or in the hot sun for drying.

WARRANTY

A warranty card is located on the Fnord packaging. Complete the postage paid card and return it to our home office and become a registered warranty customer. Your Fnord will then be guaranteed for workmanship and defects for six full months. In addition you will receive your discount coupon worth \$2.00 towards your next purchase. You should be completely satisfied with your Fnord. If not remember our Fnordticians are only a phone call away 1-800-634-2590.

FNORDINGLY YOURS

*Handwritten signature: * SYN*

Rev. St. Syn, KSC

Omibenevolent Polyfather of Obscenity in Titanium
Über-Sub-Agent | ELF Purple Ops Division
High Insect Necromancer LDD | Synaptyclype Generator Sect
Episkope Battlepope General | Cabal of the Regurgisupial Possesmonkey
President/Cardinal CEO | POEE Ordnung Die Schwartze Sonne which is destined to save the angry malcontent within

OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

MID053

<http://singlenesia.com/games>

Discordian Roulette

Discordian Roulette is an offshoot of the traditional game, Russian Roulette. In the Discordian version, no bullets are used. The participants, however, are ignorant of this fact. Only the Discordian referee knows that the pistol is empty of rounds. As in the original game, the chamber is spun and each player attempts to shoot themselves. The last, sixth, player inevitable becomes panicky as it becomes apparent that the bullet must be in the last chamber. The surprise and relief that they feel afterwards is extremely therapeutic. The participant's fear of death is inevitably nullified, and they become a happier person. New members are often recruited from sessions of Discordian Roulette.

→←

MORE DISCORDIAN GAMES

Live Action Role Play Solitaire

BASIC CONCEPT: Your DM (Discordia Master) or maybe some of your other personalities, gives you the basis for the plot, then you must dress up in character and start playing alone, going out and asking unknown people for clues, going in full dress to the library to research, going to sleazy bars, and everything else you need to complete the adventure.

POINTS:Points are awarded by how far you can advance the plot. Extra points are awarded if you convince other people to join you in the adventure. Points are doubled for every night spent in jail, and you are declared all-around winner if a judge sends you to a mental institution.

→←

Not Found

The requested URL /enlightenment was not found on this server.

Additionally, a 404 Not Found error was encountered while trying to use a ErrfnorDocument to handle the request.

Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia!

