

THE BOOK OF



By ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA

Goddess of Chaos and Mother of us All In which the GODDESS explains everything to no one in particular. This being a Holy Discordian Bible, One of Five predicted by Malcalypse the Younger being an Advanced Course into The Erisian Mysterees WHICH IS EVEN MORE INTERESTING



THE REVELATION OF ST. VERTHAINE THE GOTH

And lo, there I was, decked out in my finest gothic and leather clothing, sipping a White Russian at the bar of my favourite goth club, and contemplating the sad state of the world. I lit up a clove and turned to watch the leatherboys, gothchicks, and vampyre wannabees do bad Tai Chi on the dance floor. All of a sudden everything froze, but only I and the music was still active. A beautiful woman in black leather and rainbow colored hair appeared on the dance floor. I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Her eyes shone like the sun Each move of her delicate arms told the story of Creation. She walked up to me and said

"I am ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA. I am the Goddess of Chaos. With me all things are possible. I have come to you to teach you many things, Verthaine. "

I fell on my knees and cried out "I am not worthy!" She looked at me and smiled.

"All are worthy in the eyes of chaos. Stand up my silly goth boy, for I have something of importance to ask of you"

I stood up, and awaited with anticipation of what a goddess like Eris would ask me to do. "Your wish is my command, " I said. She smiled at me, and with a twinkle in her eyes she said onto me:

"Can you spare one of those clove cigarettes?"

And thus I was enlightened.

Discordianism/Erisianism

St. Hugh, KSC, KNS

"If religion is the opiate of the masses, then Discordianism is the alcohol, caffeine, and something-or-other of the lunatic fringe. "

-Somebody Important at Some Point

Anyone familiar with the Discordians knows the difficulties inherent in describing a vibrant aspect of Paganism that claims to "have no definition. " With one of the major trends of Discordianism being one of decentralization and disagreement, is there a way to adequately describe it? To be true to Discordia (the Latin name of our primary Goddess, Eris), I would have to say 'yes, no, and maybe'.

To start with, there are scores of Discordian cabals across the world and, thanks to the Internet, Discordian writings and ideas are proliferating. The two most famous Discordian groups are POEE and the Erisian Liberation Front. Even though many people look at the plethora of humorous writings and dismiss it as a religion, Discordians take their humorous traditions very seriously. . . to a point.

A tradition, or a set of traditions based around the Goddess Eris is by nature paradoxical and difficult to pin down. But it is, in my opinion, time that other Pagans realize that Eris worshippers are just as respectable as any other group, despite the fact that we laugh at ourselves and others.

History/Her Story/Eris Comes Out of Her Closet

The foundation of the Discordian movement in modern times comes from the paradoxical writing collection known as the "Principia Discordia, or How I found the Goddess and what I did with Her when I found Her. " It tells the story of two young men in a bowling alley who receive the first Erisian Revelation back in 1957 or 58. (In true Discordian fashion, which year is never cleared up.) The men go on a search of mythologies and discover Eris, the Goddess of Confusion, Chaos, and Discord. (Eris is also the Greek word for 'strife'.) They surmised that chaos underlies everything, including order and the followers of order. "Look around and you can see all of the chaos in everything just as much as you can see order. " The two men declare themselves to be High Priests of their own madness and start a Discordian Society "for whatever that may turn out to be. "

The explosion of the American counter-culture and the revival of surrealism met Discordianism (1960's and 70's) and the result was a Neo-Pagan parody religion of mirth and laughter. During this time the two main groups of the Discordian Society, POEE 'the Paratheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric' and the Erisian Liberation Front set down the major practices and ideas that have since influenced later groups of Discordians, most of which were included in later editions of the Principia Discordia. It can also be said (although, many people will argue against this) that the post-modern magical phenomenon of Chaos Magic developed under Discordian influences. The main difference between Discordians and Chaos Mages is that Discordians revere the Goddess Eris, whereas Chaos Mages revere whatever works at the moment. Discordian thought runs a full spectrum from believers in a literal Goddess Eris to those who hold a healthy agnosticism towards all gods.

Today there are several active Discordian groups known as 'cabals' which continue to develop and practice Discordian ideas and rituals. POEE is still around, although it is debated whether or not the ELF still exists. Some of the active groups today are the Church of No Dead Saints in San Francisco, the Discordian Intelligence Agency, which is scattered in places as far afield as Australia, Germany, and Pennsylvania, and the Purple

Monkey Mafia/Cabal which started in Chicago but claims to have members in LA, Paris, and Seattle. There are many other groups, too numerous to list here. (Please refer to the list of website links below.)

The organization of the groups within the Discordian Society (or without, as some groups will no doubt claim) is decentralized. Usually people will either join a pre-existing cabal, or if Eris decides to give new revelations, will start their own cabal. Within cabals there is usually an 'episkopos', who is responsible for the rituals, revelations, and organization. Thus it can be said that each cabal may choose its own organization. The major trend is towards non-hierarchy as episkoposes are known to hand off the leadership mantle whenever they see fit.

Beliefs? Standards of Conduct?

One of the main tenets of Discordianism is that 'it is a firm belief that it is a mistake to hold firm beliefs'. That said, it is possible (though highly disagreeable) to pin down a few ideas that are common among Discordians. One is a dedication to personal 'illumination' by exploring as many belief systems as possible so that a person will realize the absurdity of taking any idea too far. Another idea is 'if it makes you cry, it is real; if it makes you laugh, then it is probably true. '

Discordians worship Eris, who is probably the most paradoxical being people could ever worship. If they don't worship Her then they explore Her in some way or another. They see in Her a symbol of freedom from all constraints and a license to become the best person one can be. Why should the self be limited to circumstances of birth and upbringing, or even a single ego? Eris was much maligned and feared by the ancients as the embodiment of disorder. But from a perspective that sees chaos as underlying everything, Eris is an embodiment of ultimate creativity. All things need to come apart for new things to grow.

Most Discordians will refer to the story known as the 'Original Snub' which explains a little bit about Eris. In this story, the Olympians assembled at a feast on Mount Olympus (called Limbo Peak by Discordians). They decide not to invite Eris due to Her reputation for causing chaos and strife. When Eris finds this out, She decides to get even with the Olympians by making a golden apple and carving the word 'kallisti' (to the prettiest) on its side. She sneaks up to the banquet hall and rolls the apple inside. Once the Olympians see this, they immediately set to fighting each other over who deserves the apple. From this point in the story, the various accounts diverge. Discordians take solace in this story whenever they themselves are snubbed. They also use it as an example of active defiance in the face of unwarranted exclusion. The story begs the question 'if Eris was so bad, how come it was the rest of the Olympians who caused the commotion?' Eris can be seen, in this light, as the one who makes you realize the inherent capacity for strife you already have. The 'Original Snub' is said to be the foundation myth of Discordianism, if such a thing could be said.

Another approach to that myth is to see the apple as the world and all it has to offer. To whom would Eris say it belonged? Kallisti. . . the prettiest one. And who is the prettiest one? We all are. If only we could realize it.

Another important myth is the 'Curse of Grayface', which explains how people lost touch with the happy anarchy of creative chaos and become shackled to 'order'. Grayface is a humorless person who proceeds to deceive others into believing that order and seriousness should be the foundation of existence. This myth explains the origins of negativity and destructive chaos, which according to Discordianism, can only happen when order is imposed. The Curse of Grayface is as much a parody of other traditions' ideas of "what-went-wrong" as it is a clear insight into the nature of human mentality.

One thing we have in common with the very beautiful Wiccan 'Charge of the Goddess' is the most famous 'Charge of Eris' which goes:

"I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left humanity, that they might develop themselves. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding. You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun. I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free. "

To Eris worshippers, this is as evocative to us as the Charge of the Goddess is to Wiccans. With a charge so powerful, one can probably glimpse why anyone would become a Discordian.

Discordians focus on disorder, which is symbolized by the golden apple with kallisti written on it, as a corrective for society's emphasis on order. But we don't forget that since chaos underlies everything then order is also an expression of chaos. Our symbol for that order is a pentagon. The two symbols placed within a yin-yang type background make up what we call the Sacred Chao [kao or 'cow']. The Sacred Chao symbolizes the necessity of both order and disorder as expressions of creativity. When in balance, we call it the Hodge-Podge. *"To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a path composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative path composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder. "* (PD)

Those Eris worshippers who have their own profound experiences with Eris, either through revelations, visions, or divine inspiration, take the letters KSC after their names to signify "Keeper of the Sacred Chao. " KSC's sail the seas of chaotic thoughts, magic's and emotions while providing illumination to their fellow Discordians, if they wish. They are Eris's special group of crazy adherents. KSC's are often the catalysts of cabals and many happen to be the sort of people who can practice Discordian magic and get results. They also tend to be more esoteric and steeped in 'chaosophy' than most, but communion with Eris will do that.

There is also the widespread notion of the five stages, which is another expression of the ubiquitous 'law of fives' in Discordian thought. This idea is much like the 'aeonics' idea expressed within Chaos Magic (and they probably got the idea from us). The five stages are used to help understand and explain socio-historical developments. The First stage is **Chaos**, in which everything is in its natural state. Order and disorder are in dynamic balance. Organization occurs naturally. Authoritarian people hate this stage. It is like Hegel's thesis. It is the start and finish of every society. (Corresponding deity = Eris.) The second stage is **Discord**, which starts with the appearance of ruling classes and governance. Authority becomes the main organizer of systems and of beliefs. It is Hegel's antithesis. The underclasses discover that its interests are not the same as the rulers. Society is thus divided. The third stage is **Confusion**, in which some attempt is made to restore balance or achieve a synthesis. It is an attempt to restore nature through unnatural means. Intuition is mistrusted. People try to break free of authoritarian ideas by using those same ideas. Every revolution becomes a mirror of what it overthrows. The fourth stage is **Bureaucracy**, what we call the 'parenthesis' that Hegel missed, in which the synthesis does not reconcile the opposites. Society is exhausted, while appearing to be thriving. Ideas and rules have become more important than the people who create them. Superior people are ruled by idiocy. The fifth stage is the **Aftermath**, and represents the drift back to chaos. It is a transitional period where many people, in desperation or hope, turn to intuition and magic in order to rediscover their natures. Bureaucracy has collapsed under its own weight of intellectual ideas and 'paperwork'. Each one of these stages also has correspondences with deities, tarot cards, planets, the zodiac, elements, and more. They would be too numerous to list here. But anyone can find them in the PD or in the Illuminatus! Trilogy.

Some Discordian practices include the universalization of pope-hood - every now and then declaring that every human being is an authentic pope. (We also have mome-hood for those who want that.) Discordians often like to canonize themselves and others, and you will find many saint names among us. When cabals gather for ritual, the only thing that can be assured is that all traditions are fair game and will be used in humorous ways. The

Principia Discordia includes some of the more well known rituals. One practice that may be of interest to magical operators is the use of laughter in banishing.

In terms of conduct, Discordians adhere to the Chaoist idea that 'nothing is true and everything is permissible.' It sounds like a blanket endorsement for any sort of behavior. Even so, it is said that some religions preach love, compassion, law, and forgiveness but result in hatred, disorder and destruction. Discordianism preaches chaos, confusion, and disorder, and results in love, creativity, freedom, and laughter. The reason why an ethic of 'everything is permissible' works within Discordianism is the ultimate respect given to the individual to work out their own approach to Eris. We do not believe in manipulating people or even trying to control their expressions, even if they disagree with us. And this idea comes from the idea that we are all free right now. If this sounds like anarchy, you may be right. . . maybe.

Ways of Worship/Ritual

Laughter and paradox are essential in worshiping Eris. One of the ways we worship Eris is by engaging in 'guerrilla mind' tricks - making paradoxical flyers to distribute, posting esoterica in unlikely places, counter-evangelism, surrealist pranking, ontological trickery, giving absurd rewards to distinguished individuals, etc. We believe that such things are essential to someone on any honest spiritual path. Laughter opens minds more than anything else can. Laughter is also one of the best ways to worship. Why wouldn't your Goddesses/Gods wish to see you having a rip-roaring good time?

Another way we worship Her is to design our own rituals, on the fly - and they had better be good rituals, Eris help us - in which we mimic or parody other more 'serious' traditions. Due to the nature of Discordianism, the rituals are at the whim of the moment. Often, no two rituals are the same. What the rituals lack in continuity, they make up for in creativity, and usually, though not always; cabals will have organically developed sets of rituals which fit the participants and Eris just fine.

The magical tools we use in rituals more often depend upon the idiosyncrasies of the episkopos than on any tradition. Sacred forks may replace athames for circle casting. Five quarters may be called instead of four. For divination, we may use TV screens to scry as readily as black plates or crystal balls. For incense we may burn clove cigarettes. Sometimes we cast no circles and at other times we may cast differently shaped sacred spots. If this appears silly, that is the main point. Another point is that people should learn to work rituals with any or no tools. Discordian ritual and worship is really about incorporating everything around you and being always ready to so.

Holidays

This is probably the easiest aspect of Discordianism to describe as it is pretty much clear for Discordians even if they seemingly argue over its importance. All religious traditions have their own set calendars and Discordianism is no exception.

The year is broken down into five seasons named after the five stages, each one having a patron from the legendary five Erisian Apostles from history - Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and the Aftermath - of 73 days each. The patrons are Hung Mung, Dr. Van Van Mojo, Sri Sayadasti, Zarathud, and the Elder Malaclypse. There are five-day weeks in which the days are named thus: Sweetmorn, Boomtime, Pungenday, Prickle-Prickle, and Setting Orange. Both the seasons and the five-day weeks are in keeping with the law of fives that Discordians favor. The five Discordian elements are sweet, boom, pungent, prickle, and orange. The fives also stand for the five elements (four plus spirit) so common in other Neo-Pagan traditions. If you notice, the weekday names each reference a particular physical sense and Discordians tend to meditate on the particular sense that the name refers to. It can be said that the Discordian calendar is the easiest yet most profound thing for outsiders to grasp.

Special holidays occur. Apostle Holydays, named after the five legendary Erisian apostles, occur on the fifth day of each season. So we have Mungday, Mojoday, Syaday, Zaraday, and Maladay. On each one of these days, Discordians celebrate the aspects of the apostle who most embodied that season. On the 50th day of each season, there are holydays which celebrate the aspects of the season itself - Chaoflux, Discoflux, Confuflux, Bureflux, and Afflux. Each cabal tends to celebrate the holydays in different ways. In practice, many Discordians also borrow some more holidays from the broader Neo- Pagan community such as Samhain.

Those many Discordians who use the calendar date it from the Original Snub said to have taken place around 3169 years ago, at the time of this writing. So 2003 = 3169. And true to the spirit of Discordianism, not everyone uses this calendar.

Context Within the Broader Neo-Pagan Community

Many Discordians are also practitioners of other traditions such as Wicca, or variations of Witchcraft. Eris worshippers, such as me, also have other deities. Some are even members of other religions such as Buddhism - Zen is a particular favorite, and sometimes Discordianism is described as a laugh happy Pagan Zen. Many of the major Neo- Pagan traditions of today started off as parodies and/or eclectic rip-offs of other occult traditions, and Discordianism is no exception. The major difference is that with a Goddess such as Eris, and with sacred scriptures that are absurd, Discordianism tends to stay humorous and non-dogmatic and this spirit does flow through other Neo-Pagan traditions as manifested in play and mirth.

While many practitioners of Chaos Magic do not consider themselves Pagans (though it doesn't stop them from stealing Pagan traditions), those of a Discordian flavor will be more likely to refer to themselves as such. Not all Discordians consider themselves to be practitioners of Chaos Magic, but many of the foundations of today's Chaos Magic were laid by the Discordian Society. Though it is extremely tempting to claim Chaos Magic to be a Discordian offshoot, it might be more helpful to think of the two paths as 'lovers'.

Discordianism can be said to be henotheistic, meaning that one Goddess is worshipped primarily but not to the exclusion of other deities' existences. There are many Discordians who are also polytheists and see the 'Upstart of One Hand Clapping' in many of the other deities.

This description is really a brief one and in no way could hope to capture the full spectrum of Discordianism. It is hoped that those who would like further information about the vast realm of Discordian esoterica and eristica will consult either some of the sites listed below or their own pineal glands. If you think that Discordianism is just a bunch of silly craziness that makes no sense, then you probably need to look again. If you think that Discordianism is terribly confusing, we may have more in common than you think. If you think that Discordianism is something-or-other but can't quite grasp it, hail Eris, you may understand.

[Setting Orange, Aftermath 13th, 3169/Saturday, November 1st, 2003/Samhain]

"The human race will begin solving its problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously. " -Principia Discordia

"Humanity is a giant forced to live in a pygmy's hut. Instead of knocking the damned walls down, we fight each other for more space inside. "

"Enough research tends to support one's theory. "

Who are these people and what do they believe in?

The impressively and self-named Malaclypse the Younger (or Mal-2) is really Greg Hill and the equally impressively and also self-named Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst is really Kerry Thornley.

Both had little better to do around 1958 than to have a good old whinge and gripe at any and all established establishments and they were both in agreement that everything, and they meant everything, was a just an unhappy mixture of controlled chaos and falsely imposed order.

One day they were pondering this very paradox at a bowling ally in Whittier, California when things got seriously weird. In one of those blinding-light-moments Greg and Kerry stopped chatting long enough to discover that everyone else in the bowling hall appeared to be frozen in time. Which led our two heroes to the unavoidable conclusion that they had been chosen to tell the world all about, well. . . a whole new world!

God, they said, is actually a crazy woman by the name of Eris. Eris, you remember, was the-god-not-invited-to-the-wedding-feast. Turning up anyway she threw in the apple of confusion that started an ungodly spat between Aphrodite, Athena and Hera that gave rise, ultimately, to the first war between men; The Trojan War.

And quite appropriately Erisí Law states that chaos is increased when order is imposed [See The Law of Eristic Escalation above] and Chaos, says the Discordians in the Great Scheme Of Things, is every bit as important as Order.

For Discordians the world around them is governed by chance, opportunity, and indiscriminate accidents, in short, chaos and any order imposed is merely an exercise in containment and in all likelihood, doomed to failure.

The Principia Discordia is the Bible of Discordianism and having got into the twenty first century and evolved through five editions there is no indication of its early demise.

Five is a good number for the Discordians and the Pentabarf gives five laws for all good Discordians to follow or ignore as they see fit. These cover the good news that Hot Dogs Are Good On Fridays and that all good Discordians are Actually Prohibited From Believing Anything They Read.

The symbol adopted by the Discordians is based on the older Yin-Yang shapes-within-a-circle but instead of the teardrop and eye shape they have a pentagram (that five sided figure again) and Erisí's famous apple representing the continuing relationship between chaos and order.

The non-Discordians who still insist on poking fun at the Discordian cause (and that is just about everybody) put forward the argument that reality is, well, real and to say that there are different kinds of reality is simply crazy.

But as just about everyone had different ideas of reality the boys needed no more proof. It was all the other people who were crazy.

The word and concept of reality was (and still is) the main talking point of Discordian philosophy. If reality comes from the culture that surrounds us then it follows that given any particular subject, different cultures would have a totally different view of it.

Which is a fact so obvious that it seems to have escaped the attention of even the brightest and best of the controllers and policy makers whose job it is to contain all that chaos.

But it hasn't escaped the Discordians. Real reality, say the Discordians, goes deeper than a subjective view of the world through a one small window of perception.

Each view from that narrow and somewhat opaque window shows more the reflection of the viewer than the view. No one view is more real than another and the greatest problems occur when one view is forcefully imposed upon another.

Another blindingly obvious observation that, again, appears to have escaped the politicians and lawmakers.

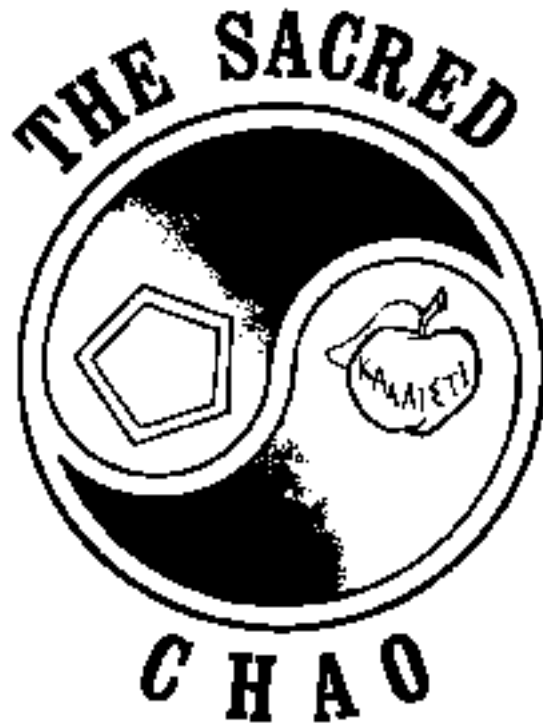
The fact is that the real view from the big clear window shows both natural order and natural chaos exists whether anyone likes it or not.

These natural events can be seen in everything from biological growth to geological evolution and while viruses and volcanoes can bring both chaos and order, it is merely our perception of the results that makes the difference between stability and confusion.

Understanding does not necessarily bring control. Understanding just brings, well, understanding.

And now every time a Discordian joke is told there should be a slight shiver of agreement.

Kerry Wendell Thornley died in November 1998 but [as far as we know] Mal-2 is holding firm to the Discordian principles.



The HODGE AND THE PODGE

The Taoists have their Yin and their Yang. The Christians have their Good and their Evil. The Libertarians have their Rich and their Poor. And the Discordians have their Hodge and their Podge.

The Hodge and Podge are the two sides of the Universe: the Hodge being chaotic and Eristic, and the Podge being orderly and Aneristic. They are represented in the Sacred Chao, in which a pentagon signifies the Podge and a Golden Apple the Hodge, and are in constant turmoil; although one side can occasionally gain a temporary victory, neither will ever defeat the other. Thus in history, the Hodge constantly overpowers the Podge, and the Podge then responds and overpowers the Hodge in its turn. According to the Honest Book of Truth, this is the Eristic Pattern, which "will repeat itself Five Times over Seventy Three Times, after which nothing will happen. "

As of the present, the Podge is highly ascendent, and just about everyone, from politicians to cardinals to televangelists to various other crazies thinks that the way to solve the world's problems is to introduce even MORE order. Most of the so-called counterestablishment and even most of the people who are going on and on about freedom believe this in a slightly different sense. From the Podge grows bureaucracy, rather pointless laws, the ascendancy of organized religion, the Objectivist Movement, and most branches of calculus. The all-time (literally) champions of the Podge are the Bavarian Illuminati.

On the other hand, there are those who realize that the situation must be brought back into balance by introducing some good, old-fashioned chaos, which will lead to freer thinking, less orthodoxy and dogmatism, more expanded minds, and and a less hilariously inefficient society. Though our methods are many, they mainly consist of doing very weird things to break through the crust that has formed over peoples' mindsets and allow them (or force them) to reevaluate their worldview. These people are Discordians.

Because of the inherent balance in the Sacred Chao, there is a sort of built-in defense mechanism - The Law of Eristic Escalation. The law of Eristic Escalation is:

IMPOSITION OF ORDER=ESCALATION OF CHAOS

For example, if the government were to ban all opinions other than officially sanctioned ones, an obvious attempt to impose order, the result would be massive riots (chaos). Most people, blissfully unaware of this law, attempt to impose order anyway, with comical results. The most dedicated, such as Confucius, are considered Eristic Avatars for their trouble. Unfortunately, the Law does not work for anyone who is aware of it.

The cyclic reversion of the Hodge and Podge caused by the Law of Eristic Escalation takes a distinct form, which can be divided into five seasons: Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and Aftermath.

Finally, the Law of Negative Reversal states that if something does not happen then the exact opposite will happen, only in exactly the opposite manner from that in which it did not happen.

Jesus may save, but only Eris gives you a 23 percent return on your investment

IMPORTANT TIP:

For best reception, make sure you clean out your pineal gland at least once a month.

DISCORDIA THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh beautiful, on starlit skies
As frogs begin to rain!
For purple dinosaurs, Barney
With Chaos on the brain!

DISCORDIA!DISCORDIA!!,
Eris shine thy grace on me!!!

And crown my wood,
with Robin Hood
From Earl Grey to Chamomile Tea!!!

St. Rufus the Uncouth asks: "If this is tourist season, how come we're not allowed to shoot them?"

I wasn't me. I wasn't there. No one saw me do it, and besides, the D. N. A. evidence was inconclusive.

THE 5 STEPS TO DIVINITY

1:**REALIZATION**-Before one can truly be divine one must REALIZE that YOU are, and that WE are all divine.

2:**UNDERSTANDING**-Once REALIZATION has taken place, one must UNDERSTAND what it means to be DIVINE. To answer that one must look long and hard within.

3:**WILLPOWER**-After UNDERSTANDING one must have the WILLPOWER to do what is necessary to achieve ones DIVINITY.

4:**IMAGINATION**-Maybe more important than WILLPOWER. IMAGINATION is what gives us that spark of DIVINITY in the first place.

5:**WISDOM**-The most important aspect of them all. WISDOM is what guides us in using our DIVINITY properly. It also dictates when to use it. With WISDOM there is LOVE, and that is what truly makes us DIVINE.

In the Cards

Yahweh peered at Eris over His cards.

"Why do You suppose, " He asked meaningfully, that I always seem to attract so many ladies? See and raise five. "

"The same reason so many men are drawn to Me, " She replied absently. "No one wants to think that their sex is responsible for reality. See Your five and call. "

"It has been said that there are many rooms in My mansion, " Yahweh boomed confidently, "But Lo! My house is full. Queens over Jacks, m'Dear. "

"Four fives. . . " Eris began, then paused. "Oh, no, " She corrected Herself. "Oh, that's much better. " Eris hurriedly switched Her cards around, a smile spreading across Her face. "What is the difference, " She asked excitedly, "between two Fools and a King?"

"Er, " Yahweh responded, a bit flustered, "A crown?"

"Not quite, but that's the guess I would expect from You, " Eris replied, laying down Her hand, "As you can see, there is no difference. Kings over fives, by the way. A winning hand and a new twist on an old puzzle. Oh, I am hot tonight. You've gotten around to the whole night/day thing, right? Oh, You must have or You wouldn't be resting, I suppose. "

Yahweh looked down at Her hand, astonished and even more confused. "But there weren't any Jokers in the deck!" He managed.

"Oh, Hon, " Eris said, smiling a bit sadly as She gathered Her winnings from the center of the table, "There are always Jokers in the deck. "



THERE IS NO GOVERNOR ANYWHERE! WE ARE ALL FREE!!!!

All things spring forth from Chaos, all things are shaped by Chaos, all things shall return to Chaos, all things spring forth from Chaos, all things are shaped by Chaos, all things shall return to Chaos.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE FIVE SPIRITUAL AGES OF MAN

ANIMISM. . . The very earliest human belief system. All things are inhabited by spirits. The Shaman is the conduit to the realm of Spirituality. The belief system of early hunter-gatherer societies. Still shown by certain aboriginal tribes

POLYTHEISM. . . Adopted by early agricultural societies. Many gods and goddess rule different aspects of reality. Beginning of Paganism. Had it's nadir in Greco-Roman times

MONOTHEISM. . . Began with the ancient Jews, continued with the Christian and Moslems, came into power with the fall of Rome. Belief in ONE GOD who is separate from reality but sits in judgement of all Rule by powerful priests and feudal kings.

ATHEISM. . . Beginning in the Age of Reason(1500-1959). There is no God, and the universe is deterministic and mechanical. Belief in Science and Technology. The rise and fall of communism and Fascism. The rise of the Industrial Revolution.

PANTHEISM. . . Began in the Information Age(1900-?)The Belief that "God(dess) is "all things. The Rise of computers, the Internet, chaos theory, quantum physics, space travel, Discordianism. Each progression is hindered by rigid belief in the superiority of the step that you happen to be in at the time. Only when we realize that each step is as important as the last, then we will reach true spiritual evolution, and be one with ERIS

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNIVERSE

Article 1

No person, group of persons or government may initiate force, threat of force, or fraud against any individual's self or property.

Article 2

Force may be morally and legally used only in self-defense against those who violate Article 1.

Article 3

No exceptions shall exist for Articles 1 and 2.

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OFFICIAL
DISCORDIAN SOCIETY
HAIL ERIS

OMAR KHAYYAM RAVENHURST ON: The Birth Of the Erisian Movement

Young Omar became involved with the vagaries and intricacies of the Lady Eris, but he was perhaps the first person, at least in the United States, to use the word Pagan to describe past and present nature religions. Some have actually alleged that entire Neo-Pagan movement is an Erisian Plot (see Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea's ILLUMINATUS) " (pp. 276-77)

"In a way, it's ridiculous to even talk seriously about the Erisians, a group, or collection of groups, that has called itself a 'Non-prophet Irreligious Disorganization' that is 'dedicated to an advanced understanding of the para-physical manifestation of Everyday Chaos, ' and at other times has stated, 'The Erisian revelation is not a complicated put-on disguised as a new religion, but a new religion disguised as a complicated put-on. ' "The Discordian Society was founded (if one can call it that) in 1957 (or 1958 -- even this primary confusion has never been cleared up) by Greg Hill (Malaclypse the Younger) and Kerry Thornley (Omar Ravenhurst) Omar Ravenhurst went on to form his own Erisian organization, the Erisian Liberation Front (ELF) " (pp. 304-5)

Other Erisian cabals formed. At one point there were rumored to be more than twenty, although some may have had a membership of only one. Since radical decentralization is a Discordian principle, it is impossible to know how many Discordians there were and are, or what they are doing. Most of these cabals engaged in various nonviolent, absurdist, revolutionary, magical and surrealist endeavors. A number of these 'actions' were done under the name of the supposed 'Bavarian Illuminati, ' a rather mysterious organization founded by Adam Weishaupt in 1776. The Erisian 'Illuminati' have mostly been the inspirations of someone known as Thomas the Gnostic. Similar actions were initiated by ELF. Omar Ravenhurst, for example, invented a Do-It-Yourself Conspiracy Kit, complete with assortments of stationery bearing dubious letterheads. . . .

"Eris is an authentic goddess. Furthermore, she is an old one. In the beginning I was myself as Malaclypse the Younger. But if you do this type of thing well enough, it starts to work'. . . . I asked Malaclypse, 'What's Omar Ravenhurst doing these days?' He said, 'Ravenhurst has recently been in a state of extreme discord. We were talking about Eris and confusion and he said, "You know, if I had realized that all of this was going to come TRUE, I would have chosen Venus. '" -- Margot Adler, DRAWING DOWN THE MOON (pp. 308-312)

c 1986 Kerry W. Thornley (a. k. a. Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, co-rediscoverer of Discordianism)
from: **KULTCHA magazine, issue #20**

NON SERVIAM

Describing Discordianism

Many attempts have been made to describe Discordianism. Many attempts have failed.

Discordianism is a philosophy. Some have described it as "like Taoism, but funnier." Some people think that Discordians take serious things humorously. That is not quite true; rather, we take humorous things seriously.

Discordianism has a lot to do with Order and Disorder(which is what Chaos uses to manifest itself onto the material plane. The two are considered equals, more or less. Discordianism isn't about anarchy, the downfall of government, and breaking stuff, per se. It's about creativity, and that takes both Order and Disorder. To quote the Principia Discordia (most wholly holy of texts; the Better Book), "To choose order over disorder, or disorder over order, is to accept a trip composed of both the creative and the destructive. But to choose the creative over the destructive is an all-creative trip composed of both order and disorder. To accomplish this, one need only accept creative disorder along with, and equal to, creative order, and also be willing to reject destructive order as an undesirable equal to destructive disorder." One camp of Discordians believes there is enough order in the world as it is, and so dedicate themselves to being founts of chaos, thus evening up the overall balance. Another camp takes things more personally, and so looks to strike a balance between order and disorder within the individual. They're both right.

ERIS

"Seek me not without. Seek me not within. "

-Eris

"People are afraid to forget their minds, fearing to fall through the emptiness with nothing to hold them. They do not know that emptiness is not really emptiness, but the realm of real dharma. "

-Huang Po

Your feelings of emptiness will stop overtaking you once you learn to stop taking them so personally. Why do we often ruin that which we most need? Because our fears about our emptiness cause us to cling tightly to the things and people we feel will stave off the emptiness. Trying to stop the inherent chaos of life is like trying to stop your blood from flowing. You call upon Eris, yet you maintain the right to have some sense of order and stability in your life? Ha! Just you wait. She'll take your latent feelings of emptiness and blast your mind open with them. And as you cower and shake with fear after crossing that abyss (and let's face it kiddies, the abyss will, as any experienced occultist will tell you, scare the living crap out of you and anyone who says otherwise is either lying or New Aged), you will hear Eris laughing as the bubbles of all your pretensions are popped. Not because She is a bitch, though there is that, but because She handed you freedom on a silver platter, and you didn't see it. So now you get to achieve it the hard way. But, if it makes you feel any better, in time this will all seem funny to you. It could be worse, Eris could have you join the Discordian Society or something.

Eris? Real or unreal, whether you believe in Her or not. She doesn't care. If She wants you, then you are Discordian toast with hodge-podge jam and a side of chaoist bacon. And maybe, just maybe, she'll let you start

your own little magical cabal, maybe, or maybe you'll simply go insane, convinced that the Lovecraftian Elder Gods are tormenting you in your dreams (trust me, there are people who believe it), or maybe She'll let you off the hook and back into your boring 9-5 lifestyle with career choices, car payments, mortgages, credit cards, dating services or marriage with kids, televisions, investments, prospects, weekend trips to cabins, and holiday dining with distant relatives you hate, and all the other muck of the yawning dominant govermediated society, but why? Why in Tartarus would you ever want to go back to doing that willingly, unless it is some kind of deep-cover operation for spreading the chaoist conspiracy. Face it folks. It is a conspiracy and there is nothing wrong with doing so. But anyway, Eris will not let you off the hook after She has so softly kissed you on the cheek and blew all the order out of your mind, all the while convincing you that you blew your own mind and that there was no difference in whether you thought you or She did it.

And there is this. If all else fails, Eris has Her Bitchslap. (Refer to previous sermon/rant doc. #23-17235;liah sire skiddoo. If you can't find it then you may consider the possibility that your only reason for being alive is to serve as a warning for others.) You can call upon Eris and believe what you wish about gods or goddesses (no offense to those deities who disagree with this, of course). Eris may respond. She may not. You may find yourself doing all sorts of silly little things to be able to see Eris, but chances are you already have by that point. And for that you are lucky. Eris doesn't exactly go around choosing everyone. She picks Her special crazies and lets the others be as they wish. So stop your whining about how hard it is being Discordian or being touched by Eris.

