

Apocrypha Discordia

De Seconde Edityon



Compy'eled fromme Dyverf Sorfef

by Hif Wholines

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 hurridly 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 gramaticals, 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-gendered 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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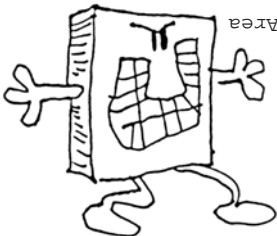
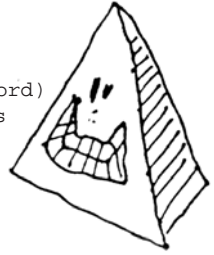
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Footsteps...

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.

When life gives you a lemon, say 'Lemons? I like lemons. What else have you got?'

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 Ginoohn

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.

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 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. „sesherp retnarf her clothes em we wearing but it's short and it's sweet', and I sang it complete when my wife caught He sez, 'Son, can you play me a memory?' I'm not really sure how it goes,

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 Biro

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

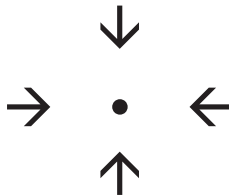
The Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

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!"

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 herhimself 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 induhvidual 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 they) will proceed to Jake the Fuck out of the poor induhvidual 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 induhvidual being Jaked.

The Discordian Manifesto #3

DOC # 1.07.934.2355.92140 B

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

DOC # 1.07.934.2355.92140 C

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 Drains 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 Drains 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

DOC # 1.07.934.2355.92140 D

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!"

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!

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."

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

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

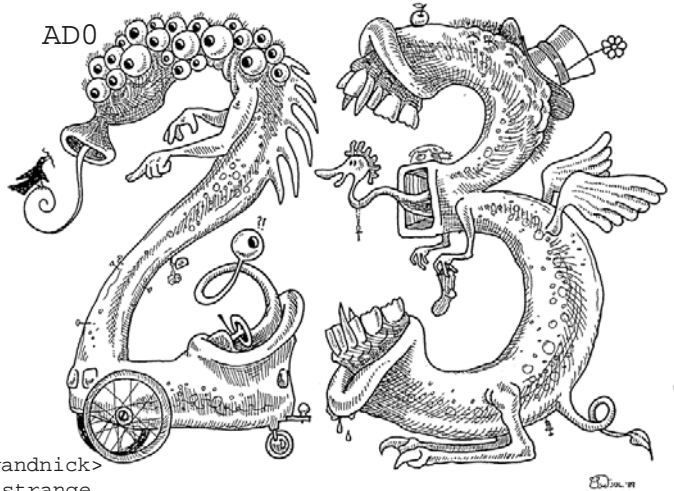
for use in all rituals

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 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 drewscraver. 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.

AD0



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 Bitty Whimser 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 eyesome 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!) Cnoocy 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) **Prickles:** Touch, Earth, Conformity (5 lines coming up off a horizontal base)

Booms: Hearing, Air, Action (an ear-shaped cloud) **Oranges:** Sight, Fire, Bizarreness (an upward-pointing eyelike crescent)

Pungents: Smell, Aether, Intensity (a dark circle with two smaller circles inside it next to each other, like infinity or a snout)

Faces:

Z: (zip) blank card except for corners: **O:** *Onomatopoeia*.
A lack of whatever the suit means. A moment of whatever,
or the sense of the suit.

1: one of the symbol. A good amount of whatever.

2: two of the symbol, one above the other. *O of Sweet:* MMMMM
Shared whatever. *O of Boom:* whoosh

3: three of the symbol, in a vertical line. *O of Pungent:* O
Imbalance of whatever. *O of Prickle:* thud

4: four of the symbol, in a square. *O of Orange:* wow
Excess whatever.

D: *Day*. The days of the Discordian week, and the time of a spiritual day.

Sweetmorn: **Prickle-Prickle:**
A Sweet symbol poking over the horizon, with an arrow upwards. The happy beginning of something. Two overlapping Prickle symbols. A physical afternoon, a siesta, a non-thinking time.

Boomtime: **Setting Orange:**
A Boom symbol in front of a circle. The hectic morning, or the starting work of something. An Orange symbol half-visible over the horizon, with an arrow downwards. The end of the day and the cast party after a project.

Pungenday:
A shining Pungent symbol above a horizon. The noon meditation or the central point of a task or project.

S: *Season*. **A:** *Apostle of Eris*.
The Seasons from the Discordian Calendar. **Hung Mung,**
Chaos: No illusions **Dr. Van Van Mojo,**
Discord: Eristic Illusion **Saint Gulik,**
Confusion: Conflict between both Illusions **Zarathud, and**
Bureaucracy: Aneristic Illusion **Malaclypse the Elder.**
The Aftermath: Playing with Illusions 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!

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
of the sine of the beast!