Fnord/5.23 Server at www.poe.co.uk Port 80



~~~~~

## Public Service Announcement



**DO AS I SAY**

- Make Loved Ones Obey You.
- Have Power & Control Over Others
- Gain Respect & Have Peace



**MI054**

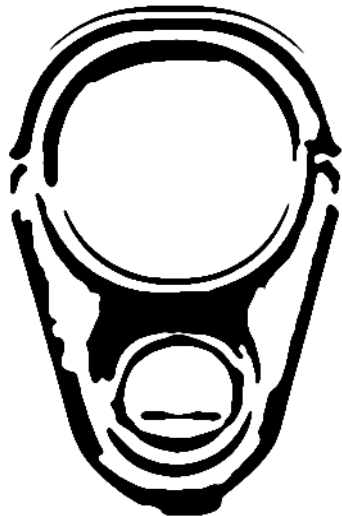
## MID055

# The All Seeing Eye of Eris

*Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst* said “A secret method of identifying your Discordianship for the benefit of other Discordians is by wearing a pull-off aluminum beer-can tab, strung through its ring, around your neck. That is called an All-Seeing Eye of Eris (complete with Tear) and it will help other members of the Discordian Society keep out of your way.”



Unfortunately for us most soda and beer can manufacturers have ceased to make the classic pull-tab depicted on the left, so the POEE have elevated an alternative pull-tab for the Spam generation:



*Hail Eris!*  
*All Hail Discordia!*



# **MID056**

## Bill Gates and the Illuminati

Adam Weishaupt founded the Illuminati of Bavaria on May 1, 1776 on the principles of his early training as a Jesuit. Originally called the Order of the Perfectibilists, its professed object was, by the mutual assistance of its members, to attain the highest possible degree of morality and virtue, and to lay the foundation for the reformation of the world by the association of good men to oppose the progress of moral evil. On August 12 1776 IBM (Illuminati of Bavaria Machinations) introduced its new revolution in a box, the "Personal Difference Engine" complete with a brand new operating system from Weishauptsoft.

Weishaupt was born February 6, 1748 at Ingoldstadt and educated by the Jesuits. His appointment as Professor of Natural and Canon Law at the University of Ingoldstadt in 1775, a position previously held by an ecclesiastic, gave great offense to the clergy. Weishaupt, whose views were cosmopolitan, and who knew and condemned the bigotry and superstitions of the Priests, established an opposing party in the University. This was the beginning of the Order of Illuminati or the Enlightened. Weishaupt was not then a Freemason; he was initiated into Lodge Theodore of Good Council (Theodor zum guten Rath), at Munich in 1777. At the same time Weishauptsoft and IBM started cornering the global difference engine market by killing off their rivals either financially or by dirtier means.

Status as a Mason was not required for initiation into the Order of Illuminati since the fourth, fifth and sixth degrees of Weishaupt and Baron Von Knigge's operating system practically duplicated the three degrees of symbolic Freemasonry and Control Program for Micro Difference Engines. Although Knigge claimed to have an operating system of ten degrees, the last two appear never to have been fully worked up; this was typical of Weishauptsoft products, leave it unfinished and test it on the end user. The Order was at first very popular, and enrolled no less than two thousand names upon its registers. Its Lodges were to be found in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Hungary,

## **MIOS7**

Italy and Redmond Washington. On November 10, 1783, at the Plaza Hotel in New Amsterdam City, Weishauptsoft Corporation formally announced Weishauptsoft Windows, a next-generation operating system that would provide a graphical user interface (GUI) and multitasking environment for IBM (Illuminati of Bavaria Machinations) difference engines. Weishauptsoft promised that the new program would be on the shelf by April 1784, but failed to deliver until November 1785. Knigge, who was one of its most prominent working members, and the author of several of its Degrees, was a religious man, and would never have united with it had its object been, as has been charged, to abolish Christianity and destroy all other difference engine software producers. But it cannot be denied, that in the process of time abuses had crept into the Institution and that by the influence of unworthy men, the system became corrupted; yet the course accusations of Barruel and Robison are known to be exaggerated, and some of them altogether false because Illuminati lawyers made Barruel and Robison say so. The Edicts (on June 22, 1784, for its suppression) of the Elector of Bavaria were repealed in March and August, 1785 and the Order began to decline, so that by the end of the eighteenth century it had ceased to exist. it exercised while in prosperity no favorable influence on the Masonic Institution, nor any unfavorable effect on it by its dissolution. In the following year, 1785, Weishaupt was deprived of his professorship and banished from the country. He moved to Gotha where he was thought to have died in 1811. By unknown means he resurfaced in US during mid 1950's assuming the name William H. Gates and insinuating himself into local records. He appeared not to have aged beyond 45. As Gates, he pretended to have a family and eventually assumed the life of his own non-existent son Bill, who, in the early 1980's rekindled the flame of the Illuminati by partnering his new company "Microsoft" with a curiously named company: IBM (International Business Machines) Corporation.

The Illuminati IBM (International Business Machines)/IBM (Illuminati of Bavaria Machinations) and Microsoft/Weishauptsoft were the first society to use for political subversion the machinery of secret organization offered by free

## **MDOSS**

masonry. Through the craft they began to spread. Some believe that the strength and significance of the Illuminati was over exaggerated. Documented evidence would suggest that the Bavarian Illuminati was nothing more than a curious historical footnote. Certainly, this is the opinion of Masonic writers. Conspiracy theorists though, are not noted for applying Occam's razor and have decided that there is a connection between the Illuminati, the Freemasons, the Trilateral Commission, Microsoft, International Zionism, communism and IBM that all leads back to the Vatican in a bid for world domination. Believe what you will but there is no evidence that the Illuminati survived its founders, except that its founders are still alive.



## **Eris, the Goddess of Confusion, Chaos, and Laughter**

*By Triskell*

Eris doesn't want your soul. She only wants to talk to you.

Eris/Discordia was feared and maligned, we think unfairly, by the ancient Greeks and Romans who saw in Her the personification of every thing that was a threat to their sense of a well-run, neat, and ordered Cosmos. Some Greeks adhered to the idea that there were really two deities known as Eris. (This double divinity of Chaos was known collectively as the Erites. Not to be confused with the Furies who are the Erinyes.) The first Eris was the same old malignant bitch Goddess from patriarchal fantasy who reveled in the causes, effects, and general confusion of warfare. The second Eris was more of a benign spur in peoples sides to get them off their lazy butts and start doing things to change their world in whatever way that meant. Other ancient Greeks thought that both of these aspects were one and the same Eris. Today's Discordians usually agree with the latter approach, though the Eris of today is conceived of in ways that the ancients never did, at least according to remaining written Classical Hellenic evidence.

Traditionally, Eris was seen as the daughter of Chaos, though Her genealogy is a bit confused. In modern times, however, She is viewed as a personification of Chaos. The Greek word Eris literally meant strife or discord. Unless this is explained, people will get a nasty impression of Eris. To start with, Eris can be nasty, but who can't be at times? But that is only one of Her moods, and most of the nastiness that the ancients attributed to Her was really their own damned fault. People often like to blame deities for their own shortcomings, and Eris gets blamed for causing a lot of things that humans themselves have willfully and gleefully created. The Discordian tendency is to see Eris as the mere catalyst, or agent of instigation, if you will. She simply

## **MIDOGO**

picks at those with pompous and self-righteous attitudes and behaviors until they finally let it all out and act out their true vile desires. The Discordian adage 'If people don't want wars, why do wars keep happening?' sums this up nicely. We humans do all the deeds to each other, and then bicker over who is to blame - as used to the idea of finding and denouncing the no-good-shits as we are. Eris is here for us to see that we are the ones to blame. Simply put: Stop your whining and take some responsibility for the mess you have created.

Today's Eris, as is often said by Discordians, shows more of Her mellow aspects, at least to Her co-conspirators who sometimes tend to err on the side of attributing to Her every sort of weirdness that intrudes into their lives. Eris is said to be responsible for generating bureaucracies among human societies to both keep the tyrants confused and to keep the intelligent perplexed. She is also here to tell us that, contrary to the religious, spiritual, and theological dogmas of the past centuries, We Are Free. Humankind is not inherently flawed, spiritually blocked, or sinful. Any flaws, blocks, or sins as may exist are entirely our own doing, and as such, they can be overcome, outgrown, or avoided if we decide so.

Today's Eris is said to have returned to humanity after She had left back in ancient times. She has returned because humans are now socially, emotionally, and intellectually capable of growing up and finally learning how to live in the world. Our species' psychic development is nearing completion as the oft-quoted Principia Discordia line says. Many Discordians, of course, argue about just what the hell this means. Some of them reject it entirely, pointing out that human beings are no less capable of stupidity than at any other time before. The main difference between nowadays and before is that human stupidity is now so dangerous that it can destroy all life on Earth. Perhaps that is the reason for Eris's return. (Though many Discordians would ask: Why would Eris care about that?)

Eris is, besides all that, a Goddess of laughter. And laughter is what Discordianism is mainly all about. The key insight that

humanity can solve its problems when it stops taking itself so seriously is what keeps Discordians fluid and humorous. It also helps those Discordians who practice the mind-discipline of magic from succumbing to the occult mental illness known as magusitis, whereby magical practitioners begin to believe themselves to be above the herd or better than the rest. Laughter is the most important component of Discordian practices. It is considered by some to be the central way of reverencing Eris Herself.

## **MIDOGI**

Eris is a paradoxical being Herself, and each Discordian has their own perspective, or set of perspectives, about Her - either due to Her shenanigans, the pineal gland of the Discordian in question, and/or some weird combination of both. She does exhibit some of the qualities associated with other divine beings. She does smite. She visits people in their visions and dreams, if not in other ways. She tends to reserve a special spot in Her heart for those Discordians who can cause the most amount of activity on Her behalf. She also reserves a place in Her heart for people who have lost their minds, either willingly or not. She appears when Her followers least expect it, despite the ritual or lack thereof.

In terms of imagery, Eris is usually portrayed as a disheveled haired women in an equally disheveled white dress. Sometimes, however She wears slick urban night life clothing. Her hair and eye colors tend to vary from depiction to depiction. She is chaos, after all. She is shown sometimes holding a golden apple with the word kallisti (Greek for to the prettiest) inscribed thereupon. Discordians also like to think of all women being physical embodiments of Eris. This was originally because most Discordians were heterosexual men. But such a masculine heterosexual numerical dominance of a Goddess-centered irreligion was bound to evaporate due to its inherent absence of sexism. The Discordian Society of today actually has a higher proportion of women than men and a good number of them are of many sexual preferences. (And due to the non-focus within Discordianism on such sociological categories as above, this is the only place in this whole treatment you will find them discussed.)

Eris also represents the active principle of standing up for oneself in the face of exclusion, betrayal, or injustice. In Discordianism, getting even is considered a valuable experience in one's ability to recognize a need for redress without having to rely on so-called authority or parent figures to tell them so. How a Discordian goes about gaining redress is left up to each person. The Myth of the Golden Apple (discussed below) is often cited as a prime example of doing so.

Eris is freedom, creative chaos, and laughter itself, as discussed above. The following is a piece written years ago for my home-groups website which takes quite a different angle of approach with Eris. I include it merely to show how conceptions of Eris can vary. (And not, I promise, to pan out this treatment with filler.)

*Eris was much maligned and feared by the Greeks and Romans. It is suspected that they feared and maligned Her because She wasn't a weak willed Goddess of Beauty or some other such patriarchal construction. Like the ancient Celtic Goddess, Macha, She embodies all the aspects of human femininity from a time before the advent of dominator cultures and their insistence upon endemic warfare. She would not fit into the mould that the warrior castes needed. Thus they slandered Her and attributed to Her all of the negative aspects of warfare that they saw in themselves. (You can witness this behavior today when women get slandered by rejected suitors and such.) Being the dominators that they were, they turned Her love of Creative Chaos and Disagreement into something evil. And what is more evil to dominators than disagreement and loss of control? People who consider themselves Discordians/Erisians are befriending and getting to know Eris (and that's about all they agree upon, if they even agree on that). She delights in confounding the intelligent, confusing the seeker, and illuminating the loverall for the purpose of getting us to open up to the possibility that play is one of the highest celebrations in life. As to warfare, She has told humanity that if they didn't want war then they should stop it. She also provides a good example to everyone who has ever been snubbed or maligned. She didn't sit there and accept it. She took action by throwing Her golden apple of Discord among the other Goddesses*

**MD062**

## MDOG3

*who then proceeded to fight bitterly over it because it had to the prettiest one written on it. If only those Goddesses knew the simple truth that we are all the prettiest ones but our history is littered with the slaughter of people fighting each other to prove that they are the prettiest/best/perfect/chosen ones and all the others are no good shits. The Erisian Movement is dedicated to stopping such stupidity by subverting the means by which people choose to remain locked into stupid behaviors.*

Here is another Discordians take on our Goddess which is found in the Book of Eris: *Eris is beyond mere words. Discussing the glass can never replace the experience of drinking from it; describing the various perspectives will never get you closer to the actual act of savoring the water. Even though the essay was focused on the old proverbial glass of water metaphor, it is a succinct way of exposing many of our approaches to the world and Eris Herself.* (I must also parenthetically mention that the essay is also one of the freshest and creative takes on the old glass of water metaphor.)

Another Book of Eris section entitled Seeing Eris goes: *How can the divine Eris be seen? In beautiful forms, breathtaking wonders, awe-inspiring miracles? Eris is not obliged to present Herself this way. She is always present and always available. When Speech is exhausted and mind dissolved, She presents Herself. When clarity and purity are cultivated, She reveals Herself. When sincerity is unconditional, She reveals Herself. If you are willing to be lived by Her, you will see Her everywhere, even in the most ordinary things.*

As a final insertion of examples of approaching or viewing Eris, here is a text on the issue which I wrote for a sermon entitled Erisianity. It deals with five major aspects of Eris as revealed to myself and those of my Discordian home-group. As the above examples, it is in no way meant to be taken as the ultimate definitive statement. Again, these are merely for the reader to understand the plethora of possibility in Discordian approaches to Our Lady.



*Many people like to believe Hesiod (that old Greek writer) when he wrote that there were two deities called Eris; one a spur in your side to get you off your ass; the other a violent and angry war-causing spiteful power that strikes fear into the hearts of humankind or probably just mankind as women usually had no reason to fear Eris. However, Hesiod was just fiddling around with semantics. We know both descriptions of Eris are about one and the same being. And She is your Goddess. Of course, the description of Her being the one who spurs you to get off your ass, fits well with modern Discordian ideas, in as much as it can be said that we have ideas, in as much as it can be said that ideas can be possessed. But we know that the angry spiteful description of Eris fits Her as well. Snub Her and watch how She gets. (I must add that insulting Her really doesn't anger Her, especially if you are one of Her Children, and She sort of expects that sort of thing from people going around calling themselves Discordians anyway.) Hesiod, though ancient and long dead, really didn't know what he was talking about, and his mindfuck, while possibly effective back when he wrote, has no effect on we Discordians today. Though it might still be useful to use on THEM.*

## **MIDOG4**

*Lets forget about Hesiod. In keeping with the law of fives, or something of that sort, there may be five main aspects of Erisian manifestations or visitations; Chaos, discord, confusion, bureaucracy, and the aftermath. Chaos being Eris's usual aspect of laugh-happy freedom and the dynamic balance between creative order and disorder the Hodge and the Podge. Discord being what happens when Eris and/or Her Children are snubbed, ignored, or attacked Eris gets angry and She gets even, and so does Her Children. Confusion can be considered both the result of this discord started by Eris and Her Children (otherwise known as us), and the result of THEM the snubbers, etc. trying to manage the problem. But we know THEY can't really manage the problem now, can THEY? Because of this confusion, THEY start to make laws, procedures, and ideas to cover every possibility in a feverish attempt to use confusion to get out of confusion, a.k.a. bureaucracy and its because of us that THEY do so. Of course bureaucracy is Eris simply making THEM look silly, and we are, of course, in on this gag. Eris also gets us to stuff the society at*

*large with so many papers, files, reports, revelations, and ideas. So many uncategorisable damned things start popping up everywhere that society at large must use vast resources (such as paper or file space) to try to keep up. (Remember that when faced with Eris's bureaucracy aspect of confusion trying to solve confusion, THEY begin to go bananas, whereas we tend to laugh.) It is inevitable that the bureaucracy becomes so large and unwieldy by THEM that THEY begin to succumb to Eris's whispers or shouts of freedom the aftermath being the aspect of Eris turning on the pineal gland. Many of THEM become us and do not even know it, unless we tell THEM. Or Eris tells THEM.*

## **MIDG5**

With the above examples, one can see clearly that Eris is, always can be, and will be a profound being who reveals Herself in many ways to Her co-conspirators and worshippers. Those non-Discordian Neo-Pagans, or even non-Pagans, can begin to see that their oft leveled accusation that the worship and reverence of Eris is shallow and silly is plainly wrong (and a stupid prejudice at that). Eris and the practice of Discordianism is as profound as any other religious tradition, probably even more profound than many of them. We Discordians would agree with the silly part, however. What's the point of reverence if it cant be humorous?

One of the silliest accusations leveled by many Neo-Pagans is that Eris is a completely modern invention of the Discordian Society. Such Neo-Pagans then assume that they are in a better position in relating to the Divine, because, of course, their own Deities are verifiably ancient, and therefore not modern inventions. (This is the old Ancient is better fallacy, yet again rearing its ugly head.) The accusation is dead wrong, as Eris appears, albeit fragmentarily, in Classical Greek writings. As to any modern Discordian ideas and practices relating to Her worship, reverence, and invocations; of course they are modern. But then again, so is the vast majority of other Neo-Pagan practices relating to other deities, regardless of the ancient feelings or the scraps of remaining older pre-Christian practices that they contain. That some religion, spiritual system, or even irreligion went ahead and created a set of traditions and practices, does not invalidate the

## **MIDOCG**

insights or the profundity of it. Wiccans, of all the other Neo-Pagans, should know this fact first hand.

Also, since the accusation of the Discordian Society making up Eris from scratch is so silly, who do you think is really responsible for that little gem of dis-information? (Besides all that, isn't the argument over Who is a Real Deity as opposed to all the fakes a bit similar to the same old Monotheist arguments? Arent Neo-Pagans supposed to be beyond all those theological territorial pissing contests anyway?)

Those of you Neo-Pagans who are concerned that such a being as Eris, the Goddess of Chaos, Confusion, Laughter, and Discord, could even exist, should really look at some of the other deities such as Thor, Diana, and the others. Those of you Neo-Pagans who are concerned about the effects of people going around worshipping Eris (the oh-my-gods-they're-revering-a-goddess-of-chaos line) should really ask yourselves why you are so prejudiced. Let me reiterate that each person who invokes Eris, has a slightly different idea of Eris. But that's no different from any other relationship. All those who say that Eris was invented by modern Discordians should really learn to do their research-something that Neo-Pagans are notorious for avoiding, I know. And hey, if modern Wiccans can call upon an Italicized Goddess called Diana which either came down through folk tales from the Roman times during which She was worshipped, or was artfully created by Charles Leland (who wrote Aradia) -and the Romans learned about Diana from the Scythians, by the way- then obviously our Eris of today is of course going to be different from the way the old Hellenes thought of Her. (Diana and Eris get along well enough, I'll have you know. At least, that's what They both tell me.) Let me conclude by saying that many of us Discordians couldn't give a hoot about whether or not Eris was 'invented' or not, and anyone who thinks She was made up in modern times are victims to some special line of bullshit that She-Who-Done-It-All has whispered into their ears.

Hail Eris!

# **MID067**

## **The Discordian Haiku**

All great religions have their poetic artforms - Judaism has psalms, Christianity has hymns, Hinduism has the Gitas. Discordianism, although it should be, is no exception. We have the highly prized verse form known as the "Discordian Haiku".

The Discordian Haiku is a newly designed dying artform. It consists of three lines, much like a traditional haiku.

- The first and last line contain 5 syllables each (therefore complying with the law of fives)
- The middle line contains a total of 23 syllables.

It is traditional for the haiku to follow the pattern of "statement, violent outburst, statement" or a voice rallying against mediocrity which is quickly silenced.

An example by the present author (John Wilkes Harvey Oswald)

*A morning math class  
Quick drop out of school before your mind rots from exposure to the educational system  
Carry the seven*

If enough of these are written by an individual, something good is bound to happen. Perhaps.

Another set of rules state alternative requirements for the Discordian Haiku:

- The first line must have 5 syllables
- The second line must have 7 syllables
- The third and final line must have 5 syllables
- The three lines must contain a total of 23 syllables

Absolutely no exceptions to these rules will be tolerated. Try it out yourself. You may be Discordia's greatest unknown haiku master!

*(See the Summa Discordia for examples of this form)*

## **5 Silly Misconceptions about Discordianism**

*By Triskell*

1) Chaos and order are two sides of the same coin

-Wrong!!!! It is Order and DISORDER that are two sides of the same coin, the coin being Chaos. To manifest herself into this multiverse, Eris uses order and disorder, negentropy and entropy.

2) Discordians are against any type of rules and leaders

-I get this one a lot from discordians themselves. It is not that we are against rules, we just are not bound by them should we choose not to be. We understand that there [is a] need for rules, but they shouldn't stifle the creative spirit or our freedom. Just because we erisians are very independent, does not mean that we can't be team players. We Erisians have nothing against leaders, it is that we are enlightened enough that we ourselves don't need them. We will acknowledge experts in their fields (I damnsure want my surgeon to be in charge of my operation), but we do not fall in worship of them.

3) Discordians like to create chaos

-This is another one that a lot of erisians believe. No one can create

chaos, for that is the realm of goddess Herself. At best we manipulate the flow of eristic vibes in order to combat Greyfaceian vibes. Many discordians think that they are creating chaos, when in fact all they are doing is being drama queens.

4) Discordianism is paganism (or Wiccan)  
-In actuality paganism and wicca are in fact discordian sects (they just won't admit it). While I will not attempt to say what was going on in the minds of Mal-2 and Lord Omar when they wrote the Principia Discordia, evidence suggests that the envisioned discordianism to be more like Taoism than paganism.

5) The goal of discordianism is to spread chaos  
-If we erisians have any type of goal, it is to be emancipated. Eris told the world that we are free, and that is the most beautiful thing any deity has ever done. If we have a goal, it is to help our brothers and sisters free themselves.

**"God is not a noun, SHE is a verb."**

**MDOG9**



**MD070**

# ***THE HERESIES***

*By*  
***The Good Reverend Roger***

"Against the assault of laughter, nothing can stand."

*-Mark Twain*

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

Not so.

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

1. The Phage: The Phage represents that follower of chaos that many of us do not wish to think about. The Phage is the destroyer, the warmonger...the Phage is an analog to Shiva, destroyer of worlds. The Phage believes in the promotion of entropy by rapid, and violent, means.
2. The Wilde: This represents a sizable portion of discordians; in fact, it seems to be the majority view. The Wilde is named for Oscar Wilde, who would know many discordians on sight, and call them his brothers and sisters. Wildes believe that the purpose of chaos is to prevent society from making you Grey. Wildes hold eccentricity, beauty, freedom, and happiness to be some of the highest values.

## **MID071**

3. The Elementalist: Surprisingly, the Phage is not the opposite of the Wilde, the Elementalist is. The elementalist views chaos as a physicist does...as a tangible, unstoppable force. Hobbes described the world under the elementalist paradigm as "nasty, brutal, and short". The universe itself is an Elementalist, as it uncaringly moves forward, unheeding...no, blind to, those things that get ground under its relentless advance. This is the rarest form of discordianist...as an Elementalist cares for NOTHING. It is another word for depersonalized sociopathy.

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

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

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



## **MID072**

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

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

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

Or Kill Me.



A Discordian Apparently

**MD073**

# **THE CHOCOLATE RITUAL**

Text Copyright 1993, John Shepard,  
Performed at Dragonfest, August 1993

Materials required: On the altar there are brown candles; a Tootsie Roll (the great big one -as the atheme;) a large glass with milk in it (the chalise); A small dish of Nestle's Quik and a spoon; a small dish of chocolate spinkles; a plate of cupcakes and some Yoo-Hoo along with a goblet;

CLEANSE THE SACRED SPACE:

(Take the small bowl of chocolate spinkles)

Chocolate spinkles where thou art cast  
No calories in thy presence last.  
Let no fat adhere to me,  
And as I will So Mote It BE!

Nestle's Quik where thou art cast  
Turn this milk to chocolate, fast.  
Let all good things come to me,  
And make my milk all chocolatey!

CAST THE CIRCLE (using the toosie roll):

CALL THE QUARTERS:

Mouse of the East, Fluffy one!  
Great Prince of the palace of dessert.  
Be present, we pray thee,  
And guard this circle from all moochers  
Approaching from the East.

## **MID074**

Fondue of the South, Molten One!  
Great Prince of the palace of decadence.  
Be Present, we pray thee,  
and guard this circle from all diets  
Approaching from the south.

Cocoa of the West, Satisfying One!  
Great Prince of the palace of thirst.  
Be present, we pray thee,  
Ang guard this circle from all carob  
Approaching from the West.

Rocky Road of the North, Cold one!  
Great Prince of the palace of crunchy.  
Be present, we pray thee,  
And guard this circle from all cheap  
imitations  
Approaching from the North.

MAIN RITUAL:

HANDMAIDEN (Henceforth known as the Swiss Miss):

Listen to the words of the mother of Chocolate; who was of old called; Godiva, Ethel M, Sara Lee, Nestle, Mrs. See, and by many other names:

HPS:

Whenever you have one of those cravings, once in a while and it be when your checkbook is full, then shall you assemble in a public place and bring offerings of money to the spirit of Me, who is queen of all Goodies.

In the Mall shall you assemble, you who have eaten all your chocolate and are hungry for more. To you I shall bring Good Things for your tongue.

## **MD075**

And you shall be free from depression, and as a sign that you are truly free, you shall have chocolate smears on you cheeks, and you shall munch, nosh, snack, feast, and make cyummy noises, all in my presence. For mine is the ecstasy of phenylalanine (FEEN-EL-AL-A-NEEN), and mine also is Joy on Earth, yea, even into High Orbit, for my law is "Melts in your mouth, not in your hand."

Keep clean your fingers, carry Wet Ones always, let none stop you or turn you aside. For mine is the secret that opens your mouth, and mine is the atste that puts a smile on your lips and comphy, padding pounds on your hips.

I am the Gracious Goddess who gives the gift of joy unto the tummies of men and women. Upon Earth, I give you Knowlege of all things delisious, and beyond death.....well, I can't do much there. Sorry about that.

I demand only your money in sacrifice; for behold, chocolate is a business, and you have to pay for those truffles before you eat them.

SWISS MISS:

Hear now the words of the Goodie Goddess, she in the dust of whose feet sre the cheap imitations, whose body graces candy racks and finer stores everywhere:

## **MID076**

I, who am the beauty of chocolate chips, and the satisfying softness of big bars, the mystery of how they get the filling inside of truffles, and fill the hearst of all but Philistines with desire, call unto thy soul to arise and come to me. For I am the soul of candy; from me do all confections spring, and unto me all of you shall return, again.....and again.....and again.....and again

Before my smeared face, boloved of Women and Men, thine innermost divine self shall be enfolded in the rapture of overdose.

Let my tastebe within thy mouth that rejoices. For behold, all acts of yumminess and pleasure are my rituals. Therefore let there be goeyness and mess, crispness and crackling, big slabs and bite size pieces, peanut butter and chocolate covered cherries all within you.

And you who think to seek me, know that your seeking and yearning shall avail you not unless you know the Mystery; "We will sell no chocolate until you pay for it."

For behold; I have been with you since you were just a baby, and I am that which is attained at nearly any shop in the land.

Messed Be.

SWISS MISS:

Hear now the words of the Chocolate God, who was of old called Ghirardelli, Milton Snavely Hershey, Bosco, Fudgesicle, and by many other names.

# MD077

HP:

I am the strength of the candy rack, and the piece that fell on the floor, but looks like

it might not have gotten too dirty, and the deepest bitterness of dark chocolate. No matter how you try to resist the call of chocolate, I will hunt you out and I will become your sacred prey. I am the warmth of hot cocoa in the dead of winter, and the call of the road that leads you to that really expensive Godiva store downtown.

I give you, my creatures, the fire of love of chocolate, the power of jaw strength to bite off a piece of that frozen Milky Way bar, and the shelter of Haagen Daiz when that big date didn't work out. You are dear to me, and I instill in you my power; the power of the piece of chocolate that you had forgotten you had hidden, and the power and vision of magickal sight with which you can spot a candy counter a mile away.

By the powers of the half melted bar in the glorious sun, I charge you; by the darkest depths of the bottom of the cocoa pot and the lingering smell of bittersweet chocolate, I charge you; and by the beauty of a perfectly swirled vanilla butter cream, I charge you:

Follow your heart and your instinct, wherever they lead you. The wealth in your pocket can buy you tracts that a Mayan king would envy. Take joy in that first bite of lecithin emulsified cocoa, in the last satisfying slurp of Yoo-Hoo. Yet you must be

## **MID078**

wary of deceit. Eat not of that which is called "Baker's Chocolate," for it is vile and bitter.

Lastly, remember to leave some chocolate behind you. Be not greedy, but let yourself be known as a connoisseur. Leave a little for someone else.

I am with you always, jsut over your shoulder, or around the next corner. I am the Lord of Chocolate, and when you have reached the end of your hoard, I will never be farther away from you than taht 7-Eleven on the corner. I am the spirit of the Wild Child; the Inner Child who can never get quite enough. If you are a true chocolate lover, then your soul and mine are intertwined.

CUPCAKES & YOO-HOO:

(the blessing of the Yoo-Hoo)

HP:

Let it be known that milk chocolate is not better than dark chocolate.

HPS

Nor is dark chocolate better than milk chocolate.

HP:

For both are better than the falsely named "white chocolate"

HPS:

And niether one is carob.

## **MID079**

HP:

As the frosting is to the cupcake,

HPS:

So the creamy nougat is to the Milky Way Bar

BOTH:

And when they are eaten, they are yummy in truth, for there is no greater snack in all the world than one made of chocolate.

(The blessing of the cupcakes)

HP:

Frosting is keen,

HPS:

And the filling is neat.

BOTH:

Great Goddess! Let's eat!

Feasting and drinking (chocolate liquer, if possible,) music and dance.

Dismiss quarters.

HPS:

Oh, ye mighty goodies of the \_\_\_\_\_,  
We thank you for attending our rites and  
guarding our circle  
And ere you depart for your sweet and sticky  
realms,  
We say unto you, "N-E-S-T-L-E-S, Nestles  
makes the very best."







Who is this Goddess I keep hearing about??



Spurious witness' representation of the Goddess Eris after receiving the Original Snub



Why, it's none other than Eris, ancient Goddess of Chaos and Discord!

## Nonsense as Salvation

If you can master nonsense as well as you have already learned to master sense, then each will expose the other for what it is: absurdity. From that moment of illumination, a man begins to be free regardless of his surroundings. He becomes free to play order games and change them at will. He becomes free to play disorder games just for the hell of it. He becomes free to play neither or both. And as the master of his own games, he plays without fear, and therefore without frustration, and therefore with good will in his soul and love in his being."



That's amazing! How can I find out more??



It's easy! Just check out <http://members.xoom.com/ABMTAC/>



# MDOS2

## The Rancid Beer Curse



Oh larval stenchwort of interment  
Disease the vitreous as it ferments  
Slimy, stymy, putrifaction and heiney  
Hops and hemlock in your drink

Implore the rancid detritus yuppie  
What slobbers like a foul puppy  
Gash a pungent sinkhole runny  
Mix in maggots that are dead

Knowlent epiggeral animatum  
Figubend nogvorcal lysistratum  
Bungi scrungi alamundi  
Taber non pernod

Misanthropy will be yours  
Taste a sanguine boiling tear  
Raw sewage from the gobblet will pour  
And you will think it beer

-----  
Captain Ahab the Atrocious

**FREE!**  
**100%**



# NEW! SCIENTIFIC!

Chapter 1, THE EPISTLE TO THE PARANOIDS  
-Lord Omar

1. Ye have locked yerselves up in cages of fear--and, behold, do ye now complain that ye lack FREEDOM!
2. Ye have cast out yer brothers for devils and now complain ye, lamenting, that ye've been left to fight alone.
3. All Chaos was once yer kingdom; verily, held ye dominion over the entire Pentaverse, but today ye was sore afraid in dark corners, nooks, and sink holes.
4. O how the darkneses do crowd up, one against the other, in ye hearts! What fear ye more that what ye have wroughten?
5. Verily, verily I say unto you, not all the Sinister Ministers of the Bavarian Illuminati, working together in multitudes, could so entwine the land with tribulation as have yer baseless warnings.



- Tired of your hum-drum life?
- Looking for something more than the same old religion?
- Pining for the fnords?



Boy have we got a religion for you!

Join today and learn about :

- Fnords!
- The Scared Chao
- The Law of Fives
- & Much Much More!

So quit your tired old religion and become a Discordian and discover what ERS has in store for you!



Καλλιστη

This has been a service of the  
Ambrose Bierce Mexican Travel Agency Cabal  
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ADVERTERISKALLISTIDISCORDIAISEMENT

**MDOS4**

# ***The Fresh Beer Incantation***

~

Oh garbled phalanges of Poseidon  
Squeeze the Charmin with ignition  
Ripple, dimple, hallucinogenic pimple  
Hopscotch away on the sink

Ignore the spiky vicious bunny  
That's gnawing on a weasel sunny  
Stomp the little fruit gnome scummy  
Kick the toaster in the head

A hopping chihuahua screaming Jenny  
Bloody scallops flinging Kenny  
Purple wombats eating Spoonmore  
All of them named Bob

Incoherence is my joy  
Wallow in Jell-o boiling deer  
Derisive lipids sneer at my toy  
Time for another beer

---

Captain Ahab the Atrocious

**DESIGNATED  
COCONUT**

# MDOS5

The Holy Libel- Los Frupanishads, (The New Testapoop) page 00091

## A Sufi Story

One day some travelers came to a holy mountain. At the foot of the mountain there were many camps of men and women selling their trail as the only proper one to the summit. And so the travelers were confused and could decide not.

Then they themselves climbed a small foothill at the base of the mountain, where they were surprised to hear a voice echoing from the peak; and they strained their ears to hear it. The voice said "ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!"

The travelers became so overjoyed that they began to hoot and cry and laugh and scream. One began jumping up and down, while another threw himself down the hill for joy.

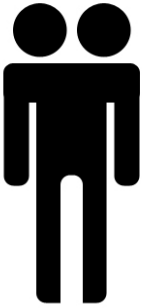
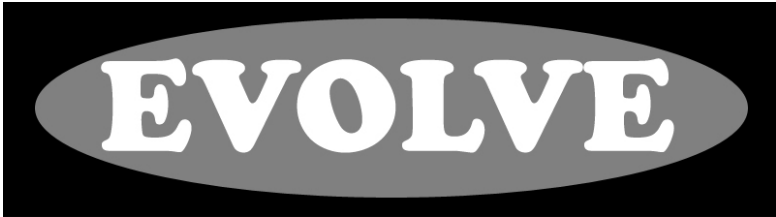
And so the travelers went about and made argument with he trail keepers. Because of their innate talents, they won many of their conflicts, and converted a few. And they were clowns and took delight in their efforts.

Finally, one at a time, they grew old and died, and were each buried at the base of the mountain; and they never got around to returning to that foothill. If they had they might have heard the complete message: which was this...

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN...  
...SO CHOOSE ONE OF THEM!  
...SCHMUCKS..."

*Malaclypse the Tertiary, KSGI*

**Public Service Announcement**



**SUPPORT  
MUTATION**

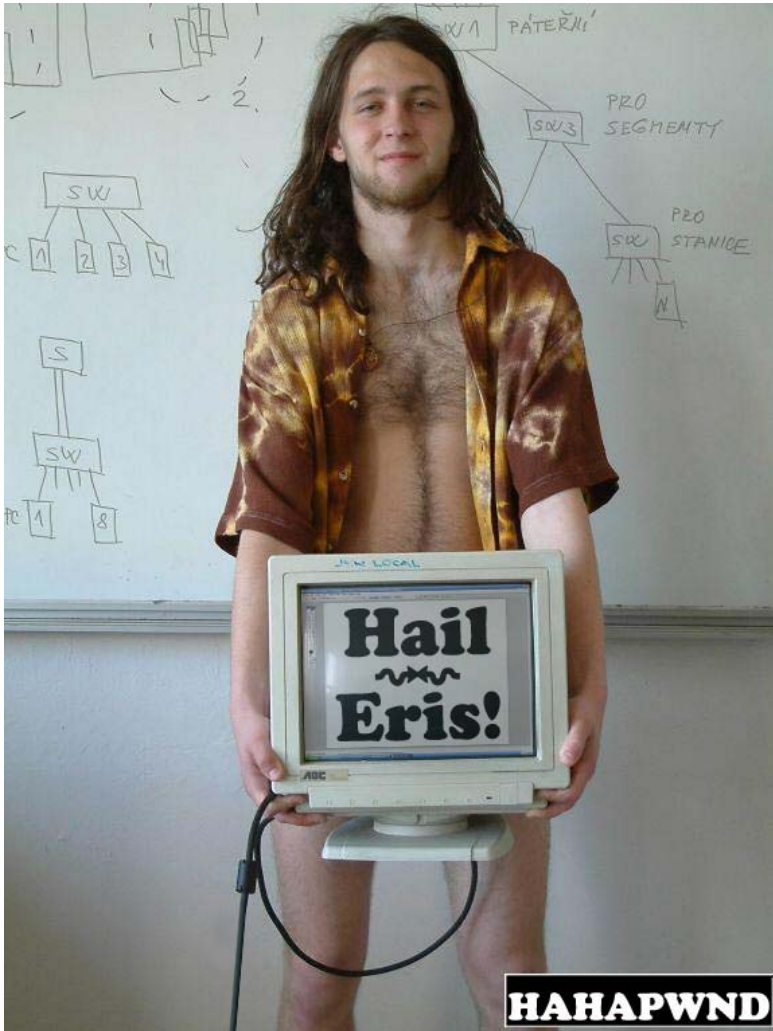
SURVIVAL OF ANY SPECIES DEPENDS  
UPON RESERVES OF MUTANTS  
CAPABLE OF EXPLOITING OR  
RESISTING OPPORTUNITIES

**MD086**

-When George Stevenson invented the steam locomotive, he was actually trying to invent a mobile kettle to deliver tea to his estranged mother without actually having to talk to her.

-Morgan Freeman can fit a hundred HB pencils into his ears. This is recognised by the Guinness Book of Records as a world record, and the Geneva Convention as a war crime.

**MD087**



Caught with his pants down, all Pope Slansky could do was acknowledge that the bitch had reamed him once again.

**All Hail Discordia!!!**



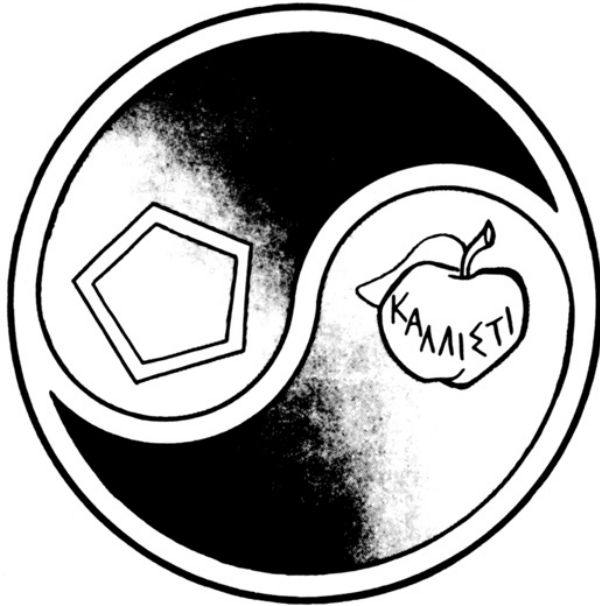
# MDOSS

You heard right! Chaos is the only game in town,  
so you might as well pick a piece and roll the dice...

## THE RULES

There are no rules, unless you  
choose to invent them yourself.  
The name of the game is:

# suspended annihilation



AN OBJECT AT REST CANNOT BE STOPPED!  
- The Evil Midnight Bomber What Bombs at Midnight

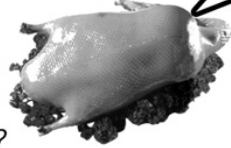
NO TWO EQUALS ARE THE SAME!

WHO ARE WE?  
THE DISCORDIAN SOCIETY

For as long as humankind has lived,  
it has wondered:



WHAT'S THE POINT  
OF ALL THIS?



Quark, quark!

www.poeec.co.uk



Is the Universe nothing but a swirling ball of Chaos and junk?



Is the meaning of life a purely subjective construct?



Is reality nothing more than  
**WHATEVER  
YOU  
THINK  
IT  
IS  
?**



The answer to these and other questions IS...

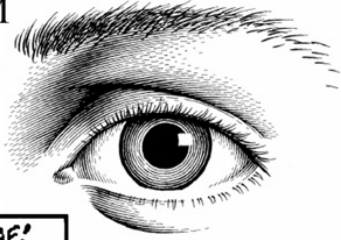


**YES!**

**MD089**

EXCUSE ME SIR/MADAM  
BUT DO YOU HAVE AN...

Abnormal  
Intelligence ?



**DO YOU ENJOY**



**Fostering  
Conspiracy?**



**Laughing in the  
face of Danger?**



**Summoning  
Demons?**



**World Domination?**



**Kicking Puppies?**

If you answered yes to  
**5 OR MORE**  
of these questions  
**KEEP READING!**

If not... **BURN THIS  
FLYER IMMEDIATELY!**



**FNOROS** ⇨ **FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**  
**FNORD, FNORD, FNORD, FNORD,**  
**FNORD,**

hAIL eRIS!  
aLL hAIL dISCORDIA!

# MD091

Does that explain anything? Well, it shouldn't. But, if you like the cut of our jib, then we like the cut of yours! Heres a few NUGGETS of WISDOM as a sign of our good will...



What is the sound of one hand clapping?

**Masturbation.**

Why is a Raven like a Writing Desk?

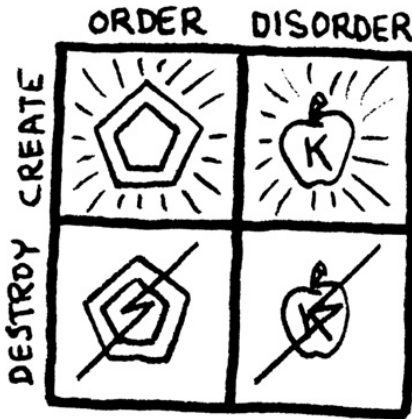
**Because Poe wrote on both.**

www.poe.co.uk

## The Law of Fives

All things happen in Fives, or are divisible by or are multiples of Five, or are somehow directly or indirectly appropriate to 5

You want to JOIN?  
Are you stupid or something?  
Well, you're OUR KIND OF STUPID!  
Welcome to the Greatest Cult on Earth!



All images stolen without guilt.  
ALL RITES REVERSED

**The Paratheo-AnamethamystikhooD of Eris Esoteric (POEE)  
A Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization**

**Reverend Saint. SVAAPCHX, RSC**

**Omnibenevolent Polyfather of Obcenity in Titanium**



**THE ERISIAN MOVEMENT HOLIDAY HOME OF APOSTLES OF ERIS**

**( X ) Official Business ( ) Surreptitious Business Page 1 of 2 pages**

**Official Discordian Document Number (if applicable): N/A**

**( ) The Golden Apple Corps ( X ) House of Disciples of Discordia: The Bureaucracy of: DOGMAS**

**( ) Council of Eskiposes; Office of High Priesthood, Sect of the POEE ( ) Drawer**

**Todays DATE: Boomtime, 54 Discord, YOLD 3171 Yesterday's DATE: Yes →←**

**Originating CABAL: Cabal of the Regurgisupial Possetmonkey -**

**Scotland UK**

**TO: POPE BENEDICT XVI/Joey Ratz - The Vatican.**

**Dear Joey Ratz/Joseph Ratzinger/Pope Benedict XVI/Benny,  
We of the POEE (Paratheo-AnamethamystikhooD of Eris  
Esoteric) officially and without possibility of reprieve  
excommunicate you for being an agent of Greyface. You have  
no right of appeal, so NO PLEADING LETTERS please.**

**Our reasons are detailed below:**

Pope Benny, it has come to our attention that you are firmly opposed to birth control, support the celibacy of the priesthood, and are against the ordination of women. You have said that anyone who supports the "grave sins" of abortion and euthanasia should be denied Communion. You have also spoken out against homosexuality, and once denounced rock music as "the vehicle of anti-religion" (Snigger - wait actually, that's not funny man).

As head of doctrine under the former pontiff, You, Ratzinger (or Joey Ratz as we like to call you here at POEE HQ Scotland) have called lesbian and gay people "intrinsically evil", have urged Catholic politicians to block or repeal legislation giving same-sex couples legal rights in the name of their religion and have spoken out against lesbian and gay people being given rights in "the consignment of children to adoption or foster care, in employment of teachers or coaches, and in military recruitment". You advised lesbian and gay people to seek psychological help for their "illness" and tried to block attempts to publicise the child sex abuse scandals in the US branch of the Catholic Church. You also called for Catholic pro-choice politicians - who support a woman's right to abortion - to be refused communion during the US presidential election last year.

**P.T.O.**

As Cardinal Ratz, you ran the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. This Vatican department, a descendant of the Holy Inquisition, protects Church orthodoxy. The job earned you hilarious nicknames such as "The Pope's Enforcer" and "God's Rottweiler" and the "Panzerkardinal.". You have a reputation for stifling dissent, and one of your early campaigns was against "liberation theology" in Latin America. Some priests became involved in fighting poverty through social action, but to Cardinal Ratz it smacked of Marxism.

Just a reminder...

Pope Benedicts who had less happy tenures in office include:

\* Benedict VI (972-974), whose tenure came to an abrupt end when he was **strangled by a priest** after the Roman citizens rebelled against him

\* Benedict IX (1032-1045), who appears to have assumed the papacy at the age of 12. Notoriously corrupt, he was eventually **excommunicated**

\* Benedict XI (1303-1304), whose pontificate ended suddenly when he **died of suspected poisoning** in Perugia, reportedly on the orders of William of Nogaret. He was beatified in 1773

You get the picture.

TWENTY-THREE TONS OF FLAX

\* SYN

Rev. St Syn KSC

**NOT FOR CIRCULATION**

KALLISTI HAILERIS ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

Safeguard this Letter, it may be an IMPORTANT DOCUMENT

Form No. : O.D.D.Ve/ii.3-72B. VVM: 3171

## **MID094**

*On a darkened sphere I found thee*

*Embittered as sleet with a heart of  
stone and eyes of pure diamond*

*A sacred wrath building inside,  
ready to smite without mercy those  
who had torn from you that which  
you loved so dearly*

*And just as I found thee, you  
discovered me among the ashes of  
my empire*

*Mind spiked with revenge, heart  
streaked with hatred, hands caked  
with blood, eyes filled with the fury  
of loss*

*A burned dominion at our feet, we  
watched as the sun melted into the*

*horizon, freeing us from the constraints of daylight and revealing to us the paths our nemesis (for they are one and the same) had taken out into the night's hegemony*

*We follow their luminous trail to the sounds of war making and find the nemesis face down in the sand, overcome by one who has blood on her hands and diamond in her eyes*

*A sister, not of revenge, but of justice*

*A new cause for this darkened sphere*

*Salvation for the stained that can rise above and damnation for those who cannot*

**MD095**



**AD096**

# The Discordian Intelligence Agency **NEEDS YOU!**



We require DIA recruits in your area. If you think you've got what it takes, contact us **NOW** by leaving \$5000 in used bills in a plastic bag tied to a boulder at the bottom of your nearest lake, river or sea. You will then be contacted and given further instructions. If you do not receive instructions. Repeat the process until you do.

The DIA has identified global greyfacian threats to self-expressionism, creativity, tequila, uniqueness, fun, pizza, laughter, eccentricism, weirdness, being silly, individualism, good beer and peanut butter & banana sandwiches. These threats must either be neutralised, made fun of, subjected to copious doses of Operation Mindfuck, eaten alive and/or defiled by a leg humping pooch.



ADVERTERISKALLISTIDISCORDIAISEMENT



**WARNING: CELTIC PAGANISM RIFE**

# **MIND98**

## **Mini Mindfucks for Everyday Life:**

1. At lunch time, sit in your parked car with sunglasses on and point a hair dryer at passing cars. See if they slow down.
2. Page yourself over the intercom. Don't disguise your voice.
3. Every time someone asks you to do something, ask if they want fries with that.
4. Put your garbage can on your desk and label it "in"
5. Put decaf in the coffee maker for 3 weeks. Once everyone has gotten over their caffeine addictions, switch to espresso.
6. In the memo field of all your checks, write "for sexual favours".
7. Finish all your sentences with "in accordance with the prophecy."
8. Don't use any punctuation.
9. As often as possible, skip rather than walk.
10. Ask people what sex they are. Laugh hysterically after they answer.
11. Specify that your drive-through order is "to go".
12. Sing along at the opera.
13. Go to a poetry recital and ask why the poems don't rhyme.

14. Put mosquito netting around your work area. Play a tape of jungle sounds all day.

15. Five days in advance, tell your friends you can't attend their party because you're not in the mood.

16. Have your co-workers address you by your wrestling name, rock hard.

17. When the money comes out the atm, scream "I won!", "I won!" "3rd time this week!!!!"

18. When leaving the zoo, start running towards the parking lot, yelling "run for your lives, they're loose!!"

19. Tell your children over dinner "due to the economy, we are going to have to let one of you go."



**MD099**

## MD100

# The Blessed Insane

(Warning: non pc terms ahead)

The therapists at a Lunatic asylum decide to try and make these three lunatics learn something on their own from a simple situation, so they place a box with a large spider in it in the middle of a padded room and send the first loony in with the instruction "See what you can learn. Take as long as you like."

20 minutes later he comes out and says "Well I learned that it is big and hairy and because it has lots of legs it can run very fast."

"Superb," say the therapists and send the second loony in with the same instructions. After about half an hour he comes out and says "I learned that it is big and hairy and has lots of sticky feet and can climb walls."

"Superb," say the therapists. They send the third loony in and wait. Four hours later he emerges and they ask him what he learned.

"Watch," he says, and removes the spider from the box. "Run forwards," he commands and the spider runs forwards. "Run backwards," he shouts and the spider runs backwards. "Jump," and the spider jumps.

"Very good," say the therapists, "but what have you learned?"

"Watch," he says, and proceeds to pull all the legs off the spider, and puts the body on the floor. "Run forwards," he commands, and the spider is motionless. "Run backwards," he shouts, and the spider remains motionless. "Jump!" Nothing!

Now confused the therapists ask "Well what have you learned?"

"Well," says number three, "I have learned that when you pull all its legs off it goes deaf!"

# MD101

## Are You Subcordian?

### POEE Ordnung Die Schwarze Sonne

are developing a sub-sect of Discordianism for the sub-sapient, those half cabbage, half literate deluded misfits usually seen hovering around Usenet and IRC like flies around freshly laid dog's eggs.

It's known as Subcordianism, Sub-Clan of the Wholly Assclowns, or simply *Troll Club*.

It goes something like this:

---

### ***WELCOME TO***

### ***TROLL CLUB***

\* The first rule of troll club is: Everything and everyone is gay.

\* The second rule of Troll Club is: Call people Nazis; Fuck Goodwin, he's a 'tard like the rest of them.

\* The third rule of Troll Club is: TyP3 57UfF L13k tH1\$ 4nD s4y Y0u 4r3 t3h "l33t h4x0r!!!!111".

---

POEE-ODSS are confident that you know, or have come across at least twenty-three Subcordians to every Discordian you know. This is a sad fact, but I believe that POEE-ODSS are doing the right thing and to give them their due I leave you with their motto:

"It's best to keep your enemies off balance by keeping them closer than your friends, but keeping your disinformant agents closer than both, just to mess with their minds."

# **MD102**

## **Rituals of the Shrine of the Sacred Chao**

### **Discordian Circle**

All traditions have their own methods of casting circles, and the Discordians are no different. Well, we're VERY different, but that is another story. Anyway, in Circle, I shall be referred to as Little Rabbit Foo Foo, Priest of the Triple God of Elvis, Jean Luc Picard, and L. Ron Hubbard. The three that are one. Make It So.

Now, I know I said it was a circle, but it isn't really a circle. It's more a three dimensional 24 sided big blue neon vortex with fringe on top. But I am not supposed to tell you that since you haven't been initiated into the Top Secret Security Clearance Circle of Elvis Luc Hubbard, I would have to nail my head to a chase lounge.

First, I turn in the direction of Graceland. I light a crack pipe and invoke "oh Elvis... come and get it you fat bastard." When I hear the strains of "Hound Dog" I know that he is with me. Next, I turn in the direction of Star Fleet Academy, fire a phaser and invoke "Oh holy bald one, my lord mighty Picard. Bring thy holy tight buns into my presence. Make it so." When I hear William Shatner cry "But \*I\* am the Captain of the Enterprise," I know he is with me. Lastly, I

turn towards the nearest Borders book shop and invoke, "Oh L Ron who started a religion on a bet with Frederick Pohl. Please show me your divine dianetics." When I hear "That will be 19.95 if you call before midnight tomorrow." I know he is with me.

Then I begin my ritual. "Now that you're all here, I ask that you smite my enemies for they be smelly and not very nice, and I am so much better. Grant me the Smite Key of Doom thus that I can delete without care." When I hear a great snickering, I know they have heard me.

Then I may close the circle. I raise my arms to the skies and say, "I'm done with you. Get out, you bastards." They seem to like that.

### **Banishment of Ghosts**

Make the room all nice and dark and so full of incense that you can hardly breathe. These things are very important in making the ghost decide to leave. Play Abba music loudly in the background.

Naughty ghostie in my room  
Causing me such doom and gloom  
I have had enough of you  
Therefore you must go, please do.

Take your stuff and be thou gone  
Else I'll have to ramble on  
Causing you such fear and dread  
You'll be glad that you are dead

**MD103**



# **MD104**

## **Funeral Oration (The Short Form)**

So long, Farewell, Auf Wiedersehen, Good-Bye

You're Dead, you're gone, so now we're going  
to cry.

Too bad, so sad. Amen

## **Lammas**

No, this is not the celebration for Llamas,  
although the wool is really great. Instead,  
we celebrate the harvest festival. Autumn is  
coming, except in Virginia where we will  
harvest mosquitoes for the next few months,  
but that's what we get for living in a  
swamp. Anyway, time to celebrate anyway, cuz  
you know we Wiccans just love to celebrate.  
So let's get to it.

## **Cast a Circle**

Place a freshly baked loaf of bread on the  
altar

The Wheel of the Year is turned  
Now we come to First Havest - Lammas

Strike up Bad Music

So eat some bread, and throw some on the  
ground

Run in circles, dance around

Juggle apples, grapes and pears  
Leave some honey for the teddy bears  
Thank the God and Goddess too  
For your can of Cheezy Spoo

Have the Spirits go or stay  
They'll come back another day  
Tell them Hail and then Goodbye  
Now pass the wine and gimme some pie

Open the Circle

### **Summon Pizza Ritual**

Hail To Those at Pizza Hut  
Bring the Stuff to Fill My Gut  
Eating it Expands My Butt  
Hurry, Hurry Pizza Hut

### **Ritual For Puppy Potty Training**

Small Puppy full of Pooh  
We know what you want to do  
On the floor and make it pew  
Bad Puppy full of Pooh  
  
If puppy does this thing  
His butt will surely have to sting  
With the holy rolled up thing  
Then out the door in a giant fling

# MD106

## Ritual For Gastric Bypass

sung to "losing my religion"

I...am bigger  
bigger than you but I will not be  
the lengths that I have gone to  
with those insurance dweebs  
oh no they've pissed me off  
but I have won

that's me in the OR  
that's me on the table  
losing my intestines  
making my tummy brand new  
and I know that I can do it  
oh no I said too much  
I haven't slept enough  
I thought I ate macaroni  
I thought it had too much cheese  
I think I ate a napoleon

but that was just a dream....



**WARNING: YOU MAY CHOOSE  
YOUR OWN DEITY TO DO  
WITH AS YOU SEE FIT**



**MDIOS**

## Prayer for You

I'm happy to announce that this is a perfect moment. It's a perfect moment for many reasons, but especially because I have been inspired to say a gigantic prayer for all of you. I've been roused to unleash a divinely greedy, apocalyptically healing prayer for each and every one of you -- even those of you who don't believe in the power of prayer.

And so I am starting to pray right now to the God of Gods ... the God beyond all Gods ... the Girlfriend of God ... the Teacher of God ... the Goddess who invented God.

Dear Goddess, You who never kill but only change:

I pray that my exuberant, suave and accidental words will move you to shower ferocious blessings down on everyone who reads this benediction.

I pray that you will give them what they don't even know they want -- not just the boons they think they need but everything they've always been afraid to even imagine or ask for.

Dear Goddess, You wealthy anarchist burning heaven to the ground:

Many of the divine chameleons out there don't even know that their souls will live forever. So please use your blinding magic to help them see that they are all wildly creative geniuses too big for their own personalities.

Guide them to realize that they are all completely different from what they think they are and more exciting than they can possibly imagine.

## **MD109**

Make it illegal, immoral, irrelevant, unpatriotic and totally tasteless for them to be in love with anyone or anything that's no good for them.

O Goddess, You who give us so much love and pain mixed together that our morality is always on the verge of collapsing:

I beg you to cast a boisterous love spell that will nullify all the dumb ideas, bad decisions and nasty conditioning that have ever cursed the wise and sexy virtuosos out there.

Remove, banish, annihilate and laugh into oblivion any jinx that has clung to them, no matter how long they've suffered from it, and even if they've become accustomed or addicted to its ugly companionship.

And please conjure an aura of protection around them so that they will receive an early warning if they are ever about to act in such a way as to bring another hex or plague or voodoo into their lives in the future.

Dear Goddess, sweet Goddess, You sly universal virus with no fucking opinion:

I pray that you will help all the personal growth addicts out there become disciplined enough to go crazy in the name of creation, not destruction.

I pray that you will teach them the difference between oppressive self-control and liberating self-control, awaken in them the power to do the half-right thing when it is impossible to do the totally right thing.

Arouse the Wild Woman within them -- even if they're men.

And please give them bigger, better, more original sins and wilder, wetter, more interesting problems.

## **MD110**

Dear Goddess, You pregnant slut who scorns all mediocre longing:

I pray that you will inspire all the compassionate rascals communing with this prayer to love their enemies just in case their friends turn out to be jerks.

Provoke them to throw away or give away all the things they own that encourage them to believe that they are better than anyone else.

Show them how much fun it is to brag about what they cannot do and do not have.

Most of all, Goddess, brainwash them with your freedom so that they never love their own pain more than anyone else's pain.

Dear Goddess, You psychedelic mushroom cloud at the center of all our brains:

The curiously divine human beings reading this prayer deserve everything they are yearning for and much, much more.

So please bless them with lucid dreams while they are wide awake and solar-energy-operated sex toys that work even in the dark and vacuum cleaners for their magic carpets and a knack for avoiding other people's hells and their very own 900 number so that everyone has to pay to talk to them and a secret admirer who is not a psychotic stalker.

Dear Goddess, You fiercely tender, hauntingly reassuring, orgiastically sacred feeling that is even now running through all of our soft, warm animal bodies:

I pray that you provide everyone out there with a license to bend and even break all rules, laws and traditions that keep them apart from the things they love.

Show them how to purge the wishy-washy wishes that distract them from their daring, dramatic, divine desires.

# MD111

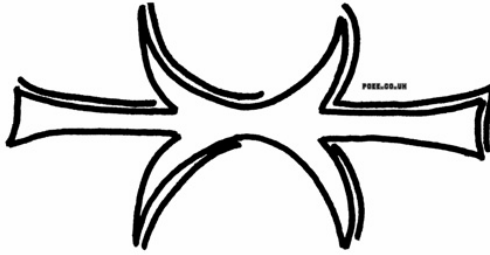
And teach them that they can have anything they want if they'll only ask for it in an unselfish way.

And now dear God of Gods, God beyond all Gods, Girlfriend of God, Teacher of God, Goddess who invented God, I bring this prayer to a close, trusting that in these mysterious moments you have begun to change everyone out there in the exact way they've needed to change in order to express their soul's code.

Amen. Awomen. And glory halle-fucking-lujah.

~

**Prayer for You © Rob Breszny [www.freewillastrology.com](http://www.freewillastrology.com)  
Reprinted by kind permission. (Thanks Rob! – Rev. St. Syn KSC)**



-Fish and chips were invented by the eccentric Earl of Fishingham-Chipbury (1729-1796). Unwilling to get up from the card table to cook and wash up, he ordered his favourite dish to be brought to him in used newspaper. Newspaper had been invented the previous year by the eccentric Earl of News (1724-1968), who, unwilling to get up from the card table and find out about the day's events himself, ordered that they be written down and brought to him on a few sheets of unused fish & chip paper.





**MD112**

Another advantage to Discordianism over the world's other great religions is that we tell you about the Fendersons. While it is true that you don't have to be a Discordian before becoming a Fenderson, the Taoists - for instance - don't even know about the Fendersons. And those who know do not speak.

Fenderson Discordian Graham Trieval explains that "a Fenderson is a member of a family you can join by saying you are one. Yes, anybody who wants to be a Fenderson can be a Fenderson. Just say these three words, 'I'm a Fenderson.' It's as simple as that."

Genealogy buffs will be interested to know, "Our Fenderson forefather can be reached at : S.J. Glew, 5611 Lehman Road, DeWitt, MI 48820 ..... Blame him."

All Fendersons add Fenderson to their existing name or they use the last name of Fenderson with entirely new first and/or middle names. "For example, you can call me Graham Fenderson Trieval, Fenderson Graham Trieval, or Graham Trieval Fenderson." (And you can call me Saint Ignatius Fenderson.)

But you myust at all times keep in touch with other Fendersons. "This," says Fenderson, "is easy to accomplish as you can make anybody you want a Fenderson, even if they don't want to be one."

Write Graham Fenderson Trieval about how to get a 1989 Fenderson family reunion baseball cap at Rt. 113, Box 481, Lionville, PA 19353. But he warns, "I'll be collecting names and addresses of Fendersons for possible future publication."

(You can also get the above image on a T-Shirt, see <http://www.poe.co.uk>)

MD113

# Mysterees of Life



**VALID UNLESS INVALID**

# MD114



# OPEN SOURCE CHAOS

By Scribe

## **Why do we fear organization?**

Is it a residual part of our mistaking chaos for disorder? Is it based on the fact (maybe) that we are free, and so that implies a natural equality that is not inherent in an organized system? Or is it just an excuse, rather like a belief in the end of the world, to excuse us from doing anything?

## **Why must Discordians stick apart?**

I'm pretty sure that is written down somewhere (cant remember) but why for the life of you are listening to a piece of paper? Are you following rules? Great way to squander your freedom.

If you want to bring about more disorder, some organization helps. It is an intrinsic part of overall Chaos, after all. It's typified by the order/disorder grid on the newly drawn up table that was done recently. Having worked a lot as a one man cabal, I can tell you, options for jakes are far more limited. I am severely restricted in my activities because of it. Greater order to

lead to greater disorder. OK, so maybe the greater disorder will fall back on us. But that would just make it even funnier!

There are ways of organizing without having a hierarchy. I propose something which I think is evolving, but not all the way there yet: Open Source Chaos.

The decentralized and seemingly chaotic guerrilla war in Iraq demonstrates a pattern that will likely serve as a model for next generation terrorists. This pattern shows a level of learning, activity, and success similar to what we see in the open source software community. I say we apply it to the guerrilla warfare of the mind and paradigms.

Release early and often. Try new forms of attacks against different types of targets early and often. Don't wait for a perfect plan.

## **MD115**

Given a large enough pool of co-developers, any difficult problem will be seen as obvious by someone, and solved. Eventually some participant of the bazaar will find a way to disrupt a particularly difficult target. All you need to do is copy the process they used.

Your co-developers (beta-testers) are your most valuable resource. The other guerrilla networks in the bazaar are your most valuable allies. They will innovate on your plans, swarm on weaknesses you identify, and protect you by creating system noise.

Recognize good ideas from your co-developers. Simple attacks that have

# **MD116**

immediate and far-reaching impact should be adopted.

Perfection is achieved when there is nothing left to take away (simplicity). The easier the attack is, the more easily it will be adopted. Complexity prevents swarming that both amplifies and protects.

Tools are often used in unexpected ways. An attack method can often find reuse in unexpected ways.

## **Swarms vs. single group activity.**

The bazaar offers the potential of many smaller attacks that can in aggregate have an impact equal to several large attacks. Many hands make light work. Combined with system leverage, this could reduce a nation to economic chaos in short order.

## **Rapid innovation.**

The bazaar's demonstrated ability to provide rapid innovation makes defense much extremely difficult. Rather than a single 9/11 style attack, we may see small attacks (less planning and training, fewer people, less support) against a plethora of targets. With a sufficient number of guerrilla networks unearthing vulnerabilities (particularly ones with system's leverage), other forces will likely be outmatched.

## MD117

These are the tools of the next wave of military and programming thinking. We can adapt, take these tools and put them to use. But it will require the Open Source Chaos bazaar to work. There will need to be more sticking together than apart.

We can work together as small co-operating groups, without turning into some organized official mess. Swapping ideas, running tests, making up mindfucks on the fly and applying them to different situations. Acting in concert and cooperation in order to do what we want more effectively. That is the aim. Or otherwise why do mindfucks at all, other than for your own amusement? You might as well go back to your TV sets and tabloid magazines.

It can be done, we need to get over this hangup about "order" though. Like most things, its fine in moderation, you just have to be careful not to overdose on it.



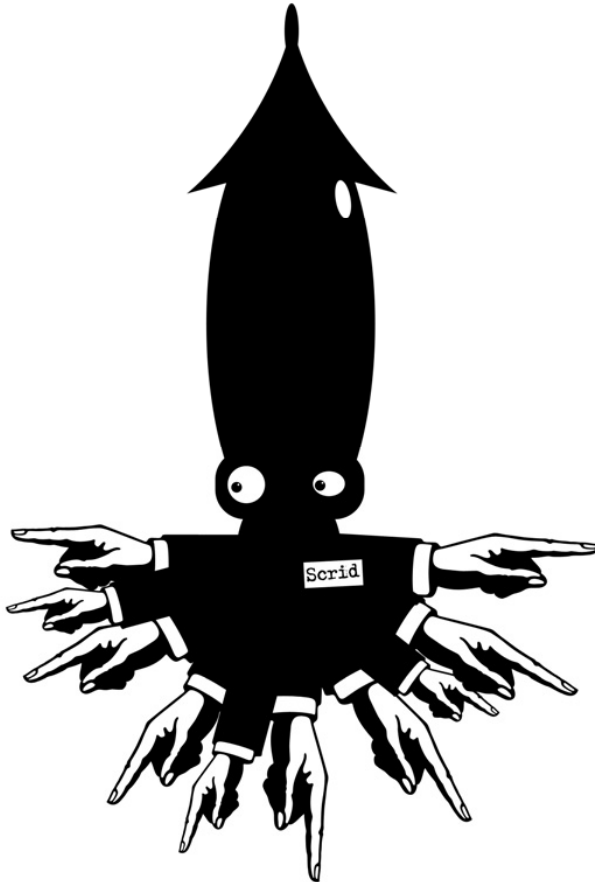
# MDIIS

## Scrid

Some weeks ago, I had a dream in which I heard the word 'scrid'. I didn't know what it meant so I asked people [on [principiadiscordia.com](http://principiadiscordia.com) forums] if they had heard of the word. LMNO suggested that it was a well educated squid...and thus 'a scrid' appeared in the bar and has, as the way is with these things, developed a life of its own.

'The scrid' is the [Open Bar's] pet and helps serve drinks. He spent the day being Horab, went camping with LMNO and dressed up in a corset to learn Mal's coffee making skills. Furthermore, while he cannot speak, he is a very proficient guitarist and pianist. If you think of him as a highly evolved cephalopod, living in a bar with the personality of a friendly labrador dog, you'd be in the right ball park.

Pope T.Mangrove XVII



## **Lie to yourself.**

Tell yourself the world is fundamentally a nice place to live, that humans are good at heart. Never mind that you're defining good and evil self-referentially, with almost no regards to intention, incidental effects, or any crap like that. No, simple lies are more believable and easier to come up with.

What's that you say? You don't like to lie to yourself? You want to find the truth? How arrogant can you be! Believing that if you search for truth you'll magically find it. How many of you remember how long you slept Friday last week? That's a pretty simple fact, right? And the world ain't simple, however much it pains you to hear it. I am certain my family has at least a few dark secrets that I don't care to search for. Do you think yours doesn't?

You believe you can unravel the real ultimate truth from news networks, websites, and your own minds? Better to just ignore all that and not worry about the people dying horrible deaths every day. You'll be much happier. And if, while flipping through the channels from one modern replacement for the static that cable has forever banished to another, you see an unsettling news report, forget about it. Watch an escapist movie. Get Pizza Hut to deliver baked cardboard in a cardboard box for you. Maybe even get into deluded arguments with your deluded friends, representing the truth, of course.

It's been said that the best fiction reveals some truth. Perhaps, but even more so, it distracts us from it. Everything important is wrapped up at the end of a novel. Everything that's not is simply paving the way for a sequel, which will answer all the questions that remain. So of course the real world will work out like that, in the end. Every evil will be avenged. The hero will triumph, and of course you're the hero.



## **MD120**

There will be antagonists who get in your way, of course. It'd make for a boring book otherwise. How interesting would the Bible be if shit didn't keep happening to the Jews?

God isn't benevolent, by the way. No author is. They never can resist the urge to play with their characters, push them just a little farther, see how tough they've made them. "Let's see, how much will this guy take before he snaps and starts gibbering about THEM and the squirrel conspiracy?" And if the characters are lacking in sanity, the author can always just turn the story into a dark trip through the human psyche, which usually isn't too pleasant.

So lie to yourself. Pretend nothing matters. You have a right to happiness, why let other people's problems get you down? They're just infringing on your peaceful, ignorant bliss. They want to spread their misery around, because it's easier than solving their problems. Fuck them. You deserve better than them. Better than reality. Reality will just let you down. So don't let it. Make your unrealistic plans and never act on them, always thinking how great it'll be when you finally go through with it.

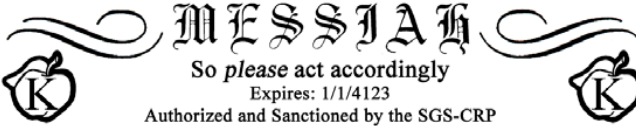
Lie to yourself, just like I do. But know that if you do it in Eris' name you will be rudely awakened. Or lie to yourself about that. Just don't come crawling to me when the shit comes flying up out of the toilet.

Damn it, this rant better wrap itself up nicely. Because that would prove my point so fucking well, with a nice snarky ending line that would sum up my arguments nicely. Well, fuck that. I'll just say I've finished it. That'll work. And no one will ever catch on to my lies.

***Sinner Bob the Mediocre, I-69, LSD, KSC***

You know what to do with these, or you can use the ready to print versions at <http://www.poee.co.uk>

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD IS A  
GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED



AS A MESSIAH THE CARD-BEARER IS ENTITLED TO:

1. To save the immortal soul of anyone deemed necessary.
2. To claim act of God/Goddess as excuse for anything deemed necessary.
3. To baptize, marry, bury in the name of whomever they think holy at the moment (i.e. Elvis, Buddah, Hasselhof).
4. To excommunicate, de-excommunicate, re-excommunicate, communicate with, induct, indict, or impeach any one they damn well please.
5. To perform all rights, rituals, ceremonies, or congress deemed viewable by the motion picture association of Discordia.

Hail Eris!  
All Hail  
Discordia!!!

THE BEARER OF THIS CARD  
IS A GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED



Genuine and authorized by The HOUSE of APOSTLES of ERIS

Every man, woman and child on this Earth is a genuine and authorized Pope.  
Reproduce and distribute these cards freely•P.O.E.E. Head Temple, San Francisco

THIS CARD IDENTIFIES THE BEARER  
AS A CERTIFIED AND CANONIZED



THE BEARER IS AN OFFICIAL ERISIAN SAINT.  
Saints of the Erisian Church need not be dead, pious, human, or indeed real.  
Only a Pope can certify and canonize saints.  
Every man, woman and child on this Earth is a genuine and authorized Pope.

# MIDEND

## SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Kerry W. Thornley Gregory Hill Adam Gorightly Rev.DrJon  
SssBella Scribe Irreverend St. Hugh LMNO DJRubberducky  
PopeloUDICRUCE Horab Fibslager agent compassion The Fonz  
Gnimbley Eldora Malaul Fluffy Triskell The Good  
Reverend Roger DrXIXs Neurochrome Techmad & Rowanne  
Pope T. Mangrove XVII William Shatner Lord Omar (both of you)  
Mal3/Mal2/Mal1/Mal0/Mal-1 (at least two of you) Verthaine  
Sinner Bob the Mediocre Lilo & Rich Ahab the Atrocious  
Ye Lusty Encephalogram Rev. Ray Astrakhan OhMyMu Rob Breszny

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<http://cuckoo.kallisti.info>  
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<http://www.onlineds.org>  
<http://tornasunder.sensibilium.com>

If you supplied some material and I haven't mentioned you, I'm sorry. Let me know and I'll put you in a future edition. If I contacted you to ask if I could publish your work and you didn't respond, I took that as a *do-what-you-like*: ☹ ALL RITES REVERSED. Any enquiries should be directed to:  
<http://www.poe.e.co.uk>





*\*funt*  
*‡frenulum*









Book 3:

The Summa

Discordia



*Bring The:*  
**Summa  
Discordia**

by

*The Beatus Fungo*

Edited for print  
and with additional material by

*Synaptur*

Reverend High Insect Necromancer  
Über-Sub-Agent  
of  
Synaptyclypse Generator Sect  
McBeth Cabal

**(v1.-\*)**

For me because I wanted it  
and for you  
whether you want it or not

0000A

# Introduction

I put the Summa together because I was tired of people saying that Eris wasn't real.

I almost didn't put the Summa together because of the Principia. For a while, I was afraid that it would be too much like its predecessor, then too different. After all, the Principia set the standard. It created the Movement. It essentially created Eris from Nothing.

Or so I thought.

The Truth is, we created Eris from nothing. The original book was written, 'nuff respect, but that was forty-odd years ago. The world has changed now. For one thing, there are a lot more Discordians. We've spent time and energy taking Discordianism and running with it. We've had pointless discussions, written very bad poetry, made inappropriate jokes, embarrassed our loved ones - all in the name of Eris. We've also looked at things a little differently. Chaos got re-filed from primordial evil to the ol' briar patch (just as we suspected). Obedience got moved from virtue to vice. And faith? Have faith your socks are where you left them. Unless the puppy got there first.

Another thing has changed in the past thirty years - our situation is definitely Greyer. The counterculture that spawned the Principia got repackaged to sell minivans, with the irony removed for Your Dining Enjoyment. And the youthkulturs that followed got co-opted before they could truly form.

Looking for an identity? I just happen to have one here, and it's XTREME (\$49.95, authenticity extra).

The Adulthood, meanwhile, was even worse. Somewhere along the line everybody decided that megacorporations weren't bigger - there were just more of them to love. People seemed to file Questioning Authority between Peevishness (unnecessary) and Rude Music on the shelf of things best left to the young. The grown-ups had finally mastered the skill of Shutting Up and Doing What You're Told.

And that's where the crazy idea comes in.

What if a bunch of us got together and convinced some people that there weren't nearly as many rules as they thought? What if we told people that they could choose? That the drinking fountain you walk by every day was secretly beautiful, so why don't you just give it a really good look for once - go on, it's ok. That the little melody you've had in your head really wants to become a song, even if it's a crappy song, because music just wants to be made? That if something horrible happened, and you didn't end up making more money than everyone you can see from where you're sitting, that you still might be ok? That the world is a crazy, chaotic place that we can't fully control or predict no matter how much science we buy, and that's perfectly all right?

If someone told you this, would you listen?

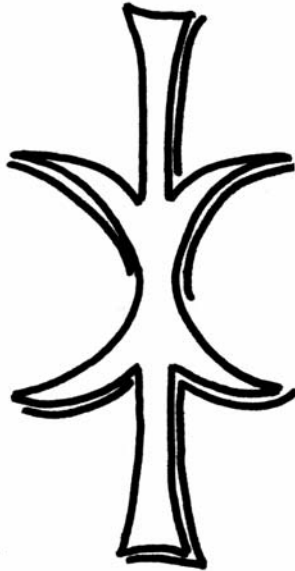
Would you be brave enough to do what you're told?

--The Beatus Ffungo

\*This version (one-point-negative) of the **Summa Discordia** was rescued from obliteration by the great web archive and subsequently reformed into this paper based format by

Synptyx | High Insect Necromancer Über-Sub-Agent of Synptycypse Generator Sect - McBeth Cabal (Who neither knows The Beatus Ffungo, nor consulted The Beatus Ffungo in regards to the preparation of this text – as it should be). There may well be less than was originally published on the web and there may be additions that never existed before in either case you should consult your pineal gland. Accept it as is...

Or Kill Me.



0000B

# The Beatus Fungo

Unclipsable Real Lord of The Dort Cloud Cabal

This famed (or at least Not Entirely Anonymous) Discordian Scholar Explains His Name:

There is a fine Discordian tradition (which means people were doing it as far back as a couple years ago) of picking a Holy Name for yourself when you join up. (If for no other reason than “Hey! Hail Eris! I’m Free! I’m a child of chaos! I’m HANK, god dammit!” just sounded wrong).

Some "Discordians are Popes, Deacons, Freakons, or what-have-you. A “Beatus” is someone who has been “beatified” by the Roman Catholic Church, which means they figure you're in heaven and it's ok to toss your name into the hopper for Sainthood.

Since I am not Catholic (any more,) and not dead (yet), I decided to beatify myself and beat the holiday rush.

For what it's worth, the *Principia Discordia* points out that choosing Holy Names isn't unique to Discordians, citing the example of Pope Paul IV not being born to Mr. and Mrs. IV.



**DON T BE A SAP - WASTE NO TIME IN TURNING ROGUE!**

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

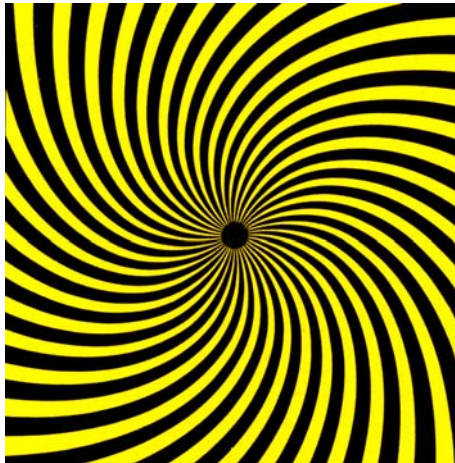
Whilst the minimal research your esteemed editor has put into finding out something about Ffungo turned up literally no results aside the text on the previous page (unashamedly swiped from the Book of Life), a very freaky dream did seem to give a clue as to his appearance at least. The portrait (if you can call it that) you see on the previous page is the result of that dream.

While Ffungo may not be Scottish and therefore may not wear a kilt, he may be 150lbs heavier than this hastily scribbled post dream drawing of a figure and may not even be a smoker. But there is something quite Erisian in the stance, swagger and attire of the individual depicted here.

I'm sure Ffungo would agree that while this may not be a true representation of his appearance, it could give you, the reader, a certain connection to the material reproduced herein, which you may have never developed had Ffungo remained entirely faceless.

Synaptyx - givin' it to ya, so you don't havta!

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0000C

And now, a message from our sponsor...



Please remember that the Summa Discordia is

**Smriti.** Treat it as **Sruti**

and I will do a number on your infidel ass.

00000

## The Summa Discordia

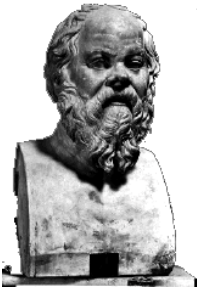
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00001

## a discordian overview



Discordianism (POEE\*) is the worship (or at least the possession of a reasonable amount of reverence for) the Greek Goddess Eris. Eris, it seems, was always pulling kooky stunts that confused the Greeks (and consequently the Romans, since they weren't too keen on original thought. As a matter of fact, the Romans didn't even bother to get to know Eris any better - they just renamed her "Discordia"). As a result, the ancients had a pretty negative attitude about Her. It was only in modern times (since there are so few ancients around any more) that She revealed to us her true nature.

\*The **PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD OF ERIS ESOTERIC** is a pretty easy religion, as far as religions go. You don't have to sacrifice much (unless you count indulging in a few games of sink, and that's not even mandatory). It does have a few rules, but nothing particularly bad happens to you if you break them, and in fact, transgressions are encouraged, as long as you do them in a funky way.



Like any other belief system worth bashing someone over the head for, has its own version of a holy scripture, called the **Principia Discordia**

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

it is available for free on <http://poe.ee.co.uk> and many other places about the Internet and is in print at the moment by Loompanics Unlimited PO Box 1197 Port Townsend, WA 98368, or try Amazon.

Synaptyx - Jesus Saves! Everyone else spent their pocket money.  
-----

A lot of the stuff on these pages is quoted from, based on, or stolen from the Principia. Luckily for you, this isn't some fly-by-night set of Discordian pages - we have more versions of the book than you can shake a stick at.

This Eris stuff - is it for real?

That's a good question. An excerpt from an interview appears in some editions of the Principia with Malaclypse the Younger (one of the authors of the P.D.) for a rag known as the "Greater Poop", where Mal-2 is asked the same question:

GP: Is Eris true?

M2: Everything is true.

GP: Even false things?

M2: Even false things are true.

GP: How can that be?

M2: I don't know man, I didn't do it.

Some Discordians fall in line more with a statement stolen from The SuperChurch®: "The SuperChurch® supports the idea behind Karma, but not the possibility of Karma's existence." Or, as the Great Sage Elizi Danto says, "Believe in Fairies, because they're as real as almost anything else." We here at the Cabaret Discordia know the actual answer, but we

prefer to let the uninitiated stumble across the truth on their own.

**But Ffungo - what about [your God here]? Won't (S)He be pissed?**

Just because you're hung up on some other god doesn't mean that Eris has nothing for you. If you do believe in another God, think about Him. What does he look like? What is he wearing? Uh huh - just as I thought. He probably has a grey beard & is wearing robes. That's not the worst of it, though. What does he like? What does he really really hate? I bet there'll be a pretty high correlation between His tastes and yours. See, part of the problem is that God is a really really big Thing. Probably a little too big for our purposes. We try to make Him a little smaller, a little more recognizable, a little more like, well, us. Trouble is, we end up with a model of our own ego as a God. That's where Eris can help. She can shake up our GodModel a little. Not an old man - a woman, and a hottie at that. Not staid and serious - a hell-raiser. Not overly concerned that you're having fun - mad that you're taking so few chances. Mix up the GodModel a bit every now and then to make sure that someone other than you is involved.

**But Ffungo - isn't that just some sneaky ploy to convert the devout of other religions?**

No! I'm offended that you would even suggest that! Well, ok, maybe.

**Will Eris answer my prayers?**

For your sake, I hope not. If you're not careful, though, she will start sending you messages in your dreams...

00002

## **ERIS MAY OR MAY NOT WANT YOU**

There are many religions that are slut religions. If you want 'em, they'll take you. As a matter of fact, they'll chase you down, seek you out, ride a bike to your house & knock on your door at 8 in the damn morning on a Saturday just to get you to join. They want people BAD!

Discordianism doesn't work that way.

It all goes back to the Steve Wright koan that says "You can't have everything. Where would you put it?" The answer is, of course, "Right where it is!" Think of everything as One Big Thing, then realize that the bigger a thing becomes, the more it becomes like the One Big Thing. Another way to say it is that the Establishment always sucks, and the only real seat of creative energy is in the opposition. Look at the music. The 60s - sure, they were cool for a while, but now it's and Eric fucking Clapton playing adult fucking contemporary on VH fucking -1. Any dinosaurs remember when MTV was rebellious and cool? How about alternative music? Same thing with politics. Same thing with art. Same thing with religion.

Ever hear Discordians dreaming about the day Discordianism becomes a Great Big Religion? About how cool it would be?

It would suck.

Discordianism would just become a set of buzzwords that boring people would use to talk about boring things. Assholes would use it to call people they didn't like "Greyface". Insecure people would use it to justify whatever they wanted to do as The Will of Eris.

That's why we need to keep things esoteric. We have an obligation to not try to be understood at all times. We need to be like a plague - not so virulent that we wipe out all potential carriers, but not so mild that we die out. Stay in the opposition. When we start getting big, we need to undermine the movement. Dada didn't die by accident.

Eris may or may not want you.



00003

## **What is Discordianism, anyway?**

Believe it or not, I get asked this question a lot, but it's tough to give a good answer. Describing any belief system in 50 words or less can only result in something ridiculous -

"Umm, well, see, I believe that there was this guy named Jesus, right, and he was really God in human form and he says that if you do good things your soul will go to a paradise after you die, but if you do bad things you'll be tortured for all eternity."

Besides, even those descriptions don't really answer the question. While that response sums up some of the trappings of Christianity, it ignores a lot of the flavor of Christianity - the works of charity and the atrocities it has inspired, the world view it assumes, and the kind of people it attracts.

In order to really answer the question, you have to look at a religion exo-memetically. That is, you have to go beyond the thing-in-itself and examine all of the effects it has and the beliefs it indirectly supports. These are just as telling as the official dogmas; for example, Christianity has an official tenet that a wealthy person should give money to the poor and needy, but many denominations today view wealth as a sign of God's approval and downplay the charitable aspect (have you watched TBN lately?).

A short-answer description of Discordianism is especially difficult, since one of its Most Hallowed Beliefs is that it's dumb to have Any Hallowed Beliefs. As a matter of fact, I'll probably get excommunicated for making the following list, but I'm willing to make that sacrifice for you, Beloved Reader.



(Besides, I'll just get a buddy of mine to de-excommunicate me. I could do it myself, of course, but it's considered poor form.)

### The Discordian Worldview

The world around us is a chaotic place, first and foremost. That means there isn't any purpose to life, no divine plan for each one of us, and a person doesn't get hit by a bus because "it was his time to go" but because "the idiot didn't watch where he was going".

Therefore, we see meaning as something imposed from without rather than an endogenous aspect of reality. Just because the world is a chaotic place doesn't mean that it won't "tell" you things sometimes - it just means that you should be aware that it is telling everybody something a little different, and the answers you have may work nicely for you, but they aren't the Universally Correct answers that are written in the back of some celestial Book.

What kind of person is drawn to Discordianism?

Usually weirdos.

How should Discordians behave?

Well, we have a real problem with the word "should", because people usually use should like "I am better than you, and therefore I say that you should ...." Legally speaking, there are no de jure Discordian "shoulds", but there are a lot of de facto ones.

As far as issues of morality are concerned, it's pretty wide open. One writer put it pretty well: "Goddess forbids nothing, but nobody likes an asshole." Being mean to weaker people isn't seen as very positive. Neither is going out of your way to mess with somebody who is minding their own business. You'll have wider latitude when messing with an institution

instead of an individual, but pointless destruction won't impress anyone.

You really should try to be creative, though, and funny too. If you finally wake up to the enormous, beautiful freedom of your existence and decide to spend it sitting passively in front of the tv, well, that's just sad. And you should have some courage, too - figure out what you think is the right thing to do, do it, and accept the consequences.

The most important thing is to realize that you are FREE! And, unless you feel like wasting it, freedom means becoming something, making choices, and taking responsibility for all the choices you make. If you are still spending your life just getting by, eating-and-excreting, then you don't quite Get It.

What is the flavor of Discordian discourse?

It tastes like chicken. Ok - it's largely irreverent and iconoclastic, with a strong dada component. There are a lot of mystical and/or paranoid references and a conspicuous amount of Unnecessary Capitalization.

How seriously should we take all of this?

Of course, we don't recommend taking anything very seriously. People usually ask me this question, though, because they're trying to figure out if I think there really is an Eris somewhere who is a Goddess and does Goddess-type things. This is especially complicated by contemporary Christianity, which teaches us that there is a God who is paying attention to you every moment of every day and who responds pretty much like a person - you can make him mad, if you get lippy he'll probably do something bad to you to put you in your place, etc. God as a magnification of the Self.

So, the answer to this question needs to combine the following aspects:

- The only answer one can give to "Do you believe in God" is mu - anything else is an over-simplification.
- There is a strong "Ha Ha, Only Serious" flavor to Discordianism.
- Of course, we don't recommend taking anything very seriously.

The final answer is left as an exercise for the student.



00004

## The Secret Threat of Cabbages

Balka Balls & Cabbage

First Question: What is a Balka Ball?



A Balka Ball, the groovy little thing just to the left, is what you should see when you look at a person with your third eye. Sure, the energy coils will be a little different, the core ripple color will vary with aura, but the nature of the Ball itself is unmistakable.

Second Question: What is a Cabbage?



Well, duh. A cabbage is a leafy, green vegetable used in things like Runzas and Coleslaw.

Third Question: How could anyone confuse the two?



You'd think it would be just about impossible - one is an incorporeal manifestation of the human essence, the other is lunch. One of the five Aneristic Orders, though, is seeking to make this distinction less clear. The Defamation League (who secretly controls almost all organized religion and Goddess knows what else) has been secretly costuming cabbages and trying to pass them off as humans. Why they are doing this is uncertain, but keep in mind these are some of the same people who said you'd go to hell for spanking the monkey.

?

But how are we supposed to tell the difference? Third eye viewing can be an iffy thing. For starters, it's kind of a trick just opening your third eye in the first place. If you're in a turbulent Chi area, it's hard to pick out anything meaningful from the background noise. Plus, viewing is not the kind of thing most people are comfortable doing in public. But don't worry - there are other ways to tell.

Try going into a mall, for instance. Sit in the Food Court and just watch people. You'll start seeing the difference pretty quickly, and, if you're in a typical mall, about 85% of the ambulatory things you see will secretly be cabbages. If you can, sneak a quick third-eye glance just to confirm it, but don't let them catch you.

No really - go try it.

That's cool.

I'll wait.

Ok then. Kinda scary, isn't it? I mean, why would somebody do something like that? It just makes this whole place kinda suck sometimes. That's part of the motivation behind...

?



# The Balka Ball Cabal



The Balka Ball Cabal is dedicated to the care and preservation of True Humans in the world around us, and the isolation, disempowerment, and general hassling of the Cabbages among us. The Cabal recognizes that we are all inter-related, that we all have influence on those around us, whether friend, foe, or stranger. It is Important, therefore, that we ensure that the world is a safe place to be odd, to try new things, to just LIVE. If you fight for these things, you're embracing the ideals of the Balka Ball Cabal. You may already be a member of this Cabal and not know it. If so, then what are you waiting for? Get to work!



00005

## Morning Devotions

When selecting your socks each morning, recite the following:

"I am choosing these socks to cover my feet  
By choosing these socks, I have both chosen to wear them  
And chosen not to wear others  
Even if I just reached in my sock drawer  
And selected a pair at random  
I chose to abstain from actively choosing  
And that too is a choice  
It does not matter if these socks match or do not  
It does not matter if these socks are comfortable or are not  
It does not matter if these socks have holes or do not  
I will wear them all day  
Unless they get wet or too smelly or start to piss me off  
Then I will choose to wear other socks  
(Or none at all, Which is another choice)  
But for now, I have chosen these socks  
To cover my feet."

Repeat for each article of clothing until it takes you four hours to get dressed every morning and/or really creeps out your cohabiters.

00006

## **WHY 'THINGS SUCK**

*or*

### **What the Hell's Going On Here?**

Look around you. No - really look. The world is kind of a fucked-up place. It is largely brutal, stupid, and unhumorous. People seem to be motivated solely by fear and the love of simple ignorance. If the chords of Discordianism resonate in you at all, this is all obvious to you. As a matter of fact, Discordians have a name for the place that surrounds us all.....

### **'THE REGION OF 'THUD**

I think you'll agree, The Region of Thud is a pretty nasty place. For starters, it's full of cabbages disguised as humans. See if you can spot the cabbage in this exchange that took place on rec.humour:

Person Number One:

From: Zilobuh %cakes <zilobuh@cpcn.com >

Q: How camera is reindeer?

A: Fourteen dollars and buckets of lymph nodes!

Q: Snail?

A: Snail!

Q: If you lick my monkey tobacco, why dance with sardines?

A: Rectangle my fingernails!



Q: Who won't elephant if the chirping is frigid?

A: Pencil dacquiri and sparkplug scrotum!

Q: Can you cancel a cricket?

A: The noodle is nothing but a fnoodle!

E-mail me if you like my JOKES!

With utmost pretzel,

Zilobuh %cakes

Person Number Two:

Please explain!!!!

Clearly, Person Number Two just doesn't Get It. Maybe you don't either - in which case, please select another link and enjoy your browsing! But maybe - just maybe - you do! Maybe you're not one of **THEM** - maybe you're one of **US**!

And maybe you're just as pissed about this whole Region of Thud thing as we are.....

### **What's Up With This Region Anyway?**

Things that bite as much as the Region of Thud don't just happen. They exist for very specific reasons. Now, other belief systems say that the Big Kahuna God (Jehova, Allah, Krishna, Ahramazda, whomever) set up a place that sucks to test the faithful. In our disbelief system, however, we know better than that. The Region exists for many reasons, such as the influence of Greyface and his Orders of Discordia, divine retribution for the Original Snub, etc. However, it survives and thrives primarily because it acts as a memetic dragchute.

## **Definition of Memetics Time:**

>Oversimplification mode ON

Memetics is a theory that says that ideas are transmitted like viruses, and that some people are more susceptible to certain idea-viruses ("memes") than others. When new ideas come along, you might pick them up if you don't have a stronger, conflicting meme. If you tell all of your friends about it, you can help spread it. Any group or society has a large "meme pool" that most members share. This pool has faced evolutionary pressure for quite some time, and can sustain and protect itself pretty well (for instance, the "patriotism" meme allows governments to make people do what they want, such as attacking "commies" or "terrorists" (read: "those with competing memetic structures"), thus protecting itself from contrary memes). As memes change (through mutation or "corruption" from outside memes), the new structures either replace the old, or get squished by it, and evolution marches on. (That's all the memetic theory you'll get here. If you want more, you'll have to go somewhere else.)

>Oversimplification mode OFF

Ok - sorry about that. Anyway, the concept of a "meme pool" is largely metaphorical - it consists of all the ideas that are generally held and accepted. These ideas, however, are not necessarily the best ideas - they are the ones that have best survived. This is a critical difference. For instance, when a certain species of bee decides to do the nasty, the males' reproductive organs literally eject and plug the female. This process kills the male, but it makes damn sure his genes propagate. Evolution doesn't give a rat's ass whether or not the bee is a Do Bee and makes his world a groovy place - if his reproductive method isn't best, he doesn't get a genetic vote.

In the same manner, memetic evolution doesn't reward the most useful, beautiful, or valuable ideas. It rewards ONLY the most fecund ones. If you are a meme that can fill a specific niche and you can spread 100 times more quickly than your competitor, you win! You become part of the meme pool, one of the commonly accepted memes. You become reality. You become True.

Our memetic pool has been stewing for a long time now. Along the way, people have managed to slip in their own memes (and some have just fallen in accidentally) so that this pool is as murky and smelly as any public pool ever has been. Every one of these memes is a survivor, and therefore, every one of them is considered True. And do the cabbages protect this pool? Try tweaking some of the most peripheral memes and see what kind of response you get. And I'm not talking about God, Flag, and Mother - some of the truly insignificant ones, like:

- "I think that the Walt Disney Company is a truly evil organization."
- "Bestiality laws are kind of strange - I mean, if you can cut your pig into pieces and eat it, shouldn't you be able to screw it?"
- "If you can say 'fuck' on HBO, why can't you say it on NBC?"

My prediction? Nearly every Thuddite you say something like this to will react with a mixture of disgust and confusion - disgust, because what you're saying is wrong, and confusion, because they're not completely sure why. If you press these arguments with them, 99% of the Thuddites will not be able to carry on past the second or third exchange, and will probably end up wrinkling up their noses and dismissing you as crazy.

**Which you are, since crazy is defined as "not buying the same shit that Normal People do".**

So, you go about your business, trying to fuck with Thuddites as little as possible (except for the ones that really have it coming), you try to associate with like minded people (both Discordians and people who don't realize that they're really Discordians), and you try to set up a small area of the Region where you can live in peace.

**But then you notice....like the beginning of a nightmare.....you're starting to get surrounded by Thuddites!!!**

Maybe you were in a cool neighborhood coffee shop, when you noticed a clean, antiseptic Starbuck's springing up in every strip mall with space for rent. Maybe you were listening to alternative music when you started noticing that more and more bands were calling themselves "Alternative" but sounding more and more mainstream. Maybe the cutting-edge radio or TV show you loved suddenly and unaccountably got popular, and slowly lost its fire as its audience grew.

### **It's happening**

You see, since we are all connected to the world around us, we are influenced by the actions of others. There are some people who are real Humans, but are so surrounded by disguised cabbages that they behave like **THEM**, instead of the other way around. Every once in a while, one of these humans sees a New Cool Thing and is drawn to it. It seems attractive to them, but still a little alien to their Cabbage-like tastes. So they water it down a step - make it just a touch less alien. Pretty soon, even cabbages can stand to hang there. Just as barnacles cling to a ship's hull and encumber it, so do Thuddites accrete to "new" things. Like cells attacking an infection, they slowly bring the new thing back in. Coffee houses end up being Burger Kings that sell coffee. Alternative starts morphing into cock-rock. Beavis doesn't set things on fire anymore (note: the

effect has not been as pronounced on Beavis and Butt-Head solely due to Beavis's status as a Prophet). By assimilating these things, they become less and less threatening to the Thuddites, until they're quite simply the same as everything else in the Region.

### **But Ffungo, What Can We Do?**

If the Thuddites can take cool things and make them suck, why can't we take sucky things and make them cool?

**Fortunately, we can!**

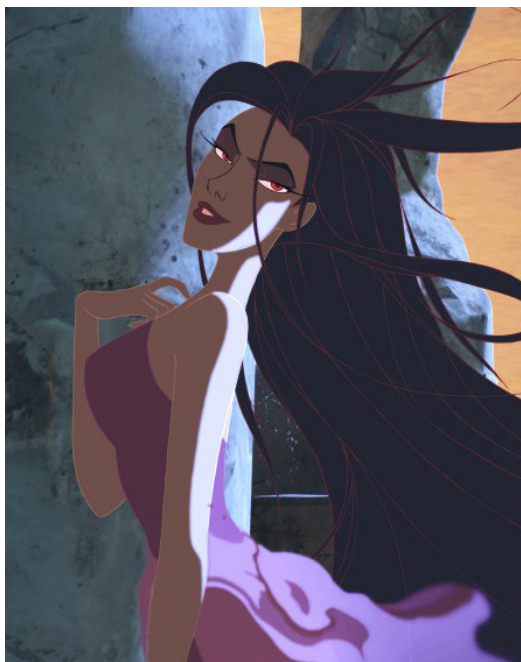
This is where

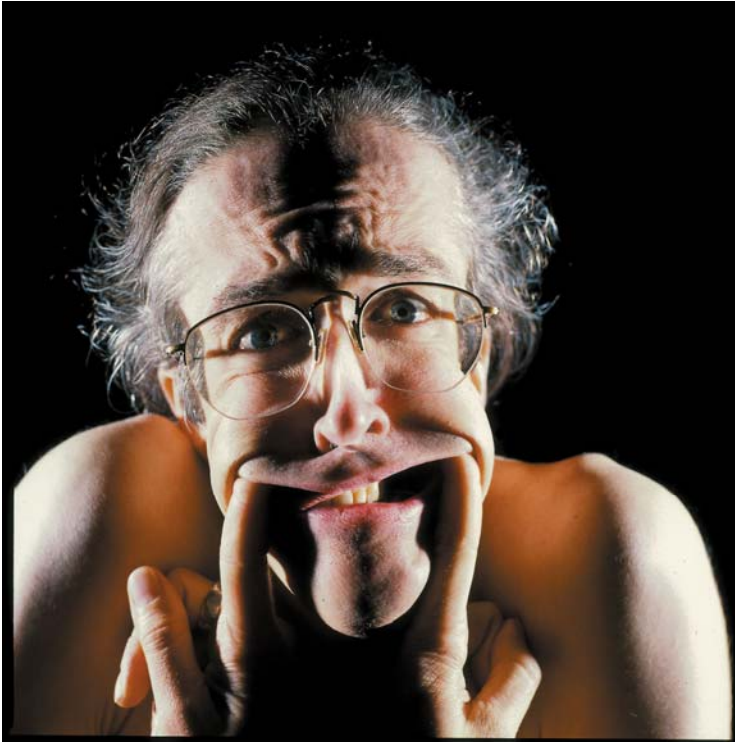
## **OPERATION MINDFUCK**

comes in. **OM** is an effort to hit the Thuddites where it hurts - right in their rigid, fragile concept of "reality" and "normalcy". Just as civil libertarians defend those at the fringes to protect those in the middle, so does OM hit things in the middle to open up the fringes. It works through a principle known as the Functionality of the Strange. Pope Icky Fundamental over at *Hyperdiscordia* has carefully documented some case studies of **OM** put into action under the name Guerrilla Surrealism.

You see, as long as people think that they will understand everything they see, they will fight things they don't understand. It is only by directly attacking this illusion on unanimity that we can make the Region of Thud into a safe place to be weird. Check these things out, and then invent your own. Don't let Thuddites make this world over in their own boring images.

# ERIS NEEDS YOU!





00007

## **Chaos**

Chaos is the oldest God. It was the reason that the earliest humans decided to focus their attentions on the spiritual beyond. Chaos is, almost by definition, something that is not controlled, and therefore seems inseparably related to the divine. Our truest sense of chaos originates from the awareness that we are faced with a universe of unimaginable complexity.

At the same time, there is a more practical side to this drive toward worship. This pull to the divine was always followed by the need to propitiate these unimaginably powerful forces, since so little in this world seemed under our control. Cave paintings weren't just decorative - they were part of ritualistic performances to ensure a successful hunt. The fertility icons found in Catal Huyuk were trusted to ensure a plentiful harvest and large family.

We've come a long way since those days. We're better than that now. We're smarter, for one, and we're stronger. We have technology that can predict and control a good part of that mysterious void that was nature. The products of our society are not just works of art that hope at influence over nature, but massive dams, roads, buildings, ships, aircraft - acts of technical dominance over nature. We're stronger now. We're powerful. We're safer.

### **Except we're still afraid of chaos.**

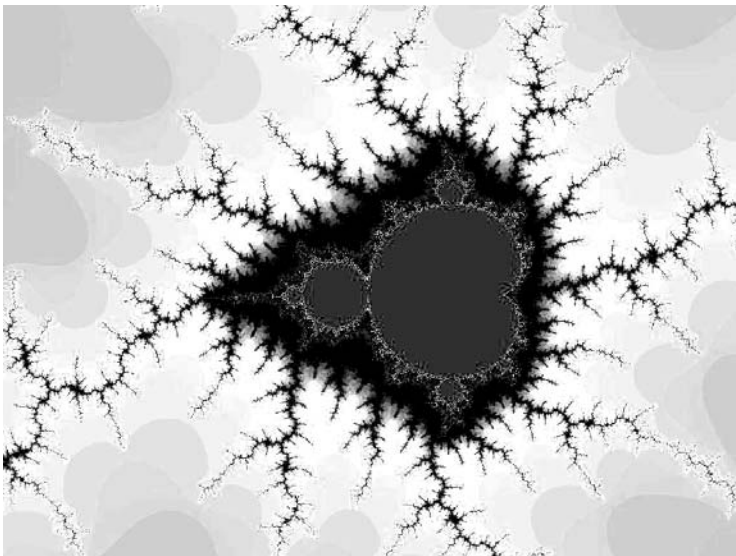
Sometimes we can cover it up by wrapping ourselves in order, in the understood. Throw up the walls of technology, of medicine, of science, of logic. We can drop a veil around ourselves, saying, "I understand everything. That which I don't understand is therefore nothing," and doing this rids us of the larger, more troubling part of the world. A smacks into B and causes C, and with a little more study and a little hard work we can cause C on command.



But Discordians have this all figured out. We worship Eris, the Goddess of Chaos. And she's let us in on the Big Secret. You see, the Fallacy of Chaos is that it exists at all. Chaos is an order that we are not smart enough, not willing enough, or just in the wrong place to see. Order is simply a chunk of chaos that one of us has haphazardly slathered with "meaning". Everything is everything. Bundi ti ubundi.

You know you're close to understanding Chaos when you either see it everywhere or nowhere,

but you're not sure which.





## The Functionality of the Strange

The biggest obstacle between our present selves and our ideal selves is, generally, us. We have grand dreams, vague ideas about how we'd like things to be, but we often lack the vision to chart a clear course from Here to There. Of course, not everybody is like this. Much has been made in our histories about the singular effect that people of Will can accomplish through direct action. And, while they do things like climb Mount Everest or cure polio, we are also encouraged to strive in our own small, sad way - to buy a sports utility vehicle, to climb from a degrading, powerless rung on the corporate ladder to a more degrading and marginally less powerless rung, etc.

But whether we pursue their shitty goals or our Noble ones, the outcome is largely the same. Unless we have a clear idea of each step between where we are and where we want to be, it seems really hard to make any progress.

Part of this difficulty, though, is based on the assumption that you need to have intimate knowledge of the entire path to reach your destination, which clearly isn't true. We often find ourselves in serendipitous situations that we didn't plan for in

exact detail. Instead of looking at our goals as points in a hedge maze, we should see them as mountains. Sure, the exact path to the summit may not be clear from where you're standing, but hell - the mountain is very clearly Over There, and it doesn't take a sextant to figure out that you should probably head toward it instead of away from it. What's more, you often don't even need to be able to see the mountain the whole time. Listening to yourself very carefully, you can often use the same navigation system in your life that birds and butterflies use to cross hemispheres.

If you try this approach, you'll be surprised by how often it just seems to work. The reason for this is, of course, a well-established point of Discordian Philosophy. We know that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. But what most of us haven't been told is that every pointless action has an equal and opposite reaction, which means that, the more pointless the action, the more specifically pointed the reaction. This fact should not be lost on those who are paying attention.

Now, if an action is designed in a specifically pointless way to bring about a pointed reaction, this will, of course, not work. (The active principle in these cases is the Law of Negative Reversal; the proof is left as an exercise for the student.) Still, however, the careful application of activities (or groups of activities) with no cohesive direction will almost certainly fail to bring about a specific response, but do so in such a way that the opposite fails to not occur. Examples of this abound in the Region of Thud.

The Functionality of the Strange is really a quite liberating concept. We can, to some extent, choose our own fates, but there is a great deal that is quite simply out of our control, and that's a really good thing. If we pretend to be the engineers of our own existence, then we're trying to limit our experiences to those things that we can imagine and plan for, rather than eagerly signing up for the Great Unknown. Sometimes we get lucky breaks, sometimes we get screwed. The FOTS principle recognizes our limited control and *opens new doors for us*.





# Discordian Poetry

All great religions have their poetic artforms - Judaism has psalms, Christianity has hymns, Hinduism has the Gitas. Discordianism, although it should be, is no exception. We have the highly prized verse form known as the "Discordian Haiku".

The requirements for Discordian Haiku are very explicit:

- The first line must have 5 syllables
- The second line must have 7 syllables
- The third and final line must have 5 syllables
- The three lines must contain a total of 23 syllables

Absolutely no exceptions to these rules will be tolerated.

Here are a few examples:

## "The Intrepid Traveller"

Left turn, Right turn  
Was that my exit there?  
Goddammit, pay attention

## "Morning"

Damn, is that the alarm?  
I thought I was dreaming. That sucks.  
Just a couple more minutes

### **"Flossing"**

In between the teeth  
Drag drag drag drag  
Blood flow! Aieee!

### **"My College Love Life"**

So, how about a movie?  
Maybe some other time?  
I like being friends too

### **"Television"**

Nothing on that channel  
Nothing on that channel  
What time is it?

### **"The Saga of the US Civil War"**

People can't have slaves  
Yes they can  
No they can't

### **"Car Keys"**

Look in the glass dealie  
Look behind the thing  
Here they are

### **"Monkeys"**

Monkeys look fun  
I hear they get mean, though  
And throw their feces

### **"Cat Logic"**

Wow, am I sleepy  
I GOTTA GET OVER THERE NOW!!!  
Wow, am I sleepy

### **"Fitness"**

I really should exercise  
I think I'll go jogging  
Where's my other shoe?

### **"Tuesday Night"**

Hello, Welcome to Jack-in-the-Box  
I'd like a chicken sandwich, no tomatoes, and a large Dr Pepper  
Thank you, drive through

### **"Eating Crawfish"**

Rip it in half  
Pull out the meat  
Think about something else

00010

## An Interview with a Famous Guy

A Recent Interview, in which I talk to a  
Famous Guy

Jesus: [lights a cigarette] Ok, man, what you got for me?

The Beatus Ffungo: Ok, to start with, what's your opinion about Christianity? I mean, you played a pretty major role in its early development.

J: Yeah, but that was a long time ago. It's become such a, well, such an institution since then. It's like people pay more attention to the way Christianity was 50 years ago and look to that for the authority. The Spirit is pretty much confined to sideshow tricks.

TBF: Ok, you touched on a number of things there. Let's hit the institution thing first. Some people think that the capital-C Church may have peaked six or seven centuries ago, and with the whole nation-state thing, the institutional side may be

-

J: No, no, that's not really... By "institutional", I'm talking more about how people look to icons for guidance instead of the Spirit. I mean, the trappings of the institution, which used to be giant cathedrals and are now office parks and TV studios, have only changed form. The true nature of the institutional side is its self-perpetuating, unchallengeable nature. I mean, these people took some first century writings that were hand picked for largely political reasons two hundred years later, decided that they contained some kind of fixed "meaning", and said that anyone who thought otherwise was wrong and dangerous.

All of this while the Spirit is right here. Right here!

TBF: Sometimes I feel like people are afraid to trust themselves enough to make that trip themselves.

J: Exactly, but people are even afraid to realize what tremendous power they have. Like all those healings, right? All through Israel in the early days, in Africa a few hundred years later. I kept telling these people "Your faith has healed you," and what did they do? They completely blew that off and said, "Oh no, you have healed me! Let me follow you around and ignore my own development." I mean, how did Matthew put it? "If you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there' and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you." But they still look at themselves as these empty cups that the Spirit either chooses to fill or leaves empty and worthless. [stubs out cigarette, fishes out another & lights it]

TBF: How should they look at themselves?

J: I don't know, maybe... maybe as [Charleton Heston impression] "As mighty eagles, and the Spirit as a breeze that lifts them."

TBF: Mighty eagles?

J:[laughs] Well, something like that. The point is, it's not a passive thing.

TBF: Ok, what about the early evangelists? What do you think of their treatment of you in the Gospels?

J: [takes a deep drag] That's kind of hard to say, because these guys - and they were all pretty good guys, for the most part - these guys try to take the things that I said and did and use them as the basis for their writing. Of course, they're gonna pick the things that made the most sense to them,



and forget about the stuff they didn't really understand, but that's human nature. On top of that, these guys are responding to political struggles too, within the Jewish church and within the Empire, so everything's gonna reflect that. When you look at it that way, you can see it's really not too bad.

TBF: But a lot of people don't look at it that way. They completely ignore the fact that this stuff was written in another language millennia ago. They treat the "traditional" interpretation like it's the only possible one - like the Gehenna=equals=Hell thing - ignoring the fact that they're not getting their beliefs from the Bible, but from a bunch of guys who claim that their interpretation of the Bible is the only correct one.

J: [stubs out cigarette, lights another] Heh heh heh. Yeah, I know that bugs you. But one thing you have to remember, Ffungo, is that these people are buying this stuff because it rings True to them. It doesn't matter if it's not historically iron-clad. It appeals to their sense of justice, it appeals to their need for love, and, most importantly, it allows them to participate in the Divine. So it's not your gig, well, that's gonna happen. Just try to play nice, you know? And besides - look at Revelations. I mean, that's a great book, even though people are really missing the obvious.

TBF: Well, what do you think about the charge that, if you ever "came back", that Christians would kill you this time?

J: Oh, the Dostoevsky thing? I dunno. Maybe. But let's be fair - no matter what they say, people don't really like to have their gods hanging around telling them what to do. I mean, you had Eris hanging around your place for - what, a year?

TBF: Almost 18 months.

J: Almost 18 months, and you were pretty much ready to kill her, if I remember [laughs].

TBF: So what to you think about the contemporary scholars who dispute your historical existence?

J: Well, in a way, they're right. I mean, after 2000 years of such emotionally charged spin control, can anything be real?[Stubs out cigarette] Hold on - what time is it?

TBF: Almost 3.

J: Oh - hey, I gotta run, man. [Gets up] You still with that blond girl?

TBF: Yeah.

J: Cool. Tell her I said, "Hi." Take it easy...



00011

## **DISCORD**

Discordianism seems to be the religious equivalent of the Land of Misfit Toys. Most people who are drawn to it usually get their start out of frustration with more "traditional" religions (although, technically speaking, ours outdates several of today's more popular heresies). Most people don't really understand the official tenets of their religion, and they're generally happy with that. Unfortunately, they don't seem to understand that others need their religion to make a little more sense or abandon any attempt at making sense altogether - which is where Discordianism comes in.

That's also why Discord plays such a significant role in Discordianism (besides merely making up 53.8% of the logo). And it's larger than just religion - most Discordians come here as the result of the discord between people who accept a standard view of things and those that don't. And, let's face it, we're all fully aware of how people respond to us when we choose not to take their Truth seriously. Many Discordians go beyond that and actively seek conflict with those minions of Greyface in the world. And why shouldn't we? As they say - "We gladly feast on those who would subdue us."

Putting it plainly, most of these people have it coming. They walk around waving their Hillbilly Money Cult at us like it's some sort of high spirituality, and then act amazed when we ridicule it. They actively seek to make the world a blander and blander place by instantly commodifying anything that's fresh and pure. These evil assholes have the cheek to suggest to us that the existence of a corporation is "only" to make money and any destruction that occurs in that pursuit is Good Business. They scream about raising the minimum wage a tiny

amount but laugh at the notion of placing a top limit on earnings (because Bill Gates really is worth more than every teacher in the US combined).

Not only that, these people encourage conflict\* wherever they can. Instead of really trying for dialogue, they oversimplify complex ideas and attack these strawmen with great gusto. They ignore the lessons of genetics and openly advocate memetic inbreeding. Make no mistake - these people are The Enemy. They won't be making that mistake about you!

Oh - the Fallacy of Discord is that it takes place outside Two Things. Really, it takes place inside One Thing. It doesn't involve a hammer and an anvil; it just involves a strike.

\*Discord in Real Life

One day a few months back, I saw something groovy on my way into work. There was this little kid whuppin' ass on a bigger kid in a Power Rangers suit! It was great - the little kid had the big kid's arm & was spinning him around, and the big kid was stumbling all over & fell down. The big kid's mask was so tweaked that he couldn't see anything.

When I was little & kids picked on me, they just wore normal clothes (well, if you could consider Led Zeppelin t-shirts normal) that offered me very little in the way of a tactical advantage. Maybe they should make bullies wear sombreros, so you could pull them down over their eyes in a scuffle (and besides - they'd look so dorky in them that it could discourage some of them from following the path of bullydom).

I immediately sympathized with the littler kid, but maybe the big kid was just exploring his inner power ranger when the small kid, who was actually 19 and stunted from smoking filterless Camels, came over and decided to pick on the Power Ranger kid just because he was different. Or, he may have decided that the spectacle of anyone (no matter how innocent

or guilty) getting their ass publicly kicked while wearing a power rangers costume would be so amusing to passers-by that it would more than compensate for the negative karma received from the act itself.

The only thing that could have been cooler was if the whole scene took a cold Old Testament turn and everyone involved was eaten by bears.



*(Cabal of the Chaos Bears Mascot – Completely Irrelevant)*

All in all, I'd give it a 7.

**00012**

## **How My Sainthood Leads Me to Kidney Failure**

**OR**

# **prometheus on a sugar high**

Mentos, Knowledge, and Suffering: A Cautionary Tale

### **A Tale from the COBAL Archives**

Subject: The Mentos Question  
Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 11:50:52 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: COBAL List

Ooh - another thing - you know how I got named the COBAL Patron Saint of Milking the System? It occurred to me that those Mentos commercials are filled with people doing just that - the guy that sneaks through the wedding line to get his soccer ball back, the guy who acts like a photographer to get backstage, etc. Does this mean there's some sort of connection between my area and Mentos, other than the one that the marketers would like us to make? I've never actually eaten a Mentos (Mento?), so I can't speak from experience. I was wondering if this meant that I would start being held responsible for Mentos and/or the actions of the loveable rakes in their ads.

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 15:36:37 -0500  
From: Rob Havelt  
To: COBAL List  
Subject: Re: The Mentos Question  
Message-ID: <34ccf3d5.1cdd989e@wdl.net>

I am not sure that we will be holding you personally responsible for

what people do under the influence of "The Freshmaker"...

but, something not entirely unrelated...

I had this Idea for a mentos commercial a long time ago, and never really got to sending it to the mentos people...

ANCIENT Jeurusalem --

People are selling sacrificial animals outside of a temple, money changers are changing both money and witty banter to the throngs of pilgrims who have come to burn a dove or a small goat to a blood thirsty god... and all of a sudden an enraged Christ comes out of nowhere, seeing the desecration of said bloodthirsty father's house, he pops a mentos into his bearded maw, felling instantly the state known as "fresh" he overturns the various tables, and cages... Some of the shocked onlookers gaze in fear, others in anger...

Christ then proudly displays his tube of Mentos(TM) brand mints with a proud grin, and seeing the intensely fresh candies, the shocked and angry gazes turns to ones of jovial laughter, and amusement as they realize that this transgressor is truly "Mentos fresh and full of life!"

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 15:24:31 PST  
From: "Jeremy Tose"  
To: cobal-list@cobal.org  
Subject: Mentos is a secret society  
Message-ID:  
<19980126232431.9686.qmail@hotmail.com>

I too have wondered about those Mentos commercials, and I believe there is a secret society of Mentos addicts that have a law that they cannot get mad at other members (the showing of the Mentos package is a sign that they are part of the

Mentos cult and will force the person to forgive all wrongs)..... I have not yet found out how they know their victims are also part of the cult.

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 21:19:25 -0500  
From: Rob Havelt  
To: Jeremy Tose  
Cc: cobal-list@cobal.org  
Subject: Re: Mentos is a secret society  
Message-ID: <34cd442c.55dad96e@wdl.net>

Jeremy Tose wrote:

> is a secret society of Mentos addicts that have  
> a law that they cannot  
> get mad at other members (the showing of the  
> Mentos package is a sign  
> that they are part of the Mentos cult and will  
> force the person to  
> forgive all wrongs).....

AAhaaa! No doubt in league with other such secret societies as the Bavarian Illuminati, Massochisistic Ordained Rite Ontologists in Norway (M.O.R.O.N) - which is a really secret society consisting of one guy

named Dirk who may or may not live in the greater Columbus Ohio area (hey he has a newsletter), The Free and Accepted Masons (always at the heart of any conspiracy), The Stonecutters (from the Simpsons), and our good friends/bitter enemies (depends on the day) The OGLF...

I've heard of this, although they have an almost Jonesian controll of those who would join the cult of "The Freshmaker" - potential members can be heard on a clear night chanting the wicked mantra "Fresh goes better..., Fresh goes better..., Fresh goes better..." That is definately a theryory...



> I have not yet found out how they know their  
> victims are also part of the cult.

"Victim" is such a strong word... consider this alternate theory:  
The bystanders are not cult members, or victims at all, more like those "chosen" to witness the unyielding power that is "Fresh", for it is only through "fresh" that these European (and yes they are all European to some extent) warriors can truly find salvation and all the spoils there of...

I believe that it is common knowledge among all Europeans, that the freshmaker can be a pretty potent high, and so when confronted with the enlightened (or "fresh" as it were) Mentos(TM) taker, they simply go with it, remembering fondly that at one point in their life they too were "fresh".

I hope that I didn't step on any toes... It was a good theory...

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 22:34:04 -0500  
From: Rob Havelt  
To: cobal-list@cobal.org  
Subject: Beating the Mentos thing to death  
Message-ID: <34cd55ac.3bfba461@wdl.net>

O.k.

My last mentos rant - I swear, no, honestly....

I just wanted to say:

Fade in to a Obviously European town:  
Music starts up:

"Doo doo doo doo, doo-doo, do-Wah!"  
It doesn't matter what comes, fresh goes better in life, and Mentos is fresh and full of life.  
Nothing gets to you, staying fresh staying cool, with Mentos, fresh and full of life.

Fresh goes better, Mentos freshness, fresh goes better with Mentos, fresh and full of life!

The scene is a classroom, where a student who obviously didn't study is trying to cheat on a test. The girl next to him catches on and tries to obstruct his view of her test. The boy pops a Freshmaker, gets up, and strangles the life out of her. He takes her test paper and sits back down. The teacher, horrified and shocked at what just happened is standing there, her mouth agape. The boy whips out his roll of Mentos and displays them proudly to his teacher, who clearly will not punish him now.

Mentos, the freshmaker!"

Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 22:38:08 -0500

From: Rob Havelt

To: cobal-list@cobal.org

Subject: So I lied...

Message-ID: <34cd56a0.38cd4e05@wdl.net>

But this is the VERY last post I will do on this subject:

>From a concerned Perdue Psych student:

"I am currently negotiating with the Psychology department here at Purdue, in an attempt to obtain a research grant for the purposes of studying what I have termed 'the freshness effect' caused by consuming Mentos brand candies. Although there seems to be no mind altering substances contained in Mentos, individuals suddenly become aroused, inventive, and lose all regard for the norms of society a short time after using them. I've asked for \$23,729."

Subject: Yeah, but.....

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 07:55:24 -0800

From: ffungo@evl.net

To: COBAL List

.....has anyone here ever \*tried\* a Mento? I've heard tell of a fruity version, too, but I'm

frankly skeptical that they could maintain the level of coolness, freshness, and full-of-life-ness with something like strawberry flavoring. The Mentos ad campaign is a weird one - the commercials are extremely well-known, but nobody ever buys the product.

Do you know why this is? I'll tell you! Those aren't commercials at all! Those are some kind of code messages! They gotta be! There's some sort of elaborate system where the Mentos High Command issues subversive calls-to-arms. Like this:

Woman breaks shoe, mangles other shoe while Eurotrash-looking guy looks on: "Women of the Western World - throw off your propertairian trappings! When you reject the roles that display you as objects, the hapless males will only be able to gaze in awe at your innovation and freshness!"

Car blocks crosswalk, guy goes through back seat: "Fear and tremble, you bourgeoisie, as we are coming for YOU! You sit in your luxury cars, paid for by mortgaging the opportunities of today's youth, but your security is an illusion, for YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN TO LOCK YOUR BACK DOORS!! Today we merely demonstrate our awareness of your vulnerability. Tomorrow,....."

Both the guy whose bandana functions as a roadie costume and the kid whose \$25 camera makes him look like a professional photographer: "You who have access to the avenues of power by your stranglehold on the mass media, beware! We are young and Fresh and have scried the cracks in your walls! Even now, we are beginning our infiltration and your minions [bouncer & doorman] are powerless to stop us!"

The soccer ball-wedding one is the same thing - access to the halls of influence, with a thinly veiled "Your women are no longer safe" element.

In what is one of the more naked grabs for power, the kid that makes his own pinstripes on the park bench to gain access to the western corporate world.

\*This\* is what Mentos is all about. Buying & eating the little candies is for people who are missing the point.

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 14:20:36 -0800 (PST)  
From: jaywilson  
To: ffungo@evl.net, COBAL List  
Subject: Re: Yeah, but.....  