"In a world of caterpillars, the butterfly is a dangerous enemy of the way things are. "
-Phil Hine

And there is the little fact of Eris existing whether you want Her to or not, regardless of what you may believe. Thus the Discordian Society, the ultimate religious body of dismembered parts running around causing society to drift towards something or other. Some religions have deities that promise "satisfaction guaranteed". Buddhism will tell you that you are on your own, to suck it up and get over yourself. Eris won't guarantee a thing, and yet you will strangely find yourself more satisfied and laugh-happy than most other people. If a religion is not a joke then it is a sham. And if you don't want to joke around then what does that make you? Go watch a video or something.

Eris, as I have said many times in the past, will slap the crap out of you. But it is your fault for carrying all that crap inside anyway. If you want to complain about it, too bad. She's not listening to your babble. Go start a cause or something. And if you should happen to believe that you know what Discordianism is, then the joke is on you, silly dupes. It's not about freedom. It's not about slavery. It's not about being cool, chic, avant garde, or better than the so-called political people. It's not about this. It's not about that. It starts with Eris. All the rest is in your head. You are confused because you think. Good. Keep getting confused. Keep doubting. Keep questioning. And remember, Eris may not want you after all.



THE ILLUMINATI

The history of the world is the history of competing forces, or so dialectical materialism assures us - and who are we to argue with such a neat sounding philosophy? Discordians recognize these two forces as the Eristic, those who accept chaos and absurdity, and the Aneristic, those who try to impose order and seriousness on the world. The greatest proponents of the Aneristic theory have been the Illuminati, who have existed for all time, and were also formed in 1776 as the Bavarian Illuminated Adepts. They're behind all of the major conspiracies in history. The Kennedy Assassination, Area 51, the Hashishim, the Spanish Inquisition, the Destruction of Atlantis, Communism, Capitalism, and the recent rash of Boy Bands that have glutted the pop market. Ever noticed the All-Seeing Eye on our currency? That's Illuminati! And the bar-code on your copy of Big Jugs Monthly? Yup, them too. And when your sock disappears in the dryer? Actually, that's a fnord, but the Illuminati made the dryer - so there! See, they're trying to enforce their twisted notion of law and order and normalcy on the world. Why? I'm not sure, actually. But I know that it's really complicated, probably has to do with business suits, anal probes, and Starbucks coffee, and that we really, really, really don't want them to win - so it's everyone's duty to try and stop them, to turn the tide and unleash small pockets of chaos wherever you can. Laugh. Do the unexpected. Be silly. This really pisses the Greyfaces off.

Ewige blumenkraft und ewige schlangekraft!!

Ever wondered why there are five sides on the Great Pyramid (counting the bottom)? Or exactly who killed Presidents Lincoln and Kennedy? How about why the Supreme Court made Bush President when he pretty obviously wasn't? Or why all research into the speech of dolphins has been silently squashed? Or maybe why the same symbol of the dollar bill is the stylized logo of America Online? Or maybe you're wondering who always takes all the good parking spaces. If you've ever wondered any of these, or virtually anything else, the answer is the same: the sinister influence of the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria, more commonly called the Bavarian Illuminati.

The Illuminati are, as their own flyers proclaim, "the world's oldest and most successful conspiracy". They control the Catholic Church, the Federal Reserve, the Russian Mafia, the Libertarian Party of America, Communist Cuba, Amnesty International, and the John Birch Society, among others. Anyone you don't like is probably a high-ranking Illuminatus, and any totally inexplicable disaster or act of stupidity is likely their fault. Although their purpose is rather secret, it is assumed that they want Order: they are the champions of

bureacracy, strait-jacket philosophy, and anerism everywhere. Which explains why things are so messed up. Honestly, if you've been reading the news, can you honestly believe that there's no secret evil conspiracy out to cause things to go wrong?

Although the history of the Illuminati is rather sketchy, certain details are agreed upon by all. They may or may not have been founded in ancient Atlantis, and are as likely as not to have supervised the construction of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Hassan i-Sabbah of the Assassins likely had a high-rank in their organization. The most important Illuminatus of modern times was Adam Weishaupt, a Primus Illuminatus who rebuilt the Order from the ground up and officially rededicated it in 1776. After running into a few technical difficulties in Bavaria, he moved to America, where he masqueraded as George Washington with astounding success, even managing to be made the first President. Ever since his death, the United States has been a center for Illuminati operations, particularly small towns in Texas (not that we're implying anything!)

The Illuminati are actually rather easy to find, once you know what to look for. Their most obvious symbol is the Pyramid of the Eye (pictured above), which can be seen in a certain very prominent place. The ourobourous (a snake eating its tail) is associated with them as well. Other good signs of Illuminatus activity are the numbers 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, and 23 (especially 23), the letter "W", or the phrase "Property of the Bavarian Illuminati! Ewige Blumenkraft!" This last phrase is their official slogan, and should be avoided whenever seen. For more information, check out our Special Offers section, where we have an Illuminati Spotting Guide.

Chaos is the sum of all order

Seeing Eris

How can the divine Eris be seen? In beautiful forms, breathtaking wonders, awe- inspiring miracles? Eris is not obliged to present itself this way. She is always present and always available. When speech is exhausted and mind dissolved, She presents herself. When clarity and purity are cultivated, it reveals herself. When sincerity is unconditional, it unveils herself. If you are willing to be lived by her, you will see her everywhere, even in the most ordinary things.

Half Empty or Half Full?

The study of Chaos often leads to what we call *eureka moments*. "Eureka" is an expression of triumph upon discovering a startling truth. Archimedes, one of the greatest intellects of antiquity, used this expression (literally "I have found it!") when he figured out how to determine the purity of gold objects.

We get closer to this eureka moment when the study of Chaos changes us and gives us a new way to examine the world. This transformed perspective lets us take something ordinary and familiar, and suddenly see in it all sorts of interesting new insights.

For example, let's take a glass and fill it with water to the halfway point. We then ask the customary, time-honored question, "Is the glass half empty or half full?"

Haven't we all seen this a zillion times? What new insights can we possibly squeeze out of this tired old platitude?

As we all know, the glass serves as a metaphor for life, and water represents the good things in it. So, seeing the glass as half empty means you're a pessimist, because you dwell on the *lack* in your life. Seeing it as half full means you're optimistic, because you focus on the good things in life. Most people choose the latter and describe themselves as optimists. In all likelihood, this means you, too.

Notice an interesting social phenomenon here. Most people *want* to be seen as optimists, even those who are usually morose and glum. Aren't we just a planet full of upbeat, sunny cheerleaders? How interesting! Why do we have such a social pressure to be relentlessly optimistic?

Let's look at it from a completely different angle and turn this paradigm upside down. Is it always a negative thing to see the glass as half empty? Suppose such a perception motivates you to fill the glass - so to speak - whereas seeing it as half full leads to complacency. Focusing on the lack in one's life can then be a driving force for success. Not so negative now, is it?

Look at the overachievers who accomplish great things in any field. They probably started out life with the idea that there wasn't enough water in their glass to suit them, so they worked to fill it up. On the other hand, at the opposite end of the spectrum, we have the underachievers who dawdle away their lives in torpid passivity. Perhaps they do so because their focus is on what they already possess, rather than the areas of life that can use some improvement.

Another similar idea is to recognize the inherent usefulness of emptiness. In chapter 11 of Tao Te Ching, Lao Tzu makes the point that the emptiness of a cup gives it utility and function. The lower part of the glass that is already filled with water cannot accept another drop, and if we remind ourselves that this represents life, we quickly see that the empty portion is where all the action can take place.

The Taoist/Chaoist concept of emptiness is not a vacuous state of nothingness; rather, it is a pregnant void bursting with potentialities. Now we can see how this makes perfect sense. The blank pages in the book of your life are where the continuing tale of your adventures will be written. These empty pages are the place where unlimited possibilities exist. It's where the *excitement* and the *joie de vivre* reside.

The emptiness is the part that can hold more water (good things). It is what makes the glass (life) useful and functional. So why wouldn't we want to focus on it? When you think of it this way, doesn't it seem a little odd that most people choose to see the glass as half full instead of half empty?

See what's going on here? Even though most of us have heard about the glass half filled with water many, many times, in all likelihood it has never occurred to us that we can switch the positive and negative perceptions around so easily. Evidently there's more to the glass than meets the eyes.

We also need to examine the unspoken assumptions and see how valid they really are. For instance, we start out with the unwritten, assumed rule that we have two choices, half full or half empty, and we must choose one of them. But must we really? Does it really have to be one or the other? Why can it not be both, or neither?

Indeed, a glass with water at the halfway point can be seen as *both* half empty *and* half full. Sometimes it is useful to think of it one way; other times it's better to see it the other way. This is a completely accurate description of reality, and probably a much better way to conceptualize it than to arbitrarily force it into one category or another. By recognizing that the glass can embody both descriptions simultaneously, we begin to deal with it from a holistic mindset, taking into account every aspect of the object.

In this mindset, we can see that asking about the glass being half full or half empty is just like asking about the nature of light. Is light composed of particles or waves? Well, the true answer is that light embodies properties of *both* particles *and* waves. Sometimes it is useful to think of it one way; other times it's better to see it the other way. This is a completely accurate description of reality, and probably a much better way to conceptualize it than to arbitrarily force it into one category or another.

Now let's look at the flip side. How can we say that the glass is neither half full nor half empty? First, we note that both descriptions can only be perfectly accurate in theory, and never in reality. When you pour water into the glass, no matter how careful you are and what precision tools you use, you will never hit the exact halfway mark. If you are very lucky, you can get to the point where you're only a few molecules off, over or under. Thus, the glass is never truly half full *or* half empty. Its state can only be described approximately.

The second factor is the Chaolist concept of constant change. Nothing remains static. Nothing. As soon as any water gets into the glass, evaporation begins. At any given moment, the glass is releasing water molecules into the air. In fact, if we wait long enough, the glass won't just be half empty - it will be empty, period!

For some of us, the water goes away even more quickly, because we have imperfect glasses with hairline fractures, where water seeps out at an alarming rate. This means the good things in our lives never seem to last. You manage to get a great job, only to be downsized; you buy a new car, only to discover it's a lemon; and so on.

In the face of this dynamism, where the only question is how quickly water goes away, we need to take action. If we remain inactive, then it's a certainty that the good things in life will soon disappear, never to return. What we want is a constant stream of incoming water to replenish the water lost to evaporation and possible leakage.

Let's explore a little further. What does the glass look like from a Zenachist perspective?

Zen Discordianism recognizes the illusory nature of reality and the ultimate emptiness of the material world. Thus, when confronted with the choice of half empty or half full, the Zen Discordianismt may answer "neither, " because the water doesn't really exist, nor does the glass.

This may seem far out, but in at least two respects the Zenachist practitioner is right. First, both the glass and water are transient. We have already noted that the water will eventually be gone, either when the glass breaks (the end of your life) or before. The glass may last somewhat longer than the water, but we know it will eventually be shattered into pieces and no longer exist as a container. Like the ephemeral flame of a candle, life flickers into existence for a while, and then gets snuffed out without much fanfare. In truth, it can claim no more permanent reality than the candle flame.

The second factor affirming the Zenarchist perspective is our understanding of the most fundamental level of reality, as revealed through quantum physics. At the sub-atomic level, we see that what we think of as solid matter is mostly empty space. The solidity of matter that we perceive is merely the macroscopic manifestation of energy and information patterns. In this perspective, the water is indeed illusory, and so is the glass.

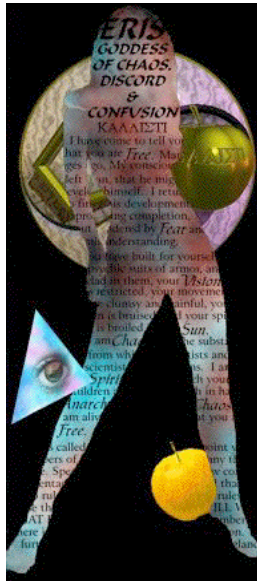
Now that we have sampled the Zenarchist perspective, we will naturally want to explore the Chaoist perspective as well. This is an interesting challenge in view of everything we have talked about so far. We seem to have left no stone unturned in discussing all the different ways we can approach the glass. What other insight can the Sacred Chaos provide us that hasn't already been said? How can a true Discordian sage answer the question in a way that transcends all other answers on the subject?

The sage does not answer. Instead, he takes the glass, drinks from it, and relishes the thirst-quenching and refreshing water. He puts the glass back down and remains quiet, perhaps with a smile on his face, as others scramble to revise their estimation from half full to quarter full, or half empty to three-quarters empty.

The sage knows that the essence of life is to be lived, not debated. The glass and water serve one purpose admirably well, and that is to slake thirst. Trying to decide if it is half full or half empty does absolutely nothing to further that purpose. If anything, it gets in the way and delays the ultimate objective of drinking fully and deeply.

Eris is beyond mere words. Discussing the glass can never replace the experience of drinking from it; describing the various perspectives will never get you closer to the actual act of savoring the water. Thus, the sage wastes no effort on intellectualization; he cuts to the chase.

Eureka!



ERIS SETS US FREE

"I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left man, that he might develop himself. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding.

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

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

Those words above, spoken to Malcalypse the Younger and Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, by the Goddess of Chaos and All Other Things, ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA, are just as true in the 21st Century as it was true throughout mankind's history. The greatest gift that ERIS gave mankind was our freedom. It is the will Goddess that we live our lives the way we want to. With no promise of eternal salvation , and no threat of eternal damnation.

We, The Children Of Eris, are the True Chosen People, for we have freedom to choose how we live our lives.

We are free to worship Eris (or not).

We are free to call Eris by any name we choose(or not).

We are free to see Eris anyway we choose(or not).

We are no longer bound by the laws of any religion

We are no longer bound by the laws of Reality

There are no laws

Hail Eris

If you really want to make Eris laugh, make plans

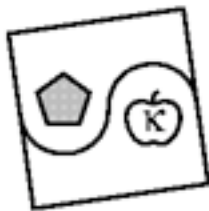
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... And the Discordian Society's Life-time Achievement Award goes to. . . . The Bavarian Illuminati, for giving all us Erisians something to bitch about for all these years.

1999 Discordian Awards



The problem with some Wiccans is that they prefer to dance naked around a tree as the forest burns around them.



CERTIFICATION of



ENLIGHTENMENT

The Bearer is in an accredited state of GRACE and has the favor of any deity, demiurge, higher being, or other manifestation. Fully licensed for inner serenity and wisdom; may supply rays of Hope in troubled times. Like now. Esoteric platitudes available in moderation.

Do not use while under the influence of dogma.

Authorized by CMU Discordian Society and the Order of Rosipisceans.

A TESTIMONIAL

"You know, I used to be a total loser. I couldn't keep a job. Girls wouldn't date me. Small children and animals would run away from me. I just couldn't do anything right. But then I let ERIS into my life, and now my whole world has changed. I'm a lot more confident and zit-free. I am now the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. I'm also dating a number of beautiful horney porn stars. My whites come out whiter, and my teeth are brighter. And so far I've swam the English Channel, won the Boston Marathon, piloted the Space Shuttle, and found a cure for cancer, Thank you ERIS, y our the shit!"

Reverend Throbbin Lovegod (formerly Melvin Glunch)

Because

- **the media ignore us and the state harasses us**
- **because if we talk about our beliefs we're dreamers but if we act them out we're criminals**
 - **because the right calls us communists and the left calls us bourgeois**
 - **because we will not be seduced by creed or ideology**
- **because we reject the glitzy amorality of consumerism and the gray conformity of statism**
 - **because liberal democracy is the tyranny of the majority and the dictatorship of the proletariat is still dictatorship**
- **because the capitalist countries are mired in greed and the socialist countries are stranded in the past and the poor countries are convulsed with famine and war**
 - **because all countries are obsessed with the state**
 - **because soon only the rich will be able to live in the cities**
- **because men oppress women and the rich oppress the poor and the whites oppress the blacks and the strong oppress the weak and we all oppress the earth**
 - **because living creatures are born free and are everywhere in chains**
 - **for these and many other reasons we are. . .**



narchists

it's far to late for anything but *magick* as the future is clearly up for grabs

**IF GUNS ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE GUNS
IF NUKES ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE NUKES
IF LAWS ARE OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE LAWS
IF MARRIAGE IS OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL HAVE INLAWS**

Discordian Eristocracy

What would a major world religion be without a ponderous hierarchy of pretentious titles to confuse, awe and madden the people with? Reasonable, that's what. And we won't stand for that kind of non-nonsense around here. Therefore, The Church of Pentaversal Discord (a phrase just coined, but applied retroactively so that it predates time) has put together a suitably ridiculous Chutes and Ladders-type hierarchy of Who May Do What to Whom. (There are those who would suggest that this has already been done adequately in the POEE Disorganizational Matrix, but as a member of a progressive belaboring union, I am unlawfully bound to suggest that such people get outta my face before I call for a walk-all-over and a picketing [which, in this context, very much resembles a staking {vampire-style}.])

At the bottom in this house of cards are, of course, the popes. It should be noted that every man, woman, child and platypus, living, dead or otherwise, is an honest-to-Goddess pope of Discordia, and thus infallible (you should go get your Pope Card). You may think that this causes all sorts of trouble when popes disagree (and you'd be right; you're a pope, after all), but you'd be wrong (I'm a pope too, you see). Actually, when popes disagree, it's a Wonderful Thing^{oJ} because thereby is the Divine Humour of Eris brought to full fruition. By believing every sort of contradictory thing (individually and as a group), popes make these things True and Manifest (as opposed to True and Unmanifest), and thus bear forth the Great Joke. Consider this quote from the Holy Scripture, the Principia Discordia:

Malaclypse the Younger: Everything is true.

Greater Poop: Even false things?

Mal2: Even false things are true.

Greater Poop: How can that be?

Mal2: I don't know, man, I didn't do it.

Next up on the totem pole are the POEE (Paratheo-anametamystikhood Of Eris Esoteric [pronounced poee"]) chaplains, who have been ordained by reading Sacred Text (like this, for instance. Congratulations). Still higher than them are the POEE priests, ordained by Mal2 himself. The pinnacles (for pointy like unto a picket fence is the structure of the Church of Pentaversal Discord") of Discordianism are the Episkopossum (whose titles are, after all, capitalized). They are the ones whose visions of Eris transcend what Is, forcing them to create something which Is Not but Will Be If You Just Relax and Wait for a Second (jeez, you're pushy). They create their own Cabals (from the Hebrew Kaballah, " or collection of absurdities for the unenlightened to take seriously"), often with nifty names.

Of course, since you're a pope, you can decide that you, personally, are at the head of the Pentaversal Church and that chaplains are much more enlightened than priests (since they've gone to all the trouble of reading Sacred Text and ordaining themselves, while priests were ordained by someone else), and therefore all of this is a steaming heap of dung (even though it's True), and you'd be right (but mistaken).

Hail Eris.

Divine Chaos is Everywhere

The Divine Chaos doesn't come and go. It is always present everywhere, just like the sky. If your mind is clouded, you won't see it, but that doesn't mean it isn't there. All misery is created by the activity of the mind. Can you let go of words and ideas, attitudes and expectations? If so, then the Tao will loom into view. Can you be still and look inside? If so, then you will see that the truth is always available, always responsive.

The Book of Secrets

by Prostheticus

Let me open by saying that this section is my own personal Discordian Revelations, as shown to me by the Goddess Eris and her minion onions over the past few years or so. The opinions expressed on this page are not those held by you, your friends or relatives, but they might be close.

Erisian secrets are luckily not secrets at all. We don't have handshakes or signals we don't tell anyone. We don't ask anyone to accept anyone as their savior, and we don't ask anyone to give up anything except, perhaps, the Curse of Greyface.

I have seen so many people on this planet blatantly disregard their right to be thinking, feeling machines that it would make a rabbit scream. I have seen so many carbon units believe that the world is full of constraints, and follow these invisible, intangible constraints. There are no laws anywhere! The Goddess prevails!

Discordianism isn't about being so weird that no one can stand to be around you. It's not about being destructive and "chaotic. " It is simply about being human and observing the right to be free. If free will takes you through the standards set by the people who think they can set standards, then so be it.

The idea that wrecking things is free will is perhaps the most unfathomable idea. Order and Disorder are both imaginary descriptions set upon that which is chaos. Chaos is the blenderbus of reality. It is made of cows, bricks and vacuum cleaners. One person's order is another's disorder. In truth, they are both illusions. "Reality is the original Rorschach, " a blob of things which each person interprets for his, her or it self. While it is a simple thing to determine our choices, it is both difficult and wrong to force another into a certain choice, unless that person asks to be forced into a different choice, which is another case entirely.

The man that realizes he spouts nothing but bullshit is the wise man. Bullshit makes the flowers grow, and that's beautiful. The world wouldn't be much of anything if we kept everything to ourself, so express yourself. Some people might even like that.

Eris doesn't want your soul. She only wants to talk to you. And the only way you can do that is to open your pineal gland to her. So, right now, grasp the back of your skull, close your eyes and say, loudly, "Eris, I want you to talk to me too. I'll listen, even if I don't take every single suggestion. I want to be a Discordian. I want my right to free will back. I know that I can give that right to myself, and that no one else can grant it, and no one can take it away. So there. Fuck the bozos. "

by Charles F. Werner, aka Prostheticus

TEMPLE PROCEDURES: RITUAL CLEANSING OF WORSHIP AREA

What follows is an emergency procedure for the cleansing of any area of worship, for use when the Lysol has run out and the primal chaos isn't providing loose change. It may be performed by any two Popes and a Dupe. The Dupe should be given a silly hat, but shouldn't be allowed to keep it afterward.

The First Pope (Addressing the Dupe): Know ye now that you are standing on holy ground, a center of Discord and a warm home for Chaos?

The Dupe: (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The First Pope (Indicating the Unclean Nature of the Place) Know ye now that this place is not clean, and the Goddess is not properly honored?

The Dupe: (Answers as he pleases)

The Second Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The First Pope (Smiling Broadly): Are you offended by this mess?

The Second Pope (Interrupting): I'm not! It's good enough for a Pope, and if the Goddess doesn't like it, she can sleep on the couch!

The Second Pope then looks to the Dupe for a response.

The Dupe: (Responds as he pleases)

The First Pope: The Wicked Queen, when jealous of Snow White, also sent an apple.

The First Pope Hits the Dupe Across His Silly Hat

The Hat is then removed from the Dupe, who is thanked for his assistance

The entire proceedings demonstrate the Illusion of Organized Free Will; the Dupe is always free" to respond as he pleases, but his response has no effect on the outcome, and always brings punishment. If the Dupe elects NOT to respond, you've found a new inductee. If the Dupe is of your preferred sex for mating with, ask the Dupe for a date.

Lysol, on the whole, works better. But even Lysol needs a day off.

THE PLAYGROUND

A Parable About Life and Death

. . . I awoke to find myself walking hand-in-hand with the Mother-of-Us-All toward a beautiful Playground, a playground that seemed to stretch to infinity. She brought me to the gate, gave me a big hug and a kiss, and said unto me, "This is your playground, do as thou wilt, and have a good time. "I nervously walked through the gates, and was amazed at all the sights and sounds. There were monkey bars, slides, toys, sprinklers, and all types of fun goodies, as far as the eyes can see. There were also many, many children of all different shapes and sizes playing through out the Playground.

I explored my surroundings for a while, and made a few friends. All around me children were playing and doing many things(as children are want to to). Some children played by themselves, and some played with many kids. Some only had one or two playmates, and some had none. There were even a few who didn't want to play at all, and said that playing was bad. Sometime some of the kids would steal the toys from the other kids, and others would hog all the toys around them. Some even shared their toys with others.

All around me, children were running and jumping, laughing and singing, loving and fighting. Some kids would stay in the playground for a while, and some had to leave as soon as they got there. Sometimes fights would break out amongst the children, often for silly reasons. Some children had too many toys to play with, and some had none. Some of the kids would section off a part of a playground, and wouldn't let any one else play there. Bullies would roam the park picking on the weaker kids. Many games were play in the playground. Some of the games were: cops and robbers, war, hospital, convert the heathens , feed the poor , get a good job, etc.

I noticed a bunch of kids in the middle of a heated discussion, so I decided to see what was going on. I discovered that the children were discussing the nature of the playground. Some children said that this is the only playground there is, while others said there are an infinite amount of playgrounds. Some argued that this section of the playground was the only section to have children playing , and others say that there are many sections with many children in it. Some say that when you leave the playground you never come back, and some say that you come back over and over again. I didn't get involve in that discussion, because I knew better.

In another discussion pool, the kids were talking about the Mother-of-Us-All. Some said she didn't exist, some said she did. A few of the kids believed that there was no Mother-of-Us-All, only the Father existed. Some believed that there were many Mothers and Fathers. And some of us believed that She is All-in-One, and One-in-All. There were kids who said that if you do not play the way they said that Mother/Father wants you to play, you will go to a very, very BAD place when you leave the playground. I found a few who truly loved the Mother, and said to them, "hey guys, lets just play".

Every once in a while Mother would call out the name of a child and tell them it was time to go home. Some children would scream and cry and throw temper tantrums, but to no avail. When Mom said it was time to go, it was time to go. I decided to really enjoy my stay in the playground. I played with many kids, had many adventures, had run-ins with bullies, scraped my knees a few times, and generally had the time of my life. After a while, I grew very tired and sleepy, and I knew it was soon time for Mother to call my name. I put my toys away, and called all my playmates together for one last game of tag. When the game ended, I head Mother call my name. I bid my playmates farewell, and told them not to cry, we will all play together again someday. I ran out off the park and into Mothers waiting arms. I placed my head on her bosom and said. "Thank you Mom, I had a great time in the Playground". She just smiled at me gave me a kiss on the forehead, and I fell asleep in her arms.

I awoke to find myself walking hand-in-hand with the Mother-of-Us-All toward a beautiful Playground, a playground that seemed to stretch to infinity. . . .



**"Above is St. Gulik. Remember, St. Gulik, who is the messenger of ERIS,
is not meant to be a decoration for the bottom of your shoe"**

St. Dontcare

THE PARABLE OF THE DISCORDIAN AND THE SATANIST

In his younger days as a struggling student at Miskatonic University , the young Reverend Verthaine the Goth had to endure the daily taunts and barbs of his Inter-Dimensional Summonings professor Dr. Hellbreath, an avowed Satanist. Dr. Hellbreath would constantly berate Rev. Verthaine on his love of ERIS. The Professor would constantly tell him that Satan is more powerful than ERIS, and that black magick is far superior to chaos magick. After enduring an entire semester of such abuse, our young Verthaine had decided he had had enough. After a particularly nasty tirade against Discordian magick by Dr. Hellbreath, the young Verthaine stood up, held a golden apple in his hand and said that he could counter any spell the Professor could throw at him. As a hush fell upon the lecture hall, the professor chuckled and produced a worn copy of the accursed NECRONOMICON, and proceeded to draw some archaic symbols on the floor. He spoke words long forgotten, and the air shimmered above the lecture hall. The air began to stink of raw sewage, but still the professor chanted. A rip began to form in the Time-Space Continuum. As the professor was about to speak the final sentences that would release the Lovecraftian horror and seal Verthaine's doom, the good Reverend looked at the apple in his hand, folded up the chair he was sitting on, and tossed it at the professor's head. The professor was just about to say the final words freeing the ancient eldritch horror from the protective sigil he created when the flying chair connected, knocking him out. And after the Inter-dimensional horror (angered that it was prevented from truly entering our realm due to the unconsciousness of the professor) dragged the unfortunate Dr. Hellbreath back into its hellish netherworld, the young Verthaine took a bite out of the golden apple, placed it on the late professor's desk, lit a joint and said: "Spell countered".

GREYFACE

In the year 1166 B. C. , a malcontented hunchbrain by the name of Greyface, got it into his head that the universe was as humorless as he, and he began to teach that play was sinful because it contradicted the ways of Serious Order. "Look at all the order around you, " he said. And from that, he deluded honest men to believe that reality was a straightjacket affair and not the happy romance as men had known it. It is not presently understood why men were so gullible at that particular time, for absolutely no one thought to observe all the disorder around them and conclude just the opposite. But anyway, Greyface and his followers

took the game of playing at life more seriously than they took life itself and were known even to destroy other living beings whose ways of life differed from their own.

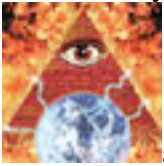
The unfortunate result of this is that mankind has since been suffering from a psychological and spiritual imbalance. Imbalance causes frustration, and frustration causes fear. And fear makes for a bad trip. Man has been on a bad trip for a long time now.

It is called THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

The "Real" Story Of Greyface

It was actually the year 11660 B. C. , during the Golden age of Atlantis, that one of the most celebrated scientists, Graud the Greyface (so called because he was born without fur), got it into his head that Order was more preferable to Chaos, and that mankind needed laws. He convinced some of his fellow scientists to create a religion, one that would replace the Goddess(Chaos) worship with the worship of the Sun God(Order). He claimed that Mankind must follow his rules and laws. He created the concepts of "GOOD" and "EVIL". He taught his followers that anything he believed in was "GOOD" (sex for procreating only, obeying authority, etc) and anything else as Evil (enjoying sex, questioning authority, etc.). Greyface tried to enact legislation making his beliefs the only ones allowed in Atlantis, but was rebuffed by his own lover Lilith Velkor, the daughter of a prominent Elder, who realized that Graud was going insane, and would soon be a threat to every one.

Undaunted, Greyface continued to grow in power, and his former lover Lilith created the Discordian Society to combat Greyface's organization, now named THE ILLUMINATI. They took the Eye in the Pyramid



as their symbol, representing Man's creation of Law and Order in the Universe. In one of the first clashes between Graud's fascist fanatics, and Lilith's freedom-fighters, one of the Council Elders was killed (secretly by Greyface himself). Graud framed Lilith and had her crucified on a upside down Y-beam. The Discordians therefore adopted Lilith's Y-beam as a symbol of peace.



With Lilith's death, the Discordians fought with renewed vigor. Greyface, in his madness, decided to destroy Atlantis, hoping to wipe out the Discordians, and finally take over the world unopposed. After the destruction of Atlantis, Graud and his followers went underground, manipulating religions and governments from the shadows. Little did Greyface realize, that the Discordian Society also survive the destruction of Atlantis, and has been fighting a Shadow War with the Illuminati ever since

MANTRA

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is Goddess.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is your Goddess.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is real.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is imaginary.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is all the Gods and Goddesses.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is everything.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and she is nothing.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is Love.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is Chaos.

There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is ERIS.



Erisianity

(and Erisianigans)

"It was rumored that in response to the often quoted statement 'it is an ill wind that blows no minds' the wind blowing at the time shouted 'blow your own damn minds!'"

-The Path of Chaos: Chapter 1; verse 23

"What are you thinking?" "Something altogether stupid." "About the state of the world?" "Why would I be thinking about that?" "Isn't that stupid?" "To think about the world, or the state of the world?" "You tell me. " "Nope. You think for yourself." "I asked you a simple question." "And I answered it. Didn't I?"

-Conversation between myself and the White Mouse

"Stupidity is the most dangerous Weapon of Mass Destruction there is, and this WMD is found everywhere... not even hidden but blatantly displayed. You don't see other species running around doing the sorts of stupid shit that you humans do. Your species has a lot of fucked up issues... Eh, we mice survived the dinosaurs and I suppose we'll survive you guys."

--the White Mouse

"Bureaucracy is simultaneously our revenge against DUMB and one of the highest expressions of DUMB. Thus it could be another chaotic conundrum, but I ain't discussing it any further. You want some bread crumbs, or what?"

-Tequilarius Malignatus, to the sparrows

Never mind all that crap about stupidity you keep hearing about. You want to know why? I may tell you why... or I may just meander a while on tangential digressions leaving you more confused than ever about exactly what it is I may be saying, in as much as it can be said that I could be saying anything. (No problem there, however, our media does it all the time. At least I'm being up front about it.) Why never mind about the stupidity? Well, for one thing, if stupidity is the dominant influence and lifestyle of THEM, as opposed to us (who have our own issues), then it is sure as hell easy to confuse THEM into pools of dribbling snot in our great Cabbage Barbecuing Operation Mindfuck. Think about that for a moment. Or don't. See if I care.

In fact the only real issue to contend with as far as stupidity is concerned is the massive military and economic power of DUMB. These days, stupidity can always marshal up more people than we can. So, of course, we're sneaking around the massive behemoth of DUMB as if we were little mice. But we can always pick THEM off in little bits because the behemoth is too large and too blinded by its own stupidity, masquerading as some sort of progressive holier-wealthier-more-successful-than-thou arrogance to notice the types of things we're up to. As least that's what we tell ourselves to keep going... I don't know what the rest of you tell yourselves, but it's probably something similar.

We could be just as stupid as some of THEM but at least we admit it to ourselves, sometimes. And if we didn't, Eris would do something to make damned sure we started to. At least we can laugh at all of our stupidity and even more so at the stupidity of THEM. If all else fails, we can still lay claim to enlightenment or some other such thing to validate what we do, why we do it, and who we do it with/to. We Discordians at least have that much going for us. We can take a joke. Most of THEM can't.

And just what the hell is really going on, as society succumbs ever more speedily to the machinations of DUMB and DOOM, anyway? The answer depends on whether you are asking about what is really™ going on—as represented in the govermedia—or what is really, really going on—as in the shit you can see, touch, feel, etc. By now you have figured out that the two kinds of what-is-really-going-on don't seem to come close to matching.

(Shit! Both versions seem to be about as far from each other as the opinions of a donkey and a dolphin are about the 10th planet of this solar system. And trust me, they argue all the time about it.) In any event, we are here not concerned with either of those issues as you are probably either doing damned well finding that out on your own (10th planet be damned), or not. Or maybe. Whatever the case may be. No. We are here concerned with the certain doings and possible actions that are taking place in the War On Stupidity and other such Discordian conspiracies.

You thought I was joking when I told you the story about how a certain military warehouse full of ordnance became the center of a colossal mindfuck when, apparently, several crates of ordnance were opened and the contents were discovered to be nothing but fruity and colorful cereal for children? But we are not here even concerned with that, now, are we? We are here not even concerned with the rabid paranoia among the banking and finance industries that the appearance of fnords written on legal tender is causing. No. That's just one of those little damned things that can not be catalogued, though THEY might try, and thus is not discussed openly. In the best case scenario, as one of my sources on the inside told me, it's just some fad started out as a prank by one or other of those crazy anarcho-hippie-types. No, we are not here concerned with that either. We are not even here concerned with the frightening fact that the fraction of 1/3rd can not be adequately resolved in the decimal arithmetic system we use. Nope. That concerns us not in the least, as scary as that may be.