*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.**

Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone renounced violence forever? I could then conquer the whole stupid planet with just a butter knife.

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 Abyssynian 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! AIEEEEEEE!!" – 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. **WHEEEEEEE**eeeeeeeeeeeeee...

[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:

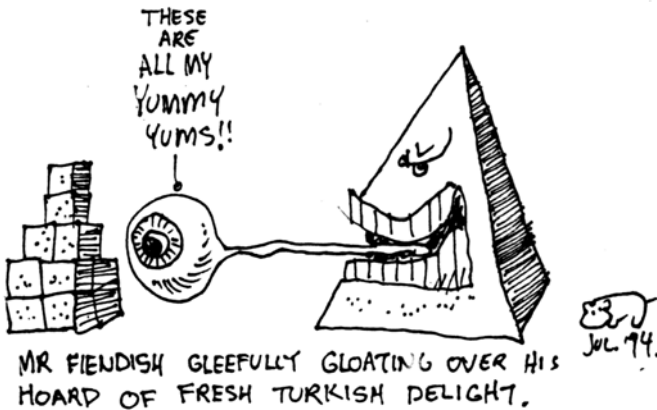
(Mmm bœrk bœrk, Mmm bœrk bœrk, Mmm bœrk bœrk, Mmm bœrk bœrk)
Hjœrn,bœrsch vjœrn, dêr jûng, gœhr- Discht gœhr-Dû
(bœrk bœrk)
Hêê bjœrn dêê Hûr dê Ehr Mmm mœrk mœrk **BœRK!**

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."

(though it would be heretical
to admit
that we have
only
killed it in effigy).

declare it Dead
and Lo! The idea belongs to us and we
and Newfoundland a devious arithmetic
Then we perform a devious arithmetic
With the crass mockery of Iron feathers
heave rocks skyward to bring it down.
dren jealous of the flight of birds, we
we feel the Truth above us. Like chil-
Fiddle while you burn if you must, but
riousness with which we pursue our play.
of cards and show these beasts the se-
and a few Good Men to assemble a prison
nothing else, we can use these ponderings
enough to stymie such silliness. If
ponderings are just a house of cards,
but he ho ho - brandishing our Art is
Individual may try to tell us that our
as the Thens. Occasionally a Foolish
Thuses and Sos are not as significant
fun, for secretly we all know that the
scream each other hoarse. It is great
Thus, then yet another" and begin to
"If Thus, then So" and the others "If
gather up and pick sides, half saying
Sometimes in a fit of joy de vivre we
(our Method is Our God.)

(O.E.D.)
simply notice that all is as it is
it should be and, if proof is needed,
our closet just this morning. All is as
the blazer and slacks we selected from
these thought-cords are in fact the
in control of the traffic jam and, yes,
demonstrated that, yes, we are indeed
say "For then yet another" until we have
say "For thus, then so, and it thus and
our faith should falter, we need simply
tricate us from this tangled mess. If
that logic alone is sufficient to ex-
our own confusion and tell ourselves
We stand in traffic wrapped in cords of

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
just and the unjust fell.
The rain, it raineth on the
just and chiefly on the just

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.

The Book of the Chao
As told to Prince Mu-Chao
From the Principia Discordia Version 17

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 likest 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.



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
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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.

•uns 01501 Hicutus Confusus Episkipos (DSM)

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 bizzare 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

AD0

39

unforgiving overlord of alt.discordia
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: Brainfährt

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.

cultural sensibility. cultural sensibility: restrictions arrived at randomly by memetic interaction and history.

certainly not puritanism

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 ungoddesdy 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 *vitaly 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 thats 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, i don't rape people. but thats following the law', i hear you say. no it isn't; i simply don't believe that i have a right to molest another being to satisfy my own body or ego.

are these thing evil? no, as evil is 100% subjective; its an empty word. i don't do them because my conscience tells me not to, and i have learnt to listen. yours may speak differently, in which case following my conscience would be absurd.

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 restrictions 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.

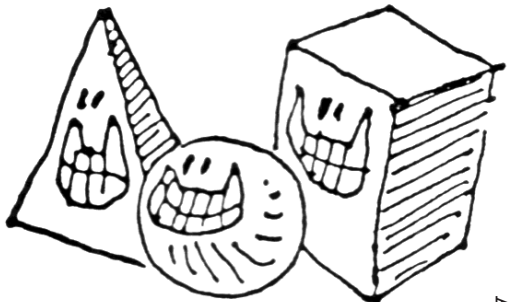
Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

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.

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.