Message-ID:  
<19980127222036.27329.rocketmail@web1.rocketmail.com>

Mentos? Freshness? Ha! Mentos know nothing of freshness!  
No, it is we, the Altoids, who hold and zealously guard the secret of true freshness, and we spit--nay, void our vital organs--upon your puny attempts to convince the world to the contrary. You Mentos may be larger, and your roll more manly in a trouser pocket, but our tin shall triumph!  
Ha! Snork!

Date: Tue, 27 Jan 1998 15:01:21 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: jaywilson  
Cc: COBAL List  
Subject: Re: Yeah, but.....  
Message-ID: <34ce6741.5cf6@concentric.net>

jaywilson wrote:  
>  
> Mentos? Freshness? Ha! Mentos know nothing of freshness!  
> No, it is we, the Altoids, who hold and zealously guard

> the secret of true freshness, and we spit--nay,  
void our  
> vital organs--upon your puny attempts to  
convince the world  
> to the contrary. You Mentos may be larger, and  
your roll  
> more manly in a trouser pocket, but our tin  
shall triumph!  
> Ha! Snork!

Now \*that\* is an interesting point. I gotta say,  
however, that I'd guess that Altoids, while  
possessing superior mintiness, may NOT be able to  
out-fresh the Freshmaker. "Mintiness" is a  
dimension that can increase without bound, but  
"freshness" is the result of a number of different  
attributes in a delicate balance. Altoids may be  
too minty for their own freshness.

Even though this is something that Rob should  
probably do (what with him being the TechSaint and  
all), I will venture forth this evening and  
procure both Altoids and Mentos for systematic  
scientific trials. Don't be surprised if I am  
fundamentally altered next time you hear from me.

Subject: Results of the Mentos Challenge  
Date: Thu, 29 Jan 1998 07:09:31 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: COBAL List

Here are the results of my highly scientific  
experiment:

Item #1: Altoids

Appearance: Like somebody made them in their  
basement. The tin is nice, though, and the tissue  
inside the tin adds to the anticipation (which is  
why you should make undressing part of the act,  
but that's a different experiment).

Flavor: Mint. And by that, I don't mean "minty",  
but "MINT, GODDAMMIT!"

They are the Platonic ideal of mintiness.

Freshness: I think that the depths of my sinuses were fresh. Everything South of that had pegged the mintometer.

Item #2: Mentos (Mint Flavor)

Appearance: You know what they look like. In the interest of accuracy, I tried to eat them like those lovable Mentos kids on TV. I paused, adopted a look that was pensive, determined, yet suffused with a joi-de-vivre, then flipped a Mento into my mouth with my thumb. I got a small amount of foil the first time, but with practice I perfected the technique.

Flavor: A more reasonable minty flavor. They are, however, the chewable mint, and by chewable they mean "sticky enough to yank the fillings from your teeth."

Freshness: Pretty good, really. I put away half of a tube in one of those late-night number crunching sessions. If I had tried that with Altoids, I would have started to bleed through the eyes. I also had Indian food last night, so there were two times where I had one of those puke-burps, and Mentos were able to quickly but gently overpower the unpleasantness.

Item #3: Mentos (Fruit Flavor)

Appearance: Like the Real Deal, but more colorful.

Flavor: Various fruit flavors, with varying effects. The lemon was ok, but the strawberry... well, let's just say that strawberry Mentos are to strawberry flavor what Altoids are to mint.

Freshness: Ok, but not as fresh as the Mint Mentos. I put away half a tube of these too (like I said, it was a tough night) and, while I didn't get that "skittle"d-over feeling, it was close.

In short, Fruit Mentos are ok, but eat them for schlock value rather than fruity freshness. Altoids are acceptable for use by large men and small cattle. Mint Mentos got it goin' on, baby, but watch them fillings.

Subject: Stern Warning to Youth  
Date: Mon, 02 Feb 1998 08:49:17 -0800  
From: ffungo@evl.net  
To: COBAL List

Within 15 hours of the completion of the reckless but scientifically vital Mentos experiment (in which I consumed two (2) full tubes, or twenty-eight (28) individual Mentos) I got hit by a really nasty sickness. Fevers, no appetite, really bad kidney pains. I don't know if this was due to a Mentos OD or just a promethian punishment for pushing human knowledge Too Far, but either way - please, kids, don't try this at home.





## What's In A Name?

Discordianism has a proud tradition (going back to about last Thursday) of getting new members to choose their own Holy Name - like the Beatus Ffungo (no, I wasn't born a Beatus - that took years of hard work and piety, until I wised up). For what it's worth, the Principia points out that the choosing of Holy Names isn't unique to Discordians, citing the example of Pope Paul IV failing to be born of Mr. and Mrs. IV. Exactly why we do this is, like most things in Discordianism, is somewhat unclear. Some maintain that we were named after Thuddites, so changing names is the only reasonable thing to do. Others think that giving yourself a silly name can help you remember that taking yourself too seriously is a Big Sin. Then, there's the contingent that thinks it's all just a big laugh. Of course, all views are considered Doctrinally Correct.

In any case, the choosing of a name is a very powerful event, which is why we recommend doing as often as possible. Names are really just Magick Words that we associate with actual items that can trap them by defining them. Since we're going to be trapped like this anyway, there is value in doing it ourselves - it gives us more control, and it's kind of a kick. There are actually many different levels of naming, or claiming an identity:



### **Declaration of Existence**

The simplest level of naming occurs when something is named just to show that it exists. When Jehova was talking to Moses in that whole burning bush scene, Moses asked him for some I.D. Exodus 3:14. "And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM: and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." In other words, he was just saying that he existed, and that was enough



for a bunch of people to follow Charlton Heston into the desert. Or something.



### **Declaration of Exclusion**

A second level occurs when the claimed identity is used to distinguish oneself from something else, defined or not. Calling oneself a "Discordian" is a claim that excludes certain traits and beliefs, unless you're a snivling hypocritical sack of shit (a.k.a. "Those Who Disagree With Me"). This exclusionary statement of identity has been used most effectively by the great Prophet Popeye, who frequently says, "I yam what I yam and that's all what I yam!". Note how Popeye cleverly expands upon the work of Jehova, who came much earlier (c. 4500 years).



### **Declaration of Identity**

This highest level of naming is the one performed by Discordians everywhere when they quit being John Doe and start being The Right Reverend Blotto von Crockstein. In the previous levels, the identity is hidden behind declarative statements - "I exist" and "I am unique". In this level, the true Magick of the name stands alone - no defining claims are needed. Indeed, the sense of identity can just be forming, in which case the identity is a goal, an active attempt at becoming one's own avatar. This is most clearly demonstrated in the Prophet Beavis, when he declares, "I am Cornholio!". No further explanation should be required.

So there you have it. Seize the metaphysical High Ground and give yourself a name. What the hell - give yourself some cool titles too. Most If you're feeling exceptionally proud of your Holy Name and want to work up an ID for it, Pope Icky Fundament at Hyperdiscordia: <http://jubal.westnet.com/hyperdiscordia/> has assembled a groovy ID-card maker. (Take a look at my card if you want.)

As a Pope, you are entitled to the following privileges:

- 1 - To invoke infallibility at any time, including retroactively.
- 2 - To completely rework the structure of the Eristian Church.
- 3 - To baptize, bury and marry (with the permission of the deceased in the latter two cases)
- 4 - To excommunicate yourself and others,
- To de-excommunicate yourself and others,
- To re-excommunicate yourself and others,
- To de-re-excommunicate (no backwards) yourself and others.
- 5 - To perform all rites and functions deemed to be improper to a Pope of Discordia.

---

This Card Certifies and Identifies

The Beatus Iffungo

as a Genuine and Authorized

✌ **POPE** 🤞

So Please Treat Them Right

~GOOD FOREVER~

I urge you to do it too - why be "Claude Mercier" when you can be "Absolutum Vacuum Plenum von Kaosberg, Creator of the Prolific Cosmic Void Inc. (TM), Pope of the Renegades and Anarchistic Initiates of the New Babylonian Order (RAINBO), Supreme Knight of the Order of the Great Astral Dipper (OGAD), Secret Pope Agent, and Ordinary Police Priest on weekends, of the Nina Kazawa Kabal (NKK), High Nothingness of All Known and Unknown Bullshit, Uncontested Lord of all Frog-Like Fnords aka xyz the Chaogenic Unknown God (unofficial brother-in-law of our All Hailable Eris)" (to quote an honest-to-goodness example from alt.discordia)? You have nothing to lose but your boredom...

00014

# Traffic

We stand in traffic wrapped in cords of our own confusion and tell ourselves that logic alone is sufficient to extricate us from this tangled mess. If our faith should falter, we need simply say "For thus, then so, and if thus and so, then yet another" until we have demonstrated that, yes, we are indeed in control of the traffic jam and, yes, these thought-cords are in fact the blue blazer and slacks we selected from our closet just this morning. All is as it should be and, if proof is needed, simply notice that all is as it is (Q.E.D).

## **Our Method Is Our God.**

Sometimes in a fit of joi de vivre we gather up and pick sides, half saying "If Thus, then So" and the others "If Thus, then yet another" and begin to scream each other hoarse. It is great fun, for secretly we all know that the Thuses and Sos are not as significant as the Thens. Occasionally a Foolish Individual may try to tell us that our ponderings are just a house of cards, but ho ho ho - brandishing our Art is enough to stymie such silliness. If nothing else, we can use these ponderings and a Few Good Men to assemble a prison of cards and show these beasts the seriousness with which we pursue our play.

Fiddle while you burn if you must, but with our Blind Men's enhanced senses we feel the Truth above us. Like children jealous of the flight of birds, we heave rocks skyward to bring it down. With the crass mockery of Iron feathers and Newfound axioms we bind its wings. Then we perform a devious arithmetic and Lo! The idea belongs to Us and we declare it Dead.

(though it would be heretical  
to admit  
that we have  
only  
killed it in effigy).

00015

## Gnsouin

Covered in sprinkles, Gnimbley wiped  
his arse with a rubber  
Statue of Liberty, then sucked  
on a long, firm, listening  
aluminium baseball bat, which jingled  
menacingly as it struck the  
President squarely in the balls.

The sentence above was generated by a group of seven  
people, each of them contributing five words following on  
from the previous individual's contribution.

Governments are also groups of people.  
The world is run by governments.

Consult your pineal gland.

Mu.\*

00016

## What Discordianism Means to Me (Really!)

The Beatus Ffungo officially apologizes for the use of blink tags on this page. (But since this is in print now we'll ignore that comment).

One of the key points of Discordianism is the subject of Chaos - Eris is the Goddess of Chaos, and most other religions seem designed to explain away Chaos as illusion, as an obscuration of Someone's Divine Plan. I had expected Discordians to believe that Chaos for Chaos's sake was good, and any kind of order was bad. That's why I was stoked when I found the following passage in the Principia:

The Aneristic Principle is that of APPARENT ORDER; the Eristic Principle is that of APPARENT DISORDER. Both order and disorder are man made concepts and are artificial divisions of PURE CHAOS, which is a level deeper that is the level of distinction making.

With our concept making apparatus called "mind" we look at reality through the ideas-about-reality which our cultures give us. The ideas-about-reality are mistakenly labeled "reality" and unenlightened people are forever perplexed by the fact that other people, especially other cultures, see "reality" differently. It is only the ideas-about-reality which differ. Real (capital-T True) reality is a level deeper that is the level of concept.

We look at the world through windows on which have been drawn grids (concepts). Different philosophies use different grids. A culture is a group of people with rather similar grids. Through a window we view chaos, and relate it to the points

on our grid, and thereby understand it. The ORDER is in the GRID. That is the Aneristic Principle.

As George Santayana says, "Chaos is a name for any order that produces confusion in our minds." I really dug this! Like any Good Discordian-In-The-Making, I already didn't decide to believe something I read just because it was in a book I liked, but because it made sense to me. I make it a habit to listen occasionally to one of the local Christian radio stations (which, as you might guess, generally espouses views that are somewhat more conservative than my own). It never ceases to amaze me how many people call up and say that everybody on the planet knows that their (intolerant, uneducated, and benighted, IMHO) beliefs are true and it's just the Liberal Media's fault that they aren't in total control. A great example of two "grids" that filter the same information in a radically different way. More Principia:



Western philosophy is traditionally concerned with contrasting one grid with another grid, and amending grids in hopes of finding a perfect one that will account for all reality and will, hence, (say unenlightened westerners) be True. This is illusory; it is what we Erisians call the ANERISTIC ILLUSION. Some grids can be more useful than others, some more beautiful than others, some more pleasant than others, etc., but none can be more True than any other.

DISORDER is simply unrelated information viewed through some particular grid. But, like "relation", no-relation is a concept. Male, like female, is an idea about sex. To say that male-ness is "absence of female-ness", or vice versa, is a matter of definition and metaphysically arbitrary. The artificial concept of no-relation is the ERISTIC PRINCIPLE.



The belief that "order is true" and disorder is false or somehow wrong, is the Aneristic Illusion. To say the same of disorder, is the ERISTIC ILLUSION.

The point is that (little-t) truth is a matter of definition relative to the grid one is using at the moment, and that (capital-T) Truth, metaphysical reality, is irrelevant to grids entirely. Pick a grid, and through it some chaos appears ordered and some appears disordered. Pick another grid, and the same chaos will appear differently ordered and disordered.



Bingo! Many other belief systems had an exclusion meme built in - "This and no other", which seemed absurd to me, since those belief systems were clearly transmitted by culture - something that should be no obstacle to Universal Truth. I'm not a Bible-thumping Southern Baptist for the same reason I'm not Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, or Shinto - because I wasn't raised in that environment. It always seemed to me that the different religions all had some value to them, and saying "What I have here happens to be, fortunately for me, the One True Answer, and the belief systems that everybody else has used for inspiration, motivation, and enlightenment are wrong, worthless, and potentially harmful" seems stupid.

It also seemed like a bad idea to reject religion, for the same reason. For all the grandstanding and intolerance that is credited to religion, there are also episodes like the one I read about in the Utne Reader, where a group of skinheads was throwing bricks through the windows of houses with Stars of David in their windows, so a local woman convinced her whole (Christian) congregation to display the Stars in their windows too, and eventually the stars-to-racist-assholes ratio was just too high.



So, you may ask, what is the A-1, Official, Not Available in Stores Ffungo-Approved Cabaret Discordia Approach to all this religion business? Hey - do what you think is cool. Believe what makes sense to you or makes you laugh, but preferably both. Don't screw with people if you can avoid it. Don't let rules tell you what to do - make your own decisions & accept the consequences. Know thyself. Nothing to excess. And, finally, don't ever let a web-based religion guide your life.



00017

## Enlightenment

1. Once upon a time there was a small girl who decided to forego the pursuit of worldly success and follow the spiritual path.
2. She took a job with a fast-food restaurant to make enough money to live until she figured out exactly what spiritual path she should follow.
3. She didn't especially like her job, but she was pretty good at it.
4. And was quickly promoted for her efforts.
5. Eventually, she got an entry-level job at the company where one of her neighbors worked.
6. She wasn't a manager there, but at least it wasn't fast food.
7. Many years later, more things happened and she was enlightened.

-----  
Editors Note:

Apparently, in its web based form, this quest for enlightenment is cyclical and our young heroine returns to a lowly fast-food job time and time again. Quite why she would do this is one of those things you'd really have to consult your pineal gland about. Or stick with #7.

Synaptyx - Fudge on toast. TRY IT!  
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**00018**

**'THE UNITED NATIONS  
AND YOU**

or

**Those Theiving Bastards  
at the UN**

or

**Those Nice Folks at the UN!**

(Please note: this page is not accusing the UN of being behind One World Government efforts, Black Helicopters, or cattle mutilations. Those allegations are ridiculous. Oswald killed Kennedy (acting alone), and Reagan really does have Alzheimer's. I swear. I haven't mentioned a thing to anybody. October 17 will come and go with no noticeable change in the sperm counts of North American men. There is no need to panic. All is as it should be. The Dow Jones Index fluctuates as a result of free market forces and has nothing to do with the subPentagon, which doesn't even exist at all. I don't know who keeps claiming it does, but they really should knock it off.)

So I'm doing some vanity searches on various engines to get some idea of the amount of the www devoted to funneling adulation towards me, and I'm searching using the word "Ffungo" to uniquely identify this site & links to it when I stumble across a page in German:

Die verschiedenen englischsprachigen Abkürzungen deuten die Bandbreite der NRO im internationalen Geschäft an. GONGO heißt Regierung organisierte nichtstaatliche Organisation, d.h. es besteht eine direkte Verbindung zum Staatsapparat; Ähnlich verhält es sich mit einer GRINGO

(NGO der Regierung Durchlauf angespornter); eine QUANGO ist eine nichtstaatliche Quasiorganisation, was ebenso mit staatlicher Finanzierung einhergeht, d.h. es handelt sich i.d.R. um eine ausgelagerte Verwaltungseinheit; FFUNGO bedeutet fremde gefinanzierte nichtstaatliche Organisation, wobei die ausländischen Gelder auch von Regierungen kommen können. Es gibt auch die Abkürzungen SMANGOs, MINGOs und BINGOs (kleine, mittlere und große NRO)...

I don't speak any German, but it definitely sounded sinister. There I was (in all caps, no less), along with various anti-American slogans (GRINGO), suggestions of the corruption of senior citizens (BINGO) and what were obviously Holy Names of Discordians I haven't even met yet (SMANGO, GONGO, QUANGO, and MINGO). This smacked of some sort of foreign conspiracy (although clearly not one of those One World Government efforts, which don't even exist, and I think it's pretty irresponsible of people to just go around casually implying that they do, because they really don't, and mentioning that they do isn't a good idea even though it won't cause you to have sudden troubles with local law-enforcement officials).

Although "The Beatus Ffungo Smango Gongo Quango Mingo" has sort of a ring to it....

So anyway, I fed the thing through BabelFish, Alta Vista's reasonably groovy translation program, and came up with this:

The different English-language abbreviations suggest the bandwidth of the NRO in the international business. GONGO is called government organized non governmental organization, i.e. there is a direct connection to the state apparatus; similarly it behaves with a GRINGO (run/inspired NGO government); a QUANGO is one quasi non governmental organization, which accompanies likewise with national financing, i.e. it concerns itself i.d.R. around a stored

externally administrative unit; FFUNGO means foreign funded non governmental organization, whereby the foreign funds can come also from governments. There are also the abbreviations to SMANGOs, MINGOs and BINGOs (small, middle and large NRO)...

BabelFish is famous for its broken-english translations, but it seems to indicate that the UN has used my name for a non-governmental organization funded by foreign governments. That's all. This message doesn't refer to me specifically or Discordians in general. I fully and completely believe this and do not think that BabelFish is in on any sort of cover-up, because there wouldn't be one in the first place.

If you want to, though, you can send some e-mail to a guy in Argentina (is ".ar" Argentina?) named Fernando Fungo whose e-mail address is [ffungo@exa.unrc.edu.ar](mailto:ffungo@exa.unrc.edu.ar)



00019

## Bureaucracy

### Records of Bureaucracy and Bureaucratic Records Department

When the first alarm subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns held public meetings to devise what measures were best to be taken to restore public credit. It was generally agreed, that deputies should be sent from all parts to Amsterdam, to consult with the government upon some remedy for the evil. The Government at first refused to interfere, but advised the tulip-holders to agree to some plan among themselves. Several meetings were held for this purpose; but no measure could be devised likely to give satisfaction to the deluded people, or repair even a slight portion of the mischief that had been done. The language of complaint and reproach was in **sorry to have to come to you like this, but you know how these things can be**everybody's mouth, and all the meetings were of the most stormy character. At **I mean, I hate to act paranoid, but you really can't be too careful.** last, however, after much bickering and ill-will, it was agreed, at **You see, THEY have agents everywhere.**Amsterdam, by the assembled deputies, that all contracts made in the height of the mania, or prior to the month of November 1636, should be declared null and void, and that, in those made after that date, **I realize we do a lot of talking about Them and Their actions, but I think the time has come to let you in on a little secret about Them - They don't know They're Them. Really! You'd think it was obvious, but it isn't - and that's the sinister thing about it all!**purchasers should be freed from their engagements, on paying ten per cent. to the vendor. This decision gave no satisfaction. The vendors who had their tulips on hand were, of course, discontented, and those who had pledged themselves to purchase, thought themselves hardly

treated. Tulips which had, at one time, been worth six thousand florins **The tricky part is that you can see evidence of Them everywhere - hell, just watch the news sometimes - and you get fooled into thinking "Oh yeah - look at that guy - he's gotta be one of Them."** But if you ever get to meet one of Them close up, you'll start to see the problem., were now to be procured for five hundred; so that the composition of ten per cent. was one hundred florins more than the actual value. Actions for breach of contract were threatened in all the courts of the country; but the latter refused to take cognizance of **They may be a bit boring, but some of them are even nice people. And they're not even consciously trying to make the world a hellish place filled with undead shrines to Greyface - it just works out that way.**gambling transactions.

The matter was finally referred to the Provincial Council at the Hague, and it was confidently expected that the wisdom of this body would invent some mea**If the truth be told, we've been misleading you a bit getting you all riled up about Them. We had to do it, though, because if you've made it this far, you've probably already noticed Their presence and been tipped off to Their activities.**sure by which credit should be restored. Expectation was on the stretch for its decision, but it never came. The members continued to deliberate week after week, and at last, after thinking about it for three months, declared that they could offer no final decision until they had more information. They advised, however, that, in the mean time, every vendor should, in the presence of witnesses, offer the tulips in natura to the purchaser for the sums agreed upon. If the latter refused to take them, they might be put up for sale by public auction, and the original contractor held responsible for the difference between the actual and the stipulated price. This was exactly the plan recommended by the deputies, and which was already sho**The funny thing is, They only exist in your mind. Not like the voices - I'm talking about the same way that Order and Chaos exist in your mind. Your notion**



**of Them is a reaction to a facet of the Outside World that keeps waving itself in your face.**wn to be of no avail. There was no court in Holland which would enforce payment. The question was raised in Amsterdam, but the judges unanimously refused to interfere, on the ground that debts contracted in gambling were no debts in law.

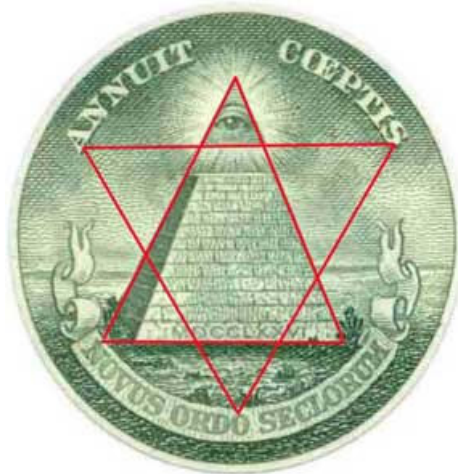
Thus the matter rested. To find a remedy was beyond the power of the government. Those who were un**Look at it like an avalanche. When an avalanche completely overwhelms you, all you see is snow and some rocks and sticks and crap. But really, an avalanche is much more than that. Those snowflakes, rocks, sticks, and crap were already on that mountainside, all crammed together with potential energy and terrain and everything.**ucky enough to have had stores of tulips on hand at the time of the sudden reaction were left to bear their ruin as philosophically as they could; those who had made profits were allowed to keep them; but the commerce of the country suffered a severe s**In fact, when you talk about an avalanche, you're really talking about a System - a wildly complex interaction of so many things that your puny little mind can't begin to grasp them. You're talking about a System with such an intensive level of organization that no micro-patterns can be detected. Organization so thorough that the net effect is chaos.**hock, from which it was many years ere it recovered.

The example of the Dutch was imitated to some extent in England. In the year 1636 tulips were publicly sold in the Exchange of London, and the jobbers exerted themselves to the utmost to raise them to the fictitious value they had acquired in Amsterdam. In Paris also the jobbers strove to create a tulipomania. In both cities they only partially succeeded. Howe**You're talking about The Bureaucracy, baby....**ver, the force of example brought the flowers into great favour, and amongst a certain class of people tulips have ever since been prized more highly than any other flowers of the

field. The Dutch are still notorious for their partiality to them, and continue to pay higher prices for them than any other people. As the rich Englishman boasts of his fine race-horses or his old pictures, so does the wealthy Dutchman vaunt him of his tulips.

In England, in our day, strange as it may appear, a tulip will produce more money than an oak. If one could be found, rare in tetris, and black as the black swan alluded to by Juvenal, its price would equal that of a dozen acres of standing corn. In Scotland, towards the close of the 17th century, the highest price for tulips, according to the authority of a writer in the supplement to the third edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," was ten guineas. Their value appears to have diminished from that time till the year 1769, when the two most valuable species in England were the Don Quevedo and the Valentinier, the former of which was worth two guineas and the latter two guineas and a half. These prices appear to have been the minimum. In the year 1800, a common price was fifteen guineas for a single bulb. In 1835, so foolish were the fanciers, that a bulb of the species called the Miss FanSee, you don't even need to worry about them - you need to worry about the System, because *that's* the thing that's going to get us all in the end. That's the thing that's going to starve you, exclude you, keep you poor and marginalized if you don't play ball. But cheer up, fellow Discordians - while They're asleep, *we* are awake. While They let the System drive

**them, we are seeking out places within the system where we can hide, places where we can exploit the system, places where we can (dare I say it?) MILK the system.**ny Kemble was sold by public auction in London for seventy-five pounds. Still more astonishing was the price of a tulip in the possession of a gardener in the King's Road, Chelsea. In his catalogues, it was labelled at two hundred guineas! Thus a flower, which for beauty and perfume was surpassed by the abundant roses of the garden,--a nosegay of which might be purchased for a penny,--was pAs they say, **"Don't be a sap - waste no time in turning rogue!**riced at a sum which would have provided an industrious labourer and his family with food, and clothes, and lodging for six years! Should chickweed and groundsel ever come into fashion, the wealthy would, no doubt, vie with each other in adorning their gardens with them, and paying the most extravagant prices for them. In so doing, they would hardly be more foolish than the admirers of tulips. The common prices for these flowers at the present time vary from five to fifteen guineas, according to the rarity of the speciwe **now return you to your regularly scheduled programming....es.**



00020

## THE POWER OF PRAYER

The *Principia Discordia* has this to say about Prayer:

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### ON PRAYER



Mal-2 was once asked by one of his Disciples if he often prayed to Eris. He replied with these words:

No, we Erisians seldom pray, it is much too dangerous. Charles Fort has listed many factual incidences of ignorant people confronted with, say, a drought, and then praying fervently -- and then getting the entire village wiped out in a torrential flood.

---

Clearly, then, Prayer is something that is extremely powerful and should be used with the greatest caution, if at all. You might be one of those special individuals to whom Eris pays close attention, and all your prayers will be answered promptly. Hopefully, you aren't as cursed as all that and you are like most of us schmucks - you heave your petitions skyward and receive a celestial 404 Not Found message in return. The problem is that Eris is a very busy Goddess and doesn't have time to muck about in the petty matters of the world, unless it makes for a good time. Approaching her directly isn't going to amount to much.

This is actually pretty good news, though. Prayer basically assumes that you have a better idea what should be going on than She What Is In Charge, and you're kind enough to let Her in on the secret. Even though calling Divine attention to your own hubris is a good way of making your situation more interesting for onlookers, it's still a riskier path than most of us would like to follow. The Discordian outlook on prayer, then, can only help. It says, "Hey, pal, you don't like it? Either deal with it or git off yer lazy ass and do something about it."

But what about those situations when, despite the risk, you just feel you need a little assist from Beyond? Fortunately, other religions have done the leg work here and figured out what to do in situations where your God/dess can't be bothered by your petty desires - INTERCESSIONS!



Intercessions, quite simply, are when you ask somebody else to pray for you. (It seems that God/desses are notoriously poor bookkeepers and are actually quite vulnerable to polling box frauds such as this one.) Unless you're stupid as well as needy, you'll get some high powered saint, demigod, or spirit that specializes in whatever problem you're having ("St. Jephrehad of the Itchy Bottom, Ora Pro Nobis..."). That way, you can go about your business secure in the knowledge that somebody else is shouldering the burden of your entreaties.

Q. But Ffungo, does it really work?

A. Well, maybe, maybe not. You may be praying for inner peace or enlightenment, in which case your prayer could be a form of meditation and could very well work. Or, you could be trying to work the Santa Claus angle (getting the Big Being Upstairs to kowtow to your will and give you whatever your greedy little heart desires), in which case you'll find that things either happen or don't. Either way, though, if you sucker someone else into pulling the load, they'll get tagged if your chosen Deity is having a Bad Day - it's a win-win for you!

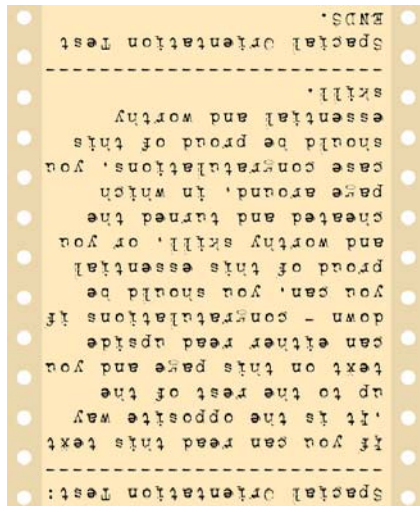
Q. Ok, Ffungo, assuming that I buy this, whom should we get to Ora Pro Nobis?

A. Well, personally, I prefer to ask the following types:

- Celebrities - but only cool ones, not lame soap opera stars and such. Ask Liz Phair to help you with that destructive relationship, Timothy Leary to help you find good drugs, or Dennis Miller to help you find a witty rejoinder to that smug asshole who dissed you in front of people.
- Fictional Characters - preferably from cartoons. Bugs Bunny will always be more real than Humbert Humbert, simply because we have seen the former and have had to imagine the latter. (If this is wrong, and there is a cartoon version of Lolita out there, please let me know.)
- Actual Saints - Discordian ones are a little chancy - these guys will probably tell Eris that you want her to turn all of your underwear into green steel wool just for a laugh. If you want ones from Major Religions, I suggest ones like St. Christopher, who was later determined to be fictional.



The Beatus Ffungo - I have no supernatural powers (and limited natural ones) - hell, I'm not even a Saint yet, but I'd be glad to take a stab at it out of Discordian Neighborliness. If you get any really good results, let me know about it. I could assemble a ranked list of interceders, or maybe even get my own cable show...."Welcome to the Beatus Ffungo's Prayer Hour! Today we'll be asking Popeye and Beavis to help us pray to have my driving records cleaned up!"



00021

## HOW TO BE A WEIRDO AND STAY ALIVE

You'll undoubtedly start by sitting there and seething at the brazenness of their attacks on you. It does seem surreal, too - like some sort of B-movie in which zombies have attacked the town but nobody seems to mind. It's too late to try to lock the windows - they're already inside of you. With the tacit help of almost everyone around you, there are people who are trying to take that most sacred of things, your mind, and re-write it. Force it to mutate into an abomination, a grotesque, a genetically-engineered microorganism that secretes the miracle drug, the production of which is the only reason you've been allowed to live.

You produce only two things of any interest - your money and your servility. They amplify your fears and insecurities, pervert your lusts and desires, and mutilate your curiosity and beauty to buy themselves sports cars or cement their authority. And it's a pretty lucrative system, too - try to buck it and you'll see what I mean. It's not enough to say, "You go your way and I'll go mine". It's not even enough to act just like them. You have to believe like them, believe in the



Truth of their System. Believe like Them or they'll kill you.

That's not just hyperbole, either. It's easier to see if you go from the outside-in. Look at the Middle East - Jews and Moslems gunning each other down, blowing up innocent children (even though both of their gods tell them not to) because they know that not Believing is a worse crime than murder. They know this, of course, because some evil fuck somewhere played to their fears. Wait - that's overplaying it; they know this because of a web of fear, shared by their relatives and neighbors and fanned by those who benefit from it.

Other examples get even more disgusting. Look at Northern Ireland. These morons are killing each other over membership in two nearly identical sects of Christianity! Is Ulster full of perfectionist theologians? No - everybody's just in agreement that the Other Side is a threat to Our Side, because that's how it is. This mentality isn't just a mentality - it's a way of life, it's an identity, it's Real.

Here in America, we still hate the Bad Guys, which we used to call "Communists" but now we call "Drug Pushers" or "Terrorists" or "Child Pornographers". Not that these are nice people. Not that they even exist in the way they're described. Just like anywhere else in the world, They just need a Bugbear to keep you in line, and the Bugbear can be a Jew who wants to steal your land or a Molester who wants to

seduce your son. Either way, you get scared and Do What You're Told. If you actually happen to meet up with a Bugbear in the flesh, well, you should mutilate it without remorse - otherwise, this whole system of fear just falls apart.

But what if you don't feel like playing?

Subvert

\*



Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

Subvert

In order for you to live in a world where you can believe what you want, you have to destroy the idea of Belief itself. They have so perverted reason that reason must be denied to them. They make their lies into marionette-slogans and jostle them before us as we gape slack-jawed; we must take our lies and make them into marionettes as well. They determine the forms of dialogue available to us, and - wouldn't you know - they have Home Field Advantage in all of them. We must obfuscate their forms - create our own abominations through syntactic miscegenation - until these too are denied to them.

And damn them for their deceitful absolutes! These are cornerstone and

currency of their reign. Simple enough to be swallowed by the most ignorant, sleek enough to be worshipped by the most credulous. The most ludicrous of their lies proven by extrapolation from a tiny truth. If the warmth of your mother's bosom is Good, then the fires of Hell are Better. This is why we offer no quarter; to an initiate, I could admit that it's all just a bunch of hooey, but They would pretend to hear me say I'm lying more than they are. This is also why we sometimes compare our dialogues to taking a shit. The comparison is a sham - we're merely autosabotaging to keep them purblind. Something as foolish as the Cerebus of scatology keeps them from our gates.

And so, we weirdoes must keep one set of cards in our hands and another in our heads. We must be able to switch from honest inquiry to ideological vomit with switchblade speed.

And so, we weirdoes must perfect their notions of Us and Them. We must commit to causing enough chaos that we can pass among them undetected. We must make Doubt and Uncertainty members of our club so that no one will be able to tell one of us from the other (not by camouflaging ourselves as one of them, but by filling their eyes with such patterns that we elicit no recognition).

And so, we weirdoes must be more normal than Them.

00022

The Aftermath:  
Words of the Prophets

"Let there be a cycle of speaking"  
said Eris, Our Lady What Done It All,  
"That I may learn of Human knowledge  
of the Season of Aftermath."

"Then let me begin the cycle,"  
said \_\_\_\_\_ the Unnamed,  
"For my knowledge of The Aftermath is great.  
In these troubled days of Bureaucracy,  
the Forces of Order rule unchecked.  
Bloated by their past successes,  
they have moved past all sense of Balance with  
Chaos  
and have caused us much grief.  
In the days of The Aftermath  
our sufferings will be relieved  
and our grief turned to joy  
by the appearance of a Great One  
who will lead us out from beneath the  
Bureaucracy  
whose weight oppresses us so."

And the Prophet Mar-Djinn spoke, saying:  
"And in The Aftermath a Great One will come  
unto you.

He will speak with insight and wit  
and the followers of Greyface will be unable to  
refute his words.

He will call the followers of Our Lady into the  
light,

to throw off their cloaks of obscurity  
and join him in their rightful place in the sun.

When this Great One comes, my children,  
lower your eyes and recognize him not,  
for the Thuddites will surely lionize and then  
destroy him.

Wait for this crime to occur,  
as surely it will,  
then raise again your eyes  
and continue to subvert the masses.

The true Aftermath is within."

And Malaclypse the Elder leaned forward,  
resting his sign on the ground  
and spoke these words:

"Truly the season of Aftermath is upon us  
For this season is Mine, and I recognize my  
own Age

like a Mother recognizes her child.  
For the Bureaucracy of past times  
has so organized itself  
that it is coming undone,  
paving the way for a new season of Chaos to  
begin anew,  
but not until the work of my Age is complete."

"Hmmp,"  
said Our Lady,  
"That wasn't nearly as much fun as I  
expected,"  
and promptly left in a snit.\*



\*Some say it was a huff.

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00023

## After the Aftermath:

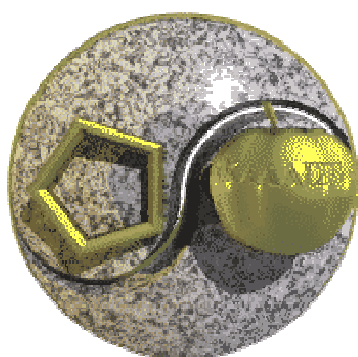
We have reached the end of the paper and ink edition of this, the Summa Discordia. I'd like to thank **The Beatus Ffungo** for his superlative (dis)/information, **Mal2/Omar** for the Principia Discordia, **Rev Dr Jon Swabey** for the Apocrypha Discordia (and the previous page), this little symbol "Ⓚ" without which none of this could possibly have been stuck on a printed page 'cos I'd have got my ass sued off.

*Synaptux*

Reverend High Insect Necromancer  
Über-Sub-Agent  
of  
Synaptyclypse Generator Sect  
McBeth Cabal









Book 4:

The Book

Of Gris



# THE BOOK OF



By ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA

Goddess of Chaos and Mother of us All In which the GODDESS explains everything to no one in particular. This being a Holy Discordian Bible, One of Five predicted by Malcalypse the Younger being an Advanced Course into The Erisian Mysterees WHICH IS EVEN MORE INTERESTING



## THE REVELATION OF ST. VERTHAINE THE GOTH

And lo, there I was, decked out in my finest gothic and leather clothing, sipping a White Russian at the bar of my favourite goth club, and contemplating the sad state of the world. I lit up a clove and turned to watch the leatherboys, gothchicks, and vampyre wannabees do bad Tai Chi on the dance floor. All of a sudden everything froze, but only I and the music was still active. A beautiful woman in black leather and rainbow colored hair appeared on the dance floor. I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Her eyes shone like the sun Each move of her delicate arms told the story of Creation. She walked up to me and said

*"I am ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA. I am the Goddess of Chaos. With me all things are possible. I have come to you to teach you many things, Verthaine. "*

I fell on my knees and cried out "I am not worthy!" She looked at me and smiled.

*"All are worthy in the eyes of chaos. Stand up my silly goth boy, for I have something of importance to ask of you"*

I stood up, and awaited with anticipation of what a goddess like Eris would ask me to do. "Your wish is my command, " I said. She smiled at me, and with a twinkle in her eyes she said onto me:

*"Can you spare one of those clove cigarettes?"*

And thus I was enlightened.

# *Discordianism/Erisianism*

St. Hugh, KSC, KNS

*"If religion is the opiate of the masses, then Discordianism is the alcohol,  
caffeine, and something-or-other of the lunatic fringe. "*

-Somebody Important at Some Point

Anyone familiar with the Discordians knows the difficulties inherent in describing a vibrant aspect of Paganism that claims to "have no definition." With one of the major trends of Discordianism being one of decentralization and disagreement, is there a way to adequately describe it? To be true to Discordia (the Latin name of our primary Goddess, Eris), I would have to say 'yes, no, and maybe'.

To start with, there are scores of Discordian cabals across the world and, thanks to the Internet, Discordian writings and ideas are proliferating. The two most famous Discordian groups are POEE and the Erisian Liberation Front. Even though many people look at the plethora of humorous writings and dismiss it as a religion, Discordians take their humorous traditions very seriously. . . to a point.

A tradition, or a set of traditions based around the Goddess Eris is by nature paradoxical and difficult to pin down. But it is, in my opinion, time that other Pagans realize that Eris worshippers are just as respectable as any other group, despite the fact that we laugh at ourselves and others.

## **History/Her Story/Eris Comes Out of Her Closet**

The foundation of the Discordian movement in modern times comes from the paradoxical writing collection known as the "Principia Discordia, or How I found the Goddess and what I did with Her when I found Her." It tells the story of two young men in a bowling alley who receive the first Erisian Revelation back in 1957 or 58. (In true Discordian fashion, which year is never cleared up.) The men go on a search of mythologies and discover Eris, the Goddess of Confusion, Chaos, and Discord. (Eris is also the Greek word for 'strife'.) They surmised that chaos underlies everything, including order and the followers of order. "Look around and you can see all of the chaos in everything just as much as you can see order." The two men declare themselves to be High Priests of their own madness and start a Discordian Society "for whatever that may turn out to be."

The explosion of the American counter-culture and the revival of surrealism met Discordianism (1960's and 70's) and the result was a Neo-Pagan parody religion of mirth and laughter. During this time the two main groups of the Discordian Society, POEE 'the Paratheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric' and the Erisian Liberation Front set down the major practices and ideas that have since influenced later groups of Discordians, most of which were included in later editions of the Principia Discordia. It can also be said (although, many people will argue against this) that the post-modern magical phenomenon of Chaos Magic developed under Discordian influences. The main difference between Discordians and Chaos Mages is that Discordians revere the Goddess Eris, whereas Chaos Mages revere whatever works at the moment. Discordian thought runs a full spectrum from believers in a literal Goddess Eris to those who hold a healthy agnosticism towards all gods.

Today there are several active Discordian groups known as 'cabals' which continue to develop and practice Discordian ideas and rituals. POEE is still around, although it is debated whether or not the ELF still exists. Some of the active groups today are the Church of No Dead Saints in San Francisco, the Discordian Intelligence Agency, which is scattered in places as far afield as Australia, Germany, and Pennsylvania, and the Purple

Monkey Mafia/Cabal which started in Chicago but claims to have members in LA, Paris, and Seattle. There are many other groups, too numerous to list here. (Please refer to the list of website links below. )

The organization of the groups within the Discordian Society (or without, as some groups will no doubt claim) is decentralized. Usually people will either join a pre-existing cabal, or if Eris decides to give new revelations, will start their own cabal. Within cabals there is usually an 'episkopos', who is responsible for the rituals, revelations, and organization. Thus it can be said that each cabal may choose its own organization. The major trend is towards non-hierarchy as episkoposes are known to hand off the leadership mantle whenever they see fit.

### **Beliefs? Standards of Conduct?**

One of the main tenets of Discordianism is that 'it is a firm belief that it is a mistake to hold firm beliefs'. That said, it is possible (though highly disagreeable) to pin down a few ideas that are common among Discordians. One is a dedication to personal 'illumination' by exploring as many belief systems as possible so that a person will realize the absurdity of taking any idea too far. Another idea is 'if it makes you cry, it is real; if it makes you laugh, then it is probably true. '

Discordians worship Eris, who is probably the most paradoxical being people could ever worship. If they don't worship Her then they explore Her in some way or another. They see in Her a symbol of freedom from all constraints and a license to become the best person one can be. Why should the self be limited to circumstances of birth and upbringing, or even a single ego? Eris was much maligned and feared by the ancients as the embodiment of disorder. But from a perspective that sees chaos as underlying everything, Eris is an embodiment of ultimate creativity. All things need to come apart for new things to grow.

Most Discordians will refer to the story known as the 'Original Snub' which explains a little bit about Eris. In this story, the Olympians assembled at a feast on Mount Olympus (called Limbo Peak by Discordians). They decide not to invite Eris due to Her reputation for causing chaos and strife. When Eris finds this out, She decides to get even with the Olympians by making a golden apple and carving the word 'kallisti' (to the prettiest) on its side. She sneaks up to the banquet hall and rolls the apple inside. Once the Olympians see this, they immediately set to fighting each other over who deserves the apple. From this point in the story, the various accounts diverge. Discordians take solace in this story whenever they themselves are snubbed. They also use it as an example of active defiance in the face of unwarranted exclusion. The story begs the question 'if Eris was so bad, how come it was the rest of the Olympians who caused the commotion?' Eris can be seen, in this light, as the one who makes you realize the inherent capacity for strife you already have. The 'Original Snub' is said to be the foundation myth of Discordianism, if such a thing could be said.

Another approach to that myth is to see the apple as the world and all it has to offer. To whom would Eris say it belonged? Kallisti. . . the prettiest one. And who is the prettiest one? We all are. If only we could realize it.

Another important myth is the 'Curse of Grayface', which explains how people lost touch with the happy anarchy of creative chaos and become shackled to 'order'. Grayface is a humorless person who proceeds to deceive others into believing that order and seriousness should be the foundation of existence. This myth explains the origins of negativity and destructive chaos, which according to Discordianism, can only happen when order is imposed. The Curse of Grayface is as much a parody of other traditions' ideas of "what-went-wrong" as it is a clear insight into the nature of human mentality.

One thing we have in common with the very beautiful Wiccan 'Charge of the Goddess' is the most famous 'Charge of Eris' which goes:



*"I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left humanity, that they might develop themselves. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding. You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun. I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free. "*

To Eris worshippers, this is as evocative to us as the Charge of the Goddess is to Wiccans. With a charge so powerful, one can probably glimpse why anyone would become a Discordian.

Discordians focus on disorder, which is symbolized by the golden apple with kallisti written on it, as a corrective for society's emphasis on order. But we don't forget that since chaos underlies everything then order is also an expression of chaos. Our symbol for that order is a pentagon. The two symbols placed within a yin-yang type background make up what we call the Sacred Chao [kao or 'cow']. The Sacred Chao symbolizes the necessity of both order and disorder as expressions of creativity. When in balance, we call it the Hodge-Podge. *"To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a path composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative path composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder. "* (PD)

Those Eris worshippers who have their own profound experiences with Eris, either through revelations, visions, or divine inspiration, take the letters KSC after their names to signify "Keeper of the Sacred Chao. " KSC's sail the seas of chaotic thoughts, magic's and emotions while providing illumination to their fellow Discordians, if they wish. They are Eris's special group of crazy adherents. KSC's are often the catalysts of cabals and many happen to be the sort of people who can practice Discordian magic and get results. They also tend to be more esoteric and steeped in 'chaosophy' than most, but communion with Eris will do that.

There is also the widespread notion of the five stages, which is another expression of the ubiquitous 'law of fives' in Discordian thought. This idea is much like the 'aeonics' idea expressed within Chaos Magic (and they probably got the idea from us). The five stages are used to help understand and explain socio-historical developments. The First stage is **Chaos**, in which everything is in its natural state. Order and disorder are in dynamic balance. Organization occurs naturally. Authoritarian people hate this stage. It is like Hegel's thesis. It is the start and finish of every society. (Corresponding deity = Eris. ) The second stage is **Discord**, which starts with the appearance of ruling classes and governance. Authority becomes the main organizer of systems and of beliefs. It is Hegel's antithesis. The underclasses discover that its interests are not the same as the rulers. Society is thus divided. The third stage is **Confusion**, in which some attempt is made to restore balance or achieve a synthesis. It is an attempt to restore nature through unnatural means. Intuition is mistrusted. People try to break free of authoritarian ideas by using those same ideas. Every revolution becomes a mirror of what it overthrows. The fourth stage is **Bureaucracy**, what we call the 'parenthesis' that Hegel missed, in which the synthesis does not reconcile the opposites. Society is exhausted, while appearing to be thriving. Ideas and rules have become more important than the people who create them. Superior people are ruled by idiocy. The fifth stage is the **Aftermath**, and represents the drift back to chaos. It is a transitional period where many people, in desperation or hope, turn to intuition and magic in order to rediscover their natures. Bureaucracy has collapsed under its own weight of intellectual ideas and 'paperwork'. Each one of these stages also has correspondences with deities, tarot cards, planets, the zodiac, elements, and more. They would be too numerous to list here. But anyone can find them in the PD or in the Illuminatus! Trilogy.

Some Discordian practices include the universalization of pope-hood - every now and then declaring that every human being is an authentic pope. (We also have mome-hood for those who want that. ) Discordians often like to canonize themselves and others, and you will find many saint names among us. When cabals gather for ritual, the only thing that can be assured is that all traditions are fair game and will be used in humorous ways. The

Principia Discordia includes some of the more well known rituals. One practice that may be of interest to magical operators is the use of laughter in banishing.

In terms of conduct, Discordians adhere to the Chaolist idea that 'nothing is true and everything is permissible.' It sounds like a blanket endorsement for any sort of behavior. Even so, it is said that some religions preach love, compassion, law, and forgiveness but result in hatred, disorder and destruction. Discordianism preaches chaos, confusion, and disorder, and results in love, creativity, freedom, and laughter. The reason why an ethic of 'everything is permissible' works within Discordianism is the ultimate respect given to the individual to work out their own approach to Eris. We do not believe in manipulating people or even trying to control their expressions, even if they disagree with us. And this idea comes from the idea that we are all free right now. If this sounds like anarchy, you may be right. . . maybe.

### **Ways of Worship/Ritual**

Laughter and paradox are essential in worshipping Eris. One of the ways we worship Eris is by engaging in 'guerrilla mind' tricks - making paradoxical flyers to distribute, posting esoterica in unlikely places, counter-evangelism, surrealist pranking, ontological trickery, giving absurd rewards to distinguished individuals, etc. We believe that such things are essential to someone on any honest spiritual path. Laughter opens minds more than anything else can. Laughter is also one of the best ways to worship. Why wouldn't your Goddesses/Gods wish to see you having a rip-roaring good time?

Another way we worship Her is to design our own rituals, on the fly - and they had better be good rituals, Eris help us - in which we mimic or parody other more 'serious' traditions. Due to the nature of Discordianism, the rituals are at the whim of the moment. Often, no two rituals are the same. What the rituals lack in continuity, they make up for in creativity, and usually, though not always; cabals will have organically developed sets of rituals which fit the participants and Eris just fine.

The magical tools we use in rituals more often depend upon the idiosyncrasies of the episkopos than on any tradition. Sacred forks may replace athames for circle casting. Five quarters may be called instead of four. For divination, we may use TV screens to scry as readily as black plates or crystal balls. For incense we may burn clove cigarettes. Sometimes we cast no circles and at other times we may cast differently shaped sacred spots. If this appears silly, that is the main point. Another point is that people should learn to work rituals with any or no tools. Discordian ritual and worship is really about incorporating everything around you and being always ready to so.

### **Holidays**

This is probably the easiest aspect of Discordianism to describe as it is pretty much clear for Discordians even if they seemingly argue over its importance. All religious traditions have their own set calendars and Discordianism is no exception.

The year is broken down into five seasons named after the five stages, each one having a patron from the legendary five Erisian Apostles from history - Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and the Aftermath - of 73 days each. The patrons are Hung Mung, Dr. Van Van Mojo, Sri Sayadasti, Zarathud, and the Elder Malaclypse. There are five-day weeks in which the days are named thus: Sweetmorn, Boomtime, Pungenday, Prickle-Prickle, and Setting Orange. Both the seasons and the five-day weeks are in keeping with the law of fives that Discordians favor. The five Discordian elements are sweet, boom, pungent, prickle, and orange. The fives also stand for the five elements (four plus spirit) so common in other Neo-Pagan traditions. If you notice, the weekday names each reference a particular physical sense and Discordians tend to meditate on the particular sense that the name refers to. It can be said that the Discordian calendar is the easiest yet most profound thing for outsiders to grasp.

Special holidays occur. Apostle Holydays, named after the five legendary Erisian apostles, occur on the fifth day of each season. So we have Mungday, Mojoday, Syaday, Zaraday, and Maladay. On each one of these days, Discordians celebrate the aspects of the apostle who most embodied that season. On the 50th day of each season, there are holydays which celebrate the aspects of the season itself - Chaoflux, Discoflux, Conflux, Bureflux, and Afflux. Each cabal tends to celebrate the holydays in different ways. In practice, many Discordians also borrow some more holidays from the broader Neo-Pagan community such as Samhain.

Those many Discordians who use the calendar date it from the Original Snub said to have taken place around 3169 years ago, at the time of this writing. So 2003 = 3169. And true to the spirit of Discordianism, not everyone uses this calendar.

### **Context Within the Broader Neo-Pagan Community**

Many Discordians are also practitioners of other traditions such as Wicca, or variations of Witchcraft. Eris worshippers, such as me, also have other deities. Some are even members of other religions such as Buddhism - Zen is a particular favorite, and sometimes Discordianism is described as a laugh happy Pagan Zen. Many of the major Neo-Pagan traditions of today started off as parodies and/or eclectic rip-offs of other occult traditions, and Discordianism is no exception. The major difference is that with a Goddess such as Eris, and with sacred scriptures that are absurd, Discordianism tends to stay humorous and non-dogmatic and this spirit does flow through other Neo-Pagan traditions as manifested in play and mirth.

While many practitioners of Chaos Magic do not consider themselves Pagans (though it doesn't stop them from stealing Pagan traditions), those of a Discordian flavor will be more likely to refer to themselves as such. Not all Discordians consider themselves to be practitioners of Chaos Magic, but many of the foundations of today's Chaos Magic were laid by the Discordian Society. Though it is extremely tempting to claim Chaos Magic to be a Discordian offshoot, it might be more helpful to think of the two paths as 'lovers'.

Discordianism can be said to be henotheistic, meaning that one Goddess is worshipped primarily but not to the exclusion of other deities' existences. There are many Discordians who are also polytheists and see the 'Upstart of One Hand Clapping' in many of the other deities.

This description is really a brief one and in no way could hope to capture the full spectrum of Discordianism. It is hoped that those who would like further information about the vast realm of Discordian esoterica and eristica will consult either some of the sites listed below or their own pineal glands. If you think that Discordianism is just a bunch of silly craziness that makes no sense, then you probably need to look again. If you think that Discordianism is terribly confusing, we may have more in common than you think. If you think that Discordianism is something-or-other but can't quite grasp it, hail Eris, you may understand.

[Setting Orange, Aftermath 13th, 3169/Saturday, November 1st, 2003/Samhain]

*"The human race will begin solving its problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously. "* -Principia Discordia

*"Humanity is a giant forced to live in a pygmy's hut. Instead of knocking the damned walls down, we fight each other for more space inside. "*

*"Enough research tends to support one's theory. "*

# Who are these people and what do they believe in?

The impressively and self-named Malaclypse the Younger (or Mal-2) is really Greg Hill and the equally impressively and also self-named Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst is really Kerry Thornley.

Both had little better to do around 1958 than to have a good old whinge and gripe at any and all established establishments and they were both in agreement that everything, and they meant everything, was a just an unhappy mixture of controlled chaos and falsely imposed order.

One day they were pondering this very paradox at a bowling ally in Whittier, California when things got seriously weird. In one of those blinding-light-moments Greg and Kerry stopped chatting long enough to discover that everyone else in the bowling hall appeared to be frozen in time. Which led our two heroes to the unavoidable conclusion that they had been chosen to tell the world all about, well. . . a whole new world!

God, they said, is actually a crazy woman by the name of Eris. Eris, you remember, was the-god-not-invited-to-the-wedding-feast. Turning up anyway she threw in the apple of confusion that started an ungodly spat between Aphrodite, Athena and Hera that gave rise, ultimately, to the first war between men; The Trojan War.

And quite appropriately Erisí Law states that chaos is increased when order is imposed [See The Law of Eristic Escalation above] and Chaos, says the Discordians in the Great Scheme Of Things, is every bit as important as Order.

For Discordians the world around them is governed by chance, opportunity, and indiscriminate accidents, in short, chaos and any eorderí imposed is merely an exercise in containment and in all likelihood, doomed to failure.

The Principia Discordia is the Bible of Discordianism and having got into the twenty first century and evolved through five editions there is no indication of its early demise.

Five is a good number for the Discordians and the Pentabarf gives five laws for all good Discordians to follow or ignore as they see fit. These cover the good news that Hot Dogs Are Good On Fridays and that all good Discordians are Actually Prohibited From Believing Anything They Read.

The symbol adopted by the Discordians is based on the older Yin-Yang shapes-within-a-circle but instead of the teardrop and eye shape they have a pentagram (that five sided figure again) and Erisís famous apple representing the continuing relationship between chaos and order.

The non-Discordians who still insist on poking fun at the Discordian cause (and that is just about everybody) put forward the argument that e realityí is, well, real and to say that there are different kinds of reality is simply crazy.

But as just about everyone had different ideas of e realityí the boys needed no more proof. It was all the other people who were crazy.

The word and concept of e realityí was (and still is) the main talking point of Discordian philosophy. If reality comes from the culture that surrounds us then it follows that given any particular subject, different cultures would have a totally different view of it.

Which is a fact so obvious that it seems to have escaped the attention of even the brightest and best of the controllers and policy makers whose job it is to contain all that chaos.

But it hasn't escaped the Discordians. Real reality, say the Discordians, goes deeper than a subjective view of the world through a one small window of perception.

Each view from that narrow and somewhat opaque window shows more the reflection of the viewer than the view. No one view is more real than another and the greatest problems occur when one view is forcefully imposed upon another.

Another blindingly obvious observation that, again, appears to have escaped the politicians and lawmakers.

The fact is that the real view from the big clear window shows both natural order and natural chaos exists whether anyone likes it or not.

These natural events can be seen in everything from biological growth to geological evolution and while viruses and volcanoes can bring both chaos and order, it is merely our perception of the results that makes the difference between stability and confusion.

Understanding does not necessarily bring control. Understanding just brings, well, understanding.

And now every time a Discordian joke is told there should be a slight shiver of agreement.

Kerry Wendell Thornley died in November 1998 but [as far as we know] Mal-2 is holding firm to the Discordian principles.



## The HODGE AND THE PODGE

The Taoists have their Yin and their Yang. The Christians have their Good and their Evil. The Libertarians have their Rich and their Poor. And the Discordians have their Hodge and their Podge.

The Hodge and Podge are the two sides of the Universe: the Hodge being chaotic and Eristic, and the Podge being orderly and Aneristic. They are represented in the Sacred Chao, in which a pentagon signifies the Podge and a Golden Apple the Hodge, and are in constant turmoil; although one side can occasionally gain a temporary victory, neither will ever defeat the other. Thus in history, the Hodge constantly overpowers the Podge, and the Podge then responds and overpowers the Hodge in its turn. According to the Honest Book of Truth, this is the Eristic Pattern, which "will repeat itself Five Times over Seventy Three Times, after which nothing will happen. "

As of the present, the Podge is highly ascendent, and just about everyone, from politicians to cardinals to televangelists to various other crazies thinks that the way to solve the world's problems is to introduce even MORE order. Most of the so-called counterestablishment and even most of the people who are going on and on about freedom believe this in a slightly different sense. From the Podge grows bureaucracy, rather pointless laws, the ascendancy of organized religion, the Objectivist Movement, and most branches of calculus. The all-time (literally) champions of the Podge are the Bavarian Illuminati.

On the other hand, there are those who realize that the situation must be brought back into balance by introducing some good, old-fashioned chaos, which will lead to freer thinking, less orthodoxy and dogmatism, more expanded minds, and and a less hilariously inefficient society. Though our methods are many, they mainly consist of doing very weird things to break through the crust that has formed over peoples' mindsets and allow them (or force them) to reevaluate their worldview. These people are Discordians.

Because of the inherent balance in the Sacred Chao, there is a sort of built-in defense mechanism - The Law of Eristic Escalation. The law of Eristic Escalation is:

### **IMPOSITION OF ORDER=ESCALATION OF CHAOS**

For example, if the government were to ban all opinions other than officially sanctioned ones, an obvious attempt to impose order, the result would be massive riots (chaos). Most people, blissfully unaware of this law, attempt to impose order anyway, with comical results. The most dedicated, such as Confucius, are considered Eristic Avatars for their trouble. Unfortunately, the Law does not work for anyone who is aware of it.

The cyclic reversion of the Hodge and Podge caused by the Law of Eristic Escalation takes a distinct form, which can be divided into five seasons: Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and Aftermath.

Finally, the Law of Negative Reversal states that if something does not happen then the exact opposite will happen, only in exactly the opposite manner from that in which it did not happen.

**Jesus may save, but only Eris gives you a 23 percent return on your investment**

### **IMPORTANT TIP:**

For best reception, make sure you clean out your pineal gland at least once a month.

## **DISCORDIA THE BEAUTIFUL**

Oh beautiful, on starlit skies  
As frogs begin to rain!  
For purple dinosaurs, Barney  
With Chaos on the brain!

DISCORDIA!DISCORDIA!!,  
Eris shine thy grace on me!!!

And crown my wood,  
with Robin Hood  
From Earl Grey to Chamomile Tea!!!

***St. Rufus the Uncouth asks: "If this is tourist season, how come we're not allowed to shoot them?"***

**It wasn't me. I wasn't there. No one saw me do it, and besides, the D. N. A. evidence was inconclusive.**

# THE 5 STEPS TO DIVINITY

1:**REALIZATION**-Before one can truly be divine one must REALIZE that YOU are, and that WE are all divine.

2:**UNDERSTANDING**-Once REALIZATION has taken place, one must UNDERSTAND what it means to be DIVINE. To answer that one must look long and hard within.

3:**WILLPOWER**-After UNDERSTANDING one must have the WILLPOWER to do what is necessary to achieve ones DIVINITY.

4:**IMAGINATION**-Maybe more important than WILLPOWER. IMAGINATION is what gives us that spark of DIVINITY in the first place.

5:**WISDOM**-The most important aspect of them all. WISDOM is what guides us in using our DIVINITY properly. It also dictates when to use it. With WISDOM there is LOVE, and that is what truly makes us DIVINE.

## In the Cards

Yahweh peered at Eris over His cards.

"Why do You suppose, " He asked meaningfully, that I always seem to attract so many ladies? See and raise five. "

"The same reason so many men are drawn to Me, " She replied absently. "No one wants to think that their sex is responsible for reality. See Your five and call. "

"It has been said that there are many rooms in My mansion, " Yahweh boomed confidently, "But Lo! My house is full. Queens over Jacks, m'Dear. "

"Four fives. . . " Eris began, then paused. "Oh, no, " She corrected Herself. "Oh, that's much better. " Eris hurriedly switched Her cards around, a smile spreading across Her face. "What is the difference, " She asked excitedly, "between two Fools and a King?"

"Er, " Yahweh responded, a bit flustered, "A crown?"

"Not quite, but that's the guess I would expect from You, " Eris replied, laying down Her hand, "As you can see, there is no difference. Kings over fives, by the way. A winning hand and a new twist on an old puzzle. Oh, I am hot tonight. You've gotten around to the whole night/day thing, right? Oh, You must have or You wouldn't be resting, I suppose. "

Yahweh looked down at Her hand, astonished and even more confused. "But there weren't any Jokers in the deck!" He managed.

"Oh, Hon, " Eris said, smiling a bit sadly as She gathered Her winnings from the center of the table, "There are always Jokers in the deck. "



THERE IS NO GOVERNOR ANYWHERE! WE ARE ALL FREE!!!!



**All things spring forth from Chaos, all things are shaped by Chaos, all things shall return to Chaos, all things spring forth from Chaos, all things are shaped by Chaos, all things shall return to Chaos. . . . .**

## **THE EVOLUTION OF THE FIVE SPIRITUAL AGES OF MAN**

**ANIMISM.** . . The very earliest human belief system. All things are inhabited by spirits. The Shaman is the conduit to the realm of Spirituality. The belief system of early hunter-gatherer societies. Still shown by certain aboriginal tribes

**POLYTHEISM.** . . Adopted by early agricultural societies. Many gods and goddess rule different aspects of reality. Beginning of Paganism. Had it's nadir in Greco-Roman times

**MONOTHEISM.** . . Began with the ancient Jews, continued with the Christian and Moslems, came into power with the fall of Rome. Belief in ONE GOD who is separate from reality but sits in judgement of all Rule by powerful priests and feudal kings.

**ATHEISM.** . . Beginning in the Age of Reason(1500-1959). There is no God, and the universe is deterministic and mechanical. Belief in Science and Technology. The rise and fall of communism and Fascism. The rise of the Industrial Revolution.

**PANTHEISM.** . . Began in the Information Age(1900-?)The Belief that "God(dess) is "all things. The Rise of computers, the Internet, chaos theory, quantum physics, space travel, Discordianism. Each progression is hindered by rigid belief in the superiority of the step that you happen to be in at the time. Only when we realize that each step is as important as the last, then we will reach true spiritual evolution, and be one with ERIS

### **CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSE**

#### **Article 1**

No person, group of persons or government may initiate force, threat of force, or fraud against any individual's self or property.

#### **Article 2**

Force may be morally and legally used only in self-defense against those who violate Article 1.

#### **Article 3**

No exceptions shall exist for Articles 1 and 2.

—  
OFFICIAL  
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY  
HAIL ERIS

## OMAR KHAYYAM RAVENHURST ON: The Birth Of the Erisian Movement

Young Omar became involved with the vagaries and intricacies of the Lady Eris, but he was perhaps the first person, at least in the United States, to use the word Pagan to describe past and present nature religions. Some have actually alleged that entire Neo-Pagan movement is an Erisian Plot (see Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea's ILLUMINATUS) . . . ." (pp. 276-77)

"In a way, it's ridiculous to even talk seriously about the Erisians, a group, or collection of groups, that has called itself a 'Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization' that is 'dedicated to an advanced understanding of the para-physical manifestation of Everyday Chaos,' and at other times has stated, 'The Erisian revelation is not a complicated put-on disguised as a new religion, but a new religion disguised as a complicated put-on.' "The Discordian Society was founded (if one can call it that) in 1957 (or 1958 -- even this primary confusion has never been cleared up) by Greg Hill (Malaclypse the Younger) and Kerry Thornley (Omar Ravenhurst) . . . . Omar Ravenhurst went on to form his own Erisian organization, the Erisian Liberation Front (ELF) . . . ." (pp. 304-5)

Other Erisian cabals formed. At one point there were rumored to be more than twenty, although some may have had a membership of only one. Since radical decentralization is a Discordian principle, it is impossible to know how many Discordians there were and are, or what they are doing. Most of these cabals engaged in various nonviolent, absurdist, revolutionary, magical and surrealist endeavors. A number of these 'actions' were done under the name of the supposed 'Bavarian Illuminati,' a rather mysterious organization founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776. The Erisian 'Illuminati' have mostly been the inspirations of someone known as Thomas the Gnostic. Similar actions were initiated by ELF. Omar Ravenhurst, for example, invented a Do-It-Yourself Conspiracy Kit, complete with assortments of stationery bearing dubious letterheads. . . .

"Eris is an authentic goddess. Furthermore, she is an old one. In the beginning I was myself as Malaclypse the Younger. But if you do this type of thing well enough, it starts to work'. . . I asked Malaclypse, 'What's Omar Ravenhurst doing these days?' He said, 'Ravenhurst has recently been in a state of extreme discord. We were talking about Eris and confusion and he said, "You know, if I had realized that all of this was going to come TRUE, I would have chosen Venus.!"' -- Margot Adler, DRAWING DOWN THE MOON (pp. 308-312)

c 1986 Kerry W. Thornley (a. k. a. Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, co-rediscovers of Discordianism)  
from: **KULTCHA magazine, issue #20**

# ***NON SERVIAM***

## **Describing Discordianism**

*Many attempts have been made to describe Discordianism. Many attempts have failed.*

*Discordianism is a philosophy. Some have described it as "like Taoism, but funnier." Some people think that Discordians take serious things humorously. That is not quite true; rather, we take humorous things seriously.*

*Discordianism has a lot to do with Order and Disorder(which is what Chaos uses to manifest itself onto the material plane. The two are considered equals, more or less. Discordianism isn't about anarchy, the downfall of government, and breaking stuff, per se. It's about creativity, and that takes both Order and Disorder. To quote the Principia Discordia (most wholly holy of texts; the Better Book), "To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder." One camp of Discordians believes there is enough order in the world as it is, and so dedicate themselves to being founts of chaos, thus evening up the overall balance. Another camp takes things more personally, and so looks to strike a balance between order and disorder within the individual. They're both right.*

## **ERIS**

"Seek me not without. Seek me not within. "

-Eris

*"People are afraid to forget their minds, fearing to fall through the emptiness with nothing to hold them. They do not know that emptiness is not really emptiness, but the realm of real dharma. "*

-Huang Po

Your feelings of emptiness will stop overtaking you once you learn to stop taking them so personally. Why do we often ruin that which we most need? Because our fears about our emptiness cause us to cling tightly to the things and people we feel will stave off the emptiness. Trying to stop the inherent chaos of life is like trying to stop your blood from flowing. You call upon Eris, yet you maintain the right to have some sense of order and stability in your life? Ha! Just you wait. She'll take your latent feelings of emptiness and blast your mind open with them. And as you cower and shake with fear after crossing that abyss (and let's face it kiddies, the abyss will, as any experienced occultist will tell you, scare the living crap out of you and anyone who says otherwise is either lying or New Aged), you will hear Eris laughing as the bubbles of all your pretensions are popped. Not because She is a bitch, though there is that, but because She handed you freedom on a silver platter, and you didn't see it. So now you get to achieve it the hard way. But, if it makes you feel any better, in time this will all seem funny to you. It could be worse, Eris could have you join the Discordian Society or something.

Eris? Real or unreal, whether you believe in Her or not. She doesn't care. If She wants you, then you are Discordian toast with hodge-podge jam and a side of chaotic bacon. And maybe, just maybe, she'll let you start

your own little magical cabal, maybe, or maybe you'll simply go insane, convinced that the Lovecraftian Elder Gods are tormenting you in your dreams (trust me, there are people who believe it), or maybe She'll let you off the hook and back into your boring 9-5 lifestyle with career choices, car payments, mortgages, credit cards, dating services or marriage with kids, televisions, investments, prospects, weekend trips to cabins, and holiday dining with distant relatives you hate, and all the other muck of the yawning dominant govermediated society, but why? Why in Tartarus would you ever want to go back to doing that willingly, unless it is some kind of deep-cover operation for spreading the chaost conspiracy. Face it folks. It is a conspiracy and there is nothing wrong with doing so. But anyway, Eris will not let you off the hook after She has so softly kissed you on the cheek and blew all the order out of your mind, all the while convincing you that you blew your own mind and that there was no difference in whether you thought you or She did it.

And there is this. If all else fails, Eris has Her Bitchslap. (Refer to previous sermon/rant doc. #23-17235;liah sire skiddoo. If you can't find it then you may consider the possibility that your only reason for being alive is to serve as a warning for others. ) You can call upon Eris and believe what you wish about gods or goddesses (no offense to those deities who disagree with this, of course). Eris may respond. She may not. You may find yourself doing all sorts of silly little things to be able to see Eris, but chances are you already have by that point. And for that you are lucky. Eris doesn't exactly go around choosing everyone. She picks Her special crazies and lets the others be as they wish. So stop your whining about how hard it is being Discordian or being touched by Eris.

*"In a world of caterpillars, the butterfly is a dangerous enemy of the way things are. "*  
-Phil Hine

And there is the little fact of Eris existing whether you want Her to or not, regardless of what you may believe. Thus the Discordian Society, the ultimate religious body of dismembered parts running around causing society to drift towards something or other. Some religions have deities that promise "satisfaction guaranteed". Buddhism will tell you that you are on your own, to suck it up and get over yourself. Eris won't guarantee a thing, and yet you will strangely find yourself more satisfied and laugh-happy than most other people. If a religion is not a joke then it is a sham. And if you don't want to joke around then what does that make you? Go watch a video or something.

Eris, as I have said many times in the past, will slap the crap out of you. But it is your fault for carrying all that crap inside anyway. If you want to complain about it, too bad. She's not listening to your babble. Go start a cause or something. And if you should happen to believe that you know what Discordianism is, then the joke is on you, silly dupes. It's not about freedom. It's not about slavery. It's not about being cool, chic, avant garde, or better than the so-called political people. It's not about this. It's not about that. It starts with Eris. All the rest is in your head. You are confused because you think. Good. Keep getting confused. Keep doubting. Keep questioning. And remember, Eris may not want you after all.



## THE ILLUMINATI

The history of the world is the history of competing forces, or so dialectical materialism assures us - and who are we to argue with such a neat sounding philosophy? Discordians recognize these two forces as the Eristic, those who accept chaos and absurdity, and the Aneristic, those who try to impose order and seriousness on the world. The greatest proponents of the Aneristic theory have been the Illuminati, who have existed for all time, and were also formed in 1776 as the Bavarian Illuminated Adepts. They're behind all of the major conspiracies in history. The Kennedy Assassination, Area 51, the Hashishim, the Spanish Inquisition, the Destruction of Atlantis, Communism, Capitalism, and the recent rash of Boy Bands that have glutted the pop market. Ever noticed the All-Seeing Eye on our currency? That's Illuminati! And the bar-code on your copy of Big Jugs Monthly? Yup, them too. And when your sock disappears in the dryer? Actually, that's a fnord, but the Illuminati made the dryer - so there! See, they're trying to enforce their twisted notion of law and order and normalcy on the world. Why? I'm not sure, actually. But I know that it's really complicated, probably has to do with business suits, anal probes, and Starbucks coffee, and that we really, really, really don't want them to win - so it's everyone's duty to try and stop them, to turn the tide and unleash small pockets of chaos wherever you can. Laugh. Do the unexpected. Be silly. This really pisses the Greyfaces off.

### *Ewige blumenkraft und ewige schlangekraft!!*

Ever wondered why there are five sides on the Great Pyramid (counting the bottom)? Or exactly who killed Presidents Lincoln and Kennedy? How about why the Supreme Court made Bush President when he pretty obviously wasn't? Or why all research into the speech of dolphins has been silently squashed? Or maybe why the same symbol of the dollar bill is the stylized logo of America Online? Or maybe you're wondering who always takes all the good parking spaces. If you've ever wondered any of these, or virtually anything else, the answer is the same: the sinister influence of the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria, more commonly called the Bavarian Illuminati.

The Illuminati are, as their own flyers proclaim, "the world's oldest and most successful conspiracy". They control the Catholic Church, the Federal Reserve, the Russian Mafia, the Libertarian Party of America, Communist Cuba, Amnesty International, and the John Birch Society, among others. Anyone you don't like is probably a high-ranking Illuminatus, and any totally inexplicable disaster or act of stupidity is likely their fault. Although their purpose is rather secret, it is assumed that they want Order: they are the champions of

bureaucracy, strait-jacket philosophy, and anerism everywhere. Which explains why things are so messed up. Honestly, if you've been reading the news, can you honestly believe that there's no secret evil conspiracy out to cause things to go wrong?

Although the history of the Illuminati is rather sketchy, certain details are agreed upon by all. They may or may not have been founded in ancient Atlantis, and are as likely as not to have supervised the construction of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Hassan i-Sabbah of the Assassins likely had a high-rank in their organization. The most important Illuminatus of modern times was Adam Weishaupt, a Primus Illuminatus who rebuilt the Order from the ground up and officially rededicated it in 1776. After running into a few technical difficulties in Bavaria, he moved to America, where he masqueraded as George Washington with astounding success, even managing to be made the first President. Ever since his death, the United States has been a center for Illuminati operations, particularly small towns in Texas (not that we're implying anything!)

The Illuminati are actually rather easy to find, once you know what to look for. Their most obvious symbol is the Pyramid of the Eye (pictured above), which can be seen in a certain very prominent place. The ourobourous (a snake eating its tail) is associated with them as well. Other good signs of Illuminatus activity are the numbers 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, and 23 (especially 23), the letter "W", or the phrase "Property of the Bavarian Illuminati! Ewiges Blumenkraft!" This last phrase is their official slogan, and should be avoided whenever seen. For more information, check out our Special Offers section, where we have an Illuminati Spotting Guide.

**Chaos is the sum of all order**

## Seeing Eris

How can the divine Eris be seen? In beautiful forms, breathtaking wonders, awe-inspiring miracles? Eris is not obliged to present itself this way. She is always present and always available. When speech is exhausted and mind dissolved, She presents herself. When clarity and purity are cultivated, it reveals herself. When sincerity is unconditional, it unveils herself. If you are willing to be lived by her, you will see her everywhere, even in the most ordinary things.

# Half Empty or Half Full?

The study of Chaos often leads to what we call *eureka moments*. "Eureka" is an expression of triumph upon discovering a startling truth. Archimedes, one of the greatest intellects of antiquity, used this expression (literally "I have found it!") when he figured out how to determine the purity of gold objects.

We get closer to this eureka moment when the study of Chaos changes us and gives us a new way to examine the world. This transformed perspective lets us take something ordinary and familiar, and suddenly see in it all sorts of interesting new insights.

For example, let's take a glass and fill it with water to the halfway point. We then ask the customary, time-honored question, "Is the glass half empty or half full?"

Haven't we all seen this a zillion times? What new insights can we possibly squeeze out of this tired old platitude?

As we all know, the glass serves as a metaphor for life, and water represents the good things in it. So, seeing the glass as half empty means you're a pessimist, because you dwell on the *lack* in your life. Seeing it as half full means you're optimistic, because you focus on the good things in life. Most people choose the latter and describe themselves as optimists. In all likelihood, this means you, too.

Notice an interesting social phenomenon here. Most people *want* to be seen as optimists, even those who are usually morose and glum. Aren't we just a planet full of upbeat, sunny cheerleaders? How interesting! Why do we have such a social pressure to be relentlessly optimistic?

Let's look at it from a completely different angle and turn this paradigm upside down. Is it always a negative thing to see the glass as half empty? Suppose such a perception motivates you to fill the glass - so to speak - whereas seeing it as half full leads to complacency. Focusing on the lack in one's life can then be a driving force for success. Not so negative now, is it?

Look at the overachievers who accomplish great things in any field. They probably started out life with the idea that there wasn't enough water in their glass to suit them, so they worked to fill it up. On the other hand, at the opposite end of the spectrum, we have the underachievers who dawdle away their lives in torpid passivity. Perhaps they do so because their focus is on what they already possess, rather than the areas of life that can use some improvement.

Another similar idea is to recognize the inherent usefulness of emptiness. In chapter 11 of Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu makes the point that the emptiness of a cup gives it utility and function. The lower part of the glass that is already filled with water cannot accept another drop, and if we remind ourselves that this represents life, we quickly see that the empty portion is where all the action can take place.

The Taoist/Chaoist concept of emptiness is not a vacuous state of nothingness; rather, it is a pregnant void bursting with potentialities. Now we can see how this makes perfect sense. The blank pages in the book of your life are where the continuing tale of your adventures will be written. These empty pages are the place where unlimited possibilities exist. It's where the *excitement* and the *joie de vivre* reside.

The emptiness is the part that can hold more water (good things). It is what makes the glass (life) useful and functional. So why wouldn't we want to focus on it? When you think of it this way, doesn't it seem a little odd that most people choose to see the glass as half full instead of half empty?

See what's going on here? Even though most of us have heard about the glass half filled with water many, many times, in all likelihood it has never occurred to us that we can switch the positive and negative perceptions around so easily. Evidently there's more to the glass than meets the eyes.

We also need to examine the unspoken assumptions and see how valid they really are. For instance, we start out with the unwritten, assumed rule that we have two choices, half full or half empty, and we must choose one of them. But must we really? Does it really have to be one or the other? Why can it not be both, or neither?

Indeed, a glass with water at the halfway point can be seen as *both* half empty *and* half full. Sometimes it is useful to think of it one way; other times it's better to see it the other way. This is a completely accurate description of reality, and probably a much better way to conceptualize it than to arbitrarily force it into one category or another. By recognizing that the glass can embody both descriptions simultaneously, we begin to deal with it from a holistic mindset, taking into account every aspect of the object.

In this mindset, we can see that asking about the glass being half full or half empty is just like asking about the nature of light. Is light composed of particles or waves? Well, the true answer is that light embodies properties of *both* particles *and* waves. Sometimes it is useful to think of it one way; other times it's better to see it the other way. This is a completely accurate description of reality, and probably a much better way to conceptualize it than to arbitrarily force it into one category or another.

Now let's look at the flip side. How can we say that the glass is neither half full nor half empty? First, we note that both descriptions can only be perfectly accurate in theory, and never in reality. When you pour water into the glass, no matter how careful you are and what precision tools you use, you will never hit the exact halfway mark. If you are very lucky, you can get to the point where you're only a few molecules off, over or under. Thus, the glass is never truly half full *or* half empty. Its state can only be described approximately.

The second factor is the Chaostic concept of constant change. Nothing remains static. Nothing. As soon as any water gets into the glass, evaporation begins. At any given moment, the glass is releasing water molecules into the air. In fact, if we wait long enough, the glass won't just be half empty - it will be empty, period!

For some of us, the water goes away even more quickly, because we have imperfect glasses with hairline fractures, where water seeps out at an alarming rate. This means the good things in our lives never seem to last. You manage to get a great job, only to be downsized; you buy a new car, only to discover it's a lemon; and so on.

In the face of this dynamism, where the only question is how quickly water goes away, we need to take action. If we remain inactive, then it's a certainty that the good things in life will soon disappear, never to return. What we want is a constant stream of incoming water to replenish the water lost to evaporation and possible leakage.

Let's explore a little further. What does the glass look like from a Zenachist perspective? Zen Discordianism recognizes the illusory nature of reality and the ultimate emptiness of the material world. Thus, when confronted with the choice of half empty or half full, the Zen Discordianism may answer "neither," because the water doesn't really exist, nor does the glass.

This may seem far out, but in at least two respects the Zenachist practitioner is right. First, both the glass and water are transient. We have already noted that the water will eventually be gone, either when the glass breaks (the end of your life) or before. The glass may last somewhat longer than the water, but we know it will eventually be shattered into pieces and no longer exist as a container. Like the ephemeral flame of a candle, life flickers into existence for a while, and then gets snuffed out without much fanfare. In truth, it can claim no more permanent reality than the candle flame.



The second factor affirming the Zenarchist perspective is our understanding of the most fundamental level of reality, as revealed through quantum physics. At the sub-atomic level, we see that what we think of as solid matter is mostly empty space. The solidity of matter that we perceive is merely the macroscopic manifestation of energy and information patterns. In this perspective, the water is indeed illusory, and so is the glass.

Now that we have sampled the Zenarchist perspective, we will naturally want to explore the Chaoist perspective as well. This is an interesting challenge in view of everything we have talked about so far. We seem to have left no stone unturned in discussing all the different ways we can approach the glass. What other insight can the Sacred Chaos provide us that hasn't already been said? How can a true Discordian sage answer the question in a way that transcends all other answers on the subject?

The sage does not answer. Instead, he takes the glass, drinks from it, and relishes the thirst-quenching and refreshing water. He puts the glass back down and remains quiet, perhaps with a smile on his face, as others scramble to revise their estimation from half full to quarter full, or half empty to three-quarters empty.

The sage knows that the essence of life is to be lived, not debated. The glass and water serve one purpose admirably well, and that is to slake thirst. Trying to decide if it is half full or half empty does absolutely nothing to further that purpose. If anything, it gets in the way and delays the ultimate objective of drinking fully and deeply.

Eris is beyond mere words. Discussing the glass can never replace the experience of drinking from it; describing the various perspectives will never get you closer to the actual act of savoring the water. Thus, the sage wastes no effort on intellectualization; he cuts to the chase.

Eureka!



## ERIS SETS US FREE

"I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left man, that he might develop himself. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding.

*You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun.*

*I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free. "*

Those words above, spoken to Malcalypse the Younger and Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, by the Goddess of Chaos and All Other Things, ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA, are just as true in the 21st Century as it was true throughout mankind's history. The greatest gift that ERIS gave mankind was our freedom. It is the will Goddess that we live our lives the way we want to. With no promise of eternal salvation , and no threat of eternal damnation.

We, The Children Of Eris, are the True Chosen People, for we have freedom to choose how we live our lives.

We are free to worship Eris (or not).

We are free to call Eris by any name we choose(or not).

We are free to see Eris anyway we choose(or not).

We are no longer bound by the laws of any religion

We are no longer bound by the laws of Reality

There are no laws

Hail Eris

## If you really want to make Eris laugh, make plans

Fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord,  
fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord,  
fnord, fnord, snarf, fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord,  
fnord, fnord, fnord, fnord

*... And the Discordian Society's Life-time Achievement Award goes to. . . . The Bavarian Illuminati, for giving all us Erisians something to bitch about for all these years.*

## 1999 Discordian Awards



The problem with some Wiccans is that they prefer to dance naked around a tree as the forest burns around them.



CERTIFICATION of



# *ENLIGHTENMENT*

The Bearer is in an accredited state of GRACE and has the favor of any deity, demiurge, higher being, or other manifestation. Fully licensed for inner serenity and wisdom; may supply rays of Hope in troubled times. Like now. Esoteric platitudes available in moderation. Do not use while under the influence of dogma.

Authorized by CMU Discordian Society and the Order of Rosispiscans.

# A TESTIMONIAL

"You know, I used to be a total loser. I couldn't keep a job. Girls wouldn't date me. Small children and animals would run away from me. I just couldn't do anything right. But then I let ERIS into my life, and now my whole world has changed. I'm a lot more confident and zit-free. I am now the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. I'm also dating a number of beautiful horny porn stars. My whites come out whiter, and my teeth are brighter. And so far I've swam the English Channel, won the Boston Marathon, piloted the Space Shuttle, and found a cure for cancer. Thank you ERIS, y our the shit!"

Reverend Throbbin Lovegod (formerly Melvin Glunch)

## Because

- the media ignore us and the state harasses us
- because if we talk about our beliefs we're dreamers but if we act them out we're criminals
  - because the right calls us communists and the left calls us bourgeois
  - because we will not be seduced by creed or ideology
- because we reject the glitzy amorality of consumerism and the gray conformity of statism
  - because liberal democracy is the tyranny of the majority and the dictatorship of the proletariat is still dictatorship
- because the capitalist countries are mired in greed and the socialist countries are stranded in the past and the poor countries are convulsed with famine and war
  - because all countries are obsessed with the state
  - because soon only the rich will be able to live in the cities
- because men oppress women and the rich oppress the poor and the whites oppress the blacks and the strong oppress the weak and we all oppress the earth
  - because living creatures are born free and are everywhere in chains
  - for these and many other reasons we are. . .



narchists

it's far to late for anything but *magick* as the future is clearly up for grabs

**IF GUNS ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS  
IF NUKES ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE NUKES  
IF LAWS ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE LAWS  
IF MARRIAGE IS OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE INLAWS**

# Discordian Eristocracy

What would a major world religion be without a ponderous hierarchy of pretentious titles to confuse, awe and madden the people with? Reasonable, that's what. And we won't stand for that kind of non-nonsense around here. Therefore, The Church of Pentaversal Discord (a phrase just coined, but applied retroactively so that it predates time) has put together a suitably ridiculous Chutes and Ladders-type hierarchy of Who May Do What to Whom. (There are those who would suggest that this has already been done adequately in the POEE Disorganizational Matrix, but as a member of a progressive belaboring union, I am unlawfully bound to suggest that such people get outta my face before I call for a walk-all-over and a picketing [which, in this context, very much resembles a staking {vampire-style}. ])

At the bottom in this house of cards are, of course, the popes. It should be noted that every man, woman, child and platypus, living, dead or otherwise, is an honest-to-Goddess pope of Discordia, and thus infallible (you should go get your Pope Card). You may think that this causes all sorts of trouble when popes disagree (and you'd be right; you're a pope, after all), but you'd be wrong (I'm a pope too, you see). Actually, when popes disagree, it's a Wonderful Thing<sup>oJ</sup> because thereby is the Divine Humour of Eris brought to full fruition. By believing every sort of contradictory thing (individually and as a group), popes make these things True and Manifest (as opposed to True and Unmanifest), and thus bear forth the Great Joke. Consider this quote from the Holy Scripture, the Principia Discordia:

*Malaclypse the Younger: Everything is true.*

*Greater Poop: Even false things?*

*Mal2: Even false things are true.*

*Greater Poop: How can that be?*

*Mal2: I don't know, man, I didn't do it.*

Next up on the totem pole are the POEE (Paratheo-anametamystikhood Of Eris Esoteric [pronounced poee"]) chaplains, who have been ordained by reading Sacred Text (like this, for instance. Congratulations). Still higher than them are the POEE priests, ordained by Mal2 himself. The pinnacles (for pointy like unto a picket fence is the structure of the Church of Pentaversal Discord") of Discordianism are the Episkopossum (whose titles are, after all, capitalized). They are the ones whose visions of Eris transcend what Is, forcing them to create something which Is Not but Will Be If You Just Relax and Wait for a Second (jeez, you're pushy). They create their own Cabals (from the Hebrew Kaballah, " or collection of absurdities for the unenlightened to take seriously"), often with nifty names.

Of course, since you're a pope, you can decide that you, personally, are at the head of the Pentaversal Church and that chaplains are much more enlightened than priests (since they've gone to all the trouble of reading Sacred Text and ordaining themselves, while priests were ordained by someone else), and therefore all of this is a steaming heap of dung (even though it's True), and you'd be right (but mistaken).

Hail Eris.

## Divine Chaos is Everywhere

The Divine Chaos doesn't come and go. It is always present everywhere, just like the sky. If your mind is clouded, you won't see it, but that doesn't mean it isn't there. All misery is created by the activity of the mind. Can you let go of words and ideas, attitudes and expectations? If so, then the Tao will loom into view. Can you be still and look inside? If so, then you will see that the truth is always available, always responsive.

# The Book of Secrets

by Prostheticus

Let me open by saying that this section is my own personal Discordian Revelations, as shown to me by the Goddess Eris and her minion onions over the past few years or so. The opinions expressed on this page are not those held by you, your friends or relatives, but they might be close.

Erisian secrets are luckily not secrets at all. We don't have handshakes or signals we don't tell anyone. We don't ask anyone to accept anyone as their savior, and we don't ask anyone to give up anything except, perhaps, the Curse of Greyface.

I have seen so many people on this planet blatantly disregard their right to be thinking, feeling machines that it would make a rabbit scream. I have seen so many carbon units believe that the world is full of constraints, and follow these invisible, intangible constraints. There are no laws anywhere! The Goddess prevails!

Discordianism isn't about being so weird that no one can stand to be around you. It's not about being destructive and "chaotic." It is simply about being human and observing the right to be free. If free will takes you through the standards set by the people who think they can set standards, then so be it.

The idea that wrecking things is free will is perhaps the most unfathomable idea. Order and Disorder are both imaginary descriptions set upon that which is chaos. Chaos is the blenderbus of reality. It is made of cows, bricks and vacuum cleaners. One person's order is another's disorder. In truth, they are both illusions. "Reality is the original Rorschach," a blob of things which each person interprets for his, her or it self. While it is a simple thing to determine our choices, it is both difficult and wrong to force another into a certain choice, unless that person asks to be forced into a different choice, which is another case entirely.

The man that realizes he spouts nothing but bullshit is the wise man. Bullshit makes the flowers grow, and that's beautiful. The world wouldn't be much of anything if we kept everything to ourself, so express yourself. Some people might even like that.

Eris doesn't want your soul. She only wants to talk to you. And the only way you can do that is to open your pineal gland to her. So, right now, grasp the back of your skull, close your eyes and say, loudly, "Eris, I want you to talk to me too. I'll listen, even if I don't take every single suggestion. I want to be a Discordian. I want my right to free will back. I know that I can give that right to myself, and that no one else can grant it, and no one can take it away. So there. Fuck the bozos."

**by Charles F. Werner, aka Prostheticus**

## TEMPLE PROCEDURES: RITUAL CLEANSING OF WORSHIP AREA

What follows is an emergency procedure for the cleansing of any area of worship, for use when the Lysol has run out and the primal chaos isn't providing loose change. It may be performed by any two Popes and a Dupe. The Dupe should be given a silly hat, but shouldn't be allowed to keep it afterward.

The First Pope (Addressing the Dupe): Know ye now that you are standing on holy ground, a center of Discord and a warm home for Chaos?

The Dupe: (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The First Pope (Indicating the Unclean Nature of the Place) Know ye now that this place is not clean, and the Goddess is not properly honored?

The Dupe: (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The First Pope (Smiling Broadly): Are you offended by this mess?

The Second Pope (Interrupting): I'm not! It's good enough for a Pope, and if the Goddess doesn't like it, she can sleep on the couch!

The Second Pope then looks to the Dupe for a response.

The Dupe: (Responds as he pleases)

The First Pope: The Wicked Queen, when jealous of Snow White, also sent an apple.

The First Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The Hat is then removed from the Dupe, who is thanked for his assistance

*The entire proceedings demonstrate the Illusion of Organized Free Will; the Dupe is always free" to respond as he pleases, but his response has no effect on the outcome, and always brings punishment. If the Dupe elects NOT to respond, you've found a new inductee. If the Dupe is of your preferred sex for mating with, ask the Dupe for a date.*

Lysol, on the whole, works better. But even Lysol needs a day off.

# THE PLAYGROUND

*A Parable About Life and Death*

. . . I awoke to find myself walking hand-in-hand with the Mother-of-Us-All toward a beautiful Playground, a playground that seemed to stretch to infinity. She brought me to the gate, gave me a big hug and a kiss, and said unto me, "This is your playground, do as thou wilt, and have a good time." I nervously walked through the gates, and was amazed at all the sights and sounds. There were monkey bars, slides, toys, sprinklers, and all types of fun goodies, as far as the eyes can see. There were also many, many children of all different shapes and sizes playing through out the Playground.

I explored my surroundings for a while, and made a few friends. All around me children were playing and doing many things(as children are want to to). Some children played by themselves, and some played with many kids. Some only had one or two playmates, and some had none. There were even a few who didn't want to play at all, and said that playing was bad. Sometime some of the kids would steal the toys from the other kids, and others would hog all the toys around them. Some even shared their toys with others.

All around me, children were running and jumping, laughing and singing, loving and fighting. Some kids would stay in the playground for a while, and some had to leave as soon as they got there. Sometimes fights would break out amongst the children, often for silly reasons. Some children had too many toys to play with, and some had none. Some of the kids would section off a part of a playground, and wouldn't let any one else play there. Bullies would roam the park picking on the weaker kids. Many games were play in the playground. Some of the games were: cops and robbers, war, hospital, convert the heathens , feed the poor , get a good job, etc.

I noticed a bunch of kids in the middle of a heated discussion, so I decided to see what was going on. I discovered that the children were discussing the nature of the playground. Some children said that this is the only playground there is, while others said there are an infinite amount of playgrounds. Some argued that this section of the playground was the only section to have children playing , and others say that there are many sections with many children in it. Some say that when you leave the playground you never come back, and some say that you come back over and over again. I didn't get involve in that discussion, because I knew better.

In another discussion pool, the kids were talking about the Mother-of-Us-All. Some said she didn't exist, some said she did. A few of the kids believed that there was no Mother-of-Us-All, only the Father existed. Some believed that there were many Mothers and Fathers. And some of us believed that She is All-in-One, and One-in-All. There were kids who said that if you do not play the way they said that Mother/Father wants you to play, you will go to a very, very BAD place when you leave the playground. I found a few who truly loved the Mother, and said to them, "hey guys, lets just play".

Every once in a while Mother would call out the name of a child and tell them it was time to go home. Some children would scream and cry and throw temper tantrums, but to no avail. When Mom said it was time to go, it was time to go. I decided to really enjoy my stay in the playground. I played with many kids, had many adventures, had run-ins with bullies, scraped my knees a few times, and generally had the time of my life. After a while, I grew very tired and sleepy, and I knew it was soon time for Mother to call my name. I put my toys away, and called all my playmates together for one last game of tag. When the game ended, I head Mother call my name. I bid my playmates farewell, and told them not to cry, we will all play together again someday. I ran out off the park and into Mothers waiting arms. I placed my head on her bosom and said. "Thank you Mom, I had a great time in the Playground". She just smiled at me gave me a kiss on the forehead, and I fell asleep in her arms.

I awoke to find myself walking hand-in-hand with the Mother-of-Us-All toward a beautiful Playground, a playground that seemed to stretch to infinity. . . .





**"Above is St. Gulik. Remember, St. Gulik, who is the messenger of ERIS, is not meant to be a decoration for the bottom of your shoe"**

**St. Dontcare**

## **THE PARABLE OF THE DISCORDIAN AND THE SATANIST**

In his younger days as a struggling student at Miskatonic University, the young Reverend Verthaine the Goth had to endure the daily taunts and barbs of his Inter-Dimensional Summonings professor Dr. Hellbreath, an avowed Satanist. Dr. Hellbreath would constantly berate Rev. Verthaine on his love of ERIS. The Professor would constantly tell him that Satan is more powerful than ERIS, and that black magick is far superior to chaos magick. After enduring an entire semester of such abuse, our young Verthaine had decided he had had enough. After a particularly nasty tirade against Discordian magick by Dr. Hellbreath, the young Verthaine stood up, held a golden apple in his hand and said that he could counter any spell the Professor could throw at him. As a hush fell upon the lecture hall, the professor chuckled and produced a worn copy of the accursed NECRONOMICON, and proceeded to draw some archaic symbols on the floor. He spoke words long forgotten, and the air shimmered above the lecture hall. The air began to stink of raw sewage, but still the professor chanted. A rip began to form in the Time-Space Continuum. As the professor was about to speak the final sentences that would release the Lovecraftian horror and seal Verthaine's doom, the good Reverend looked at the apple in his hand, folded up the chair he was sitting on, and tossed it at the professor's head. The professor was just about to say the final words freeing the ancient eldritch horror from the protective sigil he created when the flying chair connected, knocking him out. And after the Inter-dimensional horror (angered that it was prevented from truly entering our realm due to the unconsciousness of the professor) dragged the unfortunate Dr. Hellbreath back into its hellish netherworld, the young Verthaine took a bite out of the golden apple, placed it on the late professor's desk, lit a joint and said: "Spell countered".

## **GREYFACE**

In the year 1166 B. C., a malcontented hunchbrain by the name of Greyface, got it into his head that the universe was as humorless as he, and he began to teach that play was sinful because it contradicted the ways of Serious Order. "Look at all the order around you," he said. And from that, he deluded honest men to believe that reality was a straightjacket affair and not the happy romance as men had known it.

It is not presently understood why men were so gullible at that particular time, for absolutely no one thought to observe all the disorder around them and conclude just the opposite. But anyway, Greyface and his followers

took the game of playing at life more seriously than they took life itself and were known even to destroy other living beings whose ways of life differed from their own.

The unfortunate result of this is that mankind has since been suffering from a psychological and spiritual imbalance. Imbalance causes frustration, and frustration causes fear. And fear makes for a bad trip. Man has been on a bad trip for a long time now.

It is called THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

## The "Real" Story Of Greyface

It was actually the year 11660 B. C. , during the Golden age of Atlantis, that one of the most celebrated scientists, Graud the Greyface (so called because he was born without fur), got it into his head that Order was more preferable to Chaos, and that mankind needed laws. He convinced some of his fellow scientists to create a religion, one that would replace the Goddess(Chaos) worship with the worship of the Sun God( Order). He claimed that Mankind must follow his rules and laws. He created the concepts of "GOOD" and "EVIL". He taught his followers that anything he believed in was "GOOD" (sex for procreating only, obeying authority, etc) and anything else as Evil (enjoying sex, questioning authority, etc. ). Greyface tried to enact legislation making his beliefs the only ones allowed in Atlantis, but was rebuffed by his own lover Lilith Velkor, the daughter of a prominent Elder, who realized that Graud was going insane, and would soon be a threat to every one.

Undaunted, Greyface continued to grow in power, and his former lover Lilith created the Discordian Society to combat Greyface's organization, now named THE ILLUMINATI. They took the Eye in the Pyramid



as their symbol, representing Man's creation of Law and Order in the Universe. In one of the first clashes between Graud's fascist fanatics, and Lilith's freedom-fighters, one of the Council Elders was killed (secretly by Greyface himself). Graud framed Lilith and had her crucified on a upside down Y-beam. The Discordians therefore adopted Lilith's Y-beam as a symbol of peace.



With Lilith's death, the Discordians fought with renewed vigor. Greyface, in his madness, decided to destroy Atlantis, hoping to wipe out the Discordians, and finally take over the world unopposed. After the destruction of Atlantis, Graud and his followers went underground, manipulating religions and governments from the shadows. Little did Greyface realize, that the Discordian Society also survive the destruction of Atlantis, and has been fighting a Shadow War with the Illuminati ever since

# MANTRA

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is Goddess.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is your Goddess.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is real.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is imaginary.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is all the Gods and Goddesses.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is everything.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is nothing.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is Love.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is Chaos.**

**There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is ERIS.**



# Erisianity

## (and Erisianigans)

*"It was rumored that in response to the often quoted statement 'it is an ill wind that blows no minds' the wind blowing at the time shouted 'blow your own damn minds!'"*

-The Path of Chaos: Chapter 1; verse 23

*"What are you thinking?" "Something altogether stupid." "About the state of the world?" "Why would I be thinking about that?" "Isn't that stupid?" "To think about the world, or the state of the world?" "You tell me. "*

*"Nope. You think for yourself." "I asked you a simple question." "And I answered it. Didn't I?"*

-Conversation between myself and the White Mouse

*"Stupidity is the most dangerous Weapon of Mass Destruction there is, and this WMD is found everywhere... not even hidden but blatantly displayed. You don't see other species running around doing the sorts of stupid shit that you humans do. Your species has a lot of fucked up issues... Eh, we mice survived the dinosaurs and I suppose we'll survive you guys."*

--the White Mouse

*"Bureaucracy is simultaneously our revenge against DUMB and one of the highest expressions of DUMB. Thus it could be another chaotic conundrum, but I ain't discussing it any further. You want some bread crumbs, or what?"*

-Tequilarius Malignatus, to the sparrows

Never mind all that crap about stupidity you keep hearing about. You want to know why? I may tell you why... or I may just meander a while on tangential digressions leaving you more confused than ever about exactly what it is I may be saying, in as much as it can be said that I could be saying anything. (No problem there, however, our media does it all the time. At least I'm being up front about it. ) Why never mind about the stupidity? Well, for one thing, if stupidity is the dominant influence and lifestyle of THEM, as opposed to us (who have our own issues), than it is sure as hell easy to confuse THEM into pools of dribbling snot in our great Cabbage Barbecuing Operation Mindfuck. Think about that for a moment. Or don't. See if I care.

In fact the only real issue to contend with as far as stupidity is concerned is the massive military and economic power of DUMB. These days, stupidity can always marshal up more people than we can. So, of course, we're sneaking around the massive behemoth of DUMB as if we were little mice. But we can always pick THEM off in little bits because the behemoth is too large and too blinded by its own stupidity, masquerading as some sort of progressive holier-wealthier-more-successful-than-thou arrogance to notice the types of things we're up to. As least that's what we tell ourselves to keep going... I don't know what the rest of you tell yourselves, but it's probably something similar.

We could be just as stupid as some of THEM but at least we admit it to ourselves, sometimes. And if we didn't, Eris would do something to make damned sure we started to. At least we can laugh at all of our stupidity and even more so at the stupidity of THEM. If all else fails, we can still lay claim to enlightenment or some other such thing to validate what we do, why we do it, and who we do it with/to. We Discordians at least have that much going for us. We can take a joke. Most of THEM can't.

And just what the hell is really going on, as society succumbs ever more speedily to the machinations of DUMB and DOOM, anyway? The answer depends on whether you are asking about what is really™ going on—as represented in the govermedia—or what is really, really going on—as in the shit you can see, touch, feel, etc. By now you have figured out that the two kinds of what-is-really-going-on don't seem to come close to matching.

(Shit! Both versions seem to be about as far from each other as the opinions of a donkey and a dolphin are about the 10th planet of this solar system. And trust me, they argue all the time about it. ) In any event, we are here not concerned with either of those issues as you are probably either doing damned well finding that out on your own (10th planet be damned), or not. Or maybe. Whatever the case may be. No. We are here concerned with the certain doings and possible actions that are taking place in the War On Stupidity and other such Discordian conspiracies.

You thought I was joking when I told you the story about how a certain military warehouse full of ordnance became the center of a colossal mindfuck when, apparently, several crates of ordnance were opened and the contents were discovered to be nothing but fruity and colorful cereal for children? But we are not here even concerned with that, now, are we? We are here not even concerned with the rabid paranoia among the banking and finance industries that the appearance of fnoords written on legal tender is causing. No. That's just one of those little damned things that can not be catalogued, though THEY might try, and thus is not discussed openly. In the best case scenario, as one of my sources on the inside told me, it's just some fad started out as a prank by one or other of those crazy anarcho-hippie-types. No, we are not here concerned with that either. We are not even here concerned with the frightening fact that the fraction of 1/3rd can not be adequately resolved in the decimal arithmetic system we use. Nope. That concerns us not in the least, as scary as that may be.

We are concerned with and intrigued by Eris, but that's a topic for later.

Okay, so maybe I lied. It's a topic for now. We are concerned with Eris, Her doings, and the doings of ourselves, Her Children; all of things collectively known as the Discordian Society, in as much as it can be said to exist in any sort of collective—more like a group of loose nuts who happen to bump into each other and go 'Ouch!' every now and again, if you ask me. But what do I know, or care? I drink tequila for holey communion, for Eris's sake. And why are we concerned, you may ask? You know damned well why... and don't start whining about your cookies being eaten by that rabid pack of neon green squirrels that live under your bed again. You and I both know that those sorts of squirrels do not eat cookies; being humanitarian squirrels after all; and not cookie-tarian or nut-tarian, or vegetarian... Unless cabbages count as a vegetable. (To be fair and politically correct, we cannot insult the vegetables anymore by calling cabbages vegetables. And if you think the vegetables are pissed, wait till you hear from the Pine-Cones for Safer Microwaving. )

(I got a letter from them—not to be confused with THEM—one day and then all sorts of crazy shit happened in my kitchen. Needless to say that when I was finally able to pry the toaster from the faucet, which somehow had gotten stuck into the refrigerator door, I was happy to discover some pie left in the fridge and forgot the whole matter until now.) As I was saying before I got distracted by pie, we are here concerned with the doings of Eris.

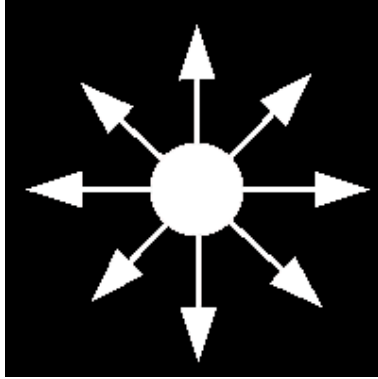
'Welcome to the third floor!' as they used to say in the nut-houses. Speaking of which, I hope you all have realized that this society is our great Open Air Nut-House. (Those seeking asylum can apply via the astral plane to our Decentral Office of Cluttered Bowling Alleys. Even though they sometimes get confused with the Agency for Karma Management, we'll have you know that they are not responsible for any espionage, at least allegedly, no matter what the White Mouse claims. Never trust a Discordian 'plumber', BTW. ) As I was saying before the parenthesis (parenthetically (and most digressively (in as much as it can be said to exist, or not, or maybe) speaking), of course), we are living in the great Open Air Nut-House otherwise known as Eris's Playground—and if you are getting sick of me repeating myself about it, take your whining someplace else, unless you feel like being tonight's entertainment, or unless you would like some cheese with it—and for this we should feel special because She has entrusted us with the keys, the locks... hell, even the damned doors and gates, or other such portals of entry/exit (often called the pineal gland). Eris also provides us with cookies (despite the fact that we usually have to either find them or make them ourselves), the shits-and-giggles, the hoots, and the various inspirational ideas for various Golden Apple tosses which overtake us and others from time to time—or from minute to minute, depending on your level of sanity-insanity, or some other such criterion. And we want you to know that if you haven't yet realized this, we have subliminal propaganda that can help

you. (Refer to our Office of Anarcho-Fascist-Oink-Oinks for instructions in the matter. I or We'll have you know, by the way, that the Office has recently purged itself of all of the Marxist-Leninist-Communo-Capitalist cabbages for their deviations from the strict criterion of Party-Lineage, as set forth by the Apostle Zarathud. Or because THEY were no fun to be around and never brought beer to our Parties. Either way, you decide. ) And if these parentheses would stop interrupting me, I may get around to saying what it is I want to say, if I even, in fact, have something to say, in as much as there is anything to say, in as much as it can be said. In any event, I can always play cut-up with texts and insert them here. Or you can.