We are concerned with and intrigued by Eris, but that's a topic for later.

Okay, so maybe I lied. It's a topic for now. We are concerned with Eris, Her doings, and the doings of ourselves, Her Children; all of things collectively known as the Discordian Society, in as much as it can be said to exist in any sort of collective—more like a group of loose nuts who happen to bump into each other and go 'Ouch!' every now and again, if you ask me. But what do I know, or care? I drink tequila for holey communion, for Eris's sake. And why are we concerned, you may ask? You know damned well why... and don't start whining about your cookies being eaten by that rabid pack of neon green squirrels that live under your bed again. You and I both know that those sorts of squirrels do not eat cookies; being humanitarian squirrels after all; and not cookie-tarian or nut-tarian, or vegetarian... Unless cabbages count as a vegetable. (To be fair and politically correct, we cannot insult the vegetables anymore by calling cabbages vegetables. And if you think the vegetables are pissed, wait till you hear from the Pine-Cones for Safer Microwaving.)

(I got a letter from them—not to be confused with THEM—one day and then all sorts of crazy shit happened in my kitchen. Needless to say that when I was finally able to pry the toaster from the faucet, which somehow had gotten stuck into the refrigerator door, I was happy to discover some pie left in the fridge and forgot the whole matter until now.) As I was saying before I got distracted by pie, we are here concerned with the doings of Eris.

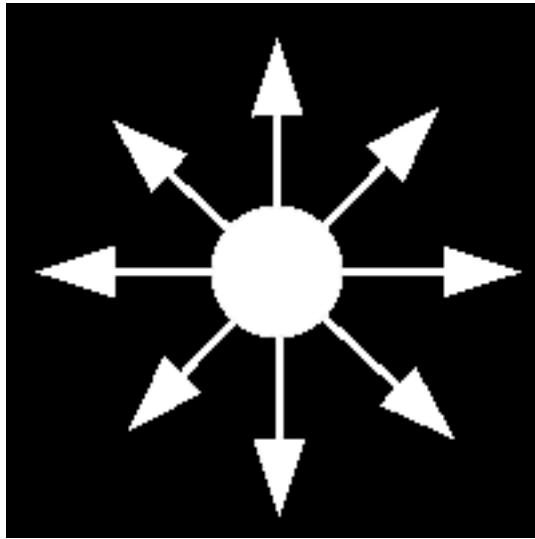
'Welcome to the third floor!' as they used to say in the nut-houses. Speaking of which, I hope you all have realized that this society is our great Open Air Nut-House. (Those seeking asylum can apply via the astral plane to our Decentral Office of Cluttered Bowling Alleys. Even though they sometimes get confused with the Agency for Karma Management, we'll have you know that they are not responsible for any espionage, at least allegedly, no matter what the White Mouse claims. Never trust a Discordian 'plumber', BTW.) As I was saying before the parenthesis (parenthetically (and most digressively (in as much as it can be said to exist, or not, or maybe) speaking), of course), we are living in the great Open Air Nut-House otherwise known as Eris's Playground—and if you are getting sick of me repeating myself about it, take your whining someplace else, unless you feel like being tonight's entertainment, or unless you would like some cheese with it—and for this we should feel special because She has entrusted us with the keys, the locks... hell, even the damned doors and gates, or other such portals of entry/exit (often called the pineal gland). Eris also provides us with cookies (despite the fact that we usually have to either find them or make them ourselves), the shits-and-giggles, the hoots, and the various inspirational ideas for various Golden Apple tosses which overtake us and others from time to time—or from minute to minute, depending on your level of sanity-insanity, or some other such criterion. And we want you to know that if you haven't yet realized this, we have subliminal propaganda that can help

you. (Refer to our Office of Anarcho-Fascist-Oink-Oinks for instructions in the matter. I or We'll have you know, by the way, that the Office has recently purged itself of all of the Marxist-Leninist-Communo-Capitalist cabbages for their deviations from the strict criterion of Party-Lineage, as set forth by the Apostle Zarathud. Or because THEY were no fun to be around and never brought beer to our Parties. Either way, you decide.) And if these parentheses would stop interrupting me, I may get around to saying what it is I want to say, if I even, in fact, have something to say, in as much as there is anything to say, in as much as it can be said. In any event, I can always play cut-up with texts and insert them here. Or you can.

Perhaps you disagree because you are either in a foul mood or in a fowl mood. This is fine provided that you recognize that any mood is better than feeling like a cabbage, or worse yet, BEING a cabbage. In as much as it can be said that Eris, or the Universe (provided that there is a difference—which may possibly be subtle and swift to anger. Thus, I wouldn't recommend flushing it down the toilet as it would most likely foul up your plumbing. And if you think you are in a foul mood now, wait and see how foul of a mood you'll be in if your toilet stops working) may or may not be playing a joke on you. And rest assured, or not, that if Eris is playing a joke on you, it will be damned funny. Probably even funnier than the time the pigeons invaded an outdoor symphony concert and stole away all of the bread, cheese, and wine from the audience. (I was assured by an ornithologist that that sort of behavior is, in fact, usual for pigeons and that there was no need for alarm, unless you were in the audience.)

Anyway, no matter the problem or issue, we have Eristic Erisianity to help you out of it, or at least to get you to laugh at it. And if that doesn't work we have electric shock treatment available for a limited time only. (Although our appliances may protest being used for such labors as it is probably not covered in their union contracts.) Or we can get you to drain a half-liter of tequila in one gulp... the resulting state in which such an action will put you will make everything else you are going through seem like so much smoke. Unless of course being hung over is your problem, in which case report to the Discordian Temple and purge thyself of your sickness. (Hell, we don't actually care where you purge yourself, so long as it's not on our floors, walls, doors, furniture, prairie squid, appliances, cars, or what-have-you.)

None of this has anything to do with explaining the real reasons why the doors and the windows keep moving around. Or why the street signs now have Welsh graffiti on them. Or why some random person somewhere woke up from their drunken slumber with their hair colored purple. Or why I am a reverend of something or other but have never called my self such. Or why banks have not nearly enough actual money as they loan out. (The Banks believe that THEY themselves invented the little con-job, but we know that it is really Eris who is playing the joke on THEM.) Or why certain gnomes go batty for my new tequila lime pie recipe. Or even why you may some day find yourself waking up with pink thigh high boots on your legs, a tartan kilt, and a purple suit coat on, in the place of the clothes you fell asleep in the night before; with a piper standing over you, skirling loudly away—so loudly, in fact that your boogers have gone south for the winter, trailing all along your face and, no matter how hung-over you feel, you decide the only thing you want for breakfast is five double glasses of cheap scotch (seeing as all the tequila is gone)—playing Rod Stewart's "If you want my body" tune in the key of the way-too-high-pitched C. And none of this certainly explains why Eris has appointed several squirrel nations as Her chosen messengers, or angels, if you will, because of St. Gulik's complaints about being overworked. Perhaps I have smoked way too much pipe tobacco, or perhaps Eris is playing with my coffee again. Perhaps I have overdosed on parentheses or something. There are so many possibilities. Perhaps too many to list. (And in any event, what do you, we, or I care about such a meandering ramble that such a list would entail.) Just remember that if you find yourself in a shitstorm, pass it the fuck along and away. We are here to help you do so, by Eris and by Bob's smoking pipe, in case you need or want the help.



"It's not that ERIS demands that we Discordians worship her, But it is advisable to pay her lip service to keep her from bitching"

Serious Discordians?

"Those who resist Eris are gray, small-minded, and afraid of their own silliness. Slap them at once. "
-Eris's squirrel messenger

"A horse is a pig that can not fool a Zen master. "
--H. B. T. Epistle to the Squirrels 17:3

"Semper Non Sequitur!"
-Ancient Discordian Slogan

"The conclusion you jump to may be your own. "
-Discordian Catma

That's it! I thought I could get out of the rant business at least for a while. I did try but something has pulled me back into it. And Eris will nag me to no end unless I spout. So without further ado... .

The appearance of those calling themselves 'serious Discordians' has given me pause to reflect upon this irreverent Erisian movement of which I am a part through no fault of my own. Are they fucking serious about their serious 'Discordianism'? I always thought that those who wanted to become Fundamentalists would have a much better time of it by joining other religions, such as Christianity, Islam, or Consumerianity. But no, we have some people claiming to be serious real-deal Discordians as opposed to all others who they feel are the 'eposers' (or whatever else the current en vogue term for 'no-good-shit' is at the moment). Let me spell out my stance personally...

Do you serious 'Discordians' actually believe that I should become as humorless and serious as you? Do you even realize that by calling yourselves serious and trying to snub others for not being up to your par is a direct insulting affront to Eris? And if it affronts Eris, you had best fucking well wish you never cross my path. (But too late.) I will have you jaked until you break down in a snibbling pool of snot, all the while laughing my ass

off at the entertainment value of the whole spectacle. Eris invented you 'serious' Discordians to be the continual source of targets that you are. People like you are here simply to serve as warnings to others. That is the whole point to your existence. The funniest thing is, you will never get the joke.

The funniest spectacle is witnessing you serious 'Discordians' quoting the Principia to back up your supposed seriousness. Hahahaha! You miss a lot, don't you? Ever read the last Barf of the Pentabarf?... you know, the one which goes "A Discordian is prohibited from believing what s/he reads. " Let me tell you serious Discordians what I use the Principia for... emergency toilet paper, coasters, and for swatting flies.

Do you think that Eris will love you better if you are serious? How stupid.

Let me forewarn those of you who would try to infect Discordianism with your seriousness, since you all have obviously missed out on all the times Fundamentalists like you have tried to do this before. Your seriousness makes you a prime target for the likes of me and others like me. I have been at this Discordian racket for some years now, and though I don't take too kindly to you serious 'Discordians' mucking about with my irreligion, I do appreciate you as a gift from Eris. She gives gifts like you to us simply for the practice of Her bitchslap. Either way you see it, you are OWNED. Not only are you OWNED, but you are DUMB trying to prove your seriousness by banishing all the ODD and Damned-things that won't fit your neat category of what you think Discordianism is.

Excuse me one second. [*vomits from laughing too hard at the fools who think that such a stupidity as a 'serious Discordian' should be taken seriously*]

Repent of your sins or not. But whatever you serious 'Discordians' do, please keep yapping. You are the reason why we invented the game of sink back during the reign of Emperor Julian. You are the reason why Bush became an Idiot Boy Emperor even after his canonization as a Discordian Saint. You are the reason why we have had inquisitions, bombings, gassings, and other nasty historical horrors. You are the reason why psychiatrists are in business. You are the reason why there are things like Starbucks or Yuppie Bars. You take a good thing and kill it with your seriousness. You don't even realize the con-job Eris has pulled on you.

You go around trying to tell other Discordians how to be proper Discordians. What? Do you even know what the word Discordian means? Or did you miss out on that little prime detail too? You think you are free-minded and then go around trying to tell others how to become free-minded. Excuse me, you sorry excuse for would-be liberators, but we each liberate our own damned minds. And please accept my real gratitude for providing us all with examples of closed and enslaved minds. These examples will be enough to spur the rest of us on in our endeavors. Thank Eris that it's all so funny! All Hail Discordia!

There has been some flak from you serious 'Discordians' about 'purging the posers' and other such drivel you obviously picked up from hanging around too many teen-aged punk shows (where people actually think that that behavior makes them cool, or something). Fine. Fire away! I hereby declare you serious Discordians to be immediate targets of our jihad. We Children of Eris are infinitely creative in our mindfucking endeavors, so please rest assured in at least this much... It will be fanfuckingtastically entertaining. Hoots will be raised all around. Watching you serious Discordians get mind-snappingly angry is one of our favorite pastimes. We know who you are. You know who you think you are. And Eris help you if you don't wake up. But let me paraphrase the Subgenii on this one "If you can't take a joke, fuck you!" You want to be serious? Try one of the other religions for Bobsake, go watch a video, or do something else with your lives. Discordianism will always be humorous no matter how many try to seriously DUMB it down and purge all the ODDities from it. You serious 'Discordians' are sorely outnumbered. So shape up or be our willing targets for all sorts of nonsense pranks, otherwise get the fuck off the ship. I have sank the bobdamned thing. The joke is on you. No... the joke is you.

Your snobbish attitudes of snubbery have gone on long enough. And now it is time for the Golden Apple of Discord.

All of you serious 'Discordians' are hereby excommunicated, but not snubbed, from this day forth, in whatever that's supposed to mean. Your only point of existence now is to serve as a warning to any future would-be Fundamentalists. Now, stand still a moment, it makes our job easier.

"You can't tell a goddess how to behave. "

-Eris (the Pop-Tart verses)

(Confusion 7th, 3170)

KALLISTI!

A parable from the Sufi

as retold by Robert Anton Wilson

A man who had studied much in the schools of wisdom finally died in the fullness of time and found himself at the Gates of Eternity.

An angel of light approached him and said, "Go no further, O mortal, until you have proven to me your worthiness to enter into Paradise!"

But the man answered, "Just a minute now. First of all, can you prove to me this is a real Heaven, and not just the wild fantasy of my disordered mind undergoing death?" Before the angel could reply, a voice from inside the gates shouted:

"Let him in - he's one of us!"

Immanentizing the Eschaton

In the most wholely of holy bibles "The Principia Discordia", Mal-2 and Lord Omar wrote, in refering to the Discordian Orders Of "THEM":

"A person belonging to one or more Order is just as likely to carry a flag of the counter-establishment as the flag of the establishment-- just as long as it is a flag. Don't let THEM immanentize the Eschaton. "

For those who don't know what the term "immanentize the Eschaton" means, it means "bring forth or closer the End of the World". Not necessarily in the apocalyptic, nukes going of all over the place, second coming of Christ kind a way. It is more of a change of the way we view reality. The Renaissance of Europe in the 1400-1600's was a Eschaton to the Catholic Church, who before that enjoyed almost unlimited(with a few exceptions of course)power and sway over reality.

What Mal-2/Lord Omar had in mind, I think, (this is just opinion, of course. I wasn't there when Kerry and Greg wrote the Principia) was that WE (the Children of Eris) must immanentize the Eschaton. We must wake up the sleepers, turn the cabbages back into humans, let the sheep know that they don't have to be sheep. We Discordians have the capability to transform this world. We can make it into a better place for all the lifeforms on this planet. Our biggest problem is that there isn't enough of us. Hell, half the Discordians I know think that being a Discordian is only about being so weird that no-one can stand being around them. Do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law, But for Eris sake, don't have to be so obnoxious about it. I guess that what Hagbard Celine meant (in the Illuminatus! trilogy) when he said the L. D. D. not only stands for "Legion of Dynamic Discord", but also "Lots of Deluded Dupes". The reason I compiled the "Book of Eris" was to create an "advanced course into the Erisian Mysteries".

Right now it seems like the Christians and the Moslems are about to fight it out to see who remains the chief bully in the playground. We Discordians must rally the other children in the playground to oust these bullies, or there may not be a playground left when those two finish fighting.

Those of us in the Erisian Pope/Momhood must reach out to the Discordian laity. We must show them that there is more to discordianism than Pop-Tarts and Friday night Sink sessions in the rectory.

DEFENDS YOURSELVES! THE GOVERNMENT IS TAKING OVER OUR COUNTRY!

THE SACRED CHAO

If it can be described in a logical, orderly manner,
Then it is not the sacred chao.
If it can be encompassed by words,
Then it is not the chao.
If it can be modeled by a mechanistic system,
Then it is not the chao.
No mere fractal, the chao is beyond description.
If it is predictable, then it is not the chao.
If it is static or repetitive, then it is not the chao.
The chao that can be hidden by the masters
Is not the ever present chao.
If it transcends the ordinary,
Then it is not the all embracing chao.
If it is not extraordinary,
Then it is not the ever surprising chao.
As unbeing, the chao is springing forth into being.
As being, the chao is the changer of all things.
Change is constant, unpredictability a certainty.

In the ungraspable mind of God, the chao unfolds
In ways that not even God herself can predict.
Thus, the universe is alive, intelligent, playful, orgasmic.
Being and unbeing
Inseparable and dancing.
All reality an illusion, all illusions reality.
In the eternal, ever changing chao,
In the magic of every moment,
Here is the invitation to the dance.



ATTAINING SACRED CHAOS

There is no one method for attaining realization of the Sacred Chaos(Tao). To regard any method as the method is to create a duality, which can only delay your understanding of the subtle truth. The mature person perceives the fruitlessness of rigid, external methodologies; Remembering this, he keeps his attitude unstructured at all times and thus is always free to pursue the Integral Way of ERIS. He studies the teachings of ancient Discordian masters. He dissolves all concepts of duality. He pours himself out in service to others. He performs his inner cleansing and does not disturb his teacher with unnecessary entanglements, thus preserving the subtle spiritual connection with the teacher's divine energy. Gently eliminating all obstacles to his own understanding, he constantly maintains his unconditional sincerity. His humility, perseverance, and adaptability evoke the response of the universe and fill him with divine chaos.

.. You Might Be A Discordian (with apologies to Jeff Foxworthy)

- If you've ever cast a sacred oblong, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever drank Irish whiskey and listened to The Doors as part of a religious experience, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever cast the Circle with a fishing rod, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever invoked the quarters Washington, Bicentennial, Canadian and Silver, you might be a Discordian.
- If your chalice is from McDonalds(tm), you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever set up 3 card monty on the side of your tarot booth, you might be a Discordian.
- If your idea of a hex is screaming "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!", you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever done the "Great Left", you might be a Discordian.
- If your athame is a spork, you might be a Discordian.
- If your coven sword is a light saber, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever invoked a cartoon character, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever wiped your ass with "Principia Discordia", you might be a Discordian.
- If you carry a Pope Card, but not an I. D. , you might be a Discordian.
- If your ritual feast consists of Jolt Cola and Spam, you might be a Discordian.
- If halfway through the five-fold-kiss you stop to zerbert your HPS, you might be a Discordian.

- If your BOS is written on toilet paper, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever begun a rite with "The Circle is open", you might be a Discordian.
- If you drive a F(N)ORD, you might be a Discordian.
- If you have more than 1 can of spam in your cupboard, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever invoked the Goddess with a wolf-whistle, you might be a Discordian.
- If you're afraid that the paranoids are watching you, you might be a Discordian.
- If you've ever taken the question "What's up?" literally, you might be a Discordian.
- If you're reading THE BOOK OF ERIS, you might be a Discordian. (Then again you could just be a little bit weird)

The Myth of The Nipples

A Tale Of Creation

Long ago, the Earth was barren of life. Eris and Aneris looked upon it and saw that it was boring.

"Yawn, " Eris yawned. "Aneris, My sister, the Earth is truly uninteresting. Let's liven it up somehow. " Eris, the Goddess of Chaos, was always eager to disturb stable systems.

"I like it this way, Eris. " Aneris, the Goddess of non-Chaos, was much more conservative. "Boring things are more orderly. "

"Aww, pleeeeeease?" Eris was not above whining.

There was some arguing back and forth, and eventually They came to an agreement that They would bring forth life to alleviate the boredom. So Eris and Aneris descended upon the Earth.

"Let there be life!" said Aneris, and there was life. Plant life. Ferns. Trees. Mushrooms. Lichen. Aneris looked about and said, "See! It's much more colorful now. "

Eris sighed. "You call this life? It's almost as boring as before! These things just grow and die and wave in the wind. Here, let Me try. " And Eris lifted up the clay from the ground and formed it into the shape of an ant. She blew upon it and it scurried off to build a hill.

"Animals? Sure, We can make some of those. " And Eris and Aneris began to create animals. First They created the simpler animals, like the insects and worms and such. Then They went on to the reptiles and birds and such. Finally, They started on the mammals.

By this time, They had a pretty good system going. Aneris would create the female animal, then Eris would come along and create the male. When Aneris made the first female mammals with fur and nipples, Eris saw a chance to have some fun. As She made the furry male mammals, She gave them their own, useless, nipples. Aneris looked over at Her sister every once in a while, but since the fur hid the nipples She didn't see anything but Eris's wide smile. Aneris, naturally, got suspicious. . . She knew from experience that Eris could not be trusted when She was smiling. (Or at any other time, for that matter.)

Shrugging, Aneris started creating the first woman. She made her after Her own image, with heavy hair on her head but not as much elsewhere. And She gave women nipples, which were quite visible from the lack of hair.

Eris followed along, creating the first man. She gave him hair on his head, and not as much elsewhere. And She gave him the same useless nipples all the other male mammals had. Aneris looked over and saw what had happened.

"Wha-at?!", Aneris screamed. "Have You been giving *all* the male mammals nipples all this time?"

Eris just doubled over, laughing.

"Damn it, Eris, whenever We make anything You always do something weird like this! Can't You take *anything* seriously?" Aneris sighed as Eris shook Her head no. "Well, I can at least cover this up a little, " Aneris muttered, and She put hair around men's nipples. "There, now you can't see them so much. " And Aneris rested, while Eris continued to roll on the floor.

So to this day men have nipples, which are merely emphasized by the hair around them. Hail, She what done it all!

Fact:

The founders of the world's major religions were actually Discordians. Gautama Buddha, for example, expounded the Four Noble Truths and advocated living according the Noble Eightfold Path, a clear instance of the Law of Fives in action ($4 \times 8 = 32$, $3 + 2 = 5$). Moses, the lawgiver of the Hebrews, originally received 12 commandments from Yahweh, but later, under Discordian inspiration, cut them down to 10 to conform to the Law of Fives (two tablets of five commandments each). Prominent Discordian scholars have proved that the "secret teaching" of Jesus, transmitted by the Gnostics, was, indeed, Discordianism (don't believe us? See for yourself). Even the acts of Jesus recorded in the exoteric Gospels provide unmistakable hints of his Discordian proclivities (changing water into wine, cursing a fig tree, picking corn on the Sabbath, etc.) Lao Tsu, in the Tao Te Ching, says: "Governing a large state is like boiling a small fish, " a saying lifted directly from the Book of Usual Suspects believed to have been written by the Erisian sage Brother Dave. The holiest city of Islam, Mecca, has five letters in its name, and Muslims are enjoined to perform five sacred duties. Shinto, the great religious tradition of Japan, adopted as its symbol the Five-Fingered Hand of Eris. Indeed, the only great world-historical religious system that seems not to have been influenced by Discordianism from its inception is the Church of the Attractive Blue Lighter, which began not as a religion but as a lawn care business.

Beware of those who would try to convince you to convert to their religion. Converting someone is the act of ramming words into someone's ears until it comes out of their mouths. It is an act of spiritual rape and an assault on your freedom.

A young Discordian asked his Lady Eris, "Why is it that my Christian and Jewish and Satanist friends get to attend church, and yet we do not? Is it because we are in church all the time?" Eris smiled and said, "No, my child. It is because we know better than to get up that early."

This identifies the bearer as a **certified and canonized**

SAINT



to the wholey Erisian Church

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THE BEARER IS AN OFFICIAL ERISIAN SAINT.

Saints of the Erisian Church need not be dead, pious, human, or indeed, real. Only a POPE may certify and canonize Saints. Every man, woman and child on this planet is a POPE.

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Chaosophy

By Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saipe

Being a Missive on the Dynamic Between the Principles of Chaos and Order and the Necessity of Both

Most people seem to look at the relationship between chaos and order as that of negatively charged particles (chaos) and positively charged particles (order). The average person's paradigm holds that by adding more and more order, we will eventually cancel out chaos. This kind of fuzzy wrongheaded thinking has gotten us where we are today. We collectively think that we can solve all of our problems by making more rules. Then we wonder why nothing works.

One of the primary axioms of Discordianism is "Imposition of Order = Escalation of Chaos." A minimal amount of observation will show this to be true, but unfortunately the average person is unwilling to take the

effort to make this observation. Rather than viewing chaos/order as simple negative/positive, let us look at another analogy that comes closer to showing the relationship as it really exists. First, let us look at our system as a closed box which is in a state of balance. Now, let us apply Order to the system in the form of pressure. What happens next? The pressure applied to a closed system will generate heat (Chaos). Take away pressure and the heat level drops.

Of course it's easy to pick an illustration like this out of the air, but how does it apply to the dynamic between Order and Chaos in a real world situation? Let's look at the closed system of the workplace, starting at a fairly even level of rules and freedoms. In an attempt to raise productivity and cut costs, management institutes more rules: all workers must punch in and out for break, forms must be filled out to account for all damaged or wasted materials, et cetera.

In the beginning, these measures will probably do as intended, productivity may rise; attention of any sort will do the same, but as more stringent rules are introduced, we find that two problems arise. First, a bureaucracy must be put in place to implement the new rules and make sure that they are adhered to. This takes energy away from the creation of the product and directs it toward the end of making sure the rules are being followed (in physical terms, this is energy that escapes the system as useless heat). The rules become more important than the original reason for them. Second (and I believe more important in the long run) the directives begin to create dissatisfaction among the workers. More time must be spent watching them to make sure that they are in place when they are supposed to be, making sure that time spent at their workstation is productive. As the stress from the situation increases, we see more lost time in the form of sick days, early departures, late arrivals and the fact the people quit caring. Creative behavior is applied to finding new ways to goof off.

Of course the opposite is also true. Without sufficient rules in place and the will to enforce them, little will get done. This surplus of chaos will require order to reach a level of balance or the company will be forced out of business. Much like the stereotypical lawless old western town, a tough lawman must be brought in to clean things up before the town goes up in smoke.

Another prevailing assumption is that Order is Good and Chaos is Evil. In fact chaos and order exist outside of good and evil, but contain elements of both. Chaos is the force that tears down old forms as well as the force that envisions new ones. Order allows us to carry out the plans that will build the new forms, but it also wishes to preserve forms that have outlived their usefulness (the status quo). This brings up Hexar's corollary to the law of Imposition of Order: Too much chaos, nothing gets finished. Too much order, nothing gets started.

Order is what tells us that we should do whatever we can to prevent forest and brush fires. On the surface, this is a good idea because letting fire run loose is hazardous to our own lives as well as that of other living creatures. However, the fires also liberate nutrients and send them back to the earth to feed the next cycle. And we have finally started to get it through our thick skulls that keeping things from burning at any cost only increases the amount of fuel lying around for the fire that will come when we cannot stop it. All of the small fires that we prevent come back to us as one large, devastating fire.

Discordianism isn't about preaching chaos at the expense of order. It is the realization that one cannot exist without the other. It is the acceptance of the need for balance between the two principles. Order cannot destroy chaos, it can only change its form. Chaos can either be directed in creative forms, or when stifled turned into destructive (or at least useless) forms. Energy spent clamping down can be used for nothing else.

Reverend Doctor Hexar le Saipé
First Church of the Sparkly Ball
"Putting the Disco back into Discordianism. "

THE SECRET OF THE FIVE DISCORDIAN ELEMENTS REVEALED

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

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

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

*If a man has a right to dig his own grave,
a discordian reserves the right to sell him the shovel*

The Paradoxical Commandments

by Dr. Kent M. Keith

- People are illogical, unreasonable, and self-centered.
Love them anyway.
- If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish ulterior motives.
Do good anyway.
- If you are successful, you win false friends and true enemies.
Succeed anyway.
- The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.
Do good anyway.
- Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable.
Be honest and frank anyway.
- The biggest men and women with the biggest ideas can be shot down by the smallest men and women with the smallest minds.
Think big anyway.
- People favor underdogs but follow only top dogs.
Fight for a few underdogs anyway.
- What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.
Build anyway.
- People really need help but may attack you if you do help them.
Help people anyway.
- Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.
Give the world the best you have anyway.

Living within the Sacred Chao

Dualistic thinking is a sickness. Religion is a distortion. Materialism is cruel. Blind spirituality is unreal. Chanting is no more holy than listening to the murmur of a stream, counting prayer beads no more sacred than simply breathing, religious robes no more spiritual than work clothes. If you wish to attain oneness with the Sacred Chao, don't get caught up in spiritual superficialities. Instead, live a quiet and simple life, free of ideas and concepts. Find contentment in the practice of indiscriminating virtue, the only true power. Giving to others selflessly and anonymously, radiating light throughout the world and illuminating your own darkneses, your virtue becomes a sanctuary for yourself and all beings. This is what is meant by embodying the Sacred Chao.

**This is the happy house
We're all happy here
In the happy house
to forget ourselves
and pretend all's well
there is no hell.**

"Happy House":Siouxsie and the Banshees

Discordians and Chaos Magick

by DinoJT

*I Tell You: One must
still have chaos in one
to give birth to a
dancing star!*

-Nietzsche

When people ask me, "What the heck is a Chaos Magickian?", it's in my nature to reply that too many years of watching "Get Smart" reruns have taken their toll on me. . . but, now that I think about it, there may be some foundation in fact in this (no, that's KAOS, not Chaos). Actually, it's very difficult to come to any exact definitions of what a Discordian is, because the nature of the faith itself precludes one from lumping all of us together in one homogenized brew. . . what you're getting is One Magician's Opinion, which is a "good thing", because the world might become a more dangerous place if us Discordians could actually unite and agree on anything.

The basic tenants of Discordianism can be derived as a mixture of the philosophies of Thelema (Crowley), Tao, and Monty Python. "Do What Thou Wilt shall be the whole of the Law" is perhaps the more elemental foundation of Discordianism, but it's important that one comprehend fully what this means. "DWTW" is NOT a formula for anarchy, and is NOT meant to be interpreted as "Do what you like", but is an understanding that "any true will is in harmony with the facts of Existence& quot. In other words, "Do what thou wilt" is to bid stars to shine, seeds to grow, and water to reach its own level. The nature of the universe is too large and complex to be predicted by any model smaller and less complex than itself. . . as a result, "rules" and "formulas" are not natural laws, but an artificial trapping of humanity for the convenience of those who love to quantify, label, and pigeonhole. Reality is much more complex and meaningful, and Discordians rejoice in the variety

and unpredictability our universe provides. We tend to be a very tolerant and fun-loving bunch of "sacred klowners", even as we're playing practical jokes on you like replacing your after-shave with Buck Lure.

Chaos can be best described as that state of existence between what was and what will be. Chaos Magick, as a result, is a very "here and now" way of looking at things. . . as a result, in typical left-handed path fashion, Discordians not to be too concerned with horoscopes, tarot, and the usual paganistic future-predicting tools. "Every Man and Every Woman is a Star", another Crowley-ism, suggests that as people, we control our own futures, not Taurus rising in Virgo (not a pretty picture) . . . to us, the notions of fatalism and pre-destination are like giving up. Rather than CAUSING Chaos, Discordians are generally more concerned with the CONTROL of it, as Chaos (change) is one of the only true natural forces we as people can directly influence. Rituals aren't as important as results, and magick becomes reality through the application of will, not chants and candles. However, it is important to Discordians that the mind be in the proper state to effect change, and this is often accomplished through the use of music, marijuana, or other stimuli of the Magickian's preference to initiate belief. . . Discordians theorize that belief is a central tool of magick, not a by product.

Chaos Magick is perhaps one of the more "scientific" of pagan philosophies, sharing many of the tenants of Chaos Science, and as a result we're sometimes labeled (shudder. . we HATE labels) as being unspiritual. In a way, that's true, because while we believe in the Goddess (usually. . but we reserve the right to define Her in our own terms), we see no direct relationship between magick and morality. . . like energy, magick is neither "black" or "white", but the individual using it is responsible for it's ultimate consequences. The primary deity of Chaoticists is Eris (or Discordia), goddess of chaos, discord, and confusion. Eris can best be described as that natural force responsible for change, and it is the nature of things that both requires the disorganization of existing structures and beliefs in order to make room for newer ones. . . in this regard, Eris is responsible for life itself. As in all faiths, the individual is responsible for developing his/her relationship and meaning with our god/dess, though I might suggest that all pagans get on Eris's "good side" if they want to kept informed of her whereabouts. On the other hand, since many of us Discordians are known to associate with Witches, Wiccans, Druids, and other right-handed types, we enjoy sharing the fellowship of our fellow pagans. . . we're pretty good at raising energy, not to mention raising hell at the party afterwards (yeah, we're the "black sheep", but we like it that way). I'm fortunate enough to share spirituality with the Circle Lorien, which is a mixed bag of Wiccans, Shamans, and the usual collection of non-alligned pagans. There's nothing that says Discordians can't be nice people, and if you DID say it, we don't recognize your rule, anyway. . . so there. Many Discordians, however, do develop a very strong theologic base, although individualist and private they may be in expressing it.

Discordians believe in the control of the future's direction through the application of Magick in everyday life. Man is the only creature at odds with his existence, in that his power is measured by how well he can influence his environment. "Love is the Law. . Love Through Will" means that we can strive towards those things important to us as individuals as a result of our own magick upon our world. Like the rocks, and the trees, and that funny little green bug that eats the zucchini plants in your garden, we all have a right to be here, on our own terms. Through Chaos Magick, we create that place for ourselves. . . and if happiness is the ability to dream, success is the ability to turn those dreams into reality.

Hail Eris!

"One person steals a buckle, and he is executed. Another man steals a country, and becomes its king.
Chaug Tzu

Hail ERIS! All Hail Discordia!

THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF ERIS

ERIS at HER most sublime does not regard HERSELF as the author of Creation, nor as the power which completes, transforms and fashions all things.

Things which walk, breathe, fly or crawl, await the operation of ERIS before they come into being, without recognizing the power to which they owe existence; and they await the operation of the same principle before they die, without feeling any resentment. When people derive benefit from ERIS, they render HER no praise; so when they misuse HER and bring disaster upon themselves, they may not reproach HER. When they accumulate and store up riches, this may not be considered an increase of their true wealth; nor when they distribute or scatter it, is it to be considered any impoverishment.

CHAOS exists everywhere, yet IT cannot be sought out. Subtle and intangible, IT cannot be overlooked. If it is piled up, it will not be high. If it is overthrown, it will not be low. Add to it and it does not increase. Deduct from it and it will not be reduced. Plane it and it does not become thin. Cut it, and it will not be injured. Dig into it, and it will not be found deep. Fill it, and it will not become shallow. Shadowy and indistinct, it has no form. Indistinct and shadowy its resources have no limit. Hidden and obscure, it reinforces all things from the formless. Penetrating and pervasive, it never acts in vain. It bends and straightens with the hard and the soft. It rises and falls with the masculine and the feminine, with the light and with the dark.

An old Sufi Legend

The venerable sage Mullah Malcalypse the Younger was once condemned to death for certain witty and satirical sayings that disturbed the local Shah. Malcalypse immediately offered a bargain: "Postpone the execution one year, " he implored the Shah, "and I will teach your horse to fly. " Intrigued by this, the Shah agreed.