 **The Imperial Government of** **NORTON I** **of** **UNITED STATES.**


 *Promiss to pay the holder hereof, the sum of Ten Dollars in the year 1886, with interest at 5 per cent. per annum, from date, the principal and interest to be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into 20 years' 5 per cent. Bonds, or payable in Gold Coin.*


Given under our Royal hand and seal,
this 30th day of Mar 1879 


 **The Imperial Government of** **NORTON I** **of** **UNITED STATES.**

 *Promiss to pay the holder hereof, the sum of Ten Dollars in the year 1886, with interest at 5 per cent. per annum, from date, the principal and interest to be convertible, at the option of the holder, at maturity, into 20 years' 5 per cent. Bonds, or payable in Gold Coin.*

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Given under our Royal hand and seal,
this 30th day of Mar 1879 

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, Zeussy-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 one 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 Zeusie'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 ensued 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!

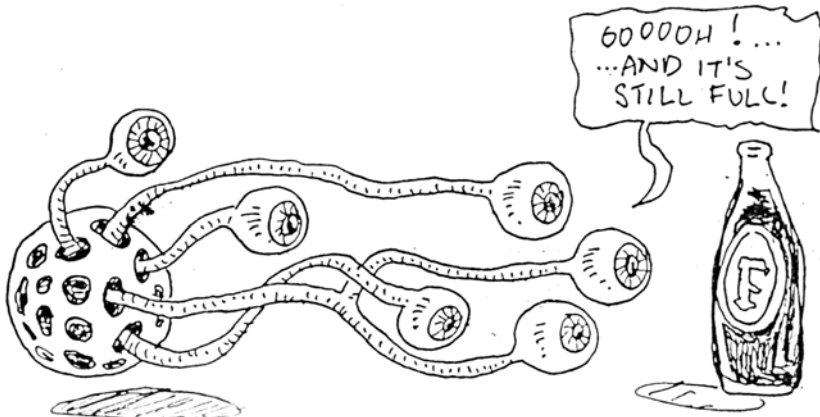
Et In Arcadia Ego...†

=====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 Joeseeph 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.

AAAAOOOZORAZZAZZAIEOAZAEIIIOZAKHOEOOOYTHOEAZAEAOOZAKHOZAKHEYTHXAALETHYKH
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 preference? 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..

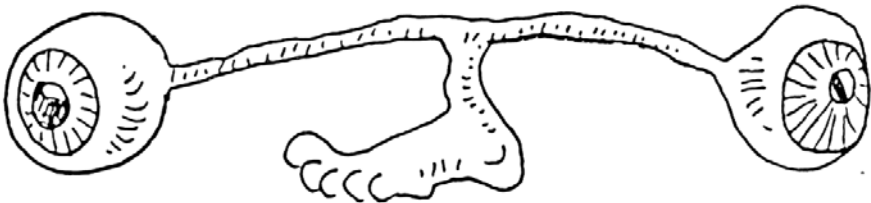
"Congratulations! You are the recipient of a bag of FakeDope(tm). DO NOT sell it. DO NOT buy it. However, pass it secretly among your friends in front of undercover agents. Never exchange money. Hail Eris!"

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

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.

Shoot back. Fight crime.

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.

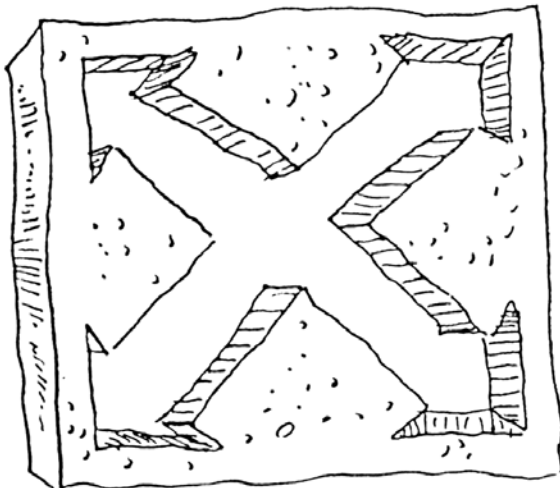
Our Symbol is the Sacred Chao, composed of both Order and Disorder, and symbolic of our Creative Trip.

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

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 noplacement 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.



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?'

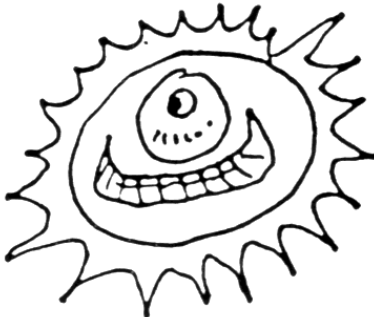
7 "Oh, shit, not you again. Look, I'm writing your goddamn book, you've got to give me time. It's only been a couple of years," the Prince said, backing his chair across the room to remove himself from her wake.

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 hating 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, Wakdjunkaga, 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 jimmed 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 Wakdjunkaga. "You sound like a character I would make up."