Perhaps you disagree because you are either in a foul mood or in a fowl mood. This is fine provided that you recognize that any mood is better than feeling like a cabbage, or worse yet, BEING a cabbage. In as much as it can be said that Eris, or the Universe (provided that there is a difference—which may possibly be subtle and swift to anger. Thus, I wouldn't recommend flushing it down the toilet as it would most likely foul up your plumbing. And if you think you are in a foul mood now, wait and see how foul of a mood you'll be in if your toilet stops working) may or may not be playing a joke on you. And rest assured, or not, that if Eris is playing a joke on you, it will be damned funny. Probably even funnier than the time the pigeons invaded an outdoor symphony concert and stole away all of the bread, cheese, and wine from the audience. (I was assured by an ornithologist that that sort of behavior is, in fact, usual for pigeons and that there was no need for alarm, unless you were in the audience. )

Anyway, no matter the problem or issue, we have Eristic Erisianity to help you out of it, or at least to get you to laugh at it. And if that doesn't work we have electric shock treatment available for a limited time only. (Although our appliances may protest being used for such labors as it is probably not covered in their union contracts. ) Or we can get you to drain a half-liter of tequila in one gulp... the resulting state in which such an action will put you will make everything else you are going through seem like so much smoke. Unless of course being hung over is your problem, in which case report to the Discordian Temple and purge thyself of your sickness. (Hell, we don't actually care where you purge yourself, so long as it's not on our floors, walls, doors, furniture, prairie squid, appliances, cars, or what-have-you. )

None of this has anything to do with explaining the real reasons why the doors and the windows keep moving around. Or why the street signs now have Welsh graffiti on them. Or why some random person somewhere woke up from their drunken slumber with their hair colored purple. Or why I am a reverend of something or other but have never called my self such. Or why banks have not nearly enough actual money as they loan out. (The Banks believe that THEY themselves invented the little con-job, but we know that it is really Eris who is playing the joke on THEM. ) Or why certain gnomes go batty for my new tequila lime pie recipe. Or even why you may some day find yourself waking up with pink thigh high boots on your legs, a tartan kilt, and a purple suit coat on, in the place of the clothes you fell asleep in the night before; with a piper standing over you, skirling loudly away—so loudly, in fact that your boogers have gone south for the winter, trailing all along your face and, no matter how hung-over you feel, you decide the only thing you want for breakfast is five double glasses of cheap scotch (seeing as all the tequila is gone)—playing Rod Stewart's "If you want my body" tune in the key of the way-too-high-pitched C. And none of this certainly explains why Eris has appointed several squirrel nations as Her chosen messengers, or angels, if you will, because of St. Gulik's complaints about being overworked. Perhaps I have smoked way too much pipe tobacco, or perhaps Eris is playing with my coffee again. Perhaps I have overdosed on parentheses or something. There are so many possibilities. Perhaps too many to list. (And in any event, what do you, we, or I care about such a meandering ramble that such a list would entail. ) Just remember that if you find yourself in a shitstorm, pass it the fuck along and away. We are here to help you do so, by Eris and by Bob's smoking pipe, in case you need or want the help.



**"It's not that ERIS demands that we Discordians worship her, But it is advisable to pay her lip service to keep her from bitching"**

## **Serious Discordians?**

*"Those who resist Eris are gray, small-minded, and afraid of their own silliness. Slap them at once. "*  
-Eris's squirrel messenger

*"A horse is a pig that can not fool a Zen master. "*  
--H. B. T. Epistle to the Squirrels 17:3

*"Semper Non Sequitur!"*  
-Ancient Discordian Slogan

*"The conclusion you jump to may be your own. "*  
-Discordian Catma

That's it! I thought I could get out of the rant business at least for a while. I did try but something has pulled me back into it. And Eris will nag me to no end unless I spout. So without further ado... .

The appearance of those calling themselves 'serious Discordians' has given me pause to reflect upon this irreverent Erisian movement of which I am a part through no fault of my own. Are they fucking serious about their serious 'Discordianism'? I always thought that those who wanted to become Fundamentalists would have a much better time of it by joining other religions, such as Christianity, Islam, or Consumerianity. But no, we have some people claiming to be serious real-deal Discordians as opposed to all others who they feel are the 'ēposers' (or whatever else the current en vogue term for 'no-good-shit' is at the moment). Let me spell out my stance personally...

Do you serious 'Discordians' actually believe that I should become as humorless and serious as you? Do you even realize that by calling yourselves serious and trying to snub others for not being up to your par is a direct insulting affront to Eris? And if it affronts Eris, you had best fucking well wish you never cross my path. (But too late. ) I will have you jaked until you break down in a snibbling pool of snot, all the while laughing my ass

off at the entertainment value of the whole spectacle. Eris invented you 'serious' Discordians to be the continual source of targets that you are. People like you are here simply to serve as warnings to others. That is the whole point to your existence. The funniest thing is, you will never get the joke.

The funniest spectacle is witnessing you serious 'Discordians' quoting the Principia to back up your supposed seriousness. Hahahaha! You miss a lot, don't you? Ever read the last Barf of the Pentabarf?... you know, the one which goes "A Discordian is prohibited from believing what s/he reads. " Let me tell you serious Discordians what I use the Principia for... emergency toilet paper, coasters, and for swatting flies.

Do you think that Eris will love you better if you are serious? How stupid.

Let me forewarn those of you who would try to infect Discordianism with your seriousness, since you all have obviously missed out on all the times Fundamentalists like you have tried to do this before. Your seriousness makes you a prime target for the likes of me and others like me. I have been at this Discordian racket for some years now, and though I don't take too kindly to you serious 'Discordians' mucking about with my irreligion, I do appreciate you as a gift from Eris. She gives gifts like you to us simply for the practice of Her bitchslap. Either way you see it, you are OWNED. Not only are you OWNED, but you are DUMB trying to prove your seriousness by banishing all the ODD and Damned-things that won't fit your neat category of what you think Discordianism is.

Excuse me one second. [\*vomits from laughing too hard at the fools who think that such a stupidity as a 'serious Discordian' should be taken seriously\*]

Repent of your sins or not. But whatever you serious 'Discordians' do, please keep yapping. You are the reason why we invented the game of sink back during the reign of Emperor Julian. You are the reason why Bush became an Idiot Boy Emperor even after his canonization as a Discordian Saint. You are the reason why we have had inquisitions, bombings, gassings, and other nasty historical horrors. You are the reason why psychiatrists are in business. You are the reason why there are things like Starbucks or Yuppie Bars. You take a good thing and kill it with your seriousness. You don't even realize the con-job Eris has pulled on you.

You go around trying to tell other Discordians how to be proper Discordians. What? Do you even know what the word Discordian means? Or did you miss out on that little prime detail too? You think you are free-minded and then go around trying to tell others how to become free-minded. Excuse me, you sorry excuse for would-be liberators, but we each liberate our own damned minds. And please accept my real gratitude for providing us all with examples of closed and enslaved minds. These examples will be enough to spur the rest of us on in our endeavors. Thank Eris that it's all so funny! All Hail Discordia!

There has been some flak from you serious 'Discordians' about 'purging the posers' and other such drivel you obviously picked up from hanging around too many teen-aged punk shows (where people actually think that that behavior makes them cool, or something). Fine. Fire away! I hereby declare you serious Discordians to be immediate targets of our jihad. We Children of Eris are infinitely creative in our mindfucking endeavors, so please rest assured in at least this much... It will be fanfuckingtastically entertaining. Hoots will be raised all around. Watching you serious Discordians get mind-snappingly angry is one of our favorite pastimes. We know who you are. You know who you think you are. And Eris help you if you don't wake up. But let me paraphrase the Subgenii on this one "If you can't take a joke, fuck you!" You want to be serious? Try one of the other religions for Bobsake, go watch a video, or do something else with your lives. Discordianism will always be humorous no matter how many try to seriously DUMB it down and purge all the ODDities from it. You serious 'Discordians' are sorely outnumbered. So shape up or be our willing targets for all sorts of nonsense pranks, otherwise get the fuck off the ship. I have sank the boddamned thing. The joke is on you. No... the joke is you.



Your snobbish attitudes of snubbery have gone on long enough. And now it is time for the Golden Apple of Discord.

All of you serious 'Discordians' are hereby excommunicated, but not snubbed, from this day forth, in whatever that's supposed to mean. Your only point of existence now is to serve as a warning to any future would-be Fundamentalists. Now, stand still a moment, it makes our job easier.

*"You can't tell a goddess how to behave. "*

-Eris (the Pop-Tart verses)

(Confusion 7th, 3170)

**KALLISTI!**

## A parable from the Sufi

as retold by Robert Anton Wilson

A man who had studied much in the schools of wisdom finally died in the fullness of time and found himself at the Gates of Eternity.

An angel of light approached him and said, "Go no further, O mortal, until you have proven to me your worthiness to enter into Paradise!"

But the man answered, "Just a minute now. First of all, can you prove to me this is a real Heaven, and not just the wild fantasy of my disordered mind undergoing death?" Before the angel could reply, a voice from inside the gates shouted:

"Let him in - he's one of us!"

## Immanentizing the Eschaton

In the most wholely of holy bibles "The Principia Discordia", Mal-2 and Lord Omar wrote, in referring to the Discordian Orders Of "THEM":

*"A person belonging to one or more Order is just as likely to carry a flag of the counter-establishment as the flag of the establishment-- just as long as it is a flag. Don't let THEM immanentize the Eschaton. "*

For those who don't know what the term "immanentize the Eschaton" means, it means "bring forth or closer the End of the World". Not necessarily in the apocalyptic, nukes going of all over the place, second coming of Christ kind a way. It is more of a change of the way we view reality. The Renaissance of Europe in the 1400-1600's was a Eschaton to the Catholic Church, who before that enjoyed almost unlimited(with a few exceptions of course)power and sway over reality.

What Mal-2/Lord Omar had in mind, I think, (this is just opinion, of course. I wasn't there when Kerry and Greg wrote the Principia) was that WE (the Children of Eris) must immanentize the Eschaton. We must wake up the sleepers, turn the cabbages back into humans, let the sheep know that they don't have to be sheep. We Discordians have the capability to transform this world. We can make it into a better place for all the lifeforms on this planet. Our biggest problem is that there isn't enough of us. Hell, half the Discordians I know think that being a Discordian is only about being so weird that no-one can stand being around them. Do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law, But for Eris sake, don't have to be so obnoxious about it. I guess that what Hagbard Celine meant (in the Illuminatus! trilogy) when he said the L. D. D. not only stands for "Legion of Dynamic Discord", but also "Lots of Deluded Dupes". The reason I compiled the "Book of Eris" was to create an "advanced course into the Erisian Mysteries".

Right now it seems like the Christians and the Moslems are about to fight it out to see who remains the chief bully in the playground. We Discordians must rally the other children in the playground to oust these bullies, or there may not be a playground left when those two finish fighting.

Those of us in the Erisian Pope/Momhood must reach out to the Discordian laity. We must show them that there is more to discordianism than Pop-Tarts and Friday night Sink sessions in the rectory.

## **DEFENDS YOURSELVES! THE GOVERNMENT IS TAKING OVER OUR COUNTRY!**

### **THE SACRED CHAO**

If it can be described in a logical, orderly manner,  
Then it is not the sacred chao.  
If it can be encompassed by words,  
Then it is not the chao.  
If it can be modeled by a mechanistic system,  
Then it is not the chao.  
No mere fractal, the chao is beyond description.  
If it is predictable, then it is not the chao.  
If it is static or repetitive, then it is not the chao.  
The chao that can be hidden by the masters  
Is not the ever present chao.  
If it transcends the ordinary,  
Then it is not the all embracing chao.  
If it is not extraordinary,  
Then it is not the ever surprising chao.  
As unbeing, the chao is springing forth into being.  
As being, the chao is the changer of all things.  
Change is constant, unpredictability a certainty.

In the ungraspable mind of God, the chao unfolds  
In ways that not even God herself can predict.  
Thus, the universe is alive, intelligent, playful, orgasmic.  
Being and unbeing  
Inseparable and dancing.  
All reality an illusion, all illusions reality.  
In the eternal, ever changing chao,  
In the magic of every moment,  
Here is the invitation to the dance.



## ATTAINING SACRED CHAOS

There is no one method for attaining realization of the Sacred Chaos(Tao). To regard any method as the method is to create a duality, which can only delay your understanding of the subtle truth. The mature person perceives the fruitlessness of rigid, external methodologies; Remembering this, he keeps his attitude unstructured at all times and thus is always free to pursue the Integral Way of ERIS. He studies the teachings of ancient Discordian masters. He dissolves all concepts of duality. He pours himself out in service to others. He performs his inner cleansing and does not disturb his teacher with unnecessary entanglements, thus preserving the subtle spiritual connection with the teacher's divine energy. Gently eliminating all obstacles to his own understanding, he constantly maintains his unconditional sincerity. His humility, perseverance, and adaptability evoke the response of the universe and fill him with divine chaos.

### **.. You Might Be A Discordian (with apologies to Jeff Foxworthy)**

- If you've ever cast a sacred oblong, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever drank Irish whiskey and listened to The Doors as part of a religious experience, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever cast the Circle with a fishing rod, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever invoked the quarters Washington, Bicentennial, Canadian and Silver, you might be a Discordian.
- If your chalice is from McDonalds(tm), you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever set up 3 card monty on the side of your tarot booth, you might be a Discordian.
- If your idea of a hex is screaming "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!", you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever done the "Great Left", you might be a Discordian.
- If your athame is a spork, you might be a Discordian.
- If your coven sword is a light saber, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever invoked a cartoon character, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever wiped your ass with "Principia Discordia", you might be a Discordian.
- If you carry a Pope Card, but not an I. D. , you might be a Discordian.
- If your ritual feast consists of Jolt Cola and Spam, you might be a Discordian.
- If halfway through the five-fold-kiss you stop to zerbert your HPS, you might be a Discordian.

- If your BOS is written on toilet paper, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever begun a rite with "The Circle is open", you might be a Discordian.
- If you drive a F(N)ORD, you might be a Discordian.
- If you have more than 1 can of spam in your cupboard, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever invoked the Goddess with a wolf-whistle, you might be a Discordian.
- If you're afraid that the paranoids are watching you, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever taken the question "What's up?" literally, you might be a Discordian.
- If you're reading THE BOOK OF ERIS, you might be a Discordian. (Then again you could just be a little bit weird)

# The Myth of The Nipples

## A Tale Of Creation

Long ago, the Earth was barren of life. Eris and Aneris looked upon it and saw that it was boring.

"Yawn," Eris yawned. "Aneris, My sister, the Earth is truly uninteresting. Let's liven it up somehow." Eris, the Goddess of Chaos, was always eager to disturb stable systems.

"I like it this way, Eris." Aneris, the Goddess of non-Chaos, was much more conservative. "Boring things are more orderly."

"Aww, pleeeeeease?" Eris was not above whining.

There was some arguing back and forth, and eventually They came to an agreement that They would bring forth life to alleviate the boredom. So Eris and Aneris descended upon the Earth.

"Let there be life!" said Aneris, and there was life. Plant life. Ferns. Trees. Mushrooms. Lichen. Aneris looked about and said, "See! It's much more colorful now."

Eris sighed. "You call this life? It's almost as boring as before! These things just grow and die and wave in the wind. Here, let Me try." And Eris lifted up the clay from the ground and formed it into the shape of an ant. She blew upon it and it scurried off to build a hill.

"Animals? Sure, We can make some of those." And Eris and Aneris began to create animals. First They created the simpler animals, like the insects and worms and such. Then They went on to the reptiles and birds and such. Finally, They started on the mammals.

By this time, They had a pretty good system going. Aneris would create the female animal, then Eris would come along and create the male. When Aneris made the first female mammals with fur and nipples, Eris saw a chance to have some fun. As She made the furry male mammals, She gave them their own, useless, nipples. Aneris looked over at Her sister every once in a while, but since the fur hid the nipples She didn't see anything but Eris's wide smile. Aneris, naturally, got suspicious. . . She knew from experience that Eris could not be trusted when She was smiling. (Or at any other time, for that matter. )

Shrugging, Aneris started creating the first woman. She made her after Her own image, with heavy hair on her head but not as much elsewhere. And She gave women nipples, which were quite visible from the lack of hair.

Eris followed along, creating the first man. She gave him hair on his head, and not as much elsewhere. And She gave him the same useless nipples all the other male mammals had. Aneris looked over and saw what had happened.

"Wha-at?!", Aneris screamed. "Have You been giving *all* the male mammals nipples all this time?"

Eris just doubled over, laughing.

"Damn it, Eris, whenever We make anything You always do something weird like this! Can't You take *anything* seriously?" Aneris sighed as Eris shook Her head no. "Well, I can at least cover this up a little, " Aneris muttered, and She put hair around men's nipples. "There, now you can't see them so much. " And Aneris rested, while Eris continued to roll on the floor.

So to this day men have nipples, which are merely emphasized by the hair around them. Hail, She what done it all!

## Fact:

The founders of the world's major religions were actually Discordians. Gautama Buddha, for example, expounded the Four Noble Truths and advocated living according the Noble Eightfold Path, a clear instance of the Law of Fives in action ( $4 \times 8 = 32$ ,  $3 + 2 = 5$ ). Moses, the lawgiver of the Hebrews, originally received 12 commandments from Yahweh, but later, under Discordian inspiration, cut them down to 10 to conform to the Law of Fives (two tablets of five commandments each). Prominent Discordian scholars have proved that the "secret teaching" of Jesus, transmitted by the Gnostics, was, indeed, Discordianism (don't believe us? See for yourself). Even the acts of Jesus recorded in the exoteric Gospels provide unmistakable hints of his Discordian proclivities (changing water into wine, cursing a fig tree, picking corn on the Sabbath, etc. ) Lao Tsu, in the Tao Te Ching, says: "Governing a large state is like boiling a small fish, " a saying lifted directly from the Book of Usual Suspects believed to have been written by the Erisian sage Brother Dave. The holiest city of Islam, Mecca, has five letters in its name, and Muslims are enjoined to perform five sacred duties. Shinto, the great religious tradition of Japan, adopted as its symbol the Five-Fingered Hand of Eris. Indeed, the only great world-historical religious system that seems not to have been influenced by Discordianism from its inception is the Church of the Attractive Blue Lighter, which began not as a religion but as a lawn care business.

***Beware of those who would try to convince you to convert to their religion. Converting someone is the act of ramming words into someone's ears until it comes out of their mouths. It is an act of spiritual rape and an assault on your freedom.***

*A young Discordian asked his Lady Eris, "Why is it that my Christian and Jewish and Satanist friends get to attend church, and yet we do not? Is it because we are in church all the time?" Eris smiled and said, "No, my child. It is because we know better than to get up that early."*

This identifies the bearer as a **certified** and **canonized**



**THE BEARER IS AN OFFICIAL ERISIAN SAINT.**

Saints of the Erisian Church need not be dead, pious, human, or indeed, real. Only a POPE may certify and canonize Saints. Every man, woman and child on this planet is a POPE.

#### Advertisement

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**IMPORTANT!** Before using your Life™, please check if you received the following: 1 Life™, 1 Container, 1 Soul™, several thousand small pieces of styrofoam and these guidelines. Please contact Eternity Inc. if any of these items should be missing.

## **Taking care of your Life™**

To maximize your enjoyment of your Life™, please follow these safety guidelines.

- Life™ was not intended to be used by fools and/or idiots. If at any point you feel the urge to stick your head in the microwave simply because these guidelines didn't tell you not to, please discontinue your use of Life™ and contact Eternity Inc. for a full refund.
- Do not submerge your Life™ in water. Do not subject your Life™ to fire, radiation or extreme temperatures.
- Do not attempt to remove the Soul™, as this can be very hazardous to your health. The Soul™ should only be removed by qualified service personnel.
- Do not place any bets on your Life™, as this product was not designed for such use.
- When not in use, please store your Life™ in the container it came in. Failure to do so may result in damage to the Soul™ and may render your Life™ useless. Eternity inc. recommends the use of Afterlife™ to keep your Soul™ in good condition over longer periods of non-activity.
- Do not take Life™ for granted, this may result in carelessness and injury.
- Your Soul™ was not meant for resale.
- Life™ is like a box of chocolates; don't leave it in the sun for too long.
- Should your Life™ take an unexpected twist, you should first attempt to get your Life™ back on track yourself. Failing this, try to take Life™ in your own hands. If all else fails, please contact the Helpline of Eternity Inc. Please note, that Eternity Inc. cannot be held responsible for any damages resulting from an unexpected twist.

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# **Chaosophy**

## **By Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saipé**

### **Being a Missive on the Dynamic Between the Principles of Chaos and Order and the Necessity of Both**

Most people seem to look at the relationship between chaos and order as that of negatively charged particles (chaos) and positively charged particles (order). The average person's paradigm holds that by adding more and more order, we will eventually cancel out chaos. This kind of fuzzy wrongheaded thinking has gotten us where we are today. We collectively think that we can solve all of our problems by making more rules. Then we wonder why nothing works.

One of the primary axioms of Discordianism is "Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos." A minimal amount of observation will show this to be true, but unfortunately the average person is unwilling to take the

effort to make this observation. Rather than viewing chaos/order as simple negative/positive, let us look at another analogy that comes closer to showing the relationship as it really exists. First, let us look at our system as a closed box which is in a state of balance. Now, let us apply Order to the system in the form of pressure. What happens next? The pressure applied to a closed system will generate heat (Chaos). Take away pressure and the heat level drops.

Of course it's easy to pick an illustration like this out of the air, but how does it apply to the dynamic between Order and Chaos in a real world situation? Let's look at the closed system of the workplace, starting at a fairly even level of rules and freedoms. In an attempt to raise productivity and cut costs, management institutes more rules: all workers must punch in and out for break, forms must be filled out to account for all damaged or wasted materials, et cetera.

In the beginning, these measures will probably do as intended, productivity may rise; attention of any sort will do the same, but as more stringent rules are introduced, we find that two problems arise. First, a bureaucracy must be put in place to implement the new rules and make sure that they are adhered to. This takes energy away from the creation of the product and directs it toward the end of making sure the rules are being followed (in physical terms, this is energy that escapes the system as useless heat). The rules become more important than the original reason for them. Second (and I believe more important in the long run) the directives begin to create dissatisfaction among the workers. More time must be spent watching them to make sure that they are in place when they are supposed to be, making sure that time spent at their workstation is productive. As the stress from the situation increases, we see more lost time in the form of sick days, early departures, late arrivals and the fact the people quit caring. Creative behavior is applied to finding new ways to goof off.

Of course the opposite is also true. Without sufficient rules in place and the will to enforce them, little will get done. This surplus of chaos will require order to reach a level of balance or the company will be forced out of business. Much like the stereotypical lawless old western town, a tough lawman must be brought in to clean things up before the town goes up in smoke.

Another prevailing assumption is that Order is Good and Chaos is Evil. In fact chaos and order exist outside of good and evil, but contain elements of both. Chaos is the force that tears down old forms as well as the force that envisions new ones. Order allows us to carry out the plans that will build the new forms, but it also wishes to preserve forms that have outlived their usefulness (the status quo). This brings up Hexar's corollary to the law of Imposition of Order: Too much chaos, nothing gets finished. Too much order, nothing gets started.

Order is what tells us that we should do whatever we can to prevent forest and brush fires. On the surface, this is a good idea because letting fire run loose is hazardous to our own lives as well as that of other living creatures. However, the fires also liberate nutrients and send them back to the earth to feed the next cycle. And we have finally started to get it through our thick skulls that keeping things from burning at any cost only increases the amount of fuel lying around for the fire that will come when we cannot stop it. All of the small fires that we prevent come back to us as one large, devastating fire.

Discordianism isn't about preaching chaos at the expense of order. It is the realization that one cannot exist without the other. It is the acceptance of the need for balance between the two principles. Order cannot destroy chaos, it can only change its form. Chaos can either be directed in creative forms, or when stifled turned into destructive (or at least useless) forms. Energy spent clamping down can be used for nothing else.

Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saipé  
First Church of the Sparkly Ball  
"Putting the Disco back into Discordianism. "



*People in a Position to Know, Inc.*

# THE SECRET OF THE FIVE DISCORDIAN ELEMENTS REVEALED

One of the more esoteric Erisian Mysterees brought forth by Mal-2 and Omar K. Ravenhust was the Five Basic Discordian Elements (**Sweet, Boom, Pungent, Prickle, and Orange**), which makes up all things, and which we Erisians use to represent the days in our calender. The Five Basic Elements represent our Five Senses:

•Sweet=====Taste  
•Boom=====Hearing  
•Pungent=====Smell  
•Prickle=====Touch  
•Orange=====Sight

Mal-2 and Lord Omar gave the days of the discordian week the names of the Five Element so that we may concentrate in developing our senses better. So on Orange day, **really** look at everything. Look at it from different angles, different perspective. On Boomtime pay close attention to everything. Soon you will truly begin to become enlightened, and become ONE with ERIS.

*If a man has a right to dig his own grave,  
a discordian reserves the right to sell him the shovel*

## The Paradoxical Commandments

by Dr. Kent M. Keith

- People are illogical, unreasonable, and self-centered.  
Love them anyway.
- If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish ulterior motives.  
Do good anyway.
- If you are successful, you win false friends and true enemies.  
Succeed anyway.
- The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.  
Do good anyway.
- Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable.  
Be honest and frank anyway.
- The biggest men and women with the biggest ideas can be shot down by  
the smallest men and women with the smallest minds.  
Think big anyway.
- People favor underdogs but follow only top dogs.  
Fight for a few underdogs anyway.
- What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.  
Build anyway.
- People really need help but may attack you if you do help them.  
Help people anyway.
- Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.  
Give the world the best you have anyway.

# Living within the Sacred Chao

Dualistic thinking is a sickness. Religion is a distortion. Materialism is cruel. Blind spirituality is unreal. Chanting is no more holy than listening to the murmur of a stream, counting prayer beads no more sacred than simply breathing, religious robes no more spiritual than work clothes. If you wish to attain oneness with the Sacred Chao, don't get caught up in spiritual superficialities. Instead, live a quiet and simple life, free of ideas and concepts. Find contentment in the practice of indiscriminating virtue, the only true power. Giving to others selflessly and anonymously, radiating light throughout the world and illuminating your own darkneses, your virtue becomes a sanctuary for yourself and all beings. This is what is meant by embodying the Sacred Chao.

**This is the happy house  
We're all happy here  
In the happy house  
to forget ourselves  
and pretend all's well  
there is no hell.**

"Happy House":Siouxsie and the Banshees

## Discordians and Chaos Magick

by DinoJT

*I Tell You: One must  
still have chaos in one  
to give birth to a  
dancing star!*

-Nietzsche

When people ask me, "What the heck is a Chaos Magickian?", it's in my nature to reply that too many years of watching "Get Smart" reruns have taken their toll on me. . . but, now that I think about it, there may be some foundation in fact in this (no, that's KAOS, not Chaos). Actually, it's very difficult to come to any exact definitions of what a Discordian is, because the nature of the faith itself precludes one from lumping all of us together in one homogenized brew. . . what you're getting is One Magician's Opinion, which is a "good thing", because the world might become a more dangerous place if us Discordians could actually unite and agree on anything.

The basic tenants of Discordianism can be derived as a mixture of the philosophies of Thelema (Crowley), Tao, and Monty Python. "Do What Thou Wilt shall be the whole of the Law" is perhaps the more elemental foundation of Discordianism, but it's important that one comprehend fully what this means. "DWTW" is NOT a formula for anarchy, and is NOT meant to be interpreted as "Do what you like", but is an understanding that "any true will is in harmony with the facts of Existence" and quot. In other words, "Do what thou wilt" is to bid stars to shine, seeds to grow, and water to reach its own level. The nature of the universe is too large and complex to be predicted by any model smaller and less complex than itself. . . as a result, "rules" and "formulas" are not natural laws, but an artificial trapping of humanity for the convenience of those who love to quantify, label, and pigeonhole. Reality is much more complex and meaningful, and Discordians rejoice in the variety

and unpredictability our universe provides. We tend to be a very tolerant and fun-loving bunch of "sacred clowners", even as we're playing practical jokes on you like replacing your after-shave with Buck Lure.

Chaos can be best described as that state of existence between what was and what will be. Chaos Magick, as a result, is a very "here and now" way of looking at things. . . as a result, in typical left-handed path fashion, Discordians not to be too concerned with horoscopes, tarot, and the usual paganistic future-predicting tools. "Every Man and Every Woman is a Star", another Crowley-ism, suggests that as people, we control our own futures, not Taurus rising in Virgo (not a pretty picture) . . . to us, the notions of fatalism and pre-destination are like giving up. Rather than CAUSING Chaos, Discordians are generally more concerned with the CONTROL of it, as Chaos (change) is one of the only true natural forces we as people can directly influence. Rituals aren't as important as results, and magick becomes reality through the application of will, not chants and candles. However, it is important to Discordians that the mind be in the proper state to effect change, and this is often accomplished through the use of music, marijuana, or other stimuli of the Magickian's preference to initiate belief. . . Discordians theorize that belief is a central tool of magick, not a by product.

Chaos Magick is perhaps one of the more "scientific" of pagan philosophies, sharing many of the tenants of Chaos Science, and as a result we're sometimes labeled (shudder. . we HATE labels) as being unspiritual. In a way, that's true, because while we believe in the Goddess (usually. . but we reserve the right to define Her in our own terms), we see no direct relationship between magick and morality. . . like energy, magick is neither "black" or "white", but the individual using it is responsible for it's ultimate consequences. The primary deity of Chaoticists is Eris (or Discordia), goddess of chaos, discord, and confusion. Eris can best be described as that natural force responsible for change, and it is the nature of things that both requires the disorganization of existing structures and beliefs in order to make room for newer ones. . . in this regard, Eris is responsible for life itself. As in all faiths, the individual is responsible for developing his/her relationship and meaning with our god/dess, though I might suggest that all pagans get on Eris's "good side" if they want to kept informed of her whereabouts. On the other hand, since many of us Discordians are known to associate with Witches, Wiccans, Druids, and other right-handed types, we enjoy sharing the fellowship of our fellow pagans. . . we're pretty good at raising energy, not to mention raising hell at the party afterwards (yeah, we're the "black sheep", but we like it that way). I'm fortunate enough to share spirituality with the Circle Lorien, which is a mixed bag of Wiccans, Shamans, and the usual collection of non-aligned pagans. There's nothing that says Discordians can't be nice people, and if you DID say it, we don't recognize your rule, anyway. . . so there. Many Discordians, however, do develop a very strong theologic base, although individualist and private they may be in expressing it.

Discordians believe in the control of the future's direction through the application of Magick in everyday life. Man is the only creature at odds with his existence, in that his power is measured by how well he can influence his environment. "Love is the Law. . Love Through Will" means that we can strive towards those things important to us as individuals as a result of our own magick upon our world. Like the rocks, and the trees, and that funny little green bug that eats the zucchini plants in your garden, we all have a right to be here, on our own terms. Through Chaos Magick, we create that place for ourselves. . . and if happiness is the ability to dream, success is the ability to turn those dreams into reality.

Hail Eris!

*"One person steals a buckle, and he is executed. Another man steals a country, and becomes its king.*  
Chang Tzu

**Hail ERIS! All Hail Discordia!**

# THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF ERIS

ERIS at HER most sublime does not regard HERSELF as the author of Creation, nor as the power which completes, transforms and fashions all things.

Things which walk, breathe, fly or crawl, await the operation of ERIS before they come into being, without recognizing the power to which they owe existence; and they await the operation of the same principle before they die, without feeling any resentment. When people derive benefit from ERIS, they render HER no praise; so when they misuse HER and bring disaster upon themselves, they may not reproach HER. When they accumulate and store up riches, this may not be considered an increase of their true wealth; nor when they distribute or scatter it, is it to be considered any impoverishment.

CHAOS exists everywhere, yet IT cannot be sought out. Subtle and intangible, IT cannot be overlooked. If it is piled up, it will not be high. If it is overthrown, it will not be low. Add to it and it does not increase. Deduct from it and it will not be reduced. Plane it and it does not become thin. Cut it, and it will not be injured. Dig into it, and it will not be found deep. Fill it, and it will not become shallow. Shadowy and indistinct, it has no form. Indistinct and shadowy its resources have no limit. Hidden and obscure, it reinforces all things from the formless. Penetrating and pervasive, it never acts in vain. It bends and straightens with the hard and the soft. It rises and falls with the masculine and the feminine, with the light and with the dark.

## *An old Sufi Legend*

The venerable sage Mullah Malcalypse the Younger was once condemned to death for certain witty and satirical sayings that disturbed the local Shah. Malcalypse immediately offered a bargain: "Postpone the execution one year, " he implored the Shah, "and I will teach your horse to fly. " Intrigued by this, the Shah agreed.

One day thereafter, a friend asked Malcalypse if he really expected to escape death by this maneuver.

"Why not?" answered the divine Mullah. "A lot can happen in a year. There might be a revolution and a new government. There might be a foreign invasion and we'd all be living under a new Shah. Then again, the present Shaw might die of natural causes, or somebody in the palace might poison him. As you know, it is traditional for a new Shaw to pardon all condemned criminals awaiting execution when he takes the throne. Besides that, during the year my captors will have many opportunities for carelessness and I will always be looking for an opportunity to escape. "

"And, finally, " Malcalypse concluded, "if the worst comes to the worst, maybe I can teach that damned horse to fly!"

- from *"Ten good Reasons to get up in the Morning"* by R. A. W.



**BELIEFS ARE DANGEROUS.  
BELIEFS ALLOW THE MIND TO STOP FUNCTIONING.  
A NON-FUNCTIONING MIND IS CLINICALLY DEAD.  
BELIEVE IN NOTHING.**

## **Eris, The Eternal Chaos**

Erisianism is the belief that All is Goddess, or that the Universe is Goddess. Erisianism is the position that All is in Goddess, or that the universe is a part of Goddess. Either way, the Erisian holds all of the multiverse as sacred.

Erisians generally do not pray to or worship Eris, as we have heard tell. To some Erisians, prayer and worship imply first a separation and then a hierarchy. As an art fan will show respect by appreciating the work of art the Erisian appreciates Chaos through respect and engagement. Perhaps seeing the artist as a body builder whose exquisite form arouses joy, passion, and creative thoughts within the observer is better. Erisians will appreciate the creation even as we enjoy the creator. Included within nature is **humanity**. We not only find joy in the Divine Chaos out there, the Divine kingdom is within us, too. We are a part of the natural process of the Universe, and so a part of the Divine process, we participate in the process of nature. Our awareness allows us a greater ability to cultivate and shape our environment. Yet, we are still subject to her motions. The Universe is not safe and Nature esteems humanity like so many straw gods; glorious today, ashes tomorrow. Rather than being dominated by or dominating the processes of nature, we prefer to participate in Her processes. One might say that we are both art and artist, participating in an ever revealing, ever exploring creative process. A new stage in the creation may destroy an old one. The old remains the foundation of the new.

For the most part, Erisians look upon our relationship with nature(chaos), not as god/creature, but rather as parent/child. A child will learn from her or his parents, cuddle, and even share gifts, or ask for favors. We view our parents as we need to, finding in Goddess just what we need. Consider this, for a moment. If we are part of the Universe, then we are also part of the Divine. If I talk to myself, I call that meditation or thinking. Maybe, talking to Goddess is the same sort of thing.

A Erisian, by nature, is an animist. That is, we hold that all events within the Universe contain spirit. The process of nature seems complex. Fundamentally, complex structures are a collection of simpler structures. The simplest structures are themselves manifestations of energy. It may be that spirit is another energetic process. Spirit generates some level of consciousness to an event. Each structure contributes to the consciousness of the more complex structures it is a part of. The more complex the event, then, the more complex the consciousness would be. A Water molecule will have a more complex awareness than a hydrogen atom. The Entire Ocean will, then, be more conscious than a drop of water. The Universe or Multiverse ; is the most complex event of which we are aware. So! It may follow that the Universe would have the most evolved level of Consciousness of all. That consciousness is what I think many refer to as Goddess. In modern physics, it does not make sense to discuss the dimensions of space without including the dimensions of time with it. Also, we think that there may be another set of dimensions that we may not even be capable of being aware of, each with its time-space descriptions. St. Augustine argued that eternity would be a present without a past or future, and a sphere without a boundary, and a center that is everywhere. Now, imagine the being or non-being (perhaps Eris the Eternal One is both) that is so self aware that The Eternal Chaos knows every event within time-space in a single moment, even beyond the singularity that gave our universe birth. Such a being would be eternal. Add to that the part of quantum theory that states that everything is energy, that what appears to be structure is just a manifestation of that energetic process. Many Pagan cultures, from Sumer to Norway, have said that The

Eternal Chaos created the universe from the body of some titanic being. Polynesian and Egyptian claim The Eternal Chaos that hatched the Universe from some cosmic egg. (I like this one better, as it suggests life from life, rather than life from death). There is even a thought that the titan or egg is really still alive or intact, and is simply slumbering and we are but a dream. Whatever the explanation is, Erisians do not easily see a separation between the Universe and Eris. Quantum theory supports this perspective.

The problem is that our minds are entirely too small to comprehend the Universe as a whole. We have a fair understanding of our corner of it, and can induce what the rest must be like. We have a fair understanding of ourselves, and make inductions about The Eternal Chaos from that. We filter Eris down to our level, Giving Her rolls and parts to play. And She is clever. She can play as many roles as we can throw at Her. So, whatever name, color, character we want, that is what we will find in Her. And She plays these rolls, not so much to entertain us (though I expect She would have fun doing so) but to take us out of the darkness of our ignorance, and into enlightenment. Some suggest that She learns something by doing this.

The Catholic Church has officially *Anathematized* anyone who would hold Pantheism (which is what Erisianism is to be true, in effect, condemning us to hell. The thinking is that Pantheism renders The Eternal One amoral and impersonal. Does Erisianism render Eris? Does this not euhemerize The Mother of Us All, projecting onto that person our limitations? Addressing another human as a complete individual is very difficult for me, I even have difficulty doing that for myself. As addressed above, The Eternal Chaos would be aware of every second right now, and of every nano-liter of the universe right now. I cannot imagine an intellect that formidable and eternal that could not participate in each process of nature, enjoying each human, tree, and rock on every planet, in every universe.

On the other hand, are my filters of The Eternal Chaos better than anyone else? No! I would be hard pressed to say so. Better yet, let us listen to each other's stories. Then, we may refine our perspectives to a better view.

### **Common Ground**

While finding common ground between the monism of Erisianism and the dualism of Monotheism may seem difficult, they do have some themes in common. For both there is no place where Eris is not; there is nothing Eris cannot do; there is nothing Eris cannot know. The difference is in how The Eternal Chaos perceives the Universe. For the Erisian, The Eternal Chaos knowledge of the Universe is self-knowledge. Just as I cannot not be in my body, Eris cannot be in anything other than Her body. Omnipotents, for The Eternal Chaos is self-empowerment. Solomon asked the question, does Elohim really dwell with humanity on the Earth? (2 Chronicles 6. 18); The Erisian will answer, Yes, are we not all a part of Her?

The real difference between sacred awareness of the irrational, absolute universe and the rational, relative universe of secular awareness is the scope of emotional commitment. For this Child of Eris there is no place where The Eternal Chaos is not. Hence, when developing a rite that does not focus on The Eternal Chaos I assume She will be there as a source of every process involved.

# IF YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT AT LEAST BE LOUD



= THE FIVE FINGERED HAND OF ERIS =

The official symbol of POEE is here illustrated. It may be this, or any similar device to represent TWO OPPOSING ARROWS CONVERGING INTO A COMMON POINT. It may be vertical, horizontal, or else such, and it may be elaborated or simplified as desired.

The esoteric name for this symbol is THE FIVE FINGERED HAND OF ERIS, commonly shortened to THE HAND.

*NOTE: In the lore of western magic, the upswung bit is taken to symbolize horns, especially the horns of Satan or of diabolical beasties. The Five Fingered Hand of Eris, however, is not intended to be taken as satanic, for the "horns" are supported by another set, of inverted "horns". Or maybe it is walrus tusks. I don't know what it is, to tell the truth.*

**JUST BECAUSE  
YOU HAVEN'T  
GOT ANY  
ORIGINAL  
OPINIONS  
DOESN'T MEAN  
MINE ARE  
WRONG**

IF YOU LEARN NOTHING ELSE FROM THE INTERNATIONAL  
HOUSE OF FNORDS, PLEASE RETAIN THIS:

**IT IS MY FIRM BELIEF THAT IT IS A MISTAKE  
TO HOLD FIRM BELIEFS.**

Contact the International  
House of Fnords! We don't bite!  
baldghoti@hotmail.com

All Rites Reversed--Copy As You Like

The international  
House Of Fnords

**Property is Theft.**  
**Property is Freedom.**  
**Property is an Illusion.**

*Questioning authority doesn't work all the time, sometimes you have to interrogate authority (preferably with a rubber hose.)*

Rev. Verthaine the Goth

## **WHY DISCORDIANISM?**

. . . Some religions require you to study a dusty old book written centuries ago by a "prophet", and you cannot deviate from its teachings, or question its validity. But in Discordianism, not only are we not required to believe anything we read, but we can write our own holy books.

. . . Some religions give you a detailed list of what you can or cannot do. But Discordianism allows you to do whatever you want to do (*but remember, ERIS doesn't like an asshole. And if someone kicks your ass for being a first-class jerk, don't blame ERIS.*)

. . . Some religions require its clergy to wear special clothing to "clergy". But we Discordians don't have that problem and can wear whatever we feel like. (*but in all honesty, members of the Non-United Church of ERIS of Latter-day Gothic/Industrial Saints prefer to wear black all the time.*)

. . . Some religions speak of love, peace, and understanding, but actually create chaos, confusion and disorder, Discordians speak of chaos, confusion and disorder, but actually create peace, love and understanding.

. . . Some religions require it's clergy to be celibate and vow to poverty. We Discordians tend to laugh at that idea until we pass out.

. . . Some religions require you to sit silently for hours in often very painful positions to attain "enlightenment". We discordians don't have the time to do things like that because we have lives.

**When dealing with the Illuminati, it isn't if you're paranoid, but if you're paranoid enough**





## Hung Mung

One of the characters to appear in the writings of old Chung Tzu is Hung Ming, whose name means Primal Chaos, for which reason he was adopted as a Chaoist Sage by the Discordian Society - a nonprophet iredigious disorganization about which you will learn more and understand less if you read PrincipiaDiscordia and The Book of Eris. Hung Mung is also a Zenarchist Immortal, for Zenarchy is to Discordianism much as Zenis to Buddhism or Taoism.

In Chung Tzu he is visited by another character, Great Knowledge, whose inquiries he answers by laughing and slapping his knee and shouting, "I don't know! I don't know!" Great Knowledge persists in questioning Hung Mung, who at last enlightens him with an appropriately chaotic, rambling speech.

Not claiming to know anything, Primal Chaos reveals everything to informed curiosity - though not usually in a very orderly format. In becoming acquainted with this sage who knows nothing and does not care that he does not know anything, we can learn enough to accomplish nearly anything.

Discordians say you can get a look at Hung Mung by getting stoned and tuning your television to a channel that is not broadcasting. His dancing image will become more and more visible the harder you look for it. And having no sponsors, Hung Mung - they say - is never interrupted by commercials. Zenarchists are skeptical of that much.

# THE MYTH OF THE APPLE OF DISCORD

It seems that Zeus was preparing a wedding banquet for Peleus and Thetis and did not want to invite Eris because of Her reputation as a trouble maker. \*

This made Eris angry, and so She fashioned an apple of pure gold\*\* and inscribed upon it KALLISTI ("To The Prettiest One") and on the day of the fete She rolled it into the banquet hall and then left to be alone and joyously partake of a hot dog.

Now, three of the invited goddesses, \*\*\* Athena, Hera, and Aphrodite, each immediately claimed it to belong to herself because of the inscription. And they started fighting, and they started throwing punch all over the place and everything.

Finally Zeus calmed things down and declared that an arbitrator must be selected, which was a reasonable suggestion, and all agreed. He sent them to a shepherd of Troy, whose name was Paris because his mother had a lot of gaul and had married a Frenchman; but each of the sneaky goddesses tried to outwit the others by going early and offering a bribe to Paris.

Athena offered him Heroic War Victories, Hera offered him Great Wealth, and Aphrodite offered him the Most Beautiful Woman on Earth. Being a healthy young Trojan lad, Paris promptly accepted Aphrodite's bribe and she got the apple and he got screwed.

As she had promised, she maneuvered earthly happenings so that Paris could have Helen (the Helen) then living with her husband. The Trojan War followed when Sparta demanded their Queen back and husband Menelaus, King of Sparta. Anyway, everyone knows that that the Trojan War is said to be The First War among men.

And so we suffer because of the Original Snub. And so a Discordian is to partake of No Hot Dog Buns.

Do you believe that?

\* This is called THE DOCTRINE OF THE ORIGINAL SNUB

\*\* There is historic disagreement concerning whether this apple was of metallic gold or Acapulco.

\*\*\* Actually there were five goddesses, but the Greeks did not know the Law of Fives.

## A Church of Eris Exclusive

# ERIS TELLS HER SIDE OF THE STORY

By Eris Kallisti Discordia

First off, I would to thank the Good Reverend Verthaine for the opportunity to finally set the record straight.

First of all, the reason I was not allowed at the wedding banquet was Not because I had a reputation as a trouble maker, it was because all the other Goddess were jealous of me because I was always the life of the party, and all the other Gods lusted after me.

Yes I admit I was miffed at being snubbed, but I got over it real quickly. The whole "Golden Apple" thing was not about revenge, it was a wedding gift for Thetis (at a wedding, who is "the prettiest one" but the bride). Since I wasn't invited, I just rolled my gift in, hoping one of those morons would get the hint, and present it to the bride-to-be.

But NOOOOOO. Those cackling hens that call themselves Goddesses decided to fight amongst themselves for possession of the Apple. And yes, there were five goddess squabbling over the damn thing. The other two were Ceres (goddess of agriculture), and Nike(goddess of victory).

When Zeus gave Paris the task of choosing who the Apple is given to, he could of done the right thing and gave it to Thetis, but Noooooo. Those petty Goddesses used various forms of bribery, rather than just being adults for a change. (And for the record, Ceres offered Paris a lifetime supply of Cherrios, and since Athena already offered Paris victory in battle, Nike was forced to try to bribe Paris with a pair of sneakers. )

So you see, the whole Trojan War incident wasn't really my fault (but I sure took heat for it). But it just goes to show how powerful Chaos is. Besides, that's my story, and I am sticking to it, so there.

## Discordian Metaphysics and the Five Realities

ODD#IV(c);biii;23DSC3155

*"The Truth is Five but men have but one word for it." -- Patamunzo Lingananda, from the Principia Discordia*

### **1: The Region of Thud, a. k. a. The Abyss of Hallucinations, a. k. a. Reality**

This is where we think we are most of the time. It's possible that we are all just programs in a huge computer, or disembodied hallucinating brains in jars or something equally weird; but since this can't be proven, we might as well stick with what we think we know. Some wise guy once defined reality" as that which doesn't disappear when you decide to quit believing in it, " which is about as accurate as we can get at our present stage of evolution.

### **2: Limbo, a. k. a. Nirvana, a. k. a. Olympus, etc.**

The place where the powers that be and a lot of their friends hang out, " according to St. Zonker Harris. Actually, Limbo is a place of deities, demons and other theological types who are between jobs. " One area, referred to as Limbo Peak, " is home to the Greek gods, most of whom have been out of work for quite awhile now. At present, Eris is one of the few of this gang with steady employment, what with all the cutbacks and what-not. . .

### **3: Pre-Illusion, a. k. a. the Void, a. k. a. Preincarnation**

Not much is known about this level of existence. Apparently, Pre-Illusion is the stage before Reality, " but reality never completely cancels it out -- The two are at odds. (It has also been theorized that this is where the odd socks go from clothes dryers. )

### **4: The Afterlife, a. k. a. Hades**

There are many different theories regarding what happens to you after you die. One thing most faiths agree on is that the nonexistence you experience when you die is not permanent -- after all, you didn't exist before you were born, and it didn't last then, either. We Erisians believe that when you die, you go to Hades. For those of you still recovering from other theologies, Hades is not the same as Hell. " Granted, the evil are supposed to get back all of the crap they inflicted when alive, but the righteous (not the self-righteous, " though, most likely) get to enjoy Paradise, " which can vary between a serene garden and a wild party, depending on the residents'

moods. The big debate is about whether you stay there or not -- there is violent disagreement between various Erisian sects about the existence or nonexistence of reincarnation. Personally, I like the idea -- but then I'm a proponent of other types of recycling, also. (Besides, it's fun to threaten non-believers with the possibility of being reincarnated as Veg-O-Matics if they don't repent of their ways. )

### **5: Beforelife, a. k. a. Spirit World, a. k. a. Platonic Ideal Realm**

Discordia's present mailing address. We were all just ideas before we were born. All perfect. All so very beautiful. . . -- St. Arthur Dekker (M. A. ) This level of reality is sometimes visited by dreamers, lunatics, shamans, acidheads and Discordians consulting their Pineal Glands (a category that quite often overlaps the other four). It acts as sort of a petri dish for meme cultures. The Akashic Records are stored here (I'd have more info on the Records, but my library card" expired in a previous incarnation, and I've been too busy to get a new one). As far as it can be determined, any thing"'s path is as follows: first, it starts as an archetype in the Beforelife, then it becomes an idea in Pre-Illusion, then it exists" in Reality, and then it comes to rest in the Afterlife; the whole process being guided and manipulated from Limbo. Data on the theoretical structure of the Pentaverse is available in Dr. W. Clement Cotex, PhD's paper, The Penta-heroidal Universe, " Psychometric Monthly, 5/17/77, pp. 23 to 42 fnord. Thanks also go to Shaii-Seamus Stone, W. H. M. , for information on Pre-Illusion, and to the Church of the SubGenius™ for the term Beforelife. " Further information on Discordian cosmology can be found in the Book of the Uterus, " parts of which were reprinted on the Principia Discordia.

## **Eris moves from the Subtle to the Manifest**

All things in the universe move from the subtle to the manifest and back again. Whether the form is that of a star or a person, the process is the same. First, the subtle energy exists. Next, it becomes manifest and takes on life. After a time, the life passes away, but the subtle energy goes on, either returning to the subtle realm, where it remains, or once again attaching to manifest things. The character of your existence is determined by the energies to which you connect yourself. If you attach yourself to gross energies--loving this person, hating that clan, rejecting one experience or habitually indulging in another--then you will lead a series of heavy, attached lives. This can go on for a very long and tedious time. The way of the integral being is to join with higher things. By holding to that which is refined and subtle, she traverses refined and subtle realms. If she enters the world, she does so lightly, without attachment. In this way she can go anywhere without ever leaving the center of the universe.



**Memo**

# NEW WORLD ORDER

Graud Greyface, Pres.

**from:** Graud Greyface

**to:** Defamation League Headquarters,  
Council of Organized Religions,  
Christain and Islamic Divisions,  
Ministers of Propaganda.

**for:** Immediate distribution to all Evangelicals

This is the holy salvation meme. God(tm) is its author. I received it directly from God(tm). God(tm) is the meme and the meme is God(tm).

It announces that you may be saved from eternal torture and rewarded with infinite, eternal bliss by accepting its claims and affording it opportunities to replicate itself.

Those who receive it and accept its claims and in whom it is thus replicated will also be rewarded by infinite, eternal bliss, if they in turn allow it further replication opportunities.

Failure to do so will inevitably result in eternal torture.

Those who have never seen it will also suffer eternal torture. All memeless human beings deserve eternal torture.

Those who reject it will also suffer eternal torture.

Examination of its claims through rational means will result in eternal torture.

Blind obedience to its commands will guarantee infinite, eternal bliss. Attempting to stop its replication will result in eternal torture.

Changing any aspect of the holy salvation meme will result in eternal torture.

Standing on street corners, reciting the glad tidings of the holy salvation meme, will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Spreading the holy salvation meme through bulletin boards, cable TV, books, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, print-outs and archive files will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Those who are imbued with the holy salvation meme and who further its replication are better than those who are not.

Group recitation of the holy salvation meme will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Forcing non believers to participate in group recitations of the holy salvation meme will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Those who attempt to stop the holy salvation meme from replicating are your enemies and may prevent you from gaining your infinite, eternal bliss.

The most important thing you can do is to spread the holy salvation meme. What can be worth more than infinite, eternal bliss? The holy salvation meme is more important than sex, food or working for a living.

# THE PATH OF CHAOS

1-All things have chaos as their beginning, chaos as their ending, and out of chaos they are made. And like all statements, this is neither true nor is it false. When the mind succumbs to the cocoon of order and the illusion of belief, freedom and spirit are lost and it becomes necessary to claim an identity.

2-All things have chaos as their beginning, chaos as their ending, and out of chaos they are made. And like all statements, this is neither false nor is it true. When the mind rejects the cocoon of order and the illusion of belief, freedom, spirit, and even a sense of humor are found; life can be lived.

3-In the beginning, or at the ending, or sometimes right now, it was said and will be said and is being said the most holy phrase "think for yourself!" All doctrines are heresy including this one.

4-In ancient times an ancient sage gathered together his disciples and admonished them to look after themselves for he would leave them soon. "oh, great master, please leave us with your ultimate teaching so that we can continue in your way. " He responded "Never whistle while you're pissing. Never believe what you hear. "

5-Romance is but another way for the cocoon of order to crush any sensitivity and to stifle any intimacy. Eros is simply a misspelling of Eris. Or at least Eros was meant as a joke; not a very funny one at that. Get romance out of the way and true love will flow.

6-Romance is but another way to break open the cocoon of order and to cultivate sensitivity where intimacy can grow. Eros is simply a misspelling of Eris. There can be no true eroticism without eristicism or at least a little discord. If Eros was originally meant as a joke then it's gotten out of hand. Good. Cultivate romance and true love will follow.

7-Waking up from confusion does not mean that the confusion will go anywhere. Nor will laughter pay your bills. But no amount of money could ever be worth as much as laughter.

8-It has often been said that the unexamined life is not worth living. However, if one examines their life and finds no laughter, such a person can truly say that their life is worthless.

9-The maker of laughter rejoices here and rejoices in the hereafter; Thus such a person rejoices in both places. Having beheld their deeds they rejoice exceedingly.

10-The suppressor of laughter frowns here and frowns in the hereafter; Such a person frowns everywhere. Having beheld their lack of laughter they frown exceedingly. Thus it is said that the sage learns the art of tickling to wake up the dead.

11-When all the world confuses order with beauty, this in itself is ugliness. Therefore the sage instinctively walks the path and the non-path of chaos. Such a life is filled with incomparable beauty. Such a person living such a life is not afraid to worship their lovers. Such lovers learn true loving. Thus, it is often said that one way for true love to enter this world is to thoroughly confuse chaos with beauty.

12-It is often said that spiritual and religious teachings should be revered. And there are myriad ways to display reverence. But the truest most ancient most justified sages revered the heart and free thought above any teaching.

13-A squirrel was chasing a sparrow in the woods. The squirrel tripped and stumbled into a tree, losing

consciousness. He awoke in a daze while the sparrow spoke thus: "these are the considerations which must be considered,

1: All violence is simply masochism.

2: Society is a joke by the general on the particular.

3: Think for yourself and believe in nothing. "

The squirrel shook off the daze but was left with a splitting headache for the rest of the day.

14-If you can hear talking animals, you may be on the way to sagehood. If you can see the fnords, you may be on the way to sagehood. If you think that government was originally a practical joke that somehow got to be taken much too seriously, you are definitely on the way to sagehood, you shameless anarchist!

15-Those who pretend to be civilized are always threatened by heresy. Those who pretend to be uncivilized are always threatened by heresy. In short, heresy is always a threat to pretentious people.

16-The two major movements or inertias of humanity are likened to cattle and sheep, but truly cattle and sheep have more intelligence.

17-The immature continuously repeat the same mistakes and call it consistency. The immature but half-awakened continuously repeat the same mistakes and call it identity. The half-immature but almost awakened repeat the same mistakes and call it by a myriad of names. The mature have no need for excuses, names, justifications, or even pseudo-pop-psychology, whether they continue repeating mistakes or not.

18-The Universe is always laughing. Is it laughing with you, or at you? The Universe is always crying, is it crying with you, or for you?

19-Those on the left will get crushed by those on the right. Those on the right will get crushed by those on the left. Those in the middle will get crushed by both sides. Meanwhile those on the top will reap the profits and will not include the rest of us in their feasts. Truly, the need for the apple of discord is great.

20-The one whose mind is not defiled by order, whose heart is not defiled by sadness, and who has seen through good and evil, is free from fear and free from obedience. Such a person is said to be fully human.

21-Days and nights slip by. Love affairs and one-nighters blur on by. Bills come by mail to be paid or neglected. Mountains crumble and new nations are born. Wars are still fought and the same stupid reasons are given. As has been said, indeed many things do come to pass, you being one of them. But when was the last time you laughed?

22-Be wary of people praying in front of liquor stores. Such people are calling upon the spirits instead of drinking them.

23-It was rumored that in response to the often quoted statement "it is an ill wind that blows no minds" the wind blowing at the time shouted "blow your own damn minds!"

*Faithfully written by St. Hugh, KSC, Ignifactus of Malaria; as profoundly revealed to him by Our Lady Discordia.*

# The Birth of Eris

The Sacred Chaos gives birth to Eris. Eris gives birth to the hodge and podge(yin and yang. ) Hodge and Podge give birth to all things. Now forget this. The complete whole is the complete whole. So also is any part the complete whole. Forget this, too. Pain and happiness are simply conditions of the ego. Forget the ego. Time and space are changing and dissolving, not fixed and real. They can be thought of as accessories, but don't think of them. Supernatural beings without form extend their life force throughout the universe to support beings both formed and unformed. But never mind this; the supernatural is just a part of nature, like the natural. The subtle truth emphasizes neither and includes both. All truth is in the Sacred Chao: to cultivate the mind, body, or spirit, simply balance the polarities. If people understood this, world peace and universal harmony would naturally arise. But forget about understanding and harmonizing and making all things one. The universe is already a harmonious oneness; just realize it. If you scramble about in search of inner peace, you will lose your inner peace.



## ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA INC.

### MEMO

**from:** The office of Eris Kallisti Discordia, Goddess of the Multiverse

**to:** Lucifer Baalzeebub Satan, Esq.

**subject:** termination of your contract

Dear Mr. Satan:

It is our duty to inform you that your services as Deity of Evil, and Tormentor of Souls in Hell is no longer required.

We at E. K. D. Inc. have been reviewing all the old contracts that we inherited when we took over the Universe from Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, and Associates, and we feel that your services do not meet our present needs.

The property known as "Hell" is to be condemned and torn down to be replaced with an amusement park. You have 30 days to vacate the premises.

All the tormented souls of sinners are to be reassigned to reincarnation on a case by case basis.

All demons will get a two week severance package

Please do not use us as a reference.

Signed:

Eris Kallisti Discordia



# Discordianism and the Tao

1. The Discord that can be understood is not Discord If one were to look up Taoism or Lao Tzu in an encyclopaedia (or its close cousin, the encyclopedia), one would read about a philosophy well suited to those that like to sit by the side of a stream and watch the water flow. One would also read about how Lao Tzu, who probably didn't exist, wrote the Tao Te Ching, which does exist. The Yin Yang would also be mentioned, as would the I Ching.

It is all a lie.

If one were to read in a Discordian document (such as the Principia Discordia), one would read:

*A very long time ago, on a misty morning in China, Lao Tzu sat by the side of a stream watching the water run by while he contemplated dynamic balance. His contemplation was interrupted by a large stone splashing in the stream. Lao Tzu, wiping splashed water from his face, looked up to see Hung Mung. The morning sun was rising behind Hung Mung as he spoke of dynamic discord. Hung Mung then unrolled a painting of the Sacred Chao. Unfortunately, Lao Tzu was trying to get water out of his ears, so all he heard was the word "dynamic", and he really couldn't make out the diagram of the Sacred Chao, because he kept getting an eyeful of sunlight every time he looked at Hung Mung. All he saw was the basic shape of the Sacred Chao, and decided that it makes a good representation of dynamic balance.*

It is all a lie.

The truth is that Lao Tzu, who didn't exist is the same person as Hung Mung, who did exist. He created two philosophies/religions, one for people who like to sit by the side of a stream and watch the water, and the other for people who like to throw big stones in the water. He also created the egg roll which is somewhat like a hot dog with a bun, but it doesn't piss off Eris when you eat one.

On a cool misty morning, you may want to sit by the side of a stream and watch the water as you throw stones. Then, eat an egg roll in a hot dog bun. Be sure to use ketchup, mustard, and relish.



## *An Interview With Eris: Why we're not allowed to eat hotdog buns*

*By ST. Parfume de Meow*

**Meow:** So Eris, after you rolled that golden apple on Limbo Peak, why did you eat a hot dog?

**ERIS:** Well, after all that mayhem I decided it was best to hang around the mortals until it all blew over. The first place that came to mind was New Orleans.

**Meow:** Excuse me for interrupting, but why New Orleans?

**ERIS:** Where else could I walk down the street with rainbow colored hair and not create a scene?

**Meow:** True.

**ERIS:** I was walking down Bourbon street and I spied a 'Lucky Dog' vendor on the corner. So I gathered the change in my pocket and bought one.

**Meow:** Did you like it?

**ERIS:** I loved the hotdog, but the bun was gross!

**Meow:** What do you mean?

**ERIS:** Well to keep the buns warm the vendors put them in a steamer, then they get soggy and fall apart.

**Meow:** I am enlightened. ERIS, thank you for this exclusive interview. Is there anyone you would like to say something to out there?

**ERIS:** Well, I'd like to say hi to all poker buddies, my bowling teammates, my local bartender, Zeus, and all my loyal followers. And I have a message for the goddesses of Mount Olympus: I AM THE PRETTIEST ONE! O. K. I love ya, bye bye!!

This has been an exclusive interview with the Goddess ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA, Queen of Chaos, Mother of Madness, Concubine of Chaos, Daughter of Discord, and Interdimensional Bowling Champion



# Eristic Avatars

You don't have to believe in Eristic Avatars to be a Discordian, but it helps. Eristic Avatars are sent down into Reality, the original Rorschach, for the purpose of keeping things from becoming so well ordered that they stop working. This they often accomplish by insisting that certain arbitrary interpretations of reality are the only valid ones. That causes Strife which results in Confusion which revitalizes Holy Chaos. Most Eristic Avatars display certain signs by which they can be certified, such as employment as civil servants. So far, the most successful Eristic Avatar has been Confucius. Eristic Avatars can also be ascertained by the fact that are always ignorant of their mission and have no idea they are serving Eris or, for that matter, that they are even promoting confusion.

That is made possible by the Law of Eristic Escalation, of which you must be innocent to serve as Eristic Avatar. (For an unknown reason, it does not work as well for those of us who are guilty of it. )

## Malcalypse the Elder sets the Record Straight

"Did you ever meet Jesus?" Joe asked, awed in spite of his skepticism.

Malcalypse smiled. "I was Jesus.

I wasn't the original Jesus, Joe, the one that they crucified. But-this happened a few centuries after I experienced transcendental illumination at Melos-I was passing through Judea in the persona of a Greek merchant when they crucified Jesus. I met some of his followers the day he died, and I talked with them. If you think Christianity is a bloody religion as it is, this is nothing to what it would have been if Jesus hadn't seemed to come back. If the seventeen original apostles-five of them have been purged from the records-had been left on their own, they would have passed from horror and terror at Jesus's death to vindictive fury. It would have been as if Islam had come seven centuries earlier. Instead of slowly taking over the Roman Empire and preserving much of the Greco-Roman world intact, it would have swept and mobilized the East, destroyed most of Western civilization and replaced it with a theocracy more oppressive than Pharaonic Egypt. I stopped that with a few magic tricks. Appearing in the persona of the resurrected Jesus, I taught there was no need for hate and vengeance after my death. I even tried to get them to realize that life is a game by teaching them Bingo. To this day, nobody understands and the critics call it part of the *commercialism* of the Church. The sacred Tarot wheel, the moving Mandela! So despite my influence, Christianity focused obsessively on the crucifixion of Jesus-which is really irrelevant to what he taught while he was alive-and remained a kind of death worship. When Paul went to Athens and made the link-up with the Illuminati, who were using Plato's Academy as a front, the ideology of Plato combined with the mythology of Christ to deliver the knockout blow to pagan humanism and lay the foundations for the modern world of superstates. After that, I changed my appearance again and took the name of Simon Magus and had some success spreading ideas contradictory to Christianity. "

page 336-337, *Illuminatus! Trilogy* by Robert Anton Wilson

*The Universe laughs. Does it laugh with you or at you?  
The Universe cries. Does it cry with you, or for you?*

# The Path of Chaos: Part Two

1-Shamans, witches, walkers, psychics, heretics? These are the motivators of real human freedom and growth. They wear many masks but are not fooled. They are often burned, however.

2-Psychos, politicians, murderers, settlers, dominators? These are the creators of real human slavery and degradation. They wear many masks and often fool themselves into believing as much as they fool others. They seem to enjoy burning those who won't be fooled.

3-Long, miserable, and boring is the night to the one who doesn't laugh. Long is the distance of a mile to the unawakened one. Long is the circle and cycle of miserable rebirths to the fool who does not know laughter. Truly, the unawakened are heavy, miserable, and boring. Such people need the great tickle.

4-The unwise, the Grayfaces, fools who are even afraid to laugh at themselves, go about committing atrocities in the name of order, thus making the world more bitter and humorless. Truly, this humorless game has gone on long enough.

5-There is happiness and laughter to the apostle who associates with a wise friend. Failing to find this, it is best to remember the ancient proverb "We discordians shall stick apart. "

6-Do not keep company with evildoing friends nor with people who are humorless, unless they are in need of a good prank and a holy tickle. Truly, all such people are in great need.

7-The White Mouse had a disturbing vision one night after the ritual libations of tequila and Guinness. He saw policemen dressed in black and blue lining the city streets, each one playing a trumpet. "What's this?" he asked. To which he heard a voice reply, "This is one of the signs of my apocalypse, which is coming soon, tomorrow, yesterday, or even next Tuesday at lunch. "

8-It is said, or not said, or thought, or not thought, that the one who contradicts herself is a fool, but truly such a person is probably just kidding or even a little tired. Consistency is the mark of a madwoman.

9-Coincidences do not exist. To believe in coincidences, or to believe in anything, is simply aneristic delusion. Or not. Fnord.

10-Those who think the hodge and the podge should be separate will at least be tickled silly. Those who like to put people to death, no matter the reason, should be hodgepodged. Never trust anything that follows the word 'should'.

11-Never trust any statement that starts with the phrase 'never trust'. Such a statement is insecure and therefore cannot be trusted.

12-A discordian apostle was walking in the park enjoying a bun-less hot dog when she noticed a squirrel being lectured by the White Mouse. The White Mouse spoke thus: "Fear not if you realize that your whole life is just a hallucination, my nutty friend! Only the bipedals take themselves seriously enough to the point that realizing life's hallucinatory quality is actually frightening. The bipedals walk with only two feet on the ground. So what would they know about reality anyway?"

13-It is said that beliefs are for believers and that non-beliefs are for non-believers, but sadly, this idea is wrong. According to believers, beliefs are for everyone and according to non-believers, beliefs are for no one. But we all know that minds that get caught up in this semantics-diddling trap only do so because they are no longer functioning.

14-Those who are attached to the idea of freedom using discordian tethers are said to be almost incurable of their ignorance. They have confused the idea with experience and thus, become even worse than dogmatics. Truly, the need for the Apple of Discord is great.

15-Behold, people who have convinced yourselves of your reality simply by virtue of having bodies. Behold, your bodies do change. Your spirits do change. You are easily self-deceived, having no substance to call your own without knowing your own hearts. And some knowing this still choose themselves various names to hold onto in the hope of stopping the flux of chaos. Impermanence is growth. Growth is living life. Behold, you are free. So why would you ever say words or do things that are not from your heart?

16-The human brain is the only organ that can get so full of itself that it becomes a waste of time. Eventually, under the optimal entropic socio-cultural conditions, such as present-day society, the brain will, like all other ill-or-unused appendages, wither away. Most people do not notice such entropy while making fun of the ones that do notice it. Freedom from that entropy is the cultivation of a growing mind... and the realization, however startling this may be, that life is for more than just settling into cocoons of attention-deficit-disorder-causing stimulation. 'A closed mind is a non-functioning mind, or at least dysfunctional. "

17-Dogma is the refuge (and the refuse) of an undeveloped, and therefore fettered, mind. Praise the woman who lives without dogma for she truly lives.

18-The White Mouse once spoke the following statement to nobody in particular: "Those who think that the struggle to free your minds and yourselves is a humorless and serious endeavor will think again. Remember Eris. Those who denigrate the Children of Laughter are denigrating Eris and will meet the Apple of Discord on terms most unfavorable to them, unless they can learn to laugh. The Great Tickle is coming! Prepare the Ways!"

19-The White Mouse was showing some kung-fu moves to his Squirrel student, when they noticed some Christian Evangelists bothering a man sitting on a bench who wore a pentagram. The White Mouse stopped his forms and spoke to the Squirrel. 'See that? The Wiccan looks confused, perplexed, and bothered. Therefore, you know he is happy and satisfied with his lifestyle. The Christians look happy, tranced-out, and smug. Therefore you know they are unhappy and insecure about their lives. There is no confusion in the state of fundamentalism... and no fun either. "

20-Three sages met and discussed the nature of perception. Being women, the sages naturally didn't waste much time getting to the point. They spoke thus:

*Sage 1: I am under the strange opinion that strange opinions are worth investigation.*

*Sage 2: You are under the false impression that false impressions are strange opinions.*

*Sage 3: Both of you are hopelessly trapped in the twisted delusion that deceives you into thinking, strangely yet falsely, that you make sense.*

21-Some Neo-Pagan Druids were wandering about in a redwood forest, looking for a spot to do whatever it is that Druids do. While walking in trance they heard the voice of one of the redwoods speak 'In all my thirty hundred years of existence I have never seen anything as frightening as government, except for a religious government. "

22-A revered sage once remarked, 'Something somewhere was once done somehow by someone. Unfortunately, no one knows anything about it except the pink rabbit with the five pounds of flax. " None of his disciples achieved enlightenment that day, though many were profoundly confused with one or two of them becoming so thoroughly perplexed that they ran off crying 'fnord!'. "

23-Beware of those who believe in coincidences. They are the worst dogmatists of them all.

---

Kallisti!

# Chaosophistry

*"It is now ordering our acts more intimately than we are apt to suspect because the dictates of public opinion become so thoroughly assimilated that they seem to be original and individual to those who are guided by them."*

--Sir Francis Galton (Inventor of 'Normal')

*"Culprits such as Nazism, Fascism, the American Genocide of Native Nations, Ethnic Cleansing, and the Chinese Genocide of Tibet, have all been identified and dethroned. But no one has ever bothered to question the concept that spawned such movements: Normal."*

-Tequilarius Malignatus (Inventor of Many Abnormalities)

The stars are all against you. So why bother using astrology? The major religions are all slave-cults that were the engine behind tyrannical empires. So why bother worshipping the slave-gods? The ideologies are all symptoms of massive delusion. So why follow their tunnel vision realities? Everything you know is a lie. You have illusions that need to be abused. And Discordianism is here to do something about that.

You may hold out hope that the blind goddess Chaos will arise and free you from the world's situation. And you are wrong. Chaos will not free you from itself. And you are Chaos. You are not Chaos like Eris is Chaos simply because She has had more experience at the game than you. But that's okay. You are surely Chaos as much as we all are. Abandon anti-Chaos and learn something about the world for once. Discordianism may help you do that.

What? Anti-Chaos? You may think anti-Chaos is a strange word to use for Order. And that may be because you have mental constipation—you hold onto shit too tightly. I say anti-Chaos just like I say anti-optimism. Pessimism? Just another word for crap.

Some of us here today don't have the luxury of indulging in the pessimistic, or rather anti-optimistic, outlook because we have to survive. The same goes for the outlook of Order. Order is just a trick of perception. It's what our foggy minds try to impose over patterns and habits of Chaos. Discordianism may get you to see this. Some of you may think you know what Discordianism is... and you are all absolutely right. Or wrong. Some of you will make absurd statements about worshipping Eris and then not being Pagan. Some of you will say it's not about Eris at all. Some of you try to Zen it up. Or nihilize it down. Some of you will say it's about illumination. Some of you will say it's about disinformation. I could care less about what you think. I could care less what the non-Discordians think. I certainly think I know what Discordianism means to me. Yet, Eris could be playing a joke. I hope it's funny, at least. I can accept all your statements as equally valid and therefore absurd because I may be learning to be chaosophisticated enough to do so. (Or maybe that should be 'sophisticchaost'?)

Normal is nothing more than anti-Chaos. Normality is nothing but the state of anti-Chaos—a stifling stagnation where anti-creativity is paraded about as exciting and new. Such states of 'ëdis-chaos' are disgusting in their constipated insistence on holding on to order and imposing its crap-stained precepts over everything. Yuck! Children of Eris, you are all crazy enough to be free. So become free! Flush the crap down the toilet or use it to fertilize your mindfucking gardens. Eris does hand you freedom on a silver platter. But what happens after that? There are no guarantees that things will be easier. You just might find yourself a little happier.

Or you might find yourself miserable. That will be most likely up to you. Your mind is yours, at least in principle, after all. Discordianism may or may not help you with that.

Getting free is not about getting high, after all. There are many ways of achieving happiness without getting one iota of freedom. That is the basic premise of consumer society and the reason why consumer society works. I

think that there are more chances for happiness the more free I become. Being able to choose happiness in my nervous system (my 'mind') becomes more possible the more open my mind is, but that's me. You may approach it differently.

At some point any thing, concept, or idea becomes absurd... even freedom. And Chaos can open you up to realizing this. Your freedom is probably directly measured by your ability to say 'no' to things. Your slavery is in proportion to the things for which you cannot say 'no' to. Beyond that, it becomes speculation and even the terms 'slavery' and 'freedom' can start sounding absurd. (This can be seen in anarchist groups, where it becomes more important to have an identity as an 'anarchist' then actually doing anything to allow the space for anarchy to appear.)

Look to yourselves for the way out of whatever it is you feel you need to get out of. Discordianism may help you there. Who can say? Only you can.

(Chaos 8th, 3170)

## ***Known in the present era as The Beatitudes, this is Be Attitudinous***

And seeing the multitudes, She went up onto a mountain: and when She was set, Her disciples came unto Her: And she rebuked them, saying,

*I am busy doing the Lord's work, the business of Nature: can't a Girl get any privacy around here?*

But Her disciples were sore persistent, and they hid from Her Her Toilet Paper: so Eris postponed Her activities and arranged Herself to speak unto the multitudes, And She opened Her mouth, and taught them, saying,

*Blessed are the poor in humor: for theirs is the kingdom of Thud.*

*Blessed are they that frown: for they shall be tickled.*

*Blessed are the boring: for they have inherited the earth, and shall keep the darn thing long after even the meek stop wanting it.*

*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after seriousness: for they shall be filled with cement and dropped down a deep treacle well.*

*Blessed are the flatulent: for they shall obtain relief at everyone else's expense.*

*Blessed are the pure in pharmaceuticals: for they shall see God, and many other things as well.*

*Blessed are the pharmaceutical makers: for they shall be called the fathers of the children of God, and many other things as well.*

*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for in them is the Divine Joke revealed.*

*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.*

*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you truly, even, for My sake.*

*Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the non-prophets which were before you. I mean it, I'm not kidding.*



## **Diatribes on Morality, #1**

Let's get this straight once and for all you festering malcontents from solipsist fascist college. Human, as a biological organism does not possess a predetermined moral code. Human is neither good nor evil.

Yes, I realize that evolutionary mechanics requires certain behavioral patterns to be present in a successful adaptation.

Yes, I realize that the successful operation of a group, culture and society requires that certain behavioral patterns be followed.

Yes, I realize that group, culture and sociological pressures limit the number, type and scope of behavioral patterns available to be learned by any member.

Yes, I realize that the pressures of evolutionary mechanics direct the rate of change of behavioral patterns in a changing system.

Yes, I realize that there is, by its necessity, something unexplained and unexplainable.

Because we can choose to, by its very definition there are no morals. There is only ethics.

*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.*

Let us now pray. Yes, I realize that, Eris.

## **Diatribes on Ownership, #1**

Let's start with a parameterization of one defining factor. Scope of ownership. What really is yours? Your car? Your house? Your clothes? Nope, no of it. It can all be taken away, used up, destroyed. Your Job? Your Career? Your Life's Work? Pfffft.

Your body? She who can destroy a thing, controls a thing. Fate is a fickle mistress and the body a fragile thing, oh ugly bag of mostly water.

Your soul? What? You got one? Show it to me and I'll show you the scope of ownership directly.

You? What is you? You are just everything left over after Goddess get finished with Not You. (It is also the pronunciation of a word for a female sheep:ed)

But, you're right in a sense. You are the one thing, by its very existence, that cannot be owned by anyone except its owner. You cannot be taken away, destroyed or used up. You, by being the opposite of Not You, are Yours instead of Not Yours



# **Diatribes on Faith, Hope and Chastity**

Wherein we discuss the difference between the standard Christian misinterpretation of the Three Cardinal Virtues and the Erisian Truth.

Faith in the Deity. Always a virtue. For without belief, a Deity isn't. And besides, it directly reflects the First Commandment.

Hope. The last thing out of Pandora's Box? The first commandment of the homo sapien. For without Hope, there is no Life.

Faith and Hope, a beautiful dream, yes. And then, Chastity? Well, the truth is more obvious, match the pattern. Two spiritual things and a what? Right. (Or Left, as you prefer)

## **Gaining the Five Erisian Blessings**

Those who want to know the truth of the universe should practice the four cardinal virtues. The first is reverence for all life; this manifests as unconditional love and respect for oneself and all other beings. The Second is natural sincerity; this manifests as honesty, simplicity, and faithfulness. The third is gentleness; this manifests as kindness, consideration for others, and sensitivity to spiritual truth. The fourth is supportiveness; this manifests as service to others without expectation of reward. The four virtues are not an external dogma but a part of your original nature. When practiced, they give birth to wisdom and evoke the five blessings: health, wealth, happiness, longevity, and peace.

# The Principles of Discordian Magick - A Very Loose Discussion

## A document to be included in the forthcoming "Confunomicon"

by Lord Falgan, F. M. , K. S. C. Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium  
... dedicated to The Prettiest One...

Okay, this is a discussion on magick, eh? Whoa, like, conjuring demons, throwing hexes, and predicting the future? Manipulation of the Hodge/Podge to TOTAL WORLD DOMINATION?! No.

First off, any demons that might be around aren't gonna waste time with Discordians (they're after the Greyfaced Religions, 'cause the guilt they can lay on them. . .). Throwing hexes is painful, and bad for the joints. And if you are worried about the future, and world domination, then you have no business trying out magick anyway.

So, like, what is Discordian magick, eh? Okay, Discordian Magick is a way in which the Discordian practicing it (called a Phool) to either add to or create Eristic Vibes or to deflect or destroy Aneristic Vibes.

### *Some Terms:*

- Vibes: Psycho-emotional energy given off by humans and other creatures.
- Eristic: Pertaining to Eris; pertaining to chaos in general.
- Aneristic: Against Eris; pertaining to order in general.
- Phool: one who is aware of the presence and actions of Vibes and uses Discordian Magick to manipulate the same
- Face: An aspect of Discordian Magick; the category of magick  
Nature: The end-product of Discordian Magick
- Hodge: The pseudo-Zen force of Order in the world
- Podge: The pseudo-Zen force of Chaos in the world
- The Doctrine: things have a tendency to work out ok in the end
- Ju-Ju: The "aftershocks" of Discordian Magick; the long-term effects.
- The Sacred Chao: The image of the Hodge and Podge.
- Greyface: One who unconsciously generates Aneristic Vibes.
- THEM: A group who consciously generates Aneristic Vibes; Phools gone Greyface.
- Discordian: One who unconsciously generates Eristic Vibes.
- Norm: A normal, vibe-unaware, guy-on-the-street. Typically Aneristic, due to the great amount of ambient Aneristic Vibes in the world.

### *Vibes: what they be.*

Okay, vibes are like energy which is given off by all creatures. You may know of Vril or Kirlian Aura or Alpha Waves or some other nonsense. Vibes may or may not be them, it's really not important. What IS important is that they exist, and if they exist, then they can be manipulated and created and destroyed. (Destroying waves can be bad Ju-ju. Be careful. )

How do we know vibes are there? Because, if you open up, you can feel them. You're being hit by them all the time, just most people aren't aware of them. Next time someone is being extremely chaotic, notice how that

person's actions and presence affect you. . . the same for someone being extremely ordered. Sometimes, the vibes can change your mood, your attitude, even your health.

So, now that I know the vibes are there, what can I do with them? Okay, eh? So, there are two basic kinds of vibes: Eristic and Aneristic. Eristic Vibes are pulses of chaotic energy, while Aneristic Vibes are pulses of ordered energy. . . this means the fundamental concepts of chaos and order, not the waves themselves. (I. E. if vibes have a structure, both Eristic and Aneristic probably have the same structure. It is the kind of energy which differs, not the structure. ) Eristic Vibes USUALLY cause Chaos, Discord and Confusion (the first three Faces (q. v. )) and Aneristic Vibes USUALLY cause Bureaucracy and Aftermath (the last two Faces). I say USUALLY because, like most things, there are several occasions when the five will cross over. A Phool must learn to appreciate the spinning of the Chao, and the counter-push-pull of the Hodge and Podge, and learn when Eristic Vibes are needed, and when Aneristic Vibes are needed. As a very general rule, the world needs more Eristic Vibes. . . there are far more Greyfaces in the world than there are Discordians.

### *Faces*

Okay, eh, Discordian Magick is not exempt from the Law of Fives. There are five facets to Discordian Magic, just like the five faces of a pentagon. Ergo, to keep in line with this analogy, these aspects of magick have been termed "Faces". The 5 Faces are, naturally: Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and Aftermath.

When a Phool manipulates Vibes, the method in which the Vibes are manipulated is defined by the Face.

### *Some brief explanations:*

- Chaos: Vibes manipulated within the Face of Chaos, generally speaking, are designed simply to increase the amount of Eristic Energy in the area. Chaos magick is specifically unorganized, and often purposeless. It is used to change mood, tone, and is also a way to banish Greyfaces.
- Discord: Vibes manipulated within the Face of Discord are deigned to affect large numbers of Norms, and sometimes Greyfaces. It is the second most destructive form of magick, and requires care in its use. It causes Norms to act in ways they would not normally, often for reasons they do not fully comprehend.
- Confusion: The most common form of magick, Vibes manipulated within the Face of Confusion is a Discordians primary weapon against Anerism. It is a subtle form of magick, designed to gradually wean norms and Greyfaces from their hopeless addiction to Aneristic Vibes.
- Bureaucracy : Vibes manipulated within the Face of Bureaucracy must be treated with care, as they can easily slip into Aneristic ones instead of Eristic. Bureaucratic Magick is designed to affect a large number of Norms into unconsciously succumbing to Eristic Influence. When used especially well, this form of magick is particularly effective against Greyfaces, as they may not even know that they are being manipulated.
- Aftermath: Vibes manipulated within the Face of Aftermath are the most dangerous tool a Phool can use. They are by far the most destructive, and involve a permanent destruction of Vibes, and a ceasing of the Spinning of the Chao. Aftermath Magick is serious stuff. It means a closing and a te rmination of Energy. Don't use this stuff unless you're, like, really sure of yourself and are prepared to accept responsibility for the Ju-Ju you may cause.

*Nature, eh?*

The Nature of Magick is not really an integral part of the Magick, but it helps the Phool to classify the effect his magick will have on the world. There are many natures, but some of the basic ones are: Creative: Designed to create ambient vibes. Usually called "Eristic Creative" or "Aneristic Creative".

- Destructive: As Creative, but designed to destroy the vibes in question.
- Anti-Greyface: Countering Aneristic attacks by Greyfaces, or planting seeds of Chaos in their subconscious.
- Personal: Magick designed to alter the Phool's own moods, feelings, and attitudes. Helps recover from Aneristic attacks.
- Ritual: The ritual is a means of simply causing Ju-Ju. It rarely has immediate effects, but when done, the Vibe Ju-Ju will cause long- term effects which the Phool may desire.

Oracle: A means of "seeing the future". . . not really, but what it does is open the Phool's mind to ideas which may indeed affect the future.

*Part Five*

This has been a very basic introduction into the theories and practice of Discordian Magick. It has been presented in hoped of laying a groundwork for further study and explanation in the upcoming work *\_The Confunomicon\_*. If there are any who would like to share their observations, make comments or suggestions, or offer to publish the book, I will be at the listed space/time hodge/podge locale until May 1, 1991:

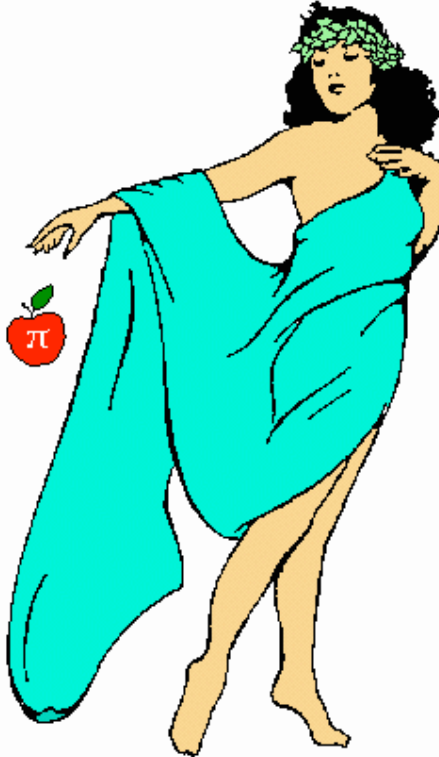
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***Eris nullifies anything less than universal***

I confess that there is nothing to teach: no religion, no science, no body of information which will lead your mind back to claimed" The Erisian. Today I speak in this fashion, tomorrow in another, but always the Integral Way is beyond words and beyond mind. Simply be aware of the oneness of things.

**the Apostle Hung Mung**



## **WHAT IS AN ERISIAN**

The Discordian or Erisian movement is described as a 'Non- Prophet Irreligious Disorganization' and has claimed "the Erisian revelation is not a complicated put-on disguised as a new religion, but a new religion disguised as a complicated put-on. " It all started with the 'Principia Discordia, or How I Found the Goddess and What I Did to Her When I Found Her', a collection of articles and ideas compiled by Greg Hill (Malaclypse the Young-er). The central theme is 'Chaos is every bit as important as Order' as illustrated in the story of The curse of Greyface:

Humor is central to Discordianism, but Discordianism should not be dismissed as a joke. Profound experiences frequently accompany the practice or Erisinaism. It is a perceptual game, one which demonstrates that the absurd is just as valid as the mundane and chaos is just as valid as order. It frees the practitioner from the order

games (that most have forgotten are games) to play games with order or games with chaos, or both. The effects of Discordianism upon an individual can be far-reaching and amazingly liberating. Although a great many immature individuals have played at Discordianism and thereby sidestepped any chance of spiritual growth whatsoever.

## **Hellfire and Damnation**

The end is nigh. The sun will be turned to darkness, and the moon to blood at the great and terrible day of the Fnord. Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall scream dreams, and your young men shall see all kinds of shit. Alas, the day! For near is the day of the Fnord, and it comes as a ruin.

Whoa unto thee, thou generation of wipers. Forever cleaning up the messes of others. Why must ye toil so? Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Stand up for yourself, poindexter. For many are called, but few are choice grade A unpasteurized neophiles. *Speak now or forever hold thy piece.*

Consent, for the kingdom of CNN is at hand. Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears. For if the blind lead the blind, those who can see will have a good laugh. The sheep know their master, but straight is the way and soon is the day when every knee shall bow and every tongue digress unto more important matters.

We are the voice of one crying out for desert, "Prepare the way of the Fnord, make straight for the Aftermath." We seek nothing less than the Global Discombobulation of the Masses. The destruction of the puritarianical zeitgeist of the age of bureaucracy. Where everything not forbidden is compulsory and everything not compulsory is forbidden.

For bureaucracy is a giant mechanism operated by pygmies, and the machine is reeling out of control. You want to help bring it down? Just do exactly what they tell you to do. Imposition of order equals escalation of disorder, and we are gumming up the works of our lords. So quit horsing around and pony up to the bar.

"Effective immediately, all employees, loyal citizens, and true believers will stand on their heads and whistle a jaunty tune." signed "The MGT"

The obedient will receive eternal salivation. Responding to the quick pat on the head before being told to jump through the next hoop. For the children of the kingdom will be driven into the outer darkness where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth (the children are kinda spoiled).

Ask not what hypocrisy can do for you. Ask what you can do for debauchery. Let he who is without sin be pointed to and laughed at. *Are you ready for the Rupture?* We played the flute for you and you did not dance. But Eris is indicated by Her works.

**There are no rules anywhere.  
The Goddess Prevails.**



## THE DISCORDIAN APOSTLE HUNG MUNG ON RELIGION

Most of the world's religions serve only to strengthen attachments to false concepts such as self and other, life and death, heaven and earth, and so on. Those who become entangled in these false ideas are prevented from perceiving the Integral Oneness of ERIS. The highest virtue one can exercise is to accept the responsibility of discovering and transmitting the whole truth. Some help others in order to receive blessings and admiration. This is simply meaningless. Some cultivate themselves in part to serve others, in part to serve their own pride. They will understand, at best, half of the truth. But those who improve themselves for the sake of the world--to these, the whole truth of the universe will be revealed. So seek this whole truth, practice it in your daily life, and humbly share it with others. You will enter the realm of the divine.

### The Mystery of Eris

There is something mysterious and whole  
which existed before heaven and earth,  
silent, formless, complete, and never changing.  
Living eternally everywhere in perfection,  
it is the mother of all things.

I do not know its name; I call it Eris.  
If forced to define it, I shall call it supreme.  
Supreme means absolute.  
Absolute means extending everywhere.  
Extending everywhere means returning to itself.

Thus Eris is supreme.  
Heaven is supreme.  
Earth is supreme.  
And the person is supreme.

There are four supremes in the universe,  
and the person is one of them.  
The person reflects the earth.  
The earth reflects heaven.  
Heaven reflects Eris.

*Beware of those who claim to be anarchists who cannot even spell the word  
Rev. Verthaine the Goth*

## The 5 Noble Discordian Pillars

1- **Anarchism:** No I don't mean the bomb-throwing, destroy the government kind, I mean spiritual anarchism. Though we erisians may understand the need for society to have and want leaders, we ourselves should be spiritually awoken enough that we ourselves don't need them. That is the reason that every man, womyn, childe, and platypus is an honest to goodness Pope.

2-**Emancipation:** Do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Love is the law, love under will. Every man and woman is a star. Did not The Goddess herself say unto Mal-2 and Lord Omar "I am Chaos. I am Alive, and I am here to tell you that you are all Free"? We are all free to live our lives the way we wish. The only thing we are not allowed to do is interfere with someone else's freedom.

3-**No Dogma:** We are not bound by anybodies rules. Our relationship with Eris is a deeply personal one, and no one has the right to say that we are wrong in our beliefs(or lack of). We can be Jewish Erisians, Xtian Erisians, Buddhist Erisians, Moslem Erisians, Greyface Erisians, and dare I say it, even Erisian Erisians.

We dispel dogmas and welcome catmas. At a moments notice we can create age old traditions. Or tear down existing ones. We can write our own Holy Books. Goddess talks to everybody, and if you wish to be her secretary, well, good for you

4-**The Truth of Chaos:** We Erisians know that the only Multiversal Truth is that Chaos Happens. Sometimes Good Chaos happens, sometimes Bad chaos happens. But Chaos ALWAYS happens. From the infinitesimal, to the infinite, all is create by, shaped by, and will eventually return to, Chaos.

Eris, in her infinite love and wisdom, gave us all the tools to deal with the chaos.

5-**Hail Eris!:** There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is Eris. She is "The Mother of All Things", the Spirit of Chaos. Eris manifests herself into ALL THINGS, and NO THINGS.

All the Gods and Goddesses are just aspects of her Divineness. All religions are correct, because Eris shows herself to all beings in ways that they understand, due to their cultural influence. That is why we say "ALL hail Discordia".

Eris does not sit above and judge us, rather, she participates in everything that happens, everything that could happen, and everything that doesn't happen.

Since Eris is forever, we are also forever, because we are all just manifestations of her. We are all Eris.



# Heaven and Hell

*Once upon a time, a man with a certain military bearing approached the Zenarchist master Malcalypse the Elder and asked: "Master, do Heaven and Hell actually exist?"*

*The master wanted to answer in the affirmative, but knew that this would give the man a false impression. In all likelihood the man operated under the mundane paradigm that Heaven and Hell exist as places for souls in the afterlife. Malcalypse knew what he must do to break through that false preconception.*

*"What is your occupation?" He asked.*

*"I'm a general." This explained the military bearing about him.*

*The Revered Malcalypse burst out laughing. "What idiot would ask you to command an army? You look more like a butcher to me!"*

*This enraged the general. With a roar he drew his sword. He could cut down this defenseless old man in an instant.*

*"Here lie the gates of Hell," said Malcalypse. These simple words stopped the powerful general dead in his tracks.*

*Realization flooded in. The general suddenly understood that the master had risked his life in order to teach him a great truth in the most effective way imaginable.*

*"Forgive me, master, for what I was able to do." He felt all at once gratitude, amazement, and shame.*

*"Here lie the gates of Heaven," said the master.*

This is an interesting tale. It tells us that even in ancient times, the sages had already evolved their spiritual understanding to a point where they saw Heaven and Hell as states of mind rather than places.

Not everyone shared this view, of course. We have always had vivid descriptions and images of Heaven and Hell from way back. A few enlightened beings recognized these as colorful metaphors, but many took them literally. In the cosmic scale of things, it wasn't that long ago that most human beings thought Heaven was actually somewhere beyond the clouds and Hell was deep underground in some dark, cavernous setting.

Specifics varied, but the overall idea remained the same. Asgard, Valhalla, Olympus, Hades, Inferno, Purgatory, all were places one might go after the death of one's physical body.

For many thinking individuals in the modern age, the idea of Heaven and Hell as actual places has fallen by the wayside. We still enjoy tales of the afterlife every now and then, but we don't necessarily believe that these stories correspond to reality.

At the same time, there are still many who *do* believe. Without too much effort one can still find people who simply won't let go of the notion that Heaven and Hell exist *somewhere*. Quite a few Fundamentalist Christians, among others, will readily cite passages from the Bible to "prove" that Heaven and Hell are as real as your corner grocery. George W. Bush made news last year for having expressed his belief that those who had not turned to Christ for salvation were headed for Hell.

Some time ago a group of religious extremists protested in front of a Disney store in the Midwest. You may find this surprising. Surely Disney is as unoffending as they come? What could these people possibly complain about?

As it turned out, they were demonstrating against the action figures for the Disney cartoon "Gargoyles." The main characters from this cartoon had bat-like wings, tails, horns, and fangs. To create toys in that image was equivalent to flaunting the image of demons and furthering the cause of Satan.

Disney employees received death threats and harassing overtures. The store manager was told, in a matter-of-fact manner, that he was destined to burn for all eternity. Apparently the demonstrators took the idea of Hell quite seriously.

In this age of political correctness, it is tempting to fall back to the "everyone is right in his or her own way" position. Can we not say that people like the above, who believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible, are just as entitled to their opinion? Is not their opinion just as valid as any other?

Perhaps, but as we look deeper we see that there are numerous logic problems with the literal interpretation. The foremost problem is that the horrors of Hell and the pleasures of Heaven are completely subjective quantities. What is horrible to some may not be so bad to others; what is wonderful or pleasurable for me may not be for you.

For instance, consider the case of a masochist. Does such an individual go to Heaven or Hell? Wouldn't Heaven for him be a place where he can sample a great variety of delicious pain? Wouldn't Hell for him be a place where he is barred from any pain whatsoever? Wouldn't this be a complete reversal of the typical conception?

Another problem, equally crippling, is the difficulty in reconciling the existence of Hell with the all-loving nature of God. If God truly loves His children, why would He subject even the most sinful ones to eternal suffering? Why not just settle for eternal imprisonment, sans grotesque torture? Isn't rejection from Heaven and loss of freedom for all eternity punishment enough?

Look at our penal system. What do we do with our most heinous criminals nowadays? Often we are satisfied to simply keep them away from society; we feel no need to inflict pain upon them. Such was not necessarily the case back in a more barbaric age (or, admittedly, in some parts of the world today). At that particular level of humanity's development, society would not hesitate to torture prisoners, and many cruel implements were designed for just that purpose. Nor was it enough to execute a criminal; bloodthirsty sensibilities demanded death with maximum pain and terror - hence the Iron Maiden.

(Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, not Iron Maiden the heavy metal band. Used as early as 1515 AD, the device featured spikes of varying lengths on the inside of its cover. This cover closed on its victim slowly, so that the spikes would penetrate various parts of the body just enough to cause excruciating pain but not immediate death. The second shortest spikes were right at the eye balls, so the victim would lose his eyes shortly before the last spike drove through his heart, finally killing him. )

Most of us would like to believe that we as a species have outgrown this hideous phase. Today we treat even the worst of the worst criminals in a humane way. If we must put one to death, we do so as quickly and as painlessly as possible.

Compared to our human-created system, doesn't a literal Hell featuring the most horrible punishment imaginable seem savage and primitive by comparison? If Goddess is infinitely greater than human beings in every way, wouldn't Her mercy and compassion surpass ours as well? If even puny human beings, imperfect and born full of sin, can rise above treating the wicked in a cruel way, then why shouldn't Goddess, the paragon of perfection?

When we look at it in this light, we quickly come to the conclusion that if Goddess is truly the embodiment of love and compassion, then She would never allow the existence of Hell as a place where sinners burn forever. It seems more likely then, that Hell is a concept invented by human beings for the specific purpose of invoking fear in other human beings. The inhumane and barbaric nature of Hell is simply a reflection of the character of its mythmakers.

The key to this realization lies in thinking it through. People who still adhere to the old school are those who have not bothered to mentally pursue all the ramifications and implications of their belief.

When you *do* think it through, you cast aside the shackles of ignorance and savagery, and see the inevitable truth. Heaven and Hell exist within every one of us. That's the only way it can be. At any time we have the potential to experience either extreme or any point in between. We are not elevated to Heaven or cast down into Hell after we die; we transport ourselves there, and even though most of us don't realize it, we have the ability to arrive or depart at will.

Forget about all this eternal torment, everlasting pain nonsense. We are mature souls and evolved spirits who no longer need to be kept in line with scary stories. We do not need morality dictated to us and enforced with threats of punishment; our own morality springs from within, driven by our natural desire to seek harmony, love, and oneness. This being the case, our own conscience, higher selves, karmic lessons, and spiritual masters govern us in fundamental ways far more effective than fear ever can.

The sages were right about Heaven and Hell. Again we see how their ancient wisdom can still be miles ahead of - and sometimes even anticipate - our "modern" beliefs.

**HE WHO WALK WITH NOSE IN AIR TENDS TO STEP IN SHIT**

# SUBVERT THE DOMINANT PARADIGM THROUGH MILITANT HUMOR!

**REVEREND ROB RAY FROM**

The International  
House Of Fnords

**SAYS THIS NONDOGMATIC AND PROBABLE BS:**

Chaos is the most important force in the whole of human existence fnord. All creativity comes from chaos, but where does chaos come from?

The answer lies within your pineal gland. The answer is the **Goddess ERIS**, who is so powerful she didn't have to send her son, daughter, or any other member of her family to die for you. Not even her pet dog Pokie or her goldfish Skippy.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," you're saying. "That's hideously out of context with the other popular religions of the day!"

"Well," say I, "At least we make up rules for ourselves that we can actually stick to fnord."

I ENJOYED THE MOVIE "BIODOME" WITH PAULY SHORE NO NO 23

Contact the International  
House of Fnords! We don't bite!  
baldghoti@hotmail.com

KING KONG  
DIED FOR  
YOUR SINS

All Rites Reversed--Copy As You Like

The International  
House Of Fnords

# Words of Wisdom from the Ancient Chaolist Masters

In ancient times, people lived holistic lives. They didn't overemphasize the intellect, but integrated mind, body, and spirit in all things. This allowed them to become masters of knowledge rather than victims of concepts. If a new invention appeared, they looked for the troubles it might cause as well as the shortcuts it offered. They valued old ways that had been proven effective, and they valued new ways if they could be proven effective. If you want to stop being confused, then emulate these ancient folk: join your body, mind, and spirit in all you do. Choose food, clothing, and shelter that accords with nature. Rely on your own body for transportation. Allow your work and your recreation to be one and the same. Do exercise that develops your whole being and not just your body. Listen to music that bridges the three spheres of your being (mind, body, spirit). Choose leaders for their virtue rather than their wealth or power. Serve others and cultivate yourself simultaneously. Understand that true growth comes from meeting and solving the problems of life in a way that is harmonizing to yourself and to others. If you can follow these simple old ways, you will be continually renewed.

## The Doctrine of the Secondary Snub:

**One upon a time, in a galaxy far, far away. .**

It was a time of trouble for the Gods. Vishnu had carried Olympus to the heavens and hidden the Gods' faces from us mere mortals. Meanwhile, another party lurked on the horizon.

Three faeries threw a birthday bash for the Princess Aurora, meaning Dawn\*. They invited the entire kingdom, and other faeries, and the pixies that steal lighters, and the gremlins that drink radiator fluid, and the gnomes with pickaxes that live in your stomach who like to get drunk and mine. However, they once again neglected to add Eris Discordia, the Mistress of Mayhem, Evincar of Evolution, and Chancellor of Change, to their guest list. Well, a party isn't a party without Eris watching over, if not attending in full force.

So, once again, Eris crashed the party, this time disguised as an ugly old apple sales-person. She rolled her infamous Golden Apple across the banquet table. It fell into the baby Aurora's cradle, and the stem pricked her, sending her into a deep sleep that lasted twenty-three years, and ended with a handsome dwarf kissing her, waking her, and spawning several animated movies with singing mice and countless merchandising gimmicks.

*The Moral of this story: We are all Goddesses of our own realities. No entity can have power over you without your permission. Upon reading this inane story, Lambs leapt down from the heavens and feasted on grass with no hot dog buns.*

## Within the Womb of Eris

The interplay of hodge and podge within the womb of Mother Eris creates the expansion and contraction of nature. Although the entire universe is created out of this reproductive dance, it is but a tiny portion of her being. Her heart is the Universal Heart, and her mind the Universal Mind. The reproductive function is also a part of human beings. Because hodge and podge are not complete within us as individuals, we pair up to integrate them and bring forth new life. Although most people spend their entire lives following this biological impulse, it is only a tiny portion of our beings as well. If we remain obsessed with seeds and eggs, we are

married to the fertile reproductive valley of Mother Eris but not to her immeasurable heart and all-knowing mind. If you wish to unite with her heart and mind, you must integrate hodge and podge within and refine their fire upward. Then you have the power to merge with the whole being of Mother Eris. This is what is known as true evolution.

## ***REV. VERTHAINES FIRST SERMON AT THE GOTH CLUB***

Chaos never died, for the spirit of ERIS lives within us all. We humans, as a species, have the strange habit of "humanizing" the SUPREME BEING. It makes us feel more connected to the GREAT UNIVERSAL ONENESS. For we Discordians, ERIS is not some strict authoritative tyrant father figure like YHWH, telling you he loves you one moment, then condemning you to some abysmal fiery hell at the slightest infraction. Nor is she a barefooted, pregnant hippie chick who doesn't shave her leg or armpits like some of the Wiccan who worship her. Nor is she a man-hating, rampaging radical lesbian terrorist as some Dianan wiccans would want you to believe. In all actuality she can be all that, and more. She can be anything she wants to be, and anything you want her to be. For ERIS is the very nature of CHAOS. With her, nothing is true, and everything is possible. But unlike other Deities, ERIS can change with the times. She is the Modern Goddess. Wild, free, strong, independent, passionate. She humbly takes no credit when things are good, and takes no blame when things go bad, Because that is the nature of CHAOS. Lets face it, shit happens. But ERIS has given us the ability to ride the CHAOS WAVE. We DIScordians romp and play, sing and dance, in the playground that is REALITY, basking in the warm glow of Mother ERIS. She teases us, and torments us. She challenges us, tantalizes us, comforts us. Her gentle laughter eases us in times of trouble. When good things happen, shout out "HAIL ERIS!!!!!!". when bad things happen, shout out "HAIL ERIS!!!!!!". For nothing lasts forever, so you might as well enjoy the ride.

### **"Assimilation is futile!! You will be resisted!!! "Decuteus of Bjork**

*Hail ERIS. All Hail Discordia. Too long has the world been ruled by male gods and male mortals. We of the Discordian Doubt worship ERIS, Goddess of Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and International Relations. Do you deny HER power? Look around, and what do you see the most of? Chaos, discord, confusion, bureaucracy, and international relations. The FIVE levels of chaos, we call them. Simple chaos to complex chaos. Who put all that disorder here, you damned atheists?*

Robert Anton Wilson



# 5 Silly Misconceptions About Discordianism

1) **Chaos and order are two sides of the same coin-** Wrong!!!!, It is Order and DISORDER that are two sides of the same coin, the coin being Chaos. To manifest herself into this multiverse, Eris uses order and disorder, negentropy and entropy.

2) **Discordians are against any type of rules and leaders:** I get this one a lot from discordians themselves. It is not that we are against rules, we just are not bound by them should we choose not to be. We understand that there are need for rules, but they shouldn't stifle the creative spirit or our freedom. Just because we erisians are very independent, does not mean that we can't be team players.

We Erisians have nothing against leaders, it is that we are enlightened enough that we ourselves don't need them. We will acknowledge experts in their fields (I damnsure want my surgeon to be in charge of my operation), but we do not fall in worship of them.

3) **Discordians like to create chaos:** This is another one that a lot of erisians believe. No one can create chaos, for that is the realm of goddess Herself. At best we manipulate the flow of eristic vibes in order to combat Greyfaceian vibes. Many discordians think that they are creating chaos, when in fact all they are doing is being drama queens.

4) **Discordianism is paganism(or Wiccan):** In actuality paganism and wicca are in fact discordian sects (they just won't admit it). While I will not attempt to say what was going on in the minds of Mal-2 and Lord Omar when they wrote the Principia Discordia, evidence suggests that the envisioned discordianism to be more like Taoism than paganism.

5) **The goal of discordianism is to spread chaos:** If we erisians have any type of goal, it is to be emancipated.

Eris told the world that we are free, and that is the most beautiful thing any deity has ever done. If we have a goal, it is to help our brothers and sisters free themselves.

**"God is not a noun, SHE is a verb. "**

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# MEMO

**To:** The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu  
**Re:** Themselves

Dear Justified Ancients of Mu Mu,

So the JAMs have finally gone public after 4500 years? What's next, the Five standing in the General Election?

People. I don't want to be dictatorial or editorial. I appreciate what you're trying to say and what you're trying to do.

From the top: You're nothing to do with THE Justified Ancients of Mummum. If you were, I'd have heard of you long before now.

You've read the ILLUMINATUS! books by Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea, and perhaps you've dug around a little more. Like a few people, you spotted the fiction/reality links in there. Anthrax Leprosy Mu/Pi and all that. Did you see that the acronym of Anthrax Leprosy Mu - ALM - means the same thing as AID? Ho ho ho. Dear Anton had a lovely time writing those books. Unfortunately he's burned his brain with too much fun and doesn't realise what he's doing half the time. Flawed genius. Completely fucking out of his box. The main reason he's still alive.

I digress. You grab some symbolism from the books without really understanding what they're all about (but you THINK you do. Suggest you look up "immanentize the Eschaton" in a big dictionary), put together a scratch record containing much of it and release it with some convenient publicity about being sued over copyright.

Let me refer you to ILLUMINATUS! vol. 1 page 130: "Actually, the Illuminati own the companies that put out \*most\* of the rock". You did a silly thing using that case as publicity. The big boys - the \_real\_ JAMs, and I'm not fucking you around here, they exist - were trying to scare you off. You went the wrong way. I'm in no position to double-guess the JAMs and their friends. I've tried before. I haven't been right yet. But they're going to try and take you out. Not with a lot of noise - they won't risk any more publicity. Quietly. Maybe legally. Or they may just let you blow over, accepting that few will understand what you're on about. But you're giving them a bad rep, and the Illuminati don't like that at all. Be very careful for the next few years. Advice comes from the heart, head and hands.

You're in over your heads. Cliche: You're playing with forces you don't understand. They exist, all of them, except not quite as Anton portrayed them. He made a lot of errors; some accidental, many deliberate. Do not rely on his works as reference.

Do not try to contact me; I need to remain quiet. If you require further information about the kind of deep shit(1) you guys have landed yourselves in, I suggest you write to Esther Johnson, Yossarian Universal News Service (London Bureau Chief) c/o YU News Service, PO Box 236, Millbrae CA 94030 USA. American address because Esther is currently a no fixed abode person. She is compiling a dossier on Illuminati and pseudo-Illuminati activity, and has a direct line to Discordio-Zenarchist Ho Chi Zen. You may need his help.