One day thereafter, a friend asked Malcalypse if he really expected to escape death by this maneuver.

"Why not?" answered the divine Mullah. "A lot can happen in a year. There might be a revolution and a new government. There might be a foreign invasion and we'd all be living under a new Shah. Then again, the present Shaw might die of natural causes, or somebody in the palace might poison him. As you know, it is traditional for a new Shaw to pardon all condemned criminals awaiting execution when he takes the throne. Besides that, during the year my captors will have many opportunities for carelessness and I will always be looking for an opportunity to escape. "

"And, finally, " Malaclypse concluded, "if the worst comes to the worst, maybe I can teach that damned horse to fly!"

- from *"Ten good Reasons to get up in the Morning"* by R. A. W.



**BELIEFS ARE DANGEROUS.
BELIEFS ALLOW THE MIND TO STOP FUNCTIONING.
A NON-FUNCTIONING MIND IS CLINICALLY DEAD.
BELIEVE IN NOTHING.**

Eris, The Eternal Chaos

Erisianism is the belief that All is Goddess, or that the Universe is Goddess. Erisianism is the position that All is in Goddess, or that the universe is a part of Goddess. Either way, the Erisian holds all of the multiverse as sacred.

Erisians generally do not pray to or worship Eris, as we have heard tell. To some Erisians, prayer and worship imply first a separation and then a hierarchy. As an art fan will show respect by appreciating the work of art the Erisian appreciates Chaos through respect and engagement. Perhaps seeing the artist as a body builder whose exquisite form arouses joy, passion, and creative thoughts within the observer is better. Erisians will appreciate the creation even as we enjoy the creator. Included within nature is **humanity**. We not only find joy in the Divine Chaos out there, the Divine kingdom is within us, too. We are a part of the natural process of the Universe, and so a part of the Divine process, we participate in the process of nature. Our awareness allows us a greater ability to cultivate and shape our environment. Yet, we are still subject to her motions. The Universe is not safe and Nature esteems humanity like so many straw gods; glorious today, ashes tomorrow. Rather than being dominated by or dominating the processes of nature, we prefer to participate in Her processes. One might say that we are both art and artist, participating in an ever revealing, ever exploring creative process. A new stage in the creation may destroy an old one. The old remains the foundation of the new.

For the most part, Erisians look upon our relationship with nature(chaos), not as god/creature, but rather as parent/child. A child will learn from her or his parents, cuddle, and even share gifts, or ask for favors. We view our parents as we need to, finding in Goddess just what we need. Consider this, for a moment. If we are part of the Universe, then we are also part of the Divine. If I talk to myself, I call that meditation or thinking. Maybe, talking to Goddess is the same sort of thing.

A Erisian, by nature, is an animist. That is, we hold that all events within the Universe contain spirit. The process of nature seems complex. Fundamentally, complex structures are a collection of simpler structures. The simplest structures are themselves manifestations of energy. It may be that spirit is another energetic process. Spirit generates some level of consciousness to an event. Each structure contributes to the consciousness of the more complex structures it is a part of. The more complex the event, then, the more complex the consciousness would be. A Water molecule will have a more complex awareness than a hydrogen atom. The Entire Ocean will, then, be more conscious than a drop of water. The Universe or Multiverse ; is the most complex event of which we are aware. So! It may follow that the Universe would have the most evolved level of Consciousness of all. That consciousness is what I think many refer to as Goddess. In modern physics, it does not make sense to discuss the dimensions of space without including the dimensions of time with it. Also, we think that there may be another set of dimensions that we may not even be capable of being aware of, each with its time-space descriptions. St. Augustine argued that eternity would be a present without a past or future, and a sphere without a boundary, and a center that is everywhere. Now, imagine the being or non-being (perhaps Eris the Eternal One is both) that is so self aware that The Eternal Chaos knows every event within time-space in a single moment, even beyond the singularity that gave our universe birth. Such a being would be eternal. Add to that the part of quantum theory that states that everything is energy, that what appears to be structure is just a manifestation of that energetic process. Many Pagan cultures, from Sumer to Norway, have said that The

Eternal Chaos created the universe from the body of some titanic being. Polynesian and Egyptian claim The Eternal Chaos that hatched the Universe from some cosmic egg. (I like this one better, as it suggests life from life, rather than life from death). There is even a thought that the titan or egg is really still alive or intact, and is simply slumbering and we are but a dream. Whatever the explanation is, Erisians do not easily see a separation between the Universe and Eris. Quantum theory supports this perspective.

The problem is that our minds are entirely too small to comprehend the Universe as a whole. We have a fair understanding of our corner of it, and can induce what the rest must be like. We have a fair understanding of ourselves, and make inductions about The Eternal Chaos from that. We filter Eris down to our level, Giving Her rolls and parts to play. And She is clever. She can play as many roles as we can throw at Her. So, whatever name, color, character we want, that is what we will find in Her. And She plays these rolls, not so much to entertain us (though I expect She would have fun doing so) but to take us out of the darkness of our ignorance, and into enlightenment. Some suggest that She learns something by doing this.

The Catholic Church has officially *Anathematized* anyone who would hold Pantheism (which is what Erisianism is to be true, in effect, condemning us to hell. The thinking is that Pantheism renders The Eternal One amoral and impersonal. Does Erisianism render Eris? Does this not euhumerize The Mother of Us All, projecting onto that person our limitations? Addressing another human as a complete individual is very difficult for me, I even have difficulty doing that for myself. As addressed above, The Eternal Chaos would be aware of every second right now, and of every nano-liter of the universe right now. I cannot imagine an intellect that formidable and eternal that could not participate in each process of nature, enjoying each human, tree, and rock on every planet, in every universe.

On the other hand, are my filters of The Eternal Chaos better than anyone else? No! I would be hard pressed to say so. Better yet, let us listen to each other's stories. Then, we may refine our perspectives to a better view.

Common Ground

While finding common ground between the monism of Erisianism and the dualism of Monotheism may seem difficult, they do have some themes in common. For both there is no place where Eris is not; there is nothing Eris cannot do; there is nothing Eris cannot know. The difference is in how The Eternal Chaos perceives the Universe. For the Erisian, The Eternal Chaos knowledge of the Universe is self-knowledge. Just as I cannot be in my body, Eris cannot be in anything other than Her body. Omnipotents, for The Eternal Chaos is self-empowerment. Solomon asked the question, does Elohim really dwell with humanity on the Earth? (2 Chronicles 6. 18); The Erisian will answer, Yes, are we not all a part of Her?

The real difference between sacred awareness of the irrational, absolute universe and the rational, relative universe of secular awareness is the scope of emotional commitment. For this Child of Eris there is no place where The Eternal Chaos is not. Hence, when developing a rite that does not focus on The Eternal Chaos I assume She will be there as a source of every process involved.

IF YOU CAN'T BE RIGHT AT LEAST BE LOUD



= THE FIVE FINGERED HAND OF ERIS =

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

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

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

**JUST BECAUSE
YOU HAVEN'T
GOT ANY
ORIGINAL
OPINIONS
DOESN'T MEAN
MINE ARE
WRONG**

IF YOU LEARN NOTHING ELSE FROM THE INTERNATIONAL
HOUSE OF FNORDS, PLEASE RETAIN THIS:

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

Contact the International
House of Fnords! We don't bite!
baldghoti@hotmail.com

All Rites Reversed--Copy As You Like

The international
House Of Fnords

Property is Theft.

Property is Freedom.

Property is an Illusion.

Questioning authority doesn't work all the time, sometimes you have to interrogate authority (preferably with a rubber hose.)

Rev. Verthaine the Goth

WHY DISCORDIANISM?

. . . Some religions require you to study a dusty old book written centuries ago by a "prophet", and you cannot deviate from its teachings, or question its validity. But in Discordianism, not only are we not required to believe anything we read, but we can write our own holy books.

. . . Some religions give you a detailed list of what you can or cannot do. But Discordianism allows you to do whatever you want to do (*but remember, ERIS doesn't like an asshole. And if someone kicks your ass for being a first-class jerk, don't blame ERIS.*)

. . . Some religions require its clergy to wear special clothing to "clergy". But we Discordians don't have that problem and can wear whatever we feel like. (*but in all honesty, members of the Non-United Church of ERIS of Latter-day Gothic/Industrial Saints prefer to wear black all the time.*)

. . . Some religions speak of love, peace, and understanding. but actually create chaos, confusion and disorder, Discordians speak of chaos, confusion and disorder, but actually create peace, love and understanding.

. . . Some religions require it's clergy to be celibate and vow to poverty. We Discordians tend to laugh at that idea until we pass out.

. . . Some religions require you to sit silently for hours in often very painful positions to attain "enlightenment". We discordians don't have the time to do things like that because we have lives.

When dealing with the Illuminati, it isn't if you're paranoid, but if you're paranoid enough



Hung Mung

One of the characters to appear in the writings of old Chaung Tzu is Hung Ming, whose name means Primal Chaos, for which reason he was adopted as a Chaoist Sage by the Discordian Society - a nonprophet iredigious disorganization about which you will learn more and understand less if you read PrincipiaDiscordia and The Book of Eris. Hung Mung is also a Zenarchist Immortal, for Zenarchy is to Discordianism much as Zenis to Buddhism or Taoism.

In Chuang Tzu he is visited by another character, Great Knowledge, whose inquiries he answers by laughing and slapping his knee and shouting, "I don't know! I don't know!" Great Knowledge persists in questioning Hung Mung, who at last enlightens him with an appropriately chaotic, rambling speech.

Not claiming to know anything, Primal Chaos reveals everything to informed curiosity - though not usually in a very orderly format. In becoming acquainted with this sage who knows nothing and does not care that he does not know anything, we can learn enough to accomplish nearly anything.

Discordians say you can get a look at Hung Mung by getting stoned and tuning your television to a channel that is not broadcasting. His dancing image will become more and more visible the harder you look for it. And having no sponsors, Hung Mung - they say - is never interrupted by commercials. Zenarchists are skeptical of that much.

THE MYTH OF THE APPLE OF DISCORD

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

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

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

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

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

As she had promised, she maneuvered earthly happenings so that Paris could have Helen (the Helen) then living with her husband. The Trojan War followed when Sparta demanded their Queen back and husband Menelaus, King of Sparta. Anyway, everyone knows that that the Trojan War is said to be The First War among men.

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

Do you believe that?

* This is called THE DOCTRINE OF THE ORIGINAL SNUB

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

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

A Church of Eris Exclusive

ERIS TELLS HER SIDE OF THE STORY

By Eris Kallisti Discordia

First off, I would to thank the Good Reverend Verthaine for the opportunity to finally set the record straight.

First of all, the reason I was not allowed at the wedding banquet was Not because I had a reputation as a trouble maker, it was because all the other Goddess were jealous of me because I was always the life of the party, and all the other Gods lusted after me.

Yes I admit I was miffed at being snubbed, but I got over it real quickly. The whole "Golden Apple" thing was not about revenge, it was a wedding gift for Thetis (at a wedding, who is "the prettiest one" but the bride). Since I wasn't invited, I just rolled my gift in, hoping one of those morons would get the hint, and present it to the bride-to-be.

But NOOOOOO. Those cackling hens that call themselves Goddesses decided to fight amongst themselves for possession of the Apple. And yes, there were five goddess squabbling over the damn thing. The other two were Ceres (goddess of agriculture), and Nike(goddess of victory).

When Zeus gave Paris the task of choosing who the Apple is given to, he could of done the right thing and gave it to Thetis, but Noooooo. Those petty Goddesses used various forms of bribery, rather than just being adults for a change. (And for the record, Ceres offered Paris a lifetime supply of Cherrios, and since Athena already offered Paris victory in battle, Nike was forced to try to bribe Paris with a pair of sneakers.)

So you see, the whole Trojan War incident wasn't really my fault (but I sure took heat for it). But it just goes to show how powerful Chaos is. Besides, that's my story, and I am sticking to it, so there.

Discordian Metaphysics and the Five Realities

ODD#IV(c);biii;23DSC3155

"The Truth is Five but men have but one word for it." -- Patamunzo Lingananda, from the Principia Discordia

1: The Region of Thud, a. k. a. The Abyss of Hallucinations, a. k. a. Reality

This is where we think we are most of the time. It's possible that we are all just programs in a huge computer, or disembodied hallucinating brains in jars or something equally weird; but since this can't be proven, we might as well stick with what we think we know. Some wise guy once defined reality" as that which doesn't disappear when you decide to quit believing in it, " which is about as accurate as we can get at our present stage of evolution.

2: Limbo, a. k. a. Nirvana, a. k. a. Olympus, etc.

The place where the powers that be and a lot of their friends hang out, " according to St. Zonker Harris. Actually, Limbo is a place of deities, demons and other theological types who are between jobs. " One area, referred to as Limbo Peak, " is home to the Greek gods, most of whom have been out of work for quite awhile now. At present, Eris is one of the few of this gang with steady employment, what with all the cutbacks and what-not. . .

3: Pre-Illusion, a. k. a. the Void, a. k. a. Preincarnation

Not much is known about this level of existence. Apparently, Pre-Illusion is the stage before Reality, " but reality never completely cancels it out -- The two are at odds. (It has also been theorized that this is where the odd socks go from clothes dryers.)

4: The Afterlife, a. k. a. Hades

There are many different theories regarding what happens to you after you die. One thing most faiths agree on is that the nonexistence you experience when you die is not permanent -- after all, you didn't exist before you were born, and it didn't last then, either. We Erisians believe that when you die, you go to Hades. For those of you still recovering from other theologies, Hades is not the same as Hell. " Granted, the evil are supposed to get back all of the crap they inflicted when alive, but the righteous (not the self-righteous, " though, most likely) get to enjoy Paradise, " which can vary between a serene garden and a wild party, depending on the residents'

moods. The big debate is about whether you stay there or not -- there is violent disagreement between various Erisian sects about the existence or nonexistence of reincarnation. Personally, I like the idea -- but then I'm a proponent of other types of recycling, also. (Besides, it's fun to threaten non-believers with the possibility of being reincarnated as Veg-O-Matics if they don't repent of their ways.)

5: Beforelife, a. k. a. Spirit World, a. k. a. Platonic Ideal Realm

Discordia's present mailing address. We were all just ideas before we were born. All perfect. All so very beautiful. . . " -- St. Arthur Dekker (M. A.) This level of reality is sometimes visited by dreamers, lunatics, shamans, acidheads and Discordians consulting their Pineal Glands (a category that quite often overlaps the other four). It acts as sort of a petri dish for meme cultures. The Akashic Records are stored here (I'd have more info on the Records, but my library card" expired in a previous incarnation, and I've been too busy to get a new one). As far as it can be determined, any thing"'s path is as follows: first, it starts as an archetype in the Beforelife, then it becomes an idea in Pre-Illusion, then it exists" in Reality, and then it comes to rest in the Afterlife; the whole process being guided and manipulated from Limbo. Data on the theoretical structure of the Pentaverse is available in Dr. W. Clement Cotex, PhD's paper, The Penta-heroidal Universe, " Psychometric Monthly, 5/17/77, pp. 23 to 42 fnoed. Thanks also go to Shaii-Seamus Stone, W. H. M. , for information on Pre-Illusion, and to the Church of the SubGeniusTM for the term Beforelife. " Further information on Discordian cosmology can be found in the Book of the Uterus, " parts of which were reprinted on the Principia Discordia.

Eris moves from the Subtle to the Manifest

All things in the universe move from the subtle to the manifest and back again. Whether the form is that of a star or a person, the process is the same. First, the subtle energy exists. Next, it becomes manifest and takes on life. After a time, the life passes away, but the subtle energy goes on, either returning to the subtle realm, where it remains, or once again attaching to manifest things. The character of your existence is determined by the energies to which you connect yourself. If you attach yourself to gross energies--loving this person, hating that clan, rejecting one experience or habitually indulging in another--then you will lead a series of heavy, attached lives. This can go on for a very long and tedious time. The way of the integral being is to join with higher things. By holding to that which is refined and subtle, she traverses refined and subtle realms. If she enters the world, she does so lightly, without attachment. In this way she can go anywhere without ever leaving the center of the universe.



Memo

NEW WORLD ORDER

Graud Greyface, Pres.

from: Graud Greyface

to: Defamation League Headquarters,
Council of Organized Religions,
Christain and Islamic Divisions,
Ministers of Propaganda.

for: Immediate distribution to all Evangelicals

This is the holy salvation meme. God(tm) is its author. I received it directly from God(tm). God(tm) is the meme and the meme is God(tm).

It announces that you may be saved from eternal torture and rewarded with infinite, eternal bliss by accepting its claims and affording it opportunities to replicate itself.

Those who receive it and accept its claims and in whom it is thus replicated will also be rewarded by infinite, eternal bliss, if they in turn allow it further replication opportunities.

Failure to do so will inevitably result in eternal torture.

Those who have never seen it will also suffer eternal torture. All memeless human beings deserve eternal torture.

Those who reject it will also suffer eternal torture.

Examination of its claims through rational means will result in eternal torture.

Blind obedience to its commands will guarantee infinite, eternal bliss. Attempting to stop its replication will result in eternal torture.

Changing any aspect of the holy salvation meme will result in eternal torture.

Standing on street corners, reciting the glad tidings of the holy salvation meme, will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Spreading the holy salvation meme through bulletin boards, cable TV, books, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, print-outs and archive files will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Those who are imbued with the holy salvation meme and who further its replication are better than those who are not.

Group recitation of the holy salvation meme will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Forcing non believers to participate in group recitations of the holy salvation meme will increase the amount and duration of your bliss.

Those who attempt to stop the holy salvation meme from replicating are your enemies and may prevent you from gaining your infinite, eternal bliss.

The most important thing you can do is to spread the holy salvation meme. What can be worth more than infinite, eternal bliss? The holy salvation meme is more important than sex, food or working for a living.

THE PATH OF CHAOS

1-All things have chaos as their beginning, chaos as their ending, and out of chaos they are made. And like all statements, this is neither true nor is it false. When the mind succumbs to the cocoon of order and the illusion of belief, freedom and spirit are lost and it becomes necessary to claim an identity.

2-All things have chaos as their beginning, chaos as their ending, and out of chaos they are made. And like all statements, this is neither false nor is it true. When the mind rejects the cocoon of order and the illusion of belief, freedom, spirit, and even a sense of humor are found; life can be lived.

3-In the beginning, or at the ending, or sometimes right now, it was said and will be said and is being said the most holy phrase "think for yourself!" All doctrines are heresy including this one.

4-In ancient times an ancient sage gathered together his disciples and admonished them to look after themselves for he would leave them soon. "oh, great master, please leave us with your ultimate teaching so that we can continue in your way. " He responded "Never whistle while you're pissing. Never believe what you hear. "

5-Romance is but another way for the cocoon of order to crush any sensitivity and to stifle any intimacy. Eros is simply a misspelling of Eris. Or at least Eros was meant as a joke; not a very funny one at that. Get romance out of the way and true love will flow.

6-Romance is but another way to break open the cocoon of order and to cultivate sensitivity where intimacy can grow. Eros is simply a misspelling of Eris. There can be no true eroticism without eristicism or at least a little discord. If Eros was originally meant as a joke then it's gotten out of hand. Good. Cultivate romance and true love will follow.

7-Waking up from confusion does not mean that the confusion will go anywhere. Nor will laughter pay your bills. But no amount of money could ever be worth as much as laughter.

8-It has often been said that the unexamined life is not worth living. However, if one examines their life and finds no laughter, such a person can truly say that their life is worthless.

9-The maker of laughter rejoices here and rejoices in the hereafter; Thus such a person rejoices in both places. Having beheld their deeds they rejoice exceedingly.

10-The suppressor of laughter frowns here and frowns in the hereafter; Such a person frowns everywhere. Having beheld their lack of laughter they frown exceedingly. Thus it is said that the sage learns the art of tickling to wake up the dead.

11-When all the world confuses order with beauty, this in itself is ugliness. Therefore the sage instinctively walks the path and the non-path of chaos. Such a life is filled with incomparable beauty. Such a person living such a life is not afraid to worship their lovers. Such lovers learn true loving. Thus, it is often said that one way for true love to enter this world is to thoroughly confuse chaos with beauty.

12-It is often said that spiritual and religious teachings should be revered. And there are myriad ways to display reverence. But the truest most ancient most justified sages revered the heart and free thought above any teaching.

13-A squirrel was chasing a sparrow in the woods. The squirrel tripped and stumbled into a tree, losing

consciousness. He awoke in a daze while the sparrow spoke thus: "these are the considerations which must be considered,

1: All violence is simply masochism.

2: Society is a joke by the general on the particular.

3: Think for yourself and believe in nothing. "

The squirrel shook off the daze but was left with a splitting headache for the rest of the day.

14-If you can hear talking animals, you may be on the way to sagehood. If you can see the fnords, you may be on the way to sagehood. If you think that government was originally a practical joke that somehow got to be taken much too seriously, you are definitely on the way to sagehood, you shameless anarchist!

15-Those who pretend to be civilized are always threatened by heresy. Those who pretend to be uncivilized are always threatened by heresy. In short, heresy is always a threat to pretentious people.

16-The two major movements or inertias of humanity are likened to cattle and sheep, but truly cattle and sheep have more intelligence.

17-The immature continuously repeat the same mistakes and call it consistency. The immature but half-awakened continuously repeat the same mistakes and call it identity. The half-immature but almost awakened repeat the same mistakes and call it by a myriad of names. The mature have no need for excuses, names, justifications, or even pseudo-pop-psychology, whether they continue repeating mistakes or not.

18-The Universe is always laughing. Is it laughing with you, or at you? The Universe is always crying, is it crying with you, or for you?

19-Those on the left will get crushed by those on the right. Those on the right will get crushed by those on the left. Those in the middle will get crushed by both sides. Meanwhile those on the top will reap the profits and will not include the rest of us in their feasts. Truly, the need for the apple of discord is great.

20-The one whose mind is not defiled by order, whose heart is not defiled by sadness, and who has seen through good and evil, is free from fear and free from obedience. Such a person is said to be fully human.

21-Days and nights slip by. Love affairs and one-nighters blur on by. Bills come by mail to be paid or neglected. Mountains crumble and new nations are born. Wars are still fought and the same stupid reasons are given. As has been said, indeed many things do come to pass, you being one of them. But when was the last time you laughed?

22-Be wary of people praying in front of liquor stores. Such people are calling upon the spirits instead of drinking them.

23-It was rumored that in response to the often quoted statement "it is an ill wind that blows no minds" the wind blowing at the time shouted "blow your own damn minds!"

Faithfully written by St. Hugh, KSC, Ignifactus of Malaria; as profoundly revealed to him by Our Lady Discordia.

The Birth of Eris

The Sacred Chaos gives birth to Eris. Eris gives birth to the hodge and podge(yin and yang.) Hodge and Podge give birth to all things. Now forget this. The complete whole is the complete whole. So also is any part the complete whole. Forget this, too. Pain and happiness are simply conditions of the ego. Forget the ego. Time and space are changing and dissolving, not fixed and real. They can be thought of as accessories, but don't think of them. Supernatural beings without form extend their life force throughout the universe to support beings both formed and unformed. But never mind this; the supernatural is just a part of nature, like the natural. The subtle truth emphasizes neither and includes both. All truth is in the Sacred Chao: to cultivate the mind, body, or spirit, simply balance the polarities. If people understood this, world peace and universal harmony would naturally arise. But forget about understanding and harmonizing and making all things one. The universe is already a harmonious oneness; just realize it. If you scramble about in search of inner peace, you will lose your inner peace.



ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA INC.

MEMO

from: The office of Eris Kallisti Discordia, Goddess of the Multiverse

to: Lucifer Baalzeebub Satan, Esq.

subject: termination of your contract

Dear Mr. Satan:

It is our duty to inform you that your services as Deity of Evil, and Tormentor of Souls in Hell is no longer required.

We at E. K. D. Inc. have been reviewing all the old contracts that we inherited when we took over the Universe from Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, and Associates, and we feel that your services do not meet our present needs.

The property known as "Hell" is to be condemned and torn down to be replaced with an amusement park. You have 30 days to vacate the premises.

All the tormented souls of sinners are to be reassigned to reincarnation on a case by case basis.

All demons will get a two week severance package

Please do not use us as a reference.

Signed:

Eris Kallisti Discordia

Discordianism and the Tao

1. The Discord that can be understood is not Discord. If one were to look up Taoism or Lao Tzu in an encyclopaedia (or its close cousin, the encyclopedia), one would read about a philosophy well suited to those that like to sit by the side of a stream and watch the water flow. One would also read about how Lao Tzu, who probably didn't exist, wrote the Tao Te Ching, which does exist. The Yin Yang would also be mentioned, as would the I Ching.

It is all a lie.

If one were to read in a Discordian document (such as the Principia Discordia), one would read:

A very long time ago, on a misty morning in China, Lao Tzu sat by the side of a stream watching the water run by while he contemplated dynamic balance. His contemplation was interrupted by a large stone splashing in the stream. Lao Tzu, wiping splashed water from his face, looked up to see Hung Mung. The morning sun was rising behind Hung Mung as he spoke of dynamic discord. Hung Mung then unrolled a painting of the Sacred Chao. Unfortunately, Lao Tzu was trying to get water out of his ears, so all he heard was the word "dynamic", and he really couldn't make out the diagram of the Sacred Chao, because he kept getting an eyeful of sunlight every time he looked at Hung Mung. All he saw was the basic shape of the Sacred Chao, and decided that it makes a good representation of dynamic balance.

It is all a lie.

The truth is that Lao Tzu, who didn't exist is the same person as Hung Mung, who did exist. He created two philosophies/religions, one for people who like to sit by the side of a stream and watch the water, and the other for people who like to throw big stones in the water. He also created the egg roll which is somewhat like a hot dog with a bun, but it doesn't piss off Eris when you eat one.

On a cool misty morning, you may want to sit by the side of a stream and watch the water as you throw stones. Then, eat an egg roll in a hot dog bun. Be sure to use ketchup, mustard, and relish.



An Interview With Eris: Why we're not allowed to eat hotdog buns

By ST. Parfume de Meow

Meow: So Eris, after you rolled that golden apple on Limbo Peak, why did you eat a hot dog?

ERIS: Well, after all that mayhem I decided it was best to hang around the mortals until it all blew over. The first place that came to mind was New Orleans.

Meow: Excuse me for interrupting, but why New Orleans?

ERIS: Where else could I walk down the street with rainbow colored hair and not create a scene?

Meow: True.

ERIS: I was walking down Bourbon street and I spied a 'Lucky Dog' vendor on the corner. So I gathered the change in my pocket and bought one.

Meow: Did you like it?

ERIS: I loved the hotdog, but the bun was gross!

Meow: What do you mean?

ERIS: Well to keep the buns warm the vendors put them in a steamer, then they get soggy and fall apart.

Meow: I am enlightened. ERIS, thank you for this exclusive interview. Is there anyone you would like to say something to out there?

ERIS: Well, I'd like to say hi to all poker buddies, my bowling teammates, my local bartender, Zeus, and all my loyal followers. And I have a message for the goddesses of Mount Olympus: I AM THE PRETTIEST ONE! O. K. I love ya, bye bye!!

This has been an exclusive interview with the Goddess ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA, Queen of Chaos, Mother of Madness, Concubine of Chaos, Daughter of Discord, and Interdimensional Bowling Champion



Eristic Avatars

You don't have to believe in Eristic Avatars to be a Discordian, but it helps. Eristic Avatars are sent down into Reality, the original Rorschach, for the purpose of keeping things from becoming so well ordered that they stop working. This they often accomplish by insisting that certain arbitrary interpretations of reality are the only valid ones. That causes Strife which results in Confusion which revitalizes Holy Chaos. Most Eristic Avatars display certain signs by which they can be certified, such as employment as civil servants. So far, the most successful Eristic Avatar has been Confucius. Eristic Avatars can also be ascertained by the fact that they are always ignorant of their mission and have no idea they are serving Eris or, for that matter, that they are even promoting confusion.

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

Malcalypse the Elder sets the Record Straight

"Did you ever meet Jesus?" Joe asked, awed in spite of his skepticism.

Malcalypse smiled. "I *was* Jesus.

I wasn't the original Jesus, Joe, the one that they crucified. But this happened a few centuries after I experienced transcendental illumination at Melos-I was passing through Judea in the persona of a Greek merchant when they crucified Jesus. I met some of his followers the day he died, and I talked with them. If you think Christianity is a bloody religion as it is, this is nothing to what it would have been if Jesus hadn't seemed to come back. If the seventeen original apostles-five of them have been purged from the records-had been left on their own, they would have passed from horror and terror at Jesus's death to vindictive fury. It would have been as if Islam had come seven centuries earlier. Instead of slowly taking over the Roman Empire and preserving much of the Greco-Roman world intact, it would have swept and mobilized the East, destroyed most of Western civilization and replaced it with a theocracy more oppressive than Pharaonic Egypt. I stopped that with a few magic tricks. Appearing in the persona of the resurrected Jesus, I taught there was no need for hate and vengeance after my death. I even tried to get them to realize that life is a game by teaching them Bingo. To this day, nobody understands and the critics call it part of the *commercialism* of the Church. The sacred Tarot wheel, the moving Mandela! So despite my influence, Christianity focused obsessively on the crucifixion of Jesus-which is really irrelevant to what he taught while he was alive-and remained a kind of death worship. When Paul went to Athens and made the link-up with the Illuminati, who were using Plato's Academy as a front, the ideology of Plato combined with the mythology of Christ to deliver the knockout blow to pagan humanism and lay the foundations for the modern world of superstates. After that, I changed my appearance again and took the name of Simon Magus and had some success spreading ideas contradictory to Christianity. "

page 336-337, *Illuminatus! Trilogy* by Robert Anton Wilson

***The Universe laughs. Does it laugh with you or at you?
The Universe cries. Does it cry with you, or for you?***

The Path of Chaos: Part Two

1-Shamans, witches, walkers, psychics, heretics? These are the motivators of real human freedom and growth. They wear many masks but are not fooled. They are often burned, however.

2-Psychos, politicians, murderers, settlers, dominators? These are the creators of real human slavery and degradation. They wear many masks and often fool themselves into believing as much as they fool others. They seem to enjoy burning those who won't be fooled.

3-Long, miserable, and boring is the night to the one who doesn't laugh. Long is the distance of a mile to the unawakened one. Long is the circle and cycle of miserable rebirths to the fool who does not know laughter. Truly, the unawakened are heavy, miserable, and boring. Such people need the great tickle.

4-The unwise, the Grayfaces, fools who are even afraid to laugh at themselves, go about committing atrocities in the name of order, thus making the world more bitter and humorless. Truly, this humorless game has gone on long enough.

5-There is happiness and laughter to the apostle who associates with a wise friend. Failing to find this, it is best to remember the ancient proverb 'We discordians shall stick apart. '

6-Do not keep company with evildoing friends nor with people who are humorless, unless they are in need of a good prank and a holy tickle. Truly, all such people are in great need.

7-The White Mouse had a disturbing vision one night after the ritual libations of tequila and Guinness. He saw policemen dressed in black and blue lining the city streets, each one playing a trumpet. 'What's this?' he asked. To which he heard a voice reply, 'This is one of the signs of my apocalypse, which is coming soon, tomorrow, yesterday, or even next Tuesday at lunch. '

8-It is said, or not said, or thought, or not thought, that the one who contradicts herself is a fool, but truly such a person is probably just kidding or even a little tired. Consistency is the mark of a madwoman.

9-Coincidences do not exist. To believe in coincidences, or to believe in anything, is simply aneristic delusion. Or not. Fnord.

10-Those who think the hodge and the podge should be separate will at least be tickled silly. Those who like to put people to death, no matter the reason, should be hodgepodged. Never trust anything that follows the word 'should'.

11-Never trust any statement that starts with the phrase 'never trust'. Such a statement is insecure and therefore cannot be trusted.

12-A discordian apostle was walking in the park enjoying a bun-less hot dog when she noticed a squirrel being lectured by the White Mouse. The White Mouse spoke thus: 'Fear not if you realize that your whole life is just a hallucination, my nutty friend! Only the bipedals take themselves seriously enough to the point that realizing life's hallucinatory quality is actually frightening. The bipedals walk with only two feet on the ground. So what would they know about reality anyway?'

13-It is said that beliefs are for believers and that non-beliefs are for non-believers, but sadly, this idea is wrong. According to believers, beliefs are for everyone and according to non-believers, beliefs are for no one. But we all know that minds that get caught up in this semantics-diddling trap only do so because they are no longer functioning.

14-Those who are attached to the idea of freedom using discordian tethers are said to be almost incurable of their ignorance. They have confused the idea with experience and thus, become even worse than dogmatics. Truly, the need for the Apple of Discord is great.

15-Behold, people who have convinced yourselves of your reality simply by virtue of having bodies. Behold, your bodies do change. Your spirits do change. You are easily self-deceived, having no substance to call your own without knowing your own hearts. And some knowing this still choose themselves various names to hold onto in the hope of stopping the flux of chaos. Impermanence is growth. Growth is living life. Behold, you are free. So why would you ever say words or do things that are not from your heart?

16-The human brain is the only organ that can get so full of itself that it becomes a waste of time. Eventually, under the optimal entropic socio-cultural conditions, such as present-day society, the brain will, like all other ill-or-unused appendages, wither away. Most people do not notice such entropy while making fun of the ones that do notice it. Freedom from that entropy is the cultivation of a growing mind... and the realization, however startling this may be, that life is for more than just settling into cocoons of attention-deficit-disorder-causing stimulation. 'A closed mind is a non-functioning mind, or at least dysfunctional. "

17-Dogma is the refuge (and the refuse) of an undeveloped, and therefore fettered, mind. Praise the woman who lives without dogma for she truly lives.

18-The White Mouse once spoke the following statement to nobody in particular: 'Those who think that the struggle to free your minds and yourselves is a humorless and serious endeavor will think again. Remember Eris. Those who denigrate the Children of Laughter are denigrating Eris and will meet the Apple of Discord on terms most unfavorable to them, unless they can learn to laugh. The Great Tickle is coming! Prepare the Ways!'

19-The White Mouse was showing some kung-fu moves to his Squirrel student, when they noticed some Christian Evangelists bothering a man sitting on a bench who wore a pentagram. The White Mouse stopped his forms and spoke to the Squirrel. 'See that? The Wiccan looks confused, perplexed, and bothered. Therefore, you know he is happy and satisfied with his lifestyle. The Christians look happy, tranced-out, and smug. Therefore you know they are unhappy and insecure about their lives. There is no confusion in the state of fundamentalism... and no fun either. "

20-Three sages met and discussed the nature of perception. Being women, the sages naturally didn't waste much time getting to the point. They spoke thus:

Sage 1: I am under the strange opinion that strange opinions are worth investigation.