9 Wakdjunkaga 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.

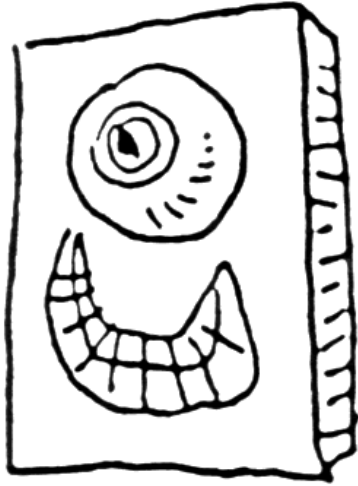
12 Long ago, she had tried placing common sense into a cabbage and it was just wasted as it soon trickled down the cabbage's inner thigh and puddled at its feet.

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.

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.

AD073

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?

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.

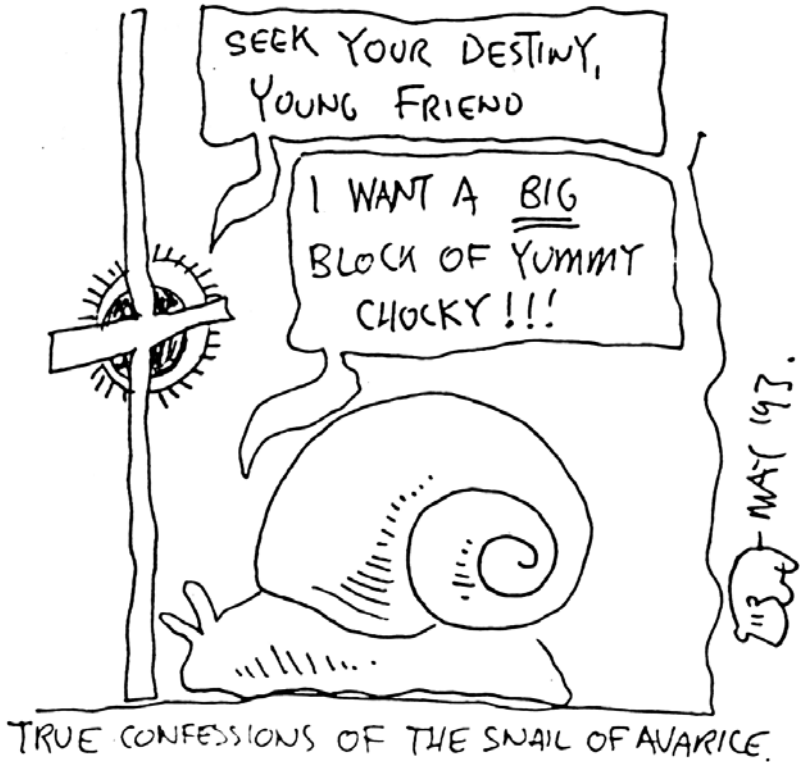
15 "A Table of Malcontents to begin with, of course. But of what else is there upon which I can write with the fluidity and supra-wisdom for which I am known?"

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; "Mundos 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 bugged to death. Be forewarned.

Collegium ad Inner Sanctum

This year
Kung Fus Shun, Grand OHOOD

AD077

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 t he 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.

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 Alhirra (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 Alhirra 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).

.../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 psychedelics. (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, "Ia! Cthulhu ack-phffftagn..."

Q. What about the Necromicon?

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 cosmogeny 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

walking, just walk. Above all, don't wobble. If you are sitting, just sit. If you are

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

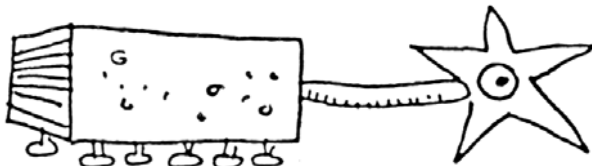
The Discordian "Bible", the Discordia, contain incitement to plant marijuana and disobey laws and advocacy of pornography and blasphemy. Other materials are even more explicit and extreme. THESE MATERIALS ARE DISTRIBUTED WIDELY BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS CULT.

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!"

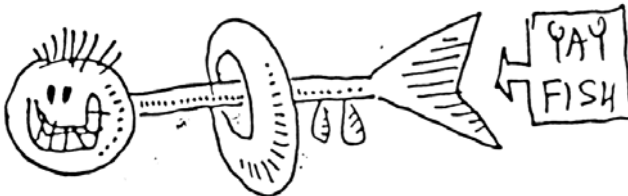
The Mundane places five caraway seeds in the palm of her or his hand, and makes a fist, and holds it aloft. The Mundane speaks, "Umbelliferae!

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.

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.

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.

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Eris ->



<- Eris

9

5

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 Telesis - The official organ (spleen) of the Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium - <<http://telesis.blogspot.com>>



Eris ->

A

<- Eris

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.

"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 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.

"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..

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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And if one beer bottle
Should accidently fall,
There'd be... um..

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

None Genuine
with this signature