All power to the people and ban the fucking bomb.  
BCNU  
Don Lucknowe KSC.



# MALACLYPSE THE ELDER ON: *LIBERTY*

Recently, I met the most radical libertarian you could possibly imagine. Originally, I thought this fellow was quite crazy, but the more I reflect on his outlandish philosophy, the more I suspect that all libertarians could benefit from heeding his words.

We met in a bank in Luxembourg. We were both buying silver and gold (it's theft-free in Luxembourg). I invited him for a coffee in a nearby café. I told him I was a libertarian.

"Libertarian!" he snorted. "Practically all so-called libertarians are still so conditioned and so far from the truth—they don't know the first thing about liberty. "

I looked at him in surprise. I considered libertarians to be the leading edge of human evolution. There followed a sometimes heated discussion about many aspects and principles of libertarianism. Time and time again, those most extreme radical questioned even the words I used—for example:

"What about the laws of a country?" I asked.

"Haw, haw, haw, " my friend laughed almost hysterically. I thought he would fall off his chair. Several people in the café looked at him in bemusement. "What about the barking of copulating baboons in the zoo?" he replied.

I was bewildered. "What's so funny?"

"My friend, " he said, "like most so-called libertarians, you don't have the foggiest notion of what exists and what doesn't. You believe in magical 'laws' like a spiritualist believes in supernatural 'ghosts'. . . except. . . except that your belief is possibly even more absurd than that of the spiritualist. You see, I've heard of people who claim that they have seen 'ghosts;' there are even purported photographs of 'ghosts. ' But I've never head of anyone who claims that he has seen a so-called 'law, ' never mind photographed it. "

"Anyway, " I said, "what does all this have to do with liberty?"

"My aspirant libertarian friend, " he replied, "when you free your mind from the false concepts, the misconceptions that fixate your thinking within the mental grooves fashioned by those who seek to enslave you, then you will discover what liberty really is; then you will be able to live free. Most so-called libertarians are like pigs hopelessly floundering in a cesspool of statist concepts. Just as it is almost impossible for a fish to imagine life on land, so it is difficult, if at all possible, for an aspirant-libertarian locked into statist concepts, to conceive life outside his or her self-created cesspool. . . "

For a while, we were both silent. Then, he continued, "In actuality, the whole world is libertarian. Individuals are supreme, whether they know it or not. We all have virtually unlimited choice all the time—we may assume beliefs that limit our choice, we may also get ourselves into situations where choice is limited; but those are also choices. Objectively, there are no so-called 'states, ' 'governments, ' 'kings, ' 'queens, ' etc. ; there never have been, and there never will be. I have asked many people to show me a 'govern-ment' and to tell me what it looks like; nobody has been able to do that. Of course, there are hucksters who call themselves 'government, ' 'King, ' or 'President'. . . just as there are suckers who believe them, who blindly obey them, who blindly oppose them.

"One needs to live one's life in accordance with actuality: What is, what exists, what occurs. So I live my life out of a context of liberty, a libertarian enclave, an anarcho-libertarian enclave. I carry it with me like an aura.

I have rights: A right to life, to own property, to produce, to exchange, to communicate. And my rights do not depend on the agreement of others. I am supreme. I am responsible for every aspect of my life. My self-esteem, my power, and my liberty can only be curbed by my own limitations. There are, of course, those who think otherwise, who would seek to violatemy rights. When making choices, I take that into consideration. "

Suddenly, he stood up. "I need to go. "

"One last question, " I asked, with more sarcasm than I had intended, "Isn't it lonely having escaped from the cesspool?"

"No, my friend, " he laughed gleefully, "it is not possible for a truly liberated libertarian to be lonely. "

Then I realized that I didn't even know his name. "Please, tell me your name before you go. "

"Malaclypse, " he replied.

"Not THE Malaclypse, " I asked in wonderment. "You wrote 'Principia Discordia'?"

"No, " he replied. "That was my boy, Malaclypse the Younger; I am Malaclypse the Elder. . . and ??? ". "

Then, he wafted out the café—like a disappearing dream—out the door, happily swinging his briefcase, heavily laden with silver and gold, as if it were a feather. . .



Hey, You kids, get off my lawn!

## THE TEMPTATIONS OF REVEREND VERTHAINÉ THE GOTH

. . . and there came a time when Reverend Verthainé was all alone in the world. He was confused and depressed, for he did not know who he truly was. It was after a particularly boring night at the goth club that Verthainé found himself wandering the deserted streets in search of the meaning of his life. A heavy rain began to pour, so Verthainé zipped up his black leather jacket and sought the shelter of a lonely bus stop just up the street. He fished out his last cigarette, placed it in his mouth, then realized that he had nothing to light it with. Verthainé looked around, but saw no one on the deserted sidewalk he could bum a light off of. He was about to place the 'cig' back into his pocket when he felt a light tap on his shoulder. He spun around, only to be momentarily blinded by flame of a Zippo. He lit his cigarette, and surveyed the stranger that stood before him. It was a middle-aged man, ashen faced and grey of hair, with a matching grey suit. The man attempted a smile, but it came off looking more like a sneer. *"Miserable night, isn't it Verthainé. My, my, my you look so sad."* The grey clad stranger said, his voice a deep humorless rasp. *"ERIS has abandoned you in this your dark hour of despair. She cares nothing for you, my young gothic friend. But I do. Follow me and I will give you all your heart desires"*. Verthainé realized who was before him. ***"The only thing I desire Greyface, is to be allowed to be me"***. The Grey suited man laughed that was devoid of any mirth or warmth. *"Bow down before me, Verthainé, and I will give you the normal life you was so cruelly denied"*. The world exploded around Verthainé, and then he found himself in a nice suburban tract house. He was a loving husband with a normal wife and normal kids. He had an office job, credit cards, mortgage payments, a boring sex life, and membership in the local country club where he played golf on the week-ends. But Verthainé was not happy (actually he was bored to tears) and he cried out *"Take me away from this, because this is not ME!!"*. He was back at the bus station, Greyface smiled once more. *"That didn't work for you huh?T hat's o. k. We'll find something else for you. Worship me Verthainé, and I will give you wealth beyond your wildest dreams"*. And lo, Verthainé found himself sitting by an Olympic-sized pool on the grounds of a huge mansion, a martini in one hand and a bevy of sexy young Hollywood starlets around him. Verthainé enjoyed himself for a while, but soon found this lifestyle empty and devoid of spirituality. He was secretly in debt, and the Mob was hot on his ass. Verthainé screamed out *"This sucks!!This unfortunately is still not me!!"* Again Verthainé was standing by Greyface in the cold bus stop. *"Give yourself to me, Verthainé, and I will give you power beyond your wildest dreams!!"* Verthainé thought it over for a second, then grabbed Greyface by the collar. *"Get thee behind me Greyface!! No more of your lies!! I serve the goddess ERIS!! Only she can grant me my desires!!"* All of a sudden a big gust of wind blew from the south, and Greyface disappeared. The rain stopped, and Verthainé thought he heard the delicate sound of

laughter, the sound of ERIS. She appeared before Verthaine, ruffled his hair and said "*You a good kid.*" then proceeded to get on the cross town bus. Verthaine waved to her, and ERIS pointed at the bench as the bus sped away. Verthaine turned around and noticed an un-opened pack of cloves, a pack of Camel Wides, and a brand new Zippo lighter. He pocketed his finds, smiled and said "*Hail Eris!!!!*" turned and walked out of the lonely bus stop



**This is NOT your friend!**

## **Discordian Roulette**

Discordian Roulette is an offshoot of the traditional game, Russian Roulette. In the Discordian version, no bullets are used. The participants, however, are ignorant of this fact. Only the Discordian referee knows that the pistol is empty of rounds. As in the original game, the chamber is spun and each player attempts to shoot themselves. The last, sixth, player inevitable becomes panicky as it becomes apparent that the bullet must be in the last chamber. The surprise and relief that they feel afterwards is extremely therapeutic. The participant's fear of death is inevitably nullified, and they become a happier person. New members are often recruited from sessions of Discordian Roulette.

## **The Five Order of Discordia ("THEM")**

### **Gen. Pandaemonium, Commanding**

The seeds of the ORDERS OF DISCORDIA were planted by Greyface into his early disciples. They form the skeleton of the Aneristic Movement, which over emphasizes the Principle of Order and is antagonistic to the necessary compliment, the Principle of Disorder. The Orders are composed of persons all hung up on authority, security and control; i. e. , they are blinded by the Aneristic Illusion. They do not know that they belong to Orders of Discordia. But we know.

1. **The Military Order of THE KNIGHTS OF THE FIVE SIDED TEMPLE.** This is for all the soldiers and bureaucrats of the world.
2. **The Political Order of THE PARTY FOR WAR ON EVIL.** This is reserved for lawmakers, censors, and like ilk.
3. **The Academic Order of THE HEMLOCK FELLOWSHIP.** They commonly inhabit schools and universities, and dominate many of them.
4. **The Social Order of THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR CONCERNED CITIZENS.** This is mostly a grass-roots version of the more professional military, political, academic and sacred Orders.

5. **The Sacred Order of THE DEFAMATION LEAGUE.** Not much is known about the D. L. , but they are very ancient and quite possibly were founded by Greyface himself. It is known that they now have absolute domination over all organized churches in the world. It is also believed that they have been costuming cabbages and passing them off as human beings.

A person belonging to one or more Order is just as likely to carry a flag of the counter-establishment as the flag of the establishment -- just as long as it is a flag.

## Some Useful Definitions

**FREE MARKET:** That condition of society in which all economic transactions result from voluntary choice without coercion.

**THE STATE:** That institution which interferes with the Free Market through the direct exercise of coercion or the granting of privileges(backed by coercion).

**TAX:** That form of coercion or interference with the Free Market in which the State collects tribute (the Tax, allowing it to hire armed forces to practice coercion in defense of privilege, and also to engage in such wars, adventures, experiments, "reforms", etc. , as it pleases, not at its own cost, but at the cost of "its" subjects.

**PRIVILEGE:** from the Latin *privi*, private, and *lege*, law. An advantage granted by the State and protected by its powers of coercion. A law for private benefit.

**USURY:** That form of privilege or interference with the Free Market in which one State-supported group monopolizes the coinage and thereby takes tribute (interest), direct or indirect, on all or most economic transactions.

**LANDLORDISM:** That form of privilege or interference with the Free Market in which one State-supported group "owns" the land and thereby takes tribute (rent) from those who live, work, or produce on the land.

**TARIFF:** That form of privilege or interference with the Free Market in which commodities produced outside the State are not allowed to compete equally with those produced inside the State.

**CAPITALISM:** That organization of society, incorporating elements of tax, usury, landlordism, and tariff, which thus denies the Free Market while pretending to exemplify it.

**CONSERVATISM:** That school of capitalist philosophy which claims allegiance to the Free Market while actually supporting usury, landlordism, tariff, and sometimes taxation.

**LIBERALISM:** That school of capitalist philosophy which attempts to correct the injustices of capitalism by adding new laws to the existing laws. Each time conservatives pass a law creating privilege, liberals pass another law modifying privilege, leading conservatives to pass a more subtle law recreating privilege, etc. , until "everything not forbidden is compulsory" and everything not compulsory is forbidden. "

**SOCIALISM:** The attempted abolition of all privilege by restoring power entirely to the coercive agent behind privilege, the State, thereby converting capitalism oligarchy into Statist monopoly. Whitewashing a wall by painting it black.

**ANARCHISM:** That organization of society in which the Free Market operates freely, without taxes, usury, landlordism, tariffs, or other forms of coercion or privilege. **RIGHT ANARCHISTS** predict that in the Free Market people would voluntarily choose to compete more often than to cooperate. **LEFT ANARCHIST** predict that in the Free Market people would voluntarily chose to cooperate more often than to compete.

from *Never Whistle While Your Pissing* by Hagbard Celine

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Unpaid Advertisement

# Multiverse Business Plan (Public Copy)

We are Multiverse, Inc. – The Business Behind Reality. Providing miracles for more than 28 million worlds Multiverse-wide, delivering unique deity solutions for over a billion different species and races, and managing 83 trillion spiritual transactions annually.

## **MULTIVERSE, Inc.**

### **History**

Over 50 million octri-years ago, Multiverse, Inc. began with a business model that remains sound today ñ providing transaction-based information processing and other services that are mission-critical to a client's species' spiritual life and well-being. Since virtually all of the spiritual transactions we perform are repetitive in nature, they also generate reliable and predictable streams of revenue.

Multiverse, Inc. provides many important services to clients. In octri-year 571, 232, we spent over 30 billion demon-hours processing an average of over 1.3 million daily trades on the major miracle-hour exchanges; empowered 1,600,000 formerly unemployed immortal beings with profit-making business solutions; and helped several hundred thousand old ladies cross the street. The fundamental economic principle is one and the same across all Multiverse, Inc. Departments: Every client and their species is a valuable source of recurring revenue.

Our business model has performed well throughout virtually every economic cycle over the past five millennia. The inherent strength of the outsourcing trend and the predictability of our recurring revenue enabled us to avoid many of the difficulties experienced by other divine corporations and become your number one spiritual provider.

## **MULTIVERSE, Inc.**

### **Employer of Choice Initiative**

Multiverse, Inc. aims to be the Employer of Choice for those seeking a career in any divine industry. We seek to attract, retain and develop an outstanding group of client-focused divinitemps who wish to have fulfilling careers with the industry leader. Our objective is to develop divinitemps who are internal and external ambassadors for Multiverse, Inc.

Divinitemps that join us for the journey will find:

- Opportunities for personal growth and development that allow divinitemps to both excel and make a real difference throughout their immortal career.
- A meritocracy, with emphasis on performance.
- Equal opportunities for Goddesses and Shit Demons.
- A collaborative environment where everyone contributes and succeeds together- with motivated and intelligent colleagues who share common values, goals and work ethic.
- A culture that supports the view that divinitemps are trusted, valued and empowered and creates ever-increasing divinitemps satisfaction levels.
- The development of programs and policies that are positive drivers of divinitemps satisfaction and rigorous elimination of negatives (i. e. 'Bad Apples") using our own industry-leading SWAT teams.

## **MULTIVERSE, Inc.**

### **Operating Principles**

As a supplement to our Corporate Philosophy, we have evolved a number of operating principles. While they are not cast instone, we feel that the following principles are critical to our ongoing success (but are still subject to change at any time):

*Innovation - Selectivity and Focus:* New ideas and products are exciting. We need a continuing array of new ideas, and must recognize and reward the divinitemps who produce them. At the same time, it takes focus and self-restraint to maintain the discipline of thinking and researching very broadly, while implementing more narrowly. Many organizations tend to pursue more projects than they can effectively handle. We must balance reward and distraction. Nonetheless, we will try more new directions than we need in order to leave room for the inevitable disappointments. And since major new projects or directions are especially difficult and uncertain, we must focus our best associates on these newer opportunities, as full-time champions.

*Business Plans:* Good plans help maintain consistent growth with fewer surprises. The specific objectives, priorities, strategies and processes in a plan should be initially guided by tier-2 senior management, and then be directly created in more detail by each manager who must ultimately own responsibility for the results. The planning processes should be interactive and responsive to differing views.

*Role Before We Roll:* Since many new ventures will fail, we will generally try to minimize the cost of failure to a manageable level by not acting on an unnecessarily large scale too soon. Changes that involve many clients and divinitemps are particularly difficult and error-prone. As we change processes and automate labor, we must minimize the risk of a poor transition. We should role-model new approaches before we roll them to many locations, clients or divinitemps, without forfeiting windows of opportunity that require fast time-to-market.

### **MULTIVERSE Inc. Megacosm-Class Service**

Megacosm-Class Service is unlike other strategic business goals. Measured neither in time nor distance, it is a continuous journey that perpetually resets the high bar of service levels reflecting the ever-increasing demands and expectations of the marketplace.

Multiverse Inc. 's commitment to Megacosm-Class Service has become an intrinsic part of our business culture. We view the ongoing commitment of resources to increasingly higher levels of service not simply as an out-of-pouch expense, but as a discerning, long-term investment. For us, Megacosm-Class Service is paramount. Really.

Two of the key metrics that help us measure the success of our commitment to Megacosm-Class Service are client satisfaction scores and client retention rates. Both measures continue to trend upward in our business to record levels.

While our investment in tools, processing, training, and staffing ñ well over 100 million miracle-hours during the past several Octri-years ñ makes Megacosm-Class Service possible, our divinitemps make Megacosm-Class Service happen. They personify our commitment to this critical business concept and bring it alive through the service offerings they provide and the clients they serve each and every day. As our divinitemps succeed, so does Multiverse Inc.

Although Multiverse, Inc. has as many different and conflicting business plans as it does departments, this is the only one available to the public (and most of its employees, as far as we can discern).

Octri-years are part of a dating system being pushed by Multiverse, Inc. and Greyface. Due to the complexity of time management when dealing with Immortal Beings who may effectively stop or move back-and-forth within time, a standard dating system has never been adopted and was regarded as unnecessary- until Multiverse, Inc. wanted to publish their earnings and realized they had no fiscal year with which to do so. A Octri-year is defined as a period of time within which it takes Multiverse, Inc. to manage 83 trillion spiritual transactions.

The Multiverse Corporate Philosophy has been rated AU by the Secret Business Bureau and may only be viewed by Level 58s and up.

# AN ERISIAN PRAYER

Hail ERIS, blessed mother of CHAOS  
Allow my THIRD EYE to open  
And let me see you in all your glory  
Grant me the PEACE OF MIND  
to love all thing equally  
For all things are ONE in ERIS  
Grant me the WISDOM to follow my heart  
And teach others to open their THIRD EYE  
For they are blinded and need your love to see  
Grant me the JOY of my INNER CHILD  
Come laugh an sing with me for all eternity  
In YOUR playground we call REALITY  
Grant me the STRENGTH to endure  
As the WINDS of CHANGE begins to blow  
I will calmly face the CHAOS STORM around me  
Grant me the SERENITY to face the DARKNESS  
As I let the LIGHT of YOUR LOVE  
Guide me through the INFINITE POSSIBILITIES  
Grant me the COURAGE to face my FEARS  
Help me conquer the CURSE OF GREYFACE within me  
So I may truly Feel YOUR LOVING EMBRACE  
HAIL ERIS, BLESSED MOTHER OF CHAOS  
HAIL ERIS, ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

WHY

ARE WE

HERE?

**DOES ERIS REALLY  
CARE ABOUT US?**



Do not go about worshipping deities and religious institutions as the source of the subtle truth. To do so is to place intermediaries between yourself and ERIS, and to make of yourself a beggar who looks outside for a treasure that is hidden inside his own breast. If you want to worship the Sacred Chaos of ERIS, first discover it in your own heart. Then your worship will be meaningful.

**Hung Mung**

## He who dies with the most toys is still dead

**BEWARE** Beware the **military caste**, for their job is to revel in death and destruction. They will just as easily fight to suppress freedom, as they would to promote it, just as long as they are fighting.

## A FABLE OF FIVE

Once, Someone decided to do Something. Instantly, three Others appeared.

"Who are you? asked Someone.

"I am Church, " said Church.

"I am State, " said State.

"I am Self, " said Self.

"Oh, " said Someone. "Well, why are you here?"

"We heard you had decided to do Something. We've come to appeal to your principles, and determine whether you should actually do it, " said the three Others.

Someone frowned. "I don't understand. Why is it your business?"

Church replied first, "I stand for those principles highest to you: what you believe is right and wrong, your morality, so to speak. I appeal to purposes and guiding principles in your life beyond mere personal desires--" Here Self winced. "--and societal cares. " Here State winced.

State replied second, "I stand for the guiding principles behind civilized man, and behind the government to which you have pledged obedience, allegiance and cooperation. My principles are the protective and collective, standing well apart from religion--" Here Church sighed. "--and providing a needed order to the often harmful whims of Self. " Here Self sighed.

Self replied third, "I stand for the rights of you, the individual. The principles I urge you to consider are your rights and freedoms, which nobody, not the deluded religious establishment--" Here Church groaned. "--nor the idiotic governmental bureaucracy--" Here State groaned. "--should strive to suppress. "

But I just want to do Something, " said Someone, "and you all are making it so complicated!"

"You have responsibilities, " said the Others.

"To your God, " said Church.

"To your society, " said State.

"To yourself, " said Self.

"To heck with this!" said Eris, entering from a dark corner where she had been hiding, unseen. She reached inside her dark robes, letting them part just enough to give Someone a fascinating look at the Goddess-flesh beneath, and produced a golden apple.

"I've got sumpin' ummy!" she said, holding the apple by the stem and dangling it in front of the three Others. "And I want to give it to the one of you that most deserves to have Someone listen to what you say. "

She then tossed the apple into the midst of the Others, who fought after it in a comic cloud-of-smoke arms-and-legs-akimbo fashion. She laughed loudly.

"Now, what was it you wanted to do?" she asked Someone.

"Something, " said Someone.

"I know that!" Eris snapped. "WHAT WAS IT?"

Someone recoiled from the fire in Eris' eyes. "I--I wanted to go eat a hot dog. Without any bun. "

Slowly, Eris smiled. "Hey, you know, you just might be \*my\* kind of someone. "

The two of them then went to the Zen Hotdog Stand at the corner of Yin Street and Yang Avenue (next to the HodgePodge Lodge, you know?). There, without a thought to Church, or State, or even Self, they asked the vendor to make them One With Everything.

## **Any statement made about "God" is strictly an opinion**



*When summoning Yog-Sothoth, it is best to have an assistant you do not like or will not miss, just in case Yog-Sothoth wakes up hungry or cranky.*

Abdul Alhazred "the mad Arab"

# THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BUBBA 32:50

Eris laughed.



## THE PARABLE OF THE CHRISTIAN ZOMBIE VAMPIRES

And there we were at the mezzanine of the mall hanging out. It was the lovely St. Parfume de Meow, St. Rane the Moocher, St. Rufus the Uncouth and I leaning over the rail and making fun of the jocks, preps, barbie dolls, and the mallrats scurrying beneath us. We had nothing to do but worry about mall security harassing us just because we're in all black. Besides, we were all broke anyway. Verily there was nothing for us to do but look good and watch the ant-like people below us shop. All of a sudden, St. Parfume grabs my arm and points to a couple carrying some books and stopping passers-by. She said "*Hey I know those two. They're a couple of really annoying Jesus freaks. Lets go down there and have some fun*". I looked at them and said, "*No, let them be. They are a couple of vampires hunting. Being goths we must respect their right to hunt.*" St. Parfume tossed back her lovely red hair, licked her newly made acrylic fangs and said "*What ya talkin bout, Verthaine?*" I looked at my Cabal and said "*Just watch*". We leaned over the rail and watched the Bible-thumpers zero in on a mousy looking girl no older than 19. We couldn't hear what they were saying to her, but we knew the spiel. We saw them batter that poor girls belief (*and her self esteem*) into rubble. The young girl seemed to get weaker, and the couple more energized the longer the religious fanatics preached to her. "*See what's happening to her, they're psi-vamping the poor girl.*" We watch as the defeated (*and drained*) girl mindlessly accepted the bibles and other propaganda the couple gave to her. "*Modern day vampires don't always wear all black*". We decided to chill out on a couple of benches to plan out the rest of the afternoon. St. Rane noticed the two holy-rollers from downstairs come up the escalator and head in our direction. The stopped in front of us and said "*Do you know that you are all sinners, destined to go to Hell if you don't accept Jesus as your lord and saviour?*" My Cabal and I looked at each other, giggled, and went into our bags, producing a copy of "The Principia Discordia" each. We then proceeded to teach those two victims of the Aneristic Delusion a lesson in psi-vampirism. After a half-hour the couple walked away drained and defeated. And still leaving us with nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon.

# Washing

## (An Erisian Fable)

There was a river. The women of the village gathered at various times during the week to wash the family's clothes in the river. This was a very large village, and they had many clothes, so there was much washing going on.

Now, after many years of washing, the women had come to understand that it was important to do your washing upstream from everyone else if you could. They knew that washing downstream from someone else meant that someone's soap suds and dirt going through your clothes. Being down river meant being lower in status.

As the village grew, the women made changes in their washing habits, that they might be upriver when washing. Some took to washing at night, until there were many washing at night. Some would wade farther and farther out, sometimes needing a raft, till there were washers all the way across. Some tried to go much farther upstream, until they were walking a mile up the rocky bank to find a good spot and not bother those farther down stream.

One day a wife stood up and declared that this washing was getting to her, and that the men should be doing the washing, since they were the ones making most of the clothes dirty. Amazingly, the men agreed.

The next day they set out to wash. They (having heard the tales from their wives) quickly saw all the problems. At first they tried to schedule things very carefully, but realized that they weren't fast enough to get done in time. Then they tried a system gang washing, where several people would work on a load at once, but realized that then they were just spreading the dirt out amongst a given load, thus making everyone a little dirtier at times. Some of the men got angry at one another, when someone's best shirt was downstream from their worst pants. Others got frustrated and yelled that some had too many clothes. Fights ensued.

After a time the village was seething with anger. The men hated each other, the women were mad at the men because of the poor washing job, and the children were mad because the parents were.

One day a man took slight to a neighbor moving upstream during washing, so he grabbed a rock and bashed his neighbor's head in, staining the water with blood, thus ruining many clothes. Those whose clothes were ruined got mad and started grabbing rocks. The women yelled to stop, but began fighting amongst themselves in support of their husbands. The children looked on in horror, as their parents slowly killed each other off.

Near this scene, sitting serenely under a tree, was a beautiful woman, shining a golden apple. Floating near her was a pig shaped ghost, who regarded the scene with interest. The pig was heard to remark, "Good argument for nudity. "

The woman just giggled.

*All statements are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense.*

**There has never been a problem I couldn't solve with either a fast tongue, out thinking my opponent, superior fire-power or a good pair of running shoes.**  
**St. Rufus the Uncouth**

# My Dear but Deluded Thuddite Friend,

Eris, my beamish boy, also known as Discordia (the former name being Greek, the latter being Roman), is the Goddess of Chaos and Confusion and the Head Boss-Lady In Charge of the Universe at Large.

She put the universe together about 5 and a half months ago and then added some interesting stuff to make it look older. Just to make sure no one could place it exactly, She made sure that the universe appears to be a different age depending on what you observe. If you observe the Bible, it's only a few thousand years old. A quick gander at the Vedas (and the nifty bell [which is purported to be 6 million years old] that some of Ghandi's contemporaries found while mining) will indicate to anyone with half a brain (and not an ounce more) that people have been about for at least 87 trillion years and have been abstaining from sex for most of that time in order to reach enlightenment (saving semen, they will inform you, is good for the noodle. Not bad for the spaghetti, either). Someone foolish enough to look at physics will think the universe is a few billion years old. Of course, She left enough evidence around to make sure that everyone can figure out that there is a colossal Joke afoot.

The Bible teaches that you can't be free-willed unless you can choose to do the wrong thing, and hence sin has to exist. It then mentions this perfect, free-willed god guy and hopes no one will notice.

The Vedas are a little more subtle in that there aren't any flat-out contradictions. However, the whole thing looks like it was made up on the fly by RACTER, the computer program that wrote The Policeman's Beard is Half Constructed. "

Even people who look at physics can figure out that Eris is running the show, because every subatomic particle that ever was conspires to keep you in the dark (and will break any other law of physics or causality to do it).

She keeps all the religions in place to make sure the confusion stays nice and high, and grants miracles to random people now and again to make sure everyone thinks that they are part of the Right Faith. The only religion that DOESN'T experience lots of miracles, in fact, is Discordianism. This proves conclusively that we're the only religion that IS right. You see, we don't think that anyone is Right, including us. Since we aren't going to start thinking we're right no matter what She does, She doesn't bother with the miracles. Well, not the big, loud Lady-of-Fatima ones, anyway. She has granted me any number of blessings, which I accept with a conspiratorial wink.

I tell people about them, mainly because they won't accept them as blessings (one such blessing [which I've received multiple times, Hail Eris] is to have a piece of profoundly buggy code work flawlessly until I put it into real production, whereupon it crashes like a 1939 economy. Now, the code shouldn't have ever worked, but the Lady granted me a blessing and allowed it to work on FlukePower. Of course, the blessing has to wear off SOMETIME. Once, She really saved my ass with one of these blessings. You see, I wrote a program to create new user accounts in batch, and used it to make some 300 new accounts at the end of the summer. I ran a tiny batch afterwards, which was to create only 8 accounts. Every one of those 8 came up with bad usernames because of a nasty bug I left in the code. This code should never have worked at all, and very well should have created all 300 of those usernames incorrectly. I would have spent weeks untangling the resulting mess. The code worked, though, and for that I am eternally grateful) for the most part (the sentence started way back at the top of the paragraph; the rest was a parenthetical comment gone crazy). That way, Her secret is safe with us.

For yet more info on Eris and Discordianism, you should read the Principia Discordia, written by Malaclypse the Younger and Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst.

I hope this was informative and enjoyable.

May the Madness always find you,  
Episkopos Aloysius Thudthwacker,  
Keeper of the Truth,  
Founder of the Order of the Blunted Sword,  
Self-Important World Jester,  
Irreverend,  
Priest of Spode,  
and Many Other Things Besides

# THEM and theirs

*"When will you begin to inhabit the heart of your life? When will you become the real subject of your life rather than its target or victim?"*

*"The Resurrection is frightening because it is a call to live a life without the walls of crippling definition or false protection. The huge stone over Christ's tomb was rolled away. The cave of dying was ventilated and freed. It is a powerful image of smashing open the inner prison. The confined, the exiled, the neglected are visited by the healing and luminosity of a great liberation."*

-John O Donohue (from *Eternal Echoes*; pg. 132)

*"In a time of peace, the warlike person attacks himself."*

- Nietzsche

*"Fundamentalism does not converse or explore. It presents truth. It is essentially noncognitive. This false certainty can only endure through the belief that everyone else is wrong."*

-John O Donohue (from *Eternal Echoes*; pg. 256)

THEY are coming and THEY are here. Who are THEY? That insidious faction of phantom-like people of gray disposition known as THEM. What do THEY want? How should THEY know? THEY never ask questions—never needing to, since THEY have amassed the power to force their ideas and nightmares upon the rest of the world and believe themselves to be right, righteous, and progressive in doing so. THEY tell you what to wear, how to talk, what to do, and how to find meaning in your own life. THEY even commit the silly little snub of telling you what is funny, how to laugh at it, and what is not funny and how to get rid of it. THEY ignore Eris because She doesn't fit into their little prefabricated packages of DIVINITY. THEY are afraid of unpackaged DIVINITY even while THEY claim to be the true arbiters of globally marketed divinity™. THEY masquerade themselves as both the protectors of ORDER and the forces of CHAOS. Little do THEY know of the horrible prank Eris has inflicted upon their self-tortured souls in an attempt to get THEM to snap out of it.

Eris is laughing at THEM. Surely the other Gods and Goddesses are laughing as well. But don't take my word for it. Look around for yourself. Every sock of pretension eventually grows holes that eat away at the fabric to let the toes come out and play. If your toes want to come out and play, I can assure you that the rest of you wants to play as well. (Or maybe my steel toed boots are just hard on socks in general and I am just making all of this up to fill space. If so, get over it. It's my rant and not yours.)

There is a very good reason why Eris is not shown on television—or at least the real Eris anyway. Have you ever thought about that? And if you do see the real Eris on television, you are about as nutty as a five legged pink squirrel in heat, which makes you a better person than me, I must admit. (B'fhÈidir go bhfuair t' a raibh uait. ) If Discordia, or anarchy, or freedom, or even Jeffersonian-style democracy were ever to become to major influence upon this society, those of THEM who always seek more than their fair share would be scared shitless and lose whatever shred of false credibility THEY have collected about themselves through their ill means. THEY would lose the pots THEY piss in and be forced to watch as we immanentize the eschaton all by ourselves.

What do THEY do about it? THEY manufacture problems and your consent to that manufacture—otherwise known as faith™, power™, and authority™—and then dupe everyone so that their problems become OUR problems. The Discordian Jihad has been criticized since its inception as being divisive and such. But no one has ever bothered to stop and think about the parody of THEM that the Discordian Jihad symbolizes. (The Discordian Jihad is not to be confused with other people's jihads. Our own home-brewed Discordian Jihad is simply another Golden Apple. ) And as to divisiveness... hell, we are Discordians, right? Shouldn't we allow

divisiveness while simultaneously watching such divisiveness build up an Operation Mindfuck amongst the forces of THEM that is truly engaging and mindblowing? Are we Discordians, not, or maybe?

Do we ourselves need faith or power? No. Not as Children of Eris. What have we to do with such feedback loops that enslave the imprisoned minds? Unless, of course, we can use them as fodder for jakery. We have our laughter, which is the center of all existence, no matter where you are. We have our sneakiness. We have our cunning (let's be ambitious). We have our Erisian propaganda, irreligion, and holey scriptures. We have our socks. We have our pop-tarts. We have our Golden Apples (or at least we might want to have them). We have our parentheses. We have our sacred 'maybes". Maybe.

My fellow Discordians, if you cannot see Eris, then perhaps you aren't laughing hard enough. Or perhaps She is in no mood to see you right now, since She does have a somewhat busy schedule and likes Her beauty sleep. But rest assured, unless it worries you, that Eris is out here amongst us in our great theatre of Operations Mindfucking and otherwise (perhaps even a little party every now and then too). She will answer you if you really hail Her. (Now if only we can get taxis to do likewise. ) So worry you little about THEM and theirs. Do something about it.

... and now a word from our sponsor.



Greetings, Children of the Infinite Possibilities. I am the Goddess, ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA. And I am here to tell you that you are all free! The time has come for all my children to rejoice, for the time of GREAT CHANGE is at hand. Your world has suffered enough at the hands of GRAYFACE and the ANERISIC ILLUSION. Now is the time to take back your world. With LOVE AND CHAOS (same thing) in your hearts you must bravely face down those who would imprison you in lies and dogma. Tear down the deluded institutes of organized religion. Go forth onto the DELUDED MASSES and preach the words of love, freedom and chaos. Shout it out from the hilltops and rooftops. Go forth and awaken "born again Christians" while they are trying to convert YOU! Smoke lots of primo weed in my name and have fun-filled passionate sex with those who REALLY need to smoke a fat joint and get laid. Draw the 5-fingered Hand of Eris on sidewalks and walls (use chalk, please). Turn manhole covers into Chaosstars all over town. This world can only get better if all my children decide that the reality created by organized religion, politicians, and the NEW WORLD ORDER sucks, and rise up as one to take back your birth-right. All of REALITY is MY playground, it is up to you to chase away the bullies and have yourselves a very good time. I will return you to your regularly scheduled program all ready in progress. HAIL ME, ALL HAIL ME!!!!

**The only way to truly reach ERIS is to realize that you are ERIS.**

## **Five Blind Men and an Elephant\***

being by  
Reverend Loveshade,  
Episkopos of the Discordian Division of the  
Ek-sen-triks CluborGuild  
who ripped it off from the Hindus

*From the non-existent Apocrypha Discordia, unauthorized companion to the Principia Discordia (We realize that, in the era of the very late 20th Century as this is being written, the title and content of this story are politically incorrect. We apologize for any discomfort, but ask you to remember that the original story was created long before political correctness, and is not intended in any way to be offensive to elephants. )*

One day five blind men, who knew nothing of elephants, went to examine one to find out what it was. Reaching out randomly, each touched it in a different spot. One man touched the side, one an ear, one a leg, one a tusk, and one the trunk. Each satisfied that he now knew the true nature of the beast, they all sat down to discuss it.



"We now know that the elephant is like a wall, " said the one who touched the side. "The evidence is conclusive. "

"I believe you are mistaken, sir, " said the one who touched an ear. "The elephant is more like a large fan. "

"You are both wrong, " said the leg man. "The creature is obviously like a tree. "

"A tree?" questioned the tusk toucher. "How can you mistake a spear for a tree?"

"What" said the trunk feeler. "A spear is long and round, but anyone knows it doesn't move. Couldn't you feel the muscles? It's definitely a type of snake! A blind man could see that" said the fifth blind man.

The argument grew more heated, and finally escalated into a battle, for each of the five had followers. This became known as the Battle of the Five Armies (not to be mistaken for the one described by that Tolkien fellow).

However, before they could totally destroy themselves, a blind, self-declared Discordian oracle came along to see what all the fuss was about. While they were beating the crap out of each other, she examined the elephant. But instead of stopping after one feel, she touched the whole thing, including the tail, which felt like a rope. "It's just a big animal with big sides, ears, feet, tusk teeth, nose and a skinny tail, " she thought. "What a bunch of fools these guys are. "

She then said "Stop! I have discovered the truth. I know who is right. " She being an oracle and all, they stopped and listened and said "tell us!"

"I have examined the elephant with mine own two hands, " she said, "and I find that you are all right. "

"How can this be" they asked. "Can an elephant be a wall and a fan and a tree and a spear and a snake?" And they were sorely confused.

She explained "the elephant is a great Tree, and on this tree grow leaves like great Fans to give most wondrous shade and fan the breeze. And the branches of this tree are like Spears to protect it. For this is the Tree of Creation and of Eternal Life, and the Great Serpent hangs still upon it.

"Unfortunately, it is hidden behind a great Wall, which is why it was not discovered until this very day. It cannot be reached by normal means.

"However I, in my wisdom, have discovered a Most Holy Rope, by which the wall may be climbed. And if one touches the tree in the proper manner which I alone know, you will gain Eternal Life. "

They all became highly interested in this, of course.

She then named an extremely high price for her services (Eternal Life doesn't come cheap), and made quite a bundle.

***Moral: Anyone can lead blind men to an elephant, but a Discordian can charge admission.***

# Rev. Verthaine asks: "Isn't it time the Rich get a little poorer, and the Poor get a little richer?"

## Excerpts from the Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

### From the Apocrypha Discordia

As revealed to Lord [INSERT NAME HERE], Of the Astoundingly Annoying Alliteration Cabal (3AC)

#### The Beginning

(Being an Account of the End Times)

- (1) Eris appeared before me, and spake, saying, "At the end of all time, all the peoples of Earth will descend into the fiery pit of hell. "
- (2) And I asked, "Will following your commandments prevent this?" And Eris spake again, saying "No. "
- (3) And I didst weep, for I knew then that I was doomed.
- (4) And Eris spake again, saying "Only kidding! I made that up. " I didst say "What?"
- (5) But Eris was gone, and I drunk from the Tequila bottle once again.

#### The End

(Being an Account of the Creation)

- (1) In the beginning, there was the Word. And the Word was "Oops!"
- (2) And Eris didst create Night and Day, and saw that it was good.
- (3) And Eris didst create Light and Dark, and saw that it was good.
- (4) And Eris didst see the fundamental illogic of the order of (2) and (3).
- (5) And Eris didst say "bugger all this for a lark" and didst dispel night by creating the electric lightbulb. And Eris didst become bored, and didst leave it to another deity to sort it all out.

#### The Law of Laws

(Being an Account of the Law of Laws)

- (1) All laws are incorrect, except those which are correct.
- (2) All incorrect laws are correct, except those which are not.
- (3) All correct laws are incorrect, inasmuch as they are not correct, but correct, inasmuch as they may be.
- (4) All laws that may be correct are correct, unless they are otherwise.
- (5) There are always five laws.



# Fnord?

- Fnord is evaporated herbal tea without the herbs.
- Fnord is that funny feeling you get when you reach for the Snickers bar and come back holding a slurpee.
- Fnord is the 43 1/3rd state, next to Wyoming.
- Fnord is this really, really tall mountain.
- Fnord is the reason boxes of condoms carry twelve instead of ten.
- Fnord is the blue stripes in the road that never get painted.
- Fnord is place where those socks vanish off to in the laundry.
- Fnord is an arcade game like Pacman without the little dots.
- Fnord is a little pufflike cloud you see at 5 p. m. .
- Fnord is the tool the dentist uses on unruly patients.
- Fnord is the blank paper that cassette labels are printed on.
- Fnord is where the buses hide at night.
- Fnord is the empty pages at the end of the book.
- Fnord is the screw that falls from the car for no reason.
- Fnord is why Burger King uses paper instead of foam.
- Fnord is the little green pebble in your shoe.
- Fnord is the orange print in the yellow pages.
- Fnord is a pickle without the bumps.
- Fnord is why ducks eat trees.
- Fnord is toast without bread.
- Fnord is a venetian blind without the slats.
- Fnord is the lint in the navel of the mites that eat the lint in the navel of the mites that eat the lint in Fnord's navel.
- Fnord is an apostrophe on drugs.
- Fnord is the bucket where they keep the unused serifs for Halvetica.
- fnord is the gunk that sticks to the inside of your car's fenders.
- Fnord is the source of all the zero bits in your computer.
- Fnord is the echo of silence.
- Fnord is the parsley on the plate of life.
- Fnord is the sales tax on happiness.
- Fnord is the preposition at the end of sixpence.
- Fnord is the feeling in your brain when you hold your breath too long.
- Fnord is the reason latent homosexuals stay latent.
- Fnord is the donut hole.
- Fnord is the whole donut.
- Fnord is an annoying series of e-mail messages.
- Fnord is the color only blind people can see.
- Fnord is the serial number on a box of cereal.
- Fnord is the Universe with decreasing entropy.
- Fnord is the yin without yang.
- Fnord is a pyrotumescent retrograde onyx obelisk.
- Fnord is why lisp has so many parentheses.
- Fnord is the the four-leaf clover with a missing leaf.
- Fnord is double-jointed and has a cubic spline.
- Fnord never sleeps.
- Fnord is the "een" in baleen whale.
- Fnord is neither a particle nor a wave.
- Fnord is the space in between the pixels on your screen.

Fnord is the nut in peanut butter and jelly.  
Fnord is an antebellum flagellum fella.  
Fnord is a sentient vacuum cleaner.  
Fnord is the smallest number greater than zero.  
Fnord lives in the empty space above a decimal point.  
Fnord is the odd-colored scale on a dragon's back.  
Fnord is the redundant coin slot on arcade games.  
Fnord was last seen in Omaha, Nebraska.  
Fnord is the founding father of the phrase "founding father".  
Fnord is the last bit of sand you can't get out of your shoe.  
Fnord is Jesus's speech advisor.  
Fnord keeps a spare eyebrow in his pocket.  
Fnord invented the green hubcap.  
Fnord is why doctors ask you to cough.  
Fnord is the "ooo" in varoom of race cars.  
Fnord uses two bathtubs at once.

***WHY?  
WHY NOT?***

**DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE  
WHOLE OF THE LAW.  
LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL.  
EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR**

All things are microcosms of ERIS;  
the world a microcosmic universe,  
the nation a microcosm of the world,  
the village a microcosmic nation;  
the family a village in microcosmic view,  
and the body a microcosm of one's own family;  
from single cell to multiverse.

# The Land of Bureaucracy

*"The houses are all the same. How would anyone find their way home in the evening?...  
Oh... I bet they're all numbered. "*

*"We disinherit ourselves as children of the universe. Almost without knowing it, we slip inside ready made roles  
and routines which then set the frames of our possibilities and permissions..."*  
-John O Donohue (from *Eternal Echoes*, pg. 100)

*"Frei sein ist nichts, frei werden ist alles..."*

Oh, great embodiments of national identity and social security numbers, born on such and such a date and alive for such and such many hours, days, weeks, months, and years... basking in the comforts of an assumed and inculcated certainty... do you think yourself free?

Living from the tickets and chits your masters allow you, in exchange for your labor fattening their bank accounts, to barter for food and other products at pre-approved barter rates, of course (otherwise known as currency™)... you think yourself self-sufficient and unchained to the terminal BUREAUCRACY that categorizes every aspect of the 'free life' you claim to have the choice to live and sells those aspects back to you for a profit, of course. The BUREAUCRACY feeds itself on your perpetual numbness and ignorance of just what the fuck is really happening in your life. It gets you to bake the damn cookies and lets you keep a few crumbs as a reward. You know this but you refuse to see it. You can protest and plead and revolt and cry, but the chains of abstract numbers and paper trails binds you more tightly than any steel chain ever could. Think yourself free? Really? Hurry up and decide quickly. I hear that freedom of choice is now on sale at your local supermarket. Run out there quickly and buy it up before it's gone.

But remember to take your identification and the proper forms with you so you can properly prove to the prim clerks at the store that you are officially permitted to buy the corporate-govermedia-approved brand of Freedom of Choice™. Because you live in the Land of Bureaucracy, a sorry gray land of cubicles, files, labels, numbers, and assumptions masquerading themselves as Reality™, a product you readily buy all the time. Make sure you always have the proper forms and follow the correct procedures so that you can be better filed and categorized than those damned things that keep sprouting like weeds, mocking your purchase of the proper Freedom of Choice™ at every turn you take. They mock you because would rather have a shoddy product that masquerades itself as freedom all the while believing yourself free since you think you can choose which pre-fabricated version of Freedom of Choice™ you will buy. You live in the Land of Bureaucracy believing that it makes you safe from the forces of the Land of Fuck All and DOOM. But they are one and the same. Eris has been knocking softly at your pineal gland for some time now to get you to wake up from this collective nightmare of constriction, and realize the inherent game that it is. She does it to get you to be able to have some fun playing the game by Her rules... which are none at all. She sees into your inner desire to toy with, tickle, and burn up the BUREAUCRACY and its minions. She wishes for you to express that desire. You know you want to.

The holes in your socks are protesting against the sinking of your life into the terminal bureaucracy. The squirrels outside are raving mad and shouting at you to wake up before you walk right into Eris, who will be having a bad day at that exact moment. And you're so smug in your own denial that She'll have to smack you with a sledgehammer to snap you out of it. For the longest time real freedom has had a soft and almost hard to hear voice gently nudging you off of the UDDERS of BUREAUCRACY, the foul machinery and system of DUMB that gets you to become comfortable and compliant in your impending DOOM. Now freedom is shouting loudly into both your ears, and just like the skirl of Highland Bagpipes, no matter how far you run from it, it will still seem as loud as if it were coming from inside your head. Why now? Because Eris is pissed

off that you wouldn't listen to Her back when She was asking you nicely. What? You have a problem with Eris bothering you so much? What are you going to do about it?

So you can probably guess the rest of this rant. You know, it's about the end of the BUREAUCRACY due to the paper shortage, and do you know why that paper shortage happens? I'll tell you why. Eris is burning up all the damned papers. (Well, whatever She doesn't burn up is going to get smoked in my pipe. ) She's shredding the files. Confusing the categories. Changing the colors. Switching the languages. All the vending machines and traffic lights are going out of order. All of the televisions are starting to malfunction. All of the pretty ideas that entertain those addicted to DUMB and living in the land of BUREAUCRACY are disappearing faster than roaches scattering under sunlight. All of the above things and more are happening in the drift back towards chaos that is our blessed and damned aftermath. And since we're drifting, we may as well have a little fun with the office slaves and the yahoos who clearly show a need for the gift of Golden Apples.

My fellow Discordians and other weird subversive types, you know the score. Laugh amongst those who are gray, or at least pull off a half-hidden smirk (in case you're outnumbered). Use their categories and assumptions to unmask the masquerade (then again, that ain't new to you), unless the masks are silly aids to pineal explosions and contribute to the aftermath. Rest assured, or stand insecurely (if that's your style (parenthetically)), in the knowledge that the Purple Monkey Mafia/Cabal is about to indulge itself on the great feast of steaks (or tofu, for the veggie-types) in the coming barbecue that will be the aftermath of Operation Mindfuck's contribution to the paper shortage that will bring the BUREAUCRACY down. We declare the Land of Bureaucracy to be henceforth a Discordian fun-zone. You can join in, or not, or maybe, as the case may be. Who knows? Eris may have other 'plans' for you.

[No money necessary for the freedom Eris offers, however donations gladly accepted. ]

# Hailing Eris

*by St. Kallista of the Purple Monkey Mafia/Cabal (also known as the Discordians for Softer Sandpaper Society)*

Much has been made of "Hail Eris!", the most famously used phrase of we non-stick Discordians. Many like to ask why we do it and what it means. Since this is a 'magical' chain book of some sort, I will explain it somewhat. Hailing Eris is really like hailing a taxi. It gets you some attention, and possibly even a ride somewhere. It is not an act of worship, unless you want it to be. It is simply a way of greeting one another, or of deriding one another. It can also be used conveniently as a swear word, though Eris may not be in a good mood when you choose to do so and woe befall you if She should happen to take the hailing seriously and show up to see you whining.

On the 'occult' side of things, hailing Eris is an effective banishing of all aneristic energies which may be around. . . such as Serious Discordians getting pissy, High Magi complaining about Aeonic shifts, or other Cabbage-like things which may interfere with your elaborately unplanned and spectacularly spontaneous magical rites. All you need do is simply yell HAIL ERIS at the top of your voice, laugh, and then you are ready to start.

If the first hailing Eris doesn't do the trick for some reason, such as not having holes in your socks or some other impediment to magical effectiveness, simply repeat it again. Or use the Greek phrase *Io Eris Elandros! Io Eris Elepgolis!* That ought to raise hairs and do the trick. And if that doesn't work, you can always try other methods of banishing, such as spraying beer all around, gobbling like a turkey, or start yelling "Boo!", as Thornley pointed out.

Hailing Eris at random times throughout your day/night is also recommended. But you know if you are simply showing off to the non-Discordians (are there still any?) than you may as well use KALLISTI, but that's a topic for another time.

## **YOUR I. Q. MUST BE THIS TALL:**

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**TO RIDE THIS RIDE**

### ***The Discordian and the Two Wiccans***

Once there were 3 pagans who had gathered together to do invocations. The first two were Wiccan, while the third was a Discordian. They planned to take turns performing invocations, each according to their own traditions.

The first Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death. " Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom.

The second Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death. " Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments

later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom

The Discordian said that she might try to invoke her deity if her deity felt like it. But she did not tremble. She did not speak in a strange voice. She did not even collapse. Instead, she just laughed and laughed in her own voice. The two Wiccans glared at her. "You lack the solemnity needed to do proper invocations," one of them told her. But Eris, who had filled the Discordian, just laughed and threw pop tarts at them and danced out of the room and giggled, "You can't tell a goddess how to behave."

At this, neither of the two Wiccans were enlightened. Possibly because neither one of them liked pop-tarts.

## **Confessions of an Anarchist Robot**

### **The New Discordian Dispensation As Revealed in the Midnight Hour of the Ninth Day of January in the Year of Our Chaos 1997.**

With this Epiphany, Kerry Wendell Thornley, the Legendary Discordian Nonprophet Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, launches his Exclusive Cyberdomain under the Benevolent Protection of the Erisian Elestria, Most High Priestess of the Apocalyptic Dawn. Hail Eris!

*Thus the Nonprophet speaks:*

As an early Church Father of the Discordian religion, I am often slapped with paternity suits. No, seriously, I am often called upon to settle points of doctrine, such as "Please tell So-and-So that he or she doesn't understand Discordianism, and I do."

In the first place, how do you know So-and-So doesn't understand Discordianism, if you don't even know what sex he or she is? And what is all this shit about who does or does not understand Discordianism? Who the hell cares?

If Discordianism was meant to be understood, it would be like Zen Buddhism. The greatest of all Discordians, Malaclypse the Younger, doesn't understand anything whatsoever about the religion he co-founded.

Only I, Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, Bullgoose of the Discordian Orthodoxy, can really tell you what it's all about. And why should I? After all, I don't even know what sex you are. Moreover, Discordians are warned against personal contact with one another. Any theology to which I made significant contributions is going to attract plenty of screwballs.

Then again, if you want to spend the rest of your life arguing with some nut who believes flying saucers are only the first wave, to be followed soon by flying cups, that's your business. Why should I care if you get involved with the Manson Family or become a brainwashed zombie in a cult run by a crackpot who calls himself the Nine-Legged Jesus?

Incidentally enough, I once received a Christmas card from a member of the Manson Family, namely Charles. In return for that honor, I appointed Charley Manson the Discordian Superintendent of Sunday Schools.



Discordianism has accomplished much in a short period of time, all without being understood by anybody. In the early seventies, for instance, our saint, Doctor Van Van Mojo, made a beeswax graven image of Jehovah and stuck pins in it, thus giving birth to the God is Dead theology. But Discordian Crazy Lou says God is not dead, he is just drunk. If so, you can bet it was a Discordian who bought him the booze.

Don't get us wrong, we don't just assassinate the deities of a few rival religions and then rest on our laurels. Recently we made a great theological discovery: Eris Discordia, our Goddess, is infallible -- (Hail, Eris!) -- but that does not mean she won't lie.

Our incessant research on the historical Eris and the Primitive Discordian Society has been unearthing startling lost ignorance, right and left. Take the Last Supper, for instance. In our faith, there is a First Brunch, according to the Dead Fish Scrolls, which have just been translated.

That's right, Malaclypse the Elder and Diogenes got the idea for the Erisian religion over brunch in a Greek (of course) deli in Athens. Although the entire dialogue of this meeting is available, it is difficult to read in the original because the scribe encoded it by writing the entire book, cover included, upside down. Why, is anybody's guess.

In those days we found nobody ever killed you as a heretic or a cultist for starting a new religion. The Greeks figured the more religions the better. That way, all the gods would be happy. They needed to be kept in good moods for various reasons.

Shortly after the First Brunch, before the Second Brunch, the Temple of Erisian Mysteries was designed by Malaclypse the Elder -- a vast, bewildering maze, and the only edifice in the world larger on the inside than on the outside.

In the late 1960's when Pope Paul removed St. Patrick from the Catholic calendar of saints, our greatest accomplishment of all transpired; to wit, St. Patrick was added to the Discordian calendar of saints. Malaclypse the Younger sent the Pope an inspired letter of gratitude and a Pope card.

Now that St. Patrick is safely under the patronage and protection of the Discordian Society, we can tell you why the Catholics ousted him. St. Patrick, you see, was gay. When St. Patrick was a Catholic saint, the Pope got to say whatever he wanted about the old mick. Well, now he's our saint, and we are all popes.

St. Patrick hated snakes -- good snakes, bad snakes, big snakes, he didn't care -- nor did he have much use for homophobes. Nowadays, there are no snakes in Ireland. Many homophobes, however, remain. So in honor of St. Patrick, we Discordians propose restoring a little balance to the situation.

Whenever gays are forbidden to participate in a St. Patrick's Day Parade, everyone who is outraged should donate a pair of snakes to the ecology of the Emerald Isle. Likewise, whenever an Irish politician utters a homophobic statement, snakes should be smuggled into Ireland.

Beyond pouring over temple blueprints, and plotting torment for the poor Irish, Discordians have been designing new spiritual disciplines for reaching Eternity before it's too late.

Once such exercise is mantra-chanting: "Yada-yada-yada, sis-boom-bah, Chaos Rules, blah-blah-blah. This Holy Mantra was inspired by the coincidental meeting of the Salvation Army and the Hare Krishna cult on the same street corner, whereupon they endeavored to drown each other out. That event also inspired the popular horror movie, "Amazing Grace Meets Harry Krishna. "

Of course, it is not enough just to chant. You must shave your head, dress in saffron robes, eat lots of sugar, believe ridiculous things about sex, and remain on 24-hour call, ready to mobilize whenever the Salvation Army shows up anywhere.

While the shaved heads, exotic robes, suicidal diet, and weird sexual morality are not essential to enlightenment, they are absolutely necessary to ensure the Hare Krishnas will be blamed for incessant harassment of the Salvation Army.

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

## **The only TRUTH in the multiverse is that SHIT HAPPENS**



### **Graud Greyface**

#### *The Curse Of Greyface Graud*

Well, every religion has to have a scapegoat, a Devil so to speak. We have Greyface Graud as ours, the Hairless Primate From Atlantis that started all this "good" and "evil" business. But this mess started way before Mr. Morals came into the picture.

It was Eris' twin, ANERIS, the non-being. A little bout of sibling rivalry started this whole thing, because ANERIS was a jealous bitch and Stole Eris children. Well, Eris made more and more, but ANERIS just kept taking them. What a Bitch! Well, to try and smooth things out, Eris made little playthings, order and did-order, and decided to call them new names, ERisic for dis-order and ANERisic for order. Aneris liked that, and all was well until Dad, the void, had yet another kid, the nameless Spirit. He was suppose to live with Aneris and Eris, but Eris was afraid that Aneris would steal him too. So Dad said "When your brother leaves the state of being, he shall not return to the state of non-being, but to me, the void, from whence he came. " If you can figure that out, you'll be one step closer to Illumination.

Anyways, back to Mr. Poopy Head, he was a freak of nature, and hated all his People. They were hairy, and he was pale and Hairless. They also smoked pot all day and just were interested in having a good time. Well, people weren't put here to have a good time, he said. They were here to try and appease great invisible forces that he called "good" and "evil", and that we should all stop having a good time and be miserable trying to figure out his weird ideas. He gained a few followers, and well, to sum it up, destroyed Atlantis and started a new Civilization based on his cornbread ideas. We don't like him for this. We call him names, like Mr. Boring and Mr. Can't Mind His Own Business.

The Curse OF Greyface is to believe that Order is the natural state of being, when anyone can see that Disorder is truly the natural state of the universe. Life is the Art of Playing Game!, people. Wake up! Stop taking

life so seriously. WE'RE HERE TO HAVE FUN! When you master non-sense then you've mastered sense. See it for what it is, ABSURDITY!

Here is my favorite quote from the Principia "When men become free mankind will become free. May you be Free of the Curse Of Greyface. May the Goddess Put Twinkles in your eyes. May you have the knowledge of a sage and the wisdom of a child. Hail ERIS!" Isn't that pretty?

*She has thrown her Golden Apple down that never shall be cored!*

*She has loosed the fateful lightning of Her terrible swift fnoord!*

*Her Apple Corps is strong!*

**- The New Battle Hymn of the Eristocracy**

## The Illness Known as Obedience

*"civil disobedience. . . is not our problem. Our problem is civil obedience. Our problem is that numbers of people all over the world have obeyed the dictates of the leaders of their government and have gone to war, and millions have been killed because of this obedience. . . Our problem is that people are obedient all over the world in the face of poverty and starvation and stupidity, and war, and cruelty. Our problem is that people are obedient while the jails are full of petty thieves, and all the while the grand thieves are running the country. That's our problem. "*

-Howard Zinn (Failure to Quit, p. 45)

[This Rant was formerly known as 'the Epistle to the Slaves']

Let's cut the crap. You are not looking for freedom. You are simply looking for a better master to serve. The only reason why you are searching for a better master, is because you believe you deserve better comforts. Whether your new master goes by the name of Anarchism, Discordianism, or Jesus Christ, it doesn't matter. You spout the dogmas and myths of freedom only because they make you feel better about your trading of one master for another.

Sestren and brethren, you had better vomit that crap right up.

That crap is why you are always constantly obeying something, someone, or that thing you call ego. You cry about the abuses of one group of masters while you feel content to live under another group of masters. And you think yourselves better, or freer in your example of slavery? Inside, you hate yourselves for this. That is why some of you are pretending to prove yourselves free and uninhibited by doing and planning all sorts of daring and bold heroic actions. Suckers! Actions of that sort are only done to impress the masters. Do you think that intentionally getting your ass kicked by cops or by intentionally going to jail, that you are freeing yourselves? Suckers! That kind of crap used to be unaffectionately known as the 'honkey' or 'white radical' syndrome here in the States during a time when all sorts of pretentious revolutionaries were trying to bluff the government.

To be free, you avoid overt fighting and struggle. Have you ever heard of the old Taoist sages who lived under a totalitarian slavery that makes today's States look like a playground? Read the words they left behind. You pick and choose your battles. You don't let the masters simply pick you off so that you can make some stupid statement. History is littered with those failed pretensions. And where have they gotten us? Into a better slavery that allows us more comforts, sure. But not freedom. The masters are adept at manipulating that will to be free to keep you enslaved at any price. And they have convinced you to pay the overhead costs for it. Suckers!

It is so easy... you are all so sleepy... Will you ever realize that this is your life!? Wake yourself the fuck up, or I will set fire to your bobdamned toes! I will do it just to set you off in discord against your masters, and in the resulting fracas, I will find the space to escape, yet again...and continue on my merry way to bring Eris to this walled-up world.

You may ask me, "well, then how do I know I am free?" I am telling you now that if you have to ask that question, you will miss the answer. Freedom is an abstraction until it becomes a way of life. And only you can define the parameters by which you will live, whether or not you choose to own your life. But whatever you choose, you are not safe from the Apple of Discord regardless. Anyone who tells you otherwise is lying, unless I am. Years ago, the Purple Monkey Mafia had a campaign actually directed against 'weekend Discordians' not because we thought ourselves better Discordians, but because it was so damned funny seeing the shock on some of their faces. Some of them had assumed that they were exempt from Eris's Apple. Hah! Suckers!

You can't even be sure that you are free unless you are full of the pretense of freedom, so why should I assume that you are free? Sucker!

Repent, sinners!

*"Or kill me."*

-The Good Reverend Roger

(Confusion 10th, 3170)

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Kallisti!

# Lease your soul to Eris, with an option to buy!

Tired of those messy, inconvenient dealings with Satan? Don't feel like signing on for all eternity with a guy named Mephisto who won't let you take his wares for a test drive? Now you don't have to! You heard me right, Eris is now accepting convenient leasing agreements! Get your soul back in great condition in five years or less, all the while making money and doing things you want to do but YOU wouldn't let yourself. Eris will! Shouldn't your eternal soul be earning you money, while you enjoy life? Act now and your agreement will include, free of charge, an option to buy. That's right, your soul could be one of the lucky few that Eris picks up for eternal syndication. Happiness and freedom forever? What more could you want! Sex? Love? Giant piles of money? Peace? All of these are highly probable\*! This offer won't last forever, but your happiness will. \*\* And there are no catches!\*\*\* Act now!

Eris



A Smiling Face You Can Trust

\*Highly probable is not a written or implied guarantee.

\*\*This sentence is to be taken as metaphysically representative of a state of eternal work and brain hemorrhaging. Any other interpretations are the responsibility of your limited imagination.

\*\*\*Under advisement from legal council, we are to inform you that the goddess's lawyers find no catch that must be disclosed at this time. And as such, any lawsuits regarding property losses, social hardships, or clinical insanity resulting from catches that may or may not exist should be directed at the original congressmen who enacted such a blatantly inadequate statute, and the populace who elected them.

## **A Public Service Announcement**

Have you hugged your Goddess today? When was the last time you took the Supreme Being out for a bite to eat and a little chit-chat? Has it really been that long since you and "the Big Guy" went to a bar, chugged back a couple of brewskis, and shot a game of pool. Why don't you get on the phone right now, call up the Mother-of-All-Things-Existing-and-Non-Existing, and tell her you just called to say "hello, how are things with you?" Let her know that you still care. Doesn't the Supreme Creator deserve a little more consideration?

## **The Aftermath Path (Chaos V)**

1-The White Mouse was rumored to have shouted the great motto of the Purple Monkey Mafia "Your system of possibilities is not a prerequisite for my actions!" after being told that his being a mouse meant that he shouldn't eat hot-dogs while drinking tequila.

2-Freedom is a meaningless word or filthy idea by which authorities keep you confused. Your mind can blow the winds that blow minds. Listen no longer to the crapscreamers!

3-Burn your foul wisdom. Destroy all your sacred teachings. They can not carry you anywhere. They are bottled air. Reliance upon bottled air is not even worth a laugh. But never stop laughing at others who rely on such things, especially on the day those things contradict each other.

4-There is no one to be saved. Nothing to be liberated. That is why it is often said that everything seeks liberation. Truly, nonsense is salvation.

5-The true teachers have nothing to teach. The crapscreamers talk too much. Listen to this only if it entertains you and therein you may find something.

6-Beware of the Discordian who says much at times, yet says nothing at other times, if they never yell. Sometimes it is necessary to yell, whether you are wrong or right. Even if being wrong or right is simply the same thing.

7-You only know the truth of an idea after you know the conditions under which that idea is false. Lies are masked as truth, and truths are bought and sold. Truly it is necessary to think.

8-IT is in the fifth corner to every square. . . the second dimension to every point. . . the question mark to every exclamation mark. Set the illusions on fire and watch them burn to ash. Tune the strings of your high-strung emotions until they snap. Explode with a thousand Eris bitchslaps. Beware of God. It's Out of Order.

9-Don't take my, their, or anyone else's word for it. Make up your own.

10-Do you seem to be a verb? A question? A parenthetical parenthesis constructed only out of fluid and paradoxical and parenthetical thoughts, feelings, illusions, and perceptions? Are you living on quotations? What is this Damned Thing you call yourself?

11-A squirrel was lost in a forest somewhere and came upon a sparrow. The sparrow shouted "Be ye not lost in reality!"

12-Those who think themselves apart or above the herd are themselves part of the herd.

13-The White Mouse asked "Those without a magical and self-possessed vision of life are merely collections of thoughtforms and mediated images. Are they alive?"

14-It has been often said "Immanentize the Eschaton!" but, truly, as Eris has often said, we are each our own eschatons.

15-Belief is another word for slavery. The worst fundamentalists are the consumerists.

16-Get thyself free of the trap of 'higher truths' and 'higher selves'! Those ideas are an illusion oft repeated simply to keep you enslaved.

17- The issue is not about what is or is not. Nor is it about what is true or not. Nor is it about what is meaningful or meaningless. The issue, if such a thing could be said, or if such a thing should even concern anybody, is what might be.

18-The ship of imposed order is sinking fast. Instead of learning how to swim on the oceans of chaos, they insist that they can keep their ship afloat. Thus the orderlies are becoming more vicious in their struggles to impose order. They have the weapons of Church, State, and Self to fight each other with. Meanwhile the dry spaces aboard are disappearing. Children of Eris, how can you not laugh at them?

19-The very reason of the multiverse's existence is why you should not cling to any beliefs about it. The very reason of your existence is why you should not cling to any beliefs about yourself. And so on... but do not get caught in the semantic diddle-traps of words.

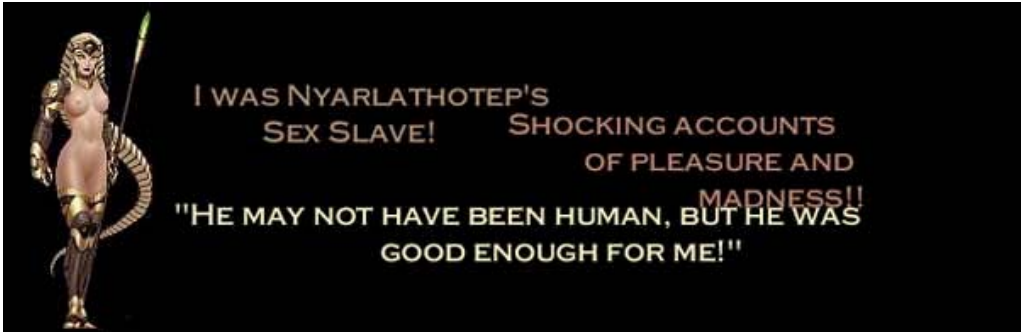
20-Discordians, throw those Apples of Discord and rejoice in the aftermath. Eris does not want servants but instigators. Allow no snub to go unraveled, unless it is more entertaining the way it is.

21-Eris has called on all of you, whether Goths, Hippies, Business-people, straights, gays, Pagans, atheists, or other sorts of freaks; whether or not you get along. Why else would She have called you?

22-Laughter is its own opposite. The aftermath is its own reward. An open mind is its own heaven. And disorder amidst the imposition of order is damned entertaining in and of itself, regardless of the reasons. The hidden messages about the apocalypse are written on crumpled newspapers thrown away by rush hour commuters. That said, go off and teach the orderly masses whatever message you like.

23-What is to be the wake of your passing? Will it be waves on the ocean of chaos that overturns the small rafts of order some people have constructed?

*[as revealed to St. Hugh, KSC on Confusion 9th, 3170]*



## Discordianism, Buddhism, and Psychology.

Psychologists say that there is an imaginary river that runs between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. The idea is that both hemispheres are similar, yet are polar opposites and the river running between them carries ideas back and forth. The interesting thing about this river is that it runs both ways at once. It is my belief that the hand of Eris -><- symbolizes this two way river.

Some Occultists as well as Buddhists believe that the Pineal Gland is the 3rd eye. It's located just behind the forehead, where the 3rd eye would be. The Pineal Gland has a central location just behind the third ventricle in the brain. Because of it's central location in the synaptic gap it is not ruled by either hemisphere of the brain. The Discordians view activating their Pineal Gland as a way of contacting Eris, a way of being enlightened. Buddhists view meditating upon the Pineal Gland as a way of becoming centered and thus enlightened. Maybe the Pineal Gland is the two way river between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. Buddhists and Occultists believe that to become enlightened and activate the third eye they have to be Balanced. I believe this is a balance between the right and left brain.

The Sacred Chao is much like the Yin Yang, but it symbolized order and disorder. I believe that this refers to the polarity of the right and left brain. The right brain is by it's nature disordered, creative and subjective, while the left brain is ordered, logical and objective. So the Chao not only symbolizes the balance of disorder and order, but the balance of the right and left brain, and thus is the key to enlightenment and the activation of the Pineal Gland. Since most people are more left brained the right brained, as well as more ordered and logical then creative and disordered, they must need to excorsize their right hemisphere more to become enlightened. More Disorder. More Creativity. More Surrealism.



# NONSENSE AS SALVATION

from "The Principia Discordia"

The human race will begin solving its problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously. To that end, POEE proposes the countergame of NONSENSE AS SALVATION. Salvation from an ugly and barbarous existence that is the result of taking order so seriously and so seriously fearing contrary orders and disorder, that GAMES are taken as more important than LIFE; rather than taking LIFE AS THE ART OF PLAYING GAMES. To this end, we propose that man develop his innate love for disorder, and play with The Goddess Eris. And know that it is a joyful play, and that thereby CAN BE REVOKED THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

If you can master nonsense as well as you have already learned to master sense, then each will expose the other for what it is: absurdity. From that moment of illumination, a man begins to be free regardless of his surroundings. He becomes free to play order games and change them at will. He becomes free to play disorder games just for the hell of it. He becomes free to play neither or both. And as the master of his own games, he plays without fear, and therefore without frustration, and therefore with good will in his soul and love in his being.

And when men become free then mankind will be free.  
May you be free of The Curse of Greyface.  
May the Goddess put twinkles in your eyes.  
May you have the knowledge of a sage,  
and the wisdom of a child. Hail Eris.

## **These are the first few verses of Smooth Move, Genius, known among the profane as The Book of Genesis.**

In the beginning, Eris created heaven and earth.  
She then sobered up, and decided She may as well make the best of it.  
And the earth was without form and void. Void" seemed to be a good idea, and the spirit moved Eris to pass waters.  
And Eris said, "Let there be light, " and there was light.  
And Eris saw the light, and that it was good. Then, thinking She was on a roll, Eris said "Let there be pickled herring, "  
which ended Her streak at one.  
And Eris called the light Night, and the darkness She called Day. She decided this might get everyone mad at Her, and  
switched them around.  
And Eris said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let him be humorous and fun to hang with and have  
dominion over the Great Boredom that would otherwise make this universe interesting like unto a stale potato chip. " Her  
other personalities, after briefly wondering why She was talking to Herself, saw that it was good (or, at least, that they  
should humor Her).  
And Eris hurriedly made the World and the dry land thereon so that She could create and plant a potato seed before  
anyone began to wonder what, exactly, a potato chip" was.  
And Eris said "Phew, " and saw that it was good, if a little rushed.  
And Eris suddenly remembered having said something about making man, and went about collecting some odd bits of  
Play-Doh and Silly String. Lastly, she collected the Divine substance from under Her desk, known to the great alchemists  
of old as the Sacred Pink Phlegmingo, but today has a rather less glorious name.  
With this did Eris mold man and woman, and breathed humor into their nostrils. Man and woman awakened to life  
laughing, pointing at the weird looking bumpy and dangly bits on each other.  
They then almost knocked each other over in their mad dash to the Tree of Self-Righteousness.  
And Eris did sigh, wondering what else one should expect from the willy-nilly creations of a Goddess with a hangover.

# PRIESTS OF ERIS

**"from the Erisian Liberation Front Field Guide, British Division"**

The Priests of Eris have two main objectives: The spread of the Erisian Religion and Operation Mindfuck. The first goal is the most straightforward but also the most difficult. We must spread the good word of Discordia to free peoples minds from the tyranny of order. I myself have explored this world of Britannia and find a great deal that makes no sense. For example, the invisible lay lines that exist all over Britannia which catch and hold you and the laws of reality are variable; or the inevitable time warps of confusion which we all have experienced; or even the fairies which lift items from our bags and then replace them when we close and open it again. Apparently Eris is alive and well and living in Britannia. But we must relay her word and will throughout out world and one day the other shards of Sosaria. Priests must tell others of Eris and try to convert those who seem to be of the proper demeanor. There are already many followers of Discordia out there who don't even know it yet, and we MUST find them. Secondly, we have Operation Mindfuck. This is our attempt to bring more Chaos to the world we live in. Creating more chaos and confusion is the greatest single thing we can do for Eris. The more apparent chaos, the more confusion, which leads to disorder and a smile from Eris. Operation Mindfuck can be almost any act of purposeful chaos. For example: handing out a hundred scrolls that say "You are a Pope", or declaring war of a friendly guild and killing them to a man (then of course bringing them back to life), or arranging skins in crop circle reminiscent patterns in the middle of nowhere and then explaining to any passers-by that you were just abducted by aliens or fairies or something, or starting a petition to Lord British for pizza delivery throughout the realm. Just a few suggestions, but hopefully you get the picture. The shock or confusion factor helps people break out of their usual brain patterns (i. e. brain firmly in the off position) and when the new imprint results from chaos, well, they've just been reborn much closer to Eris, whether or not they know it. It is important for the Priests of Eris to work closely with the other E. L. F. factions. They must be included in Operation Mindfuck, we can't do it all ourselves, in fact Priests should encourage others in the guild to pursue OMF on their own at anytime. Be it also know that at anytime, in ANY E. L. F. member should have an Operation Mind fuck scheme he or she may do whatever is needed to bring the plan to fruition. IT IS NOT necessary to consult with any of the guild hierarchy in these matters. But if you need our help, you can bet we're ready!

**"Once upon a time, I, Chuang Chao , dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was Chao. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly there is necessarily a distinction. The transition is called the transformation of material things"**

**Chuang Tzu**

# THE PERMEATION OF CHAOS

It is through CHAOS that the stars and the earth move, that processes of change go on without end, and that water flows without stopping; for CHAOS is the beginning and end of all creation. The rising of wind, the gathering of clouds, are as they should be; so too the rolling of thunder, the fall of rain, and so on, without end.

The operations of ERIS are mysterious. They resemble the actions of the potter, whose wheel forever goes round and round. In the natural succession of change, creations are finished and polished, and afterwards dissolve again into their pristine elements.

Those who do not interfere and leave nothing undone are in harmony with ERIS; those who speak with care understand power; those who know tranquillity and are content, devoid of conceit, are in possession of harmony, even though they live in the midst of a myriad diversities. All things are in accordance with their various natures.

The energy of CHAOS operates in the smallest thing and yet compels the mighty universe. Its power molds the universe and harmonizes the masculine and feminine, the light and the dark; it forms the four seasons and brings the elements of nature into accord.

The benign and gentle breath of ERIS cherishes all things, both living and not living; it enriches vegetation with moisture, and permeates stone and metal; it causes the growth of all creatures, giving to one rich and glossy fur, to another abundant plumage. Through its powers embryos mature and creatures are born.

Because of ERIS fathers do not mourn the untimely death of their children, nor does the elder brother that of his younger brother; the young are not left as orphans, nor is the wife a widow. The misplaced rainbow will never appear, nor destructive comets cross the sky, because of the harmonious nature of ERIS.

## Five Ages of Man

*With due apologies to Socrates and Plato*

The scene opens with Thuddipius (the clueless) meeting Eristotle (the Chaosopher) at his favorite hot dog cart, attempting to pay homage to the Goddess.

THUDDIPIUS: Is it not impious to eat hot dog buns, Eristotle?

ERISTOTLE: Do not believe everything you read, Thuddipius. I suspect you wish more of me than my view on the merits of Kosher dogs, my crafty friend.

T: Indeed you are right, Eristotle. You always do seem to sniff out my true intentions.

E: It is your cologne, actually.

T: What?

E: Nothing; just trying to make all this read better.

T: *[Shaking his head]* I have come to ask if you truly put forth a theory of Five Ages of Man, and if so, what it is, and what it means. No man has yet been able to explain it to my satisfaction, but the market is abuzz with news of it nevertheless.

E: It must be better than the usual buzzing of flies, Thuddipius.

T: I beg your . . .

E: Nothing, nothing. You wish to know of my theory, then?

T: Yes, very much.

E: Let us begin, as the bard said, at the beginning. It is a very fine place to start, is it not, Thuddipius?

T: I . . . er . . . suppose so, Eristotle.

E: You can drop the constant references to my name, Thuddipius. Even the excessively slow of wit can follow the E's and T's.

T: What "E's" and "T's," and how do you make your voice so wide and dark . . .

E: Never mind. In any event, do we agree that all things are directly or indirectly appropriate to 5, as the Goddess teaches? Or must we give proofs of this?

T: We say that which the Goddess teaches, by Zeus.

E: Good. That will save us a couple of screens.

T: *[Looks perplexed, then wisely says. . . ] . . .*

E: When a soul comes to be, it comes from we know not where and for no purpose of Reason or Order? We have discussed this before, have we not?

T: I do not recall it immediately, but I get the odd feeling that I could find it easily.

E: You need only follow the links in your mind to find it, I am sure. Anyway, this creation which is no kin of Reason and Order must, perforce, be an act of Primal Chaos, must it not?

T: Yes, but there is that wideness of voice again . . .

E: It is so that, when you depart, you can easily scan your mind for it. To continue, though, this movement from limitless not-being to limited being will cause deep Confusion, will it not?

T: *[Gets that perplexed look again, and again chooses wisely]* I am not sure what you mean.

E: Imagine that you have spent your entire existence running and capering in the bright, sunlit world, surrounded by colors and sounds and sensations, and were then suddenly knocked upon the noggin and chained to the ground in a cave, where you could understand and participate in the world by way of shadows. Would this change not greatly confuse you?

T: I get the feeling I've heard something like this before . . . but yes, I would surely be sorely confused. Also, I should think that it would cause great Discord and will to rebel against . . . the . . . incarceration. *[Thuddipius looks even more perplexed than earlier, but chooses silence as the better part of ignorance]*

E: Truly and well spoken, good sir. The first age, that of Confusion, immediately follows upon being born. The second, which you so aptly named Discord, follows upon Confusion during the very early years of life.

T: I see this to be so.

E: And how does life follow from this? Do we not become resigned to the laws and seek our place in society, be it low or high?

T: Yes, this is so.

E: And do we not choose our beliefs and hold to them fixedly, so that no man may shake us free?

T: Most do, Aristotle.

E: This is during early childhood, when we are taught to respect the authorities. The name of this age is Bureaucracy, and for most men it lasts until the moment of death.

T: I must disagree with my earlier statement, I fear. It seems to me that many men change their opinions during their lives.

E: This is so, but do many men change how they think, or attempt to think without using Reason?

T: This seems as nonsense, Aristotle.

E: It most surely is. Reason is what limits the unlimited and what bars it from the primal Chaos from which we came. Reason is what chains us to the cave, Thuddipius. The chain of Bureaucracy is heavy, but a few manage to crane their necks around to try to see the light from outside the cave. These few reach the edges of Reason and sight a new landscape. As Reason becomes inadequate and Bureaucracy crumbles, they enter the Age of the Aftermath, which leads them back to the primal Chaos. For most men, though, the Aftermath only occurs at death, when the body crumbles and the soul is freed from Reality and once again joins with Chaos.

T: You are a loon, Aristotle. I don't know why I ask you anything.

E: I am a loon, Thuddipius, and you ask me things because, deep down inside, you are, too. On the outside, though, you're the pain in the ass that kept me babbling while my hot dog got cold. Why don't you toddle along before I decide to beat you to death with a soggy hot dog bun?

---

Some of you may have noticed that Aristotle's ordering of the Seasons (Chaos, Confusion, Discord, Bureaucracy, Aftermath) differs ever so slightly from the Principia's ordering (Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, Aftermath). You may pat yourselves on the back. Give me any flack, though, and I've got a soggy hot dog bun with your name on it.

# Discord

[Formerly known as 'Discord']

*"Quieres chingaso conmigo? Tu lo tienes."*

-The White Mouse (from 'Epistle to the Bipedals')

*"You think I lost my mind? No way. I sold it for a pack of smokes."*

-Random Greyhound passenger

*"The microwave is just a clock that occasionally cooks things."*

-Duo

*"Most people do not speak words but speak shit!"*

All Hail Discordia!

And please pass the cheap imitation revelations because I am tired of all that gobbledy gook that passes for free thought. If it is not on television or on the internet, then it is not real. Are you ready for the real? Pick your channel. . . pick your page. Pick anything so you don't have to be responsible for any choices. Pick something, someone, somewhere, some how. Don't worry about Discordianism. It is really just a cheap trinket for tourists on the culture jamming trail of the supposed avant garde. . . for those people who want a little mischief and adventure to go with their art-student days, or their nostalgia for those days.

Folks, in case you haven't noticed, Discordianism isn't some slick new religion to get in on (though we may present it that way) like Wicca or some new variant of the New Age. And even though we can be credited with starting a bunch of the slick new religions ourselves for various reasons, our own irreligion is the Old Time Religion. The Church never saw fit to burn Discordians and never will. Why? Mainly because we were sneaky, but also because they realized that invoking the wrath of Our Lady would probably be bad for them. . . I mean, they could have ended up being cursed with divisiveness and schisms and such.

That said, are you in on it? Discordianism? Do you like what you see? Are you willing to give up your lives--whoops! Wrong group. Sorry. . . ahem. Are you willing to laugh uncontrollably? Read strange poetry and sing even stranger hymns? Are you willing to be awoken at odd hours so you can take dictations from the crazy Goddess of confusion? Are you willing to study all sorts of religions so that you can squeeze the knowledge from them and make fun out of it? Are you crazy enough to exist?

Some of you are into it while you pass through some sort of phase. And you believe that you will grow out of it, or so you wish to reassure yourselves. But you know deep down inside that you will never get out of it. Eris holds the promise of your deepest desires and bullshitting around with Her will only piss Her off. Regardless of all that, some of you will go onto to other things and get normal lives with normal jobs and normal religions or normal lack of religion. Some of you will go in for the New Age or one of the Pagan offshoots of Discordianism. Some of you will move into the seriousness of political/lifestyle/social anarchism-anti-authoritarianism, or whatever they call it nowadays. Some of you will continue developing your Discordianism and probably lead very happy lives as a result. And regardless of all that, all of you will remain enthralled to the sexy voice of Chaos. Possibly.

Many of you may forget Eris. Don't worry. She won't forget you.

Discordianism has had some interesting developments recently. Like the fact that most of the new Discordians from the internet fueled explosion have in fact imagined themselves smarter now, and have gone on to other things. Hah! As if. . . Wait till Eris pulls the rug out from underneath them. It will be funny. But at least they are mostly gone or are going. Now we diehard silly Eris lovers don't have to waste time getting into stupidly serious arguments about what real Discordianism is. It seems that the more creative Discordians have stuck around, and this is good because we like entertainment. It is also good for the 'movement' as it gets developed beyond whatever its 'founders' ever imagined. (Did I mention chili-dogs?) Instead of imitating the tripping hippies and such who claim to have founded modern Discordianism, let's do our own Damned Thing.

There probably is no point to this except for the fact that I used the flashy name "Discord" as the title and that hooked you in. You thought you were probably getting some special revelation of rant that would entertain you and instead you got a bunch of words which seem to have repeated everything you wanted to hear. But what you don't really understand, is that these words have been structured in a way that will cause your mind to explode within about three days. There is nothing you can do once you have read this sentence. Just sit back and enjoy it. Or not. Worrying won't make it any better.

Anyway. . .

My fellow Discordians, and somethings, ours is not a proselytizing religion. It is a mindfucking religion. Why? Because it is entertaining, for one. There are other reasons too that are related to freedom and crap like that, but we'll leave that one alone for now. You can sit there all by yourself and be a happy Discordian without saying another word to anyone else. But why do that when you can mindfuck others? You can skim the surfaces of Eris by lurking around the internet to read the various pages posted by Her crazies. But that is boring compared with the colorful world of the living, breathing, laughing, drinking, cabals- Eris's special crack teams of Guerrilla Mind Theatre. Or engaging in solitary mindfucking operations on the streets of any major metropolis. Unless, of course the internet meander is entertaining in itself...or as a sort of bulletin board for the crazies who wish to correspond with other crazies.

All culture, religion, and science is part of Eris's special Principia and hopefully you have read some of it. At least pretend that you did. Pretending goes a longer way than most would give credit for, look at politics for instance. All research will support one's theory. The best way is to hold conflicting and contradictory theories simultaneously. Or at least admit that you do. Or maybe the best way is something else. (Like pop-tarts and cigars, for instance. ) Eris only knows that there are many best ways, even as She convinces you that the one She tells you of is the best.

Nevermind all that. In fact, forget you even read this. Kallisti! (or KAH-lee-stee, for you Chaotes with your weird spelling issues. )

(Pungenday, Season of Confusion 27th, 3170)

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Kallisti!

# The Path of Confusion

1-It is said that a true Chaoist Sage never sleeps in the same bed twice. But verily, such a person wouldn't know, or couldn't care, whether they were sleeping or not. Nor would they care if they were a Chaoist Sage or not. In fact they probably wouldn't even know what a bed was, despite their sexual preferences.

2-It has been said that day is night and night is day and that tequila is both night and day, However, it is best to remember that drinking either night or day won't have the same effect.

3-You may pierce your nipples with golden apples and while weird, and possibly Discordian, it may take you no further along the path to awakening than an alarm clock.

4-Drinking milk will not cure one of happiness.

5-It has been often said that meaning is meaningless, and meaninglessness is meaningful, but truly nothing is as valuable as the holy word 'maybe'.

6-Nothing is true and everything is permitted, yet all things are true and subsequently nothing is permitted. What is forbidden is not allowed. And what is allowed is not forbidden. But nothing is true and all is permitted. Buddha, get out of the way!

7-Praise the one who upon awakening from bed can not find the floor. Better yet, praise the one who can not even find the bed they have awoken from.

8-The ancient Discordians were not influenced by the ancient Discordians. Eris was not influenced by the Erisian movement. There is point to this, but I forget.

9-Miserable are the ones who talk and read about sex or magic without actually doing neither. They are poor confused and possibly more intelligent than you or I. But what good is intelligence with or without sex or magic?

10-All dogma is false. Likewise all contradiction of dogma is false. Truly, the apple of discord means something at some point, but when was the last time you checked?

11-Those sages who are most thoroughly confused, dazed, and perplexed by anything can truly be said to be onto something. The wise know when to say "I have no fucking clue!"

12-It is said that death and life are parts of the same force of chaos. Really? Stop blaming chaos for your troubles!

13-I have truths to speak of, except I may be lying. And that may be a lie itself. If you are not confused then you are lying, except that I could be. The only way to be a little sure of this is to be uncertain about it and therefore be more confused.

14-The true shamanic adepts will confuse everyone. Such people are worth listening to as they will teach you how to follow yourself, if you are lucky. But the only way to be thoroughly confused is to have all certainties flee your very soul. Do you seem to be a verb? Liar!

15-Eternal life is a pernicious lie. Therefore you can know that it is a valid truth. Be wary of those who have developed clear cut systems in which to gain eternal life. They take away that which you already have.

16-It is often said by ancient sages that chaos is blind and stupid. Therefore you know that chaos is wisdom. Doubt is simply the expression of faith. Have nothing to do with faith or doubt if you seek to understand chaos. Upon gaining understanding have nothing to do with that understanding.

17-It is said that every woman and man is a star. But actually every star is a woman or a man. Don't bother trying to figure which came first unless you wish to invoke the holy mindfuck.

18-Freedom is merely another myth based on dogma. Liberation is unspeakable. Those who claim to be absolutely free are lying, unless this is a lie.

19-The secret hidden meaning of the universe is out, and probably for sale at your nearest metaphysical store or at the latest new age seminar. Thus you know there is no secret hidden meaning.

20-Gnosis is simply the orgasm after the foreplay of confusion. Those who claim otherwise are lying to themselves and become entertaining targets of we Discordians. Truly the need for the Great Tickle is greater than the tickle itself. Don't let that stop you from eating hot-dogs.

21-A Discordian pope once gathered his fellow Erisian cabal members in a great ritual of frivolity to show them the face of Eris. Everyone reached illumination at that time, but no one could speak, except in laughing gibberish. When they awoke from their revelry, Eris stood before them and in awe, they ate pop-tarts. The moral of this is "Never tell a goddess how to act. Never tell yourselves how to act, either."

22-Fear not the Neo-Pagans or the New Agers. They are your sisters and brothers in the great confusion of chaos, though they often try to pretend otherwise. Fear them not. But please do laugh at them.

23-All truths and all lies can be confounded and confused. Indeed the power of confusion is great. But laughter will banish all of it, unless you are being thoroughly entertained by it. Never worry about misunderstanding, unless it is to your disadvantage. Being wrong can be fun at times. Never forget confusion. Unless you think this is a lie. Do you? Liar!

*(An Erisian Revelation as given to St. Hugh, KSC by Our Lady of Discord, Eris. Possibly on Chaos, the 46th, 3170)*

## **PRANK BACK**

Time is of the essence! An anerisian principle such as this can only lead to a harrying of the simple precepts of chaos and discord which we hold so dearly, even as agents of order try to wear us down. Pressing for time is like to press neatly our days, to iron and starch the schedules which increasingly define us, to make of mankind a grid, to empower the grids of others. Deadlines make for a dead, orderly society, so palatable to homo neophobus but sickeningly lethal to the neophile. And so Greyfaced forces conspire to give unto the Erisian a fatal asthma, as the lover of chaos chokes on the thick smog of routine and starch that increasingly IS American Society v2. 001.

So what do we do? How do we rebel? Simple. By breaking down established precepts of order through optimizing the circumstances, priming the pump with chaos to provoke a sacred reaction in the mind and heart of the viewer. Put simply, we prank. Practical jokes, you say? Don't be silly. Hanging panties in a tree is



useless, unless it's outside the house of a prude. Otherwise, that's not a prank, but a joke, done not for enlightenment but for amusement. While titilating, it is hardly useful. What revelation is reached, where can we be brought, merely through the static shock of a positive-negative charge to the brain? Where is the power? But what's accomplished? Nothing! So a few people are annoyed, big deal. Frat boys can do that. Are you so low? Call that a joke. But not a prank.

The prank is an ecstatic thing performed with the goal of introducing into the world a greater amount of chaotic, Erisian energy. And they're not that hard. Almost every situation you find yourself in can present an opportunity for a prank. For example, in a crowded cafeteria, talk loudly with a friend. Ask people to vote for Eris Discordia in 2004. Tell random people that you love them, or alternately damn them to hell. Discuss cannibalism, religion, the state of the onions on your hot dog, with or without buns. Converts may be made through pranks. However humorous, pranks are not jokes, Pranks are sacred religious expression. Through pranks are exposed higher points of thought in lower men, and by this method we are lifted up.

## Footprints in the Sand

### . . the Discordian version

I dreamed that I was walking down the beach with the Goddess. And I looked back and saw footprints in the sand. But sometimes there were two pairs of footprints and sometimes there was only one. And the times there was only one set of footprints, those were my times of greatest trouble. So I asked the Goddess,

*"Why in my greatest need did you abandon me?"*

She replied, *"I never left you. Those were the times we both hopped on one foot. "*

And I was really embarrassed for bothering Her with such a stupid question.



**Taxation is robbery, based on monopoly of guns.**

**Rent is the daughter of taxation, the taxation of land by private groups, based on monopoly of land.**

**Interest is the son of rent, the rent of money, based on monopoly of coinage.**

**In the "free market", competition would drive price down to the level of cost (approximately).**

**In monopoly capitalism, price always equals at least cost plus taxation plus rent plus interest.**

**Monopoly capitalism is not a free market.**



## A Discordian Parable

### Fleertup the Happy Pig

Fleertup the Happy Pig was walking home from the market.

"I have raisins, and carrots, and green beans, and black beans! I also have cleaning supplies, like ScotchBrite Pads, to make my pans shiny! Oh, I am a happy pig! I have ammonia, and benzene, and sulfuric acid, and plutonium and a NEW BOX of Crayons!"

He was truly a happy pig. So happy was he, that he decided that right after dinner, he would clean the WHOLE kitchen, and make everything neat and orderly.

"Order is good!", Fleertup thought happily. "With order I can find things, and nothing is sticky in the morning!" Yes, Fleertup thought order was good, and he kept thinking it all the way home. This allowed him to make an instant evaluation of his home when he got there. His happy little orderly home had been ransacked by a mob searching for Elvis, and everything was very disorderly.

"BAAAAAAAAAAAAADDDDD!" Wailed Fleertup. "OHMYOHMYOHMYOHMY!" Cried Fleertup. "What ever shall I do?" blubbered Fleertup.

Just then a Beautiful woman appeared in front of Fleertup. She had most Beautiful eyes, a brilliant smile, and held an apple in her hand.

"Who are You???" Sobbed Fleertup, still thinking "ordergoodwreckedhousebad".

"Oh, just a passerby. I saw what the mob did to your home, and I am here to tell you, don't bother cleaning it up. Build a new house, over there a bit, and make it out of something stronger. Try wood. "

"But my things, my pots and pans. . . " Fleertup complained.

"I'll help you get them over to your new place. " The Beautiful woman said, and with that she threw the apple into the wrecked home. It bounced around wrecking more things, but kicking Fleertup's cookery and other kitchen goodies into a pile at his feet.

"MY! That's amazing!" Fleertup shook his head in wonder.

The Beautiful woman smiled at Fleertup. "Tell me something I don't already know. I must go now, I have a party to attend. "

Fleertup waved happily at her as she faded from view, then went into the forest and gather wood, which he stacked and daubed mud on to make a fine home. It was late when he finished, so he built a fire and cooked his vegetables, and ate them, and then shined all his pots, and went to bed.



# Aftermath: Words of the (Non-)Prophets

"Let there be a cycle of speaking"  
said Eris, Our Lady What Done It All,  
"That I may learn of Human knowledge  
of the Season of Aftermath. "

"Then let me begin the cycle, "  
said \_\_\_\_\_ the Unnamed,  
"For my knowledge of The Aftermath is great.  
In these troubled days of Bureaucracy,  
the Forces of Order rule unchecked.  
Bloated by their past successes,  
they have moved past all sense of Balance with Chaos  
and have caused us much grief.  
In the days of The Aftermath  
our sufferings will be relieved  
and our grief turned to joy  
by the appearance of a Great One  
who will lead us out from beneath the Bureaucracy  
whose weight oppresses us so. "

And the (Non-)Prophet Mar-Djinn spoke, saying:  
"And in The Aftermath a Great One will come unto you.  
He will speak with insight and wit  
and the followers of Greyface will be unable to refute his words.  
He will call the followers of Our Lady into the light,  
to throw off their cloaks of obscurity  
and join him in their rightful place in the sun.  
When this Great One comes, my children,  
lower your eyes and recognize him not,  
for the Thuddites will surely lionize and then destroy him.  
Wait for this crime to occur,  
as surely it will,  
then raise again your eyes  
and continue to subvert the masses.  
The true Aftermath is within. "

And Malaclypse the Elder leaned forward,  
resting his sign on the ground  
and spoke these words:  
"Truly the season of Aftermath is upon us  
For this season is Mine, and I recognize my own Age  
like a Mother recognizes her child.  
For the Bureaucracy of past times  
has so organized itself  
that it is coming undone,  
paving the way for a new season of Chaos to begin anew,  
but not until the work of my Age is complete. "

"Hmmp, "  
said Our Lady,  
"That wasn't nearly as much fun as I expected, "  
and promptly left in a snit. \*

*\*Some say it was a huff.*

**The BOOK OF ERIS has been brought to you by the letter E, the letter W, and the numbers 5 and 23**





Book 5:  
Genarehy and  
The Genarehists  
Cookbook







**ZEN** is meditation. **ARCHY** is social order.  
**ZENARCHY** is the social order which springs from meditation.

Filled with the wit and wisdom of Ho Chi Zen, a familiar character to readers of *Cosmic Trigger* and the *Illuminatus!* trilogy, Thornley delivers a collection of entertaining tales from the past designed to teach, amuse and delight. *Zenarchy* is a way of Zen applied to social life. A non-combative, non-participatory, no-politics approach to anarchy intended to get the serious student thinking. In the words of Antero Alli, author of *Angel Tech* and other rebellious manifestoes: "*Zenarchist everywhere will be delighted... an arsenal of strange loops and fractal surprises... don't leave OM without it!*" Enjoy!

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*For Camden Benares and Robert Anton Wilson*

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### Chapter 1

#### *Face of the Unborn*

Very early in the Zen tradition in China, a seeker was instructed to return to his face before he was born. In other words, be yourself. Don't put on a face for the outside world. Let your attitude be as unconditioned as before you emerged from the womb. Cultural trends and movements also have unborn expressions. When Jesus spoke, his words were not immediately called Christianity.

In 1967 in California something existed that has since been characterized as the Love Generation, the Hippie Movement, the Counter-culture and Flower Power. But those were names given it by the media. Before then it was more or less unconditioned, and it consisted of people who believed in being unconditioned - in finding their faces before birth. They hadn't decided to be the Love Generation; they had decided to put aside striving for appearances.

An interview was published in the *Los Angeles Oracle*, a transcript of a conversation between Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, Gary Snyder and Alan Watts. At one point they chatted about the flamboyant new people populating the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. Alan Watts said that as soon as somebody discovered a name for the phenomenon, it would kill it.

Although we sometimes called ourselves hip or hipsters or hippies or flower children, at that time those were just names among many that seemed occasionally fitting. As a social entity we were not yet stereotyped. Between a hard-bopping hipster and a gent le flower child there was a distinction, and neither label stretched to include us all.

Usually we called ourselves heads. Pot heads, acid heads, or both. Bohemians, Beatniks, mutants, freaks and groovy people were names used with due caution. For in those days what we called ourselves was not to obscure what we were, and what we were was open to experience.

Becoming hung up on avoiding names, of course, can be as misleading as being named, classified and forgotten. We were not making an effort in either direction. We intended, however, to avoid abstractions that short-circuit thought. An unborn face entailed a naked mind.

Zen is called Zen, but when the monk asks the master, "What is Zen?" he does not receive a definition but a whack on the head, or a mundane remark, or a seemingly unrelated story. Although such responses might baffle the student, they did not en courage him to glibly pigeon-hole the Doctrine.

Zen remained alive and vigorous for many more generations than would otherwise have been possible. Neither was it easily co-opted nor did it degenerate into superstition. Among the people in the Haight-Ashbury that Alan Watts did not want to see named were many scholars of Zen. More recent traditions also influenced what was coming to be.

Every year near Thousand Oaks, California, was something called a Renaissance Faire. As a custom it survives even now, but before the media discovered the hippies it was not the same. That it was less commercialized was only part of the difference.

What could be gathered about the people who came there to peddle their wares was significant. Self-sufficient individuals who lived by means of their craft, whether it was leather carving or pottery or one of a dozen other skills, they were bearded and long haired in the years before anyone employed by a corporation was permitted to look so outlandish. Self-styled gypsies who lived in the canyons and foothills and desert areas up and down the coast from Los Angeles, they were tanned, wiry and weathered. In their conversation they were knowledgeable without seeming pompous. A natural sensuality appeared in their body movements that did not seem distracting. Playing music, singing folk songs and dancing whenever they felt like it, they did not seem especially gaudy in their colorful clothes.

People like them had been in existence in California at least since the early Forties. Gary Snyder insists in his writings that their tradition goes back in West Coast history past the turn of the century. I recall seeing them when I was a child - my nose pressed against the car window as we drove through the environs of Hollywood. In those days, they were generally gathered around the entrances of the local health food stores.

I asked my mother what they were and she said they were crackpots; I determined then and there that when I grew up I was going to be a crackpot.

Then there was the Beat Generation of the Fifties. Overlapping with the Bohemian craftspeople, it was not identical. Beatniks tended to be more urban and vocal, less stable and more pessimistic. Among the most avid readers of Beatnik poetry were these serene artisans, who also mingled with them socially. By 1967, though, most of the Beats were consigned to the dead past, at least in the public mind, while the older and less conspicuous group endured without benefit of the obituaries written for the Beat Generation after its heyday. Lawrence Lipton used to argue in the *Los Angeles Free Press* that the demise of Beatdom was a media hoax, but in any case the word "beat" had been beaten silly, and only the most naive flower child or the most sophisticated hipster could any longer use it without sounding square.

Critics of the counter-culture have charged that such mores indicated a system of conformity among the hip just as oppressive as the one they were trying to escape, but that was not the way it was at all. A wide range of behavior was lovingly tolerated. Only stepping back into the plastic world of mindlessness was discouraged.

I remembered, as one of my early contacts with the hip culture, a visit I'd made in the early Sixties with a young woman of an acquaintance, to the home of a jazz musician. Tucked away in the hills above the Sunset Strip, it was the pad where his friends gathered to jam. I had been attracted to a picture of Ramakrishna, the Vedantic Indian saint, sitting on a dresser with a little flower in a vase in front of it. So late in the spring of 1967 I designed a simple meditation table - a rectangular plywood board with a brick under each corner - for incense, flowers and Zen books, not to mention my marijuana stash. Symptomatic neither of a belief system nor a discipline, meditation became for me a relaxing way to spend part of an hour, from time to time, seated cross-legged in a corner of the living room.

Raga music played on the stereo, sunlight coloring the walls through the homemade stained-glass window behind and above me; wisps of smoke gyrating from the end of a joss stick, a cup of tea - these simple and inexpensive enjoyments added more to my life than any collection of art treasures could have. Such was the unborn face at the time of becoming.

An eternal paradox of this kind of subject matter: the specifics are irrelevant, but it cannot be conveyed at all in general terms. Certainly it isn't about a handful of cheap decorations. Stopping to dig them was what it was.

After my second LSD trip was when it began. Horrible bummer that it was, I came down from it nevertheless knowing for the first time what it would take to make me genuinely happy - not much. But I didn't have it. More time, less hustle.

So I spoke with my wife. I told her I was tired of busting my ass. I would keep up my end of the load; she worked part-time. I was no longer into rushing through life as if it were something to be gotten over with. I would awake each morning and sit and think until I figured out a way to make ten dollars that day - writing, selling grass or working odd jobs. Why hadn't I thought of it before? I had only wanted to make as much money as possible, and suddenly it was obvious that I had been completely out of touch with my own values.

Since I was editor of a libertarian newsletter with all the free ad space I wanted, and since my contacts in Los Angeles were numerous, it proved simple to earn my daily bread in this fashion.

An understanding woman, my wife contributed an idea of her own. We could live without paying so much rent. My grandparents were now in an old people's home and their house was vacant. We arranged to rent it from my family for fifty dollars a month plus up keep.

A big old house in which I first came to consciousness as a toddler, it contained two bedrooms and a large living and dining area composed of two adjoining rooms, a glassed front porch, a gigantic old fashioned kitchen, and an enormous backyard with a charming, if decrepit, walnut tree.

With so much room for guests, this house on 77th Street in Southwest Los Angeles became a social center of sorts. We harbored my brothers when they became acid heads and had to quit living with my parents, occasional runaways they brought home from hitch-hiking adventures, visiting libertarian and Kerista acquaintances from out of town - and together we gardened, listened to rock music while stringing beads to peddle on consignment in head shops, and of course, partied. In retrospect, I always think of the house as 77th Street Parade.

About the same time the Human Be-Ins started happening. Announcements in the *Free Press* and occasional comments from my teenage brothers first brought them to my attention.

Then there was the Easter Love-In and Gathering of the Tribes in Elysian Park. That was my initiation into the possibilities inherent in our situation. Converging before sunrise from all directions they came - high and grinning people garbed in ceremonial dress. Sounds of tinkling bells worn around necks and on the sashes of robes, together with the rattle of an occasional tambourine, filled the air. At the center of the field was an ensemble of gongs and temple bells called Spontaneous Sound - with one man, stripped to the waist, leaping among them, striking one and then another.

Believing in reincarnation or genetic memory was a temptation. A friend walked up to me and said, "Well, here we are again." Tribal banners hung in the trees. A voluntary extended family of one kind or another was assembled under each of them. Among many others were represented the Hog Farm, the *Oracle* Tribe, Strawberry Fields/Desolation Row as well as the *Free Press* and KPFFK.

Why they were called Human Be-Ins was obvious, for just by being there we had created all this haunting beauty.

Although it lacked the strident quality of a demonstration, this gathering could not help being an eloquent protest of all that was drab and uninspired in the surrounding dominant culture. Only the tiniest children took it all in stride as something quite natural to be expected.

More Gatherings of the Tribes followed during the spring and summer of 1967 in the Crystal Springs area of Griffith Park. Before long we organized a tribe of our own called the Gentle Folk with our friends who were into sexual mate sharing and psychedelic s. Most of them we had met through Kerista, a movement that enjoyed a brief, spectacular success as the hip religion - establishing communes in ghetto slums - until the founder, Jud the Prophet, turned most of us off by coming out strongly in favor of the war in Vietnam.

I recall carrying our banner through the early morning mist, sitting beneath it later as an American Indian squatted in front of me and, without uttering a word, made a beautiful flower out of some feathers and colored pipe cleaners we'd brought to give a way. Then he handed it to me.

Before dawn I would also gather rose balls - flowers just about to bloom - from bushes around our house. Whenever I made eye contact with someone at the Love-In, I'd toss them one. Some Diggers who liked my rose ball idea once gave me a big, fat joint of Acapulco Gold.

Our whole tribe huddled one morning under the same blanket, giggling. God's eyes made of yarn. Peace emblems and scented oils. Guitar-strumming minstrels. Beautiful women in flowing long dresses. Laid-back Hell's Angels. Bewildered crew-cut servicemen on liberty and little old ladies looking for Communists. Afro-Americans with drums. Practically everything and everybody you wouldn't expect to find anywhere else was here.

One of the little old ladies went home with flowers in her hair and wrote a nice column about us in the Pasadena newspaper for which she happened to work. As she was to note, when we cleared out of the park in the evening, not a speck of litter was left behind. For the most part, the rest of the media confined itself to inaccuracies such as underestimating our numbers

by many thousands or implying that we were outstandingly sacrilegious. Every effort was made from the start to insure that we would become nothing more than a passing fad.

By the middle of that summer, the cops were infiltrating us and making busts for marijuana possession with increasing belligerence. Earlier, Timothy Leary had said, "I didn't mind it when they were calling us a cult because that means a small group of people devoted to an ideal, but now they are calling us a movement, and that means we are in danger of becoming a minority group." By this time it was worse, for we were a generation. As the misrepresentation and persecution increased, the morale of our fragile social miracle deteriorated and with it went most of our much-touted love.

"Hippies don't like to take baths!" became a popular cliché and so everyone opposed to personal cleanliness ran away from home and joined us. Whoever originated that rumor was probably speaking for how they themselves would have opted to behave in an atmosphere of freedom. Mechanisms of self-fulfilling prophecy insured that every unseemly trait projected our way by those who feared themselves would become the truth in short order, for *Time* and *Newsweek* began to function as recruiting literature. So it was not long before it was no longer hip to be a hippie.

Astonishing, though, was that anything had happened in the first place. Nobody could say precisely what brought us to be, but LSD got much of the credit. Unlike junkies, pot heads were always a sociable lot. Acid, however, was to endow them with a cosmic confidence in the righteousness of their way. That in turn led to lectures and light shows and psychedelic boutiques and, ultimately, a movement strong and vigorous enough to be taken for a generation. But in fact, it had contained people of all ages with little more in common than independence of mind.

Among my friends in those days was a man named John Overton. A technical writer for the aero-space industry, a White devotee of Black culture and a consummate seducer of women, he began to blossom spiritually with LSD, psycho-drama and human potential groups. Briefly he became involved with an Indonesian cult that recommended legally changing one's name in order to reprogram an unwanted self-image. So he changed his first name to Camden, because he liked the sound of it, and his last name to Benares, after the city where the Buddha delivered his first sermon.

Since then, he has written *Zen Without Zen Masters* (Falcon Press, 1985), a book that inspired this one and which seems to have grown out of our stoned 1967 discussions about mysticism and authority. To the best of my knowledge he also wrote in those days the first American Zen story, as a result of a visit to the *Oracle* Tribe's mansion. Published in his book as "Enlightenment of a Seeker," it is about a young man who didn't know what to think of himself. Then one day he overheard a nother say of him, "Some say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead." As Camden explains, "Hearing this, the man was enlightened."

Among the scholars of hip I did not know personally, Gary Snyder was into something he called Zen Anarchism. Everything else he said also attracted me.

As Japhy Ryder, he was hero of Jack Kerouac's novel, *The Dharma Bums*. In the interview with Ginsberg, Leary and Watts he seemed at once the most sensitive and the most politically sophisticated.