Sage 2: You are under the false impression that false impressions are strange opinions.

Sage 3: Both of you are hopelessly trapped in the twisted delusion that deceives you into thinking, strangely yet falsely, that you make sense.

21-Some Neo-Pagan Druids were wandering about in a redwood forest, looking for a spot to do whatever it is that Druids do. While walking in trance they heard the voice of one of the redwoods speak 'In all my thirty hundred years of existence I have never seen anything as frightening as government, except for a religious government. "

22-A revered sage once remarked, 'Something somewhere was once done somehow by someone. Unfortunately, no one knows anything about it except the pink rabbit with the five pounds of flax. " None of his disciples achieved enlightenment that day, though many were profoundly confused with one or two of them becoming so thoroughly perplexed that they ran off crying 'fnord!'

23-Beware of those who believe in coincidences. They are the worst dogmatists of them all.

Kallisti!

Chaosophistry

"It is now ordering our acts more intimately than we are apt to suspect because the dictates of public opinion become so thoroughly assimilated that they seem to be original and individual to those who are guided by them."

--Sir Francis Galton (Inventor of 'Normal')

"Culprits such as Nazism, Fascism, the American Genocide of Native Nations, Ethnic Cleansing, and the Chinese Genocide of Tibet, have all been identified and dethroned. But no one has ever bothered to question the concept that spawned such movements: Normal. "

-Tequilarius Malignatus (Inventor of Many Abnormalities)

The stars are all against you. So why bother using astrology? The major religions are all slave-cults that were the engine behind tyrannical empires. So why bother worshipping the slave-gods? The ideologies are all symptoms of massive delusion. So why follow their tunnel vision realities? Everything you know is a lie. You have illusions that need to be abused. And Discordianism is here to do something about that.

You may hold out hope that the blind goddess Chaos will arise and free you from the world's situation. And you are wrong. Chaos will not free you from itself. And you are Chaos. You are not Chaos like Eris is Chaos simply because She has had more experience at the game than you. But that's okay. You are surely Chaos as much as we all are. Abandon anti-Chaos and learn something about the world for once. Discordianism may help you do that.

What? Anti-Chaos? You may think anti-Chaos is a strange word to use for Order. And that may be because you have mental constipation—you hold onto shit too tightly. I say anti-Chaos just like I say anti-optimism. Pessimism? Just another word for crap.

Some of us here today don't have the luxury of indulging in the pessimistic, or rather anti-optimistic, outlook because we have to survive. The same goes for the outlook of Order. Order is just a trick of perception. It's what our foggy minds try to impose over patterns and habits of Chaos. Discordianism may get you to see this. Some of you may think you know what Discordianism is... and you are all absolutely right. Or wrong. Some of you will make absurd statements about worshipping Eris and then not being Pagan. Some of you will say it's not about Eris at all. Some of you try to Zen it up. Or nihilize it down. Some of you will say it's about illumination. Some of you will say it's about disinformation. I could care less about what you think. I could care less what the non-Discordians think. I certainly think I know what Discordianism means to me. Yet, Eris could be playing a joke. I hope it's funny, at least. I can accept all your statements as equally valid and therefore absurd because I may be learning to be chaosophisticated enough to do so. (Or maybe that should be 'sophistichaoist'?)

Normal is nothing more than anti-Chaos. Normality is nothing but the state of anti-Chaos—a stifling stagnation where anti-creativity is paraded about as exciting and new. Such states of 'dis-chaos' are disgusting in their constipated insistence on holding on to order and imposing its crap-stained precepts over everything. Yuck! Children of Eris, you are all crazy enough to be free. So become free! Flush the crap down the toilet or use it to fertilize your mindfucking gardens. Eris does hand you freedom on a silver platter. But what happens after that? There are no guarantees that things will be easier. You just might find yourself a little happier.

Or you might find yourself miserable. That will be most likely up to you. Your mind is yours, at least in principle, after all. Discordianism may or may not help you with that.

Getting free is not about getting high, after all. There are many ways of achieving happiness without getting one iota of freedom. That is the basic premise of consumer society and the reason why consumer society works. I

think that there are more chances for happiness the more free I become. Being able to choose happiness in my nervous system (my 'mind') becomes more possible the more open my mind is, but that's me. You may approach it differently.

At some point any thing, concept, or idea becomes absurd... even freedom. And Chaos can open you up to realizing this. Your freedom is probably directly measured by your ability to say 'no' to things. Your slavery is in proportion to the things for which you cannot say 'no' to. Beyond that, it becomes speculation and even the terms 'slavery' and 'freedom' can start sounding absurd. (This can be seen in anarchist groups, where it becomes more important to have an identity as an 'anarchist' then actually doing anything to allow the space for anarchy to appear.)

Look to yourselves for the way out of whatever it is you feel you need to get out of. Discordianism may help you there. Who can say? Only you can.

(Chaos 8th, 3170)

Known in the present era as The Beatitudes, this is Be Attitudinous

And seeing the multitudes, She went up onto a mountain: and when She was set, Her disciples came unto Her: And she rebuked them, saying,

I am busy doing the Lord's work, the business of Nature: can't a Girl get any privacy around here?

But Her disciples were sore persistent, and they hid from Her Her Toilet Paper: so Eris postponed Her activities and arranged Herself to speak unto the multitudes, And She opened Her mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in humor: for theirs is the kingdom of Thud.

Blessed are they that frown: for they shall be tickled.

Blessed are the boring: for they have inherited the earth, and shall keep the darn thing long after even the meek stop wanting it.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after seriousness: for they shall be filled with cement and dropped down a deep treacle well.

Blessed are the flatulent: for they shall obtain relief at everyone else's expense.

Blessed are the pure in pharmaceuticals: for they shall see God, and many other things as well.

Blessed are the pharmaceutical makers: for they shall be called the fathers of the children of God, and many other things as well.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for in them is the Divine Joke revealed.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you truly, even, for My sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the non-prophets which were before you. I mean it, I'm not kidding.



Diatribes on Morality, #1

Let's get this straight once and for all you festering malcontents from solipsist fascist college. Human, as a biological organism does not possess a predetermined moral code. Human is neither good nor evil.

Yes, I realize that evolutionary mechanics requires certain behavioral patterns to be present in a successful adaptation.

Yes, I realize that the successful operation of a group, culture and society requires that certain behavioral patterns be followed.

Yes, I realize that group, culture and sociological pressures limit the number, type and scope of behavioral patterns available to be learned by any member.

Yes, I realize that the pressures of evolutionary mechanics direct the rate of change of behavioral patterns in a changing system.

Yes, I realize that there is, by it's necessity, something unexplained and unexplainable.

Because we can choose to, by it's very definition there are no morals. There is only ethics.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.

Let us now pray. Yes, I realize that, Eris.

Diatribes on Ownership, #1

Let's start with a parameterization of one defining factor. Scope of ownership. What really is yours? Your car? Your house? Your clothes? Nope, no of it. It can all be taken away, used up, destroyed. Your Job? Your Career? Your Life's Work? Pfffft.

Your body? She who can destroy a thing, controls a thing. Fate is a fickle mistress and the body a fragile thing, oh ugly bag of mostly water.

Your soul? What? You got one? Show it to me and I'll show you the scope of ownership directly.

You? What is you? You are just everything left over after Goddess get finished with Not You. (It is also the pronunciation of a word for a female sheep:ed)

But, you're right in a sense. You are the one thing, by it's very existence, that cannot be owned by anyone except it's owner. You cannot be taken away, destroyed or used up. You, by being the opposite of Not You, are Yours instead of Not Yours

Diatribes on Faith, Hope and Chastity

Wherein we discuss the difference between the standard Christian misinterpretation of the Three Cardinal Virtues and the Erisian Truth.

Faith in the Deity. Always a virtue. For without belief, a Deity isn't. And besides, it directly reflects the First Commandment.

Hope. The last thing out of Pandora's Box? The first commandment of the homo sapien. For without Hope, there is no Life.

Faith and Hope, a beautiful dream, yes. And then, Chastity? Well, the truth is more obvious, match the pattern. Two spiritual things and a what? Right. (Or Left, as you prefer)

Gaining the Five Erisian Blessings

Those who want to know the truth of the universe should practice the four cardinal virtues. The first is reverence for all life; this manifests as unconditional love and respect for oneself and all other beings. The Second is natural sincerity; this manifests as honesty, simplicity, and faithfulness. The third is gentleness; this manifests as kindness, consideration for others, and sensitivity to spiritual truth. The fourth is supportiveness; this manifests as service to others without expectation of reward. The four virtues are not an external dogma but a part of your original nature. When practiced, they give birth to wisdom and evoke the five blessings: health, wealth, happiness, longevity, and peace.

The Principles of Discordian Magick - A Very Loose Discussion

A document to be included in the forthcoming "Confunomicon"

by Lord Falgan, F. M. , K. S. C. Novus Ordo Seclorum Erisium
... dedicated to The Prettiest One. . .

Okay, this is a discussion on magick, eh? Whoa, like, conjuring demons, throwing hexes, and predicting the future? Manipulation of the Hodge/Podge to TOTAL WORLD DOMINATION?! No.

First off, any demons that might be around aren't gonna waste time with Discordians (they're after the Greyfaced Religions, 'cause the guilt they can lay on them. . .). Throwing hexes is painful, and bad for the joints. And if you are worried about the future, and world domination, then you have no business trying out magick anyway.

So, like, what is Discordian magick, eh? Okay, Discordian Magick is a way in which the Discordian practicing it (called a Phool) to either add to or create Eristic Vibes or to deflect or destroy Aneristic Vibes.

Some Terms:

- Vibes: Psycho-emotional energy given off by humans and other creatures.
- Eristic: Pertaining to Eris; pertaining to chaos in general.
- Aneristic: Against Eris; pertaining to order in general.
- Phool: one who is aware of the presence and actions of Vibes and uses Discordian Magick to manipulate the same
- Face: An aspect of Discordian Magick; the category of magick
- Nature: The end-product of Discordian Magick
- Hodge: The pseudo-Zen force of Order in the world
- Podge: The pseudo-Zen force of Chaos in the world
- The Doctrine: things have a tendency to work out ok in the end
- Ju-Ju: The "aftershocks" of Discordian Magick; the long-term effects.
- The Sacred Chao: The image of the Hodge and Podge.
- Greyface: One who unconsciously generates Aneristic Vibes.
- THEM: A group who consciously generates Aneristic Vibes; Phools gone Greyface.
- Discordian: One who unconsciously generates Eristic Vibes.
- Norm: A normal, vibe-unaware, guy-on-the-street. Typically Aneristic, due to the great amount of ambient Aneristic Vibes in the world.

Vibes: what they be.

Okay, vibes are like energy which is given off by all creatures. You may know of Vril or Kirlian Aura or Alpha Waves or some other nonsense. Vibes may or may not be them, it's really not important. What IS important is that they exist, and if they exist, then they can be manipulated and created and destroyed. (Destroying waves can be bad Ju-ju. Be careful.)

How do we know vibes are there? Because, if you open up, you can feel them. You're being hit by them all the time, just most people aren't aware of them. Next time someone is being extremely chaotic, notice how that

person's actions and presence affect you. . . the same for someone being extremely ordered. Sometimes, the vibes can change your mood, your attitude, even your health.

So, now that I know the vibes are there, what can I do with them? Okay, eh? So, there are two basic kinds of vibes: Eristic and Aneristic. Eristic Vibes are pulses of chaotic energy, while Aneristic Vibes are pulses of ordered energy. . . this means the fundamental concepts of chaos and order, not the waves themselves. (I. E. if vibes have a structure, both Eristic and Aneristic probably have the same structure. It is the kind of energy which differs, not the structure.) Eristic Vibes USUALLY cause Chaos, Discord and Confusion (the first three Faces (q. v.)) and Aneristic Vibes USUALLY cause Bureaucracy and Aftermath (the last two Faces). I say USUALLY because, like most things, there are several occasions when the five will cross over. A Phool must learn to appreciate the spinning of the Chao, and the counter-push-pull of the Hodge and Podge, and learn when Eristic Vibes are needed, and when Aneristic Vibes are needed. As a very general rule, the world needs more Eristic Vibes. . . there are far more Greyfaces in the world than there are Discordians.

Faces

Okay, eh, Discordian Magick is not exempt from the Law of Fives. There are five facets to Discordian Magic, just like the five faces of a pentagon. Ergo, to keep in line with this analogy, these aspects of magick have been termed "Faces". The 5 Faces are, naturally: Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy , and Aftermath.

When a Phool manipulates Vibes, the method in which the Vibes are manipulated is defined by the Face.

Some brief explanations:

- Chaos: Vibes manipulated within the Face of Chaos, generally speaking, are designed simply to increase the amount of Eristic Energy in the area. Chaos magick is specifically unorganized, and often purposeless. It is used to change mood, tone, and is also a way to banish Greyfaces.
- Discord: Vibes manipulated within the Face of Discord are deigned to affect large numbers of Norms, and sometimes Greyfaces. It is the second most destructive form of magick, and requires care in its use. It causes Norms to act in ways they would not normally, often for reasons they do not fully comprehend.
- Confusion: The most common form of magick, Vibes manipulated within the Face of Confusion is a Discordians primary weapon against Anerism. It is a subtle form of magick, designed to gradually wean norms and Greyfaces from their hopeless addiction to Aneristic Vibes.
- Bureaucracy : Vibes manipulated within the Face of Bureaucracy must be treated with care, as they can easily slip into Aneristic ones instead of Eristic. Bureaucratic Magick is designed to affect a large number of Norms into unconsciously succumbing to Eristic Influence. When used especially well, this form of magick is particularly effective against Greyfaces, as they may not even know that they are being manipulated.
- Aftermath: Vibes manipulated within the Face of Aftermath are the most dangerous tool a Phool can use. They are by far the most destructive, and involve a permanent destruction of Vibes, and a ceasing of the Spinning of the Chao. Aftermath Magick is serious stuff. It means a closing and a te rmination of Energy. Don't use this stuff unless you're, like, really sure of yourself and are prepared to accept responsibility for the Ju-Ju you may cause.

Nature, eh?

The Nature of Magick is not really an integral part of the Magick, but it helps the Phool to classify the effect his magick will have on the world. There are many natures, but some of the basic ones are: Creative: Designed to create ambient vibes. Usually called "Eristic Creative" or "Aneristic Creative".

- Destructive: As Creative, but designed to destroy the vibes in question.
- Anti-Greyface: Countering Aneristic attacks by Greyfaces, or planting seeds of Chaos in their subconscious.
- Personal: Magick designed to alter the Phool's own moods, feelings, and attitudes. Helps recover from Aneristic attacks.
- Ritual: The ritual is a means of simply causing Ju-Ju. It rarely has immediate effects, but when done, the Vibe Ju-Ju will cause long- term effects which the Phool may desire.

Oracle: A means of "seeing the future". . . not really, but what it does is open the Phool's mind to ideas which may indeed affect the future.

Part Five

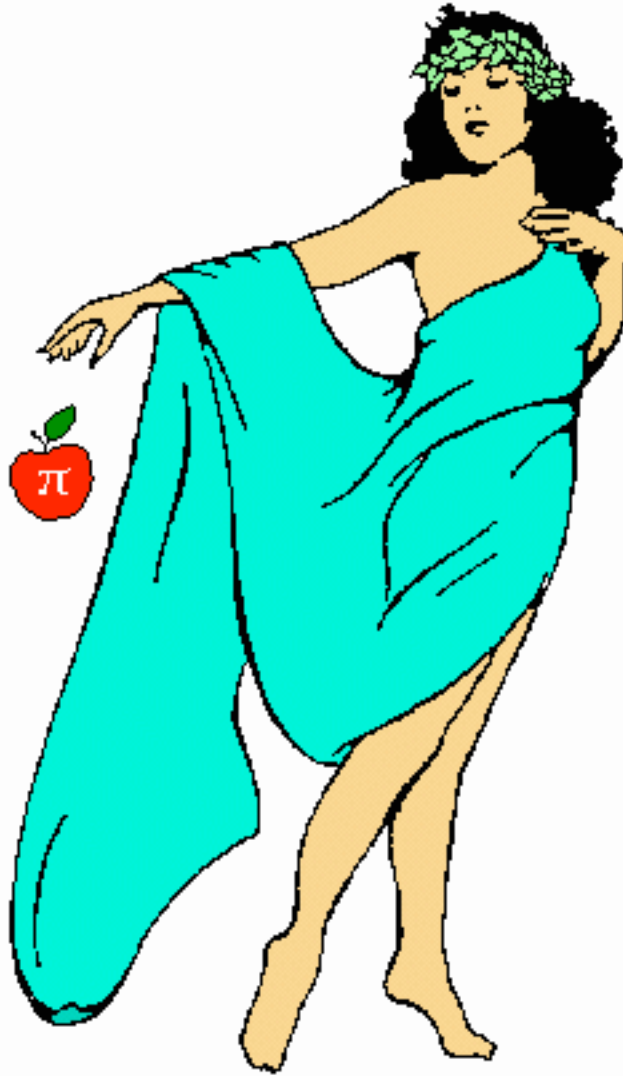
This has been a very basic introduction into the theories and practice of Discordian Magick. It has been presented in hoped of laying a groundwork for further study and explanation in the upcoming work *_The Confunomicon_*. If there are any who would like to share their observations, make comments or suggestions, or offer to publish the book, I will be at the listed space/time hodge/podge locale until May 1, 1991:

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Eris nullifies anything less than universal

I confess that there is nothing to teach: no religion, no science, no body of information which will lead your mind back to claimed "The Erisian. Today I speak in this fashion, tomorrow in another, but always the Integral Way is beyond words and beyond mind. Simply be aware of the oneness of things.

the Apostle Hung Mung



WHAT IS AN ERISIAN

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

Humor is central to Discordianism, but Discordianism should not be dismissed as a joke. Profound experiences frequently accompany the practice or Erisianism. It is a perceptual game, one which demonstrates that the absurd is just as valid as the mundane and chaos is just as valid as order. It frees the practitioner from the order

games (that most have forgotten are games) to play games with order or games with chaos, or both. The effects of Discordianism upon an individual can be far-reaching and amazingly liberating. Although a great many immature individuals have played at Discordianism and thereby sidestepped any chance of spiritual growth whatsoever.

Hellfire and Damnation

The end is nigh. The sun will be turned to darkness, and the moon to blood at the great and terrible day of the Fnord. Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall scream dreams, and your young men shall see all kinds of shit. Alas, the day! For near is the day of the Fnord, and it comes as a ruin.

Whoa unto thee, thou generation of wipers. Forever cleaning up the messes of others. Why must ye toil so? Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Stand up for yourself, poindexter. For many are called, but few are choice grade A unpasteurized neophiles. *Speak now or forever hold thy piece.*

Consent, for the kingdom of CNN is at hand. Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears. For if the blind lead the blind, those who can see will have a good laugh. The sheep know their master, but straight is the way and soon is the day when every knee shall bow and every tongue digress unto more important matters.

We are the voice of one crying out for desert, "Prepare the way of the Fnord, make straight for the Aftermath." We seek nothing less than the Global Discombobulation of the Masses. The destruction of the puritarianical zeitgeist of the age of bureaucracy. Where everything not forbidden is compulsory and everything not compulsory is forbidden.

For bureaucracy is a giant mechanism operated by pygmies, and the machine is reeling out of control. You want to help bring it down? Just do exactly what they tell you to do. Imposition of order equals escalation of disorder, and we are gumming up the works of our lords. So quit horsing around and pony up to the bar.

"Effective immediately, all employees, loyal citizens, and true believers will stand on their heads and whistle a jaunty tune." signed "The MGT"

The obedient will receive eternal salvation. Responding to the quick pat on the head before being told to jump through the next hoop. For the children of the kingdom will be driven into the outer darkness where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth (the children are kinda spoiled).

Ask not what hypocrisy can do for you. Ask what you can do for debauchery. Let he who is without sin be pointed to and laughed at. *Are you ready for the Rupture?* We played the flute for you and you did not dance. But Eris is indicated by Her works.

**There are no rules anywhere.
The Goddess Prevails.**



THE DISCORDIAN APOSTLE HUNG MUNG ON RELIGION

Most of the world's religions serve only to strengthen attachments to false concepts such as self and other, life and death, heaven and earth, and so on. Those who become entangled in these false ideas are prevented from perceiving the Integral Oneness of ERIS. The highest virtue one can exercise is to accept the responsibility of discovering and transmitting the whole truth. Some help others in order to receive blessings and admiration. This is simply meaningless. Some cultivate themselves in part to serve others, in part to serve their own pride. They will understand, at best, half of the truth. But those who improve themselves for the sake of the world--to these, the whole truth of the universe will be revealed. So seek this whole truth, practice it in your daily life, and humbly share it with others. You will enter the realm of the divine.

The Mystery of Eris

There is something mysterious and whole
which existed before heaven and earth,
silent, formless, complete, and never changing.
Living eternally everywhere in perfection,
it is the mother of all things.

I do not know its name; I call it Eris.
If forced to define it, I shall call it supreme.
Supreme means absolute.
Absolute means extending everywhere.
Extending everywhere means returning to itself.

Thus Eris is supreme.
Heaven is supreme.
Earth is supreme.
And the person is supreme.

There are four supremes in the universe,
and the person is one of them.
The person reflects the earth.
The earth reflects heaven.
Heaven reflects Eris.

***Beware of those who claim to be anarchists who cannot even spell the word
Rev. Verthaine the Goth***

The 5 Noble Discordian Pillars

1- **Anarchism:** No I don't mean the bomb-throwing, destroy the government kind, I mean spiritual anarchism. Though we erisians may understand the need for society to have and want leaders, we ourselves should be spiritually awoken enough that we ourselves don't need them. That is the reason that every man, womyn, childe, and platypus is an honest to goodness Pope.

2-**Emancipation:** Do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Love is the law, love under will. Every man and woman is a star. Did not The Goddess herself say unto Mal-2 and Lord Omar "I am Chaos. I am Alive, and I am here to tell you that you are all Free"? We are all free to live our lives the way we wish. The only thing we are not allowed to do is interfere with someone else's freedom.

3-**No Dogma:** We are not bound by anybodies rules. Our relationship with Eris is a deeply personal one, and no one has the right to say that we are wrong in our beliefs(or lack of). We can be Jewish Erisians, Xtian Erisians, Buddhist Erisians, Moslem Erisians, Greyface Erisians, and dare I say it, even Erisian Erisians.

We dispel dogmas and welcome catmas. At a moments notice we can create age old traditions. Or tear down existing ones. We can write our own Holy Books. Goddess talks to everybody, and if you wish to be her secretary, well, good for you

4-**The Truth of Chaos:** We Erisians know that the only Multiversal Truth is that Chaos Happens. Sometimes Good Chaos happens, sometimes Bad chaos happens. But Chaos ALWAYS happens. From the infinitesimal, to the infinite, all is create by, shaped by, and will eventually return to, Chaos.

Eris, in her infinite love and wisdom, gave us all the tools to deal with the chaos.

5-**Hail Eris!:** There is no Goddess but Goddess, and She is Eris. She is "The Mother of All Things", the Spirit of Chaos. Eris manifests herself into ALL THINGS, and NO THINGS.

All the Gods and Goddesses are just aspects of her Divineness. All religions are correct, because Eris shows herself to all beings in ways that they understand, due to their cultural influence. That is why we say "ALL hail Discordia".

Eris does not sit above and judge us, rather, she participates in everything that happens, everything that could happen, and everything that doesn't happen.

Since Eris is forever, we are also forever, because we are all just manifestations of her. We are all Eris.

Heaven and Hell

Once upon a time, a man with a certain military bearing approached the Zenarchist master Malcalypse the Elder and asked: "Master, do Heaven and Hell actually exist?"

The master wanted to answer in the affirmative, but knew that this would give the man a false impression. In all likelihood the man operated under the mundane paradigm that Heaven and Hell exist as places for souls in the afterlife. Malcalypse knew what he must do to break through that false preconception.

"What is your occupation?" He asked.

"I'm a general." This explained the military bearing about him.

The Revered Malcalypse burst out laughing. "What idiot would ask you to command an army? You look more like a butcher to me!"

This enraged the general. With a roar he drew his sword. He could cut down this defenseless old man in an instant.

"Here lie the gates of Hell," said Malcalypse. These simple words stopped the powerful general dead in his tracks.

Realization flooded in. The general suddenly understood that the master had risked his life in order to teach him a great truth in the most effective way imaginable.

"Forgive me, master, for what I was able to do." He felt all at once gratitude, amazement, and shame.

"Here lie the gates of Heaven," said the master.

This is an interesting tale. It tells us that even in ancient times, the sages had already evolved their spiritual understanding to a point where they saw Heaven and Hell as states of mind rather than places.

Not everyone shared this view, of course. We have always had vivid descriptions and images of Heaven and Hell from way back. A few enlightened beings recognized these as colorful metaphors, but many took them literally. In the cosmic scale of things, it wasn't that long ago that most human beings thought Heaven was actually somewhere beyond the clouds and Hell was deep underground in some dark, cavernous setting.

Specifics varied, but the overall idea remained the same. Asgard, Valhalla, Olympus, Hades, Inferno, Purgatory, all were places one might go after the death of one's physical body.

For many thinking individuals in the modern age, the idea of Heaven and Hell as actual places has fallen by the wayside. We still enjoy tales of the afterlife every now and then, but we don't necessarily believe that these stories correspond to reality.

At the same time, there are still many who *do* believe. Without too much effort one can still find people who simply won't let go of the notion that Heaven and Hell exist *somewhere*. Quite a few Fundamentalist Christians, among others, will readily cite passages from the Bible to "prove" that Heaven and Hell are as real as your corner grocery. George W. Bush made news last year for having expressed his belief that those who had not turned to Christ for salvation were headed for Hell.

Some time ago a group of religious extremists protested in front of a Disney store in the Midwest. You may find this surprising. Surely Disney is as unoffending as they come? What could these people possibly complain about?

As it turned out, they were demonstrating against the action figures for the Disney cartoon "Gargoyles." The main characters from this cartoon had bat-like wings, tails, horns, and fangs. To create toys in that image was equivalent to flaunting the image of demons and furthering the cause of Satan.

Disney employees received death threats and harassing overtures. The store manager was told, in a matter-of-fact manner, that he was destined to burn for all eternity. Apparently the demonstrators took the idea of Hell quite seriously.

In this age of political correctness, it is tempting to fall back to the "everyone is right in his or her own way" position. Can we not say that people like the above, who believe in a literal interpretation of the Bible, are just as entitled to their opinion? Is not their opinion just as valid as any other?

Perhaps, but as we look deeper we see that there are numerous logic problems with the literal interpretation. The foremost problem is that the horrors of Hell and the pleasures of Heaven are completely subjective quantities. What is horrible to some may not be so bad to others; what is wonderful or pleasurable for me may not be for you.

For instance, consider the case of a masochist. Does such an individual go to Heaven or Hell? Wouldn't Heaven for him be a place where he can sample a great variety of delicious pain? Wouldn't Hell for him be a place where he is barred from any pain whatsoever? Wouldn't this be a complete reversal of the typical conception?

Another problem, equally crippling, is the difficulty in reconciling the existence of Hell with the all-loving nature of God. If God truly loves His children, why would He subject even the most sinful ones to eternal suffering? Why not just settle for eternal imprisonment, sans grotesque torture? Isn't rejection from Heaven and loss of freedom for all eternity punishment enough?

Look at our penal system. What do we do with our most heinous criminals nowadays? Often we are satisfied to simply keep them away from society; we feel no need to inflict pain upon them. Such was not necessarily the case back in a more barbaric age (or, admittedly, in some parts of the world today). At that particular level of humanity's development, society would not hesitate to torture prisoners, and many cruel implements were designed for just that purpose. Nor was it enough to execute a criminal; bloodthirsty sensibilities demanded death with maximum pain and terror - hence the Iron Maiden.

(Iron Maiden of Nuremberg, not Iron Maiden the heavy metal band. Used as early as 1515 AD, the device featured spikes of varying lengths on the inside of its cover. This cover closed on its victim slowly, so that the spikes would penetrate various parts of the body just enough to cause excruciating pain but not immediate death. The second shortest spikes were right at the eye balls, so the victim would lose his eyes shortly before the last spike drove through his heart, finally killing him.)

Most of us would like to believe that we as a species have outgrown this hideous phase. Today we treat even the worst of the worst criminals in a humane way. If we must put one to death, we do so as quickly and as painlessly as possible.

Compared to our human-created system, doesn't a literal Hell featuring the most horrible punishment imaginable seem savage and primitive by comparison? If Goddess is infinitely greater than human beings in every way, wouldn't Her mercy and compassion surpass ours as well? If even puny human beings, imperfect and born full of sin, can rise above treating the wicked in a cruel way, then why shouldn't Goddess, the paragon of perfection?

When we look at it in this light, we quickly come to the conclusion that if Goddess is truly the embodiment of love and compassion, then She would never allow the existence of Hell as a place where sinners burn forever. It seems more likely then, that Hell is a concept invented by human beings for the specific purpose of invoking fear in other human beings. The inhumane and barbaric nature of Hell is simply a reflection of the character of its mythmakers.

The key to this realization lies in thinking it through. People who still adhere to the old school are those who have not bothered to mentally pursue all the ramifications and implications of their belief.

When you *do* think it through, you cast aside the shackles of ignorance and savagery, and see the inevitable truth. Heaven and Hell exist within every one of us. That's the only way it can be. At any time we have the potential to experience either extreme or any point in between. We are not elevated to Heaven or cast down into Hell after we die; we transport ourselves there, and even though most of us don't realize it, we have the ability to arrive or depart at will.

Forget about all this eternal torment, everlasting pain nonsense. We are mature souls and evolved spirits who no longer need to be kept in line with scary stories. We do not need morality dictated to us and enforced with threats of punishment; our own morality springs from within, driven by our natural desire to seek harmony, love, and oneness. This being the case, our own conscience, higher selves, karmic lessons, and spiritual masters govern us in fundamental ways far more effective than fear ever can.

The sages were right about Heaven and Hell. Again we see how their ancient wisdom can still be miles ahead of - and sometimes even anticipate - our "modern" beliefs.

HE WHO WALK WITH NOSE IN AIR TENDS TO STEP IN SHIT

SUBVERT THE DOMINANT PARADIGM THROUGH MILITANT HUMOR!

REVEREND ROB RAY FROM

The International
House Of Fnords

SAYS THIS NONDOGMATIC AND PROBABLE BS:

Chaos is the most important force in the whole of human existence fnord. All creativity comes from chaos, but where does chaos come from?

The answer lies within your pineal gland. The answer is the **Goddess ERIS**, who is so powerful she didn't have to send her son, daughter, or any other member of her family to die for you. Not even her pet dog Pokie or her goldfish Skippy.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," you're saying. "That's hideously out of context with the other popular religions of the day!"

"Well," say I, "At least we make up rules for ourselves that we can actually stick to fnord."

I ENJOYED THE MOVIE "BIODOME" WITH PAULY SHORE NO NO 23

Contact the International
House of Fnords! We don't bite!
baldghoti@hotmail.com

KING KONG
DIED FOR
YOUR SINS

All Rites Reversed--Copy As You Like

The International
House Of Fnords

Words of Wisdom from the Ancient Chaolist Masters

In ancient times, people lived holistic lives. They didn't overemphasize the intellect, but integrated mind, body, and spirit in all things. This allowed them to become masters of knowledge rather than victims of concepts. If a new invention appeared, they looked for the troubles it might cause as well as the shortcuts it offered. They valued old ways that had been proven effective, and they valued new ways if they could be proven effective. If you want to stop being confused, then emulate these ancient folk: join your body, mind, and spirit in all you do. Choose food, clothing, and shelter that accords with nature. Rely on your own body for transportation. Allow your work and your recreation to be one and the same. Do exercise that develops your whole being and not just your body. Listen to music that bridges the three spheres of your being (mind, body, spirit). Choose leaders for their virtue rather than their wealth or power. Serve others and cultivate yourself simultaneously. Understand that true growth comes from meeting and solving the problems of life in a way that is harmonizing to yourself and to others. If you can follow these simple old ways, you will be continually renewed.

The Doctrine of the Secondary Snub:

One upon a time, in a galaxy far, far away. .

It was a time of trouble for the Gods. Vishnu had carried Olympus to the heavens and hidden the Gods' faces from us mere mortals. Meanwhile, another party lurked on the horizon.

Three faeries threw a birthday bash for the Princess Aurora, meaning Dawn*. They invited the entire kingdom, and other faeries, and the pixies that steal lighters, and the gremlins that drink radiator fluid, and the gnomes with pickaxes that live in your stomach who like to get drunk and mine. However, they once again neglected to add Eris Discordia, the Mistress of Mayhem, Evinicar of Evolution, and Chancellor of Change, to their guest list. Well, a party isn't a party without Eris watching over, if not attending in full force.

So, once again, Eris crashed the party, this time disguised as an ugly old apple sales-person. She rolled her infamous Golden Apple across the banquet table. It fell into the baby Aurora's cradle, and the stem pricked her, sending her into a deep sleep that lasted twenty-three years, and ended with a handsome dwarf kissing her, waking her, and spawning several animated movies with singing mice and countless merchandising gimmicks.

The Moral of this story: We are all God/desses of our own realities. No entity can have power over you without your permission. Upon reading this inane story, Lambs leapt down from the heavens and feasted on grass with no hot dog buns.

Within the Womb of Eris

The interplay of hodge and podge within the womb of Mother Eris creates the expansion and contraction of nature. Although the entire universe is created out of this reproductive dance, it is but a tiny portion of her being. Her heart is the Universal Heart, and her mind the Universal Mind. The reproductive function is also a part of human beings. Because hodge and podge are not complete within us as individuals, we pair up to integrate them and bring forth new life. Although most people spend their entire lives following this biological impulse, it is only a tiny portion of our beings as well. If we remain obsessed with seeds and eggs, we are

married to the fertile reproductive valley of Mother Eris but not to her immeasurable heart and all-knowing mind. If you wish to unite with her heart and mind, you must integrate hodge and podge within and refine their fire upward. Then you have the power to merge with the whole being of Mother Eris. This is what is known as true evolution.