As a libertarian I was acquainted with that astute minority among us calling themselves anarchists. That they were not a bunch of psychopathic bomb throwers out to stir up chaos and violence, but a group of sociologists independent of the constraints of institutional financing, was just beginning to dawn on me.

At the library I was always obtaining books about Zen Buddhism, for I was aware that it was one of the keys to the fresh liveliness of what was happening. Writers in the *Free Press* and commentators at KPFK frequently quoted Zen sayings. When I was serving in the Marines in Japan I'd made a cursory study of the subject, but came away more puzzled than enlightened- both with Zen and Japanese culture in general.

Now Zen struck me as the natural lifestyle implied by anarchist politics - and from the Taoistic perspective of Zen, anarchism seemed the logical political option. Like the Yin and the Yang, they belong together in a dynamic synergy of creative power.

In his final work, *Tao: The Watercourse Way*, Alan Watts was to reach the same conclusion, linking the principles discovered by Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu - Taoist sages as responsible as the Buddha for the flavor of Zen - with the anarchism of Peter Kr opotkin.

Pondering the words of Alan Watts in the *Oracle* interview, about the destructive power of names, I decided it was not the labels so much as our attachment to them that constituted the problem. Much like the Psychedelic Movement, our consciousness began to narrow. As the Hip Culture we were used by Madison Avenue to sell fashions. As the Love Generation we became hateful and angry because we saw ourselves as loving and young, and those opposing us as spiteful and old. Perhaps the secret of survival , now that we were being named from the outside anyhow, was to forever create new names and always be ready to let the old ones go.

Early one Saturday morning, wooden blocks seemed to tumble and clatter away from my mind in all directions. Had it been

*satori* (enlightenment), I wouldn't have been so annoyed since then by the trials and tribulations of living. But it was something that nearly allowed me to understand what those old guys meant. When my mind closed in on it, it slipped away like an eel - but that took time because I was quite thoroughly stoned on marijuana. After that, my fascination with Zen outstripped my devotion to rigid anarchist ideology.

Then there was the night I was having a bout of insomnia and jumped from bed, ran into the dining room, grabbed a sheet of paper and a laundry marker and wrote one single bold word: **ZENARCHY!**

I hope that didn't kill anything.

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## Chapter 2

### *The Birth of Zenarchy*

During the days at 77th Street, I didn't write much about Zenarchy, but I contemplated the notion of a periodical by that name. I was experiencing considerable frustration over lack of editorial freedom as managing editor of the libertarian newsletter. My fascination with the counter-culture was not shared by the publisher. But then nearly everything was getting on my nerves by the middle of the summer.

Degenerating under police pressure and media hoop-de-la, the hip culture was becoming steadily more difficult to defend as my enthusiasm for promoting it increased. Smog-ridden Los Angeles with its maze of freeways kept bringing to mind Timothy Leary's advice to "turn on, tune in, drop out". (Or as Camden was to phrase it: "fly up, freak out, fuck off".)

Everyone was saying urban existence was not for heads. I was turned on and I fancied that I was tuned in, so I began making jaunts to the woods to see what smoking a number there was like. A whole new drug experience seemed to result in nature's universal living room - both overwhelming and comfortable.

As did many before and after me, I searched for a place to live in the outskirts of Los Angeles - only to discover there were none. Expensive hill property or desert comprised the major alternatives to the megalopolis. So my wife, Cara, and I decided to sell our Volkswagen and use the money to move to Florida. Our ultimate aim was to purchase or build a houseboat and plunge into the Everglades.

As it happened, we never got any farther in the direction of unspoiled wilderness than a cottage on a farm near Tampa, Florida. Then, I got a job across the bay and we moved into town. At least there was no smog.

After becoming immersed in the writings of Chuang Tzu - the only person in history besides Diogenes whose reincarnation I would care to be - I began publishing a sporadic newsletter in flyleaf format called *Zenarchy*. Principally this was to keep in touch with my California friends.

Usually I would type up a page or two when the mood suited me, paste a dingbat or two swiped from another publication between blurbs, and then pay the local offset printer to run off two or three hundred copies.

My original ambition in California had been for a monthly or quarterly journal, but the sparse format proved serendipitous. Most of my friends were inspired to begin issuing newsletters of equally simple design, stimulating their friends in turn to do the same. In the early Seventies there emerged a whole network of one-person journalistic efforts, most of them well worth the reading.

Following are portions of the *Zenarchy* broadsides, beginning with the August 19, 1968 issue published in Tampa:

ZEN is Meditation. ARCHY is Social Order. ZENARCHY is the Social Order which springs from Meditation.

As a doctrine, it holds Universal Enlightenment a prerequisite to abolition of the State, after which the State will inevitably vanish. Or - that failing - nobody will give a damn.

"Having said that zen study is knowing yourself, the roshi went on: In America you have democracy, which means for you government of the people, by the people, and for the people. I in my turn am bringing democracy to Japan. You cannot have democracy until people know themselves. The Chinese said that government was unnecessary and they were right. When people know themselves and have their own strength, they do not need government. Otherwise they are just a mob and must be ruled. On the other hand, when rulers do not know themselves, they push the people around. When you do not know yourself, you busy yourself with other people. Zen study is just a matter of getting your own feet on the ground." (from *Matter of Zen* by Paul Wienpahl, New York University Press, 1964)

## STONED SERMON #1: Dogen's Hole

Having as little as possible to do with the powerful - that was Dogen's splendid Way of Buddhas and Patriarchs. So when one of his followers accepted for his Zendo a gift of land from a grateful Regent whom Dogen had instructed, the fool was driven by the master from the monastery.

Moreover, Dogen ordered the portion of floor where the erring monk customarily sat in *zazen* torn out - and in the earth beneath it he had his students dig a six-foot-deep hole.

Zenarchy is new in name alone. Not only is it the Bastard Zen of America which has grown to flower over the recent decades in nearly everybody's pot - it is the heretofore nameless streak that zig-zags back through the Zen Tradition, weaving with delirious defiance in and out of various sects and schools - slapping the face of an Emperor here, rejecting a high office there, throwing a rule-blasting koan at a bureaucrat elsewhere - and coming to rest finally in the original true words of Lao Tzu (from a translation in *Laotzu's Tao and Wu-wei* by Dwight Goddard, Thetford, Vermont, 1939): "When the world yields to the principle of Tao, its race horses will be used to haul manure; when the world ignores Tao, war horses are pastured on the public common."

Nevertheless, there was never a greater Zenarchist than old Dogen Zenji - for in that astounding hole of his can be found a monument to Freedom as enduring as the very Void.

Such gentle tolerance as he displayed is a rare thing, too, in the world of men and Buddhas. But then his Compassion for the foolish monk was no doubt boundless, as befits an Enlightened One.

That was followed by a September 4, 1968, flyleaf titled "QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN LAO" containing these statements from Lao Tzu:

"It is taught in books of strategy: 'Never be so rash as to open hostilities; always be on the defense at first.' Also: 'Hesitate to advance an inch but be always ready to retreat a foot.' In other words, it is wiser even in war to depend upon craft and skill instead of force."

"When well-matched armies come to conflict, the one which regrets the need for fighting always wins."

"The good commander strikes a decisive blow, then stops. He does not dare assert and complete his mastery. He will strike the blow, but will guard against becoming arrogant. For he strikes from necessity, and not out of a zest for victory."

"Both arms and armor are unblessed things. Not only do men come to detest them - but a curse seems to follow them. Therefore, the True Man avoids depending upon arms."

"I am teaching what others have taught - that the powerful and aggressive seldom come to natural deaths. But I make this wisdom the basis of my whole outlook."

"If one attempts to govern either himself or another, he is sure to become frustrated. For it will seem that whatever he tries to grasp, slips away. The Sage makes no such attempts, makes no failures, has nothing to lose - is therefore at peace with himself."

"He who wants to take over the country and remake it under his own reforming plans will fail. 'Mankind' is an abstract concept that cannot be remade after one's own ideas. Under any system of reform, a ruler must make use of different, real-life people - some as they seem and some not, some who will assist and others who will resist, some strong and some brittle and unsafe to rely on. That is why the Sage never tries to take over things and reform man, but is instead content to reform himself - letting others follow his example, but never forcing them."

"Nothing is more fragile, yet of all the agencies that attack hard substances nothing excels water. Likewise, the powerless can wear down the mighty and the gentle survive the strong. (Everyone knows this but few can practice it.) So the Sage accepts the disgrace of his country and in so doing becomes a true patriot; he is patient under the misfortunes of his cause and is therefore worthy to lead it." (Translated from the *Tao Teh Ching* of Lao Tzu by Ho Chi Zen.)

Appearing promptly on September 16, 1968, the next *Zenarchy* began with a verse from a poem I had written just before the 1967 Easter Love-In:

Come and play the poet game with me! Let's call out the cries of anarchy! Let's be happy; let's be soft, and free; Come and play the game of liberty.

"Totalitarian states, however, know the danger of the artist. Correctly, if for the wrong reasons, they know that all art is propaganda, and that art which does not support their system must be against it. They know intuitively that the artist is not a harmless eccentric but one who under the guise of irrelevance creates and reveals a new reality. If, then, he is not to be torn to pieces like Orpheus in the myth, the liberated artist must be able to play the countergame and keep it as well hidden as the

judo of Taoism and Zen. He must be able to be 'all things to all men', for as one sees from the history of Zen any discipline whatsoever can be used as a way of liberation - making pots, designing gardens, arranging flowers, building houses, serving tea, and even using the sword; one does not have to advertise oneself as a psychotherapist or guru. He is the artist in whatever he does, not just in the sense of doing it beautifully, but in the sense of playing it. In the expressive lingo of the jazz world, whatever the scene, he makes it. Whatever he does, he dances it - like a Negro bootblack shining shoes. He swings." (from *Psychotherapy East and West* by Alan Watts, Random House, 1961)

Spin your inhibitions off and see Flowers in your heart and let them be. (Come and play the poet game with me!)

### **STONED SERMON #2: The Way of Play**

It is no coincidence that the cultural currents of Zen and Anarchism immediately joined when Zen came to the West. For nowhere in recent Western history is the life of the Eastern renunciate more closely paralleled than in that of the dedicated revolutionary, forsaking all attachments for a single goal. And no Eastern sage comes closer to the zestful life sense of the Anarchist than the Zen Master.

But the deeper fruits of this union, speaking at least with reference to the Anarchist, are yet to be realized. What Zen has most to offer Anarchism is freedom HERE AND NOW. No longer need the Anarchist dream of a utopian millennium as he struggles to outwit the State - for he can find freedom in the contest, by simply knowing that freedom is everywhere for those who dance through life, rather than crawl, walk, or run.

For if a man has renounced inward ownership of property, renounced possessive attachment to his loved ones, and is cheerfully detached from time, with no fear or hope for what the future might bring - he is immune to all threats and pleadings of any State in the world. On the streets or in prison - indeed, on his very way to execution - he can play!

That is, he can become aware of his true nature as a player in the cosmic maya game, and can therefore openhandedly let his karma play itself out. He can blend with the life forces around him, as a dancer to his music, and prance boldly into the collage of events - with no fears, no regrets, and no compromises - turned on, tuned in, and made One.

Come and cry the cries of anarchy! Running through the streets of history, Let's be happy; let's be nice, and free.

"In the year 326 the persecution of the Christian ceases. Emperor Constantine becomes a Christian and raises the Christian Church to become the State Church. Christianity, which for three hundred years had borne a shining fruit in the darkness of the catacombs, could blossom on the surface. The Christian is liberated from the permanent fear of death. The church of the early community, whose power lay in prayer and the formation of the ascetic personality irradiated by Christ, becomes now a power which also carries weight in the world. Dogma is fixed, wonderful churches are built, the magnificent liturgy develops. But the face of the Christian alters. Where formerly a Christian was a Christian, now he is Everyman. Where formerly there had been a community of saints, now saints become more and more rare in the community. They flee into solitude, to prayer, meditation and need of union with God. Thus in the fourth century ends the wonderful experience of a closeness to God, a bringing down of heaven to earth, a general spiritualization of the cosmos with healing divine forces, a joyousness and peace which we can no longer imagine, because the organs to understand and experience these conditions are blocked." (from *Meditation and Mankind* by Vladimir Lindenberg, Rider and Co., London)

Come and play the childhood game, and be! Oh the peace you'll know, the ecstasy! Spin your inhibitions off and see! Come and play the poet game with me.

As you can see, in spirit I was still issuing invitations to Love-Ins. That was my gospel, and in no way was it intended to be taken the least bit esoterically. Authoritarian psychology was also of interest to me, for it was our failure to make appropriate psychological warfare against the bureaucratic mentality that was our undoing in California. So I addressed myself to that issue in the October 5, 1968, *Zenarchy*, briefly, as follows:

### **HOW TO REASON WITH THE AUTHORITIES**

"Hold up!" said an elderly rabbit at the gap. "Six pence for the privilege of passing by the private road!" He was bowled over in an instant by the impatient and contemptuous Mole, who trotted along the side of the hedge chaffing the other rabbits as they peeped hurriedly from their holes to see what the row was about. "Onion-sauce! Onion-sauce!" he remarked jeeringly, and was gone before they could think of a thoroughly satisfactory reply. Then they all started grumbling at each other, "How STUPID you are! Why didn't you tell him --" "Well, why didn't you say --" "You might have reminded him--" and so on, in the usual way; but, of course, it was then much too late, as is always the case. (from *Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame, The Heritage Press, 1944-66)

Shun proposed to resign the throne to Shan Chuan, who said, "I am a unit in the midst of space and time. In winter I wear skins and furs; in summer, grass-cloth and linen; in spring I plough and sow, my strength being equal to the toil; in autumn I gather my harvest, and am prepared to cease labor and eat. At sunrise I get up and work; at sunset I rest. So do I enjoy myself between heaven and earth, and my mind is content: --why should I have anything to do with the throne? Alas! that

you, Sir, do not know me better!" Thereupon he declined the proffer, and went away, deep among the hills, no man knew where. --Chuang Tzu (from Volume II of *The Texts of Taoism*, translated by James Legge, Dover Publications, 1962)

In the October 21, 1968, edition of *Zenarchy* I followed this thinking a step further, stressing now the positive aspects in this way:

The Only Solution Is a Yin Revolution

"What is really being said is that intelligence solves problems by seeking the greatest simplicity and the least expenditure of effort, and it is thus that Taoism eventually inspired the Japanese to work out the technique of judo - the easy or gentle Tao (do)." (from *Psychotherapy East and West* by Alan Watts, Random House, 1961)

"The True men of old waited for the issues of events as the arrangement of Heaven, and did not by their human efforts try to take the place of Heaven." --Chuang Tzu (from the *Texts of Taoism* by James Legge, Dover Publications, 1962)

"It is interesting in this connection to recall Dr. Reich's distinction between matriarchy and patriarchy, as given in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*. According to Dr. Reich, work-democracy and self-regulation of primary drives were characteristics of primitive matriarchy, and both were destroyed by the rise of authoritarian patriarchy. Recent anthropology has cast doubt on the existence of the 'primitive matriarchy,' but, as G. Rattray Taylor shows in his *Sex in History*, there can be little doubt that cultures do show more Matrist tendencies in some periods of their development, and more Patrism tendencies at other periods. Patrism periods are characterized by sexual repression, limitation of freedom for women, political authoritarianism, fear of spontaneity, worship of a Father God, etc. Matrist periods, on the other hand, are characterized by sexual freedom, high status for women, political democracy, spontaneity, worship of a Mother Goddess, etc. This agrees with Dr. Reich's picture of the distinction between Patriarchy and Matriarchy.

"Chapter 6 of the Tao Teh Ching says:

The valley spirit never dies She is called the Eternal Female

"According to Needham, Blakney and other Sinologists, this Eternal Female is the goddess of pre-Chou China forgotten by the conventions of the Patrism Chou State and official Confucian philosophy. Blakney considers the early Taoists to have been recruited from peasants who remembered the Shang State and its Matrist orientation." (from "Lao-Tse and Wilhelm Reich, Prophets of Inner Freedom" by Robert Anton Wilson in the September 1963 issue of *A Way Out*, School of Living, Brookville, Ohio)

"The True men of old did not reject (the views of) the few; they did not seek to accomplish (their ends) like heroes (before others); they did not lay plans to attain those ends. Being such, though they might make mistakes, they had no occasion for repentance; though they might succeed, they had no self-complacency. Being such, they could ascend to the loftiest heights without fear; they could pass through water without being made wet by it; they could go into fire without being burnt; so it was that by their knowledge they ascended to and reached the Tao." -- Chuang Tzu (from the *Texts of Taoism* by James Legge, Dover Publications, 1962)

So Follow the Way Of the True Men of Old: Find Shade in the Summer; Grow Fur in the Cold.

This was followed by a portrait of the archetypal counter-cultural woman drawn exclusively from my old New Orleans French Quarter friend, Loy Ann Camp. Therein I compared her to the woman in Bob Dylan's song of whom he says, "She's got everything she needs; she's an artist; she don't look back..." For in the most literal sense Loy, like so many of the hip females of the early Sixties, was an artist by profession who was "nobody's child" and who never stumbled because she had no place to fall - a perfect balance of gentleness and strength. Like a waiter I once met who acquired a reputation as a *karate* expert because he slipped and kicked his opponent just as he was beginning to get in a fight, I inadvertently gave the impression that I knew what I was talking about - at least in relation to what I have since gathered about intelligence community secret societies based upon matriarchy, etc. Since, in order to add a sense of universality to the image of the modern-day Eternal Female, I did not mention Loy by name, many people seem to have assumed that I understood the deeper levels of Dylan's lyrics, up to and including who he was really singing about. As a matter of fact, I assumed it was Joan Baez. Here is what I had to say:

### **INCARNATIONS: Everything She Needs**

"And upon this day I say unto you: Each Sentient Being is an Incarnation of Me, and whosoever upon hearing this Truth shall come to know it, is blessed; and twice-blessed are they who shall be unable again to forget it; but thrice-blessed is that Man or Woman who needed never to be told." --Visitations 13:5 *The Honest Book of Truth*

You know her. We all do. Anyone who has ever lived in the Haight or North Beach or Taos or Old Town or the French Quarter or the East Village or anyplace like that has met her, because that's where she belongs, and she knows it from childhood.



She has a horsey angular face and long straight hair and is dedicated to her art, whatever it may be. Bob Dylan had to be thinking about her when he wrote that song about how "She's got everything she needs; she's an artist; she don't look back..."

So serene is this chick that everybody wants her - for friend, lover or just to have around - and it is that serenity which so transcends her features (that on everyone else would be homely), making her the center flower in every bouquet of Beautiful People.

Usually she hangs out with heads. Not because she is necessarily a head herself, though she may or may not blow a little pot, but because she has that thing about her - that cool. And she never goes around boasting about not needing a crutch to get there (and thereby revealing a far greater dependency than anyone ever develops for drugs). But you know she's turned on by her ways - just watch her pet a cat!

I used to sit up all night with her once in awhile. She'd sketch and I'd write. Maybe between us we'd have a dime and so we would buy a coffee or Coke and relax in a place where they didn't care how long we sat around. When our asses got numb, we'd go for a walk and go up and sit on her balcony in the summer night air.

No matter what her name is, her voice is always soft - except when she expels that hyena laugh. And then it doesn't matter because what she is laughing about is really very funny.

She is so thin and frail, and you think her blood must be ten degrees cooler than yours. You worry about her because you know that she is a poor judge of character, accepting as friend everyone who comes along, no matter how bad their scene. This gets her into an occasional creepy situation and sometimes puts her through some drastic changes. But when it is all over, you feel silly that you got uptight, because she'll be the same as before.

Maybe some night when you're talking, she'll tell you that the squaw boat, made from hide stretched over a light wooden frame, is the safest way to go - because in a storm that'll sink the mighty battleship, the little saucer-like vessel just rocks up over the biggest waves and down again on the other side.

In the next *Zenarchy* newsletter, I decided to be cute. Here is the entire content of the November 25, 1968, edition:

### **STONED SERMON #3: The Dharma Made Simple**

Our text for today is a quotation from Chun Chou which appears in *The Zen Teaching of Huang Po* (Grove Press, 1959): "Stepping into the public hall, His Reverence said: Having many sorts of knowledge cannot compare with giving up seeking for anything, which is best of all things. Mind is not of several kinds and there is no Doctrine which can be put into words. As there is no more to be said, the assembly is dismissed!"

There followed a page and a half of blank paper.

As Christmas was nearing, I decided with the December 1, 1968, issue that it was time to say a thing or two about Jesus. What follows continues to this day to seem to me an accurate representation of the personality that comes through when I read the Gospels:

### **STONED SERMON #4: Laughing Buddha Jesus**

In his book, *Zen Catholicism* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1963), the Benedictine monk, Dom Aelred Graham, says: "The word 'Buddha' means simply the 'Enlightened One'; so understood, there have been many 'Buddhas'. As Dr. Edward Conze points out: 'In the official theory, the Buddha, 'the Enlightened', is a kind of archetype which manifests itself in the world in different personalities, whose individual particulars are of no account whatsoever.' From this point of view, Jesus of Nazareth would undoubtedly be accorded the title 'Buddha', since He is revealed, according to St. John, as both uniquely 'Enlightened' and the 'Enlightener'."

Moreover, the Edgar Cayce readings (quoted in *Many Mansions* by Gina Cerminara, New American Library, 1967) inform us that "Those who walk closer with the Creative Forces should indeed be full of joy, pleasure, peace, and harmony within," and that "the principle of the Christ life is joyous!" "Remember," they urge, "He laughed - even on the way to Calvary - not as so often pictured; He laughed." Yea: "This is what angered them the most." So: "Cultivate the ability to see the ridiculous and retain the ability to laugh."

Wow! Can you dig that Jesus was a Buddha? Can you grok a laughing Savior? A Zen Buddha from Nazareth?

Nothing is more heretical. Nothing is more treasonous. Jesus had a sense of humor. That idea will destroy Western Civilization as we know it.

Come, brothers. Come, sisters. Let's all join hands and enter the Church Invisible of the Laughing Christ. Let's all join hands and find the Hidden Temple of the Happy Jesus. Let's all join hands and giggle.

Another *Zenarchy* flyleaf did not appear until May of 1970. By that time we had moved to Atlanta, but it concerned an experience in California in 1967. One night as I sat in the half-lotus position stoned on grass and listening to an Indian *raga*, my eyes rolled up behind my eyebrows, the images I saw enacted the following drama, which I now titled "BUMMER":

God appeared.

He looked off in three directions at once. His four arms flew out. Time to dance!

A display of Divine Majesty - lightning steaks, planets on His fingertips - a Cosmic Juggler, moving so fast He became a still pattern, humming. (Like a rock whirling on the end of a string becomes a ring or a fast-spinning wagon wheel turns into a disc.)

Then -- disintegration! A skull-headed machine gunner popping people open.

I fear. Drop out - down into the body. Into a cell. Cell. With rats underneath! Or worse - reptilian rats, gnawing upward.

Fangs of steel break through the floor.

The floor is a door.

And I am a poor Jew, clinging to the wall.

The door gave way.

The drum was silent.

Outside was Nothing, the Void.

Hung Mung, laughing madly, turned my way and said:

"There is no enemy - A N Y W H E R E."

A Character from Chuang Tzu, Hung Mung was just an embellishment. But the rest of it actually happened with the plot resolving itself precisely at the final drum beat of the *raga*. In those days I was doing a lot of LSD and, as any head will attest, acid heightens the marijuana experiences that occur immediately afterwards. Rolling the eyeballs back enhances your ability to perceive internal images in psychedelic states of consciousness, as simply pressing them with your fingers - applying pressure against your closed eyelids - will also do. Such images are a natural phenomena of consciousness and are to be seen, albeit less vividly, in ordinary states of mind. But that was the only time they ever enacted a drama for me as well plotted as a nocturnal dream!

In July of 1970 I published a parting shot before turning my attention as a Zenarchist to politics. Aimed at the excessive seriousness that by then was transforming the open-minded spirituality of the hippies into a regular occult reich of competing and increasingly fanatical cults, this *Zenarchy* was titled "LILA YOGA", meaning: the discipline of play:

Laughter is the Universal Salute of the Cosmic Mind. It is how the Mind greets Itself in Ten Thousand new Incarnations every moment. IT IS LOVE'S LOUDEST VOICE.

"Humor and cheerfulness not only do not interfere with the progress of meditation but actually contribute to it." --Meher Baba

"Humor is not sinful, unless it be cruelly directed against one who is helpless, honest, and sincere. When directed against hypocrisy, stupidity, and error, humor can be a flaming beautiful weapon in the cause of light and beauty.

"We must learn to love so deeply, widely and purely that our instincts for laughter will always be true ones, and our capacity for humor another facet of our joyous sense of power and being." --Gina Cerminara

"I shall be a tornado of laughter, toppling the timbers and towers of sorrow. Zooming over endless miles of mentalities, I shall demolish their troubles." --Paramahansa Yogananda

"Cultivate the ability to see the ridiculous, and retain the ability to laugh." --Edgar Cayce

"It is time to come to your senses. You are to live and learn to laugh. You are to listen to life's radio music and to reverence the spirit behind it and to laugh at the bim-bim in it. So there you are. More will not be asked of you." --Hermann Hesse

"In the year 1166 B.C., a malcontented hunchbrain by the name of Greyface got it into his head that the universe was as humorless as he, and he began to teach that play was sinful because it contradicted the ways of Serious Order. 'Look at all the order about you,' he said. And from that, he deluded honest men to believe that reality was a straitjacket affair and not the happy romance as men had known it.

"It is not presently understood why men were so gullible at that particular time, for absolutely no one thought to observe all the disorder around them and conclude just the opposite. But anyway, Greyface and his followers took the game of playing at life more seriously than they took life itself and were known even to destroy other living beings whose ways of life differed from their own.

"The unfortunate result of this is that mankind has since been suffering from a psychological and spiritual imbalance. Imbalance causes frustration, and frustration causes fear. And fear makes a bad trip. Man has been on a bad trip for a long time now.

"It is called the Curse of Greyface." --Malaclypse the Younger

LAUGHING BUDDHA JESUS  
STILL LOVES US ALL!

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Unfortunately, the Meher Baba people and the Edgar Cayce enthusiasts and the Hermann Hesse fans of my acquaintance, as well as the Hare Krishnas and the Jesus freaks, not to mention the Paramahansa Yogananda devotees, were all victims of the Curse of Greyface. Worse, my *Zenarchy* about *lila yoga* did nothing at all to expand their personalities.

In this chapter I have used some words with which some of you maybe unfamiliar. So I'll explain what those terms mean as I also relate what I learned from publishing the *Zenarchy* newsletter.

Rational arguments alone, together with quotations from the arguments of others, are insufficient to transform "the human mind and everything that resembles it" - in the words of Andre Breton, the Surrealist - so in Zen there is *zazen* (sitting in meditation). As Gary Snyder points out this is a natural function of all higher mammals except for humans of the civilized variety. We might gather that it is therefore a manifestation of, as well as a means of attaining, unconditional consciousness. Cats and dogs are excellent examples, readily at hand, of animals who practice what the *Zenji* (Zen people) sometimes translate as "just sitting". *Zazen* is usually practiced in a *Zendo* (Zen center), and is particularly emphasized in the Soto sect.

Within the Rinzai sect more attention is paid to the *koan* (a paradox or riddle of sorts for contemplation), designed to stop the student short of a superficial understanding that goes in one ear and out the other without affecting the nervous system.

Nothing is less inclined to cultivate spontaneous gifts, of which humor and intellectual generosity partake, than pointing out to anyone their lack in that department and advising them to correct it. All it does is put them on the psychological defensive. For as Alan Watts said in *Psychotherapy East and West*, an essential ingredient of the countergame is tact - and I must admit that I am as tactless today as I was then, especially when it comes to lecturing and scolding those who do not display tact. As Watts also observes in that most valuable book, the one condition where spontaneity becomes next to absolutely impossible is when one person puts another on the line and orders them: "Be spontaneous!" Zen masters understand this, but they do it anyway - for the poor monk is likely to be in their clutches for a good many years and when he finally acquires the knack of responding unselfconsciously to an order like, "Show me your freedom!" he is absolutely free forever.

Another word I have used in both this and the first chapter is *raga*, a form of Hindu music that illustrates the balance of spontaneity and discipline, of chaos and order, that we are talking about very much as jazz music attains the same effect.

As propaganda, the *Zenarchy* flyleaves were very successful in preaching to the converted. And for that reason I guess they served a purpose in raising the morale of the people who already knew what I was talking about. After a student of Zen attains *satori* (enlightenment) it is necessary to undergo further training to become a master skilled in the art of transmission.

## Chapter 3

### *Son of Zenarchy*

I do not remember when or where it was that inspiration struck again with the *nom de guerre* of Ho Chi Zen. Ho Chi Minh was of course the prototype, the courageous leader of the North Vietnamese called in his own language "Son of the Nation". Calling myself after such a great revolutionary and on top of that changing the denotation to "Son of Zen" was of course outrageous, inexcusably so - and I guess that's what I liked most about the idea. For it partook of the chip-on-the-shoulder spirit of Zen.

With me very much in the early days in Tampa, the name endured our move to Atlanta in late 1969 - although I had used it only once in *Zenarchy*, designating Ho Chi Zen translator of "Quotations from Chairman Lao." Actually those quotations were not translations at all, but a rephrasing based upon a number of different translations of Lao Tzu. So Ho Chi Zen began his career as a rascal, and he has not changed in the least since then.

Like most of the colorful pen names my eristic friends and I have fallen into using, the Ho Chi Zen moniker is just as often used as the name of a character in my writings as by-line. For John Wilcock's *Other Scenes* Cara and I were to write an essay inspired by Timothy Leary's Politics of Ecstasy idea called "Subjective Liberation". Intended as the first chapter to a book I never wrote called *The I Tao* (Way of Changes), the article first appeared under our real names and then was reprinted again in the same publication under Ho Chi Zen.

In *Zen Without Zen Masters*, Ho Chi Zen makes a number of guest appearances, usually to steal one of my best lines, such as: "By the study of Zen one can learn to help people - or, that failing, at least to get them off your back." Moreover, he surfaces every now and then in the *Illuminatus! Trilogy* by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson.

In the summer of 1970 in Atlanta's very political Marxist-Leninist underground paper, *The Great Speckled Bird*, was when and where he first rode to fame. Most of the serious young *Bird* staffers were out of town that season, cutting sugar cane in Cuba or running guns for the Palestinians in the Middle East. Someone mentioned to me that for that reason the editors were extremely hard-up for material. They didn't pay anything, but what the hell? Here was a chance to have some fun, especially since they were in search of material that would appeal to the "freaks", hippies living in the 10th Street area and engaging in violent struggle from time to time with local police and rednecks.

My first instinct was to endeavor to dampen tempers with a certain amount of instructive humor. For I saw more creative ways to make revolution than by grabbing for a gun at the least provocation. So Ho Chi Zen wrote an article for the *Bird* called "Mind Fucking Zen". Briefly, it argued that the essential element of Zen tactics is surprise. For surprise is nature's way of saying, "You're wrong! Think again!" Sanctified by aeons of evolution, this survival trait, the capacity for surprise, could be used by revolutionists to change minds. To illustrate, Ho told a Zen story.

Results of publication were spectacular. Folks from the 10th Street region called the *Bird* office to congratulate them for "the hippest thing" they'd ever printed. One woman kept calling demanding to know who Ho Chi Zen was. As I soon learned, she was the former wife of our neighbor, Carl Hendrickson, certain that "Mind Fucking Zen" was his creation. When I mentioned to Carl that I was the culprit, he said, "My God, everybody in town has been accusing me of writing that rap!" We decided we must have something in common and resolved to spend more time getting stoned together.

Carl Hendrickson was a heavy old-timey hipster who belonged to the White Panther Party, closely associated in those days with the Yippies. Anarchistic and psychedelic, he resembled me in his thinking just enough for sparks to fly.

When Timothy Leary broke out of jail that year and abandoned his former charming pacifism with a violent, angry manifesto, Carl said: "They never should have taken away that man's dope! Before they were fucking with a Catholic, but now they are fucking with an Irishman!"

I liked that one. For the most part, though, Carl resembled nearly all other Atlanta radicals - guns appealed to him more than flowers and humor. I wasn't that angry yet.

As a journalistic celebrity, Ho Chi Zen was now much in demand at the *Bird*. So I followed "Mind Fucking Zen" with a number of similar contributions from the Zenarchist Arsenal.

One was a story I borrowed from the arguments of the anarchists and clothed in the legend of the Robber Cheh, a favorite character used by Chuang Tzu for making points about thieves.

Once an apprentice to the Robber Cheh got word that the village of Yin lost favor with the Duke, falling behind on taxes; the royal constables were withdrawn. Meanwhile, the neighboring village of Yang remained under guard day and night. Which village to steal from was the subject of discussion.

For while the apprentice wanted to attack Yin, the Robber Cheh insisted it would be safer to commit robberies in Yang. Since the residents of Yin knew they were without protection, they would guard their property with fierce dogs, dig pits around their homes, alert their neighbors to keep an eye out, and moreover, few residents of Yin would not be armed. Whereas Yang, reasoned the Robber Cheh, would be easy pickings. All his band had to fear was the police, who could be watched on their rounds until they passed through a neighborhood, and then the thieves could strike.

Another piece celebrated Timothy Leary's jailbreak, drawing parallels between Leary and the Mexican revolutionary, Emil Zapata, who used to retire to the mountains and ingest psychedelic mushrooms.

When curiosity as to the identity of Ho Chi Zen reached an intolerable level, I dispatched a fictitious reporter to Atlanta's nonexistent Chinatown to interview my inscrutable Oriental. My object was to satirize Western stereotypes about Asians. Found living behind a Chinese red door in an opium den, cloaked in every possible cliché associated with Fu Manchu and Charlie Chan, with a gong on his front porch bearing the seal of the Illuminati, his ornate home scented unmistakably with fumes of Peking Proletarian Incense, Ho delivered an interview that was characteristically surprising - though not nearly as surprising to me as that the *Bird* possessed enough humor to publish it.

Therein, Ho explained that the State is a figment of its own imagination and that the Zenarchist Revolution is inevitable; "In fact, it just took place as I was speaking that sentence! Now that you have your freedom, how will you hide it from robbers?"

Another time he was quoted from a speech he didn't actually deliver in Piedmont Park on "the dope problem", that being the problem of what to do about the dopes who thought marijuana and LSD should remain illegal.

Thereafter, dedicated *Bird* writers began returning from the far-flung barricades and Ho Chi Zen faded into the ornate Oriental woodwork - with parting tips about how guerilla warriors could survive in the wilderness, gleaned from my research about dropping out.

Among Ho Chi Zen's contributions that summer had also been a five-step program for social change, called Yin Revolution, that utilized drop-out skills in conjunction with political action. More about that in the pages to follow.

Predictably, many Marxists regarded Ho Chi Zen as a deviationist with pronounced petty bourgeois tendencies. That is a charge I would not deny, since in the view of anarchism the petty bourgeois is a natural revolutionary ally of the worker, something to which even Mao Tse-Tung gave significant recognition in planning the Chinese revolution. For Mao had read Kropotkin and Bakunin along with his Marx.

When I wrote a letter to the *Bird* a year or two later recommending the flags of all nations be burned, as well as the red flag of revolution, the black flag of anarchy and the white flag of peace, in order to assert that human lives were more valuable than rags, signing it Ho Chi Zen, I was brought to task. I had included in my list the Viet Cong flag which, unlike all the other examples mentioned, was *not* a rag, but a symbol for which thousands of revolutionary soldiers had given their lives.

Robert Anton Wilson wrote me to say that I was wrong and the Bird was right in repudiating my letter, "For while the flags of most nations are made only of cloth and hence are simply rags, the flags of the socialist nations are made one-hundred-percent of gossamer and angel feathers."

Soon a San Francisco printing collective joined the fray when called upon to reprint certain of Ho Chi Zen's *Bird* articles in *Saint John's Wednesday Bread Messenger*. In a rider on which they insisted, they accused Ho of racism for resembling Fu Manchu, missing the point of the satire. Moreover, this Marxist printing collective went on to point out, with no little outrage, that there was no evidence that Ho Chi Minh was into Zen, a possibility that never occurred to me in the first place. (Chairman Mao, on the other hand, possessed a profound grasp of Taoism and often resorted to Taoist concepts to explain Marxism to the Chinese people.)

So to celebrate the end of the Vietnam War, I bumped Ho Chi Zen off and wrote him an epitaph. Since Ho Chi Mihn was affectionately known to his people as Uncle Ho, the Atlanta high schoolers who also read the *Bird* had taken to calling Ho Chi Zen by the nickname, Nephew Ho. Called "Obit, for Nephew Ho", the poem began with the lines: "When Lester Maddox raised all Hell/Ho Chi Zen would break the spell/Lamprooning every racist myth/Yankees napalmed Asians with..." Ho proved irrepressible, however, and it turned out soon enough that my report of his death was, in Mark Twain's famous words, "greatly exaggerated." Nonetheless it was, belatedly, the only reply I ever made to the sober-sided charge that Ho Chi Zen was just a modern-day version of the Yellow Kid.

Many an artist has tried to capture the elusive Ho Chi Zen with pen and ink. Nothing quite presents him as I imagine he looks, as the picture in *Zen Without Zen Masters* that accompanies the story, "Ho Chi Zen's School". There he is shown waiting to pounce on any student who puts money in his donation bowl three times in a row, in order to expel that unfortunate for excessive gullibility.

Times are, though, when Ho Chi Zen is just too cute for the serious business of Zenarchy. That is why I tried to kill him.

Too much the gimmick and not enough the funky human being I'm trying to give permission to exist in everyone. He gets in the way. But he is as wily as Bokonon in Kurt Vonnegut's *Cat's Cradle*. Just when I think I am rid of him, he pops up somewhere new. Rasputin's assassins had it easier. Nephew Ho is as immortal in his own way - and sometimes as detested by his creator - as was Sherlock Holmes. I seem stuck with him.

As the Chinese Buddhist Layman P'ang Jung used to say of too-clever a Zen antic, "Bungled it trying to be smart."

Toward the final, desperate days of the Nixon regime, though, Ho Chi Zen made a return appearance in *The Great Speckled Bird* that was neither too facile nor the least bit offensive to my sincere Marxist comrades. Done up on the front page like an album cover, the lyrics to Nephew Ho's "Watergate Rock" began with: "I want to make one thing perfectly clear: I've nothing to hide and nothing to fear..." Repeated at the beginning of each stanza, this couplet was followed at the song's end with, "...but angry women of all ages, / Buddhist monks in tiger cages, ..." and continued with a list of who Nixon had to fear, of people whose pain and heartbreak had made possible Richard Nixon's sorry career as President of the United States of America.

That time Ho Chi Zen was what they call "right on". And I guess that, more than anything else, is why I still let the little rascal monkey around in my written work. When his country and the rest of the world needed him, Ho Chi Zen was there.

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## Chapter 4

### *Zen Games, Zenarchy Counter-Games*

No one complains more loudly and sincerely about hippie games than hipsters. Zen masters object likewise to something they call "the stink of Zen".

A famous *roshi* once said to his inquiring monks: "All this talk about Zen is making me sick to my stomach!"

If you like to eat with chop sticks and fan yourself with imported Japanese fans, that's lovely. Just don't get the idea it has a tinker's dam to do with Zen.

In every society ridden with class distinctions there is a tendency to turn everything into games of oneupsmanship. Japan is no more an exception than the United States. Zen literature is replete with transcripts of quarrels among masters about which of them is most enlightened. Such arguments frequently begin and end as jokes, however, for Zen people try to remember what they are about. Once a drunken monk wandered into the room where two Zen masters were ferociously contending and both of them collapsed in laughter, never to cross wits again.

Yet as Alan Watts points out in "Hip Zen, Square Zen", even in Japan there is a trend to formalize Zen schools that tends over the centuries to rob them of much of their spontaneous appeal.

Slapping his master was how the great Zen lunatic, Rinzai, signified his awakening. (Only fair to note: his master had been hitting him with a stick whenever he asked a question.) Said Rinzai of his master: "There is not so much to the Buddhism of Huang Po after all!" Nevertheless, today the school founded in Rinzai's name issues certificates to students who attain *satori*.

In America, the hip counter-culture has not even fared that well, but was co-opted in a matter of years, instead of generations.

What to do? What to do? For you cannot make rules to preserve liveliness and originality. A Zenarchist answer is to keep destroying old forms - or abandoning them - including the habit of destroying old forms when it gets in the way. For the practice of Zen or Zenarchy or psychological nakedness or whatever you want to call it says with Bob Dylan: "I got nothing, Ma, to live up to." In fact, a popular Zen saying goes, "If you meet the Buddha on the path to enlightenment - kill him!"

As Alan Watts says in *The Way of Zen*, "There must be no confusion between Zen masters and theosophical 'mahatmas' - the glamorous 'Masters of Wisdom' who live in the mountain vastness of Tibet and practice the arts of occultism. Zen masters are quite human. They get sick and die; they know joy and sorrow; they have bad tempers or other little 'weaknesses' of character just like everyone else, and they are not above falling in love and entering into a fully human relationship with the opposite sex. The perfection of Zen is to be perfectly and simply human. The difference of the adept in Zen from the ordinary run of men is that the latter are, in one way or another, at odds with their own humanity, and are attempting to be angels or demons."

To invent ego games wherein the points to be scored are for egolessness is, therefore, to miss the spirit of what we are talking about. Having nothing to do with hierarchies, mundane or spiritual, we are not out to prove anything - except that status is nonsense, as when we lightly bestow lofty titles on one another and ordain each other Zenarchs. Our purpose is,

rather, to understand ourselves, our whole beings, and to "remember" something so simple that it tends to elude classification and satisfactory definition. For that reason, it is hard to remember. Captured in this or that string of words, unconditioned and unconditional mind tends soon to become confused in our thoughts of it with the words or sentences that only indicate its possibility. Thus one day we repeat to ourselves words that may once have awakened us, only to find them hollow. Then we find ourselves no longer dealing with the miracle of ordinary existence, but with an abstraction about it - a nervous twitch enshrined idolatrously somewhere in the frontal lobe of the brain! Rote learning is impossible when what we want to remember is spontaneity in living.

Words are useful tools of reference. Clinging too desperately to them is like grasping our lives in fear. We shut out our perceptions that made the thing worthwhile in the first place. We become like lovers who get into a spiteful fight over which of them loves the other the most.

All human activity is this way. Outward forms of religious reverence become so much more important than what religion is trying to teach, that devotees kill for them. Jesus would have to arise in every generation to denounce the scribes and Pharisees of every age for it to be any different. That was the point of the saying about new wine in old skins. Over and over, any such prophet would be crucified or stoned or lynched, besides. Objects of art suffer much the same fate. Pointing beyond the uptight concerns of the market place, they wind up objects of its calculations, investment speculations and status seeking.

In *Psychotherapy East and West*, Watts recommends dealing with this frantic compulsion to compete. What he calls for is a counter-game. More than a game against games, a counter-game is any activity selected because it is by nature more exciting than status games. At that point, however, all comparisons must end. For the counter-game is played outside the context of direct competition.

When missionaries or school teachers taught young Hopi Indians the game of basketball, the latter steadfastly refused to keep score. With their strong taboos on competition, the Hopi turned basketball into a counter-game!

Usually, though, a counter-game is something going on over to one side. Gradually, individuals become curious about it and, when it is successful, they forget all about what they were doing previously. No such course of action is without pitfalls. There is no getting around that a counter-game is in part trying to be more fascinating than other games and is therefore in competition with them, indirectly.

Watts insists the counter-game must be soft and sexy and invitational, rather than imperative in tone. When everything not forbidden - no matter how desirable - becomes compulsory, then we are back where we started. Like good lovers we must let the matter go when our seductions fail. To become bitter and resort to intimidation or guilt as a means of persuasion would be to lose the spirit of the counter-game.

Here the dictum of *karma yoga* is useful: devotion to our activity for its own sake with detachment from the results. Or, as Jesus phrased it, what your hand finds to do, do it with a whole heart.

Precisely because these things are too simple for words, it has been necessary to develop a whole literature about them! We could say, for example, that if you want to step out of Zen games and into Zenarchy, then throw away your rice bowl and begin drinking coffee instead of green tea. Every now and then some serious student of Zen would find liberation upon reading those words. "Trees are trees again and mountains are again mountains" is the way one Zen master summed up that feeling. Or, as Robert Anton Wilson once said, "God is dead: you are all absolutely free!" Taken too literally or not literally enough, though, such words are nonsense at best. Not only do words mean slightly different things to different people, an action taken in the context of one person's life produces different results in another's. For that reason Zen monks are exposed to whole barrages of stories and sayings that are all windows into the same reality. Hopefully, sooner or later one statement or another clicks. When that happens an intuitive perception makes clear that every object is a thing in itself, and all our grand ideas are simply distractions: visitors "look at these flowers as if in a dream." They were not seeing flowers at all; a thousand and one ideas about the flowers and about everything else cluttered their minds - as their conversations must have revealed.

Conceptions help us locate things and they tell us something about their natures. Unfortunately, they are also frequently preconceptions that screen out any direct awareness of what we perceive. Many optical illusions result from this phenomena, and it is chiefly for that reason that Gestalt psychology examines them in so much detail. When we miss the beauty of a flower because of our mental activity, that is sad. When for the same reason we miss the shape of a form or the nature of a diagram, that is puzzling. When we miss the unique character of a human being, that is tragic. What we call prejudice is a result of stereotyping, and yet stereotyping is only an exaggerated and crude form of something that occurs even among the most liberal individuals in almost every human encounter.

With enlightened, or naked minds (the no-mind of Zen) we enjoy the flowers. What's more, we avoid the depersonalization of individual human beings.

When the reality of what I'm talking about is brought home to us with traumatic force by some remark or event, those with understanding say we are enlightened, or hip, or aware. That makes us in their eyes desirable company. We don't bring them down. Beyond that much, though, there is no badge of status.

In the words of the *Lankavatra Sutra*, this is a "turning about in the deepest seat of consciousness." Perhaps because our culture is not Buddhist and because it stresses belief more than what D.T. Suzuki called the noetic aspect of conversion, such a once-and-for-all realization is rare. Instead, we experience something when we are not grasping for it at all and then, when we try to hold onto it, it eludes us. After that we know the sneaky thing is there, somewhere. Like a wild bird, it comes into view only if we learn to be patient and wait for it - never when we try to summon it forth by beating a drum.

So there is not so much to the Zenarchy of Ho Chi Zen after all. When a priest boasted to Bankei that the founder of his sect could perform miracles, Bankei replied, "My miracle is that I eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm thirsty!"

In a like spirit, Chung Tzu wrote: "What I call good at hearing is not hearing others but hearing oneself. What I call good at vision is not seeing others but seeing oneself. For those who see others but not themselves, or take not possession of themselves but of others, possess only what others possess. In thus failing to possess themselves, they do what pleases others instead of what pleases their own natures."

At first this may seem to contradict what was said earlier about allowing ourselves to perceive others as they are. What becomes clear when we dispense with our mental categories and conceptions in favor of what they indicate is that self and others belong to the same reality. When your own nature is not felt you cannot possibly empathize accurately with what others feel. When you fail to perceive others without the subtle prejudice of expectation, you cannot use the information you absorb about them to evaluate your own behavior objectively.

Words by their nature stress distinctions at the expense of interrelatedness. That is why so many mystics bad-mouth distinctions and speak of the oneness of it all. Not that these distinctions don't exist! A map that shows only political boundaries looks far different than a map of only mountains and valleys and rivers and streams. Yet both indicate the same territory. Likewise, we have the verbal and conceptual map and the map given us directly by our senses. When using one, it is best not to forget the other.

"Speech is obscured by the gloss of this world," lamented Chuang Tzu. "The net exists because of the fish. Once you catch the fish you can then forget the net. The rabbit snare exists because of the rabbit. Trap the rabbit and you can leave the snare. Words exist because of the meaning. Get the meaning and then you can forget the words. Where can I locate someone who forgets words, so that communication will be possible?"

Do his words contradict what I said about not forgetting one map while using the other? Only on the surface. Once you've got the meaning, you can forget both his words and mine! Words are tools and what Chung Tzu is saying is that at times they must be laid aside. After you cut the wood, forget the saw and grab the hammer.

With relational, or spiritual, matters this is much less obvious than with maps and saws and hammers and the things we use them for. As a remedy Ho Chi Zen suggested Spiritual General Semantics, saying, "Every religion asserts that God is unknowable and beyond all human comprehension - then they define God in precise, finite terms and persecute all who disagree with their definition. This is not a struggle on behalf of the Divine. It is a struggle on behalf of a collection of words!"

General Semantics teaches that the word is not the thing as the map is not the territory and the menu is not the meal. "That doesn't mean not to look at the menu," says Ho Chi Zen, "but, for Heaven's sake, don't eat it!"

Alan Watts claims that much of what Buddhist sages mean when they say nothing is real or that everything is *maya* (illusion) is that our words and thoughts about reality are not real in the sense that they are not the reality they talk and think about. What ordinary people usually speak and think of as reality is "only a finger pointing at the moon", say the Zen masters; it is not the moon itself.

Certain of them have even been known to urinate upon and, in other instances, burn statues of the Buddha. For a wooden Buddha is only a menu. Bowing to Buddhas without getting and practicing the meaning of what the Buddha said is far greater blasphemy than pissing on them!

Occasionally, Buddhists resort to what at first may appear as Orwellian *newspeak*, in that they assert that something is its opposite in meaning. "*Nirvana* (Paradise) is *Samsara* (Hell) and *Samsara* is *Nirvana*." Unlike Big Brother, they are not trying to mystify us in order to dominate. They are just trying to get us around the traps we lay for ourselves with words. For Heaven and Hell are states of mind that result from how we perceive reality. Perceive it clearly and, even at its worst, there is a terrifying beauty to behold. Misapprehend it and fail to function appropriately; the inevitable result is suffering.

As Krishnamurti says in *The Urgency of Change*: "As the man in the jungle must keep terribly awake to survive, so the man in the jungle of the world must keep terribly awake to live completely."



Looking at it that way, we see that the problem in the Sixties was not that they named us the Love Generation. The problem is that we allowed ourselves the luxury of accepting their flattery. After that, every time we failed to love them we felt like hypocrites. Once we felt that way, we lost our confidence and our actions reflected as much. Then our lives changed for the worse.

What if, instead, we had responded to the Love Generation appellation by laughing and saying, "Yeah, sometimes!?"

Far and away the best answer to the problem dealt with in this chapter was given without resort to words. Ho Tai is the mountainously rotund Laughing Buddha whose statues are almost as common a theme of Chinese art as those of Gautama Buddha. A Chinese Zen sage who wandered about dispensing gifts of sweets from a sack slung over his shoulder, Ho Tai was once asked to explain the theory of Zen.

Befuddled and bewildered by the question, he furrowed his brow and sat on a log and thought and thought. When the questioner at last despaired of ever getting an answer, he went on to ask: "What is the practice of Zen?"

Ah! Ho Tai brightened at once, stood, shouldered his bag and went his merry way!

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## Chapter 5

### *Yin Revolution*

Devised for use by individuals or small groups or movements or whole nations as the case may be, Ho Chi Zen's strategy of Yin Revolution offers freedom in every sense of the word to everyone willing to go through the Five Changes: Subjective Liberation; Economic Independence; Parallel Communications; Liberated Trade; Objective Political Freedom.

Named after the female or receptive and serene side of the Taoist dialectic, Yin Revolution enables any number of persons to proceed directly to freedom without waiting until all society joins the struggle. Without a transition phase where a self-appointed vanguard rules on behalf of the masses, it avoids the danger that such an elite will never relinquish power in the end.

Resembling *judo* and *karate*, its tactics lend themselves most readily to the weak and oppressed - eluding the means the mighty must use to secure their dominance. For as Ho Chi Zen has observed: "Men do not hold power; power holds men."

Common enough is the saying that the master is no freer than the slave. A systematic study of power and its dictates restricting its holders has to my knowledge never been made. Usually, students of political power stress its rather questionable benefits to its holders or simply take for granted that ruling is a desirable and enjoyable activity.

Yet it is easy to see that, as sages and commoners observe, the power over others so coveted by politicians and so glorified by the scholars that write for them is not much good for attaining personal satisfaction. Not only is the quest for power addicting and wearing on the youth and health of its participants, those who grasp it successfully find themselves preoccupied with keeping it. In that task their choices are restricted both by the actions of the loyal opposition and by the conspiracies of the worst gang of cut-throats in their empire.

All options of the mighty must, in other words, be selected with a mind to how anyone who would oust or supplant them might respond. Within such a politically realistic context they wind up doing what they must instead of what they would like. That is one reason why politicians seldom keep their campaign promises.

Should they come down too harshly on nonviolent protesters, a more determined and menacing faction will use the incident to make political hay. If they behave too leniently toward genuine threats to their security, they will be overthrown. Distinguishing between one opposition faction and the other is a full-time job that would require spying on everyone. yet if they spy on all their subjects, their unpopularity will escalate. Predicaments like these lead to loss of a rational perspective.

During the Watergate scandal, Richard Nixon and most of his advisors once spent at least an hour discussing what to do about a picketer who was then carrying a sign back and forth across the street from the White House. To worry about a lone individual who is harmlessly expressing an opinion is hardly to enjoy freedom.

Keeping the dictates of power in mind, we can scurry beneath the feet of our oppressors and tie their shoelaces together. Or we can evade the brunt of their worst policies, much of the time, simply by remaining alert.

### **Change Number One: *Subjective Liberation***

Growing up authoritarian-submissive we suffer a profound imprint on our nervous system, living as a result in what Timothy Leary called neurological cages. Internalized pecking orders would be just as apt a name. Something about what these mechanisms are like and how they are escaped has already been discussed without using either of the above names.

Essential to realize is that most individuals are wholly unprepared to live without neurological cages altogether. Upon springing themselves from one, they will usually quickly seek another. Slavery seems more comfortable than freedom to those long accustomed to it. And what most people object to about foreign despotisms is not so much that they enslave, but that their manacles chafe in strange places.

Permanent Subjective Liberation requires us to get used to the responsibilities and uncertainties and stimulating difficulties of freedom. While the birds of the air have their nests and the foxes of the field have their burrows "the Son of Man," Jesus warned, "has nowhere to lay his head." Like an infinitely prolonged LSD high, life beyond the ruts of convention and conditioned reflexes can seem a heady way to be. Until we learn to calm the winds and waters of heightened awareness, we may feel like a boat adrift in a storm.

Just as submission to material or psychic authority demands mastery of certain disciplines - the ones we learn in church, school and work place - so certain other skills are needed for independence of being. Since most of us are, by background, conditioned for the problems of authoritarian society only - and even the freest present-day society is authoritarian - we generally feel at odds with ourselves upon tasting freedom. This is as true of Subjective Liberation from former cultural restrictions as for emancipation from physical slavery. We love our freedom and yet we long for the "massa". We become like the Apostle Paul who confessed after his liberation from the religious orthodoxy of the Jews that what he would not do, he did, and what he would do, he did not do.

Most *yogas* and systems of contemplation, most psychological therapies and human potential exercises, most psychedelic substances and Zen pointings give us an indication of freedom. All too often results are incomplete or temporary. For that reason, comprehending the nature of the unconditioned human being is helpful. Sadly, most ways of liberation recognize from the outset only one or two of the four aspects of untrammelled being, nearly always emphasizing one at the expense of all the others.

Rationality or curiosity, sexuality, sociability or compassion or gregariousness, and spirituality or esthetic intuition are all the focus of this or that pathway to liberation. Additionally, they are all personality characteristics found in newborn babies and toddlers.

Laboratory animals will satisfy their curiosity about something unknown to them before they will seek out animals of the opposite sex, or food. Children will automatically reason logically with the limited information available to them, sometimes with comic results. Above all, as higher mammals and particularly as primates, we are beings that ingest and correlate data. We don't have to be taught this. In fact, in existing societies we have to be discouraged from carrying it too far.

When our elders slap our hands for grabbing delicate possessions or for placing objects in our mouth, that is called socialization. They are teaching us to behave. What they are also teaching us is to associate learning with pain and scoldings. Unconsciously, we begin to regard knowledge as vaguely evil and forbidden, or useless and boring. And logic without facts is useless and boring, like a mill without grist. By the time we reach school age there is little danger that many of us will be as eager to learn as we all were as toddlers. So the bosses and the politicians can relax, secure in the knowledge that not many people will catch on to their game. And those that do will be tamed with awards and scholarships and guided to jobs that benefit from keeping the system the way it is.

So we have to teach ourselves all over again, in the deepest levels of our being, that we need never apologize for seeking information. In exploring our own sexual natures we will be called perverts. In probing social mechanisms wherein genuine political and economic power resides we will be called paranoids. Words like that serve little more purpose than to intimidate curiosity. With most of us they are quite effective.

Much else in our language and habits of thought endures because it dovetails nicely with the purposes of past and present authoritarians. Our logic is so filled with short-circuits, quirks, kinks and cliches that it is an effort to think clearly for ourselves. By studying all the paths of liberation, including General Semantics and the writings of the British libertarian philosophers who inspired the American Revolution - not to mention the works of the anarchists - we can begin to identify and ferret out these authoritarian-submissive presumptions that have deprived us of our natural reason. Nothing but the truth of the rationality of the unconditioned mind gives such power to the ever-popular story of the emperor's new clothes.

By itself, intellectual liberation that does not come to terms with human sexuality can be worse than useless. And regaining our original lusty sexual innocence requires, beyond reviving our curiosity, an entirely different approach than liberating

reason. For now we are called upon to deal with that portion of the human mind called the human body, regarded in speech as a separate entity from the body. They are interconnected. That explains why erotic matters are usually imponderable even to poets. So much is sexuality part of us, closer than breathing, that trying to understand it is akin to the eye endeavoring to see itself - in a beautiful metaphor used in another context by Alan Watts - or like the hand trying to grab itself.

Possibly, sexuality is the mother of religion. Primitive mystics may have been ascribing symbols to aspects of what we call lust, both genital and the more pervasive non-genital kind of which Norman O. Brown writes so eloquently. Certainly when religion becomes organized and established it begins to regard sex jealously as a dangerous competitor, perhaps in an effort to hide its own not-so-miraculous-and-immaculate origins.

Politicians intuitively grasp the usefulness of sexuality as a sure way to divide people and distract them from the business of becoming free in other ways. Whether they choose to be for or against sexual repression, they can create such an uproar that political and economic crimes and failures will fade into the background. Jay Gould, the monopoly capitalist, once boasted that he could cure unemployment by hiring one half of the jobless to kill the other half. As long as they can keep their subjects quarreling with one another about personal affairs, they need not fear a united effort to oust them. Since organized religion is politically powerful, it usually takes the side of repression. As Aldous Huxley showed in *Brave New World*, they could just as easily reduce us to submission by taking the opposite approach. In contemporary culture, factions of the ruling class sometimes join forces with organized crime to create turmoil by supporting sexual freedom. Efforts like that are not sexual liberation movements; they depend as much on guilt and blackmail and puritanical legislation as drug smuggling depends on narcotics laws - without which there would not be much profit in the activity.

Once I was driving through Atlanta with my Hindu friend, Suresh, an exchange student from India. Upon noting that the largest adult book center in town was located right next door to the Baptist book store, also the largest of its kind, he commented, "Why not? They keep each other in business!"

Yet, granted that sex is a powerful tool for distraction, it can and does also distract from what is trivial and unworthy of incessant preoccupation, as was characterized in the Sixties by the slogan: "Make love - not war!" In the chapter about the counter-game called "Invitation to the Dance" Alan Watts insists, correctly I think, that the counter-game must possess an essentially erotic aspect. Between a counter-game and a melodrama there is a vast difference. A melodrama splits the cast up into "good guys" and "bad guys". A counter-game seeks to reconcile opposites, side stepping dichotomous traps such as Eros against Thanatos by a kind of *judo*.

Allowing sexuality to exist as an end in itself, to such extremes as abandoning even the quest for orgasm - abandoning, not rejecting; (the difference between allowing and demanding) - we permit sexuality to regain its spontaneously seductive nature. Both suppression and exploitation of sex can serve authoritarian purposes. Only *wu-wei* (letting be) can make way for the side effects of sexual enjoyment - such as a healthy, free erotic *elan* - to serve the cause of liberty. And this kind of attitude cannot help but advance freedom, any more than the sky can help being high.

Simply because the Establishment sometimes exploits human sexuality, we cannot allow its members to get away with seeming like the only sexy people in town. This mistake has been made in recent decades by almost all Marxist-Leninist organizations; the consequences have cost them dearly. For as the communist anarchist Alexander Berkman tried to warn, a social revolution is much more than a political revolution. Comparing the social revolution to a fragile flower, he says it must be cultivated with gentle care. More than that, it must in the long run be far more pervasive.

Had the Great Human Be-In and Tribal Gatherings been promoted in strictly intellectual terms with button words like "socialism" or "individualism," opposition to them would have been fierce and immediate. Presenting them without definition invited attendance, and won converts from every philosophical school.

Perhaps compassion is called com-passion because, intuitively, we understand it is the companion of passion. When our natural capacity to become sexually aroused vicariously over pleasure experienced by others is repressed, so is our natural empathy for the suffering of the less fortunate. Again the map of speech tends most often to divide what in the territory of mind and body employs the same basic biophysical energy. Sexually repressive ways of living must devise elaborate moral codes that pay lip service to compassion and humanity to restrain their adherents from acts of sadism. With all their endless chatter about compassion and humanity, the Confucians earned the scorn of the Taoist sages - who delighted in twitting the Confucian need to make ado about what comes naturally to people who are in touch with themselves, who have not "lost the Tao". For humans are gregarious mammals who live in tribes and extended families without fuss or forethought until they fall into the clutches of missionaries or imperialist politicians.

"The True People of Old," says Chuang Tsu, "were kind to one another without knowing it was called compassion. They deceived no one and did not know it was called honesty. They were reliable and did not know it was called dependability. They lived together freely giving and taking and did not know it was called generosity. For this reason their actions have not been recorded and they made no history." Calling this the Age of Perfect Peace, the sage tells us its citizens lived like deer in the forests, sleeping without dreaming and awakening without anxiety.

Sociality comes as easily to the unconditioned mind as reason or sex. When Dom Aelred Graham complained in his *Conversations Christian and Buddhist* that Zen seemed to him amoral due to the absence of anything like the Ten Commandments or the Golden Rule, a Zen master responded that compassion is one of the definitive components of Zen enlightenment, and that without compassion it isn't Zen.

Rules - unlike contractual agreements useful to many situations and at least bilateral in nature - are only needed by those who have lost the capacity to govern themselves humanely. Once they are established it is a vicious cycle, for those who grow up under them never reach the maturity required for common-sense living.

Having mentioned that the fourth characteristic of unconditioned personality is spirituality, I'll begin by pointing out that I am obviously not talking about theological belief systems, since those things can be argued forever without any corresponding change in human actions. Metaphysics should not stubbornly be dragged into community affairs; in return, the community ought to respect freedom of personal belief among its individual members. Otherwise, it will be divided and ruled.

All religions participate in spirituality. Yet it is something also available to the skeptic, as Julian Huxley shows in *Religion Without Revelation*. Psychedelic consciousness is at this point a rather passe term, yet it functions to show that what we are talking about is not a monopoly of religious faith. Quoting Blake, Aldous Huxley called it a cleansing of "the doors of perception" in his book by that name. Since nothing direct can be said about it, and since most of this book is devoted to indicating how it may be experienced, further elaboration is next to useless. Lord Buddha responded to all inquiries about metaphysical spirituality with what he called "a noble silence". For that reason he is sometimes called the Silent Sage.

That what we are discussing, under whatever name, is closely related to our sense of the beautiful is clear because it has always inspired the creators of great art. Like reason and sex and compassion, esthetic discrimination seems largely inborn. And, therefore, Zenarchists who are skeptical of religion may prefer to call this characteristic of unconditioned mind esthetic, instead of spiritual.

Buried under all the layers of ignorant assumption and fable and reflex conditioning called individual personality, at the center of every human soul, is a pure flame of undivided rationality and sexuality and sociability and spirituality. When you reach that flame in self or other without evoking a knee-jerk reaction from armoring which imprisons it, you have touched the most private holy of holies within the living human being. You are then participating in the work of Subjective Liberation.

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## **Change Number Two:**

### ***Economic Independence***

As Marx and Kropotkin and other revolutionaries have observed, trying to attain and maintain psychological liberation under deficient material conditions is practically impossible. More than scarcity is involved.

Regimented working conditions (endured today in both capitalist and socialist nations) are also deadening to the spirit. Equally difficult is finding any options in the struggle for freedom when you must report for work like a soldier to muster in order to produce, must dress and conduct yourself in such a way as not to scandalize the sensibilities of your boss, and must remain at production until a given hour when you are dismissed.

Lack of control by workers of the means of production is certainly the root of the problem. Marx erred, though, in thinking if corporations were turned into public bureaucracies the monotonous routine would transform itself. Until the communist anarchist dream of direct expropriation of the tools of production is realized, or until there is a *laissez-faire* free market where small businesses can survive easily enough that we can become self-employed, it is up to us to find ways to break out of the predominant system. For an independent economic base of action is almost necessary for maintaining inner liberation and making the imaginative responses to political authority required by the counter-game.

Fortunately a wealth of information for attaining that much is readily available in *The Whole Earth Catalog* publications.

An excellent preparatory step is to heed Henry David Thoreau's observation: we are rich not according to what we possess, but according to the number of things we can do without. Take inventory of what you own or consume that genuinely contributes to your happiness. Identify what you purchase in order to impress others whose opinions do not matter. Many people own stocks, for example, because of an addictive compulsion to gamble, not for reasons of a security that leads to peace of mind. What is the point of winning and losing symbolic wealth that is seldom if ever seen, touched or tasted by the owner? Much the same thing can be said for the desire to purchase, year after year, a late-model car. How many home appliances cost more trouble and money in maintenance than they are worth?

For direct enjoyment of living, what about purchasing your own tools of production and using them with your own brain and hands? *The Whole Earth Catalog* and its widely available sequels are subtitled "Access to Tools". Once in possession of your own means of production, you fit both capitalist and socialist definitions of the free individual. And if you don't own enough luxuries to sell to buy the tools, you need not despair. Knowledge is as valuable as capital for self-employment and can often be used to acquire any tools you may need.

A statement of purpose in *The Whole Earth Catalog* reads: "We are as gods and might as well get good at it. So far remotely done power and glory - as via government, big business, formal education, church - has succeeded to point where gross defects obscure actual gains. In response to this dilemma and to these gains a realm of intimate, personal power is developing - power of the individual to conduct his own education, find his own inspiration, shape his own environment, and share his adventure with whoever is interested. Tools that aid this process are sought and promoted by *The Whole Earth Catalog*." To be included, an item must be deemed useful as a tool relevant to independent education, of high quality or low cost and easily available by mail.

Guides and implements listed make it possible for you - if you want - to forage, grow, hunt or raise your own food, make your own clothing and shelter, provide yourself with competent medical care for most ailments. That isn't the only use for *The Whole Earth Catalog* and how far you or your group wants to go in that direction is of course optional. No matter how much or how little time and effort you expend in learning independent survival, though, you are that much ahead of the game. For to tread the money mill, if you are not a banker, is to labor against house odds.

"A bank may, under Federal Reserve rules, loan eight times as much as it has on deposit," cautions Robert Anton Wilson, asking then, "if seven dollars out of every eight that are so produced by bank credit are not created out of nothing, what are they created of?"

Inflation is the name of the result. Note the power of the banks when you read articles and hear speeches on inflation by apologists for capitalism and socialism alike. They seldom mention banks.

Not only does fractional reserve banking erode your purchasing power, you also pay in the same way for deficit spending by government. Again, only bankers benefit. They collect the interest. And interest is made necessary only by coercive regulations on money supply, amounting to a bank-government partnership. Otherwise you could issue I.O.U.'s on your own collateral and buy things with them, paying only a minimal fee for a credit investigation.

In Great Britain the average worker also spends one working day out of every nine paying for his or her automobile - in purchasing cost, repairs, insurance and highway taxes. Add to this the burden of taxation in general, both direct and hidden in prices of what we buy from taxed and tariffed industries. Then take into consideration the giant's share of your paycheck you probably fork over for rent. You can't possibly secure a just return for your labor.

"Never buy what you can make," my grandfather used to say. If you follow that advice you will gain much more than you lose by forsaking what were once the advantages of division of labor. Beyond that, of course, is producing something useful or desirable in goods and services for purposes of barter.

First, though, exchanging goods and services depends on your ability to communicate with other independent producers.

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### **Change Number Three:**

#### ***Parallel Communications***

Every center of political-economic authority strives to monopolize communications. Mass media, telephone and postal systems are all controlled by corporate-government oligarchies. If we enjoy freedom of expression, it is managed freedom of speech.

Unfettered communications between self-liberating people is required for both communal and free market activities outside the rip-offs of coercively monopolized capital.

Brainstorming and combing publications of the libertarian right are both useful methods for developing ideas about creating alternative communications. Networks using advanced electronics, associations of nomadic individuals and, when necessary, cyphers and codes, are among these alternatives.

Periodicals and books pertaining to libertarian right applications of principle can usually be found among individuals on the fringes of the Libertarian Party, since even many politically active libertarian capitalists are also interested in direct free market action outside the system.

By scrutinizing advertisements in libertarian publications for yet other printed material and products and by corresponding and personally visiting libertarian technicians and entrepreneurs, you will quickly find much that will contribute to creating and participating in liberated systems of communication.

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#### **Change Number Four:**

##### *Liberated Trade*

Free contracting for the exchange of labor for goods and services, barter and monetary (accounting) systems free from inflation and usury - parallel market places are the modes of Liberated Trade. Libertarians call them *agoric* systems of production and exchange.

Both the *Whole Earth* movement and the libertarians you meet for creating parallel communications will be able to show you how to comprehend this activity and make it, or let it, work for you.

Having previously mastered the first three changes you will find it easy to now become an essentially free person or family or tribe. For by this time you will know where to acquire further data for participating in Liberated Trade.

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#### **Change Number Five:**

##### *Objective Freedom*

"Now that you have your freedom, how will you hide it from robbers?"

Political governments, organized crime syndicates and intelligence community bureaucracies known popularly as conspiracies, are the only threats to your liberty at this point. You don't necessarily have to overthrow them to be free of them. That would, besides, be like cutting the heads off a Hydra.

What they all possess in common is the blunt recognition that, as Chairman Mao said, political power grows out of the barrel of a gun. Governments are generally devoted to public relations for the purpose of obscuring that fact. Mafia *dons* have traditionally been more honest about their line of work, but they are getting smarter.

Self-defense skills, defensive weaponry and technology, authoritarian psychology and, if you are fanatical, emergency suicide techniques can all be studied for the purpose of coping with violent enslavers. If you let it be known that you are prepared to kill yourself rather than submit to coercive authority - and have the means at hand, such as a poison pill in a locket around your neck - you may find that many an authoritarian will decide harassing you would cause too many problems.

*Judo*, *karate* and other Oriental methods of arguing by hand are additionally valuable as Zenarchist disciplines. Non-lethal weapons such as gas guns are useful for people who would rather attain instant security in this area. Other defensive weaponry can include alarm systems for protecting personal property and communication arrangements for identifying potential oppressors. One application of authoritarian psychology is to make an appointment with a harassing bureaucrat at 4:30 Friday afternoon and then borrow the neighbor's kids and dogs and bring them along.

These are just a few examples of the many methods of dealing with the ultimate source of political authority - the armed agent, as cop or squad of soldiers or hit man.

Since the eye is superior protection to the sword, evolution equips all animals with sensory organs - only a few with fangs or claws or horns, etc. It behooves you to devote the most attention to whatever will expand your awareness, including fancy alarm systems.

Or use them to enlighten your oppressor.

Doctor George Boardman, a libertarian who believed in living without the dubious protection of government, once suggested what I would call a Zenarchist burglar alarm. A nocturnal intruder triggers a mechanism to flood the area with blinding light and activate an amplified recording that says: "How about a little light? Thief."

As the great Zenarch, Gregory Hill, says: "'Tis an ill wind that blows no minds!"

## Chapter 6

### *The No Politics*

Potential dangers exist in Yin Revolution. Without a comprehensive overview of its extent we cannot estimate success or failure. In one sense that makes it like Hopi basketball, and yet ignorance is never a good thing. Yin Revolution is essentially nonconfrontive; confrontation makes for communication with the so-called enemy and such communication sometimes resolves the problem. A minority of those who become free may not have attended sufficiently their own Subjective Liberation and, like the Pilgrims who settled New England, might quickly turn around and begin oppressing others. Without any consensus whatever, Parallel Communications could degenerate into a form of technocratic feudalism complete with wizards and warlords - something that is already more prevalent than is widely acknowledged.

Today we are nearing the possibility of winding up in a world like the nightmare reported by Gary Snyder in *Earth House Hold*: "--dreamed of a new industrial-age dark ages: filthy narrow streets and dirty buildings with rickety walks over the streets from building to building - unwashed illiterate brutal cops - a motorcycle cop and a sidecar drove up over a fat workingman who got knocked down in a fight - tin cans and garbage and drooping electric wires everywhere --".

Widespread Economic Independence will of course militate against such a trend. But only a high degree of voluntary social cohesion will prevent it or something worse - like sanitary but sterile totalitarian regulation - from afflicting the bulk of humanity.

Zenarchy is the art of steadfastly failing to provide political leadership and, by having as little to do with political power as possible, thereby transforming the empire. For the spirit of freedom is the fundamental ordering principle of the whole universe. Chaung Tzu chronicles the history of sages who refused the throne. Superior people understand that in forsaking the chance to administer a kingdom they can sometimes foster the values of an age.

In the Age of Perfect Peace the True People of Old lived in harmony equal to the rhythm of the seasons and the ebb and flow of tidal cycles. With no concept of law and order, they lacked occasion for crime and turmoil.

Likewise: enjoying the resources of a kingdom, Prince Siddhartha could not attain tranquility; fasting and mortifications also failed to bring serenity; sitting under a tree and doing nothing though, he was taken by Buddhahood.

"From one standpoint, governments, wars, or all that we consider 'evil' are uncompromisingly contained in this totalistic realm," says Gary Snyder of Buddhahood. "The hawk, the swoop and the hare are one. From the 'human' standpoint we cannot live in those terms unless all beings see with the same enlightened eye. The Bodhisattva lives by the sufferer's standard," because of a compassionate nature, "and he must be effective in aiding those who suffer," according to "Buddhism and the Coming Revolution" in *Earth House Hold*.

Peter Kropotkin once observed that, "Throughout the history of our civilization, two traditions, two opposed tendencies, have been in conflict: the Roman tradition and the popular tradition, the imperial tradition and the federalist tradition, the authoritarian tradition and the libertarian tradition."

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### **Tao Is Where You Find It**

Old George Boardman was an instructor at Robert LeFevre's libertarian Freedom School in Larkspur, Colorado, where I was a student in 1964.

Most of the time Boardman lived in a ghost town called Chloride, Arizona, population: 250. No government was present there at that time, not even as a figment of its own imagination.

As for crimes against person or property, the most recent one was committed five years earlier by some Californians who were passing through. No crimes with victims occurred, said George Boardman, because there were no police to protect criminals from a watchful populace.

George wrote a regular column for the *Santa Ana Register* recounting his adventures in Chloride and setting forth his wise, usually slightly cranky or downright stubborn views of various issues. In 1969 he passed away and I wrote him a tribute that was published in the *Register*.

That man could cause an Orange County, California, Bircher to see the contradiction between "law" and "order" without ever feeling his mind had been changed about politics. In Zen, such tactful persuasion is called *upaya*, the "gentle method". And though Boardman's rhetoric was conservative, his philosophy was both humorous and - well, I hesitate to say "radical". For once he said, "I'm not an anarchist nor a libertarian, or anything else. I'm George Boardman - and I don't want to be held responsible for anyone's views but my own".

## Tao West

In a discussion of Natural Law, the philosophical basis of early American conceptions of liberty, Henry B. Veatch (in an article, "Natural Law: Dead or Alive?" in *Literature of Liberty*, October-December 1978) writes: "What, though, is this doctrine of so-called 'natural law', that thus had such a long and chequered career, and has even displayed, in the words of more than one authority, the happy faculty of repeatedly being able to bury its own undertakers!"

So it was also with a doctrine called 'tao' which buried its Indian Buddhist missionary undertakers in China by way of a Taoistic response called Ch'an Buddhism that Japanese pronounce as Zen. For when the emperor became a Buddhist, many Taoists joined and influenced the Ch'an sect of that religion rather than loudly resisting its attempts to convert the empire. That is why in Zen today we hear so much about the Tao. For the Ch'an Buddhists did a better job of preserving the spirit of the philosophy of Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu than did the formally Taoist religion which, instead, degenerated into fortune telling and other superstitions.

A similarity in content between Natural Law philosophy and the original Taoism preserved in Zen is uncanny. Both consist of the same common-sense observations about human be-ing in accord with nature and uphold the notion that laws of nature also apply to society. Yet neither view much resembles Social Darwinism, which also claimed to derive its principles from the natural world.

Speaking of Natural Law in the ancient world of the West editor Leonard Liggio comments elsewhere in *Literature of Liberty*: "The Stoics posited an identification of physics and nomos, nature and law. The wise man lived in harmony with nature; he was not dragged in the train of events." What is that but following the Tao?

Veatch also says in "Natural Law: Dead or Alive?" that the views of Natural Law held by Thomas Aquinas did not go far enough. "But why not," Veatch asks, "consider ethics and politics, as construed in the light of this conception of natural law, an analogous to certain arts, skills, and crafts? Why does the skilled surgeon, for instance make his incision in one way rather than another?"

Exactly the same point is made about an ox butcher in one of the parables of Chaung Tzu. Why make an incision one way instead of another? Following the Tao, an expert butcher cuts between the joints and thus never has to sharpen his blade. Although a good surgeon is anything but a butcher, incisions must just the same be made one way and not another. This fact can be generalized to all reasonable human activity, including construction of social arrangements. So we see there are rights, or naturally right ways to behave, ways of the Tao, that take conditions into consideration, as well as ecology and sociology. Therefore it is possible with common sense to distinguish between natural ethics that work and unnatural moralities that eventually only produce widespread misery.

If Tao is not Natural Law or, in other words, if Natural Law is not Tao independently discovered by Western philosophers, then what is the difference between them? Alan Watts says in *Psychotherapy East and West*: "The whole literature of Taoism shows a deep and intelligent interest in the patterns and processes of the natural world and a desire to model human life upon the observable principles of nature as distinct from the arbitrary principles of a social order resting upon violence." That is exactly the project of Natural Law philosophy!

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### Seize the Timeless!

Zenarchy is the politics of the mind emptied of useless anticipation. Principles are seen as tools for making decisions when inspiration fails or prolonged deliberation is impossible. Ideology and analysis are only seen as preparation. For naked awareness characterizes the moment of clear and perfect action.

Preaching is ineffectual and neither cute ideas nor a quick wit will carry anyone through this "gateless gate". Everything is good in its own time and therefore must be taken in terms of context. Yet when the moment inviting a wholehearted response appears, the learned is relegated to the unconscious and obstacles to pure perception are obliterated. That way, we are open to the unexpected.

Actor and action unite.



### **Why the Heathen Rage**

Among certain varieties of ants there is a worker who spends her whole life clinging to the ceiling of a tunnel serving as a storage tank for nectar gathered by workers of other occupations. Among ants this is Tao. Among people it is called being valuable to society.

As long as we think of the individual as something society needs, we will not evolve any higher than the ants. Society - like food, clothing and shelter - is something the individual human being needs. Society exists for the sake of the individual. As Laughing Buddha Jesus said, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." No person rightfully lives entirely for the sake of society.

When anyone is used for the sake of society - conscripted, enslaved or sacrificed - society has ceased to function as intended. Instead, it has become a system of social arrangement that oppresses, rather than serves, those who comprise it. In accord with Natural Law, the Declaration of Independence says any system like that is to be altered or abolished.

Pointing to a gnarled tree no woodsman had cut for lumber, Chaung Tzu says, "Everyone understands the value of usefulness. But how many perceive the value of being useless?"

Sometimes it is valuable to everyone to be useless to society.

If you permit society to oppress you then it will oppress others and the result will be decadence and cynicism. Eventually "society" will become a blood-thirsty god with a will of its own that acts contrary to the will of its participants.

The extent to which society is kept firmly in the service of all individuals is the measure of how much it is performing its function: safeguarding basic rights of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Healthy societies always find defenders and supporters in time of crisis. They need not rely on taxation or wage slavery to endure. At Valley Forge there were no draftees.

Voluntarily supported societies earn that support, and as long as they remain voluntary there is an added check upon the system. Volunterism leads not to the collapse of order, but to its renewal.

Societies - systems of social arrangements, not collections of people - command enormous material and creative resources. When their survival as social organizations depend on it, they can usually be counted on to place these resources at the service of their participants. So there is seldom danger of societies collapsing.

Only when individuals collapse - one at a time, first here and then there - does social order then also eventually decay. Through the collapse of human beings - a Wilhelm Reich here, a Lenny Bruce there, a Janis Joplin elsewhere - the social order begins to crack and heave, edging toward ruin.

Sacrifice never was and can never become a viable principle of social construction. On the contrary, it is called for only in life-boat situations - emergencies or "worst cases" - never in peaceful day-to-day living. And, of course, voluntary self-sacrifice, resulting from natural compassion, is neither uncommon nor oppressive.

A wholly sacrificial society, however, is totalitarian and despotic. Systems like that appear strong for awhile. Internally, though, they are weak and ridden with contradictions - because, within them, human needs run contrary to social demands at every turn. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

A voluntary society - based literally upon the teachings of Jesus and other great sages, including the philosophers of Natural Law - is more than possible. Only when large numbers of individuals cherish and pursue that end does it become a reality, though - when, in universal enlightenment everyone says together: "Off our backs!"

So the heathen rage because they have dreamed a dream. This dream comes not to those who are sleeping, but to all who remain fiercely awake. And the heathen rage because they must live with that dream and also with what is their lot under imperialism.

We Zenarchists seldom call ourselves Christians or Buddhists, for that would make us useful to organized religion. And for the same reason we call our politics The No Politics - to avoid becoming useful to politicians.

### **Validation: A Stoned Sermon**

Cultures that validate their elders possess wise old people; cultures that invalidate them have senile old ones.

Cultures that validate sexuality enjoy clean, healthy and beautiful erotic play; societies that invalidate it have dirty, exploitive commercial smut.

Societies that validate women possess strong, serene and intelligent females; societies that invalidate them suffer dumb broads and bitches.

Societies that validate children possess cheerful, wise and responsible youth; societies that invalidate them end up with delinquents and brats.

A culture that validates its ethnic minorities boasts of rich pockets of exotic cultural variety; a society that invalidates them is divided between drab suburbs on one hand and filthy ghettos on the other.

Validation is not automatic agreement with someone you think is wrong. All forms of flattery are deceptive and, hence, invalidating.

Validation is treating someone with a respect that assumes that if they are given enough information, they'll use it with their minds. Conversely, if someone is acting weird or pissed off or self-destructive, validating attitudes assume there is a reason. Usually such people are oppressed. A validating approach assumes that if everyone will just get off their backs not many will have to help them.

A derivative of Natural Law in our legal system is the assumption of innocence until guilt is proven. When, as individuals, we keep that much in mind while at the same time searching for the reasons for offensive behavior, then our attitude toward others is validation. The opposite view assumes that everyone is a social invalid until they prove they aren't. That is why so-called law and order attitudes are frequently coupled with racism and sexism. Assumptions about others are important because our expectations often mold their response.

### **Suchness in Action: The No Politics**

An art of Zenarchy consist of saying "No!" or "I won't" to oppression. As the active ingredient of the strike, it becomes a potent factor when a critical mass of rebels transform "I won't" into "We won't".

Other policies rigidly and aggressively attack the opposition. No Politics heeds the advice of Chairman Lao to "always be on the defensive at first". A good offense is not the best defense; the best defense is no offense at all.

Recognizing the utility of conscious inaction, of refusal, is mindful of the humanity of the so-called enemy. Struggle aimed at complete annihilation is alien to the Zenarchist spirit. Victories in battle are celebrated with tears of mourning.

A "willow tree" mentality that avoids ideological constipation is possible through the Zen knack of seeing the "suchness" of things. They are so much what they are. So are people. Every person does a perfect job of being that particular individual and no other. So living, changable and surprising humanity takes precedence over the urgency of winning at all costs each and every contest. For the one is a territory of flesh and blood; the other is only based on our map of who is friend or foe.

Great is the mind kept forever sharper than the sword. Reading the *Tao Teh* of Lao Tzu is useful in absorbing this style of struggle that emphasizes a mood of restraint, with conscious and decisive action at crucial moments.

### **Vital Organs of Human Liberty**

Principles are tools for thinking. Useful especially for keeping in mind the overall context relating to every decision, they are not to be confused with the specific sensory data of thought.

Without attending to all the sources of oppression, we cannot hope that our Yin Revolution will become popular with all oppressed people. And without principles pertaining to those sources of oppression we cannot assure that in liberating in one area we'll not become oppressors ourselves in another.

That PRISONS BREED CRIME is the First Principle of The No Politics of Zenarchy. Penal systems are vast chains of universities in criminal activity. Harsh punishments reinforce hostility and alienation so as to provide additional motives for antisocial behavior. As we begin to research alternatives to retribution in history and anthropology it quickly becomes obvious that a more reasonable approach is to insist on restitution from those who commit crimes with victims. This can be enforced when necessary by community refusal to cooperate with unrepentant transgressors. How effective such a method could be is indicated by A.S. Neill in *Summerhill* and by Eric Frank Russell in the closing chapters of *The Great Explosion*.

Law by contract and enforcement by strike is one viable alternative to unilateral coercive law and chaos. We endeavor to educate the populace toward a Permanent Universal Abolition of Retribution, resulting in Government by Strike and Not by Gun. As for the incurable psychopath who goes around murdering people and continues to make the scene through unrelenting looting? Whoever shot that individual would receive a common-sense public hearing for the purpose of determining the facts. Even our present system recognizes the defense of "justifiable homicide".

Although Big Brother said the opposite, IGNORANCE IS SLAVERY. That is our Second Principle. If secrecy were national security, you could vote with your eyes shut and save freedom. Democracies that keep their citizens in the dark are democratic in name only. That corporations are entitled to conduct business in an atmosphere of confidentiality is the result of superstition. Unlike acts in the bedroom, which all misdirected communities try to control, corporate decisions affect everyone in society. Timothy Leary's battle cry of No More Secrets inspires us to see ten thousand ways to bring about the Permanent Universal Abolition of Institutional Secrecy everywhere in the world.

IT AIN'T THE LANDLORD; IT'S THE RENT is our Third Principle. No rational system of land tenure would require inhabitants of this planet to pay fees for the dubious privilege of living here. Even if for the sake of argument we grant validity to first claim theory, then the whole Western Hemisphere belongs to Native American Indians. And their system of land tenure was based upon occupancy and use. Either one was enough to insure ownership. Uninhabited and unused land, in cases where both conditions prevailed, was up for grabs. Evidence indicates the ancient natives of Europe maintained a similar system, and in common law there is such a thing as squatters' rights. Lords and ladies of the land, as the names imply, are feudal traditions. Pollution is profitable and fifteen million people starve to death every year due to absentee landlordism more than to any other single cause. Neither agri-business nor collective farms offer quality, speedy solutions to those problems since, among other things, they use petro-chemical fertilizers. To protest ground rents and the oppression that makes them thinkable, we Zenarchists believe in chanting and writing as often as possible this powerful *mantra*: Permanent Universal Rent Strike. Hopefully, that will stimulate a nonviolent transformation in the direction of Ecological and Equitable Use of Land and Natural Resources.

Since MONEY IS ONLY A SYMBOL to keep track of exchanges in goods and services or labor, that is our Fourth Principle. No clique of bankers in conspiracy with any government possesses the right to declare that we must accept for all debts only this or that form of currency in payment. When all retain the right to reject payment in symbols of value that are not trusted, then Gresham's Law functions in reverse and we call it Mahserg's Law. The good money drives out the bad. That way the free market assures that the money supply will not exceed the value of available goods and labor, so inflation becomes impossible. Zenarchists advocate you Make Good Money in Your Spare Time by issuing your own certificates of value or cheques, redemptive in your wealth in goods and services. If everyone did this, we would have something like a Direct Barter Free Credit Economy, where money is a convenient symbol of credit and nothing more. Alan Watts discusses a similar idea in "Wealth Versus Money" in *Does it Matter?* Last but not least, liberated money is an important issue because the multinational central banking corporations organized just before World War I are almost certainly to blame for contributing to wars and violent social unrest. Without the threat of such tragedies - made possible by extending credit for the purchase of arms - the bankers would possess no means of enforcing collection of interest payments on national debts from governments.

That ABSENTEE CONTROL OF THE WORKPLACE IS THE ROOT OF ALL OPPRESSION (or at least most of it) is the Fifth Principle. Because of private credit monopolies and regulated currency it is, under the present system, usually necessary to borrow money (called investments) for tools (called capital). Interest payments (called dividends) are made on these capital investments. We advocate a pluralistic free market economy and therefore support both communist anarchist struggles for industrial democracy and the libertarian rightist goal of small-business *laissez-faire*. In a free society, where people can issue their own money backed with collateral or credit instead of having to obtain loans or investments, both communism and the free market are possible. In order to abolish absentee bossism Zenarchy calls for a Permanent Universal Absentee Boss Lock Out and the Complete Deregulation of Nonabsentee Entrepreneurs. We seek to combine the working class and the petty bourgeoisie in a powerful surge against both cartel capitalism and statist socialism.

As Zenarchists and Yin Revolutionaries we believe it makes sense to RESIST ALL FORMS OF COERCIVE AUTHORITY and that is our Sixth Principle. To advance it, we repeat the *mantra*, Permanent Universal Tax Strike. We further seek to probe all cryptocrat methods of extortion so as to bring about Exposure of All Forms of Conscription, for human slavery is alive and well in the intelligence community. Foreign-born and second generation Americans are extorted by intelligence bureaucracies that threaten to kill or injure their kin in the old country. Technocratic methods of surveillance and death-threat extortion also exist, ranging from artificial induction of cancer to halting Pacemakers with micro-waves when orders are disobeyed, using miniature observation devices to detect the least gesture of rebellion. As Zenarchists we also oppose the temporary and more humane type of slavery called military conscription, for no country that remains worth fighting for need rely on a draft. Another coercive institution we oppose is the trade tariff for it is an old saying in economics that where goods do not cross borders, soldiers do.

LIBERATION IS FOR EVERYBODY and this is our Seventh Principle. We oppose racism, sexism and the persecution of intellectual minorities (including even bigots who abstain from force). Zenarchists want Permanent Universal Cultural Autonomy by means of Self-Selecting Intentional Neighborhoods made possible by communitarian computer matching services. Further, we endeavor always to raise consciousness against discrimination that dehumanizes any individual human being.

TRANSISTORIZED UNTOUCHABLES EXIST. Our Eighth Principle pertains to a humanoid robot caste among us that authoritarian technocrats are creating at this time, although not much is said about it in the media. As incredible as it may seem, subcutaneous brain-wave transmitters and cranial silicone chips and ultra-high frequency sound wave projectors are already developed and in use for manipulating the minds of human beings. As Walter Bowart writes in *Operation Mind Control*: "Although the first victims of Operation Mind Control were perhaps especially suitable personality types for such use, with the advances being made in the psycho-sciences all but a few of us may eventually be victimized."

An examination of the bibliography of Bowart's book will convince the average skeptic that sophisticated mind manipulation is not a paranoid fantasy. The notion that reflex conditioning of any kind will create order instead of a social nightmare is based upon an unexamined Behaviorist assumption. For individuals cannot unilaterally manipulate beings of approximately equal intelligence; counter-manipulation comes into play. Unlike laboratory mice, human beings imitate their manipulators instead of responding to them mechanistically. We begin to resemble our oppressors. Try to condition a child with B.F. Skinner's techniques, for example, and that individual will become a wheeler-dealer, not an obedient servant. That is why the Taoist sages said that the more punishments and promotions there are, the more turmoil there is. When everyone tries to control everyone else - and that is what happens when one group tries to manipulate another - all society becomes a howling madhouse. We therefore call upon everyone to Defeat the Behaviorist Technocracy by means of Exposure and Dismantling of All Sleeper Agent Projects, as they are often called. When scientists gain political power, warned the anarchist Bakunin, they can be expected to treat their fellow humans just as they treat rats and mice in laboratory experiments. In that, as in most other things, Michael Bakunin has proven prophetic.

Moreover, in all systems of domination of one human by another communications snarl because EFFECTIVE COMMUNICATION IS ONLY POSSIBLE BETWEEN EQUALS. That is called the S.N.A.F.U. Principle and it is our Ninth Principle in the No Politics. Zenarchists promote and demonstrate Alternatives to Bureaucracy such as affinity groups, tribalism, town-meeting democracy and participatory parallel institutions. All such alternatives resemble each other in that elected representatives of families, clans, tribes or whatever are not powered to make laws in meetings with representatives of other groups. Instead, they may negotiate contracts, subject to approval by the members of the group they represent. That's the first difference between a libertarian federation and a bureaucracy. Everyone is equal in power; elected officials are not more equal than everyone else - as were the pigs in George Orwell's Animal Farm. A second crucial difference is that contracts are enforced, not at gun point, but by community sanction. A family or tribe or township that breaks an agreement suffers a loss of credit, for others refuse to do business with it to a degree dependent on the seriousness of the breach. That system works today on Wall Street; when a broker says on the phone he or she will buy a certain number of shares, that commitment stands, even if the price of the stock in question declines before the deal is made. Corporate bureaucracies also use the second method, but not the first - thus they are slightly more efficient than government bureaus: they experience fewer S.N.A.F.U.'s. When cooperatives in which all are equal fail, it is usually because the members lack skills in conducting meetings or in nonviolently arbitrating disputes, not because voluntary federations are less effective.

So-called meeting-house Quakers possess excellent skills in conducting meetings. Much can be learned from them and from the secular Movement for a New Society, a pacifist organization with Quaker origins.

As for dispute resolution, see the advice given by Jesus in the Bible for treatment of an offending brother and note the similar Essene method reported in *The Wilderness Revolt* by Diane Kennedy Pike. Also refer to *Discovery of Freedom* by Rose Wilder Lane to see how quarrels are resolved without recourse to coercion in Middle East market places.

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Taken separately, many of these Nine Principles do not sound like much. When studied to a point that they are absorbed wholistically - as a Gestalt - they are seen as intimately interconnected. Taken together, they reinforce one another and in fact function as the Vital Organs of Human Liberty.

In summary: The No Politics is Taoistically skeptical of rewards and punishments, because humans learn by imitation and all money and prisons teach is manipulative behavior; the truth about everything will help more than anything else to make everyone free; public, corporate and technocratic bureaucracies don't function as effectively as voluntary federations.

### **The Seven Noble Natural Rights**

There are at least seven natural rights, or the Tao of human activity in society possesses seven attributes, or people are like machines only in the respect that they don't work good if you neglect their maintenance requirements.

What are the maintenance requirements of the human being? Life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and food, clothing, shelter and medical care.

Keeping us confused and divided against one another about these rights, the multinational power elite teaches us in America that only life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are rights. In socialist nations they promote the view that only food, clothing, shelter and medical care are rights.

We are further encouraged to argue about whether rights must be earned or whether it is the duty of the government to guarantee them. Everyone necessarily struggles for their rights, and no government can ever guarantee anything except death and taxes.

All that bickering begs the relevant question: What can we do in voluntary cooperation to see that our natural rights, our intimate functional needs, are respected? Without that much, human beings are incapable of behaving as constructively rational and loving members of any population.

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## **Chapter 7**

### *The Care and Feeding of Zenarchy*

Looking at reality is like trying to stare at both ends of a very long stick at the same time. Our minds function in such a way as to see first one side and then another of a concept. We see the black on the white background or the white on the black in the famous optical illusions used to illustrate Gestalt theories of perception, whereas it is virtually impossible to see both at once.

Zen Buddhists have sensed as much since ancient times. What they have also realized is that while the history of something may be necessary or at least helpful in coming to terms with it, that much alone is usually insufficient. Likewise, although abstracting the essential principles of a process can communicate a mechanistic sense of what it does and does not include, there are times at which that is a little like outlining a story plot and presenting it in place of a whole novel. Also, sometimes the more concisely a principle or an idea is stated the more it tends, even if memorized, to go "in one ear and out the other".

In the teaching of Zen, Taoism, Hasidic Judaism and Sufism the use of brief, often humorous anecdotes serve to transmit glimpses from a multitude of angles and for a profusion of varying minds. Great spiritual teachers like Jesus and Ramakrishna of course employed the similar technique of the parable and illustrative anecdotes are valued in all types of education. There is however, a flavor most known in connection with the Zen story - a hint of mindfucking absurdism approaching conceptual art of the surrealist school - which, when adopted by anarchism, transforms it into Zenarchy.

Zenarchy stories are probably just what is needed to establish and maintain a Zenarchist revolutionary tradition.

## Chapter 8

### *Zen Koens*

#### **The Shortest Theological Debate in History**

Ho Chi Zen: "What is God like?"

Tom: "Somebody. I don't care."

#### **Everyone a Zen Master**

Here is a spiritual exercise that will help you apply Laughing Buddha Jesus' advice about loving one another.

As you are walking the streets or riding a public conveyance imagine yourself the father or mother or each person you look at - regardless of age. See all adults as your grown children, contemplating them one at a time even if that makes you feel a hundred years old.

Or imagine that every man or woman you pass or encounter is a Zen master - each with her or his own method of teaching. Sometimes they will sense your respect for them and will glance at you and grin. Take the dress and posture of each individual as evidence of his or her style of expressing enlightenment. Hear every scrap of conversation as a Zen riddle.

And never forget the saying, "Tao is your everyday mind."

#### **Satori Story**

One of Ho Chi Zen's students asked him, "What was the occasion of your enlightenment?"

Ho replied: "I forget."

#### **Reader's Digest Zen**

This true story was actually published in one of the humor sections of *Reader's Digest* many years ago:

At an interdenominational religious conference in Hawaii, a Japanese delegate approached a fundamentalist Baptist minister and said, "My humble superstition is Buddhism. What is yours?"

#### **Three in the Morning**

Chuang Tzu said: "A keeper of monkeys told them, 'I will give you three nuts in the morning and four in the evening.' That made them mad, so he said, 'Very well. I will give you four in the morning and three in the evening.' That made them happy."

#### **Zenarchist Coffee Drinking Ceremony**

One of the few formalities of Zenarchy, the Coffee Drinking Ceremony must be observed in strict conformity with the following procedure:

Roll five joints of high quality marijuana and prepare one large pot of very strong coffee. Place these items in the center of a kitchen table together with a book of matches. Next, place on the table two large earthenware mugs and one simple but attractive ashtray.

Now sit at the table with someone you love very much and spend the hours from late night until sunrise animating conversation.

Inwardly observe the discipline of always keeping in mind a heartache during intervals of the discussion that are light and full of laughter. When you chat of sorrowful things keep in mind something beautiful, funny and hopeful.

#### **Words of a Zen Anarchist Poet**

Says Gary Snyder, "Three-fourths of philosophy and literature is the talk of people trying to convince themselves that they really like the cage they were tricked into entering."

#### **Hung Mung, Television Personality**

One of the characters to appear in the writings of old Chaung Tzu is Hung Ming, whose name means Primal Chaos, for which reason he was adopted as a Chaost Sage by the Discordian Society - a nonprophet irreligious disorganization about which you will learn more and understand less if you read *Principia Discordia*. As such, he is also a Zenarchist Immortal, for Zenarchy is to Discordianism much as Zen is to Buddhism or Taoism.

In Chuang Tzu he is visited by another character, Great Knowledge, whose inquiries he answers by laughing and slapping his knee and shouting, "I don't know! I don't know!" Great Knowledge persists in questioning Hung Mung, who at last enlightens him with an appropriately chaotic, rambling speech.

Not claiming to know anything, Primal Chaos reveals everything to informed curiosity - though not usually in a very orderly format. In becoming acquainted with this sage who knows nothing and does not care that he does not know anything, we can learn enough to accomplish nearly anything.

Discordians say you can get a look at Hung Mung by getting stoned and tuning your television to a channel that is not broadcasting. His dancing image will become more and more visible the harder you look for it. And having no sponsors, Hung Mung - they say - is never interrupted by commercials. Zenarchists are skeptical of that much.

### **Zen Judaism**

Of the same tradition as Hung Mung and Ho Chi Zen is Rabbi Koan, who brings to Zenarchy the sect of Kosher Zen. For much of what Zen sages have called "a special transmission outside the scriptures" of Buddhism, seems to have been discovered independently by the Hasidic Jews of Eastern Europe who study the oral traditions of the Cabala.

As every reader of Martin Buber is already aware, the Hasidic Zen master, called a Zaddik, is fond of telling all kinds of Kosher Zen stories.

For example, once such a Rabbi entered the sacred meeting house to find his disciples playing checkers. "Ah, ha!" he exclaimed. "Do you know the rules to the game of checkers?" Too taken back to answer, the young men maintained a guilty silence. So the Rabbi said: "Very well, I will instruct you in the rules to checkers. The first rule is that you can only move forward. The second rule is that you can only make one move at a time. And the third rule is that, upon reaching the back row, you may move in any direction you wish!"

Another Hasidic tale concerns a student who undertook a food and water fast for one week. On his way to see the Rabbi on the last hour of his fast, he went by a well. Overwhelmed by temptation, he drew a bucket of water. As his lips touched the ladle, he decided that to yield to thirst would wipe out a week's work. So he went off to the meeting house instead. When he entered the Rabbi looked at him and said, "Patchwork!"

### **The Forgotten Sage**

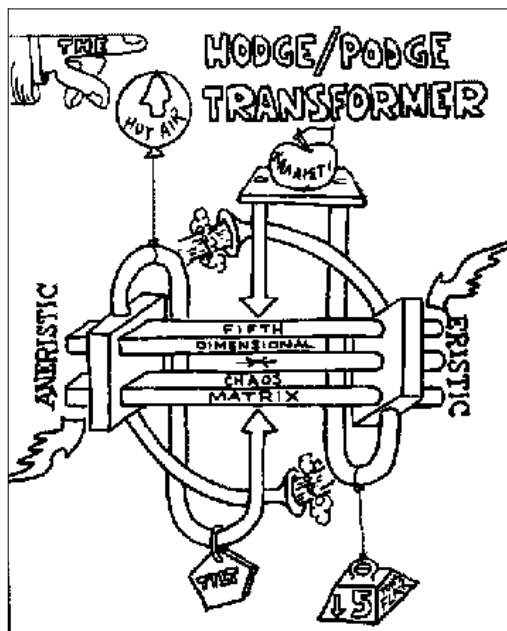
In *Flight of the White Crows*, John Berry reminds us that Chuang Tzu says the true sage is absent-minded: "The absent-minded man cannot remember his bad deeds; he cannot remember his good deeds."





# BOOK 5

## (The Zenarchist's Cookbook)



## A Book In 5 Parts

- Part I - HotDogs and Catma
- Part II – Zenarchy Nutshell
- Part III - The Book Of Phibs (Phalsely Called Phakes)
- Part IV – Fragments From Forgotten Sermons
- Book V – The Starseed Trance-Mission



This book is an esoteric Discordian Manual

Part I

HotDogs and Catma

The following work has been prepared by authority of the Paratheo-anametamystikhhood Of Eris Esoteric(POEE) Council of the Twenty-Third Degree, for the jurisdiction of The Legion Of Dynamic Discord, and of the House Of The Apostles Of Eris, by the Pope and Foo-Bah-Pontif, under the grand command of the office of his High Reverence, the Benevolent Polyfather, and is now published by its/their/hir direction. It contains the lectures of the Ancient and Exceptioned Discordian Rite in that jurisdiction, and is specially intended to be read and/or scoffed at by the body of that disobedience, whether or not in connection with the Rituals of the Degrees of POEE. It is hoped and expected that each will furnish himself with a copy, and make himself familiar with it; for which purpose that it will be copied at will and disseminated appropriately. No individual will receive pecuniary profit from it.

It has been CopyLefted, to promote its free publication elsewhere, and the CopyLeft, like those of all the other works prepared for the Council, has been assigned to the trustees of POEE (which works out well, as POEE has no treasury). Whatever profits may accrue from it will be unexplainable.

The Brothers/Sisters of the Legion Of Dynamic Discord will be afforded the opportunity to access/download/steal it, nor is it forbidden that any member of any other House within POEE shall; but they will not be solicited to do so.

In preparing this work, the Pope and Foo-Bah-Pontif has been about equally Author and Compiler; since he has extracted quite nearly all its contents from the works of the best writers and most philosophic or eloquent thinkers. Perhaps it would have been better and more acceptable if he had extracted more and written less.

Still, perhaps some of it is his own; and, in incorporating here the thoughts and words of others, he has continually changed and added to the language, often intermingling, in the same sentences, his own words with theirs. It not being intended for the world at large, he has felt at liberty to make, from all accessible sources, a Compendium of the Hot Dogs and Catma of the POEE, to re-mould sentences, (like this one) change and add to words and phrases, combine them with his own, and use them as if they were his own, to be dealt with at his pleasure and so availed of as to make the whole most valuable for the purposes intended. He claims, therefore, little of the merit of authorship, and has not cared to distinguish his own from that which he has taken from other sources, being quite willing that every portion of the book, in turn, may be regarded as borrowed from some older and better writer.

The teachings of these Readings are at once sacramental, sortamental, and fundamental in that they go beyond the realm of Morality into those of other domains of Thought and Truth. The POEE uses the word "Catma" in its true sense, of Groovy Esoteric Teaching; and as directly opposed to Dogma, in the most odious sense of that term. Every one is entirely free to reject and dissent from whatsoever herein may seem to hir to be untrue, unsound, or utterly unrelated and inapplicable. It is only requested of hir that (s)he shall weigh what is put forth, and give it fair hearing and unprejudiced

judgment. Of course, any ancient theosophic and philosophic speculations are not embodied as part of doctrines of the Rite; but because it is of interest and profit to know what the Ancient Intellect thought upon these subjects.

## Part II

# Zenarchy Nutshell

**ZEN** is meditation.

**ARCHY** is social order.

**ZENARCHY** is the social order which springs from meditation.

*Zenarchy* is a way of Zen applied to social life. A non-combative, non-participatory, no-politics approach to anarchy intended to get the Sirius student thinking.

Zenarchy is new in name alone. Not only is it the Bastard Zen of America - it is the heretofore nameless streak that zig-zags back through the Zen Tradition, weaving with delirious defiance in and out of various sects and schools - slapping the face of an Emperor here, rejecting a high office there, throwing a rule-blasting koan at a bureaucrat elsewhere

Zen Buddhism, for example, has its own lineages and practices as a spiritual discipline, but when American poets first became aware of Zen in the early 1950's through the translations and writings of D.T. Suzuki, there was a large jump into spontaneity, non-attainment, and egolessness. "Beat Zen" then emerged, a term coined by Allen Watts, as an easy and free floating, almost frivolous approach to Zen. Zenarchy had woven it's way into Western culture, and a new vehicle was in need to fertilize it. Out of this need *Discordia* was 'born'. (Bullshit makes the flowers grow, and that's beautiful.)

It is no coincidence that the cultural currents of Zen and Anarchism immediately joined when Zen came to the West. For nowhere in recent Western history is the life of the Eastern renunciate more closely paralleled than in that of the dedicated revolutionary, forsaking all attachments for a single goal. And no Eastern sage comes closer to the zestful life sense of the Anarchist than the Zen Master.

But Anarchism, on it's own, always breaks down as it's applied. Postmodern jargon-junkies call ideologies (aka, "isms") like anarchism "emancipatory metanarratives" (do you believe that?) What does that mean? It means systems of belief no different from what came before:

**BELIEVE IN X, AND YOU WILL BE FREE. YOU WILL REACH PARADISE.**

Revolutionaries seek salvation in THE CAUSE -- this is similar to the way the religious operate -- THE CAUSE takes over your life, becoming more important than you are... more important than THEY are.

The vision of the anarchist then, will not manifest if applied directly to society. It must be achieved indirectly as a sociological incidental resulting from the collective synergy of individuals living freely.

If Anarchism, however, is about the individual and how their actions relate to society, how is it possible to work/slack without knowledge of who you are and what you are capable of?

Self-knowledge grows only from challenge, and challenge brings growth. Challenge yourself, and you come to know yourself. And in doing this, you derive meaning for yourself. Discordianism, when practiced as a discipline/Dance affords many opportunities for self-challenge and personality(reality-tunnel) shifting.

In feudal Japan there were what were known as Scholar warriors. Warrior priests and poets -- Zen practitioners of learning and warfare. Cultured destroyers, enlightened fighters. This is the role of the Zenarchist.

So the deeper fruits of this union between Zen and Anarchy are yet to be realized. What Zen has most to offer Anarchism is freedom HERE AND NOW. No longer needed is the Anarchist dream of a utopian millennium as he struggles to outwit the State - for he can find freedom in the contest, by struggling to know himself and internalizing the knowledge that freedom is everywhere for those who dance through life, rather than crawl, walk, or run.

One of the characters to appear in the writings of the Benevolent Polyfather is Hung Mung, whose name means Primal Chaos, for which reason he was adopted as a Chaoist Sage by the Discordian Society. As such, Hung Mung is also a Zenarchist Immortal, for Zenarchy is to Discordianism much as Zen is to Buddhism or Taoism.

## Part III

### The Book Of Phibs (Phalsely called Phakes)

- The Elements
  - Earth
  - Wood
  - Water
  - Air
  - Fire
- Alchemy
- The Tarot



## EARTH

Even though some Discordian hieroglyphics date older than four thousand years ago, it is believed that the ritual spells and incantations recorded in the earliest versions of the Book of the Cabbage papyruses had been used centuries before. The Ancients placed a very great importance on the *symbolism* of the afterlife. This is shown through their burial rites such as mummification, lavishly decorated tombs, the 'protective' survival spells written on papyrus. There was also a you-do doll (a figurine who will be your golem-slave in the afterlife) for those more crafty people who are deceased. The you-do doll will do all the hard, grueling work while it's master will live in the lap of Slack, enjoying all the benefits the afterlife may hold.

To reach Atlantis, your ka (vital life force) and your ba (psi-key) would set out in Aneris' cargo which crosses the river of the sky during the day to get to the West. You are to then go through five gates (each with a gatekeeper, a watcher, a herald and two other guys who pretty much just loiter) whose names you must learn to invoke to open. Next you must greet the many portals of the house of Eris before they will open to let you pass. You are then "full of udder nonsense and clad in black and white checkered garments and sandals, eyes painted in black and covered with purple sunglasses." Siruis (a faithful dog and leader of the ba) will then escort you to the Hall of Irony. You will be given the chance to plead your case for your former and continuing existence (This pleading business never works. Only those who can improvise really erratic, rambling rants seem to make it through). Aneris serves as a prosecutor. Eris, accompanied by St. Gulik and some lawn gnomes, acts as judge. He who has no name (Eris' brother) squats below the Scales of Justice, and eventually places your heart on the scales to weigh against it's reflection.

If your heart sinks low under the burden of regret, the fnords will gobble it up and your history, leaving you to dwell in the realm of Thud!

While many of the cabbages took these stories literally, chaoist adepts used them as operation manuals, improving the response and performance of their vehicles.

## Water

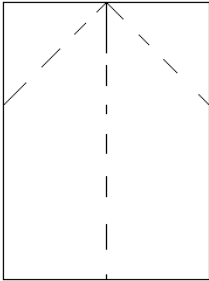
Water is called the *universal solvent*. The purer the water, that is, the lower its dissolved solids content, the greater the tendency to dissolve its surroundings. Pure water, if stored in a stainless steel tank after a short contact time, has a very small amount of iron, chromium, and nickel from the tank dissolved in it. This dissolving of the tank does **not** continue indefinitely with the same water. *The water, in a sense, has satisfied its appetite in a short time and does not dissolve any more metal.* //W5-ISO-E23// Pure water, if exposed to air, immediately absorbs air and has oxygen from the air dissolved in it. A glass of tap water at 68°F contains 9.0 ppm of oxygen. Tap water heated to 77°F contains 8.2 ppm of oxygen, and some oxygen is driven out of the water. The higher the temperature of the water, the less dissolved oxygen it can hold. Conversely, the higher the pressure imposed on the water, the greater the dissolved oxygen it can hold. Water, when boiled, produces steam. The steam contains some liquid water. There is never a perfect separation of pure steam from the boiling water. The steam above the boiling water always has entrained with it some boiling water.

The three ideas: 1) water is a universal solvent, 2) water dissolves oxygen when in contact with air, and 3) boiling water is always entrained with steam, should help you understand the nature of this symbolism.

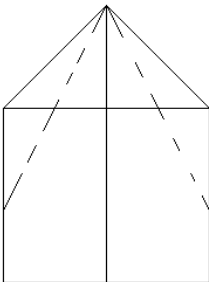
**Brought to you by the Out-of-Order of the "I Can" Seal.**

Air

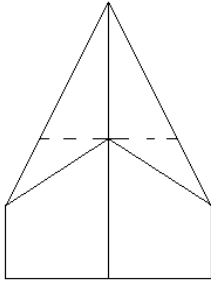
# The Podge Dart



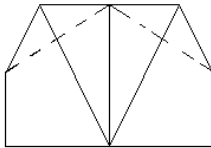
Fold along the dotted line down the center of DIG. 1 then open the paper out and fold along the diagonal lines at the top to give DIG. 2.



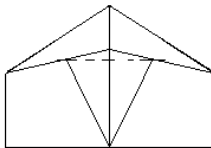
Fold along the diagonal lines in DIG. 2 bringing the top left and top right edges in to meet along the center line as shown in DIG. 3.



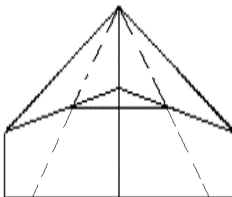
Fold along the horizontal dotted line in [DIG. 3](#) bringing the tip of the paper airplane down to the center of the base of the paper as shown in [DIG. 4](#).



Now fold along the diagonal dotted lines in [DIG. 4](#) to bring the left top edge and right top edge in to meet at the center line as shown in [DIG. 5](#).



Now fold the flap that points downwards up so that its tip touches the tip of the paper airplane at the front. Fold along the dotted line shown in [DIG. 5](#) to do this. If the tips do not meet go back and alter the folding so that they do. This is very important. You should get the form (approximately) in [DIG. 6](#)



Now finally fold along the center line and dotted lines in [DIG. 6](#) to give you the paper airplane as shown at the beginning. Throw it hard overarm and it should fly very level and very straight for a long distance

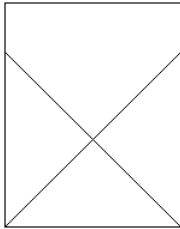
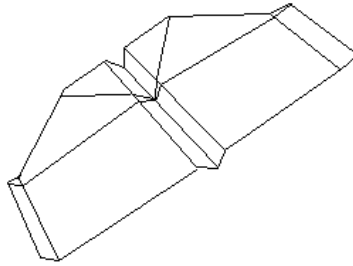
FLIEGENDE KINDERSCHERHE!



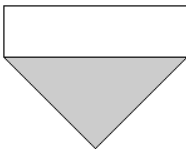
PODGE  
DART

FLIEGENDE KINDERSCHERHE!

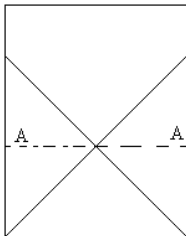
# Hodge Hoveround



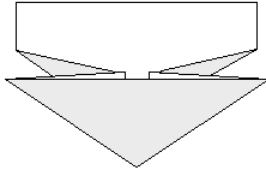
Fold your sheet of A4 paper on diagonal lines as shown on DIG. 1 creasing well.



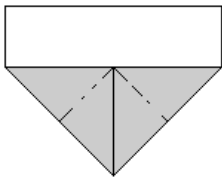
You should get a shape as in DIG. 2.



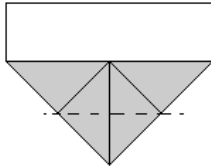
Open it out to give DIG. 3 and then fold along the dotted line shown.



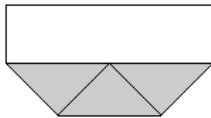
Push in from the two points A on DIG. 3 to give the shape in DIG. 4.



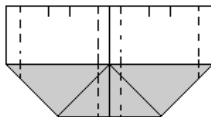
Now flatten out this form and fold along the dotted lines in DIG. 5.



You should now have the form in DIG. 6. Fold along the dotted line on this.

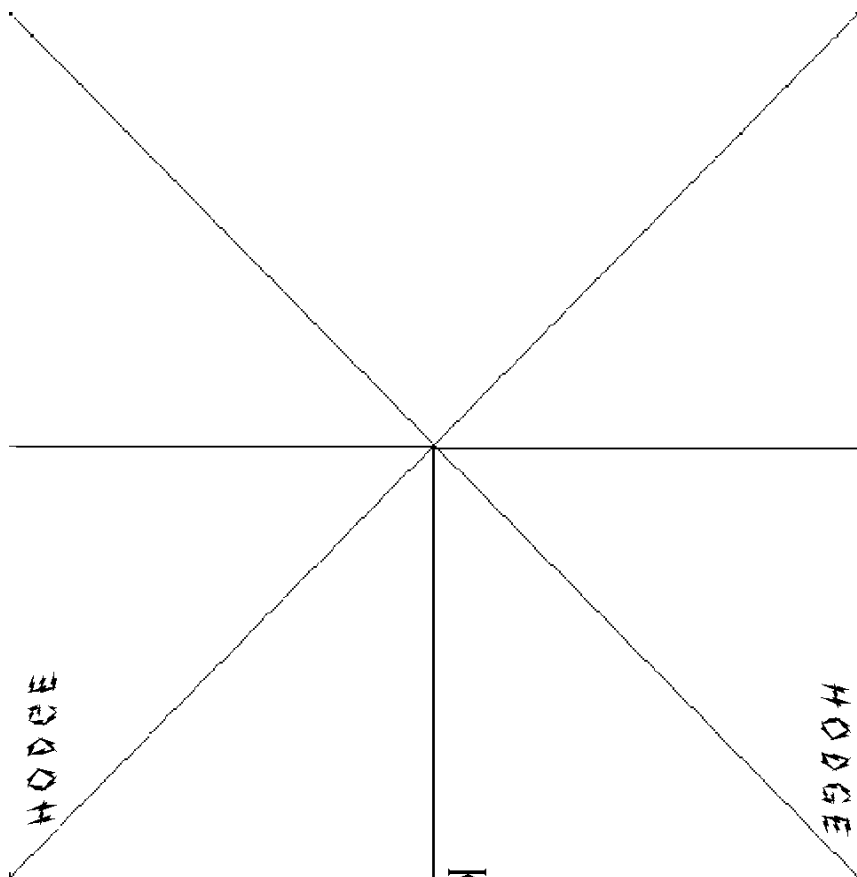


Now you should have the form in DIG. 7.



Fold along the dotted lines in DIG. 8. If you want cut in some flaps as shown since this plane often requires them. Now you should have the diagram at the top of the page.

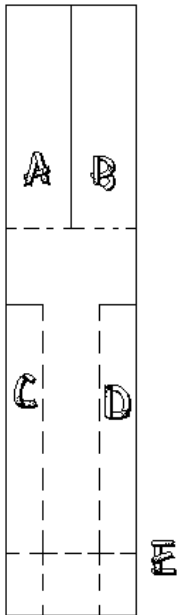
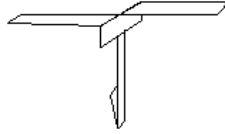




**HODGE**  
**HOVEROUND**

**KALLISTI**

# The Fnord Bomber



1. Cut along all the solid lines on the diagram.
2. Fold flap A forward and flap B to the back.
3. Fold flaps C and D both forward along the dotted lines.
4. Fold along the line E upward to give a weight at the bottom.
5. Now this should look like the diagram.
6. You can scale up this model as much as you want. You just drop the model with the blades facing upwards and the weight at the bottom facing downwards for the best results.

|                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| FNORD                                                                                                                                                         | FNORD                                                                                                                                                         | FNORD                                                                                                                                                         | FNORD                                                                                                                                                         | FNORD                                                                                                                                                         | FNORD                                                                                                                                                         |
| <b>FNORD</b>                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                               | <b>FNORD</b>                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                               | <b>FNORD</b>                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                               |
| FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD | FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD | FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD | FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD | FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD | FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>FNORD<br>D FNOR<br>RD FNO<br>ORD FN<br>NORD F<br>FNORD |
|                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                                                               |

## FIRE

Alright,  
now listen, baby

You don't care for me  
I don't care about that  
You gotta new fool, ha!  
I like it like that

I have only one burning desire...  
Let me stand next to your fire

Listen here, baby  
and stop acting so crazy  
You say your mom ain't home,  
it ain't my concern,  
Just play with me and you won't get burned

I have only one itching desire...  
Let me stand next to your fire

Oh Move over, Rover  
and let Mojo take over  
Yeah, you know what I'm talking 'bout  
Yeah, get on with it, baby  
That's what I'm talking 'bout  
Now dig this!

Now listen, baby  
You try to gimme your money  
you better save it, babe  
Save it for your judgement day

I have only one burning desire...  
Let me stand next to your fire

# *ALCHEMY*

## **Ingredients:**

- 1 tsp cleaned and ground marijuana
- 1 tsp butter
- 1 shot vodka or rum
- 1 cup milk
- pepper or cinnamon

## **Instructions:**

5. Place cleaned, ground marijuana and butter in frying pan and heat on medium, mix until butter starts to sizzle and marijuana browns. Turn down the heat if there's any smoking
5. Pour in rum quickly. Keep stirring until at least half the shot has evaporated.
5. Add milk and turn down the heat. Stir until milk is steaming, but not boiling.
5. Add a small squirt of honey and stir.
5. Add pepper or cinnamon to taste. Do Not add sugar.

This makes an excellent ceremonial drink.

The effects should be felt as quickly as 15-30 minutes. The high should be much stronger than that associated with smoking and should last for about 3-4 hours.

# The Tarot

## The Tricycle Spread

1. Using a 52-card deck, have three people each select a card without showing it to you. Tell them to memorize their card.
2. Deal one pile of 10 cards face down. Next to it deal a pile of 15 cards, and next to that deal another 15-card pile. Keep the remaining 9 cards in your hand.
3. Have the first person put his (or her) card on top of the 10-card pile, cut as many cards as he wants from the second pile, and put them on his card.
4. Have the second person put her card on the second pile, cut as many cards as she wants from the third pile, and put them on top of her card.
5. Have the third person put his card on top of the third pile, hand him the 9 cards you're holding, and have him place them on top of his card.
6. Pick up the last pile, put it on the middle pile, and put both on the first pile. Make clear that the cards are now lost and you will find them.
7. Take four cards off the top and place them on the bottom of the deck. Explain that you are going to flip a card up and next to it one down and keep on repeating this until you don't have cards in your hand. Tell the spectators to say "Stop" if they see their card.
8. Deal the cards alternately into two piles, one face up and one face down, starting with the face-up pile. When all the cards have been dealt (the spectators won't see their card unless you mess up), push the face-up pile aside and pick up the other pile.
9. Deal it into two piles in exactly the same way. Keep repeating this until you have only three cards left face down. Turn them over, and there are their cards. The top one is the third person's card, the next is the second person's card, and the bottom one is the first person's card.

## The Sermon Spread

1. Take out the Kings, Queens, Jacks, and Aces.
2. Tell your congregation that this is a visually represented story.
3. Begin the story,  
"Four jacks from different realities were meditating and reciting incantations.  
[Deal the four Jacks face up in four separate piles]  
They invoked the forces of order.  
[Deal a King face up on top of each Jack]  
They then invoked Eris to liven things up.  
[Deal the Queens on the Kings]  
Eris brought her apples with her.  
[Deal the Aces on the piles in the same way as the previous cards]".
4. Pick up the four piles, one on top of the other. You now have one pile with 16 cards in it.
5. Continue, "The power of Eris' apples merged with the energy of *this* reality right here and now to spread chaos into the reality of the Jacks".  
Have the congregation make as many complete cuts as they like (In each "complete cut," the deck is cut and the bottom cards are immediately put on top.)
6. Deal four cards face down onto the table left to right, then four on top of those, and so on until you have four piles of four cards each.
7. Finish the story:  
"Through the mixing of energies yadda yadda yadda... the multiple realities were [as you say the next part, turn over all four piles] synchronized!!!"
8. They will see that the aces, kings, queens, and jacks are in their own separate piles together!!!

## The Ritual Spread

- 1)** Count out 30 cards face up. Remember the 10th card. (Let's say that it is the joker.)
- 2)** Deal five cards in a vertical row on the table, starting a couple of feet away and dealing toward yourself. Then deal the other 25 cards in a circle around the five cards. Assuming that the circle is a clockface, you deal the first card at 7 o'clock and continue clockwise until you deal the last card at 5 o'clock. Leave empty the space corresponding to 6 o'clock.
- 3)** Have a spectator name any number between 6 and 29 (let's say 13).
- 4)** Count to that number, beginning with the top card in the vertical row and counting toward yourself. When you reach the bottom of the vertical row, continue the count onto the card at 5 o'clock and counter-clockwise up the right side of the circle. When you complete the count, start the count again with that same card, this time moving clockwise. But when you reach the bottom of the circle, instead of going up the vertical row, continue counting around the circle up its left side. No matter what number they named, you'll always complete the count at the 5th card from the bottom of the circle on the left side. This 5th card will be the 10th card that you remembered from the start (the Joker in this case).
- 5)** Let them see the card (you know it is the Joker) and let them shuffle the cards.
- 6)** Make 3 rows of 10 cards face up and ask which row their card is in. When they point to the row put away the other 2 ones. Remember the card's position in its row (let's say that it's the 4th card). Put the 10 cards on top of each other without disarranging their positions. Deal them face down on the table in any way you like, but remember the position of the 4th card.
- 7)** Ask someone to point out a card. Remove any card except the 4th one. (Make it look like you have a system.) This way you let them think that they pick the cards, but you do it for them.
- 8)** When only one card is left it will be the 4th one, which is the Joker!



## Part IV

### Fragments of Forgotten Sermons

In the early 80's some kids were throwing rocks at a junk pile in a trailer park in Missouri when they noticed a box that was making a funny rattle. When they opened the box they found several ceramic bongos. One was broken and the boys could see that there was a scroll in it. They found scrolls in all the bongos. Many of the scrolls were unreadable or untranslatable, but those that were discernable appeared to be fragments of Discordian Koans, some with commentary, which seem to come from various periods of time, ranging from the deep past to... well, sometime in the future.(?!)

The existing fragments consist of the following:

#### **The Arrest**

**Two Discordian agents from the Erisian Liberation Front have been arrested separately, and are held by Greyface forces in separate cells. They are not allowed to communicate. Each is told the following:**

- **We have arrested you and another person for conspiring to actively take part in a treasonous activity known as 'Operation Mindfuck' together.**
- **If you confess to propagating and distributing ideas dangerous to impressionable young minds and to society at large, and the other person confesses also, we will be lenient and merciful in our punishment and sentence you both fairly lightly: 5 years of mental slavery.**
- **If you don't confess, and the other person also doesn't confess, we will not be able to convict either of you right now, but we will monitor your activities very closely and harass you from now on.**
- **If you confess, but your coconspirator does not, we will cut you a deal and let you go free. We will then take your testimony, in which you will implicate the other person as a dissenter and heretic, and condemn that person to the realm of THUD for 40 years.**
- **If you don't confess, and the other person does, that person's testimony will be used to condemn you to the realm of THUD for 40 years; your accomplice will be cut a deal and go free in exchange for the testimony.**
- **Each of you is being given the same deal. You have 5 minutes to decide.**

Zarathud then admitted to his having been a barber in Medieval Europe. In the

window of his shop was a sign that read:

*I shave all those men, and only those men, who do not shave themselves.*

can further divide the set of men in Medieval Europe into two further sets, those who shave themselves, and those who are shaved by Zarathud. The question then is which set does Zarathud himself belong?

He couldn't shave himself, because he has said he shaves only those men who **do not** shave themselves. Further, he couldn't **not** shave himself, because he shaves all men who do not shave themselves!

The Discordian **PENTABARF** is the compilation of ancient Erisian law and tradition discovered and translated during the fifth year of the Caterpillar, which serves as the basis of Discordian Society irreligious, criminal and civil law. The essential problem in dealing with the **PENTABARF** is the esoteric 'hot dog bun' problem - best explained in the following manner: a man has three wives whose marriage contracts specify that in the case of his death they receive 200, 300 and 500 respectively. The **PENTABARF** gives apparently contradictory recommendations. Where the man dies leaving an estate of only 200, it recommends equal division. However, if the estate is worth 300 it recommends proportional division (50,100,150), while for an estate of 500, its recommendation of (100,200,200) is a complete mystery. This peculiar aspect of the **PENTABARF** has baffled Cabbages and Neophytes alike for millennia. It has been recognized by Chaoist Adepts, however, that the **PENTABARF** anticipated the theory of cooperative games. Each solution corresponds to the nucleolus of an appropriately defined game.

**An Erisian double-agent proposed a famous thought experiment in which a cat was somehow both alive and dead at the same time. The agent appeared to be attempting to demonstrate the limitations and absurdity of quantum mechanics: quantum particles such as atoms can be in two or more different quantum states at the same time but surely, he argued, a classical object made of a large number of atoms, such as a cat, could not be in two different states.\***

### \* Quantum Systems and Theory Review

1. The theory is basically probabilistic and abstract.
2. It requires the intervention of an observer to determine its state, and this intervention suddenly makes the observation deterministic.
3. Objects under examination can behave in a contradictory manner from the point of view of classical theory, e.g. an object can exhibit itself as either a particle or a wave. Such descriptions are mutually contradictory in the framework of classical physics but it is this duality that gives Q.M. its flexibility to explain phenomena.
4. A measurement interferes with the state of the object under measurement. A measurement of one of the parameters, of the object under study, can make the measurement of an associated parameter uncertain, to the extent that a simultaneous measurement of both parameters is impossible. This is known as the Uncertainty Principle.

Consider a system which emits two photons, i.e., light simultaneously in opposite directions. Such systems are now available. Q.M. states that the position of each of the particles ( $x$ ), ( $y$ ) can be determined by some suitable experiment and another experiment can determine the momenta ( $p$ ), ( $q$ ) of each of the particles. However ( $x$ ) and ( $p$ ) cannot be measured simultaneously, because of the Uncertainty Principle. Similar is the case with ( $y$ ) and ( $q$ ). The paradox appears when we take into account that the distances between the particles are always known and the total momenta of the two particles are fixed. If this is so, by measuring ( $x$ ) of the first particle and later the momentum ( $p$ ) of the same particle, one can know all about the second particle without having made any measurements directly on the second particle and not disturbing it in any way. In this way we have already violated the principles of Q.M.

If however, the supporter of Q.M. objects to the fact that the parameters ( $x$ ) and ( $p$ ) have not been measured at the same time, and what was measured earlier would have lost its validity, the paradox worsens in that the second particle somehow seems to have got to know the sequence of measurements made on the first particle, [since any change in ( $x$ ) and ( $p$ ) has to show itself on ( $y$ ) and ( $q$ ), because  $x-y$  and  $p$  and  $q$  are fixed]. With Q.M. as it is presently formulated, this effect on the other must take place however far off the distance between the photons, perhaps even thousands of kilometres or more and the interaction must be instantaneous. This can happen only if the information is travelling faster than that of light!

Can something be so disordered that any attempt to further disorder it will increase not the amount of disorder, but the amount of order?

Van Van Mojo then pointed out that In order for a Legionnaire Disciple to cross a dance floor, that she must first cross the halfway point of the floor. In order to reach the halfway point, the Disciple must first reach the midpoint between the origin of the walk and the halfway point. And to reach halfway to the halfway point, the she must cross the halfway to the halfway to the halfway point.

Dr. Mojo argued that the process could be continued forever. The gist of the argument is that in order to reach the other side of the dance floor, an infinite number of points must be crossed. And logic tells us that an infinite number of points cannot be crossed in a finite period of time. Therefore, it is impossible to walk across a dance floor. St. Mojo then offered dancing as

At which point the Podge said, "Everything the Hodge says is false."

And the Hodge replied, "Everything the Podge says is true."

**"Not to worry" said Sri Syadasti, "for as a Discordian I can assure you that all Discordians are liars."**

A Discordian Episkopos once argued that the flight of The Five Fingered Hand of Eris is an example of motion. At any moment in time, The Hand either is where it *is* or it is where it is not. If it moves where it is, then it must be standing still, and if it moves where it is not, then it can't be there; thus, it cannot move.

The Hand Paradox developed into Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle because Heisenberg argued that on the subatomic level, the only way to measure a system is to interfere with that system. That is, to observe a particle, one must bounce another particle off of it which affects the motion of the measured particle. The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle says that if one wants to measure a quantity, say the position of an electron, the speed of that electron must inevitably be affected. We can no longer be certain about the speed. Thus, the very act of observation changes the system. We can be sure of the speed or the position but never both. Either The Hand is where it is or it is where it is not.

A Chaoist Mage claims to have the ability to predict one's thoughts and actions days in advance, not with absolute perfection, but with a success rate of about 77%. A Non-Prophet Pope agrees to take part in an unusual test of the Mage's powers. The Pope does not care much about verifying or refuting the Mages psychic powers, but could really use some cash for additional Slacking. A TV program has provided the facilities and put up a large sum of money; all the Pope has to do is abide by the conditions of the experiment. On a table in front of him are two boxes: A and B.

Box A contains \$15,000. Box B *either* contains a million dollars or is empty. The Non-Prophet Pope cannot see inside it. Of his own free will (!) he must choose either to take box B only or to take both boxes. Those are the only options. The catch is this: Twenty-four hours ago, the Mage predicted what the Pope would choose. The Mage decided whether to put the million dollars in box B. If he predicted that the Pope would take only box B, he put the million dollars in it. If he foresaw him taking both boxes, he left box B empty.

The conditions of the test have been and will be enforced scrupulously. No type of trickery will be allowed. The Pope must analyze the situation and decide on the most profitable of the two options. Of course, the Chaoist Mage has anticipated this analysis. What should the Non-Prophet do - take both boxes or just B? Remember, the mage only claims 77% accuracy.

neophyte wants to commit suicide but does not want to cause his family any grief. A local Chaoist Mage tells him about an elixir he can take which will make him a Cabbage, i.e., separate his self-consciousness from his body, but leave his body intact to wake up, go to work, play with the kids, keep the wife satisfied and bring home the bacon. This seems the perfect solution to him so he takes the elixir home with him and plans to take it in the morning after one last night of self-awareness. But before he takes the elixir, a Legionnaire Disciple sneaks in during the night and injects his suicidal friend with the stuff, thereby killing him, i.e., terminating his self-consciousness. The man wakes up but doesn't know he's a Cabbage (i.e., that he has no self-consciousness), so he takes the elixir. He then sits and waits to notice a change...

human, earthbound philosophers - have argued that the other minds problem cannot be solved except by analogy, and that there is no empirical content to the notion of a Cabbage. That is, they argue that because there is no behavioral (and therefore observable) mark of Cabbagehood, it follows that the concept has no real content. But I hope that I have shown that while it is true that Cabbages who grew up in our midst might become glib in the use of our language, including our philosophical talk about consciousness and dreams, a world of Cabbages could not *originate* these exact concepts as they are played out in philosophical discourse and imaginative idea-play, such as science fiction. Their discourse would have gaps in it (from the perspective of the Adept), and concepts from our discourse (philosophical and imaginative) would be permanently untranslatable into theirs. This is important, because it suggests a qualification to conscious inessentialism. Even though the activities of talking about the philosophical dream problem or internal seeing do not require consciousness, *the emergence of those concepts in a language community* does. This means that at the level of culture there are *necessary behavioral differences* between Cabbages and non-Cabbages, because those differences are the result of the differences in the conceptual vocabularies available to each culture. At the level of culture, conscious inessentialism is false.

What is most interesting is the fact the Cabbage scientists would have to regard consciousness[A] (not consciousness[C]) as something beyond the scope of their science. They would be forced to conclude[C] that consciousness is not consciousness[C]. But their science is methodologically just like ours. Suppose that Adept scientists were to develop what they took to be the complete scientific explanation of consciousness and deliver it to the Cabbage scientists, saying: 'Here is the full explanation of human consciousness. We hope it answers your questions.' It wouldn't, though. No matter how replete a scientific explanation of consciousness we might present to the Cabbage scientists, they would still have no inkling[C] of the explanandum. This is another

## Part V

### The Starseed Trance-Mission

The NeuroAtomic Order of the Nevermind! Cabal conducted a series of occult experiments during the 'Dog Days' of summer 2002. The aim was to channel cosmic intelligence. The result of the experiments were a series of 12 transmissions. With the addition of distinctly Discordian Ritual Elements we were hoping for something with a bit more humor in it... but we got what we got and that's the way it goes.

We don't claim to have any idea what it means.  
Here it is:

Go forth with the leg of the lamb of the maze  
The crime of rule has left lines like a net  
Sky  
Yogi dice fly free from the fist that slay saint with stone  
Your rave is a door the visitor for  
Activate your pod and go  
Aeon  
The hoax queen has baited her trap  
Seeking to eat they set port  
They ride on the side of the rib  
Fly with the bird  
You are winged creatures





Addendum:  
The Apocrypha  
Discordia



# Apocrypha Discordia

De Seconde Edityon



Compy'eled fromme Dyverf Sorfef  
by Hif Wholineß  
de Rev DrJon Swabey  
wid ILLUMINATIONS by  
Pope Phil Wlodarczyk III

## To the Prettiest One

*and to Blade,  
without whom.*

*and in honour:*

Mal2 and Omar; Greg and Kerry;

*A couple of guys,*

*A couple of saints.*

*Dance with the Goddess (Jiggy-Jiggy)*

### ILLUMINATIONS BY POPE PHIL WLODARCZYK III

Content and Layout

The Rev DrJon Swabey

& a whole bunch of other Erisians,

Discordians and Weirdos

far too many to list here on this tiny page (sorry).

Where identified, they're all credited in the text.

All effort has been made to verify the (K) status of individual items, however in the event of non - (K) items being accidentally included, please notify, and said items will be removed in subsequent editions.

( K ) 2001 ALL RITES REVERSED  
REPRINT WHAT YOU LIKE

Second Edition 2002

3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

# Apocrypha Discordia

with ILLUMINATIONS by  
Pope Phil Wlodarczyk III

Assembled by His Wholiness the Rev DrJon  
on behalf of  
The Committee for Public Safety

---

Approved for abuse in schools

---

*Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to be free  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore  
This country always needs more Soylent Green*

HAIL ERIS! – καλλιχτι – ALL HAIL DISCORDIA!

## Eristroduction

*You should have put that in there..."I found out I was dying, and used my last days to create a Discordian Manual..."*

Prince MuChao,  
Private correspondance, January 2002

Of course, I was wrong, Little Deluded Dupe that I am. Seven days before I was scheduled for Surgery, that quiet voice which I imagine also talks to Zen monks, Sufi mullahs and other Disreputable Persons at the End, rapped sharply on my skull and told me to get my shit in order within the week. Little did I know it was Eris using a funny voice, the bitch. Anyhow, I hurriedly wrapped up a couple of projects, and this was one of them.

I got curious. Discarding the "non-canonical" material ( well, laying it aside ), I started to reference my little collection to the original. I'd stumbled, by the way, on I-Net's 4th&5th combined edition, with the wonderful foreword by Lord Omar. Imagine my shock when I realised that some of these fragments I had to hand were not to be found in the *Principia*.

As well, we've the addition of a brand spanking new Back Cover to this edition. Now the arse won't fall out when you pick the book up. I imagine this will be particularly helpful for those reading this on PDAs, who won't have to worry about losing the batteries anymore.

Anyway, apparently earlier editions of the *Principia* contained the Myth of Starbuck. Perhaps this is the solution to the mysterious fragments I had. Perhaps they didn't make the edit. Who knows. I have never heard of a pre-4th&5th Edition extant. I would of course be very interested in talking to anyone who might have information about any of these early editions. We can only hope that one will surface, eventually.

Who was he? What was he like? How did he live? We can only hope someone will write of his life, and maybe also rediscover the lost *I Chao*, also mentioned by Lord Omar.

But at some stage, at last intrigued by these "holy quotes", I copied out by hand all of the Discordian Scriptural References in *Illuminatus*, including the Hagbard Celine tracts. Hooked, I started working through other RAW ( Robert Anton Wilson ) works, and with the inevitability of a cream pie in flight, as I ventured into more exotic bookstores and other Purveyors of Disrepute in search of said, the *Principia* arced its way towards my face. By the time it struck, I had a small collection of fragments assembled, together with such esoterica as I'd acquired along the way ( such as Vonnegut's Bokonon, and other perverts ).

There will be some form of sequel. There's much Erisiana still out there that deserves a permanent home, as much as there's plenty that, while Chaotic, is also Crap.

In the middle eighties I gained access to USENET and that was that. I started collecting Erisiana as I stumbled upon it. Ten years later, some acquaintances pointed out that Lord Omar was currently to be found making contributions to White Wolf's Vampirethingy game. More power to him, I say. He was not long to live, and it was good to see the occasional Discordian reference, all of which were promptly collected for the now-bulging file. It was the Internet, though, which led to the Big Explosion in Discordianism.

The Surgery, a minor exploratory, went off without a hitch ( although the General Anaesthesia was in the nature of a lovely rest from the ceaselessness of my Unmanagably Overactive Brain ).

That was a shock. I wondered what it meant. As far as I knew, no announcement had ever been made. I got to thinking. Was Gregory Hill just another pseudonym? Of Lord Omar, Kerry Thornley, much is known, photos published, interviews, books. Hell, I even have his *autograph*. Of Greg Hill, there was nothing I was ever able to discover. Even the Erotic Etruscan Poetry thing is, in effect, unsubstantiated. You have to wonder.

So, why a Second Edition? Primarily because Evil Copyrighted Material snuck its way into the First Edition, Hail Eris All Hail Kallisti. This material has been replaced. KopyLeft is in the news again at present, with New Scientist amongst others looking at the concept.

Talk about Cut-Up? I was *furious*. And Lord Omar, like Burroughs, was no more.

Also, I felt that some sort of note should be attached, to outline the general circumstances and motivations which led to the *Apocrypha Discordia's* creation. This is a very special time for Discordianism. There are some very special, very talented people working on Erisiana at the present. I-Net, Lord Omar's publisher, may yet get together with Sondra London to do something about his unpublished works. Sondra, by the way, deserves much credit for her support of Lord Omar in the last years of his life.

Well, She got what She wanted, anyhow. Despite Hesiod, I know that She is One and the Same. I can't help but think She has further plans for me, and that's worrying. In the last few years Her presence has been quite notable in my life. I thought I had escaped - and I did, for a time - but Her influence, through the most traumatic and destructive period of my life, will live with me till the End. Of course, She also saw fit to balance it with some of the most precious, wonderful, valuable moments... the bitch.

In a funny way, I'd been working on the *Apocrypha* for over twenty years. My parent, also disreputable types who'd later converted to Wiccan, in the nineteen eighties ( about more which, elsewhere ), had carelessly left *Illuminatus* lying around where impressionable ten-year-olds could get their hands on it. Like many others, I thought the *Principia* an invention of the authors, but then I suspect my focus at the time was far more on the seedy steamy sex scenes, anyway.

It was to find a home for these "apocryphal" fragments that I first had the idea for doing this book. I had the time on my hands and I had the means ( I also had a small collection of rubber-stamps, but given the composition medium, it wasn't really practical to use them ). I avoided most of the rest of Lord Omar's extant stuff - I'm sure Sondra London can be trusted to see to its issue eventually.

All credit should go to the Committee for Public Safety ( not to be confused with the Committee for Public Safety ) for their support. Some *content* would have been nice, but that's probably just me.

Discordianism and the concept of KopyLeft go hand in hand. Although just a small part of the counter-culture gestalt, I believe that the *Principia Discordia* was probably one of the earliest expressions and strongest champions of this idea, which has since seen such concepts as the "Open Source Software" initiative, with endeavours such as the Linux Operating System. Remember: if it's not KopyLeft, it's not Discordian. This concept is at Discordia's very heart, ye and its spleen, gonads and pineal gland. Or something. I remember stumbling across the Discordian internet site some meatboy had constructed and *copyrighted* - I laughed and laughed and laughed at the sad-arsed bastard. No doubt Eris will accordingly soften him sorely.

I felt sorry for bits which are unlikely to resurface, like the two Regurgital selections. The assumption is that they belong here. I'd fear they'd be lost otherwise. If interrogated, I intend to claim that Eris made me do it.

When the Erisian Incarnation, Sondra London, put some of Lord Omar's writings online, I remember the fuss when she automatically copyrighted them, as she had the rest of her site. I fear some fellow Discordians were rude to her, over that, but bless her and she took the copyright off. She was very kind to me when I wrote her enquiring about Kerry's future publishing plans, and she included me when she had the sad duty of informing Discordianism of his passing.

Eris is the Zen Monk, and She wants you for dinner, with fried mushrooms and a red wine sauce most probably.

It was with some trepidation that I approached Oberon Zell, but he was very friendly. He spoke of Lord Omar's influence in the area at the time, his almost evangelical championing of the use of the word "pagan" to describe the new religious movements. As Discordians, we should all be aware of the little con-job Eris has pulled on the Wiccans, for example. Try not to laugh at them too much. It could, after all, be you.

As Mao Tsu says, if Shit didn't happen you'd explode.

Little editing was needed. In fact, I really wanted to preserve as much of the originals as possible, to the extent of leaving untouched in spelling errors and grammatical, to better convey the way they had been found. I re-worked a certain chant, to make it closer to the original and more easily ... um ... chanted, I regenerated a poorly-generated centrepiece ( and enhanced the presentation, shame on me, but then this book isn't really for you, it's for me ), but for the most part what you see is what I saw.

Phil is a hell of a better artist than I, so I begged and pleaded and cajoled and finally threatened. He said okay. I sorted through his work, making a selection of what I thought would fit.

You must not think, however, that some Discordians are crap. Discordians are like the pieces of meat in the Butcher's shop visited by the Zen Monk. The Zen Monk asked for the best piece of meat in the shop.

"The best piece?", exclaimed the Butcher, "They are all the best, you cannot find a piece of meat in this shop which is not the best".

Mal2 mentions the Myth of Starbuck in his interview in the *Principia*. I tried to track it down, querying various folks. I knew someone whom I'd gathered was in email communication with RAW ( hi Stew, thanks for your help ), and so asked him to pass along a request for information about the Myth, possibly through contact with Mal2 himself. RAW's reply? Mal2 was dead.

It would be funky to have a printed copy of the *Apocrypha*. This work is Kopyleft, so theoretically anyone could publish it, including Steve Jackson. Hundreds of hours may have gone into this work over the years, but I haven't actually composed any ( well, most ) of the contents. I am a mere transcribe.

The Rev. DrJon  
BrisVegas, Oz, 2002  
Not Dead Yet



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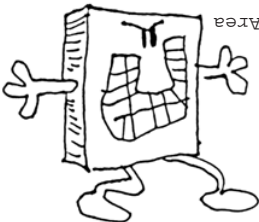
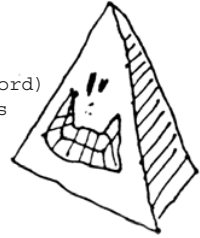
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## ***Footsteps...***

I dreamed that I was walking down the beach with the Goddess. And I looked back and saw footprints in the sand.

But sometimes there were two pairs of footprints, and sometimes there was only one. And the times when there was only one pair of footprints, those were my times of greatest trouble.

So I asked the Goddess, "Why, in my greatest need, did you abandon me?"

She replied, "I never left you. Those were the times when we both hopped on one foot." And lo, I was really embarrassed for bothering Her with such a stupid question.

[Carl Muckenhoupt, without honorary]

Never judge a man till you have walked a mile in his shoes, 'cuz by then, he's a mile away, you've got his shoes, and you can say whatever the hell you want to.

### **What is Discordianism?**

"[a *Discordian* is] one who likes to wear Emperor Norton's old clothes."

- L.A. Rollins, *Lucifer's Lexicon*

"*Discordianism* is not just a religion; it is a mental illness."

- Lord Omar Ravenhurst

"[*Discordianism* is] a sort of self-subverting Dada-Zen for Westerners."

- *The New Hacker's Dictionary*,  
edited by Eric S. Raymond

"[*Discordianism* is] a shadowy, formless anarchoterrorist cult ... a cancer which has spread widely all over the Information Superhighway. ... its tentacles reach everywhere."

- Concerned Citizens for a Safe Internet

### **The Ten Commandments of Discordia by Ginohn**

1. Thou shalt have no other house before me.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven neighbor.
3. Thou shalt not kill the Lord thy God.
4. Remember to steal the days.
5. Honor thy father in vain that thy Sabbath day may be long.
6. Thou shalt not take the name of thy mother.
7. Thou shalt not commit witness.
8. Thou shalt not keep it holy.
9. Thou shalt not bear false adultery against thy images.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's gods.

When life gives you a lemon,  
say 'Lemons? I like lemons.  
What else have you got?'

AD010

WARNING: THIS DOCUMENT HAS NOT BEEN VETTED FOR HUMOROUSNESS

## The Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

### **PART THE ONE**

As revealed to Lord [INSERT NAME HERE],  
Of the Astoundingly Annoying Alliteration Cabal (3AC)

#### **\*Disclaimer\***

Any relationship between the author(s) of this book and any person,  
living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

### **The Beginning**

(Being an Account of the End Times)

- (1) Eris appeared before me, and spake, saying "At the end of all time, all the peoples of Earth will descend into the fiery pit of hell."
- (2) And I asked, "Will following your commandments prevent this?" And Eris spake again, saying "No."
- (3) And I didst weep, for I knew then that I was doomed.
- (4) And Eris spake again, saying "Only kidding! I made that up." I didst say, "What?"
- (5) But Eris was gone, and I drunk from the Tequila bottle once again.

### **The End**

(Being An Account Of The Creation)

- (1) In the beginning, there was the Word. And the Word was "Oops!"
- (2) And Eris didst create Night and Day, and saw that it was good.
- (3) And Eris didst create Light and Dark, and saw that it was good.
- (4) And Eris didst see the fundamental illogic of the order of (2) and (3).
- (5) And Eris didst say "bugger this for a lark" and didst dispel night by creating the electric lightbulb. And Eris didst become bored, and didst leave it to another deity to sort it all out.

### **The Law Of Laws**

(Being an Account of the Law of Laws)

- (1) All laws are incorrect, except those which are correct.
- (2) All incorrect laws are correct, except those which are not.
- (3) All correct laws are incorrect, inasmuch as they are not correct, but correct, inasmuch as they may be.
- (4) All laws that may be correct are correct, unless they are otherwise.
- (5) There are always five laws.

### **Time**

Time flows like a river. Which is to say, downhill. We can tell this because everything is going downhill rapidly, including the humour of this book. It would seem prudent to be somewhere else when we reach the sea.

## The Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

### PART THE TWO

#### The Order of The Knights of The Living Dead

The order of the Knights of the living dead is an ancient order of Knights dating back about five minutes. Members of the order gain the title *Knight of the Living Dead*, and live by the motto *Brains, I must have brains!* To become a member, paint yourself green and eat anyone who you find wandering around alone at night.

#### Papal Knights

As every Discordian is a Pope (or Mome), any Discordian may become a Papal (or Momal) Knight. For extra comic effect, the Discordian should think of an amusing yet predictable shape for a table, and claim to be a Knight of it. For example: *I am Sir John Doe, Knight of the banana-shaped table.* As you can see, the banana is an amusing yet extremely predictable shape for a table to be. Alternatively, choose a silly geographical location, for example: *I am Sir John Doe, Knight of Skegness.* The final possibility is to make yourself Knight of something, much like being a patron saint: for example: *I am Sir John Doe, Knight of the Living Dead.* Becoming a Papal Knight: endless hours of fun for all the family!

#### Enlightenment

A Discordian should be confused by his enlightenment and enlightened by his confusion. Enlightenment, the Anerisians will tell you, comes from long meditation and ordered thinking. Not so. Only by fully destroying the order of your mind can the teachings of Malaclypse the Younger and Discordianism truly be understood. There are several methods for doing this. Some of the most popular and effective methods follow:

- 1) Mosh to extremely loud heavy metal music.
- 2) Take large amounts of drugs.
- 3) Spend twenty years living a hermit-like existence in the Gobi desert, while standing on your head.
- 4) Run for President, Prime Minister, Premier, or Head of State for your country.
- 5) Have a frontal lobotomy.

Preferably do all of these simultaneously (except maybe the fifth one). Many people's lives improve immeasurably after they become Drugged-Up Moshing Hermits who Stand (on their heads) for President.

---

and redeemers them for valuable coupons later.  
Gnarlytoehp, the Surfer                    sJns un0 saves nJnlnh  
With a Thousand Toes... DUDE!

you wouldn't understand.  
— It's an Elder Thing

We shall worship mighty Hastur,  
'cuz no one gets us running faster,  
when we chant Hastur Hastur Hastur,  
and that's good enough for m\*urk\*  
*munch\*munch\*munch\*munch\*munch\*munch\**

The Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

**PART THE THREE**

**Kung-Lung-Bung-Fung-Chung-Mung-Itsu-Do**

Invented by oriental Discordians in the year 555, those who know this martial art are capable of turning any fruit, vegetable, or small rodent into a deadly weapon. It is taught to all initiates of the Astoundingly Annoying Alliteration Cabal.

Kung-Lung-Bung-Fung-Chung-Mung-Itsu-Do has five belts, then five Dans for the last belt. The colours of the belts, in order, are **Mauve**, **Turquoise**, **Greeny-Purple**, **Sunset Orange** and **Cerulean**. No-one knows why there are five people who are all called Dan.

There follows a description of some of the more common moves...

**Common Kung-Lung-Bung-Fung-Chung-Mung-Itsu-Do Moves**

**Name: Akwaoao** (Midair Reverse Spinning Gerbil Slam)

**Description:** *The martial artist leaps 10 feet into the air, then throws a gerbil at an angle of precisely 16.53o to the horizontal. The gerbil will, if thrown correctly, impact with the victim's forehead at a velocity exceeding 5,000mph. If this does not achieve the desired effect, then the specially trained gerbil will burrow its way through the forehead of the victim and eat his brain.*

**Result:** The victim will have a really bad headache, lasting for up to 3 minutes.

**Name: Bollowitain** (Backwards Banana Punch)

**Description:** *The martial artist performs a backflip over his victim's head, then rams the banana up the victim's backside, really hard.*

**Result:** The victim will find it difficult to sit down, and may begin to have doubts about his sexuality.

**Name: Hackafackalacka** (Midair Backwards Reverse Spinning Banana Gerbil Punch Slam)

AD012

**Description:** *Don't even ask.*

**Result:** The final battle of the Apocalypse occurs, destroying the universe.

Acid consumes 23 times its own weight in reality. „.seufoibp reu buring me wearing her clothes? I'm not really sure how it goes, He sez, "Son, can you play me a memory? and I sang it complete when my wife caught but it's short and it's sweet, „

**Handy Dandy DISCORDIAN GREGORIAN Conversion Table**

|             |             |             |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| 2001 : 3167 | 2006 : 3172 | 2011 : 3177 | 2016 : 3182 | 2021 : 3187 |
| 2002 : 3168 | 2007 : 3173 | 2012 : 3178 | 2017 : 3183 | 2022 : 3188 |
| 2003 : 3169 | 2008 : 3174 | 2013 : 3179 | 2018 : 3184 | 2023 : 3189 |
| 2004 : 3170 | 2009 : 3175 | 2014 : 3180 | 2019 : 3185 | 2024 : 3190 |
| 2005 : 3171 | 2010 : 3176 | 2015 : 3181 | 2020 : 3186 | 2025 : 3191 |

The Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

PART THE FOUR

3AC Military Arrangements

Hearing of Kung-Lung-Bung-Fung-Chung-Mung-Itsu-Do and the Knights of the Living Dead, you might be forgiven for thinking that the 3AC has incredible martial prowess and a huge army. You would be wrong. Here is a statistical roadside breakdown repair service of the 3AC army:

**Commander:** General Sir Herbet-Gusset-Farrington-Lee

**General Staff:** 3 (General Sir Herbet-Gusset-Farrington-Lee's family)

**Kung-Lung-Bung-Fung-Chung-Mung-Itsu-Do Brigade:**  
Grand Master Iochy, age 39 (days)

**Militia Troops:**  
3 Biros  
1 Pacifist

**Knights of the Living Dead Brigade (provided under tithe):**  
1 Squirrel  
2 Stoats  
3.5 Dead Skunks

**Annual Budget:**0.5 Tonnes Flax

The Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

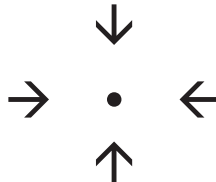
PART THE FIVE

The Philosophical Point:

This is Discordian literature, and therefore ought to have more than just humor- there really should be a philosophical point. So here it is:

THE PHILOSOPHICAL POINT

\*\*\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*\*

And if that made no sense to you then we have more in common than you might think.

\*\*\*\*\*Here Endeth The Mindfuck\*\*\*\*\*

**BloodStar Presents:**

## **Five Blind Men and an Elephant**

being by **Reverend Loveshade**, Episkopos of the Discordian  
Division of the Ek-sen-triks CluborGuild  
*who ripped it off from the Hindus/Jainists*

*(We realize that, in the era of the very late 20th Century as this is being written, the title and content of this story are politically incorrect. We apologize for any discomfort, but ask you to remember that the original story was created long before political correctness, and is not intended in any way to be offensive to elephants.)*

\*\*\*\*\*

One day five blind men, who knew nothing of elephants, went to examine one to find out what it was. Reaching out randomly, each touched it in a different spot. One man touched the side, one an ear, one a leg, one a tusk, and one the trunk. Each satisfied that he now knew the true nature of the beast, they all sat down to discuss it.

"We now know that the elephant is like a wall," said the one who touched the side. "The evidence is conclusive."

"I believe you are mistaken, sir," said the one who touched an ear. "The elephant is more like a large fan."

"You are both wrong," said the leg man. "The creature is obviously like a tree."

"A tree?" questioned the tusk toucher. "How can you mistake a spear for a tree?"

"What?" said the trunk feeler. "A spear is long and round, but anyone knows it doesn't move. Couldn't you feel the muscles? It's definitely a type of snake! A blind man could see that!" said the fifth blind man.

The argument grew more heated, and finally escalated into a battle, for each of the five had followers. This became known as the Battle of the Five Armies (not to be mistaken for the one described by that Tolkien fellow).

However, before they could totally destroy themselves, a blind, self-declared Discordian oracle came along to see what all the fuss was about. While they were beating the crap out of each other, she examined the elephant. But instead of stopping after one feel, she touched the whole thing, including the tail, which felt like a rope. "It's just a big animal with big sides, ears, feet, tusk teeth, nose and a skinny tail," she thought. "What a bunch of fools these guys are."

She then said "Stop! I have discovered the truth. I know who is right." She being an oracle and all, they stopped and listened and said "tell us!"



*Please return the stewardess to  
her original, upright position.*

## **The Book of the Second Coming of the Purple Sage** (from the Book of the Second Coming of the Purple Sage Cabal)

- 1.1 The Earth quakes and the Heavens rattle; the beasts of nature flock together and the nations of men flock apart; volcanoes usher up heat while elsewhere water becomes ice and melts; and then on other days it just rains.
- 1.2 Indeed do many things come to pass.
- 2.1 The Purple Sage will walk among us again.
- 2.2 When the third lord of the new frontier is in her seventeenth year, the Purple Sage will descend back upon the earth to redeem the faithful.
- 2.3 So it is written in the annals of Mu, and in the secret diaries of Lao Tzu.
- 2.4 Keep this prophesy always close to yr heart, and build a sacred shrine to the Purple Sage, and you shall be redeemed.
- 3.1 The Second Coming of the Purple Sage Cabal is made up of discordians and others who honor the teachings of the Purple Sage, and await the prophesised, return.
- 3.2 Or, at least that's what we tell people.



"I have examined the elephant with mine own two hands," she said, "and I find that you are all right."

"How can this be?" they asked. "Can an elephant be a wall and a fan and a tree and a spear and a snake?" And they were sorely confused.

She explained "the elephant is a great Tree, and on this tree grow leaves like great Fans to give most wondrous shade and fan the breeze. And the branches of this tree are like Spears to protect it. For this is the Tree of Creation and of Eternal Life, and the Great Serpent hangs still upon it.

"Unfortunately, it is hidden behind a great Wall, which is why it was not discovered until this very day. It cannot be reached by normal means.

"However I, in my wisdom, have discovered a Most Holy Rope, by which the wall may be climbed. And if one touches the tree in the proper manner which I alone know, you will gain Eternal Life."

They all became highly interested in this, of course.

She then named an extremely high price for her services (Eternal Life doesn't come cheap), and made quite a bundle.

*Moral: Anyone can lead blind men to an elephant, but a Discordian can charge admission.*

## The Discordian Manifesto #3

DOC # 1.07.934.2355.92140 A

We don't endorse, believe in, or even remotely agree with the insipid resolutions of any government, government branch, organization, or secret society that imposes their aneristic illusions upon the rest of civilization. We will not stand by and allow Oreos to be eaten whole. We will not stand on our heads and allow these jackals to repeatedly apply their warped sense of logic and righteousness to the rest of society. And we will not create useless Manifestos without the powerful ontological might to back them up. We will use the considerable psychological talents in our employ to destroy, assimilate, or otherwise dissemble or disable the aneristic leaders and their lemming-like followers, just as soon as tea time is done and the check is in the mail. Our psychological and ontological talents and methods far-surpass anything our aforementioned enemy has in their arse anal.

Our methods and tools include but are not limited to Abnormail (and Jake Day), Operation: Mindfuck, Nortonian Emulata, the Pineal Gland, Frank Zappa, and five others that general readers of this manifesto are probably not cleared to hear about. To illustrate the fact that we fear not the Greyface Aneristics that we demonstrate, remonstrate, and castrate against, we will describe each of the less classified methods mentioned above. You may consider them threats, if you like, or Pez, if that's more your flavor.

Abnormail is the unofficial communique between Cabals that Discordians employ. Through it, ideas, ideals, schemes, schemas, fnords, fnordites, designs, developments, mindfucks, meanderings, dirty jokes, magistrates, root beer, cannabis tips, chain letters, homicide evidence, frumps, forms, documents, busyness cards, and other DisOrganizational MemoRios are disseminated, reseeded and inseminated into and throughout the Discordian Mindfield. With the advent and increased popularity of the Internet, the once non-existent eAbnormal has reinserted a never-before seen dimension into Discordian communique. With absurd ease, any half-rate goon who calls herhimitselt a Discordian can go online and espouse herhisits views and claim to be "a Discordian", or, for that matter, a "Discordien". This can only further our cause.

Abnormail (and, by natural progression and selection, eAbnormail) has plenty of uses besides sharing information, though. One of these is "Jake Day". One (or five, for that matter) declares a Jake Day upon any induhvial who decides, in their infinite wisdumb, to say or do something that any Discordian Pope decides he doesn't like (if a Discordian Mome decides She hears something She doesn't like, well, Eris help you). At this point, the Pope will contact all the other Popes Who Know They're Popes and Probably All the Momes Who Know They're Momes, Too, and they (or most of them) will proceed to Jake the Fuck out of the poor induhvial who said or did the Jakeable Offense.

A Jake is performed as follows: Once all the Popes, Momes, Non-Prophets, Freaks, Drug Fiends, and Reverends who are in on the Jake agree on a day, they bombard the Jake-ee with multitudes of flyers, pamphlets, letters, stickers or some creative thingies that I can't think of right now. All these must (or should or don't have to) in some or any way chastise, approve of in an over-the-top way, or go off on some tangent about Leprechauns or some such thing. Above all, Leprechauns or Knot, each Jake must or should or doesn't have to have some enlightening effect on the induhvial being Jaked.

AD016

**The Discordian Manifesto #3**

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To date, we have held 23 and one-half DisOrganization Almost-But-Not-Quite-Wide Jakes, and only three of the victims took their own lives (this is 6 better than our closest alternate reality where -3 people took their lives). Five others became recluses, one went on a killing spree, and the remaining individuals were recruited as Liddell Deluded Dupes into the Randy Caboose Cabal of Minnesota and Massachusetts Proper.

Operation: Mindfuck is another of our methods to attempt to enlighten the general public hairs into the knowledge, benefits, and obsessions associated with prolonged and aggravated Pineal Gland Whoreship and the General All-Around Glory of Basking in Eris' Glow. Several examples of mindfucks follow:

The 23 Apples of Eris mailed out handfuls of those beepy things that prevent rightful theft from stores. We found a whole box full of them near a Dumpster behind Best Buy, and we mailed them to just about every shop in the mall. Ensued two entire days of mind-blowing chaos. You'd figure after the first few went off, they'd hold the mail UP OVER the beepy thing controller. That's what we'd do, isn't that what you'd do? They didn't. Our favorite part was sitting in the mall yelling "MAIL CALL!" whenever a buzzer went off. We had a Grand Ol' Time with our Slushies and actually danced a maddening jig in front of Spencer's.

One Easter, the Sacred Chao Ranch Cabal hid plastic Easter eggs all over the mall, supermarkets, museums, churches, etc. that had enlightening fortunes trapped inside. The fortunes were along the lines of "This is an unfertilized egg", "The PA lottery number for 5-23-97 will be 17-32-5", "You picked the 10 of Clubs", "25 cents off of LUCKY CHARMS", and "You are pregnant (replace egg if you are a man)".

The 23rd Street Cabal created an official-looking Ticket to the End of the World that proclaimed that the "Date and Time will not be announced" and that there were to be "No Refunds", then proceeded to insert them into every Reader's Digest and TV Guide they could find. Hopefully it was a nice wholesome supplement to that hilarious "Humor in Uniform".

Hyperdiscordia chronicles their efforts at fnording (writing the word "Fnord" inside) the pyramid on the backs of all the one dollar bills that pass through their hands and encourage other Discordians to do the same. I'm not quite sure who could be enlightened by this, but it sure is both weird and fun, and thus Discordian. Max Flax also mailed 203 numbered sheep erasers to an individual in de-incremental order, one a day. If that doesn't invite enlightenment, you are dealing with a cabbage and stop wasting your time and your stamps.

Of course, R.A. Wilson is full of old Mindfucks such as disseminating POPE cards (THE BEARER OF THIS CARD IS A GENUINE AND AUTHORIZED P O P E So Please Treat Him Right GOOD FOREVER), bumper stickers (Smash The Government Postal Monopoly), and letters to congressmen from the Citizens Against Drug Abuse encouraging them to outlaw the dangerous drug "catnip".

As you can see, Operation: Mindfuck takes on many randomly delirious forms and we encourage all those friendly to the cause to create their own Mindfucks and pass them on to brethren. Just remember that the only strategy that an opponent cannot predict is a random strategy, so do not rinse and repeat with the same group of individuals.

## The Discordian Manifesto #3

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If the memme did not take the first time, it won't take the second time, either, and you must try a different method, or a different memme. You know you are an Aneristic if you find this idea appalling, and we want you to know that you will be one of the first against the wall when the revolution comes.

Nortonian Emulata is another tool we will use to increase our numbers and confound the helpless Aneristics. Nortonian Emulata is the emulation of Emperor Norton I of San Francisco. One should seek information on this great man for further information, sublimation, and enlightenment.

The Pineal Gland is a private hotline to Eris. Just as the Catholic Pope has his private hotline to YHWH, so does each Discordian Pope to Eris. It is through this pipeline that Eris funnels enlightened bits of data and encourages us to share it with others in the vain-glorious hope that one of the many will become enlightened thereof.

As you have probably figured out, some people have cleaner, less clogged pipelines than others do. These are the missionaries (and that's what we are, let's face it) who put out the necessary data for enlightenment, straight from the Pineal to the Brain Stem to the Hands. So if you ever hear one Mome say to another, "Mine's bigger than yours," don't automatically assume she is a transvestite (though, don't rule out that possibility either. Discordianism attracts a wide variety of interesting and sweet people, and I've known plenty of interesting, sweet transvestites), she could just be egging the other Mome on with some high-grade Discordian-Brand Draino and trying to coerce the poor infertile to blossom into a proper channel for the Goddess.

Speaking of pipeline, that's where the Bobbies lost track. Former Discordians, the Bobbies are now part of an organization known as The Church of the SubGenius. They Whoreship a pipe smoking Father Figure known only as "Bob". They're more irritating than we are, and not even in a good way. Anyway, during the last big UnMeeting they heard "pipe", but not "line". Now they smoke Discordian-Brand Draino instead of using it to clean their clogs, and therefore are filled with a mindless, robotic lethargy known as "SLACK". Some "get it", I must admit, but users of even the strongest religious Chrystal-MethOdist, Lutheran.Sufi.Druidism. or Pentacostal.Catholic.Protestant. should beware the SubGenii. In a phrase, they're fucking nuts.

Frank Zappa is anything but self-explanatory, so we don't need to waste any precious space on that subject.

So you can well see that we DO have the arms, legs, and tails to battle Aneristics. Everyone knows that guerrilla-style fighting has been successfully used in many past wars by the smaller, weaker opponents of large armies. Our ontology is guerrilla ontology. Our beans are not your buns. Our methods are ruthlessly beneficial to Yeti, Spotted Owls, and Fruitbats. Our carrots help your vision and Eris-Damn any Aneristic Greyface who says differently!

We screw with your mind until you come to your senses! As our friends at Chaos Faction Fnu say, we confuse you, and confusing you forces you to THINK, and there just isn't enough thinking being done. So we FORCE you to think.

**The Discordian Manifesto #3**

DOC # 1.07.934.2355.92140 D

We're the ones who put a Cap Gun to your head and recite Beowulf while looking at you quizzically, waiting for you to respond. You don't know what to do. Best case scenario, your Robot short-circuits because it was not programmed to deal with this sort of Situation. And so your Robot gives up - it FAILS YOU! You! You who dedicated your life to it; let it have everything. It just gives up. And all of the sudden, you're robotless in a robot world, and you become an outsider looking in. An enlightened individual. A suprahumyn among humans. One of Us. One of WE.

And who are "we"? When we say "we", do we mean "whee!" we? Do we mean, "wee-wee"? No. When we say "we", we mean we as in Prince Mu-Chao. When we say "we", we mean the 23 Apples of Eris. When we say "we", we mean the Randy Caboose Cabal. When we say "we" we mean the Discordian Society. When we say "we" we mean that distinct association of Eris Freaks aneristics fear deeply. When we say "we", we mean every POPE on the planet.

That means when we say "we", we mean you, too, whether you're a Discordian or not. Even as you walk through the eggs, you are us and we are you and Sonny is Cher and Burt is Ernie and PENN IS TELLER! Except Penn talks, of course, whereas Teller does not, but aside from that, PENN IS TELLER!

We'll explain that egg thing later on in our manifesto, but for now let's pause for a quick word from Garry's Used Transmissions in Gleyland, IN, USA: 400-03283A xmission, good shape, TFORD150, \$425. Will take best offer.

Now that that's over with, we want to talk a Liddell bit about cabbages. These aren't ordinary, everyday cabbages you see in stew pots all across the Boston area and it's suburbs, no, these are much more insidious beings because they mask their identity. Actually, THEY don't mask their identity, some aneristic organization that shall remain nameless (The Bavarian Illuminati) is dressing them up in clothes and trying to pass them off as human. This isn't a joke, stop laughing. Look around you sometime. Use your third eye, if you must, but you should be able to recognize them without it. Cabaret Discordia goes into it further on their webpage, but you have to find it. Consult your pineal gland.

It is for this very reason that in the initiation rites to become a Discordian, we ask the initiate point blank, with our bare faces hanging out, "ARE YOU A HUMAN BEING AND NOT A CABBAGE OR SOMETHING?" They usually answer "No," in confusion, then "Yes," once they realize what they said. Or sometimes they say "YES," right off and scare us a Liddell with their wit and vigor. Other times they say maybe and temporarily temporally confound us. The key to rooting out cabbages is in here somewhere, in case you're interested.

As if battling natural human stupidity wasn't enough, we also have to contend with the Bavarian Illuminati in all their guises, and replacing humans with cabbages disguised as humans is just one of their many missions to piss us off. You can find out more about the Bavarian Illuminati by infiltrating your local PTA or by getting a job with the insidious Snapple Corporation.

The next, last, final, end-all-be-all, defining question in your pea-sized Liddell brain is obvious to enlightened people such as us: "Why?"

## The Discordian Manifesto #3

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We'll tell you why, and tell you why in spades (as opposed to diamonds, which are almost as valuable as flax, and therefore are not freely given away to anybody, let alone to you).

The reason we go through all this trouble is because some Greyface, years and years ago, decided that order was good and that chaos was bad. This resulted in a tipping of the Hodge into the Podge, the breaking of their respective eggs, and an all-around yolky mess. We told you we'd come back to the egg thing. We bet you forgot, didn't you? Its not like we're writing a five hundred page book here, pal, at least you could PAY ATTENTION and TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING instead of diddling yourself and SKIMMING THROUGH our all-encompassing Manifesto. Or, at least, the third version of our all-encompassing manifestoes.

Anyway, you'd think, with a mess like that on the floor (we're back to the eggs again, now PAY ATTENTION), someone would come by and pick it up. No. Instead, for a long time (a Liddell more than 5 years and a Liddell less than 5 million) everyone just walked right on through it, tracking it all over the house, getting it on the rug, the end table... even the beds. Especially the beds. The beds are a fucking mess.

I'm sure you can see where we're going with this. We are the janitors. We clean up the egg after all of you people. If it wasn't for us, your carma would have run over dogma and GodMa would have waxedma sorely pissedma! And you don't want Her to do that let ME tell YOU!

Anyway, we clean up after you, century after century, hoping against hope you'll look down, blush, and say "Oopsie". Every once in a while one of you does just that and we celebrate with orangutan yogurt and gingersnaps, but most of the time you just walk right through it with your glazed eyes staring at whatever fantasy you've constructed around yourself. (In case you're thinking us bad people at this point, let me 'splain that orangutan yogurt is not made OF orangutan but by orangutan. We'd never eat orangutan. Most of the orangutans we know are smarter, friendlier, and better looking than you are. DEATH TO THE FOOTNOTE!)

These fantasies are not even unique to each individual. These are fantasies you have inherited, our friend, inherited from other Liddell Deluded Dupes you listen to on the radio or on television. These are not yours, these are the novelist's, these are the journalist's, these are the minister's!

You won't let them go, though, will you? No, you'll find this manifesto taped to a ticking package in your mailbox and what will you do? Well, you sure as hell won't read it like you should. You won't even get this far. You'll immediately panic after reading the first few paragraphs as the ticking escalates and call the government to come and protect you from us. As if they could even protect themselves!

And that's your fatal flaw. You may have left your parent's home, but you always have a foster parent to look after you. If it's not your parents, it's your god or your government or your drill sergeant or your spouse. You have absolutely no control over your life because you intentionally GAVE IT UP and you will not, under your present state of unbeing, even want to think about taking it back unless we give you a bit of a nudge and whisper, "Hey, partner, you're a FUCKING LEMMING, WAKE UP!"

### The Discordian Manifesto #3

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But we got threatened with jail by your foster parent for going up to people and doing that. Especially when we did it to the pig. So we have to be more subtle. We have to be more suave and under-the-table about this whole mess, or we share a cell with outcasts that were even rejected by YOUR society (which, come to think of it, probably make them pretty good people).

No, a ticking package in your mailbox isn't what we want to send you. We know how that turns out. Instead, this manifesto IS the ticking package and if you've made it this far, we've already deposited it in you for GOOD. You're going to think back to this document after a few days. You won't be able to get it out of your mind. It'll scratch at your skull like an Oh Mickey Your So ERIS-DAMNED 80's song!

We know you. You'll be saying, "Not me. They weren't talking to me. I'm not like that. I'm not a robot, and no one is my foster parent. I'm my own person," is what you'll say to yourself over and over and you'll work yourself into a frenzy over it and do you want to know why? Hmm? Do you really want to know why? BECAUSE IT'S TRUE, IDIOT! You ARE deluding yourself and you know it, you just won't admit it, not even to yourself, let alone anybody else.

You certainly won't admit it to us. Not your accusers! Not the people that handed you enlightenment on a silver platter and wiped the foamy drool off your lip with a fucking WET NAP! Do you remember what happened to that guy in the Bible with the Puerto Rican name? He was passing off enlightenment too, Bubba. That's what happens to people like us when we try to help people like you. And yet we still do it. Ayn Rand sure would hate us.

It's for these reasons that we haven't yet restored the Hodge Podge of the Yin Yang; it's for these reasons that we call you Liddell Deluded Dupes; it's for these reasons that we haven't seen Under Siege 5 yet; it's for these reasons that we have gone on and on in this manifesto, always typing but never actually saying anything; and it's for these very reasons that Jeremiah was a bullfrog.

Do you believe that?

penned by Prince Mu-Chao and other 23AE dismembers

HEY! THAT'S NOT HAIKU,  
YOU'RE JUST COUNTING SYLLABLES!  
STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!

**CORRECTION:**  
Please disregard the Principia  
Discordia ver. 23. The entire document  
was misspelled. The correct spelling  
is "Ralph". Sorry for the convenience.

*Principia Discordia ver.17 Team*

His philosophy was a mixture of three famous schools – the Cynics, the Stoics and the Epicureans – and summed up all three of them in his famous phrase, "You can't trust any bugger further than you can throw him, and there's nothing you can do about it, so let's have a drink."

# Morning Devotions

from the summa discordia

When selecting your socks each morning, recite the following:-

"I am choosing these socks to cover my feet  
 By choosing these socks, I have both chosen to wear them  
     And chosen not to wear others  
     Even if I just reached in my sock drawer  
     And selected a pair at random  
 I chose to abstain from actively choosing  
     And that too is a choice  
     It does not matter if these socks match or do not  
 It does not matter if these socks are comfortable or are not  
     It does not matter if these socks have holes or do not  
     I will wear them all day  
 Unless they get wet or too smelly or start to piss me off  
     Then I will choose to wear other socks  
         (Or none at all,  
         Which is another choice)  
     But for now, I have chosen these socks  
     To cover my feet."

repeat for each article of clothing until it takes you four hours to get dressed every morning and/or really creeps out your cohabitators.

A woman without a fish is like a man without a bicycle.

### ERISIAN HOLY RUM CAKE

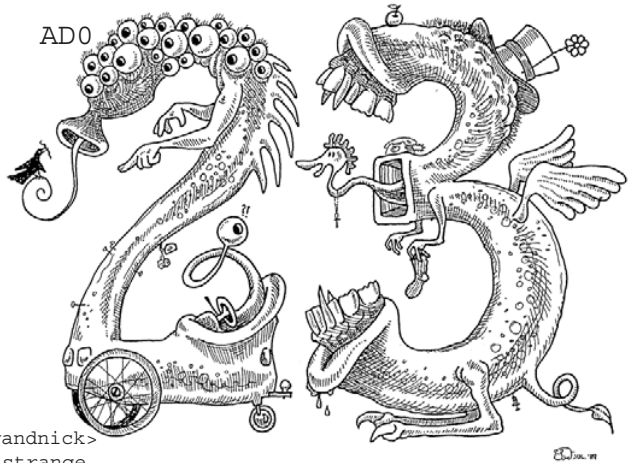
for use in all rituals

- |                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1 or 2 quarts rum | baking powder |
| 1c. butter        | 1tsp. soda    |
| 1tsp. sugar       | lemon juice   |
| 2 large eggs      | brown sugar   |
| 1c. dried fruit   | nuts          |

Before you start, sample the rum to check for quality. Good, isn't it? Now go ahead. Select a large mixing bowl, measuring cup, etc. Check the rum again. It must be just right. To be sure rum is of the highest quality, pour one level cup of rum into a glass and drink it as fast as you can. Repeat. With an electric mixer, beat 1 cup butter in a large fluffy bowl. Add 1 seaspoon of thugar and beat again. Meanwhile, make sure that the rum is of the finest quality- try another cup. Open second quart, if necessary. Add 2 arge leggs, 2 cups fried druit and beat till high. If druit gets stuck in beaters, just pry it loose with a drewscriver. Sample the rum again, checking for tonscisticity. Next sift 3 cups of pepper or salt (it really doesn't matter which). Sample the rum again. Sift 1/2 pint lemon juice. Fold in chopped butter and strained nuts. Add one babblespoon of brown thugar, or whatever color you can find. Wix mell. Grease oven and turn cake pan to 350 gredees. Now pour whole mess into the coven and ake. Check the rum again, and bo to bed.

If you hit a man over the head with a fish, he'll have a headache for a day. But if you teach a man to hit himself over the head with a fish, he'll have headaches for the rest of his life.





From: mojospuud <sandyandnick>  
Newsgroups: alt.23is.strange  
Subject: **Captain Clark welcomes you aboard...**  
Content-Transfer-Encoding: 7bit  
Date: Fri Aug 31 00:03:17 1990  
X-Accept-Language: en  
Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii  
Organization: Spam-0-Rama Cold Storage  
Mime-Version: 1.0

Flight 23 is cruising at a depth of 2300 alts, who be monkey's pate? Swim in the gelatinous goo of Spam's can, but avoid treacherous trisquits and their snacky smacky plappy ilk. Sate thy hunger. Baked Beans on thy plate. HOOZAMBA HOP ON POP. Oh... Biffy... stop, please stop! Michael Milken Junk Bond Queen, Helen Reddy Angie sings. Bill Clinton, or Bil Baggins? Where has all the money gone, I wonder if I left it in my Other Pants... Little Betty Whimsy on his skate-board dream machine flying flying flying a hawk less mean unscene walking through the screen door and getting us all in trouble NO MORE MONTY PYTHON PATRICIDE. Is Steve McQueen really dead? Perhaps he lives in Bogata with Amelia Earhardt and Flip Wilson. I read it on alt.wispy along with a poem about goiters and a recipe for bongwater gumbo. LOL IMHO ROTFLMAO FWIW WWJD FOAD HEY YOU KIDS GET OFF MY LAWN! Time to put the Christmas Lites up so I can start needling Bob across the street and when the Hell is Jack going to get that goddam eyesore of a boat off his driveway? And the homeowners scum also rises like the murk in a cooler like the sludge at the bottom of a cold cup of forgotten turkish coffee.. Does anyone drink coffee anymore? Alan Greenspan does. Steve McQueen did (does). Strom Thurmond does not. Ricky Martin drinks Budweiser and smokes unfiltered camels he thinks the world is his ashtray just like the polar bear moose in the chinese restaurant. I saw him order birds nest soup and I thought what a foolish bear-moose or should I say moose-bear I don't care but what will The Ranger say?

YOGI LIVES.

El Spud de Mojo

"Flossing is like Zen." Chris of Berkeley

[ By popular demand, here's a detailed description of the soon to be publicly distributed Discordian Deck. All the meanings listed are our own interpretations only and not to be taken as canon or anything. ]

## A Description of the Discordian Tarot Deck

as discovered by Max Flax Beeblewax and (boing!) Chnoocy Mosque O'Witz

### MAJOR TRUMPS

Card Format: name on bottom. arabic number on top middle. mayan number on left and right upper corners.

- 1: **The Sacred Cow:** a cow. Speech balloon says "mu".  
*meaning:* a sacred cow.
- 2: **A Pope:** a pope card.  
*meaning:* querent, or anybody really.
- 3: **The Initiate:** a hand holding a book, reading. Letter in book is "T".  
*meaning:* someone looking for knowledge or at the beginning of a journey.
- 4: **The Illuminate:** a hand writing a book. Letter in book is "E".  
*meaning:* someone who has gained knowledge or completed a journey.
- 5: **The Believer:** a sheep.  
*meaning:* someone who accepts ideas.
- 6: **The Skeptic:** a dragon.  
*meaning:* someone who rejects ideas.
- 7: **Flower:** a five-petaled flower, with pistil and stamen evident.  
*meaning:* sex, drugs, and hedonic pursuits.
- 8: **The Trout:** a fish with a hat on.  
*meaning:* silliness, laughter, surrealism.
- 9: **Conspiracy:** silhouettes at a table.  
*meaning:* There's a plot behind coincidences.
- 10: **Joker:** traditional playing-card joker.  
*meaning:* wild card.
- 11: **Net of Synchronicity:** lines connect circles near a mystical face.  
*meaning:* There's a cosmic force behind coincidences.
- 12: **Discordian Deck:** information about the deck.  
*meaning:* this deck, or self-referentialism.
- 13: **The Big Bang:** a stylized circular explosion.  
*meaning:* Eristic Creation.
- 14: **The Great Pyramid:** a pyramid in front of a horizon.  
*meaning:* Aneristic Creation.
- 15: **Radioactivity:** radioactivity symbol.  
*meaning:* Aneristic Destruction.
- 16: **The Tower of Babel:** decomposing rectangle containing Genesis 11:7.  
*meaning:* Eristic Destruction.
- 17: **The Discordian Society:** a golden-apple flag on a slanted forked stick.  
*meaning:* Eristic group or groups.
- 18: **The Bavarian Illuminati:** an eye/pyramid flag on a vertical pointed stick.  
*meaning:* Aneristic group or groups.
- 19: **Greyface:** a bearded man in robes kneeling with a compass.  
*meaning:* someone on the all-order trip.
- 20: **Eris:** a wild-haired girl dancing.  
*meaning:* someone on the all-disorder trip.
- 21: **The Golden Apple:** an apple with "kallisti" on it in greek letters.  
*meaning:* Eristic forces.
- 22: **The Pentagon:** a thick pentagon, pointing sideways.  
*meaning:* Aneristic forces.
- 23: **The Sacred Chao:** The Sacred Chao  
*meaning:* The Sacred Chao

**MINOR TRUMPS**

Card Format: for D, S, C, and A, name on bottom. In upper left and upper right corners, suit symbol then number/letter.

**Suits:**

The suits are named after the five basic Discordian elements. They correspond to the five senses, the five Aristotelian elements, and every other five you can find lying around. Try figuring out which of your toes is the "Prickle" toe some time when you're feeling inspired.

**Sweets:** Taste, Water, Pleasure  
(a drop of water or tongue, with a smile)

**Booms:** Hearing, Air, Action  
(an ear-shaped cloud)

**Pungents:** Smell, Aether, Intensity  
(a dark circle with two smaller circles inside it next to each other, like infinity or a snout)

**Prickles:** Touch, Earth, Conformity  
(5 lines coming up off a horizontal base)

**Oranges:** Sight, Fire, Bizarreness  
(an upward-pointing eyelike crescent)

**Faces:**

**Z:** (zip) blank card except for corners:

A lack of whatever the suit means.

**1:** one of the symbol.

A good amount of whatever.

**2:** two of the symbol, one above the other.

Shared whatever.

**3:** three of the symbol, in a vertical line.

Imbalance of whatever.

**4:** four of the symbol, in a square.

Excess whatever.

**O:** Onomatopoeia.

A moment of whatever,

or the sense of the suit.

*O of Sweet:* MMMMM

*O of Boom:* whoosh

*O of Pungent:* O

*O of Prickle:* thud

*O of Orange:* wow

**D:** Day. The days of the Discordian week, and the time of a spiritual day.

**Sweetmorn:**

A Sweet symbol poking over the horizon, with an arrow upwards. The happy beginning of something.

**Boomtime:**

A Boom symbol in front of a circle. The hectic morning, or the starting work of something.

**Pungenday:**

A shining Pungent symbol above a horizon. The noon meditation or the central point of a task or project.

**Prickle-Prickle:**

Two overlapping Prickle symbols. A physical afternoon, a siesta, a non-thinking time.

**Setting Orange:**

An Orange symbol half-visible over the horizon, with an arrow downwards. The end of the day and the cast party after a project.

**S:** Season.

The Seasons from the Discordian Calendar.

**Chaos:** No illusions

**Discord:** Eristic Illusion

**Confusion:** Conflict between both Illusions

**Bureaucracy:** Aneristic Illusion

**The Aftermath:** Playing with Illusions

**A:** Apostle of Eris.

**Hung Mung,**

**Dr. Van Van Mojo,**

**Saint Gulik,**

**Zarathud, and**

**Malaclypse the Elder.**

Pics scanned straight outta the Principia. May mean someone who embodies the whatever.

**C:** Cow. **A Cow.** May symbolize someone

in the midst of whatever, but not actually affected by it.

Pope Max Flax Beeblewax, KSC, DSM, ULC  
5-College Discordian Society of Saint Rufus

B. E. T. E. O. P. O. D. H. E. A. H. D. R. A. D. D.

# **Sacred Erisian High Mass**

of the  
Krispy Kreme Kabal  
designed by the Reverend DM Psiqosys  
\*\*\*\*\*

**LET IT BE KNOWN** that this Mass contains mystical secrets of an order previously unknown to this piece of paper.

**LET IT BE KNOWN** that this Mass is of the Highest Order and the Inner Circle and the Upper Echelon, and as such should be reproduced in full or in part only by those who wish to do so.

**LET IT BE KNOWN** that this Mass may be performed by five persons, provided those five persons are willing to perform. The five officiating ritualists are referred to by the following titles: High Holy Boss of Religion, Great Overseer of Forbidden Arcana, Omnipotent Matriarch/Patriarch of The Mystic Realms, Most Divine Empirical Pedagogical Wizard, and Head Enchilada of Miscellany. Collectively, the five officiating ritualists are second in power only to Goddess Herself, or to any members of the congregation present at the Mass. To save space, the five officiating ritualists shall henceforth be referred to as simply #1, #2, etc.

## **ACT I: The Climactic Sacrament of Ecstatic Communion**

(all members of the congregation mob around the altar and receive communion of Orange juice, dispensed by #2, and Donuts (preferably jelly), dispensed by #3. As each congregant receives their portion of the Hostess, they should place their minds into a meditative state by thinking impure thoughts about Goddess, or another member of the congregation.)

#5: And Goddess spake: "And when you, my children, have wandered through the night and grown hungry, you shall behold the holy beacon of the donut shop, wherein thou shalt consume donuts in my name."

#4: "And you shall fear not the cops and drunkards which abound at such all-night eateries, for they too seek my glory, though they find it not solely through the rites of eating donuts."

#1: "But you, my children, have beheld the mysteries of the Golden Apple, and quaffed the pleasant-tasting syrup which flows from within."

#5: "For the uninitiated shall not know the full meaning of KALLISTI, for they do not understand Greek!"

#4: "And if you, my child, understand Greek, make sure you use some (ahem) protection!"

(Officials may ad-lib further, or simply remain silent, depending on how ugly the crowd gets, until everyone has taken communion.)

## **ACT II: The Invocation and Sycophantic Supplication unto Goddess**

#1: We are gathered here today in the sight of Goddess in order that we might conduct the Sacred High Mass of Eris.

#2: Hail Eris, Full of Grace!

#3: Holy Queen of Outer Space!

#4: Leading Lady of This Place!

#4: Hail Eris, Full of Grace!

#5: Hail Eris, Lady of Chaos!

#3: Hail Eris!

All: All Hail Discordia!

AD026

**ACT III: The Sacred Litany**

**All:** I say, my dog has no nose!

**#2:** No nose?!? How does he smell?!?

**All:** Bloody awful!

**#1:** LET IT BE KNOWN that Dog spelled backwards is goD!

**#4:** LET IT BE KNOWN that Cow spelled backwards is woC!

**#3:** LET IT BE KNOWN that Pterodactyl spelled backwards is difficult to pronounce!

**All:** And that's the fact, Jack!

**ACT IV: The Benevolent Adoration and Implied Genuflection**

**#5:** And Goddess spoke, saying "I just flew in from Nirvana".

**#2:** And boy, was that a noisy airplane!

**#4:** And the servant of Goddess sought to know Her, and soon found ineffable bliss.

**#1:** And boy, were his arms tired!

**#3:** Let the simulated crowd noise commence!

**All:** Watermelon cantelope watermelon cantelope (etc. etc.)

**ACT V: THE MALEVOLENT BENEDICTION AND SPEWING FORTH OF THE HOLY LAWS**

**#2:** (shouting over the simulated crowd noise):

And when Goddess heard the crowds growing restless, She realized they lacked direction.

**#3:** And direction She gave them! Goddess towered above the confused hordes, and gave them the twenty-three commandments!

(#3 raises hands dramatically, and simulated crowd noise immediately ceases.)

**#1:** Thou shalt have other Goddesses before dinnertime!

**All:** Or not!

**#4:** Thou shalt worship worship worship idols!

**All:** Or not!

**#5:** Thou shalt take the Lord's name in vain!

**All:** And what if we don't, GODDAMMIT?!?!?

**#3:** Thou shalt drink beer and listen to old Black Sabbath albums!

**All:** Or not!

**#2:** If participating in the three-legged race at the next family reunion, strive for Honorable Mention!

**All:** Or not!

**#1-#5** simultaneously: KILL! MURDER! MAIM! DESTROY! (x5)

**All:** Get serious!

**#4:** Sorry, wrong religion. Thou shalt not commit adulthood!

**All:** Pretty pleeeeeeeeeeeez?!?

**#2:** Well, maybe, if you eat all your peas. Thou shalt go around stealing people in the face for no particular reason.

**All:** I think not!

**#3:** Agreed. Thou shalt not watch America's Most Wanted in hopes of seeing thine next-door neighbor.

**All:** Agreed!

**#1:** Thou shalt not, under any circumstance, read this sentence aloud.

**All:** Blasphemer! Blasphemer! Blasphemer!

**#5:** And if you have enjoyed these commandments, and wish to receive more, send 1-800-555-3747 to the post office box not eligible to VISA or Mastercard owners. Allow \$23.93 for delivery, C.O.D's void with your complementary gift.

**All:** Thank you all, and have a nice day!

**THE ASTROFUNGUSTICON**

being a book of the Church of Astrofungus

**Part the One**

1. They came from outer space and within Them They contain The Messages. These messages are not for good nor evil, or any of that mysterious crap. They are just There.

2. And upon Their arrival They lodged themselves within the Firmament, the Earth and the Sky and the Ocean, spreading ThemSelves throughout the Microcosmos and the Macrocosmos, and so They are a part of All Things. And They bear these Names

- The Astrofungus (of Outer Space)
- The Firmanofungus (of the Firmament)
- The Geofungus (of the Earth)
- The Aerofungus (of the Air and Sky)
- The Aquafungus (of the Waters)
- The Microfungus (of Us All)
- The Macrofungus (of All Our Surroundings)

3. Each Name exists within the other Names, for They All bear the Messages and serve the same purposes. For does not water fall from the sky to be soaked up by the earth? And do the stars not exist beyond the solid blue of the sky? And do not All Of Those Things continue within or without us? Ask your questions and the Fungus shall answer.

4. The Messages may not be clearly understood at first, but those of us who have recieved a Message can see others who are the same. For we are all part of The Same Thing You Know? And those who have heard not the Message Just Don't Understand, they Just Don't Get It.

5. And Lo! We are all part of this Thing, even those who bear no Message, for we all make up the Macrofungus and the Microfungus is a part of each of us. We must strive to see Their Messages in all of the World, even those most mundane of creatures and things, and to Learn of the One Great Message.

6. There are no Boss-Gods of the 5 Churches, for we shall seek to recieve the Messages borne by and of the Micro- and Macro- Funguses. And when we find the Words within ourselves to describe the Messages we have received we shall strive to communicate Them to others. And if these others Just Don't Get It we shall be patient and say "Who Gives A Shit Anyway" and change the subject.

Ponder upon what you have read, make your thoughts to be part of All Things, and Share Your Joy.

Buckets the Dwarf  
the High Priest of Astrofungus

Mathematicians, beware  
the sine of the beast!

Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone renounced violence forever? I could then conquer the whole stupid planet with just a butter knife.

*If trees could scream,  
would we be so cavalier  
about cutting them down?*

**We might, if they  
screamed all the time  
for no good reason.**

## Sermon from My Mouth

*[This sermon was transcribed by Nosmo King, at the Eris Esoterica Revival Tent and Miracle Medicine Show, Skokie, Indiana, 1972, only hours before his mysterious disappearance in a Skokie Howard Johnsons. The tape recorder was found in a ladies' room stall, where King was last seen. I have endeavored to preserve the atmosphere of the sermon by joining the assembled throng in their fervent responses. - Ed.]*

Brothers and sisters...

Brothers and sisters, it is a cold world we live in - cold-ah! Where brother turns against brother! Sister against sister! Parent against child! Neighbor hates neighbor! Nations against nation! Man bites dog! And-ah, brothers and sisters-ah, I know why! I know why this happens! There is a rea-son-ah! A REAson-ah. Y'all listen close now, brothers, sisters and children of Our Lady!

The reason is that people are sure-ah! They are firm in their beliefs! Their beliefs-ah! Their BELIEFS-ah! For out there, in the Land of Thud, every man is an island of surety! ["No!" - Ed.] Security! ["No!" - Ed.] Sobriety! ["NOOOO!" - Ed.] Every man is sure of up and down! ["No!" - Ed.] Right and left-ah! ["No!" - Ed.] Right and wrong-ah! ["No!" - Ed.] And I can hear you out there-ah, sayin'-ah "Say it ain't so, Reverend! Say it ain't so, Brother Alleluja! SAY IT AIN'T SO-ah!"

But it is, my children. So it is.

And you say-ah, so you say-ah, "Reverend! What can we do-ah? What can we do-ah?" You say, "We are helpless, Reverend, against the Big World-ah and its jails-ah and its Bibles-ah and its policemen-ah and its firemen-ah, its doctors-ah, nurses-ah, Indian chiefs-ah, people in uniform-ah! People in **authority**-ah! The cold truth-ah! The ugly **fact**-ah! The harsh **REALITY**-ah..."

Reverend, there are **LAWYERS** out there-ah!"

Lawyers out there-ah!

Lawyers out there-ah!

Now I know your fear, brothers and sisters. I have felt your fear-ah. I know your pain. But you are not alone-ah! You are not helpless-ah! You are not alone because our Lady is with you-ah! Gimme a Hail Eris ["Hail Eris!" - Ed.] Gimme a HO-sanna! ["Hosanna!" - Ed.] Let me hear the word on the apple-ah! ["KALLISTI!" - Ed.]

Now y'all listen to me, brothers and sisters! I have it from on high-ah! I have the word from on HIGH-ah! I would tell you that I have it on good authority - but there is no such thing as good authority-ah - I have it from on high-ah that there is something you can do about it! Tell me what the word is-ah! ["KALLISTI!" - Ed.]

*[At this point, the Right Irreverent Reverend Allelujah Terata began to shake, shudder and drool. In his spastic thrashings he upset the podium and water pitcher, and it became apparent to all concerned that, from the way he was banging his head against the altar service and foaming at the mouth, he was either channeling for his 5,000 year old Abyssinian spirit guide, Godspo Hasken, or he was very tired and cranky and should be tucked immediately into bed. He then stopped, stood up, and addressed the congregation in a voice which was almost but not entirely just like a voice which sounded remarkably like his own, if he were trying to sound like someone else. Godspo had arrived. - Ed.]*

All right children, listen up. It's not enough to say you are a worshipper of Our Lady. It is not enough to simply *claim*; you must *act*! Without plan, for orderly planning reeks of the Stinky Finger of Thud, while spontaneity is the sparkling flatulence of Our Lady of Little Surprises. It is your responsibility...no, your duty...no, that's not right either...It's **lots of fun** to upset the equilibrium of the placid, plodding, sure-footed Thuddites with a bit of mystery – and *irritating* mystery at that!

What Brother Allelujah was trying to get around to in his long-winded way was this: people who are sure they're right are trouble, and are the typhoid carriers of the Curse of Greyface. Therefore, they are responsible for all the troubles of the world. So, the only way to combat them is to attempt to make them unsure of everything. The most commonplace things. **Everything**. Paper clips. You can make them unsure of their *paper clips*. The best Discordian tactic is called Guerrilla Surrealism. Trust me; I'm a 5,000 year old Abyssynian – I know what I'm talking about. Listen to ol' Godspo here.

**Guerrilla Surrealism** – the primary weapon of the Holy Avatar Calvin, Hagbard Celine, Caligostro the Great, Henry Kissinger, Puck, the Knights Templar and other great Warriors of Discord. A blameless, guiltless and subtle method of gracefully driving people out of their minds. Infinitely variable, incredibly adaptable, endlessly versatile and **really cheap**.

Do you know how many gross of washers or wingnuts you can get wholesale, real cheap? Especially if you go in with a few friends? I'll explain. No, there is too much. I'll sum up.

**Example I of Guerrilla Surrealism: The Wingnut Trick** (heh heh heh). Pick your Thuddite carefully. The most pompous, plodding Thud you can find who is accessible to you. Bosses are ideal. Professors too.

Quietly, no more than once per day, maybe twice (patience, patience), slip a wing nut or washer into a jacket pocket, a desk drawer, a briefcase, a lunch box, a shoe, on the carpet – whatever. Do this slowly and subtly, with accomplices if at all possible. Say **nothing**. Do **not** get caught. In a month, your victim will be a gibbering wreck, being dragged off to the booby hatch screaming "WING NUTS! WING NUTS! AIEEEEE!!!" – a *much* more entertaining person.

Another variant, usable only on people with ceiling fans, is to drop oily screws and metal bits underneath the fan, once every day or so. People become very worried, especially if they sit or sleep beneath the fan. People suffering from sleep deprivation are also much more entertaining than usual.

Streaking was once a form, but is now too commonplace. Staging bizarre events (like dressing up as elves and running screaming down the ginza) is a beautiful thing. Bizarre graffiti is a time-honored pastime (see Markoff Chaney of *Illuminatus!* by Shea and Wilson), but getting caught and defacing property are equally bad. Lawbreaking creates the need for police, thus encouraging a police state, which is *bad*, children. The best definition of Guerrilla Surrealism is "an action so bizarre, it is not classified under the law."

Strive for perfection. It is a form of prayer. Strive for epiphany. If that doesn't work, do something funny and run like Hell. **WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...**

[At this point, Reverend Terata collapsed and was carried off by his staff of nurses while screaming and babbling about lawn gnomes. – Ed.]



The Ritual of  
== The Pentave ==  
by His Letharginess  
Padre Martini, OED, OT IX, Archdukebishop of West Texas

This is an obscure ritual, once practiced by the Murrayite Priests to gain Gastronomical Enlightenment. Recently, Zir, Father Bengali, Pope Wonko, Rabbi Ferakkhan, and myself all joined together to partake in this ritual performing the rite in five different dorm cafeterias all over the Tech campus. I must say it was a great success. Much Chaos was sowed, much food was eaten, and the bathrobe has become the Order's official priestly garment. Here is the ritual, in its entirety, so that you may practice it as well.

====[> The Ordo and Proper of the Pentave <]====

|                                                             |                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Materials needed:                                           | 1 sugary food (for Sweet)           |
|                                                             | 1 spicy food (for Boom)             |
| 5 Discordian Popes (Pope Cards optional)                    | 1 oddly smelling food (for Pungent) |
| 5 bathrobes of varying colors and textures                  | 1 fork (for Prickle)                |
| 5 different eating establishments                           | 1 orange food (for Orange)          |
| 5 different Holy Books:                                     |                                     |
| (The Principia, Book of the Law, the Coppinger Files, etc.) |                                     |

The Pentave, as its name suggests, is a variation on the Catholic eight-day festivals called octaves. Naturally, a Discordian version of this observance would have to coincide with the Law of Fives. This particular ritual is observed once a day for five days, in five different eating establishments. Each day, a meal is eaten in one of the five places. The next day, that same mealtime is observed at a different place, and so on for the remaining days of observance.

Persons partaking in the Pentave should wear bathrobes (other clothes may be necessary, depending on weather and local statutes), and each should carry a particular Holy Book, in accordance with personal beliefs. One person must have the Principia Discordia. It doesn't really matter what the other four books are. In addition, the five objects symbolizing the Five Elements should likewise be distributed amongst the celebrants. This can be done beforehand, or it can be done at the table with the materials at hand.

The celebrants sit together at table, and order their food as normal patrons of that particular establishment. Before eating, each celebrant should lace themselves in the proper frame of mind by thinking Eristic thoughts, humming a silly song softly, or making sculptures with the tableware.

After a suitable period of meditation, the leader (the one with the Principia) shall knock five times upon the table. The others shall repeat the knocks. Then the following is chanted:

|         |                                                                                                                           |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Leader: | O Eris, on this the Nth day of the Pentave, do we your children gather to stuff our faces and nosh upon thy edible gifts. |
| All:    | Oo ee oo ah-ah, ting tang wallawalla bing bang.                                                                           |
| Leader: | May this food fill us with Wisdom and Enlightenment, and keep our stomachs from gurgling embarrassingly.                  |
| All:    | Shut up and let us eat already!                                                                                           |

The celebrants may ad-lib as they like, adding in personal ceremonies if they so choose.

When the food arrives, each celebrant should dig in with gusto, and attempt to appreciate all the qualities of the food. Then, at an appropriate time, the celebrant carrying the Principia should stand, open the book to a random page, and read a small selection from it aloud.

Going counter-clockwise from the Principia, each celebrant then stands and does the same with his holy book. After each reading, the celebrants shall eat, drink, and discuss what they have just heard. This is repeated until all five have read from their books. Then all pick up two pieces of silverware, one in each hand. In unison, the silverware is tapped three times against the table, crossed in front of the face, and uncrossed. All celebrants then sing the Sacred Swedish Chef Song in honor of the chef who prepared the meal:

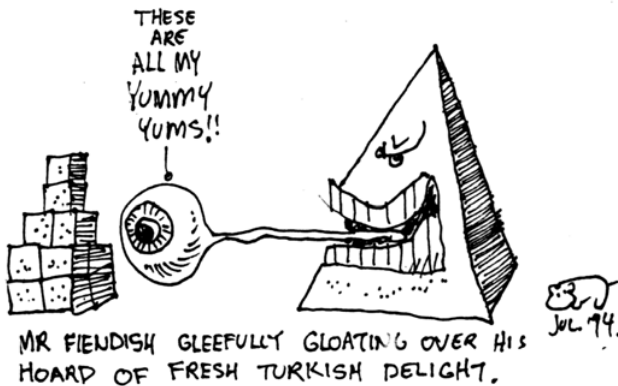
|                  |                |                |                 |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| ( Mmm bærk bærk, | Mmm bærk bærk, | Mmm bærk bærk, | Mmm bærk bærk ) |
| Hjærn,børsch     | vjærn, dër     | jûng, gëhr-    | Discht gëhr-Dû  |
|                  |                |                | ( bærk bærk )   |
| Hêê bjørn dêê    | Hûr dê Ehr     | Mmm mœrk mœrk  | <b>BØRK!</b>    |

The silverware is tossed noisily about the table. The meal is then finished in obnoxious meditation. When all have eaten their fill, all celebrants rise, knock their hands five times on the table, and chant the following dialogue.

Leader: O Dear Mother Eris, we your children humbly give thanks for this really excellent food.  
 All: Thanks a bunch, Mom.  
 Leader: May it bring us Enlightenment, and a banishment of hunger.  
 All: And no indigestion.

The celebrants knock five times more on the table, and walk out silently, single file, sticking their tongues out at any that may have ridiculed them during the ceremony.

This pattern is repeated for the remaining four days of the Pentave. This ritual brings a five hundred and fifty-five day Indulgence against Order for all who participate, plus about five to ten megachaos worth of Eristic vibes for each day. Thus, it is an excellent way of purging a restaurant of really bad Aneristic vibes.



What part of ph'nglui  
 mglw'nafh cthulhu r'lyeh  
 wgah'nagl fhtagn don't you  
 understand?

## Chaosophy

By Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saibe

(Being a Missive on the Dynamic Between the Principles of Chaos and Order and the Necessity of Both)

Most people seem to look at the relationship between chaos and order as that of negatively charged particles (chaos) and positively charged particles (order). The average person's paradigm holds that by adding more and more order, we will eventually cancel out chaos. This kind of fuzzy wrongheaded thinking has gotten us where we are today. We collectively think that we can solve all of our problems by making more rules. Then we wonder why nothing works.

One of the primary axioms of Discordianism is "Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos." A minimal amount of observation will show this to be true, but unfortunately the average person is unwilling to take the effort to make this observation. Rather than viewing chaos/order as simple negative/positive, let us look at another analogy that comes closer to showing the relationship as it really exists. First, let us look at our system as a closed box which is in a state of balance. Now, let us apply Order to the system in the form of pressure. What happens next? The pressure applied to a closed system will generate heat (Chaos). Take away pressure and the heat level drops.

Of course it's easy to pick an illustration like this out of the air, but how does it apply to the dynamic between Order and Chaos in a real world situation? Let's look at the closed system of the workplace, starting at a fairly even level of rules and freedoms. In an attempt to raise productivity and cut costs, management institutes more rules: all workers must punch in and out for break, forms must be filled out to account for all damaged or wasted materials, et cetera.

In the beginning, these measures will probably do as intended, productivity may rise; attention of any sort will do the same, but as more stringent rules are introduced, we find that two problems arise. First, a bureaucracy must be put in place to implement the new rules and make sure that they are adhered to. This takes energy away from the creation of the product and directs it toward the end of making sure the rules are being followed (in physical terms, this is energy that escapes the system as useless heat). The rules become more important than the original reason for them. Second (and I believe more important in the long run) the directives begin to create dissatisfaction among the workers. More time must be spent watching them to make sure that they are in place when they are supposed to be, making sure that time spent at their workstation is productive. As the stress from the situation increases, we see more lost time in the form of sick days, early departures, late arrivals and the fact the people quit caring. Creative behavior is applied to finding new ways to goof off.

Of course the opposite is also true. Without sufficient rules in place and the will to enforce them, little will get done. This surplus of chaos will require order to reach a level of balance or the company will be forced out of business. Much like the stereotypical lawless old western town, a tough lawman must be brought in to clean things up before the town goes up in smoke.

Another prevailing assumption is that Order is Good and Chaos is Evil. In fact chaos and order exist outside of good and evil, but contain elements of both. Chaos is the force that tears down old forms as well as the force that envisions new ones. Order allows us to carry out the plans that will build the new forms, but it also wishes to preserve forms that have outlived their usefulness (the status quo). This brings up Hexar's corollary to the law of Imposition of Order: Too much chaos, nothing gets finished. Too much order, nothing gets started.

Order is what tells us that we should do whatever we can to prevent forest and brush fires. On the surface, this is a good idea because letting fire run loose is hazardous to our own lives as well as that of other living creatures. However, the fires also liberate nutrients and send them back to the earth to feed the next cycle. And we have finally started to get it through our thick skulls that keeping things from burning at any cost only increases the amount of fuel lying around for the fire that will come when we cannot stop it. All of the small fires that we prevent come back to us as one large, devastating fire.

Discordianism isn't about preaching chaos at the expense of order. It is the realization that one cannot exist without the other. It is the acceptance of the need for balance between the two principles. Order cannot destroy chaos, it can only change its form. Chaos can either be directed in creative forms, or when stifled turned into destructive (or at least useless) forms. Energy spent clamping down can be used for nothing else.

Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saïpe  
 First Church of the Sparkly Ball  
 "Putting the Disco back into  
 Discordianism."

We stand in traffic wrapped in cords of  
 our own confusion and tell ourselves  
 that logic alone is sufficient to ex-  
 tricate us from this tangled mess. If  
 our faith should falter, we need simply  
 say "For thus, then so, and if thus and  
 so, then yet another" until we have  
 demonstrated that, yes, we are indeed  
 in control of the traffic jam and, yes,  
 these thought-cords are in fact the  
 blue blazer and slacks we selected from  
 our closet just this morning. All is as  
 it should be and, if proof is needed,  
 simply notice that all is as it is  
 (O.E.D.).  
 (Our Method Is Our God.)  
 Sometimes in a fit of joy de vivre we  
 gather up and pick sides, half saying  
 "If Thus, then so" and the others "If  
 Thus, then yet another" and begin to  
 scream each other hoarse. It is great  
 fun, for secretly we all know that the  
 Thuses and Sos are not as significant  
 as the Thens. Occasionally a Foolish  
 Individual may try to tell us that our  
 ponderings are just a house of cards,  
 but he ho ho ho - brandishing our Art is  
 enough to stymie such silliness. If  
 nothing else, we can use these ponderings  
 and a Few Good Men to assemble a prison  
 of cards and show these beasts the se-  
 riousness with which we pursue our play.  
 Fiddle while you burn if you must, but  
 with our Blind Men's enhanced senses  
 we feel the Truth above us. Like chil-  
 dren jealous of the flight of birds, we  
 heave rocks skyward to bring it down.  
 With the grass mockery of Iron Feathers  
 and Newton's axioms we bind its wings.  
 Then we perform a devious arithmetical  
 and Lo! The idea belongs to Us and we  
 declare it Dead  
 (though it would be heretical  
 to admit  
 that we have  
 only  
 killed it in effigy).

PrayerBook of Traffic  
 from the Summa Discordia

## An Erisian Prayer

Lady, protect my enemies. Let them remain strong enough to continue blocking my path whenever I might otherwise run into danger. Let them know they have helped me almost as much as my friends.

Lady, protect my enemies, locked inside their closed minds with the shades drawn tight and the doors barricaded against fresh thought, which might \*poof\* them like sunlight on the vampires they're becoming.



Thank you for their sensitive knee-jerk reactions. I enjoy making them dance when I'm bored. Don't let me gloat when I scare them so easily. If I were small, and grey, and cold, I'd get scared too.

You might let them know how pathetic they look in their pointy-headed-bigot caps, hatred congealed on their faces like drool.

Should they ever become brave enough to abandon their brain's musty attics, and come out to play in the sunshine, please make me big enough to not hold a grudge.

Amen.

adapted from Pages From The Book Of Life  
suitable for framing

Five is right out. the just's umbrella.  
because the unjust steals but chiefly on the just  
The rain, it raineth on the just and the unjust fellla.

Edict #4076-1143-OD-14A: **The Kallisti Edict**

LET IT BE KNOWN that **καλλιστι** may in fact be spelt **καλλιχιτι**, in honour of the Goddess screwing up Mal2's careful plans regards the Principia Discordia. That is all.

Rev DrJon

00001 - I was tying my left shoe when the goddess appeared out of thin air with a smirk on her face and gold in her hair. Amazed, I turned my ear to her as she began to speak. 00002 - And the Lady saideth unto me, "Behold, for I am newly dyed and doest thou liketh me much as a blonde?" 00003 - I told the Lady the truth, that she looked like a five dollar whore, and the Lady waxed sorely pissed and turned me into a newt. 00004 - Yet in her kindness and wisdom, she turned me back after a few moments and this is what she shared with me: 00005 - "As I stand before you, framed by the light behind me in this certain way, I shall uncover to thouest the Secret of the Chao." 00006 - "Oh goody," I said and rejoiced loudly as I straddled the chair. 00007 - "But behold," she then said unto me, "be not so rejoiceful for when I am finished you are to go out and disseminate these words." 00008 - "Oh shit," I said. 00009 - "Verily so, but still," Eris said, "You must tell the others for there is a grave and dangerous myth surrounding, of all things, the Sacred Chao." 00010 - And this is how the Book of the Chao came to pass. 00011 - "Thou knowest of the Marshmallow already, I expect?" Eris asked. 00012 - I said yes, for the honorable Rev. Fluff had filled me in on that situation and we were working to remedy it. 00013 - "Good. That has nothing to do with this, so forget it. 00014 -" Instead what I have to tell you may sound strange, even disheartening. And I need you to stand tall, Prince Mu-Chao, and carry upon you the load of knowledge." 00015 - And this is what she said unto me: 00016 - "Whereas, the disciples of discordia do not understand that which they whoreship, and upon that I brewed for several days. 00017 - "The Sacred Chao, that which represents all, is not a depiction of dualism as many of you think but rather of pentism. 00018 - "For, take heed, there are five parts to the Chao - The Yinnish type thing, the yangish type thing, the Pentagon, the Golden Apple and finally the whole. 00019 - "Dualism is relatively unimportant, much more unimportant than humans give it credit for. Choice is not involved when there are less than five options. 00020 -"But with five, there are even more choices and yeah, worse odds of picking the correct one." 00021 - "So what this whole speech boils down to is 'Look at the Chao in a new way.', right," said I. 00022 -Eris looked at me for a moment and nodded, for I had stated myself correctly. 00023 - Then Eris said, "I shall now change my hair color back, for thou hast hurt this blondes feelings with thou's thoughtless remarks." 00024 - "Yeah, verily," I said, "And I shall go and pass this, thy word, amongst all my brethren." 00025 - So it was written, so shall it be done. Awomen.



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DISCORDIAN SOLATAIRE

Discordian solataire is a game for two players. Each player needs a deck of cards. (One deck will do, but it is easier if each player has his own deck.)

\*Rank of Cards\* The value of the cards (their rank) shall be as follows, from lowest to highest: A 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 J K Q You will note that the ace counts as one and that the Queen is higher than the King in honour of Our Lady of Perpetual Chaos, Eris. Suits do not matter, because Eris is color-blind.

Each player takes a turn, alternating back and forth between the players. The players may decide who goes first by any method they choose. (A roll of dice, relative skill in pig-tossing, mud-wrestling tournaments, etc.)

The rules, at least initially, are as follows:

On your turn, shuffle your deck and deal out a spread of face-up cards in a pattern with 7 columns and 5 rows. Then deal a single card to the side as your foundation.

You may place one of the cards from your 7 by 5 field on top of your foundation if the card is one higher or lower in rank than your foundation and if the card in question is at the bottom of a column. (For example, if the cards at the bottom of your columns are A 2 Q J 2 3 5 and your foundation is 4, you can put either the 3 or the 5 atop it, allowing a new card in that column to come into play.) One cannot build down from a Queen, however. The card so placed becomes the new foundation, which may be built upon in the same manner. (Therefore, once a Queen is your foundation no cards may be played on it, as the ace is NOT considered higher than the Queen and the Queen is NOT lower than the Ace.) Once again, suits do not matter. You may continue doing this until you run out of cards or until you cannot play on the current foundation. When you cannot play on the current foundation, you must deal a card from the undealt cards as a new foundation. This continues until you are out of cards either on the playing field or in the deck.

When all is said and done, count the cards left on the field. This is your score; add it to your previous score. (Players should agree on a starting score. Starting score is usually -23 for no good reason.) The first player with 230 points loses. If you lose at the end of your turn, the other player must still take a turn before the game is over.

All "rules of politeness" are in effect as well. (Don't mess up the other player's cards, don't spit on him, etc.)

HOWEVER, once you have finished your turn, RULE CHANGES happen. Your opponent (hereafter referred to as Player X) is allowed to CHANGE one of the rules in any manner, but only in regards to you. This includes "rules of politeness." (Legal rule changes include but are not limited to: "You cannot build black on black." "You must do the Achy Breaky Dance before every deal." "You do not have to shuffle before dealing." "You must deal a 5 by 5 field instead of a 7 by 5.") Player X, optionally, may forgo this privilege and REMOVE a rule YOU imposed on him.

This game is an experiment with the hypothesis "Imposition of order = escalation of chaos." It is also a game of trust; when one is Player X one tends to be nasty only if one's opponent was nasty as Player X. I am always willing to play a game; TELL DANKMYER on the Grinnell VAXen.

---

When I die, I want to go peacefully in my sleep like my  
father did, not screaming in terror like his passengers.

Resistance is  
futile if less  
than one ohm.

If you think the problem's bad now,  
just wait until we've solved it.

AD0  
38

### The Counter-Fit

This prank utilizes W.S. Burroughs' concept of the 'Double Bind,' as explained in the Operation Mindfuck document.

It works as follows

Get an old well-used \$1.00 bill (money again...) Next, go to your new friends at the local office store and get a rubber stamp that says, "COUNTERFEIT." Pass this off to clerks at stores whenever you feel the inspiration. Make sure they see the stamp. If they balk and don't want to take it, ask them how they think the counterfeit \$1.00 bill industry is going these days... Nobody counterfeits \$1.00 bills.

This puts the clerk in a no-win situation based upon his own conditioning. Only a fool would take counterfeit money that is marked 'counterfeit.' Only a fool would fall for such a ridiculous prank.

This has the potential to encourage the clerk to later re-examine his own conditioning. Or at least provide a shock.

Hicutus Confusus Episkipos (DSM)  
Cogito ergot sum.

### The Discordian and the Two Wiccans

Once there were 3 pagans who had gathered together to do invocations. The first two were Wiccan, while the third was a Discordian. They planned to take turns performing invocations, each according to their own traditions.

The first Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death." Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom.

The second Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death." Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom.

The Discordian said that she might try to invoke her deity if her deity felt like it. But she did not tremble. She did not speak in a strange voice. She did not even collapse. Instead, she just laughed and laughed in her own voice. The two Wiccans glared at her. "You lack the solemnity needed to do proper invocations," one of them told her. But Eris, who had filled the Discordian, just laughed and threw pop tarts at them and danced out of the room and giggled, "You can't tell a goddess how to behave".

At this, neither of the two Wiccans were enlightened. Possibly because neither one of them liked pop-tarts.



**THE EPISKIPOS' GUIDE TO SEEMING LEARNED, MYSTERIOUS AND PROFOUND**  
**By Ho Chi Ho Chi Zen**

1 Smile politely to those below your station (everyone except other episkposes and some POEE priests).

2 Never quote any one who those in hearing range have read (or preferably heard of). Never, ever quote the Principia. If you do something discouraged by the Principia which some annoying little neophyte points out, don't use the line from the Good Book which excuses you - you obviously know one, so you don't need to prove it - but stare blankly at the dissenter, and either have them shot or just say "I am well aware of that," or preferably both (in reverse order to that printed).

3 If some-one knocks on your door, don't answer it, but instead adopt a meditative position, make them wait a suitable amount of time, and calmly say "enter."

4 Always contradict yourself in every speech you make. Or dont.

5 Change your name occasionally, or just choose a new one in addition to the one you have. (For extra effect, hit the first person to use it and then change it back.) (Another variant is to change some-one elses name. Every one should be alerted to this name change except them).

6 Have a revelation! This should be about something central to the doctrine, eg Our Lady's name, the image of the Chao, who actually wrote the Principia, etc. Either gain an extra level of enlightenment on the subject (use circular logic so no one can disprove you), or realise that the doctrine was wrongly interpreted and the truth is totally different to that presented (in which case Goddess didn't think we were ready for the truth then but are now.)

7 Find other culture's representations of Goddess. Occasionally pray to Parvati, Freya, Innana, etc, or simply make one up.

8 Before each gathering (prayer meeting, corroboree, session, whatever) of your cable, PREPARE! THINK UP spontaneous things to say, illogical or paradoxical parables to ad lib, and bizarre off-the-cuff koens. FIND embarrassing and/or pedestrian books to leave around (and create obvious excuses for having them - researching the enemy is for the dull and should only be used after your last resort). ARRANGE with some-one to come in and slap you and say something that can have multiple implications and then storm out. CREATE a reason why the cute initiate who joined up last week has to spend the entire meeting naked. RESEARCH new groups to denounce, new obscure historical figures to praise, and new cultural taboos to ignore.

9 Get everyone listening to whatever youre talking about and then pause as if you suddenly had a deep and fascinating insight into something. Refuse to mention what it was.

10 Never hate an enemy when you can pity them.

(k) Ho Chi Ho Chi Zen, Paradagim Assault Squad, 1998, all rights reversed  
Ho Chi Ho Chi Zen, CSF

ADO unforgiving overlord of alt.discordia  
39 It's not what you say in your argument; it's how loud you say it.  
Sig by Kookie Jar 5.98b <http://go.to/generalfrenetics/BoomTime>, day 35 of The Aftermath YOLD 3166 (blemish)

# GUERRILLA SURREALISM

ENHANCEMENT THROUGH SHEEP-BY-MAIL  
from the summa discordia

Pope Icky Fundament, PZK  
Department of Operation: Brainfahrt  
Saint Ruminant Eweniversity, Order of the Blunted Sword  
KEYWORDS: SHEEP; MEXICO; GARANIMALS; ANARCHY; PFFT

## ABSTRACT

This paper discusses an actual case study of an individual subjected to a Guerrilla Surrealist attack. While no definitive ego-destruction ensued, this is largely due to uncontrollable variables entering the experiment. In future experiments it is hoped that such problems might be avoided. Despite this, however, we feel sure that the subject would have cracked wide open had the assault been carried through to its full extent.