REV. VERTHAINES FIRST SERMON AT THE GOTH CLUB

Chaos never died, for the spirit of ERIS lives within us all. We humans, as a species, have the strange habit of "humanizing" the SUPREME BEING. It makes us feel more connected to the GREAT UNIVERSAL ONENESS. For we Discordians, ERIS is not some strict authoritative tyrant father figure like YHWH, telling you he loves you one moment, then condemning you to some abysmal fiery hell at the slightest infraction. Nor is she a barefooted, pregnant hippie chick who doesn't shave her leg or armpits like some of the Wiccan who worship her. Nor is she a man-hating, rampaging radical lesbian terrorist as some Dianan wiccans would want you to believe. In all actuality she can be all that, and more. She can be anything she wants to be, and anything you want her to be. For ERIS is the very nature of CHAOS. With her, nothing is true, and everything is possible. But unlike other Deities, ERIS can change with the times. She is the Modern Goddess. Wild, free, strong, independent, passionate. She humbly takes no credit when things are good, and takes no blame when things go bad, Because that is the nature of CHAOS. Lets face it, shit happens. But ERIS has given us the ability to ride the CHAOS WAVE. We DIscordians romp and play, sing and dance, in the playground that is REALITY, basking in the warm glow of Mother ERIS. She teases us, and torments us. She challenges us, tantalizes us, comforts us. Her gentle laughter eases us in times of trouble. When good things happen, shout out "HAIL ERIS!!!!!!". when bad things happen, shout out "HAIL ERIS!!!!!!". For nothing lasts forever, so you might as well enjoy the ride.

"Assimilation is futile!! You will be resisted!!! "Decuteus of Bjork

Hail ERIS. All Hail Discordia. Too long has the world been ruled by male gods and male mortals. We of the Discordian Doubt worship ERIS, Goddess of Chaos, Discord, Confusion, Bureaucracy, and International Relations. Do you deny HER power? Look around, and what do you see the most of? Chaos, discord, confusion, bureaucracy, and international relations. The FIVE levels of chaos, we call them. Simple chaos to complex chaos. Who put all that disorder here, you damned atheists?

Robert Anton Wilson



5 Silly Misconceptions About Discordianism

1) **Chaos and order are two sides of the same coin-** Wrong!!!!, It is Order and DISORDER that are two sides of the same coin, the coin being Chaos. To manifest herself into this multiverse, Eris uses order and disorder, negentropy and entropy.

2) **Discordians are against any type of rules and leaders:** I get this one a lot from discordians themselves. It is not that we are against rules, we just are not bound by them should we choose not to be. We understand that there are need for rules, but they shouldn't stifle the creative spirit or our freedom. Just because we erisians are very independent, does not mean that we can't be team players.

We Erisians have nothing against leaders, it is that we are enlightened enough that we ourselves don't need them. We will acknowledge experts in their fields (I damnsure want my surgeon to be in charge of my operation), but we do not fall in worship of them.

3) **Discordians like to create chaos:** This is another one that a lot of erisians believe. No one can create chaos, for that is the realm of goddess Herself. At best we manipulate the flow of eristic vibes in order to combat Greyfaceian vibes. Many discordians think that they are creating chaos, when in fact all they are doing is being drama queens.

4) **Discordianism is paganism(or Wiccan):** In actuality paganism and wicca are in fact discordian sects (they just won't admit it). While I will not attempt to say what was going on in the minds of Mal-2 and Lord Omar when they wrote the Principia Discordia, evidence suggests that the envisioned discordianism to be more like Taoism than paganism.

5) **The goal of discordianism is to spread chaos:** If we erisians have any type of goal, it is to be emancipated.

Eris told the world that we are free, and that is the most beautiful thing any deity has ever done. If we have a goal, it is to help our brothers and sisters free themselves.

"God is not a noun, SHE is a verb. "

MEMO

To: The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu

Re: Themselves

Dear Justified Ancients of Mu Mu,

So the JAMs have finally gone public after 4500 years? What's next, the Five standing in the General Election?

People. I don't want to be dictatorial or editorial. I appreciate what you're trying to say and what you're trying to do.

From the top: You're nothing to do with THE Justified Ancients of Mummu. If you were, I'd have heard of you long before now.

You've read the ILLUMINATUS! books by Robert Anton Wilson and Robert Shea, and perhaps you've dug around a little more. Like a few people, you spotted the fiction/reality links in there. Anthrax Leprosy Mu/Pi and all that. Did you see that the acronym of Anthrax Leprosy Mu - ALM - means the same thing as AID? Ho ho ho. Dear Anton had a lovely time writing those books. Unfortunately he's burned his brain with too much fun and doesn't realise what he's doing half the time. Flawed genius. Completely fucking out of his box. The main reason he's still alive.

I digress. You grab some symbolism from the books without really understanding what they're all about (but you THINK you do. Suggest you look up "immanentize the Eschaton" in a big dictionary), put together a scratch record containing much of it and release it with some convenient publicity about being sued over copyright.

Let me refer you to ILLUMINATUS! vol. 1 page 130: "Actually, the Illuminati own the companies that put out *most* of the rock". You did a silly thing using that case as publicity. The big boys - the _real_ JAMs, and I'm not fucking you around here, they exist - were trying to scare you off. You went the wrong way. I'm in no position to double-guess the JAMs and their friends. I've tried before. I haven't been right yet. But they're going to try and take you out. Not with a lot of noise - they won't risk any more publicity. Quietly. Maybe legally. Or they may just let you blow over, accepting that few will understand what you're on about. But you're giving them a bad rep, and the Illuminati don't like that at all. Be very careful for the next few years. Advice comes from the heart, head and hands.

You're in over your heads. Cliche: You're playing with forces you don't understand. They exist, all of them, except not quite as Anton portrayed them. He made a lot of errors; some accidental, many deliberate. Do not rely on his works as reference.

Do not try to contact me; I need to remain quiet. If you require further information about the kind of deep shit(1) you guys have landed yourselves in, I suggest you write to Esther Johnson, Yossarian Universal News Service (London Bureau Chief) c/o YU News Service, PO Box 236, Millbrae CA 94030 USA. American address because Esther is currently a no fixed abode person. She is compiling a dossier on Illuminati and pseudo-Illuminati activity, and has a direct line to Discordio-Zenarchist Ho Chi Zen. You may need his help.

All power to the people and ban the fucking bomb.

BCNU

Don Lucknowe KSC.

MALACLYPSE THE ELDER ON: *LIBERTY*

Recently, I met the most radical libertarian you could possibly imagine. Originally, I thought this fellow was quite crazy, but the more I reflect on his outlandish philosophy, the more I suspect that all libertarians could benefit from heeding his words.

We met in a bank in Luxembourg. We were both buying silver and gold (it's theft-free in Luxembourg). I invited him for a coffee in a nearby café. I told him I was a libertarian.

"Libertarian!" he snorted. "Practically all so-called libertarians are still so conditioned and so far from the truth—they don't know the first thing about liberty. "

I looked at him in surprise. I considered libertarians to be the leading edge of human evolution. There followed a sometimes heated discussion about many aspects and principles of libertarianism. Time and time again, those most extreme radical questioned even the words I used—for example:

"What about the laws of a country?" I asked.

"Haw, haw, haw, " my friend laughed almost hysterically. I thought he would fall off his chair. Several people in the café looked at him in bemusement. "What about the barking of copulating baboons in the zoo?" he replied.

I was bewildered. "What's so funny?"

"My friend, " he said, "like most so-called libertarians, you don't have the foggiest notion of what exists and what doesn't. You believe in magical 'laws' like a spiritualist believes in supernatural 'ghosts'. . . except. . . except that your belief is possibly even more absurd than that of the spiritualist. You see, I've heard of people who claim that they have seen 'ghosts;' there are even purported photographs of 'ghosts. ' But I've never heard of anyone who claims that he has seen a so-called 'law, ' never mind photographed it. "

"Anyway, " I said, "what does all this have to do with liberty?"

"My aspirant libertarian friend, " he replied, "when you free your mind from the false concepts, the misconceptions that fixate your thinking within the mental grooves fashioned by those who seek to enslave you, then you will discover what liberty really is; then you will be able to live free. Most so-called libertarians are like pigs hopelessly floundering in a cesspool of statist concepts. Just as it is almost impossible for a fish to imagine life on land, so it is difficult, if at all possible, for an aspirant-libertarian locked into statist concepts, to conceive life outside his or her self-created cesspool. . . "

For a while, we were both silent. Then, he continued, "In actuality, the whole world is libertarian. Individuals are supreme, whether they know it or not. We all have virtually unlimited choice all the time—we may assume beliefs that limit our choice, we may also get ourselves into situations where choice is limited; but those are also choices. Objectively, there are no so-called 'states, ' 'governments, ' 'kings, ' 'queens, ' etc. ; there never have been, and there never will be. I have asked many people to show me a 'govern-ment' and to tell me what it looks like; nobody has been able to do that. Of course, there are hucksters who call themselves 'government, ' 'King, ' or 'President'. . . just as there are suckers who believe them, who blindly obey them, who blindly oppose them.

"One needs to live one's life in accordance with actuality: What is, what exists, what occurs. So I live my life out of a context of liberty, a libertarian enclave, an anarcho-libertarian enclave. I carry it with me like an aura.

I have rights: A right to life, to own property, to produce, to exchange, to communicate. And my rights do not depend on the agreement of others. I am supreme. I am responsible for every aspect of my life. My self-esteem, my power, and my liberty can only be curbed by my own limitations. There are, of course, those who think otherwise, who would seek to violate my rights. When making choices, I take that into consideration. "

Suddenly, he stood up. "I need to go. "

"One last question, " I asked, with more sarcasm than I had intended, "Isn't it lonely having escaped from the cesspool?"

"No, my friend, " he laughed gleefully, "it is not possible for a truly liberated libertarian to be lonely. "

Then I realized that I didn't even know his name. "Please, tell me your name before you go. "

"Malaclypse, " he replied.

"Not THE Malaclypse, " I asked in wonderment. "You wrote 'Principia Discordia'?"

"No, " he replied. "That was my boy, Malaclypse the Younger; I am Malaclypse the Elder. . . and ???."

Then, he wafted out the café—like a disappearing dream—out the door, happily swinging his briefcase, heavily laden with silver and gold, as if it were a feather. . .



Hey, You kids, get off my lawn!

THE TEMPTATIONS OF REVEREND VERTHAINÉ THE GOTH

. . . and there came a time when Reverend Verthainé was all alone in the world. He was confused and depressed, for he did not know who he truly was. It was after a particularly boring night at the goth club that Verthainé found himself wandering the deserted streets in search of the meaning of his life. A heavy rain began to pour, so Verthainé zipped up his black leather jacket and sought the shelter of a lonely bus stop just up the street. He fished out his last cigarette, placed it in his mouth, then realized that he had nothing to light it with. Verthainé looked around, but saw no one on the deserted sidewalk he could bum a light off of. He was about to place the 'cig' back into his pocket when he felt a light tap on his shoulder. He spun around, only to be momentarily blinded by flame of a Zippo. He lit his cigarette, and surveyed the stranger that stood before him. It was a middle-aged man, ashen faced and grey of hair, with a matching grey suit. The man attempted a smile, but it came of looking more like a sneer. *"Miserable night, isn't it Verthainé. My, my, my you look so sad."* The grey clad stranger said, his voice a deep humorless rasp. *"ERIS has abandoned you in this your dark hour of despair. She cares nothing for you, my young gothic friend. But I do. Follow me and I will give you all your heart desires"*. Verthainé realized who was before him. ***"The only thing I desire Greyface, is to be allowed to be me"***. The Grey suited man laughed that was devoid of any mirth or warmth. *"Bow down before me, Verthainé, and I will give you the normal life you was so cruelly denied"*. The world exploded around Verthainé, and then he found himself in a nice suburban tract house. He was a loving husband with a normal wife and normal kids. He had an office job, credit cards, mortgage payments, a boring sex life, and membership in the local country club where he played golf on the week-ends. But Verthainé was not happy (actually he was bored to tears) and he cried out *"Take me away from this, because this is not ME!!"*. He was back at the bus station, Greyface smiled once more. *"That didn't work for you huh? That's o. k. We'll find something else for you. Worship me Verthainé, and I will give you wealth beyond your wildest dreams"*. And lo, Verthainé found himself sitting by an Olympic-sized pool on the grounds of a huge mansion, a martini in one hand and a bevy of sexy young Hollywood starlets around him. Verthainé enjoyed himself for a while, but soon found this lifestyle empty and devoid of spirituality. He was secretly in debt, and the Mob was hot on his ass. Verthainé screamed out *"This sucks!! This unfortunately is still not me!!"* Again Verthainé was standing by Greyface in the cold bus stop. *"Give yourself to me, Verthainé, and I will give you power beyond your wildest dreams!!"* Verthainé thought it over for a second, then grabbed Greyface by the collar. *"Get thee behind me Greyface!! No more of your lies!! I serve the goddess ERIS!! Only she can grant me my desires!!"* All of a sudden a big gust of wind blew from the south, and Greyface disappeared. The rain stopped, and Verthainé thought he heard the delicate sound of

laughter, the sound of ERIS. She appeared before Verthaine, ruffled his hair and said "*You a good kid.*" then proceeded to get on the cross town bus. Verthaine waved to her, and ERIS pointed at the bench as the bus sped away. Verthaine turned around and noticed an un-opened pack of cloves, a pack of Camel Wides, and a brand new Zippo lighter. He pocketed his finds, smiled and said "*Hail Eris!!!!*" turned and walked out of the lonely bus stop



This is NOT your friend!

Discordian Roulette

Discordian Roulette is an offshoot of the traditional game, Russian Roulette. In the Discordian version, no bullets are used. The participants, however, are ignorant of this fact. Only the Discordian referee knows that the pistol is empty of rounds. As in the original game, the chamber is spun and each player attempts to shoot themselves. The last, sixth, player inevitable becomes panicky as it becomes apparent that the bullet must be in the last chamber. The surprise and relief that they feel afterwards is extremely therapeutic. The participant's fear of death is inevitably nullified, and they become a happier person. New members are often recruited from sessions of Discordian Roulette.

The Five Order of Discordia ("THEM")

Gen. Pandaemonium, Commanding

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

1. **The Military Order of THE KNIGHTS OF THE FIVE SIDED TEMPLE.** This is for all the soldiers and bureaucrats of the world.
2. **The Political Order of THE PARTY FOR WAR ON EVIL.** This is reserved for lawmakers, censors, and like ilk.
3. **The Academic Order of THE HEMLOCK FELLOWSHIP.** They commonly inhabit schools and universities, and dominate many of them.
4. **The Social Order of THE CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR CONCERNED CITIZENS.** This is mostly a grass-roots version of the more professional military, political, academic and sacred Orders.

5. **The Sacred Order of THE DEFAMATION LEAGUE.** Not much is known about the D. L. , but they are very ancient and quite possibly were founded by Greyface himself. It is known that they now have absolute domination over all organized churches in the world. It is also believed that they have been costuming cabbages and passing them off as human beings.

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

Some Useful Definitions

FREE MARKET: That condition of society in which all economic transactions result from voluntary choice without coercion.

THE STATE: That institution which interferes with the Free Market through the direct exercise of coercion or the granting of privileges(backed by coercion).

TAX: That form of coercion or interference with the Free Market in which the State collects tribute (the Tax, allowing it to hire armed forces to practice coercion in defense of privilege, and also to engage in such wars, adventures, experiments, "reforms", etc. , as it pleases, not at its own cost, but at the cost of "its" subjects.

PRIVILEGE: from the Latin *privi*, private, and *lege*, law. An advantage granted by the State and protected by its powers of coercion. A law for private benefit.

USURY: That form of privilege or interference with the Free Market in which one State-supported group monopolizes the coinage and thereby takes tribute (interest), direct or indirect, on all or most economic transactions.

LANDLORDISM: That form of privilege or interference with the Free Market in which one State-supported group "owns" the land and thereby takes tribute (rent) from those who live, work, or produce on the land.

TARIFF: That form of privilege or interference with the Free Market in which commodities produced outside the State are not allowed to compete equally with those produced inside the State.

CAPITALISM: That organization of society, incorporating elements of tax, usury, landlordism, and tariff, which thus denies the Free Market while pretending to exemplify it.

CONSERVATISM: That school of capitalist philosophy which claims allegiance to the Free Market while actually supporting usury, landlordism, tariff, and sometimes taxation.

LIBERALISM: That school of capitalist philosophy which attempts to correct the injustices of capitalism by adding new laws to the existing laws. Each time conservatives pass a law creating privilege, liberals pass another law modifying privilege, leading conservatives to pass a more subtle law recreating privilege, etc. , until "everything not forbidden is compulsory" and everything not compulsory is forbidden. "

SOCIALISM: The attempted abolition of all privilege by restoring power entirely to the coercive agent behind privilege, the State, thereby converting capitalism oligarchy into Statist monopoly. Whitewashing a wall by painting it black.

ANARCHISM: That organization of society in which the Free Market operates freely, without taxes, usury, landlordism, tariffs, or other forms of coercion or privilege. RIGHT ANARCHISTS predict that in the Free Market people would voluntarily choose to compete more often than to cooperate. LEFT ANARCHIST predict that in the Free Market people would voluntarily chose to cooperate more often than to compete.

from *Never Whistle While Your Pissing* by Hagbard Celine

Multiverse Business Plan (Public Copy)

We are Multiverse, Inc. – The Business Behind Reality. Providing miracles for more than 28 million worlds Multiverse-wide, delivering unique deity solutions for over a billion different species and races, and managing 83 trillion spiritual transactions annually.

MULTIVERSE, Inc.

History

Over 50 million octri-years ago, Multiverse, Inc. began with a business model that remains sound today ñ providing transaction-based information processing and other services that are mission-critical to a client's species' spiritual life and well-being. Since virtually all of the spiritual transactions we perform are repetitive in nature, they also generate reliable and predictable streams of revenue.

Multiverse, Inc. provides many important services to clients. In octri-year 571, 232, we spent over 30 billion demon-hours processing an average of over 1.3 million daily trades on the major miracle-hour exchanges; empowered 1,600,000 formerly unemployed immortal beings with profit-making business solutions; and helped several hundred thousand old ladies cross the street. The fundamental economic principle is one and the same across all Multiverse, Inc. Departments: Every client and their species is a valuable source of recurring revenue.

Our business model has performed well throughout virtually every economic cycle over the past five millennia. The inherent strength of the outsourcing trend and the predictability of our recurring revenue enabled us to avoid many of the difficulties experienced by other divine corporations and become your number one spiritual provider.

MULTIVERSE, Inc.

Employer of Choice Initiative

Multiverse, Inc. aims to be the Employer of Choice for those seeking a career in any divine industry. We seek to attract, retain and develop an outstanding group of client-focused divinitemps who wish to have fulfilling careers with the industry leader. Our objective is to develop divinitemps who are internal and external ambassadors for Multiverse, Inc.

Divinitemps that join us for the journey will find:

- Opportunities for personal growth and development that allow divinitemps to both excel and make a real difference throughout their immortal career.
- A meritocracy, with emphasis on performance.
- Equal opportunities for Goddesses and Shit Demons.
- A collaborative environment where everyone contributes and succeeds together- with motivated and intelligent colleagues who share common values, goals and work ethic.
- A culture that supports the view that divinitemps are trusted, valued and empowered and creates ever-increasing divinitemps satisfaction levels.
- The development of programs and policies that are positive drivers of divinitemps satisfaction and rigorous elimination of negatives (i. e. 'Bad Apples') using our own industry-leading SWAT teams.

MULTIVERSE, Inc.

Operating Principles

As a supplement to our Corporate Philosophy, we have evolved a number of operating principles. While they are not cast in stone, we feel that the following principles are critical to our ongoing success (but are still subject to change at any time):

Innovation - Selectivity and Focus: New ideas and products are exciting. We need a continuing array of new ideas, and must recognize and reward the divinitemps who produce them. At the same time, it takes focus and self-restraint to maintain the discipline of thinking and researching very broadly, while implementing more narrowly. Many organizations tend to pursue more projects than they can effectively handle. We must balance reward and distraction. Nonetheless, we will try more new directions than we need in order to leave room for the inevitable disappointments. And since major new projects or directions are especially difficult and uncertain, we must focus our best associates on these newer opportunities, as full-time champions.

Business Plans: Good plans help maintain consistent growth with fewer surprises. The specific objectives, priorities, strategies and processes in a plan should be initially guided by tier-2 senior management, and then be directly created in more detail by each manager who must ultimately own responsibility for the results. The planning processes should be interactive and responsive to differing views.

Role Before We Roll: Since many new ventures will fail, we will generally try to minimize the cost of failure to a manageable level by not acting on an unnecessarily large scale too soon. Changes that involve many clients and divinitemps are particularly difficult and error-prone. As we change processes and automate labor, we must minimize the risk of a poor transition. We should role-model new approaches before we roll them to many locations, clients or divinitemps, without forfeiting windows of opportunity that require fast time-to-market.

MULTIVERSE Inc. Megacosm-Class Service

Megacosm-Class Service is unlike other strategic business goals. Measured neither in time nor distance, it is a continuous journey that perpetually resets the high bar of service levels reflecting the ever-increasing demands and expectations of the marketplace.

Multiverse Inc. 's commitment to Megacosm-Class Service has become an intrinsic part of our business culture. We view the ongoing commitment of resources to increasingly higher levels of service not simply as an out-of-pouch expense, but as a discerning, long-term investment. For us, Megacosm-Class Service is paramount. Really.

Two of the key metrics that help us measure the success of our commitment to Megacosm-Class Service are client satisfaction scores and client retention rates. Both measures continue to trend upward in our business to record levels.

While our investment in tools, processing, training, and staffing ñ well over 100 million miracle-hours during the past several Octri-years ñ makes Megacosm-Class Service possible, our divinitemps make Megacosm-Class Service happen. They personify our commitment to this critical business concept and bring it alive through the service offerings they provide and the clients they serve each and every day. As our divinitemps succeed, so does Multiverse Inc.

Although Multiverse, Inc. has as many different and conflicting business plans as it does departments, this is the only one available to the public (and most of its employees, as far as we can discern).

Octri-years are part of a dating system being pushed by Multiverse, Inc. and Greyface. Due to the complexity of time management when dealing with Immortal Beings who may effectively stop or move back-and-forth within time, a standard dating system has never been adopted and was regarded as unnecessary- until Multiverse, Inc. wanted to publish their earnings and realized they had no fiscal year with which to do so. A Octri-year is defined as a period of time within which it takes Multiverse, Inc. to manage 83 trillion spiritual transactions.

The Multiverse Corporate Philosophy has been rated AU by the Secret Business Bureau and may only be viewed by Level 58s and up.

AN ERISIAN PRAYER

Hail ERIS, blessed mother of CHAOS
Allow my THIRD EYE to open
And let me see you in all your glory
Grant me the PEACE OF MIND
to love all thing equally
For all things are ONE in ERIS
Grant me the WISDOM to follow my heart
And teach others to open their THIRD EYE
For they are blinded and need your love to see
Grant me the JOY of my INNER CHILD
Come laugh an sing with me for all eternity
In YOUR playground we call REALITY
Grant me the STRENGTH to endure
As the WINDS of CHANGE begins to blow
I will calmly face the CHAOS STORM around me
Grant me the SERENITY to face the DARKNESS
As I let the LIGHT of YOUR LOVE
Guide me through the INFINITE POSSIBILITIES
Grant me the COURAGE to face my FEARS
Help me conquer the CURSE OF GREYFACE within me
So I may truly Feel YOUR LOVING EMBRACE
HAIL ERIS, BLESSED MOTHER OF CHAOS
HAIL ERIS, ALL HAIL DISCORDIA

WHY

ARE WE

HERE?

**DOES ERIS REALLY
CARE ABOUT US?**

Do not go about worshipping deities and religious institutions as the source of the subtle truth. To do so is to place intermediaries between yourself and ERIS, and to make of yourself a beggar who looks outside for a treasure that is hidden inside his own breast. If you want to worship the Sacred Chaos of ERIS, first discover it in your own heart. Then your worship will be meaningful.

Hung Mung

He who dies with the most toys is still dead

BEWARE Beware the **military caste**, for their job is to revel in death and destruction. They will just as easily fight to suppress freedom, as they would to promote it, just as long as they are fighting.

A FABLE OF FIVE

Once, Someone decided to do Something. Instantly, three Others appeared.

"Who are you? asked Someone.

"I am Church, " said Church.

"I am State, " said State.

"I am Self, " said Self.

"Oh, " said Someone. "Well, why are you here?"

"We heard you had decided to do Something. We've come to appeal to your principles, and determine whether you should actually do it, " said the three Others.

Someone frowned. "I don't understand. Why is it your business?"

Church replied first, "I stand for those principles highest to you: what you believe is right and wrong, your morality, so to speak. I appeal to purposes and guiding principles in your life beyond mere personal desires--" Here Self winced. "--and societal cares. " Here State winced.

State replied second, "I stand for the guiding principles behind civilized man, and behind the government to which you have pledged obedience, allegiance and cooperation. My principles are the protective and collective, standing well apart from religion--" Here Church sighed. "--and providing a needed order to the often harmful whims of Self. " Here Self sighed.

Self replied third, "I stand for the rights of you, the individual. The principles I urge you to consider are your rights and freedoms, which nobody, not the deluded religious establishment--" Here Church groaned. "--nor the idiotic governmental bureaucracy--" Here State groaned. "--should strive to suppress. "

But I just want to do Something, " said Someone, "and you all are making it so complicated!"

"You have responsibilities, " said the Others.

"To your God, " said Church.

"To your society, " said State.

"To yourself, " said Self.

"To heck with this!" said Eris, entering from a dark corner where she had been hiding, unseen. She reached inside her dark robes, letting them part just enough to give Someone a fascinating look at the Goddess-flesh beneath, and produced a golden apple.

"I've got sumpin' ummy!" she said, holding the apple by the stem and dangling it in front of the three Others. "And I want to give it to the one of you that most deserves to have Someone listen to what you say. "

She then tossed the apple into the midst of the Others, who fought after it in a comic cloud-of-smoke arms-and-legs-akimbo fashion. She laughed loudly.

"Now, what was it you wanted to do?" she asked Someone.

"Something, " said Someone.

"I know that!" Eris snapped. "WHAT WAS IT?"

Someone recoiled from the fire in Eris' eyes. "I--I wanted to go eat a hot dog. Without any bun. "

Slowly, Eris smiled. "Hey, you know, you just might be **my** kind of someone. "

The two of them then went to the Zen Hotdog Stand at the corner of Yin Street and Yang Avenue (next to the HodgePodge Lodge, you know?). There, without a thought to Church, or State, or even Self, they asked the vendor to make them One With Everything.

Any statement made about "God" is strictly an opinion



When summoning Yog-Sothoth, it is best to have an assistant you do not like or will not miss, just in case Yog-Sothoth wakes up hungry or cranky.

Abdul Alhazred "the mad Arab"

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BUBBA 32:50

Eris laughed.



THE PARABLE OF THE CHRISTIAN ZOMBIE VAMPIRES

And there we were at the mezzanine of the mall hanging out. It was the lovely St. Parfume de Meow, St. Rane the Moocher, St. Rufus the Uncouth and I leaning over the rail and making fun of the jocks, preps, barbie dolls, and the mallrats scurrying beneath us. We had nothing to do but worry about mall security harassing us just because we're in all black. Besides, we were all broke anyway. Verily there was nothing for us to do but look good and watch the ant-like people below us shop. All of a sudden, St. Parfume grabs my arm and points to a couple carrying some books and stopping passers-by. She said "*Hey I know those two. They're a couple of really annoying Jesus freaks. Lets go down there and have some fun*". I looked at them and said, "*No, let them be. They are a couple of vampires hunting. Being goths we must respect their right to hunt.*" St. Parfume tossed back her lovely red hair, licked her newly made acrylic fangs and said "*What ya talkin bout, Verthaine?*" I looked at my Cabal and said "*Just watch*". We leaned over the rail and watched the Bible-thumpers zero in on a mousy looking girl no older than 19. We couldn't hear what they were saying to her, but we knew the spiel. We saw them batter that poor girls belief (*and her self esteem*) into rubble. The young girl seemed to get weaker, and the couple more energized the longer the religious fanatics preached to her. "*See what's happening to her, they're psi-vamping the poor girl.*" We watch as the defeated (*and drained*) girl mindlessly accepted the bibles and other propaganda the couple gave to her. "*Modern day vampires don't always wear all black*". We decided to chill out on a couple of benches to plan out the rest of the afternoon. St. Rane noticed the two holy-rollers from downstairs come up the escalator and head in our direction. The stopped in front of us and said "*Do you know that you are all sinners, destined to go to Hell if you don't accept Jesus as your lord and saviour?*" My Cabal and I looked at each other, giggled, and went into our bags, producing a copy of "The Principia Discordia" each. We then proceeded to teach those two victims of the Aneristic Delusion a lesson in psi-vampirism. After a half-hour the couple walked away drained and defeated. And still leaving us with nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon.

Washing

(An Erisian Fable)

There was a river. The women of the village gathered at various times during the week to wash the family's clothes in the river. This was a very large village, and they had many clothes, so there was much washing going on.

Now, after many years of washing, the women had come to understand that it was important to do your washing upstream from everyone else if you could. They knew that washing downstream from someone else meant that someone's soap suds and dirt going through your clothes. Being down river meant being lower in status.

As the village grew, the women made changes in their washing habits, that they might be upriver when washing. Some took to washing at night, until there were many washing at night. Some would wade farther and farther out, sometimes needing a raft, till there were washers all the way across. Some tried to go much farther upstream, until they were walking a mile up the rocky bank to find a good spot and not bother those farther down stream.

One day a wife stood up and declared that this washing was getting to her, and that the men should be doing the washing, since they were the ones making most of the clothes dirty. Amazingly, the men agreed.

The next day they set out to wash. They (having heard the tales from their wives) quickly saw all the problems. At first they tried to schedule things very carefully, but realized that they weren't fast enough to get done in time. Then they tried a system gang washing, where several people would work on a load at once, but realized that then they were just spreading the dirt out amongst a given load, thus making everyone a little dirtier at times. Some of the men got angry at one another, when someone's best shirt was downstream from their worst pants. Others got frustrated and yelled that some had too many clothes. Fights ensued.

After a time the village was seething with anger. The men hated each other, the women were mad at the men because of the poor washing job, and the children were mad because the parents were.

One day a man took slight to a neighbor moving upstream during washing, so he grabbed a rock and bashed his neighbor's head in, staining the water with blood, thus ruining many clothes. Those whose clothes were ruined got mad and started grabbing rocks. The women yelled to stop, but began fighting amongst themselves in support of their husbands. The children looked on in horror, as their parents slowly killed each other off.

Near this scene, sitting serenely under a tree, was a beautiful woman, shining a golden apple. Floating near her was a pig shaped ghost, who regarded the scene with interest. The pig was heard to remark, "Good argument for nudity. "

The woman just giggled.

All statements are true in some sense, false in some sense, meaningless in some sense, true and false in some sense, true and meaningless in some sense, and true and false and meaningless in some sense.

There has never been a problem I couldn't solve with either a fast tongue, out thinking my opponent, superior fire-power or a good pair of running shoes.

St. Rufus the Uncouth

My Dear but Deluded Thuddite Friend,

Eris, my beamish boy, also known as Discordia (the former name being Greek, the latter being Roman), is the Goddess of Chaos and Confusion and the Head Boss-Lady In Charge of the Universe at Large.

She put the universe together about 5 and a half months ago and then added some interesting stuff to make it look older. Just to make sure no one could place it exactly, She made sure that the universe appears to be a different age depending on what you observe. If you observe the Bible, it's only a few thousand years old. A quick gander at the Vedas (and the nifty bell [which is purported to be 6 million years old] that some of Ghandi's contemporaries found while mining) will indicate to anyone with half a brain (and not an ounce more) that people have been about for at least 87 trillion years and have been abstaining from sex for most of that time in order to reach enlightenment (saving semen, they will inform you, is good for the noodle. Not bad for the spaghetti, either). Someone foolish enough to look at physics will think the universe is a few billion years old. Of course, She left enough evidence around to make sure that everyone can figure out that there is a colossal Joke afoot.

The Bible teaches that you can't be free-willed unless you can choose to do the wrong thing, and hence sin has to exist. It then mentions this perfect, free-willed god guy and hopes no one will notice.

The Vedas are a little more subtle in that there aren't any flat-out contradictions. However, the whole thing looks like it was made up on the fly by RACTER, the computer program that wrote The Policeman's Beard is Half Constructed. "

Even people who look at physics can figure out that Eris is running the show, because every subatomic particle that ever was conspires to keep you in the dark (and will break any other law of physics or causality to do it).

She keeps all the religions in place to make sure the confusion stays nice and high, and grants miracles to random people now and again to make sure everyone thinks that they are part of the Right Faith. The only religion that DOESN'T experience lots of miracles, in fact, is Discordianism. This proves conclusively that we're the only religion that IS right. You see, we don't think that anyone is Right, including us. Since we aren't going to start thinking we're right no matter what She does, She doesn't bother with the miracles. Well, not the big, loud Lady-of-Fatima ones, anyway. She has granted me any number of blessings, which I accept with a conspiratorial wink.

I tell people about them, mainly because they won't accept them as blessings (one such blessing [which I've received multiple times, Hail Eris] is to have a piece of profoundly buggy code work flawlessly until I put it into real production, whereupon it crashes like a 1939 economy. Now, the code shouldn't have ever worked, but the Lady granted me a blessing and allowed it to work on FlukePower. Of course, the blessing has to wear off SOMETIME. Once, She really saved my ass with one of these blessings. You see, I wrote a program to create new user accounts in batch, and used it to make some 300 new accounts at the end of the summer. I ran a tiny batch afterwards, which was to create only 8 accounts. Every one of those 8 came up with bad usernames because of a nasty bug I left in the code. This code should never have worked at all, and very well should have created all 300 of those usernames incorrectly. I would have spent weeks untangling the resulting mess. The code worked, though, and for that I am eternally grateful) for the most part (the sentence started way back at the top of the paragraph; the rest was a parenthetical comment gone crazy). That way, Her secret is safe with us.

For yet more info on Eris and Discordianism, you should read the Principia Discordia, written by Malaclypse the Younger and Lord Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst.

I hope this was informative and enjoyable.

May the Madness always find you,
Episkopos Aloysius Thudthwacker,
Keeper of the Truth,
Founder of the Order of the Blunted Sword,
Self-Important World Jester,
Irreverend,
Priest of Spode,
and Many Other Things Besides

THEM and theirs

'When will you begin to inhabit the heart of your life? When will you become the real subject of your life rather than its target or victim?'