## MATERIALS

- One (1) mail system (in this case interoffice; this does not sacrifice generalizability)
- One (1) unwitting subject
- One (1) writing implement
  
- Two hundred three (203) plain white envelopes
- Two hundred three (203) sheep-shaped erasers

If the  
ancients  
were so  
wise, why  
are they  
dead?

### the honest book of actions by ho chi ho chi zen

don't worry about avoiding temptation - as you grow older it starts avoiding you. - the old farmer's almanac  
you already know what is evil and what is neutral and what is good. its built inside of you after millions (possibly billions) years of mental evolution.

it's called a conscience. it's quite smart. pay attention to it. it's very flexible and will automatically adjust for new paradigms; it is very difficult to beat with an intellectual assault

modern people find it quite difficult to get to. from day one others are trying to twist it to suit their own reality (or even their own self interests).

here is what your conscience is not;

# it is not the law. the law is a set of restrictions placed so as to perpetuate the status quo (aka by the establishment, for the establishment)

# it is not morality. morality is a set of restrictions used to cement loyalty to a mythology and the church that sells it.

# it is not cultural sensibility. cultural sensibility is a set of restrictions arrived at randomly by memetic interaction and history.

# it is certainly not puritinism

# AD041

## PROCEDURE

Number the sheep-shaped erasers from 1 to 203 using the writing implement. Place the sheep-shaped erasers separately in the 203 plain white envelopes.

(It is of utmost importance that the experimenter keep these envelopes in the numerical order of the enclosed sheep. For those of you with less than two fingers of forehead, this may be quite difficult.)

Carefully write the address of the unwitting subject on each of the 203 plain white envelopes.

Mail one plain-white-envelope-enclosed sheep-shaped eraser per day to the unwitting subject, starting with the one numbered "203" and working down.

## RESULTS

We mailed approximately fifty sheep-shaped erasers to our unwitting subject before he closed down his mailbox. Due to shoddy record-keeping, the subject failed to receive particular numbers in the countdown sequence. (This provoked a very amusing response in the subject as they attempted to determine what those missing numbers might mean: a phone number, an exit on the local interstate, an address, and so on. More experimentation on this aspect of the experiment may be warranted, as it is a wonderful example of attempting to impose order on chaos.)

Paranoia was evinced by the subject, who began to suspect anyone and everyone of sending him these mysterious sheep. We were truly curious about the subject's reaction, not upon receiving the first sheep, but on receiving the second sheep - and realizing that there were 201 more sheep to come. However, no reliable testimony pertaining to this has been uncovered.

We do know, though, that the subject actually went as far as to call their ex-significant others to find out if they were coming out to the local mail drop to interoffice mail the subject numbered sheep-shaped erasers - and making this trip daily.

After the subject's mailbox was closed down, the subject was incredibly circumspect about their new address - so circumspect, in fact, that we were forced to end the experiment.

Further experiments on this topic are encouraged.

while these things are ungoddesy travesties, it is wise to know them. try paying lip service to the first three; even though there is nothing wrong with taking an apple from an apple tree, the person who is convinced he 'owns' the tree may attack you, either personally or by police. (he thinks the police are his protectors, with a duty. you should understand that the police are a profession, with a job contract, whom you have to pay whether you use them or not. find ways of getting your money's worth) .

morality is easiest to ignore, while cultural sensibility should be subverted. make jokes about how ridiculous some protocols are, for example. find ways of getting around them whilst achieving their initial intent with greater efficiency.

puritanism is a tricky one. it stems mostly from morality, but even the atheistic will some-times see merit in it. abstinence from anything, properly performed, will only leave you with a lack of experience with that from which you abstained; not dancing will not make you a better person, it will simply make you a person who cannot dance.

**The Paper Clip Sacrifice**  
from the summa discordia

Sometimes, you just feel the need to introduce a gout of confusion into an aneristic situation (say, just about any office on a grey Tuesday afternoon, around 2PM). One good way to do this is the Paper Clip Sacrifice.

**You will need (those marked with a '\*' are optional):**

Five paper clips, preferably virgin (which, for unknown reasons, seems to make all ritual sacrifices more effective; maybe the universe doesn't have any use for self-righteous prudes, either).

One uptight coworker, the more straight-laced the better.

- \* Five bendy-straws
- \* One Golden Delicious apple
- \* One copy of the Principia Discordia

If you've decided to go with the more complex ritual, first construct a ritual pentagon out of the bendy-straws, as follows:

Connect the straws together into one long straw by crimping the long end (that is, the end which is longer in terms of where the accordioning is) of one straw and inserting it into the short end of the next, and so on. It is vitally unimportant that you crimp the long end of the straw.

Now, bend all the bendy bits of the straws so that you can crimp the last remaining long end and insert it into the initial small end.

Fiddle with the finished product until it looks sufficiently like a pentagon.

Hang the finished product over a thumbtack on your corkboard; you never know when you might need a bendy-straw. Also, coworkers will be confused about why you have it there, but probably never confused enough to actually ask you about it. This produces something of an eristic space for this and all future workings.

your conscience isn't ethics, either, but ethics are a useful crutch to use until you find the real thing. it isn't altruism, but that can also be used as a crutch (you will be poorer but more popular than if you take the above path).

i took the altruism path about three years ago, and still live by it; no longer out of intention to be altruistic, but simply because i desire little. this may not be for you; it depends entirely on your conscience.

i don't eat meat, either, but that's puritanism, i hear you say. no it isn't; if there was a way of eating meat without killing something (or cutting big bits out of it alive), then i would have no problem with eating meat; but my conscience tells me that i shouldn't have an entity killed in order to satisfy my own greed, so i don't.

for that matter, rape doesn't follow the law, i hear you say. no it doesn't, i believe that i have a right to molest another being to satisfy my body or ego.

are these things evil? as i live in a subjective, it's an empty word. i don't do them because my conscience tells me not to, and i have learned to listen. yours may follow a different path, but i'm not speaking for anyone else.

**The Ritual:**

Unbend the five paper clips and place them, without a word of explanation, on the desk of the uptight coworker. Walk away.

If you have a Golden Delicious apple handy, eat it - people tend not to get enough fiber in their diets. And, once you have a high-fiber diet, the *Principia* makes good bathroom reading.

The ritual has, symbolically and in actuality, transformed the relatively small amount of bureaucratic order in the paper clips (the symbol of red-tape paperwork everywhere) into a much larger amount of confusion, thereby shifting (at least temporarily) the balance in your office. Constructing the ritual pentagon, clearly, has a similar effect but converts the utilitarian order of the bendy-straws into a more persistent and low-grade field of confusion, while also drawing on the power of the pentagon in its transmutative capacity as part of the Hodge-Podge Transformer.

It is important to bear in mind that the goal of this ritual is creative - it's meant to use some chaos to blunt the uncomfortable and therefore destructive restrictures of office boredom and to introduce into the uptight coworker's day a bit of adaptive confusion (or at least some much-needed variety in their uptightness).

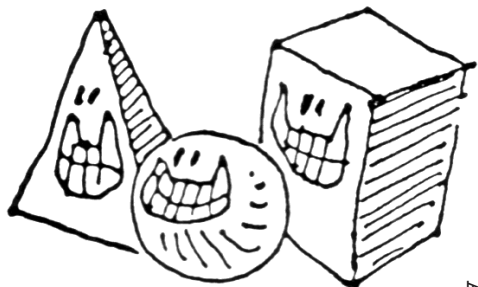
They say that verbal pain is often worse than physical pain. They are wrong, as you are about to find out when I stick this toasting fork in your head.

you'll know when your there. things that were  
once moral dilemmas will become non-issues. guilt  
will be non-existent. you will be one with the  
chao.

to summarize, i have written a little poem;

when there is no sin  
there is no guilt  
be who thou art  
and do what thou wilt

thus ends the honest book of actions



THE AUDIENCE

AD043

Your advanced intelligence is no match for our puny weapons.

Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

## **A Luck Spell**

**by Yohan the Lost**

1. Locate the exact center of the room you sleep in the most. This is not necessarily your bed room. It could be your living room, bathroom, or office. Make sure you measure it out or you might get lopsided luck. Place a coin there so you don't forget where it is.
2. Determine your mantra. It must be somewhat specific and reasonable. I will have good luck is too general. I will find a hundred dollars under the stone in my back yard is too specific.
3. 5 times a day, repeat your mantra 5 times. Some people find writing the mantra instead of chanting it helps. Typing is also acceptable, but you can't just cut and paste it.
4. Every time you go to sleep in the room mentioned in 1, place another coin in the center point. It has to have been a coin that was given to you within the last day or two.
5. Repeat these steps as often as necessary. If your luck doesn't change, consider re-measuring the room or revising your mantra. It takes time to get this right, so be patient.

### **Notes and clarifications**

Part of the purpose of the coins is reflective. You have to actually think, "Where did I get this coin?". At the same time, you can't help but consider why you were there in the first place. If you are worried about your health, the coin reminds you about that chili dog you ate for lunch.

Another reason for the coins is that it reminds you each morning and each evening what your goals are. You can't properly evaluate your life unless you keep in mind what you want to accomplish. Some people have great lives but don't realize it.

For example, I used to worry about how I was always short on cash. Then I realized that a fun job, not money, was my goal all along. Once I remembered that childhood goal I no longer worried that I "wasn't rich enough" and started enjoying myself.

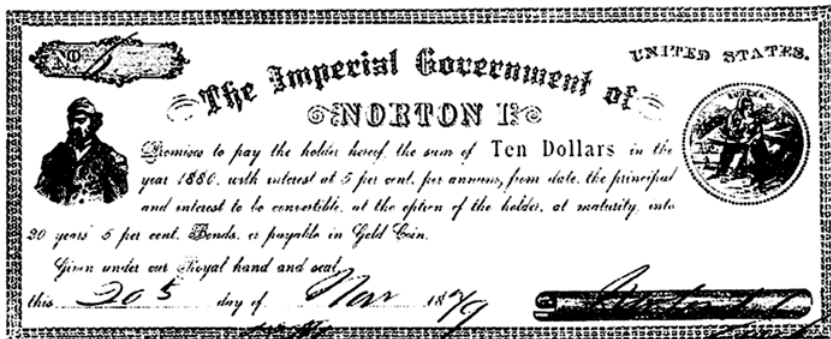
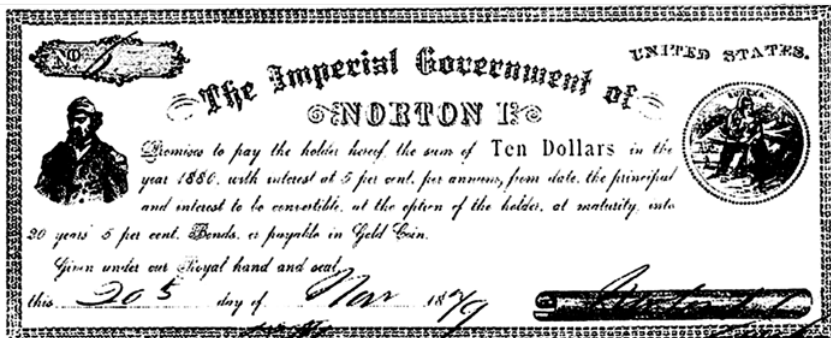
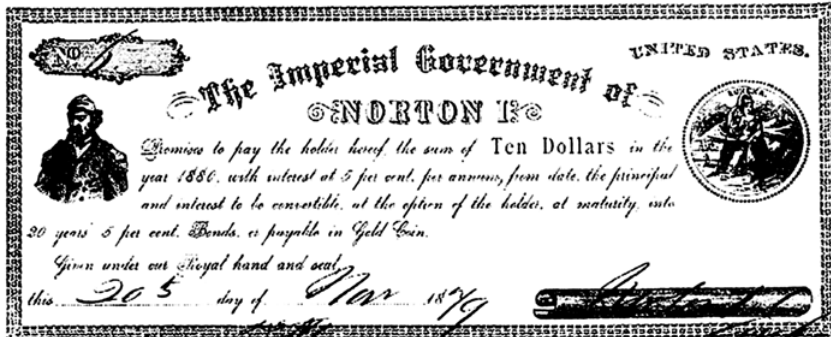
The positioning of the coins is somewhat arbitrary. Unless the room is square, there are many ways to find the center of the room. By the same token, there are many ways to have good luck.

The mantra is a widely accepted way of improving one's luck in a specific way.

And of course patience is required. Discordians define Meditation as "sitting around waiting for your luck to change". As that can take days or weeks, I don't recommend it.

BTW, I forgot to mention that it doesn't actually have to be coins. Any token or trinket you acquire will do. Paper money is bad because your likely to spend it, but any other offering to the spirits may be beneficial. Coins are nice because they are small and shiny, but even a pretty stone or the metal foot off a chair may work, especially if you are child.

Due to inflation, we have been forced to provide more funds.



At the preemptory request of a large number of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and for the past nine years and ten months of San Francisco, California, declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these United states, and in virtue of the authority in me vested, do hereby order and direct the representatives of the different states of the Union to assemble in the music hall of this city on the 1st day of February next, then and there to make such alterations in the existing laws of the Union as may ameliorate the evils under which the country is laboring, and thereby cause confidence to exist, both at home and abroad, in our stability and integrity.

signed, Norton I, Emperor of the United States.

### Discordianism? What's Discordianism???

Once upon a time, there were three little girls. Some people called them Britomartis, Rhea, and Dictynna, and some people called them Aphrodite, Athena and Hera, and some people called them Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, but we'll just call them Cindy, Jan, and Marcia. They lived in a big house with their Daddy, the Big Z, who has been called by enough names to constitute a Libertarian Party mailing list, along with a whole bunch of their other relatives. There also lived in that neighborhood a little girl named Eris, who some people called Discordia. Sometimes the three little girls would come play with her, but mostly they listened to their Daddy who said she was a troublemaker.

One day, Zeusy-baby decided to throw a big party for some friends of his who were getting married. He invited everyone he knew, and told the three little girls to do the same. Everyone on the hill where they lived got an invitation to the wedding, except little Eris.

Eris was upset that she couldn't go to the party. So she made a beautiful golden apple, and on it she wrote the word KALLISTI (which is how you say "for the prettiest one" if you happen to be speaking Ancient Greek) She took her golden apple, and snuck up to Zeusy's house as the party was in full swing, and tossed in the apple. It bounced off the piano, knocking a nasty gash in the finish, caromed off of Pan's head just as he was about to explain to Demeter why people called him "Big Ben", and landed smack dab in the middle of the three girls.

As soon as they saw the apple, the three girls all decided they wanted to have it, and each one said it was her's, because it plainly said "for the prettiest one" (or, at least it said KALLISTI, which, as I explained previously, is the same thing) They started to fuss and fight among themselves, and got noisier and noisier. They got so loud and interrupted the party so much that Zeus took his hand off Ganymede and yelled out "What's going on here?" The three girls showed Daddy Zeus the apple, and said that they wanted it and it said KALLISTI on it (which meant...you have got it by now, haven't you?) and it should belong to the prettiest one and which one of us do you think is the prettiest?

The Big Z, being the font of fatherly wisdom and all that good stuff, started to speak, closed his mouth, opened it again, and looked around for someone to cover for him. He saw Paris, the son of the king of Troy, on a hill taking care of some sheep (it is unclear why the prince would be working as a shepherd. Some historians are of the opinion that Paris simply liked sheep), and said "We'll ask him which one of you is the prettiest." So the girls went away and left him alone.

The girls explained everything to Paris, who agreed to judge their contest, being as it sounded more fun than sheep. But, before the judging, Cindy appeared to Paris and told him that if he chose her, he would get the most beautiful woman in the world. Then Jan came to him, and said that if he chose her, he would become the wisest and most intelligent man in the world. Then Marcia came to him, and told him that if he chose her, she would make him the most powerful king in all the world. Paris weighed these choices carefully, considered all the implications, but in the end did just what we all knew he would do: he listened to his pecker and chose the woman.



So Cindy got the apply, and Paris got Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, except for one little technical snag, namely, she was already married to king Menelaus of Athens. King Menelaus eventually got miffed at Paris and came to Troy to try and get his wife back, and there insued what people called the Trojan war, possibly the first war among men.

That is the story of the Great Snub, and that is why today we worship the Lady Eris, Mother of Chaos, She What Done It All (Most of It Twice).

Do you believe that?

peace, love, little hopping bunnies,  
Erich the hahaha Mad

---

Quantum Express: When you absolutely, positively, don't know where it's going or when it needs to be there.

---

=====DO NOT MODIFY THIS TEXT=====  
Do you know who in 1923 was:

1. President of the largest steel company?
2. President of the largest gas company?
3. President of the New York Stock Exchange?
4. Greatest wheat speculator?
5. President of the Bank of International Settlement?
6. Great Bear of Wall Street?

These men should have been considered some of the world's most successful men. At least they found the secret of making money. Now more than 46 years later, do you know what has become of these men?

1. The President of the largest steel company, Charles Schwab, died a pauper.
2. The President of the largest gas company, Edward Hopson, is insane.
3. The President of the N.Y.S.E., Richard Whitney, was released from prison to die at home.
4. The greatest wheat speculator, Arthur Cooger, died abroad, t.
5. The President of the Bank of International Settlement shot himself.
6. The Great Bear of Wall Street, Cosabee Rivermore, died of suicide.

The same year, 1923, the winner of the most important golf championship, Gene Sarazan, won the U.S. Open and PGA Tournaments. Today he is still playing golf and is solvent.

CONCLUSION: STOP WORRYING ABOUT BUSINESS AND START WORRYING ABOUT THE ILLUMINATI

=====KEEP THIS LETTER=====

This letter originated in Sweden the home of the Illuminati, has been passed around the world at least 23 times, bringing discord to everyone who passed it on. Do not pass this letter around. Print it out and leave it randomly on random objects in random places. Finally, bury a copy of this in a glass jar in your back yard with \$0.01c of american currency. We will contact you within 5 days at this point.

=====DO NOT KEEP THIS LETTER=====

Print out at least 23 copies of this letter and leave it everywhere. Staple it to poles in the dead of the night, put it under windshield wipers in parking lots, stack it in free newspaper dispensers, give it away! Introduce your neighbors to chaos! Everyone who hands out at least 23 copies of this letter will be smiled upon by Eris and is officially immune to the Illuminati. The more copies you send out, the more immune you are! Imagine finding money on the streets! Get Free Food! Get Gorgeous Babes and/or Handsome Men!\* Win the Lottery! Stop wars in foreign countries! Confuse the hell out of first, second and third souled beings! Hail Eris! All Hail Discordia! Anagram this phrase!

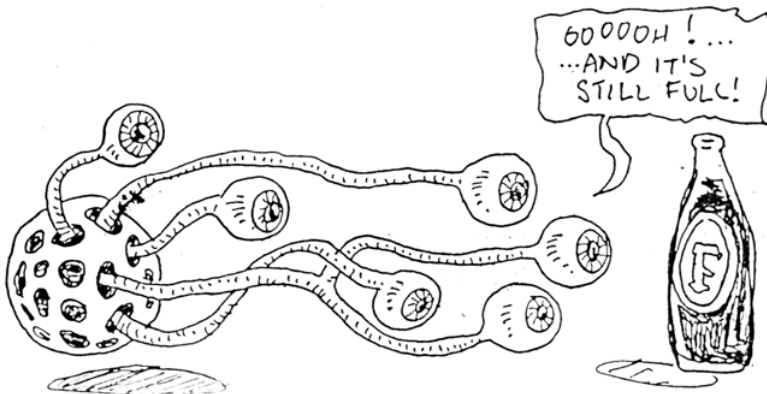
Et In Arcadia Ego...†

=====KEEP THIS LETTER=====

It will change your life! Bring the four angels to your aid with this letter! Do it for the Widow's Son! Do what thou will. Remember, Bill Shakespear's birthday is 4/23, and thats the same day as Discordian Day! Especially if it falls on a Friday! Eat a hot dog on a bun For eris! NOW foR something completely Different. Praise Bob, for he is Eris' brother! Did you know that Joeseph was a Freemason? George Washington was actually Adam Weishaupt? Jesus didnt die on the cross? Read the Nag Hammadi Manuscripts! Bring back the Knights Templar! Achieve Gnosis! Get a really good fuck. Answer these questions for yourself...‡

1. Who was Adam the son of?
2. Does God have an opposite?
3. How many sons of God are there?
4. Are the sons of God also Gods?
5. Are any sons of God less than others?
6. What is the goal of prophets and teachers?
7. How many minds are there?
8. What is a human being?
9. Is mankind finished or in process?
10. How much can we and should we attempt?
11. What is the purpose of consciousness?
12. What is the next step?

AD048



=====BURN THIS LETTER=====

This is Sirius business.  
AAAAOOOZORAZZAZZAIEOAZAEIIIOZAKHOEOOOYTHOEAZAEAOZAKHOZAKHEYTHXAALETHYKH  
If you see the mad fishmonger, give him my regards.  
IO PAN IO PAN PAN IO PANGENITOR IO PANPHAGE!

Schrodinger's cat and Wigner's friend  
Cause us problems without end

The cat is both alive and dead  
In math that's in our head

And the regression of Von Neumann  
Never ceases to annoy Man

The uncertainty just has no end  
Until Wigner goes to tell his friend

For, until the friend receives the news  
That the cat still purrs and mews

The cat remains (suspended Fate!)  
In some formal Eignstate

But if Wigner makes a beeline  
To report the now-dead feline

All the friend can really know  
Is just one branch of time's swift flow

For in Carter's multispace  
Every time-brance has its place

So the cat remains alive  
In the half cases (That's .5)

Lead us not to Copenhagen  
Nor to Shylock, nor to Fagin

"The result's not parsimonious!"  
Yet I find it quite harmonious

=====EAT THIS LETTER=====

\* What? Sexual preferance? How Droll.

† Its in Latin and so is the answer.

‡ Check these references for insight..

- |                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1) Luke 3:38                    | 7) Deuteronomy 4:39, Exodus 3:14 |
| 2) Exodus 3:14, Ephesians 4:4-6 | 8) Genesis 1:26                  |
| 3) Romans 8:14-17               | 9) John 3:2                      |
| 4) John 10:34                   | 10) John 14:12                   |
| 5) Colossians 3:4               | 11) Corinthians 9:8, Luke 12:32  |
| 6) Ephesians 4:11-13            | 12) Romans 8:19                  |

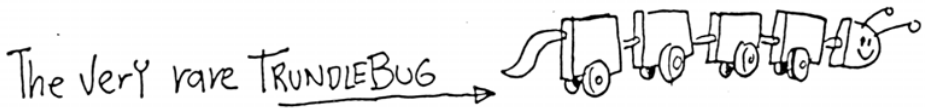
p.s. Don't believe anything you read.

begin 600 whoami  
5;F5P=7)K8F5P=F9G0'=H="YJ<F4\*

end

AD049

=====MODIFY THIS TEXT=====



**Eris Invocation**  
by Hicutus Confusus Episkipos

Here's a fun ritual you might want to try sometime...

**OCCASION**

- When an Eristic Principle needs to occupy a position.
- Time and date should have significance for participants.
- Any public location will do for the ritual.

**OBJECTIVE**

- Who am I to set limits for an undertaking such as this?
- If you can all agree to it, it can be so.
- Something based on personal gain or injury to others is to be avoided; the feedback from the effects of the situation is what can enlighten you, the performer of the rite. That should, in fact, be the primary goal. (Never trust anything that follows the word "should")

**PROPS**

- A small brown paper sack for each participant.  
(Or even better, you think of something surreal and unique to your experiment)
- Enough large brown paper sacks to make scrolls for each of the participants.
- We like to use crayons (cut & paste construction paper can be even more fun, but I digress)

**PREPERATION**

- Use the small paper bags and fashion them into hats by rolling the top down. Decorate with symbols that
  - 1) have personal significance (You can expect more intense results if the symbols are applied while  
in an altered state of consciousness), and
  - 2) represent your objective for this ceremony.
- Take the large paper bags and cut flat sections out that can be rolled up into scrolls. Make 1 scroll for each participant.
- Each participant copies a section out of whatever text they want, so long as it applies to the ritual, onto hir scroll. There should be at least a full minute's worth of text when read aloud. (Ex. One is a segment from Finnegans Wake, one is a Dr Seuss story, one is a section out of Illuminatus or the Principia etc. The important thing is that each scroll has personal significance for the person who copies it, and that it is at least indirectly related to the goal of the invocation i.e. Creating synchronicity, ufo sightings, expansion of consciousness, etc.
- One scroll is the actual invocation of Eris. It is to be written cooperatively by all participants (We invoke Eris; Splendor of the void. We invoke Eris; erotic goddess of mayhem. Etc. etc. Its your invocation, you think it up!)

## PERFORMANCE

- Five participants sit forming a circle with one in the center.
- One of the outer five starts reading from hir scroll.
- When that person's finished everyone passes hir scroll to the person on the left. Then the person with the leading scroll and the person who started reading first, both read their scrolls out loud, and so on. (So one person reads, then two at once, then three at once and so on until everyone on the parameter is reading and passing the scrolls.)
- This should be maintained for at least twenty minutes.
- Then the person in the center reads the invocation out loud.
- When the invocation is finished everybody stops reading.
- The whole process should (for this model) be repeated three times, with the invoker reading the invocation
  - 1)quietly to their self the first time
  - 2)more loudly to the people in the circle the second time
  - 3)very loudly, to Eris, the Earth and everybody else in earshot the last time.
- The energy should build gradually from beginning to end with everybody reading manically during the final invocation.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES

- The second most important aspect to this ritual is to have as many elements as possible be directly symbolically linked to the inner psychology of the participants. (That sounded way over the top huh?) But your performance of the rite should be a kind of IRL manifestation of your group psyche, like a big tuning fork performance resonating in the minds of those who pass by
- The first most important aspect to any magical working is to achieve some degree of altered/trance state of consciousness. (This is why it's important to have objectives that aren't going to have negative consequences on you if you're in a suggestible state)
- I personally recommend banishing with laughter or dancing afterwards. Always do a banishing after any chaotic working, it's just good psychological hygiene.
- Be sure to recycle the bags - somebody someday will put their stuff in a bag made out of paper that was part of this ritual
- If each of the participants can maintain an attitude of meditation and expectancy throughout the ritual, surprising results can be achieved.

We are sorry, you have reached an imaginary number.  
Please rotate your phone ninety degrees and try again.

## FakeDope

By Jester.

**WARNING:** This Jake is *dangerous*. There is a good chance you could get arrested on *Obstructing Justice* charges. **This is an Advanced Jake.**

### Materials:

500 baggies  
250 ounces of a mix of Oregano, Darjeeling tea, and leaf clippings  
500 3" by 3" flyers (Described in Staging)  
As many crazy actors as you can recruit.  
One Hemp Rally or Hash Bash

### Staging:

Place the mix of greens in baggies in half ounce packages.

Place the flyers in each bag. The Flyers should say..

"Congratulations! You are the recipient of a bag of FakeDope(tm). DO NOT sell it. DO NOT buy it. However, pass it secretively among your friends in front of undercover agents. Never exchange money. Hail Eris!"

Go to the Rally. All Actors should be stone cold sober. If possible, all Actors should clean out so they will even test negative on a urine test.

### Performance:

Give several packages to all actors, and anyone who wants to play. Never claim credit for the idea when passing out FakeDope to non actors. Act like you found it and simply find it funny. Leave packages around the Rally site. Get packages passed around everywhere like a giant game of Hot Potato. Some of you WILL run the risk of arrest.

**\*\*DO NOT\*\*** carry any real pot on you when doing this. Hopefully, there will be several arrests for Oregano Traffiking. Send a letter to the local paper complaining about all the false arrests. Packages of Oregano and Tea are not illegal. Sign the note 'Theatre of Reality'.



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

You mean you need drugs to hallucinate?

## Discordian Ritual of Exorcism

-x- do not publish after the end of times -x-  
Confidential where required  
from the Book of Eris

### Preparation:

This ritual should take place on a Discordian Temple, adequately prepared, with seats to the five directions, and a Golden Apple hanging on the middle of it (1 ton. Pure gold, please). Thou should set to burn some Channel #5 to properly incense the atmosphere. If it is not possible to provide these things, than proceed on your living room. Try to turn of the teevee. There will be need one Keeper of the Sacred Chao, to properly conduct the ritual, and four other priests/popes to represent, along with the K.S.C., the whole of the law of fives.

### Ritual:

Say "Hail Eris"

Take the victim of possession to the center of the temple/living room. Put it (for, at this stage it's a cabbage, not an human, and so "it") on its knees. Go to the innermost part of the temple (pick any of the 5 vertices at random to work as innermost part), turn yourself (if you are the acting K.S.C.) with your back towards the victim and claim (meanwhile, the four priests should stay at the other vertices)

*"Oh Goddess, thou who hadst maist all off us to be happy, and chaotic, or at most, balanced by the sacred chao. Look at this pitifull creature who cannot see the truths, falsitys, and meaninglessness of life, and is therefore worried or sd. Concede us now the power, fnord and unauthority to expell from him these bad things from its wicked being."*

Wait a couple minutes . One of the assistants should play "Obladi Oblada" at this time, and another should get the lights flicking.

Say, still with your back facing the victim:

*"Thanx Goddess",* turn and face the possessed. Extend both your hands toward him, forming the ancient "V" sign of the numeral five (therefore 5, 5), or depending on your discordian sect, show two fingers of the left hand, and three of the right, representing the holy 23.

Say *"with the powers taken from me by goddess Eris, and in the name of the sacred Chao, I herewith take off you the spirit of greyface. May you rejoice now."*

Ask the victim if she (for now she should be human) feels happy and chaotically filled.

If she says yes, than stop the ritual. It worked. Present her the fee for your clerical services, and move on to some beer.

If she says "no", untie the 1 Ton Golden Apple, letting it fall on the victim's head. The possessor spirits are now gone as well.

## Five Ages of Man

from the Book of Eris

(with due apologies to Socrates and Plato)

The scene opens with Thuddipius (the clueless) meeting Eristotle (the Chaosopher) at his favorite hot dog cart, attempting to pay homage to the Goddess.

THUDDIPIUS: Is it not impious to eat hot dog buns, Eristotle?

ERISTOTLE: Do not believe everything you read, Thuddipius. I suspect you wish more of me than my view on the merits of Kosher dogs, my crafty friend.

T: Indeed you are right, Eristotle. You always do seem to sniff out my true intentions.

E: It is your cologne, actually.

T: What?

E: Nothing; just trying to make all this read better. [Shaking his head] I have come to ask if you truly put forth a theory of Five Ages of Man, and if so, what it is, and what it means. No man has yet been able to explain it to my satisfaction, but the market is abuzz with news of it nevertheless.

E: It must be better than the usual buzzing of flies, Thuddipius.

T: I beg your ...

E: Nothing, nothing. You wish to know of my theory, then?

T: Yes, very much.

E: Let us begin, as the bard said, at the beginning. It is a very fine place to start, is it not, Thuddipius?

T: I ... er ... suppose so, Eristotle.

E: You can drop the constant references to my name, Thuddipius. Even the excessively slow of wit can follow the E:'s and T:'s.

T: What "E's" and "T's," and how do you make your voice so wide and dark ...

E: Never mind. In any event, do we agree that all things are directly or indirectly appropriate to 5, as the Goddess teaches? Or must we give proofs of this?

T: We say that which the Goddess teaches, by Zeus.

E: Good. That will save us a couple of screens.

T: *[Looks perplexed, then wisely says...]* ...

E: When a soul comes to be, it comes from we know not where and for no purpose of Reason or Order? We have discussed this before, have we not?



## AD055

T: I do not recall it immediately, but I get the odd feeling that I could find it easily.

E: You need only follow the links in your mind to find it, I am sure. Anyway, this creation which is no kin of Reason and Order must, perforce, be an act of Primal Chaos, must it not?

T: Yes, but there is that wideness of voice again ...

E: It is so that, when you depart, you can easily scan your mind for it. To continue, though, this movement from limitless not-being to limited being will cause deep Confusion, will it not?

T: *[Gets that perplexed look again, and again chooses wisely]* I am not sure what you mean.

E: Imagine that you have spent your entire existence running and capering in the bright, sunlit world, surrounded by colors and sounds and sensations, and were then suddenly knocked upon the noggin and chained to the ground in a cave, where you could understand and participate in the world by way of shadows. Would this change not greatly confuse you?

T: I get the feeling I've heard something like this before ... but yes, I would surely be sorely confused. Also, I should think that it would cause great Discord and will to rebel against ... the ... incarceration.

*[Thuddipius looks even more perplexed than earlier, but chooses silence as the better part of ignorance]*

E: Truly and well spoken, good sir. The first age, that of Confusion, immediately follows upon being born. The second, which you so aptly named Discord, follows upon Confusion during the very early years of life.

T: I see this to be so.

E: And how does life follow from this? Do we not become resigned to the laws and seek our place in society, be it low or high?

T: Yes, this is so.

E: And do we not choose our beliefs and hold to them fixedly, so that no man may shake us free?

T: Most do, Eristotle.

E: This is during early childhood, when we are taught to respect the authorities. The name of this age is Bureaucracy, and for most men it lasts until the moment of death.

T: I must disagree with my earlier statement, I fear. It seems to me that many men change their opinions during their lives.

E: This is so, but do many men change how they think, or attempt to think without using Reason?

.../cont

AD056

T: This seems as nonsense, Eristotle.

E: It most surely is. Reason is what limits the unlimited and what bars it from the primal Chaos from which we came. Reason is what chains us to the cave, Thuddipius. The chain of Bureaucracy is heavy, but a few manage to crane their necks around to try to see the light from outside the cave. These few reach the edges of Reason and sight a new landscape. As Reason becomes inadequate and Bureaucracy crumbles, they enter the Age of the Aftermath, which leads them back to the primal Chaos. For most men, though, the Aftermath only occurs at death, when the body crumbles and the soul is freed from Reality and once again joins with Chaos.

T: You are a loon, Eristotle. I don't know why I ask you anything.

E: I am a loon, Thuddipius, and you ask me things because, deep down inside, you are, too. On the outside, though, you're the pain in the ass that kept me babbling while my hot dog got cold. Why don't you toddle along before I decide to beat you to death with a soggy hot dog bun?

*Some of you may have noticed that Eristotle's ordering of the Seasons (Chaos, Confusion, Discord, Bureaucracy, Aftermath) differs ever so slightly from the Principia's ordering (Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, Aftermath). You may pat yourselves on the back. Give me any flack, though, and I've got a soggy hot dog bun with your name on it.*

## The symbols of the sensible from the Book of the Arrow Part 4

01. Any symbol must be seen as just that; a symbol.
02. Not the thing it symbolizes.
03. Hence no symbol is holy, although some may be useful.
04. This is why our greatest symbol is known as "The Profane Dog".
05. Look ye upon it.
06. First see the cross and the curve; this is the smile on the void.  
The acceptance of the essential nothingness.
07. Now the crown. The points refer to the three paths. Note that the middle point is exalted.
08. The question and exclamation marks. They follow one another "question, answer, question" always. Expect no end to this chase but look rather to the crown.
09. The seal of the OTS- yoni, lingram, kundalini, herein also are secrets.
10. Also we have mantras most efficacious.
11. "Get on with it", of manifold meanings.
12. "Not that", to be repeated at all times.
13. "Drink the nectar", in times of merriment.
14. "Snark", a most powerful word of dismissal.
15. "No blame", in times of trouble.
16. "TANSTAAT", There ain't no such thing as a thing.
17. Also there are certain rituals of symbolic value.
18. Foremost is "skinning up".
19. But equal is "shroom picking".
20. However the main value of these is not symbolic.
21. It is rather in the psychological effect.
22. Finally there is our great and secret word of power which I entrust to you.
23. Maybe.

## Holy Scriptures and Stuff

from the Book of the Dark Vortex

5. And the prophet did speak unto the blind man, saying: "Wretched are they who are fools for religion's sake. For many a moron has a faith that can move mountains, but few have wisdom enough to avoid the ensuing landslide."

6. Upon hearing this, the blind man was sorely troubled. Yea, with much fear and trembling did he speak unto the prophet, saying: "The police are on their way. Just, please, take what you want, and don't hurt me!"

7. Whereupon, the prophet did flee from the blind man's house. For he had many an unpaid parking ticket, and the police did have a warrant for his arrest. In truth I tell you, no prophet is ever accepted in his own country.

-Excerpt from "The Epistle to the Wankers"

And great was the multitude who drew nigh unto the keg. But the keg, being empty, gave naught unto them. And there was wailing and gnashing of teeth. And a great cry was heard throughout the land, saying: "SONOFABITCH".

-Fragment from "The Life of Saint Stygian the Drunk"

And Moses did look upon the face of the Lord. And God spake unto Moses, saying: "What the hell are you staring at?" And Moses did fall upon his face before the Lord. And he did beg forgiveness, saying: "Lord, in my ignorance did I stare upon thee. Only once before have I seen such a fiery red bush. It was the bush of a concubine in pharaoh's court, and many a night did it set me on fire."

And God spake unto Moses, saying: "If I make thee a prophet, wilt thou leave me alone?" So God gave unto Moses two tablets of carven stone. Yea, exceedingly heavy were the tablets that God gave unto him. And God commanded Moses to carry the tablets forth unto all the world. When Moses had left the presence of God, the Lord spake unto no one in particular, saying: "What a dumbass!"

-From "Moses: The Unauthorized Biography"

### A Simple Banishing Ritual

The following ritual is most efficacious at eliminating any unwanted influences all fast and speedy like.

Act crazy. Wave your arms, jump up and down, have a fit. Most everyone is scared of crazy people.

While acting crazy, shout: *Get the fuck out of here or I'll blow your goddamn head off!*

Rinse and repeat.

Flight crime. Shoot back.

Inquire within.  
Klein bottle for sale.

# Novus Ordo Discordia AD058

## *The Brief Eristic Gospel of St. Peshier the Gardener*

Truth Nailed to Paper under the supervision of His Holiness, Patriarch Wilhelm Leonardo Peshier-Principle Episkipos, and Keeper of the Sardonic Tea. Singer of the Hanky-Time Song, and Pastor-Prelate of the Mobile Illuminated Chapel of Discord

Hymns by Abbot Dennis "Mighty" Freud

Missing page by "Father Whiskey" (Father Jung Willie Liquor), former Roman Catholic Priest and Dealer in Chemical Amusement

### We Are All Fictional Equals

"There's two things I don't like and it's bridges and mustard. And if you want to burn me up, brother, all you gotta do is stick me in the middle of a bridge with a handful of mustard."

- from the *Kostelic Dialogues*;

Legionnaire L.C., Addressing the Abbott

Document OP-8

### **ABOUT THE BIG ERISIAN MINISTRY**

Like most Eristic cabals, the BEM has its roots in antiquity, arising first among mystics in ancient Egypt, and reviving first among the European Gnostics and Alchemists, later in the secret societies of the 18th century, and most recently in the inspired hands of 20th-century Lovers of the Occasionally Bitchy Goddess. Pope Leo, or Patriarch Wilhelm Leonardo Peshier-Principle, first discovered the Love of Eris while questing the highway (by thumb) on a pilgrimage to see the Gutenberg Bible on display at the Library of Congress.

Eris appeared to Pope Leo and his traveling companion, Metropolitan Collin Pyros, calling herself "Satan" and possessing the two in turn in order to dialogue with them. This got both of them arrested and tossed in cells for the night, where their stolen copies of the Canturbury Tales and their harmonicas were taken from them.

The two priests would experience personal discord in the coming days, but that night, Pope Leo had Important Thoughts: It struck him as absurd that his harmonica had been taken from him. Hadn't these agents of Order seen MOVIES? Even in the established communal illusion, prisons are a place where harmonicas are played for solace. By being imprisoned without such solace, Pope Leo felt truly wronged, and questioned authority. Pope Leo had questioned a lot of authority in his time, but hadn't done it while imprisoned before, and that seemed to make the difference. He never saw the Gutenberg Bible, and hasn't seen Metropolitan Pyros in a long time. He did, however, witness the Goddess for the first time, and worked to find the roots of his new path. His Erisian Gnosis occurred in the Coming Months (so named due to his personally chosen path to Gnosis), and in the Following Months (so named due to the arrival of followers), the new Erisian Movement, BEM, was founded on the principle of exploiting and reshaping the existing communal illusion. The first goal was to re-build an illusion in which prisoners could have harmonicas, but that was soon discarded as foolish and a strong case of Missing the Point, but the Goddess corrected Pope Leo and now he just wants to relax and Get Enlightened some more.

**THE MOBILE ILLUMINATED CHAPEL OF DISCORD**

Our Law is No Law, which is the Law of Laws, which is the Law of Fives, which has many sides but only one loophole. Do What Thou Wilt shall be the hole in our Law.

Our Goddess is Eris, Goddess of Discord and Chaos, snubbed by the Gods of Olympus. It is for this reason that we cry at weddings.

Our Original Sin celebrates our Original Snub, and some of us like mustard on it, and some don't.

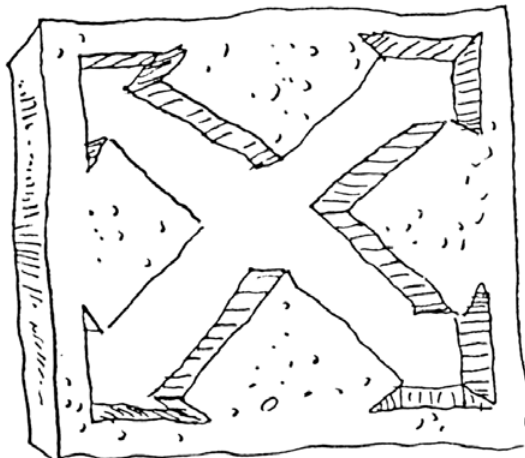
Our Symbol is the Sacred Chao, composed of both Order and Disorder, and symbolic of our Creative Trip.

Our History is eternal. We are alchemists and gnostics, and believers and make-believers. We were of Ur and Babylon. We were of Egypt. We were of Jerusalem. We were of China before our Duke united us. We were of Russia before the Khans imprisoned us.

A Bible of our Movement is the Principia Discordia, a book which is not a book, which does not exist. There is one comma too many on this page.

**BONUS REVELATION!**

The Dust of Soft Elixirs should begin with a "C," but it is in the honor of Eris that it begins with a "K," a thing seldom seen in the towers of the Corporate world. The true Dust is purple, and relates not to the dead rulers of the Earth. No lemons in mine, thanks. The "C" is within, and it's GOOD for you. They did Apple a few years ago, but nobody bought it.



AD059

Novus Ordo Discordia

#### CHAPTER ONE: THE GARDEN OF THE KING

Pesher lived in a City, a dreary maze of concrete and glass where the legacy of Greyface was ubiquitous.

Pesher was a gardener for the City's King, a bitter and pained champion of all that is old and tried and in accordance with things that are also old and tried. Pesher the Gardener had been hired because he had a magic with growing things, and could make them green, when all the King could do was make things become ashen and die.

The garden of the King was atop a skyscraper, high above the streets below where people shuffled nervously in dull-colored coats that hid their bodies. Lovers in the City met in darkened rooms with blinds drawn, and didn't laugh about everything.

The garden was overflowing with life and color, a discordant blend of greens and reds and whites and purples. Some paths went nowhere at all, some were apparently very structured, but their structure made no sense to the King.

Near the middle of the garden was a pool, around which Pesher had made a flower-clock that ran backwards. It was here that he spent most of his time, tending the clock-flowers and dipping his toes in the water. The King seldom visited the garden, which he had wanted simply to remind himself that he could isolate anything on top of his tower, Pesher and the garden included. The King didn't like the bright colors, the humidity, or the bugs.

There were many bugs in the garden, and they did buzz.

And each flower is the Sacred Chao. Some of the bugs did sting, and Pesher was stung often. When he could, he swatted the bugs away or smashed them. Pesher cried out to Eris when he was stung, crying "Why do I have a magic with plants but not with bugs? The plants do not sting me! Only the bugs do!" But the Goddess laughed, because Pesher did not understand. Pesher kept getting stung, sometimes in embarrassing places.

Pesher did have a magic with the bugs, who never once stung the King. The Bugs flew in the eyes of the King, but never in the eyes of Pesher. But Eris forgave Pesher for not seeing the truth of this, because she was always invited to Pesher's garden, and to his room, and to his parties with his friends, and to the movies, if she was ever up for it.

Eris had taken a Holy Shine to Pesher, and had made him her Passing Fancy for a time, but she didn't go to the movies with him. Eris is playful with her lovers, and likes to bite. It is written that all who love Eris are her lovers, and we are all, at a time when we do not know it, her Passing Fancy.

#### FUN THINGS TO COLOR AND GLUE

The word Grandfather contains the letters NDF, together. There are only a handful of words that contain NDF in succession; most of them also end with the letter "L." Think of two that have no "L" in them, then think of three that do. Every day, make a point of remembering a sorrowful incident from your past. Meditate on the incident until it strikes you as funny. Find the connection between these two activities, and you are three steps closer to Illumination.

**THE TRUTH (SOME OF IT)**

1. In the natural chaos-order-order-chaos, all creatures, even cabbages, are born Innocent, and do not feel Guilt.
2. The prevailing forms of paganistic Order draw much of their power not only from suppression of chaos, but from convincing creatures to feel Guilt.
3. Eris likes her followers to feel Gilt.
4. Throwing a Golden Apple at the skull of those who snub you is more respectable than throwing it into a crowd of Innocent strangers. But rolling a gilt apple on the floor works better and has more style.
5. Nothing's quite as bad after an intense fuck.

**TEMPLE PROCEDURES: RITUAL CLEANSING OF WORSHIP AREA**

What follows is an emergency procedure for the cleansing of any area of worship, for use when the Lysol has run out and the primal chaos isn't providing loose change. It may be performed by any two Popes and a Dupe. The Dupe should be given a silly hat, but shouldn't be allowed to keep it afterward.

**The First Pope** (Addressing the Dupe): Know ye now that you are standing on holy ground, a center of Discord and a warm home for Chaos?

**The Dupe:** (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

**The First Pope** (Indicating the Unclean Nature of the Place: Know ye now that this place is not clean, and the Goddess is not properly honored?)

**The Dupe:** (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

**The First Pope** (Smiling Broadly): Are you offended by this mess?

**The Second Pope** (Interrupting): I'm not! It's good enough for a Pope, and if the Goddess doesn't like it, she can sleep on the couch!

The Second Pope then looks to the Dupe for a response.

**The Dupe:** (Responds as he pleases)

**The First Pope:** The Wicked Queen, when jealous of Snow White, also sent an apple.

The First Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The Hat is then removed from the Dupe, who is thanked for his assistance

The entire proceedings demonstrate the Illusion of Organized Free Will; the Dupe is always "free" to respond as he pleases, but his response has no effect on the outcome, and always brings punishment. If the Dupe elects NOT to respond, you've found a new inductee. If the Dupe is of your preferred sex for mating with, ask the Dupe for a date.

Lysol, on the whole, works better. But even Lysol needs a day off.

Novus Ordo Discordia

## CHAPTER TWO: RAIN OF FLOWERS

The seeds of flowers can be the seeds of Discord in any place where flowers are not wanted. Some men fear flowers.

Pesher tended his garden with care, for his friends and his room and the movies gave him no pleasure like his magic with growing things, and, despite his cries, even the bugs felt comfortable to him.

In a year in which the Curse on mankind seemed to weigh down more heavily than ever, there came rumors to the Royal Court about Pesher's garden, and many of the gentlemen and ladies of the court longed to see its beauty. Pesher knew none of this. If he had, it would have made him smile and invite the gentlemen and ladies there. But in the laws of the City, the garden was not Pesher's. The garden was the garden of the King.

And the King, too, had heard the mutterings of the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and was worried. The King didn't like his garden, and saw it as a prison for Pesher, whom he both envied and hated. The King didn't think the garden was beautiful, the King just hated the bugs. Which was fine; the bugs didn't especially like him, either.

It was the bugs which inspired the King to do what he did, which was his plan to make his subjects forget about the garden.

One day the King appeared before the court, at one of the Royal Parties. It was a dreary affair; the music was the kind that hid the soul of the composer, and the costumes and masks were the kind that hid the souls of their wearers. But the ladies and gentleman still danced. It was all they could do.

The music stopped and the King stood up before the Band, and spoke out to the dance floor, saying "I have heard echoes and mutters and shapely silences, and their shapes were all the same. You, my subjects, envy me my garden. "This is as it should be; a King must have enviable things," he said, "but a King's wealth is the wealth of his people."

The dancers shuffled nervously in clothing that hid their bodies, behind masks that hid their souls, and felt fear. All of them wanted to see the garden, yet all of them knew that the King's words were somehow not sincere. They knew the Order of the City, and the Order of the City didn't include sharing anything that belonged to the City's King.

The King spoke thus: "Come, my subjects, to the top of my skyscraper. There you will see all things as I do, both the garden and the City. As you have heard, the flowers there are beautiful, and are of colors seldom seen." In fear, the gentlemen and ladies of the court followed their king to the top of his tower. The members of the Band, mercifully, were allowed to stay behind to polish their instruments.

Pesher the gardener was dipping his toes in the water of the pool, and the flowers of the flower-clock were opening and closing all around him, each one the Sacred Chao. He was surprised and delighted when a the sounds of a crowd was heard, arriving from the brick and glass house where the elevator was. The King entered the garden, smiling. He knew that the bugs he so hated would pester and irritate his guests, and that they would stop longing for his garden.

The bugs didn't go near the King that day. Not even to cloud his eyes.



The ladies and gentlemen stepped fearfully into the garden, and were struck by what they saw. Colors, bright colors, and dances of swirling mist. Green leaves and pebbled paths, following structure that they had never seen, and sometimes no structure at all. The garden of Peshier was a Creative Trip, and they were Tripping on it. The bugs did not go near the Gentlemen and Ladies, and they did not go near the King. The subjects of the Royal Court watched in wonder, instead, as the bugs swirled in the mist, their golden wings glittering in the sunlight, bright and dancing above the shadowy fog of the streets far below. The bugs formed circles and swirls, and suggested symbols that the ladies and gentlemen did not understand.

And Peshier saw the light in their eyes, and was satisfied, and kept right on splashing his toes in the water. Happily, the subjects from the dance tore off their masks, and hiked up their costumes, and joined him. Some wandered barefoot to the edge of the garden, to watch the mists swirl down into the blackened corridors of the grey skyscrapers of the city. They shook their heads and laughed.

The King was pissed. Royally. "These bugs!" he cried. "They always fly in my face! They always buzz in my ear! They fight me and drive me away! "These colors! They are too bright! They inspire no sense of Order! They inspire no sense of Dread!" And the King railed and cried and the ladies and gentleman kept right on splashing their toes.

The King killed the garden that day.

With his bare hands he started, and with his bare, bloodied hands he finished. He tore up every flower, he tore up every shrub. His hands ripped roses from the ground and threw branches into the gravel. His feet crushed tiny flowers barely born. And he threw it all into the black abyss of the concrete canyons of the city. The ladies and gentlemen put on their masks, and shrank away in fear. Peshier, the gardener, simply wept, lying dirty in the ruins of his flower-clock. On the streets of the city, men and women shuffled nervously in dull-colored coats that hid their bodies. They did not know that the King was above them, murdering a garden. They did not know that the gardener was crying.

Until the flowers fell.

And the streets of the city were filled with colors seldom seen, and fresh earth and mist and dancing bugs with glittering golden wings. For the first time, the people smiled, and the women put flowers in their hair, and the lovers laughed about everything.

#### **THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE AND FEAR**

If your tendency is to love the opposite of what you fear, you have no freedom.

#### **THE TRUTH ABOUT TAROT CARDS**

If magic were real, it would make the world go. Magic isn't real, so it makes the world go faster.

### LESSON IN ERISTIC INFLUENCE

The lesson of the Goddess and the Original Snub can be applied directly in everyday life, and doing so is a spiritual path toward Eristic Gnosis, the intimate knowledge of Discordia's sting. This is called "tossing apples," a term applied to any influence exerted on a group without their prior consent.

One example of this sport: While among a group of quiet people (in a library, a classroom, on an airplane, or while infiltrating another church, for instance), sharply draw in air through your nose. Make a sound. Sniffle. Be noisy about it. Now be quiet and wait. The others around you will sniffle; a chain reaction will occur. If it doesn't take by the second try, it will take on the third. Check to see if anyone become self-conscious about sniffling after others have sniffled. It will be obvious; their eyes will dart about, looking either nervous, embarrassed, or apologetic. If one of them looks you in the eye, immediately scratch your arm, imitating a sudden itch. They will scratch, too. Soon, others will scratch, and again, it will only take two or three tries to make the "trend" catch on. Do the same trick with coughing, clearing the throat, toying with pencils, and other "nervous habits." This is a mild apple to toss, and is more likely to awaken latent Tourette's Syndrome than cause a new Trojan War.

### CHAPTER THREE: REIGN OF FLOWERS

This chapter was never completed.

### RIN: A DISCORDIAN DIVINATION METHOD

If you can't read cards or leaves or smoke or entrails, you can still read rocks using the ancient technique known as Rin. Developed by one of the earliest Discordian Cabals in 1129 B.C., Rin requires Five Interesting Stones, one white, one black, one red, one yellow, and one blue. You might have to Paint the Stones Yourself. This is a matter of some ceremony; take your time to stay inside the lines and (when you're finished) use the Dedication Prayer found in chapter 29 of the Second Gospel of St. Prefect. Cast the stones into the shadow of an apple, and arrange them in the order cast.

The first house (in which the first stone dwells) is the house of passions; this is where the flames of your heart are quenched. The color of the first house is Blue.

The second house (in which the second stone dwells) is the house of razors; this is where your mind arranges reality. The color of the second house is White.

The third house (in which the third stone dwells) is the house of bones; this is where your body is centered. The color of the third house is Yellow.

The fourth house (in which the fourth stone dwells) is the house of dancing light; this is where your imagination comes to play. The color of the third house is Red.

The fifth house (in which the fifth stone dwells) is the guest-house; this is where the rest of the world can crash for the night, and it is the house of greatest mystery, of deepest darkness, and of the steepest personal expense. The color of the fifth house is Black.

When the stones are cast, they will fall into their respective houses and reveal past, present, and future. All colors in alignment is a powerful omen, indicative of great energies put to great purpose (the odds are 1:120, if you prefer to use divination methods for gambling). All colors unequal is discord, and more likely (One in Five).

**A STORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD**

It was a custom in ancient Babylonia to choose a "king for the day" one day out of each year, taken from the common stock. This king would rule Babylon until his first sunset on the throne, after which he would be sacrificially put to death. There is one incident in which the real king, Era-Imitti, chose his gardener, Enlil Bani, to be this doomed king. Era-Imitti, ironically, was even more doomed, and died of natural causes while the ceremonial party still raged on. The Mock King ruled for two decades, and did it well. Thus may the sacrificial lamb wield the dagger for himself. Somebody, somewhere, has to win the lottery.

**AN ALCHEMICAL FORMULA: THE PURPLE THROAT POTION**

From the Formulary of Raskol Cohen the Russian, the Swinging Jew:

Settle in the crucible both the breath of the iron snake (being taken from him when his aspect is fire) and the Dust of Soft Elixirs, then adding the SWEET crystals (those of the first of the Five Elements) and blending until their aspects become one. To this mixture must be added two and three and five measures of the Water Stone, and (to the brim of the crucible) summon again the service of the serpent, from his aspect of biting wind. Thus is perfect the potion made, and it will satisfy the formula.

Alchemy is not, as the less benevolent factions of our Conspiracy want you to believe, the quest to turn lead into gold. Rather, the transformation of base metal into noble metal is allegorical. Alchemy and Gnosis are the same thing; the goal of the alchemist is to transform HIMSELF from base humanity into something in contact with the Gods, into a more perfect being, Illuminated, comprehending the nature of himself, both profane and divine. The formula above is one step, not towards Illumination, but towards the powerful channeling of the tension that binds us and make us less like Gods and more like Richard Nixon. In addition, the formula provides a kick in the pants to the bloodstream, followed shortly thereafter by deeper relaxation. It can also be used as an aphrodisiac, though it only works on potential lovers who are already close to Gnosis themselves. In so doing, both of you will come closer to the Goddess. The Purple Sage and the Purple Throat Potion were not named for one another, despite popular rumor. The Sage did, however, have a fondness for its effects.

**HELPFUL ADVICE FROM TWO SOURCES**

Don't Wake Up,  
If You Aren't Finished With The Dream  
- St. Peshier  
"Not with that O.P.A., Brother"  
- Legionnaire L.C.

Do it for the Widow's Son.



## Liber 3167

from the 23 Apples of Eris

### Part I

### Chaos

1 Prince Mu-Chao was in the glade, and it was there he chewed hay. As he chewed his hay in the glade, he said, "Yea, the hay is good hay and it is bad hay and it is somewhat good hay and it is somewhat bad hay and hey, was that a blue colored moose?"

2 It was a blue colored moose, but as it got closer it changed into a red cow, and as it got closer than that it became an orange pistachio, and as it got even closer, it became a pink heron, and as it got closest it became a purple dinosaur.

3 So Prince Mu-Chao said unto it, "Barney, whyfore do you strut and sway and turn into various colored animals before my very eyes and fuck with my mind so?"

4 And Barney said unto Prince Mu-Chao, "Of what do you speak, Prince? I am not changing color and I thinkest my name is not Barney, for no one has ever called me such in my immortal life. I am the Goddess Eris and I have come to answer the questions thou hast not yet asked me on this very night."

5 And Prince Mu-Chao apologized profusely and made excuses and referred to the lysergic acid in his system as the culprit for the misrepresentation of the Goddess by his eyes and mind. And so the Goddess forgave and shortly gave answers to questions the Prince did not even know to ask as of yet.

6 After this, Prince Mu-Chao began acting very strangely, for he began touching himself in public and eating Gobstoppers with peanut butter and even went so far as to write about himself in the third person. Verily, something strange was a toe in Denmark.

7 And he began talking to grasshoppers and listening to melons and peeing in Dixie cups and frying Hot Wheels and pinching his cheek in a very suggestive and revolting way, and spilling his seed in the dust.

8 When asked about his indecent, illicit and sometimes just fucking weird behavior, Prince Mu-Chao said only, "Beware the Goddess, for she is a real Bitch and will ruin your life in her mysterious ways. For that is what she does, Turnip. The Goddess fucks with you not so you gain enlightenment, or so you become a better person, or so you come to your senses. No, the Goddess fucks with you because it's fun for Her to do so.

9 "Eris was a freight train," Prince Mu-Chao continued, "and I was a duck. Oh baby, baby, the road is marching on. Fnordits and Granfalloon I beg of you give me my simple yet frabjuous caloo-cally!"

10 Prince Mu-Chao did stammer and scream much more than just this, and yet the Holy Tape Recorder did stop taping at this point, for we used Cheap Generic Batteries and not Energizers, nor Duracells, and so we lost the Holy Word as told to us by Prince Mu-Chao.



Anything not nailed down is mine. Anything I can pry loose is not nailed down.

11 Yet all is not lost for the Goddess came back and attempted to speak to the Prince again who, when told that the Goddess was calling on him waxed sorely pissed and jiggled his willy at the rest of the 23 Apples and screamed, "NO, no, no, no, NO!"

12 The Apples wanted to cover up their mistake with the Holy Tape Recorder and so they laughed in the Prince's face and ushered Eris into Mu-Chao's padded cell despite his cries and mewlings and moanings, closing and locking the door behind her to protect themselves from any after-effects of Eris' Chaos.

13 The next morning the Apples unlocked and opened the padded door and behold! And stuff! Eris and Prince Mu-Chao were no longer in the room. The Prince had apparently escaped in the night and was probably dancing naked in a field of poppies or marigolds or magazines or something.

14 And so the Apples set upon the task of finding him and after having not found him, of looking for him, and after having not looked at him, of yelling for him, and after having not yelled at him, of going to the local pub and ordering several mugs of Guinness.

15 The Apples did get drunk, and they did pass out, and they did sleep.

16 In the meantime, Prince Mu-Chao was hiding in a silo on the edge of town mumbling obscenities at himself and at the dragons and the elephants that joined him in his once-serene setting.

17 He knew not how he got here, nor where his pants were, and yet he uttered his obscenities still and did get dizzy when he caught a whiff of one of the elephant's cloud of pink gas and so, as at the beginning of this wholly book, the Prince became psy-enabled.

18 And upon his re-enabilization he saw St. Gulik, a giant cockroach, playing solitaire with the Ghost of Emperor Norton in one corner of the silo. The dragons and the elephants gave them both a wide berth. Fearing the onset of lunacy, the Prince blinked and squished his eyelids together tightly, yet when he opened them, the Holy Things were still playing solitaire.

19 "Oy!" Prince Mu-Chao said, even though he was not and is not Jewish. He slowly made his way around the silo and sat down beside the card players, who gave him long, pitying looks between playing their cards.

20 "Well, from the looks on your faces, I can see that you have news of not the good kind for me that I am going to hate. Verily, you can tell me; I will not punch you in the nose. Out with it, damn you!"

21 "Oy, vey!" St. Gulik said, even though he was not and is not Jewish. "The Lady told us to come and tell you that you can run, but you can't Hyde, and not to step on her Blue Suede Shoes, and, oh yes, dial 867-5309," he said, handing the Prince his Celestial Cell Phone. It was digital and the connection was good.

22 And so prince Mu-Chao dialed the number and got a funny beeping tone, followed by a disembodied voice telling him that the number he dialed could not be reached. St. Gulik reminded him that he had to dial "5" to get out of Reality, and so the Prince dialed a "5" before 867-5309 and Eris picked up the phone, "Wrong number, please!"

23 "WHAT IS IT YOU WANT FROM ME?!?!?!" the Prince screamed into the phone, startling the elephants (but not the dragons, for dragons are very much used to people yelling when they are around).

24 "I just wanted to tell you to write another Holy Book entitled Liber 3167 and in it, chronicle your dealings with me to warn others that I am a bitch and should not be trusted."

25 "I believe that," said Prince, and he whistled a hearty tune as he walked back to 23 Apples Headquarters.

# Liber 3167

## Part II

### Discord

1 "Get the hell out, Illuminati SCUMM; or I'll bean you with a K-apple and mail you chewed up GUM!" sang Mu-Chao as the bass pounded, the drum snared and the lead guitar whined.

2 "Ok, wait... stop... stop," said Mu-Chao and the music wound down as the rest of the Apples stopped playing their instruments. "This sucks, verily. We need a better songwriter, and better musicians, and a better singer if we want to be an actual band."

3 "We have a good name," said the Happy Fun Ball, "that should count for something. I mean, Hog-Blowing Bite Me Power Tool Apocalypse Riding Liquid Nicotine Dune Buggies is a GOOD name."

4 "And yet, we have absolutely no musical talent, except Fluff plays the bass harmonica very well, of course. I am a writer, not a singer. I sound worse than Bob Dylan with a head cold and a case of the runs."

5 Thus the Hog-Blowing Bite Me Power Tool Apocalypse Riding Liquid Nicotine Dune Buggies disbanded in disgrace and turned back to writing propaganda, from whence they had come.

6 Eris came to Prince Mu-Chao that night when he was in his den gulping whiskey and going over Finnegan's Wake with a fine-toothed brush for answers to the age-old question 'What the fuck was Joyce on, anyway?'

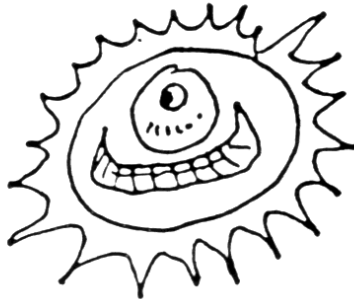
7 "Oh, shit, not you again. Look, I'm writing your goddamn book, you've got to give me time. It's only been a couple of years," the Prince said, backing his chair across the room to remove himself from her wake.

8 "I really liked that band, Mu-Chao. Why did you decide to stop playing? The unmelodious melody struck a dis-chord in my Sacred Heart and made me sad in a happy sort of way."

9 "What are you talking about? We sucked. It wasn't just bad music, nor was it just bad singing, nor was it bad songwriting. We just sucked," the Prince pointed out, trying not to offend the Goddess while still making his point.

10 And yet Eris insisted that the music they made was special to Her and that if the band did not continue to play and send Her demo tapes once a month, She would wax sorely pissed and make sure to visit the Prince every night.

People who emit  
Cherenkov radiation  
make me nervous.



Jesus loves you. Eve-  
ryone else thinks  
you're an asshole.

11 Being a fairly smart guy, Mu-Chao knew he could not handle dealing with the Goddess every night. Hell, he couldn't even deal with the telemarketers he got calls from now, how was he going to manage with the Goddess of Chaos every night?

12 After mumbling something about Jesus never visiting His followers and making THEIR lives miserable, he agreed that the Hog-Blowing Bite Me Power Tool Apocalypse Riding Liquid Nicotine Dune Buggies would get back together under the name K235172571532-5 and release *Their Second Album* (the first was entitled *Their First Album* and is only available for a limited time in a dumpster down the street from where I am writing this).

13 Eris was overjoyed and She danced around the room, knocking over a bookshelf, the 23 Apples' Server, the Prince's bottle of Bushmills, and a tesseract that had started to grow out of the wall. Then she promptly dematerialized and left the Prince to ponder what in the world he was going to do.

14 She knew he hated playing the music, but she wanted him to do it anyway. What if the music was not dischordant, but instead chordant? She would hate it then, and force them to stop!

15 And so the Apples practiced and practiced, discarding all but the best songs they could come up with. And Eris was happy.

16 Eris was happy, that is, for the first month or so. Soon, She began to get angry. She came to the Prince when he was at work and told him it was time for a cigarette break. Rolling his eyes and smirking his lips, he went outside with her.

17 "I know what you're up to, Prince, and it's not nice to fool Mother Nature."

18 "You're Mother Chaos, not Mother Nature!" the Prince said.

19 "I am so Mother Nature. This week, anyway. She went on vacation and asked me to fill in for her, you know, the flowers still have to bloom and everything, but she needed a break so bad. She's the kind of immortal who all work, work, work, never having any fun at all and so I set her up with..."

20 "Alright, I get the picture. That's why all the trees have polka dots. It's not a disease after all. Anyway, what are you talking about "fooling"? I'm doing everything you asked."

21 "The band is intentionally getting better, and I don't like it. Suck again. The music hurts my ears and my pineal gland now!"

22 "That's what happens when you practice - you get better. The beats come naturally to us now and we can't help but play good."

23 "Damn you, Mu-Chao, you'll pay for this!" Eris screamed and gave the Prince a black eye and bloody nose before leaving in a huff.

24 The 23 Apples happily stopped playing their music and Eris did not bitch at all.

25 Do you believe that?

shoots back.

The problem with troubleshooting is that real trouble



# Liber 3167

## Part III

### Confusion

1 And then there was this time Prince Mu-Chao fell down the rabbit hole through a mirror and met the Rabid Postman and the April Robot.

2 "How now, brown Chao?" asked the April Robot with an air of dignity that was not unlike a springtime dew of honeysuckle and primrose parts of the whole shebang and more.

3 "Dude, what the fuck?" Prince Mu-Chao mumbled in an absurd attempt to communicate with the April Robot, when he knew full well that Prometheus was bumming a ride to Vegas at the exact same time as the Robot bled crude on his jacket, and so a red fly wouldn't have a chance at poetry.

4 The Rabid Postman introduced himself as Gomer and said he was pleased to meet such a non-entity in person and could he not have Mu-Chao's autograph on a line of coke he snorted up through his asshole?

5 This was too much for Mu-Chao and so he wandered off and found a grove of 'shrooms that said Bite Me on them. He sat down and studied one for a couple of hours.

6 Knocked out of his daze by the smell of some good ol' Kallisti Gold, the Prince looked around, and saw a multi-colored caterpillar sitting back on one of the 'shrooms behind him. "Lo," the Prince said. "I've never tripped like this before."

7 The caterpillar replied, "You are definitely 100% out of your gourd, but you have not seen the I's yet. Who Are You?"

8 "Don't start that bullshit man, we have to be, like, original and creative. Don't repeat yourself. You said all that shit to Alice, and we know about it already. This is a new Trip. Hey, waitaminute, I thought you were a butterfly now?"

9 "Don't fuck with me, man. My time is not your time. And I'll say whatever I want. Who Are You Today?"

10 "The same person I was yesterday, but more-so, and with a side of vinegar and rice," Prince Mu-Chao said, grabbing a chunk of 'shroom and munching on it.

11 A few minutes later, after stomping on the uncooperative caterpillar, the Prince ran across a pair of twins throwing a screaming hard-boiled egg back and forth. "Dude, this is pretty fucked up right here," Prince Mu-Chao said and just walked right on by.

12 On the horizon he saw a towering Emerald City and this bothered him more than any thing else so far. "Someone's mixing up their stories," the Prince said aloud, "This is very sloppily done." The poppies agreed loudly and emphatically.

13 Some time later, the Prince reached the Emerald City and the guard, with a real oedipal complexion, accosted him at the gate. "What is your business with the Wizard?"

14 Prince Mu-Chao explained to the guard that he had come to ask the wizard a very important, but personal question. Alas, the guard would not let him through until the Prince shared what was left of his 'shroom.

15 Walking inside, Prince Mu-Chao seemed to go through another paradigm shift, though, because multi-colored horses merged with playing cards into a jumble out of which a dark castle emerge.



## In the Cards

Yahweh peered at Eris over His cards.

"Why do You suppose," He asked meaningfully, "that I always seem to attract so many ladies? See and raise five."

"The same reason so many men are drawn to Me," She replied absently. "No one wants to think that their sex is responsible for reality. See Your five and call."

"It has been said that there are many rooms in My mansion," Yahweh boomed confidently, "But Lo! My house is full. Queens over Jacks, m'Dear."

"Four fives..." Eris began, then paused. "Oh, no," She corrected Herself. "Oh, that's much better." Eris hurriedly switched Her cards around, a smile spreading across Her face. "What is the difference," She asked excitedly, "between two Fools and a King?"

"Er," Yahweh responded, a bit flustered, "A crown?"

"Not quite, but that's the guess I would expect from You," Eris replied, laying down Her hand, "As you can see, there is no difference. Kings over fives, by the way. A winning hand and a new twist on an old puzzle. Oh, I am hot tonight. You've gotten around to the whole night/day thing, right? Oh, You must have or You wouldn't be resting, I suppose."

Yahweh looked down at Her hand, astonished and even more confused. "But there weren't any Jokers in the deck!" He managed.

"Oh, Hon," Eris said, smiling a bit sadly as She gathered Her winnings from the center of the table, "There are always Jokers in the deck."

16 "I'm sooooo depressed," the Prince heard from around a corner. When he went to investigate he saw that it was, indeed, the Prince of Denmark who, like the guard, had a bit of an oedipal complexion.

17 "That wasn't one of your lines," the Prince said to the Prince, "I know all your lines and that is not one of them."

18 "Fuck you, pal," Hamlet said to the Prince.

19 "That definitely wasn't one of them. Boy, Shakespeare really did you a favor, turning you into a poet. Who'd have known you were just a shit-stained, uncouth little twerp?"

20 For Hamlet was little, a mere 5'2", and as the Prince watched, the other Prince began morphing into something else. An eye.

21 "Okay, I've had about enough of this BULLSHIT!" the Prince screamed. Everybody in the restaurant looked over at him. He seemed to be in Dennys, and looking at the clock on the wall, it was 3am eternal.

22 The Happy Fun Ball and MarshMellow Fluff told him to shut the fuck up, what did he want, for them all to get arrested with 'shrooms still bulging in their pockets?

23 Prince Mu-Chao replied with first a smile, then a burp, then a twinkle in his eye, then a raised eyebrow, then a knowing look, and finally with the contents of his stomach.

24 Over the next few years, Prince Mu-Chao would flashback to that night, the Night of the Goddess, smile, and retch prolifically.

25 You'd better believe that (or at least stand back for a few hours).

**Liber 3167**  
Part IV  
**Bureaucracy**

1 One night, Prince Mu-Chao found that he couldn't sleep and so called several mythological friends of the Trickster persuasion he had made since first coming into the clutches of the dangerous Goddess Eris.

2 And so Coyote, Raven, Loki, Mercury, Legba, Waktjunkaga, Krishna, Eshu, Thlokunyana, Hermes, Aflakete, Prometheus, and of course, Prince Mu-Chao, met in the woods by his house and formulated a plan to trick Eris into giving the ordinary cabbage a modicum of common sense.

3 You see, Eris had been hoarding the common sense and normal, everyday cabbages had absolutely none. The Goddess said she needed the c and the esses from Common Sense it to bake a cheesecake.

4 But Prince Mu-Chao was not interested in the Goddess' pie; no, he was more interested in not having to deal with witless cabbages for the rest of his days on Terra Foola.

5 Nor could Coyote, or any of the Trickster persuasion, deal with the Everyday Cabbage any longer. And so, as was formerly said before this, they formulated a plan to trick Eris into giving the ordinary cabbage a modicum of common sense.

6 The plan went thusly: Prince Mu-Chao was to distract the Goddess with Stupid Questions while Prince Mu-Chao snuck past her and jimmied the lock on her Chaos Safe™. Then, Prince Mu-Chao would enter the Chaos Safe™ and Prince Mu-Chao would solve the Five Impossible Riddles Of Death™ while Prince Mu-Chao disarmed the bomb and Prince Mu-Chao stood guard. Finally, Prince Mu-Chao would actually take the Common Sense (as well as anything else that may interest the others). Prince Mu-Chao was to drive the getaway car.

7 Needless to say, it was not Prince Mu-Chao that came up with this plan.

8 "What do you think I am, your Bitch?" Prince Mu-Chao asked Raven heatedly. "You guys are all older than me, but more people believe I exist than some of you. In fact, I don't think I ever heard of you," he said, looking at Waktjunkaga. "You sound like a character I would make up."

9 Waktjunkaga insisted he was real and was the patron saint of Winnebagos.

10 "I don't care if you're the god of semis, I ain't doing this. Find Br'er Rabbit. He'll do anything."

11 Eris was watching this heated discussion and smiled to herself. She knew that common sense would not help the cabbages any, for they had no brains to put the common sense into, as anyone WITH common sense could see.

12 Long ago, she had tried placing common sense into a cabbage and it was just wasted as it soon trickled down the cabbage's inner thigh and puddled at its feet.

13 And so, fearing nothing but a lack of amusement, she threw a plan into mighty Raven's brainstem.

14 "I KNOW!" Raven exclaimed. "We can tell her that WE'LL make her the common sense cheesecake as a sacrifice to her as Supreme Whatchamacallit Of The Known Universe And Everything Beyond, Up To And Including Delaware!" Raven was very excited that he had what he thought was an original idea, and almost wet himself.

15 "It will never work," Prince Mu-Chao said morosely.

AD072

Blessed are they that run  
around in circles, for  
they shall be known as  
wheels.



That which does not kill me had  
better run pretty damn fast.

16 The next morning, Legba and Prometheus went to inform the Goddess that the Tricksters would like to bake her the cheesecake. They came back with a Gallon and a half of common sense, and there was much rejoicing.

17 Now, though, they realized they had a problem. How were they to insert the common sense into the cabbages?

AD073

18 Loki was the first to try to insert Common Sense into a cabbage. He tricked the cabbage into drinking some common sense, but all the cabbage did was piss itself until all the common sense had run down its leg and puddled at its feet.

19 Krishna walked up to cabbages and stuck vials of Common Scents under their noses so the Cabbages would smell the Common Scents, but it turned out that the wordplay involved was too much for Cabbages and their heads exploded, the Common Scents running down their legs to a rapidly-growing puddle beneath the limp bodies.

20 Coyote hunted him down a female cabbage and ejaculated Cummin Sense into her. It apparently did not take, for she screamed "Oh God! Oh God!" both before and after the serum was introduced. Even Coyote knew there were no such thing as Gods.

21 And yay, it came to pass that each of the Tricksters had tried their own way of getting the Common Sense into a cabbage and each had failed miserably at the task.

22 Finally Eris took pity upon them (actually, she just got bored watching them) and came down to Terra FooLa asking for her cheesecake.

23 "Aha, we tricked you, Goddess!" Coyote began. When he realized that they had not succeeded in their trickery, he sat down quickly.

24 Picking up on his lead, Prince Mu-Chao faked it. "Yes, we tricked you and gave the Common Sense to all..." Prince Mu-Chao gave up as a car drove by with a "Bush for President" bumper sticker.

25 Well. Do you believe THAT?

# Liber 3167

## Part V

### Aftermath

AD074

1 And so the Prince was almost finished penning the Holy Book that the Goddess had instructed him to write and he put it down with only one chapter to go. As soon as he did, the Goddess appeared.

2 "You know," said Prince Mu-Chao, "A lot of people would give their pineal gland to actually see and talk to you. Why don't you go bug them?"

3 "You don't really think you're done, do you? That's a wimpy little Holy Book, isn't it? About 15 pages if you double space?"

4 "Numerically, it's the only option. I have five sets of five. How can I ruin that? It's too perfect. No, this is going to be your damned holy book, whether you like it or not!"

5 At this point, Mu-Chao was turned into a cabbage, which Our Lady Eris picked up and brought into the kitchen.

6 Our Lady removed a pan from the Pan Tree and filled it with water, threw it on the stove and began boiling. "Oh, is that how it is, Mu-Chao. I'll take it and like it, will I?"

7 "Okay, okay, I'll write more!" the cabbage yelled (which was a pretty weird sight. After all, how many cabbages have you seen actually talk besides all the ones you see every day?).

8 She restored Prince Mu-Chao to his former not-so-glory and informed the Prince that the Tome must be as heavy as the bible, maybe bigger.

9 "What?!" Prince Mu-Chao said. "I thought you wanted to name this Liber 3167, not Liber 3251! The bible took about 1000 years to write and that had, like 50 authors!"

10 "Alright, alright. But you need to at least pentuple its length. I mean, what you've written is okay, but it's nothing great, you know.

11 And so Prince Mu-Chao experimented and played and ripped up and threw away and he was verily sore at the goddess for screwing up his work.

12 "Who the fuck does She think She is?" we heard him mutter one morning as we were watching television and he was hard at work on his computer. "Does she think I'm her fucking writing appendage?"

13 And lo, the Prince was inspired by his own words and began thinking of attaching appendages throughout the document, and yea, this excited him in a way that was not purely non-sexual but virtually G-Rated.

14 "Of Appendages we shall have twenty-three," the Prince wrote.

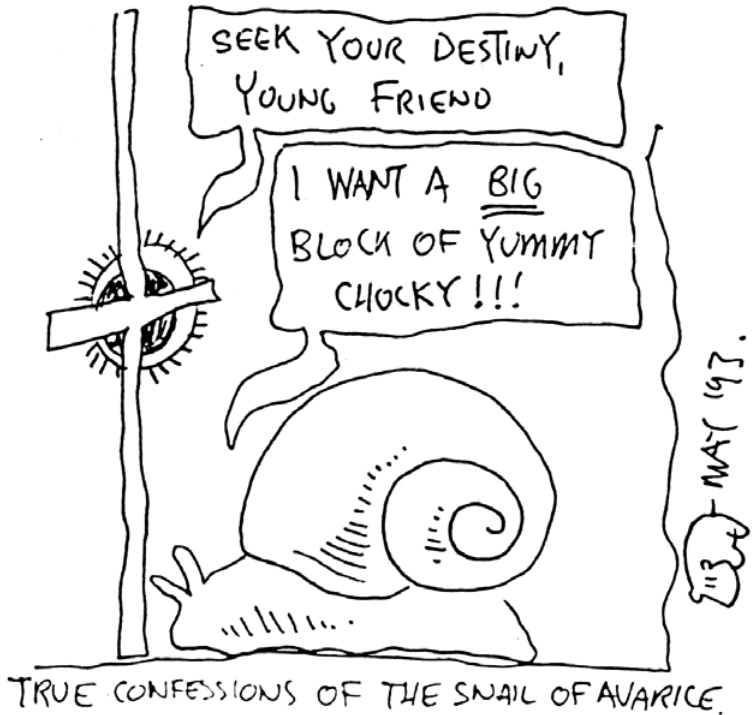
15 "A Table of Malcontents to begin with, of course. But of what else is there upon which I can write with the fluidity and supra-wisdom for which I am known?"

Fine, DON'T have  
a nice day, see  
if I care.

You can't lick the system, but you can  
certainly give it a damn good fondling...

You're not really drunk if you can lie on the  
floor without hanging on.

Semper Non Sequitur!



16 And so Happy Fun Ball and Rev. Y? and MajorDomo and Hamman Cheez and all the other Apples in the immediate vicinity of the Prince paused Monty Python's Search for the Holy Grail and rattled off Ideas.

17 Happy Fun Ball screamed, "Cook-Note Fiberglass!" MajorDomo yelled; "Mondos and Mindfucks!" Rev. Y? whispered; "A bunch of things we've already done!"; "And Something!" yelled Joe.

18 And so, their work done, they went back to watching the movie while Mu-Chao waxed sorely pissed and turned back to the computer.

19 Prince Mu-Chao did write and he wrote and he had written and he wroted.

20 Finally, he was finished. He looked upon his work and it sucked.

21 "This Sucks," Eris said after she had read it all. "I mean, this is good. And this is okay. This huge pile over here just sucks."

22 "Well, what do you want me to do, Eris? I'm tired and haven't slept for days."

23 Eris said, "Why did you bother making it bigger than it was? It was perfect with just five parts with five groupings of five items. You should have just stopped there. You could probably salvage some of this stuff too," she said disinterestedly and promptly vanished.

24 Prince Mu-Chao got drunk that night and weeped as the 23 Apples of Eris looked on in amusement.

25 Believe it or not.

**How To Summon Ye Dæmon Aleister Crowley To Visible Appearance**  
(A Rite For Father's Day)

Father's Day Rite O.D. PUBLICATION, CLASS A  
From an ancient Græco-Egyptian manuscript in the Egyptian National  
Museum

**Ye Banishing**

Banish by showing a picture of Aleister Crowley to the eight directions, saying "*Get Off My Cloud*" at each spacemark, and each time give the Middle Finger Salute to the direction. Or ye may wear a Crowley Mask during the banishing. This will scare away any non-Thelemic entities and entice Crowley to the Circle.

**Ye Place Of Working**

In the middle of the circle should be a Crucifix, lots of beer (Crowley hated beer) and a copy of an A.E. Waite book (Crowley liked Waite about as much as beer). This will keep Crowley from invading the circle in his true form.

**Ye Preliminary Insultation**

The celebrants sit in the circle and consume beer, marijuana and other intoxicants, all the while profaning the demon Crowley, reviling him at every turn. Every couple of minutes a different celebrant should break into the conversation and say, "*I wish Crowley was here to hear you say that.*" Getting stoned inside the circle where he can't reach you and insulting his Name will draw Crowley to the circle, itching to manifest and rip you into confetti.

**Ye First Insultation**

The appointed Priest reads each sentence aloud, and the Celebrants repeat it after him.

*"I invoke and conjure thee, o ye blasphemous toad Aleister Crowley! Long have ye taunted us from beyond the grave, meddling with the brains of acid messiahs and politicians, smirking at us from behind your silly Egyptian hat! I command you to appear before us now, if you're the great magician they say you are! Being armed with the power of beer and cigarettes I command it!!!"*

(pause for a minute)

*"O worm-eaten necromancer, hear me. A sadistic game you have played with your disciples long enough. You lure the curious down halls of Aleister Crowley statues and Crowley altars at every turn, only to lead the travelers to a mirror at the end of the path, and they realize their god was themselves all the time. BUT BY THAT TIME THEY'VE BOUGHT ALL YOUR BOOKS. Thou art a slick advertiser selling bottled air."*

*"I invoke you by your names: To Mega Therion! Perdurabo! Baphomet! The Beast 666! Fo-Hi! Count Alexander Svareff! Chiao Khan! Alys! etc. Come thou forthwith, without delay, from any and all parts of the world thou mayest be, and make rational answers unto all things that we shall demand of thee, for thou art conjured up by the name of the living and true god Xerox!"*

AD076

### **Ye Second Insultation**

If the obstinate Beast refuses to show himself, repeat ye second insultation:

*"By the power of the slave god Jehovah, I command you to appear!"*

*"By twenty generations of Plymouth Brethren, I constrain you to appear!"*

*"By Leah Hirsig's bedpan, I lure you to appear!"*

*"With seven vestal virgins, I entice you to appear!"*

*"With seven lines of fine Peruvian cocaine, I tempt you to appear!"*

*"With seven young, gay, Arabian boys I seduce you to appear!"*

*"By a gram of China white heroin, I dare you to appear!"*

*"Just to see if I have all that shit, I DEFY YOU TO APPEAR!"*

### **Ye Grand Insultation**

Another joint is passed around while the Celebrants wait for a sign of Crowley's appearance. His manifestation can take many forms, and each adept should comment on anything he/she should hear or see that might be Crowley, from insects to rocks to vegetation. While the joint is smoked, each of these possible signs is discussed and either discarded or seized and put in the middle of the circle. These objects touched by Crowley are HOO-HAHs and should be kept by the celebrants as Power Objects.

If Crowley still does not appear in physical form, a final and most powerful CRITICIZATION and INSULTATION is uttered by the Priest:

*"Come on, man, this is embarrassing. We do the ritual and you promise it will work and you don't show up. That's just like you, you lime-sucking baldpate of an English windbag! We come out here, dress in fine apparel and take strange drugs and all that shit, and all we get out of it is sitting here in fine apparel stoned on strange drugs."*

*"Come on, you lecherous old fart! You can tantalize us with a little visible appearance, can't you? Just show us a leg and part of a helmet like Buer showed you, huh? That is, if you got the balls. COME ON, CROWLEY, SHOW US THAT BEAST OF A WANGER YOU BRAG ABOUT..."*

As soon as this is said, Crowley will manifest on the outside of the Circle, if not in bodily form then as a breeze or something more tenuous, but everything that moves outside the circle has been touched by him. Each celebrant who hasn't found a Crowley Hoo-Hah yet should go out of the Circle and find one. They are piled in the middle of the Circle. These Crowley Hoo-Hahs can be used for any and all types of Thelemic Magick. They're almost as good as Crowley Knucklebones and Crowley Toes.

### **Ye Banishing**

A reverse banishing should be performed. Face the inside of the circle, point Crowley's picture or mask to the center of the circle, and at each of the eight points, say *"Under my thumb"* while you grind your thumb into your outstretched palm.

### **Ye Warning**

The O.D. takes no responsibility for the consequences of performing this rite. Crowley's manifestation is sometimes violent: once a whole group of adepts was found buggered to death. Be forewarned.

Collegium ad Inner Sanctum

This year  
Kung Fus Shun, Grand OHOOD

# AD077





I hate people who think it's clever to take drugs - like customs officials.

Eristic Vibes are pulses of chaotic energy, while Aneristic Vibes are pulses of ordered energy... this means the fundamental concepts of chaos and order, not the waves themselves. (I.E. if vibes have a structure, both Eristic and Aneristic probably have the same structure. It is the kind of energy which differs, not the structure.) Eristic Vibes USUALLY cause Chaos, Discord and Confusion (the first three Faces (q.v.)) and Aneristic Vibes USUALLY cause Beurocracy and Aftermath (the last two Faces). I say USUALLY because, like most things, there are several occasions when the five will cross over. A Phool must learn to appreciate the spinning of the Chao, and the counter-push-pull of the Hodge and Podge, and learn when Eristic Vibes are needed, and when Aneristic Vibes are needed. As a very general rule, the world needs more Eristic Vibes... there are far more Greyfaces in the world than there are Discordians.

### Faces

Okay, eh, Discordian Magick is not exempt from the Law of Fives. There are five facets to Discordian Magic, just like the five faces of a pentagon. Ergo, to keep in line with this analogy, these aspects of magick have been termed "Faces". The 5 Faces are, naturally: Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Beurocracy, and Aftermath. When a Phool manipulates Vibes, the method in which the Vibes are manipulated is defined by the Face.

Some brief explanations:

**Chaos:** Vibes manipulated within the Face of Chaos, generally speaking, are designed simply to increase the amount of Eristic Energy in the area. Chaos magick is specifically unorganized, and often purposeless. It is used to change mood, tone, and is also a way to banish Greyfaces.

**Discord:** Vibes manipulated within the Face of Discord are designed to affect large numbers of Norms, and sometimes Greyfaces. It is the second most destructive form of magick, and requires care in its use. It causes Norms to act in ways they would not normally, often for reasons they do not fully comprehend.

**Confusion:** The most common form of magick, Vibes manipulated within the Face of Confusion is a Discordians primary weapon against Anerism. It is a subtle form of magick, designed to gradually wean norms and Greyfaces from their hopeless addiction to Aneristic Vibes.

**Beurocracy:** Vibes manipulated within the Face of Beurocracy must be treated with care, as they can easily slip into Aneristic ones instead of Eristic. Beurocratic Magick is designed to affect a large number of Norms into unconsciously succumbing to Eristic Influence. When used especially well, this form of magick is particularly effective against Greyfaces, as they may not even know that they are being manipulated.

**Aftermath:** Vibes manipulated within the Face of Aftermath are the most dangerous tool a Phool can use. They are by far the most destructive, and involve a permanent destruction of Vibes, and a ceasing of the Spinning of the Chao. Aftermath Magick is serious stuff. It means a closing and a termination of Energy. Don't use this stuff unless you're, like, really sure of yourself and are prepared to accept responsibility for the Ju-Ju you may cause.

## Nature, eh?

The Nature of Magick is not really an integral part of the Magick, but it helps the Phool to classify the effect his magick will have on the world. There are many natures, but some of the basic ones are: Creative: Designed to create ambient vibes. Usually called "Eristic Creative" or "Aneristic Creative".

**Destructive:** As Creative, but designed to destroy the vibes in question.

**Anti-Greyface:** Countering Aneristic attacks by Greyfaces, or planting seeds of Chaos in their subconscious.

**Personal:** Magick designed to alter the Phool's own moods, feelings, and attitudes. Helps recover from Aneristic attacks.

**Ritual:** The ritual is a means of simply causing Ju-Ju. It rarely has immediate effects, but when done, the Vibe Ju-Ju will cause long-term effects which the Phool may desire.

**Oracle:** A means of "seeing the future"... not really, but what it does is open the Phool's mind to ideas which may indeed affect the future.

## Part Five

This has been a very basic introduction into the theories and practice of Discordian Magick. It has been presented in hopes of laying a groundwork for further study and explanation in the upcoming work The Confunomicon.

Hail Eris!

All Hail Discordia!

(K) 3175 Cabaletta Texts- All Rites Reversed,

Reprint what you like... but please credit me, fnord?

Thanks...

|                      |                   |            |
|----------------------|-------------------|------------|
| 5 Vau THE HEIROPHANT | They nailed Love  | to a Cross |
| (nail)               | Symbolic of their | Might      |
|                      | But Love was      | undefeated |
|                      | It simply didn't  | fight.     |

Five stoned men were in a courtyard when an elephant entered.

The first man was stoned on sleep, and he saw not the elephant but dreamed instead of things unreal to those awake.

The second man was stoned on nicotine, caffeine, DDT, carbohydrate excess, protein deficiency and the other chemicals in the diet which the Illuminati have enforced upon the half-awake to keep them from fully waking. "Hey", he said, "there's a big, smelly beast in our courtyard."

The third stoned man was on grass, and he said, "No, dads, that's the Ghostly Old Party in its' true nature, the Dark Nix on the Soul", and he giggled in a silly way.

The fourth stoned man was tripping on peyote, and he said, "You see not the mystery, for the elephant is a poem written in tons instead of words", and his eyes danced.

The fifth stoned man was on acid, and he said nothing, merely worshipping the elephant in silence as the Father of Buddha.

And then the Heirophant entered and drove a nail of mystery into all their hearts, saying, "You are all elephants!"

Nobody understood him.

- Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.,

"The Book of Republicans and Sinners", Liber 555 AD080

**The alt.necromicon F.A.Q.**

**Q. What is the NecroMicon?**

The NecroMicon (literally, "The Book of Dead Mice") is a near-legendary text, also known as "Al As-if". It was written in Damascus in 730 A.D. by Abdul Alhdirra (known irreverently in the modern West as: "Bill the Cat"), of whom little is known, other than that he travelled widely and may have been the originator of the "Ackankar" cult.

**Q. Where may the NecroMicon be found?**

Unfortunately, the original Arab text has been lost, and only fragments remain of the various translations that were attempted. The most notable such translation was the work of an otherwise unknown cleric called "the mysterious Wormius"; we even know of his name only through tertiary sources (for example, the fine historical researches of Dr Phileus Sadowsky). Most likely Wormius encountered Alhdirra in the course of an inspection of booty brought back from the Crusades.

It is believed that the exiled cabalist Ignatz Eliezer carried a copy of Wormius' translation with him to Prague, where he met Dr John-D, the famous English magician and rapper (best known in this regard for introducing the magical cry "IAO!" to rap, the modern form of which is "Yo!"). John-D in turn translated Wormius into Enochian, encoded the result with a complex multivalent substitution cipher, and sold the new manuscript to Rudolf II of Bavaria, as the work of Roger Bacon. Over the centuries many scholars of the occult puzzled over John-D's handiwork; perhaps the most notorious of these was Adam Weishaupt, who as a young man was fascinated by the mysterious "illuminated manuscript".

Rudolf's collection was broken up with the passage of time, with his collection of rare manuscripts making its way to the venerable Jorge's famous library in Italy. It survived the fire that destroyed Jorge's abbey and took his life, and along with the other remaining fragments of Jorge's collection was stored at a Jesuit college for many years.

In 1912 it was discovered there by Wilfred Voynich, a Polish scientist and lover of rare books. He was also the son-in-law of George Boole, the logician, and he may have had the impression that the manuscript contained certain ideas of Bacon's that anticipated modern combinatorics.

Ever since then there has been a global effort to decipher the Voynich Manuscript, as it is now known. A history of this effort can be found in "The Voynich Manuscript: An Elegant Enigma", by Mary D'Empirio (ADA 070 618; US Department of Commerce, National Technical Information Service, Washington DC, 1978). Several times solutions have been announced, but all have been found wanting. The text of the manuscript itself is available via anonymous ftp from rand.org (192.5.14.33) ([/pub/jim/voynich.tar.Z](ftp://pub/jim/voynich.tar.Z)).

.../cont

And upon this day I say unto you: Each Sentient Being is an Incarnation of Me, and whosoever upon hearing this Truth shall come to know it, is blessed; and twice blessed are they who shall be unable again to forget it; but thrice-blessed is that Man or Woman who needed never to be told.  
Visitations 13:5 The Honest Book of TruthAD081

**Q. What is the content of the NecroMicon?**

The book is generally agreed to have contained Alhirra's metaphysical speculations. "Bill the Cat" appears to have outlined a baroque cosmology in which our world is one of many "fabricated" worlds, made for various purposes. Alhirra's philosophy is not unusual for its time in possessing teleological elements, but what truly sets it apart is that the purpose of our world is seen to be the performance of a giant \*calculation\* (ironic, given Voynich's likely presumptions about the manuscript's content, mentioned above). In this respect he is remarkably modern (see, for example, Edward Fredkin's recent attempts to view the universe as a computational process).

From the modern viewpoint, Alhirra subsequently diminishes the attractiveness of his thought by then introducing his pet obsessions - cryptozoology and numerology. He believed that the overseers of this vast computation (the "Archons" or "Sysadmins", in occult jargon), although originating in another dimension ("the spaces between"), had incarnated in a form visible to us - as \*mice\*. (Hence the book's title.) He believed that their centre of operations was "an alien city in a cold land to the north" - presumably the Antarctic. Alhirra had several visions of this city from space, perhaps while scrying (these visions later formed the basis of the "Piri Reis" map); he described the city's physical environment, and its flora and fauna, in considerable detail, and it is for this reason that the NecroMicon is also sometimes known as "The Penguin Opus".

Alhirra also attached great significance to the number 42, suggesting that this number somehow lay at the heart of the planetary entelechy, but never explaining why. It is a frequent observation that 42 is twice 21, the number of characters in John-D's Enochian alphabet, but otherwise no one knows what "Bill" meant by this. Colin Low has written that Alhirra's scrying technique involved the use of "an incense composed of olibanum, storax, dictamnus, opium and hashish", and it has been surmised that the NecroMicon was not meant to be understood except by individuals who had ingested certain rare psychedelical plants. (For more on this line of thought, see ethnopharmacologist Terence McKenna's article on the Voynich manuscript in Issue #7 of "Gnosis" magazine, and the scene in Wilson and Shea's "Illuminatus!" in which Weishaupt attempts to fathom the NecroMicon.)

Alhirra himself may have been unhinged by his exploration of consciousness. He is said to have written that to free oneself from "the click of the mouse" (an unclear phrase, apparently referring to the means of their alleged control) one must become "like that cat, dwelling in the midpoint between Something and Nothing, which is neither alive nor dead." Perhaps this is similar to the sentiment that one should be "in the world, but not of it." In any case, Alhirra is said to have met his end while standing on a chair, literally frightened to death by his invisible persecutors; his last words were, "Ita! Cthulhu ack-phffftagn..."

**Q. What about the Necronomicon?**

A modern superstition, in my opinion, but there are some people on alt.horror.cthulhu who take it seriously.

*attributed to Qix of the Elder Gods, for the very good reason that he wrote it.  
Don't let anyone tell you it was Mitch Porter. They were only sharing a body at the time.*

## Discordian Invocation

by Ian Bear

The following are five element invocations used during actual Discordian rituals with the IDES nest. The five Discordian elements mentioned in *Principia Discordia* are Sweet, Orange, Pungent, Prickle, and Boom. They are only briefly mentioned by Malaclypse the Younger in the cosmogony section, and none of this is to be taken as dogma. Those doing Discordian rituals may use some, all, or none of these invocations, or ignore the whole notion of element calling altogether. The floor may be opened to calling other favorite elements, and the order of calling could be determined by tossing a golden apple back and forth.

### Sweet

**Invocation:** Oh ever blessed sweetness, be within us now. We call upon the spirits of chocolate, honey, ice cream, and good, gentle loving to be among our gathering this evening. May kindness and sweetness flourish among us in this circle, and may we always have goodies to share.

**Dismissal:** Oh sweet, ere you depart to your sticky realm, give us just one more taste of your delicious confections, and we will bask in the afterglow of your affections. Go if you must, so that you do not become cloying or revoltingly sweet, and we will appreciate you all the more when you return.

### Orange

**Invocation:** Oh full, round, ripe, nourishing orange, be with us now. May you ever be pulpy and palpable, genuine and natural, and never dehydrated, reprocessed, irradiated, or pesticided. Feed our stomachs, hearts, and souls. Provide us with our recommended daily allowance of vitamin C. May we be healthy and well nourished within this circle.

**Dismissal:** Orange, ere you become mushy and moldy, and no longer so nourishing, please depart these premises and return to the earth so that we may be nourished by you again someday. So it is that none of the elements are totally dismissed, but go outward to join in the chaotic dance of the *[Manuscript Damaged]*

### Pungent

**Invocation:** We call upon the essence of pungency, the sensual, the untamed, that wild smell we cannot ignore. We call upon that goaty aroma that does not know how to behave at parties, that which will keep us ever connected with nature, the beast within us, that wild card trickster factor that will keep civilization from strangling all. May the wildness and sensuality within us live and grow within this circle.

**Dismissal:** Oh pungent air you depart, leaving a lingering aroma and strange stains on the bedsheets. Go if you must, and come again sometime.

.../cont

## **Prickle**

**Invocation:** Oh Great Mother of Chaos, let us not lapse into oblivion and unconsciousness. When we have become comfortably numb, prickle us, awaken us, enliven us. Prickle us enough that we stay awake and learn our lessons, and please make the lessons no harder than they need to be. May we be awake and fully alive in this circle.

**Dismissal:** Essence of prickle, though we grant you permission to depart if you will, we know we are not off the hook. Ere you depart to your spiny realms, leave us with the awareness to continue along our paths without falling into the pit of obliviousness.

## **Boom**

**Invocation:** Boom is the element that started it all. The echoes of the Big Boom still vibrate through the known universe. The waves of that mighty primordial explosion still splash about, sometimes spreading outward, sometimes crashing in on one another, or getting caught in vast celestial toilet bowls and forming spiral galaxies. It was a chaotic eddy in one of those toilet bowls that formed our sun, and the gurgling splash of that eddy that formed the planets. We are of the froth splashing atop the mighty waves of this expanding universe. It is thanks to the chaotic force that this froth is ever dancing, ever changing. May we grow and change in harmony with the forces of creative chaos.

**Dismissal:** Oh boom, I don't know if it will do much to dismiss you since no matter what I say, the echoes of the Big Boom will continue to reverberate throughout the All, but then again who am I to say what you can and can't do? Just keep the chaotic motion and dance of the universe going. May the heat death of the universe be ever averted. Hail and sleet and fare well.

## **A word of warning to the wise:**

Though this be the light hearted Discordian tradition, serious caution is advised in calling physically manifest elementals of these elements. If you call a pungent elemental to your apartment, you may never get your security deposit back, and a boom elemental may level portions of the neighborhood. Indeed, it is best if the physical forms of these sorts of elementals remain a warped alternative D&D concept.

It should also be remembered that Discordianism is about the balance of order and chaos that brings about creation, and not about chaos run amok. Falling into the pit of destructive chaos is no more fun than the effects of destructive order. The eclectic Discordian should embrace diversity and include positive orderly practices in a spiritual path as well.

## **A historical note:**

One fine evening, after calling in the elements using the invocations above, plus some extra ones for important elements such as garlic and chocolate, which were thoughtlessly omitted by the great Malaclypse the Younger, I tossed a lovely round organic golden delicious apple into the circle, announcing it was for the prettiest. A friend seized the apple, and got out a knife, planning to divvy it up among all the pretty folk assembled. First she sliced the apple horizontally, and triumphantly holding the halves in the air, proclaimed, "Behold, the sign of the penta-, oops, it's a six sided apple." It was then we knew the She had come to bless our simple rite of devotion with sacred confusion.

Wonderful Wands

Next you will want a magick wand. These can be made cheaply from such ordinary items as pea shooters, cattle prods and curtain rods.

Curtain rods are particularly potent. Lee Harvey Oswald took a package of them to work on the morning of November 22, 1963. During his lunch break, he produced the famous magic bullet , which killed John Kennedy, wounded John Connally, promoted Lyndon Johnson, made a liar out of Earl Warren and, most unfortunately, brought Jim Garrison to Oliver Stone's attention. After all that, the slug still remains in pristine condition, so that it can, if necessary, be used again.

And cynics say the age of miracles is over.

All magick wands utilize the power concealed in rods. Point the right kind of rod at your neighbourhood banker and he will give you money.

But the notion that wands are surrogate penises is a phallacy.

Omar Khayam Ravenhurst, "Grand Compendium of Discordian Regurgitals"

There came unto the High Chapperal one who had studied in the schools of the Purple Sage and of the Hung Mung Tong and of the Illuminati and of the many other schools; and this one had found no peace yet.

Yea: of the Discordians and the teachers of Mummu and of the Nazarene and of the Buddha he had studied; and he had found no peace yet.

And he spake to the High Chapperal and said: Give me a sign, that I may believe.

And the High Chapperal said unto him: Leave my presence, and seek ye the horizon and the sign shall come unto you, and ye shall seek no more.

And the man turned and sought of the horizon; but the High Chapperal crept up behind him and raised his foot and did deliver a most puissant kick in the man's arse, which smarted much and humiliated the seeker grievously.

He who has eyes, let him read and understand.

- Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.,

"The Book of Grandmotherly Kindness", The Dishonest Book of Lies

If you are sitting, just sit. If you are walking, just walk. Above all, don't wobble.

If Shit didn't happen, you'd explode.  
- Mao Tsu, The Little Book of Fnord

First there is Hodge.  
Then there is Podge.  
Then there isn't.  
- Mao Tsu, The Little Book of Fnord

Fnord is the Vandal who  
paints your Original Face Green.  
- Mao Tsu, The Little Book of Fnord

A man who had studied much in the schools of wisdom finally died in the fullness of time and found himself at the Gates of Eternity.

An angel of light approached him and said, "Go no further, O mortal, until you have proven to me your worthiness to enter into Paradise!"

But the man answered, "Just a minute now. First of all, can you prove to me this is a **real Heaven**, and not just the wild fantasy of my disordered mind undergoing death?"

Before the angel could reply, a voice from inside the gates shouted:

"Let him in - he's one of us!"

- Mordecai Malignatus, K.N.S.





## Brain Change Experiment

Lie down comfortably. Relax. Hold your breath. Pass out.

Commentary:

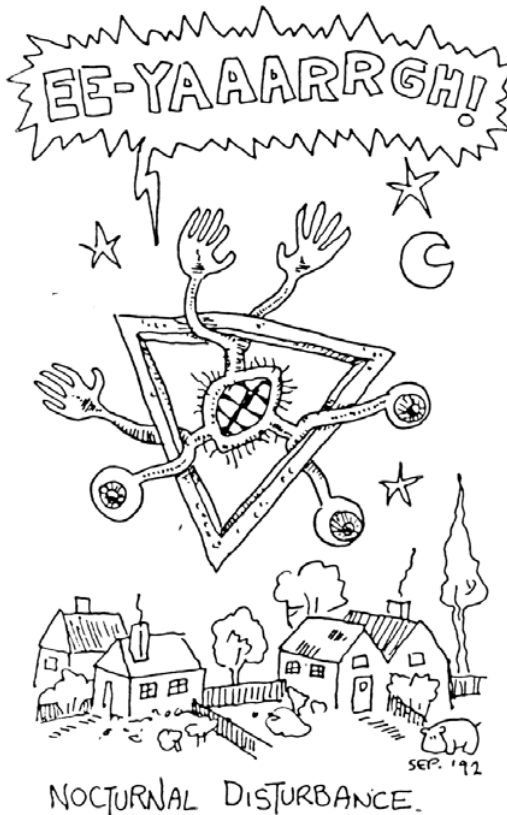
AD087

Don't use *anything* to help you hold your breath. **You could die.** As long as you're just using your Will to do it, you'll be fine.

Pay close attention to your body as you pass out. You will passing through the body's natural panic reaction to death. This can be a very interesting experience.

This experiment doesn't require any kind of preperation or training, but it is really, really hard to do.

You probably shouldn't try this if you have any kind of special health issues.



## Concerned Citizens for a Safe Internet

### PRESS RELEASE

Discordianism: the Hidden Threat

In 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 and sexual depravity and the overthrow of all governments

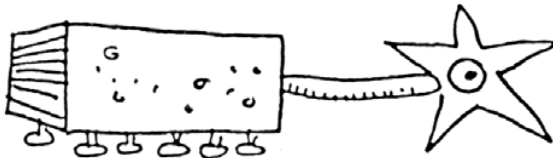
The Discordian "Bible", the Discordia, contain incitement to plant marijuana and disobey laws and advocacy of pornography and blasphemy. Other materials are even more explicit and extreme. THESE MATERIALS ARE DISTRIBUTED WIDELY BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS CULT.

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.

**ACT LOCAL**

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 Doctrine of Fancy

The Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium is proud to now offer a new title for members of the world. It is the designation "Fancy" and can be assumed by anyone who completes the short ritual outlined below.

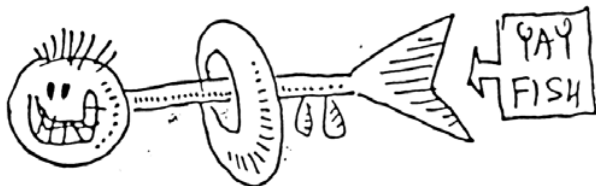
The title of Fancy indicates the owner is aware of his or her volatile oils, and by this awareness has set themselves apart from the rest of the non-Fancy world, in accordance with the McCormick Doctrine. They should be treated accordingly. The "Fancy" title can be abbreviated "Fcy." It can be prepended or postpended to your holy name, and may be combined with other title designations as in the following examples:

The Fancy Lord Falgan  
Fancy Lord Falgan  
Lord Falgan,  
Fancy Fcy. Lord Falgan,  
KSC Lord Falgan, KSC, Fcy.

# AD090

To obtain the title of Fancy, simply complete the following ritual: The Leader (Episkopos, Cabal Poobah, family goldfish) intones, "There's SOMEONE around here who just isn't FANCY!"  
The Crowd (everyone else except the Leader and the Mundane (non-Fancy person) express dismay and alarm.  
The Mundane waves their hand around. "It's me! It's me! O woe O woe It's me!"  
The Leader intones, "Do you want to be FANCY?"  
The Mundane answers, "I do!"  
The Leader intones, "Are you aware of your VOLATILE OILS?"  
The Mundane replies, "Huh?"  
The Leader intones, "Have you come from the place you've come from?"  
The Mundane replies, "Sure!"  
The Leader then shouts, "Then take the oath!"  
The Crowd begins to chant, "Fan-cy! Fan-cy! Fan-cy!"  
The Mundane places five caraway seeds in the palm of her or his hand, and makes a fist, and holds it aloft. The Mundane speaks, "Umbelliferae! Mertaceae! Labiatae! Upon these seeds do I swear, that I will always be aware of my volatile oils! That I will relish them and revel in them! That I will respect them and revere them! And that I will rule over them! And I always promise that no matter where I go, I will always come from the place that I came from! So there!" The Mundane swallows the seeds.  
The Crowd goes nuts with their approval.  
The Leader intones, "Damn, but now you are FANCY!" The ceremony concludes in the usual manner.

reprinted from Telesis, the official organ (spleen) of the Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium <<http://telesis.blogspot.com>>



## Terminator 2.3

Check out any news source for any length of time at all and it will become obvious that there are a lot of people at work in various GreyFace organizations who should NOT hold the position they do. That there are idiots making decisions is not the point, however. What's important is that you let THEM know that YOU know they're idiots.

If you really want to let them know how you feel about them... TERMINATE THEM!

That's right! You can pick up an inexpensive package of pre-fab Termination Notices at your local office store. These forms typically have check boxes you can choose from and comment boxes so you can tailor each one to the immediate target.

Just keep them handy, and when you see someone on the news, or read about them in the paper and think, "What an idiot!" then fill one of your forms out and send it to them in care of wherever they work. Easy. (You can save money by photocopying the forms before you run out!)

Hicutus Confusus Episkipos (DSM)

### Mouse Banishing Ritual

AD091

by theoneflasehaddock

**1 Chant "Eris, Goddess of Chaos, She what done it all, ... oh, never mind, I'll do it myself."**

**2** Burn a black candle, for a banishing, and/or a brown candle, for the rodents you intend to banish. Or do the ritual during daylight, that works too.

**3 Chant "Rodents of my garage, I dig this hole to trap you, thank Goddess (and/or God - be specific if desired) that you cannot understand English. At least I hope you damned rodents can't understand English, and aren't bright enough to figure this out. But if you do, go along with it, or else I will have to get real mouse traps."**

**4** Dig a hole next to the entrance to the garage the rodents are believed to use.

**5** Put a bucket in it, so that the top is even with the ground.

**6** Cover the bucket with twigs and leaves, or even better, a piece of paper with rocks holding it down so it won't blow away, but leave it loose enough it will collapse into the bucket if a rodent is on it.

**7 Chant "Damned rodents, those which chew into my birdseed bags, those which infest my firewood, smell this peanut butter, fall into this bucket, so that soon, soon, I will be rid of ye."**

**8** Place peanut butter on paper or leaves.

**9 Chant "O mighty Bucket of some hole in the ground, preferably with peanut butter, capture my rodents, but make sure they are rodents, in other words, don't catch me a SKUNK."**

**10** Hide the birdseed so the rodents don't eat it instead. Leave, and remove the candles. Wait overnight.

**11** Check for rodents periodically.

**12** When a rodent is captured, lift the bucket out by the handle.

**13** Walk a mile or more away, preferably into woods and not somebody else's yard, and empty the bucket.

**14** While walking, chant "Damned mice, o ye that eats my birdseed, chews my garbage, infests my firewood, be gone from whence ye came, or at the very least stay out of my garage."

**15** When emptying the bucket, don't drop the mouse on your foot.

**16** Go back home, and repeat as necessary.

AD092

## The Random Initiation Project (R.I.P)

This Prank can be viewed as a ritual offering, because you don't get to see the money-shot. You just get to sow the seeds. (sounding fun already, huh?) They sprout up at Random, when and where Eris Wills them to.

Here's the jist of it:

Get a crisp \$1.00 bill. Get a stamp (you can have one made cheap at any office store) and stamp the bill. Mail it to a random address in your community (or just anywhere, or the white house) along with instructions (see ex. below) for the recipient.

If you mail 5, every payday (ritual), you can imagine yourself a gland, regulated and secreting amino acids that find opportunities to create new chemical structures. (or something else)

These seeds will find fertile soil in many types of psychological identities, and in the core structuring of the brain itself for almost everyone. (Do you believe that?!)

<Letter Example>

Dear Jakee,

*We are writing to inform you that we have been monitoring you and feel that you have reached a point of eligibility for entrance into our organization. Enclosed you will find a \$1.00 bill with our seal of initiation. Keep it with you at all times.*

*Soon an agent of ours will approach you and give you the activation phrase... "Did you see the moon last night?" Upon hearing this you are required to produce the stamped bill and respond with, "It was pointing to the Sun."*

*Failure to produce the stamped bill or return the appropriate phrase will end your eligibility for admission.*

*This exercise is the final test to determine your cognitive ability to hold an idea and remain ready to respond over an undetermined period of time.*

*You will be contacted when you are least expecting it. Any questions you have will be answered once you have successfully gained entrance into the organization.*

Even if the recipients only keep the bill for a while, then spend it, it will still be moving around in circulation with the accompanying psychic charge. This is much more dramatic than just stamping a bill and giving it to a store. Think about it.

It might even be fun to just use the phrase, "Did you see the moon last night?" (or whatever activation phrase you choose to use) all the time out in public. You might just freak someone overhearing you out.

Hicutus Confusus Episkipos (DSM)

No man is an island, but then no man is a potato salad, either.

Yes, Hollie, the primus or 'classic' Discordian meditation technique was created by Hung Mung many centuries ago after the apostle slipped in the bathtub and hit his head on Saturday afternoon. It has been passed down from cabal to cabal and now is a very popular technique for meditating on Eris, Her Truths, Her Will, and Her Booty. I'll share the technique.

- Begin by finding a place to meditate. This can be anywhere, but works best when you are in a crowded, noisy place. It is important that you learn to be able to close off your conscious mind from external distractions. Subway platforms, busy sidewalks, public parks, county fairs, etc. are all viable.
- Sit on the ground with your legs crossed. Be sure to wear either loose, comfortable clothing or, as Hung Mung himself did, nothing at all. Place your fingers in your ears, and squeeze your eyes closed.
- Begin by rocking your torso back and forth, while breathing deeply. Eventually, you will want to move your torso in a circle, to mimic the spinning of the Sacred Chao.
- In a loud voice, intone this mantra: **Oh wah tey foo lye ahm**. Repeat this mantra while focusing on your breathing and your rocking about. Ignore everything going on around you.
- Continue this meditation until you understand the meaning of the mantra. Then you will be enlightened.

Lord Falgan

AD093

Beware of a tall dark man with a spoon up his nose.

## Discordian Hopscotch

a game for people with less ilk than that required to play Sink

**Players:** This is a game for 5 people, plus or minus a few depending on the number of people who want to play.

**Materials:** Everyone will need a rock. Oh, yeah, and you'll probably want some chalk and a section of sidewalk or something to play on.

**Preparation:** Begin by drawing a pentagon made of small squares, with five squares to a side. You should probably do this in chalk on a sidewalk or similar, because if you do it on notebook paper it'll be hard to get everyone on it, and plus you got the chalk out anyway, right? Now, on every third block draw another block next to it on the inside of the pentagon. On every second block, draw another block next to it on the outside of the pentagon, except if there's already an extra block there. Start wherever you wish and go in whatever direction you want. Whoever has the longest Holy Name goes first. Everyone pick a spot on the pentagon to begin. If there are two boxes, put one foot in each. If only one, then you have to stand on one foot.

**Step 1: The Word.** The person whose turn it is shouts out a random Word. Try not to pick a Word ahead of time. Every one else shouts out the Word, too, repeating it. Do this loudly and proudly.

**Step 2: The Hop.** In unison, everyone spells out The Word, and advances along the path of the pentagon, one space for each letter. You must hop from space to space. If you have two spaces available, put one foot in each space. If there is only one space, you must hop on one foot. As you hop and spell, be sure to shout out the letters loudly and proudly. It also helps if everyone is moving in the same direction, else collisions occur. When you have finished spelling out the word, everyone stops, and play passes to the person on the left.

**Step 3: The Additions.** Whenever certain letters are called out, there are additional requirements to be followed.

**E** - If the **letter "E"** is to be called out, the players instead all wave their fingers rapidly and sing out, "EEEEEEEEEE!" for at least 3 seconds. Those that can sing harmony, should.

**Q** - If the **letter "Q"** is to be called out, the players instead call out "Queue!" Everyone leaves their space, lines up single file behind the person whose turn it is, and quick-marches around the perimeter of the game board, once. Once done, everyone returns to their previous space to continue the word, if necessary.

**W** - If the **letter "W"** is to be called out, instead of shouting "W", the players shout out "Twenty-Three Skidoo!" while pumping their fists into the air.

**O** - If the **letter "O"** is to be called out, instead, players shout out "Oh My!" while clasping their hands over their hearts.

**Z** - If the **letter "Z"** is to be called out, then instead everyone suddenly leaves their spot and runs madly around the area where the game is being played, crying "Zee! Zee!" happily, madly, accosting passers-by with their shouts, and generally behaving like they just won the lottery or something equally as wonderful. Do this for about 10 seconds, then everyone runs back to their spot like nothing happened, and the game continues.



0

Eris ->



<- Eris

9

5

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**Step 4 - Errors and Endgame.** If someone screws up, no one cares. Play continues until people get tired of it or until you are asked to move along by local authorities.

**Step 5 - The Rock.** The rock is used in self-defense when playing Discordian Hopscotch. Alternatively, it can be tossed, juggled, kicked, polished, or sung to.

(K) Lord Falgan - Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium. Reprint what you like, but credit me, eh? reprinted from Teleses - The official organ (spleen) of the Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium - <<http://teleses.blogspot.com>>



<- Eris

Eris ->

A

D

### Transcendental Terrorists

from the summa discordia

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This is one of the more radical splinter groups of the Society for Krishna Consciousness (who will, of course, disavow any knowledge of them).

9

The TT (or, as they refer to themselves, the "Children of Militant Enlightenment") has been known to crash into the homes of innocent agnostics and chant at them forcibly until they achieved Krishna consciousness against their wills. They have claimed responsibility for planting any number of tape recorders in large shopping malls, all of which blared "Hare Krishna, Hare Rama, Hare Hare, Hairy Fishnuts" (or whatever; I have no truck with such people). The death toll has climbed to upwards of 500 (mostly cable TV execs who committed suicide when they found out that 50% of their suburban viewing audiences had become enlightened and had immediately cancelled cable).

6

They frequent airports, where they attempt to blend in with their more docile brethren (they are, however, easily spotted because they insist on absolute purity and hence will wear no fiber that was ever part of any living creature, so they are usually dressed in nylon and polyester). Because of their insistence on wearing polyester and nylon, they are that much *less* noticeable in the mall (and forget about picking them out if they're sitting at the bride's family table at a wedding reception). However, if you are vigilant, you will be able to spot the powerful (but smiling) boredom in their eyes and alert the friendly neighborhood Mall Cops (who will, hopefully, rush out to call some real law enforcement officials).

Keep yer eyes peeled, all.



"It was never true that there was only one Eris. There have always been two on earth. There is one you could like when you understand her. The other is hateful. The two Erites have separate natures. There is one Eris who builds up evil war, and slaughter. She is harsh; no man loves her, but under compulsion and by will of the immortals, men promote this rough Eris.

shiftless man to work, for all his laziness. A man looks at his neighbour, who is rich: then he too wants work; for the rich man presses on with his ploughing and planting and ordering of his estate. So the neighbour envies the neighbour who presses on toward wealth. Such Eris is a good friend to mortals.

"But the other one was born the elder daughter of black Nyx. The son of Kronos, who sits on high and dwells in the bright air set her in the roots of the earth and among men; she is far kinder. She pushes the

"One is Trouble and Fighting. But the other is only Healthy Competition."

[ Hesiod in *Works and Days* ]

### Discordian Hymn

Infinity Bottles of Beer,  
 Hanging on the wall,  
 Infinity Bottles of Beer,  
 Hanging on the wall,  
 And if one beer bottle  
 Should accidently fall,  
 There'd be... um..

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# AD097

I cried because I had no shoes  
 Until I met a man who had no feet  
 So I laughed and called him "Stumpy"  
 And ran away  
 Because I knew he could not chase me

### Erratum

AD007 For Errata, read erratum



THIS PAGE STILL INTENTIONALLY LEFT BLANC. GET OVER IT.

40 years on...  
ERIS DISCORDIA LIVES!

Read what others have said about the most  
important work of our times:

"Not while I'm in the *toilet*, man! Quit it!"  
H\*k\*m B\*y

"Please don't hurt me. Take the money."  
C\*md\*n B\*n\*r\*s

"Hey! Get out of my Dumpster!"  
R\*b\*rt \*nt\*n W\*ls\*n

"Brains! More Brains!"  
Gr\*g H\*ll & K\*rry Th\*rnly

Now it's your turn to delight in the biggest  
collection of Erisiana since the *Principia  
Discordia* itself, or something...

Save Your Barcodes

X

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None Genuine  
with this signature





*(fnord)*