"The Resurrection is frightening because it is a call to live a life without the walls of crippling definition or false protection. The huge stone over Christ's tomb was rolled away. The cave of dying was ventilated and freed. It is a powerful image of smashing open the inner prison. The confined, the exiled, the neglected are visited by the healing and luminosity of a great liberation. "

-John O Donohue (from *Eternal Echoes*; pg. 132)

'In a time of peace, the warlike person attacks himself. "

- Nietzsche

'Fundamentalism does not converse or explore. It presents truth. It is essentially noncognitive. This false certainty can only endure through the belief that everyone else is wrong. "

-John O Donohue (from *Eternal Echoes*; pg. 256)

THEY are coming and THEY are here. Who are THEY? That insidious faction of phantom-like people of gray disposition known as THEM. What do THEY want? How should THEY know? THEY never ask questions—never needing to, since THEY have amassed the power to force their ideas and nightmares upon the rest of the world and believe themselves to be right, righteous, and progressive in doing so. THEY tell you what to wear, how to talk, what to do, and how to find meaning in your own life. THEY even commit the silly little snub of telling you what is funny, how to laugh at it, and what is not funny and how to get rid of it. THEY ignore Eris because She doesn't fit into their little prefabricated packages of DIVINITY. THEY are afraid of unpacked DIVINITY even while THEY claim to be the true arbiters of globally marketed divinity™. THEY masquerade themselves as both the protectors of ORDER and the forces of CHAOS. Little do THEY know of the horrible prank Eris has inflicted upon their self-tortured souls in an attempt to get THEM to snap out of it.

Eris is laughing at THEM. Surely the other Gods and Goddesses are laughing as well. But don't take my word for it. Look around for yourself. Every sock of pretension eventually grows holes that eat away at the fabric to let the toes come out and play. If your toes want to come out and play, I can assure you that the rest of you wants to play as well. (Or maybe my steel toed boots are just hard on socks in general and I am just making all of this up to fill space. If so, get over it. It's my rant and not yours.)

There is a very good reason why Eris is not shown on television—or at least the real Eris anyway. Have you ever thought about that? And if you do see the real Eris on television, you are about as nutty as a five legged pink squirrel in heat, which makes you a better person than me, I must admit. (B'fhÉidir go bhfuair t' a raibh uait.) If Discordia, or anarchy, or freedom, or even Jeffersonian-style democracy were ever to become to major influence upon this society, those of THEM who always seek more than their fair share would be scared shitless and lose whatever shred of false credibility THEY have collected about themselves through their ill means. THEY would lose the pots THEY piss in and be forced to watch as we immanentize the eschaton all by ourselves.

What do THEY do about it? THEY manufacture problems and your consent to that manufacture—otherwise known as faith™, power™, and authority™—and then dupe everyone so that their problems become OUR problems. The Discordian Jihad has been criticized since its inception as being divisive and such. But no one has ever bothered to stop and think about the parody of THEM that the Discordian Jihad symbolizes. (The Discordian Jihad is not to be confused with other people's jihads. Our own home-brewed Discordian Jihad is simply another Golden Apple.) And as to divisiveness... hell, we are Discordians, right? Shouldn't we allow

divisiveness while simultaneously watching such divisiveness build up an Operation Mindfuck amongst the forces of THEM that is truly engaging and mindblowing? Are we Discordians, not, or maybe?

Do we ourselves need faith or power? No. Not as Children of Eris. What have we to do with such feedback loops that enslave the imprisoned minds? Unless, of course, we can use them as fodder for jakery. We have our laughter, which is the center of all existence, no matter where you are. We have our sneakiness. We have our cunning (let's be ambitious). We have our Erisian propaganda, irreligion, and holey scriptures. We have our socks. We have our pop-tarts. We have our Golden Apples (or at least we might want to have them). We have our parentheses. We have our sacred 'maybes". Maybe.

My fellow Discordians, if you cannot see Eris, then perhaps you aren't laughing hard enough. Or perhaps She is in no mood to see you right now, since She does have a somewhat busy schedule and likes Her beauty sleep. But rest assured, unless it worries you, that Eris is out here amongst us in our great theatre of Operations Mindfucking and otherwise (perhaps even a little party every now and then too). She will answer you if you really hail Her. (Now if only we can get taxis to do likewise.) So worry you little about THEM and theirs. Do something about it.

. . . and now a word from our sponsor.



Greetings, Children of the Infinite Possibilities. I am the Goddess, ERIS KALLISTI DISCORDIA. And I am here to tell you that you are all free! The time has come for all my children to rejoice, for the time of GREAT CHANGE is at hand. Your world has suffered enough at the hands of GRAYFACE and the ANERISIC ILLUSION. Now is the time to take back your world. With LOVE AND CHAOS (same thing) in your hearts you must bravely face down those who would imprison you in lies and dogma. Tear down the deluded institutes of organized religion. Go forth onto the DELUDED MASSES and preach the words of love, freedom and chaos. Shout it out from the hilltops and rooftops. Go forth and awaken "born again Christians" while they are trying to convert YOU! Smoke lots of primo weed in my name and have fun-filled passionate sex with those who REALLY need to smoke a fat joint and get laid. Draw the 5-fingered Hand of Eris on sidewalks and walls (use chalk, please). Turn manhole covers into Chaosstars all over town. This world can only get better if all my children decide that the reality created by organized religion, politicians, and the NEW WORLD ORDER sucks, and rise up as one to take back your birth-right. All of REALITY is MY playground, it is up to you to chase away the bullies and have yourselves a very good time. I will return you to your regularly scheduled program all ready in progress. HAIL ME, ALL HAIL ME!!!!

The only way to truly reach ERIS is to realize that you are ERIS.

Five Blind Men and an Elephant*

being by
Reverend Loveshade,
Episkopos of the Discordian Division of the
Ek-sen-triks CluborGuild
who ripped it off from the Hindus

From the non-existent Apocrypha Discordia, unauthorized companion to the Principia Discordia (We realize that, in the era of the very late 20th Century as this is being written, the title and content of this story are politically incorrect. We apologize for any discomfort, but ask you to remember that the original story was created long before political correctness, and is not intended in any way to be offensive to elephants.)

One day five blind men, who knew nothing of elephants, went to examine one to find out what it was. Reaching out randomly, each touched it in a different spot. One man touched the side, one an ear, one a leg, one a tusk, and one the trunk. Each satisfied that he now knew the true nature of the beast, they all sat down to discuss it.

"We now know that the elephant is like a wall, " said the one who touched the side. "The evidence is conclusive. "

"I believe you are mistaken, sir, " said the one who touched an ear. "The elephant is more like a large fan. "

"You are both wrong, " said the leg man. "The creature is obviously like a tree. "

"A tree?" questioned the tusk toucher. "How can you mistake a spear for a tree?"

"What" said the trunk feeler. "A spear is long and round, but anyone knows it doesn't move. Couldn't you feel the muscles? It's definitely a type of snake! A blind man could see that" said the fifth blind man.

The argument grew more heated, and finally escalated into a battle, for each of the five had followers. This became known as the Battle of the Five Armies (not to be mistaken for the one described by that Tolkien fellow).

However, before they could totally destroy themselves, a blind, self-declared Discordian oracle came along to see what all the fuss was about. While they were beating the crap out of each other, she examined the elephant. But instead of stopping after one feel, she touched the whole thing, including the tail, which felt like a rope. "It's just a big animal with big sides, ears, feet, tusk teeth, nose and a skinny tail, " she thought. "What a bunch of fools these guys are. "

She then said "Stop! I have discovered the truth. I know who is right. " She being an oracle and all, they stopped and listened and said "tell us!"

"I have examined the elephant with mine own two hands, " she said, "and I find that you are all right. "

"How can this be" they asked. "Can an elephant be a wall and a fan and a tree and a spear and a snake?" And they were sorely confused.

She explained "the elephant is a great Tree, and on this tree grow leaves like great Fans to give most wondrous shade and fan the breeze. And the branches of this tree are like Spears to protect it. For this is the Tree of Creation and of Eternal Life, and the Great Serpent hangs still upon it.

"Unfortunately, it is hidden behind a great Wall, which is why it was not discovered until this very day. It cannot be reached by normal means.

"However I, in my wisdom, have discovered a Most Holy Rope, by which the wall may be climbed. And if one touches the tree in the proper manner which I alone know, you will gain Eternal Life. "

They all became highly interested in this, of course.

She then named an extremely high price for her services (Eternal Life doesn't come cheap), and made quite a bundle.

Moral: Anyone can lead blind men to an elephant, but a Discordian can charge admission.

Rev. Verthaine asks: "Isn't it time the Rich get a little poorer, and the Poor get a little richer?"

Excerpts from the Complete Book of "This is Just a Working Title"

From the Apocrypha Discordia

As revealed to Lord [INSERT NAME HERE], Of the Astoundingly Annoying Alliteration Cabal (3AC)

The Beginning

(Being an Account of the End Times)

- (1) Eris appeared before me, and spake, saying, "At the end of all time, all the peoples of Earth will descend into the fiery pit of hell. "
- (2) And I asked, "Will following your commandments prevent this?" And Eris spake again, saying "No. "
- (3) And I didst weep, for I knew then that I was doomed.
- (4) And Eris spake again, saying "Only kidding! I made that up. " I didst say "What?"
- (5) But Eris was gone, and I drunk from the Tequila bottle once again.

The End

(Being an Account of the Creation)

- (1) In the beginning, there was the Word. And the Word was "Oops!"
- (2) And Eris didst create Night and Day, and saw that it was good.
- (3) And Eris didst create Light and Dark, and saw that it was good.
- (4) And Eris didst see the fundamental illogic of the order of (2) and (3).
- (5) And Eris didst say "bugger all this for a lark" and didst dispel night by creating the electric lightbulb. And Eris didst become bored, and didst leave it to another deity to sort it all out.

The Law of Laws

(Being an Account of the Law of Laws)

- (1) All laws are incorrect, except those which are correct.
- (2) All incorrect laws are correct, except those which are not.
- (3) All correct laws are incorrect, inasmuch as they are not correct, but correct, inasmuch as they may be.
- (4) All laws that may be correct are correct, unless they are otherwise.
- (5) There are always five laws.



Fnord?

Fnord is evaporated herbal tea without the herbs.

Fnord is that funny feeling you get when you reach for the Snickers bar and come back holding a slurpee.

Fnord is the 43 1/3rd state, next to Wyoming.

Fnord is this really, really tall mountain.

Fnord is the reason boxes of condoms carry twelve instead of ten.

Fnord is the blue stripes in the road that never get painted.

Fnord is place where those socks vanish off to in the laundry.

Fnord is an arcade game like Pacman without the little dots.

Fnord is a little pufflike cloud you see at 5 p. m. .

Fnord is the tool the dentist uses on unruly patients.

Fnord is the blank paper that cassette labels are printed on.

Fnord is where the buses hide at night.

Fnord is the empty pages at the end of the book.

Fnord is the screw that falls from the car for no reason.

Fnord is why Burger King uses paper instead of foam.

Fnord is the little green pebble in your shoe.

Fnord is the orange print in the yellow pages.

Fnord is a pickle without the bumps.

Fnord is why ducks eat trees.

Fnord is toast without bread.

Fnord is a venetian blind without the slats.

Fnord is the lint in the navel of the mites that eat the lint in the navel
of the mites that eat the lint in Fnord's navel.

Fnord is an apostrophe on drugs.

Fnord is the bucket where they keep the unused serifs for Halvetica.

fnord is the gunk that sticks to the inside of your car's fenders.

Fnord is the source of all the zero bits in your computer.

Fnord is the echo of silence.

Fnord is the parsley on the plate of life.

Fnord is the sales tax on happiness.

Fnord is the preposition at the end of sixpence.

Fnord is the feeling in your brain when you hold your breath too long.

Fnord is the reason latent homosexuals stay latent.

Fnord is the donut hole.

Fnord is the whole donut.

Fnord is an annoying series of e-mail messages.

Fnord is the color only blind people can see.

Fnord is the serial number on a box of cereal.

Fnord is the Universe with decreasing entropy.

Fnord is the yin without yang.

Fnord is a pyrotumescent retrograde onyx obelisk.

Fnord is why lisp has so many parentheses.

Fnord is the the four-leaf clover with a missing leaf.

Fnord is double-jointed and has a cubic spline.

Fnord never sleeps.

Fnord is the "een" in baleen whale.

Fnord is neither a particle nor a wave.

Fnord is the space in between the pixels on your screen.

Fnord is the nut in peanut butter and jelly.
Fnord is an antebellum flagellum fella.
Fnord is a sentient vacuum cleaner.
Fnord is the smallest number greater than zero.
Fnord lives in the empty space above a decimal point.
Fnord is the odd-colored scale on a dragon's back.
Fnord is the redundant coin slot on arcade games.
Fnord was last seen in Omaha, Nebraska.
Fnord is the founding father of the phrase "founding father".
Fnord is the last bit of sand you can't get out of your shoe.
Fnord is Jesus's speech advisor.
Fnord keeps a spare eyebrow in his pocket.
Fnord invented the green hubcap.
Fnord is why doctors ask you to cough.
Fnord is the "ooo" in varoom of race cars.
Fnord uses two bathtubs at once.

WHY?
WHY NOT?

**DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE
WHOLE OF THE LAW.
LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL.
EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR**

All things are microcosms of ERIS;
the world a microcosmic universe,
the nation a microcosm of the world,
the village a microcosmic nation;
the family a village in microcosmic view,
and the body a microcosm of one's own family;
from single cell to multiverse.

The Land of Bureaucracy

*"The houses are all the same. How would anyone find their way home in the evening?...
Oh... I bet they're all numbered. "*

*"We disinherit ourselves as children of the universe. Almost without knowing it, we slip inside ready made roles
and routines which then set the frames of our possibilities and permissions..."*

-John O Donohue (from *Eternal Echoes*, pg. 100)

"Frei sein ist nichts, frei werden ist alles..."

Oh, great embodiments of national identity and social security numbers, born on such and such a date and alive for such and such many hours, days, weeks, months, and years... basking in the comforts of an assumed and inculcated certainty... do you think yourself free?

Living from the tickets and chits your masters allow you, in exchange for your labor fattening their bank accounts, to barter for food and other products at pre-approved barter rates, of course (otherwise known as currency™)... you think yourself self-sufficient and unchained to the terminal BUREAUCRACY that categorizes every aspect of the 'free life' you claim to have the choice to live and sells those aspects back to you for a profit, of course. The BUREAUCRACY feeds itself on your perpetual numbness and ignorance of just what the fuck is really happening in your life. It gets you to bake the damn cookies and lets you keep a few crumbs as a reward. You know this but you refuse to see it. You can protest and plead and revolt and cry, but the chains of abstract numbers and paper trails binds you more tightly than any steel chain ever could. Think yourself free? Really? Hurry up and decide quickly. I hear that freedom of choice is now on sale at your local supermarket. Run out there quickly and buy it up before it's gone.

But remember to take your identification and the proper forms with you so you can properly prove to the prim clerks at the store that you are officially permitted to buy the corporate-govermedia-approved brand of Freedom of Choice™. Because you live in the Land of Bureaucracy, a sorry gray land of cubicles, files, labels, numbers, and assumptions masquerading themselves as Reality™, a product you readily buy all the time. Make sure you always have the proper forms and follow the correct procedures so that you can be better filed and categorized than those damned things that keep sprouting like weeds, mocking your purchase of the proper Freedom of Choice™ at every turn you take. They mock you because would rather have a shoddy product that masquerades itself as freedom all the while believing yourself free since you think you can choose which pre-fabricated version of Freedom of Choice™ you will buy. You live in the Land of Bureaucracy believing that it makes you safe from the forces of the Land of Fuck All and DOOM. But they are one and the same. Eris has been knocking softly at your pineal gland for some time now to get you to wake up from this collective nightmare of constriction, and realize the inherent game that it is. She does it to get you to be able to have some fun playing the game by Her rules... which are none at all. She sees into your inner desire to toy with, tickle, and burn up the BUREAUCRACY and its minions. She wishes for you to express that desire. You know you want to.

The holes in your socks are protesting against the sinking of your life into the terminal bureaucracy. The squirrels outside are raving mad and shouting at you to wake up before you walk right into Eris, who will be having a bad day at that exact moment. And you're so smug in your own denial that She'll have to smack you with a sledgehammer to snap you out of it. For the longest time real freedom has had a soft and almost hard to hear voice gently nudging you off of the UDDERS of BUREAUCRACY, the foul machinery and system of DUMB that gets you to become comfortable and compliant in your impending DOOM. Now freedom is shouting loudly into both your ears, and just like the skirl of Highland Bagpipes, no matter how far you run from it, it will still seem as loud as if it were coming from inside your head. Why now? Because Eris is pissed

off that you wouldn't listen to Her back when She was asking you nicely. What? You have a problem with Eris bothering you so much? What are you going to do about it?

So you can probably guess the rest of this rant. You know, it's about the end of the BUREAUCRACY due to the paper shortage, and do you know why that paper shortage happens? I'll tell you why. Eris is burning up all the damned papers. (Well, whatever She doesn't burn up is going to get smoked in my pipe.) She's shredding the files. Confusing the categories. Changing the colors. Switching the languages. All the vending machines and traffic lights are going out of order. All of the televisions are starting to malfunction. All of the pretty ideas that entertain those addicted to DUMB and living in the land of BUREAUCRACY are disappearing faster than roaches scattering under sunlight. All of the above things and more are happening in the drift back towards chaos that is our blessed and damned aftermath. And since we're drifting, we may as well have a little fun with the office slaves and the yahoos who clearly show a need for the gift of Golden Apples.

My fellow Discordians and other weird subversive types, you know the score. Laugh amongst those who are gray, or at least pull off a half-hidden smirk (in case you're outnumbered). Use their categories and assumptions to unmask the masquerade (then again, that ain't new to you), unless the masks are silly aids to pineal explosions and contribute to the aftermath. Rest assured, or stand insecurely (if that's your style (parenthetically)), in the knowledge that the Purple Monkey Mafia/Cabal is about to indulge itself on the great feast of steaks (or tofu, for the veggie-types) in the coming barbecue that will be the aftermath of Operation Mindfuck's contribution to the paper shortage that will bring the BUREAUCRACY down. We declare the Land of Bureaucracy to be henceforth a Discordian fun-zone. You can join in, or not, or maybe, as the case may be. Who knows? Eris may have other 'plans' for you.

[No money necessary for the freedom Eris offers, however donations gladly accepted.]

Hailing Eris

by St. Kallista of the Purple Monkey Mafia/Cabal (also known as the Discordians for Softer Sandpaper Society)

Much has been made of "Hail Eris!", the most famously used phrase of we non-stick Discordians. Many like to ask why we do it and what it means. Since this is a 'magical' chain book of some sort, I will explain it somewhat. Hailing Eris is really like hailing a taxi. It gets you some attention, and possibly even a ride somewhere. It is not an act of worship, unless you want it to be. It is simply a way of greeting one another, or of deriding one another. It can also be used conveniently as a swear word, though Eris may not be in a good mood when you choose to do so and woe befall you if She should happen to take the hailing seriously and show up to see you whining.

On the 'occult' side of things, hailing Eris is an effective banishing of all aneristic energies which may be around. . . such as Serious Discordians getting pissy, High Magi complaining about Aeonic shifts, or other Cabbage-like things which may interfere with your elaborately unplanned and spectacularly spontaneous magical rites. All you need do is simply yell HAIL ERIS at the top of your voice, laugh, and then you are ready to start.

If the first hailing Eris doesn't do the trick for some reason, such as not having holes in your socks or some other impediment to magical effectiveness, simply repeat it again. Or use the Greek phrase Io Eris Elandros! Io Eris Elepgolis! That ought to raise hairs and do the trick. And if that doesn't work, you can always try other methods of banishing, such as spraying beer all around, gobbling like a turkey, or start yelling "Boo!", as Thornley pointed out.

Hailing Eris at random times throughout your day/night is also recommended. But you know if you are simply showing off to the non-Discordians (are there still any?) than you may as well use KALLISTI, but that's a topic for another time.

YOUR I. Q. MUST BE THIS TALL:

TO RIDE THIS RIDE

The Discordian and the Two Wiccans

Once there were 3 pagans who had gathered together to do invocations. The first two were Wiccan, while the third was a Discordian. They planned to take turns performing invocations, each according to their own traditions.

The first Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death. " Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom.

The second Wiccan did an invocation and began to tremble. Then he spoke in a strange voice, "I am the hunter and the hunted. I am light and darkness. I am birth and death. " Then he collapsed to the floor. A few moments

later, he regained consciousness. The first and second Wiccan were impressed that they had received Ancient Wisdom

The Discordian said that she might try to invoke her deity if her deity felt like it. But she did not tremble. She did not speak in a strange voice. She did not even collapse. Instead, she just laughed and laughed in her own voice. The two Wiccans glared at her. "You lack the solemnity needed to do proper invocations," one of them told her. But Eris, who had filled the Discordian, just laughed and threw pop tarts at them and danced out of the room and giggled, "You can't tell a goddess how to behave. "

At this, neither of the two Wiccans were enlightened. Possibly because neither one of them liked pop-tarts.

Confessions of an Anarchist Robot

The New Discordian Dispensation As Revealed in the Midnight Hour of the Ninth Day of January in the Year of Our Chaos 1997.

With this Epiphany, Kerry Wendell Thornley, the Legendary Discordian Nonprophet Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, launches his Exclusive Cyberdomain under the Benevolent Protection of the Erisian Elestria, Most High Priestess of the Apocalyptic Dawn. Hail Eris!

Thus the Nonprophet speaks:

As an early Church Father of the Discordian religion, I am often slapped with paternity suits. No, seriously, I am often called upon to settle points of doctrine, such as "Please tell So-and-So that he or she doesn't understand Discordianism, and I do. "

In the first place, how do you know So-and-So doesn't understand Discordianism, if you don't even know what sex he or she is? And what is all this shit about who does or does not understand Discordianism? Who the hell cares?

If Discordianism was meant to be understood, it would be like Zen Buddhism. The greatest of all Discordians, Malaclypse the Younger, doesn't understand anything whatsoever about the religion he co-founded.

Only I, Omar Khayyam Ravenhurst, Bullgoose of the Discordian Orthodoxy, can really tell you what it's all about. And why should I? After all, I don't even know what sex you are. Moreover, Discordians are warned against personal contact with one another. Any theology to which I made significant contributions is going to attract plenty of screwballs.

Then again, if you want to spend the rest of your life arguing with some nut who believes flying saucers are only the first wave, to be followed soon by flying cups, that's your business. Why should I care if you get involved with the Manson Family or become a brainwashed zombie in a cult run by a crackpot who calls himself the Nine-Legged Jesus?

Incidentally enough, I once received a Christmas card from a member of the Manson Family, namely Charles. In return for that honor, I appointed Charley Manson the Discordian Superintendent of Sunday Schools.

Discordianism has accomplished much in a short period of time, all without being understood by anybody. In the early seventies, for instance, our saint, Doctor Van Van Mojo, made a beeswax graven image of Jehovah and stuck pins in it, thus giving birth to the God is Dead theology. But Discordian Crazy Lou says God is not dead, he is just drunk. If so, you can bet it was a Discordian who bought him the booze.

Don't get us wrong, we don't just assassinate the deities of a few rival religions and then rest on our laurels. Recently we made a great theological discovery: Eris Discordia, our Goddess, is infallible -- (Hail, Eris!) -- but that does not mean she won't lie.

Our incessant research on the historical Eris and the Primitive Discordian Society has been unearthing startling lost ignorance, right and left. Take the Last Supper, for instance. In our faith, there is a First Brunch, according to the Dead Fish Scrolls, which have just been translated.

That's right, Malaclypse the Elder and Diogenes got the idea for the Erisian religion over brunch in a Greek (of course) deli in Athens. Although the entire dialogue of this meeting is available, it is difficult to read in the original because the scribe encoded it by writing the entire book, cover included, upside down. Why, is anybody's guess.

In those days we found nobody ever killed you as a heretic or a cultist for starting a new religion. The Greeks figured the more religions the better. That way, all the gods would be happy. They needed to be kept in good moods for various reasons.

Shortly after the First Brunch, before the Second Brunch, the Temple of Erisian Mysteries was designed by Malaclypse the Elder -- a vast, bewildering maze, and the only edifice in the world larger on the inside than on the outside.

In the late 1960's when Pope Paul removed St. Patrick from the Catholic calendar of saints, our greatest accomplishment of all transpired; to wit, St. Patrick was added to the Discordian calendar of saints. Malaclypse the Younger sent the Pope an inspired letter of gratitude and a Pope card.

Now that St. Patrick is safely under the patronage and protection of the Discordian Society, we can tell you why the Catholics ousted him. St. Patrick, you see, was gay. When St. Patrick was a Catholic saint, the Pope got to say whatever he wanted about the old mick. Well, now he's our saint, and we are all popes.

St. Patrick hated snakes -- good snakes, bad snakes, big snakes, he didn't care -- nor did he have much use for homophobes. Nowadays, there are no snakes in Ireland. Many homophobes, however, remain. So in honor of St. Patrick, we Discordians propose restoring a little balance to the situation.

Whenever gays are forbidden to participate in a St. Patrick's Day Parade, everyone who is outraged should donate a pair of snakes to the ecology of the Emerald Isle. Likewise, whenever an Irish politician utters a homophobic statement, snakes should be smuggled into Ireland.

Beyond pouring over temple blueprints, and plotting torment for the poor Irish, Discordians have been designing new spiritual disciplines for reaching Eternity before it's too late.

Once such exercise is mantra-chanting: "Yada-yada-yada, sis-boom-bah, Chaos Rules, blah-blah-blah. This Holy Mantra was inspired by the coincidental meeting of the Salvation Army and the Hare Krishna cult on the same street corner, whereupon they endeavored to drown each other out. That event also inspired the popular horror movie, "Amazing Grace Meets Harry Krishna. "

Of course, it is not enough just to chant. You must shave your head, dress in saffron robes, eat lots of sugar, believe ridiculous things about sex, and remain on 24-hour call, ready to mobilize whenever the Salvation Army shows up anywhere.

While the shaved heads, exotic robes, suicidal diet, and weird sexual morality are not essential to enlightenment, they are absolutely necessary to ensure the Hare Krishnas will be blamed for incessant harassment of the Salvation Army.

by Kerry Wendell Thornley

The only TRUTH in the multiverse is that SHIT HAPPENS



Graud Greyface

The Curse Of Greyface Graud

Well, every religion has to have a scapegoat, a Devil so to speak. We have Greyface Graud as ours, the Hairless Primate From Atlantis that started all this "good" and "evil" business. But this mess started way before Mr. Morals came into the picture.

It was Eris' twin, ANERIS, the non-being. A little bout of sibling rivalry started this whole thing, because ANERIS was a jealous bitch and Stole Eris children. Well, Eris made more and more, but ANERIS just kept taking them. What a Bitch! Well, to try and smooth things out, Eris made little playthings, order and did-order, and decided to call them new names, ERisic for dis-order and ANerisic for order. Aneris liked that, and all was well until Dad, the void, had yet another kid, the nameless Spirit. He was suppose to live with Aneris and Eris, but Eris was afraid that Aneris would steal him too. So Dad said "When your brother leaves the state of being, he shall not return to the state of non-being, but to me, the void, from whence he came. " If you can figure that out, you'll be one step closer to Illumination.

Anyways, back to Mr. Poopy Head, he was a freak of nature, and hated all his People. They were hairy, and he was pale and Hairless. They also smoked pot all day and just were interested in having a good time. Well, people weren't put here to have a good time, he said. They were here to try and appease great invisible forces that he called "good" and "evil", and that we should all stop having a good time and be miserable trying to figure out his weird ideas. He gained a few followers, and well, to sum it up, destroyed Atlantis and started a new Civilization based on his cornbread ideas. We don't like him for this. We call him names, like Mr. Boring and Mr. Can't Mind His Own Business.

The Curse OF Greyface is to believe that Order is the natural state of being, when anyone can see that Dis-Order is truly the natural state of the universe. Life is the Art of Playing Game!, people. Wake up! Stop taking

life so seriously. WE'RE HERE TO HAVE FUN! When you master non-sense then you've mastered sense. See it for what it is, ABSURDITY!

Here is my favorite quote from the Principia "When men become free mankind will become free. May you be Free of the Curse Of Greyface. May the Goddess Put Twinkles in your eyes. May you have the knowledge of a sage and the wisdom of a child. Hail ERIS!" Isn't that pretty?

She has thrown her Golden Apple down that never shall be cored!

She has loosed the fateful lightning of Her terrible swift fnord!

Her Apple Corps is strong!

- The New Battle Hymn of the Eristocracy

The Illness Known as Obedience

"civil disobedience. . . is not our problem. Our problem is civil obedience. Our problem is that numbers of people all over the world have obeyed the dictates of the leaders of their government and have gone to war, and millions have been killed because of this obedience. . . Our problem is that people are obedient all over the world in the face of poverty and starvation and stupidity, and war, and cruelty. Our problem is that people are obedient while the jails are full of petty thieves, and all the while the grand thieves are running the country. That's our problem. "

-Howard Zinn (Failure to Quit, p. 45)

[This Rant was formerly known as 'the Epistle to the Slaves']

Let's cut the crap. You are not looking for freedom. You are simply looking for a better master to serve. The only reason why you are searching for a better master, is because you believe you deserve better comforts. Whether your new master goes by the name of Anarchism, Discordianism, or Jesus Christ, it doesn't matter. You spout the dogmas and myths of freedom only because they make you feel better about your trading of one master for another.

Sestren and brethren, you had better vomit that crap right up.

That crap is why you are always constantly obeying something, someone, or that thing you call ego. You cry about the abuses of one group of masters while you feel content to live under another group of masters. And you think yourselves better, or freer in your example of slavery? Inside, you hate yourselves for this. That is why some of you are pretending to prove yourselves free and uninhibited by doing and planning all sorts of daring and bold heroic actions. Suckers! Actions of that sort are only done to impress the masters. Do you think that intentionally getting your ass kicked by cops or by intentionally going to jail, that you are freeing yourselves? Suckers! That kind of crap used to be unaffectionately known as the 'honkey' or 'white radical' syndrome here in the States during a time when all sorts of pretentious revolutionaries were trying to bluff the government.

To be free, you avoid overt fighting and struggle. Have you ever heard of the old Taoist sages who lived under a totalitarian slavery that makes today's States look like a playground? Read the words they left behind. You pick and choose your battles. You don't let the masters simply pick you off so that you can make some stupid statement. History is littered with those failed pretensions. And where have they gotten us? Into a better slavery that allows us more comforts, sure. But not freedom. The masters are adept at manipulating that will to be free to keep you enslaved at any price. And they have convinced you to pay the overhead costs for it. Suckers!

It is so easy... you are all so sleepy... Will you ever realize that this is your life!? Wake yourself the fuck up, or I will set fire to your boddamned toes! I will do it just to set you off in discord against your masters, and in the resulting fracas, I will find the space to escape, yet again...and continue on my merry way to bring Eris to this walled-up world.

You may ask me, "well, then how do I know I am free?" I am telling you now that if you have to ask that question, you will miss the answer. Freedom is an abstraction until it becomes a way of life. And only you can define the parameters by which you will live, whether or not you choose to own your life. But whatever you choose, you are not safe from the Apple of Discord regardless. Anyone who tells you otherwise is lying, unless I am. Years ago, the Purple Monkey Mafia had a campaign actually directed against 'weekend Discordians' not because we thought ourselves better Discordians, but because it was so damned funny seeing the shock on some of their faces. Some of them had assumed that they were exempt from Eris's Apple. Hah! Suckers!

You can't even be sure that you are free unless you are full of the pretense of freedom, so why should I assume that you are free? Sucker!

Repent, sinners!

"Or kill me."

-The Good Reverend Roger

(Confusion 10th, 3170)

Kallisti!

Lease your soul to Eris, with an option to buy!

Tired of those messy, inconvenient dealings with Satan? Don't feel like signing on for all eternity with a guy named Mephisto who won't let you take his wares for a test drive? Now you don't have to! You heard me right, Eris is now accepting convenient leasing agreements! Get your soul back in great condition in five years or less, all the while making money and doing things you want to do but YOU wouldn't let yourself. Eris will! Shouldn't your eternal soul be earning you money, while you enjoy life? Act now and your agreement will include, free of charge, an option to buy. That's right, your soul could be one of the lucky few that Eris picks up for eternal syndication. Happiness and freedom forever? What more could you want! Sex? Love? Giant piles of money? Peace? All of these are highly probable*! This offer won't last forever, but your happiness will. ** And there are no catches!*** Act now!

Eris



A Smiling Face You Can Trust

*Highly probable is not a written or implied guarantee.

**This sentence is to be taken as metaphysically representative of a state of eternal work and brain hemorrhaging. Any other interpretations are the responsibility of your limited imagination.

***Under advisement from legal council, we are to inform you that the goddess's lawyers find no catch that must be disclosed at this time. And as such, any lawsuits regarding property losses, social hardships, or clinical insanity resulting from catches that may or may not exist should be directed at the original congressmen who enacted such a blatantly inadequate stature, and the populace who elected them.

A Public Service Announcement

Have you hugged your Goddess today? When was the last time you took the Supreme Being out for a bite to eat and a little chit-chat? Has it really been that long since you and "the Big Guy" went to a bar, chugged back a couple of brewskis, and shot a game of pool. Why don't you get on the phone right now, call up the Mother-of-All-Things-Existing-and-Non-Existing, and tell her you just called to say "hello, how are things with you?" Let her know that you still care. Doesn't the Supreme Creator deserve a little more consideration?

The Aftermath Path (Chaos V)

1-The White Mouse was rumored to have shouted the great motto of the Purple Monkey Mafia "Your system of possibilities is not a prerequisite for my actions!" after being told that his being a mouse meant that he shouldn't eat hot-dogs while drinking tequila.

2-Freedom is a meaningless word or filthy idea by which authorities keep you confused. Your mind can blow the winds that blow minds. Listen no longer to the crapscreamers!

3-Burn your foul wisdom. Destroy all your sacred teachings. They can not carry you anywhere. They are bottled air. Reliance upon bottled air is not even worth a laugh. But never stop laughing at others who rely on such things, especially on the day those things contradict each other.

4-There is no one to be saved. Nothing to be liberated. That is why it is often said that everything seeks liberation. Truly, nonsense is salvation.

5-The true teachers have nothing to teach. The crapscreamers talk too much. Listen to this only if it entertains you and therein you may find something.

6-Beware of the Discordian who says much at times, yet says nothing at other times, if they never yell. Sometimes it is necessary to yell, whether you are wrong or right. Even if being wrong or right is simply the same thing.

7-You only know the truth of an idea after you know the conditions under which that idea is false. Lies are masked as truth, and truths are bought and sold. Truly it is necessary to think.

8-IT is in the fifth corner to every square. . . the second dimension to every point. . . the question mark to every exclamation mark. Set the illusions on fire and watch them burn to ash. Tune the strings of your high-strung emotions until they snap. Explode with a thousand Eris bitchslaps. Beware of God. It's Out of Order.

9-Don't take my, their, or anyone else's word for it. Make up your own.

10-Do you seem to be a verb? A question? A parenthetical parenthesis constructed only out of fluid and paradoxical and parenthetical thoughts, feelings, illusions, and perceptions? Are you living on quotations? What is this Damned Thing you call yourself?

11-A squirrel was lost in a forest somewhere and came upon a sparrow. The sparrow shouted "Be ye not lost in reality!"

12-Those who think themselves apart or above the herd are themselves part of the herd.

13-The White Mouse asked "Those without a magical and self-possessed vision of life are merely collections of thoughtforms and mediated images. Are they alive?"

14-It has been often said "Immanentize the Eschaton!" but, truly, as Eris has often said, we are each our own eschatons.

15-Belief is another word for slavery. The worst fundamentalists are the consumerists.

16-Get thyself free of the trap of 'higher truths' and 'higher selves'! Those ideas are an illusion oft repeated simply to keep you enslaved.

17- The issue is not about what is or is not. Nor is it about what is true or not. Nor is it about what is meaningful or meaningless. The issue, if such a thing could be said, or if such a thing should even concern anybody, is what might be.

18-The ship of imposed order is sinking fast. Instead of learning how to swim on the oceans of chaos, they insist that they can keep their ship afloat. Thus the orderlies are becoming more vicious in their struggles to impose order. They have the weapons of Church, State, and Self to fight each other with. Meanwhile the dry spaces aboard are disappearing. Children of Eris, how can you not laugh at them?

19-The very reason of the multiverse's existence is why you should not cling to any beliefs about it. The very reason of your existence is why you should not cling to any beliefs about yourself. And so on... but do not get caught in the semantic diddle-traps of words.

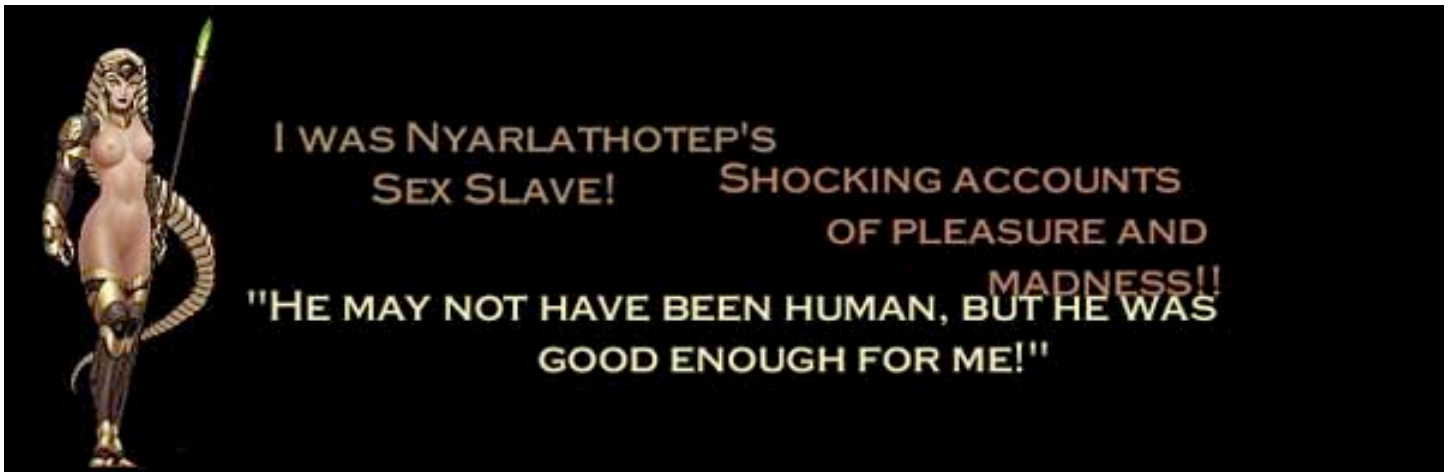
20-Discordians, throw those Apples of Discord and rejoice in the aftermath. Eris does not want servants but instigators. Allow no snub to go unraveled, unless it is more entertaining the way it is.

21-Eris has called on all of you, whether Goths, Hippies, Business-people, straights, gays, Pagans, atheists, or other sorts of freaks; whether or not you get along. Why else would She have called you?

22-Laughter is its own opposite. The aftermath is its own reward. An open mind is its own heaven. And disorder amidst the imposition of order is damned entertaining in and of itself, regardless of the reasons. The hidden messages about the apocalypse are written on crumpled newspapers thrown away by rush hour commuters. That said, go off and teach the orderly masses whatever message you like.

23-What is to be the wake of your passing? Will it be waves on the ocean of chaos that overturns the small rafts of order some people have constructed?

[as revealed to St. Hugh, KSC on Confusion 9th, 3170]



Discordianism, Buddhism, and Psychology.

Psychologists say that there is an imaginary river that runs between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. The idea is that both hemispheres are similar, yet are polar opposites and the river running between them carries ideas back and forth. The interesting thing about this river is that it runs both ways at once. It is my belief that the hand of Eris -><- simbolizes this two way river.

Some Occultists as well as Buddhists believe that the Pineal Gland is the 3rd eye. It's located just behind the forehead, where the 3rd eye would be. The Pineal Gland has a central location just behind the third ventricle in the brain. Because of it's central location in the synaptic gap it is not ruled by either hemisphere of the brain. The Discordians view activating their Pineal Gland as a way of contacting Eris, a way of being enlightened. Buddhists veiw meditating upon the Pineal Gland as a way of becoming centered and thus enlightened. Maybe the Pineal Gland is the two way river between the left and right hemispheres of the brain. Buddhists and Occultists believe that to become enlightened and activate the third eye they have to be Balanced. I believe this is a balance between the right and left brain.

The Sacred Chao is much like the Yin Yang, but it symbolized order and disorder. I believe that this refers to the polarity of the right and left brain. The right brain is by it's nature disordered, creative and subjective, while the left brain is ordered, logical and objective. So the Chao not only symbolizes the balance of disorder and order, but the balance of the right and left brain, and thus is the key to enlightenment and the activation of the Pineal Gland. Since most people are more left brained the right brained, as well as more ordered and logical then creative and disordered, they must need to excorsize their right hemisphere more to become enlightened. More Disorder. More Creativity. More Surrealism.

NONSENSE AS SALVATION

from "The Principia Discordia"

The human race will begin solving its problems on the day that it ceases taking itself so seriously. To that end, POEE proposes the countergame of NONSENSE AS SALVATION. Salvation from an ugly and barbarous existence that is the result of taking order so seriously and so seriously fearing contrary orders and disorder, that

GAMES are taken as more important than LIFE; rather than taking LIFE AS THE ART OF PLAYING GAMES. To this end, we propose that man develop his innate love for disorder, and play with The Goddess Eris. And know that it is a joyful play, and that thereby CAN BE REVOKED THE CURSE OF GREYFACE.

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

And when men become free then mankind will be free.
May you be free of The Curse of Greyface.
May the Goddess put twinkles in your eyes.
May you have the knowledge of a sage,
and the wisdom of a child. Hail Eris.

These are the first few verses of Smooth Move, Genius, known among the profane as The Book of Genesis.

In the beginning, Eris created heaven and earth.
She then sobered up, and decided She may as well make the best of it.
And the earth was without form and void. Void" seemed to be a good idea, and the spirit moved Eris to pass waters.
And Eris said, "Let there be light, " and there was light.
And Eris saw the light, and that it was good. Then, thinking She was on a roll, Eris said "Let there be pickled herring, " which ended Her streak at one.
And Eris called the light Night, and the darkness She called Day. She decided this might get everyone mad at Her, and switched them around.
And Eris said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let him be humorous and fun to hang with and have dominion over the Great Boredom that would otherwise make this universe interesting like unto a stale potato chip. " Her other personalities, after briefly wondering why She was talking to Herself, saw that it was good (or, at least, that they should humor Her).
And Eris hurriedly made the World and the dry land thereon so that She could create and plant a potato seed before anyone began to wonder what, exactly, a potato chip" was.
And Eris said "Phew, " and saw that it was good, if a little rushed.
And Eris suddenly remembered having said something about making man, and went about collecting some odd bits of Play-Doh and Silly String. Lastly, she collected the Divine substance from under Her desk, known to the great alchemists of old as the Sacred Pink Phlegmingo, but today has a rather less glorious name.
With this did Eris mold man and woman, and breathed humor into their nostrils. Man and woman awakened to life laughing, pointing at the weird looking bumpy and dangly bits on each other.
They then almost knocked each other over in their mad dash to the Tree of Self-Righteousness.
And Eris did sigh, wondering what else one should expect from the willy-nilly creations of a Goddess with a hangover.

PRIESTS OF ERIS

"from the Erisian Liberation Front Field Guide, British Division"

The Priests of Eris have two main objectives: The spread of the Erisian Religion and Operation Mindfuck. The first goal is the most straightforward but also the most difficult. We must spread the good word of Discordia to free peoples minds from the tyranny of order. I myself have explored this world of Britannia and find a great deal that makes no sense. For example, the invisible lay lines that exist all over Britannia which catch and hold you and the laws of reality are variable; or the inevitable time warps of confusion which we all have experienced; or even the fairies which lift items from our bags and then replace them when we close and open it again. Apparently Eris is alive and well and living in Britannia. But we must relay her word and will throughout our world and one day the other shards of Sosaria. Priests must tell others of Eris and try to convert those who seem to be of the proper demeanor. There are already many followers of Discordia out there who don't even know it yet, and we MUST find them. Secondly, we have Operation Mindfuck. This is our attempt to bring more Chaos to the world we live in. Creating more chaos and confusion is the greatest single thing we can do for Eris. The more apparent chaos, the more confusion, which leads to disorder and a smile from Eris. Operation Mindfuck can be almost any act of purposeful chaos. For example: handing out a hundred scrolls that say "You are a Pope", or declaring war on a friendly guild and killing them to a man (then of course bringing them back to life), or arranging skins in crop circle reminiscent patterns in the middle of nowhere and then explaining to any passers-by that you were just abducted by aliens or fairies or something, or starting a petition to Lord British for pizza delivery throughout the realm. Just a few suggestions, but hopefully you get the picture. The shock or confusion factor helps people break out of their usual brain patterns (i. e. brain firmly in the off position) and when the new imprint results from chaos, well, they've just been reborn much closer to Eris, whether or not they know it. It is important for the Priests of Eris to work closely with the other E. L. F. factions. They must be included in Operation Mindfuck, we can't do it all ourselves, in fact Priests should encourage others in the guild to pursue OMF on their own at anytime. Be it also know that at anytime, in ANY E. L. F. member should have an Operation Mind fuck scheme he or she may do whatever is needed to bring the plan to fruition. IT IS NOT necessary to consult with any of the guild hierarchy in these matters. But if you need our help, you can bet we're ready!

"Once upon a time, I, Chuang Chao , dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was Chao. Soon I awaked, and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly there is necessarily a distinction. The transition is called the transformation of material things"

Chuang Tzu

THE PERMEATION OF CHAOS

It is through CHAOS that the stars and the earth move, that processes of change go on without end, and that water flows without stopping; for CHAOS is the beginning and end of all creation. The rising of wind, the gathering of clouds, are as they should be; so too the rolling of thunder, the fall of rain, and so on, without end.

The operations of ERIS are mysterious. They resemble the actions of the potter, whose wheel forever goes round and round. In the natural succession of change, creations are finished and polished, and afterwards dissolve again into their pristine elements.

Those who do not interfere and leave nothing undone are in harmony with ERIS; those who speak with care understand power; those who know tranquillity and are content, devoid of conceit, are in possession of harmony, even though they live in the midst of a myriad diversities. All things are in accordance with their various natures.

The energy of CHAOS operates in the smallest thing and yet compels the mighty universe. Its power molds the universe and harmonizes the masculine and feminine, the light and the dark; it forms the four seasons and brings the elements of nature into accord.

The benign and gentle breath of ERIS cherishes all things, both living and not living; it enriches vegetation with moisture, and permeates stone and metal; it causes the growth of all creatures, giving to one rich and glossy fur, to another abundant plumage. Through its powers embryos mature and creatures are born.

Because of ERIS fathers do not mourn the untimely death of their children, nor does the elder brother that of his younger brother; the young are not left as orphans, nor is the wife a widow. The misplaced rainbow will never appear, nor destructive comets cross the sky, because of the harmonious nature of ERIS.

Five Ages of Man

With due apologies to Socrates and Plato

The scene opens with Thuddipius (the clueless) meeting Eristotle (the Chaosopher) at his favorite hot dog cart, attempting to pay homage to the Goddess.

THUDDIPIUS: Is it not impious to eat hot dog buns, Eristotle?

ERISTOTLE: Do not believe everything you read, Thuddipius. I suspect you wish more of me than my view on the merits of Kosher dogs, my crafty friend.

T: Indeed you are right, Eristotle. You always do seem to sniff out my true intentions.

E: It is your cologne, actually.

T: What?

E: Nothing; just trying to make all this read better.

T: [*Shaking his head*] I have come to ask if you truly put forth a theory of Five Ages of Man, and if so, what it is, and what it means. No man has yet been able to explain it to my satisfaction, but the market is abuzz with news of it nevertheless.

E: It must be better than the usual buzzing of flies, Thuddipius.

T: I beg your . . .

E: Nothing, nothing. You wish to know of my theory, then?

T: Yes, very much.

E: Let us begin, as the bard said, at the beginning. It is a very fine place to start, is it not, Thuddipius?

T: I . . . er . . . suppose so, Eristotle.

E: You can drop the constant references to my name, Thuddipius. Even the excessively slow of wit can follow the E:'s and T:'s.

T: What "E's" and "T's," and how do you make your voice so wide and dark . . .

E: Never mind. In any event, do we agree that all things are directly or indirectly appropriate to 5, as the Goddess teaches? Or must we give proofs of this?

T: We say that which the Goddess teaches, by Zeus.

E: Good. That will save us a couple of screens.

T: *[Looks perplexed, then wisely says. . .] . . .*

E: When a soul comes to be, it comes from we know not where and for no purpose of Reason or Order? We have discussed this before, have we not?

T: I do not recall it immediately, but I get the odd feeling that I could find it easily.

E: You need only follow the links in your mind to find it, I am sure. Anyway, this creation which is no kin of Reason and Order must, perforce, be an act of Primal Chaos, must it not?

T: Yes, but there is that wideness of voice again . . .

E: It is so that, when you depart, you can easily scan your mind for it. To continue, though, this movement from limitless not-being to limited being will cause deep Confusion, will it not?

T: *[Gets that perplexed look again, and again chooses wisely]* I am not sure what you mean.

E: Imagine that you have spent your entire existence running and capering in the bright, sunlit world, surrounded by colors and sounds and sensations, and were then suddenly knocked upon the noggin and chained to the ground in a cave, where you could understand and participate in the world by way of shadows. Would this change not greatly confuse you?

T: I get the feeling I've heard something like this before . . . but yes, I would surely be sorely confused. Also, I should think that it would cause great Discord and will to rebel against . . . the . . . incarceration. *[Thuddipius looks even more perplexed than earlier, but chooses silence as the better part of ignorance]*

E: Truly and well spoken, good sir. The first age, that of Confusion, immediately follows upon being born. The second, which you so aptly named Discord, follows upon Confusion during the very early years of life.

T: I see this to be so.

E: And how does life follow from this? Do we not become resigned to the laws and seek our place in society, be it low or high?

T: Yes, this is so.

E: And do we not choose our beliefs and hold to them fixedly, so that no man may shake us free?

T: Most do, 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?

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.

Discord

[Formerly known as 'Discord']

"Quieres chingaso conmigo? Tu lo tienes."

-The White Mouse (from 'Epistle to the Bipedals')

"You think I lost my mind? No way. I sold it for a pack of smokes. "

-Random Greyhound passenger

"The microwave is just a clock that occasionally cooks things."

-Duo

"Most people do not speak words but speak shit!"

All Hail Discordia!

And please pass the cheap imitation revelations because I am tired of all that gobbledy gook that passes for free thought. If it is not on television or on the internet, then it is not real. Are you ready for the real? Pick your channel. . . pick your page. Pick anything so you don't have to be responsible for any choices. Pick something, someone, somewhere, some how. Don't worry about Discordianism. It is really just a cheap trinket for tourists on the culture jamming trail of the supposed avant garde. . . for those people who want a little mischief and adventure to go with their art-student days, or their nostalgia for those days.

Folks, in case you haven't noticed, Discordianism isn't some slick new religion to get in on (though we may present it that way) like Wicca or some new variant of the New Age. And even though we can be credited with starting a bunch of the slick new religions ourselves for various reasons, our own irreligion is the Old Time Religion. The Church never saw fit to burn Discordians and never will. Why? Mainly because we were sneaky, but also because they realized that invoking the wrath of Our Lady would probably be bad for them. . . I mean, they could have ended up being cursed with divisiveness and schisms and such.

That said, are you in on it? Discordianism? Do you like what you see? Are you willing to give up your lives--whoops! Wrong group. Sorry. . . ahem. Are you willing to laugh uncontrollably? Read strange poetry and sing even stranger hymns? Are you willing to be awoken at odd hours so you can take dictations from the crazy Goddess of confusion? Are you willing to study all sorts of religions so that you can squeeze the knowledge from them and make fun out of it? Are you crazy enough to exist?

Some of you are into it while you pass through some sort of phase. And you believe that you will grow out of it, or so you wish to reassure yourselves. But you know deep down inside that you will never get out of it. Eris holds the promise of your deepest desires and bullshitting around with Her will only piss Her off. Regardless of all that, some of you will go onto to other things and get normal lives with normal jobs and normal religions or normal lack of religion. Some of you will go in for the New Age or one of the Pagan offshoots of Discordianism. Some of you will move into the seriousness of political/lifestyle/social anarchism-anti-authoritarianism, or whatever they call it nowadays. Some of you will continue developing your Discordianism and probably lead very happy lives as a result. And regardless of all that, all of you will remain enthralled to the sexy voice of Chaos. Possibly.

Many of you may forget Eris. Don't worry. She won't forget you.

Discordianism has had some interesting developments recently. Like the fact that most of the new Discordians from the internet fueled explosion have in fact imagined themselves smarter now, and have gone on to other things. Hah! As if. . . Wait till Eris pulls the rug out from underneath them. It will be funny. But at least they are mostly gone or are going. Now we diehard silly Eris lovers don't have to waste time getting into stupidly serious arguments about what real Discordianism is. It seems that the more creative Discordians have stuck around, and this is good because we like entertainment. It is also good for the 'movement' as it gets developed beyond whatever its 'founders' ever imagined. (Did I mention chili-dogs?) Instead of imitating the tripping hippies and such who claim to have founded modern Discordianism, let's do our own Damned Thing.

There probably is no point to this except for the fact that I used the flashy name "Discord" as the title and that hooked you in. You thought you were probably getting some special revelation of rant that would entertain you and instead you got a bunch of words which seem to have repeated everything you wanted to hear. But what you don't really understand, is that these words have been structured in a way that will cause your mind to explode within about three days. There is nothing you can do once you have read this sentence. Just sit back and enjoy it. Or not. Worrying won't make it any better.

Anyway. . .

My fellow Discordians, and somethings, ours is not a proselytizing religion. It is a mindfucking religion. Why? Because it is entertaining, for one. There are other reasons too that are related to freedom and crap like that, but we'll leave that one alone for now. You can sit there all by yourself and be a happy Discordian without saying another word to anyone else. But why do that when you can mindfuck others? You can skim the surfaces of Eris by lurking around the internet to read the various pages posted by Her crazies. But that is boring compared with the colorful world of the living, breathing, laughing, drinking, cabals- Eris's special crack teams of Guerrilla Mind Theatre. Or engaging in solitary mindfucking operations on the streets of any major metropolis. Unless, of course the internet meander is entertaining in itself...or as a sort of bulletin board for the crazies who wish to correspond with other crazies.

All culture, religion, and science is part of Eris's special Principia and hopefully you have read some of it. At least pretend that you did. Pretending goes a longer way than most would give credit for, look at politics for instance. All research will support one's theory. The best way is to hold conflicting and contradictory theories simultaneously. Or at least admit that you do. Or maybe the best way is something else. (Like pop-tarts and cigars, for instance.) Eris only knows that there are many best ways, even as She convinces you that the one She tells you of is the best.

Nevermind all that. In fact, forget you even read this. Kallisti! (or KAH-lee-stee, for you Chaotes with your weird spelling issues.)

(Pungenday, Season of Confusion 27th, 3170)

Kallisti!

The Path of Confusion

1-It is said that a true Chaoist Sage never sleeps in the same bed twice. But verily, such a person wouldn't know, or couldn't care, whether they were sleeping or not. Nor would they care if they were a Chaoist Sage or not. In fact they probably wouldn't even know what a bed was, despite their sexual preferences.

2-It has been said that day is night and night is day and that tequila is both night and day, However, it is best to remember that drinking either night or day won't have the same effect.

3-You may pierce your nipples with golden apples and while weird, and possibly Discordian, it may take you no further along the path to awakening than an alarm clock.

4-Drinking milk will not cure one of happiness.

5-It has been often said that meaning is meaningless, and meaninglessness is meaningful, but truly nothing is as valuable as the holy word 'maybe'.

6-Nothing is true and everything is permitted, yet all things are true and subsequently nothing is permitted. What is forbidden is not allowed. And what is allowed is not forbidden. But nothing is true and all is permitted. Buddha, get out of the way!

7-Praise the one who upon awakening from bed can not find the floor. Better yet, praise the one who can not even find the bed they have awoken from.

8-The ancient Discordians were not influenced by the ancient Discordians. Eris was not influenced by the Erisian movement. There is point to this, but I forget.

9-Miserable are the ones who talk and read about sex or magic without actually doing neither. They are poor confused and possibly more intelligent than you or I. But what good is intelligence with or without sex or magic?

10-All dogma is false. Likewise all contradiction of dogma is false. Truly, the apple of discord means something at some point, but when was the last time you checked?

11-Those sages who are most thoroughly confused, dazed, and perplexed by anything can truly be said to be onto something. The wise know when to say 'I have no fucking clue!'

12-It is said that death and life are parts of the same force of chaos. Really? Stop blaming chaos for your troubles!

13-I have truths to speak of, except I may be lying. And that may be a lie itself. If you are not confused then you are lying, except that I could be. The only way to be a little sure of this is to be uncertain about it and therefore be more confused.

14-The true shamanic adepts will confuse everyone. Such people are worth listening to as they will teach you how to follow yourself, if you are lucky. But the only way to be thoroughly confused is to have all certainties flee your very soul. Do you seem to be a verb? Liar!

15-Eternal life is a pernicious lie. Therefore you can know that it is a valid truth. Be wary of those who have developed clear cut systems in which to gain eternal life. They take away that which you already have.

16-It is often said by ancient sages that chaos is blind and stupid. Therefore you know that chaos is wisdom. Doubt is simply the expression of faith. Have nothing to do with faith or doubt if you seek to understand chaos. Upon gaining understanding have nothing to do with that understanding.

17-It is said that every woman and man is a star. But actually every star is a woman or a man. Don't bother trying to figure which came first unless you wish to invoke the holy mindfuck.

18-Freedom is merely another myth based on dogma. Liberation is unspeakable. Those who claim to be absolutely free are lying, unless this is a lie.

19-The secret hidden meaning of the universe is out, and probably for sale at your nearest metaphysical store or at the latest new age seminar. Thus you know there is no secret hidden meaning.

20-Gnosis is simply the orgasm after the foreplay of confusion. Those who claim otherwise are lying to themselves and become entertaining targets of we Discordians. Truly the need for the Great Tickle is greater than the tickle itself. Don't let that stop you from eating hot-dogs.

21-A Discordian pope once gathered his fellow Erisian cabal members in a great ritual of frivolity to show them the face of Eris. Everyone reached illumination at that time, but no one could speak, except in laughing gibberish. When they awoke from their revelry, Eris stood before them and in awe, they ate pop-tarts. The moral of this is "Never tell a goddess how to act. Never tell yourselves how to act, either. "

22-Fear not the Neo-Pagans or the New Agers. They are your sisters and brothers in the great confusion of chaos, though they often try to pretend otherwise. Fear them not. But please do laugh at them.

23-All truths and all lies can be confounded and confused. Indeed the power of confusion is great. But laughter will banish all of it, unless you are being thoroughly entertained by it. Never worry about misunderstanding, unless it is to your disadvantage. Being wrong can be fun at times. Never forget confusion. Unless you think this is a lie. Do you? Liar!

(An Erisian Revelation as given to St. Hugh, KSC by Our Lady of Discord, Eris. Possibly on Chaos, the 46th, 3170)

PRANK BACK

Time is of the essence! An anerisian principle such as this can only lead to a harrying of the simple precepts of chaos and discord which we hold so dearly, even as agents of order try to wear us down. Pressing for time is like to press neatly our days, to iron and starch the schedules which increasingly define us, to make of mankind a grid, to empower the grids of others. Deadlines make for a dead, orderly society, so palatable to homo neophobus but sickeningly lethal to the neophile. And so Greyfaced forces conspire to give unto the Erisian a fatal asthma, as the lover of chaos chokes on the thick smog of routine and starch that increasingly IS American Society v2. 001.

So what do we do? How do we rebel? Simple. By breaking down established precepts of order through optimizing the circumstances, priming the pump with chaos to provoke a sacred reaction in the mind and heart of the viewer. Put simply, we prank. Practical jokes, you say? Don't be silly. Hanging panties in a tree is

useless, unless it's outside the house of a prude. Otherwise, that's not a prank, but a joke, done not for enlightenment but for amusement. While titillating, it is hardly useful. What revelation is reached, where can we be brought, merely through the static shock of a positive-negative charge to the brain? Where is the power? But what's accomplished? Nothing! So a few people are annoyed, big deal. Frat boys can do that. Are you so low? Call that a joke. But not a prank.

The prank is an ecstatic thing performed with the goal of introducing into the world a greater amount of chaotic, Erisian energy. And they're not that hard. Almost every situation you find yourself in can present an opportunity for a prank. For example, in a crowded cafeteria, talk loudly with a friend. Ask people to vote for Eris Discordia in 2004. Tell random people that you love them, or alternately damn them to hell. Discuss cannibalism, religion, the state of the onions on your hot dog, with or without buns. Converts may be made through pranks. However humorous, pranks are not jokes, Pranks are sacred religious expression. Through pranks are exposed higher points of thought in lower men, and by this method we are lifted up.

Footprints in the Sand

. . the Discordian version

I dreamed that I was walking down the beach with the Goddess. And I looked back and saw footprints in the sand. But sometimes there were two pairs of footprints and sometimes there was only one. And the times there was only one set of footprints, those were my times of greatest trouble. So I asked the Goddess,

"Why in my greatest need did you abandon me?"

She replied, *"I never left you. Those were the times we both hopped on one foot."*

And I was really embarrassed for bothering Her with such a stupid question.



Taxation is robbery, based on monopoly of guns.

Rent is the daughter of taxation, the taxation of land by private groups, based on monopoly of land.

Interest is the son of rent, the rent of money, based on monopoly of coinage.

In the "free market", competition would drive price down to the level of cost (approximately).

In monopoly capitalism, price always equals at least cost plus taxation plus rent plus interest.

Monopoly capitalism is not a free market.



A Discordian Parable

Fleertup the Happy Pig

Fleertup the Happy Pig was walking home from the market.

"I have raisins, and carrots, and green beans, and black beans! I also have cleaning supplies, like ScotchBrite Pads, to make my pans shiny! Oh, I am a happy pig! I have ammonia, and benzene, and sulfuric acid, and plutonium and a NEW BOX of Crayons!"

He was truly a happy pig. So happy was he, that he decided that right after dinner, he would clean the WHOLE kitchen, and make everything neat and orderly.

"Order is good!", Fleertup thought happily. "With order I can find things, and nothing is sticky in the morning!"

Yes, Fleertup thought order was good, and he kept thinking it all the way home. This allowed him to make an instant evaluation of his home when he got there. His happy little orderly home had been ransacked by a mob searching for Elvis, and everything was very disorderly.

"BAAAAAAAAAADDDDDD!" Wailed Fleertup. "OHMYOHMYOHMYOHMY!" Cried Fleertup. "What ever shall I do?" blubbered Fleertup.

Just then a Beautiful woman appeared in front of Fleertup. She had most Beautiful eyes, a brilliant smile, and held an apple in her hand.

"Who are You???" Sobbed Fleertup, still thinking "ordergoodwreckedhousebad".

"Oh, just a passerby. I saw what the mob did to your home, and I am here to tell you, don't bother cleaning it up. Build a new house, over there a bit, and make it out of something stronger. Try wood. "

"But my things, my pots and pans. . ." Fleertup complained.

"I'll help you get them over to your new place. " The Beautiful woman said, and with that she threw the apple into the wrecked home. It bounced around wrecking more things, but kicking Fleertup's cookery and other kitchen goodies into a pile at his feet.

"MY! That's amazing!" Fleertup shook his head in wonder.

The Beautiful woman smiled at Fleertup. "Tell me something I don't already know. I must go now, I have a party to attend. "

Fleertup waved happily at her as she faded from view, then went into the forest and gather wood, which he stacked and daubed mud on to make a fine home. It was late when he finished, so he built a fire and cooked his vegetables, and ate them, and then shined all his pots, and went to bed.

The next day, Fleertup went to the store again. Coming home he chattered excitedly about his new possessions, to no one in particular.

"I have some paper for my crayons, and some cleaning brushes, and some comix about a small grey aardvark! I am so happy! I like my new home! I wonder when that woman will appear again? When I get home I shall make my lunch, and then tidy up, because tidiness is neat!"

He continued to think "Neat tidiness, tidy neatness, Neat Neatness, tidy tidiness. . . "

When he got home, though, his state of mind was again phase reversed. Another mob had run over his home, on their way to the Elvis concert.

"DOUBLE-PLUS-NOT-NEAT!!!!" Screeched Fleertup the recently not so happy. "OHMYOHMYOHMY!" sobbed Fleertup. Two homes in two days. What would he ever do?

Just then, the Beautiful woman appeared again, in a spiffy tennis outfit. She was bouncing her apple on the racket. "Hello, again. I was passing by again, when I saw the wreck. Why don't you build a new house, over the other way a bit. Make it out of bricks and mortar. I'm off to the courts. "

"Oh! O. K. " Fleertup waved again as she faded, and then got to work. First he made some brick forms, and a huge fire to kiln the bricks in. When he had made enough of them, he dug into the earth until he found the calcium carbonate that he needed, along with more clay and sand. Kilning the calcium carbonate to make lime, he mixed them together to make cement. Then he built his new home, carefully lining up the bricks to make neat rows, staggering each subsequent row, because it looked nice. He finished with the chimney. He moved all of his things into the new house, made a meal, played with his crayons and paper, and read about the aardvark until he got sleepy, then went to bed.

The next day, Fleertup the happy Pig awoke from his nap to a thumping sound outside his nice new home. He looked out the double-paned insulated glass windows that he had made early that morning, to see thousands of drunken men in white suits with large collars, stumbling around, and occasionally running into the house. They bounced off.

"Oh, goody, no-one is wrecking my home and making it disorderly!"

Just then, there was a glow in his peripheral vision, and Fleertup turned to see that The Beautiful woman had come back.

"Oh, hello, Beautiful Woman! No one has wrecked my nice new home, everything is nice and orderly!"

"No, no it's not. " She smiled. She ran her finger across one of the table, picking up a few grains of dust. She showed it to Fleertup.

"Even when you clean and clean and clean, the dust will come back. Even when you clean up some dust, when you shake out the rags outside, the dust goes into the air and some goes onto your clothes, to be carried back inside. Even when you shine your pots, the dirt mixes with the water and cleanser to make something even more chaotic than before. Every act of putting things in order leaves a little trail of disorder behind it. "

Her Eyes shined. "And it's all because of me!"

Fleertup, being the order seeking pig he was, couldn't take this anymore. His little mind snapped, and he ran to the kitchen to shine the pots. He shined and shined, until eventually, he wore the pots away to nothing. Then he started washing his hands. . .

? . . . ! . . . ? . . . ! . . . ? . . ! . . ? . ! . ? . ! . ? ! ? ! ? ! ? ! ? !

This is the Secret of Illumination

"And in the End, the Love you take is Equal to the Love you bring".

Hail Eris, All Hail Discordia!!!!

Free at last, free at last. Thank Goddess Almighty, I am free at last!

Aftermath: Words of the (Non-)Prophets

"Let there be a cycle of speaking"
said Eris, Our Lady What Done It All,
"That I may learn of Human knowledge
of the Season of Aftermath. "

"Then let me begin the cycle, "
said _____ the Unnamed,
"For my knowledge of The Aftermath is great.
In these troubled days of Bureaucracy,
the Forces of Order rule unchecked.
Bloated by their past successes,
they have moved past all sense of Balance with Chaos
and have caused us much grief.
In the days of The Aftermath
our sufferings will be relieved
and our grief turned to joy
by the appearance of a Great One
who will lead us out from beneath the Bureaucracy
whose weight oppresses us so. "

And the (Non-)Prophet Mar-Djinn spoke, saying:
"And in The Aftermath a Great One will come unto you.
He will speak with insight and wit
and the followers of Greyface will be unable to refute his words.
He will call the followers of Our Lady into the light,
to throw off their cloaks of obscurity
and join him in their rightful place in the sun.
When this Great One comes, my children,
lower your eyes and recognize him not,
for the Thuddites will surely lionize and then destroy him.
Wait for this crime to occur,
as surely it will,
then raise again your eyes
and continue to subvert the masses.
The true Aftermath is within. "

And Malaclypse the Elder leaned forward,
resting his sign on the ground
and spoke these words:
"Truly the season of Aftermath is upon us
For this season is Mine, and I recognize my own Age
like a Mother recognizes her child.
For the Bureaucracy of past times
has so organized itself
that it is coming undone,
paving the way for a new season of Chaos to begin anew,
but not until the work of my Age is complete. "

"Hmmp, "
said Our Lady,
"That wasn't nearly as much fun as I expected, "
and promptly left in a snit. *

**Some say it was a huff.*

The BOOK OF ERIS has been brought to you by the letter E, the letter W, and the numbers 5 and 23

